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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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THE LAST CALL.—[DRAWN BY MISS JENNIE BROWNSCOMBE.]

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TWAIN.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

ONCE they were one, as the light is,
Whose colors are seven,
Whose source is the ancient of ancients,
Whose splendor fills heaven.

And as blossoms are bright in the sunshine,
Birds build, and bees murmur,
So all things took root in their gladness,
Grew greater and firmer.

But now— Have you looked on two shadows
Two storm-clouds are urging
Over wastes of disaster and ruin
That tempests are scourging?

Ah! as utterly twain as such shadows
Are they, in whose gladness
All things that were glad now are fallen
The wreck of their madness!

Sad souls, that were able to torture
Such pangs from such blisses,
Shall the years after death ever bring you
No nearer than this is?

Shall the red rose of love fail to bourgeon
In fields always sunny,
And the flower whose thorns had your hearts' blood,
Refuse you its honey?

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1873.

☞ WITH the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for December 28, 1872, was issued gratuitously an EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing the opening chapters of CHARLES READE'S new story,

"THE WANDERING HEIR,"

illustrated in the most effective and attractive manner.

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of a rich variety of Bridal, Walking, Visiting, and Evening Dresses for Dolls of various sizes; Infants' Hoods and Caps; a choice assortment of Ladies' and Children's Winter Walking and House Dresses; Opera Hoods; Cravat Bows, Collars; Kitchen Aprons; Lamp Shades; Photograph Holders; Pen-Wipers; Napkin-Rings; Tablets; and numerous other Fancy Articles; together with varied literary and artistic attractions.*

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

WE suppose that to each of the generations living on the earth the coming of the new year brings an entirely individual set of emotions.

To all of us, at least, it is another notch on the tally. But for how many different things to how many different natures does that notch stand! To this one it is merely another entry in the profit and loss of his account with fate, to the next it is one more round climbed in the ladder to God, to still another it is but a reprieve from the executioner.

But whether we keep the New-Year's Day as a fast or a festival, it is at any rate an epoch. The very old must regard its dawning either as the glad signal that they are a degree nearer to the loved and lost of the past, or as the dreadful summons to the surrender of breath and sense and all the delightsome loveliness of earth; while the middle-aged look with as much wonder at the *insouciance* with which youth regards it as they would have in looking at some procession of bacchantes dancing over a chasm that is hidden with flowers.

It is, indeed—but for the isolated examples of the unhappy old who long to go, or the religious enthusiasts whose mind is in a state of too great exaltation for them to be normal examples of any thing—only the young who, so far as this world matters, can be very cheerful over these tide-marks, the recurring Thanksgivings, Christmases, New-Years, birthdays, and holidays in general. To them each one is either a step toward freedom, toward the goal of ambition, toward pleasure of some sort, or else it is something to be enjoyed by them without thinking, till all at once they are startled by the gray shadow beside them, and turn to find old age looking over their shoulders. Then, indeed, the merry-making still goes on—somewhat by habit, it may be, somewhat by choice; but the skeleton is henceforth there, only they crown it with roses and cover it with such glamour as they may, that its horrors shall be unguessed.

To those of us who are approaching or who have already reached middle age each New-Year's Day is now apt to be as much a season of sadness as of joy; for every return of the day sees another line upon the face, another shade of gray upon the hair; every return of the day the chairs are drawing a little closer round the board; every return of the day there is some health to be drunk "standing and in silence," since, after one has passed the age of forty, friends seem to drop away from any circle like the ripe apples from a bough.

But it would be a miserable thing if, perpetually conscious of this, one refused to join in the merriment of the day, and carried a sad face about like the *memento mori* that the Egyptians displayed at their banquets. And it is, therefore, fortunate that custom has made a gala day of the thing; that families and friends and lovers interchange their gifts thereon; that coldnesses and misunderstandings are to cease with the mutual and amicable call of the heads and representatives of houses; that all belledom is to put on her best bloom and her fairest frippery in welcome of the caller.

Perhaps there are no prettier pictures in our social life than those which New-Year's Day presents on every opening of the door: the decorated rooms, where the Christmas green still hangs; the stately dowager; the blushing girls, all of whom modern dress and style make lovely; the table in the back drawing-room, with its snowy damask, its silver and gold and crystal, and its load of flowers and grapes and dainties; while the cordial greeting completes the pleasure at the picture—greeting whose warmth is produced partly by the excitement of the scene, partly by the sense of what is due to the altars of hospitality, and partly by genuine kindness, and which fills the heart of every guest with a delicious sense of his wealth in the way of friends.

It may be that there is still room for some improvement in our way of keeping this holiday, and we find certain innovations made on each return of it. In many Southern households, for instance, it used to be the custom to send to every room in the morning, waking the sleeper with a glass of rich apple-toddy or of eggnog; this "eye-opener" is gradually being changed for a cup of coffee, smoking hot; and in many other of our households it has been thought unwise to provide wines on an occasion necessitating so many sips at so many houses. But all that is a matter of personal taste, and will be allowed to regulate itself according to individual preferences; we only hope that none of the innovations will ever wipe away the kindly habit of renewing acquaintanceship and assuring friendship which is practiced at present. And we believe so fully in the necessary progress of the race toward a fuller share of perfection than it now enjoys that we do not doubt that the New-Years of the next generation will be kept even more delightfully than those of this. Certainly the New-Year's drawing-room of 1873 to the man of 1573 would seem, with its luxurious appliances, like an entrance into the enchanted castles about which he and his compeers romanced so much. Perhaps in the next three centuries we shall not make quite such rapid progress into the realm of wonders as has been made in the past three; perhaps that magic fluid, *vril*, will not reduce the January temperature to summer heat for us then; perhaps we shall not make our trips from square to square in aerial cars; but we fancy that marvels quite as marvelous will be the common things of that time, and we are contented now to be a part of the world that is rolling on toward the great New-Year's Day of the future!

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Rosamond's Bower.

MY DEAR ALFRED,—A man in traveling thinks of a thousand things, and most of us, I observe, usually think a great deal of ourselves—careful to secure the seat next the window, for instance, and to be as comfortable as we can. It is our self-knowledge, probably, which makes us a little suspicious of our neighbor's aggressive intentions. We know that we are bent upon accommodating ourselves first, and our fellow-passengers incidentally. But we are ourselves only fellow-passengers to our neighbor, and we reason accordingly. As I was lately sitting reflecting upon this fact, one of my neighbors turned to me and said, "What would be the result if we should believe the best of others, and assume that they believe the same of us?" He asked the question audibly, and I saw one old gentleman sitting near him look at him over the top of his paper with a blank stare, while one of my young Wall Street friends smiled with a superiority that must have been depressing to my neighbor had he remarked it.

Curiously enough, as the question was asked I had been thinking of the bower of fair Rosamond, and of the labyrinth through which the king found his way by a clew. Have you any very lucid conception of that bower and labyrinth and clew? The tale used to seem to me to be a fairy story set in the midst of history, and I longed to be a knight, to snatch the beautiful Rosamond from the dreadful queen with her bowl of poison and her dagger. And as I went on musing upon that old story and upon the question of my neighbor, it seemed to me as if we were all set to find a clew to the bower of some beautiful Rosamond, and that the labyrinth is as plain as a turnpike when the clew is found. There are a great many master-clews, as they are called; but somehow they do not suffice. They turn out like the famous panaceas, the nostrums which will equally cure the toothache and the heart-break, proud flesh and baffled ambition.

The old gentleman who stared blankly over the top of his newspaper I know very well. Indeed, Senex is no stranger to any of us. He has long ago decided that the true view of life is that of a conspiracy. Every man for himself, and the Old Nick for the hindmost, is the master-clew by which Senex expects to reach the bower of the beautiful Rosamond. To him, therefore, every man is a customer: he wishes either to buy or to sell. If he would buy, he is for the lowest price, and therefore, says Senex, he is a bear, and will depreciate the article to depress the market. If he would sell, he is for the largest price. He is a bull, and would toss every thing up to the highest figure. Truth? No, that is not the object. This man will make the best bargain he can. He will get the advantage of me if possible, says Senex, and you would not have me the under dog? Diamond cut diamond. 'Tis the tug of war, and I am not going to the wall if I can help it.

Senex is seventy. His credit is good. He is considered a prosperous, "mighty smart" man. Yes, that is his house; the largest one with marble front. His carriages are known of all men. Perhaps he is not the man in whose society his neighbors find the greatest pleasure; and when younger men look at their boys they do not instinctively wish that they should develop into what Senex is. Yet there is nothing wrong suspected in his career, and certainly nothing wrong has been meant. Senex has not evaded the duties at the custom-house, nor concealed his income when that tax was levied. He has not been mean nor ostentatious in his subscriptions and his charities. He has only been upon his guard that nobody should cheat him, and he has believed that every body whom he met was as solely bent upon his profit as he was upon his own. He has merely said that it was as much as he could do to look out for himself, and begged it might be generally understood that he was not his brother's keeper. With that clew in his hand he has sought Rosamond's bower. Do you think that he has found it?

Or my young friend from Wall Street, who smiled at our fellow-passenger when he asked me that singular question, what is his clew? It is his theory that nothing is very much worth caring about. He is of Horace Walpole's mind, that life is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel; and he would much rather laugh than cry. His catholic contempt embraces every thing and every body. He sees Shylock extorting his just pound of flesh, and Vincent de Paul feeding the starving, and both are equally ludicrous. "Men are but pismires," says my airy friend; "why should a man endanger his digestion or lose his sleep because of their antics, whether they call this thing dishonesty and that virtue, or not? It's all one at last. This world and the next, as Zany says, and all's over!" And the airy youth laughs as if wisdom would die with him.

His feeling is that nothing is quite worth the trouble of doing, and so he lives in Sybaris. Reformers, philanthropists, martyrs, seem to him humorists. "Yes, 'twas their way," he says; "they were eccentric. But Simeon Stylites would have been much happier if he had come down from his ridiculous column, and had eaten a series of hearty dinners, and the early Christians were fools for their pains. Was the truth any truer because they were broiled upon gridirons? and why did they put their lives in the power of those whom they knew meant them harm? What is mother-wit given us for but to cozen knaves, as we call them? A wise man bids the world slide; and for my part I do not find reformers so much better than those whom they would reform, nor the pulpit so much purer than the pews. If you like sitting in barns, and to hear prayers drawled through the noses of ignorant people of unbalanced minds, you would probably have been an early Methodist. But do you really think that John Wesley was a better man than George Herbert, or George Whitefield a more fervent Christian than Fénélon? There's no choice in things, believe me; and if you avoid what is disagreeable, you are the wisest of men."

This is the clew with which my airy friend feels his way toward Rosamond's bower. It is a good-natured indifference, which paralyzes moral action, and makes him the most exquisitely selfish of men. Is his clew strong? Will it hold? If you were giving a delicious dinner to the gayest of youths and maids, you would send for this Sybarite. If you were heart-broken or in real sorrow, you would as soon seek comfort from a butterfly. Senex is constantly fighting, so to say, and the Sybarite is constantly contemptuous and cynical, although he smiles without pause. Do you believe, my dear Alfred, that either of them holds the master-clew, or that the mystery of the labyrinth will be unraveled by them? Yet each is entirely confident, and each secretly wonders at the other and despises him.

But what is the beautiful Rosamond whom we are all seeking? Is it the same, or has each his own, and are not Senex and the Sybarite equally sure of success? If I should give you my clew, and you should presently come face to face with Rosamond, might you not say that it was not at all the lady whom you were seeking, while I in turn might enter what I believe to be Rosamond's bower, and find it Circe's palace instead? I think not, my good Alfred. Rosamond is Protean, and takes the shape of individual desire, but is still the same Rosamond. Senex distrusts every body. Why? Simply that he may prosper in this world. Why again? Because he believes that kind of prosperity to be happiness. It is happiness, satisfaction, contentment, that he desires. Or why, again, does the early Christian gladly go to the beasts? Because he believes it to be his duty to confess his God, and to do his duty is the highest happiness. So the pleasant old divine—Dr. Hopkins, was it not?—exhorted his devout hearers to be willing to be damned for the glory of God. It was not the misery of damnation, but the happiness of aiding in God's glory, which was the doctor's fair Rosamond.

The mistake of Senex and of Sybaris is not in the end, but in the means. I think that their clew will break, as I think that of the pleasant old divine did. Why should a man wish to glorify a God who could require his damnation? That was the practical answer. The doctor was fine and metaphysical, logical. For if God be perfectly good and perfectly wise, and if he should desire individual damnation, that desire must be good and wise, and its gratification the furtherance of goodness and wisdom. Whew! My dear boy, that old doctor seems to me like a speculative spider spinning a cloudy theological cobweb. The tiniest humming-bird can dart through it. And even so one whiff of the sweet, cool breath of common-sense blows the web away.

I think I know who has the clew of woven silk and gold that will not break, and which will bring her through the labyrinth to the bower we seek. It is in the hand of my dear friend Mrs. Margery Honeysuckle. Senex distrusts every body, Sybaris good-humoredly despises every body, and Mrs. Margery trusts every body. I do not say that when she catches Dick Turpin picking her pocket she believes Dick Turpin to be an honest man. No; but when she hears that Una has been found in a very equivocal position, and that things look very questionable, and there are a hundred shrugs and hints and whispers and looks, Mrs. Margery says, simply, "It isn't true, and Una is as spotless as my own daughter." It is because she trusts character more than all and before all, and because she has learned how easy it is to seem guilty, because circumstances are so cruel. In George Eliot's *Middlemarch* do you remember that Dorothea finds Ladislaw holding the hand of Mrs. Lydgate? Even Dorothea's faith could not strive with what she saw, and she believed him false. But Mrs. Margery would have said that her faith was stronger than her sight, and that she would not believe until she knew that every thing was what it seemed. That is her clew. She trusts character, and distrusts appearance, and knows that human motives are not simple, but very complex. That is the clew by which Mrs. Margery Honeysuckle feels her way to the bower of the fair Rosamond, and I think she will find it sooner than Senex or Sybaris.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FOX FURS.

FOX furs are the special fancy of the season for muffs, boas, and trimmings. The most fashionable and rarest of these is the black-fox fur. This is a long, soft, rich black fur which forms the skin of a little animal found in Siberia. A set of muff and boa is almost as much prized as sables, and costs about $500. The muff of these sets is usually darker than the boa, as the former is made of the soft velvet-like fur on the head of the animal, while the boa is taken from the lighter parts that are tipped with gray or white, like silver-fox fur; moreover, the light fleece, when made in a round boa, falls open, and discloses the brown ground of the black fur. Furriers have tried to prevent this by cutting the fur crosswise, but in vain.

Black-fox fur, as a trimming for velvet cloaks, is often called for by ladies, who mistake it for the fine fisher fur, which is a far thicker, heavier fleece, and trims more effectively.

The silver-fox fur is next in popularity for sets.

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It is of a blue-gravish hue, with white tips, and is very long and light. The sets of muff and boa cost from $150 to $300.

Blue-fox fur of light silvery gray hue is very fashionable in Paris. The lightest shades of this fur are preferred, while all other furs are prized for their darkness. A muff of this pretty gray fleece costs $25; a boa is the same price; and the trimming is $6 a yard.

FISHER FUR.

Fisher fur is a long brown fleece that resembles Hudson Bay sable. What furriers call fisher-skin muffs cost from $35 to $50. The fisher-tail furs are far finer, and are very soft, lustrous, and black. A set of muff and boa costs $150 and upward. A trimming of these fisher-tails, we have already said, is often called erroneously black-fox fur. It is very expensive, costing from $30 to $40 a yard.

EVENING DRESSES.

Elaborate dresses for dinner-parties, the opera, and receptions are found in abundance at the modistes' at this season. White faille dresses are especially in favor. We have already mentioned the beautiful colored embroidery which forms the garniture for these. Many are also entirely white, and are trimmed with China crape flounces, over-skirt, and watered ribbon sashes as pure as snow. Another tasteful combination that is always in favor is a trimming of black lace and pink roses on white silk. A notable dress of this kind, just completed, is creamy white faille, made with a half train. There are five narrow ruffles on the three front breadths, and two wide flounces with black velvet binding on the back. A round wrinkled apron is finished by a very deep flounce of black lace, headed by a garland of roses, and the same flounce of lace is arranged in three rows to form a long over-skirt behind, where it is ornamented with branches of roses. The low pointed corsage has a bertha of white tulle folds, with a frill of black lace, and corsage bouquets of roses.

A holiday dress for a young girl just in her teens has the short skirt of rose-colored silk covered with ruffles to the knee alternately of embroidered Swiss muslin and silk. The apron has a Swiss ruffle, while the back is formed of two straight breadths of silk draped in puffs and sashes. The high waist has a belt in front and basque behind. A pale blue silk is similarly made. Another rose-colored silk has an over-skirt of white damask gauze. A dress of the rosy gray hue called aurora has five bias bands of the silk, with pink pipings extending down the front from the waist; a bias flounce widely faced with pink trims the skirt. The back is caught up in puffs by a pink sash, and the jockey basque has a pink vest.

Among the small items that go to make up "style" in dress trimmings are broad pipings or flat bindings nearly an inch wide on the edge of flounces. If two shades of one color appear in a dress, the wide flat binding is of the lighter shade; if two different colors are used, the upper part of the flounce is faced with the bright hue chosen for binding. If a hem is turned up on the outside edge of the flounce, it should be an inch wide; a piping fold at the top of the hem adds much to the beauty of the flounce; and all sewing-machine stitching is considered as detracting from it. Another fancy is to hold the fullness of flounces in double side pleats—that is, two pleats turned one way are placed near together, and a plain interval is left before the next cluster is placed. A pretty upright heading for flounces is also formed by a bias band of silk, bound on each side, and two inches wide when completed. This is then laid in clusters of three side pleats, and the middle pleat is caught down from the top to the plain space between. Pleated Swiss muslin, edged with machine-made Valenciennes lace, is placed low on the facing of light silk dresses.

Some rich black silk dresses, blended with colors, are among the latest importations. One of these has the three front breadths of pale blue silk in lengthwise puffs, separated by bands of embroidered oak leaves. The long black train is draped by a faille sash of pale blue, lined with silk the color of the oak leaves. The black basque has a blue vest with leaf embroidery, and blue facing on the jockey basque. Another French dress has a black faille trained over-skirt, with a short petticoat of the new *serpent* green. The over-skirt is exquisitely embroidered with jet, and is draped by a *serpent*-colored sash.

CHRISTMAS TOYS.

DOLLY.

Christmas is here again, and Santa Claus's pack is laden with treasures for the little folks. For the girls there are dolls that are exact copies of themselves. The wax of which they are made has the fresh pink tint of natural flesh; their plump cheeks are dimpled, their rosy lips curved as if about to smile, their dewy blue eyes are shaded by long lashes and brows, and their real hair is thickly set in the most natural manner; while over the face is an arch piquant expression, very different from the silly doll-faces that have become proverbial. There are dolls that can creep, sit down, stand alone, walk, open and close their eyes, cry, and say mamma and papa; but the novelty of the season is the waltzing dolls—a gayly dressed couple who waltz around the room, now slowly, then rapidly, until they seem to be giddy, when they reverse and spin away again with renewed speed. They can be wound up to waltz fifteen minutes, and they cost from $75 to $125 a pair. Other expensive wax dolls cost from $25 to $50, and with these is a small trunk containing a trousseau of many changes of clothing—combs, jewelry, toilette articles, fans, bonnets, shoes, gloves; and, indeed, every article of clothing worn by ladies is now copied in miniature for Dolly. Thus attired, the dolls represent babies, girls, and women. There are boy-dolls in sailor suits and *à la militaire*, infants in lace caps and long clothes, school-girls, young ladies in jauntiest costumes, and finally the bridal doll in wedding attire surrounded by her maids.

The new dolls of waxed rubber are chosen by careful mothers, as they are very soft to the touch, endure much hard usage, and when broken or torn have no sharp, jagged edges to hurt the child; moreover, they are as handsome as real wax dolls, and much less expensive: they cost, undressed, from $2 to $10. Dolly's dressing-cases, containing a wardrobe in perfect order, and on one shelf Dolly herself, cost from $8 to $75.

The doll-houses are also complete in a way that delights girls' hearts. A beautiful one has a drawing-room, with the pretty furniture upholstered with orange satin; vases ornament the mantel, pictures are hung, and a book-case is in one corner. For demoiselles with domestic tastes is a cabinet kitchen three feet long, fitted up with a range, cooking utensils, water-tank, and a china closet with well-filled shelves. This costs $39; smaller ones may be had for $10. Among single articles are tiny pianos of two or three octaves, worth from $4 to $9. Tin bedsteads, painted like rose-wood, have soft feather-beds, with covers and curtains of blue silk and white muslin, and cost from $2 to $6. Buffets, desks, toilette-stands, and book-cases are all admirably copied, and even a bathing-tub is provided for the mistress of the tiny mansion.

MECHANICAL TOYS.

The ingenious mechanical toys for children of a larger growth are really works of art. One of the prettiest is a music-box with a globe of gold-fish above, in which is a shell that opens and discloses a fairy reclining in a grotto. A second musical toy represents a harp, on which a most comical negro affects to play: the price is $60. In a third a monkey drinks wine, and wipes his mustache with his napkin; while a fourth is a clock with a monkey beside it playing cobbler. An opera-house has a stage, with tiny dancers that perform a ballet while the orchestra plays; and a menagerie has music, and trained animals that appear to do the bidding of their mimic keeper. A doll thrums a piano; the notes of *Il Bacio* are before her, and the machinery inside the piano plays the air.

GROTESQUE TOYS.

The comical toys for fun-loving little folks are theatrical moving figures representing Dundreary, Humpty-Dumpty, Grandfather Smallweed, pompous soldiers, policemen, dandies with huge heads and ridiculously attenuated limbs like stilts. Supple-jacks are of unheard-of proportions, and a surprise-box has a jumping-jack with a voice that squeaks when the lid of the box springs open.

ANIMALS.

One of the greatest improvements in Kriss Kringle's kingdom is the creation of animals with natural skins. Horses have real skins of horses; greyhounds are naturally sleek and glossy; the poodles and "Skyes" are as shaggy as possible; and goats are homely enough for real goats, instead of being "too nice for a goat," as the little purchasers used to declare they were. All the domestic animals are represented, as well as ferocious-looking lions, tigers, spotted leopards, and growling bears. These are of various sizes, and cost, separately, from $2 to $30. Hobby-horses on rockers, or else to drag, have natural skins, and cost from $6 to $15. A Noah's ark on wheels is a "three-decker," with natural-skinned animals peering through the windows. The different sizes cost from $5 to $12. Menageries with wild and tame animals are shown, and the circus horses with spotted skins are not forgotten.

FOR THE BOYS.

The "dollar steam-engine," so popular with boys last year, is now brought into practical use in very interesting ways. One is attached to a miniature ferry-boat, and propels it about in bath-tub or pond; another on a fire-engine throws a stream of water through a rubber hose, and has a shrill whistle. The latter costs from $3 50 to $6.

For boys there are also warehouses three or four stories high, having shelves packed with goods, a hatchway, etc.; forts with artillery, sentinels that go back and forth, and files of soldiers marching about on dress parade; livery-stables with natural-looking horses in the stalls, attended by hostlers; butcher shops with meats hanging on the wall, and smart butchers in their white aprons; street cars marked from "City Hall to Central Park," with new suggestions of seats on top; tiny boats on waves (of green muslin) that float about as the boat is drawn along cost from $3 to $5; soldiers' suits, with cap, knapsack, and gun, costing from $2 to $15; boxes of jugglers' tricks, with directions for performing them, are from $2 to $50; small billiard-tables are shown for boys, and games of every description; finally, there is a Punch and Judy show, with most comical figures; this, with the theatrical fixtures, costs $18.

CHRISTMAS-TREE ORNAMENTS.

A chandelier of gayly colored glass balls is made to hang above the Christmas-tree. Berries, grapes, peaches, plums, and other fruits in their natural size and color are made of transparent glass, that lights up beautifully on the boughs. Bright tin reflectors showing all the colors of the prism add to its beauty, and there are pretty little gilded ornaments for bedecking each limb, such as tiny bird-cages, Chinese lanterns, American eagles, stars, and cherubs with outspread wings. Santa Claus, with his empty pack covered with snow, stands beside the tree.

For information received thanks are due, for furs, to Messrs. C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS; for dresses and dress materials, to Mrs. CONNELLY; Miss SWITZER; and Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and for toys, to Messrs. STRASBURGER, PFEIFFER, & Co.; and EHRICHS.

PERSONAL.

A SHORT time since Mrs. M. V. DAHLGREN, of Washington, in view of the demands made for equal pay by the clerks of the Treasury Department, called upon President GRANT, and desired him to suggest some means for establishing its legality. The President met the question warmly, responding that through the system of "competitive examination" several ladies had already obtained clerkships equal to those of men, and that he was entirely in favor of the door being wide open, so as to allow of free competition, and also that he was prepared to further any plan looking toward such a worthy object—that is, *equal pay to both sexes for equal work.*

—ROBERT GRANT, a son of the President, now in the Senior class at Harvard, has just been elected class poet.

—As to JEFFERSON DAVIS, a Cincinnatian has presented to the Historical Society his veto of the joint resolution adopted by the Confederate Congress exempting newspaper men from active military duty. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* thinks "it was this ill-timed and ill-advised act upon the part of President DAVIS which caused the ultimate downfall of the Confederacy." Guess not.

—The CHASE family—one branch of it, at least—seems to be in luck. The great English Chancery suit of TOMLEY *v.* CHASE heirs, involving $200,000,000, which has been thirty years in the courts, has been decided in favor of the CHASES, about one hundred in number. Mr. B. F. CHASE, of Louisiana, received intelligence of this while watching the turning of the wheel in the late Louisville lottery.

—Mr. GREELEY'S last editorial was headed "Abiding the Issue." In it he said: "The South, we are told, has decided for GRANT by a small majority; wherefore, those of the South who were not for GRANT should conform to the judgment, and set to work to build up their section's industrial and commercial prosperity. We heartily second the motion. Let the South, like the North, accept the situation."

—Sir SIDNEY WATERLOW, the new Lord Mayor of London, began life as a printer's apprentice; went to Paris to seek work as a compositor, and was for some time employed at GALIGNANI'S. Then he returned to London, and joined his father and brother in a little shop, which gradually grew into a large and wealthy establishment.

—Captain WATSON, a Boston skipper, just returned from a long voyage, was told by a commission merchant the sad news that his wife had died. "Wife dead?" said the captain; "well, now, do you know, I didn't think she was long-lived. How's freights?"

—Mr. Justice HANNEN, of England, has just laid down with the greatest distinctness a decision that should arrest the attention of judges in this city, viz., the right of the foot passenger to cross the streets without injury to life or limb. He says people are entitled to cross the road, and drivers are bound to take reasonable care that they do not drive over any one.

—Mlle. TOSTEE, who first introduced opera bouffe into this city, is now in Brussels, playing high comedy. It is said she intends to float over hither again to resume her celebrated character of the Grand Duchesse.

—A few Sundays ago, in Edinburgh, a well-known clergyman, after reading from the pulpit several announcements referring to Christian work in connection with his own church, said he had received a great many other notices with requests that he would intimate them to his congregation, but as he was not a Sunday edition of the *North British Advertiser*, he declined to do so.

—Lady GEORGIANA CHATTERTON has addressed to the London *Spectator* a letter which seems to fix very clearly upon Lord BROUGHAM the authorship of the novel of *Albert Lunel*, lately published by HARPER & BROTHERS. She states that she was with ROGERS, the poet, at one of his well-known little breakfast-parties, when *Albert Lunel* was brought to him from Lord BROUGHAM. ROGERS gave the book to Lady CHATTERTON, charging her to read it quickly, and not to say who had written it. "I did so," she continues, "and finished it by the time I went to a dinner-party on the following day. In the evening I met Mr. ROGERS, and he told me that he had sent to my house for the book, as Lord BROUGHAM had ordered it to be suppressed, the reason (as he had heard) being that many of the characters were from real life. I have never met with any one who read it before its suppression, except the late Dean MILMAN, nor since its suppression, till within the last few months."

—Mr. ARTHUR HALIBURTON, son of "Sam Slick," who has for some time been a clerk in the British War-office, has just been offered the post of Assistant Accountant-General in India—a post worth $10,000 a year.

—The graves of MOZART, BEETHOVEN, and SCHUBERT were decorated on All-saints' Day at Vienna with wreaths of oak leaves and various decorations designed by the musical societies in that city.

—The venerable HORACE BINNEY, of Philadelphia, one of the graduating class at Harvard in 1797, has sent $1000 toward alleviating the losses of the college by the Boston fire. It has been suggested that the alumni get up a literary diamond wedding for him. Few men live to see the seventy-fifth anniversary of their college sheep-skins.

—They grow famous people in Essex County, Massachusetts. Of those who were born there (and emigrated), may be mentioned JOHN G. WHITTIER, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, T. W. HIGGINSON, CALEB CUSHING, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, ALBERT PIKE, LUCY LARCOM, MARY ABIGAIL DODGE (Gail Hamilton), ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, HANNAH F. GOULD, Mrs. PORTER, LUCY HOOPER, GEORGE LUNT, W. H. PRESCOTT, Professor FELTON, E. P. WHIPPLE, WILLIAM WINTER, EPES SARGENT, R. T. PAINE, THEOPHILUS PARSONS, RUFUS CHOATE, ROBERT RANTOUL, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, and MARY N. PRESCOTT.

—Mrs. Secretary FISH, according to a bright newspaper man, is "generally called the most sufficient of the ladies at Washington. She has a calm and interesting face, gracious manners, and looks the hostess. Mr. FISH, although he has the reputation of being a quarreler, is a bland, agreeable host; and the domestic side of the State Department is perhaps as bright and pleasant as we could well make it."

—Emulating the good deeds of their father, MATTHEW and JOHN GUY VASSAR, sons of the founder of Vassar College, have decided to establish at Poughkeepsie a hospital that will cost $100,000.

—THÉOPHILE GAUTIER has seven sons, all of whom are engaged in journalism in Paris.

—Mr. JOHN L. BOWES, of London, has forwarded $25,000 for the relief of Boston. "More power to his L Bowe."

—Hon. DAVID MELLISH, Congressman elect from the Ninth District of this State, was formerly from Worcester, where he learned the trade of a printer twenty-five years ago, in the office of the Worcester *Spy*.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER, in one of his recent lecture-room talks, said: "I used to love my father and mother, but I wasn't always bubbling over with affection. When I was away from home I used to love 'em most [with a deep sigh]. My father was one calculated to draw out affection. My second mother was not, though she was a good, kind, Christian woman. Sometimes when I was 'going along' I had no particular desire even to see my father. [Laughter.] But when things were settled, and my mischief was forgotten, I loved him very much [very softly, and dying away with a sigh]. I never said to him, that I remember, 'I love you;' yet I did for all that. And I know he loved me; for he told me so every time he whipped me. [Laughter.] Yet I was never very conscious of any love for him. But I loved to do any thing for him."

—Mlle. LIEBHART, a vocal notability recently imported by Mr. GRAU, brought with her a few necessary light little articles of apparel, which required twenty-eight large trunks to hold. They were taken to a room in Steinway Hall, and while GRAU was looking after their removal LIEBHART herself appeared, and must have thought he was examining the contents, for she struck a wild attitude, and exclaimed, "Gracious! was is dass? You breck inside my Kleidergestell!" "Oh," said GRAU, "I was looking to see which you had brought your voice in."

—THOMAS LECLEAR'S portrait of the late Rev. Dr. VINTON is an admirable specimen of art. It is difficult to see how it could have been made more life-like. The doctor's friends regard it as quite extraordinary. LECLEAR was the favorite pupil of ELLIOTT, and the writer of this "personal" has frequently heard that master of his profession express the belief that LECLEAR would become, what he has become, one of the first of American portrait painters.

—The Empress of Russia is in such feeble health as to lead to the belief that hereafter she will be compelled to live permanently in the milder climate of the Crimea.

—From a recent number of the London *Court Journal* we learn that on the death of Rev. ALGERNON PEYTON, the living of Doddington, at that time the richest in England, yielding an annual income of $50,000, was, under the Doddington Division acts, split into seven distinct rectories and parishes—Doddington, Benwick, Wimblington, St. Wendreda (March), St. Mary's (March), St. John's (March), and St. Peter's (March). The foundation-stones of two of the churches provided for by this division were laid recently—that of St. Mary's (March) being laid by Sir THOMAS PEYTON, son of the late rector, in the presence of the Bishop of Ely and Mrs. BROWNE, Lady RUSSELL, and a large number of the inhabitants. The foundation-stone of the Wimblington church was afterward laid by Lady RUSSELL. The Bishop of Ely made a short address, in which he urged upon his hearers not to undervalue the churches about to be erected because they were provided free of cost, but expressed a hope that the division of the living would be for the religious advancement of the neighborhood. The Bishop of Ely, Mrs. BROWNE, Sir THOMAS PEYTON, and Lady RUSSELL afterward took luncheon with Mr. RICHARDS, of Wimblington.

—The ups and downs of fortune are pleasantly illustrated in the career of Mrs. SANDS, a bright little widow who lives near Oil City, Pennsylvania. She has made a comfortable fortune in a speculation in oil lands. Representing herself as a poor woman, as she was, with a family to support, she induced a New York company owning lands near her residence to sell her 200 acres for $1800, paying a small sum down. She immediately resold a part for $10,000, put down with the proceeds what has proved one of the most successful oil wells in the territory, and now asks for the property a round half million of dollars.

—Mr. SEWARD'S house at Auburn is filled with testimonials of regard from all quarters of the world, sent to him after his retirement from public life. There are specimens of ore from Western mines; specimens from the Art Academy of Mexico; canes and snuff-boxes from all over creation. But the most curious present is a gorgeous silk banner from China, such as men of rank have borne before them in processions, with the portrait of Mr. SEWARD in the centre, his son's embroidered at the top, and around the border a grotesque crowd of hypothetical ancestors.

—The new Grand Vizier of Turkey grew up from humble beginnings. He was formerly employed in a tobacco factory, and afterward was waiter in a hotel. He still retains his simple habits, and is noted for the economy of his expenditures—a rare thing among the public men of Turkey.

—Among the men who are prominent on the London press may be named Mr. HILL, editor of the *Daily News*, and Mr. GREENWOOD, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The editor of the *Standard* is the son of Mr. JOHNSON, the proprietor of that lively journal—*verbum sat sapienti;* the editor of the *Daily Telegraph* is a lay figure, inspired by the high mind of Mr. EDWARD LEVY; Mr. EDWARD BORTHWICK, the editor of the *Morning Post*, writes none of the generally admirable but invariably day-after-the-fair leaders which appear in that paper; the editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, Mr. A. B. RICHARDS, was formerly a leader-writer on the *Standard*, and does write a leader a day, generally the first; the editor of the *Globe* wrote last season the "Sketches in the House of Commons;" and the editor of the *Echo*, Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD, usually writes the first and longest of the "Notes of the Day" in his paper, which are models of modesty, pure English, clear style, and profound thought.

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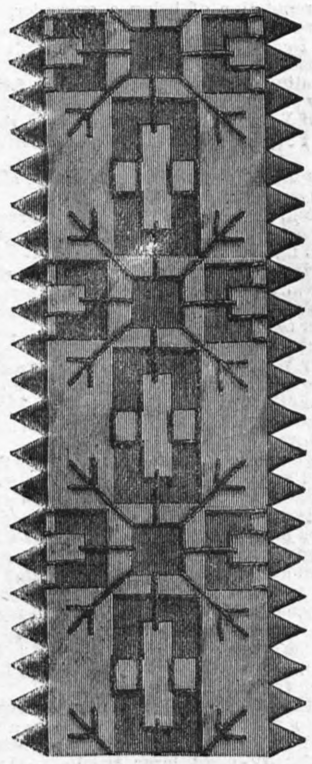
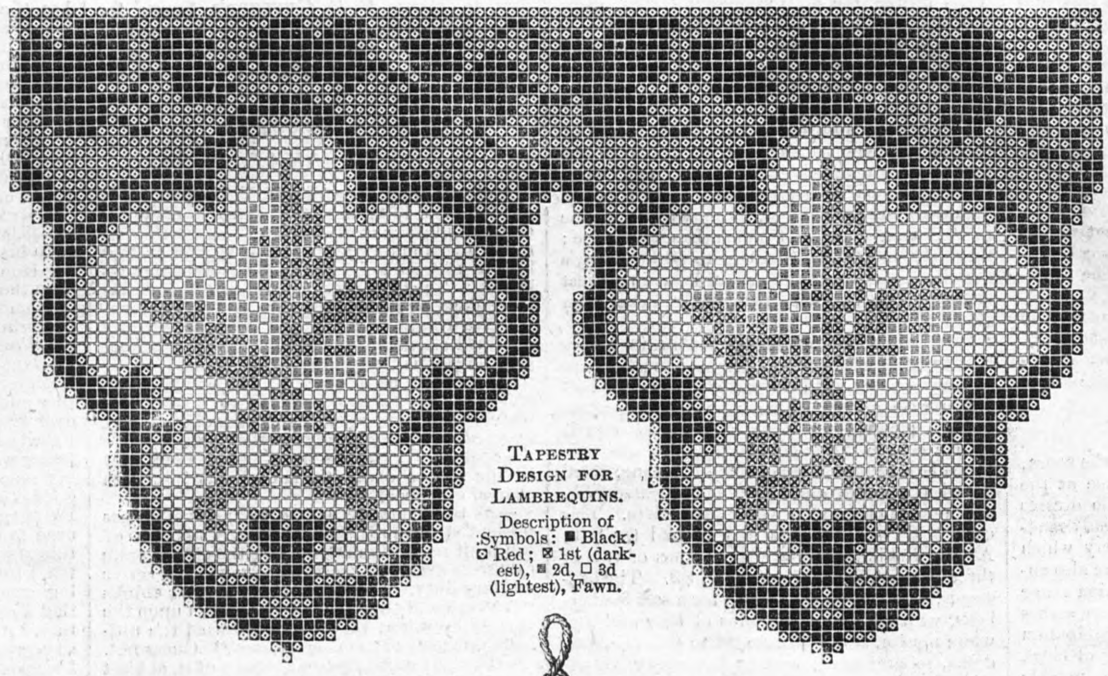


Fig. 3.—BORDER FOR WALL-BASKET.—FULL SIZE.



TAPESTRY DESIGN FOR LAMBREQUINS.

Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ⊡ Red; ⊠ 1st (darkest), ▣ 2d, □ 3d (lightest), Fawn.

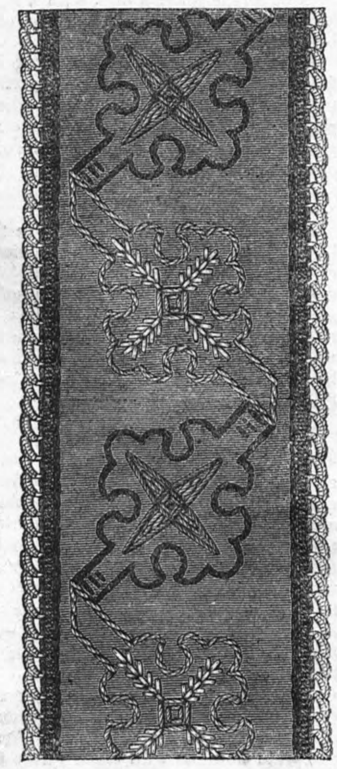


Fig. 2.—BORDER FOR WALL-BASKET.—FULL SIZE.

Tapestry Design for Lambrequins.

THESE lambrequins may be used for trimming large and small baskets, étagères, corner brackets, etc. They are worked, according to the purpose for which they are designed, on coarse or fine canvas with zephyr worsted in the colors given in the description of symbols. The design may also be worked with beads on silk canvas, varying the colors to harmonize with the furniture of the room.

Embroidered Wall-Basket, Figs. 1-3.

THIS wall-basket is of white wicker-work, lined with blue cashmere. Through the upper and under open-work edge of the front is run blue satin ribbon. The middle close part is trimmed with a strip of gray cloth an inch and three-quarters wide, which is ornamented in the design shown by Fig. 2 in half-polka stitch and point Russe with dark and light blue saddler's silk, and is edged with button-hole stitch scallops of similar silk. The design figures may also be applied with light and dark brown cloth, as shown by Fig. 1. Instead of this border, that shown by Fig. 3 may be used. This border consists of a strip of blue cloth an inch and seven-eighths wide, cut in points on both sides, on which is set a narrower strip of gray cloth cut out in the design shown by Fig. 3, and embroidered in point Russe stitches with blue saddler's silk. The basket may, of course, be trimmed in any other color to match the general decoration of the room.

FANCY-WORK BASKET.

LEATHER AND VELVET EMERY CUSHION.

Leather and Velvet Emery Cushion.

THIS pretty little emery cushion, which may also be used for a pocket pincushion by leaving off the handle, consists of a flat cushion, shaped as shown by the illustration, half an inch thick, two inches long, and an inch and seven-eighths wide, which is filled with emery, and is covered with gray pressed leather, and on the edge with violet velvet. The leather covering is furnished on the upper side of the cushion with a medallion of gray silk on which a monogram is worked with gold thread and violet saddler's silk in satin and half-polka stitch. A handle made of fine gray silk cord serves to hang up the cushion. Instead of leather, cloth or silk may be used for covering the cushion, and the trimming may be worked with silk of the same color in satin and half-polka stitch. In this case petit point embroidery on silk canvas would be pretty for the monogram.

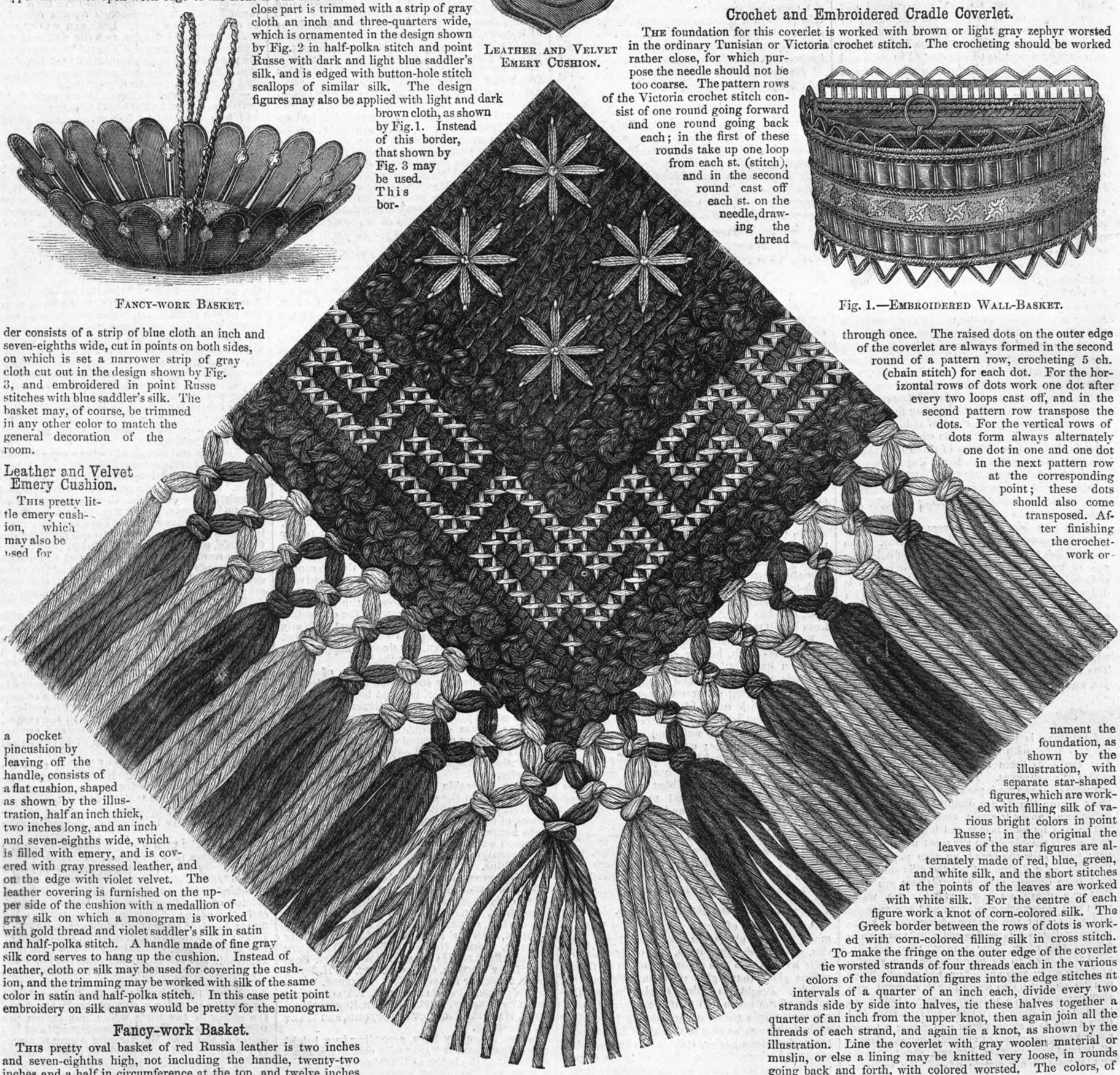
Fancy-work Basket.

THIS pretty oval basket of red Russia leather is two inches and seven-eighths high, not including the handle, twenty-two inches and a half in circumference at the top, and twelve inches and seven-eighths at the bottom. The basket consists of separate tabs formed as shown by the illustration, which are joined to the bottom at the under end, and are fastened together at some distance from the upper edge with plates of bronze as shown by the illustration; the tabs are trimmed on the inside edge with an inlaid strip of gold. The bottom of the basket is covered on the inside with light gray gros grain, and is trimmed with satin stitch embroidery of saddler's silk in various colors. The tabs may be cut of card-board in the shape shown by the illustration, and covered with colored cloth or gros grain; and the plates of bronze at the upper edge may be replaced by application figures of colored velvet. The handle should then be made of split cane strips covered with cloth or silk and wound with colored silk or gold cord.

Crochet and Embroidered Cradle Coverlet.

THE foundation for this coverlet is worked with brown or light gray zephyr worsted in the ordinary Tunisian or Victoria crochet stitch. The crocheting should be worked rather close, for which purpose the needle should not be too coarse. The pattern rows of the Victoria crochet stitch consist of one round going forward and one round going back each; in the first of these rounds take up one loop from each st. (stitch), and in the second round cast off each st. on the needle, drawing the thread through once. The raised dots on the outer edge of the coverlet are always formed in the second round of a pattern row, crocheting 5 ch. (chain stitch) for each dot. For the horizontal rows of dots work one dot after every two loops cast off, and in the second pattern row transpose the dots. For the vertical rows of dots form always alternately one dot in one and one dot in the next pattern row at the corresponding point; these dots should also come transposed. After finishing the crochet-work ornament the foundation, as shown by the illustration, with separate star-shaped figures, which are worked with filling silk of various bright colors in point Russe; in the original the leaves of the star figures are alternately made of red, blue, green, and white silk, and the short stitches at the points of the leaves are worked with white silk. For the centre of each figure work a knot of corn-colored silk. The Greek border between the rows of dots is worked with corn-colored filling silk in cross stitch. To make the fringe on the outer edge of the coverlet tie worsted strands of four threads each in the various colors of the foundation figures into the edge stitches at intervals of a quarter of an inch each, divide every two strands side by side into halves, tie these halves together a quarter of an inch from the upper knot, then again join all the threads of each strand, and again tie a knot, as shown by the illustration. Line the coverlet with gray woolen material or muslin, or else a lining may be knitted very loose, in rounds going back and forth, with colored worsted. The colors, of course, can be varied at will.

Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED WALL-BASKET.



SECTION OF CROCHET AND EMBROIDERED CRADLE COVERLET.

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Fig. 3.—LADY'S BLACK FELT HAT.

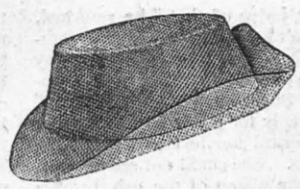

Fig. 8.—FRAME OF BONNET, FIG. 6.

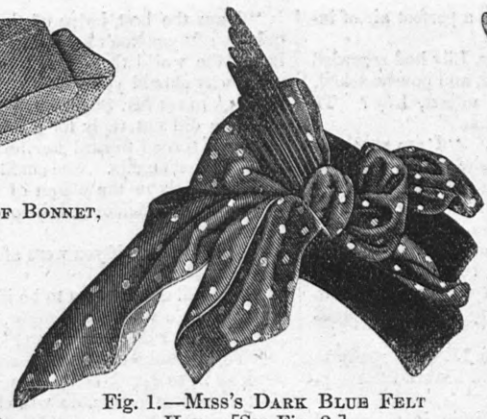

Fig. 1.—MISS'S DARK BLUE FELT HAT.—[See Fig. 2.]

Fig. 5.—FRAME OF HAT, FIG. 4.

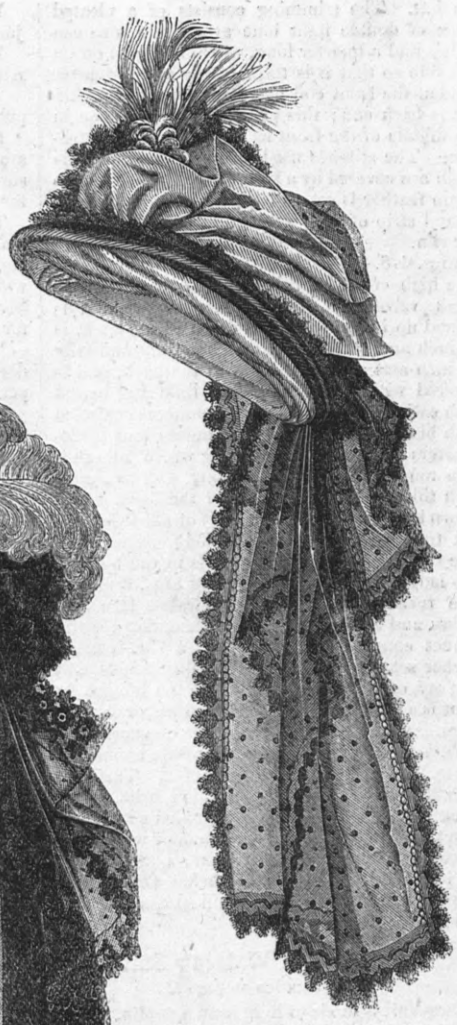

Fig. 4.—LADY'S BLACK TULLE AND FAILLE HAT.—[See Fig. 5.]

Fig. 7.—LADY'S BLACK VELVET BONNET. BACK.—[See Fig. 6.]

Fig. 2.—FRAME OF FELT HAT, FIG. 1.

Fig. 9.—MISS'S BLACK FELT HAT.

Fig. 6.—LADY'S BLACK VELVET BONNET.—[See Figs. 7 and 8.]

Ladies' and Misses' Winter Hats and Bonnets, Figs. 1–9.

Figs. 1 and 2.—MISS'S DARK BLUE FELT HAT. This hat, with medium-sized crown and turned-up rim two inches wide, is of dark blue felt. The rim is covered on the outside with dark blue velvet. The trimming consists of a bias strip of blue silk foulard dotted with white four inches and seven-eighths wide, which is wound around the crown as shown by the illustration, and a bow of the same material set on the right side. A blue feather aigrette is fastened in the knot of the bow. Fig. 2 shows the frame of the hat with the rim turned up evenly all around.

Fig. 3.—LADY'S BLACK FELT HAT. The turned-up rim of this hat is an inch and seven-eighths wide in front and seven-eighths of an inch wide in the back, and is covered with black velvet on the outside. The crown of the hat is wound with two pieces of black watered ribbon three inches and a quarter wide each, which do not reach to the middle of the back, but fall over the rim of the hat four inches and seven-eighths long, an inch and three-quarters from the middle of the back, and are caught together at the ends with a bow of similar ribbon; this bow consists of several short loops and ends, and of two sloped ends three-quarters of a yard long. A single piece of pleated ribbon covers the middle of the back of the crown. The trimming for the hat consists of two black ostrich feathers set at the right side and turned toward the back, and of two green feathers, which are set on in the opposite direction, and are finished with a bird's wing of small changeable feathers.

Figs. 4 and 5.—LADY'S BLACK TULLE AND FAILLE HAT. The frame of this hat, which is shown by Fig. 5, consists of a low, soft crown and a straight, stiff rim, which is two inches and a half wide in the middle of the front and an inch and a quarter wide in the middle of the back. The crown and rim of the hat are covered with several layers of tulle, and the rim is bound with satin, to which are joined two narrow folds of velvet. The remainder of the rim is trimmed with gathered black lace. The crown of the hat is covered with a scarf of black figured silk tulle a quarter of a yard wide, edged with lace an inch and a half wide, which is arranged so that the tulle forms a large puff on the front half of the crown, and that the lace falls in pleats over the edge of the crown. The scarf also falls in two ends each three-quarters of a yard in length over the back of

LADY'S POPLIN WALKING SUIT.

LADY'S CASHMERE WALKING SUIT.

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the hat. The trimming consists of a pleated piece of double light blue gros grain nineteen inches and a quarter long, which is sloped off on one side so that it is three inches and a quarter wide at the front end and six inches and a half at the back end; this pleated piece is set on in the middle of the front as shown by the illustration. The stitches used in setting on the gros grain are covered by a knot of the same. A blue heron feather is set on back of the pleating. A wound strip of blue gros grain is set inside of the rim.

Figs. 6–8.—LADY'S BLACK VELVET BONNET. The high crown of this bonnet is covered with black velvet. The projecting rim, which is turned up in the front and down in the back, is an inch and seven-eighths wide in front and only an inch and a quarter wide in the back, and is covered with several layers of tulle and bound with satin. The crown of the bonnet is encircled with black velvet ribbon two inches and three-quarters wide, with satin facing which falls in a loop ten inches and a half long, and two ends each thirty-two inches long in the back. The crown is wound also with a scarf of black figured silk tulle seventy-two inches long, edged with lace two inches wide, which falls in the back in two loops and ends, as shown by Figs. 6 and 7. The revers is covered with pleated lace two inches and a half wide. The trimming for the bonnet consists of a pink and a blue ostrich feather set on as shown by the illustrations, and a spray of tea-roses. Inside of the bonnet in front is a band of stiff lace covered with two rows of gathered lace an inch and three-quarters wide each. Fig. 8 shows the frame of the bonnet.

Fig. 9.—MISS'S BLACK FELT HAT. This hat, with flat crown and broad, rolled brim, is of black felt. The crown is surrounded with black velvet ribbon two inches and a half wide, and narrower black gros grain ribbon; both ribbons fall in loops and ends in the back. On the left side is a bow of black gros grain ribbon and several black and red feathers.

Lady's Poplin Walking Suit.

See illustration on page 5.

THIS suit is made of light brown poplin. The skirt is trimmed with a wide box-pleated flounce, and the over-skirt with fringe. The Dolman is made of black velvet, lined with lustring and thinly wadded, and trimmed with black guipure lace and a braiding of coarse black silk round cord. Brown velvet bonnet, trimmed with rolls of gros grain of a lighter shade and gros grain ribbon and feathers.

Lady's Cashmere Walking Suit.

See illustration on page 5.

DRESS with double skirt of gray cashmere; the skirt is trimmed with several flounces, which are scalloped on the under edge and bound with gros grain of a darker shade. The over-skirt is also cut in scallops. Mantilla of black cashmere and lustring lining, trimmed with satin stitch embroidery and fringe. Gray velvet bonnet, trimmed with gray gros grain ribbon, black lace, and a spray of pink roses.

(Continued from Vol. V., No. 50, page 820.)

LONDON'S HEART.

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LIZZIE DEEMS IT NECESSARY TO CALL CUNNING TO HER AID.

THE first thing Lily saw when she recovered consciousness was Lizzie's face bending down to hers. In that instant Lizzie began to act as all women do, upon every possible occasion. If those who enlist in the ranks of the drama would but act on the stage as they act off it, there would be no talk of the decadence of dramatic art. Every trace of anxiety vanished from Lizzie's face as Lily's eyes looked into hers, and she smiled so brightly and nodded so encouragingly as to infuse strength into the heart of her friend.

"Where am I, Lizzie?"

"With friends, my dear. The theatre was so hot that I almost fainted myself."

"Did I faint, then? How foolish of me!" A look of joy filled her eyes as they lighted on her brother. "Oh, Alfred!"

He knelt by her side, and she took his hand and retained it. By this time the theatre was fast being emptied.

"I remember now what it was that overcame me. The horrible sight of that man dying!"

She shuddered, and Lizzie said, briskly,

"Never mind; we're not going to think of that any more. It was only a piece of acting, after all. We'll go to see something more lively next time."

And Lizzie nodded emphatically at Alfred, who answered,

"Yes, we will. I didn't know what sort of a piece this was, or I shouldn't have brought you to see it."

"But Mr. Sheldrake knew," remarked Lizzie, with a sharp glance in the direction of that gentleman.

"I assure you I did not," was Mr. Sheldrake's reply. "You do me great injustice, and not for the first time to-night. I have too high a regard for Miss Lily to cause her pain. She knows that, I am sure; and so does Alfred."

"I know it well," interposed Alfred, eagerly; "and Lily knows it too. How can you be so unjust, Liz?"

"This is the first time I have seen the play," continued Mr. Sheldrake, "and I had no idea it was any thing of this kind."

He spoke the untruth with a perfect air of injured innocence.

During the passage at arms, Lily had regarded Alfred with anxious solicitude, and now he asked,

"Isn't Liz mistaken and unjust, Lily? To put the blame on Mr. Sheldrake!"

Lily turned to her friend. "I am sure you are mistaken, dear Lizzie," she said. "I'm so sorry for all this. I am the only one to blame for being so weak and foolish."

This brought Mr. Sheldrake out in full force; he was almost tender in his expressions of sympathy for Lily, and he even relented so far toward Lizzie as to hold up a warning finger to her as a caution not to be unjust to her friends for the future.

"And now," he said, when Lily was ready to depart, "I propose we go and have a little supper."

"No, thank you," said Lizzie, in a decided tone, not at all softened by the evidence of Mr. Sheldrake's magnanimity.

Mr. Sheldrake bit his lip.

"You speak for all," he said.

"I think so," replied Lizzie, gazing at him steadily. "Lily will not go without me, and of course Alfred must see me home."

"Why won't you accept Mr. Sheldrake's invitation, Liz?" asked Alfred, uneasily.

"Daddy is waiting up for me," she replied, "and we have a long way to go. And besides, Lily is unwell."

For one instant, Mr. Sheldrake hesitated; the next, he accepted the position.

"Well, it's of no use trying to persuade you. A willful woman will have her way. How do you propose we shall go home?" he asked of Lizzie, in a tone of sarcastic politeness. "Your way is different from ours."

Lizzie decided this without hesitation. They would all go in one cab, and drop Lily at the door of her grandfather's house in Soho, and then Alfred should see Lizzie home. Mr. Sheldrake made no demur to her suggestion, and the party drove from the theatre. But he stopped the cab at the corner of the little street in Soho, and said that the driver need not turn, as he could see Lily the few yards she had to go. He jumped out of the cab, and said to Alfred,

"By-the-bye, Alf, I want to say a word or two to you. The girls will excuse us for a moment."

Alfred and he walked half a dozen steps from the cab, and then he turned upon Alfred, and asked what was the meaning of Lizzie's behavior.

"I don't know," replied Alfred; "I never saw her in such a humor before."

"She'd better not show herself off often in the same light," said Mr. Sheldrake, in a threatening tone, "or she and I may quarrel. I'm not in the humor to be trifled with. Let her know this; and the sooner she knows it the better."

"I hope you don't think I am to blame for what has occurred."

"I haven't stopped to think. When a man's made mad, as I've been to-night, he doesn't think of much else but the cause. Look here, Alfred, I don't want to pry into your secrets, my boy, and I don't want to spoil your love-making. You know best whether I've been a friend to you or not—"

"You have been," interrupted Alfred, eagerly; "a true friend!"

"Well, then, I'm not going to be made to look small by any sweetheart of yours. I've nothing to say against Lizzie; but she mustn't come any of her tricks with me. Now, you've got some control over her, I don't doubt. She'll heed what you say. Take my advice. Tell her to be more civil to me for the future. If she isn't—" here he paused, and gave Alfred a significant look—"well, if she isn't, I might turn rusty. And that might be awkward for you, Alf."

There was no mistaking his meaning, and Alfred's heart sickened at the threat conveyed in the words. It suited Mr. Sheldrake not to notice Alfred's discomposure, and they returned to the cab in silence.

"I'll walk with you, Lily," said Lizzie, as Mr. Sheldrake held out his hand to assist Lily from the cab; "it's only a few steps, and the cab can wait."

But Mr. Sheldrake put a restraining hand upon her arm.

"I can see Miss Lily safely to her door," he said, politely. "You have a long way to go, and Mr. Musgrave is waiting up for you, you said. It's very late, and you'd best be moving. Eh, Alfred?"

"Yes, yes," returned Alfred, hurriedly; "we must rattle on. Good-night, Lil dear. Good-night, Mr. Sheldrake. I'll see you to-morrow some time."

Mr. Sheldrake raised his hat to Lizzie, and the cab drove away. For a few moments neither Lizzie nor Alfred spoke. Their thoughts were not in unison. But Lizzie, the more gentle nature of the two, presently crept close to Alfred and placed her hand in his. He threw it from him angrily. She resented this at first, and shrank from him; but a better feeling came upon her soon, and she asked:

"What have I done, Alfred, that you behave in this manner to me?"

"Done!" he repeated, with bitter emphasis. "Been the ruin of me, I shouldn't wonder!"

"Alfred!"

"Oh yes," he said, sullenly. "It's all very well for you to cry Alfred in that tone; but it won't mend matters. I thought you loved me—"

"Have I not proved it, Alfred?" she interrupted, in a tone of sadness.

"But I have found out my mistake," he continued, not heeding her words; "it's always the way. Mr. Sheldrake is right in what he says about women: no man ought to trust them."

"Do you think you ought not to trust me? Do you think there is any thing in the world that I would not do for your sake? Oh, Alfred, you speak blindly!"

"I am the best judge of that," he returned, quickly; "you don't know all. If there is nothing in the world that you would not do for my sake, why should you act in such a manner to-night as to set Mr. Sheldrake dead against me?"

Lizzie did not reply for a few moments; her face was turned toward her lover, as if striving to read his thoughts. She could not see his features distinctly in the gloom of the cab, but his voice was a sufficient index to the trouble that possessed him.

"You speak as if you were afraid of Mr. Sheldrake, Alfred?"

"I should have reason to be if he turned rusty. He gave me a warning to-night."

"Because I displeased him?"

"Yes, because of you. It makes me sick to think of it, to speak of it. I wish I was dead! I am the most miserable wretch in the world! If it were not for you and Lily, I think I should make away with myself."

"Don't speak like that, Alf," said Lizzie, placing her arm tenderly around him; "it breaks my heart to see you so unhappy. I know you love me and Lily. And you ought to be sure that we are better friends to you than Mr. Sheldrake can be, and that we would do more for you if it was in our power."

"That's it. If it was in your power. But it isn't, and it *is* in Mr. Sheldrake's; and he has behaved like a true friend to me."

"Sometimes I ask myself why, Alfred," said Lizzie. "What is his motive?"

"I know that you are prejudiced against him; and that's the reason you suspect him, and can't be civil to him. You think he wouldn't do me a kindness without a motive?"

"I am sure he wouldn't," said Lizzie, firmly; "and I am sure of another thing—that you, in your heart, do not like him. I wish you had never seen him."

"I wish I hadn't," groaned Alfred.

"And yet you have told me he was your best friend, Alfred," said Lizzie.

"Don't badger me, Liz, for God's sake! I am almost torn to pieces as it is. You ought to comfort me, and try and make things better for me."

"Ah, if I could! If I knew how to, how gladly would I! Why not confide entirely in me, Alf? Who can have a better right to your confidence than the girl that loves you with all her heart and soul?—as I do, Alf, my dear! Come now, tell me all. Who knows? Something good may come of it. What's your trouble?"

"Money."

"Yes, I know that; and that you owe Mr. Sheldrake more than you can pay. Tell me how it all came about, dear."

So by many little endearing ways she coaxed him to tell her the whole of his miserable story. How, excited by the glowing accounts in the papers of the easy manner in which fortunes could be made on the turf, he had commenced to bet, a few shillings at a time at first; how he attended races, and how one unfortunate day he won a few pounds, and came home flushed with the idea that he had found the philosopher's stone; how little by little he had been led on, with the inevitable result of losing more than he could afford; how on one important race, when the prophets and tipsters in every one of the papers had declared—in such glowing and confident terms that it was impossible to resist the temptation of making a bold plunge for fortune—that a certain horse could not possibly lose, he had used money which did not belong to him, and how the horse came in last instead of first.

"I had to make up that money, of course," he continued; "I had to get it somehow: and I did get it—never mind in what manner. You can imagine what I suffered, Liz! I thought I had fortune in my hands; and I had, but I was tricked out of it—for the whole affair was a swindle; and I shouldn't wonder if some of the prophets and tipsters were not in it. The horse was never intended to win; and they swore it couldn't lose."

He derived comfort from the confession he was making; he took no blame to himself; and he did not, when he reached this point, tell her the story of the theft from the iron box. Then he went on to narrate how he had made Mr. Sheldrake's acquaintance, and how that gentleman had lent him money from time to time, and how misfortune continued to pursue him. He would have had his pockets filled with money over and over again if it had not been that things invariably went wrong with him just at the critical moment.

"It was from no want of judgment on my part, Liz. I had got to learn as much as any of the prophets and tipsters, and yet I could never manage to turn up trumps. I saw other fellows, who didn't know in their whole bodies as much as I knew in my little finger, make hundreds and hundreds of pounds. Then there were others who had been almost as unlucky as I have been, and who all at once made a great strike, and rolled in money. It only wants sticking to, Liz. I'll make all our fortunes yet; you see if I don't! There's the City and Suburban coming on; and I know something that 'll open their eyes. And when I pay Mr. Sheldrake the money I owe him, I'll cut with him, if it's only to please you; although he's behaved like a brick to me, mind that, Liz!"

By the time he had reached the end of his recital he had recovered some of his good spirits. Lizzie listened in silence, and interrupted him only once, to ask him whether he ever made any bets with Mr. Sheldrake.

"Oh no," was the reply; "Sheldrake will never bet with me, Liz. Why, sometimes he tries to persuade me not to back a horse that I'm sweet on, and even tries to persuade me not to bet on races at all. 'It's a bad game, Alf,' he has said to me more than once, 'it's a bad game, unless you've got a strong bank at your back, and unless you can hold out for a long time.' Well, then, I ask him how it was he had managed to make his money; and he can't help telling me the truth. He was dead broke, Liz, in a worse fix than I'm in now—ay, a thousand times worse—he has told me so lots of times; but he stuck to it until on one race he had taken a bet of a thousand pounds to ten, and his horse won. There he was, all right in a minute. He was a made man directly the horse passed the winning-post. He told me how he threw his hat in the air, and how he almost danced for joy. Then the money began to roll in. That's how it is, Liz. You've only got to stick to it long enough, and to keep your heart up."

"Do you bet with any of Mr. Sheldrake's friends, Alf?" asked Lizzie.

"With one—Con Staveley."

Lizzie repeated, under her breath, "Con Staveley!" as if desiring to fix the name in her memory.

"He's a good fellow, too, is Con. He gives me long odds—longer than I should be able to get from any other of the commission agents or from any of the clubs. One of these days I shall give him a nip, as sure as fate. He has told me so, often, laughingly. 'You'll nip me one of these fine days, Alf,' he said; 'and I shall have to hand you over a big check. Well, you may as well have it as any body else.' And I mean to have it, Liz. If I don't make it out of the City and Suburban, I'll make it out of the Derby. Would you like to go to the Derby, Liz?

"And so," concluded Alfred, when he came to the end of his story, which he had told and colored in such a way as to make it appear that it was only by an extraordinary combination of ill chances that he was not "rolling in money" at the present time, "you see where my chance lies. I shall be sure to come up all right, if I go on. And I *must* go on, Liz; that's a fact. It's my only chance. And as Mr. Sheldrake can shut me up at any minute, I must be careful not to offend him. I want you to be civil to him, for my sake, if you won't for his own."

"I'll try to, Alf."

"That's a dear! I can't understand why you are so bitter against him. At one time you were always praising him; and you've some reason to be thankful to him. I'm sure he's been very kind to you and Mr. Musgrave."

"It looks so," said Lizzie, thoughtfully, "outwardly."

She said no more; for she was keen enough to see that many conflicting influences were at work. That Alfred was blind to Mr. Sheldrake's character was plain; and, indeed, the feeling she entertained against him was really nothing more than a matter of prejudice. But her instincts were dead against him; and she thoroughly distrusted him. There is often in woman's character a sort of unreasoning reason, to the whisperings of which she tenaciously clings, even though outward evidence almost surely proves it to be based upon false grounds. And in the majority of instances the instinct which prompts this refusal of direct evidence is correct. Mr. Sheldrake had become Lizzie's Doctor Fell; and she judged him accordingly. She saw the warm passion which he entertained for Lily, and although she was convinced that Lily loved Felix, she was puzzled by her friend's conduct toward Mr. Sheldrake. At one time Lily was cold to him, at another she was kind; and often she showed an anxious solicitude to please him. The two girls were firm and affectionate friends, and exchanged many confidences; but the one subject which Lizzie was most anxious to hear spoken of was steadily avoided by her friend. Many a time had Lizzie introduced Felix's name and Mr. Sheldrake's for the express purpose of inviting or eliciting an avowal, but Lily had invariably turned the conversation into another channel. That Lily was suffering was evident to the eyes of her friend. Lizzie had said to herself, "Perhaps it is because Felix doesn't speak." The conversation she had had with Alfred this night set her thinking more seriously. She yearned to set matters right; but turn which way she did, one obstacle started up constantly before her—Mr. Sheldrake. He seemed to hold them all in his power by the relations which existed between him and Alfred. As she thought of the terrible blow he could inflict upon them all, she began to hate him. Alfred was powerless; Lily was powerless; Mr. Musgrave was powerless. Lizzie had a large share of woman's wit and cunning, and much confidence in herself. In her musings now, Mr. Sheldrake presented himself to her in the light of a foe to her dearest hopes, as one who was weaving treacherous webs around her friends; and she found herself watching him, and looking about her for some means to break the threads, and so defeat him. "If I had some one to help me," she thought, "some man to depend upon who is not in Mr. Sheldrake's power. Felix!" She started; for the name had come so suddenly upon her, and with such vivid force as to make her almost fancy that she had really heard it spoken. Felix! The man of all others whom she would have chosen; the man of all others upon whom she could best depend. The thought of him gave her such hope and comfort that she kissed Alfred tenderly. He returned her caress, and called her a dear good girl, and told her how he loved her.

Mr. Musgrave, who was waiting up for Lizzie, heard the sound of the cab wheels, and ran to the gate.

"Will you come inside, Alfred?" he asked.

"No, thank you," was the reply. "I will bid Lizzie good-night here."

"I'll be in presently, daddy," said Lizzie, with a kiss, which sent the old man into the house with a light heart.

As the lovers stood together in the quiet night, some better influences, born of the peace which surrounded him and of the consciousness of the love which Lizzie bore toward him, entered Alfred's heart, and he experienced a genuine feeling of regret for the folly of the past. It had floated

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VANITY.

IT seems to us a little hard to accuse this young lady of vanity, for she is only endeavoring to do what all women, and the majority of men, have done ever since mirrors were invented—that is to say, ever since there were brooks and ponds capable of reflecting the human face divine. Looking at one's self in a glass does not necessarily imply vanity; it is quite as often produced by what Mr. Darwin styles self-attention, a quality more commonly called self-consciousness, which is often most strongly developed in persons who have by no means an exalted opinion of their own personal or mental attractions. We suspect, however, that the young lady in our picture, from the confident attitude assumed by her elbows, is not troubled by any *mauvaise honte* about her charms, but merely wishes to see if she "looks nice." But who hung the mirror in that painfully elevated position? we wonder. Likely enough, some elderly virgin, once accustomed to see a blooming visage set in its frame, has hung it out of reach that she may no longer be annoyed by its tell-tale truthfulness; or, more likely still, it is placed thus to prevent buxom maids, such as the heroine of our engraving, from wasting their time in contemplating their own comeliness.

VANITY.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

A new Profession.—A national Experiment.—Another *Cause Célèbre*.—Why we make Princes Field-Marshals.

THE arbitrators in the Geneva Treaty are, I hear—but from a person who has such "positive private information" that I can not but doubt it—to be paid £5000 a head for their services, which is to be disbursed by the losing side — that is, the English. It is not, perhaps, a greater sum than should be given for the discharge of so important an office, but I confess that I should have no objection to be a public arbitrator if recompensed at the same rate. It will doubtless become a profession in due course, and we shall see advertisements headed like those of the quack doctors: "No more blood-letting nor eruptions. Mr. Facing-both-sides, Public Arbitrator, begs to announce to nations inclined for combat that all differences and causes of offense are settled and removed by him without use of the steel, and leaving no tenderness after the operation." The Geneva gentlemen were, of course, above suspicion; but if this sort of appeal becomes common, the fear will be that arbitrators will, in the language of the turf, be "got at" by one or other of the contending parties, and secured in its interest. By-the-bye, I don't know whether the slang of your sporting circles is similar to that in this favored isle; but if it be, this answer to "Why are all bettors anomalous and inconsiderate?" will make you smile: "Because they never 'put any thing on' without wishing to 'pull it off.'"

A curious bet, made, as I understand, in Illinois, of one thousand dollars to one hundred, has lately been decided here. A discussion arose at Saybrook, in that country, between one Sergeant Bates, of the American army, and some gentlemen respecting the Geneva arbitration, wherein it was maintained that if the decision was given against England, no matter how small the damages, a very bitter feeling would be excited there against the United States. The sergeant, however, said that he knew the English well, that their sentiments were friendly to America, and that they would not be changed by such an occurrence. To prove his argument he staked the above-named wager that after the Geneva decision he would carry the flag of the United States unfurled throughout all England without meeting with ill behavior of any sort, either to himself or it. He sailed from New York to Glasgow, and on his arrival, wearing his full uniform of color-sergeant of the United States army, and with the star-bespangled banner unfurled, he started on foot from Gretna Green, on the Scottish border, and on the next day reached Carlisle. From thence he proceeded to Lancaster, Preston, Bolton, Manchester, Macclesfield, Birmingham, Warwick, and Oxford to the Guildhall of London, where his mission was ended.

A very curious scandal is now occupying the attention of one of our law courts in connection with the Vanes, a rich and titled family in the North of England. So far back as 1797 Sir Frederick Fletcher Vane "loved not wisely, but too well," a certain Hannah Bowerbank. She bore him two children, and previous to the arrival of a third she gave him warning that unless he should marry her before its birth, and *thereby legitimate* it, she would live with him no longer. This he consented to do; but his very alacrity in doing it was the cause of her hope being blighted, for coming in suddenly upon her with the news that he had obtained a special license, the joyful tidings brought about the premature birth of the infant Francis Vane, the father of the present baronet. A few weeks *afterward* the parents were married, and as the doctors informed the husband that in their opinion Lady Vane would never again present him with a living child, he brought up Francis as his legal heir. But the doctors were wrong, since ten years afterward, in 1807, another son, Frederick, was born to him, the present claimant. Notwithstanding this, Francis continued to be treated as the heir, succeeded to his father's title, married a lady of high birth, and begat a son, Ralph, who succeeded him in the baronetcy in 1842, from which time till 1866 his right was never questioned. And now, in 1872, Frederick Vane, moved thereto by "certain statements made by his mother to other persons in 1866," brings his action against his nephew for the recovery of the Vane estates after forty years of wrongful possession. This period of unquestioned enjoyment of any property is a sufficient title in English law, unless there is "concealed fraud," and with this Frederick charges his dead brother. He asserts that on his attaining his majority the truth was revealed to Francis, and also that the register of the latter's birth has been tampered with by the addition "born March 29, 1797," the real date being March 9 in that year. What a tangled skein is here! what materials for "the gentlemen of the long robe," and also for the novelist! and what a cloud of witnesses in the shape of ancient veterans and withered crones will there be!

The Prince of Wales is to be made a field-marshal, not by reason of his achievements in war, but, as it is whispered, to prevent the possibility of his having a command during the next autumn manœuvres. He was very anxious on the last occasion to manage the cavalry, and it was only with much difficulty that that arm escaped the honor, of which it was not very desirous, since on the only occasion in which the Prince did take part in these scientific proceedings he afforded a very remarkable spectacle. When the umpire decided that he was taken prisoner he set spurs to his horse, and galloped along a line of hostile foot (any one of whom could,

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of course, have picked him off) with a general of division in hot pursuit, shouting, "Stop, your royal highness." The Prussians had their experience of consulting the convenience of royal personages in warfare during the Austrian campaign. The old king had expressed a wish to be sent for should the enemy be advantageously brought to bay, and accordingly, when this was supposed to be effected, news was dispatched to his majesty—just as a sporting gentleman might advise his friend, "I have got six rats in a meal-tub; come and see them worried"—that all was ready. The king himself, however, was *not* ready, and took ten days to arrive at the scene of action, during which the Austrians had contrived to escape from the trap. In 1870, however, the Prussians were not so obsequious, and waited for nobody. R. KEMBLE, of London.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

K.—The French novel you mention has been translated, but we would not recommend it for any one's perusal. There are a number of English books on heraldry, Burke's *Peerage* being perhaps the most complete.

ADMIRER.—The International Exhibition at Vienna will open May 1, 1873.

MARY W.—The plays *Diamonds* and *Saratoga* were written by Mr. Bronson Howard, a young gentleman long connected with the New York press.

NORNA.—Bjornstern Bjornsen signifies *bear-star bear-son*, and is one of the many names that have an ursine origin. The city of Berne is so proud of this nativity that it maintains a number of bears at its own expense, and bears bears in its arms, if we may be pardoned the pun. Bernard, Bernhard, Bernardo, Bernardine, etc., all have the same derivation; so have Baring, Bahrend, and Behring, which very appropriately gives its name to our northern straits. Béranger, Berenguela, and Berengaria also take their names from the Norwegian biörn, or bear.

J.—We do not know whether the news-dealers in your vicinity sell our cut paper patterns or not; in any case, you can readily obtain them by ordering them from this office.

MRS. R. L. M., ECONOMY, AND OTHERS.—Answers to your inquiries about making new suits and renovating others have been embodied in the New York Fashions of late numbers of the *Bazar*. The general hints given there will be useful to you. We have not sufficient room for lengthy descriptions of costumes.

STAPLETON.—We do not know who is the author of the poem you mention.

H. E. M.—Read reply above to "Mrs. R. L. M., Economy, and Others."

LOU.—Get silk fringe for your cashmere wrap. Have a heading of passementerie.

NORMA.—Make girl's blue merino suit by pattern of Girls' Princesse Polonaise Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. V. Back curls are very little used. Puffs and coils of braids worn very high are the fashion. High tucking-combs are also used.

NELLIE ORTON.—The "Ugly Girl" papers which have been published in the *Bazar* suggest several depilatories, without recommending any, as all must necessarily be more or less caustic, and attended with some danger. We advise you to let alone the seemingly superfluous hair, which in all probability gives individuality to your face, and has a subtle beauty of its own which an artist would discern.—You can wear a rose-colored neck-tie with your sage green dress.—Our answers to correspondents are never imaginary; but our letters are so numerous, and our space so restricted, that correspondents must be patient in waiting for replies to their many questions.

X. Y. Z. AND OTHERS.—An enterprising Briton has outdone Yankee forwardness in one respect. Alexander Ross, of London, advertises that he has a nose-machine, "which applied to the nose for an hour daily, so directs the soft cartilage of which the member consists that an ill-formed nose is quickly shaped to perfection." What an era of classic noses dawns upon us at this announcement! This benefactor reverses the custom of that French surgeon whose practice was confined to altering the features of criminals so that they could defy detection, who pared down aquiline noses into snubs, and judiciously grafted skins, and carved homely noses into high profile. These are serious facts, and not the burlesque they appear.

EUGÉNIE N.—Small fetter-locks made to fit each finger might be worn with success to reduce the size of knuckles, but a surgeon would have to fit them and direct their use. Sweet-almond oil will soften thick wrinkled skin, and keep the hands soft, if well rubbed in. To smooth hands rub with a piece of sandstone, or wash in sand and soap-suds.

THE QUEEN OF ALL SEWING-MACHINES.—In speaking of the merits of the New Wilson Under-Feed Sewing-Machine, it is sufficient for us to say that we think the invention of this machine marks one of the most important eras in the history of this country; and when we consider the influence it has upon the social well-being of the masses, it is difficult to conceive of an invention of more importance. It has a beautiful, noiseless movement; it makes the genuine "Lock-Stitch," alike on both sides, and does to perfection all kinds of plain and fine sewing; it needs no commendation; its rapid sales, the increasing demand, and the many flattering testimonials from those who have used it, is sufficient proof of its merits. The want of a sewing-machine is deeply felt in every household, and as the Wilson Sewing-Machine, on account of its extreme simplicity and less cost of manufacture, is sold at a much lower price than all other first-class machines, it is meeting with the extensive patronage that it so justly deserves. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the U.S. The company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Miss ELLEN FERRIS, Troy, N. Y., earns annually about $700 with her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[*Com.*]

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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IN EVERY VARIETY;
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Size.	*My Price.*	*Retails in N. Y. for*
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24 " " " " "	3 50
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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 2.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

HANGING BASKETS AND WINDOW GARDENS.

A HANGING garden of sponge is one of the latest novelties in gardening. Take a white sponge of large size, and sow it full of rice, oats, or wheat. Then place it for a week or ten days in a shallow dish, in which a little water is constantly kept, and as the sponge will absorb the moisture, the seeds will begin to sprout before many days. When this has fairly taken place, the sponge may be suspended by means of cords from a hook in the top of the window where a little sun will enter. It will thus become like a mass of green, and can be kept wet by merely immersing it in a bowl of water.

Another pretty and artistic arrangement for a winter greenery is to obtain from the road-side one of those peculiar excrescences which are found growing upon the stumps of decayed trees, resembling brown rosettes of several shades, and very curiously striped. One of these placed in the centre of a large shallow dish with earth around it will be quite ornamental when covered with such things as *Kenilworth ivy*, *Lycopodium*, *Tradescantia*, and the lovely blue *Lobelia*. Especially will it flourish if a shade is placed over the whole. Common evergreen ivy may be quickly rooted and made to grow vigorously if planted in a box or dish of earth with a glass over it, looking green and refreshing all winter, and in the spring can be transplanted into the garden outside, where it will cling to the brick wall of your house, and climb much faster in consequence of this early start under glass. Or the long sprays of ivy may be gathered, and the ends put into water in bottles or deep vases, and will there strike roots as vigorous as if planted in soil, the tops being trained around windows and picture-frames with excellent effect.

Window gardens are easily manufactured by those who can not afford the costly terra cotta ones for sale at florists' establishments by taking a wooden box, of a length and breadth suited to the window, and lining it with zinc or tin, adding, in the latter case, a coat of good oil-paint as a preventive of rust. The tin will be cheaper than the zinc, but not nearly so durable. Auger holes bored through the bottom will give the necessary drainage, and the outer wooden sides may be ornamented in various ways. One way is to have a projecting strip of wood—a lath will answer very well—nailed all around the upper edge, and on to this tack a covering of chintz or zephyr-work, which will hang loose from the box itself, and thus avoid danger of dampness. One very pretty style will be to make the ground-

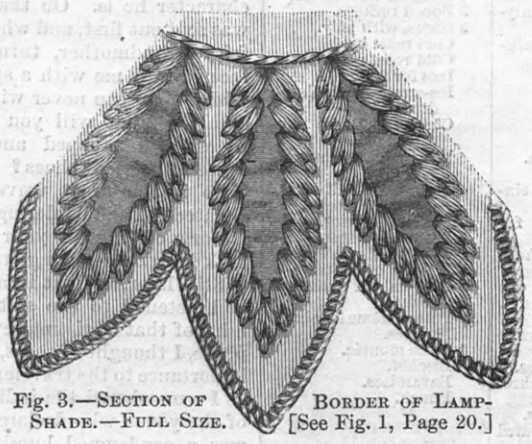

Fig. 3.—SECTION OF BORDER OF LAMP-SHADE.—FULL SIZE. [See Fig. 1, Page 20.]

Fig. 1.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 10 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—DOLL'S BRIDAL DRESS (Size, without Head, 21 Inches). For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–4.

Fig. 3.—DOLL'S WALKING SUIT (Size, without Head, 21 Inches). For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5–7.

Fig. 4.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 8–12.

Fig. 5.—DOLL'S MORNING DRESS (Size, without Head, 18 Inches). For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 13–16.

Fig. 6.—DOLL'S VISITING DRESS (Size, without Head, 18 Inches). For description see Supplement.

Fig. 7.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 8.—DOLL'S TRAVELING SUIT (Size, without Head, 20 Inches). For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 17–20.

FIGS. 1–8.—DOLLS' SUITS, AND DRESSES FOR GIRLS FROM 4 TO 10 YEARS OLD.

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work of Turkey red oiled chintz, upon which is laid in appliqué a wreath of ivy leaves or fern leaves cut out of some black material, either all-wool delaine, cashmere, or gros grain silk, the edges all around the top and bottom being finished with gimp. Or take buff chintz, and ornament it with fern leaves, done in spatter-work, according to taste, and trim the edge with either a black or maroon border. Or the box itself, if smooth and of white wood, can be painted to imitate inlaid-work by tracing a pattern of vines and flowers in pencil, and then filling up all the surface outside the pattern with black paint, leaving the design in white wood. The full directions for this inlaid-work were given in a previous number of the *Bazar*.

1873.

A PHANTASY.

THE New Year lay a-listening
Amid the drifting snow,
That would not heed
And could not speed,
And knew not where to go.
"Fair Earth," said he,
"If I should come
And make my home
Erewhile with thee,
What precious boon,
By night or noon,
Hast thou for me?"

"Flowers and blight,
And song and storm,
And wintry night
And mid-day warm,
Delight and dole
With love and strife,
Heart and soul
And busy life—
These, good Year,
I'll gift to thee.
And now, sweet Year,
What hast for me?"

Low laughed the Year:
"'Tis well to give
The things *I* bring
That thou mayst live.
Now tell me, Earth,
Which gifts are thine,
And which are mine,
By right of birth?
And what were I,
Still lacking thee?
And what wert thou,
Bereft of me?"

The Earth had not
A word to say,
But rolled along
Its steady way;
And still the Year lay listening
Amid the drifting snow,
That would not heed
And could not speed,
And knew not where to go.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1873.

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of Skating Suits for Lads and Misses from 4 to 15 Years old; Ladies' Evening and Ball Dresses, Walking Suits, House Dresses, Breakfast and Dress Caps, Lingerie, etc.; Girls' Knitted and Crochet Hoods; Sewing-Weights, Blotting-Cushions, Emery Bags, Card-Baskets, Toilette Cushions, Wall-Pockets, Purses, Embroidery Patterns, etc.; together with choice literary and artistic attractions.*

BILLS OF FARE FOR SUPPER-PARTIES.

BY PIERRE BLOT.

FOR the benefit of persons who desire to give large supper-parties we give other and more extended *ménus* than those contained in our last article on the subject:

SUPPERS FOR FIFTY PERSONS.

150 Fried oysters.
200 Stewed oysters.
100 Sandwiches, assorted.
Chicken-salad for thirty-five.
Lobster-salad for fifteen.
2 Boned turkeys, or
4 Boned chicken, or
4 Boned grouse.
2 Tongues *en Bellevue*.
1 Ham, with jelly.
Ice-cream for twenty-five.
Charlotte-Russe for fifteen.
Wine jelly for twenty-five.
30 Éclairs.
20 Cream-cakes or choux.
2 Baskets of assorted cakes.
2 Baskets of fruits.
2 Baskets of candies.
Mottoes.
Bavaroises for thirty.
Punch for twenty.

200 Fried oysters.
200 Stewed oysters.
100 Sandwiches, assorted.
Chicken-salad for thirty.
Lobster-salad for twenty.
Ice-cream for forty.
1 Basket of assorted cakes.
1 Basket of candies.
2 Baskets of fruits.
Mottoes.
Bavaroises for thirty.
Punch for twenty.

SUPPERS FOR ONE HUNDRED PERSONS.

300 Fried oysters.
400 Stewed oysters.
160 Sandwiches, assorted.
Chicken-salad for seventy.
Lobster-salad for thirty.
3 Boned turkeys.
4 Boned grouse.
2 Tongues *en Bellevue*.
2 Hams, with jelly.
2 Pieces of cold roast beef.
2 Pâtés of game.
Ice-cream for sixty.
Ices, assorted, for forty.
Charlotte-Russe for forty.
Wine jelly for sixty.
2 Babas.
2 Brioches.
2 Cakes, Napolitain.
3 Pyramids of small cakes.
2 Baskets of candied fruits.
4 Baskets of candies.
4 Baskets of fruits.
Mottoes.
Bischof.
Bavaroises.
Punch.

250 Fried oysters.
300 Stewed oysters.
160 Sandwiches, assorted.
Chicken-salad for forty.
Lobster-salad for twenty.
1 Boned turkey.
1 Fillet *en Bellevue*.
1 Ham.
1 Cold roast turkey.
1 Pâté de foie gras.
Ice-cream for fifty.
2 Baskets of small cakes, assorted.
Candies.
Fruits.
Mottoes.
Bavaroises.
Punch.

SUPPERS FOR TWO HUNDRED PERSONS.

Consommé for forty.
500 Fried oysters.
600 Stewed oysters.
2 Salmons, Génevoise sauce.
300 Sandwiches, assorted.
Lobster-salad for sixty.
Chicken-salad for one hundred and twenty-five.
2 Fillets of beef *en Bellevue*.
4 Boned turkeys.
2 Hams, with jelly.
2 Pâtés of chicken.
2 Pâtés of game.
Cold roast turkey.
Cold roast chicken.
Cold roast beef.
Ices, assorted, for sixty.
Charlotte-Russe for sixty.
Ice-cream for one hundred and forty.
Wine jellies for one hundred and twenty.
3 Large brioches.
3 Large Savarin cakes.
3 Large biscuits.
3 Large sponge-cakes.
3 Large Pithiviers cakes.
2 Baskets of éclairs.
4 Baskets of candies.
4 Baskets of candied fruits.
4 Baskets of fruits.
Compotes.
Mottoes.
2 Pieces montées.
Pastillages.
Bischof.
Bavaroises.
Punch.

Riz au lait for forty.
400 Fried oysters.
500 Stewed oysters.
300 Sandwiches, assorted.
Lobster-salad for fifty.
Chicken-salad for one hundred.
4 Tongues *en Bellevue*.
3 Boned turkeys.
3 Hams, with jelly.
Cold roast beef.
Cold roast chicken.
Ices for fifty.
Ice-cream for one hundred.
Charlotte-Russe for fifty.
Wine jellies for seventy-five.
4 Baskets of small cakes, assorted.
1 Basket of kisses.
1 Basket of macaroons.
2 Baskets of candies.
2 Baskets of fruits.
2 Baskets of candied fruits.
Pots of crème for sixty.
Mottoes.
1 Piece montée.
Bischof.
Bavaroises.
Punch.

Our readers will see by the above models that we give quite a variety and an abundance, for the reason that it is easier to omit than to add dishes. The following list, combined with a glossary, will enable them to make bills for suppers, and to vary them according to taste or fancy.

WARM DISHES AND WARM DRINKS.

Consommé.—Rich beef broth.

Consommé de volaille.—Rich broth made with chicken.

Chicken Soup.—Chicken meat cut in small pieces and mixed with rice and broth.

Barley soup.

Riz au lait.—Rice cooked in milk and sweetened.

Riz au gras.—Rice cooked in beef broth.

Oysters, fried, roasted, stewed.

Oysters, scalloped, served either on oyster-shells or on silver shells.

Salmon, Génevoise sauce.—A boiled salmon, served with a *Génevoise* sauce.

Capon, roasted, served with gravy. Water-cress may be placed around the dish.

Chicken, roasted, served as the above.

Chicken, with rice. Cooked and served with the rice around.

Fillet of beef.—A tenderloin of beef, served with or without mushrooms or truffles, and gravy or sauce.

Fillets of birds.—The breast of birds, or fleshy part on both sides of the breast-bone. When carefully detached they make two appetizing pieces.

Fillets of chicken.—The same as the above.

Lamb-chops aux petits pois.—Lamb-chops served with green pease.

Grouse, roasted, served with gravy, and water-cress around.

Partridges, roasted, served as the above.

Pheasants, roasted, served as the above.

Quails, roasted, served as the above.

Fritters of apples, bananas, pine-apples, or any other fruit. The latter may be flavored with extracts.

Petits pains.—Small cakes of the shape of French loaves, made with flour, butter, sugar, eggs, and yeast. They are generally served with the bavaroises.

Rice pudding is served warm at supper.

Tea, coffee, and chocolate are served with warm or cold milk.

Bavaroises.—Chocolate and milk, flavored with extract of orange-flower water (*eau de fleur d'oranger*), and sweetened with sirup made with loaf-sugar, served as warm as possible in glasses.

Bischof.—This delicious beverage is made with white or red Burgundy wines or with Champagne, flavored with Seville oranges, cloves, cinnamon, coriander, and nutmegs; served hot in punch-glasses, with a slice of lemon in each glass.

Punch.—To serve punch warm it is placed on a slow fire when the rum is added. It must not be boiled.

COLD DISHES AND COLD DRINKS.

En Bellevue means one or more pieces inside of meat jelly. Every dish served *en Bellevue* is kept on ice, and not placed on the table until just before the supper is served. The temperature of the dining-room, which should be about 66° Fahrenheit, would melt the jelly, destroy the appearance of the dish, and spoil its taste, if kept at so high a temperature for some time.

With jelly means one or more articles of food served with meat jelly on top or around them, or both ways. The jelly is generally cut in fanciful and tasteful shapes. Like the preceding, it must not be put on the table until just before the supper is served. When two or more dishes are served with jelly it is better to have one *Bellevue*, and the other with jelly in pieces.

Buisson.—Buisson of —— means served in the shape of a dome more or less flattened on the top, according to the article served. To facilitate the building of the dome, the soft part of two, three, or four loaves of bread is cut of the shape desired, and united as closely together as possible by means of butter spread on the flat sides, so that they will adhere together. The bread is also buttered all around to cause the pieces making the *buisson* to adhere to the bread, so that when the pieces are tastefully placed around it makes an elegant dish. *Croûtons*, cut in fancy shapes, may also be placed all around the border of the dish.

We shall continue this glossary in a future article.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Pinching Shoes.

MY DEAR TIMOTHY,—One Christmas-eve long ago, at Andrea's, in the country, we played games all the evening, and hung up a sprig of holly for want of mistletoe, and your ample grandmother was the fairy whom we all sought to bring to judgment under that green bough. But when, tired of romping, we settled into more tranquil amusements, I remember that we played at "famous people." This is a game in which one person goes out, and those who remain agree upon some historic or fictitious character, and the absentee upon his return must guess, from the questions asked, what character he is. On that old Christmas I was sent out first, and when I returned, your fairy grandmother, turning her laughing face toward me with a sparkling sweetness which time can never wither, asked me solemnly, "What will you take for your old shoes?" I stopped and thought. Who especially need shoes? Travelers, surely. Who is the great traveler? Instantly I shouted, "The Wandering Jew;" and amidst a storm of laughter your fairy grandmother took her turn in going out.

Still later, as I sat in a corner of the sofa and listened to the soft music which the fairy of that Christmas-eve played upon the piano, I thought of shoes, and of their prime importance to the traveler, and I laughed out as I remembered the indignant exclamation of the youth who declared that Mont Blanc was a condemned humbug, but afterward confessed that when he saw it he was undergoing the torture of the tight boot. Indeed, the pleasure of travel is at the mercy of shoes. In those bright days when I walked through Switzerland—Switzerland, which lies forever in my imagination bathed in dewy morning air, because I saw it in unclouded youth—in those bright days a peg, or a chafing point, or a pebble in the shoe would have wrecked the perfect vision and blurred my memory. Those trusty friends, those comfortable strong shoes, may St. Crispin forget me when I forget them! They hang in my closet still. I touch them with these old hands, and once more I hear the jödel and the avalanche, and "I am the boy of the mountain."

On the walls of my chamber, also, you may have seen the pretty portrait of a fair-haired girl with soft, round cheeks and wondering eyes—those eyes of wonder and expectancy which so often I see in dear children. Is it sad to see them? Why should it be? All the long ages of woe and tragic disappointment, all the world full of sorrowful faces—and lo! they come, those clear, inquiring eyes, looking out from under unwrinkled brows, full of hope and faith and love; yes, believing all things, hoping all things, while we know the shadow and the disappointment which they do not suspect! Is it this knowledge which makes those wondering eyes so sad? Is it the tenderness of pity which softens our hearts toward children? No no: it is not our superiority, but our humility. We came into the world, too, with that blithe triumph of expectation, and we have succumbed; we have been conquered. And now when our successors appear, with the conquering mien and the eyes of expectation, we speak to them as the hapless victims of the *Inferno* spoke to Dante and his guide. Our hearts cry out, "Oh, never sink to this, ye living, happy ones! Oh, win the victory that we could not!"

So my thoughts wander as I see that picture of the fair-haired girl. It is my little aunt Mildred, whom you remember, perhaps, as a wan old lady in deep black, who

"Lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave—and oh!
The difference to me!"

As I sat in the sofa corner reflecting upon shoes, I laughed again as I thought of my little aunt. Her father was a man of grave and even severe deportment: one of those who seem to have been born respectable middle-aged people, from whose natures and experience all the gay frivolity of youth has been eliminated. Yet they are not really cold and hard, and half of their seeming gravity is due to their conscious incapacity not to seem grave, and their equal consciousness that they are therefore less beloved by those to whom their own hearts are utterly devoted. Is it only in fairy stories that you find enchantment? I see much more in my experience than I ever found in the stories.

My grave grandfather was very fond of his children, but he would not easily show it. They were a little afraid of him, and that again made him still graver and them more timid. The little Mildred was especially the charge of her next older sister, Oriana, and it is a family tradition that on a certain Sunday the two went to church, and Mildred was so restless that after the admonitory nods and winks and nudges and scowls from Oriana, which were of no avail, the elder sister turned and whispered to her, severely, "Very well, miss, I shall tell papa when we go home." Poor little Aunt Mildred sat in fearful expectation, but could not sit still. The return from church was like a funeral procession, or a march to condign punishment. What tremors shook that little heart! What visions of awful penalties! It was natural but unjust, and when the rigorous Oriana kept her word and told the tale, little Mildred exclaimed, piteously, with a burst of agonized tears, "But, dear papa, my new shoes pinched so!"

"There, Oriana," said my grandfather, "of course the poor child has been suffering tortures. See that she has a new pair of shoes immediately."

They are all gone, Timothy, but I remember the pinching shoes, and often, since then, that exclamation of my little aunt has saved many a man in my judgment. If he misbehaves, I have but to reflect that his new shoes pinch so! and wrath dissolves in pity. How often Harry comes in late from the shop where he has been working hard all day, and he has had vague thoughts that if the rainy day should come suddenly, there is not much of that "provision" which we are all exhorted to make for it; and a wandering pain somewhere has seemed to his excited imagination a scout of the last enemy. Lucy's welcoming smile only deepens more painfully the sense of uncertainty and the possible tragedy. Harry is silent, abstracted, moody. Lucy is startled, mortified, unhappy. 'Tis a whim only upon his part. 'Tis nothing that he could name. Mistress Lucy, be patient—patient! Harry is not wantonly restless and troubled. His shoes pinch him sorely.

Or it is Lucy who has asked a few friends to dine, and there will be a very modest feast, as befits the family purse. She is the best of housekeepers. Her glory is the neatness of her household detail. The table linen, you will observe if you dine there, is not damask, and the cookery is not French, but it is most toothsome. To-day Lucilla is to be one of the guests, and she is not less notable than Lucy for the precision of her house. It is a gay little party in the little parlor. I see no diamonds. I see no air of condescension upon the part of Mrs. Wholesale toward Mrs. Retail. There is a gentle hum of pleasure, and I know that Lucy is thinking placidly of that fish which will be so cooked that Apicius would gladly have foregone the gold service at the Midases' could he only have been invited to Lucy's. Presently we descend to the table. It is neat, not splendid, and there is a nameless promise of enjoyment. Lucy is very bland, and as Lucilla is helped to fish Lucy can not forbear to look at her in good-humored expectation. As Lucilla tastes there is an undefinable expression upon her face, so undefinable that Lucy is impatient to taste also. She smiles in conversation with Adonis as she does so—and lo! the fish is burned in the cooking! Harry wonders why Lucy is so restless, so troubled. The poor fellow perceives that it is not a pleasant dinner. He looks at Lucy as Oriana looked at my little aunt Mildred. My dear Harry, don't be angry. Poor Lucy can not sit still and attend, for her new shoes pinch dreadfully!

But there are some of our fellow-travelers who plod steadily on with their feet actually crushed in their shoes. They smile so airily and sweetly that you suppose they are thinking only of the beauty of the landscape. Yet they are really conscious only of their suffering. When I was a younger man Dolcio was the famous and favorite singer. The public thrilled with every note, and his private friends thought him the most enviable of men. The ladies of beauty and of fashion hung his portrait in their bowers, and sang his songs merely to renew the delight of hearing the notes that he warbled. Dolcio seemed to enjoy it all with placid satisfaction, and as he stood upon the stage one evening Publicola said to me, "What a happy man!" And I answered, "Yes; *his* shoes, at least, don't pinch!" Yet I afterward knew that he had been accompanied to the theatre by constables and by his terrified wife; and that even while the theatre thrilled with delight as his marvelous voice rose and fell in cadences endlessly sweet, the constables had him in full view from behind the scenes that he might not escape, and his wife, with clasped hands and breaking heart, sat in his dressing-room, a statue of woe.

Debt of every kind was ambushed all

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around him. He was never sure that he would not be arrested just as he was stepping amidst rapturous applause to the footlights. His wife's life was a prolonged terror. But how placid he was! How calmly he smiled! His shoes pinched more cruelly than my little aunt Mildred's, but he sat very still; and Dolcio was the one man of whom, from all that appeared, it would have been said that his shoes were perfectly easy. You see how it is, dear Timothy: we are all travelers, and our travel is as endless as that of the Wandering Jew. We must wear shoes; and which of us do they not pinch? I open my eyes in these Christmas mornings upon the wondering eyes of my little aunt Mildred, and as I dress myself, thinking of her cruel shoes, I go down to breakfast disposed to think, when I see a sour face or hear a cross word, "Poor fellow, I pity him. How his shoes must pinch!"

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

IRISH POPLINS.

IRISH poplins are very fashionably worn abroad. Twilled fabrics were in marked favor in Paris for several seasons before they became popular here, consequently the fickle Parisiennes are beginning to weary of them, and in their love of variety are again using fine heavily repped goods, such as Sicilienne, cashmere, and Pim's Irish poplin. The probability is that all repped goods that are sufficiently soft to drape gracefully will soon be restored to favor, and in view of this fact careful purchasers are supplying themselves with the fine poplins of Pim's best qualities, that are now sold for $1 50 a yard. All the quaint colors now in vogue are found among these goods; but as all peculiar shades have but transient popularity, it is safer to purchase a black poplin, or dark blue, or else one of the clear silvery gray hues that make up so handsomely. A jet black poplin, trimmed with jet and fringe, is as stylish a dress as a rich gros grain. The creamy white poplin, when well made, and trimmed with white velvet (not satin), looks like heavy Ottoman silk, and makes an elegant and comparatively inexpensive wedding dress. The skirt of such a dress should be without flounces. Velvet bands and a thick cord of passementerie should trim the train. A frill of point appliqué lace, with velvet piping for heading, is the garniture for the corsage.

WAISTCOATS AND VESTS.

As the season advances it is evident that the favorite corsages are basques, with the sleeveless jackets called waistcoats. These waistcoats are of different material, or else a darker shade than the coat sleeves of the basque. They may be made as part of the garment, or else separate and added after for warmth. The latter plan is adopted for very slight figures. Velvet waistcoats on silk basques are especially admired. The only trimming admitted on the waistcoat is one or two thick cords of silk as an edge for the garment. Waistcoats with very long fronts that form a sort of tablier are worn with polonaises.

Colored silk vests are much worn with black dresses. A vest of cherry silk brightens up a dinner dress of black silk for a brunette; a delicate shade of lavender gros grain is chosen for the vest of a black suit worn by a blonde. Black cashmere over dresses, basques, and polonaises have also colored vests. White or black moiré antique vests are considered stylish with black dresses, and a vest of turquoise blue moiré is also shown with jet buttons down the front. Watered ribbon bows and belt, with buttons of oxidized silver, accompany black moiré vests.

These fanciful vests offer a good plan for remodeling a dress that is too narrow across the chest. The sleeveless jackets just described are also useful for freshening a corsage that is partly worn or soiled.

Pointed bodices for elaborate dresses are introduced in Paris. These have a deep point under each arm, as well as in the front and back. Pendent ornaments, such as tassels or fringe, edge these points. This corsage is a variation of the antique chatelaine bodice that French modistes are attempting to revive.

VELVET SKIRTS AND COSTUMES.

With the return of midwinter a few black velvet costumes appear on the Avenue. These are invariably made with a polonaise and single skirt, trimmed with jet, faille, and lace, or else with bands of dark fur, such as the black fox, black fisher, or the silver-fox. The costume, however, most frequently seen on elegantly dressed women consists of a velvet skirt with a camel's-hair polonaise, made in the fashion set forth in the *Bazar* early in the fall. Black, brown, olive, and sea blue suits are the most stylish. Velveteen with silk face is often used for these skirts, and also for waistcoats. The best qualities of brown velveteen are almost as handsome for this purpose as silk velvet; the difference between black velveteen and velvet is far more evident.

EMBROIDERIES.

A novelty in fancy-work is shown among the many pretty things prepared for holiday gifts. This is gray linen, or else Turkish toweling, cut in open arabesque designs, embroidered with silks of the same color, and placed as a tidy-cover over sofa-pillows or cushions of crimson or blue velvet. When completed it looks like rich appliqué-work, and produces a beautiful effect. Stripes for the back of chairs are made in the same way.

Another novelty, a suitable gift for a gentleman, is a foot-rest, beneath which is a spring which, when touched by the foot, throws up the cushion and discloses a spittoon. Egyptian heads, well shaded, are wrought in fine *petit point* stitches on these foot-rests, or else the owner's monogram is the ornament. They are mounted on benches of gilt, walnut, or black wood, which cost from $7 50 to $12 each; when completed by the embroidery, the price is from $15 to $25. A slipper-rest and boot-jack combined is also another convenient and pretty article for a gentleman's room. The case for the slippers is embroidered, and hangs from a black-walnut frame, to which the boot-jack is attached. Shaving-paper stands and small light-screens are leather banners, stamped with fern leaves, and mounted on gilt frames. Waste-paper baskets for the library, and scrap-baskets for a lady's sewing-room, are of bamboo or of willow, lined with silk, and trimmed with little lambrequins of embroidered cloth: price from $9 to $25. Work-baskets, music-stands, round boxes for collars and cuffs, long boxes for combs and brushes, and nécessaires holding toilette articles, are among the gifts that are ornamented with needle-work.

FANCY GOODS FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS.

The present love for the antique is shown in the partiality for black bronzes. This dark bronze, slightly relieved with green, appears in the various ornaments, Roman and Greek heads, statuettes of mythological characters, clocks, and mantel-pieces. Finely chased silver bronzes are also among the choice fancies. The pale green bronze called *verd antique* is now most seen in the bird and animal pieces, and it is said will soon be thought *passée*. Mantel sets for drawing-rooms consist of a statuette for a centre piece, with vases on each side; boudoir and library sets have a low clock in the centre, with side pieces that do duty as drop lights. Very small pairs of clear bronze vases can be bought as low as $30; larger ones range from $90 to $200.

Low mantel clocks—a gift prized by housewives—are shown in the dark red brocatel marble now so sought after. The mountings are of green bronze and gilt. Black marble clocks are also shown, with mountings in quaint devices.

While the sombre classic bronzes abound in the library and other stately rooms, the bright-hued bisque figures are chosen for cozy boudoirs and sitting-rooms. Among these are statuettes artistically colored representing peasant women, water-carriers, Neapolitan fishermen, flower-girls, and also animals and birds. A golden pheasant, life-like in color and size, is $90; a slender greyhound, crouching in a natural and graceful position, attracts admiration, and is marked $100.

Vases of majolica and other wares are also in odd designs, representing pannier mules, camels, and elephants, with their baskets and pack-saddles filled with flowers. A curious vase for the centre of the table is a long gondola, manned with tiny gondoliers, and placed on a glass platter that reflects it on every side.

New jewel-cases are of thick transparent crystal, with gilt mountings. In the bottom of the box is a satin cushion, on which the jewels are displayed. Glove and mouchoir boxes are also shown in crystal and gilt: price $50. Among the beautiful Russia leather goods are jewel-cases with various trays cushioned with satin, that is visible through the crystal top: price $40. Glove-boxes of red Russia leather with crystal tops are $35. Photographic albums of red Russia leather have quaint little music-boxes attached, and cost from $25 to $35. Smaller musical albums of plainer materials are from $7 50 upward. English goods are represented by desks of Coromandel, walnut, and ebony woods, worth $35 to $60. Book-racks to correspond with these have malachite and porcelain settings, and cost from $15 to $25.

The newest card-receivers are of gilt bronze, with fine porcelain centres in bright colors. A fanciful pair of gilt bronze candlesticks for holding decorative wax-candles is a suitable present for the Christmas season. Jewel-stands, cigar-stands, ash-receivers, inkstands, scent-bottles, and tiny call-bells of silvery note are displayed in this finely polished bronze. The bells cost from $3 to $8.

Oxidized silver forms part of the ornamentation of two-thirds of the fanciful things shown. It appears as part of the table plate, it ornaments bronzes, and is worn as jewelry in the shape of chatelaines, sleeve-buttons, etc. Gifts of this metal are decidedly a feature of the season, but the fancy for it will, it is predicted, be transient. Chatelaines of this silver are sold as low as $2; other elaborate chains have ivory tablets and flagons for perfume attached.

Opera-glasses of smoked pearl are most appreciated this winter. They are also mounted in tortoise-shell and red Russia leather. Charming holiday gifts are the fine bonbonnières of enameled gilt and of crystal. Candy-bags of painted satin are also shown: price $6. Boxes representing grotesque figures, birds, and animals are filled with bonbons.

Among Japanese goods are glove-boxes of lacquered ware, worth $2, and fanciful cabinets of various sizes. For school-girls are plain writing-desks with lock and key: price $3. Small musical boxes that play two airs are $5. Neatly fitted work-baskets of willow, with gay silk linings, cost $3; with tinted leather linings these are $9. Traveling-clocks scarcely four inches high, with crystal sides and gilt frames, tick cheerily and sound a loud alarm: price from $30 upward. For the hearth are fire-iron stands—dogs or cats, natural-looking in size and color, painted on sheet-iron, to which a stand for the fire-irons is attached: price $10.

For information received thanks are due, for dresses and dress goods, to Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; A. SELIG & Co.; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and for holiday gifts, to Messrs. SHEPPARD, LE BOUTILLIER, & Co.; DAVIS COLLAMORE & Co.; and NICOL & DAVIDSON.

PERSONAL.

THE Rev. MATTHEW HALE SMITH, who writes good letters to the Boston *Journal*, says that, among his other peculiarities, HENRY WARD BEECHER never furnishes his choir with the hymns. He told Mr. CAMP, the leader, that he didn't know when he went into the pulpit what he was going to preach; how, then, could he furnish the hymns? "Can't you give me some clew?" "If I did that, you would know what I was going to preach; and if you knew that, I would not preach it." He has no idea what hymn he will sing when the sermon is ended; so the Plymouth choir sing without the slightest rehearsal. While it is true that Mr. BEECHER prepares most of his sermons on Sunday—for he says he "likes his bread hot"—he not unfrequently changes his whole plan after he gets into the pulpit. The Sunday papers often furnish him with a theme for discourse. Mr. BEECHER is one of the finest talkists in the world, and he can talk as well on one subject as another, with warning or without.

—When SOUTHEY was offered a half share in two newspapers, the *Morning Post* and the *Courier*, by which he could probably have secured $10,000 a year, he replied, "I will not give up the country and the lazy reading of old folios for two thousand times two thousand pounds: in short, beyond £350 a year, I consider money as a real evil."

—Speaking of ANTHONY TROLLOPE, what a nice bit this of his in the *Eustace Diamonds*. Speaking of Lucy, he says: "She believed in herself, thinking of herself that should it ever be her lot to be a man's wife, she would be to him a true, loving friend and companion, living in his joys, *and fighting, if it were necessary, down to the stumps of her nails in his interests.*"

—Mrs. MILLINA FAIRCLOTH, of Mitchel County, Iowa, is one hundred and sixteen years old, and so sprightly that there is thought to be a fair prospect of celebrating her Millina-ry.

—EDMOND ABOUT received $2000 for writing an account of his recent imprisonment by the Germans at Strasburg—which is about all that it's worth.

—The leading actors at the theatres in this city are by no means badly paid. JOHN BROUGHAM has a weekly salary of $300, and a handsome income besides from his many plays; Mrs. JOHN WOOD gets $600; ROSE HERSEE, $500; STUART ROBSON, $150. These are at the Grand Opera-House. At the Fifth Avenue Theatre Miss DAVENPORT (whom BOUCICAULT pronounces one of the best light-comedy actresses of the day) gets $150; GEORGE CLARK, $125; JAMES LEWIS, $125; PLESSY MORDAUNT, $80; JENNY LEE, $60; EMILY MESTAYER, $50. There are very many others receiving salaries ranging from $30 to $60 a week. Most of these are prudent, money-saving people, regular visitors at the savings-banks.

—Dr. WATERS, of Holton, Maine, is a careful man with his money, though a little forgetful. Not long since he threw aside one of his old coats to be converted into carpet-rags, and a few days ago, as his wife was tearing it to pieces, she found thirty-five dollars in greenbacks in the lining. Every married woman in that town is now tearing up old clothes with an ultimate hope of greenbacks.

—Mr. FROUDE observed to an interviewer, "I pronounce the ou in my name like oo in fool." The inter man thought F. might perhaps mean to be personal; but he didn't say so.

—Professor MARSH, of Yale, who went off to the Rocky Mountains with two or three students to see what he could ferret out in the way of fossils, has got back, and says he made a good thing of it.

—The late Lord DERBY, when Prime Minister of England, boasted that of the thirteen members of his cabinet six were educated at the same public school (Eton) with himself. Five out of the seven officers (not princes of the blood royal) who rose to the rank of field-marshal—the highest position in the British army—between 1810 and 1856, were educated at the same public school (Westminster).

—"George Eliot's" new novel, *Middlemarch*, which is universally conceded to be a masterpiece in the literature of fiction, is just issued by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS in two handsome volumes, at the moderate price of three dollars and fifty cents. The English edition will be in four volumes, and the price nearly *twelve dollars*. The difference is very suggestive. In England this novel can be read only by the few, while in this country it will be the delight of thousands of households. English authors have, in fact, more readers in this country than in their own.

—This of Mr. GREELEY: A young autograph-hunter, and a poor penman withal, residing in Central New York, wrote to Mr. G. some years ago, requesting his autograph, and received by return mail his own letter with the following indorsement: "It gives me great pleasure to comply with the wish of a young man who writes worse than I do.—H. GREELEY."

—Regarding the operatic season just closed in this city, the following facts may interest musical people: The ten performances at which Miss KELLOGG was the attraction gave a return of $21,620, while the thirty in which LUCCA appeared brought $128,793, making a total of $150,413. This exceeds by nearly $30,000 the sum that NILSSON brought to the treasury last year.

—The first lady who ever had the high felicity of dining with the Prime Minister of Japan was Lady HORNBY. She did that a few weeks ago.

—The funeral of EDWIN FORREST took place in Philadelphia on the 17th December, and was largely attended. The pall-bearers were Colonel J. W. FORNEY, GEORGE W. CHILDS, DANIEL DOUGHERTY, Colonel JAMES PAGE, and JAMES OAKES. With the exception of an annuity of $2500 to his intimate friend JAMES OAKES, of Boston, $5000 each to DANIEL DOUGHERTY and JAMES LAWSON, $10,000 to Miss ELIZABETH WELSH, daughter of JOHN R. WELSH, Esq., and two or three smaller legacies, all his property is to be devoted to the founding and endowment of the "Edwin Forrest Home," for the support of actors and actresses decayed by age or disabled by infirmities. Mr. FORREST'S superb library is to be located in the Home, which shall also contain a gallery for his pictures, and a neat theatre for private exhibitions and histrionic culture, to which pupils shall be admitted.

—Sir JOHN BOWRING, recently deceased, who has been before the world as author and politician for sixty years, is spoken of by one of the leading literary papers of London as a "considerable linguist, though in the judgment of many scholars a slatternly one, and as his foible was omniscience, he frequently attempted enterprises which he needed assistance to carry out. He was a good statist, and had considerable imagination, which in the East influenced his politics. There exists among Lord CANNING'S papers a letter from Sir J. BOWRING, written about the beginning of 1857, in which he laid before the viceroy a very remarkable proposal, which, had it been accepted, would have ended in the conquest of Southern China. It is quite possible that Sir JOHN BOWRING missed his vocation, and that as an Indian civilian he might have been a great success, the great men of that service having, from HASTINGS downward, often united high practical capacity with feeble literary ambitions."

—Princess LOUISE, the Marchioness of Lorne, has been elected president of the British National Union for improving the education of women.

—The leading generals of France are of foreign descent. M'MAHON comes of Irish parents, L'ADMIRAULT'S father is a Spaniard, DE CISSEY is from Belgium, DUCROT'S grandfather was a German, and LAFOREST'S grandfather was a Swiss from Geneva.

—Mr. PETER HENDERSON states, after repeated and thorough experiments with pure water, sawdust, charcoal, anthracite, brick-dust, and sands of all colors and textures, that cuttings placed in each, in the same temperature, rooted almost simultaneously and equally well.

—SHAKSPEARE produced all his plays with about 15,000 words; MILTON'S works are built up with 8000; and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 5642 words.

—Of CHARLES DICKENS it is related that, somewhere about the middle of the serial publication of *David Copperfield*, happening to be out of writing-paper, he sallied forth one morning to get a fresh supply at the stationer's to begin work on his next number. He stood aside a moment at the threshold to allow a lady to pass in before him. As he entered he overheard the lady asking for the new green number. When it was handed to her she said, "Oh, I have read this; I want the next one." "Listening to this unrecognized," Mr. DICKENS afterward said, "and remembering that not a word of the number she was asking for was yet written, for the first and only time in my life I felt frightened."

—The ex-King of Naples has received an intimation that his private fortune will be restored to him on condition that he will hereafter abstain from all political intrigue, conspiracies, and objectionable little caucuses of all sorts.

—JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, ex-United States Senator from Louisiana, has achieved such distinction at the English bar that it is not unlikely that he will be elevated to the bench. Such an event is talked of as more than probable. His practice is already very large and growing.

—One of the principal topics of gossip just now in London is the marriage of Mr. T. A. MITCHELL, a member of Parliament, to a London bar-maid. The bridegroom is a wealthy merchant, and a member of the leading clubs. The bride is a young woman of great personal attractions, who has filled the useful position before mentioned, and is the daughter of the hall porter of the Duke of Leinster. It is said that he was induced to this by the events that followed a casual visit to the house where the lady officiated. The attentions then given and the commiseration shown in a temporary illness that required a stimulant, so won the gentleman's heart that he sought and obtained her hand and the consent of her astonished parent. In addition to the position to which the lady has now attained she will have, so runs the rumor, a settlement of $50,000. The ceremony was performed by special license at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, shortly after eight o'clock in the morning, the early hour having been chosen in order to avoid the crowd which always attends a mid-day wedding at a West End church. As an additional precaution the venue also was changed at the last moment. When it was expected that the ceremony would be performed at St. George's, Hanover Square, the church was half filled with bar-maids. The "best man" was the bridegroom's medical attendant.

—Mr. HENRY DICKENS, a son of the novelist, has been admitted to the bar. He graduated with honor at Cambridge. We shall see what he will do as a Chancery man when he gets something in the Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce way.

—There were some naughty things done by the failure of the BOWLES BROTHERS—especially wrong and shabby toward the ladies. Two Canadian ladies, teachers, had just arrived in Paris, having, after several years, saved money enough to visit Europe to obtain the Parisian accent for their French. They banked with BOWLES, and now find themselves penniless. The wife of Father HYACINTHE is said to have lost a large part of her fortune in the concern. A New York lady in Paris found herself compelled to pawn one of her diamonds to raise money to pay for a cable telegram to New York for a remittance, etc., etc.

—"Chum," the NAST of Paris, advises that the desk of the tribune in the French National Assembly should be covered with pieces of broken bottles, like garden walls, in order to prevent the orators from continually thumping it with their fists. M. GAMBETTA is considered the greatest sinner in this respect.

—The Rev. HUGH STOWELL BROWN, one of those clever English preachers who have beamed upon us during the last year or two, has returned to his native Liverpool, and given the Liverpoolians a lecture on "The People of America"—a somewhat numerous topic for an hour's talk—in which he said that in America the proportion of tall men was much greater than in England, although it was very rarely that a jolly-looking face was to be seen in the United States. (Which is good. "Let us all be unhappy together!") The people of America he considered, were distinguished for their sobriety, but we were especially weak on the subject of finery. In personal cleanliness the Americans seemed to him superior to the English; and as for affability, England was nowhere!

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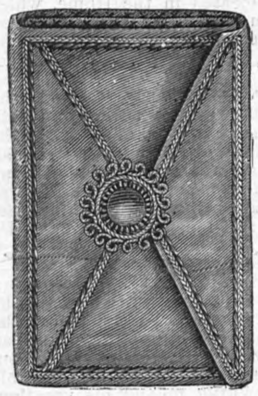
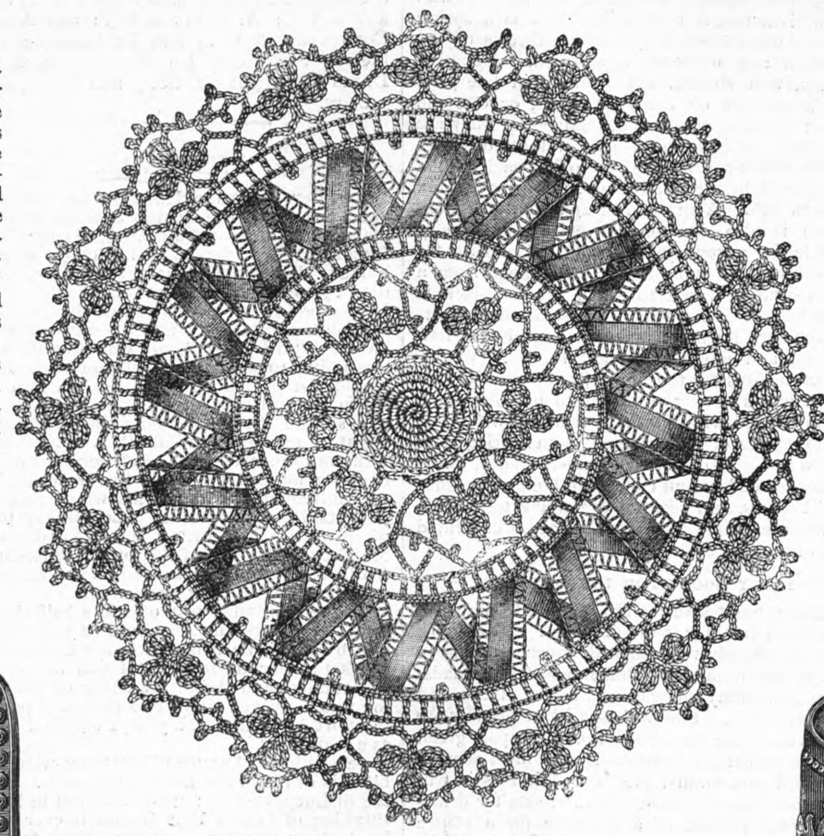


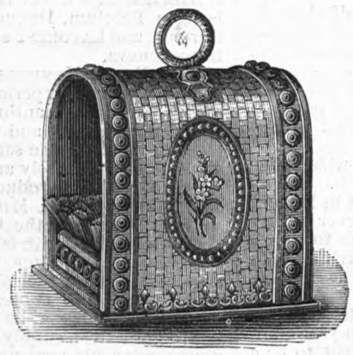
Fig. 1.—PHOTOGRAPH CASE.—CLOSED.
[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 54.

Point Lace and Crochet Rosette.

THIS rosette is suitable for setting together covers, trimming toilette cushions, etc. It is worked with point lace braid and twisted crochet cotton, Nos. 40 and 80. Begin the rosette in the middle, and crochet with the coarse cotton on a foundation of 4 ch. (chain stitch) closed in a ring first six rounds of sc. (single crochet), in doing which always insert the needle in both upper veins of the stitches, and in every round widen so many stitches that the 6th round counts 36 sc. 7th round.—∗ 5 ch., pass over 2 st. (stitch), 1 sc. on the next st., 7 ch., then for the first leaflet of a three-leaved figure work 3 ch., 1 dc. (double crochet) on the first of these, 1 sc. on the lower vein of this dc., 1 dc. on the same ch. on which the preceding dc. was worked, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the same ch. on which the 2 dc. were worked, inserting the needle in both upper veins of this ch. This completes one leaflet. Now crochet two similar leaflets, but before and after the next leaflet work 1 ch.; for the stem of the three-leaved figure work 5 sl. (slip stitches) on the next 5 ch., then 2 ch., 1 sc. on the third following st. of the preceding round, and repeat from ∗. At the end of the round work 1 sl. on the last sc. of the 6th round and fasten the thread. 8th round.—With the finer cotton ∗ work 1 dc. on the middle st. of the middle leaflet in the next figure, 8 ch., 1 p. (picot) turned downward; to do this crochet 5 ch., draw the needle out of the st., insert it in the first of the 5 ch., and draw through the dropped st.; 7 ch., 1 sc. on the middle st. of the next leaflet of the same figure, 5 ch., 1 sc. on the middle st. of the following ch. scallop, 2 ch., 1 p. turned upward, that is, 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these; 2 ch., 1 sc. on the middle st. of the first leaflet of the next figure, 7 ch., 1 p. turned downward, 2 ch., fasten to the large ch. scallop opposite; to do this drop the last st. from the needle, draw it through the third ch. before the sc. which was worked on the last leaflet of the preceding figure, work 1 ch., again draw the needle out of the st., insert it in the second following ch. of the same scallop, and draw through the dropped st. Now crochet 14 ch., 1 sc. on the third st. after the p. of the ch. scallop previously worked, 2 ch., 1 p. turned downward, 8 ch., and repeat from ∗. Finally, fasten to the first dc. of this round with 1 sl. After finishing this centre take point lace braid, arrange it in 16 points as shown by the illustration, and with the finer cotton crochet on one side of the braid two rounds as follows: 1st round.—On the extremity of each point work 10 sc., between these always 4 ch., at the end of the round work 1 sl. on the first sc. 2d round.—3 ch., which count as first dc., then always alternately 2 ch., 1 dc. on the third following st. of the preceding round, after every fourth dc. fasten to a ch. scallop in the last round of the centre of the rosette, as shown by the illustration. Finally, work 1 sl. on the last of the 3 ch. which count as first dc. On the other side of the point lace points crochet four rounds, the first two with the finer cotton as follows: 1st round.—On the extremity of each point work 10 sc., and between these always 4 ch., 1 p. turned downward, 4 ch. 2d round.—Always alternately 1 dc., 2 ch., with these always pass over 2 st. 3d round (with the coarser cotton).—Crochet, as shown by the illustration, and similar to the 7th round of the centre, always alternately ch. scallops, sc., and three-leaved figures; the latter, however, are separated each by 3 ch. scallops, each of which covers 4 st. of the preceding round, and before the first leaflet of each figure work only 8 ch., and after the last leaflet work for the stem of the same figure 3 sl. on the corresponding ch. 4th round (with the finer cotton).—∗ 1 sc. on the middle st. of the middle ch. scallop between two three-leaved figures of the preceding round, 4 ch., 1 dc. on the middle st. of the next leaflet, 6 ch., 1 p. turned upward (all picots of this round are crocheted upward), 5 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the fifth of the 6 ch. before the p. before the last, so that a loop is formed, 2 ch., 1 sc. on the second of the 6 ch. previously worked, 2 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 dc. on the first dc. of the middle leaflet of the next figure, 1 ch., 3 p. separated each by 1 ch., 2 ch., 1 dc. on the last dc. of the same leaflet, 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 dc. on the middle st. of the third leaflet of the same figure, 4 ch., and repeat from ∗; always fasten the middle st. of the loop to the second p. of the ch. scallop to the right, as shown by the illustration. At the end of the round, however, fasten the corresponding p. to the loop worked in the beginning of the round.

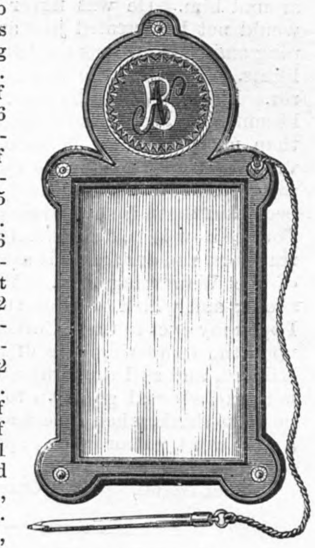


POINT LACE AND CROCHET ROSETTE.



EMBROIDERED PEN-WIPER.

Fig. 2.—PHOTOGRAPH CASE.—OPEN.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 54.



EMBROIDERED TABLET.

EMBROIDERED NAPKIN-RING.

Embroidered Tablet.

THIS tablet consists of light silica. The back of the tablet and the frame are covered with red Russia leather; on the upper side of the frame the cover is trimmed with small buttons and plates of bronze and steel. The medallion at the middle of the top of the frame is of silver gray silk ornamented in point Russe embroidery, and a monogram worked in satin stitch with red silk and gold thread, and is edged with fine gold cord. Instead of a monogram, petit point embroidery on paper or silk canvas with silk of various colors may be used for the medallion. Instead of the Russia leather cover, a cover of brown or dark gray enameled cloth may be made. A leather-covered pencil fastened to red silk cord completes the tablet.

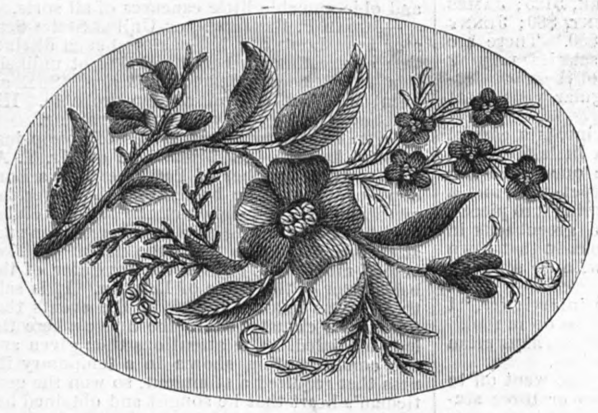


Fig. 1.—SATIN STITCH MEDALLION.

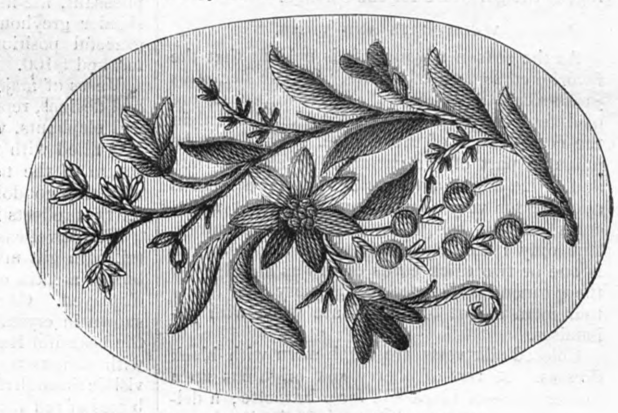


Fig. 2.—SATIN STITCH MEDALLION.

Photograph Case, Figs. 1 and 2.

To make this case cut of brown silk and brown enameled cloth one piece each from Fig. 54, Supplement, for the outer cover, leaving half an inch extra material all around the piece of silk. For the inside of the case cut of card-board three pieces of equal size, each of which corresponds with the larger spaces edged by dotted lines on Fig. 54, and one piece which reaches from the point of the flap to the next dotted line. Cover the card-board designed for the flap with brown silk on one side, paste white watered paper on the remaining three pieces, and baste the frames made of brown silk and lining as shown by Fig. 2, and ornamented in point Russe and knotted stitch embroidery with light and dark brown silk, on the outer edge of these pieces, excepting one lengthwise side; the frames are left unfastened on the side mentioned, so as to slip in the photographs. After fastening all the card-board pieces ornamented in this manner on the right side of the enameled cloth as shown by Fig. 2, furnish the silk designed for the outer cover with a monogram of gold cord on one of the outer sides, and with fine gold braid and half-polka stitches of brown silk on the other outer side and on the flap, as shown by Fig. 1. To close the case set on a small circular piece covered with silk and edged with button-hole stitches and gold cord, as shown by Fig. 1, which cov-

Fig. 1.—GIRL'S CASHMERE HOOD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 48-50.

Fig. 2.—BOY'S BARATHEA BERET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 51.

Fig. 3.—GIRL'S SILK HOOD.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

FIGS. 1-3.—HOODS AND BERET FOR CHILDREN UNDER ONE YEAR OLD.

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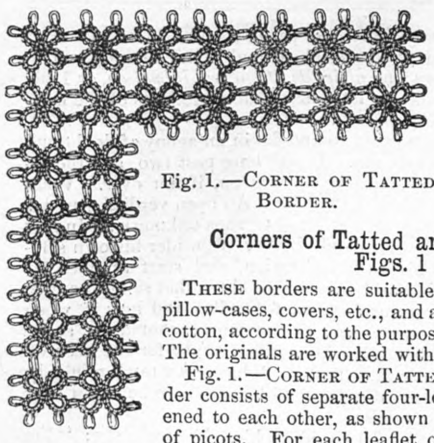

Fig. 1.—CORNER OF TATTED BORDER.

ers the slit through which the tab of the flap is drawn. Finally, baste the silk on the enameled cloth, and fasten the edge of the material folded on the inside with a cross seam of brown saddler's silk, as shown by Fig. 2.

Corners of Tatted and Crochet Borders, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE borders are suitable for trimming handkerchiefs, pillow-cases, covers, etc., and are worked with coarse or fine cotton, according to the purpose for which they are designed. The originals are worked with twisted cotton, No. 100.

Fig. 1.—CORNER OF TATTED BORDER. This simple border consists of separate four-leaved figures, which are fastened to each other, as shown by the illustration, by means of picots. For each leaflet of the first figure work 5 ds. (double stitch), 1 p. (picot), 2 ds., 1 p., 5 ds. After finishing four such leaflets tie the ends of the working thread together and fasten them. In the following figures, instead of forming one or the other p., fasten to the figures previously worked, as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—CORNER OF CROCHET BORDER. This border is worked in two equal parts, each of which counts four rounds. 1st round.—Always alternately 3 ch. (chain stitch), 1 p.—that is, 6 ch. and 1 sc. (single crochet) on the first of these. 2d round.—On the other side of the preceding round, so that the picots are turned downward, work 1 sc. on each ch., and always 1 sc. on that st. (stitch) on which the sc. of the p. was worked. 3d round.—* 1 sc. on the next sc. over a p. of the preceding round, 1 ch., 2 stc. (short treble crochet) separated by 2 ch. on the fourth following st., 2 ch., 1 tc. (treble crochet) on the same st., 2 ch., 2 stc. separated by 2 ch. on the same st. on which the preceding three bars were worked, 1 ch., pass over 3 st., and repeat from *. 4th round.—* 1 sc. on the middle tc. of one scallop of the preceding round, 5 ch., 1 p. turned downward—that is, 6 ch., draw the needle out of the st., insert it in the first of the 6 ch., and draw the dropped st. through; 5 ch., and repeat from *. This completes one-half of the border. Crochet the other half in a similar manner, but in working the fourth round fasten to the completed half as shown by the illustration. Work the corner of both halves as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 1.—SEWING NÉCESSAIRE.—CLOSED.

Crape Lamp-Shade, with Application Embroidery, Figs. 1–3.

THIS lamp-shade consists of six sections of double green crape, which are cut separately, each in one piece, from Fig. 55, Supplement. Cut the oblong figures for the border and the round dots for the foundation figures of green silk as indicated on Fig. 55, paste these silk figures between the double layer of each section as indicated, and surround them with point Russe stitching of green filling silk as shown by the illustrations Figs. 2 and 3, which give full-sized sections of the foundation and border. Button-hole stitch each part closely along the outer edge with similar silk, and join the sections as shown by Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.—CRAPE LAMP-SHADE WITH APPLICATION EMBROIDERY.—[See Fig. 2, and Fig. 3 on First Page.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 55.

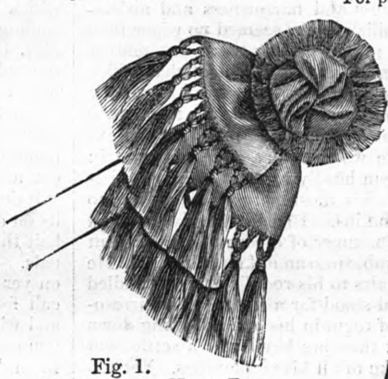

Fig. 1.
BLUE SATIN HAIR BOW.

Fig. 2.
BLUE SATIN CRAVAT BOW.

PERCALE KITCHEN APRON.—[For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 52 and 53.]

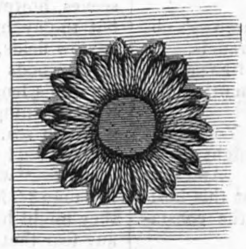

Fig. 2.—FOUNDATION FIGURE OF LAMP-SHADE. FULL SIZE.

Sewing Nécessaire, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS egg-shaped sewing nécessaire of red Russia leather is trimmed with a strip of red silk, on which a Greek border is worked with fine gold cord, as shown by the illustrations. Small bows of leather strips inlaid with gold form the remaining trimming of the nécessaire. The handle is wound with similar strips. On the inside of the nécessaire is an oval part of similar leather, furnished with bands, which is designed for holding the requisite sewing utensils.

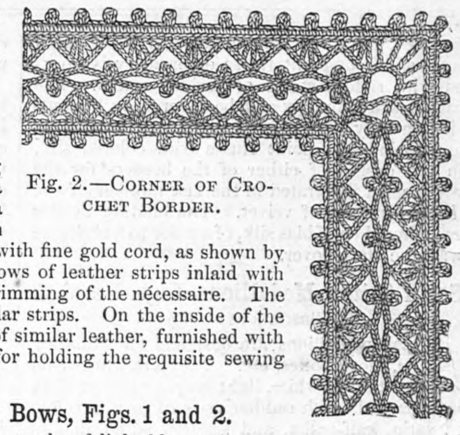

Fig. 2.—CORNER OF CROCHET BORDER.

Hair and Cravat Bows, Figs. 1 and 2.

BOTH of these bows are made of light blue satin on a stiff lace foundation, and consist each of a knot of double material, arranged as shown by the illustrations, which is surrounded by a box-pleated satin strip an inch and three-quarters wide, fringed out to one-half its width. To the knot are joined two fringed ends two inches and seven-eighths wide each, which are also made of double material. The fringe is separated into tassels, and knotted as shown by the illustrations. A long hair-pin is fastened to the foundation of the hair bow.

Embroidered Pen-Wiper.

See illustration on page 20.

THE foundation of this pen-wiper is of cardboard two inches and seven-eighths high and two inches and three-quarters wide. It is covered on the outside with maize Java canvas, and on the inside with brown shagreen paper. The binding consists of an inlaid strip of dark brown leather. The front of the pen-wiper is trimmed with a small medallion of gray silk, which is ornamented in satin stitch embroidery with saddler's silk of various colors as shown by the illustration. The bottom of the foundation consists of an open square card-board box three-quarters of an inch high, into which is fastened a brush for wiping pens. A bronzed handle, fastened on the middle of the top, completes this pretty pen-wiper.

Fig. 2.—SEWING NÉCESSAIRE.—OPEN.

Embroidered Napkin-Ring.

See illustration on page 20.

THIS napkin-ring consists of a card-board ring an inch and three-quarters wide, which is covered on the outside, excepting the medallion, with violet velvet, and on the inside with white watered paper, and is furnished with a binding a quarter of an inch wide of maize kid. For the foundation of the medallion, which is surrounded by a rim of inlaid leather, either gray or light brown silk may

Fig. 1.—SILK AND TULLE OPERA HOOD.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 46 and 47.

Fig. 2.—SILK AND TULLE OPERA HOOD.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 46 and 47.

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be used, on which the monogram or a small satin stitch or point Russe embroidery is worked with saddler's silk of various colors. The card-board ring may also be covered on the outside entirely with colored cloth, ornamented in application and point Russe with colored silk, in the design of either of the borders for the wall-basket illustrated in the last number of the *Bazar*, instead of velvet. The binding in this case should be of bias silk, of a color to harmonize with the cloth cover.

Satin Stitch Medallions, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 20.

THESE medallions are designed for trimming baskets, glove-boxes, etc. They are worked on a foundation of white, light gray, or brown cloth or gros grain with saddler's silk of various colors in satin, half-polka, and knotted stitch, and in point Russe.

TO THE BITTER END.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.—(*Continued.*)

"YES, BROTHER, CURSE WITH ME THAT BALEFUL HOUR."

THERE was a short silence. It was so impossible to say any thing of a consolatory nature—a death so sudden, so awful—a man stricken down by an unseen hand in the very flower and pride of his life—there seemed no room for comfort. The common phrases, the pious banalities with which friends try to beguile the mourner, would have been worse than idle here. As well might the consoler have approached Calphurnia while her dead Cæsar still lay bundled in his bloody mantle at the base of the statue as seek to murmur soothing sentences to this lonely woman whom sudden doom had widowed.

"It is very hard to be obliged to speak of this, Mrs. Harcross," began Sir Francis, hesitating a little, although he had come prepared to speak of this very thing; "but there is the question of the funeral to be decided, and promptly. Where would you wish your husband to be buried?"

She gave a little cry of anguish, and covered her face with her hands; but, after a few minutes, replied very calmly,

"In our family vault at Kensal Green; there is no other place. My mother is buried there. I hope to be buried there myself."

"He has no family grave of his own—with his own people, I mean—where he would have wished to lie?" Sir Francis inquired.

"No."

"And you would not like him to be buried at Kingsbury, where the Clevedons, except my father, are all buried?"

"Oh no, no."

"That will do, dear Mrs. Harcross. I need torment you with no farther questions. Mr. Vallory—your cousin Weston, I mean—has been most indefatigable; and I know you will trust him and me with all minor details."

He lingered to say a few words in praise of the dead man, touching gently on his social and professional value, and the manner in which his loss would be felt, and then begged most earnestly that Georgie might come to sit with the mourner.

"You know you have always been fond of her," he said, "and she is devoted to you, and is really made quite miserable by your refusal to see her. I do not say that she would comfort you, but her company would be better than this awful solitude. Or if you would come to her room—that would be better still."

"You are very good; but I would rather be alone—I'd rather be with him." This with a piteous glance toward that darkened chamber where the dead lay.

"But, dear Mrs. Harcross, you would be so much better away from these rooms. There will be people coming by-and-by—the coroner and others—people who must come. Pray be persuaded."

"No," she answered, doggedly; "nothing can make his death seem worse to me than it does now. I would rather stay."

Sir Francis pleaded still farther, but in vain, and finally left her, full of pity, and painfully impressed with the futility of all endeavor to console.

He went away, and in the corridor met Georgie, whom he had scarcely seen since yesterday's luncheon. He had been up all night in conference with the police and other local authorities, or talking over the details of the night's tragedy with Captain Hardwood and two or three others who had congregated in the smoking-room, averse to the solitude of their own chambers.

"Poor Harcross! the last kind of fellow you'd have expected to go off in that way," said the Captain, as if Mr. Harcross had died of apoplexy.

"Have you seen her?" asked Georgie; upon which Sir Francis described his interview with Augusta.

"Poor soul! Oh, Francis, it is so dreadful for her, and it is doubly dreadful to me." They were standing in the morning-room, where they had gone while Sir Francis was telling his story, the room in which she had waited for her husband vainly yesterday evening, longing for that explanation which had not yet come.

"My darling," said Sir Francis, tenderly, "I know it is a hard trial for you; but how much harder it must be for her!"

"Oh, Francis, if it had been you!" That was a position which he was hardly able to imagine; so he only shrugged his shoulders with a melancholy air. "And it might have been you," his wife went on, "it might have been you."

"Well, I really don't see how I could have been the victim, my dear. There must have been *some* motive, you know, however inadequate. Poor Harcross must have done something to provoke the scoundrel's animosity—some man he had unwittingly ruined, perhaps, by winning a lawsuit against him. There are fellows capable of brooding upon an imaginary wrong of that kind till they lash themselves into madness."

"What if he were the victim of an error, Francis? What if the murderer mistook him for you?"

"Mistook him for me, Georgie? What are you dreaming about? Why should any body want to murder me?"

"Have you never done any thing to provoke any one's hate, Frank—years ago, when you were more reckless, perhaps, than you are now? Is there no secret of your past life that occurs to you with alarm at such a time as this? have you nothing to fear, nothing to regret? You have said sometimes that you have told me all the history of your life: but was there not one page you kept hidden, one sad, dishonorable passage that you could not bear me to know? Oh, my dearest, be truthful to me! Nothing that you have done in the past, no sin of the past or of the present, could lessen my love for you. Tell me the truth, Frank, even now, late as it is!"

"Upon my word of honor, Georgie, I don't in the faintest degree understand the drift of all this. I have told you every thing about myself. I have never kept a secret from you, either great or small."

"Then you have never provoked the hatred of Richard Redmayne? You were never at Brierwood?"

"Where is Brierwood? I don't even know that."

"Oh, Frank, your face looks so true, and yet it was the face in the locket that man showed me; the face of his daughter's lover."

"What locket? what daughter? Really, Georgie, it is rather too bad to bewilder me in this way."

"Mr. Redmayne accuses you of having run away with his daughter, and he showed me a locket with your miniature."

"Accuses me of running away with his daughter! And when, pray?"

"Five years ago."

"And from Brierwood, in Kent, I suppose. When you ought to know that I was never in Kent at all till I came home last year, and never had a miniature painted before the one that was done for you! Upon my honor, Georgie, our domestic life is not likely to be very pleasant if you are going to spring this kind of mine under my feet occasionally."

For some minutes after this Sir Francis Clevedon was inclined to be angry, and Georgie had to be apologetic, and to assure her husband that she had never doubted him, no, not even for a moment; only—only she had been very unhappy, and that dreadful man had seemed so positive, and to have such strong grounds for his accusation, and the miniature was the very image of her darling Frank.

"It may have been poor Harcross's picture," suggested Sir Francis.

"Oh no, it was much too handsome, and much too young."

"But it was painted when he was five years younger, you see, Georgie, and it might have been a flattering likeness then."

"It may," said Georgie, doubtfully. "But it was your face, looking at me with dreamy gray eyes. Oh, Frank, think what I must have suffered!"

"Then you must have doubted me, Georgie, and that was a crime—matrimonial high treason. But, for Heaven's sake, tell me all about this man Redmayne, and his accusation. The clew to this murder may be in that."

"I know that he was dreadfully angry," answered Georgie, "and that he seemed desperate, like a man who could do any thing."

Questioned closely by her husband, Georgie described the scene in the library, repeating as faithfully as she could every word that had been spoken by Richard Redmayne.

"This would fairly account for Harcross's objection to come here," thought Sir Francis.

He kissed his wife, and gave her a free pardon for that offense which he had called matrimonial high treason.

"But don't do it again, Georgie. You might take up some other delusion, and I might not be able to prove an alibi quite so easily. And now I must go and talk to Vallory about this business, and perhaps to Mr. Rufnell, the constable."

"Oh, Francis, will they hang that poor farmer?"

"Inevitably, I should imagine, if he shot Harcross."

"But he had been so badly treated—his daughter tempted away from him."

"Granted, my dear; but the law does not recognize the shooting of seducers."

"Oh, Francis, I should be so sorry if that poor man were hung. I felt for him so deeply when he told me his story, even though he was accusing you."

"I am sorry for him too, Georgie. It is a bad business altogether. But I have only one duty in this matter, and that is to see my guest avenged."

He went down to his study, a soberly furnished, business-like apartment in an obscure portion of the house, abutting on the offices—a room in which he was wont to receive Mr. Wort, and which had now been made the head-quarters of the committee of investigation—a room to which they could come freely at any moment. Sir Francis found Weston there, in thoughtful solitude, smoking a cigar by the open window, which, as it looked only upon the stable-yard, had not been darkened.

To him Sir Francis repeated the conversation reported by Georgie, particulars which were not new to this gentleman.

"Yes," said Weston, throwing away the end of his cigar, after he had smoked it out with a meditative aspect, "yes," he repeated, with exceeding deliberation, "I don't think there's room for a doubt. Redmayne's the man."

"But do you suppose there was any truth in his notion about his daughter?"

"Unquestionably. Harcross had spent a summer at Brierwood—just five years ago—and was uncommonly shy upon the subject: never would talk of it, or even tell the name of the place till it was dragged out of him. I felt very sure there was something; but I did not know it was any thing so serious as this."

Mr. Rufnell, the constable, came in while they were talking, with an important air, as of a man whose genius had coped with stupendous difficulties, and emerged victorious from the struggle.

"I think we've got a clew, Rufnell," said Sir Francis, gravely.

"Have you, Sir?" said the constable, with a saturnine smile. "Very likely, Sir; but I've got the man."

"What, you've found out—"

"I've got him, Sir; leastways, I've got his gun, which is pretty much the same thing. The man is Joseph Flood, your groom; and we've got as neat a chain of circumstantial evidence agen him as was ever laid before a jury."

CHAPTER XLIV.

"SOME INNOCENTS 'SCAPE NOT THE THUNDERBOLT."

RICHARD REDMAYNE went home with that innocent blood upon his head, a miserable man. The burden of his crime had sat lightly enough upon his conscience so long as he believed that he had slain his daughter's false lover. Indeed, in his judgment the act had been no crime—only a just and reasonable revenge.

But to have murdered a man who had never injured him—to have shed innocent blood! That was different, and the burden of *this* fatal unnecessary deed weighed him down to the ground.

He went home to Brierwood, but not to rest. There was a nameless horror in the place—a horror of stillness and narrowness and airlessness. The familiar rooms seemed no wider than a prison cell; in the garden there was neither air nor freedom—only a sultry heat that stifled him. The sound of Mrs. Bush's voice droning some ancient ditty, with a quavering turn at the end of each line, jarred upon his nerves to excruciation. He was in that state of mind in which a man can hardly support his own existence—in which his most natural impulse is to blow out his brains. Richard Redmayne had thought of this manner of escape from a present that was intolerable into an unknown future. He had gone up stairs to his room and had handled his pistols; had stood for a few moments irresolute with one of them in his hand, looking down the barrel, and thinking how swift a settlement that might make of all his perplexities. Yet after that brief deliberation he put the revolvers back into their places.

"I must see the end of this business," he said to himself. "It would be a cowardly thing to turn my back upon it."

Had it not been for this thought—had it not been for the apprehension that some innocent man might be charged with his crime—how gladly would he have fled from that narrow world to the wide pastures and broad blue lakes of his beloved Gippsland; to that newer, wilder life beyond the fern-tree scrub, among the waters of many rivers winding down from breezy mountain-tops; to that fresh, untrodden world where he could wander with his gun from sunrise to sunset, shooting wild duck or bandicoot—where he had the freedom and the power of a savage king! For all the days of his life until now he had loved his Kentish homestead with an abiding affection—had preferred it above all other scenes, however glorious in their wilder beauty; but to-day his heart sickened at sight of the narrow fields, the patch of fertile landscape shut in by woods and hills that seemed to be within his arm's length. To-day he was seized with a wild yearning for that other home beyond the southern sea.

"O God! why could I not wait?" he asked himself—"why could I not wait to be sure of my man? My wrongs had kept so long, that they might have kept a little longer. Was there any fear that my hatred would grow cold? And to fire like that—at random—in the dark! Yet I could swear that it was his face I saw: it was a trick that the devil played upon me, perhaps. And I might have drunk more than usual yesterday—I dare say I did. My brain was on fire after I had seen him, and I may have drunk a good deal without thinking what I was doing. Yet my senses were clear enough when I fired that gun, and I can swear that it was his face I saw in the moonlight."

He was not a superstitious man—was, indeed, too unlearned for much superstition. But he had heard country folks talk of witchcraft, and began to think he had been the dupe of some diabolical influence, so very certain was he that the face in the miniature was the face of the man he had slain.

He walked up and down by the broad flower border where the roses were still blooming—the roses she had loved and cared for; not slim aristocratic standards, but broad spreading bushes or veritable trees straggling upward in unkempt profusion. There were many of them older than himself—bushes from which his young wife had gathered nosegays for the Sabbath-day adornment of the best parlor; old-fashioned cabbage and maiden's-blush and white and red moss-roses; no *gloire de Dijon*, or *Malmaison*, or Lady Banks, or later fashionable products of the floriculturist's art.

He paced to and fro in an agony of doubt and expectation. It was long past two, and the inquest at Clevedon was on, if not over. What would be the result? An open verdict, perhaps—by some person or persons unknown! In that case what should he do? Consider his own safety, his own inclination, and start at once for Brisbane? How if he chose that selfish course, the natural course for guilt; and how if, when he was gone, circumstances should so shape themselves as to weave a halter for the neck of an innocent man? A luckless wretch might be suspected, tried, and hung before he could hear of it yonder.

"No," he said to himself, resolutely; "I'm not such a scoundrel as that! I'll stand to my guns. So long as there's no mistake made, I'll hold my tongue. But if an innocent man should be in danger, I'll give myself up."

He thought of the result of that act. It would be a hard thing to die a shameful death before the eyes of the people who had known him, and respected and liked him, from a boy; to bring the name of Redmayne, the good old name for whose redemption from the stain of debt and difficulty he had worked so hard out yonder; to bring that time-honored name under so deep a disgrace that no future generations of honest Redmaynes could ever wash the foul blot away. To stand confessed before the world as a midnight assassin, a wretch who had not even given his foe a chance of defending himself, a purposeless shedder of blood, whose crime bore a double odium for having been a blunder! He fancied himself hooted upon the scaffold, and jerked into eternity amidst the execration of his fellowmen. He fancied what Jim and Mrs. Jim would say when the hideous news came to them, and a vision of that fair home which he was never to see again, and of all the things that he might have done there in years to come, arose before him. Those future unknown years seemed strangely sweet to him now that he had forfeited the right to live them.

He had eaten nothing since yesterday, but he did not get through these dismal hours of suspense without an occasional "nobbler." A slow fever devoured him, and his dry lips needed to be moistened now and then, although the spirit which he drank raw to-day did not exercise a cooling influence upon his system. In vain did Mrs. Bush urge him to pick a bit of a savory roasted spare-rib of pork with sage and onions, which she had prepared as an appropriate dinner for a sultry summer's day; "somethink light and tasty," as she remarked, when recommending it to her employer. "Do-ey try and eat a bit, now, Mr. Redmayne," she pleaded. "It don't do nobody any good drinking raw spirits on a hempty stomick. A glass of brandy's not half the harm if yer inside's lined with good victuals. But to go on pouring that burnin' stuff on yer emptiness is regilar sooicide. There's no call for you to be upset by this here murder; and when your spirits have had a turn like that, you seem to want something substantial to settle them."

Mr. Redmayne declined the spare-rib, however—nay, would not even sit down, or make any pretense of eating his dinner. He paced the garden, listened to the striking of the distant church clock, and waited for tidings of the inquest. Somebody would surely bring the news he longed for and yet dreaded.

Somebody did. At half past five Mrs. Bush's goodman came home to his tea, a cool and pastoral meal of bread-and-butter and green stuff, which he took in the backest of back kitchens, among Mrs. Bush's pails and mops and brooms and black-lead brushes, that industrious matron holding her principal kitchen, with its snow-white hearth-stoned flags and shining range, a chamber far too sacred for the defilement of daily meals, and preferring to eat and drink, as it were, on the outskirts of Brierwood. Very quiet was Mr. Bush's usual return from his afternoon labor; nay, indeed, somewhat furtive and sneaking of aspect was Mr. Bush in a general way, as of a man who had never solved the mystery of his own existence, and felt himself more or less a mistake or superfluous atom in the scheme of creation. To-day, however, he approached the back kitchen with a victorious air, full to the brim and overflowing with startling information, and, unduly elated by the sense of his abnormal condition, no longer a man to be curtly told to eat his tea and look sharp about it, as Mrs. Bush wanted to clean herself, and wasn't going to have her back kitchen cluttered up with tea-things all the evening; a man to be deferred to, rather, as the possessor of a treasure which it was in his power to impart or withhold.

"Well!" he began, with a pompous air, seating himself at the narrow window table beside the window-ledge, where the blacking-brushes lived, and whence came a pungent odor of Day-and-Martin diluted with vinegar.

"Well, what?" cried Mrs. Bush, sharply, as she hewed the big loaf with a broad kitchen knife. "Lord! how the man do stare! Don't sit with your mouth open like a scarecrow. What's the matter now?"

"Oh, well," growled Mr. Bush, "if you don't want to hear nothink, I don't want to talk. There's no call to take me up short like that, as if you was a-going to snap my nose off."

"It ain't handsome enough to tempt folks snapping at it," the matron replied, contemptuously; "you look as big and puffed out as a Christmas turkey this afternoon. I suppose you've been loitering about Clevedon way instead of doing your work, and have heard somethink more about the murder."

"I haven't been loitering nowheres; but I may

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have heard somethink for all that," returned the outraged Bush, with a wounded air.

"If you've got any thing to say, say it," exclaimed Mrs. Bush, with supreme disgust: "if there's any thing in this mortial world as I hate, it's shilly-shally."

"Well," said Mr. Bush, solemnly, with his mouth half full of bread-and-butter, and a Cos lettuce in his right hand poised over the salt-cellar; "the inquis is over; and as I come along the road home who should come up along of me but Sam Grinway, and says he, 'Well, Bush, have you heard this here about the inquis?' and says I, 'No, Samuel; is the inquis over?' and says he, 'Yes, and I bin up by the west lodge and heerd all about it. They've brought in a verdick again Joseph Flood, Sir Francis's groom, and they've took him; and it was all along of Bond's daughter as he was jealous of, and she'd been carrying on shameful with this here Mr. Arkwright, which was a swell from London; and Joseph went proling about after dark with his gun—and took and shot him!'"

"A bold-faced hussy!" cried Mrs. Bush, indignantly. "I allus said she was no good, flaunting and flaring with her starched print frocks and neck-ribbons, in spite of her father being as pious a Primitive Methody as you'd find between here and Maidstone. Why it's her that ought to be hung, if there was any right or reason in the law of the land, and not the young man as did it."

Mr. Bush chumped his green stuff meditatively, and responded to this proposition only by a dubious shake of his head. This tracing of criminal acts back to their first causes was an advanced idea which he hardly saw his way to.

"Joseph Flood did it," he said, "and Joseph Flood must swing for it. The gal may ha' been flighty, I won't say as she warn't, but gals will be gals; they've as good a right to that saying as b'ys has to be b'ys."

"Hah!" exclaimed Mrs. Bush, with suppressed contempt, "if a gal happens to be good-looking, every fool in the parish will stand up for her.—Lord a-mercy, Mr. Redmayne, what a turn you did give me, to be sure!"

This ejaculation was evoked by the apparition of Richard Redmayne looking in at the open lattice. He had come to the window in time to hear the news about Joseph Flood.

"Is Flood in prison?" he asked, with an ashen face which struck terror to the soul of Mrs. Bush.

"Yes, Sir; they've put him in Kingsbury lock-up, if Samuel Grinway speaks the truth, and I never knowed Samuel to tell a falsehood."

Mr. Redmayne waited to hear no more, but walked away from the window, went into the house to refresh himself with a final nobbler, and then set his face toward Kingsbury. No innocent man should lie in durance for his sin.

"Lor, Bush!" cried the matron, in a feeble voice, as if ready to sink swooning on the back-kitchen bricks; "did you ever see any one so gashly pale as master was when he looked in at that winder? If Joseph Flood had been his own son he couldn't have looked more took aback."

CHAPTER XLV.

"BY THE SAME MADNESS STILL MADE BLIND."

RICHARD REDMAYNE skirted the fields once more by the familiar track, beholding the free and happy barley with indifferent eyes, all his agricultural instincts in abeyance, with no room for any other thought in his mind than that he was going straight to his death. Not once did the steady course of his thoughts swerve from that direct line; not once did he speculate on remote possibilities of escape from the law's worst penalty. He was going to give himself up to justice; he was going straight to his death.

Strange how his thoughts fled yonder, even in this dire hour, over the width of half the world, to that other land where the skies are brighter and bluer, and the very air has an influence which makes men glad. O fair Gippsland! never more should he wander on her plenty-yielding plains, or climb her mighty mountains; never more should he shoot wild duck on her inland seas, or follow the winding river from its upland water-shed, or spend adventurous nights hunting for strayed sheep; or sleep away the summer noontide in the deep shade of a fern-tree gully, while his weary beasts enjoyed their spell close by; or short-hobble his horses under the moon on that liberal half-mile margin of pasture which the squatter's generous rule allows to the traveler's cattle. All that bright, free, open-air life was lost to him; and it seemed to him now, in this sudden darkness which he deemed the shadow of a swift-advancing doom—it seemed to him now that he might have been happy at Bulrush Meads even without Gracey, with a lessened happiness, of course, but still with a heart-felt appreciation of that bounteous land and all it could yield him.

By one hasty mistaken act he had cut himself off forever from these things. It would have been sad, even dying peacefully on his bed at Brierwood, to consider that he should see that new world no more. How much harder, then, to face the horror of an ignominious doom; to know himself the destroyer of that good old name which he would have given his life to uphold! And while suffering all this loss, to know that he left his daughter's tempter triumphant, his daughter's early death unavenged! That was the sharpest sting of all.

He walked slowly, and lingered now and then on his way, sitting down to smoke his pipe and think over his position. He was scarcely in a situation in which a man would care to hasten his steps. The sun was going down; the ripe corn melted into a sea of gold where the edge of the uplands met the western sky. It was a very beautiful world, on a small scale—a baby-world that had never attained to the vigor and grandeur of manhood, but had kept its infantine graces and childish dimples and smiles.

He looked at the peaceful scene fondly, with mournful, loving eyes. How hard he had labored that he might keep Brierwood and his own good name! And now both were gone—his name rendered forever execrable, his estate confiscated as the property of a felon.

It was growing dusk as he crossed Kingsbury common. He had waited for that, not wishing to face the light of day when he should leave John Wort's cottage, like Eugene Aram, "with gyves upon his wrists."

Very peaceful was the aspect of Kingsbury this calm summer evening. The unwonted bustle and excitement of the morning had worn itself out. There may have been a few more gossips than the nightly conclave in the tap-room of the Coach and Horses, but that was all. A murder is an appalling event in the records of a country village; but people can not stand still to talk about it forever; there must come a period of exhaustion.

Richard Redmayne went straight to the little office tacked on to Mr. Wort's dwelling, lifted the latch, and went in. He had a notion that the steward would be at work here to-night; but the office was empty—a dismal chamber to look upon in the dusk, with its unpainted match-board walls, against one of which hung a dilapidated map of the Clevedon property, much scored about with a red pencil, its ink-splashed deal desk, and battered office-stools. These shabby surroundings had the true business flavor to John Wort's mind. He could not have worked in a room with easy-chairs and a Turkey carpet, like Sir Francis Clevedon's study. His business faculties would have been stultified by a morocco and mahogany desk on which he could not splash his ink freely.

Mr. Wort's housekeeper heard the door open and shut, and looked into the office from a door communicating with the kitchen.

"Is your master at home?"

"No, Sir. He's been at Clevedon all day—not been home for a bit of dinner even. But I expect him at any minute."

"I'll wait, then," Richard answered, shortly. "You don't mind my pipe, I suppose?"

This was almost a superfluous question, since the office reeked with stale tobacco.

"Oh dear, no, Sir. Master's a rare one to smoke."

The housekeeper retired, and Richard took out his blackened cutty-pipe. He smiled grimly as he filled it. How long would he be allowed this constant comforter? Would they let him smoke in prison?

He filled and refilled his pipe, and sat smoking on as the shadows deepened, till the wooden wall opposite to him was veiled in darkness. The woman peeped in and asked if he would like a light, but he answered in the negative. He would rather sit in the dark, he said.

By-and-by the moon began to climb the heavenly zone, and the first glimmer of her silvery light sent a shudder through Richard Redmayne's frame. That soft, fatal radiance brought back the horror of last night.

"The moon's always been mixed up with witchcraft," he thought; "and there was something worse than witchcraft in last night's business. I am not such a fool as to take one man for another in a light that I could have read my Bible by, if the devil hadn't blinded me."

It was past nine o'clock and broad moonlight when John Wort came home. He came in at the office door, his habitual practice, as he had generally letters or memoranda of some kind to deposit in his desk before he could settle down comfortably to his evening meal; sometimes even a letter or two to write for the night post, or for hand-delivery to some defaulting tenant. He came in to-night with a very weary air, and recoiled with a start at sight of the seated figure, half in moonlight, half in shadow.

"What's the matter now?" he asked, sharply, not recognizing his visitor.

"A good deal," answered Richard Redmayne.

"Redmayne! Why, what brings you here again to-night? I thought you'd cut me."

"I'd good reason to do that, John Wort, for it was your lies that brought misery and death upon my poor child."

"My lies! What do you mean by that?" asked the steward, quietly.

He was not going to put himself in a passion with Richard Redmayne, a man whom he had liked—whom he pitied with all his heart.

"What do you mean by calling me a liar, Rick? I never told you a falsehood in my life."

"What? Not when you brought your master to my house under a false name?"

"My master! Why, man alive, what madness is this?"

"Your master, who had a fancy for coming to our neighborhood on the sly, and stealing a look at his own estate, like a prince in disguise; or like a sneak and a liar, as he is by nature, and as he proved himself by his acts. 'Twas you who brought him to Brierwood, John Wort; 'twas you who lied about him to my sister-in-law. She would never have opened my doors to a stranger but for your recommendation."

"My master! My master at Brierwood!"

"Your master, Sir Francis Clevedon."

"Now, look here, Rick Redmayne," cried Mr. Wort, folding his arms upon the desk, and facing the farmer steadily in the moonlight, "make an end of this madness at once and forever. Sir Francis was never in Kent, to my knowledge, until he came home to take possession of his estate just a year ago."

Richard Redmayne laughed aloud—a scornful, strident laugh.

"What! you'll face it out, will you? He never came to Brierwood? You never brought him there, and planted him on my foolish, money-grubbing sister-in-law as Mr. Walgry? Sir Francis Clevedon and your Mr. Walgry are not one and the same?"

"As there is a God above me, they are not!" answered Mr. Wort, firmly. "Hubert Walgrave lies dead at Clevedon Hall. He changed his name to Harcross when he married an heiress."

Richard Redmayne started to his feet.

"What!" he cried, "is that the truth? Is it this man's likeness I've got here in my waistcoat pocket, the miniature that was sent to my girl? Why, it's the image of Sir Francis Clevedon! Do you mean to tell me that two men—strangers—could be so much alike as that, as much like each other as twin brothers?"

"There was a striking likeness between Sir Francis and Mr. Walgrave, though not such a close resemblance as you make out."

"Get a light, and let me show you the miniature," answered Richard Redmayne.

The steward struck a lucifer, and lighted an oil-lamp that hung over the desk. Mr. Redmayne put the open locket into his hand without a word.

"Yes," said John Wort, looking at it gravely, "this is a portrait of Hubert Walgrave; very much flattered, I grant, and making him pretty near ten years younger than he looked of late years; but not by any means a bad likeness for all that."

"His portrait!" exclaimed Richard, with suppressed exultation; "the likeness of the man who lies murdered at Clevedon Hall?"

"Yes," answered the steward, impatiently. "How many times must I tell you the same thing?"

"Then God is just," cried Richard Redmayne: "I killed the right man!"

"*You* killed!" exclaimed Mr. Wort, aghast, staring at the farmer's triumphant face with unutterable horror in his own. "*You* killed him! *You* a murderer! Rick Redmayne, you must be mad!"

"No, John, not mad—not mad now, or mad then; never saner than when I fired that shot. Why, when I came home from Gippsland I meant to kill him."

"For God's sake, don't tell me that! What, you, Richard Redmayne—a man we've all liked and respected—you that any body in Kingsbury would have trusted, or stood by, through thick and thin—you confess to a dastardly murder?"

"Not a dastardly murder. I tell you, I meant to have his life; was there any thing less that would have wiped out the score between us two? If I'd asked him to fight me—as gentlemen used to fight each other thirty years ago—do you think he'd have done it, or listened to me? I tell you there was no other way of settling *that* account. I was bound to kill him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IN the whole round of the year New York presents no gayer aspect than during the Christmas holidays. Always full, the city then seems overflowing. Added to the usual throng of business men and stylish promenaders, there are crowds of strangers who take this festive time to see the lions of the great metropolis; and flocks of children, let loose from school restraints, assert their rights in street and shop. Ah! the shops! They are a bewildering sight even to accustomed eyes—seemingly containing every rare and beautiful thing that fancy can conceive. And then the clerks are so peculiarly obliging: it is no trouble for them to show their goods: they are as patient as the days are long. By-the-way, if proprietors of shops only knew how much more is sold in ordinary times by an accommodating clerk than by a snappish one, they would pay a premium for good humor. If people are making purchases they want to be suited, of course; and it must be dreadfully trying to bear with all the vagaries and vacillations of customers. But the *policy* of the matter—if politeness alone wavers—might well be considered. During the holidays, however, clerks and every body else are good-humored—or supposed to be. The festivities of Christmas are fresh in the mind; the waning year admonishes that all unkindness in the past should be forgotten and forever buried; the coming New-Year bids us give the friendly hand in love and hopefulness. A genial spirit pervades the whole community, which, combined with the general display of beautiful articles of every kind, renders the Christmas holidays the most attractive and charming episode in the year.

We are glad to believe that every year lessens the number of those who thoughtlessly place temptation before the young men who tender to them the kindly greetings of the New-Year. Time was when New-Year's evening witnessed many disgraceful scenes—and sad ones. Every lady should use her influence to prevent the spread of any custom which has been proved to be injurious. The lady who on New-Year's Day supplies her tasteful table with the usual delicacies of the season, and good *coffee*, *tea*, or *chocolate*, has provided enough. Let wines and spirits be banished. Few young men who taste any intoxicating beverages on New-Year's Day know when the line of immediate danger is reached. And we think few ladies, whatever may be their views on the temperance question, will not readily perceive the hazard of taking glass after glass as a matter of courtesy, and shrink from placing the temptation on their New-Year's tables.

The library of Mr. Edwin Forrest was a complete store-house of dramatic literature. Yet his knowledge was not confined to that class of literature. He was a good classical scholar, and well read in the arts and sciences. His library was his home—a resting-place he loved.

In Richmond, Virginia, there has turned up a rare old miniature of Mary Queen of Scots, said to be a perfect likeness, and beautifully executed. This miniature was formerly the property of a Scottish lady who came to this country, and lived in Richmond until her death, which occurred about thirty-five years ago, when she was ninety years old. She left the picture to her friend and attorney, informing him that it was an heir-loom in her family of many generations. Her only child was insane, which may account for this disposition of a picture which she valued highly. The miniature is very beautiful, and as a work of art possesses a high order of merit.

The river floods in France have produced most disastrous results in many sections of the country, and the suffering is very great.

The *Swiss Times* tells a comical story of a couple of lovers who a few days ago attempted to commit suicide in the Lake of Zurich, near Rüschlikon, because the young lady's parents refused their consent to their marriage. In order not to be separated in death, the young lady tied one of her feet fast to one of her lover's, and they thus threw themselves into the water. But the young man does not seem to have been as courageous or as desirous of leaving this world as his companion, and shouted for help at the top of his voice. Help was fortunately at hand and they were both dragged out of the water and handed over to the police, who provided them with dry clothes and put them under lock and key.

A California judge recently went to San Francisco to seek relief from a singular malady that had baffled the skill of the physicians in his town. The symptoms of the disease were peculiar. The little finger of the right hand was first affected, turning green at the tip, and causing such intense pain that the sufferer was unable to sleep without the aid of narcotics. The same unaccountable phenomenon appeared and disappeared successively from one after another of each of the other fingers on the left hand, passing afterward into the second toe of the left foot, and finally seating itself in the extremity of the middle finger of the left hand, always accompanied in its eccentric removals by distressing sensations which rendered every thing like rest or repose not superinduced by drugs impossible.

The Bethnal Green Museum seems to have been an entire success. Although established in one of the poorest and busiest districts of London, it has been visited during the past three months by more than seven hundred thousand visitors. Its influence in that section is regarded as excellent.

The girls in the first class of the High School in Portland, Maine, have made a decided movement in favor of simplicity in dress. The class, between thirty and forty in number, have almost unanimously agreed to adopt for school wear dresses of plain, substantial, and inexpensive material. Fanciful ornaments and jewelry are to be used only to a limited extent, which is specified and fully understood by the girls. Many pupils in the lower classes are following their example. Any movement to cause the young girls in America to dress simply is worthy of highest commendation. It is painful to see those who are fresh and young, and who are ostensibly occupied in gaining an education, so dressed as to show plainly that their thoughts are largely spent upon outward adornments.

Giovanni Batista Falcieri is one of the few connecting links between the poet Byron and the present time. He was the personal attendant of Lord Byron, in whose arms the poet died at Missolonghi, on April 19, 1824. At present he holds the post of senior messenger in the Ionian Office, being a hale old man of seventy-five years of age. He always speaks of his master with love and respect.

The reading of our ordinary daily newspapers is becoming a terrible strain upon the mind and sensibilities. Few, of course, pretend to read the whole of a newspaper nowadays; but the mere headings of the articles are enough to send a thrill of horror through the heart. Open the morning paper on almost any day—there is a record of hurricanes, shipwrecks, fires, murders, suicides, executions, and casualties and crimes of every nature enough to appall the most insensible. Newspapers are not restful reading in this age of the world.

Hotel accommodations have never been better in Washington than now. All the old established houses have been "enlarged and greatly improved," and new ones promise the best of "good cheer."

Fears are entertained that the failure of the potato crop in England will cause an epidemic of scurvy. Many substitutes for potatoes have been suggested as antiscorbutic—such as pease, beans, and rice; but it is stated that those articles are not effectual. The *Lancet* mentions as among the vegetables which may be used advantageously the various forms of cabbage, lettuce, oranges, lemons, onions, mustard and cress, dandelion, and sorrel.

"Missing!" It is not an uncommon announcement, though the fact never ceases to be fearfully mysterious, that out of the various ranks of society one and another drops, no one knows where. "Missing" is all that can be said of them. A short time ago there was published in one of our daily newspapers a list of over fifty persons who, within less than three months, had mysteriously disappeared from New York and vicinity. Some, doubtless, had absconded for reasons of their own; many others, young boys and girls, were probably kidnapped or enticed into secretly vicious ways of life; while concerning others not even a probable conjecture can be made. Such a record is extremely startling, and to friends there is no more agonizing suspense than that conveyed in the simple word, "Missing!"

The reference library and reading-rooms of the Free Public Library in Worcester, Massachusetts, have been opened to the public on Sundays.

The Public Library in Boston contains two thousand American and English newspapers giving accounts of the assassination of President Lincoln.

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Fig. 1.—Serge Walking Suit.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 21–25.

Fig. 2.—Suit for Girl from 5 to 7 Years old.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—Flannel Walking Suit.—Back.—[See Fig. 4.]
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—Flannel Walking Suit.—Front.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—Poult de Soie and Cashmere Walking Suit.—Back.—[See Fig. 6.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 26–29.

Fig. 6.—Poult de Soie and Cashmere Walking Suit.—Front.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 26–29.

Fig. 7.—Suit for Girl from 8 to 10 Years old.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 56–58.

Fig. 8.—Cashmere Walking Suit.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 9.—Suit for Child from 3 to 4 Years old.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 10.—Walking Suit for Elderly Lady.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 30–36.

Fig. 11.—Gros Grain Walking Suit.—Front.—[See Fig. 12.]
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 12.—Gros Grain Walking Suit.—Back.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 13.—Gros Grain and Cloth Walking Suit.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 37–45.

Figs. 1–13.—Ladies' and Children's Walking Suits.

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A PANTOMIME.

THE streets were filled with passers-by;
The summer sun sank down,
With slanting beam and mellow ray,
Behind the busy town;
Across the street from where I sat
A window, open wide,
Was partly draped by curtains,
Sweeping back on either side;

And thus the window-sill appeared
All broad and white between,
And resting kindly on its edge
A pair of hands were seen;
A pair of quite uneven hands,
If balanced in a scale,
For one was very muscular,
The other very frail.

But, judging by the sequel,
I concluded that, of course,
The smallest of the hands I saw
Had most magnetic force:
Because the large and sunburned one
Had such an easy way
Of ever moving near it,
As it on the window lay.

They touched—of course it was by chance,
And done with easy grace—
The little hand slid coyly back,
And hid beneath the lace;
Then peeping out, as though to say
That must not happen more,
It looked just twice as tempting
As it had looked before.

So, after much of skirmishing,
Advancing, and retreat,
The two in some peculiar way
Again had chanced to meet.
This time, with easy confidence,
The brown hand held the white,
And clasping it about so close
It hid it from my sight,

Except one finger, which appeared
So fair and tapering,
On which a third hand came to place
A slender diamond ring.
The sun had long since hidden
Behind the western trees;
The curtains o'er the two clasped hands
Moved idly in the breeze.

I had seen the old, old story told
In many and many a way—
By eyes, to eyes that spoke again,
And in Shakspearean play;
But never yet had I beheld
A tableau half as fine
As this enacted o'er the way
In living pantomime.

God bless you, hands! hold fast and true
Through all the coming years,
Clasping in love and sympathy
Through all your smiles and tears;
And when you ford the river,
Running cold and dark and still,
Clasp you each other just as close
As now upon the sill!

THE RAPALLS' NEW-YEAR.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

NEVER did a year close on a more forlorn household than on Mrs. Rapall's that bitter December—a household consisting of the mother, Helen, the deformed daughter, some twenty years old, and little Jane.

Not much more than a week ago there had been a father too, but the clods of the churchyard had since then been placed above him, and the house was only just rearranged from the funeral—a thing which the deformed girl had crept out of bed to lock the door and hinder kindly disposed neighbors from doing while her mother and little Jane were absent; for any one who had performed that task would full soon have discovered the emptiness of the house. Her mother sat, when she had come back, at the bed, and looked at the beautiful face of the girl, who had fallen asleep at last, as if a load of pain and trouble had been lifted, and wondered what meaning there was in the dark ways of any Providence that had brought such suffering on so beautiful and so holy a creature; for the face of Helen as she slept was the face of a glorified saint shining in an aureole of gold; but the body had been withered from the day, now half a dozen years ago, when she had been struck to the floor with a brutal blow.

Yes, a load of pain and suffering had indeed been lifted not only from the sleeping girl, but from the other two as well—for cold as the frozen clods above him were, they were no colder than the heart of Dean Rapall had been for many years. With him self-indulgence had checked the fountain of human kindness at its source, and he had seen his wife and children in want of every necessary of life, and had only murmured that he was in want of luxuries.

Yet when she was a girl, and Dean Rapall sought her hand, Marian would have resented as the rankest insult any insinuation that he was not an instance of manly perfection. If man were something a little lower than the angels, then it seemed to her that Dean Rapall was something more than man. For, in the first place, the beauty of his face and form had been glorious enough to blind her eyes to flaws; and in the next, his assumption of generosity and chivalry was so fine that it even deceived himself. He had seen the handsome heiress, and had resolved to distance competitors and possess her, and had done so with no difficulty—deserting without a day's hesitation the girl to whom he was already pledged. But Susan Sterling had never really won him; and Marian's sweetness and stateliness had been all the time attractive and provoking, and the first time that he clasped her to his breast it seemed to him that he was a stronger and nobler man than he had ever been before.

But neither Dean Rapall's strength nor nobility was a permanent outgrowth. Marian had not long to wait before she discovered that she had married a man of fierce appetites, of appalling selfishness, of unblushing vices. She was not able, in the midst of her fresh love for him and her gradual experience of his nature, to generalize so strongly as that all at once. Sometimes there would be days when he was gentleness itself; when his blandishments won her again as they did in the beginning; when she was indignant with her recent thoughts, and could have humbled herself before him, and adored him as she used to do—days too quickly followed by periods of neglect and cruelty. Rumors reached her, as rumors will, of her husband's whereabouts in the seasons when he left her alone, when no one saw him at home; she regarded him as a martyr to them. Though one by one they verified themselves to her, she still clung, if not to her old faith in him, at any rate to her old love; for it was not till he had spent the last dollar of her property that he threw off the mask entirely, and let her see him as he really was.

It was one night then, when the Champagne was still lively in his brain, that he told her about his old passages, as he called them, with Susan Sterling, laughing gayly the while at the drama they had involved, for Susan Sterling had been Marian's dearest friend. She had been silent as to her engagement with Dean Rapall only at his request, and had simply drawn away with her heavy heart at the end, and had let her friend see nothing of her sorrow, as she had known nothing of her joy—had hidden herself with her work as far off as she might.

It was a subject which, of course, Marian could not mention to Susan, but when she had accustomed her mind to the pain of it she sought out her old friend, the teacher now of a little day school, and proposed to her a plan for a seminary in buildings just beyond the town. She lent her own name as security for the rent to the owner, who did not know of the squandering of her fortune, of which neither was she herself aware as yet. She engaged masters and matron, went about among her wealthy friends procuring an abundance of pupils, and did not rest, in fact, till she had planted Susan upon the road to ease and fortune. Sure that Marian had been ignorant of the injury she had once done her, and believing that she had but just learned of it, Susan accepted all her kindness as magnanimously as it was given. And there, forbidden by circumstances to see each other subject to Dean Rapall's interruptions, they had parted.

But Marian, high-minded as she was, would have had her hands more than full had she undertaken to right all the wrongs that Dean Rapall inflicted. Once, indeed, and all unknown even to the one she helped, she set upon his feet again a young man whom her husband had ruined at the gaming-table. But just as by her means those whom she hired to do so were nursing back to health and life one for whose sake her husband had tired of her, and who had been forsaken by him in turn, the news came that her fortune was all gone: her husband's had been gone long ago.

Of course Dean Rapall had specious stories to cover up the occasion of their disasters, and glad would Marian have been to believe them. She did her best; she even pretended to herself that she did believe them. She did not expect him to confess his sins, but she was confident he must regret them; and she forgave them, and still loved the sinner. The loss of luxuries, the absence of old pleasures, made no difference to her so long as her husband was left, so long as she thought he loved her. It was only by slow degrees that she came to the full understanding of what he was. She could pardon him his treatment of Susan Sterling, because it was for her own sake that he had done as he did; she could hope that other pleasures would replace his love of gaming, that time would abate his more serious errors; trusting she might yet reclaim him, she could even pardon all that profligacy that had once penetrated her with shame and grief, believing that his best qualities left him more peculiarly open to temptation than another: it required years to learn her mistake, to learn that he had no best qualities. She gave up her carriages and horses without a thought sent after them; she moved into a smaller house without a murmur; she dismissed her servants and never sighed about it; she remade her old wardrobe, and replaced velvets with stuffs and silks with prints, and wore the cheaper things as a happy princess might wear her purple, thinking that perhaps, in their altered circumstances, Dean's old habits had become impossible to him; but thinking so unconsciously, only saying to herself that she was a happy woman to have her husband back again.

But poverty is a wonderful illuminator of character, if a harsh one; and so, when a single year had passed, had Marian found it to be. Dean Rapall, elegant in evening dress, amidst the sumptuous surroundings of his dining-room, gay with the good humor of his enjoyment, and flushed with the sparkle of wine, was a very different being from Dean Rapall in shabby and frowzy garments, surly over his misfortunes, and stupid with his beer. Little sins that Marian had hardly seen when they were clothed about with splendor became disgusting when stripped as poverty stripped them; little faults grew into vulgarities; selfishness, unnoted in the old days when it inflicted deprivation on none, taken then as an expression of elegant pessimism, if not of a loftier view of life, indeed, became hideous when reduced to action by poverty.

But by none of all this was Marian entirely awaked. Her love for Dean was like those things through which the fire has passed, but which still retain their shape till a touch crumbles them to ashes. But the touch came—a rude touch, a dreadful one. It was the blow by which Dean Rapall crippled his elder daughter—when, thick-tongued and angry, he felled her by a stroke whose marks remained with her for life. Dean Rapall had developed his vulgarity, had exercised his selfishness, had unveiled his dissolute life, and Marian had forgiven him; he had forged his wife's name to the deeds which beggared her, and she had forgiven him; he had stolen her jewels and sold them, to use the proceeds on his pleasures, and she had said to herself that they were one, what was hers was his, there was no reason why he should humiliate himself to ask, and his necessities were dire, and she had forgiven him; he had ruined all the hopes, all the comfort and peace of her life, and she had forgiven him. But now he had ruined her child, and she could forgive no more. Her eyes were opened, and she saw the truth; love went; a slow dislike came, that only wanted fresh outrage to deepen into hatred; and when little Jane, who was but a month old on the day that Helen fell, came to powers of perception she noted that she never saw a smile upon her mother's face when turned toward her father.

The doctors pronounced Helen's case hopeless, and sent her mother a receipted bill. They might well do that: she had nothing to pay it, unless she sold her little remaining silver. How they lived themselves alone knew. They had removed from the town where Marian's happier years had been spent—for even that time when she was slowly learning her husband's short-comings seemed happiness compared to this. One thing after another, all the household equipments of any value had gone or were going. Sometimes Dean brought in money; Marian had reached such a pass through her children's needs that she dared not ask him where or how he had gotten it. Sometimes they sold a picture or a book; sometimes they had enough to eat; sometimes they went without.

As for Marian herself, she had no ability to earn. Her education had been a desultory thing, as the education of women in easy circumstances is apt to be—a little of every thing, but nothing exhaustively—and she was unfit to teach; she could not paint well enough to sell her sketches; she had never learned to use her needle on any thing but the most useless embroidery. Even if she could have done any thing to add to their means of subsistence, she had no time to spare from her household work and Helen's sore aches and ails.

But from day to day she wrought and cleaned, and pieced and patched, and earned a rest in heaven for her endeavor to hide her poverty and her husband's shame from the world—the world, that is, which she knew; there was another, darker under-world where Dean Rapall lived, and that world, though it knew all about him, could have known but little of her.

But one morning at daybreak Dean Rapall was brought home to her on a shutter: he had been wounded in a night brawl. A few days afterward the physician found it necessary to amputate the wounded limb; but that did no good; the amputation never entirely healed, and his life was slowly sapped away there.

If ever wife was faithful, Marian was faithful then. Her heart was at first full of pity for him; she waited on his every need; she denied herself food that she might enrich his portion; she dressed him, upheld him as he hobbled about, read to him, talked to him, helped by the same divine patience that descended on Helen, and made the girl endure her pains with heavenly silence; and every day Marian bathed and cleansed the wound that sickened her as she did so. One only revenge did she take on Dean: she refused to give him the indulgence the doctor forbade, and that their purse forbade too. He had brought home on his person from that brawl a couple of hundred dollars. Whether he had won it at faro, had found it in the street, had begged, borrowed, or stolen it, Marian did not know; she did not ask. By careful dole and stint she stretched it through the year; but she would not spend a cent of it for the fiery stuff he craved, and her refusal kept him furious with rage. There was nothing too vile for him to call her, nothing too taunting for him to say. He would summon little Jane to him and box her ears on both sides of her head for no reason under the sun save to hurt her mother, and the good little thing always went at his call, till Helen courageously bade her not to go—courageously, for more times than one he had struck Helen with his stick as she lay in bed. When he grew too feeble to move about, that stick was his great ally; he struck at the poor cat with it, he struck at little Jane with it, he struck at whatever crossed its arc with it, he struck at his wife with it, till she put it in the fire. Whenever she knelt to dress his wound she did it with an inward cringing, sure not only of the unfailing vituperation, but of pinched and twisted flesh, of shoves and blows. And when at last one stormy night the tortured soul left its body, amidst such blasphemies that poor Helen cowered beneath the bedclothes and held little Jane beside her, the mother could only be glad. But she sat beside her husband; she lifted his head and held it on her bosom; she bathed his brow and moistened his lips; she pitied him so that she forgot herself. In the midst of the shocking scene a part of her old love, a faint reflection of it, seemed to return to her. She bent and kissed his forehead, but even as he died he cursed her. And when she had laid him back dead upon his pillow she sat down and wrapped her shawl about her and wept her fill: not for the loss of him—oh, not for that! That was unspeakable relief! But for the twenty wasted years of life, the pity of it, the despair; for the loss of love, for the loss of the lover; reliving the old sorrow, enduring again the old pain; wept over the blight that had fallen on the soul she had reverenced and adored; wept for the ruin that had overtaken it; wept till the weeping ceased in shuddering at the blasphemies with which that soul had gone out into the darkness.

But with the morning, the Christmas morning, there were other things to do. Dean Rapall was to be buried, and there was not a dollar in the house. His widow must needs bestir herself as few other widows have ever been obliged to do. She had nothing left but a little of her old wedding silver. She took her spoons and her forks, bent them back and forth till she broke them, rubbed the new breakage in the ashes that they might look like the refuse of many years' accidents, and sold them for their weight, conscious all the time of the transaction that the silversmith took her for a thief.

The money buried Dean. The elegant and courtly fellow whom men had once admired, and women loved, and crowds followed—only two people followed him now to his grave, and they came back to their home with lighter hearts because he was gone out of it. The money buried Dean; and when a week had passed they had spent the last of it, and there was not so much as a measure of oil in the house.

Marian had been alone in the world when she married. She had separated herself from her friends as Dean's career had carried her into trouble. She could not bear to have the prosperous companions of her youth see her failure and want, or to expose her husband's wickedness before them. When they had come to call on her she had excused herself; gradually she had made herself a stranger to them; and now, in a distant town, she had completely lost sight of them, and there was not a soul in the world to whom she could apply for help in her need.

But something must be done, for presently her children would be starving. She could not sleep at night; she walked the floor all day, trying to devise some means of escaping this fate of hers. It seemed only a just retribution, so far as he was concerned, that Dean Rapall's children should suffer and starve—children of the man who had done so much injury to others; but what had she done that her children should be visited, she who had been faithful and untiring? But what justice was there in the retribution, asked the weary woman, that tormented the patient and heavenly child whom he had crippled; that deprived her of the appliances that might reduce her pain; that weakened her power of resisting that pain day by day; that forbade her all the small and innocent pleasures within reach of the bedridden; that obliged her to see her mother and sister hungry?

It was the day before New-Year's. People were hurrying to and fro in the streets; glad mothers were hastening home, with their muffs betraying the morrow's surprises beforehand; maidens of Helen's age went by demurely with the little tissue-wrapped fineries that were to complete the toilette for the dazzling of beholders; children, important with the secrets of their New-Year's gifts, went laughing along; grocers' boys were running from house to house with the dainties that were to refresh to-morrow's callers. But Marian had no gifts for her children; her children could have no secrets to be disclosed on New-Year's morning for her; no callers would be welcomed in that house, no New-Year's table spread there—no table at all would be spread there!

Marian walked the floor, I say, in misery. She paused at every turn to look out at the window at the crisp, clean snow, at the clear weather of the closing day of the year. It seemed to her as if help must come. And if help did not come what was she to do? There was not a crust on the shelf, there was only enough wood for the day's fire; the landlord held their scanty furniture for the arrears of rent. To-morrow, unless she would let her children perish, she must beg. Ah, what a close, what a beginning, of the year!

It would have been easier to Marian herself to perish than to beg; she thought it would have been easier to have her children perish; but when she looked at Helen's white face, and when she saw little Jane sitting beside the fire-place and gazing at the brands, frightened and awed, but uttering no word of complaint, her heart gave her a fresh pang, a pang that was agonizing, and she felt that she must not lose an hour in going out and asking help of any that could give it.

But she waited. Perhaps it would not be so hard to do when it was dark. It would soon be dark, though: the clear western light was turning to a ruddy glow across the snow even now, and the north was already purpling; soon the evening-star would be shining in her eyes; soon the bells of the little church a square away would be ringing out their glad bidding to the love-feast—glad bidding to every one but her. For as for her, she said, God had forgotten her. Poor Marian! Her trouble hindered her from recognizing that the same glad bidding came to her as to all—bidding to no material feast, but to communion with the Eternal Love. It had seemed to her long ago that God had forgotten her; she had wearied of praying prayers to which no answer came; she had grown to believe that she was under ban, and had ceased to remind Heaven of her existence.

Marian had paused a moment again in her tireless pacing to and fro to cover the bedclothes more closely over Helen's shoulders. As she did so the girl smiled up sweetly in her mother's face; and it was just as Marian kissed the dear mouth that the door-bell rang, and little Jane, filled by the sound with some wild childish hope, had sprung to the door before her mother, who shivered at every noise, had turned, and

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Marian heard the words, "Does Mrs. Rapall live here? Are you her little girl? Tell your mother, dear, that an old friend has come to pass the night with her."

"Oh, my God!" cried the proud woman as she heard, "is there any thing more to come!" For the swift vision of her humbled pride flashed before her; the exposure of her condition to this old friend, whomsoever it might be; the display to the world of the disappointment that had overtaken all her hopes; the blazoning of her husband's ruin! It must all have come had she gone out to beg, she knew, but now it had come indeed. And how could she go out to beg? All along her pride had held her up, and here her pride must crumble with a crash. She must not only know of the exposure, but must meet it face to face, as it were, and put the knife to her own throat. It seemed to her for a moment that she was going mad, and then she fell upon her knees beside Helen's bed. "Oh, my God!" she cried aloud again, "come to me, help me; I can bear no more! Lift my burden, or give me strength to carry it! Remember me; have mercy on my children!"

And there little Jane came running in. "She is in the other room," the child explained. "She is beautiful, she smiles so, and her cheeks are like a rose. And she kissed me—for my father's sake, she said."

For her father's sake! Who was there would do that? Could it be—Susan Sterling? Dimpled and rosy—ah, well, she had not married Dean Rapall! And Marian glanced at herself in the glass, looked at the waxen pallor that made her once haughty and beautiful face seem like one chiseled out of marble, at the lines round the still dark and starry eyes, at the ripples of the silver hair which she was so hastily smoothing away, and knew that it was Dean Rapall who had wrought that wreck—a wreck it seemed to her: to a stranger it would have seemed the still magnificent and queenly thing she was. She opened the drawer of the bureau, for the room was Helen's bedroom, to take out the shawl—the one black thing she owned—for she could not sit in the other room, where there was no fire, without it, and then, as she did so, there fluttered to the floor a bank-note. She started and gazed at it bewilderedly.

"Mother!" exclaimed Helen, "God has remembered us, you see. He has answered your prayer. Look there!"

It was a two-dollar bill. How it came there no one could tell; whether Marian had hidden it there from Dean some day, and had forgotten it in any fresh trouble, whether it had dropped from her purse and been pushed beneath the paper, or whether it was a miracle. Marian only knew that there was little Jane holding it between her fingers as if it were a red-hot coal; and while she still held it the door of the kitchen opened, and a woman, a neighbor, entered with a dish in her hand.

"You mustn't think, Mrs. Rapall," said a timid voice, as Marian hastened to meet the woman in the ice-cold kitchen, "that I've forgotten your kindness when my boy died. And I should have baked something neighborly to send in for the funeral, but our chimney was down. And the minute our fires were going again I made this chicken-pie for you." And to the good woman's amazement the proud Mrs. Rapall had stooped and kissed her cheek before she closed the door behind her.

"Run quick, little Jane," said her mother then, "and buy some tea—a quarter of a pound—and some sugar, with this bill; and buy some buns and bread. We can light a fire in the kitchen with that broken chair—that is ours, at any rate. At least we can live till to-morrow and the day after now." And then she went in to meet Susan Sterling.

"Marian," said Susan, hurriedly, after the first greeting, "once you were very good to me. I want you to be the same again. As soon as I saw Dean's death"—here her voice choked a little—"oh, that was dreadful news!" she said; "and as soon as I thought how you were probably left, it seemed as if Providence had given you to me—oh! I am in earnest—to me, who haven't had all I wanted in this life. For, to tell you the whole story at once, my matron had to be married last month, Heaven knows why! and though my school flourishes, it would fall in pieces without a matron. And now, though I am an excellent teacher, I know, and a good administrator of the school affairs, I am nothing as a housekeeper—and such a fat, dowdy little thing to see strangers! And a poor housekeeper, you know, would ruin any establishment. But you, with your superb bearing and manners, to meet parents and guardians, and to hold servants in awe—you would make my fortune over again! And if you can come, Marian dear—to-morrow, say—your two children shall have their home and education with us, and you shall have just what my other matron had, a thousand dollars a year, and there is the first quarter in advance—and do come, do!" said the breathless Susan. "I should be so happy with Dean's children. For, oh, Marian—you don't care now?—I was always so fond of Dean!" And Susan was crying with hearty sobs, and Marian was wiping the little woman's eyes. She was willing any one should care for Dean who could, and the children would be, at all events, a bond between them.

That night, as Susan sat holding Helen's hand, and telling her and little Jane pleasant things of their father's boyhood and youth, the love-feast bells began to chime out on the frosty starlight—sweet and sonorous bells, whose peal always trembled till the heart answered it. The others were not listening, but Marian heard them, and went up stairs to an empty room, and threw herself down before an open window to pour out a thanksgiving. Oh, glad, glad things indeed they were sounding at last! Had Dean Rapall's heart been hard? Hers had been harder yet! Hers, that had been insensible to these assurances, which all at once it seemed as if she heard for the first time, that though suns ceased to shine and waters ceased to flow, God still ruled in His heaven! And she reproached herself bitterly, and begged Heaven's forgiveness for the ingratitude that had hindered her from realizing the blessings that those bell-notes were still declaring, as their tones fell through the clear air of the sparkling night, and wandered away on the wind, calling their listeners to watch with thanks and prayer the old year out and the new year in.

"I am sure," said Susan, as they dressed for their short journey the next day, "I am sure I wouldn't miss the example of that patient child's angelic face among my girls for any price! I can see them now, going and coming about her little bed, and listening as she repeats that psalm she said last night—she will make saints of every one of them!"

As for Susan, Marian thought, in her infinite relief, that she was nearly a saint herself—a little silly about Dean Rapall, perhaps, but of that she could not speak; indeed, she never could speak of him again. And the only shadow that ever fell between her and her friend was a suspicion in Susan's mind, a suspicion she hardly breathed to herself, and never to another, that noble and beautiful as Marian was, she had never loved Dean Rapall quite enough!

MRS. PALLISER'S DREAM.

I PROPOSE to relate Mrs. Palliser's dream, because it brought about a marked change in her life.

Great as is the liberty generally allowed to a dream, nevertheless I apologize beforehand for Mrs. Palliser's dream. It is not a conventional good-society dream. I admit it. I protest against any damaging inferences about Mrs. Palliser. She is a dear, good, pious little woman; but I leave the dream to its own merits. I will not even attempt to tell it in a roundabout style, but just say, plumply, Mrs. Palliser dreamed that, sitting in church, she saw Satan sitting near her, quite at his ease, listening with an air of artistic enjoyment to the singing, and with an expression of proprietorship and interest in what was about him that made Mrs. Palliser so horribly uncomfortable that she could not follow the services.

When a dream begins like that, of course you may expect almost any thing to come next. Mrs. Palliser in her dream was more curious to know why he came there, and how he could sit there, than ever was Eve about the apple; and her curiosity grew so intolerable that, the service being over, she touched him on the arm and asked him.

"My dear madam," he answered, blandly, "I often come here. I view this and one or two similar establishments something as a man does his pet country-seat, and when I get a fit of the blues I come here to refresh my faith—in myself. And for the question in your thoughts, madam, that you are too polite to frame in words, your Christ, to whom you have erected this temple, is not here."

"You are a liar, and the father of lies!" retorted Mrs. Palliser, with more zeal than politeness.

"Granted! but the devil can quote Scripture. What did He tell you himself of some who shall begin to say, 'We have eaten and drunk in Thy presence, and Thou hast taught in our streets; but He shall say, I know you not whence ye are; depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity.' I wonder, Mrs. Palliser, if the prophecy was confined entirely to those wicked Jews, or if among them will be found any body who sits here, for example."

Now, coupled with his words, there was something so unspeakably awful in the smile with which he looked down into Mrs. Palliser's wondering face that the little woman's heart stood still. She struggled and woke.

This absurd and irreverent dream made a terrible impression on Mrs. Palliser. She was unable to forget it. She told her husband, and he pooh-poohed it as nonsense. That was conclusive, but not satisfactory. She consulted her pastor. He smiled, and told her that "a dream cometh through the multitude of business." "But not such dreams," murmured Mrs. Palliser. She grew thin and worn, and her husband called in the doctor. The doctor demanded her symptoms, and Mrs. Palliser told her dream. The doctor said something about nerves, gave her a prescription, and privately advised Mr. Palliser to take his wife into society, and try and distract her thoughts: this persistent dwelling on one looked a little like mania.

Winter came—two-faced, as usual. To the rich and the well-to-do it brought the "season" and all its splendors and pleasures: lectures, operas, sleigh-rides, rinks, red cheeks, quick-leaping blood, long, bracing walks in the clear air; spring, sparkle, elasticity; cozy curtained rooms, twilights with soft warm air, red firelight, and just a glimpse through the clear panes of the dying winter's light for contrast; long evenings close around the hearth, all the cozier for the raving wind and driving sleet without; Christmas-trees, New-Year's boxes, wine, velvet, gold, fur—all these for the rich; but for the poor—lower your voice and change your note. Winter is a mighty hunter: the poor are his game, and he hunts them hard, and to the death. This winter was no exception. It was a bitter one. The charitable were busy; busiest of all Mrs. Palliser, but she still asked herself why Christ should not be in His church.

In an alley lived Madge Allen, on the third floor of a rear tenement building. She was by no means a model poor woman. Her temper was bad. She was sometimes drunk. Mrs. Palliser's cook vowed that she stuffed her pockets with tea and sugar. But, however that might be, she fell sick. Mrs. Palliser found her looking not only ill, but gaunt and starved. So did her children. There was no quilt on her bed; no fire; no bread; no tea-kettle; not even a whole dish. One by one, every thing had gone to the pawnbroker's. Winter had hunted them down, and was worrying them now in their miserable attic till the landlord should turn them out, as he intended to do the day after to-morrow, when he would finish them.

Madge told these things in a dry, hard voice, and with no sign of emotion, although the soft-hearted Mrs. Palliser was in tears. You see, Madge lived only a block and a half away, and that aggravated the case, to Mrs. Palliser's thinking. She could hardly await the end of the story to fly into the street, order coal, wood, and groceries, confiscate the whole Palliser dinner, and send around a load of blankets, quilts, flannel, dishes, etc. She paid the landlord; she brought the doctor; she nursed Madge herself—the best and tenderest of nurses. In all this glow of kind feeling Madge thawed a little, and one day she said,

"I thank you, I do thank you, Mrs. Palliser. I don't see why you ever took so much trouble for one like me."

"For Jesus' sake," answered Mrs. Palliser, softly and quickly, glad of the opportunity to say so.

An ill-omened light sparkled in Madge's eyes.

"Whose sake did you say?" affecting sudden deafness.

"Our Lord and Saviour's," replied Mrs. Palliser again, trembling a little.

"And why on His account?" asked Madge, mighty dryly.

"Because He— Why, surely you know, Madge. He told us to do so. He was poorer once than you; He had not even a place to lay His head."

Madge threw up her head scornfully. "Now I wonder, Mrs. Palliser, to hear *you* talk like that. I have heard that story a dozen times from them as likes to set themselves up and preach; but you are another sort. You are a good woman, you are; and why do *you* want to stuff me with a story like that?"

Mrs. Palliser was still with surprise.

"Now, see here," continued Madge, rapidly. "I don't want to say nothing saucy to one that's been good to me and mine. But poor folks ain't fools. When we see ice it is no use telling us it's dog-days, because we know better. Now you say our Lord was so poor Hisself, and so He had a feeling for the poor folks, and wants Christians to have it too, and He counts us all His brothers and sisters. Oh, I know the rigmarole; I've heard it often enough. Now just let me tell you how a few of these brothers and sisters are getting on. The woman overhead has two little children. She is honest, and works her fingers to the bone to keep them, and in five days they have had three loaves of bread. The decent man below is a carpenter. He is out of work. He was too poor to buy stuff to make things for hisself. He has a wife and three children—babies, you may say, all of them. They have pawned all they have. He is so poor-looking now I don't suppose they'd trust him with work if they had it. She is down with rheumatiz: no flannels, no fire, no food, is too much for her. They are clean beat out, and last week they would have starved to death but for what we poor folks brought them. In yonder the children is crying with cold and chilblains, and never a shoe to their foot. Their mother goes around with a basket and sells what she can, but you know how it is, ma'am—where one will buy, twenty will pass on and never look at her, Oh"—and the woman's black eyes kindled—"I wish I could make you, and every one that is warm and full, *feel* what it is to be starved all over, dizzy and faint, and the wind searching through every bone, and no hope of any thing better, and folks going by you as if they was angels and you was vermin, for the way they look at you, and plenty to eat and drink, and warm rooms every where in the houses that would no more open to you than the kingdom of heaven, if there was one. Keep this in your mind, ma'am, as I have done when I watched you fine folks come out of your church. The price of the lace on your cloak would take that carpenter's clothes and tools out of pawn, and start him again. Them ladies behind you cost more than would make us all happy here. While your Lord's brothers and sisters are starving, you brush by us with the price of what would save us to go and pray to Him, and then you go home, easy and careless and happy, and think well of yourselves if you send us out twenty-five cents by the servant. Mind, I think folks is right to use their own, and it's natural to want to look fine and handsome; but there's enough piled on just for show, and that does no good to nobody, to make us all easy. Give us a chance, anyhow. And then you say He is in there listening to you. Why, if He was, and He is what you make Him out— I can read, and I read once how He drove the peddlers out of the Temple for buying and selling, and what is that to leaving His own to perish, and never thinking or caring? Don't tell me. *He isn't there*, Mrs. Palliser, and what is more, you don't none of you believe it, really, or expect Him, as you say you do. For what did He tell you? Oh, I have not been to Sunday-school for nothing. I can answer folk back when they come preaching at me;" and with an air of triumph she repeated: "'When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: and thou shalt be blessed; for they can not recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.' Now, there's a lot of Christians living in our neighborhood—the regular A No. 1 sort. But I don't see no invitations coming down our alley. They was a different sort as drove up to your house t'other night, Mrs. Palliser, and that will come scraping in New-Year's Day to drink your wine and wish you merry; and suppose on that day He came too, and when He'd looked around, and see none of the poor and the sick, He said to you, as it says in your book, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me!' And that is what He would say, according to your own story, and if you believed it, wouldn't you all be sick for fear, and trying to do different? That you would. You are a kind woman, Mrs. Palliser, but drop that church talk with me. It's no good. He isn't there"—pointing toward her window, from which one could just see the church spire.

"Oh! Madge, He is," cried Mrs. Palliser. "Don't believe it. Don't think it. It is true, what you say, but the human heart is so hard that so long as we were warm and fed we would never care at all, and we wouldn't do even this little, only for Jesus' sake. It is He who sends us, and it is we who, like thoughtless and unwilling children, do as little as we can, and then run off to our sport. The blame is ours—mine, Madge. But, please God," she continued, rather to herself than to Madge, "*I*, at least, know now where to look for my Lord."

That evening Mrs. Palliser informed her husband that she had found out the meaning of her dream. Madge Allen had told her.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Bettors and their Betters.—Dickens and his Biographer.—Where are the Police?

THE government of William Ewart Gladstone may not supply the people, as the Roman emperors did, with "bread and circuses," but if giving them plenty to talk about can satisfy a nation, we Britishers ought just now to be very happy. A whole week is never permitted to elapse without some piece of political *gaucherie* being enacted for the public amusement. This week it is the prosecution of the frequenters of certain betting houses in this city, which in a humble rank are the counterfeit presentments of that famous Tattersall's where for half a century, throughout the racing seasons, lords and gentlemen meet for no other purpose than to bet and gamble. Although politically the "upper ten" are by no means so powerful as they were, they are socially as strong as ever, and hence this disgraceful inconsistency. Gladstone is afraid to meddle with even the vices of the swells, and when twitted with his inaction is said to have quoted episcopal authority for it. "I put down vice *where I can*," says he, "but I must decline to enter into the general question." State the truth, but do not state the arguments against it, or let them be stated, if you can help it, since, even with the best intentions, they are sometimes difficult to refute, was the advice of the late Bishop of London to his clergy; and it was founded upon practical experience. In his first curacy he had preached a sermon on the text, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God," during the course of which he had quoted all infidel writers from Voltaire to Volney, and, he thought, satisfactorily disposed of them. When the sermon was over he overtook one of his congregation, a farmer, on his way home, and asked him how he liked the sermon. "Oh, very well, Sir," was the reply. "But did you understand it?" "Oh yes, I understood it well enough, Sir; but *for all you did say*, I do still believe that there is a God."

And so our government prudently confines itself to stating its intentions and acting upon them, without entering into the question of their wisdom. The fact of Tattersall's being permitted to pass unnoticed is, however, a most flagrant piece of favoritism. It was urged against closing our public-houses at eleven P.M. that the clubs were open long after that hour, and that therefore the law was one that annoyed the poor and not the rich; but nobody could affirm that the clubs were used for the same purpose as the public-houses, or that the same excesses were committed in them, whereas between Tattersall's and the common betting houses there is an exact parallel, except in the extent of their transactions, which are by far the greatest on the unpunished side.

Talking of aristocratic gambling, the committee of the Hurlingham Club, whose calling in life is to succeed to titles and shoot pigeons, have rather an unpleasant business on hand. They are sitting in judgment upon a case of "calling names," which is really funny. A certain member of the club whom we will call Jay (and his name has really the same sound as a single letter) is not very popular there, although he is a Victoria Cross man (or, perhaps, since personal distinction is not thought much of by the hereditaries, *because* he is so). On a certain day when pigeons were being shot at, and the names of the marksmen called out as usual, that of R. A. Jay, V.C., was followed by these other four letters, very distinctly enunciated, S.N.O.B. At first it was hoped to be only an echo; but as the sentiment was also echoed—received, I am sorry to say, with shouts of laughter—the committee have been obliged to give their ear to it.

In literature nothing is talked about so much as the second volume of Dickens's biography. That he should at one time of his life have seriously contemplated being an actor surprises nobody, for every one who has seen him act

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will testify to his fitness for such a calling; but that it should ever have entered into his mind (and that in middle age too) to become a police magistrate (!) astonishes folks a good deal. Imagine the author of *Oliver Twist* a "beak," and sitting in Bow Street in judgment upon our Charley Bateses and Artful Dodgers! His biographer endeavors to explain the matter by the fact that Dickens was just at that period on the eve of conceiving another book, at which time, he hints, the great author was apt to be very restless and fanciful, like a lady in an interesting situation. This *Life of Dickens* is, of course, universally popular, but it is a common complaint that it has too much of the Forster-father in it; that other friends of Dickens are kept in the background in order that the figure of the biographer may be the more prominent. Whether this be so or not, a curious proof of the very extraordinary regard in which Dickens did hold Forster occurred within my own knowledge. Twenty years ago a literary friend of mine, and one very intimate with Dickens, had sent him a book of his own entitled the *Foster-Brothers*, in acknowledging which—the letter now lies before me—Dickens spells the word "Forster," and apologizes for it in the postscript on the ground of "being so constantly with his friend Forster." Again, just before Dickens's death, my friend received a letter from him, written under circumstances which had much moved his great and tender heart, and as though when thus excited his mind naturally reverted to him in whom all his joys and sorrows were reposed, he actually signs it, not with his own name, but with that of his *fidus Achates*, "Yours affectionately, John Forster." The only thing, except the sad episode of his early career in the blacking manufactory, which Dickens seems to have hidden from his friend was this application for a police magistracy, which perhaps his own sense of humor forbade him to reveal.

Talking of police, some hundreds of our London constabulary refused to go on their beats the other night without a rise of wages. This is surely the very *reductio ad absurdum* of "strikes," that those should strike a blow at order whose mission it is to uphold it! Moreover, they did not give in, and have in consequence very justly been dismissed "the force," since, whatever their grievances, they had no right, at such a time and place as London at night-fall, to urge their claims, and threaten the innocent public with robbery and rapine should they not be conceded. Imagine what might have been the consequences if in those particular districts of the town messieurs the thieves had been conscious of this proceeding of their natural enemies, and had taken advantage of their absence to work their own wicked will! Conceive, for instance, Mr. Editor, if in the fashionable quarter in which your special correspondent resides such a catastrophe was to take place, and all his jewels and splendid furniture, not to mention the magnificent services of plate which from time to time you have presented him in acknowledgment of his literary services, should become the prey of a lawless rabble! It is true, you will (probably) say, "In such a case I should feel it a privilege to reimburse you;" but still the shock of such an occurrence to my system, which is delicate, and to my nature, which is sensitive to the very verge of pusillanimity, would be very great. "Strike, but hear," may be an excellent motto; but "Strike, but *not* here," is the observation that I would respectfully address to the guardians of the public peace in my vicinity.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

BLACK VELVET COSTUME.

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

"WHAT delicious little dresses those cheap stuffs would make, if one only could have them made up by a reasonable dress-maker!" How often have we all uttered this exclamation before the lovely array of silks and gauzes and muslins draped like a softly glowing kaleidoscope in the front of the great stores on their "exposition" day, and how pathetically it has been echoed by the friend beside us, and how vainly we have turned to her, as to scores of others previously and subsequently, with the despairing cry, "Do *you* know of a cheap dress-maker, or a clever girl, who has a good cut, and would come and work for a few days in the house with one, and make up a cheap gown without taking four times its cost for the making?" And how invariably the answer has been, "My dear soul, it is the dream of my life ever since I have been in Paris to find such a person, and I have never found her." Yes. It is quite true. The race of *petites couturières*, as they were called, has disappeared. They have not died out, like a fashion, but they have soared above their former sphere, floated up out of our reach into the realm of great couturières. They no longer perch on a fifth floor, and console us for the panting manœuvre of climbing to their aerial heights by the reflection that though it is a little fatiguing, the operation is well rewarded, seeing that our bargain which cost fifty francs, a delightful remnant, worth double the money in ordinary circumstances, will be made into a fascinating costume for twenty or twenty-five francs. Alas! where again are they, those precious girls dubbed *ouvrières en journée*, who came to you by the day for two francs and their food, or three francs without it, and cut out your new bargain, and trimmed and fitted it so daintily, and who turned your old ones—that dear last-winter gown that is such an invaluable aid-de-camp for the present campaign—and who ran up a tidy little bonnet out of odds and ends of ribbon and lace for shopping and morning trots or wet days, who made money go so far and so satisfactorily—where are they? Echo answers "where!" They, too, have disappeared. They have set up at home as regular dress-makers, with a brass plate on their door setting forth their capabilities as fabricators of "robes et manteaux de cour," and if you trust your silk to them, supposing them kind enough to accept it, woe be unto you! If you have any visions of perfect fits and economy, they will melt like the baseless fabric that they rest on. What are we to do, then? I hear you say. Is there nothing for it but to go to Worth's and spend two hundred dollars on a costume? Surely somebody buys the pretty cheap stuffs set out in the windows, and if she buys them she wears them, and to wear them they must be made up. Yes. Somebody does buy them, and wears them, and has them made up. But those dreadful Americans don't. Or if they do, they gnash their teeth over it, and say, what idiots they were to fancy they were getting a cheap dress when the bill comes in and they have about four times the price of the dress to hand over to the artiste who has condescended to take their bargain and do for it.

The fact is, the expansion of little mantua-makers into big ones, their rise, in a logical though inverse sense, from the perch on a fifth floor to a spacious suite of rooms on a first, and the total disappearance of *ouvrières en journée* of the old accomplished sort, are owing—yes, swear at me, shake your fist at me, call me a vile traducer; I will say it still—are owing mainly to the dreadful Americans. They have completely spoiled the two races, and serve them right if now and then they feel the inconvenience of their iniquities. It is not often, I grieve to say, that their sin finds them out; it is mostly we poor natives who pay for it; still, one occasionally has the comfort of seeing an American stranded with a bundle of pretty bargains that she knows not what to do with.

Well, if you promise to be good, to mend your ways a little in these respects for the future, I will give you a helping hand in the shape of a few hints. As a rule, avoid second-rate dress-makers. If you go to a really good one, don't bring your own stuff. Indeed, a really good one will not take it, unless, perhaps, you go recommended, or, as the phrase now is, introduced to her, by some old customer, and if she does you the favor of taking it, you will pay for it some way or other; she will run it up on the trimmings, and you will not have saved a dollar in the end. In the next place, you have no redress if your gown misfits or is otherwise not to your taste, whereas if you let her supply the material you can throw it back on her hands should the result prove a failure. It is noticeable also that dresses provided by the dress-maker are much less frequently failures than those given by the customer—a fact to be traced, perhaps, to a natural and obvious reason. Unless you have already procured a dress-maker of your own, if you come to Paris at present I should strongly advise you when you want a good dress to go either to an out-and-out extravagant fashionable house or to one of the great stores where dresses are of late made on a very large scale, and very successfully. The Louvre and the Bon Marché are perhaps the two establishments that are worthy of recommendation. Hundreds of dresses are turned out every day from both; they have an immense staff of hands, the best choice of materials, and if a dress misfits in the slightest degree there is no hesitation made about making a fresh one for you; the one that has misfitted you is sure to suit some one else; the demand is so enormous and so continual that the mantua-maker makes no complaint of taking it back. Until very recently no one in "society" dreamed of going to such an establishment for a dress, or if they did, they took care to hide the shameful fact. But within the last year this prejudice has quite vanished. French-women who frequented expensive dress-makers' until they were shouldered out by those dreadful Americans now go boldly to the great shops and select their materials and order their costumes in the light of day. The dress-makers' bills attained at last to that point which is known as the unbearable, so their native customers abandoned them, and took refuge, first, in home-made dresses, and now of late in the *ateliers* of such houses as those I have mentioned.

But for the making up of bargains the difficulty still remains, for, of course, no large house will take them. Well, though it is difficult to find a worker by the day, still such a treasure is yet to be had if you go to work in the right way to discover her. She has raised her prices considerably, thanks to you, dear friends. She charges now three francs with her food. But it will be cheaper for you to give her almost any thing she asks without the food, for she will never be satisfied with what you provide for her; moreover, if she has her meals in your kitchen, it is a pretext for wasting hours of her time, which are taken from the "bargain" and less profitably spent in gossiping with your servants, and inquiring into all your family affairs, which will be more or less veraciously retailed to the servants of her next employer. Let her, then, bring her food in a basket in the old-fashioned way, and eat it at noon, the usual hour, when she is entitled to a full hour's respite. She should come at eight in the morning and stay till eight in the evening. In the autumn there is a rule among them that they should not work by candle-light; so in the month of September, when the days are growing short, they come an hour earlier in the morning to make up the difference. When they feed themselves they never take but one meal; if you feed them, they must have dinner before they leave. When you want such a person as this, don't ask your banker or some fashionable American friend, but go to one of your trades-people, your grocer or butcher, whose wives dress admirably well, and who employ these itinerant *artistes*, and will lend you one of them, if they are agreeable. While she is in the house be with her as much as you can; half the profit depends on your helping her on with the work and keeping an eye on its progress. This enables you also to see how much stuff is really wanted and used for the various articles. Thus you may find that your bargain is really a bargain, making and all.

COMET.

BLACK VELVET COSTUME.

THIS handsome costume for the street is of black Lyons velvet, trimmed with bands of sea blue faille and ball fringe. The skirt of walking length has a box-pleated flounce headed by four bias bands of faille. The polonaise has three narrow bias piping folds, from which balls are pendent. Large jet buttons trim the front. The sash is of the new yellowish tint called *serpent*-color. Black velvet bonnet with blue faille trimmings and ostrich feathers. Muff of black-fox fur.

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3 – MISS SHARPCHINS TEACHINGS
4 – STUDY OF DEPORTMENT UNDER MISS SHARPCHIN.
5 – THE DANCING LESSON.
6 – THE RIDING LESSON.
7 – THE MUSIC LESSON.
8 – THE FIRST WALTZ DEDICATED
№ 1 – BABYHOOD

9 – THE FIRST LONG SKIRT.
10 – THE FIRST LOVE
11 – THE FIRST INTRODUCTION TO THE WORLD
12 – A GREAT DEAL OF SUCCESS MANY ADMIRERS
13 – THE CRITICAL MOMENT. THE PROPOSAL FOR MARRIAGE
14 – THE FIRST LOVE LETTER
№ 2 – MISS LUCY AND HER DOLLS

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ADMIRER.—Dark hair is not *dyed* white, but is bleached and ruined by a strong wash of chloride of lime. But you will be senseless to change your hair in any way except by brushing and keeping it well.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The lady of the house is not required, happily, to eat and drink with all her guests on New-Year's Day. If she were, her condition at evening would be pitiable indeed.

MRS. S. A. H.—It will be perfectly proper for you to invite the husbands of your friends to call on you on New-Year's Day.

LEARNER.—The coronets of the British peerage show the rank of the wearer by the ornaments on them. Dukes have eight golden strawberry leaves; marquises, four strawberry leaves and four pearls on gold points; earls, leaves and pearls set on even line; viscounts, eight pearls; barons, four pearls. Baronets are not entitled to coronets.

MRS. C. B. W.—Your brown striped poplin will look well made in the Louis Quinze style.

L. E. T.—The flounce with single box-pleats without the narrow ruffles will look very well.

LOUISA.—Eighteen or twenty yards of goods three-fourths of a yard wide will make a Louis Quinze suit very plainly trimmed. We can not give you addresses.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—R. S. V. P. are the initials of the French words *répondez, s'il vous plait.* The English phrase is, reply, if you please.

L. H. B.—Your sample is épingeline, and would look well made by the Louis Quinze pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V.

S. S. L. P.—An advertisement in our columns will tell you where to send for point lace materials. For $50 you can buy a mink collar and muff, or else a boa and muff of black marten or of seal-skin. The first-mentioned would probably be the best choice for an elderly lady.

A FRIEND.—High-necked dresses are most worn for dinner-parties; both low and high necked dresses appear at large full-dress receptions. Dress skirts trimmed to the waist *are* worn in the house. The adjustable demi-trained skirt is long enough for the house.—We can not tell you how to bleach your Parian-ware.

BESSIE.—Your sample is watered Japanese poplin of very poor quality. Make it up very simply. It does not seem worth a velvet vest and trimmings.

L. M.—Your sample did not reach us.

MRS. E. K. W.—A facing of thick silk or velvet, or else bias bands of silk with fringe, is the trimming for your cashmere suit. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* Nos. 41 and 42, Vol. V., for hints about cashmere suits and their trimmings.

MISS C.—We have not the pattern you want.

AMY.—Make your suit by the Louis Quinze pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V. Trim with corded silk of the same shade instead of velvet; omit the lace, or else use yak lace. Make coat sleeves with silk cuffs instead of the open ones illustrated, and let the pockets be entirely of silk.—Thanks for your appreciative letter.

VELVETEEN.—Make your black velveteen skirt over, trimming with lengthwise pleats of black silk; then get a cashmere polonaise, and make an over-jacket of the velveteen. This seems to us the best plan, though your idea of a sleeveless basque and apron is good. The objection is the weight and expense of the ruffles in the back.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The kilt suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. V., is the model for your boy of three years. Get plaid goods and black velveteen for him. Children of six months old, and girls of one and two years, wear white all winter.

MRS. J. D. B.—Boys of four years wear kilt skirts and jackets, or else knee-breeches, with a vest and jacket. We can furnish you patterns of each suit. Double-breasted sack overcoats are worn by small boys. We have no pattern of this garment.

A CONSTANT READER.—You can wad the jacket throughout. Oxidized silver buttons and braid are sold at the furnishing stores.—We can not give addresses in this column.

MRS. E. I.—Make your black silk by the Louis Quinze pattern sent you. See the illustration in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V., and trim with velvet and lace, or else jet fringe. Let the vest be of velvet.

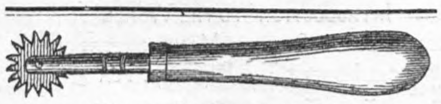
AN APPRECIATIVE FRIEND.—The Dolman and the poionaise are equally fashionable this season. It is impossible to say how long they will continue in favor, but they are certainly the latest popular styles.

MRS. J. J. P.—Instead of heavy beaver cloth you should get lighter ladies' cloth for a redingote. You will require three and a half or perhaps four yards of cloth.

A THING NOT TO BE MISSED.—No lady in the city or country should fail to see and examine the New Wilson Under-Feed Sewing-Machine. This machine stands in the very front rank of first-class sewing-machines. It does every kind of work beautifully on every kind of material. In proof of this we urge every lady to visit the Wilson Sewing-Machine rooms, and examine the beautiful specimens of work there displayed. Look at them closely, they will bear it. You will see that whatever the material, the Wilson makes a firm, even, elastic seam, which no machine has ever surpassed. Best of all, this superb machine costs but fifty dollars, and at once establishes the fact that a first-class sewing-machine can be made and sold at a price that the people one and all can easily afford to pay. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, N.Y., and in all other cities in the U.S. The company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. Rev. W. V. MILLIGAN, Cambridge, Ohio, has saved with her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine hundreds of dollars in the last ten years, without a cent for repairs. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[*Com.*]

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION of Boston is a thoroughly wide-awake paper, having among its contributors such writers as Prof. De Mille, Louisa M. Alcott, Sophie May, Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, and Mrs. Louisa Chandler Moulton. No writers more attractive in the country, and no publication for young people more enterprising and useful.—[*Com.*]



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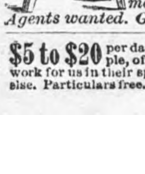

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THE YOUNG EUPHEMIST.

AUNT MARY. "What is meant by Declining a Noun, Ethel?"
ETHEL. "Politely Refusing it, Aunt dear."

TOO LATE.

MIDDLE-AGED CUSTOMER. "Mr. Bassbridge, my musical education has been utterly neglected, but I've a strong desire to practice some instrument. What should you advise me to take up?"

CONSCIENTIOUS TRADESMAN. "Well, Sir, I should recommend the triangle; or—yes—I think a musical snuff-box, Sir, would be the best!"

A writer on physiognomy sagely says, "A human face without a nose doesn't amount to much;" whereupon another writer observes that "a human nose without a face doesn't amount to much either."

"You say," said a judge to a witness, "that the plaintiff resorted to an ingenious use of circumstantial evidence: state just exactly what you mean by that."
"Well," said the witness, "my exact meaning is that he lied."

"We have not enough chairs for our company," said a gay wife to her frugal husband.
"Plenty of chairs, dear, but too much company," replied the gay young wife's husband, with a sigh.

STRANGER THAN "BORROWED DAYS"—Lent terms.

THE WEATHER.

A pleasant climate this of ours!
I would not now turn out a dog
To face the soot-encumbered show'rs—
Fog!

To-morrow, true, a change may see—
Our climate changes oft—but vain
Is any change! What will it be?—
Rain!

The next day may be altered too—
Variety again prevail;
But where's the use to me or you?—
Hail!

And after that—well, goodness knows
What cheer our climate next may show;
May nip our noses, pinch our toes—
Snow!

IMPROVING THE OCCASION.

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day, dear Tommy," said mamma.
"Then let's finish up the plum-pudding to-night," said the sweet child.

MOTTO FOR THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS—"Wait for the turn of the tied."

A FACT!—People who suffer from toothache often pass a *night* of *mourning*.

A MISFIT.

LITTLE TOMKINS (*excitedly*). "I say, my dear Fellow, how do they fit, eh? will they do?"
THE DEAR FELLOW. "Well, I should say you—ah—don't look well in Men's Clothes."

FACETIÆ.

MORE UNNATURAL HISTORY.—An old subscriber writes that they have fire-flies so large in his neighborhood that they use them to cook by. They hang the kettles on their hind-legs, which are bent for the purpose like pot-hooks.

PEOPLE YOU EXPECT TO MEET.

Mr. Smith, who speaks his native English with a slightly foreign accent whenever he returns from a week upon the Continent.
Mr. Brown, who can't appreciate Beethoven, but dotes upon the bagpipes.
Mr. Jones, who, when he shares a cab with you, somehow never has small change about him.
Mr. Robinson, who carefully abstains from volunteering a political opinion until he has consulted half a dozen newspapers.
Mr. Cruiser, who keeps a schooner yacht, but, except in a dead calm, never ventures out of harbor.
Mr. Sharpe, who, when he drops his money into the collection plate, can make a sixpence sound as though it were a dollar.
Mrs. Snobbington, who calls her little knife-boy a page, and when she hires a fly talks of taking carriage exercise.
Mr. Tyttle Tattle, who, from some official source of information, always brings the latest news of the intentions of the government.
Mr. Hodger, who considers Tupper far superior to Milton, and goes ready primed with arguments to prove it.
Mr. Dodger, who invariably takes an old umbrella to a party, in the hope, by lucky accident, to change it for a new one.
Miss Sniveller, who keeps a sentimental diary, and bullies her small brothers.
Mr. Funniman, who can not cut a tongue without cutting a stale joke about it.

MAKING AN ASS OF HIMSELF.

DR. BIRCH (*to hopelessly inattentive pupil*). "Did you hear what I said? [*Silence.*] You're a stupid donkey! Don't you hear me? [*Silence and pause.*] Come, what did I say?"
PUPIL (*inspired*). "You're a stupid donkey, Sir!"

An American woman in London recently went to the legation for a "pass" to see the Queen.

USEFUL MEM.—When a church catches fire it generally blazes fiercely. It's the *ile* in it, perhaps.

The source of the Nile was discovered long ago by the Romans. They maintained that "Ex Nihilo, Nihil n scitur: ecce Nihil"—*i. e.*, "The Nile rises from the Nile: that's its source."

Can a thing which *decreases* be said to *grow*?—Certainly; else why the time-honored sentiment, "May your shadow never *grow less*?"

THAT'S IT.

MISTRESS. "Why, Mary, what's that you've got on?"
MARY. "What is it? A Dolly Varden, of course."
MISTRESS. "You with a Dolly Varden! Why, I shouldn't think of wearing such a thing."
MARY. "P'raps not, Mim. It ain't Every Body they Becomes."

LOVE LORE.

January.—The 1st of January is one of the earliest days in the year you can take a wife on, if you want to. If you really want two, though, you can't, because it is not legal.
February.—Feathered songsters choose their mates. This month they pick them, presently they will peck them. Go thou and do likewise.
March.—Don't believe the woman who says she will give you her heart this month. It is not given—it's Lent.
April.—The 1st is All-fools' Day. This is the day to make promises of marriage, and accept accommodation bills. Go it!
May.—Trusting maidens, don't believe in a chimney-sweep's suit this month! The fellow will most likely wash it all off on May-day.
June.—The longest day occurs this month. Take care it doesn't come in the latter end of your honey-moon.
July.—Every dog has his day this month. Bachelor dog-days are numbered.
August.—The first mail, 1784! Poor fellow!
September.—Michaelmas-day this month. Wise geese keep close.
October.—Old Michaelmas-day used to fall on the 11th of this month. Hoary-headed and unmarried old ganders chuckle at the thought of their escape.
November.—Mothers of large families should get their Guys off their hands, if possible, this month.
December.—If you have not been hooked before midnight on the 31st, you are safe for this year at least.

A member of the New York "Lazy Club" has just been expelled for going at a faster gait than a walk. The recusant offered in mitigation of the sentence the fact that the sheriff was after him, but the society was inexorable.

FOR ANOTHER WOMAN.

"Please tell me what the time is?" asked a little boy of an apothecary, who was much troubled by such inquiries.
"Why, I told you the time but a moment ago," snapped the apothecary.
"Yes, Sir," said the boy, "but this is for another woman."

MORAL TRIUMPH.—A popular essayist says, "Perhaps the great triumph of all moral writings, including sermons, is that at least they have produced some sweet and innocent sleep."

"The best of all ways to lengthen our days" is to make a short trip to Spitzbergen, my dear, where the longest day lasts three months and a half. Who wouldn't be a Spitz-burgher?

A correspondent who reads the reports of all the banquets complains that so much is said about "the memory of Washington," and inquires whether Washington had a better memory than any body else, that it should be so generally remarked upon.

A SWEET BABE.

YOUNG WILLIE (*to whom dear Grandpa has just offered half a dollar*). "No, thank you, Grandad. You stick to it a bit longer, and lay it out at Interest, and I'll get all the more when you pop off, Old Man."

"MISUNDERSTOOD."

SCENE—*An Evening Party. Enter Young Molyneux.*

PRIVATE CHORUS OF LADIES. "What a horrid-looking Man! What is he Scowling at?" etc., etc.

[*Now we happen to know that Young Molyneux is one of the best-tempered fellows extant, but he is dreadfully short-sighted. He has forgotten his eyeglass, and is helplessly peering about for the Hostess.*

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

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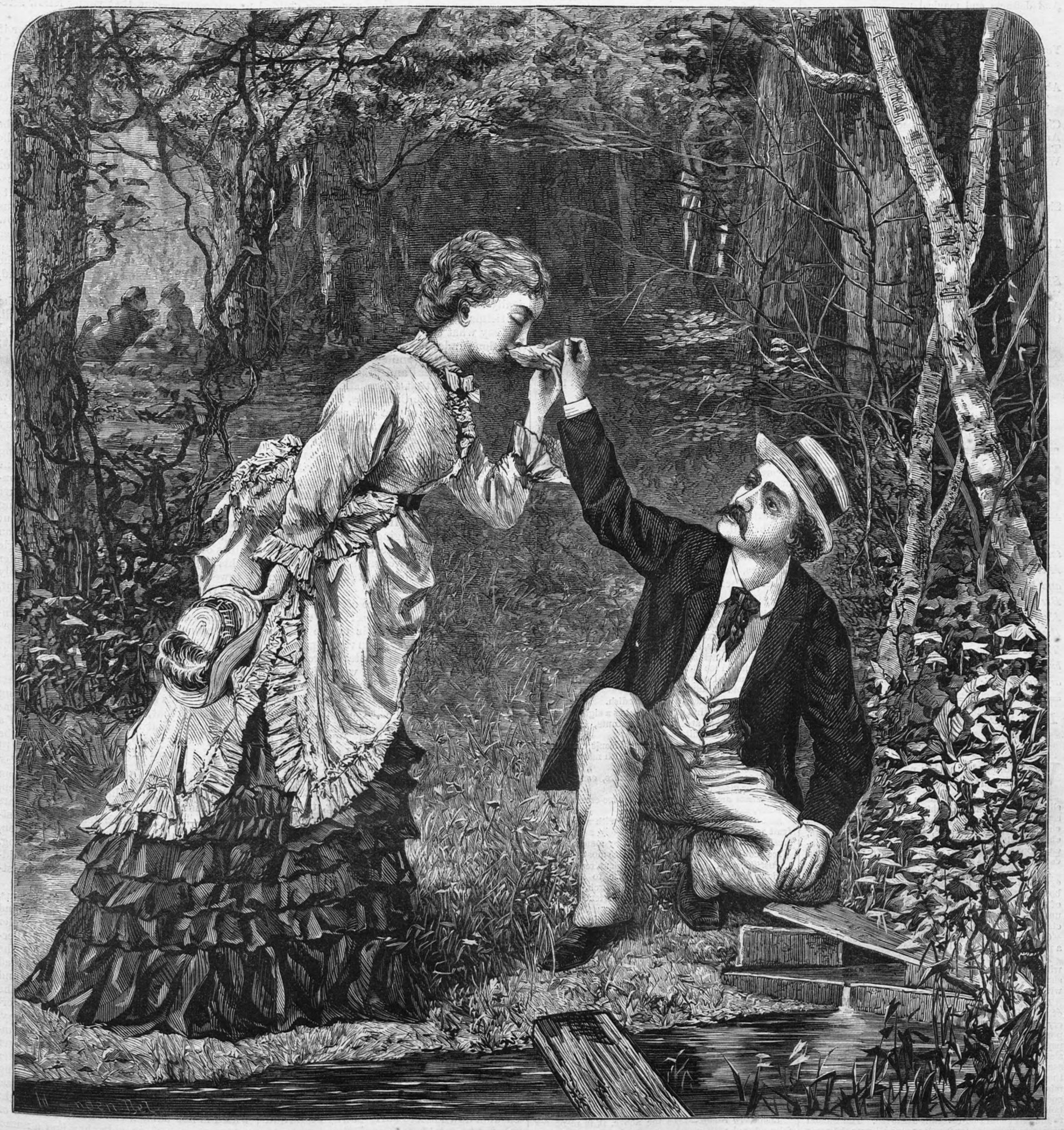

"AT THE SPRING."—DRAWN BY T. HOVENDEN.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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AT THE SPRING.

See illustration on first page.

BY way of contrast, this charming picture of the mossy spring in the forest glades, where the maiden bares her head to the gentle summer breeze while she drinks the clear water from the leaf-cup which the youth gallantly proffers her on bended knee, is delicious to contemplate amidst the snows and blasts of winter. The spring is ice-bound now, the trees are clad with icicles instead of leaves, and the youth and maiden sit by the warm fireside and chat of the summer wanderings among scenes where they learned to know and love each other. Perhaps at this very spring, around which some local superstition had woven a charm like that of the famed Fountain of Trevi, they spoke the magic words which bound them for life; and this memory brings a glow to their hearts sufficient to melt all the frosts of winter. Many a forest spring has a spell which in spirit, if not in flesh, will recall those who have drank of it as surely as its counterpart of Rome.

MARY, THE COOK.

IT is strange what a world of romance,
What a 'wildering, witching spell,
Hangs about Mary, the cook.
Why, it's music to sit in *her* silence,
And (I'm not ashamed to tell)
It's heaven to catch but her look.
She, rubbing the lamps, well might madden
The stoniest slave of Aladdin—
In short, if you want to know sweetness
And deftness and magical neatness,
You've only to look
At Mary, the cook.

You see, as we're off on a picnic,
Some duties must fall to the girls;
So Mary is boiling the tea.
Ah, who wouldn't be an old kettle
To mirror those tumbled curls,
And sing near her heart for glee!
Charley and Kate, by the beeches,
Are opening pickles and peaches;
The others are making a table;
While I, like the fox in the fable,
Sit vainly and look
At Mary, the cook.

She's "steady"—I'd swear it. And "sober?"
Well, no—by that mischievous laugh!
"Willing?" A fellow can't tell,
Though she knows how I long to ask her,
Or guesses it more than half,
Which answers nearly as well.
Shall I ask her? (But, ah, what effront'ry!)
"To go a short way in the country,"
And always be— Jove! Is she flushing
Over that fire—or—blushing?
What if I rose and "took"
Mary, the cook!

Mine! by the grand old beeches!
Mine! by the pickles and peaches!
Mine! by the rippling brook!
Mine! by the sunset splendor!
Mine! by the starlight tender!
Mary, the cook!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1873.

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of Skating Suits for Lads and Misses from 4 to 15 Years old; Ladies' Evening and Ball Dresses, Walking Suits, House Dresses, Breakfast and Dress Caps, Lingerie, etc.; Girls' Knitted and Crochet Hoods; Sewing-Weights, Blotting-Cushions, Emery Bags, Card-Baskets, Toilette Cushions, Wall-Pockets, Purses, Embroidery Patterns, etc.; together with choice literary and artistic attractions.*

BILLS OF FARE FOR SUPPER-PARTIES.

BY PIERRE BLOT.

WE conclude in this paper our glossary of culinary terms.

Fancy toast is a dish made with slices of bread slightly toasted, and on which butter, mixed with essence of anchovy or mustard, is spread. Boned anchovies, sardines, herrings, caviare, hard-boiled eggs, chopped with parsley, capers, ham, or meat of chicken, chopped, are used to make the toast, which, when carefully made, is a most appetizing dish.

Beurre de Montpellier is a mixture of sweet-oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, hard-boiled yolks of eggs, capers, boned anchovies, pickled cucumbers (and a few cloves of garlic, if liked). The whole is pounded in a mortar until reduced to a paste. It can be colored with vegetable carmine or juice of spinach.

Oysters.—Served raw, either on the half shell or on a plate, with pieces of lemon, etc.

Fish-salad.—Made with boned salmon or flounders, or with the flesh of the tails of lobsters, craw-fish, and shrimps, placed on a salad of vegetables, and served with a mayonnaise sauce.

Lobster-salad can be made in two ways. The meat of the tail and claws is chopped and mixed with celery cut in small pieces, then the following sauce is poured over: mix well together oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, mustard, chopped parsley, and the soft substance found in the body shell of the lobster, and the sauce is made. The green substance found inside is thought by many not to be fit for eating, which is a mistake. It is the liver of the lobster, and is just as good as the white part. It turns green while being boiled. The dark bluish vein running from the head to the tail should be carefully removed. The second way is to spread a mayonnaise sauce all over the meat and celery, and decorate with hard-boiled eggs cut in fancy shapes, capers, lettuce, pickles, etc.

Lobster en coquilles are tails of small boiled lobsters split in two lengthwise, tastefully placed on a dish with hard-boiled eggs cut in fancy shapes, chopped parsley, and mayonnaise sauce. The body and claws are used as ornaments.

Salmon à la Parisienne.—Boiled salmon served whole and cold, with jelly, lettuce, water-cress, shrimps, or craw-fish, and a mayonnaise sauce.

Salmon, boiled.—Served cold with either a ravigote or a rémolade sauce.

Sturgeon au beurre de Montpellier is a boiled sturgeon with head and tail off, served with beurre de Montpellier and a mayonnaise sauce. A trout is served the same as a sturgeon.

The birds described below, either tame or wild, after being boned and cooked, are served cold, *en Bellevue* or with jelly, as explained in the preceding number: capons, chicken, ducks, guinea-fowls, turkeys, partridge, grouse, pheasants, pigeons, prairie-chickens, quails, snipes, bobolinks, and other small birds.

Pâtés (pies) may be made of the above birds, and served cold.

A fillet of beef, a tongue, a saddle of veal or of venison, veal and deer chops, a ham, are also served whole, either *en Bellevue* or with jelly.

Roast beef, corned beef pressed, ham, saucisson de Lyon, roast chicken and turkey, are served cold, whole or in pieces.

Such birds as capons, chickens, turkeys, grouse, partridge, pigeons, and quails can be served cold, surrounded with water-cress.

Chicken-salad is too well known to require any description.

Foies gras are served in slices or *à la Lucullus*—that is, cut in the shape of a chop, and served with truffles, tongue, and jelly chopped together. Foies gras, or pâtés de foies gras, are made with geese livers and fresh pork, seasoned with truffles, fines herbes, and spices. They are mostly imported.

Chicken écarlate.—Fillets of chicken served with slices of tongue and jelly.

Chicken en chanfroix.—Fillets of chicken served with jelly and a sauce. Grouse and partridge are also served like chicken *en chanfroix.*

Hure de Sanglier.—This dish may be decorated in several ways. It can be made with a wild hog's head (there being no *sangliers*, or wild boars, here), or even with a domestic hog's head; it is an excellent and handsome dish. By opening the head underneath and lengthwise, all the bones, the tongue, and most of the flesh are taken off. The flesh and tongue are chopped or cut in dice, and mixed with truffles, pork loins, beef tongues, and salt pork, cut in the same way and well seasoned. The head is filled with the mixture, preserving its original shape as much as possible. It is sewed and wrapped up in a towel, and then boiled for about six hours. When cold it is surrounded with jelly, and served whole. The ears, eyes, and mouth are filled with chopped jelly and chopped parsley.

Pain de volaille is chicken meat chopped, and cooked in a sauce into which are mixed chicken combs, slices of truffles and of tongue; then it is turned into a mould, and served, surrounded with meat jelly, when perfectly cold.

Pain de gibier is the same dish as the above, made with partridges, grouse, and the like, instead of chicken.

Sheep's Tongues à la Père Hyacinthe.—Boiled sheep's tongues served with slices of beef tongues alternated around a dish, in the middle of which is a salad of vegetables. The tongues are surrounded with meat jelly and croûtons. A mayonnaise or a ravigote sauce is served with them. Veal tongues are served in the same way.

CAKES.

Baba.—This cake is served small or large. It may be dipped in a sirup of Madeira or of rum for half a minute immediately after it is out of the oven, and allowed to cool afterward.

Biscuits are made with flour, eggs, and sugar, and flavored with any kind of extract. Almonds or hazel-nuts cut in small pieces may be mixed with the rest.

All such cakes as the following are served at parties: bouchées, biscottes, Breton, Châteaubriand, Compiègne, Napolitain, Pithiviers, Savarin, éclairs, Charlotte-Russe, kisses or méringues, macaroons, Génoises, Madeleines, nougats, waffles, choux or cream-cakes, either méringues, glacés, or au chocolat, etc.

A Bombe is ice-cream moulded in the shape of a bomb, the fuse being imitated with colored sugar.

Brioche is an excellent cake, made of any size, with flour, butter, eggs, sugar, cream, salt, and yeast. The more it is kneaded the better and lighter it is. Housekeepers should see that their cooks do not use mineral powders instead of yeast. We know that it is often done to avoid kneading.

Blanc-mange makes an excellent dish.

Buisson of any kind of cakes makes a sightly dish.

Croquembouches are glazed chestnuts, carpels of oranges, or other fruits.

Corbeilles are pieces of a large biscuit cut in the shape of a small basket, and filled with marmalade of apricots or jelly.

Baskets are filled with cakes, fruits, candies, and candied or glazed fruit.

Pyramids are made with fruits, ice-cream cakes, candies, candied or glazed fruit, etc.

Sorbets (sherbets or ices) are made with any kind of fruit juice, or with Champagne. They are very refreshing, and preferred to ice-cream by many.

Iced coffee, tea, and chocolate are also most excellent.

Pastillages.—Large pieces for ornament, representing various things, from a Roman vase to a fortified castle. They are made with sugar, starch, gum, etc. These dishes can only be made by experienced confectioners.

Pièces montées are like pastillages, made to imitate an indefinite number of objects and subjects. They are made of paste, of pastillage, and of such cakes as kisses, waffles, nougat, sponge-cake, Génoises, etc.

Macédoine of Fruit.—A mixture of preserved or crystallized fruits, served with fruit jelly.

Compotes, as well as marmalades or jams and preserved fruits, are as good as they are numerous.

Lemonade is water and lemon juice, sweetened. The addition of a little orange juice is liked by many.

Orangeade is made like the above, with orange instead of lemon juice.

Groseille is water and currant juice, sweetened. Currant jelly diluted with water makes an excellent beverage for dancing parties.

Orgeat is pounded almonds diluted with water, sweetened, and then flavored with orange-flower water.

Apple Sirup.—Apple jelly diluted with water, and sweetened to taste.

Raspberry Sirup.—Like the above, it is raspberry jelly diluted with water. It is flavored with vinegar and slightly sweetened. Raspberry jelly being naturally flat, good wine vinegar gives it a cooling and very pleasant taste.

Any other fruit jellies may be used in the same way to make delicious evening beverages, which are refreshing and very agreeable to the taste. It is better not to sweeten them much, as they slake thirst better when somewhat sour.

The dishes served at suppers are the same as those served at anniversaries, weddings, christenings, and other similar parties. If there is any difference, it is only in the beverages. At a wedding or christening party, for instance, more wines are used than at a dancing party.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of the Mistletoe.

MY DEAR HORACE,—I sit in my room this Christmas-eve and hear the chimes from the neighboring steeple. The air is very cold and very still, and the music is very sweet and tender. But such music is more than that of bells. They, indeed, seem to furnish only the sound of an inward chiming, and it is not melody from the tower in the next street that we hear, but the mingled music of other years, of thoughts and associations vibrating from the distance. What a happy time it is! How truly they are holidays that we celebrate! As it is the anniversary of the birth of a spotless child, so it is sacred to children, and the renewal of our faith and hope and charity by the sympathy of childhood. No day in the year so truly restores our childhood to us; and if we could forget Christmas, and make it a common day, we should be very much poorer for it. You remember Dickens's Christmas stories, and what Thackeray says of them in words that blaze and crackle, as it were, with Christmas warmth. It was not only the good cheer of Christmas that they celebrated—not only the turkey, and beef, and mince-pie, and plum-pudding—but the rich food of charity and sympathy. The day takes the form of a feast in those stories, but that makes it only the more human.

I know a young lady who thinks that there is not enough of the mistletoe in those tales. She is very grave and staid about it, but she says that we must be historically correct, and every body knows that historically there was a great deal of mistletoe at Christmas. She says no more. She does not say what the mistletoe meant, nor what was done under it. But when, with her soft eyes and her blooming cheek, and that nameless freshness and grace of youth, she says, earnestly, that the mistletoe is indispensable to a true Christmas, I have heard many gentlemen of various ages, as they looked at her intently with honest admiration, exclaim, "Certainly it is! O that it were Christmas-eve now, and that a mistletoe bough hung from this very ceiling!" You are such a shrewd fellow, my dear Horace, that I suppose you suspect what they meant. I really believe that if it had been Christmas-eve, and if there had been a mistletoe bough hanging somewhere overhead, there would have been a prodigious rush for that young woman, and that all the historic rites of Christmas would have been enthusiastically celebrated.

But the mistletoe is there oftener than we think, and all the rites observed. As I sit in my chair, and the music of the chimes trembles and dies away, then rises again, and seems to fill the sparkling starry arch, I remember the little girl with whom I used to play at school, with the long ringlets flowing down her back, who looked at us all so archly, and to dance with whom we boys struggled with each other on the happy days of the dancing school. There was a handsome mother who looked on, I remember, and who seemed to me as old as Helen of Troy, but who was really a very young woman. I seem to recall now what I was not then conscious of observing, that the handsome mother was pleased and proud to see her little girl a belle among those little boys; and once, I remember, she stooped and kissed me when I was her daughter's partner. What odd fancies a very young boy may have! I wonder if I really did think as I danced with her that she was to be my wife, or do I only suppose that I must have thought so? Certainly the other boys teased me, and called the little Flora my sweetheart. She smiled gayly; but I did not smile, although I know that it made me happy to hear the words. And when we played games on Christmas-eve, and I was to kneel to the wittiest, bow to the prettiest, and kiss the one I loved best, the boys began to laugh, and said, "Oh, oh!" and "We know who he is going to kiss;" and I did not care, although my cheek was burning, and, like a knight riding into the tournament, and proud to wear the colors of his Queen of Love and Beauty, I plumped the cushion down before curly-haired Flora, and saluted her amidst the explosive delight of that juvenile company. Dear little Flora! How softly sound those chimes! That handsome young mother is long since gone, and the little girl never grew to be a woman. Does any body else recall that smiling, happy face this Christmas-eve?

Or there was Una, the sweet, serene maiden who seemed to have stepped from a Venetian picture. The dancing-school days were passed, and life had become much more serious. Serious! Why, there was a young fellow who was wondering, as he constantly thought of Una, upon what sum a heroic youth might marry. There was a young fellow who read poetry and stories, and to whom every love poem and novel seemed to have been written only to express his feeling for Una. There was a young fellow who sang prettily, and who invited other youth to join him in giving little serenades to several divine and incomparable maidens, and who always sang a passionate solo under Una's window. One day he heard that the world had suddenly come to an end—at least that seemed to be the real scope of the intelligence, for it was that the serene Una was going to marry the Chevalier Bayard. There was, as it were, a murmur of delight, for the event was declared to prove incontestably that matches are made in heaven. There was a young fellow who refused to believe the rumor, and who had his own views of the place in which such matches were made. But one day, alas! there were wedding-cake and orange blossoms—and that young fellow serenaded no more.

If I should look in my glass, I wonder if I could find any resemblance to that old young fellow whom I remember? Last week I took tea with the widow of the chevalier. Her name is Una, and she is the serenest of old ladies. Her hair is silver white, smoothed away under her cap, and she seemed to me quite as lovely as she seemed to that young fellow—but with the difference. It is December now, not May. We talked of the old times, as I think of them when I hear the chimes on Christmas-eve. And as I think of them now I salute the serene Una, who has been always so true and lovely a woman. That young fellow long ago generously forgave her preference of the man whom she loved best, and can see that his own fancy was a mist of the morning. How strangely the chimes sound, like far-away marriage bells!

I said it was December, but August is the month of which I am thinking, and a still, warm morning. That is a lake of the Tyrol yonder, with snow mountains rising from it; and a party descend to the shore and step into a boat and pull out upon the lake. One of them is the same boy who knelt to the little Flora, and the same young fellow who sang solos under Una's window. He is pulling an oar steadily, and there is gay conversation in the boat. Gretchen dips her hand in the water and listens, looking sometimes at the traveler from a distant country, but taking small part in the conversation in which her father and mother and her brother and sisters and that young traveler join. In the evening they go out again upon the water, and the full moon shines over them. The traveler lifts a bugle to his lips as the boat lies motionless under a towering cliff, and he plays a melancholy air. When he ends he waits for a moment, and then the melody is breathed back again, infinitely soft and clear. Some hapless princess prisoned in the cliff murmurs her sorrow to the moon. Gretchen looks at the young traveler, and he half fancies that it is her voice he hears—a tone of tender appeal. Their eyes meet, and again he lifts the bugle to his lips. What song of longing and regret is that, what whisper that dreams are vain, and that the chance travelers of a day must only smile and part? Again the soft reply, a wail of heart-break—and still their eyes are fixed upon each other—*leb' wohl, auf wiedersehen!* Next morning upon the diligence he kisses his hand to Gretchen, and at this moment—how many, many years between!—that traveler listens to the Christmas chimes, and sees the silent Gretchen, never seen since that old summer morning. Did she marry? Will young men and maidens say to-morrow morning, "Merry Christmas, dear grandmamma?"

Aurora, next, lover of woods and streams, who sat all day rocking in a tree, and found fairies every where. She took that traveler in her boat, and as they drifted in the reflection of the autumn maples he told her the romance of travel. They heard the muffled beat of the mill-wheel beneath the hill, and sang together simple songs. They read the story of Francesca, and seemed to understand. Aurora married Bacchus—the gay, gay god. They parted; and the most charming matron whom you know is that voyager of inland streams whom the young traveler met as he returned from kissing his parting hand to Gretchen. The acute womanly sense, the just and charitable judgment, the insight which is not baffled, the cheerful humor of experience, if collectively they had a name,

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it would be Aurora. The chimes seem to ring it in that change—Aurora! Aurora! brightness and clearness of daylight and morning!

So as I sit here, dear Horace, the air is full of various music. It is Christmas music—songs of jubilee and joy. I think of the happy homes chiming with the sweet voices of children before light, feeling of the stockings and blessing Santa Claus. Those voices enchant parent and grand-parent until they, too, are children. Then the whole feast expands. It is the festival not of a day, but of a life. And, O staid and grave young woman, who sweetly insistest that the rites of the mistletoe shall be scrupulously observed, lo! they have not been forgotten even in this solitary chamber. For here, alone in the Christmas-eve, amidst the soft clangor of the chimes, this old heart tenderly salutes damsel after damsel beneath the mistletoe of memory!

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FUR-TRIMMED DRESSES.

WHITE furs are being used in Paris for trimming evening dresses. For this purpose ermine is preferred. Wide bands of ermine are placed flatly on the dress material, or appear as a facing for velvet or satin sashes, basques, etc. A regal dress made in Paris, and worn by a New York lady when receiving New-Year's calls, furnishes a model for description. The dress is white satin; the garniture is royal purple velvet, point lace, and ermine. The trained skirt has a quilled ruffle of satin on the edge, headed by a broad band of purple velvet, with a stripe of ermine placed along the middle, and a narrow quilling of satin on the upper edge. Down the front breadth a tablier is formed of lengthwise bands of velvet, on which ermine is laid. The over-skirt is open in front, with sharp points on each side, and panier puffs behind, held up by a sash of purple velvet. There are two corsages, one high and the other low in the neck; both are pointed in front, and have postilion backs. Velvet, ermine, and point lace trim the neck and sleeves.

Bands of ostrich feathers, either white or tinted to match pale silks, are also much used for heading the lace flounces of rich evening dresses. The light downy marabout feathers are being introduced as trimming on thin materials, but are so frail that they do not meet with much favor.

NEW-YEAR'S DRESSES.

A lovely dress worn by a young brunette on New-Year's Day was of palest tea-rose silk, trimmed with pleatings of white gauze and garlands of roses shaded from the palest pink to deepest crimson. In contrast to this was a dress of turquoise blue silk, worn by a blonde. This dress represents a favorite fashion this season, of dispensing with an over-skirt, and having merely an apron on the front breadths, while the back is trimmed to represent a court train, and is looped in a large panier puff by a velvet sash. Five narrow lapping ruffles, very fully gathered, are on the lower part of the three front breadths, while above those is the wrinkled apron simply edged with Valenciennes lace. A single wider gathered ruffle extends from the belt down the second side seam and around the train. The sash is of darkish sapphire blue velvet, lined with the pale blue silk of the dress. The low corsage has a belted front and two soft points behind, edged with a double cord of silk. The Grecian folds of the bertha are formed of the dark velvet and light silk, edged with pleated Malines tulle. Tea-rose clusters are on the front of the corsage and the left shoulder. A pale opal-tinted silk has an appliqué border of oak leaves and white blossoms wrought in chenille. A very rich dress of *sarde* brown silk has five flounces in front, each headed by a velvet band; two wide flounces are in the back. The over-skirt has a wide flounce around the apron, while the back breadths are straight and looped like sashes. The corsage with belt and postilion back has a collar of velvet and Malines tulle.

A superb dress worn by a stately blonde was of black faille, with garniture of black brocade and Valenciennes lace. This had no over-skirt, but merely a vest-basque and a train looped in panier puffs by a brocaded satin sash. The front of the skirt had the new melon puffs lately described, wide brocaded revers on the second side breadths, and a flounce on the back. The vest and square cuffs were of brocade, edged with a frill of pointed Valenciennes lace. The back of the waist was pointed, and a graduated ruffle edged it, like a basque.

LACE POLONAISES.

Lace polonaises are among the dressy articles lately imported. A French fancy is to make these entirely of stripes of white insertion, either of Valenciennes or duchesse lace, alternating with stripes of black velvet ribbon two inches wide. The garment is then edged with white lace laid over black, and is worn with a belt and sash of black velvet lined with white silk. This makes a very pretty over dress for the black and light-colored silks that are worn to dinner-parties and small receptions.

PLAIN WINTER DRESSES.

Woolen dresses for daily wear at home are now made in such a fashion that they may be worn in the street also. They have a plain polonaise, either belted or in the princesse shape. The skirt is usually untrimmed, though a single deep flounce may be added, or else a cluster of lapping folds is used, with a narrow box-pleating on each side. Skirts with back breadths trimmed to the belt with ruffles or kilt pleating are too elaborate and too easily disarranged for house dresses. A preferable fashion is a plain skirt, with merely an apron in front and sashes in the back, like the pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 41, Vol. V. The materials for these dresses are the wool diagonals, serges, satines, and merinoes, and the softer repped fabrics, empress cloths, Biarritz, and velours. These are now sold at from 75 cents to $1 a yard. The basque corsage is used with the skirts just described, and should be made in the simplest jockey shape, with merely a facing of silk or velvet for trimming. A fanciful chatelaine pocket of the dress material, or else of the fabric with which it is trimmed, is convenient and pretty with home dresses. When made of black velvet, this will serve with various dresses. This is merely a five-sided bag or pocket—made flat, with straight sides and a point below—pendent from two bias straps that are fastened on the right side of the belt under a bow of ribbon. Dusky olives, plum-color, blue-gray, and warm red-maroon are the quiet colors that replace the bright blue, green, and crimson formerly chosen for afternoon dresses. To enliven these sombre hues, gay ribbons are worn about the neck and hair, and the complexion is softened by amply pleated frills of clear white muslin or lace, worn around the neck and wrists. The caprice of the moment is to make these frills very full in box-pleats; this is true of lace frills as well as of simple muslin. White Swiss muslin cravat bows, with the edges trimmed with Valenciennes, are also prettily worn with house toilettes. For fresh, clear complexions fine sheer linen is arranged in side pleats, and worn as a standing frill behind, while the corners in front are turned over after the fashion of English collars. A muslin bow, or a jabot of lace or ribbon, is then worn at the throat.

The comfortable box-pleated blouses of last year are in as great favor as when first introduced. A blouse of gay-colored cashmere, or of white, black, or gray opera flannel, is a most convenient garment for house wear. It may be worn with various skirts, thereby saving the trimmed corsages of nice costumes, and it serves also in the place of half-worn waists that sometimes accompany good skirts. Scarlet and blue flannel blouses, with black and white braiding on the pleats, are sold at the furnishing houses for $4; white and black flannel blouses are also shown, either for mourning or for ladies wearing colors. The sailor blouses of blue flannel have been noted lately.

The New-Year's Day apron of sheer white muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace laid over colored ribbon, is also found at the furnishing houses. Trimmed with Italian lace, the prices range from $2 to $5. This apron is in favor for young ladies who do not wear full evening dress when receiving New-Year's calls, and also for the ladies who attend tables at the charity fairs and bazars that are so numerous this season.

CALICOES, ETC.

The housewives who, even in winter, wear calico morning dresses when attending to their household duties are advised to buy the yard-wide English calicoes. These are of firm, close fabric and durable colors, that come from the laundry brightened and freshened week after week. They are sold in double purples, of stripes or other simple pattern, for 20 cents a yard; chintz patterns, closely imitating French calicoes, are 25 cents. Eight yards of this makes a loose Gabrielle wrapper, shaped like an elongated polonaise. When snugly belted over a trim figure, this is a tidy, graceful-looking dress, that endures any amount of lifting, raising the arms, or other motions, without ripping or straining the fabric. To make these warm enough they should be worn over under-waists of Canton flannel or other warm material. If lined, the material of the lining should be well shrunken before it is used.

QUILTED SKIRTS, FLANNELS, ETC.

Among English goods are warm quilted skirts, to be used as Balmorals. Some of these are of black satin, quilted in diamonds, and trimmed to the knee with kilt pleatings, or with flounces stamped in designs like embroidery. These are handsome enough to be worn as the lower skirts of costumes. Price $40. Plain quilted satin skirts, gored in trim shape, are $16; others, with the lower half of the skirt made of quilted satin and the upper of alpaca, are $7. Felt skirts with deep quilted satin border are also $7.

The flannel petticoats shown at the furnishing houses are no longer gored, but are of three full straight breadths gathered to an ample belt, into which drawing-strings are run. The simplest designs for these are a hem and two tucks, ornamented with feather stitching of silk or linen floss. Smooth linen floss looks quite as well as silk, washes and wears better, and is much less expensive. Skirts with embroidered edges cost from $6 to $18. The popular embroideries are shallow scallops, heavily overcast, and rows of square blocks, or else clusters of leaves, wrought above. The all-wool flannel, a yard wide, worth from 60 cents to $1 13 a yard, is much used for these skirts. This, however, is apt to shrink, and we commend instead those flannels in which a little cotton is mixed. The best heavy goods for winter use are the Shaker flannels, a yard wide, worth from 50 cents to 85 cents a yard. Skirt patterns of light flannel, with the selvedge embroidered by machinery in leaf-pointed edges and vines, cost from $1 75 to $5 50 a yard. For skirts to be used when traveling thick gray flannels are shown, also the heavy gray twilled Shaker flannels that are used by working-women. A "medicated" flannel of bright scarlet is shown for under-clothing for invalids. The scarlet Shaker flannel is heavily twilled, and has the advantage of having been shrunk: price $1 a yard. The double-warped red flannel sometimes used for gentlemen's under-clothing is $1 10. Blue twilled flannel for girls' and boys' sailor suits is sold in the best shades and quality, twenty-four inches wide, for 60 cents.

For information received thanks are due Mrs. CONNELLY; Miss SWITZER; and Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

MR. GEORGE P. PUTNAM, whose sudden decease on the 21st ult. has thrown a gloom over literary and artistic circles, was equally known and esteemed as a publisher, scholar, gentleman, and the personal friend and associate of the most eminent public men of the time. He was a close companion of the late WASHINGTON IRVING, and had the intimate friendship of FENIMORE COOPER, JOHN P. KENNEDY, BAYARD TAYLOR, THOMAS HOOD, and many other notabilities in the world of literature and art. In connection with Mr. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS and CHARLES F. BRIGGS he established *Putnam's Magazine*. He was one of the founders of the Century Club, and for several years chairman of the Art Committee of the Union League Club. He was a modest, amiable, intelligent gentleman, and one of the most useful of our citizens.

—Miss THACKERAY, whose exquisite stories have formed a prominent attraction in the columns of the *Bazar* and *Weekly*, is as admirable in society as she is on paper, and in the literary circles of London occupies the highest position.

—A Miss WHEAT, of Virginia, having entered into the holy bonds, and that sort of thing, an editor of the district expresses the hope that her path may be flowery, and that she may never be thrashed by her husband.

—Mrs. J. LLOYD ABBOTT, who recently made her appearance at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in this city, is a lady in opulent circumstances and good social position. She is the granddaughter of the late Governor SHELBY, of Tennessee, and daughter of General DUSHEA, of Mobile.

—Mr. CHAFFER is a peculiar man. A few moments before the fire broke out in the Fifth Avenue Hotel he was assigned a room. He immediately descended and coolly asked if the clerk "could not give him a room that was not on fire."

—We are sorry to see that Bishop JANES, Dr. Foss, and a few others of the Methodist Episcopal Church are joining hands with the Roman Catholic clergy in making war upon the Public School System. A few evenings since the first anniversary of the Educational Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held in New York, and some of the speakers assailed the public schools. We hope the laity will take the matter in hand. In every country the movement in favor of sectarian schools is purely a *Clerical* one. The people here, no matter of what creed, if left to themselves, prefer the present system, and know it to be the only one that can be sustained, for it is the only one that is in harmony with American institutions. If the Educational Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church requires the destruction of our Public Schools, the sooner it is broken up the better.

—This truly wonderful "personal" of an American peripatetic warrior comes from a London paper: "Mr. Serjeant BATES, who bears the Stars and Stripes across England, is of distinguished kin. A brother of the late Hon. EDWARD BATES, the Attorney-General under the administration of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and connected with the late JOSHUA BATES, the great banker, he first entered the public service as an advocate of distinguished qualities, appearing as attorney in the now famous case of the United States *v.* GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND. He gradually rose to eminence, until he became one of the ornaments of the American bar. His fondness for British institutions led him to adopt the title of Serjeant (not Sergeant) BATES." Well, well, well!

—Mlle. BERNHARDT, who has achieved fame as an actress in Paris, has among other pleasing peculiarities the whim of carrying around with her the skull of a poor girl who died of consumption—whether to remind her of the shortness of life, or as a *petit souvenir* of her lost friend, is unknown.

—The mother of RUBINSTEIN, the pianist, is a celebrated music-teacher in Moscow, and said to be very wealthy.

—THOMAS CARLYLE has one little peculiarity which should give us national grief. He can not hear the name of WASHINGTON repeated without violent expressions of contempt. He does not like our federal parent because he failed to fulfill the true condition of grandeur as set forth in *Hero-Worshipers*. But he likes EMERSON.

—Mrs. General SANDERSON, of Washington, Ohio, owns a box said to have been brought to America by CORTÉZ when he came to conquer Mexico. It is inlaid with ivory, and its age is said to be about four hundred years.

—Mr. DARWIN has written a new book, the subject of which is *The Expression of Emotion in Man and Animals*. For the purpose of proving the connection between the two species he states that both men and apes "pout" and "turn the cold shoulder" as an indication of displeasure. And he tells how it is done, in order that all juvenile apes or humans who like may practice the pout without mistake. He says that "the pouting here referred to consists of the protrusion of both lips in a tubular form, sometimes to such an extent as to project as far as the end of the nose, if this be short;" and that "pouting is generally accompanied by frowning, and sometimes by a *booing* or *whooing* noise."

—Two Japanese priests have arrived at Berlin to obtain information about the Christian religion. The Rev. Dr. LISCO is explaining to them the various Christian creeds. The interpreters are a Japanese acquainted with the French language, and the sworn interpreter, Dr. GIOVANOLI. It was at first attempted to employ one of the young Japanese in Berlin as interpreter, but it was soon discovered that he was unable to translate into Japanese certain fine theological distinctions with the requisite accuracy.

—The Duchess of Newcastle, who was a great writer of romances in the time of CHARLES II., asked Bishop WILKINS, who had just announced his discovery of a world in the moon, how she could get there. "As the journey," said she, "must needs be very long, there will not be any possibility of getting there without stopping on the way." "Your Grace," replied the bishop, "can be at no loss for places to stop at, as you have built so many castles in the air."

—Princeton College has given to the American Episcopate five bishops: CLAGGETT, of Maryland; HOBART, of New York; MEADE, of Virginia; M'ILVAINE, of Ohio; and JOHNS, of Virginia.

—JENNY LIND recently delighted the Americans at Florence by singing in the Episcopal chapel maintained by our countrymen in that city.

—Miss DEPEW, of Le Mars, Wisconsin, has built and organ-ized an Episcopal church, and that, too, as the vitally pious editor of the *World* says, without Depew-ting any part of the work to others.

—Rich as the Orleans princes are known to be, they have just been made doubly so, the French National Assembly having passed a bill restoring to them their confiscated property, valued at over forty millions of francs. The amount is to be divided among the fifty-two living descendants of LOUIS PHILIPPE.

—The Baroness DE SAMUEL, a somewhat antiquated but extremely wealthy Jewess, of London, is about to marry a young English nobleman, who is very poor.

—M. CATACAZY, after having inserted himself in fresh linen and appropriate traveling garb, left Paris a few days since for parts unknown, leaving madame to delight metropolitan attention by her fascinating manners, her jewels, and her beautiful apparel.

—PINCHBACK is said to be not the real name of the acting Governor of Louisiana. It was given to him when he was boating on the Mississippi River, on account of the profusion with which he adorned himself with what is sometimes called jewelry.

—Of GEORGE MACDONALD it is said that in an age of too much loose literature he is, like SCOTT and DICKENS and THACKERAY, pure-minded. His English is very pure, and while WILKIE COLLINS outdoes him in plot, he outdoes WILKIE COLLINS in delicacy and sweetness of touch.

—VON MOLTKE must be growing younger, according to the warm account of an enthused young Englishman, who says that, though the old general is seventy, he is the youngest, blondest, and slenderest general officer he ever saw. "The quick, elastic step, the slender, almost womanly waist, contrast strangely with what one expects to see in a full general. It is difficult to shake off the impression that he is a boy. He has a light and nearly transparent complexion, a clear blue eye, flaxen hair, white eyebrows, and no mustache."

—According to Mr. FORSTER, his biographer, CHARLES DICKENS lived and worked at high pressure, and died of overwork. He did even his nothings in a strenuous way. One day he got wet through thrice, and dressed four times; another, he walked eighteen miles in four and a half hours in a broiling sun. Living at Genoa one winter, he dashed over to London in the most inclement weather (riding night and day) and back to Genoa again, for no earthly reason but to try the effect of reading *The Chimes* on a few intimate friends. His dash into the editorship of the London *Daily News* and out of it again within three weeks was highly characteristic of the man.

—Colonel FORNEY was perhaps the man who enjoyed most of the society and confidence of the late EDWIN FORREST. In a lengthy editorial on his character he speaks of his talent as a talker, and whether he talked politics, religion, or poetry, he was the peer of his associates, of whatever rank or station. More than once in days gone by, when statesmen in Congress of both parties visited the editor of the Washington *Chronicle* and the Philadelphia *Press* at his old rooms on Capitol Hill, FORREST would drop in after he had acted Macbeth, or Othello, or Richelieu, or Jack Cade, or Coriolanus, and at a word forget the fatigues of the night, and startle the dignities by appearing as a French critic on SHAKSPEARE, a Yankee in the South, a slave-holder on a steamboat, a negro in the pulpit, or an interpreter of some old ballad of the fireside affections. And all this till cold PITT FESSENDEN, of Maine, or grim THADDEUS STEVENS, of Pennsylvania, or reticent JOSEPH HOLT, of Kentucky, would be convulsed with laughter or drowned in tears.

—The latest royal betrothal has made a break in reference to faith, brought about by the betrothal of the Grand Duke VLADIMIR to a daughter of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Before the recent conference of the emperors at Berlin the custom was that when a princess married into the imperial family of Russia she had to join the Greek Church; but at the conference the Emperor WILLIAM peremptorily declared that henceforth German princesses marrying into the Russian imperial family must be allowed to continue in the Protestant faith.

—That was a pleasant incident in Mrs. CADY STANTON'S career when, a few evenings since, at Green Bay, she was delivering her lecture on the "Coming Girl." She told how her father, when they were going over the highlands of Scotland together, had a pair of boots made for her, and how she walked therein just as many miles as he, and just as well. After the lecture a bronze-faced, furzy individual stepped around to the greenroom, and putting forth a knotted palm, said, "An' wi' ye shek haan's wi' the maan wha made the booties for ye?" and there he was. She did.

—EDMUND YATES, who is now in the wilds of Chicago, St. Louis, and jungles adjacent, has, in company with AUGUSTE DUBOURG, written a new comedy, entitled *Without Love*, which is soon to be produced at the Olympic Theatre, London.

—Twenty years ago, when HENRY CLAY was in Philadelphia, he was called on at his hotel by MR. FORREST. It was after Mr. C. had introduced the compromise measures, which were violently opposed by PIERRE SOULÉ, of Louisiana. Colonel FORNEY, who accompanied Mr. FORREST, praised Mr. SOULÉ'S abilities, which Mr. CLAY at once denied, ending with the exclamation, "He is nothing but an actor, Sir!" when, suddenly recollecting that the great tragedian was present, he added, quickly, "I mean a *French* actor, Mr. FORREST." As Colonel F. and FORREST passed down stairs the latter laughed very heartily as he said, "And I think the best actor of the two was the old man himself."

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Fig. 1.—VELVET AND LACE OPERA HOOD.—BACK.

Fig. 2.—VELVET AND LACE OPERA HOOD.—FRONT.

Velvet and Lace Opera Hood, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS black velvet hood is lined with lustring and trimmed with white guipure lace, and also with pinked ruches and bows of pale pink gros grain. The front ends of the cape are fastened at the bottom of the waist as shown by the illustration.

Fraises with Bows of Swiss Muslin, Lace, and Ribbon, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—PLEATED SWISS MUSLIN FRAISE WITH BOW. This fraise consists of two rows of gathered lace seven-eighths of an inch wide, which are sewed on one side of a tulle strip seven-eighths of an inch wide, with the straight edges turned toward each other; this tulle strip is edged at the other side with a single row of gathered lace. The seam of the two upper rows of lace is covered by a needle-work strip a quarter of an inch wide. The bow consists of two loops each two inches and a half long and three inches and a quarter wide, and two ends of the same width and four inches long, of narrow-pleated Swiss muslin, edged with lace half an inch wide. Several loops and ends of red gros grain ribbon an inch and a quarter wide and a knot of smooth Swiss muslin complete the bow.

Fig. 2.—DOTTED SWISS MUSLIN FRAISE WITH BOW. This fraise is made of two rows of gathered lace an inch and a quarter wide, and several narrow rolls of plain Swiss muslin. Arrange the bow of figured Swiss muslin edged with lace and narrow light blue gros grain ribbon as shown by the illustration. Of course the color may be varied to suit the dress.

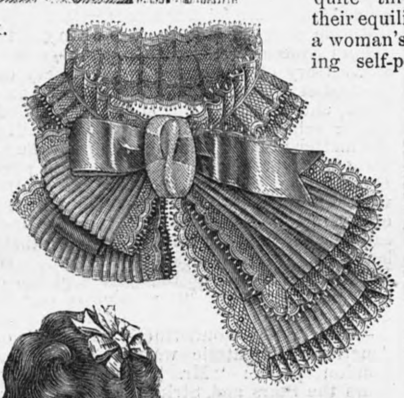

Fig. 1.—FRAISE WITH BOW OF SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND RIBBON.

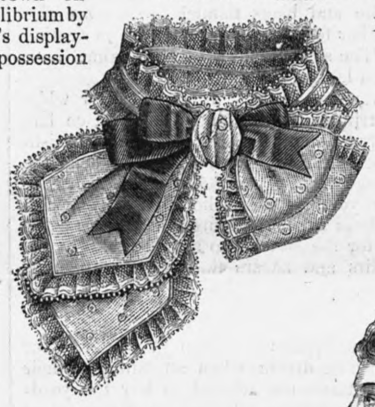

Fig. 2.—FRAISE WITH BOW OF SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND RIBBON.

POULT DE SOIE DRESS.

Poult de Soie Dress.

THIS dress is made of gray poult de soie. A wide kilt-pleated ruffle of the material is sewed on the skirt. The trimming for the over-skirt and waist consists of a binding of gray poult de soie and white guipure lace. Bows of the material are set on the sides of the over-skirt. Pleated Swiss muslin collar and under-sleeves. Cherry gros grain hair bow.

Gros Grain Dress.

THIS brown gros grain dress consists of a skirt and polonaise, trimmed with bows, folds, and box-pleated ruffles of the material and white guipure lace. Pleated Swiss muslin collar and under-sleeves.

WOMEN AND WORK.

I AM not one of the sticklers for a formal adherence to certain conventional laws which somebody or other has enacted for the governance of men and women. I have known people to be quite thrown off their equilibrium by a woman's displaying self-possession enough to read aloud a poem in a promiscuous circle. And again, I have known some persons to manifest considerable disturbance at seeing a gentleman, and, above all, a clergyman, take a walk with his baby in his arms. If it had been a child of two years, it might possibly have been overlooked; but an infant in long-clothes — how shockingly improper! But have the fathers, then, no duties? Was the Great Founder of the race mistaken in giving children a father as well as a mother?

I have as little admiration as any one for a man who is Old Bettyish, and continually dabbling in domesticities; but I do greatly admire one who has manliness enough to let his dignity take care of itself; who, if his wife is feeble, and his cook has suddenly taken her departure, is not too full of conceits about his own respectability to go into the kitchen, if need be, and tend a cake at the fire — like a king before him, and not burn it either, as the royal Alfred did.

I admire a man who can turn his hand to any thing that sudden exigencies may require, and without being tormented by qualms lest perchance some doctor of divinity, or president of a college, or some old acquaintance on Change, should hear of his deed, and he should thus sink one notch below his lordly heights.

And I admire a woman who can throw herself into the breach in similar exigencies, and bravely do a man's work without so much as once asking herself whether it be perfectly feminine, or what Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones would say if they should see her. This is one of "woman's rights" that I believe in. And I believe in man's rights too—in his right to do any thing that needs to be done, when there is no one else to do it; in his right to rock the cradle and tend the baby if necessary, and even to get up at midnight, if it should be sick, and carry it back and forth with soothing words or a gentle lullaby, while its worn mother gets a little quiet sleep.

Perhaps, in all candor, I ought here to admit, however ashamed I may feel to do so, that there *are* inefficient, or indolent, or possibly a few *mannish* women, who have no objection to impose their proper work upon their husbands. Of such inglorious *shirking* there can be but one opinion. For of all upside-down arrangements, none is more despicable than that in which a woman, having put her husband under the yoke, leaves him to perform domestic drudgery at home while she is gossiping in the street.

GROS GRAIN DRESS.

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"GOOD-BY, DEAR."

"GOOD-BY, DEAR."

THESE gushing young ladies, who force the street car to wait while they exchange a last fond embrace, oblivious of the stare from window and platform of the passengers, know very little of that delicate tenderness which shuns the public gaze, and deems its demonstrations too sacred for such occasions. But the girl of the period wears her heart on her sleeve, and makes the whole world a sharer in her feelings. She is speculative in every thing, and wholly ignores comparative values; her conversation knows no shading: each of her friends is dearest and darling; all her preferences and aversions are either awfully nice or awfully horrid; she has no idea of any such thing as a golden mean, and, withal, expresses her likes and dislikes with sovereign contempt of the tastes of those about her. Let us hope that time and experience will tone down her manner, and prove to her that gush is only the froth of feeling, that sentimentality is the pinchbeck imitation of sentiment, and that quiet conviction carries more force with it than the noisiest demonstration.

(Continued from No. 1, page 7.)

LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Grif," and "Joshua Marvel."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GOOD COUNSEL.

THE cab was turning the corner of the little street in Soho in which Lily lived, and Lily was about to ring the door-bell, when Mr. Sheldrake laid his hand on her wrist, and said,

"Let me have a few minutes' conversation with you to-night, Miss Lily. I beg it as a favor."

Not daring for Alfred's sake to refuse, Lily tremblingly suggested that they should go indoors and talk; but Mr. Sheldrake said, in a tone that was half decided and half imploring,

"I can not speak to you in the house, Miss Lily."

She raised her eyes to his face for an explanation, and he answered the look.

"Your grandfather is not my friend."

"But that is not grandfather's fault," she said, loyally.

"I do not say it is; it is my misfortune, perhaps. He is not so much a friend of Alfred's as he should be."

"How can you say that?" asked Lily, with a beating heart. "You are wrong, very wrong; grandfather loves Alfred."

"I only judge from what Alfred has told me, Miss Lily. So far as regards myself, of course I can see that your grandfather is not overcordial to me. And he has no right to be otherwise: I have been a good friend to his grandson, and I deserve some better return."

"I know, I know, Mr. Sheldrake," said Lily, earnestly. "Alfred has told me of your kindness to him. I am very grateful to you for it, believe me."

"Well, then," rejoined Mr. Sheldrake, briskly, "you can scarcely refuse me the small favor of a few minutes' quiet conversation with you—although I accept it as a great favor, Miss Lily? It is a fine night, and, after the heat of the theatre, the air will do you no harm."

She had no power to refuse, and they turned slowly from the door. Near to the house was an arched avenue which led to one of the larger thoroughfares. Not many persons were stirring in this quiet courtway, and thither Mr. Sheldrake led Lily.

"If we walk up and down slowly, Miss Lily," he said, "our talking together at this time of night will not attract attention. Pray take my arm."

She laid her hand lightly on his sleeve, and waited anxiously for his next words.

"I hope," he said, looking into her face with an expression of tender solicitude, "that the effects of your faintness have quite passed away."

"Yes, thank you. It was very stupid of me to give way so."

"You must not say that. You could not help it. And you are the last person, I am sure, to give pain to your friends."

She raised her eyes to his.

"It pained me exceedingly to see you overcome, and I could not help reproaching myself for being the innocent cause of your suffering."

"You were not to know that I was so weak; you did not know what kind of a play it was we were going to see."

"Thank you, Miss Lily," he said, eagerly, "thank you. You do me greater justice than your friend Lizzie did. She seemed to be unaccountably set against me."

"She was anxious about me, Mr. Sheldrake."

"And naturally so. For that reason I can find an excuse for her; if it were not for that, I should have been inclined to be angry with her. I think she must be ungrateful."

"No, indeed," said Lily, warmly. "She is the very reverse of that. You must not speak ill of Lizzie, Mr. Sheldrake."

"Your wish is law," he replied, gallantly; "but if she is not ungrateful, I am the most unfortunate of men, for I have by some unaccountable means incurred the displeasure of two persons whom you love—your grandfather and Lizzie."

He paused here, anticipating and wishing that Lily would have replied to this, but she was silent.

"And the mystery is that both have good reason to behave differently toward me, to think better of me, for they must know that I have stood a good friend to Alfred. You know that."

"Yes."

"We entered into a compact, if you remember—you and I—to work together for Alfred's good. You *do* remember it, do you not?"

"Yes."

"That was at Bushey Park. It is one of the pleasantest days in my remembrance. Well, now, I've tried to perform my part in the compact. I've stood Alfred's friend through thick and thin—it might sound boastful if I said that very few men would have stuck to him as I have done. However, I can take no credit to myself for doing so: he has you to thank for it—only you. Why, here am I repeating the very words I said to you on the day we entered into partnership!"

His treacherous hand closed upon hers with a tender pressure which made her shiver. Not so much in the words he had spoken, but in the manner of their utterance, he made her understand that he held Alfred's safety—perhaps his life—in his hand, and she felt that if she repulsed him Alfred would be made to suffer. He released her presently, and, encouraged by her submission, his treacherous arm would have stolen round her waist. But instinctively she evaded the embrace, and stood apart from him. Had her life depended upon it, she could not have acted otherwise. At this moment a man passed through the archway. Mr. Sheldrake's back was toward the man, who, with a keen observance of Lily's attitude, walked slowly onward in the direction of Lily's home. Mr. Sheldrake waited until the man was out of hearing before he spoke again.

"I hope I have not frightened you by telling you that very few men would have stood by Alfred as I have done, Miss Lily?" How strong the armor of modesty is was never better shown than in the fact that the man of the world had not yet found courage to address her simply by her Christian name. "But it is a fact, I assure you. I dare say Alfred has confided in you, and has told you some of his troubles?"

"I don't know the exact nature of them," replied Lily; "I only know that he is very much harassed."

"Perhaps it is better," said Mr. Sheldrake, significantly, "that your knowledge should go no farther. I am afraid that he has been very injudicious—it is a mild phrase, but I would not distress you by using a harsher term. Let us say that he has been injudicious, indiscreet. Well, what then? So long as you and I remain true to our compact, he is safe. There is comfort in that knowledge, is there not?"

"Mr. Sheldrake," said Lily, in an agony of alarm, "is Alfred in danger?"

"Not while we stand by him. Do not needlessly distress yourself. We'll see him through it, you and I. Many a young fellow has been wrecked through want of a friend—but Alfred has two. Shall I tell you what makes me so earnest in his cause?"

"No," she replied, hurriedly, and looking round as if for help; "not to-night. It is late, and grandfather will be anxious about me. Some other time."

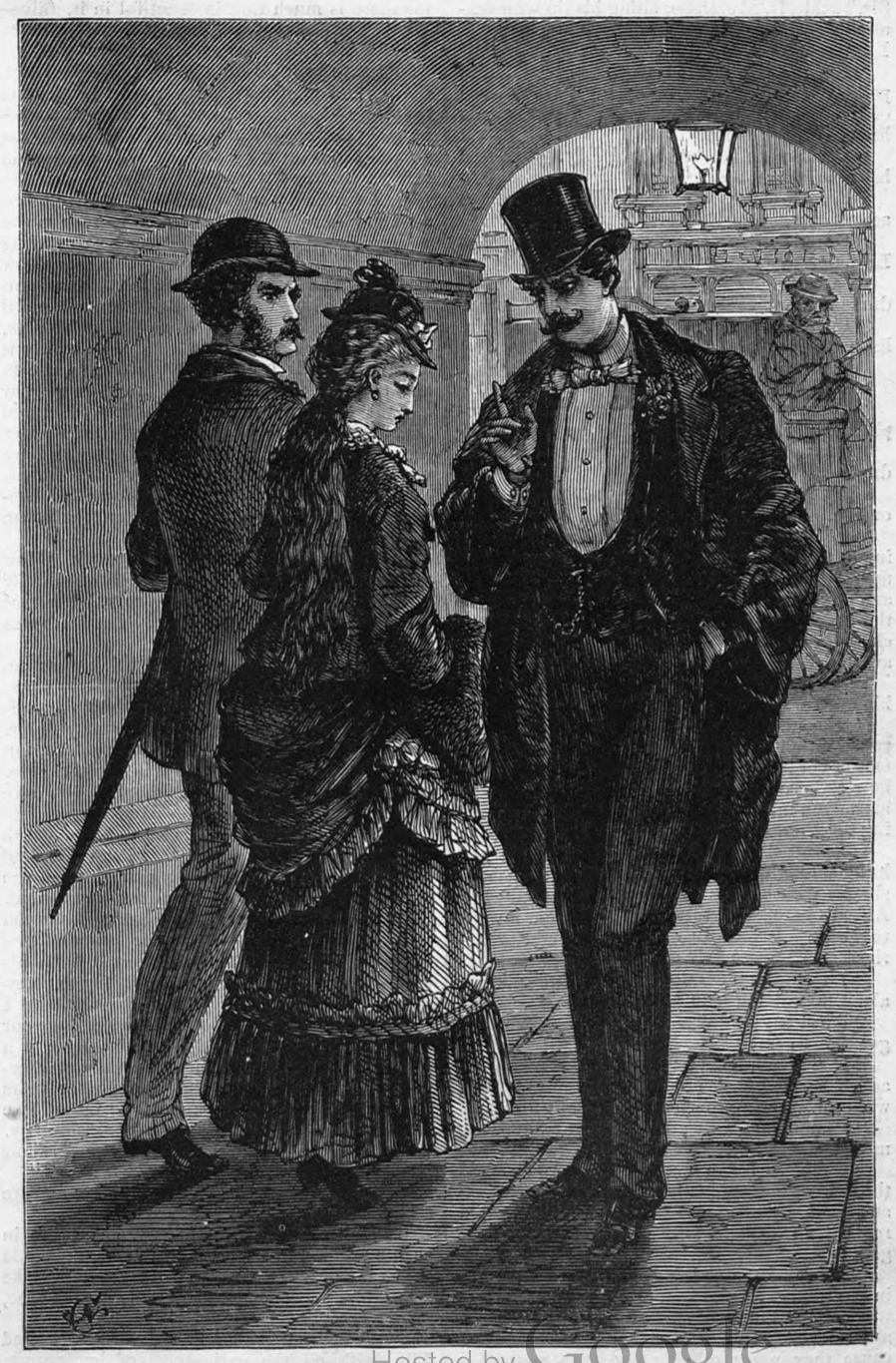
"What if some other time should be too late?" he questioned, pitilessly. "You are scarcely kind to me, Miss Lily. Nor to your brother either. You ask me whether he is in danger, and almost in the same breath you show unkindness to the only friend who has it in his power to pull him through his difficulties. I make no boast of being his friend—it is the simple truth. And what should there be to displease you in the knowledge that I am your brother's friend because of the feeling I entertain for you? A girl should be thankful—I will not speak of gratitude—to be in this way the guardian and protector of her brother."

"I am grateful, Mr. Sheldrake; indeed, indeed, I am!"

"You have a strange way of showing it, Miss Lily. Pardon me if I seem to speak harshly, but I am deeply wounded by your conduct, and by the conduct of others who should show a better regard for Alfred's position. Your grandfather is cold to me—Alfred's sweetheart misjudges me; but I could forgive these if you were kind. It is due to my self-respect—which I can not forfeit, not even to win your good opinion, Miss Lily—to ask you again whether I may tell you what makes me so earnest in your brother's cause?"

Thus miserably constrained, Lily whispered "Yes," in a faint tone, knowing what was coming, and dreading it. Mr. Sheldrake dropped his voice to the requisite pitch of tenderness, and prepared to make his avowal.

"I saw you first by accident, Miss Lily. I was passing the Royal White Rose Music-hall one evening—it was in June of last year, a night I shall never forget—and having a spare half hour, I dropped in. Almost as I entered you came upon the stage, and from that moment it seemed to me that my fate was fixed. Such an impression did your sweet face make upon me that I drove to the hall on the following evening, and being acquainted with Storks, the manager, we spoke together about you. You remember on that night I threw you a bouquet—I bought it especially for the pretty girl who had made such an impression upon me—and after the performance I came to the back of the stage, and had the pleasure of being introduced to you. I saw that you were too good for such a place—that you were in every way different from the usual run of music-hall performers—and you must take the blame on yourself for having attracted me in such a manner. It is not many



"FOR ALFRED'S SAKE."

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girls who have done so—nay, no other has ever produced a similar impression upon me. From that moment, Miss Lily, I began to love you."

He did not appear to be aware that the very words he employed in declaring his love showed of what base material it was composed. His speech flowed smoothly, and he mentally congratulated himself upon his skill in delivering it. There was no tremor in his voice, for the situation was not new to him. He had delivered himself of artificial love-phrases to a score of girls in his time, and he had become practiced in the art; but he was compelled to acknowledge to himself that never had he found conquest so difficult as this—which gave it without doubt a keener zest, and made him as artificially earnest as it was in his false nature to be.

Lily listened tremblingly. It was the first avowal of love that had ever been made to her, and it met with no response in her heart. But thought of Alfred's peril compelled her attention. Encouraged by her silence, Mr. Sheldrake proceeded:

"I saw you home that night, and after lingering about the street long after you entered the house—see what an impression you made upon me!—it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of your brother. He has told you of the circumstance probably?"

He paused for her reply, and she gave it.

"Yes." Faintly whispered, as if it were wrung from her.

"He was in some difficulty, and I was enabled to get him out of it. I was attracted to him by his voice and by his resemblance to you. An acquaintanceship sprang up between us, and it has been in my power to assist him on many occasions. I have done so, as you know, for your sake, and because I love you. There is no need for me to say more. There is one reward I have looked forward to for befriending your brother, and whom I shall continue to befriend if I can hope to find some place in your affection—"

He placed his arm around her, and so overpowered was she by her inward conflict of feeling that she had no power to resist. But at this critical moment a quick step was heard coming into the archway. Lily turned with a gasp of relief, and seeing who it was that was approaching them, involuntarily cried, in a joyful tone,

"Felix!"

And made a movement toward him.

Felix raised his hat, and said,

"Your grandfather is anxious about you, Miss Lily."

"Have you seen him to-night?" asked Lily.

"Yes; I have been to see *The Bells*, and he told me that you had gone to the same theatre. He expected you would have been home before this time."

"Miss Lily was in perfectly safe keeping, Sir," said Mr. Sheldrake, biting his lip with vexation at the interruption, and with jealousy at Lily's more cordial manner toward Felix.

"I make no question of it," replied Felix, politely. "Her grandfather must be satisfied of that; but I think he expected Alfred would bring his sister home."

"I will come at once," said Lily. "Alfred has gone to see Lizzie home."

Felix offered his arm, and Lily was about to accept it, when Mr. Sheldrake interposed:

"I would like you to assure this person, Miss Lily, that there was no cause for alarm."

In a very lofty manner indeed did Mr. Sheldrake make this request.

"Indeed, no assurance is necessary," said Felix, with the intention of sparing Lily.

But Mr. Sheldrake would not be denied.

"I asked the lady, Sir."

"There was no cause for alarm, Felix," replied Lily, thus directly appealed to.

"One word before you go," said Mr. Sheldrake.

Obedient to her look, Felix fell back a pace or two.

"I will take an early opportunity of continuing our conversation; I will not intrude farther upon you to-night, for I see that you are fatigued and anxious. Thank you a thousand times for the hope you have given me." In this way he chose to interpret her manner of receiving his avowal of love. "Who is this person?"

"He is a friend of ours, who has been very kind to us."

"Of course you will keep what has passed between us an entire secret. For Alfred's sake. Out of consideration for you I have not told you how serious his position is; I do not wish to alarm you unnecessarily. But you and I, working together, will be able to set him straight."

He pressed her hand tenderly as he wished her good-night; and as she took Felix's arm he shaped with his lips the warning words, "For Alfred's sake," and turned away without a word to Felix. Before Lily and her protector arrived at the house Lily said,

"I want you not to let grandfather know about my talking with Mr. Sheldrake."

"I will say nothing, Lily. You are not angry that I came?"

"No; I am glad—very, very glad." And added, anxiously, "I have not done any thing wrong in stopping to speak to Mr. Sheldrake."

"I know that, Lily; but don't say any thing more about it."

"I must. I can not bear that you should think ill of me; and it has so strange an appearance that any one less generous than you would require an explanation, and that I can not give."

"If I say I am satisfied, and that I hold you in too perfect esteem to think ill of you in any way—that I know you have troubles which you are compelled to keep to your own breast, because they affect others more than yourself—will that content you?"

She answered yes, and he gave her the assurance in other words.

"I have a confession to make before we go in, Lily."

"You, Felix!"

"Yes; I have told an untruth, but one which, I think, may be pardoned. I have not been to your house since eight o'clock. I saw your grandfather then, and he told me you had gone to see *The Bells*, and appeared anxious about you. I was anxious also, for I did not care that you should see such a piece."

Lily shuddered. "It was dreadful, Felix! Did you know that I fainted?"

"No; I noticed that you were very pale."

"You were watching me, Felix?"

"Yes, Lily; I was at the back of the pit, and could just see your box."

Lily experienced an exquisite delight at this confession. He had come to the theatre expressly to watch over her. Involuntarily she held out her hand to him, and allowed it to remain in his grasp.

"I knew when you came out of the theatre, Lily," he continued, "and when I came toward you just now, and you asked me if I had been at home with your grandfather, I saw no other way of avoiding an unpleasant explanation with Mr. Sheldrake than to say what was not exactly true. Now, if you can say sincerely that you forgive me for the subterfuge, you will relieve my mind and make me feel less culpable."

"No forgiveness can be necessary, Felix, when the only feeling I have is one of gratitude that you came when you did."

"Thank you; I am more than sufficiently rewarded. Now I am going to say something to you which may need forgiveness; but I depend upon your generous nature not to misjudge me. My words are prompted by sincerity and pure esteem, Lily. Shall I go on?"

"Yes," she answered, clearly, looking him steadily and earnestly in the face. There was so much truthfulness in her look that he could have taken her in his arms there and then, believing that she would have found comfort in that shelter, knowing that it would be to him the greatest happiness earth could afford. But he mastered the impulse with manly resolve, and with a tender and chivalrous regard for her weakness. There was no fear, no doubt, in her face; she knew she could trust him; all the bright dreams of her youth were embodied in him, and would ever be, though the dear realization of them might never, never come. He was her knight, in the truest sense of the word.

"You are but a child, Lily," he said, "inexperienced in the world's hard ways, and bringing only to your aid, in any difficulty you may be laboring under, a simple heart, unused to the artifice and cunning which surround us. I have learned something of the world in my struggle; and although I have not learned to condemn it—for there is much that is beautiful in it, Lily—I have learned that it is often necessary to arm yourself with weapons that you despise, if you would save yourself from hurt. In battling with the world a man must not wear his heart upon his sleeve—there are too many vultures about—he must not oppose a bare breast to foes whose breasts are mailed. I am expressing myself in this way so as to make you understand that I—who, I would have you believe, despise meanness and unworthiness as heartily as it is in the power of man to do—feel the necessity of using weapons in life's battle which I would fain throw aside. There is nothing more noble than simplicity of heart—I worship it wherever I see it—but it is a weak weapon, as the world goes, and in most cases where it is relied on solely it becomes wofully bruised. Say that you are in any trouble, that any cloud hangs over your life, that you are threatened by storms which you see approaching to you nearer and nearer—how can *you* meet them, Lily? What weapons have you at your command to save yourself from the peril? Simplicity, innocence, self-sacrifice! Relying only on these and on yourself, the storm breaks, and then—"

He paused, and Lily did not speak. How precious were his words to her! How skillfully and delicately had he contrived to tell her that her happiness was dear to him! His voice was like music to her heart.

"Then, Lily," he resumed, "think what occurs. It may be that I am wrong in my fears. How happy it would make me to know that it is so! But if I am right, think what may occur. You may bring misery not only to yourself, but to others. You are moved by this thought, I see. Has it never occurred to you before? You have at home two whom you love—your brother and your grandfather. There is no need for me to say how dearly your grandfather loves you, and what anguish you may bring upon him if you allow suffering to come on yourself unprepared. In both your brother and your grandfather you should confide, and from your grandfather's larger experience of the world, and from his whole-hearted love for his dear child, good counsel would surely come, if counsel be needed. I should say, if I were asked, that were I in your place and needed counsel, I should deem it a matter of duty, as it is equally a matter of affection, to seek for it in one whose riper years qualify him for giving it, and whose life of love for his child is a sufficient warrant for his sincerity. I should say more than this, Lily, if you will allow me, and if you are not displeased with me—"

"Go on, Felix. I honor you for what you are saying."

"I should say, were I in your place, and in such a position as I have hinted at, that I should fail in my duty and my love if I neglected to take him into my confidence, and that, in that case, doubts might well arise in his mind—"

"Of my love for him, Felix!" interrupted Lily, with all the earnestness of her nature. "No, no; do not say that!"

"I might have been harsh enough to use these very words, if I did not know that good old man's heart. Cling to him and to his love, dear Lily; do not throw him aside in your trouble. It is the dearest privilege of affection to share the troubles of those we love. If I were married"—his voice trembled slightly here—"the first consoling thought that would arise to my mind should misfortune overtake me would be, 'Thank God, I have one at home who will sympathize with me and, by her sympathy, console me!'"

Had Felix been the most cunning of men, and had he carefully studied every word he wished to say, he could not have made a more successful appeal. Such strength is there in sincerity and in honesty of purpose! If any thing had been wanting to make him inexpressibly dear to the girl he loved so loyally, to make her cherish him (as she did) in her heart of hearts, he had supplied it. But he had no thought of that; he had spoken out of perfect singleness of motive.

"So now," he said, in a lighter tone, "my lecture being over, and knowing, as I know, that you are not hurt or offended with me for speaking as I have done, we will go in to your grandfather. I look upon myself as a very conspirator—pretending to be anxious that you should be at home, and keeping you in the night air for my own selfish purpose!"

He raised his hand to the bell, and Lily caught it and kissed it. She felt no shame in the action, any more than a little child might have done; but the soft touch of her lips thrilled through Felix, and so powerful a happiness filled his heart, as he thought of what might be in the future for him and for her, that a mist floated before his eyes. The next moment he raised her hand to his lips, and returned the homage with the respect and devotion of a true and faithful knight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AND YET.

I SEE him look at Linda's wavy hair;
I see him watch Cecilia's winning smile;
I see him notice Maud's complexion fair;
My heart with dread is beating all the while;
And yet
I'm almost sure he loves me best of all.

I see him glance at Milly's fairy feet,
And follow all their movements with a smile;
I see him charmed by many maidens sweet,
My heart with dread fast beating all the while;
And yet
I'm almost sure he loves me best of all.

For when he takes my hand in both of his,
And looks at me with his confiding smile,
My every doubt and fear are set at ease,
Although my heart is beating all the while;
And—yes!
I'm sure, quite sure, he loves me best of all.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE Parisian drawing-rooms are reopening for the season, and the capital is becoming gayer day by day. The diplomatic corps announce frequent and regular receptions, and every thing betokens a brilliant winter. The influx of foreigners into Paris since autumn has been greater than at any time since the Exposition; and even the shop-keepers—those habitual grumblers at the hard times—are forced to confess that business is good. The political agitation causes some uneasiness, it is true, but it is generally believed that this will soon be quieted, and that we shall enjoy the peace to which we all aspire.

A few dancing parties have already been given, but the ball season will not begin before January. Until then our dress-makers will be busy in meditating on the effects of trimmings, and awaiting inspiration which shall enable them to compose not one, but a thousand fashions; for in these days no lady is content unless each one of her dresses has been invented expressly for her, and is wholly unlike any thing that has ever been seen before. The combination not only of colors, but also of fabrics, is the great resource of modistes in this emergency, and nowhere but in Paris can the most opposite colors and the most inharmonious stuffs be allied with artistic grace. Whenever this is attempted elsewhere, the result is sure to be crude and heavy.

Ball dresses are divided into three classes: silk alone; tarlatan or tulle, without the admixture of any other fabric; and lastly, tarlatan and silk, tulle and silk or velvet, etc. This last class is infinite; it is the domain of unlimited fancy.

The so-called simple toilettes are made therefore of tarlatan, and nothing but tarlatan, in several layers, one above another; coarse tarlatan for petticoats, and fine tarlatan for skirts, overskirts, flounces, ruches, and pleated and gathered trimmings of all sorts. It is almost the same with tulle; this, however, is usually worn over a petticoat of silk, satin, or faye, and is therefore less simple.

There remains the costly and dressy toilette. This has for its basis a petticoat of silk, a skirt of tarlatan or tulle, with all possible trimmings, and lastly, a tunic or polonaise, made often of silk tissue, brocaded in the Pompadour style, or else of plain silk, plain satin, or velvet of a light or even dark shade, according to fancy. Of course this tunic or polonaise is very short, and is generally open in front, and cut in points so as to conceal as little as possible the trimmings of the tulle or tarlatan skirt. To tell the truth, these ball tunics, when they are made of velvet, satin, or silk, and worn over tulle or tarlatan dresses, are basques rather than tunics, and more of an ornament than a garment, but are always attached to a waist of the same material as themselves. To make my meaning better understood, I will describe a dress of this kind.

Petticoat of white silk, trimmed on the bottom with a pleated flounce of white tarlatan, headed by a lace flounce. Skirt of white tarlatan, trimmed with a pleated flounce (but with the pleats very far apart) of peach velvet. Large tunic, almost trained, of white tarlatan, trimmed with a lace flounce, and slightly draped on each side under an agrafe of peach velvet. On the back of this tunic is a very deep flounce, forming a long basque. Low waist, with very short sleeves, of peach velvet, with four large basques lined with white satin. Between each basque the velvet is arranged in a large pleat. All the velvet portions—the flounce, waist, and basques—are trimmed on the edge with a very narrow galloon of white silk. This peach shade, which is a very beautiful pinkish-violet, is quite new, and copies the bloom seen on the finest ripe peaches, gilded and colored by the sun, in the suburbs of Paris.

The coiffures are all very high. To be in the fashion it is necessary to mass all the hair on the crown of the head, leaving the back entirely flat and bare, save for a stray curl or two, or a few ends of ribbon or sprays of flowers that escape from the top. The hair is brushed up from the nape of the neck to the top of the head, where it is confined by a short but very broad comb, which, however, remains invisible; the front hair is then arranged to suit the taste, being generally combed backward so as to expose the forehead, temples, and even the ears, and, together with the back hair, is formed into loops of all sizes, and seemingly without any symmetry or regularity. When it is insufficient in quantity there is added, here and there, a puff or two, a few floating curls, a bow of ribbon, one or two pins of precious stones, metal, or simply shell, or, when the dress permits the ornament, two or three flexible stems with a few flowers. The whole is designed to look as if arranged carelessly, without study, and as if laid on without being fastened in place. Feathers and aigrettes are also often worn in the hair with ball toilettes.

Scarfs of wide ribbon, which have taken the place of belts, and are worn on the right or left side, arranged in numerous loops of different sizes, form part of all dresses for the street, balls, dinners, etc. They are trimmed on the ends with silk or cord embroidery, or else with velvet application edged with soutache—all, embroidery or application, being of the same color as the ribbon. The latter may be either of the color of the dress or the trimmings; when the latter is of two shades, the scarf always matches the darker tint.

The most fashionable fur is the silver-fox, which is used in bands for trimming dresses and wrappings, with muffs to match. This fur is black, with grayish, almost white, tips, which look like little snow-flakes on the fur. Very long paletots of light cloth, trimmed and lined with fur, are made for carriage wraps. For the street Dolmans are universally in vogue; they accompany all suits, and are worn over polonaises.

For the house sleeveless jackets of velveteen or Amiens velvet, with cotton back, are much worn over polonaises, with plain waist and half-flowing sleeves, open in front, and without trimming, or else edged with fringe.

Woolen guipure, fringed and in all colors to match the dress, is still much worn, and is even used for dresses of faille, reps, or silk armure.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

NETTIRES.

CHAPTER FIRST.

TO commence à la Wilkie Collins: The time was morning; the scene, Miss Nettire's bedchamber; the personages, Miss Nettire and an angel, on whom she had just opened her eyes.

Miss Nettire was a person who regulated herself by certain infallible rules. She never deviated from them by the breadth of a hair. You at once perceive she could have had no faults. Her neighbors did deviate from these rules; worse yet, sometimes wholly denied their efficacy. Being faultless herself, Miss Nettire had all the more time to devote to her neighbors, and, as a right-minded woman, was in constant concern about them.

Therefore, when, as I have just said, she beheld an angel, who demanded of her the names of the most grievous sinners who had offended her, she might have been startled, but she was not amazed beyond measure. She had a feeling that it was very much what might have been expected of Heaven, and that the angel's selection of a guide was not amiss. She answered the question with a fair degree of composure, and then a vast complacency expanded within her. Now it would be seen, with the sanction of Heaven upon her, who was right—she, or the people who sneeringly declared that if she were a saint, they preferred to remain among the sinners. How would they do now? Would they shriek, or swoon, or fall on their knees and call on her for protection?

CHAPTER SECOND.

To proceed à la Wilkie Collins: Place, Will Hartleigh's bachelor lodgings; time, breakfast-time; persons—invisible, Miss Nettire and the angel; visible, Will Hartleigh and his chum, Ned Hill.

Miss Nettire looked about her with virtuous horror. She hardly felt safe there, even in the company of an angel. He was a flirt. He attended theatres, and talked geology, and made wicked jests on the T. P. (Truly Pious) when he met Miss Nettire. Briefly, he was absolutely

without a redeeming trait, and the least that the angel could do, in her opinion, was to brand him and shut him up in a cage.

"Can't do it, Ned!" said Will's jolly voice. "To tell the truth, I had set my heart on running over to Europe this year, but I was obliged to pay out a thousand dollars in another direction; so I must stay at home this season."

That was all—not a word more; but under the solemn, benignant look of the angel, there flashed into Miss Nettire's brain a sudden scorching consciousness of their meaning. The recent Juneroseville fire had left Miles Stanley penniless. He was an old man, with a helpless family, and he was also Will Hartleigh's persistent enemy. Some one sent Miles Stanley, anonymously, a gift of one thousand dollars. No one had praised the unknown giver more loudly than Miss Nettire. She had also taken Will to task for his evident satisfaction over his enemy's misfortune. The generous unknown was Will Hartleigh, and he had sacrificed his year's pleasure for his enemy, and told nobody.

CHAPTER THIRD.

PLACE, the parsonage; persons, the much-enduring pastor and his more-enduring wife; Miss Nettire and the angel, invisible.

Miss Nettire looked hard at the angel. This was a degenerate parson. He was on horseback when he should have been visiting sick old women, and he paid three visits to Mrs. Hauton, who occupied the most stately house in Juneroseville, where he paid one elsewhere. If ever the thunder fell, what head better merited it than that of this selfish, frivolous, worldly, time-serving, latitudinarian priest? And again Miss Nettire looked hard at the angel.

The parson laid down his book, and looked anxiously at his wife.

"I am troubled for Mrs. Hauton," he said, with a sigh. "Her trials are so many! First, the death of Lucy, and now this terrible anxiety. Mr. Hauton is undoubtedly insane, and yet his insanity is mixed with so much cunning that it would be no easy matter to prove it; and she is obliged to look on quietly while he recklessly throws to the winds her children's property; and to crown all comes this trouble between John and his father. The young man will not credit his father's mental condition—insists on remonstrating with him as if he were a reasonable being. The poor woman feels as if she were losing her faith under these repeated afflictions."

Mrs. Parson looked sympathizing.

"You will ride there to-day, James?"

"I shall go there, but I shall not ride. I hear that some of my congregation are displeased with my new diversion. Their version of the matter is that their pastor rides about for pleasure and at his ease while the afflicted suffer and die without him."

"And so you will walk two miles and a half through this deep mud—you who are already so weak?" replied his wife, a red spot beginning to glow on either cheek. "What did the doctor tell you, James? That you could not hope to remain another year in your pulpit without active exercise, and exercise taken for pleasure, too. He said you might as well file a piece of steel every day in the year on exactly the same spot and not expect to wear a hole there. Follow my example, Sir, and don't walk with the fear of Nettire before your eyes, when your duty to God and yourself calls you another way. I had no outside wrap this winter" (Miss Nettire started). "To buy one out of your salary was not to be thought of. I had given my shawl to Kate: I couldn't see her come shivering home from school every day. I had some pieces of silk ten years old, and two extra breadths of cashmere left from my dress pattern. Between the two I contrived myself a paletot. It is cut after the latest style; I could cut it no other way. I lined and wadded it, and embroidered it to hide the piecing and help out the silk. It is very comfortable, and you say becoming. Well, Miss Nettire stands aghast, I am told. She says, 'It is no wonder that so many young women are going straight to destruction, and that people sneer at Christianity, when a woman who, from her position alone, should be pre-eminently adorned with good works, attires herself instead in gold and pearls and broidered array;' that means my piecing, you know. What should I do? Remain a prisoner in the house, and then be censured for non-attendance at the church, non-visiting, etc.? I say we can not serve two masters, and I prefer God to Miss Nettire. Be a wise man. Go and do likewise."

Miss Nettire's thin face was crimson. What sermons she had preached with that paletot for a text! What a scape-goat for the sins of the community was that luckless horse in her estimation! and how much she had added to Mrs. Hauton's heavy burdens! How natural, simple, and inevitable looked the very things that in her eyes had been inexcusable!

CHAPTER FOURTH.

TIME, lunch-time; place, Mrs. Goreout's breakfast-room; persons, the angel and Miss Nettire, Mrs. Goreout and her cousin Sue.

Mrs. Goreout was a pretty woman, and made the most of it. Her chestnut hair was rolled back becomingly from her arch face. A light-minded bit of lace perched jauntily over her forehead, evidently setting up for a breakfast-cap, though it could have no reasonable expectations of being taken for any thing more than a rosette. In Miss Nettire's opinion this bit of lace was the key-note to Mrs. Goreout's character. It was of no possible use. It could not keep her warm. She did not need it, for she was not bald. It was just there to look pretty—Mrs. Goreout's highest aim and constant endeavor, although she hypocritically pretended to care about better things.

"Now," thought Miss Nettire, "if she knew an angel was looking at her, I wonder if she wouldn't wish herself in a plain gray dress instead of that ruffled wrapper, and whether she would try to tuck her hair behind her ears or not!"

But Mrs. Goreout evidently had no suspicion of the angel. She sat complacent in her iniquitous gown, smiling as she dropped lumps of sugar into her cousin Sue's coffee, and talking in a pleasant voice.

"Grievous things said against me? What are they, Sue?"

Sue smiled, and coined a word on the spot:

"*Nettires.*"

"Oh!" Mrs. Goreout's white forehead had contracted a little.

"You are a member of the church, and yet, Miss Nettire says, you are absent half the time from the prayer-meetings, and from the 'Mothers' Flannel Society' assemblies; and more than that, she don't see, for her part, how you can come flouncing to the communion and to prayers in silk and velvet. She should think you would be afraid."

Mrs. Goreout sighed, and looked down for a moment, and then flashed a bright smile at Susan.

"Foolish to care, is it not? I won't care. It is true, I was not at the prayer-meeting last Wednesday. But there was a reason for it. Old Lisba's complaint is just now so bad that she keeps her bed. I could send her what she needs; but you know there are plenty to attend the prayer-meeting, and there are not plenty who will bathe Lisba's poor limbs, and brush her hair, and talk her into a happier humor. She told me once that for years her heart was as hard as a stone, because she thought that God had made one world for the rich and another for the poor, and that the rich threw alms to her, and such as her, as they would to a dog, to keep them from being too troublesome. But when ladies who were rich and happy and fortunate left their grand houses to sit down with her in her smoky room, and talk to her about her troubles, and waited on her with their own hands for Jesus' sake, then indeed she did believe there was a Jesus, and that Christians did love one another. Now, Sue, I would never dare to stay away when she needed me, after that. Think of the harm I might do any one already so sore at heart."

Miss Nettire winced. She felt the gaze of the angel fixed on her with a look of solemn inquiry.

"And about the 'Flannel Society,'" continued Mrs. Goreout: "I was absent from that too. It was the only day in the week on which I could take old Mrs. Bathersby and Miss Simcox to drive, and they have grown to count so on that weekly ride! They have so little pleasure; and though they pinch and save every cent just to live, they are so proud, it is the only thing I dare offer them. They like the change, and they like, too, to have the carriage draw up in front of their door. Their poor poverty-hunted souls shake off their bondage, and you can feel that a pleasant sense of ease and importance is warming them through every fibre, as they chat with me and lean back on the cushions in an elegant manner. It is pure selfishness, I suppose, on my part. These are good women, and if the cup of cold water is not to be forgotten, I suppose even such a trifle as this will bring its blessing."

"And the silk and velvet?" queried Susan. "If meat makes my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world stands, you know. And your dress does offend Miss Nettire."

"Yes, I know; but how if eating no meat would offend a weaker brother yet more?" said Mrs. Goreout, gravely. "I like to look nice, and yet I do suppose I should have no right to trip Miss Nettire with my fashions if it were not for Frank. He declares that my good spirits and tasteful dress are the best arguments he has ever heard in favor of religion; and that he can have confidence in a piety that does not consist chiefly in asceticism, but does every thing as to God, even rejoicing and looking lovely. Miss Nettire does not need me as much as Frank. Her conversion is not at stake, while my influence over Frank depends very much on such trivial matters. But I know what I can do. I can try to be better friends with Miss Nettire. I fancy we have none of us enough of what Rosa calls 'love-charity' for her. We think too much of the prickles, and not enough of the real goodness in her character."

Miss Nettire gasped. From the solemn, benignant presence near her something like a halo seemed to shine about Mrs. Goreout. A great sob came choking into the spinster's throat.

"Go back," she said, huskily, "to Sally Nettire's house. She is the sinner whom you came to seek, and who ought to arouse all my righteous wrath. I believe now, if we could but know all, there are few for whom there is not some palliation, and no case in which we can be certain of judging a righteous judgment, and that is why God forbade us in our blindness to judge at all. I could get over the rest, but to think that such a butterfly as Maria Goreout should be doing things for Jesus' sake. I am going home to pray not to be judged as I have judged others."

CHAPTER FIFTH.

MISS NETTIRE at her window.

"I wonder why Julia Pritchard is forever in the street? I should think she had better be at home with her bedridden mother." Pulling herself up: "No, I don't! I won't think like that. Maybe she has the best of reasons."

Miss Nettire had concluded that the angel's visit was a dream, but it had left its traces. Hence a constant succession of single combats between herself and her second nature in private; in public such a reformed edition of Miss Nettire as set all Juneroseville wondering. If angels' visits were not so few, how certain other communities might be similarly benefited!

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE nine great bells which ring out the "chimes" of Trinity Church hang two hundred and eighteen feet above the sidewalk below. To citizens of New York and vicinity—for in clear weather the chimes can be heard several miles distant—these musical bells are like old friends who bring pleasant words every day, but come with specially gladsome greeting on such occasions as Christmas and New-Year's. The spire of Trinity Church, from the street level to the top of the surmounting cross, is 284 feet high. The visitors' platform, reached by over three hundred steps, is 250 feet above the ground; and pretty hard climbing is it, the last hundred feet or so being up a narrow winding stairway through a darkened tower. When, however, the visitor has recovered his spent breath, and gazes out from the high elevation, he is richly repaid by the magnificent view of the city and the suburbs, and the more distant prospect of ocean, rivers, mountains, and towns.

Five of the bells which make up the chime were brought from England in 1846; but these were not enough, and in due time four bells of American manufacture were added, and proved to be fully as satisfactory as those made on the other side of the Atlantic. Each of these bells weighs several hundred pounds. The five original ones are connected with the church clock, and perform regular duty by striking the "hours" and the "quarters." When music is to be played, these are all disconnected from the clock-work. Of course no air whose notes do not come within the range of the nine bells can be properly performed; and this range being but an octave and a quarter, only the simpler melodies can be played. Nor is the working of these huge bells any easy task, as no modern inventions have been applied to this performance at Trinity. Every note is struck by hand-power on a lever connected by a cord with the tongue of each bell. But melodiously do these old bells ring out joy-peals for Christmas, for New-Year, for Easter, and for all occasions of festivity and general rejoicing.

The Brooklyn Tabernacle, which was recently destroyed by fire, was probably the largest church in the country. It was capable of seating 3000 persons, with room in the aisles for 500 more. The building was a novelty in church architecture, the interior being semicircular, presenting the appearance of an amphitheatre, and being without a gallery. The organ, which was burned with the building, was a magnificent instrument, built for and used at the first Boston Jubilee. The fire originated, as most fires in churches do, in the furnace flues. It occurred on Sunday morning, about an hour and a half before the time for morning service. The Tabernacle was built in 1870, and enlarged in 1871.

The word critic of the *Galaxy* regards the common use of adverbs with the verb *to look* as erroneous. He says the error is the consequence of a confusion of *look* in the sense of to direct the eye, and *look* in the sense to seem, to appear. The same persons who say that a man looked wretchedly or a woman looked beautifully would not say that he seemed wretchedly or she seemed beautifully. In the phrases, he looked well, she seemed ill, *well* and *ill* are not really adverbs.

The old Roman Coliseum has witnessed many strange scenes, but none stranger than an assemblage of people, within the capacious walls of that historical building of the ancient city, seeking universal suffrage. Reports from Rome inform us that the republicans of the city were to meet in the Coliseum last month to ask the right to vote.

A French writer informs us that since 1789 there have been twelve different governments in France, each having been usurped.

It is said of Mr. Greeley that his facility for sleep at unusual times was a great blessing, and doubtless the loss of that facility in his greatest need contributed to his death. He was almost certain to catch a wink of sleep in any assemblage at any time, without regard to the occasion or the need of keeping awake. It was generally believed by his friends that he heard and saw just as well while in a nodding mood as at any other time.

"I can't vote for Greeley unless you keep him awake in church," said a gentleman to one of Mr. Greeley's friends, as Dr. Chapin's congregation was dismissed, several Sundays before the election.

"If you can tell me as much about the sermon as Mr. Greeley can," retorted the friend, "I'll vote as you wish."

He used to take a nap even at Chappaqua while eulogies of him from fiery orators of the new-born South were making the evergreens ring.

In an old book entitled *The Athenian Oracle* it is stated that formerly it was the custom of the monks to offer prayers for the safety of all ships that went on long voyages. Under the direction of the priest a little box was affixed to each vessel, into which the sailors put money and other valuables to secure the prayers of the church. At Christmas these boxes were opened, and hence were called "Christmas-boxes."

A Turkish princess is about to be married, and great has been the preparation for the grand event. Thirty gorgeous robes are being made by fashionable modistes—only a small part of her wardrobe, however. The wedding veil of Brussels lace cost $4000. On the day of her marriage the princess will wear not only the magnificent jewels presented by the bridegroom, but also a tiara and necklace of diamonds presented by her father, valued at $100,000. All these things are her own. She can not be deprived of them by her husband or any other person, as the Turkish law is careful to secure a wife's property. Two of her private apartments have been furnished by a Parisian upholsterer at a cost of $14,000, including the ornaments.

The Old South Church, of Boston, is to be rented to the United States government as a post-office for two years. After the expiration of that lease it is to be sold to the Massachusetts Historical Society, to be kept as a historic building in substantially its present condition, to be used as a place of occasional divine worship, and for other purposes, in accordance with the views of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

A lazy dyspeptic was bewailing his own misfortune, and congratulating his friend on his hearty appearance. "What do you do to make yourself so strong and healthy?" inquired the dyspeptic.

"Live on fruit alone," answered the friend.

"What kind of fruit?"

"The fruit of industry, and I am never troubled with indigestion."

The *Journal of Health* asserts that no thoughtful mother should rest until she has taught her daughters to do well the following things: to make a cup of coffee; to draw a dish of tea; to bake a loaf of bread; to cook a potato; to broil a steak or chicken; to cut, fit, and make a dress; to set a tidy table. For every woman to so understand these seven things as to be able to do them herself, or to teach others how to do them well, would bring material comfort into thousands of families.

A bone felon is a bad thing, and there are numerous so-called remedies for it. Doubtless an application which is successful in one case may, from some unknown cause, fail in another. An exchange says that a sure cure is dry rock-salt, pounded and mixed with spirits of turpentine. Put the mixture in a cloth, and wrap around the part affected, and change when it gets dry. This is said to kill the felon in twenty-four hours.

Evidently we are a pie-eating people; otherwise it could never be true, as it now is, that one great establishment in New York city manufactures daily 50,000 pies, and in an emergency can supply 15,000 additional ones. Every thing has to be on a huge scale to make up such a quantity of pies: ten immense ovens, one of which—if it can be called an oven—will bake 900 pies an hour; a range big enough to cook ten barrels of fruit at once; and 150,000 pie-plates in constant use.

The following conversation, supposed to be reported *verbatim et literatim*, will give an idea how perplexing our use of prepositions with verbs is to foreigners:

"I begin to understand your language better," said a Frenchman to his friend; "but your verbs trouble me still, you mix things up so with your prepositions. I saw your friend, Mrs. James, just now," continued he; "she says she intends to break down housekeeping. Am I right there?"

"Break up housekeeping, she must have said."

"Yes, I remember—break up housekeeping."

"Why does she do that?" inquired the listener.

"Because her health is so broken into."

"Broken down, you should say."

"Broken down—oh yes. And, indeed, since the small-pox has broken up in your city—"

"Broken out, you mean."

"She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Indeed! And will she close her house?"

"No; she is afraid it will be broken—broken—how do I say that?"

"Broken into."

"Certainly; it is what I meant to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

"No; that engagement is broken—broken—"

"Broken off."

"Ah! I had not heard that. She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right?—I am so anxious to speak the English well."

"He merely broke the news; no preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine fellow—a breaker, I think."

"A broker, and a very fine fellow. Good-day."

So much for the verb *to break*.

Mr. Ruskin declines to contribute for the purchase of a public park near London. He thinks the first business to be attended to for promoting the comfort of working people is to make their homes healthy and delightful. He remarks: "It will, perhaps, one of these days occur to those who are attempting to 'elevate the masses' that what the masses really require for their elevation is not 'a day in the country' occasionally, or a public park, or a museum open on Sundays, but dwellings in which they and their families may find a shelter without sinking to the level of pigs." There is no doubt of the truth of this. Still we believe the laboring classes derive great comfort and enjoyment from well-appointed public parks.

Forty-six years ago there was a known boundary line between British America and the United States along the Lake of the Woods, but all marks of it are now gone. Last August an American and an English surveying party attempted to settle this boundary. The American party started from St. Paul, Minnesota. Some weeks were spent in the survey, as well as the money appropriated to the object, but no definite result was reached.

One of the greatest griefs of Mr. Greeley's life was the death of his young son Arthur. Though this event occurred more than twenty years ago, to the end of his life Mr. Greeley made frequent allusions to it. The boy was about five when he died.

The University of Wisconsin has had a valuable addition to its library of four hundred volumes from Norway, the result of a concert given for the purpose by Ole Bull. As this library already contained about two hundred Norwegian books, the collection is a very remarkable one for this country.

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CRAVAT BOW OF SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND GROS GRAIN RIBBON.

Cravat Bow of Swiss Muslin, Lace, and Gros Grain Ribbon.

FOR this cravat cut of white Swiss muslin one piece three inches and a quarter square. On each corner of the square set a rosette of gathered lace an inch and a quarter and three-quarters of an inch wide, and trimmed in the centre with a needle-work figure. The loops and ends of pink silk ribbon are arranged as shown by the illustration, being set on the under side of the rosettes.

Cravat Bow of Crape, Lace, and Gros Grain Ribbon.

THE ends of this cravat consist of a piece of lace insertion six inches and seven-eighths long and an inch and a quarter wide, which is rounded off on the under end. This insertion is underlaid with cherry gros grain ribbon and edged all around, excepting the upper edge, with gathered lace an inch and a half wide. The seam made by setting these ends on the foundation is covered by loops of white crape two inches and a half wide, and loops and ends of cherry gros grain ribbon an inch and a quarter wide.

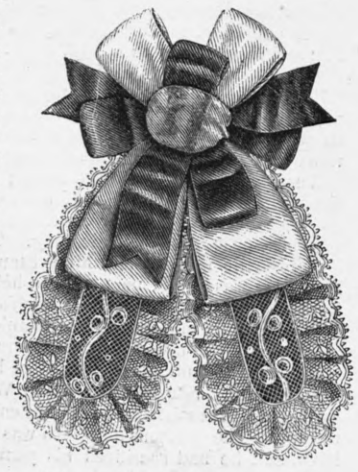
Gros Grain Evening Dress.

THIS dress, with heart-shaped basque-waist, is made of violet gros grain, and is trimmed with the material, lavender gros grain, and white lace. The waist is completed by a chemisette of lavender gros grain.

Needle-work Borders, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE borders are especially designed for trimming bosoms of gentlemen's shirts, but may also be used for handkerchiefs, etc. They are worked on linen, Swiss muslin, or batiste with fine embroidery cotton. The border shown in Fig. 1 is worked in straight half-polka and back stitch. The border, Fig. 2, is worked in satin and diagonal half-polka stitch and in back stitch and point Russe, in the manner shown by the illustration.

GROS GRAIN EVENING DRESS.



CRAVAT BOW OF CRAPE, LACE, AND GROS GRAIN RIBBON.

did remuneration for very scanty services. We know of a medical man whose duty it is to take lunch every day at a great castle belonging to a noble lord. The household is immense; and there is just the chance that there may be some case of indisposition demanding attention. He gets some of the best company and best lunches in England, and duly charges a guinea for each attendance. There is a very wealthy man near a great city who can not bear to be left for the night. There is a physician of great ability who drives out of town nightly to sleep at his residence; he is consequently debarred evening society, and if he goes out to dinner he has to leave his friends before wine. He has to charge his patient a thousand a year; and, I think, he works hard for his money. Sometimes the services are such that money can not repay them. A friend of mine, a young medicus, had a standing engagement of four hundred a year to look after the health of an old lady. She required to be inspected three times a day, and make an exhibition of tongue and pulse. What made matters so aggravating was, that she was as strong as a horse, while the doctor was a delicate man. She was so selfish and perverse that he was obliged to tell her that he would have nothing to do with her case. Similarly, I know the son of a rich man who proposed to pay a clergyman several hundred pounds a year for leave to spend his evenings with him. The parson, however, was obliged to tell his rich friend that he talked such intolerable twaddle that he could not accept his company on any terms that could be named. But the oddest of these arrangements is the following. A medical man has been attending a patient several years, and yet he has never seen his patient. The gentleman firmly believes that he has an esophagus of peculiar construction, and that he is accordingly liable at any moment to be choked. That help may be at hand whenever any sudden emergency may occur, he has a physician in the house night and day. The physician being human, must needs take his walks abroad, and it becomes necessary to provide a substitute for him two hours a day. Accordingly a doctor attends

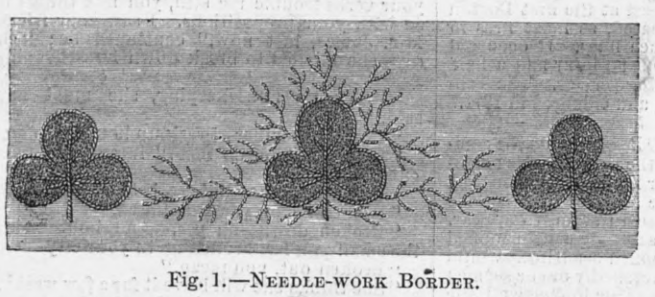
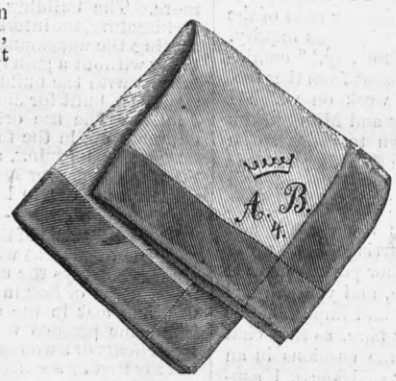


Fig. 1.—NEEDLE-WORK BORDER.



GENTLEMAN'S BATISTE AND FOULARD HANDKERCHIEF.

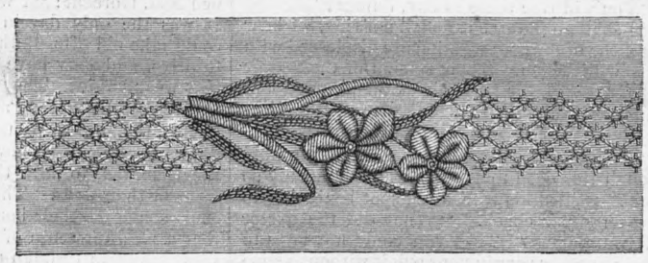


Fig. 2.—NEEDLE-WORK BORDER.

Fig. 1.—GROS GRAIN DRESS WITH BASQUE-WAIST.—FRONT.

Gentleman's Batiste and Foulard Handkerchief.

THIS white batiste handkerchief is trimmed on the edge with a strip of scarlet foulard three inches and a quarter wide, which is stitched on at the corners. The monogram is worked with scarlet silk.

Gros Grain Dress with Basque-Waist, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS dress with double skirt and basque-waist is made of olive gros grain. The trimming consists of box-pleated ruffles of the material and of bows, bands, and folds of a darker shade of velvet. Sash of similar velvet.

ENGLISH DOCTORS.

THE curiosities of medical life and practice are endless. If we hear very often of medical men doing arduous work for very scanty remuneration, sometimes there is an agreeable obverse of receiving very splen-

Fig. 2.—GROS GRAIN DRESS WITH BASQUE-WAIST.—BACK.

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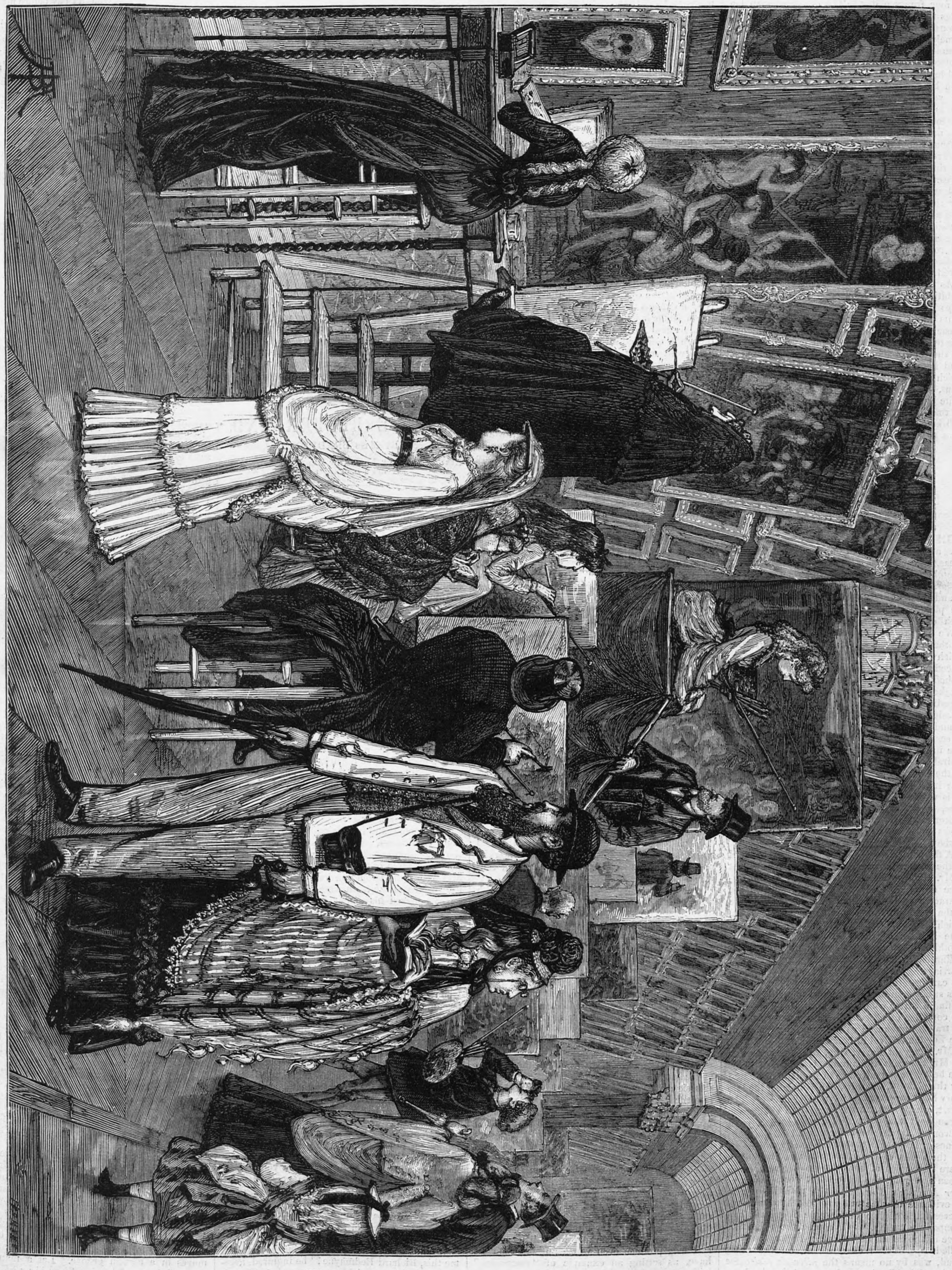
daily from twelve to two, fills up his time by disposing of an admirable lunch, and finds the gold and silver coin, in their usual happy combination, neatly put by the side of his plate, in tissue-paper. Up to the present date he has never had the pleasure of exchanging words with his interesting patient, who finds comfort in the certainty of having a doctor always in readiness for the expected crisis.

and saved from utter obscurity numberless true geniuses who, but for their aid, would have died unrenowned, perhaps even unconscious of the talent dormant within them, but have instilled into the national mind that proverbial taste and elegance which the French so conspicuously display in all branches of art workmanship. Public art instruction in Paris is wholly gratuitous, from the initiatory schools where the student, hardly

thanks to the free schools, rich and poor compete with equal chances. In addition to this there are private schools innumerable, held something after the fashion of philosophers of old, by artists of renown, who for a small sum (usually about $5 per month) from each of their pupils give them the daily use of a studio, a model, and their advice and instruction. In these cases many of the poor students pay nothing, M. Cogniet having seen a boyish sketch of his in a primary school, and recognizing his innate talent. Again, other masters lend their services to classes conducted by the pupils themselves on the strictest communistic principles. A studio is hired, a model secured, by a treasurer, called a *massier*, elected by themselves, and at the end of each week the cost of the whole is divided among the members, the treasurer him-



ART STUDENTS COPYING PICTURES AT THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

ART STUDENTS COPYING PICTURES AT THE LOUVRE.

AMONG the many artistic benefits which Louis XIV. conferred on his country, none were of more importance than the foundation of the first of those schools of art which, rendering the best instruction available to the poorest student, have not only brought to light

in his teens, and in many cases younger still, learns the "rudiments," to the Academy at Rome, where, after a course of competitive examinations, he enjoys a four years' scholarship in the home of Raphael and Michael Angelo. In the primary schools a five-franc entrance fee is all that is required to obtain admission, but to enter the École des Beaux Arts a competitive examination is necessary, at which, however,

ing whatever, the master feeling that he—himself elevated to his position by the kindly aid of others—is only discharging a moral debt of gratitude by thus in his turn assisting the needy. One well-known French painter, the master of Meissonnier, M. Léon Cogniet, has had as many as forty free out of a class of sixty pupils, and one French artist, now of some celebrity, was ten years with him without paying a single pen-

self paying nothing in consideration of his trouble. The master drops in about three times a week, looks at each pupil's work, praises or blames as occasion requires, and should the student have some important work on hand at home, promises to pay him a visit and give him his advice and criticism. Another advantage the Parisian student possesses is the facility afforded him for studying and copying the *chefs-d'œuvre* of sculp-

ture and painting in the collections of the Luxembourg and the Louvre; and here is the subject of our illustration. Not, however, that all those copyists who, perched on high stools or singular and frail-looking scaffoldings, are so familiar to the Parisian visitor, are to be classed among students. By no means. That venerable dame in the foreground is a copyist in every sense of the word, and after a life of toil now only earns a seamstress's wages, at most three or four francs a day. The old gentleman belongs to quite another category, which forms no inconsiderable part of the Louvre copyists—namely, the retired *bourgeois* who has made a fortune in soap and sugar, or maybe on the Bourse, and now devotes his days to *les arts*, and hangs his villa at Meudon or Fontainebleau with his productions. Of yet another class is the young damsel on the screened platform. She is a child of talent—at least so her friends tell her, and so she fancies—and thinking she has only to will to rival Rubens (it is in the Rubens Room that our sketch was taken), whose picture she is copying, spends three-quarters of her time in flirting with her masculine acquaintances. The girl to the left is a true student, and, working diligently, never looks to the right nor the left of her task till the stroke of four puts an end to her labors for the day. Students are allowed to copy at the Louvre every day, barring Sunday and Monday, on which latter day the rooms undergo a course of sweeping and *cirèing*, though a favored few are even then allowed to remain.

As we have said, the acme of every student's ambition is the Prix de Rome. Roman scholarships are awarded every year to the best students in painting, architecture, sculpture, and music; biennially for engraving on copper; and quintennially for engraving on precious stones. At the end of their term students are bound to send home for exhibition some original work, which is invariably purchased by the government. Besides being furnished with every requisite by the state, the prizeman is allowanced, so that in many cases he saves money. The well-known painter Ingrès, indeed, saved sufficient to enable him to stay in Rome double the usual time.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Hepworth Dixon and the *Pall Mall*.—The Trial at Bar.—Recent Millionaires.

THE great libel case of Dixon *v.* Smith has at last come off in our Court of Common Pleas, and produced all the excitement which I foretold for it months ago in your columns. The declaration charged that the defendant had falsely and maliciously printed and published about the plaintiff, in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 18th of May, 1870, an article commencing: "We have received from Mr. Hepworth Dixon another of those insolent, ingenious letters with which he contrives to puff his books—obscene, inaccurate, or both—as soon as they appear. Nobody knows better than Mr. Dixon that to 'make a racket' (as they call it who employ the expedient) is the best of all ways of promoting its sale, and obviously the more worthless a book is, and the greater its dependence for commercial success on being pushed into all the libraries before its real merits are made known, the more desirable is this 'racket.' Mr. Dixon's letters to the papers show him to be a master of the art; indeed, we are almost inclined to think that he is wrong aforethought and indecent on purpose, so that opportunities for 'Letters to the Editor' may arise, and the name of Mr. Dixon's books and Mr. Dixon's own name may be kept in the papers for a while."

A further libel was alleged as having appeared in the *Pall Mall* of August, 1871, stating that "Mr. Hepworth Dixon made his first appearance on Saturday in St. George's Hall in the character of the Shakers' friend.....He spoke of the 'beautiful Eden' produced by Shakerism, which seemed to be, according to Elder Evans, 'the holding of wives in common,' and was 'nothing more than Quakerism divested of its ordinations relative to the giving and taking in marriage.' Of course Mr. Dixon and the Shakers can fraternize in public if they choose; but it is surely a strange and almost incredible irony to find a writer who is best known as a successful compiler of obscene literature and vamped-up travels announced as the presiding genius at the London festival in honor of Scott."

Mr. Sergeant Parry, who, with the exception of Mr. Sergeant Ballantyne, is supposed to be the best criminal advocate in England, appeared for the plaintiff, and Sir John Karslake, the late Tory Solicitor-General, for the defendant. The court, which was crowded nearly to suffocation throughout the proceedings, presented a most unwonted appearance; for instead of the huge tomes of law-books that are generally to be seen on the desks of the counsel and of the judge, there were piles of butterfly-looking volumes in green and gold, the more select works—such as *Her Majesty's Tower*—of the plaintiff, put in in evidence that he was *not* best known as "a successful compiler of obscene literature and vamped-up travels." Of course the chief reliance of the defendant was placed upon the book called *Spiritual Wives*, which, on the other hand, was by no means the *pièce de résistance* of the plaintiff, whose advocate, instead of defending it, frankly admitted that it was a pity that Mr. Dixon had ever published it; and certainly Sir John Karslake contrived to raise the hair of the wigless portion of his audience by his quotations from that volume. But by far the most amusing portion of Mr. Dixon's cross-examination was that which referred to his *Free Russia*. As to his finding beavers in the Ural Mountains, he confessed that he had not found any there himself, but only heard of their being found; he had not seen Tonks, in Siberia, though he had described it as "a charming spot." He had certainly described Perm as "a suburb" of Kazan, whereas they were 1100 miles apart; but then all things were comparative, and some people called Brighton a suburb of London. His book had stated that "in this empire of villages there is a force of 610,000 parish priests; "but that," he said, "was an obvious misprint for 61,000." "Nay," said Sir John, "but it is not put in figures; it is printed at length." "Nevertheless," answered Mr. Dixon, "it is a clerical error."

Curiously enough, neither the advocate nor the audience seemed to perceive the aptness of the term "clerical" to an error that multiplied the priesthood of Russia by ten; but there was plenty of amusement in the trial adapted to every capacity, the effects of which were apparent in the reiterated cries of "Silence!" from the ushers.

After four days' trial, chiefly occupied with unsavory quotations, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—*damages one farthing*. Mr. Hepworth Dixon will therefore have to pay his own costs, unless (which is not likely) the public should subscribe the money. The writer of the articles in the *Pall Mall* did not put in an appearance, but he is supposed to be Mr. Sutherland Edwards, who, having, as it were, a vested right in exhibiting Russia to the British public, was doubtless indignant with "Perm, a suburb of Kazan," and the beauty imputed to the locality of Tonks. Of course every body is greatly pleased at the discomfiture of the plaintiff, who is by no means the idol of society, and the press in particular is jubilant over the victory, or what is equivalent to it, of the *Pall Mall*. But although I quite admit that Mr. Dixon deserves not a whit more than the damages which have been awarded to him, it is nevertheless clear to me that there *was* a personal *animus* in the articles complained of over and above the passionate zeal for morality claimed (by Sir John) for the writer. Almost all our literary newspapers, indeed, are "cliquey," and have their favorites and aversions. Of every popular author it would not be difficult to predicate in which quarter he would receive praise and in which censure, quite independent of the merits of his production. A curious instance of this occurred a few years ago with respect to the very paper over which Mr. Dixon once presided—the *Athenæum*. A well-known novelist of my acquaintance, whose works had been habitually attacked in that journal, laid a wager that he would obtain a favorable review from it for his next story, without taking any steps to secure the same by means of remonstrance or social bribery of any kind. The bet was accepted, and the novel, which was in other quarters by no means so much applauded as his usual productions, received a panegyric from the *Athenæum*. This result was obtained by the simple method of publishing it *anonymously*.

The Tichborne case, on account of the length of time it threatens to occupy, is prorogued to Easter, when it will be tried at bar. A "trial at bar" is a very unusual proceeding, and, as I believe, has not happened in this country since O'Connell was so tried in Ireland. It is tried before three judges instead of one. Poor Lady Doughty (against whose daughter the claimant made so infamous an assertion) lately died. Both sides sent their counsel in order to take her dying depositions. Imagine the distress that must have been caused to the poor lady at such a time in having her mind disturbed by entering into what this impudent impostor calls "the merits" of his case. Yet only the other night I met one of his late counsel, who assured us that he was not more certain of any thing in *this* world than that the claimant was the real Sir Roger. "I hope, at all events," remarked one who was present, "that your faith in that which is to come has better grounds."

A philosophic journal has just favored us with a list of the great capitalists that have died within the last ten years in this country. Ten persons have left behind them more than the conventional million—some of them many millions; fifty-three have died worth £500,000; and one hundred and sixty-one worth £200,000; and all this is mere "personalty," exclusive of much larger fortunes invested in land. Such "personalties" are only too agreeable to all of us; yet it would be worth while to lay to heart the cynical but pregnant observation of the poet Rogers when told of a man who had died worth half a million, "And a very pretty sum *to begin the next world with*, too."

In my last *gossip* I told you that the London police had "struck." Emboldened, I suppose, by this sign of sympathy, the thieves have broken into the Lord Mayor's country-house, and stolen heaps of jewels and his lordship's order of the Medjidie, conferred on him by the Sultan. What *will* they do with it? Persons in danger of having foreign honors thrust upon them please take notice.

You have not read *The Unwritten Book*, perhaps; nor have I. Whether it has merit or not as *Desultory Colloquies on the Poets* (which is its second title), I know not, therefore; but it has certainly a claim to originality in its having been "set up" by the author himself in type without the intervention of pen and ink. This is sad, and may produce even worse authors than we have, as setting an example of "composing" without even learning one's "pot-hooks and hangers."

Mrs. Somerville, the great lady mathematician, has died at Naples, at an age that takes some knowledge of arithmetic to compute. She wrote some interesting scientific papers respecting the last eruption of Mount Vesuvius at the age of ninety-one!

You will be glad, but I hope not surprised, to hear that Sergeant Bates concluded his expedition with the star-bespangled banner in triumph by his arrival at Guildhall. So far from "insulting" him, the populace took out his horses (for he drove through town, though the rest of his journey was performed on foot) in Bond Street, and dragged the carriage along Piccadilly. So the Britishers are not so "riled" by your arbitration successes after all.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

THE THREE GRACES.

A MADRIGAL.

TELL me, little trembling rose,
Thou whose sweet, coy crimson glows
Where *her* lilies, chaste and pale,
Mutely tell their pensive tale—
What your name, and whence you came?
Whence your glory or your shame!

Tell me, faint Æolian moan,
Thou whose plaintive monotone,
Like the widowed dove's at night,
Chides a cheerful chirp's delight—
What your name, and whence your pain?
Why that trouble in your strain?

Tell me, brilliant, pure and clear,
Loath to leave thy purer sphere—
Some dumb sorrow's darkened plight
Broke in poetry and light—
What thy name, thy pleading charm?
Who could do thee any harm?

Blush am I; but by-and-by,
If I live, they'll call me Sigh.
I'm a sigh; but if I grow,
Tear they'll name me, for my woe.
Call *me* Tear, dear, if I move
Thee to pity—if I prove
Wanton vanity above.
I was Blush once; I was Sigh;
I'll be Memory by-and-by.
—But our sorrow's name is Love!

TO THE BITTER END.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.—(*Continued.*)

"BY THE SAME MADNESS STILL MADE BLIND."

JOHN WORT looked at him for some minutes in silent wonder, biting his nails doubtfully. No one but a raging madman would have talked like this, surely; and yet this man was perfectly calm and collected, and spoke with an air of conviction that was more strange than the fact of his guilt.

"Good God! Rick Redmayne," he exclaimed at last, with a groan, "what have you done?"

"Killed the man who killed my daughter. You call it murder: I call it justice."

"Why, you don't even know that it was this man poor Gracey went away with."

"Don't I? What, not when he sent her his likeness? when he was the only man that ever had the opportunity of so much as ten minutes' talk with her? Why, this man lived in my house above a month; he was the only gentleman my Gracey knew—d—n him! Come, John Wort, you were a good friend to me in years gone by; speak the truth like a man. Have you any doubt that it was this fellow who tempted my girl away?"

"*No*," replied the steward, emphatically, "*I have not!*"

And then after a pause he went on:

"He's dead, and it can't matter now. You've done your worst. Nothing would have wrung the admission out of me if he were still alive. I did suspect him of taking Grace away, and taxed him with it, as I told you long ago. He denied it—I told you the truth when I said that—but I never believed his denial. There was no one else. She was not a girl to have two lovers, and I had seen those two together one day at Clevedon. But he was such a steady-going fellow, and I thought he might be trusted. I'd known him from a boy, and had never known any harm of him; and there were circumstances in his life, family matters, that made me pity him. Upon my soul, Rick, I don't think I could have been more sorry for what happened if Gracey had been my own daughter. But oh, old friend, for God's sake say there was no meaning in your wild talk just now. It was not you who fired that gun last night—Joseph Flood's gun. How should you have come by it?"

"The fellow was loafing about the park with it late last night. I thought that he was up to mischief, somehow, and I followed him a bit, and saw him hide his gun in that old summer-house. It was within reach of my arm when I saw *him* coming along the avenue, with the moonlight full upon his face. The devil put it in my way handy."

"You must have been mad when you did it."

"Not any madder than I am now. It may have been a wild kind of justice, but I meant it for justice."

Mr. Wort groaned once more, and sat down upon the raggedest of the office-stools in blank, dismal despair.

"What do you mean by coming here to tell me this, Richard Redmayne?" he inquired, helplessly. "A pretty pickle you put me in! There's that poor innocent young man in the lock-up hard by: as an honest man, it would be my duty to inform against you."

"Do your duty," answered the farmer, coolly. "I came here on purpose to give myself in charge."

"You did? And do you know what that means?—Maidstone jail for the next six weeks, to be tried for your life at the next assizes, and to be hung. Oh, Rick, Rick, to think that any man of your name should come to such an end as that!"

Richard Redmayne shrugged his shoulders with a gesture that was nonchalant enough, but accompanied by a faint sigh.

"It's hard lines," he said. "Heaven knows I've tried to keep that name honest. When I was in debt hereabouts I felt as if I was scorched through and through with a red-hot branding-iron, because no Redmayne of Brierwood had ever owed money he couldn't pay before my time. I worked hard, and wiped off that stain. But I suppose, when I'm dead and gone, the world will think worse of this business. And yet, John Wort, I'm not sorry that I killed him. I was sorry enough, ready to blow my brains out, when I thought I'd shot the wrong man. But, by the heaven above me, I do not repent of having killed my daughter's destroyer!"

"Good God, Richard, what a hardened conscience you must have!"

"I don't know any thing about my conscience, but I know I've been hardening my heart against that man for the last three years, and it wasn't likely I should deal overgently with him when his time came. I hunted for him as well as I could; but I'm not good at that kind of hunting, and when I failed in that I thought I'd wait. There's a fate in these things. Providence would throw him in my path sooner or later: the world is hardly wide enough to hide a man long from the just wrath of his enemy. So I bided my time quietly enough, but never parted with the hope that I should find him before I died. And when chance did throw him across my path, what would you have had me do?" asked Richard Redmayne, with a sardonic laugh. "Civilly tell him who I was, I suppose, and ask him to apologize for having broken my heart? No. I have dreamed of our meeting often enough, and all my dreams were colored with blood. Why, I have felt my grip upon his lying throat many a time, and have seen his false face change and darken as my grasp tightened."

"You have nursed your hatred until it has grown into a monomania, Richard. You could hardly have been answerable for what you did last night."

"I was answerable: and I am ready to answer to God and man."

"'Vengeance is mine,'" murmured the steward. "Don't seek to justify your sin in the eyes of God, Richard, but try to obtain His pardon. I don't want to preach a sermon to you; it's hard enough to be placed in such a situation as yours, and I don't believe there ever was a man more to be pitied. I only say this—don't take pride in a stubborn heart, Richard. It's wiser to own yourself a sinner."

"I'll think of squaring that account by-and-by," answered the other, in his reckless way; "*that* can stand over. I want to set matters right about that young man they've sent to prison. I want to take my burden on my own shoulders."

Mr. Wort leaned his elbow on his desk, buried his face in his hands, and cogitated profoundly, while Richard Redmayne coolly refilled his pipe, and lighted it at the office lamp.

What was he to do? Give this man into the custody of the patrol from Tunbridge who nightly perambulated the peaceful shades of Kingsbury—pass him on to the jail where Joseph Flood now lay in durance? Do this with the certainty—or something very close to certainty—that he was handing his old friend over to a shameful doom? John Wort felt as if he could not do this thing.

Was there no way of escape?—no way by which Richard Redmayne could get clear off, and yet release young Flood from his present peril? Might he not draw up a full confession of his guilt, get his signature attested by some one who would not know the real nature of the document, and then start for Australia, leaving his confession behind him? That would surely exculpate Joseph Flood, and yet leave the guilty man a chance of life and liberty. Mr. Wort was a man who respected the law and all its mysteries, but it did not appear to him that the world in general would be any better for the hanging of Richard Redmayne. He had also a just appreciation of the penalties to which an accessory after the fact would be liable; but he fancied he might suggest his friend's escape without incurring these. There was no money involved in the transaction, nor need the world ever know that he was cognizant of Richard Redmayne's crime.

"Look here, Rick," he said at last. "There's no one can think worse of what you've done than I do; but I know more of what's gone before than the rest of the world, and I won't be the man to hand you over to the hangman."

And then Mr. Wort went on to suggest, very clearly and concisely, that line of conduct which it seemed to him Richard might safely adopt.

"If they hunt you down at last," he said, in conclusion—"and they'll hardly do that, for you can get a good start of them—why, you'll have had a run for your life anyhow."

"No," said the farmer, quietly; "I've done the deed, and I'll stand by it. It doesn't seem half so bad to me to stand in the dock now that I know I killed the right man. I'll face the world, John Wort, and let the world know how a man can punish the destroyer of his child. By heavens, if there were more such rough-and-ready justice in the world, there would be less villainy. The law's a big machine that only moves in a certain groove. Let a man steer clear of that, and he may be as big a scoundrel as he pleases."

"What do you mean to do, then?"

"Give myself over to the police as soon as I leave this office. I thought you would have been in a hurry to do it for me; but as you're not, I suppose I must do it myself."

There was farther parley after this, but Mr. Wort's arguments were of no avail. Richard Redmayne went out into the summer night, and

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walked along the Tunbridge road till he met the patrol, to whom he told his story.

The man was at first incredulous. He knew Mr. Redmayne by sight, and had heard people talk of the strange, secluded life he led at Brierwood. The poor fellow was a little off his head, no doubt, thought the policeman; but finding the poor fellow very resolute, he suggested that they should proceed forthwith to Clevedon—Sir Francis was a justice of the peace—and that Mr. Redmayne should there repeat his extraordinary statement.

It was late when they arrived at Clevedon; but Sir Francis was still in his study, with a London detective for his companion. This man had only arrived an hour before, his services not having been available at the moment the telegram arrived; and to this man Sir Francis had been relating all that Georgie had told him about Richard Redmayne.

"A curious story," remarked Mr. Winch, the detective, coolly; "and it certainly does seem at the first glimpse to have a bearing on the case. Yet it hardly comes to much when taken against the evidence of the gun, which Flood owns to; and of that girl he's been keeping company with, who, from what I can hear of the inquest, seems to have done him no end of harm with her hysterics, and her talk about his jealousy, and being afraid of him, and so on. It does not appear, from any thing you tell me, that this Redmayne threatened violence toward you while under that delusion about the miniature; and unless he had threatened, the rest comes to nothing."

"A man may mean a good deal without threatening," said Sir Francis; "and you see in this case there has been a wrong done, and there was a strong motive. Lady Clevedon said the man had a desperate air, like a man who was capable of any rash act."

"But how did he come by your groom's gun? How do you get over the gun, Sir?"

"I leave that problem for you to solve. All I can say is that I know this Flood to be a good fellow; he's been with me only a twelvemonth, certainly, but I know something of his disposition, and he came to me with an excellent character from a gentleman near here. No, I can not believe Joseph Flood to be an assassin."

The Baronet and Mr. Winch were still discussing the details of the case when a servant announced that a policeman, accompanied by another person, wished to see Sir Francis.

"Bring them in immediately," said Sir Francis. "Some new evidence, I suppose," he added, to the detective.

"Yes, Sir," replied Mr. Winch, with a sarcastic air; "no doubt you'll have plenty of mare's-nests brought you by the local police."

The job was a good one, and the accomplished Winch did not wish the local police to cut the ground from under his feet by any abnormal sharpness and activity.

Richard Redmayne walked first into the room, alone, unshackled, with his head more erect than he had carried it for a long time; a noble specimen of the English yeoman class, with something of the free grace of some wild forest creature in his bearing, which was even more noble than the sturdy British ruggedness. He was a handsome man still, in spite of the change and ruin that had come upon him; and as he stood calmly facing Sir Francis in the lamp-light, with only the table between them, the Baronet thought that he had never beheld a more striking figure.

He guessed at once that this man must be Richard Redmayne.

The policeman told his story briefly, but with a good many "he says," and "I says," to carry him through it.

"And as you was the nearest magistrate, Sir Francis, and concerned in this business, as one may say, begging your pardon, Sir Francis, I thought as how I'd better bring him along here; and if you see any grounds for believing this 'ere rum start, why, you could make out a warrant and commit him. I could get a cart and drive him over to Tunbridge for to-night, and he can go on to Maidstone to-morrow; leastways, if you think there's any truth in his story."

"I have reason to know that his story is perfectly true," said Sir Francis, filling in the warrant as he spoke. "Abominable as his crime is, I am glad that he has at least had enough good feeling left to prompt him to give himself up, rather than let an innocent man suffer for his wickedness."

"Yes, Sir Francis," replied the policeman, looking at Richard Redmayne with a lenient countenance; "and I hope as how that, and the fack of him and his having farmed their own land for the last three hundred year, will stand in his favior with the judge and jury."

The guilty man himself spoke not a word, but stood quietly waiting to be handed on upon the next stage of that brief journey which was to convey him to the gallows.

"I should be glad if you would repeat the statement which you made just now to the officer, Mr. Redmayne, here in the presence of witnesses."

The man obeyed unhesitatingly, telling his story in the plainest words, with no attempt to extenuate his conduct.

"A bad business from beginning to end," said Sir Francis, with a sigh. "You can remove your prisoner, officer. My people will accommodate you with a conveyance, and you can take a groom to Tunbridge with you, if you want one."

"Better let me go, Sir Francis," interposed Mr. Winch. "I'm better up to this kind of business than a groom, I rose from the ranks myself, sergeant."

Not a word more was said. The information was made out, and the warrant granted. Richard Redmayne waited with Mr. Winch in a lobby adjoining the housekeeper's room while a dog-cart was being got ready for his speedy transport to Tunbridge. They drove at a smart pace through the moon-lit country, every inch whereof was so familiar to the prisoner. He sat beside the driver with folded arms, silently watching the landscape as it sped past him; as if, looking on hill and valley, coppice and hedge-row, for the last time, he would fain have printed every feature of the scene upon his memory, as a picture which he might keep in his mind to brighten the gloom of his narrow cell.

Fear he had none, nor remorse, as yet; but he had a vague feeling that it was sad to turn his back upon so fair a world; to lose the glory of summer sunshine and the freshness of summer winds forever.

CHAPTER XLVI.

"HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD."

THEY carried all that remained of Hubert Harcross back to Mastodon Crescent—secretly, under cover of night, as befitted so solemn a transit. They set up the ponderous treble coffin on trestles in that darksome den behind the dining-room, which was filled for the most part with law-books and Parliamentary reports—the dismal chamber where the dead man had been wont to spend solitary hours in the stillest watch of the night.

They brought him home stealthily, when Mastodon Crescent was wrapped in sleep—that sleep of care-takers and lonely house-maids which falls upon western London out of the season. They brought him home and laid him in this darkened study, there to wait the final journey to the Vallory vault at Kensal Green, a grim square stone edifice nearly as large as a modern villa, with an iron door of an Egyptian design that was eminently suggestive of mummies.

Mrs. Harcross came home the day after this midnight journey. Georgie and Sir Francis had done their uttermost to persuade her to remain at Clevedon, but in vain.

"You are very kind to wish it, but I would rather be with *him*," she said, piteously; as if there were indeed as much companionship between herself and that clay-cold corpse as there had been when those two were living man and wife.

Georgie would have gone to London to stay with her, but this offer too Mrs. Harcross declined.

"Indeed, I would rather be alone; nothing can make my loss any less, or make me think of it any less."

Her father had arrived at Clevedon by this time, having sped thither as swiftly as his gout would suffer him to speed; and under her father's escort Mrs. Harcross left Clevedon Hall to return to that splendid mansion which had been the cheerless home of her brief wedded life.

It was a dreary journey and a dreary business altogether for Mr. Vallory, and although he was sincerely attached to his daughter, he would gladly have deputed the task to Weston, who was languishing to be useful, and deeply wounded by his cousin's refusal to see him: a lengthy journey, although they traveled express, and shot the stations swift as a falling-star. Augusta sat silent, with slow tears rolling down her pale cheeks every now and then. Once or twice Mr. Vallory made some feeble attempt to comfort; but the dead man's untimely end not coming in any way under the category of happy releases, he was sorely put to it to shape even the tritest consolatory sentence.

Across the dull agony of Augusta's grief there shot the sting of a sharper anguish—the biting pain of remorse. True that she had loved the dead man as deeply after her own nature as wife ever loved husband, but she had not the less cheated him of his due, locked her love in her own breast, starved him with cold words and disdainful looks, kept him at arms-length as it were, lest in coming too near he should discover that she was a very woman at best.

She had cheated him; that was the cruel truth which came home to her now. She had been proud of him, but had never acknowledged her pride; had paid him none of that tender tribute of praise and even sweet-savored flattery which loving women give to their husbands, the humble flowers of speech which strew the path matrimonial, as village children scatter their blossoms before the feet of bridegroom and bride. Every man is more or less godlike in his own estimation, and the world must seem cold to that unappreciated hero for whom no altar fire burns at home. Hubert Harcross had been made to do without such domestic homage. If he came home to Mastodon Crescent glowing with a professional victory, and in a moment of expansion communicated the particulars of his success, no rapture beamed in the eyes of his wife, no sympathetic word encouraged him to dilate upon his triumph; he was only told that that odious court had made him late for dinner, or that he had only half an hour to dress if he meant to keep his engagement in Portman Square.

She remembered these trifles and many other details of her married life to-day as she traveled swiftly toward that worse than empty house where her dead husband was lying. She remembered that interview in the picture-gallery at Clevedon Hall, when he had told her the secret of his life; remembered with a bitter pang how she had refrained from any expression of pity for him, and thought only of herself, and compassionated only herself, as if the great wrong done to him had been only a wrong against her. It was a bitter thing to reckon these small injustices, these petty slights, now, when the victim of them had passed beyond the reach of apology or atonement. Down to the grave must she carry this burden of a great debt; farther than the grave she could not look. She was a religious woman, in a church-going, strictly conforming sense, but she was not spiritual enough to be able to say, "We shall meet in a fair far-off land, where he will read my heart and forgive me."

Very stately was the funeral which for one brief hour enlivened the emptiness of Mastodon Crescent. All that can be done by sable plumes and costly trappings, by solemn-visaged mutes and inky-hued Flemish horses, by mourning coaches and close-shuttered broughams, was done to do honor to the dead. Augusta Harcross could not be dissuaded from accompanying her husband in that last journey. She went with her father in the first of the mourning-coaches, silent, ashy pale, but tearless. She stood beside the vault of the Vallorys, and saw the massive oaken coffin deposited in its stony niche, and looked at the empty place beside it, where she might lie when her time should come.

And so ended the story of her married life. She went home desolate to that abode of horrors, a spacious and splendid mansion where "love, domestic love, no longer nestles;" went home to find the blinds drawn up, open windows admitting the summer air, the rooms and balconies bright with flowers; a smirking pretense that there had been no such thing as a death in the family palpable every where.

A strange fancy seized her when she had sent her father home to Acropolis Square to nurse his gout, and had thus got rid of his clumsy attempts at consolation—a fancy for looking at the dead man's rooms on the third floor, the very thought whereof in this day of remorse had been one of her small tortures. Those third-floor rooms were one of the many trivial slights she had put upon him, one of the little ways by which she had suffered him and the household to know that he was only a secondary personage in that establishment.

She went up the servants' staircase, a roomy staircase enough—for every thing in this stately district was built on wide lines—but of a somewhat chilling aspect, the stairs covered with floor-cloth, the walls painted a dingy drab. She went up to the spacious chamber which she had so rarely entered during her husband's lifetime. It was not a cheerful room: the windows on this story had been designed with a view to external effect; the sills were breast-high, the lower panes of plate-glass obscured by the stone cornice outside them. There was plenty of light, but the windows revealed nothing of the outer world, only three patches of summer sky, no glimpse of verdant park or cheerful squares. The room was large and bare. Mr. Harcross had repudiated all finery. A huge metal bath occupied one end, with all its works and pipes exposed like a skeleton clock. There was a barren desert of floor-cloth, a low, wide mahogany wardrobe, full of long, narrow drawers (for the presiding genius of the tailoring art has discovered that to hang a coat is destruction); one cushionless oak arm-chair stood before the dressing-table, a chair of the severest school of upholstery—such a chair as Canute the Dane may have sat in when he put his flatterers to the blush on the edge of Southampton Water; two grim rows of boots on a stand masked the fire-place, half a dozen railway time-tables and a legal almanac adorned the space above the mantel-piece; picture, or bronze, or bust, or object of luxury there was none.

Augusta seated herself in the arm-chair, and looked round the room drearily. For how many conventional dinner-parties, for how many joyless receptions, Hubert Harcross had dressed himself in this room! How often and how often had he mounted that cheerless stair and put on the regulation costume when it would have suited his humor so much better to dine at home and to dawdle away a lazy evening after his own pleasure, sleeping a little, reading a little, enjoying the rare privilege of rest! How often had he gone up to that room to dress feeling like a slave at a wheel, grinding on forever!

It was not possible that Augusta could fully comprehend how joyless this life of fashionable pleasure had been to him; but she did know that she had often insisted on his going out when he would rather have remained at home, that she had squared his days and hours by the rule and compass of her particular world, that she had never let him live his own life.

Very bitter is the memory of such small injuries when the victim of them lies dead.

Her eyes wandered slowly about the room that was so strange to her. The sparsely furnished chamber had no strong individuality of its own; it was not a room which even hinted at the history of its last occupant; there were no scattered evidences of his favorite pursuits, no traces of his presence. It was a room entirely without litter, and it is litter which most bespeaks the character of the tenant. You may read the history of a household on a dust-heap sometimes better than in the bric-à-brac of a carefully arranged drawing-room.

"The room is like himself," Augusta thought: "it tells nothing of his life."

On one side of the fire-place there were three or four trunks and portmanteaus, one iron-clamped box, much larger than the rest—a shabby, much-battered receptacle, decorated with the dignified labels of various railway companies—the very box in which Hubert Walgrave had carried his books to Brierwood. On this massive chest Augusta's eyes lingered thoughtfully.

"I dare say he kept his papers in that," she said to herself—"old letters, secrets perhaps: a man who told so little must have had secrets."

She took a bunch of keys from her pocket, and looked at them with a faint and bitter smile; the dead man's keys, on a ring with his name and address engraved upon it, each key distinguished by a neat ivory label.

"If he had any secrets, they are all in my power now," she thought. "Or was that one secret of his birth the only thing he ever kept from me? Whatever papers he has left, I had better examine and burn them. I don't want all the world to know my husband's history."

She moved a couple of empty portmanteaus which surmounted the iron-clamped box, and then knelt down before it and opened it.

There were no papers in that capacious chest. Only a tangle of unmade silk dresses and cashmere shawls, French slippers, ivory-backed hair-brushes, daintily carved by the cunning hand of some Chinese artisan, fans, scenting bottles, packets of primrose and lavender gloves—the things Mr. Walgrave had bought years ago for Grace Redmayne.

Mrs. Harcross dragged these objects out of the chest one by one, at arms-length, as if the very touch of them might have defiled her, and flung them in a heap on the floor. What did they mean? None of them had been used. They were tumbled and injured from rough packing, but all unworn. No scrap of paper, no vestige of letter or memorandum, helped to solve the mystery. There was nothing but this confusion of woman's clothing, a multitude of delicate and costly objects crammed pell-mell into a big box.

Having cast them forth in this way, Mrs. Harcross was presently obliged to put them back again. It would never do for the prying eyes of Tullion or of any domestic in that house to rest upon those inscrutable silks and slippers and cashmeres and hair-brushes. She thrust them back into the chest, leaving them if possible in a worse condition than the state in which she had found them, put down the lid hastily, and locked and double locked the receptacle. Then with a little wailing cry she clasped her hands across her brow, and sat, fixed as Niobe, upon the ground beside that box.

"They must have belonged to some one he loved," she said to herself. "What other reason could he have had for keeping them?"

Her quick eye had told her that the things were of modern fashion, made within the last few years; things that could not by any possibility have belonged to his mother, who had died more than thirty years ago. She could not comfort herself with that idea, as she might have done otherwise.

"That pale apple green was in fashion the summer before my marriage," she said to herself, thinking of one of the delicate fabrics which she had stuffed relentlessly into the box. "Bouffante made me a dress of that very shade for a garden-party."

This was the bitterest pang of all. She could have forgiven the dead man for loving her with a measured affection, but not for bestowing unmeasured love elsewhere.

"He must have loved the owner of those things very dearly," she thought, "or he would hardly have run such a risk as to keep them."

Those cashmeres and packets of gloves and plumed and painted fans, such a heap of unworn finery discarded, had a look of luxury and recklessness. She thought of all the stories she had heard from worldly wise matrons of bijou villas in the shades of Fulham or St. John's Wood, and it seemed to her that these things must have been part of the belongings of such a villa. The thought led her into a labyrinth of painful speculations. The last idea that could have entered her imagination was that only for a village maiden, tender and pure and true, had these fineries been chosen.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"WHY BANISH TRUTH? IT INJURES NOT THE DEAD."

RICHARD REDMAYNE was a prisoner in Maidstone jail. Very wearisome were the examinations and cross-examinations which were necessary before the indictment against the actual sinner was fairly made out, and the innocence of Joseph Flood so demonstrated as to admit of his release from custody. Then, with the season of hop-gathering, and the long October nights lit here and there by camp-fires, came the assizes. Rick Redmayne, of Brierwood Farm, the kindly master, the cheerful, open-hearted yeoman and trusty friend of years gone by, stood in the dock to plead guilty to a midnight assassination.

Never was there a profounder silence than that which held the court spell-bound when, after a verdict of guilty and a recommendation to mercy, the prisoner was asked if he had any thing to say.

"Yes," answered Richard Redmayne, quietly. "There is something I should be thankful to say, with your lordship's leave. I should like the world to know why I shot that man."

And then, in very plain and simple words, with a singular clearness and conciseness, he told Grace's story and his own; his return from Australia, his search, his discovery—only of a grave—his rooted conviction that the revealment of her lover's villainy had slain his daughter. He told the judge, in a few rugged, powerful sentences, what he felt as he sat in the moonlight watching his enemy's approach, and why he fired straight at that enemy's breast.

"I don't want any body to say that I was off my head that night," he said in conclusion. "*I meant to do it.* I'd rather speak the truth and hang for it, than be saved by a lie."

All the plausible rhetoric of a Thurtell or a Fauntleroy, airing a university education in the dock, would have seemed poor beside that unvarnished statement of facts. Already the jury had recommended the guilty man to mercy; the judge strengthened their recommendation by all the might of his own influence. Thank God, we do not live in hanging days! Of ten men doomed to the gallows six escape their doom, and Richard Redmayne was one of the six. Three days before the date appointed for his execution the jail chaplain informed him that the Secretary of State had been pleased to commute his sentence to penal servitude for life.

Richard Redmayne gave a deep sigh of relief when he heard these tidings, but was not wildly

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"MRS. HARCROSS DRAGGED THESE OBJECTS OUT OF THE CHEST ONE BY ONE."

elated, like a man for whom the prospect of death had been full of terror.

"I thank you kindly, Sir," he said, very quietly. "I feel much beholden to you and the other gentlemen for having taken all this trouble to beg me off; and I'm very glad for the sake of the good old name that I'm not going to be jerked out of this world by the common hangman. But as far as my own feelings go, I think I'd as lief have ended my troubles even that way. Hard labor and a prison for the rest of one's life isn't a lively prospect for a man to look forward to."

"But it is a mercy for which you have good reason to be grateful, Redmayne," the chaplain answered, gravely, "since it will afford you time for penitence. A crime such as yours is not to be wiped out hastily, though we can not reckon the mercy of God to sinners, or what special dispensation He may reserve for those who lie under the final sentence of the law. You have a great work to do for your soul in years to come, Richard; for I fear your mind is not yet awakened to the enormity of your offense. Think how great a sin it was to lurk waiting for your enemy in the darkness of the night."

"It was broad moonlight," said Richard, bluntly; "he might have seen me as well as I saw him."

"The act was not the less treacherous," rejoined the chaplain. "Consider how great a sin it is to send a soul unprepared to stand before its Maker. And, by your own showing, this man had been a sinner; even his sin against your daughter may have been still unrepented of."

Richard Redmayne stood for a few moments looking at the ground in thoughtful silence before he replied to this suggestion.

"I don't know," he said at last, "but I think somehow that he was sorry." And then he told the story of his last visit to the church-yard at Hetheridge, and of the garland of snow-white hot-house flowers. "I hardly think he'd have remembered her birthday, and gone yonder to lay that wreath upon her grave, if he hadn't been sorry. It would have been easier for him to forget her. If I'd remembered those flowers upon her grave that night at Clevedon, I don't think I should have shot him."

It was the first expression of any feeling like sorrow or regret which had dropped from Rick Redmayne's lips. The chaplain, although recognizing something noble in the man, had begun to fear he was a hardened sinner; but at this first indication that the stubborn heart could melt, the good man took courage, and grew more hopeful about his spiritual patient. He worked this vein with all his might before the prisoner was transferred to Portland: talked much of the dead girl, and of God's providence, which had snatched her from a world that was full of snares for helpless innocent wanderers who had once strayed from the home nest. He talked of that mysterious spirit world in which the secrets of all hearts are to be made manifest; a world where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, neither tears nor death, neither sin nor sorrow; where Richard Redmayne and his daughter and his daughter's lover might meet, forgiven and forgiving.

His labors were not in vain. It was with a softened spirit that the farmer left Maidstone jail and the country of his birth, with no last look at the stubble fields and busy hop gardens of Brierwood, close guarded with other felons in a railway van, roughly shipped as if they had been a small herd of cattle sent up to the London market.

But before the removal of this little band of delinquents to new quarters, Rick Redmayne had an interview with an old friend. John Wort, the steward, paid him a visit in his cell at Maidstone on the last day of his residence there, and bade him a kindly farewell, not without some show of emotion, as sternly held in check as any rough-and-ready, gruff-spoken man of business ever held his more tender emotions.

"Thank God, they remitted the sentence, Rick," said the steward. "I dare say it seems hard enough to you to go to Portland. But, bless my soul! I hear the air is uncommonly healthy, and the diet good; and who knows how soon you may get a ticket of leave—if—if you behave well, as of course you will, and attend chapel regular—though I suppose that'll be compulsory—and read your Bible, and what not, and make friends with the chaplain?"

"I'm a lifer," said Richard, grimly. "I don't suppose tickets of leave are dealt out very free to lifers."

"Oh, but there's no knowing. There are exceptional cases, you know. And favoritism goes a good way. You'll start with a good character; and be sure you make friends with the chaplain."

"I'll curry favor with no man," said Rick, proudly.

"Curry favor! of course not; but you like your Bible, don't you? and you may just as well read it."

"I should like to see Queensland and the new farm again before I die, and to see what Jim has made of it," said Rick, thoughtfully; "else I don't think it much matters whether I'm in jail or out of it. I suppose my work at Portland Island will be out-of-doors, and that I shall have the open sky above my head, and feel the sea-wind blowing over me. I don't care how hard the work may be, so long as it isn't inside four walls."

"But if ever you do get free, Rick, a few years ahead of us—"

"If ever I do, I'll sail straight away for Brisbane. I sha'n't come back to Kent to be pointed at as the first that ever brought disgrace on the name of Redmayne."

"Oh, Rick, I don't believe there's a man among us who doesn't pity you," said the steward, earnestly. "Sir Francis was one of those that tried hardest to get the sentence commuted. Lady Clevedon—well, there!—the tears were in her eyes when she talked to me about you."

"Tender-hearted soul," murmured Richard, gently; "I was sorry for her when I thought I'd killed her husband; but I can't for the life of me get to feel friendly toward him, though I know he's never done me any harm, and has even stood my friend since my trial. He's too much like that other. God, God! I couldn't have believed such a likeness was possible between men who were nothing to each other!"

"The likeness was strong, certainly, but hardly so close as you think. You only saw Harcross in the moonlight; if you'd seen both men by broad day, you'd have seen plenty of difference between them. The strangest thing was the accidental likeness in that miniature—an accident that might have cost Sir Francis his life. But they were like each other, there's no denying that; only there semblance may not be quite so strange as you think."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Come, Rick, I believe you're to be trusted—not a man to blab every thing you know, or to talk where talking would be a breach of honor—so I'll tell you a secret. Those two were something more than casual acquaintances, though Sir Francis doesn't know it, and is never likely to know it. They were half-brothers!"

"What?"

"Half-brothers. Ten years before Sir Lucas Clevedon married Miss Agnes Wilder he ran away with an actress, a pretty woman, and a woman who was, for a few seasons, the rage up in London. She went by the name of Mrs. Mostyn, but whether she had a husband, living or dead, is more than I know; and whether Sir Lucas ever married her is more than I know. But my belief is that he did; for just before she died he sold an estate that his mother had left him, and settled every sixpence of the purchase-money in trust for the benefit of the son that had been born somewhere in Italy. Lord Dartmoor was one of the trustees, and I was the other; and it was Lord Dartmoor made him do it, as I heard drop from him in the course of the business. It was a good lump of money that he parted with this way, and I knew Sir Lucas well enough to know that he wouldn't have sacrificed as much as a twentieth part of the sum for any generous or manly consideration—in plain words, not unless he was obliged. So I have always suspected there was some kind of marriage—if not strictly legal, still strong enough to frighten Sir Lucas—and that the poor lady was persuaded to sell her son's birthright for this settlement. Sir Lucas had just come home from the Continent, and was paying his court to another lady at the time, the only daughter and heiress of a great banker, a young lady who afterward married a nobleman. That courtship never came to any thing. Sir Lucas was going down hill by this time, and his character had got to be pretty well known; so the young lady's father shut the door in his face, and he came down to Clevedon, and shut himself up and sulked like a wounded wild beast. As to his son, I don't believe he ever took the trouble to see him after he left him somewhere in foreign parts with the poor mother. If any thing was wanted to be done, I did it; and when Lord Dartmoor died I had the whole management of the boy's business till he came of age, when my trusteeship expired. We gave him a first-rate education—there was just enough income to do that liberally, and leave a small margin for accumulation. He was a clever, steady-going lad, and seemed to do well wherever he went. As a young man he was free from all his father's vices. I had as much trust and confidence in him as I might have had in my own son, or I should never have brought him across your threshold. You'll believe that of me, won't you, Richard Redmayne? I should never have brought him to Brierwood if I hadn't thought him an honest man."

"Ay, ay," said Rick, gloomily, "you trusted him, I dare say; but the wrong was done for all that. A stranger was brought into my house while I was away—a stranger who broke my daughter's heart."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

THIS low-browed, half-Egyptian face, whose rich olive complexion, scarlet lips, and raven hair we fancy we see through the black and white of the engraving, would readily of itself conjure up a dream of luscious summer, even without the late August flowers and foliage with which the artist has wreathed it to complete the picture. And when is such a dream more welcome than in these bleak days, when snow-drifts cumber the frozen earth, and the winter wind moans drearily through the leafless trees fringed with icicles? If it is true that none may

"Wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat,"

still the vision of the not far distant days when the earth will again be clad with verdure, and the winds of heaven will be courted as friends and not shunned as foes, may well assist us in patiently enduring the winter's cold. In this view, our picture is especially seasonable at this moment. And if this vision is grateful to those who sit at luxurious firesides, what must it be to the houseless and homeless ones, who shiver hungrily at every corner? To them winter means death, and summer life. To them winter brings no geniality, holiday-making, and social pleasure. It is simply cold and starvation. They are the ones who look for summer longingly, and dream of it as an angel of light, whose balmy wings assuage half the pangs of poverty and hunger. Would that the fortunate ones of earth would take the place of this angel, and equalize the seasons in a measure, by bearing for them the added burdens of winter, especially in this holiday season, which, to be a true jubilee, should not witness a sad face in all the land!

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

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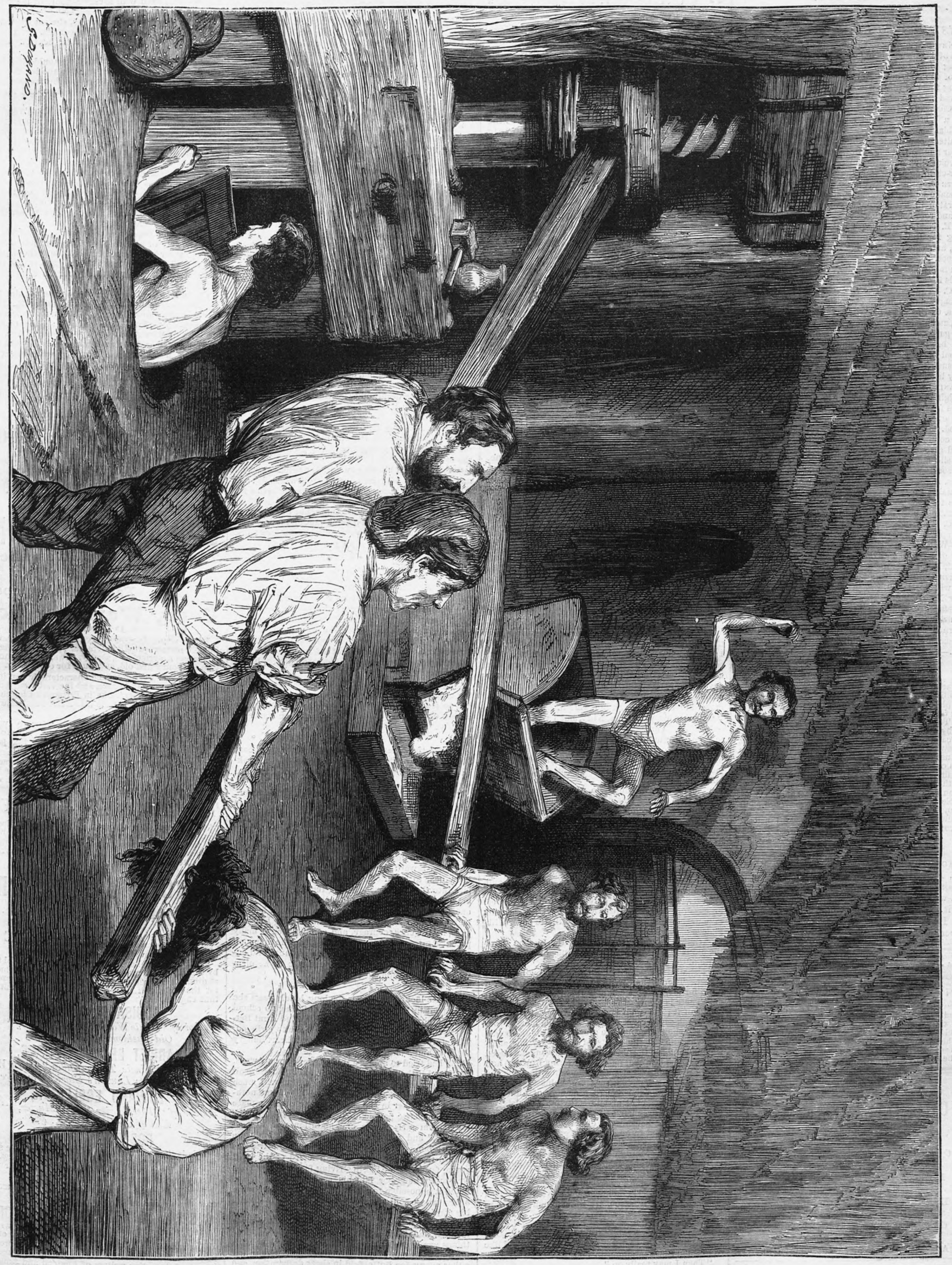
MACARONI-MAKING.

YOU would never guess how macaroni is made if you had not seen it. You imagine, no doubt, that they make it like pipes, roll it on wires, or spin it out like glass. If you are in Naples, and you are quite sure you don't care very, very much for macaroni, you had better go and clear up the mystery. The moment you have passed the Ponte della Maddalena you see on either side of you trestles in front of the shops, supporting canes which are covered with a double fringe, long and yellowish. This is macaroni hanging in the sun to dry. The flies know it very well, and dot it in thousands, and the little boys know it very well, and crawl under the fringe, and just clip the ends and pick up stray morsels that may drop. I saw it hanging just so while the ashes from Vesuvius were still blowing about Portici. Nothing seems to harm it, neither boys, nor dust, nor flies; they add to the flavor. Now how do you think it is made? Just peep beyond the trestles there into the shop. "Why, by Jove, they are all naked." No, not quite. "What are those three fellows doing, jumping up and down as if they were on a see-saw?" Kneading the macaroni paste. A friend of mine says he has seen them kneading it as they are doing now, but without the beam. "And that horrible old *Spagnoletto* in the bin?" He is performing the first operation to the paste—treading it. "And this troop of maniacs in front, rushing madly backward and forward at the end of this pole, threatening to capsize us every minute?" Why, don't you see they are turning the screw of the press, and below there out comes the macaroni; while the boy in the hole fans it directly it is presented to the world. Then he nips it off when it has dropped a certain length, and hands it to a lad, who spreads it on the canes, and then—the sun, the dust, the flies, and the boys. If you wish to know any more, take away this importunate foreman who keeps jogging my elbow while I draw, and insisting on taking me to look at every detail, while I only want to sketch the whole scene at a distance. He will show you the yellow corn. He will tell you it comes from the country near Brindisi. He will make the wrinkled *Spagnoletto* put water—hot water, mind—on the floor, and tread it under your nose. He will bring you the brass moulds at the foot of the press, through which the paste is forced, and fit bits of macaroni into the holes. He will not, perhaps, know that these moulds are made in England. By-the-bye, do you observe how the master, playing cards yonder in a corner, keeps looking at us a little suspiciously? He half thinks we are learning the secret of macaroni-making, to take it to America, and set up a rival manufactory. Never fear; in America we have not got the Neapolitan water, and that's no great loss. Above Castellamare they say the best macaroni is made, but I don't know on what the excellence depends.

"Macaroni is only flour and water." That's all. It can't be the substance, then, that delights the Neapolitans; it must be the form. There must be something in the long, snaky strings which tickles the Neapolitan throat and palate. Some gourmand wished for a throat as long as a crane's, that he might eke out the pleasure of



MACARONI-MAKERS AT NAPLES.

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eating. Yards and yards of macaroni, and yards and yards of neck, would be the very acme of delight to a Neapolitan. You may catch him in the act, if you like, in a little street that runs away to the right from the Castle Nuovo. Here there are dozens of queer shops, with frying apparatus outside, and our Neapolitan sees his macaroni cooked, swallows whole bunches of it, or rather lets it glide down his throat, and never thinks—not he—how it's made, nor of the dust and the flies and the boys.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—The "Ugly Girl" articles are a series of papers now being published in the *Bazar*, containing hints for improving the complexion, taking care of the hair, etc. You can order the *Bazars* containing them at this office. They are twelve in number, and cost ten cents each.

A CONSTANT READER.—Make your brown merino with a Worth over-skirt and jockey basque. Trim with bias scalloped ruffles and bias bands of silk. Do not alter your black cashmere. Make your sacque shorter and half-fitting. Dress your boy in Gabrielles and yoke slips of white muslin, with plenty of thick under-clothing and warm wraps.

KATE B.—Get a garnet or an olive brown cashmere, and make by the Double-breasted Redingote pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V. Wear with sky blue and rose-colored neck-ties.

M. E. C.—Lay full-length kilt pleats on a cambric facing for the back widths of a dress, press them flatly, and catch them at intervals on the wrong side by tapes.

LAPIDARY.—Pearls are quite as appropriate as diamonds for a bride.

C. C.—You can get a *Bazar Book of Decorum* by sending $1 and your address to this office.

MRS. G. B.—Get a black silk suit, a blue-gray cashmere, and a garnet silk like your samples to wear with your garnet bonnet. The back flounces are on the three back breadths only, and bows with long ends conceal the place where they meet the front trimming. Passementerie with an upright box-pleated frill is a pretty heading for your flounces.

JEANIE DEANS.—Your darker sample is olive brown; the lighter is sardonyx. Both are cashmere, which differs from merino in being twilled on one side and plain on the other, while both sides of merino are twilled. Blue piping would make your sardonyx suit look common, while a dark nut brown silk piping would give it character and style. A polonaise faced with silk and a flounced skirt is the best design for fine woolen suits.

MRS. A. M. S.—Trim the gray suit with maroon velvet, making a wrap of the gray merino, with velvet bands for trimming. See *Bazar* No. 47, Vol. V., for illustrations of children's wraps.

D. C. L.—White muslin worn over pink or blue silk is an appropriate concert dress for a young singer.

S.—Water-proof cloaks look far better without trimming of any kind. The pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. IV., is the best model.

EDITH DOMBEY.—The blue empress cloth you suggest will be stylish. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. V., for hints about coiffures. The bonnets and round hats this season differ only in having strings. Make your pink silk by the full dress pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. V., omitting the lace, and using bias gathered narrow ruffles instead.—Fresh benzine will cleanse your kid gloves.

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WORK;

Or, CHRISTIE'S EXPERIMENT.

By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Author of "Little Women," "Old-Fashioned Girl," "Little Men," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTIE.

"AUNT BETSEY, there's going to be a new Declaration of Independence."

"Bless and save us, what do you mean, child?" And the startled old lady precipitated a pie into the oven with destructive haste.

"I mean that, being of age, I am going to take care of myself, and not be a burden any longer. Uncle wishes me out of the way; thinks I ought to go, and sooner or later will tell me so. I don't intend to wait for that, but, like the people in fairy tales, travel away into the world and seek my fortune. I know I can find it."

Christie emphasized her speech by energetic demonstrations in the bread-trough, kneading the dough as if it was her destiny, and she was shaping it to suit herself; while Aunt Betsey stood listening, with uplifted pie-fork, and as much astonishment as her placid face was capable of expressing. As the girl paused, with a decided thump, the old lady exclaimed:

"What crazy idee you got into your head now?"

"A very sane and sensible one, that's got to be worked out; so please listen to it, ma'am, I've had it a good while. I've thought it over thoroughly, and I'm sure it's the right thing for me to do. I'm old enough to take care of myself; and if I'd been a boy, I should have been told to do it long ago. I hate to be dependent, and now there's no need of it; I can't bear it any longer. If you were poor, I would not leave you, for I never forget how kind *you* have been to me. I *am* a burden to him, and I must go where I can take care of myself. I can't be happy till I do, for there's nothing here for me. I'm sick of this dull town, where the one idea is to eat, drink, and get rich. I don't find any friends to help me as I want to be helped, or any work that I can do well; so let me go, Aunty, and find my place, wherever it is."

"But I do need you, deary; and you mustn't think Uncle don't like you. He does, only he don't show it, and when your odd ways fret him, he ain't pleasant, I know. I don't see why you can't be contented; I've lived here all my days, and never found the place lonesome, or the folks unneighborly," and Aunt Betsey looked perplexed by the new idea.

"You and I are very different, ma'am. There was more yeast put into my composition, I guess; and, after standing quiet in a warm corner so long, I begin to ferment, and ought to be kneaded up in time, so that I may turn out a wholesome loaf. You can't do this; so let me go where it can be done, else I shall turn sour and good for nothing. Does that make the matter any clearer?" And Christie's serious face relaxed into a smile as her aunt's eye went from her to the nicely-molded loaf offered as an illustration.

"I see what you mean, Kitty, but I never thought on't before. You be better riz than me, though, let me tell you: too much emptins makes bread poor stuff, like baker's trash; and too much working up makes it hard and dry. Now fly around, for the big oven is most het, and this cake takes a sight of time in the mixin'."

"You havn't said I might go, Aunty," began the girl, after a long pause devoted by the old lady to the preparation of some compound which seemed to require great nicety of measurement in its ingredients; for when she replied, Aunt Betsey curiously interlarded her speech with audible directions to herself from the receipt-book before her.

"I ain't no right to keep you, dear, ef you choose to (take a pinch of salt). I'm sorry you ain't happy, and think you might ef you'd only (beat eggs, six yolks and whites together). But ef you can't, and feel that you need (two cups of sugar), only speak to Uncle, and ef he says (a squeeze of fresh lemon), go, my dear, and take my blessin' with you (not forgettin' to cover with a piece of paper)."

Christie's laugh echoed through the kitchen; and the old lady smiled benignly, quite unconscious of the cause of the girl's merriment.

"I shall ask Uncle to-night, and I know he won't object. Then I shall write to see if Mrs. Flint has a room for me, where I can stay till I get something to do. There is plenty of work in the world, and I'm not afraid of it; so you'll soon hear good news of me. Don't look sad, for you know I never could forget you, even if I should become the greatest lady in the land." And Christie left the prints of two floury but affectionate hands on the old lady's shoulders, as she kissed the wrinkled face that had never worn a frown to her.

Full of hopeful fancies, Christie salted the pans and buttered the dough in pleasant forgetfulness of all mundane affairs, and the ludicrous dismay of Aunt Betsey, who followed her about, rectifying her mistakes, and watching over her as if this sudden absence of mind had roused suspicions of her'sanity.

"Uncle, I want to go away, and get my own living, if you please," was Christie's abrupt beginning, as they sat around the evening fire.

"Hey! what's that?" said Uncle Enos, rousing from the doze he was enjoying, with a candle in perilous proximity to his newspaper and his nose.

Christie repeated her request, and was much relieved when, after a meditative stare, the old man briefly answered:

"Wal, go ahead."

"I was afraid you might think it rash or silly, sir."

"I think it's the best thing you could do; and I like your good sense in pupposin' on't."

"Then I may really go."

"Soon's ever you like. Don't pester me about it till you're ready; then I'll give you a little suthing to start off with." And Uncle Enos returned to "The Farmer's Friend," as if cattle were more interesting than kindred.

Christie was accustomed to this curt speech and careless manner—had expected nothing more cordial; and, turning to her aunt, said, rather bitterly:

"Didn't I tell you he'd be glad to have me go? No matter! When I've done something to be proud of, he will be as glad to see me back again." Then her voice changed, her eyes kindled, and the firm lips softened with a smile.

"Yes, Ill try my experiment; then I'll get rich; found a home for girls like myself; or, better still, be a Mrs. Fry, a Florence Nightingale, or—"

"How are you on for stockins, dear?"

Christie's castles in the air vanished at the prosaic question; but, after a blank look, she answered pleasantly:

"Thank you for bringing me down to my feet again, when I was soaring away too far and too fast. I'm poorly off, ma'am; but if you are knitting these for me, I shall certainly start on a firm foundation." And, leaning on Aunt Betsey's knee, she patiently discussed the wardrobe question from hose to head-gear.

"Don't you think you could be contented any way, Christie, ef I make the work lighter, and leave you more time for your books and things?" asked the old lady, loth to lose the one youthful element in her quiet life.

"No, ma'am, for I can't find what I want here," was the decided answer.

"What do you want, child?"

"Look in the fire, and I'll try to show you."

The old lady obediently turned her spectacles that way, and Christie said in a tone half serious, half playful:

"Do you see those two logs? Well, that one smouldering dismally away in the corner is what my life is now; the other blazing and singing is what I want my life to be."

"Bless me, what an idee! They are both a-burnin' where they are put, and both will be ashes to-morrow; so what difference does it make?"

Christie smiled at the literal old lady; but, following the fancy that pleased her, she added earnestly:

"I know the end is the same; but it does make a difference how they turn to ashes, and how I spend my life. That log, with its one dull spot of fire, gives neither life nor warmth, but lies sizzling despondently among the cinders. But the other glows from end to end with cheerful little flames that go singing up the chimney with a pleasant sound. Its light fills the room and shines out into the dark; its warmth draws us nearer, making the hearth the cosiest place in the house, and we shall all miss the friendly blaze when it dies. Yes," she added, as if to herself, "I hope my life may be like that, so that whether it be long or short, it will be useful and cheerful while it lasts, will be missed when it ends, and leave something behind besides ashes."

Though she only half understood them, the girl's words touched the old lady, and made her look anxiously at the eager young face gazing so wistfully into the fire.

"A good smart blowing up with the bellusses would make the green stick burn most as well as the dry one after a spell. I guess contentedness is the bellus for young folks, ef they would only think so."

"I dare say you are right, Aunty, but I want to try for myself, and if I fail, I'll come back and follow your advice. Young folks always have discontented fits, you know. Didn't you when you were a girl?"

"Shouldn't wonder ef I did; but Enos came along, and I forgot 'em."

"My Enos has not come along yet, and never may; so I'm not going to sit and wait for any man to give me independence, if I can earn it for myself." And a quick glance at the gruff, gray old man in the corner plainly betrayed that, in Christie's opinion, Aunt Betsey made a bad bargain when she exchanged her girlish aspirations for a man whose soul was in his pocket.

"Jest like her mother, full of hifalutin notions, discontented and sot in her own idees; a poor capital to start a fortin' on."

Christie's eye met that of her uncle peering over the top of his paper with an expression that always tried her patience. Now it was like a dash of cold water on her enthusiasm, and her face fell as she answered quickly:

* * * * * *

"There, there, dear, hev a good cry, and forgit about it," purred Aunt Betsey, as the heavy footsteps creaked away, for the good soul had a most old-fashioned and dutiful awe of her lord and master.

"I shan't cry but act; for it is high time I *was* off. I've stayed for your sake; now I'm more trouble than comfort, and away I go. Good-night, my dear old aunty, and don't look troubled, for I'll be a lamb while I stay."

Having kissed the old lady, Christie swept her work away, and sat down to write the letter which was the first step toward freedom. When it was done, she drew near to her friendly *confidante*, the fire, and till late into the night sat thinking tenderly of the past, bravely of the present, hopeful of the future. Twenty-one to-morrow, and her inheritance a head, a heart, a pair of hands; also the dower of most New England girls, intelligence, courage, and common-sense, many practical gifts, all hidden under the shy pride that soon melts in a genial atmosphere, much romance and enthusiasm, and the spirit which can rise to heroism when the great moment comes.

* * * * * *

Christie looked back over the long, lonely years she had spent in the old farm-house, plodding to school and church, and doing her tasks with kind Aunt Betsey while a child; and slowly growing into girlhood, with a world of romance locked up in a heart hungry for love, and a larger, nobler life.

She had tried to appease this hunger in many ways, but found little help. Her father's old books were all she could command, and these she wore out with much reading. Inheriting his refined tastes, she found nothing to attract her in the society of the common-place and often coarse people about her. She tried to like the buxom girls whose one ambition was to "get married," and whose subjects of conversation were "smart bonnets" and "nice dresses." She tried to believe that the admiration and regard of the bluff young farmers were worth striving for; but when one well-to-do neighbor laid his acres at her feet, she found it impossible to accept for her life's companion a man whose soul was wrapped up in prize cattle and big turnips.

Uncle Enos never could forgive her for this piece of folly, and Christie plainly saw that one of three things would surely happen if she lived on there with no vent for her full heart and busy mind. She would either marry Joe Butterfield in sheer desperation, and become a farmer's household drudge; settle down into a sour spinster, content to make butter, gossip, and lay up money all her days; or do what poor Matty Stone had done, try to curb and crush her needs and aspirations till the struggle grew too hard, and then, in a fit of despair, end her life, and leave a tragic story to haunt their quiet river.

To escape these fates but one way appeared: to break loose from this narrow life, and go out into the world and see what she could do for herself. This idea was full of enchantment for the eager girl, and, after much earnest thought, she had resolved to try it.

"If I fail, I can come back," she said to herself, even while she scorned the thought of failure, for with all her shy pride she was both brave and ardent, and her dreams were of the rosiest sort.

"I won't marry Joe; I won't wear myself out in a district-school for the mean sum they give a woman; I won't delve away here where I'm not wanted; and I won't end my life like a coward because it is dull and hard. I'll try my fate as mother did, and perhaps I may succeed as well." And Christie's thoughts went wandering away into the dim, sweet past when she, a happy child, lived with loving parents in a different world from that.

Lost in these tender memories, she sat till the old moon-faced clock behind the door struck twelve, then the visions vanished, leaving their benison behind them.

As she glanced backward at the smouldering fire, a slender spire of flame shot up from the log that had blazed so cheerily, and shone upon her as she went. A good omen, gratefully accepted then, and remembered often in the years to come.

Thus ends the first chapter of Miss Alcott's sprightly and attractive but thoughtful new story, which commences in the holiday number of Henry Ward Beecher's Great Literary and Family Weekly—*The Christian Union*—and will be continued only in that paper. Miss Alcott has found the key to the popular heart; it is in depicting the true *home life* of America, which she makes full of zest, enjoyment, and wholesome earnestness. This story will be followed in *The Christian Union* by other serials from other eminent American pens. Edward Eggleston, Robertson Gray, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, etc.

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Accrued Surplus and Premiums,	2,916,316 88
Cash Assets, November 30, 1872,	$3,316,316 88
Premiums, October, 1872, -	$252,780 70
Premiums, November, 1872, -	301,876 64
	$554,657 34
Amount insured in the Burned District, Boston, - - -	$458,196 00
Amount insured on Outskirts of same, - - - - -	39,500 00

It has been definitely ascertained that $2000 will cover all claims upon the last item, while salvages already determined indicate a net loss of not over

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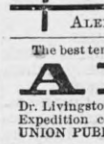

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FACETIÆ.

A LOVER once wrote to a lady who had rejected him, saying that he intended to go "to some secluded spot and breathe away his life in sighs!" to which the lady replied by inquiring whether they were to be medium or large size. The man has not since been heard from.

Why is dancing like new milk?—Because it strengthens the calves.

The prospectus of a girls' school at Pesth announces: "With regard to mythology, we shall teach the young ladies all that is necessary to understand the modern *opera bouffe*."

Why is nature like a baby?—Because there is generally a squall when its face is washed.

A new dish is grape leaves fried in egg batter; it is called a French dish. A contemporary remarks, "We can't think of any thing that would be more delicious than fried grape leaves, unless it is a theatrical poster on toast."

Why is a ballet-dancer a most inhuman creature?—Because her greatest delight is to execute her *grand pas* (grandpa).

It is now claimed that the architect of the great wall of China was a woman, but a woman wouldn't do any thing to keep men out in that way.

A NEW WORD.—A gentleman on walking up a hill in England found a bit of iron dropped from some machine, and deposited it at the nearest cottage, observing that the owner of the iron might give the housewife something for restoring it. "Oh," said she, "I don't know that; hereabouts they are not very *givish*."

MORE SELFISHNESS.

PLAYFUL BABE. "I say, Clara, pull off your Boots and Stockings, there's a good fellow, and come and help me to launch my Boat; Uncle won't."

[*Would you believe it, she wouldn't.*

A female novelist commenced her last work thus: "The sun had sunk into his western bed, but drawing the golden clouds up too high to hide his face, allowed his shining toes to protrude at the other end, thus casting a faint pinkish and crimsonish glow over nature's face."

If a spoonful of yeast will raise fifty cents' worth of flour, how much will it take to raise funds enough to buy another barrel with?

That was a good though rather a severe pun which was made by a student in one of our theological seminaries (and he was not one of the brightest of the class, either), when he asked, "Why is Professor —— the greatest revivalist of the age?" and on all "giving it up," said, "Because at the close of every sermon there is a 'Great Awakening.'"

A Shakspearean was reading *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to the sailors of a ship on which he was crossing the Atlantic, and they listened with pleasure till he came to the passage which describes "a mermaid sitting on a dolphin's back," when an old salt burst out, "That's nonsense! A dolphin's back is as sharp as a razor, and no mermaid could ride one till she'd saddled him."

HOW TO PREVENT FITS—Buy ready-made boots.

The sharpest so far this month is the girl who makes her unsuspecting father the daily bearer of sweet missives to a clerk in his office who has been forbidden to visit his employer's house. She pins the letter in the old man's cloak, and when he reaches the office and throws off the garment the clerk gets it and responds by the same carrier.

A compositor in a Southern printing-office was escorted home the other night by a squad of dogs. The only remarkable thing about the occurrence was the rapid time made.

A well-known Connecticut clergyman had a deacon who insisted upon leading the singing at the prayer-meetings. He was a great blunderer, and he sang all the sad and melancholy tunes he could think of. The hymn was given out,

"I love to steal a while away."

The deacon began, "I love to steal"—to *Mear*, where he broke down. He started with *Dundee*—"I love to steal." The third time he commenced and broke down, when the pastor arose and gravely said, "I am sorry for our brother's propensity. Will some brother pray?"

The following scene, it is said, took place in a Parisian *magasin*. An elegantly dressed lady asked to see some materials for paletots. The shop-man mounted the steps, and took down several pieces of striped velvet. "The rain would spoil it," said the lady; "show me some swan-skin." Several pieces being laid upon the counter, "Too thick," said the lady, after an examination of ten minutes; "show me some ladies' cloth." Several great rolls were laid before her. They were too thin. Then came velvet, silk, satin, moiré, until the counter disappeared under the piles of stuffs, behind which stood the nearly invisible shop-man, still patient and polite. At last, "I have decided," said the customer, "in favor of flannel, blue flannel." Ten or twelve pieces were placed upon the heap. "That will do," she said, after a long and minute scrutiny. "How much will it take to make a dog's paletot?" and she held up a microscopic toy terrier.

"A paletot?" asked the shop-man, not at all disconcerted, and appearing to make a mental calculation. "Will it have pockets, madame?"

MEMS. FOR MANIACS.

JANUARY, the first month of the year, took its name from Janus. We don't know what Janus did without his name afterward.

Gardening Operations. The bulbs appear this month. Book your seats early. Protect your tulip beds; sit up with them all night, and keep your blunderbuss loaded. Examine the roots of your dahlias; never mind if you offend them; it's for their good. If you keep a boarding-house, attend to your borders.

FEBRUARY.—February used to come before January. This, however, has since then been set straight, to avoid confusion.

Gardening Operations. Begin to get your annuals ready for next year. Give out your snow-storm stories to be written at midsummer. Pot off well-rooted cuttings of calceolarius. This is good rifle practice. Sow cabbages, but take care that your thread is strong enough.

MARCH.—March used to be called the spring month. In leap-year, however, the name is more properly applied to February.

Gardening Operations. Keep your beds as tidy as you can. Rake and water them carefully. If this won't do, consult an experienced bed-maker. You may nail wall-fruit this month, if no one is looking.

APRIL.—There is a fool moon this month. Let us say on the 12th day, 9 h. 51 m. P.M., but you may fix any other time, if you like it better.

Gardening Operations. Weed your walks, and throw weeds over next-door neighbor's wall. Sow climbers, and sit down and watch them; this requires patience. Plant a biennial, and give him the slip; this is an awful lark, and well repays the trouble.

MAY.—Lads and lasses in the olden time used to repair to the woodlands at the dawn of May morning to gather May on other people's property. Many of them having got into trouble, this fine old practice has subsided.

Gardening Operations.—You should remove bulbs this month; remove those belonging to the people next door, if you can. This is a good time for hoeing, where you can get any tick. Plant tomatoes, and see they turn their toes out.

JUNE.—June is the sixth month of the year, according to the common reckoning. If you don't want to be common, reckon it the fifth.

JULY.—July was named in honor of Julius Cæsar. It usually follows June.

Gardening Operations. Plant out your most forward chrysanthemums. Never mind how forward they are, if of the gentler sex; they'll go off all the quicker. Don't let them be impudent to *you*, though. Gather seed-pods, and pop them; you won't get much on them, perhaps, but never mind. Stake your scarlet runners, and see they are properly booked.

AUGUST.—Our Saxon ancestors called August "*Arn monat*;" whether it came when called there is now no telling.

Gardening Operations. Look over your hollyhocks, and make faces at your wife; take care her back is turned. This is a good month to throw bottle-ends and brickbats over the wall into the next-door people's garden.

SEPTEMBER.—September used to be the seventh month; after a while, though, it got tired of being so.

Gardening Operations. Dig up the things in the next-door garden after they are gone to bed. Plant out your cabbages and laugh at them; they will feel dreadfully ashamed of themselves.

OCTOBER.—There is no joke about October, particularly if you haven't paid up your last quarter's rent, and your landlord has put the broker in.

Gardening Operations.—Finish potting the layers of piccotees; also pot your old roosters. Replant your shrubberies—two or three times a day. Get in your bulbs and draw the blinds down. Earth up leeks, more especially if they are in the water-butt.

NOVEMBER.—There is a holiday on the 25th of this month, because the British evacuated New York city about a hundred years ago. From present appearances we should think that a good many of them came back again.

Gardening Operations. Tie your blustering boreases tight. Take up your dahlias sharply if they are pert. Play the cornet to your cabbages; it encourages them. Dig a hole and fill it up again. Get over the wall and break the next-door people's spade.

DECEMBER.—The Feast of Thor, which was celebrated at the winter solstice, was called *Guil*, from *iol*, or *ol*, which signified *ale*, now corrupted into *yule*.

Gardening Operations. This is the month for larks. Dig up every thing. Get up a row among the cabbages. Get over the wall and pull the next-door people's noses. Mulch your rhubarb. If the weather is open, shut it up. Serenade the garden roller. Have the garden paved.

People who believe the current stories about intelligent dogs will read with pleasure that a lost dog in Norfolk, having seen his master's advertisement in a local print, promptly went home.

"We're in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam," said another. "Heaven preserve us!" moaned an old lady.

A soldier can not be even half a soldier if he is in quarters.

"When I put my foot down, I'll have you to understand," says Mrs. Nojoker, "that there's something there." On investigation, it was found to be a No. 11 shoe.

A GAME OF PITCH AND TOSS—A life on the ocean wave.

Every thing that enters Paris has to pay *octroi* duty. For many weeks an elegantly attired gentleman drove a well-appointed dog-cart from the outskirts to the city, being attended every evening by a neat-looking groom. One night the dog-cart was upset in the presence of the gens-d'armes, who, on going to the rescue, noticed that the groom had not moved from his seat. "Come," said one of the men. The groom preserved a dignified silence. "Come down," cried they, angrily; "don't you see your master is hurt? Are you drunk or stupid?" The groom preserved his English *sang-froid*, and the employés, giving him a shake, discovered, to their unutterable astonishment, that he was made of zinc, and contained one hundred and fifty litres of Cognac!

Why are teeth like verbs?—Because they are regular, irregular, and defective.

Cornish people have always been, until brought into closer contact in later years with the rest of the world by the railway, very unsophisticated. During the Crimean war a lady went into a shop in Penzance to purchase groceries. While she was there an old woman from the country came in and asked for some candles, for which she had to pay a higher price than usual.

"Why should you ask more for the candles than I have always paid?" inquired she.

"It's owing to the war," says the shop-keeper, "that the price is raised, for candles are become dearer."

"Lor!" ejaculates the poor old woman, holding up her hands. "Well, I never knowed afore that they fight by candle-light! Well, to be sure!"

An enthusiastic Berliner residing on the coast of Guinea obtained a bust of his well-beloved emperor to present to a friendly chief in the slave line of business. It was a plaster of Paris affair (the bust), and in order to give the effect of a bronze work of art of high value the Berliner bestowed a few artistic coats of black upon it. The chief received the bust with pleasure, and remained in contemplation of it for some time. The Berliner was astonished at the marked effect, and asked for an explanation of the long and mute wonder, believing it to be due to his artistic efforts.

The reply was this question, "And is this really the great emperor who conquered his no less mighty neighbor?"

"Indeed it is, *Königlich roheit*," replied the Berliner.

"Then," responded the negro ruler, "I am indeed delighted, for I see that the great conqueror, the mighty Emperor William, is as I am—a negro."

The effect of his artistic performance astonished the good Berliner.

What is the difference between a farmer and a seamstress?—The farmer gathers what he sows, and the seamstress sews what she gathers.

A young couple were sitting together in a romantic spot, with birds and flowers about them, when the following dialogue ensued:

"My dear, if the sacrifice of my life would please thee, most gladly would I lay it at thy feet."

"Oh, Sir, you are too kind! But it just reminds me that I wish you'd leave off using tobacco."

"Can't think of it. It's a habit to which I am wedded."

"Very well, Sir; since this is the way you lay down your life for me, and as you are already wedded to tobacco, I'll take good care you are never wedded to me, as it would be bigamy."

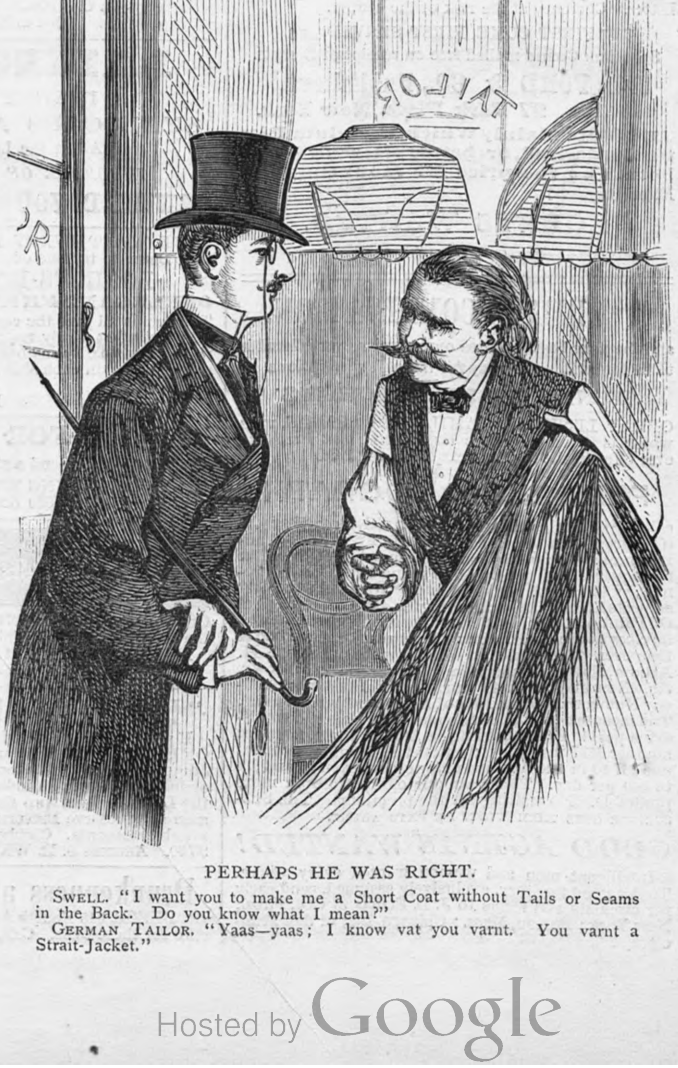
When is a man like a cannon-ball?—When he looks round.

What weed does a gardener seldom object to see?—A cigar in his own mouth.

TOO LATE.

DDLE-AGED CUSTOMER. "Mr. Bassbridge, my Musical Education has been utterly Neglected, but I've a strong Desire to Practice some Instrument. What should you Advise me to take up?"

CONSCIENTIOUS TRADESMAN. "Well, Sir, I should recommend the Triangle—or—yes—I think a Musical Snuff-box, Sir, would be the Best!"



PERHAPS HE WAS RIGHT.

SWELL. "I want you to make me a Short Coat without Tails or Seams in the Back. Do you know what I mean?"

GERMAN TAILOR. "Yaas—yaas; I know vat you varnt. You varnt a Strait-Jacket."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 4.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

IMPROMPTU FURNITURE.

A VERY simple method of preparing a very tasteful little table or work-stand we find described in an old English paper, which will no doubt interest numerous readers of the *Bazar*.

The plan is to take a square or round board, intended for the top, and cover it with buff chintz, very tightly drawn, and fastened down with tacks on the under side. Then take dark paper of some color that will contrast well—maroon velvet or deep blue—and cut out leaves of various sizes, flowers, or any geometrical design, and paste them on very smoothly as a border, finishing off the edge with a fringe of the same color as the figures. This will commend itself to many on account of its cheapness; and whoever has in the house the bottom of a butter firkin will have a table-top already provided, and may thus complete a really useful little stand for an upper chamber. For a parlor the plan may be still further improved, and at the same time will afford something more appropriate, and corresponding better with the other furniture.

Take a circular or square board of light-colored wood—oak, poplar, maple, or, if nothing better can be had, of white pine, well seasoned. If convenient, let it be grooved or moulded neatly around the edge, and varnish it with a coat of any kind of white filling varnish, rubbing it smooth, when dry, with fine sand-paper. Now cut out of black-walnut veneers, such as are made very thin for covering walls, leaves or figures to form a wreath, or centre pieces and corners, according to taste. One of the prettiest and simplest wreaths may be composed of ivy leaves of

Fig. 1.—GROS GRAIN AND SILK GAUZE DRESS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—TULLE AND FAILLE DRESS. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 42ª, 42ᵇ-44ª, 44ᵇ.

Fig. 3.—POULT DE SOIE AND TARLATAN DRESS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—GROS GRAIN AND SILK GAUZE DRESS. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 45-52.

Fig. 5.—SILK GAUZE DRESS. For description see Supplement.

FIGS. 1-5.—LADIES' BALL AND EVENING DRESSES.

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different shapes and sizes, with berries put on in clusters. Cut all the leaves with stems, but make some to curve to the right and others to the left, so as to facilitate the arrangement of them into wreaths or sprays. Then fasten them on with thin white glue, pressing them entirely flat and close, and when dry varnish the whole surface with one or two coats of dammar. This is perhaps the simplest and cheapest plan for obtaining an excellent imitation of inlaid work, and may be applied to a great variety of other articles.

SNOW-BOUND.

How did it happen? Well, you see,
Charley called for Mary *or* me;
Sleighing good, and neither loath,
Only wished he could take us both,
So he said. And grandmother smiled,
Nodding at *me*, "Dress warmly, child."
He looked at Moll
As if to say:
Too bad; but we
Shall ride some day.
While I, half prompted not to go,
Yet feeling, somehow, forced, you know,
Ran to get ready, blithely humming,
Never dreaming of what was coming.

A dear little sleigh and robes—so nice!
And though the air was cold as ice,
I didn't care one bit, not I.
And that horse of Charley's seemed to fly;
While the sleigh-bells' *ching-a-ling*, clear and sweet,
Kept tune to my heart's bewildered beat,
With a *ching-a-ling-ching*,
And Charley singing,
"What would you do, love?"
Through their ringing.
Every thing was so perfect and bright
And sweet and warm—for a winter night—
That—that—in fact, though only sleighing,
I hardly knew what Charley was saying.

Snow-bound? Ah, that is only his joke;
There wasn't a storm, and nothing broke,
And we weren't half dead with cold and fear,
Nor buried in drift, as he'd have it appear.
It's only his way of letting you know
Of what befell o'er the crispy snow,
While *ching-a-ling-ching*
We slid along,
And Charley forgot
To end his song,
And I—well, I was quiet too,
For where was the use, when Charley knew?
All in a breath the past grew clear,
And life shone forth, so dear, so dear!

"Drifts," indeed! and "Pity we went!"
You might have guessed what his "snow-bound" meant.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1873.

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of full-sized patterns, descriptions, and illustrations of Ladies' Ball, Evening, and Reception Toilettes; Walking Suits; Dresses for Children under Four Years old; Fichus, Bretelles, Fans, Hair Ornaments, Cigar-Holders, Key-Bags, Easy-Chairs, Tidies, etc., etc.; with choice literary and artistic attractions.*

THE LIBRARY.

IT is a cheering proof of the general recognition of the importance of books that no modern house of the least pretensions is without an apartment appropriated expressly for keeping and professedly using them. The library, so called, is not always, it is true, as may be pretended, a place for reading and study.

The suddenly made rich and uncultivated man in building his new house resolves that it shall have the completeness of a grand mansion, and gives his orders to the architect not to satisfy such tastes as he may possess, but to absorb the large sum of money he is willing to spend for the display of his newly gotten wealth. He will have, he declares, all that dollars can pay for, and, of course, his new house "must not be without a butler's pantry and a library," which, though in reality they have no more connection than the *Paradise Lost* of MILTON and a sirloin of beef, he associates together as the essential appurtenances of a dignified residence. The library, however, though its richly carved book-cases may be as indiscriminately filled as the dusty shelves of a street bookstand, is not without its good effect. Books seem to exercise a refining influence by their mere presence, though they may never be read. We may grant that the master of the house seeks his library only as the quietest place wherein to doze over his newspaper or sleep off the effects of his heavy dinner, and that his splendidly bound volumes are in reality no nearer to him than the gilded cornices of his ceiling, yet the apartment and its contents are a desirable possession. The children are brought up with the consciousness at least that there are such things as books, and a place nominally provided for the study of them, and it is presumed that, with a better opportunity of education, they will have a livelier sense of the proper use of both than their unappreciative and somnolent sire.

All houses of sufficient extent to admit of it should have a room set apart for a library. This ought not to be that stately apartment, perpetually smelling of morocco, varnish, and new carpet, of many fashionable mansions, which, with its richly carved rosewood, plate-glass, and book backs of gilt, is kept to exhibit to company as one of the series of show-rooms in which the proprietor of the house delights to display his money's worth.

According to our notion, the library should be essentially a room for use. This, indeed, should be of an especial kind. As study and reading are the purposes of the library, it should be reserved for these, and none of the other occupations and diversions of the family ought to be allowed to interfere with them. Nothing is more favorable to the acquisition of the habit of using books than having them of easy access, and collected together in a place convenient for their perusal. In ordinary families the library, as we call it, or study, as it may be termed, might be used, under proper regulations, as a place for the youthful members of the family to prepare the lessons set for them at school and college, and should have all the conveniences they may require.

The literary, scientific, or professional man will, of course, have his library to suit his particular purpose. His books and the apartment which contains them are like the tools and workshop of a mechanic, and are to be adapted more or less to his special vocation. Our general remarks are therefore, of course, less applicable to his requirements than to those of others. The library we have in view is essentially a family one. The room appropriated to the purpose should be spacious, properly ventilated, and particularly well lighted. As it is chiefly intended for books, it would be well to select an apartment with broad, unbroken walls, that there may be sufficient space for the cases to contain them. If practicable, the library should have a window, or windows, at both ends, and but one door. Open shelves are better than closed cases. In all real libraries the books are exposed without glass or other cover, so that they may be conveniently got at without any preliminary fumbling with a key at a lock, than which there is nothing more trying to a man in the heat and impatience of research. There can be little risk in thus exposing books, or the bookseller and the librarian would not habitually do so with their valuable stocks and collections. The freest circulation of air is essential, in fact, to the preservation of books from the effects of moisture and damage from worms. The cases, accordingly, had better be open, and always kept a short distance away from the wall. All the protection ordinary books require may be secured by means of strips of cloth tacked to the edge of each shelf. This will prevent the accumulation of dust. Judicious use is, after all, the best preservative, but if the contents of the library are only kept for show, it will be necessary to treat them with all the nursing care required by any other fine furniture.

Books themselves are always the most interesting and becoming objects for the eye to rest upon, especially in a library. All concealment, therefore, of them, by means of drapery or any other contrivance of the upholsterer, is inappropriate and contrary to every dictate of good taste. When we behold any thing of the kind we have immediate suspicion of a sham. We recall to mind how once we eagerly opened the plate-glass doors of a book-case draped with beautiful pink satin, radiating in glistening pleats from a central sun of gilt, in expectation of finding some choice literature worthy of being thus magnificently embalmed. The doors yielded quickly to our impatient haste, when, lo and behold, we don't know how many white pots of jam, all in a row, stared us in the face! These were undoubtedly creditable illustrations of the housewifery of the dame of the mansion, and delectable specimens of their kind, but they were not the sweets which we were in search of.

The book-cases, which are the chief furniture of a library, are much more convenient for use when they are made only so high that the uppermost shelf may be within easy reach of the outstretched arm. When thus constructed low, they moreover offer good foundations for statuettes and busts, and have a more tasteful effect.

A table with a solid hold upon the floor, a broad cloth-covered surface, and numerous easy-sliding drawers, a few well-cushioned chairs, and a thick carpet or rugs, are the chief requirements of the library, in addition to the books and the cases which contain them. Most students, however well-warmed may be the apartment in which they work, are liable to suffer from coldness of feet. Instead of attempting to remedy this by raising to an excessive degree the general temperature of the room, it is better to make special provision for the warmth of the feet by having a fur skin of some kind or other for them to rest upon. In case of protracted study or writing, it is well to vary frequently the posture of the body, and therefore we would recommend, in addition to the library table, a standing desk, or *pult*, as it is called by those most persistent of students, the Germans, who universally use it.

It is a common mistake, we think, to employ concentrated instead of diffused light for night-work. Where necessity compels the economy of a single lamp, it is no doubt better to have a shade to confine its limited brightness to the point where it is especially required by the eye. Where, however, no such motive prevents a free supply of artificial light, the more complete and diffused it is, the better it will be, both for clearness of vision and the health of its organ.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Rectangularity.

MY DEAR THADDEUS,—Among the earlier social sketches of Leech—and they will all become more interesting and valuable as time passes—there is one which shows "Where you should not dine on Christmas-day." It reveals a chill British interior. There is a drawing-room in which the chandelier is still in the bag and the chairs are covered. The family is assembled in full dinner dress. The British father in white waistcoat and cravat stands with his back to the fire, his hands in his pockets, and his big, mean, mutton-chop-whiskered face lifted superciliously toward a youth who has unfortunately called, upon the chance of an invitation to dinner. Three wretched British young ladies with curls and low-necked dresses sit in a row upon a family sofa. Behind them the British brother lifts his chin and draws on his white gloves, and separated from the sisters by a table sits a meek young woman in black, evidently a cousin from the country—a poor relation. The chilly British matron sits upon the other side of the room with the aunt and uncle; and the whole family freezes the hapless youth as he enters, feeling, too late, that this is the very place where you should not dine on Christmas-day. Of course he escapes as soon as he can, and is off to some happy, hilarious home where there is less white cravat, and where he is not impaled at every turn upon the sharpest angles.

We call it the British home, but the angularity is not confined to Britannia. With a very small effort of the imagination I enter similar drawing-rooms, where the chairs and tables and sofas and book-cases are on their chilliest good behavior, where the rugs lie with mathematical precision, and the place of every trifle upon the mantel or upon the table has evidently been determined by exact calculation. There are houses of such angular perfection that you would be afraid to stand if you were not more afraid to sit. What would happen in either case is inconceivable. Every thing is very splendid and costly, but somehow it is all carved in ice. A blazing wood fire in the gorgeous parlors seems an impropriety, and the crackling and sputtering of coal should bring a blush to the well-regulated cheek. The very books upon the shelves turn upon the humble spectator disdainful backs bristling with gilt. Somehow one of these superb interiors, over which morbid Propriety, the god of right-angled triangles, presides, is like a magnificent mausoleum of lapis lazuli, a vast refrigerator, a glittering grotto hewn out of a glacier.

And what, tell me—what are children to do in such a house? Poor things! they can not resist the baleful influence. They become rectangular too. They are always upon dress parade. The cool admonitions shower them like snow-flakes. "Adolphus, my dear, I am surprised!" "Melissa, my love, you forget yourself!" Warmth, eagerness, spontaneity, impulse, are the mortal sins. They are put under the ban. Now it is the business of children to romp, to roar, to racket, and turn the home into a Pandemonium. Have you grizzly bears in the dining-room? Is that a squadron of cavalry coming down stairs? These are the becoming questions in a house full of children. But in the house of angles silence reigns and enthusiasm is regulated. You wouldn't dine there on Christmas-day. No. And when would you dine there, if you could help yourself?

I am far from always holding the mistress of the household responsible for the rectangularity. It is often a horrid enchantment which seizes her and sways her helplessly. I am very sure, for instance, that little Mrs. Prism wishes that her house were not so "faultily faultless." But what can she do? She is unhappy if a single hair of her head is not in its proper place. If she saw "a speck of dust" upon one of the mantels or upon a drawing-room table, I tremble for the consequences. If any piece of furniture were "worn," or there were confusion any where—if any body's shawl or coat or India rubbers were in the wrong place, or there were a book left upon the sideboard, or a stray piece of work upon a chair or a sofa—little Mrs. Prism's self-reproaches and wrath would be so bitter that life itself would be a mere burden. Now what is she to do? Is she to descend to breakfast with her head disheveled? Or shall she deliberately derange the good order of her drawing-room? Is she to encourage the deposition of dust upon the table? You might as well expect her to wear her shoe down at the heel, or to carry a ragged pocket-handkerchief. She can not help herself. Do you not see people who never appear to be well dressed, although they may wear the finest of clothes, made by the most skillful of tailors and dress-makers? We can be what we please, can we? Then, Master Riquet, please to stand straight as Apollo. Oh, you didn't mean that? Then, Madame Gruffenuff, will you kindly fit this glass slipper to your foot? You can not do it. No: and neither can little Mrs. Prism be other than so prim and proper and angular that you might hang game for a month by her domestic hearth and it would not thaw.

Is this rectangularity any more agreeable when it is the rule of daily life? I meet Todger in the street, and I say, pulling out my watch, "Todger, 'tis half past twelve; let us go and have an oyster." The poor man looks at me and says, "Very sorry, but I never lunch until half past one." We have not met for a year. We were friends once. To this sympathetic breast he confided that hopeless passion for Desdemona, who married as you know—and now he is very sorry, but the laws of the Medes and Persians forbid his lunching an hour earlier. Friendship, good-fellowship, the nameless pleasures of a cheerful—oyster (no, my dear Thaddeus, you thought that I was going to say glass, and so expose myself to teetotal excommunication)—all these are nothing in comparison with his "regular system." The fellow to whom I put out a cordial hand has pierced my heart with the icy point of an angle. I call upon Mrs. Muff. She is constantly gauging the temperature, and in the midst of conversation she exclaims that it must be very warm, and sweeps across the room to consult the mercury. "Bless my soul!" says Mrs. Muff, "seventy degrees! I never allow the mercury to rise above sixty-seven, or, at the very most, sixty-seven and a half." I, however, am not uncomfortable. In fact, I can stand a heat of seventy-two degrees, and in a room without an open fire I am never comfortably warm, although I may suffocate. Mrs. Muff opens the door or the window, "for nothing," she says, "is so bad as a hot room, and we Americans always sit in such ovens." "Yes, madame; last year the mercury in the house in which I was staying marked ninety-eight degrees." "Heavens! Mr. Bachelor, and you live to tell the tale?" "'Twas in August, ma'am!" "La! Mr. Bachelor, you will have your jest." Yes—but why not ask me whether I was suffering with the heat? Nothing so selfish as the rectangular rule of life.

Even in traveling in the cars we can not escape it. I am sitting comfortably by a window. The air is not agreeable, but it is not very bad; and I see with apprehension a severe-looking lady entering at the door. There is a certain high resolution upon her firm features, and I perceive at once that she has stepped upon the platform with a fixed theory of the situation. The car is full; it is hot; the air is poisonous—these are her data. As she enters she looks rapidly at the windows, which are closed, yet the ventilators are open. To my dismay, she makes for the seat before me, saying, as she pushes along, "Horrible! What air! The black hole of Calcutta was nothing to it! Whew! whew!" I have already a cold, and I know what is coming. Up goes the window, and an icy blast dashes at me. Instantly every body in the car is uncomfortable. "Frightful air! frightful, frightful!" says my severe neighbor, in a tone which defies the whole company. "We shall all be asphyxiated." Very well, madame, suppose we are. We must all die some time, and why not of asphyxia as well as pneumonia? Her confounded right-angled rule stabs us all right and left. Because fresh air is good, shall we be forced to take draughts of ice? My dear lady, why not have your rules of courtesy as rigid as those of ventilation?

The famous Mrs. Comus was truly a rectangular person. There are twelve months in the year, said that lady, and three in each season. Our clothing should be adjusted to each. Therefore Mrs. Comus closed her winter wardrobe on the 1st of May, and opened that for summer. On the 2d of May the mercury might be any where toward the bulb, but it was after the day appointed for putting on thinner garments, and if the weather did not choose to correspond to the rule it was certainly not the fault of Mrs. Comus. She was only responsible for her

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rules, and for their rigorous enforcement. And even my cousin Blandina, when she was younger, hedged herself about with the thorniest angles, and tried to lay out her whole life with a kind of stiff Versailles formality. In those ancient days of our youth I used to run into her house and whip out an apple or a sugar-plum for the young people. "My dear cousin," she said to me, as she confiscated the contraband, "my children never eat between meals, and under no circumstances could I permit their stomachs to receive candy. Thank you very much, but 'tis impossible." Or I went in, smiling, with a ticket to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and proposed to take a pair of younglings to the play. "No, thank you! they never go to the play; and, besides, it would take Selina from her practicing, and keep them both up long after bedtime. They always go to bed at eight." In vain I pleaded Christmas, holidays, a little spree, a wise departure from the code. The rectangularity was invincible. The only thing considered was going to bed at eight o'clock.

Selina has her own children now, and when the fatal hour strikes in the very midst of a game, although the rule is eight o'clock, there is another rule that overbears it; and that other rule is that rules should now and then be broken. Bacon says that moderation should be the law, but an occasional excess is good. I suppose he means sherry as the roadster, so to speak, and now and then a foaming beaker of Champagne as the racer! I hope that you understand me, Thaddeus, for if I were to put this letter into a sermon, I should select for my text, "It is the letter that killeth," and exhort my congregation to eschew rectangularity.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SHORT SKIRTS.

LEADERS of fashion are again taking a decided stand in favor of short skirts for street suits. Whether the fresh protest against the slovenliness of long skirts is merely a return of good sense, or is caused by the fact that the newest Parisian costumes are short enough to escape the ground, we can not tell; but the effect is good, and we are glad to chronicle it. A leading modiste says her most fashionable customers are ordering their costumes made shorter; or else, if the skirts are made long enough to train slightly, when used in the house or carriage, they are invariably provided with numerous loops and buttons to shorten them when worn in the street. Ladies have found it difficult to shorten their skirts gracefully, to prevent them from looking bunchy, or from "dipping" between the loops; but it is quite possible to do this, provided enough loops and buttons are supplied. The best plan is to put the loops on the outside of the skirt a short distance below the belt. Instead of braid or cord loops, use tiny squares of silk (doubled or lined with muslin), in each of which a buttonhole is made. Find the extra length of the skirt beyond walking length, and place the button-hole squares exactly that length below the belt at intervals of six inches, beginning in the middle of the first side gore, and continuing all around the back and sides of the skirt. The buttons to which these are to be fastened are small moulds covered with silk, and should be placed just below the belt. If these directions are followed, and the skirt is looped before being put on, it will be found to be a graceful, trim short skirt.

SKATING SUITS.

The skating season has returned, and with it appear some jaunty new skating costumes. Utility and warmth, rather than elegance of material, are desirable in these pretty outfits, hence the popularity of the thick twilled flannel dresses and the sailor "toggery" that young girls and children have adopted for the rink. A dark navy blue flannel dress with ample sailor blouse, a straight clinging skirt trimmed with bands of lighter blue cashmere, and a scarf of the cashmere knotted loosely around the hips, is an effective dress for a young skater, and serviceable also, as it will not be injured by contact with the ice. If worn over thick under-clothing, an extra wrap will not be needed during the heating exercise. Similar dresses are made of black woolen stuffs, brightened by scarlet merino bands, and of gray twilled flannel with blue borders, pockets, collar, cuffs, and sash. Young girls wear these dresses quite short, giving occasional glimpses of the blue or scarlet stocking worn to match the dress. The Scotch plaid costumes once so popular with skaters are now confined to very young children. Young ladies appear at the rink in the short woolen suits worn in the street. The roughly twilled camel's-hair polonaises, with fur border and velvet skirt, make handsome wintry costumes suitable for this purpose. Fine English blue water-proof, and the dark blue ladies' cloth suits, with trimmings of wide braid and huge buttons, are worn with belts of Russia leather, fastened by wide buckles of filigree that look like breast-plates, and from which dangle fanciful bags and chatelaine trinkets. The cap is a seal-skin turban, or else a saucy Tyrolienne of felt, with a gay wing stuck in the band, and the top of the high crown dented, or else caught down on the side by a tassel. The hair is combed straight up from the forehead and nape of the neck and arranged in a tiny knot on top of the head, and this knot is concealed by the turban; a fringe of the hair droops over the forehead, and the sides are "fluffy" rather than smooth. School-girls wear two long plaits of hair braided only half their length, tied with gay ribbon, and the ends left flowing. The rich velvet and showy velveteen suits worn when skating first came into fashion are now seldom seen.

FUR ROBES.

The sleighing carnival of midwinter has brought into use the loveliest fur robes. There are fashions in carriage robes as in other things, and the caprice this season is for dark robes made of the skins of the brown beaver, the wolverine, and the black or brown bear, instead of the white-fox robes that ladies once preferred for their carriages and sleighs. Most fashionable of all for a lady's use are the brown-beaver robes, smooth, reddish-brown, and glossy, resembling dark seal-skin. These are lined with bright blue or scarlet cloth that is pinked on the edges and extends beyond the fur to form a border: they cost from $100 to $150. Next in choice is the shaded yellowish-brown "wolverine" robe, which costs from $75 to $120. The favorite black-bear robes cost from $100 to $175. The long fleece of the brown bear is the color of mink fur, but less soft, and is used for gentlemen's cabs and sleigh robes: price $75. Lynx robes of soft light grayish fur are less expensive, costing about $45. The black genet robes cost from $40 to $50. Among the white robes that are still used, especially for sleighs, the handsomest is the long soft fleece of the white fox, resting like a snow-drift on its gay-colored lining: $75 to $100 is the range of prices. The white-bear robes cost from $100 to $175. A very dainty and inexpensive robe for a lady's coupé is of white Astrakhan, the skin of the Iceland lamb: price from $30 to $50. A novelty for ladies is a robe of the fleece of the white merino sheep, "tipped," as the furriers term it: this costs $75. Children's carriage robes are of the white chamois-skin, imported from Switzerland: price $15 with blue cloth lining.

For sleighs, the skins of the red fox and the gray are made into warm robes. The first is yellowish-red with white lines, and the second is a yellow fleece with gray stripes: price $65. The skins of the beautiful spotted leopard are also made into sleigh robes: price $45. One mammoth affair has the head of the animal mounted in the most natural manner, and attached to the skin, to hang over the back of the sleigh.

For the coachman, who most of all is exposed to the cold, are wolf and tiger skins, also the wild-cat, 'coon, and buffalo skins, warmly wadded and lined, for lap robes. Those of the Japanese wolf are inexpensive, costing from $25 to $35. Coachmen's capes of black genet fur, reaching below the elbow, are worn with the long livery overcoat by drivers of stylish equipages.

FOOT-MUFFS, RUGS, ETC.

Among other seasonable things found at the furriers' are comfortable foot-muffs for carriage use. These are made of tiger or leopard skins, warmly lined with softer fleeces, and cost from $6 to $10.

Small rugs, soft and warm, for invalids, or to be placed by the bedside and receive bare feet on wintry mornings, have the entire skin of the white fox, its head and cunning eyes, its legs and shaggy tail, spread at length on cloth of brilliant hue, prettily wrought and pinked around the edges: price $20. Other rugs and small lap robes are fancifully made of circular strips of seal and otter skins of different shades.

SEAL-SKIN HOODS, HATS, ETC.

Fur hoods are comfortable for sleighing and traveling bonnets, but hitherto they have been so clumsy and unbecoming that they have not found favor. The last importations, however, are so pretty that ladies are using them with evening cloaks as *sorties du bal*. These are fanchons of seal-skin, with a Marie Stuart point on the forehead, lappets over the ears, and ribbon strings to tie under the chin. The lining is of soft silk, that will not disarrange the hair, and is warmly wadded. Plain seal-skin hoods are $12; with beaver borders they are $14 or $16.

The newest seal-skin hats are of French importation, and are made in the shape of the fashionable sailor bonnet, with turned up brim and broad crown. By way of ornament two long tabs or fur tails are pendent behind, and the head, breast, and tail plumage of a bird is stuck on the left side: price $20.

Seal-skin mittens for ladies to draw on over kid gloves cost from $2 50 to $5. Boys' gloves of seal-skin are now finished with kid on the inside of the hand, like those worn by gentlemen, and are warmly lined with lamb-skin: price from $3 to $5.

EIDER-DOWN QUILTS, ETC.

The furnishing houses also make a display of the warmth-giving articles so desirable at this season. Among these are eider "comfortables," or quilts filled with down, so warm and soft, yet of scarcely perceptible weight, making them an especial boon to invalids. Covered with French calico, in gayest Turkey red shades, and quilted in lines at wide intervals, instead of in the small figures that make a quilt hard and unpliable, they cost $28; with gay silk covering, also very slightly quilted, they cost from $50 to $55, according to their size.

California blankets, with thick, fine fleece, snowy white and as soft as down, are considered by housewives as the perfection of warmth and comfort for bed-covering. They come in various qualities, costing from $10 50 to $35 a pair; those popularly sold are of medium price, costing about $14. All-wool blankets of ordinary thickness cost from $6 to $20 a pair. The twilled cotton-wool blankets, with just enough cotton to prevent shrinkage, are commended by thrifty housewives for the nursery and for other beds that are in constant use: price from $3 to $10 a pair.

For information received thanks are due, for dresses and dress goods, to Miss SWITZER; and Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co; and A. T. STEWART & Co.; and for furs to C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS.

PERSONAL.

OUR Washington belles are capturing the cleverest of the foreign diplomats. The latest victory is that of Miss CAMPBELL, who is to be led to the hymeneal, etc., by Mr. WILLIAM OSWALD CHARLTON, of the British Legation. Mr. C. is of an old Northumbrian family who have always been Catholics, and the understanding when he came hither to take upon himself a portion of the responsibilities of the British lion was that he should marry neither an American nor a Catholic. The lady is both, is quite young, and is regarded as one of the most beautiful girls in Washington; and, what is better, CHARLTON *père* has been in Washington, seen the future daughter-in-law, and is delighted with the programme. How nice!

—Again the rumor is revived that the ex-imperial family of France will come over to us early next season, and travel through the length and breadth of the land.

—Mr. JOHN M. FRANCIS, editor of the Troy *Times*, and at present minister to Greece, where he has become the especial guide, philosopher, and friend of the king, has utterly extinguished the story about the *Maid of Athens*, and that the said maid is now an old woman and in want. When the bit of poetry which created her was written, BYRON was boarding with a Mrs. MACRI, and left these now famous lines behind with other scraps when he left the house. They were entirely imaginary so far as the heroine is concerned, and were only preserved by the family as a memento of their afterward distinguished boarder. Subsequently the daughter of Mrs. MACRI—at the time the verses were written a girl of ten years—became associated with the verses as "Zoe," but without reason therefor other than the imagination of those curious in Byronic legend.

—Medical men of all nationalities are to be called on to contribute funds for the erection of a monument at Berlin to the great oculist of Europe, VON GRAEFFE.

—GAMBETTA acknowledged recently to a merchant of Lyons that he was a Jew, but had not been in a synagogue since he was eight years old. It is high time for him to look up his little Pentateuch and go among rabbis.

—ROBERT BROWNING is at work on a new poem, and has forsworn dinner-parties in order that he may give genius a chance. It is rather tough for him, for good ROBERT BROWNING doth much love the feast of reason and the flow of soul—the modest oyster, the cheerful duck, the animating Champagne, and things cognate.

—One of those girls who greeted the Parent of the Country on the occasion of his entry into Newburyport, Massachusetts, has just died in that town. She was ninety-seven.

—In the recently published memoirs of Baron STOCKMAR we find the following story of the Princess Imperial of Germany, then Princess Royal of England, and a child: "PRATORIUS, one of the German secretaries of Prince ALBERT, was not a good-looking man. The queen was once reading the Bible with her little daughter, the princess. They came to the passage, 'God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him.' Upon which the child, gifted with an early sense of beauty, exclaimed, 'But, mamma, surely not Dr. PRATORIUS!'"

—The event of the season is the great Charity Ball in aid of the Nursery and Child's Hospital, which will be given at the Academy of Music, in this city, on the evening of Wednesday, February 5. Its list of managers embraces the names of nearly all of our wealthiest and best citizens; and although the previous entertainments in behalf of this noble institution have been elegant and enjoyable, this year's ball will eclipse all former efforts. We understand that the arrangements are of the most elaborate character, and the ladies and gentlemen who have them in charge are deserving of the most liberal encouragement. The institution is eminently worthy, and this event one of interest to all.

—M. CAMONDO, a Hebrew, said to be worth an indefinite number of millions, is the most opulent private banker of the East, and the ROTHSCHILD of Constantinople. Some years since he purchased of the Italian government the title of count, which gives him a certain personal position and character as a banker.

—Mr. KODAMA, the Japanese gentleman who was baptized in Washington last year by the Rev. Dr. NEWMAN, and commenced to study law, has abandoned the legal notion, and is now preparing for the Methodist ministry. It is his intention to establish and preach in a Methodist church in Japan.

—Mrs. MARY CLEMMER AMES, one of the "brightest and best" of the Washington correspondents, has resumed epistolary work for the *Independent* and the Brooklyn *Union*. Her biography of ALICE and PHŒBE CARY is having a large sale. She was an intimate friend of the sisters, and was for some time an inmate of their family.

—The Rev. FREDERICK HOWLETT, an English astronomer, announces his discovery of sundry more little spots on the sun, which have easily escaped the notice of other observers, as they only cover a thousand million square miles.

—The Rev. HUBBELL LOOMIS, father of Professor LOOMIS, of Yale, died on the 16th ult., in Upper Alton, Illinois, at the age of ninety-seven. He was one of the oldest men and oldest settlers of Illinois.

—Governor HARTRANFT, of Pennsylvania, proposes to introduce a polite civil service reform, by introducing female clerical labor in the various departments of the State government.

—Mr. FORREST'S biography, which has been in preparation for three years past, will be quite unique and exceptionally good in the way of illustration. During this period the biographer, Mr. WILLIAM L. ALGER, aided by Mr. JAMES OAKES, has been at work collecting facts and material for the work. In consequence of Mr. FORREST'S death the publication will be delayed for the purpose of introducing many facts and incidents touching his private and inner life that could not have been published with propriety during his life. There will doubtless be published a number of biographies of FORREST, but none so authentic or complete as the one authorized by the tragedian himself previous to his death. As soon as it is possible to complete it this work will be published, under the personal supervision of the historian, and with the sanction of JAMES OAKES, of Boston, JAMES LAWSON, of New York, and DANIEL DOUGHERTY, of Philadelphia, the executors of Mr. FORREST'S will, and trustees of his estate.

—Miss CLARA REMINGTON, of St. Louis, has this consolation: she is to have the fee-simple of an estate in Cuba worth $500,000, which was recently left to her by a Spanish officer, Colonel MUNCOS, to whom for some time she had been engaged.

—WIENIAWSKI is a wag. The RUBINSTEIN troupe having had thin audiences at the Hub, he remarked, "Our only trouble is lest, if we stay in Boston much longer, we may become unaccustomed to appearing in public."

—HENRY MEIGS, the railroad king of Peru, recently presented President BALTA'S wife with $150,000 on her birthday, and at the same time sent her daughter $50,000—mere little trifles with the noble MEIGS—something that he does every day or two.

—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, who is a personal and professional favorite of Queen VICTORIA, starts next year on a tour, commencing in Australia, thence to California, then to New York, and so home to old England.

—Concerning foreign princes, the last rumor is that a son of BISMARCK is engaged to be married to an American girl.

—Mr. BONTON, a dealer in curious books, has at his place in Broadway what is doubtless the most valuable copy of the Bible ever compiled. It represents the toil for thirty years of an English collector of Biblical prints, engravings, drawings in oil and water colors, and is roughly valued at $10,000. Such subjects as "Susanna and the Elders" or "Daniel in the Lions' Den" are enriched with scores of illustrations drawn from every field of art—the convent missals of the medieval ages, the strange, fanciful, strikingly false drawing of the Italian masters, the grotesque works of Dutch and German painters, and the later and more truthful efforts of modern artists. In all, this wonderful monument of loving devotion to a worthy hobby includes no less than 30,000 illustrations of various kinds, some of them worth from $50 to $100 each, and extracts from some thirty editions of the sacred text.

—Dr. CHARLES SPIER, of Visalia, California, is said to be the oldest living and most successful numismatist in the world. He has been engaged in coin-collecting for over fifty-seven years, and has now over 14,000 pieces, representing every species of coin ever produced in any year, or under the dominion of any sovereign or government, from the days of SEMIRAMIS and the PHARAOHS to the present time. His collection is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. He has over 10,000 of his pieces in the vaults of the Bank of California, and 4000 or over here. At the Bank of California his collection is pronounced the best and most valuable in existence, not excepting those of Queen VICTORIA and the Sultan of Turkey, which are particularly extensive and valuable. The 4000 pieces stored here embrace coins of the ancient Jewish kingdom; of the various kings, consuls, and emperors of Rome; of Tyre, Sidon, Nineveh, Babylon, China, Palestine, etc.; with specimens of every year's coinage in all Christian lands from the time of CONSTANTINE till now. He has gold and silver coins from the size of a very large tea-cup down to that of a pea. The doctor is in easy circumstances, very old, and remains in Visalia on account of the excellence of the climate.

—The income of young Mr. BENNETT, of the *Herald*, is said to be about $700,000 per annum; apropos of which a cynical swell remarks, "This will do, of course; but we had supposed that the old gentleman was really wealthy."

—One of the most remarkable women among the royal families of Europe is the Princess Imperial of Prussia, the eldest child of Queen VICTORIA. Of course she appears on all necessary state occasions, but most of her life is spent in comparative seclusion. She and her husband from the first laid down strict rules as to the sphere of their activity, and have scrupulously and consistently refrained from any thing like interference with political affairs. The prince never hesitates to give his opinion on any matter frankly and fully when it is asked for; but this is not very often, and he has always taken care to guard against setting up a little independent court of his own. As for the princess, she is absolutely and entirely cut off from politics in every shape. Her nature and training have combined to inspire her with a profound respect for the habits of constitutional government. Nothing could be more remote or foreign to the whole tenor of her life and character than political meddling. Social questions occupy her attention. She has given a great impulse to all kinds of philanthropic asylums, provident societies, etc. She takes a deep interest in the woman's rights movement in its more rational aspects—in the efforts made to improve female education, and to expand the sphere of female labor. She carries on a constant and voluminous correspondence with the leaders of this and kindred movements in this country, and they are indebted to her for much excellent practical advice and encouraging sympathy, as well as more substantial help. The GUELPHS have usually been distinguished by a fair share of shrewdness and common-sense, but the Princess Imperial has more than this. She is undoubtedly the ablest member of her family; she has a quick, robust intelligence, deep sensibility, and a strong sense of duty. She is an excellent musician, a clever artist both in painting and sculpture, and a capital talker; but she has much more than the accomplishments of the salon. She is an earnest and conscientious thinker, and quite abreast of the intellectual movements of the day. In her family circle she is a devoted wife and mother. An old friend who saw her immediately after the news had arrived of the victory of Königgratz found her in tears for a child she had lost, and she could talk of nothing else. Baron STOCKMAR, who knew her well, used to say she possessed remarkable gifts, even amounting to inspiration. In short, she is a remarkable woman, of whom we shall, in all probability, hear more in coming years.

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Embroidered Cigar-Box, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS cigar-box, in the shape of an Alpine cottage, is of carved brown stained wood, three inches and a quarter high, eight inches long, and five inches and three-quarters wide. The inside of the lid is furnished with embroidery in satin and half-polka stitch on brown silk reps with saddler's silk in a lighter shade. The embroidery may also be worked with silk of various colors in the design of the medallions shown on page 20, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 2, Vol. VI., or else in petit point.

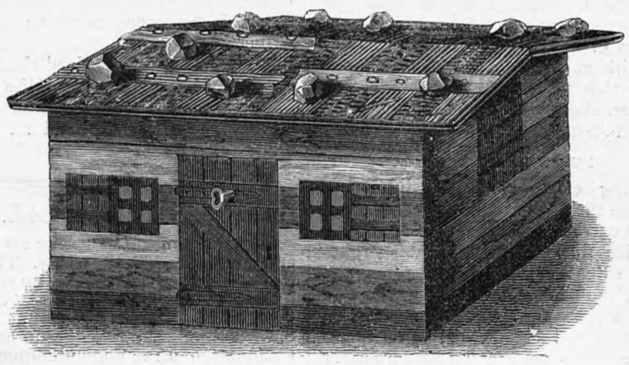


Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED CIGAR-BOX.—CLOSED.

EMBROIDERED SEWING-WEIGHT.
For design see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 40.

Embroidered Sewing-Weight.

THIS sewing-weight consists of a square polished black wooden box three inches and a quarter in diameter and an inch and three-quarters high, which is ornamented with plates of bronze and pearl beads, fastened on a plate of lead covered with red velvet and filled in with lead. The cushion on the upper surface of the sewing-weight is covered with fine red cashmere and embroidered with sewing silk in various colors in half-polka stitch and point Russe; Fig. 40, of the present Supplement, gives the design for the embroidery. In the middle of the cushion is a handle of polished black wood with bronze ring.

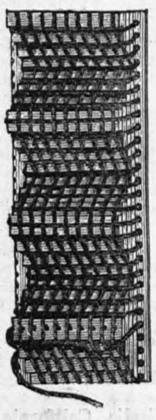


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF BORDER OF SEWING NÉCESSAIRE.

Paper-Weight with Point Russe Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS pretty paper-weight, which at the same time serves for holding envelopes, notices, pen-holders, etc., is made of red Russia leather and bronzed metal. The rim is furnished with a border worked in half-polka stitch and point Russe on gray silk with saddler's silk in various colors; Fig. 2 gives a full-sized section of the border.

Sewing Nécessaire with Pincushion, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS nécessaire consists of an oval card-board box six inches long and two inches and a half high, with a flat lid, which is joined to the box by means of a hinge. The lid, which is furnished with a cushion, and the rim of the box are covered with red velvet, and the rim is trimmed, besides, with a border worked on perforated board with saddler's silk of various colors, as shown by Fig. 1. Fig. 2 gives a full-sized section of the border. As seen in the illustration, the border consists of raised sections; for each of which take four double pieces of perforated board, the lowest piece counting seven holes in width and the uppermost one hole in width, paste them, first, together, and then on a corresponding strip of perforated board, and stretch colored silk on these pieces. The inside of the box is covered with red silk, and the lid with gray silk; the latter is ornamented with a medallion of silk of various colors in satin and half-polka stitch, for which either of the designs shown on page 20 of *Harper's Bazar*, No. 2, Vol. VI., may be used. On the bottom of the box fasten bands of red silk.

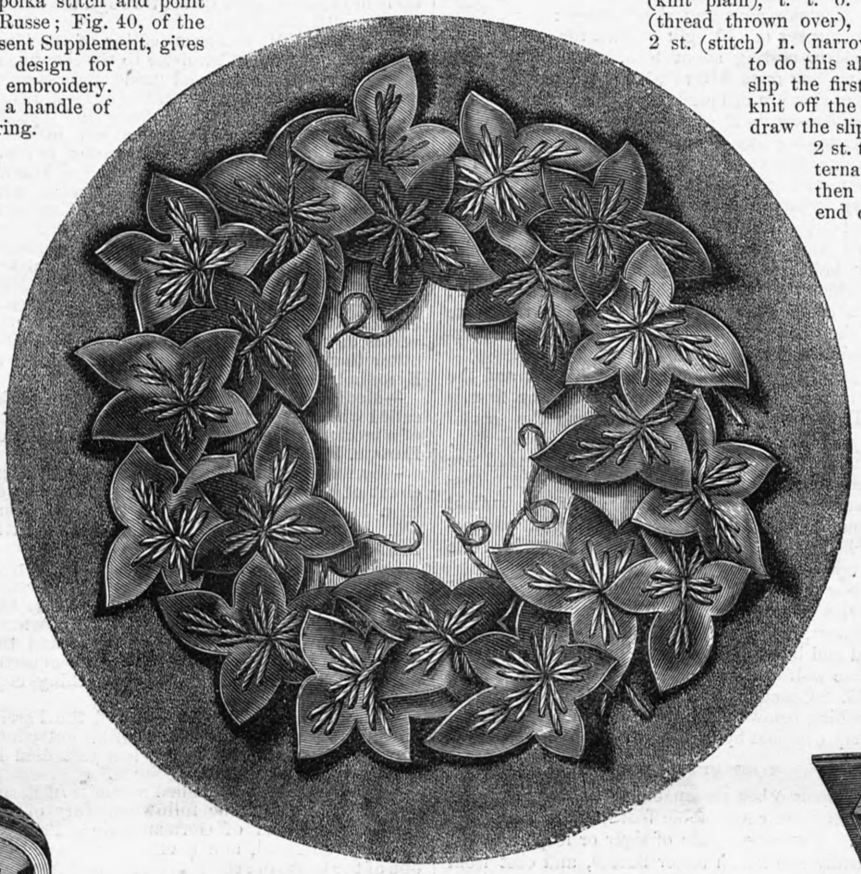


Fig. 2.—APPLICATION EMBROIDERY FOR WALL-POCKET. FULL SIZE.—[See Page 53.]

Fig. 1.—SEWING NÉCESSAIRE WITH PINCUSHION.

Tatted Square for Cravats, etc.

THIS square is suitable for trimming cravats and lingerie, as well as for tidies. When designed for cravats and lingerie, use fine twisted cotton, while for tidies the cotton should be coarser. Begin the square from the middle, working with one thread (shuttle) one four-leaved figure as follows: One leaflet of 6 ds. (double stitch), 7 p. (picot) separated each by 3 ds., 6 ds. Close to this work three similar leaflets, and then tie the ends of the working thread together. Work four more figures like the one just finished, and fasten them to the middle figure as shown by the illustration, fastening the working thread to the first and last p. of two leaflets of the middle figure, instead of forming the middle p. of one of the four leaflets in working each figure. Now work with two threads one round for the outer edge of the square in the following manner: ∗ With one thread work one leaflet of 6 ds., 3 p. separated each by 3 ds., 3 ds., fasten to the middle p. of a leaflet in one of the four figures worked last, 3 ds., 3 p. separated each by 3 ds., 6 ds., close to this one leaflet like the preceding, but fasten to a leaflet of the next figure, turn the work, and with both threads work one scallop of 3 ds., 7 p. separated each by 3 ds., 3 ds., turn the work, three times alternately one leaflet and one scallop like the preceding, fasten the leaflets as shown by the illustration; repeat from ∗, and, finally, fasten the threads.

Fig. 1.—PAPER-WEIGHT WITH POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.

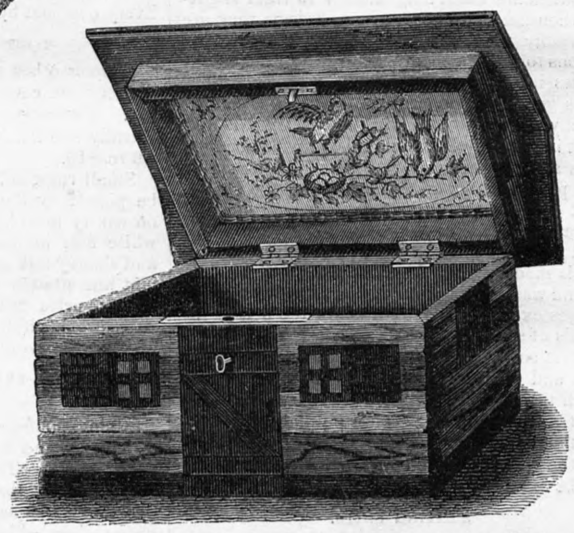
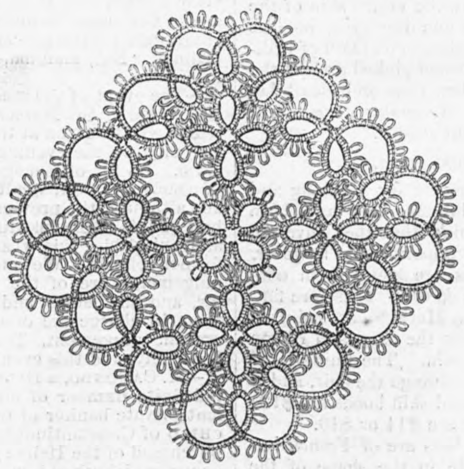


Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED CIGAR-BOX.—OPEN.

Knitted Designs for Stocking Tops, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—The number of stitches for this design should be divisible by 17; knit in rounds, always going forward, as follows: 1st, 2d, and 3d rounds.—All purled. 4th round.—∗ 2 k. (knit plain), t. t. o. (thread thrown over), 2 st. (stitch) n. (narrowed; to do this always slip the first st., knit off the following 2 st. together, and draw the slipped st. over these), t. t. o., k. 2 st. together crossed; five times alternately 1 p. (purled), 1 st. crossed, then t. t. o. Repeat from ∗ to the end of the round. The repetition from ∗ takes place in every following round, and will, therefore, not be referred to again. 5th round.—K. 2 st. together, t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 st. together, t. t. o., k. 2 st. together crossed, k. 1 crossed, four times alternately 1 p., k. 1 crossed, t. t. o., k. 1 crossed. 6th round.—∗ 2 k., t. t. o., 2 st. n., t. t. o., k. 2 together crossed, four times alternately 1 p., k. 1 crossed, t. t. o., 1 p., k. 1 crossed. 7th round.—∗ K. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together crossed, k. 1 crossed; three times alternately 1 p., k. 1 crossed, t. t. o., k. 1 crossed, 1 p., k. 1 crossed, then t. t. o. 8th round.—∗ 2 k., t. t. o., 2 st. n., t. t. o., k. 2 together crossed; three times alternately 1 p., k. 1 crossed, t. t. o., twice alternately 1 p., k. 1 crossed. 9th round.—∗ K. 2 st. together, t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together crossed, k. 1 crossed, twice alternately 1 p., k. 1 crossed, t. t. o., k. 1 crossed, twice alternately 1 p., k. 1 crossed. 10th round.—∗ 2 k., t. t. o., 2 st. n., t. t. o., k. 2 together crossed, twice alternately 1 p., k. 1 crossed, then t. t. o., three times alternately 1 p., k. 1 crossed. 11th round.—∗ K. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together crossed, k. 1 crossed, 1 p., k. 1 crossed, t. t. o., k. 1 crossed, three times alternately 1 p., k. 1 crossed. 12th round.—∗ 2 k., t. t. o., 2 st. n., t. t. o., k. 2 together crossed, 1 p., k. 1 crossed, t. t. o., four times alternately 1 p., k. 1 crossed. 13th round.—∗ K. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together crossed, k. 1 crossed, t. t. o., k. 1 crossed, four times alternately 1 p., k. 1 crossed. 14th round.—∗ 2 k., t. t. o., 2 st. n., t. t. o., k. 2 together crossed, t. t. o., five times alternately 1 p., k. 1 crossed. 15th round.—∗ K. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together crossed, t. t. o., five times alternately 1 p., k. 1 crossed. Repeat continually from the fourth round.

Fig. 2.—SECTION OF BORDER OF PAPER-WEIGHT.



TATTED SQUARE FOR CRAVATS, ETC.

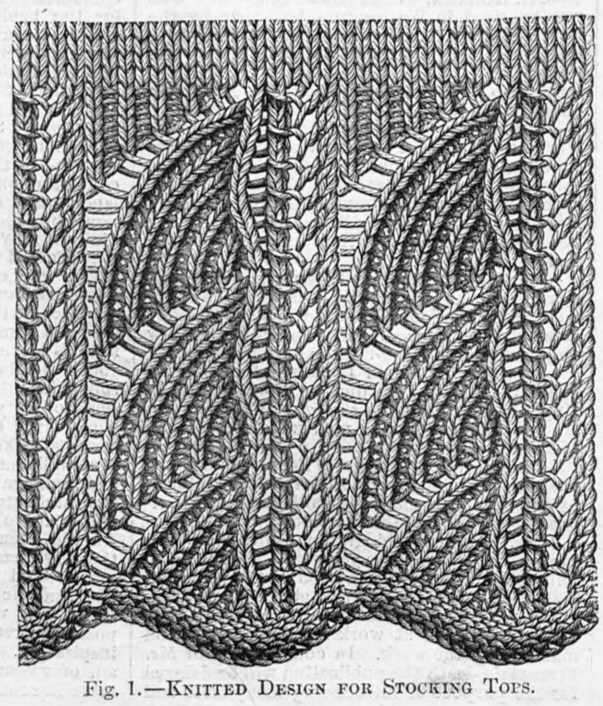


Fig. 1.—KNITTED DESIGN FOR STOCKING TOPS.

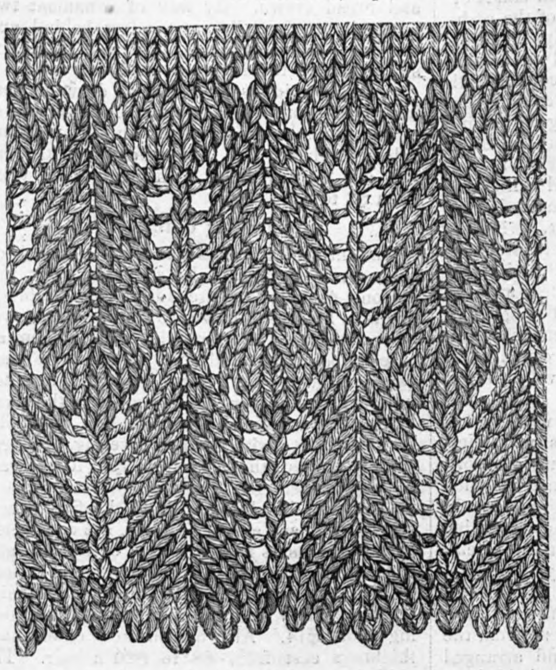


Fig. 2.—KNITTED DESIGN FOR STOCKING TOPS.

Fig. 2.—The number of stitches for this design is divisible by 9. The lower end of the garter is finished by small points. On a foundation of the requisite length knit four rounds plain and one round of alternately t. t. o., k. 2 together; then again four rounds plain. Then take up the lower veins of the foundation st. on separate needles, fold down the lower part of the knitting on the wrong side, and now knit off together always 1 st. of the last round with one of the st. taken

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upon separate needles. Now begin the design. All rounds designated by even numbers are knit all plain. 1st round. —* 1 st. n. (to do this slip the first st., knit off the following st., and draw the slipped st. over), k. 2 together, 2 k., t. t. o., k. 1 crossed, t. t. o., 2 k. 3d, 5th, 7th, 9th, and 11th rounds.—Like the first round. 13th round.—* 1 st. n., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 1 k. 15th round.—* 1 st. n., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o. 17th round. —* K. 2 together crossed, t. t. o., 2 k., 1 st. n., 3 k., t. t. o. 19th round.—K. 1 crossed, t. t. o., 2 k., 1 st. n., k. 2 together, 2 k., t. t. o. This last round is a repetition of the first round of the design; the design is transposed in this manner, and is continued as described in the preceding rounds.

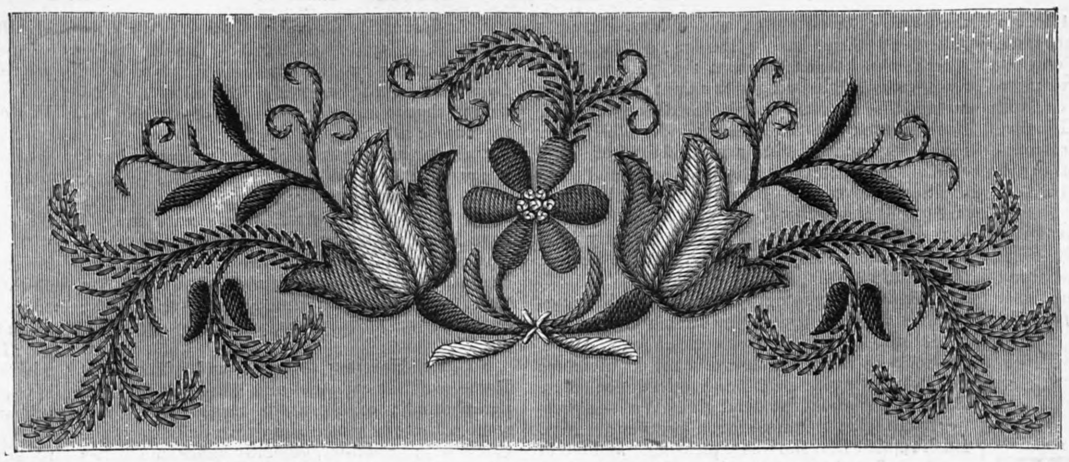


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF EMBROIDERY FOR CARD-BASKET.—FULL SIZE.

Embroidered Toilette Cushion.

THIS round cushion is five inches and three-quarters in diameter and two inches and a half high, and is trimmed on the outside, as shown by the illustration, with pinked ruffles and with puffs of fawn-colored silk, and also with a piece of embroidered light brown cloth, cut in points and pinked on the outer edge. Work the embroidery, for which Fig. 63 of the Supplement gives the design, partly with narrow brown silk braid and gold cord, and partly with light and dark brown saddler's silk in half-polka and knotted stitch and in point Russe. Cover the under surface of the cushion with brown carriage leather.

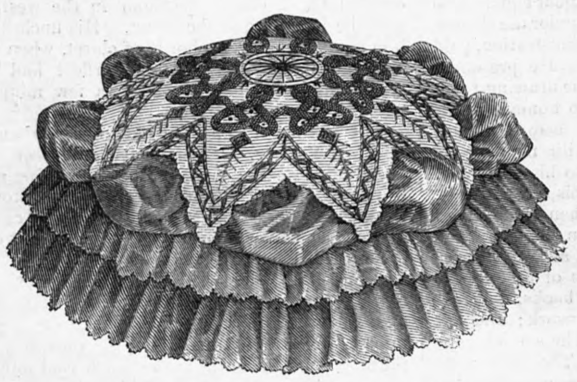
Fig. 2.—SLIDE FOR PURSE.—FULL SIZE.

EMBROIDERED BLOTTING CUSHION.
For design see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 38.

Fig. 3.—GRELOT FOR PURSE. FULL SIZE.

Basket for Visiting-Cards, Fancy-Work, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THE foundation for this basket is of card-board. The outer cover is of fine red cashmere, ornamented in satin and half-polka stitch embroidery, and in point Russe with fine saddler's silk in bright colors. Fig. 61, Supplement, gives a third section of the pattern for the rim, Fig. 62 gives the design for the embroidery on the bottom of the basket, and the illustration Fig. 2 gives a full-sized section of the rim with embroidery. The inside of the bottom is edged with black chenille, and the outer edge of the basket is trimmed with a ruche of red silk ribbon. The rim at the bottom and the bars of the frame, curved as shown by Fig. 1, are of wood covered with black velvet.



EMBROIDERED TOILETTE CUSHION.
For design see Supplement, No. XIX., Fig. 63.

Fig. 1.—CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Fig. 1.—CROCHET PURSE.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]

Fig. 1.—BASKET FOR VISITING-CARDS, FANCY-WORK, ETC.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 61 and 62.

Crochet Purse, Figs. 1–3.

THIS purse is worked with green saddler's silk — the middle part in open-work bar rounds, and the ends all in single crochet. It is ornamented with acorn-shaped dots of light and dark brown silk, which are crocheted into the foundation. Begin the purse on one end with a foundation of 44 ch. (chain stitch), close these in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and crochet, always going forward, 52 rounds of sc. (single crochet), widening 2 st. (stitch) each at the beginning and in the middle of the 1st–11th rounds. To do this crochet in the first round before the first and after the twenty-second st. 2 ch., without passing over a foundation st.; then work in the 2d–10th rounds always 2 sc. separated by 2 ch. on the 2 ch. of the preceding round, and in the 11th round only 2 sc. on the corresponding ch. This 11th round should count 84 sc. Besides this work the first dots in the 5th and 6th rounds. To do this work in the 5th round first 8 sc. with green silk, in doing which crochet in the light brown silk, then work with the latter color 4 sc. on the next st. below in a vertical direction in the 1st round, thus surrounding the st. of three rounds below each other; with these 4 sc. pass over 1 st. of the 4th round. Again work 13 sc. with green silk, then 4 sc. with brown silk as before, and 7 sc. with green silk. This completes the first half of this round, and the second half is worked in precisely the same manner. In this as well as in the following dot round the brown silk thread is crocheted in. In the 6th round work with dark brown silk always 2 sc. on the first and last of the 4 sc. crocheted with light brown silk in the preceding round, and on the middle 2 of these sc. always 2 dc. (double crochet); after the last of these 8 st. crochet 1 ch., and draw it through the first of the 8 st. so that the dot becomes raised on the right side of the work. For the remainder crochet with green silk 1 sc. on every green st. of the preceding round. Before changing the green and brown silk threads always work off the last st. of one color with the thread of the other color. In the following (the 7th) round, which is again worked entirely with green silk in sc., pass over each dot with 1 ch. Repeat the dots in every sixth following round, and transpose them, as shown by Fig. 1; between the dots always work 13 sc. for the foundation. After finishing the 52d round work 21 sc. to the middle of the close part thus formed, and then for the middle part work 34 open-work bar rounds, going back and forth, which forms the slit. For the first of these 34 rounds work 3 ch., which count as first dc., 1 dc. on the following st., then always alternately 2 ch., 2 dc. separated by 1 ch. on the fourth following st. In the following rounds always work the dc. on the ch. between 2 dc. in the preceding round.

Fig. 2.—CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Work the second close part of the purse on a separate foundation similar to the part before described, and then overseam it closely to the middle part of the purse from the wrong side. Previous to this, however, furnish the middle part with the slides covered with sc. and acorn-shaped dots, as shown by Fig. 2, which gives one slide in full size. Edge the ends of the purse, as shown by Fig. 1, with one picot round, working 1 sc. on every second following st., then

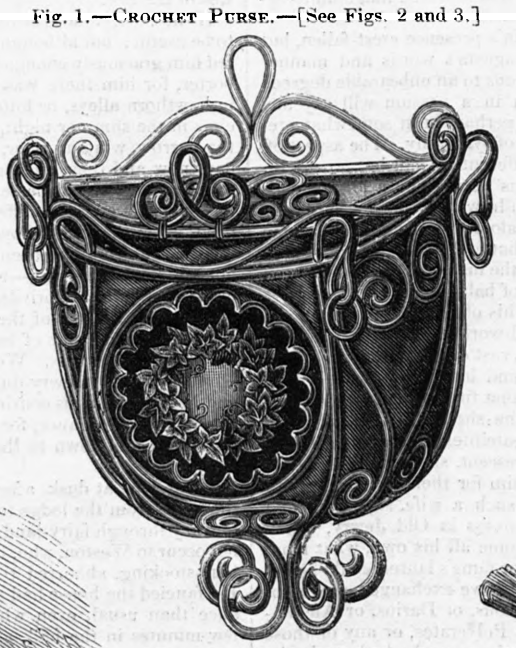


Fig. 1.—WALL-POCKET WITH APPLICATION EMBROIDERY.—[See Page 52.]

Fig. 1.—CASHMERE HOOD.—BACK.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—CASHMERE HOOD.—FRONT.
For description see Supplement.

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always 1 picot, consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these; in doing this at the same time crochet the foundation st. of each end together. To this round are joined two more rounds of small and large scallops of ch. and picots, as shown by the illustration. Finally, trim the purse on the ends each with four acorn-shaped grelots. For each of these grelots cover an oblong wooden mould, furnished with a hole in the middle, closely with light brown silk. Then work the small cup with dark brown silk all in sc., beginning from the middle, and sew it on the covered wooden mould, turning the wrong side out. Fig. 3 shows a grelot in full size. Cover the thread to which the grelot is fastened with several button-hole stitches.

Embroidered Blotting Cushion.

See illustration on page 53.

THIS blotting cushion consists of a piece of wood six inches long, two inches and a half wide, and covered with light brown leather. The upper surface is ornamented in point Russe embroidery with brown saddler's silk in the design given by Fig. 38, Supplement, and with brown silk cord and gold cord. On this piece of wood fasten, by means of a screw on a polished black wooden handle, a piece of white felt covered on the sides with inlaid light brown leather, and on the under raised surface with several layers of blotting-paper, as shown by the illustration.

Crochet Edging for Lingerie, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustration on page 53.

Fig. 1.—This edging is worked with twisted crochet cotton, No. 60, and consists of three rounds. 1st round.—14 ch. (chain stitch), close these in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), then 2 sc. (single crochet), 1 p. (picot, that is, 4 ch.), 2 sc., 1 p., 5 sc., 1 p., 2 sc. on the ch. ring; * 12 ch., drop the st. (stitch) from the needle, insert the needle in the middle of the 5 sc., and draw through the dropped st., which again forms a ch. ring; then 2 sc., 1 p., 2 sc., 1 p., 5 sc., 1 p., 2 sc. on this ring, and repeat from * until the edging has gained the requisite length. 2d round.—On the free ch. of each ring work 2 sc., 2 p. separated by 2 sc., 2 sc. 3d round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the first free p. of the next ring, 5 ch.

Fig. 2.—To make this edging use twisted cotton, No. 100, and work four rounds, as follows: 1st round.—37 ch., pass over the last 5 of these, take up 1 st. from the sixth ch., then take up 1 st. each from the seventh following, the ninth following, the seventh following, and the sixth following of the 36 ch., so that 5 p. turned downward are formed, and 6 st. are on the needle; each of these 6 st. is cast off as in the Tunisian (Victoria) stitch, drawing the thread through once, the last st. remains on the needle, and from the next 5 vertical st. take up 1 st. each, and cast off together the 6 st. on the needle, drawing the thread through once. Let the st. remain on the needle, draw the working thread through the first of the 37 ch., 5 ch., and cast off the last of these together with the st. on the needle. * 10 ch., drop the st. from the needle, insert the needle in the middle st. of the next p. of 5 ch., and draw through the dropped st.; 31 ch., take up 1 st. from the seventh following, 1 st. from the ninth following, 1 st. from the seventh following of the 31 ch., and 1 st. from the eighth of the 10 ch. (counting from the beginning), and cast off each of the 6 st. on the needle, drawing the thread through once; take up 1 st. each from the next 5 vertical st., cast off the 6 st. on the needle together, drawing the thread through once, let the last st. remain on the needle, draw the working thread through the sixth of the 10 ch. (counting from the beginning also), 5 ch., and cast off the last of these together with the st. on the needle. Repeat from * until the edging has gained the requisite length. 2d round.—Always alternately 7 sc. on the 5 ch. above a picot figure, 3 ch., with these pass over the following 5 ch. of the preceding round. 3d round.—1 sc. on the middle of every 7 sc. in the preceding round, then always 8 ch. 4th round.—1 double crochet on every second following st. and after every double crochet, 1 ch.

Wall-Pocket with Application Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustration on page 53.

THIS wall-pocket is made of bronzed cane, lined with brown silk, and ornamented with a medallion in application embroidery. The foundation of the medallion, which is shown in full size by Fig. 2, page 52, is of black velvet. In the middle of the medallion a piece two inches and seven-eighths in diameter is cut out, and a piece is inserted of fawn-colored silk of the requisite size, edged with a wreath of ivy leaves, which are cut of green cloth of different shades, and are ornamented, as shown by Fig. 2, with veins of lighter filling silk, and sewed on the foundation. To complete the wreath work on the brown silk a number of stems and vines with green silk in half-polka stitch.

TO THE BITTER END.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"AND WHEN HE FALLS, HE FALLS LIKE LUCIFER."

MRS. HARCROSS read Richard Redmayne's story in the *Times*—read it with dry eyes, but a bitter and passionate heart. So she had been the dupe, after all! and all that remorse for her own short-comings, all that sad yearning for the days of her married life to come back again, that she might be a better wife to the husband of her love—all these pangs of conscience were wasted agony. He had never loved her; his false heart had been given to this country girl; his moody hours of thought and silence had been a tribute to that dead love. He had given to her, his legitimate wife, only the unreal image and semblance of affection, while tender memories and remorseful thoughts were lavished on that lost idol.

In the light of this discovery she remembered a hundred petty details of the life that was ended: the merest trifles in themselves, but indicating so much now that she possessed the key to their meaning. She remembered how much more prone he had been to fits of absence and gloom after that summer holiday in Kent than he had ever been before—a change which she had ascribed to altered health, and about which, in the proud security that a well-developed organ of self-esteem gives its possessor, she had troubled herself very little. She drained her cup of bitterness to the dregs, and even went down to Brierwood to see the place where her lover had learned to be false to her. Mrs. Bush was still in charge of the homestead, and quite ready to tell the strange lady all she knew, even without the bribe of a sovereign which Mrs. Harcross gave her. Augusta saw the low, old-fashioned rooms; the garden, where a few pale monthly roses were still blooming with a faint perfume that seemed like a memory of vanished sweets. Mrs. Bush pointed out the cedar "under which Mr. Redmayne and his family was so fond of sittin'—Miss Grace, and her aunt and uncle, and all—of a Sunday evenin'." How common it all sounded! And it was for a girl with such surroundings as these that he had been shamefully false to her! For this poor cottage heroine he had forfeited his life!

There was a photograph of Grace still hanging over the chimney-piece in Richard's room—a poor, faint shadow of the sweet, changeful face. What! was it for this insignificant countenance he had betrayed her? She questioned Mrs. Bush closely about the dead girl. Was she prettier than that picture—much prettier? Mrs. Bush replied that she was "pleasing," and could not be induced to venture beyond that cautious epithet. Augusta asked permission to walk round the garden once more by herself; and having obtained it, went slowly along the path where Hubert and Grace had lingered quoting *Romeo and Juliet* in the summer night; looked drearily into the orchard where they had sat on sultry afternoons, she with some never-to-be-finished needle-work in her lap, he reading and expounding Shelley's *Epipsychidion*, and thinking how sweet it would be to spend the rest of his days in a garden or an orchard at Grace Redmayne's feet. Augusta gazed upon this humble scene with tired, aching eyes, marveling strangely, in the midst of her despair, how he to whom all the glories of the Acropolis Square district were open could have endured existence in such a scene as this, even for a week. And then she went back to the fly that had brought her from the station, and made her dismal journey home, there to seclude herself from all companionship, and brood upon this new trouble.

It was a cruel blow, a most humiliating revelation; for she had loved the traitor, still loved him, holding his memory dearer than any earthly affection. Still more bitter even than the first shock of the discovery was Weston Vallory's visit of condolence, with the *Times* newspaper in his pocket, and a smug smile of satisfaction lurking at the corners of his cunning mouth.

"It is the fate of noble natures to be deceived, my dear Augusta," he said, with a sympathetic air. "Suffering such as you are called upon to endure is a heritage of sorrow which but too often accompanies nobility of heart."

Mrs. Harcross was the last of women to brook any sentimental impertinence of this kind. All the cousinship in the world could not, in her eyes, justify such violation of her sacred grief.

"Who taught you to gauge my sorrow?" she cried, with passionate disdain, "or to measure his sins with your petty plumb-line? At his worst he was better and nobler than you ever were or can be. Stick to your office desk, and your copying machine, and your gutta-percha speaking-tubes, Weston, if you please, and do not presume to talk of my troubles."

This was rather a knock-down blow for Weston Vallory, who had fancied the course very smooth and straight before him now that Providence in its wisdom had removed that stumbling-block, Hubert Harcross.

He left his cousin's presence crest-fallen, but not despairing. Augusta's words and manner had been contemptuous to an unbearable degree; but then a woman in a passion will say any thing; and he had perhaps been somewhat premature in his offers of sympathy. The aspect of things would be different by-and-by, no doubt. He would resent this outrage by a lofty silence and a dignified withdrawal of his presence; he would hold himself aloof from Augusta for some time to come, until that foolish, infatuated woman should discover that the man who had always been useful had perforce of habit become necessary.

He went back to his office desk, as his cousin had bidden him, and worked on steadily, adding brick to brick in that vast edifice, the firm of Harcross and Vallory, and looking forward with a hopeful patience to that future day in which Augusta and her fortune should be his, and when the butler and his satellites, and all the household in Mastodon Crescent, should bow down before him, and own him for their master. With such a house and such a wife, supported and sustained by the business in Old Jewry, which must eventually become all his own, what more of earth's splendors or fame's laurels could he desire? He would not have exchanged such a lot for the might of Crœsus, or Darius, or Alexander, or Hannibal, or Polycrates, or any of those classical "parties" whose works had made the burden of his school-days, who abode in hourly dread of unpleasant oracles, and altogether appeared to be more subject to the fluctuation of fortune and the malice of the gods than any modern adventurer.

So Mr. Vallory junior held his soul in patience, and his faith was strong in time; whereby it was something of a shock to him to learn one fine morning from his uncle that Augusta was going to sell off the splendid goods and chattels in Mastodon Crescent, and to travel on the Continent for a year or so with her father.

"You can get on very well without me here, Weston," Mr. Vallory observed, graciously; "and I really feel it my duty to look after Augusta. This business has been an awful blow. I think she felt that horrid story of Harcross's past life which came out during that scoundrel Redmayne's trial almost more than her husband's death, although she has never admitted as much to me. I am very glad to take her abroad: change of scene and all that kind of thing may do wonders, you know. And I'm very glad she has decided upon selling the lease and furniture in Mastodon Crescent; she'll get rid of all melancholy associations, you see."

"And sacrifice no end of money," said Weston, with a lugubrious look. "She'll realize about as many hundreds as she spent thousands. I have no doubt there's a good deal of consolation in that to any thing as inconsistent and unreasonable as a woman."

"In her present state of mind money is hardly a consideration, Weston," replied Mr. Vallory, in his pompous way. "When my daughter returns to England she will reside with me. I have felt my house no home without her. Even my cook has fallen off; I rarely get my favorite curries, or the only soup I really care for. Not that Augusta ever interfered about such trifles; but there was an influence, you know—an influence."

So Mrs. Harcross departed, and wintered at Rome, whither carriages and horses, and all the paraphernalia of Acropolis Square existence, went with her; where she drove daily upon the Corso with her father, gloomily handsome in her widow's weeds, leaning back listlessly in her open carriage, with eyes that seemed to see neither landscape nor people. She staid here till the end of March, and spent the summer in pottering about from one German bath to another, in quest of the magical elixir which was to cure her father's gout. They spent the following winter in Paris, where Mr. Vallory hired a luxurious first floor in the Rue César-Auguste, and the Acropolis Square mansion still languished in brown holland and darkness. The irrepressible Weston employed a great deal of his leisure during this winter—which was unusually severe—in crossing and recrossing the Channel. The mail-boat that carried this modern Cæsar and his fortunes ran foul of a French steamer one blusterous midnight, whereby Weston narrowly escaped drowning; but still he held on, dauntless and unflagging as a queen's messenger, that hapless slave of the state, whose perils about equal those of a famous warrior, and who is, under the cheese-paring system of our present administration, paid very little better than a butler. He presented himself every now and then in the drawing-room in the Rue César-Auguste to do homage to his cousin Augusta, half an hour before dinner, white-cravatted and spotless, with no odor of steamboat or railway clinging to his garments. He had his pet chamber, No. 333 bis, at Meurice's, and rarely found it occupied when he required it. By this unflinching attention—by solicitude that knew no weariness—he did at last contrive to slip back into his old position of usefulness; fetched and carried music and books, and patterns and threads for point lace work; and felt that he was gaining ground. The star of hope began to shine for him again. The days went on—Mr. Vallory and his daughter came back to England. The Ryde villa and the yacht had been sold, at Augusta's request: were they not bitter to her soul, being so closely associated with the days of her courtship and married life? So Mr. Vallory bought an estate in Warwickshire, seven hundred acres or so, with a huge stucco-fronted mansion, called Copplestoke Manor, a few miles from Leamington, and began a new phase of existence as a country gentleman; taking the chair at vestry-meetings, and sitting on the bench at petty sessions, and vexing the souls of rural legislators with the abstrusest technicalities of the law.

Hither, too, came Weston Vallory, always eager to be useful; but although Mrs. Harcross tolerated him graciously enough in his capacity of light porter, for him there was no riding by her side in hawthorn alleys, or loitering under star-proof elms in the summer night, or drifting gently on the narrow, winding river, with a lazy dip of the oars now and then, and an occasional entanglement among green masses of mazy weed. He felt himself a guest on sufferance, and there were times when the star of hope grew dim.

Mrs. Harcross had been three years a widow, but still wore mourning—resolutely refusing Madame Bouffante the privilege of making her any dress which was not of the black silk and bugly order—when the star of hope sank altogether in the blackest darkness. Weston had been unusually busy in Old Jewry during the winter term, and had not seen his cousin, either in London or at Copplestoke Manor, for nearly three months, when he came down to the country-house for a brief visit.

He arrived at dusk, after a snow-storm, when the drive from the lodge to the house was like a journey through fairy-land, although the idea did not occur to Weston, who, like the famous French blue-stocking, abhorred the beauties of nature. He fancied the house had a more festive appearance than usual, even while he lingered for a few minutes in the hall, giving directions about some packages he had brought for Augusta. There were more hot-house flowers, brighter fires, more lights; the servants had a busier, gayer air: for the mansion had been a somewhat sepulchral abode, despite its grandeur, hitherto.

"Has my uncle many visitors?" he asked the butler, carelessly.

"No, Sir; not many, Sir. Lord Stanmore and Edgware is staying with us, Sir, and Captain Purfleet; nobody else."

"Stanmore and Edgware! A new acquaintance," thought Weston, whose only knowledge of that nobleman was obtained from the *Peerage* and the *Morning Post*. He had an idea that Stanmore and Edgware was elderly, and had never done any thing to add lustre to his title except condescend to exist. "Humph!" he said, not displeased to find that he was to hob-and-nob with a peer, not a horse-racing or insolvent nobleman, but a respectable land-owner. "Lord Stanmore has a place near here, I suppose?"

"No, Sir; his lordship's estates are in the North, Sir. His lordship was stoppin' at Lord Leigh's for the 'untin' before Christmas, and his lordship has been here hever sence." The butler gave a faint cough, not without some kind of significance, which puzzled Weston a little. But of course it was only the man's elation at having administered so long to the peerage.

Weston went up stairs to dress, and arrayed himself with a little more care than usual: put on his favorite boots, and a shirt with Valenciennes medallions which he deemed invincible; his studs were black enamel skulls with diamond eyes; the parting of his hair was perfection. Never had he felt better satisfied with himself, with his arched instep, his mustache, with all his small graces, than as he went down the wide oak staircase, where unwonted parterres of scented geranium and stephanotis regaled his nostrils as he went.

"Tommy loves a lord," he said to himself, with a cynical grin. "I suppose my poor uncle is not exempt from that pardonable weakness of humanity."

There were only three persons in the drawing-room when he entered—his uncle, Augusta, and a tall bald-headed man with gray mustache, who stood with his back to the fire-place. Mrs. Harcross was seated in a low chair opposite the fire, holding a spangled fan between her face and the blaze of the logs piled on the wide old-fashioned hearth. She wore crimson camellias in her hair and in the bosom of her gauzy black dress, the first gleam of color that Weston had ever seen her wear since her husband's death; and the gentleman with the gray mustache was bending down to speak to her with such an air of chivalrous devotion as may have distinguished King Arthur in the days when Guinevere was true, and the serpent had not yet entered the sacred circle of the king's chosen knights.

The attitude, the look, the tone, revealed all to Weston Vallory's rapid comprehension. The star of hope shot downward to abysses unfathomable, never to rise again. Before he went to his comfortable bachelor bedroom in the western wing he had learned the worst. His uncle told him every thing over a bottle of claret, when the earl and his satellite, Captain Purfleet, had left the dining-room, only lingering a few minutes after Augusta's departure.

"It was not a thing I cared to write about," said Mr. Vallory. "They have only been engaged three weeks; but from the day we first met Lord Stanmore at a hunting breakfast at Stoneleigh the business was settled. It was a 'case,' as you fast young men say. Augusta was very much disinclined to hear of such a thing; but I felt that in an affair of this kind her opposition must be borne down: an estate like Stanmore and Edgware, improving in value every year, miles of building frontages on the outskirts of the most populous towns in the North, coal mines, slate quarries, and a man of blameless character—thirty years or so her senior, I grant; but we know by the experience of mankind that these marriages, founded on a mutual esteem, and—aw, hum—the desire to consolidate a vast estate, are often the happiest."

"Yes," cried Weston, breaking in with a bitter laugh, "but if she had fallen in love with some *poor* devil of the same age, I wonder what you'd have called it! A vicious infatuation, which argues—the sort of thing which Iago says of Desdemona, you know; but of course, as he's an earl and the estate is all right, it's quite another matter."

"I don't think that's a very genial way of receiving my communication, Weston. I thought you'd be naturally delighted. The match is really a brilliant one, the sort of marriage I always dreamed of for my daughter before her unfortunate alliance with poor Harcross. And even you will profit by it; your status will be not a little improved when you can claim cousinship with a countess. That sort of thing ought to be worth a thousand a year to a man in your position, to say nothing of the probability that you may get the Stanmore land agency before long, and no end of leases and deeds of agreement."

"I ought to be amazingly grateful, I dare say," replied Weston; "but the news is rather startling. I thought my cousin was a model widow, wedded to the dead."

"Weston," exclaimed Mr. Vallory, with severity, "I believe you're a radical!"

So Augusta Harcross, in due time and with no unseemly haste, was translated into a loftier sphere, in which she knew not Weston, or only remembered him faintly at half-yearly intervals, when she permitted his name to be inscribed by some menial hand on one of her invitation-cards.

Her husband's private secretary attended to these minor details. He had a book given him, upon whose right-hand pages were inscribed the sheep, or exalted personages who must be invited to all large assemblies, and upon whose left-hand appeared the obscure herd of goats, who were to be bidden once or so in a season, if convenient.

Augusta had prime ministers and royal dukes to dine with her in these latter days, and Weston attended receptions so crowded that he was fain to depart without having so much as caught a "little look across the crowd" from his hostess and kinswoman. But he did in some wise console himself with the idea that he gained in social distinction by his cousin's advancement, and he received numerous applications from acquaintances of his own who wanted to obtain Lady Stanmore's influence for this or for that. It was a meagre consolation, but it was something. He had his dainty little villa at Norwood, his well-groomed horses, roses that were never permitted to suffer from the green fly, and he had all the keen delights of an ever-increasing business in Old Jewry.

For some favored creatures life seems all sunshine. No shadow has darkened Clevedon Hall since the horror of Hubert Harcross's murder, and some new joys have come to brighten that

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pleasant home. Little voices sound gayly and little feet patter swiftly in the corridors of Clevedon to-day, and in these latter years there are larger butterflies than "Greeks" or "Trojans," "Camberwell beauties," "peacocks' eyes," or "painted ladies," to be seen hovering about the flower beds in the old-fashioned gardens. Sibyl Clevedon has become Sibyl Hardwood, and brings her babies from Tunbridge Wells every other day to compare Tottie's new tooth with her cousin Lottie's, or to inquire if Migsy's symptoms in the opening stage of measles are as satisfactory as those exhibited by Popsy in the same disease. Happy English households, about which there is so little to tell! The Colonel exists in a seventh heaven of grand-paternal rapture, which verges on senility. The Bungalow brims over with babies—for are not Sibyl's children a kind of left-handed grandchildren of his?—and the quadruped favorites during these irruptions of the juvenile population feel themselves more or less at a disadvantage. Pedro snaps or spits his displeasure; the dogs retire under low chairs to growl at the invader; the mungoose disappears from human ken, to be found, perhaps, at night-fall, by some frightened house-maid, snugly coiled under the Colonel's duvet. The Colonel stuffs the little ones with currie-bât and Bombay ducks, which provoke unwonted thirst in these small epicures, and dried fruits from Afghanistan, and West Indian preserved ginger, and ministers to their little appetites with all the art he knows; for which reason lengthened visits to the Bungalow are apt to result in bilious attacks and the exhibition of doctors' stuff.

Brierwood, forfeited forever by Richard Redmayne's crime, has passed into the hands of the stranger. The deed of gift by which he bestowed Bulrush Meads upon his brother James has preserved the Gippsland farm from the grasp of the law; but the gray old Kentish homestead, with the red-tiled roof that shone out warmly from the green background of an English landscape, has gone from the house of Redmayne forever.* The day will come perhaps, distant yet, but dimly possible in the future, when Rick Redmayne's bonds may be loosened; when as a reward for unflinching toil and unvarying good conduct, the quiet submission of a repentant sinner, who feels that his burden can never be too heavy for the measure of his offense, he may go forth from the drear monotony of that prison island, an old man, with grizzled hair and rugged deep-lined countenance, a man whose shoulders are bent with long labor—go forth, free at the last, to that fairer, wider world for which his soul longs. Not to Brierwood, the lost home of sad memories, the house haunted by his dead daughter's ghost, the place whose gloomy influence well-nigh drove him mad; but to the fertile plains and inland seas of Gippsland, to the mountains and water-sheds where tall gum-trees shoot upward under the cloudless blue sky, where the ringing note of the bell-bird sounds keen and clear in the tranquil distance.

THE END.

* The law is now more merciful: the property of a felon is no longer escheated to the crown.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

A Morbid Ambition.—No more Seasickness.—The Anxious and the Comfortable.—Some very Fashionable Intelligence.

OUR ministry have long been thought to be tottering and clutching at straws to keep themselves in office, but it now seems indeed that they are on their last legs. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has been telegraphing to the Caledonian Society that "he wishes he were a Scotchman." It is true that but for the steady liberal vote of the Scotch members the present government would months ago have been left in a minority; but this desperate bid for the suffrages of the North British is thought to be a little too much. The story as told at the clubs is that the English-born ministers (for Gladstone is half a Scotchman, and there are others who are whole ones) drew lots as to who should express himself in these enthusiastic terms, and that Lowe exclaimed, when it fell on him, "This is just like my luck." I have always thought that the well-known apology for our northern neighbors, "We must remember that they, too, are God's creatures," was impertinent and unnecessary; but there is a wide margin between charity and a fictitious enthusiasm. "It will do us no good," says Ayrton, in his candid way, "for no Scotchman will ever believe it." It is said that Gladstone has made arrangements with his tailor for the discontinuance of pantaloons and the adoption of the kilt during the next session, which, considering that he possesses what one of your humorists terms "a very small chance of legs," will testify to the genuineness of his admiration. In the mean time one hour of the period daily devoted to public business in Downing Street is whispered to be set apart by the whole cabinet to the practice of the bagpipes, which one or two of them, who have been accustomed to play exclusively their own trumpet, find exceedingly hard.

I don't know, Mr. Editor, whether the universal knowledge attributed to your calling comprehends in your case the theory of the Universal Joint; but here nothing else is talked about. It is not a leg of mutton (as one would imagine), but a scientific, mechanical arrangement, which transmits motion in every direction, and whose properties have been adopted by Mr. Bessemer for the prevention of seasickness. If you had been in that gentleman's grounds on Saturday last, which was a very wet day, you would have seen half a dozen eminent men of all classes taking shelter, as you would have supposed, in a very peculiar arbor out of the rain; this was, in fact, a section of the central portion of a vessel, and contained what may be termed the saloon of the future. By means of cranks and appropriate machinery the pitch-and-toss motion of the Channel and the roll of the Atlantic were communicated to the mimic ship, while the saloon remained quite motionless. This apparatus can be fitted to all ordinary screw-steamers, and is quite independent of the especial description of ship which Mr. Bessemer is now designing for the Channel passage; and if it does but work (of which there seems little doubt), it will effect a charming revolution in ocean travel. The great marine maxim of "keep your mind employed and your stomach not" will lose its significance, and you will have the most distinguished persons in this country, who have hitherto been deterred by the terrors of seasickness, coming over to visit your great republic. The bridegroom will take his bride to the Continent without misgivings anent the appearance he may present to her on the passage, and walk the floor of the universal-jointed saloon with the firmness of a Roderick Dhu, who has his foot upon his native heath. The possessor of "sea legs" will no longer have the tremendous advantage over his fellows which he now enjoys, and there will be a great fall in the crockery market. It is already suggested, indeed, that a monument be erected to Bessemer, standing motionless upon the universal joint, with one of those dreadful little white basins lying shattered at his feet, and the legend, "He made ship-stewards unnecessary," encircling his intelligent brow.

I sent you last week a list of our late millionaires; since then a still more curious document has been published, calculating the numbers of "the comfortable." It is terrible to read that in this country of lords of the soil and merchant princes only one and a half per cent. of the population can be said to be "out of the class of the anxious," can propose to give their children the benefit of a good education, have more than enough to eat and drink, and can contemplate a holiday without a sickening feeling of despair. This assessment, which has been made by a social philosopher well qualified for the task, implies in London the occupation of a house costing in rent and taxes £175, and an income of £800 a year; and in the country a house at £150, and an income of £600. Calculating upon these premises the number of the comfortable is less than 60,000 inhabitants out of the 4,600,000 in Great Britain. The respectables, or fairly well-to-do, and who do not live by direct manual labor, amount to 710,000 families.

Incidental to these interesting facts we learn that the taxation of this country, wealthy as it seems, falls upon a population seven in eight of whom live in houses rented at less than £20 a year, are always struggling to make both ends meet, and are affected in the most direct way by a tax, or stoppage in trade, or by a rise in prices; also that the Bank of England is assessed at £36,400 a year, and if sold by auction would probably produce the largest sum ever paid for "a house" since houses were invented. It is by no means only a banking-house, but contains courts and private apartments, in one of which I have had the honor to dine with the officer of the foot-guards, who every night keeps watch over it with a detachment of military. The governors of the bank supply him with an excellent dinner, to which he is permitted to invite a couple of guests.

An American actor, one Mr. J. K. Emmett, has just made a great "hit" here at the Adelphi Theatre, in the character of a German emigrant landed at Castle Garden. On his first appearance Sergeant Bates occupied a conspicuous private box in the theatre, and was as enthusiastically cheered as his fellow-countryman on the stage. Mr. Emmett was fortunate in not making his *début* a few nights later, as his merits would not in that case have been recognizable, in consequence of the absence of any light by which to see them. A strike has taken place among our gasmen, which might have been even more serious than that of the police a while ago, since its object was no less than, by concerted and simultaneous action, to leave us good folk utterly in the dark—a worse action surely even than its contrary, the holding a candle to the devil! The theatres presented a wretched (though far from a *ghastly*) appearance, and the streets in general were very dark and dim, though, thanks to the help of the lime lights in the Strand, and the powerful electric light at the Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street, those two great thoroughfares were well illuminated. We are now improving, however, every night; men are being taken on by hundreds to supply the place of the offenders (who are naturally much blamed for their selfishness in not having tried arbitration in the first place), and "the odds," as rude people say when your correspondent is playing at billiards, are "ten to one against the strikers."

It was a saying of Sydney Smith's that "in England the law was open alike to rich and poor, *just like the London Tavern*," and I am afraid the remark has not yet lost its significance. Yesterday, at Bow Street police-office, the Marquis of Queensberry, aged twenty-eight, was charged with assaulting a police constable. "The noble defendant was permitted to stand in the box allotted to persons summoned to the court instead of in the dock;" and on his being convicted his worship the magistrate is reputed to have "imposed a penalty consistent with *the position of the defendant* and with the facts of the case in fining him a sovereign." It is said by the radicals that our aristocracy fail to distinguish themselves, but that is certainly not the case just at present, since, in addition to the above, Lord Edward Thynne, aged sixty-three, has this same week "electrified the fashionable world" by running away with the young wife of the Marquis Townsend, a nobleman well known in the metropolis for his philanthropic exertions among the poor. Nor can the reproach that new blood is wanting to our titled classes be altogether justified, since it is announced that Mr. Gladstone is about to confer a baronetage upon Mr. Levi, otherwise Lawson, the proprietor of that popular penny print, the *Daily Telegraph*.

Literature, you will therefore perceive, Mr. Editor, is looking up in this country, nor is it altogether impossible that you may one day receive a communication from your present correspondent signed

R. KEMBLE, of London, *Bart.*

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IN these perilous times, when a conflagration is an event of daily and nightly occurrence, it would be well if every one should consider the possibility of being himself involved in such a catastrophe, and preparing the mind, in some measure, for the exigencies of the occasion. True, we are told that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and we should not be unduly anxious about the future; but an evil understood and guarded against is shorn of half its terrors and dangers. Panics in fires are partially the result of impulsive excitement and vague alarm, and partially caused by entire uncertainty as to what to do. To scream, to run, to jump from a window, or perhaps to throw some useless or breakable article out of a window, may be the first impulse. It is only those who by natural temperament are fitted to meet emergencies, or those who by forethought have prepared the mind for them, who really do the wisest and best things. A short time ago a school-house in Jersey City took fire while one hundred and twenty children were in session in it. Undoubtedly there would have been serious accident and loss of life had not the lady principal, with great presence of mind, prevented a rush down the stairs by peremptorily ordering the scholars to sit still, placing herself in the doorway, and compelling them to file out singly and in regular order. To think what one would do first in case of a sudden alarm of fire, whether in a private house, in a church, in a theatre, or in a hotel, would tend to prevent those panics which are always so fatal, as well as those rash and foolish acts which show an utter lack of forethought and presence of mind.

During the "cold snap" of the latter part of December the weather in some parts of New England was more severe than has been known there since 1857. In many places in Maine the thermometer fell to 20° and 30° below zero, and in some even to 40° below. This extreme cold, accompanied by a very heavy fall of snow, has been a tough experience for the most eastern States, and, indeed, for the whole country, since it extended from East to West.

Christmas-eve fell with sudden gloom and horror upon many a home in Western New York and Pennsylvania. A train on the Buffalo, Corry, and Pittsburg Railroad was slowly descending a steep grade leading to a trestle bridge built over a deep chasm. Suddenly there was a broken wheel, an overturned car, a flashing of fiery flames, and entangled in the wreck, down in that deep abyss, lay the killed and maimed. From out of the blackened ruins more than twenty disfigured corpses were recovered. The wounded were tenderly cared for. But, alas! in how many houses will this sad disaster cause the Christmas of 1872 to be forever held in mournful memory!

It is said that even the bitterest enemies of Disraeli have never attacked his private character; and innumerable stories attest the constancy and warmth of affection which subsisted between himself and his wife. About four years ago, on the occasion of the great Edinburgh banquet, Mr. Disraeli paid his wife a graceful compliment, when he acknowledged that half his success and more than half his happiness in life were due to his wife.

A Washington paper, in view of the approaching "season" at the capital, gives a résumé of certain points of etiquette, which it asserts will be found to accord with old-time usages at Washington:

"All officials and non-officials call on the President. He is not required to return calls or to accept invitations, but may waive this exemption at discretion. All are admitted to his public or formal receptions without cards or invitation, as well as to Mrs. President's receptions on stated days, of which notice is usually given in the city papers. State dinners are attended by those only who are formally invited—which invitation can not be declined on account of any prior engagement.

"Senators who observe the old usages make no 'first calls,' on account of recognized superior rank, except on the President of the United States. Through courtesy to their own presiding officer they may make the 'first call' on the Vice-President, but not by virtue of any supposed higher official position.

"But Senators are expected to return calls like other mortals, and among themselves to observe the usual rules regulating the intercourse of private gentlemen. Those first at the capital make the advance, welcoming after-arrivals.

"Heads of departments and foreign ministers make 'first calls' on the President, Vice-President, and Senators.

"Members of the House make 'first calls' on the foregoing officials, and judges of the Supreme Court of the United States.

"None of the classes above mentioned are expected to make 'first calls' on citizens, sojourners, and visitors, but are expected to return such calls in person, or 'by card' when personal calls are impracticable."

These usages have not been established without much friction, discussion, and even rebellion on the part of certain ambitious ones. Of course officials may voluntarily waive their privilege; and men of brains, culture, and acknowledged power are never tenacious about their observance, and act at Washington very much as they do at home among their old neighbors, calling socially wherever they find agreeable society.

Again and again the fire fiend works deadly ruin. Following close upon the Fifth Avenue Hotel disaster, by which eleven servants lost their lives, came another catastrophe of similar nature. Just about dark on a cold December night a large book-binding establishment in Centre Street took fire. In the upper stories hundreds of men, boys, and girls were employed. The fire-escapes with which the building was provided proved defective, and in spite of all exertions of firemen and others it is believed that at least six of the operatives perished in the flames.

In 1870 an act of incorporation was procured, and a contract made to purchase land in the vicinity of One Hundredth Street, between Third and Fourth avenues, whereon to build a grand Crystal Palace; and the design was to open an exhibition in it for the Centennial Independence Celebration, July 4, 1876. The matter is still being agitated.

A new imperial naval flag has been adopted by the Chinese government. It is of a triangular shape, made of bunting, of a deep yellow color, with a blue dragon courant in the centre. It is to be borne by all Chinese war vessels, and the object of the change is to make the flags carried by men-of-war uniform. Hitherto war vessels have carried the flag of the province to which they belong, and consequently the Chinese navy had about a dozen different ensigns. This is henceforth to be done away with, and the navy is to be centralized not only in appearance but in reality.

Somebody, with more truth than poetry, discourses thus:

"Beautiful snow! with a cough on your lungs,
And a chill that each nostril carefully bungs;
Beautiful snow! well, that's rather a jest,
With a big mustard poultice stinging your breast.

"Beautiful snow! when a delicate thaw
Makes the air chilly and damp and raw!
Beautiful snow! they may sing whom it suits.
I object to the stuff, 'cause it soaks through my boots."

The recent destruction by fire of a valuable collection of wild beasts is really a serious loss to the community, though we will not say irreparable. Many of the animals were rare, and had been brought here at great expense. A good menagerie gives both amusement and valuable instruction, particularly to the young. An exchange, in commenting upon this disaster, humorously remarks: "It is well enough understood by this time that Mr. Barnum is, morally considered, perfectly incombustible, and that nothing but the destruction of the whole world can prevent him from being the possessor of lions, tigers, and elephants, of monkeys, anacondas, and whales."

How to keep the feet warm in cold weather is a problem not easily solved. There are some fortunate persons whose circulation is vigorous, who never suffer with cold feet; but many live during the cold season in perpetual discomfort from this cause. Often the feet are not sufficiently protected. We do not consider how exposed they are to wet and snow out-of-doors, nor that in-doors the air near the floor is several degrees colder than that about our heads. Consequently the feet should be warmly clothed; and often, when sitting for a long while writing or studying, a warm soap-stone, or something of the kind, is both comfortable and useful. Tight shoes, tight elastic bands at the top of the stockings, or any stricture which interferes with the free circulation of the blood, will increase the tendency to cold feet. In general, those whose employment is of a sedentary nature suffer most from this habit of cold feet; hence it is evident that plenty of exercise tends to prevent the difficulty.

While on the subject of remedies for the ills of life, it may please our readers to know of a "new cure for ague," which originated "out West." It is simply to crawl down stairs head-foremost. "Laugh at the idea if you please," remarks the inventor of this novel remedy, "but do your crawling first; you can then afford to laugh. Just as the chill is coming on start at the top of a long flight of stairs, and crawl down on your hands and feet, head-foremost. You never did harder work in your life; and when you arrive at the bottom, instead of shaking, you will find yourself puffing, red in the face, and perspiring freely from the strong exertions made in the effort to support yourself. Try it. It won't cost you near as much as quinine or patent medicines, and if it fails it will only do what they do every day."

A most singular story is mentioned in an exchange concerning an old-fashioned clock in Portland, Maine. About fourteen years ago an old lady fell dead of heart-disease while winding up the clock. The time was ten minutes before ten in the morning, and ever since the clock has stopped at ten on the anniversary of her death. Such is the story.

Dr. Hall thinks that not one family in fifty knows how to cook a potato properly. He tells us that immediately beneath the very thin outer skin on the potato is the best part of the vegetable, the part that makes flesh and gives strength, and all the remainder of the potato is destitute of nourishment, containing only starch. He therefore regards it as very wasteful to bake potatoes. They should either be boiled or steamed with their skins on, and then the outer skin is easily removed without any of the nutritious portion adhering to it. Potatoes should always come on the table dry and mealy.

A little incident shows that Mr. Edwin Forrest was much beloved by those whom he had benefited. After his death, while the remains of Mr. Forrest lay in the parlor of his house, a throng of citizens and strangers gathered to take a last look of the dead. A middle-aged woman approached the coffin, and stood, with tearful eyes, gazing on the features of the deceased. At length she went to one of the gentlemen in charge of the room, and said, earnestly,

"Can I not have—oh! will you not give me a little of his hair?"

"Why, madam, that we can not do. We are very sorry, but have not that power."

"Let me plead with you."

"We are very sorry, but must refuse."

"Ah!" bursting into tears and sobbing convulsively, "he was very kind to me and my child!"

Then walking again to the body, taking a last, long look, and bending to kiss the cold brow, she passed from the place. She was unknown to all present.

Fig. 1.—SKATING SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—SKATING SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—SKATING SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—SKATING SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 11 TO 13 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-6.

Fig. 5.—SKATING SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 13 TO 15 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7-14.

Fig. 6.—SKATING SUIT FOR BOY FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 7.—SKATING SUIT FOR BOY FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 15-19.

FIGS. 1-7.—SKATING SUITS FOR MISSES AND YOUTHS FROM 4 TO 15 YEARS OLD.

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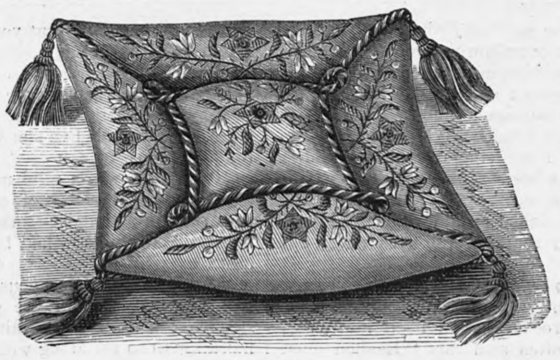
Pin or Emery Cushion with Point Russe Embroidery.

THIS pretty pincushion consists of a foundation of four three-cornered raised parts sewed together on the sides, which serve to support a small four-cornered cushion that is set in the centre. First make the cushion for each part by cutting of linen or muslin one piece from Fig. 39, Supplement, leaving extra material for the seams; fold this piece three-cornered, and overseam the sides of both halves together, leaving a slit an inch and a quarter long; then stuff this part closely with emery or sawdust, and sew up the slit. For the outer covering cut of red cashmere one piece from Fig. 39, Supplement, leaving extra material for the seams, work the embroidery on this piece, with the help of the illustration, as indicated on the pattern, in satin, half-polka stitch, and point Russe with sewing silk in various bright colors, and fasten the cover on the cushion. Overseam the four parts arranged in this manner together, and cover the seams with fine variegated silk cord. In a similar manner make a small four-cornered cushion two inches in diameter and seven-eighths of an inch thick, ornament the cover also with embroidery, edge it with silk cord, which is laid in a loop at each corner, and fasten the cushion on the foundation as shown by the illustration. Finish with silk tassels on the corners.



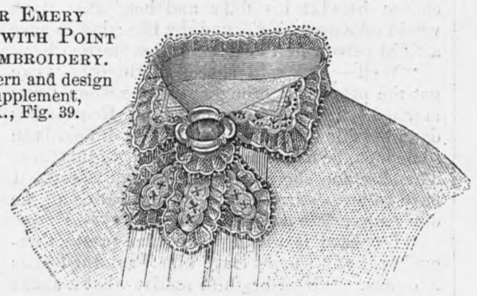
PIN OR EMERY CUSHION WITH POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 39.

NIGHT-VIOLET—A NEW COLOR.

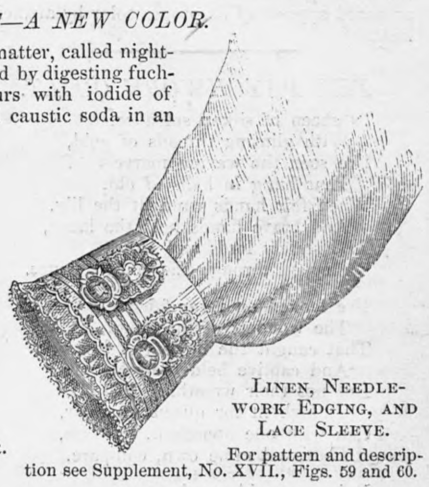
A NEW coloring matter, called night-violet, is prepared by digesting fuchsine for twelve hours with iodide of methyl, alcohol, and caustic soda in an

LINEN, LACE INSERTION, AND LAWN SLEEVE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 37.

LINEN, LACE INSERTION, AND LACE COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VIII., Fig. 36.



LINEN, NEEDLE-WORK EDGING, AND LACE COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 55-58.



LINEN, NEEDLE-WORK EDGING, AND LACE SLEEVE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 59 and 60.

Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—VIGOGNE SUIT.—FRONT. [See Fig. 3.]
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—VIGOGNE SUIT. BACK.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—POPLIN SUIT.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 5.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 20-28.

Fig. 5.—POPLIN SUIT.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 20-28.

FIGS. 1-5.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HOUSE AND WALKING SUITS.

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apparatus furnished with an inverted condenser. The mass, taken from the apparatus, is boiled for a long time with strong soda lye, which removes all the iodine, leaving the violet as a cake, which is to be dissolved in a mixture of sulphuric acid and water, and then precipitated by addition of a small quantity of soda. The cake so obtained is washed with a little cold water, dissolved in boiling water, filtered, and the color precipitated with salt. The violet so prepared appears of its proper color by artificial light.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

In sheen of silken splendor,
With glinting threads of gold,
I've seen the waving marvels
That hung in halls of old,
When fair hands wrought the lily,
And brave hands held the lance,
And stately lords and ladies
Stepped through the courtly dance.

I've looked on rarer fabrics,
The wonders of the loom,
That caught the flowers of summer,
And captive held their bloom;
But not their wreathing beauty,
Though fit for queens to wear,
Can with one household treasure,
That's all mine own, compare.

It has no golden value,
The simple patchwork spread;
Its squares in homely fashion
Set in with green and red;
But in those faded pieces
For me are shining bright,
Ah! many a summer morning,
And many a winter night.

The dewy breath of clover,
The leaping light of flame,
Like spells my heart come over,
As one by one I name
These bits of old-time dresses—
Chintz, cambric, calico—
That looked so fresh and dainty
On my darlings long ago.

This violet was mother's:
I seem to see her face,
That ever like a sunrise
Lit up the shadiest place.
This buff belonged to Susan;
That scarlet spot was mine;
And Fannie wore this pearly white,
Where purple pansies shine.

I turn my patchwork over—
A book with pictured leaves—
And I feel the lilac fragrance,
And the snow-fall on the eaves.
Of all my heart's possessions
I think it least could spare
The quilt we children pieced at home
When mother dear was there.

HIS FOLKS.

"I CAN'T stand it, and, what's more, I won't," said little Mrs. Hinkle, clutching the bars of her uncomfortable old cage of a rocking-chair.

Mr. Hinkle placidly hung up his almanac, and went out to sow the early pease. He could stand almost any thing, and yet remain as serene as a cabbage head—which, indeed, his wife often said he resembled. Laviny's tantrums troubled him about as much as a mosquito's buzzing would trouble an elephant; but he thought they were kind of wearing to her, and that she "came to quicker" alone. So he left her swinging herself seasick in the rocker, and shuffled off to the garden with a hoe and a pint dipper of pease. At the gate he met Miss Niddlins.

"And how's your poor wife?" said she, sniffing. She suffered with a chronic cold in the head, which gave her an extremely sympathetic manner.

"Able to be stirring," replied Mr. Hinkle, shuffling on in his brown leather moccasins. Even a cabbage head may be, as it usually is, ruffled inside; and deep in his slow-beating heart Mr. Hinkle was annoyed at the sight of Miss Niddlins and the embroidered bed-ticking bag which betokened a week's visit.

"Laviny's putchiky enough without being set on," said he, leaning on his hoe in the favorite attitude adopted by scarecrows. "Yes, I really think she is," he went on, weighing the proposition deliberately. "Not that I mind her being spry-tempered and spitting out at me. It's only a way she has, and comes of her enjoying such poor health. She'll cool down; but that old maid hain't any call to rile her;" and here Mr. Hinkle gave the hoe handle a resentful poke, as if it personated the spinster aforesaid. Like many men not gifted in public speaking, he was much given to talking aloud when alone. Indoors his wife claimed exclusive right of speech.

"And here I've stuck, like a dab of putty, from the day I married with Reuben," she was saying to Miss Niddlins. "I've had to walk on eggs, or his folks would be in my hair. They've had their remarks to make about all my doings, and, you may depend upon it, it grinds."

Mrs. Hinkle must have been ground very sharp indeed, judging by her cutting tongue.

"Poor thing!" groaned Miss Niddlins, using her handkerchief just then because it would produce the effect of pity.

"See how I was put upon this morning by his sister Phebe," said Mrs. Hinkle, moving the end of her nose rapidly back and forth with her forefinger, as if she were playing on a Jew's-harp. "That woman had the impudence to twit me of neglecting Reuben, because I leave him to get his own supper sewing-circle nights!"

"Don't tell me so!" sniffed Miss Niddlins. "Did Mr. Hinkle complain to her?"

"Catch him complaining!" cried Mrs. Hinkle; "he hasn't got spunk enough. Why, he's no more grit than a hay-stack, and he's as *sot*. I couldn't make him break with his folks if I was to suffer. Wish I was single: then I wouldn't be nosed round by 'em. Now here *you* are, free to go when you please!"

Miss Niddlins sighed an affirmative. It was her peculiar trial that her relatives never opposed her going.

"If you was to separate, I suppose you've got enough to live on," suggested she, cautiously.

Mrs. Hinkle's rocker jerked itself into a full stop. She had often said that "Reuben must choose betwixt his folks and her," that "she would take herself off," and the like; but to have a third person hint at a separation startled her.

"Well—yes," said she, hesitatingly. "I've got the property I brought with me when I was married. I won't deny but what Reuben has done the fair thing there; but then, if he'd been some men, he might have doubled it by this time. The long and short of it is, he's half asleep. I have to keep stirring him up, and, after all, he don't appreciate me!"

"I believe it would wake him pretty thoroughly if you should leave him," returned Miss Niddlins. "He'd begin to realize what a smart wife he'd lost."

"He'd clutter the kitchen with his greasy harnesses, and camp down on the lunge in his boots—that's what he'd do—the minute I was off!" snapped Mrs. Hinkle.

"He couldn't manage without you, to save his life," declared Miss Niddlins, confidently. "He'd go down on his knees to you to get you back."

Mrs. Hinkle seemed flattered by the idea.

"A pretty figure he'd cut," laughed she, "fat as he is, and looking, you might say, as if he'd been blowed up in his clothes!"

"I'm sure I don't see how you can smile, situated as you are," said Miss Niddlins, showing symptoms of fresh cold.

"His folks *have* tried my soul out of me," cried Mrs. Hinkle, hastily resuming her wrath; "and what's madded me the most has been to see Reuben take it so cool. That man hasn't any more nerves than a tub of lard! I wouldn't value jumping off the meeting-house steeple if I thought it would give him a start."

"Poor woman!" said Miss Niddlins, displaying the red silk handkerchief that might properly be called her badge of mourning. "It's your duty to yourself to go where you can take some peace of your life!"

"I don't feel clear," said Mrs. Hinkle, as she settled the coffee for dinner, and thus ended their first conference.

But as Miss Niddlins spent the week, justifying Mr. Hinkle's apprehensions, she and Mrs. Hinkle had ample opportunities for renewing the discussion of the latter's grievances, till, from not feeling "clear," Mrs. Hinkle, by the time her guest departed, came to feel, as she expressed it, "all in a muddle." Even her ox-eyed husband noticed something amiss with her.

"I wonder whether or no sage tea wouldn't be kind of quieting to Laviny," he reflected one morning as he jogged along to the village after turnip seed. "I hain't seen her so fractious since she had the neurology in her face. If she wasn't a poor sick creetur I don't know but I should get put out with her—I really don't;" and Mr. Hinkle lowered his voice to an awe-struck whisper as he gave utterance to this treasonous thought.

"His folks" lived in a sick-headache-colored house at the Four Corners, and his sister Phebe was hanging out clothes in the back-yard as he drove up.

"Got any sage to spare?" cried Mr. Hinkle, whoaing Dobbin.

"Mercy on us! is Laviny going to make cheese in mud-time?" was Miss Phebe's answer.

"'Tisn't none of her doings," said Mr. Hinkle, slowly, punishing the wheel with his whiplash; "but she's in a terrible nervous way, and I think maybe she needs something soothing. What's good for her nerves?"

"I don't know, without it's a sound scolding," replied Miss Phebe, with her mouth full of clothes-pins.

"Now, sister, you're hard on Laviny," said Mr. Hinkle, in an injured tone. "She ain't tough, like what you be."

"Her temper is tough enough; but I'm suited if you are, poor soul!" and Miss Phebe hunted for both sage and valerian, though inwardly persuaded that all the poppies in the world couldn't soothe Laviny when she once got "set out."

Meanwhile Mrs. Hinkle had been doing a furious forenoon's work, and, ready to drop from exhaustion, was just hanging up the mop after scrubbing the kitchen floor, when dear, blundering old Reuben scuffed across the threshold with his torn paper bags, scattering dried leaves like an autumn wind, and leaving muddy moccasin tracks at every step. Before those clumsy footprints Mrs. Hinkle's feeble forbearance fled. The herbs her husband had trusted might prove a narcotic acted upon her as a powerful irritant.

"Reuben Hinkle!" said she, bracing her aching back against the pump, "how much longer do you think I'm going to wash floors for you to litter?"

"There, there! now don't fret," pleaded Reuben; "I'll sweep it up. You do putter round more'n you're able, that's a fact. You know I'm ready and willing to hire a girl any day."

"A girl smouching my paint!" cried Mrs. Hinkle, in wrath. "Put down the broom, Reuben; you've made tracks enough. Your folks shall never have that handle, that I spend your money on hired help."

"You're rather hard on 'em, Laviny," said Mr. Hinkle; "they mean well by you. Here's Phebe now been and sent you something stilling. I told her what a fizz your nerves had been in lately."

"So you've been running me down to your folks!" cried Mrs. Hinkle, glaring at her husband. "After all I've stood from you, Reuben, it's too much."

Mr. Hinkle was a mild man—mild as milk; but even the sweetest of milk will sometimes turn sour in a thunder-storm, and oft-recurring matrimonial tempests had had their effect upon him.

"I've always made excuses for you, Laviny, and tried my best to live peaceable," said he, slowly; "but I believe 'tain't in the power of mortal man to get along with you."

Then, in a state of great amazement at himself, he went out to untackle Dobbin and sow the turnip seed. Listening in vain for the dinner horn, he returned to the house half an hour past noon to find the fire out, his unlucky mud-prints dried upon the floor, and his wife absent.

"Gone off in a huff to her sister Tripp's, I guess," said he, patiently setting out the Sunday remnant of beans. "I'd have hitched up if I'd have knowed she wanted to go. She wouldn't speak to me, I s'pose, 'cause I'd riled her. I hadn't oughter done it—that's a fact."

Having relieved his mind by this last confession, Mr. Hinkle ate his dinner with an excellent appetite, and in due time his supper also, his wife not having appeared.

"I expect she calculates for me to go for her, and I'd better be off," said he, as he strained the milk with extreme care and deliberation, and by this means let a slow stream trickle down the outside of the pail upon the spotless pantry floor. "Why, if there ain't Ezra Tripp now!" and as he spoke, in at the west door came his wife's brother-in-law, with unwilling feet, as though goaded on by the spears of the setting sun behind him.

"Laviny ain't sick, I hope?" said Mr. Hinkle, anxiously.

"No, 'tisn't that," replied Mr. Tripp, twisting his forefinger under his collar, as if his cravat choked him—"'tisn't that—but—"

"She's getting most out of patience waiting for me, I suppose," suggested the unsuspecting Reuben. "Well, I'd oughter gone afore, only the off ox broke through the fence, and—"

"Laviny says she won't come back," interrupted Mr. Tripp, desperately; "for she's lived with you as long as she can stand it!"

Mr. Hinkle flopped down like a starchless dicky.

"I might have knowed she couldn't bear what I do," groaned he. "This morning, when she was blowing of me, I spoke ha'sh to her: I don't see how I come to. But, Ezra, you don't think, now, she won't never come round?"

Mr. Tripp muttered something about his sister-in-law being "pretty resolute," and turned away.

"I wish you'd carry over Laviny's cough medicine," said Mr. Hinkle, rousing himself. "Lord! to think of her hacking in the night, and me not hearing her! And, Ezra, I'd take it kindly of you if you'd step in in the morning and tell me how she rested."

Mr. Tripp consigned the bottle to his coat pocket, while Reuben, returning to the deserted kitchen, which already wore a masculine air, tilted his chair against the wall, and listened to the dirges of the frogs, or gave expression to his feelings by singing,

"As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone."

"A dreadful poor hand I should be to sit alone," commented he, as he shuffled about to fasten the windows.

"Laviny is a master-woman for making things lively. Somehow I can't bear to lock her out;" and it is a fact worthy of note that the faithful Reuben, for the first time in his married life, went to bed leaving the porch door unbolted.

If he had cherished a vague hope that his wife might steal home in the early morning, he certainly saw no traces of her ruling presence on rising. Instead, the abomination of desolation reigned.

"Seems 's if I was just a frame-work, with nothing inside," said the poor man, moving about the chaotic kitchen in a hushed manner, like a person at a funeral; "the pith is all knocked out of me."

But notwithstanding this alarming internal condition, by dint of burning three fingers he succeeded in making a lumpy hasty-pudding for breakfast, and also a cup of coffee, which, by reason of the large amount of fish-skin that settled it, bore an unpleasant resemblance to chowder. As he was sitting at this frugal repast his sister Phebe flounced in.

"Has Laviny left you, Reuben? It can't be."

Mr. Hinkle nodded his head solemnly, his mouth being not available just then as an organ of speech.

"The worst is her own," stormed Miss Phebe, raining a shower of hair-pins from her falling chignon. "I guess we sha'n't die on her account!"

This reflection seemed to convey no consolation to Mr. Hinkle.

"You never felt right toward Laviny," said he, sorrowfully. "I don't lay this up agin *her*, her clearing out; I blame it on to Miss Niddlins. She always had a dreadful faculty for onsettling Laviny."

Miss Phebe had a contemptuous nose, turned upward at the end like a sled runner. It curled higher yet at this remark.

"I wish you had some of my spirit, Reuben Hinkle," said she, coiling her back hair with a rapid circular motion, as if she were winding herself up; "if you had, you wouldn't go nigh Laviny for one while. She's contrary, and depend upon it she'll be a great deal more apt to come back if you don't tease her. I'll keep house for you, so don't you be a mite concerned."

Mr. Hinkle groaned in answer. As dough is without yeast, so was he without Laviny. "He needed her to keep him up," he said, pathetically; and though tortures would not have wrung from her the confession, it was equally true that Laviny needed him to keep her down. Some leaven is safest hidden in its three measures of meal. Certainly, in her husband's presence, Mrs. Hinkle had been a patient Griselda compared to what she now was, freed from home restraints. She fretted and fumed in an explosive manner, raising an unwonted fermentation in the Tripp household. She hated his folks; she hated Reuben for not hating them; she hated herself for having borne their interference so long; and declared she had not had "the temper of a fly"—which, indeed, was quite true. But as the week wore on without bringing the coveted vision of her husband at her feet, the effervescence of her mood was fast subsiding, when the rumor that Miss Phebe was wielding her domestic sceptre agitated it anew. Pretty work it was, to be crowded out of her own home by his folks! She knew now why Reuben had not come. They had been setting him against her. What if he should never come? For the first time this thought intruded itself, and in her anguish she sought relief in the camphor bottle. What right had Phebe in her kitchen, solacing Reuben with delectable cookery, when he should have been hungering in solitude after his wife? She declared such conduct would provoke a saint, though she did not give her authority for this conviction. One thing was sure, Phebe should not have the washing of her tea-spoons; and without delay Mrs. Hinkle sent a juvenile Tripp to remove these and other personal valuables, choosing the dinner hour for the errand, that the scenic effect might be greater. When Mr. Hinkle was forced to stir his tea with a fork, perhaps he would be in more haste to conciliate his wife! The plan was well laid; but it failed in the execution through the tardiness of little Joe, who, having a woodchuck to attend to on the way, did not reach his uncle's till the remains of the dinner lay cold on the pantry shelf, and Mr. Hinkle was half a mile away at his afternoon plowing.

Miss Phebe sent the spoons obediently, inwardly resolved that Reuben should not know of this proof of "Laviny's ugliness," for she was well aware that only her own repeated assurances that Laviny would soften toward him if left to herself had kept him passive thus far.

"Seems 's if I wasn't doing the handsome thing not to go nigh her," he often said. "I wonder whether or no she ain't counting on my fetching her?"

"If she comes of her free-will she'll be likely to stay put," Miss Phebe would answer; "but try to drive her, and you know what Laviny is."

Mr. Hinkle did know, unfortunately, and, knowing, schooled himself to patient waiting.

Thus the days wore on, and he plodded through the spring work, cheered a little in spite of himself by Miss Phebe's earnest efforts at making him comfortable, while Laviny, mortified and then alarmed by his non-appearance, worried herself into a course of exasperating sick headaches, and in every sense shut out the sunlight from the house of the Tripps. In the midst of paint-scrubbing Mrs. Tripp found no leisure to devote to her complaining sister, but left one of her children to wait upon her. Mrs. Hinkle felt abused. When had Reuben been too busy to bathe her aching temples? Little Joe made her nervous as a witch, and one day she told him so, and a moment after had the satisfaction of hearing him say to his mother in the kitchen that he "couldn't get along with Aunt Laviny nohow."

Why, that was just what Reuben had said—Reuben, who had never spoken hastily to her in his life! Was she an uncomfortable person to live with?

"'Tain't in the power of mortal man to get along with you, Laviny." The words came back to her with the startling force of a proof-text, and haunted her afterward continually.

It must have been in rhubarb time, for dandelion greens had gone by, when one morning little Joe rushed in with the terrible tidings that "Uncle Reuben had fallen *ker-chunk* from a beam in the barn."

Mrs. Hinkle tore the bandages from her head and started up.

"Where's my bonnet, Susan? I'm going home!"

"Maybe he isn't badly injured. Wait till we hear further," urged Mrs. Tripp.

"I tell you I'm going home, Susan Tripp! Where's my bonnet?" and snatching it by the string, Mrs. Hinkle sprang into the wagon just vacated by her nephew, and drove away at a doctor's pace.

Little Joe turned a series of somersaults, and then lay writhing on the grass in a fit of uncontrollable giggling.

"Didn't Aunt Laviny streak it?" shouted he. "And Uncle Reuben wasn't hurt a mite, but she wouldn't let me tell her! Tee-hee-hee!"

Yet, though no bones were broken by the fall, it is a fact that Mr. Hinkle found his two hundred pounds avoirdupois considerably shaken, and he was actually, according to his wife's prediction, "camping down on the lunge in his boots," when, opening his eyes, they rested on her frightened face in the doorway.

"Why, bless your heart! come right in, Laviny," said he. And she went in, and shut the door.

Five minutes afterward, as Miss Phebe lifted the latch, she heard her sister-in-law say,

"I know I've hectored you awfully, Reuben, but I do mean to live peaceable now, and put up with your folks."

And Reuben answered, heartily: "I haven't

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blamed you a bit, Laviny. I knowed 'twas Miss Niddlins's work. But after we'd lived together so long, she might have let us be till God divorced us."

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

VISITS are every where a great social institution. Perhaps in most places they are considered something of a social nuisance. At any rate, there is no custom of civilized life that comes in for a greater share of grumbling and gratuitous ill-will. People pay visits as they pay their bills, because it is a necessity established as rigorously by precedent and practice as the payment of one's debts is by law. How cordially nine-tenths of the visiting community hate the business, how they growl over it, and how devoutly they wish the people may be out, and that they may get off with leaving a card, instead of sitting out a tiresome twenty minutes in evolving commonplaces out of their bored wits, and listening to those of the person they are inflicting their politeness on! As to gentlemen, does there exist any country in the civilized world where they can be induced to pay a visit with their wives or mothers without putting those relatives to an amount of preliminary labor in the way of entreaties, cajoleries, coaxing, pouting, and, if the occasion be of a sufficiently urgent kind to justify such extreme measures, threatening and storming, as might be excused if the sacrifice demanded were the pulling out of a tooth? Well, we have a great deal before us in the way of reforms to be effected in the habits and training of these refractory creatures, whose vanity we gratify and disarm by leaving them still the harmless and empty title of lords of the creation. But all this is only leading up to a scolding that I am under the painful necessity of giving my dear American friends. If I loved them less, I should scold them less; but it is just because I have their perfection so much at heart that I am continually laying about them with my cat-o'-nine tails. I want them to seem to all the world on this side of the Atlantic as charming and as genuine as I know them to be. I can not bear, for instance, to hear English and French ladies—the latter especially—say, as I am constantly condemned to do, "How rude those Americans are! Really, they don't know the first rules of civilized society." How can you understand what my feelings are on hearing such comments as these? If you can, then help me to escape them in the future by avoiding the small, the very small, misdemeanors that call them forth. So few Americans are to be found nowadays who have not been to Paris that it seems almost superfluous to mention that in that city people live on flats. Those of my readers, however, who have still the delights of a first visit to Europe before them may be glad to hear some details of the subject. The flats run on first, second, third, fourth, and fifth floors, the value of the apartment decreasing as it rises in height. Formerly a third floor was the last stage at which a family with a tolerable income halted; but of late years the enormous increase of rent has driven even rich people to the topmost rung of the ladder, and you continually find the fourth floors occupied by families who keep a handsome establishment and a carriage. The fifth is so fatiguing and so inconvenient in many ways—being, for instance, right under the domestic republic, composed of your own and your fellow-tenants' servants, stowed away in pigeon-holes, and prone to relieve the monotony of their life in the daytime by convivial meetings at night, often prolonged till the small hours in the morning, and accompanied with sounds not conducive of a good night's rest to the members of the cinquième—that it is never taken, except under pressure of necessity, by a very numerous family, who must have space at any cost; but generally it is let to tailors or such-like. The general run of apartments for comfortable French families is the second and third floors. The first are rented by rich foreigners, as a rule. Americans who are not biased by the conceit of being on a fashionable floor—at least those who come for a season or so—usually encamp on the second or third, where they have the compensations of better light and air, and are at a pleasant distance from cigars and the noise of the street. We will take, therefore, these floors as our basis of consideration in the present grievance. When a French or an English lady does not choose to receive visitors, she sends down word to the concierge to that effect; if she is expecting some particular visit for which she wishes to make an exception, she tells the concierge that she will be at home for Monsieur or Madame So-and-so, and for no one else. All other callers are consequently met with the consigne, "Madame is not at home." Some are so rash or so confident in the fact of their friend being in the house and open to visits that they pass the lodge without inquiring. When, therefore, they are turned back after climbing two or three pairs of stairs, they have no right to complain. But this is a venture that no sane Frenchwoman would embark in without consulting the Cerberus at the gate first. If that functionary is of an oblivious turn of mind, or, what is more likely, if you, for some reason best known to him, have the ill luck to lie under his displeasure, then your friends will be sent up when you have forbidden it, and sent away when you have said you were willing to see them. Some unhappy victims of their concierge have been driven to adopt the crooked-attorney system in the matter of receiving visitors, and of saying they were out when they wished particularly to be in, and *vice versa*. But then the remedy was in their own hands, or, more properly speaking, in their pockets. Now this simple precaution of saving their friends' legs by warning their concierge, Americans, as a rule, never take. The consequence is that they are constantly getting into hot water, and giving mortal offense to their French and English acquaintances, who are allowed to toil up to their door, and then coolly told that madame is tired and lying down, or that she has a headache, or letters to write that must go that day, etc. The visitor, justly incensed, turns away resolved never to return unless some apology is offered for such rudeness, and avenges herself by complaining to every body she meets that day of the uncivilized ways of those Americans. Another common complaint against Americans is that, when they do receive you, they are apt to keep you waiting while they change their dress, or make some other preparation meant to do you honor. This is considered extremely rude in Paris. A Frenchwoman would come out in her night-cap, once you have been admitted, rather than keep you waiting till she got herself up in drawing-room attire. Louis XVIII. said that punctuality was the politeness of kings: a Frenchwoman considers haste—or *empressement*, she would call it—the best politeness of a hostess; and in this she rarely fails. Now let me hear of an improvement in this matter, and spare me the pain of listening to invectives against the rudeness of those dreadful Americans for the future.

COMET.

FOR THE UGLY GIRLS.

No. XII.

IF ever a woman deserved a seat in the French Academy for the value of her literary labors to mankind, she was Madame Celnart. The works of this lively, engaging author on manners, dress, cosmetics, needle-work, and kindred topics no less interesting to her sex, and through them to the other, are to be found in eight small octavos in their native French. The lady was an industrious and brilliant writer on themes of the toilette, the household, and deportment, on which Mrs. Farrar, author of *The Young Lady's Friend*, of our mothers' time, and Mrs. Beeton, the editor of *The Englishwoman's Magazine*, in our day, have succeeded her with much adornment but no greater scope. Madame Celnart talks—one can hardly imagine her holding a pen—like a Parisian, with empressement, with drollery, precision, and inimitable sprightliness, like a gentle-bred old beauty, secure in the charm of her finished manner against the loss of her earlier fascinations, telling a younger generation the toilette secrets of her age, with half a smile at their readiness to seize these arts, and seriously pointing out the most graceful way of doing things, or the most modest, with the concern of one who is painfully conscious that grace and prudence do not come to all her sex by nature, however the love of these things do. Can not one imagine the arch gentleness with which she opens her work on the toilette in such easy, sparkling guise as this:

"*Je viens de feuilleter les arts de plaire, les livres de beauté, et autres évangiles de courtisane*," which may be freely translated, "I come to speak of the arts of pleasing, the literature of beauty, and other evangels of coquetry." She has a well-bred curl of disdain for "*une allure bourgeoise mesquine*," but with the reverence of a true Frenchwoman, whose creed is her mirror, she pronounced her work "*consacré à la toilette, et la conservation de la beauté*." These duties she divides with serious precision into the "*soins de la toilette*," which include cosmetic arts, and "*l'art de se coiffer, lacer, et chausser*." It was indeed an art, in the time of hundred-boned corsets without clasps, to lace one's self, and in the days of classic sandals, perhaps, to put on one's shoes. She is exact in all her details as a schoolmistress might be, though one fancies a covert smile on her wise face as she rallies the young demoiselles who dreaded the bath—because it was so cold? Oh no; but because their modesty could not endure the baring of their person even to themselves. Such, she gravely advises, may save their "*pudeur*" by bathing in a peignoir. One inevitably recalls Lola Montez's dedication of her famous *Book of Beauty*, "To all men and women who are not afraid of themselves," in hearing of these French demoiselles with their conventual susceptibility. The graceful preceptress goes on with directions for sitting, for holding one's needle, for dancing, and how to hold one's petticoats out of the mud; and that such hints are by no means superfluous any body will allow who notices the varied awkwardnesses which women fall into who are habitually thoughtless on these points. Some of these nice customs may have been carried to our shores, possibly with Rochambeau's French ladies at Newport or Salem. I remember hearing one of the fine Newburyport ladies, who answer to the description of gentlewomen still, maintain that it was most graceful to "sew with a long point"—that is, to push the needle nearly its whole length through at each stitch, instead of pulling it out, so to speak, by the nose. And she was right, as you can verify by the next sewing you take up.

In the time of Madame Celnart, fine ladies were used to powdering their hair with the dust of Florentine iris, which gave their love-breathing tresses the violet odor of the spring. A pleasant idea; but their iris, our orris root, must have been a trifle fresher than comes to this country. It makes us sure that the beauties of Titian's and Guido's times were real women, when we know that they steeped their tresses in bleaching liquids and dyes, and spread their locks in the sun for hours to gain the coveted golden tinge; and the hair of the Bella Donna herself might have caught part of its enchantment from the sprinkling of violet powder that lent its waves a soul. Those immortal beauties would have canonized Lubin if he had been alive with his pomades and perfumes. Celnart was a courageous advocate of cosmetics, or else she was wise enough to put the worst first, for one of her earliest recipes is this depilatory, which we do not quote by way of recommendation at all. It is the Oriental Rusma, a depilatory used in harems.

Two ounces of quicklime, half an ounce of orpiment and red arsenic; boil in one pint of alkaline lye, and try with a feather to see when it is strong enough. Touch the parts to be rid of hair and wash with cold water. When we say that orpiment and realgar are deadly poisons, and add Madame Celnart's remark that the mixture is of "*une grande causticité*," attacking often the tissue of the skin, our readers will quite agree with her that it is only to be used with "*la plus grande circonspection*," or, better, not at all. The *Crème Parisienne dépilatoire* is harmless, and probably of very little use, but I give it for what it is worth: One-eighth of an ounce of rye starch, and the same of sulphate of baryta (or heavy-spar), the juice of purslane, acacia, and milk-thistle, mixed with oil.

The high-sounding Paste of Venus, devised by a Parisian cosmetic artist, who shared the mythologic fancy which prevailed years ago, was spread over the skin to soften and perfume it. Faith, Esther herself might have used it, for its conjugation of spices would delight an Oriental. It was made of fat, butter, honey, and aromatics, the more the better; but as none of our belles wish to try the anointing bodily, I spare them the list, and give instead the *Esprit de pyrêtre*. The pyrethrum, or Spanish pellitory, is an herb which is highly valued by cosmetic artists, and appears in several recipes of the French.

Powdered cinnamon, one dram; coriander, nineteen scruples; vanilla, the same; clove, eighteen grains; cochineal, mace, and saffron, the same; simple spirit of pyrethrum, one litre (about seven-eighths of a quart). Let these ingredients digest for fifteen days, and add orange-flower water, half an ounce; oil of anise, eighteen drops; citron, ditto; oils of lavender and thyme, each nine drops; ambergris, three grains. Mix the ambergris with the pyrêtre and put the two liquids together. Filter after two days. Use as a toilette water.

No wonder the French cosmetics are so highly valued, when their composition embraces such a variety of pleasing ingredients. Thyme, anise, and saffron seem homely herbs for the use of our dainty women, but they assisted at every toilette among the Greek women of old, and Rhodora wound the crocus (meadow-saffron) with the rose, and wove fennel among her jasmines, without a thought such as these things give us of sick teas and home-made dyes. Why should herbs of such excellent renown lose the poetry that belongs to them? Mingled in variety with ambergris and orange flowers, they give body to a perfume rich enough to have satisfied Cleopatra. But if this is complicated, what will be said to the next recipe, which is compounded by South American women, but was fashionable in Paris not so very long after the time of Josephine, who may have patronized, or, indeed, introduced the souvenir of creole coquetry. Says Madame Celnart, speaking of it, "Only the Tartuffes of coquetry could blame the Mexican pomade," whose proportions indicate that the formula came straight from the perfumer's hands, and is therefore correct. Any one who wishes to try it can reduce the measure to suit themselves.

Extract of cocoa, sixty-four ounces; oil of noisette, thirty-two ounces; oil of ben, thirty-two ounces; oil of vanilla, two ounces; white balsam of Peru, one dram; benzoin flowers, half a dram; civet, ditto; neroli, one dram; essence of rose, one dram; oil of clove flowers, one ounce; citron and bergamot waters, each half a pint. Steep the vanilla in the cocoa butter eight days in a hot place; dissolve the balsam in half a glass of alcohol, with the benzoin and civet, and add the spirit of clove. Mix the essence of rose and neroli in the oils of ben and noisette, and beat the whole forcibly together in a large marble or china bowl.

The creole women spread this paste on their smooth skins, which the oil of the cocoa softens and moistens, while the delightful changing odor is absorbed, till their forms are like living, dusky, but perfumed marbles. These recipes are given not so much for imitation, or to contribute to the lore of perfumers this side the water, as curiosities of national arts and feminine vanity. Where in our country would we find the ingredients of the celebrated Eau de Stahl, known to the Parisian chemists forty years ago? Its compound was as follows:

Alcohol, nine litres; rose-water, three litres; the root of Spanish pellitory, five ounces; gallingole root, three ounces; tormentil, three ounces; balsam of Peru, three ounces; cinnamon, five drams; rue, one ounce; ratania, eight ounces. Powder the whole, and put in alcohol; shake well, and leave to macerate six days. Pour off, and let it stand twenty-four hours to clear, after which add essential oil of mint, one and a half drams; powdered cochineal, four drams. Leave to infuse anew three days; filter through filtering-paper, and decant. Use for a tooth wash, and for washing the face, or for baths.

The Peruvian powder was another standard preparation of the same date for a dentifrice. It was made of white sugar, half a dram; cream of tartar, one dram; magnesia, ditto; cinnamon, six grains; mace, two grains; sulphate of quinine, three grains; carmine, five grains. Powder and mix carefully, adding four drops of the oils of rose and of mint.

The following cosmetic, called the *Serkis du Sérail*, is said to be a favorite lotion used by the Sultanas, for whom it is imported from Achaia—though this sounds like one of those pleasant fictions which perfumers delight to invent concerning their oils and pomades more than like any thing we are obliged to believe. There is this to be said in favor of the assertion, that it is just such a mixture of starch and oils as no one but an odalisque could endure to use. It is made of sweet-almond paste, ten livres; rye and potato starch, each six livres; oil of jasmine, eight ounces; the same of oil of orange flowers and of roses; black balsam of Peru, six ounces; essence of rose and of cinnamon, each sixty grains. Mix the powders and essences separately in earthen vessels, then add the powder to the liquid little by little, bruise well together, and strain through muslin.

An elegant preparation for whitening the face and neck is made of terebinth of Mecca, three grains; oil of sweet almonds, four ounces; spermaceti, two drams; flower of zinc, one dram; white wax, two drams; rose-water, six drams. Mix in a water-bath, and melt together. The harmless mineral white is fixed in the pomade, or what we would call cold cream, and is applied with the greatest ease and fine effect. It must be to some preparation of this subtle sort that the lustrous whiteness of certain much-admired fashionable complexions is due. It is a cheap enamel, without the supposed necessity of *baking*, which, by the way, is such a point-blank blunder that we wonder so many people of sense persist in speaking of it as if it could be a fact.

EVENING TOILETTES.

See illustrations on page 60.

Fig. 1.—This graceful toilette for a full-dress reception is of salmon-colored faille. The demi-trained skirt, without flounces or over-skirt, has an elaborate trimming of white chenille balls, imitating pearls. The low square corsage is edged with point lace, and has lace frills across the back and front; also swinging chains of the balls fall from the shoulders. The necklace and coiffure are also of chenille. Coral jewelry, set in massive Etruscan gold. Pink and yellow roses in the hair. Bouquet of violets and tea-roses.

Fig. 2.—Evening dress of rose-colored faille, with untrimmed demi-train, and chatelaine bodice extending below the waist in the antique fashion. The over-skirt is of Valenciennes lace in quaint medieval design. The sash is of faille ribbon the color of the dress. The Grecian bertha is formed of this ribbon and lace. A lace frill surrounds the chatelaine bodice. Necklace and ear-rings of diamonds and red gold. Provence roses in the corsage and coiffure. Long white kid gloves without buttons.

GEORGE ELIOT'S SAYINGS.

SELECTED FROM "ADAM BEDE."

WE do not hear that Memnon's statue gave forth its melody at all under the rushing of the mightiest wind, or in response to any other influence, divine or human, than certain short-lived sunbeams of morning; and we must learn to accommodate ourselves to the discovery that some of those cunningly fashioned instruments called human souls have only a very limited range of music, and will not vibrate in the least under a touch that fills others with tremulous rapture or quivering agony.

See the difference between the impression a man makes on you when you walk by his side in familiar talk, or look at him in his home, and the figure he makes when seen from a lofty historical level, or even in the eyes of a critical neighbor, who thinks of him as an embodied system or opinion rather than as a man.

That is the great advantage of dialogue on horseback; it can be merged any minute into a trot or a canter, and one might have escaped from Socrates himself in the saddle.

The beginning of hardship is like the first taste of bitter food—it seems for a moment unbearable; yet, if there is nothing else to satisfy our hunger, we take another bite, and find it possible to go on.

The finest language, I believe, is chiefly made up of unimposing words, such as "light," "sound," "stars," "music"—words really not worth looking at, or hearing, in themselves, any more than "chips" or "sawdust:" it is only that they happen to be the signs of something unspeakably great and beautiful.

When death, the great Reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.

There is no despair so absolute as that which comes with the first moments of our first great sorrow, when we have not yet known what it is to have suffered and be healed, to have despaired and to have recovered hope.

What man of us, in the first moments of a sharp agony, could ever feel that the fellow-man who has been the medium of inflicting it did not mean to hurt us? In our instinctive rebellion against pain we are children again, and demand an active will to wreak our vengeance on.

The mother's yearning, that completest type of the life in another life which is the essence of real human love, feels the presence of the cherished child even in the base, degraded man.

In our times of bitter suffering there are almost always these pauses, when our consciousness is benumbed to every thing but some trivial perception or sensation. It is as if semi-idiocy came to give us rest from the memory and the dread which refuse to leave us in our sleep.

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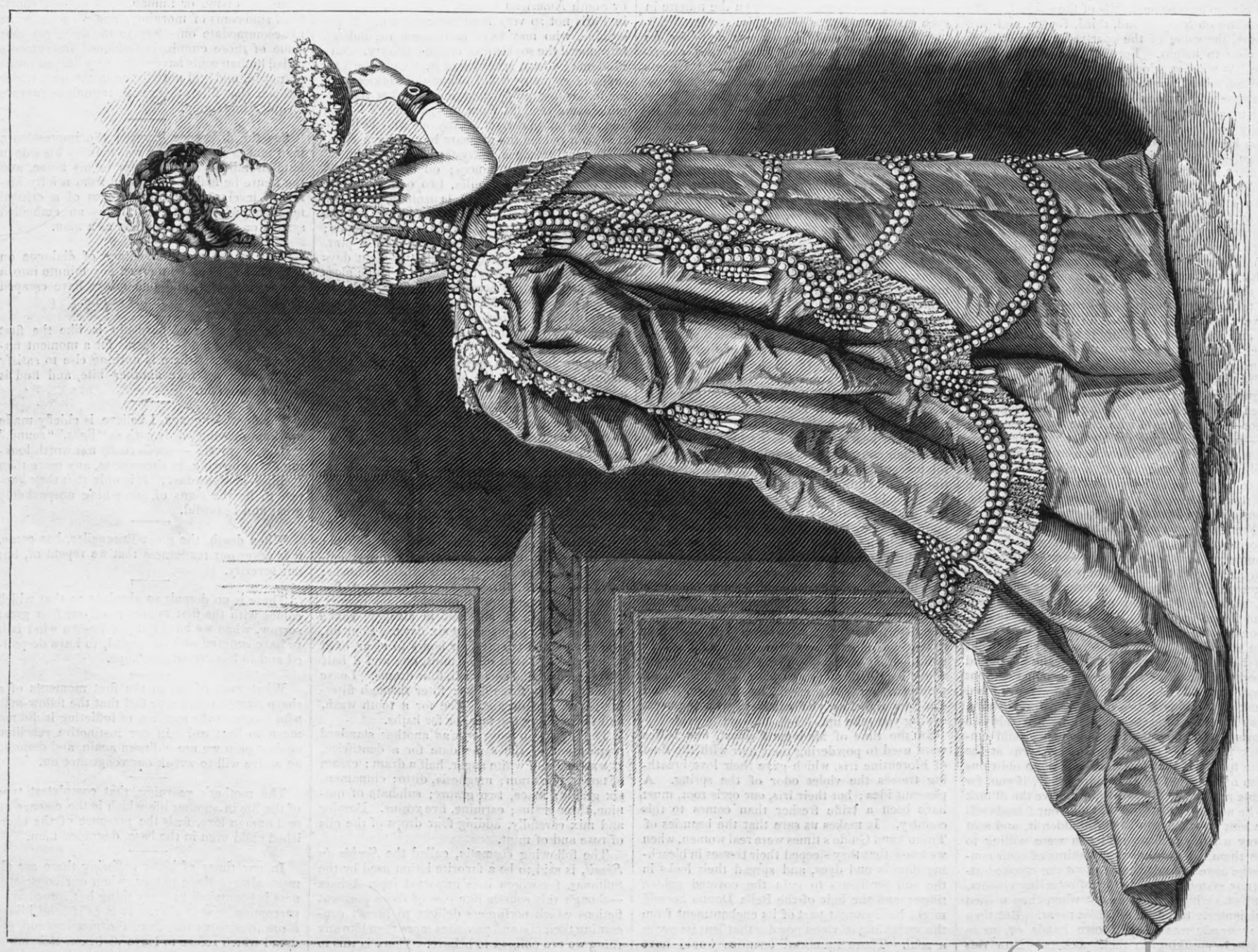

EVENING TOILETTES.—[SEE PAGE 53.]

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Hoods for Girls from 10 to 12 Years old, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—KNITTED AND CROCHET HOOD WITH FICHU-COLLAR. The original is worked with sixfold white zephyr worsted and medium-sized wooden needles. For the crown of the hood first work a straight piece six inches and a half wide and fourteen inches and a half long, beginning on one end with a foundation of 24 st. (stitch), and knitting in rounds, going back and forth, so that on both sides of the work, always alternately, five rounds appear all knit plain and five rounds all purled, each forming one strip. The original counts ten strips knit plain and nine strips purled on the right side. After finishing this part take up the edge stitches at one side on the needle, and now knit lengthwise, going back and forth, one purled strip of five rounds and one plain strip of three rounds; then gather the st. of the last round on a Tunisian crochet needle, cast them off as in the Tunisian or Victoria stitch, and crochet three more pattern rows (consisting each of one round going forward and one round going backward) in the same stitch. In the first round of the 2d and 3d pattern rows, however, double the number of stitches, taking up 1 st. each from the vertical and also from the horizontal st. of the preceding pattern row; cast off the third pattern row with blue worsted. This forms the trimming on the front of the hood. For the ruffle turned toward the back which rests on the crown make a foundation of 40 st. with white worsted and coarse wooden needles, and on this knit in rounds, going back and forth, as follows: 1st round.—Always alternately t. t. o. (thread thrown over), 1 p. (purled). 2d round.—Always alternately p. together the t. t. o. and st. of the preceding round, t. t. o. Then five rounds more like the second round. On the st. of the last round crochet one round of ch. (chain stitch) scallops, always fastening together the st. and t. t. o. with 1 sc. (single crochet), then always 5 ch. Sew this ruffle on the crown of the hood as shown by the illustration. Gather the crown closely on the back edge. Knit the collar in the design of the crown from Fig. 54, Supplement, which gives one-half of the pattern for the collar, beginning on one under end with a foundation of 23 st.; widen and narrow on the outer edges according to the pattern. Border the finished part of the collar on the outer edge, excepting the neck, first with one round of sc., then with one round of bar scallops, working on every second following st. of the preceding round always alternately 1 sc., 5 dc. (double crochet). Besides this sew a ruffle similar to that on the crown to the outer edge of the collar, excepting the front edges and the neck. Gather the collar on the neck to suit the width of the crown, join the collar and crown, and bind the seam with blue silk ribbon an inch wide, the ends of which project nine inches and three-quarters long and form the strings. Bows of blue silk ribbon complete the hood.

Fig. 2.—KNITTED AND CROCHET HOOD WITH SQUARE COLLAR. This hood is also worked with sixfold white zephyr worsted and medium-sized wooden needles in rounds, going back and forth, all knit plain. For the crown work lengthwise one straight strip seven inches and a quarter wide and nineteen inches and a quarter long, which is begun on the front edge. In the original this consists of 48 rounds on a foundation of 70 st. Fold the finished crown double crosswise, and overseam both halves together on the back edge, gathering them slightly. Begin the collar on the back edge, and work it according to Fig. 53, Supplement (one-half of the pattern). Overseam the crown and collar together on the neck, and bind the seam with blue silk ribbon, the projecting ends of which serve for strings. Border the crown and collar of the hood all along the outer edge with one round of sc. and one round of close dc., and for the trimming on the hood work a pointed strip. Knit this strip with white worsted and coarse steel knitting-needles crosswise, in rounds going back and forth, on a foundation of 6 st., all plain. Each point consists of 22 rounds; at the end of the 2d and 5th–11th rounds widen 1 st. each, and at the end of the 14th–20th and the 22d rounds narrow 1 st. each. This widening and narrowing, however, should always be done before the last st. of the round. Slip the first st. of each round as if going to purl. When the pointed strip has gained the requisite length, darn the edge stitches at both sides with blue worsted, tie a tassel of three threads, an inch and three-quarters long, of similar worsted into the middle of each point, and sew the trimming strip through the middle on the bar round on the outer edge of the hood. Form a box-pleat in the middle of the back of the collar, fasten the points marked * on both halves of Fig. 53, Supplement, together, and trim the hood with bows of blue ribbon and with white worsted tassels as shown by the illustration.

BREAKFAST CAP OF SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND BLUE RIBBON.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 33–35.

BREAKFAST CAP OF SWISS MUSLIN AND LILAC RIBBON.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 29 and 30.

BREAKFAST CAP OF SWISS MUSLIN AND PINK CRÊPE DE CHINE.
For description see Supplement.

BREAKFAST CAP OF FIGURED SWISS MUSLIN AND CLARET RIBBON.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

BREAKFAST CAP OF SWISS MUSLIN, BLACK TULLE, AND GREEN RIBBON.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 31 and 32.

Fig. 1.—KNITTED AND CROCHET HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 54.

Fig. 2.—KNITTED AND CROCHET HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 53.

LADY'S WALKING SUIT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 41a and 41b.

FISH AND SAUCE.

A DISH known in Scotland as "fish and sauce" is said to be very palatable when properly prepared. Fresh haddock are to be cleaned, and the heads, tails, and fins to be cut off. All of these latter are to be thoroughly boiled, to make stock. This, when done, is to be strained, and the liquid part, with the addition of a little flour mixed with cold water, butter, salt, and some chopped parsley, to be poured over the fish, which has been previ-

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ously cut in pieces, and the whole boiled till sufficiently cooked. The result is said to be much more savory than if the fish were simply boiled in water.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARIE.—The married pair leave the church immediately after the ceremony, and receive congratulations at home.—Wear gloves to match your traveling suit. A hat is quite as appropriate as a bonnet.

L. L. B.—A basque and over-skirt are more suitable for black silk than polonaises are. Elderly, and indeed *old*, ladies wear over-skirts.

E. H.—Your ideas of trimming are excellent. Use cashmere or silk for binding. The vest must be of the material used for trimming.

FRANÇOISE.—The pattern of a full dress toilette illustrated in *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. V., will be a good guide for you. Substitute ruffles for the lace.

MISS V. F.—We have not the pattern you want.

M. H.—Trim your tan-colored silk with ruffles of a darker shade and velvet bands.

MRS. L. W.—We do not make purchases for our readers.

MRS. W. H.—It will require some ingenuity to cut a shirt, etc., from a pattern that is four or five inches too large. Spiral studs are worn with shirts fastened in front as well as with those fastened behind. You can easily change the pattern to open behind. Fifty cents will be returned you, as the entire set of patterns costs but 25 cents.

JULIA.—You failed to give your post-office address and to inclose sample.—Hoop-skirts, if worn at all, are very small. Flounced skirts made of hair-cloth are preferred.

MRS. J. L. C.—The Water-proof Cloak pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. IV., is the best model for you.

GERTRUDE.—Your sample is blue épingeline. Make by the Double-breasted Redingote pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V., and trim with bias bands of silk and fringe.

HORACE B.—We do not reply by mail.—Ermine boas and muffs will be worn this winter, but are not considered the first choice for dressy furs since the introduction of silver-fox fur.

MRS. S.—Blue cloth suits will be more worn than velveteen.

GYPSY.—Polonaises prevail for woolen goods; the over-skirt and basque for silks. Trimmed back breadths and apron fronts are very popular, but require to be carefully made to look well.

PALMETTO.—We should be glad to oblige you, but it is impossible to give addresses in this column.

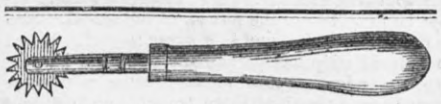
C. A. J.—The practice of changing abruptly from the past to the present tense, and *vice versa*, is a common error, which should be carefully guarded against by young writers, and especially by translators. Your quotations are faulty in this particular. We wish also to say here to you, and to many others, that it is useless to ask us to answer questions in the next *Bazar*. We endeavor to do justice to all our correspondents, but our letters are so numerous that they must often await their turn for weeks. Moreover, many of these are repetitions of questions which have been already answered; to such questions we pay no attention, as this column is designed for the benefit of our constant readers.

MARIA ROHORA.—A young lady with your accomplishments ought to find little difficulty in obtaining a situation as governess in this country, where music, French, and German are almost indispensable adjuncts to education, though we fear that Polish will find few students. We regret that we can not aid you, however, except by advising you to advertise in our journals, and prosecute inquiries through friends and acquaintances, or through reliable school agencies.

EMILIE.—We can not tell you how much you would be likely to earn as a copyist. We are under the impression that it is a poorly paid business, though a few experts may earn good wages thereat.

THE HISTORY OF A GREAT ENTERPRISE.—In eighteen hundred and fifty-four, the original incorporators of the WILSON SEWING-MACHINE COMPANY embarked in the manufacture of Sewing-Machines, and from that time to the present their time, talent, energy, and capital have been employed in making *First-Class Sewing-Machines* with varied success attending their efforts. It being their constant aim to produce a Shuttle or Lock-Stitch Machine that should be simple to handle, durable as steel and iron could make it, with unlimited capacity, unexcelled by any other machine, regardless of name or price, and withal to confine the price within the reach of all classes of people; and success has crowned their efforts in the production of the celebrated WILSON UNDER-FEED SHUTTLE SEWING-MACHINES, which combine all the *Elegance, Simplicity, Durability*, and *Strength* possible for any sewing-machine to attain, and they are the *First* and *Only First-Class* moderate priced machines put in the market. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the U. S. The Company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. Dr. W. TORRENCE, New York, uses her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine for her own family sewing, and, besides doing her house-work, earns more than a dollar per day as pastime. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper. —[*Com.*]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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Premiums, October, 1872, -	$252,780 70
Premiums, November, 1872, -	301,876 64
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FACETIÆ.

An engaged young gentleman got rather neatly out of a little scrape with his intended. She taxed him with having kissed two ladies at some party at which she was not present. He owned it, but said that their united ages made only twenty-one. The simple-minded girl thought of ten and eleven, and laughed off her pout. He did not explain that one was nineteen and the other two years of age. Wasn't it artful?

They say crocodiles do not really weep; we know a sailor, though, who has seen whale's blubber.

It makes all the difference if you put Dr. before instead of after a man's name.

"'Tis not a day or two shows us a man," remarks Mrs. Emily Iago. Or a woman. I know a family in which there was an old maiden lady, who by the united voice of every body was declared "the sweetest old lady in the world." Yet the family did nothing but quarrel. When she became extinct, so did all the quarreling.

Be temperate in diet—our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

A STOCK-IN'-TRADE—Hosiery.

HINTS TO MASQUERADERS.—A tall, slim fellow is in trouble. He wants to know what character to assume at a masquerade. A fashionable journal advises him to braid his legs and go as a whip-lash; roll himself round and round a few dozen times and go as a roll of tape; wrap himself in the national flag and go as a barber's pole; bristle his hair up and go as a whitewash brush; swallow a few marbles and go as a rattle-box; put an insulator into his mouth and go as a telegraph pole; or walk in on his hands as a pair of scissors.

WHAT WILL SHE DO WITH IT?

At an English Christmas cattle-show a "silver-mounted claret jug was taken by a cow." No one will grudge the cow this or any other distinction which its merits and good conduct deserve, but it is not easy to see what pleasure or benefit such an animal (strictly teetotal in its habits) can derive from the possession of a claret jug. Claret is not the usual beverage of cows, and even if it were, the jugs which hold it are so constructed that it would be impossible for those creatures to drink out of them; and the mere contemplation of a claret jug, silver mountings and all, must be a matter of indifference even to the most high-bred cows. Altogether, one feels that a new wooden pail, filled with ordinary fresh-water, would have been a far more useful present.

GENTLEMEN AT LARGE.

JIM. "Bill, I say, show us the skeleton in your cupboard."

BILL. "I ain't a-got no skellinton in ne'er a cupboard, but (*indicating his waistcoat pocket with his thumb*) 'ere's a bunch of skellinton-keys!"

A BAD GLASS FOR THE EYES—Your sixth glass of hot brandy-and-water.

TO SPINSTERS AND OTHERS.—We advise all young women to marry gardeners, if possible, for then they are sure to be well off, for the gardener gets his (mush)*rooms* cheap, makes his own *beds* (his wife can go out and get some *chars*), sets his own (vege)*tables*, has lots of *pans*(ies) and (flower)*pots* and (ra)*dishes*; and as for food and drink, he is never at a loss, for he is sure to have *cows*(lips) and *phlox* of all kinds, mustard and pepper cress, (seak)*ale*, *Port*(ulaca), (holly)-*hock*, *shrub*(s), and plenty of *picotee*(s) (Pekon tea), and (most important of all) abundance of *cole*(wort).

VAULTING AMBITION.—A rope-dancer lately applied to the magistrate of a little town in Switzerland for permission to perform within his jurisdiction. The magistrate refused, observing that the country was overrun with mountebanks. "But," said the dancer, "I am not one of the common class; here is a proof of my superiority." With these words he leaped completely over the head of the magistrate, and this feat of agility gained him the indulgence he applied for.

"A bumper at parting," as the drunken man said when he ran up against the post.

Woman was made from a rib-bone: she loves rib-bon(e)s to this day.

A publisher gave a very good reason for preferring deceased authors to living ones. He said that the former never kept him waiting for copy.

A lame soldier halts when he marches.

LIKE CURES LIKE.—Not always: nothing like a smart shower for spoiling a smart bonnet.

Mr. Gladstone (in his beautiful valedictory address to the University of Edinburgh) mentioned that among the Greeks ugliness was regarded as a kind of sin. I have heard strong-minded ladies assert that in America there exists a similar superstition.

AN EFFECTIVE PEACE (PIECE) MAKER—A bull in a china-shop.

The new mode of coiffure, better known as the chignon, is now described as "the knobby head of hair."

TAKING IT FOR GRANTED.

ENGAGING PHOTOGRAPHER. "Just look a little Pleasant, Miss! Think of '*Im!*"

"Ua hookohora e ko kiaaina o Oahu, J. Kaona ma kahi o J. Kaaukai ka mea i make iho nei."—Honolulu (Sandwich Islands) *Polynesian*. We hope the reader will deeply ponder the important fact stated in the above. It is to be considered strictly confidential.

That was a sly old Scotchman who, on marrying a very young wife, was rallied by his friends on the inequality of their ages. "She will be near me," he replied, "to close my een." "Weel," remarked another of the party, "I've had twa wives, and they opened my een."

SEASICKNESS ABOLISHED: EVERY ONE HIS OWN BESSEMER.—[*See English Gossip, Page* 55.]

"One ought every day," says Goethe, "at least to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if possible, speak a few reasonable words." I always do this. I sing and read something of my own, look into my glass, and remark how very superior I am to the rest of creation.

THEATRICAL MAXIMS.

A stick on the boards is no stay for a theatre.

A caul is said by nautical folk to prevent a man from drowning; but when an actor gets a call, it is generally a sign that he will go down.

The man who comes on the stage exactly at his cue is prompt; but the man who does not come on at all is prompter.

How absurdly are things named on the stage! The man who can barely get his bread on it is spoken of as "a souper."

What two classes of paupers are best known in the Indies?—The East Indy-gent and the West Indy-gent.

SHOCKING CRUELTY.—A small boy, while loitering on an errand in the neighborhood of a pillar-box, observed an old gentleman of seemingly humane appearance deliberately dispatching a letter. The inhuman murder was reported to the authorities, and the police are on the track.

OUR EYES!—A young lady who let her lids drop on being spoken to tenderly by a young gentleman is anxious to recover them, and offers a handsome reward for their restoration. A nautical gentleman of her acquaintance assures her that they could not have been properly lashed or they would not have been lost.

PEOPLE YOU OBJECT TO MEET.

Mr. Whiner, who never sees you without saying how very fat you've grown, or how very pale you look.

Mr. Humdrum, who, when in society, confines his conversation to the changes of the weather and the rising price of coal.

Mrs. Dawddler, who, if you meet her in the Park, is pretty sure to ask you to carry her fat lap-dog for her.

Mr. Quaver, who raves about the music of the future, and never says a word of sense about the music of the present.

Captain Blusterham, who bellows out your name when he meets you in the street, and shakes you by the hand till he nearly wrings your fingers off.

Mr. Wheezer, who fancies that he is an invalid, and explains to you the symptoms of his latest ailment.

Mr. Harduppe, who, upon the strength of old school-fellowship, will never miss a chance of borrowing five dollars of you.

Mr. Borer, who even now discusses the merits of the Tichborne case.

Messrs. Sawbones and Pilgarlic, who, when they happen to meet at dinner, invariably talk shop together, and take away your appetite.

Mr. Jeremiah Doldrums, who thinks he has a grievance against one of your best friends, and takes you by the button-hole in order to explain it.

Baron Munchausen, Junior, who was once captured by the brigands, and every time he sees you embellishes the incident.

Mr. and Mrs. Cadger, who, if you invite them for a day or two, always come provided with luggage for a fortnight.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.—Houses are run up in a few weeks by landlords, and run down by tenants ever after.

A German settler in Ohio, found guilty of selling liquor contrary to law, and sentenced to be imprisoned in the county jail for thirty days, protested as follows: "Chail! Go to chail! *Me* go to chail! But I can't go! Dere's my piziness—my pakery. Who pakes my bread when I been gone?" Then casting his eyes about the court appealingly, they fell upon the good-natured face of jolly Chris Ellwaner, a fellow-countryman, who had no "piziness," and forthwith a brilliant idea struck him. Turning to the judge, he said, in sober earnest: "Dere's Chris Ellwaner! He's got noddings to do. Send him!"

PAINFUL SUSPENSE—Hanging.

ADVICE GRATIS.—Two things you should never borrow: Trouble, and a copy of the *Bazar*. The former will be sure to come; the latter can be had for the paltry sum of ten cents.

MALAPROPIANA.—Our esteemed friend Mrs. Malaprop has been making what she terms a tower on the Continent. She was especially delighted with the good monks of St. Bernard, where, she says, she supped in the refractory, and found it much more cozy than a bustling salamander.

FORECASTS.

Should it rain next week we are likely to have wet weather; but if, on the contrary, it holds up, dry weather will probably be the consequence.

During the whole of next week—indeed, till the end of the month—the sun will rise every morning and set every night.

If there is much wind we may look out for squalls.

WHEN FOUND MAKE A NOTE OF IT.—What notes compose the most favorite tunes; and how many tunes do they compose?—Bank-notes; they make for-tunes.

HIGH LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

DOCTOR. "I am pleased to say, Mrs. Fitzbrowne, that I shall be able to Vaccinate your Baby from a very Healthy Child of your Neighbor, Mrs. Jones—"
MRS. FITZBROWNE. "Oh dear, Doctor! I could not permit that. We do not care to be mixed up with the Joneses in any way."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 5.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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"TOO OLD A BIRD TO BE CAUGHT WITH CHAFF."

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LATE REPENTANCE.

WHEN first he asked me for my heart,
I said him "Nay," with great decision,
Unmindful of his bitter part,
And of my possible contrition.

When next he asked me for my hand,
Grown wiser then, I answered, "No;
Your earnest pleadings I withstand,
To save you from a keener woe."

But by my side he still would stay,
And still his passion seemed to sigh,
"Though love should be denied to-day,
'Twill prove the sweeter by-and-by!"

And now the winter turned to spring,
My own cold heart, warmed through and through,
Answers, as does the blossoming
Of way-side flowers, which sunbeams sue:

Since 'tis my soul's inspired way
To follow him unto the end,
Bitter it is to hear him say,
"Count me forever as your friend!"

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1873.

☞ IN the present Number of HARPER'S BAZAR is commenced a new serial story, entitled

"MURPHY'S MASTER,"

by the author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," "A Woman's Vengeance," and other popular novels. "MURPHY'S MASTER" is a story of surpassing interest. It is laid in scenes new to modern fiction, and the *dénouement* is striking and novel.

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of full-sized patterns, descriptions, and illustrations of Ladies' Ball, Evening, and Reception Toilettes; Walking Suits; Dresses for Children under Four Years old; Fichus, Bretelles, Fans, Hair Ornaments, Cigar-Holders, Key-Bags, Easy-Chairs, Tidies, etc., etc.; with choice literary and artistic attractions.*

BILLS OF FARE FOR DINNER.

By PIERRE BLOT.

AN ordinary daily dinner is easily served when it is composed of only one dish of meat, one or two vegetables, and a dessert; but when there are several dishes it is necessary to serve them in proper order; they not only taste better, but they are also more easily digested. For instance, soup would not be good after salad, beef after game, or vegetables after cakes.

The general order is, after the soup the fish; then butchers' meat, chicken, game, vegetables, sweet dishes, cakes, and dessert.

There is no order for the dessert; after the cheese, which should be partaken of first, the rest of the dessert is served according to taste, there being no precedence.

Hygienic rules should be followed regularly, our health and welfare being affected by them. Besides, we do not all live alike, any more than we all dress alike. Some make their dinner on one dish of meat and vegetables, others have several dishes. It is a question of taste as much as of means.

When several dishes of each course are served at large dinners the above order is not followed, as will be seen in the models we give below.

No vegetables, except those used as garniture, should be served with the dishes of *entrées*, because they are all made-up dishes, of meat and of fish, and are served generally with delicate sauces.

At large dinners game is sometimes served before chicken, and meat before fish, as will be seen in bill of fare No. 5. Meat may be served as relevé, and fish as entrée. A boiled fish served whole is invariably a relevé, but when served in pieces, as in matelote, it is an entrée. Game may be served as an entrée, and chicken as a roast piece afterward. After the roast pieces come the *entremets*, which are composed of vegetables, cooked fruits, eggs, macaroni, cakes, etc.

Dishes of vegetables may be served with the fish, after the soup; potatoes, for instance, do not neutralize the taste of the fish, but would somewhat neutralize that delicate entrée.

Bread has not the same effect as vegetables; being by itself almost tasteless, it can be eaten with every kind of dish; and instead of neutralizing the flavors, it seems to add to the savor of the most delicate dishes. Even some fruits taste better when eaten with a little good bread.

Salads of greens taste best when served with or immediately after the roast pieces. They have the same property that cheese has after the entremets, that of taking off the taste that may be left in the mouth from the preceding dishes, thus preparing the palate for new delicacies.

Soup, or oysters, or both, are always served for the beginning of the dinner. Besides tasting better then, they are of a light nature; therefore they digest easily, and prepare the digestive organs for the heavier dishes coming after them.

Hors-d'œuvre dishes are appetizers that are passed around at any time during the dinner, between each dish from the soup to the dessert.

To illustrate the above explanations we will give our readers a few models of bills of fare for dinners.

BILL No. 1.

Pickled beets. Roast beef. Mashed potatoes. Sweet-corn. Rice-pudding. Apples.

BILL No. 2.

Pickled cauliflowers. Halibut, cream sauce. Roast venison, cranberry sauce. Potatoes sautées. Spinach au jus. Tapioca-pudding. Cheese. Pears.

BILL No. 3.

Potage vermicelli. Chowchow. Carp, anchovy sauce. Potatoes Duchesse. Beef à la mode. Roast quails. Salad of petticus. Stuffed cabbage. Macaroni Italienne. Plum-pudding. Cheese. Grapes. Nuts.

BILL No. 4.

HORS-D'ŒUVRE.

Ox-tail or mock-turtle soup. Pickled cucumbers. Olives. Sardines. Celery.

RELEVÉ.

Pickerel, Hollandaise sauce.

ENTRÉES.

Mutton-chops à la jardinière. Chicken suprême.

RÔTI.

Prairie-chicken. Salad of chiccory.

ENTREMETS.

Mashed potatoes. Carrots fines herbes. Omelet soufflée. Almond cake.

DESSERT.

Cheese. Éclair au chocolat. Compote of peaches. Oranges. Nuts.

BILL No. 5.

POTAGES.

Purée of chestnuts. Tomato soup.

HORS-D'ŒUVRE.

Pickled cherries. Celery. Horse-radish. Tunny.

RELEVÉS.

Turbot, oyster sauce. Bass Génoise.

ENTRÉES.

Fillet of beef with mushrooms. Chicken fricassée. Grouse in Chartreuse. Matelote marinière.

RÔTIS.

Turkey, with currant jelly. Canvas-back duck. Salads of chiccory, lettuce.

ENTREMETS.

Mashed potatoes and turnips. Parsnips sautées. Lima beans au jus. Fried celery. Wine jelly. Soufflé au café. Macaroni-pudding. Charlotte-Russe.

DESSERT.

Cheese. Chocolate biscuits. Quince jelly. Compote of currants. Kisses. Macaroons. Glazed oranges. Iced coffee. Apples. Pears. Oranges. Mendiants. Nuts.

This subject will be continued in a future number.

THE PLAY-GROUND.

THE frequently quoted saying of FLETCHER of Saltoun, "Let me make the ballads of a people, and I care not who may make the laws," is a significant testimony to the influence of the diversions of a nation upon its conduct and character.

Constitutions, codes, and ordinances imposed by all the dignity of the sovereign, the severity of the judge, and the watchfulness of the policeman, are often of far less efficacy in controlling and directing the popular will than the show of a favorite puppet or the sound of a familiar song. A stave of the *Marseillaise* makes imperial edicts void and of no effect, and Punch summons with more authority than a whole bench of magistrates.

The surest road to the heart of man is through his pleasurable sensations. It is the same with the boy and girl; and we doubt not that the play-ground has more to do with their education, for good or evil, than the school-room. It is not under the magisterial eye that the child's natural disposition reveals itself, and becomes moulded into the permanent forms of character. The school is an unvarying formula, by which all are drilled into a uniform intellectual discipline, and severe restraint is essential to its efficacy. Boys and girls are thus, during their school hours, like so many private soldiers in the ranks—mere machines, moving at the will of their superiors. Apart from more or less quickness of apprehension in learning, or flexibility of disposition in yielding to the scholastic system, there is no opportunity for the show of individual peculiarities. It is notorious that no one is so ignorant of the real character of his pupils as the pedagogue, whose estimate of them is proportioned according to their degrees of readiness in conjugating τύπτω.

The youngsters are, however, no sooner out of school, away from the eye of the master and the reach of the rod, than nature vindicates itself. As they go scampering, running, jumping, leaping, hopping, and tumbling, the variety of muscular movements is a fair illustration of the diversity of character, which, as you follow them to the play-ground, you will soon see them exhibit. It is here, and not in the school-room, where the boy is found to be "father to the man." Children in the freedom of play show in their intercourse with each other all the qualities, whether they be good or ill, which are characteristic of men and women. Here you may see in a juvenile all the virtues and vices—pride and humility, meanness and generosity, cruelty and compassion, bravery and cowardice.

If this be so—and no one with the remembrance of his own childhood can refuse to believe it—does it not seem of the utmost importance that the influence of the play-ground in the education of the young should be fully recognized and discreetly guided by parent and teacher? It is, however, a nice point to determine how far the supervision of children in their amusements should be allowed to interfere with the freedom of action essential to self-reliance. There are some experienced persons who have the tact of so ingratiating themselves with the young that these, even in the most unrestrained moments, will accept their guidance without its being imposed by the severity of authority. Such persons are, however, rare; and it will be necessary, therefore, in most cases, to leave a wide discretion to children themselves in their amusements; but a great deal can be done toward giving a good tendency to the influence of these by the selection of fit companions and the supply of proper objects of interest. It is difficult to give specific directions in a matter which must be left, for the most part, to the tact and devotion of parents and teachers. We can do little more than remind them that children are not only educated in the school-room but in *the play-ground*.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of the Other Sex.

MY DEAR GERALD,—I hope that the holidays are not so long passed that I may not wish you a happy New-Year, which I do with all my heart, and with a profound conviction that a "certain event" will be very sure to make my wishes good. I had the pleasure of calling upon her on the first day of the year, and as I admired her simple manners and her sprightly grace, I wondered whether you—or, indeed, any of us—were worthy. How much better they are than we, my dear Gerald! How we live in two different worlds while we live in the same! I recall all kinds of festivities—of "stag feasts," as we call them, of little parties and stories and expeditions and conversations—I think that you know what I mean—and how unspeakably low they make us seem! If our sisters should know what we do! Above all, if *she* should hear the jokes and the insinuations to which you, my young friend, listen with a feeble smile, what would she think? But if we men knew that she, and "the likes" of her, engaged in similar conversations, what should *we* think of them?

The other evening I stopped at Delmonico's—no matter for what; probably I wanted to warm my hands—and as I stood engaged in that harmless business I overheard the talk of a group of you young fellows. They were sons of gentlemen, as they are called; but if I had a daughter, and they came to my house a-wooing, I would put them out with the tongs. Gentlemen indeed! Honor, Sir, purity, manliness, modesty, truth—these are the gentleman's qualities. But the youth whom I heard talking might have been Charles the Second and Rochester in their cups. They had the dress and the air and the name of gentlemen? Was poor Nell Gwynne a lady? Was the Duchess of Portsmouth a lady? It was she that the French king sent over to fascinate the English king and serve as a French spy, and she did it.

The young fellows to whom I listened—whose talk I could not help overhearing—were going later in the evening to a ball. They were to see the sweetest and most innocent of maidens. They were to clasp them in the delicious dance. They were to chat and laugh and plan. What do I know? They were to breathe vows, perhaps; they were to whisper the words—I suppose you understand. What I say is that, for all that, they dwell in different worlds, and the soft, palpitating little baggage in the conservatory who says that she will be the wife of that Spanish-looking young brigand with the captivating dark eyes, and who dances so divinely, does not know in the least who it is to whom she gives herself. No, my young friend, they do not know us; and there are huge parts of our lives that we hustle out of their sight. I have heard husbands and fathers chattering, when they knew that none of the family could overhear. Fortunate deafness; for there are true and loving hearts that would be miserably wrung and broken if they could hear what we hear. There is no fairy tale, no enchantment in the books, more surprising and striking than that of our daily life. And when I say so to Hero, she answers, "But suppose that my Leander does seem to be a beast; do you not know that it is the prince under that hairy skin that I admire?"

I do not deny it. Those gentle hearts make a kind of celestial allowance. They suspect the truth, perhaps, and they instantly repel its force by some sweet theory. Have you never watched a mother in the car, when her most unmannerly and headstrong boy is snarling and roaring and making himself a pest? "Tommy is sleepy," says that crafty parent. "Does Tommy's poor little stomach ache? Where does Tommy feel bad? Is he very tired with the long journey?" It is not the long journey, nor the stomach-ache, because Tommy ramps in the same way in the nursery at home and upon all occasions. But the mother's instinct shields him. "You think," it says to the bald-headed traveler who is trying to read or to sleep, and who, although his aspect is bland, wishes Tommy in the unmentionable place—"you think that this is a snarling little beast. Heaven pity you, Sir! 'tis a prince in disguise majestically moaning."

In like manner, when we see that gross Orson, the huge fellow who is always feeding and drinking, that red-faced, indolent good-for-nothing, whose chief delight is horse-racing and cock-fighting—when we see him carrying off in holy matrimony that delicate, flower-like, gentle Fiamma, it is bewildering, it is preposterous. Her eyes are open. She sees him, and she hears of him, and she knows about him. What does it mean? How do such things happen? Happen! Why, how did Titania happen to fancy Bottom? It is the familiar old story of Beauty and the Beast. Do you suppose Fiamma sees the Orson that we see? Do you suppose that a young woman tenderly reared, with maidenly delicacy and reserve, and a fine womanly instinct, kneels at the nuptial altar with a boozing booby? Not she. She gives her faith and her vows to the noble hero, the puissant prince, who thinks fit to masquerade in the shape of this red-faced, lazy idler. And because you are blind, because your wretched perceptions stick fast in the hairy hide, do you think that Fiamma does not see the truth and rejoice in it?

What is to be done? You and I, probably, if we are men about town, know the truth of Orson. How can we save her? Alas! she is not to be saved by us. She must work out her own salvation, or she will be lost. When I see her coming into the church on her wedding-day, and observe the pretty groups in the pews, and hear the blithe music from the organ, and smell the orange flowers as the beautiful bride passes, and watch her kneeling in a soft white cloud of lace and other fluffiness, and then strain my ears to listen whether she does actually vow to honor and obey that utter zany, I think that the fairy stories are commonplace and Blue-Beard the prosaic history of every day. Of course, if I were a younger and marriageable man, I should probably think, as you doubtless used to before you were pledged to take part in a similar ceremony, that there are persons—who shall be nameless—to whom it would not be monstrous to hear the beautiful Fiamma vowing eternal love and fidelity. Their names might be Gerald, for instance, or Bachelor. Yes—and don't you suppose that the other Orsons think precisely the same thing?

Meanwhile I reflect that Fiamma does sometimes work out her salvation. The point of the old story is that the beast was a prince, after all. It was only a horrible enchantment. And even old Bottom was not a veritable jackass. Fiamma believes, despite all that appears, despite all that you and I, with much head-shaking, know, that the hulking Orson is an enchanted prince. She does not deny, she admits, all that we—of course as impartial friends—reveal to her of his coarseness and unworthiness. "Certainly," says that gently persistent lady; "that is the hide. I see it as you do; but I also see beyond it, as you do not. You are wrong, and I am right. He is not a beast, but a gallant and noble prince."

There is nothing like it in the world, this simple and defiant devotion. At this very moment of writing—and it is I don't know how much o'clock at night—I reflect that I have been calling upon Mrs. Loveall, from whose house I came only an hour or two since. We had a very interesting talk of a thousand things. She is most thoughtful, most cultivated, and, above all, a woman of the steadiest character, and a most efficient head of the family. It was nearly midnight when I left her, and I doubt if she has gone to bed yet. During the time that I sat with her I knew that she heard the least sound in the hall, and once when the outer door closed she went out of the room. Her whole soul seemed to be intent upon those sounds; yet

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she calmly talked with me. It was a man she was awaiting—not her husband, for he is dead long ago, but her son, her oldest child, the bright-eyed boy, the pride and hope of her young married life—a man of forty now, and nobody's pride or hope for evermore.

I know how it will be. Some time after midnight there will be a fumbling at the door, and Mrs. Loveall will descend and open it. She will close it quietly, and then she will help him up stairs to his room. You can imagine how he looks, the sound of his voice, the terrible fumes that envelop him. Can you see that sweet, matronly face beside him, full of tenderness and pity? Can you look into that mother's heart, in which is no censure, no reproach, no conscious, withering disappointment even, but only love, love depthless and unspeakable? Is that her son, that stupefied, reeling, inarticulate sot? He has ceased to be himself: how can she love him? He is truly a beast, if ever a man is. Does she see the prince in him? Certainly she does; for what else could support her? That heart, so steady and true, is full of excuses and extenuations. Even if she thinks his condition is the consequence of mere weakness of will, she does not blame him, but some circumstance, some ancestor. "My poor boy," she thinks, remembering that his great-grandmother's uncle by marriage was too fond of punch, "the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children."

Is it otherwise with Fiamma? One, at least, of that name I knew, who married Orson; and she went on believing and believing in the prince, expecting and expecting him to dissolve the enchantment and come forth; and lo! at length he came. He gradually grew to be interested, sympathetic, industrious. He left card clubs and their companions, and cock-fighting and aimless lounging. He became a good-natured, quiet, friendly companion. And if we saw that, what must not she have seen? If we thought him good-humored, how fascinating must he not have been to Fiamma? No: we live in different worlds while we inhabit the same. Those gentle eyes do not see what we are, but what we might be. They do not hear our wretched talk; and if they hear of it, they do not believe, or they softly extenuate. My dear Gerald, your happy day draws near. It is the beginning of the year. Your heart is eager for all kinds of vows. Well, there is a trivial gift more precious than diamonds, more useful than porcelain and silver, that you can give her. It is the resolution—not to be broken, you rascal, but surely kept—to try to be the man that she believes you to be.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BALL DRESSES.

THE ball season has opened, and brought into notice the low, round, Josephine corsage described early in the fall. Many ladies still wear pointed waists and low-necked basques, but these have been in vogue a long time, and will be gradually superseded by the Josephine style. The bertha of lace, or puffs, or of Grecian folds, is universally worn. The short puffed sleeves are scarcely visible below the bertha, and in some instances are omitted altogether, the armhole being finished by a frill of lace. The sensible abridgment of the train is plainly shown in the demi-trained skirts in vogue.

Silk gauze is the fabric preferred above tulle or tarlatan for ball dresses. Lustrous Chambéry gauzes, in solid colors, or clouded, or in intricate arabesque figures, are the first choice; striped gauzes are slightly passée; plain white grenadine and the armure grenadines are used instead of gauze for the sake of economy, and will produce a similar effect. Few entire dresses are made of gauze. The skirt and waist are usually of silk, the over-skirt and waist covering one of clouded or damask gauze; the pleated flounces on the lower skirt are of plain gauze, as figured gauzes do not make effective flounces. White clouded gauze over dresses and flounces on colored silk skirts are the most admired ball dresses of the season. Blue and rose-colored gauzes are sometimes worn over white silk, but are not very effective. Garlands of flowers, used in profusion, are the garniture for gauze dresses. Very little lace is combined with gauze fabrics; real blonde lace is considered most congruous with this thin glossy silk.

Among very rich ball dresses, perhaps the handsomest are those with tabliers and headings of embroidered tulle. These embroideries are of silk floss of a single color, or else flowers in their natural colors are wrought on the tulle, and are then transferred to the silk of the dress. These make an exquisite garniture for white and delicate *fade* silks. Chenille embroidery also appears on tulle, silk, and satin. The chenille cord is stitched down with gold or silver thread.

The most elegant tulle dresses are those trimmed with velvet flounces, velvet apron, and a velvet sash. The foundation for such a dress is, of course, a silk skirt; puffs of tulle separated by velvet ruffles trim the skirt to the waist. The over-skirt is merely a short velvet apron, with ample sashes of velvet lined with silk. White tulle with rose-colored velvet makes a charming dress; salmon-colored tulle is worn with black velvet; light blue tulle has velvet of darkest sapphire hue.

Fanciful silks are more used abroad than plain failles for evening dress. Conspicuous among these are the velvet brocades, having raised velvet arabesques on a silk ground, and the failles with moiré stripes. Ruffles and flounces of sheer white organdy, with the edges notched like sawteeth, are again in vogue for trimming light silks for small parties. Trained over-skirts like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. V., are seen with many dressy toilettes.

Sicilienne is the most fashionable fabric for evening wraps, and pale tints, such as pearl gray and sky blue, are preferred to pure white. Velvet and cascades of lace are the trimmings. For white opera cloaks the richest material is camel's-hair, almost covered with cord soutache and edged with white yak lace. The Dolman is the shape most worn. It is said that Parisian ladies have adopted undressed kid gloves for evening wear. These are made very long, and without buttons; they are easily slipped on the hand, and extend half-way to the elbow. Very pale-tinted gloves are far prettier by gas-light than dead white gloves. Fans are very large, and are covered with Watteau pictures.

A trained crinoline skirt, with a trained muslin skirt the length of the dress skirt, is necessary with evening dresses. The best crinoline skirts have the three front breadths of soft white muslin, while the back is of stiffly starched barred muslin, or else the regular crinoline. A muslin flounce, beginning at the knee, extends around the whole skirt. Above this, on the back breadths, are a succession of stiff muslin flounces and a puff, which is gathered by drawing-strings to form a bustle. The muslin skirt worn next the dress is sometimes elaborately trimmed to the knee with Valenciennes insertion and embroidered medallions, arranged diagonally. A simple fashion is to have a wide Spanish flounce of muslin, edged with narrow side pleating and Valenciennes. As these skirts drag upon the floor and receive very hard usage, the Italian machine-made Valenciennes is generally used upon them. This lace is stronger than "real" hand-made Valenciennes, and is now produced in very handsome patterns.

THE DORA D'ISTRIA COSTUME.

A costume called the Dora d'Istria is a novelty just now in vogue in Europe. It consists of a polonaise, with a simulated hussar jacket and intricately draped skirt, on which are frog buttons and olive-shaped ornaments of passementerie. This polonaise is made of gray cloth or camel's-hair, bordered with a band of silver-fox fur. The skirt is chestnut brown velvet, trimmed to match the polonaise.

The simplicity with which velvet skirts were trimmed early in the season has disappeared, and they are now covered with flounces and fringed or edged with fur, lace, or faille pleating. This elaborate trimming makes them too heavy for comfort. The polonaise worn with such skirts is of rough camel's-hair cloth, edged with a border of fur.

SCARF VEILS, ETC.

French bonnets are accompanied by scarf veils. These are made of a long, straight piece of net about two finger-lengths broad, edged all around with Chantilly or with Spanish blonde lace. The middle of the veil covers the face plainly, and the ends are tied behind or fastened by a jet or gold arrow, and left hanging in loops.

Flowers are scarcely seen on the bonnets worn for midwinter. Feathers are used in abundance. Natural undyed wings and ostrich feathers are found on Parisian hats. An eccentric novelty is a long curled ostrich plume drooping from the back of the bonnet, and wound around the neck like a boa. Bonnets are worn in most capricious fashion. The Rabagas, or sailor shape, is placed very far back, or else is perched on one side; while the high Rubens, with one side turned up, is worn very far forward on the forehead.

THE FILLET, ETC.

The Greek fillet, a band of black velvet tied around the head, is quite in favor at present. The velvet is nearly an inch wide, passes just above the forehead, is tied behind, and long ends are left hanging.

Coiffures are merely small clusters of flowers placed far forward in front, or on top, and also on the left side. Vines of smilax or of dwarfed ivy are placed about in the finger puffs. The Récamier bow of hair directly on top of the head is much worn. Small erect aigrettes and curled ostrich feather tips are very fashionable. Powdered hair fell into disfavor last year, but is again revived. Violet powder is the most effective, but is floury, and very difficult to brush out from the hair. Snow-flake powder shakes off easily, and injures the hair less. Diamond powder is little used. The powder should be sprinkled through coarse lace or gauze on the hair before it is put up, in order to whiten it evenly; the hair should be dusted again after it is dressed.

THE ULSTER, ETC.

A midwinter overcoat, adopted by gentlemen as a sleighing or traveling wrap, is called the Ulster. It is made of Irish frieze—a rough, grayish cloth. The shape is a loose double-breasted sack, made long enough to reach almost to the ankles. It is worn with a belt of the same, fastened loosely around the waist, and has outside pockets and a hood. It is a warm, comfortable garment, and is in great favor with gentlemen who delight in English fashions. It is found, ready-made, at prices ranging from $25 to $65.

Gentlemen who dress in the extreme of fashion are wearing very long double-breasted surtouts for overcoats. These are made of light drab cloths for opera and other full-dress occasions, and in dark invisible colors, trimmed with fur. They give decidedly a Dundreary appearance, and are as little to be commended for beauty as are the Ulsters noted above.

White silk handkerchiefs, large squares worn folded, are placed inside the neck of overcoats. Pale twilled silk handkerchiefs, especially light blue ones, are worn in the same way. White neck-ties are worn not alone with full dress, but also with the semi-dress suits with which lavender ties were formerly used. Black ties for day wear, and white for evening, are almost universal with stylishly dressed gentlemen. Few colored scarfs are seen, though blue scarfs are not entirely banished from favor.

GOSSAMER OVERSHOES.

Overshoes for ladies are of very thin rubber, so light as to be of scarcely perceptible weight, but perfectly water-proof, are neatly shaped over the toes, and extend in a high point above the heel, like the Marie Antoinette slipper. This point prevents them from slipping off the heel, as rubbers are apt to do. Price $1.

For information received thanks are due Mrs. CONNELLY; Miss SWITZER; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and W. R. BOWNE.

PERSONAL.

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL, speaking of the disadvantages under which women labor in England, says that only three months before she left England she spent a day in the potteries, and there were women and girls turning heavy wheels and lifting enormous weights; their physical strength was being drawn upon *ad libitum*, but they were carefully excluded from the lighter branches of the business; they were freely used as beasts of burden, but no encouragement was given them to undertake any skilled labor. And yet, by-the-way, we are told that women can not serve in haberdashers' shops because they are too weak to lift the bales of goods. In Liverpool and Dublin women earn sixpence a day by carrying immense loads of sand; nearly 50,000 hawk fish, fruit, and hardware through the streets of London, their average earnings varying from fifty cents to one dollar a week.

—MRS. SARAH WARNER BROOKS, known as the FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE of Massachusetts, was on Christmas the recipient of a handsomely engrossed testimonial from the convicts in the State-prison at Charlestown.

—Miss SOPHIE BARNEY was recently awarded the premium at the Montgomery (Alabama) Fair as being the most capable of making the best wife for a poor man.

—It comes to us in the papers, and we therefore suppose it must be believed, that LORENZA SILVA, a Mexican woman of San Felipa de Aqua, State of Oaxaca, died November 19, aged one hundred and fifty years, less eleven days. Up to within two weeks of her death she was able to read without spectacles and walk without assistance.

—CARLOTTA PATTI declines an offer of $20,000, gold, for ten concerts in Havana, on account of her engagement with MAX STRAKOSCH. After the present season she will retire to private life.

—Miss AGNES ETHEL is said to be about to marry a scion of one of our old Knickerbocker families. Ten years ago she was married to a Virginian named LEWIS, from whom two years later she was divorced.

—M. LEON SAY, the new French Minister of Finance, is a man of large fortune; controls the *Journal des Débats;* has long been the confidential friend of the ROTHSCHILDS, and rendered them great service in their railway operations; is concededly an Orleanist, and known among his friends as thoroughly in favor of free trade.

—JOHN CLEVELAND is the name of an odd character who died recently at Martha's Vineyard at the age of eighty-five. He never drank a glass of strong liquor of any kind in his life, never used tobacco in any form, never fired a gun or pistol, and never caught a fish with a hook and line. He was largely interested in the Mattakeeset herring creeks, and as a capturer of the consolatory herring was a success.

—Mrs. GARIBALDI, the second wife of the patriot, is thirty-five years old, and is described as a dark, handsome woman, with fierce eyes, and thick hair parted at the side of the head.

—A bricklayer, recently deceased, in London, was found to have the heaviest brain on record. It weighed sixty-seven ounces. The man could neither read nor write.

—CHARLES LEVER'S two daughters inherit from their father the inconsiderable fortune of about $5000.

—The Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has refused to sanction the marriage of his daughter to the Russian Grand Duke VLADIMIR, notwithstanding the latter offered to forego the usual stipulation of a change of creed, and consent to her remaining a Protestant.

—Mrs. SAMUEL COLT'S income from her manufacturing property last year is stated to have been $800,000, and some newspaper man has intimated that her fortune of $8,000,000, more or less, "will be inherited by her lovely daughter." This part of it is ruthlessly punctured by the Hartford *Post*, which says that the "lovely daughter" happens to be a son with a will of his own.

—Mrs. JOAQUIN MILLER, who is about to alight upon the Atlantic slope, has taken occasion to remark to a Chicago interviewer that she was "very willing to sail down the stream of time alongside of Lady BYRON, Lady BULWER, and Mrs. DICKENS."

—The venerable Madame BONAPARTE is said to be seriously ill at her home in Baltimore, and her recovery doubtful. She was married to JEROME BONAPARTE, the youngest brother of NAPOLEON (afterward King of Westphalia), in Baltimore, December 27, 1803. Her legal name is Mrs. ELIZABETH PATTERSON.

—ADELINA PATTI has just had a memorable benefit at Moscow. It took place on the birthday of the Crown Princess. Before the performance commenced all the Russian and Italian artists, including PATTI, came forward in full dress and sang the *Russian Hymn*, which was vociferously encored. The heroine of the evening then appeared as Amina in *La Sonnambula*, her entrance being the signal for a perfect ovation. A *corbeille* of flowers, containing a casket in which was a gold circlet ornamented with a star of diamonds, was presented to her, and the jewel placed upon her head. From the clouds appeared to fall showers of bouquets and other presents, the stage being literally covered. The finale was redemanded, and during the performance the popular prima donna had to return nearly a hundred times to bow her acknowledgments. The night's receipts which fell to PATTI'S share amounted, it is said, to over $6000.

—Several of the eminent authors of France, who commenced with nothing, are now counted men of wealth. VICTOR HUGO is rated at 600,000 francs; "George Sand," nearly twice as much; EMILE DE GIRARDIN, 3,500,000 francs; ADOLPHE THIERS, 1,000,000 francs; ALEXANDRE DUMAS, *fils*, 400,000 francs; EDMOND ABOUT, 250,000 francs; ALPHONSE KARR, 100,000 francs; JULES JANIN, 750,000 francs; EDOUARD LABOULAYE, 100,000 francs; VICTORIEN SARDOU, 500,000 francs. THÉOPHILE GAUTIER died a millionaire, and the widows of SCRIBE and PONSARD live in affluence. But the widow of the celebrated PROUDHON has to eke out a precarious living as a washer-woman.

—A Miss SCHNEIDER, of Liverpool, England, has had her feelings soothed by the recovery of $125,000 from the curate of St. Mary's Church for breach of promise of marriage. That is about the heaviest pecuniary valuation of grief known in the human heart market.

—The Maharajah of Cashmere keeps a poet, and, from all accounts, compensates him well for his rhymed depreciation of the sun, moon, etc., in favor of his master's refulgent mind and person.

—The foreign ladies who are to "receive" during the present season at Washington are Lady THORNTON, wife of the British minister; Madame BLACQUE, wife of the Turkish minister; the wives of the representatives of Brazil, Peru, and Portugal; and the Marquise of Noailles, of France. The marquise is very pretty and vivacious, and speaks excellent English with a charming accent. She is of medium height and rather full figure, with dark hair, eyes, and complexion, and a face decidedly French and unmistakably Parisian in expression. Aided by her husband's rank, wealth, and pedigree, and by the handsome young attachés with whom he is surrounded, the marquise will reign this season by common consent.

—The ROTHSCHILD brothers, in conformity with the wishes of their late father, have sent $10,600 for the payment of the winter's rent of poor persons not actually paupers. The sums distributed by this family are immense. They support a Jews' hospital, a free dispensary, and medical office (the last two open to all creeds), a boys' school, a girls' school, a retreat for aged and infirm Hebrews. No woman in childbed appeals to them without receiving pecuniary assistance; no person in distress applies to them who (if his story prove true, and they keep two rabbis constantly engaged in investigating these applications) is not relieved. The Jewish ecclesiastical authorities are authorized to draw upon them to relieve any distress among their Hebrew brethren. If any general calamity fall upon a Hebrew community (for instance, the expulsion of the Jews from Tangiers during the Spanish invasion of Morocco, or the ill treatment of Hebrews in the Danubian principalities), they instantly dispatch agents with large supplies of money to the scene of suffering. They support a synagogue, with charitable institutions attached to it, at Jerusalem. Indeed, there is no end to their liberality.

—Good old Mrs. DORCAS RICE, of Jaffrey, New Hampshire, has tallied one hundred and five years on life's score, and goes about the house, makes her bed, reads her Bible, and chats as fluently as a young girl of fifty or sixty.

—"Virtue is its own reward" has again been verified in the person of Miss ADDIE TAYLOR, of Bridgeport, Connecticut. An unfortunate Frenchman inadvertently took the small-pox. Miss ADDIE came to the rescue, looked after him in a general and rather nice way, for the which she has received from Frenchman the pleasant $50,000.

—Miss MARY BABSON, recently deceased in Manchester, New Hampshire, at eighty-two, was a granddaughter of the famous General STARK, and resided with the old warrior during the later years of his life.

—Chief Justice CHASE rejoiceth in this, that he hath five grandchildren—three SPRAGUES and two HOYTS, which makes a "full" of happiness.

—Mr. GREELEY'S death has been made the subject of editorials in over eight hundred newspapers in the United States. Copies of these notices have been sent to Mr. CORNELL.

—Mrs. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT is described as having grown stout and gray, and never in the days of her girlish beauty was so fascinating as at the present time.

—When SYDNEY SMITH had gravely listened to the details of a mad dog's course through the streets of London—how he frightened a bishop, and was at length dispatched with difficulty—the clerical wit remarked that he "should like to have heard the dog's side of the story."

—Lady REMBOLD, wife of the recently appointed British minister to Brazil, has lately deceased. She was well known in Washington as Miss CARRIE HARRINGTON, second daughter of Hon. GEORGE HARRINGTON, late Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and at present president of the Automatic Telegraph Company.

—Mrs. EDWIN FORREST was one of those who attended the funeral of her husband. A reporter says when she arrived at the house she moved nervously toward the rear parlor, where the remains were lying. There were but five or six persons in the room. Throwing aside her veil, she stood for nearly ten minutes, placed her hand upon his head, and followed the arm down to the hand, which she grasped for a few minutes. Then she glided toward the foot of the coffin, and plucked one or two flowers from the cross which lay upon the dead man's feet. She then moved rapidly to the front parlor, where she was seated until the coffin left the house.

—Who would "parse," or "decline" to read, such an announcement as this: "Mrs. MARY GRAMMAR, of Nashville, tired of conjunction with Mr. GRAMMAR, who, it appears, is too much addicted to the imperative mood, has put herself in the accusative case and sues for a divorce."

—BARNUM having been thrice burned out, it is suggested by an unfeeling man from Boston that his name should be changed to that of BURN-EM.

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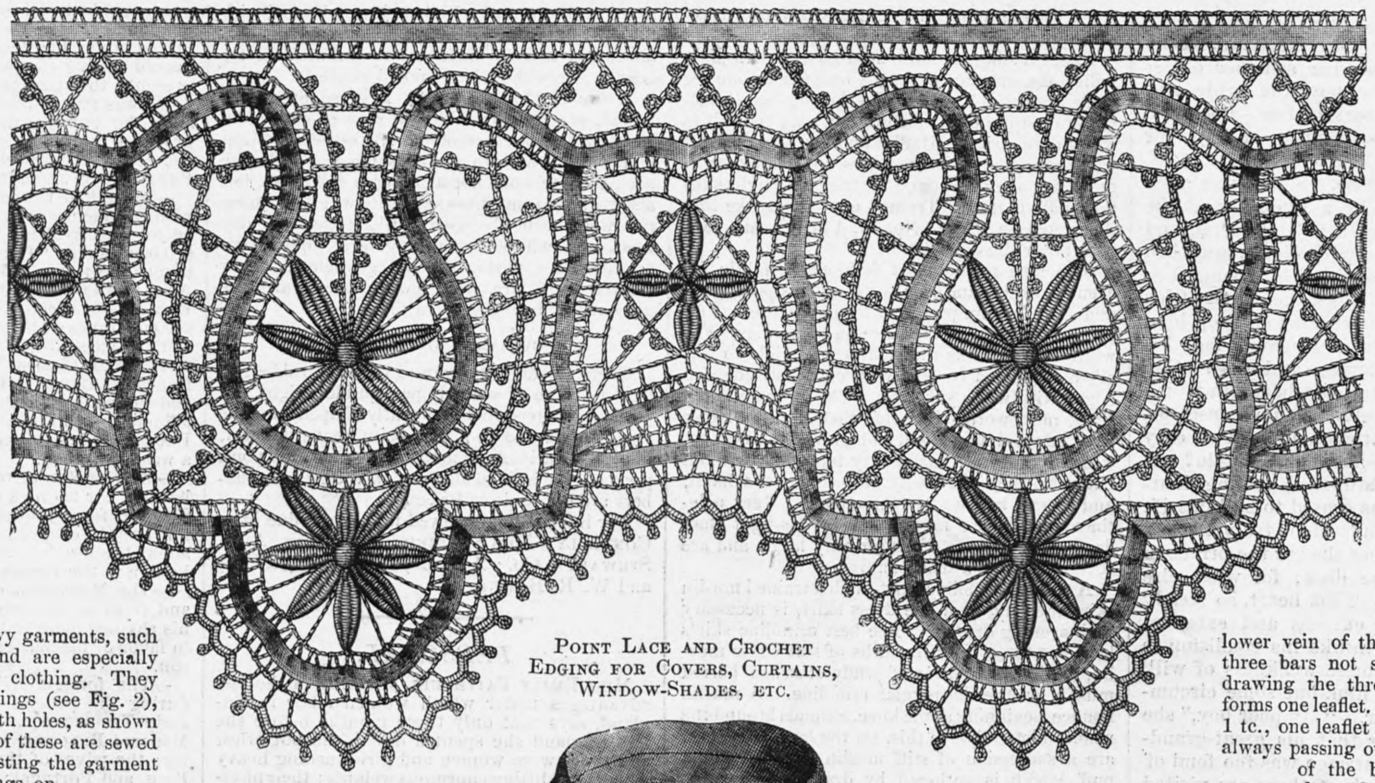
Fig. 1.—METAL CHAIN FOR HANGING UP CLOTHING.



POINT LACE AND CROCHET EDGING FOR COVERS, CURTAINS, WINDOW-SHADES, ETC.

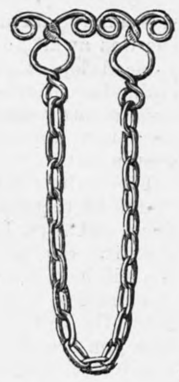


Fig. 2.—METAL CHAIN FOR HANGING UP CLOTHING.

Metal Chains for hanging up Clothing, Figs. 1 and 2.

THE illustrations show two styles of metal chains, which are very useful for hanging up heavy garments, such as winter cloaks, etc., and are especially adapted for gentlemen's clothing. They are fastened on curved rings (see Fig. 2), or on a plate furnished with holes, as shown by Fig. 1, and by means of these are sewed to the garment. In adjusting the garment the chain, of course, hangs on the inside.

Point Lace and Crochet Edging for Covers, Curtains, Window-Shades, etc.

To make this edging first draw the lines for the point lace braid on paper or linen, and then run on the braid along these lines, laying it in a pleat at each corner and gathering it slightly at the curves. Next work with medium-sized cotton the star-shaped figures in point de reprise, and in the middle of these the small dots in satin stitch, and between the leaves of the figures work the bars as shown by the illustration, winding the working thread stretched for the bars once, going back. Work the smaller four-leaved figure between every two scallops of the lace all in point de reprise as shown by the illustration. Work the remaining bars of the foundation in crochet-work with chain stitches and picots, and in working the cross-bars pass the working thread, which should not be too long, along the edge of the braid, winding it several times. Fasten the vertical bars to the bars just mentioned with one slip stitch each. Border the lace on the outer edge first with button-hole stitch scallops stretched loosely, and then cover these closely with button-hole stitches, in doing which crochet with the same working thread one picot of several chain stitches in the middle of each scallop. Instead of crocheting the bars and picots in the foundation of the edging, they may be worked in button-hole stitch, or else a piece of guipure cord may be stretched for the bars and picots.

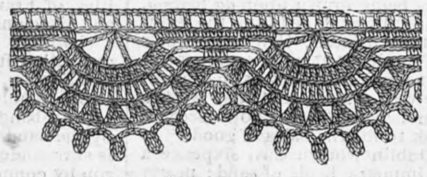


Fig. 2.—CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

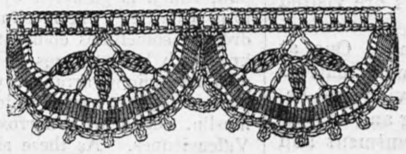


Fig. 1.—POINT LACE AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

SCARF OF SILK GAUZE, LACE, AND CORD.

Point Lace and Crochet Edgings for Lingerie, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—POINT LACE AND CROCHET EDGING. Work with twisted crochet cotton on one side of the point lace braid two rounds as follows: 1st round.—∗ 5 sc. (single crochet) on the edge of the braid, 14 ch. (chain stitch), with these pass over half an inch of the edge, 1 tc. (treble crochet) on the edge of the braid, 2 stc. (short treble crochet) on the lower vein of the tc., working off these three bars not separately, but together, drawing the thread through once; this forms one leaflet. Twice alternately work 1 tc., one leaflet on the edge of the braid, always passing over a quarter of an inch of the braid between these, as shown by the illustration; 3 ch., drop the last of these from the needle, insert the needle in the fourth of the 14 ch. (counting from the end of these), and draw through the dropped st. (stitch), 10 ch., and repeat from ∗. 2d round.—1 dc. (double crochet) on every second following st. of the preceding round; after every dc. 1 ch. Then crochet one round on the other side of the braid as follows: ∗ 1 stc., as shown by the illustration, in the hollow between two scallops of the braid, 4 sc. on the edge of the braid, 1 p. (picot—that is, 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these), six times alternately 3 sc. on the edge of the braid, 1 p., then 4 sc.; repeat from ∗, but in the course of the work crochet, instead of the first p. of each scallop, 5 ch., fasten to the last p. of the preceding scallop, crochet, going back, 1 ch., 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the middle of the 5 ch., then 2 ch. and 1 sl. on the first of the same 5 ch.

Fig. 2.—CROCHET EDGING. This edging is worked with twisted cotton, No. 120, on a chain stitch foundation of the requisite length in six rounds: 1st round.—1 dc. on every second following foundation stitch, after this always 1 ch. 2d round.—9 sc., ∗ 2 ch., 5 tc. separated each by 2 ch. on the sixth following st. of the preceding round, 2 ch., pass over 5 st., 17 sc. on the following 17 st., and repeat from ∗. 3d round.—5 sc. on the first 5 st. of the preceding round, ∗ 3 ch., pass over the next 4 st., 17 dc. on the following 17 st., 3 ch., 9 sc. on the middle of the next 17 sc., and repeat from ∗. 4th round.—2 sc. on the first 2 st. of the preceding round, ∗ 3 ch., 1 dc. on each of the next 17 dc., after every dc. always 1 ch., then 3 ch., 3 sc. on the middle 3 st. of the next 9 sc., and repeat from ∗. 5th round.—1 sc. on the first st. of the preceding round, ∗ nine times always 4 dc. on the fourth following st., 1 sc. on the middle of the 3 sc. in the preceding round, and repeat from ∗. 6th round.—1 sc. always between 4 dc. of the preceding round; after each sc. work one scallop of 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch.

FOOT-MUFF WITH CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.

VELVETEEN SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

BLUE CASHMERE DRESS FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.

SCOTCH PLAID SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

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PREPARING TO CONQUER.

WE see here one of our modern Amazons, buckling on the last piece of armor before the mirror ere she goes forth to the field of battle. But it is no longer in steel gorget and breastplate that she arrays herself for conquest. Our modern dames find silk and velvet and glittering gems a more effective panoply than the finest-tempered coat of mail, and sparkling eyes and smiling lips surer weapons than a Damascus blade. They have learned that victories won by gentle words are better and more enduring than those gained at the point of the sword. They must remember, however, that light-armed warriors fight the best, and that simple elegance always leads more captives in its train than cumbrous extravagance, whose beauty is only counted by its cost.

PREPARING TO CONQUER.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

IT would be easier to tell what is not than what is worn. Nothing is excepted, either in fabrics, trimmings, or ornaments. There are seen as many embroidered as plain dresses, and as much worsted embroidery as silk, chenille, or silver.

The *sorties du bal*, which used to be made exclusively of cashmere, are this year also of a fabric called bourre de soie, with stripes alternately lustreless and a little rough, color on color. Light gray, light olive, and light sage green are the favorite shades for these opera and ball wrappings, which are commonly wadded, and lined with bright colored silk (rose or cherry), and occasionally fur lined. The newest of these that I have seen was of light olive bourre de soie, with gold embroidery, and lined with gold-colored silk.

One of the most common articles of morning costume has been transferred to the domain of ball dresses — the petticoat with perpendicular tucks. A dress of this sort had an under-skirt of white satin; a skirt of white silk tulle, tucked perpendicularly, and a low corsage, covered with tulle, tucked like that of the skirt. Over this were two or three tiers of over-skirts, both of tulle and lace, the former being puffed and trimmed with flounces and rolls of satin or velvet, or gold or silver embroidery.

The embroidery most in vogue at this moment is wrought with jet beads—not round, but long and flat. This is of white jet for evening toilettes, and of black jet for street, and some dinner and reception dresses.

Silk gauze, of all colors, is worn more than ever, and will be used to compose the novelty of the spring, when the trimmings of silk dresses, such as the flounces, bias folds, sashes, puffs, etc., will be made of silk gauze of the same color as the dress, or else of a darker shade; or, in a few rare instances, of a contrasting color—pink or blue gauze on gray or brown silk, or pink or lilac gauze on sage green silk. The bonnet will always match the dress, and will be of the same gauze, trimmed with silk like the dress. These combinations of silk and faille have already appeared at a few evening parties. I have seen in preparation for a dinner a dress of golden chestnut faille, trimmed with two pleated flounces of different widths (the lower one being the wider), made of rose-colored silk gauze. Then came four over-skirts of the same gauze, draped on the left side, each with a different scarf, one of broad brown ribbon embroidered with rose-color, the next of rose-colored ribbon embroidered with brown, and so on, alternating for the four over-skirts. Low waist with a double basque, made of rose-colored gauze. Short sleeves.

Another dinner dress had a brown and white striped skirt, the white stripes being silk and the brown ones velvet. This skirt had a high waist and close sleeves of the same material, trimmed with two puffs. The dress was completed by a sleeveless polonaise of chestnut velvet, with a low waist. In front this polonaise was no longer than the waist, which had a basque; it lengthened gradually on the hips, and was long enough in the back to be draped in a pouf; its trimmings consisted of a pleated ruche of white faille, veiled with chestnut lace. This trimming was repeated twice, and was surmounted by a wreath embroidered with chestnut and white silk. Over the high waist was worn a large necklace of topazes. Topaz ear-rings and diadem. This is a historical costume of the time of Henri III., and is called a Valois dress.

For the same dinner a simpler dress was in preparation. This had a plain skirt of black faille about a yard and three-quarters in length. The two back breadths were two yards and a half long, and were draped in a pouf. The waist, which was high, but open *en cœur*, had points in front, and was finished in the back with very narrow basques, trimmed with a ruffle, and made of pale blue faille, veiled with black Chantilly lace. A fichu of pale blue crêpe de Chine and Valenciennes lace was worn over the

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waist. Half-flowing sleeves, trimmed with blue flounces, veiled with black lace, and bows of black faille lined with blue. A scarf of light blue faille extended from the opening of the waist to the pouf, which it seemed to drape.

A visiting dress had a skirt of plain olive green velvet a yard and a half in length, with a broad hem lined and *wadded* so as to make the skirt hang heavy. The two back breadths were lined, wadded, and quilted their whole length. Polonaise of pékin Sicilienne—that is, with stripes alternately satin and lustreless—a new and beautiful fabric, trimmed with passementerie guipure set on as an edging, and headed with a bias fold half faille and half satin, and draped in a pouf, the whole of the same color as the skirt.

A simple walking dress had a skirt of Russia leather faille, trimmed with two flounces eight inches wide, slightly gathered, and set on without any space between them. Cloth blouse of the same color, plain, and simply hemmed. The front was in the form of a plastron, closing at the side, and was trimmed with two rows of very large oxidized silver buttons, extending the whole length. Belt fastened with a large oxidized silver clasp.

A more elegant walking dress had a skirt of sage green faille, trimmed with a bias flounce edged on the bottom with three narrow bias folds, with a second flounce above, set on as a heading, and cut in points on the under edge. The front of the skirt was pleated perpendicularly. Polonaise of the same color, brocaded, color on color, and trimmed with light woolen guipure and a broad bias fold of plain faille. Vest with large pockets. Louis XIII. sleeves, tight to the arm, and trimmed with a closely pleated flounce.

It is predicted that in the spring short suits will be abolished, and that dresses will be worn long and draped in a pouf for the street. I do not believe this now any more than I did last autumn, when similar predictions were made without being confirmed. In the first place, revolutions that are to take place at a fixed date are almost sure to miscarry; in the second, a change like this would hardly be made on the threshold of summer. There are some reasons in favor of long dresses in winter, but none at all in summer, when every one is out-of-doors, and walking suits are the universal garb. Long dresses looped for walking are not ancient enough to be resumed, since they have not yet been forgotten. Now in fashion it is well known nothing is new that still lives in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. There would be no novelty in long dresses looped, which would only be an old fashion revived. Then if it were attempted to drape them to simulate over-skirts, we might better keep the present style, which is lighter and less cumbrous, and which can be worn without ruining the stuff of which it is made, which would inevitably be done in the case of long dresses draped, which would be spoiled by sitting on the folds. It is quite certain that a long dress that has been once draped for the street can never again be worn in the parlor, so badly will the back breadths be crushed and rumpled. I know very well that it is rash to predict too positively concerning the fashions, which are wont to know no rule, and to give the lie to all probability; still I do not think I can be mistaken in foretelling that short suits will last through another summer, and that long dresses, when worn, will not be draped in a pouf. There are vague rumors of dresses such as were worn under Louis XIV., with short skirts to match, and were draped for the street by being drawn through large slits made in the sides like pockets. In this way the long skirt would be lifted out of the way, and could be let down at pleasure without losing its freshness, while the short skirt would serve for the street. But this is only a rumor. Meanwhile, in spite of all predictions to the contrary, short suits prevail not only in the streets, but also in drawing-rooms, and not only by day, but also in the evening. In very cold weather the polonaise is not abandoned, but a fur-lined Dolman or talma is thrown over it, or for carriage wear a large paletot, with immense sleeves, all comfortably lined with fur.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

Scarf of Silk Gauze, Lace, and Cord.

See illustration on page 68.

THIS scarf is made of a bias strip of gauze forty-one inches and three-quarters long and six inches and a quarter wide. The ends of this strip are pointed, and are trimmed with black lace insertion an inch and a quarter wide and lace an inch and a quarter wide. The seams made by joining the insertion, lace, and material are covered with black silk cord, which is sewed on in loops. Cut away the material underneath the insertion, and sew both lengthwise sides of the scarf together.

Foot-Muff with Cross Stitch Embroidery.

See illustration on page 68.

THIS foot-muff is made of leather, and is ornamented on the upper surface with cross stitch embroidery with green and brown worsted in different shades, in the design of the game-bag shown by Fig. 1, page 848, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 52, Vol. V., drawn on canvas. For manner of drawing the design see description of tapestry designs on page 592, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 36, Vol. V. The foot-muff is lined and trimmed with silver-fox fur.

Velveteen Suit for Girl from 10 to 12 Years old.

See illustration on page 68.

THIS suit is made of black velveteen, and consists of a skirt and polonaise. The latter is trimmed with strips of fur. Sash of gros grain ribbon. Beaver hat, trimmed with gros grain ribbon and feathers.

Blue Cashmere Dress for Child from 1 to 3 Years old.

See illustration on page 68.

THIS dress of blue cashmere is trimmed with a braiding of black soutache, a ruche of blue gros grain ribbon, and strips of black fur. Blouse with long sleeves of Swiss muslin and strips of needle-work. Cut the blouse from Figs. 69 and 72, No. XXV., of Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 26, Vol. V.

Scotch Plaid Suit for Girl from 10 to 12 Years old.

See illustration on page 68.

THIS Scotch plaid suit consists of a skirt and polonaise, trimmed with ruffles, folds, and bows of the material. Black velvet hat, trimmed with gros grain ribbon and feathers.

(Continued from No. 3, page 38.)

LONDON'S HEART.

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER XXXV.

MR. PODMORE WISHES TO BE INSTRUCTED UPON THE DOCTRINE OF RESPONSIBILITY, AND DECLARES THAT HE HAS A PRESENTIMENT.

EVENTFUL as this night had been to Lily, and destined as it was to live forever in her memory, it was pregnant with yet deeper meaning for her future, and an event was to occur which was to draw closer together the links of the chain of pure and unworthy love which bound her. On this night she saw clearly what before had been but dimly perceptible to her. She saw that Felix loved her; and also that Mr. Sheldrake had a passion for her. She was instinctively conscious that there was nothing in common in the sentiments of these two men. Their feelings for her were as wide apart as their characters were; and she had already estimated these correctly, although she did not realize the depth of baseness from which Mr. Sheldrake's passion sprung. She was too pure and innocent for that.

When the party left for the theatre old Wheels found the time pass slowly enough, although he was to some extent comforted by the knowledge that Felix had gone to watch over his beloved girl. For the purpose of whiling away a few minutes he went up to Gribble junior's room, and found that worthy man and his wife working cheerfully, as usual. Gribble junior's father, the victim of co-operative stores, was sitting in a corner nursing the baby, and had, as usual, been descanting upon the evils of co-operation, when old Wheels entered. Mr. and Mrs. Gribble junior were laughing heartily at something their father had just uttered.

"What do you think we're laughing at, Mr. Wheels?" asked Gribble junior, as the old man sat down.

Old Wheels expressed a desire to be enlightened.

"Father just said," explained Gribble junior, "that he supposed they would be trying next to bring babies into the world by co-operation."

At which, of course, the laughter recommenced.

"Why not?" grumbled Gribble senior. "You can buy pap at the stores, and you can buy coffins. Mind, John, when I'm dead, get my coffin made by an honest tradesman. If you was to buy one at a co-operative store, I shouldn't rest in my grave."

"Time enough for that, father," replied Gribble junior, in a business-like tone, and yet with affection; "you're good for twenty years yet, I hope and trust."

"I should be, John, if trade was allowed to go on in a proper way. But co-operation 'll be the death of me long before my proper time."

"My girl's gone to the theatre," observed old Wheels, to change the subject.

"It 'll do her good," said Mrs. Gribble; "she's been looking pale of late."

"I'm going to take father to the Music-hall to-night," said Gribble junior. "He's never been to one. You see, Mr. Wheels, what I complain of in father is, that he won't keep moving."

"It's too late, John; it's too late. My joints are stiff."

"Perhaps so, but there's no occasion to make 'em stiffer. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Go in for every thing, I say—go in for work, and go in for play, and keep moving. How do you think baby's looking, Mr. Wheels?"

Old Wheels pinched the baby's cheek, and said, gayly, that the co-operative store could not turn out a baby like that.

"Do you hear that, father?" cried Mrs. Gribble junior, with a merry laugh. "Do you hear that?"

"Mr. Wheels is quite right," replied Gribble senior, faithful to his theories; "it ain't likely that any thing good and wholesome can come out of co-operation."

"How's trade, Mr. Gribble?"

"Well, it's no use grumbling, but it ain't as good as it should be. I had an idea yesterday, though. It was raining, you know, and I had no jobs on hand. The hospital ain't as full as it ought to be. I went out in the rain yesterday with three new umbrellas under my arm and one over my head. What for, now? you'll ask. To sell 'em? No. People never buy umbrellas in rainy weather of their own accord; they always wait for a fine day. No; I had an idea, and I carried it out in this way. I saw a respectable man with an umbrella over his head that wanted mending. I followed him home, and just as he knocked at his door I went up to him, and said I was an umbrella-maker, and would like the job of mending his umbrella. 'But I've only got this one,' he said, 'and I want to go out again.' 'I'm prepared for that, Sir,' I said; 'here's my card, and here's a new umbrella as good as yours. I'll leave this with you to use till I bring back your own, properly mended.' He was tickled at the idea, and was more tickled when I told him that, trade being slack, I had come out on purpose to look out for umbrellas that wanted mending. 'You're an industrious fellow,' he said, with a laugh. 'Yes, Sir,' I answered, 'if work won't come to you, you must go to work. Keep moving; that's my motto. If you can't get work, make it.' Well, he gave me his second-hand umbrella, and took my new one. In this way, in less than three hours, I got rid of my four new umbrellas, and got four jobs. I took them back this afternoon, and, would you believe it, Mr. Wheels? not only did I get paid well for the jobs, but two of the gentlemen bought two of my new umbrellas, and said I deserved to be encouraged. And I think I am," added Gribble junior, complacently. "I made a good job of that idea, and I dare say it 'll bring me in some money. You see, an umbrella is such an awkward thing to get mended when it's out of order. Not one person out of twenty knows where to take it to. Well, go to them. I hope it 'll rain to-morrow."

When old Wheels was in his room again, it was natural that his thoughts should dwell much on the conversation that had taken place between himself and Lily. It brought the past before him, and he was painfully startled by the resemblance which the present crisis in the life of his darling bore to that other event in the life of her mother which had wrecked the happiness of that unhappy woman. He opened the cupboard, and saw the little iron box. Very sad were the thoughts it suggested as he brought it to the table and opened it. There was a little money in it, sufficient for a few week's expenses of their humble home; two or three mementos of Lily, such as a piece of ribbon and a flower she had worn in her hair; and some old letters and papers, worn and faded. He took them from the box, and sadly read one and another. Among them were letters from Lily's father to her mother during their days of courtship; and certain terms of expression in them brought to him the remembrance of sentiments almost similarly expressed by Alfred. The same vague declarations of being able to make large sums of money by unexplained means; the same selfishness, the same boastfulness, were there embodied. But not the same remorse which Alfred had already experienced; that was to come afterward, and the despair which ever accompanies it. "We were happy then, my daughter and I," the old man murmured; "happy before he came. My daughter's life might not have ended as it did, in misery; might not have been passed, as it was, in miserable repinings. He brought a blight upon us." And then came the thought, "Like father, like son." He paced the room with disturbed steps. "Alfred's father," he thought, "wrecked the happiness of the woman who loved him, who trusted implicitly in him—wrecked the happiness of my daughter, who once was as bright as my darling Lily. And how she changed under the consequence of his vice and his folly! How she drooped and drooped until life became torture! As she trusted him and believed in him, and sacrificed herself for him, so Lily trusts and believes and is ready to sacrifice herself for Alfred. Shall I allow her to do this blindly? The end would not be the same, for Lily could not live through it. How can I save my darling? Would it not be better to inflict a sharp pain upon her now than to see her walk blindly, confidingly, lovingly, to a desolate future?" At this point of his musings he heard the street-door open and shut, and heard a stumbling step in the passage below. Looking over the papers in the iron box, he came upon two which he opened and read. They were the last two documents connected with the career of Lily's father. One was a full quittance for a sum of money which the unhappy man had embezzled; the wording of the other was as follows:

"In consideration of my father-in-law paying the money due to Mr. James Creamwell, which I have wrongfully used, I solemnly promise not to trouble my wife with my presence as long as I live, and not to make myself known to my children in the future, should we meet by any chance. For the wrong that I have done, I humbly ask their forgiveness.

"RICHARD MANNING."

"He has kept his word," mused old Wheels; "from that time I have never seen him, never heard of him. I have wondered often if he is alive. No one but I has ever read this paper, unless Alfred, when he took the money from this box— But no; he could have had no thought for any thing but his unhappy purpose."

Old Wheels was interrupted in his musing by the whining of a dog at the door. "That's Snap's voice," he said, and going to the door, he saw the faithful dog waiting for him. Snap, directly he saw the old man, looked into his face appealingly, and walked toward the stairs. Old Wheels, taking the candle, followed the dog down stairs, and found Jim Podmore asleep at the bottom. Snap, having fulfilled his mission, waited patiently for the old man to act.

"Come, Mr. Podmore," said old Wheels, gently shaking the sleeping man; "you mustn't sleep here. Come up stairs and get to bed."

The tired man murmured, "All right," and settled himself comfortably to continue his nap. But old Wheels shook him more roughly, and he rose to his feet wearily, and leaning against the wall, seemed disposed to fall asleep again in that position.

"Come, pull yourself together," urged old Wheels, taking Jim Podmore's arm; "you'll be more comfortable in your own room than here."

Thus advised, and being well shaken, Jim "pulled himself together," and, with many incoherent apologies, accompanied old Wheels up stairs. When he arrived at the first landing, he appeared to think he had gone far enough, and quite naturally he stumbled into the old man's room, and fell into a chair.

"Come, come," persisted old Wheels, "I am not going to allow you to fall asleep again. Bed's the proper place for you."

"I should like," murmured Jim, "to go to bed—and sleep—for a month."

Old Wheels laughed slightly at this.

"You wouldn't expect to wake up at the end of the time," he said, continuing to shake Jim Podmore.

"I don't know—I don't care—I'd like to go to bed—and sleep—for a year. All right, Mr. Wheels—don't shake me—any more! I'm awake—that is, as awake—as I shall be—till to-morrow morning. I beg you—a thousand pardons—for troubling you. I suppose—you found me asleep—somewhere. Where?"

"On the stairs."

"Ah—yes. I thought—I should ha' fell down—in the streets—as I walked along. I was so—dead beat. I'm glad—*you* woke me up—for I wanted to ask you something."

Old Wheels thought it best not to interrupt the current of Jim's thoughts, and therefore did not speak. Jim shook himself much as a dog does when he comes out of the water, and having, it is to be presumed, by that action aroused his mental faculties, proceeded:

"We've had a talk—to-day—me and some mates—and I made up my mind—that I'd speak—to some one—as might know—better than us. I meant you."

"Yes. What were you speaking about?"

"Well, you see—it come in this way. I never told you—about Dick Hart—did I?"

"No—not that I remember," replied old Wheels.

"He was a mate of our'n—Dick Hart was. As good a fellow—as ever drawed—God's breath. He was working—on our line—a many months ago. He ain't working there now—not him—ain't working any where—can't get it. Willing enough—Dick Hart is—and a-breaking his heart—because he can't get it. He's a doomed man—Mr. Wheels—a doomed man!—and might as well—be dead—as alive. Better—a damned sight better—if it warn't for his wife—and kids."

Jim Podmore was evidently warming up. His theme was powerful enough to master his fatigue. Old Wheels listened attentively.

"It might have happened—to me—it *might* happen—to me—any night—when I'm dead beat. What then?" he asked, excitedly, to the no small surprise of Snap, to whom this episode was so strange that he stood aside gazing gravely at his master. "What then?" Jim repeated. "Why, I should be—what Dick Hart is—a-wandering about—in rags—a-starving almost. I should be worse than him—for when I think—of the old woman up stairs—asleep—and my little Polly—that is my star—my star, Polly is!—and think of them—with nothing to eat—like Dick Hart's old woman and kids—I shouldn't be able—to keep my hands—to myself. And I shouldn't try to—I'm damned if I should!"

Old Wheels laid his hand with a soothing motion on the excited man's shoulder.

"Be cool, Mr. Podmore," he said. "Tell me calmly what you want. You are wandering from the subject."

"No, I ain't," responded Jim Podmore, doggedly. "I'm sticking to it. And it ain't likely—begging your pardon—for being so rough—that I *can* be calm—when I've got what I have got—in my mind."

"What's that?"

Jim Podmore looked with apprehension at old Wheels, and then turned away his eyes uneasily.

"Never mind that—it's *my* trouble—and mustn't be spoken of. Let's talk of Dick Hart."

"You were about," said old Wheels, gently, "to tell me some story connected with him."

"He was as good a fellow—as ever drawed breath—and had been in the Company's service—ever so many years. There was nothing agin him. He did his work—and drawed his screw. Little enough! He got overworked—often—as a good many of us gets—a many times too often—once too often for poor Dick—as I'm going to tell you, short. It must ha' been—eight months ago—full—when Dick Hart—worked off his legs—with long hours—and little rest—had a accident. He took a oath—afterward—that he was that dead beat—before the accident—that he felt fit to drop down dead with fatigue. He couldn't keep—his eyes open—as I can't, sometimes—and when the accident—takes place—he goes almost mad. But that doesn't alter it. The accident's done—and Dick Hart's made accountable. He's took up—and tried—and gets six months. If what he did—had ha' been his fault—he ought to have been—hung—but they didn't seem—quite to know—whether he was to blame—or whether—he wasn't—so they give him six months—to make things even, I suppose. While Dick's in prison—his wife's confined—with her second—and how they live—while he's away from 'em—God knows! Some of us gives a little—now and then. I give twice—but what Dick's wife got—in that way was—next to nothing—as much as we—could afford. Dick Hart—comes out of prison—a little while ago—and tries to get work—and can't. He gets a odd job—now and then—by telling lies about himself—and his old woman—gets a little charing—but they've not been able—to keep the wolf—from the door. It's got right in—and there they are—pretty nigh starving—him and the old woman—and the kids."

Jim Podmore's drowsiness coming upon him

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powerfully here, he had as much as he could do to keep himself awake. He indulged himself with a few drowsy nods, and then proceeded as though there had been no interval of silence.

"Well, we had a talk about him—to-day, me and my mates. We made up—a little money—not much—but as much—as we could afford—about six shillings—and sent it to his old woman. But we can't go on—doing this—and one of the men said—that if it come to the officers' ears—or the directors'—that we'd been making up money—for a man as has been discharged—and's been in prison—and's cost the Company a lot o' money in damages—(for they had to pay two men—as was able—to afford a lawyer; there was others—as was poor—who didn't get any thing)—that if it come—to the directors' ears—we should likely—get into trouble ourselves."

Having come to the end of Dick Hart's story, Jim Podmore dozed off again, and would have fallen into deep sleep but for old Wheels nudging him briskly.

"Well?" asked the old man.

"Ah, yes!" said Jim, "I was almost forgetting. What I want to know is—is Dick Hart responsible—for what he's done? Is it right—that a respectable man—a hard-working man—a honest man—should be compelled—to work until he's lost—all control over hisself—till he's ready to drop—as I've told you before—and as I've been ready to myself—and that then—when a accident happens—which wouldn't have happened—if he'd been fresh—or if a fresh man had been—in his place—is it right, I want to know," and Jim Podmore raised his arm slowly and lowered it, and raised it again and lowered it again, as if it were a piston, "that that man—should be put—in prison—should be disgraced—should lose his honest name—shouldn't be able to get work—for his old woman—and the young uns—and that they should be almost starving—as Dick Hart's people's doing now?"

Fortunately for old Wheels, who would have found these questions very difficult to answer, Jim Podmore was too tired and too sleepy to wait for a reply.

"If I don't go up stairs—immediate," he said, rising slowly to his feet, "you'll have—to carry me. So I'll wish you—good-night, Mr. Wheels, and thank you."

He paused at the door for the purpose of asking one other question.

"Did you ever feel—that something was going to happen—without knowing exactly what it was?"

"Yes," replied old Wheels, good-humoredly, "but it never did happen."

"Ah," pondered the puzzled man, "but this will, though."

"What will?"

"Didn't I tell you—I didn't know what? But it 'll happen—as sure as my name's—Jim Podmore. It's buzzing about my head now—and I can't make it out."

"Nervousness," suggested old Wheels, "brought on by overwork."

"Mayhap, but there it is. What would you call it, now? Give it a name."

"It is a presentiment, I should say."

"That's it. I've got—a presentiment. Thank you. Good-night, Mr. Wheels. I've got—a presentiment—and it 'll come true—as sure as my name's—Jim."

With that Jim Podmore staggered up stairs, with faithful Snap at his heels, and within an hour old Wheels heard the street-door bell ring, and hurried down stairs.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FELIX GAINS A CLEW.

FELIX intended to leave Lily after he had seen her safely within-doors, but the old man begged him to come in. A look from Lily decided him, and the three faithful souls ascended the stairs to the old man's room. Old Wheels entering first, gave Lily an opportunity to say, hurriedly, to Felix,

"Don't tell grandfather of my fainting, Felix. It might distress him."

He promised her.

"Nor of what passed between you and Mr. Sheldrake."

"Very well, Lily."

She spoke in a whisper; she was so thrilling with exquisite sensitiveness that any harsher sound would have been a disturbance to her happy state.

"I will think of what you have said to-night, Felix. You are right, I know—you *must* be right." (The unspoken words came to her, "My heart tells me so.") "Thank you for it, Felix, with all my heart."

Their hands met in a tender clasp. They entered the room the next moment, and old Wheels looked toward them with a pleased expression in his face, brought there by the circumstance of Lily and Felix lingering for a few moments in the passage. It betokened a confidence between them.

It was one o'clock before Felix took his departure. The conversation between him and old Wheels had turned principally upon the mental disturbance of Mr. Podmore, and upon his presentiment. This made a great impression upon Felix, and, although he was almost ashamed to confess it to himself, took fast hold of his mind. He was predisposed for some such influence from the thought of the crisis that seemed to be imminent in the life of the woman he loved. That it must come, and soon, he was convinced, and he thought to himself it would be almost a wise act to hasten it, if possible. He had quietly made it his business to acquaint himself with the nature of Mr. Sheldrake's transactions, and, notwithstanding that that gentleman was close and crafty, Felix had learned much concerning him. The knowledge sprang naturally, as it were, out of Felix's profession. He was correspondent for two country newspapers, and had managed to insert the thin end of his wedge into the wall of London journalism. Steadily and unobtrusively he was working his way, and was sanguine and confident of the future. Very many people suppose that cunning is one of the principal specialties of wisdom, but it is not always so. A rare strength, which shows itself almost invariably in great and good results, lies in the man who is wise and not cunning—who is wise from honesty of purpose. Felix was this. He was sincere in all he did, honest in all he did. It is a pleasure to be able to indicate, even by such mere outlines as these, a character which too many persons do not believe in.

Beginning to earn his living by his pen, and being enabled to act in a certain measure independently and to take his own view of things, it was natural that he should exercise his small power in the cause of right. It was not his ambition to be the Don Quixote of literature, but he could no more resist the inclination to strike hard blows at public shams and injustice than, being naturally truthful, he could resist the inclination to tell the truth. Of course he could effect but little good. The great shield behind which imposture and knavery found shelter, and which protected dishonesty and hypocrisy, suffered but little from his attacks; but here and there he made a dent, and that was a great satisfaction to him. He was a faithful soldier, and fought with courage.

He knew that in some way Lily's brother was in Mr. Sheldrake's power, and accident revealed to him the nature of the bond between them. In his crusade against knavery he became acquainted with the unmitigated roguery that was practiced under the protection of the institution which, with a grim and ghastly humor, has been denominated the great national sport. His friend Charley, who introduced him to the columns of the *Penny Whistle*, was the first who opened his eyes to the knavery. It seems to be a recognized necessity that all young men who have the means and the leisure should go through the formula known as "seeing life"—a process which to some is a sad tragedy, and which to nearly all is a bitter experience. Very few come out of that fire unscathed. Charley had gone through this formula—fortunately for him—in a superficial way. Charley's parents were good people enough, and had tacitly agreed that their son must "see life" before he settled; every body's sons saw life before settling, and Charley must not be an exception. So the young fellow went into the world, and in the natural course of things became mixed up in matters the mere mention of which would have brought a blush to his mother's cheek. But Charley was doing the proper thing; there was no doubt of that. However, the young fellow's inclinations were not inherently vicious, and he escaped the pitfalls in which so many weak and unfortunate ones are ingulfed. He and Felix had met some few times since Felix's installation as London correspondent to the *Penny Whistle*, and they had opened their hearts to each other. Thus it came out that Charley told Felix of his introduction to the racing world, and of his adventures therein.

"You see, Felix," he said, "I had outrun my allowance, and I thought I might be able to set things straight, and pay my few small debts, without coming on my father's purse. So, led away by the flaming accounts in the newspapers, I went into betting; was introduced by a friend to a club where I could bet, and for three months went regularly to races. It didn't turn out well, and after dropping nearly two hundred pounds I went to my father and made a clean breast of it. He paid my debts, and made me promise to give up the infatuation, as he called it. I promised willingly enough, for I had made up my mind before, and I am sure I shall never be drawn into the net again. The fact is, Felix, it didn't suit me; the men I met on the race-courses were such cads and blackguards that I soon became disgusted with myself for mixing with them. I tell you what it is, old fellow, I think being with you a great deal has done me good, and I have learned from you to hate things that are mean. You've been to races, of course?"

"I've been to Goodwood and Ascot and to the Derby. The Derby is a wonderful sight. I should like to go with you to one or two of the small meetings."

They went in company, and Felix, having a deeper purpose in his mind than idle amusement, saw much to astonish him. As they were making their way through a crowd of sharps and gulls, Charley pulled his sleeve, and said,

"There! There's a man who had over a hundred pounds of my money."

Turning, Felix saw Mr. David Sheldrake, evidently very much at home. Felix, not wishing to be seen by Mr. Sheldrake, walked away, and watched him from a distance.

"Is he a betting man?" asked Felix.

"Oh yes; and as sharp as a needle."

"Does he attend these meetings regularly?"

"You seem to be interested in him, Felix."

"Yes, I know him."

"And don't like him, evidently," observed Charley, judging from his friend's tone.

"That is true; I don't like him. But you haven't answered my question."

"I have met him on nearly every race-course I have been to; he is always to be seen in the 'ring,' I should say."

Felix did not pursue the subject, but later in the day said,

"Have you any documents, Charley, connected with your betting experiences, or have you destroyed them?"

"I have them all. By-the-bye, they might be useful to you; there are some strange things among them—well, perhaps not strange in themselves, but strange that such things should be allowed. It would be a good subject for you to take up."

"Any letters from that man?"

"Oh yes; suppose I send you the packet?"

"I should like to see them."

They were received in due course by Felix, and they so interested him that he began from that time to purchase the sporting papers, and to make a regular study of the usually unprofitable theme. Any person who did not know Felix's character might reasonably have supposed that he had been bitten by the mania, and that he was beginning to entertain the idea that he might make a fortune by betting with sharps. They would have had ample grounds for so supposing, if they had known that Felix actually sent small sums in stamps to the prophets and tipsters and the layers of odds who advertised in the sporting papers, for the purpose of obtaining the information necessary for the rapid and certain realization of "fabulous sums"—a phrase which many of the advertisers used in the traps they set, unconscious of the ironical truth it contained. But what Felix was doing was a means to another end, and he lost his money cheerfully. He began to frequent race-courses also, and on one occasion, early in his experience, he saw Lily's brother, as he expected to see him, running hither and thither in a state of blind excitement. With a set determination, Felix watched the young man during the whole of the day; saw the fatal infatuation which urged him onward; and saw him pass through the various stages of hope, suspense, and agony. Felix saw more, with the eyes of his mind; he saw ruin waiting at Alfred's heels. Felix had met with an old legend which stated how every human being was attended by two angels, one bad, one good, and how they strove for mastery over the soul they attended. As the recollection of this legend came to him, Felix looked up and saw Alfred's bad angel, Mr. David Sheldrake, talking to Alfred, and Alfred eagerly listening. It saddened Felix to see this, although he fully expected it, and was prepared for it. "Alfred's good angel," he thought, "is love. But love has no sword to strike this false friend dead." But Felix went home that evening with a clew in his hand.

On this night, as Felix walked away from Lily's house, he thought of these things, and was too disturbed to go home. He walked about the quiet streets, and at the end of an hour found himself on the Thames Embankment. As he stood there, musing, gazing into the solemn river, he became conscious of a sudden tremor in the air. He looked around with a feeling of vague alarm upon him; but he saw nothing, heard nothing. "Pshaw!" he muttered. "Mr. Podmore's presentiment is frightening me with shadows. I'll stroll past Lily's house, and then go home to bed."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

"LONDON fogs" have a world-wide reputation, though not an enviable one. And recently New York has had some experiences which will enable her to sympathize with the chronic sufferings of the dwellers in the great metropolis across the waters. Though occurring in January, some days that we have had are well described by Hood's familiar lines:

"No sun, no moon,
No morn, no noon,
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day;
No sky, no earthly view,
No distance looking blue,
No road, no street, no 't'other side the way;'"

and we might appropriately extend the quotation, for not a few fog-bewildered people, with vivid remembrance of their late discomforts, would most appreciatively respond to—

"No top to any steeple,
No recognitions of familiar people,
No courtesies for showing 'em,
No knowing 'em!
No traveling at all, no locomotion,
No inkling of the way, no notion—
'No go' by land or ocean."

During the period of greatest "befogment"—to coin a word—in this city nothing could be discerned a few feet from the visual organs. Faith and memory were the faculties most relied upon in attempting locomotion. Navigation on the North and East rivers became a matter of extreme difficulty and danger. Many strange and amusing incidents occurred, or at least they would have been amusing had not multitudes been put to serious inconvenience. One ferry-boat, having left the Brooklyn pier, cautiously and slowly felt its way through the waters, but could not find its landing wharf. The boat kept floundering around the ends of various piers, to the great anxiety of the passengers, who did not understand what was the precise difficulty. At length a vigilant watchman on a pier shouted, "Ship ahoy, there! Where are you going?" The pilot replied that he didn't know till he found out where he was. "Why, you're in Hoboken," answered the watchman. Whereupon the chagrined pilot turned "about face," and finally his boat sagaciously found Fulton Street wharf, where it belonged. A foggy day is only one of many undesirable episodes in this, thus far, most severe winter; and the end is not yet.

The Russian Christmas is observed on January 6, in consequence of the Russians still retaining the Julian calendar, and thereby being twelve days behind the time of other nations. In this city religious services were held on that occasion in the Greek chapel in Second Avenue.

A physician renowned for both wit and wisdom has said: "Physic should be given only to dying men. Nine-tenths of the sick men need only a rush of blood to the boots."

A balloon trip across the Atlantic is the proposed divertisement for next summer. Professor John Wise, a well-known aeronaut, is now making preparations for this aerial voyage. We presume it is too late to apply for a passage in his ship, as a number of scientific gentlemen, having made early application to accompany the professor, have been supplied with tickets for the occasion. Professor Wise made the famous air trip from St. Louis to the eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, a distance of over twelve hundred miles, in the short space of nineteen hours, or at a rate of about sixty-three miles an hour. He feels entirely confident of his ability to make the quickest trip on record across the Atlantic.

When we consider how narrow has been the escape from great loss of life in some of the recent fires, there is reason for great thankfulness. The Brooklyn Tabernacle was burned about an hour before the usual time for the Sunday morning service. If Barnum's menagerie and museum had taken fire in the daytime or evening, crowds of frightened children, as well as men and women, might have shared the fate of the animals. The flames burst out in the Fifth Avenue Theatre about twenty minutes after the large holiday audience at the matinée had been dismissed, and a few hours later it would again have been crowded with human beings.

The London *Telegraph* discourses at length upon the long three years' cruise which the *Challenge* has recently started on, and in the course of which she plans to fight her way southward to the mysterious regions of thick-ribbed ice that hem in the southern pole. The substance of the theory advanced by the *Telegraph* is that there is no open sea at the south pole, but rather a quasi-spherical continent, against whose shores rises up the warm equatorial current. Drifting off again toward the equator, this gradually congeals into a colossal ring of ice, against which explorer after explorer has in vain attempted to make his way. From south pole, as from north, a huge glacier runs toward the tropics. Beyond this wall of ice, and in its very heart, lies a land of the hyperboreans, where the climate is forever warm and equable, and where six months of perpetual darkness follow six months of perpetual sunlight. Beyond all question, at the very heart of the south pole there lies a pleasant region, possibly inhabited, with a warm sea lapping its shores, which, nevertheless, some 200 or 300 miles from its coast line, is locked in by an iron ring of icebergs rising high as the Himalayas. The inhabitants, if any there be, of this strange clime are dwellers in a valley shut in by a huge circular wall of crystal, while between them and their glassy barrier rolls that very circumambient Oceanos of which the Greek cosmogonists sung. The *Challenge* is fitted out with all kinds of scientific apparatus, and carries 200 miles of sounding line. It is expected that after her long voyage she will return with valuable geographic and scientific records.

We have come in these days to be dependent upon the telegraph. And when a wintry rain turns to ice as it falls, weighing down the telegraph wires with frozen pendants, causing one after another to break from the strain, business every where is thrown into complete confusion. The Police and Fire departments are deprived of their chief reliance in cases of emergencies, and the Signal Service Bureau loses its working tools. New York feels it hard to be cut off from hourly communication with Washington, and even complains when no daily messages come from Europe. Such a catastrophe as recently befell the telegraph wires and poles in this vicinity will cause us all to experience a fresh realization of the value of this ever-wonderful mode of communication.

A Western paper thus briefly gives its views of France: "France is a tinder-box, and President Thiers is sitting on the safety-valve."

On the evening of January 1, 1790, Mrs. George Washington held her first levee at the President's residence in this city. The weather was unusually mild and pleasant. The ladies and gentlemen having been introduced, plain refreshments were served, and then familiar and friendly conversation ensued. Mrs. Washington stood by the side of the General in receiving the respects of the visitors. Amidst the social chitchat of the evening the clock struck nine. Mrs. Washington thereupon rose with dignity, and looking around the circle with a complacent smile, observed, "The General always retires at nine, and I usually precede him." At this hint the ladies instantly rose, adjusted their dresses, made their salutations, and retired.

The success which has attended the labors of the well-known modeler whose groups and statuettes are in almost every home where a love of art is cultivated shows what may be accomplished by earnest devotion to an inspired idea. John Rogers was educated as a machinist, and worked at that trade seven years in Manchester, New Hampshire. In hours snatched from sleep he studied modeling, from simple love for art. While employed as assistant civil engineer on a railroad in Missouri he discovered a peculiar kind of clay, from which he made a statuette, which was much admired by an artistic friend who was in his confidence. When city surveyor of Chicago he modeled a group, entitled "The Game of Checkers," the success of which decided him to adopt art as a profession. He came to New York. One of his first groups was "The Slave Auction," in which the artist's feelings for the oppressed were expressed at a time when antislavery sentiments were unpopular. This group was exhibited in the gallery of the New York Art Union, where it was an object of special interest. After years of hard struggle and effort the demand for Rogers's groups has so increased that the artist now finds it necessary to employ more than sixty men to make casts from the original models.

It is well known that a veritable Cashmere shawl is made of scores of different pieces arranged in patterns, and sewed together; and it is also a curious fact that the genuine Cashmere fabric has never yet been successfully imitated out of Persia and Northern India. The desirability of a Cashmere consists more in the elegance of the pattern than in the actual fineness of the fabric; and yet the makers of these shawls regard any innovation in the designs as sacrilege. A few years ago one of our largest dry-goods merchants conceived the idea of importing to this country the pieces of Cashmere in large quantities, and of having them put together in New York in original and artistic patterns. This idea has been successfully carried out, and the result is that New York has the handsomest designed Cashmere shawls in the world.

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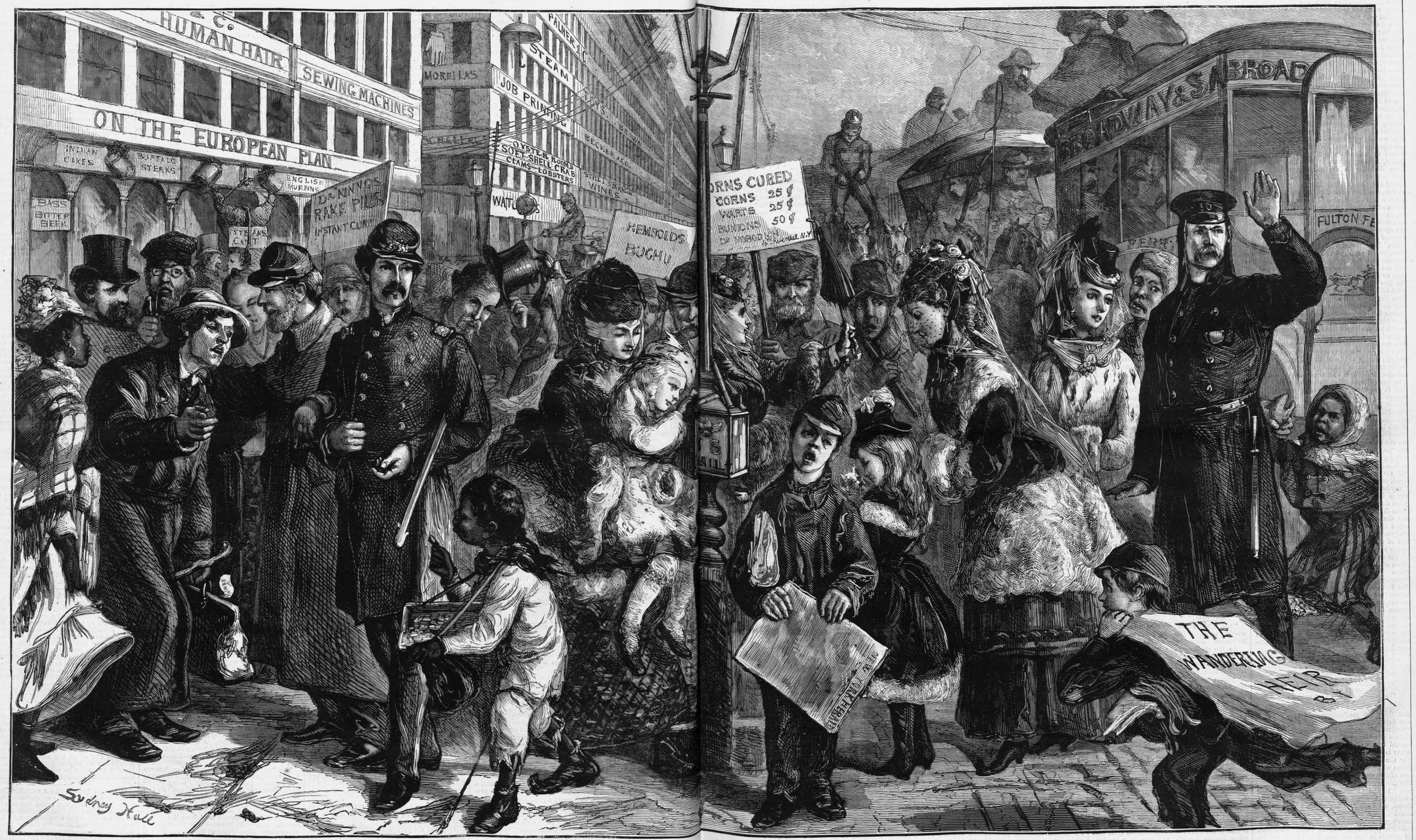

LIFE IN BROADWAY, NEW YORK.—[See Page 74.]

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BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

See illustration on double page.

AS "the street called Straight" is only a little less crooked than its fellow-sinuosities in the ancient city of Damascus, so the famous Broadway of New York is not much broader than the streets that intersect it or run parallel with it. Its more proper name would be the Longway, as it is doubtless the longest street in the world, extending from the Battery in the south, some ten miles due north, in an irregular parallel with the Hudson River. Broadway was once the fashionable street of New York, but for the last twenty-five years it has been entirely eclipsed by the more pretentious and aristocratic Fifth Avenue. Fifty years ago there clustered around the Battery, a small park bordering the harbor, all the *crème de la crème* of the city, and Broadway below Fulton Street was the "West End" of the town. The present generation still remembers the fine mansions of the Clausons, the Whitneys, the Wilmerdings, etc., now converted into warehouses, while the scions of those well-known "houses" may now be found occupying still more palatial mansions far away among the upper ten of Fifth Avenue. The current of life surging through Broadway to-day is like a mighty river whose beginning and end are equally unknown. We know not whence it comes or whither it goes. Only the broad, bright, flashing stream is before us, emerging from darkness in the morning, vanishing in darkness at night. For some eighteen hours out of every twenty-four this mighty river of life rushes, sparkles, eddies, and whirls through the great artery of Broadway like the rapids of Niagara above the Falls. In no other street in all the cities of the world does the human tide rush so rapidly. Every body seems eager to catch the flying hours, and to keep pace with the footsteps of the advancing day. The maxim of the "live" New Yorker is, "I must get ahead of time, or time will get ahead of me." To use a railway phrase, every business man is afraid he will not "make his connections." The loss of a post or the loss of an "appointment" may be the loss of his fortune. It is this mad whirlwind of human activity that first strikes a visitor from the more leisurely and lazy cities of Europe on his first glimpse of Broadway. The next feature is the cosmopolitan character and kaleidoscopic appearance of the inhabitants. All nationalities are represented, with many of their original costumes. The raw immigrants are seldom seen above the Battery—the great mass of the Irish and Germans only touch and go; but one can hardly walk a block in Broadway without hearing more languages spoken than any polyglot Continental courier can understand. As a business thoroughfare Broadway is without a rival in the world. From the Battery to Union Square both sides of the street present an unbroken line of stores, many of which are truly magnificent. Stewart's dry-goods palace has no equal in Europe or America, either in the size of the building or the variety of its contents. Broadway also has its theatres and its banks, but few churches. Its oyster and music saloons are "too numerous to mention." Into the former crowds are constantly diving from mid-day until midnight to feast on the large, luscious, and savory bivalves—raw, stewed, fried, scalloped, roasted, or, as one famous sign has it, "any how," with the following classic touch by way of invitation to the hurrying crowd: *Nunquam non paratus.* Another Broadway feature is the difference in its two sides—the fashionable and the unfashionable. These are sometimes called the sunny or the shilling side, and the shady or sixpenny side. It is a striking illustration of the force of fashion that the shop rents on the sunny side of Broadway are almost double the rents on the shady side. Of the feminine phase of Broadway one can hardly venture to write. Fashionable ladies are now seldom seen promenading below Tenth Street for pleasure. The Fifth Avenue has become the show parade for the "swells" of both sexes. Formerly it was on the sunny side of Broadway from Union Square to Canal Street that one met on a fine afternoon all that was *beau* and *belle* in upper-tendom. It was the poet Willis who invented this word, and who wrote that touching poem on a certain Broadway beauty, fatal as fair, commencing:

"The shadows lay along Broadway—
'Twas near the twilight tide—
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she, but viewlessly
Walked spirits by her side;
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,"
etc., etc., etc.

But these are reminiscences of beauty bright and days that are gone. Both the poet and his "subject" have passed away, while the beautiful picture lives laden with sad suggestions of that eternal trinity of Love, Sin, and Sorrow whose litany is written in the wreck of human hearts. For the Broadway of to-day look at the varied forms which our artist has crowded into his picture of that wonderful river of life. For a sketch like this the pencil is far more graphic than the pen. In the multitude of figures introduced, caught somewhere about the corner of Fulton Street, we have a vivid panorama of Broadway activity. We can almost hear the cry of the newsboy, the rush of feet, and the roar of wheels. Soldiers, policemen, women, beggars, negroes, all mingle in the whirling rush of life, too intense to last, too much in haste not to stumble often. Since the late "unpleasantness" with the South the soldier maimed in the war has become a prominent feature of the street. Some years before the war a certain Yankee, on visiting Europe, remarked that in almost every city he met a great many men with one leg, one arm, and lots of medals, adding that he would "a darned sight rather live in a country where every body had two legs, two arms, and nary medal." Sensible Yankee, that. Nevertheless, these relics of the war are becoming rarer, and will soon be viewed with as much curiosity as the veterans of 1812.

A POSSIBILITY.

The Thought of a Mourning Mother.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

My little baby is buried to-day;
Gone—down in the depths of the church-yard clay,
Up in the sky so dim and gray.
Who will take care of my little baby?

Who will kiss her?—her waxen feet,
That have never walked, and her small hands sweet,
Where I left a white lily, as was meet—
Who, who will kiss my little baby?

Who will teach her?—her wings to fly,
Her tiny limbs their new work to ply,
Her soft, dumb lips to sing gloriously—
Oh, who will teach my little baby?

I have a mother, who long ago died;
We speak of her now with our tears all dried;
She may know my pretty one, come to her side,
And be glad to see my little baby.

Christ, born of a woman, hear, oh, hear!
Thine angels are far off—she seems near.
Give Thou my child to my mother dear,
And I'll weep no more for my little baby.

Surely in heaven, Thy saints so blest
Keep a mother's heart in a mother's breast.
Give her my lamb, and I shall rest
If my mother takes care of my little baby.

MURPHY'S MASTER.

BY JAMES PAYN,

Author of "A Woman's Vengeance," "Bred in the Bone," "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," etc.

CHAPTER I.

PURSUED.

IT was a boisterous winter's night; and although the long straight road which I have in my mind (for to the first scene of this strange story my own eyes were witness) was many a mile distant from the coast, you might have thought, from the roaring of the trees that lined one side of it for miles, that it skirted the very shore. Now and then, for a brief space, there was a lull, but only that the Prince of the Powers of the Air might collect his forces for a more strenuous effort, as though to sweep the earth of all that cumbered it which man had made. The young moon had hidden herself, as though in terror, and it was but seldom that the clouds permitted a single star to peer through their hurrying ranks as they fled like a beaten army across the sky.

A white toll-house and a white gate that stretched across the road could, however, be just made out, gleaming through the stormful gloom; but even these, from their color, looked weird and ghost-like, and by no means relieved the loneliness and desolation of the scene. Opposite the toll-house was an inn; but being built of darker material, it was not visible: not a light shone from its many windows, for the hour was three o'clock, and all its inmates, save one, were abed and slept—rocked to slumber by the storm. Suddenly, after an outburst of elemental violence that outdid all that had preceded it, and which was dying away like the passionate cry of some disappointed beast of prey, there was heard a human voice: "Gate! gate!" It must have proceeded from powerful lungs indeed, since it was repeated before the galloping of horse's hoofs and the noise of wheels could be heard, which proclaimed the approach of the vehicle which carried him who uttered this impetuous summons.

"Gate! gate!"

"Curse the fellow, he's asleep!" exclaimed another voice. "Get out, Dick, and lift it off its hinges. Here; take a lamp."

As the speaker leans hurriedly forward to take one of the dog-cart lamps from its place, the light is thrown full upon him. A tall, black-bearded man, very handsome, though long past his youth; his stooping position brings the blood into his face a little, else it would be very pale; his eyes are fiery and blood-shot. You would say he was a drunkard but for the steadiness of hand with which he disengages the lamp, and hands it to his fellow, notwithstanding the fury of the wind, which is once more up and roaring, and the impatient pawing of the mare he holds in his iron gripe. She is bay, but, flecked with her own foam, she looks in the darkness black and white. His lower lip is bleeding, bitten through, perhaps, in his irritation and impatience; and on his shirt-front, among its coral studs, there is a red spot which is not coral, but blood. He is in evening dress, and notwithstanding the wild inclemency of the night, has no great-coat or wrapper of any kind. By his face and dress, you would take him for a gentleman; no one with brains could possibly take him for a vulgar person; but if a gentleman, he is plainly not one of the conventional type, who never hurries himself, nor gets in a passion. His eyes are flaming with rage; and he pours upon the turnpike gate anathemas so choice, and yet various, that it seems quite a pity to waste them on an inanimate object. If the turnpike man would but put his head out of window! But that neglectful official, who has a son at sea, is dreaming of a great tempest in the tropics, which Jack described to him in his last letter (six months old); and though he dimly hears that familiar cry of "Gate! gate!" confuses it with the captain's orders, howled through the speaking-trumpet.

"*Quiet, quiet!* you devil!"—this to the mare; and the tall man (you can now see he is very tall) stands up in the dog-cart, and peers back upon the road he has come, and listens: nothing is to be seen but a wall of darkness, and nothing to be heard but the roaring wind. Somewhat appeased, as it seems, by this negative result, he then addresses his companion (to whose tardiness in opening the gate he has never once alluded, notwithstanding his impatience with the obstacle itself): "Shall I come and help you, Dick, or shall I break this scoundrel's windows with my whip-handle?"

"No, no, Masther Frank," returned the other, straining and striving at the hinges; "I'll have it up in a minute. It is just as well not to be seen by more people than we can help. One—two: there it is, off at last."

He crossed the road with his burden, to let the vehicle pass through, and then placed the gate half open, and fastened it in that position with a huge stone.

"There, now: they'll think the way is clear," observed he, grimly; "and if it's wheels that is afther us, I pity the next comer."

"They'll ride, Dick; you may take your oath of that."

"I suppose they will," growled the other as he climbed into his seat. "If I'd 'a given it a thought, I'd 'a hamstrung the horses."

The speaker of this truculent speech was a short, broad-shouldered man, of rough, though by no means ruffianly, exterior. A cloth cap partly concealed his features, but what could be seen of them was rather attractive than otherwise, unless, indeed, you happened to be very anti-Milesian, for they were of that careless Irish type which seems to presage little of evil beyond dirt and drunkenness, and to promise faithfulness and endless fun. He wore a long frieze overcoat that reached to his gaiters, and though apparently of the same age as his companion, his appearance had nothing else in common with him. Their mutual relation in life would, in fact, at once have been taken for that of servant and master, except for the unusual warmth of manner that distinguished both, whenever they addressed one another. Dick sat on the hind seat, in order, doubtless, to watch the road along which their pursuers were expected, but always sideways, so that he could talk, as it were, into the other's ear—a nearness of communication, indeed, which the raging of the gale demanded.

"You'll be gettin' cold, Masther Frank," observed he, presently, the strong Irish accent in which he spoke now intensified by affectionate emotion. "Just put this about you."

"No wraps for me, Dick, to-night; I feel, even as it is, as though my very neck-tie choked me. Besides, that's your own coat, my good fellow;" and he put aside the frieze that his companion offered him with a steady but gentle hand.

"Sure and why wouldn't it be?" urged the other. "Ain't I used to cold and such-like? Haven't I been reared up hard from the cradle?—not like you, Masther Frank, though we fed at the same mother's breast."

"We did so, Dick; but that's no reason why you should literally give me the coat off your back; though I well know you would do more than that to serve me any day."

"Yes, a deal more, in troth!"

"And yet, why should you, Dick? That sometimes puzzles me; for really I've done little for you."

"Nothin' at all, Sir, bar watchin' me like a mother, for weeks, when nobody else would come nigh me, for fear of catchin' the spots! Nothin' at all, bar seein' me through that bad piece of work at Limerick Sessions, when I'd never have seen ould Ireland again at all, at all, but for you speakin' up for me, before them all, in the court-house. I owe you nothin' but life and liberty, that's true, Sir; and they are things which nobody values!"

"But, my good fellow, I ran no personal risk in either of those things. I had been vaccinated, and was therefore secure from catching the small-pox; and as for speaking up for you in the court-house, why, I was tarred with the same brush myself, and it would have been a mean and cowardly act indeed, had I left you to bear the consequences of my own counsel."

"You're always right, Masther Frank. I dare say, if the thing was properly put, you're more obligated to me nor I am to you. But in the mean time" (and here he changed his bantering tone for one of uncommon earnestness and fervor) "I'm your friend and servant—yes, just that, with the blessin' of God" (he took off his cloth cap, and made the sign of the cross); "drunk or sober, hale or sick, I'm your slave for life. I know it's foolish, Sir" (for he saw the other was about to speak), "but it's the same milk does it. It's stronger, by far, nor the same blood."

A groan burst from the other's lips, and he lashed the mare, who was already going at headlong speed.

"That was a nice thing to say to the young masther, after what has happened," muttered Dick to himself. "Holy Moses, what an omadhawn I am!"

Not a word was exchanged between the pair for several minutes; and, indeed, the rate at which they were going almost precluded it. But presently, as the pace slackened somewhat in consequence of some rising ground, the one who was called Master Frank once more broke silence.

"Dick," said he, "I want you to listen to me with all the sense you have, and as little of the fantastic notions belonging to County Tipperary as possible. You have shown your devotion to my person; and if I were to part with you to-day forever, I should say you were the most faithful friend that ever man had. In accompanying me to Falston, I little thought, of course, that I was causing risk either to myself or you; but, as it has happened, I have done you a most serious injury. Are you aware, Dick, that, in the eye of the law, you have become an accessory after the fact?"

"Bedad, I'm not, Sir; but it's yourself that's always afther tellin' me fine news, and I can easily believe it. It must be a grand thing, sure!"

Richard Murphy's countenance, as it reposed almost upon his companion's shoulder, was so singularly free from expression, that it was impossible to glean from it whether he was in joke or earnest. Frank Kavanagh, however, knew his henchman much too well to be in doubt as to his meaning.

"You are hiding your feelings, Dick," continued he, with irritation, "under a mask of humor, when I wish you, above all things, to be serious and frank. The deed that has been done this night—unpremeditated, undreamed of, as Heaven knows it was—will be held by the law of the land to be no less than Murder. The provocation will never be taken into account, nor the long years of hypocrisy and deceit. If it was to do again, Dick—if I saw his mocking face set close to mine once more, and heard him sneer, 'You bastard—'"

"Did he say that, Masther Frank?" interrupted Dick, with intense excitement. "Oh, the villain!"

"He flouted me; he spoke bitter things of my mother, as though she had not been his own too. And then he attacked our father's memory: that was too much. When I remembered how I had seen Louis fawn and flatter, and strive to cozen the kind old man every way, and saw him then, triumphant in his fraud, and sneering at the folly of his dead benefactor, I took him by the throat, Dick—I—"

"Hush, hush! Put my coat on, Masther Frank; there's a spot on your shirt-front that is not iron-mowld. I saw that from the first, though I didn't like to speak. Hide it, Masther Frank, lest them might see it that has less right than I to know how it got there;" and he wrapped the coat around his stalwart companion, who seemed neither to consent nor to resist, as tenderly as a mother cloaks her babe.

"He brought it on his own head, I tell you," cried the other, fiercely, as though in answer to some reproachful question. "He denied me my rights, my natural rights, and what, but for him, would have been my legal ones. If he had only been fair-spoken, though dishonest—"

"Bah! why trouble yourself," broke in Dick, "with thinkin' about the Thing! It's vain to cry over spilt—"

"He struck me first," continued Master Frank, not heeding the other's interruption; "I feel the blow on my cheek yet. He was a dead man then, and he knew it. I had no idea there was such strength in him, Dick."

"He came of a good stock, you see," observed Murphy, coolly. "The breedin' told at last with him, though it was rather late. Upon my life, Masther Frank, I can't see what you are makin' this bother about, for conscience' sake. He was a bad lot altogether, savin' his brother's presence, and his end is a good riddance to all that's in it. If this had but happened in the ould counthry, the boys would have stuck by you with alibis and every thing necessary, and there would have been no trouble about the matter at all, at all."

"That may be, Dick; but, unhappily, what has been done, has been done here; and at the very best, it is quite certain that I shall never see the boys again. I must put the broad seas between myself and England, if I would save my neck. And that brings me to what I wished to say at first. If the law takes hold of me, and finds you in my company, it will go hard with you also; for it is as like as not that some one down yonder"—he pointed to the road behind them—"may recognize your honest face. As for me, I am a lost man, unless I can leave Europe, and get somewhere out of the reach of what these fools call Justice."

"It's as bad as that, Sir, is it?" answered Murphy. "I'd no idea they'd be so hard upon you. It's the divil gives them the gumption to do it: he knows that if you were with us, the Good Cause at home must triumph, sooner or later; and so, all along of a family squabble, he gets you put out of the way."

"No, Dick, no," replied the other, mournfully; "the Good Cause is dead, at all events for my lifetime. The match was applied too soon, and so, after a brief flicker, the fire went out, and will now be harder to kindle than ever. I told you how it would be when you struck the light; and my advice to you now is to go home as quickly as possible, and lie there quiet, and persuade the boys to do the like. I have plenty of money for you—"

"You're not goin' to *bribe* me to leave you, Masther Frank?" interrupted the other. "It's hard enough to put it so to me, anyway."

"Bribe you? of course not, you foolish fellow; I do but point out what is the sensible and, I think, the proper course for you to adopt. You leave me in good health, and, so far as funds go, in prosperity; you have nothing, therefore, to reproach yourself with."

"Holy Moses, only hear him talk?" ejaculated Murphy. "It isn't Masther Frank at all that I am listenin' to, but Pat Morris, the Limerick attorney. 'Nothing to reproach myself with!' The boys would not think that when I got back to County Tipperary, I reckon. 'And how did you leave the young masther, whom we all love so?' inquires one. 'Oh, finely,' says I, 'unless they've hanged him. I didn't stay to see it out, but filled my own pockets, and—' As sure as death, Masther Frank, I hear horses' hoofs behind us."

"I know it," answered the other, calmly; "I

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have heard them for some minutes. There are two men at least, but it is no matter if there were half a dozen. I will not be taken alive."

"Divil a fear of you, Masther Frank. It is much more these gentlemen's look-out nor ours. I've got the pistols under the sate here."

"What pistols?"

"Why, your own, of course. A gentleman never moves without his pistols. I packed them up when I heerd tell of you goin' to Falston; 'for,' says I to myself, 'they'll quarrel, will Masther Frank and Louis, to a certainty; and then what a comfort it will be to both to know that every thin' is at hand to settle the business like gentlemen.'"

"Did you think, then, that I should shoot in cold blood at my own brother?"

"I thought that there would be a difficulty of some sort—such as one of you, at laste, wouldn't be willin' the lawyers should meddle with. But since that has been got over in another way, so much the better; the pistols are still to the fore. If these gentlemen only knew what was waitin' for them they wouldn't be in such an infernal hurry. Don't you disturb yourself, Masther Frank. I never was so beautifully fixed for shootin' in my life—it's quite a luxury. But keep the mare well in hand, for she isn't used to standin' fire."

While he was thus speaking Dick stooped beneath the seat, and drawing from their case a couple of pistols, deliberately capped them, and then sat calmly with one in each hand, awaiting events.

"There has enough blood been spilled to-night already," said the other, earnestly, without, however, interfering with these preparations for receiving cavalry; "and I would give much to escape these fellows, even upon their own account. Surely it is about here that the road forks to Ascot. If we could only take that turning, and so double upon them, we should be safe so long as the dark held."

"True; but the dark is so divilish dark I doubt we shall hardly see the turnin'. It must, however, as you say, be somewhere nigh at hand. Keep the mare well in hand, Sir, and I'll douse the glims, so that they may not see we have left the road."

"That's well thought of. But they ride fast, those fellows, and you must be quick about it."

"We have five good minutes, Masther Frank. This tearin' wind is with them, and brings up the sound—"

"Stop! Hi! Stop!"

The cry arose right in front of them; and the flaring lamps, one of which Murphy was in the act to remove, fell full upon a gesticulating figure standing in the midst of the dark road. It was that of a very young man, attired in homely garments, and bearing the homeliest luggage of the wayfarer—a hedge stick across his shoulder, at the end of which depended a small bundle.

"Clear the way!" cried Kavanagh, stung to reckless fury by the imminence of the peril behind him, "or, by Heaven, I'll drive over you."

But the boy, throwing down his bundle, cast himself upon the bridle of the mare, and clung to it fast, though in her fierce career she carried him along with her, and never ceased his cry of "Stop, stop, stop!"

"I'll 'stop' you, young fellow," muttered Murphy, between his teeth, as he clambered back over the dog-cart for a pistol.

"The tree—the fallen tree!" screamed the boy. "Keep to the right, or you are both dead men."

At that piercing cry Kavanagh mechanically pulled his right rein, and the vehicle sprang into the air, once, twice, thrice, and then came to a full stop. To leap out was with the two men the work of an instant.

"Hold the mare, boy. Help me here, Dick, to pull the tree right across—so. I don't hear the horses now—how's that?"

"We must have passed the turnin', and they are stoppin' there in doubt of which road to take."

"Just so. Boy, you have done us a good turn," said Kavanagh, kindly. "Another foot to the left, and we should have gone to the devil; whereas, as it is, we have but got a shaking over the branches. What can we do for *you?*"

"If you'd give me a lift, Sir, toward town, I'd be very grateful," said the lad. He was a wholesome, blue-eyed young fellow, with a comely face, flushed with his late exertions, and a bright, eager air.

"You shall have it, lad. Go fetch your bundle."

"Nay, Masther Frank," remonstrated Murphy, as the young fellow obeyed, "that is surely most imprudent; and there—see—he has noticed how the tree lies."

The boy, whose attention had been hitherto absorbed in holding the mare, was now, indeed, observing with surprise that that which had been before an obstacle difficult to avoid was now become an effectual barricade. "Begging your pardon, Sir," said he, ingenuously, "I fear you have made things worse for the next comers instead of better."

"What the blazes is that to you, Sir?" cried Murphy, angrily.

"Hush, hush! The lad is an honest lad," said Kavanagh, "and wants to do right to every body. I was like that myself at one time, God help me! Look here, boy. If *you* were followed by persons who wished to punish you for what they deemed a crime, but of which your conscience held you innocent, would you not do your best to balk them?"

"Yes, indeed, Sir," exclaimed the boy, warmly. "Moreover, that is just what might be happening to myself now."

"What! Have you been transgressing the laws already? Why, this must be a countryman of our own, Dick!"

Dick muttered something which sounded like a compliment to his country at the expense of the new-comer.

"I have broken no laws, Sir," said the boy, steadily; "I have only run away from step-father."

"Very right, very proper," remarked Master Frank, approvingly. "Curiously enough, I also am running away from my step-mother, Mrs. England. By gad! they're coming, Dick!"

"Of course they are. That's what comes of wasting precious moments in chatterin' to every young vagabond one meets with upon the road, and all the time with them gig-lamps turned right round, as much as to say, 'This way; here we are. You've taken the wrong turnin', gentlemen.'"

"They will prove wreckers' lights, to lure them to destruction, Dick. Douse them; douse them."

In one instant all was dark; not a trace of trunk or branch could now be seen of the huge tree that lay before them like a rampart. On the still furious wind was borne once more the sound of galloping hoofs and clanging steel.

"It is the patrol from the Heath," murmured the lad, in awe-stricken tones; "I hear the clanging of their scabbards."

The wind was behind their pursuers: the hill sloped from them toward the tree; they were riding at headlong speed.

"Oh, Sir! they will be killed. As *you* would have—"

A heavy hand was laid on the lad's mouth, a grasp of iron upon his wrist. He could neither speak nor move, but only listen. Nearer and nearer came the beat of feet, the clang of steel; the very champing of the bits could be heard; then crash, crash came horse and man, with one terrible cry, that seemed to pierce the wintry sky!

CHAPTER II.

TAKING SERVICE.

THERE was silence for a minute, save for the roaring of the gale, then the boy felt himself lifted into the cart, and away sped the bay mare on her road again, as though she knew that Death and Ruin were at her heels.

"They're grueled, Masther Frank," was the first observation that was made in allusion to this catastrophe; "them patrols is too heavy for steeple-chasin'."

"I didn't cut down the tree. Their blood be on their own heads," muttered Kavanagh, gloomily. Then with eagerness, "Where's the boy? I hope he got no hurt?"

"He's here, Sir, safe enough. He wanted a lift, so I thought it just as well to give it to him for a mile or two, so as to keep him out of harm's way. If I hadn't gagged the young divil he'd 'a given warnin' to them fellows."

"Put him here in front."

"No, no, Masther Frank; you've got your hands full with the mare; and he wriggles like an eel."

"Put him *here*, I say!" repeated Kavanagh, imperiously.

The next instant the lad was swung on to the front seat, with as much ease as though he had been a carpet-bag. And yet he was a fine grown young fellow of seventeen or eighteen, with plenty of strength and vigor of his own, as had been already evidenced by his stopping the mare.

"What is your name, lad?" asked Kavanagh, kindly.

A stifled cough was the only reply.

"You're throttling the boy, Murphy. Did not I tell you to leave him to me?"

"I only put my finger in his neckhankecher to keep him stiddy," exclaimed Murphy, apologetically.

"Then take it out. He has done us a great benefit at the risk of his own life and limb, and I will not have him ill used. Do you hear me, Murphy?"

It was clear that Murphy had no good-will toward the boy, not to say that, on the whole, he would far rather have strangled him than not; yet his tone was that of absolute submission as he answered, "I hear you, Masther Frank, and it is done."

"My name is Robert Chesney," said the lad, articulating with some difficulty.

"Take a drop of the crater, Robert Chesney," observed Dick, at the same time handing him a whisky flask. "There's nothin' like it for a sore throat. Never mind av it does burn you a bit: can't you see the masther wants you to talk to him?"

He spoke with entire simplicity; it seemed to him that what Master Frank desired must needs be acceded to by every body, at no matter what personal inconvenience.

"If it does not hurt you, let me hear your story, boy," said Kavanagh. "How came you to be out on the high-road in such a mad night as this?"

"There are worse things than the winter winds, Sir," said the lad, bitterly, "such as cruelty, poverty, and hopelessness, and it was they that drove me out into it to-night. I am seventeen, and too old to be beaten any longer by a drunken step-father."

"Unless, by bearing that, you could help your mother," said Kavanagh. There was a tenderness in his voice which contrasted very strangely with the passion he had so lately exhibited, and with the vindictive coolness which had permitted the patrol to rush upon their doom.

"My mother died last year, Sir. There is nobody at home to care for me. Step-father is one of the keepers in the Queen's forest; he never liked me; but of late he has taken to cudgel me, and I could not stand that, even for mother's sake."

"I don't blame you for that, Robert. On the contrary, I should have cudgeled *him*."

"So I did, Sir," replied the other, naïvely.

"We had a rough-and-tumble out in the oak copse, and I got the worst of it. I knew it was not so bad as I should get if I waited till to-morrow morning; and so, when he went out to watch, I packed up the few things I could call my own, and ran away. I had scarce got into the road yonder, when the big tree fell, within a yard of me; and seeing your lamps, I ran on ahead to warn you. That's my story."

"All of it?" asked Kavanagh, casting a searching glance at his companion. The rage of the tempest had spent itself, and the stars had begun to peep through the thinning clouds.

"Yes, all of it; so far, at least" (and here, notwithstanding his bold speech, the young fellow blushed like a girl), "as it concerns you to know."

"'Tis best you keep a civil tongue in your head," exclaimed Murphy, scandalized at this audacity, "when the masther does you the honor to ask a question."

"The lad is quite right," said Master Frank, good-naturedly. "We don't boast of our sweethearts at seventeen, do we, Robert? So the wide world is before you, where to choose, and only one friend in it?"

"Nay, Sir; I have not one friend."

"You are wrong there, my lad; for no man ever did a good turn to Frank Kavanagh, let me tell you, without making a friend."

An ejaculation of horror burst from Murphy's lips. "There, now, we *must* kill him, Masther Frank, since you've told him who ye are. Did ever man hear of such madness!" and once more the lad felt his wrist compressed as in a vise. while an arm like a cable stole round his waist.

"Leave the boy, I say!" cried Kavanagh, furiously, and for the first time speaking with an Irish accent. "Thousand thunders! have I to speak three times? If you do him hurt, by Heaven, you shall answer to me for it!"

"But he'll tell, Masther Frank."

"*Let* him tell. It would be only *un*doing what he has done for us, if he did. Yes, boy, I *am* Frank Kavanagh—a name that you will soon hear identified with that of a murderer. Do I *look* like that? I don't deny I did the deed; but yet, I am no murderer. Will you believe them, or me?"

The young fellow looked up in his companion's handsome face, and answered, ingenuously, "I shall believe *you*, Mr. Kavanagh; still, I don't think you did right to leave the tree in the road."

"It was a question of those men's lives or mine, Robert Chesney. A hunted man can not afford to be squeamish. Now, look you, I like your face, and would gladly do you a good turn, in guerdon for that you have done to me. What shall it be? You need not fear to ask, boy."

"I was thinking, could you take me into your service, Sir?" answered the lad, hesitatingly.

"You would find it a very poor one, my good lad," said Kavanagh, sadly. "I am a desperate man in desperate case. In a few days, if I escape the vengeance of the law, I shall be leaving England for a distant land, and perhaps forever."

"So be it, Sir. Let me go with you. I have heard my step-father say that England is not the place for a moneyless lad."

"But what had you in your mind to do before we met?"

"I was bound for London, to try my fortune."

"Thinking the streets were paved with gold, like Whittington, I suppose! Have you got a cat in your bundle?"

"He'll have one in his bag—more's the pity," muttered Murphy, despondently; "and, mark my word, he'll let it out."

"Well, you can hardly be said to change your plan for a worse, since you have none at all, lad," continued Kavanagh. "What can you do with your hands or your head?"

"I can carpenter fairly, Sir; and was pretty good at school, in the way of accounts."

"Do you hear *that*, Dick?" said Kavanagh, merrily. "The lad knows accounts—a thing which you and I could never compass. Suppose we make him our treasurer and controller?"

This change in Kavanagh's mood from grave to gay, from passionate self-justification to almost levity, was by no means shared by his henchman. "You will do as you like, Masther Frank," said he, moodily. "I only trust the young man will be grateful and faithful."

"As for faithful, I say nothing of that," said Chesney, modestly, "though I will endeavor to prove myself so, if I am taken into your service, Sir; but grateful for your good intentions and your kindness, believe me, I already am."

"That's well said, lad," said Kavanagh, heartily. "And you have 'no objection to travel,' as the advertisements say?" In the midst of a light laugh he stopped, and added, gravely, "I am not offering you a place in the household of a man of fortune, nor is it a tour of pleasure that we are about to take. We shall have a hard life, and an up-hill fight of it; but if you are content to link your lot with that of an outcast, remember— Well, there's my hand upon it."

"Thank you, Sir, thank you," cried the boy, with grateful emotion. "I trust you will never have cause to repent the bargain."

"Amen! but I doubt it," muttered Murphy; then, in louder tones, "Ye'll surely make him take the oath, Masther Frank?"

"Not I," laughed Kavanagh. "Why, my poor Dick, do you suppose that the words which bind the boys of County Tipperary will have the same effect on a lad from the royal forest of Windsor? He would not even know their meaning. He has an honest face, and I will take his bare word. Come, you must shake hands with our new friend, as I have done, and then we three will meet the world together."

It was curious, and even comical, to mark the conflict of feeling in Mr. Richard Murphy's face as he received this order. Obedience to Kavanagh was a paramount obligation with him, but he could not conceal the intense disfavor with which he regarded this command.

"It's downright mad you are, Masther Frank. Here's my hand, if you must have it so, but—"

"Give it to him, man, not to me," cried the other, more merrily than ever. "You're as bad to drive as a pig to market. Hold it tight, Dick, and now say these words after me;" and he spoke a long sentence in what Chesney rightly judged to be his native Irish. Slowly and reluctantly, with a face such as a child wears who is taking physic, with no jam to follow, Murphy repeated this Abracadabra.

"Now, Dick is your friend as well as mine, lad," said Kavanagh, assuringly.

Murphy muttered something in his own tongue which sounded like a menace.

"Don't be rude, Dick; you should never speak the classical languages before those who have not enjoyed the opportunities of making them their own. What he said, my lad, was, as it is only fair to tell you, that he reserved to himself the right of putting you to death, in case you should not keep silence as respects what has happened to-night. Now all is settled satisfactorily; and see, there are the lights of London; our journey is coming to an end."

Robert Chesney looked with eagerness in the direction thus indicated, and

"Along the dusky highway, near and nearer drawn,
Saw in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;
And his spirit leaped within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looked at, in among the throngs of men."

If he had not met with his present fellow-traveler his excitement would probably have been far greater; for now (although he knew them not) his future plans were to be laid out for him by another; he was not about to plunge alone into that unknown and fathomless human sea. His crude purpose had been to plod through street after street until he should see a carpenter's shop, and there to stop and ask for employment—a dream which was not destined to become reality. Neither foot-sore nor friendless, but seated at his ease, and without any immediate cares, he was at liberty to look about him in the great city.

The dawn was breaking as they entered it, and already the streams of traffic were setting in toward the markets. With the country produce carried in the carts and wagons he was familiar enough, but that only made the amount of it more striking; what was all that he had ever seen in Windsor Street upon a market-day to be compared with it? Then what a noise and tumult arose as the day wore on! How different from the stillness of the forest glades to which he had been accustomed, where the scamper of a rabbit through the fern would startle the ear. The streets at first were shuttered, and the gas feebly strove in them against the daylight; then shops began to open, and the thoroughfares to fill; and then again they entered a region where sleep reigned once more. Here the houses were far larger and handsomer; there were statues, too, and gardens; and many a question rose to Chesney's lips, which, however, did not pass them. His companion's face had become pale and moody; the excitement of the night was probably wearing off, and its consequences making themselves clear to him; at all events, he was disinclined for converse. With scarce the interchange of a word the three passed through the suburbs, the West End, and part of the City. At last Kavanagh pulled up the mare in an unfrequented street.

"She has done a good night's work," said he; then added to himself, with a groan, "I wish to Heaven I could say as much for her driver. See that they treat her well at the inn, Dick; you will not have much longer to perform that service, since there will be no room for her on shipboard, even if we are so lucky as to get there. Here; take the reins."

"But where are you goin' to, Masther Frank?" asked Dick, aghast.

"To the old place in Herne Street. It will be much better for both of us that we should not be seen together for the present. Take the boy with you to Mulvaney's, and let him want for nothing; and stay there till you hear from me. —Chesney, if, in a moment of rash impulse, I have done wrong in coupling your fate with my own desperate fortunes, there is still time for you to cry off the bargain. You hold to it? Good! Then I conclude you will need no warning, but be in readiness to start with us at a moment's notice—it may be to-morrow night, though Heaven alone knows whither. In the mean time, here are the means to make merry with."

The next instant the speaker had pressed two pieces of money into the lad's hand, and was retracing with rapid strides the way that he had come. At the end of the street was a warehouse, with a crane projecting from its third floor, from which depended a thick rope; under this he stopped, looked up at it significantly, and placed his hands around his neck, then walked on at increased speed.

"Blessed St. Francis, did you see *that?*" inquired Murphy, in an awe-stricken whisper.

"I did," said Chesney; "but I don't think Mr. Kavanagh knew that he was doing it."

"Not know what he was doin'? D'ye mean to say that the young masther has got the faver in his brain again, that— But maybe he was only jokin'. He was always full of jokes, and fun, and thricks in the ould days—in the ould, ould days."

There was a tremor in Murphy's voice that instantly drew his companion's eyes upon him. "Don't laugh at me, lad," exclaimed he, fiercely, as he shook the bridle, and the gallant mare made shift to trot once more; "don't jeer me, lest I strike you dead." The tears were coursing down Dick's weather-beaten cheeks like rain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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MY LAST NIGHT IN THE OLD COUNTRY.

LONG before the huge hotel and Charing Cross terminus of the Southeastern Railway had risen so imposingly at the western end of the Strand an event happened on that site which, strange and terrible as it was, would have become a stirring episode at the Central Criminal Court had not the imperative and immediate departure from England of a most important witness delayed the solution of the mystery until the occurrence had all but passed out of men's minds, and the death of an obscure waif of humanity had removed all possibility of the retributive justice of the law. There are several reasons why a too minute description of the exact spot should not be given; but my purpose will be served if the nature and character of the locality be indicated.

I lodged in rooms which looked out upon the river in the front, and at the back upon a small sort of yard belonging to a public-house, called the Fife and Drum, situated in an adjoining alley. This hostelry was not frequented by a very reputable class, but by a mixture of the low water-side population, itinerant musicians, jugglers, Punch-and-Judy men, and mountebanks of every description. Brawls and rows sometimes went on there far into the night, and rendered the establishment by no means a pleasant neighbor. But it suited me to live where I did, and as it was not to be for long, I bore the occasional inconvenience rather than undergo the trouble of moving. Moreover, the situation was pleasant, and at times very quiet; for there was no thoroughfare for vehicles, of course, as the street, at the river end of which stood the house in which I lodged, terminated by an iron railing. The hay and coal barges, during high tides, were raised sometimes within a few feet of the pavement here, when the small mud-larks of urchins about the place would establish a highway through the bars, backward and forward between street and boats. There was a short-cut to my door from the adjoining street by the alley where the public-house was, and in making it I often had an opportunity of studying the manners and customs in private life of the bespangled and flesh-tighted tumblers, who, in those days more frequently than now, I believe, were to be seen in the London streets mounting on each other's shoulders, or clambering up a pole supported by one of their fellows. Not a very profitable study perhaps this, but it was one that fascinated me, and set me thinking; and I could not fail at last to become acquainted, by sight, with many of the leading stars of this nomadic profession, who all, in turn, seemed for a time to be my neighbors.

The public performances, too, of these artistes, and, indeed, all street entertainments, had ever been a source of attraction to me. My boyish tastes had lingered on into manhood, and I therefore submitted to my proximity to the home of these gentry with rather a better grace, perhaps, than most people would have done. As the days lengthened, and windows were kept more constantly open, scraps of their conversation would reach me when in my bedroom, which, being at the back, as I have said, looked out upon the rear of the Fife and Drum. The talk was never very edifying, perhaps, to ears polite, but it was always amusing to me, and gave me an insight into the character of a curious although a rather worthless set of people. By the time, however, that midsummer had arrived my stay in England was drawing to a close. In a week more I should be on my way to the Antipodes, and my mind began now to be far too full of the future to give much heed to the petty squabbles of the poor miserable street tumblers. Nearly all my connections and friends had emigrated and done well, so that, at the time I was leaving, scarcely any one in London knew me except my landlady, and when I too should have departed, her notion of my whereabouts would have been of the vaguest. Australia was my future address, and as I expected no letters which would require forwarding, I gave her no nearer clew to my future home.

The last night in the old country has arrived. All my preparations are complete. I have to leave very early in the morning to catch a train for Liverpool. Good-by has been said, bills have been paid, and with a small hand-bag, the only portion of my *impedimenta* not sent forward, I am to quit the house before any one is astir. It is intensely hot. The days are at their longest, and dawn is almost breaking ere I rise from the open window of my sitting-room, where I have been gazing out upon the silvery river, wondering what fortunes will betide before I again look upon the huge city.

I have been speculating, now that it has come to the last hours, upon the policy of the step that I am taking. Animated by conflicting emotions, hoping yet doubting, full of sanguine anticipations mingled with painful regrets, I have worked myself into any thing but a sleepful state. Pipe after pipe has been smoked, and the approaching daylight alone has recalled me to a sense of the necessity of going to bed at all. I do so at last, however; but as my noisy neighbors, for a wonder, are perfectly quiet, and as the heat is overwhelming, I leave the window looking out upon the little yard wide open, despite its proximity to the foot of my bed. I hear St. Paul's and the myriad other clocks one after another, and some all together, strike three, and it is broad daylight ere I drop off to sleep. I begin to dream, immediately awake with a start, close my eyes, drop off, dream again—this time a very bad dream. I fancy I am at sea; I climb high into the rigging of the ship, crawl out to the end of one of the yards, try to stand up, lose my footing, and fall quite gently and pleasantly, and, as it seems, into the sea. I begin to swim, but can make no progress; my arms and legs move with difficulty. I catch hold of a rope which has been thrown to me; another instant, and I shall be safe!—when, ugh! horrible sensation! The cold nose of a shark touches my foot, and in a paroxysm of anguish I wake myself with the effort to draw my leg up out of the way.

Yes, I awake. At first with a sense of relief that it is only a dream, but a strange sort of cold shiver passes through me. The next moment a renewed and unaccountable anxiety is upon me again. Am I ill? I sit upright, trying to collect my scared wits, believing almost that I am still dreaming, when a large, dark, ominous-looking mark upon the white counterpane at the foot of the bed, which was not there before, catches my eye. I spring out to examine it, and to my horror find that it is the imprint, in blood and dirt, of a human hand.

A closer observation verifies this fact, and on the window-sill I see even a more glaring token of the same kind. Shuddering, I throw the sash wider open and look out. The drain-pipe which runs from the roof down the side of the house, close to my window, bears, as high up as where I stand, scratches and stains, showing to my now preternaturally sharpened senses, that some one has recently gained an entrance by that way to my room. I gaze around it. The bright morning sun is now streaming straight in, and, as I instinctively stoop to look under the bed, I see evidence of foot-prints as far as the door leading on to the staircase. I try to open it, but it is locked on the outside. Bewildered, but not losing my presence of mind, I go through by the folding-doors into my sitting-room overlooking the river. The tide is high, and as I crane forward out of the window to catch a glimpse of the end of the street, a man is in the act of dropping from the iron railings there on to one of the barges. I can not see his face, for in another second he is running and jumping with the agility of a cat from one boat to another, and is suddenly lost to my view behind a huge load of hay. My first impulse is to shout, but I am quickly checked by the striking of the clocks, and as I count five, remember that I should be in another ten minutes on my way to the railway station.

The truth flashes across me that if I give an alarm I shall be detained, lose my train and ship, and all the prospects upon which I have built so many earnest hopes will be lost to me forever. I dare not hesitate. Whatever dark mystery I have thus unwittingly come upon must be cleared up by others, not by me!

Dressing in the direst haste, I pass out on to the landing by my front-room door, which is not locked.

"Who's that?" cries the well-known voice of my landlady from above.

"Only I. Good-by, Mrs. Hart, once more."

"Dear me! I thought I heard you go a quarter of an hour ago; somebody went down stairs!"

"It was not I; but I am late as it is. Good-by again and again!"

I can not even give her a hint of what has happened, for doing so will cause fatal delay to me. I must risk all consequences to save my train, so I pass down the stairs and out by the street-door, which I see has been left ajar. Not a soul is stirring; I take a farewell look at the old quarters, and rush away through the bright but silent streets to Euston Square, carrying with me unavoidably a load of dreadful and hideous suspicions, which years and years do not efface.

* * * * * *

Prosperity in the New World followed my every act, and by the time the sequel to "my last night in the old country" was worked out, I was living in very different quarters from those by the river-side at Hungerford Market. Again, I need not particularize too minutely the locality. To intimate that I was well established in Melbourne as a merchant, and that I walked to and fro between my suburban villa and my office daily, is sufficient. The old inclination to stop and watch all shows and street performances was as strong as ever, and, laudably or not, I never failed, as the profession expressed it, to "encourage talent;" but, at that time, there were but few of the "tumbling" fraternity to be seen in our thoroughfares. They are the result of an overgrown population, and do not flourish much in the open air in a country where men of thews and sinews are often almost worth their weight in gold. The theatres and circus monopolized such acrobatic and dramatic genius as the soil produced; but occasionally the mild performances of dancing on stilts, or the exhibiting an accomplished monkey, might be met with.

When, therefore, one afternoon as I was returning home I saw a large crowd assembled, and a huge pole rising from its midst, it is not to be supposed I passed by on the other side. A good deal of shouting and drum-beating was going on, and as I came up I discovered that the pole was balanced and supported in the socket of a leathern belt, passed round the loins of a sturdy acrobat. Another of the tribe, slighter in figure, was preparing to ascend this sort of mast, and did so, even as I watched. It was the old trick which I had witnessed many a time before in England; but I do not remember that it was then dignified, as it has since been, by the high-sounding name of "la perche." When the mountebank had reached the top of the pole, he exhibited several feats of daring and strength, such as we are all familiar with; but at last he assumed, when at the utmost height, the attitude of a man swimming, supporting himself with one arm and hand, while his stomach rested on the top of the pole, so that, in fact, man and pole together formed the letter T. Then he began to strike out with his legs and disengaged arm, whilst the balancer of the pole beneath walked round and round in a small circle. It was not badly done; the balance and position were steadily maintained for several minutes. The drums and Pandean pipes were played with an air of noisy triumph, and a murmur of applause arose from the crowd, as they stood gaping at the perilous performance with upturned faces.

Presently the acrobat was just above where I was standing. I had at that moment removed my hat the easier to watch him. He appeared to observe my action, and our eyes met. Then, suddenly, he gave a sort of jerk, seemed to lose his balance, tried to recover himself, failed, and in a second fell straight down upon the ground head-foremost, the pole at the same time also escaping from the grip of the holder!

A terrific shout and a scene of wild excitement followed. The pole had in its descent felled several of the spectators like oxen, and they and the unhappy tumbler, who was apparently dead, were eventually carried off to the hospital.

Two days later I was seated by the side of one of the small beds in the accident ward. On it lay the crushed and maimed but yet living acrobat. I had called the next morning to inquire after the sufferers, and had been told that this man was hopelessly injured in the spine, but that he might live for some weeks, though he could never move his legs again. His intellect, it was thought, had also sustained a shock; for when he recovered his speech he appeared to wander, and had talked about having been frightened; frightened by a ghost that he had seen in the crowd, which had taken its hat off to him, and had threatened him with its eyes. My action immediately recurred to me. I explained to the surgeon that *I* had taken my hat off the moment before the poor fellow fell, and I asked to be allowed to speak with him; for a strange, anomalous feeling took possession of me. I felt at once compassion for and a curious repugnance toward him. I was both irresistibly attracted to and repelled from that bedside.

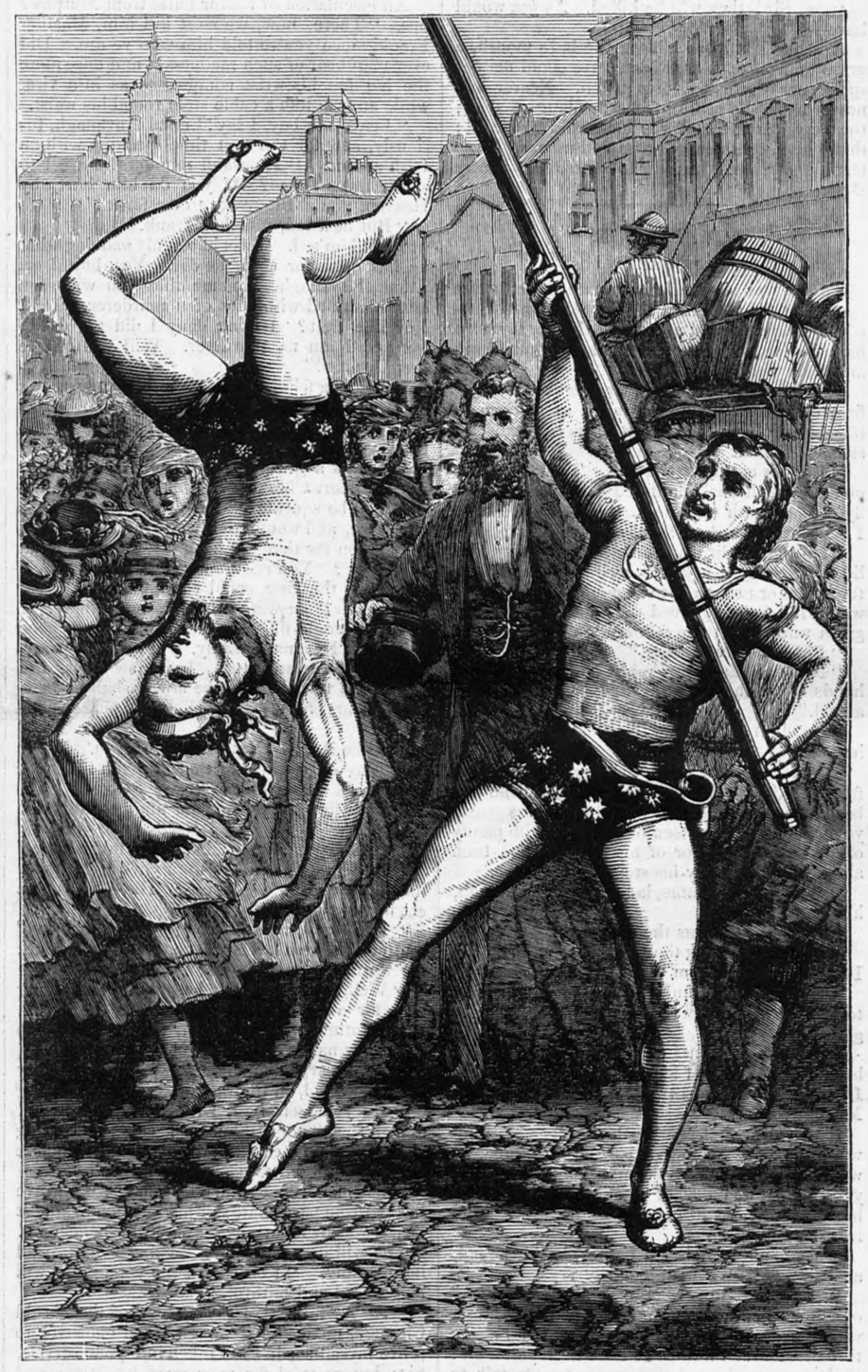
"I fear from what they tell me," I began, "that I was in some way the cause of your losing your balance; that by taking my hat off I drew your attention from—"

"No, no!" hastily interrupted the sufferer, turning his haggard pale face and wild eyes upon me. "No, it wasn't *that*. Many people take their hats off, but they haven't all got faces like yours! They haven't all been sent straight across here from England; they don't all bring back times as I'd wish to forget! They don't all seem to say to me as yours did, 'I know what you've done! I saw you just after you did it! I'll have you hanged for it!' They don't all say this to me;" and he looked anxiously round to see whether the nurse and surgeon were within hearing. Finding that they were not, and that indeed we were quite by ourselves, and closely shut in by a screen in a corner of the ward, he resumed, in a whisper:

"I heard 'em say as I couldn't live long, and if so be that's true, I'd like to tell you what has lain heavy on my mind these six years past. If you be him as I suspect you are, you must have been sent on purpose to make me say what I believe no other man could ever have made me say. Your face made me miss my tip, and now I seems to feel as if it was a kind o' justice brought upon me; and if I am to die, you can't do me more harm than you have, and my mind will be the easier."

He stretched out his thin but muscular hand and laid it on my arm, which was now trembling with a renewal of the old, horrible, long-haunting suspicion.

"This is not the first time as I've had my hand on you," continued the man; "and it's well for you you didn't move then as much as you are doin' now, or there might have been two to answer for instead of one! Put your ear down close, quite close. I climbed into your bedroom just after I'd done it—just after I'd paid off old scores with Tom Smart; just after I'd murdered him down there in the tap-room of the Fife and Drum, there by Hungerford Market. I and he were sleeping there; he'd got more than a month's swag lying under his head, for he was a regular miser, and he had never so much as given me a tenth part of our earnings for weeks. I grew savage as I saw it there right within my reach, and he seemingly so dead asleep; but I never meant to murder him! No, I never did; only when he caught hold of me just as I'd got it, and saw what my game was, he'd have strangled me like a dog if I hadn't caught up a knife that was lying on the table, and driven it straight into his throat. He dropped like a stone, and the blood spurted all over my hands! Then, when I saw what I'd done, I knew I must get off somehow. So I crept out into the yard, and I was like a rat in a pit; but I saw a window open just above, and I swarmed up the drain-pipe, feeling sure I could get out there somehow. As I was a stepping into the room I stumbled, and, trying to save myself, put my hand right on your foot before I knew it. Then, for the first time, I saw there was some one in the bed. The sun shone straight on your face, or else I shouldn't have remembered it so well; and I thought you was a-going to wake, for you drew your legs up quite quick, but you never opened your eyes; and maybe it's well for you you didn't; so I got away, and locked your door to make all safe. I crept down stairs, and out into the street, and nipped over on to



"HE FELL STRAIGHT DOWN UPON THE GROUND HEAD-FOREMOST."

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the barges, and was never taken! No, nor so much as ever suspected! I found my way to the docks, managed to get aboard a ship that was dropping down the river that day, bound for this country, and hid myself (a stow-away they called me) till we got to sea. They threatened to throw me overboard, but I showed them I was strong and active; they let me help them, and we was all good friends at parting. Hereabouts I've been ever since, in the old line, but I've had a hard time of it in my mind, and have been well-nigh mad more than once, it preyed so on me. I've been going to give myself up over and over again, for I could not bear my thoughts; and I see poor old Tom night after night sometimes, just as I left him. Then all of a sudden comes your face, for I knew it again, ah! just at once! I turned reg'lar giddy, I lost my hold, and remember nothing more till I found myself in this bed."

Here, then, was that horrible imprint on the foot of my bed accounted for. The cold nose of the shark and the whole surroundings of that terrible dream had been suggested to my sleeping brain by the single and instantaneous touch of the murderer's hand on my foot. The incidents, which appeared to cover a considerable time, had been engendered in and flashed through my mind with that lightning-like rapidity which constitutes the greatest wonder of dream-land. It was well, indeed, for me that I did not immediately awake, as I supposed I had done, or, with such a desperate character as this man then was standing over me, that night might not only have been "my last in the old country," but my last on earth. The miserable but repentant criminal died suddenly the day after he had made his confession to me. I told the authorities all about it, and they duly communicated with those of Scotland Yard. The mysterious murder naturally had created much excitement in the neighborhood at the time of my departure, but the obscurity of the wretched victim, and the absence of any clew to the perpetrator of the deed, beyond the marks on the drain-pipe and in my room, showing the manner of his escape, together with the impossibility of finding me, allowed it to merge into that oblivion which has encompassed so many other crimes of the same kind.

My presence, however, on the scene of the acrobat's final performance had acted as a Nemesis, and had avenged the murder perhaps more terribly than if it had been dealt with by the hands of the law.

THE YOUNG RAVENS AT THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER.

THE YOUNG RAVENS AT THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER.

THIS interesting scene was repeated again and again on Christmas in the many charitable institutions of the land which make it a point to celebrate each holiday by gathering in the hungry young ravens that flutter, houseless and homeless, about the purlieus of the great cities, and giving them a bountiful meal. It is a happy sign of the times that this kind of practical philanthropy is daily becoming more common. Associations for befriending these poor waifs of humanity, by withdrawing them from vicious surroundings and training them for an honest life, are fast springing up, to supplement the schools which supply food for the mind but not the body. And, recognizing that famished

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children can not study, numerous ragged schools wisely provide a daily meal of plain, substantial food, which keeps many a child from beggary or theft. A table surrounded by these hungry children, enjoying their frugal fare with the keen appetite of childhood, is a sight that may well gladden the heart of a philanthropist, and stimulate him to further exertions in their behalf.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. N. C.—At a dinner-party the lady who is the greatest stranger should be taken down by the host, and the gentleman who is the greatest stranger should conduct the hostess. The host precedes the guests to the dining-room, and the hostess brings up the rear. The host and hostess sit opposite at each end of the table, and the daughters and sons are mingled among the guests. It is difficult to lay down rules about paying your way in cars and to places of entertainment when you are a guest, beyond the general ones of never incurring a pecuniary obligation when you can help it, and always tendering your part of the expense when you can do so without marked discourtesy.

MRS. J. M. M.—Dark blue English water-proof is most in favor at present. You will find all about such cloaks in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. V. A cut paper pattern will be furnished you from this office for 25 cents. For a girl's water-proof cloak send for cut paper pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. IV.

G. G.—We do not care to commend one cook-book above another.

K. F. D.—Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. V., for hints about coiffures.

MRS. R. C. W.—The double-breasted redingote pattern is an excellent design for a water-proof dress, or for a suit of any cloth.

MRS. H. V. D.—Boys wear drawers that are not visible with the kilt skirts.

SPARKLING RUBIES.—Your black sample is faille of very fair quality. Make it by the Louis Quinze Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V. The chêné silk sample will make you a gay Dolly Varden for small parties. A suit of gray-green cashmere, made by the Double-breasted Redingote Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V., would be very stylish.

LEE.—We can not send you the pattern mentioned.

H. G.—Professor Morse invented the electric telegraph.

MARY J. L.—Crochet is pronounced as if spelled croshay, with the accent on the last syllable.—Supplements are not sold separately, but cost, with the *Bazar* to which they belong, 10 cents. They are given usually once in a fortnight.

MRS. A. M.—A vest-polonaise of gray and black would be very becoming to you.

X. Y. Z.—Your flounces must entirely conceal the green stripes in the silk.

A FRIEND.—Make your girl's blue poplin by pattern of Girl's Princesse Polonaise Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. V. For your black dress use Louis Quinze Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V.

ETTA.—The tight sleeves are very close fitting, yet large enough at the wrist to thrust the hand through. In Paris they are made in the way you suggest, and a linen cuff is worn on the outside of the sleeve.

E. W.—Cut a velvet cloak by the Dolman pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 41, Vol. V.

J. F. K.—Trim your gray serge with wide black Hercules braid and a box-pleated flounce of the material.

STEPHANIE.—The Double-breasted Redingote Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V., is the simple stylish model you need for your navy blue satine.

MRS. G. V. T.—*Bazar* No. 24, Vol. I., will tell you how to do *point Russe* embroidery.

L. E. W.—For your pretty blue armure you should use the Double-breasted Redingote Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V. A double-breasted jacket would be suitable for an extra wrap. See pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 43, Vol. V.

MRS. J. C. G.—We do not make purchases for our readers.

ROMAN GOLD.

IT was somewhere about the year 1845 or 1846, we believe, that the accomplished, brilliant, and now venerable Duke of Sermoneta, the head of the Roman nobility, and an artist by nature, directed the attention of a protégé of his, the jeweler Castellani, to the process of deepening the color and softening the metallic lustre of gold, which has since made the tour of the world. The special merit of the "Roman gold," as it is now called, though it was originally called "Etruscan," and, more correctly, consists in this: that by lowering the lustre and heightening the tone of the metal, the artist who works in it is enabled to make the setting of his jewels, his paintings, his Cameos, enhance and not detract from any brilliancy of color or of light which the jewels, the paintings, or the Cameos may possess. Illustrations of this in abundance may be seen at the establishment of Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, 22 John St. (up stairs). But not of this only. The "Roman gold" has an intrinsic beauty of its own, which, when skillfully and tastefully turned to advantage, enables the jeweler to supply his customers with ornaments at once unique, striking, "distinguished," as the French say, and comparatively inexpensive. It gives, in short, to gold thus treated, all the value of a pigment; and no gem could have a more positive warmth and glow of its own than have the bracelets, the antique ear-rings, the Etruscan rings and brooches which are manufactured now out of this noble and beautiful composition.—[*Com.*]

THE NEW WILSON UNDER-FEED SEWING-MACHINE is a perfect lock-stitch machine making a seam alike on both sides, and is adapted to every grade and variety of famiy sewing. It does to perfection embroidery, hemming, cording, braiding, fine and coarse sewing of all kinds, with less machinery and complications than any other machine in use, and is sold at two-thirds the price of all other first-class machines. Be sure to call and see it. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The Company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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Railway Rugs,
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ELEGANT for PRESENTS.

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3 " Linen "	@	2 75	8 25
3 Plain Cotton Skirts	@	2 25	6 75
3 Tucked " "	@	3 00	9 00
3 Muslin Night Dresses	@	3 50	10 50
3 Tucked Cambric Night Dresses	@	5 00	15 00
3 Embr'd " " "	@	7 00	21 00
1 Flannel Skirt			5 00
1 " " Embroidered			8 25
2 Corset Covers	@	3 25	6 50
2 Dressing Sacques	@	3 50	7 00
1 Robe de Chambre			14 50
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1133—DOLMA CLOAK. Needs no lengthy description to win universal favor. For comfort, neatness, and elegance combined, its equal is not to be found among the novelties of this winter's productions. Takes two and a half yards double-fold ladies' cloth. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.

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We give a CLOTH MODEL with each pattern, which SHOWS every seam, pleat, gather, loop, &c., how to put the garment together by the pattern, and how it will look when completed. By the use of our Cloth Models any person who can sew can FINISH the most difficult garment as easily as the plainest. They are PERFECT GUIDES.

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Any of our patterns will be sent upon application to our agents, postpaid, in the U. S. and Canada, on receipt of the catalogue price and number; or will be forwarded by us if desired. The catalogue will be forwarded to any address upon receipt of a three-cent stamp. All communications should be addressed to GROSSFELD & CO., 551 Pearl St., New York City.

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The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. IV.

LADY'S GORED WRAPPER ..... No. 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK ..... " 11
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old) ..... " 23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old) ..... " 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old) ..... " 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old) .... " 29
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old) ..... " 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt) .. " 35
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER ..... " 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old) ..... " 44
GENTLEMAN'S SHORT DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP ..... " 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt ..... " 48
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt ..... " 49
WATTEAU MANTLE, with 3-Pleat Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt .. " 50

Vol. V.

DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old) .... " 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER ..... " 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers) ..... " 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt ..... " 8
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Watteau Postilion, and Walking Skirt ..... " 13
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt ..... " 20
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old) ..... " 21
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER .. " 23
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt ..... " 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old) ..... " 25
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt ..... " 27
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT ..... " 29
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown) ..... " 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old) " 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, Shirt Waist, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 5 to 10 years old) ..... " 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt ..... " 39
PRINCESSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT .. " 41
DOLMAN SACQUE WALKING SUIT ..... " 41
DOUBLE TALMA, APRON-FRONT AND LONG WALKING SKIRT ..... " 41
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT .... " 43
GIRL'S PRINCESSE POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 5 to 15 years old) ..... " 44
LOUIS QUINZE VEST BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt ..... " 46
DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT ..... " 46
VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT ..... " 48
FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt ..... " 50
DOLMAN MANTLE WALKING SUIT ..... " 51

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

FRANKLIN SQUARE,
NEW YORK, *January* 11, 1873.

Harper & Brothers' List of New Books.

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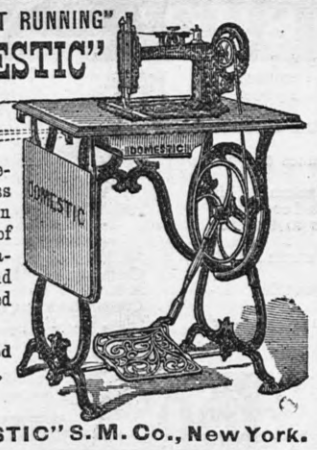

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FACETIÆ.

OUGHT you to reckon a dog's worth by what he will fetch, or by what he will bring?

ZODIACAL ZANYISMS.

Aries, the Ram, harbors need for defense.
Taurus, John Bull, will be put to expense.
Gemini, Twins, make their sires doubly blest.
Cancer, the Crab, is oft hard to digest.
Leo, the Lion, as Byron hath said,
Will turn tail and flee before Virgo, the Maid.
Libra, the Balance, at banks is the thing.
Scorpio, the Scorpion, can both pinch and sting.
Capricornus, the Billy-Goat, Taffy knows well.
Sagittarius, the Archer, they called William Tell.
Aquarius, the Waterman, carries two pails.
Pisces, the Fishes, have true fins and scales,
My dears, but you always confound them with whales.

An expensive wife makes a pensive husband.

IMPOLITE THING.—To grumble at the high price of coals when you are dining with a colliery owner.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.—Note. A Creature of Impulse—Football.

A SCIENTIFIC WANT.—We have statics and hydrostatics, pneumatics and rheumatics; but none of these exactly represent the feelings of young ladies when they see a new bonnet or a new baby, or hear of another ball or a fresh party—this is ecstatics.

A female shop-lifter, who was detected in the act of secreting some valuable lace in a New York dry-goods store the other day, stated that she was unconscious of what she had done—that she had taken it in a fit of *abstraction*.

CONTINGENT ADVANTAGES.

EMILY. "What has made you take to those great Gloves, Gertrude? They make your Hands look Gigantic!"
GERTRUDE (*engaged*). "Oh, my dear, my Hand is disposed of; and when that's the case, one can give up Appearances, and go in for Comfort."

PECULIAR PEOPLE.

Mr. Brown begins to light his fire according to the almanac instead of the thermometer.
Mr. Jones dare not praise a picture until he knows who painted it.
Mr. Robinson once journeyed to Jerusalem, and can not meet you for five minutes without saying he has done so.
Mr. Fluker never plays a game of billiards with a friend without alleging that he has not touched a cue for upward of a twelvemonth.
Mr. Growler never misses any chance, when the other party is in power, of proclaiming his opinion of the decadence of the republic.
Mr. Tomkins can't enjoy a puppet-show because he won't restrain himself from looking at the wires.
Mrs. Fussie keeps an album, pets a pug dog, and collects old postage stamps.
Mr. Grabb is always ready to borrow a cigar of you, but never volunteers to lend you one.
Miss Simperton can't travel half a dozen miles without a lady's-maid and half a dozen bandboxes.
Mr. Hurry hires a cab to take him to an omnibus.
Mr. Moneybagge aspires to be a school trustee, although he calls intelligence "reliable," and peculiar "pecoolier."
Miss Dawdleton can crochet, knit, and tat, but except in great emergencies can not sew a button on.
Mr. Hunks prefers, he says, to travel second class, because the first class is so stuffy.
Mr. Duffer gives to beggars, and avoids a poor-box.

WHERE CAN WE FIND THEM?

Where is the eating-house waiter correct in his arithmetic?
Where is the after-dinner speech-maker who, having to propose the toast of the evening, does not regret that it has not been placed in abler hands?
Where is the railway conductor of sufficient self-control to shut a carriage door without giving a good bang to it?
Where is the tourist who can turn his thalers into francs and not lose a few centimes by it?
Where is the light-cart driver who ever dreams of slackening his pace when going round a corner where there is a crowded crossing?
Where is the man who keeps a diary and ever lives to find the slightest use in doing so?
Where is the young gentleman who can abstain for a whole month from sticking flowers in his button-hole?
Where is the young lady who, after going to a ball, is unable to describe in detail all the dresses that were worn there?
Where is the workman who, when he gets a rise in wages, ever dreams of saving money by it?
Where is the amateur who can open oysters quickly without leaving the shell sticking to them?

ODD THING.—To encore a song, and to be quite satisfied when another is sung in its stead.

COMIC CHRONOLOGY.

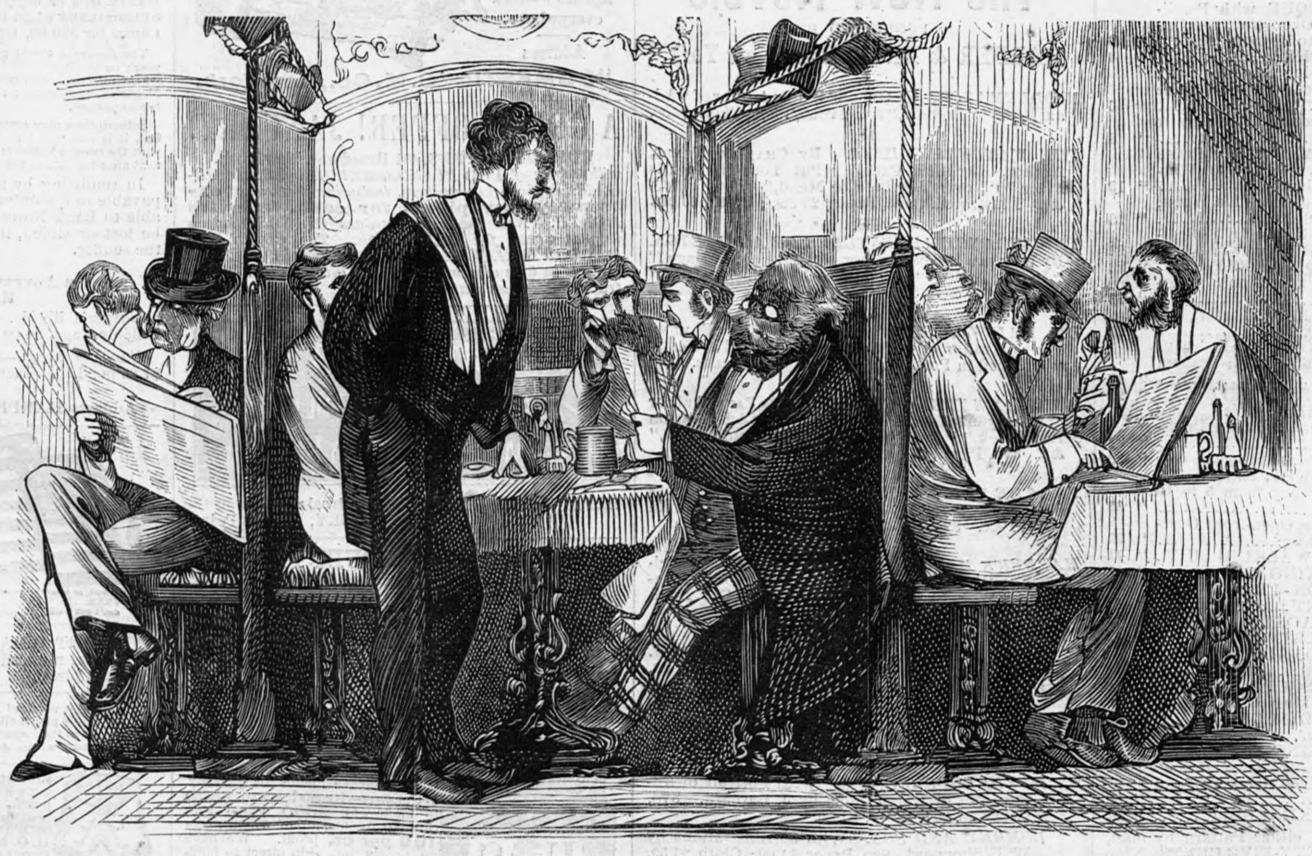
A.D. 1001.—Invention of the riddle, "When is a door not a door?"
A.D. 1220.—First asking of the question, "Where was Moses when the candle went out?"
A.D. 1349.—Discovery of the conundrum, "Why does a miller wear a white hat?"
A.D. 1508.—A tongue is cut at supper, and for the first time a joke is cut upon it.
A.D. 1659.—Introduction of the pleasant saying, "Who stole the donkey?"
A.D. 1703.—Jones helps Smith to trifle, and has the happiness of making the first pun ever made upon it.

WORK OF THE PAST YEAR.

Airing French.
Building castles in the air.
Chopping logic.
Cracking jokes.
Cleansing Augean stables.
Cutting and drying.
Fencing questions.
Hedging bets.
Imprinting kisses.
Knitting brows.
Nursing omnibuses.
Putting shoulders to wheels.
Scouring the country.
Skinning flints.
Sowing wild oats.
Reaping the consequences.
Splitting hairs.
Ventilating grievances.
Wading through books.
Wool-gathering.
Spinning yarns.
Cheese-paring.
Trimming.

NAVAL DISCIPLINE.

COMMANDER. "Confound you! where do you come from?"
A.B. "Fell Overboard, Sir."
COMMANDER. "Confound you! the next time you leave the Ship without Permission, I'll—I'll put you in Irons."



DRY AND CRUSTY.

OLD FUBSBY. "Waiter! Bring me half a pint of Sherry."
WAITER. "Sherry, Sir, yessir!" (*A pause.*) "Dry, Sir?"
OLD F. "Well, if I am, what's that to you?"

OFFENSES OF THE PAST YEAR.

Knocking people down with a feather.
Throwing dust in their eyes.
Blowing them up.
Stealing kisses.
"Taking silk."
Murdering tunes.
Robbing Peter to pay Paul.
Setting fire to the North River.
Roasting friends.
Cutting up authors.
Quarreling with bread-and-butter.

GARDENING NOTES.

A tidy sort of a tree is a spruce fir.
Grass that can't be expected to grow straight is evidently rye-grass.

DEVOTION TO SCIENCE.—Our friend Wylde Flowers is an enthusiastic naturalist. His wife has lately presented him with twin daughters. He has called them Flora and Fauna.

RUDE THING—To take out your watch during the sermon.

RUDER THING—To take yourself out during that discourse.

The man who is equal to himself is generally a match for others.

HOW TO ROLL IN WEALTH—Marry a rich carriage-maker's daughter.

UNSEASONABLE THING—To say "Good-morning" on a very foggy day.

A French writer says, "The seasons in London are equally divided—there are four months of winter, four of fog, and four of rain."

YOUNG AMERICA.—The Boston *Gazette* is responsible for the following slander. It says that the young ladies of that city can quote Goethe and Schiller fluently, but can not quote a single couplet of Pope, nor tell whether Washington Irving was an Englishman or an American.

ASTROLOGY AND MYTHOLOGY.—In the beginning of March, according to Zadkiel, "Saturn steals on." Does he, the old thief? But we thought the thief-god, or god of thieves, was Mercury.

Editing a newspaper is very much like raking a fire—every one thinks he can perform the operation better than the man who holds the poker.

MEDITATIONS UPON MATRIMONY.

(BY A MARRIED MAN.)

Life is beset with dangerous temptations. When you take your wife down Broadway always leave your purse at home.
In connubial arithmetic a husband must be reckoned as less than half a man when his better half is with him.
Pity the poor gentleman whose wife *will* have a latch-key!
Marriage would in many cases be a blissful state if it were not for cold mutton.
When you detect a wife's unusual affection for her husband, you may expect to see her before long in a new bonnet.
Pleasant are the races with bachelor acquaintances; but a trip to a jeweler's is a costly price to pay for it.
If your wife says, "Dear mamma is coming for a week or *so*," you may prepare your mind to receive her for a month or *two*.
Lovers sometimes rave about the sunshine that gilds a married life; but when they come to bask in it, they find it is mere moonshine.

A poet asks: "Where are the dead, the vanished dead, who trod the earth that now we tread?" If we were to make a random guess, we should say the most of them are buried—though this may not be the right answer.

When is an army like a tuck in a lady's skirt?—When it is hemmed in.

Mrs. Partington, reading of the strike of the wire-drawers, remarked, "Ah me! what new-fangled things won't they wear next!"

A WESTERN STYLE OF PUFFING.—Moore, in his *Lalla Rookh*, tells a charming story, commencing,

"One morn a peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate,"

and describes how, with drooping wings, she looked in longingly, but could not enter. We thought of her as we paid a visit to Thorpe's Hotel and Gardens. There was no St. Peter there to bar our entrance, as in the case of poor peri. We passed a pleasant time, as every body who goes there can not fail to do, and returned along the San Bruno Road, thinking that if Thorpe's Gardens had been started at the time of Adam and Eve, the Garden of Eden would have received a very small share of public patronage.

Bow-Wow.—A well-bred dog generally bows to strangers.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE PAST YEAR.

Beating about the bush.
Drawing the long bow.
Fishing in troubled waters.
Catching Tartars.
Hooking husbands.
Flying in the face of society.
Harping on one string.
House-hunting.
Killing two birds with one stone.
Outrunning the constable.
Ringing the changes.
Sailing close to the wind.
Shooting folly flying.
Tuft-hunting.
Walking over the course.
Going on a wild-goose chase.

STICKING TO THEM.—Beards are not so much worn as they were; but the oysters, always tenacious, have made no change.

If Adam is accountable for "consequential damages," he will have a rough time of it.

A LARGE FAMILY PARTY—All of us!

MEAN THING—To ask for discount when you buy the wedding-ring.

"Mamma, a brooklet means a little brook, doesn't it? and an eaglet a little eagle?"
"Yes, my darling."
"Then, ma, does an eyelet mean a little eye, and a hamlet a little ham?"

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THE PURSUIT OF POETRY.

IF people could shape their homes exactly as they wish, we imagine there would be few homes exactly as they are. Circumstances and not inclinations are the architects of these structures; and whereas our fancies would locate the pamphleteer who dilates on drawing-rooms and the splendors of sumptuous life in a palace, these stern architects have given him only a garret; and where we would think of no residence less ideal for a poet than a castle in the air, we find him in a substantial manor or brown-stone front—for poverty and poetry no longer go inseparably together, as the proper thing used to be in the dear old days of the *Dunciad*.

In England this opulence of the poet is very marked, and if not so strongly marked in America, yet the old poverty has been ameliorated here by a comfortable affluence that must be gratifying to the Muses, if they can still be gratified by sublunary things; and since Jupiter himself confessed a kindness for those heroes who gave him the rich sacrificial smoke of roasting beeves, we imagine the Muses can hardly hold their heads any higher than the great father of all the gods, or refuse to be gratified in their turn.

Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet, according to Milton, has been relegated at last to baser companions, it being no longer found necessary to starve the stomach in order to feed the brain, and the best odes and lyrics of the fancy being but the sublimation of the best steaks and cutlets of the dinner-table. In England almost any poet, who signifies his willingness, receives either a pension or some sinecure or other situation under government. Nor in America are there many poets that are not comfortably housed and fed. Walt Whitman, William O'Connor, John James Piatt, and a host more are in the departments at Washington or in the custom-house service elsewhere. Others, like James Russel Lowell and Dr. Holmes and Professor Cutler, are or have been in the service of the universities; and a few, such as George H. Boker and Henry W. Longfellow, are independently rich.

The fact is that healthy poetry is a healthy product, and the low, thin blood of starvation does not secrete it. Once in a century concurrent circumstances bring into existence some individual the breath of whose being is from the everlasting sources of poetic life—in whom the poetic strength is like a flame that feeds upon itself, and springs up mighty and irresistible. But that is phenomenal; and the average poetry needs a good substratum of golden honey, red beef, juicy fruits, rich wines, and vivifying stimulants in general, and it is a pleasant thing to know that for the most part this choice substratum does not altogether fail.

Good poetry always commands good pay. Browning and Tennyson, of course, receive what might be called fancy prices—there being no absolute register of the value of such wares; but fair rate is usually dealt to the rest, so far as the gold in the scale can weigh down the aerial and intangible conceits of the poet.

Let us take, for instance, the homes of any two professed poets, one on either side the water, which may illustrate the subject. We might, on this side, take Mr. Lowell's home, where his father lived before him; but he being absent from it in Europe, and another poet, Mr. Aldrich, inhabiting it, it is hardly a fit illustration; nor is the charming home of James T. Fields, with its city windows commanding miles of the open bay and the distant hills, since his poems having been printed but not published, to instance him would be an intrusion; nor do we think that those prosperous poets who have two homes, one in town and another in the country, are quite to our purpose in citing the average circumstances of the poet. Let us take the home that is permanent and unchanged the year round—John G. Whittier's, for example. Mr. Whittier lives in a little Massachusetts town, where he is venerated as if he were an apostle still living among the people. His simple dwelling stands a little back from the highway, with some pretty shrubbery and grass-plots between the door and the steps to the street, and some tall trees round about it. Behind the house lie smooth meadows, rich in variety of tints from green to russet; before it rises the great turfy swell of Poe Hill, whence lovely quiet scenery is to be seen in every direction: the Powow River, and the Merrimac threading its salt marshes, or winding far up in sapphire stretches between the hills, the yellow reach of Salisbury Sands, the black rocks of Hampton River mouth, the rusty Ipswich hills, green woods, and everlasting sea—scenes fit to kindle a poet's fancy, and with which the poet of whom we speak has imperishably inwoven his name in the ballads and legends connected with them which he has sung. Inside the poet's house the quaint rooms open one within another. The carpets and furniture in them are so simple and so pleasing to the eye that you forget to note any thing out of all the general harmony. In the inner room is the poet's own sanctum; there are sunny windows on either side—one commanding the fields, the other the great hillside; there is an open fire, there are comfortable chairs and lounges, there are book-shelves fixed in the wall, a writing-desk, and several choice paintings—one water-color of a scene on the Isles of Shoals, where the sea lifts itself between some great rocks; another of the strange rude streets of Marblehead, as picturesque as Naples, and where one of the poet's best poems is located; another a bunch of faded ferns in the sunlight, painted in oils. Here the poet sits, and here he spins from his tender fancies the songs which are sweet as any thing, if not sweeter than any thing, in the whole of American literature. Without the least hint of splendor, there is a delightful comfort every where visible—a sense of pastoral quiet and gentle tastes. The wild war notes with which he used to urge on the fray in the old days of anti-slavery might, indeed, have been sounded in a sterner place, but the peaceful and perfect pictures of such work as is *Snowbound* needed this place of repose to be recalled and dreamed over and made what they are, real cameos of New England life.

Take then the home of some English poet: Tennyson's, if impertinent curiosity had not driven him from his retreat in the Isle of Wight to one in the heart of the city, though we believe he is building now somewhere on the banks of the Thames; or the home where Christina Rossetti lives with her brother William and her sister Maria Francesca, and where she wrote that charming baby *Sing Song* without a baby any where in the family, as we hear; or the plain but elegant one which Jean Ingelow is just about leaving for another; or Dante Gabriel Rossetti's, where, since his wife's death, he has lived alone in a house lined with his paintings; or, there being so many, and all so pleasant, let us take one which is more characteristic than any of the rest—the house of William Morris, the author of *Jason*, and of that almost perfect poem, the *Lovers of Gudrun*. Mr. Morris lives in a dark old London square in a large four-story house, which you may know by the small sign at the door, that runs "Morris & Company." The lower floor of this building is used for business purposes, and is stocked with all manner of antiques and curiosities—ancient furniture, ancient suits of armor, bits of rare old bronze, and all those dainty treasures which are known under the untranslatable heads of rococo and bric-à-brac. Here a quiet clerk or two receive orders and make sales. Mr. Morris himself is in his den in the fourth story; there he attends to his special pursuit, which is the invention of designs for any thing and every thing where art and beauty can go hand in hand with utility, designs for vases, chairs, brocades, carpets, wall-papers, and all objects where the subtilties and intricacies of lines and colors can produce effect, and

LADY'S CLOTH WALKING SUIT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–4.

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for his excellence in which he is far more widely known than for his poems. Doubtless there are many manufacturers yet who only know of him as the invaluable designer, and would be shocked and amazed, and possibly would think twice about employing him further, if they learned that he had ever done so crack-brained a thing as to write a verse; and if they know any thing at all about the authorship of those weird tales of the *Earthly Paradise*, imagine it to be a totally different Morris from their own Morris. In this attic apartment, where he works out his designs, Mr. Morris also writes his verses. On shelves around the room are numbers of books, many of them in the Icelandic tongue, in which he is thoroughly proficient. It is from such substance as the stories in several of these volumes afford that he has created many of his poems; the *Lovers of Gudrun*, for instance, being the statement of the old Icelandic tale, unaltered so far as original details go, but illuminated by all the graces of the poet's own imagination, which has made the men and women real, and which, scorning to gloss over prosaic facts, indues all the character and action with a beauty that is ideal, with a force that is actual, and a pathos that perpetually brings the tears. The third-floor of the house, or that directly beneath this study and work-room, is devoted to sleeping and other family rooms, and on the floor beneath is one large drawing-room. Here hangs Rossetti's wonderful portrait of Mrs. Morris, said to be the most beautiful woman of England—a dark, sweet beauty; and here, in perfect freedom of outgoing and incoming, the circle of poets and painters and Pre-Raphaelite critics meet to drink tea and exchange their thoughts.

Certainly in the inspection and review of such homes as these we are led to think that the lines of poets have nowadays fallen in pleasant places. No more do they hunger and thirst, or sleep with their harps beneath the hedges, or sit at any patron's table below the salt. They have seen the error of the idea that poverty is a necessary element of genius; they are no longer the poor troubadour to whom a coin is flung; they control a market, and create a demand which they alone can supply. They have discovered that inspiration and a check are not incompatible, and they have remembered that if the former is not directly dependent upon the latter, yet that the god has been known to come to his chosen, and may come again, in a shower of gold.

"I LOVE, YOU LOVE."

OLD Jones, the village pedagogue,
The grammar lesson called one day.
Young Bess, a maid of sweet sixteen,
Began the well-known words to say.
"First person, I love," first she said.
Sly Tom, beside her, whispered, "*Me?*"
"Second person, you love," Bess went on.
"Ay, that I do!" said Tom—"love *thee!*"

"Third person, he loves," still said Bess.
Tom whispers, "Who the deuce is '*he?*'"
"Oh, Tom!" said Bessie, pleading low,
"Do hold your peace, and let me be!"
"No whispering!" calls the master, loud,
And frowned upon the forward youth.
"First person, *we* love," Bessie said.
"By George!" Tom whispered, "that's the truth!"

The lesson o'er at last, poor Bess,
With cheeks all crimson, took her seat,
While Tom, sly fellow, tried in vain
The maiden's soft blue eyes to meet.
But when the recess hour was come
Tom begged a walk with coaxing tone,
And 'neath the trees Bess said again
The lesson o'er—*for him alone.*

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1873.

☞ *A Cut Paper Pattern of a new Spring Polonaise will be published with the next Number.*

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' and Children's Walking Suits, Home and Evening Dresses; Jackets, Blouses, Bretelles, Fichu-Collars, Hoods, Sashes, Veils, etc.; Girls' Knitted and Crochet Muffs, Collars, and Cuffs; Bed Furniture, etc.; together with choice literary and artistic attractions.*

THE DINNER-TABLE.

BY PIERRE BLOT.

AS people have not all either the same tastes or the same means, our object has been, in giving different models of bills of fare, to enable every housekeeper to order a complicated dinner as well as a simple one.

It is not indispensable to have all the dishes we mention, or to be restricted to them, or to have exactly the same dishes. For instance, in bill No. 1, in the preceding article on this subject, roast pork, roast turkey, or roast mutton may be substituted for beef. In No. 2 cod may be substituted for halibut, etc. In No. 4 the mashed potatoes may be served with the pickerel; but the other dishes, of vegetables or of meat, must be served in the order in which we have given them.

To make a matelote as indicated in No. 5, the best kind of fish are eels, bass, carp, and pike. In No. 5 a dish of meat, such as beef à la mode, a leg or saddle of mutton, a leg or shoulder of veal, a large piece of fresh pork, a calf's head, a sucking pig, a ham, or the like, may be served in place of one of fish, as a relevé.

When there are many persons at dinner, dishes are duplicated in order to facilitate the service. They may be quadrupled as well, if necessary. The dishes of hors-d'œuvre and of dessert should be numerous enough to have some within the reach of every one at table.

The service is the same for six as for two; that is, the same number of dishes is served, but the quantity or size of the articles must be according to the number of guests. One tureen of soup is enough for six persons; but if there are only two at table, it must be of a much smaller size than if it were for six. The same rule is followed for the dishes of all the other courses. The number of entrées is double that of soups, relevés, and rôtis.

The number of dishes for six persons at dinner (a dinner of ceremony we mean) is, one potage, two or four hors-d'œuvres, one relevé, two entrées, one rôti, one salad, two or four entremets, and four kinds of dessert. Thus, consommé au riz, piccalilli, olives, sardines, tongue in slices, trout Génoise, chops in papillotes, chicken sauté, canvas-back duck roasted, salad of chiccory, mashed potatoes, green pease au jus, macaroni au gratin, wine jelly, cheese, vanilla biscuits, compote of raspberries, fresh fruit, nuts, oranges. The mashed potatoes may be served with the fish, if liked.

For twelve or fourteen persons the above number of dishes and plates should be doubled. An odd number of dishes or plates should be avoided when more than one of the same course are served. For instance, supposing that eighteen persons were at table, if two tureens of soup are thought not enough, then four should be served; but two kinds of it are enough—that is, two tureens of each kind. The same rule is followed for all the other courses.

Let our readers understand that it is a mistake to think that to give a dinner to friends, to relatives, or even a dinner of ceremony, it is necessary, nay, indispensable, to have just such dishes and such wines because other people have them served on their tables. It is much better and much more pleasing to the guests to be original—we mean, to make one's own bill of fare, and not imitate other people's dinners. We once heard a frequent diner-out exclaim, "These dinners are shockingly monotonous; one knows in advance what dishes are coming: there are the classic salmon, the chronic fillet of beef, the innumerable roasts, accompanied by the matter-of-course ice-cream to chill the stomach, instead of something that would help digestion." We are of the same opinion. Ice-cream is good, but not as a dessert. An hour at least should be allowed the stomach after dinner before taxing it with the hard work of digesting so chilly a dish.

The dinner is the principal meal of the day, and the one that restores the waste of the system the most, being generally taken after the day's tasks are done, and being composed of more nutritious and more numerous dishes than the other meals. As the mind and stomach can not both work well at once, it is certainly according to hygienic laws not to eat much or heavy food at breakfast and lunch. It is different at dinner; besides having no work to perform after it, the enjoyment of having the whole family assembled is one of the best condiments that can accompany the meal.

Wives and mothers, have flowers on the dinner-table! have attractive-looking dishes! have palatable food! have cheerfulness! have a cup of warm coffee or tea after the dinner! You are then pretty sure to have warm hearts around you. Do not freeze the stomachs of the members of your family at the dinner-table, and then run the risk of freezing their hearts. Keep the ice-cream for the evening, to refresh the palates that may have been parched by conversation or singing.

Another important thing, and which, like nearly all other domestic duties, devolves on the wife and mother, is the selection of the daily food. We have explained what to serve, and how to serve it; we will add a few directions as a guide. First, understand that by good and proper food we do not mean costly food. Many have poor food, and consequently poor dinners, though they have paid a high price for it, while others have good and properly prepared food for a reasonable price, the difference between the two being only in its selection and preparation.

Cookery is a branch of chemistry as well as an art. Soups, sauces, gravies, stews, etc., are compounded as carefully as a chemical preparation. They act on the system according to preparation—that is, if well prepared, they do good; if not, the opposite. Cookery is the science that keeps in order the animal mechanism of humanity. The physician is only called in when, through causes entirely independent of cookery, that mechanism is out of order.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Temperate Travelers.

MY DEAR LEMUEL,—When you asked me the other day if I did not think that the feast of New-Year's Day was not much more temperately celebrated than formerly, you were evidently surprised by my rather doubting assent. The truth is that I was thinking of some of my calls, and of what I saw and thought. Have you never seen old-fashioned Quaker ladies whose dresses were of the richest Quaker material, and who were evidently as much concerned for the true Quaker "cut" as a certain young woman whom you know about the Parisian style of her *robe du soir?* The spectacle of one such excellent lady, in her spotless drab silk handkerchief, exquisitely prim, intoning a denunciation of carnal pomps and vanities, always reminds me of the dapper little orator in full evening dress rising to lecture at a mechanics' institute, drawing off his neat kid gloves, waving his delicate hand so that his diamond ring sparkles, and beginning, "Labor, my friends—labor, not luxury—is the real thing." I hope that his hearers were impressed by that great truth. It is very quaint and pretty, that Quaker dress, upon lovely young women; but that the belles of Arch Street in its most orthodox days did not think as much of their raiment as their conforming sisters, I am yet to be persuaded.

In the same way, I am not profoundly convinced of the temperance of some of the most temperate ladies to whom I made my New-Year bow. But do not misunderstand me. I do not suspect that they surreptitiously suck a straw behind the door, nor would they evade their own professions by consuming *liqueur* in confections. Far from it. They drink water only and innocent tea. I mean merely that temperance is a relative term. Our virtue is dislocated often and disproportioned. In younger days I met Mr. Wasser, the famous temperance lecturer, in the waiting and refreshment room at Babylon. We had just jumped from the train and ran for our lives to get a piece of pie. Mr. Warner, in his *Back-log Studies*, with fond humor defends pie. But I doubt if he could have shielded that particular pie. It would have been too much even for the bowels of his charity.

Mr. Wasser eating pie in the struggling half minute of the stop for "refreshments" was a memorable spectacle. He brought to the work great resolution, and he grappled with the hugest cantles of the difficulty. Having seized a large piece in both hands, he turned toward me silently—there was no time for speech, and he bolted the food. It died of galloping consumption. And more of it followed. Then, puffing, so to speak, from the fray, he turned with large eyes and still distended cheeks toward the coffee. I believe they still call it coffee in the railroad saloons. He pushed successfully between two other warriors closely engaged with pie, who tried to impale him upon their elbows, but could only spare time to scowl without attempting to speak. He seized a cup, the liquid slopping over into the saucer in a cold puddle, and Mr. Wasser gulped it down, his eyes regarding me solemnly over the rim of the cup. The train puffed, and we ran and jumped upon the platform, where he stopped and offered me an enormous cigar. I declined his courtesy, and he hastily smoked with the greedy ferocity of a toper over his glass. "I was so afraid," he said, as the swift ceremony ended, "that I should not have a bite and a cigar before my lecture, which is to be at the very next town." "What is your subject?" I asked. "Oh, temperance, temperance," said he, smiling; "I always preach temperance." As I sat silently musing I wondered if he practiced it.

When, on New-Year's morning, I came to Mrs. Pump's I was impressed with the magnificent livery of the lackey who opened the door and who asked me my name and passed it on to another superb menial, so that I really think that I blushed as I ascended the staircase to the drawing-room amidst a prolonged echo of my name. Mrs. Pump has recently returned from Europe, and she says that there are many things there which show its superior civilization. But she is very forbearing toward her own country; and no one can see without admiration her spirit of Christian forgiveness of America for not being Europe. But, as she remarks, why should the refined and truly fashionable, who are also rich, return from other lands without bringing with them some blessings for their own? So my name was echoed along the spacious hall, and I entered the room to a symphony, as it were, in many keys, of "Mr. Bachelor! Mr. Bachelor!"

How shall I describe Mrs. Pump as she appeared that day? She was a ragout or *omelette soufflé* of jewels and laces and feathers and frills and flounces, presenting a generally hunched and puffy aspect. I do not remember that I ever saw the costliest French doll so finely dressed as Mrs. Pump; and the most celebrated ladies of the demi-monde, who were pointed out to me when I was in Paris, were not so superb as she. It would take a great many of our yearly incomes to supply all that splendor. "Happy New-Year, Mr. Bachelor. Take a glass of chocolate: no punch, no wine: you know we are 'temperance.'"

"Good Heavens! madame," I exclaimed, unguardedly—remembering the lackeys, and beholding the lavish profusion of her dress—"temperate! in what?"

"In all things, I hope, Mr. Bachelor," replied Mrs. Pump, dropping a profound courtesy.

"I hope so too, ma'am," I answered; and then I said that I had just been at Mrs. Canary's.

"And did she sing for you?" laughed Mrs. Pump. "Did you ever hear my owl? Sing! Why on earth does that woman pretend to sing?"

I hastened from that text, but this fluent and flippant preacher was equally ready upon all. She devastated her neighbors with her terrible tongue. I never heard such insinuation, such tattle, such vile scandal, as flowed from this expensively bedizened woman. And as she poured it out she played with her necklace, she turned the bracelets upon her arm, she studied her rings, she quivered in her silken attire as if she were set upon wires. And as I was turning away from the odious figure, she said again, "You know we are 'temperance,' Mr. Bachelor: do take a cup of beef tea."

Temperance! What kind of temperance? How are you temperate? I asked myself as I passed out between the solemn and superb lackeys. What kind of temperance is it that apes Europe, and squanders treasure upon clothes, and slanders neighbors? I thought of little Mrs. Jenny Wren and her sweet tongue and simple, tasteful dress, and quick sympathy and charity; Mrs. Jenny Wren visiting the widow and the fatherless and the forsaken prisoner; and as I remembered those evenings when there was—can it be possible!—a glass of wine whey, or even of hot water with sugar and nutmeg, and a glass of sherry in it—I wondered which of the two households was the more refining and humane? I know that Mr. Logic and Master Conscience are waiting to ask me if I mean to be sophistical. Is it not better, they say, that Mrs. Pump should not add the temptation of wine to the other temptations of her web? I answer yes: bad as she is, she might be worse. But if she preaches temperance, let her practice it.

Might not the same advice be respectfully offered to the reverend gentleman who occasionally exchanges with the rector of Saint Rainbow's? That excellent Boanerges persuades us toward the strait gate and the narrow way with such appalling vehemence that it ceases to seem the pleasant way. When he describes the Divine wrath with sinners, and depicts what in his lurid style seems to be the eager rage of infinite Omnipotence toward a poor little finite worm, I confess that he entirely perverts my sympathy. It goes out to my miserable fellow-sinner, and the poor little worm seems to be—and the excellent Boanerges is responsible for the impression—at such tragical disadvantage with his adversary that I come away from that discourse with a feeling which once led me to say to my neighbor, "I wish Mr. Boanerges would join the Temperance Society!"

"Good gracious!" replied my neighbor, "do you think he had been drinking?"

Temperance in drinking is a great virtue. But temperance also in eating and smoking seems to be comely. There are those who insist upon drinking nothing but cold water, but they cherish feelings full of very bad whisky, and their talk is fury and drunkenness. You remember that the wish was denounced as sin in the heart. And when I see fellow-sinners who evidently suppose that they are just opening the strait gate because they avoid ardent spirits and are intemperate in all other drinking, and in eating, thinking, and speaking—when I see Mrs. Pump clad in cloth of gold, and calumniating her neighbors, and ruining the weak sister by frantic envy and rivalry of an unattainable extravagance, yet saying, "We are 'temperance,' you know"—I answer, "No: I do not know it. You are one of the most intemperate persons in the world." When I hear one of the reverend clergy cursing us, as it were, for swearing, and condemning us to hell if we do not straightway follow him to heaven; when the editor, with a fine air of morality and independence, lies about his opponents, and deliberately misinterprets their words and deeds, and tries to cover them with personal disgrace; when Mawworm, who drinks only water, stabs his neighbor's character, and Mrs. Candour, who is "temperance," steals reputations—I cry that it is time to preach the temperance reform.

For the temperate fellow-passenger upon our journey, Lemuel, is the man who does

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not suffer his feelings or his words, his heart or his tongue, to be drunk. His manners are sober. His brain is steady. Indeed, if he must choose, he prefers, for instance, the intemperance that lays a man in the gutter to that which lights the flames of religious hatred. The victim of the first hurts himself, poor fellow, but the tool of the last hurts mankind. Perhaps it would be better if next New-Year's Mrs. Jenny Wren should not have that claret punch on the table; but with it last New-Year's she was a truer "Martha Washingtonian" than Mrs. Pump.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING SILKS.

IN midwinter prepare for spring, is the importer's motto; and amidst snow and ice we have the first glimpse of those tender hues that are to appear with the balmy spring days. An inspection of spring silks is full of suggestion. The fabrics are not new—soft lustrous failles of medium heavy cord being retained—but the colors are a study. Importers and buyers just returned from the Lyons factories assert that blue will be the leading color of the season. The turquoise blue and lophophore (greenish-blue) now so prominently worn in Europe form a conspicuous part of spring importations, and it is said an effort will be made here to have them take the place so long held by gray and brown shades. But as these mongrel shades can only be well worn by blondes, they will scarcely supersede the bronze and réséda hues that can be made becoming to all complexions by the colors associated with them. All the peculiar quaint colors of the winter are again presented, but in the light, delicate shades appropriate for spring. Paradis, lizard, peacock, and various kindred names are given to the half-effaced tints of greenish-blue already mentioned. These differ from the colors now worn merely in being the faintest possible shadows of shades. Very pale gray shades tinged with green are also imported. Among these are Souchong, or tea-color, absinthe gray with deep green hues, and the well-known réséda and sage colors. Norwegian gray is a charming cool shade with blue tints. Alma is black, shading into gray. A tender gray called *printemps* is pretty, though not new. What the French call *gris clair* is scarcely to be found; and the same is true of brown hues, as these also are affected by the all-pervading green. The stylish brown is called *airain*, or copper-color. Verd-antique, black bronze, and various other metallic shades are shown. The purest brown is *mordoré*, a light golden hue. *Pervenche*, or periwinkle, is the new purple shade. For evening failles there are quantities of *blanc mat*, a creamy unpolished white; blue-whites may answer for day wear, but they look gray by gas-light.

SOLID COLORS AND STRIPES.

Solid colors will prevail among rich heavy silks, and two shades will still appear in a costume. Figured and broché silks have not been largely invested in. Cheap light silks for spring and summer wear retain the stripes of last season, *en camaïeu*, that is, in dark shades on a light ground, and also in stripes of a color contrasting with the ground. Little broken stripes—one wide and the next narrow, and irregular clusters of stripes—are the new styles. Among the cameos are two shades of lophophore or two of réséda, or the new copper shades, having the darker stripe displayed on a lighter surface. The beauty of the contrasting stripes consists in the grounds being very slightly tinted, while the stripes are bold and dark. Thus, on Nile green are bronze lines, écru buff has green stripes, lavender has cherry pencilings, palest gray is seen with blue lines, and wood-color with periwinkle stripes. Ombré or shaded stripes are also reproduced in blondine, marron, and purple. The staple grisaille silks, that always find favor in the spring, are now brought out in argentine shades. The grounds are silvery gray and almost white, with clusters and broken lines of black.

POLKA DOTS.

Polka dots promise to be the fashionable design for all spring goods of qualities below the fine grades of silk. This was foreshadowed in French dresses of last year, and among the new importations one of the most evident features is this round, moon-like spot of white on a dark ground, or else a broché dot of self-color. These are found in foulards, pongees, grenadines, and prints.

FOULARDS.

Foulards have come slowly and gradually into favor, just as cashmeres did, and they promise now to be equally as popular. The serge foulards with heavy twill are very serviceable, but those with plain surface fray and become sleazy in wearing. Instead of the faded tints fashionable for failles, foulards are brought out in very dark hues, probably to contrast well with the white polka dot, stars, crescents, or Japanese figures that are sprinkled upon them. Copper-color, dark absinthe, and all the deepest hues of the new shades, dotted with white, are found in this fabric.

NAPOLEON BLUE.

Among spring foulards blue is a conspicuous color, especially Napoleon blue, a new dark shade as deep as lapis or as indigo, but without the reddish-purple tinges of indigo. This hue came into vogue last summer in Paris, and was manufactured in various fabrics, notably in glazed linens for costumes. Napoleon blue foulards with white polka dots varying in size from a pea to those an inch in diameter are largely imported; these, with bronze and absinthe grounds similarly dotted, promise to be favorite spring materials.

FOULARD LAINE.

A novelty for early spring costumes is foulard laine, an all-wool fabric, fine and closely woven, as soft and flexible as cashmere, yet of as little weight as foulard. It is, after all, merely an improvement on the old-fashioned *mousseline de laines* that did such service years ago. It is twenty-six inches wide, reversible, and is shown in all the blue, gray, and bronze tints that fashion now dictates. Foulard-laine broché is a similar fabric with silk finish. This is brought out in Napoleon blue with small white polka dots, or else large broché dots of darker blue.

PONGEE, ETC.

The soft silk pongees so admirable for drapery reappear in the unbleached and dust-colored hues worn last season. The only novelty about these goods is that very few have plain surfaces, but instead are overcast with broché figures, polka dots, or twilled stripes. A sort of pongee grenadine has open armure stripes like canvas grenadine alternating with satin-faced stripes. Figured pongees are now imported from England at much less expense than those made in France.

Other novelties for costumes are fine thin wool goods in crape-finished stripes, serge twills, and armure checks. These have the requisite pliability, the light quality, and the *fade* colors to insure their popularity.

GAUZES AND GRENADINES.

A few of the gay Marie Antoinette and Pompadour gauzes are retained, but greater favor is predicted for the damask and polka-dotted gauzes similar to those worn at present for evening dresses. Black grenadines will again be standard summer dresses. They show armure squares, silk stripes, and polka dots precisely like those worn last summer. White grenadines, with small figures in bright colors, are prepared for the Southern trade. These make pretty house dresses for midsummer.

SATIN JEAN.

Among wash goods, perhaps the prettiest is the new satin jean, of far lighter quality than that formerly worn. This is a cotton fabric with fine glossy twilled surface, like satin. It is shown in solid colors of light hue, and in quaint dark shades sprinkled with the inevitable polka dots.

New percales have dark grounds, instead of the white once preferred. Violet, lavender, gray, and brown grounds have tiny figures, dashes, sprigs, and Greek squares of white at intervals. French percales for blouses have twilled stripes of color on a white ground, or else cameo stripes of a dark shade on a lighter one. Grayish-blue, maroon, and crimson percales will be stylish for the box-pleated waists worn by ladies and children.

POPLINS.

New Japanese poplins in the familiar grisaille colors have crape-finished stripes with polka dots between. French poplins of mixed cotton and wool are "heavily rolled," as the merchants say, thereby meaning thickly repped. These show all the new queer shades. Wash poplins to be sold for 25 cents a yard are in the ordinary serviceable gray shades, with black stripes of three or four lines together.

ENGLISH PRINTS.

The English prints made in Manchester now rival French calicoes in beauty of design and texture; they also cost less, and will wear longer. The last importations are half-inch stripes of gray, green, violet, black, or buff, alternating with white stripes, on which are gayly colored palm leaves; others have autumn leaves, Chinese figures, and tiny sprigs, with watered stripes between: 31 cents a yard is the price. French prints for dressing-gowns have black and white stripes strewn with gray frescoings, and vines in bright blue or purple. The gay Dolly Varden patterns have lost favor.

THE SPRING JACKET.

Among the garments in preparation for spring at the furnishing houses there is an improved edition of the English walking jacket worn at present. This garment of marine blue cloth, with silver buttons, is as much like a gentleman's sack-coat as a lady's wrap could well be. It is double-breasted, with revers and square pockets, and is far longer in the waist than the sacques of this season; hence it fits smoothly over the tournure, and does not draw or "bag" in the back. The trimming is a single band of very thickly repped black gros grain piped with white Italian cloth. The cloth is summer tricot, very lightly twilled. Price $28.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

New kilt suits for boys not yet in trowsers are of green cloth, trimmed with leaves wrought of gilt thread, and rows of gilt buttons. The jacket is cut away in front to show a double-pointed vest, made brave with bright buttons. A single rosette of black ribbon, with streaming ends and two gilt leaves, ornaments the plain front of the kilt skirt.

The height of extravagance is seen in the clothing prepared for little girls just in short clothes. An instance of this is an over dress to be worn by a child of two years when taken out for a drive. It is a sort of wadded pelisse and cape, made of heavy white gros grain, and trimmed with three rows of Valenciennes lace. The bonnet is a Normandy cap of palest blue gros grain, made with a high pointed crown, and trimmed with Valenciennes and pink rose-buds. A blue sash of the same fabric is worn with the pelisse, and knotted on the left side. The pelisse costs $60, the Normandy bonnet is $20.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

MANSFIELD TRACY WALWORTH, in his novel of *Delaplaine*, introduced a sketch of the military career of ABBAS MIRZA, the ancestor of the present Shah of Persia, who commanded the Persian army at the famous battle of Echmiadzin, when the Russians were routed. With such accuracy did Mr. W. give the description that the present Shah has sent to Mr. WALWORTH the identical sabre worn by ABBAS MIRZA in the fight. The sheath is of chased gold, and the sword-knot and tassel are decorated with pearls, estimated to be worth in gold about $3500. It is the intention of Mr. WALWORTH to deposit this present in the State Library at Albany, in the glass case which incloses the swords of General WORTH and other American officers, for safe-keeping until next year. It can be seen there for about a year from this time. After that the author will resume possession of it.

—The King of Saxony is said to be engaged on a polyglot collection of poetry from the masterpieces of all nations, to be issued in the most sumptuous style. It will not be sold by the trade, but given as a present to the royal relatives and friends of the king on his impending abdication.

—JOSEPH SMITH, of Ipswich, Massachusetts, celebrated on the 11th of January his ninetieth birthday by a gathering of relatives and friends. He has lived nearly seventy years in one house, which he himself built, and which stands on the lands granted to his ancestor, Deacon JOHN SHATSWELL, at the settlement of the town in 1634.

—The Newark *Advertiser* says that the only sister of EDGAR A. POE is living at Hicks Landing, on the James River, Virginia, in the utmost poverty.

—The Khedive of Egypt does the nice thing for his daughter by ordering her wedding outfit to be made in Paris. One of the items of the order is flounces of point d'Alençon at $800 a yard, and $30,000 worth of other laces is to be added.

—A German countess, who is a devoted admirer of the Pope, has made a vow that every year she will send him a purse of gold and a converted Jew. She has made good her vow, and her first offering to the Church was received with imposing ceremonies.

—The Methodist *Advocate* having asked the question, "Was the late WILLIAM H. SEWARD a Christian?" the question is answered and other interesting information given by an Episcopal clergyman as to the religious proclivities of several historical characters. He says: "I had a pew in St. John's Church, Washington, during the war. I shall never forget my first view of General SCOTT, as I heard a heavy tread along the aisle of that church, and the old hero came into a double pew next in front of me, and kneeled for silent prayer. He then went reverently and devoutly through the whole service. And who were his fellow-worshipers? Secretary SEWARD and his son FREDERICK kneeled close by the pulpit; Secretary CHASE was near by; Postmaster-General BLAIR was a little further off; Secretary WELLES opposite him; Secretary STANTON was there too, or at the Epiphany; and there, among the generals, were HALLECK and AUGUR and MEADE and DIX and HUNTER and MEIGS and BARNARD and TOTTEN and FRY; and of the navy, Commodores GOLDSBOROUGH and WILKES. No wonder our cause prevailed, when the leading men of the army and navy were prostrate in church, praying in the same service of MARSHALL, JAY, HAMILTON, and WASHINGTON!"

—The late EDWIN FORREST seldom gave large dinners at his house, but when he did so, did it liberally. Of late years he was in the habit of taking his solitary meals in his library, or in a little room attached thereto, and his food was sent up to him on a dumb-waiter. The duties of the table he would discharge himself, and his lonely repast would soon be dispatched. In his daily life he was exemplary. He was an early riser, and breakfasted if not exactly with, only a little after, the lark. After breakfast he took a constitutional walk, and returning, retired to his study, where he read till dinner-time, of which meal he partook about four o'clock. In the evening he remained at home in his library, occasionally going to the theatre when any thing of more than ordinary interest was transpiring. His average bed hour, when not acting, was eleven o'clock.

—Miss ADELAIDE NEILSON, the beautiful and clever English actress now starring in this country, is a native of Spain, her father being Spanish, her mother English. She went on the stage in London in 1865, at the age of sixteen, as Juliet, having played only six times in provincial towns. Before going on the stage she married Mr. LEE, the son of an Episcopal clergyman, rector of a parish near London. She has always confined herself to the characters of her choice. She became thoroughly introduced to the London public last season as heroine of the great spectacular play of *Rebecca*, which was produced with great magnificence at Drury Lane, and enjoyed a long run. Every body saw it, and consequently every body saw and admired Miss NEILSON. Her acting was fine, and her beauty great. Her face, notwithstanding her Spanish birth, is of English type. Her liquid eyes are soft and winning, her hair is a dark brown, and her cheeks wear a rich glow of health. She is of good height, and classically symmetrical. The stage name used by her is that of her mother. It was thought preferable, for an English actress, to the Spanish name of her father. Her slight foreign accent has been long since overcome.

—The fact is not generally known that the wives of nearly all the officers of VICTOR EMANUEL'S household are Americans.

—MARTIN LUTHER'S translation of the Bible is said to have had a circulation thus far of 361,000,000 copies.

—"Miss Grundy" writes that unquestionably the most beautiful woman in Washington is the bride of the minister resident from Ecuador. Imagine a rounded yet slender girlish figure, a perfect oval face, transparent skin of creamy whiteness, large velvety dark eyes beaming with intelligence, soft brown hair, a delicately formed nose, and a rose-bud mouth, which opening discloses perfect teeth, and you have a faint idea of Madame FLORES. Add to this that the little mouth never essays to speak without saying something charming, and that the great gift of a wonderful voice in singing has been added, and you may believe there is occasion to congratulate the proud husband and Washington society as well because of this latest acquisition to the diplomatic corps.

—This is the peculiarity of a widow in Dorchester, Massachusetts: She has been thrice married. Her first husband was ROBB, the second ROBBINS, and the third ROBBINSON. The same door-plate has served for the whole three, and the conundrum is, Is the plate long enough for a longer name of the same general style?

—Mr. and Mrs. LORIMER GRAHAM are said to give the finest social entertainments in Florence. Mr. GRAHAM has discharged the duties of consul with an ability and acceptance that are proverbial, and made him alike popular with the people among whom he resides and his countrymen. His ample income is dispensed with most liberal and refined hospitality.

—KEIJO KAWAMOORA, a young Japan painter sojourning in this country, has developed remarkable artistic capacity, and is highly commended by professionals and amateurs.

—When LAPLACE met the late Mrs. SOMERVILLE for the first time he said, in his lofty way, "Madam, there have been only three women who have understood me—yourself, CAROLINE HERSCHEL, and a Mrs. GREIG, of whom I have never been able to learn any thing." "I was Mrs. GREIG," said the modest little woman. "So, then, there are only two of you," exclaimed the philosopher.

—In reference to the marriage of WILLIAM H. GOOD to SUSAN A. WOOD, at Spunky Point, some one versifies thus:

> "Said WILLIAM GOOD to SUSAN WOOD,
> 'I really wish you would be Good.'
> Said SUSAN WOOD to WILLIAM GOOD,
> 'I will, as you my heart have Woo'd.'"

—Mr. ROBERT CHARLETON, a member of the Society of Friends, who was a prominent public man in Bristol, and was one of the party of Quakers who had an interview with the Emperor NICHOLAS just before the breaking out of the Crimean war, died a few days ago, at the age of sixty-four. The party of Quakers did much to convince the Czar that England would not wage war, and thereby were the innocent cause, to some extent, of bringing it about.

—Dr. LIVINGSTONE'S daughter is living very quietly and unostentatiously in Glasgow, Scotland, devoting her time to literature and the fine arts.

—M. l'Abbé HOUSSAYE, one of the most distinguished of the Paris clergy, has just published the first installment of a life of Cardinal DE BÉRULLE, so well known as a diplomatist, and also as having founded the French Oratory. The principal feature of this work consists in the cardinal's correspondence relating to the marriage of CHARLES I. with the Princess HENRIETTA of France. Several letters forming part of this series, which had never been printed before, will appear in the second volume.

—The widow of General CHESNEY, of the English army, the designer of the Euphrates Valley Railway and many valuable scientific works, has been recommended by Mr. GLADSTONE for a pension of £100. An application has also been made in her behalf to the Indian government for a similar grant.

—Several dons, deans, and dignitaries in and about Oxford have got up a letter to the university authorities designed to prevent the appointment of Dean STANLEY as one of the select preachers to that university. In the letter to the dean Dr. GOULBURN expresses his unlimited admiration for his character and abilities, and explains his motive for the course he has taken, which is that Dean STANLEY is "in the habit of throwing the whole weight of his high character, brilliant abilities, and eminent position into the support of the rationalistic school—a school which seeks to eliminate from Christianity both its doctrinal and supernatural elements."

—Prince BORGHESE, whose wedding was recently celebrated with so much splendor, finds himself not married after all. Disregarding the law of the kingdom of Italy, which allows no man to change his name, nor to take his wife's name, as was customary under the papal government, he added his wife's name, TORLONIA, to his own. The government has, therefore, informed the prince that his marriage is illegal, and the notary and others who signed the settlement have been heavily fined for being parties to an illegal marriage.

—Signor LANZA, Minister of the Interior of Italy, has become so irate against the gypsies that he has addressed a circular to all the prefects in the kingdom directing them to expel every gypsy, according to the provisions of the penal code. "The gypsies," he says, "go about explaining dreams and telling fortunes, and thus extort money by fraud and robbery. They are nuisances in the cities, dangerous in the country places, and indecent every where."

—It is intimated that Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY, a frequent contributor to the publications of HARPER & BROTHERS, proposes to come hither to lecture, and that ROBERT BROWNING also thinks of beaming upon the U. S.

—Lieutenant STEEVER, of the United States army, will probably head an expedition during the present year to ascertain if Jordan be really the difficult road to traverse as is stated in song by the minstrel of the period.

—Miss ALICE M. WELLINGTON, who has written several poems that have attracted attention recently, is a teacher of modern languages in the Girls' High School, Boston.

—Mr. BIRDSALL, who for sixteen years past has been at the head of the coin department at the Sub-Treasury in this city, has resigned that position, and is succeeded by GEORGE ASHLEY, of Little Falls, New York. Mr. BIRDSALL is one of the most remarkable coin experts in the world, and his wonderful dexterity as a detector of spurious coin is almost incredible.

—Mrs. MARY BALDWIN, who died on the 8th ult. at Trenton, Illinois, was a direct descendant in the third generation of Rev. JAMES WETMORE, assistant minister of Trinity Church, New York, from 1723 to 1726, and rector of Rye, Westchester County, from 1726 to 1760.

—The Neapolitan papers record the curious fact that the local authorities have granted permission to Madame THALBERG to preserve the embalmed body of her famed husband in a glass case above-ground, at the villa of her father, the celebrated LABLACHE, where she resides.

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Music Portfolio with Application Embroidery in Twisted Stitch, Figs. 1-3.

THIS portfolio is made of bronzed and black polished cane. The front is furnished with a foundation of green cloth, scalloped in the middle, under which is set a medallion of gray gros grain with raised embroidery worked in twisted stitch. Fig. 2 shows the middle of the foundation in full size, and Fig. 3 the manner of working the twisted stitch. As seen in the illustration, tie the end of a double thread passed through the eye of a sewing or darning needle together with the end of a single thread, wind the latter on the needle, and slip the windings on the double thread; these windings should lie regularly side by side, so as to form a roll of even thickness. To work the flowers and leaves of the design similar rolls made with worsted and silk in various colors and shades of different lengths are sewed together on the wrong side, as seen by Fig. 2, so as not to show the stitches.—The finished design figures are also sewed on the foundation as shown by Fig. 2.

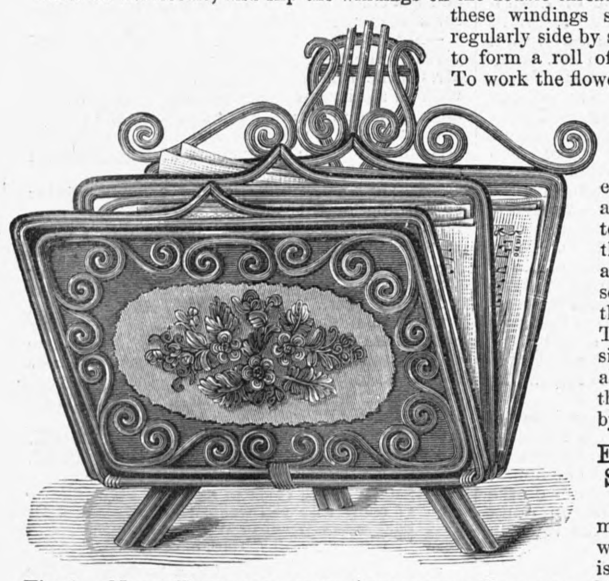


Fig. 1.—MUSIC PORTFOLIO WITH APPLICATION EMBROIDERY IN TWISTED STITCH.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]

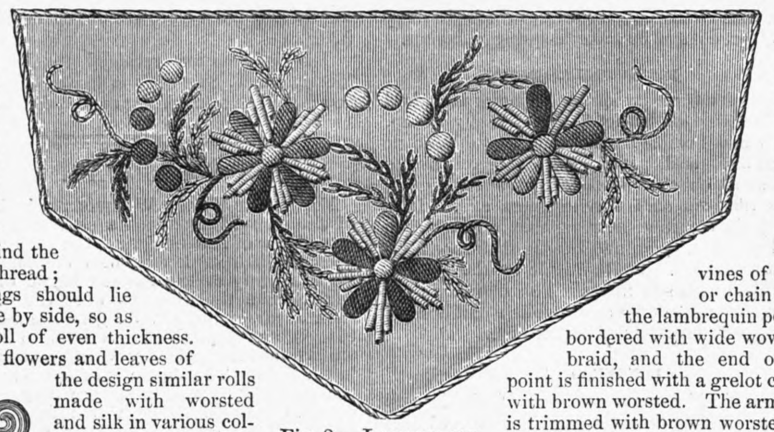


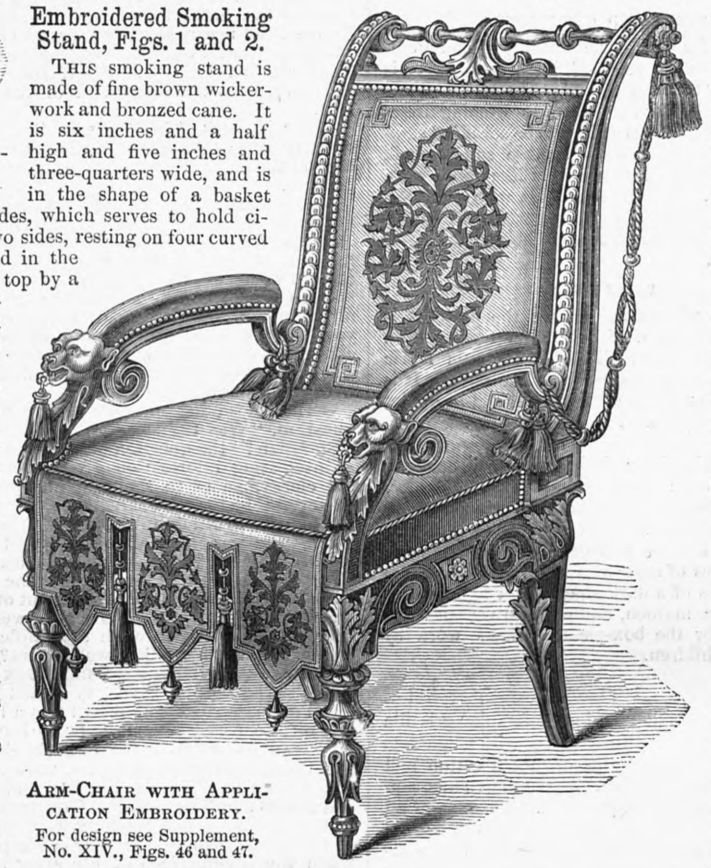
Fig. 2.—LAMBREQUIN FOR SMOKING STAND.

Fig. 3.—MANNER OF MAKING TWISTED STITCH FOR PORTFOLIO.

Embroidered Smoking Stand, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS smoking stand is made of fine brown wickerwork and bronzed cane. It is six inches and a half high and five inches and three-quarters wide, and is in the shape of a basket open at the sides, which serves to hold cigars. The two sides, resting on four curved legs, are joined in the middle of the top by a broad flat handle, into which are set a bronze tray covered with sand-paper for lighting matches, a small bronze case for matches, and a bronze ash-receiver. The sides and handle of the stand are ornamented, as shown by Fig. 1, with small embroidered green gros grain lambrequins, one of which, for the sides, is shown in full size by Fig. 2. The embroidery is worked in satin and half-polka stitch and in point Russe embroidery with gray saddler's silk in several shades, and with gold bullion and gold thread. The lambrequins are edged with fine gold cord and bronze grelots.

GROS GRAIN CRAVAT BOW WITH SPRAY OF FLOWERS.
For description see Supplement.



ARM-CHAIR WITH APPLICATION EMBROIDERY.
For design see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 46 and 47.

Arm-Chair with Application Embroidery.

THIS chair is made of black polished and brown stained wood richly carved. The cushion is covered with fawn-colored cloth ornamented in application embroidery with brown gros grain in a darker shade. Lambrequin points, embroidered in a similar manner, are joined to the seat. Fig. 47, Supplement, gives a quarter section of the design for the embroidery on the back of the chair, and Fig. 46 gives one-half of the design for one of the lambrequin points on the seat. The application design figures are edged with fine brown silk cord. For the stems and vines of the design sew on brown silk braid with a cross seam of saddler's silk of the same color. Instead of this, the application design figures may be surrounded with button-hole or chain stitches, and the stems and vines of the design may be worked with several rows of half-polka or chain stitches. The embroidery on the back of the chair and on the lambrequin points is bordered with wide woven silk braid, and the end of each point is finished with a grelot covered with brown worsted. The arm-chair is trimmed with brown worsted cord and tassels as shown by the illustration.

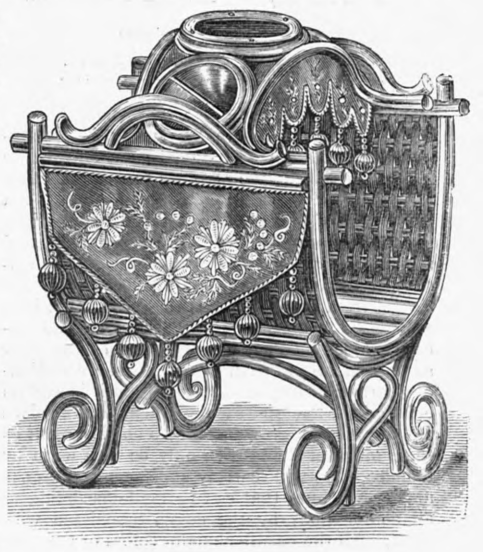


Fig. 1.—SMOKING STAND.—[See Fig. 2.]

Cigar-Tray with Application Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 85.

THIS oval cigar-tray, of red Russia leather, is supported by small feet, and is ten inches and seven-eighths long, and seven inches and three-quarters wide through the middle. The inlaid rim is two inches wide. The bottom is covered on the inside with application embroidery, which is shown in full size by Fig. 2. The foundation of the embroidery is of gray cloth. The flowers of the design, which simulate the flowers of the tobacco plant, are applied in light gray gros grain or faille, and the outlines and veins are worked in half-polka stitch with pink saddler's silk in two shades, and the filaments in knotted stitch with yellow silk. The leaves are worked with saddler's silk in several shades of green and brown, the outlines and veins in half-polka stitch; one-half of the leaves are filled with similar silk in back stitch, and the vines are worked with green and brown silk in half-polka stitch and point Russe. This is a very pretty adjunct to a gentleman's room, and can be made with little difficulty. In the absence of Russia leather, the tray may be made of carriage leather or morocco.

GROS GRAIN AND VELVET CRAVAT BOW WITH SPRAY OF FLOWERS.
For description see Supplement.

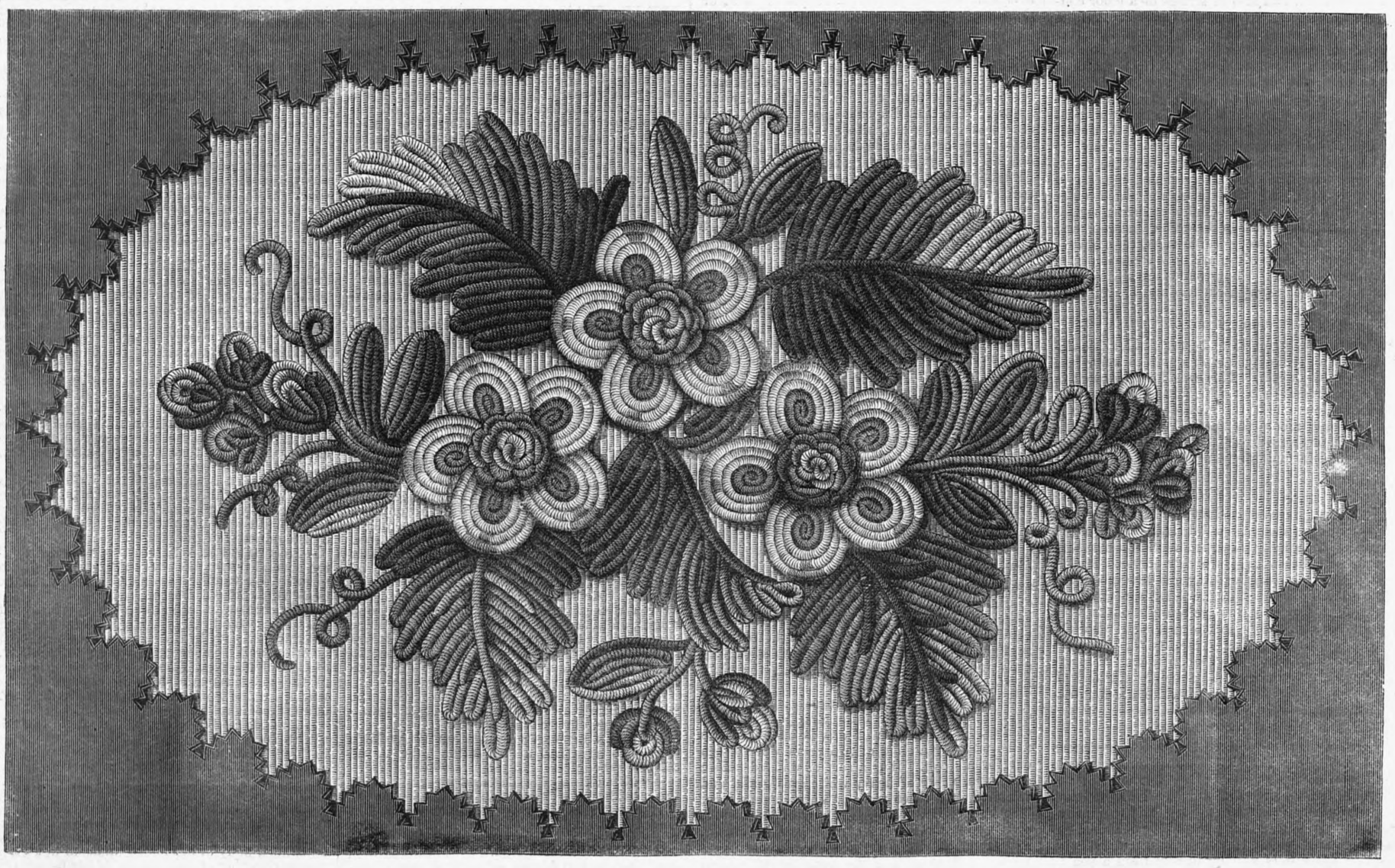


Fig. 2.—APPLICATION EMBROIDERY IN TWISTED STITCH FOR PORTFOLIO.—[See Fig. 3.]

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Embroidered Key-Pocket.

THIS key-pocket is made of brown silk and enameled cloth, and is ornamented in half-polka stitch and point Russe embroidery with dark and light brown saddler's silk. Cut of both materials one whole piece from Fig. 48, Supplement, for the back, and of the outer material only one piece for the front of the pocket; for the lining cut of enameled cloth two equal pieces from Fig. 49. Work, first, on the silk designed for the front the embroidery as partly indicated on the pattern and as shown by the illustration, cut a slit along the double line on Fig. 48, baste the silk on the enameled cloth so that the revers of the latter rest on the silk as shown by the illustration; border the revers first with long and then with close button-hole stitches of dark brown silk, and sew the revers on the silk, above the button-hole stitches, with a row of half-polka stitches of similar silk. On the corners of the revers set small buttons covered with brown silk; underneath one of these buttons fasten a loop of elastic cord, which serves for closing the pocket. Having worked an embroidered border on the silk for the back similar to that of the front, baste the former on the lining, and overseam both parts of the pocket together on the outer edge. The pocket is also edged with fine brown silk cord, which is button-hole stitched on with lighter brown saddler's silk. Instead of enameled cloth and silk, the pocket may be made entirely of leather.

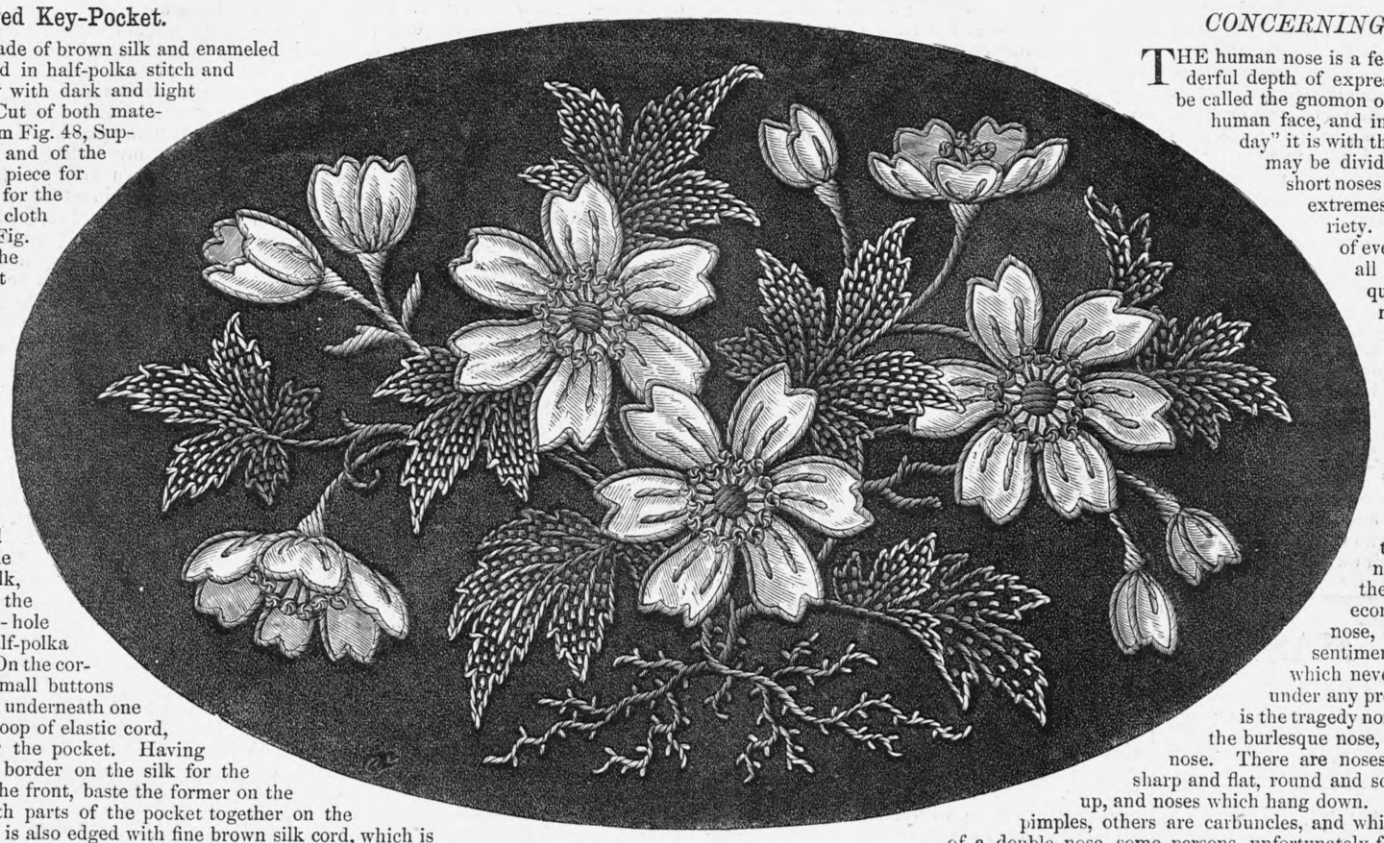
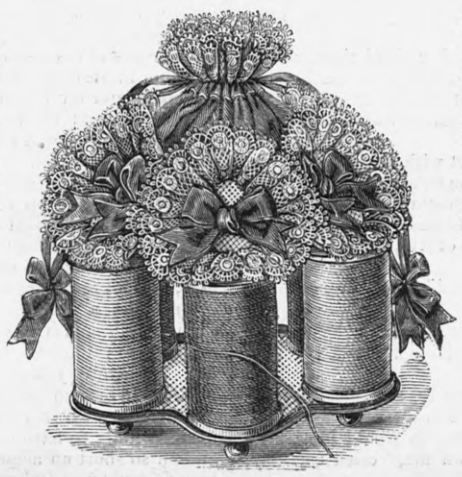


Fig. 2.—APPLICATION EMBROIDERY FOR CIGAR-TRAY.

Spool-Stand trimmed with Silk and Lace.

To make this spool-stand, which is furnished with a small bag for holding sewing utensils, remnants of thread, etc., cut, first, of card-board two whole pieces, and of coarse perforated board four equal pieces, from Fig. 25, Supplement. On both sides of each piece of card-board paste one of the pieces of perforated board, and edge each of the plates thus formed on the scalloped outer edge with a bias strip of blue silk. On one (the upper) plate, a quarter of an inch from each hollow between the scallops, set a bag edged on the upper edge with guipure lace seven-eighths of an inch wide, which is made of a straight strip of blue silk eight inches long and two inches and a half wide, sewed up on the ends and hemmed on the outer edge, and furnished with two pieces of narrow blue silk ribbon run through the hem on the upper edge in opposite directions, for the shirr; the ends of the ribbons are tied in a bow each. In order to fasten the spools between the plates take a thread of coarse black silk, or fine silk cord, six inches long, slip a large black bead to the middle of the cord (these beads serve to support the spool-stand), pass each half of the cord separately through the points marked ● on the lower plate, then pass both halves together through the spool, and again pass each half of the cord separately through the points indicated on the upper plate, then tie the ends together and cut them off. To conceal the knots trim the upper plate, as shown by the illustration, with six diamonds of perforated board seven-eighths of an inch square each, surround them with lace, and finish each in the middle with a bow of narrow blue silk ribbon. These diamonds are fastened with one corner on the outer edge of the plate in the middle of a scallop, and with the opposite corner on the bag, while at the other two corners the points of two diamonds are fastened together. This is an extremely convenient and ornamental appendage to a work-stand, and is very easily made with the help of the illustration.

Fig. 1.—CIGAR-TRAY WITH APPLICATION EMBROIDERY.—[See Fig. 2.]



SPOOL-STAND WITH SILK AND LACE TRIMMING.

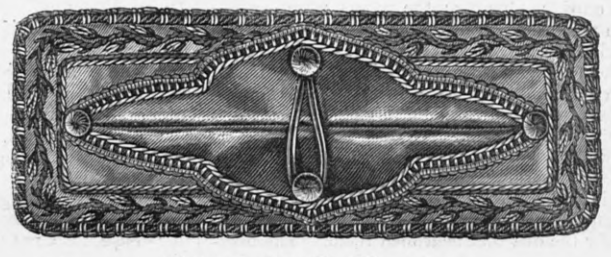
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 25.

CONCERNING NOSES.

THE human nose is a feature capable of a wonderful depth of expression. It may, indeed, be called the gnomon of the mental dial in the human face, and indicates what "time of day" it is with the individual. Mankind may be divided into long noses and short noses; but between these two extremes there is an infinite variety. There are, indeed, noses of every kind and degree, and all clearly express some quality or condition of the moral and intellectual man. The difficulty is how to classify so numerous a collection. There is the cogitative nose, the apprehensive nose, the inquisitive nose, the combative nose, the defensive nose, the aggressive nose, the irritable nose, the secretive nose, the confiding nose, the acquisitive nose, the economical nose, the toper's nose, the pugilist's nose, the sentimental nose, and the nose which never *can* look sentimental under any provocation. Then there is the tragedy nose and low comedy nose, the burlesque nose, and even the vegetable nose. There are noses hooked and crooked, sharp and flat, round and square, noses which turn up, and noses which hang down. Some noses are merely pimples, others are carbuncles, and while we occasionally hear of a double nose, some persons, unfortunately for them, have no noses at all. There are some noses one meets with in the street which one can not help envying; they are so prying and pertinacious, so prominent and important, that they appear sure to make their way in the world. Looking at this organ as a sign of mental development, it might be said that the Roman nose means executiveness, martial courage; the Greek nose, refinement; the Jewish nose, commercialism; the Celestial nose, inquisitiveness; and the snub, undevelopment. The men with snub noses, it has been remarked, are, however, rather an amiable class of individuals. There is a rich store of humor and drollery about their noses, which causes their wearers to be much sought after as boon companions. They are often cunning shavers, "fellows of infinite jest, and most excellent fancy." Abstractedly considered, a *nez retroussé* is not prepossessing. Looking at the nose itself, we would not form a high opinion of the mental or moral qualities of the bearer of such a nose; yet it is an undeniable fact that many men who have been born into the world with snub noses have risen to great eminence, and in the race of life have often left behind them men with far better ones. Nay, we know instances in which men with most ridiculous-looking little snub noses have contrived to step over the heads of men with large, imposing, aristocratic-looking Roman noses. As a rule, however, the long nose carries the day.

A thin, pinched nose is universally admitted to be a characteristic of sordid, self-mortifying, and miserly individuals, and is so employed by painters, novelists, and dramatists. A sharp, hooked, flexible one accompanies a propensity to scandal. The cock-nosed men are a busy, bustling race, remarkable for their self-conceit, their cool assurance, and loquacity—the sort of men that will not be "put down by vulgar clamor, Sir." Persons gifted with a nasal expansion (vulgarly, horse-nosed) are generally individuals of an enthusiastic temperament. A slight dilation of nostril, to express triumph, is assigned to the Apollo Belvidere. By the same rule, pabulous and breathing nostrils are given by sculptors and painters to their evil demons and Titans, as the outward sign of arrogance and defiance.

It is curious to notice the different ideas which different nations



EMBROIDERED KEY-POCKET.

For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 48 and 49.

Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 4 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 9-15.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 16 and 17.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 3 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 18-23.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR CHILD UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 24.

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have on the subject of personal beauty. In ancient Persia an aquiline nose was deemed worthy of the highest honors. The Mexicans take great pains to give their children long noses, while in Tartary the greatest beauties are those who have the shortest noses. In some other countries this feature in young children is broken by their mothers, who consider it a piece of folly to have their noses standing before their eyes. The mother of Tamerlane, we are told, was regarded as a celebrated beauty because she had only two holes for a nose. Solomon entertained a very different notion on the subject, for he compared his mistress's nose to a tower, and our Saxon ancestors could find no better synonym to express a headland or promontory than *ness* (French *nez*), a nose, as Sheerness, Inverness. In his *Notes in England and Italy*, Hawthorne expresses the opinion that the Scotch have handsomer noses than the English. "I suspect," he writes, "the English suffer from having been mixed up with Danes and Northmen so much, and 'all Northmen are liable to have potato noses,' says Miss Bremer. I suppose the Scotch are a less mongrel race. Let this be as it may, their noses have a finer line. Perhaps some Romans who strayed up there rectified their forms with their own classic contours."

MURPHY'S MASTER.

BY JAMES PAYN,

Author of "A Woman's Vengeance," "Bred in the Bone," "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," etc.

CHAPTER III.

MULVANEY'S.

THE rest of their journey was soon ended. Murphy stopped at an inn, where he saw the mare rubbed down and fed, with his own eyes, ere he took his young companion to the lodgings hard by which Kavanagh had indicated. Mulvaney's was an eating-house of humble exterior, situated in a secluded street, whereof the houses were old and gabled, and mostly built of wood: a piece of streaky bacon and some potatoes appealed to hungry stomachs in the ground-floor window; while above the words "Good Beds" addressed themselves to tired limbs. The inside of this house, which modestly drew back a little from its neighbors, was of more pretension than the outside. Though the rooms were small—with the exception of the public one, which was divided into boxes, shining with grease and age—they were very numerous, and wainscoted with oak. Most persons, finding it in so humble a place, would have taken this paneling for discolored deal, but Chesney, familiar with timber, knew better, and marveled at it. The staircase was of the same material, its steps broad and shining, its balustrades curiously carved with fruit and flowers, though these were hardly discernible for the dirt that begrimed them. The mansion had doubtless been the residence of some rich and thrifty citizen in the olden time; it had been the pride of some Dame Margery to keep the oak well polished, and to see that the sleeping-rooms smelled of dried lavender. But Dame Margery had been dead these hundred years and more; and if Widow Mulvaney, who reigned in her stead, had a preference for any odorous herb above another, it was for onions.

The smell of onions always arising from the kitchen, like a perpetual incense, pervaded the whole establishment, which was impregnated with it. You might have taken a square inch of wood-work in the spring-time from any part of the interior of the house, carried it to the Land's End, and stuck it up there for a windy summer, then placed it in a chest of ottar of roses for the winter, and in the spring again, when you took it out, your nose should tell you still, "This came from Mulvaney's." You might steep, you might shatter the wood at your will, but the scent of those onions would cling round it still. They were the chief ingredient in that Irish stew to which the frequenters of Mulvaney's (who were all from the Emerald Isle) were so patriotically partial. Even at the early hour at which our travelers arrived under this hospitable roof the grateful perfume was stealing up the kitchen stairs, and renewing its powers every where. Only one chamber, as in the case of Blue-beard's wife, was denied to it. At the back of the great eating-room was a smaller apartment, used probably, in ancient times, as the citizen's own parlor, from whence he could keep his eye upon the 'prentices in the shop, but now set apart as a withdrawing-room for smokers. Here the smell of tobacco and the reek of whisky devoured, like an Aaron's rod, all other odors.

"We'll breakfast in the smoke-room, tell Misthress Mulvaney," had been Murphy's first words to the girl who admitted them within-doors; and in this more private chamber their meal had accordingly been spread. While the travelers were doing ample justice to it there entered through an inner door the proprietress herself, a stout and rosy-cheeked widow, whom Mr. Richard Murphy, rising hastily from his chair, and sweeping the back of his hand across his lips, saluted with a very audible kiss.

"Be aisy, Dick," said she, but so calmly that the words were robbed of their rebuke, "and behave yourself before folk. Who is this?"

"A friend of the young masther's," answered Murphy.

"Good! Then he is welcome, as, of course, are you, Dick; though I am sorry to see you *here*." She looked around her significantly. "What's the matter now, that you must needs have a room with two doors to it?"

"The very divil's loose!" said Murphy; "I mustn't talk about it even to you. There's nothin' agin myself this time; but Chesney—that's the boy yonder—and me are to be quiet here till we have our orders. Can you put us away up stairs somewhere?"

"To be sure I can, if it was for a twelvemonth. You shall have the front-room, and Biddy shall leave hers and come to mine—that will give one to the masther's friend. It is but an attic, but—"

"Any place will do for me, ma'am," interrupted Chesney, simply.

"Oh, he ain't a young prince disguised, if that's what you mean," said Murphy, with a coarse laugh.

"He's a sight better-looking, and a deal better-spoken, than ever you were, anyway, Mr. Imperence!" returned the widow. "You've been up all night, I reckon, my good lad, and would not be sorry to feel your bed, so I'll see that it is got ready for you." And off she hurried.

"You'll not take your clothes off, boy, mind that," said Murphy, imperiously. "Remember what the young masther said: that you must be ready for a start at a moment's notice; and you'll hould your tongue, no matter how the widow yonder may blarney you; and you'll swear not to leave this house, neither night nor day—"

"I shall obey *Mr. Kavanagh* in every particular," observed Chesney, haughtily, and with a strong stress upon the name.

"It will be your better plan, Master Smoothface, for the hour in which he comes to harm through fault of yours will be your last, as sure as my name's Richard Murphy."

The color deepened in the lad's wholesome cheek, and his blue eyes flashed scornfully as he replied: "I have seen enough of one bully in my life, Mr. Murphy, to make me very resolute against putting up with another. I was not afraid of your pistol when you wanted to murder me for stopping your horse and saving your life, and I am not afraid of your big words; so you may spare your breath for other purposes than to threaten me. You have laid your ugly hand upon me twice—"

"Begorra, and I'll do it a third time, and to some purpose!" cried Murphy, with a hideous oath, as he rose to put his words into effect. Chesney also rose, and snatched up a knife from the table.

"This is keeping quiet with a vengeance, Mr. Murphy!" exclaimed the widow, re-entering the room at this critical moment, and precipitating herself between the would-be combatants; "and very pretty treatment of the young master's friend, I'm sure."

"He's got a knife," said Dick, abashed and apologetically.

"And quite right too, when he has to deal with a mad dog. Did Masther Frank give you orders to beat the lad?"

"No," said Dick, humbly, and resuming his seat. "I was wrong. I'm sorry."

"Not half so sorry as you would have been had you laid a finger on me," cried Chesney, angrily.

"Tush, tush, put the steel by, lad," whispered the widow. "Dick has not had his whisky this morning, and is not himself. Come, let me show you your room."

Robert Chesney picked up his bundle and followed her without even bestowing a glance at his late antagonist.

"You mustn't mind Dick," said she, confidentially, on their way up stairs: "if any body else had offered to hurt *you*, he'd have flown at them just the same. Here's your sleeping-room, which is but small; but if you want any thing, you have only to name it."

"I should like some ink, if you please," said the lad; "that's all."

"Ink?" answered the widow, admiringly. "What! you can write, can you? Why, Dick couldn't write his name to save his life!"

"Pen and paper I have in my bundle," observed Chesney: "it's only ink I want, and the favor of getting my note posted when I have written it."

"I thought from the first he was one of the quality," murmured Widow Mulvaney, as she went down stairs: "his hair curled so, and he was so soft spoken, and now he is for writing notes. I wonder whether it will be to his mother, poor lad. He ain't one of our own boys, who fall in love before they are short-coated, or I should say, since he is in such haste, that it must needs be to his sweetheart."

Weary and travel-stained as he looked, Robert Chesney was indeed a well-favored youth, very different from the majority of customers with whom Mrs. Mulvaney was wont to deal. Though humbly born and rudely bred, he had had the advantage of a good schooling, and took a pride in his personal appearance unusual with those of his own age and position in life. But for the circumstances of a drunken step-father and an unhappy home, he might have risen from being the head pupil of a national school to any pinnacle of parochial greatness; but domestic injustice and tyranny had warped a mind naturally sensitive enough to the claims of authority, and set his feet on a far different path. Of kindness, to which he was but little used, he was very susceptible, and Kavanagh's words and manner had won his heart at a time peculiarly opportune for making a pact of friendship. Unimpulsive himself, he had been attracted by the other's reckless confidence to a degree that astonished him, as he now reviewed in quiet the stirring events of the past night. It was satisfactory, of course, that within a few hours from his voluntary exile from his step-father's roof he should have found a helpful friend, a temporary home, and possibly a career for the future: but what price might not he have to pay for these undoubted advantages? Nay, what price might he not have already paid for them? He had been seen by many in company with one who, even by his own account, had incurred the highest penalty of the law. He did not for a moment believe him to be guilty in a moral sense; his own experience of life, which had somehow placed the sense of justice in opposition to obedience to authority, inclined him to take this view; while Kavanagh himself, independent of his disclaimer, impressed him as being quite incapable of an atrocity; but still his fortunes had evidently become linked with that of a dangerous and desperate man. The measure of precaution that had been taken to insure his new friend's escape from his pursuers was, to say the least of it, a strong one. If Murphy had not prevented him, he, for his part, it is true, would have given warning of their danger to the hapless patrol who, for all he knew, had met with their deaths from the fallen tree; but he had not done so, and he was now the willing companion of those who had caused the catastrophe. For all that he had run away from home with nothing beyond what he carried on his back, and with very hazy notions of gaining a livelihood, Robert Chesney was a sensible English lad, who looked matters in the face even when they were serious.

As to breaking the word he had passed to Kavanagh to keep silence upon his late adventure, that never entered into his mind; but he did ponder with precocious gravity upon the advisability of cutting his new connections altogether. Murphy was abhorrent to him, of course—a brutal copy of his own drunken step-father; but there was this difference: from early association his relative by marriage had obtained a certain ascendency over him; until quite recently, indeed, he had never even resisted his correction; but as for *this* hulking savage (his thoughts were pregnant with unsavory epithets for him), he did not fear him one whit. His society—so much of it, at least, as would be necessary for him to endure—would, doubtless, be distasteful to him; but his pride revolted against making this a very important item in his calculations. And, on the other hand, he had taken something more than a fancy for Murphy's master. Robert had met with gentlemen, and very grand ones, in his time—magnates of his own and other countries, who had shot in the royal park, under his step-father's guidance, and for whom he had acted as beater or game-bearer; but he had never seen so kindly a face, never heard such gentle tones, as those of Frank Kavanagh. No doubt, the kindliness and gentleness had gained by contrast with the moodiness, and even ferocity, he had also exhibited: the self-willed and passionate man has always that advantage over his more equable fellows, that when he does make himself agreeable, it is all the more appreciated, like a clump of trees on a bare moor; and Kavanagh had showed his genial side only to the boy, his rougher attributes to others. Moreover, he had trusted to his word, just as though he had been a gentleman instead of a poor lad, and that in a matter of the gravest sort. It was a rash and reckless thing to have done in so serious a case, and on so short an acquaintanceship, as the boy himself could well understand; and this endeared his new friend to him all the more. Lastly, to have his vague plan for the future fashioned for him into some practical shape would have been very welcome, even had it taken a less attractive guise; and this suggestion of leaving England, and seeking his fortune in some far-away region, exactly chimed in with his own longings. But perhaps what, more than aught else, finally decided Robert Chesney to accept, on reflection, the proposal which he had so hastily embraced, was this trifling circumstance: as he stood in the national attitude for reflection, with one hand scratching his head and the other thrust into his breeches pocket, the jingle of golden coin fell upon his ear. With the rattle of copper he was familiar, with the clink of silver even he had some acquaintance; but to rub one piece of gold against another had never yet fallen within his own experience. He pulled out the two sovereigns which his patron had given him to make merry with, and gazed on them as an Esquimau gazes on a clasp-knife, or an Otaheitan woman on a looking-glass.

Hope is cheerful, and ambition is seductive; but the possession of ready money in the unaccustomed hand is the realization of man's brightest dream.

CHAPTER IV.

A LOVE-LETTER.

Two golden sovereigns to make merry with! He had slipped them into his pocket, taking them for shillings, his attention—to do him justice—being occupied at the time with bidding adieu to the donor; and he had not thought of them since. How profitable should that service be in which such a sum was bestowed as the means of mere amusement! And yet Robert Chesney's mind was not a grasping one, nor even unduly set upon what is miscalled "the main chance"—as though that could be "chance" which every man may acquire for himself, if he be prudent or roguish enough; or as if that chance were "the main" one in which self is alone concerned! No, it was not on his own account that his heart leaped within him at the sight of that golden store, but because it reminded him of one with whom he could instantly share it.

He untied his little bundle, and took from it pen and paper; and standing beside the mantelpiece—for the attic did not boast a table—wrote, in a good clerkly hand (Mrs. Mulvaney having kept her word as to the ink-bottle) the following letter:

"MY DARLING LIZZY,—Little did I think, when I bade you good-by last night, that I should have great news to tell you so soon. I have met with a kind friend—whose name, for the present, you must be content to guess at, since he has reasons for its concealment—and I am in hopes he will put me in the way of making my living. I can not even give you my present address, for he is not at hand to give me leave to do so; and, besides, whether I shall be here even to-morrow is more than doubtful. You are too sensible, I know, to fret, when I tell you that I am going abroad—an uncertain word, you will say, and yet I have nothing to tell you more distinctly—a great way off, my darling—beyond seas. Well, that was my own wish, you know. Step-father was seldom right in word or deed as respected me, but he spoke truth (I feel) when he used to say that England was no place for a young fellow who would make his way in the world quickly; and I have the sweetest reason—have I not?—to make it quickly. I shall write to you whenever I can. I shall think of you always—of the long summer days (that seemed so short) which we have spent together in the forest glades. I see them now in this place, where there is not a tree; I see the beech wood by our lodge, with your red cloak glinting through their silver stems; I see the mighty elm in front of your cottage door, nodding to me as though in farewell. I do not write thus to pain you, you may be sure, but to convince you that I am still with you in my thoughts. Enough of myself. I conclude nothing has occurred within these few hours to you, though so much has happened to me. It was a comfort to remember that the wind would blow the elm away from your roof, not on it. You will be talking of nothing but the gale to-day—I mean your mother and James will be doing so. Then, about eleven (it is only seven o'clock when I write this), step-father will come in with the news that I have left home. Then you will look surprised (little hypocrite!), and your mother will weep, I know. God bless her! I fear there are hard times approaching for her. James will never get your poor father's place unless he is more careful: I know he is suspected of poaching. It seems hard, in a land where so much is inherited, to have been left nothing but a taste in which we are forbidden to indulge. If any opening should occur for him where I am going, I will let him know. I need not tell *you* to credit nothing that step-father says of me; but see your mother is not misled: I should be loath indeed to lose the good opinion of one who has been so kind to me. A time may come when I may repay it; and, Lizzy darling, I believe it will. I noticed yesterday how thin her shawl was got: give her this sovereign, with my dear love, to buy her a warmer one on this Christmas-tide. When she looks at it she will remember me; and before the remembrance is worn out—who knows!—I may come home—I mean to *your* home—to remind her of myself in person. How did I get it? Well, never mind, it was honestly come by. And don't think that I need it. There has been already a drizzle of sovereigns upon me; and if it should come on to pour, in the tropics somewhere, I shall hold out my hat, turn up my umbrella (a palm leaf) the wrong way, and get thoroughly soaked; then come back to England to be dried. Since you may like to know where I have kissed this paper, I make a mark: I already feel your lips there, and tremble. How grown you will be when I see you next! but you will never be more beautiful in my eyes, for that is impossible. I have got your sampler, with '*Trust in me*' upon it. I do; I will: and believe me always, for my part, your loving sweetheart,

"ROBERT CHESNEY.

"I promised to tell you every thing, even if it should not be good news, as you have promised to tell *me*. Well, my new friend has a companion who is not pleasant—a sullen brute of a fellow, with whom I may have some trouble: even he, however, has his good point—an unreasoning attachment to his master, such as I have never seen except in step-father's dog *Fang*."

Robert had the pen of a ready writer, but this note took him long to compose: he was permitted by the nature of the case to say so little about his own adventures; and when he wrote of Lizzy he had a way of lingering lovingly over the words, and even (as we have seen) of kissing them, which prolonged the process. He had done at last, however; and having addressed the letter to "Lizzy Alston, Green Lane Gate, Windsor Park," was about to get it posted, when he found his door had been locked on the outside. There was no bell in the room—indeed, his habits did not lead him to look for such—and he began to shake the door-handle and kick the panel.

"Hush, hush, in Heaven's name!" said the landlady's voice through the key-hole.

"I will not hush," was the lad's angry reply; "I will not be locked in, as though I were a spy and a liar."

"Mr. Murphy has gone out, and, I suppose, taken the key with him; he will be back soon, and shall open the door, I promise you. No honest lad shall be kept a prisoner in my house. In the mean time, what is it you want?"

"I want this letter posted."

"Very good. Put it under the door."

"Can I trust her?" thought Robert, hesitating.

"I will not deceive you, my good lad," continued she, guessing the cause of the delay; "I will put it into the box with my own hands." She took the letter and went down stairs with it at once; as she did so her eyes lit on the superscription, and a smile spread over her good-natured face. "So he has a sweetheart, after all," she murmured. "What luck it is for her to have a lover as can write! It would be something, now that my poor dear Miles is with the saints, to have an ould letter or two in his own hand to keep by one; but I could never teach him even the capitals. Lor, Mr. Murphy, how you frightened me! What is it?"

"Nothin', sweetheart: only I want that letter;" and suiting the action to the word, Mr.

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'Kavanagh's henchman snatched it from her, and retreated backward, holding it behind him, into the smoking-room, from which he had suddenly emerged.

Mrs. Mulvaney's face grew two shades nearer scarlet than heretofore. "Bad scran to you, you thief!" cried she, following him quickly into the room. "Give me up that letter! Sweetheart, indeed! Your lips shall never touch Bridget Mulvaney's cheek again, if once you break that seal. I'll tell the young masther what a mane sneak of a foster-brother he has."

"Tush, tush! it's for his sake I do it, woman. Yon lad is new to us all, and we know nothin' of him. The masther's in trouble—sore trouble, that I dare not speak of even to yourself. How much less, then, should I trust a gossoon like that?"

"How came you to trust him at all, then?" inquired the widow, incredulously. "If he knows, he knows."

"He knows something, and is in a position to tell it, which is more than he should have been if I had had my way; but you know what the young masther is—if he takes a fancy to man or woman, all's out."

"I believe the lad is as true as steel."

"That's because you're a woman, and the young fellow is good-looking, like myself. Well, he may be steel, and yet, without knowing it, he may have written something here which would bring Frank Kavanagh to the gallows."

"The gallows!" cried the widow, with a shudder. "Is it as bad as that, Mr. Murphy? and not a spy nor a gauger in all England to excuse the matter."

"That is so, Misthress Mulvaney; and you had best ask me no more questions. The point is this: though the lad up yonder knows nothing of the trouble, he knows of something that happened afterward to a couple of dirty policemen that followed us on horseback."

"Ah, the blackguards!" ejaculated the widow; "bad luck to them."

"Well, they hadn't *good* luck, and that's a fact," said Murphy, grimly; "and if the lad has chanced to mention it to his friends, they may put two and two together, and find out more than he has. Besides, in his pride at staying at a private hotel, he may have written '*Mulvaney's*' at the top of the note, and it's very particular to keep our whereabouts dark for the present."

"There's something in that," assented the widow, won over, perhaps, no less by this complimentary reference to her establishment than by his arguments. "But you needn't have snatched the letter out of my hand like a footpad. Here; give it to me—for it's no more use to yourself than a mass-book to a monkey—and I'll read it out to you aloud."

"You'll promise to read every word of it?" said Murphy, hesitating, and holding the letter high above his head; "and not to hide any thing, out of softness for the lad?"

"Yes, yes, I will," answered the widow, impatiently. Perhaps she was not altogether sorry thus to satisfy her own curiosity as to the contents of the young fellow's love-letter under compulsion and without twinge of conscience; and Murphy put it into her hand.

"Begorra, there's money in the seal!" cried she; "and what a mane crature am I to meddle with it! He's sending his sweetheart a bit of gold, just as my Miles, when he was courting myself, once sent me half a sovereign on my birthday, only it was stolen in the post. 'MY DARLING LIZZY,' it begins, just as his did, saving my name was Bridget.—Now, Murphy, if there's any thing particularly sweet in it, you must look another way, plaze, while I read it out. Now silence, and be aisy, Sir." The last words had reference to a tender movement on the part of Mr. Murphy, who had stolen his arm round her buxom waist, under the pretense (somewhat transparent, considering that he could not read) of commanding a full view of the letter. It was curious to watch the rapid change from excess of anger to the height of good-humor in these late antagonists, and the mutual friendliness that had taken the place of what had so lately threatened to be a very pretty quarrel.

"'*Little did I think, when I bade you good-by last night, that I should have great news to tell you so soon.*'"

"There, didn't I say he was going to tell, the sneaking spalpeen!" ejaculated Murphy.

"'*I have met with a kind friend—whose name, for the present, you must be content to guess at, since he has reasons for its concealment.*'

"There, you see!" cried the widow, triumphantly; "if you did say he was a-going to tell, Dick, you was a liar."

"Well, any way, he's set a woman to guess at it," answered Murphy, obstinately; "and that's very nigh as bad as telling."

"'*I can not even give you my present address, for he is not at hand to give me leave to do so.*'

"Come, what do you think of that, Murphy? Is he not the broth of a boy, and as true as I told you?"

"She'll be coming after him, and find it out," argued the other, doubtfully. "There was a Pagan woman as did that onst, from Palestine, as had no other address to go by beyond London. Nothing stops them."

"Don't talk to me of your painted women, Mr. Murphy."

"Pagan, Misthress Mulvaney—Pagan," explained Dick, apologetically. "There's a song written about it, as the young masther sings."

"Then he ought to be ashamed of himself, and you for listening to him. Listen to *this*, Sir, and learn a lesson in good behavior from yon poor lad. How kindly he speaks of his Lizzy's mother, as is old and poor." And she read the extract out, approvingly.

"Sure, she isn't his mother-in-law *yet*," observed Mr. Murphy, cunningly, "or he would not speak of her *that* way. Now it's one of the many merits as would make *yourself* a blessing to any man that your mother (rest her soul!) is with the saints, and—"

"Be quiet, Dick, with your flattery, and let me seal up the gold again, and put the poor lad's letter into the post."

"You are deceiving me, Bridget," cried Murphy, with sudden seriousness; "I can see it in your eye; you've not read out all he says."

"Well, it's just the postscript, Dick," explained the widow, with well-affected reluctance. "There's nothing about the masther in *that*, I do assure you."

"I'm the best judge of that, Misthress Mulvaney, and I'll just tear the letter up from top to toe unless I hear it. So, there!"

"Well, '*I promised to tell you every thing*,' writes he."

"Ay, now it's coming!" said Murphy, grimly: "them lads as has learned to write puts the main thing in their postscripts, like the girls themselves."

"'*I promised to tell you every thing, even if it should not be good news. Well, my new friend*'—that's the young masther, you know—'*has a companion, who is not so pleasant—a sullen brute of a fellow*'—this is *you*, Murphy—'*with whom I may have some trouble.*'"

"Begorra, that's like enough!" ejaculated Dick, with a great oath.

"Hush, hush, ye hathen!" said the widow, rebukefully; "and only hear how he praises you afterward.

"'*Even he, however, has his good point*'—there's for you—'*an unreasoning attachment to his master, such as I have never seen, except—except—*'"

"That's well, anyways," exclaimed Murphy, complacently; "and I'd like to know where he finds my equal in that respect.'

"'*Except in step-father's dog Fang.*'"

"The impudent young blackguard! Does he say that?" exclaimed Murphy, scratching his shock head.

"Yes, indeed, he does, you omadhawn," answered the widow, laughing heartily; "and now you know what comes of prying into other folk's letters. It is you that have been listening to it all, and it's the listeners that never hears any good of themselves. Come, light me a candle, Mr. Fang, while I get the sealing-wax, and try to mend what never ought to have been broken."

Doubtless Mrs. Mulvaney well knew the man with whom she was dealing, or she would have abstained from thus reminding him of Robert Chesney's sarcasm, even if she had not concealed it from him altogether; but the fact was that Murphy was rather pleased than otherwise with the testimony that had been paid to the *one* virtue on which he plumed himself—his fidelity—though illustrated by so homely a metaphor, and regarded its author with no increase of disfavor on account of it, but rather the reverse. A proof of this was immediately forth-coming in his giving up the key of Robert's attic to the widow, and bidding her tell him that (with the exception of the public room) he was free of the house, though forbidden to place his foot outside the door. This was not a great range of liberty; but unable, notwithstanding the fatigues of the previous night, to sleep, and tired of remaining in his own apartment without the solace of a single book, the young fellow was glad enough to take advantage of it. Without being by any means afraid of the sturdy Irishman, he would not have sought his society had it been avoidable, and, on descending to the smoke-room, it was a relief to his mind to find it empty. The time, however, hung very heavily on his hands; he was used to the free air of the forest and an out-door life, and the sense of confinement was almost unbearable. Mrs. Mulvaney's stock of literature was limited to a prophetic almanac, and a work of Catholic devotion in the Latin tongue; so that he had really nothing to do but watch the company in the coffee-room from behind the curtains of the glass door. They were a motley crew, and ranged from the mechanic in the receipt of good wages, down to the linenless wight who was spending his last copper in a go of whisky, but they were all of one type, that of working (or pretending-to-work) Irish. They all seemed to know one another, and to be known to Mrs. Mulvaney, who served them with her own hands, and had a word of friendly greeting for each of them.

She brought in Robert's own dinner at midday, but she did not dine with him; doubtless Murphy had laid injunctions on her to the contrary. Later in the day, however, the former made his appearance, and, without any allusion to their previous disagreement, informed Chesney that he had seen Mr. Kavanagh, who had made an appointment for them both to visit him on the ensuing day. Then Mrs. Mulvaney joined them, and talked to Murphy about "the boys," whom, at first, Robert took to mean her children, but afterward understood to be certain grown-up habitués of the establishment who had come under his own notice that day. In the evening some of them returned, and were spoken with apart by Murphy: they were all of the more poverty-stricken class, and seemed to regard that gentleman with great respect, and receive what he had to say to them with assent and gratitude. About eight o'clock a curious incident happened. Murphy, Mrs. Mulvaney, and Robert were sitting at supper in the little room, when the hoarse voice of a broad-sheet seller was heard in the street.

"There's news of some sort," observed the widow. "Listen!"

"It's nothing," said Murphy, roughly, and making an unnecessary clatter with his knife and fork. "These fellows always tell a parcel of lies. If you were to buy his paper, it would be only money thrown away; there would be nothing in it."

"Still it can cost nothing to listen," argued the widow. "It's Murder. Hark!"

Her warning was unnecessary, for, urged either by an instinct of imitation or by a curiosity that overwhelmed all other considerations, Murphy himself was now straining his ears to catch the fragmentary news.

"*Horrible murder—murder in Buckinghamshire—murder and 'cide—horseback—mounted policemen.*"

"What is it?" inquired Robert, rising eagerly from his chair. His ears were unused to the sing-song style of the street newsman, but the first words and the last had fallen on them distinctly enough.

"It is murder and suicide," said the widow; "but there was also something about folks on horseback. Here are some coppers: run out, my lad, and buy a copy."

"Give them to me, and I'll buy it," said Murphy, snatching at the money: "a boy like that is sure to be made to pay twice as much as it is worth;" and he went out accordingly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE Cesnola collection of Phœnician antiquities will soon be placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum. The greater portion of this interesting collection has already arrived; about one thousand pieces, which are still in Cyprus, will be forwarded immediately. Archæological treasures obtained from the sites of ancient tombs and temples in Cyprus, dating back, as it is believed by eminent British antiquarians, to 1200 or 1800 B.C., and comprising about ten thousand pieces illustrative of the history of art, religion, and race in the island where they were found, will form a most valuable addition to our Metropolitan Museum of Art. There are statues, vases, gold ornaments, vessels of glass, earthenware, bronzes, and a variety of objects too numerous to mention in detail. The statues are not wrought in marble, but in a calcareous stone common in Cyprus, and seem to be in a remarkable state of preservation. This collection was the result of seven years' labor; and some idea may be formed of its extent from the fact that General Di Cesnola and eight professional packers were occupied seven weeks in packing that portion which was carried to London, before it was purchased by Mr. John Taylor Johnston for the Metropolitan Museum. In June, 1872, sixty-three boxes of coins, engraved gems, vases, and other small articles were shipped from Cyprus for Boston; but the vessel took fire at sea, and they were all lost. The British Museum—to which institution the collection was not sold because it would not agree to keep it entire, and allow it to bear the name of the collector—has taken casts and photographs of the most important statues, and copies of all the inscriptions. The price paid for the "Cesnola Collection" is $50,000 in gold.

The grand ball for the benefit of the New York Infant Asylum, given at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, January 16, was one of the most brilliant affairs of the season. The arrangements having been in the hands of a large and influential committée, the preparations for it were most excellent and complete. The music, under the direction of Grafulla, inspired every listener, the decorations were of unusual elegance, and the large hall adjacent to the Academy having been secured for a supper-room, such refreshments as Delmonico provides satisfied the most fastidious epicure.

The noble charity in aid of which this ball was given commends itself to every benevolent heart. The New York Infant Asylum was first chartered in 1865, through the efforts of Mrs. Sarah A. Richmond, who labored faithfully for it until her death. In November, 1871, several ladies of this city, seeing that the enterprise needed energetic support, put forth their united exertions, and under a revised grant of the charter opened rooms for the reception of infants at No. 24 Clinton Place. It is not merely to save helpless infants that this asylum home exists. It has ever been one of the chief aims of the managers of the institution to extend a helping and a loving hand to their erring sisters at a time when such help is most peculiarly needed. They have striven to save the unfortunate mother from further sin by offering her a home where she can take care of her child for a while, and by so cultivating her better nature while in the institution that she will be purer and stronger thereafter. In cases where it seems expedient, a veil of concealment is mercifully spread, preventing that exposure which often seems worse than death itself, and thus giving those who have made a sad mistake a chance once more to live purely and be respected. Many have been rescued from misery through the agency of this organization. More extensive accommodations are needed. Land has been purchased at the corner of Sixty-first Street and Tenth Avenue, with the building upon it. The wards are to be furnished, and donations of money, clothes, and of toys will be put to most excellent use in these new quarters.

There are many members of the house of Bonaparte still living, among whom are Prince Napoleon, who married Princess Clothilde, daughter of the King of Italy; Prince Pierre Bonaparte, who killed Victor Noir, and who is now reported to be in Corsica; Cardinal Lucien Bonaparte, who is one of the private secretaries of Pope Pius; Prince Antoine Bonaparte, who has also a position in the household of the Pope; and Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, who has borne the title of Imperial Highness. There are also several princesses of this family.

The discovery of an enormous diamond is reported from "the Cape." It is said to be of 288 carats, in color a light yellow, shape good, though slightly flawed on the surface. The actual value of this brilliant remains to be proved, but in weight it surpasses all known stones. The great Russian diamond weighs only 193 carats, and the Pitt diamond only 136. The Koh-i-noor was originally enormous—800 carats—but was "cut down" by a Venetian jeweler to 279 carats, which was its weight when exhibited in London in 1851 at the Great Exhibition. It was re-cut the next year, and now weighs 102¾ carats. The importation of Cape diamonds from South Africa has tended to depreciate the value of the inferior kinds with which they compete, though it has not affected the value of the higher qualities of precious stones.

When the weather is cold enough to admit of meat being kept for several days, it is much better for family use when at least one week old. Experts say that if a quarter of any kind of meat be hung with the cut end up, the reverse of the usual way, the juice will remain in the meat instead of running to the cut to be evaporated.

Nerves—human nerves—are to be "tuned" like harp-strings, and brought into harmony with each other when they jangle. Such, at least, is the belief of an Italian, who professes to have discovered how to remedy discords in the nervous system, and to possess the key wherewith to do the delicate work. This nerve-tuner—we are sorry his name is not made public—contracts to keep nerves in order by the month or year.

Some unknown gives the following "serious" advice to "green" skaters. It may be useful for them to read it carefully:

"Never try to skate in two directions at once. This always ends in sorrow.

"Eat a few apples for refreshment's sake while skating, and be sure to throw the cores on the ice for fast skaters to break their shins over.

"Sit down occasionally, no matter where. There is no law to prevent a new beginner from sitting down whenever he has an inclination to do so.

"Skate over all the small boys at once. Knock 'em down. It makes great fun, and they like it.

"If you skate into a hole in the ice, take it coolly. Think how you would feel if the water was boiling hot.

"If your skates are too slippery, buy a new pair. Keep buying new pairs until you find a pair that is not slippery.

"In sitting down, do it gradually. Don't be too sudden; you may break the ice.

"When you fall headlong, examine the straps of your skates very carefully before you get up. That will make every body think you fell because your skate was loose.

"Wear a heavy overcoat or cloak until you get thoroughly warmed up, then throw it off, and let the wind cool you. This will insure you a fine cold.

"After you get so you can skate tolerably well, skate three or four hours—skate frantically—skate till you can't stand."

It is said that an American lady had the chance of sharing the strangely varied fortunes of the third Napoleon, but declined the opportunity.

A Russian lady, "very young, and a native of Siberia," but who desires to be unknown to fame, has offered 50,000 rubles for a medical course for ladies, to be given at the Imperial College of Physicians.

A Chinese emperor can not select an empress from the imperial family. He must take a wife from the people, and she must belong to one of the "eight banners." When a bride was to be selected for the present emperor orders were issued to the chiefs who had daughters of the desired age to send them to the palace. Strange to say, families do not desire their daughters to become the wife of an emperor. She is not only lost, as it were, to her friends, but by her marriage her parents and family are brought into a prominent position, which is often dangerous in a country like China. However, on the appointed day six or seven hundred girls appeared. They were minutely inspected, and about sixty selected as the result of the examination. A second and a third inspection reduced the number to twenty; and finally, by a series of examinations, the empress was chosen. The young emperor seems to have felt some interest in this competitive examination, for while it was going on he had a dream. It was that he had fallen in love with a young lady, and that she was humpbacked. As lame and deformed were ordered to the palace—many being reported so by their parents to prevent their being summoned—a humpbacked girl was really among the number, and the emperor took the dream as an omen that this was the one who ought to be his wife. She was one of the first fifty or sixty selected, and medical men were consulted as to the possibility of curing the deformity. After some vain efforts it is said that a farrier, a very strong man, tried by force alone to push in the hump, and it ended in the death of the poor girl.

The trustees of the Free Library and Reading-Room of Cooper Union design to add a free circulating library to the present books, which are used only in the library-room. An endowment for this purpose has been made by Mr. Peter Cooper. There are now 277 papers and periodicals on file, and the number of volumes in the library is about 10,000. During the year 1872 397,728 persons availed themselves of the privileges of this reading-room.

The great snow-storm of December 26, 1872, has led to search among the records for snow-storms of the past. Memorable among them is a storm which occurred in February, 1829, for it is related that many persons engaged in festivities commemorative of Washington's birthday throughout the country were snowed up in halls, and had to remain in them for days. On January 15, 1831, a heavy snow-storm blocked up country and city. Churches were closed in many places the next Sunday after, partly because the high drifted snow prevented the doors from being opened. In December, 1853, and in January, 1857, there were remarkable snow-storms. On January 17, 1867, there commenced a severe storm, which raged for about twenty-five hours. The cold was intense, the wind furious, and many persons were bewildered in the blinding snow and frozen to death. There was no regular communication by rail between New York and Boston for four days.

When Louis Napoleon was released from the castle of Wilhelmshöhe and took refuge in England, he was received with friendly hospitality; and during all the time that he and his family have lived at Chiselhurst they have been treated with respect and consideration. The little village of Chiselhurst, in which Napoleon passed his last days, is in the County of Kent, about eleven miles southeast of London. The ex-emperor occupied Camden Place—a mansion which will hereafter possess great historic interest.

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Fig. 1.—Organdy Dress with Cashmere Opera Cloak.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Gros Grain and Tulle Dress.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 39–42.

Fig. 3.—Silk Gauze Dress.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 43–45.

Fig. 4.—Faille Dress with Crêpe de Chine Opera Cloak.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—Gros Grain and Chambéry Gauze Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—Tarlatan Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 7.—Poult de Soie Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 8.—Illusion Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 9.—Gros Grain Watteau Costume.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 27ª, 27ᵇ–31.

Fig. 10.—Silk Gauze Dress.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 34–38.

Fig. 11.—Faille and Grenadine Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 12.—Poult de Soie Dress with Cashmere Opera Cloak.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 13.—Poult de Soie and Tulle Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 14.—Faille Dress.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 32 and 33.

Fig. 15.—Sea Blue Gros Grain Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 16.—Poult de Soie and Silk Gauze Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Figs. 1–16.—LADIES' BALL AND EVENING DRESSES.

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THE GREATEST OF ALL IS CHARITY.

O FINE tongues, O lithe tongues, sharp-pointed to kill
The tenderest heart!
O dark words, O low words, shot swiftly, and still
With delicate art!
Whence come ye? O woman, your guilty cheeks burn—
Against your own sisters the weapons ye turn.
Go ye to the feet of the Master, and learn
That the greatest of all is Charity!

O warm faith, O firm faith, sublime canst thou be
In woman made strong!
O blind eyes, O closed eyes, refusing to see
A lover go wrong!
Believing the son, though he lies to your face;
Believing the husband through darkest disgrace:
Why can ye not rise to a still higher place
In the greatest of all, kind Charity?

O star hope, O far hope, how bright canst thou glow
In mother and wife!
O deaf ears, O closed ears, refusing to know
The wreck of a life!
Ye cheer fallen man with the very last breath;
Ye hope against hope to the gateway of death:
Why can ye not list to the message that saith,
Lo! the greatest of all is Charity!

Ye see not, ye dream not, the torturing grief
Of one at your side!
She suffers in silence, and finds no relief—
Her tears she must hide!
All wounded, all bleeding, the poor maiden heart,
Yet swift as the Indian's pitiless dart
Your keen words are sent to the tenderest part—
Though the greatest of all is Charity!

Ye see not, ye feel not, the trials that chill
A wife 'neath her load.
O'ertasked and o'erburdened, she struggles on still
'Neath duty's sharp goad.
Ye know not the length that her daily round makes;
Ye know not the cares that her feeble hand takes;
Ye add your hard words, and the straining heart breaks—
Though the greatest of all is Charity!

Ye know not, unruffled, the battle for life
A sister must wage;
Ye know not, untempted, in what deadly strife
Her heart must engage.
She reaches the brink, but the chasm appalls;
She clings with faint clutch to the slippery walls,
But down come your doubts, like a blow, and she falls—
Though the greatest of all is Charity!

Ye heed not, proud hearts, the hopeless condition
Of one who is lost:
It may be in waves of tears and contrition
Her poor soul is tossed.
Your pitiless scorn keeps her back from your door,
Your pitiless hand keeps her down evermore,
Though the Saviour himself said, "Go, sin no more"—
For the greatest of all is Charity!

O woman, O woman, the earth's sweetest flower,
Creation's bright crown!
How can ye, how can ye, still cherish the power
That holds your souls down?
O fairest, for whom all our youthful hearts burn!
O dearest, for whom all our aged eyes yearn!
O ready for Paradise, could ye but learn
That the greatest of all is Charity!

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THERE have been few balls as yet, though it is predicted that they will be numerous in January and February. In the present state of society, when our rulers are sedate old men, dinners and quiet receptions have taken the place of the noisy dancing-parties of the empire. The ladies, however, wear to these dinners and receptions precisely the same dresses that they would wear to balls—clouds of tulle, crape, and gauze, embroidered with gold, silver, silk, and, above all, with long and flat jet beads, both white and black; for jet, though it has not been out of vogue long enough to be forgotten, reappears every where, on wrappings, on dresses of tulle, silk, or black crape, in the hair, on bonnets—in fine, on every thing. With these beads are embroidered directly on the fabric galloon of different widths and Greek or Arabian borders. The prettiest trimming of this kind that I have seen was of white jet, embroidered on a tunic of white silk crape, and worn over a skirt of orange faille, trimmed with white lace. The tunic was looped on the side with a scarf of broad orange ribbon, embroidered and fringed with white jet. Orange nasturtiums and white jet lilies of the valley in the hair.

For evening dresses there are seen combinations of color which seem audacious, but which are so skillfully toned down and so ingeniously separated as to produce a most striking and beautiful effect. A dress of rose de Chine faille is about to be worn with a tunic of maize silk gauze. The rose dress is trimmed with flounces of white lace, which are separated from the ruche of white lace which forms the heading by broad maize folds. The maize tunic is trimmed in the same manner with white lace and rose folds. The same combination is made with bright green and maize, blue and pink, green and pink, gray and purple, etc.

Nothing is less exclusive than the present fashion; and as it does not adopt any thing exclusively, neither does it reject any thing, either as to the shape or material of garments or the combination of colors. A lady in these days does not study to be in the fashion, but to set a fashion for herself. There are as many long and scanty dresses worn as Louis XV. fronts, Louis XIV. trains, and Marie Antoinette toilettes. We even go much farther back in French history, and copy the Valois costume, with its deep collerettes, close gigot sleeves, and long waists. There is a perfect medley, a Babel-like confusion, in which all ages and epochs seem to be represented. The Henri III. bonnet salutes the Rabagas, and Marguerite de Valois bows to Madame de Pompadour. I defy any one to say, "Such a thing is not worn." Every thing is worn; every thing is in fashion. Never was there a reign of such diversity. After all, it is only the reflex of our political situation. If Babel is in the drawing-rooms, it is also in the legislative halls. If women wear, one the costume of the Directory, another that of the empire, a third that of the revolution, and a fourth that of the monarchy, it is in emulation of the mosaic Assembly which offers us Legitimists, Parliamentarians, a few Bonapartists, and far too many Jacobins, without forgetting a few escaped Communists. Order will come out of this chaos, it is to be hoped, but I shall believe in political unity on the day when I see unity in feminine toilettes, unity in fashion—in a word, uniformity, as of old, imposed on our sex, brought again under discipline.

But it must be admitted that in an artistic point of view the dress of the present day is more interesting to the spectator, and in some respects more reasonable, than that of yore. Instead of compelling all women to conform to one costume, each is now at liberty to choose what suits her best from the fashions of all ages.

Feather trimmings are disputing popular favor with fur, and will soon take their place, inasmuch as fur must be abandoned when spring comes in, while feathers may be worn much later. They are used for silk, satin, and velvet.

It is already to be foreseen that spring will usher in a rich display of passementeries, Brandenburgs, cobles, olives, and agrafes of all sizes and shapes, new fringes, guipures, etc., all of wool as well as of silk. Among these fringes I have seen a very original one, in which ends of flat cord took the place of the twisted or untwisted silk commonly used. These fringes are both light and heavy, both simple and loaded with ornament.

But there are also, in spite of this profusion of trimmings, and perhaps even on account of it, plain dresses, which are perhaps the most beautiful of all: a tunic with no other trimming than a plain hem, and simply looped in the back, whether the material be velvet, faille, or mere black alpaca. The skirt over which this tunic is worn is trimmed only with a pleated flounce, which does not always extend all the way around the skirt. Indeed, the fashion of skirts pleated perpendicularly is so generally adopted and followed that it is simulated by those who dislike the excessive weight of skirts pleated in this manner. Black velvet ribbon is set perpendicularly on the front breadths of the skirt, and the flounce stops at each side of the bottom of this tablier. In general the tunic is open in front, so as to display the perpendicular pleats, whether real or simulated.

Bridal dresses are invariably trimmed. Under the dress, of whatever material, is worn a petticoat of white silk, trimmed with three or four rather narrow flounces, which are visible only in front. The front breadths of the dress are very plain, the fullness all being carried to the back, and arranged in such a manner as to form a pouf behind without sensibly diminishing the train. A bunch of orange blossoms is set at the belt, to which is attached a long cordon of the same flowers, which is fastened near the pouf, and falls thence over the train. The waist is always high, with small basques in the back and points in front. There is no over-skirt except the illusion veil, which is long and full enough to envelop the whole figure. The dress is caught up a little, so as to show the flounces of the white silk petticoat.

Many more woolen than silk dresses are worn in the street. On the other hand, velvet dresses were never worn so much at home, for dinners and small gatherings, as now. Black velvet is no longer confined to full-dress occasions; and the same is true with velvet of dark colors. These dresses are often open in front, over a tablier of satin or moiré, and the sides of the velvet dress, which are fastened to the tablier, are trimmed with black lace, either narrow or very wide; in the latter case it is set on in coquilles. Instead of lace, ruches of ribbon, or even of silk gauze harmonizing in color, are sometimes used, when the tablier is also trimmed with pleated flounces or ruches of silk gauze.

Alsacian fichus, of black or colored crêpe de Chine, trimmed with white lace, and carelessly tied in front, are much worn over waists of all kinds, whether low, high, or half high. They are very convenient in many cases, among others when a low waist would be too dressy.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

THE WRONG ANSWER.

IN the old days, forty years ago, when country teachers boarded round from family to family, and when a dozen young men and women about midway in their teens might be found in every well-to-do rustic school-house during the winter term, young William Gladstone, now Judge Gladstone, of the United States Supreme Court, was school-teacher in the Bound Brook neighborhood. The young man, then reading law, comprehended that school-teaching would replenish his purse, and need not greatly interfere with his studies.

Our hero, making his way to the best school district in the adjoining town, found the principal trustee, and confidently made application for the vacant situation of pedagogue for the four and a half months, autumn and winter.

"Yes, young man, yes, I know all about you," answered the sharp old trustee. "You're Square Gladstone's son, and college bred, so we can calculate that you've got learning enough to suit us; but that don't say nothing against flirting! Now last winter the whole deestrict was pestered with flying rumors about love-making down there to the school. First it was one girl and then another the master wanted, and of course all the great boys followed suit. But come spring nothing had taken root deep enough to go on growing in warm weather. Now this year, mind, I am going to set my foot down against all that. You can have the school, and welcome, if you give me a pledge that you won't introduce courting as a fine art, taught either by precept nor yet by example. If you can be sure you have the nerve to set your face against all billing and cooing, you are the man we want exactly. We old fogies are not altogether against a young man's paying attentions and marrying at the proper time, when he really means it, but the trustees, to a man, have made up their minds that last year's doings can't be repeated in our school. Now, then, young square, what have you got to say about it?"

Young Gladstone's face beamed as sunnily as a May morning during this little harangue. He wheeled about, his open, laughing eye looking straight into the intensely earnest face of the trustee, and answered, frankly, "I give you my solemn pledge, Sir, not to flirt with the pretty girls, to teach the boys by example to be as exemplary in this respect as the quietest old gentleman in the neighborhood, and as far as I can consistently, I don't mind agreeing to add a *very* little precept also now and then."

"That 'll do nicely."

"I intend to go on with my studies in leisure hours, and shall be altogether too busy myself for flirtations or for love-making."

"It is a bargain. I engage you out of hand to begin the school from next Monday to the last Monday in October!" cried the delighted trustee, pulling at the great button on the front of his coat with such vigor that the weak threads snapped asunder.

The younger gentleman ratified the contract.

"You mean to get admitted to the bar next year, I calculate, Mr. Gladstone?"

"So I hope, Sir, if I am successful."

"Exactly. Nothing like real business to keep a youngster as steady as is respectable, and that is all we old fellows care about." This time the undermined button gave way suddenly at the energetic pull of the trustee's great thumb and finger. The good man sat looking down at it a little ruefully. "Curious," he mused, half to himself. "Wife will know now that I *am* pleased. I generally sacrifice that button on the altar of the very highest satisfaction. That, now, is a trick started with the school lessons, as low down as the spelling-book. Mebby it come in with the first primer."

In due time the school began. It may be as well to say just here that the new master was immensely popular all winter, both with the pupils and with the all-powerful trustees. Our young friend thought it would be the easiest thing in the world to keep his agreement in a quite exemplary manner. All his days he had been sufficiently popular with scores of charming young ladies without undue flirting, and at present his thoughts were not at all fixed upon matrimony.

But "young Squire Gladstone" had not yet seen Susie Auber. She was his best and most charming pupil—a distracting little beauty, with dimples, brown eyes, graceful, winsome ways, laughter like music, and a voice always sweeter than the ripple of a meadow brooklet. The very first night of the first school day Susie Auber stepped bodily down into his embryo lawyer dreams, moving about among "Higgins *versus* Babcock," both of her plump white hands full of deeds, contracts, and old wills, which made him think of the Day of Judgment; and directly after she was teaching the children about legal tenures, which changed to nouns, verbs, tens, hundreds, and all the rest, down to A B C's; and the girlish hands were much prettier than the law papers which she held in them, though these were crammed full both of law and learning.

The next night Susie's face was shining like a transparency in every writing-book as the master set the copies; and when he thought of shutting it up in his desk, Susie herself flew out from the opening lid, as bright and as swift as a sunbeam, springing directly into the centre of his own heart. He woke himself up by saying aloud, "If she wishes to stay there, I certainly shall never object."

After such a beginning what could we expect? It will not do to say that the fickle young man spent his winter in studying this absorbing girl much more diligently than he ever pored over his law-books. He never thought of studying Susie or of understanding her; but he did think about her ten times oftener than he thought of any thing else—if rose-colored reverie may be dignified with a name so profound—always deciding in his own mind that she was incomparably the sweetest, dearest little being in the universe, and that she was becoming yet more and more engaging every day, as she developed in beautiful womanliness under his very careful tuition.

Whenever this sunshiny pupil was away from school for a day, the whitewashed walls of the school-room looked as dingy as the blackboard in the eyes of the disgusted master. All the children had poor lessons, and were wonderfully stupid in catching his explanations. In those days the heavy boys' boots scraping the rough floor grated upon his nerves; the dresses and manners of the girls were hopelessly countryfied; and all the little ones had influenza. In those days the master studied diligently all through the nooning, even while he munched pie and bread-and-butter for lunch; but if any curious eye had looked over his shoulder, it might have discovered a little pencil drawing of Susie Auber's face doing duty as book-mark between the ponderous pages of Blackstone.

And what of the young girl herself? Can one be the object of so much earnest devotion without knowing it? Hardly. Pledges and good resolutions are rarely strong enough to bind glances from adoring eyes, and to hold the tones of a voice in fetters. At least there are unguarded moments when these will slip the leash to enjoy a brief moment of delightful freedom.

For the first six weeks of school Susie felt sure that she was becoming very dear to the young teacher; as a natural consequence, the teacher was fast becoming very dear also to his sympathetic pupil. It was her right. He had spent a fortnight of that time as boarder at her father's house, and in her own mind she was entirely assured that her parents believed in the young man as a very eligible party for general family adoption. Then our Susie had not been bright and pretty all her life for nothing. She expected every young gentleman of her acquaintance to be a little fascinated as a matter of course. But in this case she was not perversely disinclined to something more serious and more permanent.

The months went by, yet the master had become more reserved or shy than in the beginning. He had always chatted freely and cordially with his pupils, and in this excellent habit he still continued; but there had been no advances in love-making. Susie was piqued—perhaps a trifle indignant—with a growing sense of being somehow wronged and defrauded. Either the master sometimes looked too much, or he said altogether too little; and the child found herself quite unable to solve the puzzle.

It was only a fortnight now before the school would close, yet no progress had been made. They met one evening, unexpectedly to both, at the house of a neighbor. When it was time to return home, Mr. Gladstone could hardly do less than to act as attendant; but that half hour in the bewitching presence, with all its school-girlishness laid aside, had entirely overcome his prudent resolution to delay the period of his love-making. He forgot that Susie had shared none of the golden reveries in which he had lived all winter, and where in his thought she had reigned as queen of a realm sacred to themselves. Delighted, excited, and irrepressibly in earnest as they left the house, quite too hastily and abruptly he asked her to become his wife.

Susie was startled; her best feelings received a shock. To become engaged without any of those sweet preliminaries of which she had always shyly dreamed, seemed like a perversion of right. Spirited and wayward, without taking time to consider, she said *no* promptly, perhaps a little indignantly.

Even then it might all have come right during the ten minutes' walk which followed; but unluckily they were overtaken by a party of chattering young people. Mr. Gladstone, in his present reckless mood, kept them in merry conversation till they left Susie at her own door, when he turned back alone into the darkness and tramped over the frozen ground, feeling a kind of satisfaction, as though he were stamping out all the remnants of sentiment in his own chilled heart. Susie, shut up in the darkness of her room, repented at leisure. Evidently at the bottom of this odd style of wooing there was an intense sincerity. Why, then, had all this happened? and could they remain still at cross-purposes? Could two people throw away happiness so perversely?

The next day she found that they undoubtedly could. Something still and lifeless in the manner of the young teacher toward herself chilled the blood in her veins, making reconciliation seem impossible. Her smiles fell like moonlight upon an iceberg.

So the days crept slowly on. Every body was demonstrative of their regrets at the approaching close of the school term; but the teacher, and one pupil at least, would have given much to feel that it was well over at once and forever. To meet every day as before seemed to both of them too severe a lesson in self-control. They counted the days, and at night they were both sincerely thankful that there was one less. Their estrangement grew with every thing which occurred. Neither looked willingly in the face of the other, or exchanged a syllable more than was necessary between teacher and scholar; but two young hearts were both aching sorely.

And now there were but two more days to the close of the school. These over, they could go their several ways again, each learning to bear alone the sharp sting of that painful but not easily forgotten past. Alas! how often has this happened before!

"Good-night, Square Auber, and ladies both of you," said the principal trustee, stumbling into the little sitting-room of the family, and rubbing his unmittened fingers with zest. "This spring weather is colder than a real winter, I calculate. When every thing snaps like icicles, then the cold seems brittle and dry; but this wet cold is terrible!"

Once comfortably seated and warmed, the trustee began afresh:

"Well, we have had a good school this winter. Every body admits that. The young man was the right sort. The truth is, between you and me, if Miss Susie there can keep a secret, I pledged the young fellow, to begin with, that he would set his face like a flint against school courting and all that. No flirtations heard of this winter! It has worked like a charm. The scholars never learned so much before in one winter, in my opinion; eh, Susie?"

"Perhaps not," answered the girl, quietly. But her heart was in her throat. Was that the reason, then, or any part of the reason, for the unwitting glances which had first won her heart without a word, only to toss it away at last upon the point of a word too abruptly spoken? Susie didn't know. There was nothing which could help her to decide. But she formed a plan which aroused all the courage in her heart, kindling fresh light in her eyes that flashed from every glance like arrows, and arrested the attention of the master the moment she entered the school-room next morning. "What did it

mean?" he began to ask himself, and to look doubtfully. This question waited a solution.

They were to have a review in geography in the afternoon.

"What cape south of Greenland?" questioned the master.

"Cape Lookout," answered Susie, promptly and steadily.

The color leaped rosily into the white brow of the master; his eye glanced on to the next pupil.

"Cape Farewell," was the wondering response. Susie never had missed before in geography.

"Cape Farewell?" echoed Susie, in a low tone, a look of regret at her failure written over every line of her pretty face.

"Where *is* Cape Lookout?" asked the teacher of the next pupil.

"East of North Carolina."

"What other cape east of North Carolina?"

"Cape Fear."

"Yes. Many of the prominent capes have significant names like these," said the master, in his pleasant, instructive tone. It was his custom to make the lessons interesting by remarks like this.

On went the questions down the line of a long class, and once more it was Susie's turn. "What cape south of Ireland?"

"Cape of Good Hope," smiled Susie, innocently. Every body laughed. "Oh no! *I have given the wrong answer. I did that once before*," added Susie, deliberately. "It is Cape Clear."

"Certainly, Cape Clear," affirmed the master. "Whether it signifies fair weather, the last tie to the land behind, or whether it is named as a warning against hidden rocks, I can not say."

"I think the *law* requires the best construction to be put on every thing, unless there is good reason to the contrary," retorted Susie, saucily, and with a little defiant laugh.

"Tell me the names of the principal countries of Europe," said the master, turning hastily to the next in class, his face at red-heat, and his voice crisp and cutting. It was nearly the last day; studying was over; the reins of government had been held rather loosely since the morning; yet now the girls opened their eyes frowning at the naughty classmate; and one boy nudged another with the audible whisper, "Susie is chaffing the master."

The master closed the examination after half a dozen more questions; yet every body noticed that his vexation was extremely short-lived. He smiled at the little ones who stumbled wofully over mental arithmetic in their eagerness to get out of school early, as he promised, if they would give close attention; and he excused all mistakes in the most genial manner possible. Susie caught a glint of sunshine and forgiveness in his eye, and was satisfied.

That evening Mr. Gladstone spent with Susie; and though he never repeated the old question, and Susie never gave the right answer, yet they must have learned how to compromise their mutual grievances; for only last week they celebrated the fortieth anniversary of their wedding in the presence of children and grandchildren. All is well that ends well; but it is currently understood that the spirited Mrs. Gladstone has claimed and received ample payment for all lack of the usual graceful courtesies of the courting days. Defrauded of a just preliminary amount of such attentions, her claim has been running at interest ever since—the portly judge, like a chivalrous gentleman as he is, having been for these forty years as tenderly attentive to his still bonny wife as any young lover. He has judicially decided that the old debt being of a kind which in the nature of the case can never be repaid as to the principal, it must lie against him as a perpetual claim forever.

SOIRÉES AT THE GERMAN COURT.

THE musical and artistic *soirées* that take place from time to time at the Emperor's palace in Berlin, when the great *salons* are crowded by a brilliant and fashionable assemblage, are eagerly sought after by foreigners. It is, however, not as easy a matter to gain admittance to these *soirées* as it is to attend a concert at Steinway Hall, or a performance of Italian opera at the Academy of Music. The plan on which the invitations are given out might be aptly stated in the words, "Many are called, but few are chosen."

It is the duty of the Lord Chamberlain of the Emperor, Colonel Count von Perponcher-Sedlintzki, to take proper care that the court etiquette prescribed for these entertainments is rigidly adhered to in all its details. The Emperor himself makes out a list of those who are to receive an "invitation" or "order" to attend the *soirée*. This important document his Majesty hands to the Lord Chamberlain, who, in his turn, imparts the names of the "elect" to an officer of the imperial household. Upon this official devolves the duty of informing each of the personages whose names appear on the list that his or her presence is desired at court on a certain evening. The members of the imperial family, as well as those princes or sovereigns who happen to be in Berlin at the time, are invited (*geladen*), while foreign embassadors, members of the cabinet, Mr. Botho von Huelsen, the general superintendent of the royal theatres in Berlin, and, in short, all those who lay claim to the honor of being considered *courfähig*, are ordered (*befohlen*).

The guests generally begin to arrive at about nine o'clock. Full evening dress is, of course, *de rigueur*, and it is hardly necessary to say that about the entire assemblage there is an air of marked culture and refinement.

The musical part of the *soirée* is under the direction of the royal *Obercapellmeister* and court pianist, Mr. W. Taubert, and commences at ten o'clock precisely. Only the very best musical talent, both vocal and instrumental, is heard at these entertainments. The first part of the programme consists of some choice instrumental music, executed by a small but well-trained orchestra, each member of which is an artist on his instrument. The selections performed comprise some of the most delicious outpourings of celebrated composers. During the second part of the programme the vocalists make their appearance. All the talented singers lay claim to the title "artist," and, as far as ability is concerned, they certainly deserve the honor of being called "court singers."

It is no exaggeration to say that for the past few years Madame Pauline Lucca has been the bright particular star of these concerts, before whose effulgence all lesser luminaries paled. Among the lady singers she invariably bore off the honors. It is now several years since the renowned prima donna, by a royal decree, received the appointment of *Kammersängerin*. This is the highest honor which in Prussia can be conferred upon any singer. Until recently Madame Lucca shared in this honor with the well-known songstress Madame Mathilde Mallinger and the celebrated tenors Messrs. Niemann and Wachtel.

The duty imposed on Madame Lucca by her appointment as court singer was to sing in all royal court concerts. Her position as *Kammersängerin* was an agreeable one, and the little prima donna was a great favorite both with the Emperor and Empress. From his Majesty the Emperor she received many costly presents. Shortly before leaving Germany *en route* for the United States he presented her with a pair of ear-rings, formed of gigantic pearls, oyster-shaped, and studded with brilliants of the purest water. The Empress gave her a splendid pearl necklace, all the pearls being Oriental.

Unsere kleine Pauline was never allowed to miss any of the *soirées* given at the Emperor's palace. But even in the presence of the imperial family and other distinguished personages, constituting the *crème de la crème* of Berlin society, the prima donna retained her well-known *naïveté* and frankness. Many instances could be cited in proof of this assertion, but we will mention only one, which can be relied on as true.

Last winter, at one of these *soirées*, the Lord Chamberlain, Colonel Count von Perponcher-Sedlintzki, informed Madame Lucca that his Majesty wished to see her. The court singer of his imperial highness replied, with a roguish smile, "When gentlemen want to see me they generally come to me." The Lord Chamberlain communicated to the Emperor the tenor of Madame Lucca's reply, but his Majesty, far from being offended by the language of the bold prima donna, laughed quite heartily, went up to Madame Lucca, and remained some time in conversation with her.

It is a well-known fact that all professional engagements entered into by Madame Lucca contain a stipulation which relieves her from filling a part in any of the operas of Wagner. A clause to this effect had been also inserted in her contract with the management of the Berlin Royal Opera, and the determined prima donna rigidly adhered to her resolution—*i. e.*, to avoid Richard Wagner's larynx-destroying scores. Indeed, it is said she has refused to sing an air from *Tannhäuser* when the Emperor in person requested her to do so. This fact sufficiently proves her great dislike of "the music of the future."

The routine of the *soirées* at the Emperor's palace is always the same. Punctually at eleven o'clock the concert is over. It is a rule, prescribed by the etiquette of the court, that during the performance the audience refrain from manifesting outward signs of approval or displeasure. Consequently no hissing or clapping of hands is ever indulged in by any one present, and it is only occasionally that the Empress utters, in a subdued tone, the words "*charmant!*" or "*magnifique!*"

After the close of the concert the fair *artistes* who have sustained a part in the programme are presented to the Empress and to the other ladies of the imperial family, before whom they have to make their customary bow, and, in their turn, receive the stereotyped congratulations which are invariably bestowed upon them by the august personages. The Emperor also regularly addresses to the singers who enjoy the honor of presentation a few complimentary words relative to their artistic merits.

Soon after the concert is over a curtain rises in the background of the *salon*, and discloses to the view of the assemblage a handsomely fitted up little stage. The performance of a French vaudeville is then generally gone through with. This concludes the evening's programme.

Precisely at twelve o'clock the Lord Chamberlain announces that supper is ready. It is only when Colonel Count von Perponcher-Sedlintzki makes this communication to the Emperor that his Majesty gives him the names of the select few of the assembled personages who, in the language of the court etiquette, are to be "ordered" to stay to supper (*zur Tafel befohlen*). Those whom the Lord Chamberlain passes by in silence now quietly make their exit.

In this connection we will mention a peculiar fact which will interest our fair readers. It was the *Kammersängerin*, Madame Pauline Lucca, who was "ordered" to attend the *soirée*—*i. e.*, to fill a part in the musical programme. She was also invariably one of the favorite few who were honored with the "order" to stay to supper. But it was not the *Kammersängerin*, Madame Pauline Lucca, it was the *Baroness von Rhaden*, who was shown to her seat at the table.

The Emperor and Empress generally withdraw about one o'clock, and soon after the guests also take their departure.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Dean Stanley's Victory.—Lady Beaconsfield.—*The Coming K.*—Winchester's "Last."—The Laureate's Question.

THE religious world in England and that of our metropolitan clubs have not many matters in common, but the late appointment of Dean Stanley to be a select preacher before the University of Oxford has been debated in our smoking-rooms as warmly, if not as bitterly, as by the professed theologians. The dean is very popular in London, not only by reason of his eloquence, which is considerable, but because he is known to have a large heart. His preaching in Westminster Abbey upon the death of Dickens was thought by small people to be a desecration of that national temple, though to you in America, probably, it would have seemed there could have been nothing more in accordance with the fitness of things, and we ourselves are getting broader views of these matters. The dean perceived, as Lord Jeffrey did, that the great novelist's works "had done more good, fostered more kindly feelings, and prompted more positive acts of benevolence than could be traced to all the pulpits in Christendom," and he honored his memory accordingly in the proper place; but *our* ecclesiastical sounding-boards are not accustomed to reverberate the praises of mere writers: it is necessary for a prince, or at all events a politician, to die to evoke them, and the dean's conduct shocked Mrs. Grundy and "conventional" Churchmen of all sorts. It is probable that if the votes of the country clergy had not been overbalanced by those of the lay Masters of Arts, who for once were moved to leave London and run down to give him their suffrages, Oxford would have rejected Stanley. Of course her acceptance of him by no means implies approval of his latitudinarian tendencies: he *is* latitudinarian, and but for that circumstance would long ago have been a bishop; as it was, nothing but the personal influence of the Queen—whose favorite maid of honor he married—could have made him Dean of Westminster. Every one admits that much; but the ground which his supporters took at Oxford was that a Church which boasts itself as "catholic" and comprehensive, and which includes Dean Close and Dr. Pusey within its limits, has certainly also room for Dean Stanley. The result of the contest has given the most unqualified satisfaction to the general public.

The Viscountess Beaconsfield, Mr. Disraeli's wife, was buried yesterday. She was greatly his senior (eighty-one), and when she married him was of mature years, a widow, and very wealthy. If death were not itself a quencher of all mirth, it would raise a smile to mark the attempts on the part of the press to build up a domestic romance upon these commonplace materials. Her ladyship was not that political aid-de-camp to her husband which our politicians' wives often prove themselves to be. She could not fix a wavering supporter by her smile, far less win over an opponent; but she was an excellent wife, and is said to have been devoted to her husband. An anecdote is told of her which, though not without a flavor of the ridiculous, has a touch of the heroic also. On a great "party night" at the House of Commons, when driving down with Mr. Disraeli to Westminster, she pinched her finger severely in the carriage door, yet never spoke of it lest pity for her should interfere with the oratorical effort that was about to be demanded from her husband. What was really most significant about her, however, was the title which her Majesty conferred upon her, and which Disraeli *declined* for himself, as Peel had done before him. Was it, in the former's case, that he felt that Benjamin Disraeli would always be a far greater man than a firenew peer, or did he really despise that hereditary order which, while belauding in his books and affecting to champion in the senate, he has really done more to humiliate than any politician of his time? Peel refused a peerage, as some say, because, cotton-spinner as he was, and notwithstanding that bitter saying that "it took three generations to make a gentleman," he knew that the title could add no dignity to him; as others say, because he foresaw that the son who was to succeed him would prove any thing but a "moral support" to the hereditary system.

The year's end, as you know, is with us the season for shooting shillings' worths of literary rubbish, in the shape of Christmas numbers, upon the public, though certainly not "over their heads;" indeed, the object of the compilers of these brochures seems to be to write down to the lowest level of the intellectual capacity of their readers. Well, there is this year a certain Christmas number, entitled *The Coming K.*, in no way an exception to the rest as regards wit or wisdom, but which has attained, I am told, an enormous circulation from its flying its shafts at that very high personage whom our gilt youth entitle "Wales." It is undeniable, I fear, that since his illness H.R.H. has been "going on" in his old courses at a greater rate than ever. Perhaps it is the rebound from the public thanksgiving, which I always told you was "a little too much of a good thing," and must have astonished the convalescent himself beyond every body.

"The devil was sick; the devil a monk would be:
The devil was well; the devil a monk was he."

And upon this last circumstance *The Coming K.* has been founded. It is not sold, I believe, at the railway stations: the virtuous and conservative "W. H. Smith & Sons," who have the monopoly of the book-stalls, will have nothing to do with it, and its being so far an outlawed work of course only increases its popularity; but the straw shows which way the wind blows, and it is marvelous how so soon after that "gush" of enthusiasm for royalty a book like this, which is in fact a personal lampoon on "Wales," should become the rage. In the form of a sustained parody upon the *Idyls of the King* this precious production paints "Guelpho the Gay," whose brand is not, as Arthur's was, *Excalibur*.

"Whose brand is Henry Clay—brave brand to smoke,
But not to smite: another one in store
(Trade-mark triangular, 'twould cost a crown
To counterfeit) is Bass X *calibre*."

I copy out for you the dedication:

These to his memory—since he held them dear,
Perchance as finding there unwittingly
Some picture of himself—I dedicate,
I dedicate, I consecrate with smiles—
These Idle Lays.
Indeed, He seemed to me
Scarce other than my own ideal liege,
Who did not muchly care to trouble take;
But his concern was, comfortable ease;
To dress in well-cut tweeds, in doeskin suits,
In pants of patterns marvelous to see;
To smoke good brands; to quaff rare vintages;
To feed himself with dainty meats withal;
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade;
To toy with what Neræa calls *her* hair;
And, in a general way, to happy be,
If possible, and always debonair;
Who spake few wise things; did some foolish ones;
Who was good-hearted, and by no means stiff;
Who loved himself as well as any man;
He who throughout his realms to their last isle
Was known full well, whose portraiture was found
In ev'ry album.
* * * * * * *
Thou noble Father of her kings to be—
If fate so wills it, O most potent K——!
The patron once of Polo and of Poole,
Of actors and leviathan "comiques;"
Once dear to Science as to Art; once dear
To Sanscrit erudition as to either;
Dear to thy country in a double sense;
Dear to purveyors; ay, a liege, indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter, through all times, Guelpho the Gay!

Another literary production of a very different kind from *The Coming K.* is also making another kind of sensation—namely, *Middlemarch*. It is said that the enormous sum of £7000 was paid for *Romola* (a story which, with all its power, is by far the least popular of Mrs. Lewis's books), and that report has doubtless combined with the extraordinary merit of her productions to make them "the most looked-for" in our modern literature. It is generally conceded that *Middlemarch* is the wisest of all her works—a sort of philosophic *Cranford* on a larger canvas, but, like it, without a sufficient backbone of "story." On this account the publication of it at intervals of two months had to be abandoned, and the remaining volumes issued more rapidly. What Browning's *Ring and the Book* is (only a great deal more) in poetry, *Middlemarch* is in prose: it is absolutely exhaustive, yet, at the same time, there seems no reason why it should not have gone on forever. The opinion of the many is, on the whole, and taking into account its great expectations, favorable; the opinion of the few and thoughtful, immensely favorable. What jars upon them is the sadness and hopelessness of its philosophy—which, however, was not unlooked for—and occasionally an almost painful suggestion of effort.

The enormous building, at one time Crockford's Club-house, in St. James Street, which I told you had been purchased by the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, is at last definitely announced to be intended for a club-house, to be called the *Junior Reform*. Its site is the finest for such a purpose in London, and, notwithstanding the enormous outlay necessary for its adaptation, I believe it will prove a financial success. The half of the building was at one time the *St. James Club*, and very curious was it to behold the dingy splendors of those magnificent rooms wherein the former "Wales" and the knights of *his* "table round" had lost their hundreds of thousands: it would have cost a fortune even to regild the ceilings, and nothing of the sort was attempted. The discipline of the club, too, was lax, from which circumstance occurred the following incident, which I suppose is almost unparalleled in club life. Some friend had asked me to dine there after the *Derby*, and while we were in the smoking-room there entered an acquaintance of his, who thus addressed him: "They call this place a club, Brown, yet, would you believe it, there is no lobster-salad to be got here on the Derby day?" "That is shameful, my good fellow; but why did you not 'back your bill' and complain to the committee?" "Well, so I would," returned the other, with a slight look of confusion—the merest blush—"only, you see, the deuce of it is that *I don't belong to the club*."

Let me atone for narrating that sad piece of impudence by speaking of bishops. The Bishop of Winchester, who when of Oxford was held to be the most eloquent on the bench, and the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who does not enjoy a similar reputation, happened to meet on the same public platform. When Winchester had addressed the assembly at great length and with much applause, Gloucester and Bristol thought it better *not* to evoke comparison. "Really, brother," said he, "I think you have said all that can be said, and, besides, the people do not expect a speech from me, for, see, they are beginning to go away." "That shows they *do* expect it," said Winchester.

There is also an excellent story afloat about Alfred Tennyson. One Sunday evening, while staying with a certain admirer of his who loved his works not wisely though so well, he was besought to read *Maud* aloud, which he did in his deep, sonorous voice, to the great edification of the company. Presently, when he came to the verse,

"Birds in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling."

"What birds were those, Sir, do you think?" suddenly inquired the poet of his host. "Well—dear me, Mr. Tennyson—let me see—why, they must have been nightingales, of course." "No, Sir; they were *rooks*"—which they doubtless were.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

Hosted by Google

VISCOUNTESS BEACONSFIELD.

THE Right Honorable Mary Anne Disraeli, Viscountess Beaconsfield, of Beaconsfield, in the County of Bucks, a peeress in her own right, was the only daughter of Captain John Viney Evans, R.N., of Brampford-Speke, Devonshire, and niece of the late General Sir James Viney, K.C.B., C.B., of Taynton Manor, Gloucestershire, whose heir at law she became. Her ladyship was married, firstly, in 1815, to Wyndham Lewis, Esq., M.P., of Greenmeadow, Glamorganshire, who died, without leaving issue, in March, 1838; and secondly, in September, 1839, to Benjamin Disraeli, Esq., then M.P. for Maidstone. The union proved a very happy one, and Mr. Disraeli has taken many opportunities of testifying openly to the warmth and depth of his feeling for his wife. He dedicated his novel of *Sybil* to her in graceful words. Again, in a public speech at Edinburgh, in 1867, he spoke of his partner as "that gracious lady to whom he owed so much of the happiness and success of his life;" and when her Majesty, in 1868, raised Mrs. Disraeli to the peerage, it was felt that she could not have bestowed an honor more likely to be appreciated by the husband, who, from a comparatively humble position, had attained at that time to the office of the first minister of the crown. Mr. Disraeli was about to visit Glasgow for the purpose of being formally inducted as Lord Rector of the University, but was obliged to decline on account of the critical state of Lady Beaconsfield's health, which had been for some time in an unsatisfactory condition. After a protracted illness, she died at noon on Sunday, December 15, and was buried on the following Thursday in the family vault in Hughenden church. The ceremony differed little from a humble village funeral, and was touching in its simplicity. The weather was very wet; nevertheless Mr. Disraeli walked bareheaded through the rain, and reverently followed the remains of the late partner of his life to the vault. Several beautiful wreaths of flowers were placed on the coffin. Lady Beaconsfield was much beloved in Hughenden, where her simple deeds of kindness and charity toward the poor and sick, and her graceful affection for her husband, will not easily be forgotten. The engraving which we give herewith was copied from a portrait in possession of Mr. Disraeli. The London *Times* says of Lady Beaconsfield: "The secret of the spell she held her husband, Disraeli, by was a simple one: she loved him with her whole heart and soul, she believed in him above all men, and he appreciated at its real worth that single-minded self-sacrificing devotion. It is difficult to overrate the strength and support given by unstinted love like that, and few, we suspect, appreciate it more than those who would seem to need it the least. It is neither counsel nor sparkle, but observant, ready sympathy, that a man of energy and self-reliance longs for in moments of exhaustion and depression, and the more impassable the mask he wears, the greater the relief of being able to drop it in private. Lady Beaconsfield was very far from being a reserved woman. She must have often talked too fast and freely for her husband's liking; occasionally the expressions of her artless admiration of him were caught up and colored, to be circulated as "good stories" at dinner-tables; but the intuitive instinct of her affection set a seal on her lips in the minutest matters where her talk might do him an injury. She was very much in his confidence, and she was never known to betray it. Except for subtle influences of the home she made him, the help she brought was passive rather than active from first to last. All he had asked was fair play for his talents at the start; her fortune had given him that, and he did the rest for himself."

THE LATE VISCOUNTESS BEACONSFIELD.

COSTUME FOR AFTERNOON RECEPTION.

SEEDS OF GERANIUM.

PROFESSOR HANSTEIN has made some interesting observations on the seeds of several species of the plant known as "stork's-bill" (*Geranium*). He has ascertained that they enter the soil somewhat like an auger, and thereby resist the action of the wind, and secure greater certainty of germination. Every blossom develops five closely adjoining seeds with long processes, which are not unlike the beak of a bird. These burst open, and being very hygroscopic, twist and turn in accordance with the change of moisture in the atmosphere, and penetrate the soil. Professor Hanstein has observed seeds screwing themselves even into the hard surface of firmly trodden garden walks. The direction of the turns seems to be constant with the seeds of the particular species.

COSTUME FOR AFTERNOON RECEPTION.

THIS distinguished costume is made of faille of the new purple shade, called *pervenche*. The skirt is trimmed to the knee with flounces arranged in vandykes, headed by a band of black velvet and Valenciennes lace. Two ruffles with velvet bands and upright frills trim the upper part of the front breadths. The polonaise is sharply cut away in front, and has a low Pompadour vest of lace and velvet. Velvet cuffs, edged with lace, and ornamented with three gold buttons. Black velvet sash. Velvet dog-collar and locket. Roman gold ear-rings and ornaments in the hair. Purple wing in the coiffure.

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Medallions in Application and Satin Stitch Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE medallions are suitable for trimming memorandum-books, cigar-cases, etc. They are worked on a foundation of light gray gros grain in application of silk of another color, and with saddler's silk of various colors, partly in dovetailed satin stitch, and partly in half-polka stitch and point Russe.

Mantel-Piece with Cover in Application Embroidery.

THE mantel-piece is of gray and black marble elaborately carved. The cover is made of dark blue cloth with application embroidery, for which Fig. 26, Supplement, gives the design. The design figures are applied in yellow cloth, the outlines and all the lines of the figures are worked in half-polka stitch with brown saddler's silk. The points on the outer edge of the cover are edged with narrow and wide brown silk braid. A brown worsted tassel trims the end of each point. The colors, of course, may be varied to harmonize with the furniture of the room.

ARTISTIC DRESS-MAKING.

AS to the "cut" of the bodice, there are many forms, good and bad. The worst is, perhaps, the ordinary tight bodice, which we may christen the pincushion style, from its hardness and stuffiness, and which follows the form of the stays and never that of the body. But you may say, "Why is this 'neat' bodice ugly? It is a pity to conceal a pretty figure forever in loose folds. Why may we never see a clear outline?"

Certainly, if we did but see the outline of the body, and not the French milliner's idea of what the body should be! Nothing can be more beautiful than a close-fitting garment, such as that worn in the time of the Plantagenets, before the modern stays had come into being. But a box that stiffens the whole figure unnaturally, draws the waist into the shape of a V, when the female figure is much more like an H, is a detestable invention, and, indeed, only a kind of coffin; while as for the bodice fitting it, any garment containing so many unnecessary seams and wrong lines must always be an unpicturesque one.

As for the skirt (which ought to be, if it is not, a portion and a continuation of the bodice), it must partake of the character of the bodice—that is to say, if the bodice be cut tightly and formally to the figure, the skirt should be so. For instance, none but the plain gored skirt, without a single pleat, can properly go with a tight bodice. But if the bodice be full at the waist the skirt must contain pleats—for this style must signify a full and folded garment closed to the waist by a girdle. Nothing can be in worse (artistic) taste than to wear a loose bodice, such as a Garibaldi, with a tight gored skirt, which we have seen done, or a gathered skirt with a close bodice—no dress could be naturally cut in either way. It at once betrays that the skirt and bodice do not belong to each other, and are not cut together, or, as artists say, "not all painted with the same palette." The necks of dresses are always ugly when cut in a circle close up to the throat, just as a glove that ends exactly at the wrist-bone, or a boot at the ankle, with a straight line, is always ugly. It always looks incomplete, and seems to require some sort of ornament; it is not a natural form, and, besides, it gives the head a decapitated look. The corners taken off at once give us a natural form. The V may fairly be carried down to the waist—but in this case let me beg my fair country-women to wear a chemisette. The fashion in vogue last season, of wearing the chest bare to the waist while the dress was high behind and on the shoulders, was inexpressibly odious. We have seen these V-shaped bodices at evening parties, where the V was only stopped by the girdle! As to the picturesqueness of the dress, it was lost by the hard edge of the V upon the chest. A dress ought never to end upon the skin—there should always be a tucker; firstly for cleanliness, and secondly for softening the line of contrast.

Seams ought never to have been introduced into the backs of close bodices. Surely the human back would be easy enough to fit without these lines, sometimes contradicting so flatly the natural ones of the figure. What can be a more needless break in the line of the arm and shoulder than the seam that chops off the arm just beneath the joint, or the square seam that crosses the blade-bone? There is another seam, which is just as ugly and just as needless, which goes straight from the armpit to the waist. If a tight bodice demands a seam down the back, it can not need the side seams nor the seam under the arm. If the seam under the arm is conceded, no other is required at the back. In a diagonal bodice, however, the armhole is properly placed just at the joint. The old sacque of the seventeenth century was a very perfect pattern, as far as patterns go. The sleeve, whether tight or full, was put into the neck. The seam under the arm united with the pocket-hole, at the lower end of which an extra breadth was gathered in, necessary to admit of the sweep of the train; the seam of the back, giving the graceful line of the natural waist and hip, was concealed by the long folds of the sacque, while the line of the side of the neck, which was usually square, swept straight down to the ground, revealing the under vest or jacket and petticoat (both perfectly legitimate forms and distinct from each other). When a change of fashion brought the dress together on the bosom, with no under-jacket, the neck was cut heart-shaped, a very natural and honest form.

In all cases the seams of garments should follow and recognize the natural lines of the body. A seam reaching the throat, or one surmounting the shoulder joint, is a more natural and proper form than one cutting across the arm, and should be used in all close bodices where the eye is meant to take in a smooth outline without a break. In bodices less simple in construction, and where the sleeve rises into puffs or other capricious forms, the seam may be at the joint, or, in fact, any where where it is least obtrusive. In the making of dresses the lines that end nowhere and nohow, which are often apparent, never fail to offend the eye.

Fig. 1.—GROS GRAIN AND GAUZE GRENADINE EVENING DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5-8.

Fig. 2.—POULT DE SOIE EVENING DRESS.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

Fig. 1.—MEDALLION IN APPLICATION AND SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Fig. 2.—MEDALLION IN APPLICATION AND SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

MANTEL-PIECE WITH COVER IN APPLICATION EMBROIDERY.
For design see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 26.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. L. D. AND OTHERS.—The traditions concerning precious stones are so numerous and various that it is difficult to give them authoritatively. In some nations each gem is sacred to one month, and is appropriately worn by persons born therein. For instance, the garnet, emblematic of constancy and fidelity, is dedicated to January; the amethyst, sincerity, to February; the blood-stone, courage and presence of mind, to March; the diamond, innocence, to April; the emerald, success in love, to May; the agate, health and long life, to June; the carnelian, contented mind, to July; the sardonyx, conjugal fidelity, to August; the chrysolite, antidote against madness, to September; the opal, hope, to October; the topaz, fidelity, to November; the turquoise, sincerity, and the chrysoprase, moral courage and perseverance, to December. Emeralds are supposed to keep off the evil-eye, and to be a preventive of sickness. The amethyst is a charm against intoxication. The turquoise preserves the wearer from accidents. The ruby warns its wearer of coming misfortune by its changes of color. The sapphire gives the wearer a light heart. The chrysoprase bestows fluency of tongue and pen. The diamond protects its possessor from all sorts of enchantments, and secures his triumph over his enemies, while its loss betokens dire misfortunes. The opal was the most baleful stone of all, bringing calamity to the wearer, and subjecting him to the malign influence of demons. We do not know of any book on the subject, though many curious traditions may be gleaned from jewelers' manuals in the French, German, and other languages. We can not refer you, however, to any one in particular.

A SUBSCRIBER kindly furnishes the following directions for bleaching Parian ware, alabaster, marble, etc.:

"Place in the sun, on a warm day, a wash-tub filled with *soft clear water*. Lay the Parian or alabaster in the water from one to ten hours, until well bleached, and wash off the dust with a nail-brush, and dry in the sun. Should the alabaster loosen where cemented, renew by a little fresh plaster of Paris. For forty years, when house-cleaning, I have always bleached for an hour or two, and the Parian and alabaster come fresh from the sun and water, and look like new."

NEW YORK SUBSCRIBER.—A marriage is legal, provided both parties are single, under whatever name they may be married, whether real or assumed. Consult a lawyer about the measures necessary to change one's name in different States.

FORM PAPER.—It is news to us that "writers always use paper three inches narrower than ordinary letter." Our writers don't.

LATINA.—We can not put words into the mouth of the dumb, or tell a person what to answer when his friend expresses his delight in meeting him.—As to the Latin sentence you sent us, *ipse* was omitted, which made the whole phrase nonsensical.

ALDINE.—You should make the first call on your friend after her return from a long journey.

W. S.—Only very intimate friendship would authorize you to address a gentleman as "Dear Friend." "Dear Sir" is better, or "Dear Mr. ——."

PAULINE.—It is not necessary to write a letter of thanks in acknowledgment of so simple an attention as the receipt of a paper.

V. D. G.—The sewing-machines in the market number legions. We can not catalogue their respective points of excellence here, or recommend one above another. The reports of the American Institute Fair may give you some information on the subject.

J. Y. M.—We certainly should not advise a lady to leave a good country home for the sake of making a precarious livelihood as a seamstress in the city. Stay where you are.

CONSTANT READERS.—We don't know any thing about the troupe you mention.

MRS. MARY V. W.—Your friend is very fortunate in having trained a half-witted boy to be a perfect chambermaid, and we do not see any impropriety in it, so long as both parties are satisfied. Nevertheless, as a rule, semi-idiots are hardly to be relied on as model servants, and there are hardly enough eligible ones to be found for Bridget to fear their rivalry. As to the employment of men for household service, it is common enough in Europe and elsewhere, and there is nothing reprehensible in the custom.

SAN JOSÉ.—There is no international copyright between Europe and America, and you are at liberty to translate any French or other work without infringing on the rights of the author.

SUBSCRIBER.—An infant can not, we think, be baptized without sponsors in the Episcopal Church.

MIGNON.—You will find in our advertisements answers to your questions concerning contributions to Harper & Brothers' periodicals. We do not answer questions about MSS. in this column.

UNO.—When asked at table what you will have, always make a choice, and do not embarrass your entertainer with the responsibility.—It is highly unconventional for a young lady to take a gentleman to ride.—A girl of fifteen should wear her hair flowing.

JANE R.—Black velvet bonnets are as much worn as usual. You can always relieve them by a rose or plum-colored feather, and these match both your costumes.

S. A. L.—There is nothing better for chapped lips than glycerine tablets or camphor ice, though sweet-almond oil may be used when the lips are very sore.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.—Your friends show very bad taste in laughing at your hair. Braid it on crimping-pins, and dress it lightly and fluffily as possible. Brush it a great deal, and wash once a week thoroughly. Touch your eyebrows with salve of cold cream, melted, with walnut bark boiled in it a long while.

EDNA.—A bran poultice improves the complexion. A weak wash of carbolic acid—one tea-spoonful to a pint of rose-water—is very good. Vapor-baths can be taken alone.

C. G.—Gum-turpentine dissolves in alcohol, and the proportions are only to be found by trial. Cover the gum with proof spirit, and dilute as needed till the turpentine disappears.

F. Y.—The thimbles spoken of are *not* patented, nor does the article referred to say they are.

LIZZIE B.—Your cloth sample is too heavy for a redingote. You should get a light pliable fabric. Directions about quantity of material and the way of making up the garment will be found in the *Bazar* in which the redingote is illustrated, viz., No. 46, Vol. V. We do not write special directions on the pattern.

MARY JANE.—We have no pattern of a jockey basque. Your money will be returned.

JULIET B.—Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt married Mr. Ritchie, and added his name to hers. She is dead.

CARRIE L.—Palest sky blue or Nile green ties are worn with plum-color by blondes.

AGNES MAURICE.—Very thick heavy black embroidery will be suitable on your blue cloth. Why do you not use cashmere for a spring garment?

LIVINGSTON.—It is too soon to decide positively about the spring styles. It is not probable that there will be any decided change, but you had better wait for small details before you make your dress.

RECLUSE.—For your spring suits get gray and purple solid-colored dresses. Wear a good deal of black and white with lavender, and then gradually add colors.

OHIO.—Make your calico dress with a pleated blouse, coat sleeves, and a plain skirt just escaping the floor. The three front breadths should be slightly gored. The Loose Polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V., and a plainly flounced skirt is the best model for your alpaca.

ELEANOR.—Make your bronze green satin by the Louis Quinze pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V., and the gray camel's-hair by the Redingote Suit pattern illustrated in the same number. Your ideas about the cashmere cloak are excellent. Line it with rose-colored silk. Twenty yards of light blue silk will make you a handsomely trimmed evening dress.

WATERS' CONCERTO PARLOR ORGAN supplies a long needed desideratum for home music. The effect, at once charming, soul stirring, and closely resembling the human voice, is produced by a third set of reeds, voiced peculiarly for that purpose. Its sound, voluminous and pure, produces the effect of a costly church organ, at a price within the reach of almost any lover of music.—*The American Lutheran*, York, Pa.—[*Com.*]

HORACE WATERS, No. 481 Broadway, has just introduced a Concerto Parlor Organ, which is attracting much attention. It has a new concerto stop, produced by a third set of reeds peculiarly voiced, and the effect is charming.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*—[*Com.*]

TURQUOISES.

ON the picturesque old bridge over the Arno, in Florence, known as the Ponte Vecchio, the traveler finds himself strolling between two antique rows of toppling houses, the abode of the guild of goldsmiths. It would be strange indeed if even now there were nothing in the way of jewelry worth seeing in the city of Benvenuto Cellini. But that which most attracts and fixes the traveler's attention is the abundance and beauty of the Turquoises. This dainty and lovely stone, the name of which attests its Oriental origin, is to the charming capital of Tuscany what the Garnet is to Vienna and Coral to Naples. Yet the Turquoise is neither found in Tuscany nor in Turkey, but in Persia. Khorassan supplies it chiefly to commerce by way of the great fairs of Tiflis, in Armenia, and of Nischni-Novgorod, in Russia. Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, of 22 John St. (up stairs), have a number of fine specimens of this stone. The Shah of Persia is said to keep the best Turquoises, as the King of Burmah keeps the best Rubies. Yet it is so exquisitely adapted to the toilette, especially of our northern and golden-haired beauties, that we do contrive to obtain it. It harmonizes admirably with brilliants. We do not know that we quite accept the ancient superstition that the wearer of a Turquoise is safe from contagion; but we are quite disposed to believe that a susceptible person might not be safe, absolutely, from a lovely blonde wearing a set of Turquoises and Diamonds from the atelier in John Street.—[*Com.*]

A BIG VICTORY FOR THE NEW WILSON UNDER-FEED SEWING-MACHINE.—It will delight all the many friends of the Wilson Sewing-Machine to know that in the stubborn contest for superiority in samples of work at the great Northern Ohio Fair, their favorite has carried off the two great premiums, the medal for best six specimens machine work, and the diploma for best specimen braiding. As the great competition was in these two classes, it will be seen that the Wilson's victory is complete. We knew this would be so. It could not be otherwise. There is no talking down the fact that the Wilson is the best family sewing-machine now manufactured, the one capable of doing the best work on any kind of goods and under all circumstances. This award of the highest premium to the work of the Wilson Shuttle Sewing-Machine, should and will silence the talk of that large class of sewing-machine men who have made this machine the object of their special enmity, simply because it is a moderate price machine and undersells their expensive one. Go and see the first premium cards on those beautiful samples of work, and remember that you can buy this premium sewing-machine for fifty dollars.—*From the Cleveland Daily Herald.* Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The Company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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FACETIÆ.

A KIRK luminary recently asked his pet scholar why they took Stephen outside the walls of the city to stone him to death. The little fellow was silent for a moment, as though absorbed with the problem, when, brightening up suddenly, he replied, "So they could git a better crack at him."

When has a man a ghost of a chance of appeasing his appetite?—When he is a-goblin' up any thing.

"Let *well* alone," as the tippler said to the teetotaler.

The man who was hungry, and told to bolt his door, said he would much rather bar it.

The gardener who grafted a chestnut to a box-tree found it only produced large trunks.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.—A little boy, on being threatened with a whipping, hung his head.

Some men who are reported "to live on their wits" must live on very limited premises.

"Is there any danger of the boa-constrictor biting?" asked a visitor of a zoological showman.

"Not the least," replied the showman; "he never bites; he swallows his wittles whole."

VERY NECESSARY.—We observe that the *British Medical Journal* speaks approvingly of "Nightingale's Respirator and Mouth-Protector." Considering the late hour at which that delightful bird sings in the open air, we only wonder it has not adopted some such precaution long since. At the same time, we should think the mouth-protector would interfere with the celebrated "jug, jug."

THOUGHTS DURING HAIR-CUTTING.

Will he cut it well, or shall I look an object for the next ten days?
Will he ask me how I would like it cut?
Will he talk to me?
Will he blow upon me?
Will he snip a bit off my ear?
Will he prick my lip when he trims my mustache?
Will he tell me that my hair is getting rather thin at the top?
Will he ask me whether I have tried, or would like to try, their marvelous Balsam, or their wonderful Wash, or their unrivaled Restorative?
Will he ask me whether I will be shampooed?
Will the brushing business bring tears into my eyes?
Will he part my hair on the wrong side?
Will uncomfortable hairs get between my collar and my neck?

THE MOST DIFFICULT GUN TO KEEP CLEAN—A fouling-piece.

A Chicago poet begins an apostrophe to the ocean with "Prodigious dampness!"

IT TAKES ALL SORTS TO MAKE A WORLD.—A writer has been amusing himself with picking out all sorts of odd characters. As some of these are perhaps unknown to many of our readers, it may be interesting to go over the catalogue, to which we have made additions from our own experience. There are people who lavish their money on the heathen abroad, and leave the heathen at home to take care of themselves. People who have no poor relations. People who like bagpipes, and who give money to organ-grinders. People who have more money than they know what to do with. People who like paying the income tax, and those who look forward hopefully to the time when there will be no income tax. People who like getting up early in the morning. People who have a hole broke in the ice to enable them to indulge in a cold bath before breakfast. People who delight in the sunrise, and who take long walks before breakfast. People who have no digestion, but who eat every thing. People who send conscience money to the Treasury. People who cross their letters. People who keep their old letters. People who have no nonsense about them. People who have no sense of humor. People who hold their tongues.

A witty boy, suffering from the application of the birch, said, "Forty rods are said to be a furlong. I know better. Let any body get such a plaguy licking as I've had, and he'll find out that one rod makes an acher!"

A plumber had a lad in his employ who thought himself about twice as sharp as new vinegar, and one day having occasion for a piece of zinc, ordered him to get one twelve inches square. "Yes, Sir," said Razor, "twelve inches square, but how long?"

WHAT NO DAIRY-MAN CAN ADULTERATE—The milk of human kindness.

A man of birth is commonly one whose remote ancestor did something, and his intermediate predecessors, for many centuries, nothing at all.

MALAPROPIANA.

Mrs. Malaprop has been very much interested in a description of the Honeycombs at Rome.

Mrs. Malaprop possesses a *Shakspeare* with Margery notes.

Mrs. Malaprop recommends the consecrated milk.

Mrs. Malaprop hates your chymical people.

A CONTENTED MIND.

"Oh, Mamma! we *have* had such Fun! Fancy, we've been doing Private Theatricals, and all of us took a Part!"
"Indeed! And what Part did all of you take?"
"Oh, the Part of those who look on and clap their Hands, you know."

THE FIRST BALL.

TED. "Do you have many hops in your country, Polly?"
POLLY (*his simple rural cousin*). "Why, of course, Ted; you know Pa has sixty acres."

"BAFFLED SCIENCE SLOW RETIRES."—SCENE: *Conversazione of the Therebihangsatailogical Society.*

DR. FOSSIL. "You observe, like the *Os Calcis*, there is a Projection here of the—"
LADY LISTENER (*eager with demonstration*). "That shows we *can not* have been Monkeys, Dr. Fossil; because in *Real People* that part is the *Funny Bone*."
MILITARY ESCORT (*with evidently clear view of the theory*). "Very true. I think it's absurd, you know, to imagine that that—aw—Fellah could ever have been a Man—arm is much too Long to hold a Gun properly; proves it beyond a Doubt—aw!" [*Exit Dr. Fossil, a sadder if not a wiser man.*

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE PAST YEAR.

Butterflies were broken on wheels.
Cats looked at kings.
Cricketers made ducks' eggs.
Little birds whispered in the ear.
A good many mares' nests were discovered.
People smelled a rat.
Others were still as a mouse.
Others plucked crows.
Others took "rooks."
Birds of a feather flocked together.
Puppies and dull dogs were as numerous as ever.
Cucumbers maintained their usual coolness.
Unsuccessful attempts were again made to put salt on birds' tails, to catch weasels asleep, and to introduce pigeon's milk.
The British lion had a strong dose of "Geneva" administered to him.

Poor Jones says he always gives Mrs. J. her own way, because it is the only thing he *has* to give her.

What is the difference between a mare and a mayor?—If you beat *her*, she will go; if you beat *him*, you will go—to prison.

If a justice were to give an unwise decision, would it be contempt of court to retort with a just hiss?

"If you do not take pains I will give you some," said a school-master to a careless pupil.

Brigham Young, it is stated, has now taken to dyeing his hair and whiskers. This will make him look Brigham Younger; but we doubt if there's any necessity for his thus blackening himself. It is quite possible, as it is, to produce the high lights in his character with charcoal.

FEASTS OF FOND MEMORY.

There is a sweet savor
Suggesting the flavor
Of what in mine youth was a great treat to me.
I nose it, while roaming,
Sometimes, in the gloaming:
Sally Lunn at the fire somewhere browning for tea.

O joy I can't utter!
Hot tea-cake with butter,
Or muffin, or crumpet, all gushing, galore,
When young lips were squeezing!
'Twere now full as pleasing
As it then was when these at their corners ran o'er.

Hot rolls, of a morning,
To shun I've had warning,
But now love as much as I ever did, quite.
The middle piece, crummy
And oozy and plummy,
Would still yield me all its remembered delight.

Toast, likewise, I dote on,
Hot, buttered, oft gloat on,
With eggs, in idea, for a morning's blow-out;
But that, for digestion,
Is out of the question;
So I breakfast on porridge for fear of the gout.

An old lady visited Barnum's show, was delighted with all she saw, and said, "He has every thing in his show that is on the bills but the hippodrome. I wonder where he keeps his hippodrome? Is it dead?"

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

INEBRIATED SPOUSE. "Well, m' dear! Meh Cris'm's! Cris'm's is come—"
STERN BETTER HALF. "Supposing Christmas is come, it's no reason why you should be gone—and so very far gone too!"

An Indian chief, in a telegraph office in Montana, being told that the operator was "talking with a white brother two thousand miles distant," gave it as his opinion that it was the "longest talk" he had ever witnessed.

There are goody goody books; there are also baddy baddy books, and rather too many of them.

An applicant for a pair of boots at one of our shoe stores was asked what number he wore, and replied, as soon as he could recover from his surprise, "Why, two, of course!"

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Beeswax. "What will the impudence of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might as well tell me that the man had six heads in his hat."

An abbey in Ireland exhibits two skulls of Shakspeare—one of him when he was a little boy, and the other when he was a man.

Mrs. Partington wants to know why some of the sewing-machine advertisers do not call their machines the "Ceres." Her nephew, who is learning the heathen misogyny, tells her that Ceres first taught sowing.

A GENERAL DEPOSITORY—A child's mouth.

Though you may cut your hair for many years, in the end it is sure to cut you.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

FIRST GOSSIP. "What! lost a large shoulder of mutton, and didn't know it till she got home? I never heard of such a thing."
SECOND GOSSIP. "Lor' bless you, that's nothing! She let her baby fall from her arms the other day, and wouldn't never have known it neither, if it hadn't begun to cry.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 7.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S STREET SUITS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Fig. 1.—STREET SUIT. Fig. 2.—GIRL'S GABRIELLE DRESS. Fig. 3.—DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).

[Cut Paper Patterns of the Dolman Vest-polonaise Street Suit, Fig. 3, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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Ladies' and Children's Street Suits, Figs. 1–3.

See illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—STREET SUIT of Napoleon blue foulard-laine, trimmed with bias bands of white cashmere and gilt buttons. The skirt has a flounce with Watteau pleats separated by triangular revers. The over-skirt is of simple shape. The double-breasted basque is almost tight-fitting, and is worn over a pleated blouse of white linen. Black velvet bonnet, with blue and red China-asters. Black silk cravat. Undressed kid gloves.

Fig. 2.—GIRL'S GABRIELLE DRESS of pearl gray cashmere, trimmed with bands of Scotch plaid. Black velvet pelisse, trimmed with gray ostrich feathers. Gray straw hat, with a spray of rose-buds.

Fig. 3.—DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT. This stylish walking suit, a cut paper pattern of which is published with this number, will be one of the most popular spring styles, and may be made up to good advantage in any material, varying the trimming to suit the taste. In the original the Dolman polonaise with Louis Quinze vest front is of printemps gray cashmere, braided with soutache, and trimmed with yak lace of the same color. The vest fronts are of medium length, and are furnished with square pockets. The sides are turned back in graceful revers, and the front rounds back from the throat over the vest. A coat sleeve is set inside the flowing Dolman sleeve. The long walking skirt is of printemps gray faille, with three box-pleated flounces on the front breadths, and a deep kilted flounce on the back. Faille bows, without ends, conceal the joining of the flounces. Bonnet of blue royale velvet, trimmed with gray leaves and feather tips.

Cut paper patterns of the Dolman vest-polonaise street suit will be furnished in nine sizes, even numbers, from 30 to 46 inches bust measure. To take the size, pass a tape measure entirely around the body, under the arms, across the shoulder-blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the bust, drawing it moderately tight. If the bust measure is an uneven number of inches, for instance, 35, send for 36 inches, and take the seams deeper than is allowed on the pattern. The average measure is from 34 to 36 inches, and one of these sizes is always sent when the measure does not accompany the order.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS suit comprises two articles—Dolman vest-polonaise and long walking skirt.

DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE.—This pattern is in seven pieces—two fronts, side form, back, pocket welt, a large, flowing Dolman sleeve, and a close-fitting coat sleeve. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting together, and to show where to lay the folds on the front edges of the back breadth. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulder and under the arm, to take up the darts and cross-basque seams, to lay the folds in the back of the skirt part, to turn back the revers on the side, to sew on the pocket welt, and to sew on the Dolman sleeve, and the size and shape of the under part of the coat sleeve. The Louis Quinze vest front is joined in with the polonaise at the shoulder and under-arm seams. It is quite deep, and nearly square across the bottom, and is fitted with two darts on each side of the middle and cross-basque seams. The front is closed the entire length with buttons and button-holes. A pocket welt is sewed on in the line of perforations near the bottom on each side. The polonaise front is fitted with one dart on each side of the front and cross-basque seams. The skirt part is turned back in the line of perforations, forming a revers, and is tacked at the top and middle on the outer edge under a bow, as seen in the illustration. The back is adjusted by side forms and a middle seam, which has an extra width cut on at the waist line and gathered on the under side of the garment. The skirt part of the back is laid on the fold of the goods to avoid making a seam, and is laid in four deep folds. A tape twelve inches long is tacked at the waist line. The four single holes are tacked on the tape three inches apart. The folds are laid, according to the notches, on each edge of the back breadth. Double the folds in the centre of the notches, and join edge of side gore to the back edge. The coat sleeve is sewed plain in the armhole. Place the longest seam to the notch in the back part of the armhole, and hold the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. The long Dolman sleeve is sewed on over it, in the line of perforations, from the front, over the shoulder, down the back, to the waist line. Place the notch in the front part of the sleeve to the first perforation in the front of the polonaise, near the lower part of the armhole. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all others. The notches at the top and bottom of the front of the vest show where to turn back for the hem.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8½ yards.
Lace for trimming, 7½ yards.

LONG WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front gore, two side gores, and half of back breadth. Cut the front and back breadth with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid making seams. Cut two pieces each of the pattern given for the side gores. Put the pattern together by the notches, paying no attention to the grain of the paper. The front breadth and side front gores are trimmed with three box-pleated flounces of the material six inches wide, headed by two bias bands one inch wide. The remainder of the skirt is trimmed with a deep flounce fifteen inches wide, laid in side pleats.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 7 yards.
Extra for ruffles and pleating, 6 yards.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1873.

☞ WITH the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for February 15 will be issued gratuitously an EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing the conclusion of GEORGE ELIOT'S

"MIDDLEMARCH,"

a large installment of

"LITTLE KATE KIRBY,"

and other interesting matter.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the new and stylish Dolman Vest-polonaise Street Suit, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 111.

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' and Children's Walking Suits, Home and Evening Dresses; Jackets, Blouses, Bretelles, Fichu-Collars, Hoods, Sashes, Veils, etc.; Girls' Knitted and Crochet Muffs, Collars, and Cuffs; Bed Furniture, etc.; together with choice literary and artistic attractions.*

VISITING.

By GAIL HAMILTON.

THERE are visits which remain in our memories as bright spots in life, and there are visits whose only pleasure is that they are over. But visiting ought always to be pleasant—pleasant to both giver and receiver.

One of the best things connected with keeping house is the freedom to receive one's friends. Many a newly married couple, many a small family without children, could board with far less care and expense than housekeeping costs them, and almost equal comfort. But the boarder is dependent upon the will and the convenience of others. He can not invite his friends to come and spend a week with him without consulting the capabilities, or depending for welcome upon the disposition, of some other host than himself. This puts him in an attitude not wholly dignified—not that which a mature person, man or woman, would naturally choose to maintain. But the householder is monarch of all he surveys, and invites at his own sweet will. If he meets an old friend suddenly in the street, if she learns by chance that a former school-mate is in the neighborhood, there are no outside authorities to consult, no whims or moods of a landlady to consider. Forth from the warm welcoming heart goes the invitation, and the fatted calf walks to the block at once, knowing that his hour is come.

This theoretically; yet practically it sometimes seems as if the hospitality of householders is as really hedged in as if they were but inmates of a stranger's house. People who are hospitable at heart, thoroughly friendly and well-disposed, do yet make such a burden of hospitality that one wonders how they can find any pleasure in it. This is a great pity, for the exchange of visits ought to be what it is capable of being, one of the great pleasures of life, a rest, a refreshment, an incentive, not a burden.

But to render it so we need not follow the rules laid down in the books, to divest receptions of their terror by being always ready to receive. Is it RUSKIN, or EASTLAKE, or Launcelot, or another, who condemns extension-tables on the ground that your table should be equally large at all times, to indicate that you are always ready for your friends? Go to, EASTLAKE and Launcelot! Sincerity is the watch-word of the new dispensation. We must have the supports of our brackets visible, and the chair-legs as palpably as they are really and as really as they are palpably firm; but if the table is to indicate that we are always ready for our friend, the table becomes at once a piece of household artfulness and not of household art, for we are not at all times equally ready. Honesty in life must precede honesty in furniture. We need not direct our efforts to being always ready to see friends, but we could do much in the way of trying not to be disturbed by their coming when we are not ready. If Serena could have her own way, she would prefer Celestia's call to be in the afternoon when the mid-day meal is over, the dishes are washed and removed, and Serena is calmly reposing in tidy dress and comparative leisure. But if Celestia must leave town by the noon train, and runs in by ten o'clock in the morning, when Serena is trimming the lamps, and there is much odor of petroleum in the air, and Serena's fingers are not wholesome to Celestia's gloves, shall Serena be dismayed and apologize and mentally regret that she is always "caught in the suds?" Not the least in the world, if she is a sensible and friendly woman. If it is the proper time for her to be cleaning lamps, and she is in a garb proper to a lamp-cleaner, she has no call to be disturbed though the Queen of England in crown and sceptre should pay her a morning visit. She should not consider herself as "caught in the suds," or as caught at all. She is in the suds of her own free-will and by the fore-ordination of Heaven, and if "Heaven itself should stoop to her," it ought to find her nowhere else at that hour. It would be very unbecoming that she should be trimming her lamps in a silk gown in the front parlor. Why not be entirely frank and at ease, and if her work be pressing, bid Celestia to a safe seat by the kitchen fire, or if she can conveniently go off duty for a while, take her pleasant chat to the pleasant parlor?

So far from its being necessary to be always ready for company, it is one of the pleasures of housekeeping to prepare for company. Sweeping and dusting are but dull drudgery when cleanliness is the only object; but how pleasant it is to tidy the rooms when a houseful of guests are coming at the end of it! There is an incentive worthy of toil—that transmutes toil into delight. But suppose you have been ill, or the children have had scarlet fever, or Norah is gone, and there is a chance for a visit from a friend. Must you send her away? Yes, if you absolutely can not undertake the slight addition to your work which her visit necessitates. But remember her visit does not necessitate that you should go through house-cleaning previous to her appearance. Suppose the doors are finger-marked, and the windows not faultlessly clean, and the guest-chamber has not been swept for a month, the doors will open, and the windows will let in fresh air, and you and your friend can get immense draughts of satisfaction out of the visit, though things are not as you would so gladly have them, if you will only not fret about them, but consign them to the insignificance they merit. We are afraid of each other, forgetting that our friends have the same kind of experiences that we have. The most thorough of housekeepers is sometimes forced to "let things go," unless she sacrifices something of more importance than "things." Serena is distressed because the afternoon sun reveals to her responsible eyes a little dust under the sofa. But Celestia is equally distressed because her student-lamp suddenly goes out during Serena's evening call. Why should not both comfort themselves with the reflection that nothing has happened unto them but such as is common unto women, and dismiss their apprehensions? I know a man who came near bleeding to death because there was not a cobweb to be found in house or barn to stanch the blood. Be advised, dear house-mother, and do not lose all the freshness and impulse to be found in your friend's visit because you have no time to go through the house with your broom upside down.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Honey-Dew.

MY DEAR FRED,—I saw the carriages and the bridal favors at the door of a church the other day, as I was passing in the horse-car, and straightway my mind was full of the loveliest pictures. Indeed, a marriage is like spring. It is the most familiar of facts. Yet how often a spring day is the most melancholy of disillusions! But it is not the chill, dull days that spring suggests. The word is full of sunshine and softness, the singing of birds and the sweetness of blossoms and the gurgling of brooks. To speak of a spring day is to think of happy hopes and eternal youth, of budding beauty and of love. And I say that this vision does not fade although the spring seems often to elude us, and to go from March to June almost without justification. May-day is a pretty name. But who would promise that on the next May-day he will dance garlanded around the pole and salute the queen? Consulting experience, we know the chances of the easterly storm. But while men often despair, yet in the heart of man experience never yet conquered hope. Spring still stands upon the horizon, jocund and tiptoe, a smiling Hebe.

In the same way, who permits the figure of old Blue-beard to spoil the vision of matrimony? Suppose that he did cut off those poor dear heads: suppose that at this very instant sister Fatima is standing upon a hundred towers in this very city, looking eagerly for the fast-hastening brothers, and spying only a flock of sheep as she sees us placidly promenading in the street: do we look with any less tender joy upon Lucy emerging from the church yonder in a white veil, and leaning upon the happy Harry's arm? That lovely pair, that shy hope and modest confidence—these, and not Blue-beard's disagreeable closet, make the vision of matrimony. As when we speak of spring we mean roses and honeysuckles and soft air, so when we speak of marriage we mean the union of youth and strength and beauty and devotion which I saw as the bridal party emerged from the church. Indeed, there is one word which seems to me to express it all—we think of the honey-dew which has fallen upon two lives.

What is honey-dew? It is a natural question, but it is useless to go beyond its own suggestion. What should you suppose honey-dew to be? Something infinitely pure and sweet. Well, it is a kind of saccharine deposit upon certain leaves. And when the reverend hands are raised over the heads of the kneeling young figures, and the traditional sacred benediction is spoken, do you not ask, What is love but a deposit of honey-dew upon life? I protest, as the old writers used to say, that when I see the newly married pair I think of a surfeit of richness, of those roses and honeysuckles of spring steeped in honey-dew. I know that there are withered leaves and thorns; but what then? Here, at least, are bloom and freshness and sweetness. If the sun presently rises and burns up the dew—very well, that belongs to a later hour.

That is to say, that it usually does. But I am sorry, in a short sermon upon so sweet a text, to be obliged to say that sometimes the sun exhales that dew at a very early hour. When I saw Lucy in her white veil coming from the church and moving toward her carriage, I pulled the string of the car and I jumped out, and ran to the sidewalk, and just as the door of the carriage closed I went to it, and removing my hat respectfully, I put my head in at the window and I said, "Mrs. Lucy, don't let the sun exhale the honey-dew of this moment!" And with that I bade her godspeed, and bowed and withdrew. She looked at me over her flowers and smiled, and I suppose she told Harry that it was only their harmless old friend Mr. Bachelor. And I can fancy Harry saying as the carriage drove away, "Just fancy, Lucy—fancy to-day, of all days, the misery of belonging to the Bachelor family!" But I will add for the information of those who are liable to be confused upon the subject, that he knew some of the family to be married.

When I see some of the tough survivors, so to speak, Fred—some of the matrimonial campaigners, as they would be called by you scoffing youth; some who have settled down into a kind of jog-trot life, a matrimony that creaks, as it were, and which must be in constant surprise at itself; when I see, for instance, old Darby and Joan, she scolding and painting her cheeks and wearing bonnets too youthful, he growling at his coffee and grumbling at his beef, and laying a handkerchief over his head to sleep under after dinner, and glaring at Joan when she wakes him from his nap by saying that she would thank him not to snore so loudly—when I see these things and think of all that they imply, as when we see wide patches of dry sand we are sure of a parched soil, or in seeing ice and frozen ground we know that there are no flowers, then I wonder if it be possible that there was once honey-dew upon the lives and hearts of Darby and Joan.

When she wakes him out of that nap do you suppose that he ever pictures to himself the snug fireside of the unmarried man, where, after dinner, that potentate of his own domain dozes undisturbed, and where the neat-handed Phillis respects his slumbers, and moves softly as if he were a king sleeping? Do you suppose that, as Darby glares at Joan, and hears her dry insinuation about snoring, he asks himself how it happened that he ever married her? how it chanced that he did not see her then as he sees her now? and what fond and foolish spell bewitched him to surrender freedom and deliberately submit himself to domestic gibing? If, in that waking moment, across his drowsy imagination flits the picture of the day when he was the happy Harry and Joan the hopeful Lucy, do you suppose that he recognizes himself? That was spring, and this is icy, cheerless winter. But, Darby, the mystery is clear, the explanation is not far to seek. The figures that you see are indeed Joan and you. But they are steeped in honey-dew, and you have suffered it to dry up and disappear.

How soon it may exhale! For it is not time only, it is not necessarily age, that consumes it. It was but a day or two after I had seen the wedding-party issuing from the church that I was comfortably seated in the drawing-room car, to roll somewhere out into the world. It was early in the morning, and a young man and woman entered, whom I recognized as another Harry and Lucy lately mated. But how shall I describe to you the conduct of that young bride? She was prettily dressed, and when I saw her coming I was glad to think that I should have all day so fair a fellow-traveler. But she stopped

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in the middle of the car, and looked around with a tossing head, and then with peevish impatience exclaimed, "I won't sit here. Why did you get into this car? The chairs are not half so comfortable as they are in the other car." And my lady flounced and bounced and pouted, and then added, "You are always so stupid! You always get into the wrong car!"

Poor Harry replied in a low tone, feeling, I fear, very foolish, because he knew that I heard, although I looked abstractedly out of the window, with an air of wondering whether Dr. Livingstone was still at Mjmbz or had advanced to Gnxji. Indeed, I assumed the most Central African air possible, in order to relieve Harry of the awkwardness of my presence. Harry, I say, mumbled something deprecatory of the wrath of Juno, and begged Lucy to be seated. But she held her hands in her muff, and tossed her head again, and performed the same flouncings and bouncings, until Harry suggested that he was very sorry indeed, but that the other car was not going through, and if she did not seat herself soon the chairs would all be taken. Then the bride Lucy flung herself sullenly into one of the chairs, and Harry seated himself in the one beside her. Suddenly she rose, and said, angrily, "I'm not going to ride backward!" and Harry, rising, begged her to take his chair, which was next to mine, while I continued to explore equatorial Africa out of the window.

After a long time Harry made some remark, which his life's partner snapped at like a vicious bird at a finger. But nothing could rival his patience. I thought at first that he would gladly join Dr. Livingstone, if he were only sure that the doctor would never come back; but I soon saw that he was simply refusing to believe what was not pleasant. He spoke very low, and I could catch the deprecating, soothing tone; but I pitied him profoundly. Presently I returned from Central Africa, and gazed around the car and looked carefully at Lucy. She was a well-dressed young woman, with the face of a spoiled beauty. But her cross, irritable temper was the hot sun that had so soon dried the honey-dew from her nuptial bower. Harry would evidently try to believe it still there. Patient, soothing, thoughtful, he would evidently insist to himself that these freaks were but vapors of the morning. I am much older than Harry, and I turned to that sulky little Lucy and said, "My dear, while the dew stays upon roses and honeysuckles they are fresh and fair. They do not wither until that dries. And the sweetest of all dew is honey-dew. Gentle lady, beware! Don't let it dry away."

She looked at me for a moment in amazement, and then said, in a half-hysterical tone, to Harry, "There! I told you I didn't wish to sit here. And here is a crazy man!"

Poor Harry! By-and-by he will lay a handkerchief over his head after dinner, and Lucy will awaken him to say that she wishes he would not snore. Will you like that, Lucy? Will you wish sometimes for the old lover of long ago? And before it comes to the hard, cold tone in which you disturb his snoring, will you perhaps sometimes passionately say, "Once it was different. Once you were devoted to me?" Then should this letter chance to be seen by you —for Fred is very apt to drop his correspondence!—will you not reflect upon the words of the crazy man who sat next you in the car going to Persepolis, and shield the honey-dew new-fallen upon your life from the withering glare of a peevish temper?

Your friend, Fred,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE SUIT.

THE Dolman vest-polonaise illustrated on our first page (and of which a cut paper pattern is published) is a new garment brought out in Paris when the season is advanced, with a view to deciding the over dresses of spring suits. This is a composite garment, having the principal feature of the Dolman—its winged sleeves—the favorite vest front, and the back drapery of the polonaise. We commend this design to ladies who are impatient to begin making the cashmere, alpaca, and woolen suits of their spring wardrobes. The front of this polonaise has a Louis Quinze vest long enough to have small square pockets (or else pocket flaps) just below the waist. The front slopes away gracefully from the vest, showing the trimming on the front breadth of the skirt. The waist is tight-fitting; the back has side bodies, and sufficient fullness is introduced below the waist to make the skirt hang in plain almost horizontal folds across the tournure. There are plain coat sleeves, and the flowing Dolman attachment is added. This costume is usually made with a cashmere, camel's-hair, or Sicilienne polonaise over a silk skirt. It may be also made entirely of cashmere or of foulard-laine with gros grain folds on the flounces. This is very handsome for the present season in dark Pompeian red cashmere, with gros grain vest, pockets, cuffs, and trimming. For the spring such costumes will be made of shades of vert-de-gris, olive, Norwegian gray, and Napoleon blue. Stout ladies are partial to this polonaise, as it dispenses with all clumsy fullness; they sometimes omit the Dolman wings. An elegant black costume worn by a large blonde has a striped Sicilienne polonaise over a plain black faille skirt trimmed with two flounces. The polonaise has the vest front and side revers, but not the Dolman sleeves of the pattern illustrated to-day. The vest is covered with rows of wide Valenciennes lace, and a frill of lace falls over the hands. A double pleated lace frill surrounds the neck; a pale blue bow with fringed ends turned upward is in the finger puffs of light hair; cameo brooch and ear-rings.

RUMORS ABOUT SPRING STYLES.

Modistes predict that there will be no decided changes in the present convenient and graceful costumes; novelties will be confined to the small details of the toilette. The polonaise will continue in favor, though various changes will be rung upon it. Double-breasted polonaises worn over muslin habit shirts will be seen, and revers will be a feature of these over dresses. Sashes in their present modified form will also be retained. Dress skirts for the street, rumor says, will again be comfortably short.

SPRING SUITS.

A spring suit to be sent South is worthy of description. It is made of Napoleon blue foulard, with white polka dots, trimmed with revers and narrow side pleating of solid blue silk. The skirt has a single deep flounce, laid in shallow box-pleats. The polonaise is double-breasted, fastened by two rows of buttons on the corsage. It has a revers collar, triangular revers on the flowing sleeves, and very wide revers on the skirt, formed by turning the lower edge of the skirt upward and backward in true Pompadour fashion. A large button holds back the revers, and a side pleating borders them. A white linen blouse with turned-over collar and cuffs and a black cravat complete the dress. The hat is English straw, trimmed with a fringed scarf of blue India silk. Gray undressed kid gloves. Dark blue silk parasol with Alpine stick.

SPRING GOODS.

The success of three things is insured for the next season, say experienced merchants, viz., plain grounds of quaint mongrel hues, in opposition to positive colors in silks and fine woolens; second, polka dots for foulards and the soft-finished wash goods; third, lace-like open-worked stripes in grenadine and batiste.

INDIA CAMEL'S-HAIR.

The finest fabric shown for spring polonaises is India camel's-hair, made so light and thin as to be of scarcely perceptible weight, and almost as cool as muslin. It is in all the stylish shades of blue-gray, écru, peacock, réséda, and *berceline* —a gray with rosy hues. The same fabric is also shown with the twill reversed to form stripes.

VIGOGNE, ETC.

Vigogne is fine wool in its natural gray shades, woven into a light soft fabric, now very popular for traveling dresses. It resembles an old-fashioned material called de bège, but is finer and more costly. Undressed cashmere is a roughly twilled fabric that forms soft, graceful drapery. It is only found in unbleached buff and gray tints.

LACE AND BROCADED STRIPES.

In the woolen goods just described, in pongees and kindred materials, a great many open lace stripes are introduced, partly to relieve the monotony of solid colors, but especially to make heavy fabrics light enough for warm weather. These striped fabrics are used for the over dress and flounces, while a similar stuff of solid color is chosen for the skirt. Brocaded stripes, with small figures wrought in a darker shade, are also used to enliven plain surfaces. Thin goods have been greatly improved, especially those light wool fabrics that are commended above muslin for our changeable climate.

BATISTE.

The écru batiste, so popular last summer, reappears, accompanied with ruffles embroidered with white for trimming skirts and polonaises. Batistes, to be sold by the yard and used for entire suits, are striped with white honey-comb figures imitating lace, or else there are thin stripes woven in. Again, there are over-skirt and polonaise patterns wrought all over in designs like guipure lace; these are to be worn over plain batiste. Broché linen is a name given to thick batiste on which are palm, oak, or fern leaves in white, embroidered by machinery. These were worn last year for over dresses.

TURKISH TOWELING.

A new rough linen resembling Turkish toweling is made far thinner than that worn hitherto, and is smooth on the wrong side. The best patterns are in inch-wide stripes of darker brown on écru grounds. These stripes look like sponge, and the material is called sponge-striped linen. It is predicted this linen will be a fashionable summer costume, as it was favorably received in Europe last year.

An elegant Oriental tissue is a novelty designed for the polonaises of watering-place costumes. It is entirely white, with rough creamy-white wool stripes, alternating with thinnest silk stripes beautifully brocaded.

PERCALES WITH FOULARD FINISH.

The new percales are antiquated-looking cotton stuffs with the soft finish and lustre of silk. We mentioned last week the prevailing design of white polka dots on a ground of deepest blue, brown, plum-color, gray, or black. These, it is said, will be made in the fashion described above for foulard, but the *Bazar* commends instead a jaunty sailor blouse, with two skirts very simply trimmed, as a better model for wash dresses. Two sizes of dots may be used in one suit: tiny spots for the blouse, and larger ones for the skirts. Striped percales are also shown. These are in two shades of a color—greenish-gray or Napoleon blue, or else in contrasting shades, such as gray and rose-color, blue and gray, lilac and green, etc. Borders are also imported for percales; and there are waved lines, linked rings, and many other fanciful designs.

STRIPED BLACK GRENADINES.

The newest black grenadines have lace-like stripes over an inch wide, with plain smooth grenadine stripes between. Various other stripes are shown, such as square-meshed canvas stripes with thick grenadine, or brocaded stripes, or, handsomer still, repped stripes like fine Sicilienne. Plain black is preferred, but sometimes a color is introduced in these goods. The cheap grenadines are in as stylish patterns as more expensive fabrics. White grenadines, partly cotton, are for inexpensive dresses for in-doors. These have brocaded stripes of bright color.

GLACÉ MOHAIRS.

For serviceable spring dresses there is nothing better than the pure glacé mohairs. They are pretty silvery gray, smooth lustrous surface, will endure hard wear, and do not shrink from dampness. Very fine plain grounds are preferred, but damask broché figures are also shown in the elaborate designs woven in heavy winter goods. The black beaver mohair retains its well-deserved popularity, and is almost as beautiful as silk. Plain mohairs and alpacas are now brought out in the stylish tints, and in stripes of two shades of greenish-gray, brown, olive, and other useful colors. The cheap Japanese poplins sold to the million for 25 cents a yard are displayed in the patterns just described for mohair.

VARIETIES.

Medici sleeves, with a great puff around the armhole, are much worn in Paris. They look especially appropriate with black velvet dresses. Dinner dresses of silk and satin have lengthwise puffed sleeves extending from the armhole to the elbow, and ruffled below.

The windows of gentlemen's furnishing stores are filled with Napoleon blue neck-ties spotted with white. Colored silk pocket-handkerchiefs are used by gentlemen who adhere closely to English fashions.

Silvered horseshoes, anchors, whips, or dog-heads in antique silver are the favorite scarf brooches among fancy jewelry.

Jewelry of cut steel combined with jet is worn by ladies in light mourning.

For information received thanks are due Misses SWITZER; and GEDNEY; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

IT was a pleasant story, but not exactly true, that Professor TYNDALL proposed to give all the money he made here for the foundation of something scientific. He has made a handsome sum, though not so much as is generally supposed. The agents and such have taken the lion's share. In Philadelphia he got at the rate of $500 out of $1500 profit; in Washington, $2000 out of $5000; in Boston he cleared $3000. But he made the most in this city and Brooklyn, where every thing after the bare expenses went to him. In these two cities he has "salted" about $13,000. After paying all expenses he will take home with him about $15,000, which, on the whole, is what printers call a "fat take" for three months' work. He expresses himself as delighted with every thing and every body in this broad Western expanse.

—Mr. COBDEN once said of the late LOUIS NAPOLEON that he thought him more worthy of an hour's talk than any monarch in Europe.

—One Captain HUGHES, of South Australia, having the intent to do something beneficent, recently gave $100,000 toward founding a university at Adelaide. The example has so far been contagious as to induce another pecunious captain to throw in his little mite of $50,000.

—Father JANDEL, the chief of the Order of Dominicans, just deceased, is the seventy-fifth of the members of the Œcumenical Council who have died since it opened on the 8th of December, 1869. Among the seventy-five were eight cardinals. There are forty-five cardinals living, of whom twenty-one are over seventy years old. BILLET, who is ninety, is the oldest. All the cardinals are now at Rome, excepting Cardinal HOHENLOHE. Twenty-five cardinals' hats are vacant.

—Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, who has just concluded a professional engagement at Baltimore, says that he not only experiences now no traces of his former disease, but that he can read easily fine print with his operated eye, and does not suffer pain under any light. His recovery he regards as complete.

—Mr. JONES, the new United States Senator from Nevada, is a young man, not over forty, and has made a large fortune by his courage and enterprise. He makes a capital speech, and possesses the qualities necessary to make a useful, practical Senator.

—A few miles from Rome is the palace of Count GENATTI, where the countess, formerly Miss KINNEY, of New York, presides at the elegant entertainments given by her husband.

—London had its LOUIS BONARD. One THOMAS HOLME, a rag merchant, recently died there worth $500,000, leaving $50,000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and $25,000 to other charities. His relatives, receiving nothing, contested the will on the ground of insanity. It was one of his pleasantries that he called children "devil's cubs," and fat old women he especially hated. When a packet came into the harbor he would wish that it might sink with all on board; and he even was generous enough in his misanthropy to announce that it would give him ineffable satisfaction to see Ramsgate and every thing human it contained ingulfed by some great convulsion of nature. His London landlady gave confirmatory testimony. He used to throw good meat to his dog "Bluff" rather than give it to old and suffering women. Islington he wanted served as badly as Ramsgate, and considered himself ill used because there were not more railroad smash-ups and railroad disasters for his benefit. The last hostess considered herself so scandalized that she doubled his rent, but the old gent wouldn't budge, and kept on there until he died.

—It may interest our clerical readers in the country to know at what figure the Gospel is dispensed in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn: The salary of Mr. BEECHER is $20,000; Mr. HALLIDAY, $3000; Mr. WELD, first sexton, $3500; Mr. RAYNOR, second sexton, $1200; music, $8000; insurance, $500; current expenses, $7000; Plymouth Library, $700. Total, $43,900.

—Mrs. FROUDE is the daughter of Mr. DELANE, editor of the London *Times*.

—Miss SCHENCK, a daughter of our minister to England, is said to be engaged to a British nobleman.

—Mr. GEORGE BANCROFT, who is now traveling in the East, exhibits himself behind a flowing white beard, in which he recently called on the venerable Patriarch of the Greek Church, now ninety-two years of age. The next day the Patriarch, with beard whiter and longer than that of our great diplomatist, returned the call.

—A retired, or tired, clergyman, fifty years old, has just entered the Freshman class at Dartmouth College. His aspiration is "to finish up his mortal career with a college course."

—Mr. LOWE, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is thus complimented by the London *Saturday Review* on the flourishing condition of the treasury: "The revenue is thriving beyond precedent, for trade is and has been good, and good trade means much beer, and much beer means a large surplus." In other words, the more you tipple the richer you are. It is not the notion in Maine.

—The late Dr. JOSHUA LEAVITT has been made the subject of many laudatory notices by the press as having been the pioneer in many of our reforms. In the antislavery party he was a power. He was the first secretary of the Seamen's Friend Society, and was also secretary of the American Cheap Postage Society. The first hymn and tune book for churches published in this country was edited by him, and he was always at something for the good of his fellowmen.

—The aged GUIZOT is absolutely bringing out another work, *Monarchy, Imperialism, and Republicanism*. This veteran statesman and author was eighty-six years old last October. He has seen three monarchies, two empires, and three republics in France.

—Of the many notices of the late Lady BEACONSFIELD, we have read none that seems to describe her so exactly as that of Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY, one of the many clever contributors to the publications of HARPER & BROTHERS. "She was," he writes, "twenty years older than DISRAELI, and she was not beautiful; but those who knew the two intimately knew that she was in every way an extraordinary woman, and that the attraction between them was real. They who looked to find in the bride of the literary artist who had drawn for the public eye almost as many imposing female characters as WALTER SCOTT himself might be disappointed when they beheld in his actual bride an elderly and homely lady; but those who had the good fortune to meet her in society rarely failed to find delight in her varied intelligence, her simple manners, her humor, and a certain poetic temperament which was little short of fascinating. I have never seen any other woman at all like her. As she grew older her naturally strong features became more pronounced, but she had always an air of unassumed superiority and refinement, and her bright eyes gleamed with a singular light. Her hair never became gray, and was always beautiful. Her devotion to DISRAELI became the all-absorbing instinct of her life, and her care placed, as it were, a velvet mantle between him and all the sharp corners of life."

—The only musician in the world who is known to possess the rank of a field officer is GUATELLI, recently the leader of the Sultan's band, and director of the music of the Ottoman army. He has the rank of major-general, and he has just been deposed from his leadership.

—HORACE GREELEY'S estate, it is thought, will net about $75,000, and there is little doubt but that his last will will be held valid.

—Dr. TERRY, of Columbus, Georgia, is a thoughtful man, who sets a certain value upon his personal liberty. Recently, in what is technically called a court of justice in that State, he testified thus: "Saw deceased after he was shot; he was lying on the floor, in a pool of blood, in a dying condition. Don't know how long he lived afterward; did not make any minute examination, for the reason that I did not want you lawyers to prove I killed him with a probe."

—WILLIAM CASTLE, one of the sweetest of American tenors, has been received with special *éclat* in London.

—MITSI, a young Japanese student, who died recently at New Brunswick, New Jersey, was buried in Willow Grove Cemetery. The laws of Japan forbid the return of the bodies of subjects who have died abroad.

—It sounds oddly enough that the famed palace of the ORSINIS, at Florence, should be the home of our consul, Mr. JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, and that his last entertainment, given a few days since, was to that radical Republican, Minister SCHENCK.

—The Rev. THOMAS K. BEECHER makes no doubt that "cleanly and vaccinated persons are in no more danger of small-pox than they are of virtue without an effort."

—M. THIERS has announced his intention to squelch that naughty place, the Jardin Mabille, and other places of the same character.

—BAYARD TAYLOR, who seems to have become partly German since he married his German wife, has recently delivered an original lecture on American literature at Gotha, for the benefit of the Ladies' Christian Association of that city. He spoke in the German language, and introduced translations of POE'S *Raven*. The hall was crowded, and his style as a Germanist was particularly commended.

—A Madame BANER has just been arrested in Genoa for having in her possession the silver plate which, during the Commune, was stolen from the Palace of the Legion of Honor. She says she received the articles from HENRI ROCHEFORT.

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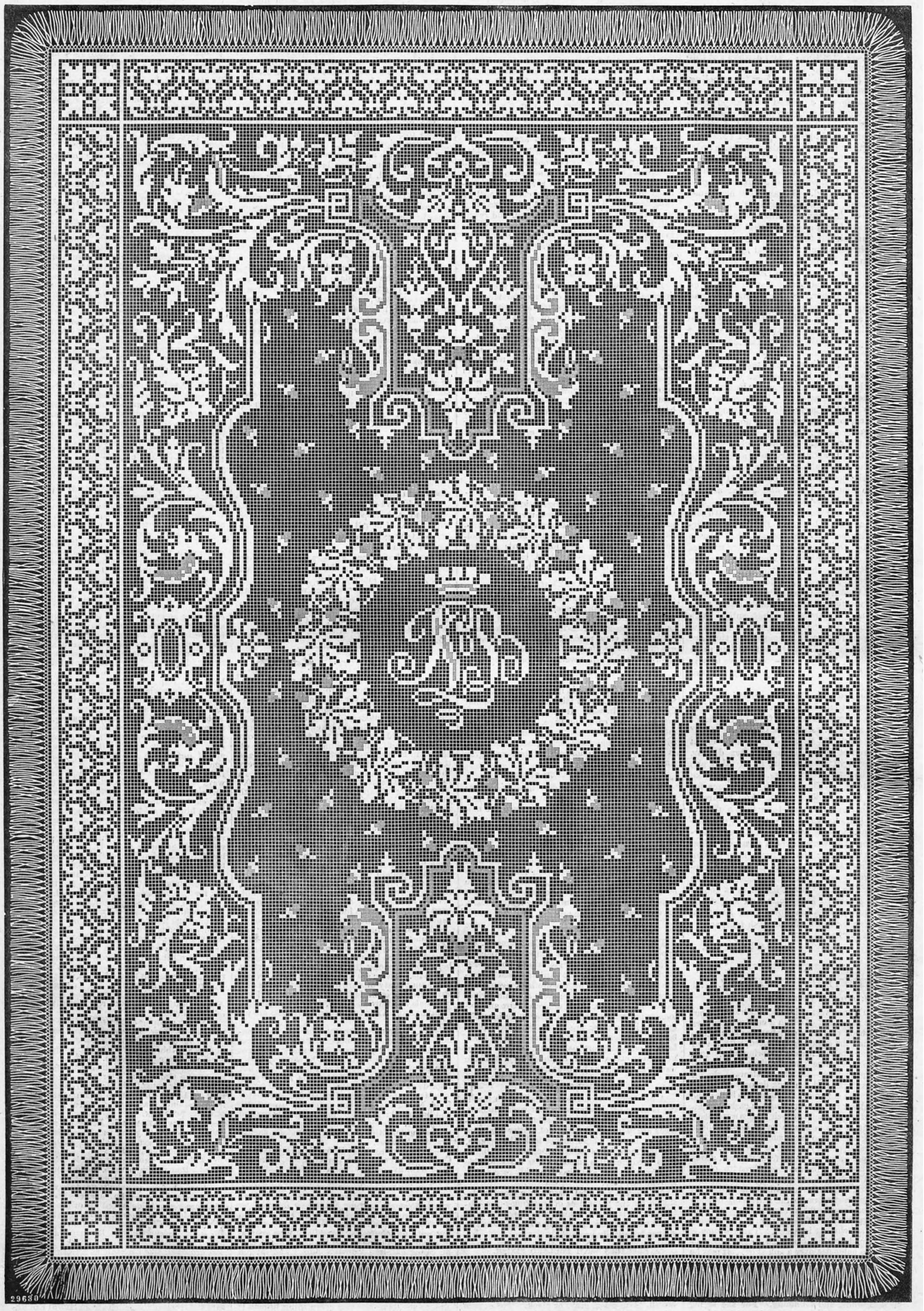

NETTED DESIGN FOR COVERS, CURTAINS, ETC.—[SEE PAGE 101.]

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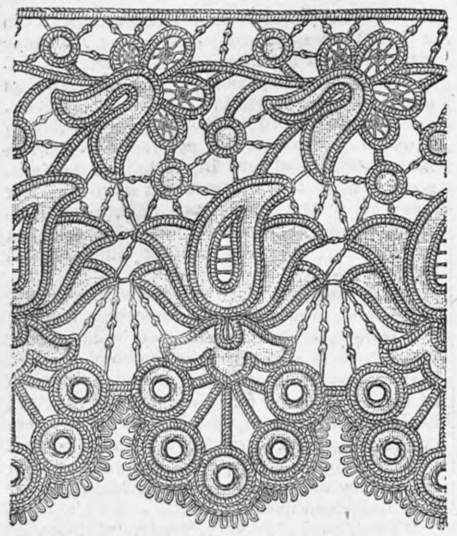

Fig. 1.—EDGING.—VENETIAN EMBROIDERY.

Netted Design for Covers, Curtains, etc.

See illustration on page 100.

THIS design is suitable for working table-covers, coverlets, window-curtains, etc. When designed for curtains, the monogram should, of course, be omitted. Work the design on the netted foundation with knitting cotton or glazed cotton; the parts which are white in the design are worked in point de toile, and the dotted parts in point d'esprit. The size of the squares of the foundation is determined by the size of the article to be worked.

Leather-work Photograph Frame, Figs. 1–5.

FOR this frame take a piece of soft sheep or calf skin, which has first been soaked in cold water for several hours and then taken out and wiped lightly by laying it between two cloths. Of this leather, while still damp, cut a number of different flowers and leaves from the full-sized illustrations shown by Figs. 2–5, with the help of Fig. 1, which is reduced in size, and mark the veins in these by means of cuts made with a sharp knife, but without cutting through the leather. Form each calyx of a circular piece from three-quarters of an inch to seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, which is cut a quarter of an inch deep at hair-breadth intervals on the outer edge, so that a kind of fringe is formed. For the filaments of the five-leaved larger flowers separate a leather strip a quarter of an inch wide and an inch and three-quarters long, divided at one end into three fine threads seven-eighths of an inch long by means of slits, tie the strip in a knot close underneath these, slip the under end through the calyx and flower, into which a hole has first been bored, and again tie a knot close underneath the flower. The end of the strip serves for a stem. The smaller flowers are furnished with calyxes and stems in a similar manner. The flowers and leaves thus formed are arranged on a card-board frame covered with linen or paper, and are pasted on with thick fluid gum-arabic. The photograph is then set in at the back.

Fig. 1.—LEATHER-WORK PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.

Fig. 2.—LEAF FOR PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.

Fig. 4.—FLOWER FOR PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.

Fig. 5.—FLOWER FOR PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.

Edgings in Venetian Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE edgings are suitable for trimming covers, curtains, borders of window-shades, etc. They may be worked on fine linen, batiste, Swiss muslin, or nansook with embroidery cotton or fine thread. Having transferred the design to foundation linen or to the material, run the outlines of the design figures. For the edging Fig. 1 first stretch the bars, which join the design figures, with fine guipure cord, then button-hole stitch all the outlines, and inside of these work the wheels and ladder stitches as shown by the illustration. For the edging Fig. 2 button-hole stitch the joining bars of the foundation, together with the picots thereon, overcast the outlines of the design figures, excepting that part which comes on the outer edge; this part is edged with button-hole stitching as shown by the illustration. In some of the design figures of this edging work wheels and ladder stitches also. Cut away the foundation material underneath the bars, and trim the edge of both edgings with woven picots.

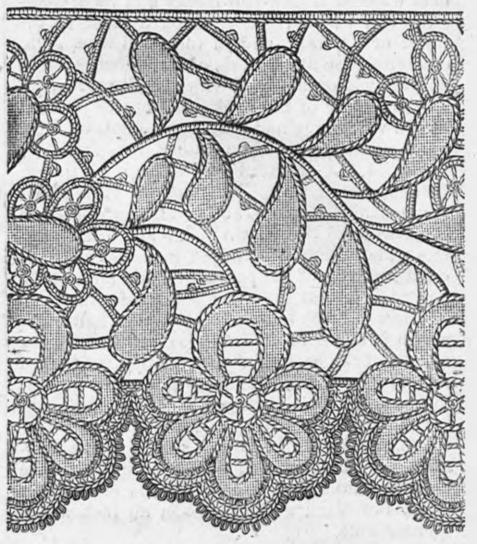

Fig. 2.—EDGING.—VENETIAN EMBROIDERY.

Ladies' Ball and Evening Coiffures, Figs. 1–5.

Fig. 1.—COIFFURE OF PINK RIBBON, WHITE BLONDE, AND FLOWERS. The front part of this coiffure is made of a roll and loops of pink gros grain ribbon two inches and three-quarters wide, on a narrow pointed band of tulle and wire, from which are extended two ends of wire each five inches and three-quarters long, and wound together in the middle of the back. These ends form the foundation for a bow of the same ribbon, with one sloped end four inches long and another sixteen inches long, and a strip of figured silk tulle edged with blonde two inches wide and arranged in cross-wise curves. Above the longer end of ribbon set a barbe, consisting of two rows of blonde sewed together with the straight edges. A spray of white velvet flowers with bronzed leaves and a rose with brown foliage complete the coiffure.

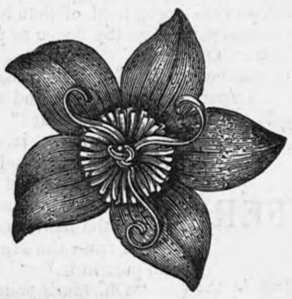

Fig. 3.—FLOWER FOR PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.

Fig. 2.—COIFFURE OF BLACK WATERED RIBBON, BLACK LACE, AND ROSES. The pointed foundation of the coiffure is made of stiff lace and wire, and covered with black watered ribbon an inch and a quarter wide, which is continued five inches and a quarter long at each side. It is also covered with black tulle and lace, and with loops and ends of watered ribbon two inches and three-quarters wide, as shown by the illustration. The knot of the bow in the middle is ornamented with a jet cameo. In the middle of the back of the foundation is an end of the narrower ribbon six inches and seven-eighths long, on which are fastened the ends of ribbon projecting from the foundation and a bow of wider ribbon with long ends, together with a barbe of black lace. On the right side of the coiffure is a spray of roses.

Fig. 3.—LOUIS QUINZE COIFFURE OF BLUE WATERED RIBBON, SHELLS, AND FEATHERS. This coiffure consists of a piece of

Fig. 1.—COIFFURE OF PINK RIBBON, WHITE BLONDE, AND FLOWERS.
Fig. 2.—COIFFURE OF BLACK WATERED RIBBON, BLACK LACE, AND ROSES.
Fig. 3.—LOUIS QUINZE COIFFURE OF BLUE WATERED RIBBON, SHELLS, AND FLOWERS.
Fig. 4.—COIFFURE OF BLACK RIBBON, TULLE, AND LACE.
Fig. 5.—COIFFURE OF REPS RIBBON, BEADS, LACE, AND FLOWERS.

FIGS. 1–5.—LADIES' BALL AND EVENING COIFFURES.

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blue watered ribbon two inches and three-quarters wide, which is fastened on a band in the shape of a wreath, and of tulle and wire, gathered crosswise at intervals of three inches and a quarter, and ornamented with a small pearl shell. In the middle of the back are loops of watered ribbon with short and long ends, a spray of forget-me-nots, and a white feather.

Fig. 4.—COIFFURE OF BLACK RIBBON, TULLE, AND LACE. This coiffure is designed for mourning toilettes, and consists of a piece of black watered ribbon two inches and three-quarters wide, which is arranged in bows and ends on the middle of the pointed foundation of tulle and wire, and at the same time covers the seam of a row of black lace two inches and a half wide, which is sewed on in crosswise curves. On the middle of the back of the foundation is fastened an end of ribbon eight inches and seven-eighths long, on which is arranged a piece of tulle and lace in the shape of a veil; the front point of this part rests on the bow as shown by the illustration. The under edge of the ribbon in the back is trimmed with several ends of different lengths of black watered ribbon an inch and a quarter wide.

Fig. 5.—COIFFURE OF REPS RIBBON, BEADS, LACE, AND FLOWERS. The foundation for this head-dress consists of a band of stiff lace and wire seven-eighths of an inch wide, in the shape of a wreath; this band is covered with plum-colored reps ribbon and black lace. The ribbon may be trimmed with a border of black cut beads. On the middle of the back of the band are several loops and two ends of plum-colored and réséda ribbon, each fifteen inches and a quarter long, and a barbe of black tulle and lace. On the left side of the coiffure is a spray of peacock blue velvet flowers and brown foliage. A similar spray fastens together the falling ends of ribbon in the back.

MURPHY'S MASTER.

BY JAMES PAYN,

Author of "A Woman's Vengeance," "Bred in the Bone," "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," etc.

CHAPTER V.

TWO HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.

IT was some minutes before Mr. Murphy returned, and when he did so, it was without the broad-sheet, for which he said the man had charged such an exorbitant sum that he refused to give it. At this Mrs. Mulvaney grumbled, observing, justly enough, that the extravagance would not have affected Mr. Murphy's purse, but her own, while the broad-sheet would have been a very entertaining piece of literature with which to beguile the evening. However, the very first thing in the morning she would buy the newspaper, where the authentic account of the transaction would be duly chronicled.

"That's if it ever occurred at all, Mrs. Mulvaney," said Murphy, with a short laugh, "which is more than doubtful;" and at the same time Robert felt a significant pressure on his foot, as though a broad-wheeled wagon was passing over his toe, which certainly did not emanate from the lady of the house. The conversation here took another turn, and settled upon a subject very frequently discussed under that roof, namely, emigration. Many an Irish lad who left London for the far West, or the still further antipodes, had taken his last meal (and that not seldom gratis) at *Mulvaney's*, and poured his hopes and fears into the ears of the friendly widow. Of only a very small minority of these she had ever heard again, but what she had heard had given her a favorable impression of "foreign parts," which was her somewhat indefinite geographical expression for all countries that were not England or Ireland. She had therefore been always an upholder of emigration; while Murphy, who held a strong opinion not only that Ireland was for the Irish, but for no one else, and especially the English, had always opposed it. On this occasion, however, to her great surprise, and, perhaps, not a little to her disappointment, for she rather enjoyed an assault of arms with Dick, since it always ended in an embracing of them, her arguments met with small opposition. He allowed that there might be cases—of convenience, he would not say of compulsion—when it would be beneficial to leave his native land, and allowed that it would be somewhat hard upon the outside world—the inhabitants of which he seemed to look upon, like the Chinese, as barbarians—if it should never have the advantage of being leavened by a few specimens of Irishmen. On the subject of the national excellences, as compared with the merits of inferior races, it was indeed impossible that there should be disagreement between them; but these were little matters of detail on which they differed just sufficiently to give piquancy to the conversation. Mrs. Mulvaney was of opinion that Irish folks should make their way in the world like other people, but this view Murphy strongly combated. There were certain chiefs of that noble race, such as the young master, who had a natural right to land and goods, independently of inheritance—this was not quite clearly explained, but somehow "the blood did it"—and again it was only natural that such as acknowledged the authority of the said chieftains should look to them for support. Robert Chesney, though a good scholar of the village-school pattern, knew nothing of political economy, and yet these opinions of Mr. Murphy sounded hollow, or, at least, as though there was but little in them; but it was astonishing with what fire and fervor they were advocated. Every glass of whisky that Mr. Murphy swallowed—and he swallowed a good many—seemed to strengthen his conviction, though by no means to assist him in expressing it with perspicuity. If any body had contradicted him, matters might have been very different, but as it was, he was affable and friendly. Every now and then he would wink at Robert with a sagacity that seemed the concentration of all the sense that remained in him, and which left him poor indeed.

"Come, Mr. Murphy, you have had enough," said the widow, presently. "Nay"—for he had made a snatch at the spirit bottle, but not being in a condition favorable for the calculation of distance, missed it—"I am mistress here; and though I can't send you to bed like a child, though you are no wiser than a child, and deserve to be whipped, you shall have no more to drink;" with which she tucked the bottle under her arm, and triumphantly marched off.

"She thinks I'm dhrunk," observed Mr. Murphy, confidentially, and winking more sagaciously than ever at his young friend.

"I confess I—" Robert was about to add that he himself had rather leaned to that opinion, when the other interrupted him impatiently:

"Tchut, lad; do you take Dick Murphy for a fool, that he should get dhrunk when he had a saycret to keep, and with a woman as he's sweet on in the room? No, no; it is not a few glasses of such poor stuff as that as could hurt me. I wanted to put her off the scent, that's all. She'll be thinking half the night, d'ye see, whether I've put my candle out or under the bed, and wonder whether the house is on fire, instead of concerning herself about our affairs. If she had got hold of that broad-sheet, there might have been the deuce to pay. Them patrols are dead, lad."

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Robert, greatly shocked. "And was that what the man was hallooing about?"

"Of course it was; and he was calling it *murder*, too; mind that."

"It was a cruel and infamous act, any way," said the boy, excitedly, "that putting the tree across the road, just after you yourself had been saved from the same peril, and I am glad I had no part in it."

"Oh, *that's* your game, is it?" cried the other, grimly. "You think you are free of it, do you, while others have to pay the shot? Well, let me tell you, you're most infernally mistaken there. We're all in the same boat, we three. You're what they call an accessory after the fact. They've got your name in it all regular."

"My name!" ejaculated Robert, in horror, his thoughts instantly flying to the cottage in the forest, and picturing Lizzy's face when she should come to hear such tidings of her lover. "But no; that is impossible: you are lying to me."

"Don't you use such hard words, my young fighting-cock, or you will get hard blows in answer," said Murphy, menacingly. "If they haven't got your name, they've got your description as like as life. If the gallows bear fruit at all, it will bear three: two goodly Irish apples, that's me and the young masther (which the saints forbid!), and one little English crab, which is yourself. So, what I say is, be careful; lie snug as a mouse, and open your lips to nobody about what happened last night till you have put a thousand miles of salt sea between you and English land."

Murphy waited for a moment, as if expecting a reply, but receiving none, gave a surly nod of his head by way of "good-night," and marched, not very steadily, out of the room. Robert listened mechanically to his heavy footsteps as they staggered up stairs, and to the violent closing of his bedroom door. The news he had just heard had deprived him not only of speech, but of the power of rational reflection. Unlikely—impossible, indeed—as it was that he should be thus fatally associated, and above all so soon, with his companions of a few hours, he did not doubt it in the least; and the shock was overwhelming. Here seemed an end to all the bright prospects that he had so fondly pictured to himself, since he was to begin life, if not as a felon, still (what was as bad for the result) under the imputation of being one. If his name had really been mentioned—and here the ingenious Mr. Murphy (through ignorance of the fanciful value which some people put upon their reputations) had been within a very little of precipitating the very catastrophe he would have averted—Robert would perhaps have gone straight to the nearest police station and given himself up, the better to clear himself hereafter. But since it was only his description that was thus advertised, might it not be well to take this ruffian's advice, and leave the country as soon as opportunity offered? Ignorant of all the methods of criminal procedure as he was, it struck him that if he could once escape from the clutches of the law he would be safe; he was rapidly growing out of the boy, and in a few years recognition of his person—if only his name should not transpire—would be impossible. He was innocent, it is true; but it might be difficult to prove himself so, and especially without compromising his companions. To be sure, it was only Murphy that was really guilty of the crime in question; but he had passed his word to be silent concerning the night's doings, and, if possible, he would keep it. Any disclosure of them would, moreover, implicate Mr. Kavanagh in that former proceeding—he did not know what it was, but could not but conclude that it was some transgression of the law—which had led up to the present catastrophe, and his feelings toward that gentleman were very warm and grateful. Upon the whole, therefore, and after long pondering, he decided to take Murphy's advice, though perfectly well aware that it had been dictated by the most unblushing selfishness; and somewhat relieved by having come to this conclusion, he dragged his weary limbs to bed, and slept as only the young can sleep when trouble sits by the pillow.

With the first light of dawn, however, he awoke (not of himself, as it turned out, but probably at the opening of the street-door), and hearing a heavy footfall in the silent street, cautiously put aside the window-blind, and looked out. His first idea, rechauffèed from what his imagination had fed upon the previous night, was that it was a policeman, for even rural officers of justice, with whom, of course, he was alone familiar, affect that pompous and measured tread, which, however assuring to the household, is certainly premonitory to the thief; but it was not a policeman, and indeed might be said to be somebody very much the reverse, for it was Mr. Richard Murphy. This gentleman, to whom the *vin ordinaire* of his native country might not only be said to be meat, drink, and clothing (for while imbibing it he felt the lack of none of them), but also sleep, was standing in front of the house, with a smiling countenance, and *wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.* The morning was damp, and there was a slight drizzle falling, which perhaps was welcome to him, as reminding him of the weather in his native clime; at all events, it did not disturb him: he looked up the street and down the street with cheerful serenity, and was just about to add his contribution to the incense-breathing morn, by lighting a short black dudheen, when the on-looker saw his countenance fall, his tobacco pouch drop from his hands, and the whole aspect of the man alter as suddenly, and for the worse, as though he had been shot in the stomach. Following the direction of his staring eyes, Robert beheld an announcement on the dead-wall opposite, which in his turn made him shudder from head to foot: "*Murder—Two Hundred Pounds Reward—Frank Kavanagh.*" These words were in large capitals; and before he could make out the rest of what was printed in smaller type, Murphy had rushed across the street, plucked the Notice from the wall, and was tearing it to fragments. So fierce and vehement was the action that Robert involuntarily compared it, in his own mind, with the rage and fury of some wild beast whose young is threatened; and as he did so he saw Murphy look quickly up at his window. It would have been easy to have dropped the corner of the blind, but some fascination forbade him to do so, and in an instant their eyes had met. Such a tigerish look came into Murphy's face, and so suddenly, as though bent upon some instant violence, did he rush indoors that the boy took up the only weapon that was at hand, the poker, convinced that within the next minute he would have to defend his life. This necessity, however, did not arrive. Murphy remained below, doubtless persuaded to do so by Mrs. Mulvaney, whose voice, raised in passionate expostulation, could be distinctly heard. It was she, indeed, who had pointed out the Notice to Dick's attention, or, unacquainted as he was with the art of reading, he would have remained in blissful ignorance of its existence, or concluded it to be a mere embellishment of the wall! And now it seemed she was impressing on him the futility, if not the wickedness, of endeavoring to make matters safe by proceeding to some fatal extremity. Robert discovered this by the simple method of opening his bedroom door and listening to the conversation, which, under the circumstances, he might well be excused for doing.

"He knows too much," urged Murphy, with a growl like that of a wild beast. ("And how like some wild beast," thought Robert, "such as the hunting-tiger, trained but not tamed by man, of which he had heard tell, this Murphy was!") "He knows enough to hang us."

"No, no," rejoined the widow; then added something the listener could not catch, but which seemed to carry weight with it. "Moreover," she continued, in tones still hushed, but not inaudible, "you are not in your own land, remember; and by adding a new crime to the other, you will only increase the danger to the young master. You are out of your mind, Dick—and it isn't far you have to go for that—or I would say, besides, that none but a villain would think of murdering a poor lad like that because of a groundless suspicion of his fidelity."

"Murthering! Mrs. Mulvaney; you're joking," returned Murphy, in tones of apparent good humor. "I was only going to put the innocent young fellow out of the risk of temptation. Two hundred pounds reward is a considerable attraction, and especially to one who wants to marry and set up housekeeping."

"You ought to be ashamed to say so," answered the widow, evidently resisting some personal attentions of her variable swain: "any one who is really in love with a young woman is the last person to entertain thoughts of treachery; though if he is only pretending to be so—Now be aisy, and keep off, Mr. Murphy."

It was clear all danger to himself, for the present at least, was over; and Robert discreetly closed his door, and left the loving pair to conclude their love passages without an eavesdropper. It was, indeed, with some little embarrassment that he presently descended into the sitting-room to meet the man who, he had every reason to believe, but half an hour before entertained the design of cutting his throat; but it was without fear. Boy as he was, he was far from being easily frightened. His nature was that of the typical Englishman, sound and wholesome; his intelligence was straightforward, without much imagination; and the out-door life he had lived in the forest, both by night and day, had strengthened what had originally been far from sensitive nerves; moreover, he felt within himself a certain superiority over this wild, untutored savage that almost amounted to contempt. The other, however, had the advantage over him in one point. Whether from native cunning, or from some extraordinary shallowness of feeling, which permitted the most violent ebullitions of passion to pass away in a few minutes and leave no trace, Mr. Murphy seemed now entirely at his ease, and bade his young friend "Good-morning!" in a tone that was almost genial. Mrs. Mulvaney was as kind in her manner as ever, but was evidently depressed. Instead of being talkative, as usual, she busied herself in preparing their breakfast without a word; and sometimes, as though wrapped in thought, did not reply even when Murphy addressed her. In speaking of their proposed visit to Herne Street that morning, Dick observed, "And unless you come with us—which, I suppose, can hardly be, misthress—you will scarce see the young masther yourself before he sails."

"I suppose not," answered the widow, coldly.

"Not but that he would come here himself, if it were safe, and bid you good-by in person, you may be sure," said Dick, soothingly.

It was evident that he had mistaken the cause of her indifference, for she added, sharply, "I don't wish to see him, Mr. Murphy, either here or elsewhere; but least of all in my own house."

"And you say that, who were born within the shadow of the ould masther's roof-tree, and have had bread from his hand!"

"Yes," cried the widow, firmly, "I do say it. I wash my hands of him; and I wish he could wash his of—"

"Silence, woman!" ejaculated Murphy, with a savage oath. "Stop that glib tongue of yours; unless, indeed," added he, bitterly, "you wish to get the blood-money. Perhaps it is *that* which has made such a change in Bridget Mulvaney. English air by itself could never have done it."

The widow's eyes flashed fire: it evidently cost her a great effort to stifle her feelings, and forbear from some cutting reply, but she succeeded. "I am not going to argue with you, Richard Murphy, or rather with the devil that is in you. I only warn you, for your own sake and for another's, not to be so free of speech to your foes as you have been this day to one who was onst your friend." With that she rose from her chair, not without some dignity, and keeping a calm, contemptuous face opposed to his scowling looks, walked slowly out of the room. At this Mr. Murphy's features became suddenly chop-fallen, and he fell to scratching his head.

"A woman is a curious creature, lad, as you will find out for yourself some day," observed he to his remaining companion. "Now one would almost think, if one did not know her, that Mrs. Mulvaney yonder was downright vexed."

Not having the advantage of a long acquaintance with the lady in question, Robert confessed that that impression had been produced upon his own mind.

"But she wasn't, though; or if she was, it's over by this time," explained the other. "I own it was wrong in me to use such hard words, but a squeeze of her hand, or at most a chuck under the chin, will make her all right."

Notwithstanding this confident speech, however, Mr. Murphy did not attempt either of these experiments, nor, indeed, had he the opportunity of doing so, for when, after some hesitation, he ventured very gently to ring the bell, it was answered, not, as usual, by the widow, but by the maid-of-all-work, who quietly proceeded to remove the breakfast things.

"Missis's compliments," said she, "and if you should plaze to want any thing, it is *me* as is to get it for you."

At this Mr. Murphy looked rather thoughtful for a minute or two, and then, with the air of a man who has made up his mind on an important subject, chucked *her* under the chin, and bade her fetch the whisky bottle. "When love is denied to us, lad," observed he, with pathos, "there is nothing for it but to take to what is better—liquor."

He took to it till about noon, and then informed his companion that the time had come to keep their appointment with the young master. Robert professed his readiness to accompany him; but when Murphy took his arm and would have passed it through his own, the lad drew back.

"I am no man's prisoner," said he, haughtily, "and I either walk in freedom or not at all."

Murphy gave him one of his ugly looks, but perhaps reflecting that there was no time to spare just then for having a quarrel out (a pleasure which can always be postponed), he permitted him to have his way as far as the nearest cab stand, when he called a vehicle, and ordered the man to drive to Herne Street.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. WILSON.

HERNE STREET is one of those short streets which run from the Strand to the river, and, like most of its fellows, has a disused and melancholy air. There is little or no traffic in it; there are no shops; it is composed wholly of lodging-houses and a few mouldy-looking hotels. At the river end of the street, the card "Apartments" no longer figures in the parlor windows; but on each side of the doors, which usually stand open, are painted the names of the different tenants, the houses being let in flats. At one of these doors the cab stopped, and Murphy and his companion alighted. As they passed in without knocking, Robert's eye was at once attracted to the names, among which it naturally looked for that of Kavanagh; he was surprised to find it absent. They went up a stone staircase—very dirty, as common staircases are apt to be—and only stopped where the stairs stopped—at the third floor, and opposite a door with "Mr. Wilson" painted on it. Murphy knocked, and a strange voice bade them come in.

Seated at a round table in a somewhat lofty room was a gray-haired old gentleman, pale, and with dark rings under his eyes, examining attentively a huge map spread out before him. So absorbed was he in this task that he did but give a single glance toward his visitors, and then motioning with his hand toward a couple of

chairs, resumed his occupation. Robert was not sorry for this, because it enabled him to at once indulge his curiosity, which was greatly excited by the contents of the apartment, in which every thing was strange to him, with the trifling exception of the smell of spirits, with which the habits of his step-father—even before his stay at Mrs. Mulvaney's—had made him tolerably familiar. Considering that it was at the top of the house, the room was a lofty one, and hung from floor to ceiling with pictures; some of these were on canvas, though only one or two were framed, but the majority were on paper, pinned to the wall. The furniture consisted partly of pictures also, which, in various degrees of completion, lay about the chairs and tables, and even on the floor: a curious machine, which he rightly concluded to be a painter's easel, though he had never before seen one, occupied a prominent place; and in two of the corners were life-size figures in armor, standing sentry-like over all this disarray. There was no carpet, nor even, to Robert's eyes—which were not exacting in that respect—much sign of comfort in the place at all; but the pictures and the armor attracted him mightily, as also did the stirring scene that presented itself outside the windows. These looked down immediately on the river, on which the noonday sun was shining, and on whose dusky but sparkling bosom a score of steamers and other craft were making their way with more or less of speed. He knew it for the Thames, else it would have been hard indeed to have identified the river, with whose grassy banks and gleaming shallows he was so well acquainted, with this bustling and crowded stream. His own circumstances seemed to offer a parallel to it: for was it not difficult to recognize in himself, now launched on the great tide of life, and already in such strange company, the boy of four-and-twenty hours ago, who had had no knowledge of the world beyond the simple life of the forest and what he had read in books? As he mused thus, Murphy called to him, sharply, "Don't you hear Mr. Denton speak to you, or are you bent on making him say every thing twice over, and him so weak and ill, you omadhawn?"

Without bestowing a glance on Murphy, Robert respectfully apologized to the old gentleman for his inattention, and, in obedience to a sign from him, drew near his table.

"So you have quite made up your mind, I hear, young man," said the stranger, feebly, "to leave this country, and take your chance with your new employer?"

"With Mr. Kavanagh—yes, Sir."

"Be aisy, you fool," growled Murphy, "and leave gentlemen's names for themselves and their friends to use them."

"Hush, hush!" said the old gentleman, turning round upon Dick severely, "and don't *you* call people out of their names so freely. If I am not much mistaken in physiognomy, this lad is no more fool and omadhawn than yourself—and that is Mr. Frank's opinion.—The fact is, Robert Chesney, that just now Mr. Kavanagh has reason to conceal his name, and it's better not to mention it. Indeed, he is at present concealing himself, and that is why I am appointed his substitute to speak with you this morning. You see this map—here is England, look you, and there, on the other side of the world, is Australia. It takes months to go thither and months to return—if one ever does return—"

"I beg your pardon, Sir," interrupted Robert, "but I have thought of all that, and if so be as Mr.—"

"Let us say Mr. Frank only, or perhaps Mr. Wilson would be better still," suggested the old gentleman, with a smile.

"Very good, Sir. Then, if Mr. Wilson is still of the same mind toward me as before, I do assure you I shall not go back from *my* word. I am quite ready to go with him to Australia, or any where else, and make myself useful in the way that was agreed upon. But I should like to tell some one—I mean I should wish to write before I start to some one—"

"Be quiet, Murphy," cried Mr. Denton, in answer to a growl of remonstrance from that gentleman; "how *can* you make me raise my voice, when you know I am so unfitted to do so? The lad thoroughly understands he is to mention no names, and that is sufficient.—Yes, you may write of course, and tell her—for it is a 'her,' I suppose, eh?—that if she writes by return of post, under cover, to Mr. Denton, Lloyd Brothers, shipping agents, Liverpool, you will get her reply before you start. Mr. Wilson has instructed me to supply you with an outfit for the voyage, which will be accomplished in an emigrant vessel, and I am to tell you not to be astonished if he himself should not be on board of her. Murphy will be there, and myself, but—"

"What! is not Mr. Frank to go with us?" interrupted Robert. "Nay, Sir, then that alters all; for I took service with *him*, and with no one else. There is no love lost between this man"—here he pointed over his shoulder to Murphy—"and myself; and though I am sure you are most kind and fair-spoken, I feel no call to go with you to the end of the earth, as I do with Mr. Kavanagh."

"That is well and boldly said, Robert," said Mr. Denton, smiling, "though it is not complimentary to me and Murphy. If you had been a little less hasty to express your sentiments, I should have added that though Mr. Frank would not be on board the ship at starting, he would join it before it got to sea."

"That is quite another matter, Sir," answered Robert, simply; "and if it be so, I am at your service."

"Very good; then that is settled. I have just a few words to speak to Murphy; and meanwhile here is the newspaper—"

An exclamation in Irish here broke from Murphy's lips, but in unmistakable tones of alarm and horror.

"That man is afraid of my reading something in the paper about Mr. Frank," observed Robert, contemptuously, his cheeks growing scarlet with indignation. "He accused Mrs. Mulvaney this morning of wanting to sell his master to the police for the two hundred pounds reward that is offered, so that I suppose I ought not to feel aggrieved that he suspects me of the like baseness; but you may tell Mr. Frank that his secret is as safe with me as with yonder scowling Irishman. I did not approve of that deed which has brought his master into trouble; but I think there was some excuse for it, and, at all events, sooner than any harm should come to him through my means, I would cut my right hand off. Put the newspaper in your pocket, Sir, for if you were to offer it to me now, I would not read it, nor shall I do so, if the opportunity should occur again to-morrow. I have my own opinion, as I have said, about the mischance to the patrol, which, after all, was more Murphy's doing than his master's; but I don't want to hear the worst made out of it and of Mr. Frank, as is clear is done by their calling it *Willful Murder!*"

"This lad must have Irish blood in his veins," cried the old gentleman, regarding him with admiration. "I can scarcely believe that one professing such meritorious sentiments can likewise turn his hand to what is useful, and keep accounts. See, here is a long list of poor fellows who are going out with us to the antipodes, and who do not get their passage for nothing, and also a rough estimate of what their kits will come to. Sit down yonder, and add me up the total.—And in the mean time, Dick—for all this talking has knocked me up—do you get out the whisky, and let us drink success to the *Star of Erin* and her voyage. In three days' time—" Here there was a knock at the door. Murphy ran to it, and turned the key, then looked at Mr. Denton significantly.

"It's Polly's knock," whispered the latter, rising excitedly. "I had wished to have been spared this."

"No matter; it will be a good test," returned the other, encouragingly, in the same low tone. "Let her see you, if it be but for a minute or two, and then pass into the bedroom, and so out."

Here the knocking was repeated, and a female voice exclaimed through the key-hole, plaintively, "Let me in, Frank. I know you are there, for I hear your voice."

"You are mistaken there, Miss Mary," observed Murphy, unlocking the door and admitting the would-be visitor. "Mr. Wilson is out, and when he will return is very uncertain."

The new arrival was a young woman of considerable beauty, small but exquisitely shaped, and whose keen blue eyes and lavish wealth of rich brown hair seemed to recall to Robert some familiar face. If that were so, the recognition did not appear to be mutual. "Who is *he?*" inquired the young woman, pointing without a trace of shyness at Chesney; then carrying her finger on toward Mr. Denton, "and *he?*"

"They are two of my master's friends, whom I had no particular orders to introduce to you, Miss Mary," answered Murphy.

"They are here by appointment, then, and waiting for him. Well, I shall wait for him too."

With that she unfastened the seal-skin cloak she wore, and sitting down with her back turned toward Murphy, put up her pretty feet upon the fender.

"You may stop, or go away, Miss Mary, just as you please—"

"Thank you," interrupted she, with sharp contempt; "I shall take advantage of your gracious permission, and stop."

"Well, that can only end in disappointment, miss. Mr. Frank is away, miles away, and, as you have been already informed by his own hand, is not coming back again to-day, nor any day. So there."

"Is this true, gentlemen?" cried the girl, rising suddenly from her chair, and looking from one to the other appealingly. "I have no means of knowing whether this man is telling me truth or not, Heaven help me!"

As Mr. Denton did not even look toward her, but appeared more busily engaged with his map than ever, Robert thought himself called upon to reply. No man, with a heart in his bosom, looking on that pathetic, pleading face, could have refused to do so, and far less kind-hearted Robert Chesney, who, moreover, at once bethought him of one in the far-off forest glades who might one day be praying for some longed-for news of him—in vain.

"Indeed, miss," said he, tenderly, "I believe the man is telling you the truth. At least I came myself to-day to see Mr.—Mr. Wilson—and have failed in doing so. They told me he would not be here."

"And is it true—you are young and kind, and have an honest face; you would not tell me a lie, I feel—that Frank—that Mr. Wilson is going far away—abroad?"

"Indeed, miss, it is true."

At these words the little creature seemed to shrink within herself, and dropping into her seat again, covered her eyes with her hands to hide the tears that she could no longer restrain. Here Murphy touched Mr. Denton on the shoulder, and that gentleman rose at once, and passing softly but quickly across the floor, opened the bedroom door and closed it behind him. The next moment the outer door of the bed-chamber was heard to open, and a rapid step to descend the stairs.

"That's him—that is Frank's footstep!" exclaimed the girl, starting to her feet, and rushing to the door.

"It is not. It is only Mr. Denton," observed Murphy, coldly. She ran out, however, to satisfy herself of the fact by leaning over the balusters, and presently came back again, looking very tearful and excited.

"What have you done with him? Where is he?" asked she of Murphy. "If you will not tell me where he is, at least tell me *how* he is?"

"Oh, he's well enough, so far as that goes," answered Dick, carelessly.

"He was *not* well when I saw him last, not looking like himself at all. He had some trouble on his mind—was going down upon some unpleasant business, he said, into the country; and that made him take to what is so bad for him more than ever."

"Rubbish!" returned Murphy, contemptuously. "If you mean whisky, no Irishman was ever hurt by whisky yet. If you mean weakness of another sort—a foolish passion for your pretty face—that's over."

"You liar!" cried the girl, her moist eyes darting fire, her cheeks aflame; "you wicked, cruel liar!" Murphy laughed contemptuously. "*You* pretend to love him—*you!*" she went on, with bitterness. "It is you who are his worst enemy. You lead him on to drink. You flatter and encourage him whenever he is bent on what is wrong and dangerous. *You*—you will be his ruin!"

"Be quiet, vixen!" shouted Murphy. "Keep a civil tongue in your head. You won't! Then just you walk out of this room, and take my word for it that it is the last time you ever see the inside of it."

"I will not stir!" cried she, defiantly. Robert knew her now; her face—generally resolute and scornful, as at present, but sometimes soft and pleading—was on half the pictures on the wall.

"Then I will put you out," said Murphy, sternly. He advanced toward her, holding out his huge hand menacingly. The expression of his face was so grim and fierce that she quailed before it.

"Oh, Frank! oh, Frank!" exclaimed she, with a passionate cry, "why, why are you not here to strike him dead?"

The huge hand was almost on her wrist, and she, like some graceful animal fascinated by beast or reptile, standing motionless, save for the trembling of her limbs, before him, when Robert suddenly bounded between them, and whirling her light form toward one of the mailed sentinels of the apartment, snatched out his sword from its rusty scabbard, and brandished it in Murphy's face. "I am not Mr. Frank, miss," cried he, assuringly, "but I *will* strike him dead if he lays a finger on you; and let me tell him that if his master is the man I take him for, he will have an account to settle with him for threatening a young lady under his own roof—like you."

"A young lady!" echoed Murphy, contemptuously, the allusion to his master doubtless checking the impulse he had at first entertained to rush in upon the lad, at all risks, and take summary vengeance on him for his interference. "A pretty sort of a young lady, truly, though scarcely worth your fighting for, if you knew all. And if it comes to telling, suppose *I* were to tell the masther that the last time I saw Miss Mary she was cuddled up in your arms, like *that*. Come, there is no need for tale-bearing, nor for quarreling neither." It was evident that Mr. Murphy very much repented of what he had done, or had threatened to do, and that he feared the consequences of it. His tones, though gruff, were conciliatory; and his manner, like that of a bear asking for buns on the top of a pole, was embarrassed, but propitiatory.

"I am not more given to tale-bearing than yourself," said Robert, who had dropped his fair burden, not without a modest blush, at the other's innuendo; "nor do I seek a quarrel. But I won't stand by and see a woman ill-treated by any man; and she shall stay here as long as she likes, unless Mr. Frank gives orders to the contrary."

"*She* may stay, and *you* may stay, for all I care," replied Murphy, carelessly; "but I have business elsewhere." With that he left the room and passed down stairs as far as the front-door, but did not cross the threshold. His business was twofold—to see that Chesney did not leave the house without him, and that his master did not enter it while Miss Mary remained within.

In the mean time Robert began to feel a little awkward. When a knight-errant of the good old times had preserved an innocent damsel from a giant, he made no more ado about putting her behind him on his horse's crupper, as his own lawful prize, than if she were a sack of corn. But this chivalrous lad had no horse; and his affections, as we are aware, were already bespoken by another young person.

"I am very, very much obliged to you," said Miss Mary, forcing a smile, and holding out a pretty little hand. "I hope I may not be the cause of making that hateful man your enemy."

"Don't you trouble yourself about me," returned he, good-naturedly; "the only thing that gives me sorrow is to see you so cast down and sad. As for that fellow, Murphy, he was no friend of mine before."

"And yet you dared to anger him," said she, gratefully, "to save me from insult—*me*, whom he would have you believe was a worthless, wicked girl! But though I am no young lady, as you called me, I am not *that*, indeed, Sir."

Robert knew that he was getting very red indeed. He was burning to express his conviction that Miss Mary was every thing that she ought to be, but he couldn't get out a word.

"The fact is," continued his companion, frankly, "I'm a model."

"Indeed!" said Robert, simply, endeavoring not to appear surprised at this announcement, which, nevertheless, was a little unexpected. He had heard of a model of propriety, but he had never before seen one, and the reality fell short of his ideal.

"Oh yes; I'm *there*, and *there*, and *there*," she said, pointing to various pictures, in which her lively features had been reproduced with more or less of success. "There was a time when Mr. Frank was never tired of painting me; but all that's over now, it seems."

She sighed so pitifully that Robert would have given all he had to have been able to say a word of comfort; but he had none to give. Simple as he was, he guessed that the relation between his master and this fair young creature had been a tender one, and was now broken off forever. "Is Mr. Frank a painter, then?" inquired he.

"Yes; an amateur one, at least. What! did you not know that? You can not, then, have known him long."

"I met him for the first time"—he was about to say, "the night before last," but he stopped himself; that might be saying too much, perhaps. This girl could scarcely be in Mr. Kavanagh's confidence, when she did not even know him by his real name, but called him Wilson. "I met him for the first time quite lately."

"And yet you must be intimate with him, to be admitted *here*," said she.

"I have been taken into his service, miss, and am going ab—"

"Going abroad with him, you were about to say," said the girl, quickly. "His letter told me truth, then!" She was silent for a little; then sinking her voice to a tone of deep feeling, went on, as though unconscious of her companion's presence: "Well, well! I have no right to hinder him; no claim, alas! to accompany him. He would have said 'Good-by' with his own lips, I know, if he could have trusted himself to do so."

"He wished to spare you pain," suggested Robert, sympathizingly.

"Ah, I see; he has wound himself into your heart already," replied she, sadly. "Beware of him! Don't think I speak it in bitterness, and because he has deserted me; but take warning from one who knows him well, and loves him still, and whom it grieves to give it. Frank Wilson wears as kind a heart as yours; he has been kind to me—most kind—and treats me now as kindly as I deserve. But he is not himself at all times. Beware of him when his brow clouds, and his words flow free and fast; beware of him when the drink is in him, and Murphy is at his ear. He is mixed up with dangerous schemes; I know not what they are, but those who work them with him are low and villainous men, unlike himself—unlike, I trust, what you will ever be. I would go with him to-morrow to the end of the earth, if he would have me with him; but though I am blind upon my own account, I can see on yours. Again I say, beware of him. Good-by, boy; and a thousand thanks." She held her hand out for the second time, which he took and pressed. Then giving one last look around the familiar walls, as though to bid them farewell, she left the room, and ran down stairs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GEORGE ELIOT'S SAYINGS.

SELECTED FROM "ADAM BEDE."

OUR dead are never dead to us until we have forgotten them: they can be injured by us, they can be wounded; they know all our penitence, all our aching sense that their place is empty, all the kisses we bestow on the smallest relic of their presence.

There is a strength of self-possession which is the sign that the last hope has departed. Despair no more leans on others than perfect contentment, and in despair pride ceases to be counteracted by the sense of dependence.

When our indignation is borne in submissive silence, we are apt to feel twinges of doubt afterward as to our own generosity, if not justice; how much more when the object of our anger has gone into everlasting silence, and we have seen his face for the last time in the meekness of death!

What we thought the oldest truth becomes the most startling to us in the week when we have looked on the dead face of one who has made a part of our own lives. For when men want to impress us with the effect of a new and wonderfully vivid light, do they not let it fall on the most familiar objects, that we may measure its intensity by remembering the former dimness?

There are faces which nature charges with a meaning and pathos not belonging to the single human soul that flutters beneath them, but speaking the joys and sorrows of foregone generations—eyes that tell of deep love which doubtless has been and is somewhere, but not paired with these eyes—perhaps paired with pale eyes that can say nothing; just as a national language may be instinct with poetry unfelt by the lips that use it.

Nature has her language, and she is not unveracious; but we don't know all the intricacies of her syntax just yet, and in a hasty reading we may happen to extract the very opposite of her real meaning.

If it be true that Nature at certain moments seems charged with a presentiment of one individual lot, must it not also be true that she seems unmindful, unconscious of another? For there is no hour that has not its births of gladness and despair, no morning brightness that does not bring new sickness to desolation as well as new forces to genius and love. There are so many of us, and our lots are so different: what wonder that Nature's mood is often in harsh contrast with the great crisis of our lives? We are children of a large family, and must learn, as such children do, not to expect that our hurts will be made much of—to be content with little nurture and caressing, and help each other the more.

Black Tulle and Lace Fichu.

THIS fichu is made of figured black tulle, and is trimmed with gathered lace two inches and seven-eighths wide. A bow of red gros grain ribbon two inches and a quarter wide is set on the front. The fichu is laid in pleats in front and in the middle of the back.

Collars in Tulle Embroidery.—Imitation of Lace.—Figs. 1–6.

THESE collars are worked on fine Brussels tulle with fine thread. The enlarged details, Figs. 2 and 5, show the manner of working. Run the outlines of the design figures several times, as shown by the illustration, and overcast them closely. Fill the inside of the flowers and leaves partly with button-hole stitches and partly with small knots, and fill the centre with bars and wheels, underneath which the tulle is cut away. After finishing the embroidery, border the corners and neck of the collars (Figs. 3 and 6) with narrow point lace braid and a woven picot border as shown by the illustration, and set them on a binding of Swiss muslin or batiste.

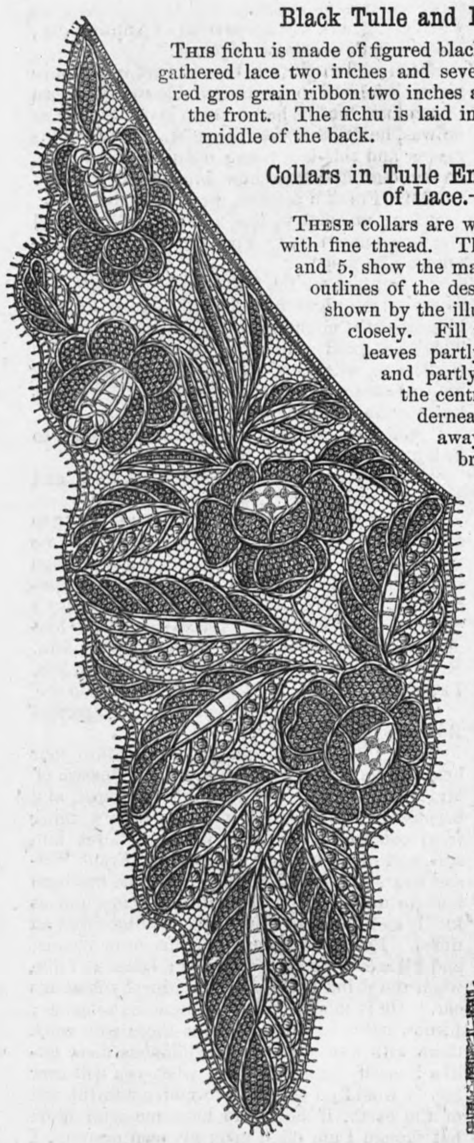


Fig. 1.—COLLAR IN TULLE EMBROIDERY. IMITATION OF LACE.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]

BLACK TULLE AND LACE FICHU.

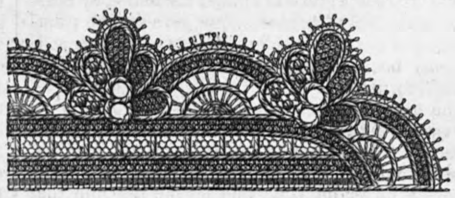


Fig. 3.—SECTION OF COLLAR, FIG. 1.

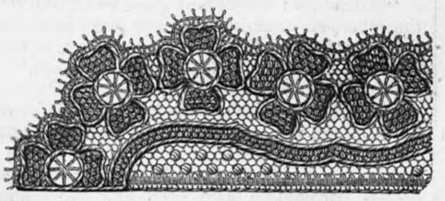


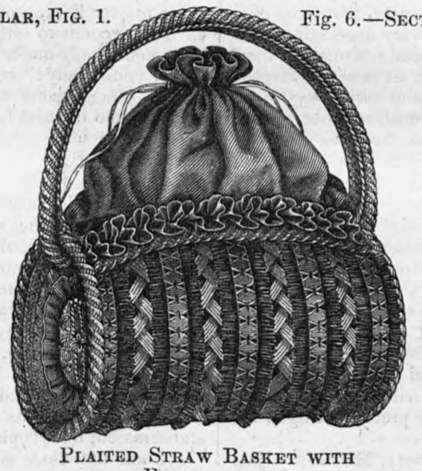
Fig. 6.—SECTION OF COLLAR, FIG. 4.

Fig. 4.—COLLAR IN TULLE EMBROIDERY. IMITATION OF LACE.—[See Figs. 5 and 6.]

Fig. 2.—DETAIL OF COLLAR, FIG. 1.

Plaited Straw Basket with Embroidery.

THIS basket is made of fine yellow plaited straw, and consists of open-work and close strips; the latter are covered each with an embroidery border. This border is made of a strip of cherry-colored silk three-quarters of an inch wide, arranged over an interlining of stiff linen half an inch wide, and ornamented in point Russe embroidery with maize and black silk. This strip is set on a strip of silk seven-eighths of an inch wide, which is fringed out on both sides a quarter of an inch wide in such a manner that the fringe projects. The ends of the basket are trimmed with silk rosettes ornamented in point Russe, as shown by the illustration. A ruche of red silk ribbon seven-eighths of an inch wide, set on the upper edge, a bag of silk of the same color, and a handle of straw plaiting, simulating cord, complete the basket.



PLAITED STRAW BASKET WITH EMBROIDERY.

Border in Chain Stitch Embroidery for Furniture, Covers, Curtains, etc.

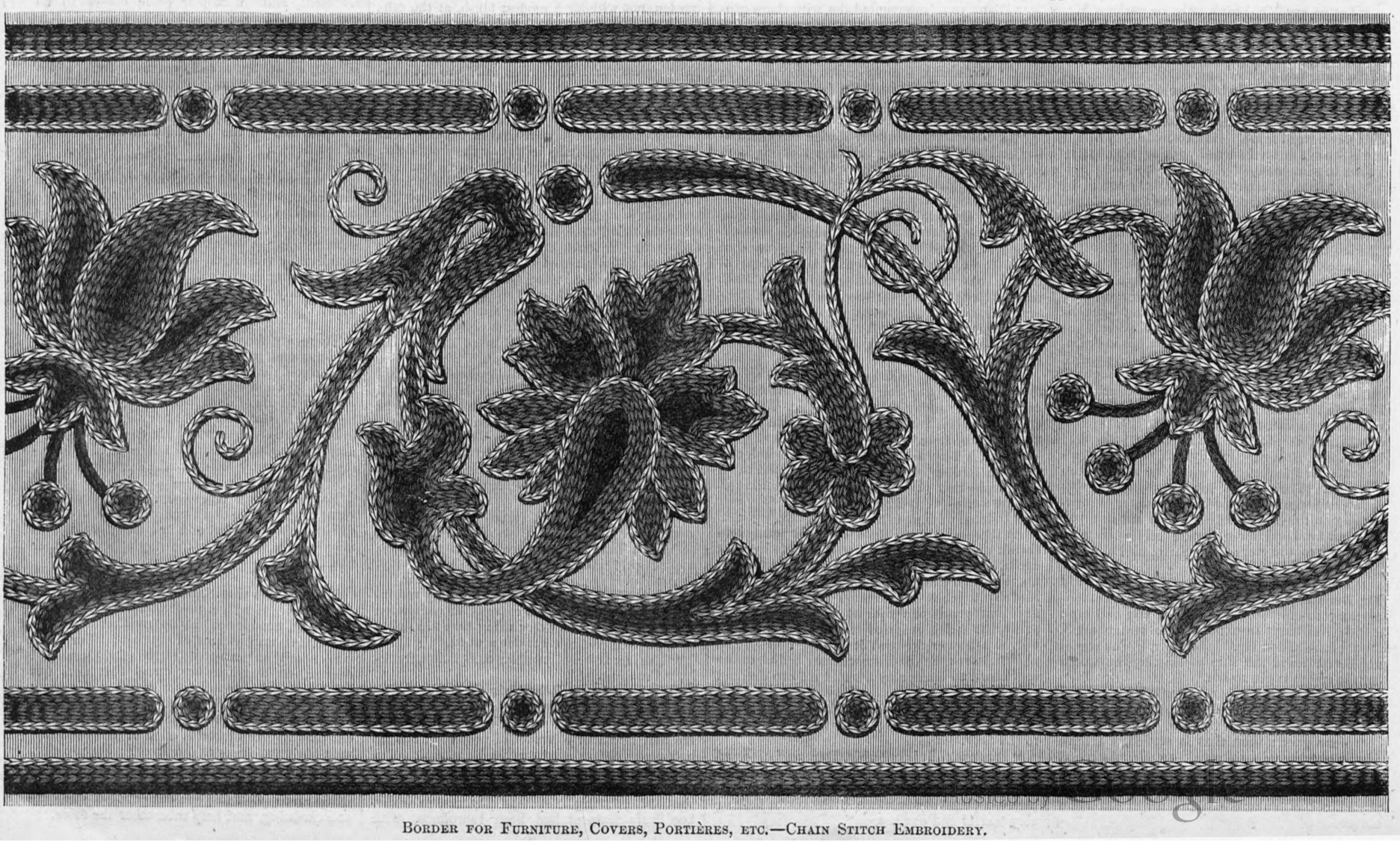
THIS border is worked on light gray cloth or woolen reps with split zephyr worsted or saddler's silk in different shades of one color, or else in various bright colors, entirely in chain stitch. The border may also be worked with the crochet-needle in tambour-work, or else with the sewing-machine in cord stitch.

Fan with Tulle and Lace Cover. Application Embroidery. Figs. 1–3.

See illustrations on page 105.

THE frame of this fan is of finely carved ivory. The upper part is covered with two bias strips of white satin seven-eighths of an inch and an inch and three-quarters wide, and with a strip of tulle two inches wide, as shown by the illustration; the strip of tulle overlaps the satin strips a quarter of an inch at each side, and is trimmed through the middle with an application lace border, a full-sized section of which is shown by Fig. 2. Work the border with fine Swiss muslin or nansook, woven picot braid, and a thread of coarse twisted cotton, according to the design drawn on linen or paper, letting the stitches show as little as possible. Fig. 3 shows another design for such a border. Instead of this, the design figures of lace insertion may be cut out of the foundation and used as an application

Fig. 5.—DETAIL OF COLLAR, FIG. 4.



BORDER FOR FURNITURE, COVERS, PORTIÈRES, ETC.—CHAIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

border. Cover the upper and under edge of the satin strips with a row of white lace, each seven-eighths of an inch wide, as shown by Fig. 1. White silk cord and tassels complete the fan.

Ornamental Hair-Pins and Diadem, Figs. 1–3.

Figs. 1 and 2.—ORNAMENTAL HAIR-PINS. These hair-pins are of tortoise-shell. The heads, which simulate Marguerites, consist of twelve chased leaves, partly of gilt and partly of oxidized metal, in Fig. 1, and of eight leaves of gilt metal, chased in the middle of the leaves and smooth on the outer edges, in Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.—DIADEM FOR THE HAIR. This diadem consists of a curved band of tortoise-shell thirteen inches and a quarter long and three-quarters of an inch wide, on which is fastened a curved bar of gilt metal wound with a narrow strip simulating a ribbon, as shown by the illustration. The ribbon strip, which forms a bow in the middle of the diadem, is of gilt metal with fine chasing.

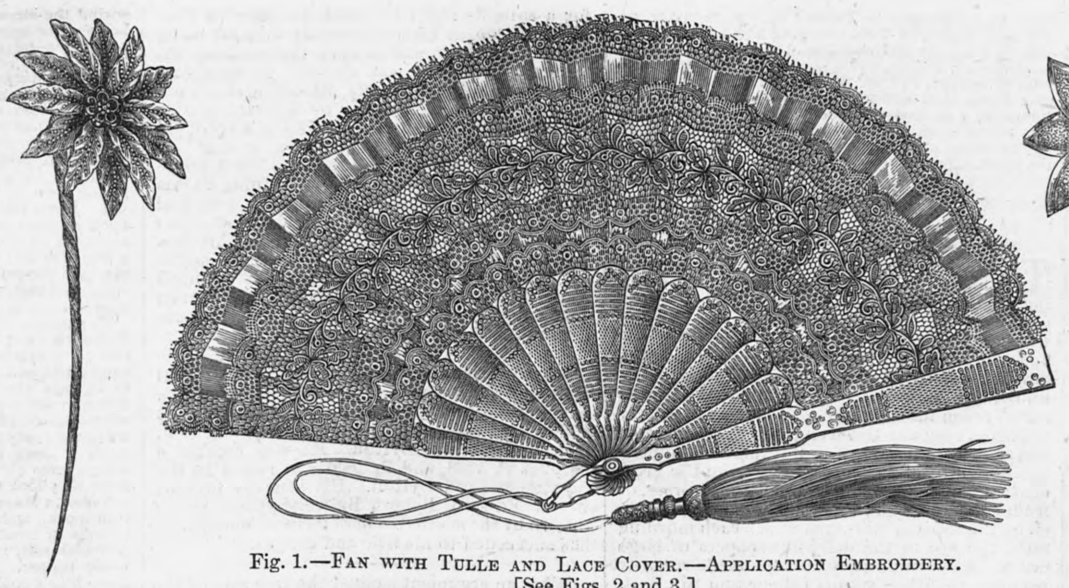


Fig. 1.—FAN WITH TULLE AND LACE COVER.—APPLICATION EMBROIDERY. [See Figs. 2 and 3.]

Fig. 1.—ORNAMENTAL HAIR-PIN.

Fig. 2.—ORNAMENTAL HAIR-PIN.

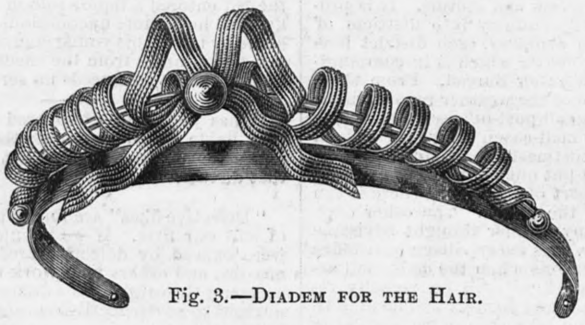


Fig. 3.—DIADEM FOR THE HAIR.

Swiss Muslin, Needle-work, and Lace Fichu, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS fichu is made of plain white Swiss muslin, and is trimmed with a needle-work border an inch and a quarter wide, white lace an inch and three-eighths wide and an inch and seven-eighths wide, gray gros grain ribbon two inches and a quarter wide, and pale green gros grain ribbon of the same width.

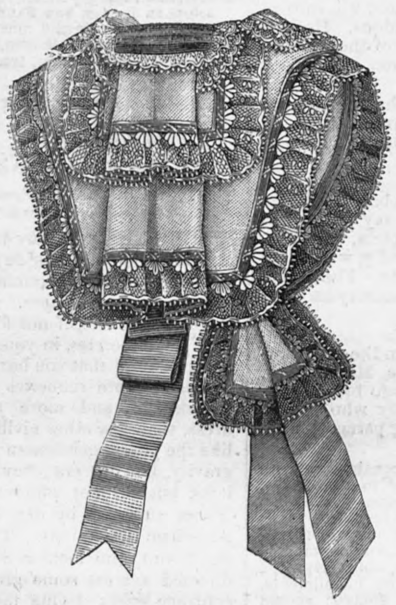


Fig. 2.—SWISS MUSLIN, NEEDLE-WORK, AND LACE FICHU.—BACK.

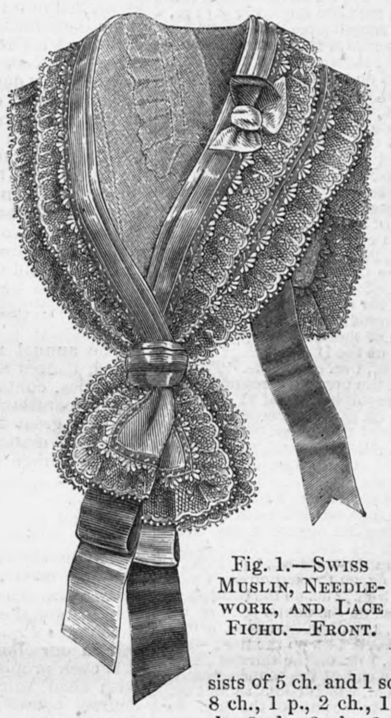


Fig. 1.—SWISS MUSLIN, NEEDLE-WORK, AND LACE FICHU.—FRONT.

Low-necked Swiss Muslin Pleated Waist.

THIS waist is made of pleated white Swiss muslin, and is trimmed with embroidery figures, lace three-quarters of an inch wide, and light blue gros grain ribbon an inch and three-quarters wide.

LOW-NECKED SWISS MUSLIN PLEATED WAIST.

Crochet Tidy.

THIS tidy may be worked with fine or coarse twisted crochet cotton, or else with fine knitting cotton, according to the size desired. The original is worked with crochet cotton, No. 120. In this size the tidy is suitable for trimming toilette cushions, for mats, etc. It is worked in six separate parts. Begin with the larger rosettes of each part, which are also worked separately, as follows: Make a foundation of 18 ch. (chain stitch), close the last 10 of these in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and work 11 sc. (single crochet) on the ring; then work 1 sc. on the next, 1 sdc. (short double crochet) on the following of the 8 free ch., 2 dc. on the next, 2 stc. (short treble crochet) on each of the following 4 ch., and 1 stc. on the last of these ch., ∗ t. (turn the work), 5 ch. and 1 sl. on the first of these; five times alternately 2 sc. on the next 2 stc. (inserting the needle in the front veins), 1 p. (picot—that is, 4 ch. and 1 sl. on the last sc.; in doing this insert the needle in the horizontal and at the same time in the front vertical vein of the sc.), then 3 sc. on the following 3 st., and 1 sc. on the next sc. of the ring (passing the needle through both upper veins of the sc.). This completes the first of the 12 leaflets in the rosette. Then t., 1 sc. on the next sc., 1 sdc. on the following sdc. of the preceding leaflet (always passing the needle through the free veins back of the row of picots), 2 dc. on the next st., 2 stc. on each of the following 4 st., and 1 stc. on the next st.; repeat from ∗. After finishing the last leaflet crochet the corresponding veins of the stitches, together with the 8 foundation st. of the first leaflet, by means of sl. from the wrong side. Having worked six such rosettes, work six smaller rosettes, each of which counts only six leaflets, as follows: Make a foundation of 10 ch., close the last 5 of these in a ring with 1 sl., and work 5 sc. on the ring; then work 2 sc. on the next, 2 sdc. on the following of the 5 free ch., 2 dc. on each of the next 3 ch.; ∗ t., 5 ch. and 1 sl. on the first of these; three times alternately 2 sc. on the next 2 st. (always inserting the needle in the front veins), 1 p., then 4 sc. on the following 4 st., and 1 sc. on the next sc. of the ring (inserting the needle in both upper veins). This forms the first of the 6 leaflets. T., 2 sc. on the next st., 2 sdc. on the following st. of the finished leaflet (always inserting the needle in the free veins behind the row of picots), 2 dc. on each of the next 3 st., and repeat from ∗, always going forward. In working the last leaflet, instead of working the first 5 ch. at the point after turning, join the small rosette with one of the larger rosettes, working at the relative point one picot scallop as follows: 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., drop the st. from the needle, insert the needle in the 5 ch. at the point of a leaflet in the larger rosette, and draw through the dropped st., 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sl. on the first of the 2 ch. at the beginning of the p. scallop. Finally, crochet the sixth leaflet, together with the first, as in working the larger rosette. Now work the edge of always one large and one small rosette in connection with the surrounding p. scallops, in five rounds, as follows: Beginning at the point of the edge turned toward the centre crochet the 1st round.—9 ch., 1 p. (each p. hereafter consists of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these), 8 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the second of the 8 ch., 2 ch., 1 p., 5 ch., 1 p., 5 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the fourth of the 5 ch. before the last (always work the sc. on the lower vein of the corresponding ch.), 4 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., fasten to the point of a leaflet in the smaller rosette as shown by the illustration (to do this drop the st. from the needle, insert the needle in the corresponding st., and draw through the dropped st. from the under toward the upper side), 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the second of the 4 ch., 3 ch., 1 p., 5 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the middle of the 3 ch., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the second of those 5 ch. in the fourth of which 1 sc. has already been worked, 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the same ch. on which the first sc. of this round was worked, 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sl. on the ch. before the last of the first 9 ch. in this round. Now work 8 ch., fasten to the next free p. scallop to the right, 11 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., fasten to the nearest point of a leaflet of the smaller rosette (in doing this hold the work so that the rosettes are turned upward during the whole round), 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the ch. before the last of the 11 ch., 15 ch., 1 p., 5 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., fasten to the next point of a leaflet of the rosette, 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the fourth of the 5 ch., 5 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., fasten to the next free point of a leaf on the larger rosette, 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the middle of the last 5 ch., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the second of the 5 ch. before the last, 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the ch. before the last of the 15 ch., 11 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., fasten to the next point of a leaf of the rosette, 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the ch. before the last of the 11 ch., 13 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., fasten to the next point of a leaf, 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the ch. before the last of the 13 ch., ∗ 12 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., fasten to the next point of a leaflet, 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the ch. before the last of the 12 ch., and repeat five times from ∗; 13 ch., 1 p.,

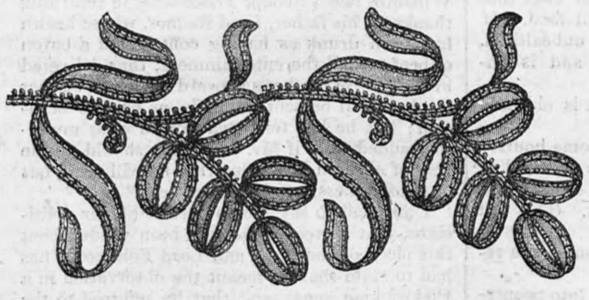


Fig. 3.—APPLICATION BORDER FOR FAN.

Fig. 2.—APPLICATION BORDER FOR FAN.

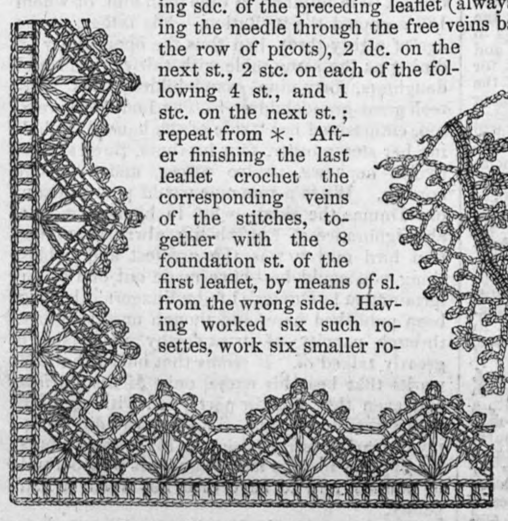
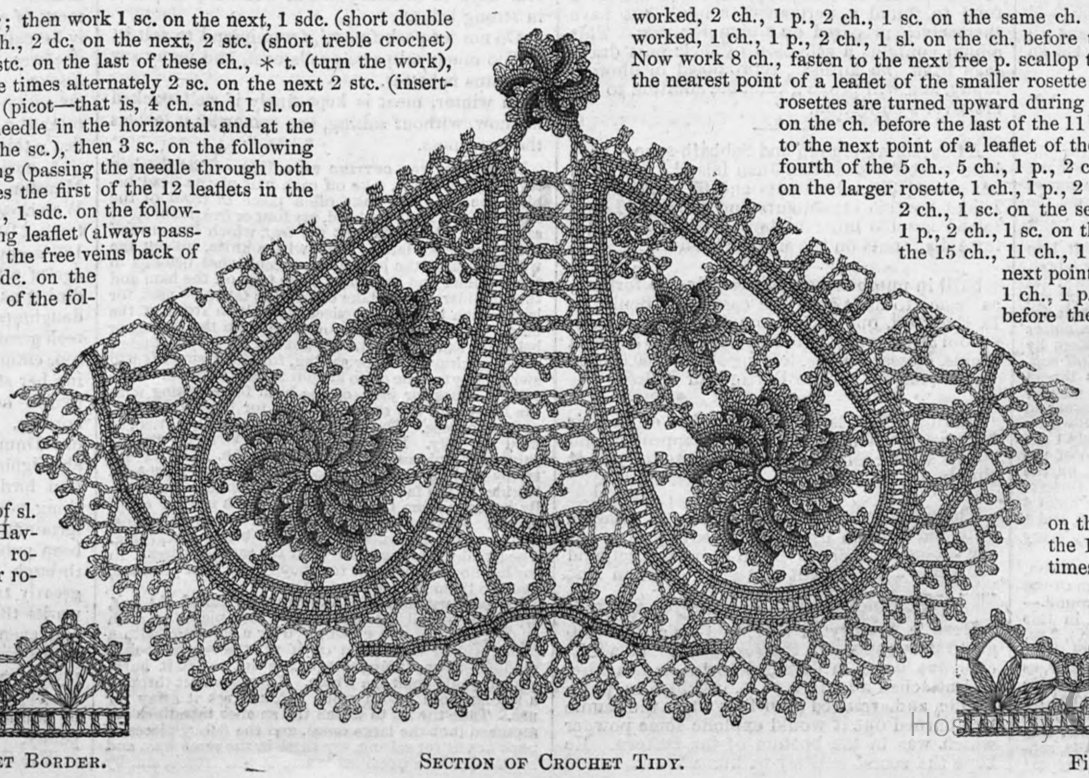


Fig. 1.—POINT LACE AND CROCHET BORDER.



SECTION OF CROCHET TIDY.

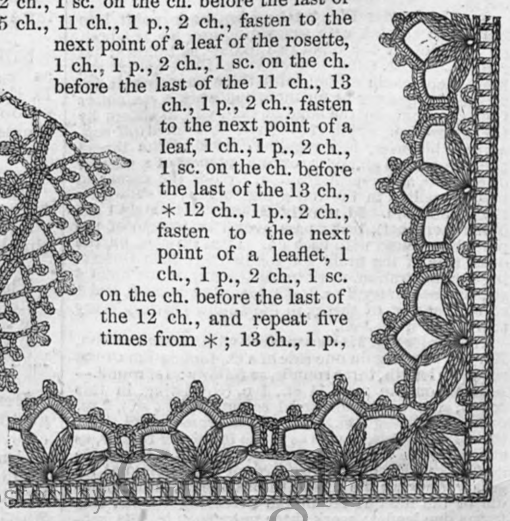


Fig. 2.—CROCHET BORDER.

2 ch., fasten to the next point of a leaf, 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the ch. before the last of the 13 ch.; 11 ch., 1 p., 5 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., fasten to the next point of a leaf, 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the fourth of the 5 ch., 5 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., fasten to the next point of a leaf in the smaller rosette, 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the middle of the last 5 ch., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the second of the 5 ch. before the last, 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the ch. before the last of the 11 ch.; 15 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., fasten to the next point of a leaf, 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the ch. before the last of the 15 ch.; 10 ch., fasten to the middle st. of the next free p. scallop, 8 ch., fasten to the following p. scallop as shown by the illustration, 7 ch., fasten to the first ch. of this round. Now work in the opposite direction, so that the rosettes are turned downward. 2d round.—On the next ch. work 3 sc., and on each of the remaining ch. and sc. of the preceding round work 1 sc. 3d round.—4 ch., the first three of which count as first dc., then 1 dc., 3 stc., 1 dc. on the middle of the 3 sc. worked on one st. of the preceding round, after each of these st. work 1 ch., 1 dc. on the following st., then always alternately 1 ch., 1 dc. on the second following st.; in the middle part of the round, which borders the larger rosette, widen twelve times; to do this pass over no st. of the preceding round with the ch. between every fourth and fifth following bars. This round consequently should contain 106 bars altogether, including the 3 ch. which count as first dc.; at the end of the round work 1 sl. on the last of the 3 ch. which count as first dc. 4th round.—5 sc. on the next 5 st., 3 sc. on the following stc., then 1 sc. on each of the remaining st. in the preceding round; finally, work 1 sc. on the ch. in the third round on which the sl. was worked at the end of the round. 5th round.—Work the cross picot bars in connection, by means of which the six parts of the tidy are joined, 1 sl. on the next st., 3 ch., which count as first dc., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the fourth following st. (inserting the needle in both upper veins), 3 ch., 1 dc. on the middle of the 3 sc. at the point of the preceding round, 1 p. (work the sc. of the picot on the last dc.), 3 ch., 1 sc. on the second following st., + 3 ch., 1 dc. on the third following st., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the third st., repeat three times from +; then work 3 ch., 1 dc. on the third st. Work one joining bar of 7 ch., 1 sc. on the third of these, 2 ch., 1 sc. on the dc. Then 3 ch., 1 sc. on the third st. of the preceding round, 3 ch., 1 dc. on the third st. One joining bar of 7 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the third of the 7 ch., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the dc. Then 3 ch., 1 sc. on the third st. of the preceding round, 3 ch., 1 dc. on the third st. One joining bar of 11 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the seventh of the 11 ch., 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the third of the 11 ch., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the dc. Then 3 ch., 1 sc. on the third st. of the preceding round, 3 ch., 1 dc. on the third st. One joining bar of 16 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the eleventh of the 16 ch., 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the seventh of the 16 ch., 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the third of the 16 ch., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the dc. Then 3 ch., 1 sc. on the third st. of the preceding round, 3 ch., 1 dc. on the third st. One joining bar of 11 ch., 1 p., in working which fasten to the middle p. of the preceding bar, 9 ch., 1 sc. on the fifth of these, 2 ch., 1 p., 5 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the fifth of the 11 ch., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the third of the 11 ch., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the dc. Then 3 ch., 1 sc. on the third st. of the preceding round, 3 ch., 1 dc. on the third st. One joining bar of 11 ch., t., 1 dc. on the middle of the 5 ch. of the preceding dc., 11 ch., pass over the last two of these, 1 sc. on the next ch., 1 sdc. and 1 dc. on the following 2 ch., three times 1 ch. and 1 dc. on the second following ch., 1 ch., 2 dc. separated by 1 ch. on the following 2 ch.; three times 1 ch. and 1 dc. on the second ch., 1 sdc. and 1 sc. on the next 2 ch., 1 ch.; t., 1 sc. on each st. of the preceding row, always inserting the needle in the back vein (the st. should number 21), then 1 ch.; t., 3 sl. on the next 3 sc., 3 ch., 1 dc. on the third sc., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the third sc., 3 ch., 1 dc. on the second sc., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the second sc., 3 ch., 1 dc. on the third sc., 1 p., 3 ch., pass over 2 st., 3 sl. on the next 3 sc., 1 sc. on the third of the first 11 ch., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the dc. before the joining bar. Then 3 ch., * 1 sc. on the third st. of the preceding round, 3 ch., 1 dc. on the third st., 1 p., 3 ch., repeat from * to the end of the round; finally, 1 sl. on the third of the 3 ch., which count as first dc. This completes one of the six sections of the tidy. In working the joining bars in each of the following sections fasten to the preceding part as shown by the illustration; in working the fifth round of the edge of the sixth section fasten to the joining bars of the first part. For the centre of the tidy crochet a small rosette similar to that before described, in doing which fasten the six sections of the tidy together with the points, as shown by the illustration. Besides this, work on the outer edge of the tidy between every two sections one long joining bar in two rounds, as follows: Make a foundation of 65 ch., fasten to the fifth free p. scallop (counting from the last joining bar) at the right side of one section, then work on the lower veins of the foundation st. the 1st round, 4 sl. on the next 4 st., then 3 ch., 1 dc. on the third st., fasten to the next p. scallop of this section, 3 ch., pass over 2 st., 3 sl. on the next 3 st., 3 ch., 1 dc. on the third st., 1 p., 3 ch., fasten to the following p. scallop of this section, 2 ch., 1 sc. on the first of the 3 ch., 1 p., 1 sc. on the dc., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the third st.; 3 ch., 1 dc. on the third st., 1 p., 6 ch., fasten to the next p. scallop of this section, 2 ch., 1 sc. on the fourth of the 6 ch., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the first of the 6 ch., 1 p., 1 sc. on the dc., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the third st.; 3 ch., 1 dc. on the third st., 1 p., 9 ch., fasten to the following p. scallop of this section, 5 ch., fasten to the next p. scallop of the joining bar, 4 ch., 1 sc. on the fourth of the 9 ch., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the first of the 9 ch., 1 p., 1 sc. on the dc., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the third st.; 3 ch., 1 dc. on the third st., 1 p., 3 ch., fasten to the following p. scallop of the joining bar, 2 ch., 1 sc. on the first of the 3 ch., 1 p., 1 sc. on the dc., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the third st. This completes the middle figure of this joining bar and the first half of the round; crochet the second half like the first, but in reversed order; finally, work 1 ch. Then work on the other side of the foundation st., thus inserting the needle in the upper veins, the 2d round.—On each st. work 1 sc. Then fasten the thread. Now work all around the outer edge of the tidy two rounds of dc., ch., and p.; the manner of working these rounds is plainly shown by the illustration.

Point Lace and Crochet Borders, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 105.

THESE borders are suitable for trimming covers, pillow-cases, etc.; each border is completed by a second half worked in a similar manner, in which the corner is formed in the opposite direction, however, and the parts fastened together by the picots on the outer edges.

For the border Fig. 1 take open-work point lace braid, and crochet with twisted cotton, No. 100, first, on one side of the braid two rounds, as follows: 1st round.—* 3 sc. (single crochet) on the edge of the braid, 6 ch. (chain stitch), with these pass over an interval of a quarter of an inch, and work 5 stc. (short treble crochet) on the edge of the braid, as shown by the illustration, which should not be worked off separately, however, but together, drawing the thread through once, 6 ch., pass over an interval of a quarter of an inch, and repeat from *. Work the corner in this, as well as in the following rounds, as shown by the illustration. 2d round.—Always alternately 1 dc. (double crochet), 1 ch., pass over 1 st. (stitch) of the preceding round with each ch. Then crochet on the other side of the braid the following round: Observing the illustration, work on each point of the braid 6 sc., between every 2 sc. 1 p. (picot, that is, 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these), in the hollow between every two points work 3 ch.

The border Fig. 2 is also worked with twisted cotton, No. 100, working on one side of a ch. foundation of the requisite length, three rounds, as follows: 1st round.—* 11 sc. on the next 11 st., 1 p. (consisting, in this round, always of 3 ch. and 1 sc. on the last sc.), 3 sc. on the following 3 st., 1 p.; repeat from *, and work the corner in this, as well as in the following rounds, as shown by the illustration. 2d round.—* 3 tc. (treble crochet), which are not worked off separately, but together, drawing the thread through once, on the middle of the next 11 sc. in the preceding round; this forms one leaflet; work three more such leaflets, separated each by 7 ch. on the same sc., 5 ch., and repeat from *. 3d round.—* Twice 4 sc., 1 p., then 4 sc. on the next scallop of 7 ch. (the p. of this round consist each of 3 ch.), three times 3 sc., 1 p., then 3 sc. on the following ch. scallop, twice 4 sc., 1 p., then 4 sc. on the next ch. scallop, 1 sc. on the middle of the following 5 ch.; repeat from *, but in working the first p. after the following 4 sc. fasten to the last p. After finishing this round work on the other side of the foundation st. one round of open-work double crochet, observing the illustration.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE history of the Signal Service shows that it may be relied upon to give timely warning of heavy storms of snow or rain, of the coming sweep of great tidal air waves, whether warm or cold, of violent winds, of nipping frosts, and of the numerous atmospheric changes which never cease to seem mysteriously sudden. A knowledge of the daily "probabilities" is a matter of much interest and convenience to all our citizens, especially those engaged in commercial and agricultural pursuits. But there are numerous agricultural districts remote from the great centres which, for want of a daily local press, or from some other cause, are not seasonably reached by the weather warnings which each morning meet the eye in the daily newspapers of large cities. An arrangement has been made recently between the Chief Signal Officer and the Postmaster-General whereby farmers and fruit-growers in inland sections of the country may be apprised of coming frosts and storms. It is proposed to divide the country into districts of about 200 miles in diameter, each district having a distributing centre which is in communication with the Weather Bureau. From these centres two copies of the weather report will be mailed every day to all post-offices which can be reached by rail or mail-coach before six o'clock at night. Each postmaster receiving these reports is desired to put one copy in a convenient and conspicuous part of the office, where it can be easily read by the public. The other copy may be used in any manner thought advisable by the postmaster. As every village post-office is a general rendezvous when the daily mail arrives, the "probabilities" will be verbally reported far and wide, and farmers will be able to plan their work and take care of their growing crops advantageously and intelligently.

The annual report of Professor Spencer F. Baird, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, contains a most interesting account of his operations during the past year in restocking our great lakes and rivers with food fish. This is a matter to which Professor Baird has devoted much attention for several years; and when last summer an appropriation of $15,000 was made by Congress for replacing in our lakes and rivers the fish which had become extinct from lack of protection, the expenditure of the money was placed in his charge. The result has been most satisfactory to all who can realize the benefit which intelligent skill can confer upon the community. It is believed that shad and salmon will soon abound in many waters in our country suited to their habits; and it is even proposed to stock the Great Salt Lake with shad, salmon, oysters, etc. Time is, of course, necessary to prove the full value of these operations, but there is no doubt of great success.

One of the most marked characteristics of Lord Lytton, whose death occurred in London on January 18, was his reverence for his mother. He often remarked that he owed to her all his love for literature, and it was in the room long occupied by his mother in the ancient family seat in Hertfordshire that most of his literary work was done. He was the author of more than a score of novels, which have been read by millions with interest and profit. He contributed to poetical, political, and historic literature, and some of his dramatic writings, as *The Lady of Lyons*, *Richelieu*, and *Money*, have an established reputation. Lord Lytton also held a high position as an English statesman, and was considered one of the most finished orators of his day.

The splendid Shakspearean library of Edwin Forrest has fallen a victim to the insatiable "fire fiend."

Those who help themselves are deserving of all encouragement and commendation. The students in painting at the National Academy of Design, feeling their lack of needful facilities, and desiring the services of a teacher, have not only appealed to wealthy patrons of art for a fund to found a permanent school, but have themselves prepared an album for sale. This album contains a selection of their best drawings from the antique, reproduced in photography, and will prove a valuable addition to the art lover's collection.

A flourishing church and Sabbath-school have been established on San Juan Island. San Juan has nearly 350 inhabitants and 65 farms, Orcas Island has 165 inhabitants and 40 farms, Lopez Island has 135 inhabitants and 25 farms, and a few inhabitants on the smaller islands.

Skill in numbers sometimes brings a fortune, as seems to have been the case with Benjamin D. Emerson, one of the compilers of a series of school arithmetics. He recently died at Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts, leaving about $250,000, of which $100,000 goes to Dartmouth College.

"Prince Bill" is the popular title of an heir to the Hawaiian crown who has appeared, and stands a fair chance of being raised to the vacant throne.

The suspension railroad bridge at Niagara Falls has been in use about twenty years; but the cables are still perfect in every respect, and the wires are as bright and good as when first laid.

Here is a story of 1811, told by a New England newspaper. In the year mentioned a mischievous boy in a Vermont town made a kite, and attached a lantern to it, in which he put a candle, and arranged it so that when the candle had burned out it would explode some powder which was in the bottom of the lantern. He kept the secret entirely to himself, and waited for a suitable night in which to raise his kite. The boy got his kite into the air without being discovered, for it was so dark that nothing but the colored lantern was visible. It went dancing about in the air wildly, attracting much notice, and was looked upon by ignorant people as some supernatural omen. The evil spirit, as many supposed it, went bobbing around for about twenty minutes, and then exploded, blowing the lantern to pieces. Next morning all was wonder and excitement, and this lad, who had carefully taken in his kite and hidden it after the explosion, without being found out, had his own fun out of the matter. The bewildered villagers never had any explanation of the mystery until some sixty years afterward, when the boy, then an old gentleman, revealed the secret by publishing the story in a newspaper.

Lord Lytton was the youngest son of General William Earle Bulwer, of Heydon Hall. In 1844, having succeeded to the estate of his mother, he added her family surname (Lytton) to his own, making it Bulwer-Lytton. He was created a baronet in 1838, and in 1866 was raised to the peerage as Lord Lytton. His son, the present Baron Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton, better known by the *nom de plume* of "Owen Meredith," has succeeded to his title and estates.

What an argument against the free sale of intoxicating liquors is the recent death in Brooklyn of a boy sixteen years old! One morning the lad entered a liquor saloon and drank whisky until he became unconscious, and was carried home by two of his young companions. He died in a few minutes from the effects of the whisky. Such a text as this needs no sermon.

It has just been discovered that whales are very liable to rheumatism: therefore it is inferred that hydropathy can not be efficacious in that disease.

"Defective flues" are forced to bear the blame of half our fires. If we should say these fires were caused by defective architects, builders, masons, and others who work badly, we should be nearer the origin of the difficulty. Flues have no right to be "defective" so commonly and persistently.

A curious story is reported from the neighborhood of Troy, New York. One Mr. Dunlop, who recently died, many years ago broke off a marriage engagement with a lady who is still living. In his will the following paragraph occurs:

"Many years since, before my acquaintance with the late Mrs. Dunlop, I was engaged to Miss A——, which engagement, for certain reasons, was broken off by me. I have not seen her for over thirty years, but know that she is still alive, and now, for partial reparation for the wrong committed, and should she still live at the time of my death and will receive it, I direct my executors to pay her in three installments, within twelve months, the sum of $10,000; should she refuse to receive it, the amount to revert to my daughter Jessie."

It is stated that the lady has accepted the money.

PRACTICAL HINTS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

BY CATHARINE E. BEECHER.

ON THE CARE OF MEATS.

BEEF and mutton are improved by keeping as long as they remain sweet. If meat begins to taint, wash it and rub it with powdered charcoal, and it often removes the taint. Sometimes rubbing with salt will cure it.

Corn-fed pork is best. Pork made by still-house slops is almost poisonous, and hogs that live on offal never furnish healthful food. If hogs are properly fed, the pork is not unhealthful.

Measly pork has kernels in it, and is unhealthful.

A thick skin shows that the pork is old, and that it requires more time to boil.

If your pork is very salt, soak it some hours.

Take all the kernels out that you will find in the round, and thick end of the flank of beef, and in the fat, and fill the holes with salt. This will preserve it longer.

Salt your meat, in summer, as soon as you receive it.

A pound and a half of salt rubbed into twenty-five pounds of beef will corn it so as to last several days in ordinary warm weather; or put it in strong brine.

Do not let pork freeze, if you intend to salt it.

Too much saltpetre spoils beef, and many say saleratus is better.

In winter, meat is kept finely if well packed in snow, without salting, but some say it lessens the sweetness.

DIRECTIONS FOR CUTTING UP A HOG.—Split the hog through the spine, take off each half of the head behind the ear, then take off a piece in front of the shoulder and next the head, say four or five pounds, for sausages. Then take out *the leaf*, which lies around the kidneys, for lard. Then, with a knife, cut out the whole mass of the lean meat, except what belongs to the shoulder and the ham. Then take off the ham and the shoulder. Then take out all the fat to be used for lard, which is the loose piece, directly in front of the ham. Next cut off a narrow strip from the spring, or belly, for sausage meat. Do not cut up the remainder, which is clear pork, for salting, for if cut small it will swim. Lay a stone on to keep it under the brine. Take off the cheek, or jowl, of the head for smoking with the ham; and use the upper part for boiling, baking, or head-cheese. The feet are boiled and then fried, or used for jelly. It is most economical to try up the thin, flabby pieces for lard to cook with. The leaf fat try by itself, for the nicest cooking. Clean all the intestines of the fat for lard. That which does not readily separate from the largest intestines use for soap-grease. Of the insides, the liver, heart, sweet-breads, and kidneys are sometimes used for broiling or frying. The smaller intestines are used for sausage cases. In salting down, leave out the bloody and lean portions, and use them for sausages.

TO TRY OUT LARD.—Take what is called *the leaf*, and take off all the skin, cut it into pieces an inch square, put it into a clean pot over a slow fire, with a tea-cupful of water, and try it till the scraps look a reddish-brown, taking great care not to let it burn, which would spoil the whole. Then strain it through a strong cloth into a stone pot, and set it away for use. Take the fat to which the smaller intestines are attached (not the large ones), and the flabby pieces of pork not fit for salting, try these in the same way, and set the fat thus obtained where it will freeze, and by spring the strong taste will be gone, and then it can be used for frying. The tea-cupful of water prevents burning while trying.

DIRECTIONS FOR SALTING DOWN PORK.—Allow a peck of salt for sixty pounds. Cover the bottom of the barrel with salt an inch deep. Put down one layer of pork, and cover that with salt half an inch thick. Continue thus till the barrel is full. Then pour in as much strong pickle as the barrel will receive. Keep coarse salt between all pieces, so that the brine can circulate. When a white scum or bloody-looking matter rises on the top, scald the brine and add more salt. Leave out bloody and lean pieces for sausages. Pack as tight as possible, the rind next the barrel; and let it be *always* kept *under* the brine. Some use a stone for this purpose. In salting down a new supply, take the old brine, boil it down and remove all the scum, and then use it to pour over the pork. The pork may be used in six weeks after salting.

TO PREPARE CASES FOR SAUSAGES.—Empty the cases, taking care not to tear them. Wash them thoroughly, and cut into lengths of two yards each. Then take a candle rod, and fastening one end of a case to the top of it, turn the case inside outward. When all are turned, wash very thoroughly, and scrape them with a scraper made for the purpose, keeping them in warm water till ready to scrape. Throw them into salt and water to soak till used. It is a very difficult job to scrape them clean without tearing them. When finished they look transparent and very thin.

SAUSAGE MEAT.—Take one-third fat and two-thirds lean pork, and chop it, and then to every twelve pounds of meat add twelve large even spoonfuls of pounded salt, nine of sifted sage, and six of sifted black pepper. Some like a little summer-savory. Keep it in a cool and dry place.

BOLOGNA SAUSAGES.—Take equal portions of veal, pork, and ham, chop them fine, season with sweet herbs and pepper, put them in cases, boil them till tender, and then dry them.

ANOTHER RECIPE FOR SAUSAGE MEAT.—To twenty-five pounds of chopped meat, which should be one-third fat and two-thirds lean, put twenty spoonfuls of sage, twenty-five of salt, ten of pepper, and four of summer-savory.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Prince in Danger.—Speculating for the Fall (in Dynasties).—From Arnold to Hayman.

PERHAPS you may like to know that your late Thanksgiving-day has been the cause of no less than three columns and a leading article in the *Times* newspaper. By these we learn that you are thankful, if not for nothing, at least for very small mercies, in your much-belauded "free institutions;" that you have more murders, more outrages, more robberies and swindles without punishment, and more accidents without redress, than any other civilized nation; and that, like the young gentleman who knew the laws of gravity, but did not obey them, you have good laws, but do not observe them. Finally, the *Times* sums up by denying the superiority of American institutions. This, to my mind, is also significant, and looks a little as though it were directed against some growing opinions to the contrary effect. One fact which, small as it seems, will, I doubt not, make such grow, is that the Prince of Wales has joined the Turf Club, and will, it is announced, in future keep a stud and run race-horses under his own name, which, it is whispered, he has long done under that of another. "Those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad," is a sentence which in this case may be applied to our heir-apparent. It is absolutely certain that he will lose his money, and almost as certain that, knowing how he lost it, the nation will never pay his debts.

The Tory party in this country, from the days of the *John Bull*, in which Theodore Hook made ample use of the family histories he had become acquainted with as a diner-out, has been always inclined to personality, and the breed has not died out yet. At a conservative meeting in Wiltshire one Viscount Folkestone, in returning thanks for his father, Lord Radnor, whose health had been drunk as having contributed a baron of beef toward the entertainment, thus delivered himself: "My father's steward has told you that the beef will be sent annually, as on this occasion; but he has forgotten to add what my father added, that if Mr. Gladstone should go the way of all flesh in the interim, he will send, out of thankfulness, *two* barons of beef."

I am glad to say, for the credit of our politicians, that a great noise has been made about this piece of bad taste, and Lord Folkestone has had to state that he meant the observation in a Pickwickian sense, and that he referred to the government of Mr. Gladstone, and not to the man himself: which seems strange, since the government of even "the people's William" can scarcely be called one of flesh and blood. Finally, he declares the expression to have been a *lapsus linguæ*. This reminds one of the plea against an action for libel—first, the defendant did not utter the libel; second, if he did he was justified; third, he didn't mean it.

A curious family gathering was held in our Mansion House by the Lord Mayor, Sir Sydney Waterlow. He invited the whole of his relations, 210 in number, to dine with him, of whom 186 accepted the invitation. His father, at the age of eighty-three, had thus the opportunity of dining at the same table with thirteen sons and daughters, forty-nine grandchildren, and fourteen great-grandchildren! The Lady Mayoress, too, entertained her "side of the house," including her step-mother, four brothers, three sisters, twelve nephews, twelve nieces, and forty-one cousins. What a romance would poor Alexandre Dumas the elder—who, in his insurmountable ignorance of English life, always imagined that lord mayor was the greatest and noblest thing you could be—have made out of this entertainment! Dumas's life, by Fitzgerald, has just been published here, and though unsatisfactory, through paucity of trustworthy materials, is greatly talked of. It seems that out of the 1200 works that bear his name, only *Monte Christo*, and even that only in parts, can with certainty be ascribed to Dumas, so assiduously did he apply the co-operative system to his literary labors. He appears to have made hundreds of thousands of pounds, and to have died not worth a half-penny.

The Czarowitz, the hereditary prince of all the

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Russias, is suffering from the same illness as befell our Prince of Wales. Let us hope it will have a like termination, without the same catastrophe in the mourning trade—with which, by-the-bye, you may be unacquainted. It is well known that Morrison, the great millionaire, laid the foundation of his fortune by buying up all the mourning materials in the provinces on the occasion of the death of Queen Charlotte, news of which, the instant it had occurred, he obtained, through a bribe of a hundred pounds, from one of her attendants. In the present day the telegraph renders this sort of special information impossible to obtain; but when poor "Wales" was at his worst one of our great mourning houses, following Morrison's example, effected an immense operation in black stuffs, speculating for the fall in the prince's case, and for the rise in that of the crape, to its own utter ruin.

Since I wrote to you of the revelations of Winchester, another of our great public schools, Rugby, has been coming in for a greater share of attention than it desired. It is the only one of our five great schools—Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, and Westminster—which professes liberal opinions, which it owes to Dr. Arnold and his successor, Dr. Temple. When the latter was made Bishop of Exeter the trustees of Rugby—who consisted mainly at that time (for the system has been moderately improved by the present government) of some neighboring county magnates of the usual "county" opinions—determined to root out the liberal leaven, and to that end appointed as head-master one Dr. Hayman, who, except that he was a Tory, seems to have had no other qualification for the place. His testimonials were indifferent as compared with those of other candidates, and what was worse, it was proved that they had been *used before* in application for other appointments. Without tact, without good manners, but possessed of an obstinacy that rises to the heroic, this unlucky pedagogue was placed in the chair that was once filled by Arnold. To put new cloth on old garments is, we are told on the best authority, to do a very foolish thing; but what is such an imprudence compared with the placing a man in chief authority over a place of education where every tradition, as well as every practice, breathes a spirit in direct opposition to his own? The assistant masters of the school at once remonstrated with the trustees against the appointment, and when it was confirmed, only accepted their position under protest. A few months' experience of Dr. Hayman has corroborated their worst fears, and now, after a protracted inquiry, that gentleman has been publicly reprimanded for his misconduct by the trustees of Rugby. These are not, however—and there is some significance in this—precisely the same body as elected him: half these consist of mere local magnates, but half are now composed of representatives from the universities and other intelligent sources. It is my own opinion that Dr. Hayman is a personage who will take a good deal of reprimanding before he can be induced to give up a head-mastership, but every body—even those who were his partisans—is looking with eagerness for his resignation. To you in America this fuss about a school-master will seem perhaps unintelligible, but here in London the subject is debated on all hands as though it were one of great political importance. The hold which classical education and our public-school system has got upon the upper classes of this country, however undeserved, is certainly most undeniable. Almost every body who *is* any body, or who can boast of an income over £1000 a year, sends his boy, as a matter of course, to one of the five schools I have mentioned, either to mix with his equals or to gain a connection with his superiors in later life, as the case may be. To see our Lords' Cricket Ground, in London, when a match is being played between any two of these schools, can alone give you an idea of the enthusiasm that exists among our governing classes (and especially their wives and daughters) with respect to these institutions; and now that one of them is in trouble, Paterfamilias is in despair. As a general rule he is opposed to liberal sentiments; "But then, you know, Arnold and Temple were certainly good masters, whereas this fellow, Hayman—don't you see?" Moreover, of all schools, Rugby is the most popular (though by no means the largest), by reason of the "puff direct" which it received from *Tom Brown's School Days*. I have said that this question was treated as though it was of political importance, and indeed it is so, indirectly; for if the only liberal training-place for the youth of the upper ten should lose its alumni, as, thanks to its present head, it bids fair to do, the position of the governing classes in the next generation with respect to the rest of the country—which, Heaven knows, stands in need enough of conciliatory interpretation—will be more antagonistic than ever. Short-sighted politicians of the extreme conservative stamp do not, of course, see this, and it is currently stated that the appointment of Dr. Hayman was made by the Bishop of Winchester and the Duke of Marlborough (both trustees of the school) with the deliberate intention of disseminating Tory opinions among the rising generation. This charge of "corrupting our youth" was once made against Socrates, and so far the duke may congratulate himself; but beyond that the parallel between himself and the sage, or any sage, can not be pushed. He is the same man who has made such a fool of himself and caused so much bad blood in the agricultural question. But as to the Bishop of Winchester, his lordship ought to know better. There was a time (when the primacy was a possibility for him) when he could himself be "liberal" enough, and earn, by his supple courtesy to those who had the loaves and fishes at their disposal, the title of "Windsor Soap;" but he has washed his hands of all that, now that he knows nothing more will be put in them—that he will not again be invited to "a sphere of increased usefulness," which was his rounded phrase for preferring the see of Winchester, with its ten thousand a year, to that of Oxford, with its seven.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

(Continued from No. 5, page 71.)

LONDON'S HEART.

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JIM HAS A DREAM, AND WAKES UP IN TIME.

JIM PODMORE, staggering into the one room which formed his Englishman's castle, found his wife and Pollypod fast asleep in bed. Before he went out to his work in the morning he had told his wife not to sit up for him that night. "You've had precious hard work of it, old woman," he had said, "this last week; so go to bed early and have a long night's rest. I'll find my way up stairs all right." The precious hard work which Jim Podmore referred to was one of those tasks which poor people—especially women—take upon themselves, when occasion requires, with a readiness and cheerfulness which it is beautiful to see. A neighbor's child had been ill, and required constant watching. The mother, worn out with her labor of love, had fallen ill herself, and Mrs. Podmore flew to her aid, and attended to her household duties, and nursed her and the child through their sickness. The cheerfulness with which Mrs. Podmore undertook this task and performed it, as if it were a duty incumbent upon her, can not be described. The best reward she could receive was hers: the mother and child recovered their health, and were strong enough to attend to themselves. Late in the previous night the doctor had released Mrs. Podmore, and had told her—with smiles and good words, and with a hand-shake which gratified the simple woman mightily—that now she had best go home and take care of herself; "for we can get about ourselves now," he said, "and sha'n't want you any more." This accounted for Jim Podmore having to find his way up stairs by himself, for Mrs. Podmore seldom went to bed before he returned home. He knew, on this night, that his wife was asleep, and in the midst of his drowsiness he took off his boots in the passage, so that he should not disturb her.

Entering the room in his stocking feet, he stepped softly to the bedside, and rested his hand lightly and tenderly on Pollypod's neck. The bed being against the wall, and Pollypod sleeping inside, he could not kiss her without disturbing his wife. The child slept peacefully, and Jim Podmore gazed lovingly at the pretty picture, and leaned forward to feel the sweet breath, pure as an angel's whisper, that came from her parted lips. His supper was laid for him on the table, and he sat down to it, Snap standing at his feet in patient eagerness, waiting for such scraps and morsels as he thought fit to give. Jim did not forget his dog; Snap fared well, and when supper was finished the dog stretched himself on the ground, and with half-closed eyes watched his master's face. Snap blinked and blinked, but although occasionally his eyes were so nearly closed that only the thinnest line of light could be seen, the dog never relaxed his watchful gaze. Jim sat in his chair, pipe in mouth, and smoked and dozed, and thought of Dick Hart and his wife and children, and of his own wife and Pollypod, till they all became mixed up together in the strangest way, and in the phantasmagoria of his fancy changed places, and merged one into the other in utter defiance of all probability. Thus, as he leaned forward to catch the sweet breath that came from Pollypod's lips, the child's face became blurred and indistinct, and in her place Dick Hart appeared, crouching upon the railway platform in an agony of despair. The platform itself appeared, with its throng of anxious faces, with its sound of hurried feet and cries of pain, with a light in the air that belonged to neither night nor day, sensitive with a tremor which was felt, but could not be seen or described, and which spoke of hopes forever crushed out, and of lives of fair promise blighted by the act that lay in one fatal moment's neglect or helplessness. "If I don't go to bed," murmured Jim, with a start, whereat all these figures vanished into nothingness, "I shall fall asleep." And still he sat, and murmured, "Poor Dick!"

It was really but the work of a moment. Jim Podmore being on duty, suddenly felt a shock—then heard a crash, followed by screams and shouts, and what seemed to be the muffled sound of a myriad voices. He knew that an accident had occurred, and he ran forward, and saw carriages overturned on the line, and huge splinters of wood lying about. "Who did it?" he cried. "Dick Hart!" a voice replied; and then he heard Dick's voice crying, "O my God!" The busy hands were at work clearing the wreck, and the few passengers—happily there were but few—were assisted out. Most of them had escaped with a bruise or a scratch, but one man, they said, looked in a bad state, and at his own entreaty they allowed him to lie still on the platform until doctors, who had been promptly sent for, had arrived; and one little child was taken into a room, and lay like dead. Jim Podmore was in the room, and he saw Dick Hart brought in between two men. Dick, when his eyes lighted on the piteous sight of the little girl lying like that, trembled as if ague had seized him, and began to sob and cry. "*I* did it! *I* did it!" he gasped. "Why don't some one strike me down dead!" As he uttered these words, and as he stood there, with a face whiter than the face of the child who lay before him, a woman rushed in and cried, in a wild tone, "Where's the man that killed my child?" Upon this, with a cry wilder than that to which the poor woman had given vent, Dick Hart wrested himself free from the men, whose hands (in their grief at what had occurred) were only lightly laid upon him, and rushed out of the room like a madman. The men followed him, but he was too quick for them, and before they could lay hands on him again, he had jumped from the platform on to the line, dashing aside the persons who tried to stop him. His mad idea was to run forward on the line until he saw a train coming, and then to throw himself before it and be crushed to pieces. But he was saved from the execution of this piteous design; the men reached him and seized him, and carried him back by main force. When he was in the room again, his passion being spent, he fell upon his knees, and looked round with a scared white face, waiting for what was to come. "Poor Dick!" murmured Jim Podmore. And then the men whispered to each other how that Dick Hart had been worked off his legs lately; how the accident was nothing more than was to be expected; and how Dick's wife was near her confinement with her second. "Poor Dick!" murmured Jim Podmore again, for the thought of Dick Hart's one little girl at home, and the other child that was soon expected, brought Pollypod to his mind.

It was quite true: Dick Hart's wife was very near her confinement, and on this very night, unconscious of the dreadful event that had taken place, she was busy getting together the little things she had made for her first-born, and recalling the feelings she had experienced before she became a mother—feelings in which joy and fear were so commingled as to be inseparable. The time was night, in the wane of summer, and many a smile came upon the woman's lips, and many a tender thought dwelt in her mind, as she laid out the little garments and examined them to see where they wanted a stitch. Mrs. Hart had been married five years; and while she was employed in the manner just described her first child, four years of age, was sitting in a low chair, playing with a doll, which not only had softening of the brain, but softening of every portion of its anatomy—for it was a rag doll.

But the doll, treasure as it was, notwithstanding its flat face (for rags do not admit of the formation of features of particular shape and beauty), was not the only object of the child's attention. She had that day been invested with a pair of new red socks, and Little Vanity was now holding out her little leg as straight as she could, and calling her mother's attention for the hundredth time to her flaming red treasures. Mrs. Hart knelt before the child, and admired the socks with the most outrageously exaggerated turns of speech, and pulled them up tight, to her child's infinite delight and contentment. Then the mother began to prattle upon the subject nearest to her heart, and began to speak, also for the hundredth time, about the little brother—for Mrs. Hart had settled that "her second," as Jim Podmore had expressed it, was to be a boy—whom Rosy presently would have to play with.

"And you'll love him very much, Rosy, won't you?" asked the mother.

"Yes, very, very much."

Indeed, Rosy used a great many more "verys" than two, and quite ingenuously, be it stated. But Rosy had a strong desire to be enlightened upon a certain point, and she seized the present favorable opportunity. She had heard a great deal about this little brother whom she was to love and play with, but she was puzzled to know where the little stranger was to come from. Now was the time to obtain the information.

"Mother," asked the inquisitive little girl, "when will Bunny come?"

"Bunny," it must be explained, was the fanciful title by which Rosy had already christened the expected stranger.

"Next week, Rosy," answered the happy mother; "almost sure next week. Ain't you glad?"

"Yes, I'm very, very glad." (Again a redundancy of "verys" which must be left to the imagination.) "But, mother, who'll bring Bunny here?"

"Who'll bring him, Rosy? Why, the doctor, to be sure."

Rosy nodded her head wisely, and employed a full minute in the silent enjoyment of her new red socks. Mrs. Hart was silent also, worshiping her little girl. If children only knew how their mothers worship them! Down went Rosy's leg again.

"Where will the doctor bring Bunny from, mother?"

"From the parsley bed," replied the mother, laughing.

"Is Bunny there now, mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did *I* come out of a parsley bed, mother?"

"Yes, my dear;" and Mrs. Hart smothered Rosy's face and neck with kisses. She was so occupied with her happiness that she did not hear the door open, and did not know that any one was in the room until she heard a voice calling her name. The voice belonged to a neighbor, Mrs. Thomson, and Mrs. Hart rose to her feet, and was beginning to tell merrily of the conversation which she had just had with Rosy, when something in Mrs. Thomson's face stopped her tongue.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Thomson? What is it? Tell me, quick!"

"Now, bear up, Mrs. Hart," said the neighbor; "remember how near your time is, and bear up, there's a good soul!"

"What's the matter?" cried Mrs. Hart, thoroughly frightened. "Tell me quick, for God's sake! Is it any thing about Dick? Has he had an accident? Is he hurt? Oh, why don't you speak!"

"Dick's not hurt, that's one comfort."

"Thank God! But on and off all this week I've been frightened about him. It's a shame and a sin to work a man as he's been worked. Who's outside?"

She flew to the door, and pulled into the room a man employed by the same company as her husband.

"There's something the matter," she gasped, and caught Rosy up and pressed the child close to her breast. The man judged wisely that it would be best to come to the point at once.

"Dick sent me to you, Mrs. Hart," he said; "he's had an accident, and one or two people have been hurt. He's all right himself, and he sent me to tell you so."

"Why didn't he come himself?" asked the wife, trembling and crying.

"Well, you see—" began the man; but Mrs. Hart did not allow him to proceed.

"They've put him in prison," she said, with quick, short breath; "my Dick, the best husband and the best father in the world! And they're going to punish him for what's not his fault! Do you know how many hours' sleep he's had this week?"

"Don't excite yourself, there's a good soul!" remonstrated Mrs. Thomson. "He'll come out of it all right. Think of your baby."

"He's not in prison, Mrs. Hart," said the man; "but he's going to remain at the station until after the inquiry."

"Mrs. Thomson, will you take care of Rosy till I come back?"

"Why, surely, my dear, you're not going out in your condition?"

"I'm going to my husband," said Mrs. Hart, "and I'm going to see them managers and directors, and ask them what they're going to do to Dick."

With that the distracted woman, putting on her hat and shawl, left Rosy in her neighbor's charge, and hurried down stairs, followed by the man, who said it was best to let her have her way, and that it was what he would like his wife to do if any thing happened to him.

Jim Podmore was with her during all this time, and witnessed the interview between husband and wife.

"I can't tell how it occurred," said Dick Hart, who, although dreadfully distressed, was now more calm, and inexpressibly comforted by the presence of his wife. "Every thing seemed to take place in a flash of light like. I suppose it was because I was tired out with too much work. I don't care for myself. I'm thinking of the future, and of what's going to become of you and Rosy—and—and the baby."

Dick broke down a dozen times during the interview, and sobbed and cried like a child.

"It 'll always be on my mind. I'm glad I didn't kill myself, for your sake. Perhaps it 'd ha' been better for you if I'd been killed, though. I don't know; I don't know what to think. You'd better take what money I've got about me. It ain't much; but I dare say they'll pay you for my work up to to-night."

Dick was fairly bewildered in this serious crisis, and completely helpless. If he had had money, he might have sent for a lawyer; but between eleven and twelve shillings was all his wealth.

An inquiry and inquest were held, at both of which Jim Podmore was present. Indeed, he was never absent from Dick Hart and his wife during all this time, although he took no active part in the history of their lives. And this is what he saw:

Dick Hart on his trial for manslaughter, with an array of lawyers against him sufficient to frighten a poor man out of his senses. The lawyers for the prosecution were against him, and strove, by all the ingenuity of long study and sharp experience, to prove him the guiltiest man that ever stood in a felon's dock. The lawyers of the Company were against him, and their aim was to prove the perfect innocence of the powerful directors they represented, and therefore the utter and inexcusable guilt of Dick Hart. Strong odds these against a poor man with an empty purse. A strange road to justice was this on which Dick Hart found himself, unarmed and with bare breast—and with something of a guilty conscience also, for he really did not know how far he was to blame—opposed to the keen intellects of those who were grandly paid to find him guilty. He quivered with helpless rage, he was racked with despair, as he listened to the manner in which the case was stated by his enemies: they were nothing less—they were there to destroy him. But there was a grain of salt for him in the midst of all this great trouble. A young lawyer, not overburdened with briefs, undertook his defense for the love of the thing, and pleaded so ably that he very nearly succeeded in proving Dick Hart innocent—as undoubtedly he was. Unfortunately, he could not prove that Dick Hart was not immediately responsible for the accident; but he did prove that the man, by excessive overwork, was so prostrate from fatigue that it would have been almost next to a miracle had an accident not occurred. "Perhaps," said this daring champion, to the admiration of Jim Podmore, who nodded his head in confirmation and approbation at every thrust the lawyer made—"perhaps you will say that the prisoner was wrong in allowing himself to be so overtasked; but he has a wife and child dependent upon him for support, and his wife is now at home, expecting every hour to saddle him with another responsibility. The prisoner is a hard-working man, and a poor man, and had he refused to perform the duties required of him, never mind at what sacrifice to himself, never mind at what peril to the public—as has been too often unhappily proved in other cases—he would have stood a fair chance of being dismissed from the service of the Company. If this case serves in any way to direct public attention to the manner in which too many servants of the

"THE HOUSE WAS ON FIRE!"

railway companies are overworked, it will be fortunate that it is tried; but the prisoner must not be made the victim of a bad and abominable system. Not many days ago the coroner of Middlesex, at an inquest held upon the body of an engine-fitter who was crushed to death between two engines, stated that no fewer than thirty railway servants are killed in his district every year; and he very pertinently wished to know whether such wholesale slaughter was altogether necessary. This is not the question for you to answer now, but it may lead you to a merciful view of the prisoner's case; for the perils of the service are sufficiently great in themselves, and should not be made greater by unfairly tasking the powers of the men. There are in the full week of seven days one hundred and sixty-eight hours; and there are hundreds and thousands of railway servants who can show a time-bill of one hundred and twelve hours. Add to these hours the time employed in going to and coming from work, and you will have some idea of the manner in which these men are overworked. I read lately, in a leading article upon this subject in a paper whose facts may be relied upon, that some men have worked thirty, some forty hours right off, without any sleep but that which nature has exacted at the post of duty at the peril of those intrusted to their charge. It is the public who suffer, and when an accident occurs in consequence of a man being unfairly worked, he—being a man, and not a machine—can not in justice be held responsible. At a meeting lately held in Brighton one railway servant stated that he sometimes worked thirty-seven hours at a stretch." The lawyer cited many such facts as these, and even had the hardihood to assert that a director or a manager should be standing in the dock in Dick Hart's place. However, it seemed to be understood that it was impossible to let Dick Hart off scot-free, and being found guilty, and strongly recommended to mercy, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment: a sentence which was virtually a parody upon justice; for if Dick Hart were guilty, he should have been hanged; and if he were innocent, he should have been compensated for the torture he had been made to suffer. An hour after the trial Jim Podmore was telling Dick Hart that his wife was confined.

It was a mystery to Jim how Dick's wife and children managed to live during that time, but manage they did somehow. Neighbors were kind to them—as kind as their own narrow means would allow; Rosy had many a good meal in one house and another; when Mrs. Hart grew strong she went out charring; sometimes when she could not get work she begged—and dodged the policeman. It is amazing to what shifts some honest unfortunate folk are compelled to resort in the necessity that nature lays upon them to eat or die: which last is not an easy thing to do. Dick came out of prison and tried to get work, and failed. He was compelled also to resort to such dishonest shifts as adopting a name that did not belong to him, as denying this and that unworthy thing, as putting a cheerful face upon an empty stomach. He obtained work on another line of railway, and was turned away at the end of the fourth day, having been *found out*—a crime which is invariably severely punished, and which the world never forgives. Dick Hart really found existence a very difficult thing; and yet he had muscles, and was willing to exercise them.

The struggle was too hard for him, and he fell sick, and could not go out of his room for weeks. His wife nursed him and worked for him, after a fashion. When she could not get charring to do she went a-begging. Rosy was sent to a school where the children occasionally enjoyed the blessing of penny dinners. On those occasions Rosy was always duly armed with a penny by her mother. One day a policeman arrested Mrs. Hart for begging, and she was brought before the magistrate. Money was found upon her—one shilling and sevenpence—and eight boxes of fusees. The policeman in his evidence fairly stated that he had made inquiry at the address Mrs. Hart gave, and found that she lived in a respectable house, that Dick Hart was sick and unable to move out of his room, that he had never been known to be drunk, and that neighbors sincerely pitied him and spoke well of him; also that the mistress of the school to which Rosy went gave the child and her mother an excellent character. Asked what she had to say for herself, Mrs. Hart told the truth: she went out to get bread for her husband and children; she asserted that she was compelled to beg. The magistrate said she should have gone to the parish. Then she told a piteous story. She *had* gone to the parish, and the relieving-officer (a mock title, surely!) refused to give her any out-door relief, but said she and her family might go into the work-house if she chose. She declined to do this, as in that case her husband would not be able to get work, and she did not wish to be a burden to the parish. She begged for a loaf of dry bread for her children, and, "dressed in his little brief authority," the relieving-officer refused. "We have not broken our fast," she pleaded, and asked what they were to do. "The best you can," was the merciful reply. She did the best she could: she went into the streets, hungry, and begged, and hurried home with the first penny she received, and sent Rosy to school armed for dinner. Then she continued her begging—with her next proceeds bought a dozen boxes of fusees—and when she was in a flourishing condition, with one shilling and sevenpence in her pocket, was arrested for her monstrous crime.

It is pleasant to record that the poor woman was acquitted, and that the magistrate spoke in proper terms of the conduct of the relieving-officer. It gave Jim Podmore pleasure; but this feeling soon gave place to pain as he witnessed the downward course of Dick Hart and his family, and the misery they endured. He was with them in their poorly furnished home, and was gazing sadly at their white, pinched faces, when suddenly Rosy's face changed to that of Pollypod, his own darling; in the place of Mrs. Hart he saw his own wife; and he himself stood where Dick Hart had stood a moment before. These figures, himself and his wife and child, vanished as suddenly and as strangely as they had appeared, and he found himself on the platform on which his duties were performed. A bewildering sound was in his ears. A thousand engines were screaming furiously, a thousand voices were shouting despairingly, a thousand terrible fears were making themselves heard. The air was filled with clamor and confusion, and starting forward with a wildly beating heart, he awoke.

He had been dreaming. But there was cause for these his later fancies. The faithful dog Snap was tearing at the door, through the crevices of which Jim saw smoke stealing. He looked toward the bed: Polly and her mother were fast asleep. He ran to the door and opened it, and a blaze of flame rushed on to him and almost blinded him. The house was on fire!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARIE ANTOINETTE COSTUME.

THIS costume is of Norwegian gray faille, trimmed with darker bands of the fabric and yak lace of the shade of the dress. A deep Spanish flounce, headed by two rows of Gothic points, trims the skirt. The Marie Antoinette polonaise has a rounded vest of white faille, imitating the antique chatelaine corsage. The skirt of the polonaise is very little draped, and hangs in square scarf-like tabs edged with lace. A sash makes the back sufficiently bouffant. Half-Dolman sleeves with a bow at the elbow. Marie Antoinette collar of lace. Lace frill in the neck and around the under-sleeves. Bonnet of Norwegian gray *royale* with blue plumes.

MARIE ANTOINETTE COSTUME.

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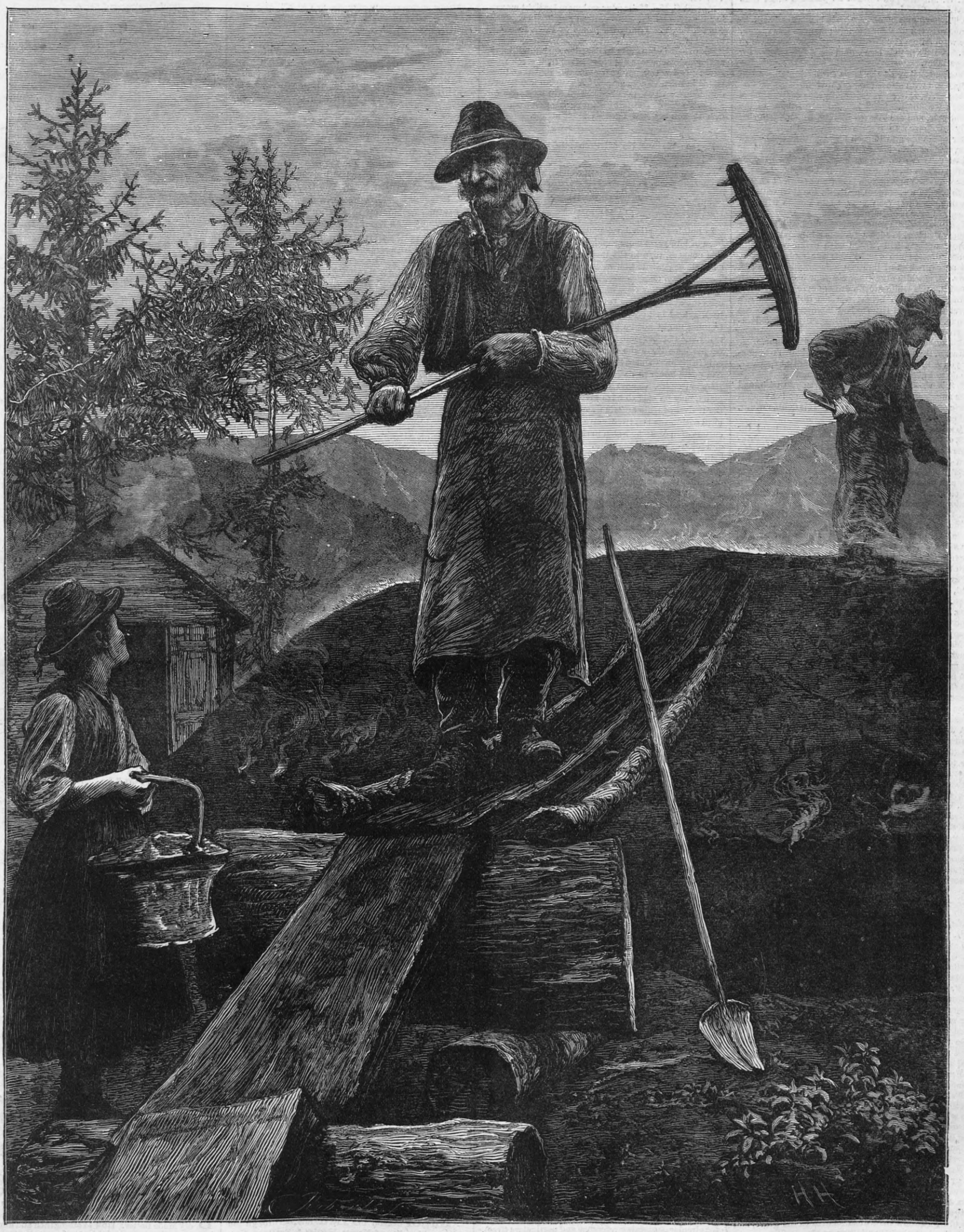
CHARCOAL BURNERS IN THE ALPS.

TOURISTS and others who have crossed the passes between Switzerland and Italy will recognize the scene here depicted. After building up their pile of wood in the shape seen in the drawing, these men have to watch it for three weeks, and during that time add fresh fuel day and night. The aliment of the fire is fall in, the stick would catch on either side, and enable him to extricate himself. Food is brought him by one of his family, as he sleeps in a little hut purposely erected. It is interesting to see the opening of one of these piles. About a dozen people, chiefly women, do the work. Water is thrown over the wood to quench it, and then the coal is spread on the ground to dry. The illustration depicts the old man standing on the wooden bridge which surmounts the burning pile.



CHARCOAL BURNERS IN THE ALPS.

thrown down the centre of the heap, and many a poor fellow has fallen in and been burned to ashes before any body missed him, as charcoal-burning is generally carried on at some distance from the villages. As one can not see into the pile, it needs a great deal of experience to know when the wood has been burned long enough. The old man whose portrait is here given has been burning charcoal for more than forty years. He never goes to the top without a rake or long stick, holding it crosswise, so that, if he should

STAYS.

THE ridiculous lunatic who first brought in stays (some suppose her to have been Mademoiselle Pantine, a mistress of Marshal Saxe, others say an early Norman lady) is to blame for the first and greatest defect of modern gowns—the grotesque outline of the body.

We are not denying the necessity for some close-fitting garment as a support to the body and an improvement to the figure; but we must emphatically protest against a machine that, pretending to be a servant, is, in fact, a tyrant—that, aspiring to embrace, hugs like a bear—crushing in the ribs, and injuring the lungs and heart, the stomach, and, indeed, all internal organs. For what end? The end of looking like a wasp, and getting rid of the whole charm of graceful movement and easy carriage, the end of communicating an over-allish sensation of deformity to the spectator.

Why is a tightly laced figure a deformity?

A small waist is a beauty, because, when it is natural, it goes together with the peculiar litheness and activity of a slenderly built figure; but when it is artificially formed, unheard-of horrors are inseparable from it. The shoulders are palpably too broad for such a waist to support, the hips spread too suddenly from the ugly straight line (at an acute angle) between them and the armpit. And the face betrays the condition of the inside! Who can forgive the unhealthy cheek and red nose induced by such a cause? Who can forget the disease that has come or is coming? What sensible man or woman can pity the fool who faints, perhaps in the midst of a dance or conversation, from the unbearable pressure on the heart caused by her stays and girdle—or, if they pity, do not also blush for her?

The Roman dame made use of bands that afforded support without impairing the supple beauty of the body. If our women would employ such means, the bodice would express, rather than deform, the figure, and there would not be the triangular hollow between the waist and elbow which now gives so much hardness to the outline.

Tight lacing is far less general now than it was some years ago; let us hope that soon there may be no tight lacing at all, and that the cruel corset may at last disappear forever. Whatever may be said of the fashions of to-day, no one can deny that with their natural corsages, thick shoes, short dresses, and comfortable bonnets,

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they are far more sensible and healthful than the much-vaunted modes of our grandmothers. Those who lace tight to-day can not throw the responsibility on the fashion, for that authorizes them to do precisely as they please.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

READER AND LOVER.—Slash your sacque in the back and side seams. Edge with fur.

K. W. M.—We can furnish no patterns other than those advertised in our list.

J. T.—Two bias black gros grain bands neatly stitched on are much used for trimming mantles this season. The wool fringe you mention is quite as expensive as silk. A narrow yak lace would be a pretty edge for the garment.

INQUIRER.—Any of the large furnishing stores can supply you with sleeved buckskin vests.

MISS W. A. K.—There are usually four ushers at large church weddings. They are intimate friends of the bridal pair, and are dressed like the groom. They go early to church to receive the invited guests. An usher offers his arm to each lady guest at the church door, and escorts her to the seat reserved for her. Bridal veils are worn very long. The fact of your having ushers does not prevent having bride-maids.

ECONOMY.—Your sample is cotton and wool poplin. Make it with a redingote, and trim the skirt with kilt pleating. Do not trim your white sacque with velveteen. Leave it plain instead.

ELEANORE.—Trim your cashmere skirt with two wide gathered ruffles, headed by a bias silk band and two narrow upright frills, faced with cashmere. Sailor blouse dresses are comfortable for morning wear. Get an over-skirt of lighter shade for your drab silk dress. Use white altogether for your baby if you can afford it. Use white muslin dresses over warm underclothes, worn with bright watered ribbon sashes, a velvet sacque, and little velvet bonnet to match the sacque. The ruches and sash over-skirt will modernize your black silk.

HOMER.—Do not alter your black cloth basque.

MRS. F. S. C.—The house-furnishing stores will supply you with raisin-seeders, etc. They are inexpensive. We do not give addresses in this column.

E. S. M'C.—We have not the pattern you wish, and your money has been returned. Sicilienne is a repped fabric of mixed silk and cashmere. It is double width, and costs from $5 to $10 a yard.

CARLOTTA.—The cut paper patterns you want for girls of seven and eleven years are, first, the Girls' Princesse Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 25, Vol. IV.; the Vest-basque Suit, in *Bazar* No. 21, Vol. V.; and the Girls' Polonaise Suit, in *Bazar* No. 44, Vol. V. When you purchase these patterns send also for the *Bazar* in which each is illustrated, and you will have ample directions for making.

A YOUNG MOTHER.—Your sample is very sleazy épingeline. As it will not wear well, you should have it made as simply and inexpensively as possible.

ANNE D.—The most stylish trimming for a velvet sleeveless basque is merely two thick cords covered with black silk put around the edge of the garment.

PET MACHONG.—Get an Irish poplin suit, for $1 50 a yard, of sage green, for your wedding and traveling dress. Cretonne is a good fabric for between seasons. A suit of plum or gray cretonne will be very appropriate. Get violet or pearl gray merino for a wrapper. Get a black cashmere Dolman for a wrap in March. Buy the cashmere and make the garment yourself. If you make your dresses yourself you can get many nice additions to your wardrobe for the sum you mention.

A GREENHORN.—Wear your dresses just long enough to escape the ground. Braid your long hair, and mass it on the top of your head. Wear a sort of frizzed fringe of hair above the forehead.

A SUBSCRIBER.—A breastpin and cuff-buttons of Etruscan gold, or else of coral, is the best way to spend $50 for jewelry. Get a brooch with a sort of loop at the top, so that you can sometimes wear it as a pendant from a chain or velvet ribbon.

PERPLEXED.—Make your drab Irish poplin by the Louis Quinze Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V., or the Dolman Vest-polonaise Street Suit, illustrated in this number.

EMMA.—Make your blue brocaded stuff up as a polonaise, and wear it over a flounced skirt of the same, or of plain blue material.

MOLLINE.—We have not the patterns you mention. A full list of our cut paper patterns is given in our advertising columns. Your former letter did not reach us.

N.—A cluster of finger puffs on top of your head, with a smooth tress of your hair placed around the puffs, is a style easily arranged with your long natural hair.

LADY OF THE LAKE.—Turning down the corners of cards has nothing to do with accepting or declining an invitation. You should write a regular note of acceptance or of regret when the invitations have R. S. V. P. upon them.

QUI VIVE.—Black alpaca *is* much used for every-day at-home and street dresses, but is scarcely heavy enough for winter, and cashmere, merino, or empress cloth is used instead. Alpaca, however, is far more serviceable than the twilled and repped fabrics that catch dust so easily. Make your alpaca with a redingote and a single skirt, trimmed with deep kilt pleating.

MINERVA.—Your sample is silk and linen moiré. To remodel the dress have a sleeveless basque of brown velvet (linen-backed velvet), with moiré sleeves and velvet-pointed cuffs. Catch the trained back widths up with a velvet sash, and put bands or else a flounce of velvet around the skirt. Moirés are gradually coming in vogue again. At present they are more used as trimmings of faille and velvet dresses than as entire dresses.

JANE.—Get a cashmere polonaise with silk skirt for your wedding and traveling dress. Make it by the Double-breasted Redingote pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V.—It is not the bride's place to send carriages for invited guests.—The gentlemen of the family always follow their dead relative to the grave, and in most cases the lady relatives go also.

J. G.—We do not give addresses in this column.

ELLEN STANTON.—We do not believe trained dresses will ever be worn on the street again, and think the demi-trains are fast losing favor. Make your gray silk with a simple jockey basque and apron-front overskirt.

ESTELLE.—The trained over-skirt with apron front is more fashionable than court trains. You can easily add a short apron to your blue silk court train; then round off the sides, and add a flounce of another shade of blue. The apron may also be of the shade of the flounce.

WIFE.—We can supply you with a cut paper pattern for your husband's dressing-gown.

MRS. J. L. C.—White Swiss muslin and China crape neck-ties are very much in vogue. Young girls of fifteen wear the quaint grave shades now worn by ladies. Bright cherry, blue, and grass green dresses look old-fashioned even on very small girls.

CONSTANT READER.—Hem-stitched and lace-edged collars are considered more stylish than embroidered ones. Pleated lace and muslin standing ruffles are again as profusely worn as during the summer months.

JANE EYRE.—The first hints about spring goods are to be found in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 6, Vol. VI.

MRS. T. G. M.—Make your cashmere for light mourning by the Louis Quinze pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V. Trim with bands of thick lustreless repped silk.

MAUD.—It is too early to describe spring millinery, as the importers have not yet received their stock from Paris. Get a Dolman vest-polonaise like that illustrated in the present number. A Dolman mantle or a double-breasted sacque of cashmere will be stylish for a spring wrap. The fabrics for spring polonaises are described in the New York Fashions article.

HORACE WATERS, No. 481 Broadway, has just introduced a Concerto Parlor Organ, which is attracting much attention. It has a new concerto stop, produced by a third set of reeds peculiarly voiced, and the effect is charming.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

CAMEOS.

IN nothing has the development of a cultivated taste been of late years more rapid, both in England and in this country, than in the matter of those refined and æsthetic ornaments known as Cameos. A quarter of a century ago Cameos were indeed worn as ornaments by ladies, but they were Cameos at the sight of which even the average young lady of the period would start back aghast in horror, even though her own artistic training might not be of the highest. At that time really fine Cameos were only to be found, in this country particularly, in the cabinets of collectors; for the only really fine Cameos then extant were antiques which had come down to us from the better epochs of the Roman Empire. Canova, in Italy, and Flaxman, in England, may be said to have given the first impulse to the revival of truly artistic Cameo-cutting; nor was it until within the last twenty-five years that the Cameo-cutters even of Rome began to rival the grace, freedom, and force of the antique work. To this branch of their calling, MESSRS. STARR & MARCUS, of 22 John St. (up stairs), as it is well known, have devoted more time and attention than any other American house. They have their reward in a collection of works which may be said to constitute of themselves a small museum and academy of the art.—[*Com.*]

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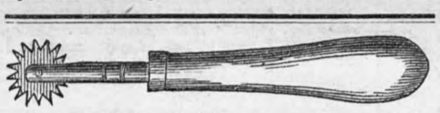

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FACETIÆ.

A MAN who says he hasn't attended church for twenty years boasts that he can remember perfectly the preacher's text on the last occasion of a visit to the sanctuary. And this is the way he remembered it, when asked what it was, "It is easier for a camel to enter a circus than for a man to eat a package of needles."

Somebody inquiring at the Springfield (Illinois) Post-office for a letter for Mike Howe, received the gruff answer that there was no letter there for any body's cow.

"Home is the place for boys," said Spinks to his eldest pride and joy.

"Yes," said the youngster, dutifully, "I'd like to stay at home all the time, but ma sends me to school."

A Chinaman was summoned as a witness in New York the other day, and, to ascertain his views on the nature of an oath, the judge asked him what would be his punishment if he should swear to lies. "I shall never return to China, but always remain in New York," was the reply, and he was at once sworn.

LAST SCENE OF ALL—Kerosene, which has ended one hundred and thirty-seven strange, eventful histories during the past year.

A CHIN THAT'S NEVER SHAVED—An ur-chin.

A girl in Indianapolis, who has $200,000, advertises for sealed proposals for marriage. The postmaster has decided to charge her double price for her box, as it keeps one clerk half his time filling it up with pink-tinted envelopes, and the whole office is scented with musk and bergamot like a perfumer's shop.

RECIPE TO MAKE A FASHIONABLE WOMAN.—Take ninety-nine pounds of flesh and bones—but chiefly bones; bore holes in the ears; cut off the small toes; bend the back to conform to the Grecian bend, as the taste inclines; then add three yards of linen, one hundred yards of ruffles, seventy-five yards of edging, eighteen yards of dimity; one pair of silk or cotton hose; six yards of flannel, embroidered; one pair of Balmoral boots, with heels three inches high; four pounds of whalebone, in strips; two hundred and sixty yards of steel wire; half a mile of tape; two pounds of cotton or wire hemispheres; fifty yards of silk or other dress goods; one hundred yards of point lace; four hundred yards of fringe and other trimmings; twelve gross of buttons; one box of pearl-powder; one saucer of carmine; one bushel of hair, frizzled and fretted; one quart of hair-pins; one pound of braid; one lace handkerchief, nine inches square, with patent holder, perfumed with attar of roses and musk; and let Pygmalion admire his handiwork.

"Now, Johnnie," says grandma, "I want you to sit just as still as a mouse."

"Mouses don't sit still, grandma." Sure enough!

GLASSES.—A man whose eyesight was not good was recommended to try glasses. He says he went and took four at the nearest public-house, and the result was that his sight was so much improved that he could see double.

A New York paper proposes to send Mr. Stanley to discover the north pole, cut his name on it, and the date of discovery, and bring it back with the banner of the Stars and Stripes floating from it.

The man who returned his neighbor's borrowed umbrella was seen, a day or two ago, walking in company with the young lady who passed a looking-glass without taking a peep. It is believed they are engaged.

Pawnbrokers prefer customers who are without any redeeming qualities.

"THE CAPTAIN'S A BOLD MAN."—*Beggars' Opera.*

MISS ADIPOSA. "The next Round Dance? Certainly, Captain Sparrow, with great Pleasure. But it is no slight Responsibility that you are taking on yourself."

[*The gallant little officer silently agrees with her; but when did a soldier, etc. Let us hope they will get well through it.*

A SEASONABLE PHILANTHROPIST.

What does he do when sidewalks glare,
And every brick seems but a snare
To catch the passer unaware?
He spreads his ashes.

And when down town we creeping go,
And trembling tread, a tottering row,
With honest features all aglow,
He spreads his ashes.

Long may he live, that man of soul!
Filled be his bin with red-ash coal,
'Till halos crown his saintly poll,
Who spreads his ashes!

And when he leaves this world of slides,
And with grim death serenely glides,
May this be heard, and naught besides—
"*Peace to his ashes!*"

"You may say what you please," said Muggins, speaking of a deceased comrade; "Jake was a good boy, he was, and a great hunter; but he was the meanest man that ever breathed in the State; and he played one of the sharpest tricks you ever heard of, and I'll tell you how it was. I was out shootin' with him one mornin'. I tell you the duck was plenty; and other game we despised so long as we could see duck. Jake he was too mean to blaze away unless he could put down two or three at a shot. Jake often was blowin' me up for wastin' shot and powder so; but I didn't care—I blazed away. Well, somehow or other, while fussin' around the boat, my powder-flask fell overboard in about sixteen feet of water, which was as clear as air, and I could see the flask lay on the bottom. Jake being a good swimmer, also diver, he said he'd fetch her up, and in a minut he was in. Well, I waited quite a considerable time for him to come up; then I looked over the side for old Jake. Good Jerusalem! there sot old Jake on a pile of oyster-shells, pourin' the powder out of my flask into his'n. Wasn't that mean?"

A St. Louis editor, in speaking of a brother inkslinger, says, "He is young yet, but he can sit at his desk and brush the cobwebs from the ceiling with his ears."

THE TEACHING OF GRAMMAR NOT ALLOWED.—"I have been sendin' my darter Nancy to skool, and last Friday I went over to the skool to see how she was gettin' along, and I seed things I didn't like by no means. The skool-master was larnin' her things entirely out of the line of eddycation, and, as I think, improper. I set a while in the skool-house, an' heered one class say their lesson. The lesson that Nancy sed was nuthin' but the foolishest kind of talk; the rediclist word she sed was 'I love.' I looked right at her for bein' so improper, but she went right on and sed, 'Thou lovest, and he loves.' And I reckon you never heered such rigmarole in your life—love, love, love, and nuthin' but love. She sed one time, 'I did love.' Sez I, 'Who did you love?' The skolars laffed, but I wasn't to be put off, and sed, 'Who did you love, Nancy?' The skool-master sed he would explain when Nancy had finished the lesson. This sorter pacyfied me, and Nancy went on with her awful love talk. It got wus and wus every word. She sed, 'I might, could, or would love.' I stopped her again, and sed I reckon I would see about that, and told her to walk out of that house. The skool-master tried to interfere, but I would not let him say a word. He sed I was a fool, and I nokt him down, and made him holler in short order. I talkt the strate thing to him. I told him I'd show how hede larn my darter grammar. I got the nabors together, and we sent him off in a hurry, and I reckon tharl be no more grammar teachin' in these parts soon."

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

The following eccentric advertisement appeared lately in the "personals" of an English paper: "Kangaroo revived by bones, though nearly choked by a piece of one after swallowing five hard biscuits. Troubled. Four cat two six camel five two one eight pig one boar in every way. Four nine leopard one four elephant three four seven boar. Faithful until death." It has the effect of a Chinese puzzle to the public at large.

QUERY.—Can a *dark* woman be considered one of the *fair* sex?

The young widow who was buried in grief is now alive and doing well. It is only another instance of premature interment.

No well-regulated California family is without a slop-bowl scooped out of a $250,000 ruby.

Mendelssohn, the philosopher, grandfather of the great musical composer, was, when a youth, clerk to a very rich but exceedingly commonplace—in fact, stupid—employer. One day an acquaintance commiserated the clever lad on his position, saying, "What a pity it is that you are not the master, and he your clerk!"

"Oh, my friend," returned Mendelssohn, "do not say that. If he were my clerk, what on earth could I do with him?"

A lady wrote of her lover, who had become insane, that "he had gone out of his mind, but had never gone out of hers."

A little girl wanting a fan, but not being able to remember the word, said she "wanted a thing to brush the warmth off with."

The little son of a prominent Baltimore minister said to his father,

"Pa, St. Paul was a Southerner."

"How do you know that, my son?"

"Why, Sir, in the eighteenth verse of the eighth chapter of Romans he says, 'For I reckon.' None but Southerners say reckon."

This is said to be the best pun ever made in America. Horace Greeley, during the Scott campaign, declared that he execrated and spit upon the Whig platform. A Western New York editor remarked that if Greeley spit upon the Whig platform he couldn't expect-to-rate as a Whig.

That was a noble youth who, on being urged to take wine at the table of a statesman in Washington, had the moral courage to refuse. He was a poor young man, just beginning the struggle of life. He brought letters to the statesman, who kindly invited him home to dinner.

"Not take a glass of wine?" said the statesman, in wonderment and surprise.

"Not one simple glass of wine?" echoed the statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as she arose, glass in hand, and with a grace that would have charmed an anchorite endeavored to press it upon him.

"No," said the heroic youth, resolutely, gently repelling the proffered glass.

What a picture of moral grandeur was that! A poor, friendless youth refusing wine at the table of a wealthy statesman, even though proffered by the fair hands of a beautiful lady!

"No," said the young man, and his voice trembled a little and his cheek flushed, "I never drink wine; but" (here he straightened himself up, and his voice grew firmer) "if you've got a little good rye whisky, I don't mind trying a snifter."

PHILOSOPHY OF THE FUTURE.

MORALIST. "Who knows what to-morrow will bring forth?"

POSITIVIST. "The day after."

The coolest man yet discovered is he who stopped a train on a Pennsylvania road the other night by swinging a lantern, and handing the fireman some currency, requested him to bring down a quarter of a pound of fine-cut tobacco.

Why is the fire a dissipated character?—Because it goes out every night.

Why does a retired confectioner resemble a faithless lover?—Because he leaves his sweet'art to the care of another.

A SALT-CELLAR—A grocer.

PROFESSIONAL ETIQUETTE.

ANXIOUS PARENT. "Come, Doctor, don't wait, but come in and see her. She is very ill indeed."

CONSULTING PHYSICIAN. "Must wait for your Family Physician, Sir. Could not presume to interfere till he arrives. The Patient must have Patience."

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

WIFE. "Well, what did Mr. Brown say? Will he let us have the money?"

HUSBAND. "He s-s-said you'd f-f-fi-find it wi-wiser in the end t-t-t-to p-p-p—"

WIFE. "To what? If you can't speak without stuttering, sing it."

HUSBAND (*triumphantly*). "To paddle your own canoe."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 8.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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MY SAINT.

Of all the saints e'er canonized,
Saint Valentine for me!
None other dares to hear my prayers,
And bear my love to thee.

I thought Saint Ursula, in plaint
For all her virgins slain,
Would bear thee word. Alack! she heard
Nor answered me again.

Saint Nicholas at Christmas-tide
Drew down his jolly face:
"Nay, nay!" said he, "a gift from me
Were sadly out of place."

And all the saints at Halloween,
That wondrous, mystic night,
Breathed in my ear, "Good heart, we fear
The maiden to affright."

But brave Saint Valentine doth scorn
Such poor excuse to make:
"Speak out!" quoth he, right gallantly;
"Your message will I take!"

"Tell her," said I, in faltering tones—
"Tell her I love her true."
Then did he laugh, "Why, that's but half:
What thinks the maid of you?"

"Alack!" sighed I, "what heart would dare
To rush for answer so?"
"Leave that to me; *I'll* ask," said he.
Trembling, I bade him go.

Therefore, of all the canonized,
Saint Valentine for me;
For on this day he speeds away
To bear my love to thee!

"CUPID."—[PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE.]

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IMPATIENCE.

OH, hasten, year, to bring us June,
Folded within your dreaming heart,
Like petals of a rose, that soon
The wooing winds will kiss apart.

Hasten, O sun, across the sky,
Nor make, I pray, a long delay;
Let the sweet bloom of daylight die,
And twilight stars forbid to stay;

Till wreathed in blossoms June appears,
Wasting her fragrance every where,
And echoes of the chiming spheres
Seem pulsing on the summer air.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1873.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be published the Tenth Part of

DORÉ'S LONDON.

This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is issued gratuitously in Eight-page Supplements to the subscribers to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain numerous patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Masquerade Costumes for Children; Ball Dresses, Opera Cloaks, Fichus, Scarfs, Embroidered House Jackets, Leggings, etc., for Ladies; a rich variety of Children's Suits; Footstools, Toilette-Tables, Crochet Purses, Card-Receivers, Waste-Baskets, Embroidery Patterns, etc., etc.; together with choice literary and artistic attractions.*

THAT BEST ROOM.

By GAIL HAMILTON.

WHAT vials of sarcasm have been poured out upon it! Its closed shutters have cast a gloom over the pathways of literature. Its musty smells have penetrated the corners of remote novels. Its covered chairs have stiffened in smart essays. Men easily influenced by public opinion have sought to avert the shafts of satire by building themselves ceiled houses without any "spare room"—houses whose every apartment should be occupied. But women, with a stronger instinct of the fitness of things, cling to the "best room," the "spare room," the parlor, and have hitherto made a good fight.

And the women are right. The best room is often absurd, but a best room is not an absurdity. It is appalling to be shown into a square apartment, with heavy, chill air, with a horse-hair sofa, a horse-hair arm-chair, and six horse-hair plain chairs—only this and nothing more. But because a black silk gown is ill fitting you do not therefore discard black silk gowns. The spare room may have a straw matting, if you please, and cane chairs, and blinds open or closed, according to the light and heat, but every housekeeper knows that, after all the essays are written and all the arrows shot, a spare room is a great convenience, a great resource, a great peace of mind.

But it is inhospitable, says the visitor. You do not wish to be turned off by yourself into a room outside of the family life, destitute of associations, prim, orderly, decorous, but silent and inexpressive. You want to go in where the sewing and reading and talking are, and see your friend in her every-day garb. That may be; but suppose your friend prefers not to be thus seen? You will admit that the family is sacred. Not every one who is welcome in the parlor could be welcome in the family room. Nor is the welcome to the family room at all times one and the same. Absolute freedom to repel is the only guarantee of warmth in welcome. If a house have no room set off for visitors, there is no special gratification in being admitted to its family room. Nor is that home sentiment very desirable which does not instinctively make a distinction between its own and the outside world, however amiable and friendly may be its relations therewith. That family is, indeed, doing its work best—all other things corresponding—which jealously guards itself from an indiscriminate open communion.

There are scenes of leisure, chitchat, light reading, upon which the entrance of a friend would be no intrusion. But when you are in eager consultation over the gray cashmere—will it turn for Anne? will it dye without cockling? is there enough for a whole suit, or shall the brown go with it, and make a suit of two shades for Anne, and perhaps a polonaise for Ella?—and the ruffles are on one chair and the over-skirt on another, and there is a universal ripping and rippling, it is then a solid satisfaction to reflect that there is a room across the hall which tells no tales. It is not a false shame, a foolish pride in keeping up appearances, that makes you dislike having Mrs. A and Mrs. B and Mrs. C walk in upon your turnings and matchings and contrivings. It is a spontaneous modesty, a natural reticence, which prompts always to the suppression of processes and the exhibition only of results. When, afterward, Mrs. A praises Anne's new suit, you tell her, not only without shame, but with rejoicing, how ingeniously it was fashioned out of the several birds in last year's nest; but during the fashioning Mrs. A's presence would have disturbed and hindered you. A great deal of house-work is helped on by the knowledge that there is a room in the house where that work does not go, and to which the mistress may repair, leaving all her state secrets behind her. So far from the parlor being an incumbrance, an excrescence, it is a relief, a safety-valve. Let us bow down to EASTLAKE in sincerity and truth; but to arrange our houses on the pretense that our friends are at all times and in all parts of them equally welcome is, or ought to be, a greater sham than all the veneering we can put into the parlor. Because I treat my friend to-day to roast turkey and plum-pudding, do I mean to insinuate to him that this is my every-day fare, or blush to own that yesterday I dined off hash and hasty-pudding? Nay, rather, I exultantly propound to him that inexorable law of succession by which chopped beef is the inevitable and not unwelcome follower of roast. But none the less I rejoice to do him honor and my family a pleasance by ministering to him a feast of fatter things. It is trouble and expense, but we love trouble and expense when they express affection and friendship. It is not simply that my family feast in his cause—it is also that he graces and gilds my family feast. The turkey may be in his honor, but it is he that gives the turkey its chief charm for us.

In discussing household art we are too apt to forget the household artist. Many beautiful and desirable things the busy wife and mother must forego. She loves her translucent, vivid china, but better loves the dimpled fingers that do not know how to hold it; and rather than banish them from the table she exiles the china to its dark closet and condescends to plainer ware. But the knowledge that her closet holds that treasure is a joy not to be despised, and when she spreads it upon her table at a friend's coming, and the children gaze upon it with solemn admiration, will you rebuke her for display instead of honesty? To many a woman her parlor is her poem. The living-room must be plain and unadorned, both out of regard to her purse and to the careless fists and feet, the innumerable balls and tops and jackknives, that keep up a constant guerrilla warfare upon polish and fragility. But this parlor, of which the children do not have the run, is the hunting-ground of her fancies. Here her delight in color and form may take shape. Whatever of delicate, of beautiful, of harmonious, of antique, of grotesque, or fantastic pleases her taste she may gather or fashion here, safe from the incursions of her young barbarians, all at play elsewhere. Even if she only opens her grand room on high days, the sun and air can speedily identify it with the universe; and her children are not harmed by having one spot barred to their license. And while it is the outlet for her otherwise necessarily repressed inclinations, it is the arena of her friendships—a link whereby she keeps pleasant hold of the outside world. Why, O purblind man! will you insist on finding only ostentation and convention and Mrs. Grundy where a wiser and deeper gaze might reveal sympathies and aspirations and all gracious sensibilities?

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of a Reforming Fellow-Traveler.

MY DEAR MARK,—Mrs. Baalam sent for me the other day, and I hastened to her house, and found her very anxious to consult me upon a subject which she did me the honor to say she thought that I might understand. A hundred suppositions as to what she might wish passed through my mind. If I should tell you what they were, they would serve to test my modesty. Did I instinctively suppose that she wished to ask me about a course of reading for her daughters, or to advise with me upon the morality of the theatre and ballet, or to beg a subscription to a charity, or to consult with me upon—upon some soft and urgent suit that had been made to her; for I will not deny that I have sometimes thought that I have seen Mr. Bottom, *intentique aures*, looking at Mrs. Baalam, who is a most attractive widow, in a manner that suggested the momentous question whether N was likely to be willing to take M for her wedded husband.

After remarking, therefore, that I hoped she was well, and that it was a very pleasant day for the season, I said that I was very much flattered by her request, and that I had lost no time in responding. Mrs. Baalam, a frank and generous and sincere woman, and to me, I confess, one of the most agreeable of our fellow-travelers, replied that I was always very kind, and that, being in serious perplexity, she had thought of no one who was so likely to advise her properly as Mr. Bachelor. "Thank you, madame," I answered. "And what is it?" She then proceeded to tell me that none of her reforms succeeded. And she said it with so dejected an air that I, who had never regarded her as a reformer, was disposed to smile.

"Reforms, Mrs. Baalam—your reforms," I said. "Are you a reformer?"

She smiled ruefully, and answered that she was so in her small way. "I do not," she said, "appear in public upon a platform, but I have seriously tried to lighten the burdens of the world in the way that seemed open to me. But I have failed, and I wish you to tell me why."

Seeing that I was closely attentive, she proceeded to say that she had been often struck with the frivolity of fashion. It was the whim of the rich and the idle, and the bane of the poor and industrious.

"I have seen," she said, "that the life of a foreign queen or fine lady is a mere ceremony. She is what is called the ornament of society, and she must therefore be perpetually burnished. In every way the jewel must be kept shining. The fine lady must be always attractive in her circle of elegant loungers; and as nothing is more piquant than change, the fashion of her clothes must constantly alter to stimulate the admiration of the men and the emulation—to say no more—of the women around her. As such society has plenty of money, it becomes the business of certain persons to gratify its desires; so we have the dress-makers, whose aim it is to adopt every hint and suggest every change that can constantly renew the toilette of the fine lady: setting and resetting the gem continually for the delight of man and the brilliancy of society. The dress of such persons becomes the imperative law for their sex. The costume of women, therefore, changes forever, like the April sky; that of men, as you know, changes but imperceptibly. You, for instance, dear Mr. Bachelor, go to every ball and dinner in the season in precisely the same clothes; but if I should wear the same dress every night and at every feast, I should be the talk of the town."

Mrs. Baalam looked at me for a moment very earnestly, and then proceeded to say that she had observed the consequence of the facts she had mentioned to be that women every where were slaves to their dress, and especially if they were poor women, for then they were compelled to be forever changing, and their minds were necessarily most intently fixed upon the subject, and they were always studying each other's clothes. So she had early resolved to make a stand. When, therefore, dresses, which had been worn of a reasonable length when she was married, began to drop and drop and to become unreasonably long, Mrs. Baalam resisted. She ordered her dresses to be made as before, until at last it may be truly said that Mrs. Baalam's feet were the only feet of woman visible in fine society. But she said that although it was cruel martyrdom, she persevered. A sense of duty and high self-sacrifice sustained her. When she went into the street she saw every body looking at her short skirt. The gentlemen smiled gently; the ladies had an air of indignant offense. She was called *La Cracovienne*, and the Maid of the Mill, and the Dairyman's Daughter. Indeed, there was a universal derision which threatened to become pity that the death of her husband, which soon followed his marriage, had touched her brain and made her a little eccentric.

"But when my little girl came to me crying," said Mrs. Baalam, "and begged that I would not expose her to the gibes of her companions, and to the constant mortification of seeing her mother laughed at, I could not hold out. I lengthened my skirts, and despised my moral cowardice. And then every body said that Mrs. Baalam had evidently recovered from her grief, and would probably soon be engaged again. Meanwhile I had already been guilty of a contemptible weakness, which I am ashamed to mention. I resolved that what was right in the matter of the skirt could not be wrong in a bonnet; so I began by refusing to conform in that also, and continued to wear my bonnet in the old style, my object being to break up the concentration of women's minds upon their dress. But early in the second year of the struggle I succumbed. My bonnet was a practical joke; and when I came into church the service almost stopped, so eagerly did every body look at me, and with such infinite amusement. So," said my good friend, with a kind of sad depression, "I abandoned that effort at reform."

There was another, however, which enlisted all her zeal. She had observed, as I suppose we all have, the appalling lateness of the hours of society. Balls begin at eleven at night, and end at five in the morning. But those gay and graceful cavaliers who float all night upon the intoxicating current of the waltz, holding houris in their arms and living in a dream, are clerks. They are like the Arabian porter who was a drudge all day and a sultan all night. Those wisps of youth must be down town by nine o'clock every morning, clear-headed, ready for their work. Thackeray used to say that it was amazing to see in Edinburgh the even-paced old topers who would sit all night and drink hot mountain-dew until you thought they would lie like senseless logs for a week after, but who marched stiffly down town at nine o'clock next morning, smug and smooth and steady, as if they had slept the sleep of the righteous. But the young waltzing gentlemen are very hollow-eyed and miserable in the morning; and if they feel so "gone" that nature craves a little stimulant, say at eleven o'clock, is it surprising, although it is most pitiful?

So Mrs. Baalam resolved that she would slay this Python of late hours. Forthwith she gave a great ball, and the elaborate cards of invitation stated in golden script—"*Music at nine; supper at half past ten; cotillon at eleven; carriages at one.*" Nobody came, except the music, until half past ten. The cotillon began at one; and the last guests departed at five A.M. The hostess was confounded. "Indeed," she said, "I did not know what to do, or how to help myself. Here was a great reform which I had projected, and for which I knew that every parent would be grateful. But it did not even begin. It would not start. And what was I to do? The short skirts I could manage; but what could I do with people who would not come until eleven, and who would not go until they were ready?"

Poor Mrs. Baalam looked utterly perplexed, and I gently asked her if this was the question that she wished to ask me. She smiled and said no, but that she did wish to know how society was to be reformed. There was a pretty text! I told her that it seemed to me that reform, like charity, begins at home. "I tried it at home," burst in Mrs. Baalam. "So you did," I answered, "in the short skirt effort. That was a home reform, because you alone were immediately concerned, but in the other case you tried to reform other people in spite of themselves." Then I told her the similar experience of some of my friends. There was Murillo, who wore a kind of tunic instead of a coat, and whose hair flowed upon his shoulders. There was Giorgione, who insisted that nature having made the leg to taper toward the ankle, meant that trowsers should taper also, and fit so snugly as to manifest the beauty of a noble form. So he sallied forth one bright morning in thick trowsers tightly buttoned at the ankle, and with shoes ingeniously shaped to his feet. He had a hilarious escort of interested street-boys, who cheered him and audibly criticised his clothes. The young ladies escaped into shops. The old ladies sternly peered at him through gold-rimmed glasses. The old gentlemen scowled at him, and said, indignantly, "Go home and put on your trowsers!" "Put on my trowsers!" retorted Giorgione, with disdainful vehemence. "You poor blinded votaries of tyrannical custom, don't you see that these are the only trowsers that nature authorizes? I've as much trowsers as you, but mine are normal, and yours are mere traditions." The whole town was in a tumult. He was accused of insulting every body. "Insulting! What do you mean?" he asked, hotly; and it was with great difficulty that he was brought to see that while he was proudly walking in good, solid, snug clothes, which he delighted to believe were nature's normal trowsers, every body else thought that he had come abroad half dressed.

I told Mrs. Baalam that there were many and many stories of the same kind.

"Yes, but how, then, are we ever to get the world reformed?" she asked, ruefully.

"Madame, our efforts must be reasonable. Grace and taste and the sense of beauty are also elements of human nature, and help to compose the charm of human life. The remedy for the evils of fashion lies deeper than in the shortening or lengthening of a skirt. While women are ornaments, they must be constantly set in fresher gilding and enamel. So also in our society the hours of great routs and balls will be much as they are. The cavaliers do not come home from business before five or six. They must dine and dress and sleep before beginning the labors of the night. The difficulty is the ball itself. While society is a series of balls, the night will, of course, be consecrated to them. Dear Mrs. Baalam, the best reform is temperance—the abstinence from excess. Don't sweep the streets with your skirts, but neither shorten them

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so that you are ridiculous. Don't go to a ball at seven, to which nobody comes until eleven; but if eleven is too late for you, don't go. In non-essentials unity. It is not a large or a small bonnet, nor a fringe nor a ribbon, which is important. It is truth, liberty, intelligence, charity, good temper, good sense, which are essential. The costume is nothing. Samuel Adams served liberty as truly in a wig and a long waistcoat as Garibaldi in a cap and blouse; Fénelon preached in a surplice, George Fox in leather breeches."

Mrs. Baalam said, Thank you, but looked a little doubting. Perhaps she will send for me again, so that I may explain more fully.

Yours, dear Mark,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MASQUERADE COSTUMES.

MASQUERADE parties follow each other in rapid succession during the weeks that precede Lent. Gloomy black dominoes are confined to gentlemen at these entertainments. If a lady prefers a domino, she wears a cloak of blue, pink, or white satin that entirely conceals the evening dress she wears beneath, and does not mar the brilliant appearance of the gayly dressed throng. In making dominoes of handsome materials the modistes cut the breadths precisely like those of a trained dress skirt, and attach them to a yoke over which a hood is worn. Afterward the yoke may be removed, and the skirt made to serve as a dress skirt. The silk mask should match the color of the domino. Fancy dresses are, however, far more popular than dominoes. The preference this winter is for national costumes, or else for the picturesque dresses of certain periods in history. Some of these costumes are easily represented by slight additions to the costume of the present day. For instance, the dress prescribed for a Spanish lady is as follows: A black silk dress with trained skirt and heart-shaped bodice; the neck and sleeves are heavily trimmed with black lace. A long black veil is fastened to the head over a high comb. Red and yellow roses are in the coiffure and on the bosom. A very large painted fan is kept constantly in motion. A large cross of jet or gold is attached to a velvet necklace. Black slippers, with black or scarlet silk stockings. The Medici dress is merely a black velvet made in the present fashion, with the addition of great puffs at the top of the sleeves, and a chatelaine bodice finished by a flounce of lace around the waist. The hair is a high pointed tower of puffs. The Marie Stuart dress is similar to this, with a high ruff around the neck, and a pointed coif above the forehead. The Marquise dress, or costume of a lady of the French court in the time of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., requires the short skirt and brocaded over dress, the high heels, powdered hair, and patches that are now in vogue.

The simple dress of an Alsacian peasant is pretty for blondes. This is a skirt and low peasant waist of scarlet or blue woolen stuff. The skirt reaches to the ankles, showing white stockings and black slippers with colored heels and buckles. A white muslin blouse with turned-down frills around the neck and wrists is worn under the peasant waist, and a long straight white apron is added. The hair is braided in thick plaits, and is surmounted by the characteristic head-dress, a large, erect bow of black ribbon placed directly on top of the head. Tricolored ribbons, red, white, and blue, are in the hair, and a three-cornered kerchief may be folded around the neck. The Italian, Turkish, and other Eastern costumes are becoming to brunettes; also the Gypsy dress, which has merely a short quilted petticoat, a flowered chintz overskirt, and a scarlet cap or head-dress; a tambourine, and cards for fortune-telling, are added.

The costumes that aim to represent an idea are also in favor, and are very effectual when well carried out. Thus Peace is arrayed in a white dress with a tunic covered with garlands of fruits and flowers, emblematic of the produce of the ground; olive branches are on the bodice and train; a diadem of wheat ears in the hair indicates Plenty; and the star of Hope glitters above the forehead. Harvest, a brunette's costume, is a maize-colored tarlatan dress, trimmed with wheat ears, poppies, and corn-flowers. A Water-Nymph dress for blondes is of white frosted tulle, trimmed with sea grasses, coral, and tiny shells. Sunrise is represented by a gray woolen dress with rows of ribbon of all the colors of the prism passing around it; Sunset by a black dress with red and yellow ribbons, and gilt suns at intervals. Spring should have a white tulle dress with bright green over-skirt, trimmed with crocuses, daisies, and other early flowers.

INDIA SHAWLS.

There are some new features in the India shawls prepared for the spring. The new designs are arranged to display two different corners, one light and the other dark; the first is suitable for bright days, the last for wintry weather. These designs are intricate arabesques wrought in subdued quaint colors, such as olive, moss green, and the dull Pompeian red, instead of the gay Magenta and grass green shades formerly used. The ugly "lightning" stripes and rivers of white once so conspicuous have disappeared, and the white lines now used have a black edge to shade and soften them, and are merely introduced to fill out the curious involved figures, the palms and arabesques of color, of which the shawl is composed. The borders represent vines and running figures, and have a narrow "harlequin" edge made up of bits of cashmere of various contrasting colors. From $600 to $700 seems to be a standard price for fine, well-wrought shawls, square, and almost covered with embroidery, leaving only a very small plain space for a centre. Two years ago such shawls cost from $800 to $1000. Black centres are preferred to all others, then scarlet, and the least favored is white. Those shawls that are pervaded by dusky olive hues, soft and sombre, are the first choice this season.

Very handsome shawls with wide borders of exquisite India embroidery are made with doubled centres of camel's-hair, showing scarlet on one side and black or white on the other. These are very warm and fine, and cost about $300.

The Decca shawl is made of pure camel's-hair, and its embroidery is genuine hand-work done in the new designs and colors; but it differs from more expensive India shawls in being made of a single piece of cashmere, a plain foundation on which the embroidery is done, instead of being made up of tiny pieces separately wrought and intricately put together. It is a heavy, soft, warm, and handsome shawl, and costs $100.

Breakfast and house shawls of scarlet or black camel's-hair, with India-wrought harlequin borders, are sold as low as from $35 to $50. These are good-sized squares. The scarlet centres are sold by the yard for $20 a yard. India long-shawls, in gay stripes, are excellent for extra carriage wraps and for traveling: they cost from $30 to $100. The imitation India shawls copy the colors and patterns of real Cashmeres admirably: they cost $60, and after all are only imitations.

HIMALAYAN SHAWLS.

Some new warm traveling shawls, made in the north of England, are called Himalayas. They are of soft fine wool with long pile, like plush, and come in gray shaded stripes, or else with plain centres and a plaid border. They cling closely and warm to the shoulders, and are also used as heavy lap-robes.

SPRING DOLMANS.

The Dolmans that knowing ones predict are to be the fashionable wraps for the spring will have extremely long side pieces, or sleeves, reaching to the knee, and in some cases almost to the edge of the dress skirt. Soft twilled summer cloth of the olive tints, gray and brown camel's-hair, and black cashmeres, are the fabrics of which they will be composed. Worsted and silk laces in guipure designs, and of the color of the garment, will be the trimming. Lace-like passementeries will also be largely imported.

GIRLS' SAILOR SUITS.

The furnishing houses are now preparing for early spring and sea-side wear pretty sailor suits of twilled washing flannel, either pink, creamy white, or else navy blue. They are made with the sailor blouse, sailor collar, pockets, sash, and plain skirt introduced in the *Bazar* last summer, and are trimmed with wide white braid or else with bias bands of cashmere. These little dresses, with white Normandy caps, were the most tasteful costumes worn last season by girls, and will be the popular fancy for the spring and summer. Drawers to match the dress are sometimes ordered by mothers who take their children to the sea-side.

PANIER PUFFS.

Some of the most expensive dresses lately imported are draped by cords to form the huge round panier puff which was so much satirized when introduced four years ago. This puff is barely tolerable on trained skirts, when caught up by a sash, as they now are, but is out of all proportion and symmetry on the short skirts of street suits. Nevertheless, the rumor is that short skirts, so pretty, convenient, and jaunty, are to reappear in the spring accompanied by the objectionable puffs.

SPANISH COMBS, ETC.

The high-backed Spanish combs are much worn with full-dress coiffures. They are exceedingly becoming to round, full, youthful countenances, but should be avoided by ladies with slender oval faces. The comb is not always worn at the back of the head, but is often placed on one side, as if put there by accident. The Josephine coiffure, with its *pouf* of tresses and short curls, is worn higher than ever. The fashion of dressing the hair very high is admirable for house toilettes, but is not becoming when surmounted by a bonnet. The towering appearance thus given is sometimes very ludicrous; besides, the absence of all back hair looks especially bare under a high bonnet, consequently ladies are twisting their plaits and tresses much lower about the head for street toilettes. To make the hair look thickly set and abundant, it is well to braid at night those tresses just above the ears, and also the hair which is turned up from the nape of the neck. These plaits should be very loosely braided in three thick tresses; if plaited tightly they will give the appearance of crimps. Many ladies with dark brown and black hair have abandoned crimps altogether, and use soft finger puffs or smooth tresses above the forehead. Very light hair is worn in as many fluffy crimps as formerly. A slight fringe of hair, so tightly crimped that when combed each hair seems to stand out separately, is placed above the forehead, and falls from beneath a wide thick plait of three tresses that is laid flatly around the head. This Skye-terrier ornament is only adopted by blondes. Dark brown and black hair would kink too much if arranged in this way, consequently the fringe above the forehead is left almost straight, or is arranged in fanciful half-curved locks. Parting the hair on the side is also occasionally seen, and is very becoming to piquant faces. Elaborate coiffures arranged by hair-dressers are made different on each side of the head; for instance, the Récamier bow of hair is placed high on the left side, with a cluster of finger puffs on the right, and a plaited tress behind. This style is only becoming to small faces with regular features. The back hair is caught up from the nape of the neck by "side combs" that are concealed beneath the braids on the top of the head. Sometimes two short, thick, natural-looking curls are made from the hair that grows low on the back of the neck; again, a fringe like that worn on the forehead sometimes falls across the back, extending from one ear to the other; this is done of one's own hair, however, and ladies naturally enough object to cutting their hair to suit a fashion that will probably be transient. In placing a thick plait of hair around the top of the head, ladies should take pains to make it lie flatly and close to the head, instead of standing it erect like a crown, as that makes the head look larger, and to be stylish now it must be as small as possible. For the same reason all appearance of a coil at the back must be avoided, and only a little jaunty *pouf* on top be arranged. Pomades, oils, and bandoline are no longer used. The hair is worn in its natural color, with only the beautiful gloss that nature gives, but which requires care and much brushing to develop and preserve.

DUST CAPS.

A dust cap that entirely covers the hair should be worn by ladies while sweeping and attending to the rougher domestic duties that fall to the lot of many housewives. This is a circular turban of white striped muslin, or else of more fanciful pink or blue cambric. It is merely a round piece, measuring about half a yard across the centre. Finish the edge with a narrow hem, and stitch a tape casing an inch from the edge all around on the wrong side. Put an elastic cord in the casing, let it draw up to form a ruffle around the edge, add a hemmed muslin bow above the forehead, and you have a useful and not unbecoming cap that will protect the hair from dust. Rose-colored cambric caps with pinked edges, or else notched like saw-teeth, are pretty and salable objects found at fancy fairs.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

WHEN EMILY FAITHFULL returns to England, and is asked what most struck her with wonder and pleasure in the United States, she can reply, promptly and truthfully, "The superb reception given to me at Steinway Hall." No such demonstration has hitherto been witnessed on this continent. The genius, the culture, the cleverness, and the highest and best of each known to New York, were there to contribute, by their presence and sympathy, their tribute to Miss FAITHFULL. It was in no sense a "sensational" meeting. People came there neither to laugh at nor lampoon the "strong-minded," nor to pat on the head, in a mild, patronizing way, the good creature who had come hither to tell us what she had done at home. A few might have strolled in from curiosity to see the woman who is known to have the friendship of Lady BURDETT-COUTTS and other noble ladies of England, and who has the esteem and hearty co-operation of her Majesty the Queen, but the great mass came to testify their thorough sympathy with her work, and it was an audience such as is rarely seen. The journalists were there, and the poets; the doctors were there, those who practice and those who preach; the lawyers came, and the judges; banker and merchant were there; and even the society man graciously beamed in upon it. Of course the toilers were present—the lady toilers, those who are becoming famous in literature, medicine, engraving, telegraphy, journalism, teaching, drama, music, typography, and the many other pursuits which are opening themselves to women. The entertainment itself was in all respects brilliant—the interesting and sensible address of welcome by Mrs. HENRY M. FIELD, the eloquent response of Miss FAITHFULL, and the exquisite instrumental and vocal performances of MATILDA TOEDT, Madame VAN ZANDT, and Miss NETTIE STERLING. All was bright and nice; and none will forget the rich, mellifluous voice of Miss FAITHFULL as she remarked: "It has been said that the English are a dumb people. They can do great acts, but not describe them. I don't wish to lay claim to the latter attribute, but I would fain shelter myself at the present moment behind a convenient nationality. But, in spite of our characteristic dumbness, I am bound to remember that words have been spoken in our little island home awakening echoes throughout the civilized world, which, thank Heaven! unites England and America with a chain which the vast Atlantic Ocean is powerless to sever. In many ways America is in advance of England. I am glad to see that the most earnest minds are giving attention to the important subject of the work and training of women, and that, in spite of the disadvantages in such training, many are employed by the government in positions of trust and responsibility. The recognition of women in important positions is of very great significance, for, of all the battle-fields of confused opinion, I think the one which should carry off the palm is that in which all the world is now joining as to the comparative faults and virtues of men and women. The whole subject has been surrounded with such misapprehension and unmerited abuse that many intelligent people are afraid to give it sober consideration, quite forgetting that to nothing save error can truth be dangerous. Others charge those who were taking an active part in it with setting themselves against men, whereas it arose from no false rivalry with men, but from the deepest sympathy with their noblest aims and aspirations."

—Mrs. HARRISON GRAY OTIS, who died in Boston on the 23d ult., was one of the remarkable women of the country. She was the daughter of WILLIAM BOARDMAN, a Boston merchant, and sister of WILLIAM H. BOARDMAN, who died recently, leaving her the bulk of his large fortune. She married in early life HARRISON GRAY OTIS, Jun., a son of the eminent orator and statesman, who died before the brilliant promise of his early manhood was realized. Her marriage was distasteful to OTIS, *père*, and they held little intercourse with each other. At his death she received as a sole legacy a massive silver punch-bowl, which she presented to the Tremont House proprietary. She was a frequent contributor to the magazines and newspapers, and her last contribution was a notice in the *Transcript* of the death of her friend Miss NABBY JOY, who left considerable legacies to benevolent institutions. She was a woman of indomitable energy, and to her efforts more than those of any body else credit is due for making WASHINGTON'S birthday a holiday in Massachusetts. She leaves an estate valued at about $1,000,000, which she has disposed of by will.

—Attorney-General WILLIAMS compares Southern Republicans to "children who plunge headlong into scrapes, and then come to Washington, as to their parents, to get them out of them."

—Among the many clever people who have lately come from abroad to delight the meek and unwilling pleasure-seekers of New York our German friends have had one of the best, Mrs. CLARA NEYMANN, whose lecture on *Germans and their Task in America* was lately delivered at Liederkranz Hall, East Fourth Street, to a large audience of the most cultivated Germans of New York. The kind things she said of the United States were couched in language so graceful, and came from a face so attractive, that no wonder our Teutonic friends are especially demonstrative in their applause.

—The monument to ALICE and PHŒBE CARY and their sister ELMINA has just been completed and placed at the head of their graves in Greenwood Cemetery—a spot the beauty and calm of which were always sources of delight to ALICE CARY. It will be remembered that soon after the death of ALICE CARY several of her friends made arrangements to erect a monument to her memory, Mr. GREELEY heading the subscription with $100. When her sister PHŒBE died it was determined that the memorial should serve for the three, and a design appropriate was made by CASONI & ISOLA. This monument is of Quincy granite, simple in form, consisting merely of a solid base, die, and caps, with polished shields. Upon the base in raised letters is the name "CARY." The shield in front bears the inscription, "ALICE CARY, born April 26, 1820; died February 12, 1871." On the right-hand shield are the words, "PHŒBE CARY, born September 14, 1824; died July 31, 1871." On the left-hand shield the inscription reads, "ELMINA CARY, wife of ALEXANDER SWIFT, born November 7, 1831; died December 11, 1862." The cost of the monument was $1100, all but $150 of which was subscribed before the work was finished. This balance has since been assumed by the Sorosis Club, of which ALICE CARY was the first president.

—The Hon. and Rev. BAPTIST NOEL, who died in England a few days since, was perhaps as widely known for his "crotchets" as for any extraordinary talent he displayed. He had the prestige that attaches to old families, and gained much notoriety while young by stepping out from fashionable life and becoming a zealous minister of the Gospel. After having filled a few honorable places in the Episcopal Church, he withdrew and became an Anabaptist. His writings were exclusively controversial, and aimed principally at the Church of Rome and Church of England. As a Dissenter he occupied a position he could not have attained as a Churchman; but he was a good man, and had the welfare of his fellow-creatures deeply at heart.

—General BELKNAP having notified the corps of cadets at West Point to hold themselves in readiness to make a reconnaissance in force at Washington at the Inauguration, the ladies of Washington are sailing down under full canvas on Secretary ROBESON to issue a similar order to the middies at Annapolis. The drill of the latter is said to be quite equal to that of the sanguinary young men of the Point.

—The son of LOUIS NAPOLEON is said to be attentive to his studies in the Military Academy at Woolwich. He goes up to class and drills with other youths of the same standing in college, and he joins with them in their amusements. He is a good athlete, and particularly expert at fencing. As he not only reads English but speaks it well, he is enabled to pursue his studies in our language to the same extent as the other students. Special privileges are allowed to him. Instead of residing at the college he has a house of his own outside the walk, young CONNEAU living with him. Then a special bell has been put up in front of his house to give him notice of drill hours, etc. He is particularly boy-like in all his habits and manner. The discipline at the military college is very strict. The young fellows are only allowed to visit such persons as have had their names sent in to the authorities by the parents and guardians, and before a pupil is allowed to visit even one of those persons, a written invitation must have been sent to him. Except during vacation-time, the occasions are very rare on which a pupil is allowed to spend a night out of the college, for the circumstances under which this privilege is granted must be quite out of the ordinary.

—On the first Sunday of the year Père HYACINTHE made his first public appearance in Paris since his change of religious base, delivering an address to a large audience in M. PRESSENSÉ'S chapel. He defined his position as a faithful Catholic, though not accepting certain dogmas.

—The eldest of General SCHENCK'S daughters—who are so pretty, well-educated, and tasteful—is about to be married to the son of a member of Parliament.

—The Duke of Medinaceli, surnamed "The First Gentleman of Spain," died recently in Paris at the age of sixty. He never tried to obtain any political position, although his independent influence was great under every *régime*. He was a kind of Providence impersonated to Spaniards and others in need, and fully realized the Castilian adage attributed to his race, "The MEDINACELI will give even to kings."

—Mrs. Senator STEWART, who has been spending several years with her daughters in Europe, has passed most of her time in the schools where they were placed, sharing their studies.

—Miss HOSMER'S monument to Miss FALCONER, a young English lady who died in Rome, has been placed in the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte, in that city, and is the only sculpture by an American artist to be found in any of the Italian churches.

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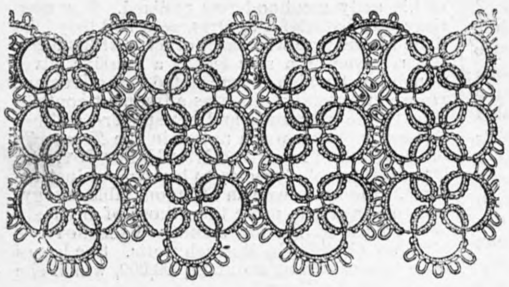


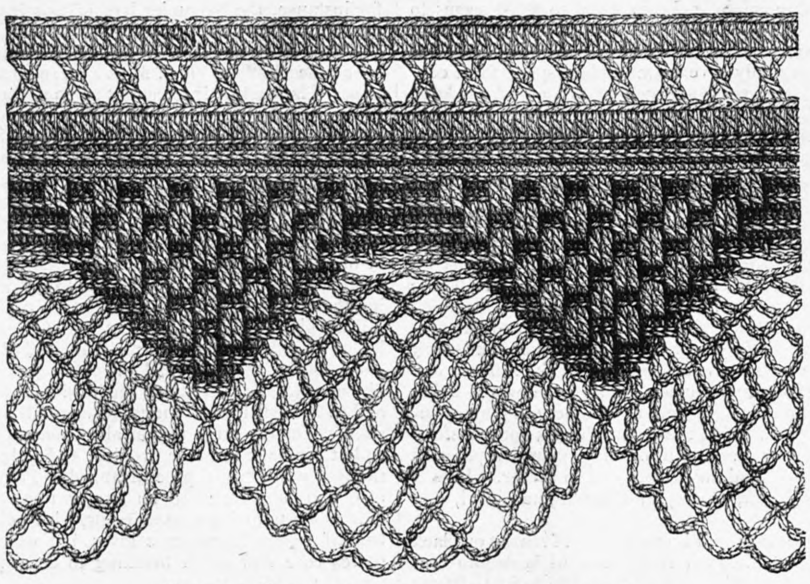
Fig. 1.—TATTED EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Tatted Edgings for Lingerie, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE edgings are suitable for trimming lingerie, articles of linen, etc., and may be worked with fine or coarse tatting cotton, according to the purpose for which they are designed. In the original, No. 100 cotton is used.

The edging Fig. 1 is worked crosswise in one round with two threads (shuttles); the small rings are worked with one thread, and the scallops with two threads, using one for a foundation thread and the other for a working thread, to form the stitches. The rings are always worked with the foundation thread. Work as follows: * 1 ring of 5 ds. (double stitch), 1 p. (picot), 5 ds.; t. (turn the work), 1 scallop of 2 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds.; t., 2 rings like the preceding; instead of forming the middle p. in the first of these rings, fasten to the p. of the ring already finished; t., 1 scallop like the preceding, t., 2 rings and 1 scallop like the preceding, t., 1 ring of 5 ds., fasten to the p. of the preceding ring, 5 ds., t., twice alternately 1 scallop and 1 ring like the preceding, fasten the rings to the same p. to which the preceding ring was fastened, so that a figure of four connected rings is formed. Now complete the next two figures, as yet only half finished, in a similar manner, observing the illustration. After turning the work, work for the upper edge of the edging 1 scallop of 2 ds., 3 p. separated by 2 ds., 2 ds., turn again, and repeat from *, but fasten the next three scallops, instead of forming the middle p., to the corresponding p. of the three scallops last worked, as shown by the illustration.

The edging Fig. 2 is also worked like the preceding, alternately with one and with two threads, but lengthwise in five rounds. For the 1st round work the figures of the outer edge, consisting each of six leaflets or rings, separately as follows: 1 ring of 6 ds., 3 p. separated each by 4 ds., 6 ds.; close to this work 1 ring of 6 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, twice 4 ds., 1 p., then 6 ds.; 4 rings more like the preceding, but the last 2 rings, however, which come on the outer edge of the edging should count 2 p. more, as shown by the illustration, and the last ring is fastened to the first ring; in a similar manner fasten every following figure of this round to the preceding figure, as shown by the illustration. 2d round.—* 1 ring of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., t., 1 scallop of 4 ds., fasten to the next ring in the preceding round as shown by the illustration, 4 ds., t., repeat from *. 3d round.—1 ring of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., t., * 1 scallop of 4 ds., fasten to the next ring of the preceding round, 4 ds., t., 2 rings like the preceding, fasten the first ring to the ring worked previously, t., repeat from *. 4th round.—*1 ring of 4 ds., fasten to the joining p. of the next 2 rings in the preceding round, 4 ds., t., 1 scallop of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., t., 1 ring like the preceding, fasten to the same p., t., repeat from *. 5th round.—Always alternately 1 ring of 4 ds., fasten to the next scallop of the preceding round, 4 ds., and 1 scallop of 3 ds., 2 p. separated by 2 ds., 3 ds.; always turn the work before and after the scallop.



CROCHET EDGING FOR COVERLETS, CURTAINS, ETC.

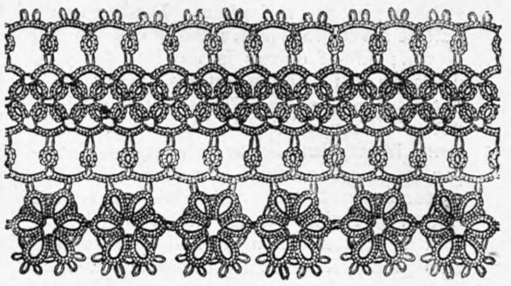


Fig. 2.—TATTED EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Crochet Edging for Coverlets, Curtains, etc.

THIS edging may be worked, according to the purpose for which it is designed, with twisted crochet cotton, or else with knitting cotton. The original is worked with twisted cotton, No. 30. Make a ch. (chain stitch) foundation of the requisite length (the stitches should be divisible by 31), and going back and forth on this, thus turning the work at the end of each round, crochet 5 rounds in sc. (single crochet); in the course of the work always crochet the sc. on the front vein of the sc. in the preceding round, so that the latter project as a rib. 6th round.—* 2 stc. (short treble crochet) on the next 2 st. (stitch) of the third round (always work the stc. on the free upper veins of the corresponding st., so that they are raised on the fourth and fifth rounds); three times alternately 2 sc. on the following 2 st. of the preceding round, 2 stc. on the next 2 st. of the third round, then 5 sc. on the next 5 st. of the preceding round; three times alternately 2 stc. on the next 2 st. of the third round, 2 sc. on the following 2 st. of the preceding round, and repeat from *. 7th round.—On each st. of the preceding round work 1 sc. 8th round.—* Three times alternately 2 sc. on the next 2 st. of the preceding round, 2 stc. on the following 2 st. in the fifth round (the stc. should thus come between the 2 and 2 stc. of the sixth round); 9 sc. on the next 9 st. of the preceding round, 2 stc. on the next 2 free st. of the fifth round; twice alternately 2 sc. on the following 2 st. of the preceding round, 2 stc. on the next 2 free st. of the fifth round; repeat from *. 9th round.—* 14 sc. on the next 14 st. of the preceding round, 7 ch., with these pass over the middle 5 of the 9 sc. of the preceding round, 12 sc. on the following 12 sc., and repeat from *. 10th round.—* Three times alternately 2 stc. on the next 2 free st. of the 7th round, 2 sc. on the following 2 st. of the preceding round, 5 ch., 1 sc. on the middle of the 7 ch., 5 ch., with these pass over 5 st., 2 sc. on the following 2 st. of the preceding round; twice alternately 2 stc. on the next 2 st. of the 7th round, 2 sc. on the following 2 st. of the preceding round; repeat from *. 11th round.—* 11 sc. on the next 11 st. of the preceding round; twice alternately 5 ch., 1 sc. on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop, 5 ch., with these pass over 3 st., 9 sc. on the following 9 st. of the preceding round; repeat from *. In a similar manner work 9 rounds more, observing the illustration. For the upper edge crochet on the other side of the foundation 3 rounds as follows: 1st round.—On each st. work 1 dc. (double crochet). 2d round.—*1 stc. on the next st., but only half finish this stc., so that 1 loop, 1 thread thrown over, and 1 loop remain on the needle, 1 dc. on the second following st., and work off this dc. together with the next loop on the needle, then finish the stc., 1 ch., and 1 dc. on the middle of the cross double crochet thus

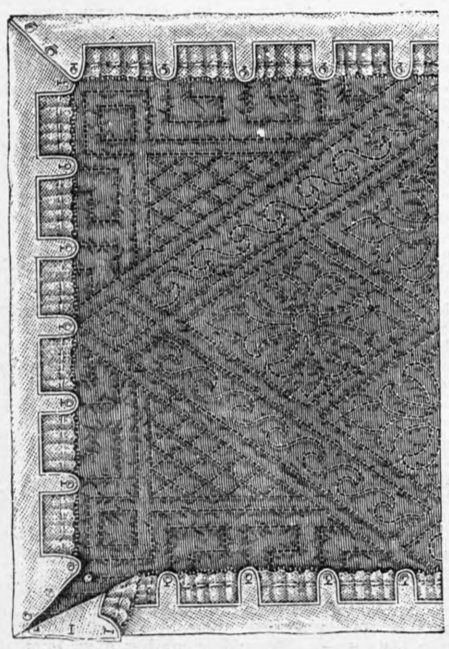


Fig. 3.—SECTION OF QUILT WITH LINEN AND LACE COVER.

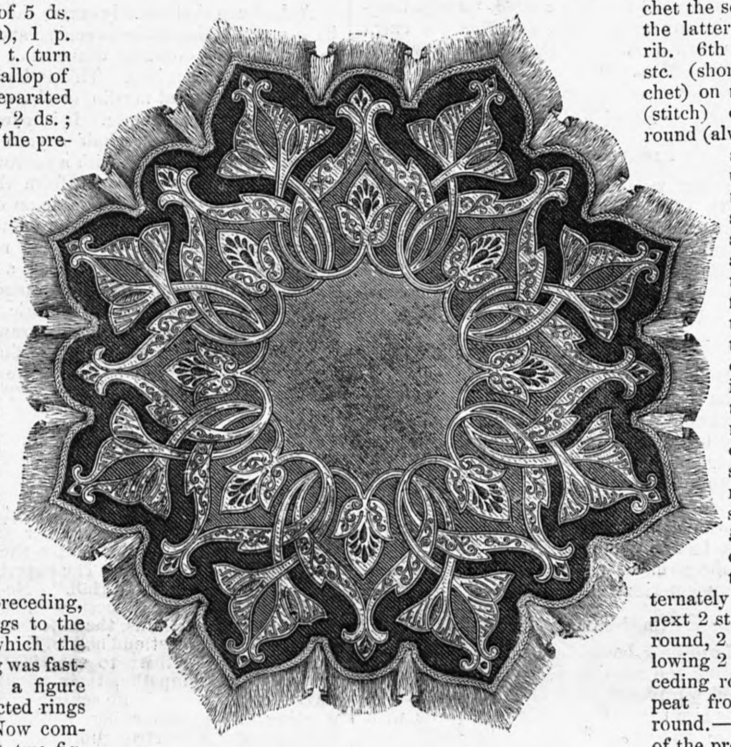


Fig. 1.—LAMP-MAT IN APPLICATION EMBROIDERY.
[See Fig. 2, Page 117.]

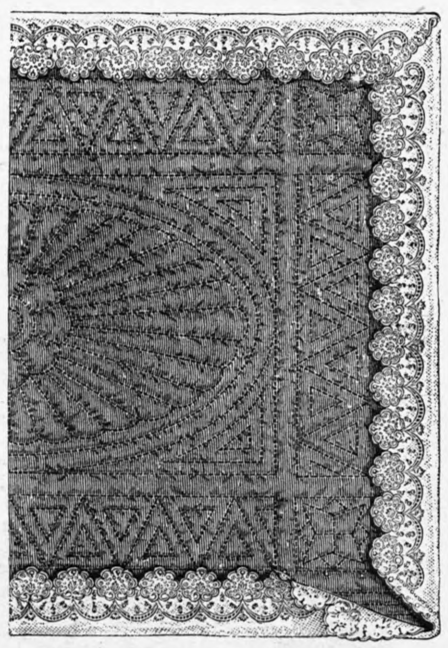


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF QUILT WITH EMBROIDERED LINEN COVER.
For design see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 45.

Fig. 1.—BEDSTEAD WITH BEDDING.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]
For design see Supplement, Nos. XVI. and XVII., Figs. 45 and 46.

Fig. 1.—NEEDLE-WORK BORDER FOR PILLOW-CASES, ETC.

Fig. 2.—NEEDLE-WORK BORDER FOR PILLOW-CASES, ETC.

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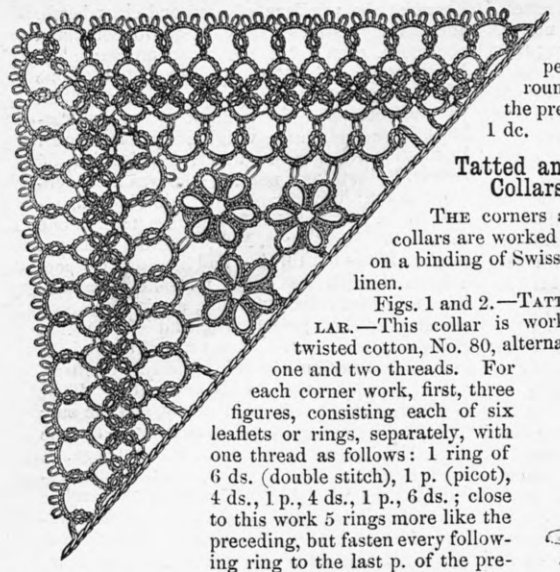


Fig. 1.—TATTED COLLAR. [See Fig. 2.]

formed. Then work 1 ch., pass over 1 st., and repeat from ∗. 3d round.—On each st. of the preceding round work 1 dc.

Tatted and Needle-work Collars, Figs. 1–4.

THE corners and neck of these collars are worked separately, and set on a binding of Swiss muslin, batiste, or linen.

Figs. 1 and 2.—TATTED COLLAR.—This collar is worked with twisted cotton, No. 80, alternately with one and two threads. For each corner work, first, three figures, consisting each of six leaflets or rings, separately, with one thread as follows: 1 ring of 6 ds. (double stitch), 1 p. (picot), 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., 1 p., 6 ds.; close to this work 5 rings more like the preceding, but fasten every following ring to the last p. of the preceding ring instead of forming the first p., and instead of forming the last p. in the last ring, fasten to the first p. of the first ring, then tie the ends of the working thread together and cut them off. This completes one figure. The other two rings, worked in a similar manner, are fastened to the first figure and to each other, as shown by Fig. 1. Border the figures with four rounds consisting of scallops and rings, which are worked similar to the first four rounds of the tatted edging, Fig. 2, illustrated on page 116, observing Fig. 1. The neck of the collar, of which Fig. 2 gives a full-sized section, is worked in a similar manner.

Figs. 3 and 4.—NEEDLE-WORK COLLAR. This collar is worked on fine Swiss muslin and tulle with embroidery cotton. The outlines of all the design figures are overcast. The outlines on the outer edge may be button-hole stitched closely. The bars and wheels inside of the design figures are worked with fine thread. The outer edge of the collar is edged with woven picot braid.

Crochet and Tatted Rosette for Cravats, etc.

THIS rosette is worked with tatting cotton, No. 100. Begin in the centre with 1 ring of 1 ds. (double stitch), 10 p. (picot) separated each by 2 ds., 1 ds. On this ring crochet two rounds as follows: 1st round.—1 sc. (single crochet) on every second following p., after each sc. 7 ch. (chain stitch). 2d round.—On each ch. scallop of the preceding round work 1 sc., 1 sdc. (short double crochet), 6 dc. (double crochet), 1 sdc., 1 sc. Surround the middle figure thus formed with three tatted rounds, each of which is worked with two threads (shuttles): 1st round.—∗ Fasten the threads to the third st. (stitch) of the next scallop, on the foundation thread work 2 ds., 7 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the fifth following st. of the same scallop, then 2 ds., 3 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds.; repeat from ∗. 2d round.—∗ With the foundation thread only work 1 ring of 2 ds., 4 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the middle p. of the next larger scallop of the preceding round, 2 ds., 4 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., t. (turn the work), on the foundation thread work one scallop of 2 ds., 13 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., t., with the foundation thread only work 1 ring of 4 ds., 9 p. separated each by 2 ds., 4 ds., 1 ring of 4 ds., fasten to the last p., 2 ds., 4 p. separated each by 2 ds., fasten to the middle p. of the next small scallop in the preceding round, 2 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 4 ds., 1 ring like the one before the last, instead of forming the first p., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, t., on the foundation thread work 1 scallop like the preceding; repeat from ∗. 3d round.—∗ With the foundation thread only work 1 ring of 2 ds., 3 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the middle p. of the next scallop in the preceding round, 2 ds., 3 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., 1 ring of 2 ds., 7 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., t., on the foundation thread work 1 scallop of 2 ds., 7 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the fourth following p., 1 scallop of 2 ds., 3 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the third p. of the next scallop in the preceding round, 1 scallop of 2 ds., 7 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., t., and repeat from ∗.

SWISS MUSLIN, INSERTION, AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 10.

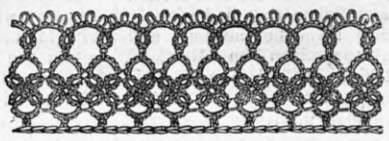
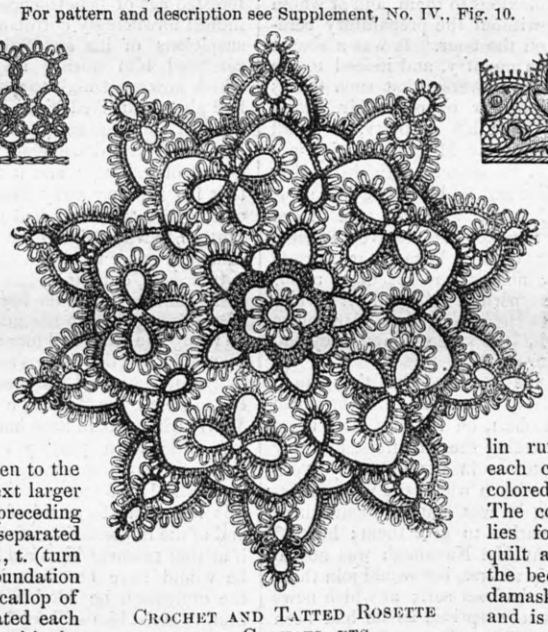


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF TATTED COLLAR, FIG. 1.



CROCHET AND TATTED ROSETTE FOR CRAVATS, ETC.

Fig. 4.—SECTION OF NEEDLE-WORK COLLAR, FIG. 3.

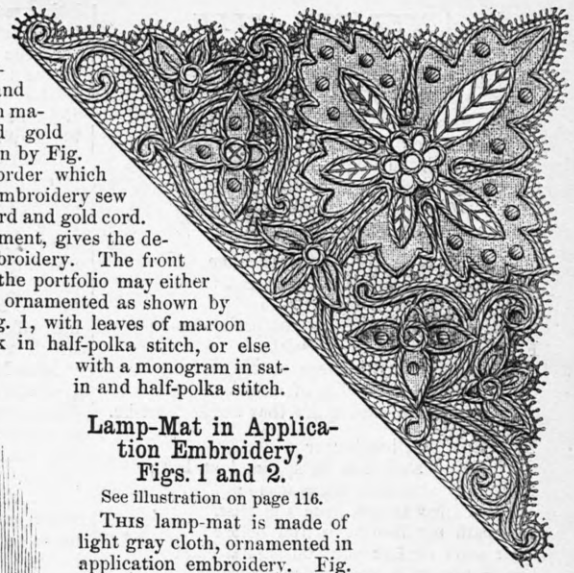


Fig. 3.—NEEDLE-WORK COLLAR. [See Fig. 4.]

Lamp-Mat in Application Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustration on page 116.

THIS lamp-mat is made of light gray cloth, ornamented in application embroidery. Fig. 1, page 116, shows the full mat reduced in size, and Fig. 2 shows a full-sized section of the mat. For those parts of the outer edge which appear darkest in the illustrations apply red cloth, for the medium shades blue cloth, and for the lightest parts white cloth. The satin stitch embroidery on several white design figures is worked with blue saddler's silk; the lines and arabesque drawings are worked in half-polka stitch with yellow silk. All the design figures are edged with fine yellow silk cord. Instead of this, the outlines of the design figures may be worked in half-polka or chain stitch with yellow saddler's silk. The outer edge of the mat is bordered with coarse yellow silk braid and with silk fringe of the same color; the fringe may be gray instead of yellow. A lining of gray woolen reps with an interlining of card-board completes the lamp-mat.

Bedstead with Bedding, Figs. 1–3.

See illustrations on page 116.

THIS bedstead is of walnut, with inlaid and raised ornaments of ebony and bronze. The bedding consists of a green silk quilt with fine linen cover, embroidered on the outer edge, which is buttoned on the quilt. Figs. 2 and 3 give two patterns for quilts. The cover of the quilt Fig. 2 is of linen, ornamented in English embroidery, for which Fig. 45, Supplement, gives the design (including the crosswise side of one corner). The cover of the quilt Fig. 3 is cut in tabs on the outer edge and button-hole stitched; a piece of pleated lace is set between every two tabs. The pillow-case is also of fine linen, ornamented on the edge with netted guipure insertion and with an embroidery figure in each corner. The next Supplement number will contain a full-sized illustration of the pillow-case. The pillow is trimmed on the edge with two Swiss muslin ruffles, and on each corner with a colored ribbon bow. The coverlet, which lies folded on the quilt at the foot of the bed, may be of damask, percale, etc., and is edged on the outer edge with lace or ruffles. The curtains are of Swiss muslin, trimmed with a wide embroidered border; Fig. 46, Supplement, gives the design for the border. The embroidery is worked in satin and half-polka stitch; tulle is underlaid for the parts of the design marked with small ×'s. The upper open-work edge of the border is worked in English embroidery.

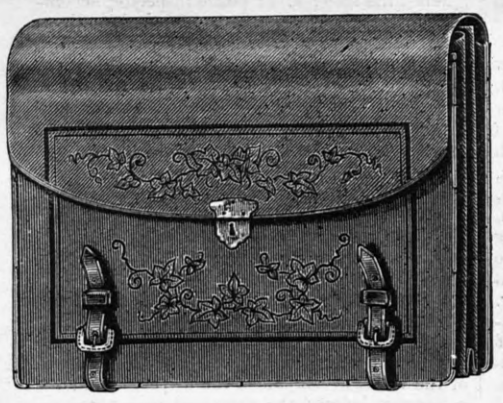


Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED PORTFOLIO.—FRONT.
For design see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 26.

Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED PORTFOLIO.—BACK.
For design see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 26.

Embroidered Portfolio, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS portfolio is designed for holding valuable papers, etc. It is of inlaid maroon Russia leather, brass bound on the edges, and furnished with leather straps and buckles and a metal clasp with lock. The back of the portfolio is ornamented in embroidery simulating the emblems of commerce, in half-polka stitch and point Russe with maroon silk and gold thread, as shown by Fig. 2. For the border which surrounds the embroidery sew on silk round cord and gold cord. Fig. 26, Supplement, gives the design for the embroidery. The front of the portfolio may either be ornamented as shown by Fig. 1, with leaves of maroon silk in half-polka stitch, or else with a monogram in satin and half-polka stitch.

Needle-work Borders for Pillow-Cases, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 116.

THESE borders are worked on linen, batiste, or Swiss muslin with embroidery cotton in satin and half-polka stitch. The dotted parts of the designs may be filled in with backstitching. For the open-work edge of the border Fig. 2 work a row of hem-stitching, or else crochet an open-work round of double crochet.

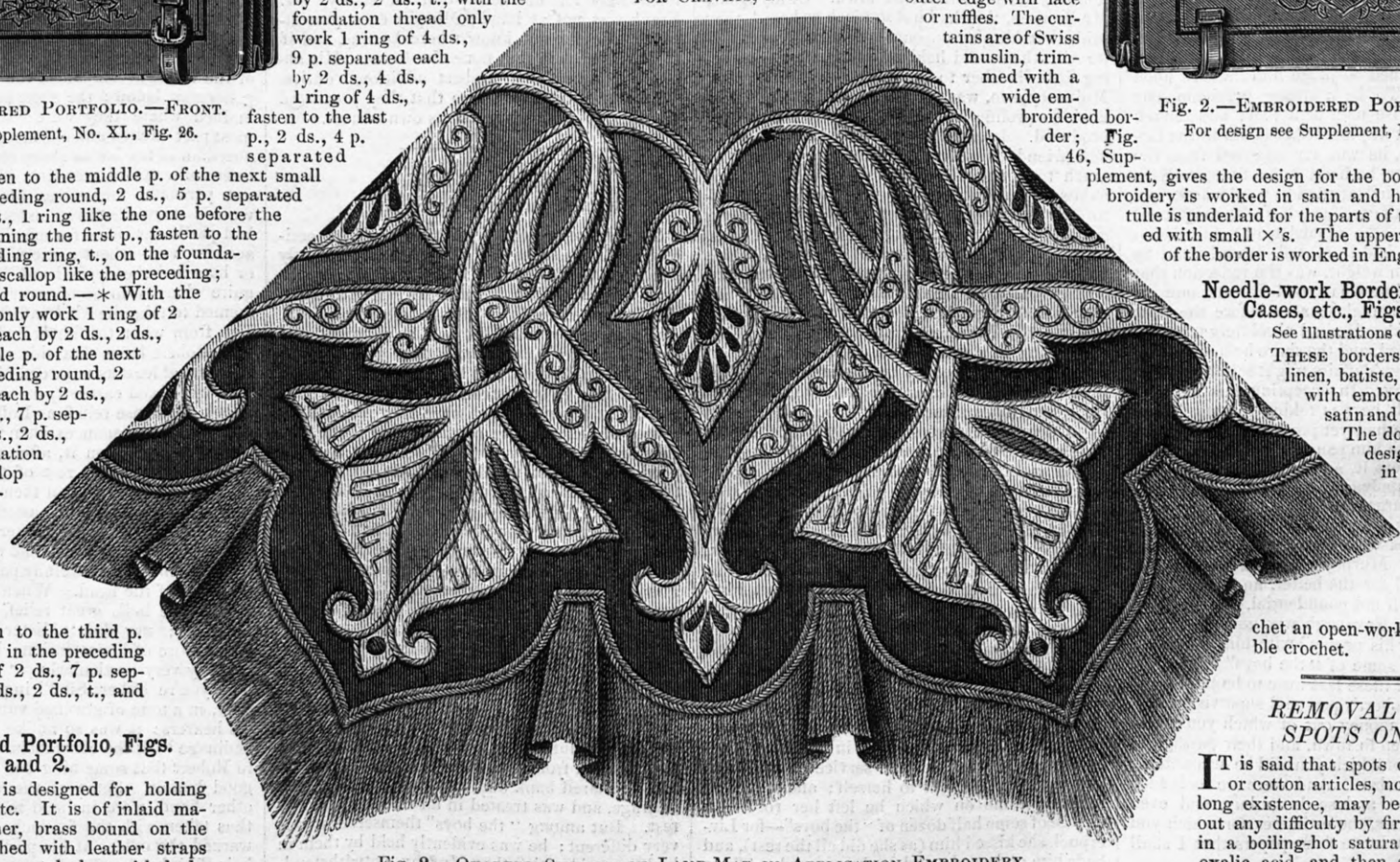


Fig. 2.—QUARTER SECTION OF LAMP-MAT IN APPLICATION EMBROIDERY. FULL SIZE.—[See Fig. 1, Page 116.]

REMOVAL OF RUST SPOTS ON LINEN.

IT is said that spots of rust on linen or cotton articles, no matter of how long existence, may be removed without any difficulty by first dipping them in a boiling-hot saturated solution of oxalic acid, and then sprinkling them with very fine tin filings.

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AFTER THE APPLE.

By KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

Behind me clang the golden doors
No strength of mine may ope again;
Before me stretch the wild, waste shores
These hands to harvest fields must train.
My last look, turning to the skies
Of Eden that I lose to-day,
Sees but the lightnings of your eyes,
Like flaming swords to bar the way.

You stand there, in your innocence,
Amazed, indignant at such end:
Judging a passion too intense
For unformed souls to comprehend.
From you within to me without
A distance as from sea to sea
Outbroadens—the abyss of doubt
'Twixt dream and wake that needs must be.

Yet think not, howsoever wide,
That gulf shall not be spanned at last;
Nor fancy shoreless deeps divide
The exiled future from the past.
The path my feet have trod before
Or soon or late you too shall tread:
I may not walk your Eden more,
But you will come to me instead.

For, various of taste, I trow
That, since our common mother's fall,
Some fruit upon that self-same bough
Hath ripened for the lips of all;
And hang it low or hang it high,
And be the flavor sour or sweet,
For you in turn the time draws nigh
To pluck the apple and to eat.

Till then perchance 'tis well your eyes
Should scathe me with their ignorant scorns;
Go shelter in your Paradise,
And leave me here among the thorns.
But when you too, without the gates,
Look, shuddering, o'er the desert bare,
Then turn—and pardon one who waits
To make a pathway for you there.

MURPHY'S MASTER.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "A Woman's Vengeance," "Bred in the Bone," "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

IN CHARGE.

While Robert was still hesitating whether to remain where he was, alone, or to return to Mulvaney's, Murphy reappeared, and bade him accompany him into the town to procure his outfit, for which Mr. Denton had provided the means. The warning which he had just received respecting the danger of the connection he was thus about to form was still ringing in his ears, and had not been without its effect; it had manifestly been given out of gratitude to himself, and not at all with any desire to prejudice him against his would-be benefactor; and, moreover, the very fact of Kavanagh's having concealed his own name (as he had manifestly done) from one on such intimate relations with him as "Miss Mary" was no small corroboration of her words. If he was "Mr. Wilson" to *her*, it was pretty certain that he had very valid reasons for adopting an alias as respected others; and an alias, as even Robert was aware, is not ordinarily used except by persons who are at odds with the law of the land. On the other hand, from certain obscure hints and more openly expressed sentiments which he had heard both from Murphy and Mrs. Mulvaney, he had reason to believe that the offenses, if any, which Mr. Kavanagh had committed were of a political character, connected with some discontented faction in Ireland, and he was not inclined to judge him harshly upon that account. To be a strong politician, one needs to be a wise man or a fool; and though Robert could not at present lay claim to the former designation, he was far removed from the latter. Moreover, he had taken a liking to Kavanagh, and personal attraction would have had force enough in his case (as it has with most men) to have overcome the repulsion of political disagreement, even had it existed. Lastly, but by no means least in weight, was the reflection that if he should decline what good Fortune now offered to him, he might starve before the next turn of her wheel. He had absolutely no other means of livelihood, and the share he had already taken in Kavanagh's affairs might seriously affect his procuring any. In accepting this outfit at his hands, he felt he was taking the most decisive step that life had yet presented to him, and it might well give him pause. In the end, however, he did accept it, and what seemed to him a most ample supply of clothes and other necessaries into the bargain.

The sense of his having thus thrown in his lot with his new master seemed also to extend to his companion. Murphy's manner toward him at once changed for the better, and he became communicative, if not confidential. He informed him that Mr. Kavanagh was going to take a good many of "his people" with him to foreign parts, including some of "the boys" from Mulvaney's, and that these last were to be put for the present under Robert's personal supervision.

"Here is the money out of which you are to pay for their keep in town, and their passage to Liverpool, and for which you will be accountable to the young masther. And there are tools such as emigrants use and seeds to buy, and even ready-made houses, the estimates for which you will make out at home from papers that I shall give you."

If Murphy's master had been the most calculating man alive, instead of the most impulsive, he could never have hit upon a better plan to insure the zeal and fidelity of his new adherent. To be trusted with money and the conduct of affairs was a compliment that a young man of Robert's character thoroughly appreciated, while his simplicity did not permit him to perceive that the work thus provided for him at Mrs. Mulvaney's would have the effect of keeping him well employed and close within-doors. Indeed, when Murphy added a hint—very different from his former imperative injunctions—as to the inexpediency of appearing in public, his young companion took it in excellent part, and assured him that he considered his previous promise to keep himself concealed was still binding. From all which we may gather that while Robert and "Miss Mary" were having their private interview above stairs Mr. Murphy had once more met Mr. Denton below, and had received from him instructions which had the same force as though they had come from the "young masther" in person.

For the remainder of his stay at Mulvaney's, which extended for several days, Robert could no more complain of finding time heavy on his hands. The accounts which he had to deal with were really upon an extensive scale, and demanded his best attention, and when he was not engaged with them the specimens of humanity placed under his control afforded him occupation of another sort. From the observations that he had formerly taken of these through the parlor window he had set them down as being at once both shy and suspicious; but as soon as they understood from Murphy the powers that had been delegated to his young companion, they at once threw off that character, and toward himself at least became all artlessness and candor. From them, indeed, he learned far more of their own affairs and of those of his employer than perhaps the latter had bargained for. Mr. Frank Kavanagh was, it seemed, the proprietor of a large estate in Tipperary, and had been mixed up with certain illegal proceedings which these gentlemen euphoniously termed "the Troubles." He was beloved by his tenants, or, at all events, by the poorer portion of them; and having failed in some experiment he had attempted, or caused others to attempt, for their benefit—which Robert could not but suspect was no less than a revolution—was now assisting them to emigrate. He had, on the other hand, a younger brother, Louis, who was obnoxious to them, and of whom they never spoke without the preparatory ceremony of spitting on the floor. It was a shame and disgrace to the country, and indeed to the administration of the universe, that such things should be, but somehow or other Mr. Frank had been ousted from his property, or at all events a portion of it, by Mr. Louis, who was little better than a Sassenach, notwithstanding the good blood that ran in his veins, but so it was; and now, disgusted with this side of the world, the young masther had resolved to push his fortune in the other. What that fortune might be they did not care to speculate upon, so long as they were permitted to share it; while of the voyage before them, as well as of the place—Australia—to which they were bound, they had the most inaccurate notions.

To begin with, they believed that they would only be at sea for a day or two, and that the world was quite flat. Robert, on his part, told them what he knew respecting these matters, but they took very little interest in them. They were chiefly solicitous to learn where the young masther was, and what he was doing; about which he had no information to give them: he told them, however, that Mr. Kavanagh was not to be on board the ship at first, but would join them somewhere, after it had set sail; at which news they seemed to be as surprised as he had been himself, and somewhat cast down. Of his agent, Mr. Denton, they had not so much as heard, they said; but Murphy appeared to be a great favorite with them, and held in much respect, as being foster-brother to the young masther. Mrs. Mulvaney, too, was as good a soul as Ould Ireland, so prolific in excellent persons, had ever produced. It could not be denied that Robert's new friends were grossly ignorant, devoted as much to liquor as to patriotism, dirty in their habits, dependent in their ideas, and so far affording as strong a contrast to his own character as could be imagined; but they had, nevertheless, some admirable qualities of their own, which made themselves at least equally apparent, and on the whole he liked them very well. They were faithful, grateful, trustful, and, as is only possible with Irishmen, contrived somehow, without having any thing to bestow, to exhibit an extraordinary generosity to one another. They were full of good humor, too, and fun, the latter being sometimes of such an uproarious description as to demand the personal interference of the widow, who, on such occasions, did not hesitate to put it down, very literally, with the strong hand. To this domestic police they were submissive enough; and perhaps Mrs. Mulvaney's method of dealing with "these children of a larger growth" might have been, in some respects, imitated with advantage by some very superior authorities. Her behavior toward Robert himself, though uniformly kind and pleasant, was not what it had been; nor was she on the same familiar footing with Murphy as before their quarrel. To the latter, indeed, her manner had become quite stiff and formal, while to Robert it was only reticent, and not unmingled, as it struck him, with a sort of silent pity.

Whatever she may have had in her mind, however, respecting him or the service on which he had entered, she kept to herself; and when the morning came on which he left her roof—in charge of some half dozen of "the boys"—for Liverpool, she kissed him (as she did all the rest), and bade him godspeed; and so they parted. There was, nevertheless, a certain doubtful trembling in her honest voice as she spoke that farewell, which did not escape Robert Chesney's notice, and somehow recalled to him the warning that he had received in Herne Street from lips more fair, but not more friendly. It was much too late, however, even if he had wished to do so, to recede from what he had undertaken now, and though the circumstance recurred to him afterward, he forgot it in the incidents of the journey; while, on his arrival at Liverpool, where he reported himself at Lloyd Brothers', according to instructions, he found a letter awaiting him from Lizzy, the contents of which, together with the duties that devolved upon him with respect to the emigrants, gave him plenty of other occupation for his thoughts. Mrs. Alston, always in delicate health, had fallen ill, dangerously so, as he could read through poor Lizzy's transparent expressions of hope—and there was bad news, in another way, of James. The latter was a somewhat morose-tempered lad, easily led where dissipation was in view, and of idle habits. Brought up to assist his father in his duties as gamekeeper, he had contracted a taste for sport, which he was not now in a position to gratify without the most serious risks, though placed amidst the greatest temptations to do so. Disappointed in the hope of succeeding to his father's post, and doing only occasional work for a neighboring farmer, he lived on at the old place, where the hares started under his feet, and the pheasants whirred about his ears, with more spare time on his hands than was good for him, and not without acquaintances to point out how profitably he might spend it. In a word, he had taken to poaching—a pursuit which in his case could not long escape detection. Nay, by one person at least it had already been detected; and herein lay for Robert Chesney the bitterest news of all. The man who had discovered the crime was John Rowland, his own step-father, and the use he was making of his knowledge was to endeavor to win Lizzy for himself. Robert could see that, though Lizzy at present could not. She only spoke of Mr. Rowland's forbearance in having spared her brother for her sake, and of his unlooked-for forethought in not having revealed the delinquency to her mother, upon whom such a discovery might just now have had fatal effects.

To be poor, alas! is often to be powerless, and Robert could do no more than warn the innocent girl against the wiles of one whom he himself knew far too well to believe capable of a disinterested act of benevolence. Lizzy's letter had indeed unwittingly corroborated for him certain suspicions of his step-father that had already rendered him uneasy upon her account, and which now went nigh to madden him. Rowland had always disliked him; but of late months his conduct had been so systematically cruel that he had found it hard to explain it, save on one ground—that of jealousy; and it now occurred to him that his running away from home was the very object that this man had desired, and that his brutal behavior might even have been in part assumed in order to obtain that end.

Outraged, outwitted, but also a penniless outcast, what could he do beyond putting the unsuspecting girl upon her guard? When he went on board the ship, and found it crowded not with men only, but their wives and daughters, how he longed to have had the means at his disposal to have offered the Alstons a passage to the New World: if he could have had his Lizzy with him, safe alike from poverty and persecution, how light of heart, how strong of hope, would he not have been! So enraptured, indeed, was he with this idea that, forgetful of her mother's illness, and of the impossibility of the ship being delayed, if at that moment he could have seen his patron, he would have besought him, notwithstanding the obligation he felt himself already under to him, to assist him still further in this strait. But fortunately for his reputation for sanity, Mr. Frank was not at hand; Murphy even protested that he did not know where he was, and if so, it was certain that none else knew. His absence entailed upon Robert additional duties, which were so far welcome that they prevented his mind from dwelling on its own sorrow.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUTWARD BOUND.

There were more than two hundred emigrants of both sexes and all ages, though mostly adults, on board the ship, and out of these about sixty came from Mr. Kavanagh's estate, and had their expenses wholly or in part defrayed by him. These were for the most part as ignorant and helpless as the contingent Robert had brought with him from town, and he had the supervision of them all; to supplement their too scanty outfits, or, in the rare cases when they had a little money of their own, to restrain them from purchasing unnecessary articles, was only a small portion of his task, which extended from keeping their accounts to locating them in their respective berths. Mr. Denton was ill, much worse, to all appearance, than when Robert had met him in town, and was recommended by the doctors not to go on board until the last moment; and Murphy, from his ignorance, and bad example as respected indulgence in drink, was worse than useless as a coadjutor. One man only was of help to Robert—a weather-beaten, wiry old fellow of sixty years of age or so, whom "the boys" called Mister Maguire. The "Maguire" was open to little question, but the reason of the "Mister" was by no means self-evident. Except that he had a more intelligent air, his appearance in no way differed from that of his fellow-emigrants; and he shared bunk and board with them in the steerage, and was treated in all respects like the rest. But among "the boys" themselves it was very different; he was evidently held by them in higher consideration than Murphy, notwithstanding that that gentleman enjoyed (as did Robert likewise) the privilege of a second-class berth, and his suggestions rarely failed to command obedience, even from the most unreasonable. His assistance, therefore, was invaluable to one whose delegated authority—in the absence of him who had bestowed it—would not otherwise, perhaps, have had much weight; and, moreover, in matters relating to shipboard—of which, of course, Robert knew nothing—he was thoroughly at home: it was pretty certain, indeed, although he did not parade the fact, that at one time in his life, at least, Mr. Maguire had been a sailor. It was not till they had been at Liverpool a week that all was ready for sailing (for the ship, being for emigrants only, awaited the convenience of her passengers), and Mr. Denton came on board. He looked very white and ill, and was carried up the side on a sort of litter, and at once conveyed to his own cabin. That of Mr. Kavanagh still stood empty, and the only tidings of him were as vague as before—that he "would join them somewhere on the voyage."

On a certain Saturday morning, the tide serving and the wind being favorable, the anchor was weighed, and the ship set sail. A few minutes after she began to move a large black boat shot out from one of the docks ahead of them, and pulled straight for the vessel.

"What is that?" asked Robert, who was standing on the forecastle, of Maguire, who stood beside him.

"That's the police galley," returned he, with a crooked smile, which might, however, have been caused by his having his pipe in his mouth. "I only wish I was the steersman."

"Why?" inquired Robert, simply.

"Because, with this free wind and some unskillful handling of the wheel, there might be a lucky accident."

It was impossible, from his sarcastic tone, as well as from the truculent expression of his eyes, to doubt that what Mr. Maguire intended to express was that he would run her down. Robert had seen enough of his new companions to feel small surprise at any enmity they might exhibit toward the police authorities, whether on land or sea; still, his companion's views in that quarter did seem a little "advanced," considering the smallness of the provocation for them.

"Is it unusual, then," asked he, "for the police to board vessels at the last moment? They don't mean any particular harm to us, I suppose?"

"I never heard of their meaning any particular good," returned the other, grimly.

Robert himself began to feel uncomfortable: occupied with his own sorrows, and still more with his multifarious duties, he had almost forgotten the apprehensions under which he had labored while at Mulvaney's, but at this moment all the incidents of that night in which he had first made acquaintance with his present patron recurred to him. Kavanagh, indeed, was not on board, but he himself and Murphy were, and it was more than possible that it was on their account that this unwelcome visit was about to be paid. Without absolutely wishing that Mister Maguire was at the wheel, he regarded the approach of the galley with considerable anxiety as it drew nearer and nearer. Presently it reached the ship; and a police inspector, accompanied by two men armed with pistol and cutlass, came on board. The captain was summoned, a written parchment handed to him, and then orders were given to slacken sail, and for all hands, except the women and children, to come on deck. The inspector, with the list of the passengers in his hand, first compared the numbers.

"There are two cabin passengers on the list," observed he, curtly.

"There are so," replied the captain: "one is Mr. Denton, whom you will find below, ill in his cot; the other is Mr. Kavanagh, not come on board."

"That remains to be seen," said the inspector, significantly. "I must search the ship, and then examine all here. See that no one leaves the deck. Where is this Mr. Denton?" An officer of the vessel accompanied the inspector and one policeman below; the crew and passengers remained where they were; the latter, for the most part excited and alarmed, and watching the guardian of the law as sheep regard a dog, whose intentions, notwithstanding his office, they can not persuade themselves are friendly. Some wore a more dismayed aspect, as though they had particular cause for misgivings on their own account, and others a more menacing, as fear or hate had the upper hand. Murphy and Maguire alone, who stood apart by the bulwarks, seemed to take the whole affair as one of course. Yet, from what the latter had just observed to him, Robert knew that this was far from being the case, at least as regarded Maguire; both had their eyes fixed earnestly on the after-deck; and a look of intense relief, as Robert fancied, came over their countenances when presently the three men appeared upon it, after their examination of the cabins. The rest of the ship was next thoroughly searched, and then commenced a personal examination of the astonished passengers. This was proceeded with after a very extraordinary fashion: every man had to take off his cap, while the inspector carefully passed his hand over the front of the head. When he came to Chesney, to the lad's great relief, he did not delay a second; nor did "Mister Maguire" occupy much more of his attention; but he scrutinized Murphy very particularly. "Is it a lock of my hair you're afther, Sir?" inquired that gentleman, in a tone of gratified vanity that convulsed his hearers: it was so unlike him to indulge in badinage with the constabulary, that it was clear to Robert that something had put him into high good humor. Some of the emigrants, on the other hand, were inclined to resent this liberty thus taken with the forelocks, and one of them warned the officer at his peril not to touch one hair of his head. But here, again, Murphy turned the matter into mirth, by observing: "Sure,

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Mike, and do you suppose the officer would do it if so be he hadn't got his gloves on?" Finally, the captain himself contributed his quota to the general amusement by taking off his cap and exhibiting a head almost entirely bald, which he begged to offer to the consideration of the examiner. The search having thus proved fruitless, the inspector and his myrmidons took their leave, and the vessel, which had slackened sail in obedience to his orders, resumed her course.

Though cold, the weather was clear and bright, and the sea-air and sunshine rapidly restored Robert Chesney's spirits. He had the utmost confidence in Lizzy's fidelity to himself; and since all had been done in putting her on her guard that could be done, what use was there in dwelling on what might after all be an imaginary trouble? So Youth, with its practical good sense, can reason, while Age, bowed by sad experience, carries the burden in anticipation. He had an exemption, too, from another sort of trouble, from which youth has by no means a universal immunity: he never felt seasick, except when his duties called him to visit his charges in the steerage, which offered a scene that is, very literally, better imagined than described. Irishmen make good soldiers, but they are not good sailors—at least to begin with. Their wit died out of them, their sentimental regrets vanished; their pigs, their potatoes, their potheen, nay, patriotism itself, were all forgotten in the wretched excitement of that game of pitch-and-toss, in which their all, or what seemed their all, was lost twenty times a day. Even the absence of the young masther was for the time no longer commented upon by his unhappy adherents. On the other hand, it began to disturb Robert very much. To them the assurance that Mr. Kavanagh would join them on the voyage had been perfectly satisfactory: there were doubtless a dozen ports between Liverpool and Australia, at any one of which they might touch, and behold him on the quay. But to one whose geographical knowledge was more accurate, matters began to look very suspicious. If the recent visit of the officers of justice had been foreseen, it was easy to understand why Mr. Kavanagh had not put in an appearance; and Robert had judged it probable that he had embarked on board some fishing smack, or other vessel, for the purpose of being picked up when the *Star of Erin* (as their own ship was named) had got some few miles down the Channel. But as time went on, and they began to near the open sea, this expectation grew less and less, till it faded altogether. He would have insisted upon an explanation from Mr. Denton but that that gentleman was reported to be mortally ill, and none but Murphy (out of whom he could get nothing but evasive replies) was admitted to his cabin. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to await as patiently as he could the course of events. He would certainly not have embarked on board the *Star of Erin* had he not believed that Mr. Kavanagh was to have accompanied him; but, after all, he had had his passage paid to the New World, and was even in receipt of a small salary as general manager for his patron's clients. In this capacity, indeed, he enjoyed a considerable consideration, not only with the emigrants, but even with the captain himself. They had been at sea nearly a week, and were out of sight of land, when that gentleman, being engaged on deck one evening, happened to request Robert to fetch for him some article out of his cabin. To obey this request it was necessary to pass the door of Mr. Denton's berth, and as he did so he was surprised to hear from within it the sound of uproarious laughter. It was Murphy's laugh, to be sure, but it seemed strange that even Murphy should indulge in such hilarity at the bedside of one supposed to be dangerously ill. On his return, not only was the sound renewed, but the cabin door opened just as he was about to pass it, and out came both Murphy and Maguire, the former evidently in the highest spirits, the latter cold and quiet-looking as usual.

"I am glad Mr. Denton is better," observed Robert, significantly. "I hope there is now no reason why I should be denied admittance to him?"

"He's ill—he's very ill still," began Murphy, becoming suddenly sedate and sad.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Maguire, contemptuously. "Why keep up this farce, Dick, before Mr. Chesney, who, after all, is one of ourselves?—Mr. Denton can hardly be seen to-night, Sir, being, in point of fact—"

"Under the influence of a sleeping-draught," interrupted Murphy, gravely.

"Just so," continued Maguire; "but if you require a plain answer to a plain question or two, I shall be happy to tell you all you want to know over a pipe on the foksale."

Robert thought it strange enough that he should be thus referred to "Mister Maguire" for an explanation of such importance, but he was too desirous of obtaining it to do aught than close with the offer. In a few minutes the two were seated under shelter from the freshening breeze, each with a pipe in his mouth; they were quite alone, except for the watch—the emigrants being all in their bunks even at that comparatively early hour: a thousand stars were shining overhead; the breeze rang in the shrouds, but there was no other sound, save when a wave larger than common struck the vessel on her quarter, and made her shiver from stem to stern.

"Now what is it you want to know, young man?" inquired Maguire.

"I want to know several things," replied Robert, piqued by his companion's tone, and also, perhaps, by the reflection that a confidence had been reposed in him which had been denied to himself. "Firstly, why have I been told by Mr. Denton that Mr. Kavanagh, my employer, was to join us on our voyage, when that was not the case?"

"Let us confine ourselves to facts," replied the other, puffing slowly at his pipe. "Leave out 'when that was not the case,' and the answer is easy: Mr. Kavanagh is on board the ship at this present moment."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HARDY PLANTS AND SHRUBS OF CURIOUS FOLIAGE.

ONE of our lady readers requests some information on this subject, but before proceeding to give it, it is necessary to have a distinct understanding as to the meaning of the term "hardy." Among horticulturists it is used in a strict sense to designate plants, shrubs, or trees that can resist the effects of the cold in the latitude in which they are planted, so that the term becomes relative, for a plant may be hardy at New York city and not hardy at Albany or Boston. Half-hardy plants are those that require protection in winter by being strawed up or cased in by boards, or by being kept in a cold frame or pit not artificially heated; tender plants are those that require protection in winter in structures artificially heated, such as a greenhouse or a warm pit. There is another class of plants, however, that by some persons are called "hardy," which thrive well during the summer, become dormant during the autumn, and can be kept in a cellar free of frost during the winter, and be replanted in the garden again the ensuing summer; of this class are the cannas, some caladiums, gladiolas, dahlias, tuberoses, and others; it is to such plants, we presume, our lady reader alludes. These we will notice after giving the information sought in regard to the really hardy shrubs and plants of the class designated, premising that, unless otherwise noted, they are all hardy as far north as the southern parts of New Hampshire and Vermont.

SHRUBS WITH COLORED AND VARIEGATED FOLIAGE.

Variegated-leaved Althea.—Of this there are two sorts; the best is the one originated by Mr. Buist, of Philadelphia; it is constant in its variegation, which the other sort is not.

Purple-leaved Barberry.—Has reddish-purple leaves.

Variegated-leaved Corchorus.—A dwarf-growing variety of the well-known corchorus of recent introduction.

Cornus, or *Dogwood.*—Of this there is a variegated-leaved variety of the red-twigged species; a variety of the Cornelian cherry, with the foliage variegated with white, very fine; and a variety of the Siberian dogwood, in which the foliage is dark green with a yellow stripe down the centre of the leaf. There is also a very beautiful variegated-leaved dogwood from Japan, but it is not yet in the nursery catalogues.

Deutzia gracilis.—There is a variegated-leaved variety of this lovely little shrub.

Elder-berry.—Of this common shrub there are a silver-leaved, a golden-leaved, and a margined-leaved variety, and of another species (*Sambucus racemosus*) there is also a variety with beautifully variegated leaves.

Hazel-nut.—A variety of this shrub with large dark purple leaves is very distinct and showy.

Hydrangea.—Of this there are two varieties with variegated leaves, one having yellow and the other white markings; they require a moist, shady situation, and to be strawed up in winter.

Privet, or *Prim.*—There is a variety of this shrub that has yellow and yellow-blotched and green leaves on the same plant.

Snow-berry.—Of this there is a variety with finely variegated foliage.

Spirea opulifolia.—There is a variety of this species with conspicuous yellow-tinted foliage.

Viburnum plicatum.—A beautiful variety of this elegant shrub, with finely variegated leaves, has been recently introduced from Japan, but it is not yet placed in the nursery catalogues.

Weigela amabilis.—Of this there are two variegated-leaved varieties, one being much dwarfer than the other. We think the taller one the finest of the two; it is a beautiful shrub.

Daphne cneorum.—Of this lovely little shrub there is a golden variegated-leaved variety; it requires a covering of leaves in winter. It is evergreen.

Euonymus radicans.—A variety of this has glaucous green leaves edged with white; it trails on the ground like running myrtle. *E. japonica.*—Of this species there are several varieties with variegated foliage of different markings and various shaped leaves. They are evergreen, and require strawing up in winter or being protected with cedar branches. *E. europæus*, or *Spindle-tree.*—Of this there are a purple-leaved and a variegated-leaved variety, both pretty.

Viburnum opulus, the *Snow-ball*, or *Guelder Rose.*—Of this there is a variegated-leaved variety, and also a similar variety of another species, *V. lantana.*

Syringa, or *Mock-orange.*—There is a variegated-leaved variety of this well-known plant, and also a similar variety of another species known as *Philadelphus nepalensis.*

Salix caprea.—Of this species of shrubby willow there are two variegated-leaved varieties; one in which the foliage is green and white, and another known as *S. caprea tricolor*, in which the edges of the leaves are tinted with red. The first is a strong-growing shrub, and the latter of dwarfer growth.

Tree Box.—There are two varieties of this shrub with variegated foliage—one with gold stripes, the other with yellow stripes. North of New York they will require protection with cedar boughs.

Cissus quinquefolia.—This is a very pretty climber, of which there is a variety with mottled foliage.

Lonicera brachypoda.—The golden variegated-leaved variety of this honeysuckle is one of, if not the finest of all the hardy variegated-leaved shrubs. If we could only grow one climber it should be this.

SHRUBS WITH PECULIAR FOLIAGE.

Elder-berry.—There is a laciniated or cut-leaved variety of our common elder; and also another variety called *Sambucus heterophylla*, in which the leaves are of various shapes.

Persian Lilac.—There is a cut-leaved variety of this shrub which is very desirable on account of its graceful growth as well as its flowers.

Mahonia aquifolia.—Is a beautiful evergreen plant with bright deep green prickly foliage and showy yellow flowers. *M. japonica* has similar colored large pinnate prickly foliage; and *M. nepalensis* has similar pinnate foliage of a yellowish-green color. All three are of a striking character.

Aralia japonica.—Is a tall shrub, or small tree, with striking doubly pinnated foliage and large clusters of white flowers in August or September. This shrub has a decided Oriental aspect.

Catalpa bungeana.—Is a Chinese species of the catalpa; it grows about five or six feet high, branching up densely from the roots, having large heart-shaped leaves, and is of a very striking appearance.

The *Cut-leaved Filbert* has laciniated or cut-leaved foliage, and is very curious.

Aristolochia sipho, or *Dutchman's Pipe.*—Is a climbing plant of strong growth, with very large heart-shaped foliage, producing a very bold effect.

The *Kilmarnock Weeping-willow* is very unique in appearance, with brown branches and large, glossy leaves; the branches are altogether pendulous, growing stiffly downward. The *Rosemary-leaved Willow* is an elegant glaucous-leaved species, forming a round head; the branches are quite plumy in their growth. The *American Weeping-willow* is a light, airy growing species with slender branches and glaucous foliage. These three sorts are generally grafted on a stronger-growing species from three to six feet high. They should not be mixed with other shrubs, but should be planted as single specimens on the lawn or in courtyards.

There have been introduced into the nurseries lately some remarkable varieties of maples from Japan, the foliage of some being purple of various shades, some are beautifully variegated, and others have the foliage laciniated in the most curious and extraordinary manner. We have some fourteen or fifteen varieties of them.

Having in this article noted the hardy shrubs having variegated or curious foliage, we will in a succeeding article give notes of hardy herbaceous plants of similar character.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

WHAT shall we do with it?—the snow, of course, we mean—is the constantly recurring question, as each fresh snow-storm falls into the overcrowded streets of our city. We have experienced unusual annoyances and inconveniences, and try to believe that the winter is so exceptional that we shall not soon again suffer to such an extent. But present evils always assume huge proportions; and judging by the complaints uttered at the time, our winters, and summers too, are exceptionally bad every year. It may help us to endure our own inconveniences with less irritation of spirit to bear in mind the greater sufferings of others.

From the Western States, particularly from Minnesota, Iowa, and Wisconsin, there have come terrible accounts of the fatal effects of recent storms. A few detached incidents will be read with painful interest. At Fort Ridgely, Minnesota, when the blinding, drifting storm came on, a school-teacher dismissed her scholars with an injunction to go home speedily. But seven little ones lost their way, and were found frozen to death, some of them in each other's arms. A more prudent teacher kept forty scholars in the school-house three days, risking his own life every day in going through drifts four or five feet deep to get food for them. A stage-coach with eight passengers and a driver left Madelia for St. James. Not arriving in season, search was made, and the horses, driver, and all the passengers were found frozen to death. Many others were frozen to death, or lost in the drifts and perished. Some singular experiences are mentioned. One man went to his stable to attend to his cattle, and so rapidly were the huge drifts formed that he was completely blockaded, and kept a prisoner in the stable, with neither fire nor food, for forty-eight hours. In the mean time his house, a few yards off—a rude construction in the side of a hill—was buried under a bank of snow ten feet in height, with his family in it. After gaining an exit from the stable he with much difficulty effected an entrance into the house, where he happily found his wife and little ones safe. The roof of the house, however, had settled three feet. Another man dug a trench in the snow, in which he passed sixty-nine hours, with no food except some roots he dug up with his knife and some leather he cut from his boots. A teamster, overtaken by the storm, was forced to leave his horses, as they refused to go further. He succeeded in finding a hay-stack, into which he dug his way and found shelter. Such are some of the perils of Western snow-storms.

Too much care in the use of matches can not be taken. If they are thoughtlessly or heedlessly dropped upon the floor they may be the cause of great calamities. A few days ago, while a young lady of this city was dressing for a party, she suddenly discovered that her underskirts were on fire, and the flames rapidly creeping up her silk evening dress. Her mother, who was near her, was so terrified that she could only scream for help. Fortunately her father was at home, and rushing into the room, succeeded in extinguishing the flames, but not until both his daughter and himself were severely burned. It should always be borne in mind that when a person's clothes take fire, the surest and safest way to extinguish it is to lay the person on the floor, and crush out the flames—with some woolen article if possible. If one's garments are on fire, the flames naturally shoot upward, and become immediately dangerous to life. A horizontal position is the safest that can be assumed.

It is a matter of great regret that the Shakspearean library of Edwin Forrest, which had been assiduously collected during many years, should have been entirely destroyed, with the exception of a single volume. A fine copy of the first folio edition of 1623, worth from $1500 to $2000, was among the volumes consumed. Only thirty-nine copies of this folio are in existence, so far as is known. The finest one is owned by Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and is valued at $10,000.

Report says that a chest containing $30,000 in coin, and marked with Captain Kidd's name, has been dug up near Cape May. The pirate's name settles the whole matter.

Secretary Robeson is noted for quick-witted replies and good sayings. The other evening at the President's levee, while talking with one lady the Secretary stepped on the train of another standing behind him. The wearer of the train, feeling herself fastened to the spot, turned, but noticing that the gentleman was immovable, said, "I beg pardon, Mr. Secretary, you are standing on my train."

Secretary Robeson turned instantly, and replied, "Though I may not have the power to draw a mortal from the skies, I have pinned an angel to the earth."

"Oh, Mr. Secretary," exclaimed the lady, "please step on my train again. I want to be an angel, and I'd rather not move."

Skillful surgery accomplishes wonders. In November, 1871, an Austrian lieutenant while in barracks had his nose cut off by a sabre. The piece cut off was taken up from the ground where it lay, cleaned with cold water, and reapplied, being secured in its place by means of sutures. A week after the injury a dry scab began to form, and extended in the course of three days over nearly the whole nose. Healing went on steadily, and on February 1, 1872, careful examination was required to detect any trace of the injury.

As the country has been pretty thoroughly stirred up by the "Crédit Mobilier" scandal, our readers may be interested in a brief explanatory paragraph given in the *Evening Post.*

"The definition of the term is, strictly, personal credit, and when applied to a company means one which invests capital in personal property as distinguished from a *crédit foncier*, where the investment is in land. The great French Crédit Mobilier Company is about twenty years old, and was created, under government sanction, for the purpose of investing capital in banking, in contracts for works of public improvements, in stocks, and other personal property. It is a joint-stock company with a large capital, and for years did a large and profitable business, which of late has fallen off. The name and object of the American Crédit Mobilier had this origin, though its business, so far as we know, has been confined to contracts with the Union Pacific Railroad Company."

Rumor says that twenty-five Freshmen of Amherst College have formed a boarding club on the principle of abstinence from cake, pastry, and all "goodies" of a similar nature.

Not long ago a boat containing two men capsized in Huntington Bay, Long Island. One of the men, who could swim a little, succeeded in reaching the boat, which was floating bottom upward, and got upon the keel; the other could not swim at all, but clung to a mass of ice scarcely buoyant enough to sustain his weight. The accident occurred directly opposite a house in which there were three women and a little boy. They all rushed to the beach, though not knowing how to aid the man, who evidently was rapidly becoming exhausted. Then one of them, a Miss Conklin, determined to make an effort to save him, and waded out into the bay. She cleared the ice from her path with her hands, but when within a few feet of the man only her head was above water. With great heroism she plunged into the deep water, and with a few strokes reached the benumbed and almost drowning man. He was still sensible, and faithfully obeyed the instruction given him by the brave woman. She had warned him against seizing hold of her in such a manner as to impede her motions; so when she reached him he placed his hands on her shoulders, and in a few seconds, thanks to her good swimming, both stood neck deep in the ice-cold water, and began wading shoreward. When Miss Conklin reached the shore she fainted away, and was carried to the house by her relatives. She did not recover from the effects of her exertions for two or three days. The companion of the rescued man, who had clung to the keel of the boat, was safely brought ashore after other help was summoned.

Jack Frost has nipped many tender house-plants, entering unawares during the silent hours of the cold night. It is a great mistake to remove plants into a warm room when they are frozen. Let them remain where they were frozen, darken the room by closing the shutters and window-blinds, then sprinkle the plants with fresh cold water. Permit them to remain in this situation for twenty-four hours, not allowing the temperature to become much warmer, and the result will prove that in nearly every case the most delicate flowers may be saved.

A new and curious revelation has been made in a French journal, whereby we are informed that all the calamities of the year 1872 are in consequence of the unfortunate number 13, which has played an important *rôle* in the year. This is the calculation: "12 times 12 make 144, which being multipled by 13, gives the total 1872." This accounts for every thing! And there is nothing like understanding the reason of things!

Biblical knowledge has made a long stride in some sections of New England. A New Hampshire minister, while portraying the history of Jonah, is reported to have uttered the following eloquent passage:

"I seem to see Jonah passing along the road to Nineveh; I seem to see him entering the ticket-office, buy his ticket and pay for it; I seem to see him walk upon the vessel; I seem to see them lift their anchor, and the stately ship move grandly out upon the *broad Atlantic.*"

The popular French writer, M. De Sainte-Beuve, once fought a duel. When the combatants took their places it was raining hard, and Sainte-Beuve, who had his pistol in one hand, held up his umbrella with the other. The seconds objected to this novel proceeding. "I have no objection to being killed," said Sainte-Beuve; "but as to being wet—no."

A young woman, scarcely thirty years of age, named Wilhelmina Woltmann, was beheaded on December 2, 1872, at Stade, in Germany. She had been convicted of murdering six of her relatives. Among her victims were her first husband, the parents of her second husband, and two young children of her third husband. All died by poison.

Six years ago there was a society formed in London called the "Destitute Children's Dinner Society." Its purpose was to contribute to the health and comfort of the poorest school-children by providing for them once a week a good fresh-meat dinner at a cost of not more than one penny. This society has given 598,740 dinners of this kind.

The "Jubilee Singers," who have attracted considerable attention during the past year, are a company of ten colored students of Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee. Seven of them have been slaves, the others were born free, but have always lived at the South. They became members of Fisk University in order to secure a good education, and their musical training has only been incidental to their other studies, with the exception of the brief drill given preparatory to their present mission. They are endeavoring to raise $70,000 for the purpose of purchasing a new site for the university, and erecting upon it permanent and commodious buildings. Though they are not before the public as professional singers, the music they give is peculiar, striking, and full of pathos, which can not fail to touch a responsive chord in the hearts of all listeners.

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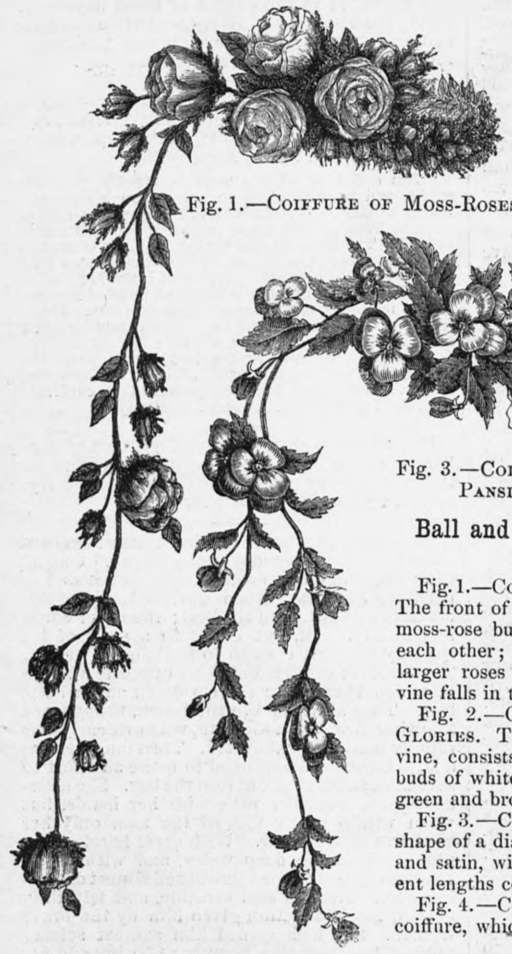


Fig. 1.—COIFFURE OF MOSS-ROSES.

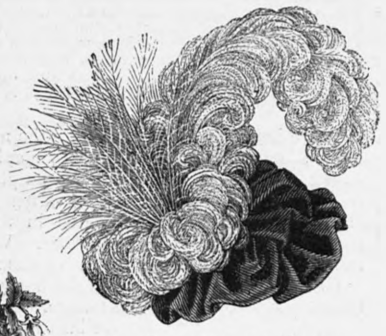


Fig. 5.—COIFFURE OF VELVET AND FEATHERS.

Fig. 6.—COIFFURE OF LACE AND FEATHERS.

Fig. 2.—COIFFURE OF MORNING-GLORIES.

Fig. 3.—COIFFURE OF PANSIES.

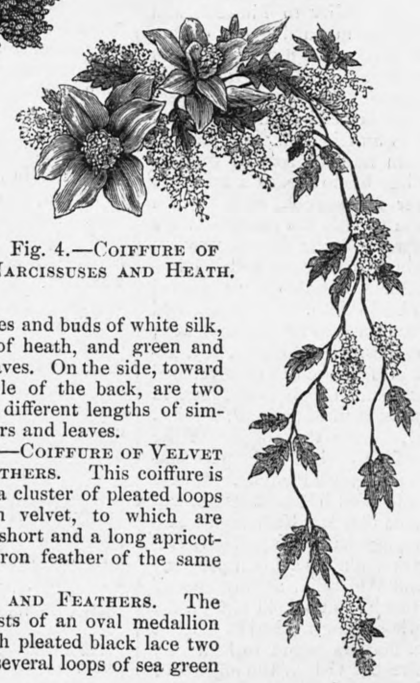


Fig. 4.—COIFFURE OF NARCISSUSES AND HEATH.

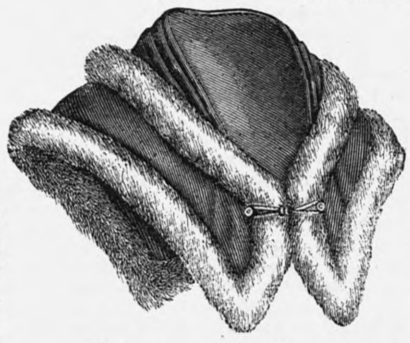
Ball and Evening Coiffures, Figs. 1-6.

Fig. 1.—COIFFURE OF MOSS-ROSES. The front of this wreath is formed of moss-rose buds arranged close above each other; on the sides are added larger roses and leaves, and a long vine falls in the back.

Fig. 2.—COIFFURE OF MORNING-GLORIES. This coiffure, with a trailing vine, consists of morning-glories and buds of white and purple silk, and of green and brown leaves with red veins.

Fig. 3.—COIFFURE OF PANSIES. This coiffure is in the shape of a diadem, and is made of violet velvet and satin, with pale green leaves. Two sprays of different lengths complete the coiffure.

Fig. 4.—COIFFURE OF NARCISSUSES AND HEATH. This coiffure, which is in the shape of a diadem, is made of narcissuses and buds of white silk, clusters of heath, and green and brown leaves. On the side, toward the middle of the back, are two sprays of different lengths of similar flowers and leaves.



CRÊPE DE CHINE CAPE.

Fig. 5.—COIFFURE OF VELVET AND FEATHERS. This coiffure is made of a cluster of pleated loops of brown velvet, to which are joined a short and a long apricot-colored ostrich feather and a heron feather of the same color.

Fig. 6.—COIFFURE OF LACE AND FEATHERS. The foundation for this coiffure consists of an oval medallion of stiff lace and wire, covered with pleated black lace two inches and a half wide, and with several loops of sea green

Fig. 1.—BLACK GROS GRAIN SUIT. FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 31-37.

Fig. 2.—BLACK GROS GRAIN SUIT. BACK.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 31-37.

Fig. 3.—VELVET AND VIGOGNE WALKING SUIT.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 5.]
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—VELVET AND VIGOGNE WALKING SUIT.—BACK.—[See Fig. 3.]
For description see Supplement.

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Fig. 1.—LOW-NECKED BLOUSE-WAIST OF SILK TULLE, BLONDE, AND GROS GRAIN RIBBON.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 38-40.

Fig. 2.—LOW-NECKED BLOUSE-WAIST OF SILK TULLE, BLONDE, AND GROS GRAIN RIBBON.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 38-40.

gros grain ribbon. An aigrette of sea green ostrich and heron feathers is fastened among the loops. A changeable butterfly trims the coiffure as shown by the illustration.

Crêpe de Chine Cape.

See illustration on page 120.

THIS cape, which may also be worn as a hood, consists of a piece of pink crêpe de Chine twenty-four inches and a half square, one corner of which is rounded off si inches and a half long, and folded over on the outside twelve inc es and a half wide. Underneath the fold arrange the materia n two pleats turned upward as shown by the illustration. The outer edge is trimmed with swan's-down, and is furnished with buttons and a cord loop for closing, four inches and seven-eighths from the under corners.

PARIS MODES.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

IN spite of those who insist on noisy pleasures, and those who are indignant at any assemblage of over a score of persons as insulting to the national mourning, and would gladly condemn the Parisians to solitude, Paris resolutely takes her place between these two extremes. No noisy pleasures, and very few balls, but thousands of hospitable drawing-rooms where groups of charming conversationalists are to be found, many official receptions, and an immense number of dinners. Such is, and such will be, the aspect of our city this winter. To judge from the numbers of strangers that throng the streets, it would seem that this programme is far from uninteresting.

Events justify the predictions of those who had faith in the longevity of short suits, and it is now a fixed fact that they will last through another summer; indeed, it is hard to foretell when they will have an end. When this calamity takes place it will be at the beginning of winter, the season when ladies go out less on foot, ride less, and travel less than in summer. But in warm weather, when they walk so much, and have occasion so often to climb into carriages and cars, they are not likely to exchange the convenient short skirts for trailing dresses, looped with buttons that come unfastened, and cords that break so easily.

The most essential change, it is said, will be in wrappings. It appears that ladies are tired of sleeved garments, and our dress-makers are racking their brains to invent mantelets that differ from the old-fashioned mantillas, and capes that bear no resemblance to the capes of old. These mantelets will generally be adjusted in the back, and have very short tabs in front, and will often be furnished with a hood. Fichus will be much worn, crossed in front, and frequently with ends long enough to tie behind; these are already well known, and will not be new, like the mantelets.

At this moment there is a rage for long scarfs of light crêpe de Chine with long fringe, arranged on the waist something in the fashion of a Scotch tartan. The end of the scarf is thrown over the left shoulder, the scarf is passed in front across the breast, and then over the back so that the other end comes also over the left shoulder, whence it falls its whole length. When the folds are gracefully laid, and the scarf is worn by a tall, slender person, nothing can be more picturesque than this drapery, which will undoubtedly be worn during the coming spring. It is a most convenient fashion withal, by which a simple dress can be instantaneously transformed into a toilette suitable for the opera or theatre. A plain black silk suit, with the addition of this drapery, pink, blue, cherry, maize, mauve, or green, becomes a costume fit for an opera-box or concert-room.

What are styled head-dresses are nothing more than clusters of flowers or feathers, or huge knots of ribbon, that are set above the forehead, over the left ear, or on the right side of the head, according to the cast of countenance. To speak less vaguely, let me add that regular features are never suited to irregular ornaments, or those placed on one side. Caps are seen only in miniature; they are no longer put on, but are perched on the top of the head in such a manner as to cover neither the front hair, the back hair, the temples, nor the forehead. Bonnets follow the same fashion, and, unhappily, are destined to little modification from their present form; they are tending more and more toward cylinders adorned with feathers, flowers, lace, and bows, all very imperfectly disguising their ugliness. But this does not prevent them from being persistently worn. What is fashion, indeed, but perpetually playing anew the same jugglery of imposing on women for year after year the ugliest, most ungraceful, and even most unbecoming things, and persuading them that nothing is prettier or better suited to set off their charms?

The waists of evening dresses are not invariably low, as in England (though this usage is strictly followed among the old French aristocracy), but always open *en fichu*, or else square, and filled in either with a simple ruche of white lace edging the opening, a fichu or high chemisette of pleated tulle, or a large fluted Medici fraise, reaching high up in the nape of the neck, almost to the ears, but half open at the throat. With these corsages a gold cross or medallion, suspended from a ribbon or fine chain, is always worn.

Waists are also worn open. These are usually high-necked waists, with the two or three buttons nearest the throat left unfastened and turned in underneath, so as to show the chemisette. Vests are in vogue, worn not under but over the waist, of whatever material. These vests are ranked as lingerie, although silk or crêpe de Chine forms the chief element thereof. They are made of satin of a light shade (pale pink, pale blue, or mauve), very often with simulated pockets, and always half open at the top, and are invariably trimmed with white lace. It is with these vests as with the crêpe de Chine scarfs I have mentioned above: they suffice to impart a degree of elegance to the plainest dress, and permit it to be worn to a dinner-party or

Fig. 1.—SWISS MUSLIN, INSERTION, AND LACE BRETELLES.—FRONT.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—SWISS MUSLIN, INSERTION, AND LACE BRETELLES.—BACK.

For description see Supplement.

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soirée. This fashion will also continue to prevail in the spring, for which vests of fine white piqué and similar materials are in preparation.

A word concerning gentlemen. They continue to wear décolletée vests, over bosoms, of course, of fine linen, without embroidery or tucks of any kind, but quite plain. Their evening coats are likewise décolletée. They are lined with satin, and have a single button-hole on the top at the left side, in which to wear a bouquet or the ribbon of an order.

Little girls universally wear woolen suits of some dark color, brown, dark blue, or dark green, with white soutache trimmings, and bound with white cashmere. Their hats are of the same material as the suits—cloth or merino. Until fifteen the dress of misses is precisely the same—hats of the same stuff as the suits, and the latter dark, with white trimmings. Little boys are dressed in brown or black cloth or velveteen, Highland trowsers and jacket, with pointed basques at the side and bosom, and Spanish hat, with rim turned up all around, and large cockades of black or bright-colored silk.

Receptions (this is the word consecrated to evening assemblies for the last two winters, when balls have been few and dancing forbidden)—receptions, I say, will continue until next summer. For a few years past Paris has somewhat followed the London custom, and its most brilliant season has been in the spring. For these receptions dresses of two colors are much worn. I will describe a striking one which I have just seen. Pink satin trained skirt, trimmed with five bias folds of very pale crêpe de Chine, with pale blue silk lace set under the upper and lower fold; polonaise (with waist open *en carré*) of very pale blue crêpe de Chine, trimmed with five bias folds of pink satin, narrower than those of the skirt, with pink silk lace set under the upper and lower fold. The polonaise was draped in a pouf behind and open in front, and the front breadth of the skirt was trimmed with graduated folds, *en tablier*, to the waist. Broad sash of pale blue satin, lined with pink faille, and arranged in loops, which draped the polonaise and extended to the pouf, and were arranged so as to show the outside and lining by turns.

Breton and Alsacian fichus, both of tulle and crêpe de Chine, in bright colors, are much worn over high or half-open dresses. When of crêpe de Chine these fichus are trimmed with deep fringes, and cut square. They are worn at home, at small parties, the opera, etc. When the waist is high these fichus are simply tied in front; when it is open *en fichu* the crêpe de Chine fichu follows the opening of the waist, and is crossed below with the aid of a brooch or a bunch of flowers.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

THE COUNTERFEIT VALENTINE.

"SO St. Valentine's Day is come at last! How does your heart feel, Mary? Is it pining for a letter from Tommy dear?"

The speaker, Catherine Donnelly, sat with the other servants around a well-spread breakfast-table. She herself held the exalted position of "chamber-maid and waitress," and was a good-looking, sallow-cheeked young woman of twenty-three or four. Opposite her sat Mary, lower nurse-maid, as blooming a rose as Erin's isle ever boasted. A fresh, pure complexion, wavy brown hair plaited in soft braids round her head, large eyes, light blue, but full of life and sparkle—no wonder the lovely picture sent a chill through Catherine's envious heart!

"Faith, girls"—seeing Mary deigned no reply to her taunt—"I think we'll be having a wedding soon. But isn't it rather provoking that this little greenhorn should steal away such a prize from us all?"

"How do you know she has?" said Ellen, the sewing girl, tartly.

"I heard him say something about St. Valentine's Day," said Catherine, slyly. "Will he ask you in verse, think, Molly dear?"

"It's a pity his brain runs to varses," quoth the cook. She was a morose little woman, dark-skinned, black-eyed, with a nose difficult to describe — short, *retroussé*, and terminating in what "Master Charles" facetiously described as "a clearly defined triangle." It spoiled the effect of an otherwise comely face. Cleanliness, honesty, and a decided genius for cooking had enabled her to keep her place in Mrs. Ellsworth's family for over seven years. The young men of this family were the only species of their kind she allowed herself to view with favorable eyes. The remainder of their sex were, to use her own expressive phrase, "sp'iled in the bakin'."

"He's very well for a man," she went on—"lazy an' shiftless, like the most on 'em, poor divils—but he might be worse. Thim varses are his worst p'int; I doubt they'll be his ruination."

"Oh, bother!" said Susan, the head nurse, scornfully. "How can writin' varses hurt a man?"

"As for laziness," chimed in Ellen, "you know yoursilf he's a smart lad; his imployer thinks a dale of him. Then the readin' an' cipherin' an' beautiful hand he larnt to write in the night-schools!"

Catherine laughed. "It's easy to see Ellen's and Susan's opinion of him. Mary isn't so outspoken. Come, mavourneen, we're dying to hear your sweet voice."

"I'm sure I'm sick o' the sound o' yours," said Mary, brusquely. "Your tongue runs on one tune—Tom O'Conor, Tom O'Conor—from mornin' till night!"

"Faith, girls," said Catherine, as Mary marched out of the room, "that little thing's getting awful proud. Well, pride may have a fall. I must go clear off the breakfast-table."

"What a pile of 'em, to be sure! Six for me, five for Ellen, two for Susan, and—let's see—seven, nine, *ten* for Mary: little artful hussy!"

Slipping into the drawing-room, Catherine sat down to examine the valentines more minutely.

"This is from Tom, I know," catching one up directed to Mary. Her eyes devoured the handwriting. She would have given her soul almost to know what was inside. Leaning back in her chair, she reflected a moment. The sight of the little bronze tea-kettle suggested an idea. She struck a match and relighted the spirit-lamp. The water was soon boiling furiously, and Catherine, with many a fearful glance around her, held the letter over the steam.

"They're clever folks as outwits Katy Donnelly," she muttered, finding she could now open it with ease.

Gathering the letters in her apron, she crept up stairs to the room occupied by herself and two of the other girls. Sitting down on the bed, she drew from its envelope poor Mary's valentine.

Her head was swimming, her heart sick. The very sight of the letter had been a terrible though not unexpected blow. Yet even as she trembled she unfolded the sheet.

How beautiful! alas, how beautiful! A paradise of roses and forget-me-nots and Cupids and hearts, and in the centre, in Tom's bold, irregular handwriting, she read:

"Swate rose of bonny Erin's isle,
To end Love's faver hasten:
Will you on Tom O'Conor smile,
A poor but honest mason?

"Oh, lovely May, without delay,
Say I may have the honor
To call you wife, and all my life
I'm your attached O'Conor."

Catherine stared stupidly at these words for a moment. Something in her throat oppressed her. She put up her hand to undo the top button of her dress, and with the action came a rush of salt tears down her cheeks.

"Poor Kate! poor Kate!" she said, softly; "it's all over with you now, poor girl!"

Feeling degraded even by her own self-pity, she sprang up and walked to and fro. Grief was fast giving way to a desire for revenge.

"God! must I give this to her?" picking up the letter. She loathed even its delicate perfume, its soft satin touch.

Catherine had gone out to service at an early age. Naturally imitative, she gradually acquired a certain refinement of speech and manners, that placed her, in her own conceit at least, far above her position. As she grew up her good looks, liveliness, and taste in dress attracted a crowd of "followers," among whom she numbered with pride Tom O'Conor. Industrious, well-educated for his station, he was a great favorite with all the young women of his acquaintance. His "poetical" talents, and a certain pensiveness of expression, due rather to natural diffidence than to any latent melancholy of disposition, rendered him yet more interesting in their eyes. Catherine, who had long ceased to hope that a "gentleman" would seek her hand, saw here a chance not to be despised. But Tom's infatuation was a brief one, and ere his "attentions" became so pointed as to excite remark Mary appeared on the scene, and carried his susceptible heart completely captive. It was a terrible blow to Catherine, for she felt her affections more strongly engaged than she cared to own.

These thoughts rankle in her mind as she stands pondering, with knit brows and lips tightly compressed. Suddenly an evil smile crosses her pale face. She takes a step forward—wavers—hesitates. A laugh sounds from below—Mary's little giggling laugh. Catherine's face flushes as if it insulted her: her decision is made. Stealing to a drawer, she took out some comic valentines. One particularly odious she had selected for Mary. This she inclosed in Tom's envelope, and resealed it, with a triumphant smile. "I'll humble you, little hussy, before the day is out. You'll make her your wife, eh, Tommy? There go two words to that bargain, my lad!"

"See, girls, what a lot of them!" said Catherine, seating herself at the dinner-table. "Five for Ellen—you're in luck, Nelly—two for Susan, one for Margaret. Who's proposin' for Maggy, I'd like to know?—the old ragman, maybe; he was mighty sweet on her last Friday."

"Hould your sassy tongue!" said Margaret. "You've more letthers under your apron, miss; they're not all for you, I'll bet."

"Oh no; we mustn't forget little Mary," said Catherine, with a mocking smile. "There's seven, eight, nine letters for you, my love," tossing them into her lap. "How disappointed she looks!"—with a sudden laugh. "Mary, you're a very greedy little pig, not to be content with what you've got! What 'll you give me now for this, eh?"

She held the letter high above her head. Mary looked, and a smile lighted up her blue eyes.

"What 'll you give me, eh?" repeated Catherine.

"I'll give you nothing at all," said Mary, coldly. "I've a right to me own letthers, I suppose."

"Sakes alive! how cross she is! Well, take it. It's from Tommy, sure enough." She unfolded her own valentines, and while pretending to read them, watched Mary as pussy does an unsuspecting mouse.

Mary sat holding her letter a moment. She longed to run away and read it alone. But it would look as if she expected something, and from very shyness she tore it open at length, amidst the jokes and innuendoes of the other girls, and with trembling fingers drew out the paper.

"Holy Vargin!" said Susan, springing up, "she's upset her coffee-cup clane on to my dress!" Seizing a cloth with angry haste, she began a vigorous rubbing of the soiled breadth.

"And she's pale as a cloth!" cried Catherine, staring at Mary. "What has Tommy said, child, to give you such a start?"

"Nothing," murmured Mary, still looking down. She fought bravely for composure, but her lips' piteous quivering could not be controlled.

Catherine snatched the valentine from her hand. "Saints and sinners! girls, what's this? A thing with goggle eyes, and mouth wide open like an idiot's! That's surely never meant for Mary. And what's this written below?"

"Let me have it!" cried Mary, furiously.

"Fair and softly, my love. We all showed you ours; it's but fair we should see yours too."

"You sha'n't!" cried Mary, springing up. But Ellen and Susan each laughingly seized an arm, and, holding her down in her chair, bade Catherine proceed.

"Go on, then," said Mary, sullenly; "*you'll* enjoy it, an' I'm sure *I* don't care."

Catherine proceeded without further ado:

"'It's little Biddy Greenhorn,
Just fresh from Erin's isle;
She thought she'd surely hooked me
With her bewitchin' smile.
No, no, angelic creetur,
You'll be no bride of mine.
Go ax some chimney-sweeper
To be your valentine!'"

"I think," said Margaret, very flushed and cross over her own valentine, "the perlice should take up thim as sinds such letthers to rispictable folks! The idea of sindin' me the pictur' of an ould dhragon drissed up in petticuts, an' stirrin' away at a kittle of broth!"

"I must say," said Ellen, who, though triumphant at Mary's defeat, felt some womanly sympathy for her, "I think 'twas an onhandsome thing in Tom, sendin' that letter to Mary!"

"So unexpected too," said Catherine. "Poor little thing!"

"You may spare your pity," said Mary. Two lurid spots were burning in her cheeks now, but she spoke in a calm, steady voice. "I don't want your pity," she repeated. "But this I *will* say: it was no part of a gintleman to write me that letther! Not that I care a cint for Tom O'Conor, or ever did!"

With which truly feminine assertion Mary rose and walked with dry eyes and a steady step out of the room. But once up stairs and the door locked, she threw herself face downward on the bed, and let grief have its way. The room resounded with her sobs.

Scorned, insulted, deceived! Mary set her teeth, and beat the floor with her little feet, as she thought how Tom's pretended tenderness had melted her heart toward him last night. This was his revenge for her little flirtations and follies—a cruel, cruel punishment!

Pride came to her aid as she thought how those girls' eyes would watch her, how Catherine would sneer at any indications of grief or disappointment.

"I'll not be pitied by no one!"—starting up from the bed. "No, nor have Tom O'Conor boasting that I wear the willow for him!"

Catherine, meantime, had put the finishing touch to her work. Inclosing the genuine valentine with one of those she had purchased, she dispatched it to Tom by her little brother Jim, an arrant imp as ever breathed.

"Mind, Jim, not a word of me! Give it with Mary's compliments. Say she hired you to bring it to him. You understand?"

"I'm alive, sister," said young Hopeful, trotting off, the richer for twenty-five cents from Catherine's purse.

That evening Tom O'Conor called and asked for Kate. Before he left it was understood she was to be his wife. "As soon as possible, plaze," pleaded Tom, in an excited, reckless way, unusual with him; and Kate, who dreaded lest her evil doings should be discovered, readily complied. Two weeks from that time was fixed upon for the wedding-day.

"Is Kate in?"

Tom O'Conor had come on his regular "courtin' visit," accompanied by a friend, Barney Cummings. Ellen, who "kept company" of late with the last-named young gentleman, giggled consciously as she opened the door.

"She's in the kitchen, I believe, Sir. Walk in. Susan's up stairs, and Maggy's abed with the toothache. You'll have the field quite to yoursilves." Nodding gayly, she vanished with her lover, who had come to escort her to a ball.

Tom walked slowly toward the kitchen. The prospect of an uninterrupted *tête-à-tête* did not seem to afford him much joy.

"God help me!" muttered he. "I'm always wonderin' whether *she's* around! I despise mysilf for it too. Little jiltin' hussy! to trate an honest lad that way! Kate's a nice, pretty girl, an' I don't see—"

He opened the door and went in. Somebody sobbing by the table started up and faced him wildly—somebody with a white, tear-stained face and disordered hair. It was Mary herself.

Tom had seen her but once before since his engagement. Then her light, frivolous manner disgusted as well as wounded him, and he found it easy to treat her with the grave coldness he thought she merited. But Mary in tears was a different matter. Tom felt his heart soften all at once to an alarming extent—not that he imagined for a moment her tears were for *him*.

"I beg your pardon"—his very embarrassment making him stiff and awkward. "I should have knocked, I know. I thought it was Kate."

Poor Mary! After a day of severe self-control she had found herself alone, and her overburdened heart gave way for a moment. That *he* should come in just then!

"Take a seat, Sir"—trying to recover herself. "Katy 'll soon be in. She went to buy white ribbons for the happy occasion." (A little giggle here, too hysterical to deceive even the easily blinded Tom.) "She said she'd be back directly"—moving toward the door.

"Stop a moment, plaze," said Tom. "I'd like a word with you."

"Dear me! I don't know what we can have to talk about," said Mary, primly. "Besides, I'm in a hurry."

"Just a moment," pleaded Tom.

"Oh, very well, Sir"—desirous to show how careless and indifferent she could be. "Only make haste; I may be wanted up stairs."

Seating herself on a corner of the table, she twisted a stray curl around her fingers, humming a careless tune. Her face was flushed now, and wore a half-defiant look. Poor Tom was bewildered by the change, yet he could not forget those recent tears—why, they were glistening on her lashes still! He stood looking down with a yearning heart on this little woman, the only one he had ever loved.

"Mary," said he, in a gentle, almost faltering voice, "I can't say with truth that you've treated me quite right. But you're very young, scarce siventeen. I dare say 'twas a good dale thoughtlissniss. Howiver that may be, I've loved you too well—God help me!—to see you in trouble an' not fale it in me own heart. So—an' it's not wrongin' Katy to say it—if you'll till me what's vexin' you, I'll hilp you as your own brother would. For you seem quite frindless, and—"

"Stop!" cried Mary, springing from the table. "Stop right there, Sir! I'm not so frindless as you think; an' if I *was* I wouldn't ask hilp from a man that insulted me as no gintleman would! I'm not *quite* the granehorn you thought me, Sir. Good-avening to you. Plaze carry your advice to another market; it's not craved by me."

"Stop!" cried Tom, sternly. "Stop!"

He seized her arm almost roughly.

"How *dare* you hould me, Sir!" cried Mary, struggling. "Lave go!"

"By God, I won't!" said Tom, with a face of white determination. "Not till you tell me what you mane! Mary Dean, *what* have I iver said insultin' to you? God knows I couldn't do it, not aven when you sint me that cruel letter St. Valentine's Day!"

"Oh, it's too much!" said Mary, sobbing with grief and terror. "Tom O'Conor, you're ather drunk or mad, I verily belave! Lave go, Sir, or I'll call for hilp!"

"Not till you take back what you said, Mary," cried Tom, resolutely, but relaxing his grasp a little. "That's my right, an' I'll have it! An offer of marriage from an honest lad is no disgrace to a girl, if she was the President's daughter, an' that's all you have to complain of from me."

"An offer of marriage! What offer of marriage is it to call a girl a granehorn, and"—here the sobs redoubled—"bid her go marry a chimney-swaper? Och hone, that I should live to see the day!"

"Call you a granehorn! Bid you marry a chimney-swaper!" Tom rejoined, in a tone of utter amazement. He dropped her arm, and stood leanin,' against the door, pale and motionless. Struck by his appearance, she too stood speechless.

"Mary," said Tom, taking both her hands, "I *niver* sint you such a letter, so hilp me God!"

A thrill of joy ran through her frame; still she hesitated.

"The direction was in your handwriting."

"I don't understand it," with a perplexed look. "I *did* send some varses of my own, telling how I loved you, and asking you to be my wife. For answer, I got it back inclosed with one of thim penny valentines, and a hateful thing it was! Tell you, it gave me a sore heart!"

"Tom! Tom!" said Mary, coming up to him, "I'm that bewildered I don't know whether I'm awake or dreamin'. I niver *sint* you an answer! I don't know what it all manes, but I ax your pardon for aven suspectin' that letther came from you."

She was crying again, but this ime her head was on Tom's breast. There was silence for a moment.

"Darlint!" said Tom, stroking the soft hair, "I'm more to blame than you. I'm older by five year, an' should have had more sinse. An' now I must tell you: Katy's little—"

"Oh!" said Mary, starting away as if stung. "I forgot Kate! An' to-morrow's your weddin'-day. Good-night, Tom; I'm glad we're frinds again. They'll be wantin' me up stairs."

"You spake very cold all of a sudden, Mary," said Tom, sorrowfully, "but I dare say I desarve it. I was half mad, an' that's me sole excuse. But Kate must clear matters up before I marry her. Her little brother brought the letter from you—the letter you *didn't* sind, I mane. He brought it with your compliments. I was a fool not to go right up an' get the truth from your own lips."

"Kate's little brother! Oh, Tom, an' *she* gave me that valentine! I wouldn't misjudge her, God knows, but—"

"Good-evening!" said Catherine, opening the door. "How's this, Mr. Tom? Flirting with Maggy while I'm away?"

She entered, all radiant, for the slipshod girl of the morning was at evening wonderfully transformed. A pink and white complexion, "most cunningly laid on," if *not* by Nature's hand, crimped locks peeping out under her hat, she looked wonderfully pretty as she stood smiling in the bright gas-light. But the smile faded as her glance fell on Mary Dean.

"Why—is it you?" she faltered.

"Catherine," said Tom, stepping forward, "Mary an' I find out to-night we've been cruelly desaved."

"Deceived!" stammered Catherine. "How, pray?"

Tom fixed a stern eye on her. "How came

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you by the letter you gave Mary St. Valentine's Day?"

"I got it from the postman, of course," said Catherine, her bosom heaving painfully. "What do you mean, questioning me this way?"

"To find out the truth," replied Tom, still more severely. "How did Jim come by the letter I really sint?"

"O my God! how do I know?" she answered, hiding her face in her hands. "How *can* you speak such cruel words?"

"Because I want the truth. There's been some divil's work here. Mary niver saw the valentine I sint her at all."

"So you believe her before me!" with a burst of passion. "A little serpent like that!"

"Oh, Katy, for shame! for shame!" Mary burst forth. "Remimber how you laughed as you gave that cruel letther—before all the other girls! I see it all now!" Her voice broke; she hid her face in her hands.

Tom's arm stole softly round her. "Don't cry, my heart's darlint! she can't harm you no more."

Catherine watched them with baleful, envious eyes. "Take her, then," she cried, suddenly; "take her for your wife—a little common thing every body laughs at! There's plenty of lads will be thankful to get *my* hand."

With the air of a tragedy queen she swept from the room. But once up stairs she shed bitter tears, poor creature, over the gay silk dress she had expected to wear as Tom O'Conor's bride.

"Mary dear," said Tom, as, the first rapturous moments over, they sat quietly side by side, "one thing puzzles me sorely."

"What's that, Tom?"

"How the divil"—scratching his head reflectively—"Katy got her letter into my envelope, saled as it was, unless ould Nick himsilf hilped her, I can't make out!"

Both sat silent for a time, taxing their brilliant brains for an answer to this problem. It would not come, and they passed to more pleasant subjects.

Early in April Tom and Mary were married. The day was so mild the little bride felt justified in wearing the pretty white suit Tom had presented her. And when she threw aside her shawl, and stood, all pure white from the little straw bonnet crowned with daisies to the hem of her lawn dress, a brighter, lovelier bride could not be seen.

"Tom dear!" whispered Mary, as they knelt to receive the Communion from the hands of the priest.

"Well, darlint?"

"Do say you forgive poor Katy. I'm sure she repints bitterly. Don't take the holy Communion with hatred and revinge in your heart! I'm sure we've no call to hate any one."

"I forgive her with all my heart, darlint," said Tom, with a tender, beaming smile. "I can't cherish resintment against any livin' soul to-day!"

WINTER WORK.

CAN it be there are women in civilized life who actually are inquiring for something to do, not for want of what it might bring, but for the work itself? What a luxury it would be to professional women and overtasked housekeepers if for one hour of their whole year they could feel that they were at a loss what to do, and not what could be safely left undone of the duties which crowd upon them! Yet there are happy women in pleasant homes who lift idle fingers and beseech the ladies' papers for some sort of work to chase their shining hours. Mothers, too, want something to keep busy boys and girls out of mischief. There are not a few who prefer handicraft to more ambitious art and literary effort, and they are worthy all honor for the choice of work at which they may become skillful, instead of professions where they could at best reach success only by long struggle and painful effort.

The first secret we mean to teach is that of keeping children still in the house. To do this see that they romp daily out-of-doors. Rain or shine, snow or sun, turn them out to run and fling, shout and scream, to their hearts' content. Children have just so much nervous activity, which must be worked off or they suffer the tortures of hysteria in trying to control their restlessness. Let them play out three hours a day, in water-proof and rubber boots, paddling in the water, if it rains; in blue navy flannel suits and snow-stockings in winter; with a wet handkerchief inside their broad-leafed hats under the hot sun of May; and my word for it you will have as healthy a race of young Americans as ever shouted, and capable of keeping quiet in-doors as an audience at a lecture. They are glad to keep still if they are tired a little, and then is the time to bring on employments which they can be busy at sitting in the house. Nor need boys feel themselves degraded by learning feminine work. I have book-marks in perforated card and decalcomanie boxes done by a tall boy who is one of the manliest fellows, regular at his gymnasium, capital shot, sailsman, and skater; and I have seen more than one specimen of worsted-work kept with motherly pride as the work of a favorite son. French and Prussian boys are taught to embroider and sew, as well as to fence and break horses, and they lose no force of muscle or mind in doing such things. It refines their manners to be brought in company with their mothers and sisters in domestic arts, and more than once in later life their gifts acquired in this way are found beyond price.

The easiest work for young children is raveling entirely all scraps of linen and silk that are fit for nothing else. Old English ladies used to busy themselves with this work when their eyes were tired; and these ravelings, hoarded for a year or two, were valuable material for filling quilts and petticoats instead of eider-down. The ravelings must be kept in a clean bag, separate from every thing else, till enough is collected for use. Woolen scraps, raveled or cut fine, every body knows are the best stuff to fill pincushions with; but every body does not know they are nearly as good to fill pillows for sick people and babies, and will not heat the head like feathers.

The royal ladies of England and Prussia busied themselves during the war in making compresses of old linen, with every third thread drawn out both ways of the cloth. These open-work compresses allow wounds to suppurate through them instead of clogging the linen. Each household should have these bandages prepared in case of accident.

Scrap-books are always welcome gifts for hospitals and children's asylums, and give happier people entertainment in getting them up. The books which come on purpose are nice, but people think more of things which are their own manufacture as far as possible. So the scrap-book is to grow page by page from a quire of printing-paper, both white and tinted, of quality costing not over fifty cents a quire at any printer's. The sheets may be folded in four or not, but they are to be used only a page at a time, as the pictures are ready to go in. Wide margins set off pictures, and so a larger book may be made, and more pleasure really given, with a smaller number of prints well dispersed than with a crowd of them. Space gives the eye leisure to appreciate each, and as children hurry through the first sight of what pleases them, they get more entertainment out of a hundred pages with one picture apiece than from fifty filled to the edge. Prints over four inches either way should have a whole page; smaller ones, of course, go together, but each should have three inches of margin to itself, and more between it and the next. Fill up sheet by sheet, using rye paste or gum-tragacanth, and iron each picture while damp, with a thin cloth over it, to make it smooth. Nothing that is pictorial or bright-colored comes amiss for a scrap-book. Wood engravings are so good nowadays that a grown person may take much pleasure in looking over the pretty figures and marvelous heads of hair from English magazines. Publishers' catalogues for holidays always have some very good specimens of the sort, from the designs of first-class artists. A collection of caricatures is a great aid to sociability in a drawing-room. These and other scrap-books may be bound like the Japanese picture-books, in flexible pasteboard, covered with dark red pongee, held together by ribbons drawn through eyelets at the back, and tied in bows. This mode of binding has advantages over all others. It is movable, and allows additional leaves to any extent; the pictures can be taken out when there is a large circle to be entertained; pages are not defaced by handling till they receive the pictures; and, besides, it has a foreign ornamental air which is very graceful in parlor manufactures. Lines or borders drawn about the pictures with India ink greatly enhance the effect if tastefully done.

Screen-work is popular now, and very useful. Round screens of peacock feathers to hold between the face and the fire are pretty, and only cost the feathers, which are sewed on a foundation of stiff net thirteen inches across. The handle is best made of large quills joined by rolls of white paper slid inside two at a joint, and well covered with strong gum. This makes a light handle; but rattan covered with ribbon is sometimes more available. It is convenient often to divide large rooms where two ladies are sleeping together, or where there are draughts, as in old country houses. A large screen comes into use then, shutting out the cold from the doors and giving the circle round the fire a delicious feeling of snugness and privacy. In bedrooms how much more delicacy is preserved by shutting off the wash-stand and bath-tub from sight of chance comers! Indeed, one hardly wants the sight of one's own paraphernalia all the time. Two uprights of wood two by two inches, five feet high, set in long feet that will not tip over, form the frame, or gas-pipe the same height, set in solid feet, will answer even better to support the screen. The curtain or tapestry may be hung from a cord fastened to these uprights—a better plan than to have it framed all round, as the posts can be brought together and set away in small space; or the screen may be fastened at both sides firmly to the uprights and rolled round one of them to set away. Coarse glazed linen, such as comes at forty cents a yard, is convenient material for cheap screens. Gray or black is best for scrap screens, which are made of bright figures from chintz and silk pasted in groups on the dark ground. The linen is stretched tightly in a frame, or may be tacked to an old table or wall, and sized with melted gelatine or white glue two or three times, letting it dry between each sizing. Cutting out the figures will be great fun for children old enough to handle scissors skillfully, and will occupy an invalid pleasantly at times. A clear mucilage is made of one ounce of gum arabic or tragacanth, half an ounce of white sugar, and as much starch, rolled fine, moistened, and stirred into a quart of boiling water, adding a few drops of carbolic acid to keep it from spoiling if left. Brush the back of the figures and lay them in groups on the screen, finishing with a coat of spirit varnish.

A window border in stained glass is a very pretty memento of a week's work, and the side lights in a bay-window may be colored with good effect thus: Draw the design on paper the size required, cut it out and color it, gum it on the outside of the window, and paint the inside with colors mixed in varnish. A lozenge pattern in lake, ultramarine, and gold is the easiest and most effective, considering the work in it.

China ornaments, such as door handles, finger plates, card-baskets, etc., may be painted beautifully, and will last a great many years without loss of color, even if washed. The colors must be mixed in clear varnish, or oil colors used, thinned with turpentine till they flow freely. A border of bright color, with a dash of gold-leaf here and there, will make a plain dinner-set even elegant, and no vases are likely to be so prized as those the owner has decorated with her own hands.

Modeling becomes a passion wherever practiced, and a surprising amount of skill is developed in form which never showed itself in outline. Casts of living subjects are taken in this way: The subject is laid on his back, the head raised even with the shoulders by a pillow of bran or sand; the face and neck are oiled with almond or olive oil, put on with a feather or bit of cotton; the ears are closed with cotton, and a quill put in each nostril to breathe through, and the space between carefully filled with cotton. When all is ready mix the plaster of Paris in powder with warm water till it is thick as cream. It sets, or hardens, in a moment, and must not be mixed till it is to be applied. The subject should close the eyes firmly, but not squeeze them, as that would spoil the likeness. Cover the face with plaster from the forehead down to the lower edge of the face. Then cover the neck with plaster to join the first work. Let the subject gently roll on his side, and remove the cast carefully. Season for casting by brushing with linseed-oil in which litharge is boiled. The mould is sometimes taken in half a dozen pieces. To cast the back of the head, oil the hair and skin well, and lower the head into a vessel partly filled with liquid plaster. To model the face, oil the hollow casts which result from this operation, and tie the back and front together firmly, pouring in the plaster, which must be quite fluid. When the outside is nearly set, scoop out the soft centre with a spoon to reduce the weight of the bust, and let the whole dry. Untie the strings and take off the mould, smoothing the edges of the joints with a sharp penknife, and carve out the eyes, or they will appear shut. Wax models may be made from the plaster mould in the same way, leaving the wax to set about a quarter of an inch and pouring out the rest. Fill the cavity with cotton, remove the mould and trim the seams, and color with powdered paints. A skillful person may turn a little knowledge of this sort to account at a fancy fair by having an atelier provided with the necessaries of a dressing-room, and modeling those who wish it. The operation is short and inexpensive.

FOR THE UGLY GIRLS.

No. XIII.

FOR those who would hardly come under the title above—for any woman, maid or matron, past youth, who hears the leaves begin to drop, and sees the roses curl in the warm summer of her life—this chapter is written. It is natural and well that with the decay of bloom and outward charm there should be a lessening of quick feeling, an amiable indifference to the homage that youth covets eagerly. The woman of—who dares fill in the age?—the woman who finds the faint lines on her cheek and the pallor creeping to her lip should have learned and tasted many things in her life—so many that she can appraise the value of all, and finding none of lasting worth, resign them contentedly, with a little sigh not for what they were, but for what they were not. She should have loved, and, if possible, have been loved, though that is of less matter. The experience, the wisdom, the self-renunciation, come through loving, not through any reward of love. It is well for her, too, if she can accept the complement of her affection, and find out of what mutable elements it is made: its fervor and forgetfulness; its devotion, often eclipsed and as often surprising with its fresh strength—weak where we trust it most, and standing proof where we disdainfully expect its fall. Such is the love of man. It is a riddle, learning which has cost gray hairs on tender temples, the roses from many cheeks. It is our tradition that love makes or mars a woman's life; but I have yet to learn that it does not exert an equal though silent power over the lot of men. Be that as it may, a woman in love is far more beautiful than one out of it, and this is true if the love lasts to threescore. Let women, if they would remain charming, keep by all means their hold on love, their faith in romance. The power of feeling gives vitality and interest to faces long after their first flush has passed. Speaking as a matter of fact, this is the case, for emotion has a livelier power over the blood than even the sun has, and the miracle of love in making many a plain girl pretty is to be referred to the stimulating effects of happiness on the circulation. If you would preserve any inspiration in your looks, beware how you repress emotion. Cultivate not the signs of it, but emotion itself, for the two things are very distinct. Suffer yourself to be touched and swayed by noble music and passion. To do this, place yourself often under the best influences. There may be pathos enough in the rendering of a poor little girl's song at the piano to stir tenderly chords of feeling that were growing dull for want of use. The rose of morning, the perfume of spring, have rapt many a middle-aged woman away to divine regions of fancy, from which she came back with some of the dewy freshness and smell lingering about her. Youth has its day-long reveries while its hands are at work. We older ones need to reserve with jealous care our hours of solitude, in which the springs fill up. The faces of old beauties have no charm beyond that of feeling. I have seen women who were reputed the beauties of our large cities twenty years ago, and they were well preserved; but in most cases they were mere masks in discolored wax. The pearly teeth, the small Grecian features, the soft, fine hair and regular eyes, were left, but the brow had learned neither to weep nor smile, the lips were composed, and might have been mute for all the expression that replaced their lost crimson. One might adore the wasted beauty of the Duchess of Devonshire, "worn by the agitations of a brilliant and romantic life," for the fire and kindness that lit even its death-pillow; and the Josephine of Malmaison, with eyes always eloquent of tears, wins no less devotion than the empress at Saint Cloud, confessed the loveliest woman of France. Let no woman fall into the mistaken notion of preserving her beauty by refraining from emotion, for all she can keep by such costly pains will be the coffin-like shapeliness of flowers preserved in sand. Laugh, weep, rejoice, or suffer as life provides—only feel something natural and worthy, and deep enough not to leave your faces a blank. There is a time between twenty-five and thirty-five when the struggle of life, mean or lofty as it may be, oppresses women sorely. Fret and care write crossing script on their faces, which grow yellow and pinched till they despair of comeliness again. This is when they are learning to live. Ten years or so make the lesson easy, and it is one of the thankfulest things in the world to see such faces going back to the almond blossom and sunny sweetness of their spring. Many a woman is handsomer far at thirty-nine than she was at thirty. Nature responds wonderfully to the reliefs afforded her. The only counsel to be given is to let Nature go. Don't think, because trial has bent spirit and frame together, that they need stay so an hour after the heavy hand is off. If you feel like singing, sing, not humming low, but joyful and clear as the larks, that would carol just as gayly at ninety, if larks lived so long, as the first summer they left their nests. The worst of American or English systems of manners is the constant repression they demand. This impairs even the physical powers, so that in making a good singer the first thing great artists do is to teach her to feel, in order, as they say, to "warm up" the voice and give it fullness. Women need to cultivate pleasure and amusement far more after they are thirty than before it. I mean romantic pleasures, such as come from exquisite colors and draperies in nature or their homes, from poetry and the loveliest music. They are twice as impressible then as they were in youth, if they know how to get hold of the right notes. They leave themselves to rust.

Yet, as a woman does not love to carry her thinned tresses and crow's-feet into the glare of the opera, or to talk poetry when her rheumatism twinges her middle finger, the craft of the toilette comes in most gratefully just here. The tepid bath in which bran is stirred is to be a daily essential, followed by long friction till the flesh fairly shines. This keeps the blood at the surface, and has its effect in warding off wrinkles. Bohemian countesses over thirty may go to arsenic springs, as they were wont to do, for the benefit of their complexions; but the home bath-room is more efficacious even than the minute doses of quicksilver with which the ladies of King George I.'s court used to poison themselves—a primitive way of getting at the virtues of blue-pill. The celebrated Madame Vestris slept with her face covered by a paste which gave firmness to a loose skin and prevented wrinkles. It was very like a recipe which the Spanish ladies are fond of using, and is made from the whites of four eggs boiled in rose-water, to which was added half an ounce of alum and the same amount of the oil of sweet almonds, the whole beaten to a paste. A favorite cosmetic of the time of Charles II. was the milk of roses, said to give a fair and youthful appearance to faded cheeks. It was made by boiling gum-benzoin in the spirits of wine till it formed a rich tincture, fifteen drops of which in a glass of water made a fragrant milk, in which the face and arms were bathed, and the mixture left to dry on. It obliterates wrinkles as far as any thing besides enamel can do it.

To restore suppleness to the joints nothing is so good as the Oriental practice of anointing the body with oil. The best sweet-oil or oil of almonds is to be used, slightly perfumed with attar of roses. The joints of the knee, shoulders, and fingers are to be oiled daily, and the ointment well rubbed into the skin, till it does not leave any gloss. The muscles of the back feel a sensible relief from this soothing, especially when strained with work or carrying children. The oiling should follow the bath, when the two are taken together. It is a pity this custom has ever fallen into disuse among our working people, who need it quite as much as the sensuous Orientals. The opera-dancers in Europe used an ointment which is thus given by Lola Montez: The fat of deer or stag, eight ounces; olive-oil, six ounces; virgin wax, three ounces; white brandy, half a pint; musk, one grain; rose-water, four ounces. The fat, oil, and wax were melted together, and the rose-water stirred into the brandy, after which all were beaten together. This ointment was used to give suppleness to the limbs in dancing, and would be sure to give relief to the stiffness ensuing on violent exercise. Ambergris would suit modern taste better than musk in preparing this.

The same authority gives a hair dye which is said to be instantaneous, and as harmless as any mineral dye used. It is made from gallic acid, ten grains; acetic acid, one ounce; tincture of sesquichloride of iron, one ounce. Dissolve the gallic acid in the sesquichloride, and add the acetic acid. Wash the hair with soap and water, and apply the dye by dipping a fine comb in it and drawing through the hair so as to color the roots thoroughly. Let it dry; oil and brush.

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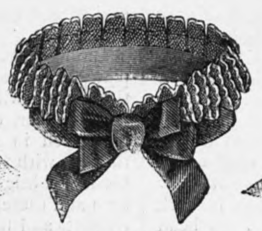
Fig. 1.—Swiss Muslin, Needle-work, and Lace Fichu-Collar.—Back.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 11.

Fig. 1.—Linen Collar.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 21 and 22.



Tulle, Lace, and Velvet Frill.

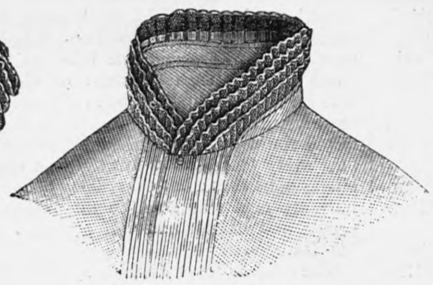


Fig. 1.—Batiste Collar.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 13–15.

Fig. 2.—Swiss Muslin, Needle-work, and Lace Fichu-Collar. Front.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 11.

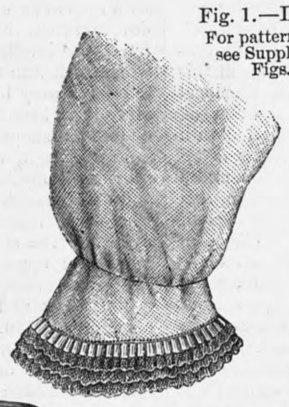


Fig. 2.—Sleeve for Batiste Collar.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 16 and 17.

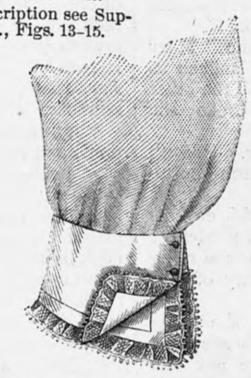


Fig. 2.—Sleeve for Linen Collar.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 23 and 24.

Fig. 1.—Embroidered Cloth Jacket.—Front.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 41–44.

Fig. 2.—Embroidered Cloth Jacket.—Back.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 41–44.

Knitted and Crochet Collar, Cuffs, and Muff for Girl from 10 to 12 Years old.

Knitted and Crochet Collar, Cuffs, and Muff.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 12.

The collar, cuffs, and muff are knitted in loop stitch (imitation of fur) with white zephyr worsted, edged with crochet bar scallops, and lined with blue silk. Fig. 12, Supplement, gives one-half of the pattern for the collar. The loop stitch is alternately worked with a single and a double thread of zephyr worsted, each wound up in a ball, and with very coarse steel or fine wooden needles; the latter should be pointed at both ends. Having completed Fig. 12, Supplement, as a whole, begin the collar from the back under edge, making a foundation of the requisite length with the single thread, 24 st. (stitch) in the original. Then work with the same thread one round all purled. Pay no attention to the single thread, lay on the double thread, and with the latter work 1 loop round as follows: 1 p. (purled), lay on a netting mesh seven-eighths of an inch wide before the needle, form a loop, winding the double thread once about the mesh from the under to the upper side, 1 p., again form a loop, and continue in this manner to the end of the round. Push the st. on the needle leaving the mesh in the loops for the present) to the opposite end of the needle, and with the single thread previously left unnoticed knit one round all plain. Turn the work, draw the netting mesh out of the loops, lay it on behind the needle, and with the double thread knit one loop round all plain. Again push the st. to the opposite end of the needle, and with the single thread work one round purled.—These four rounds are constantly repeated. Widen or narrow on the outer edge according to the pattern. Having reached the neck, cast off several st. of the back in the middle, and finish the fronts with the remaining st. at both sides; the rounds on the under edge of the fronts should be in a slanting direction. Border the finished knitted part all

Fig. 1.—Dress with Louis Quinze Corsage.—Back.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 27–30.

Fig. 2.—Dress with Louis Quinze Corsage.—Front.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 27–30.

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around with crochet edging of four rounds as follows: 1st round.—On each edge st. work 1 sc. (single crochet). 2d round.—1 dc. (double crochet) on every second following st. of the preceding round, after every dc. 1 ch. (chain stitch). 3d round.—On each dc. 1 sc., then always 3 ch. 4th round.—∗ 1 sc. on the middle of the next 3 ch., 1 ch., 3 dc. on the middle of the following 3 ch., 1 ch., and repeat from ∗. Through the second round of the edging run narrow blue silk ribbon. Furnish the collar with lining, and on the front of the neck set two pieces of wider blue silk ribbon for closing. Begin each cuff on the upper edge with a foundation of 40 st.; on these work ten loop rounds, narrowing at the ends of the work so that the last round counts only 28 st. Edge each cuff on the under edge with edging similar to that on the collar, run blue silk ribbon through the edging, sew up the ends, leaving a short slit, set the lining on the inside, fasten a button and button-loop on the corners, and a ribbon bow in the middle at the top. To make the muff begin on one end with a foundation of 68 st., and on these work 30 loop rounds, then border the knitted part on the ends with the crochet edging, sew up the sides, and furnish the muff with wadding, lining, and ribbon bows.

Fig. 1.—SASH OF WATERED RIBBON AND LACE.

Tulle, Lace, and Velvet Frill.

See illustration on page 124.

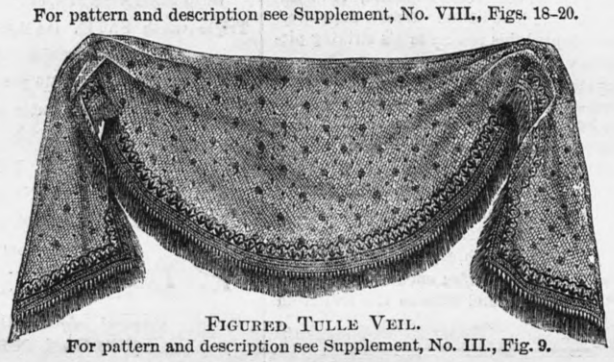
THIS frill is made of a strip of tulle an inch and three-quarters wide, trimmed with lace three-quarters of an inch wide, and arranged in double box-pleats. It is edged on the bottom with red velvet ribbon an inch wide, and finished in the front with a bow of similar ribbon.

Embroidered Sashes of Watered and Gros Grain Ribbon and Lace, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—SASH OF WATERED RIBBON AND LACE. This sash consists of a piece of black watered ribbon twenty-nine inches and three-quarters long and seven inches and a quarter wide, and of a similar piece of ribbon of the same width and fifty inches long. These ribbons are looped together as shown by the illustration. They are rounded off on the under end, pleated at the top, and fastened on a foundation of stiff lace, the seam made by doing this being covered by loops and ends of black watered ribbon two inches and three-quarters wide. The sash is trimmed, besides, with black woolen guipure lace three inches and a half wide and fringe, as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—SASH OF EMBROIDERED GROS GRAIN RIBBON. This sash is made of loops and ends of black gros grain ribbon nine inches and a quarter wide. The ends are ornamented, as shown by the illustration, in satin stitch embroidery, back stitch, half-polka stitch, and knotted stitch, with silk of various colors, and are edged across the bottom with fringe four inches and a half wide. This sash is set on a pleated belt, which is closed in front and finished with a bow of narrower gros grain ribbon. Fig. 25, Supplement, gives the design for the sash.

CASHMERE HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 18–20.



FIGURED TULLE VEIL.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Fig. 9.

Fig. 2.—SASH OF EMBROIDERED GROS GRAIN RIBBON.
For design see Suppl., No. X., Fig. 25.

SAGACIOUS PUSSIES.

CATS have a plentiful store of cunning, and know how to obtain by artifice what they can not by stealth. A lady, having a favorite cat that happened to hurt its leg, felt constrained, while it was lame, to give it its daily milk. The cat after a time got well, but she evidently imagined lameness was an advantage that was useful to her, consequently she shammed whenever she saw her mistress, holding up her paw as though it caused her pain to put it to the ground. Cats

VIOLET POPLIN SUIT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1ª, 1ᵇ–6.

GROS GRAIN EVENING DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7 and 8.

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sometimes behave like dogs. The writer possessed an animal that used to come to his whistle just as a terrier would, and in the night-time, when dogs and pedestrians were not about, it used to accompany him on his walks through the streets. This cat was not formed like others of its species. It was a tabby, with rather longish hair, and with a thick tail, that was not more than six inches in length. How the remainder was lost was a question, but from its extreme irritability when its tip was touched, a butcher-boy's chopper was suspected. The cat was odd in all her ways; when her master was at his desk writing she would always select a small piece of writing-paper on which to sit down, no doubt putting herself on a literary footing with him. Her diet was also extraordinary—she would eat pickles and drink brandy-and-water. One day she rose suddenly and sprang up the chimney, a fire burning in the grate at the time. A couple of hundred years ago, the writer would without doubt have been burned as a wizard for keeping a familiar. The cat, when she found the top of the register too hot for her feet, came down, a little blacker than she went up. One day, however, poor puss suddenly rushed round the room in a circle for a few seconds and then fell down dead. This finale explained many of her peculiarities when alive. She suffered from epileptic fits, and these always affect the brain in a singular manner, and no doubt accounted for the depraved nature of her appetite.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LENA.—Patterns for an infant's entire wardrobe will be sent you from this office on receipt of twenty-five cents and your address. You should also send for the *Bazar* (price 10 cents) in which those patterns are illustrated and described.

M. R. H.—Invitations to your party given at your mother's house should, of course, be sent out in her name. Tinted paper with illuminated monograms is still used. Very thin paper is best for letters that go to any foreign country.

OLD FRIEND.—Directions for taking the bath you mention will be given in the next number of the "Ugly Girl" papers. They are too long to give here.

FLOY.—Washing the hands with camphor just before going out will prevent perspiration, and save your gloves. Bathe hands and feet daily in water hot as they can bear it, and consult a physician as to your general health. Intense perspiration is always a sign of disease.

A. C. R.—Mineral-white is powdered talc, which is not injurious to the skin. Prepared chalk may be used in the cosmetic you refer to; but flake-white is a form of lead, and very poisonous.

GERTRUDE M. L.—Various recipes for making the skin firm and smooth have been given in the "Ugly Girl" papers, any of which will answer your purpose. The white of egg beaten up with alum and rose-water is often used. Glycerine lotion is harmless. You should walk and sit in the sun as much as possible.

MRS. F. R. M.—Addresses are not given in the *Bazar*, but if you will send your full name and address you can receive the information through letter.

QUIDAM.—You will find the subject of depilatories fully treated in the "Ugly Girl" papers that have been published in the *Bazar*. We can not repeat the information for the benefit of a single reader.

W. H. M.—Cousins' children are second cousins to each other.

LUCILLE.—Make your tarlatan with a low round Josephine corsage, and wear a white watered ribbon sash. Flounce the skirt very high, edging and heading each flounce with a ruche; then add an apron over-skirt. Make your blue silk with a basque and demi-train, trimmed with darker blue. For the black silk use the Louis Quinze Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V., and for the traveling suit use the redingote pattern of the same number. Wear a black velvet bonnet.

STUPID.—Your idea of the way of making the melon puffs is correct, provided you begin them lower down on the front breadth, and put a ruche at the top for a heading.

CARRIE L.—The Dolman will be the best pattern for your cloth cloak. Trim it with a band of bias gros grain and fringe.

MRS. O. F. T.—Dolman sacques and polonaises are the most fashionable velvet garments. Fur or lace is the trimming.

CARRIE.—The covers we recommend for the *Bazar* are self-binders, to hold a file of the *Bazar* during the year of its publication. At the end of the year this file should be regularly bound by the book-binder.

MISS M. F.—We are not willing to furnish the address of private individuals.

MRS. J. C. G.—We do not make purchases for our readers.

TRANQUILLA.—Plain braids and tresses wound around the head are prettiest for young girls. Plainly made merino, empress cloth, and black alpaca dresses are prettiest for school-girls. Purple kilt pleating will finish out your wrapper nicely.

J. L. B.—Black, gray, plum, and olive colors for dresses, with blue and rose ribbons, are worn by ladies of forty years. Their coiffures are braids and tresses worn high for back hair, with frizzes and a braided coronet in front. Double-breasted jackets are not considered especially dressy, but are seen at church, and used for visiting. The best water-proof cloak is that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. IV. Dark blue English water-proof is much used this season.

MRS. L. G.—We are not in the habit of selecting samples and making purchases for our readers.

CHAMPION.—Tea-rose, dark or pale blue, pearl gray, and pale pink can be well worn with garnet-color.

J. R. S.—We have no cut paper patterns other than those named in our catalogue.

M. C. A.—You can find out about the various fancy-work materials at any well-supplied fancy store. The names used in the *Bazar* for such goods are those commonly used by dealers.

J. M. R.—The Louis Quinze Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V., is an excellent model for a mourning suit. Make the vest and trimmings of crape.

V. H.—You will find the sort of work you mention described in previous numbers, as "Fern Impression Work," "Spray or Spatter Work," etc.—Your cosmetic of one-fourth glycerine and three-fourths rose-water, to be rubbed on the skin before going to bed, is simple, and we take pleasure in laying it before our readers, with your assurance that it is unfailing.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Your first note was not received. We do not republish poems in answer to individual requests. You can obtain back numbers of any of our periodicals.

MISS M. B.—White corduroy or else a white piqué sacque as long as the child's dress is what you want for your babe. Add a round cape, and trim with an embroidered ruffle. The *Bazar* will furnish you a cut paper pattern for a kilt suit for your boy of four years. Piqué, buff and gray linen, and white duck are the materials to be used.

MRS. J. F. B.—Make a simple apron-front over-skirt of your court train, and use the remainder for flounces on the skirt. Make coat sleeves of the flowing ones in your basque. A little borax in water will freshen your black silk. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. VI., for hints about the coiffure.

ALICE L.—A. T. Stewart sold the goods quoted at the prices mentioned during the holidays. Only a few shades, such as garnet and crimson, are still reduced in price. Choice shades are $2.

M. A. T.—Make a belt with a basque or panier attached to wear with your round alpaca waist.

MRS. MARION.—Wear natural carnations in your hair and flesh-colored gloves. If you would drape your black grenadine with a maroon silk sash lined with carnation silk, it would make a very suitable evening dress.

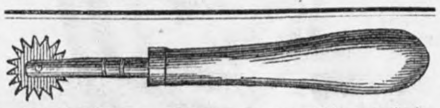
SAPPHIRES.

WHEN an American speaks of a Sapphire, he uses, without probably knowing it, a word common to all the tongues which men of his branch of the human family have spoken from the land and the times of Moses and of Job down to our own days. The Sapphire is identical in composition with the Ruby, differing from it only in color. The Ruby is as red as blood. The Sapphire is as blue as the sky. Of course we speak of the perfect Ruby and of the perfect Sapphire. A really fine Sapphire is much more easily found than a really fine Ruby, and fine Sapphires of a very large size are not uncommon, while a fine Ruby of a very large size is almost unknown out of the East. Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, 22 John Street (up stairs), among not a few beautiful Sapphires, have just now one which is simply delicious in color, in lustre, and, what is very rare, in brilliancy. The perfect Sapphire should have, by artificial light as well as by day, the pure and positive blue color of the richest clear blue velvet. If it be mixed with black or with purple, it may be a fine stone otherwise, but it fails of the perfection and price of the ideal Sapphire—that which the ungallant Hebrews who held that the Tables delivered at Sinai were of Sapphire, described as the "male Sapphire," to distinguish it from the pale blue of the "female Sapphire." Browning has adopted this phrase in his striking picture of the tiara of King Saul,

> "The jewels that woke in his turban,
> At once—with a start
> All the lordly male Sapphires—and Rubies
> Courageous at heart."

No gem is more poetic, or has more picturesque and romantic associations than the Sapphire. The Greeks held it sacred to Apollo, and esteemed it a remedy against fevers. Even Christian St. Jerome, commenting upon its mention by Isaiah, says of it that "it procures favor with princes, pacifies enemies, frees from enchantment and malice, and obtains freedom from captivity."—[*Com.*]

OUR FAVORITE SEWING-MACHINE.—The cheapest and best sewing-machine now manufactured for family use is probably the New Wilson. We certainly would use no other. It works with equal facility on muslin, woolen, cloth, cambric, tarletan, flannel, and leather. It does not paralyze the spine, or wear out the operator in any way; neither does it demand an incessant stoppage to find out where the difficulty is. There is no difficulty. It runs smoothly and evenly, hems, fells, tucks, gathers, and binds. It does the finest and most beautiful work on cambric and linen. It also has the merit of being cheaper than any other first-class machine, as it can be purchased for $50. The feeding device is an improvement on all other machines, and a special patent of the Wilson. It does not get out of order, nor break needles, nor slip, nor pucker the cloth. So complete has the Wilson Sewing-Machine been made, by a skillful combination of brain and muscle, that it has left nothing to be desired. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The Company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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Import and manufacture their own Goods, and RETAIL THEM AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

PRICE-LIST.

Short Hair Switches $1 and upward. Finest quality Hair Switches, solid, not dyed, 18 inches long, 4 ounces weight, - - $5 00
Do. 22 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 6 00
Do. 26 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 8 00
Do. 32 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 10 00

Shaw's Patent Hair Switches, 50c.

Long Single Curls, natural Curly—
22-inch, $2 00. 24-inch, $2 50. 26-inch, $4 00.
Frisets, 25 cents per yard.

BRANCH STORE, 363 6th AVENUE, Bet. 22d and 23d Streets.

Ladies' own Hair made over in latest styles.
Combings made up 50 cents per ounce.
Goods send C. O. D. by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of color and money in registered letters or P. O. Order.

FRENCH STAMPING PATTERNS.—M'me BADOUREAU & Co., 125 Fourth Ave. Send for circular.

OUR NEEDLE-CASE is the best, sells fastest, pays best. Send 50 cts. for sample. Agents wanted. H. N. McKINNEY & CO., Philadelphia.

YOUNG LADIES' EDUCATIONAL HOME will admit four new scholars Feb. 10, 1873. Preferences given to first applicants. Mr. & Mrs. D. S. TROWBRIDGE, Greenwich, Conn.

INFANT'S WARDROBE "C"

FOR $125.

2 Flannel Bands	@	$0 62½	$1 25
2 Barrow Coats	@	2 50	5 00
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6 Linen Shirts	@	1 00	6 00
6 Night Dresses	@	2 25	13 50
2 Day Dresses	@	5 50	11 00
6 Slips	@	3 00	18 00
1 Calico Wrapper			1 50
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1 Val. Lace Cap			7 50
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			$125 00

The whole or any single article of the above Outfit may be had upon application, or will be sent by express, C. O. D. Every article is made in the best manner, and from the best materials. Directions for self-measurement, together with list of articles in Trousseau "A," for $150, and "C," for $250, sent by mail if desired.

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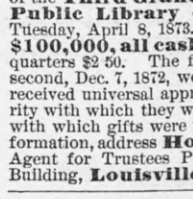

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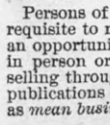

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FACETIÆ.

A SURGICAL journal mentions the fact of a man living five years with a ball in his head. A sarcastic friend remarked that he saw nothing very remarkable in that, as he knew ladies to live twice as long "with nothing but balls in their heads."

In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure?—In the case of a watch.

"We're in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam," said another. "Heaven preserve us!" moaned an old lady.

Man may be a worm; but a glance at the dandy proves that he is not the worm that never dyes.

A contemporary, speaking of a professor of cookery, says he was chief of the caterers, and was called the cater-pillar for that reason, and because he made the butter fly.

King Alfred is said to have used candles to measure time with. Was this the origin of the candle's tick?

Hardup says the report of a *début* always reminds him of his account with the bank, because it is generally overdrawn.

Why is the road of transgressors so hard?—Because it is so much traveled.

The devotion of Mary's little lamb, which "followed her to school one day," is equaled by that of a duck at Athol, which is so much attached to a young lady who feeds it that it attends her to church or wherever she goes. At a recent entertainment at Music Hall the duck waited below until the young lady came down stairs, and then escorted her home with many a complaisant quack.

A cheerful giver put the following note in a pair of pantaloons sent to the Michigan sufferers: "There, take 'em. Last pair I've got. Don't get burned out again."

The following undesignedly whimsical conclusion of an oration in Paris over the grave of a republican was made by a brother "red." "Citizen X—— was a true republican, which character he never falsified one instant in his life. He died as he lived: he succumbed from indigestion."

PARSEE FABLES.

"Nature has been very kind to her creatures," said a giraffe to an elephant. "For example, your neck being so very short, she has given you a proboscis wherewith to reach your food; and I having no proboscis, she has bestowed upon me a long neck."

"I think, my good friend, you have been among the theologians," said the elephant. "I doubt if I am clever enough to argue with you. I can only say it does not strike me that way."

"But really," persisted the giraffe, "you must confess your trunk is a great convenience, in that it enables you to reach the high branches of which you are so fond, even as my long neck enables me."

"Perhaps," mused the ungrateful pachyderm, "if we could not reach the higher branches we should develop a taste for the lower ones."

"In any case," was the rejoinder, "we can never be sufficiently thankful that we are unlike the lowly hippopotamus, who can reach neither the one nor the other."

"Ah! yes," the elephant assented; "there does not seem to have been enough of Nature's kindness to go round."

"But the hippopotamus has his roots and his rushes."

"It is not easy to see how, with his present appliances, he could obtain any thing else."

This fable teaches nothing; for those who perceive the meaning of it either knew it before or will not be taught.

A monkey finding a heap of cocoa-nuts, gnawed into one, then dropped it, gagging hideously.

"Now this is what *I* call perfectly disgusting!" said he. "I can never leave any thing lying about but some one comes along and puts a quantity of nasty milk in it!"

A cat just then happening to pass that way began rolling the cocoa-nuts about with her paw.

"Yeow!" she exclaimed; "it is enough to vex the soul of a cast-iron dog! Whenever I set out any milk to cool, somebody comes and seals it up tight as a drum!"

Then perceiving one another, and each thinking the other the offender, these enraged animals collided, and wrought a mutual extermination: whereby two worthy consumers were lost to society, and a quantity of excellent food had to be given to the poor.

A fox seeing a swan afloat called out:

"What ship is that? I wish to take passage by your line."

"Got a ticket?" inquired the fowl.

"No; I'll make it all right with the company, though."

So the swan moored alongside, and he embarked—deck passage. When they were well off shore the fox intimated that dinner would be agreeable.

"I would advise you not to try the ship's provisions," said the bird; "we have only salt meat on board. Beware the scurvy!"

"You are quite right," replied the passenger. "I'll see if I can stay my stomach with the foremast."

So saying he bit off her neck, and she immediately capsizing, he was drowned.

Moral—highly so, but not instructive.

Some close observer, commenting on the alacrity with which workmen left their labors at the stroke of twelve, remarked, "I have seen a man who had his pick in the air knock off work and leave it there, rather than waste time to put it down after twelve struck."

SMALL BOY (*at play with pop-gun, to sensitive elderly gentleman*). "Does this noise annoy you, uncle?"

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN. "No, my boy. It sounds like the pop of a cork."

"ANSWERED."

'Oh, look here, Mr. Crispin! I bought these Boots here only a week ago, and they're beginning to Crack already!"
'Ah, Miss, perhaps you've been *Walking* in them! *Our* Boots are intended for *Carriage People*, you know!"

There is an interesting maiden in Martha's Vineyard named Nancy Luce, whose religious faith consists mainly in a belief that her chickens will be to her a joy forever. One of them has, however, left these earthly scenes, and Nancy has celebrated her virtues in a book of poetry, and placed on her tombstone an epitaph which it would puzzle gods and men to pronounce to be either poetry or prose. It runs thus:

"Poor Tweedle Dedel Bebbee Pinky. Died June 17, 1871, at a quarter past seven o'clock in the evening, aged four years.

"Poor dear little heart,
Sore broke in her.
I am left broken-hearted.
She was my own heart within me.
She had more than common wit.
She is taken from the evil to come."

HIGH WORDS—Those spoken in a balloon.

A farmer recklessly publishes the following challenge: "I will bet $42 25 that my hired man can take longer to go to the harvest field, get back to dinner quicker, eat more, do less, and bear down harder on a panel of the fence, than any other hired man within fifteen miles of the flag-staff in our town."

A parent who has fifteen daughters has poisoned his dog, taken the locks off the doors, and hung rope-ladders over his door-yard fence by the dozen, and still his provision bill is as large as ever.

As a drunken man was staggering along the Bowery the other night he saw street cars passing him with different-colored lights, and gazing at the red, yellow, blue, and green lamps, was heard soliloquizing, "I mus' get out o' this place. It's too sickly. They're running the drug stores around on wheels."

Some "blarsted" foreigner says: "Give an American a newspaper and a pie, and he will make himself comfortable any where?"

Which is the most warlike nation?—Vaccination. Why?—Because it is always in arms.

If there is one thing more pleasant than another, it is for a husband, weary and hungry, to arrive home to find his door locked and his wife off visiting the neighbors. Now if all women would do as that Scranton woman did, the husband could get in the house comfortably. After a deal of annoyance he managed to climb through a back window, and upon a table in the parlor he found this note: "I have gone out. You will find the door-key on one side of the door-step."

An old farmer said to his sons: "Boys, don't you ever spekerlate or wait for something to turn up. You might just as well go an' sit down on a stone in the middle of a medder, with a pail atwixt your legs, an' wait for a cow to back to you to be milked."

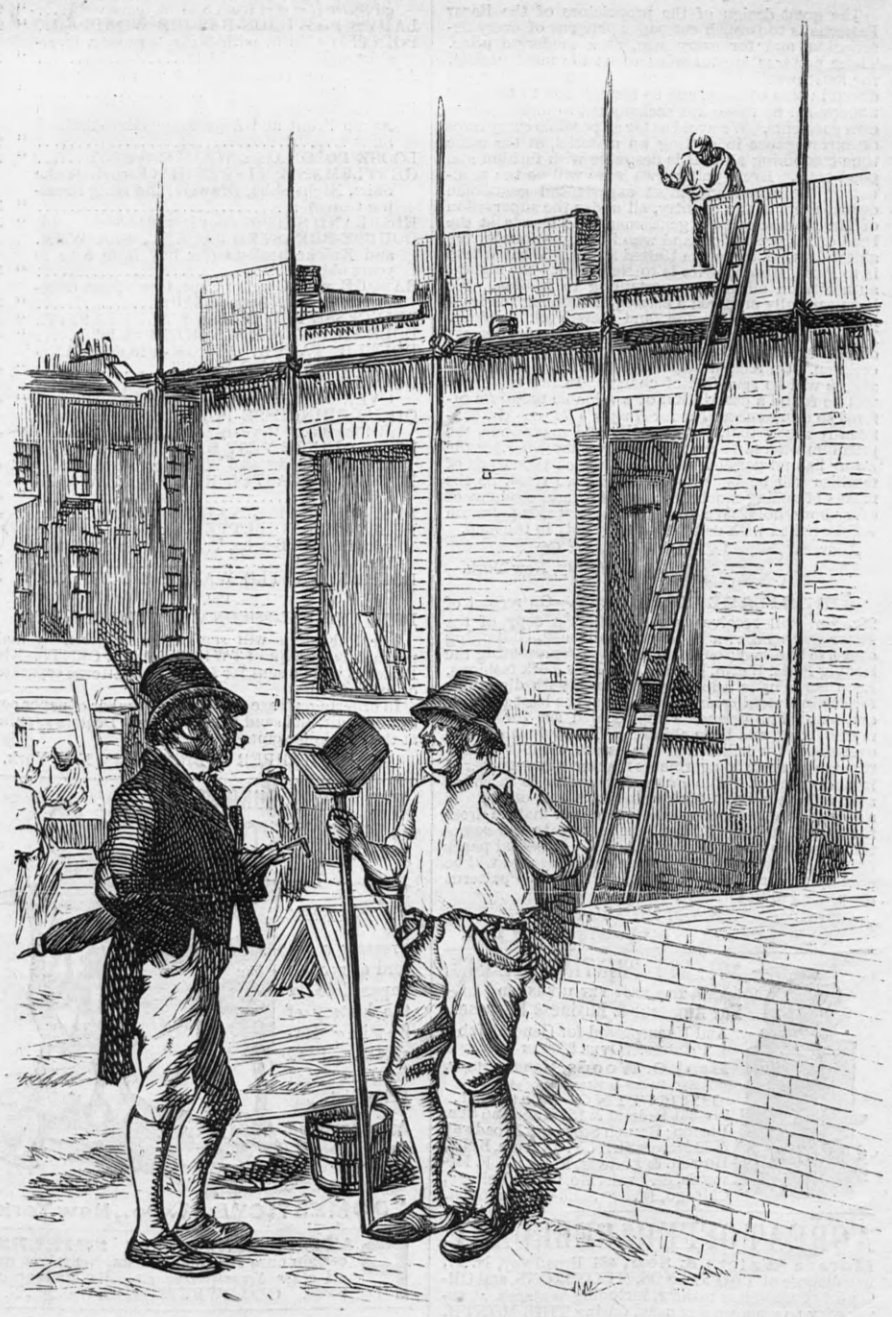
A paper heads an article with the momentous question, "Is disease preventable?" Our contributor says, "Go slow—and then you'll never catch any thing."

Affected young lady, seated in a rocking-chair reading the Bible, exclaims, "Mother, here is a grammatical error in the Bible!" Mother, lowering her spectacles, and approaching the reader in a very scrutinizing attitude, says, "Kill it, kill it! It is the very thing that has been eating the book-marks!"

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

HOST (*really in agony about his polished inlaid floor*). "Hadn't you better come on the Carpet, old Fellow? I'm so afraid you might *Slip*, you know."

GUEST. "Oh, it's all right, old Fellow—Thanks! There's a Nail at the end, you know!"



"A CONTINTED MIND."

TIRENCE (*Bricklayer's Laborer, acclimatized, to Paddy [just] from Cork*). "Sell yer Pig an' Fournichure, an' come over wid Biddy to this blissed Country. I get a dollar and siventy-five cints a Day for carr'in' Bricks up a Ladder, an', be Jabers, there's a poor Divil up at the top doin' all the Work for me!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 9.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Ladies' Bonnets and Coiffure, Figs. 1–6.

Fig. 1.—BLACK VELVET BONNET WITH REVERS. The trimming for this bonnet consists of loops and ends of black velvet ribbon and a spray of light blue morning-glories with long trailing spray. Three-cornered veil of figured black silk tulle and lace.

Fig. 2.—PLUM-COLORED SILK REPS BONNET WITH REVERS. The trimming consists of plum-colored gros grain ribbon. In front is an aigrette of sage green feathers of different lengths. Three-cornered veil, with ends of figured silk tulle and lace.

Fig. 3.—RÉSÉDA SILK BONNET WITH CURVED FRONT. Feathers of the same color, gros grain ribbon of a darker shade, and a spray of roses constitute the trimming. Gauze veil with long scarf ends, trimmed with knotted fringe.

Fig. 4.—LIGHT BLUE FAILLE BONNET WITH SOFT CROWN. The front is side-pleated. The trimming consists of light blue gros grain ribbon, black lace, and a tuft of roses. Three-cornered veil of figured black silk tulle and lace.

Fig. 5.—OPERA COIFFURE OF BLACK CRÊPE-LISSE AND LACE. The scarf ends are trimmed with silk tassels.

Fig. 6.—VIOLET VELVET BONNET WITH REVERS. Bows and strings of violet gros grain ribbon. The trimming consists of lace coquilles, ostrich feathers, and a bird's wing of changeable feathers of different lengths. Veil with scarf ends of silk tulle, interwoven with flowers.

POISONOUS RED AND OTHER COLORS.

MR. WALLACE YOUNG, in commenting upon an important article by Dr. Draper, published in the journal of the Massachusetts Board of Health, in regard to the evil effects of the use of arsenic in certain green colors, brings forward the results of a critical examination of pigments other than green, also containing arsenic. These were all of French manufacture, and intended for use in calico printing, but were rejected, first, on account of the large quantity of arsenious oxide present; and second, because colors equally good for calico could be obtained by other less expensive and less dangerous methods. The colors in question were named Light Scarlet Pigment, Scarlet Ponceau, Dark Green and Steam Chocolate, and Catechu Pigment, all containing arsenious oxide, which is supposed to have been added for the purpose of giving body to the pigment, not being essentially necessary to the color. It is thought very probable that these are used extensively in the manufacture of paper-hangings.

LANDSCAPE COLORING WITHOUT PAINT.

I REMEMBER to have seen years ago an account of a curious ancient method of forming landscapes in imitation of painting, yet without so much as a touch of either paint or brushes. The process was simply this: Take tissue-paper of various shades and tints, such as would be required for sky, trees, rocks, etc., and cut out the several objects, beginning with the clouds. The clear portion of the sky should be covered with blue, and having gummed this neatly and smoothly down around the edges, but not in the centre, lay the clouds on over this, arranging them according to the picture that is to be copied. The lightest shades will be required for the edges of the clouds that come against the blue, with darker and duskier shades as they recede from the light, as in painting. It will be well to have a simple subject—a chromo or water-color sketch—as a model, and from that it will be easy to arrange in graduated shades; but in putting on the layers for clouds, one over another, it is best only to gum them at the extremities which will be afterward covered with the next piece. Having finished the sky entirely, put in the objects next the horizon with tints closely resembling the sky colors, but deepening as they approach the foreground; a double or treble thickness of paper may be used to deepen the shade. Then for trees and other prominent objects use deep and decided colors, and let them stand out distinctly

Fig. 1.—BLACK VELVET BONNET WITH REVERS.
Fig. 2.—PLUM-COLORED SILK REPS BONNET WITH REVERS.
Fig. 3.—RÉSÉDA SILK BONNET WITH CURVED FRONT.
Fig. 4.—LIGHT BLUE FAILLE BONNET WITH SOFT CROWN.
Fig. 5.—OPERA COIFFURE OF BLACK CRÊPE-LISSE AND LACE.
Fig. 6.—VIOLET VELVET BONNET WITH REVERS.

FIGS. 1–6.—LADIES' BONNETS AND COIFFURE.

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against the paler ones of the background. When all are arranged in place, put it into a frame, with glass over it, and the effect will be very much like that of a picture in water-colors.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1873.

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SITUATION OF THE DWELLING.

THERE is nothing people talk so much and care so little about as the situation of the houses they dwell in. To have a good or a fine view, as it is termed, might be supposed, to hear the universal expression of sentiment on the subject, the chief end of living. An extended prospect of the beauties of nature, the sight of so many distant mountains, so much water, such an expanse of land surface, with its varieties of hill, dale, grove, and field, would seem to be indispensable to the happiness of the great majority of mankind. It is a fact, however, that most persons in their daily life are quite indifferent to all the beauties of natural scenery. Those before whom they are always spread, and need not turn to look upon them, having eyes see them not; and those who are shut out from their view by a dead-wall care not, however easily it may be passed, to go beyond in search of a glance at them. A Swiss peasant would not raise his eyes for a moment from the root at which he is grubbing to look upon the Jungfrau transfigured with all the glories of the setting sun. A New York merchant will grope on day after day along brick walls without ever taking a step to enjoy the freedom of beauty so generously proffered by nature outside of his self-imposed prison. There are said to be men and women in our city to whom neither want of time nor money has ever been an obstacle who have yet to spend the few minutes and coppers required to cross the noblest river in the world, and have, of course, never looked upon one of the finest views of natural scenery the eye of man can behold.

With all the real indifference to the beauties of nature, there is an affected admiration of them. That this admiration is not a genuine and spontaneous feeling is apparent from the forced attention given to the supposed attractions of natural scenery when the occasion seems to require it, and the general want of appreciation of all ideal representations of them by art. There is nothing to which the ordinary ear and eye are so shut as to descriptive poetry and landscape painting.

We do not wish it to be understood that because the beauties of nature are so little appreciated people should studiously avoid them. They may exercise their beneficent influences unconsciously to the beholder, and we therefore would encourage even the most insensible to surround themselves, if they possess the power, with all the charms of natural scenery. At the same time it is hardly worth the while to sacrifice more substantial advantages to any sentimental fancy for the beautiful. Our purpose in directing the choice of a situation for a dwelling is to point out what may be rather conducive to health and comfort than to the gratification of taste and the enjoyment of nature.

Pure air, an abundance of it, and dryness are necessary to the wholesomeness of the dwelling of man. If in the country, one has more or less liberty of choice of situation, and should, if possible, select high grounds for the site of his house. It had better be placed on the slope rather than the summit of a hill, for the latter will be too exposed to wind and storm, while the former will be more or less protected, and at the same time offer the proper facilities for that great essential to the healthfulness of a dwelling, thorough drainage. With a house thus situated, moreover, below the extreme height, there will be space of ground behind left for the planting of trees to serve as a shelter from the heat of summer and the blasts of winter. It is a mistake, however, whatever may be the picturesque effect, to have trees very near the residence. They are reservoirs of moisture, and though they may secure the coolness of shade, they, by intercepting the air and hindering ventilation, render a house unwholesome. Certain trees, as the sycamore, elm, beech, and horse-chestnut, are especially interdicted by the experienced, while others are deemed allowable, as the cedar and various pines and firs, which, being of smaller growth and more meagre foliage, harbor less moisture, and do not interfere so much with the circulation of the air.

No dwelling can be healthful which does not receive on its surface, or at least on some part of it, the direct rays of the sun. The house may be so placed or constructed that the glare of light can be subdued or diverted in such a manner as not to be excessive or too intrusive for comfort. The plan followed by some architects of placing the residence diagonally to the four points of the compass is a good one, as by this means the rays of the sun will fall aslant upon every side of the house, and thus the whole structure will have the full benefit of the wholesomeness of their light, while their glow will be less direct upon the windows, and their intrusiveness more readily guarded against.

Where there is good artificial drainage it matters little what may be the nature of the soil upon which the dwelling is situated. In the absence, however, of any contrivance by art for draining, it becomes a matter of the greatest importance to secure the best natural substitutes. Gravelly and sandy soils are the best, for water passes rapidly through them; and clayey and rocky the worst, for they hold fast the moisture, and allow it with all its impurities to evaporate and diffuse its poison throughout and around the whole dwelling. There is, in reality, no natural substitute for a good artificial drainage, which is, indeed, essential to the wholesomeness of every house. The exposure in our comparatively unsettled country to miasm is almost unavoidable at times. The best temporary expedients for protection against its dangers that we know of are open windows and blazing fires even during the warmest days of spring and autumn. Complete drainage, however, is here again the only sure remedy to rely upon.

The inhabitants of large towns are, as regards the healthfulness of the situation of their dwellings, very much at the mercy of the municipalities which govern them. If the drainage should be imperfect, the cleansing of the streets neglected, the water supply scanty or unwholesome, and nuisances such as soap-boiling, cattle-slaughtering, and overcrowded tenement-houses be permitted, the whole area of the town will be but a plague-spot to the infection of which every inhabitant will be fatally exposed. If, rich and luxurious, he builds a palace in the Fifth Avenue, all the perfume of gentility and the exclusiveness of fashion will not save him from the poison of the foul breath engendered in the crowded pens and reeking gutters of the slums of the city.

In the large town there is little opportunity for the gratification of a taste for natural beauty. As for prospect, what more can be said for the best situated city houses than that "they command an uninterrupted view of—of over the way, and they are within one minute's walk of—of the corner of the street?" Dick Swiveller with all his flourish of rhetoric could not heighten the description.

The recognized evils of the ever-increasing large town are only to be mitigated by diffusing as much as possible the inhabitants, and at the same time perfecting the hygienic conditions of their daily life. The railroads are doing something toward withdrawing the surplus population from the festering centres, but the only effectual reliance is upon a large expansion of the area of the populous city by a system of suburban residences, not for the few rich, but the many poor. The price of the land, swollen by speculation to an exorbitant degree, is unfortunately a practical difficulty for the present. This may not, however, continue to be in the future, with a juster appreciation of the rights of the people at large to the enjoyment of the benefits of a value the increase of which is essentially due to their progress as a community, and not to the few separate individuals who are sanguine enough to anticipate and have the means to take advantage of it. In the mean time much can be done to prevent the unhealthy crowding of a city by excluding from its limits all public institutions the interests of which can be as well or better served without than within. Hospitals for chronic diseases of all kinds, boarding-schools, asylums for the blind, the deaf and dumb, orphans, widows, and all incapables, should, not only for the sake of their own but of the good of the community at large, be thrust far beyond the boundaries of all populous towns.

Where the crowded city admits of a free space in front or behind the house it is desirable to have it, since it secures a proper circulation about the structure. It is not well, however, to attempt to turn these small inclosures into miniature fields or gardens. They are better paved with flags or tiles, and if flowers and shrubs are desired, they can be kept in pots and boxes. Grass and exposed earth, large shrubs and trees, however pleasing they may be to the senses, can only be so in summer, and at all seasons they are reservoirs of moisture from which the best constructed houses may suffer.

It is evident that all the inhabitants of a city can not have a free choice in regard to the situation of their houses, but most, without doubt, could have control of the internal economy of them. This, however, they generally, with submissive folly, yield up to fashion. Thus they shut up the best rooms in their houses and keep the worst for daily use. In appropriating the various apartments to their several services they should be guided by those laws of health and comfort laid down in the course of these papers. Let them not, for example, deprive themselves of the little sunlight vouchsafed to city prisoners because its scant rays shine only upon the front-rooms which Fashion in one of her caprices has closed, with her seal affixed, and refuses to open except on the rare occasion of her formal visits.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of some Fellow-Travelers.

MY DEAR WALTER,—Do you remember the story of the traveler who awoke in the night at the inn and heard his roommate remarking that he was very sorry to say that his snakes had escaped from the box in which he was carrying them, and if his neighbor should happen to feel any of them, he would be much obliged if he would return them? The pleasure of expecting to feel them entirely destroyed the desire to sleep; for as Solon in his youth used to say that almost every body has a forehead, so we may perhaps venture to say that almost every body would prefer not to find snakes in his bed. In fact, there is no reptile, there is perhaps no living thing, which is so generally regarded with repulsion as a snake. I confess that when I am staying at Mrs. Margery's in the summer, and stroll off into the fields and woods, if I come upon a snake writhing and gliding away, the wood is no longer attractive, and I am very likely to turn homeward. My feeling is so strong that I sometimes think if Satan did not actually appear to Eve and offer her an apple, yet that the universal repugnance of the race to the snake has accepted him as the figure of the arch enemy who worked our ruin. 'Tis the most hateful thing in nature; therefore Satan, who hated us, took its form.

I do not insist upon this view, for my theology is very apt to get confused. Evidently the snake was very fascinating to our lovely mother Eve, and I am very sure that he is so to many of the loveliest of her descendants. I constantly stroll into the garden and see the old drama. There is Eve, young, blooming, beautiful, and her eyes are fixed tenderly upon that wretched snake, and she evidently thinks him a very graceful and a very brilliant being; and if I exclaim, "My dear Eve, beware of that old serpent!" she looks at me with offense in her eyes and dignity in her manner, and says that she is surprised by my prejudices, and asks me if I think that it is kind to fling epithets. Do you suppose, Walter, that some women have a natural fondness for snakes?

An old friend of mine used to carry a black-snake in his waistcoat, and I have seen him twirl it around his neck like a fur boa, and twine it around his wrist like a bracelet. And once the gentleman who sat next to me in the car said that he had several very beautiful snakes of rare varieties in a bandbox by his side, and he asked me if I would like to see them. I hastened to thank him and decline, and I presently withdrew into the next car, saying to myself that it was very remarkable that railway companies allowed snakes to be carried as passengers. Probably I said so aloud also, for a gentleman with a patch over one eye remarked, as I seated myself, that if I objected to snakes as fellow-passengers I should move on. And when I thanked him, and said that I saw none near me, and no boxes or baskets in which they were likely to be concealed, he replied that I was probably not used to seeing them, or I should recognize them more readily.

The truth is that he must have concentrated all his powers of vision in one eye, for he said to me, sententiously, "There's a snake!" As I followed the indication of his unpatched eye I saw nobody but Mr. Anguis, whom you know very well, and who is a very agreeable and accomplished gentleman. He is, moreover, very clever, and one of the smoothest, sweetest, unangular men of my acquaintance. When he saw us he came and sat next to us, and we fell into conversation. I wonder if the cloud really did look like a weasel and a whale, or if the good old Polonius only thought so because the capricious prince insisted so positively upon the resemblance! And as Anguis and I talked I wondered whether I had always been deceived in him, or whether my present feeling arose from the hint of my neighbor with the patch over his eye.

We were speaking of Una, the daughter of Mrs. Lyoness, who has come out this winter; and although his words were of satin, they were so smooth, and while he made no distinct assertion, it seemed to me that his conversation was squeezing her to death. There were little hints and insinuations and implications, and he all the while smiling and soft and low in his tones, until I thought of that fair girl as suffocated; and at the same moment my neighbor with the patch said to me, "Mr. Bachelor, did you ever see an anaconda fed? They give 'em doves and rabbits." "For Heaven's sake open a window!" I exclaimed; "'tis frightfully close here." Mr. Anguis remarked, quietly, "Don't you admire snakes? There is a foolish antipathy toward them in weak minds." "By George!" I again exclaimed, and with energy, "my mind is so weak that I believe it is breaking up. I left the other car because of snakes, and I am afraid that they are in this car too." Mr. Anguis looked at me curiously and suddenly. Then, leaning over, he said something in a whisper to my patched neighbor, but I only heard the words, "Possible? Delirium tremens?" The neighbor did not pretend to conceal his reply. "Far from it. Probably never so clear-headed as at this moment."

You see there were snakes in that car. I wanted to get out of it, as when I was in the woods at Mrs. Margery's and met one of the reptiles. This courtly, well-dressed, smooth-tongued young gentleman covering a young girl's fair fame with the slime of suggestion, crushing her as the boa crushes the fawn, what was he but the old foe? I was sure that if Circe had been there he would have slunk out of his human form and have dropped writhing upon the floor. A few evenings afterward I was at the Tilburys' great ball; and as I moved about, listening to the exquisite music, and watching the lovely ladies gliding and floating in the dance, while I in fancy stepped the same measures with invisible partners in vanished scenes, I happened to be near the conservatory, and went in. It was dim, but very beautiful. The air was rich with mingled fragrance and the scent of earth, and my foolish old heart began to beat with emotions and vague hopes and aspirations wholly unbecoming my years, when I saw under a palm-tree the old, old picture once more—the serpent tempting Eve. Mr. Anguis was whispering to Una.

I have already said that my theology is very apt to get confused, and therefore it is, I suppose, that I fancy Eve could not help eating the apple. If Adam had cried to her that it was the very Old Nick that she was talking with, my theology is in such a condition that it does not assure me that she would have recoiled. And when I saw Una listening with that indefinable drooping abandonment of utter delight to the whisper of Mr. Anguis, I felt with inexpressible pain that if I had shouted, "Una, you are listening to Satan," she would have replied precisely as I have told you they always do reply, and have reproached me for using vehement epithets. I remembered what he had said to me of that lovely girl, and I saw him wooing her with every art he could command. Yet I knew from what he had said in the car that if I should cry "serpent," or insist to Mrs. Tilbury that there were snakes in the conservatory, Anguis would only have to smile, say "bottle," and touch his head to ruin my reputation among the Martha Washingtonians forever.

Have you remarked that when your mind is especially drawn to phenomena, they seem constantly to recur? There are, for instance, white horses or black cats: if you once begin to count all that you see, the number becomes fabulous instantly. So when the mind is once fixed upon snakes, they are frightfully many. I met a person of very eminent station, and he politely asked me to call upon him. I went without thinking that he could have any purpose, except to show me courtesy; but when I knocked at his door he stood cringing, like a snake on end, and, ducking and bowing and swaying, he introduced me to a group of unclean friends. His object was to represent me also as his friend. He was slippery and treacherous, very silent and very deadly. But he is only one of a class, and the whole class is composed of most familiar snakes.

I have decided, therefore, that it is not worth while to hope to escape snakes as fellow-travelers upon our journey. As Dickens says in one of his very last delightful little essays that the moral and improving Mr. Barlow of *Sandford and Merton* constantly appears to him in the most unexpected places and the most unsuspected forms, so may I say of snakes. I open my morning newspaper—and I am, as you know, very friendly to the power and influence of the press, etc., etc., and remarkably so whenever there is a reporter in the company—and as I am proceeding to read the paper I drop it in

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terror and disgust, for there is a snake in it. I saw something which I thought was a fair and candid article; I looked along to the end, and suddenly I was struck by its poisonous fang. It was treacherously coiled like an innocent ribbon. Suddenly I heard the rattle, and with all its force, and to its whole length, it darted its poison. Or, again, stealthily, unsuspectedly, it embraced its prey and, gradually infolding, suffocated it. I seat myself in my room with the newest romance, and there is an adder in it, hiding in beauty as it hides among mossy stones, and it poisons my faith in men or women. Or I sit and listen enchanted to a tale told me with a frank face and a clear eye, and it is all false. It is a snake who whispers to me.

Do not mistake me, Walter, nor think that because there are snakes in the wood there are not endless and depthless charms and glories also. Not even the old original serpent has yet subdued the woman, although he has been hanging to the tree and tempting and tempting from the beginning. In one of the old Roman galleries I remember the picture of Saint Catherine—is it?—a fair, calm saint with tranquil eyes and holy brow, who stands placidly upon the serpent. Una there under the palm-tree may listen, fascinated, and be deceived. There are women every where who are sweetly won to their own undoing. But woman stands with heaven-raised eyes, and her feet upon the snake. Amen, and amen!

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING MILLINERY.

THE first importations of spring millinery indicate what milliners call a "straw season." Aside from the straw bonnets that always appear with April and May, there are quantities of straw trimmings to be used in many instances in lieu of ribbons and laces. The newest features among these are mixtures of straw and jet in ornaments and leaves to be placed in flower clusters. There are also straw laces, curled straw braids, cords and tassels of straw, thick ruches, buttons, anchors, and garniture of various designs made of very white and of pale buff straw.

BONNET SHAPES.

Spring bonnets are larger than those of the winter. The crown is well defined, square, and high enough to hold a towering coiffure. Flat and rolled brims are both imported; it is probable that flat brims will be fashionable, as rolled coronets have been worn for several seasons. There are also many half-and-half brims that have rolled fronts and recede in the back. The Rabagas of straw is again imported; Parisian ladies of any age from fifty years down now wear this jaunty sailor bonnet perched far back on the head. Most of the new shapes may be used either as a round hat or bonnet; a pair of strings tied under the chin are all that is necessary for the change.

Soft, pliable, smooth straws are the handsomest bonnets shown, but there are also some fanciful lace-like braids, and the serviceable rough-and-ready straw. First choice among smooth braids is the fine English Dunstable; less expensive than this is écru chip, fine, soft, and the natural color of the straw, which is far prettier than the chalk white of bleached chip. There are also ornamental straws embroidered with black. Among colored straws are sage green and stylish olive tints; also serviceable shades of nut brown for traveling hats.

THE LYNETTE.

A pretty round hat that will take the place of the Dolly Varden hat of last summer is called the Lynette, after Tennyson's latest heroine. The brim is "tip-tilted" like Lynette's nose; the crown is half-high and square; the trimming is a thick ruche of straw around the crown, with a tassel on one side, a rose and leaves in front, and a lace border of straw on the edge. Rustic straws of rough surface and the soft écru chips are used for these summer garden hats. Ladies will wear the Lynette as a bonnet by placing it far back on the head and tying down the sides; little children and schoolgirls will use it as a hat to shade the forehead. Large Leghorn flats will be worn again.

A stylish round hat for city wear is the Castilian. This has a tall sloping crown like the brigand hats, and a narrow brim that is turned up high on one side. This shape has been very popular during the winter, and is becoming to slender oval faces. It is shown in Tuscan braids, in Swiss linen braids, and in écru chip.

MATERIALS FOR TRIMMING.

A new material for trimming is a soft, heavily repped silk, called gros de Suez. It is shown in very light bronze tints, serpent-color, the blue-gray smoke shades, and large quantities of turquoise blue and peacock colors are imported. This will be used for scarfs, folds, and soft pleatings in a very effective way. There are also indications of a revival of thin light fabrics for trimming, such as stamped crapes and embossed gauzes. Among these is a pretty frosted crape, transparent, pliable, and with a crinkle like China crape; the gauzes are in various designs of stripes, reps, and armure figures; the embossed gauzes are sprinkled with tiny patterns imitating embroidery.

FLOWERS.

Leaves and flowers of straw in clusters, with long fern leaves of finely cut jet, are the newest ornaments for spring bonnets. These straw and jet leaves also appear with flowers of natural colors. The Watteau cluster has a large pink rose, blue forget-me-nots, slender jet leaves, and straw ferns. Another new feature is oxidized leaves, giving a silvery, metallic appearance to all foliage. This is a "reform against nature" that will scarcely be as popular as the beautiful autumn leaves and the highly colored tropical foliage that are now so admirably represented in artificial flowers. The unusual quantities of blue flowers imported add weight to the rumor that blue is again to be a leading color. These are in the most delicate shades, such as turquoise, *bleu-clair*, and *ciel;* among them are sweet-pea clusters, sprays of blue convolvuli tipped with faintest rose, and double hyacinths. A new parure is a bandeau of oxidized berries and leaves, with a single full-blown rose and many closed buds for the top of the bonnet, with a trailing spray of buds and silvered leaves. Tea-roses are mounted in the same way; those pale salmon-tinted roses will be fashionably used on straw bonnets that are trimmed with black net, dotted all over with tiny straw buttons. Another bandeau is a luxurious growth of ivy leaves with fine white flowers; bunches of white daisies, yellow primroses, and field flowers are shown; there are mammoth roses in profusion, and bouquets of roses of varied hues—crimson, pink, yellow, and white.

Ornaments of oxidized silver are popularly worn in Paris, and will be offered for favor here. Veil pins of this metal are fashionable in the shape of blocks, darts, and arrows.

SPRING SUITS.

The first suits imported for spring are moss green, vert-de-gris, écru, and violet shades, and the fabrics are poplins, pongees, and soft woolen stuffs. They consist of a postilion basque, with revers behind instead of pleats, and large Dolman sleeves. The upper skirts have very short aprons, or else are plain breadths attached to the back breadths of the lower skirt, and rounded off to the belt in front, displaying the elaborately trimmed front breadths of the lower skirt. The latter arrangement has the effect of a polonaise, and similar suits are made with real polonaises. Two shades appear in these costumes, and the novelty is to use a very light and very dark shade instead of tints that differ slightly, as was formerly the fashion. The foundation of spring suits is of the lightest shade, while the darkest shade of the same color appears in the conspicuous revers, the vest, pockets, and the bias bands, many folds, and pipings that compose the trimming. For instance, pale vert-de-gris is trimmed with deepest olive, écru with chestnut brown, and pearl-color with darkest violet. Insertions of écru or else white yak lace are laid flatly on the dark bands of trimming, and a similar edging of lace finishes the dark bindings of the flounces. Polonaises with basque backs are largely imported on the model suits. Vests will continue in fashion both on basques and polonaises. New dresses have the aprons of over-skirts arranged in lengthwise puffs, and there will be another attempt to make puffs popular for trimming. Hitherto they have found little favor, except as a garniture for the thin fabrics of evening dresses. Redingotes, it is said, will become very large garments, worthy to be named after the riding-coats and great-coats of our forefathers. They have immense revers turned up from the lowest corner of their skirt fronts, and attached on each side to a belt that crosses the back from side seam to side seam, but does not appear in the front of the garment. These revers disclose facings of a different shade from the body of the redingote; when the garment is made of striped or dotted materials the revers is of solid color.

A model suit is an écru pongee, trimmed with chestnut silk and white yak lace. The elaborately trimmed front breadths have a wide flatly pleated flounce and many semicircular bands of brown silk covered with white insertion; a three-sided revers of brown silk trims the second breadths, while the back has a group of narrow flounces. The round open-front upper skirt is long behind and very slightly draped. The short jaunty basque has brown revers behind and a Marie Antoinette collar. The wide flowing sleeves are pointed in Dolman fashion.

A second costume is of blue-gray poplin. The back of the skirt is trimmed to the belt with clusters of bias gathered flounces, made three in a bunch, and finished on the lower edge by an inch-wide hem turned up on the outside and ornamented with a piping of a darker shade. The front is trimmed to the knee with flounces, and has a round apron formed of lengthwise puffs separated by darker pipings. The basque has a vest in front with revers behind.

Another feature in shaded dresses for spring will be the use of a bright color in contrast with two extreme shades of a quiet color. This is prettily illustrated in a silk dress that forms part of a trousseau just completed. The dress is of a pale *fade* tint called Ophelia, and the trimmings are darkest olive brown and very light blue silk. The flounces on the demi-train are edged with pipings of blue and olive. The front of the over-skirt is open, square, and double, and is bordered by tiny folds of the two colors. The long back breadths of the over-skirt have revers, and are joined by olive bows lined with blue, and tied with an Ophelia knot. The corsage has a belt in front, while the back is a basque. Around the neck is a Marie Antoinette collar and two standing ruffles of Valenciennes. Pretty bows of the three tints of the dress trim the front, back, and sleeves.

The wedding dress of this trousseau is white faille, trimmed with round point flounces and garlands of orange flowers. A large revers of silk and a garland is down each side of the skirt; on the back breadths is a sash of doubled silk hanging in large loops, and a cluster of flowers with trailing sprays. The half-low square corsage is pointed in front and has a basque back. The bertha is of tulle and lace, and a jabot of point lace ornaments the front. A flounce of tulle placed under the lace serves to develop the design. Tulle veil, and a coronet wreath of half-blown buds with one long spray. The dress worn by the bride's mother is pale blue silk with a tunic of point appliqué lace, and wide silk flounces, on which are placed narrower lace flounces. The corsage has two corded points in front and a basque behind. Sleeves plain below the elbow, with ruffles of silk and lace.

SPRING PERCALES AND LINENS.

The soft-finished percales noted at the wholesale houses are now displayed in retail stores, and are readily sold even at this early season. The first choice is the Napoleon blue percale, with white polka dots, marked 35 cents a yard. This is as soft as foulard, and is often mistaken for it. It is precisely the same on both sides, and ladies who bought it in Paris last year say it washes well. Foulard-percales of solid gray, écru, or brown grounds have bright borders in Cashmere colors and designs. These are to be used as flounces on the skirt and polonaise. Price 40 cents a yard. A thinner quality for 35 cents has gray grounds with white arabesque borders. White percales with blue pencil stripes have wider blue stripes for borders. French batiste lawn, at 25 cents a yard, has inch stripes of white and brown strewn with tiny chintz figures. Linen lawns are in the stereotyped stripes and dashes of color, and are sold for 25 cents a yard.

BALL DRESSES.

The most beautiful ball dresses of the winter were seen at the Infants' Asylum and Charity balls. Rose-color was worn in profusion, also tea-rose, yet white has lost nothing of its prestige. Some of the handsomest dresses were of white faille with embroidery, lace, black velvet, and flowers: and the lightest, airiest toilettes were white tulle with embroidered over-skirts of tulle or gauze. The garlands of flowers, the mammoth roses, the crimson and white camellias, and the embrowned foliage were really works of art. White tulle dresses have a foundation of coarse tulle, and on this there is around the bottom of the skirt a side-pleated flounce of tulle edged with a wide satin fold. From this flounce to the belt the back breadths are trimmed with large loose puffs, or else box-pleatings of doubled tulle, or perhaps alternate puffs and pleated ruffles. In front are lengthwise puffs and an embroidered tulle apron. The garlands are arranged in most diverse fashion, each side of the dress being differently trimmed. One of the most admired dresses of the season is black tulle with crimson camellias and a crimson sash.

For information received thanks are due, for bonnets, to Messrs. WORTHINGTON & SMITH; for dresses, to Miss SWITZER; and Mrs. CONNELLY; and for materials, to Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and JAMES M'CREERY & Co.

PERSONAL.

SPEAKER BLAINE is not only a gallant man, but when he has the intent to do a nice thing, goes about it with a directness and vim that bring success. Last week he left the Speaker's chair, took the floor, introduced, advocated, and pressed to a successful vote a bill granting a pension of fifty dollars a month to the widow of the late Surgeon R. C. WOOD, a daughter of the late President ZACHARY TAYLOR. She is the only person of the lineage of General TAYLOR who ever received any benefit from the government of the United States.

—LOUISA KING, a maiden of Augusta, Georgia, emulous of the fame of Mr. BERGH, is enforcing the laws for preventing cruelty to animals in that city, and is lobbying for special bills with the skill and pertinacity of a Washington veteran.

—The stature of the Emperor and princes of Germany is as follows: The height of the Emperor is five feet ten inches three lines: that of the Prince Imperial, five feet eleven inches; that of Prince CHARLES, five feet nine inches; that of Prince FREDERICK CHARLES, five feet seven inches one line; that of Prince ALBRECHT, Jun., six feet four inches. The late Prince ALBRECHT was five feet eleven inches tall. BISMARCK is five feet eleven inches.

—Mrs. J. BELLAMY HENDERSON, of Baltimore, proposes to see if certain caitiffs in England can defraud her of a round million of dollars left to her in London four years ago. It is the old story—a wicked trustee. Mrs. H. has employed REVERDY JOHNSON and E. M. YERGER as her counsel, who have associated with them JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, of London, formerly Confederate Secretary of State. She is an attractive and accomplished lady, speaking several languages, and an accomplished musician.

—Miss JENNIE COLLINS, of Boston, is impressed with the beautiful and bold idea of starting an establishment which shall be half hotel half college, where cooks may go through special courses, and all classes of domestics graduate in their several degrees.

—Lady BURDETT-COUTTS seems to be incessant in works of beneficence. We now hear of her supporting a sewing school of two hundred pupils in Spitalfields, and a night school in Shoreditch, where she made a speech to the street Arabs whom she hopes to benefit.

—ABD-EL-KADER, the famous Arab, who so long and successfully fought the French in Algeria, is seriously ill. After warring against the French for more than ten years, with indomitable bravery and varying fortune, he was at length vanquished and taken prisoner in 1841, and was held as a captive in France until 1852, when he was released, and took up his residence in the East. He has always been regarded as the model type of the Arab chieftain. His personal appearance is thus described: "His stature is above the middle height, his head beautifully shaped, and his black beard and hair form a striking contrast to his garments of white wool. His hands are of the most graceful form, and white as a woman's, and his whole aspect is one of grace and dignity."

—Madame NILSSON-ROUZAUD, at an evening party given recently in St. Petersburg, performed upon the banjo given to her by Dr. DOREMUS, of this city. She "took the house."

—Mrs. CHARLES SUMNER busies herself abroad in works of benevolence, giving large portions of her time to attending and nursing ladies of American families, who from sickness or other mishap have fallen into distress.

—ISABELLA BRUSH, one of our bright American girls, has been performing in opera with great success in Florence. Crowded houses. In society she is also much courted, and is on terms of respectful tenderness with numberless marchesas and daughters thereof.

—Speaking of Presidents of the United States, some monger in personal history has ferreted out the following: WASHINGTON, the first President, had no children. He was re-elected. JOHN ADAMS, the second President, had children—sons and daughters. He was not re-elected. THOMAS JEFFERSON, his successor, had no sons, but two daughters. He was rechosen. The fourth President, JAMES MADISON, like WASHINGTON, had no children. He was re-elected. The fifth, JAMES MONROE, had a daughter, but no son. He was President eight years. After him came JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who had children—sons and, we think, daughters. He failed of re-election. The seventh President, ANDREW JACKSON, had the fate of WASHINGTON and MADISON in having no descendants, and being re-elected. MARTIN VAN BUREN, the eighth President, had sons, and was continued in office only a single term. General WILLIAM H. HARRISON, his successor, had children of both sexes. He died in one month after his inauguration. After him came JOHN TYLER, who had a family of sons and daughters. He was an aspirant for the Presidency, but was defeated. Then came JAMES K. POLK, whose domestic condition was that of WASHINGTON, MADISON, and JACKSON—he had no children. General TAYLOR, who followed him, died in office in fifteen months after his accession. He had both sons and daughters. The thirteenth President, MILLARD FILLMORE, had a daughter and a son. He was not re-elected. FRANKLIN PIERCE, when he came to the Presidential chair, was a childless man. So also was the fifteenth President, JAMES BUCHANAN, who was a bachelor. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, who succeeded him, had three sons, and was twice chosen President. ANDREW JOHNSON had children of both sexes, and was not re-elected. GRANT has both sons and daughters, and is chosen for the second term.

—For the first time in the history of Wisconsin, a United States Senator has been re-elected without the intervention of a caucus—Senator HOWE having just had that honor. He received all the Republican and five or six Democratic votes. We think also that this is the first instance where such a thing has occurred in any State in the Union.

—DAVID BAILEY, of Somerset County, Maine, is the oldest postmaster in New England, having been appointed under ADAMS in 1828.

—Miss CLEMENTINA TOMPKINS, of Baltimore, has taken a studio in Paris, and is working hard to fulfill the hopes formed from her first efforts. She is a pupil of BOUNAT, who thinks highly of her talents.

—The Princess of Wales has triumphed over the disability which caused her friends so much anxiety several years ago, and on New-Year's Day accomplished a ride of thirty-six miles in a fox-hunt, returning home in good condition.

—Mrs. FISHER, of Harrisonville, New Hampshire, has enough to be happy with—viz., a dear little boy, five years old, who weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. What a pudgy little rascal he must be!

—Herr BELLACHINO, who is to Berlin what BLITZ is all along shore in this country, has been astonishing the Berliners by his sleight-of-hand tricks, playing nightly to crowded houses; and, in connection with his art, a good story is told. Herr B. had a great desire to become magician to the court, and in order to accomplish his wish sought an interview with Kaiser WILHELM. Admitted into the Emperor's presence, he stated the object of his visit. The Emperor told him his desire should be granted if he could do any thing at all unusual. Thereupon he requested the Emperor to take a pen and write what he wished him to do. Kaiser WILHELM turned to his writing-desk, took up his customary pen, dipped it into the ink, and essayed to write; but with all his force and power the pen could not be made to form a letter. He laid it down, and tried a second with no better effect. Herr BELLACHINO then said, "Try a third, your majesty, and write, BELLACHINO is appointed court magician." The Emperor tried a third pen, and it instantly wrote as freely as usual; laughing, he threw it down, and assured the magician his wish was granted.

—Governor COOKE, of the District of Columbia, was recently addressed by a lady, who said, "Governor, you have made wonderful improvements in our pavements. Even in winter one can almost wear slippers." "If they would vote appropriations, madam, and stop criticism, your pretty feet should kiss velvet only." The lady rejoined, "Give my sex the suffrage, Governor, and you shall have millions where you now get dollars." "If you should put that declaration in your platform, madam, they would never vote you the suffrage."

—The oldest man now living is believed to be JOSÉ MARTIUS COUTINHO, of Rio Janeiro, Brazil, who, from the census report, is one hundred and seventy-nine years old. His mental faculties are perfect, though he is stiff in the knees. He remembers the notable facts of the reigns of Dom JOHN V. and the subsequent doms and domas. The old party has forty-two children by six wives, and counts one hundred and twenty-three grandchildren, eighty-six great-grandchildren, and twenty-three great-great grandchildren.

—Archbishop BAYLEY, of Baltimore, talks manfully on the subject of tippling. He says that "a real inspection of liquors would destroy two-thirds of our intemperance. Any real good government should enforce such an inspection, or stop the sale altogether, because the object of government is to protect the lives of citizens, and while it enforces stringent laws against the sale of decayed vegetables, it is far more important that it should hinder the sale of drinks which poison the blood and madden the brain."

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ALPHABET WITH VIGNETTES IN WHITE EMBROIDERY.—[SEE PAGE 133.]

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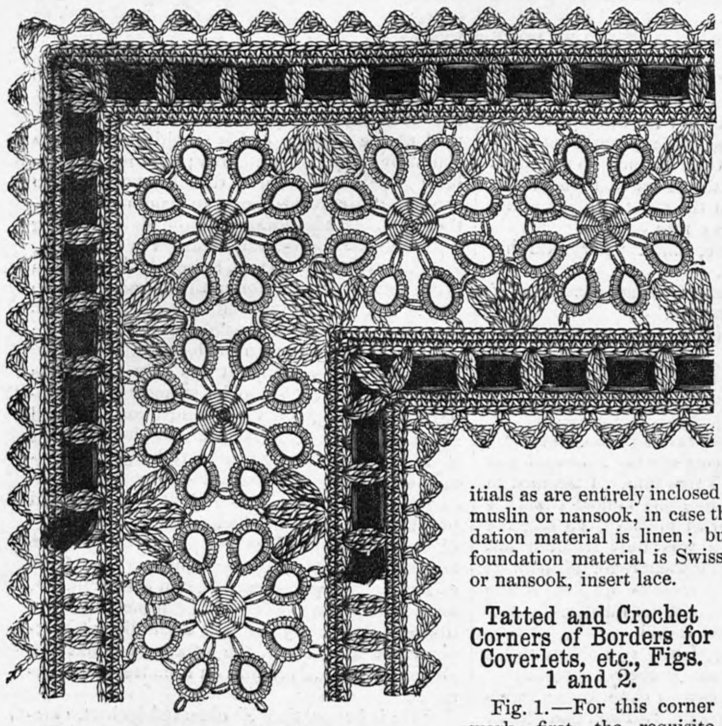


Fig. 1.—TATTED AND CROCHET CORNER OF BORDER FOR COVERLETS, ETC.

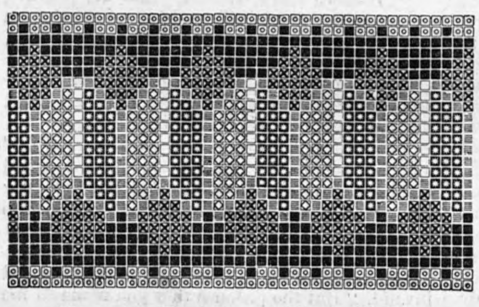
Alphabet with Vignettes in White Embroidery.

See illustration on p. 132.

THESE letters are suitable for marking handkerchiefs, pillow-cases, etc., and are worked on fine linen, batiste, Swiss muslin, or nansook, in straight satin and half-polka stitch, with embroidery cotton. The dotted parts of the design figures are overcast closely, and filled with back stitches; inside of the open-work parts work wheels with fine thread. For the striped foundation of such initials as are entirely inclosed in an edge insert Swiss muslin or nansook, in case the foundation material is linen; but if the foundation material is Swiss muslin or nansook, insert lace.

Tatted and Crochet Corners of Borders for Coverlets, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—For this corner work, first, the requisite number of tatted rosettes with tatting cotton, No. 80, with one shuttle only, as follows: One ring of 6 ds. (double stitch—that is, one stitch left, one stitch right) and three times alternately 1 p. (picot), 6 ds., ∗ after a thread interval of three-quarters of an inch work a similar ring, which, however, instead of forming the first p., is fastened on the last p. of the preceding ring. Repeat six times more from ∗. In working the last ring, however, instead of forming the last p., fasten to the first p. of the first ring, then fasten the working thread, after a thread interval of three-quarters of an inch, on the first ring where its row of stitches is closed. The joining threads of the circle of rings thus formed are darned in point de reprise, observing the illustration. Crochet the separate rosettes together with tatting cotton, No. 80, in the following manner: 1st round.—On the inner edge of the border work 1 sc. (single crochet) on the p. at the point of a ring of one of the rosettes, ∗ 6 ch. (chain stitch), 1 sc. on the p. at the point of the following ring, 3 ch., 1 leaflet on the joining picot between the ring just referred to and the following ring; this leaflet consists of 3 tc. (treble crochet), which are not worked off separately, but together. Now work a similar leaflet on the p. at the point of the ring last referred to, and at the same time on the p. at the point of a ring of a new rosette, by which both rosettes are held together. Work a leaflet as before on the joining picot between the ring last referred to and the following ring, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the following p. at the point of the ring, and repeat from ∗. The corners of the border are formed as shown by the illustration. On this round crochet six rounds more, observing the illustration. When the seven rounds referred to have also been crocheted on the other free outer edge of the rosettes, run black or colored silk, or velvet ribbon, through the round of leaflets on both sides of the insertion.



TAPESTRY DESIGN FOR CIGAR-CASES, BASKETS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ■ Light Green; ⊠ Black; □ Gray; ▣ Crystal, ⊡ Milk, □ Chalk, ⊟ Steel Beads.

Fig. 2.—For this corner work, first, the requisite number of Marguerite rosettes separately. For each rosette work with coarse tatting cotton one ring of 1 ds., 11 times alternately 1 p. two-fifteenths of an inch long and 2 ds., then 1 p., 1 ds. Tie the beginning and end of the thread together. On this ring crochet with finer cotton one round as follows: 1 stc. (short treble crochet, throwing the thread over twice) on the next p., 1 stc. on the following p., work off both stc. together, throwing the thread over once, ∗ 3 ch., 1 leaflet of 3 tc. worked off together, throwing the thread over once, on the same p., 3 ch., 1 stc. again on the p. on which the last stc. and the leaflet have been crocheted, 1 stc. on the next p., work this and the preceding stc. off together, throwing the thread over once, repeat from ∗, always going forward, and, finally, work 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the first 2 stc. worked off together in this round. After working the requisite number of such rosettes, join them, as shown by the illustration, with two rounds as follows: 1st round.—1 dc. (double crochet) on the 3 ch. behind the next leaflet of the rosette, ∗ 5 ch., 1 sc. on the following 3 ch., seven times alternately 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the next 3 ch. of the rosette, 5 ch., 1 dc. on the following 3 ch., 1 dc. on the 3 ch. behind a leaflet of a new rosette, and repeat from ∗. 2d round.—One cross double crochet, for this work 1 qc. (quadruple crochet) on the 5 ch. before the last dc. of a rosette; ∗ only half finish this qc., and work 1 stc. on the first 5 ch. of the next rosette, then finish the qc., throwing the thread over three times, 1 ch. and 1 stc. on the middle of the qc., which completes the cross double crochet, 1 ch., 1 dc. on the next 5 ch., 2 ch., 1 sdc. (short double crochet) on the following 5 ch., 1 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop, twice alternately 2 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop, 1 ch., 1 sdc. on the following 5 ch., 2 ch., 1 dc. on the next ch. scallop, 1 ch., 1 qc. on the following ch. scallop, and repeat from ∗. Work these two rounds on the other side of the rosettes also, and work the corners as shown by the illustration. Now crochet an edge on both sides of the insertion in the following four rounds: 1st round.—All in sl. 2d round.—∗ 2 tc., separated by 1 ch. and an interval of 1 st., on the next and the third following st. of the preceding round, 1 ch., then wind the thread about the needle once, take up the middle vein of each of the preceding 2 tc. on the needle, work 1 dc. on the second following st. of the preceding round, wind the thread about the needle, work off the next three loops on the needle together, and finish the tc., then 1 ch., pass over 1 st., and repeat from ∗. 3d round.—All in sl. 4th round.—Always alternately 6 dc. separated each by 1 ch. on 1 ch. of the preceding round, and pass over 5 st.; work off the first and last dc. of two scallops together, throwing the thread over once. Run velvet ribbon through the insertion as shown by the illustration.

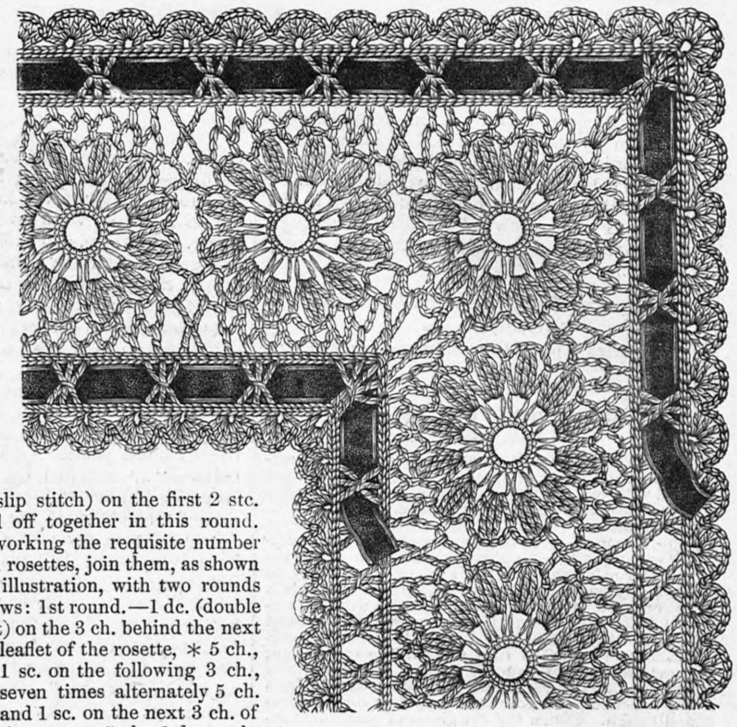
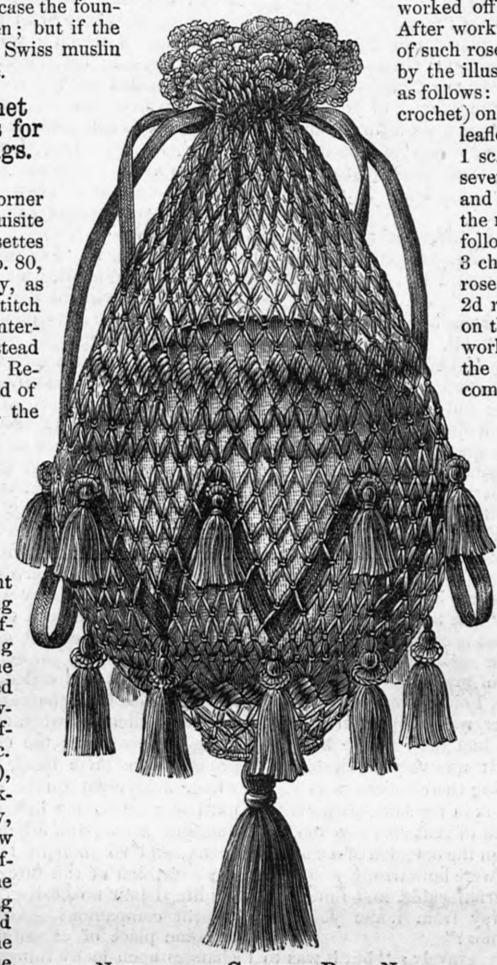


Fig. 2.—TATTED AND CROCHET CORNER OF BORDER FOR COVERLETS, ETC.



NETTED AND CROCHET BALL NET.

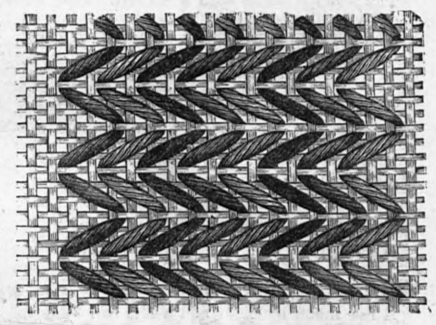


Fig. 4.—FOUNDATION OF KNITTING-NEEDLE CASE.—FULL SIZE.

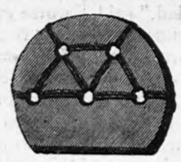


Fig. 3.—PASTEBOARD NEEDLE-HOLDER. FULL SIZE.

Netted and Crochet Ball Net.

THIS ball net is worked in diagonal netting with gray thread and red Saxony wool on a netting mesh four-fifths of an inch in circumference. Make a foundation of 24 stitches with thread, close it in a ring, and on this work with thread also 7 rounds, then 2 rounds with red wool. In the first red round work 3 st. (stitch) on every st., so that this round counts 72 st. Without changing the number of stitches now work 8 rounds gray, 2 rounds red, 10 rounds gray, 4 rounds red, the last of these on a netting mesh two-fifths of an inch in circumference. On each st. of this round crochet with red wool 1 point of 1 sc. (single crochet), 1 sdc. (short double crochet), 3 dc. (double crochet), 1 sdc., 1 sc. Through the gray strip eight rounds wide draw red worsted braid two-fifths of an inch wide in the pointed design shown by the illustration; lay the

Fig. 1.—KNITTING-NEEDLE CASE. OPEN.—[See Figs. 2–4.]

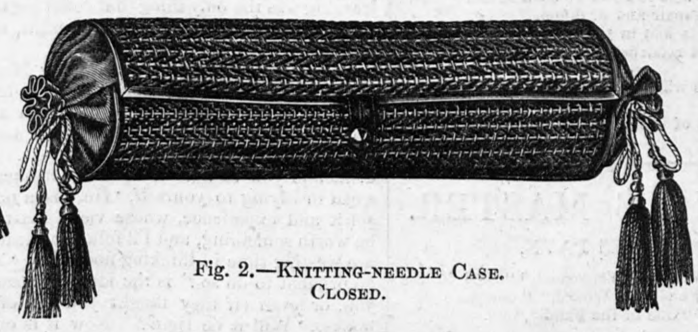
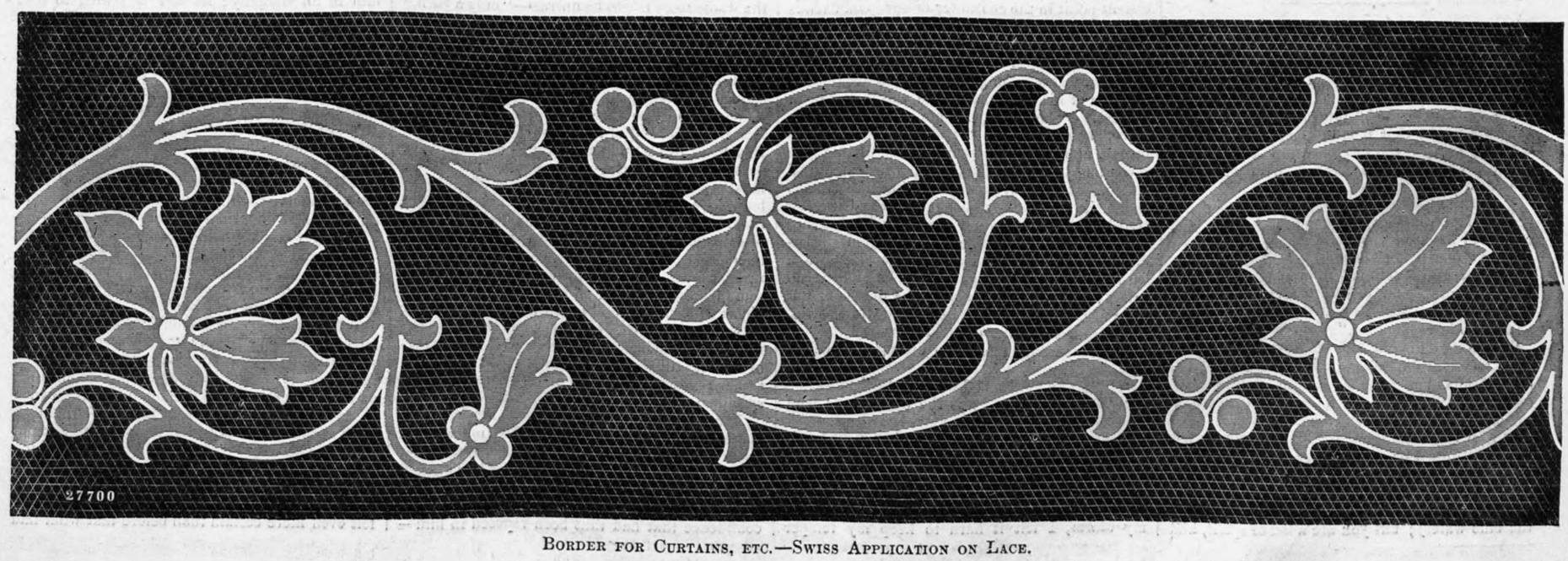


Fig. 2.—KNITTING-NEEDLE CASE. CLOSED.



BORDER FOR CURTAINS, ETC.—SWISS APPLICATION ON LACE.

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braid in a pleat at the extremity of each point, and fasten it with red silk. Darn the gray rounds above and below the two red rounds edging the pointed strip, each with red worsted in point de reprise. Small tassels of red wool, the heads of which are trimmed with a cardboard ring covered with red, ornament the net as shown by the illustration. A larger tassel and a card-board ring two-fifths of an inch wide and two inches in diameter, covered in a similar manner, are set on the middle of the net at the bottom. Finally, draw red worsted braid through the first red round on the upper edge of the net, for closing.

Tapestry Design for Cigar-Cases, etc.

See illustration on page 133.

THIS design is worked on canvas with beads, silk, or worsted. The colors are selected as shown by the description of symbols.

Knitting-needle Case, Figs. 1–4.

See illustrations on page 133.

THIS case is made of canvas, ornamented with embroidery of zephyr worsted in different colors, and lined with red cashmere. Work on a piece of canvas nine inches and one-fifth long and eight inches wide the foundation shown by Fig. 4, with red and gray zephyr worsted in three shades each. In embroidering care must be taken that the coarser threads of the canvas run crosswise. Any kind of canvas may be used. Having completed the embroidery, interline it with net, line it, and bind it on the edge with silk ribbon half an inch wide, in doing which at the same time sew in the side pieces seven inches and three-quarters long and an inch and three-quarters wide; these are made of a double layer of cashmere. Sew through these pieces at a distance of half an inch from the upper edge, in order to make a shirr for the cords and tassels. Fasten the flat pieces of pasteboard intended to hold the knitting-needles on the inside of the case as shown by Fig. 1. These needle-holders, which are shown full sized in the illustration Fig. 3, are made of pasteboard and cashmere, and fastened on the lining of the case in the manner shown in Fig. 1. Finish the case with a button and loop for closing.

Border for Curtains, etc.—Swiss Application on Lace.

See illustration on page 133.

THIS border is worked, according to the purpose for which it is designed, on coarse or fine lace in Swiss application. The embroidery is worked with fine white embroidery cotton, in half polka and satin stitch. Cut away the Swiss muslin between the design figures, observing the illustration.

A WHITE WOOD.

THE wood is white with feathered fans of snow,
And with the burden barren boughs are bent;
And when the frosty winter wind doth blow,
A pearly dust unto the path is sent:
And the stream lies dead
In an icy bed;
But fairies have covered her brow with beads,
And hung crystal crowns on willows and weeds:
And in the spring
Throstles shall sing,
And daisies shall dot the green of the grass,
For girls and for boys to pluck as they pass;
And the stream shall awake
To rejoice in the day,
And with love-laughter shake
All the flowers on its way;
And there shall be clusters of red and white May—
A fair moon by night and a fine sun by day.

But the wide wood is white
In this time of blight,
And the sun is but showing
A shadow of light,
And the darkness is growing
Before it is night.

A sadness doth fill
The dale and the hill—
The robin seems chill
In the tree that is black,
In the wood that is still;
And white in a swoon
Sun sinks, and the moon
Is beginning to float
Like a pale phantom boat;
And the cottage smoke curls up in a dream
Of despair and of doom,
And is lost in the gloom
That gathers and reddens the fire-light gleam.

Let us leave this white wood, and thoughts that are dire,
For the warmth of the hearth and the flame of the fire.

MURPHY'S MASTER.

BY JAMES PAYN,

Author of "A Woman's Vengeance," "Bred in the Bone," "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CABIN PASSENGERS.

"MR. KAVANAGH on board! That is incredible," exclaimed Robert.

"I can't help *that*," returned Maguire; "I can only repeat that it is the fact. I saw him with my own eyes to-day. I think I may even promise that you shall see him with yours to-morrow."

"But the police—" commenced Chesney.

"Oh! you believe in the police, do you?" interrupted the other, contemptuously, "and yet talk of things being 'incredible.' For my part, I have been in a ship before in which there was 'one too many' on board, and that was 'the devil' himself. The present incident, therefore, sinks into insignificance."

It was certain that Mr. Maguire was not joking; he never did joke, after the fashion of his compatriots, but used a certain staidness of speech and manner, sometimes, as in the case of the police galley, diversified by ferocity.

"You are wondering who I am, young fellow," continued he, "and since I have promised to satisfy a reasonable curiosity, I will tell you. I would not tell every body, mind you (nor even you, for that matter, if we were not well out in the blue water); but you are a lad of spirit, and I like you. With your wits and pluck, you would make a figure in the world, if it was not for your slavish respect for people in high places."

"I was not aware that I entertained a slavish respect for any man," answered Robert, somewhat haughtily, for his youthful pride was touched.

"Nevertheless, it is so," continued Maguire, coolly. "You are frightened at the very shadow of so-called authority; any Jack-in-office has only to cry out, 'In the king's name,' and you dare not lift your voice against him, far less your finger. Yet kings, and such-like, would have no existence but for the dullness of mankind. It pleases the great mass of the world to make believe to worship stupidity, and to exalt it above independence and energy; for then, let the clever fellows do their best, they can never get to the top of the tree."

"I think I see what you mean," said Robert, thoughtfully; "yet what is the feeling toward the young master, as they call him, by which our friends down yonder"—he pointed to the deck below—"are actuated, but this same worship of an accidental distinction? What is the possession of 'the old blood' but an accident of birth?"

"Quite true, my young friend. You might have even added (had you known it), 'How is it that you yourself are called "Mister Maguire," when there is no difference of present fortune between yourself and the poorest of your companions, but only that once upon a time your father held a bit of the land which he inherited by no merit of his own?' Well, the explanation of it is easy: these poor fellows are a parcel of fools."

"Perhaps," observed Robert, shrugging his shoulders; "still, there must be something in it. Murphy, for instance, would lay down his life for the young master."

"Very true; but that is because Murphy is *the* greatest fool of them all. Now, *I* like 'the young masther,' as they call him, too, and would go as far to serve him, perhaps, as any of his poor besotted idolaters; but then I like him for his own sake. He is a fine fellow, and might have gone far even in his own country at one time, only luck was against him. Now Murphy would admire him just the same if he were a miser or a coward, such as Louis was. By-the-bye"—here the speaker looked at his companion with great significance—"do you know about Louis?"

"I think I have heard it said that he was dead," said Robert; "that is all."

"Ah, well; then that is enough. We are already getting out of our reckoning. I promised to tell you something of my own life, which has nothing to do with Mr. Louis Kavanagh's death, poor devil. My father was a squireen in Tipperary, as his fathers had been before him for many a generation. It was very creditable of them to go on succeeding their ancestors so regularly, and getting drunk in the same parlor with such assiduity; but life of that sort was too respectable for me, and on the occasion of a certain domestic difficulty (we were both wrong, and very drunk), I cut the paternal cable, and ran away to sea. You ran away from home yourself, young fellow, did you not?"

"I did," said Robert, gravely; "but it was to avoid my step-father's ill treatment."

"No apology is requisite to *me*, my lad," said Maguire, frankly. "I like a lad that runs away from home. What are ease and comfort at that age compared to independence?"

"Nay, pray do not imagine that I left them when I left *my* home," explained Robert. "It was but a cottage, and my step-father but a gamekeeper."

"Then where did you learn your fine words and your good figuring?"

"At the village school. It seemed to me that learning was the only thing that could get me out of a condition that was very unpleasant, and so I worked hard at my books."

"Ah, that's bad," observed Mister Maguire, deprecatingly. "I don't mind a young fellow's learning to read and to write, and even a little arithmetic, which I have myself found useful at a pinch—but I am dead against books. They disincline you to action. At this moment, instead of saying to yourself, 'Here is a man of spirit and experience, whose views must needs be worth something, and I'll follow his lead,' you are wasting time in thinking about it. 'Will it be prudent to do so?' is the idea that occurs to you, or even (if they taught you out of good books), 'Will it be right?' Now it is one excellent point in the character of our good friends below here that they never think."

Not a muscle of Mr. Maguire's countenance moved, save those employed in the suction of his pipe. It was impossible to tell by the expression of his face whether he was in jest or in earnest. "However, let me go on with my story," he continued. "I went to sea as a cabin-boy, and in twelve years' time—when I was seven-and-twenty—I found myself the captain of a ship. It was but a small one, indeed—a sloop called the *Mermaid*, with but very few hands on board, but I was proud enough of being her skipper. She was laden with oil from Barbadoes, and we had not long left the place when we fell in with a strange sail. She showed no colors; and as she drew nearer, I made her out to be a schooner, full of hands all in white shirts, and with a whole tier of great guns.

"'Where does this sloop belong to?' hailed she.

"'To London,' said I; 'from Barbadoes.'

"'We know that,' was the answer. 'Send your master on board.'

"And a black flag flew up to her mast-head. That was thirty years ago, and yet I remember that moment as clearly as though it happened yesterday. One doesn't fall into the hands of pirates every day. Notwithstanding my alarm, I felt it hard to keep my temper (which was always short) when the captain called out, as we were making the best haste we could in our little boat toward his ship, 'Pull faster, you speckled-shirted dogs' (as though we would not have worn white ones, if we had known of his preference for them), 'or I will drub you within an inch of your lives, and that inch too.' But I knew better than to answer; for when your hand is in the lion's mouth, says the proverb, get it out as easy as you can. Only I made up my mind that if the worst came to the worst, I would take that gentleman around the waist and jump into the sea with him, at any rate.

"'And who are we, think you?' said he, when I got upon deck.

"'Sir,' said I, 'I believe you are gentlemen of fortune belonging to the sea.'

"'Nay, there you lie,' said he, 'for, by ——, we are pirates.'

"For though, like most people in authority, he was inclined to give himself airs, this gentleman was very plain spoken. He asked what I had on board my ship—warning me at the same time that a lie would cost me my life—and was very dissatisfied when I told him. It seemed to me, indeed, that the time had almost come for his taking that leap with me into the sea, the satisfaction of which I was fully resolved not to deny myself; but, fortunately for us both, it seemed he had not the absolute disposal of life and death in his own hands, but must needs consult the ship's company.

"In the mean time, I was sent down to his cabin to await the result of their deliberations. While there, one of his men came in, and with a friendly countenance, said, 'So you don't know me, Mr. Maguire?'

"'No,' said I; 'I have not that pleasure.'

"Then he reminded me that he had served in the same ship with me five years ago, as likewise two others of his companions had.

"'We three wish you well,' said he; 'but it is unfortunate that the *Mermaid* has so little in her, which makes the others bitter against you. Now what we shall propose—since they are for shooting you—is to make you one of ourselves; for there is not a man on board of us who can keep accounts, which we know you can do. So I have come down to bid you have no hesitation, in case you get the chance of such an offer—not without risk to myself, let me tell you; but one should stand by an old shipmate.'

"I thanked him heartily, and said, what was very true, though piracy was not to my taste, a bullet through the head was much less so; and in the end it turned out as he had given me to hope. I was made purser of the *Mother Carey*, as their vessel was called, that very night, and shook hands with the captain upon it (instead of kissing them, as when the king gives you any thing), and with all the crew. Moreover, they brought in a huge bowl, made of solid silver, which held eight quarts of punch, and drank until sunrise to my new appointment—a most undesirable one, you are doubtless thinking, my friend, and so thought I at that time. With the exception of the three men that had saved my life, I had no desire to see any one of my present companions again, unless it should be at some place of execution; but one's opinion changes upon many things in this world, and I have been on board worse ships, and mated with worse crews than that of the *Mother Carey*."

"But how long *were* you on board of her, before you had an opportunity of escape?"

"Well, really," said Maguire, sucking slowly at his pipe, and regarding Robert with a sort of comical grimness, "I can't quite say as to the opportunity of escape, but I was with the *Mother Carey*, or, at all events, with her chickens—for she went to the bottom the next cruise—for about *twenty years*. But there! it's getting late, lad, and time to turn in, so I'll finish my yarn another time." And with that he rose, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and with a nod at his petrified young companion, descended gravely into the steerage.

Twenty years the companion of pirates! It was clear, even to the inexperience of Robert Chesney, that no man could be among such persons for such a length of time, and yet not of them. "Misther Maguire," then, who enjoyed such respect below stairs and with Murphy, and who even associated on familiar terms with Mr. Denton himself, had been in his time "a gentleman of fortune," as he had delicately put it, "belonging to the sea!" This was sufficiently astounding, of course, but it was not absolutely shocking to the feelings; for, in the first place, the whole story might be untrue—"only a yarn," as the narrator himself had termed it, spun to beguile an idle hour, or to impose upon his own (Robert's) credulity; and secondly, if it was true (and indeed he believed it to be so), the circumstance had happened so long ago, and was so much out of the pale of ordinary experience, that it was robbed of its more offensive features. Piracy, as Robert understood, was a thing of the past; and this strange fellow-passenger of his must have been one of the very last of that now legendary race, whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against them. This Maguire (who, moreover, had some good points about him, or, at all events, points that were attractive) was, after all, to be regarded more as some marine monster, so rare that it is more an object of curiosity than of loathing or alarm; or as some antediluvian animal, supposed to be extinct, whom nobody would now wish to destroy, even if it still was a little dangerous, but would rather preserve and make much of, as a solitary specimen of what had once existed.

What doubtless strengthened these liberal views in Robert, who was certainly not without good principles, was the powerful interest that the relation thus suddenly broken off had excited in him; he wanted, it must be confessed, to hear the conclusion of the matter. Moreover, the confidence that had thus been reposed in him—for it was reasonable to suppose that Maguire did not show every body this strange leaf of his own history—was a compliment to his good sense as well as his sense of honor. It was evidently not expected that he should tell this wonderful story all over the ship, as many lads of his age would have hastened to do. He did not see that what was a compliment to his prudence was paid at the expense of his sensitiveness to the claims of justice and authority; that it must also have not been expected that he would be so shocked at the revelation as to denounce the author of it. He lay awake half the night thinking of the *Mother Carey*, and dreamed of a "speckled-shirted dog," who was, however, in his dream but a retriever; and not until the morning—so wholly had the greater wonder absorbed the lesser—did he remember what Maguire had told him of Kavanagh's presence on board the *Star of Erin*. If *that* was true, it was only a few steps more of improbability to be surmounted to believe the strange story his companion had told about himself. The greeting that Maguire gave him the next morning was more brief and commonplace even than usual, being confined to a careless nod, so that at first Robert was inclined to think that the other had repented of his confidence of the previous evening. When noon had arrived without his receiving any communication, he got very impatient, and even irritable, for it struck him that he had been made the victim of a practical joke; but after dinner Murphy came to him with the information that Mr. Denton wished to see him on a matter of importance.

"He is better, then?" observed Robert, careful not to exhibit his own state of expectation—for though it was certain that Murphy must know any secret connected with his young master that Maguire knew, he thought it well to show himself worthy of the latter's confidence.

"Yes, he's better, but still in his berth; and the light hurts his eyes, so you must talk through the curtain."

When Robert knocked at the cabin door it was certainly a stronger and more healthy voice that bade him "come in" than he had expected to hear; and he found Mr. Denton, though still confined to bed, very different in appearance from what he had expected. Not only was he far from looking like a sick man but lately *in extremis*, but even better than when he had seen him in Herne Street.

"Sit down there, Robert," said he, pointing to a seat beside his pillow, but separated from it by the curtain which was drawn round him, "and tell me about the boys."

Robert made his report; to which the other seemed to listen attentively, and then expressed his high approval of what he had done.

"With Mr. Kavanagh away, and myself ill," said he, frankly, "I don't know how we should have got on without you. I hope you find your own position comfortable on board, as I am sure it deserves to be?"

"Yes, thank you, Sir."

It seemed ungrateful to say to this kind old invalid, "But the promise that you made to me has not been kept with respect to one thing—that Mr. Frank was to come with us."

"And did you write home, as I told you, and bid your pretty sweetheart reply to you at Liverpool?"

"I wrote home, Sir, and got an answer," replied Robert, a little stiffly. Mr. Denton was not his patron, and this light allusion to his Lizzie seemed unjustifiable. Moreover, there was a movement of the curtain which suggested that his companion might be laughing at him—rather heartily for a sick man.

"And what did the young woman say, Robert?"

"Well—she sent me but ill news, Sir; but such as it was, it only concerns myself and her. If Mr. Kavanagh had asked me, it would be different, but you must excuse—"

There was a chuckle from the bed; the curtain was drawn suddenly back, and, to Robert's intense astonishment, revealed Mr. Frank Kavanagh himself, just as he had seen him on the morning after their adventure, except that he had a smoking-cap on his head, which he wore, perhaps, by way of night-cap!

"There goes my scalp," cried he, flinging the gray wig, which had so long concealed his own curling locks, against the cabin wall, "and Mr. Denton with it, though, you see, he has kept his word with you, after all."

Robert took the hand that was extended to him in all sincerity; he was delighted to find himself once more face to face with his friendly patron; but his prevailing idea was still that of astonishment at the means that had secured this incognito.

"So you were Mr. Denton, were you, all along, Sir, and Mr. Wilson as well?"

"Yes," returned Kavanagh, gravely; the gay tone and the smiling look both vanished—swept away, as Robert judged, by the tender memory which the latter *alias* had evoked—"yes. There were reasons—political ones—why I lived in Herne Street under a feigned name."

"And when the police came on board, they never found you out neither! You should have seen them on deck, Sir, scrutinizing us all, and feeling the hair of our heads, though why they did that I can not imagine."

"Nor any one else, I should think," said Kavanagh, forcing a laugh: "they were not very sagacious, truly, but they were very civil. The inspector apologized for disturbing so confirmed an invalid as myself. But enough of that. I wish to know of your own affairs, Robert, What of your sweetheart, and her ill news? Can she not reconcile herself to your leaving her, and taking so long a journey? Well, that is only to be expected."

A sigh followed Kavanagh's words: Robert felt even more certain than before that what had

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so suddenly turned his impulsive patron's mirth to melancholy was the remembrance of pretty "Miss Mary."

"No, Sir; it is worse than that;" and he told him of the troubles which Lizzie's letter had disclosed to him.

"Well, well," said Kavanagh, cheerfully, "we need not be afraid that a good-looking lad like you will be cut out by your step-father; but the poverty and the poaching are real misfortunes. What a pity we could not have brought the whole family out with us!"

"Yes, indeed, Sir; that is what I had in my mind when we were at Liverpool," answered Robert. "If I had known who you were, I think I should have plucked up courage to ask you that great favor, notwithstanding all the obligations—"

"Tush, tush!" interrupted the other, kindly; "don't talk of them. Without a treasurer and comptroller such as you have proved yourself to be, we could never have got on as we have. Even Murphy allows that. No, no; the debt is quite on the other side. As for your friends trying their luck in the New World, they can do that still; and it is much better that they should follow you, when you have got settled somewhere, than help to swell the number of our incapables. If money is wanting for their passage, I will let you have it—advance it out of your salary, if you are too proud to take it as a gift. There, there; that is settled, so no more words about it."

It was no longer a wonder to Robert that "the boys" should have such reverence for their "young masther," for he felt himself as though he could have laid down his life for his sake. It was not only gratitude which affected him; there was an indescribable charm in Kavanagh's tone and manner that was wholly removed from the lad's experience, and almost seemed to him to belong to a superior being; it was not patronage, and it was not friendship, but it had the grace of the one and the tenderness of the other.

"Indeed, Sir, you overwhelm me with kindness," was all he could answer; "and I only hope I may show myself—"

"Yes, yes, we shall always be good friends, Robert," interrupted the other; "I am sure of that. And now about the boys—I mean *my* boys. Are they under the belief that I have forsaken them, or have they more faith than some people I could mention?"

"Well, Sir," replied Robert, apologetically, "they are still too sick to be very urgent about any thing else, and besides, they don't see why you should not step on board any day from some island or continent."

Kavanagh laughed, but there was a touch of pity in the tone in which he replied, "Ah! yes, that is likely enough. They know nothing but what the priest tells them, poor fellows!" then added, still more gravely, "and perhaps the greatest proof of their simplicity is their belief in myself."

Here, somewhat to Robert's relief—for Kavanagh's voice had sunk so low that his companion scarcely knew whether this last observation was intended for his ear or not—there was a knock at the cabin door, and Murphy entered, which put an end to further confidential talk.

CHAPTER X.

THE CLOUDS GATHER.

THE next time Maguire met Robert his quick eye detected a difference in the lad's expression.

"Ah!" said he, "you have seen him, I perceive. Did I not tell you the truth?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Robert. "But you must allow there was some cause for incredulity. Surely nothing could be more unlikely than the whole affair."

"To *you*, perhaps not," answered Maguire. "But as for me, I am too old to be astonished at any thing. Besides, I have seen a much stranger thing in the way of 'keeping quiet' on board ship."

"Then that must have been on board the *Mother Carey*," said Robert, smiling.

"Well, lad, it was so." He too smiled good-naturedly enough, for he saw that the lad was greedy to hear more of that adventure; and lighting his pipe, and sitting down under the bulwarks as before, proceeded to gratify him.

"The story of my life would weary you, and, besides, some of its incidents might prove a trifle too strong for your stomach. But what we have just been saying reminds me of a curious circumstance. While I was perforce a member of the pirate crew they met with some hard knocks, for it is not every ship that gives up to the black flag without a tussle; and next to Captain Grim himself, as he was termed (for neither he nor his men were particular about preserving their real names), the greatest fire-eater among them was a good-looking young fellow called Galley. He was not a general favorite, because he kept himself to himself, and did not drink much; but his bravery made him respected. I well remember his resenting some innuendoes of the mate with respect to his sparing the punch in order that he might win at cards, one night, by throwing the whole bowl of liquor over him, and the duel that took place in consequence. When any of the crew quarreled it was not permitted to fight on board, but they were put out on the first land we came to, and there settled the matter with sword or pistol. The way in which young Galley polished off the mate with the sharp steel in half a dozen cuts was a very pretty sight, nor have I ever seen a man of his age so dextrous with that weapon. Whenever we met a bigger ship than we liked the look of, and it was a question of flight or fight, he was always for fighting; and sometimes when we have been chatting together, just as you and I are now, he would express himself with respect to his own trade in the most truculent manner. Being only a sort of amateur myself, I was allowed to have my own opinion about piracy, and I ventured to tell him that it seemed to me to be an unsatisfactory sort of life, especially as it had for the most part a noose of rope at the end of it. 'And quite right too,' said he: 'if it were not for hanging us pretty fellows, every cowardly scoundrel would turn pirate, and so infest the seas that men of courage would starve. The ocean would be crowded with rogues, like the land, and no merchant would dare venture out, so that our trade would no longer be worth the following.' Well, when the *Mother Carey* came to grief, and her chickens were lodged in jail, previously to having their necks wrung, an appeal was made to the court on behalf of Galley such as astonished me more than if the honest fellow had played booty, and turned king's evidence: his defense was that he was a *young woman*. And as one of the gentler sex, supposed to be incapable of piratical conduct—and also being very good-looking—the judges acquitted her on that plea. And now you will easily understand, my friend, how the fact of Mr. Denton's turning out to be Mr. Kavanagh does not appear to me so very extraordinary. You may think that one of us, at all events, was cognizant of Galley's sex, for whose sake, perhaps, she might even have assumed the masculine garb; but this was certainly not so; and, indeed, the sixth article of our regulations (which were common, I believe, to all the fraternity) ran as follows: '*If any man is found carrying a woman to sea disguised, or even conniving at such an act, he shall suffer death.*'"

"You had laws, then, it seems, like honest people?" observed Robert.

"Most certainly. We had Articles of War, some of which, at least, were as strictly observed as on board of a king's ship, and to which every man had to subscribe; and I did so myself—though of course under compulsion. There were ten (if I remember right) in all. Number one established universal suffrage. *Every man had an equal vote in affairs of moment; an equal share of the fresh provisions and strong liquors, at any time seized, and might use them at pleasure, unless a scarcity* (no uncommon thing with us) *made it necessary to vote a retrenchment.* Number two referred to public property, *in which, if any man defrauded his companions, if it was but the worth of a dollar, he was marooned* (that is, set on the first desolate island we might come to, with a gun and a few charges of powder and shot, and a bottle of water, to perish of starvation). *If the robbery was only between one another, the offender had his ears and nose split, but was not marooned.* The third article was directed against gambling, and was by no means scrupulously observed. The fourth commanded *lights and candles to be extinguished at eight o'clock; and if any of the crew after that hour were still inclined for drinking, they were to drink on the open deck.* The fifth related to keeping the cutlasses and pistols clean and fit for service, and was the most popular of all. The men were extravagantly nice in the beauty and richness of their weapons, and would give sometimes at an auction (at the mast) as much as forty pounds a pair for pistols, which they wore in time of service slung over their shoulders, and adorned with ribbons. The sixth article I have already quoted. The seventh decreed *death to any man who should desert the ship or his quarters in battle.* The eighth was to arrange quarrels. *There was to be no striking on board, but* (as I have said) *at the nearest convenient spot the disputants were landed, and placed back to back at twenty paces. At the word of command they turned and fired immediately, or else the piece was knocked out of their hands. Then, if both missed, they came to their cutlasses, and who drew first blood was held the victor.* The ninth enacted that *no man should talk of breaking up their way of living until each had cleared a thousand pounds. But if any man should lose a limb or become a cripple in the public service, he was to have eight hundred dollars out of the common stock, and for lesser hurts proportionally.* The tenth and last article provided *the captain and quartermaster should receive two shares of a prize, the master, boatswain, and gunner one share and a half, and other officers one and a quarter.*"

"Then there were persons in authority as well as laws among you?" remarked Robert, not forgetful of Mr. Maguire's anarchical opinions of the previous night.

"Yes, there were; nor do I deny that such institutions are necessary. Nevertheless, so far as government was concerned, the *Mother Carey* was, I contend, a model vessel; nay, there is no doubt, looking at the matter as a commercial speculation, that, with ordinary prudence, any man on board might have made his thousand pounds twice over! The law against drunkenness, however, and gambling was almost a dead letter; and the captain, as you may judge from my own case, was unnecessarily brutal."

"Was he cruel to others as well as yourself, then?" inquired Robert.

"Yes, indeed. I have known him make a poor skipper, in whose cargo he was disappointed, eat his own ears with pepper and salt! He had not the head-piece for a captain; and that is what I complain of in other societies, that men who are altogether unfit for it are trusted with authority."

Robert was too horrified with the incident of the skipper's ears to pay much attention to this philosophical observation; but it did not escape him that Mr. Maguire was very charitable in his views with respect to piracy, and seemed inexplicably desirous to make his listener a convert to them. At that time, however, he did not think very seriously of the matter. Mr. Maguire still appeared to him in the light of a *lusus naturæ*—a being to excite wonder rather than apprehension. He did not reflect that representations of exciting adventures and wealth easily come by, although they had no influence upon himself, might have their weight with more ignorant and impulsive hearers; that the spark which falls innocuous on the hearth-rug will set a heap of shavings in a blaze.

"You think, then, that if you had had a wise man instead of a brute for captain, you would have made an excellent speculation of the *Mother Carey*," observed Robert, dryly, "and that each of the crew might have retired from business upon a handsome fortune?"

"Yes, I do," said Maguire, boldly. "If I had not been an ass at that time, I might now myself be a rich man, for that matter."

"They gave you a share of their gains, then, though you were but an amateur?"

"Of course they did: why the deuce should they not?" answered the other, so naïvely, and even indignantly, that Robert refrained from putting the inquiry that had suggested itself, as to how Mr. Maguire had reconciled it to his conscience to partake of such ill-got spoil. "Yes, I could have made my fortune," continued he, "had I had the head on my shoulders which I carry now; while Captain Grim, drunkard and gambler as he was, used to boast of his twenty thousand pounds laid up in some place, which he was wont to say 'only himself and the devil knew of; and the longest liver should take all.' His weakness was drink," continued Mr. Maguire, in a deprecating tone, "under the influence of which he became just what all men in authority become who have no right to their high places—tyrannical. I shall never forget his firing a brace of pistols right and left under the dinner-table one night among us all, 'in order,' as he explained, 'that we should not forget who he was.' We fined him eight hundred dollars, however, for breaking the mate's leg with one of the bullets, so that it was an expensive shot."

"Then it must have been rather dangerous work to be even purser on board the *Mother Carey?*" remarked Robert.

"Oh, that was nothing," answered Maguire, coolly. "I've—that is, I have known a man on board that ship to stand in the powder-magazine during an action in which we were likely to get the worst of it, torch in hand, with orders from the captain to send all to blazes in case things went the wrong way.—But here's one of your sheep from the steerage in search of his shepherd." And leaving Robert with one of his many charges, who happened to come up at that moment to make some complaint respecting rations—he had forgotten for the tenth time to bring his pannikin and other utensils on deck to receive them, and the steward had poured rice, oatmeal, and flour, pease, sugar, and tea, into one paper bag, in a rage—Mr. Maguire sauntered away. It struck Robert that he was glad to do so; that he had spoken rather more freely than he had intended to do respecting his own share in the proceedings of the crew of the *Mother Carey*, and this idea was strengthened by the fact that he made no further allusion to that vessel of his own accord, and was chary of doing so even when interrogated concerning her.

The *Star of Erin* pursued her voyage, upon the whole, most favorably; there were storms and calms, of course, but for the most part she had fine weather, and there was little to complain of save the tediousness inseparable from life on shipboard. Notwithstanding what has been sung of it, this is a very prosaic state of existence: on sea one day is more like another than it can possibly be on shore, even in the most unvarying of households. The smallest details assume a gigantic importance. The sight of a shoal of porpoises, the catching of a shark, the speaking with another ship, are events to be remembered, because they are the only ones. The sunsets of the tropics are gorgeous, but there are times when the sun is not setting, and, to say the truth, "the boys" did not, as a general rule, appreciate it even when it did. Some of the women made themselves useful in cooking and mending and washing clothes; but the men did nothing; when they were not listening to Mr. Maguire's yarns, of which they were very greedy, they lay on deck and slept all day, then went below and slept again—a mode of existence which suited them very well. Robert had his duties, such as they were, to occupy him; he borrowed a few books from the captain, of whom he was a great favorite, and devoured them word by word; and had always by him a letter for Lizzie, ready for any homeward-bound vessel that might volunteer to be their ocean postman. But the time hung heavily on his hands. How differently would it have passed (thought he) if he could have had Lizzie for a fellow-passenger! how differently it *would* pass when she had once joined him in the Under-world! His letters were full of that bright prospect, we may be sure.

When they had been about two months at sea an incident happened to vary the monotony of their existence. Mr. Kavanagh emerged from his cabin in his own proper character. The enthusiasm among the tenants of the steerage was immense, yet not so great as it would have been had his presence on board been unsuspected: one by one "the boys"—that is, his own Tipperary boys—had been of late admitted into the secret, and these had told the rest. But, even as it was, the turmoil and excitement were something startling. There was not only joy that the young master was among them; there was also triumph because a victory had been obtained over the law. The crew, indeed, were comparatively indifferent about the matter, but they formed but a small portion of the population of the *Star of Erin*. The captain, as Robert could not but remark, not only did not share in these manifestations of delight, but showed some signs of displeasure. This might be accounted for by the fact that he had been imposed upon—used as a cat's-paw by Kavanagh—for it seemed he had himself been ignorant hitherto of the identity of that gentleman with Denton; but, at all events, so it was. The steerage passengers were exceedingly uproarious that night, having had liquor supplied them by Murphy; and Robert remained on deck until a late hour, in case his services might be required among them. While thus keeping voluntary watch, the captain came up and spoke with him on the matter, and his manner seemed uneasy; they both agreed that to give liquor in such abundance to so excitable a throng was most injudicious: it might have been fancy, but, in the moonlight, Robert caught sight of something gleaming in the captain's breast pocket which looked very like the butt of a revolver.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GEORGE ELIOT'S SAYINGS.

SELECTED FROM "ADAM BEDE."

WHY did they say she was so changed? In the corpse we love, it is the *likeness* we see—it is the likeness, which makes itself felt the more keenly because something else *was* and *is not*.

Well, well, my boy, if good luck knocks at your door, don't you put your head out at window and tell it to be gone about its business, that's all.

You must learn to deal with odd and even in life, as well as in figures.

A man about town might perhaps consider that these influences (of the country) were not to be felt out of a child's story-book; but when you are among the fields and hedge-rows it is impossible to maintain a consistent superiority to simple natural pleasures.

It's good to live only a moment at a time, as I've read in one of Mr. Wesley's books. It isn't for you and me to lay plans; we've nothing to do but to obey and to trust.

It is a vain thought to flee from the work that God appoints us, for the sake of finding a greater blessing to our own souls, as if we could choose for ourselves where we shall find the fullness of the Divine Presence, instead of seeking it where alone it is to be found, in loving obedience.

Poor dog! I've a strange feeling about the dumb things as if they wanted to speak, and it was a trouble to 'em because they couldn't. I can't help being sorry for the dogs always, though perhaps there's no need. But they may well have more in them than they know how to make us understand, for we can't say half what we feel, with all our words.

THE LAST LEVÉE OF NAPOLEON III.

"YOU will know it by its gold gates," said a laborer, as I asked the way to Camden Place about nine o'clock on the morning of January 14. A surer index was the tricolor flag, drooping half-mast high above the little lodge. I entered the gold gates, and while I waited in the lodge a Frenchman in dingy black came in, who saluted me as a fellow-mourner, and signed his name in the visitors' book, M——, Avocat. M. Pietri would see me if I would go to the house. So I walked down the avenue, and opening the central door, stood in a carved oak vestibule cut off from the hall by a black curtain. The scene of the lying in state was not yet set behind that black drop curtain. I could hear subdued voices. It parted a little, and a Sister of Mercy passed out. "Ma sœur, where is M. Pietri?" She could not tell. Then it bulged out with an elbow, which I touched, repeating my question. A workman's face appeared, who took me for a foreigner, and wasted no words on me. At last enters the tall footman of the Emperor, in black even to the epaulets, who took my card. Then M. Pietri himself. "If I could come again in three-quarters of an hour, preparations would be complete." I went to the "Tiger's Head" and breakfasted, to fortify myself against my interview with the dead. The landlady told me with much pride that Prince Teck had lunched there the day before. Then I hurried to the Catholic chapel, and thinking to make its incumbent my ally, called upon him. The reverend gentleman answered my ring in person, and eying me askance, sighed, "Why has the sergeant not sent me down those policemen?" He was already tired of such intruders as myself. But I made my peace with him, met the sergeant, and told him to send down the men. At the lodge-gates I found that M. Pietri had already sent for me. "Dépêchez-vous," said an impatient Frenchman, interrupting something I had to say. So I stood again before the black curtain, and was led into a small room filled with French gentlemen. All wore white neck-ties and dress-coats. Most were decorated—some with the cross at the button-hole; some with the ribbon around the neck; others with the broad sash. I knew that I stood among such men as Fleury, Rouher, the Duc de Gramont, Canrobert, and as I sat mute in a corner I puzzled to guess which was which. I was beckoned away; so taking book and pencil, and following my guide down the black-draped passage, sombre as the valley of the shadow of death, I was ushered into the Chapelle Ardente. There was the coffin and the dead Emperor! I listened but abstractedly to whispered instructions. I was told to be quick, then left alone. That right hand folded over the left, and clasping white gloves—there are no traces of death there: the single rings on the third and last fingers; a crucifix and withered flower within reach of the hand, could it but move. Dare I stoop over the coffin to see what expression lin-

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gers in that thin, waxen face? The atmosphere seems faint and hot. Even those huge wreaths of violets can not perfume it. That "N," written in immortelles—mark that. Two priests glide in. One sprinkles holy-water toward the body, and each passes to a *priedieu* at the head of the coffin. The light just glances on the rims of those medals. The coffin lined with what seems amber satin; pall, purple velvet; gold fringe and tassels hanging from the top, the crown and "N" in gold upon it; broad amber edge to the pall; the crown and "N" repeated on the wall six times; the ceiling the tricolor. That old priest looks up from his prayers, and seems to start at seeing me there. This one gets up and holds his book close to the flare of one of the candles. Some one brings in fresh rose-buds and kneels to lay them at the foot of the coffin. The curtain moves again. A figure stands in its shadow. A fold of the amber satin is out of place; he goes forward to arrange it. Thus I make my rapid sketches. One last look, and I sign that I have done. I join again that company of French celebrities. Paris papers with broad mourning border have just come in. Some one is reading an Imperialist article. It avers that the empire is not dead, but lives anew in the person of the young Prince Imperial, Napoleon IV., in whose ears no one can din "Sedan, Sedan." The listeners murmur applause with tearful eyes. I raise a corner of the drawn blind, and see the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh drive up. We move to the door, and in a room opposite stands the figure of Prince Napoleon, so marvelously like the first Emperor. The broad upright forehead, those deep sunken eyes piercing the sharp-cut overhanging brow, the short upper lip, and square prodigious chin. The empire might well live again in him who seems the Emperor alive again. He comes out with the Prince Imperial. The poor boy, delicate and slight in figure, bows and shakes hands with some of his father's courtiers. They move to the Chapelle Ardente, Prince Napoleon darting a glance of fire at some Englishman who brushes his shoulder. Ladies in deep crape follow them, stop for a moment by the cord that parts off the *chapelle*, sprinkle holy-water, or throw sprigs of box toward the coffin, cross themselves, and go away. A policeman stands behind, who, versed in French, says alternately, "Pass on, ladies and gentlemen," and "Passez, s'il vous plait." Then the public in continuous stream flows in down that black channel from door to door. The Emperor holds his last levée.

THE LAST LEVÉE—INSIDE THE CHAPELLE ARDENTE AT CHISELHURST, JANUARY 14, 1873, AT THE LYING IN STATE OF NAPOLEON III.

Outside is a little gate to which we crowd for egress. But two policemen are listening with vacant smile to a torrent of French, which they take to mean that the gate must be closed. Near by is a table where the throng of visitors are signing names, two French gentlemen handing the pens. Leaving this record of their sympathy, they are content to go.

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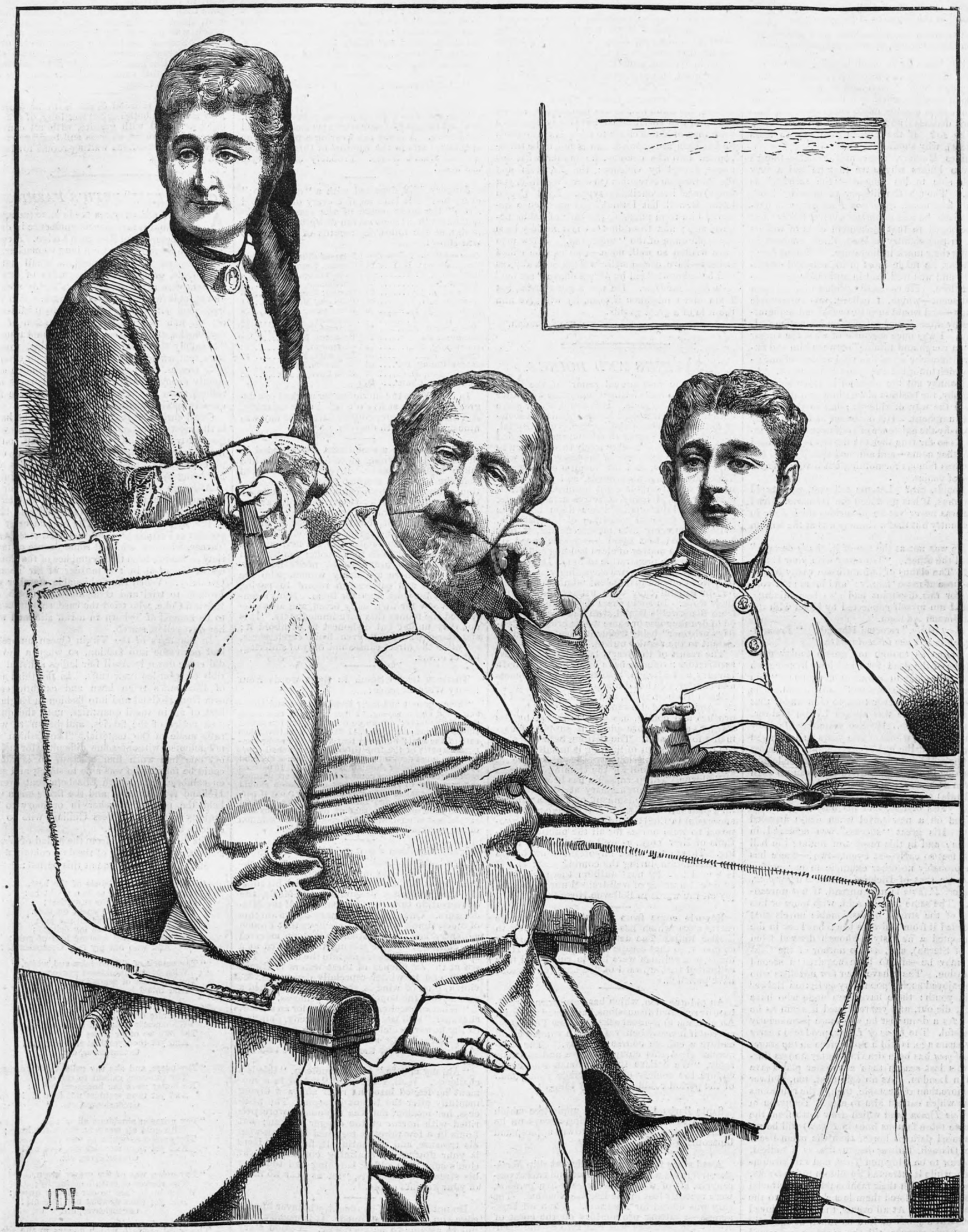

NAPOLEON III. AND HIS FAMILY AT CHISELHURST—A REMINISCENCE.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Emperor's Funeral.—James Hannay.—Lord Lytton.

THE Emperor of the French, after lying in state last Thursday, and "receiving" in that sad fashion some 20,000 persons—his last levee—was buried yesterday in the little chapel at Chiselhurst, but not in British soil. M. Eugene Delessert, his former secretary, brought a chest full of the earth he had last trodden when at the Tuileries to be placed around his coffin. All the chief Imperialists came over from France to pay him the tribute of their presence, and it is computed that no less than 2000 of his fellow-countrymen accompanied the coffin—studded with the golden bees that are the badges of his race—to its resting-place. A poet of his own nation, and if not a statesman, one of whom it was truly said that "he leaped on the revolution in its hour of might, and tamed it," in writing of Napoleon I., thus finely sings:

"Ne crains pas cependant, ombre encore inquiète,
Que je vienne outrager ta majesté muette.
Non. La lyre aux tombeaux n'a jamais insulté;
La mort fut de tout temps l'asile de la gloire;
Rien ne doit jusqu'ici poursuivre une mémoire;
Rien—excepté la vérité.

* * * * * * *

C'est le dieu qui regne, et qui couronne;
C'est le dieu qui punit; c'est le dieu qui pardonne:
Pour les héros et nous il a des lois divers.
Parle-lui sans effroi, lui seul peut le comprendre;
L'esclave et le tyran ont tous un compte à rendre,
L'un du sceptre, l'autre des fers.
Son cercueil est fermé; Dieu l'a jugé: Silence!
Son crime et ses exploits pesent dans la balance,
Que des faibles mortels la main n'y touche plus."

Let us be taught by Lamartine, and say nothing of this dead man; nay, not even the truth—*la vérité*—unless it be designed in imitation of him once more to raise up an empire upon the ruins of public virtue. Of all that took place at Chiselhurst nothing is to be reprehended except that loyal outburst of *Vive Napoléon IV.*, which saluted the Prince Imperial from his 2000 would-be subjects. The world desires no more of that empire which, while protesting that it was *La Paix*, was, as the witty courtier put it, in fact *L'Epée*. It came like the Gospel in that particular, and in that only, not to preach peace, but the sword.

The Imperialists, perhaps feeling that their best card is now played, and anxious in their weakness to conciliate all that are not absolutely their declared enemies, have become very demonstrative in their gratitude toward England for its hospitality to the exile of Chiselhurst. The Paris paper, *L'Ordre*, which describes to-day the Emperor's obsequies, is printed *in English* out of compliment to that land which has ever been "the refuge of fallen greatness." We have not been much accustomed to such compliments from our neighbors across the Channel—the last remark upon our national hospitality having been a vehement remonstrance from the Imperialists themselves against our practice of "welcoming bandits"—*i. e.*, Frenchmen professing politics of a different stamp from themselves. "Thanks be to the Queen," goes on *L'Ordre* to say—"noble sovereign, our once respected guest.....who, in the considerations shown by her to the Emperor and Empress in their misfortune, shows she is still mindful of the acclamations and of the honors of Versailles. Thanks to the great English people, once and long our redoubtable enemy, to-day our ally in works of peace and progress, but ever our model and our master, by the sentiment of order and the inspiration of patriotism." This admirable publication has discovered that our aristocracy is celebrated for its "lofty spirit and calm energy," our middle classes for "a feverish ardor for industry and commerce," our politicians for "an animation that almost rises to turbulence," and our newspaper-writers, "while proud, determined, and impassioned as all the

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rest," for "a strength that always enables them to remain just." Upon the whole, in fact, *L'Ordre* reminds me much of that famous example of "gush" in the *Rejected Addresses:*

"God bless the army, bless their coats of scarlet;
God bless the navy; bless the Princess Charlotte!"

But if it hopes by so much blessing to create an Imperialist party in this country, it must be very sanguine indeed. Even as it is, people are asking one another whether a little too much stir has not been already made concerning the Emperor's decease; and it has been wittily replied, "Why so? If the French give way to tears (Thiers), why should not we?"

James Hannay, sometimes called — though Heaven knows why, save that he had a very rough side to his tongue—"the satirist," is dead. Though the literary promise held out by his first novel, *Singleton Fontenoy*, was never realized, he was doubtless a clever fellow; but he belonged to that Bohemian class of writers who, in this country at least, rarely succeed in making their mark in literature. Without being a scholar, he made most of his classical attainments, and was well read in antiquarian and historical lore. He especially prided himself upon his descent—which, I believe, was respectable enough—and would surprise occasional acquaintances by after-dinner eulogies on his native Galloway. I was once spectator of what the vulgar call "a rough and tumble" between him and another littérateur upon this vital subject of ancestry, which afforded me great amusement. At first Hannay got the worst of it, since being on his hobby, the position placed him at a disadvantage in the way of ridicule; but in the end he was triumphant. His opponent had gone so far as to deny the existence of Galloway—which, indeed, is so far true that the district is now called by another name—and affirmed that if it did exist, it was famous for nothing but a very inferior breed of ponies.

"Ponies, Sir? Let me tell you, you stupid ignoramus, it has produced the Hannays. And there was never yet an illustrious deed done in this country but that a Hannay was at the bottom of it."

"He was not at the top of it, that's certain," replied the other. "Go away with your Galloway! The claims of literature are vastly higher than those of mere 'family;' and let me tell you, Sir" (for *this* disputant had also been dining), "that I am myself connected by blood with the great Joseph Addison."

"*Very likely*," retorted Hannay. "*I remember that he left one idiot daughter.*"

It seems as though my gossip to-day must needs be of the dead, for I just hear by telegram that a great name in literature has gone to "join the majority" in the person of Lord Lytton. The world of readers never took to him under that title: to them he was always Lytton Bulwer, and will remain so. He died yesterday (January 18) at Torquay, where of late years he has passed his winters, at the age of sixty-eight. To most of us he will have seemed older, since for length of service in his calling there has been no such veteran as he. His first book (*Ishmael*, an Oriental tale) appeared in 1820, when he was but fifteen years of age, and his busy fingers were engaged on a new novel when death arrested them. His great "success" was achieved in *Pelham;* and in this respect of finding the ball at his feet so early—at twenty-two!—there has been probably no other example in our profession, save that of Dickens. Unlike *Pickwick*, however, *Pelham* is now unread, if not unreadable. The same may be said, with more or less truth, of the stream of fashionable novels that succeeded it from Bulwer's pen; but later in life he adopted a new style (though derived from that of Sterne), and, as the author of the *Caxtons*, may be said to have acquired a second reputation. There have been few novelists who have enjoyed such a popularity as Lytton Bulwer did in youth: there have been none who have seen it die out, and yet reillumed it again as he did. As a dramatist he was more permanently successful. The *Lady of Lyons*, produced nearly forty years ago, is still a stock piece on the stage, and *Money* has been drawing better houses during this last season than any other play (save one) in London. As an epic poet, too, Bulwer was more than respectable, though the ridiculous vanity which caused him to attack Tennyson in the *New Timon* (and which drew forth from the laureate those famous lines in *Punch*) will be remembered perhaps longer than the poem itself. Like Disraeli, Bulwer began life as a radical, and grew to be a bigoted Tory, and this circumstance, while it attracted Swelldom to his books, may—joined with their fashionable and artificial style—have rendered them less acceptable to the general public. At all events, the latter enjoyed Thackeray's gibes at him as much as they did Tennyson's rhymes, till the *Caxtons* redeemed him in our eyes. He repaid them scorn for scorn; and I remember to have heard him say at a private table, on the occasion of Garibaldi's triumphant reception in London, that "the excessive stupidity of that man was quite enough to account for his popularity."

His sympathies were indeed by no means naturally "popular," though through the influence of his friend Dickens (whom he owned to be his master, and always spoke of with the most generous warmth) they were sometimes turned in that direction. With him he established the Guild of Literature and Art, and the buildings destined for decayed veterans of the army of men of letters were erected at Stevenage, close to Knebworth, Lord Lytton's country-seat in Hertfordshire. On the occasion of their inauguration his lordship gave a splendid *fête*, to which all the "literary men" of London—a wide term, which includes some very queer people, as you may imagine—were invited to meet the gentry of "the county." His object was, perhaps, to accustom the latter to the manners and appearance of the expected "veterans," however eccentric they might prove to be; but the two parties did not get on together very harmoniously. Never shall I forget a youthful "groundswell" (I thank your *Harper's Weekly* for teaching me that word), with a glass in his eye and a drawl in his tone, remarking to a friend of mine, as we stood on the terrace watching the metropolitan literati, that he had seen nothing like it "since the Foresters' *fête*."* To this hour, I believe, the guild houses are unoccupied, not by reason of that social fiasco, but simply because a town man of letters clings to the society to which he has been accustomed, and is not to be transplanted into the country, no matter what his needs, except by violence: the Arcadian and the Burlington Arcadian (in our Piccadilly, you know) are irreconcilable types. Lord Lytton meant it well, but I think that experience deterred him from pursuing the path of public benevolence; and from first to last he has been the spokesman of the "upper ten." If few men have written so well, none—who can be called writers—have occasionally written so badly, as will be acknowledged by all who have "sat out" *The Rightful Heir*. He was a great artist, but I am much mistaken if posterity will give him the title of a great genius.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

* "The Foresters" are a benefit club, numbering some millions of our lower classes, who once a year swarm out for a holiday in the country, and enjoy it without the repose of manner that "stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

FROM the first annual report of the Bellevue Hospital Visiting Committee we gather some interesting facts. It is about a year since a number of benevolent ladies organized a society for the purpose of visiting Bellevue Hospital, in the hope of bringing about some much-needed reforms. The wards were freely thrown open to the fifty-three members of the association, who have regularly visited the hospital every week. There are twenty-nine wards, and the average number of patients is eight hundred. Investigation revealed many defective arrangements, having an injurious influence upon both the moral and physical condition of the patients. Without entering into minute details, it may be mentioned that there was special need of reform in the matter of clean bedding and clothing, and in the preparation of food. Moreover, the system of nursing was exceedingly poor. Not only was there an insufficient number of nurses, but in general they were utterly unfitted for their work. In some cases they were criminals from Blackwell's Island, who had been convicted of drunkenness or some worse crime, a "ten-days prisoner" being frequently sent to be an assistant to the regular nurses.

The result of the year's labor has been most satisfactory: reforms have been effected in both laundry and kitchen, resulting in clean sheets and comfortable hot dinners. A "special diet" kitchen has been built, and a cook appointed to it. An increased allowance of towels and basins, brushes and combs, has been provided by the warden, and a more plentiful supply of garments for the sick. The visitors, believing that the present system of nursing is unsuitable, applied to the Commissioners of Charities for leave to establish a school for the training of nurses at Bellevue. This permission has been cordially granted, and the preliminary steps have been taken for the establishment of such a school, on a plan similar to those which have proved so successful in England. In this school it is proposed to train nurses for all the public institutions of New York, as well as for private nursing. This is the most important work before the association during the coming year; and it is hoped that by next autumn there will be a sufficient number of well-trained nurses to supply all the wards in Bellevue Hospital.

Reports come from Calcutta of a terrible earthquake which has occurred at Lehree, in British India. The disaster overtook the city suddenly, so that escape was impossible. Hundreds of dwellings were laid in ruins, and it is estimated that upward of five hundred persons have perished.

An old question, which has been worn threadbare by repeated discussions, has turned up again. An anxious individual asks the New York *Commercial* if it really believes "that a woman could endure a college course of study." The *Commercial* gives this comprehensive and sarcastic reply, "We believe that a woman who could endure the society of the average young man of the period could endure any thing."

Santa Barbara boasts of an apple-tree which bears three crops a year, having always on its branches ripe apples, half-grown apples, and blossoms.

A sad story is that of the emigrant ship *Northfleet*, freighted with four hundred and twelve passengers, all of whom, save eighty-five persons, were recently lost in the English Channel. The ship was bound for Australia. When off Dungeness—a jutting promontory on the coast of Kent—the *Northfleet* was run into by the Spanish steam-ship *Murillo*, and sunk. The *Murillo* kept on her course, giving no heed to the cries for help coming from the sinking vessel. It now appears from testimony given by passengers of the *Murillo* before the British consul at Cadiz that the captain and crew of the Spanish ship knew that some unfortunate vessel had been struck, but did not make the slightest effort to render assistance. Such inhumanity is beyond conception.

A new method is suggested for growing winter hyacinths. The bulbs are bedded in deep incisions made in large sponges, the latter closed over and around the bulbs, and then placed in appropriately shaped vases. Water moderately warmed is poured into the vase until it reaches about midway the height of the sponge. The bulbs will sprout in two or three days, and continue to thrive until the flowers come out, which are said to be of "unusually large size and perfect form." The sponge may be hidden after the first week or two by sowing rape-seed upon it, the resultant growth completely covering it with moss-like vegetation. From its porous and warm nature the sponge seems well adapted to the purpose, and dilute fertilizing material might, it would appear, be added to aid the quick development of the plants.

Humanity to animals has taken a new form in Paris. An optician of that city, who believes animals suffer from near-sightedness as well as people, and who believes also in relieving them, has just taken out a patent for spectacles adapted for horses. A tabby cat wearing a pair of blue spectacles sits in the window of this whimsical humanitarian's house. Probably tabby's eyes are weak.

January, 1873, departed with a "cold snap;" every body felt it to be, like every other "cold snap," the most severe of the season. Thermometers in all sections ran down to a very low figure, as the following records of January 30 will show:

Towns and Cities.	*Below Zero.*	*Towns and Cities.*	*Below Zero.*
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	26	Canaan, Conn.	28
Rhinebeck, N. Y.	30	Falls Village, Conn.	30
Amenia, N. Y.	37	Providence, R. I.	14
Hudson, N. Y.	29	Boston, Mass.	6
Newburgh, N. Y.	35	Portland, Me.	11
Syracuse, N. Y.	12	Brunswick, Me.	30
Buffalo, N. Y.	3	Lancaster, N. H.	42
Wilkesbarre, Pa.	25	Concord, N. H.	28
Scranton, Pa.	19	Bradford, N. H.	42
Harrisburg, Pa.	14	Claremont, N. H.	32
Reading, Pa.	30	Frederick, Md.	19
Mauch Chunk, Pa.	34	Baltimore, Md.	4
Washington, D. C.	1	Glen Cove, L. I.	22
New Haven, Conn.	26		

In New York the thermometer marked one degree above zero at five o'clock in the morning, and the average temperature during the day was nine and one-eighth degrees.

Not long since a seamstress was arrested in Brooklyn for pawning clothing which she had taken home to make. Investigation showed that she had been making garments at starvation prices—seventeen cents for four pairs of trowsers, fifty cents for twelve pairs of drawers, and twenty-five for six shirts. Because the seamstress was not able to complete all of the work as soon as she agreed to, her employer—a New York woman—refused to pay her, and she pawned some articles to keep her family from starving. Such heartlessness needs no comment. But there are many women who are thoughtless and careless in regard to paying promptly for work done for them. Many seamstresses sew for their daily bread, and absolutely need the money they earn immediately. It is not only unjust but dishonest to withhold it; and those who do it, even from carelessness, are often the direct causes not only of suffering, but of crime.

There is true wisdom in these words from Henry Ward Beecher:

"Some go out and carry bread and tea and coffee and good cheer, saying, 'I like a Gospel that takes care of the body;' others go out and carry tracts and Bibles and prayers, saying, 'I like a Gospel that takes care of the soul;' but I say that both of these are important parts of the true Gospel. Which shall come first you must determine wisely. Sometimes one and sometimes the other should have priority. If persons are in circumstances of comfort in life, but are without the sympathy of Christ, the first ministration should be that of personal sympathy and prayer; but if persons are degraded and thrown out of life, the first ministration should be that of outward mercy and succor, and afterward should come the ministration of religious truth in its various applications."

Louis Napoleon was not destitute of courage and gallantry. A story is told of him at the age of twenty. One day in midwinter, when he was walking on the banks of the Rhine with his cousins the Princesses Josephine and Marie, the conversation turned on the chivalry of the Middle Ages. One of the ladies, praising the knights of olden times, professed to believe that French gallantry had degenerated. Napoleon asserted the contrary. While talking they arrived at a spot where the Necker falls into the Rhine. The sea at the confluence of these waters is always rough, and in winter especially dangerous. A violent gust of wind at the moment detached a flower from the bouquet of the princess.

"What an excellent opportunity for an ancient chevalier," said the young girl, saucily, pointing to the flower, which, carried off by a rapid current, had already almost disappeared in the whirlpool caused by the meeting of the two rivers.

"Ah, my cousin," cried Napoleon, "this is a challenge. Well, I accept it." And in a moment he leaped into the river and was diving manfully after the truant blossom. The princess, her mother, and the attendants were petrified with horror at the danger he ran; but Louis in a few minutes regained the bank with his treasure, and presenting it, he said, "Here is your flower, my charming cousin; but for God's sake," he added, laughing and touching his streaming garments, "let us hear no more of your knights of old."

Do not be too self-confident, whatever knowledge you may have attained. It is usually safer not to assume to be very wise. A good story is told of a certain reverend doctor of Philadelphia—in fact, he told it of himself, so that he might deduce the moral for the benefit of his fellow-men. At one time, when he was a connoisseur in bird-stuffing, he used to criticise other people's bird-stuffing severely. Walking with a gentleman one day, he stopped at a window where a gigantic owl was exhibited. "You see," said the doctor to his friend, "that there is a magnificent bird utterly ruined by unskillful stuffing. Notice the mounting! Execrable, isn't it? No living owl ever roosted in that position. And the eyes are fully a third larger than any owl ever possessed." At this moment the stuffed bird raised one foot and solemnly blinked at his critic, who said very little more about stuffed birds that afternoon!

Housekeepers need to exercise some care about valuables left on hat racks in the hall. Thieves are fertile in invention, and we must be on guard against them. A short time ago a genteel-looking young man called at a house in this city, asking by name for the gentleman who occupied it. The servant-girl left him seated in the hall, and called the gentleman. The feigned errand was of such a nature that the gentleman went to consult his family. No sooner was he gone than the young man caught up a valuable coat, lined throughout with Astrakhan fur, which was hanging on the hat rack, and instantly fled—of course too rapidly to be overtaken. Servants are often compelled to leave persons in the hall while they carry messages up stairs, so that valuables left in hall-ways are exposed to be taken.

A fine new railroad dépôt is to be built at New Haven—a building 300 feet long, of pressed brick trimmed with granite, with all conveniences of platforms, express and baggage room, as well as commodious waiting-rooms for ladies and gentlemen.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FASHIONS.

A GAYLY attired queen made an extravagant court, and sumptuous magnificence in dress is the characteristic of Elizabeth's reign. A court lady wore a low dress with a long stomacher, an immense ruff round her neck, a small hat, a farthingale, or crinoline, a large fan of ostrich feathers with a mirror attached, highly scented gloves, and frequently a velvet mask. Her feet were shod with pumps of scented Spanish leather, her hair was dyed red in imitation of the royal locks, and her face was painted and rouged. To supply the great demand for wigs, women were sent round the country to buy up country girls' tresses, and female thieves in London constantly decoyed children into dark corners and robbed them of their hair: the dead were frequently spoiled for the same purpose.

Of all curiosities in costume, the ruff, perhaps, is the most eccentric. These monstrosities were frequently made a quarter of a yard deep, so that the wearer was obliged to eat with a spoon a couple of feet long, and were of different colors, yellow being for a long time the fashionable tint.

Although yellow was the fashionable color for the ruff, other tints were also used, and ladies constantly appeared with ruffs tinged with blue, or red, or purple starch. The introducer of the popular color into England was a Mistress Anne Turner, who has achieved some degree of notoriety as having been the accomplice of the Countess of Somerset in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. When the fashionable starcher was brought to trial and condemned to death, Sir Edward Coke, who tried the case, sentenced her to be hanged at Tyburn in a ruff stiffened with her own yellow starch.

In the days of the Virgin Queen umbrellas had not come into fashion, so when a shower did come down in April fair ladies suffered terribly as regarded their ruffs. In the third year of Elizabeth's reign lawn and cambric came over from Holland and into fashion in England, first of all in small quantities, until the queen took notice of the fabrics, and began to wear ruffs made of the material. The fashion was not adopted without some difficulty, for as every one had worn fine holland, no laundress could be found who was able to starch and stiffen cambric. At length Elizabeth sent over to Holland for starchers, and the first person who held the post of starcher in ordinary to her majesty was one Mistress Guillan, wife to the queen's head coachman.

The following verses from the ballad of *Greensleaves*, a popular song of the day, contain a fair detail of a lady's costume at this period:

"I bought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth so fine as fine might be:
I gave thee jewels for thy chest;
And all this cost I spent on thee.
Greensleaves was all my joy;
Greensleaves was my delight;
Greensleaves was my hart of gold;
And who but my lady Greensleaves?

"Thy smock of silk so faire and white,
With gold embroidered gorgeously;
Thy petticoat of sendall right;
And this I bought thee gladly.
Greensleaves, etc.

"Thy girdle of gold so red,
With pearls bedecked sumptuously,
The like no other lasses had:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleaves, etc.

"Thy purse, and eke thy gallant gilt knives,
Thy pin-case, gallant to the eye;
No better wore the burghers' wives:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleaves, etc.

"Thy crimson stockings all of silk,
With gold all wrought above the knee;
Thy pumps as white as was the milk:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleaves, etc.

"Thy gown was of the grassy green,
Thy sleeves of satin hanging by;
Which made thee be our harvest queen:
And yet thou wouldst not love me!
Greensleaves, etc."

The word *sendall*, which occurs in the second of the verses quoted, was a kind of thin silk; in the fourth verse the custom for a lady to carry a purse and a knife is referred to. From the earliest times a purse was worn at the girdle, and in the sixteenth century small and costly daggers were carried in bejeweled sheaths which were attached to the girdle by a small band or chain.

Fashion at the court of Henri IV. of France presented another eccentricity in the way of collars. The ruff, which had gone out of fashion some years previous to the date of which we are now speaking, was succeeded by this fan-like collar, or, as it was called at the time, the *collaso monté*. The daughters of those ladies who flaunted in ruffs a quarter of a yard deep now flirted in collars a quarter of a yard high, for we are assured that the *collaso* rose frequently as high as the top of the head. Frequently the edges were fringed and ornamented with lace; the texture was gauze, which was stiffened and thickly plaited. If the fair one pleased, fashion

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would allow her to turn the *collaso* down over the back of her dress, a practice which afterward became the habit in the following reign, when every lady wore what is called the Vandyke collar.

(Continued from No. 7, page 108.)

LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Grif," and "Joshua Marvel."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FELIX BECOMES A LANDLORD.

Jim Podmore's first feeling, after the shock of the discovery, was one of deep-felt gratitude, and a muttered "Thank the Lord!" escaped his lips as he saw his wife and child lying asleep in bed. When he started to his feet in a half-conscious state, with the clamor and the roar in his ears, his fear was that there had been an accident on the line, and that Polly and her mother had been hurt; and he was inexpressibly relieved to find that he had been dreaming. So deep and strong was his feeling of relief that he did not immediately realize the real danger which threatened him and those dear to him. It came upon him presently in its full force, and he recognized that a moment's delay might prove fatal. The first thing to find out was the extent of the danger. He had shut the door directly the fire met his gaze. Now he opened it, and ran down a few steps on which the fire had not yet seized. He was beaten back by the flames. He fancied he heard cries from the lower part of the house, but he could see nothing for the smoke. There was no escape that way. Snap ran hither and thither in the wildest agitation, barking at the flames to keep them down. As Jim Podmore threw open the window in despair, to see what means of escape that outlet afforded, he saw the forms of persons hurrying to the street, and heard the cries they uttered; but he could not distinguish a face. Neither could they below distinguish his face, for he had taken the precaution to close the door, and the flames had not yet entered his room. They saw, however, that some one was standing at the window, and they called out to him, but he was too agitated to understand what they said. The front of the house presented a flat surface of brick, and there seemed to be nothing between him and death—not a foot-hold, nor any thing to cling to. The whole of this action had taken place in scarcely more than two or three moments, and within that time Snap had leaped upon the bed, and had aroused Pollypod and her mother. Had they been alone, it is probable that they would have slept on unconscious of their danger, for the smoke, stealing through the crevices of the door, had already somewhat stupefied them, and whatever subtle influence that and the dull roar of voices without might have had upon their dreams, they would not have aroused them to consciousness. Mrs. Podmore, with a scream, jumped out of bed, and looked wildly around; at the same moment she snatched Polly from the bed, and held the child close to shield her from danger.

"Keep cool, old woman," said Jim Podmore; "the house is on fire;" and muttered inly, "I knew that presentiment would come true—didn't I tell old Wheels so?"

Mrs. Podmore was now standing at the window by Jim's side, with Polly in her arms. Their white night-dresses shone in the midst of the dark surface of brick, and voices reached them, rashly advising them to jump down. But they were on the third floor, and although Jim saw friendly arms held out below, he held his wife tight, lest in her fear she should obey the entreaties of their neighbors.

"There's time enough for that, old woman," he muttered, with thick breath; "perhaps the fire-escape 'll come. It 'd be almost certain death to take the leap."

Time was too precious to waste in mere words, and he released her from his embrace. She turned to the door, but he cried out to her not to open it, and that their only chance lay in doing their best to keep out the flames.

"There's only one way out for us, old woman; and that's by the window. Put Polly down, and give me a hand here. Quick! Don't be frightened, my darling!"

He was tying the bedclothes together to form a rope by which they might escape through the window, and Mrs. Podmore flew to help him. The door began to crack, and the room to fill with smoke; little jets of flame appeared.

"God help us!" cried Mrs. Podmore. "We shall be burned to death!"

Jim said nothing to this, but all the bedclothes being used, he hurriedly fixed the mattress against the door, to gain another moment; then tied one end of the rope firmly to the foot of the bedstead, and threw the other end out of the window. It reached a little below the second-floor window. As he leaned forward to see how long it was, a ladder was fixed against the wall of the house, and a man, cheered on by the crowd, ran up to the room where old Wheels slept.

"There's the old man getting out," said Jim, in a suppressed tone (the father, mother, and child were now together at the window), "and the man's jumped into the room. Don't look behind you, mother! Thank God, there's the fire-engine!"

It came tearing up the narrow street, and brave men were at work almost in an instant.

"The man's out on the ladder, mother, with Lily in his arms. Hurrah!" Jim lost sight of his own danger for a moment. "It 'll be our turn presently. The Gribbles are getting down now. They've found a rope."

Indeed, in less time than it takes to describe, all these, happily, were safely rescued, and only Jim Podmore and his wife and child remained in the burning house. The flames were in the room, and the fire-escape had not arrived. A moment's delay now would be fatal.

"Do you think you could hold fast to the rope," asked Jim of his wife, with a tightening grasp on the knots, "and slide down? There's no other chance left."

"I don't know, Jim," replied the trembling woman.

"See, there are two men climbing the ladder to catch us, and there are others below them, holding them up. You'll have to drop into their arms when you get to the end. Quick, mother! Now!"

"I can't, Jim," gasped the fainting woman; "I can't! Never mind me. Save Polly!"

Without another word, Jim Podmore, with Polly in his arms, swung out upon the rope. Happily it held, and bore the strain. Those below watched him with agonized looks, and the roar suddenly became hushed.

"Drop the child!" cried a voice. It came from one of the men on the ladder, and sounded clear and distinct as from a silver trumpet. "Don't be frightened, Pollypod! It's me—Felix."

"Felix! Felix!" screamed Pollypod, and as she cried, fell through the air into his arms. The cheers and the roar of delight that came from the crowd were frozen as it were in the throats of the excited throng as Jim, assuring himself by a hasty glance that his child was safe, began to ascend the rope for his wife. He was not a moment too soon. She was so overpowered with fright that he had to drag her through the window.

"Keep your senses about you," he cried, "for God's sake, old woman! Polly's safe! Hold me tight—don't loose your hold! For Polly's sake, now—for Polly's sake, mother!"

She clung to him so tightly as almost to press the breath out of his body. It was fortunate for them that another ladder was raised, and that other friendly arms were held out to break their fall. The moment they were safe the attention of the crowd was diverted to the form of a dog, who was standing and barking on the window-sill above. It was Snap, who had been left behind. The dog was in great distress, for the flames were darting toward him, and he could scarcely keep his foot-hold. But Jim Podmore saw the peril of his faithful servant, and having hurriedly ascertained that his wife and Pollypod were unhurt, he ran up the ladder and called out to Snap to jump. The dog had but one alternative—to be burned; so he risked his limbs, and jumped clean on to the shoulders of his master, whence he rolled safely into the crowd, who cheered merrily at the episode. Soon all the rescued ones were assembled in a house at the bottom of the street. Their neighbors had lent them clothes, and they stood looking strangely at one another, grateful for their escape, but dismayed at the prospect before them. Presently their tongues were loosened, and every little incident connected with the fire was narrated with eagerness. No one knew or suspected how it had occurred. Alfred had come home, and, in accordance with the promise he had given to Lizzie to kiss Lily before he went to bed, had knocked at his sister's door and found that she was awake. He sat talking to her for about a quarter of an hour, and then went to bed.

"I was asleep in a minute," said Alfred, "and I don't remember any thing until I was pulled out of bed and told that the house was on fire."

He held out his hand to Felix, for it was Felix who, after helping to rescue Lily and old Wheels, had aroused Alfred to a sense of his danger. Felix responded cordially, and was sufficient of a casuist to be quietly pleased because a lucky chance had given him a claim upon Alfred's gratitude.

Voices asked where the fire had commenced.

"It must have broken out in the lower part of the house," said old Wheels; "but it does not matter to us now. Thank God we're all saved, eh, Pollypod?"

Pollypod nodded her head a dozen times, and looked solemnly at Felix.

"*You* saved *me*," she said.

"Father saved you, Polly," replied Felix. "Didn't he make a rope and creep out of the window down it with Polly in his arms?"

"But you caught me!"

"Yes, I caught you, little one. It's like the story of Cock Robin, with a happier ending. Some one saw the fire—some one cried it out—some one climbed up—some one crept down—some one caught Polly."

Which made Polly laugh. But her father looked grave. His strait was a hard one indeed. Every stick of furniture burned, every scrap of spare clothing burned, no money in his purse, and not insured for a shilling. Here was a fine example for theorists whose favorite theme is the improvidence of the poor!

The Gribbles were better off than the others, and had taken shelter elsewhere. Gribble junior had saved his little store of money, and had thrown his clothes and those of his wife out of the window, not having had time to put them on. Gribble senior driveled a great deal, and weakly declared his belief that co-operation was the cause of this, his crowning misfortune.

Jim Podmore did not say any thing of his dream. His wife made a remark:

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, Jim. If you hadn't fell asleep in the chair, you wouldn't have saved your clothes, perhaps."

"A nice figure I should ha' looked going to work without 'em," he replied, with grim humor.

If there was any comfort in the fact that they were all in the same boat as regards the complete destruction of their worldly goods, that comfort was theirs. The only one who seemed to make light of the misfortune was Felix: he extracted some secret satisfaction from it. He had a plan in his head.

He certainly lost no time in putting it into execution. In the afternoon of the following day he burst in upon them. He was flushed and triumphant.

"Now, then," he said, with heartless gayety, "if you had any thing to pack up, I should tell you to pack up at once and get ready. As it is, you can come along with me at once. I intend to take you all into custody."

They looked at him for his meaning.

"Polly," he said, "will you come and live in my house?"

"Oh yes, yes!"

"I've settled it all with your husband, Mrs. Podmore, and he comes straight from his work to my house to-night; so you are powerless, you see, and dare not make an objection."

Old Wheels drew Felix aside.

"Explain this to me, Felix."

"Well, I knew of a house—a small one—ready furnished, which I could obtain on reasonable terms for a short time. I have taken it as a speculation, and I am going to install you at once in your new home."

"How as a speculation, Felix?"

"Why, you shall pay me rent, of course, when you have turned yourself round, and so shall Mr. Podmore. The loss would be a very trifling one to me—I am doing fairly well now, you know—if you all cheated me out of the rent. Seriously, Sir, I know you would as soon be under an obligation to me as to any other man, and a home you must have. I am delighted to have you all in my power."

He beckoned to Lily.

"Where do you think your new home is, Lily?"

"I can't guess."

Strange enough, she also seemed to extract happiness from their trouble.

"Where would you like it to be? Near to Lizzie's?"

She uttered an exclamation of pleasure.

"Well, it is; within twenty yards of Lizzie's house. Lizzie is making every thing ready for you now. Mrs. Podmore has a room up stairs. A cab is waiting at the door, and we are all going together in a bunch."

Old Wheels wrung Felix's hand; Lily smiled one of her brightest smiles; Pollypod jumped for joy; and Mrs. Podmore burst out crying, and throwing her arms round Felix's neck, kissed him first and begged his pardon afterward.

That evening they were all comfortably installed in their new residence. Even Alfred was delighted, although he knew that a sword was hanging over his head.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ALFRED'S LAST CHANCE.

It happened that on the day succeeding the fire Mr. David Sheldrake purposely kept away from Soho. He was nettled at the treatment he had received the previous evening both from Lily and Lizzie, and he was determined to show them that he was not to be trifled with. He knew that Alfred would be uneasy at not seeing him, for a great race—the City and Suburban—was to be run at Epsom the following week, and Alfred's hopes hung upon the result. Alfred had begged for another advance of money, and Mr. Sheldrake had promised to give it to him, knowing that it would be returned to him through Con Staveley. "He will be mad at not seeing me," thought Mr. Sheldrake, "and he will set it down to the manner in which the girls behaved to me last night. They will be sure to hear of it from him, and it will do them good. At any rate, it will show them that it is a dangerous game to play fast and loose with me." Mr. Sheldrake was beginning to think that he was not making a very flattering progress in Lily's good opinion, and the reflection mortified him. It wounded his vanity. He had never taken so much pains with a girl before, and here he was, after many months' attention and wooing, in the same position as when he started. Time had been wasted, and money had been thrown away; not much of the latter, certainly, but the result altogether was unsatisfactory. He would bring the matter to a climax; he would close on Alfred, and send old Musgrave and Lizzie to the right-about. He had them all in his power, and fear might accomplish what fair words failed to do. Such resolves as these, however—he had made them often lately—melted into thin air when he was in Lily's presence. The girl held him in her power by a simple look, by a word, a smile; and the more difficult seemed the task of winning her, the greater became her value in his eyes. It needed a stronger incentive than any he had yet received to make him thoroughly determined to push matters to their fullest extremity.

He did not hear of the fire until late in the following night. He hastened to the spot, and found the house in ruins. It was quite midnight before he ascertained where Lily had found refuge, and when he learned that they had gone to live in a house very near to that occupied by Mr. Musgrave, he smiled complacently. "I could not have hoped for any thing better," he thought. Before noon the next day he was at the house, overwhelming them with expressions of sympathy and with offers of assistance, all of which were gently declined by old Wheels.

"We want for nothing, thank you," he said, smilingly.

"But," urged Mr. Sheldrake, somewhat coarsely, "I am told you were burned right out, and hadn't time to save a stick."

"You were told right," replied old Wheels: "we did not save a stick."

"Then you want a friend," persisted Mr. Sheldrake.

"We did," said old Wheels, "and one came—the best of friends."

Burning to know who this best of friends was, Mr. Sheldrake put the question direct, which old Wheels parried by saying,

"I don't think he would like us to speak of it, and I shall please him, I believe, by not mentioning his name."

There were in the room only the old man and Lily and Pollypod, and not one of these enlightened Mr. Sheldrake. When the old man spoke of this best of friends, Pollypod chimed in with enthusiastic declarations, and said, in her child-like way, that he was so good, so good!

"He seems to be a favorite with all of you," observed Mr. Sheldrake, still not suspecting.

"He is a wizard," said Pollypod from her corner—"a good wizard. Father says he's a trump, and mother loves him. So do I, dearly, dearly. So does Mr. Wheels. So does Lily—don't you, Lily?"

Mr. Sheldrake turned suddenly and sharply upon Lily. A deep rose tint had stolen into her face, and, for contrast, a dark cloud overshadowed Mr. Sheldrake's. Not a motion, not a look, escaped old Wheels, who said,

"Yes, we can not help having an affection for one who has been so kind to us."

"Of course not, of course not," assented Mr. Sheldrake, concealing his displeasure; "and I consider myself particularly unfortunate in having been deprived of the opportunity of standing in his place. Then I might have had the same claim upon your affection. It is the more unfortunate because I am so often in the habit of strolling about Soho during the small hours. Many a time have I walked up and down your street for an hour at least after midnight. Now what hard fortune was it that prevented me doing so on this occasion?" He intended these words to convey a significant declaration of his tender regard for Lily, and he added, in a low tone, addressed especially to her: "I went home not very happy because I thought you were angry with me for what occurred at the theatre. I hope you are not displeased with me now. Indeed I was not to blame."

Lily was compelled to reply in the words he wished to hear, and then again Mr. Sheldrake pressed offers of assistance upon old Wheels, which again were firmly declined. The man of the world departed in no pleasant humor, and as he walked from the house looked about him for some person upon whom to vent his spleen. His jealousy was aroused. Who was this friend of whom the child had said that she loved him dearly, dearly, and that Lily loved him also? He had half a suspicion, and he was determined to know. Then his thoughts reverted to Lily's behavior to himself. "Does she suspect," he mused, in his own elegant vernacular, "that I am not acting on the square, and is she holding off on purpose to draw me on? In one word, David Sheldrake, is the girl a model of simplicity—or artfulness? Any way, she is a witch, and has set me on fire. I *will* have her! I could almost make up my mind to marry her." A serious consideration for such a man as he, who looked upon girls merely as the playthings of an hour, and in whose mind womanly virtue and goodness were like dead wood in a forest. That, in case he made up his mind to such a contingency, there would be a doubt of success was too manifestly ridiculous to be entertained for a moment. As he mused he saw Alfred coming toward him. The young man did not see Mr. Sheldrake at first, and that gentleman stepped aside to observe Alfred's manner, in which he seemed to detect something more marked than usual. Alfred was walking quickly and nervously, looking over his shoulder hurriedly this way and that, as if some one were dogging him. Once a dog ran, barking, out of a house, and Alfred turned round swiftly with a white face and an exclamation of fright. Mr. Sheldrake watched these symptoms of agitation with remarkable keenness, and as Alfred passed clapped him on the shoulder. A cry of alarm escaped from Alfred's trembling lips, for Mr. Sheldrake's salutation was sudden and violent; seeing who it was, however, Alfred smiled and drew a long breath of relief.

"Who did you think it was, Alf?" asked Mr. Sheldrake, to whom Alfred's manner seemed to be in some way a satisfaction.

"I didn't know," was the reply: "you clapped me on the shoulder so suddenly."

"You gave a cry," observed Mr. Sheldrake, with assumed carelessness, "for all the world as if I were a detective officer. Don't start—I'm not. That's one comfort, isn't it?"

"I don't see how it is a comfort," said Alfred, half sullenly, and yet with an air which showed that he wished not to offend his companion. "I'm nervous, that's the fact. Been smoking and drinking a little too much. I shall be all right next Tuesday, after the City and Suburban's run."

"Going to Epsom to see the race?"

"Yes. I hope you'll do what you promised."

"We'll talk of that presently. You've got the tip, of course."

"Yes, and a good one. But there's something else I'm going to do if you'll stand my friend once more."

"A new system?"

"Well, not exactly that, but a plan which *must* prevent the chance of loss."

"That's good enough, Alf," said Mr. Sheldrake, in a light tone. "But come, I want to have a talk with you." They were at the gate of Mr. Musgrave's house. "Let us turn in here."

Lizzie opened the door, and greeted them with a smile. Mr. Sheldrake had not seen her since the night they were at the theatre together, and, remembering how she had spoken to him then, he was somewhat surprised at her amiability. He was still more surprised when Lizzie said she

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"CROUCHING OUTSIDE THE DOOR, AT THE TOP OF THE LANDING, WAS LIZZIE."

hoped he had not taken offense because she spoke so sharply to him.

"I was so anxious about Lily, you see," she said, "and even Alfred had to put up with my bad temper. Didn't you, Alf?"

"Yes, dear," replied Alfred, pleased with her changed manner toward his friend.

"Well, well," said Mr. Sheldrake, gayly shaking hands again with Lizzie, "let by-gones be by-gones. Is the old man at home?"

"No," replied Lizzie, readily. "I don't think he will be back for an hour."

"We'll go into his room," said Mr. Sheldrake; and he and Alfred went up stairs to the room where Mr. Musgrave transacted his business, and which Lizzie had called Blue-beard's room, because she was never allowed to enter it. Mr. Sheldrake had a private key, and before he opened the door he turned to Lizzie, who had accompanied them to the landing, and tapping her familiarly on the cheek, told her to go down stairs, that he and Alfred would not keep her long, and that he was glad she thought better of him.

"Upon my word," he said, with blithe significance, "I'm as glad for Alfred's sake as I am for my own."

And with a light laugh he led the way into the room. If he had seen the change that came over the girl's face when he shut the door upon her, and if he had seen her clinch her little fists and shake them at an airy picture of himself which she conjured up, he might have altered his agreeable tone. His manner also changed directly the door was closed and locked. All his cordiality vanished as he sat down at the table and took a pocket-book from his pocket. Alfred watched him apprehensively.

Every thing in this Blue-beard's room betokened order and system. Two sides of the room were completely covered with pigeon-holes, and the compartments were nearly filled with documents neatly folded and ticketed. Although from the appearance of the room and the shelves a large amount of work was evidently gone through, not a loose document nor a scrap of writing was lying about. This circumstance appeared to give Mr. Sheldrake much satisfaction, and he nodded his head approvingly as he looked around. He did not waste time, however, but proceeded at once to the business before him. Opening his pocket-book, he selected some papers from it, and laid them on the table.

"Sit down, Alf," he said.

Alfred obeyed. Mr. Sheldrake unfolded the papers, and jotted down some figures from them, and laying his hand upon them, as if he did not immediately intend to refer to them, said,

"I have been to your new house to-day, Alf."

"I called at your place yesterday," said Alfred, "to tell you about the fire, and where we had moved to, but you were not at home."

"No; and I kept from Soho purposely. I was angry with Lizzie, and I was not pleased with your sister. They will have to learn, if they have not learned already, that I am not to be trifled with."

Alfred had no reply to make to this. He felt that his best plan would be to listen quietly, and to say as few words as possible.

"By heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Sheldrake, with more passion than he usually displayed, "I think I have been patient long enough—too long. No other man but me would have stood it. Every advance that I make—except," he added, with a sneer, "those advances I make to you—is met as if I were an enemy instead of a friend. It is time for this to be settled. I'll know very soon whether I'm to be friend or foe. I can be as good an enemy as a friend, and that I'll prove. With you now, which is it, friend or foe?"

"Which *can* it be," answered Alfred, moodily, "but friend?"

"Out-and-out friend, eh?" plumbed Mr. Sheldrake. "No half measures—thorough!"

"Thorough, out-and-out!" responded Alfred, a little less despondently.

"No beating about the bush?" still farther plumbed Mr. Sheldrake; "no concealments, no double-dealing?"

"None."

"And you say this," pursued Mr. Sheldrake, with remorseless tenacity—he had been so goaded that it was necessary he should revenge himself upon some one—"you say this not because it is for your interest to say it, not because you are in my debt, and I could shut you up at any moment I please, but because you believe it, because you know that I am straightforward, honest-minded, open-hearted?"

"What other motive can I have for saying it?"

"But say it plainly. You wish me to continue your friend, and to be my friend, for the reasons that I have given?"

"Yes, for those reasons, and no other." And as Alfred spoke the lie which was forced from him by fear, Mr. Sheldrake laughed lightly, and with an open scorn of the avowal which brought the blood to the younger man's cheek.

It brought the blood also to the cheek of another person not in the room. Crouching outside the door, at the top of the landing, was Lizzie, listening with beating heart, and hearing every word that passed. She could see clearly every thing in the room, and being in the dark herself, could not be detected. A small lumber-room, the door of which she had partly opened, and which swung noiselessly on its hinges, was ready to afford her the means of concealment should the suspicions of Mr. Sheldrake be aroused. She saw the insolent, triumphant manner of Mr. Sheldrake, and she thought for a moment that if she were a man she would kill him; but she saw also the abject manner of her lover, and her passion was subdued by fear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EVENING DRESS.

THIS pretty evening dress is of *ciel* blue faille. The trained skirt is trimmed with three deep flounces of the material. The over-skirt is of white crêpe de Chine, embroidered with white silk, and edged with very heavy netted white silk fringe. The upper part of the over-skirt is formed of lengthwise puffs of blue faille, simulating a basque, which are set on the crêpe de Chine with cordons of green and yellow rose leaves. Clusters of very large tea-roses, with trailing sprays of leaves, ornament the sides of the over-skirt, and are set on the corsage. The low pointed corsage is edged in the neck with a narrow lace ruche. Very short sleeves of white crêpe de Chine with blue faille bands. Large tea-roses in the hair. White silk fan. Etruscan gold and oxidized silver necklace, with gold medallion. Etruscan bracelets and ear-rings.

EVENING DRESS.

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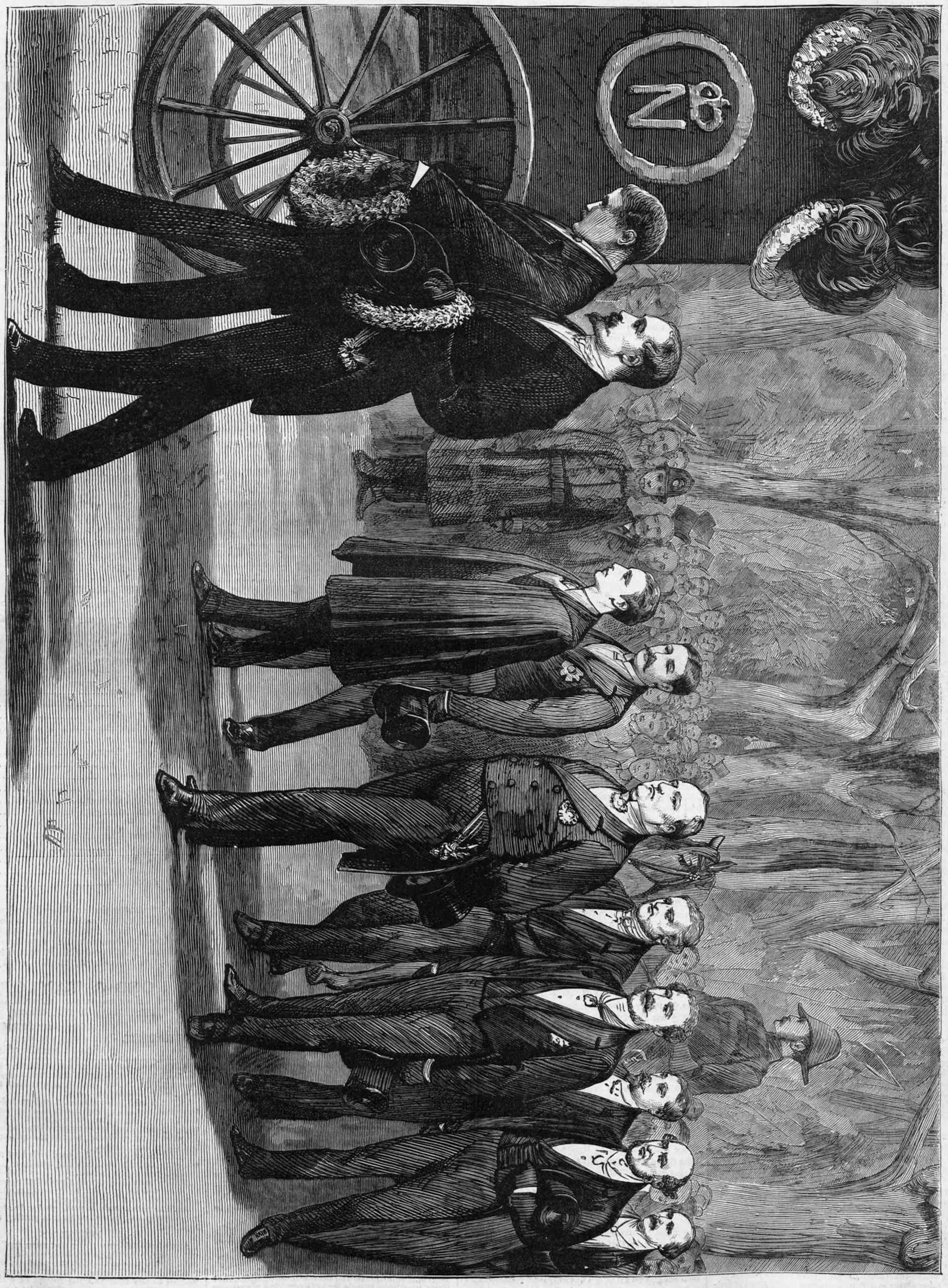
THE FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON III.

THE entrance to the Roman Catholic Chapel of St. Mary, Chiselhurst, where the obsequies of Napoleon III. were celebrated, is by a little Gothic porch on the southern side. The exterior of the building is modest and unpretending, but the interior is not devoid of claims to architectural effect. The roof is high-pitched and sharp, of stained timber on plaster-work, and the rafters, which rest on uncarved brackets, are of open wood-work. Near the altar is a finely painted rose-window. The rest of the glass is plain. The interior of the little church forms an oblong area, usually nearly filled with chairs. These were removed in preparation for the funeral, the church was hung with black, and a catafalque was placed in the centre. On the altar dais, on the right side of the chancel as one stands with his back to the altar, are three fauteuils, with a *priedieu* between them—both fauteuils and *priedieu* covered with crimson velvet. These were the imperial seats, and on the Sunday morning after the Emperor's death, just before the service began, the priest came in and draped them with black velvet, trimmed with white.

The funeral took place on Wednesday, January 15, and thousands of visitors assembled at Chiselhurst. The deputation of workmen, with the French tricolor at their head, led the way; then the seven priests, bare-headed, and chanting as they went; then the hearse with its nodding plumes. The Prince Imperial, as chief mourner, walked alone, immediately behind. Then followed the Princes Lucien and Joseph Bonaparte, Princes Murat, and the younger scions of the house of Bonaparte, and then a motley throng of senators, nobles, embassadors, and deputies, and other personages, amounting altogether to some two thousand people. Of these only a privileged few were allowed to enter the church, which is calculated to hold only about two hundred persons. The funeral service lasted an hour and twenty minutes, and was mainly choral. The sweet voices of the children chanting the *Agnus Dei*, and the rolling strophes of the *Miserere*, were deeply thrilling, and when the bells rang for the Elevation and Remonstrance, and the whole assemblage sank on their knees, the scene was very striking. Finally, after the officiating prelate, wearing his mourning mitre of white silk, had pronounced absolution, the coffin was raised from the bier and carried into the sepulchre. The grave had been constructed a few feet down the nave, in a small dark recess. Over it the Empress intends to erect a mortuary chapel, though it is said that, if the French government give permission, the remains of the Emperor will be ultimately deposited in the burial-place of the Bonapartes at Napoleon St. Leu.

Floral devices were suspended from or attached to the gate of the tomb, so as to make it somewhat more of a veil than of itself it would have



THE FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON III.—THE CHIEF MOURNERS.

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been; nevertheless, the coffin, with its rich violet pall and gold-broidered cross, could be seen without difficulty through the open spaces, though half buried in flowers and wreaths of amaranth. Each of these tokens had its tale of private sympathy and sorrow. The Queen sent a white amaranthine wreath; near it lay one that bore the name of Prince Leopold; and to a wreath of lilies of the valley, bedded in moss, was a card attached, bearing the words, "*De la part de la Princesse Beatrice.*"

CONVENIENT INSANITY.

THE *Saturday Review* says very pertinently concerning the plea of insanity, which forms such a convenient expedient of modern times for acquitting murderers, breaking wills, and evading the law in every way, that the beauty of this kind of evidence is that it can be adapted to any case. Take any irascible, fidgety old lady or gentleman, rake up all the wonderful stories and tittle-tattle of landladies and maid-servants as to their odd ways, and the experts will do the rest. The basis of their science is that sane people are invariably rational, and never say or do any thing without a good reason. To be irrational is to be mad. On such terms there are few indeed who could hope to pass safely through such an ordeal.

There is something both contemptible and frightful in the sort of evidence on which attempts are sometimes made to get a man judicially declared unfit for the management of his affairs, or to upset his will if there is enough property to be worth fighting about. Nobody doubts that the symptoms of insanity are various in character and degree, and that there are many persons hovering on the border-land between sanity and madness. It is impossible to draw a distinct and definite line which shall determine exactly where sanity leaves off and insanity begins, just as it is impossible to say when the day ceases and the night has come. All that can be positively said is that at a certain point the darkness of night has certainly fallen. But it is just because these questions of sanity are so delicate and difficult that the public has a right to expect that professional men should be careful, in the interests of science and for the dignity of their profession, as well as out of regard for social security, not to offer rash and hasty conclusions, especially when they have nothing better to go upon than the gossip of silly old women. There is no occasion on which the most skilled and experienced men are so liable to fall into error as in attempting to decide whether eccentric or outrageous acts are due to cerebral disease or simply to want of moral self-control. It is necessary, therefore, that great caution should be exercised in forming opinions on questions of this kind, and especially in acting upon them. It is not enough even that there should be scientific grounds for assuming insanity to exist. There are certain broad considerations of expediency and public policy which can not be left out of account. It does not follow that, because a man is suffering from cerebral disease, he is therefore to be held absolutely irresponsible for his acts; and, on the other hand, a mad person who during his life does no harm to himself or others, and whose eccentricities are not more serious than those of many people who are accounted sane and rational, is entitled to the ordinary freedom of a citizen in regard to the management or disposal of his property. A well-known writer on cerebral disease complains of the inconsistency of public opinion on questions of this kind. An attempt to prove sanity and mental capacity at a Commission of Lunacy with the object of preserving intact the liberty of the subject is applauded, while any endeavor to excuse, on the plea of insanity, the crime of some unhappy wretch alleged to be an irresponsible lunatic is denounced as an unjustifiable interference with the course of justice. He also observes that an ordinary jury is incompetent "to estimate the delicate coloring, tints, and shades of the ever-varying phases and degrees of disordered and unsound mind." It may be admitted that a jury of mad doctors would have a quicker eye for the delicate colorings of insanity, but popular instincts on this matter are perhaps a safer guide in the long-run. Individual liberty and responsibility are essential to social order, and there is danger in whatever tends to weaken or disturb them.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NETTIE.—Des-sert' is spelled with two *s*'s, and is accented on the last syllable.—Your mother is not too old for over-skirts, and flounces are by no means abandoned by old ladies. Black silks with two plain simply trimmed skirts and a basque are worn by very old ladies. Their black alpacas are usually made with a single skirt and basque, or a polonaise.

MOUNTAIN FRINGE.—A bride married at home should partake of the breakfast with the guests. It will not be in taste to put your father's title on the invitations. Tea-rose and pink are the light silk shades most suitable for a brunette. The groom should also be dressed in traveling suit, instead of plain black, when the bride wears a traveling dress. Black lace sacques will probably be worn next summer.

B. A. AND M. J. S.—Make your blue serge with a double-breasted redingote like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V. A pearl-colored silk for evening dress, or a gray empress for traveling, is what you want. Make the latter with two skirts and a basque, trimmed with bias ruffles of the material. Wear gloves to match the traveling dress during the ceremony.

LITTLE NELLIE.—Thirteen papers containing the articles to "Ugly Girls" have been published. They cost ten cents each, and will be forwarded to you from this office on receipt of money and your address.—The book you mention is an English work, and there is no cheaper edition.

ONE OF SIXTEEN.—Do not dye your pretty brown grenadine. Get an inexpensive brown silk skirt, and put grenadine flounces upon it. Then make a grenadine loose polonaise, lining the waist and sleeves with thin brown silk. It need not be very expensive.

JANE ESTELLE.—Winter weather in Florida is similar to that of the month of November in New York State. You will require ordinary winter clothes, without heavy wraps, furs, and overcoats.

NELLIE.—Eighteen yards of white silk are required for a court-train bridal dress. Trim with flounces of the same. The sleeves are plain to the elbow, with lace ruffles below. Make the neck heart-shape, with a lace frill inside, and a bouquet of orange blossoms in front. The traveling dress should be a brown or gray cashmere redingote over a silk skirt. The bride-maid's tarlatan should have an over-skirt and flounces. Make black silk suit by the Louis Quinze pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V. The mother's bronze silk should have an over-skirt and basque, trimmed with velvet and white lace. A square of tulle that is nearly four yards wide forms the bridal veil. The groomsmen and ushers are usually given their gloves by the groom.

A CONSTANT READER.—The toilette you mention will be suitable for a wedding guest, but not for a bride. Your letter is very indefinite. A bride wearing slight mourning should leave it off at her wedding, and wear pure white. With the black dress you suggest wear white gloves, and for a head-dress get a white aigrette. Undressed kids are very fashionably worn on the street.

AN ATTENTIVE READER.—Make your Swiss muslin dress with a demi-train, trimmed with three side-pleated flounces, each eight inches wide. Let the over-skirt have a short round apron, covered with narrow Swiss pleatings, and have the long back breadths looped in a puff held in place by a sash of black velvet, lined with white or pink silk, tied in loops on the left side, with a cluster of flowers in the loops. The waist is a tiny basque, with a Watteau pleat back of the shoulders; antique sleeves and pointed neck, with lace ruffles.

FULL DRESS.—The full-dress suit worn by "city gentlemen of taste" is entirely black—a swallow-tail coat, low-cut vest, and pantaloons, all made from the same piece of cloth. The coat tail is *not* lined with white, but with black silk, and white vests are tabooed on such occasions. The neck-tie is a narrow folded lawn tie, worn usually with a standing English collar; the kid gloves are creamy white; the shirt front is plain, or else very slightly embroidered; the dress boots are of fine calf-skin—not patent-leather—and the evening overcoat is a long surtout of light drab cloth.

L. D.—We can not give you the information you desire.

WORKING-WOMAN.—We know of nothing better you can do than to advertise for the kind of situation you desire.

PRETTY POLLY PERKINS.—First calls should be returned within a week.—Undoubtedly a familiarity with good standard literature will aid you greatly in conversation; but to this knowledge must be added tact and ease of manner to enable you to become a brilliant conversationalist, and these must be the outgrowth of nature apart from books.

ELIZABETH.—You say that your father lavishes money on costly articles for your use, and refuses you pin-money for the most necessary articles—spends three hundred dollars for a velvet polonaise, and scolds you for wasting five cents on a letter. This is a common kind of inconsiderateness, on which a sermon might be preached. But in order to be independent you must submit to the common rules of money-getting, nor expect any privilege because of your father's wealth. Take your fancy-work to a dealer and negotiate its sale with him, or employ your leisure time in learning some business whereby you can earn what you need. You are the best judge of your own capabilities, and we can only give you general advice, of which you must make the special application.

AN UGLY GIRL.—We certainly do not know of any better suggestions for preserving good looks than are to be found in the "Ugly Girl" papers published in the *Bazar*.

D. M. P.—It is impossible to comply with your request.

FRIENDS OF THE BAZAR.—The story which displeases you so much is by an eminent writer, and is highly commended by some of our best critics. On the other hand, what you like would very probably not be relished by many other readers. We can only follow our best judgment, and try to furnish food for all tastes. Editing a paper is, indeed, very much like stirring a fire—every body thinks he could do it better than the one who is holding the poker.

R. A.—By the present regulations of the Post-office, MSS. intended for newspapers are subject to letter postage. You should make special agreements concerning articles which you desire to publish in book form after their appearance in periodicals.

E. S.—Address a European news agency for particulars concerning subscriptions to foreign journals.—We have never heard of a sequel to the book you mention.

CONSTANT READER.—Isabella II. of Spain married her cousin, Don Francisco d'Assis, the eldest son of her maternal uncle, Don Francisco de Paula.

CAMEOS.

IN the Rocky Mountain regions of Dakotah and Wyoming our indefatigable explorers have discovered some of the richest and most valuable masses of Onyx in the world. They have been particularly fortunate in finding there quantities of the variety of Onyx known heretofore as Nicolo or Onicolo. This has a deep brown ground overlaid by a layer of bluish white, which upper layer is extremely thin, and reveals the brown by its transparency. This sort of Onyx had previously been found, though less abundantly, in Bohemia and the Tyrol. It was extensively used by the ancients for engraving Cameos and Intaglios. A visit to the establishment of Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, 22 John Street (up stairs), will show how important, at no distant day, it is likely to be to our arts that this material should be found at our doors. The outlay of money, and time, and thought made by Messrs. STARR & MARCUS in the production of the most delicate and beautiful Cameos, proves that they find the enterprise remunerative. So refined and exquisite is the style of their best works, that the public, which demands to be so supplied, may be safely counted upon to furnish ere long all the inducements necessary to establish in our own country an art which has only been re-established in Europe itself within the memory of man.—[*Com.*]

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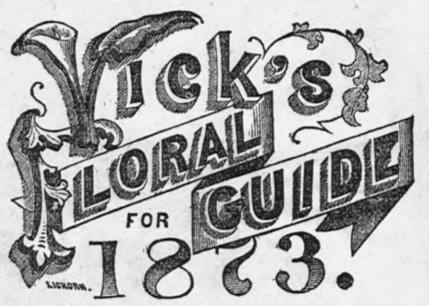

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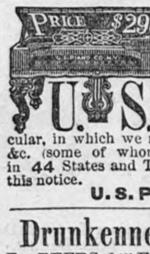

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PROCEEDING TO EXTREMITIES.

MRS. SHODDY. "Am I to understand that you two Ninnies refuse to go out with the Sleigh on the plea that you are not warmly clad? Certainly you have your Fur Collars."

THOMAS (*coachman*). "Oh, our Necks is well enough, Ma'am; but we respeckf'ly objecks to your passing over our Legs."

AN UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.

EDDY. "Now you two can be Horses or Driver, whichever you please. But *I* should advise you to be Horses; it's so much nicer!"

FREDDY. "But you're too heavy, Eddy."

EDDY. "Oh, that's impossible. If I were, Mr. Bergh would send you two little Horses home at once."

FACETIÆ.

WE have heard of a Methodist parson, somewhat eccentric, and an excellent singer. Sunday after Sunday his rich voice came from the pulpit "with the spirit and the understanding." Not so at the other end of the church, where, with abundance of spirit, there was a lamentable lack of the other virtue. In fact, the singing was execrable. The good brother could finally endure it no longer, and exclaimed, "Brothers and sisters, I wish those of you who *can't* sing would wait till you get to the celestial regions before you try." The hint was a success.

A country editor reports money "close, but not close enough to be reached."

"You must have lived here a long time," said a traveling Englishman to an old Oregon pioneer.

"Yes, Sir, I have. Do you see that mountain? Well, when I came here that mountain was a hole in the ground."

The Englishman opened his half-shut eyes.

A writer says, "Fathers, remembering their own boyhood, should make some little allowance for their children." But the trouble is that many children, after spending their "allowance," get into debt for double the amount.

"Our children will have immense taxes on their hands," said a gentleman.

"Oh, horrible!" exclaimed an elderly lady. "What a blessing we have nails on ours!"

A poverty-stricken clerk applied for a situation to a large employer of labor. There was no vacancy, and he was curtly informed of the fact. Being of a religious turn of mind, as he was leaving the office he consoled himself with the passage of Scripture the concluding words of which are, "hath not where to lay his head."

"Don't stand there quoting Shakspeare," said the employer. "I can't give you what I haven't got."

One day when Mrs. Partington heard the minister say that there would be a nave in the new church, she observed that "she knew who the party was."

EXAMINER. "Now, my young friends, suppose twelve men buy twenty-four bushels of wheat, to be divided equally, how many bushels is that for each?"

BOLDEST OF THE BOYS. "Please, Sir, we've not gone that far."

EXAMINER. "How is that? Your teacher told me you had learned all the first four rules."

BOY. "Yes, Sir; but we have always done our sums in potatoes and turnips. We have never had wheat."

THE WRONG GIRL IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER. "What! Did not say your Prayers before going to Bed? You naughty Child, were not you afraid you would be taken away in the Middle of the Night?"

NAUGHTY CHILD. "No, please, Teacher, I sleeps in the Middle."

Elder Knapp, the great revivalist of religion down in Arkansas, when about to baptize a new convert called out in a loud voice, "Does any one know any reason why this man should not be baptized?" and to his surprise a long specimen of an Arkansas traveler shouted in response, "See here, Mister Preacher, I don't want to interfere in that 'ere business of yours; but if you expect to get the sin out of that old cuss you will have to anchor him out in the river overnight."

An enthusiastic Nebraska editor says, "Nine months of the year in Nebraska is summer, and the rest is mighty late in the spring."

A Bengal paper supplies a neat instance of confusion of metaphor. Criticising the income tax, our contemporary hopes "the government will not repeat the blunder of killing the calf which daily produces the golden egg."

An alderman of a country town being invited to attend a centennial jubilee, replied, "I can't attend this one, but I'll go next time."

After asking your name in the State of Arkansas, the natives are in the habit of further inquiring, in a confidential tone, "Well, now, what was your name afore yer moved to these parts?"

AN EDUCATIONAL INSTRUMENT—The grinding organ.

A novelty in gentlemen's dress is promised in Boston. The bosom of the shirt is to have a few bars of music printed upon it, in some cases with words. Gentlemen wearing them will stand behind pianos to be sung and played from.

A political orator speaking of a certain general whom he admired, said he was always on the field of battle where the bullets were the thickest.

"Where was that?" asked one of the auditors.

"In the ammunition wagon," responded another.

Why is an oyster the greatest paradox in nature?—Because it has a beard without a chin, and is pulled out of bed to be tucked in.

Why is a lovely young lady like a hinge?—Because she is something to a-dore.

Quiet girls will be pleased to hear that a new color will be much worn this season, which is described as a subdued mouse-color.

This odd advertisement is from an English newspaper: "My husband is out on a strike. He prefers that to work. He ain't of any use to me. I must work to keep the children and myself. His ten shillings goes in beer. I'll swap him while he's on strike for a sewing-machine."

NOT TO BE BEATEN.

MRS. BROWN (*whose daughter has just been performing admirably on the piano-forte*). "Do *your* Daughters Play, Mrs. Jones?"

MRS. JONES (*whose four daughters have only been listening*). "No."

MRS. BROWN. "Paint in Water-colors?"

MRS. BROWN. "Sing?"

MRS. JONES. "No."

MRS. JONES. "No. *We* go in for *Beauty!*"

LOOK OUT FOR THE MOON.

Alonzo and Imogen, who love one another dreadfully, but have not yet obtained Papa's consent, quite forget that the Moon is throwing the Shadow of their joined hands on the road right under the Governor's nose.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 10.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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USES FOR USELESS THINGS.

TO find a use for some positively useless and valueless article that has been, or is soon to be, cast aside to clutter up one's house—a thing that is not even worth giving away, because no one wants the rubbish—is to become in some degree a public benefactor. The idea we suggest may be small in itself, and yet may lead to greater triumphs; therefore let the patient reader who has begun to read follow on a little further while we tell of some things very pretty and useful, yet made from one of the most worthless of all residuums, and to be found in nearly every household. I mean now to discourse on hoop skirts—the old worn-out, broken, and cast-off articles that become nuisances the moment they are discarded from their legitimate use—and think I can show several ways of utilizing even them.

Very pretty wall-baskets may be made by persons of quite ordinary ability in the following manner: Cut the wires into proper lengths, say half a yard each, and perhaps sixteen or eighteen in number. Then form circles of them and sew the ends strongly, so as to be firm, afterward bending in the opposite sides so as to form something like figure 8's, and sewing them also to keep them in that shape. When all are thus fastened, they may be covered with zephyr worsted in button-hole stitch—either crimson or green will look well, or shaded browns. When they are all covered, they may be joined together, placing four of them side by side, and sewing them at the points where they touch each other—that is, each pair being sewed in two places. Four more joined in the same manner to match, and you have the front and back of the pocket, with two more at each end, joined at the corners, and a third four for the bottom. This gives an oblong open-work box, and when the bottom wires are secured by sewing to the sides, it will be quite strong. Next sew together four more, as a continuation of the back, and a small circle or any other device at the top will complete it, and also furnish something by which it may be suspended. A similar arrangement at the bottom will serve as a finish to that part of it, and the whole will be very graceful and pretty. Another variety that will be quite as easily produced is made by forming circles of two or three sizes, and placing them one within another, sewing them on the opposite sides, then joining them together as one's taste and ingenuity may suggest.

Some will find it easier to omit the zephyr worsted covering, and as a substitute will put on thick oil paint with an or-
ristle brush. Dark brown or leather-color will look
ral as well as corner ornaments of leather-work may be fastened on and varnished, or buttons of odd shapes and sizes may be glued on at the points where the rings or figures are sewed, and will be quite ornamental. Besides these wall-pockets, the same idea and materials may be applied to the manufacture of covers for flower-pots and window-boxes; then, by varying the style and shape, very useful scrap-baskets may be produced, and—perhaps as pretty as any thing—very tasteful lanterns for lighting piazzas and gardens on summer evenings.

For the latter cut the hoops so as to form three circles, one to be ten inches in diameter, and the others six inches each; place them at regular distances one above another, with the largest one in the centre, adjusting and holding them in position by three twine strings passing from top to bottom. Upon the largest ring place one of the wire frames such as are used for supports to paper lamp or gas shades, and fasten it with wire or string. This is merely the frame-work of your lantern, and the outer covering may be formed of tissue-paper of different colors, or of bright transparent chintz, or of gay prints of birds, flowers, etc., rendered transparent by a coat of gum or varnish. It can be suspended by wires or cords from the ceiling of a piazza, and lighted by a candle or small lamp fixed in the wire frame in the centre.

Another use for old hoops is to convert them into trellises and frames for delicate vines, such as cypress or Alleghany vines; and for hanging-baskets or window-gardens they will furnish very light and tasteful supports, being painted green or brown as one may choose.

Fly-covers to place over dishes on the table may also be made very cheaply by first removing the cotton covering from the hoops, and then forming a circle for the lower part, or base, with other strips of the same wire bent over and fastened to it, say three pieces at equal distances; these form a frame-work, over which black net may be drawn and sewed over the bottom wire. A rosette or bow of some kind at the top will answer for a handle, and add to the appearance of the covers. These covers will serve the purpose as well as the expensive wire ones, and will cost but about ten cents each.

An ingenious person, having once caught the idea, may find methods of pursuing it still farther, and may contrive graceful fruit-stands, card-racks, and many other pretty things, fully demonstrating the usefulness of what at first sight appeared to be very useless indeed.

Fig. 1.—FIGURED TULLE AND LACE SCARF WORN AS FICHU BACK.—[See Fig. 2; also Figs. 1 and 2, Page 157.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 24.

Fig. 3.—FIGURED TULLE AND LACE SCARF WORN AS FANCHON-HOOD. BACK.—[See Fig. 4.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 24.

Fig. 2.—FIGURED TULLE AND LACE SCARF WORN AS FICHU.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1; also Figs. 1 and 2, Page 157.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 24.

Fig. 4.—FIGURED TULLE AND LACE SCARF WORN AS FANCHON-HOOD. FRONT.—[See Fig. 3.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 24.

FERN IMPRESSIONS.

IN a previous number of the *Bazar* we gave directions for the beautiful fern impression work produced by spattering with inks of various colors. This method of decorating has lately been used for quite a variety of materials, of which we may mention papier-maché as one of the best. For instance, in making real papier-maché—or, as will perhaps be more commonly used for experiment, the imitations of it—use paint of either light green, buff, or white; arrange your ferns in graceful groups, according to taste, and then spatter them with printers' ink, thinned with either boiled linseed-oil or turpentine: the latter will dry faster. The ferns and leaves will, of course, be of the same color as the ground, while the black shading will throw them out very beautifully, and when var-

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nished with dammar will be as brilliant as can be desired.

Beautiful screens may thus be made, and also designs on card-board for framing. One of the most tasteful of the latter is a cross surrounded with ferns and ivy leaves. To obtain this design a cross of card-board is cut, and then laid on the centre of a sheet of Bristol-board, with the ferns grouped around, the shadows being made deeper on one side than on the other, so as to have a perspective effect. When the cross has been lifted off the paper, the monogram "I. H. S.," in old English letters, and cut out of stiff paper, or any other appropriate motto, can be laid on the cross, and enough of the same shading applied to make them distinctly visible without covering the outlines of the cross itself.

Other pretty articles for gifts or fairs are letter-cases and wall-pockets made of stiff Bristol-board, and tied with bright ribbons. For tidies there is nothing prettier than the same work applied to squares of sheer French muslin, which are afterward finished with broad hems, and deep fringes of white crochet spool cotton tied on.

A WINTER WEDDING.

(AT CHISELHURST, JANUARY 9, 1873.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

It fled away in a clang of bells,
Marriage-bells,
On the wings of the blast that sinks and swells,
That bold, weak, fate-struck, suffering soul,
Whom Christ wash clean, and God make whole!
And we stand in the light of two happy faces,
Two happy hearts whom our heart embraces,
And we hear the peaceful organ's sound,
And the angry storm sweeps harmless round.
Blessed is the bridegroom, though the heavens are dun:
Blessed is the bride whom no sun shines on.

Mayhap some wandering angels say,
Stop and say,
As through the gloom they carry away
That bodiless spirit to Him who knows—
He only—whither the spirit goes:
"God give them all that the dead man lacked
(As men dare judge him) in thought, word, act;
Deny them all that to him was given,
Lest earth's doors opened shut doors of heaven."
Blessed is the bridegroom without crown or land:
Blessed is the bride with the ring on her hand.

Peal, ye joy-bells, peal through the rain,
Blinding rain:
God makes happiness, God makes pain;
Summer and winter a good tree grows,
A strong soul strengthens through weal and woes.
"Be not afraid," says the wild sobbing wind;
"Weep," sigh the clouds, "but the blue is behind."
Blessed is the bridegroom under shower or sun:
Blessed is the bride whom Love's light shines on.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1873.

☞ *A Cut Paper Pattern of a new and elegant Tight Basque with Apron-front Over-Skirt and Walking Skirt will be published with the next Number. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 159.

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain numerous patterns of Ladies' Spring House and Street Dresses; Children's Spring Suits; Ladies' Sleeveless Jackets, Fichus, Aprons, Petticoats, Corset Covers, etc.; Children's Aprons; Gentlemen's Smoking-Caps; Collars, Embroidery Patterns, etc., etc.; with choice literary and artistic attractions.*

THE HEART OF THE CELERY.

"SHE was a good wife to me," said a widower *bon-vivant* to his consoler: "she always gave me the heart of the celery."

It was an absurd speech, of course, and turned the current of sympathy at once into one of ridicule; and certainly the hearer might well feel that the man who mourned his wife in that style deserved no better treatment than ridicule.

Yet was it so very peculiar? Was the mourner so totally different a being from the consoler? Probably not: probably much of the difference between them, after all, lay in the phraseology of the mourner's lament. It is not at all impossible, we grieve to say, that the consoler had the heart of the celery too—if he chanced to like that better than the fuller-flavored green stalks—but had failed to observe that his wife fared less richly; that is to say, if he did not happen to be a gourmand, he gratified himself in other ways quite as satisfactory as the celery.

He liked, perhaps, the most comfortable chair in the house: it was always pulled forward for him into the warmest place beside the fire and beneath the lamp. He liked, perhaps, the cutting of the new magazine: his wife would not have peeped between the leaves without the fate of Fatima before her eyes. He liked early rising: his wife, half somnambulic, martyred herself that he might breakfast by candle-light. He liked to live away from people: his wife isolated herself from the society dear to her heart. He liked a warm dressing-room: his wife sprung up in the winter prime, unhindered by him, and lighted the fire. He liked driving his fast horses: his wife, quaking with fear, and longing to clutch the sides of the carriage, drove smiling beside him. He liked a large family: his wife had it, and died of it. After all, it seems to us that he had the heart of the celery.

Not that we mean that every husband as a matter of course is selfish; but that every wife, allowing for exceptions, would make him so if she could, and that, if a man can be spoiled, there is nothing like a good wife to spoil him. And this is a fact which we all see in our daily experience.

There are, indeed, two orders of husband, if no more. One of these comes home tired from business: he may have run round a good deal, or he may have sat still in his counting-room and read the shipping-list; he may have walked half a dozen squares home, or have taken the cars for twenty miles; and if his body be not tired, his mind may be; and it is wife here, and wife there, and wife in the other place, and there would be a fine state of things in that house if wife should refuse the call, or let fatigue or discontent ruffle her voice, or her face, or her manner. But she has been tossing a teething baby in her arms half the day; mending and making, with her foot on the rocker; listening to the little boy's complaints; dressing the little girl's doll; overseeing servants if she has them; doing their work if she hasn't; keeping peace and order in the house; and her sleep was broken the night before, and will be the night after. But does it ever occur to him that wife may be tired too? No, indeed. She drops away into death before his eyes, and he calls it a mysterious dispensation of Providence, and by-and-by he marries a second wife; but not the patient and adoring slave he had before: far from it; the tables are turned, and he learns how great a thing it is to suffer and be strong—while all the neighbors declare that this is the sort of husband who needs to kill one wife in order to learn how to treat another.

But quite a different order of husband is another, the antipodes of this one, in fact. The baby is fretting when he comes home: it is his pleasure to take it and release the worn-out wife. Does he wants his slippers, his tobacco, his book? the wife put them in their places, and he knows where to find them. He sends her out for a run in the air; he intercepts the heavy burden that she would lift; he snatches away the work that she would be busy over when the house is still; he makes her feel that he does not merely allow her to live for the gratification it affords her to wait upon him, but that her life and comfort are as important to him as his own are, and that the religious rite of their marriage was not one where she was sacrificed a victim on its altar.

In reality, for the existence of the first order of husband it is chiefly the wives who are to be held accountable. They delight to serve where they love, and they give themselves the delight at the cost of making the service so common as to be unnoticeable, and of coarsening and hardening the nature they once thought so fine; they delight to make themselves felt, to make themselves indispensable; they forget the duty they owe their children and themselves of preserving health and strength in remembering the duty they owe their husbands, and they pamper the poor men's bodies at the expense, one might say, of their souls. If they happen to see another woman's husband undressing his little boy at night, they smile at the superior manliness of their husbands, who do not even put the studs into their own shirts in the morning; and if a man in all the neighborhood, conscious of his own strong back and stubborn muscles, considers himself better able to stand over the wash-tub than his delicate wife is, and does it, they unanimously laugh him to scorn.

How far a wife's responsibility extends in this matter it would be a delicate thing to decide. Yet as marriage is a partnership as well as a sacrament, and always an affair of mutual interests, and as both parties to it are supposed to be reasonable beings, able to resist temptation and guard themselves from straying into forbidden paths, not mere puppets and possessions, it seems a work of supererogation on the party of the one part to assume that she must lie down and let the party of the other part walk over her flesh and blood in order to keep his feet in the right path.

Nor, by this, do we mean to give any false pity to the fagged-out wives who keep their houses without system—incapables who deserve as small pity as any other class of sinners—who, however faithful they may be in desire, have never troubled themselves to learn any decent method of managing their affairs, whose maids are untrained, whose closets and drawers are at sixes and sevens, and who consequently drag their work about the house from morning till night, and give right of way to the old saw which says,

"Man's work is from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done."

Certainly, after the welfare of her children, it is the first duty of every wife to make her home a pleasant spot; to make it the one place in the world where her husband would prefer to spend his leisure; to make it so bright and cheerful and healthy that bars and billiards can have no attraction beside it, and always to cast such an aura of love and gentleness throughout its bounds that it shall seem a sacred and holy spot to him when he is away from it, that its influence shall extend about him wherever he goes. But the woman who could do so much alone would be a miracle, not to say a monstrosity. It is the happiness and right of the husband to be a builder as well as a dweller in such a home; and when a woman has such a home, that fact alone implies a spontaneity of co-operation on his part that shows he is not one to sequester to himself in any sense *the heart of the celery*.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Ghouls.

MY DEAR PETER,—Have you observed that some of our fellow-travelers have the manners of ghouls? You remember, of course, the *Arabian Nights*, and the bride who pecked at single grains of rice for her dinner, and who was discovered by her husband in the midst of the honey-moon repairing at night to a certain feast. She fed upon corruption. Perhaps also you remember the humorous sketch of Thackeray's, describing his Gretchen at a German court eating oysters. He, a fastidious Englishman, laid aside some of them as not entirely desirable, but Gretchen consumed them with gusto, finishing the oysters and his fond regard for her at the same time. But here we come upon delicate ground. For yesterday, when I dined with Apicius, he pressed upon me some cheese of Roquefort which was even as those oysters. Thackeray himself, who enjoyed a good dinner, would very probably have turned from a qualm of memory of Gretchen to solace his sorrow with a bit of venerable Stilton. But what is venerable Stilton? Is it fresh and sweet, or a little not so fresh? Did you say that a ghoul was an epicure of corruption?

Lucullus invited me to a supper of game the other evening, and I hope that I may often sit at his hospitable board. But I could not help thinking, as I assisted at the feast, of that ghoul-bride in the *Arabian Nights*. "A partridge," said Lucullus—he was speaking of partridges—"a partridge should be hung by the wing, and when it drops it is ripe and fit for dishing. White sauce always." The readiness of legs of mutton, I have heard, should be tested in the same manner; and I have sat at hospitable boards upon which the flavor of the game was such that the sensitive reveler wished to fly the room. For my part, I would rather dine with the bride upon single kernels of rice than assist at that other feast. In the days of the grand tour, when I too came to a German *Residenz*, I was bidden to a banquet, and the food was unspeakable. I gazed in amazement at ladies and gentlemen of cultivated intelligence partaking—if you will allow me—of carrion. Game flavor, indeed! A man needed to be "game" to eat it. "Did you see my dear friend Madame la Duchesse de Blutwurst?" said a French lady to me afterward. It was the hostess of the banquet. "Madame la Duchesse de Ghoul," I answered; and the French lady, who has a turn for raillery and friendship, smiled.

"'Tis only a question of degree," Apicius says to me when I decline that appalling cheese. Rather of preference, I answer. For I observe that while he smacks his lips over animated cheese he recoils with dismay from my suggestion of animated biscuit to eat with it—or them. Some of the worthy Abyssinians, we are told, cut steaks from the living cow, and find them tender and toothsome. They should dine with Leo, in whose kitchen cooking is a mere ceremony of momentary exposure of food to the fire. Between Leo and the Abyssinian it is indeed, as Apicius says, but a question of degree. But I wage no war upon his kitchen, for its products are often memorable and delicious. Yet why should he like morsels of game which—well, I can only say that if Madame de Ghoul, of the *Arabian Nights*, should sit at his table with those birds spread before her which have dropped from the wing, she would not eat single kernels of rice, and she would have no occasion for that subsequent feast.

But these are idiosyncrasies of taste, and these good friends of mine are not the ghouls whom I had in mind. That poor Gretchen who did not know when oysters were good or the reverse, who, indeed, enjoyed to the utmost that doubtful bivalve, may have been the sweetest and simplest and most charitable of maidens, anxious to save her sisters every pang, and ready to weep with the sorrow of a sparrow. Tender little Teutonic soul! I seem to see her now in a dowdy gown, and with murky fingers raising to her appreciative mouth that questionable morsel, and again and again, until all are gone; and her breast is heaving with sympathy for some lover whom she can not love, who sighs for her, hopeless, and who would fain be the oyster that she eats. "Happy oyster," he murmurs; "thee she evidently loves!" and when she has consumed two dozen she rests from her labors and sighs that she can not love him, nor eat more of the lickersome shell-fish. These, I say, are idiosyncrasies of taste; and that good soul for whom I gladly make room in my heart—fear not, Peter, 'tis a houri of the imagination only!—is not the ghoul who travels with us.

That ghoul is the real lover of corruption, who is greedy for it, who fattens upon it. There, you see, just opposite to me sits Mrs. Buzzard. You would not think her a heroine of Arabian story, but she is. Sweet rice is very tasteless to her, but a good reeking morsel of— Yes, she likes it! she likes it! Poor little Nell Gwyn's good name died the other day, and how Mrs. Buzzard feasts upon the dead Nellie! She knows all the details, and such venomous head-shakings and such ferocious delight! I protest I know not which seems to be the greater sinner, Nell Gwyn or her critic. There are excuses for some things, but none for others. Gossip, which is either the eating of steaks from the living animal or banqueting upon the dead, is the one unpardonable sin. How I respect Mr. Paterfamilias, whose brow darkens the moment gossip begins at his table, and who says, as it continues, "Silence!" in such a stentorian and conclusive voice that you think you have seen a giant planting his heel upon a spider. "My dear children," he says, "don't eat people, living or dead. Let us be human at this table, and neither ghouls nor cannibals!" If the dear young women, his daughters, sulk or look amazed, he asks them if they do not remember that for every hard word they speak of others the others are speaking perhaps a harder of them, and that each excuses it because the other does it. "My dear children," says the good father, "find fault with yourselves, and ridicule yourselves, and sneer at yourselves as much as you will, and I will say nothing, because you know what you are talking about. But when you speak of others you do not know; you only infer and surmise." Little Chatta, his darling, shakes her shoulders and pouts, and asks, "And, pa, I should like to know what would become of society under such rules!"

But there are more savage ghouls who travel with us, who delight to tear and bite the fairest reputations, and who are insanely greedy to consume those who are dead in disgrace. When the familiar remark was made that there was something intensely agreeable to us in the misfortunes of our best friends, it was merely saying that we were ghouls. And yet do you never think of it when you see the weaver bird hawking at the eagle in his majestic pride of place? You know, for instance, Boreas the editor. Now, my dear Peter, an editor is a very important personage, because he holds a speaking-trumpet, and he can blow his opinions very loud and very far, and the reverberation seems to you so infinite and multitudinous that it is hard for you to believe that it is only one little gentleman blowing his opinions through a tremendous trumpet. Perhaps great force of wind does not really increase the value of the tune. Master Boreas is very well known to us all. He is a vindictive and mercenary man. There are resounding thunders of virtue upon his editorial page, but the balance-wheel is on the other side, the advertising page. Missions to the moon are the only enterprise for a truly humane investment, until the advertisers are angry and withdraw, whereupon there is no illusion so absurd as missions to the moon.

Boreas is a mercenary fellow, bought by advertising and by party advantage. His paper puffs and blows certain stocks, for instance, and it is curious that a few hundred shares have been placed to his credit, in recognition of his fidelity and ability as an editor. Nothing was whispered of bargain. Far from it. By the honor of Mercury, nothing whatever. Yet it is curious, I say, that the tone of his paper is so very favorable to that stock, and how promptly it repels all sinister suggestions in regard to its management. By-and-by a little cloud as large as a man's hand arises in the West and settles upon some public man of spotless honor hitherto. Charges are made, suspicions are hinted, and Boreas, licking his greedy jaws, swoops upon the prey. Good heavens! what virtue! Justice has returned to earth. Such tremendous rhetoric, such infinite indignation, such loftiness of the moral sense, are primeval—they are millennial. "At length," shouts Boreas, his pockets bursting with the hush-money of that stock—"at length we have found a public servant who receives bribes—ay, fellow-citizens, BRIBES! Our opinions, as is well known, are pure and unbought. We say what we think with sub-

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lime disdain of interest or of consequences. But here is a public man whose votes are venal! O tempora! O mores! Whom shall we trust? Out upon the hypocrite, the muling, puling pretender! We always knew what a shallow imposture he was! Some of our fellow-citizens believed him to be sincere, we always knew him to be a mawkish scoundrel. Crucify him! crucify him! The bribe-taker, the corrupt scoundrel! a bloat of villainy! a mass of infamy!"

That Arabian bride, Madame le Ghoul, never enjoyed her banquet so keenly as Boreas enjoys rending and tossing and tasting this corruption. He gloats over what he calls moral ruin: all the onions of Wethersfield would not supply him tears enough to weep over this astounding hypocrisy. He returns to it again and again. The ghoul bride, you remember, was not satisfied with one repast. Perhaps you think that Boreas has a much deeper sense of morality than other people. My dear Peter, look at his pockets! He has puffed scoundrelism when it paid him, and he denounces it when it does not. All this fury of rhetoric is not moral sentiment, it is immoral sentiment: it is the ghoul's delight in corruption. Do you find in all that tumid declamation any real regret that a trusted man has fallen? Do you find any charitable reluctance to believe? Do you observe any humane forbearance? Do you feel a touch of divine sympathy and generous pity? As much as in the ghoul's banquet—no more. It is a fiery thirst, a raving greed for corruption.

Indeed, when I think of that Arabian bride, her odious fancy for the dead seems to be almost venial compared with this frenzy for rioting in the living reputation which is life itself. Prometheus, chained to the cliff by a superior power, and gnawed by the vultures which a resistless might drives to the horrible feast, is a thousandfold more majestic than that power, and his suffering is nobler than the will which imposes it. This would be the effect if he were guilty. Is it otherwise with this ghoul-like greed to prey upon honored names and character hitherto unsullied? And this is the immorality of ghouls, and the mischief which such fellow-travelers produce. Profound contempt for the spirit of the condemnation is likely to destroy or to palliate abhorrence of the offense condemned. When Mrs. Buzzard alights upon the poor lost Nellie Gwyn, I think the heart yearns toward that hapless lady, and shields her with tender pity. And when mercenary Boreas screams at the infamy of Aristides, we pity that public servant, and we heartily despise the ghoul who riots in the ruin of character.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING STYLES.

THE approach of spring brings the usual rumor of changes of fashion. Foreign authorities on matters of dress say there have been gradual modifications going on all winter that will take decided shape in the costumes prepared for April and May. These changes are said to tend toward that simplicity of design and trimming that ladies of taste have long desired. Stately attire is to replace the jaunty costumes of to-day, elaborate Frou-Frou toilettes will give way to dresses distinguished for their simplicity, and tall, slight figures will be the rule instead of those made short and bunchy by bouffant drapery.

At present all this is mere conjecture, but there is already a tendency in favor of the simple, graceful drapery of the princesse and Medici costumes. The regular gored princesse dress buttoned all the way down, flat and plain in front and on the sides, with ample flowing drapery behind, has been illustrated in the *Bazar*. This dress is now fashionably worn in Europe, but the princesse costume which has obtained favor here is a composite dress, consisting of a long princesse polonaise very slightly draped, and opened over a skirt of similar material very simply trimmed. Large buttons, with the light facings, cords, and pipings described early in the season, are the trimmings for such over dresses; a sash sometimes drapes the back, and in many instances these polonaises are draped in the middle of the back only. In order to give the desired *chic* it is still necessary to have all the fullness behind. A few regular princesse dresses have been made here to be worn merely as house dresses. They are little more than the Gabrielle dress worn a few years ago; the waist and skirt breadths are cut in the same piece; the back breadths are caught up in a puff held by sash loops. In Europe wedding dresses are cut in this fashion, and are made elaborate by revers and side trimmings that simulate a court train. When puffs are added to the tops of the sleeves, a girdle or lace frill placed about the waist, and a voluminous fraise of lace around the back, this costume becomes the much-talked-of Medici dress. It is especially appropriate for rich fabrics—velvets, brocades, thick faille, and the moiré that is fast coming back into favor. The princesse suit—a single skirt and long polonaise draped slightly in the middle of the back—will be made up in the light, soft, woolen goods already recorded among spring fabrics, such as thin camel's-hair, cashmere, vigogne, and foulard-laine. Bronze, vert-de-gris, and ocean blue shades will be most worn. The trimmings will be thick repped silk pipings, swinging cords, yak lace, and flounces of the fabric faced with silk. It is probable that vigogne will be one of the most popular materials for spring; it is very light, and makes soft, graceful drapery, yet is so elastic that it does not rumple and crease like cashmere. It comes in natural brown and gray shades, and in the deep Napoleon blue of which so much is said at present.

Very deep basques are also foretold for spring. An idea of these is found on a costume of blue vigogne reported from abroad. The dress skirt is trimmed with lengthwise bands of velvet edged with yak lace. The princesse bodice has a very deep basque, which forms a sort of tablier in front, comes down in two long points on either side, and is divided in the middle of the back. Two large velvet buttons define the waist behind, and the whole basque is trimmed with a velvet band and lace. Velvet revers and epaulets are added if the wearer chooses. This dress may be worn either in the house or out-of-doors.

MANTLES.

It is again announced that mantles will supersede all sacques, jackets, and sleeved garments generally. For dressy wraps this is doubtless true, though the jaunty English double-breasted jacket will still be used for general wear. It is too convenient, becoming, and inexpensive to be readily abandoned. A new mantle, to be introduced when warmer days come, is of Oriental shape and color, and is called the Chudda. It is made of colored cashmere, either lotus gray, chocolate, or the soft, hazy, Oriental green shades, and is trimmed with a kind of raised silk embroidery called Persane. The scarf-mantle worn last fall is also being made up at the furnishing houses. This is of black cashmere, with insertion and edging of yak lace; it is merely a scarf adjusted in the back, and crossed in front to hang over the shoulders like sleeves. These, with the graceful Dolman with its newly elongated sleeves, will prevail in the early spring months, and do service as extra wraps at the watering-places and the sea-side.

MECHLIN LACE, FRAISES, ETC.

There is a fancy this winter for the fine white Mechlin or Malines lace which is better known as old-fashioned thread lace. It is exquisitely fine, and when brought out in quaint medieval designs connoisseurs in lace prefer it even to that staid favorite, Valenciennes. It has been beautifully used as trimming for a pale blue dress that is partly faille, partly velvet; a black brocade and faille dress worn by a distinguished-looking blonde has a Malines frill around the neck and wrists. These frills are worn standing, and are now laid in side pleats and worn very full, instead of being merely gathered as formerly. The Venetian fraise of lace for the throat is becoming to ladies with long necks. It is arranged around heart-shaped corsages, and made to stand outward in that prominent way seen in old pictures. Double ruches of lace, with a long jabot in front, are still very fashionable.

A pretty regalia that brightens up a black or dark silk dress for dinner-parties is a Marie Antoinette collar made of folds of colored China crape and Mechlin lace. A sash of faille or of China crape of the same color is edged with lace, and worn loosely knotted on the left side of the skirt. Buckles and other ornaments of pearl and of cut steel are sometimes added to these.

In the spring China crape and faille vests or sleeveless basques will take the place of the velvet ones now worn. A vest of peacock blue or Pompeian red crape enlivens a black silk dress, while bright contrasts are sought with colored dresses, such as a vest of pearl-colored crape with a turquoise or moss green silk dress, or a rose-colored vest with a pearl gray toilette. These vests may be entirely without trimming, but are more dressy when edged with Valenciennes lace.

FRENCH MOURNING.

Parisian fashion papers are filled with descriptions of mourning dresses worn in memory of Louis Napoleon. These are merely fanciful costumes of black cashmere and Sicilienne elaborately trimmed with crape and jet that would not be considered "mourning" in this country. The most sombre are those sent to England to the ex-Empress Eugénie. A suit of Valencia has the skirt covered with quadruple crape; the polonaise is lengthened behind to form a sweeping train, and is bordered all around with a crape side pleating. A black cashmere dress has the front width of kilt pleats alternately of cashmere and crape; the revers, buttons, and facings are of crape. Some of the dresses have vest fronts also of heavy English crape. The collars are all crape, and the only ornaments are Watteau bows of black ribbon hanging from the back, and chatelaine bags of crape worked with the armorials of the Empress.

Among the lighter mourning toilettes worn by friends of the imperialists is a dress of black Sicilienne, made with a basque opening over a crape vest that is buttoned by large chased steel buttons. Another, of black cashmere, has a long skirt and basque, with a cape of black crêpe lisse that partially covers the bodice. A jet chatelaine bag is added to the side of these black dresses. For still slighter mourning English crape bands are replaced by folds of dull black faille, quantities of jet are used, and the pelerine handkerchiefs or capes are of white lisse instead of black.

CHILDREN'S PIQUÉS.

The furnishing houses are making an abundance of children's clothing in white repped and dimity-figured piqués. For boys not yet in trowsers there are Highland suits of dimity-piqué, with kilt skirts laid in very small pleats, and a vest and open jacket trimmed with Hamburg edging. The jacket is a new loose shape, imitating the English sack. It is fastened by one button at the throat, falls open to disclose the buttoned vest with its two points, and has square pockets on the sides. A white pleated shirt waist is worn beneath this pretty suit. $14 is the price asked.

Another good idea for suits for small boys is a kilt skirt worn with a belted blouse or jacket without a vest. These simple, tasteful suits are excellent for every-day wear. They are made up in merino and cashmere, or even in fine flannel, to be worn on cool mornings. Gray, marron, and navy blue are the colors. The blouse is sometimes cut with a diagonal front, buttoning from right to left, like the Bismarck blouse, once so popular. Two or three rosettes of black ribbon are on the plain front of the kilt. Price $12. Very fine cloth suits in kilt fashion, either dark blue or green, cost from $20 to $25.

The piqué dresses for tiny girls are Gabrielles, with Hamburg insertion and edging arranged in curves down the front to simulate an apron, while on the waist is a Pompadour square of lengthwise tucks. Square pockets. Belt of piqué, with slanting ends ruffled. Coat sleeves with ruffle falling toward the hand. For larger girls are basques buttoned behind and two skirts. There is but one dart in front of the waist, and the basque is cut in square flaps. One of these flaps on each side forms a little square pocket, held by large pearl buttons. For plain dresses the trimming is two scant straight ruffles of piqué, scalloped and bound with bias piqué; the upper skirt is simply scalloped. More elaborate dresses are trimmed with embroidery.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.; A. T. STEWART & CO.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

THE London *Court Journal* says that the following is the manner in which the news of his father's death was broken to the Prince Imperial: When the Prince arrived he exclaimed, in alighting from the carriage, "My father!" Count DAVILLIERS grasped his hand, saying, "Monseigneur, you must have courage: the Emperor is very ill." At that moment the Prince perceived the Catholic priest of Chiselhurst, who looked painfully concerned. Manning himself against his first effect of sorrow, "Tell me the truth," he cried; "I have strength to support it." At length the Empress came out in tears, and clasping him in her arms, was able to say, "Louis, my poor boy, I have only you left." The Prince rushed into his father's room, and there, throwing himself on his knees, recited aloud the Lord's Prayer. This act of devotion ended, he cried out with a feeling of the deepest affliction, "I can not, I can not look!" and immediately hurried to his own room. It was there only, after having heard the distressing narrative of Baron CORVISART and Dr. CONNEAU, that his nerves became relaxed, and he was able to shed an abundance of tears. Two wedding-rings were left remaining on the ex-Emperor's left hand. One of these was his own; the other that of NAPOLEON I. During his lifetime his late majesty used to wear a third wedding-ring, that of his mother, "la Reine HORTENSE." This latter ring the Empress has kept as a souvenir.

—The widow of the late Secretary STANTON is residing at Germantown, near Philadelphia, and is said to be in rapidly declining health.

—M. LITTRÉ, one of the first scholars of France, and author of the great dictionary which is taking the place of that of the Academy, lives in squalid poverty in an out-of-the-way street in Paris.

—Recently, in Knoxville, Tennessee, one ATKINS was married to Miss ATKINS, the Rev. Mr. ATKINS performing the ceremony. Several of the At-kinsfolk were around to see the spectacle.

—It is whispered that Mr. DISRAELI will have to give up Hughenden Manor unless he can make arrangements with Lady BEACONSFIELD'S heir at law to retain it as tenant.

—The last words pronounced by the ex-Emperor of France in his dying moments were addressed to his old and faithful friend, Dr. CONNEAU. They were, "*Etiez-vous à Sédan?*" (Were you at Sedan?) Subsequently the Empress held his hand in hers, and gently kissed it; the Emperor smiled, and his lips moved as if returning his wife's embrace, but he never uttered another word after that last thought—"Sedan!"

—Lady OTWAY, widow of the late colonel of the Eighty-fourth British regiment, who died recently, was a lineal descendant of EDWARD III.

—Mrs. ANNA GOSS, of Amherst, New Hampshire, passed the 103d anniversary of her birth on the 1st ult. She was a daughter of STEPHEN BATHRICK, of Lunenburg, Massachusetts, and came to Amherst in 1785, then being fifteen years of age, and one year later married EPHRAIM GOSS, a soldier returned from the war, with whom she lived fifty-four years, till his decease in 1840, and by whom she had ten children, seven daughters and three sons, two of the daughters being still alive. One daughter, who had made her home with her mother, to whom the mother was able to minister and care for in a protracted sickness, and whom she always addressed in the endearing terms of "My dear child," died two years since at the age of eighty-two. Mrs. Goss has been in good health till within a few weeks, and able to be about her house. Her faculties are considerably impaired by age, her memory now failing to recall incidents of fourscore years ago. She has few relatives in New England; but, through the generosity of a granddaughter, the wife of ex-Mayor P. C. CHENEY, of Manchester, she is kindly cared for.

—Miss EDMONIA LEWIS (colored), our famous American sculptress in Rome, has two orders of $50,000 each from two susceptible British noblemen.

—Colonel FORNEY'S liberal offer to donate a free library to a Texas town was, in a way, declined. The citizens voted to accept buckshot and shot-guns instead, if it was all the same to him.

—After all the talk about the great wealth of the late LOUIS NAPOLEON, it turns out that his entire income, including that of the Empress, is only $60,000 a year. He received large sums from the French treasury, but all the money not claimed by state or household expenses was spent for public objects, charitable institutions, or private benevolence.

—Mr. RUSKIN has been re-elected to the important office of Slade Professor of Fine Arts. He was originally elected in 1866, in pursuance of the will of Mr. FELIX SLADE, who left $60,000 for the endowment of the professorship.

—And this recently happened to Lord NORTHBROOK, Governor-General of India—a genuine Oriental reception by some ladies on the occasion of an official visit: As soon as his carriage stopped, a bevy of gayly dressed ladies rushed toward him, and began to shower flowers, rose-water, etc., upon him, his carriage, and horses. When a Parsee lady wishes to pay her respects to a gentleman of high position, or when she wishes to bless him, she raises her hands and cracks her fingers against her temples; and this was done by the ladies.

—Count SCHOUVALEFF is said to be the coming man in Russia. He is now alluded to in court circles as *l'homme tout puissant*, and is regarded as the future successor of Count GORTSCHAKOFF, and is said to have been essentially instrumental in bringing about the late meeting of the three emperors.

—The monarchs of Austria and Italy have each ordered his court to go into mourning for twelve days for the late LOUIS NAPOLEON.

—A funny old man, Père LEGRY, has just died in Paris. His sole amusement for many years past consisted in taking part in as many funerals a day as possible.

—Some thirty odd years ago the secretary to St. Bartholomew's Hospital ran down to a watering-place in Wales for his vacation. While there he met accidentally with a very intelligent little boy who used to run about doing errands, and always turned up at the right moment, and when a penny was to be turned. Dr. —— noticed the lad with interest, and soon, by chatting with him, found that he had the stuff in him to make his way in the world if he only got the chance. His passion for learning was very great. "Suppose I were to try to get you into the Blue-coat Boys' School in London," said Dr. —— to his little man one day, "and suppose I were to succeed, would you do me credit, do you think? Would you work very hard?" "Would not I, though, Sir?" was the reply, and the boy's eyes actually danced in his head with delight. Dr. —— tried and succeeded, and his protégé kept his word. He did him such credit that on leaving the school with his arms full of honors his patron was able to get him into St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where, in course of time, he succeeded to Dr. ——'s post of secretary. Years went on and brought new successes to the young doctor, till at last he became court physician, and is now Sir WILLIAM GULL, the observed of all observers, and one of the most honorable notabilities of that most honorable of all professions.

—Mr. BARNUM is at it again. Already he is beginning to receive wild animals and varmints from abroad. By the *Hansa* he received a monster rhinoceros, having previously received four lions, six tigers, two leopards, and divers gnus, yaks, elands, zebras, ostriches, and scores of monkeys. Among other great rarities, he has a large-eared dwarf elephant, which weighs only 140 pounds. He also possesses the talking machine, which was illustrated in the *Bazar* some three years ago, and which is ready to converse in all languages with our cosmopolitan public.

—At a recent dinner given by the German embassador to President THIERS there were eight ladies present, three of whom were Americans—Baroness d'Erlanger (formerly Miss SLIDELL), Countess de Hatzfeld (formerly Miss MOULTON), and the Princess de Lynar. What the latter's "formerly" was has escaped us.

—Mrs. SARAH A. OREN has been elected by the Legislature of Indiana State Librarian. She is a woman of talent and culture, and the widow of a brave soldier who fell in battle.

—Mr. MIALL, M.P., who, during his Parliamentary career, always advocated religious equality, is about to receive from his friends a gift of $10,000, as a mark of their approbation of his course.

—FIRMIN HUGHES, recently buried in Père la Chaise, was the last of the three soldiers who first hoisted the French flag on the Mamelon, at Sebastopol. In doing it he lost an arm, and had his jaw-bone shattered.

—A Mr. RIGGS, recently elected a member of the Kansas Legislature, shuffled off this mortal coil a few days since, which caused an unfeeling colleague to observe that "Brother RIGGS won't feel the winters where he has gone."

—Madame PATTI will appear in Italian opera in London in April. She has concluded a new engagement with Mr. GYE for two years at £200 per night, with the privilege of choosing in what operas she will sing.

—There died a few days ago in Ohio a widow named KEZIAH DAVIS, leaving property worth a million of dollars. Twelve years ago she came to Ross County and created some excitement among the farmers of the Scioto Valley by the purchase, for $70,000 cash, of what was known as the Claypool Farm. She said she bought it because, many years before, while working there as a hired girl, at one dollar per week, she was married to her late husband, a hired hand upon the place at eight dollars per month of twenty-six days. All their savings were invested in the rich Scioto corn lands. To show their fertility it may be mentioned that she rented the Claypool Farm to a worthy but poor laboring man at a cash rent, because he was an excellent farmer of corn crops. For two or three years he could not sell his corn to advantage, and she advised him to crib it and wait for a good market, and she would wait for her rent. After the third year corn rose to a high price; he sold, paid his rent, and bought a Paint Valley farm for over twenty thousand dollars cash. He is now a wealthy farmer in the Scioto Valley. To this couple JAMES EMMITT, of Waverly, is indebted for the acquisition of his great fortune. Good Aunt KEZIAH made a great number of relatives happy by bequests of splendid farms, money, and other availables; but up to the last she kept up her habits of work, as without active employment she could not be happy.

—The oldest member of the House of Commons is WILLIAM HODGSON BARROW, M.P. for South Notts, aged eighty-eight; the youngest are Lord HENRY SOMERSET, M.P. for Monmouthshire, and WILLIAM F. MUNSTER, M.P. for Mallow, each aged twenty-three.

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Tapestry Brioche, Figs. 1-4.

THIS brioche or footstool consists of a cornered cushion four inches and seven-eighths high, which is furnished with a canvas cover embroidered in cross stitch and loop stitch with zephyr and tapestry worsted in green shades. A fringed border, also worked on canvas, trims the edge of the cushion. To make the cover first draw the shape of the cushion on medium-sized canvas from Fig. 34, Supplement; the threads of the canvas should be straight along the middle lines of Fig. 34. Work on the canvas first the strip simulating a cross band, observing Fig. 1, in the ordinary cross stitch with black and green worsted and silk, beginning from the middle, in the design shown by No. 17 on the embroidery side of the Supplement, which gives a quarter section of the centre figure and a section of the strip. Fill the free parts of the canvas with light green tapestry worsted in loop stitch. Work the loop stitch, as shown by detail Fig. 2, with knots similar to button-hole stitches, between each of which a thread interval of seven-eighths of an inch remains for a loop. The knots are worked on four threads of the canvas in height, and at intervals of eight threads each, in horizontal rows transposed. For each knot first work an ordinary button-hole stitch, then pass the needle, close beside the finished stitch, through the canvas from the under to the upper side, and, following the line finished by an arrow-head in the illustration, carry it back through the loop thus formed, and draw the loop together. Of course the rows of loops are worked upward from the bottom, as the loops of the last row should always rest on the knots of the preceding row, and the first knot of each row should be worked close to the last two stitches of two cross stitch rows of the strip simulating a cross band. It must also be observed that the working thread should be laid on anew for each row of loops, but this should be done at the first knot of the preceding row, so that the canvas threads which lie between are covered. After finishing the upper cover work the fringed border for the edge of the brioche, observing Fig. 4, page 157, which gives a section of the border reduced in size. Fringe strands of black and green worsted are knotted into the loops projecting at the under edge of the windings. Having fastened the cover on the cushion, cover the seam on the upper edge with a braid formed of black and green worsted, cover the under side of the brioche with black leather or enameled cloth, and in each of the four slits set a handle of cord and clipped worsted. To make these handles of black and green worsted in various shades fasten balls (the lightest in the middle) on coarse black worsted cord as follows: For each ball take two circular pieces of card-board of equal size, furnished with a hole in the centre, slip them on the cord, wind them closely with several layers of worsted, and cut through the layers of worsted on the outer edge of the card-board as shown by Fig. 3, page 149. (This illustration shows the manner of working the balls without the cord on which they are fastened for the sake of greater distinctness.) Then wind the layers of worsted in the middle between the pieces of card-board with a worsted thread several times very tight, tie the ends of the thread together, and remove the card-board. Continue in this manner until the cord is covered with worsted tassels in the length required, then cut the tassels evenly all around, so that they form a round bunch, and fasten the ends of the cord on the brioche as shown by Fig. 3, page 149.

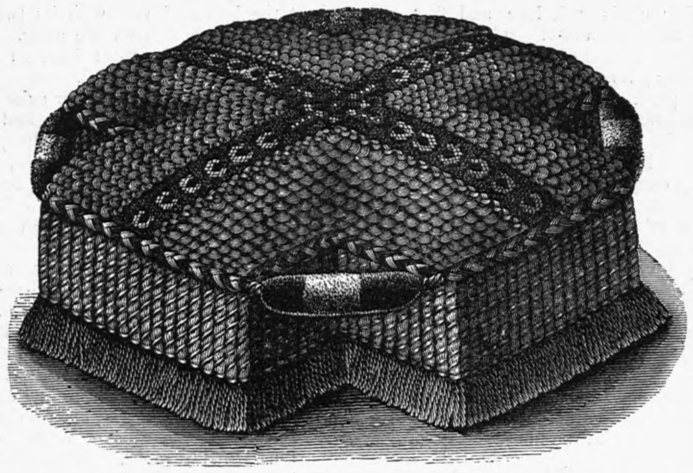


Fig. 1.—TAPESTRY BRIOCHE.—[See Figs. 2–4.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 34. For design see embroidery side of Supplement, No. 17.

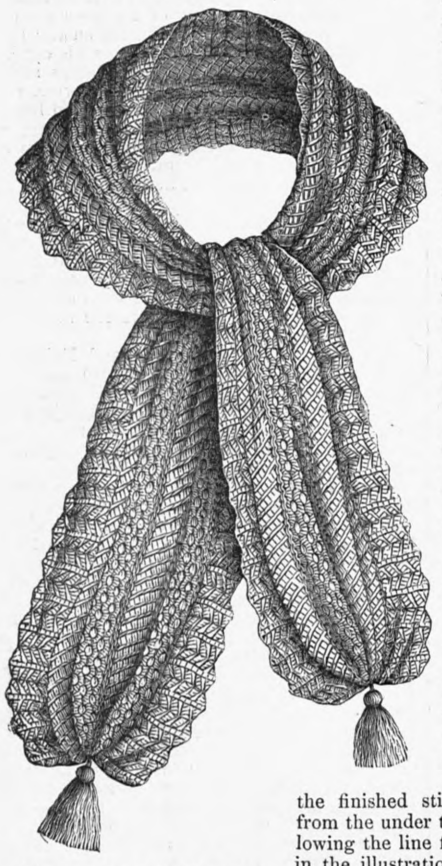
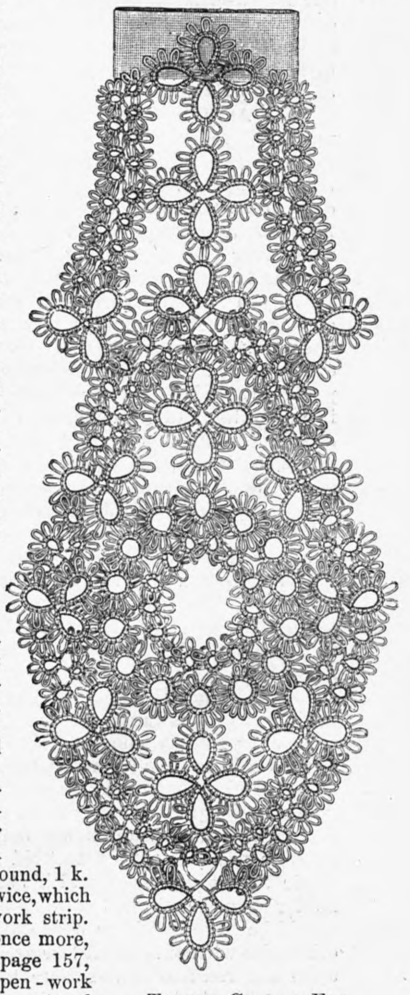


Fig. 1.—LADY'S KNITTED SCARF.—[See Figs. 2 and 3, Page 157.]

LADY'S CROCHET PURSE.

Lady's Knitted Scarf, Figs. 1-3.

THIS scarf may be worn out-of-doors instead of a hood, to protect the head and throat. It is worked in an open-work striped design with white Saxony wool and coarse steel needles lengthwise, in rounds going back and forth, and is bordered with knitted edging; the length is 72 inches. To make the scarf make a foundation of 360 st. (stitch), and on these knit the 1st and 2d rounds all plain. 3d round.—All purled. 4th round.—All plain. 5th round.—Always alternately k. (knit) 2 st. together, t. t. o. (thread thrown over). The threads thrown over are always knit off as st. in the following round. 6th round.—All purled. Repeat the 5th and 6th rounds four times more. 15th and 16th rounds.—All plain. 17th and 18th rounds.—All purled. This completes one open-work strip. 19th round.—Always alternately 1 k., k. 2 together. 20th round.—Always alternately work 3 st. (1 k., 1 purled, 1 k.) on each st. in the preceding round worked off singly, 1 k. 21st round.—All purled. 22d round.—All plain. 23d round.—Always alternately k. together the 3 st. which were worked on the single st. in the 20th round, 1 k. Repeat the 20th–23d rounds twice, which completes the second open-work strip. Repeat the 1st–31st rounds once more, and then cast off. Fig. 2, page 157, shows an open-work and a close strip of the foundation in full size. Next work the edging (Fig. 3, page 157, gives a full-sized section of the edging) separately and in several parts, in order to avoid the very long foundation. Make a foundation to suit the circumference of the scarf (the number of stitches should be divisible by 8), and on this knit in rounds going back and forth as follows: 1st round.—All plain. 2d round.—∗ 1 k., t. t. o., 2 k., k. 3 together, 2 k., t. t. o. Repeat from ∗. 3d round.—All purled. All rounds denoted by odd numbers are worked all purled in future. 4th round.—Like the second round. 6th round.—2 k., ∗ t. t. o., 1 k., k. 3 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 3 k. Repeat from ∗. 8th round.—3 k., ∗ t. t. o., k. 3 together, t. t. o., 5 k. Repeat from ∗. Repeat the design three times more from the 4th–9th rounds, and then cast off. Sew the edging thus finished all around the foundation of the scarf. Gather the scarf closely on the ends, and trim it there with white worsted tassels as shown by the illustration.



TATTED CRAVAT END.

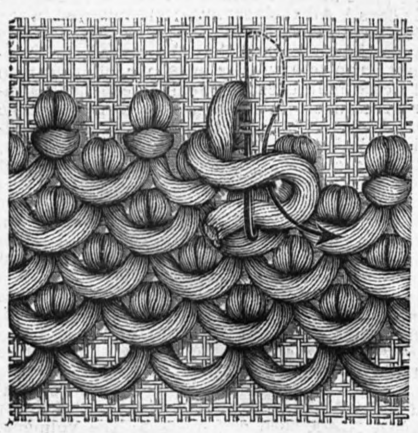


Fig. 2.—LOOP STITCH FOR BRIOCHE.
FULL SIZE.

CORNER OF NETTED GUIPURE BORDER.

Tatted Cravat End.

THIS cravat end is worked with tatting cotton, No. 100, with one thread (shuttle) throughout. Begin with the middle wreath-shaped rosette of small and large rings, and work as follows: 1 ring of 2 ds. (double stitch), 5 p. (picot) separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., t. (turn the work so that the last ring is turned downward); after a thread interval of an eighth of an inch work 1 ring of 1 ds., 15 p. separated each by 1 ds., 1 ds., t.; after the same thread interval (such an interval is always left between the rings when the length is not especially mentioned) ∗ 1 small ring like the preceding, instead of forming the first p., however, fasten to the last p. of the preceding small ring; t., 1 large ring like

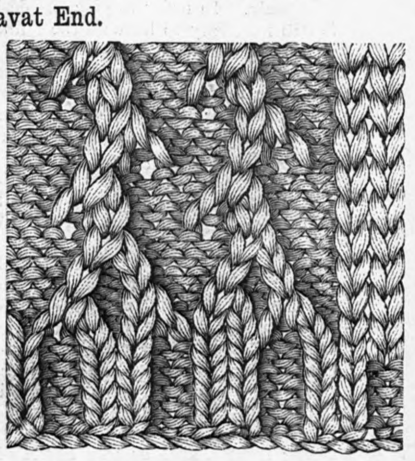


Fig. 1.—KNITTED FOUNDATION FOR LEGGING.—FULL SIZE.—[See Fig. 2, Page 149.]

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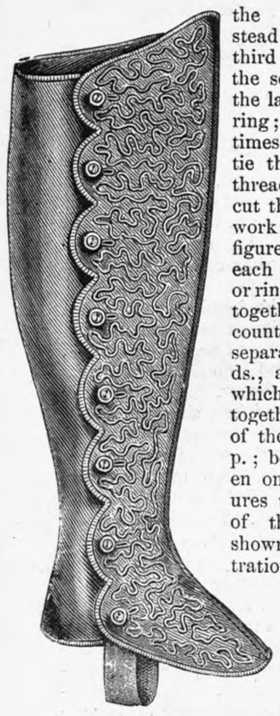
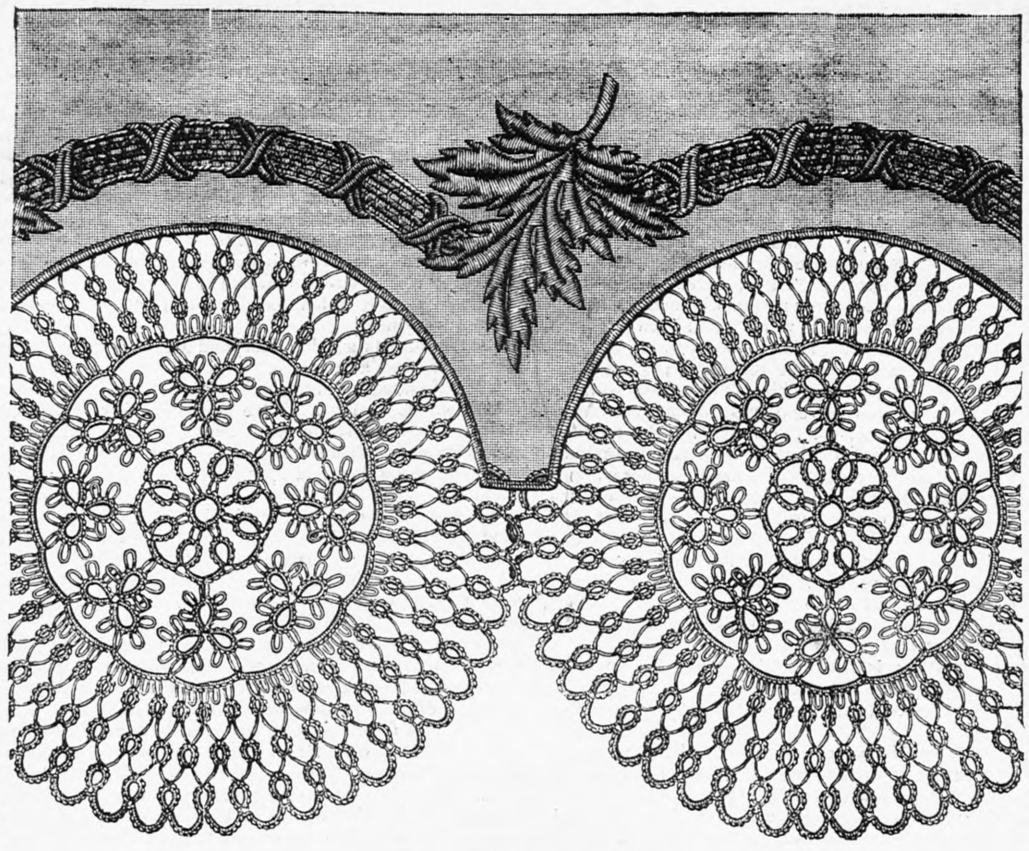


LADY'S CLOTH LEGGING.

For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 21–23.



NEEDLE-WORK AND TATTED EDGING FOR CURTAINS, COVERS, ETC.

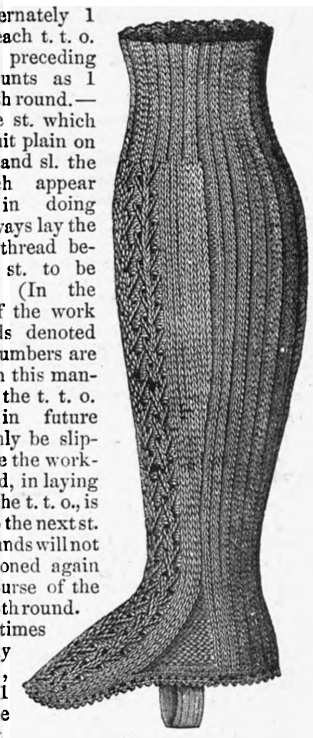


Fig. 2.—LADY'S KNITTED AND CROCHET LEGGING. [See Fig. 1, Page 148.]

JEWEL-CASE WITH GOLD EMBROIDERY.

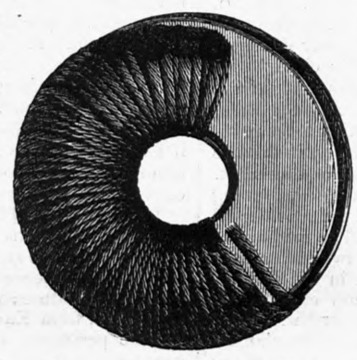


Fig. 3.—MANNER OF MAKING WORSTED BALL FOR BRIOCHE. [See Page 148.]

KEY-BASKET WITH POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.

the preceding, instead of forming the third p., fasten to the second p. before the last of the same ring; repeat twelve times from ∗, then tie the ends of the thread together and cut them off. Now work two separate figures consisting each of four leaves or rings worked close together, each ring counting 3 ds., 9 p. separated each by 2 ds., and 3 ds., and which are fastened together by means of the first and last p.; besides this fasten one of these figures to a large ring of the rosette, as shown by the illustration, and the other figure to the opposite ring of the same rosette. Work the under point of the cravat end as follows: One figure of three rings like those of the preceding figures, fasten the middle ring to the second following ring of the rosette at the left side of one of the four-leaved figures, t., after a thread interval of a quarter of an inch ∗ work 1 ring of 2 ds., 7 p. separated each by 1 ds., 2 ds.; t., 1 ring of 2 ds., 5 p. separated each by 1 ds., 2 ds., t.; repeat five times from ∗, but fasten the large rings and also the small rings together by means of the first and last p., and fasten the last small ring, instead of forming the middle p., to the next four-leaved figure, as shown by the illustration. After a thread interval of three-eighths of an inch work 1 figure of 3 rings like the preceding figure (this figure forms the lower point of the cravat end), fasten the third ring of this figure, instead of forming the last p., to the last p. of the last large ring of the row just finished; after a thread interval of three-eighths of an inch work one row of 6 small and 6 large rings as before, which are fastened together in the corresponding manner, t., after a thread interval of a quarter of an inch work 1 figure of 3 rings like the first figure, fasten the middle ring to the second following ring of the rosette at the right side of the four-leaved figure, and fasten the thread. Having worked so far, and with the help of the illustration, it will be easy to finish the remaining part of the cravat end, which consists of the same figures. The middle part of the cravat is made of fine Swiss muslin or nansook.

Lady's Knitted and Crochet Legging, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS legging is made of white zephyr worsted, and is worked with medium-sized steel knitting-needles in two equal parts, in rounds going back and forth. For the front half, beginning on the upper edge, knit on a foundation of 46 st. (stitch) 41 rounds in the ordinary ribbed design, always alternately 2 k. (knit plain), 2 p. (purled). 42d round.—Sl. (slip); in the course of the work the st. to be slipped at the beginning of each round will not be mentioned again; eleven times alternately t. t. o. (thread thrown over), 1 p., 1 k., t. t. o., 1 k., 1 p.; finally, t. t. o., 1 p. 43d round.—With this round begins the open-work design of which Fig. 1, page 148, shows a full-sized section (right side of the work). Always alternately 1 p., 1 k. (each t. t. o. in the preceding round counts as 1 st.). 44th round.—K. all the st. which appear knit plain on this side, and sl. the st. which appear purled, in doing which always lay the working thread before the st. to be slipped. (In the course of the work all rounds denoted by even numbers are worked in this manner, and the t. t. o. formed in future should only be slipped, while the working thread, in laying it before the t. t. o., is carried to the next st. These rounds will not be mentioned again in the course of the work.) 45th round.—Eight times alternately 1 p., 1 k., then ∗ 1 p., drop the next st. from the needle, p. the following st., k. together the st. previously dropped with the now following st., and repeat eight times from ∗, then eight times alternately 1 p., 1 k. 47th round.—Eight times alternately 1 p., 1 k., ∗ 2 p., drop the following st. from the needle, p. the next st., drop the following st. from the needle; then k. the st. dropped last together with the st. which now follows, and p. the st. dropped last, t. t. o.; repeat three times from ∗, then 2 p. and eight times alternately 1 k., 1 p.; at the end of the round 1 p. 49th round.—Eight times alternately 1 p., 1 k., ∗ 3 p., 1 k., 1 p., 1 k.; repeat three times from ∗, then 2 p., eight times alternately 1 k., 1 p.; finally, 1 p. 51st round.—Eight times alternately 1 p., 1 k., ∗ 3 p., t. t. o., drop the next st. from the needle, 1 p., then k. the dropped st. together with the following st.; repeat three times from ∗, then 2 p., eight times alternately 1 k., 1 p.; finally, 1 p. 53d round.—Eight times alternately 1 p., 1 k., ∗ 3 p., drop the next 2 st. from the needle, k. the st. dropped first together with the following st. still on the needle, p. the second dropped st., t. t. o.; repeat three times from ∗, then 2 p., eight times alternately 1 k., 1 p.; finally, 1 p. This round corresponds to the 47th round. Repeat the pattern from the latter to the 54th round continually, observing the following: In the 100th, 106th, 112th, 118th, 124th, 130th, 136th, and 142d rounds (thus after every 6 rounds) narrow 1 st. each at the beginning and at the end of the round. Then follow 30 rounds without narrowing. In the 173d round the widening for the side gores at the under edge of the legging, which are knit in connection with the front, is begun; to do this widen 1 st. each at the beginning of the following 32 rounds. All the st. of the gore are knit so that they appear purled on the right side of the work. In the 206th round cast off the 16 st. which were widened for the gore at each side. Now finish the front in 42 rounds, in the last 12 of which narrow 1 st. at the beginning and end of each round, the remaining st. are cast off. For the back part of the legging, on a foundation of 46 st., work 206 rounds in a ribbed design, always alternately 2 k., 2 p., without changing the number of st., then cast off and join this part with the front. The under edge of the legging is formed by three crochet rounds. 1st and

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.

For description see Supplement.

DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.

For description see Supplement.

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.

For description see Supplement.

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2d rounds.—1 single crochet on each st. 3d round.—Always alternately 1 picot (consisting of 5 chain stitches and 1 single crochet on the first of these), 1 single crochet. A band of white belt ribbon set on as shown by the illustration completes the legging.

Lady's Crochet Purse.

See illustration on page 148.

THIS purse consists of two rosettes crocheted with green saddler's silk and lined with green gros grain. They are then fastened together with a row of crochet edging and set into a steel clasp. Begin each part in the middle with a foundation of 10 ch. (chain stitch), which are closed in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch). Then crochet 13 rounds, always going forward, as follows: 1st round.—Four times alternately 7 ch., 1 sc. (single crochet) on the ring. 2d round.—* 7 ch., 4 sc. on the next ch. scallop, repeat four times from *, then 2 sc. on the next 2 sc. 3d round.—* 7 ch., 4 sc. on the next ch. scallop, 2 sc. on the following 2 st. (stitch), repeat from *, always going forward; this is also done in the following rounds. Crochet the 4th–8th rounds similarly to the 3d round, observing the illustration, but in each round the sc. of every close strip are increased by 2 st.; thus every strip in the 8th round counts 16 sc. 9th round.—* 7 ch., 5 sc. on the next ch. scallop, 14 sc. on the following 14 st. 10th round.—* 5 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop, 5 ch., with these pass over the next 2 sc., 15 sc. on the following 15 st. 11th round.—* 5 ch., twice alternately 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop, 5 ch.; pass over the next 2 sc., 11 sc. on the following 11 st. 12th round.—* 7 ch., three times alternately 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop, 7 ch.; pass over the next 3 sc., 5 sc. on the following 5 st. 13th round.—* 7 ch., four times alternately 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop, 7 ch.; 1 sc. on the middle of the 5 sc. in the preceding round. Having in this manner finished both halves of the purse, crochet for the upper edge of each half 8 ch. scallops, each of which consists of 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop in the preceding round and 7 ch. Edge both halves (the wrong side of the work forms the right side of the purse) in connection on the remaining outer edge with edging worked in four rounds, going back and forth, as follows: 1st round.—2 sc. on the same ch. scallop in the 13th round on which the last sc. of the 8 ch. scallops forming the upper edge was worked, then always alternately 7 ch., 3 sc. on the next ch. scallop (with every 3 sc. of this round fasten together two corresponding ch. scallops of both halves of the purse); finally, 7 ch. and 2 sc. on the same ch. scallop in the 13th round on which the first sc. of the 8 ch. scallops was worked. 2d round.—1 ch., turn, always alternately 2 sl. on the next 2 st., then always alternately 5 sc. on the next ch. scallop, 7 ch.; finally, 5 sc. on the last ch. scallop. 3d round.—1 ch., turn, always alternately 3 sc. on the middle 3 of the next 5 sc., 5 ch., 1 sc. on the following ch. scallop, 5 ch.; finally, 3 sc. on the last 3 sc. 4th round.—1 ch., turn, then 1 sc. on each ch. scallop and on each middle sc. of the 3 sc. in the preceding round, after each sc. 5 ch. Finish the purse with lining and a clasp.

Corner of Netted Guipure Border.

See illustration on page 148.

THIS border is suitable for trimming covers, handkerchiefs, etc., and is worked on a coarse or fine netted foundation, with thread of a corresponding size, according to the purpose for which it is designed. The Greek lines and points on the outer edge are worked in point de toile, the straight, open-work lines of the design in point d'esprit, and the larger and smaller design figures in point de reprise as shown by the illustration. Inside of each of the smaller design figures work a wheel. Edge the border closely with buttonhole stitches; cut away the projecting netted foundation.

SLIGHTED.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

THIS thing that you have coldly done
Seems but a trifle in your eyes,
And maybe, if you knew my pain,
They would but greaten with surprise.

As one who brushing from a rose
Some small brown creature nested there,
To make it fitter for the eyes
Of her who shall its sweetness wear,

Recks little of the sudden pang
Of the poor tenant dispossessed,
Thrust from the pale pink palace where
Its insignificance was blest,

So you from out my life have swept
One frail illusion, flower-sweet:
If I am poorer for the loss,
You shall not know it when we meet!

MURPHY'S MASTER.

BY JAMES PAYN,

Author of "A Woman's Vengeance," "Bred in the Bone," "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

PROMOTION.

TOWARD morning, and when the sounds of disorder from beneath had at last ceased, Robert was about to retire to his berth, when suddenly he heard a cry of "Help, help!" from the direction of the captain's cabin. Apprehensive, he scarcely knew of what, he rushed toward it, when on his way he was arrested by a repetition of the cry, not from where he had expected, but from the cabin occupied by his patron. It was uttered in muffled, half-suffocated tones; and finding the door locked, Robert flung himself without a moment's hesitation against it, and forced it open. Mr. Kavanagh was alone, sitting up in his berth, with the skull-cap on that he now wore night and day, and pointing with shaking finger to some object—an imaginary one, as it turned out—in the centre of the cabin. The moonlight which streamed in on him at the little window showed his staring eyes, his trembling lips, his features palsied as if with excess of terror. "Help, help!" he continued to cry, in a hoarse whisper. "Keep him off! keep him off! I say. He struck me first; I swear it."

"Who struck you, Mr. Kavanagh? There is no one here," said Robert, soothingly.

"There *is*, there *is*—there, there, with his strangled face!" and the bare stretched-out arm pointed quiveringly where nothing was to be seen. "Help, Murphy, help!"

"I am here, master," answered Murphy from without. Then pushing hurriedly in, and seeing Robert, he whispered, huskily, "Be off, lad; you are not wanted here."

Robert heard him, but took no notice: he had, he deemed, as much right to be where he was as Murphy had; nay, more, for it was clear enough that the latter was much intoxicated, and therefore unfit to be of service to his master; and, moreover, the insolence of the man's tone was such as might well excite antagonism.

"Do you hear, you fool?" continued Murphy, savagely. "You are not wanted here."

"Yes, yes; take him away," muttered Kavanagh, huddling himself in the bedclothes. "His mouth is bleeding. There, there!"

It was clear to any person who had the use of his senses that these words could have reference to no visible being; but no sooner were they uttered than, as if taking them as a positive command, Murphy threw himself on Robert with the fury of a wild beast, and dragged him to the door. The suddenness of the attack for the moment overcame the lad; but he soon recovered himself, and grappled with his assailant, not without effect. Had they both been on equal terms, indeed, the conflict would not long have been doubtful, but Murphy, being far gone in liquor, lost his footing and fell on the cabin floor, with Robert above him. There they writhed and struggled, till presently Maguire appeared, half dressed and far from sober-looking, at the open door.

"What is it, Dick?" inquired he. "Is it money you're wrastling for?"

"Put him out!" roared Murphy—"put him out!"

"Nay, it's an eviction, is it? Then you may just put him out yourself, for it's contrary to my principles to lend a hand to it."

"The master don't want him here," gasped Murphy, for Robert's hand had fastened on his neckerchief to some purpose. "He's got the fit on him."

"Oh, that's another thing," replied Maguire, gravely.—"I am the last man to interfere with an honest rough-and-tumble, Master Chesney, but this exhibition must positively close." He stooped down over the combatants, and seizing Robert, who was still uppermost, by the neck, compelled him on pain of suffocation to let go his hold; then swung him outside the cabin door, as easily as though he had been a cat, and closed it. Like a cat Robert alighted on his feet, and sprang at the door, though a moment's reflection must have convinced him that it would be madness to attempt to push his way against two such antagonists: he had forced the lock in the first instance, but the opposition he now encountered was far stronger than that of bolt or bar.

A chuckling sound from within proclaimed the sense of superiority enjoyed by at least one of the besieged, and convinced him of the uselessness of his efforts. Furious and baffled, he retired to his own cabin, not to sleep, but to reflect on the humiliation he had so unjustly suffered. He was no tale-bearer, but he was thoroughly resolved to lay the whole matter before Mr. Kavanagh, and if not righted by him, to withdraw from a service degraded by such companionship as Murphy's. In the New World, a man might make his own way without a patron. Still he could not forget that he was under great obligations to Kavanagh, nor forbear to pity his present condition. A London lad in the same position in life would probably have been at no loss for the right name for the attack to which he had been so lately a witness, but to Robert it seemed some uncommon disorder—perhaps an epileptic fit.

Days went by, and on the morning of each Robert presented himself at Kavanagh's cabin, only to be refused admittance in Murphy's dogged tones; but this, and a certain offensive grin with which Maguire now greeted him, only made him more intent upon his purpose. On the sixth morning he was admitted. He found Mr. Kavanagh looking very ill and pale, which touched him; and when he held out his wasted hand for him to take, and welcomed him even more kindly than usual, his wrongs somehow lost their proportions, and became at most a grievance.

"So I hear you have been to ask after me every morning, Robert?"

"Yes, indeed, Sir; but Murphy denied me admittance. He said I was not wanted."

"Well, well, he is gone now, and you are here," urged Kavanagh, smiling. "He's a rough fellow, and, I know, resents another's showing me any regard, which is very unreasonable."

"Nay, Sir, I find no fault with him on that account; but when you were taken ill the other night, and cried, 'Help, help!'"—a sudden spasm shot across the sick man's face. "Something ails you, Sir," said Robert, hastily. "It was very selfish of me to be making complaints at such a time: forgive me."

"No, no; I am better now," gasped Kavanagh. "I would rather hear all about it. I cried, 'Help, help!' you say?"

"Yes, Sir; and then I ran in, and found you sitting up in bed, and pointing to I know not what."

"Well, well, and what did I say more?" inquired the sick man, nervously.

"Nothing more, Sir, that was any sense. But while you wandered on, in Murphy came, and bade me leave the cabin, since you did not want me. It might have been so, but it seemed to me you did want 'help' of some sort; and since he was drunk, and I was sober, that I was the better fitted to give it. Then he threw himself upon me, and strove to turn me out by force. I left my mark upon his throat, I reckon." Here Robert paused, stopped this time by an ejaculation from the other of pain and horror.

"What wickedness!" he murmured: "you might have strangled him!"

"Indeed, Sir, he might have strangled *me*," answered Robert, indignant at what seemed to him an expression of gross favoritism. "If the big drunken brute had kept his feet, he *would* have done it. I do not show my own regard for you by flying like a bull-dog at the faces of your friends, but I strive to serve you, Sir, as best I can—"

"You do, you *do*," interrupted Kavanagh. "It is an ill return to be treated thus indeed. It shall not happen again; I will speak to Murphy." Robert smiled incredulously. "Ah, you think speaking of no use? Well, we shall see: tell Murphy to come hither at once."

"Indeed, Sir, there is no need to trouble yourself about the matter so immediately," urged Robert; "when you get well and strong—"

"I said *at once*," reiterated Kavanagh; "did you not hear me?"

Robert opened the cabin door, and there stood Murphy in close attendance.

"Mr. Kavanagh wants you."

Without bestowing a glance at the speaker, Murphy made one stride to his master's pillow, and there stood, obedient as the dog that hears the shepherd's voice, and springing to his side awaits his signal.

"I wish to speak to you, Dick, about our good friend Robert, here. We are not in England now, begirt by spies and hunted by the blood-hounds of the law; and when we were, remember, though you doubted him, this lad proved true as steel. There is no danger in his being one of us, in short, and if there were, I still would wish it. Don't speak"—his voice became imperative, and even harsh—"my mind is fixed upon it, and immovable. What you and I lack we have found in this good lad. He can use his wits and fingers too, and in the days to come will be more useful to us even than he has been. At present he has no authority, and you (he tells me) take advantage of it to treat him as you dare not treat one of those whom I have placed under his charge. This must not be. In future look on him as my lieutenant, my second in command, whom, in my absence, you will obey as though he were myself. And if I die—"

"The saints forbid!" ejaculated Murphy, piously.

"Still, it may happen, Dick," continued Kavanagh, kindly, "and then what would become of all these poor fellows, without a head? I say, if I should die, this man, so far as I can make him so—and with *you* at least I *can*—is my successor. Do you hear?"

The expression of Mr. Richard Murphy's countenance was curious to witness. Rage, dislike, humiliation, were struggling within him against a habit of obedience to his master's wishes that was second nature; he looked from Chesney to Kavanagh, from Kavanagh to Chesney, in such pitiable perplexity that the latter, who had a generous spirit, was moved by it.

"Indeed, Mr. Kavanagh," said he, "I have no wish to exercise authority over Murphy, but merely to be made secure from any such outrage as he put upon me the other night."

"That I feel sure of, Robert, or I should not intrust you with it. I know too well, from my own case, how ill it is to possess a power that one is not fit to wield." Here he stopped and sighed.

"Arrah, be aisy, Mr. Frank; sure yourself is the king of men," whispered Murphy, reassuringly; but the other took no notice.

"Yes, that is the only way," continued he, thoughtfully. "I tried to make you a friend of this good lad, Dick, but that, through your own fault, has failed. I now make him your superior. You could not give your good-will, it seems; but there will be no excuse for refusing your obedience."

"And is the likes of him to come between me and you, Masther Frank?" asked Murphy, pitifully.

"No, Dick; no man can do that, I think, nor woman either," answered Kavanagh, tenderly. "Don't fret, man. The lad has had honor done him, but not at your expense. Give me your hands, both of you."

He placed them in one another as he had done once before, on the night of their first meeting. Robert grasped Murphy's fingers heartily enough, and Murphy returned the pressure, keeping his eyes, however, intently fixed upon Kavanagh's face.

"You see what I am doing, master, for your sake," they seemed to say.

"That's well, Dick; now leave us for the present, for I have some private talk to finish with Mr. Chesney."

"Very good, Masther Frank.—Perhaps, Sir"—and here he turned to Robert with an air of hesitating respect—"you will kindly let me know when you have done, and I may come back again." As he said these words he ran out of the cabin, as though he could bear the scene no longer. To address Robert as his superior thus voluntarily had probably been the hardest task which he had ever set himself to do.

"Poor Dick!" ejaculated Kavanagh, remorsefully. "I think that ought to content you, lad."

"Indeed, Sir, it was more than I asked, or even desired," answered Robert.

"Perhaps," replied the other; "but it was necessary. I remember when I was at the military college—years ago in France—the only way by which a certain worthy cadet could be saved from a most unmerited persecution was by creating him a sub-lieutenant; and a first-rate officer he made."

"You were in the army, then, Sir?" asked Robert, simply.

"Yes and no: that is, I had a military training, which might have been useful had circumstances turned out as they were expected to do."

"In Ireland, I suppose?"

"Yes: there is no need to make a secret of the matter now, even if you have not guessed it. I nourished a vain dream, which was only real inasmuch as it was dangerous. On board ship I was obliged to be Mr. Denton; in Herne Street I was Wilson. You see I keep nothing from you, lieutenant."

"Yes, Sir," replied Robert, naïvely. "I should like, however, if you would not take it ill, to ask you one more question."

"What is that?" Kavanagh's tone became suddenly impatient and even suspicious, and under pretense of settling his skull-cap on his head, he covered his eyes with his hand. "I never promised to tell you all my private affairs, however."

"Indeed, Sir, I should not be so impertinent as to inquire into them. But might I ask what sort of man is he whom they call 'Misther Maguire?'"

Kavanagh removed the hand from his face, and revealed an expression of great relief.

"Oh, Maguire!" answered he, gayly: "Yes, he is a strange fellow, and I do not wonder that he has excited your curiosity. Moreover, it is only right it should be satisfied, since it is likely he will be more or less mixed up with our own fortunes. Well, he was the son of a gentleman on a neighboring estate to that of my father, and who, like the bad boys of the story-books, ran away at an early age to sea. He led a very queer life, I fancy—what is called 'a checkered career,' which is mostly black, you know; though I don't believe there was ever much real harm in him. When he returned home, after a quarter of a century, he found matters worse than he had left them—his father 'evicted' by the mortgagees from what had once been his own property, and other unpleasantries, such as only occur in Ireland. Then he got mixed up in 'the troubles,' and had to flee the country and save his skin, poor fellow—like myself."

"Nay, Sir, not so; for it seems to me that he had nothing to lose and all to gain, whereas you had an estate at stake."

"I had at one time—yes," returned Kavanagh, thoughtfully. "There is something in what you say, perhaps, though we have no right to impute selfish motives. You do not like Mr. Maguire, it seems."

"I don't dislike him, Sir, personally, but I confess that—of late—he has seemed to me to be a dangerous man."

"Dangerous! why dangerous?" inquired Kavanagh, quickly.

"Well, Sir, I can't exactly say; but this man has great influence among our people, and if he chose to use it ill there might be great danger. I am certain, at all events, that that is the captain's opinion. You have been ill and confined to your cabin, so that you may not have observed it; but I notice that both he and the other officers of the ship go about armed."

"Armed! How long has that been the case?" inquired Kavanagh, with excitement, a deep flush suffusing his pale face.

"Since the day you came on deck in your real character."

"That is strange," muttered Kavanagh; "very strange. Is this a matter of general remark; do the boys know it?"

"I think not, Sir; they do not take much notice of any thing; but there is one man that knows it besides myself, unless I am much mistaken, and that is Maguire himself."

"Ah; then he should have told me. I mean," added Kavanagh, hastily, "he should have confessed that he had been guilty of a foolish indiscretion. There is no harm in him nor in my people, but there should be no ground for supposing harm. Keep your eyes open, Robert, for the future, and, above all things, your mouth shut. To talk of danger before some people is like putting a match to a fire-grate that is already laid. And now tell poor Dick that I am ready to see him. To-morrow, or the next day at furthest, I shall be well and about again. Good-day, lad, good-day."

CHAPTER XII.

THE VOLCANIC ISLAND.

THE interview was over, and clearly, as it seemed to Robert, hurried to a close by the tidings which he had just communicated. It was evident that Mr. Kavanagh had been unaware of the effect produced by his own appearance among his people, and yet when informed of it he had not expressed that disapprobation which might have been expected of him. He must surely have known more of Maguire also than he had chosen to reveal, and in that respect, as perhaps in others, he (Robert) was still, therefore, it seemed, only half trusted. On the other hand, his appointment, if it could be called such, of second in command to his patron was at least a proof of extreme favor, while to the fact that it was genuine, Murphy's own behavior abundantly testified.

Neither on the next day nor for many days afterward did Robert again see Mr. Kavanagh. That gentleman was once more reported ill, and remained in his berth, visited only by Murphy and Maguire. It would have doubtless been within the scope of Chesney's newly conferred authority to insist on being admitted to the sick man's cabin; but he took no advantage of this. The same wild cries for "Help!" the same half-suffocated sounds, were repeated as he had heard on the previous occasion, and something hinted to him that, whatever might be the nature of his patron's seizures, the presence of an unaccustomed witness like himself would not be welcome to him. The ship's surgeon had attended the patient in the first instance, but of late he had not done so, since, as he explained to Robert, the two men in question thoroughly understood the case, and were competent to deal with it. The ship was by this time advanced far across the Indian Ocean, and was within a few hundred miles of the western coast of Australia, and the emigrants, no longer influenced by Maguire (whom Kavanagh's illness seemed to have greatly sobered, and who was much engaged about the sick

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man's person), and excited by the prospect of a termination to their tedious voyage, passed much of their time on deck, looking out for the first glimpse of land. Thus Robert made a more intimate acquaintance than he had hitherto done, not only with those under his own charge, but with the rest of his fellow-passengers, and was much struck with the difference between them. The Tipperary boys, with their wives and families, gave but little thought to their future, appearing to leave that, with great contentedness, in the hands of their patron; while the others were never tired of speculating like children upon the new world they were so rapidly approaching, where potatoes grew without planting, and all were masters, and none servants. But just when they seemed to be on the point of realizing these brilliant visions, Fortune, which had hitherto so favored the voyage of the *Star of Erin*, turned dead against her: a furious gale sprang up from the northwest, and drove the ship, under bare poles, hundreds of miles out of her course, at a pace she had never achieved when in full sail. The hatches had to be battened down, and the unhappy tenants of the steerage were reduced to a condition even worse than that in which they had been plunged at first: to the horrors of seasickness were now added unspeakable terrors. In their dark and confined quarters, amidst the howling of the tempest and the straining of the ship's timbers, they looked for nothing less than death from dawn to night, from night to dawn. This continued for many days; and when the wind slackened and the ship became once more under control, she was pronounced by the captain to be a greater distance from the desired haven than she had been at the beginning of the gale. The sun, indeed, had once more reappeared; the sea, like some passionate domestic despot, who, having committed endless ravage in his wrath, is astonished, now that it is over, that any one should remember it, wore a thousand smiles; but the poor passengers, huddled together on deck, and heart-sick with hope deferred, refused to be comforted, and believed themselves doomed to wander over the watery waste forever. Curiously enough, the condition of Kavanagh had improved during the late commotion, and his first act, when circumstances permitted of an interchange of talk—which had been absolutely impossible during the gale—was to send for Robert, who, to his great surprise, found his patron up and dressed.

"Better, lad; yes, I am better," said he, in answer to his congratulations; "but this bout has given me a lesson. If I had died, it would have been heavy on my conscience—which, alas! has its weight to bear already—that I should have left my sheep, with a shepherd, indeed, but without the means of pasturing them. Murphy, it is true, is as honest as this blessed sunlight that at last is shining on us again; but with all the good-will in the world to serve me, he has no head for management of any kind. Here are three thousand pounds in English notes, of which you will take charge, taking care at the same time that nobody suspects you of being my banker except for current expenses. When occasion arises you will make disbursements on our common account and on that of my poor people, which I will audit from time to time. Then, if any thing should happen to me—I don't say I apprehend it, but I think it right to take precautions—I leave you my trustee and guardian in their interests: when you shall once have given them a fair start, the balance may be retained by yourself, or, what is better, given to your sweetheart, from one who never knew her, but who wishes her well, as her marriage-portion.—It is my own property, mah," cried Kavanagh, with sudden vehemence, and observing Robert to hesitate. "Do you suppose that I would give away what is *not* my own?"

"Indeed, Sir, I was not thinking that at all," answered Chesney, earnestly, "but only of your great kindness and generosity: most sincerely do I trust that you may long live to expend this money to greater advantage, doubtless, than I should use; but it is a very large sum; and though such confidence can not but be gratifying to me, the responsibility is great."

"Nay, nay, lad," said Kavanagh, reassuringly, "one can only do one's best, which I have no fear but that you will do; while as to the mere safety of the money, it will be more secure with you, since you will never be suspected of the possession of it, than with myself. I have had warnings that my life is at best a precarious one; and though I flatter myself, could I once escape from this cursed imprisonment, and set a free foot on land— What's that?"

A sudden turmoil had broken out on the deck above them; clappings of hands and shouts of joy were heard; and while they listened, the cabin door was flung open by Murphy, who rushed in, in a wild state of excitement, crying, "Land, land! Begorra, Mr. Frank, we're there!"

"It is impossible," answered Kavanagh, incredulously, rising from his seat, nevertheless, with an eager light in his eyes. "The captain told me only an hour ago that it would take us a week to make the coast."

"Sure the coast is ready-made, then, for there it is, not half a dozen miles away. I've been up the mast-head to look, and there it lies all green and glorious like Ould Ireland herself, with just a bit of hill like the Hill of Howth growing out of the middle of it."

"The man is drunk," said Kavanagh, contemptuously. "Give me *your* arm, Robert, and help me on deck, that I may see with my own eyes."

The joy and excitement in Murphy's face faded as suddenly out as when the slide is withdrawn from a magic lantern, and leaves the blank white sheet. "'Drunk,' am I?" muttered he, as he watched them go slowly out; "and 'give me *your* arm, Robert!' is it? Well, I obey you, Mr. Frank, and therefore obey *him!* but, Holy Moses! how I hate him!" On deck both passengers and crew had all assembled, and it was with some difficulty that Robert could make way for his companion through the crowd to where the captain stood talking to one of the officers of ship.

"What is it?" asked Kavanagh, eagerly. "What is this nonsense about land?"

"I know no more than yourself," answered the captain, coldly and ungraciously, as Robert thought, considering that he was addressing the most influential passenger on board his ship, and, moreover, a sick man. "That land it is, there is no doubt, as any glass will show you, but how it comes there is more than I can tell. It is not in the chart, that's certain; nor can it be the main-land, which lies more than five hundred miles to eastward."

Here a telescope was offered by some by-stander, and Kavanagh endeavored to adjust it, but, whether from excitement or the weakness arising from his late illness, his hand was so unsteady that he could make no use of it. "There, do you take it, Robert," said he, pettishly, "for I am too weak to hold it. Tell me what you see."

"It is land without doubt," answered Robert; and, indeed, to the naked eye, what had seemed a dark cloud resting on the eastward horizon was already assuming color and consistency; "and if an island, it is a large one—large but low, except for one green hill in the centre; but I see no trace of trees."

"If this was in the Chinese waters," observed the firm but quiet voice of Maguire, "I should be at no loss to tell you what it was."

"Neither should I, if I were nearing the Needles," answered the captain, contemptuously, "for then I should say it was the Isle of Wight."

"And that would be a very good guess for a home-voyager," answered Maguire, coolly. "A man need only have been as far as Palermo, however, to see an island that has come up out of the sea, and here, if I am not much mistaken, is one of the same kidney. Off the Philippines I have seen half a dozen of them."

"You know a deal more about sea-faring, Mr. Maguire, it seems to me, than when you first came on board," remarked the captain, significantly, and regarding the object of debate attentively through his glass; "and I don't mean to say that you mayn't be right as to this island. I've seen Nerita myself in the Mediterranean, which sprang up, as you say, in a single night; but this has grass upon it, and looks a well-established concern enough. I only hope it has got fresh-water, for we shall want it before many days are out."

"There is something shining like a silver thread," observed Robert, "and running down from the hill-side toward the sea: that must surely be a river."

Half an hour more resolved all doubts. The island in question, which had very deep water all about it (a circumstance that corroborated the idea that it was of volcanic origin), so that the ship could coast quite close to it, was of considerable dimensions. It was covered with such beautiful verdure as delighted and refreshed the sea-wearied eyes of all, and had at least two considerable streams of fresh-water, still more welcome to the captain's view. A little bay on its more remote shore—the eastern one—formed a natural harbor, and into this the ship was steered and anchored. To see the enfranchised emigrants rush on shore, some rolling like dogs or horses, for very joy, upon the shining sward, some running along the shore as though to convince themselves that they had at last the use of their legs, and all shouting with mirth, was like beholding a school on "breaking-up day." Kavanagh himself looked bright and hopeful, as Robert had never seen him since they had set sail. "Murphy," said he, "I spoke to you harshly and unjustly a while ago. Put that down to my ill health, not to ill will. Come, let us take our first walk upon dry land together. Do you think that you and Robert, between you, could pull me up yonder hill?"

"One's plenty, Mr. Frank, for a job like that," answered Murphy, eagerly: "just get astride upon my neck—so—that's well. There is not a mother yonder with a child in her arms that feels the burden as light as I do now." And before Robert could offer his assistance—which indeed he would have been loath to do, for Murphy's sake, who would certainly have deeply resented it—the faithful fellow had started for the hill with his master on his shoulders. Robert walked rapidly by their side—for no slow pace would have kept up with Murphy's giant strides—in readiness to give his aid should it be required; and in that order the three left the crowd and climbed the hill. Arrived at the top, Kavanagh descended from his human steed, who had showed no signs of weariness, and proceeded to survey this singular territory, his reconnaissance being supplemented by Robert's eyes, who used the glass. To the latter, accustomed to the thick foliage of the forest, the island looked bare and bald enough; but whatever its foundations might be composed of, the upper soil was evidently rich, and even at the elevation at which they stood, far from rocky or barren. Its whole extent could not be less than ten miles long by eleven broad.

"It is quite a little kingdom in itself," murmured Kavanagh, delightedly.

"*Then why should you not reign over it, Masther Frank?*" This rejoinder came from Murphy, and was a much more apt one than might have been expected from his lips; but it was characteristic of the man and of his relations with Kavanagh, that, whereas except for some gleams of humor which seemed themselves to be unconsciously uttered, he was for the most part dull and unready, it was often otherwise when speaking with reference to his patron's interests; his wits seemed sharpened by the anxiety he felt to further them; and though judgment was often wanting even then, readiness never failed him. The suggestion he now made, doubtless out of the abundance of his personal loyalty rather than with any serious idea of its being realized, seemed to strike Kavanagh amazingly.

"Reign over it!" exclaimed he, striking his palms together. "Why not? By Heaven! Dick, you have more wit than ten Maguires. Here is good soil, fresh-water, and room to increase and multiply. Why not establish our own colony *here*, where no flag flouts the breeze to remind us that we are still slaves as well as exiles?—Your judgment, Robert, is of the sober sort: what think you of the plan?"

"Well, Sir, we can't eat grass, nor can the women and children lie on the bare earth—"

"There is no need for either," interposed Kavanagh, enthusiastically. "We have provisions enough and to spare for months, as the captain told me. We have tents, too, and even houses that can be set up in a few hours. We have seeds in plenty, and agricultural implements of all sorts. I have money, too, far beyond what you imagine—for there was no need to tempt you with the knowledge of it, good lad, to follow my fortunes. Well, why should I not employ it to get all we want from the main-land—clothes, timber, cattle—"

"The whisky is getting low," suggested Murphy, delicately.

"Be serious, you omadawn.—Why not, Robert, I say, use Melbourne as our store-house, but in other respects be independent of the world? The prospect seems a dream—a golden dream; but why should it not be realized? Why *should* I not be king, as Murphy puts it, and you prime minister? Why shouldn't your Lizzy," he added, in Robert's ear, "come out and marry you? A parson shall be imported for the very purpose, look you—there's my hand on it—and after my death you shall be king yourself, and all your progeny princes and princesses. Think of it, man—think of it!"

The air and tone of the speaker were wild and excited beyond any thing that Robert had yet seen in him; but the theme itself seemed to excuse it. Strange and fanciful, indeed, it was, but by no means ill adapted to win the ear of youth; and, moreover, there was no doubt, whatever might be the final success of the scheme, that it could be at least inaugurated. To Robert, it is true, it lacked the attraction which it possessed for his patron in its restriction to his own people and dependents; but, on the other hand, here was a home assured for Lizzy and her kindred at the outset; while the idea of his wielding so large a personal influence in the new colony, both at present and in the future, was also, doubtless, not without its influence.

"Do you think your people would themselves be in favor of such a plan?" inquired Robert, doubtfully.

"Do I *think!* no; I am certain." And Murphy laughed a laugh that carried more conviction with it than even his master's words.

Robert himself, indeed, had little doubt that most if not all of Kavanagh's immediate followers would hail the plan with delight, and not at all the less so because of its romantic wildness; but still the natural prudence of his character, and his very knowledge that the temptation of Lizzy's immediate coming was having a greater weight with him than *all* other considerations, bade him pause.

"It matters not whether we prosper here or not," continued Kavanagh, persuasively. "I shall get the captain to sell me a boat or two—one, at least, large enough to accomplish the voyage to Melbourne, from which place we could send over for the rest. Then all could start afresh, as we had originally intended to do. But I feel certain we shall prosper here. The captain has already taken the bearings of the island, and pronounced on the harbor very favorably: if we ourselves should not colonize it, be sure that others would. You were saying but a while ago how gladly you would welcome your friends the Alstons in the New World; with how much greater pride can you now invite them to our own private territory! No money shall be spared by me to further your wishes as to their coming; and if the ship that brings them from England can not be induced to steer a few days out of her course, a vessel shall be hired to bring them out from Melbourne immediately upon their arrival. It is a romance, my lad, I grant, from first to last; but there is no reason why it should not be a Romance of Reality."

The enthusiasm of the speaker's tone, the brilliancy of the future he depicted, the brightness and gayety of the scene that lay stretched before them, combined together to sweep away Robert's last lingering doubts.

"So far as I can help you, Mr. Kavanagh," said he, impulsively, "my services are altogether at your disposal, whether here or elsewhere."

"That's well, and spoken like yourself," cried the other. "For the present, then, they will be elsewhere. You must go on in the *Star* to Melbourne, and purchase all things that we may require; then return to us as soon as may be."

"I will do my best, Sir," replied Robert, hesitatingly; "but you speak as though the affair was settled. There are your people to be spoken to, and the captain—"

"Leave the people to me," answered Kavanagh, smiling; and as for the captain, you may take my word for it he will be glad enough to get rid of us.—And now, Murphy, there is one thing more to be done. Two hours ago I doubted your word when you spoke of land in sight—I am now about to make you compensation. Do you happen to have a drop of whisky in you pocket?"

"Have I a drop of blood in my body, do you mean, Masther Frank!" replied Murphy, reproachfully, and producing from his coat a flask of the vintage of his native land.

Kavanagh placed it to his lips, and said, "I name this island *Murphy's Island;*" then took a deep draught.

"The honor is too much for the likes of me, Masther Frank," returned Dick; "I feel quite overcome by it, and must just take a sup myself.—Mr. Chesney, I drink your very good health, and a fair voyage to Melbourne." There was something cynical in Murphy's tone, which perhaps at any other time would have excited Robert's notice; but his mind was too full of the scheme he had just heard propounded, and the hopes or dreams which it had evoked, to pay any attention to so trifling a circumstance.

"Come, let us go down and clinch this matter," cried Kavanagh, impatiently; "for there is not an hour to lose." And they descended to the shore accordingly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

USEFUL RECIPES.

TO DRESS A RUMP OF BEEF BOUILLI FASHION.—Take the bone out of a rump of beef, wash it, and then pour a gill of vinegar over it. Dredge it well with flour, and put it in a pot large enough to turn conveniently; pour over it three pints of water; then put the pot over the fire until it boils. Prepare and cut small pieces of cabbages, carrots, potatoes, and turnips, nearly a half-pint bowlful of each, which you may add to the beef; also two onions, sliced, and a sprig of sweet-marjoram. Season all with two table-spoonfuls of salt, and nearly one of pepper. When the pot has come to a full boil, it may be set over coals on the hearth, closely covered. It should be kept stewing constantly but slowly at least five hours. As there will not be liquor enough to cover the beef, it should be frequently turned over in the pot. Pickled capers, or cucumbers cut in small pieces, are a great improvement to the sauce.

PUMPKIN PUDDING.—One quart of pumpkin after it is stewed and mashed fine through a sieve, one pint of rich cream, six spoonfuls of chopped beef suet, or a quarter of a pound of butter, and eight table-spoonfuls of sugar, four eggs, a wine-glassful of wine, and half that quantity of brandy, half a nutmeg, and a dessert-spoonful of ground ginger. This recipe will do for potato pudding, Irish or sweet; if sweet, less sugar is required. Line pie-plates with pastry rolled thin at bottom, and ornament the top with twisted strips laid crosswise.

FRENCH FRITTERS.—One quart of milk; boil half of it; mix the other half cold with one quart of flour. With this last thicken the boiling milk, and let all cook together till well done. While cooling, beat ten eggs light. Add a tea-spoonful of salt. Beat the eggs into the batter, adding a spoonful at a time until all is in. Have a small oven half full of boiling lard. This will require at least a pound. Allow not quite a spoonful of the batter to a fritter. Take them out before they turn dark, put them in a drainer bowl, in order that they may be well drained from the lard. Begin to fry them before your meat dinner is sent to table.

FRITTERS (another way).—One quart of flour, with two eggs, or four if convenient; one tea-spoonful of soda stirred into one quart of buttermilk. Drop from a spoon into boiling lard. Drain well. Serve with wine and sugar, West India sirup, or French sauce, for which see *Harper's Bazar*, No. 10, Vol. V.

GRATED CHEESE.—A fine appetizer is furnished by simply grating up the rind of any nice cheese. Eat it with butter crackers or thin biscuit.

LEMON PUDDING.—The peels of two large fresh lemons grated on sugar, or boiled and beat in a mortar; half a pound of sugar; the juice of a large lemon; half a pound of butter; ten eggs, half the whites left out. Beat all well together, and after lining your dish or plates with puff paste, bake. Sift over the top finely powdered sugar just before you send to table.

MACARONI MILANESE.—Throw your macaroni into boiling water, allowing it plenty of room for swelling. Add some salt, and let it be well covered with water. Let it boil for twenty-five minutes; drain it in a colander; then put it in a deep earthenware baking-dish in successive layers of macaroni and grated cheese. A little Cayenne pepper greatly improves the flavor also. Lay on the top slices of fresh butter, a quarter of a pound being enough for a large dishful. Pour over it enough unskimmed morning's milk to cover the whole, and bake in a regularly heated oven for fifteen or twenty minutes. Serve up quickly, and do not let it become dry by exposure to too intense a heat. Be careful in purchasing macaroni to get the genuine Italian article. The American imitation can not be made into a very nice dish—at least none that I have ever seen.

COCOA-NUT BALLS.—One and a half pounds of sugar, one pint of water, one tumblerful of cocoa-nut milk. Boil it until it candies. Stir into it a good-sized cocoa-nut, grated. When cold enough, make into balls.

APPLE PUDDING.—Take ten eggs. Leave out half of the whites. A pint of apples stewed and passed through a sieve, half a pound of butter, the rind of two lemons, and the juice of one. Sweeten it as you please, and bake in pastry. This quantity will fill two deep pie-plates.

GOOD MOLASSES PUDDINGS.—To one pint of molasses, measured after it has been stewed until very thick, add a heaping table-spoonful of butter and four lightly beaten eggs, the whites and yolks whisked up separately. Flavor highly with the rind and juice of lemons, or in default of these, season with cloves or nutmeg. Bake in pie-plates lined with pastry, plain or rich as preferred.

TO SPICE A ROUND OF BEEF.—One ounce of powdered Cayenne-pepper, half an ounce of cloves, half an ounce of allspice, and two nutmegs. Rub into your beef first an ounce of saltpetre, then a cupful of sugar, and two handfuls of salt. Break up the spices fine, and add them, laying the round in a large bowl or other covered vessel tight enough to hold the brine that will be forming. Turn the beef every morning, rubbing the spices in with the hand. It may be cooked in a fortnight, or left for six weeks. Stew in a pot, with beef suet strewed fine over it. Add some beef gravy, or a quart of water and a bottle of port-wine or claret. It must be done slowly, taking care to keep in the steam. It will require three or four hours, perhaps five, according to the size. Cook it also in the pickle drawn from the beef, adding three or four gallons of *boiling* water. Take care that it does not touch the vessel it is boiled in. If you choose you may tie it in a cloth, or wrap it in a coarse paste made for the purpose. A large round often keeps until too hard and dry to use; it is better than ever then for a relish if grated up fine, and is especially nice for tea.

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Ladies' Coiffures, Figs. 1–4.

Fig. 1.—The front hair for this coiffure is combed up partly over crêpes and partly smooth, and covers the beginning of a braid which extends from the temples and falls low in the neck. The remaining hair is crimped, and partly arranged in puffs; the ends form short curls in the back.

Fig. 2.—The upper part of the front hair is waved, and is first combed on the forehead and then upward. The side hair is all combed up. All of the remaining hair is arranged in puffs of different sizes over crêpes.

Fig. 1.—LADY'S COIFFURE.

Fig. 3.—LADY'S COIFFURE. FRONT.—[See Fig. 4.]

Fig. 2.—LADY'S COIFFURE.

Fig. 4.—LADY'S COIFFURE.—BACK. [See Fig. 3.]

Figs. 3 and 4.—For this coiffure, of which Fig. 3 shows the front, and Fig. 4 the back, the front hair is partly arranged in short curls fastened by pearl combs, and partly combed up over a crêpe. The puffed back hair covers the beginning of two braids, which are wound around the crown, and which complete the coiffure. The back hair ends in curls of different lengths underneath the back braid.

Needle-work and Tatted Edging for Curtains, Covers, etc.

See illustration on page 149.

THIS edging is suitable for trimming curtains, window-shades, covers, etc.; it consists of separate rosettes, worked with twisted cotton, No. 100, which are joined on the under edge with a tatted round, and button-hole stitched on a piece of embroidered Swiss muslin. Begin each rosette in the middle, and work 6 rounds as follows: 1st round.—1 ring of 1 ds. (double stitch), 8 p. (picot) separated each by 2 ds., 1 ds.; tie the ends of the thread together and cut them off. 2d round.—This round is worked alternately with one and with two threads; the rings are always worked with one (the foundation thread), and the scallops with both threads. ∗ 1 ring of 6 ds., fasten to the next p. of the preceding round, 6 ds.; t. (turn the work), 1 scallop of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds.; repeat from ∗. The 3d round consists of 8 figures; for each figure work 3 rings, consisting each of 3 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 3 ds. In working the middle ring of each figure, instead of forming the middle p., fasten to the next p. of a scallop in the preceding round. 4th round (with two threads).—Fasten both threads to a p. of a figure in the preceding round, as shown by the illustration, ∗ 1 scallop of 2 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to a p. of the preceding round as shown by the illustration. 5th round.—After a thread interval of a quarter of an inch each always work 1 ring of 3 ds., fasten to a p. of the preceding round as shown by the illustration, 3 ds. 6th round.—After a thread interval of half an inch always work 1 ring of 4 ds., fasten to the next joining thread of two rings in the preceding round, 4 ds. Having in this manner worked the requisite number of rosettes, join them on the outer edge with a round worked as shown by the illustration, and consisting of rings and scallops, and then button-hole stitch them on the embroidered Swiss muslin as shown by the illustration. Instead of working the embroidery shown by the illustration, any desirable needle-work border may be applied on the Swiss muslin.

Fig. 1.—FROCK FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 29–33.

FROCK FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 7–13.

FROCK FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 25–28.

Fig. 2.—FROCK FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 29–33.

Key-Basket with Point Russe Embroidery.

See illustration on page 149.

THIS key-basket, which is curved on the upper edge, is made of fine yellow straw plaiting, and is three inches and three-quarters high at the pointed ends, and two inches and a half high in the middle underneath the handle. The outside of the basket is ornamented with a scalloped lambrequin of light fawn-colored cloth, on which is fastened black guipure lace somewhat narrower, as shown by the illustration, with point Russe embroidery of blue saddler's silk. Instead of black, white or écru guipure lace may be used to trim the lambrequin. The hollows between the scallops are ornamented with blue silk tassels. The ends of the basket are covered above the lambrequins to the point with pleated blue satin, and are trimmed with a ruche of blue satin ribbon pleated in leaf-shape. A box-pleated ruche of similar ribbon trims the upper edge of the basket on the inside. Bows and ends of blue ribbon arranged on each side of the handles and on the ends of the basket, as shown by the illustration, complete the trimming.

Fig. 1.—TULLE, BLONDE, AND GROS GRAIN RIBBON BRETELLE-FICHU.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 18–20.

Fig. 2.—TULLE, BLONDE, AND GROS GRAIN RIBBON BRETELLE-FICHU.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 18–20.

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Jewel-Case with Gold Embroidery.

See illustration on page 149.

THIS jewel-case is made of card-board covered with velvet, ornamented in gold embroidery, and is set into a frame of turned and bronzed wooden bars. The case, including the frame, is sixteen inches long, eight inches and a half high, and six inches and a half wide. The embroidery, consisting of the initial on the lid and narrow borders on the front and sides, is worked with gold bullion, gold cord, and gold thread in satin and half-polka stitch. The inside of the case is divided into halves, each half is furnished with three movable boxes of card-board lined with white silk for holding the jewelry.

Boys' and Girls' Fancy Costumes, Figs. 1–8.

Fig. 1.—PAGE'S COSTUME. The square-necked waist and short pleated skirt of this costume are made of dark blue satin, trimmed with inlaid silver braid. High blouse with long sleeves of pleated white silk. Blue satin beret, trimmed with silver braid and a white feather.

Fig. 2.—ANCIENT GERMAN BARONESS'S COSTUME. Maize gros grain dress with low-necked basque-waist, trimmed with silk fringe of a darker shade and with velvet ribbon set on in points. Sash and bows of gros grain ribbon of the color of the fringe. The sleeve puffs are made of white satin. White crape chemise Russe. High comb of gilt bronze.

Fig. 3.—ITALIAN GIRL'S COSTUME. Skirt and over dress of dark blue serge; the former is trimmed with a strip of black velvet, and the latter with gold braid. Peasant waist of red cashmere, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and gold embroidery. Light foulard apron. Half-high chemise of white batiste. Fine linen kerchief, and jeweled hair-pins in the hair.

Fig. 4.—CAVALIER'S COSTUME. The trowsers and doublet are made of brown velvet; the trowsers are gathered at the bottom and trimmed with brown satin bows. The doublet is trimmed with silver braid. Wide collar of embroidered linen. White silk stockings and brown satin shoes with buckles.

Fig. 5.—CLOWN'S COSTUME. The trowsers and frock of this costume are made of white shirting, and are trimmed with large buttons. Batiste frill for the neck. High white hat, wound with red ribbon.

Fig. 6.—WAITING-MAID'S COSTUME. Skirt of gray and blue striped cashmere; over-skirt and square-necked basque-waist of gray cashmere, trimmed with blue silk. Apron, under-sleeves, chemise Russe, and cap of embroidered white Swiss muslin.

Fig. 7.—RENAISSANCE COSTUME. White satin under dress, with white lace flounces and pink satin ruches. Pink silk damask over dress, trimmed with pleated strips of pink satin. White lace under-sleeves. Wreath of roses in the hair.

Fig. 8.—GERMAN PEASANT GIRL'S COSTUME. The skirt and

Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED CASHMERE HOUSE JACKET.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 3–6.

CASHMERE, GUIPURE INSERTION, AND LACE TALMA.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED CASHMERE HOUSE JACKET.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 3–6.

Fig. 1.—PAGE. Fig. 2.—ANCIENT GERMAN BARONESS. Fig. 3.—ITALIAN GIRL. Fig. 4.—CAVALIER. Fig. 5.—CLOWN. Fig. 6.—WAITING-MAID. Fig. 7.—LADY OF THE RENAISSANCE. Fig. 8.—PEASANT GIRL.

FIGS. 1–8.—BOYS' AND GIRLS' FANCY COSTUMES.

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sleeveless waist are made of blue woolen material; the waist is furnished with a bosom of red cashmere edged with gold buttons and laced with gold braid. The skirt is trimmed with black velvet ribbon and gold braid. Batiste chemisette with long sleeves, red and white striped percale apron fastened by a metal chain. Straw round hat trimmed with a wreath of wild flowers.

DOROTHY.

A REVERIE SUGGESTED BY THE NAME UPON A PANE.

SHE, then, must once have looked, as I
Look now, across the level rye,
Past church and manor-house, and seen,
As now I see, the village green,
The bridge, and Walton's River—she
Whose old-world name was Dorothy.

The swallows must have twittered, too,
Above her head; the roses blew
Below, no doubt—and, sure, the south
Crept up the wall and kissed her mouth—
That wistful mouth, which comes to me
Linked with her name of Dorothy.

What was she like? I picture her
Unmeet for uncouth worshiper—
Soft, pensive—far too subtly strung
To suit the sour bucolic tongue,
Whose thwarted prying could but see
"Ma'am Fine-airs" in Miss Dorothy.

How not? She liked, maybe, perfume,
Soft textures, lace, a half-lit room;
Perchance too candidly preferred
Clarissa to a gossip's word;
And, for the rest, would seem to be
Or dull or proud—this Dorothy.

Poor child—with heart the down-lined nest
Of warmest instincts unconfessed—
Soft, callow things that vaguely felt
The breeze caress, the sunlight melt,
But yet, by some obscure decree
Unwinged from birth—poor Dorothy!

Not less I dream her mute desire
To acred churl and booby squire,
Now pale, with timorous eyes that filled
At "twice-told tales" of foxes killed;
Now trembling when slow tongues grew free
'Twixt love and port—poor Dorothy!

'Twas then she'd seek this nook, and find
Its evening landscape balmy-kind;
And here, where still her gentle name
Lives on the old green glass, would frame
Fond dreams of half-heard harmony
'Twixt heart and heart. Poor Dorothy!

L'ENVOI.

These last I spoke. Then Florence said,
Behind me, "Dreams! delusions, Fred!
How strange it is you bards must go
So far to find a subject, though!
Are there no people living, pray,
Fit for a rhymer's holiday?—
Besides, you make mistakes, you see:
'Twas *I* who wrote that '*Dorothy.*'"

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The dead Emperor.—Baron Grant.—"Jane."—The Burial of Bulwer.

"SO the Emperor is dead!" was the universal speech when men met one another on that day of the sad news from Chiselhurst. "The Emperor is dead!" yet though he has left an heir, few add, even in France, as was the custom under the old monarchy, "Long live the Emperor!" Here, in England, indeed, it is not as the head of a dynasty that the dead man is now regarded, so much as a partaker to the full in the sufferings of our common humanity. What physical wretchedness must that pale, proud man have endured in silence for so many years! what agonies in addition to his mental ones, on that day at Sedan, when he beheld France lost, and sat on his horse, "holding on with his hands, in torment," for five mortal hours! Well may he have offered his life "with eagerness" to the Prussian bullets there, and better for his memory had one of them reached his heart. Curiously enough, Camden House, Chiselhurst, had a fatal notoriety sixty years ago, when its inmates had also cause to send for the first surgeon in London. The master and mistress of the house were murdered by their footman, though when the maid-servant entered their apartment in the morning her mistress was still alive. A messenger was dispatched post-haste for Mr. Astley Cooper, who failed, however, to save the patient, as another generation of surgeons have failed now.

As a man, the Emperor is much regretted, for his personal friends are numerous, and he was one who stuck to his friends; but as an ex-ruler, this lessening by one of the many pretenders to the government of unhappy France is here not much deplored.

Of course our national snobbism takes this opportunity to display itself very notably. It is well enough for the court to go into mourning for ten days, but it is very absurd for Mrs. Jenkyns to put off her dinner-party for the 15th on account of the imperial funeral. Yet many of our Mrs. Jenkynses have done so. When the late Emperor of Russia died, we knew a lady who did not, indeed, put off her dinner, but who had it served in the old English fashion, with the various dishes on the table. She thought that not dining *à la Russe*, as usual, would be a delicate piece of respect to the Czar!

Your Mr. Edwin James, and ours, has appealed to the Common-Law Judges to reverse the decision of the benchers of the Temple, who in 1861 struck his name off the books of their society and canceled his call to the bar. He declares that only the want of funds during his twelve years' residence in the States of New York and New Jersey has hitherto prevented his making this application. If the matter is gone into, we shall hear some curious disclosures respecting this gentleman and his transactions with the present Lord Yarborough.

There is rather a good epigram going about concerning Mr. Albert Grant, our great city speculator, whose detractors, who are many, would probably describe as such without the *s*. He has been recently made a baron—Heaven knows by whom or where!—and calls himself Baron Grant, which has provoked the following:

"A title a king may give,
Honor he can't;
And a title without honor
Is but a Baron Grant."

A pretty love-story comes from Freshwater, where Tennyson lives, and which has an appropriate poetic touch about it. At the same spot dwells Mrs. Cameron, the most artistic photographist in England, and whose works are both pictures and studies. A gentleman called one day upon her, and, with an apology for the intrusion, requested to know the address of the original of one of her photographs—a very noble-looking young lady. It might be foolish, he said, but he had fallen in love with that pictorial presentment as completely as ever did Pygmalion with his statue. Having satisfied his hostess of his respectability and good intentions, she smiled and rang the bell.

"Send Jane," said she.

Jane was one of her domestics, and appeared accordingly: she was also the original of the picture. Mrs. Cameron is famous for the idealization of her works, yet the gentleman was so satisfied with "Jane" as she was in the flesh that he became none the less her wooer—nay, her winner also, for, as may be supposed, the photographed one did not turn out "a negative."

On Saturday last Lord Lytton was buried in Westminster Abbey, not, however, in "Poet's Corner," where lie his brethren of the pen, but in the neighboring St. Edmund's Chapel, next to the grave of Humphrey Bouchier, an ancestor of his own, who fell in 1471 at the battle of Barnet, and whose story he tells in the *Last of the Barons*. The funeral was numerously attended, though it could not be expected that the tribute of a people's love would be paid to him as it was to Dickens. It seems Lord Lytton suffered from a discharge of the ear (probably in consequence of some diseased bone), just as the former did from a malady in his foot. He had a nervous fear of being buried alive, and left directions behind him that after death, or presumed death, his body should be allowed to remain for three days untouched, after which medical men were to ascertain that he was really dead, and certify accordingly. Like the three novelists who have preceded him by but so short a space into the land of shadows—Thackeray, Dickens, and Lever—he may have been said to have died in harness. Fortunately for his readers, the MS. of *Kenelm Chillingley*, his last fiction, is said to be complete, and only the sprightly *Parisians* (now appearing in *Blackwood's Magazine*) remains unfinished. So diligent and active a worker could, indeed, scarcely have died at any time without leaving some "broken column," some beginning of a new fancy, which no other hand may attempt to consummate. The disclosure that the author of the *Coming Race* was the same with that of *Pelham* and the *Caxtons* has taken all the literary world by surprise, and certainly adds greatly to the marvel of Bulwer's many-sided mind. If I were to hear that he had written the *Letters of an Englishman* in the *Times* (a modern puzzle that may rank with that of *Junius*), or the *Vestiges of Creation*, the information would scarcely now astonish me.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

MOTHER RUE'S CASHMERE SHAWL.

"BLESS your soul! how air ye, Miss Sovereign?" said a bent, wizened old woman, accosting a lady who was giving some orders in a store. "I should hev knowed ye if I'd met you in the New Jerusalem: you ain't a day older'n you wus a dozen year ago." The old woman wore a rusty alpaca, and a tattered woolen shawl that did service at the same time for a bonnet.

"I really—I beg your pardon," murmured Mrs. Sovereign, smiling apologetically upon the poor old face, and trying to bring to mind all the old women she had ever met. "Is it Mrs. Rue?"

"Bless your eyes! I knew you wouldn't forget an old neighbor—when I made your wedding-cake, too! Now there's many a fine lady like you would hev jest made as if she'd never sot eyes on sich a shabby old body as me; but you never wus proud. Lor sakes! I wish I hed my teeth in! I jest thought of it. I'd 'a put 'em in if I'd knowed I wus going fur ter see you; but, ye see, I thought there'd be nobody here ter take a grain of notice of me. That's jest the way—go without a thing, and you're sure ter wish ye hed it; keep on your old gown, and company's certain ter call!"

"You've grown into a philosopher since we met," said Mrs. Sovereign.

"Like as not," answered Mrs. Rue, whose notions of philosophy were rather hazy. "But, you see, I wus allus one of them folks as set a sight by appearances—more's the pity! And the teeth, I got 'em by way of a slant; and somehow or other when I don't hev 'em in, the roof of my mouth seems ter go clear up ter the top my head. You see, there wus a young fellow as wus a dentist—a sort of peddling dentist—and he wus took down with the small-pox, and nobody ter look after him but them as wus scared ter death of it; but as it wa'n't no great account ter me noway, and I couldn't be much worse off in t'other place, if I died of it, than with 'Liza Ann, why, I jest up and nursed him clean through with it; and when he got well, says he,

"'What shall I do fur you fur all you've done in my behalf?' And says I,

"'Nothing whatsomever. I wus only curious to know if I'd be liable to the disease.'

"'Nonsense,' says he; 'I want ter pay you in some way.' And as he wusn't forehanded, and I knowed how ter feel fur them as wasn't, and as it wus all in his line, I said,

"'Well, if you're bent on it, make me a set of teeth.' And I'm awful sorry I ain't got 'em in."

"Indeed you deserved them," returned Mrs. Sovereign. "But don't concern yourself about it; I shouldn't know that you were without them if you had not told me."

"Oh yes, you would, begging your pardon, if you wus onst ter see them in."

"You are dropping a piece of steak from your paper," observed Mrs. Sovereign.

"Lor! I wouldn't mind losing the whole of it, I'm that glad at seeing you, only 'Liza Ann would raise sich a rumpus; she wouldn't take no excuses; and it couldn't be made up ter her noway! I s'pose she's a-scolding now, 'cause I ain't at home frying this 'ere; but I left the table all sot, and the water a-biling fur the tea."

"And who is 'Liza Ann?"

"Goodness! I thought every body knew 'Liza Ann—leastways, she thinks they do. Why, she's my Tom's widder; an' he left word on his dying-bed that she wus ter pervide fur me as long as I lived, an' sometimes I think she's a-trying ter see how soon she can git rid of me."

"And do you still live in Joy's Court?" pursued Mrs. Sovereign.

"Sakes alive! didn't you know that we'd left that there these ten year? I s'posed that wus town talk. I wish ter goodness I hed my teeth in, and I'd walk along with you a bit, ter hev a little chat, and not keep you a-waiting."

"Oh, never mind your teeth." Another woman might have hinted that she had her tongue left.

"Now that's downright Christian in you. I take it, 'Liza Ann herself wouldn't be seen outdoors with me in this old gown; and it wa'n't but yesterday as I met Miss Deacon Merit, and stopped ter ask after the deacon's numbpalsy, and she jest makes as though she wusn't looking my way, and walks straight on. I tell ye what, Miss Sovereign, if ye want ter find out the natur' of folks, what virtues they're made of, and what air hung onto 'em like their clothes, jest lose your worldly prosperity and your good looks, and wear out your store clothes. But that Cashmere shawl is ter blame fur it all—plague take it!"

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Sovereign.

"Oh, like as not you never see me wear it. I never hed it on my back more'n twice. I felt as if I wus carrying of Christian's burden every time I put it on. 'Liza Ann don't know I've got it—she'd take it away if she did. I keeps it sewed up in a towel in my straw bed—there wa'n't nowhere else out of the way of 'Liza Ann's prying eyes. I can't bear the sight of that shawl: it makes my eyes smart ter look at it, and the tears jest come of their own accord. Sometimes I've bin half a mind ter sell it; but, sakes alive! you can't never git the vally of a thing like that!"

"And how much did you give for it?" asked her listener.

"A hunderd dollars!—silver ones! It blisters my tongue ter tell it! A hunderd dollars, if I'm a sinner; and I've wore it twice, and hed more wretchedness out of it than there air threads wove into it!"

"Oh! oh!" sighed Mrs. Sovereign, wondering if her companion was in her right mind.

"Yes, I hev. Sometimes I've thought if I could git a hunderd dollars fur it agin—though, of course, I couldn't—it would be jest enough ter take me into the Old Ladies' Home—that's one of my castles in the air—so't I'd be out of 'Liza Ann's reach. I've thought maybe the grave couldn't be so bad if 'Liza Ann wusn't there too!"

"Dear, dear! But you were telling me about the shawl?"

"Lor, yes! I've got a habit of wandering onto me like my old grandmother. She'd begin a-telling how the children got the measles, and she'd let ye into the private history of half the family by the way, and wind up, like as not, with a fortin somebody wus expecting from Angland. Wa'al, I dunno as you remember the widder Niles's son that went a-voyaging ter the world's end? They do say how that he wus rich as Croysus, but she never got no more'n his cheest after he wus lost overboard. You see, she wus expecting of him home, and his cheest came instead. Wa'al, Miss Niles, she didn't so much as open it fur six months; and then she found this 'ere shawl in it, which I s'pose he wus a-bringing home ter her. I sometimes wish she never *hed* opened it! Howsomever, the minute I clapped my eyes on the shawl I wus covetous of it, and I never rested till I got it. I thought it wus the most beautifulest thing I'd ever sot eyes on. It looked as if it wus all wove of rubies and precious stones, and it wus most all border, saving a bit of scarlet about as big as a bandana handkerchief! Now, you see, I'd never owned a shawl but this 'ere robroy that I've got on; and though it wa'n't so nigh used up as it is now, it hed lost considerable of its bloom; and so, one day, when Miss Niles dropped in, and said she hedn't no heart fur nothing sence James's death, and she shouldn't never wear nothing but black clothes the rest of her life, and how her only desire now wus ter go out ter Indy fur a missionary, and if she could only raise a hunderd dollars on that Cashmere shawl, 'twould help pay her way, and after that the Board would take care of her, it seemed a sort of a pious duty ter help her out, if she felt a call. Leastways, it wus one of the biggest temptations that ever beset a poor vain mortal. We wus a-buying back the house in Joy's Court at that time—fur, ye see, my husband's name hed bin on Mr. Grew's paper, and what did *he* do but up and fail, and obleege us ter mortgage the house! Wa'al, I said it then, and I say it now, that it ain't proper fur a man ter put his name ter another man's paper, and leave his family out in the cold—not that I blames John half so much as myself, fur he did it jest ter obleege, and I bought the shawl only ter please myself! We wus trying ter git enough tergither, you understand, ter pay off the mortgage, and some years we couldn't do no better than ter pay the interest. I worked amazing hard. I took old Miss Lamson ter board—and a heap of trouble she wus, poor soul, with her rheumatics and ticdoloreux; and she hed ter hev skeleton jelly made for her, and lastly she hed ter be fed; and it wa'n't no fool of a job—she wus a powerful eater! But I never give her a hasty word, nor a wry look; and I treated her as handsome as if she'd 'a bin my own mother, or the fust lady in the land. You see, the town paid fur her board—and a migthy small one it wus, but it helped; and after she'd gone home I hed more time, and I took in needle-work, and I'd raked and scraped a hunderd and some odd dollars tergither—my John he'd bin laid up with rheumatic fever, and hedn't got nothing aforehand that year—and I wus going ter pay it down that very next Monday, when Miss Niles and the shawl they come in a Saturday!

"I hed a great struggle with myself fust. It kep' me a-turning and twisting all night a-making up of my mind. I hankered after that shawl like all possessed, till it seemed as if I couldn't be happy without it noway, though all the while I knowed I'd no business with any thing so grand. But all the neighbors hed hed new shawls that fall, even Miss Grew—lor! they rides in their carriage ter-day, and goes about cracking in their silks, as if failing and bringing honest folks inter poverty wa'n't a crying sin!—and I thought ter myself how this one would be crazy with envy when she saw me sail out in my new Cashmere, and the other one and her Bay State would be cast inter the shade. So, without onst thinking that I hedn't nothing, like gowns and fixings, ter correspond, I jest paid Miss Niles the money, and carried my shawl up stairs. Wa'al, she wa'n't no sooner out of the house than I'd give a farm not ter hev bought it; but I wus too proud ter call her back, and I've allus hed her heavy on my mind, as well as the shawl; for, you know, she wus lost a-going ter Indy, and I somehow felt sort of responsible—seeing, too, as she wus the last of her family. Wa'al, John he didn't know I hed the hunderd dollars—I'd kep' it fur a surprise—and now I couldn't make up my mind ter tell him about the shawl. So when it came Sunday I put it on with my old delaine, and my rough-and-ready straw bonnet, and sneaked down the back stairs ter meeting without saying a word ter him—he hedn't got able ter be out himself—and I felt so horrid mean about it that when Miss Jenkins said, 'What a splendid new shawl you're a-wearing of!' it didn't give me the leastest quiver of pleasure as ever wus; nor when Miss Grimalkin said, 'It really don't seem worth while ter hev such a dressy shawl ter wear about here, where there's nobody ter see—now, does it?' nor when Miss Little declared, 'There wasn't nothing like a shawl ter cover up your old gowns, and make ye look respectable!' though I knew it wus all spite and jealousy that made their words stinging. I've come ter think I'd rither hev my neighbors good-natured than envious as I git along in years. I wa'n't half so comfortable in my Cashmere as I'd bin in the old robroy; and after I wore it twice I took sich a disliking ter it that I jest hid it away, and went back ter the robroy. But I allus felt as if the Cashmere hed crippled us. Ye see, we allus has ter pay fur our luxuries, even after we've got tired of 'em. Money wus harder ter git after that, or perhaps I'd misused my opportunity and didn't desarve another. Howsomever, Mr. Doubleday, who held the mortgage, died, and his son foreclosed, and turned us out o' house and home! After that there wusn't much ter hinder us from going down hill pretty lively. John he lost courage, and wus gitting weakly; the children died one after another, except Tom, and 'Liza Ann she worrited the life out of *him* in time; and so here I am, an old woman, with naught in the world but a set of teeth and that there Cashmere shawl. You see, if I hed paid the money onto the mortgage, it would hev give John a lift, and put some spirit inter him—fur work never seems so light as when you're gitting ahead—and then maybe I shouldn't hev hed retribution a-follering of me round all my days in the shape of 'Liza Ann a-twitting me of being a burden and a millstone around the neck of she and the children; though, goodness knows, I slave well fur all I git—what with being up at five o' mornings, making pies, and frying of griddle-cakes, and standing at the wash-tub, till my feet were that numb they wouldn't bear me! But it ain't no use. You may do ninety-nine things fur some folks, and if you don't do the hundredth, ye might as well let it all alone; and 'Liza Ann's one on 'em; though I don't want ter be complaining, only a pot must bile over onst in a while, onless the fire goes out; and you're an old friend, so't I've made free ter tell ye about the shawl. A body must speak now and agin about what's worrying 'em, and there's no sympathy in 'Liza Ann more'n a tommyhawk!"

"And did you never speak to your husband about the shawl?" asked Mrs. Sovereign.

"Bless you, yes; and he said as how it wouldn't hev made no difference noway: Doubleday'd hev foreclosed, and the house and money'd hev gone together. He wus allus that consoling, John wus. But I've thought if any body

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could feel as how the shawl wus worth a hunderd dollars or less, it might, as I said, pay my way inter the Old Ladies' Home, out of 'Liza Ann's reach, for I'm sot agin being a burden or a millstone ter any body."

"I should like to see the shawl," said her friend; "if you will bring it to my mother's house to-morrow, I will see what can be done."

"I'll come, rain or shine. I've bothered you with an awful long yarn, but if it wa'n't fur 'Liza Ann—gracious! there she is at the door now, a-looking fur me, and a whole thunder-storm in her face! Good-day, and thanks!" and the little old woman hobbled off, up a muddy lane.

True to her word, Mrs. Rue appeared next day with the shawl.

"It is as good as new," she said, unfolding it.

"Quite," returned Mrs. Sovereign, exchanging glances with her mother. "It's a pity that you couldn't have sold it before, and had the money at interest all this time!"

"'Liza Ann wouldn't hev heered ter its staying there!"

"But how much do you think it is worth?" asked Mrs. Sovereign, with an amused smile.

"Lor sakes! if I could git twenty-five dollars, I should thank my born stars!"

"Well, I was looking at shawls of this kind in New York last week, and the price was—two thousand dollars!"

"Now don't! you're jest a-joking of me! Who ever heerd tell of a Cashmere shawl costing sich a power of money!"

"It's a very good joke, isn't it? But it's true, all the same. You see, it's an India Cashmere: you thought it was French, I suppose: so perhaps did Mrs. Niles. But as she set her own price, and has left no heirs, there will be no trouble. My husband is going to give me an India shawl. If you are willing, I will take this, and pay you two thousand dollars!"

"My!" cried the poor woman, with tears in her eyes. "It's the fust time I've wished John alive agin in this 'ere world of worlds! If he only knew! Miss Sovereign, the Lord must hev sent you a-purpose ter take me out of 'Liza Ann's reach! I don't hev no need ter be under obligation ter the Old Ladies' Home neither, fur I can hire a room, and keep house all ter myself, and hev folks ter tea sociable; and what's more, I shall hev something ter leave the children, ter pay 'em fur being a burden and a millstone 'bout their necks! I wish my John wus here ter thank you!"

A SEASONABLE CONTRAST.

See illustration on page 156.

THIS timely picture will be appreciated by many who have made the experience their own during this severest of winters. In the first scene we see the benighted traveler battling with the snowy blasts, and leading his horse through the trackless paths in the endeavor to find his way. In the second scene he has reached his home, and having thrown aside his wrappings and incased his feet in slippers, is warming his hands over the cheerful blaze, while his wife stands over him, tenderly asking about the perils through which he has passed, and shuddering at the tale of his journey amidst the storm. And it is so easy to forget a dreary past in a bright present that the cheerless ride doubtless seems already a thing of the distant past, almost effaced by the loving welcome that awaited him at home.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

IT can not be denied that long dresses are gaining ground, and that during the coming season they will dispute the fashion with suits; but I think that a combination of the two, uniting the most desirable features of each, will find favor with the majority of women. To make myself better understood I will sum up in a few words the characteristics of the two styles. Every one knows that a suit is composed of a skirt and polonaise, or else of a skirt, over-skirt, and waist with or without basques. The present long dress, which is less common, is also less known. Its length behind is almost unmeasured: it must be long enough, indeed, to form a pouf at the top of the back breadth, and still to leave a train. If the wearer wishes to walk in this dress, a number of buttons and loops is placed on the wrong side of the skirt, by which the train is looped so as to form a sort of drapery on the second story of the pouf.

The combination which I have mentioned consists of a skirt no longer than that of the suit, and a waist with very large basques of varied forms, which I shall explain directly, for it is necessary first to describe the skirt. The latter invariably has for the tablier a trimming different from the other breadths. The tablier, by-the-way, in dress-makers' language, is the front breadth of the skirt. The trimming of the tablier is perpendicular, while that of the other breadths is horizontal, and in general very voluminous. The tablier is covered with clusters of folds, which are set on narrow black ribbon, and are repeated two or three times; or else with five separate folds, made singly, and crossed perpendicularly by a narrow bias fold; or with three flat ruches, also set on perpendicularly; or with velvet ribbon, edged on each side with narrow fringe or lace, set on flat. In a word, the trimming of the tablier must be flat and perpendicular. The tablier is *always* bordered on each side with a bias fold, which at the same time covers the ends of the trimming of the back breadths. This trimming is composed of three or five flounces of a width to suit the taste, or of a number of narrow flounces sufficient to cover the entire skirt, or of puffs, or of ruches more or less wide. When the trimming of the back breadths does not reach to the belt, the waist is made not only with a basque, but also with some sort of a pouf. This pouf is not invariably a simple puff just below the belt: there are very graceful poufs composed only of two very wide sashes, lined with a contrasting color (which reappears again and again in the trimmings of the dress), extending from the basques, and tied at the bottom of the belt in a single very loose bow, the ends of which fall almost to the bottom of the skirt. The lining extends a little beyond the outside, so as to form a border.

I have seen one of these composite costumes, which will serve as a model. Skirt of black faille, with a tablier trimmed with three wide perpendicular folds, edged with a piping of pale blue faille. The back breadths were trimmed with a flounce, piped on the edge with pale blue faille. Above this flounce was a band of black faille, lined with pale blue faille, the lining of which was turned back at regular intervals, and fastened so as to form a kind of triangular pleat. The waist was made with very long basques in front, edged with a band lined with blue faille, and turned back in triangular pleats like that of the skirt. In the back were two enormous sash ends of black faille, lined with pale blue, with the lining projecting so as to form a broad blue border around the ends, which were tied in a single knot without loops, at the bottom of the waist.

When, on the contrary, the skirt is entirely covered with flounces and other trimmings, the waist is made with large round basques, and also with three small rounded basques in the back, which rest on the large basque. These dresses will be worn in the street in the spring without any wrapping, except in case of cold weather, when a pelerine or Dolman of black cashmere, or of white molleton de laine, striped or dotted with a color to correspond with the dress or its trimmings, will be added.

A great many small wrappings, such as mantelets, capes, etc., of black faille or cashmere, lined with bright colors, such as pale blue, pale pink, mauve, or cherry, are in preparation for spring. When the garment has a hood, the lining is always of the same bright color.

Among the ornaments most in use for elegant spring toilettes are buckles of mother-of-pearl, ivory, steel, gilt, or oxidized silver, which, set in the centre of velvet or ribbon bows, are scattered profusely over the dress. These bows are set on each side of the tablier from the top to the bottom, and sometimes also through the middle from the bottom of the skirt to the belt, being graduated, of course, in size, and trim the waist and sleeves. The buckles are square, oblong, and oval; the largest is reserved for the huge bow of the belt, which is worn on all dresses.

Large basques will be very much in vogue during the coming season, but as they are copied from the dress of the Louis Quinze marquises, it is not thought proper to combine with them the huge sleeves of the marchionesses of the same period, and the smaller sleeves of the marquises are preferred. Moiré will be much used for the trimmings of cashmere and faille dresses. I will give an example. Black faille skirt with tablier, striped perpendicularly with narrow bias folds of striped moiré. The tablier is, of course, edged on each side with a similar bias fold. The other breadths are trimmed with the same folds, arranged horizontally, and extending nearly to the waist, being separated by an interval the width of the fold, or about three or, at the most, four fifths of an inch. Basque-waist of black faille, with moiré folds and very large vest, coming far below the waist, made also of black moiré. Half-flowing sleeves with moiré revers.

A very original trimming, devised also for the spring, consists of rather coarse galloon of *bise* worsted—that is, almost white écru—and used on dark poplin or cashmere dresses. This trimming is arranged in herring-bone fashion on the tablier, and horizontally on the other breadths. These *bise* galloons are combined with marron, indigo, prune, and bottle green, and produce an effect more singular than pleasing. They are prepared especially with a view to sea-side costumes, which are always more eccentric than those worn in Paris.

For dinners and soirées, which are prolonged here until June, I have seen two novelties. One is a sort of open-work ribbon, made of chenille, and representing trellised foliage supporting shaded roses of natural tints. These ribbons are laid on flat, with gathered Mechlin lace set under the lower edge, and look very pretty on light fabrics, such as vert-d'eau, vert-de-gris, or silver gray. The other novelty is large leaves of black or white jet, sewed on black or white stiff lace, and clustered so as to form an open-work tablier, which is set in the front of the dress. This trimming is very expensive, each leaf costing from six to eight francs.

Another novelty consists of kid vests, made long and without sleeves; for instance, a mordoré kid vest worn over a velvet, or, for spring, a brown faille dress, a black kid vest over a black velvet or faille dress, etc. These vests are buttoned to the throat with marcasite buttons, and lined with buckskin.

Dresses for the country, and for summer in general, will be made of coutil, precisely such as is used for pillows, mattresses, and furniture covers, in the ugliest possible designs. In the hands of skillful dress-makers this will become charming, and will be adopted much more widely by the fashionable exclusives than by the public at large. These coarse coutil dresses will be trimmed with buckles and agrafes of mother-of-pearl or ivory, with buttons to match, and with the galloons of which I have spoken, and together with white piqué dresses will be the rage among the crème de la crème, while they will be disclaimed by the sensible middle classes. Their only value will be the style given them by the fashionable and expensive dress-makers whom the world of fashion delights to patronize.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

WHILE reading a recently published biography of that celebrated English divine, wit, and humorist, Rev. Sydney Smith, we came across a graphic little picture of tropical life. Though it may be familiar to many of our readers, a fresh reading just at this season may reconcile some grumblers to the biting frosts and heavy snows of the temperate zone, which keep in check some annoyances which never cease in hot climates. Read, and laugh, and be contented:

"Insects are the curse of tropical climates. Flies get entry into your mouth, into your eyes, into your nose; you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockroaches, and snakes get into your bed; ants eat up the books; scorpions sting you on the foot. Every thing bites, stings, or bruises; every second of your existence you are wounded by some piece of animal life that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam and Meriam. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your tea-cup, a nondescript with nine wings is struggling in the small-beer, or a caterpillar with several dozen eyes in his belly is hastening over the bread-and-butter! All nature is alive, and seems to be gathering all her entomological hosts to eat you up, as you are standing, out of your coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Such are the tropics."

And if the choice lies between centipedes and snow-banks, we prefer the latter—in moderate doses.

The present collection of water-color drawings on exhibition in the galleries of the National Academy of Design is the largest ever opened in this city. There are over 550 pictures, of which more than 350 are by American artists, and the remainder are examples of English and Continental schools. This "international" exhibition, as it has been called, is an experiment which will doubtless prove advantageous in many respects. It will certainly give the American public an opportunity of becoming somewhat familiar with the English modern water-color school, and enable our artists to avail themselves of the progress which has been made in this art abroad. The collection also contains some fine sketches and etchings in black and white—a branch of the art which is not only popular, but of great practical utility.

Amadeus has not found the throne of Spain a bed of roses, and so he has quietly abandoned it. Nobody could have fancied that Spain was an easy country to govern—it certainly needed a firm, strong, and wise control. Now it remains to be seen what a new government, formed by the republican party, will accomplish for a somewhat turbulent country.

The Sultan of Turkey believes in omens. A new and elegant palace has been recently built for him; but, unfortunately, the first time he entered it he stumbled. So he ordered it to be torn down. However, some of the foreign embassadors advised him to let it remain, and he finally concluded to do so.

An exchange informs us that an intelligent foreigner recently wrote to his home friends that "when a great man dies in the United States, the first thing done is to propose a fine statue in his honor; next, to raise part of the necessary money; next, to forget to order any statue; and last, to wonder what became of the money."

There has been, and still is, great suffering in Ireland from the overflowing of the lakes and rivers. In many villages the humble homes of the inhabitants are completely inundated. Many tenements have been abandoned, while in others a miserable attempt is made to live surrounded by water. No fires blaze on the hearth, but the little cooking is done in a large kettle on the table, where they manage to keep a small fire. Beds are suspended from rafters, boats are used for locomotion, and the poor people have been reduced to a truly pitiable condition. Some practical efforts have been made for their relief by the nobility and others whose sympathies have been awakened.

The latest method of spending the "honey-moon" is reported from Italy. An American recently met at Rome an old school-fellow whom he had not seen for years.

"You here?"

"Yes, my dear fellow; I have just been married, and am come to pass the honey-moon in Italy."

"And your wife?"

"My wife? Oh, I left her in New York!"

The "Old South," of Boston, is completely transformed as to its interior. Pews and pulpit have disappeared, though the great sounding-board still remains. On the west side are arranged the identical letter-boxes which have done good service in other places. The little room behind what was the pulpit is piled with leathern bags; where once was the bell-rope, money-orders may be obtained; where the choir once sang hymns, letter-carriers assort their various letters and papers. The body of the house is, of course, given up to the general work of sorting, distributing, and making up the mails. The upper galleries constitute a dressing-room for the government employés. The postmaster's private rooms—very pleasant and cozy—are on the second floor of the north side addition. Seldom has a building undergone such a thorough change in so short a time.

The Local Government Board of London has recently appointed a lady as "Poor-law Inspector," at a salary of £400 a year. Her duty is to report upon the domiciles and the treatment of children who are "boarded out."

A statue of Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing-machine, has been modeled by Ellis, the sculptor, and sent to Philadelphia to be cast in bronze. It will probably be placed in the Central Park early in the summer. The work is eight feet high, and the figure stands erect, the right hand holding a walking-stick, and the left a broad-brimmed hat. Mr. Ellis is now engaged in modeling three bass-reliefs which are to adorn the pedestal. One of these will illustrate the condition of the needle-woman before the invention of sewing-machines; the second represents Mr. Howe in his workshop, pondering over his first machine; and the third will indicate the easy manipulation of the perfected instrument.

On the summit of the Sierra Nevada range a rare gem has been found, something in appearance like a ruby, and yet so differing that it is believed to be a stone unknown to lapidaries. The owner, a Mr. Stewart, picked it up from the surface gravel in a ravine. The stone is surrounded by a ring of white stone of peculiar formation. The gem, or central stone, is about the size of a ten-cent piece, while the whole specimen is about the size of a half dollar. This stone, being viewed through a powerful glass, shows the most wonderful rays of light, with specks of gold and silver. It is said that three other stones of the same kind are in the possession of the Indians of that region, who regard them as talismans, and refuse to part with them for any price.

A bright New England boy, whose ears were always open to the discussions going on at his father's dinner-table, inquired what "Crédit Mobilier" was. "It's our national game, my son," replied the father; "and you will be able to play it when you grow up and go to Congress."

An Englishman recently died and left half a million in bequests to various public charities. The will was contested by his sister on the ground of insanity, she alleging that the testator had always hated mankind.

More than sixteen hundred pupils, many of them very young children, were gathered in a public school-house in Twenty-sixth Street one day last week, when the building caught fire from—as usual—a defective chimney flue. As the smoke began to fill the rooms the pupils were greatly alarmed, and a terrible panic seemed inevitable. Fortunately the principal maintained a coolness and presence of mind deserving of all commendation. With perfect calmness she gave an order to prepare for dismissal, and directed the pianist to play a march, as was the usual custom. In seven minutes every scholar had marched safely out of the burning building, and the firemen commenced their work of extinguishing the flames. This is an example worthy of imitation.

A number of young women have united to form the "New York Business Women's Union," and are now occupying a large house, at No. 222 Madison Street. The design of the association is to secure good lodging accommodations for respectable women whose incomes are small. There are about eighty rooms in the house, which are to be let, furnished, at very low rates. The rooms, however, are not all furnished as yet, and friends of the Union desire such assistance as shall enable them to furnish the house completely, and also to establish a suitable restaurant for young women, where plain food may be obtained at prices within their means.

After a somewhat prolonged courtship of fifty years, John Griswold Rogers, aged seventy-eight, and Eliza Denison Griswold, aged seventy-nine, were recently married at Tunkapogue. So far as is known there never was any misunderstanding between the couple, nor any assignable cause for the long delay. They have always been considered as "engaged," and the gentleman has made his Sunday evening call on the lady every fortnight for the last fifty years!

Havana is said to be crowded with visitors from the Northern States. They are mostly persons of delicate health who can not endure the rigors of our increasingly severe winters. Such prolonged cold weather, and such a vast amount of snow as it has been our lot to endure, might well make invalids long for the balmy breezes of the South.

Two or three years ago the Academy of Sciences of Paris offered a prize of twenty thousand francs for some simple and positive test of death. A practical and conclusive one has been given, which is so simple that any non-professional person can apply it. It depends upon the fact that no matter how profound the syncope, or how death-like the person may appear, if the circulation continues, however feebly, the person is not dead. All that is necessary, therefore, is to tie a string firmly around the finger of the supposed corpse: if the blood circulates in the least, the whole finger from the string to the tip will swell and generally turn a bluish-red.

"Howard Glyndon," in the *Christian Union*, recommends that the study of art be more generally utilized by women, so that they may engage in pursuits congenial to their natures, and work be a delight rather than a hardship. She says:

"It is sad indeed—when one thinks of the thousand graceful pursuits, which are fairly remunerative and which require an adept hand, a ready eye, and loving attention rather than great mental effort, which women might make their own—to see them so firmly tied down to the idea that teaching, sewing, writing, lecturing, and doctoring are the only things they can do! I fully approve of women as teachers; but there are many who have not the stamina which it requires. Sewing for a living is slow death, as a rule. As for lecturing, the less said the better. Every body likes to hear himself talk, but it is an open question as to how much good is gained by either side when a woman of only average talents lectures. Every profession requiring a woman to be out at all hours, in all weathers, and on all days is open to unanswerable objections, and that covers the ground of doctoring. There are many artistic pursuits in which a woman may choose her own hours and days for work and relaxation; and every calling that favors this plan is specially adapted for women."

Designing, in its various branches, flower-painting, coloring photographs, and copying paintings are among the pursuits mentioned as ministering to the love of the beautiful which almost every woman possesses; and in all works of art requiring nicety of detail, delicacy of touch, and patience she, in general, would excel.

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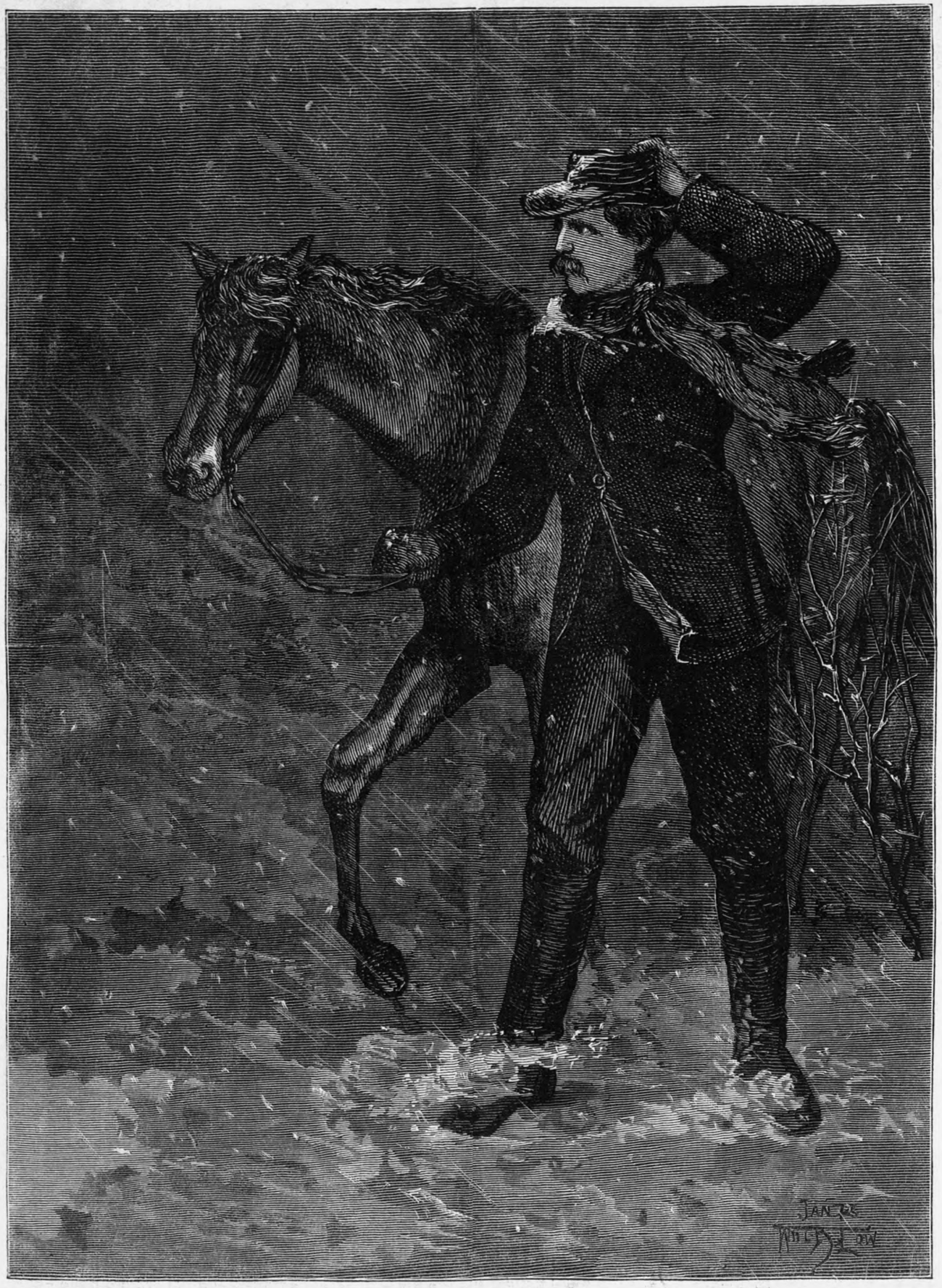
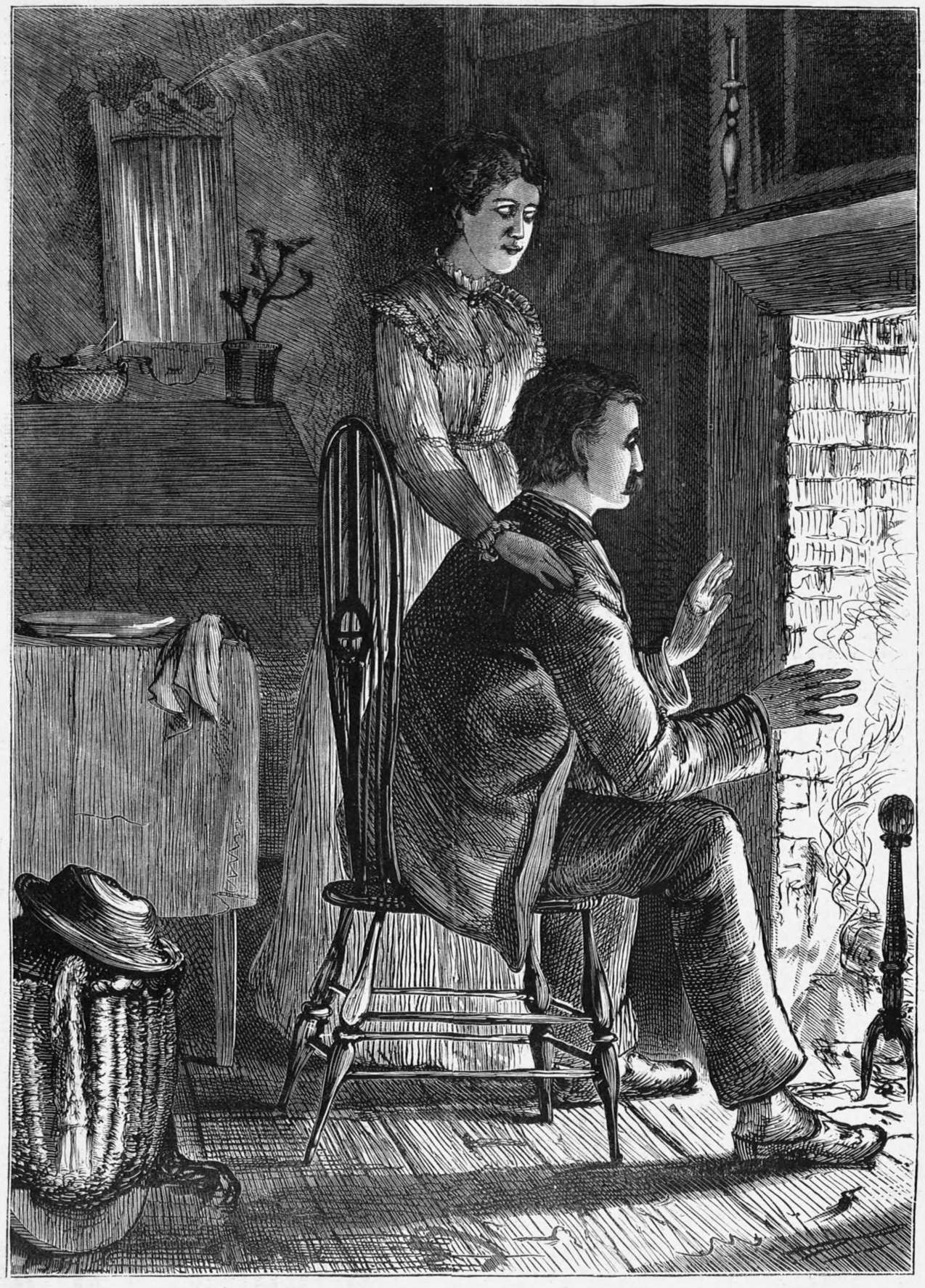


OUT IN THE SNOW.

A SEASONABLE CONTRAST.—[SEE PAGE 155.]



HOME AT LAST.

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Knitted and Crochet Jacket with Hood for Girl from 8 to 10 Years old.

THIS jacket is knitted in an open-work design with white zephyr worsted. It is lined with blue cashmere, and trimmed with crochet edging of blue worsted and with bows of blue gros grain ribbon. To make the jacket cut of the lining two equal pieces each from Figs. 14 and 17, Supplement, and one piece each from Figs. 15 and 16; the back, hood, and sleeves are each cut in one piece. Then work the outside according to the patterns. First make one front, beginning on the front edge with a loose crochet chain stitch foundation, the length of which should correspond to the front edge of the pattern. After taking up the stitches knit with coarse wooden needles seven rounds, going back and forth, as follows: 1st round.—Always alternately 1 p. (purled), t. t. o. (thread thrown over). 2d round.—Always alternately purl together the t. t. o. and st. (stitch) of the preceding round, t. t. o. 3d–7th rounds.—Like the second round. Now knit with medium-sized long steel needles, going back and forth, three rounds all plain. In the first of these three rounds k. together the t. t. o. and st. of the preceding round. These ten rounds form a puffed strip, and are repeated until this part has gained the requisite width. For the neck widen several st. according to the pattern, and for the armholes first narrow and widen also. In a similar manner make the rest of the jacket, according to the patterns. Each part is begun with a crochet chain stitch foundation; each sleeve at the edge marked "seam;" and the hood at the edge which comes on the neck. Having lined the finished parts and joined them, edge the jacket on the front and under edge (including the slits) with edging worked with blue split zephyr worsted in two rounds as follows: 1st round.—Always alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) on the next edge st., 4 ch. (chain stitch), with these pass over a quarter of an inch of the edge. 2d round.—Always alternately on the next ch. scallop of the preceding round work 1 sc., on the following ch. scallop 3 double crochet, before and after the sc. always 2 ch. Trim the sleeves, hood, armholes, and neck with similar edging. Furnish the jacket with a belt of stiff linen, cashmere, and a knitted puffed strip, edged with crochet edging all around, and furnished with buttons and button-loops for closing, as shown by the illustration. Finally, pleat the hood in the middle of the back as indicated on the pattern, and trim the jacket, as shown by the illustration, with blue ribbon bows, and a worsted tassel on the point of the hood.

Fig. 1.—FIGURED TULLE AND LACE SCARF WORN AS FICHU. BACK.—[See Fig. 2; also Figs. 1 and 2 on First Page.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 24.

KNITTED AND CROCHET JACKET WITH HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 14–17.

Fig. 2.—FIGURED TULLE AND LACE SCARF WORN AS FICHU. FRONT.—[See Fig. 1; also Figs. 1 and 2 on First Page.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 24.

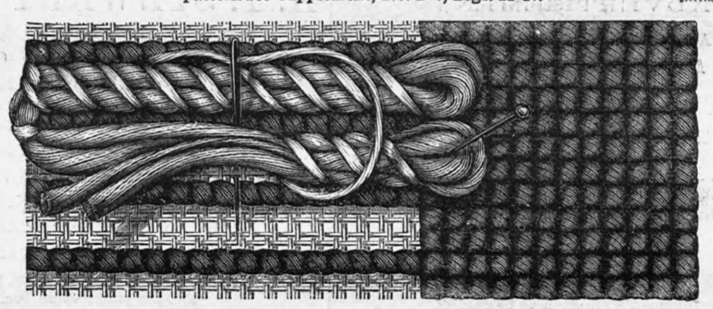


Fig. 4.—FRINGE BORDER FOR BRIOCHE.—[See Page 148.]

Figured Tulle and Lace Scarf, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS scarf is made of figured black tulle, and is trimmed with black lace two inches and a half and three inches and a quarter wide, a bow of black gros grain ribbon two inches wide, and tassels. The scarf may be worn either as a fichu or fanchon. To make the scarf cut of tulle one piece from Fig. 24, Supplement, sew up the seam from 44 to 45, fold the tulle on the outside along the dotted line, and join it with the ends from 46 to 47. The ends consist each of a straight piece of tulle thirty-six inches and seven-eighths long and five inches and three-quarters wide, which is sloped off on the sides from the under toward the upper edge to a width of two inches and a quarter, and pointed on the under edge as shown by the illustrations. Trim the ends with lace, pleat them, bringing × on ●, and set on the remaining trimming.

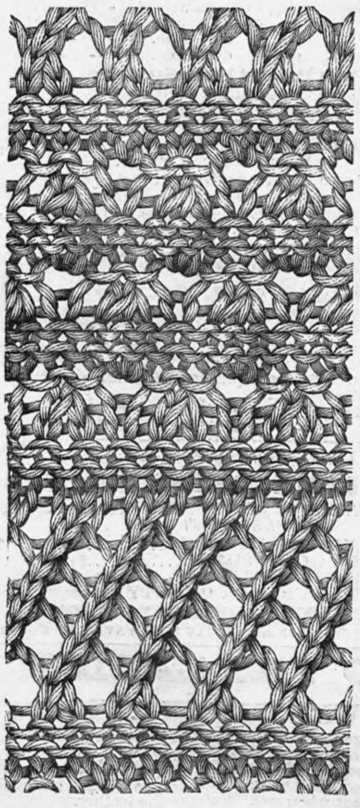
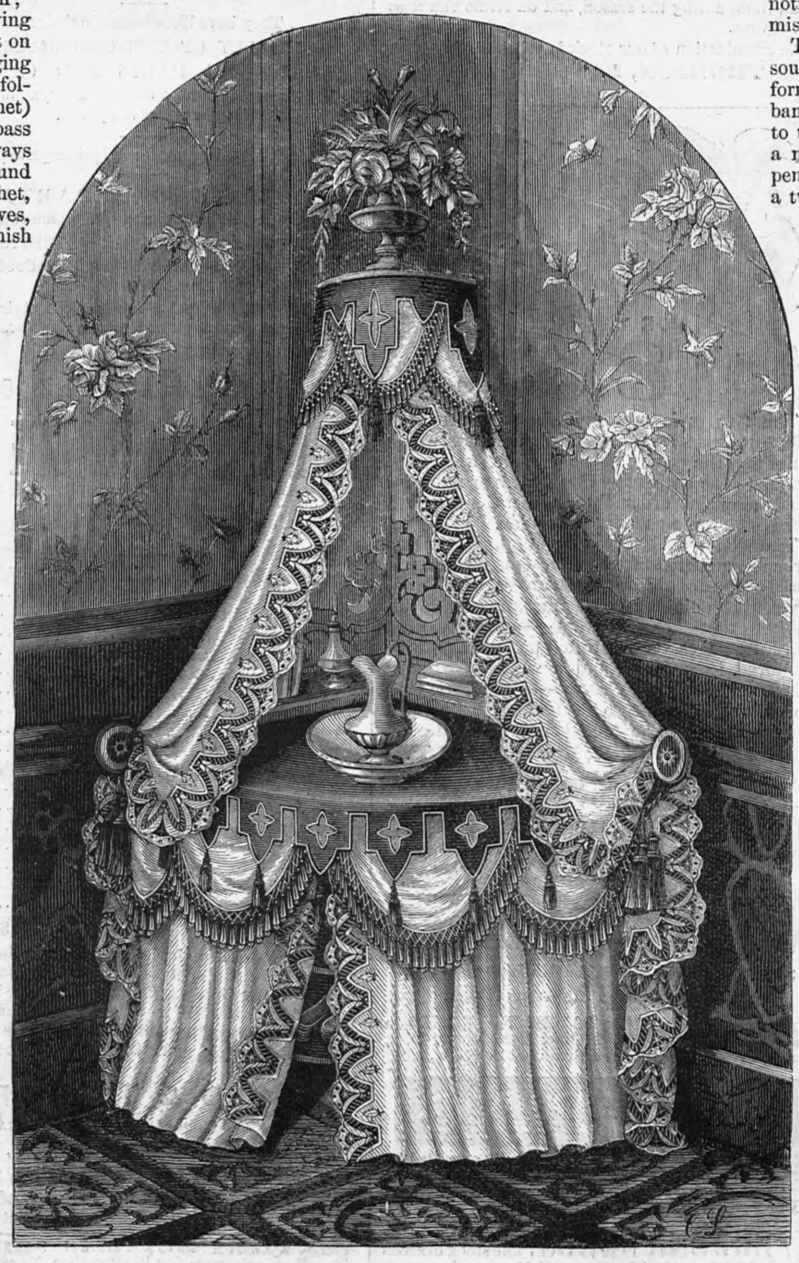


Fig. 2.—FOUNDATION FOR KNITTED SCARF.—FULL SIZE.—[See Page 148.]



TOILETTE-TABLE WITH COVER AND EMBROIDERED CURTAINS.
For design see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 35.

Toilette-Table with Cover and Embroidered Curtains.

THE stand of this toilette-table is of maple, with a carved top. The cover for the table is of dark brown enameled cloth, finished with lambrequin points in which a design figure has been cut out and underlaid with lighter enameled cloth, as shown by the illustration. The points are bound on the edges with light brown worsted braid, and are trimmed with tassels. The curtains are of Swiss muslin, trimmed with a border in English embroidery, for which Fig. 35, Supplement, gives the design. The lambrequin which finishes the curtains is made of brown enameled cloth, or cloth to match the cover, and is finished with braid and tassels.

CHINESE MEDICINE.

A LARGE proportion of Chinese medicine is really magic. There are deities who are supposed to preside over some diseases whose mercy is sought by offerings and incense. There are also malevolent spirits to whom sudden and mysterious maladies are attributed, and who are solemnly exorcised by Tauist priests, with bell, bowl, book, and candle. In some cases an instrument called an arrow, on which is written the word *command*, is borrowed from one of the temples of a powerful god. This is supposed to serve as a notice to quit to the demon who is at the bottom of the mischief.

They have an idea that in cases of extreme sickness the soul leaves the body, but hovers about the place where its former tabernacle is lying. In order to induce it to return, a bamboo stick, with fresh green leaves at its end, is procured, to this a white cock is fastened, and by means of a red cord a metallic mirror and one of the sick man's coats are suspended, the latter being kept in position by the insertion of a two-foot measure. This is carried outside by one of the relatives, while a Tauist priest exerts all his powers of persuasion to induce the wandering soul to re-enter its earthly home. Should the pole turn round in the hands of its holder, it is looked upon as a sign that the object has been accomplished.

The medicinal agents of the Chinese physicians are very varied. Salts and mercury and rhubarb have been in use for ages. One work contains a list of "1012 medicines, of which there are from metals and stone 132 kinds; grasses and vegetables (including roots, leaves, flowers, and seeds), 318 kinds; trees (whether the medicine be found in the root, trunk, bark, leaf, flower, fruit, or seed), 177; from the human body, 20 kinds; from animals, 91 kinds; from fowls and birds, 34 kinds; from bugs, flies, worms, snakes, shell-fish, turtles, etc., 99 kinds; fruits, 40 kinds; of the 'five grains,' 38 kinds; of the cabbage, turnip, and melon family, 62 kinds. The list of medicines from the human body are, hair cut fine and used in plasters, curly hair, woman's milk, dandruff, teeth filings, ears, exuviæ, parings of finger and toe nails of pregnant women (which nail-parings are reduced to ashes by burning), bone of the forehead reduced to ashes, beard of the upper lip, blood, the placenta, the gall, and other

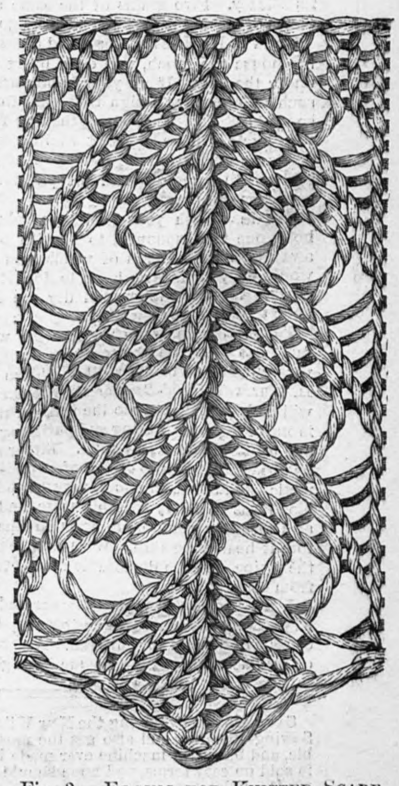


Fig. 3.—EDGING FOR KNITTED SCARF. FULL SIZE.—[See Page 148.]

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things which can not be written here. The list of medicines from the animals begins as follows: Dragon's bones; white dragon's bones—his teeth and horns; musk of the musk-deer; ox bezoar; bear's gall; ivory; glue made from a black mule's hide; cow's milk, cream, and curd; oil of milk; mare's milk, cream, and curd; hoof of a white horse, his thigh—also the same of a bay horse; bull's manure; ram's horns; sheep's gall, lungs, heart, kidneys, teeth, flesh, and horns; chamois's horns; deer's horns—the tip of the horn is regarded as especially valuable for restoring the blood; rhinoceros's horns; tiger's claws and eyes; dog's gall, heart, brain, teeth, skull, blood, and so on."

While we may fairly laugh at the monstrous nature of these compounds, it is only fair to remember that the European pharmacopœia was at no very distant date disfigured by similar abominations. The historian of English medicine would have to chronicle the fact that in grave "scientific" works mummy powder, moss from the skull of a suicide, calves' hearts, and other unmentionable nastinesses were set down as valuable drugs.

It is without surprise, after going through this list, that we learn that John Chinaman, who is not without a sense of humor, has a colloquial phrase that "such a one has been cured dead." No wonder that he should often come to the conclusion that the "ordinary physic kills men," and take refuge in the primeval medicine of charms and invocations.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LOUISE.—A cut paper pattern, to be given in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI., is the best model for your spring poplin. Get darker gray merino, and make suit by pattern of Double-breasted Redingote illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V. The skirt should be about three and a half yards wide. You will find the newest arrangement of the back of basques in the suit in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI., also a design for trimming. Do not use velvet on your striped silk; put bias bands of the same for heading flounces. It is too soon to advise you about making your Hernani.

B.—*Olla podrida* is a favorite Spanish ragout, composed of various kinds of meats and vegetables boiled together. In English it is used metaphorically to signify a medley or incongruous mixture.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The lines beginning, "If the red slayer thinks he slays," are by Emerson, in *Brahma*, and can be found in the collection of his poems. We do not think it expedient to republish the poem in question.

MINING TOWN.—*My Novel* is published by Harper & Brothers; price, $1 50 in paper, or $3 50 in cloth. We do not know where you can procure the life of Baron Trenck. He was a notorious adventurer; and the romantic story told of him in the Muhlbach novels has no foundation in fact. Carlyle gives a truthful account of his career in his life of Frederick the Great, which we recommend to you. The adventure of Lord Bacon's of which you speak is unknown to us. There are several Bacons distinguished in English history. As they are often confounded, a sketch of them may not be amiss. First was Roger Bacon, a Franciscan friar, who was born in 1214 and died in 1292. He was one of the most learned men of his time, an able mathematician and astronomer, and is reputed to have been the inventor of gunpowder. Sir Nicholas Bacon, the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal for more than twenty years in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was born in 1510. He was a renowned jurist, but was chiefly remarkable for having been the father of the great Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans and Baron Verulam, the noblest Roman of them all. This great author was born 1561 and died 1626. He was extremely precocious, and was matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, at thirteen. He was one of the most eminent philosophers and statesmen of his day; but his political career was darkened by corruption in office, of which he was convicted on his own confession. Posterity has done justice to the philosopher, and forgiven the offender. There was also a John Bacon, esteemed the father of English sculpture, who was born in 1740 and died in 1799.

SUBSCRIBER W.—For your black silk use a cut paper pattern that will be illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI.

NETTIE LEE.—Sulphate of quinine mixed with lard is said to be successful in restoring lost eyebrows. Five grains of the sulphate to one ounce of lard is given as a recipe, but we have no means of knowing its efficacy. Five grains of the same sulphate to an ounce of alcohol is recommended by good authority.

EMMA P. D.—Loss of sleep, bad digestion, sitting in the house too much, will each bring deep wrinkles under the eyes. If all your habits are correct, then such wrinkles are a sign that vital force is not well supplied. You need strengthening food, sunshine, very likely a little pleasant excitement. The black of cloves burned at the candle, or of gum-mastic, is said not to come off with perspiration if applied to eyelashes and brows.

CARRIE.—Wash your face in a solution of hartshorn, one table-spoonful to a basin of water, to do away with the oiliness of which you complain. It would do your face no harm to dust it with prepared chalk. Weak camphor will dry the skin. Try carbolic toilette soaps a while.

THREE GRACES.—The recipe with which you find fault has been tried by too many hundreds of people for your failure to discredit it. Turn to Rev. W. H. H. Murray's *Hand-Book of the Adirondacks*, and you will find his testimony to the value of the mixture. It is one of the most healing and purifying things known, and is of old and high repute. Either some mischievous friend put a drop or two of croton-oil in your cosmetic—and the results look very much like it—or your blood was in a very irritable state, and the first office of a cosmetic would be to draw out the impurities before it healed the skin. With exactness in preparing the recipe, no such deplorable results can come to you from other causes.

J. L.—Ladies will wear Dolmans and double-breasted jackets of cashmere for spring wraps. Sacques and capes will be used for children. A yard and a quarter of cashmere will make a sacque for a girl of seven.

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DIAMONDS.

THERE is a curious reminiscence for lovers of the Diamond, in the story which has come down to us from the last century, of the first discoverer of the Brazilian Diamond fields. This was one Bernardo Fonseca Lobo, a man of an old Portuguese family (the same name is borne by the present Portuguese Envoy at Washington), who lived in the Brazilian province of Minas Geraes. He had previously traveled in Portuguese India, where he had seen rough Diamonds, and learned to know them when he saw them. Lobo found the gold-seekers of Brazil using certain pebbles carelessly as counters in card-playing. He knew them at once to be rough Diamonds, and took them to Lisbon, where the discovery was confirmed. At once the European Diamond brokers and traders took the alarm. The new Diamonds would destroy the value, they exclaimed, of the old stock. So they put about a story that these Brazilian Diamonds were poor Diamonds from India, sent to Brazil, and from Brazil to Europe. In 1750 an Englishman wrote a treatise to prove this. The Brazilian Diamonds were thus at first shut out of the market. But Lobo was too clever for his foes. He took his Diamonds out to India, and at Goa sold them as Indian Diamonds. This may seem a little extraordinary to us now, when the difference between the Diamonds of Brazil and of India is so well known. If one goes into the establishment of Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, 22 John Street (up stairs), where the choicer varieties of the old Indian Diamond and the Brazilian may be seen in juxtaposition with the new African Diamonds, he will wonder as much at the notion of their being confounded with each other as at a man's mistaking Chambertin for Chateau Lafitte, or Persian silk for Chinese, or the Bartlett pear for the Duchesse. All Diamonds are valuable. Why all Diamonds are not equally valuable is a thing easily to be learned, and, for Diamond buyers, worth learning.—[*Com.*]

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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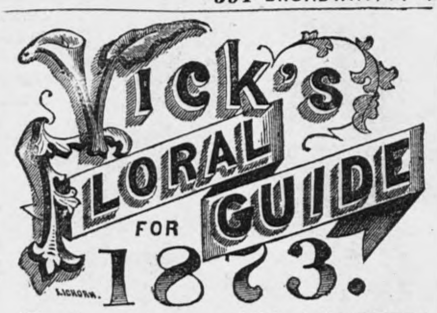

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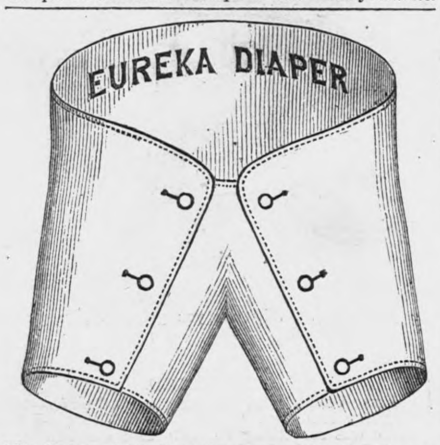

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Vol. V.

PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt..... No. 8
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt..... " 13
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt..... " 20
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)..... " 21
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER.. " 23
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt..... " 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)..... " 25
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt..... " 27
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..... " 29
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)..... " 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old) " 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, Shirt Waist, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 5 to 10 years old)..... " 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt..... " 39
PRINCESSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.. " 41
DOLMAN SACQUE WALKING SUIT..... " 41
DOUBLE TALMA, APRON-FRONT AND LONG WALKING SKIRT..... " 41
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT.... " 43
GIRL'S PRINCESSE POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)..... " 44
LOUIS QUINZE VEST BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt..... " 46
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FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt..... " 50
DOLMAN MANTLE WALKING SUIT..... " 51

Vol. VI.

DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT " 7
TIGHT BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt..... " 11

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FACETIÆ.

PHYSICIANS often prescribe change of air when the change really required for the poor patient's cure is change of circumstances.

When they make an oyster bed do they use a seaweed mattress?

LOGIC.

UNCLE. "You're going back to school, my boy. That's right; stick to your books, and prove yourself a worthy citizen of a free and enlightened country."

NEPHEW. "It ain't a free country—else I shouldn't go to school!"

What inhabitant of the farm-yard does a fashionable young lady of the present time most resemble?—The cock, because she wears a large comb.

PRISTINE PROVERBS PREPARED FOR PRECOCIOUS PUPILS.

Observe yon pluméd biped fine!
To effect his captivation
Deposit particles saline
Upon his termination.

Crytogamous concretion never grows
On mineral fragments that decline repose.

While self-inspection it neglects,
Nor its own foul condition sees,
The kettle to the pot objects
Its sordid superficies.

Decortications of the golden grain
Are set to allure the agéd fowl in vain.

Teach not a parent's mother to extract
The embryo juices of an egg by suction;
That good old lady can the feat enact
Quite irrespective of your kind instruction.

Pecuniary agencies have force
To stimulate to speed the female horse.

The earliest winged songster soonest sees,
And first appropriates, the annelides.

With soap and brush and flannel you tickle
In vain the Ethiopic cuticle.

Bear not to yon famed city upon Tyne
The carbonaceous product of the mine.

The mendicant once from his indigence freed,
And mounted aloft on the generous steed,
Down the precipice soon will infallibly go,
And conclude his career in the regions below.

It is permitted to the feline race
To contemplate even a regal face.

Why should you distrust the opinion of a person who does *not* use cheap perfumes?—Because he is wanting in common scents.

DETECTED.

FIRST VIOLIN (*after the quartette in C major—unsatisfactory somehow*). "Hullo!—hark!—there—I knew there was something wrong! This confounded tea-kettle's been singing B flat all the time!"

Why does a photographer use a black cloth?—To make his camera obscurer.

METEOROLOGICAL.—What system of weather signals must be a riddle to every body?—The cone-and-drum, of course.

HUSBAND. "I am going to have a skate this evening, my dear, so I don't suppose I shall be home before ten o'clock."

AFFECTIONATE LITTLE WIFE. "Very well, dear; if you are not home by that time I shall conclude that you have fallen in, so I shall not wait up after then."

AT A PARTY THE OTHER NIGHT, SMITH, THE FUNNY MAN, PICKED FROM THE FLOOR SOME FALSE HAIR, AND HOLDING IT ALOFT, WICKEDLY ASKED WHO HAD LOST IT. IMPULSIVELY THE HAND OF EVERY LADY WITHIN EAR-SHOT WENT TO HER BACK HAIR. IT WAS CRUEL TO THROW THEM OFF THEIR GUARD, AND EXPOSE THEM SO—BUT SMITH SAYS IT WASN'T HIS FAULT.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 11.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Ladies' Street and Reception Dresses, Figs. 1–3.

Fig. 1.—TIGHT BASQUE, WITH APRON-FRONT OVER-SKIRT AND WALKING SKIRT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This pretty spring suit is made of black silk, trimmed with flounces and folds of the material, black silk fringe, and passementerie ornaments. If the suit is designed solely for house wear, the Dolman sleeves may be omitted, and the close-fitting coat sleeve alone used, as more convenient. Black silk bonnet, trimmed with ribbon and lace, and two blue curled ostrich feathers.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS suit comprises three garments—tight basque, apron-front over-skirt, and walking skirt.

TIGHT BASQUE.—This pattern is in five pieces—front, side front, back, Dolman sleeve, and close-fitting coat sleeve. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting together. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, to take up the darts, to sew on the trimming at the neck, the size and form of the under part of the coat sleeve, and where to sew on the Dolman sleeve. The front is neatly fitted on each side by two darts and a side front, and is closed to the throat with buttons and button-holes. The back is adjusted by a middle seam, which is left open below the waist line. An extra fullness is cut on each seam under the arm at the waist line, and laid in a side pleat turning toward the front. The coat sleeve is sewed plain in the armhole. Place the longest seam of the sleeve at the notch in

FIGS. 1–3.—LADIES' STREET AND RECEPTION DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—TIGHT BASQUE, WITH APRON-FRONT OVER-SKIRT AND WALKING SKIRT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).

Fig. 2.—GREEN GROS GRAIN AND SILK GAUZE DRESS WITH CASHMERE OPERA CLOAK.

Fig. 3.—LILAC FAILLE DRESS.

[*Cut Paper Patterns of the Tight Basque, with Apron-front Over-Skirt and Walking Skirt, Fig.* 1, *in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from* 30 *to* 46 *Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.*]

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the back of the armhole, and hold the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. The large Dolman sleeve is sewed on over it from the front, over the shoulder, down the back, to the waist line in the line of perforations. Place the notch in the front part of the sleeve at the first perforation in the front of the basque near the lower part of the armhole; place the notch at the top of the sleeve even with the shoulder seam. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all others. The notches at the top and bottom of the front show where to turn back for the hem.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 4¾ yards.

Extra for pleated ruffle, three inches wide, 1¼ yards.

APRON-FRONT OVER-SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front gore, narrow side gores, and three straight breadths in the back. Only half of the pattern is given. Cut the front gore and back breadth with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid making seams. Cut two pieces each of the pattern given for the gore and straight breadth lengthwise of the goods. Pay no attention to the grain of the paper. The front edge of the side back breadth and the back edge of the front side gore are each laid in four side pleats turning upward, according to the perforations, before being joined together. In forming the pleats place three perforations evenly together, commencing at the top one. Turn back the revers in the line of perforations from the lower edge of the garment on the side breadth. A large bow with ends of gros grain is set on the side seam over the upper part of the revers. The lower edge of the front is finished with heavy fringe three inches deep. The lower edge of the back breadths is finished with a bias fold of the material two inches wide continued up the outer edge of the revers. A side pleat is laid on the top edge of the front side gore. The skirt is joined with gathers at the back and plain in front to a belt of the material.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 4¾ yards.

Quantity of fringe, 1½ yards.

WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front gore, two side gores, and straight breadth for the back. Cut the front gore and back breadth with the longest straight edges laid on the fold of the goods to avoid making seams. Cut two pieces each of the pattern given for the side gores. Put the pattern together by the notches, paying no attention to the grain of the paper. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a bias flounce ten inches deep, a row of deep scallops pleated on one side, and edged with a side-pleated ruffle an inch and a half wide, overlapping the deep flounce at the top, and headed by four folds one inch wide.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 7 yards.

Extra for flounces and folds, 5½ yards.

Fig. 2.—GREEN GROS GRAIN AND SILK GAUZE DRESS WITH CASHMERE OPERA CLOAK. Dress of sea green gros grain, trimmed with flounces and folds of the material, puffs of sea green silk gauze, and white lace. White cashmere opera cloak.

Fig. 3.—LILAC FAILLE DRESS. Dress of lilac faille, trimmed with flounces and bows, folds and rosettes, and white lace.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1873.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the new and elegant Tight Basque, with Apron-front Over-Skirt and Walking Skirt, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Full List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 175.

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain numerous patterns of Ladies' Spring House and Street Dresses; Children's Spring Suits; Ladies' Sleeveless Jackets, Fichus, Aprons, Petticoats, Corset Covers, etc.; Children's Aprons; Gentlemen's Smoking-Caps; Collars, Embroidery Patterns, etc., etc.; with choice literary and artistic attractions.*

LENTEN FARE.

BY PIERRE BLOT.

I.

IT may be useful at the opening of the penitential season, which is doubtless observed, with more or less strictness, by many of our readers, to give directions for varying the regulated food in a manner that shall be both healthful and palatable. There are many sanitary reasons, indeed, in favor of a meagre diet and partial abstinence from meat at the approach of spring, when the system needs to be prepared for the change of season. Spring fasting is better than spring medicine, and it would be well for the whole community to prescribe for themselves the moderate use of animal food at this critical epoch, which is enjoined as a rule of faith on the members of some of our churches.

Nor is it necessary to suffer by this change. The abundance and variety of fish, vegetables, fruits, etc., will suffice to please the most fastidious epicure. As we shall hereafter show, Lenten dinners of several courses, with soups and sauces, as well as entrées and rôtis, can be readily arranged.

Two kinds of broth are made for Lenten time, one with vegetables and butter, and the other with fish and a little butter. The vegetables best suited to this purpose are carrots, turnips, onions, celery, leeks, lettuce, and cabbage (if liked). The seasonings are the same as for beef broth. The best fish for fish broth are salmon, trout, pike, bass, and carp at this season of the year.

An excellent fish soup, called bisque, is made with the above broth and lobster. It can be made as rich as desired. Crabs and craw-fish may be used instead of lobster.

Milk is also used to make soups instead of broth, with rice, tapioca, sago, arrow-root, starch, vermicelli, macaroni, etc. Recipes for the different soups are given in every good cook-book.

There are several kinds of fish found in the markets of large cities at any time, and which are very inferior when out of season. To aid our readers in their selections, we give below a list of all those that are in season during Lent—cod, conger-eel, flat-fish, haddock, halibut, herring, mullet, sea and white perch, lamprey, plaice, salmon, Southern shad, brook trout, clams, craw-fish, mussels, oysters, frogs.

The following are in season through March: black bass, carp, frost-fish, pike, muskallonge, yellow perch, ray, skate, smelts, sunfish, white-fish.

The following begin to be in season in April: shad, sea trout, lobsters, prawns.

Eels, flounders, turbot, scallops, and some others are found in the markets all the time, but they should be selected with care at this time, being out of season.

Besides fresh fish, there is also quite a variety of salted, smoked, dried, and pickled fish, which are relished at breakfast, lunch, and supper, as cod, haddock, eels, herrings, mackerel, and salmon.

There is not so great a variety of vegetables as of fish; still, with the dry and canned vegetables, and those coming early from the South, it will be comparatively easy to select, and even to vary, the vegetable dishes during Lent. Many are going out of season at this time, as potatoes, sweet-potatoes, beets, cabbage, carrots, salsify, parsnips, and squash; but if well kept in dry cellars they are good until the warm weather comes. For those vegetables that are somewhat inferior at this time of the year we are compensated by excellent greens that come in season, as dandelions and wild chiccory, which are as good boiled as in salads, and which are as healthful as they are palatable.

We have, besides, rhubarb, Bermuda potatoes, and pease. The delicious tender red radishes also make their appearance early in Lent, and are much relished by every one.

The South sends us cucumbers, string-beans, and tomatoes. If they are not very good, they have the advantage of being early.

Canned and dried vegetables are very convenient at this season also; the principal ones are corn, tomatoes, asparagus, pease, string-beans, dry beans, Limas, sorrel, okra, and lentils.

BILL OF FARE No. 1.

BREAKFAST.

Pickled red cabbage. Olives. Omelet naturel. Smoked herrings. Potatoes sautées. Cheese. Compote of peaches. Pears.

LUNCH.

Sardines. Piccalilli. Smoked haddock. Quince jelly. Apples.

DINNER.

Pickled tomatoes. Red radishes. Pike, Génoise sauce. Mashed potatoes. Fried parsnips. Madeleine cakes. Cheese. Wine jelly. Oranges.

SUPPER.

Pickled cucumbers. Broiled fresh herrings. Currant jelly. Pine-apple.

All the sauces that require broth in their composition, such as the Génoise sauce above mentioned, are made with vegetable or fish broth. For a change, it is better to make one kind of broth one day, and another the next. Besides having less variety, there are comparatively few persons that can eat fish every day for any length of time; we therefore endeavor to vary as much as possible the kinds, and also the sauces, in our bills of fare, in order to suit the different tastes, and not to tire the palate or the stomach.

The days that meat is allowed also help to make a change, and it is well to avoid eating fish on those days.

Butter must always be served with radishes; and when fresh butter (we mean without salt) can be had, it is quite an improvement.

BILL OF FARE No. 2.

BREAKFAST.

Pickled cauliflowers. Horse-radish. Eggs à la tripe. Salt mackerel, broiled, maître d'hôtel sauce. Fried potatoes. Cheese. Guava jelly. Apples.

LUNCH.

Pickled cherries. Lobster-salad. Compote of cranberries. Bananas.

DINNER.

Potage purée of white beans. Chowchow. Pickled apples. Halibut, cream sauce. Fried smelts. Mashed turnips. Sprouts au jus. Floating island. Cheese. Compote of blackberries. Pears. Nuts.

SUPPER.

Pickled beets. Broiled black bass or carp, maître d'hôtel sauce. Compote of peaches. Apples.

Vegetable broth is used for vegetables au jus, as for sprouts, above. We put a number of dishes in each bill purposely: it is easy to omit one or more, according to taste.

BILL OF FARE No. 3.

BREAKFAST.

Pickled onions. Olives. Omelet, fines-herbes. Smoked salmon. Potatoes Lyonnaise. Cheese. Compote of Grapes. Bananas.

LUNCH.

Sardines. Pickled oranges. Fried oysters. Stewed prunes. Strawberries.

DINNER.

Green turtle soup. Pickled carrots. Piccalilli. Plaice au beurre noir. Perch, tomato sauce. Fried mullets. Mashed potatoes. Sweet-corn. Omelet soufflée. Cheese. Savarin cake. Compote of oranges. Pine-apples. Nuts.

SUPPER.

Pickled citrons. Broiled white-fish, caper sauce. Cranberry jelly. Oranges.

EPICUREAN SALAD FOR LENT.

This is a most excellent dish for breakfast or lunch, or even for an early supper. It is composed of ten or twelve potatoes, two white onions, half a pint of claret, one pint of Madeira, two or three truffles, two lemons, parsley, oil, vinegar, and other seasonings.

As the recipe for this delicate dish is not found in cook-books, we will give it here.

The Madeira is put in a salad dish or other vessel, with the truffles, cut in thin slices, seasoned with salt and pepper, a bay leaf, three stalks of parsley, one of thyme, two cloves, and a clove of garlic, bruised. It is left thus for about four hours. After that length of time the slices of truffles are taken off and put on a plate, and the rest is turned into a bowl through a colander, so as to have the wine only in the bowl.

The potatoes are steamed, peeled, and sliced, and put in a salad dish with the onions, sliced also, and the claret. The whole is stirred gently with the salad spoon and fork until the wine is absorbed by the potatoes. Then the Madeira is added, little by little, stirring the while, and also until it is absorbed. Now the truffles, with three table-spoonfuls of vinegar, five of oil, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, the juice of the lemons, salt and pepper to suit the taste, are added. The whole is well mixed together, and the salad is made.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Echoes.

MY DEAR LUKE,—Was it to you or to some other fellow-traveler that I was lately speaking of the famous echo of the Traunstein, in the Tyrol, and an enchanted day there with a smiling, modest maid of other years, who, as she muses now in cap and spectacles, sometimes recalls perhaps the young stranger who has not forgotten her? Yes, the bugle blew, and set the wild echoes flying; and other bugles are blowing now, I suppose, and the horns of elf-land are replying. I remember as I climbed away from that lovely valley the vision and the music of the day went with me; indeed, as you see, they have attended me ever since. That boatman with his bugle, surrounded with infinite airy responses, soft, subdued, exquisite, seemed to me the leader of a fairy orchestra, filling the world with melody. Yet it was he alone. He blew the bugle. He played the tune. And the echo was not the renowned echo of Ireland, which answered the question: it was a more simple Tyrolean echo, which repeated it.

I have often wondered since, as I was invited to listen among mountains to other echoes, whether it is the surprise and pleasure of them which makes so many of us fellow-travelers satisfied and happy to be echoes ourselves. I sit in my place upon the great journey surrounded by the pleasant company, when another traveler joins us, and putting his bugle to his mouth, we all, like the Traunstein, echo his music. Perhaps the new-comer's name is Hamlet, and instantly we are all Polonius, and find the cloud a camel or a weasel as he sets the tune. And presently we seem to suppose that to call a man the echo of another man is to praise him. The creator of Leatherstocking, a character which Thackeray ranks with what he calls the "prize men of fiction," was supposed to be complimented when he was called the American Scott. It was a well-meant but very clumsy compliment. Then Mrs. Sigourney was the American Hemans. But one Mrs. Hemans is enough. And although the description was meant to flatter, it was fatal. Was Shakespeare the English Corneille, or Dante the Italian Milton? The English Corneille and the Italian Milton, had they existed, would have been superfluous.

When I returned from the grand tour I was sitting one morning in Federigo's studio, and I said to him, as I looked around at his beautiful sketches, "Why have you never seen the great pictures? Why do you stay so constantly at home?" He was turning his head a little to see the effect of the touch he had just placed upon the canvas, and half shutting his eyes, he replied, "I am afraid." The picture was very beautiful. It was full of power and imagination. Of what in his art could a man who could paint such a picture be afraid? "They are sorcerers, your old masters," he continued; "they are terrible magicians. And if I should put myself within their spell, I should become an echo, and repeat faintly and poorly, or even pleasantly, the tunes which they play. I'd rather play my melody upon a fife than theirs upon an organ."

As he spoke I recalled the studios in Italy and the feeling of the painters, and there seemed to be truth in what Federigo said. There is Brush, whom you know, and who went to Italy when I was a young man. He found the churches and the palaces full of pictures of Madonnas and saints and Christian legends, and of Venetian portraits. And for how many years Brush has piously, hopelessly, painted the same subjects! I passed the morning in the Vatican or the Pitti with the great pictures, and then in Brush's studio I saw them all made little. I don't mean that he copied them directly, which, with adequate drawing and color, would have been a useful and profitable work; but he copied them indirectly. He had his Well of Samaria, and his Pool of Siloam, and his Madonnas, and his Saint Francis and Saint Catherine, and all the saints doing all kinds of things. Nobody bought, but sometimes he was commissioned to make an actual copy, and then he groaned in spirit because original art was not encouraged. He did not see that he was exactly wrong, and that it was original art which was respected by the order. Indeed, the surprise was that Brush and his companions were contented to be echoes only. Italy gradually seemed to me to be that lake upon which the art of the sixteenth century blew its bugle tune, and all the Brushes, like the cliffs of Traunstein, answered in faint echoes.

Lord Byron was another of those bugles in literature. Look into the poetry of forty years ago, and it feebly murmurs Byron. Susceptible youths turned wide shirt-collars over their coats, loosened their cravats, and sighed unhappiness in verse. It might be very smoothly and sweetly done, but why could not the poor boys see that it was useless? If we wished that melancholy strain, we went, of course, to the original harp. But if they had had something to say from their own life and their own experience, as Byron had, and could have said it well, we should all have listened as we did to Byron. When Macaulay's essays came, Seniors in college began to write Macaulay. And the better it was, the worse it was. That is to say, the more it resembled Macaulay, the more hollow and unreal it was. Did it occur to those Seniors that if Macaulay had been contented to imitate Dr. Johnson or Edmund Burke, he would not have been Macaulay? and if, in turn, Burke had been willing to reproduce Addison, we should have had no Burke? He was the bugle, not the echo. How simple and sweet is Addison! A lute nimbly fingered. How magnificent is Burke! An organ of various stops. Do we value the lute less because we like the organ? Lute and organ are both precious. Would you not rather be the lute than the echo of the organ?

Yet as we look about at our fellow-travellers do they not seem generally satisfied to be echoes? He who plays his own tune instead of the echo is usually thought to be out of tune and discordant. It is the tendency of some kinds of authority to reduce the whole world to a dumb Traunstein, giving only the clearest and most faithful echo. If Archbishop Laud, in England, heard a Presbyterian air, for instance, he sent for the offender, and asked him if he did not hear the proper tune, nor know that it was the duty of loyal Englishmen to echo it. And he squeezed the thumbs of the erring piper by way of restoring the echo. So when Galileo, in Italy, would not echo the prevailing and authorized tune, he was imprisoned to give him time to adjust himself to the prescribed music. "What we want," says authority, "is harmony. We ask nothing more. But harmony we must have. The central bugle will set the tune, and the rest of the world will harmoniously respond. If not, measures will be taken to preserve harmony."

But there is another theory of echoes than that they are mere subservient repetitions. When I sat entranced in that boat and heard the murmuring reply to the bugle music—a reply infinitely soft and penetrating and tender—I seemed for the first time truly to feel how deep and melancholy the melody was. And have not those other echoes a similar power of revelation? Why is it that the solemn grandeur of Milton draws me on to reproduce it? Why does the stately splendor of Burke's rhetoric fascinate your own pen into some effort to prolong the strain? It is because they touch sympathies and thoughts of our own in unison with those of the masters. It is the Milton and the Burke in us

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that respond to their call. How could we enjoy them if we had not some intelligence of them—some sympathy with them? When, on Christmas-eve, at Mrs. Margery Honeysuckle's, we all sit around the blazing fire, and the happy children have hung up their stockings and are dreaming of fairy reindeer pattering along the eaves, and Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity* is read aloud from the massive quarto or from Pickering's antique page, what is our deep delight but the lofty thought, the sublime aspiration, the holy charity in our own souls echoing and re-echoing that noblest strain? The poet sings what we vaguely feel but can not utter. He is poet because he can utter it. And when we hear the glorious sound, we know it, we spring at it, it is our own; and our deep silence answers in responsive music. We sing with him, indeed, but we sing. The melody is ours, although he begins it: as my boatman's bugle song upon the Traunsee was played as perfectly and with as rich a sweetness by the echoing cliff as by his lips.

Did you read the other day of the terrible catastrophe of the *Northfleet*, in the British Channel: a ship at anchor, full of passengers, run down at night by another ship, and instantly sinking? The captain, I suppose, knew all and saw all in a moment. But he quietly drew his pistols, ordered every man to obey, and then did all that was possible to save as many as he could. He had been married only a month, and his bride was upon the ship. He kissed her tenderly, placed her in the boat with the other women, said, gently, "Good-by, darling! I shall never see you again!" then ordered the boat to push off. In a few moments the captain went down with his ship. We read the story: our hearts ache with sorrow and sympathy. We thank God for this human nature capable of such divine self-sacrifice. We consecrate ourselves again to nobler living, to more constant fidelity, to a wider charity. What are those emotions and vows but the response to that lofty sacrifice of similar possibilities in us? They are the heavenly music in us, awakened by that celestial melody without. The dumb cliff answers with softer sweetness the boatman's bugle call.

When a babe smiled in his sleep, the old people said that the angels were talking with him. Whence come, in our life journey, those sudden, happy lifts and wafts of emotion, for which there seems to be no especial occasion—moments of transfiguration, as it were, in which love and hope and faith seem to possess us wholly with a heavenly harmony? They are echoes, perhaps, of the song of an angel whom we did not see, nor consciously hear. It is as if happy lovers floating in summer upon the Traunsee, unable to find words fitted to their feeling, should suddenly perceive the air full of multitudinous, soft-resounding echoes of music blown from unheard bugles—the delicate voice of their else unuttered joy.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

PLAIN BASQUE COSTUME.

THE costume of which we give a cut paper pattern this week is a good model for spring suits of silk and woolen fabrics. The over-skirt has stylish revers, and the lower skirt is richly trimmed. Its novel features, however, are its plain basque, without postilion pleating in the middle of the back, and its extra Dolman sleeves. Plain smooth-fitting basques are coming into favor again. In this model the middle seam of the back is slashed to the waist to give room for the tournure; the large side-body now used passes under the arm, showing a seam in front and in the back, but none directly under the arm. The Dolman sleeves are placed on street costumes only; for house dresses the single coat sleeve is used; on dresses to be worn both at home and in the street a simple arrangement of hooks and loops attaches the winged Dolman when occasion requires.

IMPORTED SPRING COSTUMES.

A large importation of spring costumes consists of three leading styles, viz., the sleeveless-jacket suit, the Dolman costume, and the polonaise with single skirt. There are also many composite dresses with a basque, and one elaborately trimmed skirt, like those described in Madame Raymond's Paris letter in last week's *Bazar*. The only evident effort to simplify trimmings is in the use of plain folds, bands, and perpendicular pleatings instead of fancifully gathered flounces. Skirts are still covered with trimming, though of less showy kind, more lengthened and flowing, instead of bunchy Frou-Frou ruffles; indeed, many skirts are shorn even of the flounce around the edge, hitherto thought indispensable. A prevalent idea is to arrange four back breadths in set pleats from the waist down to half a yard from the bottom; the fullness falls thence plain and flowing, and the skirt is faced in the ordinary way. With such skirts an elaborate tablier is arranged on the front breadths and on one of the side gores. The present caprice for trimming the front of the skirt different from the back has by no means reached its height, and will appear in most exaggerated fashion in spring and summer dresses.

OVER-SKIRTS.

Over-skirts are sadly shorn of their dimensions, and appear oftenest as mere aprons, half over-skirts, and intricately draped sashes. There are, however, many plain round over-skirts still shown, while others have their simple shape destroyed by capricious draping which makes each side different; for instance, the left side will be caught up to the belt by a bow and sash ends, while the right falls in a long peplum point, finished by tassels. To complete the diminished over-skirts, sashes are necessary, and these need not be of silk, but are of wool or linen, like the dress or its trimmings. They are two long slanting ends of different lengths, made double, two fingers wide, and are piped around the edges.

BASQUES.

Basques are growing longer, and are more often slashed in the seams instead of being pleated. The fronts have two soft points, and are often double-breasted; fanciful collars and revers are much used; the back is still elaborately trimmed; two buttons define the waist behind. Sleeves are easy coat shape, with square cuffs, or else slit up the outer seam.

SLEEVELESS-JACKET SUITS.

The suit which will probably "take" best is the sleeveless-jacket suit. This costume is so graceful and stylish, so suitable for spring fabrics of two shades or of contrasting colors, so easily made, so well adapted for both house and street, and, above all, offers such practicable plans for remodeling old dresses, that it will be likely to be the standard style for spring and summer. It is beautifully brought out in cashmeres, mohairs, and in simple wool stuffs of two shades of réséda, or of light or dark olive, and also in the old-fashioned contrasts of buff and blue. The dress proper is of the lightest shade possible; while the jacket, the cuffs, and trimmings are of the darkest.

The simplest of these jackets—or waistcoats, as they are called—is shaped like the jaunty English sacque, but is fitted closely by two darts, is square across the front, with small square pockets, and has slashed back seams. Others, again, have a revers collar, and are double-breasted, with two rows of large buttons in front. The simplest piping edges them, and to be stylish they must be cut very short on the shoulders. The jackets of richer suits are cut away to disclose the lighter dress beneath in vest shape, and lace is used for trimming.

The dress waist worn under these jackets is a plain French waist with coat sleeves. Imagine such a waist and jacket of two shades of réséda foulard, cashmere, or alpaca. To complete the suit is an apron-front over-skirt made of a single gored breadth and one side gore rounded up to the belt behind, and held there by a sash and buckle (a cut paper pattern of this over-skirt is furnished with *Bazar* No. 41, Vol. V.); the darkest shade is used for a wide bias band to trim the over-skirt, and also forms the sash; the back of the skirt is formed of alternate side pleats of the two shades, while the front has narrower rows of side pleating for a tablier. This is also very handsome in écru mohair, with leaf brown jacket, and trimming of écru woolen lace in point duchesse designs. Sometimes the lower skirt is of a dark shade, with light flounces; the over-skirt, waist, and sleeves are light, and the jacket dark. In making over old suits ladies can vary this arrangement to suit their materials. Inexpensive dresses, and those meant for very warm weather, dispense with the extra waist beneath, and make merely a basque of the dark shade, with light sleeves. Such suits of écru and brown mohair stylishly trimmed with dark bias bands are sold at wholesale importing houses for $15 or $20.

BLUE LINEN WAISTCOATS.

For midsummer the novelty to be offered is suits of gray linen and batiste, worn with sleeveless jackets of dark Napoleon blue linen. Bands of this blue linen and of blue percale with polka spots are used for trimming French suits of tea-colored undressed flax linen. Such suits cost about $35.

CASHMERE SLEEVELESS JACKETS.

Black cashmere sleeveless jackets are imported to wear with spring suits of black, gray, or other silks or cashmere. They have revers of black moiré, and are double-breasted, with two rows of large cut steel or old silver buttons on the front. They may be simply edged with a moiré piping fold, but are often embroidered and bordered with yak lace, in which steel or jet beads are introduced.

POLONAISES.

Polonaises reappear without any great change from those now worn. They are long, double-breasted, with or without belts, and are draped very high on the sides. Very large buttons in rows down the front, large buckles in sash bows, immense cuffs, pockets, wide silk facings down the front and back, with the tiniest facing on the edge, are on stylish polonaises. A new appearance is given to some by having sleeves of another shade, and there are some sleeveless polonaises, to be worn over a dress of a different shade. A pretty costume of striped brown and white poplin has solid brown poplin sleeves in the polonaise, and solid bands for heading the flounces on the skirt. This is also a pretty fashion for the black and white striped silks now sold for 90 cents a yard. Black sleeves, black sash, and black silk facings will make the striped polonaise very stylish.

THE DOLMAN COSTUMES.

One of the best designs for spring suits has a simple stylish over-skirt and basque, with a Dolman of the same material. Soft, flexible materials are best for these suits, and they are very largely imported in olive, bronze, réséda, and black cashmeres, trimmed with embroidery and woolen lace or thick wool fringe. The shape of the Dolman is like that already illustrated in the *Bazar*, with longer side pieces. A new idea is to face the front with moiré, and hold it in vest shape by means of an under belt.

MANTLES.

For independent wraps to be worn with various suits there are black cashmere mantles, Dolmans, and sleeveless jackets. The old-time mantilla will probably be successful this season, though it proved a failure when offered last year. One of the prettiest garments is a black cashmere talma with a wide facing of moiré in front, which by a simple arrangement is made to fit smoothly like a vest, while the loose cape hangs over the shoulders. This is excellent, and is trimmed with embroidery and lace. The newest features among such wraps are the pretty passementeries and yak laces in which steel beads are very effectively introduced. Fine jet beads are also wrought in laces, and larger beads, like studs, are set about between rows of cording. New passementeries of jet or steel on silk are in open leaf patterns that are to be set in, not on, the fabric like lace insertion. Tassel fringes are of mixed steel and jet. Wide watered ribbons in lengthwise bows trim the back of cashmere wraps, and moiré is used for bindings, folds, and piping, instead of repped silk. Quantities of steel and silver buttons are used: there are large flat buttons of polished steel, others are dull, like old silver, and there are groups and rows of tiny shot buttons.

For information received thanks are due to Messrs. THOMSON, LANGDON, & CO.; A.T. STEWART & CO.; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

PERSONAL.

A FEW evenings since there was given at DELMONICO'S by an opulent gentleman of this city a dinner which for originality of design, magnificence of accessories, and perfection of execution has never been approached on this continent, and probably not been equaled, in modern times, in the other hemisphere. The table was some sixty feet long by about twenty feet broad. In the centre was an oblong basin some sixteen feet long, eight feet wide, and two feet deep, filled with water, the base banked with flowers. Rising above and covering this at a height of twelve feet was a delicate wire screen supported by posts garlanded with flowers, the posts crowned by bird-cages filled with songsters. On this fairy little lake swam two splendid swans, loaned to Mr. L. DELMONICO for the occasion by the Brooklyn Park Commissioners, and the mammoth birds glided as quietly and gracefully over the miniature ocean as if in their wider and more accustomed sphere at home. At each end of this fairy expanse were two golden fountains five feet high, whence cherubic figures rained from their heads tiny jets of spray. Flanking these on either side were stately golden candelabra radiant with lights, and at frequent intervals along the table were placed many-lighted candelabra of silver. The extreme ends of the table were banked with huge mounds of flowers, the rarest and costliest, each fragrant hillock measuring ten feet long, five feet wide, and three feet high. The margin of the table, in front of the seats and plates of the guests, was composed of a border of choice flowers, coming to a semi-circle in front of each plate. Lack of space precludes further detail of numberless other dainty bits of ornamentation that imparted brilliancy to the general effect. Add to this fairy creation a procession of viands the variety of which was extraordinary, the cookery perfection, wines of rarest vintage and most delicate bouquet, music which vied with that at the opera, and our readers can form a glimmering idea of what this banquet was for four-and-seventy people—a banquet which, as regards regal splendor, artistic effects, and culinary execution, may be placed among the highest triumphs of gastronomic art. (Cost, $12,000.)

—Don ALFONSO DE BOURBON, who has taken command of the Carlist forces in Spain, is twenty-three years of age. His first military experience was gained in the Papal service in the Pontifical Zouaves. He married, in 1871, the daughter of Don MIGUEL, Princess MARIA ISABELLA of Bourbon and Braganza.

—Mrs. CRITTENDEN, who died recently in Albany, was the widow of the late United States Attorney-General CRITTENDEN. She had been thrice married—first, in 1823, to Dr. WILCOX, of Missouri; second, in 1833, to General ASHLEY, member of Congress from Missouri; and third, in 1853, to Mr. CRITTENDEN. As eminent as she was for personal attractions and mental endowments, her exquisite tact and kindness of heart endeared her to all who came near her. She was never known to speak unkindly to or of any person. During the early period of the war her signal discretion, excellent judgment, and kind motives made her the ornament, as she was the pride, of Mr. CRITTENDEN'S public career during the most anxious and responsible period of his long public life.

—The Rev. ACTON YOUNG has just returned to the pulpit in Tennessee, after an interregnum of thirty years, spent in keeping nearly fifty different hotels.

—The Duke d'Aumale is reputed to be engaged to the Duchess de Luynes, the widow of a duke who fell in the Franco-German war.

—There has just died at Florence Miss BLAGDEN, a lady well known in the world of letters, though more remarkable for the warmth of attachment she inspired in men and women of acknowledged genius than for the fame of her own intellectual gifts, rare and admirable as these undoubtedly were. Miss ISA BLAGDEN, the authoress of *Agnes Tremorne*, *The Cost of a Secret*, *The Crown of a Life*, and many brilliant papers in *Fraser*, the *Cornhill*, and *All the Year Round*, was linked to Mr. BROWNING and his illustrious wife by the ties of the closest friendship. She nursed the poetess in her final illness, and performed the same loving office for THEODOSIA TROLLOPE, to whose memory, as to that of Mrs. BROWNING, grateful Florence has erected a commemorative tablet. It may be added that her charitable presence gladdened the last moments of many obscure sufferers in the fair city where she lived and died, and where she will long be remembered as a conspicuous and honored figure. Her social qualities were of the highest order, and her death leaves a gap in many lives never to be filled up.

—Mrs. ANNIE SAVERY, of Des Moines, Iowa, is an applicant for the office of consul at Havre, now filled by General GLASGOW. A summer-Savery place for a lady!

—Miss CAROLINE CHESEBRO', who died at Piermont on the 16th ult., was for many years a frequent and most acceptable contributor to the various periodicals of HARPER & BROTHERS. She was among the very cleverest of the female writers of the country, and as modest, retiring, and good as she was clever. Her first literary ventures were made twenty-five years ago in the magazines of the day, and three years later, in 1851, she published her first volume of stories, entitled *Dream-Land by Daylight*. Since then she has been a steady and successful worker in the literary vineyard, occasionally in the form of a book of fiction, but generally in the magazines. In the language of a contemporary, "She was little known in general society, but was always a favorite in the domestic circle, commanding homage from men of intellect, and winning the cordial friendship of persons of her own sex. Her disposition was so considerate and just, there was so little pretension in her manners, so little that was exacting in her temper, that she happily escaped the frequent rivalries of literary life, and numbered among her warmest admirers many eminent persons whom her generous nature prevented from becoming envious of her fame."

—The original RAVEL family—GABRIEL, ANTOINE, FRANÇOIS, JEROME, and ANGELINE—are all alive and in good health, though the youngest of them is over sixty.

—There are two historical personages who, it appears, are not so black as they have been painted. One is NERO, the other shall be nameless. NERO, in the eyes of the latest historical whitewasher, Herr JOST VAN DER LUCHTEN, was rather an amiable individual. "He was," says Herr LUCHTEN, "a large-hearted and imaginative man;" and he proceeds to support his theory by the following anti-Baconian system of reasoning: "He took the first prize at a musical festival. *Therefore* he never murdered his mother. He paid a soldier more than £60,000 sterling for being affected by his singing in the part of Hercules. *Therefore* it is a gross calumny to say that he tortured Christians because they did not set fire to Rome."

—Concerning Miss ROSA BENSON, of Ohio, the *Gazzetta dei Teatri*, of Milan, has the following pleasant words: "ROSA BENSON is the name of a young *débutante* who came to us from America to study singing in Milan under Professor SANGIOVANNI, who has no need of praise from us, so well is he known to be one of the few masters of unsurpassed reputation. Miss BENSON will make her first appearance at Loreo, Italy, in the opera *La Sonnambula*, and there is no doubt but that she will have such success as her merits deserve, and of merits she has many. Beautiful in person, a lovely blonde, with a sympathetic voice, fine education, intelligence, she has every thing to arrive at that goal to which all aspire and few attain."

—The respective ages of the most noted of the English peers who have died during the year past are thus stated: Earl of Lonsdale, 84 years; Viscount BOYNE, 75; Lord INCHIQUIN, 72; the Duke of Leeds, 70; the Earl of Clancarty, 68; Lord DALLING and BULWER, 68; the Marquis of Londonderry, 67; Lord SOUTHAMPTON, 67; the Duke of Bedford, 63; the Earl of Moray, 62; Lord HARRIS, 62; Lord AUDLEY, 55; Lord GIFFORD, 55; the Earl of Carysfort, 47; Lord HASTINGS, 47; and the Marquis of Camden, 31 years.

—The widow of Marshal DE LAURISTON died recently in Paris at the age of one hundred. Madame SUCHET, who is still living, and Madame DE LAURISTON were the last maréchales of the first empire.

—PLINY was something of a fashion reporter in his day. He says, "I have myself seen LOLLA PAULINA, once the wife of the Emperor CALIGULA, though it was on no great occasion, nor she in her full-dress ceremony, but at an ordinary wedding dinner, and have seen her entirely covered with emeralds and pearls, strung alternately, glittering all over her head, hair, bandeau, ears, neck, and fingers, the value of all which put together amounted to the sum of 40,000,000 sesterces" ($2,000,000).

—Professor AGASSIZ having stated that Niagara would run dry in about nineteen centuries, the hackmen at the Falls have just held a meeting on the subject, and resolved on an immediate advance in fares.

—Apropos of Lord HUBERT AINSLEY, who did such droll things with some of our Fifth Avenue folk—he now keeps a restaurant in Dresden, and peddles pies and things.

—Senator TRUMBULL resumes the practice of law after March 4. He has been eighteen years in the Senate, and most of that time on the Judiciary Committee.

—An exceedingly amusing personal controversy as to a rich man's expenditure has recently got into print. One "W. R. G." having aimed at JOHN RUSKIN the question, "Where does the rich man get his means of living?" Mr. RUSKIN replies in the following child-like and delicious manner: "Well, for the point in question, the most exemplary manner of answer is simply to state how I got my own, or, rather, how my father got them for me. He and his partners entered into what your correspondent mellifluously styles 'a mutually beneficent partnership' with certain laborers in Spain. These laborers produced from the earth annually a certain number of bottles of wine. These productions were sold by my father and his partners, who kept nine-tenths, or thereabouts, of the price themselves, and gave one-tenth, or thereabouts, to the laborers. In which state of mutual beneficence my father and his partners naturally became rich, and the laborers as naturally remained poor. Then my good father gave all his money to me (who never did a stroke of work in my life worth my salt, not to mention my dinner), and so far from finding his money 'grow' in my hands, I never try to buy any thing with it. The people tell me 'money isn't what it was in your father's time; every thing is so much dearer.' I should be heartily glad to learn from your correspondent as much pecuniary botany as will enable me to set my money a-growing." It may be added that RUSKIN, finding that town society was getting too much for him, had fled from London and hid himself in the wildest part of Cumberland.

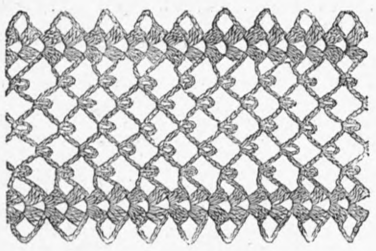
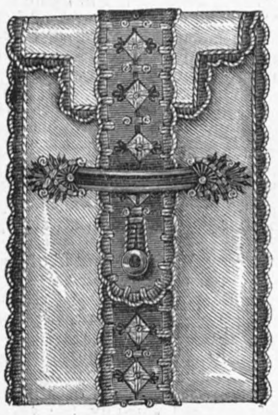


Fig. 1.—CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE.

Crochet Insertions for Lingerie, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—This insertion is worked with twisted cotton, No. 80 or 100, crosswise, in rounds going back and forth. Make a foundation of 25 ch. (chain stitch), and crochet the 1st round.—Pass over the last 5 foundation st. (stitch), and work twice 3 dc. (double crochet) separated by 3 ch. on the sixth following foundation st., 3 ch., 2 sc. (single crochet) separated by 1 p. (picot) of 5 ch. on the sixth following foundation st., 7 ch., 2 sc. separated by 1 p. on the sixth following foundation st., 3 ch., twice 3 dc. separated by 3 ch. on the sixth following foundation st., turn. 2d round.—3 ch., twice 3 dc. separated by 3 ch. on the 3 ch. between the dc. in the preceding round, 3 ch., twice alternately 2 sc. separated by 1 p. on the next ch. scallop, 7 ch.; then 2 sc. separated by 1 p. on the following ch. scallop, twice 3 dc. separated by 3 ch. on the 3 ch. between the dc. in the preceding round, turn. Always repeat the first and second rounds, observing the illustration.

Fig. 2.—Work this insertion lengthwise with No. 80 cotton, beginning from the middle, in two equal halves, each counting four rounds. 1st round.—Always alternately 3 ch., 1 p. (consisting of 3 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these). 2d round.—Always 5 stc. (short treble crochet) separated by 1 ch. on the middle st. of every second following 3 ch. 3d round.—5 stc. on the 5 stc. of the preceding round, which are not worked off separately, however, but together, drawing the thread through once; after this always 5 ch. 4th round.—1 dc. on every second following st. of the preceding round, after every second dc. 1 p. Work the first round of the second half of the insertion on the first round of the finished half as follows: * 1 sc. on the middle of the next free 3 ch. of the round, 1 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 p., 1 ch.; repeat from *. Work the following three rounds precisely like those of the first half.



CASE FOR POSTAL CARDS.

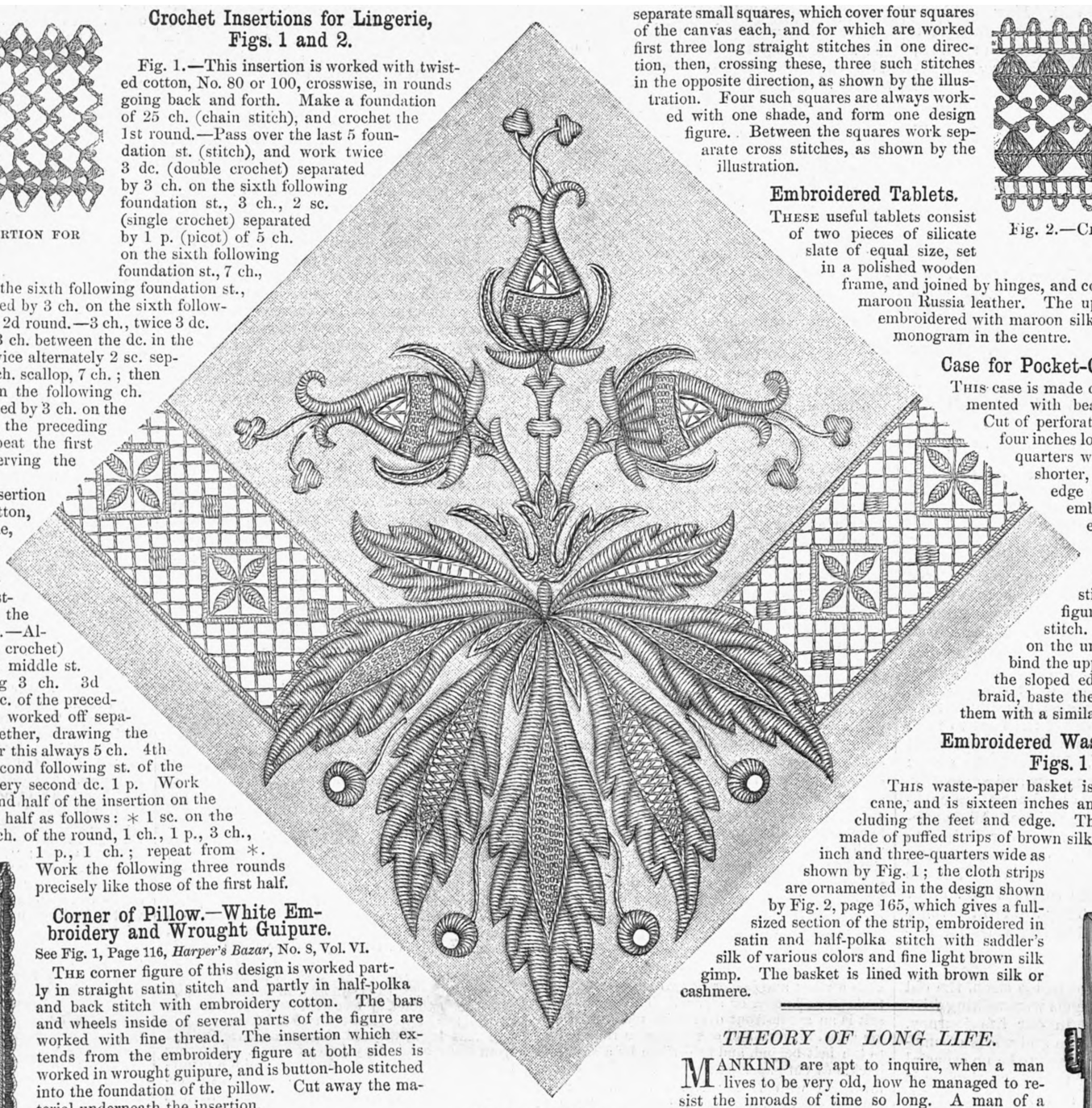
Corner of Pillow.—White Embroidery and Wrought Guipure.

See Fig. 1, Page 116, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 8, Vol. VI.

THE corner figure of this design is worked partly in straight satin stitch and partly in half-polka and back stitch with embroidery cotton. The bars and wheels inside of several parts of the figure are worked with fine thread. The insertion which extends from the embroidery figure at both sides is worked in wrought guipure, and is button-hole stitched into the foundation of the pillow. Cut away the material underneath the insertion.

Case for Postal Cards.

THIS case is designed to hold postal cards, and consists of a pocket of fine gray linen of the requisite shape and size, and furnished with a flap. The latter ends in a rounded tab three inches and a quarter long and an inch and a quarter wide, which serves to close the case. The case is ornamented with a strip of red Russia leather, cut out in diamonds through the middle, and sewed on with point Russe stitches of light and dark red silk. The strip and the case are edged with button-hole stitch scallops of the dark red silk. A band of Russia leather, sewed on with point Russe stitches to fasten the tab, and a button and button-hole serve to close the case.



CORNER OF PILLOW. WHITE EMBROIDERY AND WROUGHT GUIPURE. [See Fig. 1, Page 116, No. 8, Vol. VI.]

separate small squares, which cover four squares of the canvas each, and for which are worked first three long straight stitches in one direction, then, crossing these, three such stitches in the opposite direction, as shown by the illustration. Four such squares are always worked with one shade, and form one design figure. Between the squares work separate cross stitches, as shown by the illustration.

Embroidered Tablets.

THESE useful tablets consist of two pieces of silicate slate of equal size, set in a polished wooden frame, and joined by hinges, and covered on the outside with maroon Russia leather. The upper side of this cover is embroidered with maroon silk and gold thread, with a monogram in the centre.

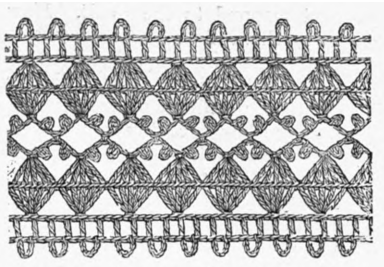


Fig. 2.—CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE.

Case for Pocket-Comb, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS case is made of perforated board, ornamented with bead embroidery and silk. Cut of perforated board two pieces—one four inches long and an inch and three-quarters wide, the other somewhat shorter, and sloped on the upper edge (see Fig. 1). Work the embroidery in the design given by Fig. 2 on page 165, the bead figures with chalk, gold, and blue beads, and every five stitches between the bead figures with red silk in cross stitch. Then cover both parts on the under side with white silk, bind the upper part of the case along the sloped edge with narrow red silk braid, baste the parts together, and join them with a similar binding.

Embroidered Waste-paper Basket. Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS waste-paper basket is made of black polished cane, and is sixteen inches and seven-eighths high, including the feet and edge. The cover of the basket is made of puffed strips of brown silk and white cloth strips an inch and three-quarters wide as shown by Fig. 1; the cloth strips are ornamented in the design shown by Fig. 2, page 165, which gives a full-sized section of the strip, embroidered in satin and half-polka stitch with saddler's silk of various colors and fine light brown silk gimp. The basket is lined with brown silk or cashmere.

EMBROIDERED TABLETS.

THEORY OF LONG LIFE.

MANKIND are apt to inquire, when a man lives to be very old, how he managed to resist the inroads of time so long. A man of a hundred and twelve to whom, when young, we put this question, replied, "I didn't manage it, my boy; I never thought about it, but went on living, and doing what I had to do, just as every body else does."

"But every body else does not live as long as you have lived."

"No; because their constitutions don't hold out so well."

"But didn't you do something to make your constitution hold out?"

"Not that I know of; I minded my business, and lived quite like other folks."

Walter Savage Landor used to relate an anecdote of an English judge, which belongs to the present subject. Being on circuit, two old men were brought before him as witnesses, when he began to chat with them about their age, for the purpose of giving a moral lesson to the young barristers.

"Well, my good man," said he to the first witness, "how old may you be?"

"About eighty-seven, my lord."

"I dare say, now, you have lived a very sober life?"

"Yes, my lord; I haven't been tipsy for the last sixty years."

"There!" cried his lordship, turning to the gentlemen of the bar, "you see what a fine thing sobriety is! The witness looks as though he would live twenty years more."

The barristers nodded assent. In his turn, another witness came forward, who looked particularly hale and robust.

"And how old are you, friend?" inquired the judge.

"Ninety-five, my lord," was the reply.

"Ninety-five! I'll answer for it, *you* have led a sober life—haven't you?"

Witness hung his head, and answered, "I don't like to say afore all these gentlemen."

"Never mind; speak out."

"Well, then, my lord, I haven't gone to bed sober for the last seventy years."

At this his lordship looked rather blank, and the bar smiled. The judge then said, "We will proceed with the case, gentlemen."

To have a good chance for longevity, an originally good constitution—that is, a sound internal mechanism—is of immense advantage, though to this primary excellence we must needs add carefulness in the art of living. It is within every one's experience that hundreds of their acquaintances, with good

Tapestry Foundations for Slippers, Cushions, etc., Figs. 1–4.

THESE foundations are suitable for slippers, cushions, pockets, covers, small rugs, etc.

The foundation Fig. 1 is worked with one color in alternate oblong cross stitches, each of which covers four squares of the canvas in height and two in width. The illustration shows the points for inserting and drawing out the needle, marked × and ●, and also the canvas threads to be taken up for the next stitch gathered on an arrow.

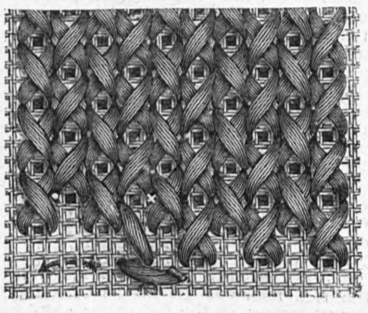


Fig. 1.—TAPESTRY FOUNDATION FOR SLIPPERS, CUSHIONS, ETC.

Fig. 2.—This foundation is also worked with one color, and consists, like the preceding, of oblong alternate cross stitches, with a crosswise stitch stretched across the middle of each. The illustration shows the stitch with the thread loosened, and also the point where the needle is to be inserted for the following stitch marked ×, and where the needle is drawn out marked ●.

For the foundation Fig. 3 first work the foundation in ordinary cross stitch with two shades of one color, leaving free the space for the lighter design figures which are afterward worked in. The latter are also worked in two shades, working for the four leaflets of a design figure first the middle stitch with the darker shade, and then the two side stitches each with the lighter shade. The point marked × in the illustration shows where to insert the needle for the next stitch after drawing the needle out.

Fig. 4.—This foundation is worked in three shades of one color. It consists of

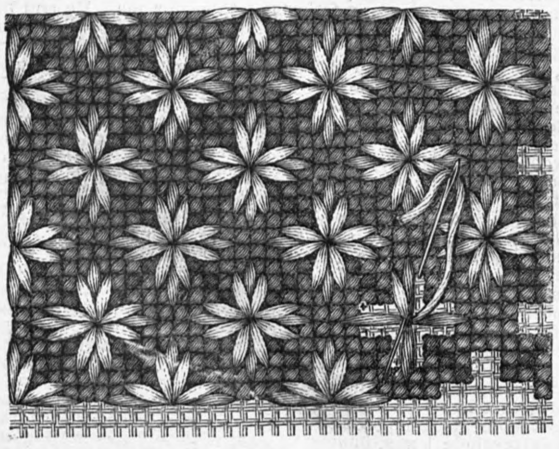


Fig. 3.—TAPESTRY FOUNDATION FOR SLIPPERS, CUSHIONS, ETC.

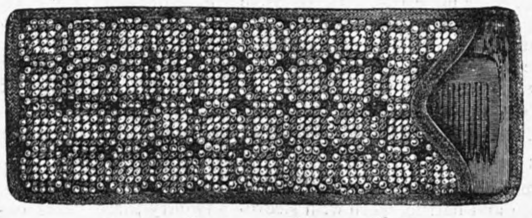


Fig. 1.—CASE FOR POCKET-COMB. [See Fig. 2, Page 165.]

Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED WASTE-PAPER BASKET.—[See Fig. 2, Page 165.]

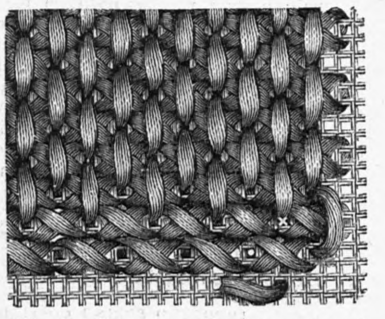


Fig. 2.—TAPESTRY FOUNDATION FOR SLIPPERS, CUSHIONS, ETC.

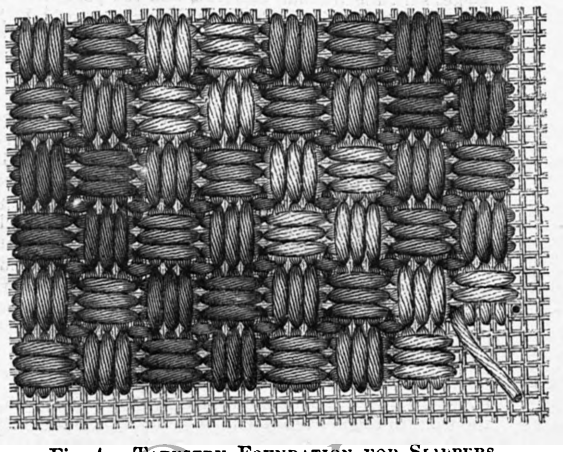


Fig. 4.—TAPESTRY FOUNDATION FOR SLIPPERS, CUSHIONS, ETC.

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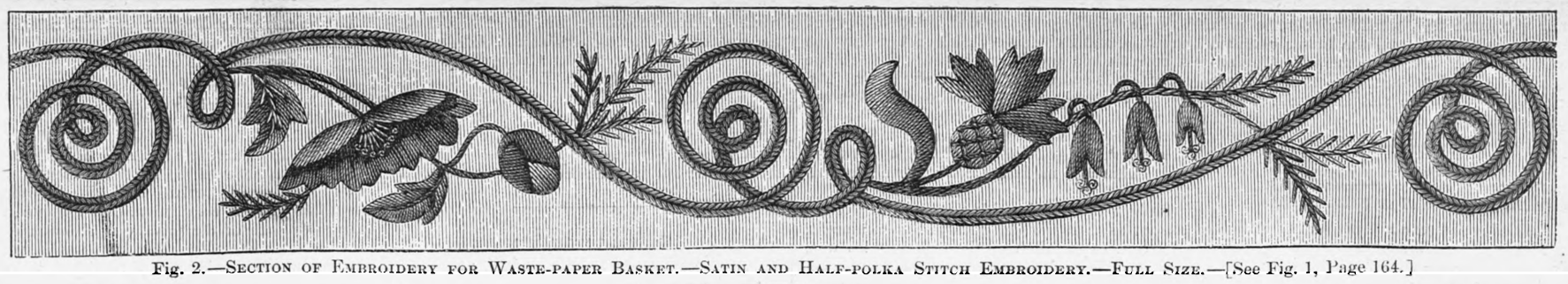


Fig. 2.—Section of Embroidery for Waste-paper Basket.—Satin and Half-polka Stitch Embroidery.—Full Size.—[See Fig. 1, Page 164.]

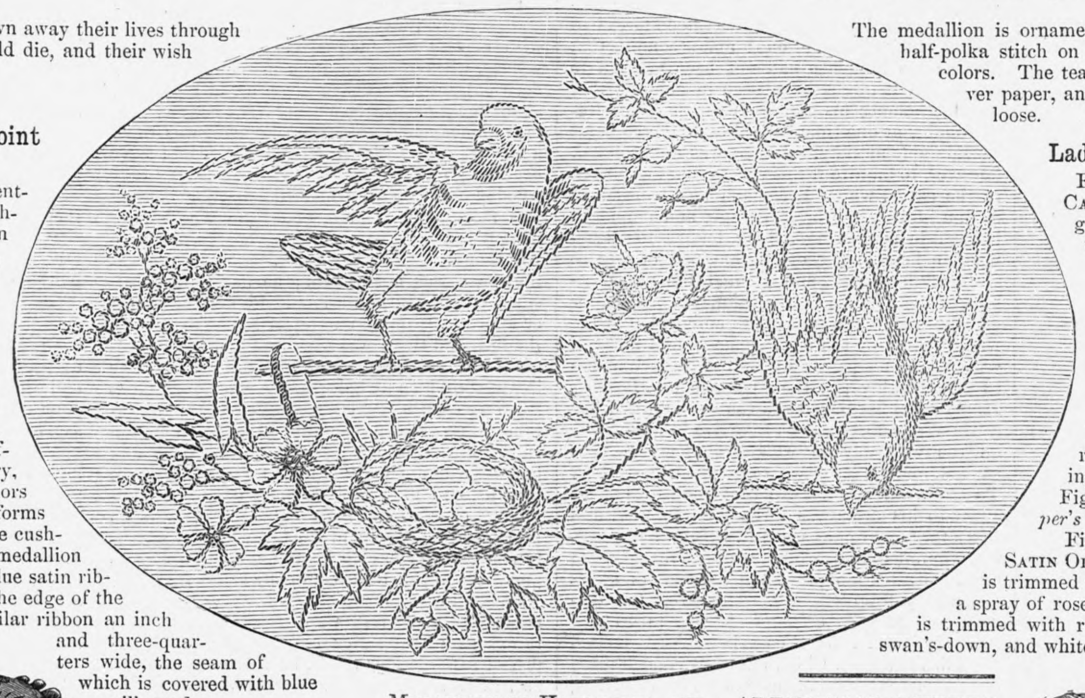
chances of longevity, have literally thrown away their lives through sheer perversity of conduct. They would die, and their wish has been gratified.

Medallion in Half-polka and Point Russe Embroidery.

This medallion is suitable for ornamenting boxes, small portfolios, toilette cushions, handkerchief cases, etc. The design is worked on a foundation of light cloth, satin, or gros grain with fine colored sewing silk in half-polka stitch and point Russe.

Embroidered Pincushion.

This pincushion consists of an oval cushion of card-board and shirting filled with emery, and covered with blue satin. This satin is ornamented in satin, half-polka stitch, and point Russe embroidery, worked with saddler's silk of various colors as shown by the illustration, and which forms a medallion in the middle at the top of the cushion, and a border all around it. The medallion is edged with gold cord and a ruche of blue satin ribbon seven-eighths of an inch wide. The edge of the cushion is trimmed with a ruche of similar ribbon an inch and three-quarters wide, the seam of which is covered with blue silk cord.



Medallion in Half-polka and Point Russe Embroidery.

The medallion is ornamented in embroidery worked in satin and half-polka stitch on white silk with fine chenille of different colors. The tea-caddy is covered on the inside with silver paper, and is furnished with a lid which is laid on loose.

Ladies' Reception Dresses, Figs. 1–3.

Fig. 1.—Pearl Gros Grain Dress with Cashmere Opera Cloak. This pearl gros grain dress is trimmed with a flounce, a narrow ruffle, and folds and bows of the material. Cerise cashmere opera cloak, trimmed with cerise gros grain rolls, a bow of the same, and black lace. Coiffure of cerise gros grain.

Fig. 2.—White Organdy Dress. This dress is made of white organdy, and consists of a double skirt and low-necked basque-waist, trimmed with white lace, a kilt-pleated strip, and bows and rolls of light blue gros grain. Blue morning-glories in the hair. Cut the waist from Figs. 39–42, No. XII., Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 6, Vol. VI.

Fig. 3.—Blue Silk Gauze Dress with Satin Opera Cloak. This blue silk gauze dress is trimmed with gathered ruffles of the material and a spray of roses. The opera cloak is white satin, and is trimmed with ruffles and ruches of the material, white swan's-down, and white Angora fringe. Roses in the hair.

Embroidered Pincushion.

Embroidered Tea-Caddy.

This tea-caddy is made of linden-wood, ornamented with inlaid brown and red colored wood and with tabs of green Russia leather, which extend from the medallion in the middle of the lid and simulate mountings.

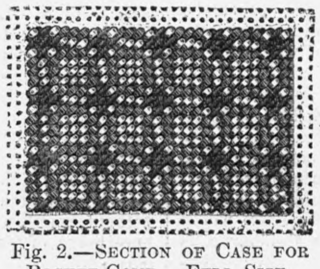


Fig. 2.—Section of Case for Pocket-Comb.—Full Size.

ARTIFICIAL BUTTER.

A METHOD of making artificial butter, announced in a French journal, consists in placing beef suet cut small in water of about 113° F., together with carbonate of potassa and fresh sheeps' stomachs shredded into small slices. The fatty matter which separates and floats on the water is subjected to hy-

Embroidered Tea-Caddy.

Fig. 1.—Pearl Gros Grain Dress with Cashmere Opera Cloak. Fig. 2.—White Organdy Dress. Fig. 3.—Blue Silk Gauze Dress with Satin Opera Cloak.

LADIES' RECEPTION DRESSES.

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draulic pressure; this, mixed with some milk and water, is churned, and the butter obtained is washed and, if necessary, melted. The authorities of the victualing department of the French navy pronounce this an excellent substitute for butter.

ARBUTUS LINES.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WHEREVER lift the solemn pines
Their fearless branches high,
Wherever through their stately lines
Looks down the solemn sky,
Shall waken soon the daintiest flower
That opens to the Spring,
Ere bird in nest or bee in bower
Their grateful tribute bring.

Where flutter mosses, weird and gray,
In Southern forests dim,
Where linger wreaths of snowy spray
O'er Northern hill-sides grim,
When mornings break in blue and gold,
And tender grows the air,
The shy arbutus will unfold
Its petals, clustered fair.

A subtle sense of faint perfume,
From dewy censers shed,
Shall hover o'er the lowly bloom,
So fain to hide its head
From gazing eyes; its waxen white
A thought of rose shall flush,
As if, love-lifted to the light,
It felt a maiden blush.

Yet, brave and true, the timid thing,
Beneath its cradling leaf,
Not once forgets to keep with Spring
A trysting bright and brief.
A vestal at her altar bent,
With sparkling gems impearled,
It lives its little life content,
Unspotted from the world.

The rose may be the garden's queen,
Incarnadined with dyes
That match in loveliness serene
The hues of sunset skies;
The lily with her carven cup
May wait at Flora's throne,
And the star-eyed daisy, looking up,
Claim Summer for her own;

But thou, wee daughter of the woods,
Fair birth of frost and dew,
Thou bringest to our solitudes
A breath of gladness new.
And pure as novice in her veil,
Or babe on mother's breast,
Spring's earliest darling! thee we hail,
And, sweet, we love thee best!

MURPHY'S MASTER.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "A Woman's Vengeance," "Bred in the Bone," "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

SUSPICIONS.

THE emigrants were harangued by the "young master" with all the effect that he had anticipated: exhausted with their long imprisonment, and delighted to find the green turf once more under their feet, they were unwilling to resume their voyage even for the few days that now remained of it; not only his own people, but a considerable minority of the other passengers elected to remain where they were, under Kavanagh's authority. The captain also, as he had predicted, seemed by no means indisposed to second their wishes; and accordingly the seeds and implements, the tents and dwelling-houses, intended for Australia, were disembarked, along with sufficient provisions to last the islanders for two months to come, long before which Robert might be expected back with stores of all sorts. Before an hour had passed the island with its little hill had become like an ant's nest in the spectacle it presented of activity and business; and by night-fall it wore already the appearance of an infant colony. It was clear warm weather, and most of the tenants of the steerage preferred to occupy their improvised residences on land, and even to camp out on the turf, rather than to remain in their close berths.

When all had been got out of the vessel that could well be spared, including even a couple of her boats, the pinnace and the gig (which had to be paid for very handsomely), and after four days of hard labor, wherein Robert Chesney was pronounced by the ship's carpenter to be the only man of the new colony who understood how to use his hands, the *Star* with her much-diminished freight set sail for Melbourne. Robert had general instructions as to the articles he was to procure there, as well as ample funds for that purpose, but a great latitude was necessarily left to his own judgment. He had no person to whom to apply to assist his inexperience, except the captain, and, much to his surprise, that gentleman showed a strong disinclination to have any thing to do with the matter. He had been very kind to Robert during the early portion of the voyage out; not only lending him books, as has been said, but taking some pains to teach him to box the compass, and even a little seamanship: but of late his distrust and dislike of Maguire and his associates had seemed to extend in a less degree to Robert himself. Still it did seem strange that he should refuse even such scant courtesy as a little good advice. However, so it was. "I have done Mr. Kavanagh's bidding," said he, "in helping him and his friends out of my ship, and I did it very gladly; but they and I have shaken hands, and I shouldn't fret if we never came across one another any more. No, Sir; I should be very glad to do you a personal service, but I'll neither meddle nor make with their affairs; and since you are a friend of his, and his right-hand man, you had better not inquire what has made me come to that conclusion."

Robert was loyal to his patron, and felt the affront as though it had been put upon himself. His own explanation of the captain's ire was, first, that he had never forgiven the fugitive for having come on board the *Star* under false pretenses, notwithstanding that two saloon fares had been paid for instead of one; and secondly, that Kavanagh's influence had not been exerted to the extent it might have been in quelling that disorder among his followers which had, without doubt, at one time caused him (the captain) considerable anxiety. Robert was not inclined, however, to inquire if this was so, but kept much to the cabin, which Kavanagh had transferred to him, during the brief voyage, and employed himself in composing a long budget to Lizzy, wherein he told her of all that had of late so strangely happened, and painted the new prospect of their future in the brightest colors. He greatly pressed the immediate emigration of the whole family by the next steamer, and inclosed —thanks to his patron's generosity—such a sum as would easily pay their passage to *Murphy's Island* by either of the two routes suggested.

He was so fortunate as to arrive in Melbourne on the very day on which the English mail started, and his letter went off by it accordingly. To know that the missive that was to bring his Lizzy to his arms was already on its way, and that every day would speed it, was an inexpressible comfort to him, while the duties that pressed upon his attention prevented the time of sweet expectancy from lagging. Moreover, the discovery of *Murphy's Island*—it was in 40° 21′ south latitude, 123° 4′ east longitude—excited not a little interest, which naturally concentrated itself upon the person intrusted with the victualing of the new colony; so that curiosity and self-interest together procured for him more than enough of society. Working, in short, as diligently as he could, and sparing no expense to insure expedition, it was nevertheless fully six weeks before he found himself in possession of all that he had been commissioned to procure, and got it embarked on board the sloop which he had hired for that purpose. It was a ship that had already an interest for him, for he had been informed, on application at the office of the mail steamer, that passengers from England could not be taken to the island direct, and this very sloop would probably bring his Lizzy out from Melbourne, as it was now conveying himself. Its crew consisted of some half a dozen men besides the skipper, and one of them, as it happened, had belonged to the *Star of Erin*, which had sailed for England while he had been delayed (or so his story ran) by illness up the country. With this man Robert was naturally more familiar than with the rest; and on the day they started for their destination, and during some conversation about the stores, the former observed, "Well, whatever we shall find them short of when we reach the island, it won't be liquor."

The sailor's tone was so significant that Robert was tempted to question him; when he learned that the *Star* had been laden with an unusual quantity of spirits, and that almost all of it had been purchased by Kavanagh for the use of the colony.

"But it seems only right," observed Chesney, "since the ship could be resupplied at Melbourne, that as much as possible should have been left in store on the island."

"No doubt, Sir," answered the man, grinning, "if so be as it *has* been left in store, though, from what I have seen of our late shipmates, they are not the ones to let good liquors spoil in the cellar."

This reply would not have caused Robert uneasiness but that it had seemed to him that the amount of spirits which he had been commissioned to purchase, and which he was now bringing with him, was very large, while, if it was really true that the store was already sufficient for the colonists in that respect, it would be immensely in excess of their needs.

"Well, well," returned he, with an air of somewhat assumed indifference, "the cellar key will of course be taken care of, and the liquor only given out under proper restrictions."

"By the master, Sir, or the butler?" inquired the other, with a most significant action of the left eyelid.

"What the deuce do you mean, man?" asked Robert, angrily.

"Well, Sir, I mean no offense," returned the other, apologetically. "Only that's what we—I mean we of the crew—used to call Mr. Kavanagh and his man, 'master and butler,' because they were such Lushingtons. I've known three bottles of whisky go into Mr. Kavanagh's cabin of a morning, and come out empty before night. I dare say Murphy helped him, and Maguire too, for that matter; but to have D. T. for the second time during one voyage, well, that's going it a leetle too fast. Of course I thought you had known, Sir, or I would not have mentioned it."

Robert was not so simple but that he had heard of *delirium tremens*, but until that moment he had been totally unaware that he had himself been a witness to a sufferer from that complaint. This, then, was the explanation of Kavanagh's cries for "Help!" and spectre-haunted gestures, and also of the disinclination of Murphy to admit him on such occasions to his master's cabin. A shadow seemed to fall upon his heart with the revelation; for how unstable, he reflected, must those fortunes be, that but a while ago had looked so fair, which rested on the caprice of a habitual drunkard! The vague but solemn warning of "Miss Mary," the foreboding farewell of Mistress Mulvaney, recurred to him now with novel force, and found at least their partial interpretations. One thing, however, was certain, he had thrown in his lot with Kavanagh, and it was far too late—and indeed for the present impossible—to dissociate their fortunes.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT KAVANAGH HAD DONE.

ON the fifth day the sloop made the island; and its arrival was welcomed in the little harbor with evident satisfaction, yet, as it seemed to Robert, without the enthusiasm that might have been expected. There was an air of constraint about these usually frank and light-hearted people, which, under the circumstances, was quite unaccountable. Robert's first act would have been to go to Government House—as the only wooden erection of which the harbor boasted was facetiously termed, and from whose roof floated a huge green flag—to report himself to Kavanagh. "The Governor," however, he was informed, was not within; he had, it seemed, started with Murphy a few hours ago for another spot in his dominions upon the other side of the hill, and there was nothing for it but to proceed with the disembarkation of the stores. The live stock, which included sheep, goats, pigs, poultry, and even a few cows, excited such admiration as no golden medalist of a metropolitan cattle-show ever extorted; for these poor folk had been living on salt junk for the last three months, and milk had been an unknown commodity even to the little children. It was no little disappointment to Robert, who was secretly conscious of having acquitted himself well as purveyor to the little commonwealth, that Mr. Kavanagh was not present during these proceedings; and when they were concluded, and such things as might suffer damage from exposure placed safely under cover, he was naturally impatient to see his patron, to whom Maguire offered to conduct him. The colony had been divided, it seemed, into two parts, in consequence of a "faction fight" that had already taken place between his "Tipperary boys" and the other members of the community; and the latter were located on the south side of the island in a settlement of their own, to which "the Governor" was now paying a visit, just as in disturbed districts "a royal progress" is sometimes made for the purpose of conciliation. On the way Robert noticed with pleasure that some attempts at cultivation had been made, and not without success, for though the agricultural knowledge of the community was for the most part confined to planting potatoes or the sowing of mustard and cress, the soil was so fertile that you had but to "tickle it with a hoe and it straightway laughed in harvest." In a few years it was plain that, with very moderate industry, *Murphy's Island* might be changed from a comparative desert to a spot not only self-supporting, but teeming with plenty. They were not long before they came in sight of New Town, as it was called—a little cluster of tents with one wooden house, from the roof of which a green flag was flying, similar to that which adorned the harbor.

"That is the sign of your vice-sovereignty," observed Maguire, in answer to Robert's inquiry. "I ought to have told you that it has been arranged that you are to live here. The New Town folks, you see, will have no objection to *you*, since you are not connected with our Tipperary lot, while, on the other hand, it would never have done to leave them without some representative of authority."

There was a cynicism in Maguire's tone which would not have escaped his companion had his thoughts not been otherwise occupied. The news he had just heard was displeasing to him for a reason which, however, he would have been ashamed to mention. He had pictured himself, as the time drew near for his Lizzy's arrival, rising every morning and sweeping the sea with his glass, to catch the first glimpse of the ship that was to bring her, and from New Town no such view could be obtained, since the hill in the centre of the island obstructed it.

"It is immaterial where I live," observed Robert, "and, as you say, these good folks owe me no ill-will. But I hope Mr. Kavanagh has come to no harm by venturing hither: it is but an hour's walk from the harbor, and I can't understand what has detained him."

"Oh, the Governor is safe enough," answered Maguire, carelessly; "it is quite likely he has gone back the other way, which is a good long round."

"Then he must be in much better health than when I left him!" exclaimed Robert.

Maguire returned no answer.

They had come in sight of a knot of men lounging and loafing in the sunshine at the entrance of the village, looking certainly idle enough, but not so happy as idleness was wont to make them. Perhaps they had been to blame in the late disturbance, and regretted the part they had taken in it; but, at all events, Robert observed the same subdued air, though in a somewhat mitigated degree, that he had noticed in the people at the harbor. At the sight of Chesney they rose and ran to meet him. From the southerly position of their settlement, they had been unable, as he had foreseen, to perceive the approach of the sloop, and its arrival was unknown to them.

Having answered their questions, Robert inquired, in his turn, whether "the Governor," as Kavanagh was gravely termed, was in the village.

"No, indeed," said they. "Why, he has been ill for weeks."

Robert turned to Maguire in blank astonishment.

"That's so," said the latter, coolly; "I'll tell you all about it when we get within-doors."

The wooden house which had been set apart for Robert's residence was the only one in New Town to which that phrase "within-doors" could have been applied; and since such of the people as had not at once started for the harbor on the news of the sloop's arrival were now crowding about him and his companion, they hastened to take advantage of the privacy it afforded. It was but a two-roomed cabin, yet it was very neatly and even comfortably furnished in sea fashion, thanks to Kavanagh's long purse and the acquiescence of the captain of the *Star*; but, for the moment, Robert was far too indignant to observe this evidence of his patron's kindness, and could think only of the deception that had been practiced on himself.

"And, now we are alone, Mr. Maguire," exclaimed he, impatiently, "be so good as to explain to me for what reason I have thus been made a fool of; or is it for the mere pleasure that you may chance to take in telling a lie?"

"Sit down, my good Sir," said Maguire, quietly, himself taking a chair, "for to tell you all will be a long story. I have told you a lie, no doubt; but that is because, from the experience I have had of you, I did not think you strong enough to bear the truth. I have sounded you during our late voyage together a dozen times, and though you have doubtless done credit to your teaching (against which I have nothing to say, except that it doesn't suit my views), the result has been in every case disappointment. You have no ambition, you have no sense of independence, and you can only think in a groove. Yes, lad; you have sense and spirit, and had you shown a disposition to back me in a matter to which there is now no need to allude, we might all, instead of ending our days on this beggarly island, have had all this side of the world to choose from, and a good ship of our own to take us whither we would."

"You rascal, I believe you would have had us all turn pirates!" exclaimed Robert, striking the table with his hand.

"Perhaps," answered Maguire, coolly. "But wishes unfulfilled are not crimes, I believe, at least in this life, though some good folks have affixed a penalty to them in the next. You are, I see, recalling to your mind the delicate hints that I used to drop upon this subject, my endeavors to make myself agreeable to the poor fools below stairs, the disfavor with which the gallant captain of late regarded me, and other little matters. But let us not waste time either on regrets or self-congratulations. The point is that here we are, and we are not pirates."

"Nay," answered Robert, firmly, "the point is rather that however you might have succeeded in imposing upon your own poor ignorant people, you would not have gained a man with a head on his shoulders or a heart in his breast to join in so mad and atrocious a scheme. No one of them, in the first place, would have moved a finger without their master's bidding; and you will never persuade me that a gentleman like Mr. Kavanagh, however imprudent and misguided, would have consented to become a thief and a murderer—"

"One moment," interposed Maguire, laying his finger on Robert's arm: "by a most singular and unusual accident to have occurred during a flight of virtuous eloquence, you have chanced to hit the nail on the head with your sledge-hammer. What would you say if I was to let you know that *Mr. Kavanagh is a murderer already?*"

"I should say that you are a Liar, and in point of fact I *do* say it," answered Robert, hotly.

"Very good; that shows your spirit. There have indeed been days—and not so long ago—when I would have shot a man dead for saying less; but let that pass. I want to come to an understanding with you, my lad, and not to quarrel; and, besides, it is your very pluck that makes me wish, I don't say for your friendship, lest it should offend you, but your alliance. I must still request you to listen to me, even though you may disbelieve my assertions; but the proofs of what I say shall be forth-coming before you leave this room. Mr. Frank Kavanagh had, as you know, a younger brother, Louis; they were born of the same mother, but under circumstances that made the younger the heir and the elder penniless. Mr. Kavanagh senior did not marry his wife until after Frank's birth, whereby the boy was rendered illegitimate, though only a few persons were aware of the fact, either at that time or afterward. The old man liked Frank best, as indeed did every body; though wild and impulsive, he was generous and warm-hearted; and even the political scrapes he got into (which were very serious) seemed in his father's eyes, who sympathized with their objects, but the result of youthful enthusiasm. To the tenants of the estate they endeared him, and even from Louis they never received any direct discouragement (although he held aloof from them) until after the old man's death. It was not till long after Frank had grown up that his father revealed to him the fact of his illegitimacy, and I dare say the revelation did not help to sober him, or to heal the disagreements which already existed between his better-fortuned brother and himself. Of these latter, however, the old man was not very cognizant, or, at all events, attached to them less importance than they deserved. However his sons might differ in politics, he thought they would be loyal to one another; and especially that Louis, who was always full of professions of duty and principle, would take care to see his wishes carried out with respect to Frank after his own death, just as if they had the force of law. He could, indeed, have left his eldest son provided for in his will,

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but not without the exposure of the shame of his dead mother; so in the presence of both his sons, and with Frank's full consent, he stated how he desired them to share his property. His English estate of Falston, which was much larger than that he possessed in Ireland, he gave to Louis, who disliked the latter country, to which, on the other hand, his brother was devoted. To make up for this unequal distribution, and also because he foresaw that Frank's revolutionary tendencies might one day cause him to need ready money wherewith to make himself a home in the New World, he left him a large sum (which he always kept by him in notes at Falston for the very purpose to which it was afterward applied), as well as the estate in Tipperary. Louis promised solemnly that this arrangement should hold good after his father's death, just as if it had been so devised by will; and so the brothers parted company, never, I believe, to meet again but *once:* Frank to recommence his desultory existence, made up of attempts at art, attempts at politics—assisted in the latter by the devotion of such poor tools as you see here. Frank Kavanagh was honest; his people were faithful, but they could not discover the way to the moon. Moreover, there were some people who objected even to the experiment being tried. His plots, harmless to the government against which they were directed, were dangerous to himself: he had to use disguises, aliases, and houses that had back-doors to them, while Louis lived with his father at Falston Hall, a model son, with an eye to the county magistracy. When the old man died Frank was in hiding, and, as Louis pretended, could not, therefore, be communicated with; but, at all events, the first hint he received of the fact was from the stoppage of his own allowance, followed by the information that his brother had taken possession of the whole paternal estate, as he had undoubtedly a legal right to do. On the same evening Frank Kavanagh, with Murphy, rode down from town to Falston Hall. What happened there I can pretty well guess; but if you like to see the account of it as written by the penny-a-liners, here it is." Maguire drew a newspaper from his breast pocket, and threw it across the table. "'*The murder at Falston Hall*' is what they call it, you see."

"I see," gasped Robert, looking from that ghastly heading to the date of the newspaper, which was the same as that on which he had visited Herne Street. Oh, why, when Denton had offered it to him *then*, had he declined to read it?

"How you could be ignorant of what had taken place," continued Maguire, "was always a marvel to me; for if you had missed the papers, yet, being in town, how could you have helped reading *this*, which was on every blank wall in London?"

From the same pocket he took out a handbill, and spread it out upon the table:

"£200 REWARD.—The above reward will be paid for the apprehension of Frank Kavanagh, charged with the Willful Murder of his brother, Louis Kavanagh, of Falston Hall, Esquire."

It was the same notice which had been pasted opposite to Robert's window at Mulvaney's, but of which he had only read the first two words when it was torn down by Murphy. Now the whole truth flashed upon him. The broad-sheet seller of the previous night had proclaimed the full particulars, though the widow and he in the smoke-room had caught them but indistinctly: he had missed the name, and had taken for *suicide* what without doubt had been *fratricide.* Murphy had prevented his going out to buy the broad-sheet, and had invented an excuse for not obtaining it himself, in order to conceal the terrible truth. With Robert, who had had the encounter with the patrol in his mind, and had no suspicion of any other catastrophe, he had succeeded, even after the former had seen the handbill, since he set that down to the same account; but the widow he had been unable to deceive, and hence their quarrel respecting Kavanagh. She had been blind to his failings, tender to his faults, but she could not, like his faithful henchman, excuse his crimes. "I don't wish to see him, Murphy," she had said, when he had spoken of the young master's wishing her farewell, "either here or elsewhere, but least of all under my own roof." And the reason was now only too evident—she had shrunk from taking his blood-stained hand in hers. From the moment she knew that he had taken his brother's life all regard for him had died out in her, or only just so much remained as prevented her from proclaiming his crime. To Robert she had maintained an icy silence, the coldness of which had not escaped his notice, though he had never guessed its cause.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The *Murillo.*—Sedgewick's Humor.—Mr. Spurgeon on Art.

"THE dead," it is said, "can tell no tales," and perhaps it was to this proverb that the captain of the vessel which ran down the *Northfleet* trusted when he steamed away from the destruction he had wrought, regardless, like the gods in Tennyson's *Lotos-Eaters*, of "sinking ship and praying hands;" yet the offender has been discovered, it seems, in one Felipe Berrute, a Spaniard, in command of the steamer *Murillo*, one of a line which regularly plies between this country and the Spanish peninsula. The telegraph was employed both by her owners and those who wished to bring her to justice, and at Lisbon, where she was due, she was "wired" to go on "if in collision" at once, and without discharging cargo, to Cadiz: which she did, yet not before those warned to watch for her had observed her to be "fresh painted on the starboard bow, to water-line, with indentation near her anchor." It is feared that, since she belongs to Spanish owners, no steps can be taken against her, unless she again ventures into English waters. Cousin Jonathan in such a case would probably send an iron-clad with orders "to see about it," but I fear that will not be done in this case. "*Cedunt arma togæ*" is our present motto, and all our fighting is done in our law courts.

This reflection reminds me that the claimant to the Tichborne estates and his friend Mr. Skipworth have "got it hot" for their attempts to prejudice the public mind in the former's favor. "Sir Roger" has had to give security to the amount of £1000 that he will not so offend again, and Mr. Skipworth is find £500, and is to be imprisoned for three months. The evidence brought forward concerning this gentleman shows that the race of Justice Shallow (for he is a county magistrate) is by no means extinct. It seems he has written to the Queen entreating her "to see justice done" to his little innocent; and in a pamphlet addressed "to the people of England," on the same vital subject, proves that there was collusion between the counsel for the complainant and that of the defendant, on the ground that he "saw the Attorney-General with his arm round Sergeant Ballantyne's neck." The roars of laughter with which this and similar extracts were received by the crowded court moved not the dull but conscientious Skipworth in the least, and he went to jail appealing from the authority of the judicial bench to "the protection of his Lord and his God." The claimant, as you may conjecture, showed a very different sort of fight, and was, as usual, imperturbably audacious. When Mr. Justice Blackburn addressed him with, "And now as to you, Orton, or Castro, or Tichborne," the air with which he interrupted him with his calm "Tichborne, my lord," is said to have been inimitable. However, he may now no longer hold meetings in his own favor at thirty guineas a night (for which he has been "farmed" by a licensed victualer), but confines himself to appealing to a generous and gullible public *per* advertisement only.

Having had to speak so much of deceased personages in my recent *Gossips*, I purposely did not give the death of Professor Sedgewick the place which it deserved as the first topic of the present week. That world-famous geologist died at Trinity College, Cambridge, on Monday last (January 27), at the age of eighty-seven, and in the same rooms, as I believe, which he had occupied as a fellow of that society for more than sixty years. He was of a very genial nature, and a rough but kindly humorist. It is related of him that having cause to suspect his bed-maker—as the old women who attend our collegians are called—of stealing his tea, he placed one pound in his caddy as usual, and another in a secret place, helping himself only from the latter store. When the offender came to the professor, as usual, to say that his tea was gone, he laughed good-humoredly, and said, "Why, my good woman, *your* tea" (that is, the tea he had suffered her to purloin as usual) "has not lasted so long as mine has," and triumphantly produced his secret store. On another occasion this lady, or perhaps her granddaughter, had taken upon herself in the long vacation to have his chairs, which were in a sad state of disrepair, cane-bottomed, instead of stuffed as before. "No," said this scientific old gentleman: "I am growing an old man, madam, and I am not going to the grave with *hexagons* imprinted on me." In Professor Sedgewick Cambridge has lost its best-known figure, and science one of its ancient beacons, which had, however, outlived its fire.

Mr. Spurgeon has come home from his tour abroad, and has given a lecture at his "Tabernacle" upon what he saw in Italy, which has driven the art world, and, indeed, polite society generally, almost into hysterics. Because he is vulgar and ignorant, as he certainly is, compared with any "snowy-banded, delicate-handed" priest of the Established Church, the world of fashion and learning despise Mr. Spurgeon, and yet are very angry with him for the personal influence he exerts over his own people—who are numerous and wealthy, if not of a high social standing. The truth is, I believe, that no other living preacher has ever drawn together such enormous audiences during such a length of time, nor does his popularity appear to be at all upon the wane. He differs from the majority of the conventional clergy by boldly grappling with the particular sins of the flock he is addressing; instead of doing vague battle with "the infidel" (not present), or attacking the Pope, I have heard him say to his own people (who are mostly in the retail line, and very pious), "When I mention *Mammon*, mind you, I don't speak of millionaires, and such-like, but of your pettifogging, grasping shop-keeper, who is as likely as not to invite one into his back parlor to come and pray with him, while he is all the while sanding the sugar."

Again, when Spurgeon had that dispute with the deacons of his own chapel which caused him to migrate to the Tabernacle, he reminded his congregation that it was written in the Scripture, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you," but "let me tell you, if you resist a deacon he will *fly at* you, for such has been my case." Since, then, this gentleman does not consult the sensibilities of his own flock, it is not very likely that he should pay much respect to the dictum of the critics, or of the admirers of theological high art. He states it to be his conviction that after walking through some twenty miles of pictures "one seems not to want to visit any more picture-galleries." He was "unable to say what the Virgin Mary's countenance was like, but he had seen her as a Frenchwoman, a Dutchwoman, a German, and an Italian, and lastly he had seen her as black as soot."

In the Coliseum he and his friends sang hymns, and he preached a sermon in it, a fact which seems to have given him greater satisfaction than the pictures. Altogether, Mr. Spurgeon has drawn down upon himself a torrent of abuse from all the organs of civilization, which affects him as much as a shower affects a duck—that is, he rather likes it; and upon my word, to a man who knows the art critics and the world of refinement generally, it is pleasant to hear Mr. Spurgeon speak his mind.

Speaking of high art, our loan exhibition of the old masters this year is by no means so good as its predecessors. In particular, there are one or two paintings by "the greatest master that ever lived," as some call him, Velasquez, which would seem to an untutored eye to be not a very munificent gift to a hotel-keeper as a sign for his establishment. There is one labeled *Constable* also, concerning which a gentleman named Wainewright writes to the papers to say, "I beg to say that I painted that picture with my own hands." About which, of course, there is a very pretty kettle of fish.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

WASHINGTON society is looking forward with eager interest to the grand *finale* of the season—the Inauguration Ball. A mammoth building—325 feet in length and 150 in width—has been erected in Judiciary Square, in order to prevent the inconveniences so common in connection with a large ball. Every arrangement will be made for the accommodation of all guests. The hat and cloak rooms extend the whole length of the building, and also the supper-room, which will be open from the beginning to the close of the ball. The West Point, Naval Academy, and Marine bands will supply the music for the occasion, and the illumination and decoration of the room will be unusually magnificent. The indications are that there will be a grand display in Washington. About thirty different military organizations from various parts of the country will be present, as well as the West Point and naval cadets. The parades and drills, which constitute a part of the programme of the week, will add much to the interest of the occasion. There will probably be about seven thousand military in Washington, and there is a desire that there should be a general review either on the 4th or the 5th of March.

Considerable dissatisfaction has been felt because letters not fully prepaid in passing through the United States mail have been charged at the office of delivery with double the deficient postage. The question having been referred to the Attorney-General, he has decided that letters not fully prepaid at the time of mailing should not be charged with double the deficient postage, but only with the actual balance not prepaid.

The usual spring alarm has come a little ahead of its time. Peach-growing districts send out the news that peaches will be a scarce article this year. The report is received with stolid indifference.

Cases have been recently developed in Boston where working-women have been cruelly imposed upon by the injustice of their employers. In view of facts brought to light, a meeting was convened in Boffin's Bower for the purpose of devising some means of relieving working-women from these hardships. A statement of individual cases was made by Miss Collins, and resolutions were passed calling upon the public to refuse patronage to those who did not deal justly with their employées.

Boston contributes one hundred and eighty families to the colony about to settle in the Neosho Valley, in Kansas. Seventy thousand acres of land are set apart to be occupied by new settlers.

We are likely to think that in those parts of the country where the thermometer falls to 10° or 15° below zero there must be terrible suffering. So, doubtless, there is in cases of special exposure. But where the atmosphere is dry, intense cold is far more endurable, and even pleasant, than a much higher temperature accompanied by damp, raw east winds. A Quebec paper speaks of delicate women and children going out for their daily promenade when the thermometer marks 10°, 20°, and even 30° below zero without experiencing any injury or special discomfort. But penetrating east winds and the damp atmosphere arising from rapidly evaporating snow chill one effectually.

In Vienna a school has been opened to instruct girls in type-setting. There are about one hundred pupils, a teacher being assigned to every twenty.

An experienced florist says that few house plants can endure the high, dry temperature of most of our living-rooms during the winter. The temperature should not be allowed, so far as the plants are concerned, to go above sixty-five in the daytime. The main thing to be considered in keeping house plants in health is to secure an even, moist atmosphere, and freedom from dust.

A lady of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, recently received by an expressman a box containing a set of costly furs. Supposing they were sent by some dealer for examination, she declined to receive them, saying she had a similar set. As the story goes, she dreamed that night that her own furs had been stolen. Investigation proved that her furs were really gone. She sent to the express office, obtained the box, and recognized her own property. This seems to be a case of conscience.

Foreign journals speak of a marriage of unusual interest which lately was celebrated at Trieste, the parties being Mr. Arthur Sassoon, of London, and Mlle. Louisa Eugenia Perugia, the belle of Trieste. In the middle of one of the magnificent saloons in the house of the bride's uncle was placed a canopy of white silk, under which stood the bride and bridegroom, with the rabbis, the choir behind, and the relatives to the number of one hundred and fifty all around. The bridegroom wore the white fringed scarf usual at prayer, and the men retained their hats, in imitation of the Eastern custom of covering the head with the turban. The bride's brothers held long tapers. The marriage ceremony varied a little from the Oriental rite, some European usages being admitted. The whole service was in Hebrew. When the ceremony was over the company sat down to a magnificent *déjeuner*, such as might be given in Paris, and which was laid out in a splendid saloon of white and gold. Short and cordial speeches were made in English, French, Italian, and German.

The bride's dress was exquisite and simple. It consisted of a robe of white satin, with petits volants of satin, and flounces of Valenciennes; a train of white moiré, with a *guirlande* of orange flowers all around it; a corsage of white satin, trimmed with Valenciennes and bouquets of orange flowers. She wore a crown of orange flowers, which fell behind like a garland amidst the dark curls clustering upon her shoulders, and a large tulle veil covered her from head to foot. The sole ornament was a *rivière* of diamonds (her husband's gift), and which could not have cost less than £10,000. The lovely, fresh young face looked almost too childish for its important necklace. The bride-maids wore pink and white.

The Vienna Exposition is to receive a specimen of the colored marble of California from a manufacturer of San Francisco. The block, which is one foot wide and eighteen inches long, is now on exhibition in that city. It weighs 275 pounds, and is of a beautiful tortoise-shell color. The colored marbles of California are of superior beauty, and are said to be preferred by Italians to the marbles of their own country. It is sold by the pound in Italy, and used in veneering.

A bill recently passed the House of Representatives authorizing a company, chartered by the State of New York, to lay a telegraphic cable between America and Asia. The provision is made that the United States government shall furnish as many vessels as shall be required for laying the cable, and shall also make the necessary soundings.

A burlesque history of Napoleon III., illustrated with numerous plain and colored plates, is to be published in one hundred numbers, at ten centimes each.

Medusa, as conceived by Miss Hosmer, the artist, is a character quite different from that presented by most modern sculptors. Instead of making the representation so repulsive with her writhing hair that no one can look upon it without horror, the figure has a fascinating beauty which seems to make it popular, for the artist has received many orders from all quarters for the head of Medusa. Miss Hosmer is still at Rome.

It may not be generally known that the oleander, which is a favorite plant, is extremely poisonous. Instances are given in medical works of children who had eaten small fragments which had been clipped from the oleander, and the result was very nearly fatal. When handled in a close room a certain benumbing effect is often experienced. The United States Dispensatory states that the French peasantry used the powdered bark of the oleander as a poison for rats.

The Khedive of Egypt is about to send out a company of five thousand men to explore Africa. The ostensible object of the expedition is to go into that part of the country where Dr. Livingstone is supposed to be, and co-operate with him if he desires. Otherwise they will undertake to explore the country in hope of discovering something new about the sources of the Nile.

The Working-Women's Protective Union, organized in 1863 and incorporated in 1868, was established to meet the great need which working-women experienced of legal protection. Defrauded as they often were by heartless employers, there existed no efficient means for their defense and redress. Through the instrumentality of the managers of the union and their associates legal gentlemen have been employed to prosecute suits for unpaid labor, and to redress frauds and impositions, women have been assisted in their search for employment, employers have been appealed to for shorter hours and more just payment, and the community has been urged to lend a helping hand to the working-woman in her life-struggles. Moreover, the union has procured the enactment of a special law for the payment of wages due to working-women, coupled with punishment for those who willfully defraud them. Among the methods adopted by this association for the benefit of the working-woman is that of temporary loans. These loans have been made only to meet immediate and peculiar necessities—sometimes ten cents for a breakfast, sometimes three or four dollars to get clothing from the pawnbroker, and sometimes a larger sum to aid in buying a sewing-machine. These loans have extended over a period of four years, and it is believed by the treasurer that not a single cent has been lost in making them, though they were made without pledges of any kind.

No less than 2267 prosecutions have been made on behalf of working-women by the union. The larger portion of the sums recovered by legal proceedings has been in very small amounts. In some instances the working-woman's savings of many years—her entire fortune, amounting to two or three hundred dollars—have been recovered, and in others it has been her thread-money—only twenty or thirty cents—out of which she had been shamefully cheated. In both cases, by the enforcement of regular legal proceedings, begun and carried through by the union at its own expense, and entirely without cost to working-women, the sums due were obtained.

The Working-Women's Protective Union, located at 38 Bleecker Street, is supported by contributions from those interested in sustaining it. The expenses amount to about $3500 per year. A building fund is now in progress, and the board of directors hope eventually to secure such an endowment as will render it a permanent and self-sustaining institution.

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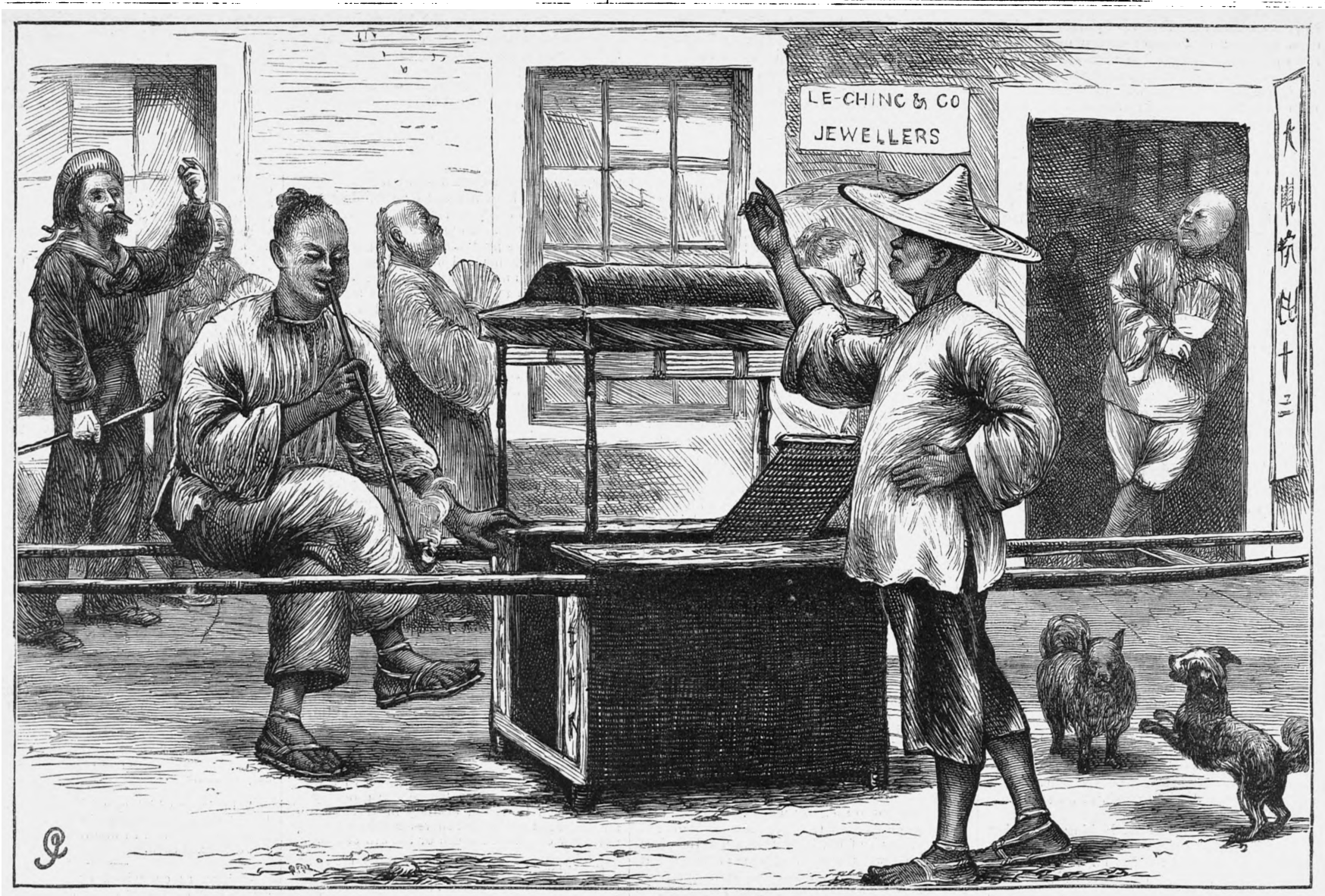


LIFE IN CHINA—A HONG-KONG CHAIR.

LIFE IN CHINA.

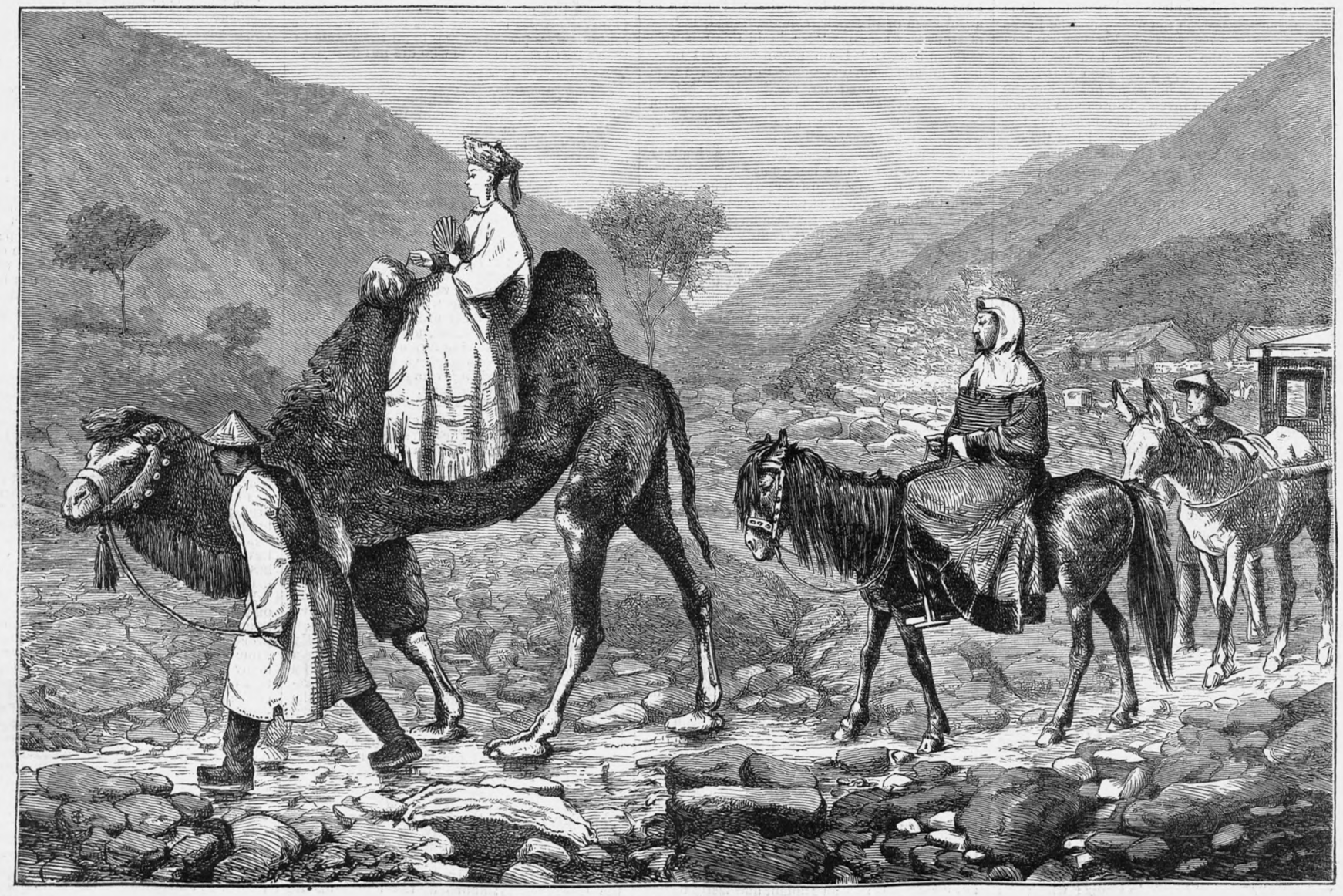
A HONG-KONG CHAIR.

A STRANGER landing at Hong-Kong is at once known by the public chair coolies who surround him, and cut off his advance with a crescent of chairs on the wharf. If the stranger be at all a timid person, he will conclude from the barrier of chairs drawn up in front, the wild gestures of the half-dressed, ferocious-looking coolies, that in the interests of self-preservation he must at once either retire to the boat or consign himself to the care of the first chair-bearers. It may be, in spite of remonstrances, and before he has time to reflect, he will find himself in a sedan on the shoulders of two Chinamen, who are bearing him off to the hotel. These sedan-chairs of Hong-Kong take the place of the cabs of European cities, and also of private conveyances, as the residents who can afford the luxury keep private chairs and bearers who are dressed in a kind of livery. The public chairs and bearers are licensed by government, each chair having attached to it a board bearing a printed form of legal tariff. There are chair stands in front of the places of public resort, and at the wharfs and corners of the principal streets, where the bearers keep a sharp look-out for profitable customers, such as sailors from the men-of-war or merchant ships in the harbor, who, when they have a run ashore, spend a considerable portion of their pay in hiring a chair to carry them about for the day.

The chair coolies make it their business to obtain a knowledge of the habits of the residents: a new-comer has only to be about a month in the place when his habits, his residence, and the houses which he is accustomed to visit will be so thoroughly known, that after a late dinner he has only to step into the first chair to assure his being set down before his own door without a word having been exchanged. Next morning his bearers of the previous night will appear just as he is going to office, to receive their hire from the boy in waiting.

TRAVELING IN CHINA—MONGOLS GOING TO PEKIN.

The traffic from Mongolia to Kalgan, through the Nankow Pass, always increases toward the end of the year. When the winter has fairly set in the Mongols come down from the steppes in great numbers, bearing supplies of frozen game and other produce for the markets in Pekin. They also supply the capital with sheep, pigs, and ponies, which they bring down in immense



TRAVELING IN CHINA—MONGOLS GOING TO PEKIN.

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herds from their distant pasture lands. Brick tea is sent in return to the Mongolian steppes, where it is not only used in great quantities, but forms the currency in Mongolia, and overland into Siberia. The illustration represents a Mongol family on its way to the capital, or rather to the Mongol quarter of Pekin, situated at the rear of the British legation. It is curious there to observe the thoroughly nomadic tendencies of the race. They frequently hire houses of the Chinese, which they do not occupy, preferring to live in tents in the open court in front.

"FIRST MATE."

THIS pretty picture depicts a feature in London river life which is fast fading away before the advance of modern civilization, with its steamers and their crews of the masculine gender. The slow-gliding, broad-beamed barges, with their copper-colored or saffron-tinted sails, that float lazily along the Thames, usually have for their chief officer a buxom dame like the one represented in the engraving, and who assists her husband, father, or brothers in navigating the craft. And who would not aspire to the honor of commanding the *Polly* or the *Nelly* with the chance of having under his orders such a fascinating first mate as this! Not that she is a girl who would stand any nonsense. Observe the muscularity of her arms. A snob who should offer any liberties would speedily find himself *hors de combat*, struggling in the muddy river. But observe also the tea equipage, the friendly jackdaw at her feet, and, above all, the tranquil smile of content on her lip. Depend on it, she is a good girl, and if there be any Tom Tug, plying at Blackfriars or Chelsea or serving on board a citizen steamer, on the look-out for a suitable helpmate, here is the fair one to serve his purpose. The scene, as above sketched, is laid on the Thames, and the barge has just been steered through Battersea Bridge.

"FIRST MATE."

FEATHERS AND DOWN.

THE principal feathers entering into commerce in any quantity are those of the ostrich, vulture (so called), egret, osprey, cock, goose, swan, turkey, and peacock. The chief

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downs are eider-down, goose-down, swan's-down, and estridge or ostrich-down. The feathers and down of many other birds are used, but are of less importance. Crow-quills are in some slight demand for coiffures, and for etching and writing. Goose-quills for writing have been largely superseded by the cheaper and now generally employed steel pen.

THE TURQUOISE RING.

By Bethune's banks, in days of courtoisie,
There lived a young and gallant chevalier;
Save lance and charger brave no wealth had he,
But served, like gentle knight, his mistress dear.
To her he cried,
One morn in pride,
"Brave news! Once more our barons bold uprear
'Gainst England's power their glorious banners fair!

"Dear France's right may God for aye maintain,
And bless the knight who combats for his king!
Whilst thou, my lady-love, shalt still retain
In pledge of my fond faith this turquoise ring,
Its azure blue
Shall keep its hue
With Hubert's life; but should its brightness wane,*
Weep for thine own true knight in battle slain."

Some gentle tears the lady shed, as o'er
The knight's cuirass her snow-white scarf she tied;
And on her flushing cheeks the tints she bore
Of love's fond grief and woman's nobler pride.
Then bending low
To saddle bow,
He kissed her brow, and vowed his cry should be,
"Sweet Lady Claire, for honor, love, and thee!"

As down the forest glade at early dawn
Her parting knight pricks on his gallant steed,
His weeping dame still watches from the lawn,
As fading form and footfalls faint recede,
Till pennon light
And plume snow-white
No longer waving on the morning air,
She looks to heaven and breathes her fondest prayer.

Three years the Eastern ring shone pure and bright;
Three years for honor, love, and lady fair
Sir Hubert fought, till tidings came at night—
Sad tidings from the battle-field—to Claire.
She knew too well
What page could tell.
"The ring! the fatal ring!" she, fainting, cried;
Beheld the azure's fading hue, and died.

(Continued from No. 9, page 140.)

LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Grif," and "Joshua Marvel."

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(*Continued.*)

ALFRED'S LAST CHANCE.

"If I thought you were deceiving me, Alf," said Mr. Sheldrake, "I should know what to do."

"What makes you speak in this way to me?" Alfred mustered up sufficient courage to ask. "If you doubt me, try me."

"I will. I was at your house to-day, as I have told you. I offered your grandfather assistance; he declined it. Both he and Lily were any thing but cordial to me. For the old man I don't care one jot; but he influences Lily, and has power over her. She follows the cue he gives her. The old man said they wanted for nothing; that they had a friend, who had come forward at the nick of time—a friend, said that railway man's little girl, that they all loved—old man, little girl, Lily, and all."

Mr. Sheldrake bit his lips at the remembrance of the blush which had come to Lily's cheek when Pollypod asked her if she didn't love this friend.

"Children talk all sorts of nonsense," said Alfred, "and Polly more than most children."

"Perhaps; but that isn't the question just now. Who is this friend, this paragon, this model of goodness, that every body loves?"

Alfred hesitated for one moment only. Felix had asked them, as a particular favor, not to mention his name as having befriended them, and they had given him the promise. But Alfred felt that to hesitate now, and to beat about the bush with Mr. Sheldrake in that gentleman's present humor, would be fatal to him. So he answered,

"His name is Felix Creamwell. He is an old acquaintance."

"I thought so; the same young cub who interrupted my conversation with Lily after we came from the theatre. What is the special tie that binds him to your people?"

This direct questioning of Felix's motive for befriending them staggered Alfred. It had never occurred to him before; and with the sudden introduction of the subject came a glimpse of light—a new revelation—which enabled him but dimly at present to place a possibly correct construction on Lily's unhappiness. Policy impelled him to reply,

"Friendship for my grandfather, I suppose."

But he stammered over the words, and Mr. Sheldrake said, sharply,

"You don't seem quite certain as to his motive, Alf."

"I know that there's a great friendship between him and my grandfather," said Alfred, and with a fuller consciousness of what was at stake; "and although I have never asked myself the question, I should say that what he has done has been prompted by friendship."

"Not by love?"

"Love for whom?" inquired Alfred, in his turn, with ready cunning.

"Well, let that pass," replied Mr. Sheldrake, only too willing not to have his doubts confirmed. "I dare say I can make the account even between us, if we ever come across each other. I *know* I can make it even with you. He has a motive, doubtless, and I don't believe in disinterested friendship. Now we will come to our own business." He took the papers which he had laid aside and looked over them. "You know what these are?"

"I see some of my bills among them."

"Accounts of money you owe me—dishonored bills and other documents equally valuable. Here is a bill for sixty pounds, due last week, dishonored. I have had it noted, and have obtained judgment upon it."

"What for?" asked Alfred, trembling.

"So as to be ready for you," said Mr. Sheldrake, coolly, "in case I find you are playing the double with me. It will be best for you to understand at once that I am in serious earnest. Miss Lizzie would not say many more uncivil things to me if she knew this. I suppose you couldn't tell me how much you owe me."

"I haven't kept an account."

"It being no business of yours. Well, I have, feeling interested in it, naturally; and what between me and Con Staveley, the debt is as near three hundred pounds as possible. Is it convenient to you to settle this small account?"

"You know it isn't," answered Alfred, with a groan; and added, entreatingly, "if you will advance me what you promised for the City and Suburban, I shall be able to pay you a good lump after the race."

"How if you lose?"

"I can't lose," cried Alfred; "I must win; I must. Even if I didn't do what I am going to do—even if I trusted entirely to chance—luck must turn. You have told me so yourself a dozen times. But I don't depend upon that."

"How much do you want?"

"Forty pounds;" and Alfred twined his fingers nervously. Indeed, it seemed to him, as it had seemed a dozen times in the course of the year gone by, that the result was a certainty, if he had only the money to back his opinion. "If I can but once get clear," he thought, not for the first time, "I'll never back another horse as long as I live—never, never!"

It was not his debt to Mr. Sheldrake that pressed so heavily upon him; there was a sharper and more terrible sword hanging over him.

"What horses would you back for this money, Alf?"

Alfred, encouraged by a tinge of the old cordiality in Mr. Sheldrake's tone, answered, confidently,

"Kingcraft and Xanthus. I would put ten pounds on Xanthus and twenty pounds on Kingcraft."

"And the other ten pounds?"

"I want that to speculate with on the race-course on the day of the race."

"No," said Mr. Sheldrake, in a decided tone, "I can't consent to that. I shall give you no money in hand to play ducks and drakes with."

"Well, then, I will put it *all* on Kingcraft and Xanthus—fifteen pounds on Xanthus and twenty-five on Kingcraft."

"What makes you fancy Kingcraft? Xanthus I know is good—all the papers speak up for him."

"Didn't Kingcraft win the Derby?" cried Alfred, excitedly. "I'm told that the horse has come back to his old form, and that he's certain to win. A man told me who knows all about it. The stable has been keeping it dark, and they're all going to put their money on. I shall be able to pay you every penny back, and I shall never know how to thank you enough. I've told Liz and Lily that no man ever had such a friend as you are to me, and I'll tell them again. Will you do it for me?"

"Let me see. The odds about Kingcraft are—"

"Fifteen to one," interposed Alfred, eagerly; "and six to one about Xanthus. I only back Xanthus to save myself. One or other is certain to pull off the race."

"Very well; I'll give you the odds myself."

"You will! You are a trump, and no mistake. How can I thank you! Are you making a book on the race?"

"Yes, and it will be better for you that I should take the bet rather than any body else; for then," he added, with a quiet chuckle, "the money will be safe."

"Yes, that it will," said Alfred, in all sincerity. "Fifteen to one to twenty-five pounds—that will be three hundred and seventy-five pounds if I win on Kingcraft, and ninety pounds if Xanthus wins."

He felt as if he had the larger sum already in his pocket, and the despair which filled him but a few minutes since was swallowed up in the false hope.

"I will send you the vouchers to-morrow, and now I want *your* voucher for this money that I am going to lend you."

Always willing enough to give his signature, Alfred waited, pen in hand, while Mr. Sheldrake drew up the paper. It was to the effect that Alfred had borrowed of him forty pounds with which he had backed two horses named for the City and Suburban Race, to be run at Epsom on Tuesday, 23d of April, and that he promised to pay back the money the Saturday after the race.

Alfred read it carelessly, and remarked, as he signed it,

"This is differently worded to any of the other things I have signed."

"I have a purpose in drawing it up in this way," said Mr. Sheldrake, as he folded the paper and placed it in his pocket-book. "This document and the protested bills would be awkward things to take to your employers, Messrs. Tickle & Flint, in case you didn't pay, or in case I found that you were playing me false, or in case of other contingencies I need not mention just now. It might induce them to make an immediate examination of the vouchers and books in your care. You are cashier there, I believe, Alf. A tempting thing is the handling of other people's money, Alf—a devilish tempting thing—when one is in debt and wants to get rich too quick."

"What do you mean?" cried Alfred, with such terror in his face and in his voice that Lizzie on the outside of the door was compelled to cling to the baluster for support. "For God's sake—"

"Don't agitate yourself, Alf," interrupted Mr. Sheldrake, with a smile. "I am only putting an extreme case. I hope I may not be driven to such a course. It depends more on others than on yourself. And now I think our little conference is ended. Any thing more to say? You shall have your vouchers to-morrow."

Lizzie glided down stairs noiselessly, and when, a few moments afterward, Mr. Sheldrake came down and shook hands with her, she accompanied him to the gate and wished him good-by with a smile on her lips, although her hand was like ice in his grasp.

"You've tamed that little devil, David," he mused, as he walked along: "she'll be twice as civil and polite the next time you meet her. Now, if Kingcraft pulls off the City and Suburban— Well, Con Staveley can give the odds. I'll tell Alfred that my book is full, and that, as I can't lay any more, I got Con to take his bets. And Con Staveley needn't pay if the horse wins."

Lizzie went back to Alfred, and found him racked by despair one moment, buoyed up by hope another. She went up to him and kissed him, saying, cheerfully,

"Am I not a good girl, Alf, for behaving so well to Mr. Sheldrake?"

"Yes, dear Liz, you are; I wish I were as good."

"Nonsense, dear; you're not strong-minded, that's all. And I don't think you love me enough."

"You mustn't say that, Liz. I love no other."

"I don't think you do, Alf; but if you loved me as well as I love you, you would not keep secrets from me."

He looked at her with sudden alarm.

"Secrets, Liz! Who told you I had secrets?"

"My heart," she replied, with a yearning look, and then, at sight of his troubled face, altered her tone as if she were schooling herself, and said, archly, "Girls are artful guessers. And I'm jealous."

"Of whom?"

"Of Mr. Sheldrake. You have been talking secrets with him up stairs; and I have a better right than he to share them with you. I hate that man!" she exclaimed, with flashing eyes. "There's nothing mean that he wouldn't do; he has a false heart, and his smooth words can't hide his bad thoughts. I saw in his face to-day what seems to be hidden from you. Oh, how I wish you had never known him!"

"It's of no use wishing, Liz. Perhaps it will all turn out for the best. Don't worry me, there's a dear! I want cheering up badly."

He laid his head upon the table wearily; his folly had made life very bitter to him. One of its sweetest blessings was his, and he had set it far below worthless things. As Lizzie's arms stole tenderly round his neck, and as her sweet words fell upon his ears, he was conscious that he had never rightly appreciated her love. He thought now how happy his life might be if he had been contented and honest, and if he had not yielded to temptation.

"Lizzie," he said, with his face hidden, "I have not acted rightly to you. If I could commence over again—"

"Nonsense, Alf," she interposed, in as cheerful a tone as she could command, for his remark, with the meaning it conveyed, brought the tears to her eyes. "I'll not allow you to speak like that. I should be satisfied if I could see you happier in your mind. You have some grief that you will not let me share, and that pains me. You seem to be frightened of something that you can not see. I have noticed that you have often been unconscious of what is passing, and seem to be listening— There! as you are now!"

He had risen to his feet with wild eyes, and was listening, with a terrible expression of fear in his face, to the sound of loud voices in the street. The speakers had stopped outside the house, and Alfred crept softly to the window. They passed away presently, and Alfred, with a sigh of relief, returned to Lizzie's side.

"What's the meaning of this, Alf?" she asked, with a fainting heart. "I have a right to know. Tell me."

"Not now," he replied, taking her cold hand and placing it on his forehead. "I dare not. If you love me, don't ask me questions. I have been foolish, and have not taken care of myself. It will be all right after next Tuesday, and we'll be happy again as we used to be. Come," he cried, with an attempt at gayety, facing her with his hands on her shoulders, "if you want to do me good, wish me luck next Tuesday."

"I wish you luck, dear, with all my heart."

"That's right, Liz; and when you go to bed pray that I may be lucky, my dear. For if I am, all this trouble will be over, and we'll commence a happy life—you and I and Lily. And we'll tell our secret then—our own secret, dearest, that no one knows but you and me."

He drew her on his lap, and she laid her head upon his shoulder. Something in his words made him the consoler now.

"It will have to be told soon, Alf dear, or it will tell itself," she said, in a tone in which joy and pain were subtly mingled.

"I know it, darling; and I've been working and trying hard to get money for you and me and Lil, and bad fortune has pursued me so steadily that I have been driven almost mad. Ah, Liz, I love you! You'll see how I love you when all this trouble comes to an end. And it *will* come to an end now that you've wished me luck, and will pray for it."

She pressed him in her arms, grateful for his calmer and tenderer mood.

"May I say something to you, dear?" she asked.

"Any thing, darling: kiss me first."

She kissed him, and he said, softly,

"What a pity it is that time will not stand still, isn't it, Liz? Now, if we could be like this for a long, long time, what happiness it would be! I almost feel as if I should like to die now, with you in my arms. What is it you want to say, darling?"

"Something about Lily."

"Dear Lily! Go on."

"Have you noticed that Mr. Sheldrake has been paying her a great deal of attention?"

"I think he likes her, Liz."

"You think! You know, you mean. But, Alf, if I had a sister that I loved as you love Lily, and who loved me as Lily loves you, I would rather see her in her grave than see her placed as Lily is now."

"Lizzie!"

"I mean what I say, Alf, and you ought to have seen it more clearly before. Do you believe that Mr. Sheldrake has any honorable intentions in his open admiration for Lily?"

"If I thought otherwise—" cried Alfred, hotly.

"What would you do?" interrupted Lizzie; "what *could* you do, placed as you are with that man? He has been working for this, Alf dear, and you haven't seen it. So deep and true is Lily's love for you that if he were to say to her, 'I have your brother in my power, and I can bring misery and shame upon him, and will if you are cold to me!'—if he were to say this to Lily in his own bad way, and work upon her loving heart in his own bad way—oh, Alfred, I could almost pray that some one would kill him! —if he were to do all this, as he may, I tremble to think what Lily would do."

"What would she do?" The words came faintly from a throat parched by remorse.

"Can you ask, Alf? What would *I* do for you? To secure your happiness is there any sacrifice that I would not make? Lily's love for you, although it is the love of a sister, is not less strong than mine. But I have learned harder lessons than Lily has had to learn, and I should not be so easily led as she would be. A bad, calculating man, as Mr. Sheldrake is, could work upon such a simple nature as hers more easily than upon mine. I should be strong where she, through innocence and simplicity, would be weak. And when she felt, as she would feel, that any sacrifice of happiness which she would be called upon to make would be made to secure the happiness of a beloved brother—"

"Stop, Lizzie!" cried Alfred, rising in his agitation, and turning from her. "Stop, for God's sake! I have been blind!"

Yes, he had been blind; and blindly had walked, step by step, to the terrible abyss which lay before him now, deliberately taking with him a pure, devoted girl, whom, despite all his selfishness, he loved next in the world to Lizzie. All the sweet memories of his life, until he met Lizzie, were of his sister, and he had conspired against her happiness. He was powerless now to undo the past, but he might atone for it. He silently swore that if he were fortunate on Tuesday he would become a better man.

"I have something else to tell you, Alfred," said Lizzie, after a long pause. "Lily is in love."

"In love! Ah, I see more clearly now, dear Lizzie. With Felix?"

"Yes. A happy life is before her, with that true man, if happily they come together."

"And he?"

"Loves her."

"Has he told you?"

"No; but there are things that need no telling. We women know. He has not spoken to her, because—because—"

"Go on, Lizzie."

"Because he sees what you have been blind to, and out of the nobleness of his heart will not add to her distress."

"It would have been better for her," groaned Alfred, "and for you, if I had never been born."

"Nay," remonstrated Lizzie, in a gentle, loving tone, "we must not repine: we must try to do better. Promise—and I will help you, with all my strength, and so will Lily and Felix—ah, you don't know what a heart he has! And your grandfather, Alfred, that good old man—"

"I know what you would say about him, Lizzie. I am punished enough already."

Indeed, he was very humble and repentant, and when he went home he knocked at his grandfather's door. It was dusk, and they could but dimly see each other's faces.

"I have come to ask your forgiveness, Sir," said Alfred.

Old Wheels started to his feet in joyful agitation. He understood it all immediately.

"My dear boy," he said, with a sob, taking Alfred's hand. "Not another word; not another word!"

He pressed the young man to his heart and kissed him. Lily, hearing the voices, came into the passage.

"Come here, Lily," cried old Wheels. "Come here, dear child!"

Lily flew into the room, and after the joy that this glad meeting brought to them they settled down quietly, and talked and thought and hoped, while the evening shadows deepened. The tender movements she made toward Alfred and her grandfather, the expressions of exquisite happiness she uttered, almost unconsciously, every now and then, the loving caresses, the musical little laughs, the words, "Oh, I am so happy now! so happy!" that escaped again and again like music from her lips, delighted the old man.

"We want Lizzie here," said old Wheels, tenderly.

"And Felix," thought Lily. This reunion seemed to bring Felix nearer to her.

* It is still believed by many that this Persian mineral, first introduced to Europe by the Crusaders, changes color and fades considerably with the serious illness of its wearer.

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CHAPTER XL.

ON EPSOM DOWNS.

"PRAY that I may be lucky, my dear."

Alfred had spoken these words to Lizzie with fullest meaning. He did not ask for a wish—he asked for a prayer. He was not himself given to praying, but on this night before he went to bed he knelt at his bedside for the first time for many, many months, with a distinct devotional purpose in his mind, and prayed with all his mental might that Kingcraft, the horse he had backed, would win the City and Suburban race on the following Tuesday.

He remained at his devotions for fully a quarter of an hour, and had his grandfather seen him in his attitude of contrition, the old man would indeed have been comforted. But during this quarter of an hour no entreaty for forgiveness of folly and crime passed Alfred's lips. Remorse he felt, but it was the remorse born of fear. Every form of prayer with which he had been familiar in childhood was unconsciously made subservient to his present purpose. His one prayerful thought shaped in silence by his lips was, "I pray with all my soul that Kingcraft may win the City and Suburban. Let Kingcraft win, O Lord! I pray that Kingcraft may win! Kingcraft! Kingcraft! Win the race! Win the race!" He transposed these words in a hundred different ways, and thought them with as much agonizing intensity as the most righteous saint could have done. When he rose to his feet he felt strengthened by the charm he had laid upon himself. He felt that nothing could prevent Kingcraft from winning; and he already began to look ahead beyond the day when, with the money he would receive, he could set himself free, and begin again. Already his better resolutions were beginning to be weakened by the prospect of large gains easily obtained. He argued with himself as he had done scores of times before. There was no harm in betting; there was only harm in losing. If there were any harm in it, would the newspapers encourage it? It was reading the newspapers that first put the idea into his head; what followed had followed naturally. He had been unlucky, that was all. Well, luck would turn now. Why, here! he would prove that luck would turn. He did, as he had often done. Once again he wrote on separate pieces of paper the names of the horses that were likely to run in the race; he folded them up separately, and shook them in his hat; he shut his eyes, and putting his hand among the papers, fumbled with them until he selected one. He drew it forth and opened it. Kingcraft! There was a plain proof. How *could* the horse lose after that? He laughed gleefully, and *would* not entertain the thought that he had purposely written the name of this horse on a larger piece of paper than the others, so that he might be sure of drawing out the one he wanted. He went to bed, and dreamed of the race. The whole of the familiar scene passed before him in his dream: he had staked a lot of money on Kingcraft, and he saw the horse sailing past the winner's post an easy winner, and found himself the winner of a thousand pounds. "Why not?" he asked of himself as he awoke, exultant; "why shouldn't I win a thousand pounds? If I could borrow money somehow, I could pay it back at once. No one would know, and we should all be happy." He read the daily newspapers eagerly, and sucked fresh hope and renewed incentives from them. The papers said that Kingcraft was in blooming health; that the stable believed in him; that a fine jockey was to ride him to probable victory; and that the public were backing him. Even, thought Alfred, in his endeavors to come to a fair conclusion, even if Kingcraft should by some strange and unaccountable chance not come in first, what horse was to beat him? For, notwithstanding the honest and upright manner in which the national sport is carried on, strange and unaccountable occurrences do sometimes occur, and roguery does occasionally triumph. Well, what horse would win if Kingcraft came in second instead of first? Xanthus, of course: Xanthus, the horse that was rising daily in popular favor. Were not all the honest and disinterested tribe of prophets and tipsters warning their miserable public to look after him? Said one, "Xanthus must not be lost sight of;" said another, "Keep Xanthus on the right side;" said another, "Put a bit on Xanthus;" said another, a cautious prophet, who never allowed himself to be caught tripping, "But—if—notwithstanding—nevertheless—such or such a thing occurred to Bertram—or if Pax is not what is represented—or if a mistake has been made in Marmora's trial—or if Phosphorus gets off badly—or if Kingcraft has entirely lost his old form—or if, notwithstanding and nevertheless, with half a dozen other horses—why, then, keep your eye on Xanthus; he may be dangerous." With what zest and animation did Alfred read the words of these inspiring writers! How attentively he studied their elegant English, and read their prophecies again and again! They all spoke well of Kingcraft, but none gave the horse as the absolute winner. Well, but was not Alfred as good a judge as any of them? Had not the secret been revealed to him, as it was to Daniel, in a night-vision? But the course of reading such worshipers as he go through is of an intensely distracting nature, and Alfred could not be blind to the fact that there were other horses that might have a chance. If he only had some money to back these horses, and to back Kingcraft and Xanthus to be first, second, or third in the race, winning would be an absolute certainty, beyond the possibility of doubt. On Saturday morning he rushed to the sporting papers, and read dozens of columns concerning the race. Some of the most respectable and reputable of these papers gave Xanthus as the winner, coupling him, however, in most instances, with other horses. Alfred was tortured by doubt—now thinking this, now that, until his mind was in a whirl of bewilderment over the miserable affair. Other papers gave other horses as the certain winners. One said Pax or Bertram would win; another, Pax or Bridgewater; another, Bertram or Hector; and so on and so on; and Alfred had not backed one of these horses. If either of them won, he was ruined past redemption. But his favorite prophet had to speak yet—a prophet whose name was in every backer's mouth. On Monday morning this prophet would unbosom himself, and Alfred determined to wait till then before he decided his course of action. He went down by train to his office, and on Monday morning he read the deliverances of his favorite prophet as he sat in the railway carriage. The prophecy recorded with an appearance of satisfaction that backers of certain horses who had made their bets weeks ago had burned their fingers, as the horses they had backed would not run in the race. The horse named Pax, who held the position of first favorite, had been backed heavily in every part of the country by those connected with the stable. The owner, it was said, having played a waiting game with his horse, now intended to win a fortune with him. Alfred's prophet declared he did not believe in Pax, although, after the usual fashion of prophets, he put in a saving clause in a few words which he could quote by-and-by, in proof of his own sagacity, in case the horse won. He pinned his faith, after much wavering, on Xanthus and Bertram, chiefly on the former, and in an elaborate and confusing summing up declared, in capital letters, that one of these must win, and that either Kingcraft or Marmora would be certain to be among the first three. Alfred was much excited by the hopes held out in this prophecy, and with some difficulty obtained from his employers leave of absence for the following day. He had not been too attentive to his duties lately, and his employers demurred at first, but he pleaded the fire that had taken place in Soho, and said that his sister and grandfather required his assistance to set their new home in order. "You shall have no cause to complain of me after this," he said, humbly, and received a reluctant assent to absent himself from his duties. He stopped at the office later than usual that evening, and was very careful and painstaking in what he did. Early in the morning he was up and away. He had told Lizzie that he was going to the races, but had made her promise not to let any one know. Lily and old Wheels supposed he was going to his office as usual, and they stood at the window watching him with smiling faces. Lily kissed her hand to him as he looked back, and he waved his gayly toward the window, and smiled brightly.

"A great change has come over him," said old Wheels, thoughtfully, "for the better, thank God. It makes you happier, Lily."

"Yes, dear, and you too. Things seem brighter and happier than they did a little while ago. He is coming back to us!"

She ran down stairs, and old Wheels followed her. Alfred was at the door.

"I've come back to give you another kiss," he said; "you looked so pretty standing at the window, that I could not help it."

"Prettier than Lizzie?" she asked, saucily and affectionately.

"As pretty, I do believe," he replied, gayly, and shook hands with old Wheels, whose face, notwithstanding its kind expression, had a trace of seriousness in it.

"Isn't he good?" asked Lily, as she and old Wheels stood at the gate. "Dear Alf! See! He's running into Lizzie's house, and Lizzie's opening the door for him!"

"I have had such nice dreams about you," said Lizzie, as she stood in the passage with Alfred's arm around her.

He laughed blithely, and took her face between his hands, and kissed her lips seven times.

"Because seven's a lucky number, Liz," he said.

"Oh, that's the reason!" she cried, with a little toss of her head.

"Yes," he replied, merrily, "and not because I love you the least bit in the world. Here's seven more—and seven more—three times seven."

And, the charm being complete, he pressed her in his arms again, and darted away.

There was something more than idle meaning in his words; in the excited state of his mind he was impelled to place an important construction upon every little incident that occurred. It was not merely an affectionate impulse that caused him to turn back and kiss Lily again. Something seemed to whisper to him, "If you don't go back you will be unlucky to-day;" and if he had resisted the impulse, he would have fretfully made that the cause of any ill luck that might befall him. In the same manner, he kissed Lizzie the number of times which seemed to him to bear the most fortunate significance. In this way he strove to make assurance doubly sure, and drew the most favorable auguries from his attention to these details, connecting them, with strange sophistry, with the great stake he was about to play. Once as he walked he passed under a ladder, and the thought occurring to him that it was an unlucky omen, he retraced his steps, so as to undo the evil consequences that might result from his act, and walked outside the ladder the second time, and congratulated himself upon his wisdom. When he was in the train that was to convey him to Epsom he bought the newspapers containing the last outpourings of his favorite prophet upon the City and Suburban race. He read a glowing account of the appearance of the course, of "straggling gypsy women wandering about," of "knots of men in the middle of the road, or leaning against the public-house corners, talking in quiet and almost solemn tones, which indicated that they were absorbed in considerations much more important to them than racing—the means of living from hand to mouth, of which one sees so much on the turf." He read how one individual "in the centre of these groups, foot-sore, wretched, ragged, and deplorable, had formerly been a tout in highly prosperous circumstances, and absolutely won close upon £1500 when Blair Athol won the Derby;" and how this unfortunate man was "exciting the compassion of his almost equally forlorn companions by narrating how he had walked, or rather crawled, for weeks by road from Liverpool, as nigh starving as makes no matter." He read how the mysterious horse known as Pax was conveyed to the scene of action in high state in a "private van drawn by four gray horses;" and how his owner and backers, confident of victory, declared, in racing phraseology, that the horse would "walk in." This and much more Alfred read, and then came to the kernel—the prophecy—which stated that Pax, Xanthus, Bertram, Kingcraft, or Phosphorus would be certain to win, and that of the five Xanthus, Bertram, and Kingcraft were the three upon which this wise prophet pinned his faith. Alfred looked round triumphantly. The carriage in which he was seated was crowded, and the occupants were reading the prophets' predictions in the newspapers with avidity. Alfred, fingering some crisp bank-notes in his pocket, soon made up his mind as to his course of action. He had twenty new £5 bank-notes, and these he would judiciously invest upon all five of the horses named by his favorite prophet, backing them all to win and to be in the first three, in such proportions as to be certain to win. He took pencil and paper from his pocket, and made his calculations: so much upon one horse, so much upon another, and so much upon the others, at the current odds. Against one of the horses named—Phosphorus—he could get as much as forty to one. He would put £20 upon this horse, so as to gain £800 if the horse won. He gloried at the thought of it! By the time the train reached Epsom he had made his calculations, and had determined so to invest that he could win from a hundred to nearly a thousand pounds. "How happy I shall be to-night," he thought, "with the money in my pocket! I'll be at the office early in the morning to make every thing straight, and then—" The perspective that stretched itself out in his imagination was too delightfully vague for words or distinct thought. It contained a hazy vista of delight, and in this he basked, and saw Lizzie and himself, and Lily and Felix perhaps, the happiest of the happy.

It was a bright clear morning, and a fresh breeze was blowing over the Surrey Downs. Gypsies, beggars, thieves, sharpers, and others of that ilk were about and on the alert, and Alfred moved briskly through them to the scene of action. Every species of rascaldom was there represented, and the noble sport afforded a lawful outlet for roguery in every shape—for roguery in broadcloth as well as roguery in fustian. There was something hideous in the Babel of sound round the betting men, and every thing that was degrading in the features which presented themselves most prominently to the senses. The first race was a race between two horses, and was in no respects interesting. Alfred paid no attention to it, nor to the two races which followed. He was too busy "getting his money on" for the great event of the day, which was the fourth on the card. He staked his money with men whom he considered to be good—that is, "sufficient," as Shylock has it—and when the bell rang to announce the appearance of the horses on the course he had but five shillings left. But his pockets would soon be filled. His mind was thronged with intricate calculations as to how much he would win if this horse that he had backed came in first and that second, or that first and this second; as to how much he would win under the most favorable circumstances, supposing three of his horses came in first, second, and third. Indeed, he worked himself into a state of belief that it was certain two of his horses would be first and second; and if fortune favored him out and out he would go home with twelve hundred pounds in his pocket. Losing was an impossibility. If a shadow of doubt intruded itself he banished it instantly by a reference to his prophet. Twelve hundred pounds! He parceled it out. So much to pay Mr. Sheldrake—so much to replace what he had "borrowed" from the office—so much left. There they were! All the horses were out, and the course was clear. Such bright colorings of jockeys' caps and jackets—such grand action from the beautiful creatures they bestrode—such confident smiles on some of the jockeys' lips—such eager scrutinizing on the part of anxious investors. There was Kingcraft—there Xanthus—there Bertram—there Phosphorus—there Pax, that was to bring any thing but peace to those who believed in him. Alfred had no eyes for any others. On these his hopes and salvation were staked. Away they went—thirty of them in all—in a gay line to the starting-post; and they pranced, and hung back or were held back by astute jockeys, or falsely started, for at least an hour. Alfred was ablaze with excitement, and was eating his heart away with impatience. Another false start—another—another. This torture of suspense was agonizing. At last they were off, and Alfred, craning forward, muttered the names of Lizzie and Lily for luck. Away they sailed over the hill to Tattenham Corner. In little more than two minutes the mile and a quarter was compassed, and there came in, first, Digby Grand; second, Lord Glasgow; third, Hector. Not one of the prophet's five horses was in the first three, and Alfred had not backed one of the winning horses for a penny. He put his hand to his forehead to clear away the mist; but it gathered upon him thicker and thicker. He could not distinguish a face in all the throng of persons around him. A man behind him placed his hand somewhat firmly on Alfred's shoulder, with the intention of passing him.

"No, no!" cried Alfred, hoarsely, cowering down. But the man passed on, not heeding him, and Alfred, hiding his face as well as he could, slunk through the crowd to the rear of the race-course, bearing in his face and manner the air of a hunted animal, with death on his track.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ETIQUETTE OF MOURNING.

"THE etiquette of mourning!" exclaims one of my readers. "What *can* you mean? I do not see how a lady in *deep* mourning can be expected to observe the rules of etiquette at all."

No, dear madam, neither do I. All that society demands of a family in bereavement is a withdrawal for a time from the gayeties of the world—a step that would be prompted equally by one's own feelings and as a matter of taste, and would require no code of etiquette to enforce it. It is not, therefore, to the bereaved ones that I offer a few hints upon social observances, but to their circle of friends and acquaintances.

How soon calls of condolence are to be made is, in this country, I think, an open question, and is generally decided by one's inclination. French etiquette prescribes your card, with "*Condoléances*" written upon it, to be left in person or delivered by a servant, or at least sent through the post, the day after the announcement of the death. This fashion, if adopted here, would, I think, be found more agreeable for all parties than a personal call. You have shown your sympathy, and been spared an interview which could not but be distressing both to yourself and the bereaved ones. These card-calls, however, should never be delayed beyond a week, and *ought* to be made within three days.

I have known intimate friends to remain away a month, and sometimes even longer, and never manifest during that time the sympathy that they really felt in your bereavement. "I did not think that you would care to see any one," being the excuse subsequently made: a very poor excuse, I think, and any lady well versed in etiquette would, I am confident, feel it her duty to call and inquire after the sorrowing mother or orphan, whether she was admitted or not.

"I would have come sooner, but I never know what to say when making a visit of condolence," is another and a weaker excuse. It is often in attempting to *condole* with you that your friends unconsciously increase your sorrow, every word of their well-intended sympathy only recalling what is lost, and renewing all the past agony.

It is, I presume, very difficult for one to act naturally when making a visit to mourners; but if the slight embarrassment of the situation could be thrown aside, and the visitor could confine her expressions of sympathy to the fewest possible words, or, better still, omit them entirely, a bereaved young mother would not anticipate seeing her friends with such dread. Instinct quickly tells her that you feel with her in her sorrow for the loss of her baby, and a little conversation upon ordinary topics is much better for her health and spirits than the floods of tears, the woe-begone countenance, and frequent remarks of "Just the way I lost mine," in which ladies feel it their duty to indulge.

Almost equally to be deprecated is that straining to call up a ghastly smile, and the air of forced levity, with which some visitors endeavor to mask their nervousness and embarrassment, and which never deceives any one. If one can not act naturally, it is, I think, far better to remain at home, for ghastly smiles or depressing sympathy are neither agreeable nor beneficial to a person whose nerves are already distraught from severe mental suffering.

In our great metropolis the existence of a family in mourning is to all appearance partially forgotten or overlooked by the gay circle in which they held a pre-eminent position only one season since. Why should they be dropped now in the time of their sorrow? When the first sacred hours and days are over, and the agonized tears can no longer flow, surely a few little marks of remembrance and attention from the outside world can not be amiss, and may be quite grateful. No one, I fancy, would ever think of sending you invitations for their entertainments while you are in deep mourning, unless among the purely intellectual circles, where forms of etiquette are not scrupulously observed. "Why should we send them cards?" Mrs. S—— will say. "Miss B—— would surely not think of attending our party before she has left off crape collars!" No, I do not suppose she would; but at the same time it is never pleasant to feel that you are forgotten; and after the first shock of bereavement is over, and a slight interest in mundane affairs returns, as it must even to the saddest hearts, the receipt of cards for a ball or *soirée* may be quite an agreeable incident in the monotonous life of a mourner. Why they should *not* be sent as well here as abroad I can not imagine. You still exist, although you do not mingle in society; and it is only a mark of respect from your friends to recollect your existence by retaining your name upon their list of guests. No one, I am certain, but a *very* economical person would then say, "They will not accept, and therefore we will not waste a card upon them."

The same rule should, I think, be observed with New-Year's calls. Of course you do not receive if in the first year of your bereavement; but it would nevertheless be agreeable, when the dreary day is past, to look over the cards that have been left with kind inquiries. Often the excuse is made, "I did not call on New-Year's Day because I knew I should only find a card-basket." Have our American gentlemen, then, so limited an idea of politeness, not to say *gallantry*, that they can not make a call of respect

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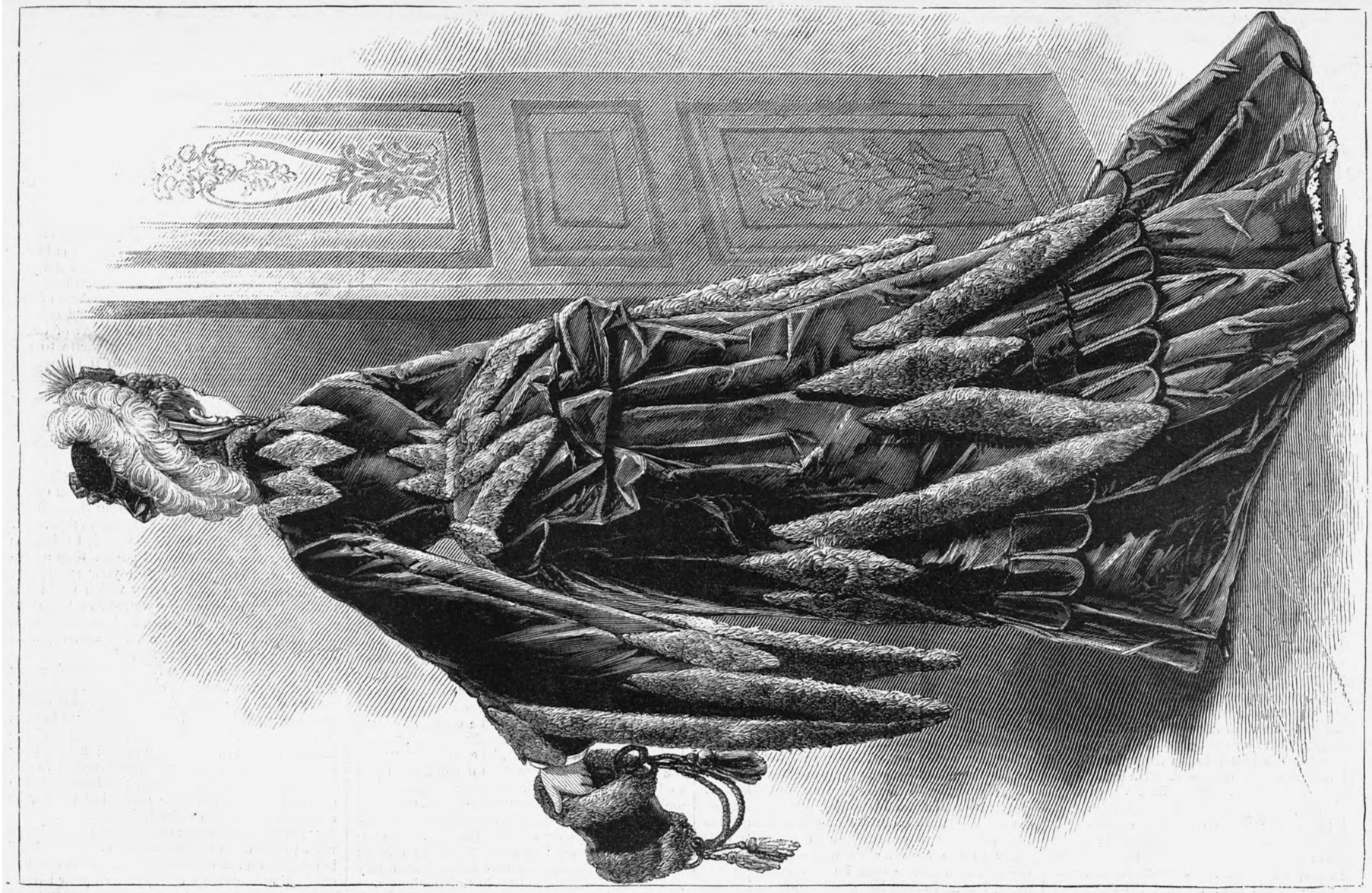

VISITING TOILETTE.

even when they know they will not be admitted? If it is too great an inconvenience to ring a bell and hand a card to the servant, I would then advise them to send New-Year's cards through the post, and thus show that they have not totally overlooked their bereaved friends.

One last word. It is the custom in this country to trust to the newspapers to inform your friends of your loss. Upon the Continent letters of invitation to the funeral are immediately printed and sent to all of one's acquaintance—a custom much preferable, I think, to a brief newspaper notice, which half of your friends may not chance to see. I well remember going last spring to call upon an intimate friend, whom I had not seen for a week or two. The servant looked doubtful as she took my card, and feared Miss Marguerite could not see me. "Curl papers!" I inwardly thought; then *viva voce*, "Take up my card: I think Miss Marguerite will see me in her room." In a few moments a message was returned—Marguerite's love, but her brother having been buried only the previous day, she did not feel able to see any one. I was then recovering from a nervous fever, and had gone out, for the first time in a month, in quest of a little cheerful company. Naturally enough, I had not read the "Deaths" in the *Herald*, and this abrupt announcement of my dear friend's loss was not tranquillizing. With regret did I then think of the black-edged *billets de faire part* in France, which prepare you in a degree for a shock before you open them and learn the sad truth.

CECILIA CLEVELAND.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

THIS pretty dress has a demi-trained skirt of sage green gros grain, trimmed with a wide flounce of the material surmounted by a bias fold. Over-skirt, also trimmed with a flounce, draped on the sides with a large velvet rosette of a darker shade, and draped in a large pouf in the back. Tight gros grain basque with deep collar, trimmed with scalloped gros grain and velvet of a darker shade. Both basque and collar are open in the back. Bonnet of the darker shade of velvet, trimmed with gros grain folds to match the dress, a white feather, white lace, and a trailing spray of pink roses, buds, and leaves. The white lace barbes are tied loosely under the chin.

VISITING TOILETTE.

THIS elegant visiting toilette is of myrtle green faille, bordered with black-fox fur. The skirt has a Spanish flounce, scantily gathered, and set on under a row of scallops, and a bias fold of the material. The over-skirt is cut in deep vandykes, and caught up in a *pouf* behind. The basque has Dolman sleeves, and is without postilion pleats. The basque, collar, and sleeves are edged with fur. A coat sleeve is set inside the flowing one. Rabagas bonnet of myrtle green velvet, with a long rose-colored plume falling low in the nape of the neck, as shown by the illustration. Muff of myrtle velvet, bordered with black-fox fur. Lemon-colored kid gloves. Etruscan gold ear-rings with pendants.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

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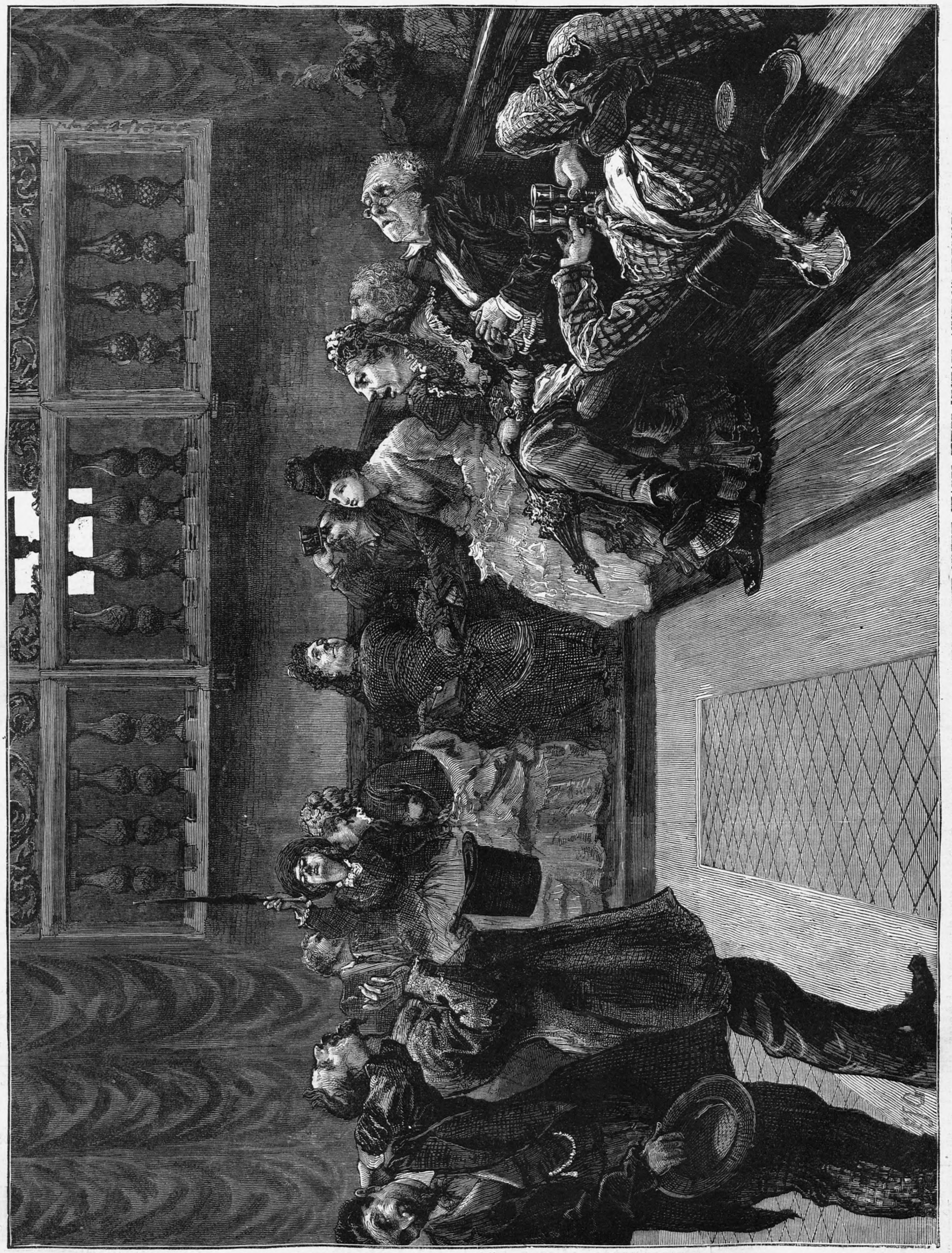
GAULS, GOTHS, VISIGOTHS, AND VANDALS IN ROME.

IT has been lamented that degenerate Italy has become only the hostelry of the world. One would get some such impression in Rome, her museums and palaces crowded with *forestieri*, more English than Italian heard in the streets. Greater or less herds of barbarians invade her every year. Gauls there are among them, who sack the city of its jewelry, its mosaics, its bronzes, and its photographs. Goths and Vandals are there, who, to carry home a paltry souvenir, do not scruple to pick to pieces a mosaic floor in the baths of Caracalla. One can detect in these barbarians an air of superiority, not of conquerors, but of the payers over the paid. They assume a perfect right to enter every where, affecting that the treasures of Rome belong to the world, not to the Romans. Protestants do not feel themselves under the restraint of respect for an alien religion, and behave just as they please in the churches. In the Sistine Chapel the religious atmosphere seems indeed absent. You want telling that you stand on holy ground. No crucifix or candles are on the altar under Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." Only the two words, "Psallite Deo," on the railing of the orchestra gallery hint that the voices heard here should be raised to God. Most likely there is a huge scaffolding in the middle, the perch of some painter copying the "Creation of Eve" or the "Expulsion from Paradise." Why, then the frescoes are on the ceiling! You did not see them at the first glance, because your eyes are not set in your head like the eyes of a flat-fish. But it is evident from the attitudes of the spectators. What break-neck work! Stocks and pillory are nothing to it. They seldom or never relieve the tension by looking at the Botticellis or Peruginos below. Ladies are under some disadvantage, chignons not allowing them to set the backs of their heads quite close to their shoulders. Some gentlemen, with more regard for comfort than decorum, lie flat upon the benches. Thus they balance their opera-glasses more conveniently. And this in a chapel! But the supine pose is one of adoration.



GAULS, GOTHS, VISIGOTHS, AND VANDALS IN ROME—A SKETCH IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL UNDER MICHAEL ANGELO'S FRESCOES.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM.

THE judgments of contemporaries on each other are not always trustworthy. The long-continued contempt for Bunyan and Defoe was merely an expression of the ordinary feeling of the cultivated classes toward any thing which was identified with Grub Street; but it is curious to observe the incapacity of such a man as Johnson to understand Gray or Sterne, and the contempt which Walpole expressed for Johnson and Goldsmith, while he sincerely believed that the poems of Mason were destined to immortality. We find blunders at least equally palpable in the opinions expressed by the great poets at the beginning of this century. Such, for example, is the appar-

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ently sincere conviction of Byron that Rogers and Moore were the truest poets among his contemporaries; that Pope was the first of all English, if not of all existing, poets; and that Wordsworth was nothing but a namby-pamby driveler. The school of Wordsworth and Southey uttered judgments at least equally hasty in the opposite direction. Many odd instances of the degree in which prejudice can blind a man of genuine taste are to be found in the writings of their disciple, De Quincey. To mention no other, he speaks of "Mr. Goethe" as an immoral and second-rate author, who owes his reputation chiefly to the fact of his long life and his position at the court of Weimar. With which we may compare Charles Lamb's decided preference of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* to Goethe's immortal *Faust*. Our grandchildren, it may be feared, will find equal reason for revising the judgments which now pass current among us. How, they will ask, could people be found to mistake the second-hand pedantry of —— (we leave the name to be supplied according to the taste of our readers) for genuine inspiration, or to overlook the productions of the immortal Smith and Brown, which were then read only by the unlearned, or by some small circle of true believers?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ETHELFRITH.—Your sacque can be made stylish by taking in the seams to fit more snugly. It should be slashed as formerly. Trim with thick repped silk, bias bands, and a fringe of crimped tape. White over dresses will be worn over black; white and colored blouse-waists with black silk skirts will also be retained.

COUNCIL BLUFFS SUBSCRIBER.—Get blue-gray or olive brown poplin or delaine for your spring traveling suit, and make with a redingote and kilt-pleated skirt by pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V.

PRIMROSE.—Girls of sixteen wear their dress skirts to their ankles. Braid your hair in two plaits and wear it hanging. Send your undressed kid gloves to a scourer.

CONSTANT READER.—According to conventional usage, the residents of a town should make the first call on a new-comer, and take the initiative in expressing their desire for an acquaintance. Circumstance, however, is a higher law than conventionality, and your own instinct must tell you when it is proper to break through this custom. Dress plainly for church and for visits of condolence. Those who pay their devotions in their gayest attire give rise to the suspicion that they have few other occasions on which to display their plumage.—As for the significance of the turned corners of cards, we have answered the question so often that we must refer our readers henceforth to the files of the *Bazar*.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We can not repeat instructions that have been published at the request of individual readers. In back numbers, which can be obtained at this office for ten cents each, you will find what you require. Directions for knitting infants' socks have frequently been given in our columns, and it is preposterous to expect us to print them anew in this place.

S. A. L.—Make your white organdy with a demi-train, trimmed with wide side-pleated flounces, an apron-front over-skirt, looped behind with a white watered ribbon sash, and a puffed basque, open heart-shape, and edged with Valenciennes.

HATTIE.—Make your black silk with a basque, over-skirt, and flounced skirt. The blue silk should be a gray-blue shade, and made like your black one.

MARY G.—The double-breasted redingote would look very stylish in Turkish toweling stuff. For a jaunty jacket use the double-breasted sacque pattern which forms part of a suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 43, Vol. V.

QUANDARY.—A long basque or a very simple polonaise with untrimmed skirt is the only suit you can make from fifteen yards of narrow silk. Would it not be better to make a house dress, with demi-train caught up behind in a puff by a sash, and wear with it a very simple basque?

JASPER.—Make your black alpaca with a double-breasted redingote, like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V., and a short skirt with kilt pleating. Instead of a polonaise for your black gros grain you will find a basque and over-skirt far more useful. Put a bias fold and lace on the upper garments, and flounces on the lower skirt. Put narrow lapping flounces on the front breadth of street suit, and two wide flounces behind.

CONTENTED READER.—Make your Swiss muslin dress by description for an organdy dress given above to "S. A. L."

JANE L.—We can not obtain samples for you, but think they will be sent by most of the large furnishing houses on receipt of your address and stamped envelope.

FLORENCE Y.—Your sample would look best trimmed with darker brown repped silk cut in bias bands, and as a facing for flounces of the same. Black cashmere sacques are more stylish than silk sacques. Make your black lustre dress by hints given above to "Jasper." Narrow gold bracelets are much worn.

SUE A.—For your spring cashmere use the Loose Polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V. Trim with silk pipings of a darker shade, and have a silk sash to match. The sash should be very wide thick ribbon, or else silk doubled; arrange it in loops on the left side.

A. R. E.—Narrow stripes will be worn again, and the suit you suggest will be tasteful. Use fringe for trimming. Gauzes will scarcely be used on street suits. The white organdy dress described above to "S. A. L." is suitable for a graduating dress in June. Braiding trims little boys' trowsers and jackets very prettily.

A SEWING-MACHINE for a holiday present. Let us tell you how to get one, and what one to get. In the first place, to get a good one should be the aim, and, in the next place, to get it at as low a price as possible, and those in moderate circumstances frequently want time to pay for it. The machine that will just exactly fill all of these requirements is the New Under-Feed Wilson. It is in every way the best machine in use, simple, durable, perfect operating, and beautiful, and capable of doing every grade of heavy, fine, and ornamental sewing ever done on a sewing-machine. It is sold for fifteen dollars less than all other first-class machines, which alone has placed it far in advance of every other machine in existence. You can pay for it in easy monthly payments that will not be felt from the income of the poorest. So that any man can have the pleasure of presenting to his wife on Christmas or New Year's the best Sewing-Machine in use. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the U. S. The Company want agents in country towns. —[*Com.*]

DIAMONDS.

THE curious story which has been published in the London papers since the report of the discovery of new and extensive Diamond fields in Arizona, about a mysterious stranger, an American by his accent and appearance, who some eighteen months ago entered the establishment of certain Diamond brokers in London, and there bought a quantity of Diamonds in the rough without investigating their weight or worth as separate stones, has, doubtless, suggested to many Diamond fanciers in this country, for the first time in their lives, the fact that Diamonds are not found "a splendor in the soil," and betrayed, like the glow-worm, to the seeker by the brilliancy they emit. One who wanders, for example, into the establishment of Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, 22 John Street (up stairs), where Diamonds are studied as well as sold, will find it difficult to believe that these sparkling drops of crystal light have been evolved by human science and human skill from dull and crusted masses of matter in which only the experienced eye could detect the transparent, translucent, incomparable gems he beholds. The formation of the Diamond still remains a mystery to science. Its identity with other carboniferous bodies was indeed proved long ago by Lavoisier and Clouet. But this gives us no clue by which to reach a rational conclusion as to whether Diamonds are or are not likely to be found in any given locality. Diamond-mining, therefore, whether in Hindoostan, in the Brazils, in Borneo and the Eastern Archipelago, in Siberia, in Australia, in Africa, is still an empirical enterprise. Whether Diamonds are or are not to be found in Arizona, is a question which nothing but actual investigation can determine. Should they be found there, we suspect that it will be easy to show that the speculations of theorists, whether in England or America, as to the effect of the new mines upon the value of the product, are as wild and as wide of any practical importance as are their speculations upon the probability or improbability of the discovery.—[*Com.*]

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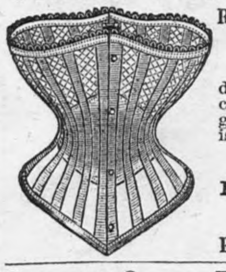

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Vol. V.

LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....No. 29
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DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT " 7
TIGHT BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt..... " 11

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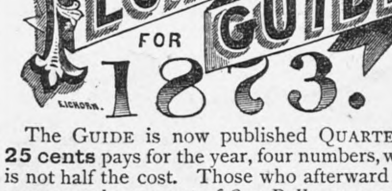

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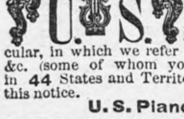

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A PHILOLOGICAL POSER.

HERR PROFESSOR. "Iss it not a shdrainch Ting, Laties, dat de Latin Race *gan not* aguire de Enklish Bronouncy-ation? I haf choost dis Mómend bardet from an Idalian Chendleman (a crade Vrent of mine ant a ferry gleffer Man) who has liffed in New York almóste as long as *I* haf—Dvendy-vife Eeeerrs—ant foot you Pelief it? He shbeegs Enklish vit a kvite shdrong Voreign Indonation! How to you Agound vor a zo Eggshdra-orrtinary Zeergoomshdanz as tat?"

WHAT LITTLE JONES SAW AT THE OPERA THE OTHER NIGHT.

FACETIÆ.

A GENTLEMAN writes that he has several marriageable daughters, and having bought a house in a fashionable quarter, he desires to be informed of the best way of gaining an entrance to the houses of the best families in the neighborhood. To this the reply is clear: The easiest and most direct way would seem to be by the front-door, but that if he wanted to hesitate slightly in his proceedings, he might tunnel under the pavement from the road, and come up the cellar way.

A short bout between a school inspector and a scholar is thus related:

INSPECTOR (*hesitating and swellishly*). "What part of speech is the word egg?"

BOY (*relieved*). "Noun, Sir."

INSPECTOR. "What is its gender?"

BOY (*perplexed*). "Can't tell, Sir."

INSPECTOR (*getting confused*). "Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter?"

BOY (*looking sharp*). "Can't say, Sir, till it's hatched."

A witness recently stated in answer to a magistrate that he was a penman. The magistrate, puzzled at the answer, which did not exactly correspond with the witness's appearance, asked in what class of literature he wielded his pen, when he replied that he penned sheep in the cattle-market.

At a California fair several bottles of strained honey were exhibited, when a man put a bottle of castor-oil with the rest. Several old ladies sampled it, with the same result. The opinion of all who tried it was that the bee who made it was a fraud. One old lady said that even the bees had got to cheating nowadays.

A certain country squire, conceiving that the word "clause," was in the plural number, would often talk of a "claw" in an act of Congress.

Georgia has a hale and hearty citizen who has been struck by thirty-two Minie-rifle balls, one mortar shell, one shrapnel, one three-inch conical shot, struck by lightning, bitten by a rattlesnake, and chased by a mad dog.

A seedy-looking individual walked into a hotel a few evenings ago, and stepping up to the register, seized a pen and wrote his name at the foot of the long list of the day's arrivals. It was a noble name—George Washington Botts—written in a firm, bold hand, and with a big flourish underneath. It was plain that the seedy man was accustomed to making a flourish in the world, if it were only with a pen.

"Have a room?" inquired the clerk, incidentally measuring the man with his eagle eye to see if he wouldn't fit in one of his sky *boudoirs*.

"No," said Seedy, picking his teeth with a splinter tooth-pick he had selected from the well-assorted supply on the counter.

"Supper, then, I suppose?" added the clerk, preparing to add an S to the end of George Washington Botts's name.

"No, Sir; no supper," said Mr. Botts, with severity. "I simply want to *arrive*. A-r ar, r-i-v-e rive, arrive. I want neither room, supper, nor any thing else, but I particularly desire to arrive. It is a long time since I have arrived at a hotel—a very long time" (his voice choked a little)—"and I thought if you hadn't any objection, I—I would like to arrive once more before I died."

Here he was compelled to hide his emotions in his coat tail, in the absence of a pocket-handkerchief. The clerk, always ready to do a good action, generously allowed the unfortunate individual to arrive, and George Washington Botts, hastily drying his eyes with a pen-wiper, wrung the captain's hand in mute though heart-felt gratitude, and then stalked gloomily forth into darkness and the night.

Should paniers be made out of a journal of civilization?

A Western genius has an idea which *is* an idea. He proposes to arrange church seats on pivots, so that the devout may more conveniently examine the toilettes of the back seats. This device would greatly increase the value of church property, for then the pews would all be made alike, well situated, and of equal desirability.

What do you call high tide in water-falls?—Paterfamilias: Bankruptcy.

A Southern paper, speaking of a man who was kicked by a horse, says: "His life was extinct for a short time, but recovered so that he reached home on Saturday evening."

An M.C. has just had his family reinforced, and makes the following remarks:

"Ring out, wild bells—and tame ones too—
Ring out the lover's moon,
Ring out the little slips and socks,
Ring in the bib and spoon;
Ring out the muse, ring in the nurse,
Ring in the milk and water;
Away with paper, pens, and ink—
My daughter, oh, my daughter!"

Is a lady who wears rats in danger of going to the dogs?

ON LOVE.

Love is a little boy. I don't know him, but, by his pictures, he's well fed. His principal costume is wings. He attacks the young, and curls them up like shavings: they like it. He's the same to boys and girls as the distemper is to dogs. If he was my child I'd put him in pants and send him to school. If I don't tell you any more about Love, it's because you'll find out as much as you care to know for yourselves one of these days. When him you see, remember me.

Is a sprained ankle a lame excuse for not dancing?

A school-girl in one of the rural districts was overheard trying to convince a school-fellow that she liked him better than she did some other urchin of whom he seemed jealous. "Of course I like you better than I do Bill," said she, "for don't I miss words in my spelling lesson on purpose, so as to be down to the foot of the class, where you are?"

A Scotch postmaster, puzzling out a very uncertain superscription to an Irish letter, jocosely remarked to an intelligent son of Erin who stood by that the Irish brought a hard set of names to Scotland. "That's a fact, yer honor," replied the Irishman; "but they get harder ones after they arrive here."

STRONG CHILDREN.—A clergyman says it is curious to note how many people attend a circus "only because they want to please their children; but still more curious to observe that in many instances it takes two or three able-bodied men, with as many women, to look after one little boy or girl."

The following obituary notice of a distinguished citizen is from a Western paper: "Peter Ink, an old citizen of Knox County, Ohio, was blotted out the other day, aged seventy-five."

"Give me none of your jaw," as the filbert said to the man.

ON TREES.

Trees are of various kinds and of different complexions. There is the plane-tree, which is quite plain; there is the planed tree, which is sometimes called planks; and there is the unex-plained tree, about which nobody knows any thing. The study of trees may be divided into several branches. In addressing yourself to it you should make a bough, and say, "By your leaves." The oak is the king of trees, and is very long-lived, as is clearly shown by the expression, "Oak king, live forever!" The birch is a sore subject. It is not generally known that apple-trees often grow in pairs, or that beeches are to be met with only at the sea-side. Nevertheless, these are facts. There are many other kinds of trees, but their names are not usually mentioned before ladies. I have told you as much about trees as it is good for you to know. Be happy!

Can a medium be said to write with invisible ink when he writes with spirit?

A Portland clergyman startled his flock one Sunday evening by telling them that "hell was not so full of men and women as men and women were full of hell." Merely a matter of measurement.

A lady about to marry was warned that her intended, although a good man, was very eccentric. "Well," she said, "if he is very unlike other men, he is more likely to be a good husband."

CLAIMING HIS RIGHTS.

OLD GENT. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, to use such profane language to that poor old Woman?"
BOY. "What fur? Can't I jaw her when she's me own Mudder?"

HORRID CHILD. "Mr. De Brown; what sort of a man lives Next Door to you?"
MR. DE B. (*politely*). "Why, darling?"
HORRID CHILD. "'Cause I heard Pa say you were Next Door to a Fool."

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A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 12.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

THE gigantic calamities which have recently fallen upon two prosperous cities of the American continent have naturally directed a good deal of attention to the question of insurance against fire. In the case of the conflagrations alluded to no amount of precaution in the matter of insurance could have availed. The fire in Chicago was on so stupendous a scale that it swallowed up almost every office which had the misfortune to stand in any way bail for the fortunes of the city; and in Boston, though the circle of the flames was circumscribed, they nevertheless overstepped the border line over which companies, however solid and well-provisioned, can scarcely pass without being themselves severely singed, if not quite swamped. Mercifully, however, such examples are so rare that we need not take them for precedents, or allow them to prejudice us against those prudent measures which all householders feel to be a necessary precaution against accidents by fire. In Paris it is customary for the landlord to insert a clause in his lease which compels the tenant to insure the premises he occupies immediately on taking possession of them. The tenant is obliged to insure not only his own property, furniture, etc., but, in a certain proportion, his neighbor's. This is called "responsabilité locative," which may be freely translated as neighborly responsibility. The system of flats, which makes each tenant so much more dependent on his neighbor for safety than the occupants of separate houses, makes this mutual guarantee plan not only desirable, but absolutely necessary; and no one who reflects for a moment on the extra dangers

Fig. 1.—VIOLET GROS GRAIN HOUSE DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-6.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—GRAY VIGOGNE WALKING SUIT.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—BLACK GROS GRAIN AND VELVET HOUSE DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 5.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7ª, 7ᵇ-16.

Fig. 5.—BLACK GROS GRAIN AND VELVET HOUSE DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 4.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7ª, 7ᵇ-16.

FIGS. 1-5.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS.

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he runs from the possible negligence or bad luck of his next-floor neighbor will grumble at the extra expense which, being reciprocal, aims at protecting his property at least from the effects of them. Foreigners sometimes speak of this compulsory mutual tax as an imposition and a hardship; but it is in reality a wise and valuable protection. I have said that most landlords do not leave it to the choice of their tenants to insure or not, but make it legally incumbent on them to do so. But this is not a fixed rule, and where the choice is left to the tenant he very often neglects the precaution. It is a mistake. Whether it arises from negligence, oversight, or economy, it is a mistake. Every one who takes a lease of an unfurnished apartment in Paris should insure himself in one of the good companies as a matter of course. The expense is indeed so slight that it can scarcely ever be an impediment to any one having furniture worth protecting. For instance, for furniture rated at the value of 30,000 francs ($6000) you will pay twenty-six francs, or a little over five dollars, a year. The chief point to be considered is what office one should go to for the insurance. It is not within the province of the writer's confidential chat with the dreadful Americans to give them any direct advice as to the persons and establishments which they should apply to in this or other emergencies. Their banker, if they consult him, or their medical man, or any friend established in Paris and acquainted with its ways and means, will be able to point them to the right place. But a word of warning against certain swindling operations in vogue among sharpers on the watch for customers may be useful. I would therefore strongly urge on all American families to beware of clerks who present themselves without being sent for or introduced by some reliable person, and come catering for insurances for this or that company. There is a certain young man (whose name I refrain from giving for prudential reasons, but whom some of my readers may be able to identify to their cost) who makes it his business to go about to respectable houses, inviting their owners to insure their property at the office whose agent he is. He comes as any casual visitor might, well dressed, does not send in a card, but requests to see monsieur or madame. He is shown into the salon, and when madame comes out (I speak as one having experience of the performance) the visitor apologizes profusely for his intrusion, but he happened to have business in the house, and took the liberty of calling *en passant* to inquire if his services would be acceptable. He represents one of the oldest insurance companies in Paris, and would be happy to take all the trouble off madame's hands in drawing out the policy, etc., if she would honor him with the commission. If madame has not already insured her furniture, etc., she in all probability bites at the bait. Then the visitor pulls out a handsome portfolio stuffed with important-looking documents, selects one ready for the occasion, and after volubly explaining to madame that it is a policy in the most authentic legal form, he invites her to sign it. He is such a very polite young man, so plausible and voluble in his explanations, and his policy is moreover so clearly *en règle*, and the name of his employers so well known as an old-established insurance campany (in fact, the principal one in Paris, Rue R——), that it does not occur to you to doubt his chivalrous disinterestedness, not to mention such a vulgar word as mere honesty, and you sign. It may so happen that no harm comes of it. If you are settled down for ten years, and do not care to change your insurance office meantime, you will not regret having yielded to the blandishments of the Rue R—— emissary. But take notice beforehand that you *have* committed yourself for ten years; and if you should be leaving your apartment at the expiration of three, and going to stay at a hotel or in furnished lodgings, you are still bound to pay your annual contingent to the flourishing establishment whose agent has swindled you into the bond. A lady well known to the writer, whose experience quite corroborates hers, had a great deal of annoyance and trouble arising from her having signed a policy under the above-named circumstances. The agent, after assuring her that it involved nothing but a payment for the current year, that she was perfectly free to cease her insurance the following one if agreeable, handed her the paper to sign. The lady read it carefully over, and perceived that it engaged her for ten years. She asked what this meant, and the reply was that it *bound the office to her for that time*, but left her free toward it, and that as a policy should be renewed every year unless it were taken for a term, she would be saved a great deal of trouble and loss of time going to the company, etc., by signing the one in her hand. It sounded reasonable enough, and she signed it. Two years later her lease was nearly out, and she received a visit from her beguiler with a receipt for the following year. She declined payment, as she was leaving the apartment, and perhaps the country altogether, very shortly. Then out came the murder. She *must* pay, whether she would or not. Had she not signed? And the policy, which had been brought with a view to this result, was produced. My friend, indignant at the fraud, refused to submit. She went to the office with a gentleman who was qualified from his position to see justice done her; but justice in this case was not equity. She had signed: she must pay. The matter was taken before the juge de paix, who pronounced in strong terms on the treachery and mean trick of the office and its agent, but could not punish them further. My friend had to defray the expenses of the little suit, and pay the year's insurance to boot. I believe the clever agent is still at work, and drives a good commission among English and American residents in Paris.

COMET.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1873.

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Bridal Dresses, Veils, Coiffures, etc.; Ladies' Spring Street and House Dresses, Sleeveless Jackets, Vests, Mantelets, Hoods, etc.; Boys' and Girls' Suits, Boys' Caps; Glove-Boxes; Writing-Desks; Blotting-Pads; Newspaper Racks; Embroidery Patterns, etc., etc.; with choice literary and artistic attractions.*

LENTEN FARE.

BY PIERRE BLOT.

II.

SANDWICHES for Lenten time are made with caviare and anchovies. The bread may be toasted if it is for breakfast. Having cut the bread and spread it with butter, split the anchovies in two lengthwise, remove the bone, cut each half in two, and spread them over a slice of the bread. Have hard-boiled eggs ready, chop them rather fine, with a few stalks of parsley, spread them over the anchovies, cover with another slice of buttered bread, and you have a good sandwich.

Others are made with caviare instead of anchovies. The caviare is sliced and then cut in strips, which are placed on the bread in the same way as the anchovies. Finish as directed above.

Sandwiches are also made with sardines, in the same way as the above. When the sardines are placed on the bread, and before spreading the egg and parsley, cut very thin slices of lemon, which cut again in narrow strips, spread them here and there on the bread and between the sardines, and finish as above.

Mustard may be mixed with essence of anchovy, and spread over the bread before buttering it. The sandwiches may also be served without being covered with a slice of bread.

A Welsh rare-bit makes an excellent dish for supper.

Below we give bills of fare for persons who do not like fish, or who can not eat it oftener than once a day.

BREAKFAST.

Red radishes and butter. Boiled eggs. Steamed potatoes. Cheese. Fruit.

LUNCH.

Pickled gooseberries. Macaroni au gratin. Blackberry jelly. Fruit.

DINNER.

Rice-and-milk soup. Fresh cod, caper sauce. Potato croquettes. Limas au jus. Apples méringuées. Tapioca pudding. Fruit.

SUPPER.

ound-cake. Charlotte-Russe. Apples.

BREAKFAST.

Omelet with jelly. Chowchow. Potatoes soufflées. Cheese. Fruit.

LUNCH.

Pickled nasturtium. Plum-pudding. Wine jelly. Fruit.

DINNER.

Potage purée of squash. Fresh salmon, lobster sauce. Potatoes duchesse. Salsify Béchamel. Hominy. Cabinet pudding. Brioche. Fruit.

SUPPER.

Egg sandwiches, crème au café. Biscottes. Fruit.

BREAKFAST.

Pickled pears. Scrambled eggs. Potatoes, maître d'hôtel. Stewed tomatoes. Cheese. Fruit.

LUNCH.

Pickled walnuts. Macaroni Italienne. Compote of cherries. Fruit.

DINNER.

Potages.

Bisque of lobster. Purée of carrots.

Hors-d'œuvre.

Pickled plums. Olives. Red radishes. Piccalilli.

Relevés.

Frost-fish, egg sauce. Trout, Hollandaise sauce.

Entrées.

Stewed terrapin. Muskallonge à l'Italienne. Matelote of eels, pike, carp, and trout. Sun-fish au gratin.

Rôtis.

Conger-eel. Pike. Salad of lettuce. Corn salad.

Entremets.

Potatoes à l'Anglaise. Stewed cabbage. Green pease. Omelet au rhum. Rice croquettes. Madeira jelly. Tapioca pudding. Chocolate cream.

Dessert.

Cheese. Éclairs au café. Iced oranges. Filbert biscuits. Kisses. Salad of pine-apples. Macaroons. Candied fruit. Fruit and nuts.

SUPPER.

Cake Madeleine. Charlotte of fruits. Crème au caramel. Fruit.

BREAKFAST.

Red radishes. Omelet fines-herbes. Pickled beans. Potatoes à la Parisienne. Carrots au jus. Cheese. Fruit.

LUNCH.

Pickled currants. Cake Milanais. Cranberry jelly. Fruit.

DINNER.

Potages.

Terrapin soup. Tomato soup.

Hors-d'œuvre.

Capers. Tunny. Pickled tomatoes. Olives.

Relevés.

Turbot Béchamel. Shad au gratin.

Entrées.

Green turtle steaks. Stewed snails. Flounder Normande. Trout à la Chambord.

Rôtis.

Lamprey. Fried frogs. Dandelion salad. Lettuce salad.

Entremets.

Potatoes Hollandaise. Stuffed cucumbers. Stewed beets. Omelet soufflée. Apples flambantes. Rissoles. Banana fritters. Soufflé of rice.

Dessert.

Cheese. Glazed oranges. Biscuits of almonds. Creamcakes. Iced coffee. Jelly Macédoine. Lady's-fingers. Croquignolles. Fruit and nuts.

SUPPER.

Cake Nantais. Omelet au sucre. Apple Charlotte. Fruit.

Although we have given quite a variety of dishes, there are still many more that can be served during Lent.

In soups we have not mentioned those made with corn starch, tapioca, sago, vermicelli, macaroni, okra.

It will be noticed also that we have not mentioned oysters, clams, mussels, and scallops, which are quite a different variety of fish. We have omitted these purposely, so that any of them may be used instead of a fish that is not liked, either for breakfast, lunch, or supper.

Dock and poke make good dishes of greens; rhubarb is a healthy vegetable, stewed or made in pie.

Water-cress is eaten in salad, or with salt only.

Pepper-grass and wild chiccory also make a good salad.

Eggs are prepared in several ways besides those we have mentioned—such as au gratin, poached, stuffed; in matelote, in fricassee, in salad, and with cheese. Omelets are made with fruits, cheese, lobster, mushrooms, and oysters.

Lobster, besides being prepared in salad, makes excellent croquettes and pies, and is very good when scalloped.

Oysters, besides being used raw, are served broiled, fried, stewed, scalloped, and in patties.

Several excellent dishes and cakes are made with puff paste, such as allumettes, cakes feuilletés, pommées, portemanteaux, tartelettes, etc.

Vol-au-vent, bouchies, or patties, are also made with puff paste, and filled with oysters, or with any kind of stewed fish, lobster, fruits, and sweetmeats.

Several bills of fare can be made with the above articles, and according to taste.

Others may also be made out of the two last ones suggested for dinner. We have given them as a guide, not with the expectation that they would be executed literally; but, as we have said above, in order to suit every taste and fancy.

Sometimes a person feels the need of food late in the evening, but is afraid to eat any thing that might disturb sleep. The following nourishing drink may be taken with impunity by almost every one:

Put two yolks of raw eggs in a tumbler, and pour boiling water over them little by little, stirring briskly with a tea-spoon; add a pinch of salt, sweeten to taste, and drink warm.

Bavaroises au chocolat, broth, and consommé are also excellent at night.

THE LADY LOAFER'S RIGHTS.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

A PAPER published in the interests of woman thus illustrates and denounces

SMALL ARISTOCRACY.

"Women are the most absurd creatures, all owing to the silly fancy that it is lady-like to be a loafer. A little time ago one of my small, busy housekeeper friends asked a lady loafer caller what had become of her sister.

"'She goes down town every day now,' said the lady loafer, hesitatingly.

"'Is she at work?' inquired the housekeeper.

"'Well, ye—yes,' said the lady loafer, still more hesitatingly.

"'What does she do?' inquired my friend.

"The lady loafer stammered, and backed off painfully two or three times, and finally made a clean breast of it, thus:

"'She—she—she has charge of the trimmings in a—dress-making establishment. She has nothing to do with the dress-making. She has charge of the trimmings. It's not a common dress-making establishment. It's one of the fashionable dress-makers. She won't make a dress for a poor person.'

"'Oh, glory! fan me with a cabbage leaf!' quoth my friend, the small, busy housekeeper.

"The idea of a body's dress-maker setting herself to be 'highstocracy!'"

Passing over some little points of style—which, however, it is to be regretted that women are not more careful to observe—does not this paragraph display something worse even than the "silly fancy" which it ridicules? It is, perhaps, weak for a woman who is obliged or who finds it convenient to work for money to attempt to conceal the fact, or to be in the least degree ashamed of it. That there should be an aristocracy of dress-making, however, is no more absurd than an aristocracy of birth, wealth, or station. So far from being an absurd, it is an honorable ambition. To be a successful fashionable dress-maker implies far higher qualities than to be a mere common needlewoman. Any girl can sit in a crowded room and sew up a seam, but to have charge of the trimmings—reflect upon what that word involves in this era of trimmings—in a fashionable dress-making establishment argues a taste, a skill, an ingenuity, a fertility of resources, an administrative ability, which we might, perhaps, vainly look for in the Marquis of Halifax, the great original Trimmer. No: let us by all means encourage every form of professional ambition, that women may be stimulated to use their best efforts and master their craft.

But what is to be strenuously objected to is that our "small, busy housekeeper," who is so superior to the weaknesses of her "loafer" visitor, is a stupid, impertinent, ill-bred little person, and neither she nor her admiring biographer seems to know it; and while a "silly fancy" in a woman is a weakness, impertinence and ill-breeding are fatal vices. The weak woman ought to be gently but firmly guided into strength; the inquisitive and impertinent woman ought to be buried alive. When the small, busy housekeeper inquired for Lady Loafer's sister the latter gave a general answer, and gave even that hesitatingly. The small housekeeper observed it, and her first duty as a woman and a Christian was to glide gently off the subject, and spare her visitor not only the pain of the theme, but the pain of perceiving that she perceived her pain! The little housekeeper was not called upon to preach a crusade against folly, or to bring her visitor to the confessional by torture, but simply to exercise hospitality, and hospitality requires you to make your visitor, as far as possible, comfortable and happy. But the nimble little imp, without the slightest regard to good manners or to the feelings of her visitor—a thing which good-breeding always does regard—this small wretch continues, indeed intensifies, her impudent and vulgar prying into her friend's secret. "Is she at work?" "Yes," says the lady, still more hesitatingly. "What does she do?" pursues this human gnat; and having extorted from the lady the secret which she sought to defend, the gnat seals her triumph with a coarse sneer.

And her biographer names the housekeeper her friend, and calls the innocent victim and visitor a loafer!

But one such prying, meddlesome, unwomanly, pachydermatous little housekeeper is a greater pest to society than all the "lady loafers" that hang upon its skirts. The lady loafer indulges a silly but harmless fancy. She hurts no one but herself. But Mrs. Paul Pry is as mischievous as she is shallow.

In a court of justice, possibly in a Congressional committee of investigation, it is lawful to put questions which the respondent may be reluctant to answer. But no woman has a right to convert a drawing-room, her own or another's, into a hall of justice or a temple of reform without having previously warned all comers. Give out word, Madame Pry, that you do not intend to be bound by the instinctive rules of polite society; proclaim that in choosing topics of conversation you will not have the slightest regard to the history, opinions, prejudices, tastes, sensitiveness, of your visitors; that even when you perceive you are treading on forbidden ground you will only tread all the harder; that when your callers evade your questions you will but make them more pointed and painful—and if we then give you opportunity to annoy us, it will be our own fault. Raise your red flag, and we will take another street.

We can not help being awkward, but we can help being abominable. To enter gracefully, to sit attractively, is a gift of the gods, but nobody is obliged to be hateful. We are all liable to fits of stupidity, momentary or life-long, to stumble upon topics which we should avoid, and to shamble off discomfited when our only salvation is to sweep away unconscious and serene. But to introduce a topic which you are aware may be disagreeable to your friend, to persist in a question which makes him palpably uncomfortable, is a sin for which there is no forgiveness in this world, nor in any world to come which we should care to go to.

That the topic ought not to be disagreeable, that the question is one which it is weak in your friend to be unwilling to answer, is neither here nor there. His weakness is the very thing which his friends ought to be tender of. Where we are strong we can take care of ourselves. Where we are strong we are not liable to be hurt. Your friend's weakness is his own affair. It may not be profitable to him, but he has a right to it. You have no more right to attack it than you have to rob him of his money. The difference, the *distinguishing* difference, between the lady and the small-busy-housekeeper species of the human female is that the lady perceives and respects the most

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delicate individual rights, which the small, busy housekeeper utterly fails to discern, and which are consequently trampled into a muddle by her dull, egotistic feet.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING BONNETS.

OPENINGS at the wholesale houses have displayed spring millinery. The new bonnets are not bonnets, but merely round hats with strings. They are odd, picturesque, becoming, but of decidedly incongruous shape, with large, square, sensible crowns, accompanied by most fantastic brims, turned up on one side or the other, no matter which, behind or before, just as caprice dictates, and never twice alike. This queer brim is a feature, and in its variety offers something to suit all faces. The bonnet is placed very far back, mounting the crown of the high coiffure and leaving all the front of the head bare. These new shapes are the outgrowth of the eccentric Rabagas bonnet worn during the winter.

Straw bonnets will be more worn than all others. The choice among these is the fine split Belgian straw, worth $5 50 untrimmed, the soft snowy white dressed chips made of sewed braid, and the écru, or undressed chip, which costs from $3 upward. A new bonnet, called the Valerie, is made of silk floss, buff or lavender, woven to resemble straw. This is $5 untrimmed. There are also quantities of black chip and soft black straw bonnets sent out from the best French houses. These are very light and fine, and when trimmed with fine flowers and lace will be considered more distinguished than the black lace bonnets that have been worn so long.

TRIMMING.

By way of trimming there is less lace than usual, and ribbon is little used except for the very long strings, which are three inches wide, and tied under the chin. The principal garniture is soft repped silk, called gros d'Orleans, cut bias, and arranged in single careless-looking folds, with occasional bows made of many ends or loops, but with fewer flutings, quillings, and streaming draperies than we have lately had. Compactness seems to be the idea in decorations, even in the fine flowers which will be used in a profusion that is positively extravagant; for these are no longer clambering vines and long trailing sprays, but thick wreaths and *mélanges*, bouquets of various flowers grouped in contrasting hues. Two, three, and even four shades appear on one bonnet; two shades are of one color, and the others in contrast. Thus there are folds of two tints of blue-gray, with folds of the new *limon*-color—the pale greenish-yellow of limes—and a wreath of pink roses; or else two light olive shades are associated with deepest blue silk and very pale tea-roses; another combination is crimson roses, light and dark réséda reps, with white folds. An elaborate face trimming is seen on all bonnets. This consists of a thick wreath of flowers or a torsade of ribbons, placed directly above the forehead and under the upturned revers or high coronet, or, if you like, all around beneath the whole brim of the bonnet. The pretty ruches of lace and tulle that crowned the forehead so becomingly have disappeared from French bonnets.

WREATHS AND BOUQUETS.

The new wreaths and bouquets revive the flowers of old-fashioned gardens—sweet-pea blossoms, hyacinths, dwarf roses, garden pinks, mignonette, geraniums, violets, bluebells, forget-me-nots, heliotropes, and lilies of the valley in abundance; mixed with these are dried grasses, herbs, moss, pine cones, and berries. The foliage is bronzed leaves, or else very dark autumn hues, with striped grasses. Quantities of wild roses are imported, white, red, and yellow eglantine in a single cluster, and there are many half-decayed faded roses that seem ready to fall to pieces; roses, pansies, and white lily bells form a pretty bouquet. Full coronet wreaths are of blue myosotis, with moss, herbs, and dried grasses; for brunettes are poppy wreaths, with straw leaves veined with jet.

OLD SILVER.

A novelty this season is artistic ornaments of *vieille argent*, or old silver, set about on the bonnet as buckles, brooches, and darts with swinging chains; especially stylish among these is a comb-like piece in filigree designs representing the top of a high-back Spanish comb. This is used to catch up the side of brims, or is mounted with violets and pink Bourbon roses and worn on the back of the bonnet.

ROUND HATS.

Among the round hats that are not misnamed bonnets are found the same erratic brims already described, with very high steeple crowns. The Medici and Castilian shapes will probably find most favor for city use. The Medici has an ample brim, projecting squarely over the forehead, while each side is turned up high and close against the crown, and the back descends in a very sharp point. The Castilian has a steeple crown, with projecting brim turned up on one side only, and is trimmed with the new long plumes of many green cock's feathers clustered together. The brims stand out very prominently, and are no longer filled up with fluffy puffs and frizzes of hair. There are wreaths of roses, geraniums, and eglantine, or else a twisted ribbon torsade, placed under the brims of Rabagas hats that are turned up all around. To trim a Castilian black straw, take one of Virot's for a model. Face the brim plainly with black faille, turn up the left side very high, and hold it in place by a filigree silver comb piece; put two or three folds of bias silk around the crown, with clusters of loops on the left, and a bouquet of forget-me-nots and rose-buds on the right; two black ostrich tips hanging over the back of the brim complete the trimming. An English straw Rabagas has pale blue facing on the brim, a fringed blue silk scarf passes around the crown, and is fastened behind by a silver clasp showing Egyptian beads, while under the brim is a wreath of rose-buds and lilies of the valley. Another, trimmed with peacock blue, has a wreath of purple heliotropes and well-blown roses.

SORTIES DU BAL.

A new carriage hood for evening is in the shape of a Spanish veil. It is made of white zephyr wool, is attached to a coronet of flowers and ribbons, falls over the neck and shoulders, and is fastened on the bosom by bows and rose-buds. Price $15.

KID GLOVES.

The bulk of kid glove importations consists of long-wristed gloves, fastened by three or four buttons, and ornamented with embroidery on the back and wrists. Pale shades of the greenish-gray called réséda, very light olive green and olive brown, blue-grays that approach lavender, and brown with rosy tints, called mordoré, are the novel colors imported to match costumes of these shades; these are for general street wear, church, etc. For conservative ladies whose gloves serve with various suits there are the staple tans, brown, drab, ashes-of-roses, and steel-colors; blue-black and very dark plum-colored gloves are more stylish than jet black for the present season. For dressy occasions, such as carriage visiting, afternoon receptions, and the theatre, a new caprice is for gloves of a faint green with yellow tinges, that is best described as "gosling green;" salmon, écru, cream-color (not yellow-buff), pearl, and rosy flesh tints will be retained for afternoon and evening. To wear with handsome black costumes of silk or grenadine there are delicate green, lavender, gray, and écru shades, with black stitching on the wrists, or else black binding. Short gloves, fastened by only one button, cost $1 65 a pair; longer gloves, with two buttons, are $2; with three buttons, $2 50; those fastened by four buttons are found only in very soft light shades, and cost $2 75; gloves to be worn with short sleeves have six buttons, and cost $3 25. The yellowish-white (*blanc mat*) gloves are preferred to blue-white for wedding occasions.

Gants de Suède, or undressed kid gloves, for morning, shopping, and traveling, become more popular daily. They are now brought in darker shades of blue-gray, olive brown, and drabs that do not show soil easily. The most stylish shape among these is very long and closed around the arm, requiring but one button to fasten the slit at the wrist. Those fastened by two buttons cost $1 75; by three buttons, $2; and by four, $2 25; the latter are as long as six-buttoned gloves of ordinary kid. Excellent traveling gloves for ladies are of dog-skin, with double-stitched seams: the price, with one button, is $1 65; with two buttons, $2 a pair. Castor gloves are far lighter than old-fashioned buckskin, and are used for traveling and for bleaching and softening the hands. They have from one to three buttons, and cost from $1 75 to $2 25 a pair.

"Infants'" kid gloves are shown tiny enough for chubby hands of six-months-old babies: price $1 25. Misses' gloves, for girls of from six to fourteen years, are stitched tastefully, fastened by two buttons, and sold for $1 65; plain, long, stylish gloves of lovely pearl, pink, and buff shades, for dressy occasions, are fastened by three buttons, and cost $2 for girls' sizes. For boys there are double-stitched dog-skin gloves, far thicker and stronger than kid, and worth $1 50.

LISLE-THREAD AND LACE MITTS.

Ladies who can not wear kid gloves in warm weather should buy the English lisle-thread gloves that are too soft and fine to "creep," are fashioned throughout like kid, and will wash without fading or shrinking. They come in clear gray shades, and in a brown-buff that washes especially well. They are fastened by from one to four buttons, and cost from 60 to 90 cents.

Black lace mitts of the finest possible texture, made with deep flowing cuffs, will be worn in midsummer. Lace gloves with fingers will cover the entire hand in the old fashion worn by our grandmothers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The flower parure for a single evening dress, with its garlands, *mélanges*, and coronet, requires half a dozen boxes to preserve it. One designed for one of the Russian princesses is of geranium leaves of varied hues, with great pouting rose-buds, and the dark tips of peacocks' plumes; another is long, trailing bronzed leaves and grasses, with bird-of-paradise plumage; a third is white water-lilies with aquatic grasses.

Pearl buckles are placed in the centre of bows, and used for fastening the belts of spring woolen costumes.

Very large pearl buttons, white, opal-tinted, and smoked pearl, with eyes or with shanks, are on suits of gray and blue linen. There are other buttons that look like rare yellow ivory, but are probably bone, for trimming piqué dresses.

Among stylish importations are polonaises of black cashmere, trimmed with steel buttons, steel fringe, and a wide moiré sash. A redingote of peacock blue cashmere is richly wrought with jet embroidery, and has a pelerine cape. For early spring is an over-skirt of pale réséda cashmere, and a sleeveless jacket of the same, edged with réséda lace, and fastened by large pearl buttons. This is to be worn over a silk skirt, waist, and sleeves of the same shade. For traveling is a suit of summer camel's-hair made with a redingote with belted front, basque back, and two rows of steel buttons down before.

Imported English jackets of Napoleon blue cloth are double-breasted, slashed, and trimmed with facings of lighter blue repped silk and rows of steel buttons.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; WORTHINGTON & SMITH; BALLARD & HALLEY; and THOMSON, LANGDON, & Co.

PERSONAL.

MR. DANIEL E. BANDMANN, the actor, sends to the *Tribune* some interesting reminiscences of the late Lord LYTTON: Personally he was the most amiable of men. He never made you feel uncomfortable in his presence. When he spoke it was as if a kind, modest, well-meaning friend was addressing you; and when he listened to your reply he gave you the impression that he desired to be instructed. His laugh was hearty, cordial, and sometimes loud, and when displeased he never spoke, but you could read it in his face at once, and take it as a warning. He disliked disagreeable discussions, and did not wish to displease even his inferior. Like our lamented friend HORACE GREELEY, he was a hard worker and a great enthusiast. Nothing great, he told me once in a conversation, can be achieved without enthusiasm. He would sit for hours over a verse, a line, a few words. I suggested to him that the play was too long and wanted curtailing, to which he willingly agreed, but under his supervision. It was impossible to cut without occasionally destroying the metre; to that he most emphatically objected, and I have seen him think over a few words for hours, and then give it up with the remark, "We had better leave it till morning; I am happier in early hours." One would usually find him in early hours in his study, with his long Turkish pipe by his side (which hardly ever left him when in-doors), working hard while others were yet enjoying "tired Nature's sweet restorer." All his plays were produced under an assumed name. On the night of the production of the *Lady of Lyons* he was obliged to speak on a great question in Parliament, and could not be present to see his play. After the debate he hastened to the theatre, and, on leaving the corridor, met the Marquis of Salisbury, who was just entering it. "Not at the debate, my lord?" "No; I felt seedy, so I went to the Garden to see the 'new piece.'" "And how did you like it?" "Oh, trash," was the short reply of the marquis, as he entered the House. They both had many hearty laughs over this encounter in after-years. This was the first honest opinion Lord LYTTON received upon the production of his new play.

—The United States has given to the musical world of Europe another prima donna, who, from all accounts, bids fair to rank with PATTI and KELLOGG. We allude to Mrs. EMELINE REED, whose recent *début* in opera, at Malta, is the subject of enthusiastic encomium by the press of that city. Mrs. REED is a young lady of Brooklyn, who for two years has been in Milan studying under the best masters. Previously to that she was the soprano in the choir of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, and on several occasions has sung at Steinway Hall and at the Brooklyn Academy, always with success. The *Malta Times*, commenting on her performance of Leonora in *La Favorita*, says, "Mrs. REED sings with such expression, and in a style so simple and unaffected, as to draw forth bursts of applause, and on the first evening was honored with three recalls." She is to appear at La Scala, in Milan, in April, in *Mignon*.

—"Shirley Dare" has been on a visit to Mrs. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD at her home in Newburyport, where the houses all look old and dusty and mossy and vine-covered, as if the people were too busy and having too good times inside to care whether the paint was bright out. Mrs. SPOFFORD'S house is large, old-fashioned, standing close to the street, with low, wide rooms, looking as if people lived in them. Style Mrs. S. has none, which is the highest compliment that can be paid any woman. (She is like a very fine odor that can not be detected if you draw your breath.) She is a fragile woman, with soft dark hair, worn in a careless curl or two at the side, and kind, sensible, dark eyes. What most pleases in her conversation is a matter-of-fact goodness and good sense, and her mental presence is one of the healthiest in the world.

—Mr. WILLIAM SIMPSON and Mr. ROBERT LANDELLS, two of the special artists of the *Illustrated London News*, have received from the Emperor of Germany war medals as tokens of distinction conferred upon them for their artistic labors in the recent war.

—Speaking of life on the stage, Madame LUCCA sees in it nothing of the fascination that makes it so attractive to most performers. She says:

"It is the saddest life on earth. I want my husband, my parents, my child, my home. I am not as other artistes. I can not become intoxicated, as the Celts do, with admiration, and live on in a stream of excitement. While I am on the stage I do my very best. That is a mean artiste, that is no true artiste, who would not abandon herself wholly to her art upon the stage, not because the public is there—for I never know that the public is there—but because of the sake of art. I do not know that any body sees me when I am Margaret. I only know that I *am being* Margaret. But I shall stay on the stage just two years more. I do not care for so much money as other artistes do. I shall then have enough to accomplish all I have to undertake."

—Ex-United States Attorney-General JAMES SPEED, in a recent lecture before the Indianapolis Library Association, ably defended the jury feature of our jurisprudence. All the experience of a protracted and busy professional life had convinced him that the outcry which is periodically raised against the system is not well grounded, and that no other human tribunal, on the whole, better subserves the ends of justice.

—A Maine young lady visited the President recently, and writes to the Portland *Press:* "He gave me his autograph with a smile and shrug of the shoulders. 'The only objection I have to complying with your desire is that it obliges me to put on my glasses, and they make me look so very old to the ladies.'"

—The late JAMES SUYDAM, one of the old and honored merchants of this city, has been made the subject of a bronze statue, which is to be placed on the esplanade in front of Suydam Hall, of the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church at New Brunswick, New Jersey. The execution of this statue is the first great work of Mr. HESS, and critics pronounce it an effort of true genius. It will be exhibited at the Somerville Gallery on the 6th of March.

—The women have had another success in high quarters in England. A department of the civil service, known as the local government board, has just appointed Mrs. NASSAU SENIOR poor-law inspector, with a salary of $2000 a year, to report upon the domiciles and treatment of children who are "boarded out," after the Scotch system.

—Dr. SHELTON MACKENZIE, of the Philadelphia *Press*, contradicts from personal knowledge the report that Mr. DISRAELI was not the owner of Hughenden Manor and would have to vacate it. The good doctor states that in 1850 he received a note from Mrs. D., whom he had long known, requesting him to call on her in reference to the publication of an engraved portrait of her husband. "'Mr. DISRAELI,' said she, 'will accompany me to-morrow to Buckinghamshire, where I shall give him a pleasant surprise. He now is member for Bucks, you know, which requires a qualification of six hundred pounds a year, and this, like many other members, he has obtained from a friend. I was told some time ago that Hughenden Manor, near High Wycombe, was in the market, and eighteen months ago, when Mr. DISRAELI went to Nottinghamshire to attend the funeral of his friend Lord GEORGE BENTINCK—the only time during the eleven years of our marriage that we ever were separated for four-and-twenty hours—I ran down to Bucks, saw the place, and made up my mind to buy it. To-morrow I will take him there, and surprise him by presenting him with the title-deeds of landed property worth more than the nominal six hundred a year a county member is required to have.' The amount she had paid for this estate was sixteen thousand pounds, I think she said. At twenty-three years' purchase this would represent a rental of seven hundred pounds a year. Mrs. DISRAELI added: 'I bought this estate out of my own money, for two reasons. First, because the member from Bucks ought to have property in that county; and next, because his father, the great author, lived in that neighborhood for many years, and my husband knew the place and the people from childhood.' She loved to talk of her husband, and said: 'I have had a notion of this in my head for some time. When the elder Mr. DISRAELI died, two years ago, I got my husband to mark in the catalogue all the books that he preferred, and sent an agent privately down to buy them at the sale. He also purchased the black oak carved book-cases. So, when Mr. DISRAELI enters into his library to-morrow, he will meet the old books on the old familiar shelves.'"

—Father BJERRING, pastor of the Greek Church in this city, is making his home-like little chapel quite a place of resort for people who are on the alert for a fresh sensation. His parlors at 951 Second Avenue are crowded every Sunday morning. Father B. is a tall, handsome man, with light hair, a full light beard, and blue eyes. His eyebrows and eyelashes are almost white. He speaks very good English, and has the reputation of being a very well read man.

—Mr. RANDOLPH ROGERS, the American sculptor, has been elected a member of the Roman Academy of St. Luke. He is the first American sculptor upon whom this rare honor has ever been conferred.

—The Sheik of Guazan has celebrated with great pomp at Tangier his marriage with Miss KING, an English lady. The bride rode to the British consulate on an Arab horse, which was covered with a scarlet saddle and cloth embroidered with gold, and was presented by the bridegroom.

—Speaking of very old people, a recent number of the Rutland (Vermont) *Herald* says that WILLIAM EDWARDS, of Jay, who is almost 95 years of age, married a woman of 70 a few days ago. This old man was one of WELLINGTON'S soldiers, and was twice wounded at Waterloo. His grandfather was 104 when he died, his great-grandfather was 113, but he regards his father as having been cut off in his youth, as he died when only 67 years old. Mr. EDWARDS intends to make a trip to London next summer to claim a bounty due to British soldiers over 61 years, which, with accrued interest, will amount to nearly $5000.—The oldest graduate of Yale College, TIMOTHY BISHOP, is 94, and vigorous, taking his daily walk in the coldest weather. His associate, BERIAH BRADLEY, a stripling of 94, scorns to be called an old chap.—During the past year seventy-three persons over 90 years of age have died in New Hampshire. The following-named were over 100 years of age: MARY BROCKWAY, East Washington, 101 years 10 months 22 days; Mrs. GODDARD, North Littleton, 100 years 5 months 26 days; TEMPERANCE JEWETT, Barnstead, 100 years 7 months 7 days; JOSEPH LARAVIA, Somersworth, 100 years.—In Ireland lately died MARY M'ARDLE, at the age of 115. Her strong point was that she worked with the reapers last harvest, and kept up with her son, a frisky youth of 77.—The London *Times* has just published a list of medical men deceased during the past year. The following reached 80 and upward: HUGH ANDREWS and PETER MILLER, each 94 years of age; BOWYER VAUX, 91; AUGUSTUS BOZZI GRANVILLE and FRANCIS KIERNAN, each 89; ROBERT VENABLES, 88; ROBERT BUCHANAN, 86; THOMAS LEIGH BLUNDELL, 84; WILLIAM BODINGTON and JOHN GARDNER, each 82; THOMAS COLEMAN, 81; ROBERT WADE, THOMAS BARNES, and JAMES ALEXANDER GORDON, each 80 years of age. The united ages of these fourteen gentlemen amount to 1200 years, giving an average of more than 85 years to each.—Dr. CASPAR, of Berlin, in his work on the duration of human life, has placed medical men as representing a medium longevity of 56. Artists are represented at 57; lawyers at 58; military men, 59; farmers and clerks, 61; merchants, 62; and clergymen, 65. To prolong life the same authority adds that good temper and hilarity are necessary, violent passions, the inward gnawings of offended vanity and pride, tending to corrode every viscus, and to lay the seeds of future mental and bodily sufferings. Apathy and insensibility being, unfortunately, the best sources of peace of mind, and as FONTENELLE observed, "a good stomach and a bad heart are essential to happiness," perhaps the best maxim to prolong our days and render them as tolerable as possible is "*Bene vivere et lætari*."

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Collar in Guipure Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS collar is worked on Swiss muslin or nansook with embroidery cotton and fine guipure cord or medium-sized thread. Fig. 53, Supplement, gives the pattern and design of one-half of the collar. Having transferred the design to a foundation of paper or linen, or to the Swiss muslin, run the outlines of the figures simulating a branch of coral and the outer edge of the collar with double embroidery cotton, and then stretch the bars of the open-work foundation with guipure cord or thread, in doing which carry the cord along the outlines in order to pass from one stitch to another. Button-hole stitch the outlines and the outer edge of the collar closely, as shown by Fig. 2, page 181, which gives a full-sized section of the collar. On the intersecting points of the stretched bars work a small dot each in satin stitch. Cut away the material underneath the bars. Finally, set the lace on the collar; this lace is worked like the embroidery on the collar. Woven guipure lace may be used instead; and woven netting may be used for the foundation to facilitate the work.

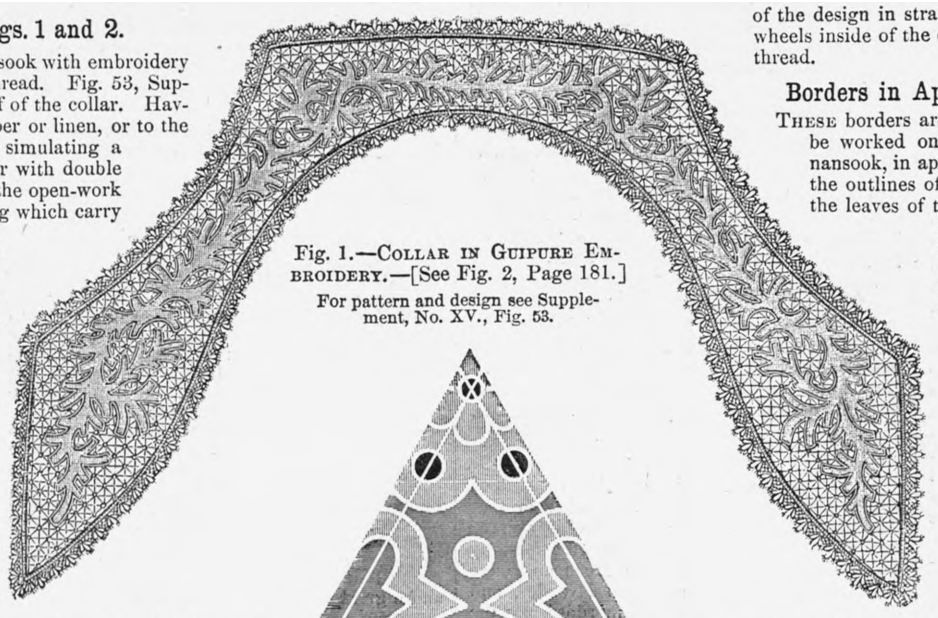


Fig. 1.—COLLAR IN GUIPURE EMBROIDERY.—[See Fig. 2, Page 181.]
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 53.

CIGAR-HOLDER.

Cigar-Holder.

THE stand of this cigar-holder is of black polished cane, furnished with a movable lid, and is seven inches and a quarter high, and seventeen inches in circumference. A piece of black polished wood, bored with holes and designed for holding cigars, is fastened inside seven-eighths of an inch from the upper edge. The cigar-holder is covered with a plaiting of brown worsted braid three-quarters of an inch wide and dark brown chenille, which is fastened on thick brown canvas, and trimmed with vertical ruches of light brown silk ribbon ornamented in point Russe embroidery with brown silk as shown by the illustration. This cover is lined with brown enameled cloth. The upper and under edges are bound with braid, and bordered with silk rolls also ornamented with point Russe stitching. The cover for the lid is made in a similar manner of the same material. In the middle of the lid is a button, which is covered with brown silk ornamented with point Russe stitches, and which serves for a handle.

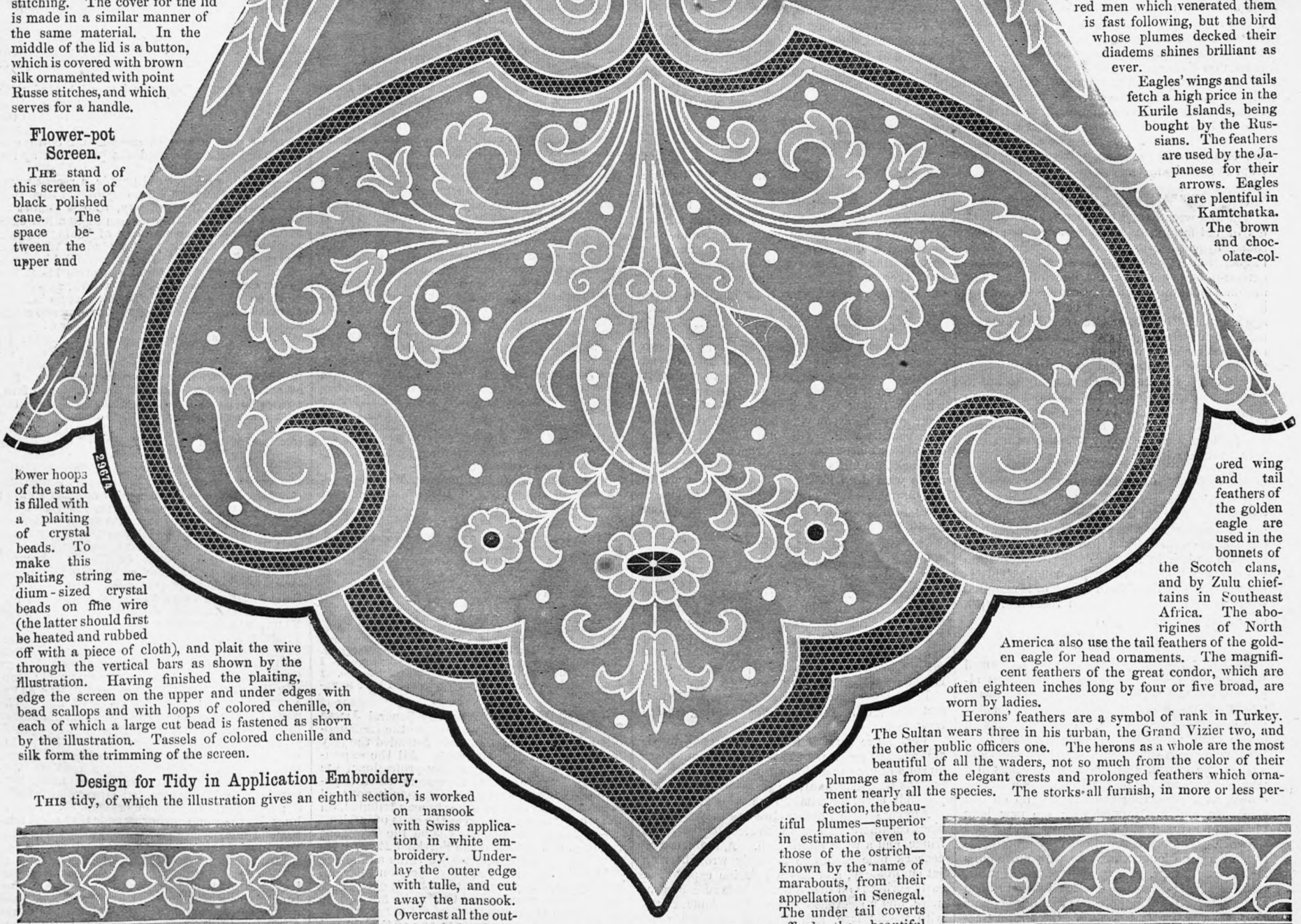
Flower-pot Screen.

THE stand of this screen is of black polished cane. The space between the upper and lower hoops of the stand is filled with a plaiting of crystal beads. To make this plaiting string medium-sized crystal beads on fine wire (the latter should first be heated and rubbed off with a piece of cloth), and plait the wire through the vertical bars as shown by the illustration. Having finished the plaiting, edge the screen on the upper and under edges with bead scallops and with loops of colored chenille, on each of which a large cut bead is fastened as shown by the illustration. Tassels of colored chenille and silk form the trimming of the screen.

Design for Tidy in Application Embroidery.

THIS tidy, of which the illustration gives an eighth section, is worked on nansook with Swiss application in white embroidery. Underlay the outer edge with tulle, and cut away the nansook. Overcast all the outlines of the Swiss application design figures closely, and work the white dots of the design in straight satin stitch. The open-work parts and the wheels inside of the design figures are worked in lace stitch with fine thread.

Fig. 1.—BORDER FOR LINGERIE, ETC.—APPLICATION EMBROIDERY.



DESIGN FOR TIDY IN APPLICATION EMBROIDERY. EIGHTH SECTION.

Borders in Application Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE borders are suitable for trimming lingerie, etc.; they may be worked on foundation material, such as Swiss muslin or nansook, in application of Swiss muslin or fine linen. Overcast the outlines of the application design figures and the veins in the leaves of the border Fig. 1 closely. The small dots of the same border are worked in satin stitch in the manner shown by the illustration.

The border Fig. 2, which is a simple and graceful design, consisting of a scroll between two straight lines, is entirely in application.

FLOWER-POT SCREEN.

FINE FEATHERS.

THE birds-of-paradise, distinguished for their splendor and elegance, are used for ornamenting turbans in the East, as well as for hats and head-dresses by European ladies. The genus *Paradisea* is chiefly restricted to New Guinea and the small islands in its vicinity. The most elegant in its plumage is the great bird-of-paradise (*P. apoda*), the back part of the neck being of a pale gold-color, the throat and fore part of the richest changeable golden green, the breast of a deep purple, and the body and tail of a fine dark chestnut. The hen birds are the most esteemed, being brighter in tint; the body feathers, which are yellowish, are partially dyed to enhance the color.

The most splendid bird of tropical America is the *Trogon viridis* or *splendens*. Aside from the brilliant metallic splendor of its plumage and the gracefulness of its form, there is a peculiar interest connected with this magnificent bird. The long, slender, gilded feathers of the tail coverts were allowed only to be worn by the royal family of the Incas. The Incas with all their gorgeous magnificence have passed away, and the race of the red men which venerated them is fast following, but the bird whose plumes decked their diadems shines brilliant as ever.

Eagles' wings and tails fetch a high price in the Kurile Islands, being bought by the Russians. The feathers are used by the Japanese for their arrows. Eagles are plentiful in Kamtchatka. The brown and chocolate-colored wing and tail feathers of the golden eagle are used in the bonnets of the Scotch clans, and by Zulu chieftains in Southeast Africa. The aborigines of North America also use the tail feathers of the golden eagle for head ornaments. The magnificent feathers of the great condor, which are often eighteen inches long by four or five broad, are worn by ladies.

Herons' feathers are a symbol of rank in Turkey. The Sultan wears three in his turban, the Grand Vizier two, and the other public officers one. The herons as a whole are the most beautiful of all the waders, not so much from the color of their plumage as from the elegant crests and prolonged feathers which ornament nearly all the species. The storks all furnish, in more or less perfection, the beautiful plumes—superior in estimation even to those of the ostrich—known by the name of marabouts, from their appellation in Senegal. The under tail coverts afford the beautiful plumes. The down of the young adjutant crane, and the white

Fig. 2.—BORDER FOR LINGERIE, ETC.—APPLICATION EMBROIDERY.

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feathers of other cranes, are obtained in India and America, and are made into boas and muffs. The feathers of the white or sacred ibis are much used for ornamental purposes in the East, and are also sent to France, while the scarlet ibis of South America and Africa is likewise in request. The skins of the Arctic divers are dressed and made into cloaks, muffs, and cuffs, and are much esteemed as a covering for the head and breast in the rigorous climates in which they are found, the great thickness of the feathers rendering them very fit for that purpose. Russia and the Levant send us considerable quantities of the skins of grebes, ducks, and divers.

In Chiloe, from the long ash-colored plumage of a species of penguin, which is a little curled and soft, the natives spin a kind of coverlet that is highly prized.

In parts of North America the Indians make an elegant clothing of the feathers of the wild turkey. They twist the inner webs into a strong double string with hemp or fibrous bark, and work it like matting. This appears very rich and glossy, and as fine as silk shag. Fans used to be made of the tail, and of four tails joined together the early French settlers in Louisiana were wont to construct a parasol.

Old writings speak of feathers being woven into a peculiar kind of cloth by the Chinese. Among them was the celestial goose-velvet, the foundation of the fabric being of silk, into which the feathers were skillfully interwoven in a common loom, those of a crimson hue being the most expensive. Tradition states that garments made of feathers, and resembling fur dresses, were presented to the Emperor Shauhau, who reigned twenty-five centuries before our era. The earliest allusion to robes woven with feathers occurs in the history of the Tsin dynasty. In the year 272 A.D. the court physician presented the emperor with a gown made of feathers from the golden-headed pheasant. A son of the Emperor Wuti, notorious for his extravagance, had in the fifth century a robe woven with peacocks' feathers.

It was also the custom of the emperors to make presents annually to certain ministers of state of robes made with the feathers of the variegated kingfisher. At a later period a princess engaged a skillful artificer to collect feathers of every description to make two dresses for the empress, which should, when looked at in front, present one color, when viewed sideways another, and when held up to the light a third. Although the Chinese would seem to have lost the art of weaving feathers, plumage-work is still extensively practiced in the decoration of metallic ornaments, worn by all classes of females. On garlands, chaplets, frontals, tiaras, and crowns of very thin copper, purple, dark and light blue feathers of the kingfisher and other birds of gorgeous brilliancy are laid with exquisite taste and skill.

Fig. 1.—SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND VERT D'EAU RIBBON CAP.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 49-51.

SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND BLUE RIBBON CAP.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 48.

Fig. 2.—SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND VERT D'EAU RIBBON CAP.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 49-51.

CRÊPE DE CHINE AND LACE FICHU.

For description see Supplement.

CRÊPE DE CHINE FICHU.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 47.

ular alternation, so as to form close, open-work, and open squares. The close squares are ornamented in point Russe embroidery with filling silk of various colors. Green satin ribbon is run through the canvas as shown by the illustration, and each open square formed by drawing out the threads is trimmed with a bow of similar ribbon and with a clipped green worsted ball. To make the worsted balls tie up a worsted strand of thirty threads at regular intervals with a piece of thread, cut through the strand exactly in the middle between the tied points, and clip the tassels thus formed evenly with the scissors. The canvas ornamented in this manner is basted on stiff linen, bound on the upper and under edges with green satin ribbon, trimmed with a ruche of the same, and fastened to the bars of the stand with small pins.

Crochet Insertions, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE insertions are suitable for trimming linen; they are both worked crosswise in rounds going back and forth with twisted crochet cotton, No. 100.

Fig. 1.—For this insertion make a foundation of 25 ch. (chain stitch), pass over the last 14 of these, and going back on the remaining foundation st. (stitch), work the 1st round.—1 sl. (slip stitch) on the next st., twice alternately 9 ch., 1 sl. on the fifth following foundation st.; t. (turn the work). 2d round.—Twice alternately 9 ch., 1 sc. (single crochet) on the same st. on which the sl. of the preceding round has been worked; in doing this the sl. is thus surrounded in this as well as in the following corresponding rounds; then 9 ch. and 1 sc. on the 15th foundation st. (counting from the beginning), t. 3d round.—Three times alternately 9 ch., 1 sl. on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop in the first round (the ch. scallop of the preceding round is not surrounded), then 9 ch., 1 sl. on the last sl. of the first round, t. 4th round.—5 sl. on the next 5 ch., 4 ch., 1 sc. on the same st. in the first round on which the sl. of the preceding round was worked; twice alternately 9 ch., 1 sc. on the same st. of the first round on which the sl. of the preceding round was worked; 4 ch., 1 sl. on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop, t. 5th round.—Three times alternately 9 ch., 1 sl. on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop in the third round, t. 6th round.—Three times alternately 9 ch., 1 sc. on the same st. on which the sl. of the preceding round was worked, t. 7th round.—Three times alternately 9 ch., 1 sl. on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop in the fifth round, then 9 ch. and 1 sl. on the last sl. of the fifth round, fasten to the fifth sl. of the fourth round, t. 8th round.—5 sl. on the next 5 ch., 4 ch., 1 sc. on the same st. in the sixth round on which the sl. of the preceding round was worked, twice alternately 9 ch., 1 sc. on the same st. on which the sl. of the preceding round was worked, 4 ch., 1 sl. on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop, t. Continue in this manner until the insertion has gained the requisite length. Edge it first on one side with one round of sl., and then work on both sides two rounds each as follows: 1st round.—Always alternately 1 sl. on the next edge st., 9 ch., with these pass over 4 edge st. 2d round.—* 1 sc. on the fourth st. of the next ch. scallop, 1 sdc. (short double crochet), 2 dc. (double crochet), and 1 sdc. on the following st., 1 sc. on the next (sixth) st. of the same ch. scallop, 2 ch.; repeat from *.

Fig. 2.—To make this insertion work a foundation of 17 ch., one picot downward, and 15 ch.; for the picot work 5 ch., drop the last st. from the needle, insert the needle in the first of the 5 ch., and draw through the dropped st. Going back on this foundation work the 1st round.—4 ch. (the first 3 of which count as first dc.), 1 dc. on the next foundation st., four times alternately 1 ch., 1 dc. on the second following foundation st., 5 ch., 9 dc. separated each by 1 ch. on the picot, 5 ch., with these pass over 6 foundation st., 1 dc. on the next st., five times alternately 1 ch., 1 dc. on the second following foundation st., t. 2d round.—4 ch., 1 dc. on the next ch. in the preceding round, five times alternately 1 ch., 1 dc. on the next ch., 3 ch., 4 sc. separated each by 3 ch. on the next 4 ch. of the dc. scallop, 5 ch., 4 sc. separated each by 3 ch. on the following 4 ch. of the dc. scallop, 3 ch., 1 dc. on the last of the next 5 ch., five times alternately 1 ch., 1 dc. on the following ch., t. These two rounds are repeated constantly, in the manner shown by the illustration.

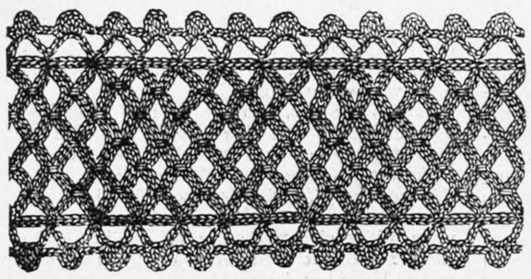


Fig. 1.—CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

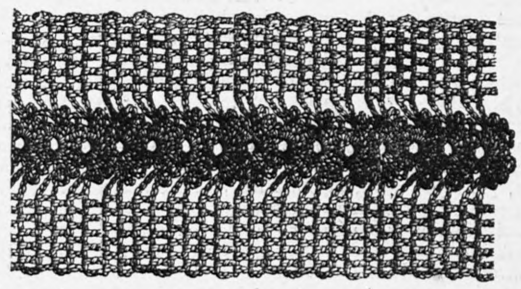


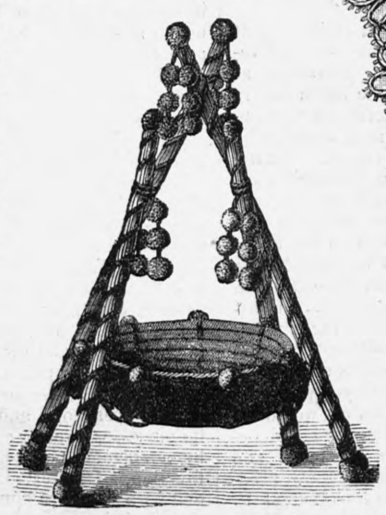
Fig. 2.—CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Jewel-Case with Stand.

THIS stand consists of four long and short bars of fine yellow cane, which are ornamented at each end with a clipped red worsted ball wound with fine red silk cord and fastened together with the same. The case is made of yellow straw braid arranged in coils, and is trimmed on the upper edge with a lambrequin of red silk cord and worsted balls, and is fastened to the bars with similar cord. To make the lambrequin sew on a piece of cord, which forms the upper edge, for each scallop six short and long cord loops; work two button-hole stitches in opposite directions into each of these loops and between the scallops on the upper cord, and cover the joining points of the loops with worsted balls. Silk cord tassels and worsted balls form the trimming of the stand.

Bouquet-Holder.

THE stand of this bouquet-holder is made of black cane. It is eight inches and a half high, and is furnished with a tube-shaped zinc vase. The covering is made of light gray Panama canvas, from which are drawn out a certain number of lengthwise and crosswise threads in reg-



JEWEL-CASE WITH STAND.

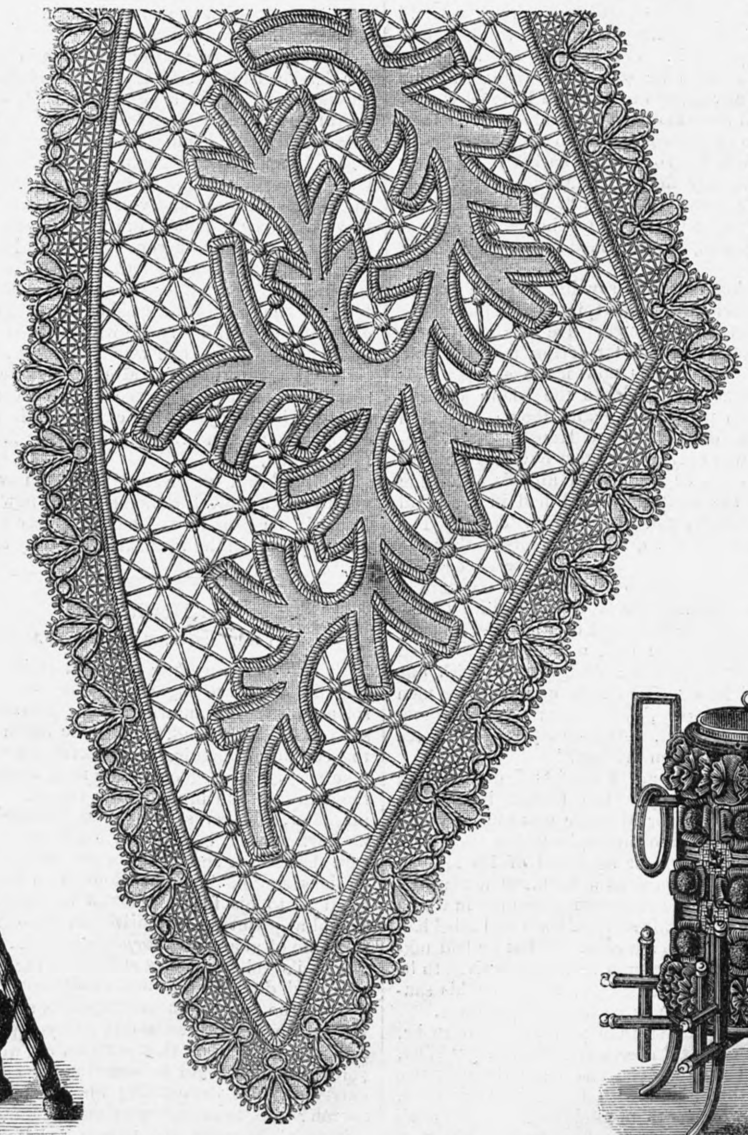
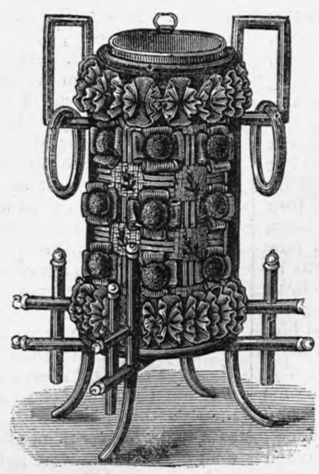


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF COLLAR IN GUIPURE EMBROIDERY.—FULL SIZE.—[See Fig. 1, Page 180.]



BOUQUET-HOLDER.

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AWAKENED.

MY heart was like a hidden lyre
In silence that so long hath lain—
Not e'en the cold, neglected wire
Remembereth its own sweet strain:
Till thou, a breeze from summer shore,
Breathed tenderly across the string,
That, waking into life once more,
Began the broken song to sing.

My soul was like a diamond spark
Imprisoned in the rocky mine,
Unconscious, in that eyeless dark,
What hidden fires within it shine:
Till thou, a gleam of noonday light,
Upon the buried jewel came,
That, breaking from its long, dull night,
Leaped up, a many-tinted flame.

My life was like a pallid flower
Within the shadow sprung, alone,
Forgotten of the sun and shower,
And withering ere it has blown:
Till thou, a drop of morning dew,
Stole softly downward through the gloom,
And straight the bud asunder flew
To fill the air with balm and bloom.

Then take, and fashion to thy will,
This heart and soul and life of mine!
Shall not thine own free gifts fulfill
Their utmost hope in seeking thine?
I claim no harvest from a field
My hands have tended not: the tone,
The fragrance, and the light revealed
By thee, belong to thee alone!

MURPHY'S MASTER.

BY JAMES PAYN,

Author of "A Woman's Vengeance," "Bred in the Bone," "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

MAGUIRE'S ULTIMATUM.

THE revelation of this view of his patron was to Robert in itself sufficiently overwhelming, but what was still more terrible was the reflection, "And with this man I have cast in my lot, and not only mine, but Lizzy's!" In the bitterness of his heart he groaned and bowed his face between his hands.

"Come, come, look up," cried Maguire, encouragingly. "It is no use hiding one's head like an ostrich, to escape from an inevitable position. You called me a Liar, you know, and that perhaps made me acquaint you with these little particulars more abruptly than was judicious. You believe me *now*, I suppose, or will do so when you have read that newspaper?"

"Take it away!" ejaculated Robert, with a gesture of loathing; "I am convinced enough."

"Now that is what I call a proof of sense," observed Maguire, in a congratulatory tone. "The object of a newspaper writer is, of course, to harrow the feelings; and therefore, when you want any dramatic incident communicated to you in a delicate way, it is better to trust to a friend. What happened at Falston, stripped of cant and sensation, was, as I understand, something of this kind: the brothers had a private interview, in which Frank talked of his mother's memory and his father's dying wishes, and Louis listened, not with very particular attention, his thoughts being probably entirely engrossed by his own affairs; but when the question was directly put to him, 'Are you going to fulfill the promise that you gave our father in my presence with regard to the distribution of his property, or do you intend to take the whole, since the law awards it to you?' I have not the least doubt that he replied, with great distinctness, 'I mean to take the whole.' Perhaps he added (for he was a consummate hypocrite) that, painful as it was to him to arrive at this determination, he had done so no less on public grounds than private, inasmuch as he should deem it dangerous to the state to intrust a man of 'dear Frank's' revolutionary sentiments with the means to carry them into practical effect. At all events, whatever he said, he said too much. Frank's head had long been 'going:' from a child he was subject to paroxysms of passion, which, compared with what people call 'temper,' were as a tornado to a capful of wind, and of late years they had been growing worse and worse. He had begun to drink, too, though not to the extent that he drinks now. You must forgive him *that*, since it is done, I fancy, to drown the remembrance of the event which I am now about to relate, and for which he is so foolish as to entertain remorse. Well, being in this hot-headed state, and excessively exasperated, while the other was contemptuous and arrogant, there is no wonder that there were high words; then—I don't know who struck them first; that is a nice question for the lawyers—then blows. In the end ensued a dreadful rough-and-tumble, out of which Louis never came at all, for he was left dead on the hearth-rug, with the front lock of his brother's hair in his hand, which he had torn up by the roots. The reason Frank always wears a skull-cap is to conceal that wound; and now you know why the officer at Liverpool was so careful to pass his hand over every body's head who at all resembled Kavanagh. The disguise he had assumed as Denton, however, pulled him safely through that ordeal, which was fortunate for the inspector also, who would, without doubt, have shown his sagacity at the expense of his life. After the trouble and pains that Murphy and the rest of us had been at to get the young master safely on board the *Star*, and surrounded by his own friends, it is not likely that we would have let him be snatched from their hands at the moment of escape."

"But he is not safe *now*," ejaculated Robert: "directly he disclosed who he was he surely became liable to apprehension, even on board the *Star!*"

"No doubt," observed Maguire, grimly, "if there had been any body fool enough to apprehend him. It is more than likely, however, that the captain was himself ignorant of the serious character of Kavanagh's crime; and, at all events, he knew that he had become irresponsible for it."

"Irresponsible for it! How could that be?"

"Because," answered Maguire, leaning across the table, and speaking in hushed tones, "the man is *mad*, mad as a March hare five days out of every six; and, when drunk, always mad. You saw him once yourself in the latter state, and thought it was D. T., I suppose. Well, so it was; but it was something else besides. He was going through the whole performance that took place at Falston, as he often does. '*There, there he stands, with his strangled face!*' he cries. '*He struck me first; I'll swear it.*' And then, '*Help, help!*' the echo of the cry his brother gave, or perhaps his own terrified call to Murphy when the knowledge of what he had done first forced itself upon him."

"Poor, miserable man!" exclaimed Robert, pityingly.

"Well, no, not *poor*," answered Maguire, coolly. "The one sensible thing that Frank Kavanagh ever did, or rather which (as I shrewdly guess) Murphy did for him, was to carry off from Falston Hall that parcel of bank-notes which his father had designed for him, and always kept in his desk ready for an emergency—though he little guessed of what sort the emergency would be. I believe this amounted to many thousand pounds, from which we on *Murphy's Island* have already reaped the benefit."

"You think, then, that Mr. Frank was mad, or nearly so, before the aggravation of his brother's meanness made him lose all command over himself and commit this terrible deed?" observed Robert, shocked by the revelation of his patron's crime, and genuinely anxious to believe him guiltless of it.

"I believe he was always crack-brained," answered Maguire, coolly—"though his friends used to call it enthusiasm—and that the fissure has been growing wider and wider."

"And yet," urged Robert, "on all occasions on which I have seen him, save one, he has appeared sane enough."

"You have seen him in lucid intervals, and, besides, the voyage itself greatly benefited him for the time; but since he has been ashore here matters have been infinitely worse: remorse and drink together have undermined the remainder of his wits, and they have fallen in, higgledy-piggledy."

"Then, if he was to be sent for from England, and taken prisoner, you don't think he could—" Robert hesitated, for he did not forget that Kavanagh had been uniformly kind to him, and had trusted to his bare word in the weightiest matters.

"Don't think he could be *hanged?* you were going to say, man. No, he could not be hanged, if that is any sort of satisfaction to you. But what interests me greatly more than that far-off contingency is, how his madness is likely to affect us in the mean time. There is no lunatic asylum on *Murphy's Island;* and if there were, it would be as much as our lives were worth to attempt to shut him up in it. For Murphy will never believe, even when he sees him raving, that his master is any thing more than a little eccentric, and would obey his wildest mandate rather than the advice of the sagest of men; while as for the tag-rag and bobtail over at the harbor yonder, they will believe any thing that Murphy tells them. For all we know, when the fit is on him, Kavanagh may give orders for our immediate execution, as, indeed, has happened to one poor wretch already."

"You don't mean to say that he put a man to death?" exclaimed Robert, in horrified accents.

"Indeed I do, though. He was tried by a sort of court-martial for trying to make off with the 'gig'—it is now made a capital offense, by-the-bye, to leave the island without Kavanagh's permission—and they strung him up in front of Government House. As it happened, it was only a Tipperary boy, but it might have been you or me. Well, all this brings me round to the matter which I had in my mind when I brought you over to New Town. The people here are not quite such fools as they are at the harbor; *there* the boys are so entirely under Murphy's thumb that they did not dare to whisper to you that the Governor was ill, whereas *here* you were informed of it, as you remember, readily enough; and, moreover, I am glad to say, they have had a disagreement with one another. Now 'When fools quarrel, wise men come by their own,' says the proverb, or something to that effect. And now perhaps you see at what I have been driving?"

"Not exactly—no, I confess I don't," said Robert, suspiciously. His former interest in and even regard for Maguire was indeed swept away. The circumstances in which they were now placed no longer admitted of his looking upon that personage as a harmless nonentity: the calm and almost approving manner in which he had narrated this story of Cain and Abel had shocked the lad to the core. What he had taken for candor in the man he now perceived to be an unblushing recklessness; he feared his sanity almost as much as Kavanagh's madness.

"You are duller than you are wont to be, Master Chesney," observed Maguire. "Why, is it not clear that you and I are the only two men on this island with brains in their head, save one who has them muddled? If this madman and his man were out of the way, the rest, look you, would be our subjects."

"Granting that," answered Robert, quietly, "for the sake of the argument: how do you propose to persuade Mr. Kavanagh and Murphy to leave the island?"

"I think I *could* persuade them," answered Maguire, with a cold smile. "At all events, you may leave that matter to me. I have influence with both factions, and you are not disliked by either; moreover, you will have the advantage of such authority as Kavanagh may leave behind him. Why should we not make alliance and reign together peaceably over this little territory? I don't pretend to conceal from you that if you had more spirit, or had not been spoiled by a mawkish bringing up, that I should have proposed a bolder game—such as I very nearly persuaded Kavanagh to play."

"You would have revived the days you spent on board the *Mother Carey*, on shore, I presume?" said Robert, in as indifferent a tone as he could compass.

"I would, by Heaven!" answered Maguire, roundly. "We could have had our own ship in yonder harbor, and done a good trade, of which no one would have suspected us; and when folks in little vessels dropped in upon us by accident, we should have welcomed them so warmly that they would never have gone away. But you are not fit for such bold strokes, so I think of them no longer. We must be content to call this isle our own, and to have no masters, which is no small thing in these days. You, I hear, are expecting your sweetheart from England." In spite of himself, here Robert could not repress a shudder. How terrible had the bare idea become of bringing his Lizzy to such a spot! too horrible even to think of, but that he had already formed a plan in his own mind by which such a catastrophe should be averted.

"Well, I have also fixed my affections upon a young lass, from King's County," continued Maguire. "To be sure, they are not at present returned, but no doubt they will be when I can call myself co-governor. Altogether, the prospect seems to me very fair and promising for us both, but especially for yourself, who are far the younger man, and will have the sole command when I am under-ground or feeding the fishes. So stands my offer, lad, in return for your alliance. I regret to add—but then it is so much better to be explicit—that if you should decline it, there is an unpleasant reverse to the picture. I have still the ear of the Governor, when, at least, he can be got to listen to any body, and also the confidence of Murphy; and I have only to whisper that this ambitious scheme has sprung from your own head instead of mine to make you dance in the air in front of Government House. Just think over the whole matter, lad, and then answer me 'Yes' or 'No.'" Here Maguire lit his pipe, leaned back in his chair, and began to occupy himself with the newspaper, so as not to interfere with his young friend's deliberations. Robert had already made up his mind as to his future course of conduct, but he thought it better to appear undecided, and to temporize as much as possible.

"Indeed, Mr. Maguire," returned he, after a considerable pause, "all that you have told me is so strange and unlooked for that I must be forgiven for saying that I can promise nothing until I have satisfied myself of the facts you have narrated with my own eyes and ears. Until I have convinced myself that Mr. Kavanagh *is* mad, I don't see how you can reasonably expect me to deny him my allegiance."

"That would be well enough in a believer in the Divine Right of kings," observed Maguire, carelessly; "but in a person of such delicate moral scruples as yourself the fact of his having committed a double murder ought to weigh somewhat, I should have thought, against his authority. However, there is no hurry about any thing in *Murphy's Island*, and you have only to see its Governor to be convinced of what I have told you about him. Preserve your decision till to-morrow, or the next day, for that matter, and then tell me frankly whether we are to be friends or foes." The tone of the speaker was still one of conciliation; but he spoke with knitted brows, and with the air of one who is putting a strong restraint upon himself. Moreover, there was a suspicious, searching glance in his keen gray eyes that bespoke but little confidence in the decision which he had requested proving favorable to his views.

"Well," said he, rising, "I shall now leave you to make yourself at home in your new house. You will be over at the harbor before night, I dare say, and in the mean time good-by to you."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONSTITUTION.

YES, Robert certainly intended to be over at the harbor before night. It was his fixed resolve to seek an interview with Kavanagh as soon as might be, and, whether he found him in the condition Maguire had described or not, to take passage to Melbourne the next morning by the ship that had brought him thence. With a murderer, whether sane or mad, he would have no part nor lot, and, above all, he would take care that Lizzie should never set foot upon that perilous shore. The only doubt now left in his mind as to his future conduct was whether he should acquaint the authorities in Australia with the state of affairs on *Murphy's Island*. In justice to its colonists, now subject to the caprices of a mad despot, and fated in all probability to become the prey of an unscrupulous schemer, it was clearly his duty so to do; and yet he shrank from the ingratitude that such an act would involve, for how could he describe what had occurred without denouncing his benefactor and patron? As to acceding to the infamous proposition of Maguire, his nature revolted at it. He believed that the man's hint of being able to "persuade" Kavanagh and his faithful follower to quit the island meant nothing less than that they were to be put to death; and even if he could be so base and vile a traitor, he had little doubt that he himself, having served his confederate's selfish ends, would in turn become his victim.

In order to give his late companion ample time to precede him to the harbor, rather than with any interest in the investigation itself, he went over his little home, and was both surprised and touched to find in it many indications both of the good-will and generosity of Kavanagh. The furniture, and even the decorations of the saloon cabins of the *Star*, had evidently been laid under lavish contribution to supply his needs; and if Government House should prove to be equipped proportionally to the residence of the second in command, its interior at least would not greatly belie its ambitious designation. For his own part, however, he was to reap no advantage from this splendor, which also filled him with remorseful tenderness toward him by whose forethought it had been provided. With a heavy heart he left the house, and was at once surrounded by such of the population of New Town—mostly women and children—as the news of the arrival of the stores had not attracted to the other settlement. Among the former he noticed the black-eyed, gypsy-faced young girl from King's County upon whom Maguire had deigned to bestow his to-be-one-day enviable affections. Robert had noticed her himself on board the *Star*—not only from her beauty, but because of the likeness to the "Miss Mary" of Herne Street, whom (although she was much younger) in her general appearance she greatly resembled. Her age could not have much exceeded sixteen, and she had still about her all the glow and radiance of childhood. His heart sunk within him as he heard her merry laugh, and listened to her thoughtless words, for the reflection forced itself upon him, "If I should spare Kavanagh, will it not be eventually at the sacrifice of this bright and innocent girl?"

Escaping from the questions and welcomings of the throng as soon as he could, he breasted the central hill, resolving to take that way to the harbor in preference to the shorter and easier road by which he had come, in order to avoid the possibility of overtaking Maguire, whose companionship he now felt to be intolerable. At the summit he paused—not for breath, for the elevation, to his young limbs and lungs, was insignificant enough, but to survey the ocean, which had of late acquired an interest for him which it had lacked before. "In three months' time," thought he, "or four at furthest, the ship that brings my darling to the home I trust I shall by that time have made for her will be speeding yonder on her course." And even while he looked his heart bounded within him, for there, in truth, but a few miles off, there *was* a ship, and steering, so far as he could judge, for Melbourne. The next moment he blushed at his own folly, for how *could* it be the ship in question, since even that which carried his summons to the Alstons had not yet arrived in England! However, taking out a pocket-glass with which he had provided himself in Melbourne, he scanned the vessel with some interest, which increased as he gazed to intense excitement. He was not much versed in seamanship, but surely, surely that was the very sloop in which he had himself arrived but a few hours ago! The harbor was concealed under the hill, but he ran forward quickly until he could command it, and then his worst suspicions were confirmed: the sloop which it had been definitely arranged was to have waited until the morrow was already gone!

It was for this, then, perhaps, that he had been enticed to visit New Town! His idea of taking passage at once to Melbourne had been anticipated, whether by Maguire or others, and thus forestalled. If it was so, the misfortune was indeed overwhelming, for how could he warn Lizzy of her danger in coming to the island? Had it been arranged that the mail was to bring her, he could have carried her on to Melbourne in it, despite all opposition; but the crew of this little sloop could not control the force that the islanders could bring against them, and being in the pay of Kavanagh, were of course subject to his orders. Indeed, it must be in obedience to them that they had now altered their intention of remaining the night, and set sail for home.

The pinnace, it is true, and the gig still lay in harbor; but the former needed at least three men to navigate her, and the latter was a mere cockle-shell, quite unfit to face the open sea. Moreover, had it not been enacted that it was death to embark in either of them without Kavanagh's express permission—a penalty which, unless Maguire had told a falsehood capable of immediate refutation, had been already carried out to its extremity? His position, under every aspect, was indeed growing gloomy and serious, and it was with a heavy heart that Robert resumed his way toward the harbor. For the present he was alone in his peril; how much more terrible would the situation be if Lizzy should arrive to share his fate—perchance his doom!

"Government House," though a structure of absurdly insignificant size to have so grand a title, was a well-built and compact edifice; it was two stories high, and contained eight rooms, yet every piece of timber of which it was composed had a number and place of its own, and fitted into its neighbor piece like the joints of a child's puzzle. In Australia, though house-room might be dear and difficult to obtain, this costly toy—which was painted and fitted up with infinite elaborateness—would have been out of place, if not superfluous, and only have ministered to its possessor's vanity; but on *Murphy's Island*, by a singular chance, it had found its proper function. Contrasted with the tents around it, and with the more humble dwellings which were already being erected at the harbor out of the timber which Robert had brought over with him from Melbourne, and with the gay banner float-

Hosted by Google

ing from its flag-staff, it had a lordly if not a sovereign air. Moreover, as though in mimicry of royal state, one of the Tipperary "boys," pike in hand, was strutting sentrywise to and fro in front of its door.

"Is the master within, Tim?" asked Robert of this consequential personage, with whom, of course, he was well acquainted.

"He's in, Sir; yes. But Murphy says that he can be seen by none of his people."

"But that does not include *me*, I suppose?" said Robert, persuasively. "Besides, I have important matters to transact with him, Tim."

Tim lowered his pike, scratched his head with the point of it, and deliberated gravely within himself. He had had his orders, but were they to be put in effect with respect to the master's own lieutenant?

"Well, you can just step in, Mr. Chesney, and ask him yourself whether he wishes you to be admitted or not."

Without stopping to question Tim's logic, Robert opened the door and stepped within. The atmosphere, charged with tobacco-smoke and tinctured with the smell of spirits, reminded him of the little room at Mulvaney's; it didn't smell like a new house at all, though every thing to the eye was spick and span.

"Who's that?" inquired a harsh voice from above stairs. Then Murphy's shock head appeared over the balusters. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Chesney," added he, in a hoarse whisper. "The master is ill, Sir, and can't be seen."

"Come up!" roared another voice from an upper room, in such excited tones that Robert could hardly have recognized them as belonging to Kavanagh. "Come up, and bring another bottle of whisky, Robert, for we are half through this one already."

Murphy, as usual, at once withdrew his opposition to his master's wishes, and only held up his forefinger in warning of Robert knew not what, as the latter obeyed the summons.

In a front-room, handsomely furnished, and close to a round table on which were glasses and a bottle, sat Frank Kavanagh, looking years older than when Chesney had seen him last, and with that blotched, unhealthy flush upon his face which, unlike that resulting from fresh air and exercise, suggests a protracted and deep debauch. His eyes were blood-shot, and regarded the newcomer without disfavor, indeed, but without a particle of the interest that under the circumstances might have been expected; and his dishevelled hair, no longer covered by a skull-cap, displayed above the forehead a bald scar, the sight of which sent a shudder through Robert's frame; for was it not the mark of Cain!

"Sit down, lad.—Dick, bring a fresh glass," exclaimed Kavanagh. "Well, thank Heaven, that sloop's gone, and here we are all alone once more in our own little island!" Then, breaking out into a song:

"'Oh, it's a bright little island—
A right little, tight little island!
Search the globe round, none can be found
So happy as this little island!'"

"I hope it may be a happy one, Sir," observed Robert, quietly.

"Hope, lad! I say it *is*, and I'm master here, I believe.—Isn't that so, Dick?"

"True for you," answered Murphy, gravely; "you're the king of us all, sure."

"Then why does this mealy-mouthed gentleman talk about his *hopes?*" resumed the other, with irritation. "If my people are not happy here, I'll know the reason why. And, look you, happy or not, they shall go nowhere else"—he brought his fist down on the table with an emphasis that made the glasses ring again—"nowhere else, so help me Heaven, save to the dickens.—Fishing? No, they shall not so much as fish, unless I give them my royal permission so to do. That was why I hanged Pat Doolan: to encourage the others not to go fishing in the gig without my leave. And as for the pinnace, it is never to be used without my written order, my imperial ukase. You're my second in command, Sir, so look to *that*." The tragic air and stilted manner of the speaker were such as would have fitted the mock-sovereign of a burlesque, or some self-satisfied inmate of the walls of Bedlam; but there was a certain significance in his words, too, that jarred upon his hearer worse than their mere jangling wildness. This tirade about the boats, as it struck Robert, was intended to apply to his own case, and serve as a personal warning.

"I shall obey your directions, Sir, of course," answered he, respectfully. "But as to quitting the island, as I suppose you hint at, that would not be very practicable in the gig, at all events; and to hang a man for going out to fish seems to me to be hard measure."

"Seems to you?" answered Kavanagh, menacingly. "And what is that to *me?* When I ask my minister's opinion, he may give it, but not unasked. The power of life and death is the king's prerogative. Murphy and I are drawing up the statutes of the island, and that is the first article of our constitution. To speak against the king or to discuss his acts with strangers has been also made a capital offense. We put them in after Pat's death, lest the crew of the sloop should come to hear of it, and that exercise of my undoubted authority be subsequently questioned elsewhere. It is a great power, look you, lad, and makes one draw a proud breath to be able to say 'Death' to any man who doesn't suit one's fancy. To open to him, as it were, by a word, the gates of Eternity. Yes, yes. The mischief is, however," added the speaker, with a puzzled air, "that one can't get the fellow back again when one wishes it. And one does wish it sometimes—oh, one *does*." His head drooped gently on his hand, his tones became soft and tender, and his feverish eyes filled with tears. "I had a brother once, lad; we were boys together; I can remember saying my prayers with him at our mother's knee. But he would take out the boat and fish contrary to our express injunction, and—the king must administer justice quite indifferently, you know—and poor Louis paid for it with his life.—Didn't he, Dick?"

The tone of his appeal was very sad and touching, but not more so than the expression of Murphy's answering look. It seemed to say, "Oh, what has happened to my beloved master? His wild words make me tremble to hear them, and yet I will never, never, never think him mad!"

"Don't talk of *that*, Mr. Frank," answered the other, cheerfully. "Let us speak of other things. You have never said a word to Mr. Chesney, you know, respecting his stay in Melbourne, and the cargo he brought over with him."

"Yes, indeed, Sir," observed Robert, "I should wish to account to you, as soon as you have the leisure, for the money intrusted to me. I have expended nearly the whole of it, but I hope in such a manner as you will approve."

"Yes, yes; I have seen it all, and I do approve. There is whisky enough to supply our royal cellar for—well, one week at least. That is why the man keeps guard over us with a pike—to keep off thieves, and to knock in the head of a cask whenever it is wanted. Isn't that so, Dick?"

Murphy muttered some inarticulate reply, which, by the cheerful nod that accompanied it, would seem to be in the affirmative; but that devoted follower was evidently in sad straits.

"By-the-bye, Robert," continued Kavanagh, his changeful manner, which had been fierce, pathetic, and humorously cynical by turns, becoming suddenly delicately courteous, "you have spoken of the cargo, but not of the passengers. You have not said one word about your Lizzy. Why did you not bring her here to see me? I wish above all things to welcome my friend's wife to *Murphy's Island*, and especially to introduce her to Mary. The Governor's wife, you know, must call upon the Deputy-Governor's, that is a constitutional necessity. She will go in state, upon a white elephant, if the animal is procurable. But in the mean time the young women should be friends. You have seen my Mary, of course?"

"Yes," replied Robert, hesitating; "but I did not know"—he was going to add, "that she was on the island," when Kavanagh broke in, triumphantly:

"There! he has seen her, Murphy, with his own eyes; and yet you try to persuade me that she is not at New Town. Go away, Dick, go away, and leave me with Mr. Chesney, to arrange our pecuniary accounts, about which your poor stupid head can understand nothing.—The poor fellow is losing what little wits he has, Chesney, and positively tries to persuade me that my own Mary, who has followed me here so faithfully from England, is a girl from King's County. A pretty thing, indeed, that a man should not know his own sweetheart. And there were others too—that fellow Maguire, for one—who were in the same tale. But yours is independent testimony. Hush! not a word. I thank you for it. Empty titles are not to be created under my dynasty; but I give you in reward a solid privilege. You shall go fishing in the gig within the circuit of half a mile, to which our jurisdiction extends.—Put that down, Murphy; it shall form the seventeenth article of the constitution. But there, you can not write. Give *me* the parchment. 'Given at the Government House'—that is our royal style—'etc., etc.' There, you are free to take the boat and fish, provided only that if you should catch sturgeon, it must be reserved for our own table."

During all this rodomontade Robert maintained a respectful silence. He had endeavored to explain the mistake into which Kavanagh had fallen with respect to "Miss Mary," but the former had refused to listen to it; and was it now worth while (even if it was possible) to set this poor madman right in so absurd a matter, especially, too, as the misunderstanding had brought forth such welcome fruit? For in the gig could he not go forth and *meet* the sloop, and thereby avert all danger from her it should bring; since on his report it would, of course, put back to Melbourne, whence help could then be sent, if necessary, to the distracted island. On the other hand, Robert perceived that he had deeply offended Murphy. Not only had he brought upon him—itself an unforgivable injury—his master's wrath, but instead of doing his best to mitigate Kavanagh's hallucinations, he had pretended to acquiesce in them—or at least in one of them—in order to reap what must have seemed a very trifling advantage. The pair had never been good friends, but up to this time the contempt had always been on Chesney's side, while the other monopolized the hate. But now Murphy's scowling face exhibited not only the most furious hostility, but the bitterest scorn.

"You vile young viper!" cried he, "to bite the hand that has fed you. I'll—"

"Silence!" roared Kavanagh. "How dare you use such words to the Deputy-Governor! Have I not placed him over you, you dog, you cur?"—and as though poor Dick had been indeed the creature by whose name he was thus addressed, he winced and shrank from every word as from a lash—"and is this the reverence you pay to an officer of my choosing? Be off—be off, I say, or I will set it down in the constitution that to call the Deputy-Governor 'a vile young vipér' is to have earned death." With a subdued though still sullen air Murphy raised his hand to his head—a form of respect enjoined, as Robert rightly guessed, by the new constitution to its founder—and slowly left the room.

"Discipline must be maintained," sighed Kavanagh, regretfully; "but it would cause me intense regret to be compelled to hang Dick Murphy. I tell you *what*"—and here his look became intensely cunning—"we'll make a statute that the Governor's wife shall always possess the right of pardon, and then, thanks to Mary, we shall be extricated out of all these little embarrassments. I am so glad you recognized her, my dear lad; for not to be recognized is, in society, a very serious annoyance. And now about these accounts—fill your glass—well, then *I* will; and, sparing us the details (which are always tedious), tell us what is the gross surplus."

"There is about eighty pounds remaining, Sir. But here are the papers, with every item—"

"Very good; an auditor" (with a wave of his hand) "shall look into them in due time, and I have no doubt will find them correct. As for the eighty pounds, I shall give them to Murphy, whose feelings, I could see, were hurt."

"You will remember, Sir," urged Robert, "that I have still in my possession untouched the three thousand pounds with which you intrusted me on board the *Star*."

"Yes, yes; quite right—you must keep that. I am better, much better now in health; but the necessity may still arise for expending it in the manner suggested. The cares of my high office may be too much for me. Do you know, lad" (he laid his hand in his old familiar manner on Robert's arm, and sunk his voice to a whisper), "I sometimes think my brain is failing me? Suppose the Governor was to go mad like George III.! Don't you think that should be provided for in the constitution?"

Robert bent his head: he knew not what to say. He was ashamed of his own hypocrisy, and yet what could he do but temporize and affect acquiescence? It was clear that Maguire had not exaggerated Kavanagh's condition, which, moreover, was probably much worse than when he had last appeared in public; nothing, indeed, but the slavish affection of Murphy could be proof against the conviction that his master was a madman. And yet in this man's hands were intrusted the destinies, even to life and death, of all upon the island! These reflections were of a nature to make Robert in no mood for speech, and Kavanagh ran on with his wild words, not only without contradiction, but without interruption. "In case any thing should happen to me, Mary, it is true, might be regent; but it is so difficult for a woman to maintain order when there are revolutionary elements at work; and (between ourselves) they *are* at work even now. No; you, Robert, will be the interim governor, and will also succeed me, in case of my dying without issue. This is very important, and must be entered in the constitution before a witness." The speaker opened the door, and called for Murphy, who rose from the rug outside, on which he had been disconsolately lying, to execute this pressing duty.

The whole interview would have been most distressing to Robert, were it not that pity for his patron was overborne by the gravest considerations for the future both for himself and others. When it was over—that is, so soon as he could decently make his escape—he once more ascended the cone-shaped hill, which, with the exception of his own vice-regal two-roomed residence, was the only spot on the whole island where he could obtain even comparative privacy. The summit was a level flat of a few feet square, and lying down on this, with the sky above him, the sea around him, he could fancy himself alone in the world. Standing up, on the other hand, he could not only survey all that insular domain (except what was hidden by the hill itself, which on the harbor side was somewhat precipitous), but could himself be seen from every part of it. Not a tree, not a bush was there to intercept the view: nothing higher than a grass blade, save the few vegetables that already rewarded the industry of the colonists, appeared above the soil of *Murphy's Island*. Even now the home of madness and treachery, and fated, perhaps, to witness as dark deeds as any spot beneath the sun, the place was already become abhorrent to him. He swept the horizon in hopes to see a sail (he cared not what nor whence it came) with the feverish longing of a shipwrecked man whose scanty store is lessening fast; but, as his heart foreboded, he looked in vain. The *Star* had been blown much out of her course, or she would never have chanced upon the island, which lay too far to the southeast to be in the track of the Australian traders; the little chart which he spread out before him told him that much. His only hope lay in the comparatively small direct Tasmanian traffic, the ships engaged in which, however, could be seen, if at all, from New Town. He would watch for them night and day, and if seen, do his best to attract their notice. To-morrow, he would propose to Kavanagh that a flag-staff should be placed upon the hill, with a banner flying, to proclaim his sovereignty. While pondering in his mind upon these things, he was suddenly startled by a low and sullen roar, followed by a perceptible movement of the air, which seemed to be that of the earth itself. He had heard a royal salute fired from Windsor Castle, so that he recognized this at once for the report of a heavy gun. Leaping to his feet, he once more looked eagerly around—for the sound had seemed to come from no particular quarter—expecting to descry the smoke. But there was no smoke to be seen. He saw the New Town people running along the shore, and presently others from the harbor meeting them, each party, as he rightly guessed, believing that the report came from the opposite side of the island to that on which they were. The whole population, of late so depressed and sluggish, seemed to have wakened into life, clustering together in dark masses, and with a murmurous hum, like bees. They too, perhaps, would have gladly hailed the arrival of a stranger strong enough to overbear the authority of Kavanagh, whose severity in the case of Doolan had alarmed them. It was a proof of their simplicity that only one of them thought of ascending the hill, from which their curiosity, if at all, could have been satisfied at once. Robert did not need his glass to be convinced that this personage was Maguire.

FOR LOVE.

CURLY-HAIRED Carl! Were a blithesomer mate
For a ride o'er the snow to be wished for than he?
Yet were it well not to linger too late;
The pines are in shadow, the flakes dance and flee.
Crisp on the white sound the patter and clack
Of hoofs beating briskly, and sharp through the air
Rises ripple of laughter; the bridles hang slack,
And hand touches hand. She is frolic and fair,
Sunny-eyed Marguerite, brightest of girls,
With teeth gleaming whitely and tumble of curls.

"You! Gallant Carl, so they call you! No doubt
Bayard the brave were a whipster to you!"
Gretchen the winsome can wickedly flout;
Red curling lips and arch eyes flashing blue
Wing home her taunts. So he flushes and sets
Teeth under lips that are wreathed in a smile.
"Now truce, mocking sprite, to your feignéd regrets
At fair chivalry's flight. Give me glances the while,
And what man may dare to win loyalty's meed,
I, Carl and no Bayard, will venture at need."

Quick rings her laughter; sledge bells at full flight
Never sounded more silverly musical. "You?
Easy is talking, Sir spur-lacking knight;
Were death at my lips, sirrah, what would you do?"
Curly-haired Carl bendeth suddenly. "Hawk
Should stoop straight to its quarry," laughs she, as her lips
Deftly evade him. "Sir Carl, you can talk,
But you do not strike home; feeble sword, Sir, that slips.
What dare you—for love?" Smileth Carl, "It were best,
O, vow-flouting lady, to wait till the test."

On through the snow, for the wood shadows blacken,
The night wind is waking, the pine branches sigh.
They laugh as they fly, for their speed may not slacken.
"Now swift. Stride for stride, Carl!" Hist! What is that cry?
Faces mirth-flushed and wind-bitten go white,
Deep bite the spur-points, and bridles shake free.
Didst e'er hear the yelling of wolves through the night?
Harsh hoarse devils' music that murders all glee.
Now, Brocken, now, Fleetfoot, give proof of your pace,
For hundred-mouthed death is behind in full chase.

One breathless mile is ticked off from the three,
By heart-beats that throb to the pulses of fear.
Swift! Flash along! flying skirts, tresses free;
For death on the track yelleth near and more near.
"Courage!" cries Carl, "we've the pace of them yet."
White is her face, and her breath shudders short;
Watchful his eyes, and his teeth tightly set.
"Bravo, brave Brocken! Well leaped!" Never port
More eagerly looked for by storm-driven bark
Than the red village lights as they flash through the dark!

Two breathless miles! But the swift-sweeping pack
Of mad, yelling demons has gained in its flight.
O God! half a mile, and her gallop is slack.
Those hell-litten eyes, how they gleam through the night!
But one minute more. "Gracious Heaven above!
Too late! Now the test!" Then his voice ringeth loud,
"Ride on, and farewell! But remember!—for Love!"
Then right in the path of the hideous crowd
Brave Carl hath drawn bridle and leaped to the ground,
And a hundred hot hell-hounds have hemmed him around.

* * * * * * *

Yon little brown woman belle Marguerite?—Nay,
Brave Carl, as you know, is beau garçon no more.
Those devil-hounds marked him. We fellows made play
Not a second too soon. Ah! the hideous roar
Of rage and base fear from that hot-throated pack
As we plunged, Heaven-sent, through the pines in their rear.
Two dozen lank demons stretched dead in a crack!
But Carl, Gallant Carl! oh! the sickening fear
That struck to my heart as I lifted his head,
His bonny boy-face all so furrowed and red.

He lived, scarred and seamed as you know him. I hold
No battle-marks borne with more honor. But she?
Beauty seeks beauty. She shrank and grew cold,
Slowly, half shamed, but—the thing had to be—
"Not heart enough for the trial?" Just so,
Many a winsome one fails at the push.
Carl has the little brown woman. I know
She hasn't belle Marguerite's sparkle and flush;
But she has the secret that sets her above
The shallow-bright sort. She would die, Sir, "for Love!"

RECIPE FOR AN ITALIAN CREAM.

A BEAUTIFUL and elegant Italian cream may be prepared at the small cost of one quart of milk, six eggs, with a little flavoring and sugar. Besides these ingredients there are required a shallow stew-pan and skimming spoon (or, in default of such an article, a fish-slicer will serve if thoroughly clean), two bowls, and a fork. Set a quart of milk, sweetened with white sugar, on the fire in the stew-pan to boil; in the mean time break the whites of six eggs into one bowl and the yolks into the other. Beat up the whites to a high froth, and as soon as the milk boils take with the skimming spoon large flakes, whip and lay them lightly on the boiling milk. After letting them boil for a few minutes repeat the operation with the remainder of the whites until all has been set, and pile it high in the centre of a glass dish. Make a custard with the yolks of the eggs and the milk, flavoring it with lemon or vanilla, and pour it round the snowy pyramid. It will maintain its place well many hours, and may be still further embellished according to taste by tipping some of the top flakes with the least possible quantity of cochineal essence.

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Gentleman's Crochet Smoking-Cap.

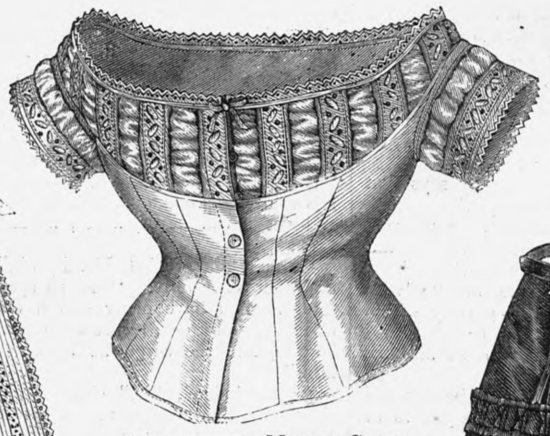
THIS cap is made with dark brown saddler's silk (or split zephyr worsted) and with brown filling silk in a lighter shade, all in single crochet. The filling silk serves for a foundation, and at the same time forms the design figures, for each of which the filling silk is laid over the single crochet of the foundation. Having cut the crown and rim of the cap of paper or net from Figs. 27 and 28, Supplement (Fig. 28 gives only a section of the rim), join them, and transfer the design indicated on the pattern to the net, and then begin the crochet-work with the saddler's silk, from the middle of the crown, with a foundation of 8 ch. (chain stitch), and close these in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch). Lay on the filling silk for a foundation, and crochet, always going forward, with saddler's silk on the foundation as follows: 1st round.—On each foundation st. (stitch) and on the sl. work 2 sc. (single crochet). 2d round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the next st., 2 sc. on the following st. This round thus counts 24 sc. 3d round.—∗ 2 sc. on the foundation on the next 2 st., 2 sc. back of the foundation on the following st., thus widening 1 st.; repeat from ∗, always going forward. This repetition from ∗ will not be referred to again, as a matter of course, in the following rounds. The filling silk serving for a foundation in this round is always alternately crocheted on in working the 2 sc. worked on 2 st. of the preceding round, and passed over with the next 2 sc. worked on 1 st., so that the filling silk appears raised on the right side of the work. 4th round.—∗ 2 sc. on the foundation on the next 2 st., 3 sc. back of the foundation on the following 2 st., thus widening 1 st., working 2 sc. on the first of the 2 st. 5th round.—∗ 2 sc. on the foundation on the next 2 st., 4 sc. back of the foundation on the following 3 st., thus widening 1 st. on the middle of the 3 st. In regard to widening, the general rule is that on an odd number of st. it should be done on the middle st., and on even numbers before or after the middle st. 6th round.—∗ 2 sc. on the foundation on the next 2 st., 5 sc. back of the foundation on the following 4 st. 7th round.—∗ 2 sc. on the foundation on the next 2 st., 6 sc. back of the foundation on the following 5 st. 8th round.—3 sc. on the foundation on the next 3 st., ∗ 5 sc. back of the foundation on the following 4 st., 4 sc. on the foundation on the next 4 st.; repeat six times from ∗; at the end of the round work 5 sc. back of the foundation on the last 4 st. 9th round.—5 sc. on the foundation on the next 5 st., ∗ 4 sc. back of the foundation on the following 3 st., 2 sc. on, 2 sc. back of, and 2 sc. on the foundation on the following 6 st.; repeat seven times from ∗; at the end of the round work, instead of the last 2 st., 3 sc. on the next 3 st. 10th round.—∗ 3 sc. back of the foundation on the next 2 st. (these should be the middle 2 st. of the 4 sc. crocheted back of the foundation in the preceding round), 3 sc. on the foundation on the following 3 st., 2 sc. back of the foundation on the next 2 st. (these should come on the same st. of the preceding round), 3 sc. on the foundation on the next 3 st.; at the end of the round work 4 sc. on the foundation on the next 4 st. 11th round.—∗ 1 sc. back of the foundation on the middle of the 3 sc. worked back of the foundation in the preceding round, 4 sc. on the foundation on the following 4 st., 3 sc. back of the foundation on the next 2 st., 4 sc. on the foundation on the following 4 st. 12th round.—5 sc. on the foundation on the next 5 st., ∗ 4 sc. back of the foundation on the 3 sc. worked back of the foundation in the preceding round, 9 sc. on the foundation on the following 9 st.; repeat six times from ∗, then 4 sc. back of the foundation on the next 3 st., 8 sc. on the foundation on the following 8 st. 13th round.—∗ 7 sc. back of the foundation on the next 6 st., 7 sc. on the foundation on the following 7 st. (these should come on the middle 7 of the 9 sc. in the preceding round); at the end of the round work, instead of the last 7, only 6 sc. on the foundation on the next 6 st. in the preceding round. 14th round.—∗ 4 sc. back of the foundation on the next 4 st., 2 sc. on the foundation on the middle of the 7 sc. worked back of the foundation in the preceding round, 4 sc. back of the foundation on the following 4 st., 5 sc. on the foundation on the next 5 st.; at the end of the round work, instead of the last 5, only 4 sc. on the foundation on the next 4 st. 15th round.—∗ 4 sc. back of the foundation on the next 4 st., 5 sc. on the foundation on the following 4 st., 4 sc. back of the foundation on the next 4 st., 3 sc. on the foundation on the middle 3 of the 5 sc. in the preceding round; at the end of the round work, instead of the 3 sc., only 2 sc. on the foundation on the next 2 st. 16th round.—∗ 4 sc. back of the foundation on the next 4 st., 8 sc. on the foundation on the following 7 st., 4 sc. back of the foundation on the next 4 st., 1 sc. on the foundation on the middle of the 3 sc. in the preceding round; repeat six times from ∗, then 4 sc. back of the foundation on the next 4 st., 8 sc. on the foundation on the following 7 st. 17th round.—∗ 9 sc. back of the foundation on the next 8 st., 4 sc. on the foundation on the following 4 st., 2 sc. back of the foundation on the next 2 st., 4 sc. on the foundation on the following 4 st. 18th round.—∗ 8 sc. back of the foundation on the middle 7 of the 9 sc. in the preceding round, 4 sc. on the foundation on the following 4 st., 4 sc. back of the foundation on the next 4 st., 4 sc. on the foundation on the following 4 st. Now work 24 pattern rounds more in the previous manner, observing the design given and the illustration, thus forming 42 pattern rounds altogether. In the 19th to 33d of these pattern rounds widen in the requisite manner alternately in and between the design figures, as seen in the work already finished, so that the widening points may not always come above each other in the same direction; the remaining rounds are worked entirely without widening. After the last (42d) pattern round there follow three rounds all plain (without design), which complete the crown. In connection with the latter work (always without widening) for the rim first three rounds of always alternately 3 sc. on and 3 sc. back of the foundation, transposing every 3 st. as shown by the illustration. Then work two

MUSLIN, INSERTION, AND LACE CORSET COVER.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 40-43.

BLACK GROS GRAIN APRON TRIMMED WITH VELVET RIBBON.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 21 and 22.

EMBROIDERED LINEN APRON.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 17-20.

GENTLEMAN'S CROCHET SMOKING-CAP.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 27 and 28.



EMBROIDERED MUSLIN CORSET COVER.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

BLACK TAFFETAS APRON TRIMMED WITH LACE AND INSERTION.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

SPRING OVERCOAT FOR BOY FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 34-39.

APRON FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 23-26.

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

TRAINED MUSLIN PETTICOAT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 29-33.

TRAINED MUSLIN PETTICOAT, TRIMMED WITH INSERTION AND LACE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 52.

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rounds plain, and 22 pattern rounds as shown by the illustration, then again two rounds plain and 3 rounds like the first 3 rounds of the rim. If the cap should be desired larger than the model, a piece of fine twine may be crocheted into each round. Having finished the crochet-work furnish the cap with thin wadding and brown silk lining, and in the middle of the crown set a brown silk tassel.

Ladies' House and Street Dresses, Figs. 1–3.

Fig. 1. CASHMERE HOUSE DRESS.—This gray cashmere dress consists of a skirt and basque-waist, trimmed with flounces of the material and folds and revers of gros grain of the same color. The skirt has a tablier, trimmed with a gros grain fold.

Fig. 2. SICILIENNE STREET SUIT. — Dress of dark green Sicilienne, trimmed with gathered ruffles of the material. Green cloth mantelet thinly wadded, and trimmed with gros grain folds and black lace. Green felt bonnet, trimmed with gros grain ribbon and a feather aigrette. Seal-skin muff.

Fig. 3. BLACK SILK STREET SUIT.—Brown gros grain dress, trimmed with gathered and kilt-pleated ruffles of the material and with a braiding of silk cord of the same color. Gros grain sash. Brown velvet round hat, trimmed with brown gros grain ribbon and feathers.

Fig. 1.—VELVET AND GUIPURE SLEEVELESS JACKET.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 44–46.

Fig. 2.—VELVET AND GUIPURE SLEEVELESS JACKET.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 44–46.

Fig. 1.—CASHMERE HOUSE DRESS. Fig. 2.—SICILIENNE STREET SUIT. Fig. 3.—BLACK SILK STREET SUIT.

FIGS. 1–3.—LADIES' HOUSE AND STREET DRESSES.

GOOD FORM.

THE conduct and demeanor which the "golden youth" of the period call *good form* was known to their fathers as *bad manners*. Indulged in by former generations, it would have led to an early burning of gunpowder or the crossing of small-swords. It is easy to stigmatize dueling as barbarous and illogical. It is a practice that has been grossly misused; but it has made and still makes people act — outwardly at least — like gentlemen.

So far as this writer has been able to ascertain, *good form* is an expression borrowed from the turf. A horse is said to be in "good form" when he is bright, handsome, strong, in perfect health and training, ready and willing to do his best in the work before him. And in this sense it is applied to an oarsman, a cricketer, or an athlete. A billiard-player is also said to be in good form when he plays with nerve and judgment, and his strokes are neat. But the *good form* which is the subject of these remarks demands no such qualities—rather the exclusion of them. To be in *good form* the golden youth must be, or pretend to be, 1. Very selfish; 2. Very stupid; 3. Very awkward; 4. Very intolerant.

A leading rule, which we must never forget, is that every thing is a bore, and that every one who appears to enjoy himself, or who contributes to the enjoyment of others, is a cad. To be a cad is simply not to be in good form, just as to be a Gentile is not to be a Jew.

When you are invited to a ball it is good form to decline to dance. When you are bidden to a croquet party it is good form not to join the game. To stand aloof from what others are doing, and wish you to do, evinces a tone of superiority. Look on with a smile of languid pity tinged with contempt, and you are in *good form*.

In repose it is *good form* to assume an expression of countenance as closely resembling that of an idiot as possible. The lower jaw is dropped and slightly protruded, and a fish-like, vacuous look thrown into the eye. One elbow at least should be stuck out, so as to be in the way, and one leg bent, so as to give the idea that it is broken. The manner in which his trowsers falls over this limb appears to afford the professor great satisfaction. He will contemplate it for an hour at a time.

In politics *good form* is strictly conservative. Of course he never argues a point; he is too ignorant to do that. He cuts the Gordian knot with an expletive and an insult. He will make the wildest statements in support of his ideas, and does not scruple to give the lie in cold blood to any one who thinks it worth while to confute them. Although it is bad form to get angry, it is not so to make insulting remarks, or to threaten or recommend violence, providing this be done in the usual drawl, and without any gesture or expression.

The article in the creed of such persons which provides that nothing matters (providing it is not bad form), and excludes all considerations of morality, or even public decency, from its decisions as to what is *good form*, has gone a long way toward introdu-

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cing the laxity of manners which prevails in what is called good society. To enumerate all the blessings which this charming quality has bestowed would be tedious. We have written enough to prove the preamble of this article, viz., that *good form* is *bad manners* in the strictest, fullest, and worst meaning of the first word.

SOME WASHINGTON TOILETTES.

MADAME la Marquise de Noailles, the wife of the French minister, wore at a recent entertainment in Washington a toilette composed of turquoise blue silk. The low corsage, headed by a band embroidered in pearls, was trimmed with a fall of point lace; the tunic or over-skirt was trimmed with the same lace beneath a broad band embroidered in pearls, and the whole front breadth, together with the back of the long train, was heavy with floral designs wrought in silver and seed-pearls. Diamond ornaments accompanied this magnificent costume, and a string of large Brazilian pebbles cut with countless facets into a dazzling brilliancy.

Mrs. Grant, the President's wife, wore at Mrs. Senator Stewart's ball a gold-colored silk, flounced with fine black lace, and flowers and ostrich tips in her hair. Another toilette of Mrs. Grant's is a French dress of white faille, richly trimmed with round point, and with which she wore her husband's miniature, set in diamonds.

Miss Nellie Grant wears a plum-colored silk visiting suit, the many ruffles faced and headed with *ciel* blue silk, and a hat to match. A very pretty ball dress worn by Miss Nellie is of corn-colored tarlatan, ruffled to the waist in the same material, with wreaths of tea-roses trailing over it from shoulder and belt.

Madame Blacque, now the doyenne of the diplomatic corps, by reason of longer residence here than the others, though not by right of years, and the wife of Blacque Bey, the minister from Turkey, wore lately a light blue gros grain, the complex trimmings of which were faced and intermingled with salmon-color, and edged with deep black lace, the combination being very becoming to her dark and rich beauty.

Mrs. Cooke, the wife of the Governor of the District, wears, over a petticoat of pale green silk flounced with point lace, a court train of emerald green velvet finished with the same lace, the toilette accompanied by diamonds.

Mrs. Senator Sprague has a very artistic dress of Nile green silk, the front made with pleated ruffles of the silk, and the rest of the dress nearly covered with a deep fall of point lace. With this she wears a necklace of diamonds and emeralds hung with numerous and immense pendants; the bracelets are broad gold bands embossed with diamonds, and a diamond aigrette holds a bunch of green and white plumes in her hair, which is arranged in plain thick coils around her classic head.

Lady Thornton, who always dresses with simplicity, was lately seen in a dress of rich white satin, with pearls; the dress was made with no over-skirt, all the trimmings being of thick white lace.

Mrs. Hazen, the daughter of Mr. M'Lean, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and the wife of General Hazen, U.S.A., the author of a valuable book on the Franco-Prussian war, has worn one of the most exquisite visiting dresses of the season. It is varied through three shades of peacock blue; the under-skirt, of the paler tint, has two flounces, each bound with the third darker shade, and headed by bias bands of the second shade; the over-skirt has a long apron front which falls in a separate piece by itself, and the rest of the over-skirt has one side turned back, with the revers lined in the second shade, and the other side hanging straight and long, and trimmed with the bias band; the basque has a fan-tail postilion with revers and bow, and there is a sleeveless jacket of the first shade, trimmed with bands of the second. A hat turned up on one side, and fastened with a peacock's breast, completes a costume which is exceedingly becoming to the red-gold hair and beautiful blonde face of the wearer.

Madame Preston, wife of the Haytian minister, was dressed perfectly, a few nights since, in a rich white satin, trimmed with point lace and fringe, and with a necklace of solitaire diamonds on black velvet.

Mrs. Senator Stewart received, at her great ball the other night, in a sultana satin of bright crimson, the deep flounces of *point duchesse* almost covering it; carbuncles and diamonds were the jewelry of this toilette, that threw into fine relief a fair skin and bountiful but prematurely gray hair. Another dress of Mrs. Stewart's is of white faille with complicated ruffles of green silk, and an over dress of white illusion embroidered in green. Mrs. Stewart's parlors are wonders of upholstery, the gilt chairs and sofas framing tapestry so finely wrought as to resemble paintings, and much of the furniture being a sort of bijouterie of Florentine mosaic.

Mrs. Coston, whose husband was the inventor of our invaluable system of signal lights and of the percussion primer of the Dahlgren gun, is sometimes this winter attired in the dress which she wore when presented at the Tuileries. The dress is white satin with a green velvet court train, the low corsage trimmed with green velvet and superb point lace, the train edged with point; a circlet of diamonds on green velvet clasps her throat, and she wears a pearl necklace and ear-rings, with a diamond aigrette holding a pair of white feathers in her hair.

Mrs. Judge Field, of the Supreme Court, wears a very beautiful Parisian dress of silk, the color of burnished gold, and black lace; narrow flounces of Chantilly cover the front breadth, and the bouffant back breadths are encircled by bands of the silk trimmed again with the Chantilly; the ornaments are gold wrought in that delicate Genoese filigree which is as exquisite as a crystallization.

Mrs. Senator Chandler wore at the ball in Masonic Temple a dress of half a dozen shades of mignonette just fading into sage. The front breadths were of the lighter shade, with darker pleatings at the foot; broad bands of pleating went down the side from the waist, in which three shades were mingled; and the back breadths were composed of pleatings in three shades, darker than the front, the fourth shade at the waist and the pleating at the lower edge being almost of a feuille-morte tint. The whole was illuminated by costly diamonds.

Mrs. Senator Ames—Blanche Butler, whose dazzling beauty only deepens every day—has an evening dress of the perfectly tinted vert d'eau, that last dream of green before it fades into white. The front and side breadths of this dress are covered by one immense piece of point lace, the workmanship of which is something marvelous, so delicate are the shadings and so rich the designs; wide flounces of the same lace fall from the waist over the rest of the skirt, and the ornaments are of carved malachite cameos, set in diamonds and yellow gold.

Madame Freyre, the wife of the Peruvian minister, wore at the dinner given by the President to the diplomatic corps a *ciel* blue silk, which was made with no over dress, but at the back there fell wide sash ends, a quarter of a yard in width at the top and three-quarters at the end, of black velvet lined with the blue silk; white lace ruffles were on the front breadth, and the waist was trimmed with black velvet and white lace. Family diamonds enriched the toilette—a necklace and very large pendent ear-rings, whose fanciful setting of gold and black enamel gave them a double lustre.

Mrs. General Butler, who is a woman of magnificent presence, wears an evening dress of white silk and dark blue velvet, and scarf of point de Venise. The ornaments accompanying it are Genoese gold and diamonds, of which latter Mrs. Butler has some of the largest and rarest in the country.

Miss Worthington, the niece of the Secretary of War, wore, when receiving with Mrs. Grant, a dress of the richest black silk, the lower skirt trimmed with deep kilt pleating, consisting of half a dozen alternate pleats of the black silk and of a deep pink silk; the over dress was made with revers of the pink silk, which color appeared again at the waist.

Miss Derby, the daughter of John Phœnix, the earliest of our comic writers, wears a rose-colored *crêpe de Paris* over silk, with no ornaments of any description to set off her rare beauty.

Mrs. Senator Stockton, of New Jersey, has appeared several times this season in an amber-colored silk, trimmed with a sort of scroll-work of black velvet, every curve and crescent of the velvet edged with white lace; the corsage was trimmed with black velvet and white lace, and a jet necklace was worn with a second necklace of solitaire diamonds upon black velvet.

LILIAN'S LIFE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

WE are all of us apt to think that short life and sudden death are among those terrible evils from which we must pray to be delivered. And how few of us there are who pause to consider the possibility of as much bliss and as much experience being crowded into the shorter span, in rich and solid veins, as could be beaten out in thin surfaces over the whole of threescore-and-ten!

For my part, when all the world were pitying and sorrowing over Lilian Holberton's early loss, it seemed to me a sort of sublime and satisfying thing. She was a being so perfect in her way—perfect as a rose or a spray of lily bells is perfect—that if she had lived to be eighty, the experiences of years, with their strictest discipline, would hardly have given her an added perfection. And how much better is it, after all, to have dragged out a long existence of the common aches and ails, to lie in your bed at last fearing pain and dreading death, than to go down in the night with your lover's arms about you—to slip from one heaven into another?

She was the child of wealthy parents, born in a home that was only not a palace, with sisters and brothers about her to brighten the hours of every day. Objects of beauty constantly surrounded her: rich colors, soft draperies; paintings, every one of which was a glimpse into ideal regions; statues of lovely and heroic beings that taught her something of the society of demi-gods; and, without, the house was set in gardens, a bright mosaic of lawn and flower bed and fountain and wood and river. Her childhood was only a long rapture: she fell asleep at night full of the happy fatigue of pleasure; she sprang up in the morning as innocent and fresh and ready for life as the sunbeams and birds and flowers and dew. She was full of natural gifts, moreover; her pencil was as skillful in her hands as her needle, and music came at her bidding like a handmaid. She learned, too, both the pleasure of sacrifice and the pleasure of her own will; and her warm and generous heart never suffered a pang from seeing sorrows that she could not relieve. As she grew older and blossomed into girlhood, beauty blossomed with her. Her shape was round and supple and slender, and her face was of the kind that used to be pictured in the old souvenirs and annuals, and that artists have ceased to believe in—a dazzling face, with the velvet rose on its dimpled cheek, the ivory of its round high brow, with the red of its melting lip, the golden brown of its clustering curls. Yes, Lilian Holberton was as perfect among young girls as a half-blown rose is among flowers—as good as she was beautiful, as happy as she was good. I never shall forget what a vision she was one night at a party in Washington, in which city she was sojourning with her father.

Mr. Holberton had come to Washington on business, bringing Miss Lilian with him for the journey and the change, and giving her in charge to his cousin, Mrs. Sterling, who lived in the city; and of course Mrs. Sterling, being a lady of society, and finding such a treasure as a beauty in her possession, lost no time in mulcting Mr. Holberton to the extent of a ball dress—a ball dress that was simply bewitching—and taking Lilian in it to the only party she ever attended in her life, and whither she went with a delightful mingling of sensations, knowing that it was not intended she should come out for some years to come, and so, more than half conscious of her mother's disapproval, but nevertheless full of satisfaction at the pride in her father's eyes as he surveyed her—her father who had been talked over to this single escapade—and flushed with anticipation of the miraculous delights of the night.

It was said to be, I think, the finest party ever given in the capital. The rooms were no more spacious than those of Lilian's home—perhaps not so spacious; the pictures and statuary, choice as they were, did not strike her with any new emotion; but the white, steady blaze of the wax-lights filled the place with such radiance that it seemed like going inside a star, and the color and fragrance of the flowers made it intoxicating to breathe the air: vines running along the cornices, and blossoming on every lintel, wreathing every statue, and dripping from every picture; one mantel a mere plot of thick purple violets, another a mat of single sweet-brier roses; the sconces twined with great red and white lilies; an illuminated fountain shooting up like lances of flame, but falling noiselessly into the bedded moss around it, and cooling the great ball-room like a dew; rosy oleander and snowy orange trees lining the broad stairways, with night-blooming cereus, like a lamp of light itself, and an aloe in flower; and wreaths and balls and baskets of azaleas and carnations and hyacinths stretching every where from lofty door to door; a murmur of sweet voices; the band playing the *Träumerei* fit to break her heart. And people passing in such toilettes as she had only seen pictured on fans—this one a moving color with the shimmer of her silks, that one a moving light with the splendor of her jewels. When Lilian looked upon it all, and glancing into the supper-room, saw flowers again softening the glitter of gold and silver and crystal there, and the fantastic erections of confection and sweetmeat, the block of ice with its red hollow of claret-punch, and tasted a single sip of a maddening elixir of Champagne and green tea, it was no wonder that she half fancied it a place of enchantment, and carried herself with all the abandon that comported with the scene.

Of all the lovely maidens there she could not know she was the loveliest. Her dress, of that last pale shade of green that you sometimes see in a late autumn sky before sunset—that ineffable tint which nobody but a milliner was ever audacious enough to catch and label with the name of vert d'eau—was veiled with web over web of flowing silken net, till she might have seemed a water-nymph with the white foam of her shallows about her; and round her neck Mrs. Sterling had hung a wonderful string of aqua marine beads cut in countless facets, which, circling the throat, that had the swan's own curve in it, with their band of light, buried themselves in the laces of the stomacher, and fell in a chatelaine far down among the snowy skirts, and a cluster of the aqua marine hung in the bright hair and trembled above the white forehead like a star. It was a bewildering night to Lilian, with the dress, the scene, the homage to her beauty, the music, the devotion of one partner more marked than all the rest—a pale and handsome Southern youth—and the issuing, to thunder of rolling carriages, into the cold air and the yellow streak of dawn. And a couple of nights thereafter, still too excited for any sleep save in snatches, she was trundling, to the sound of horns and the clank of chains, down the historic street of Baltimore, was rolling across the immense stretch of the Gunpowder rivers, so weirdly desolate, with not a light or sail on all their dark and lonely expanse, rolling across the mile-long Susquehanna Bridge, that shook to the great train's tread, and so northward to her home again.

And then came the single cloud in Lilian's sky—a cloud of no great duration, though black enough, she thought, while it lasted. Her mother, shocked at the escapade of the Washington party, and at its possible effects on Lilian's character, determined that the truant should be sent away to a finishing school, and one so far off that there could be no relenting. An English school, therefore, recommended by valued acquaintances across the water, was chosen; and Lilian, her appetite for excitement having been stimulated till the prospect of the ocean travel quite obliterated the prospect of the school, and conscious herself that her education was not yet all it should be, departed in high spirits for the foreign shores, and was established and left in the famous school by her parents with great satisfaction.

But Lilian Holberton was no tame English lassie to succumb to tyranny without resistance; she was a thorough American, and as often a rebel to unjust rules as any thing else. In fact, she knew her rights, and knowing, dared maintain; and she had not been a month in the establishment before she found that the boarding-school horrors that the English journals now and then reveal were daily occurrences there. She had thereupon announced her intention of leaving the place at once, and had been punished like a child, and held up to the reprobation of all her comrades for such unheard-of unmaidenliness. She had been called an American in the same tone as she would have been called a savage, her beautiful shoulders had known the sting of the bunch of rods, she had been put into pinafores, she had been starved into submission, and her letters home had been opened and destroyed.

Of course, after divining that these letters never went beyond the school gates, it was out of the question for Lilian to think of remaining there, in prison and among enemies, for the sake of all the accomplishments in the world. Accomplishments could be gotten elsewhere, but health and nerves and spirits would be destroyed here; and she thought of her father's wrathful amazement if he could but know of her plight, and of her mother's tears and self-reproach, and her younger sisters' horror, till she fairly cried herself out of pity for them! And one dark night, with a parcel of such articles as were indispensable, she eluded observation, climbed through a window, ran across the fields, and caught the night train at the adjoining station, where the grinning guard, who may have surmised from whence she came, and had perhaps had such passengers before, stowed her away in a coach by herself.

The next morning she stepped from the car, and found herself in a little sea-faring town, of which she knew nothing except that ships sailed thence for the other side of the world. But how to buy a berth on any of them? She had no jewelry, for her father had always disapproved of its influence upon youth, and her purse had been taken away from her at the school; but she had managed to secrete her watch from the hawks' eyes about her, and that she sold now, within the hour, for just money enough to secure a passage in an outward-bound brig. The brig was outward-bound, that was all she understood about it in her haste and panic; but any where away from those shores, away from the power of Miss Montgomery, from the humiliation of her rods, the hunger of her discipline; from the spiked pencil of the music-master, that tore her fingers; from the maulstick of the painting teacher, that bruised her flesh; from the back-boards and braces, from the stocks and pinafores, the slights and insults and outrages—any where away from these daily tortures that had been the only trouble of her life, and had lasted just four months—any where away from these would be traveling Edenward. And so, indeed, it proved for Lilian.

When she learned at last that the brig's destination was Nassau and not New York, instead of being terrified, she congratulated herself that Nassau was so near home; she only feared that before all sail was set Miss Montgomery or her myrmidons might be upon her; and she dispatched a letter by the pilot, which should reach the ocean mail, not closed for a couple of days yet, and should instruct her father either to await her in Nassau or to place funds there by the means of which she might hasten to him and her mother. And that done, and the pilot-boat watched as it went dancing over the waves till it was a speck, and then was nothing, she was sure that she was safe, that she had escaped at last, that she was on her way home—on her way to that home peopled by such heavenly beings as she believed her family to be—that place haunted by sweet voices, gentle manners, beautiful shapes; and she could see one and all running down the white stairs of the pillared porch to meet her as she came up the blossoming paradise of gardens, and she was already embracing them and crying in their arms. And her heart opened to all the world—she could even forgive Miss Montgomery; and having made friends with the captain's wife, she was bubbling over with happiness and all the effervescence of her new experience.

After all, there is nothing so lovely as happiness. The happy smile of a plain face can soon eclipse the sour discontent of a beauty. And what, then, must be the smile of beauty that does not feel a film between itself and the sun! Lilian, dancing here and there about the deck, hanging over the vessel's side in reverie, or brightening the little cabin below, had presently endeared herself to all about. "We shall have fine weather," said the sailors, "so long as she's aboard," and Mr. Taliaferro repeated it to her—Horace Taliaferro, one of the three or four other passengers in the little craft, indeed an old acquaintance, as it seemed to her now, for he was no other than the devoted partner of her only ball, the pale and handsome Southern youth with whom she had danced so often on that bewildering night which she remembered like a splendid dream. She had hailed him here with rapture and the grasp of both hands, never thinking of the difference between the shining ball dress and the straight school attire, never practicing art or wile, only glad to see him from the bottom of her overflowing heart, and not once conscious that her beauty was of the sort that nothing pales but time, and that a hood of hodden gray became her as a crown of jewels might.

"We shall have fine weather, the sailors say, so long as you are aboard, Miss Lilian," said he.

"Then I must forget," said she, "that Jonah is the only prophet who ever went to sea."

"Yet sailors have more prophecies than any other people."

"I hope they are false ones," she answered; "for, of all things, I want a storm. Perhaps I shall never be at sea again in a sailing vessel, and to think of missing a storm!"

Mr. Taliaferro looked at her a moment. "You are such a happy thing," he said, "that your happiness runs over and gives a rosy bloom to horror itself. You forget that storm in those latitudes where we are going means death and drowning and despair, and all the other double d's."

"Hush, hush!" she said. "I am getting as superstitious as a sailor. You must not mention those dreadful things, or they will think you are calling them, and will come. I don't mean, of course, any such vicious storm with murderous intent as all that; only a great blustering

gale that we shall ride out, and then the wind will fall, and the sea go down into long swells, and the sun will come out, and we will find ourselves swinging under the lee of a great shining cliff, with a palm-tree bending over the brink of it. Oh, just to think of the moment when we first see a palm-tree towering against the sky—it is enough to live for! And to have it without planning for it, too! How glad I am I ran away from school!"

"So am I," said Mr. Taliaferro.

And then the young girl was suddenly silent, and neither did he say any more; but they leaned there together over the ship's side and watched the slow-sliding colors of the depths below, as they had been watching them any time these three weeks past, and as they were to watch them for these three weeks to come. And of course the rest followed quickly, as it was likely to follow where the only young people on the ship, hemmed in by sky and sea, were hourly in each other's companionship: as likely to follow, indeed, as two drops of water in a cup are likely to roll together and make one drop.

Perhaps the young man's heart had warmed to the young girl before; but this exuberant happiness of hers gave her a great brilliancy that called the deepest passions into play, and her sunny sweetness and gayety were like chains to hold him bound. Presently, if she were absent, he missed her, and went to seek her; and then one does not need beauty or brilliancy when one has propinquity, for propinquity is a wonderful power among the great elemental forces. For her own side, excepting her father and now and then a guest, and the people of her brief Washington sojourn, Lilian had perhaps never spoken to a man before—certainly never to a young man. She was alone and among aliens, among dangers too, and in strange situations. When the wind piped at night in the rigging and made her sigh with an unknown sorrow, or when a heavy sea broke round the bows and made her shiver with an unnamed fear, this protecting manner of his gave her an assurance that no harm could touch her; and when the sun shone, and the fitful breeze just flapped the sail, and they drifted along like a weed on the tide, this interest of his gave delight to the delay. Half realizing that lately she was an oppressed slave, and now was ruling like a queen, she experienced novel and exquisite sensations. When he sought her her heart sprang up and went out to meet him; and lately a hidden thrill had trembled through all her veins as she looked at him, and had made her turn her eyes away, for he had a dark and powerful beauty of his own, and his eyes were saying things to hers that there was no mistaking, and yet, perhaps, she hardly knew what it was they said; she dared not think herself so blessed as to have the right to believe them.

They were sitting together one night on deck. The old gentleman who always said he was going South for his lungs, as if they were something he had mislaid, had gone below for the same things now; his elderly sister had followed with his air-cushions and wraps; the owner—young Taliaferro's father—and the supercargo had turned in long ago, and the captain's good wife played propriety with her mouth so audibly wide open that you knew her eyes were shut; there was only the watch on deck; there was only one solitary passenger sitting almost amidships in the shadow of the main stay-sail; there was only the man at the wheel any where near them, and who ever thought of the man at the wheel being any thing more than a part of the fixtures of the binnacle! The deep purple of the heavens was all alive with starlight as with an informing spirit, the golden shell of a new moon was just dropping in the west; and Taliaferro and Lilian leaned side by side and studied the phosphorescent water depths in the way that had become habitual to them. And they talked low-voiced and in hesitating sentences, and then there were long, sweet silences, in which neither dared meet the other's eye, though conscious of the pulse in either's heart—and in one of them his arm had stolen round her trembling form, and their lips had met in the first long, deep kiss, and they were plighted lovers without a word. And under the shelter of the cloak that he threw around her they sat in one another's arms a long, delicious, whispering hour, while the moon went down, and the wind rose, and the little brig went bounding on.

If these two lovers had had eyes for any thing outside their own meridian, they might have seen the somewhat ominous sight of a dark finger lifted straight against the red horn of the moon one instant ere it sank from sight, like the threatening finger of some dark storm afrit. Perhaps it belonged to the hand of a passenger who could not sleep, and coming on deck, had wet his landsman's finger and held it up to see which way the wind was blowing, while he was yet half below. Perhaps it was the bare topmast of some passing ship far off in the horizon. No matter which; they never saw it; they saw only each other, were aware only of the present; did not so much as dream of the future; felt not one thrill of vaguest fear of any dole that could disturb their bliss. And as they sat there—their arms about each other, their foreheads cool in the gale that blew their hair together, their cheeks warm each against the other, their hearts beating together, wrapped all in peace and joy and passion, the deep, sweet peace, the pure and lofty passion—there came a seething rush and roar every where about us, there was a cry from the look-out, and as we lay that minute in the trough of the sea, a vast black mass was looming above us, was over us! And before a hand could touch the wheel again the wave had slipped from under, and the monster came crushing and rending on, and its huge iron beak had cut us down as an axe cuts a branch. And I had sprung and caught a hanging martingale chain, and clung and clambered, and the great Spanish steamer crashed on with me, and I saw the lovers, not once disturbed in their dreaming, still in each other's arms as death and drowning overwhelmed them, while the little brig went down like a lump of lead.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Le Fanu.—How to get married.

DEATH seems to have declared a vendetta against our novelists. Lever, Lytton, Hannay, have left us within a few weeks of one another, and now we have lost Le Fanu. In my humble judgment he was the very best of our so-called sensational writers. There is at present among the more ignorant of our reading public an outcry against "sensation," which, to take their own definition of the offense, would be equally justifiable against Scott and Shakspeare; and because Le Fanu was a powerful dramatic writer (without, however, the gift of humor), and avoided commonplace as though it had been a cur which had bitten him, he was by no means so popular as he deserved to be. He was not an author for the bread-and-butter misses, and still less for the ladies of fashion, who like to see those human inanities who form their own society reproduced in fiction. His portraits frown out of their dark frames upon a frivolous world, and seem to hint something mystic and terrible of that which is to come. Nobody ever met Uncle Silas at dinner in Grosvenor Place, or rode with him in Rotton Row, but he lives and breathes, for all that, a very noticeable gentleman. In the *House by the Church-Yard* is described perhaps the most "sensational" incident in the whole range of fiction—namely, when the man whose skull is battered in is operated on by trepan, and recalled to life and reason for a single instant to indicate his murderer. The series of tales lately published by this author, entitled *In a Glass Darkly*, contain some of the most striking *short* stories ever written. I remember Mr. Dickens calling my attention to one of them, *Green Tea*—it first appeared in *All the Year Round*—as being the perfection of a ghostly story; and so it is. Le Fanu's last novel, about to be republished from the same journal, is singularly enough called *Willing to Die*, and in the course of it there are some curious speculations upon death, which by this time he has verified, or found disproved, poor fellow.

No sooner has Mr. Charles Reade got out of the frying-pan of the *Athenæum* than he falls into the fire of the *Morning Advertiser*. He has brought an action for libel against that newspaper for a criticism which describes his play of *Shilly-Shally* as "indecent;" and by the help of the Attorney-General, whom he employed in the case (instead of, as usual, fighting his own legal battle), he has obtained a verdict with £200 damages. Half the (surviving) authors of England were subpœnaed upon Mr. Reade's side, but they were unfortunately not called upon by counsel to state their views upon this delicate matter, which might have settled the canon of what is "permissible" for the future. "To the pure all things are pure," said the complainant; the defendant's case was that a theatrical audience is mixed and *not* pure, and that in this case it applauded what was improper.

If there is not much purity in the world, there is a great deal of simplicity, as is evidenced by the prosperity of the periodical entitled the *Matrimonial News*. It is a *bona fide* production, I believe, which has now existed for two years, and contains about three hundred and fifty proposals of marriage every week. It professes itself to be "a journal devoted to the promotion of conjugal felicity," and that it really does make numerous matches which would otherwise never be "arranged" (as the fashionable papers call it) there seems no manner of doubt. Of course it is sometimes the vehicle of practical jokes. A. K. V., for instance, is obviously making game of this very serious business when he advertises thus:

TO WIDOWS.—A. K. V. is desirous of meeting with one of these dear creatures who will consent to marry him for love. He is possessed of beautiful whiskers. The tender age of 45 preferred. His own age is 20.

This gentleman will certainly take in nobody, and he is the only advertiser who appears to be indulging in a joke. One or two of them, however, I am afraid, permit themselves to exaggerate, if not their personal charms, at all events their means of livelihood:

AN OFFICER OF RANK going out to India wishes to marry. He is about 40, tall, good-looking, and has about £14,000 a year. Would like to hear from a lady between 25 and 30.

The last statement is likely enough to be correct, but that he has fourteen thousand pounds (not dollars, mind) *per annum* we should be inclined to doubt. If he *has*, he would not be going to India: we were about to add, "nor advertising for a wife in the *Matrimonial News*." But if we are to believe these advertisements at all, they are by no means inserted only by those in want of money. The address to the public with which this paper is headed seems really, to judge by the results, to have some truth in it when it asserts that "civilization, combined with the cold formalities of society and the rules of etiquette, imposes such restrictions on the sexes that there are thousands of marriageable men and women of all ages, capable of making each other happy, who never have a chance of meeting one another; hence the desirability of having some respectable organ (such as the *M. N.*) through which," etc., etc.

Certainly all conditions of men and women, except persons of title and servants (there is but one "son of a baronet," and but one young person in domestic service), appear to make use of the *M. N.* as a channel for getting wives and husbands. In the case of the ladies, especially when young, the epithet "jolly," I find, is often self-applied in recommending themselves to the other sex:

JESSIE, tall, dark, rather good-looking, "jolly," musical, aged 20, would make a loving wife, and would like to hear from 6243—

which is not the amount of lovers she desires, but the number of an advertisement of some previous date—"with a view to a matrimonial arrangement." Widows, of course, do not advertise themselves as "jolly," but there are a good many of them who seem in tolerable spirits, and quite prepared to do mankind the compliment of risking slavery a second time:

A HANDSOME young widow, aged 28, tall and fair, with a good independent income, desires to marry. Would like a gentleman of about 40 years of age. Editor has carte and address.

Again:

A HANDSOME young widow, aged 32, no family, and with £7000, desires to hear of some gentleman of good means and position, etc.

In some respects these widowed advertisers, who must be to some extent their own mistresses, and able to select mates for themselves, amaze one even more than the young ladies, though, perhaps, on the whole, the latter are the greater puzzles.

With one example of the masculine wooer—for all are wooers—I have done. He is, like many others, a clergyman:

DIDYMUS. I am a young curate, aged 27, middle size, fair, good-looking, and with good prospects. Would like to make the acquaintance of a young lady of moderate means, and especially of amiable and "jolly" disposition. Would like to hear (with cartes) from Nos. 6326, 6263, and 6404, of November 16.

This, I think, is pretty well for *Didymus*. But I wonder how 6326 takes it upon discovering that he has fallen equally in love with the descriptions furnished by 6263 and 6404? Or is there "safety in numbers" from the pangs of jealousy?

Altogether the *Matrimonial News* is a curious product of civilization, and makes one open one's eyes.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS

WHETHER the spring of 1873 will prove an abnormal season remains to be seen. Certainly winter was most reluctant to resign his icy reign, and gave us some fine specimens of his vigor even in the very last days of his nominal life—just as if he dared us to say that he was in the least bit old or worn out. Naturally we would have supposed that there was enough snow for spring sunshine to melt away without that heavy storm the latter part of February, which in some sections of New England added eighteen inches to the previous accumulation. The *Court Journal* contains a description of a snow-plow, which, for the first time in London, was used to clear the streets early in February. We think it must again have been called into requisition when on February 24 the snow lay on a level to the depth of one foot in the streets of the metropolis. The winter of 1873 will stand on record as one of the severest. It is pleasant, in contrast, to be reminded that there have been exceptionally mild winters. We have had them in this country, and they have also been known in Europe. A correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* has been consulting old chronicles, and gives some curious data in regard to the temperature of certain winters in Germany, where usually the season is more severe than in England. In the year 1241 the trees were in bloom in March, and cherries were ripe in May. In 1289 there was no winter, so to speak, and the temperature was so very spring-like at Christmas that young girls decorated themselves with violets. In 1538 the gardens were green in December, and in full bloom in January. In 1572 the trees were covered with foliage in February; the same took place in 1588. There was likewise no winter in the years 1607, 1609, and 1617. In 1659 no snow fell, and there was no frost. In January of 1722 people were able to dispense with firing, and all the trees were in bloom in February. In 1807 there was also almost no winter. The mild winters of 1834 and 1846 are still remembered by many. The weather chronicles of the United States would reveal facts not very unlike these statements concerning German winters.

We are told curious things concerning the amusements of great men who lived long ago. Studious minds often take up some oddity to rest their brains in spare moments. Swift used to run up and down the steps of the deanery for exercise and amusement; Dr. Samuel Clarke, the Bible commentator, amused himself by jumping over tables and chairs; Shelley took great pleasure in making paper boats and watching them as they floated on the water; Tycho Brahe amused himself with polishing glasses for spectacles, and Socrates in playing with children; Petavius, at the end of every second hour of study, used to twirl his chair for five minutes.

A lady of Des Moines has received a patent for a wash-boiler and attachments, wherein the water and steam are so controlled that the clothing is by them automatically moved, rubbed, and cleansed. The whole process is completed in the boiler, and the garments come out thoroughly clean, requiring no subsequent rubbing. If this affair proves a practical success, the griefs of "washing-day" may be mitigated.

The yearly increasing uncertainty of the fruit crop is referred by scientific inquirers to the clearing of the country from forest trees. In the early settlement of this country peaches were easily grown in localities where now they are seldom found. It would surely be desirable to preserve favorable conditions for the culture of this fruit in those localities where it can now be ripened.

Biela's comet was expected to make its nearest approach to the earth during the latter part of 1872, but it failed to make its appearance. Neither could it be found in 1859 or in 1866, though careful search was made for it. This comet was first recognized a hundred years ago, in 1772, and rediscovered by Biela in 1826. In 1846 it was noticed that it was gradually separating into two portions; and on its last appearance, in 1852, the space between the two portions was estimated to be 1,250,000 miles. Astronomers of Vienna and Copenhagen have discovered that the orbit of this comet is marked by a meteor stream, and hence many interesting speculations arise.

Twenty thousand men and ten thousand horses and oxen are in the lumber woods of Maine this winter.

The site of the Lenox Public Library is on Fifth Avenue, between Seventieth and Seventy-first streets. Considerable progress has been already made on the building, and it is estimated that the whole will be completed within a year and a half. It will be remembered that some time ago Mr. James Lenox contributed his valuable collection of books and works of art, together with about five hundred thousand dollars and ten lots of land, toward the establishment of a free library in this city. Little is known in detail concerning the Lenox collection of treasures, as it has never been open to public view, and has but in rare instances been inspected by private individuals, but it is known to be the result of thirty or forty years of time and great expenditure of money.

The *Court Journal* contains the following item, which may be interesting to some of our readers:

"The court went into mourning on Tuesday, the 4th instant, for her late Majesty the Dowager Empress of Brazil, viz., the ladies to wear black dresses, white gloves, black or white shoes, feathers, and fans, pearls, diamonds, or plain gold or silver ornaments; the gentlemen to wear black court dress, with black swords and buckles. The court to change the mourning on Tuesday, the 11th instant, viz., the ladies to wear black dresses, with colored ribbons, flowers, feathers, and ornaments; the gentlemen to continue the same mourning. And on Friday, the 14th instant, the court to go out of mourning."

A contract has been signed for a railway tunnel under the Alps. It is to be nine miles long, to be completed in eight years, and to cost ten million dollars.

Twenty thousand quarts of milk are condensed daily in the great milk establishments in the cantons of St. Gall and Freiburg, in Switzerland. A large proportion of this goes to supply the great city of London.

Darwin may as well resign his position. A scientific luminary has just discovered that the human race had its origin in a "yeast fungus!" An exchange remarks, "It now only remains to be ascertained what brewery furnished the yeast."

It is rumored that Alexandre Dumas is about to set out on a voyage of several years around the world.

Housekeepers will do well to keep a close watch upon their flour barrel, since it has been settled by high scientific authority that flour will explode. The immediate cause of investigation into this subject was an explosion which took place not long ago in the Tradestown Flour-Mills in Scotland. Dr. M'Adam, Professor of Chemistry in the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, studied into the case, and concluded that the conditions requisite to bring about a flour explosion are somewhat similar to those which cause a gas explosion. Ordinary gas will burn when unmixed with air, but will explode when sufficient air is mingled with it. "Flour," says Dr. M'Adam, "agrees with coal gas in simply being combustible when unmixed with air, and equally agrees with coal gas in being explosive when mixed with air." Still we fancy people may go on making and eating bread, cake, and pies without incurring any great danger.

Tobacco has been undergoing an investigation in France. The "weed" has often been subjected to analysis both by itself and in connection with its effects upon individuals. The result is that very few change their opinion: if an individual smokes or chews tobacco, he seldom thinks it is injurious to himself; if he does not use it at all, he believes it to be universally harmful. One of the professors of the Polytechnic School in Paris recently made investigation into the habits and scholarship of the one hundred and sixty students. He found that one hundred and two were smokers, and fifty-eight never used tobacco. Further inquiry showed that in each grade the students who did not smoke outranked those who did smoke, and that the scholarship of the smokers steadily deteriorated as the smoking continued. Influenced by several reports of a similar nature, the Minister of Public Instruction in France has issued a circular to the directors of colleges and schools forbidding tobacco to students as injurious to physical and intellectual development.

A wealthy New Yorker visited Hartford a week or two ago, and wishing to drive about the city, went to a livery-stable to hire a "team." The man of horses was loath to trust a valuable "turnout" to an entire stranger, and so asked for references. The gentleman replied that he could give no references, but that he would buy the horses and sleigh, and when he returned from his ride the stable-keeper might refund the money. A price was agreed upon, and the cash paid down. When, later in the day, the stranger brought the team back to the stable, his money was returned and he started to go.

"Hold on," said the man of horses; "you have not paid your horse hire!"

"Why, my dear Sir," said the New Yorker, coolly, "I have been driving my own team this morning!" The stable-keeper looked disgusted, but did not force his claims.

In Paris street-singing is a lucrative employment. But the number in the profession is strictly limited to one hundred; a new license is never granted except to fill the place of one who is dead or who has retired from the business. With the license the artist receives a medal, which he is bound to produce when called upon, and he must submit every song to the censor.

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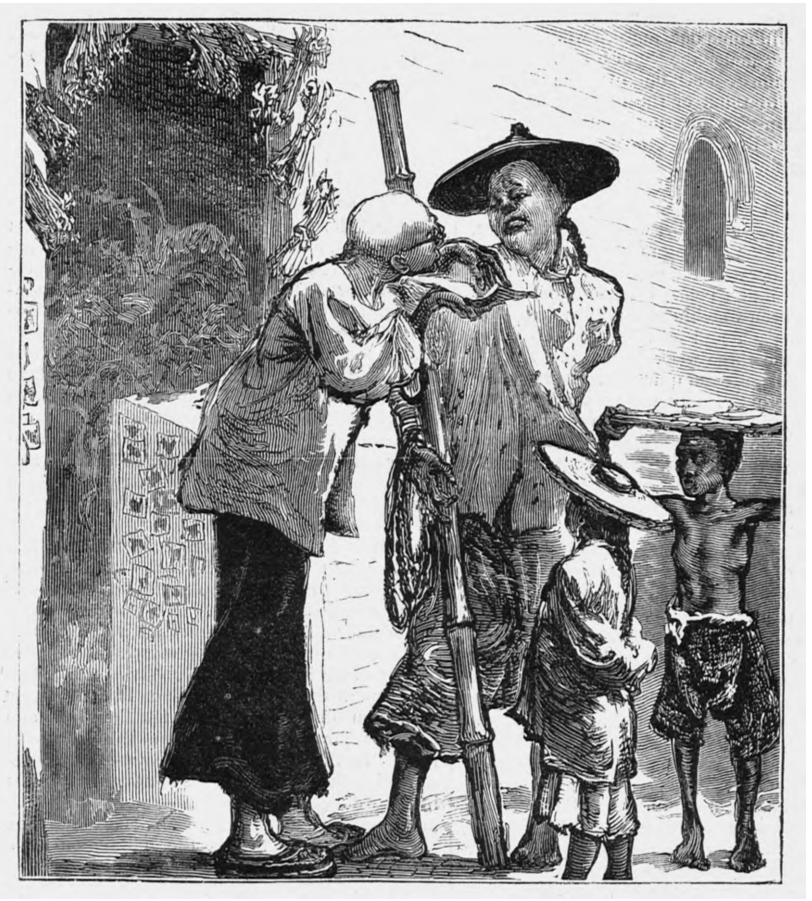
LIFE IN CHINA.

THE CHINESE CANGUE.



AN HERB DOCTOR.

THE CHINESE CANGUE.

CRIME in China is punishable in a variety of ways which would not be tolerated in a Christian country. Criminals are at times suspended by the thumbs, by the feet and hands, in the most painful attitudes; made to kneel on chains, or sit in constrained positions, and, as in the illustration, to wear a wooden collar, or cangue, inscribed in bold characters with the particular offense committed by the wearer. If it be a theft, the prisoner has to expiate his crime, chained in the cangue, close to the threshold of the dwelling from which the property had been stolen.

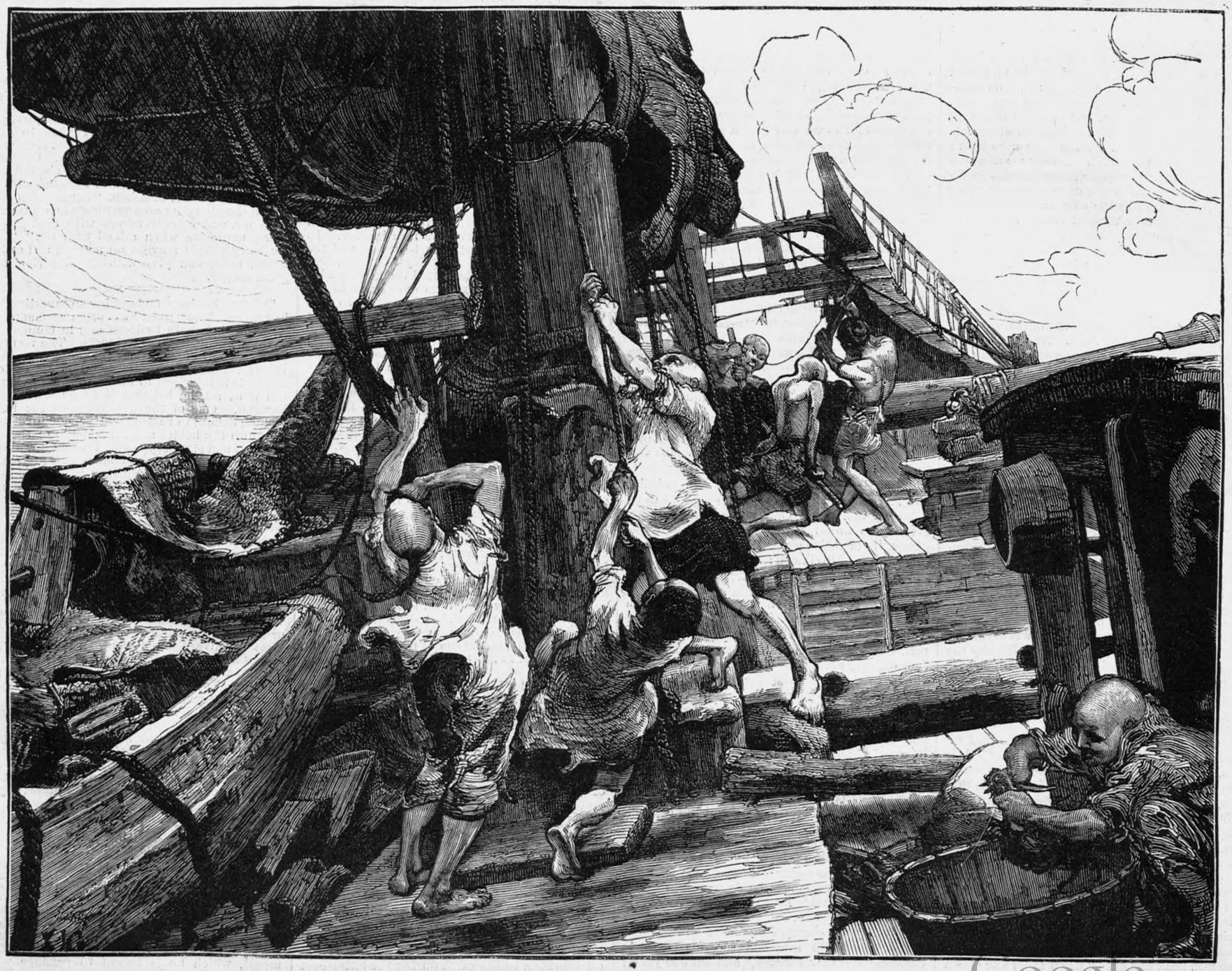
THE HERB DOCTOR.

The medical knowledge which the Chinese possess can hardly be dignified by the name of a science, and there is no school of medicine in China where men receive a special training and diploma entitling them to practice as physicians.

The doctor of our sketch has gained a degree of celebrity among the lower orders for the wonderful efficacy of his plasters, composed of the extracts of a variety of herbs. Like the vendors of patent medicines in our own country, this old gentleman has a host of testimonials to which he points with pride as a proof his skill. These testimonials consist of his own plasters, which, when they have effected a cure, are brought back by the patient and stuck on his doorway, or the herb-covered counter of his little shop.

SETTING SAIL ON BOARD A TRADING JUNK.

The vessel is bound on a coasting trip, and the crew are setting sail—an operation conducted with skill and alacrity when each individual composing the crew has been persuaded in his own mind that it is the correct thing to do. The task of persuasion devolves upon the gentleman whose turn it is to be captain. It becomes, then, a matter of grave difficulty to know who is captain, as the vessel and part of her cargo are owned by a number of men on board, who have each a voice in the management of the junk. The matter is not unfrequently decided by a toss up of the prognosticating sticks connected with the small shrine of the sailors' goddess, which has an important place, and performs important functions on board. Should bad luck or foul weather be indicated by the goddess, the crew betakes itself to pipes and gambling until all is favorable for the voyage, when an offering is made to the goddess by decapitating a cock and sticking a portion of its blood and feathers to the bow and mainmast, and pouring a cup of wine upon the water, when the sails are hoisted, and the craft bowls away before a fair wind.



ON BOARD A TRADING JUNK—SETTING SAIL.

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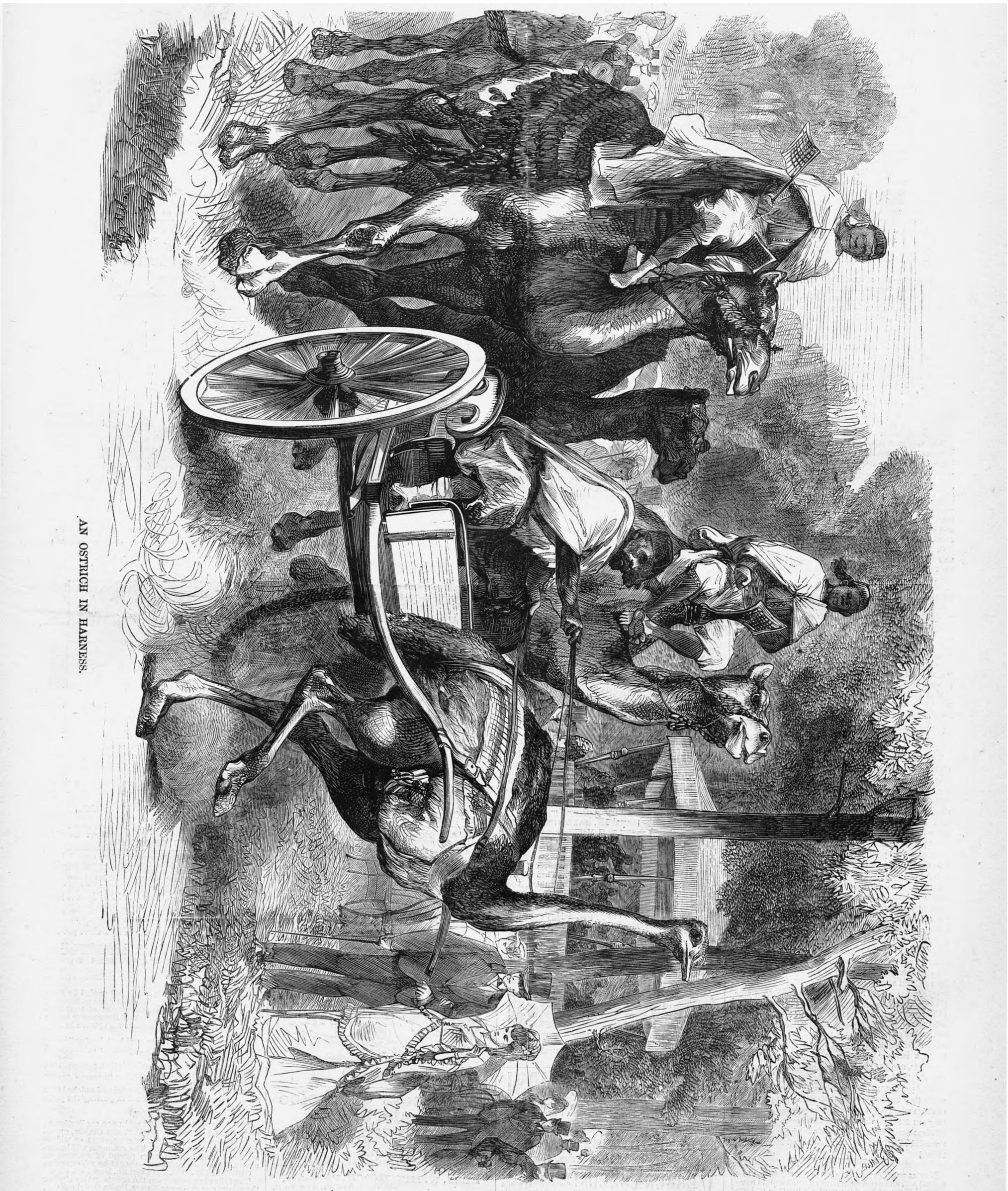
AN OSTRICH IN HARNESS.

THE accompanying illustration represents an attempt which was made some time since to drive an ostrich in single harness in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris. This ostrich, with several dromedaries, which are also seen in the picture, and a white-faced antelope, was sent from Algiers to the Jardin d'Acclimatation, with an Arab and two Soudan natives, the former of whom had the exclusive care of the ostrich, while the others had the remaining animals in charge. Said, the ostrich driver, is a pure-blooded Arab, of gentle and pleasing demeanor.

The large ostrich is a young male, with glossy black plumage, quite unlike the female bird, whose feathers are of a uniform dusky gray. He has strong-jointed legs and close hoofs, a camel-shaped neck sparsely covered with hair, and a hollow, mournful, lowing voice. This bird measures exactly seven feet from the head to the ground, and four feet from the back; his neck is about one-third of its entire height in length. His food consists principally of hard bread, leguminous vegetables, bran, oats, and hay. He swallows vegetables with apparent relish, but prefers bread, giving preference to the oldest, hardest, and most stale army biscuits that can be found. The propensities of the ostrich for eating iron have long been celebrated.

Undoubtedly the ostrich might be made subservient to the purposes of man, if we had but the means of breaking and managing it as we do a horse. The first successful experiment of this sort was made by Said, the Arab. He had repeatedly met with signal failure whenever he had tried to lead his charge from one place to another. The ostrich was stubborn and refractory, and positively refused to stir. In this emergency the Arab exclaimed, "I can not draw the ostrich; I will make him draw me." With the ingenuity of his race he soon devised and carried into execution the following plan. He first fastened a collar around the animal's powerful chest, then put a sort of girdle about his thighs, and united it to the breast collar in front by two narrow straps. He also fastened to the straps a pair of reins. After completing this arrangement he placed himself behind the ostrich, and took the reins in his hand. The bird made no further demur; he expanded his wings, and obediently started off at a brisk trot.

Since the favorable issue of this experiment the ostrich has been harnessed to a light wicker wagon and driven in the Bois de Boulogne. He was very docile, and trotted along like a nimble



AN OSTRICH IN HARNESS.

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pony. A ring was adjusted to his neck, to which a strap was joined. This strap was pulled by the driver when he wished the animal to stop. The driver likewise carried a whip, to strike the neck of the bird on the right or left side, according to the course which he desired him to take. Throngs of admiring spectators assembled to witness the novel sight, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. Q. Z.—A muslin dress for a short stout lady should have two plain untrimmed skirts and a surplice waist, or else a loose polonaise with single skirt.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—An informal invitation is all that is required from the bride's mother to the bridegroom's family in a distant city, but that much *is* necessary.—A sage green, olive, or blue-gray poplin or cashmere would make a pretty traveling dress for a bride in the spring.

CONSTANT READER.—Read reply just given "Old Subscriber." Get one silk suit either black or blue-gray for a church dress. A black dotted or striped grenadine, a Napoleon blue foulard with white polka spots, and écru linen suits, will be standard dresses for blondes next season; but as you do not tell us your means or the state of your wardrobe, we can not give very explicit advice. For a morning wrapper get violet delaine, or else a low-priced striped silk. White muslin dressing sacques will be worn with various skirts for breakfast; also pleated blouses.

J. M. H.—Your sample is black cashmere of very fair quality. Make it by cut paper pattern of Double-breasted Redingote Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V.

IGNORANCE.—The story of Rosamond's bower is almost as well known as *Little Red Riding-hood*. A very little inquiry will suffice to put you in possession of it.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Any carpenter or joiner will furnish you with a simple support for your table-top, which you can stain according to your fancy.

C. M.—Your reference is too indefinite to permit us to find the poem. You can easily look it up yourself in a file of the *Bazar*.

C. M. A.—*Unsophisticated* is usually regarded as signifying unversed in the knowledge of the world and its ways. It is susceptible, however, of a wider application.

MRS. G. R.—Boys six months old wear Gabrielles and yoke slips long enough to touch the ankle. They are precisely like girls' dresses, and need not be lengthened, as they are worn shorter as the boy grows older.

MARIA.—Make your spring alpaca suit with a double-breasted redingote, and a deep kilt pleating on the skirt. Use the cut paper pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V.

RETT.—The bride-maids should wear white gloves. In accompanying your daughter to the altar you should take the arm of the groom. The gentleman who gives the bride away takes her to church. Your son's dress suit should be a swallow-tail coat, vest, and pantaloons, all made from the same piece of black cloth. Your black silk will be appropriate.

E. M. O.—There are rubber sandals for the street, and kid sandals, that are merely toes, soles, and straps, for the house. Use west-of-England beaver cloth for your sacque.

SUBSCRIBER.—Adam Bede is pronounced as though the last name was spelled Bead.

S. A. D.—Flounces of thin washing fabrics are cut straight; thick cotton goods, such as percales, piqué, and satine, and all linen ruffles, may be either straight or bias.

MRS. M. R. H.—You will require from twenty to twenty-three yards of gros grain for a suit. Use the Louis Quinze Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V., and trim with ruffles of the same and lace, or else tape fringe and passementerie.

MRS. O. T.—Guipure lace is the best lace for trimming Japanese silk. You will require about twenty yards, and perhaps more.

DIAMONDS.

THE very name of the Diamond is so closely associated in most people's minds with the idea of costliness, that many persons who are fitted by their taste to enjoy the beauty of these pure and concentrated drops of light, imagine it to be out of the question that they should ever regale themselves with the possession even of a single stone. Yet what present can affection make of more lasting value? Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, in their establishment at 22 John St. (up stairs), have solved the problem how to bring these incomparable ornaments within the reach of moderate purses. It needed only the application of cultivated taste and artistic skill to the setting and arrangement of the stones to achieve this result. Between a Diamond of the first water unset, and an inferior Diamond unset, the difference is not only great but striking. Between a Diamond of the first water well set, and a Diamond of inferior tone ill-set, the difference is still more striking. But it has long been known that persons even of some experience in these matters may be deceived into mistaking an inferior for a first-water Diamond by a skillful setting of the former. Diamonds, for example, quite off color, have been set *azur*, or *a jour*, that is, in open settings, so artfully lined with silver as to make them pass for limpid gems. What dishonest tradesmen have done to deceive, can be done by honest artists to embellish. Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, with their stock of first-water brilliants, have combined a number of Diamond ornaments, necklaces, bracelets, and the like, and even of Diamond solitaires and single-stone rings, in which stones, not of the highest price, are so judiciously and effectively set, that while they are brought by their cost within the reach of those who do not pretend to be persons of fortune, they are fitted by their beauty to be worn in the most brilliant assemblies, and by their intrinsic value to be regarded as a fair, safe, and permanent investment.—[*Com.*]

NOW IS THE TIME.—It is always the right time to do a good act, and every man with a family should regard himself short of his duty until his home is endowed with a Wilson Improved Under-Feed Sewing-Machine. Let it be understood that this admirable machine captured the gold medal at the Northern Ohio Fair last fall, and has every where demonstrated its superiority as a first-class family machine. Add to this the fact that it sells for $15 less than any other really superior machine, and you have an array of advantages in its favor that must be irresistible. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The Company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

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IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF

MILLINERY & STRAW GOODS,

W. I. WORTHINGTON,
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507 BROADWAY, N. Y.,
Under St. Nicholas Hotel.

HAIR!!!

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Between 4TH and GREAT JONES STS.
The Largest Stock of HUMAN HAIR GOODS in the City.
Import and manufacture their own Goods, and RETAIL THEM AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

PRICE-LIST.

Short Hair Switches $1 and upward. Finest quality Hair Switches, solid, not dyed, 18 inches long, 4 ounces weight, - - $5 00
Do. 22 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 6 00
Do. 26 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 8 00
Do. 32 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 10 00

Shaw's Patent Hair Switches, 50c.
Long Single Curls, natural Curly—
22-inch, $2 00. 24-inch, $2 50. 26-inch, $4 00.
Frisets, 25 cents per yard.

BRANCH STORE, 363 6th AVENUE,
Bet. 22d and 23d Streets.
Ladies' own Hair made over in latest styles.
Combings made up 50 cents per ounce.
Goods sent **C. O. D.,** by express, on receipt of color and money in registered letters or P. O. Order.

Novelties in Laces.

SHAW & EATON, 1105 Broadway,
Three doors above Fifth Avenue Hotel,
Have on exhibition all the LATEST NOVELTIES in Lace Capes, Collarettes, Fichus, Lace Bows, Ties, Scarfs, French Embroidered Breakfast Sets, &c., &c.

LADIES' CHEST PROTECTOR.

Something entirely New.
ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO FIT THE FORM.
Price in Felt, $2 00, $3 00, $4 00.
" " Chamois, $3 00, $4 00, $5 00.
For married or single Ladies. In ordering please state which and size of bust.
Sold by all Druggists and Ladies' Furnishing Stores, and at 2140 Third Ave.; 218 Broadway; Broadway, cor. 29th St.; and at 7 Sixth Ave.
WHOLESALE.—Chas. H. Crittenton, 7 Sixth Avenue; W. H. Schieffelin & Co., 170 William St.; Fraser & Lee, 20 Beekman St.; G. S. Crawford & Co., 119 Fulton St.
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No. 2140 Third Avenue, New York.

MRS. C. C. THOMSON

Continues to purchase upon her usual terms. Send for Circular of References. If samples are wanted, inclose 25c. Mrs. C. C. THOMSON, 335 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

TO THE LADIES!

BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING
Will make Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes that have become rough and red, and Ladies' Traveling Bags which look so old and rusty that they are ashamed to carry them, look just as good as new. It will not rub off or smut when wet. Softens the leather.
No lady will be without it after one trial. Beware of imitations and counterfeits. For sale every where.
B. F. BROWN & Co., Boston.

MADAME FOY'S CORSET SKIRT SUPPORTER,

For Health, Comfort, and Style,
Is acknowledged **THE BEST ARTICLE** of the kind ever made. **Numerous Testimonials** in its favor are being received from all parts of the United States.
LADY AGENTS WANTED.
HARMON, BALDWIN, & FOY,
Sole Manufacturers,
New Haven, Conn.
ARNOLD & BANNING, New York;
D. B. FISK & Co., Chicago, Agents.

Important to Ladies.—Through the extreme liberality of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York, we are enabled to place in the hands of Twenty Thousand (20,000) Women the means by which they can support themselves and make a comfortable living. This offer is extended to every industrious woman in the United States, especially to those who support themselves by the needle. The magnitude of this offer, the liberality shown in its distribution, and the amount of good already accomplished, will inspire confidence in the heart of every woman who reads this. Notice.—Full particulars will be sent on receipt of postage stamp. Address JAMES M'CALL & CO.,
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Of every description for Ladies promptly executed by Mrs. C. G. PARKER, 43 Sixth Ave., N.Y. City. Send for circular containing reference and particulars (free). Dress-goods samples sent for 25 cents.

BETTER THAN BONDS!

An investment in the lands of the National Colony will pay **100 per cent.** better than any Bonds or Stocks upon the market. A small sum invested NOW will secure a good farm. For particulars address
MILLER, HUMISTON, & CO.,
Toledo, Ohio.

VERBENA SEEDS! We have another fine stock of seeds of this beautiful flower, saved from our large collection of more than 100 varieties; 25 cts per pkt., 5 pkts. $1. J. T. SMITH & SONS, Brentwood, N. H.

PATENT METALLIC SHIELDS—certain cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, *and all other Nervous Diseases.* By mail or express. GEO. SWEETSER, 120 Wall St., N. Y.

FRENCH STAMPING PATTERNS.—M'me BADOUREAU & Co., 125 Fourth Ave. Send for circular.

A NEW TOMATO.

Early, Solid, and Enormously Productive. Originated by H. Dwight Smith, Esq., of Arlington, Va., and is a cross between the *Early Smooth Red* and *Feejee*. Fruit of perfect form, smooth, bright red color, *very solid*, having small seed cells, **and no hard core at the centre,** being of the same delicate texture and brilliant color throughout. Ripens with the earliest. **Fruit often weighing 24 to 26 ounces,** with ordinary field culture. Enormously productive, and of excellent flavor. Stands the drouth better than any other variety.
☞ *Price 25 cents per packet; 5 packets for* $1.

From L. J. TUTTLE, *Assistant Treasurer United States, Washington, Jan.*, 1873.
I find the "Arlington" has in a remarkable degree all the requisites of a perfect Tomato. I know nothing that equals it. (Signed) L. J. TUTTLE.

From the President's Gardener, Washington, Jan., 1873.
The Arlington Tomato, tested under my supervision in the President's gardens, was superior to any other kind. (Signed) ALEXANDER McKERRICHER,
Gardener at the White House.

The *Nineteenth Annual Edition* of our celebrated **Seed Catalogue and Amateur's Guide to the Flower and Kitchen Garden** is now ready for distribution, and will be mailed free to our customers of 1872, and to all applicants upon receipt of 25 cents; an edition elegantly bound in cloth, $1 00. This is without exception the largest and best Catalogue ever published in this or any other country. It contains 200 pages, including several hundred finely-executed engravings of favorite flowers and vegetables, **and a beautifully colored chromo of a group of some of the most popular flowers in cultivation.** Also a descriptive list of 2000 species and varieties of flower and vegetable seeds, including all the novelties of the past season, with full directions for culture. Address
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PATENT KID-FITTING
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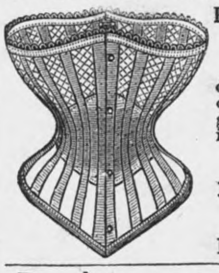

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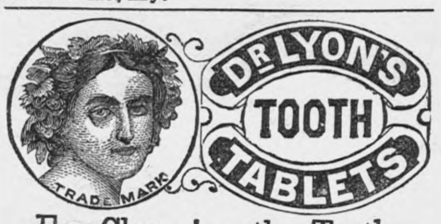
Should be worn by all ladies who value health and comfort. They have been greatly improved, and the fit is perfect.
They are delightful
For Summer Wear.
To be found at all
First-Class Retail Stores.

Drunkenness and Opium Habit.

DR. BEERS, 345 Fourth Ave., New York, *guarantees a cure* for these evils. Call, or send stamp for evidence.

$500,000 for Every body!

THIRD GRAND GIFT CONCERT in aid of **Public Library of Ky.,** will be given in the great Hall of Library Building at Louisville, Ky., on Tuesday, April 8, 1873, at which time **Ten Thousand Cash Gifts,** amounting to a grand total of **$500,000,** all cash, will be distributed by lot to ticket holders. Only 100,000 tickets, and large proportion already sold or engaged. Two Concerts have been given with complete success and every gift promptly paid. Whole tickets **$10,** halves **$5,** quarters **$2 50.** For tickets or information, apply to **Hon. Thos. E. Bramlette,** Agent for Trustees Public Library of Ky., Library Building, **Louisville, Ky.**



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A WIDOWED FRENCH LADY, who can speak the German language fluently, desires a situation as Companion to a family who intends visiting the Vienna Exposition. Will make herself generally useful in case of sickness. Is a good dressmaker and milliner. Can be highly recommended. Address Madam DEVINU, care K. J. Livingstone, Genoa, Nevada.

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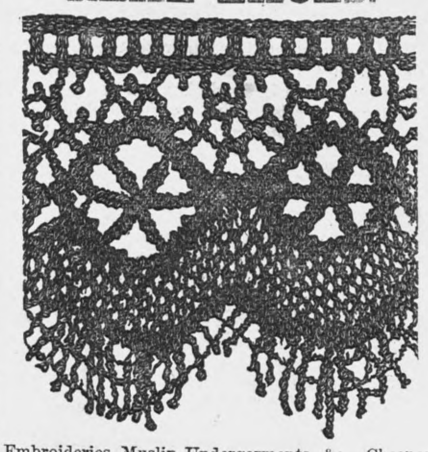

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EHRICH'S TEMPLE of FASHION,
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1873. **NOTICE.** 1873.

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CELEBRATED BUFFALO

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BRANDS
BLACK ALPACAS,
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SILK FINISHED
Black Pure Mohairs
ARE HANDSOMER THAN EVER FOR SPRING WEAR.

These Beautiful Goods are sold by most of the leading Dry-Goods Retailers throughout the United States.
☞ Purchasers will know these goods, as a ticket is attached to each piece, bearing a picture of the Buffalo, Otter, or Beaver.
PEAKE, OPDYCKE, & CO.,
427 and 429 Broadway,
305 Canal and 47 Howard Sts.,
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SOLE IMPORTERS.

You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 Octave Pianos for **$290?** We answer—It costs less than **$300** to make any **$600** Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make **100 per ct.** profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant 5 Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to over **500** Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos, in **44** States and Territories. Please state where you saw this notice.
U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, N. Y.

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1st. That each pattern is fitted and graded by Herr Grossfeld, whose long experience as chief manager of the Court Dressmaking Establishment of Herr Dietrich, of Berlin, and more recently Dressmaker to the Imperial Court of Vienna, renders his opinion in matters of fashion decisive.
2d. Ladies are requested to send both bust and waist measures, as it is obviously impossible otherwise to insure a well-fitting pattern.
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CAMEL'S-HAIR SERGES AND CLOTHS,
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PARIS PRINTED ORGANDIES AND LAWNS,
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We have now open an unusually large assortment, in NEW DESIGNS and COLORINGS, of
DUTCH AND SMYRNA CARPETS,
In a Great Variety of Sizes.
AUBUSSONS,
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MOQUETTES,
In Drawing-Room Sizes, and Colored to Match the New Upholstery Shadings.
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Manufactured specially to order for Dining-Rooms, Libraries, Halls, and Stairs.
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A splendid assortment in NEW PRIVATE PATTERNS.
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ENGLISH and AMERICAN OIL-CLOTHS,
And a full stock of
DRUGGETS, RUGS, MATS, &c., &c.,
ALL AT
LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

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A. T. STEWART & CO.

HAVE OPENED
250 PIECES OF GRISAILLE and other LIGHT-COLORED SPRING SILKS at $1 per yard, the greater part recently sold from $1 50 to $2.
500 PIECES JAPANESE SILKS,
at the extraordinary low price of 50 cents.
A large assortment of
NEW SHADES OF FAILLE, POULTS DE SOIE, &c., &c.
And they have largely replenished their very extensive and popular stock of
HEAVY BLACK SILKS,
from $2 per yard upward.
REAL INDIA CAMEL'S-HAIR LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS,
very handsome, from $100 each upward. Paris and New York READY-MADE SILK DRESSES,
very elegant, from $50 each upward.
A splendid assortment of
EMBROIDERED CASHMERE SACQUES, POLONAISE, &c., the very latest PARIS NOVELTIES.
An usually attractive stock of Ladies', Misses', and Children's UNDERWEAR, Wardrobes, Embroidered PIQUE WALKING SUITS, CLOAKS, &c.
BOYS' READY-MADE CLOTHING,
The very latest cut and fashion, at Extremely Low Prices.
DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT,
Under superior management, in which orders for MOURNING as well as BALL, RECEPTION, CARRIAGE, AND PROMENADE DRESSES
Are executed in
ONE TO THREE DAYS' NOTICE, in style and elegance equal if not superior to any foreign production.
CHARGES MODERATE.

BROADWAY, 4th Ave., 9th & 10th Sts.

INFANT'S WARDROBE "B"

FOR $100.

2 Flannel Bands	@	$0 50	$1 00
2 Barrie Coats	@	2 00	4 00
2 Flannel Skirts	@	3 00	6 00
3 Cambric "	@	1 50	4 50
3 " " Tucked	@	2 00	6 00
6 Linen Shirts	@	1 00	6 00
6 Night Dresses	@	2 25	13 50
6 Slips	@	2 50	15 00
1 Calico Wrapper			1 50
2 Day Dresses	@	4 00	8 00
1 Robe			9 00
1 Basket, Furnished			6 50
6 Pairs Knitted Socks	@	0 62½	3 75
1 Embroidered Merino Shawl			5 50
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The whole or any single article of the above Outfit may be had upon application, or will be sent by express, C. O. D. Every article is made in the best manner, and from the best materials. Directions for self-measurement, together with list of articles in Wardrobe "A," for $75, and "C," for $125, sent by mail if desired.

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IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
FASHIONABLE DRY GOODS,
NEW YORK, (Broadway, cor. 20th St. / Broadway, cor. Grand St. / Grand St. cor. Chrystie St.

$25 A DAY! Agents wanted. Thirty new and useful articles. NOVELTY CO., Saco, Me.

$425 A MONTH! Horse and carriage furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

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EXTRACT CASHMERE BOUQUET,
FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF.
"CASHMERE BOUQUET."
COLGATE & CO'S
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP,
FOR THE TOILET.

HAIR.—HUMAN HAIR SWITCHES.
SOLID HAIR—NOT DYED.
RETAILED AT IMPORTERS' PRICES.
32 inches long, weight 3 oz., only $9 00.
32 inches long, weight 4 oz., only $12 00.
32 inches long, weight 5 oz., only $15 00.
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Coronet or Crown Braids, Solid Hair, 2 oz., 20 inches, only $4 50.

BACK CURLS,
Now the fashion for evening wear. Full sets. Naturally curly.

Size.	*My Price.*	*Retails in N. Y. for*
Medium	$7 00	$10 00
Large	8 00	12 00
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LONG SINGLE CURLS.

22-inch Hair (naturally curly), only	$3 00
24 " " " " "	3 50
26 " " " " "	4 50

Frizweft or Face Curls, 50 cts. per yard.

Every lady should embrace this opportunity, and purchase hair goods from the *only* hair importer who retails at *wholesale* prices.
Established 1843. CHAS. V. PECKHAM, 687 Broadway, near Amity St., New York City.
Will send goods, C. O. D., by express; or by mail or express, prepaid, on receipt of color and money in registered letter or P. O. money order.
Correspondence answered by inclosing two 3-cent stamps. Please mention *Harper's Bazar* when you write.

Cut Paper Patterns
OF
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS
IN
HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.
The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. V.	
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	No. 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers)	" 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 8
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 13
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 20
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 21
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER	" 23
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)	" 25
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt	" 27
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 29
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)	" 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old)	" 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, Shirt Waist, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 5 to 10 years old)	" 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt	" 39
PRINCESSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 41
DOLMAN SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 41
DOUBLE TALMA, APRON-FRONT AND LONG WALKING SKIRT	" 41
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT	" 43
GIRL'S PRINCESSE POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44
LOUIS QUINZE VEST BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 46
DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT	" 46
VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 48
FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt	" 50
DOLMAN MANTLE WALKING SUIT	" 51
Vol. VI.	
DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT	" 7
TIGHT BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 11
GIRL'S WARDROBE (Sacque; Sailor Blouse and Skirt; Basque fastened behind; Over-skirt; Low-Necked Over-dress; and Bretelle Apron), for girl from 2 to 13 years old	" 13

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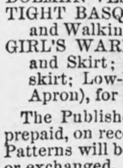

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FACETIÆ.

PEOPLE who believe the stories about intelligent dogs will read with pleasure that a lost dog in Norfolk, having seen his master's advertisement in one of the local papers, promptly went home.

THE CONTROLLER-GENERAL—Cupid.

The season for keeping diaries begins with the first of the year, and lasts up to about the first week in February.

DIFFERENT VIEWS.

ELDER SISTER. "Won't you be sorry, Minnie, when the boys go back to school, it's so very nice to have them home for the holidays?"

YOUNGER SISTER. "It's not nice for me—it's nasty—for they've teased my dog, and worried my cat, and they've killed a rat, and scattered some malt, and knocked down my house that Jack built; and they've eaten my pudding, and eaten my pie, and spent my money, and made me cry; they've laughed at me, and thrown a stone. I'm sorry they came; I'll be glad when they're gone!"

What length ought a lady's petticoat to be?—A little above two feet.

What comes after cheese?—Mouse.

Wrong? of course you are, stupid! Egypt is not a Nile land; it is part of a continent.

A story is being told of a fashionable tailor. One of his aristocratic customers, thinking to annoy him, went up to him as he was walking on the Parade at Brighton at the most fashionable hour of the day, and said to him, "See how badly this coat fits." The great Sartor was fully equal to the occasion. Taking up a piece of a chalky substance at the side of the road he marked sundry hieroglyphics over the back, and then, turning him adrift, said, "There, my lord, you go and show yourself to my people, and they will soon put you right."

Edwin declares he won't believe that Angelina knows what a kiss means till he has it from her own mouth.

Why would a tax on tarts be objectionable at sea?—Because it would be encouraging pie-rates.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Declined, with thanks, *Castor-Oil and Senna*, *A Night in the Rain*, *Kicks and Cuffs*, and *Good Advice*.

Where can we find a more benevolent type of man than the glazier? He is always attending to the panes of others, and is never so happy as when he is building up or fortifying their frames.

"FANCY MEN"—Men who fancy themselves. (N.B.—There are a pretty lot of those about just now.)

Uncommonly intelligent are the coroners' juries in Mississippi. Twelve men in Warren County, in that State, returned a verdict that "The deceased died by the will of God or some other disease unknown to the jury."

Why is chloroform like Mendelssohn?—Because it is one of the greatest composers of modern times.

THE CROW THAT HAS NO VOICE—The scarecrow.

A female lecturer says that the only decent thing about Adam was a rib, and that went to make something better.

LAKE SHORE QUOTATIONS WERE VERY DULL.

THE NEW FIVES SHOWED WELL ON THE STREET.

THE FEATURES OF ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC WERE MUCH THE SAME.

A CORNER ON ROCK ISLAND WAS PREVENTED.

PACIFIC MALE WAS SUDDENLY ACTIVE.

BROKERS IN SPECIE SHUNNED GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

WALL STREET OPERATIONS.

HINTS TO MAKE HOUSES WHOLESOME.

(FOR THE USE OF SERVANTS.)

Always keep the windows shut; for thus you not only prevent unwholesome draughts, but stop the smut from flying in and dirtying the furniture.

Never sweep under the beds, or the sofas, or the sideboards, but allow the dust to remain there undisturbed, for otherwise its particles might float into the air and injure respiration.

For the same reason, suffer the dust to settle on the tops of wardrobes, pictures, book-cases, and cabinets, and refrain from injuring your health by attempting to remove it.

When visitors are expected, and you are honored with instructions to clear out a bedroom closet, or perhaps a chest of drawers for them, do so in as gentle a manner as you can, and spread clean paper on the shelves without disturbing the dust which there has peacefully accumulated.

Always put away your wine-glasses and decanters without washing them; and when a flower vase is sent down from the drawing-room, let the water remain in it to be ready for next time. You thus may save yourself much trouble, and avoid the risk of breakage.

When you are directed to light a bedroom fire for an unexpected visitor, never look to ascertain if the register be closed. Should the room be filled with smoke, recollect that fumigation is prescribed as a means to stop infection.

Take it for granted that all the household linen has been well aired at the wash, and do not disturb your mind by any doubts upon the subject.

If damp sheets are the consequences, and illness should ensue from them, you will have the consolation of reflecting that your carelessness has been the means of bringing profit to an honorable member of the medical profession, and that your master, and not you, will have to pay the charges.

It is convenient to keep a dirty cloth or two underneath the sofa-cushions, in order to be handy to wipe up any mess which you unluckily may make in case you should upset the milk jug while you are handing round the tea tray.

If you are bidden to poke the fire (particularly in the library, where you find your master intensely busy at his writing-desk), do so with all the violence and vehemence that you can muster, in order that the dust may fly into the room instead of falling in the ash pan, whence you would have to undergo the labor of removing it.

When you go to light the gas, always turn it fully on before you strike your match, which you will take care to keep damp and probably incombustible. A slight escape of gas not merely imparts a piquant perfume to a room, but serves to turn the observation from detecting even more offensive odors.

Never shake the rugs and door-mats, or so much as even stir them, if you possibly can help it. A goodly quantity of dirt may thus be snugly stored beneath them, and need not be dislodged until the yearly cleaning.

If your mistress be attached to pug-dogs, cats, or parrots, encourage her to let them have their meals at the same table as herself, and refrain from sweeping up the scraps which they may leave, lest they afterward may wish for them.

If canaries be her pets, do not clean their cages oftener than once in every month or so, and fill up their baths and drinking fountains without previously emptying them.

Above all things bear in mind that scrubbing is a painful and degrading operation, and abstain, therefore, as much as possible from practicing it.

HUSBANDRY—Mormonism.

The earth about Cape May is being annoyed by seekers after Kidd's treasures. The late pirate would have saved much trouble and expense to the descendants of the Puritans had he buried Bibles instead of gold.

A Muscatine clergyman is speaking against the re-establishment of the death penalty in Iowa. He says he does not want his congregation thinned out too fast.

WOMAN'S MISSION—Submission. Likely!

"Good blood will show itself," said the old lady with the red nose.

Orpheus's melody caused the stones to *move*. Are we to assume they were *stepping-stones?*

RELAPSE.

SQUIRE. "Why, Pat, what are you doing, standing by the wall of the public-house? I thought you were a teetotaler!"

PAT. "Yes, yer honor. I'm just listenin' to them impenitent boys drinkin' inside!"

THE LAST THING OUT—The policeman.

"You can't do that again," said the pig to the boy who cut his tail off.

GOOD NEWS FOR HUSBANDS.—Ladies wear their dresses longer than they used to do.

When is the weather artful?—When it's knowing (it's snowing).

TO A YOUNG LADY.—Why are you like a polar bear?—Because you're an ice creature.

It is reported that a son of Brigham Young is going to marry a newly established female seminary.

THE BEST COMFORTER FOR BACHELORS—A good wife.

CUM GRANO.—A paper states that a mountain of pure salt, five hundred feet high, fifteen miles long, and three miles thick, is reported to have been discovered in Arizona. Now if they can only discover a mountain of beef and mutton pretty handy to eat that salt with, oh, would not a meating like that make amends for a journey to that prolific spot?

PROVERB.—A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

THE NOTES THAT COMPOSE FAVORITE TUNES—Band notes; they make for-tunes.

About time "the beautiful snow" was "run into the ground."

Our valetudinarian being told by his medical adviser that he must wear thicker boots, replies that when a fellow has to walk through so much water, pumps would be more appropriate.

To keep warm on a cold day the women double the Cape, and the men double the Horn.

Which is the oldest, Miss Antiquity, old Aunty Diluvian, Miss Ann Terior, Miss Ancestor, Miss Ann T. Mondane, or Miss Ann T. Cedent?

THE INVENTORS OF MATCHES—Adam and Eve.

A malicious libel is going the rounds that vegetation is so scarce at Cape Cod that two mullen stalks and a whortleberry bush are called a grove. The truth is that unless there are three whortleberry bushes they never think of saying grove.

Two fatigued travelers, having to travel ten miles further, comforted themselves by the calculation that it was only five miles each.

To a marriage notice in a Vermont paper is appended, "No cake—no cards—no divorce."

CANDID, AT LEAST.

MAMMA. "And if poor Mamma had not recovered, and had gone away from her little Georgy forever, what would he have done?"

LITTLE GEORGY. "I don't know, Ma, but I guess me an' Jimmy Goggins would have gone Skating on the Ice!"

TRUE TACT.

MRS. SILVERTONGUE (*who has been chatting most agreeably to Mr. Wilkes for the last two hours*). "Oh, don't talk to me of Ugly Men, Mr. Wilkes! I make a point of *never even Speaking to one!*"

[*Mr. Wilkes, who is rather sick of being told by women that they on the whole object to good looks in the male sex, appreciates the remark immensely.*

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A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 13.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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HOME-MADE BOOK-SHELVES. ARTIFICIAL MAHOGANY.

AMONG the objects that are most easily made, and that afford the greatest convenience, are book-shelves. When a family possesses a hundred volumes or so—and most families own as many as this—the books are a source of constant annoyance. When they are allowed to lie on their sides on tables, if we wish to consult one we are frequently obliged to toss over the whole of them; they accumulate dust, and get shaken, soiled, and injured generally, all which might be avoided by the use of a few simple shelves, and these may be easily made of very cheap material and very simple construction. The best material is pine, since it is cheap and easily worked. It is not generally known that a plain pine board, if stained and varnished, may be made to look very like mahogany, rose-wood, or black-walnut, and the process of staining is so simple that any housewife can perform it. We know a lady who has stained and varnished dozens of pine shelves that her husband has fitted up during his leisure moments, and to-day they look as if they were mahogany.

To stain shelves a mahogany-color take a pound or two of logwood chips and boil them in water, so as to make a strong decoction. We have found that this gives better results than can be obtained by using extract of logwood. Wet the board thoroughly with this decoction; when dry it will have a reddish-yellow color, and must then be varnished with what is known as spirit or shellac varnish. This varnish can be bought ready-made at the paint shops, but we prefer to make it by dissolving good shellac in alcohol. Put a quantity of good shellac into a wide-mouthed bottle, cover it with alcohol, cork the bottle tightly, and let it stand until the shellac is dissolved. No skill is required in the application of this varnish, which dries very rapidly, and forms a hard glossy coating on the surface of the board. When dry, the shelf must be carefully smoothed off with sand-paper and again varnished. The second coat will give a very bright appearance to the shelf, but if we sand-paper it before applying the first coat the staining will probably be removed in spots and the shelf will not look well. An application of the sand-paper after the second coat will still further improve the finish of the wood; but this, of course, involves a third coat of varnish. By adding the least quantity of alkali, such as washing soda, to the logwood decoction, the pine will be made to resemble rose-wood. In all cases, however, the shelves do not acquire their proper tone for some months; but if well done—that is, if the decoction be strong, the varnish thoroughly applied, and all roughness removed by means of the sand-paper—at the end of a year nine persons out of ten will take them for mahogany or rose-wood, as the case may be. Every fibre of the pine shows so that the grain is as apparent as if the shelves were made of hard wood and polished. The appearance is, therefore, greatly superior to that of any ordinary painted work, and the process is so simple that no intelligent housekeeper need dread a failure. We have now in mind a set of shelves prepared in this way by a lady whose husband, although not a mechanic, fitted up the wood-work as an amusement during the winter evenings, and they compare favorably with much of the cabinet-work that we find in market.

Having prepared our shelves, the next step is to put them up, although in actual practice the best plan is to fit the shelves to their places, and then take them down for staining and varnishing, returning them after this process is finished. If there should happen to be a recess in the room, the shelves may be cut to fit it, and cleats to support them may easily be nailed up. Cast iron brackets, which are very cheap, and may be obtained at any hardware store, form a very neat and efficient support. When they are to be attached to a wooden partition, all that is necessary is to screw them directly to it; but when they are to be fastened to a brick or plaster wall, it is best to take two strips of wood, about two inches wide and, say, seven-eighths of an inch thick, and screw them to the wall by means of numerous stout screws, after which the brackets may be screwed to these strips; screws readily penetrate plaster, and even soft brick, and when they enter the lath they hold with great power. We must remember, however, that the strain caused by the weight of the books does not tend to draw the screws out, but to press them down, and brick, plaster, or lath will bear a very heavy strain in this direction. After the strips have been fastened to the wall, take a board with a straight edge and mark off the places where the shelves should come, and be careful to allow room for the thickness of the shelves in addition to the height of the books. Then screw on the brackets, arrange the shelves upon them, and fasten each with a couple of screws to prevent their slipping, and you will have a set

Fig. 1.—GROS GRAIN DINNER DRESS.—BACK. Fig. 2.—GROS GRAIN DINNER DRESS.—FRONT.

[See Fig. 3 on page 197, and description on page 196.]

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of book-shelves that will be quite as useful and nearly as ornamental as one for which the cabinet-maker would charge a good round sum. In order to exclude dust, and add to the appearance of the arrangement, the upper shelf may be made a little wider than the rest, and to the edge of it may be fastened a wide moulding, which may be obtained from any dealer in picture-frames. The moulding should be of pine, and it may be best to have it attached to the shelf by a workman who can mitre the corners so as to make a neat job. After this it may be stained and varnished like the rest of the shelving, and to it may be attached a transparent curtain, which will not only protect the books from flies and dust, but will add greatly to the general appearance of the shelves.

When a still simpler and more portable arrangement is desired, the shelves may be merely strung upon cords and suspended from a hook or stout nail. This method is too simple and well known to need description; but even in this case a knowledge of easy and reliable methods of staining and varnishing will prove of great use.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1873.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be published gratuitously an EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing the concluding chapters of

"LITTLE KATE KIRBY,"

and the commencement of Lord LYTTON'S new and fascinating Novel,

"THE PARISIANS,"

a work which recalls the best days of the author of "The Caxtons" and "My Novel."

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the Girl's Wardrobe, consisting of Sailor Blouse and Skirt, Basque fastened behind, Over-Skirt, Low-necked Over Dress Sacque, and Bretelle Apron, for Girls from 2 to 13 Years old, illustrated on page 197 of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents for the entire set. For a Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 207.*

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Bridal Dresses, Veils, Coiffures, etc.; Ladies' Spring Street and House Dresses, Sleeveless Jackets, Vests, Mantelets, Hoods, etc.; Boys' and Girls' Suits, Boys' Caps; Glove-Boxes; Writing-Desks; Blotting-Pads; Newspaper Racks; Embroidery Patterns, etc., etc.; with choice literary and artistic attractions.*

HAVING ONE'S WAY.

OF all the various ways of having one's way, a long series of observations convinces us that the ill-tempered way is the swiftest and most effectual.

To any other way the objections are almost insurmountable. Take, for instance, the persuasive way: its very title proclaims its tedious character, the loss of time and loss of breath that it occasions, the effort to be put forth, it may be fruitlessly, and all the arts and resources of ready wit that it requires, so that in order to have your will—about a pudding sauce, perhaps—you need to use as much ingenuity and rhetoric as a lawyer does when pleading a bad case at the bar, and as wary approaches, minings, and counterminings as a soldier does when attacking a fortified position, and meanwhile neither side is perfectly satisfied in the end.

On the other hand, there is the persistent way. But we all know what that is: the unwearied return to the charge in hopes of wearing out the patience of the opposite party, often with no result but the destruction of our own; the perpetual nagging and annoying, like that of a fly in August who will not be gone; the poet's "damnable iteration," adopted with the idea that constant dropping wears away a stone, but which, so far from cutting the desired channel, quite as frequently as not creates a more solid opposition than before, as we see the droppings of limestone caves build up stalagmites to oppose the stalactites. In fact, this is a way of having one's way as dangerous as it is uncertain, and the occasion may be altogether over and done with before, even if successful at last, one can accomplish one's purpose by the means of it.

There is yet, however, what may be called the method of insistence. But this, though exceedingly upright and downright, has far too many faults ever to be strictly popular, except, of course, with those despotic characters to whom the slavery of a whole household seems the proper and desirable thing. A person who can pursue this method in cold blood is one who will assuredly have his or her own way even if it be necessary to ride over the dead body of every natural affection to obtain it. There are, however, few such persons, thank Heaven, the strength of character—or shall we say the absorption in self and the consequent total disregard of others?—requisite in order to lay down the law without appeal being something tolerably rare; for the one who can do this is one who can dispense with approbation, with praise, with fellow-feeling; who desires no sympathy; to whom the family is a slave-pen; to whom domestic life in its sweet and mutual forbearances is an unreadable riddle; who would think it the purest absurdity in the whole range of ethics to assert, even for the sake of argument, that there is sometimes as much enjoyment to be had in surrendering one's way as in having it; and who never admits any thing for the sake of argument, but who is so upright and downright in asserting determinations, and insisting upon them, and giving no reason for them, not only because it saves trouble, but because a different course implies argument, and argument implies dissension at the family hearth—implies that there is another entity in the household, suffering or enjoying as the case may be, but, at any rate, a thinking being, and not merely a dumb beast of burden—and we can tolerate no pretenders near the throne. This course, indeed, is candid and is logical; it is, to be sure, somewhat patriarchal, and has feudal, and therefore romantic, pretensions. It secures peace, we admit—of that kind where they make a desert, and then call it peace; but, to mention no other obstacle in the way of its general adoption, it is sufficient for us to remember the common idea that under certain circumstances tyrannicide becomes a virtue.

We are, then, driven to consider the only remaining course by which it is possible to have one's own way, and ultimately to enjoy the achievement with suitable complacency—and that is the ill-tempered way. To insist without argument involves, as we have just seen, great likelihood of hatred; to insist with argument involves a likelihood of being sometimes badly worsted; but to insist in a storm and flash of anger, and then to clear off into the sweetest sort of sunshine, why, that involves having one's cake and eating it too.

When, either through temperament or after mature deliberation, this method has been chosen, difficulties fly from the path like leaves before a hurricane: the hurricane passes on, the way is cleared, the sun comes out again, and if eventually under such processes the tree is stripped, there are plenty more trees in the forest.

The first thing to do, then, if you have decided upon this course, and have a measure to carry which you are sure will be obnoxious, is to tell every one that you feel extremely irritable, and are not to be held responsible for an outburst of passion if you are crossed. You then proceed to make yourself as charming as possible, as gay and kind and witty as you know how, so that the contrast of such behavior with the apprehended outburst of passion causes every body to feel ready to make any sacrifice rather than change your delightful mood by contradiction or opposition. But the fateful moment draws near: perhaps your husband prefers peach leaf in the pudding sauce, while you have come to the conclusion that a mild flavor of prussic acid proper is more to the point; or perhaps your wife has decided upon vanilla, and you are determined to carry up the chromatic scale of flavors to its highest expression, and so pronounce for sirup of poppies in the same; and, of course, such a preposterous idea is to be deprecated, and will be, even at the expense of destroying that delightful mood of yours by contradiction and opposition. Then is your chance. Spring from your seat, open your eyes with a blaze of wrath, your mouth with a torrent of words; if you are a man, stamp and swear; if you are a woman, scream and cry, toss your arms with frantic gestures, take hold of your hair on both sides and shake your head by it, slap your hands together before and afterward till the air rings; tell terrible truths, make terrible threats, denounce every one's pet sin if you have divined it; appall people with your objurgations or your oaths, with your maledictions that make them shiver, with your declarations that make them fear murder for themselves and suicide for you, with your raging and storming and foaming that make them fear your permanent insanity; keep it up till these cowards run to appease the offended deity in your person with burnt-offering and turtle-doves, and those are dissolved in heart-breaking tears, and the others hasten with exactly as much hydrocyanic acid or laudanum as you want; and when at last you have reduced all desires and emotions to a perfect chaos of fear and disgust and resentment and abject submission, then condescend to be soothed, subside into gloom and sighs, utter an exclamation of contrition, of regret for such a temper, of faint hope that you have hurt nobody's feelings; but do not once abandon hold of the object for which you made all the rout—if you did, though, it would make no odds, for no one would interfere with you now; taste the sauce at length, look up and laugh, draw it toward you and finish it; presently be as gay and kind and witty as before, and think yourself a superior sort of creature because those over whom the deluge of your anger has just swept do not all at once know how to hold up their heads and laugh with you; but, in your own time, you will forgive them out of consideration for sulky dispositions.

On the whole, we think it will be almost universally allowed that this plan is, as we said in the beginning, the swiftest and most effectual plan for having your own way. If it is subject to such small abatement as loss of love and respect and confidence, as real if not apparent isolation from the lives of those about you, as the concealment from you of all that you might question, as the creation of a circle of hypocrites who breathe a bated breath so far as you are concerned,—if, in the long-run, it is subject to such abatement, you have probably counted the cost, have decided that it is *not* more blessed to give than to receive, have failed to find pleasure in affording pleasure, in yielding a point, in receiving gratitude, and are prepared to pay the full price for having your own way.

FAMILY MARKETING.

BY PIERRE BLOT.

TO SELECT BEEF.

LIKE every other kind of meat, beef must be fat to be good. An animal that is not fat has suffered in some way, either through sickness or disease, or from want of food or the proper kind of food. All healthy animals, even including the goat and the ass, will get fat if properly fed.

Of all the different kinds of animal food, beef takes the lead; it is the greatest restorer of exhausted muscular power. The best beef looks fine, of a bright, clear, red color, with streaks and spots of fat all through. The suet, or fat, has a yellowish hue, and breaks easily. The fat of cow beef is nearly white, and the flesh is paler than that of the heifer and steer or ox. Bull beef, as well as beef coming from diseased or ill-fed animals, looks coarse, of a dark, dirty red color; the fat is yellow, and full of fibres.

For the benefit of the purchaser we will give the names of the twenty-four different parts of a side (half) of beef as cut by New York, Philadelphia, and Boston butchers:

NEW YORK.	PHILADELPHIA.	BOSTON.
1. Hip sirloin, or thick sirloin.	Pinbone sirloin.	Part of the rump or hook bone.
2. Second-cut ribs, or middle ribs.*	Middle-rib cut.	Second prime ribs.
3. Small end sirloin.	Sirloin.	Sirloin.
4. First-cut rib, or first rib piece.	First-rib cut (1st and 2d ribs).	Fore-rib, or first prime rib.
5. Third-cut ribs, or thick ribs.	Third-rib cut (6th and 7th ribs).	Third prime rib.
6. First-cut chuck ribs (8th and 9th ribs).	Best chuck rib.	First chuck rib.
7. Second-cut chuck ribs (10th and 11th ribs).	Chuck-rib cut.	Second chuck rib.
8. Cross-rib piece.	Boler piece.	Leg or shoulder-of-mutton piece.
9. Third-cut chuck ribs, or chuck piece (12th and 13th ribs).	Chuck piece.	Chuck piece.
10. Rump of beef.	Tail and rump.	Aitch or edge bone (part of).
11. Socket, or face rump.	Rump piece (part of).	Rump (part of).
12. First-cut round.	Round.	Round.
13. Second-cut round.	Round (part of).	Leg-raw.
14. Top of sirloin.	Cut with sirloin steaks.	Thick flank.
15. First-cut neck, or neck piece.	Neck cut.	Neck piece.
16. Second-cut neck, or neck piece.	Neck cut.	Neck piece.
17. Plate piece.	Plate piece.	Rattleran, or runner piece.
18. Navel piece.	Thin end of brisket.	Navel end of brisket.
19. Brisket piece.	Thick end of brisket.	Butt end of brisket.
20. Shoulder clod.	Clod (part of).	Clod (part of).
21. Flank piece.	Flank.	Thin flank.
22. Third-cut neck, or neck piece.	Neck.	Neck piece.
23. Leg of beef, or leg.	Leg.	Shank.
24. Shin of beef, or shin.	Shank.	Shin.

The following are the pieces of beef generally used for roasting, some of them also being used for steaks: the thirteen ribs, the hip and thick sirloin, the middle cut sirloin (next to the preceding), the cross-rib piece, the rump, the first cut of round, and occasionally the tenderloin. The piece most prized is the third, fourth, and fifth ribs, counting from the sirloin toward the neck; the next best piece is the first and second ribs; then the sixth and seventh, the eighth and ninth, etc. Some prefer the sirloin to the ribs, which is only a matter of taste.

* Third, fourth, and fifth ribs.

Steaks are cut from the following pieces: tenderloin, sirloin, chuck, cross-rib, rump, and neck. It is with steaks as with roasting pieces, some prefer one part and others another. The one called porter-house steak seems to be the favorite. The name *porter-house* has no reference at all to the steak itself. The name comes from the fact that when in olden times porter-houses were the principal eating places, that kind of steak used to be served in them. They were then something like the English chop-houses of to-day, where large and peculiarly cut mutton-chops are swallowed by many who honestly believe that they are eating some of Queen VICTORIA'S ovine quadrupeds. There is nothing like faith!

A porter-house steak is simply a piece cut across both the tenderloin and sirloin, thus really being a double steak—a tenderloin as well as a sirloin steak.

The tenderloin, as its name expresses it, is the most tender of all, and the highest in price. When the tenderloin is detached from the sirloin piece it sells about twice as high as the other pieces.

Some prefer a chuck steak to a rump one; they find it sweeter and more tender. This is also a matter of taste.

Butchers generally cut the steaks too thin, but it is not their fault, for the majority of people like them so. The immediate cause of this wrong custom is the great demand for steaks, to supply which butchers are obliged to turn every piece they can into them. The result is that half of the time the steak is tough and tasteless.

If those housewives who feed their families on tough steaks (not being willing or able to pay for juicy ones) would take a little more pains—that is, would stew an inferior piece instead of broiling or frying it—they would have more palatable and more nourishing food.

Pounding a steak to make it tender is a mere farce. You may pound a tough and tasteless steak for hours or for days, and you will never make a tender, juicy, and palatable one. Pounding breaks the fibres of the meat, it is true, but it does not remove them, and does not change tasteless meat into that which is juicy and tender. A pounded tough steak while being masticated may appear to an inexperienced palate tenderer than if it had not been pounded, but it is a delusion. It does not show as much resistance under the teeth, it is true, but the nature of the meat remains the same: it does not become more nutritious or more juicy.

A thin steak, even a good one, can not be cooked properly, for a quick fire and a good draught are required to broil a steak, and if it be too thin it is dried up in a moment. The intensity of the heat penetrates through and through, and leaves only a dried, tough, and tasteless piece, instead of a juicy and palatable one.

A steak should never be less than three-quarters of an inch in thickness. It should be broiled rather underdone, as quickly as possible, placed on a warm dish, with butter, chopped parsley, and a few drops of lemon juice spread all over, and served quickly.

A steak broiled beforehand and kept warm in an oven gets dry, tough, and tasteless. If kept in a closed vessel in a warm place, or over steam, it soon gets soggy, and loses its juicy and delicious taste. Fried potatoes or water-cresses are a most excellent accompaniment to a steak.

The round pieces are the best for *à la mode* beef and for stewing. The other pieces of beef are used to make soup, daube, stews, etc.

VEAL.

The best veal is that killed when between five and eight weeks old, but it is good after four weeks. Most veal looks whitish, because the majority of people seem to prefer it so. It is made white by a certain erroneous process of bleeding. Calves should be slaughtered, and not bled. The meat then would be firm, have a somewhat pale, greenish appearance, and would be excellent. The veins of good veal have a reddish hue; those of bled veal are hardly seen. When veal looks yellowish it is not fresh.

The loin, leg, shoulder, and breast pieces are generally roasted. Veal chops are cut from the loin piece and from the rib piece. The fillet, the fricandeau, and the cutlets are cut from the leg. The breast and neck pieces are used for blanquette, matelote, stewing, ragout, etc. Veal soup is only made for a certain class of invalids who require the lightest kind of food.

MUTTON.

Wether mutton is the best. When the fat breaks easily and is white and clear, it is good and young. The fat of inferior mutton is yellowish, and the lean is soft and spongy. A wether leg has a large and hard piece of fat on one side of the larger end.

Mutton is generally cut in quarters. The hind-quarters are composed of the leg and loin; the two loins, when not separated,

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form the saddle. When chops are cut from the saddle they are commonly called English chops; this is a double chop. A forequarter is composed of the shoulder, the rack or rib piece, the breast, and neck. The roasting pieces are, the saddle, the loin, the leg, the shoulder, and sometimes the forequarters, not separated, but cut lamb-like. Haricot and stews are made with the breast and neck pieces. Chops are cut in the loins and legs, and the rib chops (côtelettes) in the rack piece. Mutton that tastes woolly is generally that which has been housed too long.

The roasting pieces certainly have a much more delicate flavor, and are more juicy and tender, when allowed to season for from one to four weeks from the time the animal is killed, according to the state of the weather. In England, where more mutton is eaten than in any other country (comparatively to its population), they seldom roast a saddle or a leg of mutton until it has turned somewhat bluish, when it is called by many venison-mutton.

The flesh of *goat mutton* is of a dirty reddish color; the fat is thin, and has a yellowish hue. The lower part of the leg is elongated, and the thick end of it is more flat than that of good mutton. There is more goat mutton sold in New York than is generally supposed. Those who raise goats do not seem to relish their flesh as much as their milk and companionship, if we may judge from the answer given by one of them to a neighbor. "Good gracious! Mrs. O'Connor," said the latter, "do you go four blocks to buy a pound of meat, when there is a butcher two doors from your house?" "Troth and I do," was the answer. "I never get mutton from him: he buys all our goats."

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.

A GROUP of cut paper patterns illustrated in the present number will furnish models for the principal outside garments and dresses worn by girls from two to thirteen years of age. The sailor blouse suit, made of dark blue twilled flannel, trimmed with bias bands, collar, cuffs, pockets, and sash of lighter blue, or else white cashmere, is the favorite dress for spring, and will also be worn in cool summer mornings in the country and at the sea-side. Solid-colored cambrics, soft-finished piqués, prints, and dark-ground percales with polka dots, will also be made by this pattern, and trimmed with white cotton washing braids. The over-skirt and basque buttoned behind are excellent for best dresses of spring woolen stuffs and silks, or for summer piqués, white muslins, and colored linens. The skirt of the sailor suit completes this dress. The low square-necked over dress or polonaise, when made of black alpaca, can be worn with any plain school dresses. It is also made of fancy-colored silks, to be worn with white dresses, and of Swiss muslin, ruffled, tucked, and edged with Valenciennes, to wear over silk dresses. The sacque for the house, or for a spring wrap in the street, should be of cashmere, or else of light twilled cloth prettily braided or embroidered. The bretelle apron is more stylish and dressy than the pinafore or bib apron so long worn. For every-day use it should be made of white cambric, cross-barred muslin, dimity, diaper, or else gray or buff linen. Swiss muslin aprons, edged with Italian Valenciennes, and trimmed with black or cherry velvet ribbon, brighten up a simple dress; light peacock blue, green, or black silk aprons, edged with lace, or else with pinked ruffles, are worn with white dresses. All the patterns mentioned above are folded in a single package, and sent by mail for 25 cents.

LADIES' FASHIONS.

SPRING MANTILLAS.

Old-time mantillas, with new and stylish accessories, are the wraps for spring and summer. The material is black cashmere — black silk wraps are passée; the trimmings are yak lace, yak insertion, passementerie inserted like lace, bias silk and moiré bands, bows, belts, and sashes of watered ribbon, with buckles, buttons, and chatelaines of old silver, steel, or jet. The stylish shapes have talma backs, usually belted underneath, with long, square mantilla fronts, or else straight scarf ends crossed in fichu fashion, and fastened back on the tournure. A novelty among these is a fraise, or high standing frill, around the neck, made of black lace, or else of pleated silk edged with yak lace. It is three inches wide behind, and slopes away to a point at the throat. New hoods are simply squares of cashmere, silk lined, edged with lace, and folded toward the middle, to look like a Watteau fold. Cord and tassels are arranged to draw it up into a hood. The most elaborate mantillas are trimmed with fine insertion and lace dotted with tiny jet beads; these have the long, square fronts belted with a small bow on the left, and the back is trimmed with lace in jabots, or arranged to give the effect of a Watteau. A simple, stylish round mantle of cashmere edged with lace has a talma front, with belted back, and a lengthwise sash bow of doubled silk, fringed, and held by a carved dull silver buckle; a high silk fraise edged with lace stands around the neck, and a hood fastens the front. The fichu wraps are like the scarf-mantles that were illustrated last year in the *Bazar*. The Verdi mantle has a talma back, pointed mantilla fronts, a high fraise, and when made of cashmere, with lace and cords for trimming, costs but $20 at wholesale houses. One favorite shape has the talma back laid in many pleats from the neck to the waist, and confined there by a watered ribbon sash; the front has a Marie Antoinette collar. The loveliest loose Dolman mantles (not sacques) are made entirely of lengthwise strips of cashmere alternating with passementerie insertion in open designs dotted with jet. Cord ornaments swing from the left shoulder to the waist on the back of belted mantles. Medallions of crocheted open-work are inserted in cashmere capes; the edge of the wrap is then scalloped and finished by narrow lace. Thread lace is not used at all, and silk guipure is superseded by the fine yak wool lace. Carved steel, silver, and jet buttons and ornaments are very effective in brightening up lustreless black cashmere. Russia leather belts, with mother-of-pearl buckles and chatelaines of silver and pearl, are on some of the wraps. Small double collars, one of silk, the other of cashmere, square sailor collars of silk, and erect frills or fraises, very full and stiff and high, trim the neck.

Among the few silk garments shown the most dressy are sleeveless polonaises shaped something like a gentleman's dress-coat, with vest front, and many-looped sashes of watered ribbon, the inevitable high fraise, yak lace, and jet.

SPRING SUITS, BASQUES, ETC.

Fresh importations of French dresses arrive weekly, and give many new suggestions, though they still repeat the standard styles of basques with aprons and over-skirts rivaling polonaises and single skirts. The new basques are the very perfection of corsages, and show off a fine figure to best advantage. They are of simplest possible shape, with very few seams, and without postilion pleats behind, while for trimming they are merely edged with two thick cords covered with silk. The part below the waist is sometimes cut in square lapels, and tiny pockets are put in the front squares; the seams behind open over the tournure, and two large buttons define the waist in the back. The front is plain, with a fraise or a simulated vest, or else is double-breasted, and has two soft points. For such basques the sleeves are usually coat-shape, with very deep cuffs, quite plain, or else of fanciful pleating. There is also a fancy for sleeves that widen below the elbow, and are tied there with silk folds or ribbon. In this case a close cuff like the dress is often added, to be used or removed at pleasure. The Plon-Plon basque has the sleeveless jacket idea, viz., a dark basque with light vest, light sleeves, and a narrow light piping around the garment. Some very dressy basques are long and deeply pointed in front, and very short behind. New polonaises have small double collars like those worn on mantles, and many have high standing fraises. The fullness added below the belt is often gathered in a panier puff behind, and held there by a sash ribbon that passes under the puff. Fichu-mantles are also made of the dress material to complete suits. Aprons and over-skirts are small, and are attached to the lower skirt at the belt, making a suit consist of but two pieces. Lengthwise trimmings on the front breadth and from the belt to the edge are becoming very elaborate.

SILK COSTUMES.

As a model for spring suits take this of two shades of réséda silk. The skirt is the light shade, trimmed behind with five deep side pleatings alternately light and dark, while the front has one puffed and gathered flounce, and a very long apron made of three breadths of dark réséda silk, edged with lighter pleating and shaded ball fringe. The basque is dark, with light vest, long sides like a polonaise, and sash backs that cover the tournure and extend to the top pleating on the skirt. A second costume, of Napoleon blue silk with blue-gray, has four deep gathered flounces behind, made of blue, edged with narrow gray pleatings; an elaborate side trimming on the first side gore is of lengthwise folds of the two colors, and bows made of ends, not loops. Two flounces cross the front, and there is a double apron, one blue and the other gray. The simple blue basque is edged with two gray cords, and has tiny pockets in front, and large embroidered buttons. Coat sleeves with cuffs made of folds of the two colors.

WOOLEN SUITS.

For woolen stuffs the model is a suit of Napoleon blue challi, almost as dark as plum-color. This is contrasted with écru challi, and is made with a belted polonaise that has great revers in front, deep hanging cuffs, and sashes of the blue material, trimmed with écru yak lace and bias bands of écru poplin. The skirt has a deep gathered bias flounce, with facing and folds of écru. For an olive poplin suit of two extreme shades make a Plon-Plon basque of the darkest brown, light coat sleeves with dark wide cuffs, and edge the entire basque with two light cords. The skirt should be of the light shade, with a small rounded dark apron in front, and a large puff behind held by a dark sash. The pretty trimming on the light lower skirt is two narrow bias gathered ruffles of dark brown piped with light, headed by a very deep kilt pleating of the light shade. The buttons are large flat moulds covered with the dark shade, with an embroidered star of the lightest tint of silk. A small fichu-mantle is sometimes added to such suits.

COUTILLE SUITS.

Suits of the blue and white coutille in bed-ticking stripes, described by Madame Raymond, are among the importations. The fabric is not yet imported by the yard, but percales are shown in precisely the same patterns and color. These coutille suits are very simply made with a single skirt, finished by a deep bias Spanish flounce set on at the knee, and rounding slightly like a train behind. The over dress is a long loose polonaise, worn with a belt, and has a deep sailor collar. The lower part of the polonaise is closed, and it is trimmed with three horizontal ruffles that are met on the sides by ruffles that extend downward from the shoulder and edge the garment.

ROUND HATS.

The round hats that city milliners are selecting for their customers are the stately Medici, the Castilian, and the slouchy artistic Rubens. They have high sloping crowns, and most fanciful irregular brims. For garden, sea-side, and country wear, the old-fashioned calash is revived, and called the *Incroyable*. A few of these were worn last summer at the watering-places, and excited more amusement than admiration. The "tip-tilted" Lynette is also favorably received, and the Palmetto hats made in Florida are to be introduced in Japanese shape for flats.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

MR. SAMUEL WILLIAMS, the oldest printer in that region, walked into the office of the Rondout *Freeman* a few days since, and set 1000 ems for the GREELEY statue. He is eighty-four years old, and started the Bennington *News-Letter* in 1812. Mr. THURLOW WEED makes this the subject of one of his charming little notes to the *Commercial Advertiser*, and says: "Though a stranger for many years to the 'space-box,' I am strongly inclined to follow the laudable example of my old friend WILLIAMS. In February, 1816, just fifty-seven years ago, I was working with SAMUEL WILLIAMS as journeyman printer for JESSE BUEL, in the office of the Albany *Argus*. And now, at the age of eighty-four, Mr. WILLIAMS contributes his '1000 ems' in commemoration of a departed craftsman who has since filled a large space in the world's eye, but who, when we, mature in years, had commenced the battle of life, was but six years old."

—The late JESSE GEORGE, of Philadelphia, will glide down pleasantly to posterity for having given $91,000 to various public institutions—say, Pennsylvania Hospital, $2000; Pennsylvania Historical Society, $5000; Quaker Yearly Meeting, $5000; West Town Quaker Boarding-School, $10,000; Quaker Insane Asylum, at Frankford, $7000; library at Hestonville, Pennsylvania, $30,000; and so on. The old gentleman seems to have been especially sweet on the Quakers.

—The Shah of Persia will start for Europe the first week in the coming month, having been officially invited to the Vienna Exposition. He will be accompanied by the principal nobles of the empire, and will come with princely retinue. The priests opposed the journey, but he is proud of the idea that he will be the first Shah to abandon the old usage and set foot on European soil. The sacerdotal influence is the main obstacle to advancement in Persia; but it will be greatly shaken by the impressions which the monarch and his ministers will bear away from their European travels. The Shah will visit St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and London.

—The Marquise de Noailles is making herself very popular in Washington. Recently at a ball an American gentleman said to her, "Ah, madam, if I only spoke your language, what graceful compliments I might pay you!" "Tell me, then, in your language," she answered: "I should understand;" and there came a roguish twinkle of her eyes.

—NATHAN JACKSON was a good man. Not a doubt of it. What did he? Some years ago, having in view the cravings of the body as well as of the mind, he bequeathed a certain portion of his estate, the interest of which should be devoted each year to procure a dinner for the students and those of the alumni of Williams College who could be present. And those half-famished students and hungry alumni, headed by good old Dr. HOPKINS himself, have been enjoying the annual gorge. He was a jolly old mortal, was JACKSON, and on each and every 22d of February in the long hereafter he is to be held in festal honor. Dr. HOPKINS did a little speech, in which he smashed WENDELL PHILLIPS on the Lost Art business, observing in a vein of subtle humor that "Irish bulls were once calves in Greece." Awfully good that.

—The manner in which men pay for too freely expressing their views was sufficiently conspicuous in the case of General CZAYKOWSKI, who has returned to Poland after forty years' exile and service in the Turkish army. He now declares himself a zealous supporter of the Russian government, and thinks if the Poles had not drifted into an insane rebellion against ALEXANDER II., they would have been a happier and more respected people than they are to-day. It is yet to be determined whether the ultimate absorption of Poland is to be in Russia or Germany. The latter is getting up a fine appetite for it.

—The traditional intermarriage of the ROTHSCHILDS has been broken up by the marriage of a daughter of Sir ANTHONY ROTHSCHILD to the Hon. ELIOT YORKE, son of the Earl of Hardwicke. Some sensation was also created in England in consequence of a section of the clergy of the Church of England lodging a caveat in the diocese court at Ely against the wedding being allowed to proceed in the parish church at Wimpole, the bride being a Jewess. The court, however, wisely declined to interfere, and after a civil marriage before the Register-General, the second ceremony took place at the Wimpole church, in the presence of a crowded congregation.

—Miss JENNIE BROWN is the name of a charming Wisconsin belle—a sort of diving belle—who has received fifty yards of watered silk as a reward for saving three men from a watery grave.

—BRET HARTE has had the honor of being done into French, his first series of stories having been translated into that language by A. PICHOT and others, under the title, *Scenes of California Life, and Sketches of Transatlantic Customs*.

—Notwithstanding the fame of HUMBOLDT, he died bordering on poverty. His embarrassments were caused by his loss in 1843 of nine or ten thousand dollars which the King of Prussia had presented to him. It was believed at the time that the money had been stolen from him, but the police were unable to find any clew to its disappearance. Strange to say, a short time since the gentleman now living in the house formerly occupied by HUMBOLDT found the money in a small box among some old rubbish in the cellar. How it got there puzzles HUMBOLDT'S intimate friends exceedingly.

—Mr. TRUEBNER, a publisher of some eminence in London, who some months since was distinguished by the Grand Duke of Baden with the order of the Lion of Zahringer, has recently been decorated by the Emperor of Germany with the order of the Crown of Prussia. American publishers prefer the Money Order—say, Half Eagles.

—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, England's favorite pianiste, made her farewell appearance in London, and, it is said, her last public appearance in England, on the 11th ult. She goes to Australia, and afterward comes to the United States on a professional tour. She made her first appearance as a child prodigy when a pupil of THALBERG.

—Mr. CHARLES O'CONOR is a grave man, and yet of a wag-y turn. When the verdict in the JUMEL case was announced, the ladies of Mr. CHASE'S family gushed and rushed toward him. Mrs. FRANCHELL absolutely kissed him—a good, resonant kiss. Mr. O'CONOR observed that if the elder of the ladies were entitled to kiss him, he had the right to kiss the younger ones; and as C. O'CONOR proceeded to execute that manœuvre he remarked to the Court, "Behold the privilege of age!" Judge SHIPMAN didn't take the first step to stop this wild proceeding, but let the impetuous C. O'C. proceed the whole thing.

—An opulent lady of Massachusetts, the late Mrs. BETSEY D. TRACY, of Pittsfield, has made fat the treasury of several charitable institutions, besides leaving handsome legacies to relatives. To the American Board, the Home Missionary Society, the Tract Society, and Friends' Society of New York, she gives $5000 each.

—M. THIERS, in conversing recently with an American gentleman on the characteristics of the late LOUIS NAPOLEON and BISMARCK, said: "BISMARCK as a diplomatist has had his schemes and plots and stratagems. But in the main he seems to have been distinguished by a certain brutal frankness. It was this startling and unusual quality which deceived men like NAPOLEON III., men who, never meaning what they said, were quite overpowered and amazed to find that BISMARCK did mean what he said. It is because the German Chancellor has not been a conspirator that, dealing with conspirators, he has gained his astonishing success."

—His majesty the present First King of Siam was born on the 21st of September, 1853, elected king by the Royal Council on the death of his father, October 1, 1868, and crowned on the 11th of November following. Owing to his youth, an executive minister of state was appointed to administer the government during his minority. His majesty is a prince of good abilities. After acquiring some knowledge of his own language, he commenced studying English under the tuition of Mrs. LEONOWENS, an English governess in the royal family. She left her position in June, 1867, when Mr. J. H. CHANDLER, the American missionary at Bangkok, was appointed tutor. Mr. C. left Siam on a visit to the United States in 1868, and as the prince succeeded to the throne soon after, no other tutor was appointed; but his majesty still kept up his English studies with his private secretary, who spent about three years in England, and had acquired some knowledge of the English language. His majesty visited Singapore and Java in the early part of 1871, and British India in the early part of 1872, and was received with distinguished honors on both occasions. No Siamese sovereign ever before visited for pleasure and information foreign countries, though some have crossed over their boundaries in time of war. His majesty is fond of improvements, has introduced a modified European dress among his officers, and is doing much to improve the country. His majesty will attain his majority on the 21st of September next, and after celebrating his natal day will, in accordance with Siamese custom, give up his authority to a regent, and enter the priesthood for a short time. On coming out of the priesthood it will be necessary to go through all the ceremonies of another coronation, and commence counting his reign anew from that time. The recoronation is expected to take place in October next. A large part of the royal palace has been torn down, is fast rebuilding, and great preparations are making in anticipation of this event. Although only nineteen years of age, his majesty has numerous wives and children. His majesty the Second King of Siam was born on the 30th of August, 1838, elected Second King by the Royal Council on the 1st of October, 1868, and crowned on the 25th of November following. He is a prince of much ability. His literary and scientific education was well attended to. His majesty has considerable knowledge of the English language, and is especially fond of the arts and sciences. His father, the late Second King, paid special attention to physical science, and collected a great variety of scientific instruments and a valuable library. The son possesses the same fondness for science, art, and useful knowledge, and has enlarged the library collected by his father with many late works and treatises, besides adding to his chemical and other kinds of apparatus. The artisans under his majesty display skill and taste in whatever they do. His majesty pays great attention to the drill and discipline of his soldiers. Their orderly and neat appearance and skillful manœuvres surprise most foreigners. The military bands, with European instruments and music, which have been trained during the last few years, display much musical skill and great progress. Both of the kings have good military bands, and there is considerable emulation among the soldiers and musicians of the two palaces, which is exerting a good influence. The political relations between the two kings in Siam is something like that of President and Vice-President in the United States. The Second King is usually eligible on the demise of the First to the vacant throne; but there are few instances in Siamese history where the Second has become the First King. Strictly speaking, there is no heir-apparent among the princes in Siam, the succession being determined on the demise of the First King by the Royal Council. There have been times when the throne of the Second King has been vacant for many years, but the government is considered irregular at such times.

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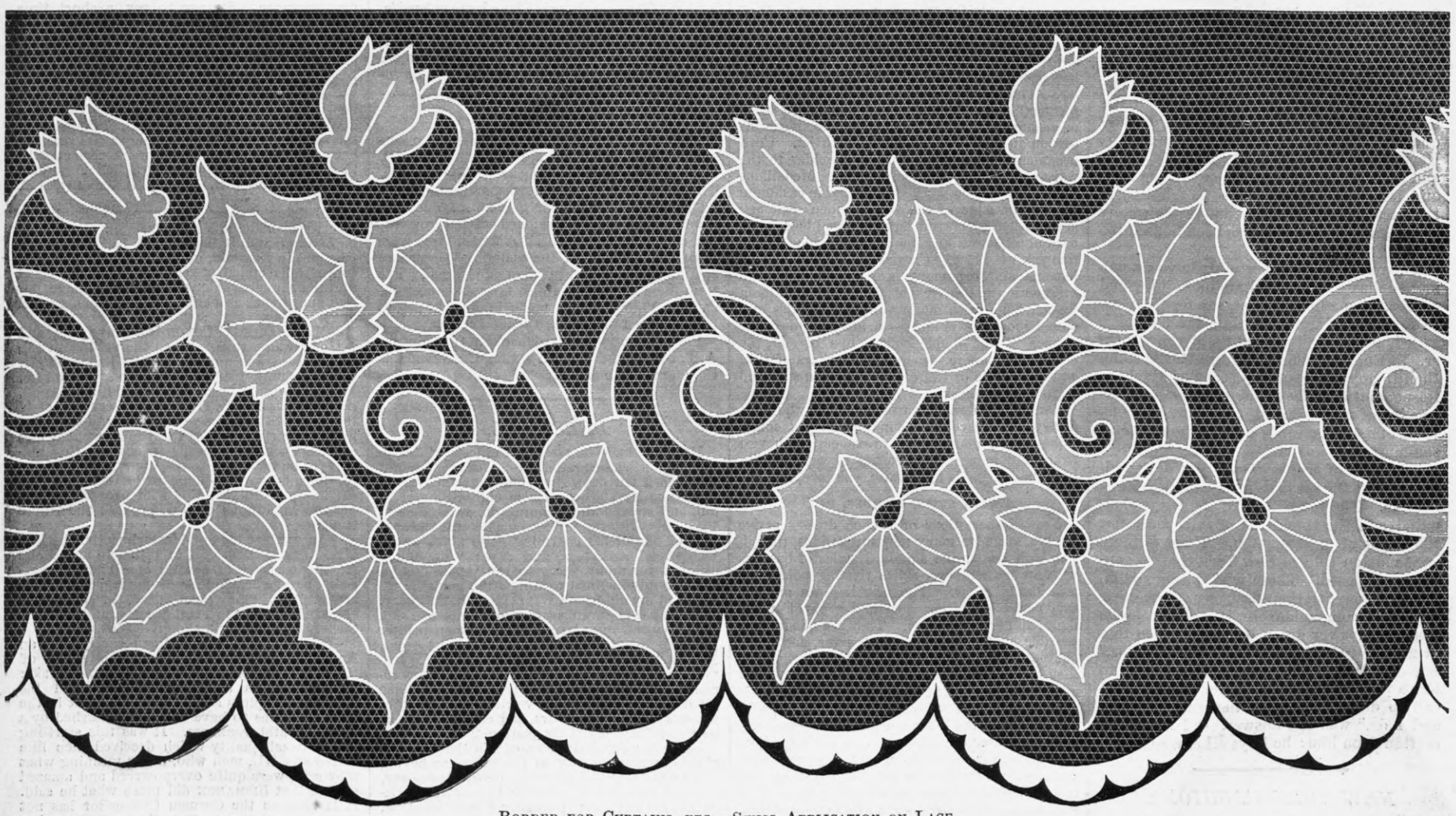


BORDER FOR CURTAINS, ETC.—SWISS APPLICATION ON LACE.

Border for Curtains, etc.—Swiss Application on Lace.

THIS border is especially suited for curtains, window-shades, etc., and may also be used for the edge of a table-cover. It is worked, according to the article for which it is designed, on fine or coarse lace with Swiss muslin, cambric, or nansook application. Transfer the design in the usual manner to the foundation (for the two opposite parts of window-curtains it must, of course, be transferred in opposite directions), baste the lace on a strip of enameled cloth or coarse linen, cover it with the foundation, and hem-stitch the edges. Work the veins and leaves in half-polka stitch, and button-hole stitch the outer row of scallops. Separate the embroidery from the foundation, cut away the double material along the scallops, and cut out the foundation along the edges.

Jewel Casket, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS casket is made of carved wood stained brown, and is ornamented with appliqué embroidery and lined with green satin quilted in diamonds. The foundation for the embroidery is of dark green cloth, on which green satin figures, ornamented in half-polka stitch with green silk and edged with gold cord, are applied. Green silk soutache is stitched on in connection with these figures, as shown by the illustration. On the middle of the foundation is set a piece of velvet, on which the initial is worked in satin stitch with green silk and gold cord. Fig. 2 shows the embroidery for the cover. The sides of the casket can be ornamented in the design shown by the illustration, or else covered with cloth without embroidery.

Blue Crêpe de Chine and Lace Cravat Bow.

THIS cravat bow is made of white lace insertion an inch wide, white lace an inch and a quarter and two inches wide, and loops of light blue crêpe de Chine arranged spirally on a tulle foundation, as shown by the illustration, so as to form a nearly circular fan-shaped bow with ends, the ribbon being in the centre.

BLUE CRÊPE DE CHINE AND LACE CRAVAT BOW.

FIG. 1.—JEWEL CASKET.—APPLICATION AND SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

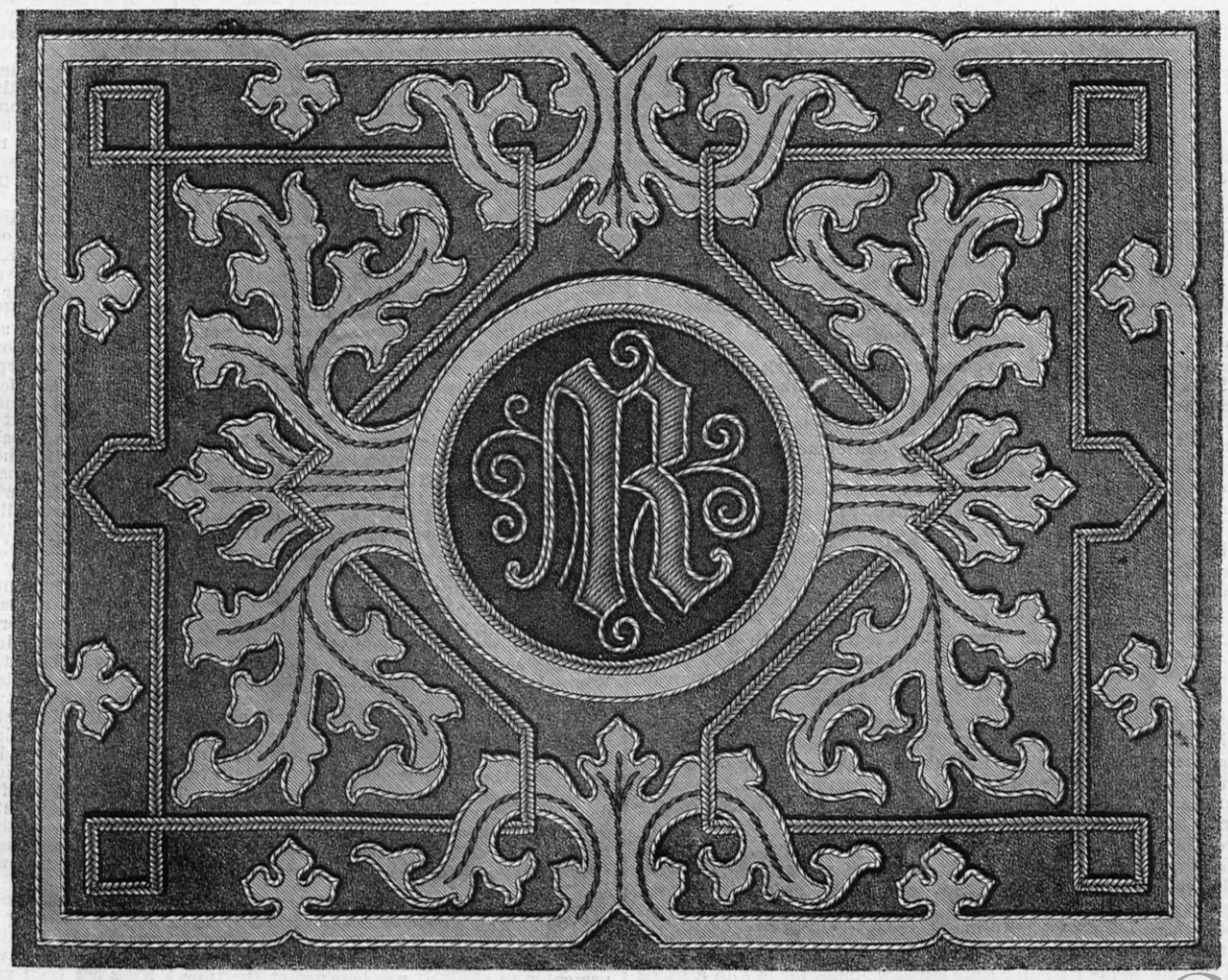


FIG. 2.—DESIGN FOR COVER OF JEWEL CASKET.—APPLICATION AND SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Cerise Crêpe de Chine and Lace Cravat.

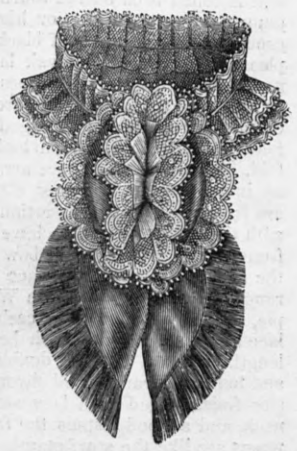
THIS cravat is made of gathered lace as shown by the illustration. It is trimmed in front with a rosette of lace and cerise crêpe de Chine. The crêpe de Chine ends are fringed out seven-eighths of an inch long. The rosette and ends in front are arranged in such a manner as to simulate a jabot of ribbon and lace.

Gros Grain Dinner Dress, Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on first page and on page 197.

THIS dress, which is shown with a heart-shaped waist by illustrations Figs. 1 and 2, on the first page, is made of buff and violet gros grain, and consists of a skirt and waist. The front breadths of the skirt are of buff gros grain, and are trimmed with ruffles of the material as shown by the illustration. The back breadths of the skirt, which are arranged in a puff in the back as shown by the illustration, and bound with buff gros grain, overlap the front breadths. The sash is of buff gros grain. The heart-shaped basque-waist is of violet gros grain, and is edged with double cording and furnished with a collar of the material. A piece of buff gros grain is basted into the neck of the waist. The waist is trimmed, besides, with pleated crêpe lisse and white lace, arranged in the form of a Marie Antoinette collar. The sleeves are trimmed with gros grain cuffs, with puffs of crêpe lisse, and with white lace. This dress is very pretty made up in black silk, with white lace trimmings.

Fig. 3 shows a low-necked waist to be worn with the same skirt for full-dress occasions. The waist is made of violet gros grain, and is trimmed with revers of the same, with bands, puffs, and bows of buff gros grain, and with white lace. Silk tulle chemise Russe and puffed sleeves. The sleeves are trimmed with ruffles of the material. Coiffure of violet feathers. Necklace of pink coral beads. Coral and gold bracelets and ear-rings. Pink silk fan.



CERISE CRÊPE DE CHINE AND LACE CRAVAT.

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GIRL'S WARDROBE.

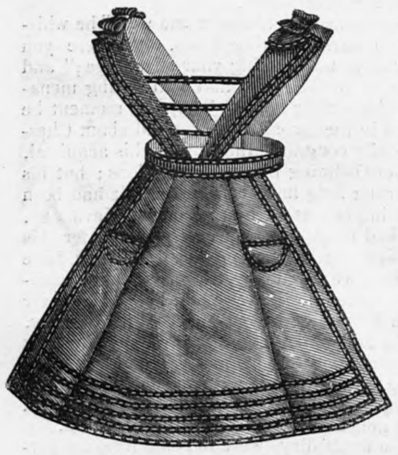
WITH CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

THIS wardrobe will be found extremely useful for girls of all ages from two to thirteen years, as it comprises the most popular and necessary garments of the season. The sailor blouse and skirt make an extremely pretty dress, which can be varied by combining the skirt of this suit with the basque and over-skirt, or the low-necked over dress, furnished with the wardrobe. The basque buttoned in the back is a favorite style at present for children, and answers a large demand. The graceful sacque is convenient for indoor wear, and also for the street during the warm season. The bretelle apron is very pretty, and equally well suited to children of all ages. The wardrobe can be made up in any material, from the cheapest to the most costly, and trimmed to suit the taste. The patterns are graded from 19 to 30 inches bust measure. To take the size pass a tape measure straight around the body, under the arms, drawing it moderately tight.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

THIS set comprises seven articles—sailor blouse, skirt, basque fastened behind, over-skirt, low-necked over dress, sacque, and bretelle apron.

SAILOR BLOUSE.—This pattern is in five pieces—front, back, collar, sleeve, and cuff. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting them together. The perforations show where to baste the seams; those in the sleeve at the top show the size and form of the under part. Cut the front and back with the longest straight edge, and the collar and cuff with the shortest straight edge laid lengthwise on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Cut an opening in the middle of the front from the top down to the notch, and face the sides. Cut the sleeves lengthwise of the goods. Baste the seams according to the notches, and hem the bottom, then run a tape through the shirr thus formed to adjust the garment to the figure, and try on wrong side out; if alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the back of the armhole, and hold the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. Sew the collar to the neck, placing the middle of the collar at the middle of the back, with the seam on the outside, then turn the collar over to conceal the seam. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seam on the shoulder and under the arm, and a quarter of an inch for all other seams.



GIRL'S BRETELLE APRON.—WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for child two years old, 1⅛ yards; eight years, 1⅞ yards; thirteen years, 2½ yards. One-eighth of a yard is added for every year.

SAILOR SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front gore, side gore, back breadth, and pocket. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting them together. The perforations show where to place the pocket. Cut the front gore and back breadth with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Cut the side gore with the edge of the pattern which has one notch laid lengthwise on the edge of the goods. Turn the top of the pocket down in the line of perforations. Close the seams of the skirt according to the notches, and gather the top of the back breadth. Lay two pleats in the side gore turning toward the front, and sew the skirt to the belt. Trim the bottom, about four inches from the edge, with a band of the material three inches wide. A quarter of an inch is allowed for seams in this pattern. If the skirt is too long or too short, add to or take from the bottom the quantity required, always keeping the same shape.

Fig. 3.—LOW-NECKED WAIST FOR DINNER DRESS.
[See Figs. 1 and 2 on First Page.]

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for child two years old, 1½ yards; eight years, 3 yards; thirteen years, 4¼ yards. One-quarter of a yard is added for every year.

BASQUE FASTENED BEHIND.—This pattern is in six pieces—half of the front, side front, back, side back, sleeve, and half of the cuff. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting them together. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulder and under the arms, and across the side front; the perforations in the sleeve at the top show the size and form of the under part. Cut the front with the longest straight edge, and the cuff with the shortest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid seams. Cut the back with the longest straight edge laid lengthwise on the edge of the goods. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back for the hem. Slash the middle of the front up to the notch from the bottom. Baste the seam across the side front and all other seams according to the notches, and try on wrong side out; if alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the back part of the armhole, holding the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. Set a narrow band standing upward around the neck, and close the back to the waist line with buttons and button-holes an inch and a quarter apart. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all others. If the sleeves are too long or too short, add to or take from the top and bottom an equal quantity.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for child two years old, 1½ yards; eight years, 2¼ yards; thirteen years, 2⅞ yards. One-eighth of a yard is added for every year.

OVER-SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—half of front gore, side gore, half of back breadth, and strap to loop the skirt. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting them together. Cut the front gore and back breadth with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Cut the side gore with the edge of the pattern that has one notch laid lengthwise on the edge of the goods. Close the seams according to the notches. Slash the middle of the back breadth from the top as far down as the notch, and turn back for the hem. Gather the top of the back breadth and side gore, and sew to the belt. Tack one end of the strap under the skirt near the front of the gathers, and the other end at the perforations in the back breadth. Cut two pieces like the pattern given of the strap. Trim the bottom with fringe headed by three bias folds of the material, their own width apart. A quarter of an inch is allowed for seams on this pattern.

GIRL'S SACQUE.—WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for child two years old, 1½ yards; eight years, 2¼ yards; thirteen years, 2⅞ yards. One-eighth of a yard is added for every year.

LOW-NECKED OVER DRESS.—This pattern is in seven pieces—half of front, side front, back, side back, sleeve, strap, and piece for trimming. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting them together; the notches also show where to lay the pleats. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulder and under the arms, the size and form of the under part of the sleeve, and where to tack the straps in the middle of the back and on the side of the skirt. The front is cut with extra width on the side, and laid in a deep box-pleat at the waist line before joining to the side form. The back is fitted with side back and middle seams. At the side back and under arm seams the skirt is cut with extra width, gathered across the top, and tacked to the corresponding seams on the under side. The back edge of the front is laid in two, and the front edge of the back in four side pleats, according to the notches, and turning upward,

GIRL'S LOW-NECKED OVER DRESS.—FRONT AND BACK.—WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

GIRL'S BASQUE FASTENED BEHIND AND OVER-SKIRT.—FRONT AND BACK.
WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

GIRL'S SAILOR BLOUSE AND SKIRT.—FRONT AND BACK.
WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

GIRL'S WARDROBE.

[Cut Paper Patterns of Girl's Wardrobe, comprising Sailor Blouse and Skirt, Basque fastened behind, Over-Skirt, Low-necked Over Dress, Sacque, and Bretelle Apron, for Girl from 2 to 13 Years old, from 19 to 30 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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before joining together. The neck is cut square at both the front and back, and finished with points of the material. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back for the hem in front. The sleeve is left open from the bottom up to the notch on the outside seam. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the back of the armhole, holding the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. The skirt is draped in the back with three straps. Tack one end of each strap at the three seams in the back at the waist, and the other end at the single perforations in the skirt. Baste up and try on wrong side out; if alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all others.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for child two years old, 2½ yards; eight years, 3¼ yards; thirteen years, 3⅞ yards. One-eighth of a yard is added for every year.

SACQUE.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, back, sleeve, and pocket. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting them together. The perforations show where to baste the seams, where to place the pockets, and the size and form of the under part of the sleeve. Cut the front with the longest straight edge laid on the edge of the goods. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back for the hem. Cut the back with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid a seam. Baste the seams according to the notches, and try on wrong side out; if alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the back of the armhole, and hold the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. Finish the neck with a band standing upward. Close the front at the neck with three buttons and button-holes. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all others.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for child two years old, seven-eighths of a yard; eight years, 1¼ yards; thirteen years, 1½ yards. One-sixteenth of a yard is added for every year.

BRETELLE APRON.—This pattern is in five pieces—half of front gore, side gore, bretelle, pocket, and belt. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting them together. Cut the front gore with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid a seam. Cut the side gore with the edge of the pattern that has one notch laid lengthwise on the edge of the goods. The perforations show where to place the pocket, and where to sew the bretelles on the belt. Sew the top of the apron plain to the belt; the notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back for the hem on the belt. Join the shoulder of the bretelle by the notches, and ornament with a bow of ribbon. A quarter of an inch is allowed for seams in this pattern.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for child two years old, half a yard; eight years, three-quarters of a yard; thirteen years, 1⅛ yards. One-sixteenth of a yard is added for every year.

SONG.

I WOULD be a sunbeam bright!
Not that I might flash with light
On the world's bewildered sight—
No! ah, no!
I would go
Diving through my love's blue eyes
Down into her inmost soul;
Then from azure deeps arise,
While a pearly tear I stole.
Laughing, I
Then would fly,
Kissing all her golden hair.
Were I but a sunbeam fair,
All things I might do and dare!

MURPHY'S MASTER.

BY JAMES PAYN,

Author of "A Woman's Vengeance," "Bred in the Bone," "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

ARRESTED.

"So you are on the look-out, Mr. Chesney, with your map and your glass," said Maguire, when he had come up to Robert's side, "in hopes to see a friendly sail?"

He spoke in a dry, cynical tone that was habitual to him, but the expression of his face was less grim than usual, though not more genial: it was grave, set, and determined.

"I am looking, like other people," answered Robert, carelessly, "for the ship that fired that gun."

"Yes," answered the other, contemptuously, "and you were also wishing that you had a white table-cloth to wave, or a pile of wood to fire, in order to attract her attention."

"Why not?" inquired Robert, coolly: "all sails are friendly to us here, I suppose."

"To you, perhaps, they may be; but not to him who rules this island for the nonce, nor to him"—and he struck his own broad breast with his hand—"who is about to rule it. No ship shall land here with *my* leave; be sure of *that;* and woe be to the man who brings one hither."

"I did not know that the island was provided with such heavy batteries, and that you had the command of them," observed Robert, with heightened color. "As to your menace—if you intend it to be a personal one—it is thrown away upon me."

"Ho, ho! so you have already made up your mind upon the subject we discussed a while ago. We are to be enemies, are we, Robert Chesney?"

"We are not to be friends, Maguire, if at least you are so free with your threats," answered Robert, boldly. "You may kill me—and you look this moment as if you would like to do it—but be sure of this, you shall never bully me. If I had a flag here, I would wave it, if I had a bonfire here, I would light it, though it were to be the last movement of my hand."

"What a pity that I shall some day have to kill you, Chesney, if you let your courage so far outstrip your wits," said Maguire, not without some admiring pity. "It is lucky for you that both you and those poor fools yonder are alike in error respecting the sound you have just heard. That was no ship's gun, my lad, as you imagine, but an earthquake shock. In the China seas I have heard such more than once, though never in these latitudes. You doubt me? Well, if it be a ship, then, you may signal her, and may I swing at her yard-arm."

"An earthquake shock!" answered Robert, wonderingly. "Well, it is true I thought I felt the island tremble."

"And you were right, lad. I have told you the explanation of that; now why not be taught by me in other matters? Did I deceive you as to the condition of Kavanagh? Is he not stark, staring mad? Are not our lives hanging on a mere thread while we submit ourselves to his tyrannical caprices?"

"All that is true," said Robert, firmly. "But I will not have him harmed—that is, as *you* would harm him."

"You would rather let him kill you than kill *him*, perhaps?" observed Maguire, significantly. "And yet," added he, when the other made no answer, "I have heard it said you once drew a knife upon a man yourself."

"On Murphy: yes. But I had no other means whereby to defend my life."

"Oh! that was it," said Maguire, carelessly. "I thought you had a slighter reason. Well, our intelligent friends yonder have hit, I see, at last upon the idea of using the hill as a look-out; and as I don't want to have to explain to them the phenomena of earthquakes, I shall be off; so good-evening."

He nodded, and moved slowly off toward the harbor. Unconcerned as he strove to appear, Robert knew that Maguire felt baffled, angry, and evilly disposed toward himself; that he had made his last effort to win him over to his views, and was now resolved to act without him—perhaps against him. Full of serious thoughts and apprehensions, Robert felt as little inclined to chatter as his late companion, and went down the hill to his own house. Instigated by some presentiment of danger to those precious treasures, he dug up the flooring of his bedroom, and hid beneath it his map, his telescope, and also a little pocket-compass he had purchased in Melbourne; then feeling that he had taken all the poor precautions that were within his power, he lit his pipe, to think and ponder once again. Before it was smoked out there came a knock at the door, and Tim appeared at it, pike in hand.

"You're wanted," said he, "at the harbor."

The curtness of the man's manner, and the absence of the "Sir," which he had used but a few hours ago, would have suggested to Robert that there was something amiss, even had there not been at Tim's back two other men, also with pikes, presenting on the whole a far from friendly-looking embassy.

"Why, what's the matter, Tim?" inquired Robert, good-naturedly.

"That you must answer to the master—I mean the Governor," was the gruff reply. "I'm to bring you to him, and these are to stay here and search about."

When Tim and his prisoner were on their way together to the Government House, however, the former relaxed in his sternness, and became more communicative. Maguire, it appeared, had impeached Robert to Kavanagh, accusing him of a design to attract strangers to the island, for the purpose of destroying his authority; and the poor mad Governor was more beside himself than ever with fury.

"Bedad, if it's proved against you, he'll string you up just as he did Pat Doolan," was Tim's fixed opinion, in which Robert himself was obliged to concur: and if that was to happen, what would *then* become of Lizzy, left on *Murphy's Island* without even the protection of his slender arm! This reflection, however, instead of paralyzing him, seemed to nerve him with courage, and if it did not sharpen his wits, determined him at least to exercise them without scruple. He had an arrow in his mental quiver which, if the worst came to the worst, he would let fly at Maguire's own breast, be the issue to that traitor what it might.

In front of Government House there was a little crowd assembled, that made way for him with a pitying murmur; and what was far more ominous, there projected from one of its front windows a stout pole, from the end of which a rope was already dangling, the same, no doubt, which had cut short poor Doolan's mortal coil.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HIGH TREASON.

ROBERT was ushered by Tim into the same room wherein he had been before admitted, but which now presented a somewhat different appearance. Upon the round table, on which bottle and glasses were still standing, had been hoisted an arm-chair, and in this elevated seat was Kavanagh, holding in his hand, by way of symbol of sovereignty, a wooden ruler, which he waved, as Robert entered, with a majestic air. By his side stood Murphy, with a drawn sword; and in a corner of the room, in an empty tea-chest, which came up to his hips, and supplied the place of a witness-box, stood Maguire—both with the gravest faces, as of persons impressed with a due reverence for judicial ceremonial. Perilous as he felt his position to be, Robert could hardly maintain his gravity at this ludicrous spectacle; though the black beam projecting from the window, and the murmur of hushed expectancy that came up from the crowd below, might well have quenched the mirth of a braver man.

"Robert Chesney," observed the Governor, in a solemn voice, marred, however, by an occasional hiccup, "you are accused of endeavoring to bring upon us a foreign power, thereby to subvert our authority—an offense contrary to the constitution, and which by it is punishable with death. It is my hope, dearly beloved cousin, and second only to ourselves, as you are, within this realm, that you may clear yourself of this hateful charge. But if otherwise, you shall pay the penalty, like the meanest. There stands your accuser!" And Kavanagh pointed to the tea-chest with his ruler, and drained a glass of whisky to the dregs.

Then Maguire repeated so much of the conversation Robert had held with him on the hill as referred to the ship, erroneously expected, adding certain expressions of aspiration to which the young fellow had never given utterance, but that really gave a certain treasonous aspect to what had been said, well fitted to inflame a tyrant's suspicions. The very repetition of his story, in fact, evidently aroused Kavanagh's jealousy and alarm, and at its conclusion it was with an impatient gesture that he motioned to the accused, and bade him say what he had to say in his defense.

"Much of that which Maguire has stated, Sir," said Robert, firmly, "is a malicious lie; but as to my saying that I intended to hail the ship, if such it had proved to be, I did say so; nor did I know—nor do I—that I should have done wrong in so doing."

"Death, by article nineteen of the constitution," observed Kavanagh, hastily. "Get ready the rope there."

"To be punished, Sir," pleaded the unhappy lad, "for transgressing a law of which I was wholly ignorant—"

"It's the same in the British constitution, my good fellow," observed Kavanagh, cheerfully.

"That may be, Sir; but the one that you have so wisely framed upon its model should not copy its faults. Doubtless all the rest of your subjects have been made acquainted with this admirable document, whereas I alone when it was proclaimed was absent from the island upon business of your own and of the state."

Kavanagh shook his head.

"*De minimis non curat lex*," said he: "we can't take notice of these little matters. Are you acquainted with any just cause or impediment—no, that's not it. Have you any reason to offer"—and here he put on his black skull-cap, like a judge who is about to award the last penalty of the law—"why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

"Yes," answered Robert, boldly, "I have a state secret, the revelation of which may well earn for me my life at your hands, and which I pray you to let me whisper in your ear."

"Whisper in my ear?—How the deuce can he do that, Murphy? I'm too high up. This has not been provided for in the constitution."

A stool, however, was brought, and Robert, ascending it, spoke a few words earnestly to Kavanagh in a low tone. They seemed to affect him in an extreme degree.

"Tim!" cried he to the sentinel, excitedly, "go to New Town, and fetch our royal consort, Mary Becher."

Tim scratched his head; the mandate being unintelligible to him, as it well might be.

"It's Mary Beamish that the Governor means," whispered Dick, in explanation.

"*It's not!*" roared Kavanagh, in a transport of fury. "What do *you* say, Robert? *You* know it's Mary Becher, don't you?"

Robert assented eagerly: he would have recognized her with equal facility as Mary de' Medici, Mary of Burgundy, or Mary Queen of Scots.

"*Now* I know who are the traitors!" exclaimed Kavanagh, looking reproachfully at Murphy, and then casting an angry glance upon Maguire, who, indeed, if to grow pale and red by turns is to be of doubtful loyalty, exhibited very traitorous symptoms. "But nevertheless let the crime be proved."

Here the door opened and admitted Mary Beamish, whom Tim had found in the crowd without, all the inhabitants of New Town having by this time congregated thither at the news of Robert's impeachment. She was a pretty brunette enough, and the slight paleness caused by her alarm at this unexpected summons mitigated her somewhat too rosy charms.

"We sent for you, Mary," explained Kavanagh, with elaborate courtesy, "to know from your own lips whether that man yonder"—pointing to Maguire—"has ever ventured to abuse your ear by protestations of affection. Speak the truth, and fear not."

Mary hung her head and blushed.

"Mr. Maguire has courted me," faltered she; "but—"

"Ah! you concealed the matter that the wretch might keep his life," interrupted Kavanagh.

"Well, Sir," continued the puzzled girl, "I thought him too old and too ugly."

"Most faithful of women!" ejaculated Kavanagh, admiringly, "you have said enough.—Tim, remove our consort.—What ho! without there! get the rope ready! Maguire shall swing. Executioner, do your duty."

Maguire turned deadly pale, and thrust his hand into his breast; but the weapon that he looked for was not there. He had come unarmed to a council where affairs, as he thought, could never have taken a turn so perilous to himself. Murphy was advancing toward him with a rope to pinion his wrists, when Robert suddenly interposed. He certainly owed this man no favor, but the idea of his being put to death at his instigation was abhorrent to him.

"I humbly beg, Sir, that you will spare Maguire's life," cried he.

"Why so?" asked Kavanagh, testily. "He is your own enemy."

"I know it, Sir; and for that very reason would not have his blood upon my hands."

"Blood upon my hands!" repeated Kavanagh, fiercely, and looking at his own fingers. "What is that to you? Have you not just heard that he has committed high treason? You call yourself my loyal subject, and yet you would have me pardon him. You ask his life—well, take it, then. The man is free; and now I have not a friend, not one, not one—but you, Dick."

Murphy had run to his master, and was now helping him to descend from his chair of state with affectionate solicitude. "Blood on my hands, Dick! Did you hear him? I will never forgive him that. Send them away, send them away!"

As Maguire and Robert went down the stairs together from the hall of audience, the former grasped the latter's arm.

"You turned the tables on me well," he whispered, in harsh, grating tones. "Where you erred was in not pushing your advantage;" and he pointed to the noose that still swung menacingly above their heads. The next moment he was lost in the throng that crowded about Chesney, noisily congratulating him on his acquittal, and overwhelming him with questions; but his words rang long in Robert's ears. It had been indeed imprudent in him to offend Kavanagh, as he had manifestly done, by pleading for this man's life, who, without provocation, would have taken his own; and now, as impervious to gratitude as to mercy, it was plain he would never rest till he had destroyed him. With Murphy, Maguire had still great influence, so long as it was not used against his master; and there was nothing, Robert felt, but Kavanagh's waning favor to preserve him from the fate that he had for the nonce escaped but by a hair-breadth.

These forebodings were in some measure corroborated by finding himself on the succeeding day denied to Kavanagh—with whom he had wished to confer respecting the house-building at New Town, which was proceeding with more dispatch than care—and also by the establishment of a sentry on the hill-top, who had orders to prevent any person ascending the same. This latter arrangement, as Robert only too well understood, being to give Kavanagh early and exclusive notice of a ship's approach.

On the other hand, Chesney was not personally interfered with; his authority, both at New Town and elsewhere, seemed to be acknowledged as usual, and indeed he was thought to be in especially high favor with the Governor, since he was allowed to use the little boat. In this he paddled about for hours daily, not for pleasure, but in order to make it an accustomed sight, so that, should the opportunity arise of going out to meet the sloop, his doing so should not excite comment. No opposition was even offered when he tried the experiment of beaching the gig at New Town, instead of leaving it in the harbor, though he had reason to suspect that a messenger had been dispatched from the latter place to learn whether he had returned to the island. To Maguire, and probably to Murphy, the news that he had not done so would have been welcome, for it was not likely, if once carried out to sea in such a tiny craft, he would ever have seen land again. There was much to do in the way of superintendence of affairs, for little as he knew about agricultural matters, he knew more than his brother colonists, while in the matter of architecture, since it was almost wholly confined to carpentering, his advice and help were always in request. It was fortunate that it was so, for if he had had less to occupy him, he would have been consumed with anxieties and apprehensions upon Lizzy's account, the time for whose arrival, as he calculated, was now drawing very near. He had no doubt that the Alstons would at once embrace the opportunity that had been offered them, and leave England by the next mail; and bitterly indeed he now regretted the haste he had urged them to use. His hope was that they had found themselves unable to so immediately obey his summons, and that before another two months had passed help might arrive from some unlooked-for quarter. If not, and especially if any thing should happen to Kavanagh, who was understood to be in very ill health—or at least that was the reason given for the denial he always met with at Government House—he might expect the worst indeed. In the mean time he seemed to be growing more and more out of favor with the Governor, who had sent him orders, through Murphy, that he was to confine himself to his own district of New Town, and not presume to come over to the harbor without permission—an edict which, as he guessed, had a similar intention with that of the appointment of the hill sentry: other persons had made the same calculations as himself respecting the probable arrival of the sloop.

One morning early there came a timid knock at his door, and rising in haste, though nearly dressed—for he held himself day and night in readiness to take to the boat at a moment's notice—he found Mary Beamish. This girl was very grateful to him for having delivered her from the persecutions of Maguire, who, since the day that had so nearly proved fatal to him, had not ventured to molest her, and was well aware of his anxiety on Lizzy's account, with which (in

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spite of a little tenderness she felt for Robert herself) she warmly sympathized.

"What is it, Mary?" inquired he, eagerly.

"Come to our cottage, Sir, and I'll tell you," said she, cautiously. "I can not tell you in the street."

"But is the sloop come? For Heaven's sake tell me *that*."

"Yes, it arrived not an hour ago; and has sailed away again. I could not get to tell you sooner."

"But Lizzy? Is she at the harbor?"

"No, indeed, Sir; you must not go to the harbor. Mr. Maguire, bad cess to him! would only be too glad to see you disobeying orders.—Well, stop one moment;" and as Robert was about to start madly off at the top of his speed, she lifted the latch of the cottage door, and added, with a sly smile, "she's *here*, Sir." The next instant he was clasped in Lizzy's arms.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IVIES.

THERE is no plant more suitable for the in-door decoration of a rural home than the ivy. It will grow in almost any ordinary soil; does not require any heat in order to make it thrive; its thick papery or leathery foliage enables it to resist great changes of temperature; and it grows well in the shade. We have seen it doing admirably trained round the mouldings of the sliding-doors between the parlors, and very pretty effects can be produced by training it upon properly constructed wire or rustic frames on the inside of the windows. It also forms a staple plant for hanging baskets or rustic plant stands, as its rich, deep, dark green foliage forms an efficient contrast to the lighter green or colored foliage of the other plants used for this purpose.

It is also useful for covering stone or brick walls where it is hardy, but it is not hardy north of the city of New York, and can scarcely be called hardy there, as, unless protected by straw mats, it often gets killed or has its beauty defaced by the extreme cold. Fortunately, for these purposes and for covering the trunks of trees, we have a native plant, *Ampelopsis quinquefolia*, commonly known as the Virginia Creeper and American Ivy, whose magnificent foliage gives us a good substitute for the true ivy, except that it is deciduous, and therefore does not clothe our walls with green in the winter season. In sections of the country where the ivy is found to be hardy, it is a very useful plant for planting in the crevices of rocks, in order to cover them with foliage, and to break up their naked appearance; it is also well adapted for planting on banks and terraces, which it soon covers with its rich, luxuriant foliage.

The ivy has the curious habit, after it has attained the top of a wall or ruin, of throwing out fruiting branches, the foliage of which is different from that of the climbing portion of the plant, so that the top of the wall or ruin will appear to have a hedge from three to six feet high growing upon it. These fruiting branches are propagated by cuttings, or grafting upon the climbing stems, and then retain the arborescent form for many years. In this state they make very elegant pot plants for house culture, but, of course, are not useful for training around windows, etc. The climbing forms can be made to assume various shapes, such as pyramids, canopies, etc., by the use of properly constructed wire frames and judicious training. In Germany, where this plant is greatly used for in-door rustic adornment, it will be found trained in the vestibule, up the balustrades of the stairs, over the piano, and even as a dividing screen in a room, and also in the shop windows, and on the supports of the shelving for the goods.

As to soil, the ivy will grow in any good garden soil. When grown in pots or boxes, use the same soil as you would for geraniums, fuchsias, or heliotropes, except that for the variegated-leaved sorts no manure should be used, as it has a tendency to make the variegations run out. They should be kept rather moist, and have their foliage, under house culture, occasionally washed or sponged off, to get rid of the dust. The variegated-leaved varieties require more light and air than the self-colored. As is the case with all variegated-leaved plants, they are not so robust as those with wholly green foliage.

Among botanists the ivy is known under the generic name of *Hedera*. Nearly sixty species are known, mostly natives of the tropics, but only three species are ordinarily cultivated in our gardens. These are, *H. helix*, the English ivy; *H. grandifolia*, the Irish ivy; and *H. coriacea*, the Colchican ivy. Much confusion has existed in the nomenclature of the varieties. That which we have here adopted is that of Mr. Shirley Hibberd, who has made the ivy a special study, and has recently published a monograph of the cultivated sorts.

We have made a selection of the best and most distinct varieties for house culture, and appended the prices in such cases as we have found them priced in our nurserymen's catalogues.

HEDERA HELIX.

Of the *Hedera helix*, or English ivy, we recommend the type species and the following:

CLIMBING VARIETIES.

Gracilis.—A light, airy-growing variety, with small wiry stems and small leaves of a light dull green color, richly bronzed in the autumn. Price 25 cents.

Tortuosa, syn. *Glymii.*—This variety is not of very robust growth. The leaves are deep green, with blotches of dark bronze, and are curiously curled and twisted. Well adapted for pot culture.

Lobata major, syn. *Sagittæfolia.*—Of free, robust growth, with deep green, hard, glossy leaves. A handsome variety.

Sagittæfolia.—A free, wiry grower, with the arrow-shaped leaves somewhat sparsely set on the stems. The leaves are dark green with purplish-bronze shadings in the autumn, and light green veins.

Lucida, syn. *Poetica.*—The handsomest of the self-colored varieties. It grows very free and robust; the young leaves are of a bright grass green, the older ones dark green; in winter shaded with chocolate-color, and very glossy or shining.

Nigra, syn. *Willseana.*—This variety has very dark green leaves, which become almost black in winter, and are slightly blistered.

Deltoidea, syn. *Rhomboidea obovata latifolia.*—A very striking and peculiar variety, with stout stems and curious shield-shaped leaves, which are blackish-green in color, changing to purplish-bronze in autumn; they are very leathery. Price 40 cents.

Digitata, syn. *Palmata, Crenata, Pennsylvanica.*—This has curious digitate or finger-shaped leaves of a dark, blackish-green color, with whitish veins. It is a free grower and a fine pot plant. Price 40 cents.

Marginata, syn. *Argentea elegans.*—Has green stems with slightly purplish leaf-stalks; leaves medium size, dull green, washed with gray, mottled with patches of bright green, and margined with creamy white, which in the autumn becomes striped and blotched with deep carmine or purplish-pink.

Marginata grandis, syn. *Marginata robusta, Arborescens marginata, Tricolor.*—Similar to the above, but has broader leaves and a more massive appearance; the green of the leaf also has a bluish tint, the variegation never assuming a yellowish cast. It runs freely, is very robust, with stout wood, and is one of the very best for pot culture. Price 50 cents.

Marginata major, syn. *Marginata argentea, Marginata pulchella, Marginata elegantissima, Silver Stripe.*—Is of robust growth; leaves large for the class, broad, color deep bluish-green, with a broad margin of a decided yellow tinge. It is a beautiful pot plant, and in a suitable climate well adapted for walls. Price 30 cents.

Marginata media, syn. *New Japanese, Japonica variegata, Japonica argentea.*—This is similar in character to *Marginata grandis*, but is not so robust in growth; the variegation is creamy white, without any yellow. It is a fine plant for pot culture. Price 40 cents.

Marginata minor, syn. *Marginata elegans, Marginata argentea, Cavendishii, Marginata latifolia.*—Has small delicate foliage, and of delicate growth; leaves shield-shaped, of a dull olive green, slightly washed with gray, margin cream-colored, with a pinkish-red edging in the autumn. A pretty variety for pot culture, but not a sufficiently strong grower for the open air. Price 30 cents.

Marginata rubra, syn. *Cullisi, Elegantissima, Argentea rubra, Latifolia elegans, Tricolor, Marginata pulchella.*—This variety is very similar to *Marginata media*, but in the autumn and winter has the creamy white margin edged with deep rosy red. It is a slow-growing and tender variety, but is very beautiful. Price 50 cents.

Sub-marginata, syn. *Rhombea variegata, Marginata major, Rhomboidea japonica, Japonica variegata, New Japanese.*—Leaves of medium size, somewhat rhomboid shaped, color deep bluish-green, with a narrow white margin. A very distinct variety. Price 50 cents.

Marginata lactea, syn. *Alba lutescens, Arborescens alba lutescens.*—A very beautiful and distinct variety; has deep purple stems, with reddish-purple foot-stalks to the leaves, which latter are somewhat triangular in shape, of a dark green color, with a few gray blotches and whitish veins; the margin is cream-colored, with a bright pink edge in winter. A slow grower, but fine pot plant. Price 50 cents.

ARBORESCENT VARIETIES.

Latifolia, syn. *Baccifera latifolia.*—This is the finest variety of the arborescent forms of *H. helix*. It has broad ovate leaves of a deep green color; the berries are black.

Chrysocarpa, syn. *Baccifera lutea.*—This variety has deep orange-colored berries, and fruits very freely; the color of the leaves is a rich deep green, and the growth very dense, dwarf, and compact. It makes an elegant pot plant. Price 25 cents.

Argentea major, syn. *Canariensis, Argentea elegans, New Silver.*—This variety is rather free and somewhat scandent in growth; the leaves are of a deep holly green, highly varnished, with a broad, rich, creamy white margin. It is one of the finest varieties.

Argentea minor, syn. *Marginata argentea, Marginata aurea, Pince's New Silver.*—A decidedly arborescent variety, bearing an abundance of berries; the leaves are of a deep grayish-green, with a broad margin of clear cream-color. Price 30 cents.

Luteola, syn. *Pumila aurea, Aurea spectabilis.*—This variety is very superb, and is of vigorous growth. The leaves are dark green, mottled with gray; the margin broad, and of a rich yellow cream-color. Elegant for pot culture. Price $1.

Sub-lutea, syn. *Arborescens minor lutea, Arborescens alba lutescens.*—Well adapted for pot culture, as its abundance of greenish-white and sulphur-colored variegation renders it quite conspicuous. Price 50 cents.

HEDERA GRANDIFOLIA.

This is known in the books as *H. canariensis*, the Canary Island ivy; *H. hibernica*, the Irish ivy; and as *H. vegeta;* but as it is a very scarce native plant in Ireland, and as it is found growing in Africa, as well as in other places, the name has been changed as above on account of the large size of the leaves. In growth it is remarkably free and robust, and appears to withstand our winters better than the English ivy, probably because it ripens its wood better, not growing late in the autumn. The leaves are very large, papery in texture, the surface smooth, hard, and of a rich deep green color. The petioles, or foot-stalks, are long and of a reddish-purple color. This is the species generally grown by our florists for hanging baskets and floral stands. There are not as many varieties of this species as there are of the English ivy. Price 25 cents.

CLIMBING VARIETIES.

Viridis, syn. *Algeriensis.*—This differs from the species in having very large leaves, sometimes measuring six inches across; they are of a yellowish-green color. It is a fine variety either for out-door or pot culture.

Pallida, syn. *Golden-blotched, Hibernica fol. var., Aurea maculata, Canariensis var. aurea, Golden-blotched Irish Ivy.*—In this variety some parts of the plant are green and other parts are variegated with pale yellow or primrose-color, some of the leaves being half yellow and half green; others entirely yellow; others, again, patched and blotched. It is a fine variety.

Variegata, syn. *Algeriensis variegata.*—This variety is somewhat scarce; it is not a robust grower, but is very handsome and quite distinct. The leaves are dark green, margined with bright primrose-color. Price $1.

Maculata, syn. *Latifolia maculata, Marmorata variegata.*—This is the finest variegated variety of *H. grandifolia*, and is a very beautiful plant. The foot-stalks and stems are bright purplish-red; the leaves are large and variegated with blotches, splashes, and streaks of cream-color, intermixed with deep green and grayish-green. The variegation is very abundant and constant, and the plant a free grower. It is admirable as a pot plant. Price 30 cents.

Canescens, syn. *Algeriensis foliis variegatis.*—This variety requires age to develop its beauty. The leaves are of a grayish-green color, with a broad cream-colored margin. This latter color spreads as a thin wash over the green color, and gives the leaves a hoary appearance. Price $1.

ARBORESCENT VARIETIES.

Cordifolia, syn. *Hibernica arborescens latifolia.*—This variety has cordate or heart-shaped leaves of thick texture, and of a bright yellowish-green color.

Cuspidata major, syn. *Hibernica palmata.*—The three lobes of the leaf of this variety are drawn out into long points, and are curiously cockled at the indentations. The leaf is very thick and hard, and of a deep green color.

Flava, syn. *H. arborea flava var.*—This variety is decidedly arborescent; the leaves are abundantly variegated with deep yellow.

Striata, syn. *H. arborea latifolia striata.*—This variety has broad stout leaves, striped and patched with cream-color.

HEDERA CORIACEA.

Hedera coriacea, also known as *H. colchica, H. cordifolia*, and *H. rœgneriana.*—This is an Asiatic species; the leaves are very large, often measuring seven inches by five, and are very leathery; of a deep green color, and highly varnished. Price 25 cents.

There are but few varieties of this species; the two best are *Purpurea*, a climbing variety, having in the autumn bronzy-purple leaves mottled with green, and *Dendroides*, syn. *Rœgneriana arborea*, an arborescent form which branches freely, and assumes a decided tree-like appearance.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IF great events, long expected and elaborately prepared for, should really happen to transpire in every particular exactly as was anticipated, how tame they would seem, and what would the newspapers do for a sensation! Elaborate processions would only be "a perfect success," and the grandest ball only "the most brilliant affair of the season"—descriptions which are threadbare. Hence newspaper reporters seem to have experienced a secret delight in that sudden freak of the weather which sent the mercury zero-ward at our national capital, and enabled them easily to give a crisp and spicy account of the events of the 4th of March. The day was most uncomfortably cold—there is no doubt of that. So we are not surprised to be informed that "several cadets half frozen fell out of the line of march, and were taken into houses to be thawed out;" that the "instruments were frozen up, and wouldn't sound a note;" that "the tail of the brass Jackson's horse in Lafayette Square had to be padded to preserve it;" that one had "to break the ice before eating stewed oysters;" that "the colored people in attendance at the ball froze in great numbers, but relays of fresh hot darkies were brought in from some warm locality;" that ladies danced "wrapped in opera cloaks and clouds;" that when informed that some guests desired to shake hands with him, President Grant remarked that "not only his hand, but his whole body, had been shaking for some time;" that "by one o'clock an efficient police were carrying out corpses from the ball-room in a stiffened condition;" and that "the administration and suite formed a funeral procession, and by rapid walking managed to keep the blood in circulation." Otherwise, barring the cold, so say the same veracious reporters, "the thing was a decided success."

A simple description might seem tame after reading these sensational items. Suffice for us to say that if the extensive preparations made for celebrating March 4 were less agreeable in any respect when the time came than was anticipated, the entire blame rests on the broad shoulders of "Old Probabilities." He is a very reliable personage; yet if his "foresight had been as *long* as his hind-sight," he would three months ago have advised all persons intending to visit Washington on the occasion of the inauguration to prepare for January weather.

More than five thousand persons left New York for Washington on the 3d of March. On the 5th of March it seemed dangerous to attempt to get out of the capital by rail, so great was the crowd in the cars.

Gambling, like other wickedness, flourishes best in secret. Consequently the novel and efficient method adopted by the chief of police in Louisville, Kentucky, for suppressing gambling-houses is based on substantial grounds. A policeman is stationed at the entrance of each resort, with strict orders to take down the name of each person entering, and file the list at headquarters. This plan decidedly meets the disapproval of the gambling part of the community.

A small library of about three hundred volumes has been sent by some considerate ladies of New York to the young men connected with the signal service who are spending the long and dreary winter (for winter is not gone, though spring has come) amidst the blasts and frosts of Mount Washington.

It is said that Lord Bulwer Lytton once assured a friend that in no single instance within his memory had he devoted more than three hours a day to literary labor, but during those hours he worked with all the power of which he was possessed. As Bulwer performed an immense amount of brain-work, this fact affords a hint to literary laborers.

Pogson, director of the astronomical observatory at Madras, in Southern India, asserts that on the 2d of December, 1872, he found the long-lost Biela's comet. He describes it as circular, bright, and without any traces of a tail. Its companion comet was missing. Quite a change this, since, twenty years ago, it was seen as a double comet.

West Point cadets were greatly admired at Washington. Their appearance in the inaugural procession is thus wittily described: "They are absolutely covered with buttons, and so tight laced, and walk so straight, that a ramrod looks puffy and humpbacked beside them."

For the first time in many years the Senate held a session on Sunday night preceding the inauguration to complete unfinished business.

The identical chair used by General Washington at his first inauguration was placed in the Senate-chamber to be occupied by President Grant at his second inauguration, and it will be kept for a similar purpose hereafter. It is a plain piece of furniture, substantially made, and bears the marks of age.

The late Viscountess Beaconsfield once desired to please and surprise her husband by erecting a monument to Mr. Disraeli's father. She took an intimate friend of the family into her confidence, consulted an architect, and selected a suitable site upon a hill of the estate within view of Hughenden, their country-seat. As soon as Parliament opened, and Mr. Disraeli and his wife went into town, workmen began to prepare the foundations. Naturally Mr. Disraeli would have returned to Hughenden for the Easter recess, and then the secret would have been discovered. But Lady Beaconsfield adroitly prevented this by filling the house with painters and repairers. All through the spring and summer the work went steadily on, until in August an obelisk of 120 feet or 130 feet high had reared its lofty and graceful outline against the horizon. When the prorogation enabled husband and wife to return to their country retreat, the surprise of Mr. Disraeli may be conceived. The obelisk, surrounded by a palisading of stone pillars and iron rails, cost upward of £600.

Sweden carries on an immense business in the manufacture of safety-matches. The total exports from Sweden amount to 13,961,644,800 matches, and of these nearly half go to England alone. Indeed, it is estimated that about 225 matches per annum for every man, woman, and child in Great Britain are supplied by Sweden.

The boy boot-blacks of our city are said to have been among the greatest sufferers from the inclement winter. Of course there is no special call for their services when rubbers are essential for foot protection. Consequently they have had little to do during the past two months. Many of them, for lack of employment, which simply means lack of bread, have been compelled to apply to some of the charitable societies for permanent homes. A large number have found homes in the West.

The writings of Mr. Farjeon, author of *Grif, Joshua Marvel, Blade-o'-Grass*, and of *London's Heart*, which is now being published as a serial in *Harper's Bazar*, are familiar to our readers. The *Home Journal* gives a "pen portrait" of this author, from which we learn that he is still a young man of perhaps thirty-five, and physically has the strength of an athlete. His personal appearance is described as pleasant and prepossessing.

"There is something inspiring in his whole presence; he is quick, impulsive, sympathetic, discerning; reads human nature like a book, and scarcely hesitates a moment in compassing the characteristics, desires, and weaknesses of those with whom he is brought into close contact. It can be said of him much more truly than of most successful men in literature that none know him but to love and admire him. None can doubt for a moment but that his own soul vivifies his living, breathing, palpitating creations—that his works are a part of his life. His hospitality is gracious and whole-souled; his benevolence unobtrusive and far-reaching. Frank, free, joyous, loving, and lovable, he has a smile and a kind word for every body, and literally scatters sunshine along his way."

Our winter has been long and severe. More than 25,000 persons have asked help from the "Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor." The managers appeal to the public for $20,000.

Seal-fishery is an extensive and important business; yet it seems to be carried on with a dreadful and needless cruelty, which also threatens the extermination of the seal. The season chosen for catching seals is in March, and the harpooner selects a place where a number of young seals are lying, knowing well that the mothers will soon make their appearance to see if the young are safe, and they are then shot without mercy. This work goes on for a few days, until tens of thousands of young seals are left motherless to die of starvation. The cry of the young seal is not unlike an infant's, and, when suffering from hunger, the noise made by these thousands of helpless creatures is dreadful. It is said that all that is required to put an end to this unnecessary cruelty is an international treaty among sealing vessels, that an annual secure time should be given to the seals, and that they should not be killed before the 6th of April.

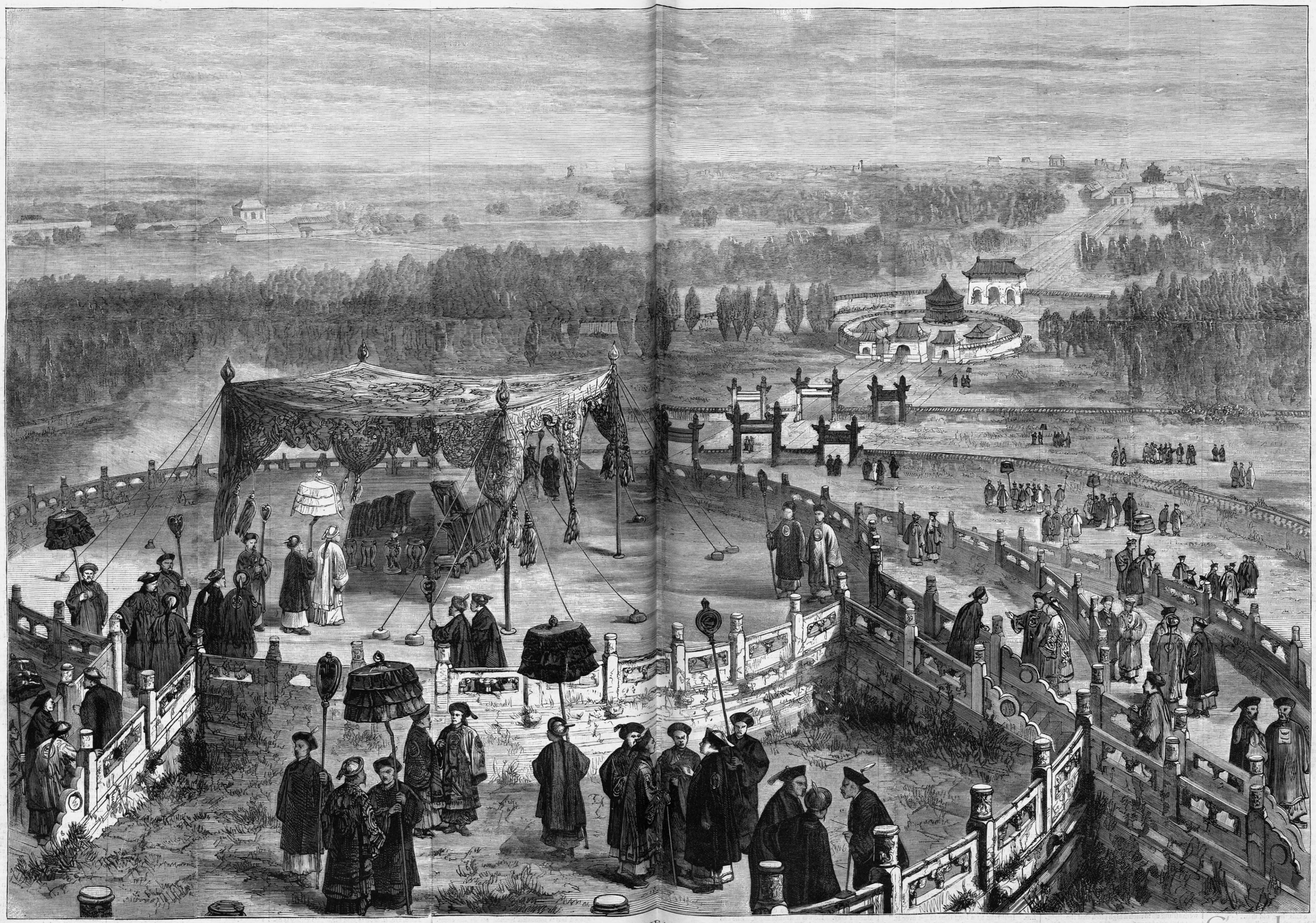
The Lady of Lyons is said to have been written by Lord Lytton within ten days. It first appeared anonymously. On the first night of its representation at Drury Lane Theatre the author happened to be occupied in making an important and brilliant speech before the House of Commons. When the House adjourned Lord Lytton went to the theatre, reaching it just in time to see the final act, and to hear the enthusiastic applause with which it was received. With an air of supercilious indifference he watched the scene, and in response to the commendation of a lady in whose box he was seated, remarked, cynically, "It's very good; very good indeed—for that sort of thing!" Shortly afterward it came out that the indifferent critic was the author of the play.

The "Jubilee Singers" have raised about $37,000 toward the $70,000 required for the Fisk University. About the middle of April they will start on their proposed European tour.

Mineral water was found in the west end of the Hoosic Tunnel more than a year ago. Recently it has gushed out from the rocks in such abundance that it is proposed to make an analysis of it to ascertain its virtues definitely. One tumblerful of it proves a powerful cathartic, and when used for washing, it leaves the skin soft and pliable without soap.

The island of Ceylon abounds in vegetable curiosities, not the least singular of which is a tree called "Eve's apple-tree." The color of the fruit is very striking and beautiful, being orange on the outside and deep crimson within, and it presents the appearance of having had a *piece bitten out of it.* It is also a deadly poison. These two facts have caused it to receive the name of "forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple-tree." The Mohammedans considered Ceylon as the site of Paradise.

"The Marble Room" is the popular name given to the cash-room of the Treasury Building in Washington, and it is one of the most beautiful rooms in the world. The floors, walls, counters, and even the clock, are made of marble. The principal kinds of marble from the two continents are here represented—eight different varieties—so combined as to form a harmony of subdued colors most pleasing to the eye. Some of the marble was cut in Italy, and some in New York, and the American workmanship is as perfect as the European. The Marble Room, which is about seventy feet long and thirty wide, is thirty-two feet high, running up through two stories of the building. Half-way up the walls a balcony runs around the whole room, with marble floor and bronze railing. The railing is a beautiful work of art.



THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKIN.—[See Page 205.]

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(Continued from No. 11, page 171.)

LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER XLI.

ON THE WATCH.

WHEN Alfred was clear of the crowd he paused for a moment, and looked around with a vacant stare. In that moment his eyes fell upon Mr. David Sheldrake, who accosted him gayly. Alfred's parched lips moved in response, but no sound came from them. He thought he had spoken aloud, however, and his eyes, after the first swift recognition of Mr. Sheldrake, sought the ground miserably. Mr. Sheldrake made a pretense of not observing Alfred's uneasiness, and he went on to say, airily, that he had had a slice of good luck in the City and Suburban, and that he had strolled away from the betting-ring to cool his excitement.

"I was looking for you before the race," he said; "I wanted to give you the tip. I was told by the best jockey of the day that Digby Grand could not be beaten, and I backed the horse, and I wanted you to back it also. But perhaps you did."

He paused for a reply, but Alfred said no word. He was in a stupor of despair. Mr. Sheldrake continued:

"You'll be able to square up now, I suppose. I don't care so much for myself, although, of course, the money will come acceptable, but Con Staveley swears he'll be down on you to-morrow. He says he'll go to your place of business, and if you don't pay, he'll split on you to your employers. That would be serious, wouldn't it? I should advise you not to have any thing more to do with Con; he's a hard nail. How much have you won? A couple of monkeys at least, I hope. You must let me into the secret of that new system of yours."

Still no reply from Alfred. Mr. Sheldrake's tone grew grave. He laid his hand upon Alfred's arm, and Alfred shivered at the touch, and feebly endeavored to shake off the grasp.

"I must insist upon an answer, Alf. Have you won or lost?"

"Lost!" muttered Alfred, hoarsely.

"How much?" demanded Mr. Sheldrake.

"Every shilling I had in the world. Let go my arm."

"Be still, or I'll set the police on you! Be still, and tell me," said Mr. Sheldrake, with distinct emphasis, "how you are going to replace the money you have taken from your office."

Alfred trembled violently, but did not raise his eyes.

"You wonder how I know, I dare say," pursued Mr. Sheldrake; "but I know more than you are aware of. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know," replied Alfred, and moved away slowly, Mr. Sheldrake following him thoughtfully.

They were not the only actors in this the last act of the sad drama. An old man, whose eyes never left them, was following them watchfully and warily. A pause of several moments ensued. Then Mr. Sheldrake said, weighing every word:

"I don't like to desert an old friend, even when he has behaved shabbily to me, as you have done. It seems to me that, unless something is done for you at once, it is all up with you. You daren't go back to the office till your accounts are squared, and you daren't go home. The detectives will be on the look-out for you. I dare say if Tickle and Flint could get back a portion of the money you have—we may as well speak plainly—stolen, they would be inclined to let you off. I'll see if I can serve you."

Alfred's white face was raised imploringly at this glimpse of hope.

"But I must have authority," continued Mr. Sheldrake. "I must have something to show your people, and to prove to them, if necessary, that they may trust me. Here—write as I dictate."

He tore a leaf of paper from his pocket-book, and handed it to Alfred, with a pencil.

"Put the date first—that's right; and the place—Epsom. Now write: 'I am in great trouble and danger, and can not come home; my friend, Mr. Sheldrake, is the only man I can trust, and the only man who can save me. Put full faith and trust in him.—ALFRED.'"

Alfred, dazed and helpless, wrote the words, and Mr. Sheldrake took the paper and placed it in his pocket.

"I must get back to the ring now," he said, with a friendly nod. "You know where to find me when you want me."

With these words he turned away: the old man who had been watching him and Alfred tried to avoid him, but Mr. Sheldrake had left Alfred very suddenly, and the old man's movements were not quick enough. Mr. Sheldrake's sharp eyes lighted upon him instantly.

"Hallo, Muzzy!" he exclaimed. "What brings you here?"

"I came to see the race run," said Mr. Musgrave, standing before his employer in a submissive attitude. "It's my favorite race, and I've not missed a year. I was at the first City and Suburban in 1851, when Elthiron won; and the next year, when Butterfly won; and the next, when Ethelbert ran a dead heat with Pancake. I lost a hatful of money over Pancake, at the very moment I thought I had made a fortune."

"It's always the way, Muzzy. You're a regular walking racing calendar! Did you back the winning horse this time, old man?"

"No, Sir; I had nothing on."

"Found out the error of your ways, eh? Well, now the race is over, you can do a little business for me. You see that young fellow," pointing to Alfred, who was walking away with hanging head.

Mr. Musgrave shaded his eyes with his hand.

"My eyes are not so good as they used to be, but I fancy I know him."

"Oh, you know him well enough. It's Alfred, Lizzie's young man."

"Ah, yes; to be sure, to be sure. I recognize him now."

"Keep your eye on him; watch him; don't let him go out of your sight. I want to know what he's up to, and where he is going to."

"I suppose he'll go home to-night," said Mr. Musgrave.

"I am not so sure of that; and if he doesn't, you must see where he puts up, and keep near him. I may want him."

"For what?"

"What's that to you?" retorted Mr. Sheldrake. "Perhaps he owes me money, and I don't intend that he shall give me the slip. Perhaps he's lost on the race and can't pay, and I want to do him a service."

"For the sake of his pretty sister," suggested Mr. Musgrave, humbly.

"You dog, you!" retorted Mr. Sheldrake, half angrily, half approvingly. "Whatever it is, it's my business, and not yours. Mind that, old man. If you don't want to be turned off at a moment's notice, do as you are told, and ask no questions. And look here, old man. You know the Myrtle Inn? Well, inquire there the first thing in the morning for a note. I may have to write to you, to give you instructions. And if the place is handy, you can put up there to-night."

Mr. Musgrave nodded submissively, and crept away in the direction that Alfred had taken.

"Mind," said Mr. Sheldrake, overtaking him, "he's not to see you, and not to know that you are watching him. You can drop a line to me to-night, telling me where he puts up. Here's a sov. to pay ex's."

Although the old man took the sovereign in silence, his manner did not seem to please Mr. Sheldrake, who muttered, as he looked at the slouching figure creeping away:

"I'd give him the sack if I could: but I must get things straight first. He knows too much. I'll square up the concern, and get rid of him this year. I'll have all the books and vouchers moved from Ivy Cottage this very week."

While this scene was being enacted, Alfred pursued his sad way. His great desire was to escape from the crowd, among which probably there were persons who were acquainted with him. He must get to some place and among people where he could hide himself and would not be known. Mr. Sheldrake had rightly said that he dared not show his face at the office. To-morrow all would be discovered. It had been his unhappy fortune yesterday to receive an uncrossed check, payable to bearer, in settlement of a large account due to his employers. This check he had cashed, and had used the proceeds in backing the horses of the false prophet upon whom he had placed all his hopes. This was not the only money he had used; for some time he had pursued a system of falsifying the books of the firm, and of appropriating such payments as would be the least likely to be missed. Discovery was imminent every day, every hour. All this money had been lost in betting, and in vainly striving to recover what had gone before. Even in the midst of his despair he groaned to himself that he had done his best, that he had tried system after system, prophet after prophet, with the same result, and that ill fortune, and not he, was to blame. There was some special reason for each fresh loss—some special reason applicable to that case alone, and which could not by any exercise of forethought have been anticipated or avoided. It brought that smallest of consolation to him which consists in the reflection that the same thing would have happened to any body else placed in his position; but it brought sharp stings also in the reflection that he might have known, or ought to have known, that such and such a thing might have been anticipated, or suspected, or guessed, and the unfortunate result avoided. No consideration of this description, however, intruded itself in what had occurred to-day in his speculations on the City and Suburban race. Here was a prophet, whose name was known to every betting boy and man in the kingdom, who had actually named five horses as the winner of the race, and not one of these five horses came in among the first three. In the eyes of a reasonable being such a circumstance would be sufficient to stamp this prophet as the veriest impostor and incapable that ever put pen to paper; and he might feel a natural indignation that such mischievous utterances should be openly allowed to lead weak men to acts of folly and crime. Even Alfred, never given to moralizing, caring only for himself, and not one jot for the public, cursed this false prophet as he staggered over the Downs, and gave vent to weak imprecations against the man whose cruel prophecies had brought him to this stage of infamy and disgrace.

What would they think at home? Would they guess the truth? What would Lizzie do? He thought mostly of her. If he could get to some new country with her, where they could commence a new life, what happiness it would be! If he could undo the past! In the midst of these repinings and vain repentances, the terrible thought intruded itself that there was no escape for him. He had but five shillings in his pocket; every article of jewelry he possessed had been mortgaged to raise money to swell the fatal stake he had played this day. The detectives would soon be after him. Could he disguise himself in any way so as to escape detection? His nerves were strung up to such a high pitch that the slightest unexpected sound was sufficient to terrify him, and the roar from the distant race-course which proclaimed that another race had been decided was converted by his fears into the shouts of pursuers on his track. He quickened his steps instinctively, preparing for flight, but the next moment his reason returned, and he ascribed the shouts to their correct cause. With a faint smile on his lips, he turned his head in the direction of the cries, and as he turned he suddenly saw Mr. Musgrave slouching in his rear. The sight of the old man gave Alfred a shock, and the first thought which flashed through his mind was that the old man had been set to watch him. That this presumption was the correct one was due not to Alfred's perspicacity, but to his fears. In his condition, every face that was familiar was a face to be suspected. Alfred cast furtive glances at the old man, who, having seen Alfred's recognition of him, looked about listlessly in every direction but that in which Alfred was. He seemed to have come to the spot entirely by accident, and Alfred was partly thrown off his guard by the old man's manner. "But I will make sure," thought Alfred, and began to set traps, into which the old man unconsciously fell. Alfred slunk behind a hedge, which was not thick enough to hide him completely from sight, and remaining there for fully a quarter of an hour, watched and waited, and when he emerged into the open plain, the old man was still there, looking about him with ill-concealed listlessness. "He *is* watching me," thought Alfred, trembling in every limb. "Who set him on? How can I escape?" He had no thought of addressing the old man to ascertain his purpose. No cordiality had grown between them during their acquaintanceship; Alfred knew that in some way Mr. Musgrave was connected in business with Mr. Sheldrake, and this circumstance was sufficient to convert the old man into a spy, if not into an enemy. Faint, despairing, and weary, Alfred stumbled on across the Downs, and stopped at a quiet inn. The old man was still on his track. Alfred called for brandy, and tried to eat; but the food almost choked him, and he put it aside, sick at heart, and drank more brandy. "Can you give me a sheet of paper and an envelope?" he asked of the girl who served him. She gave him what he asked for, and pen and ink as well, and he sat down in the parlor, looking at the blank paper and trying to think. A voice at the bar roused him. It was Mr. Musgrave's voice asking for refreshments. For a moment Alfred thought of going boldly to the old man, and appealing to him, for Lizzie's sake; but he dismissed the thought immediately. "It will be betraying myself," he muttered; "but I must let Lizzie know. How can I get a letter to her?" He went to the rear of the inn, and asked a hostler if he knew any one who was going to London that afternoon. Yes, the hostler said, a man from the yard was going to London by the next train, which would start in a quarter of an hour. The hostler pointed out the man to Alfred. Returning to the parlor, Alfred wrote:

"I have been miserably unfortunate to-day, and I dare not come home. I don't know where to turn for safety. At this very moment I am being watched by an enemy; you know him well, but I will not pain you by naming him. I have done you injury enough already, and I can never, never atone for it. All hope has left me, and I wish my miserable life were ended. I can only ask you to think kindly of me and to forgive me. If I did not love you, I should not be as unhappy as I am. I am afraid to think of the future.—I send this by a stranger. I want you to get it to-night, and the post would not arrive in time. No one must know that you have heard from me. God knows what will happen to me. I have brought shame and disgrace upon all.—A."

Alfred inclosed and addressed the letter, and seeing the man going to the railway station, ran after him, and bargained with him to deliver the letter for four shillings, which was all the money he possessed.

"Don't deceive me," said Alfred, imploringly.

"Do you take me for a thief?" was the surly answer. "The young woman shall have the letter all right. You look as if you've been backing the wrong horse, young fellow."

Alfred did not reply, and when the man was out of sight, walked to a quiet spot, and threw himself on the ground, waiting for night to hide himself and his despair from the sight of man.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE CLOUDS BRIGHTEN FOR LILY.

ALL unconscious of the terrible crisis that was occurring, Lily went about the house that day as blithe as a bird. Her life seemed to be brightening, and the shadows that had hung over it appeared to be clearing away. She ran up and down the stairs, and in and out of the rooms, singing her old songs. She was in the happiest of moods, and her grandfather listened with a grateful heart to her fresh voice. He expressed his delight to Mrs. Podmore, who came down stairs with Pollypod, dressed for walking. Mrs. Podmore had a basket on her arm.

"Lily is like her old self again, Mrs. Podmore," he said.

"Bless her heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Podmore. "It does one good to hear her. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the fire has done Lily the good turn of sending her here, where the air is fresher for her. Polly likes it too, don't you?"

"Oh yes, mother," answered the child.

"So we've got to be thankful even for misfortune," said Mrs. Podmore, with a half sigh. "It was a hard blow for Jim, though, was that fire. It 'll take us a long time to get over it."

"How much worse it would have been," said old Wheels, "if some of us had been hurt and burned, instead of our clothes and sticks of furniture!"

"Ah, yes, indeed, Mr. Wheels. It's downright wicked to grumble, after all. But I never shall forget it, never! I shall remember Jim carrying Polly and me down the rope to my dying day. Jim's never been himself since then, Mr. Wheels. I wish he was any thing but what he is, and that he could get a living in a reasonable way, where he wouldn't be worked to death as he's being worked now. It ain't fair to flesh and blood, and flesh and blood can't stand it. Dear, dear! here I am grumbling again! I don't know what's come over me! We're going to town, Polly and me, to get one or two little things. We sha'n't be home till night. Can I do any thing in town for you, Mr. Wheels?"

"No, thank you."

A silence ensued, caused by Lily commencing a verse of a favorite song, which they paused to hear.

"She sings like a bird," said Mrs. Podmore; and added, with a meaning smile, "but there's something else besides fresh air to account for her light-heartedness. Here's Mr. Felix himself to bear me out in what I say."

"And what is that, Mrs. Podmore?" asked Felix, who entered as she spoke, and heard her last words.

"Ah, that's a little secret between me and Mr. Wheels," replied Mrs. Podmore, with another smile of much meaning, intended especially for the old man; "but I've got Jim's dinner in the basket, and I must go and give it to him."

"There's another thing to be thankful for, Mrs. Podmore," said old Wheels. "Your husband hasn't so far to go home when his work's done as he had when we lived in Soho. You see how lucky the fire was, after all, to bring you here to live, so near to the station where your husband works."

"Well, we know who we've got to thank for it," replied Mrs. Podmore, with an affectionate look at Felix; "don't we, Polly?"

And with other grateful words the mother and child left the house.

"You have come early to-day, Felix," said old Wheels; "has any particular business brought you?"

Felix, looking both happy and anxious, answered:

"Yes, Sir, one or two very particular things. First, a stroke of good fortune. Through the influence of my friend Charles, of whom I have spoken to you, I am appointed London correspondent to a leading colonial newspaper. By his advice I sent an initial letter—in my best style, of course, a regular trap for them," added Felix, with a light laugh—"and the result is that I have obtained the appointment. It adds a hundred pounds a year to my income, and the labor really is very light."

"That is good news indeed," said old Wheels, rubbing his hands; "I congratulate you heartily on it."

"I am becoming quite an important person," said Felix, with comic seriousness, "from a worldly point of view. But there are other matters I wish to tell you of. I have spoken to you of my father's housekeeper—"

"Martha Day?" interposed old Wheels.

"Yes."

"She has left my father's service suddenly. I do not think I have told you that Lizzie, Alfred's sweetheart, is Martha Day's niece."

"No; this is the first time I have heard it."

"It was a matter of no great importance for you to know; but now that Martha has left my father's house, and may be more nearly connected with me, it is right that you should be acquainted with every thing that concerns me. Martha is with Lizzie at the present moment at Mr. Musgrave's house. And, interrupting myself here, it seems strange to me that you and Mr. Musgrave should never have met."

"It is strange," said old Wheels, after a little pondering; "and now that you speak of it, it comes to my mind that, on every occasion when we were expected in the natural course of things to meet, sudden business has called Mr. Musgrave away. You are not acquainted with any reasons why he should avoid me?"

"No; I know of none."

"He is eccentric, perhaps; disinclined to make new acquaintances. Some men are so."

"He is exceedingly fond of Lily," observed Felix.

"That makes it all the more strange," said old Wheels, with a thoughtful air; "and yet I should not say that. The child would win her way to any heart. It speaks well for him; I am very glad to hear it. Exceedingly fond of Lily, you say!" He repeated these words, as if he wished to make some obscure thing clear to his understanding.

"I think he shows more tenderness toward her than toward his adopted daughter. It seems to me as if he feels that he can not be considerate enough of her. That is Lily singing, is it not?"

"Yes, the dear child! She is more cheerful than she has been for a long time past."

Felix listened, with a pleased expression on his face, and the old man watched his attitude and manner with a curious mingling of hope and anxiety. Presently Felix resumed:

"I am doing nothing but flying off at tangents, and I have so much so say. About Mr. Musgrave: he and I have had confidential business together lately—business, I hope, which will turn out well."

"Profitable?"

"Well, not in the common sense of the word—that is, it will not put money in my pocket; but it will do something better, perhaps. You will hear of it, I dare say, some day. Now about Martha Day. Hers is a strange story. She has lived all her womanly life with my father as his housekeeper, and has out of her savings brought

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Lizzie up, given her a tolerable education, and supplied her with money. My father, it appears, knew nothing of this; he supposed that Martha had no family ties. Lately, however, he has discovered her connection with Lizzie, and has discovered something else also. Lizzie, it appears, is not Martha's niece; she is her daughter. The story that Martha tells of an early marriage, and of being deserted by her husband, who enlisted and died in India, my father refuses to believe. He insisted that Martha should promise not to see Lizzie any more, and Martha indignantly left his service. She has been with him for a great many years, and she says that it suited her, that she was fit for nothing else, and that it supplied her with means to pay for Lizzie's early training. What memories, what fears, or what fanciful idea that Lizzie's future would be happier if she were brought up in the belief that Martha was her aunt instead of her mother, neither you nor I can guess. The web of the simplest life seems to me to be made up of tangled skeins, and one of the highest duties of life consists in kindly judgment of each other. Martha's life has been one of sacrifice, and what joy and comfort she has experienced in it have come from this girl, for whom I have a great esteem."

"I too, Felix; Lizzie is a good girl."

"It sounds strange that so simple a circumstance should induce my father to part with a woman who must have been wonderfully useful to him; but I think I am to blame for the severance of that connection."

"In what way?"

"My father knows of my movements, so Martha tells me; knows of my friendship for you and your grandchildren, and knows of the tie which binds Alfred to Lizzie. It is in some way to punish me that he has provoked this breach; but, indeed, it is no punishment to me, for I believe and hope that it will turn out for the good of all of us."

"Is there no hope of a reconciliation with your father, Felix?"

"None, Sir," replied Felix, firmly; "our natures are too wide apart. We shall never meet again: both he and I are too steadfast to our beliefs, and these are as the north and the south poles. It is wonderful by what roads men arrive at totally different estimates of things, and of the best things of life. My father will judge me harshly, perhaps, all the days of his life; but he is my father, and it will best become me to be silent as to his judgments and motives. I am but a young man, but it seems to me that my life is clear before me. I do not aspire to riches. I have one great hope, and if that is fulfilled, I shall be content to work with others of the world's workers, satisfied with moderate competence, proud if the track in which I work will enable me to leave a mark for good behind me. I have flown off at a tangent again, and must come back to Martha. Looking upon myself as the cause of her misfortunes, I purpose to set up some sort of a home, in which she can live in the same capacity as she has done in my father's house."

"What does she say to your plan, Felix?"

"She is delighted with it; but she will say nothing decisive until after she has talked to Lizzie about it, and till after the result of my visit here to-day is ascertained. Acting upon my advice, Martha is telling Lizzie the secret which she has kept all her life, and Lizzie probably knows by this time that she has a mother. Now, Sir, I come to my one great hope. My position seems to justify me in doing so, and I have waited until now, when not only that seems to be in some way assured, but when another matter which has caused you and Lily much anxiety—I refer to Alfred's connection with Mr. Sheldrake—looks less hopeless than it has done for some time past. If you guess what it is I am about to say, will you give me permission to speak more plainly?"

"Speak, my dear lad," said old Wheels, trembling with eagerness.

"It is about Lily—"

But the old man rose suddenly, and in a tone of deep agitation said,

"One moment, Felix."

It was joy at the prospect of his darling's happiness that compelled him to rise. He stood with averted head, silent for many moments; then turned, and said, with the tears running down his face,

"Go on, Felix; go on, my dear boy."

"I love Lily, Sir, and I ask your permission to tell her, and to ask her to be my wife."

Old Wheels grasped Felix's hand.

"God bless you, my dear lad!" he almost sobbed. "These are tears of joy that you see. How I have prayed for this! But I feared that some scruple of just feeling—some motive of honor and tenderness, for which I should not have esteemed you less, Felix; no, not one whit—I feared that something of this sort might have prevented you from speaking. The sad day that we met is the happiest of my life. God bless you, Felix! Go to my darling; go to her, and then come down to me together, that I may see my dearest desire accomplished."

Lily, very busy setting things to rights in the house, and very happy in her work, did not know that Felix had come until he stood close to her. She gave a little cry of surprise and pleasure, and then, seeing something in his face that she had never seen before, stood for an instant pale and trembling. But her heart was animated by the dawn of a tender hope. His nature was too earnest to dally at such a time. He held out his hand, and retaining hers, said,

"I have come straight from grandfather, Lily."

And then paused, as earnest lovers do who are about to play their great stake. She stood silent, her hand in his, waiting for him to speak.

"I have been telling him of some good fortune that has befallen me. I have obtained another London correspondenceship for a colonial paper, and I am growing rich. My income is quite three hundred pounds, and there is a fair prospect before me. I have schemes in my head. One of these fine days I may put the finishing lines to a book, and by good luck I may find a publisher who will publish it; or to a play, and by good luck I may find a manager who will produce it. Whichever it is may be successful, and another hundred pounds may come in my purse. If I do not do either, or if I am unsuccessful in the doing, my position is good enough, and I shall be happy and satisfied, even if it does not improve very much. But I want a home—a helpmate. And there is but one woman in the world who can be to me what my heart yearns for. Lily!" He had released her hand, and she stood before him with drooping head; the sun was shining behind the bright clouds. "Will you be my wife?"

Whether he took her into his arms or whether she crept into them neither knew; but she was there, with her head on his breast, and with such joy in her heart as seemed to make life too happy. A long silence followed, a silence that was like a prayer; their feelings were too deep for words, and when, after a long, long dream, they spoke, their voices were tremulous.

"Are you glad, Lily?"

She nestled closer to him.

"Lily, my dear, I devote my life to your happiness."

"And I to yours, Felix." She spoke the words softly and solemnly.

"So I have two objects in my life, and these will be sufficient—my wife and my work."

He repeated the words "My wife!" tenderly. She raised her bright face to his.

"And I have but one."

"That is—"

"Felix."

His pulses were charged with grateful music as he stooped and kissed her.

"Love and Labor would not be a bad motto, Lily, or a bad title for my book or play. Let us go down to grandfather."

"You perceive, Sir," said Felix to old Wheels a quarter of an hour afterward, "what my scheming has come to. The first time I saw Lily I thought to myself, There is my wife, and I schemed for the result. I have acted my part very well, I think. Now will you still dispute my proposition that every action in our lives is dictated by selfishness?"

Felix and Lily were sitting hand in hand.

"I am too happy, Felix," replied old Wheels, "to dispute any thing with you; you must have your own way. I have no doubt that Lily has made up her mind—as I have made up mine—that you are as heartless and selfish as it is possible for man to be."

But a little while after that Lily and Felix were speaking together more seriously. In the suddenness of her happiness, Lily had lost sight for a time of Alfred's troubles. Now they recurred to her, and brought with them the image of Mr. Sheldrake and the memory of his threats. Felix saw the change that came over her, and guessed the cause.

"You are thinking of Alfred," he said. "To-night, when he comes home, we will take him into our confidence, and coax him to confide freely in us. I know your love for him, Lily, and you know, my dear, that nothing that is in my power shall be left undone to release him from his anxieties."

Then, without being asked, Lily told Felix all that had passed between her and Mr. Sheldrake: she told him first of Mr. Sheldrake's confession of love for her, and how it terrified her; and then, going back, she told him of their meeting in Bushey Park, and of her seeing Lizzie for the first time on that day; of the story of Mr. Sheldrake's goodness that Alfred had related to her (Felix smiled gravely at this); of the persistent manner in which Mr. Sheldrake had impressed upon her that it was for her sake, and for her sake only, he was her brother's friend; of Mr. Sheldrake forcing a partnership upon her on that day, suggesting that they should enter into a compact to work together for Alfred's good; and of his saying that when Alfred was safely through his troubles, he would have no one but Lily to thank for his release.

"But since that day," continued Lily, "Alfred has been getting into deeper and deeper trouble, until a time came—only a little while ago, Felix—when I was afraid to think of what might occur to him—and to me," she added, in a dreamy tone. A moment after she had uttered the words a shudder came over her. Felix took her in his arms, and she clung to him for protection.

"I feel happy and safe with you, Felix."

"I understand your feelings toward Alfred, my dear," said Felix, encouragingly; "but I must have my treasure grow strong, and I must strive to wean her from her dreamy fancies. I shall watch my sensitive flower very jealously, and she must trust to my judgment wholly. You have doubts! Why, I have had them! and for a long time have been afraid to speak. So you see, little weakling, that I, strong as I am, have shared some of your anxieties with you. I saw you on the day you went to Hampton Court with Alfred."

"You, Felix!"

"Yes, my dear; I was there, watching over you even then, although I had not the right to do so that I have now."

"And you would not come to me and speak to me, Felix!"

"Dearest! I saw that you were happy, and I felt that I might have been the cause of disturbance, of which Mr. Sheldrake probably would have been glad to avail himself. So I kept myself in the background."

"And suffered," she said, wistfully and tenderly; "for you loved me then, Felix; I know it."

"Yes, darling, I loved you then. But love often shows itself in self-sacrifice."

She paused for a little while before she spoke again. "You said once, Felix, that there is a higher attribute than love—duty!"

"How do you know I said that, Lily?"

"Grandfather told me. Do you believe that duty is a higher quality than love? That supposing these two stand before us, duty on one side, love on the other, duty should be followed and love put aside?"

"Can you not take your answer, Lily, from what I hinted to you on the night you came from the theatre? Duty *should* be followed first: much that is bitter in life it makes sweet. But when love and duty clash, we should examine ourselves strictly, sternly perhaps, out of justice for others—"

"As you did, Felix," she interrupted, in loving tones, "when you restrained yourself from telling me your feelings until to-day. Ah, I know! Love has made me wise. We will not talk of this any more now: we shall have plenty of time by-and-by. How I have thought over every word you said to me that night, Felix!"

"Every word, Lily!"

"Yes, every word; you made me very happy."

"Darling! But you could not repeat to me what I said."

"One part I could."

"I am listening."

"You said, It is the dearest privilege of affection to share the troubles of those we love. If I were married (you said), the first consoling thought that would arise to my mind, should misfortune overtake me, would be, 'Thank God, I have one at home who will sympathize with me, and by her sympathy console me!'" She paused a while, and said, "This privilege is mine now, and love and duty can go together."

In this way she poured out her full heart to him. His duties called him away in the afternoon, and he left her, saying he would run down in the night, at about ten o'clock, for an hour.

"We will wait supper for you, Felix," said old Wheels.

Felix went his way to town, the happiest of the happy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GREAT PANJINE.

THE man of common-sense had nothing in the world but his common-sense.

Common-sense is a desirable property; but in the raw it is not edible, and our man was hungry.

Hunger is the hint by which nature drives men to work. Therefore the man of common-sense went to work. But when he had earned a little money he fancied that his talents were lying idle, and concluded to travel; and in the course of events he came to the palace of the great Panjine, and found every body in trouble.

For when the Panjine's only daughter was born he summoned all the wise men of his court and commanded them to study out and make a full report to him of all the accidents, diseases, and dangers common to children. What is the use, you see, of being the great Panjine, if one's daughter is to be treated like any other child?

On a certain day the wise men presented their reports. Number One had the true and melancholy account of all the children who had tumbled out of windows.

The great Panjine immediately ordered that there should be a man in waiting at every window in the palace, whose sole business should be to take care that the little Panjine did not fall out.

Number Two related how numbers had been seriously injured by falling over in chairs.

The great Panjine ordered that an attendant should always stand ready to hold fast the chairs in which the little Panjine should climb.

Number Three described dreadful accidents by fire.

The great Panjine sat horror-stricken, and for a moment thought seriously of abolishing fires altogether; but as that was manifestly impossible, he selected a corps of attendants whose sole business it should be to watch day and night, and save the little Panjine from catching fire or being scalded.

Number Four had ready a pleasing list of the diseases that result from imprudent eating.

The great Panjine sent for three doctors, who should examine and consult over every meal, and pronounce it perfectly healthy before the little Panjine could touch it.

Number Five showed a catalogue of children injured by falls from wagons and horses, or hurt in the gymnasium or at various childish plays.

"These," said the great Panjine, "were the result of carelessness. There shall be no carelessness with the little Panjine;" and he ordered a horse attendant, a boat attendant, a gymnasium attendant, and so on, one for every childish game, to watch the little Panjine every instant.

Number Six showed the miserable consequences of draughts.

The great Panjine at once abolished draughts throughout the kingdom.

Number Seven followed with a list of contagious diseases.

The great Panjine appointed a guard of three more learned doctors, who were never to lose sight of the little Panjine, and to keep at proper distance every body guilty of any thing contagious.

Number Eight read pitiful accounts of ill-used children.

The great Panjine ordained that the little Panjine should always be kept happy by three ladies of great wit and amiability, who should amuse, and three men of wonderful inventive genius, who should do nothing but invent new toys and games for her use.

Number Nine treated of education.

The great Panjine appointed six teachers.

Number Ten hinted at the dangers of overstudy.

The great Panjine ordered six monitors to keep the teachers in check, and make sure that the little Panjine's lessons should always be perfectly agreeable to her.

Surrounded by these precautions, with guards, attendants, doctors, teachers, inventors, on every side, whose sole object was to keep her safe, well, and happy, and make her wise, could the little Panjine be other than a world's wonder of happiness, health, grace, and virtue? And yet never was there a more unhappy princess. Continually fretting and dissatisfied, awkward, sickly, stupid, helpless—a torment to herself and those around her—she was forever wishing to die, while the great Panjine in despair offered vast rewards to any one who would cure the princess of her melancholy and ill health.

All this was poured into the ears of the man of common-sense, and every one he met had something new to tell about the endless vagaries and troubles of the little Panjine. The man of common-sense reflected. As the first result of his meditations, he hired a small dwelling close by the palace, and hung out a sign representing himself as a teacher of drawing by a new method. As the second, he procured a small spaniel, and after binding it in every conceivable way, so that it could by no possibility stir an inch, laid it near his threshold, where it could not fail to attract attention.

After a time students came to the man of common-sense, curious to learn his new method; but, alas! it was soon discovered that those who knew nothing had not advanced a step, and those who already knew something had lost what little knowledge and confidence they possessed. In a rage, they went to the Panjine to complain of the stranger who had cheated them out of their money, taking care to add that he also offended humanity by his cruelty in constantly keeping a small spaniel bound and moaning at his door, in spite of all remonstrances.

On hearing this the Panjine sent for the man of common-sense, and demanded the reasons for his singular behavior.

"Your Panjineship," replied the man of common-sense, "I did but follow that system of education with your subjects that you have pursued with the little Panjine, supposing that I could not go wrong in imitating such an illustrious example. Common children must learn the art of living, as common students do the art of drawing, by a series of experiments, discoveries, and inventions that keep every nerve and muscle and sense and thought in active exercise, and at the cost of many such failures as bumps, tumbles, tears, sulks, indigestions, disappointments, and the like. You avoid the possibility of these troubles and pains by having every operation performed for her, by gratifying every wish, by consecrating to her existence all the energy and the mental power of various other existences. Fired by your sublime example, I likewise devote my energy and experience, your Panjineship, to my pupils. I ask myself, What prevents perfect success in drawing? Why, the mistakes of the artist. I therefore explain to my pupils that they shall never make mistakes—that they shall be impossible, as I myself will hold the hand of each student, and direct every movement for him. My students declare that they learn nothing, and have lost all power over their hands, while the little Panjine, for whom you are constantly making happiness, is unhappy. There are critics who declare that true pleasure or true success must grow as a rose does; that as the seed must first die, so some ease and comfort and self-will must be sacrificed; that as the rose grows day by day by operations of its own within itself, so must a child's happiness and health; and that the little Panjine has not been permitted to be a rose, but has been forced to live like a sponge, through which filters all that affection and wit can invent, leaving no trace behind. I preferred to listen to your Panjineship's example rather than the fault-finding of these critics. For the dog, your Panjineship, I am still following your transcendent example. Lest the little Panjine should come to some harm, she is never allowed to ramble where she pleases—climb, run, frolic, play, as she likes. Her muscles, her senses, her inventive faculties, her thinking powers, all are tied up fast, and made of no use by the nurses, teachers, guards, doctors, attendants, that follow her every where like her shadow, and interfere constantly to do the work her own faculties were intended to perform. This unnatural cramp of all her powers makes her fretful, restless, and miserable, as his bonds do my dog. But what would you have? I love my dog; and just as the little Panjine might bruise or burn herself, or fall down, or be disappointed, or cry, so my dog might get into a fight with a larger dog, or be scratched by a cat, or lost, or drowned, or poisoned, or taught bad tricks, or infected with the mange, if I let him loose. And I think there is no one who will say that the reasoning and the treatment that are good enough for a great princess are not good enough for a dog."

Here the man of common-sense paused and looked about him. The great Panjine smiled in spite of himself.

"Papa," said the little Panjine, "send all the others away, and keep this man."

But all the courtiers whispered under their breath, "Oh, of course! as if any of us couldn't have told him that! But then a stranger must always come from some foreign country to teach us how to read the alphabet."

But the man of common-sense only smiled—and I wish I had his gift; for it is one thing to find out a matter, quite another to make others see it. There are many Panjines who will read this tale and yet never know it was written for them.

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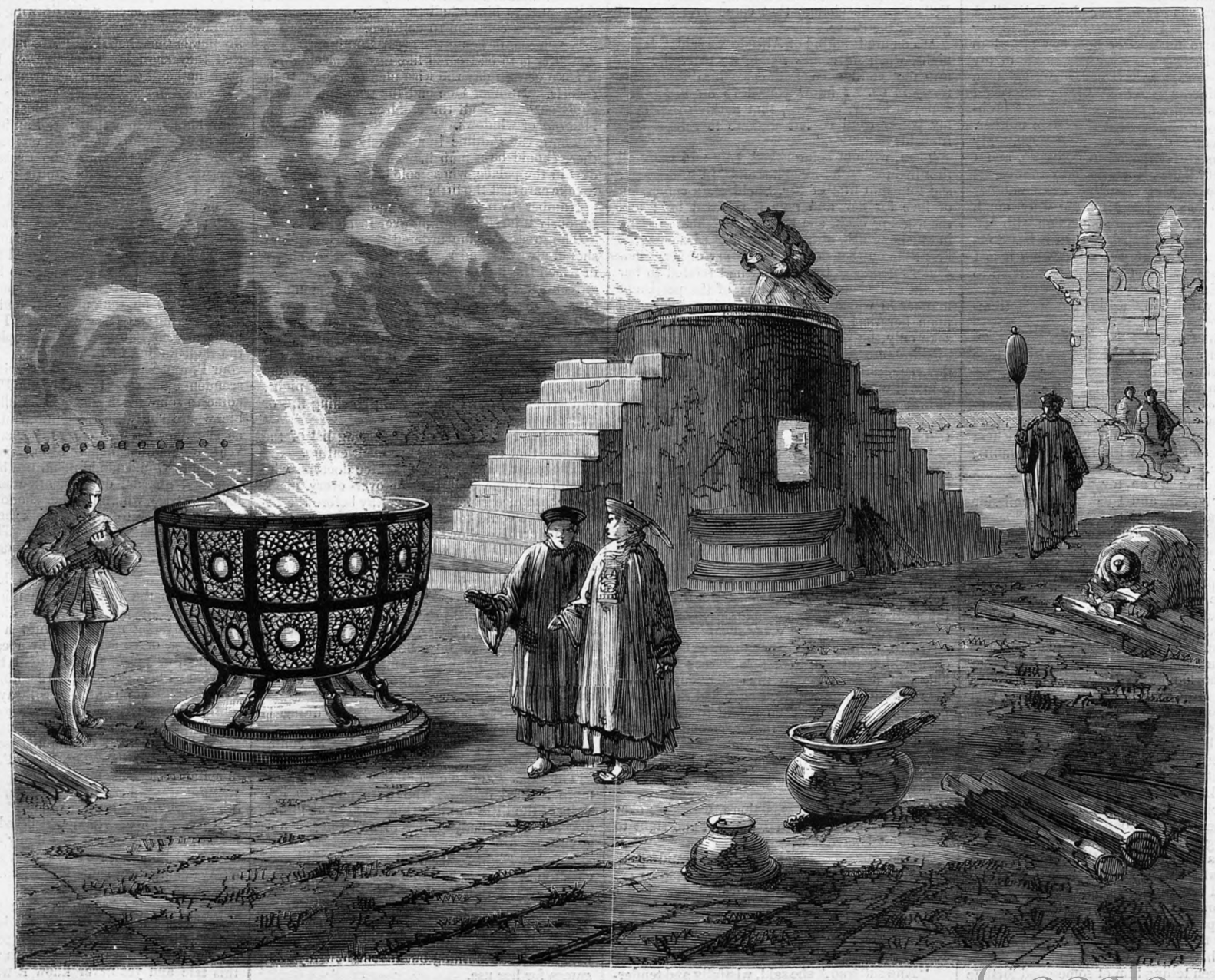
OLD MILL AT TY CROSS, NORTH WALES.

OLD MILL AT TY CROSS, NORTH WALES.

THIS pretty little picture is one of three exhibited by Mr. J. Orrock in last year's Royal Academy Exhibition, at London. Leaving our readers to criticise the picture, let us say a word about windmills. Mr. Orrock's, be it observed, is an old mill, for nobody ever sees a new windmill nowadays. The simple fact is that Æolus is too independent a servant to suit modern task-masters. When he goes to sleep no corn can be ground. The modern miller (he is generally neither jovial nor flour-bedusted in this degenerate age, but an anxious gentleman in conventional clothing)—the modern miller prefers an obedient slave like steam, which is always ready to do his bidding. But what an artistic loss it will be when all the ramshackle old windmills are cleared away! The white revolving sails formed such a pleasing feature in the rural landscape, and then they always set us a-thinking of Don Quixote and his immortal tilt. As soon as the British windmills are abolished the artist will have to emigrate to Holland, and take up his abode in some such town as Dordrecht, where windmills are as plentiful as tall chimneys are at Wigan or Preston.



ALTAR FOR BURNING THE SACRIFICIAL BULLOCK, TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKIN.—[SEE PAGE 205.]

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EVENING DRESS.

THIS elegant evening dress is of white satin, trimmed with scarlet poppies and cardinalis, with green leaves, and scarlet ribbon of the same shade. The trained skirt is bordered with a deep lace flounce, surmounted by a piping of scarlet ribbon set on in points. Two lace flounces with similar headings form the tablier, which is edged on each side with bows of scarlet ribbon. The low corsage has a white lace bertha, surmounted by the flower garniture. The hair is encircled with a bandeau of red coral, above which is set a scarlet poppy with golden heart, a golden poppy, and green leaves. Red coral necklace, ear-rings, brooch, and bracelets.

EVENING DRESS.

THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKIN.

THE magnificent double-page engraving on pages 200 and 201 gives a graphic view of the great Temple of Heaven, at Pekin. It was here that the young Emperor of China performed the great sacrificial rite of the winter solstice on December 21, upon the occasion of his attaining the full age of manhood. The illustration on page 204 shows the altar where the sacrificial bullocks are offered up. A gentleman thus describes his visit to this marvelous edifice:

"Yesterday we went to see the Temple of Heaven. We went quickly through the large grounds of the British legation, through the Mongol Market, where were dromedaries by the dozen standing motionless, kneeling on the dusty ground, or led about by the wooden peg through their noses by fellows dressed in sheep-skin coats and hats, or in picturesque furs. We went a long way past what seemed miles of enormous walls, gates, and pagodas; then walked along a wall, so as to approach the gate of the temple unperceived, and then burst through. They saw that they were too late to stop us, so the gate-keepers and all laughed. One keeper we took as a guide, and gave him a little money afterward. The quantity of stone used for these buildings is enormous. There are many fine flights of steps, marble terraces and balustrades, fine old yew-trees, and oak groves, with bronze tripods, and ovens to burn sacrificial silk in. One stone platform is curiously meted out mathematically.—There is one large round stone in the centre, for his Imperial Majesty to stand upon when the bullocks and sheep are sacrificed on the great day; there are nine other stones surrounding it, eighteen more outside these, and twenty-seven again placed round those, forming radii of nine stones in length from the centre. In another part, from a lofty terrace commanding a grand view of the stately pagodas and the woods, rises the enormous triple pile of the gilded "Heaven's Palace," a part of the temple. Its shape is like three of our common low-crowned soft felt hats raised one a little above the other. It is all over gilt, and painted in brilliant colors; the gables are carved with quaint little stone dogs and rhinoceros heads. Inside the building the state of filth is impossible to describe. A large colony of bats flitted about under the roof. The pillars and beams are one mass of gilding, beautiful carving, and brilliant colors. It must be magnificent when cleaned and filled with admiring heathens in their gayest silk dresses. On the pillars are carved dragons, snakes, and other figures."

The whole "Temple of Heaven" includes both the North Altar and the South Altar, which is a quarter of a mile distant, and at which the great ceremony of offering the sacrificial bullock is performed. The circular pile at the North Altar is called Ti'en-Kung, or "Heaven's Palace," and is certainly a beautiful specimen of Chinese architecture.

There are said to be three different religions in China—the Tauist, the Confucian, and the Buddhist. But the worship which is performed at these temples at Pekin is entirely different from any of those forms of faith. The three forms of religion just mentioned are not ignored by the state, but this which is practiced at Pekin is the real state religion. At the same time, no other religion bears any resemblance to this, which is confined to the capital, and the Emperor is the only priest. It is an imperial worship, with a deified monarch at its head.

At the Temple of Heaven the Emperor worships Shang-Ti: this is the name under which the Supreme Lord of Heaven is acknowledged by the Chinese. He then worships at the tablets of his ancestors, the former Emperors of the present dynasty. There are now eight of them, and their altars are placed on each side and in front of the altar to the Lord of Heaven. Shang-Ti is the name, out of many, which the missionaries have adopted to render the word God. This is on account of its being the highest name for the Supreme Being in the Chinese language: and it will be seen from the above that the High Lord of Heaven only ranks above a dead Emperor. This is not done out of any disrespect or irreverence; it is done to give a sacred importance to the monarch. We have other instances in the history of the world of similar pretensions, but this is a good illustration of the theory, and in full working order at the present day. The assumption is that the Emperor of China and the Deity manage the affairs of the universe. A working partnership exists between the two. The firm might be called "Shang-Ti and Hwang-Ti, supreme rulers." The second of these names is the title used now by the Emperor, and the "Ti" forms the assumption on his part. Shang-Ti rules the regions above, and Hwang-Ti rules this world below. China, the "Celestial," or "Middle Kingdom," as it is called by the Chinese themselves, forms the principal portion of this nether world. There are some other nations besides, such as the Coreans, the Cochin-Chinese, the Formosians, and the various tribes represented by the princes of Mongolia. All these are known as "Tribute-Bearers" to Hwang-Ti, the tribute being payment for such ruling as is done for them.

With the exception of putting dead Emperors into the company of the Deity and the living Emperor into such active partnership with him, there would be nothing to object to about the Temple of Heaven. There are no images any where to suggest the slightest ideas of idolatry. So free is it from statues or pictures that a Mohammedan or a Presbyterian might use it as a place of worship. At the South Altar only the great yearly solstitial ceremony takes place, which is penitential and sacrificial in its character. The Emperor comes to the place the night before; he is drawn in a carriage by elephants, which are kept for this ceremony, and spends the night in the "Hall of Penitential Fasting," the name indicating the character of this part of the ceremony. Before dawn next morning he passes over to the great South Altar, where a bullock is sacrificed—the Emperor used, in former days, to kill the animal himself. This is burned whole in a furnace, and pieces of silk, as offerings, are also burned in smaller furnaces at the same place. Eating and drinking figure largely in all Chinese ceremonies, and they are not wanting at this. The Emperor has to eat the "Flesh of Happiness" in one part of the performance.

As this great solstitial ceremony takes place at the South Altar, it is the most important of all Chinese religious structures. To the eye of a European there is nothing about it to suggest its ecclesiastical character. It is more like one of the fanciful creations of gardener-artists, reminding you of the gardens at Versailles or the Crystal Palace. The circular space on the top looks as if intended for a band to play on, and has a pavement and balustrade of white marble. It stands on two other platforms, all formed of the same material, forming three terraces, each terrace being ascended by a flight of nine steps, or twenty-seven in all from the ground to the top of the altar. There are four ascents, one from each of the cardinal points. The whole is surrounded by a low wall, with open marble gateways on each side, facing the four ascents. This wall is square in plan, and in the southeast corner is the furnace or altar for burning the bullock, with eight other altars, smaller and of iron, where offerings to the eight deceased ancestors are also burned, the bullock being offered to Shang-Ti alone. The defunct Emperors being thus treated as retired members or as sleeping partners in the firm, they seem as if they had still an interest in the business, and get a share of the profits.

It is just at dawn when these furnaces are blazing, and the Emperor is on the upper circle offering incense and prayer to the tablets of Shang-Ti and his ancestors; music is heard, and dancing, a very ancient form of worship, is going on in some part of the place. All the nobility of the court are on the terrace steps behind the Emperor-Priest. The gray light of the morning may be so far advanced as to make it all visible, but the principal light on this scene will be the light of sacrifice. The name of the altar where the bullock is burned is from a word meaning "light-giving." With such a scene before one, we think that whatever might seem absurd or nonsensical in the ideas connected with the ceremony would be forgotten at the moment. Emperors, both dead and living, might be overlooked, and the Lord of Heaven alone would, under such circumstances, command all our feelings of respect and reverence.

The North Altar is more imposing to a visitor, from its having a permanent building on the top platform. The circular triple terrace of white marble is the same here as at the South Altar with the difference of eight ascents instead of four as in the other. In the centre on the top are three marble steps, and on this a circular wooden temple stands. The Emperor comes to this altar in the spring to sacrifice and pray for a good harvest.

Most of the imperial temples of Pekin have been constructed with reference to the relations of numbers, and this is particularly marked in the Temple of Heaven. The number nine figures very largely in it. The ascent to each terrace has nine steps, the whole ascent being $3\times9=27$. The pavement on the circular top is formed by nine circles of marble slabs. The central circle has nine slabs, the second is formed of eighteen, the third of twenty-seven, and so on, each circle being a multiple of nine, till at the outer circle it is $9\times9=81$, being a favorite number in Chinese philosophy.

There are a number of great imperial temples in Pekin—the Temple of Heaven, the Temple of the Earth, the Temple of Agriculture, and the Altars of the Sun and Moon. The principal ceremony at the Temple of the Earth takes place at the summer solstice. The ceremony at the Temple of Agriculture is in the spring, when the Emperor plows a piece of ground and sows in it the seeds of one or two kinds of grain. He does this as an example of husbandry and industry to all his subjects, and a very good and worthy example it is from a monarch to his people. The Chinese are certainly good agriculturists. We have heard them much praised in this respect; but whether their high efficiency is the result of following the model set by their Emperor or not we can not pretend to say. The Empress and ladies of her court have a yearly ceremony of feeding silk-worms. This is also done as an example of industry to the women of China, as that is supposed to be their special occupation. The Altar to the Earth

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is on the north side of the city. It contains shrines to the Spirits of Mountains and Seas. There are tablets placed in these shrines to five mountains in China, and to others in Manchooria and Tartary, also tablets to four seas and four lakes. The Altar to the Sun is on the east side of Pekin. The ceremony here is at the vernal equinox. The altar is surrounded, like the others, by a grove of trees. No companions are placed on the altar to share in the sacrifices with the sun. The ceremony at the Altar of the Moon takes place at the autumnal equinox. In conjunction with the moon there are the tablets of the seven stars of the Great Bear, the five planets—the later discoveries in the planetary sphere have not yet reached Pekin—the twenty-eight constellations, and other deifications in the stellar region.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. G. W. H.—Trim your black alpaca suit with bias bands of the same and side pleatings.

F. H. L.—A sage green, olive, or blue-gray poplin or cashmere, made with a redingote and kilt-pleated skirt, would be stylish and not very expensive for the present season.

ARGYLE.—A black silk suit is not too old for a girl of nineteen, and would be very appropriate for the intermediate season. Read answer above to "F. H. L."

VIRGINIA.—The *Bazar Book of Decorum* is a good authority on matters of etiquette.

MARY C.—Your sample is merino; cashmere is twilled on one side only. Make a skirt of the farmer's satin, trim it with cashmere pleatings, and then have a cashmere polonaise trimmed with yak lace.

INQUIRER.—For hints about your spring suit—for which we advise beaver mohair—consult New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI. It is soon to make a white dress. Fine thin French nansook would suit your complexion, also the bishop's lawn, which is less expensive. Get pleated organdy, footing, and lace frills for your neck and wrists. China crape ties look well with a row of Malines or Valenciennes lace on the pointed ends headed by some transferred needle-work. Get China crape and twilled silk neck-ties already cut bias and hemmed. White, salmon, rose, and French blue are your shades. Linen batiste will wash.

M. W. S. W.—Only a few unsalable colors can now be had in Irish poplin at the prices quoted for the Christmas holidays. Two dollars is now the price of stylish colors. It is the usual width of silk. Fifteen yards will *not* make a basque, over-skirt, and lower skirt.

INITIALS.—Your brocade should be made up in a polonaise with ruffled skirt. If jauntily made, it will be very pretty for a young girl.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Your beautiful chêné silk will be very stylish if made short and worn with a brown silk sleeveless jacket, brown sash, and two skirts trimmed with folds and piping, or else alternate kilt pleats of brown and the dress silk. Consult New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI. A little borax in tepid water will give black lace sufficient dressing, and restore its blackness.

D. W. A.—Read reply just given to "Old Subscriber."

M. L. B.—An entire dress of white alpaca would look best for your graduating dress, and would also answer for the reception. Invite your relatives who send you to school to attend the party.

LILLIAN.—Girls of fourteen should wear their hair in two long plaited tresses, as this promotes its growth and happens to be the fashion. Wear the Renaissance costume illustrated in *Bazar* No. 10, Vol. V.

F. L. M.—Your letter is one of several we have received on the same subject from shoe-makers in Ohio. Shoes shaped like the model you sent are *not* worn here, and if they were, the *Bazar* would not commend such instruments of torture. Low broad heels are the style here; high tapering French heels are out of use.

J. J. A.—As we have said repeatedly, we can not give addresses in this column.

EMMA M. G.—For the costumes you want, read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI.

E. M. T.—The Highland suit is appropriate for your boy of two years. It is illustrated in *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. V., and the cut paper pattern will be mailed you at this office on receipt of twenty-five cents.

JENNIE DEE.—Use the Double-breasted Redingote pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V.

FANNIE.—Make your gray linen suit by a description in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI. Trim with bias bands of blue linen, and make a blue linen sleeveless jacket to wear with it.

CAMEOS

THE bitterest enemies of jewelry and gems have never been able to reason themselves into the belief that Cameos are not works of art, but only "gauds" and "trinkets." The fine Cameo tells its own story, and, in the words of Emerson, is "its own excuse for being." The ancients, with whom in all things the human predominated, esteemed the Cameo and the Intaglio more than any gem of the mine or the ocean, not only because it was absolutely a work of human genius and skill, but also because it was a representation of human interests, feelings, or passions, whether in the persons of mortal actors, or of the deities of Olympus. The antique Cameos, when they are not the portraits of great men or the idealized images of the gods, invariably represent scenes and emotions of human life. These were wrought out with a patient accuracy and power, of which the microscope alone can afford us any fair idea. How were they made without its help? The modern Cameos, of which Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, 22 John St. (up stairs), possess unquestionably the best collection to be seen in this city, have been wrought with this aid, and yet they are certainly not superior to the antiques in the delicacy and precision of their finish, or the variety and force of expression which distinguish them.—[*Com.*]

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COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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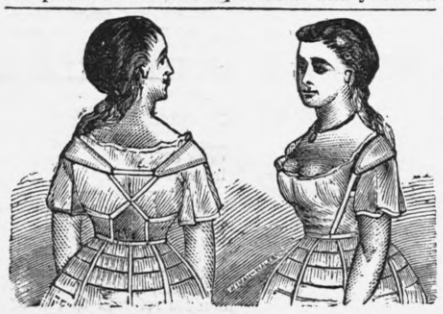

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VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old) ..... " 21
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POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt ..... " 23
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FACETIÆ.

IN one of the suburban schools a school inspector gave out the word "psalter" to a class for spelling. It was a poser to all till it reached the foot of the class, when a curly-headed little fellow spelled it correctly, but being asked to define it, he shouted out, "More salt."

Swift said the reason a certain university was a learned place was that most persons took some learning there, and few brought any away with them, so it accumulated.

Suppose a man owns a skiff; he fastens the skiff to the shore with a rope made of straw; along comes a cow; cow gets into the boat, turns round, and eats the rope; the skiff, thus let loose, with the cow on board, starts down stream, and on its passage is upset; the cow is drowned. Now has the man that owns the cow got to pay for the boat, or the man that owns the boat got to pay for the cow?

A lady who had made pretensions to the most refined feelings went to her butcher to remonstrate with him on his cruel practices.

"How can you be so barbarous as to put little innocent lambs to death?"

"Why, madam," said the butcher, "you surely wouldn't eat them alive, would you?"

Persons interested in things theatrical will be amused by the discovery of a Paris correspondent that a married woman on the stage exercises less magnetism over an audience than a single woman does. "At one time," he says, "there were offered in Paris what were called Christine Nilsson watches, which had a great sale, but when she took a husband their demand so sensibly diminished that the proprietor changed their name." This seems rather illogical, after the fair cantatrice had changed hers.

DEFINITION WANTED.

AUNT MARIA. "And so, Laury, you enjoyed yourself very much at the Browns' Party. And did you *Flirt* much?"
LAWRENCE. "Oh dear, no! On the contrary, Aunt, I Danced with the same Little Girl the whole evening!"

PERSIAN FABLES.

A dog having got upon the scent of a deer which a hunter had been dragging home, set off with extraordinary zeal. After measuring off a few leagues he paused.

"My running gear is all right," said he, "but I seem to have lost my voice."

Suddenly his ear was assailed by a succession of eager barks, as of another dog in pursuit of him. It then began to dawn upon him that he was a particularly rapid dog; instead of him having lost his voice, his voice had lost him, and was just now arriving. Full of his discovery, he sought his master, and struck for better food and more comfortable housing.

"Why, you miserable example of perverted powers!" said his master; "I never intended you for the chase, but for the road. You are to be a draught-dog—to pull baby about in a cart. You will perceive that speed is an objection. Sir, you must be toned down. You will be at once assigned to a house with modern conveniences, and will dine at a French restaurant. If that system does not reduce your own, I'm an 'Ebrew Jew!"

The journals next morning had racy and appetizing accounts of a canine suicide.

A famishing traveler who had run down a salamander made a fire and laid him alive upon the hot coals to cook. Wearied with the pursuit which had preceded his capture the animal at once composed himself, and fell into a refreshing sleep. At the end of half an hour the man stirred him with a fagot, remarking,

"I say! wake up and begin toasting, will you? How long do you mean to keep dinner waiting, eh?"

"Oh, I beg you will not wait for me," was the yawning reply. "If you are going to stand upon ceremony, every thing will get cold. Besides, I have dined. I wish, by-the-way, you would put on some more fuel; I think we shall have snow."

"Yes," said the man, "the weather is like yourself—raw and exasperatingly cool. Perhaps this will warm you." And he rolled a ponderous pine log atop of that provoking reptile, who flattened out and "handed in his checks."

The moral thus doth glibly run:
A cause its opposite may brew;
The sun-shade is unlike the sun,
The plum unlike the plumber, too;
A salamander underdone
His impudence may overdo.

A humming-bird invited a vulture to dine with her. He accepted, but took the precaution to have an emetic along with him; and immediately after dinner, which consisted mainly of dew, spices, honey, and similar slops, he swallowed his corrective, and tumbled the distasteful viands out. He then went away, and made a good wholesome meal with his friend the ghoul. He has been heard to remark that the taste for humming-bird fare is "too artificial for *him*." He says a simple and natural diet, with agreeable companions, cheerful surroundings, and a struggling moon, is best for the health, and most agreeable to the normal palate.

People with vitiated tastes may derive much profit from this opinion. *Crede experto.*

A gosling which had not yet begun to blanch was accosted by a chicken just out of the shell.

"Whither away so fast, fair maid?" inquired the chick.

"Wither away yourself," was the contemptuous reply; "you are already in the sere and yellow leaf, while I seem to have a green old age before me."

THOUGHTFUL.—"Poor dear!" sighed Mr. Smith, stirring up his roaring coals, and referring to the late lamented Mrs. S., "how she *did* enjoy a good fire! Ah, well, let us hope she's gone where they keep them."

When distance lent enchantment to the view, was it with an understanding that he was to have it back again?

AFFECTING VERSES.

The following pathetic lines we find in an exchange:

"The death angel smote Alexander M'Glue,
And gave him protracted repose;
He wore a checked shirt and a No. 9 shoe,
And he had a pink wart on his nose.
No doubt he is happier dwelling in space
Over there on the evergreen shore.
His friends are informed that his funeral takes place
Precisely at quarter past four!"

And the following, from the same paper, is equally touching and beautiful:

"Willie had a purple monkey climbing on a yellow stick,
And when he sucked the paint all off it made him deathly sick;
And in his last hours he clasped that monkey in his hand,
And bade good-by to earth and went into a better land.

"Oh! no more he'll shoot his sister with his little wooden gun,
And no more he'll twist the pussy's tail and make her yowl for fun;
The pussy's tail now stands out straight, the gun is laid aside,
The monkey doesn't jump around since little Willie died."

THE OBJECTIVE CASE.—A purblind contemporary mentions that the young ladies of Chicago have recently established a "Personal Beauty League," and then feebly adds, "the objects of the society are not stated." Can't he see that the society by its very nature excludes all "objects!"

Now that so many specialties have their own journals, there is talk of starting a paper in New York devoted to the records of the city murders that occur from day to day.

SOMETHING THAT DON'T MIND PINCHING—Snuff.

PROFITABLE TALK.

YOUNG BLOCKHEAD. "Can you play on the piano, Miss Brown?"

MISS BROWN. "No, I can't."

Y. B. "Have you ever tried?"

MISS B. "No, I have not."

Y. B. "Then how do you know you can't?"

[*Awkward pause.*

A suit took place the other day in which a printer named Kelvey was a witness. The case was an assault and battery that came off between two men named Brown and Henderson.

"Mr. Kelvey, did you witness the affair referred to?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, what have you to say about it?"

"That it was the best piece of punctuation I have seen for some time!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, that Brown dotted one of Henderson's eyes, for which Henderson put a period on Brown's breathing for about half a minute."

The Court comprehended the matter at once, and fined the defendant ten dollars.

INCURABLE.—That must be a hopeless case of intemperance when a man takes castor-oil for the sake of the brandy which helps it down.

An Aberdeen gentleman, talking to an American tourist, and growing warm in his praise of the hospitalities and sociabilities of Scotland, amidst other instances referred to one of their punch-bowls, which, on the christening of a young marquis, was built so large that a small boat was actually set sailing upon it, in which a boy sat, who ladled out the liquor. "I guess," said the American tourist, "I've seen a bowl that ud beat that to eternal smash; for at my brother's christening the bowl was so deep that when we young uns said it warn't sweet enough father sent a man down in a diving-bell to stir up the sugar at the bottom."

THE TEMPTER.

FIRST REVELER (*on being turned out of his club*). "Come and tak a gless at my rooms."

SECOND REVELER. "Na, na, ah've had mair than eneuch!"

FIRST REVELER. "Hoots! Tak' anither, mun! D'ye no see ye're lettin' yer judgment get the better o' ye?"

The 1st of April has been very appropriately selected by the New England Millerites as the date of the world's ending.

Sea-captains should be good-natured: it would not be safe to have a can't-anchor-us man to command a ship.

The gardener who grafted a chestnut to a box tree found it only produced large trunks.

An old lady describes a genius as "a man what knows more'n he can find out, and spills vittals on his clothes."

A sorrowing friend, writing of the death of an estimable lady, said, "She has gone to her eternal *rest*." His dismay can only be faintly imagined when, upon a "proof" of his obituary notice being sent to him, he read, "She has gone to her eternal *roast*."

MILITARY QUERY.—When a general "pitches" an encampment, does he always have a "brush" with the enemy?

"My brudders," said a waggish colored man to a crowd, "in all affliction, in all ob your troubles, dar is one place you can always find *sympathy*."

"Whar? whar?" shouted several.

"In de dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.

AMERICA AND GERMANY.

AMERICAN NIMROD (*who has shot tigers in India and lions in South Africa*). "The fact is, Herr Muller, that I don't care much for Sport unless it contains the Element of Danger."

GERMAN NIMROD. "Ach zo? You are vont of *Taincher?* Den you should gom ant Shood mit *me!* Vy, only de oder Tay I Shoodet my Broder-in-law in de Shdômag!"

OH THIM SARVINTS! WHAT A BLESSING!

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A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 14.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Ladies' Bridal and Walking Suits, Figs. 1–5.

Fig. 1.—WHITE GROS GRAIN BRIDAL DRESS. This white gros grain dress is trimmed with pleated ruffles of the material, white lace, and orange blossoms. The back breadths of the skirt are arranged in a puff. Wreath of orange blossoms. Silk tulle veil.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD. The skirt and sleeveless jacket of this suit are made of black velvet. The jacket is trimmed with grelots. The over-skirt and high waist of blue and white striped foulard are trimmed with pleated ruffles of the material and with bows of blue gros grain ribbon.

Fig. 3.—WHITE SATIN BRIDAL DRESS. This dress with long train and heart-shaped waist is made of white satin. The waist is trimmed with revers of point lace and satin folds. Point lace under-sleeves. Wreath and bouquet of natural orange blossoms. Silk tulle veil. For the waist cut of satin and silk lining two pieces each from Figs. 37 and 38, Supplement, two whole pieces from Fig. 41, and one whole piece from Fig. 39. Cut the sleeves from Fig. 40, observing the outline of the under part. Having basted the material on the lining, sew up the darts in the fronts, join the back, side forms, and fronts according to the corresponding figures, and furnish the waist with buttons and button-holes for closing. Face the bottom of the waist with a strip of the material seven-eighths of an inch wide, and cord the neck of the waist. Join the upper and under parts of the sleeves from 36 to 37 and from 38 to 39, set on the trimmed cuffs

Fig. 1.—WHITE GROS GRAIN BRIDAL DRESS.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 3.—WHITE SATIN BRIDAL DRESS. For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 37-41.

Fig. 4.—WHITE FAILLE BRIDAL DRESS. For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 42-46.

Fig. 5.—LADY'S WALKING SUIT.

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according to the corresponding figures and signs, and sew the sleeves into the corded armholes, bringing 39 on 39 on the fronts. White satin belt with bow.

Fig. 4.—WHITE FAILLE BRIDAL DRESS. This dress is made of white faille; the trimming consists of box-pleated ruffles and folds of the material. The folds and the sleeve epaulets are braided with fine white silk cord. The back breadths of the skirt are draped as shown by the illustration. Wreath with trailing vines of orange blossoms. Silk tulle veil. To make the waist cut of gros grain and lining two pieces each from Figs. 42–44 and 46, Supplement, and one piece from Fig. 45. Cut the sleeves from Fig. 40, No. IX., of the present Supplement. Having sewed up the darts in the fronts, face the right front with a strip of silk an inch and three-quarters wide, and furnish it with button-holes. Set the left front from the neck to the bottom of the waist into a double fly an inch and three-quarters wide, which is furnished with buttons. Join the back, side forms, and fronts according to the corresponding figures, cut a slit in the back along the double line to *, and face the bottom of the waist with a strip of silk an inch and three-quarters wide. Set the neck of the waist into a double standing collar seven-eighths of an inch wide. Sew on the trimming as shown by the illustration and partly indicated on the pattern. Having trimmed the sleeves, set them into the armholes, at the same time sewing in the trimmed epaulets according to the corresponding figures.

Fig. 5.—LADY'S WALKING SUIT. Gray gros grain dress with ruffles of the material. The Dolman of steel blue vigogne is trimmed with a braiding of soutache, silk fringe, cord loops, and passementerie agrafes. Velvet hat, trimmed with ribbon, feathers, and lace.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1873.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be published gratuitously an EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing a further installment of LORD LYTTON'S new and fascinating Novel,

"THE PARISIANS,"

a work which recalls the best days of the author of "The Caxtons" and "My Novel."

☞ *A Cut Paper Pattern of a Sleeveless Jacket Walking Suit will be published with our next Number.*

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' and Children's Spring Suits; Confirmation and First Communion Dresses; Mantelets, Dolmans, Fichus, Fichu-Collars; Passementerie Trimmings for Dresses and Wrappings; Lingerie, etc., together with choice literary and pictorial attractions.*

FAMILY MARKETING.

BY PIERRE BLOT.

II.

HOW TO CHOOSE LAMB.

THE different parts of lamb are called by the same names as the same parts of mutton. It is generally sold by quarters or halves. The fore-half, or fore-saddle, is often roasted, and makes an excellent and delicate dish. The breast makes a very good and handsome dish, called *épigramme*. The best lamb is known by the same indications as those described for mutton.

Lamb is considered best between three and twelve months old. It is called spring lamb when between five and thirteen weeks. Spring lamb is considered best when ten weeks old. It is found in the markets as early as April, but is not very good until the middle of May.

The lambs coming from the common breeds seem to be the best; those coming from animals having the finest wool are not as much praised—such as the merino breed.

Kid-lamb does not differ from lamb in tenderness, but it does in appearance and flavor. The leg of kid-lamb is elongated and flat at the larger end, while that of lamb is short and thick. Kid is liked by many, but the public will generally agree with a lady friend who once said to us, "I do not object to eating kid, but I object to paying lamb price for it."

PORK.

When good, the meat looks fresh and is soft; the lean has a reddish hue, and the fat is white. The rind is thin and tender. When spots or small lumps of a whitish-pinky hue are found in the meat it is unfit for use.

The roasting pieces of pork are the leg, the loin, the shoulder, the fore-quarter, and the chine, or ribs.

Chops and steaks are taken from the chine and loin pieces. The tenderloins are generally sold separately.

SUCKING PIG.

The best are generally very short and very fat. The fat is very tender.

POULTRY.

A dry-picked fowl is better than a scalded one. A spring chicken should never be scalded; it is spoiled thereby. Young chickens are called broilers—the hens until they are about ten months, or until they begin to lay; the roosters until they are six or eight months old, according to breed.

As soon as a young hen has laid, the opening under the rump is redder and more open than before. The fat of the best chickens has a pale yellowish hue, the flesh is white, and the feet are smooth and soft. The cock is known by its smooth and short spurs. A stiff rump is a sign of freshness. When not fresh the part immediately under the rump has a dark, bluish appearance.

Another way of ascertaining if a chicken is young is by pressing the rear end of the breast-bone inward; if it bends easily, the chicken is young. The legs and feet of old chickens are rough to the touch.

Every edible bird, domestic or wild, when young has the lower part of the legs, the feet, and even the under part of the feet, soft, which parts are invariably rough to the touch when the bird is old.

Capons are easily known by the long feathers on their necks, that are left on as a kind of certificate of identity. They are much more plump and fat than other fowls; the breast, especially, is very large and thick. The comb, which is cut when the bird is altered, turns pale and looks faded. The head is smaller than that of other fowls, but their spurs are shorter and rather soft, and their claws long.

Birds called *slips* are often sold to the uninitiated for capons. Although they are good fowls, still they are very inferior to capons.

It is more difficult to select fowls when in a frozen state, but with a little experience, and the above explanations, it will be found comparatively easy. As a general guide, inferior poultry, even when frozen, is slimy to the touch, and much more so when partly or wholly thawed.

We must remark that a short spur is not always a sign of tender age in cocks. Some farmers very innocently cut that leg ornament in such way that after a while, although the bird be four or five years old, the spur will look as if it were just beginning to grow.

TURKEYS.

A good and young turkey is known by the same indications as given for poultry. The legs of young turkeys are generally black. An old hen-turkey has the legs rough, and of a reddish hue; the cock has long spurs. The fattest, those with short necks, a broad, thick breast, and a white skin, are the best. When fresh, the legs are flexible enough, but they get stiff as the bird gets seasoned.

Saturday-evening turkeys are made with old hens and old roosters, and commonly sold to confident buyers in this way: two or more market boys take possession of a closed stand rather late on Saturday evenings; they have their goods in a basket or box, and each is holding a fowl that he shows for and calls a young turkey, holding the head in one hand and the legs in the other, crying loudly, "Young turkeys for ——— a pound" (stating the price), "head and legs off," with other remarks, such as, "We offer them at that low price because it is late," "because we want to close," etc.

Unsuspecting women, attracted by the low price they are offered at (head and legs not weighed), stop to look at them, and in less time than it takes to say it, the head and legs are chopped off, the bird is weighed, the whole price announced, and before the woman has had time to say a word the bird is in her basket. Half bewildered at the celerity with which the whole process has been gone through, and startled by the small sum she has to pay for a turkey, at least nine out of ten pay and move along, conscious of having made a good bargain.

DUCKS.

Domestic ducks are almost always better than wild ones, and, on an average, of a good flavor. Like other birds or animals, the fatter they are the better the meat.

Select them with a large, full breast. The lower part of the legs of young ducks is soft; so is the web. Holding the bird by the under bill, if very young, it will break; if it only bends, it is a little older, but just as good. The joints of the legs also break easily when the bird is young.

Amateurs of ducklings prefer them just when their wings begin to overlap when alive.

We shall speak of wild-ducks in future numbers.

GEESE.

Young and good geese are known by the same indications as explained for ducks. The younger they are the more down they have. In getting old the skin becomes white, and the legs, which were yellowish, turn to red. The legs remain flexible as long as they are fresh.

DISEASE OR DEMONS.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

WE hear of illness around us every day. Nay, in some dim and distant past, some vague remote Egyptian antiquity, we seem to see a vision of scarlet fever and whooping-cough, of chicken-pox and measles, and vaccination and pennyroyal tea, and housing and petting, in which we ourselves have played a prominent part. But strong with inherited vigor and country air, and wholesome lack of training, and free, wild, generous living, you have grown up, dear friend, in robust, not to say defiant, health, and have carried all along your manhood or womanhood an indomitable, irrepressible physical force and activity which have, perhaps, even surged over upon your mental characteristics, and made you the least in the world arrogant, scornful, exacting, exultant, where you otherwise would have been, let us hope, the very pink of meekness and modesty.

Ah! good friend, exult no more. Even for you Nemesis waits. Even you are approaching your boundary lines, though you know it not, or ever were aware that for you existed limitations.

So you go plunging through the snows and paddling through the "slush" of our unrelenting winters, intent upon having all things ready for a grand Christmas, and a closing up for the winter, and never heed the obstacles. Obstacles are made not to be counted but surmounted. Each day has its visit, its business, its excursion, its engagement, and if the day come with blinding sleet, or whirling snow, or icy rain, so much the worse for rain and sleet and snow, but away you go. There has never occurred to you the possibility of being beaten in any contest whatever. What said General UPTON when the committee suggested that in his work on tactics were to be found no rules for the arrangement of a surrender? "That, Sir, is a thing which should never be provided for in an American army!" Bravo, General UPTON!

So comes the night before Christmas-eve, and your visits are all made, and your Christmas-tree is planted in its pot and hidden in the cellar, to await its surprise, and your pop-corn parceled in pink bags, and your candy in white ones, and your oranges are strung, ready for their final suspense, and your drawers and closets crammed with mysterious parcels wrapped in tissue-paper, and the Christmas turkey and pies and puddings are in an encouraging state of forwardness, and you go to bed with the delightful consciousness of being well "up to time," and in fifteen minutes are surprised that instead of finding it morning it is still the same day you went to bed, and you are, moreover, aware of your left shoulder. Unhappy! the only health is unconsciousness. Your intangible idea develops into a distinct ache in the top of that dreadful left shoulder, which no change of position, no determination to fix your mind on some other subject, will remove. You make Herculean efforts to forget that shoulder, but in vain. The ache resolves itself into a well-defined pain, and the pain becomes adventurous, and organizes exploring expeditions northward and southward, eastward and westward, and your time is beguiled by the lively interest you take in its progress and enterprises. Now your chest seems a great cave full of stalagmites and stalactites, and the stalagmites and stalactites are all luminous, brilliant, crystallized pain. Now it is a little imp alight on your shoulder, clutching it harder and harder, and a whole legion of little imps pour after him, and spin down your nerves, and follow along every avenue of sense and blood and breath, gnawing, gnawing, gnawing with monotonous persistence and ever-growing power. From force of habit you fall asleep, and are startled awake again, and still those imps are at it. It was amusing for a while, but it presently becomes tiresome, and then exasperating. There is a point beyond which even novelty ceases to interest, and the ice-cold night was never so mighty. It broods over you like a pall, discouraging, deadening. And the little imps have so possessed themselves of you that they have fairly driven you out of your strongholds. You dare not go down into your own lungs, but only hang on to breath by your eyelids, and every short, shallow gasp is a sharp pain. But you battle through the night with fitful sleep, and weary, wondering waking, thinking longingly of sunshine and the register, and promising yourself to give the imps a sweat if ever daylight comes. Daylight does come and sunshine, and the register and the blazing wood fire, and mustard and hot iron, and those little malignant fiends carry the day over them all, dancing and raving and raging through your astonished blood.

Till somebody suggests the doctor. The doctor! It is an absurd idea. A doctor is for sickness. Can a doctor cast out devils? Sickness is—well, you don't know exactly what, seeing you never had it, but certainly not this. This is a horde of minute, riotous evil spirits, reckless, spiteful, mocking morsels of demons, that have entered into you, and are holding high carnival. But they so occupy your time and attention that you make no effective opposition to any plans or proposals of the outside world, and so presently the doctor appears upon the scene, and the outside world somehow begins to buzz and darken into a dream, a twilight, a sea of unreality, over which the phantoms of familiar friends loom unreally, but whose doubtful expanse is broken by solid islands of mustard and poultice, and batting and bitterness, and across whose sombre silence shoot gleams of drollery and grotesque, demure, fantastic fun. And there is time no longer, nor any division of day and night, until a time, times, and the dividing of time.

And this is a "fit of sickness." You were never more amazed in your life. Out of the dark, doubtful sea you are dragged to the dry land of faint but real life, and behold the little imps are beaten off, shut and sealed in the caverns whence they swarmed, and there never were any imps, and their name was Pneumonia; and you see the light that it is good, and you can divide the light from the darkness, as in the beginning, and you call the light Day, and the darkness you call Night.

But to think that you, the unassailable, have had "a fit of sickness!" And that this is it! And that this strange, bewildering, absorbing, altogether unimaginable experience has been going on around you from the foundation of the world, and you had no more idea of it or what it was like than if you had been founded in another world!

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

WEDDING DRESSES.

"ORANGE blossom" faille, of the cream-tinted whiteness of the flower in its perfection, is the superb fabric of bridal dresses for the spring weddings that occur soon after Easter. French fancy rejects all elaborate laces for brides' dresses, and suggests as more congruous for this last dress of girlhood simple ruches and plissés of dainty Malines tulle, with many garlands of orange blossoms. For this dress of silk, tulle, and flowers the design is a trained skirt, with high basque, or else low Greek corsage. The dimensions of the skirt are two yards for its greatest length, and five and a half for its width at the foot. It may be left in plain soft richly flowing folds, or as elaborately trimmed as the wearer chooses, but all over-skirts, except the merest aprons, are now omitted, as the sash and veil form ample drapery. The basque corsage, edged with double cords, has a high Medici fraise of tulle around the pointed neck, and antique sleeves, tight to the elbow, with triple flounces of tulle below; an orange cluster is in the bosom, a vine droops from the left shoulder to the waist, and the sash is of double faille and tulle. A dress in French taste is of white Ottoman silk, with low corsage, deeply pointed, and a Grecian bertha of Malines tulle with silk folds. Around the train is a wide flounce, with a tulle ruche above and below it, headed by a garland, five yards long, made of orange flowers and pink-white roses with dark buds; narrow gathered flounces veiled with tulle and headed by garlands are arranged in curves on the front breadth, and a ruffle and garland sweep down from the waist on each side, and are met by bouquets with trailing sprays. The waist has a bouquet in front, and a long spray on the shoulder. The new coiffure is not a wreath, but a cluster, worn high on the left side, with a vine among the finger puffs, and a long spray drooping behind. Such "sets" of flowers, including garlands, cost from $75 to $100. The veil is also of Malines, three and a half yards wide, and this width forms the length of the veil. The price, completed, is about $15. For weddings in June, the month of roses, are poetic dresses of embroidered muslin, *blanc mat*, as the French say, imported for $50 the robe, and it may be prosaically added that these will serve afterward as over dresses for colored silk. Some lace, usually Valenciennes, must be used with these; the low round Josephine corsage is in keeping with its simplicity, and a white watered ribbon sash completes a dress that is within the reach of brides of limited means. The orange flowers necessary are merely a coiffure and corsage bouquet; very fine creamy blossom sets cost from $18 to $25; whiter sets, mostly of chalky buds, cost from $5 to $11; very pretty garlands of bud and blossom are $2 50 a yard. Lemon blossoms, bridal spiral, and the starry jasmine are mingled with orange flowers. Bride-maids' dresses are of Chambéry gauze or tulle, with garlands of different flowers on each dress, and sashes of two colors found in the flowers. A pretty garland for an apron front is pink roses with a fringe of bluebells; the sash is of palest blue, lined with rose-color.

The traveling dress added to spring trousseaux, and which serves usually for "second best" street suit, is a polonaise with simply trimmed skirt of camel's-hair serge, natural gray or brown, worth from $2 to $4 a yard;

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or else a silk skirt with a Sicilienne polonaise, in any of the stylish green shades, such as moss, souchong, olive, sage, or bronze. Where economy is an object, fine poplins are used in the colors just named, and in blue-gray associated with Napoleon blue almost as dark as plum-color. The bonnet is a Rabagas of the dress material, with silk folds, a rose cluster, and aigrette, or else a pretty Rubens round hat of black or white straw, with folded scarf of silk matching the dress, and a shaded ostrich plume. The veil is polka-dotted Brussels net with Spanish lace border, or else a gray grenadine finished with fringe around the edge, and fastened by a silver dagger. For church and visiting dresses are the Ophelia, réséda, blue-gray, and black silk costumes. The colored suits are of two shades, with sleeveless jackets, and with bonnets to match. Black silk suits have black cashmere mantillas rich with lace, insertion, and jet, and will be worn with a chip or straw bonnet almost covered with flowers.

For house dresses the princesse dress may be put on in the morning and worn deep into the afternoon. This is a graceful close-fitting Gabrielle with waist and skirt cut in one, is buttoned down before, sometimes has a vest added in front, has large square pockets, and is slightly trained. A pretty model is fine gray poplin with a vest and deep cuffs of lilac silk; also clusters of silk flounces that come up very high in front and recede on each side, coming to a point behind. Down the back is a row of large bows of silk arranged like a Watteau. A dinner dress for a bride is of two gray shades, pearl and mastic, with rose facings. The shapely basque with tight sleeves is trimmed with white duchesse lace. The demi-train has flounces, large revers on the sides, tablier ruffles, and a sash in which the three shades appear. An evening dress for a blonde bride, that would also suit a brunette, is of faded-rose silk trimmed with deeper rose. This has a square-necked basque with antique sleeves; two rows of Valenciennes trim the neck and sleeves, while the basque is stylishly edged with cords of the two shades. The train has an apron simply corded, and a panier puff held up by a sash. A dress worn at the wedding by the bride's mother is of violet brocade, with a flounce of black Chantilly lace.

Among other trousseau dresses in preparation for spring are the new foulards of dark gray, brown, and blue for house or street; and for midsummer are black grenadines, with batistes, linens, and soft-finished percales. Piqués are not liked as well as formerly, as they are thick, warm, and wash yellow; thinner white goods, book-muslin, bishop's lawn, nansook in cross-bars, and polka-dotted Swiss muslins, with other antiquated soft fabrics, are to be used instead.

SUMMER SUITS.

Correspondents who ask instructions for summer dresses to be made during the quiet of Lent will find their answers in this column. Among the wash suits imported thin batistes are seen in the greatest numbers. These are usually of flax gray or écru shades, and are made with a belted polonaise and flounced skirt; sometimes the polonaise has lace-like stripes, or else stripes of color, and is often in clouded figures like gauze; the skirt is of plain batiste trimmed with striped flounces. Ruffles and bands of batiste embroidered by machinery in brown, white, and black are much used for trimming; écru yak lace is used in abundance, and there is a caprice for trimming batiste with the peacock and Napoleon blues that come to the surface so conspicuously this season. Immense pearl buttons, dead gilt buttons, and pearl slides and buckles are on these suits. Darkest brown facings are again used with batistes. A charming suit of plain écru has a deep bias Spanish flounce edged with two narrow ruffles, one pleated, the other gathered, and headed by one ruffle. The polonaise with inch-wide lace-like stripes is loose and belted with a brown silk belt fastened by a bow on the left of the front, from which falls a looped sash on one side of the back. Two tiny pointed collars, the upper one of brown silk, the lower of batiste, trim the neck. Flowing sleeves tied up at the elbow by brown ribbons; and a cuff of many folds of batiste is inserted when it is necessary to wear closed sleeves. Large brown silk buttons, and a fraise of Swiss muslin edged with Valenciennes. Other batiste polonaises are wrought all over with white machine embroidery; Watteau bows and sashes of peacock blue ribbon and écru lace jabots complete them.

LINEN SUITS.

Thick gray linen suits have French blouse-waists and simple over-skirts, trimmed with bias bands piped with white or deep blue linen. A deep kilt pleating is on the lower skirt. A small fichu trimmed with folds is the wrap; large blue buttons fasten the blouse. Other linen suits have polonaises with simple basque backs, and fall open from the waist down to disclose the skirt, trimmed across the front with twelve bias bands two inches wide, piped on each side with a tiny fold of white linen; the same bias band extends down the front seams. On the back breadths is a plain side pleating, with a narrow gathered ruffle below.

TURKISH TOWELING SUITS.

Suits of gray and brown Turkish toweling stuff with rough sponge-like stripes have double-breasted polonaises, cut with low revers at the throat, and are to be worn over white habit shirts. Square pockets are on the front, and there are two rows of silver buttons down the front. The skirt has a deep Spanish flounce, with narrow gathered ruffle at the top and bottom. Russia leather belts with silver chatelaines are worn with these suits.

THE ROBESPIERRE CHEMISETTE.

A novelty for morning lingerie is the Robespierre chemisette, of striped percale. This is a double-breasted front with two rows of large pearl buttons, and an English collar turned over and low-throated in front, with a standing band behind. The under-sleeves have very flaring cuffs, fastened by four buttons. It is to serve as a habit shirt, and comes in stripes of blue, maroon, and cherry with white; also in Roman striped percales. For more dressy occasions are fichu-collars of soft turquoise silk folds and lace, with very high fraises of Valenciennes.

BREAKFAST CAPS AND SPANISH VEILS.

The most becoming breakfast caps for young matrons are long pointed crowns of Swiss muslin, finished with a pleated frill edged with Valenciennes. A cunning little bow with ends turned up is made of two shades of blue, réséda, rose, or olive ribbon, and perked up on the left side. These cost from $6 50 to $10, and are made in Paris. High Normandy crowns are on caps for short round faces. Lace coronets with ribbon loops and a wreath of fine flowers are shown for dressy caps for more elderly ladies. The lace is either blonde or fine Malines.

Spanish veils for carriage and opera coiffures are imported from Virot's and other French milliners. They are made of Spanish blonde edged with lace. This lace is first attached to a coronet of watered ribbon, in which a single rose is set. The veil then drapes the coiffure, falls low on the shoulders, and is fastened on the bosom by a rose, or else the ends are thrown over the shoulders and finished with white fleecy tassels. Price from $15 to $20.

NEW SASHES AND NECK-TIES.

New sashes of thin armure silk with brocaded ends and elaborate tassel fringe are imported, with neck-ties to match. These are in turquoise, peacock, soft rose, and other pale faded tints. Watered sash ribbons are in three lengthwise stripes, white centre, with a color on each side, or else in the Marseillaise cross-bars of blue and white. Roman sashes are in new combinations of color, and the faded Watteau contrasts appear again. Modistes are making sashes of doubled faille of two colors to wear with white or black dresses. Pale blue lined with rose, or blue with buff, is very stylish. They have a belt of four folds, and a cluster of long loops with ends directly behind, a smaller bunch of loops on the left, and one long swinging loop intended to hold up the puff of the dress. Price $20. They are also made of black velvet lined with satin, black or a color, and of black moiré with white faille lining.

MILLINERY VARIETIES.

The new mousseline ribbons with small reps are far better than gros grain ribbons, because they are entirely of the best quality of silk, instead of being filled in with inferior silk, as heavy reps are. They will tie in a bow without creasing, which gros grain ribbons never do, are double-faced, have satin edges instead of a cord, and are as cheap as a taffeta ribbon. Importations of these foretell a return to the old staple colors, the simple blues, pinks, green, and brown, that existed before the present mongrel hues came into vogue. A novelty this season is gros grain ribbon with double face, blue, rose, or green on one side and white on the other. This is very serviceable in trimming bonnets that require two shades.

New jet ornaments for bonnets are shaped precisely like the back of a high Spanish comb. They are to be draped with lace, and placed in the back of black lace bonnets.

There is a caprice just now for wearing a cluster of flowers falling very low on the back of the head, where the hair is combed up from the nape of the neck. This is sometimes the only bit of color seen on black bonnets, and even this is half concealed by the hanging drapery of Spanish veils.

There are large importations of filigree silver ornaments in medieval designs made from dies that are exact copies of ornaments worn in the fourteenth century. Among them are large brooches of dull silver, gleaming daggers with a chain around them, square and oval buckles beautifully carved, birds' heads, fern leaves, and thistle slides. They are placed upon bonnets, and used to pin veils, fasten belts, mantles, etc.

For information received thanks are due Miss SWITZER; Mrs. CONNELLY; and Messrs. JOHN SCHMAUDER; A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

CHARLES NORDHOFF writes from Honolulu to the *Tribune* that the new king, Prince BILL, is the most popular man in the Sandwich Islands, having been elected by an almost unanimous vote. He is a man of more than average intelligence and ability, a gentleman in manners, and able to transact business, to which he has given himself up since his accession. At one time he was somewhat addicted to toddies, and was tabooed by the late king; but he never had the *del. trems.*, and is now quite free from all low dissipation. His Prime Minister is Mr. BISHOP, formerly of this city, and the principal banker on the islands. Another member of the cabinet is Mr. JUDD, a son of the first missionary there.

—The Duke of Richmond seems to appreciate the value of his house at Charing Cross, London, having set $2,500,000 as the value thereof, which stands in the way of proposed improvements.

—They live to be old in Switzerland, ANNA GIOVANOLI having just died in the Grisons at the age of one hundred and two. It is not at all uncommon to see men there between eighty and ninety doing their quiet game of billiards.

—The Khedive of Egypt is open to criticism as a spendthrift. He announces his intention of applying to London for another loan to pay off his personal debts. It is said that he spent over $10,000,000 on the marriage of his three sons.

—The Earl of Shaftesbury, one of the most religious and philanthropic noblemen of England, is building a new town for working-people a short distance from London, where laborers can live economically, and have fresh air, plenty of good water, and ample room.

—Several of the most eminent gentlemen of Boston—HILLARD, SARGENT, THAYER, COOLIDGE, THOMPSON, TYLER, etc.—have taken steps for raising a fund for the erection of a monument to the memory of the late General WILLIAM SCHOULER, one of the truest, ablest, and best men that ever lived in Massachusetts. He was the Adjutant-General and right arm of Governor ANDREW during the rebellion, and wrote two volumes of history of *What Massachusetts did during the War* that is alike honorable to the State and to the historian who so faithfully and ably recorded it.

—PAUL MORPHY, after having won the applause of two hemispheres by his skill at chess, now resides in New Orleans, earning scant subsistence by his profession as a lawyer. He steadily refuses to make any public exhibition of his chess powers, though once in a while he can be induced to show that his old power is only in abeyance. Recently at a private séance he beat simultaneously in two hours and three-quarters sixteen of the most accomplished amateurs in New Orleans. His strength has never been fully tested, and probably will never be fully developed. Since his retirement from the public arena Captain M'KENZIE, of this city, is reputed to occupy the first position in the United States as a player.

—A grand-nephew of WASHINGTON IRVING has been temporarily appointed to the professorship of rhetoric and the English language in the Michigan University.

—General SHERIDAN, it is said, contemplates giving to the public a volume containing his opinions about the tactics of the French and German armies during their late unpleasantness.

—Two members of Congress, at least, decline to take the extra pay voted at the close of the session—Mr. ROBERTS, of this city, and Mr. HOAR, of Massachusetts. The former refuses outright. The latter takes the lucre, but gives it to the Worcester County Free Institute of Industrial Science, for the tuition of pupils from the Eighth Congressional District.

—Notwithstanding the recent increase of salaries voted to themselves by Congress, several of the members of both Houses are well-to-do in the world. Senator CHANDLER, of Michigan, has an income of $200,000; Senator BUCKINGHAM, of Connecticut, between $50,000 and $100,000; Senator CAMERON is a very wealthy man, as are Senators SPRAGUE, FRELINGHUYSEN, FENTON, and Congressmen FERNANDO WOOD, ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT, W. R. ROBERTS, S. S. COX, SAMUEL HOOPER, WILLIAM WILLIAMS, B. F. BUTLER, CLARKSON N. POTTER, Governor SWANN, and many of the Western members. The quite Southern Representatives do not "pan out" quite so satisfactorily.

—WILLIAM B. ASTOR will two years hence, at the expiration of the hotel lease, convert the Astor House into stores and offices. The present rental of that edifice is about $119,000, of which the hotel pays $56,000. Its close proximity to the new Post-office, United States courts, the new Telegraph-office, will make it a most desirable place for offices.

—The daughter of Dr. TIEDEMANN, of this city, who for six years has been studying music under Madame VIARDOT-GARCIA, will soon make her début here. She is known as Madame JENNY RALLY, which occasions an aspersive caitiff from the country to remark that she is generally known by that name.

—Marrying to lively music is coming in—has come in in Washington, where a few days ago a choral wedding took place between Mr. P. K. BOSWELL and Miss MARY P. SHEPHERD, the bridal party, preceded by a processional cross and four-and-twenty robed choristers, marching up the broad aisle singing a wedding hymn. After the ceremonial B. folded her in his embrace and kiss-ed her—quite the correct Shepherd's fold.

—The Boston papers of Tuesday, March 11, are warm in praise of the singing of Madame DE RYTHER, of this city, at a musical and dramatic entertainment given in Odd-fellows Hall. On the Sunday previous, says the *Globe*, "she won many hearts by exhibiting her glorious voice at Clarendon Street Church," and at the concert she was equally successful. Her full, rich, resonant voice is one of the most notable now known to the musical public of this city, and her singing at the Rev. Dr. CHAPIN'S church is the principal attraction of the vocal part of the services there.

—DAVID OCHTERLONG DYCE SOMBRE is the name of a gentleman who some years ago left India to reside in England. He was very rich, and consequently, though a colored man, got a seat in Parliament and a peer's daughter to wife, viz., the daughter of Viscount ST. VINCENT. Mr. DYCE SOMBRE died, and General FORESTER, son of Lord FORESTER, married the widow. But about the property a dispute arose, which had to be settled by the courts. It was a long affair, for there was a heavy sum in dispute. However, it came to an end at last, and a short time since there was paid to General FORESTER the noble sum of £159,000.

—Miss MARY E. ASHWIN, just arrived here from England, has been for fifteen years past the custodian of SHAKSPEARE'S birth-place at Stratford-on-Avon. She is the English lady of whom HAWTHORNE wrote as "the remarkably genteel English girl, daughter of the old gentleman who takes care of the house." Few persons have seen so many of the world's celebrities as she.

—Mr. LAUNT THOMPSON, one of the most gifted of American sculptors, is making a life-size statue of RECTOR PIERS, first president of Yale College. It is to be cast in bronze and erected in the college grounds.

—The family of the late Dr. LOWELL MASON, whose fame was for many years sung throughout the land, have presented to the Theological Department of Yale College the valuable library of the doctor.

—A notable man—the Rev. JOSEPH HARVEY—died recently in Michigan, at the age of eighty-six. It was he who first suggested the establishment of American missions in the Sandwich Islands. In 1809, while Mr. H. was a pastor at Goshen, Connecticut, a whaler brought to New Haven the first Sandwich Islander ever seen on this coast. He was placed in Mr. HARVEY'S family to be educated, and under the latter's teaching the islander embraced Christianity. The American Board, then just starting in Boston, took an interest in the case, and the result was the sending out of missionaries to the islands. Mr. HARVEY was thus spared to witness the grand consummation of his hopes in relation to that mission—an entire people converted to Christianity.

—Madame LUCCA evinces confidence in the perpetuity of our institutions. In view of the toppling condition of the effete monarchies of the Old World, she has announced her intention of becoming a citizeness of the United States, and to that end filed the necessary documents in court.

—Mr. J. R. THOMAS, whose beautiful ballads are so popular throughout the land, has given to the public another, *The old Time; or, When you were Seventeen*, and dedicated it to Mrs. MORRIS PHILLIPS, the wife of our clever contemporary of the *Home Journal*.

—While Professor PEARCE, of the Coast Survey, is one of the best mathematicians since the days of LEGENDRE, his son is one of the finest amateur readers of SHAKSPEARE in the country.

—Mr. J. KEENE, father of the young lady recently married to the Grand Shereef of Morocco, writes to the London *Times* that the Shereef has no other wives than his daughter, that the latter is to enjoy the same liberty as any European wife, and that her children, if any are born to her, are by special agreement to be educated in England.

—A son of Mr. WALTER, of the London *Times*, was recently married to a niece of the Earl of Lichfield.

—The court jeweler of Berlin is a man nearly eighty years old, worth a million of dollars, and lives in a shanty near the city.

—Fancy this style of man: a Russian, living at Nice, who has made many millions of rubles by railway speculations. He is uneducated, but passionately fond of music, and his one pleasure is to maintain an orchestra. He engages by the year the best musicians; in the morning they take up their position at one end of a *salon* in his villa, he sits down in his arm-chair at the other, and there he sits and they fiddle all the blessed livelong day.

—The most gigantic family in Europe are the O'NEALS, of Queen's County, Ireland. The father stood six feet, and weighed twenty-seven stone. The mother is forty-five years of age, stands five feet two inches in height, measures round her arm twenty-six inches, across her shoulders three feet, round her waist five feet six inches, and weighs the enormous weight of twenty-one stone. Her eldest son is twenty-five years of age, stands six feet two inches, weighs eighteen stone five pounds, and at the present time he is a Life-Guard. All the sons and daughters were of large dimensions. Miss ANN O'NEAL, the eldest daughter, is twenty years of age; she stands five feet six inches in height, and measures round the arm twenty-seven inches, across the shoulders one yard and a half, round her waist eight feet, and has the enormous weight of thirty-nine stone. Her youngest sister is eighteen years of age; she stands five feet two inches in height, measures round her arm twenty-five inches, across her shoulders three feet, round her waist six feet, and weighs twenty-three stone. The eldest daughter is, as may well be imagined, on account of her obesity, scarcely able to walk. She appears to be uneasy on her legs, and is compelled to lean up against the wall for support.

—This is not very new, but it's pretty good: JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd, was first introduced to THOMAS CAMPBELL, the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, at a literary party in Waterloo Place, in the year 1832. On the Shepherd being presented to the poet as Mr. CAMPBELL, he exclaimed, "There is only one CAMPBELL in the world, and that's TOM CAMPBELL." To which, in high glee, the latter responded, "And there's only one HOGG in the world, and that's JAMIE HOGG." Lest there should be some delusion as to names, it may be said that the E. Shepherd above alluded to is *not* a member of the book-publishing firm of L. & S., Boston, but another man.

—Bavaria's young king is about to wed the eldest daughter of the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau. It will be remembered that the wedding ceremonies between the King and the Princess of Bavaria, sister-in-law of the Emperor of Austria, were ruthlessly broken off for some reasons never thoroughly understood.

—President GRANT is a merry man on occasion. When he reached the platform on the terribly cold night of the Inauguration Ball, Governor COOKE informed him that the guests wished to shake his hand, whereupon the President remarked that not only his hand, but his whole body, had been shaking for some time.

—ALEXANDRE DUMAS and GEORGE SAND have jointly written a tragedy, entitled *Brutus*, which VICTOR HUGO says is superior to any tragedy ever written in modern times.

—In the Rev. Mr. FALCONER'S church in Denny, near Dundee, a ludicrous scene recently occurred on a Sunday. A candidate for the office of precentor at the first and second psalms was like to break down altogether. At the third psalm he selected a long-metre tune to a short-metre psalm, but got over the difficulty by tacking on two words of the next line, though he made a mess of it at the close of the verse. Exhausted by his efforts, he addressed the congregation thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, I confess that I am dead beat by the way in which the psalmody is conducted in this church." At the close of the sermon he again addressed the congregation with great volubility, and concluded by offering to bet a sovereign that he could thrash any man in Denny for musical talent. Whereupon the church-goers quickly ran away, leaving the artist speaking.

—That most opulent of all Scottish peers, the Marquis of Bute, is said to be seriously contemplating a visit to this country during the coming summer.

—Governor SPRAGUE, of Rhode Island (says the *World*), has a private telegraphic communication between his house at Narraganset and New York. Such things are not uncommon. The editors of the *World*, *Tribune*, and *Herald* have wires from their offices to their residences, and are in frequent communication. The instrument used is of the printing pattern, and is manipulated without difficulty. The DREXELS have a private wire from their office here to their office in Philadelphia, and that sort of thing is getting to be quite common with men of a high degree of bullion.

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Newspaper Rack with Wood Painting.

THIS elegant newspaper rack is made of linden-wood. The upper part of the back, and the front, which is joined to the back with a soufflet of brown shagreen leather, are ornamented with sepia painting. Fig. 53, Supplement, gives the design for the front; the design for the back may be easily arranged from this design. The outer edge of the rack is furnished with a rich binding of light and dark brown inlaid leather, which is ornamented with round and oblong brass plates as shown by the illustration. In the middle, at the top of the back, this binding forms a medallion, on which is worked a monogram on brown silk with gold thread and brown silk. The front is finished at the top with a turned brown polished wooden bar trimmed with tassels. Two pieces of brown cord, furnished with brass rings and fastened on the back as shown by the illustration, serve to hang up the rack.

NEWSPAPER RACK WITH WOOD PAINTING.
For design see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 53.

Crochet Tidy, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS tidy may be worked with knitting cotton or with twisted crochet cotton, according to the size desired. First work the requisite number of separate rosettes, beginning from the middle, and crocheting for each rosette six rounds, as follows: Work 1 ch. (chain stitch), form of the projecting end of thread a very small ring of several windings, work 1 sc. (single crochet) on the ring, and then work the 1st round.—10 ch.; in the first three of these, which count as first dc. (double crochet), crochet on the end of the working thread; five times alternately 1 dc. on the thread ring, 7 ch.; finally, 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the last of the 3 ch. which count as first dc., and 3 sl. on the following 3 ch. 2d round.—6 stc. (short treble crochet) separated each by 1 ch. on the middle st. (stitch) of each ch. scallop; instead of the first stc. at the beginning of the round, work 4 ch.; finally, 1 sl. on the last of these 4 ch. 3d round.—1 dc. on each ch. between the 6 stc. of each scallop, after each of the first four of these dc. always 3 ch.; instead of the first dc. at the beginning of the round work 1 sc. and 3 ch. At the end of the round work 1 sl. on the last of the 3 ch. which count as first dc., and 4 sl. on the next 4 st. 4th round.—* 4 ch., 2 dc. separated by 7 ch. on the middle dc. of the scallop, 4 ch., 1 sc. on the next dc., 5 ch., 1 sc. on the second dc. of the following scallop; repeat from *. After the last 5 ch. at the end of the round work 1 sc. on the last of the 4 sl. at the end of the preceding round. 5th round.—3 ch., which count as first dc., 8 dc. on the next 8 st., * 5 dc. on the following middle ch. of the point, 9 dc. on the next 9 st., 1 sc. on the middle of the next 5 ch., pass over the following 2 ch.; 9 dc. on the next 9 st., and repeat from *. At the end of the round work 1 sl. on the last of the 3 ch. which count as first dc. 6th round.—2 sl. on the next 2 st., twice alternately 7 ch., 1 sc. on the fourth following st., * 7 ch., 1 sc. on the second following st., twice alternately 7 ch., 1 sc. on the fourth following st., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the third following dc. of the next point, 7 ch., fasten to the middle st. of the preceding scallop of 7 ch. (to do this drop the st. from the needle, insert the needle into the st. to which the fastening is to be done, and draw the dropped st. through from the under to the upper side), 7 ch., 1 sc. on the middle st. of the last ch. scallop, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the fourth following st. of the point, 7 ch., 1 sc. on the fourth following st., and repeat from *. At the end of the round crochet after the last 3 ch. in the hollow between two points 3 sl. on the first 3 ch. of the first ch. scallop, then 3 ch., fasten to the middle st. of the preceding scallop of 7 ch., 7 ch. and 1 sc. on the same ch. on which the last sl. was worked. In working the 6th round of each following rosette fasten by means of the ch. scallops to the rosettes already finished, as shown by Fig. 2 on page 213, which gives a full-sized section of the tidy. Edge the finished rosette foundation with an edging consisting of the following four rounds: Begin at the hollow between two rosettes and crochet the 1st round.—* 4 stc. separated each by 2 ch. on the middle st. of the next free ch. scallop of the next rosette, 2 ch., 1 sc. on the middle st. of the following ch. scallop, 2 ch., 4 stc. separated each by 2 ch. on the middle st. of each of the next 3 ch. scallops, 2 ch., 1 sc. on the following ch. scallop, 2 ch., 4 stc. separated each by 2 ch. on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop, and repeat from *; finally, 1 sl. on the first stc. of this round. 2d round.—* 3 ch., 2 dc. separated by 5 ch. on each of the next 2 stc., 3 ch., 1 sc. before and 1 sc. after the next sc., 3 ch., 2 dc. separated by 5 ch. on each of the following 2 stc., 3 ch., + 1 sc. on the joining vein of the following 2 stc., 3 ch., 2 dc. separated by 5 ch. on each of the next 2 stc., 3 ch., repeat once more from +, 1 sc. before and 1 sc. after the next sc., 3 ch., 2 dc. separated by 5 ch. on each of the following 2 stc., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the joining vein between the next 2 stc., and repeat from *. 3d round.—* 1 sc. on the next scallop of 5 ch. (always insert the needle in the middle st. of the scallops of 5 ch.), 9 ch., 1 sc. on the following ch. scallop, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop, twice alternately 9 ch. and 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop, 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the following ch. scallop, then 9 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the following ch. scallop, 9 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop. Work the 4th round in dc., ch., picots, and sc., as plainly shown by the illustration, Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.—MEDALLION IN COLORED EMBROIDERY FOR BLOTTING-PAD.—FULL SIZE.—[See Fig. 3, Page 213.]

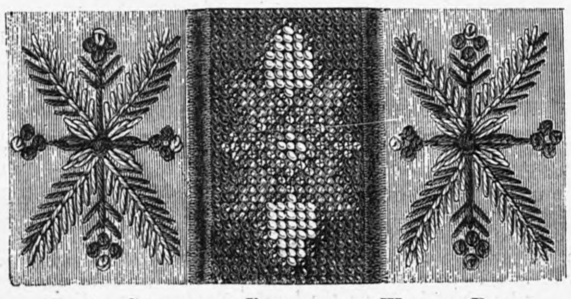


Fig. 1.—SECTION OF BORDER FOR WRITING-DESK. FULL SIZE.—[See Fig. 4, Page 213.]

Fig. 2.—MEDALLION IN COLORED EMBROIDERY FOR BLOTTING-PAD.—FULL SIZE.—[See Fig. 3, Page 213.]

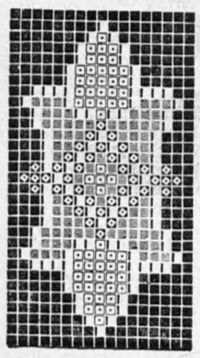


Fig. 2.—FOUNDATION FOR BORDER OF WRITING-DESK, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE. [See Fig. 4, Page 213.]

Description of Symbols: ⊡ Gold, ⫿ Steel, ⊡ Chalk, ■ Crystal, ■ Black Beads.

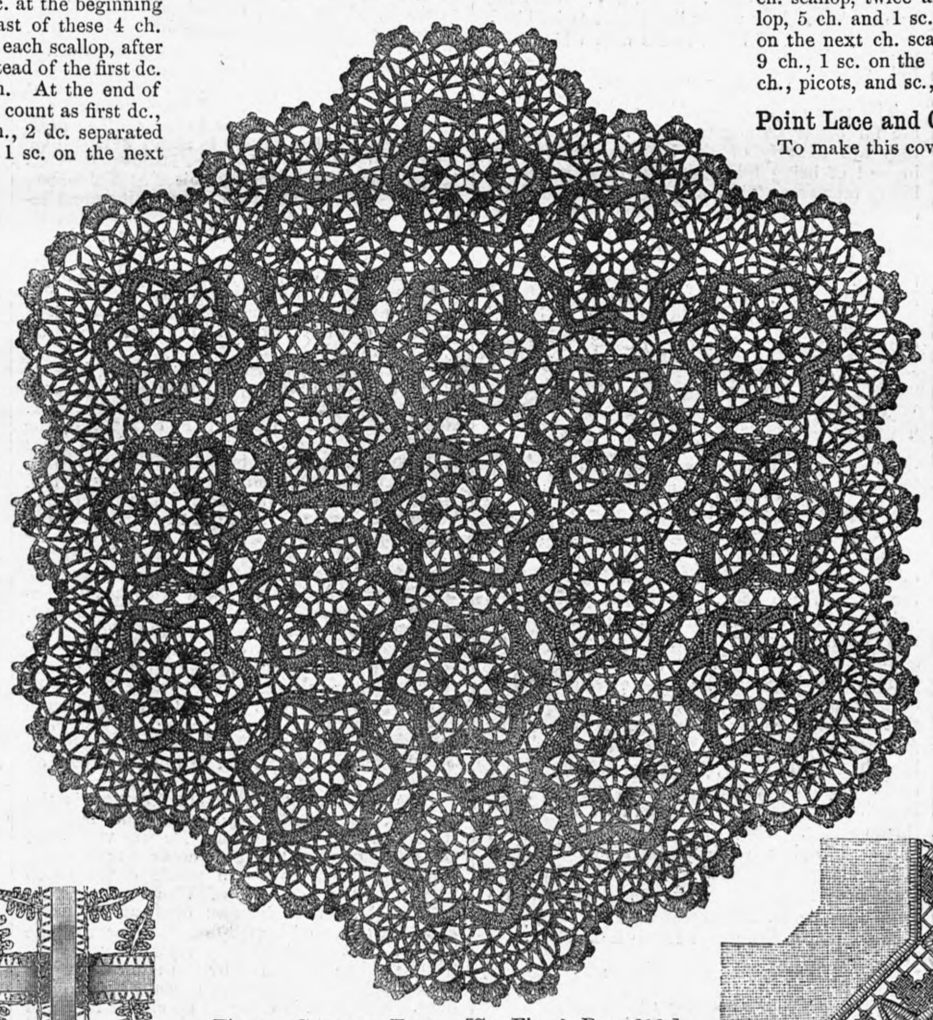


Fig. 1.—CROCHET TIDY.—[See Fig. 2, Page 213.]

Point Lace and Crochet Cover for Toilette Cushions, etc.

To make this cover, of which the illustration gives a quarter section in full size, first run the point lace braid on a foundation of paper or linen along the square lines indicated, and sew the braid together at the intersecting points without passing the needle through the foundation. Then separate the braid lattice-work thus formed from the foundation, and fill the open squares with crochet figures, which are worked with twisted cotton, No. 120, beginning from the middle, as follows: Make a foundation of 10 ch. (chain stitch), close these in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and crochet * 2 sc. (single crochet) on the ring, 4 ch., three times alternately 1 p. (picot—that is, 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these), 1 ch., fasten to the edge of one of the point lace braids as shown by the illustration (to do this drop the last stitch from the needle, insert

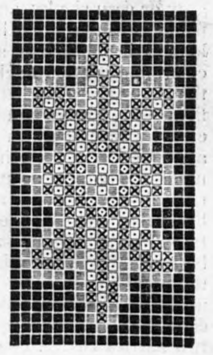
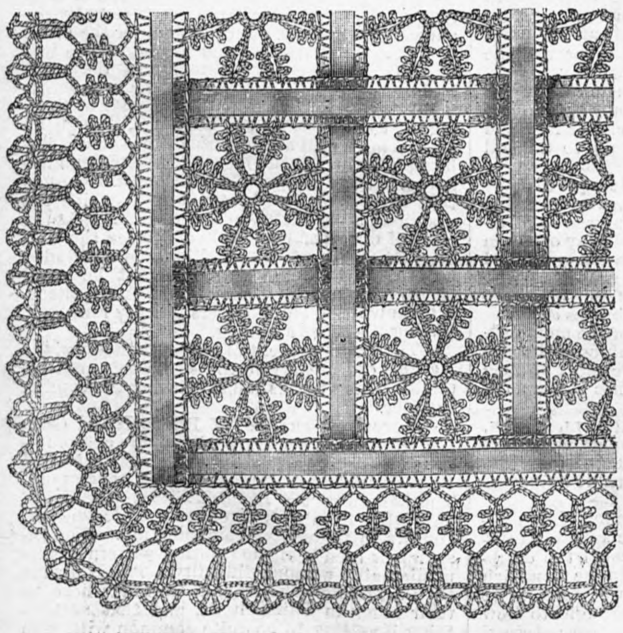


Fig. 3.—FOUNDATION IN BEAD EMBROIDERY FOR BORDER OF WRITING-DESK, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE. [See Fig. 4, Page 213.]

Description of Symbols: ⊠ Crystal, ■ Chalk, ⊡ Milk, ⊡ Steel, ■ Black Beads.



POINT LACE AND CROCHET COVER FOR TOILETTE CUSHIONS, ETC.—QUARTER SECTION.

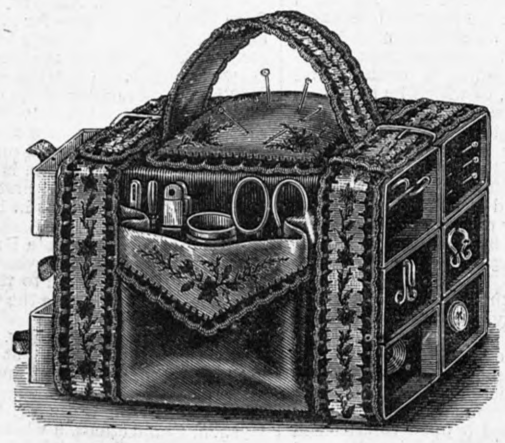
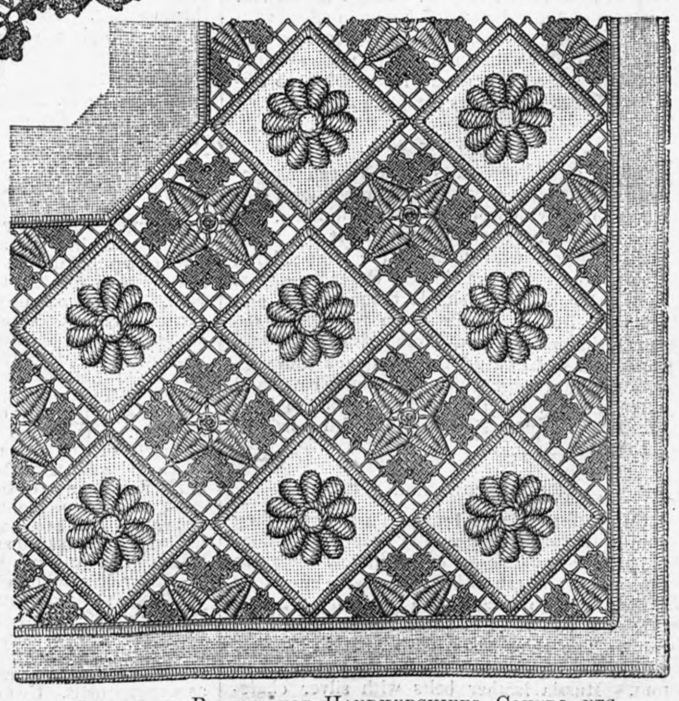


Fig. 1.—NÉCESSAIRE FOR SEWING UTENSILS. [See Fig. 2, Page 213.]



CORNER OF BORDER FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, COVERS, ETC. WHITE EMBROIDERY AND NETTED GUIPURE.

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the needle in the edge of the braid, and draw through the dropped stitch); three times alternately 1 ch., 1 p., then 3 ch. and 2 sl. on the first 2 of the 4 ch., 1 sl. on the last of the 2 sc., observing the illustration, and repeat from ∗, always going forward. Having filled all the squares in this manner, border the crocheted part all along the outer edge with edging consisting of four rounds: 1st round.—∗ 1 sc. on the outer edge, 6 ch., 2 p. separated by 1 ch., 3 ch., 2 p. separated by 1 ch., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the fifth of the preceding 6 ch., 4 ch., pass over a corresponding portion of the outer edge as shown by the illustration, and repeat from ∗. 2d round.—∗ 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next p. loop in the preceding round, 2 ch., 1 p. turned downward (to do this crochet 5 ch., drop the last of these from the needle, insert the needle in the first of the 5 ch., and draw through the dropped stitch from the under toward the upper side), 8 ch., and repeat from ∗. 3d round.—∗ 3 treble crochets on the third of the 8 ch. of the next scallop, 5 ch., and repeat from ∗. 4th round.—Four short double crochets separated each by 3 ch. on the middle of every three treble crochets in the preceding round, and between the last and first of these four double crochets always 1 ch. If a tidy is desired in this style the braid of the lattice-work may be lengthened as much as is requisite, and the squares enlarged; of course the cotton used for the crochet figures should then be coarser.

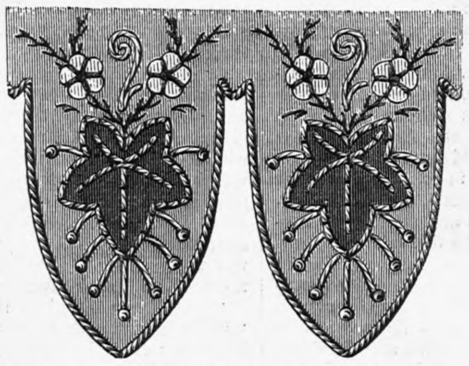


Fig. 2.—LAMBREQUIN IN POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY FOR KNIFE-STAND.—FULL SIZE.

Blotting-Pad with Embroidered Leather Corners, Figs. 1-3.

THIS useful blotting-pad consists of several sheets of blotting-paper laid one over another, and held together, as shown by Fig. 3, with embroidered leather corners, which are drawn over them. These corners are fastened at the bottom on a piece of stiff card-board the size of the blotting-paper, which serves as a foundation for the whole, and keeps them in place. The soiled blotting-paper may thus be readily replaced by new sheets. For each of the corners cut of brown leather or enameled cloth two pieces of equal size from Fig. 21, Supplement, and in the upper piece cut out the middle part for underlaying the medallion, as indicated on the pattern. The embroidery for the medallion is worked on a foundation of brown silk, cut somewhat larger than the pattern indicates, with brown saddler's silk and gold cord in half-polka stitch, satin stitch, and in point Russe. Baste on the medallion underneath the corresponding piece of leather, and fasten on the latter by means of half-polka stitches and point Russe, as shown by Fig. 1, page 212, or with point Russe button-hole stitches, as shown by Fig. 2, page 212; the rims shown by both these illustrations are worked with brown saddler's silk in two shades. Work the embroidery all around the medallion on the leather with brown silk in chain stitch, as indicated on Fig. 21, Supplement; join both halves of the corners on the straight outer edge with long button-hole stitches of dark brown silk, and edge them with brown silk cord, which is button-hole stitched to the button-hole stitches first worked with silk of a lighter shade.

STAND WITH PINCUSHION.

Writing-Desk with Memorandum Slate, Figs. 1-4.

THIS writing-desk is of card-board covered with red Russia leather. A slab of silica slate, which serves for a tablet, is slipped into the upper part of the desk. The under part of the desk is furnished with a slide box divided into different sections for holding pens, postage stamps, etc. The rim of the desk is trimmed with an embroidered border edged with chenille, and worked partly on red Russia leather with maroon silk in point Russe, and partly on perforated board with beads.—Fig. 1, page 212, shows a full-sized section of the border. Figs. 2 and 3, page 212, give two designs for the bead embroidery with description of symbols. Fig. 4, on this page, shows the desk complete.

Fig. 3.—BLOTTING-PAD WITH EMBROIDERED LEATHER CORNERS.—[See Figs. 1 and 2, Page 212.]
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 21.

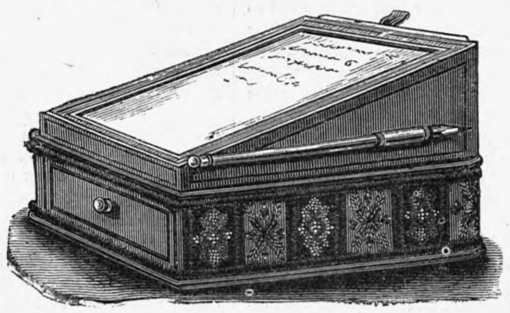
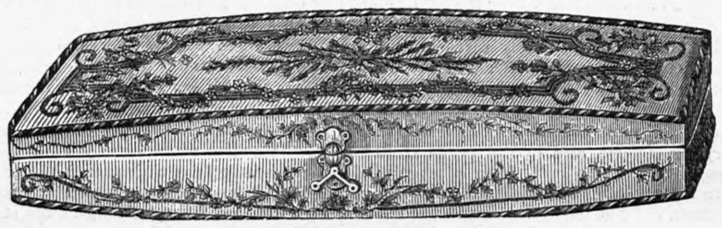


Fig. 4.—WRITING-DESK WITH MEMORANDUM SLATE.—[See Figs. 1–3, Page 212.]



EMBROIDERED GLOVE-BOX.
For design see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 52.

Embroidered Glove-Box.

THIS glove-box is made of card-board, and is fourteen inches long, three inches and three-quarters wide, two inches and seven-eighths high in the middle, and two inches and a half high at each end. It is covered on the outside with light gray gros grain, which is ornamented with silk of various colors in satin, half-polka, and chain stitch, and in point Russe. The design for the lid is given by Fig. 52, Supplement. The inside of the box is lined with white silk thinly wadded and perfumed, and quilted in diamonds. The edge is bordered with fine variegated silk cord as shown by the illustration. The bottom is covered with white watered paper.

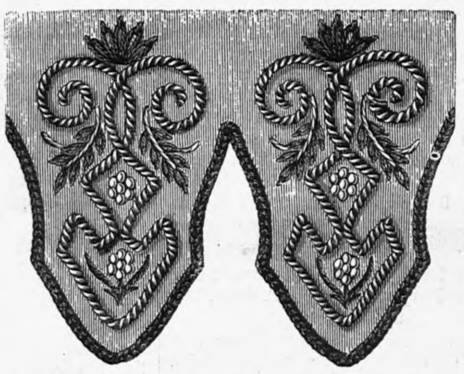


Fig. 3.—LAMBREQUIN IN POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY FOR KNIFE-STAND.—FULL SIZE.

Stand with Pincushion.

THIS stand is made of carved wood, partly stained brown and partly polished black. The lower part of the stand, which is supported by three feet, is furnished with a high pincushion, which is covered with green silk and trimmed on the edge with points of green velvet. These points are ornamented with gold beads and point Russe stitches of gold thread, and are edged with gold cord, which forms a loop at the end of each point, and is fastened with button-hole stitches of black silk. The seam made by setting on the points is covered by twisted cord of black silk and gold. Above the cushion, connected with the middle bar of the stand, is a small plate of black polished wood, designed to hold loose pins, and edged with a lambrequin arranged similar to the points.

Stand for Fruit Knives, Figs. 1-4.

THIS stand is of black polished and brown stained wood, and is furnished at the top with a lambrequin of gray cloth, and at the foot with a border of gray cloth. Figs. 2 and 4 show full-sized sections of the lambrequin and border. The leaves and flowers of the lambrequin are applied in gray cloth; the veins and edges of the leaves and the binding of the points are formed by gold cord sewed on with fine cross stitches of black silk. The remainder of the embroidery is worked in point Russe and half-polka stitch with saddler's silk of various colors. The embroidery of the border is worked in a similar manner. The design, Fig. 3, may be used instead of the lambrequin, Fig. 2. The outlines of this design and the binding of the lambrequins are of fine silk gimp cord. The rest of the embroidery is worked in point Russe with colored saddler's silk and with beads. This stand will be found very convenient for nut-pickers, etc.

Fig. 1.—STAND FOR FRUIT KNIVES. [See Figs. 2–4.]

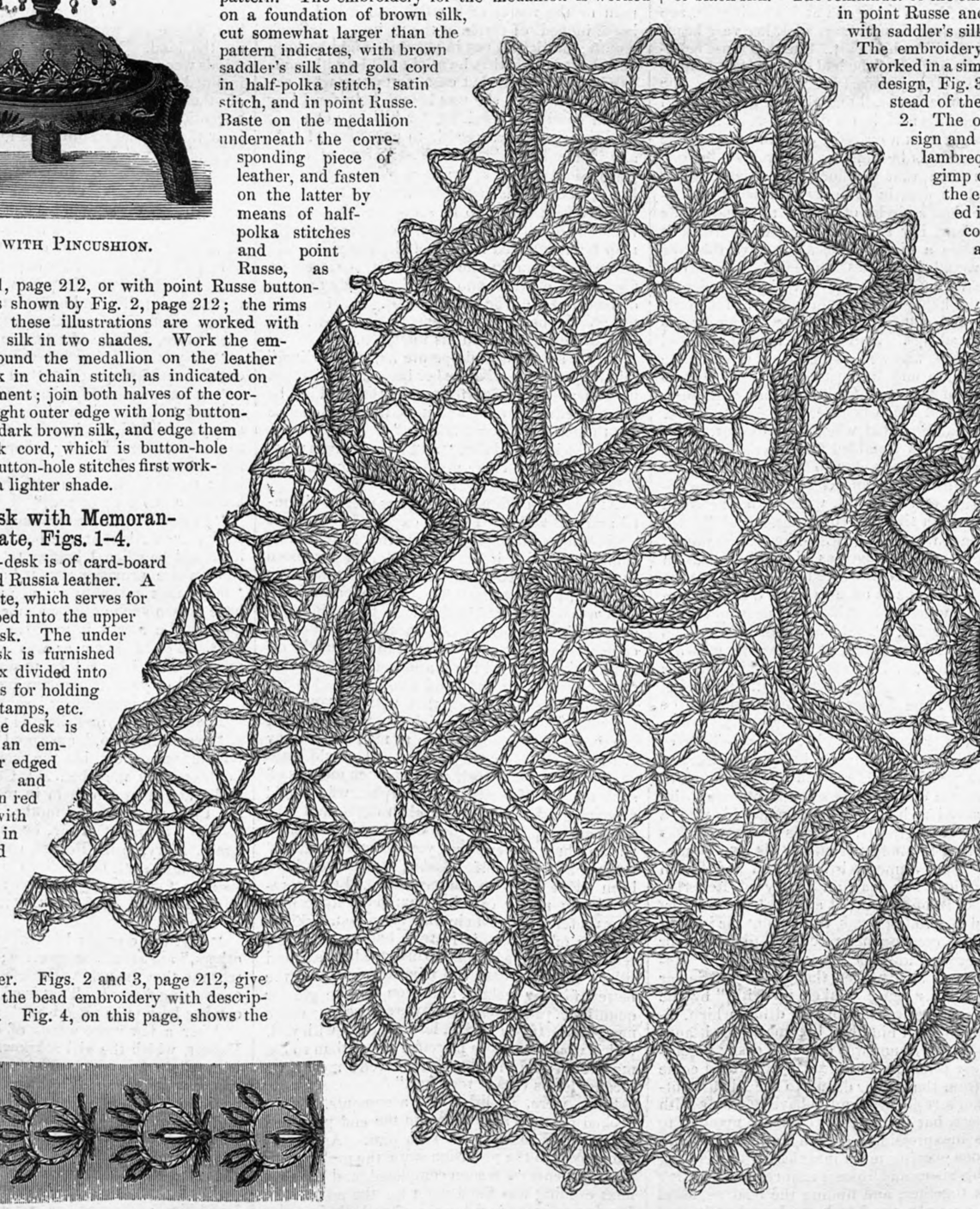


Fig. 2.—SIXTH SECTION OF CROCHET TIDY.—FULL SIZE. [See Fig. 1, Page 212.]

Nécessaire for Sewing Utensils, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustration on page 212.

THE foundation of this nécessaire consists of six oblong slide boxes of card-board, for which powder boxes, which can be obtained at any apothecary's, may be used. In the original the boxes are four inches and a half long each, an inch and a half wide, and an inch high, but the size may be arranged at pleasure. Cover these boxes with black velvet at each end. On the pieces of velvet designed for one end first fasten one of the articles which the box is to contain, such as a hook, an eye, a button, etc., as shown by the illustration; before covering the other end fasten on the middle of the card-board a ribbon loop, boring a hole through the card-board, and drawing the ends of the loop through the hole to the inside; paste on the ends of the ribbon there, and cover them by pasting on a piece of card-board. Of course this loop is also passed through the velvet to the outside. The boxes, covered in this manner, are then placed one above another as shown by the illustration. Cover the nécessaire smoothly with gray cloth, fasten crosswise on the middle

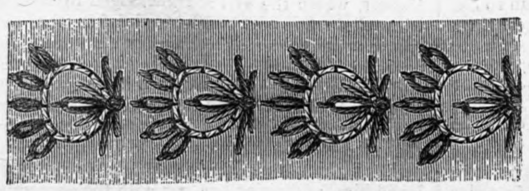


Fig. 4.—SECTION OF POINT RUSSE BORDER FOR KNIFE-STAND.—FULL SIZE.

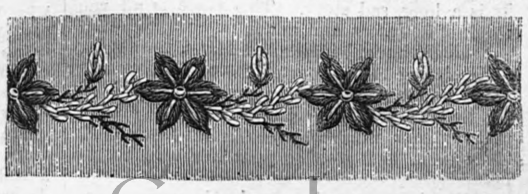


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF POINT RUSSE BORDER FOR SEWING NÉCESSAIRE.—FULL SIZE.—[See Fig. 1, Page 212.]

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of both sides several ribbon bands, which are designed for holding scissors, thimble, knife, etc., and set on a pocket of gray cloth, which is lined with red silk, and furnished on the upper edge with a revers of the material; the revers are ornamented with point Russe embroidery of gray silk, and edged on the outer edge with long button-hole stitches and with open-work button-hole stitch scallops of similar silk. For the scallops, first work one row of even button-hole stitches; then work a second row of close button-hole stitches on the horizontal part of these loops. On the upper surface of the nécessaire set a pincushion of red silk, ornamented in point Russe embroidery, and edged with button-hole stitch scallops, and a handle of gray cloth and red silk six inches long and seven-eighths of an inch wide. The handle is also ornamented in point Russe embroidery in the design shown by Fig. 2; the outer edge of the handle is bordered by button-hole stitch scallops. Two bands arranged similarly to the handle, and which are closed with small steel buckles, complete the cover of the nécessaire, as shown by the illustration.

Corner of Border for Handkerchiefs, Covers, etc. White Embroidery and Netted Guipure.

See Illustration on page 212.

To make this border a foundation of fine woven netting is required. On this foundation work at regular intervals separate figures with fine thread in point de reprise and point de toile, and fill the centre of each figure with a wheel, as shown by the illustration. On the free spaces of the netting baste squares of straight Swiss muslin, in the centre of each of which a flower figure has first been worked in half-polka and satin stitch, as shown by the illustration: button-hole stitch the squares straight on the foundation, and cut away the projecting Swiss muslin on the right side of the foundation, and the netted foundation underneath the Swiss muslin squares, close to the button-hole stitches. Button-hole stitch the inner and outer edges of the border closely; the outer edge of the border may be finished with guipure lace.

NOT FOR LOVE.

EDITH was fair indeed, and I was free;
But that which had been was not so to be—
My heart awoke, and Edith smiled on me;
But not for love.
In winter deep I dreamed of summer shine,
And all my hopes were false as they were fine.

And I was happy then as I might be.
Warm spring had painted every field and tree;
And Edith sang sweet ditties unto me;
But not for love.
And I had looked upon her budded youth
As on a book of innocence and truth.

And knowing not of poison in the wine,
I said, "And may I link my life with thine?"
She whispered, "Yes," and placed her hand in mine;
But not for love.
And I lay in a sweet swoon of delight,
And thought it daytime in the depth of night.

'Twas coming soon, too soon, when I should keep
My days in darkness and my eyes from sleep;
When Edith, without sorrowing, should weep,
And not for love.
O that a maid should sigh upon her glove,
And mimic fondness where there is no love!

MURPHY'S MASTER.

BY JAMES PAYN,

Author of "A Woman's Vengeance," "Bred in the Bone," "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EMBARKATION.

"I'M here!" observed a dogged voice, presently; not as a warning that there was a spectator of the fond pair's rapture (which, indeed, they already had in Mary), but as a hint that he had been overlooked.

"Oh, Jim, of course," said Robert, a little awkwardly, but shaking him all the more warmly by the hand, to make up for the neglect.

Jim was not improved in appearance since the old forest days. He had that slouching, defiant look which is acquired from habitual conflict with the law, and he looked dissatisfied besides. "This ain't much of a place," said he, "to come to, across the world, considering how you've cracked it up. There is not a tree as I can see, and where the game's to come from—"

"Oh, Jim! how *can* you," broke in Lizzy, tearfully, "after what your mother said!" She was not easily moved to tears, as Robert knew, but he had perceived that she was in deep mourning, and guessed the cause, which had prevented him from asking after her mother.

"Oh yes," continued Jim, "it's all very fine for you, who have your young man here, which is all you want. But what *I* want to know is, Why we're here? Why didn't we stay in Melbourne, where we should have been right enough, and Robert have joined us there, instead of—"

"I could not join you there," interposed Robert, gravely. "I wish I could have done so. It is a long, sad story. This place is all you think of it, James, and much, much worse—"

"Hush, hush!" interposed Mary, warningly, and pointing to the door of the other room that made up the cottage, and in which the rest of the Beamish family were asleep. "Tell him all that another time—not here: it is not safe. Take them both over to your house to breakfast."

"You have sense in your head, young woman," observed Jim, approvingly.

"And kindness in her heart, I am sure," added Lizzy, gratefully. "She has been so kind to me, Robert!"

"Don't speak of that, miss," said Mary. "It was only fortunate that I happened to have been asked to stay with some friends at the harbor for a few days, and so chanced to be there this morning when you arrived. I knew that my mother's roof, such as it is, would give you welcome, and I also knew that Mr. Chesney here would have gone mad if you did not come to New Town. —Both Maguire and Murphy, Sir" (turning to Robert), "looked very black at me, but, thanks to you, I have my own way with every body now."

And so it was. The Governor in no way molested her, but his craze of imagining her to be his consort made her much "looked up to" by the colony in general, while, after the lesson that Maguire had received, he scrupulously avoided her presence, though without doubt awaiting his own day of recompense.

A few hours put Robert in possession of all that had happened to Lizzy since he sailed to seek what he now felt to be indeed his ill-starred fortune. Her mother had succumbed to the illness of which she had written to him while at Liverpool, and that loss to the orphaned girl had been more deplorable, since it rendered her more subject to the hateful solicitations of John Rowland. Her brother, indeed, remained to her, but it was easy to see, though Lizzy strove to disguise it, that he had not played the part of guardian as he should have done. Perhaps he was too much in Rowland's power to do so; perhaps he was not unwilling to become allied by marriage with one who could not only screen his offenses, but offer him great opportunities for indulging in his favorite pursuit. At all events, it was plain that poor Lizzy had been greatly persecuted. Love alone could scarcely have accounted for the rapture which she now evinced in having found a home which, humble though it was, was subject to no intrusion, or for the happy confidence she showed in Robert's protecting arm. He had not the heart to fully disclose to her how weak that arm really was; and indeed it would have been hard to convince his hearers, fresh from the well-ordered glades of Windsor, of the abnormal and anarchic condition of things on *Murphy's Island*, and of the perils from a mad despot in the one case, from a revengeful traitor in the other, in which they stood. What he told them did but make Jim more than ever curse his fate in having quitted, first England, and then Melbourne, for "this cussed island"—a very natural, but at the same time an ungenerous expression of feeling, whereat Robert winced; while, on the other hand, it made Lizzy nestle in his arms the closer, whose dear embrace filled him with trembling fears. When he bethought him now that for his sake, and at his invitation, she had come to such a perilous spot, her very beauty sent a chill to his heart. She was more beautiful even than when he had seen her last, and as he had so often pictured her while absent. She was no longer the tall and slender girl that had hung upon his neck in passionate farewell but six months ago, but a graceful woman. Her simple mourning dress became her admirably; the one black ribbon that confined her plentiful soft brown hair was, in his eyes at least, more attractive than a circlet of pearls; the small white collar about her shapely throat embellished it better than a diamond necklace, save that the latter would have less concealed its charms. *Her* pearls and diamonds were in her eyes, in which the happy tears would gather at his words of love and comfort, to be kissed away by his long-stinted lips. And yet one of that reunited pair, at least, was well aware that it was no time for courtship and love passages; and how to escape from *Murphy's Island* was the one thought that occupied him whenever he dared to think. Notwithstanding that when she was out of his sight he always trembled for Lizzy's safety, he did not omit once a day to put to sea as usual in his little boat, and coast round to the opposite side of the island, where alone he could hope to catch sight of some passing sail. He would have taken Lizzy with him had he dared, but fraught with danger as his position was in any case, to have infringed Kavanagh's edict would, he felt, be at once to draw down on him —or, what was worse, on her—the pent-up vengeance of Maguire. That Kavanagh, if not won over by the latter, was, at all events, growing more and more unfavorable toward himself, was only too plain: not only was he still forbidden to approach the harbor, but the permission he had applied for to give up his own residence to Lizzy and her brother, had been coldly—perhaps cynically—denied to him, as being derogatory to Robert's position as Lieutenant-Governor. Under pretense of being his servant, however, Jim was allowed to have a lodging under his roof, a privilege only granted perhaps because it was known that it would not add to his own domestic comfort. James Alston indeed had shown himself little less than an enemy of Robert's. He spoke ill of him, or, at all events, in dissatisfied and grumbling terms, throughout the island; and was in consequence received into open favor with Murphy, and, as was whispered, by Maguire himself. Another, though less particular reason for his being "taken up with," by the former at least, was his love for drink, which, always manifest in him, had become on the island, where strong liquor was only too easily procurable, very pronounced indeed. He would come home from the harbor drunk to the Lieutenant-Governor's residence, and behave not only with disrespect, but in the most offensive manner, to Lizzy's inexpressible concern: at last, coming home one evening more intoxicated than usual, when his sister and Robert chanced to be taking a walk together, and finding the boat as usual drawn up upon the beach, he launched it, and paddled out to sea. Robert saw him from the shore, and hurried home, not daring to communicate to Lizzy the apprehensions that audacious act inspired within him; but the mischief had been done. Even if the fact of this contravention of the law could have been concealed through the good-nature of those who witnessed it—which was more than doubtful, since Jim had rendered himself far from popular in New Town —the culprit would have thrown away that chance, for he boasted openly of the deed, affirming in one breath that he was an Englishman, who owed no obedience to Kavanagh nor any other "Irish body," and in the next that Murphy and Maguire were hand and glove with him, and would see he did not come to harm.

The next morning he was seized under Chesney's roof, and carried off to the harbor, where the latter dared not follow him: the arrest itself might have been made, and very likely was so, with the very intention of thus getting the Lieutenant-Governor into the net of despotic law; and though he would have run the risk had he himself only stood in peril, he dared not do so with Lizzy dependent on him. Moreover, he did not anticipate any very severe sentence upon Alston, from the fact of his connection with Murphy. Lizzy, however, was beyond measure alarmed and solicitous upon her brother's account, and at once hastened over with Mary Beamish to Government House. With Kavanagh she was sternly denied an interview; but Maguire coolly informed her that if her brother's life was spared, it would be so, as Robert's had been, on the condition that he should make a disclosure of certain state secrets, and in the mean time he was to remain in prison. To Lizzy this was inexplicable, but Robert understood but too well what it meant: James Alston was to be kept in confinement, with the fear of death hanging over him, until he should confess to some treasonable words spoken by the Lieutenant-Governor; and indeed, when in company with his sister, he had heard Robert speak frankly enough, and needed no imagination to invent them. Whether he should have the baseness to betray them was at present doubtful; but the one thing certain, whether as regarded the prisoner's fate or his own, was that not a moment was to be lost in leaving the island. The state of affairs had become intolerable, and must be put an end to at all risks. He could now handle the little boat with ease, whether with sail or oar, and, small as she was, had acquired great confidence in her. So long as the sea was tolerably smooth—and it was now fair weather—he felt that she would float well enough; though any thing like a gale would without doubt sink her. He knew his course to Melbourne, and made up his mind to tempt the dangers of the deep, though it was but in a cockle-shell, rather than trust any longer to the caprice of a madman or the mercy of a villain. He had small hope, indeed, of reaching the main-land in such a craft; but it was not impossible, could he keep her above water, that he might fall in with some passing vessel: in that case, no matter what she was, nor whither she was bound, help for Lizzy would surely be obtained, for had he not about him the money wherewith to purchase it! At any moment he might be himself arrested, or the permission to enter the boat withdrawn from him, and even this last desperate plan be thereby entirely frustrated; so he set about his arrangements at once. His glass, his compass, and his map he disinterred from their hiding-place, and concealed them in the gig; he also stored an abundance of water and provisions ready to place on board of it at the last moment. But he could not go—he had not the heart to do so—without acquainting Lizzy with his intention.

"It is a wild and desperate hazard, darling," said he, having set before her both the perils that he was about to flee from, and those which he must needs incur; "but it is the last chance left to me, and I must take it."

"Take it," cried she, "and may Heaven prosper it; but if you love me, Robert, grant me one thing: take *me* with you!"

At this proposition Chesney was greatly alarmed and distressed. He had expected arguments against his own departure, but this sympathetic compliance with it embarrassed him far more than opposition could have done. The idea was hopeless, preposterous. To dare the ocean in so frail a bark himself he knew to be perilous in excess; but to permit one so delicate and precious to share that peril was not to be thought of. And yet she pleaded hard, and not without some show of argument and good sense.

"I could say, Robert, that without you, and knowing the dangers to which you were exposed, life would be here intolerable to me; I could say that, left without your protection, I would rather die than trust myself to the tender mercies of such men as Maguire and Murphy, who would at once guess that you had taken flight, and take vengeance upon poor me, who would alone be within their power; but you have thought of these things yourself, I know, though you have been silent on them for my sake. Let me remind you rather of what you have forgotten: how useful my poor help may be to you. I know nothing of the sea, it is true, but on the river, remember, I have learned to manage both sail and tiller; the little boat will trim no worse, but the better, for my weight, and even for the greater quantity of provisions that my presence may make necessary. If you perish, let me perish with you, which would be more merciful to me than to bid me live on; and if, through Heaven's mercy, we escape, let us escape together."

Such were, in brief, her arguments, which, backed by tears and kisses, in the end prevailed on her lover to carry her with him. As Robert had access to the provision store, the preliminary arrangements were soon completed, and the very next evening was fixed upon for the adventure. It was necessary to delay till after dusk, in order that they should elude the pinnace, which, without doubt, would instantly be sent after them. But with eight hours or so of clear start, Robert hoped that he would elude pursuit; once out of sight of the island, he would be safe: not even Maguire was capable of shaping his course to Melbourne without the aid of a compass, and, fortunately enough, there was none such on the island save that which Robert possessed. The date of the fugitive's escape was delayed by a curious circumstance. Robert, who had purposely avoided Lizzy's company for some hours, in order to avoid suspicion, was alone in his house, making a few final preparations, when suddenly a violent report shook the frail tenement, so that the glass fell from the windows, and every thing on the shelves was thrown to the ground. The whole population of the village were in the street in an instant to seek the explanation of the phenomenon, which they deemed as before to proceed from the explosion of some gigantic piece of ordnance; for the sky was without a cloud, and no indication of thunder was to be felt in the atmosphere, which was serene and cool. Lizzy herself, accompanied by Mary Beamish, ran across to Robert's house, and, with joyful cries, averred that some ship of war was nearing the harbor. He met them at the door, with an excited but unjoyful face.

"The sentry is still on the hill-top," said he, "which shows that he has seen no ship. My belief is that it is"—before he could say "an earthquake" another shock took place, even more violent than before, and accompanied by a strange appearance in the sea; the waves were rising and roaring upon the shore like water that is about to boil.

"The boat, the boat!" cried he, and rushed down to the spot where it was beached, a little remote from the village, followed by the two young women. With their assistance he was able to drag it up far higher on the shore; but they were only just in time. The waves, gathering strength and volume every moment, swept over the very place where it had lain in a few minutes, and one even, the sixth and largest, caught themselves as they fled up hill before it; they escaped, however, with a thorough wetting, and the boat being laden, was too heavy to be dragged down by its recoil. After the sixth wave, the sea went back again to its usual limits, but continued greatly disturbed. The houses in New Town were all more or less damaged, and one or two swept away: though there were no lives lost, the people were in a state of great perplexity and alarm, which Robert in vain attempted to allay by assuring them that the earthquake was over. He could convince none except Lizzy and Mary, who had been greatly impressed by his sagacity in respect to the danger that menaced the boat; although he was solely indebted for his knowledge to a narrative he had somewhere read of the great earthquake at Lisbon, where the waves had risen and swallowed up the land. Now was the time, when men's minds were occupied with vague terrors, and disinclined to concern themselves with the affairs of others, for the fugitives to put their plan into execution: at night-fall, accordingly, by which hour the sea had resumed its former calm, Robert and Lizzy stole out to where they had left the boat, and proceeded to push it down the hill. As they were thus employed a hand was laid upon Robert's arm, and his blood ran cold within him. To be served with a writ of *ne exeat regno* at such a momentous crisis would have gone nigh to kill him, and he expected no less than to see Maguire or Murphy, with help to back them, come to forbid his departure. To his immense relief, however, his eyes only met Mary's pretty face, with a sad sweet smile upon it.

"So you are going away—you two—without even a good-by to me," sighed she.

"We are, dear Mary," answered Lizzy: "we did not tell you of our intention only in order that you might be in ignorance when taxed with the knowledge of it by others. Besides, in a few weeks at farthest, with Heaven's aid, we hope to be back again with help for my poor brother and for all of you."

"I knew Mr. Chesney was going," said Mary, softly. "I felt that the boat was heavier than it should be when I helped to beach it to-day. 'There are provisions in it,' said I to myself, 'under that tarpauling;' nor would he, I felt, have shown such anxiety about the safety of the gig, had he meant it to serve only as a fishing boat. Yes, I knew *he* was going, and even guessed that it would be to-night; but I never dreamed of your accompanying him, Lizzy."

"Will you come also?" said Lizzy, tenderly. "There is room, and there is food."

"No, dear, no," answered Mary. "The temptation is great, but the people here will have no friend but me when Mr. Chesney has gone, and I am of use to them in many ways: above all, I can not leave my mother."

"In a fortnight's time, be sure we shall meet again, Mary," said Robert, consolingly. "Not one instant shall be lost by me in procuring assistance for you all—for you above all, Mary," and he kissed her cheek, "to whom we both owe so much."

"You will do your best, as you always do for others," answered she, gravely; "but something tells me that the help will come too late—that we are parting forever. That is why I could not help coming here to say good-by."

After a few more words of consolation from Robert, which the girl acknowledged in silence, with the same sad smile, and after the two young women had affectionately embraced, the boat was launched, Mary running into the waves, and pushing it off with her own hands. Robert watched her standing on the shore until her form faded away into the dusk, every stroke of his oars sounding in his ears like a muffled funeral bell. I think that Lizzy also knew that Mary loved him, and pitied her, not with the contemptuous pity that some who have won the wealth for which they toiled have for the poor, and

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that some women have for their unsuccessful rivals, but with true and genuine tenderness.

"Since it can not now be seen from the island," said Robert, breaking the long silence, "we can put up the sail;" and he did so.

CHAPTER XX.

THE END OF THE ISLAND.

THEY sailed all night, the sea being tolerably tranquil, in what Robert judged to be the right direction; but the clouds gathered heavily and hid the stars, so that he could make use neither of them nor of the compass. Lizzy was very helpful to him in the management of the boat, and he allowed her to do more than was necessary, in order to distract her thoughts. As for sleep, anxiety forbade her even to close her eyes. At sunrise, which in these latitudes occurs at once, without the streaks of dawn that herald it at home, they looked anxiously about them, and beheld the island still lying at a great distance. The wind had unfortunately changed in the night, and their course with it. They lowered their sail at once, in hopes to have escaped observation, and Robert took to the oars, and pulled his best. But either the sail had already attracted the notice of those on land, or the gig itself was discernible by means of the telescope. Before half an hour had elapsed their worst apprehensions were confirmed by seeing the pinnace leave the harbor, and, with a favorable breeze, bear directly down upon them. Robert once more put up the little sail, and rowed as before with all his might, while Lizzy steered; but it was evident that his exertions were useless.

"We are lost," he murmured, "and I have been her destruction." He felt sure that Kavanagh, urged by Maguire, would condemn Lizzy to death for disobeying his edict, probably without permitting him to speak in her defense: nay, if permitted, what would his words avail!

Lizzy awaited her fate in silence, keeping her loving eyes fixed on her companion's face; there were no tears in them now: English born and English bred, she was not one easily to give up hope, nor, indeed, was she so deeply impressed as Robert was with Kavanagh's despotic power. "He would surely never put her brother to death, though he might frighten him, far less herself or Robert."

She was soon fated to be undeceived. The pinnace came up to them very rapidly, and on her deck they could perceive Murphy himself, with three of the most devoted of his adherents. The former leveled a revolver at Robert's head as she came alongside, and bade him and "the deserter" come on board. There was nothing for it but to obey. The unhappy fugitives were transferred to the pinnace, which immediately put about for the island—clumsily enough, for Murphy knew little of seamanship, and his men less—with the gig fastened by a rope in tow. Robert was bound hand and foot, and thrown into the bows. Only one sentence more was vouchsafed by Murphy. "It is lucky for you, traitor," said he to his prisoner, "that Maguire was not in my place. He would have shot you down like a dog. There is now, however, twelve hours of life before you, since you will die at sunset. As for this girl, she will not be hung, since I have taken a fancy to her myself;" and he looked toward Lizzy with sullen approval.

"Fool, idiot, that I was!" thought Robert, his helpless frame trembling with fury. He had a pistol in his pocket, and might have settled accounts at least with this miscreant at the moment when he was overtaken, but he had forborne to do it upon Lizzy's account, and lest the other men, who were also armed, might in revenge have killed her on the spot. Now, for her sake, he regretted that he had not done so. The poor girl was sitting in the stern, with her eyes fixed on the sea, and her face pale as death—the death which Robert knew that she was meditating. After Murphy's words she had made up her mind not to be carried ashore alive. Presently the sea became extraordinarily agitated, and the vessel, guided as it was by such unskillful hands, began to be unmanageable.

"If you will loose my limbs," said Robert, "I will save the ship: otherwise you will all four go to the bottom sooner than you expected."

The three men looked at Murphy, as much as to say, "There's something in that."

"The Governor's orders were that he was to be bound hand and foot," mused Murphy; "but then, on the other hand, he was to be brought back; and if we sink, that can't be done." On the whole, he thought his master's orders—and he thought of nothing else—justified him in cutting Robert's bonds, and handing him the tiller, not, however, without this caution, "If you do not steer direct for the island, I will blow your brains out."

"I must steer as the sea will let me," answered Robert, coolly. A grim calmness had settled down upon him: the thought that he could kill Murphy at any moment was a very considerable comfort, and whenever he looked toward Lizzy he longed to do so. The sea still continued very rough, notwithstanding that there was scarcely any wind, and a cloudless sky. A wave would sometimes sweep the deck from end to end, and the blinding spray dashed over the bows like a fountain.

"You are not steering for the harbor!" roared Murphy presently, and fingering the butt of his revolver.

"The spray flies so high and thick that I can not even see the island," was Robert's quiet reply. "Where is it?"

Ay, where *was* it? It had been seen a minute ago about half a league to the southwest, and now it was not visible.

Murphy and his men looked out for it with eager eyes; Lizzy lifted up her head, and languidly looked about her, though the question had little interest for her, since she never meant to set foot upon the shore. Robert, who knew the very place where it ought to be, could see nothing, though his gaze was prolonged and fixed. This was the more extraordinary, for at this time the waves began sensibly to abate, and the spray with them. The sea, and nothing else, was to be beheld on all sides. Incredible as the fact seemed, there could be no doubt about it: *the island was gone.*

They sailed on in the direct course in which it ought to lie; but as though it had been a floating island, with power of rapid locomotion, it eluded them.

"There is some witchcraft in this," exclaimed Murphy, turning furiously toward Lizzy. "It is you who have done it, you fair-faced devil."

Robert took out his pistol, cocked it, and placed it on the seat behind him. One of the crew, however, stepped between the girl and Murphy.

"That is nonsense, Dick," said he. "There has been murder done enough already, and who knows but on that very account this thing has happened! Remember Pat Doolan!"

"But the young masther!" ejaculated Murphy, with a groan of agony. "What *can* have become of him? Oh, Sir" (here he burst into tears, and turned to Robert with outstretched hands and suppliant voice), "I have done you wrong, and meant you worse; but you loved the young masther once yourself—I know it, for that was why I hated you—I pray you, then, for his sake, tell me what has happened! You know so much, while I—I only know that I have lost him!" With that he groveled on the deck, and would have clasped Robert's knees had he permitted it. "Are you sure, are you quite sure, that this is where the island was?"

"I am quite sure of that," answered Robert, gravely; "and what has become of it I think I can also tell you. I have no more experience of such matters than yourself, but I have read that islands are sometimes cast up in the sea, and there remain for many months and years, and then again are swallowed up with shocks as of an earthquake as quickly as they came; and such, as I believe, has been the fate of this one: at all events, it is beyond a doubt that underneath us now is the grave of all your friends, and some of mine."

Lizzy, notwithstanding the miracle, as it seemed, that had been wrought for her deliverance, was weeping bitterly for the fate of her ill-starred brother. Robert, too, hung his head, thinking of the self-sacrificing hands that had pushed his boat off but a few hours ago from what was then land, and were now tossing unlife-like beneath the wave with shingle and with shell. The men, too, were deeply affected, and gazed down into the blue depths, as though it were possible to descry within them the forms of their lost friends—wives, children, comrades. Perhaps, poor fellows, they were simple enough to suppose that the island might presently reappear again, with nobody much the worse. Murphy still knelt in the boat, with his clasped hands before his face—a piteous spectacle. No word was spoken for several minutes, passed in unutterable thoughts, till Robert again broke silence: "There is no use in our remaining here, Murphy;" said he, firmly; "I shall now steer for Melbourne."

"You will do as you please, Sir," answered the other, in broken tones, "and these men will obey you. The masther said that if any thing happened to him, you were to be his successor."

These words were spoken with a certain reverential humility, as though Chesney had actually become invested with a portion of that authority which, with Murphy, stood in the place of all others—human or divine. All at once he sprang to his feet, and stood in the attitude of one who listens attentively.

"What do you hear?" asked Robert, anxiously. It was just possible that another volcanic shock, such as had doubtless submerged the island, had given warning of its approach, though to his own ear nothing was apparent but the soft splash of the wave and the flutter of the sail, for the boat was almost stationary.

"I hear his voice," cried Murphy. "'Dick, Dick!' he says, soft and low, just as he used to whisper when I was down with the fever, and he was minding me. I'm coming, I'm coming, masther!"

And before any one could interfere, the faithful, foolish fellow had placed his foot upon the gunwale, and with tight-folded arms had leaped into the sea. He was a strong and active swimmer, as all well knew, but he never rose again. Robert would have given much to see him do so, for in that act of fidelity—dog-like or madman-like though it might be, but inexpressibly touching—all the wrongs done or intended to him or his were forgotten; but they watched for him in vain: Murphy had gone to join his master. After half an hour of fruitless waiting the pinnace was put about, and sailed for Melbourne. They would have had to endure much privation on the way, even had they reached it at all, since the store of provisions in the gig was very insufficient for five persons; but on the second day they fell in with a vessel bound for England, which took them all on board. The terrible and unlooked-for destruction that had overwhelmed their friends—though at the same time it had preserved themselves—for some time overshadowed the lovers. For Mary they both mourned; Lizzy bewailed her brother, for whose fate Robert could not be expected to feel poignant grief; while, on the other hand, Kavanagh's loss appeared far otherwise to him than to Lizzy, or than it had done to himself at the moment of their own deliverance. The acts of violence committed by the "young masther" from first to last, and inclusive of his brother's murder, he honestly ascribed to madness, to which, indeed, they were doubtless due: how far that madness had been induced by passion and want of moral control, and finally by drink, was a question into which he dared not look. What he strove to remember now was only the drowned man's tenderness and trust. Louis had perished without leaving any heirs, so that the bequest of the three thousand pounds—with the deduction of that large proportion of it which he did not forget to bestow on the three survivors from *Murphy's Island*, in accordance with Kavanagh's wishes—might fairly be considered to be his own. The first sum which he expended out of it on arriving in England went to the purchase of a marriage-ring; and during the time which the cruelty of the law interposed between him and wedded bliss, he placed his Lizzy under the care of Mistress Mulvaney. To the former's surprise, and indeed not a little to her scandal, the widow welcomed him with a hearty embrace. "I never thought to see you again, my brave boy," cried she, "nor to hear any thing of you, save that you had come to grief; far less such good news as this;" and here she kissed Lizzy. "You went away from my house, lad, in very indifferent company: as to one of them, I ask no question, for ever since what happened at Falston Hall I washed my hands of him. But how is that ne'er-do-well, Dick?"

Robert's face told her before he could reply in words. The widow plumped down on the little sofa—it was in the old smoke-room that the interview took place—and burst into tears.

"Heaven forgive me for speaking ill of the dead!" cried she; "and he such a broth of a boy! But tell me all about it."

Robert did not tell her all, or perhaps she would once more have altered her opinions; but he told her what he could of good about him, and especially concerning his end.

"I never thought Dick would overlive his master," was the widow's quiet comment when she had recovered herself. "Do you remember what you wrote about him to your pretty sweetheart here, comparing his fidelity to that of a dog? He got hold of that letter, and made me read it to him in this very room; and when I got to that part of it, the poor fellow only said, 'Well, that's true enough,' as though he was proud of it."

With his remaining two thousand pounds or so Robert purchased a little business in the cabinet-making line, for which he had always had a taste; and being not only diligent himself, but having a diligent wife—which always doubles a poor man's gains—he soon became prosperous enough. The first article of any elaboration that he turned out with his own hands was a tea-caddy, which now forms the admiration of the patrons of Mulvaney's. The outside has succumbed to the all-pervading influence of the place, but the inside—and this Mrs. Mulvaney persists in ascribing to its excellent workmanship rather than to its contents—has up to this time successfully resisted the flavor of onions. Robert has one son, named after himself. He would have called him "Frank," after his benefactor, but Lizzy opposed it. "Mr. Kavanagh was very good to us," pleaded she, "I own; but I do not wish my boy to remind me in any way, even in name, of a mur—I mean, of Murphy's master." In graceful return for this compliance, when a little girl arrived to make their home complete in its domestic furniture, her mother named her Mary. As for the other Mary—Mary Becher—so strangely and unwittingly mingled with their fortunes, nothing could be heard of her, though Robert did his best to find her out. He felt that the least they could do was to share with her, should she need it, the abundance with which they had been dowered by him she had known and loved as Wilson. It is probable, however, that he had amply provided for her before he quitted England.

The Chesneys lead a happy, quiet life, and they desire no other. The love of adventure with which Robert was one possessed has been fully satisfied, and he is very reticent concerning his past experience. As a customer of his of some standing, and admitted in some sort to his familiarity, as being an amateur cabinet-maker who has a turning-lathe of his own, I gained possession of the foregoing facts; but I should not have done so had I not, in addition to those pretensions, happened to disclose the circumstance that I had been witness to a certain scene at a turnpike gate near Windsor Forest on one stormy winter night, which was, as it turned out, the prologue to his own eventful history. I, too, although but for a few moments, had seen both Murphy and Murphy's master, and therefore seemed entitled to be told their story.

To assert its truth would seem to be to protest too much; but as a satisfaction to that considerable class of the community who "only believe what they read in the newspapers," I may add that its most singular feature—the sinking of a populated island—was recorded in the columns of the *Times* within the last three years.

THE END.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

I HAVE always insisted that fashion in France was the faithful echo of politics, and that to those who knew how to discern the mysterious connection between these two seemingly so different powers the analogy was striking; only, for these coincidences to be interesting to the observer, he must take the trouble to reflect, to compare, and to discover the data from which to draw his conclusions.

While the middle classes, who represent the majority of our people, repress the gratification of their tastes in the presence of the necessity of earning their daily bread, the women thereof also adopt the statu quo in respect to fashions, and insist that things shall remain as they are; the slightest modification makes them dread a revolution, and declare that since there was nothing new so long ago as the days of Solomon, we have no reason for desiring a change. It is hard to foresee whether or not they will prevail. For some weeks past the dress-makers have been announcing the fall of the polonaise, the abandonment of the over-skirt, the disgrace of the pouf, and the throwing off of the sash; but there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and at present the people seem resolved to keep both the over-skirt and the polonaise. Whether they will yet burn what they once adored, and adore what they once burned, remains to be seen.

On the other hand, the upper classes, the fine ladies—the fashionables, in short—desire the change, the transformation, against which the middle classes rebel. And here again the analogy between fashions and politics may be discerned. As there are many parties, so are there many fashions. Fashion is no longer one and indivisible. While our fine ladies wear in their drawing-rooms and their carriages long flowing robes, pleated perpendicularly with marquises' vests and habits of skillfully combined colors—while they copy one day the portraits of the time of Louis XIII., the next those of his successor, and so on down to the Directory, without excepting even those of the Revolution, the middle classes—that is, the great majority who can not show themselves in the streets in historic costumes, or go to their work or to visit their friends on foot in long flowing robes—intrepidly keep the suit that we have long known, more or less rich, according to their means, of velvet, silk, or wool, but nevertheless the suit, with its convenient polonaise or graceful over-skirt. Now in our democratic age the will of the majority rules even in fashion; and that this is so is proved by the fact that when the aristocracy leaves its drawing-rooms and carriages, and goes on foot in the streets, it lays aside its drapery and appears in the suit, the uniform of pedestrians.

And now which fashions shall I describe, those of the many or those of the few? But each woman of the latter class has her own particular fashion, chosen from among the different historic epochs, that is best suited to her style of beauty, and which is quite unlike that of her mother, sister, or friend. The few, or at least some of this few, have returned to very long dresses, draped in a pouf behind, and worn without an over-skirt. The many, on the other hand, think it bad economy to buy long dresses only to loop them up, and to crease and spoil the material by sitting down on bunches of folds. They adopt the long dress, but only for evenings, when it is not necessary to loop it, and wear the short suit in the street. It is evident, therefore, that it is hard to tell what the fashion is. At this moment any thing can be affirmed or denied with equal truth. It may be said that polonaises are not worn and that they are, that chignons are not worn and that they are, that crinoline is no longer seen and that it still prevails, and so on to the end of the chapter.

The few—that is the fashionables—dress in a more and more flowing style. As an example, I will describe a dress that I saw at a very elegant wedding. Demi-trained skirt of very light écru poult de soie, pleated perpendicularly, without any other trimming, and supported by no crinoline or stiff skirt whatsoever, except a very voluminous tournure; over-skirt of very light brown poult de soie, edged with a thick rouleau of blue satin, and draped in such a manner as to show the blue satin lining here and there. This lining, between ourselves, was not as complete as it seemed, but was only set on around the bottom of the skirt. Corsage like the over-skirt, with blue satin revers on the basques. Blue satin vest. Long, wide sash of blue satin, beginning at a blue bow set at the opening of the heart-shaped corsage, passing under the right basque, and falling backward. High chemisette, with embroidered plastron inside of the corsage. Marquise sleeves, with blue revers, and full under-sleeves of wide lace. Toque of light brown faille, with turned-up rim, lined with blue; écru aigrette and blue feather.

This is a specimen of the toilettes worn by the few. It is needless to dwell on the impossibility of walking on the street in such a dress. Now, as the great majority do walk on the street, the great majority will continue to wear short skirts of black or dark silk, cashmere, or other fabrics, according to their purse, with basques and over-skirts or polonaises of the same materials.

It is precisely because people will not take the pains to make this distinction that so many mistakes are made in describing the fashions. Even the young lady with the écru and blue toilette, who calls to mind a noble lady of the Fronde as she alights from her carriage, should she go on foot to a shop or to visit a friend, would lay aside her historic costume, and array herself in a pretty short suit of black, bottle green, or *raisin de Corinthe*, to avoid raising a mob about her, and to pass unperceived.

For evening parties where full dress is not desired, or for ceremonious carriage visits, voluminous fraises, or standing frills, are much worn. These are composed of three strips of white tulle, about two inches wide, and simply hemmed, and are very vaporous and becoming. A velvet or silk ribbon of the color of the dress and its trimmings, and supporting a huge medallion, a large emblematical cross, such as Alsace-Lorraine or Chambord, or else of plain black or colored enamel, is placed at the opening of the dress, where the fraise comes together. Fancy jewelry is much worn in the street, contrary to former custom, which proscribed this as bad taste. Gloves are very long, to cover the arms under the flowing lace under-sleeves. Nevertheless, this kind of lingerie is adopted only by the few; the many remain faithful to plain linen collars, or at least with a little embroidery, and cuffs like those of the gentlemen of our time.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

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Figs. 1–3.—BRIDAL COIFFURES.—[For description see Supplement.]

Fig. 1.—PONGEE HOUSE DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–4.

Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—VELVET AND VIGOGNE WALKING SUIT WITH SLEEVELESS JACKET.
For pattern of Sleeveless Jacket and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5–7.

Fig. 4.—LADY'S BROWN GROS GRAIN WALKING SUIT WITH DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET.
For pattern of Double-breasted Jacket and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 8–11.

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SACRED BIRDS.

EXTRAORDINARY honors were paid to the goose in ancient times, and it is still held in great veneration by some of the Eastern nations. The figure that occurs so frequently in Buddhist monuments is the Brahmanee goose. The ancient Britons, according to Cæsar, held it impious to eat the flesh of geese.

The ibis was another bird held in the highest sanctity by the old Egyptians. There are still numerous pits containing ibis mummies in that country. The largest of them, a little to the westward of the Pyramid of Abou-Sir, is about twenty feet deep. The floor of this pit, for probably a depth of many feet, is covered with heaps on heaps and layers on layers of coarse earthen jars, the lids cemented down, containing each the body of an ibis, preserved with bitumen, and inclosed in numerous folds of narrow cloth bandages.

The Mohammedans have a great veneration and esteem for the stork. It is almost as sacred with them as the ibis was with the Egyptians, and they would look upon a person as profane who should kill or even harm one. So precious were these birds held in Thessaly, which country they are said to have cleared of serpents, that the slayer of a stork was punished with death. They were thought much of at Rome, for when a person, from a freak of luxury, ordered one to be placed on his dinner-table, he drew upon himself the direful obloquy of the whole city.

The robin is considered in several countries a sacred bird, and to kill one is little less than sacrilege, and its eggs are free from the hand of the bird's-nester. It is asserted that the respect shown to it by man is joined in by the animals of the wood. The weasel and wild-cat, it is said, will neither molest it nor eat it when killed. One cause for the veneration in which it is held may be the superstition which represents it as the medium through which mankind are warned of approaching death. Before the decease of a person a robin is believed, in many instances, to tap thrice at the window of the room in which the sick person is lying. Grimm says that the peculiar veneration with which this bird is treated has been shown by the whole German race from remote times; and he refers to the bird's color and its name as evidences that it was sacred to Thor, the god of lightning.

The swallow, too, in Germany is every where deemed a sacred bird. Like the stork, it preserves the house on which it builds its nest from fire and lightning. The Spanish peasants have a tradition that it was a swallow that tried to pluck the thorns out of the crown of Christ as he hung upon the cross; hence they have a great reverence for this bird, and will never destroy it.

In France, in the Pays de Caux, the wren is a sacred bird. To kill it, or rob its nest, is deemed an atrocity which will bring down the lightning on the culprit's dwelling. Such an act was also regarded with horror in Scotland. Robert Chambers mentions the following popular malediction upon those who rob the nest of the wren:

"Malisons, malisons mair than ten,
That harry the lodge of Heaven's hen."

The whydah-bird and the water-wagtail are held sacred by the natives of several parts of Africa. Among the Mandan Indians of North America the dove is held

Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 12-18.

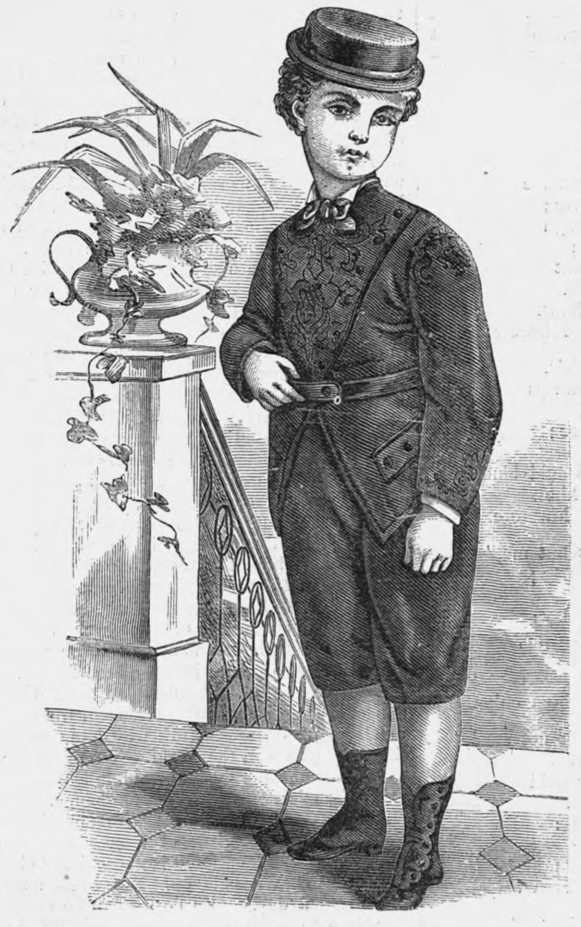
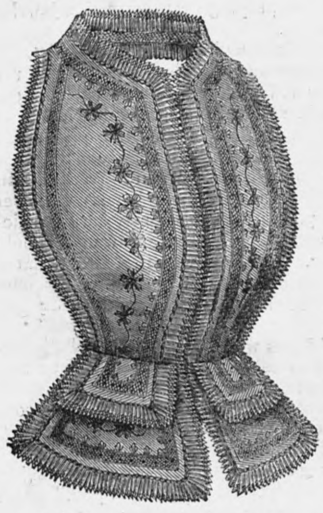
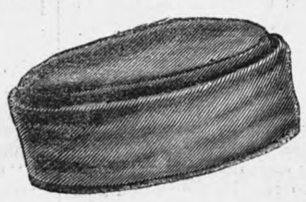


Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 12-18.

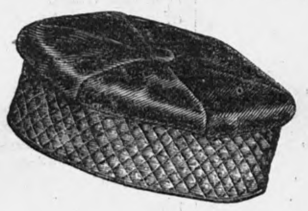


GROS GRAIN VEST WITH SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.
For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 47 and 48.

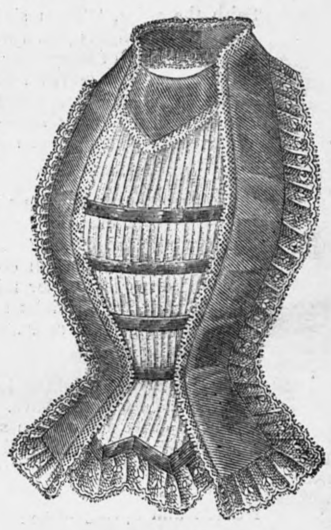


BERET FOR BOY FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

SCOTCH CAP FOR BOY FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 49 and 50.



BERET FOR BOY FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Fig. 51.



POULT DE SOIE, CRÊPE LISSE, AND LACE VEST.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 1.—BLACK SILK AND CASHMERE WALKING SUIT.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 22-31.

Fig. 2.—BLACK SILK AND CASHMERE WALKING SUIT.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 22-31.

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so sacred that neither man, woman, nor child will injure it; indeed, the Mandans declare that even their dogs, ferocious as they are, instinctively respect that bird.

A LENTEN SERVICE.

FRETTED roof and shadowy nave
Spanned in gloomy architrave;
All the shadows sifted through
By a rare and radiant hue;
Broken rainbows, falling faint
From the aureole of a saint,
And the organ drops its plaint,
Miserere.

In the tender hush she kneels,
While the dimness half conceals
Royal head in lowly grace,
Bending form and lifted face;
And the devotee behind,
Who his Lenten thoughts would bind,
Finds them of a wayward kind.
Miserere.

"Thou shalt have no gods but me,"
And the "Amen" floateth free;
But the heart's responses say,
"Ah! his heaven is far to-day;
Saints must seek a higher shrine,
But that lifted smile of thine
To a sinner seems divine."
Mea culpa.

Saith the voice, "Thou shalt not steal,"
And the half-lights just reveal
One long curl of deepening gold
On her mantle's murky fold.
Soft respond her lover's eyes:
I would steal it as it lies—
Worth long penance, such a prize!
Mea culpa.

"Shalt not covet house or lands."
"Nay, I covet clinging hands;
Pure young lips, whose soft caress
Love's own longing shall confess;
Woman's eyes to answer mine—
Blessed eyes, whose violet shine
Keeps love's solemn seal and sign."
Mea culpa.

"As thyself thy neighbor love;"
Far the echoes float above.
"Now I crave indulgence sweet,
For *my love* is found complete;
And thy heaven grows more dear
When through some Beloved near
Heaven and Spring are opening here."
Jubilate.

LIVING IN GERMANY.

WHAT IT COSTS.

TO the question, often asked, "How much will it cost a family to live in Germany?" it is not easy to give a definite answer. The standard of living varies so much that it is obviously impossible to satisfy exactly each questioner without being acquainted with his special requirements. In regard to living in Germany, however, it is less difficult to make such an approximate general calculation of its cost as may be satisfactory to most inquirers than in the United States. There is in our country a vague and ever-fluctuating notion of respectability which, with its more or less influence upon the modes of living, gives an endless variety to its expenses. Some American families deem it fatal to their social standing to live in a house less than three stories high; some are ashamed to enter a door that does not open from a brown stone or marble front; and others refuse to look out of a window which is not darkened by opposing summits of the Mansard-roofs of a Madison or Fifth avenue. Our people spend far less money for living well than for appearing to live grandly. They pay enormously for redundant ornament, spaciousness, unnecessary piles of stone and marble, fashionable conspicuousness of position, and opportunity of showing off their means of doing so.

This perverse idea of respectability, which is the source of much of the wasteful expenditure of families in the United States, is comparatively rare in Germany. The Germans, for the most part, especially in such centres of refined culture as Heidelberg, though by no means insensible to the graces as well as the comforts of living, adapt its appliances to their own assured sense of need, and not to the uncertain opinion of neighbors and strangers.

If the American fixing his residence in a German town follow the example of the natives, he will choose a domicile adapted to the size of his family and its necessities. If he should, without requiring its space, take a big house merely because of its bigness, as he might have done in his own land of expansive ideas, he would be stared and laughed at, very much as the child who walks about with his little head lost in the capacious hat of a man. The German, in the choice of his house, as regards size, structure, position, and all its appurtenances, is guided by his own taste and convenience, from which he is seldom diverted by fashionable caprice or any indefinite notion of respectability. We would advise all Americans to do likewise, if they desire fully to appreciate the advantages of living in Germany.

Supposing that our countrymen shall adopt the judicious taste and prudence of the German in his unostentatious but substantial mode of living, it will not be difficult to answer with tolerable precision the question, "What will it cost a family to live in Germany?" In Heidelberg few of the professors and professional men, and they may be regarded in that university town as the leaders of its society, spend over two thousand dollars a year; and that this is sufficient for comfort, and even a certain luxury of life, may be inferred from the cost of rent, food, and education, already stated. An American, living with his wife and three children of the ages of fourteen, nine, and six years, informed us that the sum of two thousand dollars a year was ample for all the expenses of his household, which seemed to us a model of tasteful comfort. In New York, where he lived previously, he could barely satisfy the requirements of himself and family for six thousand dollars per annum. He had the good sense so far to comply with German habits as to make no sacrifices for mere show. He lived, indeed, in the finest quarter of the city, sent his children to the best schools, and kept a daily table at which he was always prepared to entertain a friend generously. His apartments, however, were not on the *bel étage*, as the second story is called, but on the third, which only differed in name and height of position from that below it. His wife did, perhaps, more than the usual share of household duty, but declared that with her single German servant in Heidelberg she was more effectually aided than by her three "helps" in New York. The whole establishment being on one floor rendered the household service far less arduous than in the tall, tower-like houses of the United States, with their endless winding of staircase. Servants' wages are hardly the fourth of those with us. Three dollars a month is considered liberal, and the service is good. Accustomed to hard labor, and of a singularly robust strength, the women in Germany do more work with less complaint than any where in the world. They are, moreover, constant and faithful, seldom leaving their places for mere caprice or love of change. Economy, too, and contentment with simplicity of living are characteristic of them. All service required by the household is exceedingly cheap. A char-woman is paid only thirty-seven and a half cents a day, and a porter can be found at any time to carry a parcel or trunk for six or ten cents.

The usual social entertainments are of the simplest and least expensive character. Charming *reunions*, where the most cheerful and intellectual of groups gather for mutual entertainment and culture, seldom cost the host or hostess more than a few *kuchen* and extra cups of coffee. The concerts and theatres, which are excellent, abound every where, and the prices of admission are exceedingly low. These public as well as private entertainments have in common the good feature of opening and closing at early hours. They ordinarily begin at six and terminate at nine o'clock. Thus fatigue is saved to those who go, and weariness to those who wait at home. Amusement seldom leads, as too often with us, to dissipation and disorder.

"ONLY AN OLD BONE."

AGES and ages ago this world of ours was not like what it is now. Where we have land, hard, firm, and rocky, there were seas; and again, where we now have seas there was land. In fact, it was all so different that had you lived then, as I did, and survived till now, you could tell strange stories of the changes you had witnessed.

My first introduction to life was in the huge jaws of a megatherium; for I was one of its teeth. I had many brothers and sisters; we were a very united, loving family. Now we are all dispersed. I do not even know whether they are living or dead. You wonder, perhaps, that I can speak so calmly on the subject, but if you had lived ages, as I have, you would know that one can not mourn forever.

A wild, merry life we led in those days. I should not like to return to it now, but I enjoyed it then. The world was at that time a muddy, marshy place; even the firm land was not very stable. What else could you expect? Those iron rocks you see now were very young then, and just forming, and a fierce battle they had to wage for their existence, what between the fire and the water. There were no men at that time, nothing but animals, huge trees, and plants; and a fine time they had of it.

My master was a sociable creature. He was the eldest of a large family of Theriums; his brothers were called Ano, Anthraco, Paleo, and Dino. They all roamed over the ground together, seeking food, and lots of acquaintances we made in our wanderings. There was the family of Dons—Masto, Smilo, and Glypto; but they were small creatures, and we rather looked down on them, though they were agreeable enough in their way. Much more interesting were the Sauri, whom we came to know on the shores of a huge lake. They were called Ichthy, Plesio, Megalo, and Ido. The only objection to *them* was that they were rather inclined to conceit, for they would insist that their family was older than ours. As if that made them a whit better!

Ah! if you had known all those fine creatures, I am sure you would only pity their puny successors now living in the world. With their nice names, too! It seems to me such a pity those good old cognomens are gone out of fashion.

As I said, it was a curious living world then—giant reptiles trailed their bodies on the sand, hideous winged creatures darkened the sky, and our colossal selves and friends stalked through magnificent forests of pine and ferns.

Well, I suppose, nothing can last forever: I have found it so, at least, in my experience of life. So our free, joyous existence came to an end too.

There was a grand upset of the whole world; the sea rushed over the land, the ground heaved and tottered; in fact, it was a convulsion of the system, and all then living on the globe perished. What became of my master I do not know, for I was dashed out of his mouth. I was tossed hither and thither for a very long time, during which I witnessed several more of these revolutions, being now upheaved, now buried. Wherever I was thrown I met with general contempt. I was named "An Old Bone," and no one paid me the slightest attention.

At first I was inclined to resent this treatment, and to despise all those persons I came in contact with, for the days when my master had stalked the forest were still green in my memory, and I forgot that I was no longer in the same position. A tooth under *his* mighty protection and a solitary tooth cast by itself upon the world are quite different things. So I am afraid I made myself very disagreeable, and if any stone, plant, or insect was kind enough to speak to me, doubtless taking pity on my miserable existence, I would turn from it with contempt, saying that such small creatures were quite beneath my notice. If they had known the days I had, and seen my master and his friends, they would not have dared to address even one of his remains.

No wonder that they soon gave up speaking to me, seeing how I despised them. Ah! I have grown humbler since then—much humbler. I learned many a severe lesson as the centuries rolled on! and if I had my life to live again, I do not say but what I would live it very differently. I got my pride taken down, however, as I say; but it was sharp, painful work, and if I had been wise, and recognized my changed position at once, I might have saved myself a world of suffering. Now I know that each state of the world is the best for the time being; but I shut my mind to that truth then.

Meanwhile, as I was changing in character, so also was the earth—for it was consolidating and hardening. The whole mass was becoming packed together, and there was so much material to be disposed of that there were tight squeezes in places—so tight that sometimes fractious rocks broke out in fire and flames, and declared they could not and would not stand it, that they *would* have room to expand as they chose. Of course in this general squeezing I got much crushed, and wherever I was pushed I met with insult. Even the little room I took up was grudged me.

Finally, I got thrown in with a company of minerals, who held themselves immeasurably my superiors.

"It's a shame," I often heard them declare, "that that bit of old bone should be in our way."

So they rubbed and knocked against me, pushed and jostled, till they did succeed in fretting me to less than half my original size; and even when every thing had subsided, and I had found a tiny corner to rest in, they often cast jealous eyes upon it. They were not pleasant companions; but I bore all their unkindness in silence. I remembered how disagreeable I had made myself to others, and felt that I was paying a just penalty.

If I could have gone away, and left them the space they so unwillingly awarded me, how gladly would I have done so! But there was no possibility of my escaping, buried as I was deep in the earth. So I lived on, sunk in my little hole, as far out of sight as I could, quiet and unobtrusive, never speaking unless I were addressed, which did not happen twice in all the ages. My whole existence was a deprecation for my unwelcome presence.

I think they might have been kinder when they saw how humble I was. However, they were not: and perhaps it was as well, for I was only a scrap of old bone, I kept repeating to myself—only a fragment of a once mighty monster; but such a poor fragment that I very inadequately represented him. It was better I should leave it alone than attempt it, for I should only have met with ridicule and incredulity.

Of course I knew nothing of the flight of time; I only know that it was centuries I lived down there, an old bone, among those aristocratic minerals. And, as the years rolled on, I think they grew to despise me more and more. If I could have done any thing to make them improve their opinion of me, I would have done it. But I could only remain quiet, and think back on the grand old days when we had led such a free, wild life, my master and I.

I don't know why the minerals thought worse of me as time passed. I think it must have been because they had nothing to do, and it was a little amusement to them to abuse me. Anyway, they often called out to me, in injurious tones, that I had lost my only beauty—my fine white complexion; and they wondered I was not ashamed to show my ugly, changed face in their circle. I bore it all in silence; what should I have gained by replying? And if I had lost my complexion, how could I help it, I thought; we none of us improve by age, I suppose, and if *they* were indestructible and unalterable, I was not conceited enough to think I was.

You see, it was not a happy life I led down there, but it, too, came to an end, as I say I have found all things do in this world, if we only wait long enough.

Great disturbances occurred about us after our long quiet. I, accustomed to such matters, thought they foreboded another convulsion, and, as my position in life could but be improved, I hailed the sounds gladly, rejoicing at the thought of release from my neighbors. I was somewhat mistaken. The disturbances and noises I heard were caused by men, those beings who were at that time strangers to me, though now they are familiar friends.

A shaft was being sunk in the ground; for the place of our abode had been pronounced a valuable mine, likely to produce copper. Daily the intruders came nearer our dwelling. I could hear them hammering, breaking, and rending. My neighbors grew alarmed; they had not wished to be disturbed out of their even, peaceful existence.

At last one day the men penetrated to us. With curious eyes I looked upon them. They seemed so tiny to me after the living beings I had been accustomed to, and I thought how one tread of my master's heel would have crushed them to atoms. But they were well-looking, well-formed animals, and I took rather a fancy to them from the first.

How relentlessly they tore away mass after mass of ore! I really felt quite sorry for the minerals, unfriendly though they had been; they seemed to feel the separation so much, and resisted the instruments as long as their strength would allow. The mass in which I had nestled was torn off too, and we were all conveyed into the outer air. Here we were handed over for inspection to a man who divided worthless pieces from valuable, and I was fully prepared when my turn came to be thrown away as a useless piece of old bone. How could I know that time had wrought a transformation in me?

Judge, then, of my intense surprise when, having examined me closely and turned me over and over in his hand, the man called out,

"We have indeed a find here. See this splendid turquoise I have discovered imbedded in a piece of copper. How beautiful it is! what a lovely blue!"

It really took me some moments before I could realize that *I* was the object of these praises.

There was no doubt about it, however, for I was handed from one to another, and ardently admired, till at last the finder, folding me carefully in a piece of soft linen, placed me in his waistcoat pocket, saying he would ask a jeweler about my worth.

I was as curious as he about the verdict. I could not understand what had happened to my poor, humble old self, and how I, so long despised, should suddenly have assumed value in every one's eyes. I did wish the copper could have seen my triumph, and witnessed in what estimation men held me. Then the recollection that, after all, I was only an old bone rushed over me; I was perhaps unconsciously acting a delusive part, and when the jeweler saw me I should be found out. For how was it possible that I could have become a costly thing, unless men prized old bones? and that I could hardly imagine.

How glad I was when we arrived at the jeweler's, and I was taken out of my envelope and shown to him!

He was a wizened-looking old man, who wore a pair of spectacles, and seemed to look me through and through.

"A very good turquoise indeed," he said; "very. I shall be glad to buy it of you." And he named a sum for my purchase. It was not immediately agreed to; some little bargaining occurred, but it ended in my becoming his property.

"But do tell me," asked he who had found me, "how came the turquoise among the copper?"

"Turquoises," replied the other, "are bits of old bone, nothing more. By contact with the copper they obtain their exquisite cerulean blue. The ore this has lain among has changed it to a jewel. Who knows as what it began life?"

I was grown more astonished than ever. This was too marvelous truly, that the copper, the mineral that had so despised me, whose taunts and insults I had borne patiently so long, had been the means of changing my whole being into something most precious. It was too curious! It took me days to recover from my astonishment! I had led a despised life so long, I could not grasp that I was suddenly of importance; but I was; there could be no doubt about it.

The old jeweler polished me lovingly, praising me more and more as I increased in beauty under his hands. Then he set me in a golden ring, and finally exhibited me in his shop window, naming a large sum for my purchase.

"And I have been only an old bone," I kept repeating to myself, again and again.

One thing I determined, that returning prosperity should not make me proud again; I had learned too thorough a lesson for that, and I resolved to love, and to do all in my power to serve, those mortals who had raised me from the lowest depths of degradation to such a height of value and esteem.

I was soon able to become more actively useful in their behalf; for I had not been long in the jeweler's window ere I was purchased. I passed into the hands of a lovely young girl, who presented me as a *souvenir* to her lover on his leaving the country for a time. He kissed the slender hand that had slipped me and my golden band upon his finger.

"I shall think of you, and your blue eyes, sweet," he said, "whenever I look on this azure stone."

Then they parted.

We roamed through many a foreign land, my new master and I. We visited the regions of everlasting cold, the zones of perpetual heat. We slept under the palms of the desert, the hut of the Esquimau, in the junk of the Chinaman, the palaces of Europe, the Indian bungalow. I saw all the changes on the globe with amazement; the world had altered indeed from the place I had known it. We passed through many dangers, too, escaped many accidents. Several times my master, whom I learned to love dearly, lay stricken with sore sickness, and I grieved for him lest he should die, and the sweet blue-eyed beauty, whose gift I was, should see him no more. Folk said I grew pale when he was ill, and only regained my beauty with his health. I can not vouch for the truth of that statement.

The time at length arrived when my master was able to return home. Why he had been so long absent I know not. He spoke of business and imperative necessity that kept him far from her he loved, and I know it could be no slight cause that detained him from her side.

How joyfully he turned his steps homeward!

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It was a pleasure to me to see his gleeful, happy face. He would often gaze upon me as a memento of his sweet Isabelle, and once or twice on our homeward journey he exclaimed that I had grown more beautiful than ever.

The last stage of his traveling he undertook on horseback. He was cantering along, singing, out of the very joy of his heart, Uhland's charming couplet:

"O brich nicht, Steg, du zitterst sehr!
O stürz nicht, Fels, du dräuest schwer!
Welt, geh' nicht unter, Himmel, fall nicht ein,
Eh' ich mag bei der Liebsten sein!"

Suddenly the horse stumbled, and my master was violently thrown.

"He must not be hurt, he can not be killed," I cried, in my agony of heart. Then a sharp pain thrilled through my frame, I became unconscious of what followed.

When next I regained my senses I felt the warm touch of Isabelle; she was clasping my master's hand.

"Oh, George," she sobbed, "what a happy thing that you escaped unhurt! If you had been killed at the last, after all your perilous wanderings were safely over, I could not have borne it."

"Comfort yourself, sweetheart," he said, "I am alive and well. That I escaped is truly a marvel; I can not comprehend it yet."

"See!" she exclaimed, suddenly, as she released her grasp, and her gaze fell upon me. "Why, George, what has happened to your turquoise? You never told me it was cracked."

"Cracked!" he repeated, in astonishment. "That can not be; only this very morning I was admiring its increased loveliness. But indeed it is," he said, as he examined me more closely. "I must have broken it in my fall. Alas for my beautiful treasured stone, the companion and friend of my wanderings!"

A sudden flash of light passed over the girl's face.

"George, that faithful turquoise has saved your life. I see it all. It took upon itself the consequences of your fall, and has restored you unharmed to me. I read once that turquoises possessed this saving virtue for those they loved."

She was right; it had truly been so. My cry of agony as we fell had wrought his salvation. How happy I was that I had been the means of their joy! how much happier yet I grew in it! What mattered it that my market value had gone from me? for I had obtained increased worth in the eyes of the happy pair.

George wore me upon his finger unto his dying day, and Isabelle, an aged dame, showed me to her great-grandchildren but three days ago as the most precious thing in her possession, which she should hand down to them and to their children's children as their most treasured relic and the tenderest momento of their ancestors.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The first Night of a new Play.—French Crime and English Roguery.—The Aristocrat and the Plasterer.—Edwin James's Appeal.

ON Saturday last, February 22, was brought out, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Mr. Wilkie Collins's play of *Man and Wife*, dramatized from his novel of that name. The first night of a new piece in London is always a spectacle that attracts a good house; but on this occasion the reputation of the author, and the fact that his drama was sure to receive skillful treatment from the players, they being by far the best acting company in England, produced a most distinguished audience. Of course all the critics were there (confound them!), *blasés*, imperturbable, smooth—"those who have failed in literature and art," as Disraeli calls them—but also novelists, dramatists, painters, who have *not* failed, all came to give their willing hands to their brother artist. If you had been by my side, Mr. Editor, I should have been able to point out to you most of the celebrities of literary London: Charles Reade, with his patient, quiet face; Palgrave Simpson, wearing his seventy winters as if they were fifty summers; Shirley Brooks, editor of *Punch*, and author of the charming but comparatively unappreciated *Miss Violet and her Offers*, with his fine massive face and abundant locks of gray; Burnand, his funny collaborateur, who has given us so many *Happy Thoughts;* Holman Hunt, the great Pre-Raphaelite painter; Val Princep, the little ditto; and Frith, of the *Railway Station* and the *Derby-Day;* the Lord Chief Justice of England (Cockburn), also listening with great intentness to the arguments of the lawyer in the piece (which, like the novel, turns upon the Scotch marriage law), and manifestly disagreeing with him through his gold spectacles. In the centre of the stalls was a family circle, which would have had, perhaps, a greater attraction for you than all: Charles Collins, author of that most charming of books of travel, *A Cruise upon Wheels*, and younger brother of the hero of the night, with his wife and her two brothers, the sons of dead Charles Dickens.

Of the play I say nothing, for though not in what the begging-letter writers call "affluent circumstances," I have never been in such reduced ones as to write dramatic criticisms. In London, alas! it is not possible, you know, to be "poor and honest" and yet do *that*. But it was a very pleasant night, I promise you, altogether. When, at the close of it, in answer to repeated calls for "Collins! Collins!"—we all knew him too well to call him "Author! author!"—and the big-browed star of the evening came upon the stage, there was what the ultra-classical people call a bovation—an ovation, as a writer in the *Saturday Review*, or the *Pall Mall*, or some such high-flying journal, was lately so good as to tell us, being only a lesser triumph, at which *ovis*, a sheep, was sacrificed; whereas *bos*, *bovis*, an ox, was the animal that graced the greater ones. Similarly, I suppose, an asination (from *asinus*, a jackass) would best describe the triumph of this erudite person, in the unlikely case of his ever gaining one.

Talking of assignations, was any thing ever so terrible as the late disclosures concerning the Black Band of Lyons! Any pair of youthful lovers who ventured to meet without that city, it seems, for a few hours of Arcadian happiness, have been liable to be seized upon by a gang of ruffians, by whom the swain was murdered and the nymph ill-treated. This, we are told, has happened in *five hundred* instances. In England, when a boy throws a stone at a shop window and gets away scot-free, we exclaim, indignantly, "Where are the police?" But what should we say if such outrages as these had gone on, say at Birmingham, for *four years!* The scoundrels have been caught at last, however; and the jury finding, of course, "extenuating circumstances"—because, I suppose, the Black Band was composed of young men (one of them in "the customs," too)—they have only been sentenced to short terms of imprisonment. At the same time a similar association has been discovered in Paris, the eldest member of which is but twenty-seven, and the captain of the band but fourteen and a half! "his unnatural aptitude for vice and cynical indifference to detection" having procured him that bad eminence. In this case also two of these miscreants and murderers are "assistant-clerks in the Ministry of Finance." After such hideous revelations in real life the panting sensation novelist toils in vain: no imagination of his could compass them, let him sup on pork-chops ever so unwholesomely.

Thank Heaven, we have no Black Band in England, where our rogues and ruffians act, for the most part, independently; they have no hideous cement of "sentiment" to keep them together, and are, therefore, not so formidable. Sometimes a single act of roguery is conceived so cleverly as almost to extort our admiration.

A friend of mine, well known in sporting circles, a rapid calculator of odds, and not quite the sort of person that *I* should choose to experimentalize upon if I took to swindling, was very nearly taken in the other day by a new device. He was walking down Regent Street at noonday, when an old gentleman, respectably dressed, suddenly accosted him, in broken accents. "Young man," pleaded he, with his trembling hand pressed to his heart, "I find myself suddenly taken very ill: might I ask you to call a cab for me, since I can hardly breathe, and far less raise my voice."

There are lots of cabs at all times passing along Regent Street, and my friend supported the old gentleman, who really looked deadly ill, until one of them came within hail. Then with great difficulty he essayed to get him into the vehicle.

"One moment," gasped the invalid, while one foot rested on the step, and he gathered strength for a final effort: "I have still another favor to ask of you. I find that when I changed my waistcoat on leaving home I forgot to take my purse out of my pocket. Would you kindly lend me half a crown to pay the cab?"

"Nay, Sir," returned my astute acquaintance. "You are going home *to* your waistcoat, and therefore to your money; and however distant that home may be, I will see you a great deal farther before I lend you so much as a fourpenny piece."

The old gentleman, perceiving that he had got hold of the wrong man, thereupon paid the cabman sixpence for calling him from the cab stand for nothing, and walked away at a brisk pace to try his invalid stratagem upon some person less accustomed to calculate probabilities.

I forgot to tell you in my last "Gossip" that John Bright's son has been making his début in the provinces as a public speaker. He did not give promise of being an orator, yet spoke well and to the point, and showed himself to be of the same honest mind as his father with respect to politics. On the other hand, the Hon. Auberon Herbert, the radical brother of the conservative Lord Caernarvon, and the only one who went into the same lobby with Sir Charles Dilke on the famous question of royal expenditure, has retired from political life. Whether his democratic ideas were genuine or not, I do not know, but there is an anecdote afloat about him which would seem to show that they really were so. When in lodgings in Bond Street there happened to be a plasterer employed about the house, and, since the man showed intelligence, the Hon. Auberon asked him to breakfast with him one morning. The invitation was accepted (whether with diffidence or not is not stated), and the entertainment came off. But the same day the landlady gave notice to Mr. Herbert to quit the house. "She would not have plasterers," she said, "in her sitting-rooms." In vain did this young aristocrat expound his social theories, and especially debate upon the intelligence of the plasterer, which should put him on a level with the kings of the earth.

"I don't care how clever he may be. He may be as wise as the Pope," she answered; "but he shall never *sit in one of my best chairs again.*" And he never did.

Mr. Edwin James's appeal to the Benchers of the Temple to be allowed to practice as a barrister has been rejected. The sitting was held in private, "with closed doors," but it has oozed out that the following fact was fatal to him: He had induced Lord Worsley when only twenty-two years of age to become surety for him to the extent of £5000, for which he expressed his pain and regret to that nobleman's father; and yet he seems to have evidenced that regret by increasing the young man's liabilities upon his account within nine months to upward of £20,000.

From gossip about barristers the descent is easy to attorneys. If you should chance to hear the good news that "there are to be no more attorneys in England," do not believe it. It is only so far true that henceforth the title of "attorney" is to be merged in that of "solicitor." The polecat is equally objectionable in our northern counties as elsewhere, though in the former locality it is called the mart.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THOUSANDS of true lovers of science, and not a few who would not venture to class themselves in any way among the scientific, were charmed by the peculiar fascination of Professor Tyndall's lectures on Light, as delivered in various cities of the United States. The large audiences that every where greeted the learned professor indicated a keen if not a complete appreciation on the part of the community of his valuable researches. It was currently reported some months ago that Professor Tyndall intended to devote the surplus funds derived from his lectures in this country to the good of science. Lectures were delivered in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Baltimore, and New Haven. The sum of $13,000—the surplus above expenses—has been conveyed, in trust, to a committee consisting of Professor Joseph Henry, General Hector Tyndale, and Professor E. L. Youmans, who are authorized to expend the interest "in aid of students who devote themselves to original researches." This gift to science, coming through the liberality of Professor Tyndall, should be made the nucleus of a large and permanent fund to advance science in America.

It should be remembered, by-the-way, that scientific lectures involve far more preliminary expense than lectures on ordinary subjects. Costly apparatus and assistants are necessary, and special preparation for experiments often demands possession of the lecturing hall a day or two previous to each lecture.

Rumor says that the problem of the coeducation of the sexes is to be solved by a Pennsylvania college, which just now is rather modest about divulging its name. The process is simply this: a department of cookery is to be established, a great kitchen to be built as an adjunct to the college, and the young lady students, after learning their lessons in Greek, Latin, mathematics, etc., are expected to prepare dinner for the whole establishment. This is the penalty they are to pay for enjoying the educational privileges of the institution! We suppose that each year the best cooks will receive the degree of F.F.W. (*Fit for Wives*).

Mirrors are frequently spoiled by being hung where the sun will shine upon them. It does not seem to be generally understood that the amalgam of tin-foil with mercury, which is spread on glass plates to make mirrors, is readily crystallized by solar rays, causing a granulated appearance in the looking-glass. Neither should mirrors be hung near a stove or fire-place, nor too near a gas jet, as the heat will often bring about the same injurious crystallization.

Work is progressing well on the St. Gothard Tunnel. At each extremity of the tunnel there is an available fall of water, which will be utilized in carrying forward the machine piercing. On one side the boring has been through hard granite; on the other softer descriptions of stone have been encountered.

There is nothing so pleasant as to see the young and beautiful intelligently informed in regard to the affairs of our country. Apropos the following incident, which came to the knowledge of the Washington correspondent of the *Independent* as she watched the doings of the House during one of its last sessions before the 4th of March. "Is Mr. Ames a member of Congress?" inquired a lovely and elegantly attired blonde of her near-standing neighbor, a young New England woman, of about her own age. "Oh yes," said New England, with a sudden glance of astonishment. "Well, I supposed so," said lovely maiden Washington. "I knew Mr. Brooks was" (with the air of imparting information). "He is the man who had the difficulty with Sumner some years ago."

Duluth, on Lake Superior, in Minnesota, has grown from a population of fifty in 1870 to a population of five thousand. As the present terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and the head of Western lake navigation, it has become an important town, which has sprung up, as it were, in a day.

The Vendôme Column has been brought before the French Chamber—not bodily, but the propriety of re-erecting it has been thoroughly discussed, and the majority think it should be set up again.

The foreign mails last week brought what was something of a curiosity to our eyes—namely, a copy of the *Fiji Times* and of the *Fiji Gazette*. Not very recent publications were they, to be sure, as they bore the dates of October 5 and October 23, 1872. They are published in Levuka, on the Island of Ovalau—one of the most beautiful of the Fiji Islands, or, as perhaps Americans would write it, the *Feejee* Islands. These are English publications, and really seem to give no impression of any very barbarous state of society! Advertisements take a prominent place in these papers; but there is also scientific news, commercial information, and much miscellaneous matter. The political condition of the islands is the subject of several editorials, and annexation to Great Britain strongly urged. The *Times* remarks:

"Our soil is of the richest and best, and can produce sugar, cotton, coffee, spices, and many other articles, for which we can command a ready sale in the best marts of the world. But to develop our resources we require an influx of immigration and capital, and in order to do that there must be a sense of security. The Fiji government has now been in existence since June last year, yet there is an absence of that sense of security which would invite enterprise and capital to our shores."

We notice that it is proposed by the *Gazette* to issue an occasional sheet in the Fijian language. Evidently, from the tenor of both papers, there is room for immigrants in the Fiji Islands! It is a curious fact that there are several advertisements for persons to fill government positions, giving cheering proof that there is one place in the world where office-seekers are few. N.B.—As these offices are probably filled by this time, we would not advise enterprising sons of our soil to set out in hopes of obtaining them.

The London *Times* tells a wonderful story of six Communist prisoners who escaped from the fortress of Port Louis, on the coast of Brittany. By incessant labor for three months—so it is said—they contrived to sink a shaft thirteen feet in depth, and then excavated a tunnel, by which they escaped on to the rocks at low water, having ascertained the times of the tides. Three hundred prisoners were in the fortress, and all were aware of what was going on, but the secret was never betrayed.

A San Francisco paper tells a curious rat tale. A young lady, who was the owner of a beautiful pet sheep, noticed one day that the wool, of which the animal had a luxuriant coat, was twisted and knotted into a hump on one side of the neck. Upon examination she found that a rat had made a nest in the wool of the sheep, and when she pulled the place it stuck its head out and looked at her complacently. The rat was so tame that it was easily caught and dispatched. In the evening, when the sheep was put back in the stable, it went all around, looking into the corners and nosing about as though it were in search of something, showing that a friendly relationship existed between the rat and sheep.

The treasures from Cyprus, commonly known as the Cesnola Collection, are now being unpacked preparatory to the long and laborious process of sorting, labeling, and preparing them for public exhibition. The officers of the Metropolitan Art Museum have obtained a fine large building in Fourteenth Street, which will be temporarily used until the Central Park Museum is built, and there these archæological curiosities will be opened to public inspection. Some time, however, must elapse before they will be ready. It is no small undertaking to prepare more than ten thousand specimens of ancient art for public exhibition.

Orel is a fertile grain-producing province of Russia. Near a village of this section a lady was stopped not long since by a man in a sleigh, who demanded her money. In great alarm she hastened to comply with his request, but while doing so a ten-ruble note blew away. The man sprang after it, but the lady jumped into the sleigh, lashed the horses, and was soon at her own door. When the handsome sleigh was searched by the police a purse was found containing six thousand rubles. Nobody appeared to claim sleigh or purse.

One bright but bitter cold Sunday in February a young gentleman and lady living near Dubuque resolved, like good Christians, to go to church. A sleigh ride of a few miles was not disagreeable in prospect, provided they could keep warm. So, in addition to abundant wrappings, they heated a good-sized "chunk" of wood, put it into the bottom of the sleigh, and drove off in fine spirits. The horses sped over the smooth road, the bells jingled in the frosty air, and they had gone over half their distance, when a scent of something burning began to fill the air. Presently a column of smoke issued from behind the seat. "Fire!" shouted both, jumping from the sleigh, when it was discovered that Mr. A was on fire, Miss B was on fire, and the sleigh on fire. The gentleman snowballed himself out, and then rolled the lady in the snow until she was quenched. What became of the sleigh, history recordeth not.

"Old Government Java," so highly prized by coffee drinkers, is not a special variety of the berry, but only Java coffee that has been kept several years. It then assumes a brown color, and loses by evaporation that chemical principle which imparts the harsh, bitter, and astringent taste to new coffee. Mocha coffee is not always grown in Mocha; but much which bears the name is sent from the East Indies and certain parts of Africa to Mocha, where it is subjected to a peculiar method of curing, in which whatever excellence it possesses chiefly consists.

"English, French, German, Italian and Spanish spoken here," is the announcement which often beguiles travelers into unknown hotels on the Continent. An Englishman recently entered a French hotel on the strength of such a notice. Finding no waiter possessing even the most rudimentary acquaintance with the English language, he asked for the interpreter, and being told that there was none, demanded an explanation.

"By whom then," he inquired, "are English, German, Italian, and Spanish spoken?"

"By the travelers, Sir, who come to the hotel," was the reply.

A foreign journal relates the following remarkable instance of presence of mind: "A Madame Bonneau, living in the Rue Descartes, was sitting in her parlor awaiting her husband's return to dinner, when a man of wild and haggard appearance entered, and, seating himself opposite to her, addressed her in the following terms: 'I am a great doctor. I can effectually cure all headaches. I have heard that you suffer from that cause, and I am come to cure you.' The lady, perceiving that she had to deal with a madman, prudently seemed to fall into his humor, and asked his method of treatment. 'Simple enough, madame,' said he, drawing a razor from his pocket; 'I cut off the head, and then, after having well cleaned it, I replace it upon the shoulders.' Upon this he prepared to suit the action to his words. Madame Bonneau, with great coolness, professed her readiness to submit to the operation, but suggested that she should fetch a towel from the next room to prevent her dress being stained. Her visitor assented to the reasonableness of this suggestion, and she left the room, locking the door behind her. Upon her return with some police officers they found that the unfortunate maniac had cut his own throat, but not fatally. It was ascertained that he had escaped from a lunatic asylum at Clermont les Prés."

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LIFE IN CHINA.

A MANDARIN RECEIVING A VISITOR.

THE time and mode of paying official visits, and every particular relating to the ceremonial etiquette of such visits, are fixed by the Board of Rites and Ceremonies in Pekin.

Members of the civil service must, when visiting, proceed in chairs or on foot, while military officers are permitted to visit on horseback, but not in the sedan. Again, the rank of the visitor is denoted by the number of his followers, and by the ornamental details of his dress, while the mode of salutation is regulated with the utmost precision, according to the rank of the visitor. There are eight modes of salutation. The first consists of simply joining the hands and raising them before the breast. The last, or most perfect mode of obeisance, requires the individual to ko-tow nine times—that is, in the kneeling posture to knock the ground with the forehead nine times. This last form of homage is only exacted for the Emperor of China and Son of Heaven. The Emperor being the Son of Heaven, he, as a matter of course, is entitled to the same degree of adoration. This is the great barrier to a final settlement of the Chinese audience question. The Chinese can not see why a nation of barbarians, whose origin dates from but yesterday, should send their embassadors, or, as they style them, "tribute bearers," to the Imperial court, and there demand the right of audience with the Celestial ruler; why they should insist upon standing on their dignity, using their jointless limbs to support them in the most sacred presence; why, in the name of all that is ancient, classical, and therefore right, these pale-faced strangers, who come from obscure petty states to learn the civilized usages of the Central Flowery Land, should so persistently refuse to prostrate themselves and lick the dust nine times in presence of the Heavenly Emperor.

The illustration represents a high mandarin receiving a private visit from an inferior officer. The visitor, when he reached the outer gate of the Yamun, or palace, had to wait in his sedan while he sent in his card, which consists of a strip of red paper bearing his name, more like a handbill than the tiny cards in use with us. An interview is granted, he is borne into the inner court, alights from his chair, and proceeds to the reception hall, where he is met by his superior. Had the visitor been a man of equal rank, he would have been received by the host at the outer gate, but being inferior in rank, he has had to make his way to the inner reception hall, where he bows low with joined hands, while his superior receives him with a slight inclination of the body. Seats are next taken according to rank, unless the visitor be a personal friend, when much of the strict formality of etiquette is set aside, and the visit rendered agreeable by lively conversation, pipes, and tea. Under the most favorable circumstances, however, there is a show of conventional polish and good-breeding which is never altogether dispensed with, and which is observed even by the lower orders of society in China.

LIFE IN CHINA—A MANDARIN RECEIVING A VISITOR.

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Cashmere Mantelet, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS mantelet is made of gray cashmere, lined with lustring, and trimmed with folds, loops, and bows of black velvet. The hood is lined with pleated gray gros grain as shown by Fig. 1. To make the mantelet cut of cashmere and lustring lining two pieces each from Figs. 32 and 33, Supplement, and one piece each from Figs. 34–36, having first joined on the pieces turned down in Supplement on Figs. 32 and 35. Cut a slit in the back from the under edge to *, sew up the darts in the fronts, join the back, side forms, and fronts according to the corresponding figures, and run the material and lining together along the outer edge, excepting the neck, at the same time fastening in a fly ten inches long and furnished with eyes on the left front from the neck. Sew the corresponding hooks on the wrong side of the right front. Set on the trimming as shown by the illustration. Cut a slit in the cape along the double line, sew up the shoulder pleats, trim as shown by the illustration, and arrange the cape in pleats, fastening the ×'s on the ●'s marked with the same letters. Baste the cape on the neck of the mantelet according to the corresponding figures, and set a velvet bow at the bottom of the waist in the back. Having faced the hood on the outside from the neck to the dotted line with pleated gros grain, sew up the seam from 27 to 28, fold the hood on the outside along the dotted line so that 29 comes on 29, and furnish it with trimming. Baste the hood on the neck of the mantelet, and set the latter on a standing collar. A pleated frill of batiste or Swiss muslin is basted inside the latter as a finish for the neck.

Fig. 1.—CASHMERE SPRING HOOD.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 19 and 20.

BARATHEA SPRING HOOD.
For description see Supplement.

CRÊPE DE CHINE AND FAILLE CRAVAT BOW.
For description see Supplement.

the open air, either on foot, donkey-back, horseback, or in a carriage. The atmosphere is not subject to any sudden change, nor is there danger of vicissitudes of temperature such as are experienced in many places in the south of Europe, nor cold cutting winds such as frequently prevail during winter and spring at Nice and Naples. The complete change, too, from the habits and customs of Western Europe to those of an Eastern city like Cairo is, we are convinced, of immense importance to valetudinarians, for impressions made upon the mind react upon the body, and the novelty of the new style of life in Egypt gradually weans one from a too frequent thought of self. Who could think of dyspepsia or hypochondriasis while beholding the lovely sunrises and glorious sunsets, or while contemplating, as at Thebes, the ruins of a civilization that existed long before Athens and Rome were thought of, or the history of Greece had even been begun?

The pleasantest months in the year for a residence at Cairo are December, January, February, and March. The inundations of the Nile, having subsided, leave the fields in November covered with a fresh layer of rich deposit; then the lands are put under cultivation; and during our winter months, which are, in fact, the spring months in Egypt, the Delta, as well as the valley of the Nile, looks like a delightful garden, teeming with verdure and beautiful with the blossoms of trees and plants. It very seldom rains at Cairo, probably not more than three or four times in the year.

Fig. 2.—CASHMERE SPRING HOOD.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 19 and 20.

WINTERING IN EGYPT.

THE long sea passage has hitherto deterred many persons from visiting Egypt; but now that the journey from Brindisi to Alexandria can be made in three days and a half, the superiority of Lower Egypt over the south of France or Italy as a winter residence will become better known and appreciated. Cairo is, *par excellence*, the most perfect Arab city of the present day, and one in which its inhabitants have, perhaps, attained to a higher degree of civilization than in any other city in the East. The climate of Egypt is salubrious during the greater part of the year, and, in Alexandria, even the heat of summer is seldom oppressive, being tempered by a fresh northerly breeze. The Khamseen, or hot south wind, however, which prevails in April and May, is at times unpleasant, and the inundations from the Nile render the latter part of the autumn less healthy than the summer and winter. In summer the village of Ramléh, four miles from Alexandria, is a charming residence, while Cairo, from its clear dry atmosphere and equable temperature, is now admitted to be one of the most desirable winter resorts for invalids in the world. The Khedive, too, who, from his immense wealth, his splendid hospitality, and liberal patronage of art, is justly entitled to be called the Haroun-al-Raschid of modern times, is fast rendering his capital as luxurious as it is interesting.

One of the principal advantages which invalids derive from a winter's residence in a favorable climate is that they are enabled to take daily and efficient exercise in the open air. At Cairo the invalid or tourist can be constantly in

Fig. 1.—CASHMERE MANTELET.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 32–36.

Fig. 2.—CASHMERE MANTELET.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 32–36.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALDINE.—Visiting-cards used by married ladies bear their husband's name, with the title *Mrs.* before it—as "Mrs. John Smith." The cards are large plain white Bristol-board, with script letters.

MRS. F. W.—Both gold and steel bowed spectacles are used.

MRS. JAMES C.—See descriptions of trimming for dress skirts in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI.; also of polonaises.

A. L. L.—To change the shirt patterns lap the hems of the front, and open the yoke in the middle of the back, and fasten it by two buttons.

P. H. C.—Get gray or plum-colored cashmere or soft French gray flannel for your studying gown.

LUCILE.—To freshen your black iron grenadine dampen it by sponging with tepid water in which a little borax has been dissolved.

TABITHA.—Wear your black Cashmere shawl three-cornered in the old-fashioned way.

C. M. A.—Read description of girls' piqué dresses in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 10, Vol. VI.

A SIMPLETON.—To remodel your blue silk get a sleeveless jacket and an over-skirt of a deeper blue shade. See description in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI.

C. H. B.—Stitch bias bands of the percale piped with white on your percale skirt.

MRS. J. P. D.—Use bias bands, or else passementerie, for heading lace.

SUBSCRIBER.—Your brown silk needs only a sleeveless basque, square cuffs, and over-skirt of silk of another shade. Use a lighter brown, and put bands of the same on the skirt. The pongee suit might have an over-skirt—merely an apron—made of pieces of the polonaise, and the remaining parts, paletot, round waist, and plain skirt, would answer if trimmed with bias black velvet and écru lace. Put lengthwise velvet folds on the skirt, and have a sash of black velvet, knotted on the side. Use large ivory (or else old silver) buttons and buckles. This suit would also look well trimmed with olive brown silk, but would be similar to the brown silk dress just mentioned.

WIDOW.—Your visiting-cards should now have "Mrs. Mary Jones," written in script, not "Mrs. John Jones."

M. O.—Your sample of gray vigogne is very suitable for a stylish traveling dress. Make by the Double-breasted Redingote pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V.; or else make an over-skirt and Dolman. Pleated silk ruffles are often made straight instead of bias.

INEXPERIENCED ONES.—You will find illustrations and descriptions of an infant's wardrobe in *Bazar* No. 35, Vol. V. Twenty-five cents will buy the entire set of cut paper patterns.

H. A. B.—The poplins have advanced to $2.

MRS. W. M. R.—The term "crossed" in knitting signifies that the stitch referred to should be twisted in knitting it off; to do this, insert the needle in the stitch from the back toward the front, instead of in the usual manner.

EUGENIE.—A vest-polonaise with Dolman sleeves would look well made of black cashmere, trimmed with guipure lace and insertion. Cut out the cashmere under the insertion. Princesse and Gabrielle dresses are both worn by girls of five years.

DOLLY DIMPLE.—Moiré antique is not as fashionable as plain repped silk. It is said to be coming into vogue again, but at present is used more for trimming cuffs, vests, and various parts of costumes. Brides married in white wear pearls or diamonds. Duchesse lace is like Honiton, very open and fine. A flounce would cost from $20 a yard upward.

PAINTINGS.

THE ancient and exquisite art of making enamels for ornaments has not indeed wholly disappeared from Europe. But no such work is now done in that kind as Limoges of old produced, and still less as we have caught glimpses of in the treasures of Chinese and Japanese manufacture. But the employment of painting in jewelry, though it was carried to a high pitch of fashion and of success in the age of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. in France has never been more admirably practiced than it now is. Nor can any thing be imagined more delicate and gracious. Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, 22 John St. (up stairs), true Athenians of their calling, ever on the watch for some new thing, were sure not to overlook this development of European art. Some of their brooches, bracelets, ear-rings of this kind are absolutely winning. In little dainty frames of chased or chiselled gold, the airiest little Pucks and Cupids dance and float, wanton and laugh. They seem small refugees from some one of Albano's Arcadian canvases, as arch, as full of life, as quaint, as captivating as his most chubby and most darling imps. Festoons of flowers are woven about them. Grapes and the leaves of the vine overhang and entwine with them. Any thing more apt or charming to be worn by young girls in the first flush of their budding womanhood it would be hard to devise and not easy to dream of.—[*Com.*]

A MOST USEFUL ARTICLE in every household is a sewing-machine. The Wilson Under-Feed Sewing-Machine combines in every degree the most perfect machine yet invented. It is elegant in finish, simple to learn, runs smoothly and quietly, and, what is more important, is the cheapest. The Wilson Machine has received the highest praise from all who have used it, and stands at the head of all sewing-machines. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

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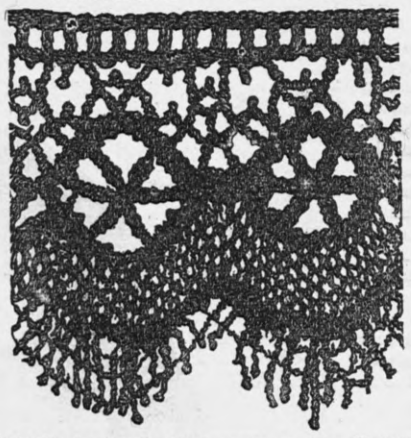

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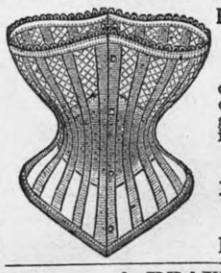

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The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. V.

LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER..No. 23
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt..... " 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)..... " 25
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt..... " 27
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..... " 29
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)..... " 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old) " 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, Shirt Waist, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 5 to 10 years old)..... " 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt..... " 39
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DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT.... " 43
GIRL'S PRINCESSE POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)..... " 44
LOUIS QUINZE VEST BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt..... " 46
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SLEEVELESS JACKET WALKING SUIT.... " 15

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

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EVIDENT GENIUS.

EMMY (*mamma's volunteer secretary*). "How is this to be answered, Kitty? I don't know what to say!" (*Reads*) "'Mrs. Fitzmode at Home on the 30th inst. from Four to Six o'Clock.'"

KITTY. "Well, I should write and say Mamma did not know Mrs. Fitzmode had been away, but wonders she should return to stop only Two Hours!"

FACETIÆ.

AT a school examination, where words were "given out" for subjects in composition, a "mute, inglorious Milton" produced at sight this sentence on the word "panegyric:" "A few drops of panegyric, given on a large lump of sugar, is often best for an infant with the stomach-ache."

A LOAFER'S LOGIC.

WORTHY PASTOR. "My boy, learn to be contented; mouths are never sent without the bread to feed them."

PRACTICAL BOY. "Oh, ah! but the mouths is sent to our house and the bread to yourn!"

There is a story of a doctor who went to settle in a village out West, and on the first night of his arrival was sent for to attend a sick child. He looked at the little sufferer very attentively, and then delivered this oracular opinion: "This hyar babe's got the small-pox, and I ain't posted up on pustules. We must approach this case by circular treatment. You give the little cuss this draught. That 'll send him into fits. Then send for me. I graduated on fits."

A jolly member of the Exchange, who has a habit of winking every time he speaks, has been christened "the eye stutterer."

Our bilious contributor writes to tell us that his doctor informs him that he has liver enough for three people. He adds that this seems so selfish that if we can indicate any deserving cases of destitution in that particular, he will be happy to hear of them.

A country minister of "limited capacity" recently married for a second wife a widow of some property. Being an ardent servant of Mammon, a former neighbor asked him if he did not do well by the second marriage. "Oh yes, indeed," he said, with animation; and then, as an expression of reverent awe stole into his face, he added, "and what is very remarkable, the clothes of my wife's first husband just fit me."

A mosquito taper is a Pittsburg invention. It creates such a smell when burning that the mosquitoes ask to be excused. It drives human beings out-doors also—which is its only defect.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—Love not, love not! the thing you love may dye.

WINTRY RHYMES.

I don't much care for summer,
For autumn, or for spring;
But oh, the latest comer
I hate like—any thing!
Of phrases more aggressive
I fain would be the minter,
If they'd but be expressive
Of hatred for the winter.

Such seasonable weather
Some folks consider "prime;"
But I do altogether
Detest the bitter time:
It may suit those who run,
But I am not a sprinter,
And can not see the fun
Of this confounded winter.

With steaming "goes" of grog
(Your only comfort-giver)
One battles with the fog,
But damages one's liver.
The doctor proves, alas!
Of all one's drink a stinter:
Without the cheerful glass
How desolate is winter!

Some fancy frost is nice,
And talk of jolly skating;
Except in summer, ice
I hold a thing for hating.
My curse be on the lot,
From iceberg down to splinter;
I like my weather hot,
And can not bear the winter!

The spring I can endure,
If not too cold and showery;
The summer can allure
My praise for beauty flowery;
And autumn, when fruit's ripe,
I like, but—Master Printer,
Please put in larger type—
I DO DETEST THE WINTER!

THE MOST WELCOME SERIAL JUST NOW—"A simple ton."

NOT ALTOGETHER GALLANT.—The proprietor of a large provincial menagerie has posted up the following notice: "Ladies are requested not to remain stationary in front of the cages. It tires the monkeys."

A DENT IN HIM.

YOUNG CADSON (*with genuine surprise*). "What a strange thing, Miss, your Dog don't seem to like me!"
MISS SNOBLEIGH (*guilelessly*). "Per-haps it's because you hev them Dog-skin Gloves on."

[*And perhaps that* WAS *the reason.*

A MATTER OF TASTE.

(*Never said, but thought of as we lit the cigar to go home.*)

"Do you like Browning?" asked a reading man of a young lady whom he had taken down to dinner.

The fair creature by his side (who was no bookworm) answered, "Yes. That is, I like crackling."

A curious discipline is enforced at revival meetings, where the reverend preachers notify to the speakers in the beginning, "If any man attempts to make a long speech, he will be sung down on the spot."

A teacher at a public school recently asked a boy which is the highest dignitary of the church. After looking up and down, north, east, south, and west, the boy innocently replied, "The weather-cock."

"How did you manage to win her affections so quickly, Dan? The recipe's worth knowing."

"Oh, that was simple enough," replied he. "The first night that I arrived at the lodging-house in Auckland I found myself sitting next to a young woman at supper, who, I soon found, was one of the newly arrived immigrants. I looked her over, and saw she was a round, strong, cheery-looking lass, with a laughing face, and thought she'd do. I didn't know how to go foolin' around her to find a soft place (as you would have done, Sir—no offense to you), but just spoke a word or two with her, and when we came out into the passage gave her a squeeze and a kiss. Says she, 'How dare you?' Says I, 'I wants to marry you, my dear.' 'Marry me?' cries she, laughing; 'why, I don't know you.' 'No more do I you, my dear,' says I; 'so that makes it all fair and equal.' She didn't know how to put a clapper on that, so she only laughed and said she couldn't think of it. 'Not think of it,' says I, artful like, 'not when you've come all these thousands of miles for the purpose?' 'What do you mean?' says she, staring. 'Come, now,' says I, 'don't tell me. I knows what's what. When a man immigrationizes it's to get work; when a woman immigrationizes it's to get married. You may as well do it at once.' Well, she giggled a bit, and we were spliced two days afterward."

A boy carried enterprise to the very last of earth the other day by circulating advertising sheets along a funeral procession of forty-seven sleighs. He stood by the road-side, assiduously handing in his bills, and didn't miss any body in the ranks outside the hearse.

AN OLD "SAW" RE-SET.

MOTTO FOR AMATEUR VIOLINISTS — Bowing and Scraping.

In Galloway large craigs are met with having ancient writings on them. One on the farm of Knockieby has, cut deep on the upper side,

"Lift me up, and I'll tell you more."

A number of people gathered to this craig and succeeded in lifting it up, in hopes of being well repaid; but instead of finding any gold, they found written on it,

"Lay me down as I was before."

The local wit who propounded this "sell," fortunately for himself, died some years since.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Illegible writers are undesirable acquaintances—their "characters" are bad.

The defense of a gentleman who had deprived his neighbor of his turkey and roasted it was that he found it on his fence, and seized it in payment for rent of the fence.

It is whispered in literary circles that Mr. Carlyle's works will shortly be translated into English.

Mr. St. H—— had a capital stud groom who came with him from England. The first foal born in the colony of Wellington was from a mare of Mr. St. H——'s. Some officers and friends were admiring the pretty little creature, and one of the ladies asked the groom what his name would be.

"Harribogene," answered the groom, pat enough.

"What? I never heard such a word before!"

"Didn't you, now, miss? Well, it's a wonder, too; it's what they call them Maories as is born in the place!"

"Harribogene" was the name of the horse to his dying day.

A leading lecturer classifies his audience as follows: The "still-attentives," the "quick-responsives," the "hard-to-lifts," the "won't-applauds," and the "get-up-and-go-outs."

DRAMATIC CON.—What were the "palmy" days of the drama?—When they were first-rate hands at acting.

THE PASSAGE OF BROADWAY.

WHAT ARE THESE BIG MEN WAITING BEHIND THIS YOUNG LADY FOR? TO ROB HER? NO! TO INSULT HER? NO! THEY ARE ONLY WAITING TILL A POLICEMAN COMES TO ESCORT HER ACROSS THE STREET, AND THEN THEY CAN SLIP OVER SAFELY IN HER WAKE.

"Come, Em'ly dear, let's wait for a Car somewhere else, for I do believe a horrid good-for-nothing Fellow is taking a Bath in the Window behind us."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 15.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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LADIES' WALKING SUITS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Fig. 1.—SLEEVELESS JACKET WALKING SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).

Fig. 2.—WALKING SUIT.

[Cut Paper Patterns of the Sleeveless Jacket Walking Suit, Fig. 1, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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THY ROSES.

THE splendor of thy roses fills
The silence of my lonely room;
But something in their beauty thrills
More than the brightness of their bloom.
'Tis this: thy dear hand gathered them,
And grouped their loveliness for me.
In every rose whose leaves I kiss,
The wonder of thy love I see.

Two, rising fair above the rest,
Together seem to breathe apart,
And one of these, supremely blest,
Lies on the other's royal heart.
Oh, thus it is with thee and me:
From all the crowded world apart,
My all of life—love's ecstasy—
I only know it through thy heart.

My rose of men, the lesser flower
Cast not from out thy larger heart;
Enough if in her waning hour,
She may but perish where thou art.

Ladies' Walking Suits, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—SLEEVELESS JACKET WALKING SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). The sleeveless jacket of this pretty suit is destined to be one of the most popular wrappings of the spring and summer. It is a sleeveless basque cut with stylish square front and pockets, and can be made of any material, whether woolen, silk, or muslin. It may be worn over a plain basque of a lighter shade, or may be used as the only corsage, with the lighter sleeves sewed in permanently. A pattern of the coat sleeve seen in the illustration, with a cuff like the jacket, is furnished. The skirt and sleeves should always be of a lighter or a contrasting shade, and the trimmings of the same color as the jacket. In the original the suit is made of two shades of brown poplin. The stylish round over-skirt is gracefully looped on the sides, and a sash, made of loops and slanting ends, falls on the left. A bias band of the darker shade, bordering the upper and under skirts, is used instead of flounces.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS suit comprises three garments—sleeveless jacket, apron-front over-skirt, and walking skirt.

SLEEVELESS JACKET.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, side back, back, and pocket. A pattern of the coat sleeve seen in the illustration is also furnished. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting them together. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulder and under the arms, to take up the darts and cross basque seam, and to place the pockets. The front is neatly fitted by two darts and a cross basque seam on each side. The back is adjusted to the figure by centre and side backs. An extra fullness is cut on at the waist line in each side back seam, and laid in a large box-pleat on the under side. Cut the front with the longest straight edge laid on the edge of the goods. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back for the hem. Cut the back with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid making a seam. All the other parts are cut lengthwise of the goods. Baste the seams, and try on wrong side out; if alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams. Face the front with the material, and close it the entire length with buttons and button-holes. The neck and armholes are corded with heavy silk. The close-fitting coat sleeve given with this pattern is finished at the wrist with a deep square cuff; three buttons decorate the outer edge. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulder and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all others.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 2 yards.
Extra for sleeves, 1¼ yards.

APRON-FRONT OVER-SKIRT.—This pattern is in three pieces—front gore, side breadth, and back breadth. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting them together. Cut the front and back with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams, and pay no attention to the grain of the paper. Close the seams according to the notches, gather the top of the back breadths, and sew the skirt to the belt. A wide sash is tacked at the waist line on the right side, and tied in a bow with two long flowing ends. Drape the skirt at the side under the bow. A long sash is pleated at one end and fastened to the front gore on the left side, carried under the skirt, and fastened at the belt, thus forming the drapery for the left side. Allowance for quarter-inch seams is made in this pattern.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 4 yards.

WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front gore, two side gores, and straight breadth for the back. Cut the front gore and straight breadth with the longest straight edges laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Cut two pieces each of the pattern given for the side gores. Put the pattern together by the notches, paying no attention to the grain of the paper.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 7 yards.

Fig. 2.—WALKING SUIT. This suit is of dark blue silk, with a black cashmere mantilla embroidered with India colors and edged with fringe. The silk skirt has a wide pleated flounce trimmed with velvet ribbon laid in vandykes and clusters of loops. Over-skirt edged with loops and two velvet bands. Pleated linen under-sleeves and fraise. Rabagas bonnet of black China crape, faced with blue faille. Loops and ends of blue ribbon, with a trailing tea-rose vine.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1873.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be published gratuitously an EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing a third installment of LORD LYTTON'S new and fascinating Novel,

"THE PARISIANS,"

commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for March 29. This work is received with extraordinary favor by the reading public, and promises to be one of the most popular of LORD LYTTON'S novels.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the Elegant Sleeveless Jacket Walking Suit, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For a Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement in last Bazar.*

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' and Children's Spring Suits; Confirmation and First Communion Dresses; Mantelets, Dolmans, Fichus, Fichu-Collars; Passementerie Trimmings for Dresses and Wrappings; Lingerie, etc., together with choice literary and pictorial attractions.*

APRIL FARE.

BY PIERRE BLOT.

IN the following lists will be found the articles of food that are in season during the month of April. Some of them may not be in the markets before the end of the month, according to the state of the weather, such as Bermuda potatoes, dandelion, dock, rhubarb, radishes, etc. Shad also makes its appearance earlier or later during this month.

FISH.

Cod, conger-eel, frost-fish, haddock, halibut, herring, lamprey, mullet, perch (sea and white), plaice, salmon, shad, trout (brook and sea).

SHELL-FISH.

Clams, mussels, lobsters, oysters, prawns, and crawfish.

MEAT.

Beef, veal, mutton, spring lamb, pork.

POULTRY.

Chickens, capons, ducks, and turkeys.

GAME.

Brant-goose, ducks (red-head, black, and squaw), canvas-back ducks, lap-wing, brown lark, plover, rail, English snipe.

VEGETABLES.

Bermuda potatoes, Bermuda pease, dock, dandelion, cucumbers, parsnips, pepper-grass, red radishes, rhubarb, sprouts, squashes, string-beans, water-cress, wild chiccory, and sorrel.

FRUITS.

Apples, bananas, Brazil-nuts, oranges, pine-apples, and strawberries.

Besides the above articles of food, there are several others that can be found at any season of the year, such as eggs, hominy, oatmeal, rice, starch, macaroni, tapioca, beans, Limas, pease, carrots, and turnips. Also smoked, salt, dry, and pickled fish, corned beef, salt pork, bacon, hams, tongues, sausages, etc.

Soups, during this month, can be made with vermicelli, macaroni, beans, lobsters, rice, sago, semoule, etc.

Such fruits as apples, pears, bananas, nuts, cranberries, and many others, can be had at fruit stores and in the markets at any season of the year.

In blanching the vermicelli to make soup a little salt is necessary, and ten minutes' boiling is enough. The vermicelli is then turned into a colander, and immediately put in cold water and stirred therein for about half a minute, and drained.

Beef broth is then set on the fire, and at the first boil the vermicelli is put in. A few minutes' boiling and the soup is made. There is nothing to add but salt and pepper to suit the taste. This soup is as easily made as it is good.

Other soups are made with macaroni and Italian pastes in the same way. Cheese may be added to a macaroni soup if liked. It is grated, and put in the soup tureen just before turning the soup into it.

A bread soup is made by merely putting in the soup tureen some slices of toasted bread, pouring boiling broth over them, and covering it for two or three minutes. A poached egg for each person may be added.

Pea soup requires a little more care to make. The pease are washed in lukewarm water first, and then set on the fire with a little more cold water than is necessary to cover them. The seasonings are onions, carrots, turnips, and celery, all cut in pieces; also bay leaf, thyme, pepper-corns, and cloves, tied inside of a rag or linen bag made for the purpose. A piece of raw ham is also put in. The whole is then simmered until the pease are thoroughly cooked. The pease, carrots, turnips, onions, and celery are turned into a colander, and are rubbed through by means of a potato masher, a little of the juice being added now and then to help mashing. The other seasonings are thrown away, and the ham is kept for breakfast. Two or three slices of bread are cut in dice, fried in butter, and put in the soup tureen; beef broth is added to the vegetables, one boil is given, they are turned into the tureen, and the soup is made.

Although lobsters can be had at any season of the year, still they are best in the spring and summer months. The heavier a lobster is for its size the better. The best size is from one to five pounds in weight. When larger they are old, and the flesh is apt to be tough and not juicy.

Lobsters are served in several ways, but there is only one way to cook them. To be good, a lobster must be fully alive. If it is not lively, it is sick or nearly dead, and is not fit to be eaten.

Put the lobster in a fish-kettle, with just enough cold water to cover it, and a handful of salt. Have a brisk fire, cover the kettle, and put it over. If the lobster be small, it will take about twenty minutes to cook; if it be three pounds or thereabouts, it will take half an hour. When done, it is broken in two between the body and tail, and both pieces are allowed to drain. There is a dark bluish vein running along the back immediately under the shell that must be removed either before or after it is cooked. By pulling off the middle fin of the fan it may come out, but if it breaks it is removed when the fish is cooked.

When drained, the shell of the tail part is removed by cutting it lengthwise on the back with a sharp-pointed knife. The other half is divided by pulling the part to which the claws are attached one way and the back shell the other way. All the inside is good except the stomach, which is small for the size of the fish, and is found immediately under the head and eyes. The liver, or *tom-alley*, which turns green in cooking, is as good as the rest, and makes a good sauce for the lobster, mixed with the white or creamy substance found around the shell, the two being again mixed with oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, chopped parsley, and mustard. Lobsters also make an excellent soup, called *bisque*.

Other fish may be served in the following ways: Cod, boiled, egg or oyster sauce; conger-eel, roasted, ravigote sauce; frost-fish, baked, Robert sauce; haddock, boiled, caper sauce; halibut, boiled, Béchamel sauce; herring, broiled, maître d'hôtel; lamprey, Tartar sauce; mullet, fried, tomato sauce; perch, broiled or boiled, anchovy sauce or in matelote; plaice, boiled, lobster sauce; salmon, boiled, Hollandaise sauce; shad, au gratin; trout, fried or boiled, fines herbes.

There are several other ways to prepare the above fish, of which we shall speak in future. A shad, for instance, may be broiled, baked, sauté, or roasted and served with different sauces.

Game is scarce during spring and summer; still, the lovers of it will find plenty to gratify their taste with such delicate birds as plover, snipe, red-head and black ducks, rails, etc.

Some green vegetables also make their appearance during April, and are heartily welcomed. We have only to follow the dictates of nature by partaking freely of greens in the spring to avoid much indisposition, and even sickness.

No vegetables are more healthy than dandelion, sorrel, rhubarb, and water-cress.

The South sends us strawberries and pine-apples, which are refreshing. Pine-apple fritters are certainly not surpassed by any other in flavor.

Potatoes are getting rather poor at this season of the year, but the Bermudas come to replace them, together with Bermuda pease, Southern cucumbers, string-beans, and tomatoes.

HOW TO BROIL FISH.

In the first place, the fish must be fresh, the fire sharp, and the draught good. When thoroughly cleaned and washed, dry the fish with a towel; rub it inside and outside with a little butter, and salt and pepper it on both sides also. Set on the fire, turn over now and then in order to prevent the charring of any part of the fish. It does not matter how many times it is turned over, provided the fire is sharp enough to broil quickly. As soon as done place the fish on a warm dish, the inside up, spread butter mixed with chopped parsley all over, and sprinkle lemon juice all over also. Serve quickly.

Let our readers bear in mind that vinegar is no substitute for lemon juice in this case.

Many amateur fishermen believe that they can cook fish better than any cook, because they relish it better when on a fishing excursion. They have two advantages over the cook; the first is the freshness of the fish, and the other is a sauce that no cook can make—hunger.

The old saying about cooking fish is, to be good, fish must go from the water to the pan, and from the pan to the mouth.

The American Indians say, As soon as caught, bleed it; as soon as bled, clean it; as soon as cleaned, cook it; as soon as cooked, eat it.

THE PLEASURE OF SICKNESS FOR A SEASON.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

I SUSPECT there is a great deal of dread and sympathy wasted on illness. Health is well enough for the habit of life, but sickness, too, has its sunny side. I am inclined to think it is the friends and attendants of sick people who have the worst of it, and not the sick people themselves. This is certainly the case in some forms of illness. When you are in the depths, you don't know it. When you can not breathe, other people are alarmed, and forecast possibilities; for yourself, you think neither of past nor future, but only of breathing. I have heard of people who in moments of great danger had great thoughts, as if the soul bloomed in the sudden eternal light to wondrous power. I must confess to only the most commonplace experiences. Once I was thrown from a carriage directly under the horse. I heard —I might almost say felt—his fierce pawing close to my head, and all that my stupid soul could say to itself was, "He has not hit me this time, but perhaps he will the next, and it will kill me. Nor this time either." I wonder sometimes if the final transit may not be in itself as commonplace, as little momentous. In spite of all the terrors of the theologies and the mysteries of the metaphysics, death is as natural as birth. Who can tell that we do not pass through the one as through the other, all unaware? Life opens before the little one bright and beautiful, wrapped around with love and tenderness, but whence and how he came he knows as little as the pink-petaled rose-bud opening to the June sun. So may it not be that Death clasps close the parting soul in dreamless natural repose, leaving to the living all the pain, while the dead, forever alive, wakes wonderingly to the glory that shall be?

But if you do not die, why, then comes the weary waiting of convalescence, the impatience to be up and about, the hunger that may not be appeased. Not a bit of it. That is the way people talk, but it is not so. Convalescence is a delightful border-land between death and life, a Beulah in which you love to linger, whose grapes go down sweetly. It is a condition in which a perfect consciousness of existence is combined with an absolute negation of duties. You know that you are a nuisance, a cumberer of the ground,

> "Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
> Creation's blot, creation's blank,"

and you do not care. The furnace fires may go out, the wine-cellar run dry, the tank overflow, the barrel of meal waste, and the cruse of oil fail; but you are certain that your thermometer will be cared for, that your sherry-glass will never be empty, and you lie in a fine though feeble disdain for all these carking cares. People can not find things: let them hunt. The draymen are swearing outside, but it is no business of yours to show them how to get the coal into the cellar. The world is going on, and you have no responsibility whatever about the order of its going. This is the true joy of convalescence. This is the way to make illness a means of grace. If you go caring for other people, you might as well be well. But to lie in tranquil and luxurious inertia, absolutely devoid of energy, without purpose, without conscience, without thought, wholly selfish, and unpricked in your selfishness—it is no mean paradise. Life is so full that it is an exquisite satisfaction for once, and for a time, to find it empty. The hours and the days lapse languidly, and you have had a fortnight of bliss in the process and blank in the memory, and by that time, ten to one, your soul is astir again—but the pause was delicious.

Hungry, did you say? There are terrible traditions of fever-parched lips which ignorance forbade to moisten, and fever-wasted frames which food might not upbuild. Who has not his story to tell of some convalescent ancestor who escaped his keeper and devoured clandestinely, but with impunity, a whole mince-pie before he was discovered by horror-smitten friends? But we have changed all that. The doctors nowadays are a friendly folk, and prophesy smooth things. Water? Yes, indeed, as much as you like. Milk? The more the better. Eat whatever you wish, and whenever you choose, and as long as you can. The Old School Presbytery stand around astonished; but, strong in the law, you eat steadfastly on with mild convalescent defiance, and climb steadily back to strength. Against such proof there is no law. And the neighbors send in their best

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canned strawberries and apple jellies and currant wine, and you swallow them all with only moderate gratitude, not to say placid indifference. So far from being in a hurry to go back into the world again, you want nothing but to be let alone. The turmoil, the eagerness, the busy-ness seem to you so aimless. A and B and C go by every day regularly to meet the morning trains. What folly! as if it made any difference whether they met the train or not. But your exclamation-point is a very small one. You are not to be disturbed by deep emotions of any sort. The din of the outside world comes softly to your ears. Since the din is not unmusical, very well; but the world might as wisely be silent. Why should you get up? It is easier to stay in bed. But who *wants* to be strong? It is just as comfortable to be weak.

"Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame."

Ah! Providence has wisely ordered it. Sickness is too luxurious a thing to last. Canned strawberries forever would eat the life out of immortality itself. Peace and tranquillity and unruffled seas are not of this world. For this world, whatever come hereafter, activity and endeavor, research and doubt, and balancing and adjusting, house-guiding and money-earning, social service, dress-coats, and a thousand narrow ruffles to be lined and bound with the same in a different shade. Why, here you are, clean out of dry-dock, under full head of steam, plowing mid-ocean through the surf and spray of sundered metaphors as aforetime, and all that past of silence and serenity, and grass-grown streets and mossy walls, is already as a dream when one awaketh.

Mr. Bachelor—the Chevalier Bayard of our age, as one foolishly and fondly saith; but that I must disallow: I have a private Bayard or two of my own who must not be discrowned. All the honors of the indefinite article I freely grant, nay, gladly pay you. In a republic of Bayards you shall hold high place, or, if a kingdom there must be, you shall salute with royal grace messieurs mes frères!

Chevalier Bayard, you have been ill, say the newspapers in curt *itemic* phrase. A brother in unity reaches forth to you the right hand of fellowship in that goodly and gracious experience. You are just beginning to sit up, they report, and mean thereby only a symptom. But I know how the foundations of the world drop away beneath your feet under that first feeble rising. Courage, my brother, I do not say. I rather counsel cowardice! Be weak, if you would quit yourself like a man! Your great prototype, no doubt, in typhoid fever called for drink like a sick girl. Do not control yourself. Let the well people do that. Be petulant, be querulous, be imperious and exacting. It is a sign that you will recover. And above all things, do not hurry matters. You may never be ill again as long as you live. It is your one chance for leisure and luxury and absolute despotism. Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer. If they force you from the friendly couch, cling to the almost as friendly lounge. Battle then for the reclining-chair. Make a stand on dressing-gown and slippers. Go not out-doors till the last gun is fired. Who breathes the outside air is lost to all the privileges and immunities of illness. Onewhohasbeenthereatura te salutat!

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SLEEVELESS JACKET SUIT.

THE Sleeveless Jacket Suit illustrated on our first page, and of which a cut paper pattern will be furnished, is an excellent model for making dresses of two shades, and for modernizing partly worn dresses. Its attractive feature, the sleeveless jacket, is a plain trimly shaped basque, made of the darkest shade in the suit; it may be worn over a light waist, with light coat sleeves and dark cuff, or else will itself form the waist of the dress, and the sleeves may be sewed to it permanently; the latter plan is preferred for summer suits. Two thick cords covered with silk or the dress material finish the edge more stylishly than any elaborate trimming; tiny square pockets are in the front, and it is buttoned up closely. The skirts are of simple shape, made of the lighter shade, trimmed with a bias border of the darker stuff. If preferred, the upper skirt may be dark, like the jacket, or else the lower skirt, so apt to be soiled by contact with the ground, may be dark and the upper skirt light; indeed, the arrangement may be varied according to the material and the taste of the wearer. The sash on the left side is of the darkest shade of the material, made double, pressed flat, and is arranged in long uneven loops, with two standing ends. For spring dresses of tamise cloth, poplin, and the single-width cashmeres this design is very popular; handsome foulards and failles are made in the same way, but have more elaborate trimming on the lower skirt. Correspondents who ask for hints about simple linen suits that can be easily laundried are advised to use this model. Furnishing houses supply linen suits of two shades of gray or brown made by this design for $20. French suits of gray linen have sleeveless jackets of the new dark blue linen.

SPRING FABRICS.

Quaintly hued soft woolen stuffs for spring costumes make an attractive display at the retail stores. The materials prescribed for the soft draperies of over dresses are loosely woven rough-surfaced woolens, utterly limp and lustreless; hence smooth, finely twilled French cashmere is gradually giving place to fleecy India camel's-hair and vigogne. Summer camel's-hair of light quality, fifty inches wide, costs $4 or $5 a yard; from three and a half to four yards are required for a polonaise. Natural brown and gray shades are the refined choice, to be worn over black velvet or silk skirts; réséda and peacock hues have a dyed, tawdry look. The most stylish camel's-hair polonaises have a velvet sash, cuffs, and large buttons, without other trimming, and cost, ready-made, at the furnishing stores, $60; with yak lace they are $80, and less handsome; and clumsy wool embroidery, making them very heavy, and destroying their characteristic plain richness, and the price is $125. A novelty this season is honeycomb camel's-hair, a soft, dull, light fabric, having honey-comb stripes woven on the plain camel's-hair surface. Fifty inches wide, it is worth $3 50 a yard. Vigogne is cashmere twilled on both sides, and differs from merino in having long twills like serge; it is supple and light enough for spring and summer suits, is in clear steel gray and brown shades, comes in double fold, cashmere width, and costs $2 a yard. This goods, and the striped de baize that are found only in the natural colors of the fleece, are chosen for traveling and sea-side suits. A vigogne polonaise with black silk sash and silvered buttons costs from $35 to $45.

For inexpensive suits there is nothing preferable to tamise cloth, which is merely fine, firm, closely woven delaine like that of years ago. It is in all the tinted gray, olive, and peacock shades, is three-fourths wide, and costs from 55 cents to 75 cents. Twenty yards are sold for a suit; the trimming is folds and flounces of the material piped and faced with silk of the same shade.

The newest fabric for polonaises is raw silk with raised rough surface like Turkish toweling. It comes in dark shades for street suits, but is more distinguished-looking on pure white for the summer polonaises of watering-place toilettes; it has also écru and batiste stripes alternating with white, and Algerian stripes of color with threads of tinsel. A yard and a half wide, it costs from $3 50 to $5 a yard.

The open-worked lace stripes that render woolen goods less weighty were noted early in the season. They are finding favor for over dresses with lovers of variety; but, after all has been said, plain goods are more stylish than stripes or figures, and are the safest purchase for ladies who do not get new garments every season. The lace stripe is prettily introduced in soft repped Sicilienne that is sold for $2 50 a yard in single width, and in a lower quality for $1 50; crape cloth with lace stripes is a fine light fabric in stylish tints, worth $1 25 in three-quarter width. Cheaper lace-striped goods of mixed wool and linen or cotton in excellent shades are shown for 60 cents a yard.

Thin, light serges of prime quality and delicate colors, with shaded satin stripes, are $1 10 a yard, and twenty-seven inches in width. English twill is the name given the best-appearing mixture of cotton and wool, so closely twilled that it will not fray, and as flexible as cashmere: price 60 to 75 cents. A suit ready-made, with basque and over-skirt, is $35. English armure, a similar mixture without twills, is cooler than all-wool goods, costs but 50 cents a yard, and with care will wear well. The most desirable cheap goods, the best for service, and neat-looking whether in fashion or out, are English glacé mohairs that do not shrink or show soil, come in lustrous browns and gray, and cost from 50 to 80 cents a yard. French cashmeres of the old shades, and in narrow three-quarter widths, are 90 cents a yard; in new, quaint tints, $1 25 is the price.

For those serviceable black suits that most ladies purchase in the spring, wear upon occasions all the year long, and, despite newer fabrics, replace by a similar dress, dainty and fresh, the long-tried materials are jet black alpacas of the buffalo and otter brands, worth from 75 cents to $1 25 for choice qualities. If a more lustrous goods is preferred, the silk-finished beaver mohair is used, and is lighter for summer wear. This is a light and glossy fabric, and makes one of the prettiest and most serviceable suits that can be worn in the warm season by the many who prefer black to any other color, and wish something less expensive than silk. The Turkish brilliantine is also a very beautiful stuff, rather heavier than the beaver mohair, but equally lustrous in finish. The so-called national machine-made trimmings of these different fabrics, more or less elaborately puffed and fluted, trim them handsomely, and greatly lessen the dress-maker's bill.

UMBRELLAS.

Twilled silk umbrellas, with thick, short "club" sticks of light Malacca or bamboo, mounted with knobs and crosses of ivory, oxidized silver, gilt, or shell, and furnished with a chain to attach them to the chatelaine, will be carried both as sun umbrellas and as protection from April showers. *En tout cas* is the French phrase for these. The walking-stick umbrellas, so useful and convenient, will probably be superseded by this clumsy novelty. Blue and plum will be the stylish colors. The size is eighteen inches down the gore, and the price from $6 50 to $9. Changeable Venetian silk, a softly twilled serge, showing two shades, black and blue, green and black, or purple and black, are extremely popular, and are very tastefully mounted. If this changeable silk is once thoroughly wetted it will not be injured, but if merely sprinkled, the spots will show. Price from $7 50 to $18. Dressy large black parasols lined with a color, or else a color with white lining, are in deep canopy shape, and bordered by a double fringe showing the two colors: price $10. The choice for fastidious tastes is a large English umbrella, twenty-two inches down the gore, with canopy of dark thick silk, and slender stick mounted with shell or ivory, and provided with chatelaine ring and silver shield for monogram: price $15 to $18. Small silk umbrellas with cross handles of imitation ivory are $5. Carriage parasols for visiting and driving in open landaus have small canopies of white or light silk covered with lace and mounted on yellow ivory sticks. The sticks alone, when artistically carved, are $20; plain massive sticks cost from $6 to $10.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and PEAKE, OPDYCKE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL MYER, Chief of the Signal Service Department, has secured the services of Professor TYNDALL to superintend the device and construction of the electrical instruments to be used at the signal stations of the army for making regular simultaneous observations of the electrical conditions of the atmosphere. It is hoped and believed that the experiments will prove of the highest practical value.

—A white marble statue of Queen VICTORIA, weighing seven tons, has arrived at Windsor Castle. The Queen is represented sitting on a chair, with a dog lying by her side. The statue is to be placed in the vestibule of the state apartments.

—At a recent visit of Kaiser WILLIAM to a needle factory a workman, whose duty it was to bore out the eyes of needles, asked for a hair from the monarch's head. It was given, and placed at once under the boring machine, a hole turned in it with the greatest care, a thread inserted, and then the hairy needle handed back to royalty.

—The oldest man now known to be living in the world is JOSEPH MARTINI COUTHINO, a resident of Cape Frios, in the province of Rio Janeiro, Brazil. He was born May 20, 1694, and is therefore nearly one hundred and seventy-nine years old.

—Ex-King AMADEUS has resumed his Italian citizenship, and the King has appointed him a lieutenant-general in the Italian army.

—Visitors to the State Library at Richmond, Virginia, may often see there a white-haired gentleman, apparently sixty-five or seventy years old, quietly reading a book or paper. It is Mr. CHARLES TAPPAN, of Boston, brother of ARTHUR TAPPAN, the famous abolitionist. The old gentleman, now in his ninetieth year, spends his winters in Richmond. Last year his carriage was as firm and erect as a young man's.

—The ladies should take heart. In a recent examination for promotions in the Internal Revenue Department, under the civil service rules, one lady secured a fourth-class clerkship ($1800), another a third-class ($1600), while of ten other persons appointed to second-class clerkships ($1400), six are women. Miss SEAVEY, who secured the fourth-class clerkship, has been employed in the office for over ten years, and for several years has had exclusive charge and direction of the copying division.

—After all, it pays to be an artist like MEISSONNIER, who recently completed a picture for the Vienna Exhibition, but sold it as soon as finished to a London dealer, who instantly sold it to a "swell" member of Parliament at a considerable advance. It is one of his largest works, being twenty by twenty-four inches (which gave him about $1000 an inch), and represents a village sign-painter, who has just given the finishing touches to an ale-house Bacchus, showing his handiwork to mine host.

—The daughters of the late GEORGE CATLIN offer to the United States government, for $65,000, seven hundred and fifty pictures of Indian subjects painted by him. Most Indians are unclean and disagreeable Indians, and lead one to conclude, with General PHIL SHERIDAN, that "the only good Indian is a *dead* Indian."

—They endeavored to prevent the marriage of the Duchess de Persigny to M. LEMOYNE. The family of the duchess was so violently opposed to it as to induce them to apply for a legal order to confine her in a *maison de santé*. The court rejected the application, and, armed with the judicial decision, the duchess and M. LEMOYNE presented themselves to a civil officer, who straightway married them. Three days afterward the religious marriage was celebrated.

—FROUDE, MAX MÜLLER, and CHARLES KINGSLEY are brothers-in-law, having married the three daughters of a wealthy London merchant.

—The late N. P. WILLIS called the late Bishop M'ILVAINE the handsomest man in the world. He was rather above the medium size of man, erect and firm, even at seventy-four years, and with a face upon which education, thought, and all the refinements and most desirable associations of a long life of purity and usefulness had stamped an expression that challenged the attention and admiration of even the most superficial observer. His high position in this country was recognized by all; and in England, which country he frequently visited, he was always shown the greatest attention by the highest people of the land, both of the clergy and the laity. He never asked an audience of the Queen in vain, even when other foreigners were denied, for her Majesty never forgot that he had always had a warm friend in her mother, the Duchess of Kent, even when she (the Queen) was but a child. It was regarded as one of Mr. SEWARD'S cleverest bits of diplomacy in sending Bishop M'ILVAINE to England in the darkest days of 1862-63 on a special mission; and the influence he exerted with the bishops, clergy, and nobility is known to have been productive of auspicious results.

—Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER had another pleasant gathering in his church a few evenings since. All hands came to listen to an "old folks'" concert, prepared under his auspices, the receipts being for the benefit of the Brooklyn Orphan Asylum. "Ye concert consisted of a number of sacred hymns and likewise worldly songs, certain of which were sung in ye year of our Lord 1773, all ye characters being dressed to represent ye most Puritan of all Puritan ladyes and elders."

—The venerable Dr. TODD, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in speaking of the Rev. MOSES STUART, says: "Professor STUART was a decided dyspeptic, and I now can see that he was injudicious as to the amount and the violence of his exercise, and also in the time of day when he took it. I have no doubt that he and the good Dr. PAYSON often mistook the miseries of a weak digestion for the hiding of God's face, and that they uttered many groans of agony over their sins, which groans were really the results of a morbid state of the stomach."

—A new and wonderful beauty has dawned upon Rome—an Austrian Princess FURSTEMBURG, a large, dark woman, with man-like hair, huge coiffure, great black eyes, rich skin, heroic features, and a Venus of Milo form. Her laugh and words can be heard three houses distant.

—It seems to be the general belief that a marriage will soon be announced to take place between the Duke of Edinburgh and the daughter of the Emperor of Russia. At all events, in the London clubs, and in the lobbies of the Houses of Parliament, it is the topic of common conversation.

—A Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post* thinks it belongs to the "truth of history" to acknowledge that the Senate of the United States is not as a body composed of great orators and great statesmen, or even of men of rare culture. As a mere scholar, Mr. SUMNER stands at the head. As a mere writer of speeches, without profound thought, or solidity of judgment, or comprehensive knowledge, Mr. SCHURZ ranks among the first. As a vigorous thinker, and the best party leader, Mr. MORTON has no equal. But as a general debater, as an elegant scholar, as a graceful rhetorician, as a statesman of large and comprehensive views, who adds to the dignity of the Senator the graceful courtesy of the accomplished gentleman, Mr. ROSCOE CONKLING stands at the head. As a man of common-sense, always trustworthy and upright, Senator BUCKINGHAM stands very high; educated in the school of practical wisdom, he is one of the most valuable of all our public men. Mr. SHERMAN is another hard-working, useful man, who shapes and fashions legislation. As a lawyer, the colleague of Mr. SHERMAN, Senator THURMAN, is perhaps the first in the Chamber. He is thoroughly trained, and his opinions carry great influence. His strong party prejudices, however, sometimes give color even to his legal opinions. He is the strong man on his side of the Senate.

—The youngest of the ex-Lord Chancellors of England is Lord CAIRNS. Four years ago, when he reached the woolsack, he was forty-nine years of age. He is likely again to occupy that position.

—Mr. TOM TAYLOR, author of many of the best acting plays of the time, has resigned his position as secretary of the Public Health Board of London, to which he was appointed in 1854, at a salary of $5000 a year, having for four years previously been assistant secretary. He now retires, at the age of fifty-five, with a pension of $3250 a year. TOM TAYLOR is the author of nearly one hundred plays, ten only of which are adaptations from the French. He took first classical honors at Cambridge, and was elected a fellow of Trinity. Afterward he was for two years Professor of English Literature at University College, London. His most successful plays are, *Still Waters Run Deep*, *An Unequal Match*, the *Overland Route*, and the *Ticket-of-leave Man*, the latter having become a specialty with Mr. WILLIAM J. FLORENCE.

—HANDEL is to be strangely but beautifully remembered at Constantinople. The success of the British Choral Union has stimulated the Armenians. The young ladies of the Agabian School are about to give a public performance of the *Messiah*, assisted by some gentlemen from the Choral Union.

—A literary curiosity, *The Poems of Mary Queen of Scots*, is in preparation. The verses of this queen, collected from original and obscure sources, will be prefaced with an introduction by Mr. JULIAN SHARMAN.

—Mrs. COBDEN is about to contribute to the biography of the time a work that can not fail to have great interest—the letters of her late husband. Of the self-made men of modern England, Mr. COBDEN was the one who impressed himself most upon her history.

—It conduced to the longevity of Mistress M'GRATH to emigrate from Ireland thirty-three years ago, and come to this good city of New York, where it has since been her happiness to reside, and where, on the 14th of March, she died at the age of one hundred years.

—WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE again steps forth, and attracts the attention of musical circles in London. The young gentleman is described as having already won high honors at the Royal Academy, and at a late Crystal Palace concert produced an overture in two movements, which commands the favorable comments of the critics.

—Colonel FORNEY, of the Philadelphia *Press*, in speaking of his energetic and great-hearted contemporary, GEORGE W. CHILDS, says:

"When I carried letters from him to Europe in 1867 his name was a talisman, and it was pleasant to see how noblemen like the Duke of Buckingham honored the indorsement of an American who, thirty years ago, walked the streets of Philadelphia without a friend or a dollar. He coins fortune like a magician, and spends it like a man of heart. He likes society, and lives like a gentleman. He is as temperate as ever HORACE GREELEY was, and yet he never denies his friends a generous glass of wine. His habits are as simple as ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S, and yet his residence is a gem bright with exquisite decoration and rich in every variety of art."

—Speaking of prelates and high sacerdotal effects, a New York correspondent of a Boston paper says that the most popular preachers of this city, except a few sensation men, can not entice their people to hear a second sermon. On Murray Hill there stands a very fashionable church. It has a chime of bells, boys' choir, with full choral service, and a bishop for a rector. The morning congregation is large. One Sunday afternoon the bishop was present in full canonicals; so were the choir, all surpliced. The service was carried through entire, chants, choral singing, sermon, and all. The chancel end was very much the heaviest. *The entire congregation consisted of two persons.*

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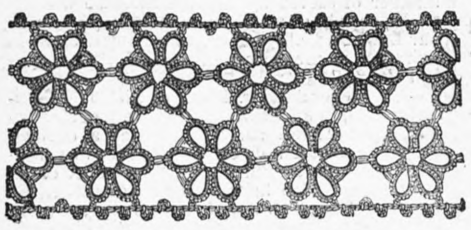


Fig. 1.—TATTED INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Tatted Insertions, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE insertions are suitable for trimming lingerie, linen, etc., and are worked with tatting cotton, No. 100.

For the insertion Fig. 1 work, first, two rows of tatted figures, each of which consists of six leaflets or rings, and is worked separately, as follows: Work with one thread one ring of 6 ds. (double stitch), 1 p. (picot), 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., 1 p., 6 ds.; close to this work five similar rings, which are fastened together, however, by means of the first and last p.; tie the ends of the working thread together and fasten them. The following figures, worked in a similar manner, are fastened together as shown by the illustration. For the outer edge of the insertion work on both sides of the figures, observing the illustration, one round each of single crochet, chain stitches, and picots. For the p. turned upward always work 5 ch. (chain stitch) and 1 sc. (single crochet) on the first of these, and for the p. turned downward crochet 5 ch., drop the last st. (stitch) from the needle, insert the needle in the first of the 5 ch., and draw through the dropped st.

The insertion Fig. 2 consists of 4 rounds; it is worked from the middle alternately with two threads and with one thread—the scallops always with two, and the rings always with one thread. 1st round.—* One ring of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., t. (turn the work), one scallop of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., t., one ring like the preceding, but instead of forming the middle p., fasten to the p. of the preceding ring, and repeat from *. 2d round.—One ring of 4 ds., fasten to the joining p. of two rings in the preceding round, 4 ds., * t., one scallop of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., t., one ring of 4 ds., fasten to the joining p. of the next two rings, 4 ds., and repeat from *. This completes one-half of the insertion. Work the other half in exactly the same manner, observing the illustration. Of course this insertion may be worked wider by repeating the two rounds just described, and may be edged on both sides with a crocheted round in the manner shown by the illustration.

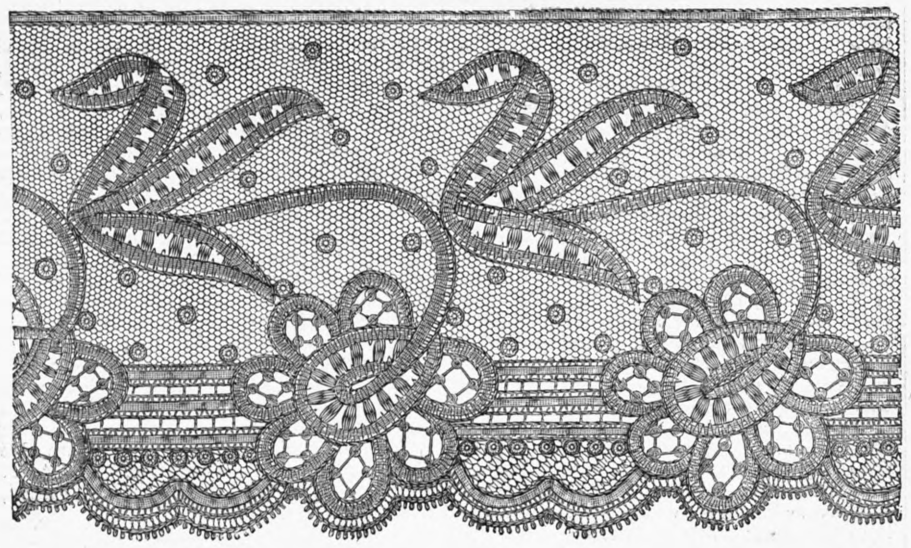


Fig. 1.—EDGING IN POINT LACE EMBROIDERY ON TULLE.—IMITATION OF REAL POINT LACE.—[See Fig. 2.]

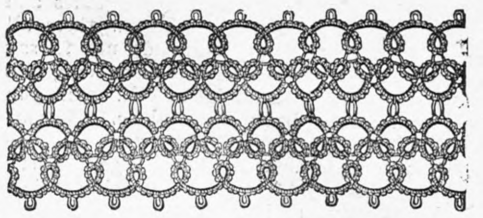


Fig. 2.—TATTED INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

at the points and the curves. The intersecting and joining points of the braid are sewed together, letting the stitches show as little as possible, and without passing the needle through the foundation. Button-hole stitch the small eyelet-holes of the foundation, observing the illustration. Work the wheels and lace stitches, and border the lace shown by Fig. 1 on the upper edge with narrow braid, and on the under edge with woven picots.

Slipper for Bridal Toilette, Figs. 1–3.

THIS slipper is made of white gros grain. The upper edge is trimmed with white lace. On the front is a bow of lace and white gros grain.

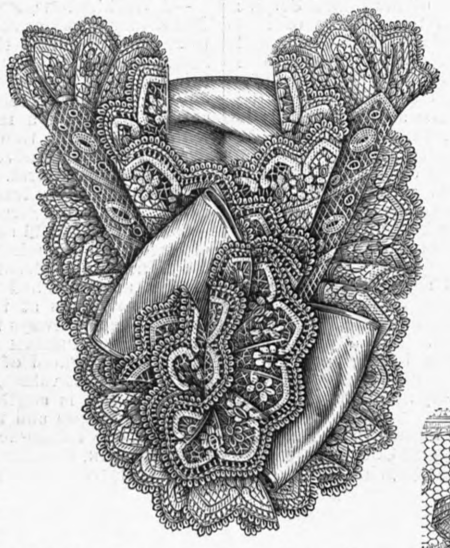


Fig. 2.—LACE AND GROS GRAIN BOW FOR SLIPPER.

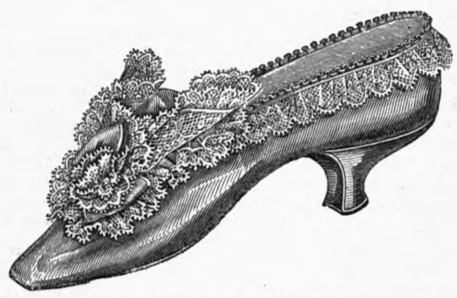


Fig. 1.—WHITE SLIPPER FOR BRIDAL TOILETTE.

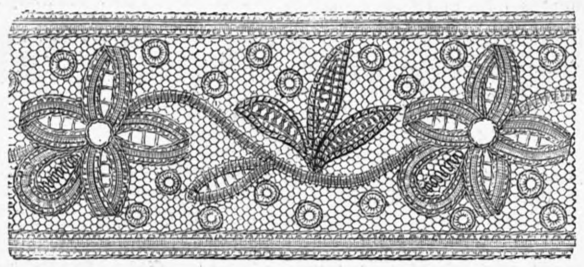


Fig. 2.—INSERTION IN POINT LACE EMBROIDERY ON TULLE.—IMITATION OF REAL POINT LACE.—[See Fig. 1.]

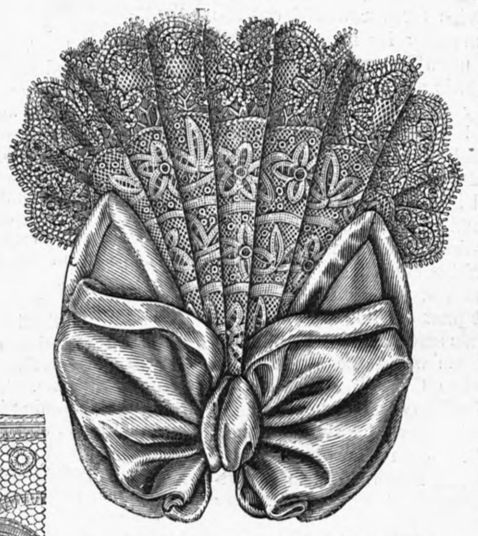
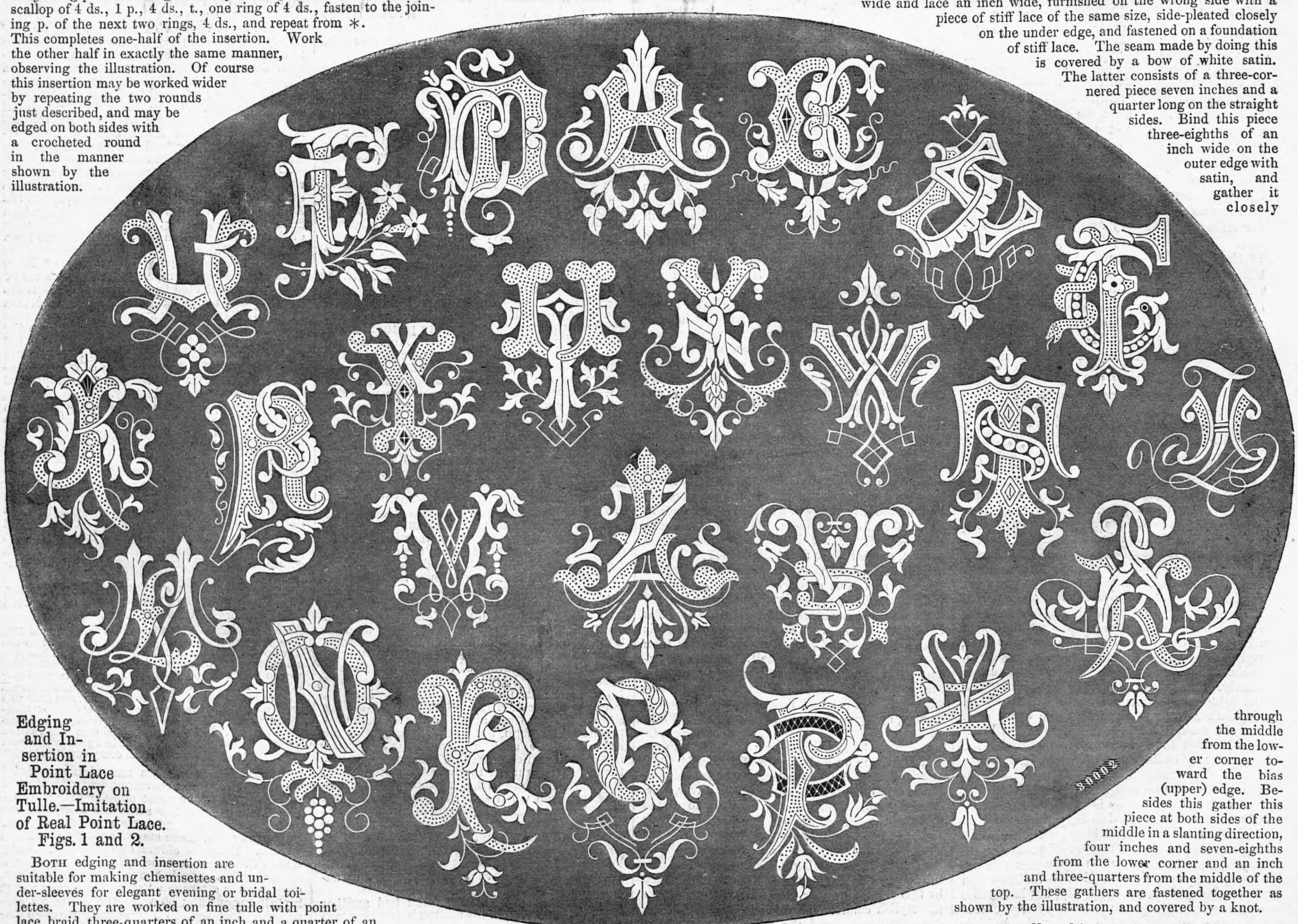


Fig. 3.—LACE AND SATIN BOW FOR SLIPPER.

Figs. 2 and 3 show different styles of bows for bridal or ball slippers. They are made of silk, gros grain, or satin, in the color of the slipper, and of lace. The bow Fig. 2 is made of lace insertion seven-eighths of an inch wide, lace an inch wide, and loops of white gros grain an inch and seven-eighths wide. The loops are bound a quarter of an inch wide on the sides. To make the bow cut of insertion two straight pieces each two inches and a half wide and four inches and a half long, which are sloped off on one end so that they are only two inches and a half long on one side. Trim these pieces on the outer edge, excepting the sloped end, with gathered lace, pleat the sloped end, and fasten it on a stiff lace foundation. Set on the gros grain loops and remainder of the lace as shown by the illustration.

The fan-shaped part of the bow Fig. 3, which is four inches and a quarter long, is made of lace insertion seven-eighths of an inch wide and lace an inch wide, furnished on the wrong side with a piece of stiff lace of the same size, side-pleated closely on the under edge, and fastened on a foundation of stiff lace. The seam made by doing this is covered by a bow of white satin. The latter consists of a three-cornered piece seven inches and a quarter long on the straight sides. Bind this piece three-eighths of an inch wide on the outer edge with satin, and gather it closely through the middle from the lower corner toward the bias (upper) edge. Besides this gather this piece at both sides of the middle in a slanting direction, four inches and seven-eighths from the lower corner and an inch and three-quarters from the middle of the top. These gathers are fastened together as shown by the illustration, and covered by a knot.



MONOGRAMS FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, TOILETTE CUSHIONS, ETC.—WHITE EMBROIDERY.

Edging and Insertion in Point Lace Embroidery on Tulle.—Imitation of Real Point Lace. Figs. 1 and 2.

BOTH edging and insertion are suitable for making chemisettes and under-sleeves for elegant evening or bridal toilettes. They are worked on fine tulle with point lace braid three-quarters of an inch and a quarter of an inch wide, and with lace stitches of fine thread. Having drawn the outlines of the design figures on linen, run on the point lace braid as shown by the illustration, in doing which pleat or gather the braid

Monograms for Handkerchiefs, Toilette Cushions, etc.

THE illustration shows a variety of monograms in different styles. They are worked with fine embroidery cotton or else with colored

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Fig. 1.—VELVET JACKET.—FRONT.

Fig. 2.—VELVET JACKET.—BACK.

silk. One of the two letters is worked raised in divided satin stitch, or else overcast all around and ornamented in lace stitch, as in the monogram O P; the other letter is overcast, and filled with small back stitches, or else small dots may be worked in satin stitch. The arabesques and leaves of the monograms are worked in straight satin and half-polka stitch and in back stitch.

Black Velvet Jacket, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS black velvet jacket is lined with lustring, and scalloped on the under edge. The trimming consists of scalloped bias strips of the material, which are bound with black gros grain, and of lace, the seam of which is covered with narrow gros grain rolls.

Design for Netted Guipure Cover.

THIS very pretty design is intended for darning a netted foundation. If worked on coarse netting with large holes, it is suitable for a table-cloth. When worked on finer netting, it is used for coverings of cushions, etc. The parts of the design which are all white in the illustration are darned closely with coarse loose cotton called twist, and the dotted parts are worked with thread in point de toile.

DESIGN FOR NETTED GUIPURE COVER.

SERPENT-WORSHIP.

SERPENTS in all ages have been the objects of the peculiar hatred and disgust of mankind. Among many nations they have been the symbol of the evil principle; and when their abject fears have led men to worship what they dreaded, serpents have been adored as deities. In Hindostan, where nearly fifty species of these abhorred reptiles lie in wait for the destruction of man, a coiled serpent forms the couch of the god Vishnu, and is the frequent attendant on others of their deities. But the boa, which sometimes reaches the length of thirty feet and upward, is dignified with divine attributes, consulted as an oracle, and worshiped as a god. An English gentleman, while traveling in Ladak, came to a spot sacred to all the gods in the Hindoo calendar. After a good deal of prostration, praying, and offering up of handfuls of flour, lumps of sugar, and ghee, by his servants, the divinity at last vouchsafed to make his appearance "in the shape of a little serpent, about two and a half feet long, who wriggled about playfully in the sunshine, which had probably more to do with his leaving his snug hole in the rock than the genuflexions of our followers. Their delight, not unmixed with awe, at the reptile's appearance was unmistakably genuine; their credulity was no feigned feeling." The native servants told him that sometimes as many as twenty or thirty of these snakes appear in this spot to the faithful. The legend runs that when the gods fled before the might of the Rakis (the Titans of Hindoo mythology) they took refuge for a time in the snows of the Himalayas, and the serpents were placed to guard all the roads to their abode. This was one of the principal outposts of the serpent army, and probably from mere force of habit their descendants continue to keep up the routine of guard-mounting, etc. The legend goes on to say that the gods, invigorated by the bracing alpine air, again took the field, utterly routed the Rakis, and slew them all. The fossils so plentifully strewed over the Sewalik, or lowest ranges of the Himalayas, are the bones of the slain Titans.

The worship of the serpent was one of the principles of primitive Druidism. Pliny has given us a curious account of the anguinum, or serpent's egg, which was worn as their distinguishing badge by the Druids. Marvels of all kinds were told of this article. It was said to be formed at first by a great number of serpents twined together, whose hissing at last raised it into the air, when it was to be caught, ere it fell to the ground, in a clean white cloth, by a person mounted on a swift horse, who had immediately to ride off at full speed, the enraged serpents pursuing him until they were stopped by a running stream. It has been conjectured that the great druidical temples of Avebury, Stonehenge, Carnac in Brittany, and most of the others which remain both in Britain and Gaul, were dedicated to the united worship of the sun and the serpent.

One of the early races which inhabited Ceylon, the Nagas, worshiped the cobra as an emblem of the destroying power. So numerous were the followers of this gloomy idolatry at that time that they gave the name of Nagadipo, the Island of Serpents,

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to the portion of the country which they held, in the same manner that Rhodes and Cyprus severally acquired the ancient designation of Ophiusa, from the fact of their being the residence of the Ophites, who introduced serpent-worship into Greece. In Ceylon traces of this kind of worship are to the present time perceptible among the inhabitants, who, rather than put a cobra to death, inclose the reptile in a wicker cage, and set it adrift on the nearest stream. In the island of Nainativoe, to the southwest of Jaffa, there was till recently a little temple, dedicated to the goddess Naya Tambiran, in which consecrated serpents were tenderly reared, and daily fed at the expense of the worshipers.

Serpent-worship is one of the oldest forms of idolatry, if not the oldest. It preceded Buddhism in India, and we have seen that it is still a reality in some parts of the world. If we desire to see it in all its hideous savagery, we shall discover it in Dahomey.

LADY LUNE.

THE golden day was over—
A glorious day in June—
And up from the shimmering ocean
Slow rose the lady moon.

And the wavelets on the shingle
Rippled a slumbrous tune,
Whilst an angel's voice was singing
A lay to "la belle lune!"

An angel, yes, though earth-born.
The sheen of those violet eyes
I knew were but reflections
Of hues from Paradise.

Those tresses bathed in moonlight,
That vestment's classic fold,
Seemed an angel's snowy mantle
And radiant crown of gold.

And I almost feared to see her
Join "sister spirits" fair,
And ascend to the asphodel meadows
Up yonder silver stair.

So I drew her closer to me,
And her hand more tightly pressed;
And lovingly her beauteous head
She pillowed on my breast.

She was mine, she vowed, mine only,
While moons should wax or wane:
She longed to give her virgin troth
To me in holy fane.

She sought not rank or honors;
She spurned the thought of gold;
The love I proffered to her
Was more than wealth untold.

She would share my name and fortunes,
It could not be too soon:
She invoked, to witness that maiden vow,
The changeable lady moon.

And I kissed, and rebaptized her,
To those wavelets' slumbrous tune,
By, alas! the ominous title
Of beautiful Lady Lune.

* * * * * *

She deserved it. Next November
She married a big dragoon;
She shares his wealth. She owns his name.
She is now *his* Lady—Loon!

(Continued from No. 13, page 203.)

LONDON'S HEART.

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER XLIII.

MR. SHELDRAKE MAKES A BOLD MOVE.

TEA was over, and Lily and her grandfather were sitting by the fire. The night without was chilly, although it was now the middle of spring, and a raw, cold wind was blowing. But the room was warm and cozy, and the occupants were thoroughly happy. Lizzie and Martha Day had been to see them in the afternoon, and had spent an hour or two with them. When Lizzie came in she said, simply, "Lily, this is my mother;" and both received a warm welcome from old Wheels and his darling child. Martha's pale face had a flush of happiness in it, and the sombre effect of her black dress had been lightened by Lizzie, who had insisted on her mother's wearing one or two pieces of bright ribbon. Yet notwithstanding the joy which the disclosure of their nearer and dearer relationship must have brought to both Lizzie and Martha Day, uneasy shades of expression rested occasionally on their features. The cause of this uneasiness in Lizzie seemed to be entirely within herself, and to be in no way connected with any person present in the room; but with Martha it was different. It was evident that her uneasiness was caused in a direct way by something that she saw in her daughter; and every now and then her eyes would rest on Lizzie's face with a look of wistful pain. They were not long in the society of their friends before the news of the engagement between Felix and Lily was told them; and Lizzie, forgetting for a few moments the great anxiety which pressed upon her, danced about the room in delight.

"Next to Alfred," she said, "I love Felix. There is only one other thing wanting now to complete our happiness."

She was pressed to tell what that "other thing" was; but she refused in as light a manner as she could command. That "other thing" was that Alfred might be lucky that day, and that he might get out of Mr. Sheldrake's toils. It was hard for her to show a bright face when, as it seemed to her, Alfred's fate and hers were being decided. Strangely enough, she also dwelt superstitiously in her thoughts upon the three times seven kisses Alfred had given her when he parted from her in the morning. "They will be sure to bring him luck," she had said to herself a dozen times during the day. She thought of them hopefully now, and murmured, "To-night all our sad troubles will be over." A happy future indeed was spread before them if fortune smiled upon Alfred. How she longed for night to come, and Alfred with the glad tidings!

"We'll all live together," she said, aloud.

And Lily nodded and laughed. It was like a bright dream, where every thing that was good in nature was around and about her. The woods were beautiful with various greens; sweet breezes were stirring the leaves, and stealing their secrets from them; flowers were blushing; birds were singing; there was not a dark cloud in the sky. The two girls crept into a corner, and with their arms around each other's neck whispered confidences to each other. One thing—her most precious secret—Lizzie was burning to tell her friend; but she restrained herself. She had solemnly promised not to speak of it until Alfred gave her permission. In the evening, when she and her mother were at home again, she said she was tired, and she went to her room to lie down for half an hour. Thither, after a time, Martha crept, and sat by her daughter's side. Lizzie was murmuring in her sleep, and although her tones and every word she murmured were charged with love and tenderness, the sorrowful tears ran down Martha's face as she heard.

"Is this a judgment upon me for my neglect and deceit?" she asked of herself, between her sobs. "I should have looked after her better! I should have looked after her better!" But when Lizzie awoke, Martha was careful that her daughter should not see any traces of agitation. "I will wait until Alfred comes home," she thought, "and then I will tax him and discover the truth." Every thing seemed to depend upon Alfred's return.

And now it was night, and old Wheels and Lily were together in their room. Old Wheels was reading aloud, and Lily was working. There was no one else in the house. Mrs. Podmore and little Polly had gone to London for some bits of clothing which friends had gathered together for them; they were expected to return by train at about ten o'clock. Every now and then old Wheels paused in his reading, and made a remark. Lily understood very little of the story the old man was reading; she was thinking. Scarcely any thing but Felix was in her mind.

"Mrs. Podmore will be delighted to hear the news," said old Wheels, in one of the intervals; "although she has been hinting at it mysteriously from the very first day we saw Felix—when he drove us home in the wagonette. That's eight o'clock striking. Alfred ought to be home before now."

"It's nine o'clock sometimes before he comes home," said Lily; "but I wish he was here. I want to tell him."

Old Wheels read and Lily worked for another half hour, and at the end of that time the old man laid his book aside.

"I shall have to read all this over again," he said, with pretended petulance; "I am sure you have not been attending to me."

"I haven't," she replied, with a happy light in her eyes; "I have been thinking all the while of Felix."

"So I've been reading nothing but Felix, Felix, Felix; and you've heard nothing but Felix, Felix, Felix. Well, well, my darling; I am more than satisfied. Now, then," he said, merrily, "come to the window, and look out. It is blowing quite cold, dear child. Let me keep you warm in my arms. Ah, Lily, Lily, now I can die happy when my time comes. But what am I thinking of? To speak of such a subject at such a time! Talk of dying, indeed! I intend to live and see my darling's happiness. Ah, God is good!" Then, after a pause, he said, slyly, "But really this is serious—if it's to be nothing but Felix, Felix, Felix! Look along the road—what do you see?"

"Felix," she replied, entering into his humor, and to dispel his sadness; "he is a long way off, though, for he'll not be here for an hour and a half. But I see him coming."

"Of course you do. Now look up at the ceiling—what do you see?"

"Felix."

"And into the lamp—what do you see?"

"Felix."

"And into the fire—what do you see?"

"Felix."

"Ah, child!" he said, touching her eyelids gently, "Felix is not on the road, nor in the room; he is here."

"No," she replied, in the tenderest of tones, taking his hand and placing it on her heart; "he is here."

She was on her knees before the fire, looking into it, and remained so for many minutes, the old man standing quietly by her side, with his hand on her shoulder, looking down upon her. "A happier fate awaits her, thank God!" he thought, "than fell to her mother's lot."

He sat down in his chair at the thought, and mused on the time gone by, and thought of Lily's father too, and wondered as to his fate.

"Strange," he mused, "that one so unstable as he should have been so faithful to his written promise. Strange that I have never heard of him since that dreadful time! If he is living now, would it not be a good thing that he should witness his daughter's happiness? But if the old vice is in him still!—No, it would be impossible to find him, and it is better as it is. This is a happy turning-tide for all of us."

Nine o'clock struck. Lily started up.

"I wish Alfred was home," she said, impatiently. "I do so want him to know."

"Perhaps he's at Lizzie's," said the old man. "Shall I run round and see?"

"Yes, yes," cried Lily, "and tell him to come at once. Let Lizzie come too, and Mr. Musgrave. Mr. Musgrave is very fond of me, grandfather, and I like him very much. But I want Alfred most."

She was tying a muffler round the old man's throat, when she suddenly exclaimed, "It's a shame to let you go; *I'll* run round, grandfather."

"No, child. You will catch cold. And think," he added, gayly, "Felix may come in any moment. I shall not be gone long."

She listened to his footsteps and to the slamming of the street-door, and then knelt before the fire again. What a day had this been! never to be forgotten—the white day of her life. In an hour her hero would be with her. She rehearsed the scene that had taken place between them again and again. "I want a home—a helpmate. And there is but one woman in the world who can be to me what my heart yearns for. Lily—will you be my wife?" His wife! Why, if all the world were before her to choose from—if she could fix her own lot, her own destiny—that is what she would choose to be. Ah, how happy she would try to make him! A thought of Alfred crept in. Felix would be a good friend to him, a true friend. How much happier Alfred had been these last few days! his troubles seemed to be over. His smiling face, as she had seen it this very morning when he ran back and kissed her, appeared in the fire among her other fancies that she conjured up there. Alfred and Lizzie married—herself and Felix in their little home— She saw every room in it, and saw them all smiling at one another in the fire before which she was kneeling. But why was not Alfred here now? Swiftly she thought, "He can not be with Lizzie; for the first thing Lizzie would tell him would be about Felix and me, and Alfred would have run home to me at once." She started to her feet, and ran nervously to the window, and as she looked out into the dark roadway a knock came at the street-door. "That is Alfred!" she cried, and ran down stairs; but when she was in the dark passage she remembered that the knock was not Alfred's. Alfred always knocked at the door with a flourish; this that she had heard was a single knock. It could not be her grandfather, either, for he had a latch-key. Perhaps it was Mrs. Podmore. The knock came again, and she mustered up sufficient courage to go to the street-door, and ask who was there. A strange voice answered her. Did Mr. Wheels live there? it asked. Yes, she answered.

"Is his granddaughter at home?"

"Yes."

"I want to see her."

"What for?"

These questions were asked and answered through the closed door: Lily was alone in the house, and was frightened to draw the lock.

"What for?" she inquired again, faintly.

"I can't say unless I see her."

"She is speaking to you now; I am she."

"Is any body with you?"

Almost overcome by fear, Lily answered, "No; what do you want me for?"

"To give you a letter."

Lily hesitated still: the voice was that of a stranger, the locality was somewhat of a lonely one, and her grandfather had warned her not to open the door at night to any person she did not know, if there were no man in the house.

"Wait," she said, "until my grandfather returns. He will be here presently, and then I will take the letter."

"Then I can't give it to you, miss," the voice said. "My instructions are to give it into your hand, and into your hand only when there is no one near."

"Why? What is the letter about?" she asked, in an agony of terror, and murmuring inly, "Oh, why doesn't grandfather return!"

"I don't know what's in the letter. But the gentleman who gave it to me told me to say, if any thing like this occurred, that it was a matter of life or death to some one that you loved."

Life or death to some one whom she loved! She hesitated no longer, but tore open the door, panting. A man, who looked like a common laboring man, stood in the dusk.

"I am only carrying out my instructions, miss," he said, touching his cap. "Here is the letter, and I am to wait for an answer. You can shut the door while you read it, if you're afraid. I'll wait outside."

She closed the door, and running like a deer up stairs into the light, opened the letter. It was as follows:

"MY DEAR MISS LILY,—You must read this letter by yourself, and no other person must see it or know of it. I would come instead of writing, but my appearance and the circumstance of our conversing privately in your grandfather's house might excite suspicions. Your brother can not come home, and it is probable that his life hangs upon your prompt action; his safety certainly depends upon your secrecy. He is in the greatest danger. If you love him and wish to save him, come and see me immediately. I am waiting at the end of the road, at the corner of the True Blue public-house. The messenger who brings this will take your message, or will accompany you to where I am waiting for you. You must decide without one moment's delay. If you resolve not to come—a contingency I can not contemplate, knowing you—you may never see your brother again. In any case, believe me to be your faithful friend,

"DAVID SHELDRAKE."

There was so much in the note of hidden and terrible danger to the brother she loved so dearly that, without considering, she ran to her room for her hat and mantle, and hurried into the street. The messenger was waiting.

"Do you know where the gentleman is who gave you this letter?" she asked, breathlessly, as she tied the ribbons of her hat.

"Yes, miss; he's waiting at the True Blue, and told me to bring you to him if you asked me."

"I will come with you. Walk as quick as you can; I'll keep up with you."

The messenger, without answering, walked at once at a rapid pace in the direction of the True Blue, and Lily followed him. The road was long, and was but dimly lighted. When they arrived at the meeting-place Lily was completely out of breath, and her heart beat so violently that she reeled and would have fallen but for a friendly arm held out for her support. She clung to it instinctively, and looking up the next moment, saw that it was Mr. Sheldrake who had come to her assistance. He waited in a considerate and respectful attitude until she had recovered herself, and when she withdrew herself from his support, did not press his attentions upon her.

"I am glad you have come," he then said: she was about to speak, but he anticipated her; "it is a great relief to me. Alfred was not mistaken in you, nor am I."

"Where is he?" she asked, in an agitated tone. "What is the matter? Has any accident happened to him?"

"No accident has happened to him," replied Mr. Sheldrake, gravely. "But we can scarcely talk here; it is dangerous; the very walls have ears. There is a private room in this public-house in which we can talk for a few minutes undisturbed. Nay," he said, in a sad tone, "do not hesitate at such a time. When we can talk without being observed, I will instantly convince you that I am not worthy of being suspected."

"Why can not we talk here?"

He looked round cautiously, and lowered his voice. "Because, if any person overheard us, your brother would be lost. It would be out of your power then to save him."

Lily thought of Felix, and hastily glanced through the partially open door of the public-house. There was a clock hanging up, and she saw that it was half past nine. A comfortable-looking woman was standing within the bar, and her husband, with his shirt sleeves tucked up, was busy serving the customers.

"There is a private room behind the bar," said Mr. Sheldrake; "that little parlor with the door open. You can ask for the use of it yourself, if you like. But I warn you not to delay. Time is precious."

He spoke in a cold tone, and as if his feelings were deeply wounded by her suspicions of him. Lily walked into the public-house, followed by Mr. Sheldrake, and beckoned the landlady aside.

"Can I have the use of your parlor," she asked, "for a very few moments, undisturbed, to speak with this gentleman?"

"Yes, miss," answered the landlady. She knew Lily, and was surprised at her appearance there. "You can come round this way, and no one shall disturb you."

Lily and Mr. Sheldrake walked into the little room, and the landlady closed the door of communication between it and the bar. Lily, standing near this door, waited in painful suspense for Mr. Sheldrake to speak. He had noticed that when she entered the room she had moved timorously toward the door as if for protection, and he experienced a feeling of mingled anger and mortification, any outward exhibition of which, however, he successfully repressed. When he spoke he spoke slowly, and as if studying his words.

"Your behavior toward me is ungenerous to a degree. At any other time, and under any other circumstances, I might be disposed to wash my hands of this affair at once. Notwithstanding the feelings I entertain for you—do not be alarmed; I am not going to speak of them—I owe to myself a certain amount of self-respect, and I stand in danger of forfeiting this, and of placing myself in a false light, by silent submission to your distrust in me. But"—and here his voice grew less restrained, and his words were expressed with more warmth—"I can afford even this renunciation of self-defense, simple as it is, and unsupported except by my consistent behavior toward yourself and your brother, in the consciousness that what I am doing is done out of pure disinterested friendship and esteem."

"For mercy's sake," she implored, "speak more plainly, and tell me for what purpose you have brought me here."

"For no purpose of my own; for your brother's sake. It is a matter of life or death to him."

She clasped her hands, and could not find words to speak for her agony. She had never appeared more fascinating in his eyes than she appeared to him now, as she stood before him in pleading attitude. But although he was under the spell of this fascination, and although he knew that she was at his mercy, he was instinctively conscious, bold and unscrupulous as he was, that he held no power for ill over her. Her innocence and trustfulness were a stronger armor than any which cunning and artifice could supply. As he gazed at her in admiration, he thought how proud he should be of her if she were his, and thought, too—taking credit for the generosity of the sentiment—that if the worst came to the worst he would marry her.

"Where is the note that I wrote to you?" he asked.

"Here it is."

"Had you not better be seated?" he said, as he took the note from her hand. "You will want all your strength."

She sank into the chair he handed her, and he, glancing at the note carelessly, put it into the fire.

"There must be no chance," he said, when this evidence against himself was destroyed, "of

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this falling into strange hands. For your brother's sake."

"You said in it," she said, in exquisite distress, "that his life—his life! hangs upon my action."

"And upon mine: we two can save him. The compact we entered into for his good can now be carried out. I am ready to perform my part; are you ready to perform yours?"

"I will do any thing for my brother—any thing. But I do not understand your meaning."

"Your brother must see you immediately; he will tell you in what way you are able to save him."

"I am ready to see him!" she cried; "I want to see him! Where is he? Oh, Mr. Sheldrake, if you respect me, let me see him at once."

"That is my wish, and the reason why I am here. You know that I respect you—you know that I—" The shudder that seized her warned him of the indiscretion he was about to commit. "But this is no time to speak of any thing but Alfred. Every moment's delay now may be fatal to him. What is done must be done at once."

"Bring him to me, then; I will wait. Bring him to me, but do not torture me with suspense! Have pity on me!"

She held out her hands imploringly to him, and he took them in his, and looked steadily into the pale, agitated face.

"I *do* sincerely pity you, Lily; my heart bleeds for you. But it is in your power to avert all this misery. Listen to me calmly. I can not bring Alfred to you; he is in hiding, and dare not show himself. I can take you to him. I have a cab at the door. Come."

She withdrew her hands from his grasp, and retreated a step or two nearer to the door of communication with the bar. He smiled bitterly.

"Still distrustful!" he exclaimed, with a frown. "Well, be it as you will. To-morrow, when shame and disgrace are at your door—shame and disgrace which, by the simplest of acts, you could have averted—to-morrow, when you learn the miserable fate that has befallen the brother that loved you so fondly—you may repent what you have done. But, unjust and cruel as you are in this, do me then at least the justice of acknowledging that *I* did my best—more, I believe, by Heaven! than any other man in my position would have done—to save both him and you. Good-night."

He had acted well, and as he turned from her his heart beat exultantly at her next words.

"Stay, for pity's sake! There is no sacrifice that I would not make for Alfred's sake. He knows it—he knows it!"

"He believed it, firmly; and he in his turn would be ready to make any sacrifice for you. I have heard him say so dozens of times."

"I know, I know. He has been so good to me! But all this is so sudden and terrible, and I am so much in the dark—with no one to advise me—" She could not proceed for her tears.

"I did not think," said Mr. Sheldrake, gently, and with a touch of pride, "when I sent for you that any persuasion would be necessary to induce you to act as your heart must surely prompt. I wished my disinterested conduct to speak for itself. Knowing my own motives and the more than good-will to yourself which prompted them, I wished you to depend upon me, and to trust in me, as you may do implicitly, believe me. I have in my pocket proof of my sincerity and faithfulness, but I did not intend to use it. I almost despise myself now for doing so, but I do it out of pity for you—out of a warmer feeling which you know I entertain for you."

He took from his pocket-book the paper which Alfred had written at his dictation on Epsom Downs.

"Read this, and decide; for I can not stop one minute longer."

Lily read the paper with difficulty; the words were blurred in her sight:

"I am in great trouble and danger. My friend, Mr. Sheldrake, is the only man I can trust, and the only man who can save me. Put full faith and trust in him. ALFRED."

"Will that satisfy you?" asked Mr. Sheldrake, almost tenderly. "You know Alfred's handwriting. Will you come and see him now?"

"Forgive me for my suspicions," said Lily, almost distracted by conflicting doubts. "I will come with you. But I must send a line to my grandfather first, explaining my absence."

"Not explaining," said Mr. Sheldrake, placing writing materials before her: "no mention must be made of Alfred or me."

Lily wrote hurriedly,

"DEAR, DEAR GRANDFATHER,—I am compelled to go away suddenly for a little while. Do not be anxious about me. I will return soon, and you will know that I have done right. Tell Felix this; I dare not explain now.

"Your loving child, LILY."

"The messenger who brought my note to you can take it," said Mr. Sheldrake. "If you can contrive to look less sad—if you could even smile—as we go out, it might avert suspicion, should any one have been on the watch."

They went out of the public-house together, and Lily called a sad smile to her lips, although her heart was fainting within her at the prospect of Alfred's danger. The messenger who had brought Mr. Sheldrake's note was outside, talking to his companions. She hurried to him, and giving him the paper she had written to her grandfather, asked him to deliver it, putting sixpence into his hand at the same time. The next moment she was in the cab.

"One moment," Mr. Sheldrake said to her, hurriedly; "I want to settle with the landlady."

He had seen the messenger who was to deliver Lily's note to her grandfather go into the public-house; Mr. Sheldrake followed.

"The young lady has changed her mind," he said to the man; "give me the letter back. Here is a shilling from her."

The man delivered up the letter, glad to dispose of it on such good terms, and Mr. Sheldrake, throwing half a crown on the bar, said, "Give your customers some beer, landlady;" and departed amidst a chorus of "Thank'ee, Sir," from the men standing about inside.

"Perhaps you'll prefer sitting by yourself," said Mr. Sheldrake to Lily; "I'll get up outside, and sit by the driver. Keep up your courage."

This act of delicacy on his part seemed to assure her. "Thank you," she said, hurriedly and nervously. "Shall we be long?"

"No; I'll tell the driver to drive quick."

He was on the box, and the driver had started, when he saw a number of men running along the road with alarm on their faces.

"What's the matter?" he called out to them.

"An accident on the line," they called out, in answer, as they ran past toward the railway station. Mr. Sheldrake did not stop to ascertain its nature, and the cab drove quickly off.

Meantime old Wheels made his way to Mr. Musgrave's house. He was surprised to find, when he arrived there, that all within was dark. He knocked at the door more than once, and obtaining no reply, walked round the house, endeavoring to find an explanation for the cause of the strange desertion. He saw no person, however, and he returned to the front-door. As he stood there irresolutely the same thought came to his mind that had occurred to Lily: that Lizzie would have been certain to tell Alfred of the engagement between Felix and Lily, and that Alfred would have come home immediately to hear all the news concerning it. "Alfred could not have passed me on the way," he mused; "I should have been certain to see him. Nor did Lizzie." He could arrive at no clear understanding of the circumstances, and he was about to retrace his steps uneasily when a voice said,

"Have you knocked, Mr. Wheels?"

It was Martha Day who spoke.

"Yes," the old man replied; "but I have received no reply. I have been here for nearly ten minutes, but I have been unable to make any one hear."

"Perhaps Lizzie is asleep. I have been away nearly three hours, looking after my boxes. I did not intend to come back to-night, but I could not rest away from my darling. Come round the back way, Mr. Wheels. Lizzie has shown me where she leaves the key of the back-door sometimes."

They went to the rear of the house, and Martha found the key.

"Yes, here it is. I suppose my girl has gone out for a walk. With Alfred, perhaps."

"I can scarcely think that," the old man said, "the night is so cheerless."

"It *is* cold and dreary out-of-doors," assented Martha.

"I came round to see if Alfred was here. Lily is uneasy because he has not come home, and she wants him to hear the news about her and Felix."

Martha, groping about in the dark for matches, seemed to find something strange in this, for she said, in an uneasy tone,

"Alfred not come home, and Lizzie not here!"

"But perhaps she is asleep, as you said," suggested old Wheels.

"I'll see," said Martha, feeling her way to Lizzie's room. "You won't mind stopping here in the dark a bit."

As Martha felt her way along the passage and up the stairs, she called, softly, "Lizzie! Lizzie!" But no voice answered her. She went into Lizzie's bedroom, and felt the bed. Lizzie was not there. She began to be alarmed. She glided quickly down the stairs again, and going to the parlor, found the matches, and lit the lamp. Then she called to the old man.

"I can not understand it," she said, as if communing with herself. "Can Lizzie have been frightened because of what I said to her this afternoon? Oh, Lizzie! Lizzie! Oh, my darling child!"

She sat on a chair, and rocked herself to and fro in her distress.

"Because of what you said to her this afternoon?" questioned old Wheels, sharing Martha's distress. "We are all closely connected by affectionate ties, Mrs. Day. May I ask what you said to her that causes you to be alarmed now?"

"No, no!" cried Martha, covering her face with her hands. "You are his grandfather, and I dare not tell you. But a mother's eyes can see! a mother's eyes can see!"

A sudden paleness stole into the old man's face, and his lips trembled.

"Is it something connected with Alfred? Nay, answer me; I am an old man, and I love Lizzie."

"It would have been better for her," sobbed the unhappy woman, "if she had never seen him. He has brought shame upon her, and I only am to blame! I should have watched over her; I should not have left her alone! Oh, Lizzie, my darling! come back to me!"

"If I understand you aright," said the old man, with an aching heart, "and I am afraid that I do, a new grief is brought upon us by the unhappy boy—a grief which I never dreamed of, never suspected. I thought our troubles were coming to an end, and that this day, until now so bright and so full of hope, was the beginning of a happier life for all of us. Alas for the errors of youth! God knows I have striven to do my best, and my duty."

He was overwhelmed with sorrow, but the thought of Lily waiting at home for him aroused him to action.

"I must get home to my darling," he said, gazing sadly at the bowed figure of the unhappy mother; "she is alone in the house. Will you come with me?"

He took her unresisting hand, and she accompanied him to the street-door, but she paused there, and said, with a despairing look around,

"No, I must go and seek Lizzie—I can not come."

"Do you know where she is likely to be?" he asked, pityingly.

"No," she replied, helplessly; "I don't know which way to turn. I'll wait here; perhaps she will return soon. It will be best for me to wait."

He did not urge her farther, but saying he would see her again before the night was over, he hurried away, leaving her alone with her grief. His own heart was pierced with keenest sorrow, and he scarcely dare trust himself to think.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

PRESENTLY there will come the great spring rush to Europe. This year it will be greater than usual, because of the additional attraction of the Vienna Exhibition. In itself Vienna is a bright, cheerful city, one of the pleasantest in Germany. It really consists of two cities—the new, or inner city, circular, compact, and about a mile in diameter, and the outer city, or suburbs. The growth of Vienna has been marvelously rapid of late years. Since there has been a measure of religious and civil liberty in Austria, industry and enterprise have taken a fresh start, and the Austrians have become a progressive people. The Exhibition will, of course, attract a crowd of idle gazers, but this is not its object. The Austrians are eager to learn from other nations, as well as willing the world should know what progress they have made themselves; and the Exhibition will serve these purposes, for all countries will be represented there. Government vessels have been sent from this country loaded with all conceivable manufactures and productions of American industry. The Exhibition opens May 1, and Vienna will be thronged. Lodgings are high in Vienna as compared with most German cities, but hotels and restaurants are numerous, and the food furnished generally excellent. The bread has the reputation of being the best in the world.

Every body knows that March is the city boy's kite-flying season. Torn and shapeless fragments hang from every tree and telegraph wire, waving frantically in the breeze, to the infinite delight of small boys who have been fortunate enough to hold on to their own kite strings. It is the top season also; and pedestrians have to move out of the way of noisy crowds who are vigorously whipping their spinning toys. Well, we are all glad enough that at length, after so many months of snow and mud, the children can have some comfort in out-door exercise.

An American visiting Hayti went one day to his hotel bar and ordered a beverage. Having swallowed the mixture, he inquired the price. "Thirty dollars!" Stupefied for a moment, the stranger takes a firm resolution: he will not be swindled. So he produces a silver dime and lays it on the counter. "I haven't the change, Sir," says the bar-keeper. A little later he discovered that $1 in gold was equivalent to $400 in Haytian currency.

How like Americans are the people of Smyrna! Every body in Smyrna knew that a certain café and concert-hall, built on piles, running out into the sea, was unsafe. The authorities of the city knew it, the residents knew it; yet one evening 250 persons gathered in the doomed building, which suddenly disappeared in the sea. There was one loud crash, one long wail, and then deep silence, which was soon broken by fearful screams. About one hundred lives were lost.

Police statistics show that every night in the year there are on the average 260 men and women sheltered in the various police stations of New York city. Perhaps twenty-five per cent. of these are honest and deserving, strangers in the city, waiting employment or help. The rest need surveillance to keep them from committing depredations or doing some mischief.

A tremendous "slide" of snow from a roof in a Maine village completely buried a man who happened to be passing by. The good people of the place went to work and dug him out. They found him unhurt, but in tears. He said he was a Swiss, and had not felt so happy for years—that it reminded him of days gone by, in his native mountains.

Our American eagle keeps up its reputation in California. One recently attacked a flock of sheep, broke the head of one, put out the eye of another, and finally carried off a good-sized lamb.

An exchange is of opinion that the reason St. Patrick lived to the advanced age of one hundred and twenty-one years was that his life was not shortened by the anxieties of preaching in a "fire-proof" sanctuary.

The mortuary chapel which the Empress Eugénie intends to build for the reception of the remains of the Emperor Napoleon III. will be in the medieval style, and twenty-four feet long by twelve wide.

When we remember that it has been the custom of Japan to surround the persons of the sovereigns of that country in impenetrable mystery, and that death has been the punishment of any infraction of the law respecting this, we can realize how significant an event was the recent reception of the wives of the ministers of the United States and Russia by the Mikado and his Empress. The written invitation was sent by the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs. The visitors were admitted through a private entrance to the royal palace at Jeddo, and were received by officials of high rank. When the ladies were conducted into the Throne-Room, the Mikado and the Empress were found standing to welcome them. The royal pair shook hands with their guests, sat down with them, and carried on a long conversation by means of interpreters.

It would scarcely be possible to mention, even by their classes, all the specimens of American industry which have been sent to the Vienna Exhibition. Among them are a great variety of agricultural implements, sewing-machines, mechanics' tools, musical and surgical instruments, books, charts, photographs, and all manner of school apparatus, minerals and vegetables, ornamental wood-work, and many kinds of fancy wares. Cotton, sugar, fibres, mosses, and salt are the chief contributions from the South.

A San Francisco physician was recently attempting to remove the cork from a bottle of concentrated ammonia—supposing it to be aqua ammonia—when the cork was thrown out violently, and a quantity of ammonia entered his left eye. He plunged his face into water immediately, and applied antidotes as soon as possible, but the eye was hopelessly injured.

The grand ball-room erected in Judiciary Square for the inaugural festivities in Washington is to remain intact for some time for a series of grand promenade concerts.

Russia appears, by a new railway and telegraph chart of the Russian empire just published, to possess railways and telegraph lines actually in operation of which the outside world had no suspicion. There is a complete system of strategical railways, radiating from the principal lines uniting in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kief, and extending even to the Asiatic frontier in no less than ten lines. All the military centres, even Novoi Tcherkask, the head-quarters of the Don Cossacks, are accessible by rail; and in a short time, if not at this moment, Russia can move large bodies of troops and concentrate them within a few days at any desired spot. These facts seem to alarm the Germans.

According to statistics recently published by a Southern writer, who seems to have studied the subject, the winters in the Gulf States are growing more severe. This is referred, in part, to the clearing away of the vast pine forests, by which channels for the cold winds from the plains east of the Rocky Mountains have been opened. And the rapid and wide-spread progress of emigration throughout the Northwest doubtless makes a smoother plane over which mountain winds may descend upon the Gulf States.

The compensation of government officers, as settled by Congress just before its adjournment, is as follows:

The President	$50,000
The Vice-President	10,000
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court	10,500
Justices of the Supreme Court, each	10,000
Cabinet officers	10,000
Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury, State, and Interior	6,000
Speaker of the House, after the Forty-second Congress	10,000
Senators, Representatives, and Delegates, including the Forty-second Congress	7,500

First reports of any accident or calamity are usually exaggerated, although in a few cases careful after-investigation reveals increased horrors. The Governor of Minnesota has recently sent a special message to the State Legislature which indicates that the loss of life from the severe snow-storm last January was not as great as was at first supposed. A special commission was sent by Governor Austin to those sections of the State where the storm was most severe to collect and report facts, as well as to give relief to the needy. As the result of information gathered by this and by other means the following statement is made:

Frozen to death, and bodies found	61
Missing, and supposed to be frozen to death	7
Died, within a short period, of amputation	2
Total fatal results	70
Injured by reason of entire or partial loss of hands or feet	31
Total casualties	101

This account is severe enough, especially when we consider the suffering resulting from loss of cattle and many other deprivations.

There is more truth than fun, we think, in the following statement of "what an old-fashioned winter means:" Doctor, chilblains, red nose, cold in the head, frosted potatoes, aggravation of the misery of rising in the morning, slippery pavements, falls, fractures, coals up, horses down, melting snow, impassable streets, wet feet, pump frozen, pipes burst, plumber, subscriptions, and unfavorable returns by registrars-general.

Medical students passing through the ordeal of examination for diplomas may take a hint from the course pursued by a certain French student. He was being examined by a celebrated physician, who described to the puzzled youth a disease culminating in most dangerous symptoms, and then asked, "What would you do in such a case?" The student unhesitatingly replied, "I should instantly send for you;" and he got his diploma.

Less than twenty-five years ago the first court was held in Minnesota. It would be puzzling to tell the amount of law business and the number of lawyers embodied in that State to-day.

If shad and salmon are not plentiful before long, it will not be the fault of the Commissioners of Fishery in the State of New York. During the past year 7,498,000 young shad, having been successfully produced in the State hatching house, were turned loose in the Hudson River. Nineteen thousand salmon-trout have been placed in various lakes and ponds throughout the State under the direction of the Commissioners, not to mention many other thousands which have been taken from the hatching house by private parties to be placed in public and private streams and lakes. Brook trout have also been placed in numerous streams, from which they had been driven by ignorance or carelessness. So we are likely to be abundantly supplied with delicious fish at a low cost.

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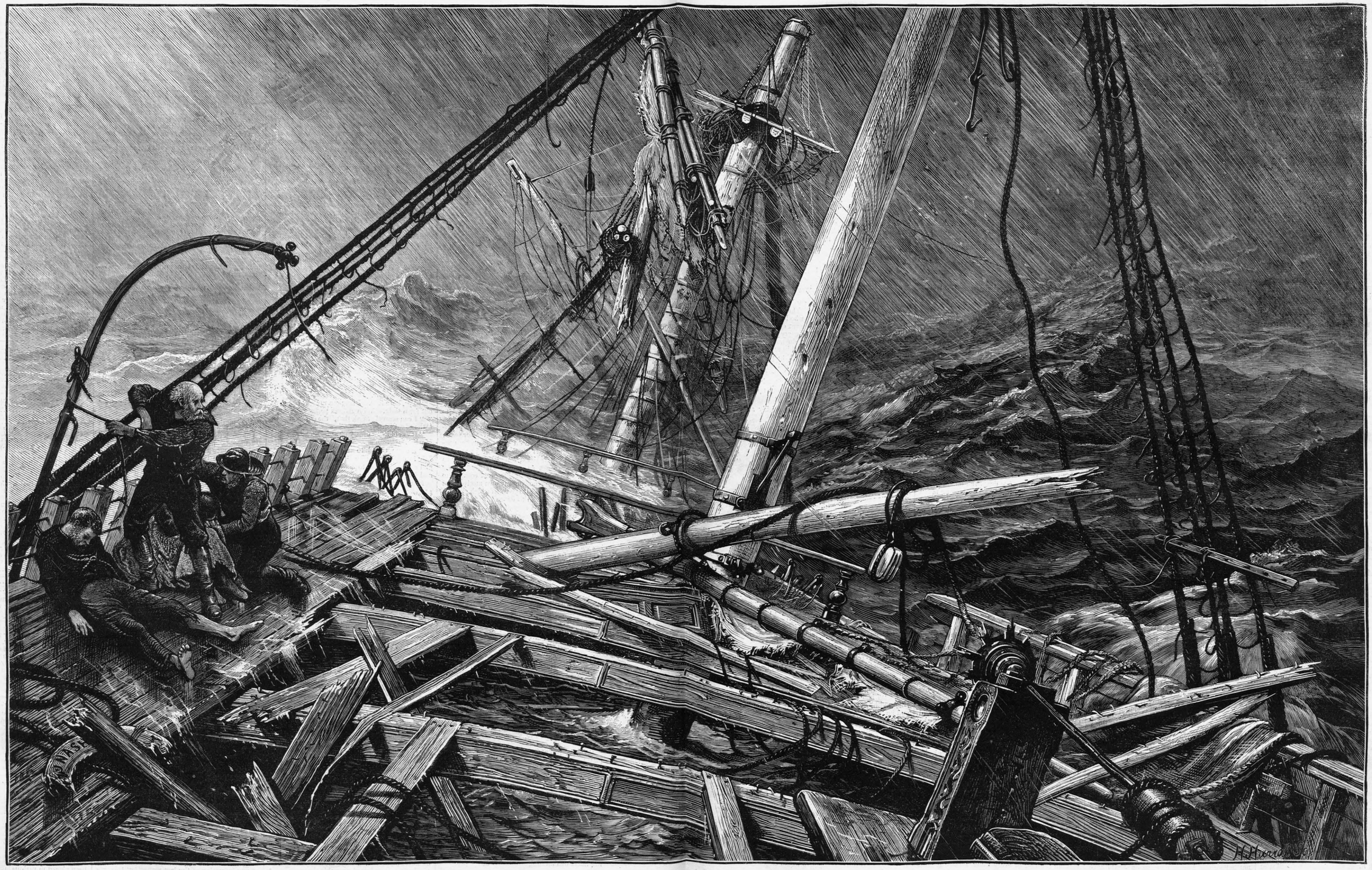

A WATER-LOGGED TIMBER SHIP.—[See Page 234.]

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A WATER-LOGGED TIMBER SHIP.

See illustration on double page.

THIS fine picture, which so strikingly portrays the dangers to which those are exposed who go down to the sea in ships, is no fancy sketch, but was faithfully executed from the wreck of the *Louisa*, a vessel bound from Quebec to London with timber. She was exposed to one of the many terrible gales of the recent winter, and was, during the night, struck by a squall, and turned completely bottom up. Some of the crew were drowned; the remainder contrived to crawl on to the keel, where they held on until the mainmast and topmasts washed out of her, when she righted, and they got on board again. She was then in the state shown in the drawing. The seamen continued on the wreck for (we think) two days and three nights without food, during which time some of them died. The survivors were taken off by a vessel, and landed at Plymouth, England. The abandoned ship knocked about for three weeks in the British Channel, when she was picked up off the coast of Guernsey, and taken into St. Peter-le-Port. It is difficult to realize the peculiar nature of the hardships undergone by sailors, especially on board small merchant vessels, unless from personal experience, or at least from eye-witness.

TO-MORROW!

WHEN the lanes were white with roses—
Little roses, golden-hearted—
In the fragrant, misty twilight,
Two happy lovers parted.

No kisses brake the silence,
No word of love or sorrow,
But clasping hands we said, "Good-by!
Good-by until to-morrow!"

At the open door we parted,
Where the honeysuckle covers
Half the porch with blushing sweetness:
We knew not we were lovers.

Late sunshine smote my darling,
Round her head a glory making,
As it kissed her dainty dimples,
In mellow laughter waking.

Her eyes were dark as pansies,
With a dreamy splendor glowing;
She was fair as white wood violets
In sheltered crannies growing.

Still I see the sweet, dim picture
As it echoes back, "To-morrow;"
But mine eyes are changed with weeping:
I have tasted love and sorrow.

The little hand that fluttered
Within my sudden clasping
Before the night was over
Strong Death himself was grasping.

He entered by the porch-way
That the honeysuckle covers,
And only when my darling died
I knew that we were lovers.

It was long ago we parted,
With a merry, quick leave-taking,
When the roses, golden-hearted,
In leafy lanes were waking.

But the breath of honeysuckle
Greets me still with sudden sorrow:
It seems to sigh, "Dear heart, good-by!
We meet again to-morrow!"

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

AS I have mentioned one of the tricks which foreigners are likely to have played on them when they settle down in a house of their own in Paris, I may as well show up a few others. The moment a tenant is domiciled in his own furniture, *dans les meubles*, as they call it, he becomes a target for all the trades-people of the neighborhood, and often of remote neighborhoods, to fire at. One of the first delights of his installation is the volleys of prospectuses of schools, lists of goods, and enumeration of services to be rendered by agents, which come pouring in on him in bewildering profusion. But this is all fair play. As long as tradesmen have a shop or an office where they show themselves and their wares to the public notice, inviting custom and challenging criticism openly and honestly, they have a right to puff their goods, their honesty, etc., by all legitimate ways and means. Their officious offers of service may be a bore, but they are no worse. The vendors against whom I would warn my American friends are those who come to their houses with boxfuls of bargains in the shape of table-linen, Chantilly lace, India muslin, etc., or who pretend to give them the benefit of some unparalleled invention for the polishing and preserving of furniture, or some such device, whose sole use and object is to draw money out of their unsophisticated pockets. There is one individual among the species who has for many years driven a thriving trade in this peddler line, and been a standing persecution to families in Paris. He hawks about great quantities of damask linen, and *professes* to sell it at huge loss. He comes with another man, who carries the heaviest box, and helps to show off the bargains, and the two talk till they are, not tired (that, apparently, is a crisis beyond possibility), but until their victim is deaf—deaf with bewilderment and vexation, and, to get rid of the clatter, buys something and sends them away. They tell you that they are from Alsace—Mulhouse, I think, that being the head-quarters of damask manufacturing in France; now, they are probably raising their own and their goods' value by doing a little patriotism into the flourishing declarations of the linen being the finest manufactured in Europe, and, owing to the misfortune of the manufacturer having to sell off at an immense loss, the cheapest ever sold. The chief spokesman is a remarkably respectable-looking man, tall, middle-aged, dressed with perfect propriety and neatness, and full of plausible discourse. He has articles to suit every conceivable want in a table, no matter how large or how small—dozens of very fine damask, tied with fascinating blue ribbons, and dozens and even half dozens of common, coarse ones to suit common, coarse farers. His table-cloths are legion in their variety of lengths and breadths and the diverse qualities of their texture. He will assure you, moreover, with a solemnity which very few uninitiated strangers would have the strength of mind to withstand, that they are the greatest bargains ever seen upon the earth. Ten to one he persuades you to take a set, perhaps more. If you are not sure of being strong enough to hold out to the end, your best plan, if you can not make your escape out of the room at once, would be to invest in a short set of towels or something equally cheap, for if you remain long enough to let the bulk of the boxes be emptied out on the tables and the carpet, nothing short of a miracle can save you from being fleeced to a point that you will remember all your days. The exhibition is so large, and the trouble, civility, and assurances of its being of no consequence whatever, when you mildly protest against any further untying of packages, so abundant, that, in common decency, you feel compelled to reward so much disinterested labor and polite desire "just to let monsieur—or, more likely, madame—see our little stock, *in case* it should contain any thing that he would like," etc., by investing in something more expensive than you want, even supposing the investment to be a good one. Even suppose, I say, for there is the rub. The bargains are, of course, no bargains at all. They are cheats and impositions. Who the peddlers are and whence they came no one, to the writer's knowledge, has ever found out. They never give their address. If, as I once saw it happen, a benighted stranger asks to have a set completed, or wants some article which they happen not to have with them, they offer to bring it next day, and if you say you will call for it, or that you would like to have the address to go and look at other patterns, the answer will be that they are at such a distance they could not possibly allow madame to take the trouble; if you persist that as you have a carriage, and it will be the same to you to drive there as well as any where else, then they confess that business of importance takes them to Brussels that very night; they can not fix the day of their return, but as soon as they are back, they will precipitate themselves to execute the commands of madame. Should you further urge as a plea for driving at once to their dépôt that you leave town that very evening, they will be in despair, but they will let you leave without the sheets or table-cloths, or whatever it may be, rather than reveal their hiding-place, for such it evidently is. Whether the goods be stolen goods or otherwise illicitly procured is a mystery I do not pretend to solve, but of a certainty they are very bad goods, judging from the specimens I have seen. They will go to pieces after a few washings, as if they were spun with burned material, or they may be full of holes already, if you look at the light through them. At any rate, they are no bargains, for you pay just as much, even after beating down the peddler from his upset price, as you would pay in any shop. But the real annoyance of these particular peddlers is that you can not get rid of them, once you let them into the house. I knew one poor American lady whom they frightened almost into an illness by their obstinate refusal to go until she had bought as much as they chose to sell her. Her husband was in the drawing-room when the men were shown in, and, husband-like, he at once retreated on hearing the word bargains, followed by an invitation from his wife to come and look at them. The peddlers knew, consequently, that she was alone to defend herself, and as it was a woman who opened the door, they concluded there was no other man in the house. She foolishly allowed them to open every thing, not really wanting a single article, but lured by the feminine love of just looking at bargains, and then she bought a small number of napkins. But this would not satisfy the peddlers. They urged, argued, besought, and at last, by their tone and looks, they half threatened. Mrs. X—— began to feel nervous, and failing to induce them to leave the room, she rang the bell beside her for the servant to open the door, and passed into her bedroom. She sat there for nearly an hour, reading, and then came back to the salon, where, to her dismay, she beheld the two men still standing in the midst of their scattered wares. They burst out at once into expostulations at having had so much trouble for so little profit, and were growing more and more insolent, when a ring at the hall door brought relief to Mrs. X—— and a change in the manner of her persecutors. They were pouring out a profusion of apologies when the drawing-room door opened and the master of the house walked in. The lady was too thankful for her release to say any thing to rouse his suspicions, but when the men were gone she told the story. Her husband was very angry at her not having told him at once, as he should have called for police out of the window, and have had the peddlers and their goods at once taken into custody. He spoke of the affair in every direction, warning his country men and *women* against the peddlers, but he was never able to catch them, though he ascertained that they had gone to many persons of his acquaintance the same winter, and sold a great deal of rubbish to them. The only way to guard against visits of this description is to give strict orders that no persons hawking wares in boxes or bundles are to be let in unless they come by order. If they persist that they are there by order, they must give their card, bearing name and address, which the servant will take to the lady of the house, and then she can receive them or not as she pleases. Americans should make a rule of taking this simple precaution, not only for their own sakes, but on the principle of discouraging swindlers and thieves. There is a woman who goes about with India muslin, which, by-the-way, never saw the sun of India in its life, and says she comes from the English Embassy when her point of attack is an English family, and from the American Legation when she has to do with Americans. She is a hoax and a bore, but no worse. With ordinary firmness you can get rid of her. Then there is a man who sells Chantilly and Brussels lace. It is *very* dubious in quality, some glaringly false, and not a bit cheaper than you buy real lace in the shops. This enterprising individual also has heard your name in some distinguished or fashionable salon, where you may or may not be known. If he has hit right, as these people generally do, being well informed on such matters, you don't like to be uncivil to Madame or Lady So-and-So, who has "particularly requested that you would patronize this worthy person, who is a protégé of hers," etc., and you are let in for some foolish piece of expense. If he has hit outside the mark, he says he has evidently made a mistake, looks over his list of recommendations, and is sure your name was given him by some very distinguished person. Another character in this line is a woman who comes into your salon and flies at the legs of the piano, polishes them frantically with some red grease out of a little pot she carries in her bag, and begs you to buy a pot that all your furniture may shine with equal splendor. It won't shine any brighter for this than for being rubbed with butter.

Now do, dear Americans, take my hints, and give orders that those swindlers are never allowed into your presence. COMET.

MISS DOLLY CORNERED.

"I SHOULDN'T be surprised any day, Dolly, to see David Wiggin tying his horse at your gate," said Mr. Blount, roguishly, gathering up the reins.

"Nonsense, brother! any thing the matter with his own hitching-post?" retorted Miss Dolly, turning in the doorway.

Mr. Blount laughed. Every body felt bound to laugh at Miss Dolly's crisp sayings. She had kept her friends in good humor these forty years.

"And when David does call on you," pursued Mr. Blount, more seriously, "I do hope, Dolly, you'll give him a chance to do his errand. That 'll be no more'n fair, and the man won't be easy till he has freed his mind."

"What mischief are you the forerunner of now, James Blount?" cried Miss Dolly, facing about like a soldier on drill. "What upon earth have I to do with David's errands?"

"Well, his wife's been dead a year or so," said Mr. Blount, suggestively, shutting one eye, and squinting with the other down the length of his whip-stock, "and lately he's been asking about you. You can put that and that together to suit yourself."

"Fiddle-sticks!" said Miss Dolly, energetically.

"I sha'n't say have him, or don't have him—though there isn't a likelier man living than David—but I do say, Dolly, you ought to give him a hearing." And having convinced himself beyond a reasonable doubt that the whip was all right, Mr. Blount tickled his sleepy horse with it, and drove away.

"Oh, my sorrows!" ejaculated Miss Dolly, closing the door with an afflicted countenance, and sitting down so quietly for once that a photographer might have copied her then and there.

Not that he could have done her justice, for her expression was too quick and varied to be caught by any trick of chemicals, and without it Miss Dolly's physiognomy would have been rather characterless but for her prominent Roman nose. This organ gave tone to her face. By which I would not be understood literally, as saying that she talked through it in a nasal whine. I mean simply that in a metaphorical sense this bold feature spoke loudly of energy. And Miss Dolly had always had abundant need of energy—else why the nose?

Every two years during her childhood she had been tip-toed into the east bedroom to see a new baby, till, at her mother's death, five little brothers fell to her charge to be coaxed and scolded into manhood.

"You can't bring up them boys," croaked a dolorous aunt. "They'll run square over you, Dorothy Almeda."

Dorothy Almeda was Miss Dolly's baptismal name, but it was so manifestly too big for her that most of her friends would as soon have thought of labeling a tiny homeopathic vial with a quack-medicine advertisement as of calling her by it.

"Let 'em run over me, so long as it doesn't hurt 'em!" laughed Miss Dolly, skewering her flaxen hair with a goose-quill, and tying a tow apron over her calico long-short, preparatory to "bringing up" said youths.

From that day forward she went cheerily on, making the best of every thing, though it must be confessed she often had odds and ends to work with, as people usually do have who are born with a faculty. Somehow she found time for all her duties excepting matrimony. If that were a duty, it was one she couldn't and wouldn't attend to while her father and the children needed her. Divers young men thought this a great pity, among them David Wiggin.

"Don't be silly, David!" said Dolly, when he hinted as much to her, whereupon David went off straightway and married Olive Searle, the plainest girl in the parish. This happened thirty years ago, and now David was again wifeless, and again the current of his thoughts turned toward Miss Dolly, who still lived at the old homestead near the foot of Bryant's Falls. Her father had died some months before. Of the boys, James and Ezekiel had settled on neighboring farms, and the remaining three were in the West. David's benevolent heart warmed with compassion as he remembered Dolly's lonely condition, and he felt that it would be exceedingly kind in him to offer her a home, especially as he owned as good a place as you'd find on the river, while the Blount cottage was fast falling to decay. He wouldn't let her former refusal of him tell against her, for, now he looked back, he really didn't see how she could have married any body at that period. She ought to be rewarded for the devotion she had shown to the family, and, for his part, he felt magnanimous enough to give her a second chance to accept him. Such was the worthy widower's state of mind when he asked James Blount, with mock humility, whether it would be of any use for him to try to make a bargain with Dolly.

"That's more'n I can tell," Mr. Blount had answered; "Dolly's a puzzle. You'll have to find out for yourself."

Mr. Wiggin smiled, in complacent anticipation of acceptance. Indeed, if it might not seem like a reproach to the memory of his lost Olive, I should say that the kind-hearted man rejoiced in this opportunity of making Miss Dolly's happiness.

Benevolence was in his face, benevolence was in his spirit, as he sallied forth at an early day to acquaint her with her good fortune. The broken harrow which he had strapped into the wagon to give the neighbors a plausible reason for his trip to the Falls was by no means typical of mental laceration in its owner. His feeling as he approached Miss Dolly's moss-grown cottage was purely one of thankfulness that it was in his power to provide her a better home. Not that he was grateful to his dead wife for leaving a vacancy there. Mr. Wiggin had mourned faithfully for Olive a year and a day.

Miss Dolly was out in the garden gathering catnip. She never used it herself, but there were nervous old ladies in the village who looked upon this herb as the substance pleasant dreams are made of, and Miss Dolly dried it every year, and often left little bundles of it when she made visits of consolation. She had built a chip fire under the tea-kettle, and then whisked off to pick an apronful of the pungent leaves while the water was boiling. There she was, stooping beneath the eaves of a log-cabin sun-bonnet, and humming a lively fugue tune, when Mr. Wiggin drove up.

"'Come, my beloved, haste away,'"

piped Miss Dolly, cheerily, snapping briskly at the stalks.

"'Cut short the hours of thy delay;
Fly like a youthful—'"

"'Fly like a youthful—'" struck in a wheezy bass.

The sun-bonnet tipped back like a cart body.

"Sakes alive!" cried Miss Dolly, not in the words of the hymn, as Mr. Wiggin strode toward her on his slightly rheumatic legs.

"I didn't mean to put you out," laughed he, shaking hands heartily, "but it seemed kind o' *nateral* to take a part with you in *Invitation*."

"You always had a way of falling in at the most unheard-of time, I remember," retorted Miss Dolly, saucily, recovering herself, and going on gathering catnip. She was fifty years old now, and hoped she had her wits about her.

"You used to say I kept good time, only too much of it," pursued Mr. Wiggin, with a sudden inspiration; "but I tell you what, Dolly, time never dragged with me then as it does these days!"

"It *is* a dull season," said Miss Dolly, with exasperating simplicity. "I suppose the grasshoppers have eaten most of your wheat, haven't they, so it 'll hardly pay for reaping?"

"Just so," assented Mr. Wiggin, discomfited. He had not traveled five miles in the heat to discuss the state of the crops.

"Walk in and sit down, won't you?" said Miss Dolly, with reluctant hospitality. Her apron was crammed at last to its utmost capacity. She devoutly wished it had been larger.

"Well, yes, I don't care if I do," answered Mr. Wiggin, after a hypocritical show of hesitation. "I had a little business further on, at the blacksmith's. No hurry, though, as I know of," and he turned to let down the bars for Miss Dolly, who meanwhile slipped nimbly through the fence, catnip and all.

"Bless my heart! I don't see but what you're as spry as ever you was," said he, admiringly, as he puffed along in her wake. "Still you must be getting into years, Dolly, as well as I—no offense, I hope—and I was wondering whether or no it wasn't lonesome for you living alone here; a woman, so?"

"Oh, I never was one of the lonesome kind," responded Miss Dolly, briskly, seating her guest in the patchwork-cushioned rocking-chair; "and, for that matter, hardly a day passes without some of James's folks running in."

"Yes, I know; but if you was to change your situation, wouldn't you enjoy life better, think?"

Miss Dolly fidgeted at the green paper curtains, and intimated that her present happiness would be complete if the grasshoppers would stop feeding on her garden sauce.

"That's just it," continued Mr. Wiggin, eagerly; "you do seem to need a man to look out for your farming interests, now don't you, Dolly? a man that 'll be ready and willing to *do* for you, and make you comfortable?"

"I don't know," said Miss Dolly, dryly. "The year before father died I *did* have Silas Potter, and he is the most faithful creature living; but

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what with the extra cooking and washing I had to do for him, my work was about doubled, and when mud-time came I was glad enough to send him off, and hire by the day. I about made up my mind that men folks round the house cost more'n they come to."

"I guess we don't understand one another," said Mr. Wiggin, slightly disconcerted by this unflattering view of his sex. "I wasn't speaking of hired help, Dolly. *Naterally* you *would* get tried with that; it's worryin' to a woman. But if you was to have a companion, now—one that could give you a good home, with wood and water under cover—"

"Shoo! shoo!" cried Miss Dolly, flying out after an inquiring chicken on the door-step.

Mr. Wiggin drew his red pocket-handkerchief from his hat to wipe his glowing face. Certainly he hadn't felt the heat so all through haying.

"How's your health nowadays?" asked Miss Dolly, frisking back with a look of resolute unconsciousness.

"Very good; *remarkably* good! I don't know where you'll find a man, Dolly, with a tougher constitution than I've got."

"Ah!" Miss Dolly blushed like a sumac in October.

"Yes, I'm well," pursued Mr. Wiggin, perseveringly, "and I'm tolerably well-to-do, with nothing to hinder my marrying again, provided I can see a woman to my mind."

"There's the deacon's widow," suggested Miss Dolly, officiously; "she's a pious, economical—"

"She's left with means enough to carry her through handsomely," interrupted Mr. Wiggin, quickly. "Now I'd rather have a wife to provide for—one that needed a home. In fact, Dolly, I have my eye on the little woman I want this minute!"

He had both eyes on her, for that matter, and Miss Dolly was forced to recognize the situation, whether she accepted it or not.

"I've managed to sugar my tea so far, David, without calling upon my neighbors," chirruped she, stooping to lay straight the braided mat, "and I might as well keep on. I don't feel it a tax, as some folks would. But there's Martha Dunning, she's having a hard time to get along. Why don't you take *her*, David? She'd appreciate such a nice house as yours."

"It would seem as if 'most any woman *might*," said Mr. Wiggin, in an injured tone, "all finished off complete, painted outside and in—"

"She'd be delighted with it, I am sure of it!" broke in Miss Dolly, with an air of conviction, as she darted into the kitchen to lift the boiling kettle from the crane.

"But you don't mean that *you* won't marry me, Dolly?" pleaded Mr. Wiggin, anxiously, following to the door. "I've been lottin' on seein' you at the head of things in my house."

"Martha is a grand manager," said Miss Dolly, coolly. "David needn't think he can buy me with a set of new buildings!" added she mentally, snapping down the lid of the pug-nosed teapot. "I never *did* have the name of being *cropping!*"

"I tell you, Dolly, I won't have Martha; I don't like her turn!" cried Mr. Wiggin, testily, balancing himself on the threshold, yet not daring to step over it.

Miss Dolly gave her undivided attention to winging the hearth.

"You know you was always the woman of my choice, Dolly," pursued Mr. Wiggin, as tenderly as he could consistently with the distance between them. "And we were both young—"

"Pshaw!" snapped Miss Dolly, scorching her wing; "that's beyond the memory of man!"

Mr. Wiggin's position was becoming painful. He grasped a door-post in either hand, looking wretched enough to slay himself on the spot, after the fashion of Samson. Evidently he had not touched the right chord as yet. Miss Dolly was not to be won by the attractions of wealth and position, nor even by tender allusions to the past. He would appeal to her kindness of heart.

"I used to believe you had some feelin', Dolly," said he, tremulously; "but you don't seem to have any for me. Here I am left alone in the world; children all paired off 'thout's Matilda, and she'll go before the snow flies; house empty—"

"I suppose you can have a home with any one of your boys, and welcome," put in Miss Dolly, faintly, still fluttering about the chimney like a swallow.

"Yes, if worse comes to worst, I suppose I can," assented Mr. Wiggin, mournfully, any thing but consoled by this reflection. "It would break me down terribly, though, you may depend, to give up my place that I set so much by, and crowd myself onto my children."

No response save the clattering of the tongs.

"And it's dreadful melancholy business for a man at my time of life to drag along without a partner. I'm getting to be old, Dolly." Mr. Wiggin brushed his sleeve across his eyes as a feruled school-boy might have done. "Yes, I'm getting to be old, Dolly," he repeated, brokenly; "and it stands to reason that I haven't many years to live; but I did hope we might go down hill together, Dolly, you chirkin' me up with that spry way of yourn that I always took to, and I carryin' the heft of—"

Here Miss Dolly gave a little sniff, nothing worth mentioning only for the effect it produced on Mr. Wiggin. Indeed, had his ears been as old as he pretended, he would not have suspected her of being affected by any thing more serious than a cold in the head.

"Can't you make up your mind to have me, Dolly?" pleaded he, crossing the threshold in his hopeful eagerness. "I don't see how I'm going to stand it if you can't."

"Then Martha wouldn't suit?" said Miss Dolly, archly, making a great pretense of wiping a cinder from her eye. "What a shame, now, when she needs the property so much!"

"Hang the property! I'd mortgage the whole of it rather than not get *you*, Dolly!" cried Mr. Wiggin, with a vehemence that quite closed her mouth.

And so at last he had Miss Dolly cornered.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

How the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street was jilted.—Folks too clever by half.—A Volunteer's Suicide.

THERE are very few circumstances under which one can congratulate one's self upon not being a rich man, but there are undoubtedly some. When a panic has seized the City I repair thither (in a twopenny 'bus) to contemplate it with interest, and with all the serenity with which the visitor at Naples who has no investment in the crops in the vicinity regards an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. When a bank breaks, I remember with pleasure that my balance is but small, or that what there is is on the wrong side of the account, and rather enjoy the commercial catastrophe. Again, to hear of frauds and forgeries on a gigantic scale titillates my fancy, since they do not affect my purse-strings, and I read the details in my penny newspaper with malicious avidity.

An ingenious fellow-countryman of yours, Mr. Editor, whose real name is as yet unknown to fame, but was understood until lately to be Horton, has been absorbing my attention—I had almost said my sympathies—by robbing the Bank of England.

A man who kills another man is a murderer; a man who contrives to destroy ten thousand others is a hero. A fellow who forges a check for £5 on a country bank is little better than a common thief; but one who defrauds the Bank of England of £100,000, and is *not satisfied*, but meditates a *coup* of far greater magnitude, in the midst of which he collapses—that genius extorts my admiration. The old lady in Threadneedle Street, as you have doubtless heard, is not easily taken in by any body; she requires vouchers before you can open an account with her, and even then regards any bill you require to have discounted with suspicious attention. Since the days of Old Patch and Fauntleroy I don't think she has been hoodwinked or robbed of her savings by a single individual. But she has a connection in the fashionable world—a branch establishment at the West End, for the convenience of her aristocratic customers—who, it seems, is by no means so astute. *She*, light-hearted, frivolous creature, has nothing to do with bills and discounting, or *had not* until recently, and seems to have been rather flattered when Mr. Horton, of New York and elsewhere—much concerned in the manufacture of Pullman cars to run between Vienna and Paris during the coming Exhibition; yes, *Sir*—proposed to do business with her in that line. He was introduced by a customer of ten years' standing, and for a long time discounted only genuine bills; moreover, he made quite a friend of the manager, and in his little notes respecting pecuniary "operations," threw in such personal inquiries, and statements of the condition of his own health, as without doubt helped to throw off suspicion by establishing a sort of social relation. At last he began to present his forged bills. These are described as "masterpieces of ingenuity." Many of the firms on which they purported to be drawn use a peculiar kind of paper, with certain water-marks, besides printed matter. All these were imitated to perfection; and then came the forgeries of the signatures of the acceptors, of which there were sometimes half a dozen to each bill. The money was obtained, and it seemed as if during the three months which this gentleman had, in commercial phrase, "to turn about in"—before, that is, the bills became due, when, of course, all must be exposed—that he might have realized a colossal fortune. A trivial omission, however, which, where all else was so admirably planned, seems inexplicable, wrecked these golden hopes. In two of the bills the date of acceptance did not appear, a clerk was sent across to the house on which one of them was drawn to have this rectified, when "This is none of ours" was the reply, and the whole net-work fell to pieces like "a cat's-cradle" at that pull of the string. How much was absolutely cleared in the mean time is doubtful, but it is supposed to be over £100,000. And there is nobody so much "wanted," to use the language of the police, in all London as Mr. Frederic Albert Warren.

Beside this gigantic effort all other attempts to rob the public must needs seem insignificant; yet, as an instance of what presence of mind can effect, I will relate the following: A young lady was seized with a fit in Fleet Street yesterday, and after being tended with much solicitude by an elderly lady, who appeared to be her companion, she was placed in a cab, still insensible, to be taken to her own home. A policeman, however, got up behind the cab, and presently pounced upon the elderly lady getting out of the same with the watch and money of the invalid transferred to her own pockets. She had been no more the young lady's companion than I was—which, upon my word, I was *not*—but seeing her opportunity, she had taken charge of the interesting case upon the spot. I asked the policeman how he had ever come to suspect this benevolent old lady.

"Suspect? Why, it's a regular dodge, Sir, to look out for persons with fits and such-like, and then to pretend to be their friends. I can remember, in old days, a poor man falling down dead in that very same street. He was but a beggarman, and nothing, as you would suppose, to be got out of him; but a young fellow immediately drops on his knees beside him, and cries out that he was now without a friend in the world, and 'How shall I ever decently bury you, my dear old father?' So the tender-hearted people as had crowded round gives their pennies and their sixpences, and the young man thanks Heaven and them that his parent will not now have a pauper's funeral, and, half drowned in tears, off he drives with the body in a cab. Where does he drive to? Why, to a surgeon's, of course. And what for? Why, *to sell the old gent for ten pounds for dissecting purposes.* It was called 'the dutiful-son dodge,' and was very popular at the time, though it's now gone out of date." Thus, you see, the Good Samaritan, were he to exercise his vocation in London streets, would expose himself to no little suspicion. It is, however, a satisfaction to reflect that the ingenuity of rogues is rarely of use to them in the long-run. They do not die "in the purple," for all their wits, but usually in jail, and always in poverty. A wealthy farmer recently pleaded *his own illegitimacy*, and with success, against supporting his own mother, who had consequently to go to the work-house. But this sagacious gentleman thus drew attention to the fact that, upon inheriting his uncle's property, he had paid legacy duty as his nephew, and not as a stranger in blood, which he ought to have done, being illegitimate. The Treasury has, therefore, come down upon him for the difference between the three per cent. paid as nephew and the ten per cent. he ought to have paid, and also demands compound interest on the years from 1856, when the uncle died, to the present date! This is the most beautiful instance of "poetic justice" which the annals of the law have hitherto exhibited, and for once every body is in love with the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

You will think my "gossip" to-day a little like a police report; but, after all (and strictly between ourselves), what is more interesting than a police report, except a coroner's inquest? There has been one this week of a most singular kind. Some volunteers were practicing at sighting their rifles, merely presenting empty ones at one another, and snapping the caps. One of them, Alfred Roberts, presently hands a rifle to a companion, and says, "Aim at my breast." He did so, and, to his horror, there was a loud report, and Roberts fell dead. Crumpled up in the dead man's hand is found this note, the contents of which were thus italicized: "I am *very* glad you have saved me the trouble of *shooting myself*. I know you are anxious to become a marksman in the *corps*" (what a ghastly joker must this poor wretch have been!). "Perhaps I will be of service to you by making a *target* of myself. Wishing success to your first *shot*, I remain, *yours respectfully*, Alfred Roberts." Addressed to Mr. Tom Walter.

The victim had smuggled in the ball-cartridge unobserved. R. KEMBLE, of London.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILL the correspondent in Milwaukee who wrote about discolored veins in the face kindly write once more to the person addressed before?

A FRIEND.—Get gray cashmere or else gray vigogne for a bride's traveling dress for April. Make with polonaise and plain skirt. A suit of olive brown or résédа silk, or a black silk suit, will be more serviceable than a poplin, because it can be worn all summer, fall, and winter. Read styles of making in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI.

V. H.—Directions for fern impression work are in *Bazar* No. 34, Vol. I.

LITTLE WOMAN.—As your pocket is slender, get a black cashmere sleeveless sacque, instead of velvet, to wear with your black silk, as it will be comfortable far into the summer. Trim with yak or guipure lace and steel or silver or jet buttons. Read about these in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI. This jacket with an over-skirt will answer with your Russia leather red silk.

SHIRLEY W. M.—We can not answer inquiries by mail, whether postage is inclosed or not, nor can we give addresses in this column. The postage on a half-ounce letter from any part of the United States to France is ten cents.

A CONTRIBUTOR.—Harper & Brothers publish all of Charles Reade's works, and nearly all of Wilkie Collins's and Miss Edwards's, including *The Moonstone*, *Put Yourself in his Place*, and *Debenham's Vow*. They also publish all of George Eliot's works, all of which, except *Middlemarch*, are illustrated. They have no cheap edition of Longfellow's works. A catalogue will be sent you on application.

WANDERING HEIR.—What do you call good food? Kentucky cooks are too liberal of fat in their pies, biscuit, and gravies to benefit the complexion. Try a diet of coarse flour bread, cracked wheat, broiled meats, and vegetables for six weeks, with a daily soap and water bath, using the carbolic lotion, and see how many pimples are left on your face.

L. M. H.—You can tie a silk thread round the neck of the mole, tightening it every day till the mole comes off. We think, however, that you would do well to consult a physician, as there is always some danger in tampering with things of this sort.

A CONSTANT READER.—We can not repeat directions in this column.

TWO LITTLE GREEN GIRLS.—Tight braiding injures the hair, but a firm braid keeps every hair in place, prevents its breaking, and so helps to secure a good suit of hair. The "Ugly Girl" papers, past and future, will give directions for improving the hair and complexion. Exercise and warm bathing are the best cure for nervousness. To improve the memory write what you wish to remember two or three times, consulting the original as little as you can each time after the first. To remember errands, write them down to fix them in the mind, then destroy the memoranda and depend on the memory. To remove corns, shield them with a bit of leather having a hole cut in the centre the size of the corn, and touch the latter with turpentine or a strong mixture of glycerine and carbolic acid.

CAMILLE.—A bran poultice protects and moistens the skin, allowing the old cuticle to dissolve while the new one forms tender and delicate.

EMMA P.—There are fourteen "Ugly Girl" papers in as many numbers of the *Bazar*, which cost ten cents a copy, and one cent each for postage.—Mask is the same as moth or morphew. The cosmetic gloves are made at home by pouring melted cold cream into an old pair of kid gloves.

MAY WYCHE.—To prevent your hair from falling out, bathe the head daily in warm water with hartshorn in it, one tea-spoonful of strong spirits of the latter in a pint of water.

C. L., BROOKLYN.—Frank and others will receive answers to their questions in one of the "Ugly Girl" papers of an early date.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Get gray vigogne for a spring traveling suit.—We prefer not to give recipe for bleaching the hair, as it is a dangerous and useless thing to do. Charcoal in finest powder will whiten the teeth. Eat much coarse wheat flour, which supplies the substance for sound white teeth.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR REMOVING SPOTS.

WE give below a table of the mode of treating the principal kinds of stains and clothing, copied from Rigter's *Manual of Domestic Economy.*

NATURE OF THE SPOTS OR STAINS.	ON WHITE GOODS.	ON COLORED COTTON GOODS.	ON COLORED WOOLEN GOODS.	ON SILK GOODS.
Mechanically attached particles	Beating, brushing, and allowing water to fall from an elevation upon the wrong side of the goods.			
Mucilage, mucus, sugar, jelly	Washing out with lukewarm water.			
Fats	Washing out with soap or lye.	Washing out with lukewarm soap and water.	Washing out with lukewarm water and soap or spirits of hartshorn.	Benzine, ether, spirits of hartshorn, magnesia, chalk, clay, yolk of eggs.
Oil colors, varnish, resin	Oil of turpentine, alcohol, benzine, and then soap.			Benzine, ether, and soap, very carefully and in a very weak solution.
Stearine	Strong, pure alcohol.			
Vegetable colors, red wine, fruits, red ink	Sulphurous vapor or hot chlorine water.	Washing out with lukewarm water and soap, or spirits of hartshorn.		As with the preceding articles, but very cautiously.
Alizarine inks	Tartaric acid—the older the spot the more concentrated.	If the color permits, dilute tartaric acid.		As before, but with great precaution.
Blood and albuminous spots	Simply washing out with lukewarm water.			
Rust, and spots of ink made of nut-galls	Hot oxalic acid, dilute hydrochloric acid, and then tin filings.	In genuine colored goods, citric acid to be tried.	Citric acid to be tried; or, in non-colored woolen goods, dilute chloric acid.	Nothing can be done without increasing the evil.
Lime, lye, and alkalies in general	Simply washing.	Much-diluted citric acid, drop for drop upon the moistened spot, to be spread around by the finger.		
Acids, vinegar, sour wine, must, acid fruits, etc.	Simply washing; in the case of fruit, also with hot chlorine water.	According to the delicacy of the material and the color, more or less diluted spirits of hartshorn, to be spread around on the spot moistened, drop for drop, with the tip of the finger.		
Tannin substances, fruit or green nutshells, leather	Bleaching lye, hot chlorine water, concentrated tartaric acid.	Chlorine water, diluted according to the delicacy and color of the material, applied with a rag, and drop for drop on the spot moistened, alternately applied and then rinsed off.		
Tar, wagon grease, as also fat, resin, carbonaceous particles, and wood vinegar	Soap, with oil of turpentine, varied with the action of falling water.	Hog's lard to be rubbed on, then soaped and allowed to remain quietly, then washed alternately with water and oil of turpentine.		As in the preceding, but more carefully, and instead of turpentine, benzine and a continued current of water falling from a height, and only upon the reversed side of the spot.
Superficial loss of substance by scorching	Rub over thoroughly with a pad dipped in hot chlorine water.	Whenever possible, coloring over, or raising up the nap.		Nothing can be done.

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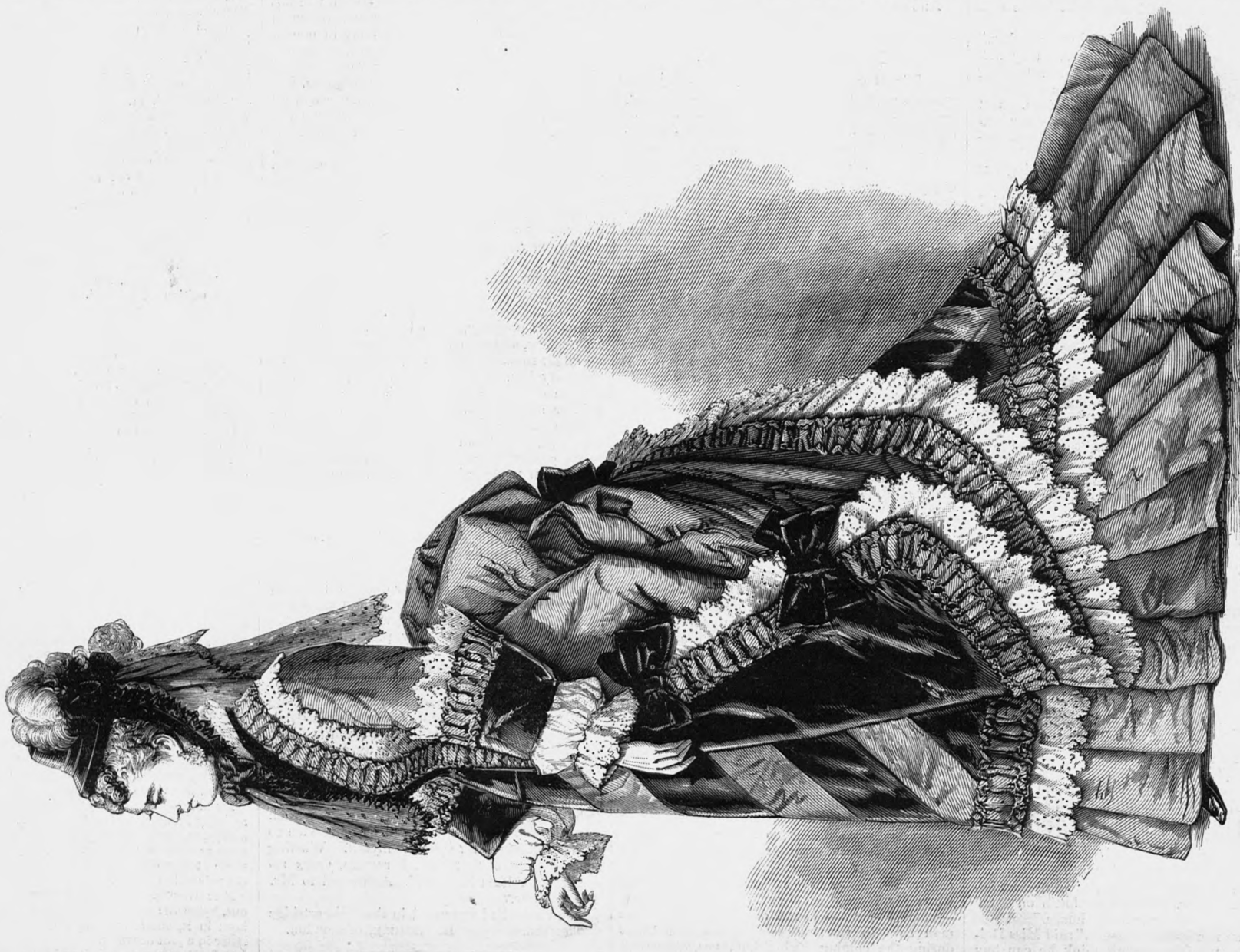

RECEPTION COSTUME.—[SEE PAGE 237.]

VISITING COSTUME.—[SEE PAGE 237.]

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Visiting Costume.

See illustration on page 236.

This visiting costume of light Ophelia brown silk is trimmed with mordoré (golden brown) velvet and white yak lace. Its new feature is the diagonal bands of velvet on the skirt. A pleated circular flounce of silk widening on the train is also a stylish caprice at present. The heading is a marquise puff of silk and yak lace. The vest-polonaise is caught up behind in a panier puff, and has vest, revers, cuffs, and bows of mordore velvet; lace and a puff for border. Mordoré velvet bonnet, with blue ostrich plume; strings and streamers of black lace. Puffed under-sleeves. Pale cream-colored gloves.

Fig. 1.—Rabagas Hat.

Reception Costume.

See illustration on page 236.

Reception costume of sage green silk. This dress shows the old-fashioned chatelaine corsage now revived in Paris, and the slashed Spanish sleeves with cavalier cuff and lace frill. The plain skirt trains slightly, and is almost concealed by the over-skirt. The front of the over-skirt is gathered into side revers, and bordered with side pleating. A bias band and fringe edge the back breadths. Chatelaine sashes very narrow and fringed hang down on the front seams, and rosettes are in the middle of the front and on the revers. Swinging cords trim the bodice front. The large empress collar is of point lace. Round hat of Leghorn, with sage green bows, pink roses, and a lace streamer.

Ladies' Spring Hats and Bonnets, Figs. 1-10.

Fig. 1.—Rabagas Hat. This hat is made of black lace. The rim with double revers is covered with light blue faille. On the crown of the hat are set loops and ends of gros grain ribbon and a scarf of black tulle edged with lace. On the right side is a feather aigrette.

Fig. 2.—Rubens Hat. This hat of black silk gauze has a broad rim turned up at one side and bound with light blue faille. The trimming consists of black lace, blue faille ribbon, black feathers tipped with blue, and a bunch of pink flowers with grayish-green foliage. Black silk tulle scarf.

Figs. 3, 4, and 5.—Spanish Gypsy Hat. This hat, of which Fig. 5 gives the frame, is made of black Brussels net, and bound on the edge with light blue faille. The revers is covered with dark olive green faille. Wide faille ribbon of the same color surrounds the crown of the hat. In the middle of the back, underneath the rim, is set two scarfs of olive green faille, which are looped as shown by the illustrations, and above the rim, is a bunch of bows of light blue and olive faille. The trimming consists of a blue and olive feather and a bunch of roses of different colors. Strings of olive green faille.

Figs. 6, 7, and 8.—Josephine Bonnet. Fig. 8 shows the frame of this bonnet. The high three-cornered revers at both sides is covered with black lace. The front of the bonnet is trimmed with three folds of black faille, which are edged on both sides with a double piping of faille and velvet; a similar fold also trims the revers. The remainder of the trimming consists of bows and ends of black faille, a steel buckle, and a spray of flowers with maroon foliage. Black faille strings.

Fig. 9.—Hortense Bonnet. This bonnet is of black silk gauze; the revers is covered with brown silk. Feathers and faille ribbon in two shades of brown and a feather aigrette trim the bonnet as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 10.—Gray Neapolitan Cottage Bonnet. This bonnet is covered on the outer edge with a puff of pale pink silk gauze. Bows and strings of pink faille. The trimming consists of a bunch of black lace and pink flowers with grayish-green foliage. Veil of black silk tulle and lace.

Fig. 3.—Spanish Gypsy Hat. Front.—[See Figs. 4 and 5.]

Fig. 2.—Rubens Hat.

Fig. 4.—Spanish Gypsy Hat.—Back. [See Figs. 3 and 5.]

Fig. 6.—Josephine Bonnet.—Back. [See Figs. 7 and 8.]

Fig. 7.—Josephine Bonnet.—Front.—[See Figs. 6 and 8.]

Fig. 9.—Hortense Bonnet.

Fig. 8.—Frame for Josephine Bonnet, Figs. 6 and 7.

Fig. 5.—Frame for Spanish Gypsy Hat, Figs. 3 and 4.

Fig. 10.—Gray Neapolitan Cottage Bonnet.

AN ECCENTRIC SURGEON.

THE most famous surgeon in Edinburgh toward the close of last century was certainly Mr. Alexander Wood, member of the Incorporation of Chirurgeons, or what is now called the Royal College of Surgeons. In those good old times his contemporaries, and the mob who worshiped him, knew him by no other name than Lang Sandy Wood (or "Wud," as it was pronounced). It was not only his supreme skill, but his kindliness of heart and his eccentricity, that won the popular favor. The latter peculiarity is one which has caused his name to even now be traditionally remembered in Edinburgh. All his life long this peculiarity distinguished him. When proposing to his future wife's father for his daughter, the old gentleman coolly said, "Weel, Sandy, lad, I've naething again' ye, but what have ye to support a wife on?" Truly a most pertinent question, considering that in those days his income was of the most limited description. Sandy's reply was to pull a case of lancets out of his pocket with the remark, "These!" It was nothing uncommon for him, while about to perform an operation, to pull a pistol out of his pocket and threaten to shoot the servants through the head if they attempted to make the least noise. This precaution was more necessary than now, when we remember that this was before the days of chloroform. He had the most eccentric ways of curing people. One of his patients, the Honorable Mrs. ——, took it into her head that she was a hen, and that her mission in life was to hatch eggs. So firmly did this delusion take possession of her mind, that by-and-by she found it impossible to rise off her seat, lest the eggs should get cold. Sandy encouraged her mania, and requested that he might have the pleasure of taking a "dish of tea" with her that evening, and that she would have the very best china on the table. She cordially agreed to this, and when her guest arrived in the evening he found the tea-tray covered with some very valuable crockery, which did not belie its name, for it had really been imported from China by a relative of the lady, an East India nabob. The surgeon made a few remarks about the closeness of the room, asked permission to raise the window, and then watching an opportunity when the hostess's eye was on him, he seized the tray-ful of fragile ware and feigned to throw them out of the window. The lady screamed, and forgetful in her fright of her supposed inability to rise, she rushed from her seat to arrest the arm of the Vandal. The task was not a hard one, for the eccentric old surgeon laughed as he replaced the tray on the table, and escorted his patient to her seat. The spell had been broken, and noth-

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ing more was ever heard of the egg-hatching mania.

Another lady patient of his had a tumor in her throat, which threatened her death if it did not burst. She entirely lost her voice, and all his efforts to reach the seat of the malady were unavailing. As a last resort, he quietly placed the poker in the fire, and after in vain attempting to get his patient to scream, so as to burst the tumor, he asked her to open her mouth, and then, seizing the now red-hot poker, he made a rush with it at her throat. The result was a yell of terror from the thoroughly frightened patient, which effected what he had long desired—the breaking of the tumor, and her recovery.

"MARRIED IN MASK," a new story by MANSFIELD TRACY WALWORTH, Author of "Beverly," "Delaplaine," "Hotspur," etc., has just been commenced in the *New York Weekly*.—[*Com.*]

TAKE YOUR DYEING AND CLEANING to the New York Dyeing and Printing Establisement, *Staten Island;* 98 Duane St., 752 Broadway, and 610 Sixth Ave., New York; 164 and 166 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn; 40 North Eighth St., Phila.—[*Com.*]

PEARLS.

THERE is no greater delusion in its way than the notion that the Romans or any other manufacturers have really succeeded in imitating the exquisite polish and soft iridescent lustre of a truly fine pearl. The "Pearl of great price" which was selected eighteen centuries ago as the type of the inimitable in beauty and worth, still remains inimitable. Is the pearl a disease of the oyster? The poets, who have traded on this idea extensively, would probably murder us if we threw doubt upon it. Or is it, as is now supposed by the naturalists, the pearl oyster's way of ridding himself of some intruding bore by overlaying the bore with a deposit of organic matter and carbonate of lime? The reader who will go with us into the establishment of Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, 22 John St. (up stairs), and inspect with us there the wonderful softness, smoothness, polish of the truly "pearly pearls" which they have brought together, will lose, we fear, his scientific interest about the formation of the pearl in his æsthetic admiration of the pearl as formed. He will be in good company. The pearl has held the highest place among ornaments in the estimation of mankind for untold ages. Job and Cleopatra, Solomon and Pliny agreed in their appreciation of its worth and beauty. It was a poetic fancy of Pliny that pearls were simply dew-drops which the oyster had swallowed. How the oyster got at the dew-drops the Roman naturalist does not seem to have troubled himself to guess. The Roman ladies were so fond of them that under the Empire fine pearls were bought at prices which fairly stagger modern belief. It was these Roman ladies who invented the "solitaire" ear-drops, of which our own dames and damsels are so fond. They wore them of pearls, not of diamonds, but called them by the same name, "Unio."—[*Com.*]

THE WAY TO SAVE MONEY AND HEALTH.—The hot weather of summer is a sore trial to the wives and mothers who have a family to sew for and no sewing-machine to do it with. There is no excuse, however, for any family, however poor, remaining long without a sewing-machine, when the Improved Wilson is for sale so cheap, and on such easy terms. Let it be clearly understood that the Wilson is in every respect a first-class machine, but being made by a company not in the great "Ring," it is sold at a fair price, which every one who needs a machine can afford to pay. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The Company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

DRS. STRONG'S Remedial Institute of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., in addition to the facilities of ordinary practice in the treatment of ladies and gentlemen suffering from various chronic diseases, combines, also, the Turkish Bath, Electro Thermal Bath, Sulphur Air Bath, Russian Bath, Swedish Movement Cure, Vacuum Treatment, Health Lift, Oxygen, Gymnastics, Hydropathy, Inhalation, Mineral Springs. Rev. Dr. T. L. CUYLER says: "I know of no institution which I can so cordially commend to those who are suffering from the various ills that American womanhood is heir to." Bishop J. T. PECK writes: "Every appliance for the treatment of disease which skill can invent or money can furnish is at the disposal of their patients." *Send for a circular.*—[*Com.*]

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Please send me your Descriptive Price-List of Waltham Watches as per advertisement in Harper's Bazar.
(Sign name and address in full.)

This we will send by return mail, and from it you will obtain full information in regard to all the Watches, with prices of each; it also describes our plan of sending Watches by Express to any place, with bill to collect on delivery, *with privilege to examine the Watch before paying the bill.* Address

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It is one of the most important inventions of the age. The most perfect **Button-hole Worker** *ever invented!* So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can work without it. Every stitch is taken with the most perfect mechanical accuracy. Is used entirely independent of the sewing machine, and will last a lifetime. Does away with pricking the fingers, straining the eyes and with imperfect and irregular worked button-holes. They give universal satisfaction. Ladies who use them say that they are worth their weight in gold. Over eleven thousand sold during the first week of their introduction. Local and traveling agents wanted everywhere. They sell at sight, and give over 100 per cent. profit. Sample Button-hole Worker and sample Button-hole Cutter packed in a neat case, with full directions for use, together with sample of our new and novel way of canvassing, sent to any address on receipt of 65 cents. Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Address WEBSTER M'F'G CO., Manufacturers, Ansonia, Ct. Please state in what paper you saw this.

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DRESSMAKER'S GAUGE,
For cutting flounces and Trimmings of all kinds from one to eighteen inches wide. An article long needed. Those that are using them would not be without them. Sent to any address, C. O. D., for $3.
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Between 4TH and GREAT JONES STS.
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Import and manufacture their own Goods, and RETAIL THEM AT WHOLESALE PRICES.
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Short Hair Switches $1 and upward. Finest quality Hair Switches, solid, not dyed, 18 inches long, 4 ounces weight, - - $5 00
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Do. 26 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 8 00
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Shaw's Patent Hair Switches, 50c.
Long Single Curls, natural Curly—
22-inch, $2 00. 24-inch, $2 50. 26-inch, $4 00.
Frisets, 25 cents per yard.
BRANCH STORE, 363 6th AVENUE,
Bet. 22d and 23d Streets.
Ladies' own Hair made over in latest styles.
Combings made up 50 cents per ounce.
Goods sent **C. O. D.** by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of color and money in registered letters or P. O. Order.
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WARRANTED PURE SILK & WOOL.
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BLACK SILKS,
$1 25, $1 50, $1 75, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, $2 75, $3; good bargains. CANNELE-STRIPE SILKS, $1 25, worth $1 75.
ALPACAS, ALPACAS,
40c. and 50c.; worth 50c. and 65c.
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LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HOSIERY,
IN
ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND GERMAN MANUFACTURE.
REAL AND IMITATION BALBRIGGAN.
PLAIN & FANCY SILK & LISLE THREAD HOSE.
HALF AND ¾ SOCKS IN SILK, LISLE THREAD, AND COTTON.
OPERA HOSE in SILK AND LISLE THREAD.
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GENTLEMEN'S UNDERWEAR,
In SILK, LISLE THREAD, BALBRIGGAN, GAUZE, GOSSAMER, & SCARLET CASHMERE, &c., &c.
HOSIERY.
PLAIN and FANCY HALF HOSE in SILK, LISLE THREAD, and COTTON.
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GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.
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OUTFITTING DEPARTMENT.
Misses and Children's Pique Suits and Dresses.
Do. do. Cloth Sacques & Walking-Coats.
Do. do. Sailor Suits, &c., &c.
INFANT'S GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
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LADIES' FRENCH AND THEIR OWN WELL-KNOWN MANUFACTURED
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MORNING WRAPPERS of every description.
A full line of IMPORTED CORSETS, HOOP-SKIRTS, BUSTLES, &c., &c.
ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.,
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SPRING NOVELTIES.
A. T. STEWART & CO.
ARE OFFERING
100 PIECES BRIGHT GRISAILLE SILKS, in designs not hitherto shown, at $1 per yard.
Also, a fresh importation of the
LEADING NOVELTIES IN FANCY SILKS.
The latest new colorings in DRESS SILKS will be offered, commencing at $2 per yard.
Vigogne Beize and a variety of novel textures in DRESS GOODS, JUST RECEIVED,
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They will make their first display of
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BLACK ALPACAS of unusual good value, in every grade, from 35c. per yard.
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They will offer 100 cartons of elegant and costly, plain, colored, and fancy PARIS QUALITY RIBBONS, at 25c., 30c., 45c. per yard, a large portion of which are cheap at $1.
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RIBBON DEPARTMENT,
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An elegant assortment of Paris and New York made HATS,
BONNETS,
FEATHERS,
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100 DOZEN
TWILL SILK NECK-TIES,
In fresh and new colors, at 45c. each, with a large line of Sash Ribbons, at 75c., value $1 25.
Extraordinary bargains.
BROADWAY, 4th Ave., 9th & 10th Sts.

LADIES' TROUSSEAU "C"
FOR $250.

6 Muslin Chemises	@	$2 25	$13 50
6 Linen "	@	4 75	28 50
1 Bridal Set (3 pieces)			20 00
6 Pairs Muslin Drawers	@	2 25	13 50
6 " Linen "	@	3 50	21 00
3 Plain Cotton Skirts	@	2 25	6 75
3 Tucked " "	@	3 00	9 00
3 " " "	@	3 50	10 50
1 Underskirt			6 50
3 Muslin Night Dresses	@	4 50	13 50
3 Tucked Cambric Night Dresses	@	5 75	17 25
3 Embr'd " " "	@	9 00	27 00
2 Embroidered Flannel Skirts	@	7 00	14 00
3 Corset Covers	@	5 00	15 00
2 Dressing Sacques	@	4 75	9 50
1 " Sacque Embr'd			7 50
1 Robe de Chambre			17 00
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The whole or any single article of the above Outfit may be had upon application, or will be sent by express, C. O. D. Every article is made in the best manner, and from the best materials. Directions for self-measurement, together with list of articles in Trousseau "A," for $150, and "B," for $200, sent by mail if desired.
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BUFFALO

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BLACK ALPACAS,
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ARE HANDSOMER THAN EVER FOR SPRING WEAR.
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MADE IN SUPERIOR STYLE, OF THE BEST STANDARD MUSLINS, TRIMMED WITH FAST-EDGE EMBROIDERY, SEWED ON LOCK-STITCH MACHINES, AT PRICES THAT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

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Corded band, front, and sleeves, at 73c.
Trimmed with ruffle on band, front, and sleeves, at 95c.
Corded band, front, and sleeves, trimmed with ruffle or tape, at $1 05.
Six-row cording on band, front, and sleeves, at $1 25.
Medallion bosom of French tucking, with crochet edge, at $1 45.
Tucked front and back, corded band, front, and sleeves, at $1 50.
Bosom of alternate puffing and embroidery, band, front, and sleeves trimmed with ruffle, at $1 50.
Pointed bosom of bias tucking, needlework front, band and sleeves trimmed with embroidery, at $1 70.
Tucked front and back, band, front, and sleeves trimmed with embroidery, at $1 75.
Bosom of six clusters of narrow tucks, embroidered front, band, and sleeves, at $1 92.
Bosom "en pointe" of alternate bias tucking and embroidery, band, front, and sleeves trimmed with embroidery, at $1 95.
Sacque Chemise, bosom "en pointe" of bias tucking and needlework insertion, band and sleeves trimmed with embroidery, at $2 00.
Bosom in double points of alternate tucking and embroidery, needlework edge on band and sleeves, at $2 45.
Yoke Chemise, bosom "en pointe" of alternate needlework, straight and bias tucking, band, front, and sleeves trimmed with embroidery, at $2 75.
Pointed bosom of alternate lace and cambric puffing, band, front, and sleeves trimmed with Valenciennes, at $3 10.
Linen Chemise, corded band, front, and sleeves, at $1 89.
Linen Chemise, embroidered band, front, and sleeves, at $3 45.
Linen Chemise, pointed bosom, broad band of needlework down the front, embroidered band and sleeves, at $3 85.

☞ Send measure of band and sleeves.

LADIES' DRAWERS.

Six tucks, with tape edging or ruffle, at 60c.
Six tucks, wide hem, needlework edge, at 87c.
Two clusters of five tucks each, broad hem, at 90c.
Eleven fine tucks, with ruffle, at $1 00.
Two clusters of five tucks each, needlework edge, at $1 15.
Two clusters of tucks, needlework insertion and edge, at $1 25.
Two clusters of tucks, wide insertion of bias tucking, needlework edge, at $1 40.
Four fine tucks, a two-inch wide insertion of eight alternate clusters of tucks, needlework edge, at $1 50.
Turkish Drawers, four tucks, needlework insertion, three tucks on the band, needlework edge, at $1 70.
Half-Turkish Drawers, tucking and embroidery inserted in points, corded band, needlework edge, at $1 95.
Three tucks, a 2¼-inch wide insertion of alternate tucks and embroidery, needlework edge, at $2 00.
Linen Drawers, six tucks and hem, at $2 00.
Linen Drawers, six tucks, needlework edge, at $2 65.

☞ Send length and size of band.

LADIES' SKIRTS.

Ten tucks and broad hem, at $1 00.
Ten tucks and broad ruffle, at $1 20.
Two clusters of five tucks each, with ruffle, at $1 25.
Three clusters of four, five, and six tucks each, with hem, at $1 40.
Four tucks, broad six-inch plaiting, at $1 75.
Ten tucks, with cambric flounce seven inches wide, at $1 75.

REAL LACES AND DRESS TRIMMINGS.

FINE MILLINERY GOODS.

Ten tucks, two seven-inch cambric flounces, at $2 25.
Three alternate clusters of four, five, and six tucks each, with alternate cambric ruffles, at $2 50.
Three clusters of three, four, and five tucks each, broad needlework edge, at $3 00.
Two clusters of three tucks each, two rows of embroidery, at $3 90.
Six wide tucks, a four-inch wide insertion of bias tucking, needlework edge, at $4 00.
Richer styles, at $4 25, $5 00, $5 50, $6 00, and $7 00.
Train Skirts at $2 20, $4 00, $7 00, $12 00, and $15 00.
Under-Skirts at 80c., $1 00, $1 25, $1 70, $1 90, $2 00, and $3 25.

☞ Send length and size of band.

LONG NIGHT DRESSES.

Double yoke, front and back, trimmed with lace or ruffles, at $1 25.
Tucked yoke, back and front, at $1 38.
Tucked and ruffled full length, neat collar, at $1 75.
Double yoke, trimmed with ruffle, superior finish, at $1 85.
Tucked yoke, collar and sleeves, needlework front, trimmed with cluny lace, at $2 00.
Heavily tucked yoke and collar, with needlework edge, at $2 85.
Heavily tucked yoke, back and front, broad embroidered band down the front, trimmed with needlework, at $3 50.
Yoke, collar, and sleeves trimmed deep with alternate clusters of tucks, cambric puffing, and needlework, at $4 15.
Yoke of alternate clustered tucks and embroidery, tucked and embroidered collar and sleeves, trimmed with needlework, at $4 25.
Richer styles, at $4 50, $5 00, $5 50, $5 75, and $7 00.
Linen Night-Dress, four clusters of tucks and needlework insertion down the front, embroidered collar and sleeves, at $7 50.

☞ Send measure of neck, shoulders, and bust, and the length.

CORSET COVERS,

At 75c., 85c., $1 25, $1 67, $2 25, and $3 60.

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At $1 00, $1 50, $2 25, $2 40, $2 50, $2 75, $3 25, $4 85, and $5 25.

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Bridal Setts of three, four, and five pieces, at $6 95, $7 65, $9 65, $10 80, $11 50, $12 50, $14 00, $18 00, $28 00, and $40 00.

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Fine Flannel Barrow Coats, well made, at $1 50.

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Of fine Flannel and Merino Shawls, Flannel Skirts, Merino Sacques, Infants' Slips, Robes, Day Dresses, Muslin Skirts, Infants' Waists, Bibs, Lace Caps, Marseilles Cloaks and Dresses, Baby-Baskets, &c.

☞ Minute descriptions of the above articles will be found in our Spring Price-List, which will be sent free on application.

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Grass Linen Suit, trimmed with ruffle and flounce, at $2 50.
Better qualities at $3 50, $4 00, $5 00, $6 25, $7 00, $8 00, $9 00, and upward.
Real Linen Suit, richly trimmed, at $10 00, $12 00, $16 50 $21 00, up to $40 00.
White Lawn and Swiss Suits, trimmed with wide ruffling and flounce, at $2 75, $3 75, $4 75, $5 50, $6 00, $7 50, $8 00 and $10 00.
Black Alpaca Suits, ranging from $5 00 to $50 00.
Children's Suits, neatly trimmed, from 75c. to $3 00.
We have a vast variety of styles in our Suit Department, and will fill all orders with fidelity and dispatch.

☞ Send measure of bust and waist, width of shoulders, length of back, skirt, and sleeves.

LADIES' WRAPPERS.

1. Cut Sacque or "Gabrielle," collar, pockets, and sleeves trimmed with ruffling, at $1 50.
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3. Bias band down front and around skirt, at $1 85.
4. Tight-fitting "Gabrielle," bias band, at $2 25.

These Wrappers are all made of fine Merrimac Shirting, warranted fast colors, and are exceedingly well made.

☞ Send measure of front, back, and sleeves.

FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Ladies' Lawn and Delaine Wrappers, Ladies' Cashmere Cloaks and Sacques, Lace Shawls and Sacques, and Parasols.

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Address JAMES M'CALL & CO.,
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Important to Ladies.—On receipt of 25c. you will receive by return post a copy of the *Bazar Dressmaker*, a book just published, containing over five hundred (500) fashion-plates, representing the leading Paris, Berlin, London, and New York fashions. Each garment is minutely described, with directions for cutting, making, and trimming at the least possible expense. The garments represented are for ladies, misses, boys, and little children. The polonaises and over-skirts for ladies and misses are without exception the most stylish garments that have ever appeared in this country. The *Bazar Dressmaker* is intended as a reference book for dressmakers and others. If a lady is at a loss to know how to cut or make a dress for herself or her children, she is sure to see something in this book to please her. A life-sized paper pattern of any of the 500 garments represented will be sent by post at a mere nominal price. The patterns are graded to fit any size.

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$20 A DAY FOR MEN AND WOMEN who take the money for "THE LADIES' CASKET"—a beautiful Box with gold edges and clasp—4 by 2¾ inches—Book style—contains $1 12 worth of articles of daily use. Is new—sells at sight. One sample for 60 cents, or two styles for $1 00, postpaid, with circulars. Address

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Horace Waters & Son, 481 B'way, N. Y., will dispose of **100** PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS of first-class makers, including Waters's, at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES FOR CASH, during THIS MONTH. New 7-octave PIANOS, modern improvements, for $250 and $275 cash. THE WATERS CONCERTO PARLOR ORGANS are the most beautiful in style and perfect in tone ever made. Prices at bargains for cash. Monthly installments received, running from one to three years. Illustrated Catalogues mailed.

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FACETIÆ.

AN enterprising Scotchman left last week for Egypt, where he hopes to be able to arrange for a five years' lease of the Pyramids, and then to charge for exhibiting them.

We owe this excellent conundrum to a clever contemporary:

Why is the 16th of March an unlucky wedding-day?—Because there is not a single happy marriage in *Middlemarch*.

A chap who in some mysterious manner had received a bid to a large and fashionable party was somewhat disconcerted on finding that he was not acquainted with a single person present—nor a double one either. Finally he perceived an elderly gentleman of disconsolate mien looking over a photographic album. Our hero made for this party of the second part, and said:

"I say, you and I don't seem to know any body here. Let's go home!"

It was the *head of the house!*

A young yachtsman writes to ask what is the proper season for pitching his boat. Take it out the next rough day and manage it yourself; the wind will soon pitch it over for you.

When is a dog like a fixed doctrine?—When it is a dog-ma.

DON'T YOU SEA?—An ingenious youth presented himself at a fancy dress ball in ordinary evening costume, but described himself as impersonating Ocean. On being asked how he represented Ocean, he explained that he had "creeky" boots.

ÆSTHETIC WITH A VENGEANCE.

TOM. "I say, Old Man, now you've got that stunning House of yours, you ought to be looking out for a Wife!"
RODOLPHUS. "Quite so. I was thinking of one of those Misses Gibson, don't you know—"
TOM. "Ah! Let me recommend the *Tall* one, Old Man. She'll make the best Wife in the World!"
RODOLPHUS. "Quite so. But the *Short* one seems to Harmonize better with the kind of *Furniture* I go in for—*Buhl* and *Marqueterie*, don't you know."

"IT'S AN ILL WIND," ETC.

BROWN. "Hullo, Jones! What's the matter?"

JONES (*amateur tenor*). "Oh, dreadful chronic inflammation of the larynx! Lost my voice entirely!"

BROWN. "Dear me! you don't mean that?"

JONES. "Yes—been compelled to give up singing *altogether!*"

BROWN (*with alacrity*). "By George, look here, old fellow! Come and dine with us to-night, and spend the evening."

What shell-bearing creature resembles a circus horse?—The taught-hoss.

The following toast was pronounced at a firemen's dinner, and was received with great applause: "The ladies—their eyes kindle the only flame against which there is no insurance."

Where might you expect to find a cow's pedigree?—In a cattle-log.

Why is the opera *Geneviève de Brabant* like a profitable ship?—Because it has a good run, and is Offenbach (often back).

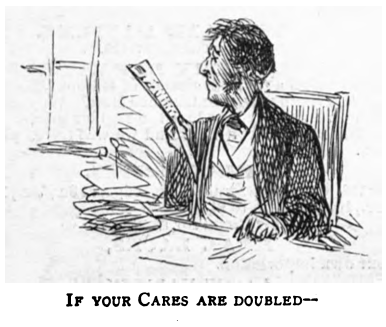
Speculation is unlimited in its scope, as the following bit of recent talk suggests:

"Well, but you're not the boy I left my horse with."

"No, Sir, I just speckilated, and bought 'im off t'other boy for six cents."

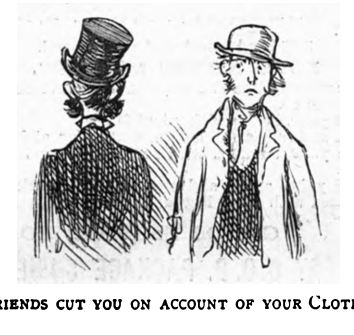
The young one had an older hand at finance to deal with, as he thereupon handed the boy five cents. The youth was equal to the occasion, for he hung on to the horse out of revenge till the proprietor could satisfy him that he was the rightful owner.

COMFORT FOR THE MARRIED MAN.

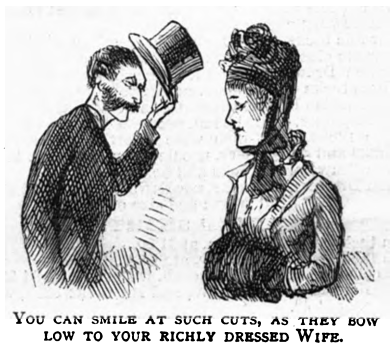


IF YOUR CARES ARE DOUBLED—

SO ARE ALSO YOUR BLESSINGS.



IF FRIENDS CUT YOU ON ACCOUNT OF YOUR CLOTHES—

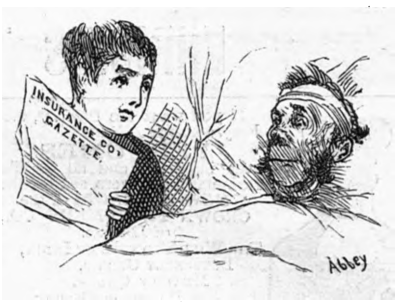


YOU CAN SMILE AT SUCH CUTS, AS THEY BOW LOW TO YOUR RICHLY DRESSED WIFE.

IF YOU CAN'T JOIN THE COMPANY WITH YOUR WIFE—

YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW HAPPY SHE IS.

AND IF YOU ARE SICK, YOU HAVE A HOME, AND A WIFE WHO



SOOTHES YOUR PAIN WITH ENDEARING WORDS ABOUT THE NECESSITY OF GETTING YOUR LIFE INSURED AS SOON AS YOU GET WELL—IF YOU DO.

PRAYING FOR FINE WEATHER.—A worthy and well-known Scotch clergyman took a view of this matter entirely parochial. A deputation of his parishioners having waited on him to ask him to read the prayers for fine weather, he replied that he did not see the need of it, as all of them had got in their wheat with the exception of Mr. ——, and as he had only ten acres to sow, that was of little consequence, and so he would have the extra prayer to read for nothing. A Highland minister having been requested by his flock to pray for better weather, and being at the same time warned to be cautious in presenting his petition, because the last time he prayed for better weather it became worse, thus expressed himself: "An' noo, Lord, I hae a petition to present, but I maun be unco wary o' the wordin' o't. Ye ken, Lord, the kittle state the craps are in. Just send us a soughin', southern, dreein' breeze as 'ill save the strae and winna harm the heed; for if ye send a tearin', reevin' thunderin' storm, as ye did the last time I prayed for gude weather, ye'll play the mischief wi' the aits, and fairly spoil a'."

"Never again with you, *Robin*," as the convicted thief said to his accomplice.

APPLE-LY WORDED.—A well-known pomologist was heard to assert the other day, apropos of our first parents, that they would have been a happy pear if it had not been for the medlar.

"Well, Doctor, how do you like Angelina's Dress?"
"What there is of it is admirable for our business, Ma'am—a splendid Contractor of Coughs and Colds."

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Giving sixpence to an organ-grinder, when you are hard at head-work, in the illusive hope of purchasing his silence, and then finding him repeating his call regularly at precisely the same hour, and playing with marked emphasis close before your door-step.

Running errands for your aunt and petting her asthmatic pug-dog, in the hope that at her death you will be liberally rewarded, and discovering, after all, that she has lived on an annuity, and died very nearly penniless.

Putting off and putting off a call upon your coal merchant in the vain and feeble hope of prices coming down, and finding, in the end, that the greatest rise has happened exactly on the day when you are burning your last scuttleful, and are compelled to give an order.

Hurrying home to dinner with a splendidly fine appetite, which you can not avoid hoping will be worthily appeased, and, alas! discovering that the *pièce de résistance* is cold mutton.

Hailing a passing cab in the hope to catch your train, for which you are already late, and finding that the horse is an incorrigible balker.

What an ass the fellow must have been who made a donkey-engine and expected to get horse-power out of it!

Lame verses should always be bound in limp cloth.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 16.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE PERSONNEL OF POETS.

ANY one who studies the faces of such poets as are to be seen must come to the conclusion that Lavater could not have been altogether wrong in his theories, for there is hardly one among the number about whose countenance some distinguishing trait of his profession is not to be found, whether it is owing to the outflashing of native genius or the habit of expression of that thought which dwells in the ideal.

Tennyson's face is as precisely the face of a poet as if a painter had divined it out of all the logical sequences of the facial lines that should follow the poetic fancies: tall, gaunt, near-sighted, and deep-voiced, yet the blowing hair and the dreamy eye and the smile that is half a frown are as much the transcript of a poem as any other symbolical writing could be. Browning's face, also, is all that a poet's should be painted: brilliant it was in his youth as though it looked out of a star; now the dark hair is heavily tinged with the gray that it acquired under the constant anxiety concerning his wife's health which he suffered in the early part of his married life. It is he whom Charlotte Cushman once described, with an upward rolling of the hands, as being like the perpetual bubble of a tossing fountain.

Longfellow's face, though age has quite silvered the hair and beard, and though it is both weaker and handsomer than those above mentioned, has still the starry and distant gaze that tells his race as much as, according to Borrow, the spark in the gypsy's eye tells the zincali strain. James Russell Lowell's face, some ten years ago, was perhaps the most purely poetical of any then living; the blue eye had some of heaven's fire in it, the yellow hair was parted over a white forehead, and the yellow beard beneath glowed as if every thread of it were alive with vitality. Aldrich's face, on the other hand, is like moonlight to Lowell's sunlight: a fair brow, with the fair curling hair parted over it, large light gray eyes, and delicate features, making a combination of much beauty, and such as one might call up with the thought of poetry.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's face has this same moon-lighted quality, which some one has likened to the light of a lamp within an alabaster vase—a face not altogether attractive in the full view, but as beautiful as sculpture in the profile. Florence Percy also is of the same fair-haired order, with the same poetic spark in the dark and long-lashed eye; and Norah Perry, charming singer of charming songs, has a face, set in its crown of perfectly golden hair, quite as tell-tale in its way. Celia Thaxter's face, quite opposite in lines and tints from these, dark-eyed and clear, has something in its features and expression as harmonious as the sea ripplings that run through her songs like refrains. Alice Cary's, pale, dark-eyed, and dark-haired, was more strikingly illustrative still—a spiritual, saintly face that suffering made fit for an aureole; and Lucy

Fig. 1.—IRISH POPLIN HOUSE DRESS. BACK.—[See Fig. 5.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 27–36.

Fig. 2.—SWISS MUSLIN FIRST COMMUNION DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 4.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 37–41.

Fig. 3.—POULT DE SOIE CONFIRMATION DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—SWISS MUSLIN FIRST COMMUNION DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 37–41.

Fig. 5.—IRISH POPLIN HOUSE DRESS. FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 27–36.

FIGS. 1–5.—CONFIRMATION, FIRST COMMUNION, AND HOUSE DRESSES.

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Larcom's has that same harmonious combination—a handsome face, that lights up in dimples when it smiles, and that seems to display a large and luxuriant nature, with a large and generous heart.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, though usually classed among the philosophers, has much more right among the poets, and could claim his place by reason of his face with any of the rest: a strange, large-boned face it is, that at first glance you would pronounce the very picture of the typical Yankee, but at the second glance you see the Greek grafted on it, and both the head and face become ideal.

Whittier in his youth is said to have had a surprising beauty of face; but now, though the tall form stoops a little and the sparse hair and the beard are iron gray, the eye is left to speak for the poet—an eye that speaks as if the messenger of heaven, instead of touching his lips with the live coal of inspiration, had kindled the great black eyes themselves.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's face, however, though he was not technically a poet, was as expressive of his genius as any face we ever saw; and after his hair became gray those large and deep olive brown eyes looked out on you as if a heaven full of sad autumnal sunshine were glowing behind them. Again, there is Walt Whitman's face, exceedingly characteristic in its own way: the pale blue eye beams over a ruddy freshness of countenance, which is prematurely set in silver, and young as the face is, it overflows with a sort of patriarchal wisdom and a real genius. William Morris is another poet with whom the action of a heated brain has too early sprinkled the hair—immense masses there are of it on an immense head; for the rest, there are fine bold features and an eagle eye: the face of the forger of a ringing metal of music rather than the dreamer of the sweet and sleepy strains of the *Earthly Paradise*.

A face very satisfactory to the theory that the nature betrays itself therethrough is Algernon Swinburne's. The upper part of it is as noble and grand and white as the ideal of a great poet; the lower part small and weak, and perhaps sensual. To see the upper part alone, you would easily recognize in him the author of the magnificent chorus of spring in the *Atalanta;* to see the lower part, you might be sure those lips would sing the song of the leper in *Laus Veneris*.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1873.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be sent out gratuitously a splendid pictorial and literary

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A SOCIAL CUSTOM.

CERTAIN social customs there are existing among us, and among most other of the peoples with whom we walk abreast, that exist, too, not so much from our own preference for them as from the fact that they are customs pre-established and of long vogue, and which, whether we like them or dislike them, probably will continue to exist for ages yet to come.

We do not speak of them to condemn them, but simply to follow the lead of their suggestions, and because we believe in the old apostolic direction to do all things decently and in order. When, then, we find ourselves guests at the full afternoon receptions of women of fashion, what is the feature of these receptions that is forced most strongly on our attention?

In whatever city the receptions are held, we are likely to be in superb rooms, often in historic ones. There are pictures around us on all sides, pictures and bronzes and marbles, into which artists have wrought their lives and their souls, and there are smaller *objets de vertu*, sometimes the very spoil of palaces: but is it concerning them we talk, around them that we linger? No, indeed; we ignore them; they do not exist for us; perhaps insensibly they add to our comfort with the recognition of luxury and ease they bring, but otherwise we do not see them; we talk, instead, a platitude of the weather, we pass a compliment of the season, and we betake ourselves, with all the grace we may, to the dining-room. Mr. TYNDALL may be building up a science among us, Mr. FROUDE may be dazzling the truth out of the eyes of a continent, Mr. PHILLIPS may be excoriating Mr. FROUDE, emperors may be dying, kingdoms falling, and republics rising; but if we made our conversation of such themes we should be stared at with open eyes and answered with silence; and so we say our trivial say and hasten to the dining-room, where we excuse our appetites by reference to the laborious duties of the day, and commence to feast ourselves as if we had had nothing to eat since yesterday, and expected to have nothing more till to-morrow. But the truth is, we breakfasted at ten; we lunched, before we came out, at two; it is now between four and five in the afternoon, and we dine between six and seven; and yet our plates are being rapidly changed for chicken-salad, or for crustless sandwiches cut into fantastic forms of hearts and lyres, for croquettes or crabs, for terrapin or oysters; and we begin with sherry and end with rum punch, and go to the next house and repeat it all or in part. And meanwhile we are rolling under our tongues morsels as much to our taste apparently as any sweetmeat of them all—spicy tidbits of scandal—and are considering ourselves virtuously magnanimous because we praise the Parisian dress across the room which is so much richer than our own.

The great end of a certain sort of fashionable life appears to be what is termed "calling," and the great end of calling appears to be eating. Eating only? Eating and drinking! It is not long since very fashionable ladies in a neighboring city rebelled in a body against the use of chocolate at the afternoon receptions; and the delicious Spanish drink, sweet and spiced and foaming, full of its rich Southern associations, Castile and Mexico and the Havana distilled in every cup of it, had to be banished from the polite reception, or was only countenanced when seen in company with wines and liqueurs. More lately a highly seasoned tea of beef stock has been introduced from European society, and has found so much favor as to be able to establish itself and maintain its ground, being both strengthening and stimulating, and, while it is a novelty and is fresh from the sanction of real courts, being allowed companionship with the aristocratic draughts whose vinous parentage dates back a couple of thousand years.

Elderly ladies, who might reasonably refresh themselves with the punches, often enough are contented with this pleasant bouillon; and it is the younger ladies, who have danced all the night before, who now fly for comfort to these sweet and fiery concoctions that their elders pass by; and nothing can surpass the loud contemptuousness with which these young ladies will speak of what they classify as a lemonade-party. If it were a poison-party they could give it no severer notice: in fact, they prefer a poison-party. They have been fed on strong meats till they despise the simple claret punch as they do lemonade, and they demand something that shall send a bubble through their veins. It can not be absinthe yet, because they are too near their childhood to have lost a relish for the sweet, or to have acquired one for the bitter: and so into the bowl where lemon and strawberries and pine-apple are floating in a mixture of Verzenay or Rœderer and Hyson tea, the whole well saturated with sugar and old French brandy, or where Jamaica and Otard and Bourbon have mingled their fires—into such a mixture these little creatures, who last year just began to see the world, dip their ladles and come again.

They have just begun to see the world; and under these circumstances they must see it and get through with it pretty quickly. When a young lady has called at half a dozen of such receptions, and at every one has tasted and tasted again some delicious sort of indigestion served on majolica ware, too tired with dancing and excitement to have relish for any less attractive food, and has spurred her stomach to the task at each of the half dozen houses by a glass of these potent cordials; has dined, perhaps with wines too—in what condition is she for the night's German; how likely to hold herself with the proper restraint and decorum; how likely to dance like a Mænad; how well able to maintain modesty and maidenliness, and the charm of her freshness and sweetness!

And after a season of such eating and drinking, to what a state must we fancy our young lady's nervous system reduced! The dancing may have been out of the way only so far as it was in excess; the late hours, balanced by the morning's beauty-sleep, may have been only relatively injurious; but the nerves, fagged out in a perpetual strain, like tired nags on an endless ascent, aggravated, furthermore, by the cruel indigestion of the majolica wares, and then stimulated to desperation by delicious poison, these airy and invisible wretches—the best friends of all the world so long as you treat them well, but the worst tyrants when your own folly obliges them in self-defense to take things into their own hands—have gotten her by the head, have thrown her prostrate in slow fevers and shrieking hysterics, till haggard and livid and trembling, no longer with any inviting bloom of the peach on her fruity flesh, no longer with any sparkle in her eyes, but a prey to a thousand petty torments, a burden to her own soul, and ready for apoplexy or paralysis, or for a worse fate than either of the two. For it requires no violent stretch of the fancy to see what winter after winter of this may bring about—to see the desperate stimulant become an hourly need—to see the career that began so brightly, with the flutter of gauze and of hearts, the dazzle of jewels and of eyes, with music and dancing and blushes and bloom, end in delirium and the grave!

HOW TO UTILIZE BROKEN VICTUALS.

BY PIERRE BLOT.

THE best piece of beef to boil is from the round; it is more economical than either the chuck, neck, or flank pieces.

Warm water is turned over the meat, so as to wash it well; then it is tightly tied with twine (skewers do not answer the purpose) and put in the soup-kettle, with salt, at the first boiling of the water. A little over a quart of water is allowed for a pound of meat. It is then boiled gently for five hours. Some time after the meat is in, the scum that gathers on the surface is carefully skimmed off, and the liquid is seasoned the same as broth, of which we have spoken in a preceding number. When done, the meat is placed on a dish, and the twine removed. The meat is served surrounded with a purée of vegetables—any kind to suit the taste.

It may also be served with fried potatoes, or with a piquante or tomato sauce.

A round piece or rib piece is cooked in the same manner. The larger the piece the better for boiling as well as roasting. If the piece be small, all the juice and part of the flavor escapes.

The liquid in which the meat has been boiled is an excellent broth for soup, sauce, or gravy. If it should not be found rich enough, it may be used the next day instead of water to make broth, as explained in a preceding number.

In order to enable small families to buy large pieces without wasting any, or without being obliged to make several meals off the same piece, we will explain how to prepare cold beef—we mean what is left from the dinner—from a roasted as well as a boiled piece, and for either breakfast, lunch, or dinner.

In Salad.—After trimming the fat and removing the bones, the cold meat is cut in square slices of about two inches in size and one-sixth of an inch thick. It should be cut as much as possible across the grain of the meat. The slices are arranged on the dish in the following or any other way, according to taste or fancy: a slice is placed in the middle of the dish, then other slices are placed around it, forming either a round or an oval figure, according to the shape of the dish, one overlapping another, and so on until the dish is entirely covered. The meat is then covered with parsley chopped fine, the following sauce is spread over the whole, and an excellent dish is ready to serve.

Sauce.—Beat well together in a bowl two or three table-spoonfuls (more or less, according to the quantity of meat) of oil, about half as much of vinegar, salt, pepper, and mustard to suit the taste, and use.

Stewed.—The bottom of an earthen dish that stands fire is buttered inside, a layer of the slices of cold beef is placed in it; then parsley and pickled cucumbers are chopped together, and some of them are spread over the slices, with salt and pepper. The process is repeated two, three, or four times, according to the quantity of beef. A little broth and butter are added, the dish is set on a rather slow fire for about half an hour, and it is ready to be served. It may also be dusted with bread-crumbs, and put in the oven for ten minutes when ready as above, adding a little more broth in case it gets dry.

Hash.—Instead of slicing the meat, chop it, and knead it with baked potatoes, raw eggs, chopped parsley, salt and pepper. A pinch of grated nutmeg may be added, if liked. Work it then into small balls about an inch in diameter, roll these in bread-crumbs, fry them slightly with a little butter, and serve with piquante sauce. If liked, raw onions may be chopped very fine and mixed with the rest.

With Onions.—The slices of cold beef are put in an earthen dish. Sliced onions are fried with butter until of a golden color; then they are dusted with flour, and stirred for a minute or two in the frying-pan; enough water is added to a little more than cover the bottom of the pan; it is simmered until the onions are thoroughly cooked, when they are mashed through a colander, spread over the slices of beef, with salt, pepper, vinegar, and mustard mixed together, put in the oven to warm thoroughly, and served.

With Potatoes, etc.—Proportions: to a pound of beef add two ounces of salt pork, cut in dice; four middling-sized potatoes, each cut in four pieces; salt and pepper; also the following seasonings, tied in a linen rag: a bay leaf, two cloves, three sprigs of parsley, and one of thyme. Place the whole in a saucepan, with cold water enough to half cover it, set it on the fire, and let it simmer gently until the potatoes are cooked. Then add the beef, sliced or cut in dice, give one boil, take off the rag of seasonings, and it is ready.

Broiled.—When the meat is trimmed as above, cut it in slices about half an inch thick, rub both sides slightly with butter, salt and pepper both sides also, and broil. It is done in less than a minute's time, the meat being already cooked. Place it on a warm dish, spread butter, chopped parsley, and a few drops of vinegar all over it, and serve quickly. When broiled as above the slices of meat may be served on a purée of pease, beans, Limas, lentils, or potatoes.

Piquante Sauce.—When the flour is cooked as explained in a preceding number, add about a pint of water or broth, a table-spoonful of chopped onions or shallots, half a gill of vinegar, three stalks of parsley chopped, salt, pepper, a tea-spoonful of chopped pickled cucumber, and the following, tied in a linen rag—a bay leaf, a clove, and a stalk of thyme. Boil gently until the whole is well cooked. If this reduces it too much, add a little warm water or broth. Mustard may also be added, if liked, but only when off the fire. Slices of cold beef may merely be warmed in piquante sauce, and served. The pungency of the onion or shallot, as well as that of garlics, evaporates in cooking. Many deprive themselves of a most excellent and healthful condiment through mere prejudice. If a sauce tastes of onion it is because the onions have not been cooked enough. Such a sauce as the above is very inferior without onions or shallots, as are many others of which we shall speak in future. The pungent taste of the above spices can not be retained in cooking them, even if it were attempted; it is volatile, and the more or longer it is heated, the more it evaporates.

What is left of *stewed beef* is merely warmed over. If found rather dry, a little broth or piquante sauce, or both, may be added, according to taste.

Fat.—Many buy inferior meat on account of the waste of the fat that is always found in good meat. When the fat is wasted it is the fault of the cook, who does not know how to use it. Some cooks know how to use it, but will not take the trouble to melt it when the mistress allows as much lard and butter as is asked for. The fat skimmed off the broth or boiled meat, and that coming from the trimming of raw or cold beef, is much superior to lard to fry with. Lard flies all over; beef fat never does when properly melted. To melt beef fat or suet, cut it in small pieces, and set on a rather slow fire, in an iron pan. As soon as it begins to melt, skim the melted part off with a ladle, and turn it into a stone jar, which you cover when cold. Put it away in a cool, dry, and dark place. We contend that a careful cook never needs lard for frying purposes, but always has more fat than is necessary out of boiling or roasting pieces.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING BONNETS.

THE Rabagas, with rim turned up all around in sailor fashion, will be the popular bonnet of the season. At exclusive milliners' something newer is offered in the Hortense bonnets and Spanish gypsies, with coronet rims turned up high in front and receding narrower on the sides. Illustrations of these were given in last week's *Bazar*. These shapely bonnets fit comfortably over the high coiffure, and are worn half-way back on the head, but should not be tilted high enough to give that peaked, perched-up appearance which spoils so many of the new bonnets. The choice for dressy bonnets lies between sewed chip and straws, or else black net bonnets. The trimmings for chip and straw are folds of turquoise silk around the crown, with soft loops on the left side, from which spring ostrich tips and a cluster (not a spray) of flowers. Two long ends of ribbon without loops hang low behind, and the strings to be tied under the chin are of ribbon. The coronet is smoothly covered with silk, or perhaps velvet piped with silk, and has a soft puff or roll of silk, just above the forehead, prettily draped with black lace. Most bonnets have more than one color in the trimming. The new *limon*, brighter buff than écru, is associated with olive, réséda, sky blue, leaf brown, cerise, and maroon-red with very pretty effect. A bonnet in perfect taste is a chip Hortense, the brim faced with leaf brown velvet, a puff beneath, and a cord of pale *limon* silk above; brown turquoise folds cross the crown, a cluster of *limon* dahlias with velvety brown centres is on the side, pale *limon* ostrich tips and an aigrette of dark cock's

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plumes are on the back. Two long straight streamers of ribbon are pendent behind, and similar streamers form strings. A similar bonnet has red-maroon turquoise, and *limon* dahlias with maroon centres. Around the crown is simply a scarf of silk laid in four folds, with short slanting ends edged with black lace. Price $40. For a rosy young face is a chip bonnet with black silk-faced brim, with a pink rose-bud cluster; around the crown are folds of pale blue turquoise, some blue ostrich tips, and a bunch of variegated roses. No strings. Another is a chip Rabagas with upturned brim covered smoothly with velvet; olive brown ribbon is passed around the crown, tea-rose buds and grapes with embrowned leaves are on the sides, lace streamers and two ribbon ends more than a yard long are behind. Price $40.

The black net bonnets are of plain Brussels net, dotted net, or else seeded with jet, as fancy dictates. The net is laid smoothly on the frame, the brim is covered with turquoise silk, or else velvet, and the trimmings are laid on precisely as on straw bonnets, though more border lace is used for edging tulle or net streamers than appears on straw. The jet ornaments are almost as light and fine as lace, and the flowers are Boston bouquets, long-stemmed pink roses with heliotropes, or tea-roses with violets, that look as if freshly cut and loosely tied together. Some stately Spanish gypsies show only black in front, pretty mixtures of jet and net, while low down behind is a variegated cluster of roses, crimson, pink, and yellow. A Hortense from Virot's, showing another favorite fancy of black with a color, has a black net crown as smooth and plain as if made of straw, while the brim is covered with pale blue turquoise, and has a thick roll of the silk on the forehead; black turquoise, showing a blue lining, is folded around the crown, and has upturned loops on the left side, from which spring two blue ostrich tips. Two streamers of net, edged with fine thread lace, are arranged in Spanish fashion behind. No strings. Price $60.

VEILS.

New veils are of thread net, with thick dots wrought at intervals. The shape is scarf-like, smooth over the face, pointed far below the chin, and with very long tabs that form drapery behind. In real net, with appliqué Chantilly borders, they cost $18. Spanish blonde is so cheaply imitated that it is losing favor. Square handkerchief veils are objected to by leading milliners because they crush fine feathers and flowers. They are still worn, however, in polka-dotted net with Spanish lace border, are fastened very low behind with a jet or silver pin, and do good service in the way of covering bonnets that have lost their freshness.

MOURNING BONNETS.

Mourning bonnets are of the shapes just described, covered with folds of English crape and dull lustreless turquoise silk. There is a fancy just now for wearing tulle veils over the face, while the long crape veil is gathered into a small space directly behind, and hangs pendent like an immense streamer. When crape veils are worn over the face one end is gathered around the bonnet, and the sides are caught together behind by a jet pin, making the veil hang smooth and close to the sides and face.

CARRIAGE COSTUMES.

A perfectly appointed *salon* filled with French dresses is the last noteworthy display. The dresses are carriage costumes of faille in two extreme shades of one color, or else in combinations and contrasting hues that are now admired, but would have seemed audacious once. As a rule, the lower part of these costumes is the lightest shade. The skirts train slightly, and are oftenest trimmed with the new "train flounce" that deepens as it curves backward on the train. The over-skirts are partly deep aprons and partly sashes; sometimes they are merely a voluminous sash made of a width of silk draped halfway down the skirt, the edges finished with elaborate fringe tied in the silk. The bodices are exquisite basques of very simple shape, finished with fringe in front and plain behind, showing facings and sash ends of another shade. The close coat sleeves have plain revers cuffs, with a pleating falling over the hand.

To particularize: Take a dress of Nile and myrtle green faille. Around the foot of the light Nile skirt is a deep circular "train flounce," headed by a puff its own width and a myrtle ruffle; this wide ruffle and puff are repeated above on the back breadths, trimming them almost to the waist. In front is a long apron of myrtle, richly fringed, curving short up the sides, and behind is a carelessly disposed scarf-sash, made of a width of the silk, held by dead-gold buckles. Dark green basque with light revers, fringe in front, light facings behind, and light sleeves. This suit is tastefully copied in black silk. A second dress of Napoleon blue and pale-sky color had diagonal stripes forming the front of the lower skirt, train of light blue, dark blue fringed apron, and a dark sash tied low on the train. The basque had a vest of diagonal stripes. Price $400. A dress in contrasts is of mordoré (golden brown), without upper skirt, but draped far below the hips by a sash of pale rose silk—the whole width of the silk laid in easy folds, knotted low on the left, with a gilt buckle in the strap. A costume in quiet taste is a skirt of pale creamy Ophelia silk, with an olive scarf draped to show a light lining. A black silk costume has revers of moiré on the side, and insertions of yak lace in the over-skirt and basque. A very showy suit had Worth's fancy for combining pale blue with olive and the yellow-green serpent-color.

WHITE DRESSES.

Furnishing houses are making up white organdies and Swiss muslins for confirmation dresses, and whole sets in uniform for graduating classes. As these are for young girls, something of simplicity is attempted. The lower skirt is "demi"—a dress-maker's technicality for just touching the ground—and is finished by a deep hem headed by a wide puff and standing Valenciennes lace; the simple round upper skirt is similarly bordered with hem, puff, and lace, and is draped by a side sash of white watered ribbon; the French waist has a puff on the front and neck, with lace frill standing very high; close coat sleeves with two puffs and lace at the wrists. In the Episcopalian service a veil is not used; for the first communion in Catholic churches the veil is of tulle or organdy, caught above the forehead by a wreath or ribbon loops, and falling close on the sides and back. Swiss muslin dresses, with tucked bands and ruffles without lace, cost from $25 to $35. For "sweet girl graduates" are pretty dresses of fine French organdy, with the waist and coat sleeves entirely formed of lengthwise puffs and Valenciennes insertion; the short apron is altogether puffs, and the lower skirt has flounces with puffed heading. These cost from $40 to $125. A less expensive graduating dress is of embroidered muslin (machine-work), skirt with a kilted flounce, and an over-skirt and French waist of puffs separated by Hamburg insertion: price $33. White cambric morning suits, with a polonaise and skirt trimmed with a Hamburg flounce, are $35. Watteau wrappers of fine cross-barred muslin, with deep Spanish flounce finished by three ruffles, are $18 50.

BATISTES AND PERCALES.

Camel's-hair batiste is a novelty, showing the transparent écru surface inwoven with camel's-hair stripes and raised wool figures, palm leaves, bull's-eyes, and bars, in brown or black, like tufted needle-work; this promises to be accepted as polonaises over plain batistes or else silk skirts: prices range from $1 25 to $1 75 a yard. Another stylish caprice is stripes like white Turkish toweling or dark batiste: price $2. All-white rough Turkish batiste is a Parisian fabric difficult to find here. Lace-striped batistes, to be worn over a plain skirt with striped flounces, cost from 50 cents to $1. Plain batistes come in suit patterns of twenty yards, put up in a box, at $1 25 a yard; flimsy imitation batistes are 25 cents a yard. Real batistes are seven-eighths of a yard wide. Imported ready-made polonaises of batiste, trimmed with machine embroidery and fringe, are sold for $23.

The novelties in percales are morning and breakfast sailor suits of deep solid blue with white border. These have a box-pleated blouse, with the white border down on each pleat and around the sailor collar; lengthwise white stripes on the apron over-skirt, and two kilted flounces on the lower skirt bordered with white. Price $20. Pleated blouse-waists to wear with black silk or alpaca skirts are made of dark blue percale with white polka dots. The designs are precisely like the waists worn last year, with shirt sleeves, and standing English collar turned over in front. Price $2 75. Percales and cambrics in striped chintz patterns are made up in breakfast dresses with pleated blouse, round over-skirt, and demi-skirt with a flounce and two bias bands, and sold for $15. Plain cambric wrappers, white with bold stripe of color, or else blue, gray, or mottled grounds with white stripe, are $5; calico wrappers of the same pattern are $3 50.

FOULARD SUITS.

Foulard suits of the stylish deep blue and olive grounds with white spots are exhibited at the furnishing houses. Made with a jockey basque, ruffled skirt, and over-skirt, they are $85; with polonaise and single skirt, $75. A suit of olive brown had plain brown silk kilting covering the front breadth, and polka-dotted foulard flounces behind, a foulard apron, and a basque of foulard with vest and cuffs of plain olive silk: price $125.

FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

The prettiest dresses for little girls are sailor suits of white repped piqué with blue Chambéry sailor collar, cuffs, pockets, and bias bands around the skirt. The cut paper pattern for these dresses is given with the Girl's Wardrobe, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. VI. The new Normandy caps, so simple that any mother can make them, are worn by girls from two to eight years old. They have a plain high-pointed crown of Swiss muslin over blue or pink silk, a lace ruffle around the face, and a band of ribbon around the crown, tied in front in a jaunty bow with ends turned upward. The short hair falls in a Shetland pony fringe on the forehead. Little Gabrielle slips of buff linen, trimmed with rows of white piqué braid, are sold at the furnishing houses for $1 each. They are for children one, two, or three years old, either boys or girls, and will answer for dresses or aprons. Newer Gabrielles have a basque set on the side and back, leaving the front piece plain.

VARIETIES.

New sashes and neck-ties to match are made of square-meshed thin armure silk, with an embossed figure in the pointed ends, and a most elaborate tassel fringe below. For other sashes there are watered ribbons of solid color, seven inches wide, in black and all the new shades; also white watered stripes with a color on each side. There are new combinations of Roman colors that form beautiful stripes. Bayadere stripes and the Marseillaise with a single color and white are in horizontal bars.

For information received thanks are due Miss PAGE; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and EHRICH.

PERSONAL.

GISÈLE, the daughter of the Emperor of Austria, soon to be married to Prince LEOPOLD of Bavaria, is seventeen, tall, slight, and has the haughty expression of her mother. The prince is ten years older. She has fine musical talent and a good voice. He is a superior fiddler. From her mother, the beautiful but capricious Empress ELIZABETH, she has inherited a taste for horsemanship, in which accomplishment she is said to be second to no one in the empire or out of it.

—A remarkable woman has recently died in Damascus—the wife of the camel-driver Sheik ABDUL. He was her ninth husband. Thirty odd years ago she was known throughout Europe as the wife of Lord ELLENBOROUGH, from whom she eloped with Prince SCHWARZENBERG, and went to Italy, where, in the course of time, she was married six times in succession. During a journey from Beyrout to Damascus she got pleased with the camel-driver Sheik ABDUL, and selected him for her ninth husband. She was married to him after the Arab fashion, and accompanied him for a whole year on his journeys between Beyrout and Babylon, faithfully fulfilling her duties. She even milked the camels. When she had grown tired of the nomad life she built for herself a charming palace at Damascus, where her latest husband, whenever he came to Damascus, found hospitality for some days. In 1855 or 1856 she won the lawsuit against her first husband, and with it a colossal fortune in England, which now goes to her relatives, as she had no children.

—Among the titled tax-payers of Baltimore are the Marchioness of Wellesley, the Duchess of Leeds, Lady STAFFORD, Lady EMILY M'TAVISH, and Madame BONAPARTE PATTERSON.

—An English journal says: "Those who were at Chiselhurst on the occasion of the lying in state of the Emperor NAPOLEON must have noticed a very tall, broad-shouldered man, who, in evening dress, with a fur cape over his shoulders, was unceasingly smoking cigarettes. This was M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC, the celebrated fighting editor of the *Pays*, who has slain eighteen men by his small-sword practice in duels, and who was one of the most vigorous supporters, by pen and sword, of the BONAPARTE *régime*. He is now suffering slightly from rheumatism, but when his fit is over he has to undergo a duel with M. MANC, the fighting editor of the *Gaulois*, also an expert swordsman and duelist."

—The late ex-Emperor of France bequeathed all his property to his wife. His will has just been proved, and the estate valued at $600,000.

—A "field-night" in the House of Commons brings to the Chamber the notable men of the time. On a recent occasion, drawn thither by the magic of Mr. GLADSTONE'S eloquence, were: Earl GRANVILLE, always a delightful listener; he is so polite a man that his very attitude pays you a compliment; he has a way of throwing his arms over the front rail, and resting his chin upon the top, which is really a flattering sight to the gentleman who is speaking. Bishop WILBERFORCE—the "saponaceous" prelate so known to fame—sits between the earl and the Duke of Argyll; the bishop has lost some of that smoothness of face which we associate with him; either age or care has given him a sterner look. The Duke of Argyll, with his bright red hair carefully brushed from his forehead, is still the "intellectual" young man of the Mechanics' Institute; he is in evening dress, and wears a huge white neck-tie—so large a one that it catches your attention. Prince CHRISTIAN, who is on the duke's right hand, is a nonentity in English affairs; he married one of the Queen's daughters, and lives in England, but he rarely quits the family circle. Behind the gallery in which these distinguished visitors are sitting are long rows of strangers, of Milesian origin—the Irish bishop and priest being conspicuous among them. The side galleries are occupied by members, and no bench below is unfilled.

—And now Mr. TOM HOOD thinks of coming to the U. S. to lecture, his editorial duties on *Fun* being undertaken by Mr. ROSS, editor of *Judy*. The latter gentleman is one of the rising comic writers of London, the author of several plays, and one or two good novels, illustrated by himself.

—VICTOR EMANUEL keeps up the old family traditions and frugal habits of his ancestors in eating, drinking, and sleeping. Every Sunday morning he attends an early mass at the Villa Ludovici Chapel. At four o'clock in summer and five o'clock in winter the king rises. A visit to the royal stables is one of his earliest and favorite occupations. If disposed for a day's shooting he is out by daybreak; but if business requires his presence at home he breakfasts at seven, and is ready for his ministers by eight, so as to finish councils and audiences by noon, when his Majesty dines, allowing himself an hour's repose after the mid-day meal. A drive in the afternoon and an occasional visit to the opera or Cinisella's Circus conclude the day.

—A historical person has just deceased at Glasgow, Miss ANN WALLACE, at the age of one hundred and three. She was a lineal descendant of that W. W. with whom so many Scotchmen "bled." Her brother, Sir J. MAXWELL WALLACE, was chosen to lay the foundation-stone of the Wallace Monument in the Abbey Craig, Stirling. He died at eighty-four.

—What a "personal" of MILTON is given by TAINE: "MILTON lived in a small house in London, or in the country, in Buckinghamshire. Of all consolations work is the most fortifying and the most healthy, because it solaces a man, not by bringing him ease, but by requiring efforts. Every morning he had a chapter in the Bible read to him in Hebrew, and remained for some time in silence, grave, in order to meditate on what he had heard. He never went to a place of worship. Independent in religion as in all else, he was sufficient to himself. He studied till mid-day; then, after an hour's exercise, he played the organ or bass-violin. Then he resumed his studies till six, and in the evening enjoyed the society of his friends. When any one came to visit him he was usually found in a room hung with old green hangings, seated in an arm-chair, and dressed quietly in black. He had been very beautiful in his youth, and his English cheeks, once delicate as a young girl's, retained their color almost to the end. Few men have done such honor to their kind. Amidst so many trials [a scrivener caused him to lose $10,000; at the Restoration he was refused payment of $10,000 due from the Excise Office; his house was burned in the great fire; when he died he only left $7500, including the produce of his library], a pure and lofty joy, altogether worthy of him, had been granted to him: the poet, buried under the Puritan, had reappeared, more sublime than ever, to give to Christianity its second HOMER."

—ESSED PASHA, the new Grand Vizier of Turkey, is one of the youngest men who has ever filled that office, being only thirty-four. He was born at Scio, and came very young to Constantinople. For some months he was director of the Ottoman School of Paris; then he was sent on a military commission to Vienna; and after the war of 1870 was charged by the Sultan to go and congratulate the Emperor WILLIAM. On his return he was made Minister of War. He is a man of ability and distinction, and a prime favorite of the Sultan. The other ministers are understood to be his docile instruments.

—Miss SNEAD, whose clever "Miss Grundy" letters from Washington are read by all intelligent people, was approached a few days ago by a Senator, who desired to present to her a stranger. "Permit me," said he, "to introduce you to the authoress of the world." "I beg your pardon," replied the bright little lady; "I do not care to have myself designated as the wife of ADAM."

—When Miss NELLIE GRANT was in London Mr. DISRAELI was asked whether he thought our American princess was pretty. "I can't say," replied the author of *Lothair*, "for I have only seen her once; she was then sitting between General SCHENCK'S two daughters, and I thought she had some 'indirect claims' to good looks."

—Since the marriage of Prince CZARTORYSKI with the Princess MARGUERITE D'ORLEANS the celebrated Hôtel Lambert in Paris has again become one of the most brilliant centres of the French aristocracy. At a musical party there recently Queen ISABELLA of Spain, Madame THIERS, and the Comtesse de Paris were present, and some one said, on seeing them side by side, "Voilà le passé, le présent, et l'avenir."

—The King of Saxony has given the fund of 43,000 thalers, presented to him and the Queen last December at their golden wedding, as an offering of the country to a "Golden Stipend Fund" attached to the University of Leipsic, for which scholarships are to be granted to deserving destitute students.

—The late JAMES SAVAGE, of Boston, out of his large estate made a few liberal bequests of a benevolent character—$40,000 to Harvard College, $5000 to the Massachusetts Historical Society, together with his fine collection of coins and medals, and $10,000 to the Institute of Technology, of which Mr. SAVAGE'S son-in-law was president.

—Of people in high life in England it may be mentioned that the Duchess of Inverness has been very ill, and is still not out of danger. The duchess is the eldest surviving member of the last generation of the royal family, though she has never been formally recognized as of the blood. She is a daughter of one of the Earls of Arran, was first married to Sir GEORGE BUGGIN, Knight, and afterward, in 1830, to the Duke of Sussex, one of the Queen's uncles. The marriage was not sanctioned by the sovereign, and therefore the duchess could not take her rank as the duke's wife. In 1840, however, she was made Duchess of Inverness in her own right, and has always been rather a favorite with the Queen and her family. The German embassador, Count BERNSTORFF, has just died. He succeeded Baron BUNSEN, and has always been very popular here. His relations with the royal family have, on account of their connection with the reigning family of Prussia, been particularly intimate and confidential. Lord OSSINGTON, late Speaker of the House of Commons, has just died, and so has Mr. CORRY, a former First Lord of the Admiralty, who first rose to political distinction as a maker of impromptu drawing-room verses—an odd transition. As *Figaro* says, a ready reckoner was wanted, and a dancer got the place. Mr. CORRY'S son is Mr. DISRAELI'S private secretary, and will now probably go into Parliament. Mr. DISRAELI has gone to live, not at the house he formerly shared with his wife, but at a hotel, and all sorts of wild stories have been started about a blunder in his wife's will, by which he has been dispossessed.

—Whether for long or for the summer has not yet been ferreted out, but the fact exists that Madame LUCCA has hired a fashionable hut at Newport, and proposes there to dwell. They say she is more than half inclined to retire from the old country altogether, and live among a people that are free.

—We have finally, in a Western paper, something "personal" that is both fresh, authentic, and satisfactory. A lady writes to the able editor asking the origin of the phrase, "The army swore terribly at Flanders," and what occasioned the profanity. Answer: Mr. Flanders was a sutler, and his prices and general disregard for all the rules of trade so incensed the army that it cursed him with all its strength.

—Sir CHARLES DILKE, who owns the London *Athenæum*, an eminent literary authority among Englishmen, though noted for his radicalism in and out of Parliament, is only thirty years of age, and is famous for giving the best of dinners to the clever of both sexes.

—Some idea of BRIGHAM YOUNG'S wealth may be inferred from the returns he has been compelled to make to the Internal Revenue Department. His income from his theatre, mills, farms, rents, bonds, etc., etc., as appears from the records at Washington, is as follows: For 1867, $18,400; for 1868, $20,005; for 1869, $28,584; for 1870, $25,500; for 1871, $111,680; for 1872, $39,592. It may appear superfluous to add that the general notion at Salt Lake, as elsewhere, is that B. YOUNG is not in the habit of overstating his wealth.

—The marriage ceremonial was recently performed in Virginia between THOMAS LOW and HANNAH SHORT, to which the able editor of the village alluded by saying, "No cards, no whisky"—the intent obviously being that nobody should get high on that occasion.

—Dr. PETERMANN, the distinguished German geographer, thinks that the diamond district of Southeastern Africa is the identical Ophir from which King SOLOMON got his gold and gems. He says that Zimbabye is the exact spot, and that the soil thereabout is rich with "alluvial gold, precious stones, and diamonds," and that there are extensive ruins near the place of great antiquity.

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Stand with Portfolio for Letters, Notes, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS stand and portfolio are of bronzed wood. The portfolio consists of three circular pieces, cut in points on the edge and joined at the bottom; the largest of these is twelve inches and seven-eighths in diameter, and the smallest six inches and a half in diameter. The latter piece is covered on the outside with light gray silk; the silk is cut out in a circle in the middle, and is underlaid with white silk ornamented with a painted picture. The rest of the gray silk is ornamented with gray silk gimp cord, and in point Russe with gray saddler's silk in several shades

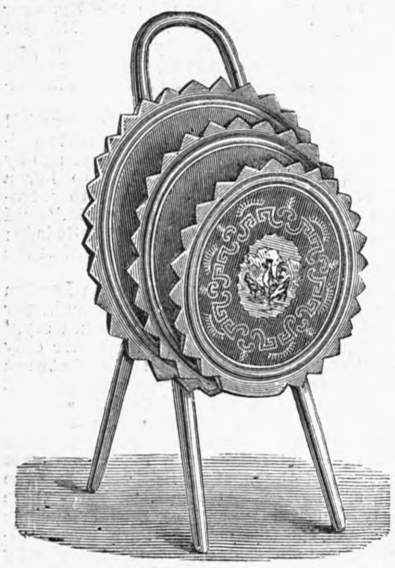


Fig. 1.—STAND WITH PORTFOLIO FOR LETTERS, NOTES, ETC.—[See Fig. 2.]

and gold thread, as shown by Fig. 2, which gives a full-sized section of the embroidery. When used for portfolios the foundation for the embroidery should, of course, be circular on the outer edge; if intended for other purposes, as, for instance, baskets, toilette cushions, etc., the foundation may be cut diagonal, as shown by Fig. 2.

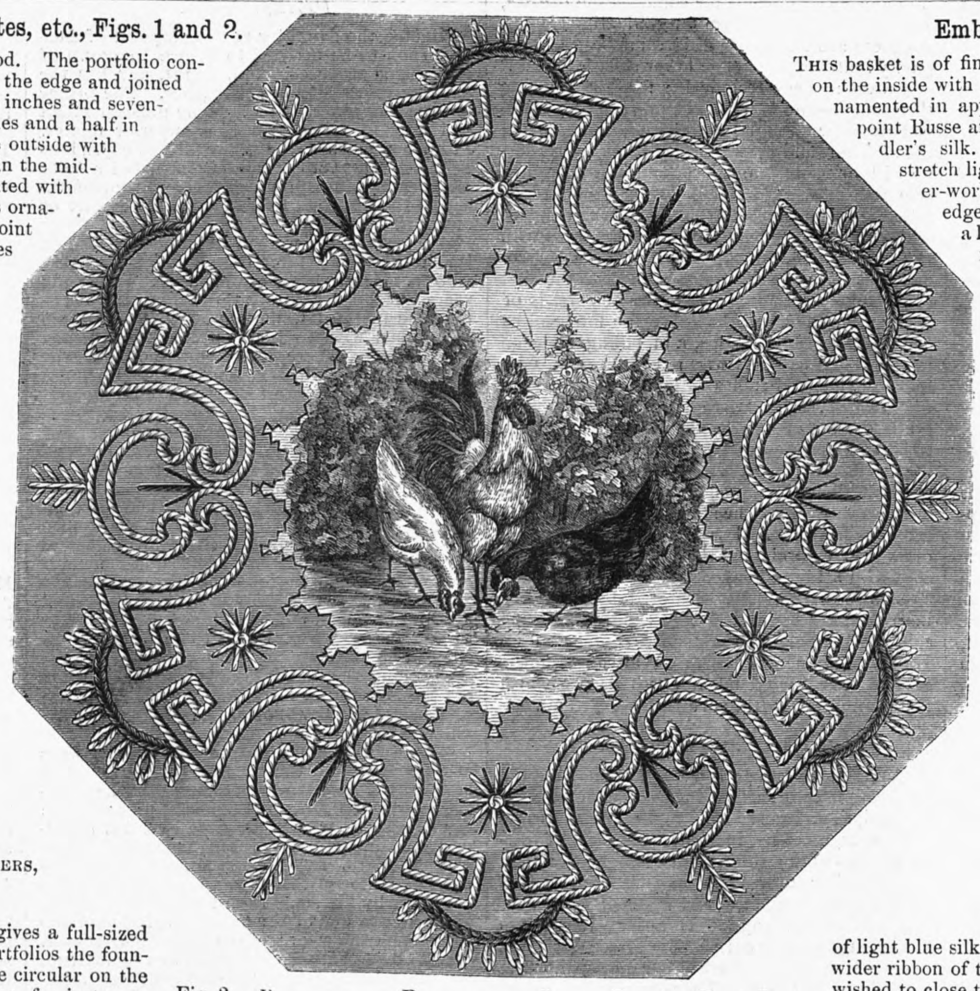
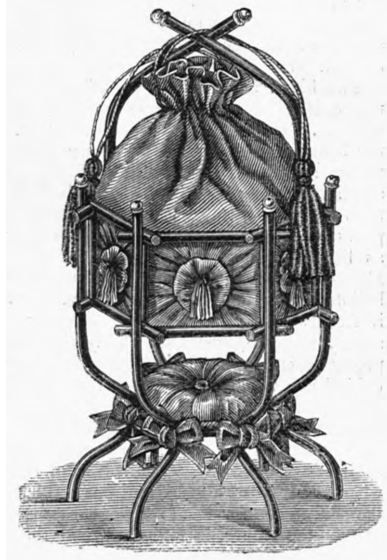


Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED PATTERN FOR STAND, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

Embroidered Work-Basket.

THIS basket is of fine white wicker-work. The bottom is covered on the inside with a circular piece of light blue silk, which is ornamented in application embroidery with black velvet, and in point Russe and half-polka stitches with blue and white saddler's silk. In connection with the embroidered part stretch light blue silk cord between the ribs of the wicker-work, as shown by the illustration. The upper edge of the basket is trimmed on the outside with a lambrequin knotted of the same cord, and ornamented with small and large black beads, and on the inside with a rose box-pleated ruche



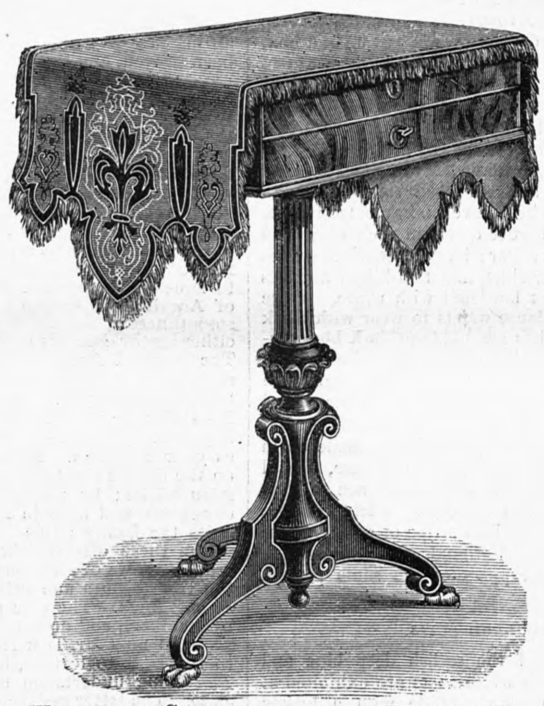
STAND WITH PINCUSHION AND BAG FOR FANCY-WORK, ETC.

of light blue silk ribbon an inch and a quarter wide. Bows of wider ribbon of the same color complete the trimming. If it is wished to close the basket, a bag of blue silk may be set on the upper edge instead of the ruche.

Stand with Pincushion and Bag for Fancy-Work, etc.

THE frame of this stand is of black polished cane, and is eight inches high without the handle. The circumference is twenty inches. The middle part of the frame, which forms six squares, is furnished with a card-board case covered with green silk; the rim of this case is trimmed on the outside, inside of each square, with a puff of green silk arranged as shown by the illustration, in the middle of which is set a flat tassel of silk of the same color. This case is completed by a bag of green silk set on the upper edge, which is closed with green silk cord trimmed with tassels. The foot of the frame is furnished with a pincushion covered with silk, and drawn together in the middle by a button; the seam made by setting on the cushion is covered by green silk cord. Underneath the cushion, each bar is trimmed with a bow of green silk ribbon.

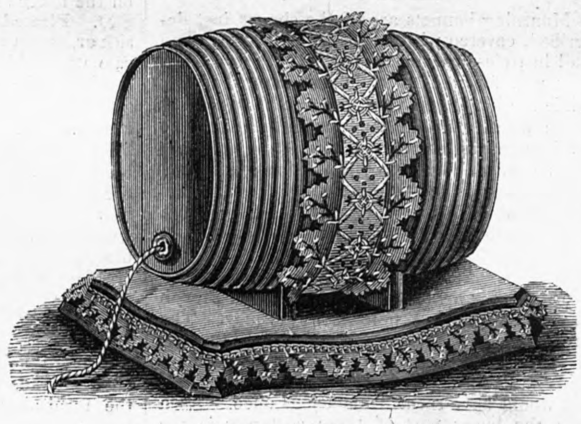
EMBROIDERED WORK-BASKET.



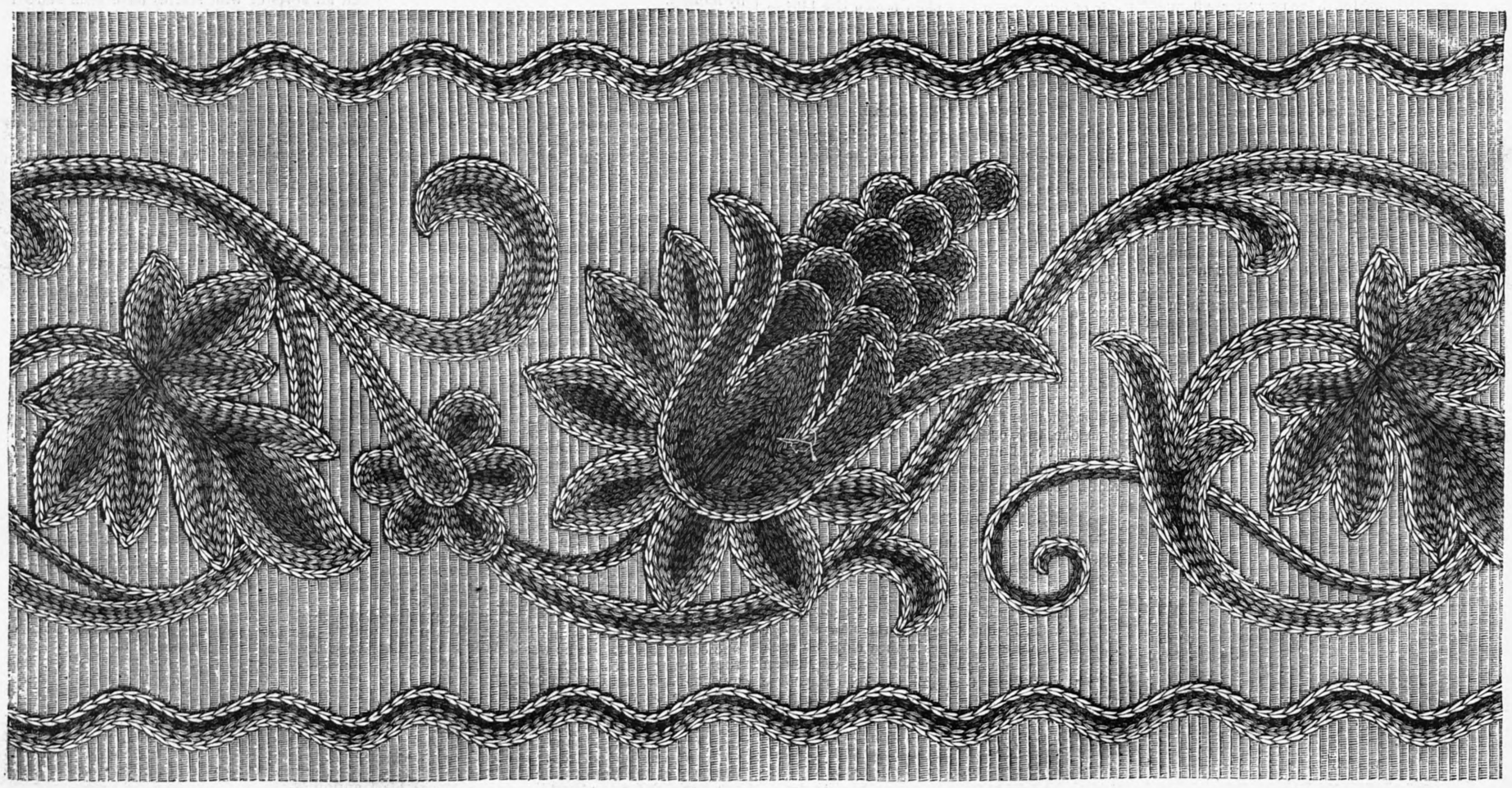
WORK-TABLE COVER.—APPLICATION EMBROIDERY.
For design see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 59.

Work-table Cover.—Application Embroidery.

THIS cover is of fawn-colored cloth, ornamented elaborately on the ends in application embroidery. The design figures which look dark in the illustration are applied in brown cloth; on the middle of each leaf of the large middle application figure apply a piece of dark brown velvet. Edge all the applied figures with fawn-colored soutache, and ornament the pieces of velvet besides in point Russe embroidery with fawn-colored saddler's silk. For the lines of the design sew on brown soutache in two shades. Fig. 59, Supplement, gives the design of one-half of one end of the cover. The cover is bordered with light brown open silk fringe an inch and a quarter wide. Brown percale lining.



CASE FOR TWINE.



BORDER FOR FURNITURE, PORTIÈRES, ETC.—CHAIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

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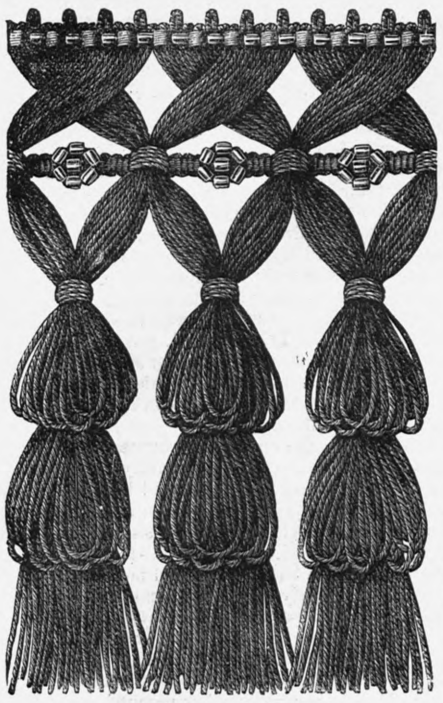

Fig. 1.—SILK AND BEAD TASSEL FRINGE.

Fig. 5.—OXIDIZED METAL BUTTON.

Fig. 3.—OXIDIZED STEEL BUTTON.

Fig. 4.—BRONZED METAL BUTTON.

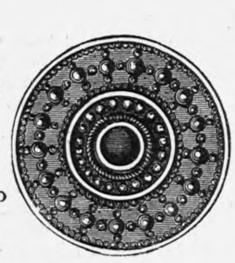

Fig. 6.—OXIDIZED METAL BUTTON.

Fig. 9.—AGRAFE WITH TASSELS.

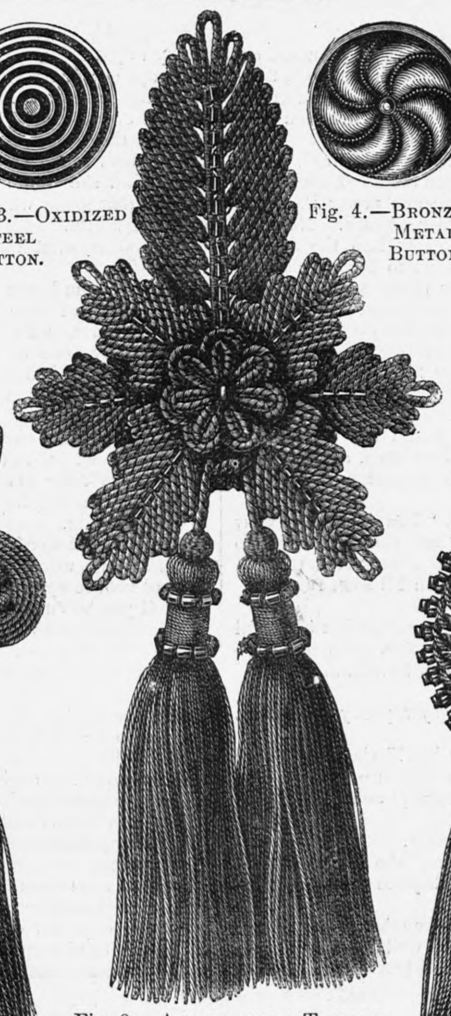

Fig. 8.—AGRAFE WITH TASSELS.

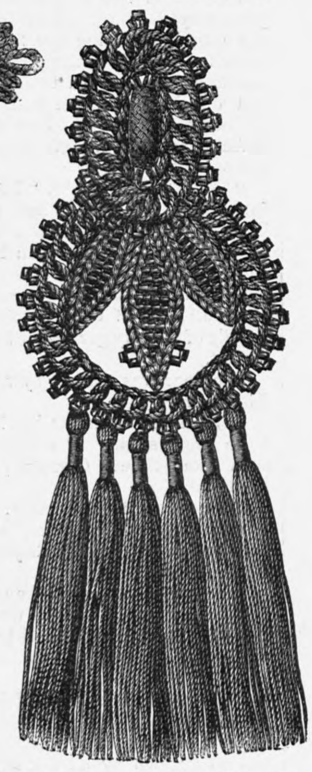

Fig. 10.—AGRAFE WITH TASSELS.

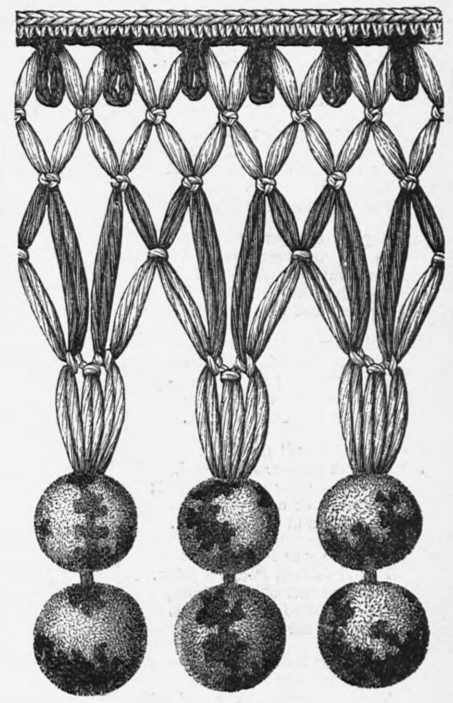

Fig. 2.—WORSTED FRINGE WITH BALLS.

Fringe, Buttons, and Passementerie Trimmings for Dresses, Wrappings, etc., Figs. 1–12.

Figs. 1–12 show a variety of fringe, buttons, and passementerie trimmings for polonaises, paletots, mantelets, Dolmans, etc.

Fig. 1.—SILK AND BEAD TASSEL FRINGE. This fringe of coarse black saddler's silk is arranged in tassels as shown by the illustration. The upper edge is trimmed with narrow silk gimp on which are sewed black cut beads.

Fig. 2.—WORSTED FRINGE WITH BALLS. This fringe is made of gray and black zephyr worsted. The upper edge is worked in netting and crochet-work, and counts four rounds. First net with gray worsted two rounds on a mesh three-quarters of an inch in circumference, and then with black worsted one round of always alternately one stitch on the mesh three-quarters of an inch in circumference and one stitch on a mesh an inch and a quarter in circumference. For the 4th round work with gray worsted on the thin mesh always alternately one knot on the next stitch, three knots on the following stitch. Every three stitches of this round are then caught together as shown by the illustration, fastening on two balls of gray and black worsted strung on double thread. The balls are made, in the usual manner, of a gray worsted strand forty threads thick, which is surrounded evenly all around with black worsted threads. Edge the netted border on the upper edge with two crochet rounds. For the first round work with black worsted always alternately two single crochet separated by a picot turned downward, three chain stitches; for the picot crochet six chain stitches, drop the last stitch from the needle, and draw it through the first single crochet. The second round is worked with gray worsted all in single crochet.

The buttons, Figs. 3–6, are partly of chased oxidized steel and partly of bronzed metal in embossed and raised work; the button Fig. 7 is of passementerie ornamented with beads.

Figs. 8–10.—AGRAFES WITH TASSELS. These agrafes are made of fine round cord, braid, and silk gimp cord, and are ornamented with covered grelot balls, black cut beads, and small covered coat buttons. The tassels are of saddler's silk.

The borders, Figs. 11 and 12, are made partly of fine round cord, partly of braid and silk gimp cord, and are ornamented with cut beads.

Fig. 7.—PASSEMENTERIE AND BEAD BUTTON.

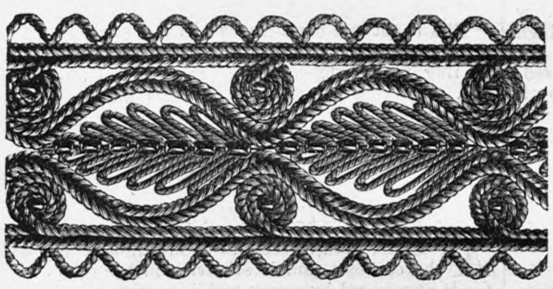

Fig. 11.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER.

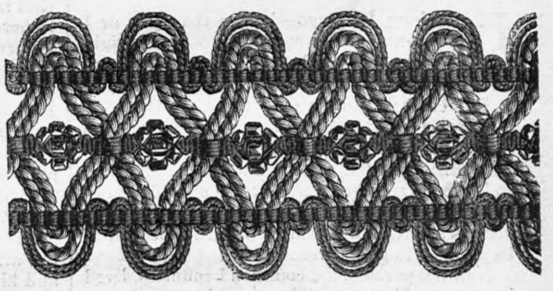

Fig. 12.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER.

Case for Twine.

See illustration on page 244.

THIS case is of turned polished black wood, four inches high, and ornamented with embroidered borders. The foundation for the latter is of gray leather pinked in scallops on the sides. Along the middle of the wide border which trims the upper part of the case apply a strip of gray faille five-eighths of an inch wide, which is ornamented with embroidery in point Russe and knotted stitch with white and pink silk. At both sides of this strip work small sprays with black and pink silk in herring-bone stitch.

Cloth may be used instead of leather for the foundation of the border.

BARATHEA MANTELET.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1 and 2.

Border for Furniture, Portières, etc. Chain Stitch Embroidery.

See illustration on page 244.

THIS border is suitable for trimming chairs, sofas, portières, curtains, etc. It may be worked on a foundation of woolen reps or cashmere with saddler's silk or split zephyr worsted in the Turkish style, with various bright colors, or in four shades of one color, or else in the pale colors so fashionable at present. Work the border either with the tambour needle or else by hand in chain stitch. This design would also be suitable for application embroidery and braiding.

Fig. 1.—CASHMERE DOLMAN.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 4–6.

Fig. 2.—CASHMERE DOLMAN.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 4–6.

Fig. 1.—CASHMERE MANTELET.—FRONT. Fig. 2.—CASHMERE MANTELET.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Fig. 3.

ODORLESS TRACING-PAPER.

ACCORDING to Puscher, of Nuremberg, odorless tracing-paper can be prepared, ready for immediate use, by brushing over paper with a mixture of one part of castor-oil, and one, two, or three parts of absolute alcohol, according to the thickness of the paper employed.

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"BRING ME WORD HOW TALL SHE IS."

Jaques. What stature is she of?
Orlando. Just as high as my heart.
—*As You Like it.*

WITHIN a garden shade,
A garden sweet and dim,
Two happy children played
Together; he was made
For God, and she for him.

Beyond the garden's shade,
In deserts drear and dim,
Two outcast children strayed
Together, he betrayed
By her, and she by him.

Together, girl and boy,
They wandered, ne'er apart;
Each wrought to each annoy,
Yet each knew never joy
Save in the other's heart.

By her so oft deceived,
By him so sore oppressed,
They each the other grieved;
Yet each of each was best
Beloved, and still caressed.

And she was in his sight
Found fairest, still his prize,
His constant chief delight;
She raised to him her eyes
That led her not aright,

And ever by his side
A patient huntress ran
Through forests dark and wide,
And still the woman's pride
And glory was the Man.

When her he would despise,
She kept him captive bound;
Forbidding her to rise,
By many cords and ties
She held him to the ground.

At length, in stature grown,
He stands erect and free;
Yet stands he not alone,
For his beloved would be
Like him she loveth wise, like him she loveth free.

So wins she her desire,
Yet stand they not apart;
For as *she* doth aspire
He grows, nor stands she higher
Than her Beloved's heart.

HOW THE SPELL WAS BROKEN.

IT was long, long ago—longer than you or I can remember. Sweet spring, with its bright sunshine, its young tender green, had come again. Little Elsie had watched the transformation, as it had crept gradually over the land, from the window of her turret chamber, in which she had been a prisoner nearly all the winter. For poor little Elsie was not strong, and her parents had to be very careful of her, lest she should be exposed to cold winds and draughts. But to-day all was so bright and warm that Elsie begged to be allowed to go out into the air.

Now her parents, the count and countess, lived in a large old castle. The grounds around were full of trees, shrubs, and sweet-scented flowers. A paved path led from the porch to the white gate at the end, and here it adjoined a wood, part of which belonged to the count; but another and larger part to a baron in the same country. Elsie was sometimes allowed to go with her nurse into the beginning of the wood, but never farther; for it was very dense beyond, and considered dangerous.

On this particular day Elsie's nurse was busy in the spinning-room, and could not go out with her. So the child was told she might play about by herself for a little while, but she must be careful and not get into mischief; nor must she go into the wood farther than where she could always see the white gate.

Elsie promised to comply, and set off gleefully. How gloriously the sun shone! How sweet and fragrant the air smelled! How fresh every thing looked! Elsie's heart bounded with pleasure: it seemed to her she had never enjoyed the open air so much as now after her long confinement. How changed every thing was, too, from the time when she had first to keep her room! Then all looked dead or dying, and the leaves were dropping from the trees. Now they were covered with tender foliage. Purple violets peeped from among their sheltering leaves, ferns were beginning to uncoil from out their shaggy brown scales, hyacinths scented the air, and tulips raised their showy heads. The cherry, plum, apple, and pear trees were covered with snowy-white blossoms, an earnest of the fruit to come.

The little girl skipped about, admiring and enjoying all these beauties, standing still a while to listen to the songs of the birds. At last, when she had surveyed all the newly awakened glories of the garden, she neared the white gate and peeped over. If the garden looked beautiful in its spring dress, how much more so the wood! It seemed to be carpeted with flowers that grew among the bright grasses; and over the whole the sunlight glittered, dappling the ground with light.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Elsie. "I *must* go in and pick some of those pretty flowers for mamma."

No sooner said than done, and Elsie had passed the gate, and stood upon the confines of the wood. White and purple violets, wild blue harebells, snowy wood-anemones, pale golden primroses, and modest daisies pied the ground. She walked on and on, thinking of nothing but these sweet blossoms, and gathering them as she went, till her little apron was full. At one spot the violets peeped thickest, in another grew the finest clumps of primroses, and here, a little farther on, was a mass of the elegant wood-sorrel, with its pretty thin leaves and delicate white bells.

Elsie plucked them eagerly, and still the thought of returning never occurred to her. For the farther she went on, the more beautiful the wood seemed to become, and all the trees, flowers, and birds appeared to lure her on, and to say, "Come, Elsie, come. You have not seen half our loveliness yet."

And whenever Elsie felt a little tired, or the idea of turning back crossed her mind, she always saw some bright flower, some pretty insect, in the distance to attract her onward. Now she had penetrated unconsciously into the domain of a wicked fairy, who tried to attract children into the wood that they might serve her; for she liked to be waited upon by pretty little boys and girls, and had long looked on Elsie with a jealous eye. But never till to-day had she seen any chance of luring her hither, for Elsie had never before been in the wood alone. The child wandered on and on, forgetting fatigue, duty, and obedience, till she found the paths grow indistinct and mazed. Just then, as she began to feel tired and a little frightened, a white house came in sight.

"Come," she thought, "I can't be so very far from home, after all, for here is a house. I'll go in and ask them to give me a drink of water, and let me rest a little, and then I'll soon run hom with my pretty flowers."

So she rang the bell. It was such a beautiful place, all built of white marble, situated in t middle of a lovely garden. She admired it as s waited.

The door was opened by a pretty girl, about Elsie's age.

"Oh, here you are at last!" she said, before Elsie could speak. "We have waited for you such a long time! Come in;" and she held out her hand.

Elsie stared in amazement.

"You must be mistaken," she answered. "I have gone a little too far beyond the edge of the wood, and am tired."

"No, no," interrupted the other, "there is no mistake. I know you very well; you are called Elsie. My companions and I have been waiting for you a very long time, and wishing you would come."

As she spoke she drew Elsie into the hall—a beautiful place, full of marble statues that seemed to grow out of beds of flowers and ferns. Elsie was so dazzled by all the loveliness she could not speak, and let the other child lead her on.

They entered a large room, where sat a beautiful lady. Her long golden hair rippled in waves to her knees; she was dressed in a white robe; on her arms and neck shone crystal jewels; and her face wore a fascinating smile. She sat on a raised throne of ivory. The whole room was inlaid with gold, silver, and mother-of-pearl, and on the floor lay wrought stuffs of Indian design.

When the beautiful lady saw Elsie she rose, and smiling still more sweetly, held out her arms toward her.

"Welcome, dear child."

Elsie hardly knew what was happening to her; but after the beautiful lady had embraced her, and kissed her on brow and eyes, she seemed to have forgotten every thing about her lost way and her home.

"You must call me Winnabelle," said the lady; "all your little companions call me so. But I forget; you have not seen them yet."

She clapped her hands three times, and one of the ivory doors opened, admitting a whole troop of boys and girls. The girls were all dressed in white, with blue sashes and crystal beads; the boys in blue velvet, with white leathern bands and boots. Elsie glanced first at them, then at her own plain gray frock and dirty shoes.

"It does not matter," said Winnabelle, divining her thoughts; "you shall have just the same."

She had hardly said so than Elsie's clothes had disappeared, and she was dressed just like the others.

The children all crowded round to welcome her. Elsie thought they did not look quite happy; still that might be fancy: only they always looked so anxiously at Winnabelle after they had said any thing, as though they feared her disapproval.

"Show your new friend her room, girls," said Winnabelle at last.

What a beautiful room it was! all ivory and light blue velvet. Each child slept in an ivory bed with light blue hangings, and had an ivory dressing-table with silver ornaments. Then the little girls instructed Elsie in her duties, and told her that she would have to wait upon their fairy mistress, but that was easy work; and the rest of the day they might play about and do what they liked.

"You must lead a happy life," said Elsie, who had forgotten every thing in the dazzling excitement.

A cloud fell over the girls' faces, but they did not answer, and looked nervous when Elsie repeated the remark.

"Hush!" they said, "or she will be angry. She will punish us if we tell."

"Tell what?" asked Elsie. "You puzzle me."

At that moment Winnabelle entered, frowning.

"You must not ask questions, Elsie," she said; "little girls who ask questions or rebel are made miserable here. And you would not like to be made miserable in this lovely house, would you?" she asked, once more smiling her old sweet smile.

"Oh no," said Elsie; "it is too beautiful here for that."

She had forgotten all her misgivings at the sight of that wonderful smile.

So the days went on, Elsie did not know how: she had lost all count of them, but she was by no means happy. The fairy was not so kind as she appeared to be; the services she demanded were exacting; she was often hard to satisfy, and, worse than all, if displeased she would punish the children by showing them their distant homes, making all appear so real that they strove vainly to get there. Many a one had attempted to escape out of the fairy's grounds, but though they might run on a long while, their homes remained ever distant. When at last, utterly exhausted, they sank in despair upon the ground, they always found themselves at Winnabelle's porch, and she would stand on the door-step, smiling that smile which made them forget every thing again.

Meanwhile, what had Elsie's parents been doing?

When the sun began to lower in the west, and the child did not come home, they grew uneasy; and when it set, and still Elsie had not returned, their anxiety knew no bounds. They searched the garden and hamlet, they scoured the wood. In vain: no Elsie was there, no voice answered their calls. They had to abandon the search in despair when night closed in. The next day had hardly dawned before the count set out into the wood to look for his missing child. He ran hither and thither, he explored every path and by-path, in vain.

Now you will wonder how it came about that, searching the wood in this manner, the count did not chance upon Winnabelle's kingdom. I can tell you how that was.

Winnabelle was very clever, and always knew who was in the wood. When it was a child she wished to entice, she made every thing look beautiful, let the birds sing more sweetly, the flowers look gayer, the nearer they came to her abode, as she had done with Elsie. But when any one entered who wished to rescue a child from her, or to discover her habitation, she made the forest that surrounded it so dense, dark, and impenetrable that no one dreamed of entering there. And if any person, more courageous or desperate than the rest, attempted this, she caused noxious animals to meet them, and the ground to become marshy, and sink beneath their feet.

Several days the count sought his little girl, till he had to give up in despair. Long and bitterly the parents mourned her, and gave her up as lost.

"If we only knew how it all happened!" wailed the countess; "if she had even died in my arms it would have been better. Now how do I know but she may be living in misery, ill treated by cruel people?"

She wept as she spoke. Her husband had no comfort to offer her, and they both sat silently staring into the fire, by the side of which they were sitting. A beautiful fire it was, piled high with logs and coals to the top of the grate; and it sparkled and crackled, danced and flickered, quite regardless of the two sad mortals who sat gazing into its depths. As the flames leaped in playful fury they split a large mass of coal which had hitherto escaped their devouring tongues. Opening thus in half, it revealed a tiny gray speck, which vaulted briskly out of the black clump on to the fender. The count stooped down to examine it, and found, to his intense astonishment, that it was a little being who was complaining sorely of the enforced imprisonment he had sustained in the coal. The countess lifted him gently in her hand, and asked what ailed him.

"My name is Fye," he said. "I am a gnome, and my home is under-ground, very near to where the coals are found. We had been playing hide-and-seek one day, I and my brothers, and I hid in this piece of coal, which had a large crack. I had hardly hidden there when I heard a great hammering. Before I could recover my courage, or find out what was happening, the block that inclosed me was loosened from its parent coal. We were carried up to earth. I lost all consciousness after that, and only just now the great heat restored me. Oh, if you would aid me in returning to my home, I should be so grateful!" The little mite looked up to the countess with a pleading face.

"If we can, most certainly," she answered. "Ah! would that any one could restore to us our child!"

"Why do you sigh so?" asked the gnome.

The countess related her trouble. The tiny gray figure sprang upon her shoulder the better to hear what she was saying. When she had ceased he was silent some time.

"Your child," he said at length, "has got into the power of a wicked fairy called Winnabelle. She lives in the wood. You can not penetrate there, for by her enchantment she makes it impassable. Restore me to my home, and in return I will teach you to break the spell that parts you from your Elsie."

The unhappy parents consented most gladly.

Next morning the count started upon his journey, the little man safely ensconced in his hat. They had not far to go, for the count's castle lay on the confines of the mine down which the gnome, whom he frequently consulted as to the route, said he must descend. When they had been lowered the count asked if this were the spot.

"It is indeed," cried the little being, gleefully. "Now wait for me while I go for the promised charm."

The count leaned against a wall of coal. It was all so black and dismal, so strangely warm and close down there, he could not tell how the time went on, but it seemed as if Fye had been absent long. He almost began to fear lest he was about to play him false, and at last his fear was beginning to gain the mastery. Just then he heard the gnome panting toward him.

"I'm coming," he said. "Sorry—to have kept—you so—long; but—it's a great—load for—me, and I had—some little trouble—to find one. They're rather rare stones—and in great request. Lift me up; I can't jump with it in my hands."

"See here," he went on, when his request had been complied with, and he had regained breath; "here is a precious stone, called a sapphire. It has been wrought with great exertion and care by our slaves. This stone frees from all enchantment. Used with singleness of heart and faith, you can not fail to succeed in your quest. Adieu. The gnome Fye's good wishes and gratitude follow you."

The count returned home, holding his treasure—the precious blue stone—carefully in his hand. Accompanied by his wife, he set out at once into the wood, their hearts beating high with expectation. The sapphire guided them in the right way, showing the direction they should take by flashes of increased light. When they neared the dense forest, usually so impenetrable, it all changed into fair woodland paths at sight of the stone, and the anxious parents passed in safety to the marble house. They entered, turning neither to right nor left. They did not stay to admire its beauties, but walked straight to the throne-room, where Winnabelle sat in state, surrounded by the children.

When she saw the count and countess come in she stared in amazed anger. Hardly had the count opened his hand and revealed his lovely gem than her face became first of an ashy hue, then ugly and shriveled; then she shrunk and shrunk, trembling violently, and at last vanished in smoke, leaving a bad odor behind her.

Instantly the lovely house, the beautiful gardens, disappeared also, and all the boys and girls were standing round the count and countess on a piece of greensward under the shade of the forest trees.

Elsie gleefully sprang into her parents' arms. The other children wept—no parents had come to claim them. The count at once promised that they should all be taken safely to their homes, and that till he could send them they must stay with Elsie. When they heard this they were glad too; and for the first time their tongues were loosened about the cruelties of the wicked fairy. How much they had to tell! how much to hear!

They all wanted to see the kind sapphire that had freed them from the enchantment, and could not cease praising its beauty, and wishing they could thank the gnome for his kindness.

"Although," said Elsie, sententiously, "if papa had not been kind to Fye, Fye would not have been kind to papa."

"Still *we* had not done any thing for Fye," added the others. "Long live Fye, and every good gnome; and may all naughty fairies dissolve in smoke!"

The count and countess caused the sapphire that had wrought all this joy to be set in a golden ring, that glistened ever after on Elsie's finger, preserving her from all dangers and enchantments, and reminding her of the great adventure of her youth.

EASTER-EGGS.

AT Easter nature seems to be in league with the children, and is so lavish in her gifts (as is announced by merry cacklings from innumerable farm-yards) that hard must be the heart and close the fist of that housewife who will not lend both of her time and eggs to promote the gayety of the cunning little rogues, backed by so powerful an abettor. At this season our readers may be glad of some directions how to decorate these dainty farm-yard trophies in such a manner as to make them doubly the delight of the child-world as when they come from the nest, spotless and white or of a rich russet brown.

If mottoes are to be inscribed upon our Easter-eggs—and of that I am sure we all approve—let us provide ourselves with the sharpened end of a white wax or adamantine candle. Having first submerged the eggs in hot water, write on them with the candle-end such words or draw such figures as you fancy. The wax or oil will serve the same purpose as what is termed a resist in the process of printing calicoes, and prevent the dye from adhering.

Now we shall like our eggs of various colors—red, to begin with. For this purpose Brazil-wood and also cochineal are used, either dye to be set with a little alum. Boil by preference in a tin vessel. Have your dye-stuffs well dissolved and strained from impurities before immersing the eggs, and then if you keep them stirring all the while they will be painted over evenly. If you want speckled eggs, dot about with white wax or oil, as you did for your mottoes, and the desired effect will be produced. A neater way, though, of engraving eggs is to dye them first whatever color you wish, and then with a penknife scrape upon them any device that occurs to you, leaving thus a tracery of white upon a colored ground. Logwood chips will produce a dark purple dye, to be set with a small bit of copperas. A good yellow may be gotten by boiling in onion skins steeped in hot water, or by taking two parts of black-oak bark and one part of hickory, and boiling in water, with a lump of alum for the mordant. Or, if you wish some eggs yellow and some green, first dye your eggs in a pan of hot water colored with turmeric tied up in a little muslin bag, and when you have dyed as many in that way as you wish, stir into it enough of druggist's blue-indigo composition to produce the desired shade of green. Some boys are satisfied with simply boiling their eggs with grass to color them green, and Scotch broom blossoms to dye them yellow, not, however, to the universal admiration of their friends.

Modern science, though, must be allowed to have her voice in this matter, and the most accomplished chemist we know tells us that the new aniline dyes are to be undoubtedly preferred for this purpose, yielding the finest results with the least possible labor. So subtle are these coloring matters that some of them do not even require to be heated, but are soluble either in water or alcohol, and impart their brilliant hues when applied cold. A few cents' worth of al-

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most any color you name would be sufficient for the purpose, and may be obtained from all city druggists.

In France kind mammas have been known to make Easter-Monday the occasion of charming rural fêtes, at which these fancifully colored eggs, gilded and adorned with appropriate mottoes, figured as not the least delightful part of the entertainment. The children were invited into the garden, and there, hid among the grass and shrubbery, each little guest was surprised to find a nest full of many-colored eggs, one at least marked with his or her own name—filling each little heart with delight we may well imagine. Why may we not imitate so pretty a practice? for in family ethics is there any thing that contributes so much to the general welfare as providing for youth recreations that are at once enjoyable and innocent?

Poult de Soie Cravat Bow with Mother-of-pearl Slide.

See illustration on page 253.

THIS bow consists of leaf-shaped pieces and loops and ends of purple poult de soie. A mother-of-pearl slide is slipped on the knot of the bow. For each leaf cut a three-cornered piece, which is five inches and three-quarters long on the straight sides. Bind each piece on the straight sides a quarter of an inch wide with a bias strip of poult de soie, pleat the upper (bias) edge closely, and fasten it on a stiff lace foundation. Set on the loops and ends as shown by the illustration.

Embroidered Towel-Rack.

See illustration on page 253.

THIS towel-rack is of carved wood partly stained brown and partly polished black, and is ten inches and a half high and twelve inches wide. The middle part is ornamented with a medallion of black velvet, which is embroidered in the design given by Fig. 60, Supplement, in satin and half-polka stitch. The corn flowers are worked with blue, the ears with maize, and the leaves and stems with brown and green saddler's silk in several shades.

IN THE BOWER.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

THE gusty and passionate March hath died;
And now in the golden April-tide
There sits in the shade of her jasmine bower
A maid more fair than an April flower.

The delicate curve of her perfect mouth,
Whose tints grow warm in the fervid South,
She stoops to press, as she murmurs low,
On a note upraised in her hand of snow.

What words are writ on the tiny scroll?
What thoughts lie deep in the maiden's soul?
Oh, is it with bliss of her love she sighs?
And is love's the light in those shy brown eyes?

So thinks the mock-bird trilling his lay
On the tremulous top of the lilac spray;
He eyes the maid, on his perch apart,
And his song is meant for her secret heart!

So thinks the breeze, for its frolic free
With the rose's stem and the wing o' the bee
It leaves, to sigh in the maiden's ear,
"He is coming, sweet! he is almost here!"

So thinks the sun, for his ardent beams,
Grown mellow and soft as a virgin's dreams,
Through the vine-leaf shadows steal coyly down,
And she wears his light like a bridal crown.

Let the mock-bird sing and the breezes sigh,
And the sun weave crowns of his light i' th' sky;
She heeds them not, for a step is heard,
And her heart leaps up like a startled bird—

Her heart leaps up, but it is not fear:
He is coming, sweet! he is here! is here!
And she flies to his bosom, as bird to nest,
And is folded home on her lover's breast!

GEORGE ELIOT'S SAYINGS.

SELECTED FROM "ADAM BEDE."

IF a woman's young and pretty, I think you can see her good looks all the better for her being plain dressed.....It seems to me as a woman's face doesna want flowers; it's almost like a flower itself:.....It's like when a man's singing a good tune, you don't want t' hear bells tinkling and interfering wi' the sound.

You can so seldom get hold of a man as can turn his brains to more nor one thing; it's just as if they wore blinkers like t' horses, and could see nothing o' one side of 'em.

The best fire doesna flare up the soonest.

I know forgiveness is a man's duty, but, to my thinking, that can only mean as you're to give up all thoughts o' taking revenge: it can never mean as you're t' have your old feelings back again, for that's not possible.

There's no rule so wise but what it's a pity for somebody or other.

It's poor foolishness to run down your enemies.

When people's feelings have got a deadly wound, they can't be cured with favors.

It's them as take advantage that get advantage i' this world, *I* think: folks have to wait long enough afore it's brought to 'em.

I might mention all the divine charms of a bright spring day, but if you had never in your life utterly forgotten yourself in straining your eyes after the mounting lark, or in wandering through the still lanes when the fresh-opened blossoms fill them with a sacred silent beauty like that of fretted aisles, where would be the use of my descriptive catalogue? I could never make you know what I meant by a bright spring day.

It seems to me it's the same with love and happiness as with sorrow—the more we know of it the better we can feel what other people's lives are or might be, and so we shall only be more tender to 'em, and wishful to help 'em. The more knowledge a man has, the better he'll do's work; and feeling's a sort o' knowledge.

It takes something else besides 'cuteness to make folks see what 'll be their interest in the long-run. It takes some conscience and belief in right and wrong, I see that pretty clear.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THIS has become a serious question, in which not only voting men, but non-voting women, have a deep personal interest—How are life and property to be protected in our great city? The fact is conspicuous that neither our persons nor our pockets are secure at any time. Deeds of violence are constantly occurring not only at night, but in broad daylight; not merely in secret by-ways and concealed places, but in our best streets, on our city cars, on ferry-boats, and in stages. Numberless pickpockets pursue their business successfully and boldly. They are often known, both by private persons and by the police, but seldom are brought to punishment. The law seems powerless to put down a great system of iniquity which is known to exist in our midst—the secret combination of thieves and pickpockets.

The wife of a conductor on one of our most frequented lines of city cars recently stated that her husband pursued his business in constant fear even of his own life. Every day and every night, at regular times, a gang of armed thieves and pickpockets entered the cars. They do not hesitate to let the conductor know that they are armed, and their object is to rob passengers going to and from the steam-cars. Strangers entering the city, unsuspicious and encumbered with baggage, are easy victims. But so skillful are these roughs that even the most cautious and careful may find watches and pocket-books gone without a sign of commotion. The conductor dares not say a word to them; an appeal or complaint to the proprietors of the road would probably cost him his place, into which scores are ready to step; one policeman is unable to cope with an organized band; and notwithstanding the numerous robberies which have been committed, nothing is really done to lessen the evil. Such is the story which we hear from a reliable source. There is no gainsaying the fact that we are not safe in our daily passage to and from business, that no legal protection appears efficient. Must we always walk and ride with our hand upon our pocket? Shall known ruffians, even if wearing the garb of gentlemen, be suffered to pursue their vile calling unmolested? Shall intoxicated men be allowed in our cars, and women exposed to open insult, and there be nothing done about it? These things ought not so to be.

An exchange tells the following incident: Recently a lady, while riding in an omnibus, became aware that the "gentleman" on her right was feeling for her pocket under her cloak. For a moment a cold shiver passed through her, but, as it was broad daylight, and as there were evidently many persons in the omnibus to whom she might apply for protection, she took courage, and recollecting that in the dress she wore her pocket had, much to her previous annoyance, been sewed on the wrong side of the skirt, concluded to sit still and await the course of events. After having been sufficiently entertained by the vain efforts of her neighbor to find the pocket, she turned to him and said, quietly, "My pocket is on the other side, Sir." The man immediately jumped up, pulled the strap, and disappeared with most amusing rapidity, the contemptuous coolness of the lady having been too much for his artistic nerves.

Work on the East River Bridge is again resumed. The frost will not interfere with masonry for many months, and a good degree of progress will doubtless be made before another winter.

Twenty black bass have been shipped by Seth Green to Sir Edward Thornton, the British minister at Washington, and these are to be sent to England. They were packed for their journey in two twelve-gallon cans, according to instructions from the Fish Commissioners of the State.

Old residents in the vicinity of the White Mountains say the winter there has been the toughest known for a quarter of a century. The quantity of snow has been almost unprecedented—observing farmers estimate that no less than one hundred and forty-four inches have fallen. In some sections the thermometer has ranged for several days successively at forty degrees below zero, and certain springs have frozen which never before were known to commit such an indiscretion.

Parents are protesting against the custom of keeping children after school-hours as a punishment for failure in lessons. It certainly must be well understood, in this age of the world, that the physical welfare of a child is as important as the mental progress. Long-continued confinement and protracted mental strain are highly injurious. How is a child who is subjected to extra confinement and extra hours of study in the school-room to be prepared for fresh, vigorous attention to lessons the next day?

Mr. Spurgeon does not like the prefix of "Rev." His friends are informed that letters addressed to the "Rev. C. H. Spurgeon" will be returned to the Dead-letter Office, with "not known" written on them.

Many years ago a workman in a French manufactory decided to make a watch every part of which except the mainspring should be of rock-crystal. After thirty years' labor he accomplished his task. All the pieces of the watch are fastened by rock-crystal screws, and the escapement is most intricate. His widow would never part with it; but when she died the treasure fell into the hands of a French watchmaker, who intends to exhibit it as a sample of French workmanship, pricing it at £400. This watch will be one of the curiosities to be seen at the Vienna Exhibition.

The facts in the latest case of Enoch Ardenism are as follows: Husband was gone sixteen years; wife became the third spouse of a wealthy citizen, and when her husband returned to look into the window (figuratively, for he went squarely into the door), she asked the wealthy citizen to whom he should leave his property. "To my children," said he—"children by my first wife." "Then I shall have to leave you;" and she did, in company with her first and earliest.

A California live frog recently set free from the centre of a stratum of sandstone is reckoned to be several million years of age.

Prince Pierre Bonaparte was detained from the funeral of Napoleon III. not by any unkind feeling, but by an attack of rheumatism. The princess, his wife, however, did not fail to go to Camden House, and was respectfully received by the imperial family and their friends, even by those who can not forgive her for having preferred work to pecuniary embarrassment. It was not eccentricity, but want of money for ordinary expenses, and for the education of her children, that led the Princess Pierre Bonaparte to open in London a large mantua-maker's shop. For the sake of her children—Roland and Jeanne—she devotes her days to honest business. The English climate does not agree with the prince, and he has taken up his abode near Liège (Belgium), whither his wife and her children go often to visit him.

In St. Petersburg horses in the street are never allowed to gallop, but they are urged to go at their very fastest pace, and the rapidity with which they dash along is alarming. It is surprising so few accidents occur; but the police are vigilant. The sleighs are absolutely noiseless, and the powdered snow completely muffles the horses' tread. There is a singular impressiveness to a stranger in such a busy yet silent scene, making it seem unreal and shadowy. But sleigh-riding in Russia has its drawbacks. It is necessary for one to watch his companion's ears and nose, lest they freeze unaware; and frequent stops are requisite, when the color of the skin is unfavorable, to catch up a handful of snow, and give the whitened member a good rub.

The latest method of treating dyspepsia has just been promulgated by a Parisian physician, and will doubtless receive the warmest approval from all sufferers. In fact, we think that although doctors have never been distinguished for taking their own medicines, an exception will be made, and they will practice what they preach. Moreover, we shall suddenly discover that most of our physicians have been life-long victims to dyspepsia, and treatment is immediately necessary. The plan to be pursued is to give very little to eat or to drink, but to give it often, say once in twenty to thirty minutes. The fancies of the patient as to what he would like are to be wholly disregarded, and he is to be fed upon beef, mutton, eggs, and vegetables, and is to take "a little less than a wine-glass of Bordeaux wine and water every thirty or forty minutes." Sherry, claret, and Champagne may be used in lieu of or with Bordeaux. After two or three weeks the patient is to return to three meals per day. Whether the wine is continued or not is not stated by the Parisian physician who has invented this very taking mode of treatment.

A year ago last September four Japanese boys, aged respectively twelve, thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen years, entered one of the Boston schools. They had then been in the country six months, under the instruction of a private tutor. They were classed according to their abilities, and have rapidly progressed in their studies and risen in rank. The oldest boy now stands at the head of the second class, though he entered the fifth. When they first went into the school they could be understood with difficulty. Now they speak and read plainly, and write in better English than a majority of the first-class boys. They are thorough, gentlemanly, and popular.

A New England farmer sent to an orphan asylum for a boy that was "smart, active, brave, tractable, prompt, industrious, clean, pious, intelligent, good-looking, reserved, and modest." The superintendent wrote back that unfortunately they had only human boys in that institution.

Tai Sei Shimbum, or *Great Western News*, is the name of a Japanese paper about to be started in London. It will consist chiefly of the writings of the numerous Japanese students now in this country and in England, who will thus communicate their ideas of foreign affairs to their countrymen in Japan. The journal is to be illustrated.

The following common-sense rules in regard to shopping are worthy of regard:

First, have a list of articles to be purchased made out in black and white; by this means you will be saved from sudden temptation to buy what is not really necessary, and forget nothing that you require. Second, deal only with merchants in whose business integrity you can confide. Third, in the long-run one always does better to buy at one and the same place than run about for the purpose of hunting up bargains; a regular customer can always get favors denied to an occasional purchaser. Fourth, never buy what you don't want, simply because it is cheap.

In a Chicago court of justice they tried, the other day, to decide how much weight constituted a load for a horse. The question is just as easy to decide—and no easier—as how much a man can lift, or how much a man can do. It depends upon the horse—slightly.

An exchange sarcastically remarks that "if Maud Muller had her life to live over again, and should meet the judge in this year of grace 1873, she would sue him for breach of promise, and obtain sufficient damages to make her family happy, or else shoot him, become a lecturer, and die rich and respected by all."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. A. D.—We advise you to try sulphur vapor baths to discharge the flesh-worms or comedones in the face. Exercise much out-of-doors, and use coarse flour bread or mush at each meal.

GERTRUDE L. M.—Fine soaps improve the skin. All powders containing bismuth are more or less harmful. The bran bath would be better than the cold shower-bath for most persons of delicate health. Use common bran dusted into the water. The alum and egg paste is good to keep off wrinkles, and will help sallowness. Dissolve rock-alum in the rose-water, and boil fifteen minutes till the paste is like cold cream. Spread thickly on the face.

MRS. M. E. C. B. will accept our thanks for her valuable hints, of which farther mention will be made.

ALEXIS.—The line, "Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear," is found in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, but whether it originated with the poet laureate or not we are unable to say. Perhaps some friend can inform us.

MARY.—Make your striped Japanese poplin with a basque and apron over-skirt, trimmed with pleatings faced with black silk; for your black grenadine have a polonaise and single skirt, trimmed with flounces and yak lace. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI.

L. W.—The Napoleon blue percales for house dresses will be made with a sailor blouse and two skirts, trimmed with ruffles edged with a tiny bias fold of white linen. For the street this goods will be made up with a belted polonaise and single skirt.

MRS. H. H.—Tulle is commonly pronounced tool, in default of being able to give the indescribable sound of the French *u*.

W. D. E.—"Regrets" should be written on a note sheet and worded formally in the third person, as follows: "Mr. Smith sends his compliments to Mrs. Jones, and regrets the necessity of declining her kind invitation for Thursday evening."

CAMILLE.—Get a darker brown sleeveless jacket, sash, and bias bands of pongee to renovate your light brown pongee dress. Your sister should get brown silk and use in the same way for her striped silk. Make a double-breasted redingote of your gray striped alpaca to wear over a white linen blouse-waist, and a black alpaca or silk skirt, trimmed with bias folds, upright puffs, or flounces of the gray.—For hints about hair read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. VI.

GRATITUDE.—Get a summer poplin of Napoleon blue for your daughter's suit, and blend gray-blue with it. Make a sleeveless jacket of the darkest shade. A polonaise of your polka-dotted barége would be pretty over a cheap silk skirt of the same shade. Get the beaver mohair brand for your summer alpaca. The square-meshed canvas grenadine is most serviceable. A silk skirt flounced with grenadine and worn with a polonaise of the same is the best arrangement. We can not recall any former letter of your signature.

ALMONDA.—Your sample did not reach us. The answer above to "Camille" will probably apply to your case.

MRS. JAMES B.—We do not make purchases for our readers.

A SOUTHERN ADMIRER.—Your dress pattern is only suitable for an evening dress. It should be made with a low square-necked polonaise lined with rose-colored silk, and worn over a silk skirt flounced with the gauze. It would not answer for a princesse dress. Sage green, réséda, and olive shades will continue in fashion, and when associated with pale buff and rose-color are becoming to brunettes. Blue will be greatly used. Black grenadines with black polka dots will be more stylish than those with colored dots; colored silk facing ruffles and bias silk bands will be worn on black grenadine.

ONTARIO.—The cut paper pattern of a beautiful over dress for little girls can now be furnished you. It is low and square-necked, and forms part of the girl's patterns that cost only 25 cents for the entire set.

ANTOINETTE.—The cut paper patterns illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. VI., will afford models for your little sisters' dresses. The deep blue or gray sailor suits of flannel will be useful for cool mornings. Then get corded piqué, linen, and percale dresses for other occasions. They should wear thin merino or gauze under-vests all summer on account of difference of climate. Get gray vigogne, or else sage green poplin, for your traveling dress; palest blue silk for evening; a black silk, black polka-dotted grenadine, and a gray-blue pongee suit for street dresses; for the house get écru and blue linen, and blue percale with polka dots. We can not suggest styles for all your own and the children's dresses. You must read the New York Fashions and Madame Raymond's letters, and consult our plates, and then make the application to your own case.

MAY.—Do not get a pattern robe, but plain cashmere, either gray or violet, trimmed with a deep flounce around the bottom, and silk buttons, cuffs, collar, and sash, with belt, silver buckle, and chatelaine. Order wrapper pattern from this office, for 25 cents. For summer have white nansook wrappers in Watteau style trimmed with side pleatings, embroidery, and Valenciennes lace. Get gray vigogne traveling dress made with a double-breasted polonaise fastened by large cut steel buttons. Trim the black silk skirt and polonaise with flounces, lace, and jet. The cuir-colored silk should be made over with a dark brown sleeveless jacket, sash, apron, and ruffles. See New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI. Make a pretty afternoon dress of your green checked silk. Read answer just given "Antoinette."

PERPLEXITY.—Get gray serge, vigogne, or camel's-hair for your traveling suit. Make it with a double-breasted redingote fastened by large steel buttons, and trim with kilt pleating and bias silk bands. Get black straw Castilian hat. See New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 12, Vol. VI.

ENTERPRISE.—Descriptions of stitches are given in *Bazars* No. 19, Vol. I., and No. 11, Vol. III. The netted foundation of the design you refer to is worked with knitting cotton or glazed cotton.

MISS S. H.—A basque, apron, and skirt of bombazine, with sleeveless jacket, cuffs, and alternate kilt pleats of English crape, is the handsomest model for you. Wear your long veil over your face at present, but in summer draw it to the left side across your bonnet. The Double-breasted jacket illustrated in *Bazar* No. 43, Vol. V., is what you want.

INQUIRER, A. S. P., AND OTHERS.—There is an effort to abolish tournures and all kinds of crinoline, but thus far it has not been very successful. The tournure is probably on the wane, but will be worn through the summer season.

MRS. B. S. P.—Your boy is too young for pantaloons. He should wear kilt skirts of piqué and linen, with a jacket and vest, or else a sailor blouse or a longer double-breasted belted blouse. For your summer dresses read descriptions in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. VI.

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Fig. 1.—ÉCRU PONGEE WALKING SUIT.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—GROS GRAIN WALKING DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—BLACK GROS GRAIN WALKING SUIT.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 6.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 7–11.

Fig. 5.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—BLACK GROS GRAIN WALKING SUIT.—BACK.—[See Fig. 4.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 7–11.

Fig. 7.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 8.—VIOLET CASHMERE HOUSE DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 9.—DRESS FOR CHILD UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.
For description see Supplement.

FIGS. 1–9.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SPRING SUITS.

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Swiss Muslin, Faille, and Lace Fichu-Collar.

THIS fichu-collar is made of Swiss muslin folds seven-eighths of an inch wide and purple faille folds of the same width, and is trimmed with narrow and wide white lace. The folds overlap each other half an inch. A faille bow is set in front. Fig. 17, Supplement, gives the shape of the fichu-collar.

Faille and Lace Fichu, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS blue faille fichu is trimmed with white lace seven-eighths of an inch and two inches wide, white silk gimp half an inch wide, and bows of blue faille ribbon an inch and seven-eighths wide. To make the fichu cut of faille two pieces from Fig. 12, Supplement, and two pieces of double material from Fig. 13, having first joined on the piece turned down in Supplement on Fig. 12. Line the pieces, Fig. 12, with Swiss muslin from the front edge to seven-eighths of an inch beyond the dotted line. Fold these pieces on the outside along the dotted line, pleat them, bringing both ×'s on ●, trim as shown by the illustration, and join the neck with the collar according to the corresponding figures. The collar is first sewed up from 24 to 25, rolled along the dotted line, pleated, and trimmed. Finish it with the remainder of the trimming, and with buttons and sewed loops for closing, as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 1.—FAILLE AND LACE FICHU.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 12 and 13.

SWISS MUSLIN, FAILLE, AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 17.

Fig. 2.—FAILLE AND LACE FICHU.—BACK.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 12 and 13.

Removal of Ink Stains from Colored Fabrics.

TO remove ink stains from colored fabrics where either oxalic acid or chloride of lime is undesirable, it is recommended to use a concentrated solution of pyrophosphate of soda. The action is slow, and must be repeated—especially when the stains are old ones—and therefore a good percentage of patience has to cooperate with the above chemical application.

Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.—FRONT. [See Fig. 7.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 42–47.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 48–57.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 11 TO 13 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—DRESSING-GOWN FOR BOY FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 7.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.—BACK. [See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 42–47.

Fig. 8.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

FIGS. 1–8.—SPRING SUITS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS FROM 3 TO 13 YEARS OLD.

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AT THE GARDEN GATE.

SOMEBODY came to the garden gate
While a soft hand trimmed the flowers,
And a blackbird piped to his listening mate
In a language as rich as ours.

Somebody blushed at the garden gate—
A blush it was fair to see;
And the sly sun peered as he fain would wait,
And the blackbird paused on the tree.

Somebody spoke at the garden gate,
As the shadows began to fall;
And the rose looked up, though the hour was late,
And the peach blushed pink on the wall.

A sweet head fell at the garden gate
On an arm that was strong and true,
And a chirrup of lips was heard to state
What words refused to do.

LONDON'S HEART.

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER XLIV.

A CRISIS.

WHEN old Wheels entered the house he expected Lily to run down stairs to meet him, and he was surprised that he did not hear her voice welcoming him. Indeed, knowing her nature, he was quite prepared to find her waiting and watching for him at the street-door or in the passage, and he was somewhat disappointed, when he put the key in the lock and listened, to hear no sound. Notwithstanding that a deep feeling of sadness was upon him, created by Martha Day's words and by Lizzie's strange absence, the happiness that lay in the assurance that Lily's future was safe was more than sufficient to counterbalance all depression. When Felix had the right to protect his darling from the snares by which she had been surrounded—snares which her own loving nature had strengthened—trouble would weigh lightly upon him. But he could not shake off the uneasiness caused by the scene through which he had just passed. It was so strange and inexplicable: Lizzie's disappearance, for which her mother, who had parted from her but a few hours before, could not account; Alfred's absence; and, added to these, the circumstance of Mr. Musgrave not being at home. He resolved that he would not tell Lily. "Let the child enjoy her happiness," he thought; "Alfred is sure to be home some time to-night." Ascending the stairs, he entered the sitting-room, and looked around for Lily. She was not there. "The puss!" he thought, with a smile. "She thinks Alfred is with me, and she is hiding herself. Lily! Lily!" No sound broke the silence that followed, as the old man stood, with head inclined, listening for the response. But the silence seemed to speak, and his heart turned cold. He looked around again with a vacant eye, and murmured, more than cried, in a helpless tone, "Lily! Lily!" with the same result. He wandered into her bedroom, and into every room in the house, but found no trace of his darling. Then a feeling came upon him, like the feeling of death, and almost deprived him of consciousness. But after a little time, by a strong effort of will, he recovered himself somewhat. "I must think! I must think!" he murmured; and wrenching his mind from the lethargy of despair which was stealing over it, he thought over all that had occurred. Presently a comforting thought came to him: the coincidence of Lizzie being absent from her house was a sufficient reason for his darling not being at home. "I have been away longer than Lily expected," he thought, as he descended the stairs toward the street. "Lily grew anxious, and coming after me, met Lizzie, and perhaps Alfred as well. I must have missed them on the way." In the hope and expectation of finding both the girls and his grandson there, he retraced his steps to Lizzie's house; but the place was dark and deserted, and he obtained no response to his knocks and cries. Even Martha Day was gone. In greater distress of mind, and with a terrible fear stealing upon him, which he found it impossible to shake off, he returned to his own house, and leaving the street-door open, wandered in an uncertain manner again through every room, searching in the most unlikely places. He looked about for a note, a line, from Lily to account for her absence, but not a trace of her writing was to be seen. Not knowing what to think or do, he stood helpless in the middle of the room, with clasped hands, as if waiting for some sign. For the space of little more than a minute he stood thus, when a church-bell began to chime the hour of ten, and as the sound fell upon his ears, he heard the street-door pushed softly open, and afterward a light step upon the stairs. A sudden rush of tears came to his eyes, and the feeling of grateful relief he experienced almost overpowered him. "Thank God! She has come back, and I have been tormenting myself with foolish fears." But there entered the room, not Lily, but Felix. He approached the old man with outstretched hand, and looked eagerly around.

"Ten o'clock exactly," he said, in a cheery tone; "I said I'd be here at ten. I came by the road too. Where's Lily?"

The old man could not find voice to answer the question, and the agitation expressed in his troubled eyes was reflected instantly in the eyes of Felix, as in a mirror. For a moment a shadow rested upon Felix's hitherto joyful face, like a mist upon a mirror, dimming its brightness.

"Where's Lily?" he asked again, hurriedly.

"You have not met her, then?" asked the old man, faintly, in reply.

The shadow instantly passed away, and Felix's face became bright again.

"Seen her! No. Has she gone to meet me? The dear girl! She thought, perhaps, I was coming by train."

He was about to leave the room with the intention of running to the railway station, when old Wheels, who had received the suggestion with a feeling of intense gratitude, convinced that Felix had placed the right construction upon Lily's absence, called out to him to stop for a moment.

"I will go with you, Felix," he said.

Felix waited at the street-door for him, but before the old man left the house he went into Lily's bedroom. He had not thought before of ascertaining whether Lily's hat and mantle were in their usual place. They were not there.

"Of course she has gone to the railway station," he said to himself, smiling. "It's so long since I was young that I see every thing through sixty-year-old spectacles. Ah, young hearts! young hearts!"

His own uneasiness had caused him for the time to lose sight of Lizzie's strange absence and of Martha Day's agitation; but as Felix and he walked to the railway station they recurred to him, and he narrated to Felix the history of the events that had occurred within the last hour.

"Lizzie gone, and Alfred not come home!" Felix exclaimed, in amazement. "And Martha had no knowledge of Lizzie's movements?"

"None; she was terribly distressed at Lizzie's disappearance."

"Tell me. Have you seen Mr. Sheldrake to-day?"

"No."

"He would scarcely be in London," mused Felix. "He would be certain to go to Epsom and see the City and Suburban run." Then to the old man, "And Alfred went to the office this morning at his usual hour, you say?"

"Surely; and was brighter than I have seen him for many a day."

Notwithstanding these apparently satisfactory answers concerning Alfred, Felix found food for grave reflection in the information; but the occurrence of other events prevented him from dwelling too deeply upon what he had been told. As they approached the railway station they saw a number of persons hurrying thither, and some coming from it, with looks of haste and alarm. Felix was about to inquire the cause of this—for there was something unusual in the commotion, and it was evident that an incident out of the common had occurred—when the very man of whom he was about to inquire seized his arm and asked if he was a doctor.

"No," replied Felix; "why do you ask?"

"There's been an accident on the line," said the man, as he hastened away.

"Jim Podmore is employed at this station," said Felix to old Wheels, quickening his steps as he spoke. "Let's get there quickly."

He was thinking of Lily, and of her alarm if she happened to be at the station at the time of the accident. And upon the shock of this news, and of its probably evil consequences to his humble friends, came a dim presage of ill which increased his excitement. Suddenly he paused, and said to the old man,

"One moment—only a moment—for reflection."

And in scarcely more than that space of time he became composed. He had resolutely shaken off all signs of agitation, and he was now cool and collected.

"It has occurred twice in my life," he said, rapidly and distinctly, "to be placed in a position of great peril, where a moment's haste, or a single false step, might have been attended with a fatal result. At the exact instant it was required I have recovered the self-possession I had lost, and thereby have been enabled to escape the danger. This same feeling has come upon me within the last minute or two. Do not interrupt me, but hear me out, and act as I desire." He paused to recover his breath. "So many strange things have taken place to-night that I can not overcome the impression that something of serious moment to persons whom we love has occurred, or may occur. If it be so—and I am convinced that my feeling springs from something more than mere nervousness—only calm reflection and steady action will help us. Lily may not be here; she may have arrived home in our absence, and will be alarmed that there is no one there to receive her. Nay, she will not be able to get into the house. If she goes round to Lizzie's house, she will find no one there. Do you see what I mean? We are wasting our forces. Two men are doing the work of one. Hurry home as quickly as you can. If Lily is there, wait with her until I come; or she may return while you are waiting. If she is at the station, I will return home with her as soon as possible. Under any circumstances, we are wrong in leaving the house alone. And mind," he concluded, with a detaining grasp on the old man's arm, "whether Lily is at home or not, or whether she come or not, do not stir from the house until I arrive."

The old man comprehended the wisdom of the arrangement, and saying, hurriedly, "I will act exactly as you desire, Felix," walked back toward his house.

Felix then ran to the station, and with some little trouble obtained permission to the platform. There he found every thing in confusion. A train had run off the line, and the rails were torn up.

"Is any body hurt?" he asked, in a tone of authority.

"Only a child, fortunately; but she seems to be hurt rather badly. There were not many persons in the train."

"Whose fault was it?"

"The pointsman's, they say. He was half asleep when the accident occurred—the lazy scamp!"

"The pointsman!" exclaimed Felix. "That's Mr. Podmore."

"I don't know his name, I'm sure," the man replied—it was a passenger who had answered Felix's questions—"but whatever it is, he ought to be made an example of, and I hope he will be."

A man employed at the station, who had heard the last question, said, as he passed, "Yes, it's Podmore's doing, this time."

Felix's first anxiety was for Lily, but he could not see her. He made his way into the waiting-room, and saw, in the centre of a little group, a child lying as if dead in the lap of a weeping woman. He darted forward.

"Good God!" he cried, as he leaned over the sad couple. "It's little Polly!"

The weeping woman looked up into his face, and recognized him through her fast-flowing tears.

"She won't want any more dolls," she sobbed, with a gasp between each word. "My Polly! my darling! she's dead! she's dead! Oh, Polly, my blessed, why was not I kilied too!"

The piteous words cut Felix's heart and made it bleed. He laid his hand commiseratingly upon Mrs. Podmore's shoulder.

"Thank you, Sir," she sobbed; "thank you. You never thought to see Polly like this, did you? Oh, why don't the doctor come! Will no one bring a doctor? Look after Jim, Sir, for the love of God, and comfort him if you can."

Felix turned, and saw Jim Podmore standing, with clinched hands and writhing form, apart from the group, and with so strong an agony in his face that Felix stepped swiftly to the side of the suffering man.

"Don't touch me!" cried Jim Podmore, hoarsely, shrinking from the contact. "Don't lay a finger on me! I ain't safe to be touched or talked to. I've killed my child! I've killed what's dearer to me than life, and I want judgment to fall upon me!"

His looks were so wild that Felix feared for his reason; and knowing that it would do the man good to give vent to his grief, said, in a gentle tone,

"You know me, Mr. Podmore? I am your friend—Felix."

Jim Podmore softened at the sound of the friendly voice. He turned his face from Felix, and said:

"Ah, Sir, she loved you, my Polly did! Your name was always on her tongue; and it was only this morning she told me of the new doll you promised her. She said you had another ship come home. She didn't know, when she cuddled me in bed afore I went to work that I meant to kill her afore the day was out. 'And when's your ship coming home, father?' she asked me; 'and when's your ship coming home, father?' Good Lord help me! My ship's come home to-night, and my pet's laying dead afore my eyes! What right have I to stand here a living man, with that sight afore me?"

A man—a fellow-workman—was coming toward Jim with somewhat of a rough manner, when Felix gently put him aside.

"Let him be," Felix said; "let him have his talk out. It will do him good. He knows that I'm his friend, and he doesn't mind pouring out his grief to me. There's no one else hurt, I hope?"

"No one else, Sir," said the man, respectfully.

"Thank God for that! Keep the people away from us, if you can."

Felix had drawn Jim out of the waiting-room; but although Jim could see neither his wife nor child, he spoke of Polly as if she were lying before him.

"Says my pet, a-laying there afore my eyes, as we was a-cuddling one another, 'Felix has got another ship come home, father, and there's a doll in it for Polly. There's a doll in it for Polly,' she says. She went all through with it, as she's done dozens o' times afore; and she says, with her eyes shut, 'Here's the ship a-sailing, a-sailing, and here's the waves a-curling, a-curling'—she knew it by heart, Sir, every word of it—'and here's the captain a-bowing, a-bowing.' And then she shuts her eyes tighter, and says, for all the world as if she was in a dream, 'And here's the stars a-shining, a-shining.' Is it my pet that's a-laying afore my eyes in a dream now, and can she see the stars a-shining, a-shining?"

A voice only a few yards away said,

"Here's the doctor. Move away, and let the child have some air."

The words reached Felix's ears; but Jim Podmore was deaf to every thing but his grief and despair.

"Whose fault was it? I heard some ask. Whose fault? *Was* it mine, when I was that dead beat with long hours and overwork that I couldn't keep my eyelids open? And I didn't know my pet was in the train. I thought mother and her was home long ago. But I know'd it 'd come to this—I've feared it for months and months. If it wasn't to-night, it 'd come some other time. But I shouldn't ha' minded then, for I shouldn't ha' killed my pet. Ah, Snap, if I'd only ha' known! There was him a-pulling at my trowsers with his teeth, and I never understood him a bit—not a bit."

Felix looked down, and saw the faithful dog standing at some little distance, watching its master with sympathetic eyes. It seemed to Felix as if it knew that something serious had occurred. Jim Podmore was somewhat calmer now, and seated himself on a bench, and rocked himself to and fro, with his head in his hands.

"Don't move for a minute," said Felix. "I want to go into the room to hear what the doctor says. You'll promise not to move till I come back?"

Jim, by a motion of his shoulders, gave the promise, and Felix went into the waiting-room. The people made way for him, and, to Felix's inexpressible relief, he heard the doctor's voice saying, cheerily,

"There, there; it's not so bad after all! No bones broke. Shook a little—that's all. Killed! not at all, thank God!"

And "Thank God! thank God!" came from a dozen lips, and a ray of hope stole into Mrs. Podmore's white face.

"The little thing will live to be an old woman, please God," the doctor continued. "Now don't be a foolish mother." Mrs. Podmore had taken his hand and kissed it. "You must be a wise and steady mother; and if you don't at once stop crying like that, I declare you'll do your little girl a deal of harm." Mrs. Podmore instantly suppressed her sobs. "Pretty little thing! See, she is recovering already!"

Pollypod opened her eyes, and raised her arms to her mother's neck. Mrs. Podmore was about to clasp the child to her breast in the overflow of her joy, but the doctor restrained her.

"No, not like that. Take her in your arms gently. Do you live far from here? No—that's right, that's right. I'll go home with you, and will see the little girl comfortably in bed.—You feel all right, don't you, little one?"

Pollypod answered, "Yes, Sir," in a weak voice; and seeing Felix, her eyes brightened, and she held out her hand to him. Mrs. Podmore whispered,

"Tell my husband, Sir, and bring him to me."

Felix hastened to comply. Jim Podmore could not easily be made to understand that his precious Pollypod was comparatively unhurt; but when he did so his grateful emotion impressed Felix deeply.

"I've lost my situation, Sir; but I sha'n't mind that now. I'll try and get a living in a fairer way than this."

"And I'll help you," said Felix; "but tell me, before you join your wife, have you seen any thing of Lily on the platform to-night?"

Jim Podmore considered for a moment, and pressed his hands across his eyes to clear away the clouds.

"My memory's almost gone, Sir, for every thing but this. Yet I think I should ha' remembered seeing Lily if she'd been here. No, Sir, I haven't seen her; but that ain't saying she ain't been here. The nearest thing to it is the up train from Epsom."

"The up train from Epsom!" echoed Felix, not seeing the connection.

"It stopped here; and one of our porters got a shilling from a passenger for taking a letter to Miss Lizzie—Master Alfred's sweetheart, Sir."

Felix gave a start, but knew that it would be cruel to detain Jim any longer from his wife and child. The last thing he saw before he left the station on his way to old Wheels was Jim Podmore lifting Polly tenderly in his arms.

Old Wheels was waiting at the street-door for Felix's return in a state of intense anxiety; and when he saw Felix coming along by himself his anxiety was redoubled. Felix knew immediately by the expression in the old man's face that Lily had not come home.

"No news of Lily, Sir?" he asked, as he drew the old man into the house.

"None, Felix. And you?"

"She has not been seen at the railway station."

It was necessary that he should tell old Wheels of the accident caused by Jim Podmore, and he did so in as few words as possible.

"I am glad that little Polly is not seriously hurt," said old Wheels—"very, very glad. But I am in dreadful anxiety about Lily."

"I too, Sir. She is our first and only care. You have no theory to account for her absence?"

"None, Felix."

"Her hat and cloak are gone," said Felix, following out a train of thought as he spoke. "That is a proof that she went from the house with deliberate intentions. We must not rest until we find her—that's understood."

"Yes, yes, Felix; go on."

"The first thing to ascertain is if any body is at home at Mr. Musgrave's house. I will run round and see."

Felix returned in a very short time.

"No one is there; the house is quite deserted. There is some connection between Lily's absence and theirs. The only thing I can not understand is that Lily did not leave a line of writing behind in explanation. She knows what deep anxiety her absence would cause."

"Felix," said the old man, in a low tone, "can there have been some foul play?"

Felix did not reply for a few moments; he was mentally busy deciding on the best course of action.

"If there is, we will find it out, depend upon it, Sir. I have a clew. I learned at the station that a passenger from Epsom gave a porter a shilling to take a letter to Lizzie. That letter either came from Alfred or Mr. Musgrave, and upon the receipt of that letter Lizzie has disappeared."

"It could not have come from Alfred," interposed old Wheels; "he was at his office."

"We must be sure of that. I have my suspicions that he did not go to work to-day. Now, Sir, you must still be content to remain quiet, while I ride to London. I shall have no difficulty in obtaining the fastest horse from the stables near here."

"What is your object in going to London, Felix?" asked the old man, gaining confidence from Felix's firm tone.

"I am acquainted with a person employed in Alfred's office. I can obtain from him the information whether Alfred has been at his work to-day. Without that information, we might take a false step; with it (if it be as I suspect), I think I see part of my way. I shall be back sooner than you expect. I am a good rider, and I shall not spare my horse on such an errand."

Felix made good use of his time. It was barely half past twelve o'clock as he ran up stairs to old Wheels, flushed with the exercise.

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He cast a sharp glance around, and old Wheels shook his head, saying,

"No, Felix, she has not returned."

"I was right in my suspicions, Sir. Alfred has not been at his office to-day. He asked for leave of absence on the plea that you required his assistance at home."

"Where can he have spent his time, then?"

"At Epsom. A great race called the City and Suburban was run to-day, and Alfred has been betting on that race, and has lost. Now, Sir, can you bear a shock?"

Old Wheels waited in trembling suspense. "A greater one than has already fallen?" he murmured.

"As great, almost," replied Felix, gravely; "but it is necessary that you should know. From what I have heard to-night I suspect Alfred has been using money that does not belong to him."

Old Wheels covered his face with his hands and sobbed quietly. Felix continued, steadily:

"My acquaintance who is employed in Messrs. Tickle and Flint's office was desired this afternoon by one of his employers to tell Alfred to step into the private office immediately he arrived to-morrow morning, and my acquaintance told me that, from the tone in which the message was delivered, he believed something serious had transpired. Can you see the connection between these things, and Lily's connection with them? Alfred, having lost in the race money that did not belong to him, is afraid to show his face at the office, is afraid to come home. A letter arrived for Lizzie from Epsom; that letter is written by him, and tells her probably of the danger he is in. Lizzie disappears without warning, without leaving word or message behind her. Why? She is afraid of compromising Alfred. Where has Lizzie gone to? The letter she received from Alfred guided her steps without doubt. Do you agree with me that we have now accounted for Alfred's and Lizzie's absence?"

"Yes, but how do you connect Lily with these movements? Remember that when I left Lily in this house, at half past nine o'clock, neither she nor I had any suspicion of these occurrences. We thought Lizzie was at her house; we expected Alfred's arrival home every moment. Before that time Lizzie must have received the letter from Alfred, and must have gone to join him. Where?"

"There is the difficult point, Sir. If we could ascertain where Lizzie has gone, and how, it would be a most important point. The only livery-stable near is the one from which I hired the horse to go to London on." And here Felix stamped his foot, and exclaimed, excitedly, "Fool that I was, not to have made inquiries there! We must go there at once, you and I. You may be of use. There will be no sleep for either of us to-night."

Before they left the house they went up stairs to the Podmores, to see how Polly was, and to leave a message with Mrs. Podmore, in the unlikely contingency of Lily's returning in their absence. Polly was asleep, and mother and father were watching by her bedside. Snap licked Felix's hand as he stooped to pat the dog's head.

"Snap knows what a friend you are to us," said Mrs. Podmore, in a whisper; "but you seem in trouble. Has Lily gone to bed?"

She was soon made acquainted with their trouble, and promised obedience to Felix's instructions.

"I don't suppose either Jim or me will close our eyes this night," she said; "but one of us will be sure to be on the watch. If Lily comes back while you are away, we'll keep her here until you return."

Felix hastily wrote a few lines to Lily, and intrusting them to Mrs. Podmore, kissed Pollypod tenderly.

"You have much to be grateful for," he said to Mrs. Podmore.

"Ah, Sir, we have indeed!" she answered. "God bless you, and send you success and happiness!"

Felix and old Wheels shook hands with Jim Podmore, and were soon at the livery-stables. There was only one man there, and they had some difficulty in arousing him. He referred to the books, and said that no lady had engaged any thing from the yard that night.

"Two saddle-horses have been taken out since seven o'clock," said the man, with his eye on the page on which the record was made, "a brougham and pair for a customer" (mentioning his name, which satisfied Felix that it could not be for Lily), "and a cab."

"Who hired the cab?"

"Can't say. One of our men, Thompson by name, has gone with it. Hired by a gentleman; ten pounds left as deposit."

"How long was it hired for?"

"Can't say, Sir; all night, most likely. Thompson is generally selected for the long jobs. You know Thompson, Sir?"

"No, I do not."

"He's a tallish man, with his nose on one side, and a harelip; wears an old white overcoat. Now I think of it, I saw him and the cab waiting at the door of the True Blue public-house."

"Ah!" exclaimed Felix, briskly. "At what time?"

"About half past nine, I should say. I happened to be passing just then, and, now I think of it, Thompson and me had a drink."

"Thank you," said Felix, with sudden animation. "Here's something to get another drink. Is the True Blue a late house?"

"Got a one-o'clock license, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

"It's ten minutes to one," said Felix, looking at his watch. "Come along, Mr. Wheels; we shall get there before the house closes."

And he ran out of the livery-yard, followed by old Wheels. Lounging about the bar of the True Blue they found the usual class of customers, who were being urged by the landlord to leave, as the time was come to close the house. The pot-man was busy with shutters and bolts; behind the bar was the landlady. She knew old Wheels, and she nodded to him. Felix was a stranger to her, but she cast a favorable eye upon him, nevertheless.

"Can we have one minute's private conversation with you?" asked Felix. "And there is time, isn't there, for us to drink a glass or two of your best dry sherry?"

The landlady glanced at the clock, as a matter of form—it was five minutes to one—and said,

"Would you like to step into our little room, gentlemen; you'll find it more comfortable?—Now turn out, my men, if you don't want to be put out!"

That it would certainly come to this with some of the customers of the True Blue was evident: one man was especially loath to go.

"Just another pint, missis," he urged; "just another pint, and then we'll toddle," in a tone of such entreaty that, to one unacquainted with the usual proceedings of such topers, it might reasonably have been inferred that his very life depended upon that other pint, and that the most serious consequences to his health would ensue if it were refused. The landlady paid no attention to the entreaty, but devoted herself to Felix and old Wheels, who had stepped into the parlor at her invitation. Seeing that she only set two glasses before them, Felix called for two more, and hoped that the landlady and her husband would join them. He completed the conquest by drinking prosperity to the True Blue, and then proceeded to business.

"We have come to consult you upon a matter of much importance, my dear madam," he said, "and we hope you will give us what assistance you can."

"Any thing that is in my power, Sir," replied the landlady, flattered by the courtesy of so well-looking a young man as Felix; "I am sure I shall be most happy."

"We do not wish it talked about," continued Felix; "so suppose we agree that it shall be a secret between us, taking your husband into our confidence, of course."

The landlady expressed her acquiescence, her curiosity growing.

"It will take the form of questions, I am afraid," observed Felix.

"You've only to ask, Sir," said the amiable woman, "and I'll answer, if I can."

"There was a cab waiting at your door at about half past nine o'clock to-night, was there not?"

"There have been three or four waiting, on and off."

"But there was one in particular, from the livery-stables near here, with the driver Thompson, a man with a crooked nose and a harelip. He came in here to drink with a mate from the yard."

"Yes, he did," was the ready reply. "There's no mistaking Thompson once you set eyes upon him."

"Can you tell us who hired that cab?"

"I should say it was the gentleman who was about the house for an hour or more, and who was in this very parlor for more than ten minutes talking with—with—" But her eyes lighted upon old Wheels, who was listening with strained attention to every word that passed, and she hesitated.

"Talking with whom?" inquired Felix, quickly. "With a gentleman?"

"No," with another hesitating look toward old Wheels; "with a lady."

"A young lady?"

"Yes."

"Do not hesitate to answer, there's a good creature. You know who the lady is, evidently."

"Yes, but I would rather not say. If you like to mention who you think it is, I'll tell you if you're right."

"Was it this gentleman's granddaughter?" asked Felix, hazarding the guess.

Old Wheels held his breath.

"Yes, it was," answered the landlady, reluctantly. "There! you shouldn't have forced it out of me! Look at the old gentleman!"

A deadly pallor had come over his face, and he could scarcely stand.

"You must not give way, Sir," said Felix, with grave tenderness; "every thing depends upon your keeping your strength. Bear in mind that this is what we have come to hear, and that we are approaching nearer and nearer to the unraveling of the plot. And remember, too, dear Sir, that I have almost as great a stake in the discovery as you have yourself. There *has* been foul play, as you suggested; but something assures me that all will come right, and that our dear girl will be restored to us in a few hours. But not if we're not strong. Remember—we are working together for Lily's safety."

His tone was so tender that tears came into the landlady's eyes.

"I will tell you all I know," she said, addressing herself to Felix. "The young lady came in here, and asked me if she could have the use of the parlor for a few minutes undisturbed. She wanted to speak to the gentleman who came in the cab. They were in the parlor for ten minutes, and then they went away together in the cab."

"Thank you, thank you, a thousand times.—See, Sir, how near we are coming.—Now this gentleman—who was he?"

"I am sure I don't know, Sir; I never set eyes on him before to-night."

Felix thought of Alfred, and described his personal appearance. No, it wasn't him, said the landlady. Then Felix described Mr. Sheldrake, and she answered that it was the very man.

Felix drew a long breath; he was almost at the end of the inquiry. One other question remained to be asked. Did she know what direction the cab had taken? No, she didn't know; but she would call the pot-man in; he was outside all the time. The pot-man was called in, and being refreshed with a drink and a shilling, remembered, after much circumlocution, that he heard the gentleman tell Thompson to drive toward Epsom.

"Nearer and nearer," said Felix, grasping the old man's hand. "Now, pot-man, is there any thing else you know? Another shilling if you can remember any thing else."

The pot-man scratched his head.

"There's the shilling," said Felix, in a hearty tone, giving the man the coin, "whether you can remember or not."

"You're a gentleman, Sir," said the pot-man. "*I* don't remember any thing else; but there's Dick Maclean, perhaps he can tell something."

The public-house was empty by this time, and the bar was cleared.

"Run out, Tom," said the landlady, excitedly, "and if you see him bring him in." The pot-man ran out at the back-door. The landlady explained. "Dick has been drinking here all night, Sir. You bring to my mind that I saw the gentleman who was here with the young lady give him some money."

They had not to wait a very long time for Dick Maclean. He was the man who had begged for more beer, and the pot-man found him outside entreating through the key-hole for "just another pint." He was fairly drunk, but upon the landlady promising him that other pint, and telling him that the gentleman wanted him to earn half a crown simply by answering a question or two, he pulled himself together, and endeavored to earn it. The skillful manner in which Felix put these questions caused the landlady to ask, admiringly, if he was a lawyer. Felix stopped his questioning to answer, No; and the landlady said, To be sure! How could he be? He wasn't dried up enough. When the cross-examination was over they had learned all: of Mr. Sheldrake giving Dick Maclean a letter to take to Lily, and of the instruction that he was to give it to the young lady in secret, and to tell her, if he found any difficulty in delivering it, that it was a matter of life or death to some one whom she loved; of the young lady accompanying him to the True Blue to see Mr. Sheldrake; of their going into the public-house together; of their coming out together; of the young lady giving him a letter to deliver to Mr. Wheels, and giving him a sixpence to deliver it; of her getting into the cab, and of his going into the True Blue for just another pint before he went with the letter; of Mr. Sheldrake coming after him, and telling him that the young lady had altered her mind, and didn't want the letter delivered; of his getting a shilling for *that;* and that was all.

It was enough. It was as clear as day to Felix. The pot-man and Dick being sent out of the room, Felix said that what they wanted now was a light trap and a smart horse. Now thoroughly enthusiastic in the cause, the landlady said they had in their stables the lightest trap and the smartest trotting mare out of London.

"You're a kind creature," said Felix, shaking hands with her. "Will you trust us with it?"

That she would, and with a dozen of them if she had them. The landlord assented.

"Now what shall I leave with you as security?" asked Felix. "Here are four five-pound notes, here is my watch and chain—"

The landlady rejected them enthusiastically. She only wanted two things as security—his name and his word. He gave them, and thanked her heartily again and again. While the smartest trotting mare out of London was being harnessed, old Wheels looked at Felix wistfully, earnestly, humbly. Felix understood him. He put his arm round the old man's shoulder, and said, in a tone of infinite tenderness,

"Dear Sir, I never loved Lily as I love her now. I never trusted her as I trust her now. Dear girl! Pure heart! When I lose my faith in her, may I lose my hope of a better life than this!"

His face lighted up as he uttered these words. The old man pressed him in his arms, and sobbed upon his shoulder. The landlady turned aside to have a quiet cry in the corner.

"You're a good young fellow," she said, in the midst of her indulgence, "and I'm glad you came to me."

Before five minutes had passed they were in the lightest trap and behind the smartest trotting mare out of London, ready to start.

"Here!" cried the landlady. And running to the wheels, she handed up a great parcel of sandwiches and a bottle of brandy. "It's the right stuff," she said, between laughing and crying. "Our own particular!"

The next minute they were on the road to Epsom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WE see novelties springing up on all sides, not only in fabrics, but in every thing pertaining to female apparel. As concerns fabrics, these novelties are very peculiar. The new spring stuffs both of wool and silk are made to imitate lace in their texture, and it is difficult to imagine, without seeing them, what pretty effects can be obtained with these lace-like fabrics, which are made of all colors from black to white, passing through the various shades which are in fashion. They are almost always worn over a skirt of a different color, which shows through the transparent net-work of the stuff. All these dresses have parasols to match, with a lining of the same color as the under-skirt of the dress. A polonaise which I lately saw, made of this new fabric; was of very pale maize, with skirt, waist, and close sleeves of pink faille. The polonaise was very long, extending to the top of the flounce that bordered the skirt, and was open on each side. Boots of the same material and color as the polonaise. Parasol also of the same material and color, with pink lining.

For a less dressy toilette the polonaise would be worn over a skirt of brown or black faille. When the fabric is white, it produces exactly the same effect as a guipure over dress. When black, it is worn over lilac, violet, green, pink, or blue silk.

The style of hair-dressing is still of eccentric simplicity, if I may venture to define it in two words. I will attempt to describe that worn the other day at a dinner-party by Mademoiselle Favart, the distinguished artiste of the Theatre Français: The short hair above the nape of the neck was parted in the middle, and simply combed on each side and flattened down. Above this parting the hair was carelessly combed upward over a very small crêpe, and arranged in torsages, which were looped together and fastened at the right side, on the crown of the head, with a large pin of light shell, closely resembling a huge shawl-pin. Mademoiselle Favart's hair, by-the-way, is jet black. The front hair was partly arranged in small light curls, which shaded the forehead; the greater part of it, however, was combed upward, and artistically joined with the rest of the hair, on the crown of the head, in graceful confusion. The dress was of very pale pinkish-gray satin, and was composed of a trained skirt, over-skirt edged with silver-fox fur, and sleeveless basque, trimmed with the same fur, and open in front to the waist, over a voluminous fraise and ruche of white lace. Full under-sleeves of the same lace. A bouquet of natural red roses was set at the bottom of the waist. There was no crinoline: the dress fell straight, like that of an antique statue, and the over-skirt was gracefully draped behind the arms.

It is idle to say that over-skirts are no longer worn: every one still clings to them, and I have quoted this dress of Mademoiselle Favart, who is perhaps the most elegant woman in Paris, not only for the novelty of her toilettes, but also for the incomparable grace with which she wears them, partly to prove irrefutably that both the polonaise and the over-skirt, far from being abandoned, continue to enjoy the highest favor. The details alone are varied, while the general effect is preserved; for instance, many mixed dresses are made, either with a half-long or demi-trained skirt, or a round skirt—that is, short enough to be worn on foot in the street without holding it up. Both have the front breadth pleated, and the back breadths entirely covered with flounces, edged each with a roll, made either of the same stuff or a different color. When the toilette is of two shades, this roll serves to make the flounce bouffant, and to give a greater volume to the back of the dress. Over the skirt thus trimmed is worn a demi-polonaise, composed of a waist with basques behind, tight fitting, and buttoned precisely like an ordinary waist, but with fronts extending as low as those of a common polonaise. In a word, this demi-polonaise is a sort of tight-fitting mantelet, made with sleeves and very long tabs. So much for the details; as to the general effect, thanks to the voluminous trimming of the back breadths, it is almost exactly like that of the polonaise suits we have worn so long. It would be hard to succeed better in inventing the new without making any change in the old: which, by-the-way, is precisely what we are doing in politics.

I do not know whether we shall have very hot weather next summer, but it will be almost a pity if we do not, in view of the beautiful fabrics that are in course of preparation for it. For some years past, during what was called our epoch of prosperity, I have remarked the barrenness of fancy in our manufacturers. They made so much money, and with so very little effort, that they did not take the trouble to invent and improve, or to call forth the resources of the artistic and inexhaustible French imagination, but hurriedly manufactured plain thick stuffs for winter and plain thin stuffs for summer, then having gathered in their profits, hastened to lay them out either in investments or pleasures. More than once I have pointed out the risk to French manufactures in neglecting the invention and execution of graceful designs, which was their specialty, and only doing what English or German workmen could do as well, and perhaps cheaper than the French artisans, who asked and obtained wages in proportion to their artistic value. It was urged in reply that plain stuffs, and nothing else, were in fashion. But no sooner did the country need to increase its business, in order to revive, than fashion agreed with necessity in putting artistic fancies under contribution, and the result has been the new and exquisite colors and fabrics that have dazzled and are dazzling our eyes. Among the beautiful combinations that I have seen is a skirt of plain vert-de-gris faille, with a polonaise of grenadine or other fancy stuff of a deeper or lighter shade, with designs of the same color—detached bouquets, branches, brocaded stripes, or dots of various sizes. It would take too long to enumerate all the beautiful elements of this sort with which our dress-makers, themselves artists, create dresses that could be devised and executed nowhere outside of France.

The polonaise, which ladies can not make up their minds to lay aside, will be, therefore, in many cases, a sort of wrapping such as we have described. The skirts of these suits will be in general either of faille or foulard, and the polonaises of one of those charming new transparent soft and silky fabrics called canvas guipure, brocaded grenadine, etc.

Another kind of toilette, of the *grande dame* style, is composed of an under dress cut in the

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princesse shape—that is, with the waist and skirt in one piece. This first dress, which is entirely plain, without trimming except elegant buttons to match, is invariably of plain silk of one color, or else of velvet. Yes, velvet; for it is discovered that even in our fine climate there are but two months in the year, July and August, when the heat of the weather is incompatible with the use of this beautiful fabric, and we are preparing to wear it even at the season when it was formerly proscribed. Over this princesse dress is worn a large polonaise of crêpe de Chine, canvas guipure, or any other stuff of the same family. This polonaise is very long, flat, open all the way down the front, and looped only under and with the aid of a very wide sash. The sleeves of the princesse dress are almost tight, and those of the polonaise very full. The polonaise being open all the way down the front, shows the princesse dress from top to bottom.

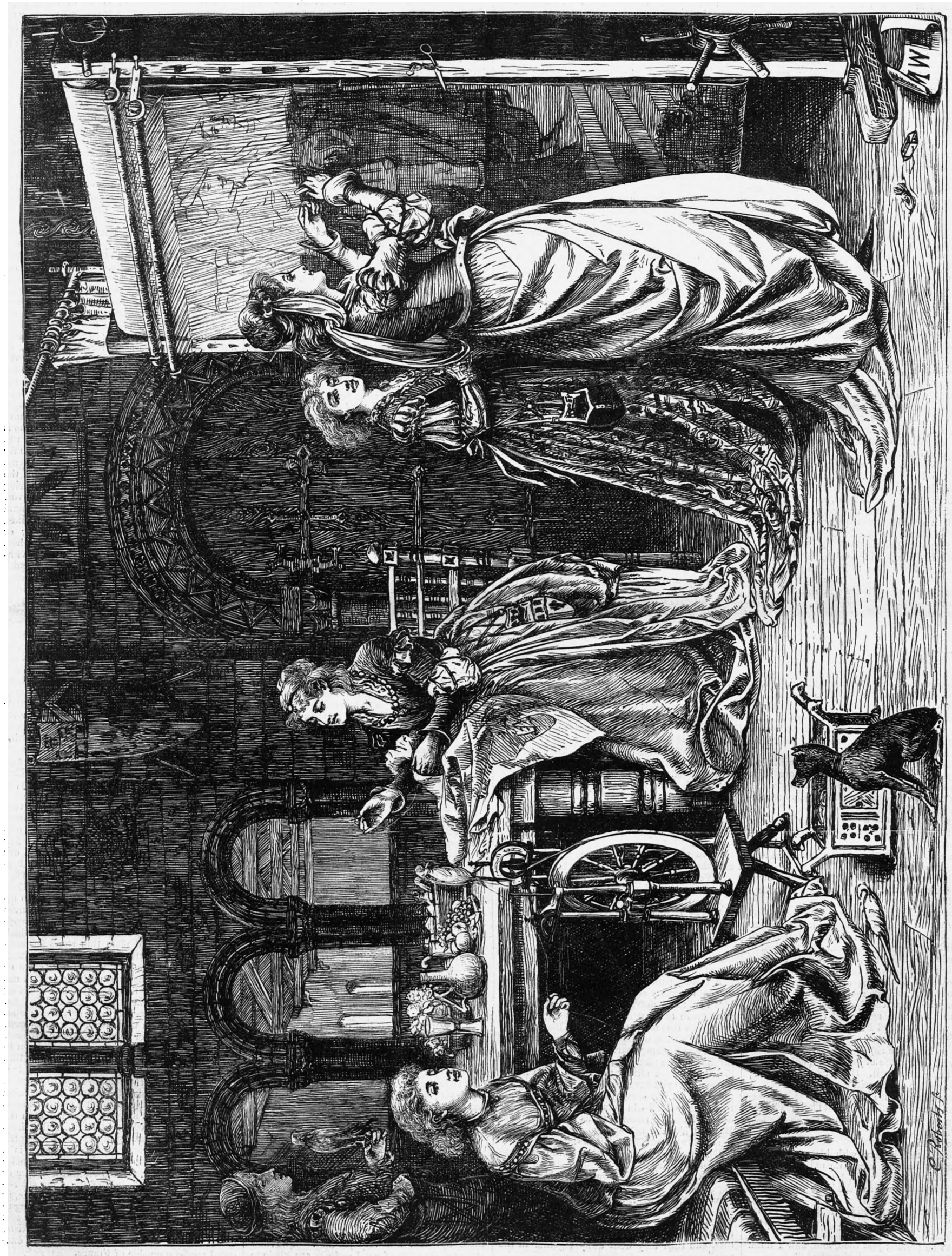
Other dresses will be made, according to the material, with two skirts trimmed alike, with the over-skirt looped on the sides by two sashes of the same material as the dress.

Lastly, linen dresses are in preparation of all the fashionable shades, which are still undecided and vaporous, as if seen through a mist. They will be trimmed, according to the color, either with white cotton braid, or, if the color is wholly neutral, shading on gray or écru, with Pompadour braid—that is, with small flowers of bright colors. Other summer stuffs are also made with designs of raised velvet. There are an immense number of stripes of all kinds, some damask fabrics like table-linen, and many brocaded foulards, color on color.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

LADIES AT TAPESTRY-WORK.

HERE are four damsels of the olden time, all actively engaged in peaceful feminine employments. The maiden in the left-hand corner sits by her spinning-wheel, an implement that is now to be seldom found in actual use, though some of its characteristics are curiously enough reproduced in the sewing-machine. At the table is seated a lady occupied with needle-work, while the two girls standing on the right are busy with a tapestry frame. The youth, hawk on finger, is the only idle person present. Tapestry, though a very ancient art, is said to have been revived by the Saracens. The art was greatly improved by the Flemings, who enriched their tapestries with historic subjects, purposely painted as cartoons for copies by artists of the highest rank, as, for example, Raphael. The celebrated manufacture of Gobelins at Paris owed its prosperity to the encouragement given by Louis XIV. (prompted by his great minister, Colbert) and his successors. The mode of working at the Gobelins is as follows: A series of threads are arranged vertically in a frame like the warp of a loom, and the workman stands behind the frame, the pattern being placed behind him for reference. To produce the design he has a number of wooden needles threaded with wool and silk of the colors required, and these are passed through the upright warp threads, and brought back, so that each thread becomes covered with the necessary color, and this is done with such nicety that scarcely any difference is perceptible between the tapestry picture and the painting from which it was copied.



NEEDLE-WORK IN THE OLDEN TIME—LADIES AT TAPESTRY WORK.

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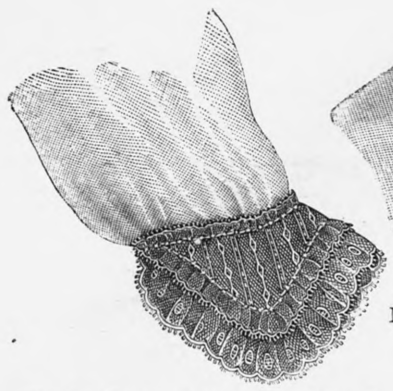


Fig. 8.—Sleeve for Collar, Fig. 7.
For pattern see Supplement No. X., Fig. 24.

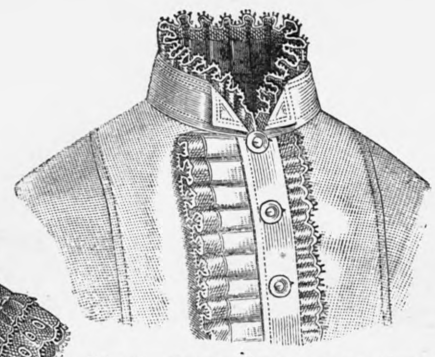


Fig. 2.—Linen Collar with Swiss Muslin Ruffles.—[See Figs. 3 and 4.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 18-20.

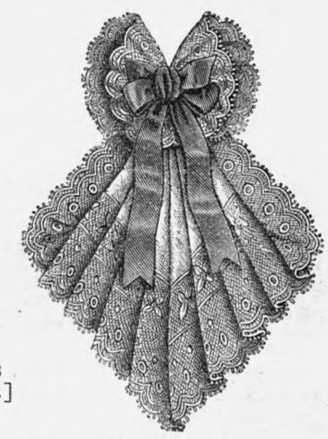


Fig. 1.—Swiss Muslin, Insertion, and Lace Cravat Bow.

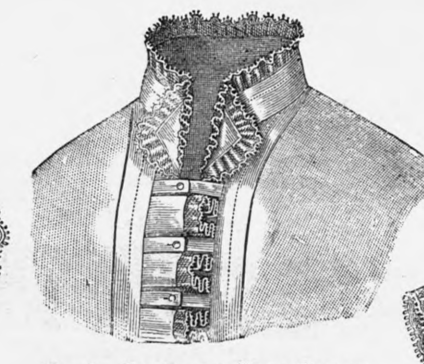


Fig. 5.—Linen and Lace Collar. [See Fig. 6.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 22.

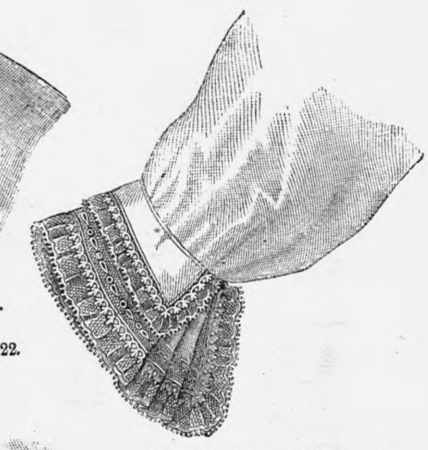


Fig. 4.—Swiss Muslin, Insertion, and Lace Sleeve for Collar, Fig. 2.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 25 and 26.

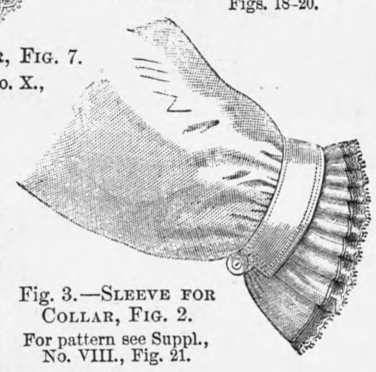


Fig. 3.—Sleeve for Collar, Fig. 2.
For pattern see Suppl., No. VIII., Fig. 21.

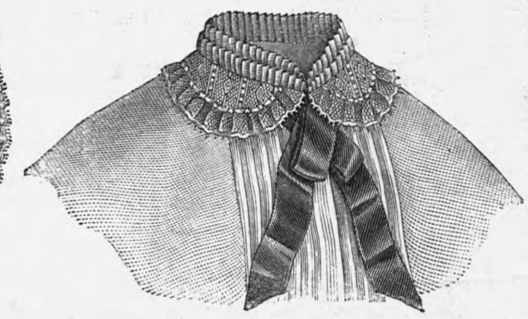


Fig. 7.—Insertion and Lace Collar.—[See Fig. 8.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 23.

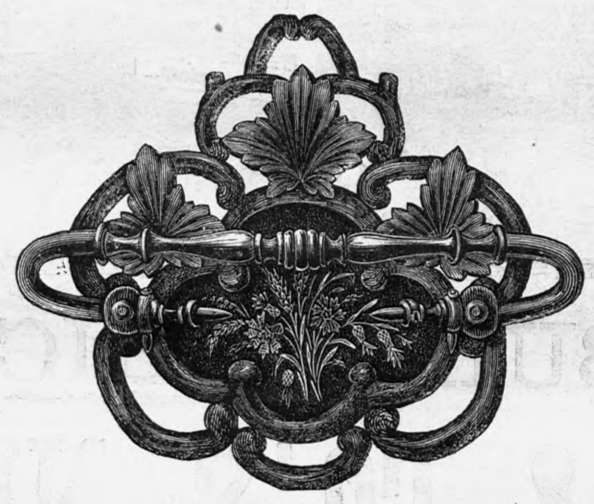
Fig. 6.—Sleeve for Collar, Fig. 5.

Lingerie, Figs. 1-8.

Fig. 1.—Swiss Muslin, Insertion, and Lace Cravat Bow. The fan-shaped part of this cravat bow consists of a straight strip of Swiss muslin four inches and seven-eighths long and eight inches and a half wide, which is sloped off on the under edge, from the middle toward the sides, so that the latter are only two inches and three-quarters long. Trim this part, as shown by the illustration, with lace insertion an inch and three-quarters wide, and with lace an inch and seven-eighths wide; arrange the upper edge in close side-pleats, and sew it on a stiff lace foundation. Cover the seam with a half rosette of gathered lace and a bow of pink gros grain ribbon.

Poult de Soie Cravat Bow, with Mother-of-pearl Slide.

Figs. 2–4.—Linen, Swiss Muslin, and Lace Collar and Sleeves. On the neck of the collar of double fine white linen, on the wrong side, sew a box-pleated Swiss muslin ruffle an inch and three-quarters wide, trimmed with narrow lace. Set the collar on a Swiss muslin chemisette.—This chemisette is faced four inches and seven-eighths wide with linen on the front edge as shown by the illustration, trimmed with lace, and furnished with button-holes and pearl buttons for closing. The sleeves are arranged in a similar manner. For the collar cut of double linen one piece from Fig. 20, Supplement, stitch it a quarter of an inch from the edge, fold it on the outside along the dotted line, and join it with the chemisette. Cut the latter of Swiss muslin from Figs. 18 and 19, Supplement. Pay no attention to the straight line on Fig. 18. For the sleeve cut of Swiss muslin a straight piece sixteen inches wide and fifteen inches and three-quarters long, which is rounded off on the under end from the sides toward the middle to a length of fourteen inches. Sew up the ends of this piece, hem the top, and gather the bottom. Set on the cuffs cut from Fig. 21, and a Swiss muslin ruffle two inches and seven-eighths wide, sloped off toward the middle, and trimmed with lace. Instead of this sleeve, that shown by Fig. 4 may be used. The latter is made of linen, Swiss muslin, and lace. Cut the lower cuff of Swiss muslin from Fig. 25, trim it, as shown by the illustration and partly indicated on the pattern, with lace insertion seven-eighths of an inch wide, a needle-work strip three-quarters of an inch wide, lace an inch wide, and narrow bias strips of linen stitched on. Cut away the material underneath the insertion. Pleat the upper edge, bringing the three ×'s on ●, and join it with the upper cuff according to the corresponding figures. Cut the upper cuff of double linen from Fig. 26, and furnish it with trimming. Finally, join the cuffs with a sleeve of Swiss muslin.



Embroidered Towel-Rack.
For design see Supplement, No. XVIII., Fig. 60.

Figs. 5 and 6.—Linen and Lace Collar and Sleeves. This collar, which is cut of double fine linen from Fig. 22, Supplement, is trimmed with lace three-quarters of an inch wide along the outer edge and along the folds of the turned-down corners, and is set on a Swiss muslin chemisette. Cut the latter from Figs. 18 and 19, Supplement. The straight line on Fig. 18 indicates the front edge of the chemisette. The right front edge is edged with a linen ruffle an inch and a quarter wide, trimmed with lace three-quarters of an inch wide, and which is arranged in double box-pleats an inch and one-eighth wide each at intervals of three-eighths of an inch. Bands of double linen an inch long and three-eighths of an inch wide, which are furnished with buttons and button-holes, serve to close the chemisette. The seam made by setting on the ruffle and bands is covered with a strip of linen an inch wide. The cuffs consist each of a straight piece of double linen three inches and a half wide and eight inches and a half long, which is trimmed with a ruffle and furnished with bands for closing similar to the chemisette. Set the upper edge of the cuff on a Swiss muslin sleeve.

Figs. 7 and 8.—Insertion and Lace Collar and Sleeves. This collar of needle-work insertion half an inch wide and lace insertion seven-eighths of an inch wide is trimmed with a narrow needle-work border and with gathered lace an inch and seven-eighths wide. The collar is trimmed on the neck with kilt-pleated crêpe lisse ruffles, and is set on a Swiss muslin chemisette. The fronts of the latter, which is cut from Figs. 18 and 19, Supplement, are arranged in narrow tucks. Bow of sea green gros grain ribbon. The cuffs of the sleeves are arranged similar to the collar. Cut the collar and cuffs from Figs. 23 and 24, Supplement.

Gros Grain Cravat Bow.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 58.

Gros Grain Cravat Bow.

This cravat bow is made of gros grain in two shades of brown. Fig. 58, Supplement, gives the pattern.

Fig. 1.—Black Poult de Soie Confirmation Dress.—Front.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 14-16.

Fig. 2.—Black Poult de Soie Confirmation Dress.—Back.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 14-16.

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REBUILT CHICAGO.

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THE NEW CHICAGO.

If the burning of Chicago was the world's astonishment, its sudden rebuilding is a still greater marvel. To the Old World, the increase of wealth and population in the New appears incredible, while the unvarnished history of the growth of the great West—of which Chicago is the distributing centre—seems to the people of the older States almost fabulous.

TIME ALLOWED FOR REBUILDING.

Ten years were assigned to Chicago as the shortest time in which she could replace her burnt edifices. But to-day, not eighteen months since the great fire, she has a larger area of substantial and elegant business-houses than she had before the fire, and ere the year ends—when the buildings now designed and in process of construction are finished — Chicago will be far more magnificent, beautiful, and complete than ever, with much larger, more convenient and elegant structures for business, art, religion, and home comfort, than any city of its size on the continent. This wonderful display of constructive energy is due to two causes:

CENTRAL POSITION.

1. To the *position of Chicago as a commercial centre*, at the head of our great inland seas, connected by navigable waters with the Atlantic and the Mexican Gulf, with tunnels under lake and river, the largest grain mart in the world, and the focus of a hundred railroads stretching out their Briarean arms to gather the products of the land and of the sea, of forest and mine, of anvil and loom, over a whole continent.

BUSINESS CHARACTER.

2. To the *character of her business men*, composed of the most enterprising citizens from every State, from Canada, and from Europe, full of electric energy, and inspired by the great possibilities here opened to capital, industry, and enterprise. Chicago could not be what she is without such business men, and the result of their united efforts is the New Chicago, the pride of her own citizens, and the wonder of all beholders, whose "name has gone out into all the earth."

And conspicuous among the merchants who have given character and fame to Chicago is the well-known firm of

D. B. FISK & CO.,

importers and manufacturers of, and wholesale dealers in, millinery and straw goods, ladies' furnishing and fancy goods, a representation of whose magnificent new store, on the corner of Wabash Avenue and Washington Street, is seen above.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

Before the Great Fire they had the finest millinery store in the West, a cut and notice of which appeared in the BAZAR. But the present building so far excels the former one in size, convenience, and splendor, as to make comparison useless. And its

LOCATION,

In the very centre of business, on the Broadway of Chicago, near the principal hotels and chief railways, makes it accessible to customers and an attractive point for visitors. The building, fronting on two streets, is

SUPERBLY LIGHTED

Throughout, the panes of French plate glass on the main floor being 7 feet wide and 15 feet high, so that not only is there ample room for the display of their immense stock, but every floor is so fully lighted that all their goods are shown to the best advantage for purchasers.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

The premises consist of six floors, finished from basement to roof in the most substantial and elegant manner, heated by steam and furnished with elevators for freight and passengers, and every modern convenience, so that the whole business can be transacted more easily than if the space was all on one floor. The Offices, Ladies' Parlor and Toilet Rooms, on the main floor, are of black walnut and ebony, with rich carvings and plate-glass; and the grand massive stairway to the second floor

CHALLENGES ADMIRATION.

No expense or labor has been spared to combine Use with Beauty, and make the whole a perfect temple of art. Every accommodation and comfort are afforded to customers which an intelligent appreciation of their wants, prompted by a liberal hand, could provide.

DEPARTMENTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

On the main floor are exhibited Ribbons, Silks, Velvets, Laces, French Flowers, and Millinery articles and materials. The second floor is filled with Fancy Goods, Ladies' Furnishing, Trimmings, and Small Wares. The third floor contains Straw Goods, Hats and Bonnets for Ladies, Misses, and Children, the Pattern Hat and Bonnet Department, and Exhibition Rooms for Trimmed Goods.

On the fourth floor are the receiving and distributing rooms and duplicate goods. The fifth floor contains the manufacturing department, with all the latest machinery for manufacturing hats and frames. The basement is used for entering, packing, and shipping goods sold, and contains the steam-engines, boilers, and machinery for heating and elevating goods and passengers.

THE PROPRIETORS

Began trade here twenty years ago, establishing the first exclusively wholesale millinery house in the Northwest, and by indefatigable industry, enterprise, sagacity, nerve, and fair dealing, from small beginnings have built up an immense trade requiring a building of mammoth proportions, and a small army of employés. They are now in the prime of life, and have justly won the honorable pre-eminence of having the largest and finest millinery establishment in the world.

LARGEST AND RICHEST STOCK.

Their stock is the most extensive and complete to be found in the country, and as they always keep the best class of goods, both as respects quality and style, their house, for a long time, has been the

HEAD-QUARTERS

of Fashion for the West. And Eastern parties going West to establish themselves in the millinery trade will desire to visit their establishment, not only to see on what a magnificent scale business is conducted there, but to post themselves as to the kind of stock adapted to the Western trade.

And no more fitting type, or truer representation, can be found of the wonderful growth, magnificence, and prosperity of the New Chicago.

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This beautiful watch is the smallest and best American Watch made. It is described in our Price-List, which is sent free and postpaid to all who write for it. Watches sent to any place, no matter how remote, with bill to collect on delivery, with privilege to open the package and examine the watch before paying the bill; and for any watch that does not give satisfaction we will

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Send for the Price-List, and please mention HARPER'S BAZAR. Address

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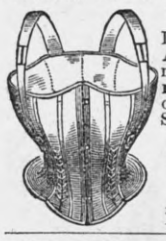

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FACETIÆ.

THE rivers in the northern part of Maine are frozen solid down to the bottom, and the people are blasting for fish.

REASSURING. — A young lady fainted when told that over five hundred thousand men died last year; but was revived by the information that there were thirteen million left.

A prominent apiarist, while arranging his beehives recently, inadvertently turned one over. Snugly ensconced in a fresco of poultices, he says to his friends, in sepulchral whispers, that the cost of raising bees far exceeds the pleasure and profit.

Wedding-cards in Denver consist of the jack of diamonds and the queen of hearts, with the names of the contracting parties on each. If the bride's mother is living, the ten of clubs is also inclosed.

PRIMEVAL MATRIMONY.— The marriage ceremony among the Bushmen of Australia is very simple, and don't cost a farthing. The man selects his lady-love, knocks her down with a club, and drags her to his camp.

A Western man at the St. Nicholas, having taken possession of his room, locked it up to go out into the city, and leaving the key at the bar, told the clerk, with great simplicity, not to wait dinner for him.

A lady who is not thoroughly posted in natural history asked a friend who was going to Utah to bring her a couple of Mormons for her aquarium. She thinks them to be of the oyster species, and illustrative of Darwin.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

MATILDA (*who does not like being "Wall-flower"*). "You've *no Idea*, Maud, how *utterly* Idiotic you People Dancing look to those who Sit Down and Watch you!"
MAUD. "I dare say *not*, love! I never tried!"

A fashionable New York gentleman thinks that if ladies would only use their powder-puffs more sparingly, men would get through the season with only one dress-coat.

Mexico is said to be like the earth, because it has a revolution every twenty-four hours.

A physician says mosquitoes have in their veins some of the best blood in the country.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW. — A young man who proposed to a handsome but heartless creature the other evening suggested a very popular poem—the "Beautiful's No."

A Naples contemporary styles Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, who is now in Naples, the discoverer of the discoverer of the discoverer.

A contemporary speaks of the finding of a skull in a well in the door-yard of one of the citizens of a New England town, and innocently remarks that the person to whom the skull originally belonged is dead.

"If you want to see what men will do in the way of conformity," says a modern philosopher, "take a European hat for your subject of meditation. I dare say there are twenty-two millions of people at this minute each wearing one of these hats to please the rest."

A pair of newly arrived Britishers, being about to undertake their first sleigh-drive in New York, were asked by the waiter whether they would have one or two "buffaloes," meaning robes, of course. Believing that he spoke of horned cattle of unknown temper, they modestly replied that, as they were new to the work, one buffalo would suffice to begin with.

PERSIAN FABLES.

A heedless boy having flung a pebble in the direction of a basking lizard, that reptile's tail disengaged itself, and flew some distance away. One of the properties of a lizard's follower is to leave the main body at the slightest intimation of danger.

"There goes that vexatious narrative again!" exclaimed the lizard, pettishly. "I never had such a tail in my life! Its restless tendency to divorce upon insufficient grounds is enough to harrow the reptilian soul! Now," he continued, backing up to the fugitive part, "perhaps you will be good enough to resume your connection with the parent establishment."

No sooner was the splice effected than an astronomer passing that way casually remarked to a friend that he had just sighted a comet. Supposing itself menaced, the timorous member again sprang away, coming down plump before the horny nose of a sparrow. Here its career terminated.

We sometimes escape from an imaginary danger only to find some real persecutor has a little bill against us.

A jackal who had pursued a deer all day with unflagging industry was about to seize him, when an earthquake, which was doing a little civil engineering in that part of the country, opened a broad chasm between him and his prey.

"Now here," said he, "is a distinct interference with the laws of nature. But if we are to tolerate miracles, there is an end of all progress."

So speaking, he endeavored to cross the abyss at two jumps. His fate would serve the purpose of an impressive warning if it might be clearly ascertained; but the earth having immediately pinched together again, the research of the moral investigator is baffled.

SCRAGSON. "Call him off, will you! What's he Sniffing at my Heels for?"
BOY. "Dunno, Sir. P'r'aps he thinks yer a Bone, and he wants to Pick yer!"

FINE WOMAN. "But they're so Small. I never saw such Small Smelts!"
SMALL MAN. "That's true, Mum, they ain't all big; but you see, Mum, we ain't none on us all a one size."

The following took place in an attempt to prove an alibi:

ATTORNEY S——. "You say that Ellis plowed for you all day on the 29th of November?"
WITNESS (*referring to his book*). "Yes."
S. "What did he do on the 30th?"
W. "He chopped wood."
S. "On the 31st?"
W. "That was Sunday, and we went a-squirrel-hunting."
S. "What did he do on the 32d?"
W. "He thrashed the wheat that day."
S. "What did he do on the 33d?"
W. "It was raining, and he shaved out some axe handles."
S. "What did he do on the 34th?"
W. "He chopped wood."
S. "What did he do on the—"

But before the question could be finished the witness's wife seized him by the collar and whisked him outside of the witness-box, yelling in his affrighted ear, "You old fool! don't you know that there are only thirty-one days in the month of November?"

CONSEQUENTIAL DAMAGES.

JUDGE. "I fine Tim Larry ten dollars for assault and battery on Pat Malone."

PAT. "But, your honor, I want more damages. He blacked my eye, and if I had been invited to a tea-party I couldn't have gone."

JUDGE. "The Court knows nothing about consequential damages. You must carry your case to Geneva."

"CIRCUMLOCUTORY!"

POLITE PORTER (*seeing smoke issuing from Brown's coat pocket*). "You'll excuse me addressin' o' you, Sir—Common Man in a manner o' Speakin'—Gen'leman like you, Sir—beggin' Pardon for takin' the Liberty, which I should never 'a thought o' doin' under ordinary Succumstances, Sir, on'y you didn't seem to be Aware on it, but it Struck me as I see you a-goin' along, as you were *a-fire*, Sir!"

[*By this time Brown's right coat tail was entirely consumed. His fusees had ignited by private arrangement among themselves.*

NEWS.

AUNT GRACE. "My dear children, you will all be pleased to hear you have got a New Brother—"
SMALL SON AND HEIR. "Oh, how awfully jolly! Let me be the first to go and tell Mamma!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 17.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

FIGS. 1–3.—LADIES' SPRING WALKING SUITS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Fig. 1.—RAW SILK WALKING SUIT. Fig. 2.—BLACK SILK DRESS WITH CASHMERE POLONAISE. Fig. 3.—CHÂTELAINE REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).

[Cut Paper Patterns of the Châtelaine Redingote Walking Suit, Fig. 3, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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HARRY.—1855–1873.

"Bearded like the pard."

"HERE we go down, down, down-y,"
I sang to you long ago,
When you wore a sweet little gown-y
As soft and as white as snow.

And now in your great long trowsers
You stand and sing it to me;
And the strain such emotion arouses,
I hardly believe what I see.

Not whiskers already! Don't tell me!
Yet coming events, as we know,
Cast shadows before; and so really
They *may* be beginning to grow.

Forgotten the wee sweet gown-y,
As, stroking your cheek and chin,
"Here we go! down, down, downy,"
I hear you softly begin.

Well, finish the song, and gladly;
'Tis nature's marvelous plan.
A baby *might* end more sadly
Than by growing to be a man.

If a shade of pain will tarry
To think of the baby that went,
What matters it? Haven't I Harry?
And are we not more than content?

So, "Here we go down, down, down-y,"
Was not more sweet in the past
Than, "Here we go! down, down, downy,"
As echoed by Harry at last.

Ladies' Spring Walking Suits, Figs. 1–3.

See illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—RAW SILK WALKING SUIT. Spring suit of damask raw silk. Skirt with polonaise of plain raw silk. The skirt is in two silvery gray shades, made with three lapping gathered flounces. Polonaise with long front draped very short behind, and trimmed to represent a châtelaine bodice by rows of black velvet ribbon and lace. Swinging passementerie cords in front of corsage; braiding in corners of polonaise skirt; fringe of silk tied in the edge of the garment. Medici fraise of pleated muslin. Medici hat of black straw, with blue-faced brim and gray plume.

Fig. 2.—BLACK SILK DRESS WITH CASHMERE POLONAISE. This suit consists of a silk skirt and cashmere polonaise. The skirt has a deep straight flounce of silk headed by a pleated puff. Narrower frills on the front breadth. The vest-polonaise is trimmed with thick curled braid and netted fringe. Black watered ribbon sash. Pointed neck with English linen collar. Rabagas bonnet of white chip, trimmed with black velvet and roses.

Fig. 3.—CHÂTELAINE REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This elegant suit, which is copied from one of the most stylish Paris dresses imported this season, consists of a walking skirt and a single-breasted close-fitting redingote or polonaise. The skirt is of olive brown silk, and is trimmed with circular pleatings on the front breadth, and a deep gathered flounce and narrow pleatings behind. The polonaise is of pale écru summer camel's-hair cloth, elaborately embroidered, and trimmed with swinging cords on the waist. It is edged with netted fringe, and draped by a side sash of watered ribbon. Any other material may be used, with trimming to suit the taste. English straw bonnet, trimmed with olive brown and écru silk, wild roses, and a black lace scarf on the crown. Olive brown silk umbrella.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS suit comprises two articles—châtelaine redingote and walking skirt.

CHÂTELAINE REDINGOTE.—This pattern is in five pieces—front, side back, back, sleeve, and cuff. The front is fitted by a cross basque seam and two darts on each side. The back is adjusted by a seam in the middle and side back seams which extend to the shoulder. An extra width is cut on each seam in the back at the waist line, and gathered on the under side. The skirt is draped on the side by five pleats turning upward, according to the perforations, commencing at the lower hole; and underneath the garment, at the waist line, are tacked two tapes twelve inches long—one from each side seam. Place the perforation nearest the top of the skirt part on the middle of the tape, and the lower one on the end, each side, to form the panier. Baste up and try on wrong side out; if alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams. The wide coat sleeve is finished at the wrist by a deep cuff. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the back part of the armhole, and hold the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. Put the pattern together by the notches. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all others. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back for the hem in front. If the sleeves are too long or too short, take from or add to the top and bottom an equal quantity, always keeping the same shape.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards. Fringe, 4½ yards.

WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front gore, two side gores, and straight breadth for the back. Cut the front gore and back breadth with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Cut two pieces each of the pattern given for the side gores. Put the pattern together by the notches, paying no attention to the grain of the paper.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 7 yards.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1873.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be published the Twelfth Part of

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This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is issued gratuitously in Eight-page Supplements to the subscribers to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the new and elegant Châtelaine Redingote Walking Suit, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 271.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain an extra-sized Pattern-Sheet, with full-sized patterns of a large number of Spring and Summer Mantles, Sacques, Dolmans, Water-Proofs, and other Wrappings for Ladies and Children; House and Street Suits, Wrappers, Fichus, Jackets, Vests, etc.; together with choice literary and artistic attractions.*

FAST OLD WOMEN.

THERE is a sisterhood of women, something past the meridian of their days, who, the labors of life being done, suddenly emerge from their obscurity like flies from the chrysalid—who, having been confined by unescapable duty for thirty years, more or less, gladly show how irksome the duty was by the buoyancy with which they accept their freedom, and of whom no other description tells better than that contained in the above term—fast old women.

They are not literally old, perhaps, but they certainly are not young: their hair would be very gray, save in rare instances, if they knew nothing of the delicate dyes; their skins would be creased and corded if they knew nothing of the French enamels; their mouths would be dark and dreary caves, marked like the cave of Pagan with old bones, if they knew nothing of the dentists; and their forms would be shapeless if they knew nothing of the dress-makers. Yet it is not of any such knowledge that we complain, since, believing it to be the duty of all to make themselves as comely as may be, we must accord them the privilege of choosing for themselves the ideal of comeliness to which they would approach: it is the ill purpose to which such knowledge is applied that we deprecate, in that, after the effect of a false youth is gained, it uses that effect for evil results.

A little observation of this sort of women teaches us that they were married early, and that they had so little girlhood that they have been like unbroached bottles of Champagne lying on their sides and waiting, with all their froth and bubble in them, for the moment of escape. They have borne children, but seldom borne with them much; have reared them usually after that way which the proverb recognizes in saying a selfish mother makes a generous child. They have been active and capable housekeepers, using their superfluous energies upon domestic affairs, till now, when they can delegate the duties to elder children or others; or having disposed of the children—the daughters to marriage, the sons to clubs—they can reduce the ménage to a suite at a hotel, as they have already reduced the husband to an animated ledger and breathing bank account.

They are very seldom widows; for the widow requires more circumspection in her daily walk than they are wont to exercise—they who are fortified by the existence of husbands, and husbands who do not complain: and so long as the husband is not seen to adjust his spectacles, the world discreetly looks the other way. They are quite as seldom absolutely vicious, for, being past the heyday of the blood, emotions rather than passions are in play with them. They are sentimental and romantic, sometimes melancholy, sometimes gay, and always vain, always fictitiously living over the youth they never had. They smile, and forget that where once the dimples nestled now only two wrinkles are furrowed; they flourish their lunettes coquettishly, displaying the fact that the lenses are convex; and all the poudre de riz in the world can not hide the fact that the bloom has long been brushed from the bosom bared so bravely to the blast. In the background there is always mystery, persecution, sorrow—they compliment each other on the marks of suffering which give pathos to their absent-minded expression; but in the foreground there is always a man—a man who has no business there; now it is the youth they failed to marry, now the ideal they never came across, now the young man of the present who feels himself twice a man when dangling at the side of a woman twice his age, and whose insipid adoration is soothing to their hungry vanity and stimulating to their vapid fancies.

As to where they can be seen—they are to be seen every where where it is public—behind the scenes at the theatre, where they invite the players home to supper, and regret the misapplied talents that have rusted with themselves in private life, and talk still as if CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN'S playing in her own gray hair ought to give them the freedom of the boards; sometimes they are seen on the exchange; sometimes at the race-course, betting—not always gloves—on the favorite. They are connoisseurs of pictures and of wines; and they always have a reform or two on hand, which gives them excuse for any amount of visiting and weak flirtation—reforms generally of the kind that allows much conversation which, if not indecent, is prurient, and which renders them, by the latitude of their remarks, and by the relish with which they accept and roll over every high-seasoned scandal like a sweet morsel under their tongues, as unfortunate companions as the young man or woman of their acquaintance could encounter, and demoralizing to every community they enter, like old and overripe fruit with a worm at the heart, corrupting all the fresh young fruit beside it. Never is this influence of theirs more injurious than when used upon the young wives and mothers who look with wonder and pleasure on their beauty, be it artificial or be it well-preserved, and listen to the ejaculations and declarations that teach mistrust of husbands and neglect of families, that invite to idle reading and hurtful enjoyments, and disturb them with vague and restless longings for the things that are not.

Sometimes these advanced sirens play the rôle of the unappreciated wife, sometimes that of her whose life has been a grand mistake, and they spend their days attitudinizing and posturing in the character of a victim to enduring martyrdom: they might have been Corinnes crowned at the Capitol, but for the brutal husband whose whole soul was wrapped in veal cutlets fried in olive-oil; their aspirations have been crushed, their desires suppressed, their genius has gone to babies, their lives are wrecks; and they quote poetry, and travel, and go through devotional seasons, and are horror-struck with the lately discovered depravity of the world, and they warn the particular young man of the moment in such a ravishing way that he hastens to tempt that depravity for himself.

But after all, assuming every other rôle though they may, the only one in which they really succeed is that of the silly wife. Accomplished in nothing, they profess a little of every thing—a little art, a little literature, a little virtue, a little love—yet their sole possessions are the miserable affectations and vanities to gratify which they seek a publicity of admiration, enjoy it perhaps a short while, to receive in the end a publicity of contempt. And when we see them whirling by, or meet them in the galleries, with their false bloom, the disguising crêpé of their borrowed hair, the veiling and softening laces, the fluttering feathers and ribbons, the paint and powder and falseness and fashion, we turn to some sweet and simple grandmother—no older by a day—whose silver locks are white with a lustre out of heaven, and whose hand is clasped by the loving babies whose mothers were once her own babies, and we thank Heaven that a model for age to take pattern by yet remains in a world that has not learned to shudder at *fast old women.*

THE YOUNG REPUBLIC.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

CHILDREN are no doubt tiresome to people who have the care of them, but irresponsible association with children is a never-ceasing interest and delight. To sit alone in the Park and study the different groups of little ones playing about you is at once employment and enjoyment. The flossy, flowing hair, the vandyke collars, the dainty, diminutive petticoats, the broad sashes, the Tyrolese hats, the shapely legs, the free, visible motions, the infinite flashing of vivid colors—here is a little picturesque world within the world, not less real and far more accessible than the outer world which infolds it. Have the mothers given too much time to tucks and trimmings? I dare say they have, the vain, fond, silly mothers, but they have made a pretty picture after all. And if the painter is praised who spends his time in tricking out canvas with color and contour to delight the eye and inthrall the heart, shall the mother be harshly blamed even if she trims the midnight lamp to deck with freshness and softness and brightness that little living statue, rounded and rosy, as fair and pure and sweet as if it had been carved from vitalized marble?

True, this picture is for a day, and the painting and the sculpture are for all time. But so the flowers spring as gracefully outlined, as exquisitely tinted, as lavishly dowered with the sweet mystery and ministry of scents, as if they were not to yield up their lovely life in a night. All the year waits on one moment of superb and supreme beauty. Nay, a hundred years serve steadfastly for one brief blossoming, and we do not chide Nature for the lavish outlay, but admire her patience and applaud her accomplishment. The picturesque childhood passes so swiftly, and the bright colors must be subdued and the charming outlines hidden—we may pity if we must, but not too severely censure the poetry, the love of art, the refinement and delicacy, which find expression while they may in a child's dress.

And if the heavens are shrouded as on this bitter spring day, and the air is full of invisible ice, what substitute for sunshine is so bright as the faces and the voices of the eager, busy children? You sit by the glowing grate with an entertaining book, but "keeping an eye out," yes, and an ear too, for the microcosm in the other corner. And if you can but furnish a little wisdom of your own, you will find as much wisdom there as in any book. There, in little, all the large world reveals itself. There the future is forecast. The present holds the germ of all that is to be. It wants only the seeing eye. Life is strictly logical, but we fail to frame the syllogisms, and stand astonished at the conclusions. All the same they are conclusions, and not caprices.

There are many arrangements in the world that we can not understand; but involuntarily watching the children at their play, we can readily see why they are arranged in groups, and not consigned to solitary education. It is not alone for enjoyment, but for training. Parents do their part, but they can not do the whole. Children must themselves complement their own development. Even the defects of parental training may be made up by the inevitable trituration of these atoms. The parents are strong and self-possessed and protecting and just and friendly; but when the child goes out into the world he will find it indifferent, unjust, reckless. How can he bear the transition from the warm atmosphere of home to the cool, not to say biting, airs of this new sphere? But the wise, self-restrained, helping adults do not constitute all of home. Again and again comes a little baby more helpless, ignorant, appealing, than the helpless, ignorant, and appealing child. The three-year-old immediately constitutes herself a mother superior to the three-day-old. The same lovely, helpful traits which she calls forth in her parents the baby calls forth in her. Children are to each other what the outside world is to their parents. Heedless, headlong children become careful and cautious when the baby wanders into their play-ground. The boy who howls and storms and raves because his mother will not yield to his wish and whim will himself yield to the whims of the tiny sister left a while in his charge, and coax and cajole and induce not only with marvelous patience, but with a wisdom and a tact of which you had never suspected him to be capable. Children have an unconscious confidence in their parents and elders, and an unconscious and correct lack of confidence in their younger friends. They will be unreasonable with their parents, knowing that their parents will not be unrestrained in return; but when little Peggy totters about among the infantile crockery they know it is of no use to thrust her out fiercely, because no shame will restrain her from pushing unearthly yells which will spoil their sport. So they check their impatience, and lure her out lovingly, and learn the valuable art of self-government.

Thank Heaven for the quarrels of children! Thus they learn the balance of power before they leave the nursery. Perhaps his father will not allow Charley to be punished, but if he strikes Kitty, Kitty strikes back, and with blind fury. So he learns to curb his tempers in spite of his father. The trouble is that parents too often interfere when it would be much better to leave the children to fight it out. But Charley is stronger than Kitty, and hurts her. True, but it is very important that Kitty should learn to measure herself, and to know that if she flings herself rashly against a superior power she will be beaten. Besides keeping a general supervision of eyes and bones, let us not exercise too close a watch. The outcry and clamor are not soothing or musical considered merely as sounds, but when you classify them as the friction of souls striving to adjust themselves to the relations of life, they are far from annoying. Let the children alone. The brother's impatience may

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better discipline the offender than the father's patience. The sister's quick, effective resentment is more like the world's ways than the mother's loving endurance. The slap that promptly follows encroachment is a good practical lesson in human rights. Be not too hasty to forbid the little children to beat and box and tease and scold and scratch each other into a respect for ownership, for sensitiveness, into a dignified self-control, and even, at length, into a profound and universal benevolence.

An absolute monarchy may give more social order, but a republic makes stronger men and women for citizens.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE CHÂTELAINE REDINGOTE SUIT.

THE Châtelaine Redingote Suit, illustrated on our first page (and of which a cut paper pattern will be furnished), has a long over dress fitted smoothly over the hips, in imitation of the châtelaine bodice seen in old portraits. This garment, made of camel's-hair cloth, embroidered all over, and fastened by filigree silver buttons, is rich enough to have been worn by any stately lady of the castle of medieval times. Modern taste preserves this richness, if desired, but finds also a certain *chic* in the plain garment, well fitted and simply trimmed; for instance, a redingote of summer camel's-hair or of cashmere may have the needle-work omitted, and be merely edged with wool fringe or a piping fold of velvet or of silk. In the back of this redingote the waist is defined by two large buttons, and the skirt is draped by tapes underneath the upper part. The waist should be lined throughout with silk. The sash is loops and long ends of watered ribbon. The skirt is of silk of the same color as the redingote, but is of a darker shade. Linen, percale, piqué, grenadine, and batiste suits may be made by this pattern; with summer dresses a belt like the sash is used.

PARISIAN DRESSES.

The leading exclusive modistes have returned from Paris, bringing carefully selected dresses that will decide definitely the fashions of the spring and summer. The polonaise, or redingote, as it is commonly called this season, and the basque with over-skirt, remain the models for another season; both are equally fashionable, but there is a preference for polonaises for street suits. A conspicuous feature is the novel effect produced by doing away with side drapery, and drawing up polonaises and overskirts very short behind, leaving the sides and long front absolutely smooth and plain. To add to this appearance of flat front, slender sides, and bouffant back, the lower skirt has its three front breadths trimmed flatly with lengthwise bands, pleats, gathered puffs, or smooth melon puffs, while the back widths are covered with three full gathered bunchy flounces. To complete the effect, these skirts are tied back over the new French tournure, which is a long, narrow affair of twelve steel springs incased in muslin, and worn strapped behind the person. This bustle adds nothing to the breadth of the hips, but is behind only, pushing the skirts far out backward in a slender curve, and is long enough to support them half their length, making them flow outward gracefully, instead of falling in below a projecting hump at the waist, as they have lately done.

The high standing Medici fraise of silk or the dress material trims the pointed neck of basque or polonaise, and adds to that stateliness which promises to supersede the jauntiness so long in fashion. This fraise is bias silk three inches wide behind, where it is held in full pleats, and slopes gradually away toward the throat. It is seen on all dresses, from the simplest muslins to elaborate dinner dresses of faille. An inner pleating of white crêpe lisse comes in the neck and wrists of imported dresses, and is often preferred to lace. It is sold, ready pleated, for 80 cents a yard. The standing English collar and turned-down round collars made of the dress material trim cashmere and linen costumes.

Wide silk flounces are made straight on many French dresses, and are simply hemmed below and gathered on a cord above. They are often arranged in three side pleats at intervals with gathers between the clusters. For edging and heading wide flounces are puffs and shell scallops—ruffles three inches wide in clusters of side pleats caught over on the plain spaces. The train flounce may be either bias or straight. Bias gathered flounces are very full, having three-quarters of their length added; their lower edge is turned up an inch on the outside, and piped with one or two tiny folds. Irregular flounces, one wide and two narrow ones below, trim the foot of skirts; a quantity of narrow ruffles around the skirt is passée. All ruffles in groups overlap. It is the rule to trim front breadths different from the back, and in many cases a third kind of trimming extends down the side breadths, such as puffs, folds, bars, or revers. For bordering upper skirts plain edges or fringes are preferred to ruffles—thus a bias band of silk a finger length broad is laid on cashmere and other woolen dresses; sometimes a band of the dress material is used, and piped on the upper side with silk. The fringes are tied into the edge of the over-skirt or garment, and are used without heading. Many over-skirts are made to lap in front, and others fasten on the left side; there is also a fancy for draping each side differently. A row of three or four bows made with irregular loops and ends holds the fronts of over-skirts together; few plain apron fronts are shown on the last importations; sash ends and lengthwise loops are placed far back on the sides.

Superb black silk costumes have the three front breadths trimmed with seven bias bands thickly corded on the sides, pointed and fringed below, extending lengthwise from the belt below the knee, and meeting a straight deep flounce held in three side pleats and gathers. On the back breadths are three deep flounces with shell scallops at top and bottom. Over this is a polonaise made with a double-breasted basque in front, fastened by two rows of *vieil argent* buttons; a standing fraise of silk trims the neck; the polonaise skirt laps in front, slopes away long on the sides, and is caught up high and short behind. The coat sleeves have four bias bands extending from the armhole to the cuff, and a plain stiffly lined cuff is turned over the wrist. These stately costumes combine all the new fancies of the spring, and are used for church, carriage, and visiting dresses. Price $300.

A hundred summer camel's-hair polonaises are shown at one house, with scarcely two alike. Those of écru summer camel's-hair, with brown velvet revers down the front, velvet cuffs, epaulets, pockets, and a straight flat velvet Watteau down the back, are $175. Insertions of yak are let in the skirt. A brown velvet skirt is required to complete the costume. A novelty from Worth is a dark green camel's-hair polonaise with jacket back, military passementeries in front, swinging cords behind, and sailor scarf of the camel's-hair knotted at the throat, with ends passed under the belt. With green silk skirt, the price is $200. New stylish cashmere suits have the Josephine polonaise, with plain tight round waist, wide silk belt and huge buckle of smoked pearl; the polonaise skirt is lapped to fasten on the side, trimmed in front with a wide bias band, while the back has a fringed flounce and sash. A tiny standing English collar is made of the cashmere, and bosom folds drape the corsage. The silk skirt has two narrow gathered bias ruffles below a wide straight flounce edged and headed with shell scallops.

A perfect costume for a bride has a skirt of lavender silk, with alternate black velvet and silk kilt pleating on the front breadth, and three silk flounces behind widely faced with black velvet. The polonaise of lavender cashmere, embroidered with a deeper shade, is fringed on the edges, and has a wide sash, collar, and front bows of black velvet, showing lavender silk lining.

A réséda cashmere suit has a silk skirt with side pleating and narrow ruffles held down by a cashmere band an eighth wide. The Worth over-skirt hangs open long and plain in front and sides, is caught up high behind by a sash, and has square pockets like a polonaise; the edge is finished by a bias cashmere band like that on the skirt, piped with silk. The shapely basque is fringed in front and plainly piped behind, with sash ends coming out from underneath. Coat sleeves, with two cuffs turned over to show a silk facing.

SUMMER SUITS.

For summer suits thick Napoleon blue soft-finished linen is imported for $1 a yard, and twenty-five yards are sold for a suit. Polonaises of this linen are wrought all over with white polka dots; others are machine embroidered with white, and sold for $35. A very simple suit of deepest blue with a vine of white brier stitching on polonaise and skirt is $35. Another novelty is *toile bleu*, blue linen striped with white like bed-ticking coutille. When stylishly made this is very effective, and will not become common, as plain suits cost $70. They are made with a long tight polonaise caught up behind, edged with a scalloped needle-worked ruffle, and fastened by smoked pearl buttons. The skirt has a wide straight flounce edged by two scalloped ruffles. When a line of red is in the white stripe the ruffles are overcast with Turkey red cotton. Cool-looking brown linen suits are not largely imported. The most stylish and simple ones shown have the skirt trimmed with two straight gathered flounces each two-eighths wide, headed by a bias band. The long loose belted polonaise has a similar flounce all around it, is buttoned down the front by large pearl buttons, has square pockets, and has a black faille folded belt with a sash that drapes it high behind. Folds of black faille and a bow are on the sleeves. Around the neck is an English collar of the gray linen. A white linen ruffle will be worn inside.

The newest fancy in batiste costumes is to trim them with strong heavy Malines (old-fashioned thread lace). A row of Malines insertion is set in the polonaise, and three rows are in the Spanish flounce on the skirt. Price $125 for suit. Among other washing dresses are lace-striped percales in brown and gray goods, with white stripes and damask figures.

The loveliest white cambric suits have the polonaise wrought all over in open-worked English embroidery, all eyelet-holes and compass-work. The skirt has a single deep flounce of embroidery. Embroidered fraise around the neck. Violet watered ribbon sash, belt, and knots at the throat and elbow complete this perfect costume. Price $175. A white nansook suit has a Watteau polonaise and Spanish flounced skirt, trimmed with thick Hamburg insertion and scalloped ruffles. New Swiss muslin dresses for afternoon and evening have the front breadth formed of lengthwise insertion and box-pleats, while the back is covered with five flounces made of insertion and puffs. The blouse-waist is formed of alternate insertion and box-pleats. Less expensive dresses are made in this elaborate style with tucked bands and puffs: price $60. These models are commended for graduating dresses. White nansook wrappers have the Watteau fold behind; three fluted ruffles begin at the neck in front, and sweep down the skirt, gradually widening toward the back; they are edged with Valenciennes. A Watteau bow and ends of blue or pink watered ribbon hang from the neck behind, and small bows are down the front.

For information received thanks are due Mrs. CONNELLY; and Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and A. T. STEWART & Co.

PERSONAL.

SINCE LOUISE COLET died, in 1871, at Nice, "George Sand" is the only living female writer in France whose pen has proved a *plume d'or*. Madame COLET, once a poor governess, was a very voluminous writer, and left a fortune of about $160,000. "George Sand" is still richer. We have divers ladies in this land of the free who have many thousands of "governments" and other good collaterals, the result of penwork.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY says:

"If you wish to be miserable, you must think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil every thing you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of every thing God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose."

—The ladies are coming in for some of the good things. Mrs. CAREY, sister of Senator STEWART, has been appointed postmistress at her native town in Ohio, with a salary of $2200. She presided over the household of Senator STEWART during the absence of his family in Europe, and is a very charming and estimable lady—and widow.

—THAYER, the biographer, says BEETHOVEN looked like a little ugly mulatto; was very short; had a yellow skin, broad, spread-out nose, and projecting teeth, over which his heavy lips shut; with a slight Indian look about the cheek-bone. As a spectacle he was not a success.

—ADELINA PATTI seems to have excited the Russians, from ruler to rustic, to a pitch of enthusiasm previously unprecedented in the musical history of that nation. At her recent benefit the Emperor ALEXANDER, according to the published reports, went on to the stage, and with his own hands offered the heroine of the evening "a diamond coronet representing wild roses." At the inspiriting sight of the Czar of all the Russias making a present on the public boards to an undoubtedly charming prima donna the loyal audience rose as one man and applauded with enthusiasm, though what they applauded, whether the emperor or the prima donna, or the homage done by the former to the latter, does not appear. This seems the most extraordinary performance in which royalty has taken part since the days of LOUIS XIV., who, though he acted and danced on the stage, did so only at court entertainments, where he was more or less among acquaintances.

—Speaking of the late Emperor of France, M. GUIZOT says, "He was all his life one of three things—prisoner, journalist, or carbonari—but always thoroughly a gentleman."

—Mr. TOM HUGHES, in a lecture recently delivered in Edinburgh on *Problems of Civilization*, says, in reference to the munificent donations for benevolent purposes going on in this country, that "upon most social problems England has perhaps but little to learn from America, but upon this particular one much. Few things struck me more in the United States than the scale upon which private citizens are undertaking and carrying out great works for the public good. Girard College in Philadelphia, Harvard College in Massachusetts, are well-known instances of what past generations have done while the country was poor and struggling; but now that it is growing at a pace which will soon make it the richest and most populous of nations, there is every sign of a growing public sentiment that it is disgraceful in those whom society has enabled to gather vast riches not to return to society with an open hand." Mr. HUGHES names Cooper Institute and Cornell University as notable instances of later liberality. He might have largely extended the catalogue. The princely gifts of VASSAR, PEABODY, DREW, HOPKINS, ASTOR, LENOX, ROOSEVELT, GROSVENOR, and scores of others, added to the noble endowments made during the last five or ten years to colleges and educational institutions, present an affluence of liberality without parallel in the history of any country, ancient or modern.

—JOHN G. SAXE has just returned from a very delightful and profitable lecture tour through the South. At Mobile, Vicksburg, Tuscaloosa, Savannah, Memphis, and other cities he was greeted with audiences not only large, but embracing the best social position and highest culture of the Southern States. His lectures, poems, etc., as read by himself, were subjects of the highest encomiums from the press wherever he went, and have led to very numerous engagements for next season. Mr. SAXE has sold his residence at Albany, and was last week looking around the suburbs of New York for a place which shall hereafter be his home—"not for a day, but for all time."

—Fifteen years ago MICHAEL CANCEMI, an Italian, was four times tried for the murder of EUGENE ANDERSON, and finally convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. In 1864 he was pardoned, and returned to Italy, where he joined the army, and gradually obtained promotion, until now he holds a colonel's commission, and is acting general. His case was over six years in court.

—Theological professors are sometimes indiscreet in speech on temporal matters. Recently Professor SABATIER, having made some aspersions on the women of Germany in two lectures at Bischwiller, received orders to leave Elsass within forty-eight hours. He left.

—Mr. MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, one of the true merchant princes of this city, will bring home with him from Rome over sixty thousand dollars' worth of good paintings, purchased there by himself during the past few months.

—M. EMILE DE GIRARDIN, in conjunction with M. GILBRAT, of *Le Constitutionnel*, and M. JENTY, of *La France*, has purchased the *Petit Journal* of Paris, which has the largest circulation of any newspaper in the world, its daily edition being over 200,000 copies. Its price is a sou. M. DE GIRARDIN is now nearly seventy.

—Mrs. WILLIAM STEINWAY and Mrs. General ALBERT STEINWAY were passengers by the steamer *Weser*, Saturday, April 5, for Europe.

—A gentleman who had the means of knowing the fact, states that during his last visit to this country the amount of money CHARLES DICKENS cleared by his readings was about $225,000, gold, which was more than thrice as much as he had ever anticipated in his most sanguine moods.

—The Emperor of Russia will, it is said, settle $250,000 a year on his only daughter, the Grand Duchess MARIA, on her marriage with the Duke of Edinburgh.

—Judge POLAND, of Vermont, has this history: His grandfather was a Polish refugee, and had a name so contorted with consonants that the Vermonters gave up the contest, and called him POLAND "for short," and his descendants grew up by that name.

—JOSEPH POWELL, who recently died at Greenville, Tennessee, deserves honorable record in this: He was a member of the Legislature of South Carolina, and the only man who voted "no" at a public meeting that passed nullification resolutions. A gold-headed cane was presented to him, inscribed "The Immortal No."

—In connection with Commodore VANDERBILT'S half-million gift to found a Southern university, to be under the auspices of the Methodist Church, it may be mentioned that the Commodore's wife and the wife of Bishop M'TYIERRE are sisters.

—AUGUST PICKARD, the oldest dweller in the city of Rochester, celebrated his birthday a few days since by scoring one hundred and six since the year he was born. He is in good health, takes daily exercise, burns his little tobacco of an evening, and once in a while takes something with sugar.

—Princess MATHILDE BONAPARTE has written and will soon publish a novel entitled *La Dame à la Rubine*. It was submitted to M. PROSPER MERIMEE some time before his decease, and was corrected by him.

—ROBERT GRAVES, the last of the old class of engravers of the Royal Academy, died recently in London. His last complete plate was the portrait of CHARLES DICKENS for FORSTER'S Life. He was elected to the Academy in 1836, having just then completed his line engraving of Lord BYRON.

—GEORGE BROWN, of Hoosick Corners, New York, owns the "Ouderick Bible," a large illustrated folio, printed at the Hague, July 29, 1637, and consequently now 237 years old.

—Commend us to the fruitful West for the able and fearless critic. In Peoria dwelleth and writeth one who dealeth thus with a RUBINSTEIN concert:

"Mlle. LIEBHART didn't leave a dry eye in the wigwam when she sang 'There sno plash kome,' and it was the general impression among her German auditors that she sang *Rawbing Awdah* in English, while the English-speaking inhabitants were equally positive that *Robin Adair* was a German ballad. Mlle. ORMENY had, and we suppose still retains, a magnificent voice for a fog whistle. Its compass was perfectly surprising. She would shake the chandelier with a wild whoop that made every man instinctively feel for his scalp, and follow it up with a roar that would shame a bassoon."

—HELEN M. BARNARD has been appointed by the President one of the special commissioners to the Vienna Exposition. It seems to be a "part of the eternal fitness of things" that a lady journalist should be one of the commissioners at that showy affair.

—Theatrical ladies seem to be in high favor at Vienna, three of them having had exceeding good fortune during the past year. Miss DUSTMANN, a lady of limited means and unlimited aspirations, had an admirer whom she turned away for another. The swain whom she disdained has recently died, leaving her a large fortune. Another, Miss RABATINSKI, is to be married to a very wealthy manufacturer. One of the paragraphs of the marital contract stipulates that on separation, no matter for what cause, or which party demands it, one hundred thousand dollars are to be paid to the lady. The third, Mlle. TROUSIL, a singer, is engaged to a captain in charge of the German north pole expedition. He has legally pledged himself to marry her on his return, or to leave her all his possessions.

—A few days since the Emperor and Empress of Germany invited themselves to dine at Lord ODO RUSSELL'S—an honor never before conferred on a foreign diplomatist.

—Mr. W. H. RUSSELL, of "Bull Run" renown, will accompany the Russian force to Khiva, for the London *Times*, the Russian government having specially invited the *Times* to send a correspondent.

—Lady SHELLEY, who died recently in England, was the person who made a copy of the confidential letter which the Duke of Wellington wrote to Sir JOHN BURGOYNE on the defenseless state of the kingdom, and sent it to the London *Morning Post*.

—LIDIA RODELRENA is the name of a Russian lady who has given to the St. Petersburg Academy of Medicine $40,000 to endow a department for medical instruction for women.

—It was something for MATHEW ARNOLD to refuse an offer of fifty thousand dollars to produce a novel on the TICHBORNE case. The widow, by-the-way, of the late Sir TICHBORNE, whose estate is in controversy, was recently married to a Captain WICKHAM.

—TOM HUGHES, in his new book, *Memoir of a Brother*, has an admirable paragraph, applicable, of course, to that brother, who was one of those quiet, excellent, yet able men who do not aspire to make themselves conspicuous before the world, but can make themselves felt when the hour calls them forth. He says:

"For in a noisy and confused time like ours it does seem to me that most of us have need to be reminded of, and will be the better for bearing in mind, the reserve of strength and power which lies quietly at the nation's call outside the whirl and din of public and fashionable life, and entirely ignored in the columns of the daily press. The subject of this memoir was only a good specimen of thousands of Englishmen of high culture, of high courage, high principle, who are living their own quiet lives in every corner of the kingdom, from John o' Groat's to the Land's End, bringing up their families in the love of God and their neighbor, and keeping the atmosphere around them clean and pure and strong by their example—men who would come to the front, and might be relied on, in any serious national crisis."

—The Sultan, it is said, proposes to abolish the office of Grand Vizier, and inaugurate the system of ministerial responsibility.

—It is stated, on the authority of General SCOFIELD to General SHERMAN, that the new potentate of the Sandwich Islands, King LUNALILO, will accompany him on his return, and make a tour of the United States, for the purpose of personally looking into the practical working of free institutions, and to learn more about our people, whom he dearly, dearly loves.

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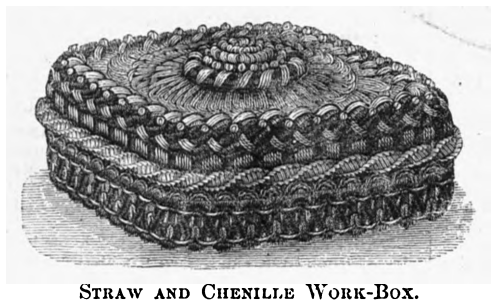
Book-Rest with Application Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS book-rest is made of carved brown stained wood, and is ornamented with a medallion in application embroidery, which is shown in full size by the illustration, Fig. 2. The foundation of the medallion is of white cloth. The violets are cut of violet and the leaves of green cloth in different shades, and are embroidered in point Russe embroidery with filling silk in a lighter shade, and fastened on the foundation with the points depressed therein. The inside of the calyxes is formed of several stitches of yellow saddler's silk. A number of buds are worked with violet and green saddler's silk in satin stitch. All the feathery sprays and the stems are worked partly with green chenille in point Russe, and partly with green and brown saddler's silk in herring-bone, half-polka stitch, and point Russe.



STRAW AND CHENILLE WORK-BOX.

Fig. 1.—BOOK-REST WITH APPLICATION EMBROIDERY.—[See Fig. 2.]

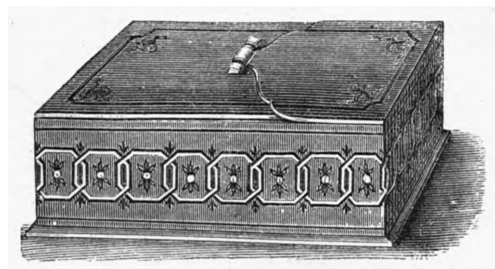


Fig. 1.—CHESS BOX WITH FOLDING BOARD AND MEN. CLOSED.—[See Fig. 2, and Fig. 3 on Page 261.]

Straw and Chenille Work-Box.

THIS pretty work-box is made of an oblong box of yellowish wicker-work rounded off on the corners, and furnished with an overlapping lid fastened by means of hinges. The box is ornamented on the rim and in the middle of the top with raised straw braid, through which red chenille is run as shown by the illustration. The inside is lined with red silk, on which are fastened bands of red silk ribbon for holding the various sewing utensils.

Chess Box with Folding Board and Men, Figs. 1-3.

THIS chess box consists of an oblong four-cornered box of maroon Russia leather two inches high, which is furnished with a lid opening in the middle and fastened with a small metal clasp. The rim of the box is ornamented with an embroidered border worked on red gros grain in point Russe with saddler's silk in various colors and gold thread; Fig. 3, page 261, shows a full-sized section of the border. Both sides of the lid are also ornamented on the inside with a medallion, as seen by Fig. 2, which shows the box open. This medallion is worked on red silk in satin stitch, half-polka stitch, and point Russe with silk of different colors. On the outside of the lid a monogram may be worked with red silk and gold thread in satin and half-polka stitch. A chess-board of thick card-board is folded up and laid above the men, inside of the box, as shown by Fig. 2.

Corners of Borders for Handkerchiefs, Covers, etc.—Venetian and Point Lace Embroidery.—Figs. 1-5.

THESE borders are designed for trimming handkerchiefs, covers, cushions, etc. The border shown by Fig. 1 is worked on Swiss muslin or nansook in satin and button-hole stitch. Stretch the bars between the design figures with coarse thread, which is tied in a knot at regular intervals, and cut away the foundation material underneath the bars. Fig. 1 shows where to work the wheels and lace stitches; the wheels are worked as shown by Figs. 3 and 4.

For the border shown by Fig. 2 first baste tulle and point lace braid on a foundation of enameled cloth or linen in the design given, and fasten the braid together at the intersecting points. Then work the lace stitches on the tulle; instead of the lace stitches separate parts may be ornamented with wheels and point Grec, as shown by Figs. 3-5. The outer edge of the border is edged with close button-hole stitches and with button-hole stitched picots.

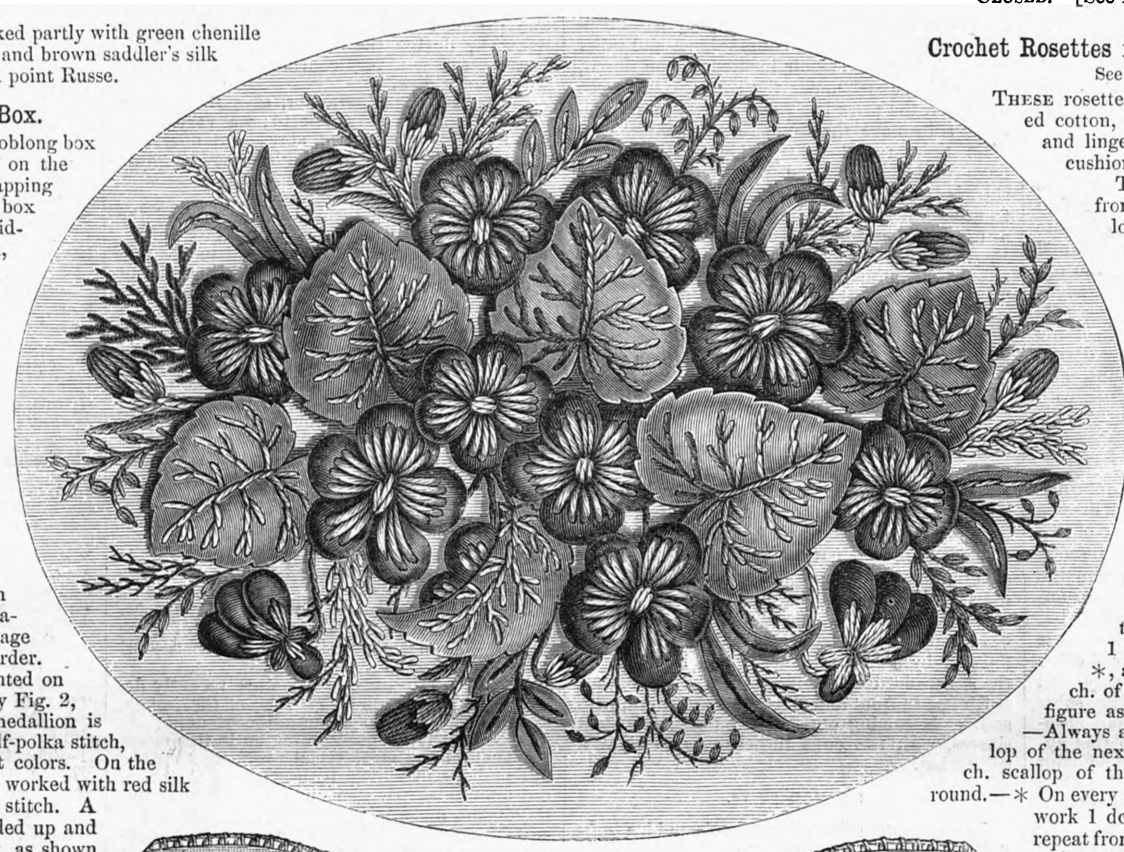


Fig. 2.—APPLICATION EMBROIDERY FOR BOOK-REST, FIG. 1. FULL SIZE.

Crochet Rosettes for Cravats, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 261.

THESE rosettes are worked with fine or coarse twisted cotton, and are suitable for trimming cravats and lingerie, and also for small pin or toilette cushions.

The rosette shown by Fig. 1 is crocheted from the centre, in seven rounds, as follows: Make a foundation of 12 ch. (chain stitch), close these in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and crochet the 1st round.—3 ch., which count as first dc. (double crochet), then 31 dc. on the ring; finally, 1 sl. on the last of the 3 ch. which count as first dc. 2d round.—* 4 sc. (single crochet) on the next 4 st. (stitch), 3 ch., 1 p. (picot—that is, 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these), 18 ch., 1 sl. on the fourth of these, so that the last fifteen form a loop, 5 ch., 1 sc. on the third following ch. of the loop, 11 ch., 1 sc. on the same ch. on which the preceding sc. was worked; three times alternately 5 ch., 1 sc. on the third following ch., 5 ch., 1 sc. on the same ch. on which the sl. was worked, 3 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 sl. on the last of the 4 sc.; repeat from *, always going forward, but fasten the 11 ch. of each following figure to the preceding figure as shown by the illustration. 3d round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the middle ch. scallop of the next figure, 16 ch. 4th round.—On each ch. scallop of the preceding round work 25 dc. 5th round.—* On every second following dc. of the next scallop work 1 dc., between these 12 dc. always 1 ch.; repeat from *, always going forward. 6th round.—On each ch. of the preceding round work 2 sc., and between the 2 dc. in each hollow between the scallops always 1 sc. 7th round.—1 sc. on every fourth following st. in the preceding round, after every sc. 1 ch., 1 p., 1 ch. At the end of the round 1 sl. on the first sc.

Fig. 2.—For this rosette, which consists of eight rounds, make a foundation of 12 ch., close these in a ring with 1 sl., and crochet the 1st round.—24 sc. on the ring. 2d round.—* 4 sc.

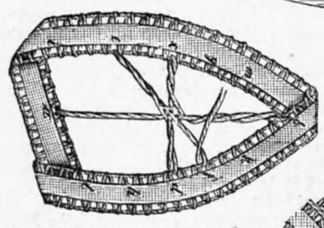


Fig. 3.—WHEEL FOR VENETIAN EMBROIDERY, FIG. 1. FIRST DETAIL.

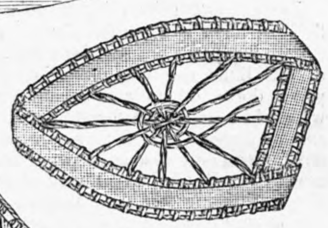


Fig. 4.—WHEEL FOR VENETIAN EMBROIDERY, FIG. 1.—SECOND DETAIL.

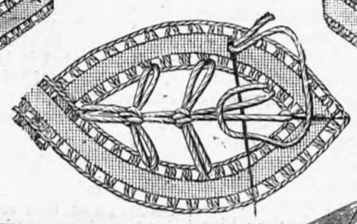


Fig. 5.—POINT GREC FOR POINT LACE EMBROIDERY, FIG. 2.

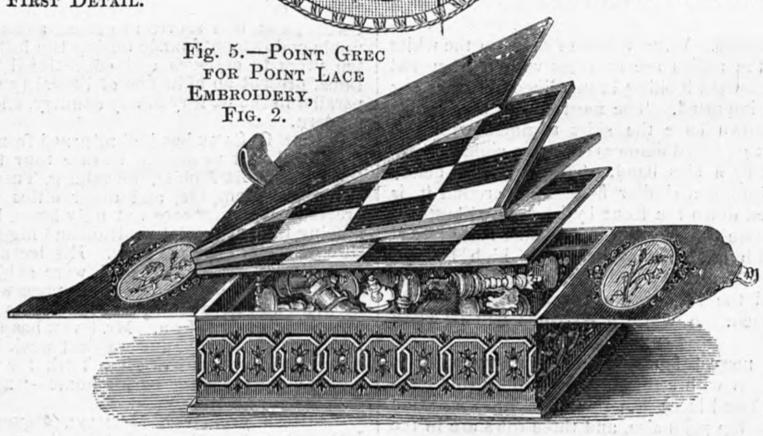


Fig. 2.—CHESS BOX WITH FOLDING BOARD AND MEN.—OPEN. [See Fig. 1, and Fig. 3 on Page 261.]

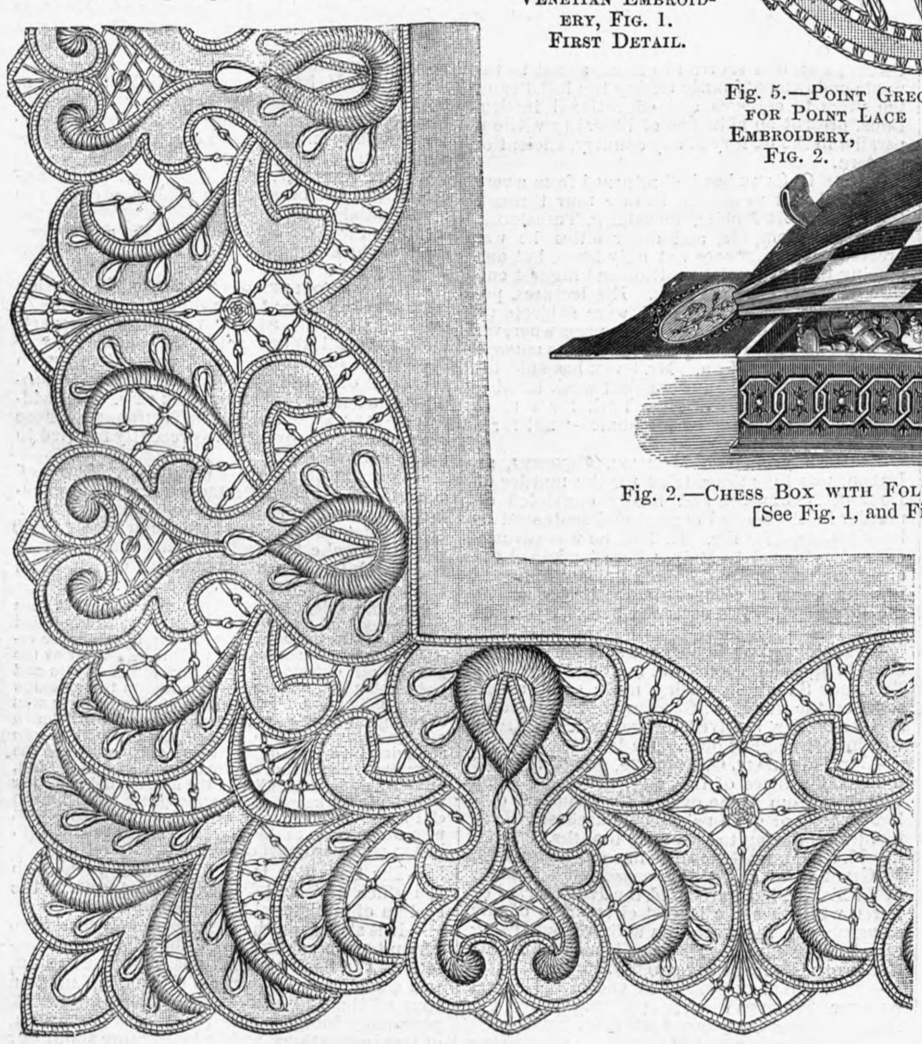


Fig. 1.—CORNER OF BORDER FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, COVERS, ETC.—VENETIAN EMBROIDERY.—[Figs. 3 and 4.]

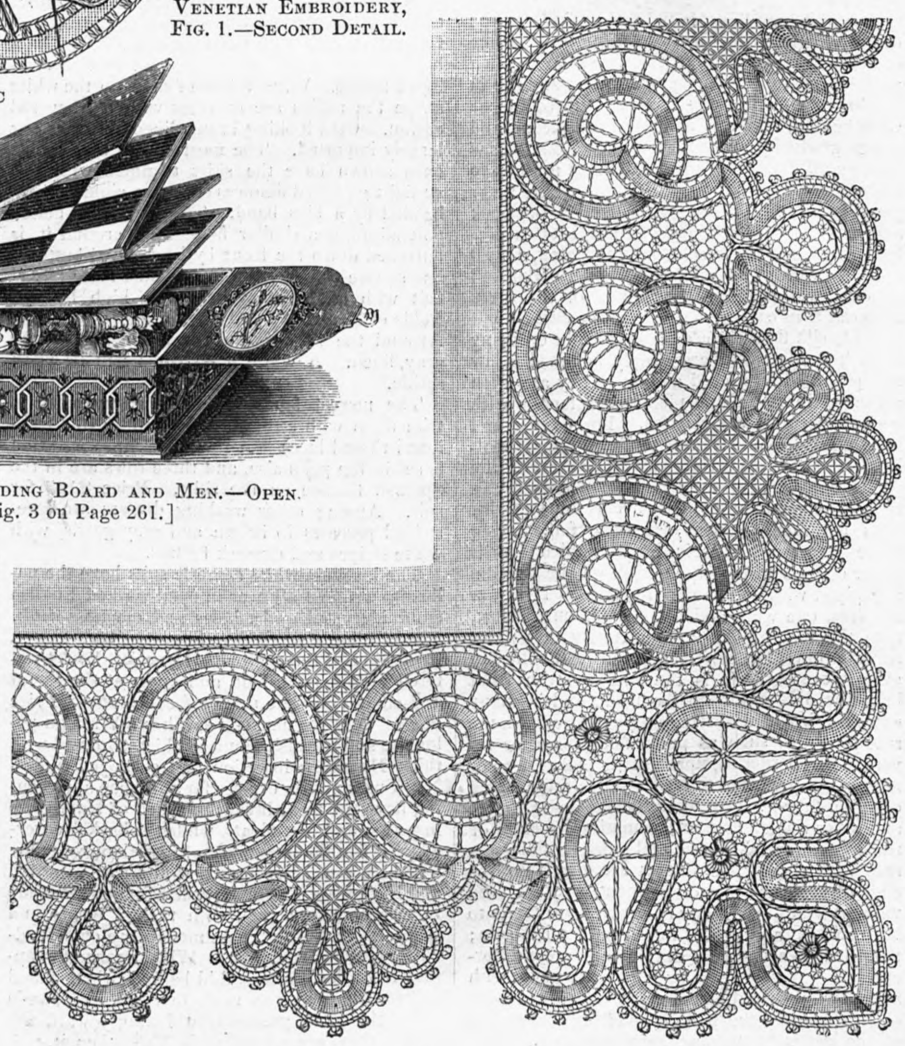


Fig. 2.—CORNER OF BORDER FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, COVERS, ETC.—POINT LACE EMBROIDERY.—[See Figs. 3-5.]

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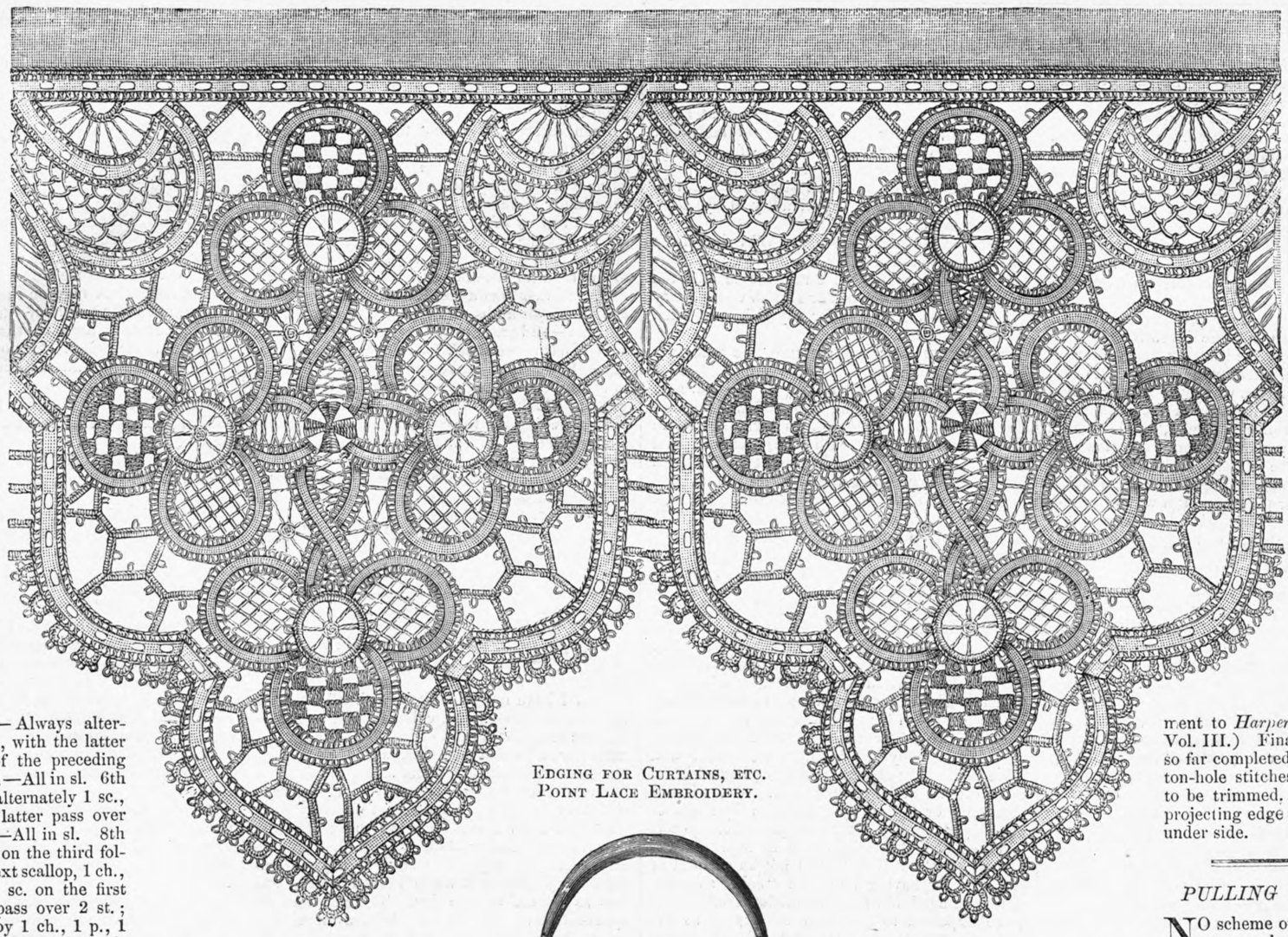
on the next 4 st., 15 ch., 1 sl. on the fifth of these, 4 ch., 1 sl. on the first of the 15 ch., so that two ch. loops are formed; work on the next loop 1 sc., 2 sdc. (short double crochet), 1 p. (consisting of 4 ch.), 2 sdc., 1 sc.; on the following (upper) loop work 1 sc., 2 sdc., 1 p., 2 sdc., 1 sc., 1 p. (this p. forms the point of the figure), 1 sc., 2 sdc., 1 p., 2 sdc., 1 sc.; again on the first of the two loops work 1 sc., 2 sdc., 1 p., 2 sdc., 1 sc.; finally, 1 sl. on the last of the 4 sc.; repeat five times from *, but fasten the figures together by means of the lower picots as shown by the illustration. 3d round.—1 sc. on each figure in the preceding round, after each sc. 19 ch. 4th round.—Always alternately 1 sc., 1 ch., with the latter pass over 1 st. of the preceding round. 5th round.—All in sl. 6th round.—Always alternately 1 sc., 12 ch., with the latter pass over 9 st. 7th round.—All in sl. 8th round.—* 1 sdc. on the third following st. of the next scallop, 1 ch., 1 p. (4 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these), 1 ch., pass over 2 st.; 2 sdc. separated by 1 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., on the middle 2 st. of the scallop, 1 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., pass over 2 st., 1 sdc. on the following st., pass over 5 st., and repeat from *, always going forward.



EDGING FOR CURTAINS, ETC. POINT LACE EMBROIDERY.

Edging for Curtains, etc. Point Lace Embroidery.

THIS edging, which is worked in point lace embroidery, is especially adapted for trimming curtains, window-shades, etc.—Transfer the design for running on the point lace braid (one piece of narrow braid and one wide piece of figured braid) to linen, run on the braid, following the outlines, in doing which fasten the pieces of braid together with a few stitches at the intersecting points, and work the various lace stitches as shown by the illustration. (Descriptions of all the stitches used in point lace work are given in the Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 11, Vol. III.) Finally, fasten the lace so far completed by means of button-hole stitches on the material to be trimmed, and cut away the projecting edge of the latter on the under side.

Embroidered Music Case, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS case is made of red Russia leather, and consists of a straight piece sixteen inches long and fourteen inches wide, which is rounded off on one end for the flap, and ornamented an inch and a quarter from the outer edge with an embroidery border. Fig. 2 gives a full-sized section of the border. For the design figures cut out the foundation material as shown by this illustration, and underlay it with maroon satin. The remainder of the embroidery is worked with maroon saddler's silk in chain and half-polka stitch and point Russe. The embroidered part is then lined with silk, folded on the inside an inch and three-quarters wide at the straight end, so as to form a small pocket, and bound on the outer edge with maroon silk braid. A leather handle, fastened by means of bronzed metal rings as shown by the illustration, and a tab with metal clasp, complete the case.

Fig. 1.—CROCHET ROSETTE FOR CRAVATS, ETC.

Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED MUSIC CASE.

Crochet and Tapestry Afghan.

THIS afghan is especially suited for cradles, infants' carriages, sofas, etc. The foundation consists of wide and narrow strips, which are crocheted lengthwise in the ordinary Tunisian or Afghan stitch with zephyr worsted of different colors, and joined by means of one round of slip stitches each. The wide strips are alternately worked with green and with red worsted, and count thirty-one pattern rows each (each pattern row consists of one round going forward and one round going back), while the narrow strips are worked with black worsted throughout, and count only fifteen pattern rows each. On the wide strips work separate figures in cross stitch and point Russe with zephyr worsted and filling silk in different bright colors, as shown by the illustration; the narrow strips are ornamented each with a Greek border in cross stitch with maize filling silk. All along the outer edge of the coverlet fasten in fringe strands four inches long, made of zephyr worsted of different colors corresponding to the strips of the foundation. Instead of in the Turkish style, the foundation may be worked in two shades of one color.

Fig. 2.—CROCHET ROSETTE FOR CRAVATS, ETC.

PULLING TOGETHER.

NO scheme of household economy can be effectually carried out unless the husband and wife, in old-fashioned phrase, pull together. And how often do they? Why, on the contrary, they have usually quite separate "spheres;" and this also is a part of that regimen of imitation which is a stronghold of many mischiefs. The husband is to be the "winner," the wife the spender, and that is too often supposed to settle the matter. But economy, and certainly economy with kindly and tasteful management, can not be had upon these terms. Monsieur and madame must pull together, and no division of "spheres" must be known in the family council. The husband will do certain things, and the wife certain other things, and these will inevitably follow certain old-world lines. But we *must* break the tradition which dates from the times when the wife's sticking the knife into an empty trencher at breakfast was the signal for the men to take horse and hunt the boar and deer. If Omphale wants help, and Hercules can do her work, let him, whatever the work may be. In point of fact, women-servants now do a great many things that no woman ought to do—scrubbing, the hard part of the washing, shoe-cleaning, and worse. Leigh Hunt at sixty-five told Hawthorne that, not being able to

CROCHET AND TAPESTRY AFGHAN.

Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERY FOR MUSIC CASE.—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 3.—EMBROIDERED BORDER FOR CHESS BOX. FULL SIZE.—[See Figs. 1 and 2, Page 260.]

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keep a boy-servant, he cleaned his own boots. And why should not a man make beds? It is of the very utmost consequence that boys, as well as girls, though not in the same degree, should have the training which comes of being made "handy" in the house; and there is something so utterly ridiculous in the idea of a woman having an inalienable right to make tea (whether she makes it weak or strong, well or ill), or to apportion all the minor expenses without concert, that if we were not the slaves of use and wont, we should laugh at it. No: husband and wife must pull together. Of course certain conditions are essential to their doing so. First, they must love each other; and second, they must have brains. If you can first catch your hare in these particulars, you may proceed to cook it. As a rule, the man is more inventive than the woman; at the least, he has seen more and read more; and he can often suggest economies that never would occur to a woman. But a woman must have brains before she will allow him to do much in "the woman's sphere," and perhaps nine out of ten wives, or a larger proportion still, would sneer to see a man, drawing-pencil in hand, elaborately suggesting the cut of an article of female dress, or pointing out a way of economizing the stuff, or discussing how a poor material could be made to yield a good and pretty result.

A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

HATEFUL title, hateful phrase, hateful article that first set it ringing in our ears! I thought so at the time, though it was impossible to help enjoying its envenomed cleverness, and deemed it the broadest, most exaggerated caricature that had ever been drawn. And yet I have met one. Yes, I can sympathize with the American navigator who has had the misfortune to see the sea-serpent, and is bound, in the interests of truth, to pass during the rest of his life as a person upon whose word no reliance can be placed; for it is to be feared that I too may be suspected of romancing when I assert that I have ridden for some hundreds of miles with a girl of the period, warranted *Saturday Review* pattern.

When I was young—

I pause here to allow for the reader's glancing to the end of this narrative to ascertain its length. False alarm, you see—it is short, in spite of the threatening commencement.

When I was young, very young, I formed an attachment to a girl of my own youth, who would have had me if her parents had allowed her, which they very properly, I suppose, did not, and she married a man very much older and better off, who, I fear, made her dreadfully happy. I went into despair and wrote poetry, which I read to such sympathetic listeners as I could find. But my friends began to drop off one by one, so I tried dissipation, and replaced them. Dissipation, however, made me bilious, and as a state of perpetual nausea and headache is quite as bad as that of blighted affection, I tried hard work, first in England, and then, more lucratively, in a British dependency. It was a capital remedy, curing the heart and filling the pocket; and, at the age of wisdom, I returned to my native land for good.

After a little while I began to feel lonely. My old friends were dispersed, dead, or converted by time into mere acquaintances: another generation had sprung up, which did not know me. I wanted a home. The obvious course seemed to be marriage. My early and successful rival was as old as I now was when he took my bride out of my mouth, and he had been happy enough afterward, by all accounts; why should not I, in my turn, take some other fellow's bride out of *his* mouth? I assumed that any girl worth having would be provided with an ineligible nibbler, just as the best peach always shows signs of having had a wasp at it; and I did not intend, after waiting all these years, to put up with a fruit which was not specially attractive.

One of the old set, Lushington, had married directly after my leaving England, and had now a marriageable daughter, who suited me in every respect—a fine, healthy, merry girl, with a frank, open face, feminine in feeling and expression, lady-like in manner, quite good-looking enough, without being a beauty.

Her father had altered less than most of the friends of my youth; and her mother was a charming woman, good-tempered and genial; so that not only was Lucy Lushington an attractive girl in herself, but her family was a nice one to marry into, which is quite another matter. The only drawback was the fact of my being twenty years her senior; but I was strong and hale, and no gray in my hair—or very little, quite underneath. I did not look her father's age at all. Then she might have been taken for eight or ten years older than she was. Altogether, I fixed upon Lucy.

The Lushingtons lived in Cheshire, and had but come up to London for a couple of months during the season, which was how I met them. I soon saw that Lucy was the sort of wife I was on the look-out for, and commenced siege operations in form. I broke ground at a flower-show, opened the first parallel during a sentimental opera, and carried the parents with a frank statement of my resources, and so hoped that I was pushing my way to the heart of the place—or, at any rate, might induce her to capitulate.

I did not much expect love—at all events, before marriage; and Lucy seemed to like me well enough. She brightened up when I came, and asked where they should meet me next when I left, and chatted to me as freely and pleasantly as if she had known me from her cradle. However, I made no formal proposition while they were in town, desiring to think the matter calmly over first; but a fortnight after their return to Cheshire I made up my mind, and wrote a decided letter to Lushington, putting it to him if he thought Lucy would have me if I asked her.

The reply soon came. Lushington and his wife approved of the match with all their hearts, and thought there would be no difficulty. But Lucy was a queer girl about some things; and if her mother urged the marriage, it might very likely set her against it, dutiful as she was in most respects. The best plan would be for me to go down and stay with them in Cheshire, and take an opportunity of speaking to Lucy myself.

This was reasonable enough. Why should the foreign custom of settling matters with the parents be introduced to save me trouble, and the poor girl be done out of her British courtship?

I named an early day for my visit, and when it came I started.

That great historical measure, the Smoking-Carriages Act, had not yet been passed, so I had to give the guard a shilling for solitude. But at Reading a young lady got into my carriage. She was a fine-grown girl, dressed in the height of fashion, with a large chignon and a forward hat, and a tight, spotted veil; with smart petticoat, short dress, striped stockings, and high-heeled boots. I rushed to the opposite side of the carriage with the intention of throwing away my Regalia, not half smoked through; but she stopped me. It would be a pity, especially as she did not mind the smell of tobacco—in fact, liked it.

"Sensible girl," thought I, as I replaced the cigar in my mouth; and I commenced, in gratitude, to try and make myself agreeable. But whether the young lady thought that her kindly impulse had carried her too far, or whether I failed at first to hit upon topics of conversation which interested her, she was very retiring, and confined herself for some time to monosyllables. Now, every body has his little weakness; and mine is a strong objection to being baffled in an endeavor to make people talk. So, without persisting or boring, and between intervals of newspaper reading, I tried subject after subject, and touched the right chord at last. It was horses. I think that I need not be accused of stupidity for having remained "cold" so long. A middle-aged, old-fashioned fellow could hardly be expected to hit upon the stable as the probable centre of a young lady's affections. Now that I had got her pitch, however, there was no longer any difficulty in drawing animated talk from her lips. We spoke of the last Derby and the late Goodwood Cup, and the prospects of the Ebor and the Leger—I cribbing a bit now and then from the sporting intelligence in the newspaper to seem duly knowing. Then we plunged into reminiscences of the hunting field, and I was able to tell her something about foreign horses and bits and saddles which was new to her; and so we got very friendly.

"You are quite sure you do not mind smoking?" I asked, when I required another cigar, after ten minutes' refreshment at Swindon or somewhere.

"Very fond of it, on the contrary," she replied.

"I can not see why ladies should not smoke as well as gentlemen; indeed, I believe a good many do."

"Oh yes—I know several who do."

"Have you ever been induced to try?"

"Yes, I have often smoked a cigarette."

"Dear, dear! I wish I had one to offer you now."

"I wish you had."

"Do you think one of these cigars would be too much for you? They are very good tobacco."

"So I smell," said the young lady. "I think I *will* try one, if you please."

She raised her veil a little, put the Regalia in her mouth, lit it, and puffed away with gusto. I confess that I certainly should not have offered it if I had anticipated any probability of its being accepted; for those Regalias were very large and full-flavored, and I feared that the effects might be distressing. But there was no cause for alarm: the only action of the nicotine was to soothe the nerves and open the heart of my fair companion to such an extent that she confided to me its most precious secret.

I did not at all like the way in which she began.

"I don't mind telling you something," said she; "only, of course, I trust to your honor not to mention the matter to a soul till afterward."

It was discouraging, under existing circumstances, to be treated as an old fogy, and taken for father confessor by the first pretty girl I met in a public conveyance. Was my appearance, then, so *very* venerable?

"I promise," said I.

"Well, then, Fidelity is a moral."

A moral quality, I supposed she meant. But why was I to conceal the fact of this young lady's admiration for a virtue which is professed by courtiers and lovers, and practiced by puppy dogs, until after her marriage?

I could think of nothing better to say than—

"Ah?"

"Yes," she replied. "Why, look here—Fidelity beat Juno at a stone at Newmarket, didn't she?"

I thought it best to nod.

"Well, then, taking the line through Juno, Black Tommy, and Peppermint, it would be like putting Black Tommy in at five stone four, at which weight it would be a hundred to one on him; in fact all the other horses would scratch. And yet you can get seven to one against Fidelity at this moment."

"Curious, isn't it?" said I.

"I confess, I look upon the race as over, bar accidents."

So we were back to the stable, were we! I had been terribly puzzled, but now I had my cue. So I looked as cunning as I conveniently could, and said—

"Ah, but is the money all right?"

"That's it," cried my fair companion, triumphantly. "They have worked it beautifully. But I happen to know that the stable are on to a man. It's a real good thing, you may depend upon it."

Soon after this we got the railway fidgets, and conversation languished. Reading could no longer be managed in that vibrating carriage, without a certainty of headache and a risk of permanent blindness. Experience had taught me the futility of trying to sleep in a railway train; but the young lady endeavored to compose herself, and failed utterly. At last we got to a ten-minutes-allowed-for-refreshment station, and that was a relief. One could stretch one's legs—or limbs, rather, as there is a lady in the case—and partake of bottled stout and pork pie. That is the snack for a long railway journey. It is sure to make you stupid and content to sit still, and may possibly give you an indigestion, which beguiles the time gloriously: an hour watching for the symptoms, an hour deciding whether you will take a cockle on arrival, or two, or three, etc.

The bell rang; we hurried back to our seats. The guard banged our prison door to. A newsboy came to the window—

"*Times*, *Standard*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Punch*, pack of cards."

"Let us have a pack of cards," cried my fellow-traveler, who was now quite like an old acquaintance.

"Hi, boy!"

I took a pack, and when the train was clear of the station the girl challenged me to name my game.

Now I have mingled freely with all sorts of fellow-creatures—home, colonial, and foreign—and confess that a proposition to play at cards, made by a perfect stranger, would, as a rule, excite unfavorable suspicions in my mind. But in the present instance distrust would have been a shallow mistake. Miss Period was very, very *fast*, and aped masculine ways to an absurdly extravagant extent; but, for all that, it was impossible for any one who had any experience and judgment at all to doubt but what she was as honest as the day. The girl was no card-sharper. If she had been a man, you would have deemed her a very gentlemanly young fellow, for there was not a tinge of vulgarity about her accent or manners. The conclusion I came to was that she was the only girl in a large family of boys, and had lost her mother early; that she was by nature and habit very mannish in her tastes, and was exaggerating them in order to mystify a middle-aged gentleman like myself. The only way to foil such an attack being to take every thing as a matter of course, I determined to humor her to the top of her bent, and proposed blind hookey; and at that simple game we gambled for sixpences, with fluctuating fortunes, for three mortal hours; and when we arrived at our destination I was the loser of a couple of pounds, which the girl popped into her purse with a natural air which showed that she was not at all unaccustomed to playing at games of chance for money. I offered to call a cab, and see to her luggage; but she declined, on the plea that she always paid a porter.

"People write to the papers to say that it's wrong," she explained; "and as I don't choose to be dictated to, I make a point of it."

So I took off my hat to her, and commenced negotiations for a six-mile drive to the Lushingtons' place; for at the end of so long a journey it would not do to take the first horse on the stand. At last I selected a likely animal and driver, who did justice to my discrimination by rattling me over in thirty-five minutes; and you should have felt the roads!

As we jolted along I reflected upon the difference between the Girl and the Lucy of my hopes; and the only drawback to my satisfaction at the contrast was that I could not get the last words of Miss Period out of my head. For observation suggested that it was not fast, mannish girls only who resented dictation. Suppose Lucy also had a habit of doing the exact reverse of what she was told! Her father's remark that it might be injudicious for her mother to support my suit too openly seemed to favor such an idea. It was true that a very judicious husband might get his own way, even under such circumstances, by ordering his wife to do what he most objected to, and forbidding those things which he wished done; but had I the genius of tact necessary for such a complicated existence? H'm—perhaps I was making a mistake; perhaps—pooh! "Look before you leap" sounds like wisdom, but "The more you look at it the less you will like it," is an axiom with more common-sense and practical application about it.

There is one very agreeable characteristic of a courtship the course of which runs smooth, and that is the attention shown you by the parents, and the consequent care taken of you by their domestics. Lushington rushed out to meet me without his hat; Mrs. Lushington came into the hall beaming; a glass of the driest possible sherry was administered before I had been seated in the drawing-room five minutes; my keys were demanded, and when I went up to the best bedroom to dress for dinner, I found all my evening clothes laid out, a clean shirt with the studs in, and a collar with the white tie inserted. Item, a hot bath ready. Now I have never dared to indulge in a valet, for fear he should become my master; and yet it is a great comfort to me to be waited upon; so that I went down stairs in a very amiable frame of mind indeed.

At dinner my glass was kept filled.

After dinner, when the ladies rose, I was given a cigar.

These details may seem offensive to the fair; but the man who has turned forty and ceased from active labor is apt to become self-indulgent. He has learned that there are no great joys in life without overbalancing penalties, and he consequently prefers to accumulate as many little comforts about him as he can.

But where was Lucy all this time? Present, madam. Lucy was in the drawing-room when I arrived, and sat opposite to me at dinner. She seemed glad to see me, and said I was very good-natured to come and relieve their dullness. My silence about her in the account of my arrival was an artistic attempt to convey the state of my mind with reference to her. Now that I had quite determined to make her an offer of marriage, she had become too serious a matter to be talked about. A man on the eve of an examination, upon the result of which his future depends, prefers to direct his thoughts and conversation to other topics. So do I.

An opportunity was afforded me on the very first morning.

"Excuse me for an hour or so, old fellow," said my host. "I have got a little justice to do to-day."

Then, a little later, Mrs. Lushington discovered that she must unfortunately go into the village.

"Lucy," said I, "I am deteriorating."

"Good gracious!" she cried, looking up from her work with genuine surprise.

"Yes," I continued; "old bachelors get narrow and selfish."

"And gouty?"

"Well, yes—and gouty. I have led too busy a life to miss home blessings much; but now I am settled in the old country, with a comfortable income, I want a companion to share it."

"There ought not to be much difficulty in finding one," said Lucy. "Girls who want husbands are plentiful enough."

"Ay, but I am no longer a young man."

"What does that matter? You are not an old one."

"But then—I am full of buts—there is only one who would suit me, and I am not sure whether she would have me. Enough of beating about the bush—will you have me for a husband, Lucy?"

Lucy dropped her work, and looked up at me with eyes exceedingly wide open. Then she got very white; then she flushed very red. At last she said,

"You have taken me completely by surprise. I never had a notion of such a thing. I have not thought of you in that light at all."

"Well, then," said I, "do not give me an answer at once; take time to consider—"

At this critical moment a servant entered the room, and gave Lucy a note.

"From a young lady down stairs, miss, who has called to see you—an old school-fellow, she says."

"Is she in the dining-room?" said Lucy, after reading the note. "I will go down to her."

But the words were hardly out of her mouth before a footstep was heard on the threshold, and in hurried my Girl of the Period.

"My dearest Lucy, what a time it is since I saw you!" she cried, embracing her with effusion. Then, seeing me, she held out her hand. "Ah, my traveling companion of yesterday! The idea of meeting you again so soon, and here! Do you want your revenge at blind hookey? You will excuse me just now, I am sure. I have not seen my dear Lucy for so long."

"I only play at blind hookey at the end of long railway journeys," said I, laughing. And guessing that I was one too many, I took my departure.

In the grounds I found Lushington.

"Well?" said he.

"Nothing decided," replied I. "A young lady has called, an old acquaintance of Lucy's—Miss Brown, I think the name is."

"Ah? I know she has some female correspondent, though I am ignorant of the name, and never saw her yet. Has she come to stay, I wonder?"

The Girl had *not* come to stay; she would not even remain to lunch, but hurried away directly her tête-à-tête with Lucy, which was a long one, was disturbed. Poor thing! she must have had misfortunes, for all her fastness and apparent high spirits, for Lucy was very low and tearful after she had gone.

By the next day, however, she had cheered up, and on that which followed I took an opportunity of asking whether she had considered my proposition.

"Yes," she said, "and I do wish that you would say nothing more about it. I like you so much as a friend, and if you would keep so, and let me look upon you as a fath—I mean as a brother, it would be *so* nice."

It was Sunday evening. We had dined an hour earlier than usual, and were strolling about the garden, listening to the last note of the blackbirds, smelling the syringa, watching the stars come out one by one. Most romantic, had I but been the right man. However, I was not; and I set myself to find out whether the one particular individual existed. And here the peculiar influence of the hour assisted me, for never was an evening better adapted for heart-openings.

Of course it was the old story, my old story over again—the favorite plot of every play and every story in prose or verse, because it is the one of which we have the most experience in real life. I wonder if there is a civilized man or woman who never had a little love-plant blighted in his or her spring-time? If so, the specimen should be given over to the physiologist and phrenologist for analysis. The heart of this abnormal creature would probably be found of excellent India rubber.

The hero, "in love with Lucy," as the dear old play-books have it, was a friend of childhood, a cousin twenty times removed, and a cornet of Lancers. He was nineteen, had an al-

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lowance of five hundred a year besides his pay, and only spent seven hundred. When he and Lucy were both of age, he was to coax his people to pay off his little debts—which, as he intended to steer clear of money-lenders, would be under a thousand pounds—and marry her. There was to be no more reckless expenditure after marriage, for he would exchange into the "Heavies," and only hunt once a week. But, alas! would I believe it?—papa and mamma entertained a blind prejudice against the cornet. They called him reckless, extravagant, and all sorts of dreadful things. They had even said that he cared for somebody else, so that she had almost begun to think of giving him up; and that was the reason why she had hesitated a moment when I first spoke. But, on calm reflection, she was convinced that she could never be happy with another.

After a sympathetic pause I then repaid confidence with confidence, in my turn, and told her, more succinctly, the little episode of my own youth—omitting, however, to point out that it happened before she was born. The moral I intended her to deduce was, of course, that as my charmer was happy with a matured Another, she might be happy with me; but, to my dismay, she jumped to a totally different conclusion.

"Oh!" she exclaimed; "and you were driven by her faithlessness to foreign lands, and have been deprived of friends and home. What a warning to me! *He*, too, might exchange into an Indian regiment, and be killed or have sunstroke; and then I should die of remorse."

We went in to tea, and I relinquished all matrimonial designs upon Lucy—not because of the youthful Lancer, but in consequence of her talking to me about him so freely, which I took as a sign that she looked upon me in a very patriarchal light. I need hardly say that my stay in Cheshire was not a prolonged one. I took a little run through North Wales, and returned to London. I had made my effort to escape from a life of chambers, clubs, and bachelor repasts, and had been unsuccessful. After all, I find solace.

Upward of a year after my visit to the Lushingtons I accepted an invitation from a friendly colonel to meet him at Aldershot, and see a little pomp and circumstance; and as I was provided with a comfortably furnished hut, had the use of two horses, and was taken occasionally for a member of the royal family, or some one exalted from the War-Office—as the regimental cook was clever, the weather fine, the Long Valley reviews gorgeous, and the whole scene stirring and novel—I did not find the lines in which I was temporarily accommodated at all hard ones. Hospitality was rife, and as the guest of a man who was a general favorite, I received many invitations—among others one from a Lancer regiment.

I was struck, as we sat down to dinner, with the youthful appearance of the president, or vice—I am very stupid at making out which is the top of a table. He seemed a clean-limbed, active young fellow, soldier-like withal; but his face was as smooth as a girl's, and somehow not unfamiliar to me. I pride myself on never forgetting a face, and I generally manage to recollect the circumstances under which I had previously seen it; but now I was baffled. It could not have been very long since I met him, either; his youth forbade that. However, the matter did not annoy me much at the time, for I had an agreeable, chatty neighbor on either side of me, a good dinner before me, and a powerful appetite; so that my attention was for the most part more pleasantly employed than in a painful struggle with a fleeting reminiscence. Yet at times I stole a furtive glance toward the lad, and on each occasion felt more firmly convinced that I had met him before.

I had no opportunity of speaking to him at the dinner-table; but when we adjourned to the anteroom he accosted me of his own accord.

"Will you try one of these cigars?" he said, holding an open case to me. "They are pretty fair, I think; though of course they can not be compared to your Regalias."

Oh, he knew my Regalias; and we *had* met! I was sure I could not be mistaken.

"Your face and voice are familiar to me," I said, accepting his tobacco; "but I can not for the life of me remember at the moment where or how we became acquainted. Ah!" I added, as a light flashed upon me, "do you happen to have a sister?"

"Are you thinking of a fast girl who travels alone by railway, smokes, and plays blind hookey with strangers?"

"You mean to say that you—"

"Not so loud, please. I should get into an awful row if the chief heard any thing about it."

"I can believe that; though I must say your get-up was capital."

"So I've often been told, when acting girls' parts in private theatricals. It was that put the idea into my head."

"It was a strange frolic," said I, shaking my head.

"It answered," he replied. "You see, I heard from a friend that the girl I was engaged to had been set against me, and that another fellow, who was backed by the parent Lushingtons, was going down to Cheshire after her. It was no good trying to keep her head straight by letter, for her mother looks at her correspondence to see if there is any thing from me; I could not call in person, being forbidden the house; so I thought I would try to get to see Lucy, as Miss Brown, an old school friend of hers. Asked for leave, dressed the part, and arrived just in time. For I am not at all sure that she would not have thrown me over if she had gone much longer without seeing or hearing any thing of me—at least, she did hear something of me, but it was not creditable, or half true. It was queer, though, that you, whom I traveled down with, should have been the other fellow, wasn't it?"

I could not help smiling.

"You talk rather freely about it," said I, "considering my position in the affair."

"Well," said he, "I beg your pardon, I am sure; but, you see, I thought you would like to know, as you have given the matter up. After all, why should you mind? One girl is as good as another to you; but with me it is a case of spoons. Will you have a soda-and-brandy?"

So my evidence goes for nothing; and they may still be right who hold that the Girl of the Period is but a Girl of a Periodical.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Gladstone Defeat.—Charles Knight.—Dr. Guthrie.—An English Brinvilliers.—Female Post-office Clerks.

THE government has been defeated upon the question of the Irish University bill, and for the moment—for it is supposed the opposition will not be strong enough to hold the reins of power in the present Parliament—"the people's William" is out of office.

"But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world;"

and so it stands now. Indeed, like Antæus, he seems absolutely stronger for his kissing of the earth: the voice of detraction, which was so loud of late, has ceased, and we who most lamented his faults and short-comings are beginning to count up what he has done for us since he has been in office. No English minister has certainly ever passed so many important measures right in the teeth of prophecy, and from which preceding statesmen, though acknowledging their justice, have shrunk aghast. He abolished the Irish Church, in the interests of justice and of that very party whose ingratitude has now overthrown him. He introduced the Irish Lands bill, against all the power of the landlord influence in both Houses. He did away with purchase in the army—a more prolific source of jobbery, and one, therefore, more warmly defended, than any existing abuse. And he gave to the voter that protection which for a quarter of a century has in this country been held a political dream—the ballot. Compare these accomplished facts (three out of the four initiated by himself) with any other four things done by any previous English minister, if such ever did four things, and you will find this man stand supreme. He is not personally popular—having no sense of humor, nor *bonhomie*, and not one grain of that social tact of which Palmerston was a perfect granary—but his earnest seriousness of purpose and sense of right are thoroughly appreciated by the nation at large. If he had been born free from Tory trammels, instead of having to cast them off one by one as study begat conviction, it is my belief that he would have been the greatest statesman of any age. How strange it is that when a minister is out—even for an hour—one should speak of him as dead, and still more strange that one should equally forget one's grudges against him, which, in my case at least, are many.

Charles Knight is really dead, and Jerrold's epigram in epitaph—"Good-night"—may now be written over his gray head. He was a diligent student, did a good stroke of work in his time toward instructing us all, and would have undoubtedly had the malady called "genius," could the thing have been caught by contagion; for all our great names in literature, from Macaulay to Dickens, were household words with him. It was in *Knight's Magazine* that the former, when a Cambridge under-graduate, tilted against Mackworth Praed in the lists of verse, the one on the Roundhead side, the other on that of the Cavaliers, and the gentle manners of the editor made personal friends of his two young contributors readily enough; and throughout the intervening forty years Knight's path has lain in the pleasant fields of literature, and in the society of its highest ornaments.

Dr. Guthrie, too, is dead: quite as noticeable a man, in his way, as the originator of the *Penny Magazine*—a good and genial-hearted preacher of God's word, who was always, above all, "careful to remember the poor." His last hours were soothed by the hymns of children that his aid had lifted from the sloughs of poverty and temptation, and the hand that placed the chaplet on his grave was that of a ragged-school boy. In the same paper that announced his decease I read the trial and conviction of the woman Cotton, who, I suppose, has poisoned twenty persons—some husbands and many children of her own among them—under circumstances of the most serene and complacent selfishness. It is difficult to imagine that this man and this woman, the one dedicating himself to good, and the other to evil, should be fellow-creatures, and almost makes one wonder whether some of us are not angels and some devils already. With respect to this modern Brinvilliers, her case seems to contradict a very striking remark that I once heard made by Mr. Delane, the editor of the *Times*, and one who by his social position must needs be as well acquainted with our aristocracy as most men. He said that more murders were committed—quiet puttings away of fathers and elder brothers—in the few acres on which stand our most fashionable squares than in any similar area in England, because the position of the inhabitants places them above the reach of a coroner's inquest. The obsequious family physician sees the necessity of avoiding "exposure," and of "shielding a noble house from scandal;" and giving the fullest benefit of his doubts to the case in question, he signs his certificate of "died from natural causes." This may perhaps be the case; but certainly it seems that the very poverty of a household may also exempt what occurs in it from public inquiry, since Mary Ann Cotton has been at her deadly work for these twenty years with perfect impunity. There was no pretense of jealousy, hate, or passion to account for any of her crimes: they were all committed because the victim was more or less a burden to her, or was insured for a few pounds in a benefit club. She is described as comely, quiet-looking, and almost lady-like, yet very resolute—much the sort of person that one would picture one of Miss Nightingale's gallant band of hospital heroines to be. God help the man or child, however, who trusted to her tender mercies!

She who had seen so many little children die in agonies, and tended them from first to last with her cruel, careful hands, was, we are told, "excessively affected" by her own sentence, and protested against it in her quiet, sullen way. Quite otherwise did a certain lively young reprobate behave on his conviction at the Central Criminal Court last week, who, by his careless *abandon* and close imitation of "the Artful Dodger," won more of my sympathies than I care to own to. He was sentenced, notwithstanding all his gifts, to seven years' penal servitude; and after he had heard his doom pronounced made this astounding proposition to the judge, "Look here, my lord, I'll toss you, double or quits, whether it shall be *fourteen years or nothing!*"

There are more openings in your labor market, I believe, for women than there are in ours; and, indeed, it need be so. On the occasion of eleven vacancies having occurred for female assistants in one Post-office the other day, the notice was responded to by over 2000 candidates! Not to mention the terrible proportion of disappointments, imagine the need and misery which such a gathering represents! Our middle classes are sufficiently eager for "an appointment" of any sort, but among them, of course, there is no such desperate struggle for existence. The candidates sometimes exhibit a humor which shows that they have had leisure to cultivate that faculty. During an examination in *dictation* last week one of them expressed his preference for "a *dictator* like Fabius, who *went slow*."

R. KEMBLE, of London.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE most interesting and curious of all studies is the study of human nature. And as distinguished professors have remarked concerning other branches of natural history, this "can not be learned from books;" an inspection of live specimens is essential. We object to cruel dissection; even if the subject is unconscious, delicacy of feeling in the operator is likely to be injured in the process. But if possessed of a spirit of kindly charity, close observation of the habits of those about us may teach wisdom and prudence. There is no better time to study people than when traveling; cars, steamboats, and stages afford admirable places for witnessing curious and peculiar phases of human nature. For, strange as it may seem, many persons when traveling appear to lay aside a certain wholesome restraint which surrounds them in the company of friends, even if it be within the free home circle. Apparently they feel that strangers have no claims upon them, and that they are at liberty to ignore their presence and their comfort.

Glance for a moment through this car—a handsome one, on one of the best patronized railroads in the country. One, two, three, four—*ten* seats, each occupied by one gentleman. No harm in that, certainly. But here enter two ladies, one with a child in her arms. They look for a vacant seat. The gentlemen are all looking out of the window, or into their newspapers. Of course they *do* see what is going on, but every one appears innocently unconscious or sternly resolved. And when at length the ladies, finding no other accommodations, venture to take, each one, the unoccupied seat beside some gentleman, there is no recognition of their right to do it. The first comer plainly though silently shows that he considers the newcomer an intruder, and both feel uncomfortable. Even more inconsiderate are the two ladies who turn a couple of seats designed for four persons so that they will face each other, seat themselves by the windows, fill the places by their sides with bags and bundles, and remain consciously unconscious that the car is crowded, and persons are even standing.

It is curious—sometimes annoying, but more often amusing—to see how different people manage about eating when taking a long railroad journey. Facilities are improving, and in many parts of the country it is not difficult to obtain a suitable meal even on a "through train." Still it is often wise and needful to provide a lunch for one's self instead of trusting to "railroad" cake and coffee. But there are some omnivorous individuals who use the cars as a perpetual restaurant. They eat every thing, and eat all day long, scattering débris of all kinds upon the floor, regardless of appearances or cleanliness. We have in mind one young woman who recently sat near us in a journey of a hundred miles. She was bright and pretty and plump, but yet evidently starved! Immediately on taking her seat she bought a huge ball of pop-corn—a conglomeration of molasses and corn that would give an ostrich the dyspepsia—which she devoured like an apple. Then she commenced upon pea-nuts, eating them with ceaseless avidity. The next thing in order was an immense stick of candy, a trifle less than a foot long and proportionately thick. We closed our eyes wearily, but have good reason to believe a course of apples and gingerbread followed. When we ventured to look toward her again she had recommenced upon pea-nuts with as much gusto as if she had not eaten a mouthful that day. There had come into the car with her a weary-looking man, apparently her husband, who sat beside her in a helpless sort of way. We could not help fancying that he might have used up half his small fortune in attempts to appease that extraordinary appetite. *He* ate nothing; his whole aspect seemed to say, "Eat what you please, but don't ask me to touch any thing." The last we saw of the hungry woman she was going out of the car with her sachel in one hand and pea-nuts in the other, and eating as she went. She represents *one* class of travelers.

From repeated and very definite experiments it has been ascertained that the average time required to send a letter by post from New York to Brooklyn, or *vice versa*, is two days and five hours longer than to send a letter from New York to Chicago. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule. We have known a letter to accomplish the crossing of the East River in two days and three-quarters; and then, again, it is needful to allow as much time as if it were sent to London.

A New York publisher advertises *Three to One, Six in All*, and *Six of One by Half a Dozen of the Other;* and a Boston publisher announces *Chance Acquaintance* in the same paragraph with *Other Girls.*

A damsel fresh from Ireland, who proposed to perform certain household services for a lady of Brooklyn, made the following inquiry:

"And plase, ma'am, will ye be afther telling me if it's Croton water that ye've got all over the house?"

"No," replied the lady; "we do not have Croton water in Brooklyn."

"Och! Shure, then, I'm not afther stayin' here, havin' been always used to it in Ireland!"

The artists of Germany are reported to be in a state of excitement in consequence of the alleged preference shown by the directors of the Vienna Exhibition to the French artists in allotting them more space and better rooms in which to hang their works than have been allotted to the Germans.

A young man in Nashville, Tennessee, recently sustained a fracture of the leg by being thrown from a carriage. There is nothing strange in that, but the curious feature of the accident is that this is the fifteenth time he has broken some limb, and he is only eighteen years old. The fractures have always healed readily, but it is inconvenient to be always breaking bones.

Ice-cream, as made in Paris, consists mainly of corn starch, French clay, and poisonous coloring matter. French physicians who have been making experiments concerning this matter say that a continued use of these poisonous materials produces serious maladies.

Great results from little causes come. The company had assembled for an expected wedding in Bangor, Maine. The clergyman was ready, and the groom had gone up stairs to escort the bride down to the place appointed for the ceremony. The lady was elegantly dressed, and her hair fashionably arranged in puffs and rolls and curls innumerable. The would-be husband objected to the "fast" style, as he termed it, saying that a bride's hair should be modestly arranged. A war of words followed. The angry youth declared the hair must be re-dressed, or he would leave her forever; the girl expressed her willingness to have him go at once. Go he did, and the wedding-guests lost their supper. "This fable teaches"—we are not sure whether this is one of Æsop's or not; but, any way, the moral is so plain that we forbear to mention it.

Boston sent to the Vienna Exposition its educational representation in thirty huge boxes, two thousand feet of lumber being used in making the boxes. The contents consisted of photographs of school architecture; school fittings and furniture; sets of reports; samples of scholars' work; volumes of drawings; text-books and books of reference.

A Western paper gives the history of a young woman who has for several years past successfully cultivated a farm of 120 acres. In 1868 she was attending a young ladies' seminary; but her father died, leaving a farm encumbered with debt, with only her feeble mother to oversee the hired help. The daughter left her school, and with the assistance of her little brother, ten or twelve years old, commenced farming. She dresses in a gymnastic suit, with broad-brimmed hat, gloves, and boots; but she has learned to do most kinds of work, and has been successful in her harvests. She chiefly cultivates corn and wheat, though several acres are devoted to grass, and her young orchard has borne a good deal of fruit, which she herself has taken to market.

Between Birmingham and London a line of telegraph is now in practical operation on the double-current system. The currents pass in opposite directions on one wire simultaneously; clerks at both ends can be transmitting messages at the same moment, and the receivers receiving from the instruments used for the purpose. An essential condition to the perfect working of the plan is that the two currents shall be of equal strength, otherwise the weaker would be beaten back and the signals rendered unintelligible.

Barbadoes, an island having a superficial area of only about 166 square miles, without any large towns, without manufactures of any description, a purely agricultural colony, actually supports a population of 180,000 souls, or over 1084 to the square mile.

The young Archduchess Gisèle, daughter of the Emperor of Austria, is in the seventeenth year of her age. Prince Leopold of Bavaria, to whom she is to be married, is ten years older. The princess is described as tall and slight, with blue eyes and a somewhat haughty expression of countenance. She has fine musical abilities, and is a graceful equestrienne. The trousseau and wedding presents are laid out solemnly for exhibition in Vienna, and naturally draw immense crowds. Besides the numberless costly laces and magnificent shawls and dresses, a complete toilette-table, in silver, is admired for its exquisite design. There is also a prayer-book painted in vellum in the style of the fifteenth century, and a fan, set with precious stones, which has been painted by Lebrun. The Grand Duchess Alice of Tuscany has given the bride a set of antique cameos of great value, and the Countess of Chambord, who is related to the bride and bridegroom, has added to the collection a costly knot of pearls and diamonds. The event will be one of much éclat, and the Viennese very naturally are on the tiptoe of expectation.

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THE ARTISTS' CARNIVAL IN BERLIN.—[See Page 266.]

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LOVE'S GIFTS.

THIS dark brown curl you send me, dear,
Shall save its freshness of to-day
In gentle shrine, when year on year
Has turned its former fellows gray.
So shall your image in my breast
With never-fading beauty rest.

What love has once on love bestowed,
Translated in its dew of youth
To some remote divine abode,
Withdraws from risk of time's untruth.
Keeping, we lose; but what we give
Like to a piece of heaven doth live.

THE ARTISTS' CARNIVAL IN BERLIN.

See illustration on double page.

SOBER-SIDED Berlin is little addicted to public gayeties in carnival-time, that period being generally devoted to private dinner-parties, with perhaps an impromptu dance afterward. Here, however, we have a scene from the only public masked ball of any notoriety that Berlin can boast of—the ball of the Berlin artists. This year the festival was held in the court-room of the Marcusplatz, which had been gorgeously decorated for the occasion. The ceiling of the room was hung with garlands of flowers and evergreens, forming canopies of green boughs, and from these were suspended various colored flags, some bearing the arms of the society—three silver shields—and others being inscribed with mottoes, such as "Aspera at asthma," or "Cogito ergo oppossum." On each side of the recess usually occupied by the orchestra floated two large Venetian flags, with a colossal gold picture of the winged lion of St. Mark on a light blue field. The boxes in the bend of the house were painted in the Renaissance style, and the lower ones made into arcades, while Oriental carpets hung down from the front of the boxes to the arcades underneath. At the end of the room was erected a representation of the Giant's Staircase at the Doge's Palace at Venice, with the two giants' statues. The palace stood at the top, and between the pillars of the building could be seen the columns of the winged lions on the Piazza of St. Mark, and beyond them the waters of the lagoon glittering in the sunshine.

Along the walls and side galleries stalls and booths had been erected for the sale of all kinds of wares, wonderfully verbose programmes, gigantic nonsensical placards, and quaint pictures. One booth was a wild-beast show, with a lion roaring inside, and two gigantic monkeys swarming up and down a rope outside, while a tall negress clamored to the people to inspect the zoological treasures within. In another stall there was a lottery, where for the sum of a thaler every one gained a prize, from a photograph to a water-color drawing, contributed by the artists. A third booth was occupied by a wax-work collection of the celebrities of the day, and in the next a Dr. Dulcamara was vaunting his miraculous powders, mixtures, and cures for every human ailment. Nearly the whole of one side of the room was taken up by the "Circus Olimpieus," in which every branch of the gymnastic profession except the equestrian was ably represented.

But we must not forget the maskers themselves. Among the best were a tribe of gypsies—the dusky gypsy girl in her tattered artistic costume, her coal black hair floating wildly as she shook her tambourine in a mad dance, the old man with a short pipe in his toothless jaws, the young wife with her baby on her back, the fiddler and his dancing bear, and even the dog and the donkey. The most curious character, however, was the trunk of a tree, with an owl sitting in a hole of the stem, a young fox in a nest in another, crows and small birds on the top, and a little rabbit nibbling a cabbage at the root. Then there were some foot-soldiers of times gone by, with immense plumes, and doublets slashed and puffed from neck to knee, marching through the room with their captain, drum, and standard at their head. There were slim charming patrician ladies of 1520; a tall, broad, and bearded Helen in antique dress; a six-foot British Amazon in authentic costume; Venetian nobles with gold-embroidered sleeves reaching to the ground, and large pointed shoes; costumes of the Raphael type; cavaliers of Francis I. and Henry II.—a series of figures from the pictures of the old masters.

At eight o'clock the Doge in his state robes appeared at the top of the Giant's Staircase, surrounded by his nobles and senators. After briefly addressing the people he came down into the room, and the fun of the evening began. In about two hours' time the Doge made a fresh speech, and the maskers congregated in the other saloon, while the hall was turned into a supper-room. In another half hour a wonderful alteration had taken place. The Giant's Staircase had disappeared, and in its place was a curtain, concealing the preparations for the coming play. The maskers then sat down to supper, and the president of the society made a brief speech concerning the origin of the ball. About two o'clock the curtain rose on "The Origin of the Pyramids." This was a realization of Gustave Richter's picture of "The Pyramids" and Alma Tadema's "Death of the First-born." The story runs thus: Pharaoh Schafra VII. had lost his first-born (Alma Tadema's picture exactly reproduced), and promised his daughter Amoritis to the person who should erect the most beautiful monument to his dead child. Amoritis loves a Nile fisherman, and the lovers hit on the idea of the Pyramids. The last scene gave a perfect realization of Richter's picture, and worthily closed the evening's entertainment.

THE KING'S BULL.

I.—PEPITA'S LOVER.

I AM about to relate a story of one Mendez Pinto, not the notorious liar, but the boldest bull-fighter that ever entered the Spanish arena; and if it be asked, Is the story true, and how did you learn it? I reply that it *is* true, and that it was told at supper after a bull-fight in the Seville ring, and in the presence of the descendant of the man whose exploit it commemorates.

In all Andalusia there was no prettier girl than Pepita, the daughter of Gomez, ex-bull-fighter, and seller of fried fish at Puerto Santa Maria. When dressed for the bull-fight in her smartest Maja costume, she was a sight worth a long journey to see, with her slender ankles, arched insteps, and shapely legs; her tall undulating figure, her glorious dark eyes, and wealth of raven hair.

And Pepita was very partial to the Plaza; this taste, it is true, she shared in common with many thousand fair Spaniards, into whose heads the idea of there being any cruelty in the sport had never intruded itself, and who would probably have stared with amazement had such a notion been suggested to them; but the ring at P. Santa Maria had especial attractions for Pepita, inasmuch as she could there feast her eyes on the valiant deeds of Mendez Pinto, prince of picadors and her own betrothed lover. Time had been when the Pintos were a family of no small importance and prosperity, and had not two of their number shared in the toils and triumphs of Columbus? But the days of their high estate had departed, and their descendant, the hero of this tale, found himself, in the reign of Ferdinand VII., "pious, fortunate, and restored," enrolled in the second rank of bull-fighters.

I say the second rank, because the social status of the picador was confessedly never equal to that of the matador; but so great was the strength and daring of Mendez, and so comprehensive his knowledge and skill in every branch of tauromachy, that not the most conceited of the swordsmen could feel his dignity compromised by the company of the great master of the lance. Popular opinion, if thoroughly canvassed, would probably have conceded to Pinto the proud title of the first bull-fighter in Spain, and this at the date of our story, 182–, was no empty compliment, for a monarch more devoted to the fiesta de toros than Ferdinand VII. never filled the Spanish throne.

Ferdinand looked upon a good bull-fighter as the noblest work of God, and next to him a good bull—it may, indeed, be doubted if he did not consider the dumb animal the superior of the two. A pretty woman and a genuine Havana possibly divided the third place in his esteem.

During his reign there was instituted a not unsuccessful attempt to restore something of the ancient glory of the Plaza; and the establishment of a tauromachian college, of which the king himself was head and all the nobility members, raised the dignity of the ring to an unprecedented pitch.

Except in the case of the bull, which was doomed to a succession of tortures and a death identical with those inflicted at the present day, the sport was conducted in a somewhat less blood-thirsty manner. Instead of the miserable worn-out hacks, fit only for the knacker's yard, which disgrace the modern arena, strong, active, and often valuable horses were supplied to the picadors; and the roar of applause which now greets the bull as he rips some wretched animal from shoulder to flank was then bestowed on the rider, whose strength and dexterity fended off the charge, and saved his steed from the murderous horns. He, indeed, who was able to carry his horse unscathed through the dangers of a whole fight was entitled to retain it as his own property. In this manner had Pinto gained possession of a very powerful and well-bred gray mare, which, on becoming the acknowledged "querido" of Pepita, he had presented to her father, old Gomez; and after the fair girl herself, there was nothing the ex-bull-fighter regarded with so much pride and affection, and tended so carefully, as La Perla.

Next to his bull-fighters and bulls, his pretty women and his "purones," ranked in Ferdinand's estimation his regiment of guards; and never did royal favor inflict upon society a more swaggering and obnoxious set of bullies and swash-bucklers. It happened that at the date of our story a detachment of these favorites was in temporary quarters at P. Santa Maria. Now the claim of Pinto to the pretty Pepita had been readily allowed by the indigenous youth of that place, and there was not one among them who would have cared to cross the great picador in his loves; and this not only from a wholesome dread of his physical prowess, for, with the natural gallantry of the Spanish nation, it was agreed on all hands that the bravest, strongest, and handsomest man was properly matched with the fairest girl. But, as might be expected, the gentlemen of his majesty's guards recognized no such provincial scruples or sentiments, and in an unlucky hour two of them cast an evil eye on Pepita.

One morning Gomez sent out his daughter with a message to a neighbor, and it was but natural that on passing the café which Mendez usually frequented she should peep in to see if her lover was there. There were but half a dozen people in the room, and Pinto was not among them. Pepita, therefore, would have retired as quietly as she entered, had not the way been barred by the extended arms of two of the royal guard, who had followed her unperceived.

"Pray let me pass, señores," said Pepita.

"Not until you have paid toll, my pretty one," answered the bigger and more audacious of the two. "No, hija di mi alma, I must first see if those red lips of yours taste as sweet as they look."

"And, por Dios, I too," added his companion.

And in spite of her resistance the two ruffians closed with the poor girl, and the first speaker, throwing his arm round her waist, pressed his lips to her cheek. But Pepita's was the last cheek those lips were destined to touch; for as the other guests, attracted by the scuffle, rose like gallant Spaniards to her assistance, the door was thrown violently open, the guardsmen were sent reeling back, and before them stood Mendez Pinto, his swarthy cheeks white with fury, and his dark eyes glowing like live coals.

With an instinctive feeling of imminent peril, the hands of the soldiers clutched at their side-arms, but before the steel could leave the scabbard Pinto sprang upon them with the bound and roar of a savage tiger; extending his mighty arms, he seized each man by his outer ear, and with the rapidity of thought and the force of some deadly engine dashed their heads together in the midst; there was a dull crashing thud, horrible to hear, and then the two men, released from his iron grasp, fell prone upon the floor of the café, the blood streaming from mouth and ear and eye.

The spectators stood aghast and tongue-tied with horror, as Pinto, passing his arm round the half-fainting Pepita, led her out of the café, and back to her father's house.

Very grave and anxious was the face of Gomez as he listened to Pinto's short account of what had occurred. He went out at once to the café, and presently returned with the intelligence that one of the guards was dead and the other dying; both their skulls were fractured by that fearful blow.

"It will cost your life, lad," he said to Mendez. "No excuse, no plea of provocation, will the king allow where his guards are concerned."

At this poor Pepita sank sobbing bitterly to the floor, and Mendez, now gentle and tender as he had lately been fierce and unsparing, occupied himself with consoling her with loving words and caresses.

But Gomez broke in upon the lovers.

"Now listen, Mendez Pinto," said he; "by your love for that girl, listen. There is but one chance for you, if you would win the king's pardon. Something you must do; something that has never been done in Spain before, and that no other man but yourself *can* do.—Pepita, girl, rouse yourself, if you would help to save him. Run to the stable, and give La Perla a full flask of Val-de-Penas, and the broth of the stew that is on the fire, and then see her carefully saddled and brought round to the back-door: in ten minutes the guard will be here to arrest him.—Mendez, lad," he went on, "you must start for Madrid at once. This is Thursday. On Sunday the king holds a corrida real; at that fight you *must* be. You must get the promise of pardon before the real offense is known. In any case, you can but die; and better to die as a picador should, with the eyes of all Madrid upon you, than as a felon under the hands of the executioner."

Not long afterward Mendez had taken a tender farewell of Pepita, who, under the sense of her lover's terrible danger, overcame her own womanly weakness. Tearless and self-possessed, although pale as death, she fulfilled every injunction of her father. At the last moment she took from her attire a red silk scarf, and gave it to Mendez.

"Whatever happens, mi querido," she murmured, "wear this for me."

"In life and death," he answered. Their lips met in one long lingering kiss; and then, at a sign from Gomez, Pepita went quietly back into the house, and Mendez, mounted on La Perla, sat at the back gate, listening to the old man's last instructions.

"You will have time enough to think it over between this and Madrid," said Gomez, with a kind of grim humor. "Remember, wherever you halt, the Val-de-Penas and the broth from the guisado. With that La Perla will go for a man's lifetime. Let her have the same an hour before you fight. And now, my son, God speed you. You must go, for I hear the hum of the crowd coming up the street on the other side. But Pepita has barred the door, and I am taking my siesta in the back-room; and it will be hard if I hear the summons of the guard before you are far on your way. Farewell."

With a wave of the hand, a touch of the spur, and a shake of the rein, Pinto dashed up the street, half asleep in the quiet noonday, and began that long, wearisome journey to Madrid.

Always slow and deliberate, like a true Spaniard, never in all his life did Gomez more slowly and deliberately prepare and roll his cigarillo than now, as he stood listening to the receding beat of La Perla's hoofs. There was a half-triumphant smile on his shrewd face as he turned back into the yard. "Man and horse," he muttered, "there is nothing in all Andalusia can touch them. But God and the holy Virgin help them now, for they need it."

The cigarillo was consumed to the last puff before the old man, with well-feigned surprise and the sullen air of a Southerner aroused from his mid-day nap, responded to the summons of the alguacils. An angry murmuring crowd surrounded the officers; for the blood of P. Santa Maria had long boiled against the insolent demeanor of the guards, and now that the local hero was threatened with arrest and imprisonment, popular excitement was at its height, and the sharp click of the opening navaja began to be heard amidst the confused hum of voices. But as the officials and the soldiers who accompanied them passed in to examine the premises, Gomez faced the crowd, and with an expressive glance and a rapid motion of the fingers, easily intelligible to a people with whom every gesture has its meaning, made known the safety of Pinto. There was a murmur of satisfaction, and then the inevitable, "Pues, señores, echemos un cigarito." Out came the little books, the pouches, and the flint and steel; and when the officers returned from their useless search the crowd, collected in peaceful groups, was engaged to a man in the solemn enjoyment of tobacco.

II.—"THE BEST MAN AND THE BEST BULL."

Despite its many associations, it is a weary journey, that between Seville and Madrid, as I myself can testify, who performed it in the banquette of the diligencia. Ah me! we were young then, but the misery of that time comes back to me vividly—the glaring heat, the stifling clouds of dust, the incessant "Anda, anda!" of the driver, the jangling of the bells, the jolting of the unstable box in which we were confined, and, above all, the reek and steam from the long team of mules. I remember how the anatomy of my dearest friends developed angles of superhuman size and excruciating acuteness, how they noticed the same phenomena in myself, and how savage we became in consequence. I remember, too, that in calmer moments we speculated with awe, not unmixed with envy, on the physical conformation of the boy who rode the leader, and who, sleepless and untiring, kept the saddle (and such a saddle!) from first to last.

On, still on, through the heat of the day and the silence of the night, halting only as long as was absolutely necessary, did Mendez urge the gallant gray toward Madrid. On, still on! Across the wide grassy plains beside the Guadalquivir, dotted with herds of bulls, which raised their heads with a sudden bellow as the solitary horseman went by; skirting the fair walls of stately Seville, and the red Moorish towers of Alcala' de Guadaira; past the palms of Moncloa and the olive groves of Ecija; by the domes and convents of Cordova and the corn fields of Andujar. On through the gloomy gorges of the Sierra Morena, the tawny monotony of La Mancha, and the vineyards of Valde-Penas; startling the wild fowl in the marshes of Guadiana, and waking the echoes of the rocky Ocanian hills; speeding past the cool gardens and gushing fountains of royal Aranhuez and the wastes of Valdemoro, until the first rays of the Sunday's sun were glinted back from the spires of Madrid, and the wondrous ride was accomplished.

The streets were nearly empty at the early hour when Mendez passed through the gate. He rode to a small quiet inn, kept by a brother of Gomez. Great was the astonishment of the proprietor when he saw who had roused him from his morning slumbers, but Pinto cut short his inquisitiveness abruptly.

"Ask no questions, my friend, and above all tell no one that I am here. You will know all in time. See the mare well cared for, and ready to fight, if need be, at three o'clock. Remember the stew and the Val-de-Penas. Have breakfast and the bed in the back-room ready for me when I return."

And so saying he strode off to the house of Don Miguel Florez, chief manager of the royal bull-fights. This important personage was equally surprised when he learned the name of the early visitor in whose cause the servant had ventured to disturb him.

"Valgame Dios!" he exclaimed; "Mendez Pinto in Madrid! I wonder if he comes to fight to-day. How pleased the king will be! Show him in, show him in!"

Now during his ride Pinto had matured the advice of Gomez, and had settled exactly what he intended to do; and therefore, in reply to Don Miguel's inquiries, without narrating the catastrophe of P. Santa Maria, he simply expounded that intention.

"Mendez, my son," said Don Miguel, solemnly, when the bull-fighter had concluded, "something has affected your brain; you can not seriously mean what you say. Ah, que me burlas, mi amigo!"

"I would not venture to trifle with your excellency," said Pinto. "I mean it so far that since Thursday I have ridden from P. Santa Maria to undertake it, by the king's leave, this very afternoon."

And so it happened that an hour afterward Don Miguel, with a heavy heart—for he had a real regard for Mendez as a bull-fighter—set out to lay before his most Christian majesty our hero's hitherto unheard-of proposal.

Ferdinand VII., "pious, fortunate, and restored," was in a heavenly temper that Sunday morning, with the prospect of a glorious bull-fight before him. Wrapped in his dressing-robe, he was reclining in an easy-chair, sipping his chocolate and smoking one of his own peculiar puros, preparatory to attending mass in the royal chapel, when Don Miguel Florez was announced.

"Welcome, Don Miguel; always welcome, early or late," said his majesty, with a gracious wave of his hand. "But what brings your excellency here at such an unearthly hour, and with such a grave countenance? Nothing wrong with the bulls, I trust."

"Nothing whatever, your majesty," replied Don Miguel. "But, sire, I have to offer to your royal consideration the most astounding proposal it has ever been my lot to entertain since I have had the felicity of being connected with your majesty's bull-fights."

"Ave Maria purisima!" exclaimed the pious monarch, rubbing his hands in expectation. "Take a seat, man, and a cigar, and let us hear it."

"Sire," said Don Miguel, inhaling the delicious fragrance of the royal tobacco, "there is at this moment in Madrid a picador who is willing to match himself alone against the best bull that can be found in Spain. He will fight with the blunt garrocha, without padding and without greaves, in silk stockings and Majo dress, like a mere chulo. It is his desire that if he be overthrown none should assist him, and the bull be allowed to do his worst. If his horse be but

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scratched in the encounter, his life lies at your majesty's disposal; but if he kill the bull, or fight him until he falls exhausted, he humbly prays that your majesty will grant the request he shall ask."

"Que disparate," said Ferdinand, contemptuously. "It is absurd; the thing is impossible. There is no man in all Spain can do it. You have been imposed on, my good Don Miguel."

"I can assure your majesty that this is a genuine challenge, and from a man who will do his best to win."

"He is either a madman or a murderer," remarked the king, sagaciously. "And the name of this suicide?"

"With your majesty's permission, I am not at liberty to reveal."

"This becomes interesting," said Ferdinand, rising and striding across the room. "Now tell me, Florez," he continued, half imploringly, and coming to a sudden stop, "has De Veraguas any thing to do with it? does he back the man?" For the duke of that name was the king's great rival in bull-breeding, and as aficionados, or members of the "fancy," there was jealousy between the two on that score.

"On my honor I believe not, your majesty."

"And do you know what request the man will make if he should chance to win?"

"I do not, sire."

"I can not make him a grandee of Spain," said Ferdinand, "but any lower title or wealth I can bestow on the man who shall fairly perform such an unheard-of feat, a feat that would reflect honor on my reign, on the whole nation. I accept the conditions. If he wins I will grant whatever favor he may ask and a King of Spain may bestow. But, por Dios," said Ferdinand, slapping his thigh, "he shall work for it, for we will have out El Re."

When Don Miguel heard these last words his knees knocked together, and he let fall the royal cigar. Let me account for the discomposure of the chief inspector of bull-fights.

Among the many splendid animals destined to be butchered for the delectation of Ferdinand and his subjects was one of the royal breed, pre-eminent for strength, activity, and ferocity, and the possession of all those "points" in which the initiated delight. The youth of this animal had been of singular promise, from the time when, as a bull-calf, undaunted by branding-iron or garrocha, he turned furiously on his attendant herdsmen, and when, baited as a "novillo," he spread havoc and trepidation among the baiters. Those who prognosticated his future greatness were not disappointed; never since the days of the celebrated Harpado had such a grand brute been seen in Spain as "the King's own Bull," which title was usually abbreviated into that of "El Re." For six years he had been reserved for some occasion worthy of his fame; and now, when Don Miguel learned that his favorite Pinto was to be confronted by this prodigy, his humanity overcame his love of sport, and he was filled with consternation.

"El Re, sire?" he stammered; "El Re? Surely I believed your majesty would reserve him—"

"No matter what you believed, Sir," interrupted the king, excitedly, as he noticed Don Miguel's evident emotion; "he shall not be reserved another day. The fight shall come off this very afternoon. See that it be properly announced for three o'clock, and let El Re be driven in at once. Ah ha, Don Florez! you begin to tremble for your audacious Don Fulano; but hearken, Sir—I will have no trifling in this matter. If the man enter the ring, by Heaven he shall stay there until he or El Re be dragged out! And take care that the point of the garrocha be fairly sheathed. This braggart shall be taught a lesson."

"And he has your majesty's promise if he wins?"

"If he wins," said the king, shortly, "he has." And when Don Miguel had retired his majesty went to chapel with an easy conscience, as became an upholder of strict justice and a hater of deceit and arrogance.

Mendez, who had employed his time in making arrangements about his dress, and in the careful selection of a garrocha, received the king's decision with proud composure. "It is fair," he said; "the best man and the best bull. No compro nada de gangas—I buy nothing a bargain;" and after paying a last visit to La Perla he went to bed, and slept soundly.

Great was the excitement among the aficionados of Madrid when, over the old bills of the approaching fight, appeared a placard notifying that the sports would be preceded at three o'clock by a "novedad," in which El Re and a nameless picador would be engaged.

To realize the extraordinary difficulty of the task which Pinto had undertaken, it must be remembered, first, that the picadors are usually securely padded, in case of a heavy fall, the head protected by an enormous stiff-brimmed hat, and the right leg, which is always turned to the bull, by la mona, a greave of leather and iron. Mendez was to fight in silk stockings and Majo costume.

Secondly, that in case of a fall the attention of the bull is immediately distracted from the fallen horseman by the red cloaks of the chulos or footmen. Mendez was to be alone in the ring.

Thirdly, that the garrocha is a stout pole with a triangular point of iron but an inch in length when properly guarded, and is used only for fending off the charge, the bull being always killed by the sword of the matador after he is exhausted by the combat with the picadors, of whom there are usually three. Mendez was to be opposed to a perfectly fresh bull, which was to be killed or subdued with the garrocha only.

III.—LIFE OR DEATH.

The hour had arrived: every nook and corner of the vast amphitheatre of Madrid, boxes, benches, and pit, the very balustrades and barriers, seethed with a dense mass of anxious, excited humanity. The fierce Iberian sun beamed with unclouded splendor, darting its fever alike into the blood of high and low, of rich and poor, of man, woman, and beast: into the sangre azul of the fair Castilian seated in the upper tier, whose eyes burned large and lustrous between the folds of the white mantilla; into the commoner lava that glowed in the veins of the swarthy Majo who lounged against the inner barrier; and into the thick red tide which the bull was soon to lavish on the dust of the arena. The shadow of the partial canopy overhead lay upon the sand in a clean curving line, like that of still waters on the beach, the rustle of twenty thousand fans created a mimic breeze, and the hum of voices sounded like the muffled roar of the surge. But the flutter of the fans was hushed instantaneously, and the loud murmur subsided to a death-like silence, as the gates were thrown open, and, in place of the glittering *cortége* of the ordinary bull-fight, of the many-hued procession of picadors, chulos, and espados, closed by the gayly caparisoned team of mules, there rode slowly into the wide arena the figure of a solitary Majo mounted on a noble gray steed. His features were concealed by a black mask, a red scarf was bound upon his arm, and he bore in his hand the garrocha of the picador. Madrid was fairly puzzled, Madrid was at its wit's end, as the caballero, profoundly saluting the royal box where sat Ferdinand, incredulous of his eyes, quietly crossed the Plaza, and took up his station against the barrier on the left of the toril, or passage by which the bulls are admitted to the ring.

Then the key was tossed to the alguacil and deftly caught in his hat; the door of the toril was unlocked, and you could hear the sharp catching of the breath throughout that mighty assembly as, with a leap like a stag, El Re bounded into the arena. El Re, the king's own bull! there was no mistaking him, for his brawny neck was encircled by a broad ribbon of scarlet and yellow, the royal livery of Spain, from which depended the device of a gilded crown and castle, the arms of Castile. A roar of applause greeted his entrance, and, dazed by the sudden clamor, and the transition from the darkness of his cell to the glare of open day, the magnificent brute stood like a bronze statue, his noble head raised, and his fierce eyes seeking for some object on which to vent his wrath.

On his left, like another statue, sat Mendez Pinto on the gray mare.

But apparently El Re considered this single antagonist beneath his notice, for, with a disdainful toss of his mighty crest, he began to paw the sand. Then the horseman shook his garrocha, and the flutter of the red scarf on his arm caught the eye of El Re. With a deep murderous bellow, the bull lowered his front, and rushed straight at his enemy, and the duel to death had begun.

The sharp straight horns were within a few feet of La Perla's side, when Mendez met the charge with the point of the spear planted to an inch, true and fair, above the shoulder-blade, while he wheeled the mare slightly to the left. The terrific rush could not be stopped, but its deadly course was altered, and when El Re, half blinded by the clouds of dust he had raised, and half stunned by the shock with which he encountered the barrier, recovered his sight and senses, there, again ahead of him, provokingly calm, sat Pinto on the gray mare. Fiercer even, and to the spectators more irresistible than the first, was the second rush of the monster, smarting under the sting of the garrocha, and again was his fury forced to expend itself on sand and timber, while Mendez galloped ahead and took up a fresh position.

I will not undertake to describe the many phases of that marvelous encounter—how unfaltering was the savage determination of the brute, and the courage and coolness of the man. If the ferocity and activity of El Re were such as had never before been witnessed by the oldest frequenter of the Plaza, they were surpassed by the dexterity and horsemanship of Pinto: nobly seconded by La Perla, he exhausted every art of the picador. It would be still more impossible to convey an idea of the agony of excitement which pervaded the spectators from the king downward.

How strong men writhed and gesticulated, and shouted until their voices fell to a hoarse shriek; and stately women and fair girls forgot their conventional decorum, and with eyes, breasts, and mouths flashing, heaving, and panting, sprang up and leaned over to bestow their applause; and how, like a consuming fire, there ran through that vast crowd a longing for the end, a lust for blood, for death—of either man or bull.

At last it came. Not less than eighteen times had El Re charged home, and eighteen times had the spear-point been planted with cruel exactness, until the gore poured down from one great wound above the shoulder, to leave a ruddy trail upon the sand. Then, as the combatants stood facing each other, Mendez felt La Perla sway beneath him, and knew that the critical moment had arrived.

For the first time he took the initiative. And now began an exhibition of skill and daring never surpassed. With the garrocha held low in rest, and his eye fixed on the blood-shot orbs which followed his slightest movement, slowly, almost imperceptibly, so as to avoid provoking a charge, he backed La Perla in a half circle, until the point of the spear lay at an acute angle behind the shoulder of the bull. Those only who were nearest, straining over the barrier to catch, like true aficionados, the niceties of the combat, could hear the words, "Ahora o nunca, por mi vida, o por mi muerte;" and lifting La Perla with spur and hand and will, with the inexplicable sympathy which exists between a true rider and his horse, he hurled her at the bull. So rapid was the dash that before El Re could make a half turn to meet it the spear was in his shoulder, driven with the full weight of man and horse, with the full vigor of that tremendous arm. Beneath the terrific impulse the blunt point burst through the lacerated hide, and, irresistible as the keen blade of the matador, the huge shaft followed, boring through flesh and brawn and muscle, right down into the very heart of the mighty bulk. The mass still surged and heaved and struggled against the mortal agony, the tough garrocha bent like a wand, and La Perla reeled and tottered like a drunken man; but the arm of Mendez was as a bar of steel. You would not have said that the horse was supporting the rider, but that the rider, holding by the spear-shaft, was sustaining the horse between his knees; and so the three remained until the last convulsive throe died out of what was once El Re, and La Perla, though shivering in every limb, had recovered from her exhaustion; then with one mighty effort Mendez drew out the garrocha, and removing his mask, again saluted the royal box.

"And you ask, my gallant Mendez," said Ferdinand—"you ask for—"

"That which I have risked, your majesty—my life."

"Your life, man; por Dios, how is your life in danger now?"

"I have had the misfortune to kill two of your majesty's guards at P. Santa Maria."

"Two of my guards!" thundered Ferdinand; "two of my guards! And you come here expecting to save your own miserable life. Ah, scoundrel, you have laid a trap for me. Had I but known before I pledged my word, not if you had killed fifty bulls with your naked hands, should you have escaped. Vengo sofocado! Begone, rascal, out of my sight, and let me never see or hear of you again!"

But after Ferdinand's first passion had subsided he did see and hear of Mendez again; for with the dispatch from P. Santa Maria came a petition, signed by the principal inhabitants, against the general conduct of the guards; and the king inquired carefully into Pinto's case, and finding that there had been provocation enough to justify, at all events in Spanish eyes, the cutting of at least half a dozen throats, and that the double homicide was more the result of an unfortunate superfluity of strength than of *malice prepense*, inasmuch as probably any other man in the kingdom of Spain might have knocked together the heads of two of his majesty's guards without producing any material effect: considering all this, he not only forgave Pinto, but rewarded him liberally. Nay, more, he insisted that Gomez and his daughter should be sent for, in order that the latter might be married to her lover in Madrid, and bask in the sunshine of royal favor. Which was done accordingly. But the volatile monarch being deeply smitten with the fair Andalusian, the sunshine of royal favor waxed so warm that old Gomez, who was sufficiently loyal not to desire his sovereign's head to be broken, one fine day persuaded Pinto to undertake the return journey to P. Santa Maria, somewhat more slowly and comfortably than he had come. So the three went back to their native town, where the family of Pinto still flourishes in the bull-fighting line, though no member of it has hitherto equaled the exploit of their grandfather with El Re.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN EXHIBIT.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.

YOUR committee find, on examination of the reports of the Book Concern submitted to them for the years 1871 and 1872, large differences in the estimated values of real estate and merchandise, without any explanation from the Book Committee.

To give the Conference a clear understanding of these differences, we present the following comparative statements:

In 1872—Real Estate—One undivided ¾ of property, 805 Broadway	$600,000 00
In 1871—Real Estate—One undivided ¾ of property, 805 Broadway	717,904 13
Difference	$117,904 13
In 1872—Buildings and Lots—Mulberry and Mott streets	$125,000 00
In 1871—Buildings and Lots—Mulberry and Mott streets	150,000 00
Difference	$25,000 00
In 1872—Buildings and Lots—San Francisco, California	$30,000 00
In 1871—Buildings and Lots—San Francisco, California	48,000 00
Difference	$18,000 00
Aggregate difference in Real Estate between 1871 and 1872	$160,904 13

Of merchandise we can give no definite statement, but the aggregate difference of real estate and merchandise is as follows:

In 1871	$1,850,315 50
In 1872	1,646,595 33
Difference	$203,720 17
The Net Capital of 1871 is reported as	$1,055,179 57
" " 1872 " "	794,175 17
Difference	$261,004 40

In the report of 1872 there is no statement made of profits or losses, which, in the judgment of your committee, is entirely unsatisfactory. We therefore respectfully request the Book Committee hereafter, in their annual statements, to give to the Conferences an exhibit of profits and losses, and the reason for the difference between the estimated value of assets in the reports of 1871 and 1872.

JOS. FRANCE, *Chairman.*
ROBERT N. BROWN, *Secretary.*

JOSEPHINE EVENING DRESS.

See illustration on page 268.

THIS full-dress toilette has a short apron and demi-train of pale Sèvres blue faille, trimmed with spirals of point lace and bows of dark sapphire blue velvet, on which are bouquets of pink roses. The front breadths, representing an under petticoat, are of white silk, with flounce and loose puffs of Malines tulle caught at intervals with rose clusters. The low round Josephine waist has a puffed tulle bertha, with roses on the bosom and a velvet bow on each shoulder.

VISITING COSTUME.

See illustration on page 268.

THIS visiting costume is in contrasting colors—skirts of *pervenche* silk (the blue-purple of periwinkles), with basque and border of salmon-colored Oriental damask. The lower skirt has a deep "train flounce;" the long upper skirt is cut in Gothic points, and edged with duchesse lace headed by a band of salmon damask. The basque is of damask, fastened over a white silk vest. Lace jabot and coral buttons are on the vest; deep lace frills for under-sleeves. Rabagas bonnet of *pervenche* faille, with salmon-colored ostrich plume.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. DR. M'C.—You will require a sleeveless jacket, cuffs, sash, apron, and bias folds of dark brown silk or poplin to trim anew your peculiar gray dress. Polonaises will be worn again.

A CLERK'S WIFE.—Put deep kilt pleating around your black alpaca skirt, and add two rows of large buttons down the front of the polonaise.

MRS. A. T. H.—Make a simple basque, a ruffled apron, sash, and put side pleating on your silk skirt. An old-fashioned mantilla with square fronts, or else crossed like a fichu, and a round or pointed cape back, is what you want to make of your black silk. Trim with yak lace, jet passementerie, and watered ribbon bows. Find suit patterns for your little boy in our advertised list. Use steel bullet-shaped buttons on his cloth suits.

MAUD STANLEY.—Make your buff sample with a single skirt, edged with a deep Spanish flounce of the stamped pattern. With this have a loose-belted polonaise, trimmed with narrower stamped ruffles.

ELLEN S.—Deep blue linen will be used principally for trimming gray and buff linen suits. Contrasts will be used, but two shades of a color is always in more refined taste. The deep French blue called Napoleon blue can be worn by brunettes, but will suit your blonde sister better than yourself. The écru linen is not as much imported as darker gray and tea-colored linen. Batiste is thin linen. There is also woolen batiste. The high Marie Stuart ruff, graduating smaller in front, is the most stylish finish for your cashmere mantle. It is three inches wide behind, and tapers down to an inch in front of the throat. It is made of lace, or else black silk edged with lace. It should be very full and laid in pleats.

R. S. T.—Gather hints for remodeling your gray silk in New York Fashions of *Bazar* Nos. 11 and 13, Vol. VI. You should get a lighter shade of gray. Boys will wear sailor suits again, and striped shirts pleated behind and before. For your little girl's garments see patterns illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. VI.

LUCIE.—The Double-breasted Redingote Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V., is an excellent model for alpaca.

ADMIRER.—Your ideas *are* good, and your dress will *not* look like Harlequin. Get blue-gray silk, plain, not striped, and make by descriptions in New York Fashions of *Bazar* Nos. 11 and 13, Vol. VI. Get a straw round bonnet, with blue and gray folds of soft turquoise silk, and a coronet wreath of blue myosotis and dried grasses.

M. B.—Your cape is all right, also your polonaise. Some watered ribbon bows, moiré bands, a lace fraise, and a buckle and buttons of dull silver might be added. Read about mantles in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. VI.

R. S. L.—The satin on your black silk dress is all that is out of fashion about it. Make a Dolman or a mantle of your black silk. See hints in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. VI.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Directions for making a scarf-mantle, also an illustration, can be furnished you in a back number of the *Bazar*. This promises to be a very popular wrap for spring and summer.

KNICKERBOCKER.—We do not give addresses in this column.

BRIDE EXPECTANT.—Two dresses illustrated on page 120 of *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. VI., will furnish more hints to you than any pen description can possibly do. Make your silk of dark blue and blue-gray by the design for a black gros grain suit, using blue yak lace instead of black, putting gray sleeves in a blue basque and gray pleatings on blue flounces. For your traveling suit have a brown silk skirt, with cashmere or vigogne polonaise like that on the same page, trimmed with silk instead of velvet. The sash should be brown silk also, and the buttons and buckle either steel or dull silver.

MRS. A. E. C.—Remodel your black silk by adding an apron front, sash, and pleated flounces. Use the sailor blouse, or else loose-belted polonaise pattern, for nice calico dresses; the simple Gabrielle wrapper belted at the waist is best for common calicoes. Get a black cashmere mantilla, trimmed with yak lace and bias silk. A dark blue or green cloth suit, with jacket, little vest, and long trowsers, is what you want for your boy.

ROCHESTER.—We have not cut paper patterns of child's first short dresses, but can send you a Supplement number containing illustrations and pattern.

ELLA V. D.—Make your white alpaca graduating dress with a simple basque edged with two silk cords; have a plain round over-skirt, and put a single deep-kilted flounce on the lower skirt.

DRESS-MAKER.—Read about over-skirts in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI. The apron over-skirt with fully trimmed lower skirt will probably be more worn than any other style. Make the green and black grenadine with a polonaise and simply flounced skirt.

E. S.—Put a double cord around the basque of your silk, trim the front breadths with lengthwise puffs and folds, and have side pleatings and folds across the back. Simply hem or else ruffle the over-skirt.

LOCKSLEY HALL.—Read article on the "Etiquette of Mourning" in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI.

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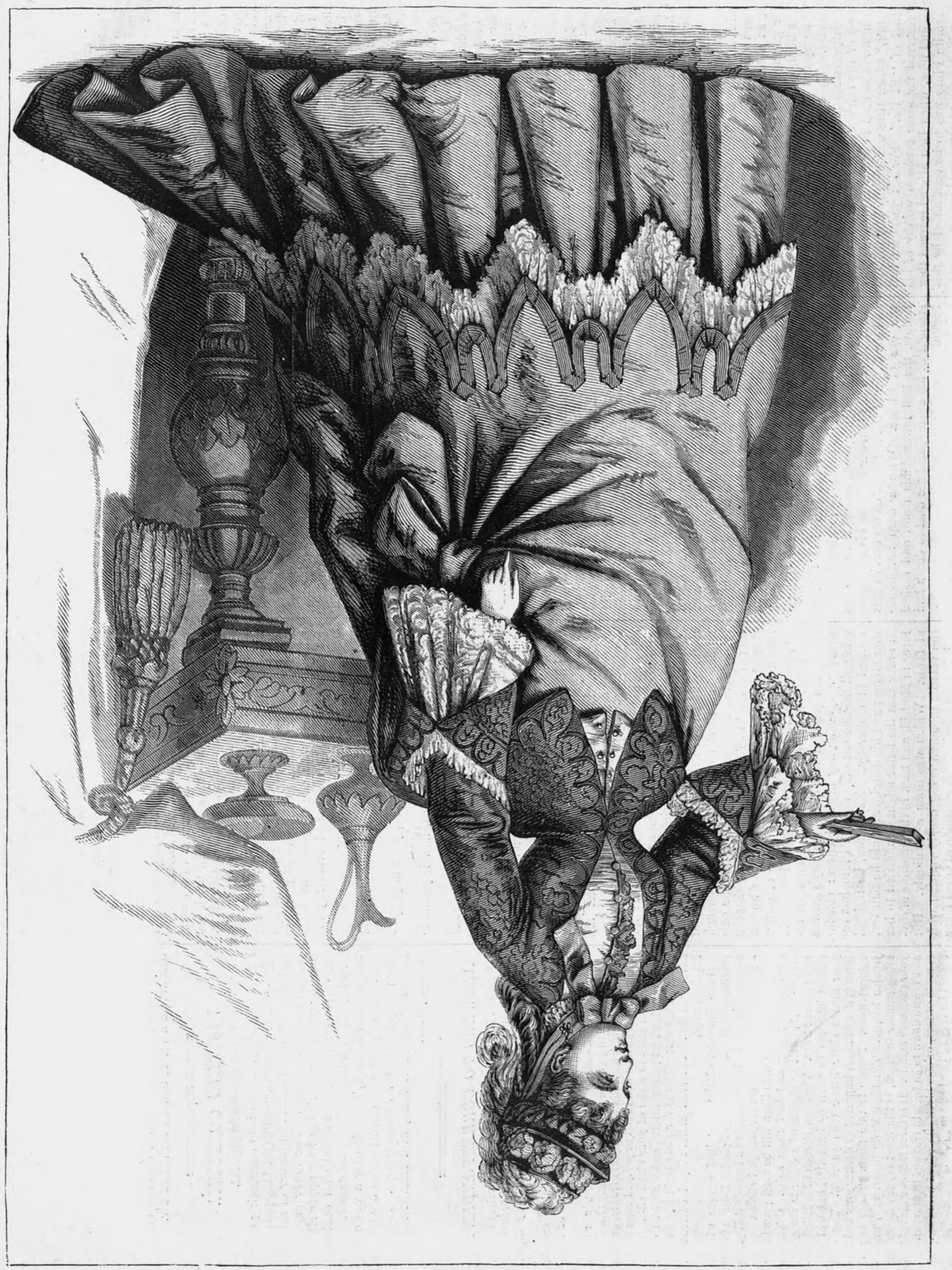
JOSEPHINE EVENING DRESS.—[See Page 267.]

VISITING COSTUME.—[See Page 267.]



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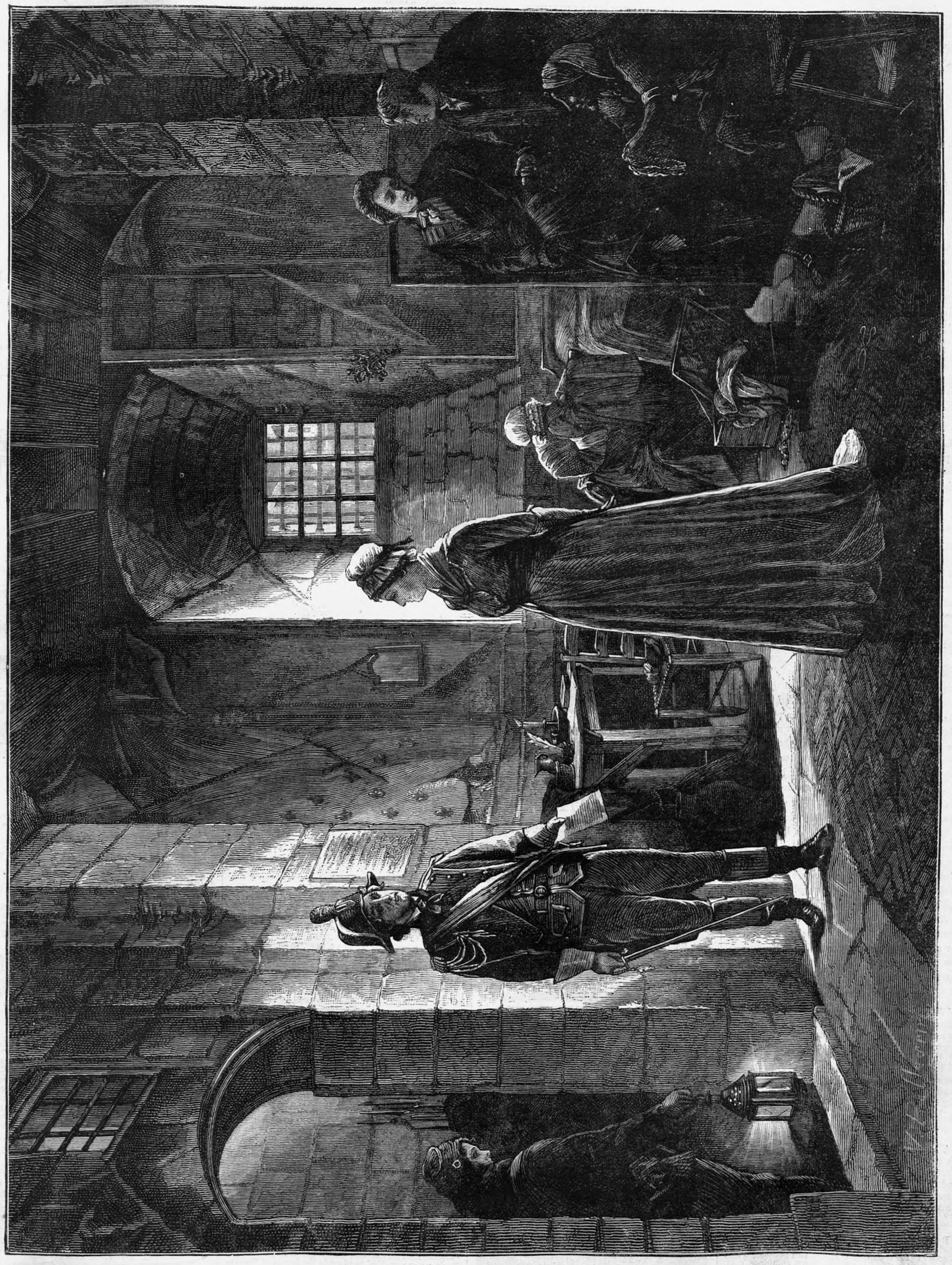
MARIE ANTOINETTE LEAVING PRISON FOR THE SCAFFOLD.

A MOURNFUL interest clings to every thing concerning the ill-fated daughter of the illustrious Maria Theresa, who exchanged her sunny life at the brilliant Viennese court for death on a French scaffold, amidst the hootings of an infuriated rabble. Hers is one of the saddest stories recorded by history, and which finds few parallels save that of the unhappy Queen of Scots, to whom death must have come as a blessing after so many weary years of captivity. The artist in the picture before us depicts the once-beloved Queen, now ignominiously known as the Widow Capet, leaving her prison for the car of the condemned that is to bear her to the scaffold. Imagine her thoughts! Where are you, beautiful shades of Trianon, golden remembrances of Versailles? adieu! you have vanished.....A bloody river is flowing, and submerges under its furious waves all the brilliant past of splendor, elegance, and beauty. The *cachot*, which the Queen is about to exchange for the guillotine, is a small council-room.....Rags of *fleur-de-lisée* tapestries are still hanging on the walls.....There is the table where the poor martyr wrote to her sister, Madame Elizabeth, her last letter.....The lamp is smoking.....The light is not bright and clear in this low cell on the cold and foggy morning of the 16th of October, 1793.....The Queen has cut off her hair; that beautiful fair hair has become white in one night, and a miserable convict, a wretch who attends the prisoner, hands it to the executioner, M. Sanson.....In the background, awed, half dead, is sobbing the unfortunate servant, Rosalie Lamorlière, who afterward furnished the details of the private life of Marie Antoinette in the Conciergerie.....The fatal hour has come.....The officer displays the order. .....The Queen looks at him proudly, without fear; she remembers that she is a queen, the daughter of Cæsars, and she will die like a daughter of Cæsar. The artist has endeavored to paint a genuine historical picture, not a fancy sketch, and we think he has succeeded. The picture is one before which we forget ourselves in a painful reverie.



MARIE ANTOINETTE LEAVING HER PRISON FOR THE SCAFFOLD.

A METHOD FOR BRONZING OR REBRONZING METALS.

PERSONS having shabby articles made of metal, old gas fixtures or other similar ornaments, may save much by bronzing them at home by a very simple and inexpensive application. It is only necessary to clean the articles thoroughly, and remove the marks of flies by rubbing with alcohol or benzine, leaving the surface smooth. Any druggist will put up the prescription at a cost of about twenty-five cents. Ammonia hydrochlorate, one dram; acid oxalic, fifteen grains; acet. vini, one pound. Mix and shake well, then apply with a brush, rubbing it in well until satisfactory in tint.

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FOR THE VIENNA EXPOSITION.

THE WILSON SEWING-MACHINE COMPANY'S MAGNIFICENT MACHINES AND MACHINE WORK ON EXHIBITION TO-DAY AND TO-NIGHT.

To excel in improvement and in work produced by their machine, has ever been the motto of the Wilson Sewing-Machine Company. Their career, from the opening of their first office and works in the city, years ago, to the present time, has been in the fullest sense of the term "a success," and the development of their plans and the growth of their business without a parallel in the history of Sewing-Machines. This is the direct result of the herculean efforts put forth by the managers for the advancement of their object, until it has reached the height of perfection in point of mechanism, and is rendered useful in all hands by the wonderful simplicity of its construction and its adaptability to a range and variety of work attempted with success by no other machine.

In the few years just past, the opposition brought to bear against the "New Wilson Under-Feed Machine" has been very hard, and in many instances the combined efforts of all the older machines have been brought against it, but without effect, and without exception, as the scores, and, we may say, hundreds of Premiums, Diplomas, and Medals received at the different fairs and trials all over the land fully demonstrate.

But this is not enough. Having proved their ability and power to Americans to overcome all competitors, they proceed with the same indomitable spirit which has characterized their every step and made them successful here, to the tried fields of the Old World, there, as here, to justify their claims over all others to the front rank among the mechanical productions of the globe.

The preparations for their introduction at the World's Great Exhibition at Vienna have been such as will do credit to the nation in whose name they are sent, to the Company which has produced them and whose name they commemorate, as well as the instructive workmen who have contributed their commendable skill to the result.

The samples of work embrace every thing which tend to show the power of their machine and its adaptation to all uses—harness and saddle work, ladies' fine embroidering, braiding, cording, tucking, quilting, felling, and innumerable other kinds and varieties of work for which their machines are so admirably adapted.

The machines and their work are on exhibition to-day and till 10 o'clock this P.M., at the Company's elegant place on Superior Street, corner of Bond, where all are invited to view and inspect them. On Saturday they will be started on their way across the seas, for competition in the world's arena, and the result can not be otherwise there than here—the verdict unanimous in favor of the Wilson.—*Cleveland Daily Herald.*

PEARLS.

THERE is no precious stone so dependent as the pearl upon the skill and taste of the jeweler, when it is worn as an ornament. The exquisite purity, and, as one may fairly call it, etherealized softness of lustre which is the peculiar characteristic of this most beautiful production of nature, may easily be dimmed or even destroyed by a heavy, cumbrous, or incongruous setting. If the diamond is really a work of human art, the pearl is absolutely a work of nature. We find it formed, rounded, shaped to our hands. All that we can do with it, then, is to preserve its natural effect as completely as possible. This great secret of pearl-setting has been thoroughly comprehended by Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, of 22 John St. (up stairs). Their fine pearls, whether Oriental or American, might seem really to have been formed in the ornaments which they make valuable and lovely. Nothing is overladen with gold. The delicate shimmer of the pure white Oriental pearl, which may be almost said to diffuse a sort of moonlight of its own, they preserve free of all reflections, and reflections which might tarnish it, while they adjust such harmonious tints in enamel or gold to the American pearl as effectually to counteract the rather quicksilvery appearance which too frequently detracts from its beauty. Pearls, like diamonds, have greatly risen in value of late years, and under the operation of not dissimilar causes. So difficult has it become of late years to secure fine, round, pure pearls of from 20 to 30 grains and more, that a necklace of perfect pearls which the Emperor of Austria began twenty years ago to collect throughout the world still remains unfinished. For a single pearl of immense size in his possession, the Imaum of Muscat some years ago refused $150,000 in gold.—[*Com.*]

WE notice a decided change in Parasols this season; instead of the Alpine stick of last year, we have a new style of short handle with ring top and to be used with chatelaines. The best stock we have noticed is WM. A. DROWN & Co.'s, Philadelphia and New York. For full-dress Parasols, their embroidered black silks are very handsome, and among the many novelties we like their gray and réséda fringe parasols, as well as the changeable, with short handles.—[*Com.*]

TAKE YOUR DYEING AND CLEANING to the New York Dyeing and Printing Establisement, *Staten Island;* 98 Duane St., 752 Broadway, and 610 Sixth Ave., New York; 134 and 166 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn; 40 North Eighth St., Phila.—[*Com.*]

DRS. STRONG'S Remedial Institute of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., in addition to the facilities of ordinary practice in the treatment of ladies and gentlemen suffering from various chronic diseases, combines, also, the Turkish Bath, Electro Thermal Bath, Sulphur Air Bath, Russian Bath, Swedish Movement Cure, Vacuum Treatment, Health Lift, Oxygen, Gymnastics, Hydropathy, Inhalation, Mineral Springs. Rev. Dr. T. L. CUYLER says: "I know of no institution which I can so cordially commend to those who are suffering from the various ills that American womanhood is heir to." Bishop J. T. PECK writes: "Every appliance for the treatment of disease which skill can invent or money can furnish is at the disposal of their patients." *Send for a circular.*—[*Com.*]

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HAIR!!!

L. Shaw, 352 Bowery,

Between 4TH and GREAT JONES STS.

The Largest Stock of HUMAN HAIR GOODS in the City.

Import and manufacture their own Goods, and RETAIL THEM AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

PRICE-LIST.

Short Hair Switches $1 and upward. Finest quality Hair Switches, solid, not dyed, 18 inches long, 4 ounces weight, - - - $5 00
Do. 22 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 6 00
Do. 26 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 8 00
Do. 32 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 10 00

Shaw's Patent Hair Switches, 50c.

Long Single Curls, natural Curly—
22-inch, $2 00. 24-inch, $2 50. 26-inch, $4 00.
Frisets, 25 cents per yard.

BRANCH STORE, 363 6th AVENUE,
Bet. 22d and 23d Streets.

Ladies' own Hair made over in latest styles.
Combings made up 50 cents per ounce.
Goods sent **C. O. D.** by express, on receipt of color and money in registered letters or P. O. Order.

N. B.—Through the immense increase of business, we will remove to the more commodious building, 364 Bowery, cor. 4th St., after 1st of May, 1873.

WEBSTER'S PATENT

Button-hole Worker.

Pat. June 27, 1871. Awarded first premium at the Am. Institute and Md. Institute Fairs, 1871.

It is one of the most important inventions of the age. The most perfect **Button-hole Worker** *ever invented!* So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can work without it. Every stitch is taken with the most perfect mechanical accuracy. Is used entirely independent of the sewing machine, and will last a lifetime. Does away with pricking the fingers, straining the eyes and with imperfect and irregular worked button-holes. They give universal satisfaction. Ladies who use them say that they are worth their weight in gold. Over eleven thousand sold during the first week of their introduction. Local and traveling agents wanted everywhere. They sell at sight, and give over 100 per cent. profit. Sample Button-hole Worker and sample Button-hole Cutter packed in a neat case, with full directions for use, together with sample of our new and novel way of canvassing, sent to any address on receipt of 65 cents. Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Address WEBSTER M'F'G CO., Manufacturers, Ansonia, Ct. Please state in what paper you saw this.

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LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HOSIERY,
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ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND GERMAN MANUFACTURE.
REAL AND IMITATION BALBRIGGAN.
PLAIN AND FANCY SILK AND LISLE THREAD HOSE.
HALF AND ¾ SOCKS IN SILK, LISLE THREAD, AND COTTON.
OPERA HOSE IN SILK AND LISLE THREAD.
UNDERWEAR IN SILK, LISLE TH'D, & GAUZE.

GENTLEMEN'S UNDERWEAR
In SILK, LISLE THREAD, BALBRIGGAN, GAUZE GOSSAMER, and SCARLET CASHMERE, &c.

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PLAIN AND FANCY HALF HOSE IN SILK, LISLE THREAD, AND COTTON.

ALSO, A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
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"CHOSSON'S" KID, and GANT de SUEDE GLOVES, All colors, in 2, 3, and 4 Buttons.

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ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO. have in stock a splendid assortment of
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A choice selection of novelties in
REAL POINT LACE SHAWLS, FLOUNCINGS, HDKFS., BARBES, and TRIMMING LACES,
At prices lower than ever before offered.
Also, a handsome assortment of
BLACK THREAD LACE FICHUS,
WITH AND WITHOUT SASHES.
BARBES, PARASOL COVERS, TRIMMING LACES, BLACK and COLORED "YAK" LACES, &c.
PARIS EMBROIDERIES, TRIMMINGS, &c.,
IN GREAT VARIETY.

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Viz.: BANNER WELTS, 25c. to $1 35 per yard.
FINE FRENCH WELTS, 42c. per yard.
New PATTERN FIGURED MARSEILLES, 25c. to $1.
YOSEMITE STRIPES, white and colored, 25c. to 30c.
New designs in BROCADE STRIPES, 35c. to 45c.
STRIPED FLORENTINE & GENOESE SUITINGS.
EMBROIDERED PIQUES, 85c., upward; last season's prices, $1 25, upward.

PLAIN AND FANCY SILKS,
Gaze de Chambery, Canton Crepes, white, rich Armure Grenadines, Sicilienne Cashmere, Plain, Spotted, and Broche Cachemire d'Ecosse, Camel's-Hair Suitings.

POPULAR DRESS GOODS.
Plain and Fancy Fabrics for Suits and Polonaise, from 25c. to 50c. per yard.

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Very choice and costly Paris Silk Dresses, fully 50 per cent. less than cost.
Black Silk Suits, from $50 to $250. Pure Linen Suits, $6 upward. White Lawn Suits, $4 50 upward.
A large assortment of Misses' and Children's Suits.
A fresh importation of Paris Cloaks, Sacques, Dolmans, &c.
Extraordinary attractions in the prices and qualities of their
REAL INDIA CAMELS'-HAIR & PARIS BROCHE LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS.
A choice offering in colored Yak Laces, Llama, Point Gaze, Chantilly, and Applique.
LACE GOODS AT ATTRACTIVE PRICES.
FRENCH MILLINERY.
The choicest conceptions of the most celebrated Parisienne Artists and their latest productions. Dress Bonnets, Breakfast and Dress Caps, Paris Artificial flowers, Garniture for Dresses, Exquisite Bridal Adornments, Fine Belgian and Paris Split, Straw, and Chip Hats, LONDON STYLE BOYS' HATS.

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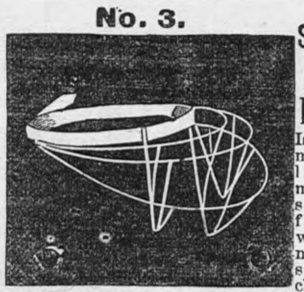

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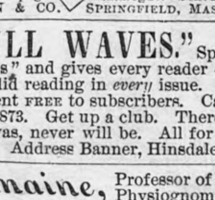

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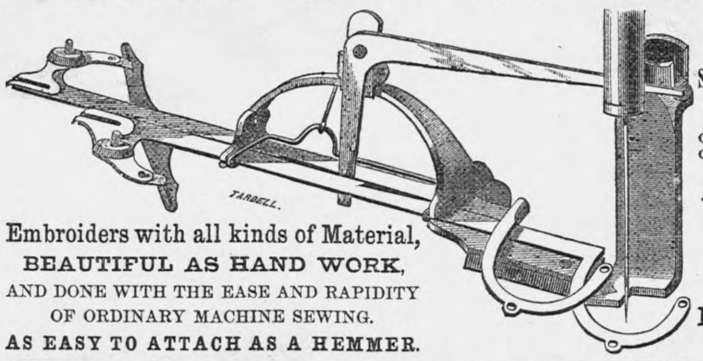

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BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt ..... " 39
PRINCESSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.. " 41
DOLMAN SACQUE WALKING SUIT..... " 41
DOUBLE TALMA, APRON-FRONT AND LONG WALKING SKIRT ..... " 41
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT.... " 43
GIRL'S PRINCESSE POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 5 to 15 years old) ..... " 44
LOUIS QUINZE VEST BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt..... " 46
DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT ..... " 46
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FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt) ..... " 50
DOLMAN MANTLE WALKING SUIT..... " 51

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DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT " 7
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"Well, I don't know to what effect, but the barrel of my gun is bent."

Overpaid one hundred dollars on a check by a bank, the Georgia negro who received them at once returned the money. The local paper says this is another evidence that the race can never be civilized.

HINTS FOR THE EMPTY-HEADED.—We have much pleasure in suggesting these questions, to be asked by a young lady during the awkward pauses in a quadrille; they will be sure to please: Have you ever had measles? If so, how many? Do you keep an aquarium? Have you an uncle? If so, are you on good terms with your uncle? Do you like chiccory in your coffee? Do you smoke? If so, how does your meerschaum color? Do you believe in spirits? Do you tattoo? Do you think you will be much missed at home this evening?

WHO IS HE?—An English publisher announces *The Baronet's Cross*. Well, we don't much care if he is; but which baronet is he, and what makes him cross, and what consequences may we expect from his wrath?

A school inspector, examining the boys, put them through their "animal kingdom," and in the course of his performance rather grandly exclaimed, "Now can any of you boys name to me an animal of the order Edentata—that is, a front tooth toothless animal?"

A boy at once smitten with wisdom replied, "I can."

"Well, what is the animal?"

"My grandmother!" replied the boy.

A Yankee in Paris, who was listening to the boasts of a lot of English and French artists about the wonderful genius of their respective countrymen, at last "broke out" and said, "Oh, pshaw! Yeou git eout! Why, there's Bill Devine, of our village, who kin paint a piece of cork so 'zactly like marble that the minute you throw it into the water it will sink to the bottom kuh-chug, jes' like a stone."

SCENES OF CLUB LIFE.

Colonel Forney offered a town in Texas a free library, but, after consultation, the citizens decided that they would rather have twelve bags of buckshot and twelve shot-guns, if he didn't mind.

A German in Buffalo fell into a beer vat the other day and was drowned. He drank as hard as he could to save himself, and would have succeeded had not a floating cork choked him.

PROGRESS.

GRANDPAPA. "Well, Willie, how are you getting on? I suppose you are quite a clever Little Man by this time?"

WILLIE. "I should rather think I was. I can Fight any Boy or Girl in the School—School-mistress—yes, and my Ma, too!"

When you see a gentleman trying to convince a lamp-post that it is impolite to get in a gentleman's way, it is a sign that he has been drinking something—lemonade, perhaps.

COOL.

GENT (*to party with pipe*). "The Gentleman opposite objects to your Smoking."

PARTY WITH PIPE. "Yes, some People do, but I never take any notice of it." [*Goes on.*

Explaining the meaning of the word phenomenon, a lecturer said, "A cow is not a phenomenon, nor is an apple-tree; but when you see the cow go up the tree, tail foremost, to pick apples, *that* will be a phenomenon."

ANOTHER WAY.—Somebody is advertising a preparation which, among other merits, is warranted to keep a lady's hand free from chaps. We know another way to effect this. Let her dress in the present fashion, and have it known that she has no money. Chaps, if they are sensible chaps, will let her hand alone very severely.

At an examination for teachers' certificates the word "irony," from Dryden's *Æneid*, was given for students to explain. One of them supplied the following: "Irony, a substance found in mineral wells; it is carefully preserved in bottles, and sold in chemists' shops as tincture of iron."

When does an author's wife call herself a book?—When she says she's a t(h)ome.

What is the difference between a good dog-show and a bad one?—When it is a good one the dogs go to the show, but if a bad one the show goes to the dogs.

An intelligent Aberdeen preacher recently took for his text, "Adam, where art thou?" and divided his subject into three distinct parts: 1st, All men are somewhere; 2d, Some men are where they ought not to be; and 3d, Unless they take care, they will soon find themselves where they would rather not be.

SILENCE.—A grave contemporary, fond of denouncing sage maxims, observes, "Silence is the safest course for any man to adopt who distrusts himself." This doesn't go half far enough. Silence is also the safest course for a man to adopt who distrusts other people. Although he is by this means "under the silent system"—as they say in jails—at all events he doesn't commit himself.

JUST SO!

MAMMA (*reading to nice boy*). "'The Esquimaux are a dirty people, and wash but once a year—in the summer season;' but you, Johnny, will be a clean boy, and wash like an American, won't you?"

NICE BOY. "No, ma; I'll be an Esquimau; please, ma."

If a man named William marry, why is he pretty certain to be hen-pecked?—Because his wife will always have a Will of her own.

A man, writing poetically of the weather, says, "The backbone of winter is broken, but the tail wags yet occasionally."

When a man "fires" with wrath, what sort of shot does he use?

Why is a man who ran away without paying his rent like an officer in the army?—Because he is a *left*-tenant.

CURIOUS.—Under the head of "Curious Canine Antipathy," a contemporary gives a long account of a dog who will never pass a butcher's shop. Brown says he doesn't see any thing remarkable about that, for he's got three or four dogs who'll never pass one while there's a chance of stealing any thing out of it.

APRIL SHOWERS—
"My old Hat makes me look a p-p-p-perfect f-f-f-fright!"

BRING FORTH MAY FLOWERS.
"Aren't these Roses and Violets lovely, Dear?"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 18.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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IMITATIONS OF MARBLE.

A VALUABLE plastic composition in imitation of marble may be made in the following manner, and applied to any moulded articles, such as statuary, pedestals, vases, etc. For outside decorations it will be especially adapted, as it is capable of resisting the action of frost even better than marble itself.

If the article you are about to manufacture is intended to remain white, take sulphate of potassa fourteen ounces, river or rain water sixteen quarts, gum-arabic two pounds, purified cement twenty pounds, marble or alabaster dust twenty pounds, and treat as follows:

First dissolve over a slow fire, stirring all the time, the sulphate of potassa in the water; when this is entirely dissolved add the gum-arabic, letting it stand until it is also dissolved. Set this away as your first mixture, and proceed to a second one. Stir together the above quantities of purified cement, marble or alabaster dust, and five pounds of lime slacked sufficiently to crumble into powder. Put into a large mortar of

Fig. 1.—SWISS MUSLIN SLEEVELESS JACKET.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 3.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 30-34.

Fig. 2.—GROS GRAIN AND LACE VEST.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 5.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 35 and 36.

Fig. 3.—SWISS MUSLIN SLEEVELESS JACKET.—BACK.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 30-34.

Fig. 4.—FAILLE AND LACE VEST.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—GROS GRAIN AND LACE VEST.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 35 and 36.

FIGS. 1-5.—LADIES' SLEEVELESS JACKETS AND VESTS.

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marble or porcelain a portion of both these mixtures, and stir it with a wooden or bone spatula until the substance assumes the appearance of thick paste. Then work it well with the pestle until the mass becomes elastic, which will be seen by the composition ceasing to adhere to the pestle.

To make mouldings or castings, grease the mould well, and apply a first layer of this composition over every part of it, of about one-third of an inch in thickness. This first layer is backed by another of a different texture: Boil for several hours over a brisk fire a quantity of hemp, tow, or similar substance, cut into very small pieces, in the first mixture of gum and sulphate of potassa. The product must then be well mixed with the remainder of the second mixture in a mortar, and beaten together with the pestle until the threads are entirely mixed through the whole mass, which is like a thick paste. Now press this into the centre of the mould until it becomes a solid body, and leave it to harden. By this simple process is produced the most substantial substitute for white marble, lighter in weight, but capable of receiving as beautiful a polish as the stone itself.

LAST WINTER.

(1872–73.)

BY WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

A WONDER-WORLD of white and glitter,
Instead of winter's wonted brown—
If winds wailed low or blasts were bitter—
Four slow-paced months have shown.

A carnival of snow, whose mummers
Were trees and shrubs and garden bowers,
All masked as ghosts of happy summers,
With icicles for flowers.

Its spectral gleam, 'neath storm-clouds' darkling,
Hung o'er my sight a sombre spell;
Its dazzling glow with sunbeams sparkling
I wearied of as well.

The chiming of the sleigh-bells' tinkle
Is music for some swift-winged day,
And fit, with rare delight, to sprinkle
Winter's dull opera.

But sleigh-bells, rung from bleak November
And into April's frightened ear,
Are monotones I sha'n't remember
With one regretful tear.

I love the mountain-tops' snow cincture
To flush with amber or with red,
As morning's dyes, or evening's, tincture
Each grand and reverent head.

And snow-drifts, aping hills gigantic,
And blotting villages from sight,
I fancy, as a freak romantic,
Of Nature—for a night.

But twenty weeks are long to slumber
For the brown earth beneath the snow,
While violet eyes beyond all number
Lie wide awake below.

Weary of white, in tiresome splendor,
We sighed for stains of pink and blue—
Sighed for the glances, soft and tender,
Of blossoms wet with dew.

One Lent of snow, with penance humble,
We keep to bleach earth's stains away;
But three long Lents our patience stumble,
Waiting spring's Easter-day.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1873.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be sent out gratuitously a splendidly illustrated

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing a choice variety of exceedingly interesting reading matter.

PIN-MONEY.

POLITICAL economists may talk as they will of the standard of coin and the value of gold and silver over cowry-shells and wampum, and they may read us their riddle—If it costs a dollar to mine an ounce of silver, and sixteen dollars to mine an ounce of gold, how much more is gold worth than silver?—as long as they please. Doubtless our weaker intellects will always remain in a maze about it; and so, for our part, we shall content ourselves with declaring that cowry-shells may do for Bengal, and wampum for the Rocky Mountains; but of all money, the world over, the money that we think the most of is pin-money.

We hardly expect our male readers to agree with us: they will probably think far more of hard money, of ready money, of tribute-money, or even of paper money. But we are sure of sympathy from our female readers—from such of them, that is, as have ever heard of pin-money save in the vague traditional way in which they read, when at school, that once on a time the groaning people were taxed to raise a fund for the purchase of pins for the young queen, who demanded that those novel and luxurious implements should be added to the appurtenances of her toilette.

For in America we are fain to believe pin-money is a thing almost unknown as pin-money. Nothing surely can equal the generosity of the American men to their wives, as a rule, when they have the wherewithal to be generous. The wheel of fortune has turned up wealth for them so easily that it is impossible to be miserly with it, as with the hard earnings wrung from toil; light come, light go, says the saw; and they hand money over to the asker with a rather reckless prodigality, so that the wives of many men are little more than lay figures, on which the resources of their husbands are displayed in velvets and laces and diamonds. Once in a while, too, there is a man of more than ordinary delicacy of feeling to whose mind it occurs that it may be pleasant to his wife to have something of her own for which she shall be responsible to none, and who places, therefore, a sufficient sum, safely invested, at her disposal, and asks no questions about it, sure that if he can trust her with his happiness, his honor, his children, he can trust her with money also. But that man is the exception that proves the rule. There is probably one such in ten thousand. The average American loves to dispense his bounty personally. As for settling jointure on his wife, except in the way of protecting himself, he would tell you it was time enough for him to put his property out of his hands when he died; and if his wife has any inheritance of her own, it is ten to one that he will require from her some sort of understanding as to the expenditure of its income. Certainly he is prodigal; but perhaps he loves the continuous dropping better than the douche, constant giving better than absolute abdication.

It used to be said of the Bostonians, who, before the late fire, were investing their moneys in the vast and magnificent buildings that were rising every where through the city, that they loved to see their money; that hidden away in stocks and bonds it was unsatisfactory to them; that no one, though he walked its whole length, could tell which tractional part of a railway belonged to himself; but once amassed in the great carved granite or white marble blocks, the owner could take a stroll round it every morning of his life, survey it, and gloat over it if he would. And it is in something the same fashion that the American husband prefers to bestow on his wife a large sum to-day and a larger to-morrow, rather than make a settlement upon her and be done with it. For by that means he still retains his authority over it, one might say, and allows himself the pleasure of frequent giving in addition.

This may be all very well among the rich, though at the best it can hardly fail to be the least in the world humiliating to the wife, unless her sensitiveness has been well calloused. But if we turn to those of less means we shall find that the thing works very differently. The man of narrow income can not afford, of course, to toss his wife bank-bills for her papillotes; on the contrary, it costs him an effort to part with a bank-bill any way, and if his wife wants half a dollar to buy thread she has to ask for it, if not to cringe—lucky, sometimes, if she is not put off with a quarter. As a consequence, the wife has to resort to petty arts of cajolery, of selling rags to the junk-man before they have in reality come to rags, of pilfering small change from the sleeping man's pockets, or else she has proudly to do without it, dire though her need, and when a few dollars would make her a happy and independent woman, to feel herself a pauper in the midst of comfort.

In England, whenever there is any money at all at marriage, a certain sum, be it more or less, is invariably allotted the wife for her pin-money; not for wardrobe or housekeeping or other expenses, but for the thousand and one trifles with which she does not care to go to her husband—perhaps on the magnified principle that familiarity breeds contempt—and those little wants are the very ones to teach a husband that his idol is made of clay. And where is the woman who does not wish still to be her husband's idol? and where is the man that does not wish his wife to remain his ideal—that is to say, at her best and fairest? In France there is said to be hardly a household where the wife is not as much of an authority in money-matters as the husband. In many households there she is the purse-bearer; and certainly the very general distribution of wealth in that country among all classes, as shown in the way the people rose to the exigencies of the German indemnity, speaks well enough for this sort of management in the family.

But in America a man feels himself competent to manage his own business, without any meddling from a woman; and with this nobody could quarrel if he managed the woman's share equally well with his own. But what he wants he gets, what his wife wants she gets if she can. A friend of ours once ardently went begging for some case of great suffering, we remember, and in a whole city ward—counting out the few who were notoriously wealthy, or who had money in their own right—she did not find a dozen women who, however well inclined they professed themselves, were able to bestow a shilling on the charity till their husbands should have come home to dinner. And that told the whole story. They were not free agents, so far as a single cent was concerned. They were always suppliants; they had nothing as a right. They had their livelihood, but Bridget in her different sphere had as much, and her wages too. If they had been allotted so much as ten dollars a year, to dispose of utterly untrammeled by question or remark, the sons of those women, it seems to us, would have inherited a fuller manhood, and would have stood up with a little bolder front to the great battle of life.

Of course it shall be demanded of no one as a necessity that he shall grant over and above the measure of his fellows, that he shall give as though it were an established right what it is not even yet a general custom to give as a favor. Yet if when a man married he set apart the amount he could afford for his wife's needs, paying no heed to her magnanimous, but not always genuine, remonstrance, and put the allowance into her hands, it is evident that presently self-interest would teach her discretion in its handling; and in learning to use that to advantage she would have learned to manage the domestic expenses to an equal advantage; there would be an era of undreamed-of happiness in the house; and the husband would soon be heard agreeing with us that, though hard money may have its merits, there is no such thoroughly satisfactory money as *pin-money!*

DRESS AS THE GAUGE OF CIVILIZATION.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

WHEN young King Philip—I refer now not to him of Pokanoket, Prince of the Wampanoags, son of our old friend Massasoit, but to Philip, my king—when this youthful monarch put on his first jacket and trowsers he signalized his sovereignty by striking an attitude. Out went his feet as widely apart as his small legs could conveniently allow, deep went his lordly hands into his diminutive but sufficient pockets, and up tossed his shining head as bright and fine and yellow with its lustrous hair as the silken summer maize. So there he stood—and, caught by the cunning sun, there he still stands, a demure little mockery of a man, a caricature of strength and dominion, a puny baby, but mighty with the foreshadowings of fate—not ridiculous, because altogether transparent and innocent, and because altogether certain in his promise.

For the king will never go back again under petticoat government. Once a boy, always a boy, until he is, better still, a man. No draggling of draperies for him through rain or hail, or fire or snow. No beating against the wind with sails full spread. He goes through life close reefed, all the hinderances of friction reduced to their lowest terms. He runs the race without carrying weight. He rejoices in he knows not what. It is a greater freedom than he comprehends.

But look you, my lord, power brings duty. We shall expect you to use your freedom. What avails that you are girded for the race, armed for the fight, if you fail in the one or flee from the other? Dress is a significant, not a merely capricious, fact. From time to time benevolent men and enterprising women have attempted to change national customs and costumes, and here and there a brave BLOOMER has crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee before the public gaze, but in vain. No confessed convenience, no considerations of health even, have been able to banish or materially to modify the flowing female drapery. It is felt to be not simply female but feminine, and even now it is a hand-to-hand conflict between skirts that "just clear the ground" and skirts that drag their slow lengths over it. A merciful Providence save us from being conquered by the last alternative! Though to any person who sees a dress trailing over the pavements, with its intricate pleats and puffings well grimed, its protecting wiggin(?) flounce gray with dirt, or, as these eyes have seen, torn off and hopping behind, half a yard of narrow rag, a train not provided for in any fashion plate—to such, I say, it might seem as if Providence had no call to interfere. We might provide against this degrading display and this untidy consciousness by our own common-sense.

But obstinate adherence to an inconvenient dress means something. Men have not so clung to it. Men by whole nations and whole races have cast aside the flowing folds which women not only retain but multiply. Visiting lately in China, I was struck anew by the similarity between the dresses of our male and female friends. Our host was equipped in a short loose black satin sack and petticoat. His queue was less luxuriant than the ladies' hair, and his stout English boots beneath his petticoat, unlike little mice, much more like very large rats, stole in and out. His raiment was plain, whereas the silk robes of his family were rich and varied in color, and heavy with gay and golden embroidery. Otherwise their dresses were generally the same. Doubtless the Chinese eye saw a great difference in cut and fit, but to me the fullness, the length, the outline were one. The resemblance was far greater than the difference.

Here, then, we have a female dress more comfortable than our own, loose, light, and not ungraceful; as modest as our own, as rich as our own, far more permanent, and necessarily more economical. Such a dress as this must give women greater freedom of motion, and must be therefore more conducive to health. It must require far less time and thought in its construction, and therefore leaves the mind at liberty to range in other fields. The man's dress, on the contrary, is less adapted to work than the English male dress. The Celestial gentleman would seem to be as much hampered by his clothes as the Celestial lady. While relinquishing beauty, he has not gained freedom. The husband is really worse off than his wife.

Our international diversities go further than this. Our American women do not live too much in the open air; but if we may accept the truth of history and tradition, they are in it far more than the Chinese women. They are not very accurate or profound scholars, but there is among them far more intellectual depth and activity, it is generally believed, than among Chinese women. That is, the dress which we all agree is the most sensible and comfortable, and which some of us are ready to fight for, and a faithful few to suffer martyrdom on account of—the dress which gives most scope to mind and body—is worn by a race proverbially circumscribed in both; while the most impeding and absorbing dress ever devised is worn by a race of women who stand relatively higher than any other on earth.

There are ever so many morals fluttering from this fact as naturally as the tail from a kite. But as the columns of the *Bazar* are limited, suppose we confine ourselves to one. It may not be the right one, but I should like to see any person bring forward a better.

The spontaneous and increasing difference between the male and female dress marks the growth of a nation in higher civilization, and points to the different work of man and woman. In the beginnings of things there is a general commingling, a chaos of individualities and offices. Woman is but an inferior sort of man, always more weak, sometimes more beautiful. The distinctions of nature are imperious, but have no significance beyond their existence. Women do pretty much the same work as men, and wear pretty much the same dress. At the worst they are low, at the best they are not high. But rising in the scale, the dividing line defines itself more and more sharply. The man's world evolves itself, rough and palpable, from the chaos; the woman's world, too, floats into the finer light, less palpable, but not less real. For his world and work the man folds away his delaying draperies, and arrays himself in compact and enduring substance; for her world the woman as instinctively and unerringly wraps herself in intricacy and voluminousness and beauty—unerringly, because she is none the less accoutred for her world in being encumbered for his. The higher the man, the higher the nation, the higher the civilization, the more he takes upon his own brawny shoulders the pioneer toil, and reserves her for the secondary, the social, the invisible, the all-pervading.

So, dear lady, though your dress may be a little in advance of your life, though you may have put on the attire of the future while yet under the yoke of the lingering and brutal past, take courage. You suffer and are hindered, but you are in the line of promotion. Let Philip your king rejoice in his *propria quæ maribus*, for that way conflict and victory lie for him. But when your clean soul is vexed that you can not preserve your spotless dress for much sweeping and dusting and dish-washing, rejoice over the coming woman, whose feet are already beautiful upon the mountains, and whose sole house-cleaning shall be to keep the chambers of the heart—all hearts—pure and fresh and fragrant.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

WRAPS.

THE long polonaise, plain and smooth in front, stylishly bouffant behind, with collar, cuffs, pockets, belt, and sash of heavy faille or velvet, will be the most distinguished-looking as well as most popularly worn over dress of the season, and this garment dispenses with extra wraps. There are, however, numerous costumes that require a wrap to complete them; besides, many ladies prefer some kind of shoulder drapery

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when in the street, and for these independent mantles are provided. As they are to be worn with various dresses, black is the best color for them. The materials are cashmere, or else the soft repped Sicilienne that has never met here the favor it deserves. The Dolman scarf or mantle, slightly fitted to the back, is thus far the most successful garment; and sacque Dolmans are really the only sacques to be found among French importations. We have seen black Sicilienne Dolmans edged with goffered tape fringe, and exquisitely embroidered, or else ornate with Gothic passementerie. Cashmere Dolmans are made up entirely of inch-wide guipure or yak insertion, with bands of cashmere between, making a garment almost as light as lace. For quite young ladies there are talma capes, with the fronts lapped like fichus, and the back in Watteau drapery, with watered ribbon bows and lace, while the whole garment glistens with jets. The regular old-time mantilla, with long, square fronts, is very stylish, but is most used by older ladies.

The fancy in summer wraps is for garments made entirely of yak insertion, with velvet or moiré bands. For wearing over black grenadines and light-colored silks there can be nothing prettier than a sacque of lace and velvet stripes, with glistening jets sewed on. These are brightened by bows of blue or pink watered ribbon, changed to suit the costume. Écru yak insertion and lace are also much used with lengthwise stripes of bronze or black velvet. A polonaise of écru insertion alternating with bronze velvet stripes, and draped by a sash of double-faced satin ribbon, black on one side, écru on the other, is a very stylish garment for carriage and watering-place wear: price $225.

For dressy-wear in the house are sleeveless jackets of black velvet or moiré bands, with guipure insertion stripes. These brighten up simple toilettes, and cost from $60 upward. Colored velvets are also used in this way over white or black dresses; for example, rose velvet stripes with white insertion, and blue velvet with écru yak. A dark blue velvet jacket has the back of plain velvet, with merely the side forms outlined by a guipure band, while the front is formed of crosswise bands of lace and velvet. This is also admired on black velvet with white guipure, and is illustrated in *Bazar* No. 12, Vol. VI.

The black lace scarf to be worn around the neck when furs are laid aside is now lapped in front like a fichu, and fastened low down on the tournure of the Marguerite polonaise, which is again imported, just as it was about to go out of fashion. This scarf is of figured net, edged with lace, and ornamented with watered ribbon bows. An illustration of it is found in *Bazar* No. 10, Vol. VI.

For morning wraps at the sea-side are some pretty Marie Antoinette fichus of camel's-hair in pale blue, Nile green, and réséda shades, trimmed with lace of the same color, or else heavy wool fringe. The newest breakfast sacques are of white cashmere, trimmed with white goffered tape fringe, above which is laid a band of black guipure insertion. For heavier wraps in the country are the lovely Chuddah shawls of summer camel's-hair in pale blue or scarlet, soft, fine, clinging, and of scarcely any weight. They are four yards long, are simply fringed, and cost from $40 to $60. A refined choice among these is the Philadelphia shawl in Quaker drab and gray shades. Evening wraps are white Sicilienne Dolmans wrought all over with what the French call white jet, and elaborately fringed. There are also mantles of India cashmere of glowing scarlet and deep blue, with lengthwise vines and borders of rich Oriental embroidery. Exquisite hoods, with pelerines or fichus attached, are shown for summer drives and evenings on the balcony. They are daintily made of China crape, blue, black, white, or pink, with bands and edge of white lace. These are illustrated in *Bazar* No. 4, Vol. VI.

DINNER AND EVENING DRESSES.

A leading furnishing house displays evening dresses by gas-light, bringing out the faint shimmering tints of silk with fine effect. More than a score of Parisian dresses are shown; they have demi-trains, with fanciful revers, tabliers, sashes, and parts of over-skirts; the basques have voluminous Medici fraises; the new sashes are of double-faced satin ribbon, black on one side, the dress color on the other. White crêpe lisse pleatings, fine, soft, and clear, supersede Swiss muslin pleatings on silk. Quantities of embroidery appear in silk floss, and newer still in pearl and jet on illusion, which is then applied to the silk. A dress in French taste is white faille, with the entire front breadth and side revers covered with jet embroidery on tulle; double-faced sashes of white and scarlet; the low corsage has tips of scarlet and white ostrich feathers on the shoulders. A pale *limon* silk has crêpe lisse pleatings, headed by pearl embroidered bands; the quaint sashes are black, with pale blue on the other side. A pearl-colored silk has a cherry sash with Valenciennes flounces. These three dresses are examples of the stylish contrasts—the first, white, black, and scarlet; the second, pale yellow, black, and sky blue; the third, pearl, cherry, and white.

Pale flesh tints and lightest green silks are chastely trimmed with seed-pearl embroidery and crêpe lisse pleatings.

Two dresses of black tulle are made with low round Josephine corsages, with the neck cut in deep points back and front. One is trimmed with long garlands of variegated roses, pink, damask red, and yellow, that trail down on the train, and fall in a great cluster as if thrown there. The other has straw embroidery representing the dangling oat-bells so much used this season, and sashes of rose and scarlet double-faced satin ribbon.

A remarkable dress, of private importation, is pale soft pink faille, with seven lengthwise vines of white embroidery trimming the three front breadths from the waist down to the foot, where they are met by bias folds and white crimped fringe. The back of the demi-train has deep flounces and a trained over-skirt, with revers held back by bows on one side, while on the other is a large garland of roses of various hues extending from the waist to the floor. The low pointed corsage has a bertha of white crêpe lisse pleatings, with embroidery and bouquets on front and shoulder.

BLACK GRENADINE SUITS.

Damask-figured, lace-striped, and polka-dotted suits of grenadine are imported almost to the exclusion of plain grenadines, though the small square-meshed canvas grenadines will be worn again. They are made usually with a silk-lined tight basque, half over-skirt, and a silk skirt on which the grenadine flounces are mounted. Sometimes silk flounces are put like a lining under the grenadine flounces; but this seems useless and heavy. The Parisian fancy is to use jet, watered ribbon bows, and French laces on these dresses; but jets are heavy on thin goods, and American ladies can not reconcile themselves to wearing imitation laces. For a polka-dotted grenadine, trim the silk skirt with two straight flounces of grenadine held in three side pleats at intervals, with gathers between, and headed by a wide bias puff, with ruffle at each side edged with lace, the fullness laid in three tiny side pleats reversed at top and bottom. Put an apron over-skirt in front, with a pleated puff around it, a row of pleated puffing up the whole of the second side seam, a panier puff and watered sash behind, and add a simple jockey basque with coat sleeves, and you have a stylish summer suit. Black satin sash ribbons with bright blue or else mustard-color (yellow-green) on the reverse side are much used with black grenadines.

IMPORTED SUMMER SUITS.

The summer novelties in costumes announced by our Parisian correspondent are already found here in the *salons* of enterprising modistes, and will appear simultaneously at Newport, Saratoga, and the French haunts of fashion. For example is a suit of the new canvas guipure—écru linen in square meshes like canvas grenadine. A flounce covered with embroidery trims the skirt; the over-skirt is wrought in polka dots and edged with yak lace; the basque is also polka-dotted, with yak insertion outlining a vest, and the self-colored dress is brightened by bows and sash of scarlet watered ribbon. There are also polonaises of unbleached damask linen with blue or red woven borders, edged with crocheted lace, white, with a color intermingled. The most tasteful batiste suits are of solid flax gray, with insertions and edges of Malines thread lace on the flounces and forming a vest on the basque; to complete the dainty dresses are Watteau bows, armlets, sailor knots, and wide sashes of deep purplish-blue ribbon.

The demi-polonaise, described by Madame Raymond, with long straight fronts and basque backs, or else just the reverse, with a basque in front and long sash-like tabs behind, is also found in lovely suits of white repped piqué and sheer nansook muslin. On piqué suits five or six embroidered ruffles trim the front breadth, and two pass around the skirt and edge the polonaise, while great white pearl buttons fasten the front of the garment and define the waist behind. The neck is stylishly finished with a fraise made of a bias piqué band arranged to curve upward and outward, and edged with two standing embroidered ruffles. Another stylish fancy is to make repped piqué suits entirely plain, and add large black velvet buttons, collar, cuffs, pockets, and sash on the polonaise. These are merely basted on, so that they may be easily removed before washing, and the simple dress is a boon to the laundress. For breakfast dresses there are piqué skirts with a simple embroidered Spanish flounce, and a graceful little sacque all covered with embroidery. White cambric suits have flounces of open English needle-work with insertion headings set in the skirt; the apron of the over-skirt and the basque are made entirely of this eyeleted embroidery. The old fashion of puffs with colored ribbon run in them is prettily revived on sheer white nansook dresses. An inexpensive white suit for afternoons may be made in this way, with three wide flounces on the skirt edged and headed by a puff lined with blue, violet, or green, and a belted polonaise with a single ruffle and puff. Black-lined puffs are worn in white dresses by ladies in mourning. Breakfast sacques trimmed in this way, with slightly trained skirts puffed across the front, are pretty house toilettes.

Suits of dark blue linen lawn, as thin and cool as batiste, are shown in solid color, with white branching lines. The skirt has a deep Spanish flounce, with white needle-worked scallops, and a narrower scalloped ruffle edges the polonaise. Gay costumes for summer hotels and for afternoon fêtes at country-houses are usually in contrasting colors. One of Napoleon blue silk has an over-skirt and sleeveless basque of the white rough-surfaced raw silk called Mousaia, with sleeves and sash of dark blue. A polonaise costume in two delicate *mordoré* shades has a sash and bow of brown faced with rose-color.

PALMETTO HATS.

The palmetto hats made in Florida have been taken to Paris, beautified by French taste, and returned here to appear as midsummer hats for town or country. They imitate the old-fashioned calash in shape, also the Dolly Varden of last year, and the new tip-tilted Lynette. These light Southern hats are appropriately trimmed with browned grasses, and the sugar-cane feather clustered in amid knots and loops of soft mousseline ribbon. $5 buys a trimmed hat.

For information received thanks are due Mrs. CONNELLY; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

ANY number of royalties will forgather at Vienna during the Exposé. All the potentates of Europe have been asked; all are coming; not together, but in squads—some in squadrons. The Majesty of England will show with her daughter and son-in-law, the Prince Imperial of Germany. Old Kaiser himself is turning the thing over in what he calls his mind.

—Poets and emperors are usually separate persons. China had a specimen of the two joined. There is soon to be sold in London an Oriental trophy, a poem, entitled *Ten Complete Records; or, a Song of Triumph*, written by the Chinese Emperor KIENLUNG, on the subjugation of Ghoorkhas. It is in the Chinese language, embroidered in red silk characters on a dark blue silk ground of twenty-two leaves or sides. It was captured at the sack of the palace at Pekin.

—After a life-long devotion to the late Emperor of France, Dr. CONNEAU, the most intimate of all his friends, who enabled him to escape from the fortress of Ham, and who in the final adversity still clung to him, is now quite poor. He neglected opportunities to enrich himself during the empire, and his wife has, therefore, been forced to give concerts under the patronage of her wealthy friends at Nice, Pau, etc.

—MARY ANN KEYES, of Boston, has received from the local Board of Engineers a gold watch and chain, as a testimonial for her bravery in saving the lives of four persons at a fire in that city.

—Mr. and Mrs. HAWLES JOHNSON, of Newbury, Vermont, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage on the 14th of March last—their diamond wedding. Many presents were given to the dear old couple, and for the feast the table used was one used for dining in 1801 by the members of the Vermont Legislature.

—Miss ELLEN M. COULTON, the daughter of a Southern gentleman, took the prize medal in each of her classes at a recent examination at the convent of the Sacred Heart, in Rome. This entitled her to the grand gold medal of the convent—an honor so difficult of attainment that it has been conferred only twice during the past ten years, and never before to an English-speaking pupil.

—Miss EMMA CALL, the first female graduate of Michigan University, has had a resonant call of $3000 a year and her expenses, to export herself to Japan, and there "teach the young idea how to," etc., etc.

—A defunct Englishman, eccentric while living, has bequeathed his library, consisting of a rare number of valuable books and papers, to the Bodleian Library, fastened up in a box, conditioned that it be not opened until January 1, 1920. The bequest has been accepted, and the musty old things will be added to the other musty old things belonging to the very deceased Mr. BODLEI.

—The Princess KOLSTOFF-MASSALSKA, better known as "Dora d'Istria," now residing in Florence, continues to display an intellectual activity like that of Madame DE STAËL, with whom she has many points of resemblance, especially in her philosophical power, and in her marvelous linguistic attainments. She writes fluently in modern Greek, Wallachian, Italian, French, and other languages, and she is conversant with Russian, German, and English, and a great admirer of the nobler aims of American civilization. She is completing her work on her ancestors, the sovereign princes of Roumania, or history of the Ghika princes, under the title of *The Albanians in Roumania*, besides publishing an interesting description of Liguria, and of Persian epical poetry, and of popular ballads of Asiatic nations.

—Miss MARY CARPENTER, known in England as a philosopher, proposes to visit the United States this spring.

—WILLIAM MORRIS, the poet, author of *The Earthly Paradise*, is also a prosperous business man, and one of the most extensive dealers in stained glass in London. A specimen of his work has been on view for a few days past at 288 and 290 Fourth Avenue, viz., a painted window, intended as an altar-piece for the memorial chancel at Trinity Church, Sa..gerties, New York. The subject is "Christ on the Cross," and contains a great deal of elaborate work. It is one of the costliest productions of the kind in this country, about three thousand dollars having been paid for it to the poet-artist. The memorial in question is in honor of Judge VANDERPOEL.

—The name of NATHAN PLATT is to be inscribed on the roll of public benefactors, he having bequeathed $10,000 to the public library of Arlington, Massachusetts; $10,000 to the high school; $5000 to the poor widows' fund in the same town; and $15,000 to several charitable institutions elsewhere.

—It has been thought worthy of a paragraph in London papers that the numerous members of the Clan Campbell would be glad to learn that M'CALLUM MORE'S son, Lord ARCHIBALD, has become a member of the famous banking house of COUTTS & Co.

—The Rev. GEORGE BOWERS, late Dean of Manchester, has bequeathed to his nephew, Mr. ADDINGTON, the gold ring known as originally belonging to JOHN BUNYAN.

—Count RAVING has recently died at the age of one hundred years. He was formerly in the Rohan-Montbazon regiment, and was wounded at Quiberon in 1795.

—Miss KELLOGG did a pleasant thing a few days since at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. Having a spare hour, she invited the servants who could be spared from their duties to assemble in the ladies' dining-room about nine o'clock. She had her music and some musical instruments with her, and played and sang for them a choice selection of her best pieces, interspersing with them a number of Irish ballads and negro minstrel melodies. It was a very graceful act in the great cantatrice, and is as creditable to her generosity as it was enjoyable to those who do not often have the good fortune to hear such music sung and played as she can do it.

—The man largest in cattle in this hemisphere was W. D. WILSON, of Madison, out West, who died a few days since at the age of sixty-nine. At the time of his father's death, eighteen years ago, the united survey lines of the paternal estate amounted to seventy-four miles. A large-acred man was he in very deed—in very many deeds.

—It is a good thing to be the maker of thread. GEORGE A. CLARK, of Paisley, who died in this country recently, bequeathed to his native town $100,000 to build a town-hall, and a similar round sum to Glasgow University.

—As a noteworthy incident in the religious history of the day, it may be mentioned that a Jewish lady was buried in Evansville, Indiana, recently, a Lutheran minister performing the ceremony in the Jewish cemetery.

—As regards jewels—not of the type, fine as they may be, that are set in high places in Connecticut—it may be mentioned that the Shah of Persia is the owner of the finest collection of diamonds in existence, valued in the aggregate at $10,000,000. The largest of these is the Derya-i-noor, weighing one hundred and seventy-eight carats, which is fifty-five carats more than the Koh-i-noor weighs since its last cutting.

—M. BUFFET, the new President of the French Assembly, is an eminent politician, a man of wealth and great personal influence. He is fifty-five years old, and has been in public life thirty years. Under the Presidency of LOUIS NAPOLEON he was Minister of Commerce, but retired when the "nephew of his uncle" overthrew the government in 1851. In 1864 and 1869 he was elected a member of the Corps Législatif, despite the utmost exertions of NAPOLEON to return a candidate favorable to the existing government.

—FORSTER, the biographer of DICKENS, thus sketches a visit to VICTOR HUGO with DICKENS in the winter of 1846:

"Closed that day at the house of VICTOR HUGO, by whom DICKENS was received with infinite courtesy and grace. The great writer then occupied a floor in a noble corner house in the Place Royale, the old quarter of NINON DE L'ENCLOS and the people of the regency, of whom the gorgeous tapestries, the painted ceilings, the wonderful carvings, and old golden furniture, including a canopy of state out of some palace of the Middle Ages, quaintly and grandly reminded us. HUGO was himself, however, the best thing we saw. Rather under the middle size, of compact, close-buttoned-up figure, with ample dark hair falling loosely over his close-shaven face, I never saw upon any features so keenly intellectual such a soft and sweet gentility, and certainly never heard the French language spoken with the picturesque distinctness given to it by VICTOR HUGO."

—M. ARMINIUS VÁMBÉRY, the author of one of the most interesting books of Eastern travel ever published, has been elected one of the honorary Corresponding Fellows of the London Royal Geographical Society.

—Miss AMANDA VANCILL is the name of a school-teacher in Indiana who has made $7000 by investing her salary in U. S. bonds, upon which a weak person of that State says there is a manifest disposition among the impecunious youth of Indiana, where they exist in vast multitude, to invest Miss A. VANCILL with the U. S. bonds of matrimony.

—Professor WEIR, of Yale, has secured for that college a large and handsome cast of the Ghiberti gates of Florence, of which only four casts are in existence. The dimensions are twenty by thirteen feet. It was brought over in sixty sections from the South Kensington Museum, where it was made, and its weight is so great that an extra foundation of brick has been provided for it.

—The late CHARLES KNIGHT spent on authors, art, wood-cuts, engravers, paper, and print something like $2,500,000. He started the *Penny Magazine*, published several editions of the *Penny Cyclopedia*, besides many valuable works of history and literature: yet he died poor.

—HENRY CORNELIUS AGRIPPA was a respectable sort of man in his day, and his curious old Latin work *On the Superiority of Woman over Man* has just been translated into English by a distinguished New York lady.

—Lady ELLENBOROUGH is believed to be alive, notwithstanding reports of her death. Her relatives have announced through the London *Times* that they "have the best reason to believe that the report of her death is as unfounded as the account of her career is false."

—Mr. ANTHONY TROLLOPE coincides with the natives of New Zealand that that country is "the cream of the earth—a happy land to which all good things have been given." He thinks it will ultimately become another Britain in the Southern Sea.

—LEOPOLD RANKE, the veteran historian, is about to publish a selection from the correspondence between BUNSEN and the late King of Prussia, FREDERICK WILLIAM IV., from their earliest acquaintance in Rome to near the end of the life of the king.

—On the anniversary of Professor DÖLLINGER'S seventy-fourth birthday an autograph letter of congratulation from King LOUIS was—as usual since some years—presented to the veteran canonist. The doctor will during the present year celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his appointment to his professorship.

—Captain CARLSEN, the Norwegian navigator, who has recently reported his rediscovery of Spitzbergen, makes a curious revelation. Nearly three centuries ago, in 1596, WILLIAM BORENTZ, a Dutch navigator, sailed on his second voyage to discover the passage to Asia through the Arctic Ocean, reached the archipelago, and landed on the coast of Spitzbergen. He pitched his tents, built huts, and passed the winter there. When he abandoned the coast he left the huts and their contents as they were. From that time to the time that Captain CARLSEN landed on the coast, in the year 1870, no man had ever touched the same spot. Captain CARLSEN found the huts of the old Dutch navigator just as he had left them—the relics of the fire that had been extinguished 300 years before still lying on the hearth, the books on the shelves (including a work on navigation and a history of China which had been translated into Dutch), the jugs and dishes in which the food had been prepared and served, engravings, mathematical instruments, a pair of shoes, etc. Captain CARLSEN took all these things, and brought them back with him to Europe.

—In March next, according to the present understanding, the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh is to take place with the daughter of the Emperor of Russia, prior to which Queen VICTORIA will visit St. Petersburg. It is among the unsolved conundrums whether the wedding shall take place in Russia or England.

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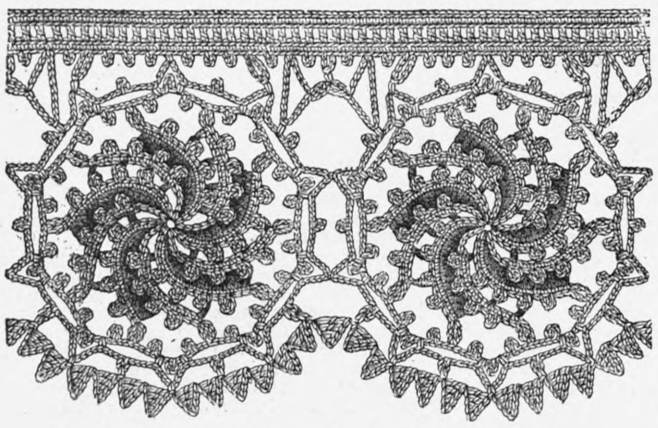


Fig. 1.—CROCHET GUIPURE EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

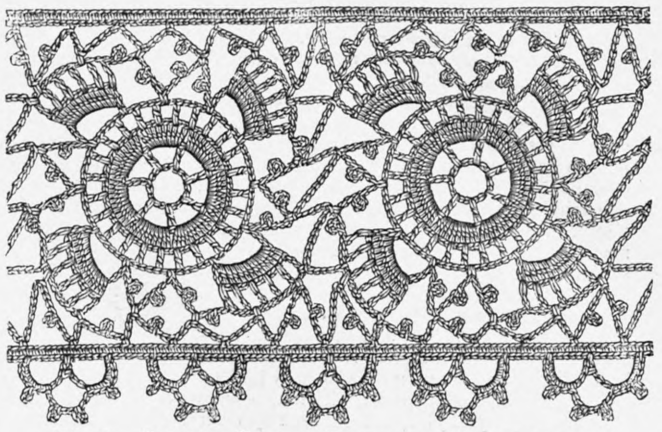


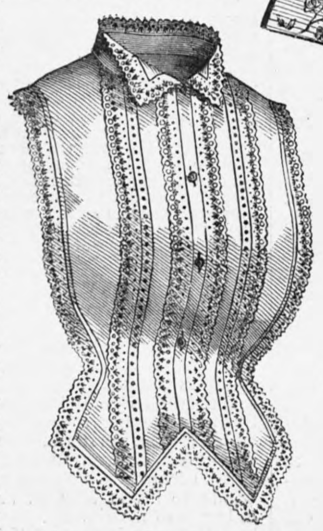
Fig. 2.—CROCHET GUIPURE EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Crochet Guipure Edgings, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE edgings are suitable for trimming covers, négligé articles, linen, etc., according to the size of the thread or cotton with which they are worked. When worked with black silk they may be used for trimming dresses, wrappings, etc.

For the edging Fig. 1 first work the rosettes of each scallop separately, in rounds going back and forth, as follows: Begin from the middle with a foundation of 10 ch. (chain stitch), and passing over the last of these work the 1st round.—2 sl. (slip stitch) on the next, 2 sc. (single crochet) on the following foundation st. (stitch), 2 sdc. (short double crochet) on the next, 1 sdc. and 1 dc. (double crochet) on the following foundation st., 2 dc. on each of the following 2 foundation st., 1 dc. and 1 stc. (short treble crochet) on the next, 2 stc. on each of the remaining 2 foundation st. 2d round.—T. (turn the work), 4 ch., 3 sc. on the next 3 st.; in working the sc. of this round always insert the needle in the front lower vein of the stitches of the preceding round; 1 p. (picot—that is, 4 ch. and 1 sl. on the front vertical vein of the last sc.); three times alternately 3 sc. on the next 3 st., 1 p.; 6 sc. on the next 6 st. 3d round.—T., 5 ch., 1 dc. on the sixth following st. of the first round (always inserting the needle in the upper free vein of the st.); three times alternately 3 ch., 1 dc. on the second following st. of the first round. 4th round.—Like the second round. At the end of this round fasten to the last (the 10th) foundation st. which was passed over in the beginning of the first round with 1 sl. Repeat these four rounds four times more; in repeating every first round the st. should, of course, be crocheted on the veins of the round before the last. To close the rosette join the foundation st. with the corresponding st. of the round before the last by means of sl. Now surround the rosette with the following two rounds: 1st round.—1 sc. on the p. at the point of one rib of the rosette, * 2 ch., 1 p. downward (to do this crochet 4 ch., drop the last ch. from the needle, insert the needle in the first of the 4 ch., and draw through the dropped st.), 1 ch., 1 p. upward (that is, 4 ch. and 1 sl. on the first of these), 1 ch., 1 p. downward, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the p. at the point of the next rib; repeat from *, always going forward; finally, 1 sl. on the sc. of this round, and 3 sl. on the next 3 st. 2d round.—2 sc. separated by 9 ch. at both sides of the middle p. of this ch. scallop, * 3 ch., 1 p. upward, 3 ch., 2 sc. separated by 9 ch. at both sides of the middle p. of the next ch. scallop; repeat from *, always going forward, at the same time fastening the rosettes together, as shown by the illustration, by means of 2 ch. scallops; finally, 1 sl. on the first sc. of this round, and fasten the thread. The outer edge of the edging consists of one round of points, for which work, observing the illustration, * 1 sc. on the next corresponding p. of the second round, one point consisting of 4 ch., 1 sdc. on the second and 2 dc. on the first of the 4 ch., one point like the preceding, 1 sc. on the middle of the next 9 ch., two points; repeat from *; in the hollow between two scallops crochet as shown by the illustration. For the upper edge of the edging crochet four rounds as follows: 1st round.—3 ch., 1 sc. on the middle of the next 9 ch. of a rosette (see illustration), 3 ch., fasten to the first of the preceding 3 ch. (to do this drop the last st. from the needle, insert the needle in the corresponding st., and draw through the dropped st.), * then work 3 ch., 1 p. downward, 1 ch., 1 p. downward, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the middle of the next 9 ch., 3 ch., 1 p. downward, 1 ch., 1 p. downward, 6 ch., 1 sc. on the middle of the next 9 ch., 3 ch., fasten to the fourth of the 6 ch., 3 ch., 1 p. downward, 2 ch., 1 p. downward, 5 ch., 1 sc. on the ch. before the next free p. of the rosette, 1 ch., fasten to the fourth of the 5 ch., 8 ch., fasten to the fourth of these, 5 ch., fasten to the ch. before the last p. downward, 3 ch., 1 p. downward, 6 ch., 1 sc. on the middle st. of the loop consisting of 5 ch., 2 ch., fasten to the fourth of the 6 ch., 3 ch., 1 p. downward, 9 ch., 1 sc. on the same st. of the loop on which the preceding sc. was worked, 2 ch., fasten to the seventh of the 9 ch., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the ch. after the first free p. of the next rosette; then 5 ch., 1 p. downward, 1 ch., fasten to the third of the 9 ch., 1 ch., 1 p. downward, 6 ch., 1 sc. on the middle of the next 9 ch. of the rosette, 2 ch., fasten to the fourth of the 6 ch., and repeat from *. Work the 2d round, observing the illustration, all in sc., the 3d round in dc. and ch., and the 4th round all in sc. also.

For the edging Fig. 2, which may also be used for insertion, omitting the points on the outer edge, work the middle rosette - shaped parts separately, each in 4 rounds, as follows: Begin from the middle with a foundation of 12 ch., close it in a ring with 1 sl., and crochet the 1st round.—3 ch., which count as first dc. (work the first dc. in the following 2 rounds in a similar manner), six times alternately 5 ch., 1 dc. on the ring; then 5 ch. and 1 sl. on the last of the 3 ch. which count as first dc. 2d round.—10 dc. on each ch. scallop of the preceding round; at the end of the round work 1 sl. on the last of the 3 ch. which count as first dc. 3d round.—Always alternately 1 dc. on the next st., 2 ch., with



LINEN AND NEEDLE-WORK CHEMISETTE AND COLLAR.
For description see Supplement.

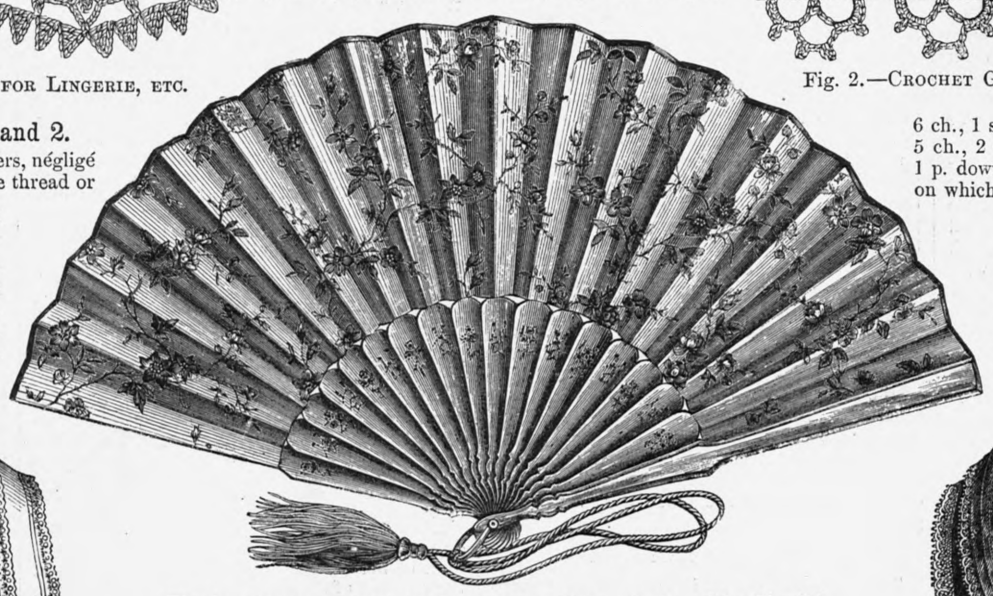


Fig. 1.—PRINTED PERCALE PROMENADE FAN.—OPEN.—[See Fig. 2.]
For description see Supplement.

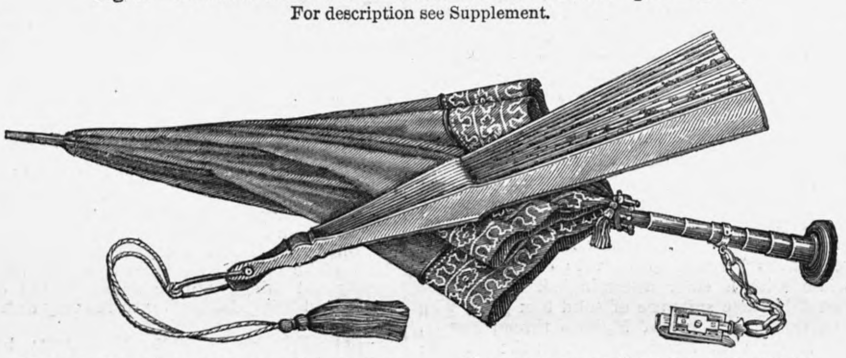


Fig. 2.—PRINTED PERCALE PROMENADE FAN.—CLOSED.—[See Fig. 1.]
For description see Supplement.

GROS GRAIN, INSERTION, AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR.
For description see Supplement.

PARASOL WITH CHAIN TO BE WORN AT THE BELT.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—WATER-PROOF CLOAK.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1, Page 277.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 37-41.

Fig. 1.—WATER-PROOF CLOAK.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2, Page 277.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 42 50.

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the latter always pass over 2, and at the end of the round only 1 st. Finally, 1 sl. on the first dc. consisting of 3 ch. 4th round.—8 ch., t., 1 sc. on the second following ch. scallop, * 3 ch., t., 14 dc. on the scallop of 8 ch. just formed, 4 ch., t., going back on the 14 dc., work 1 dc. on each third following dc., after each of the first 4 dc. work 2 ch.; then work 1 ch., 1 p. (always 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first ch.), 2 ch., 1 p., 1 ch.; 1 sc. on the second following ch. scallop of the preceding round, 1 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 p., 1 ch.; 2 sc. separated by 8 ch. on every second following ch. scallop of the preceding round, and repeat from *, always going forward. Having worked the requisite number of rosettes in this manner, crochet for the upper edge of the edging a ch. foundation of the requisite length; on this foundation work one round of sc., and then one round, by means of which the rosettes are fastened on at the same time, as follows: 1 sc. on the next sc. of the edge, 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. between the 2 dc. before the last of the first scallop of a rosette consisting of close and open-work dc., * 5 ch., 1 sc. on the eighth sc. of the edge, thus passing over 7 sc.; 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. between the two picots of the next ch. scallop of the rosette; 5 ch., 1 sc. on the eighth sc. of the edge; 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the following ch. scallop of the rosette; 5 ch., 1 sc. on the eighth sc. of the edge; 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. between the first 2 dc. of the next dc. scallop of the rosette; 5 ch., 1 sc. on the eighth sc. of the edge; 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. between the 2 dc. before the last in the same dc. scallop; 5 ch., 1 sc. on the eighth sc. of the edge; 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. between the 2 dc. before the last of the first dc. scallop of a following rosette; repeat from *. Every two rosettes side by side are also joined, crosswise, by means of ch. and p. scallops. To do this crochet 1 sc. on the scallop between two rosettes, consisting only of 5 ch., in the preceding round, 5 ch., 1 sc. between the middle 2 dc. of the

Fig. 2.—WATER-PROOF CLOAK.—FRONT.
[See Fig. 1, Page 276.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 42-50.

BROWN PONGEE OVER-SKIRT AND PALETOT IN TWO SHADES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 8-20.

Fig. 1.—WATER-PROOF CLOAK.—BACK.
[See Fig. 2, Page 276.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 37-41.

Fig. 1.—FLANNEL WRAPPER.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—VIGOGNE WRAPPER.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—IRISH POPLIN WRAPPER.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-7.

FIGS. 1-3.—LADIES' WRAPPERS.

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dc. scallop of the second rosette; 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. between the last 2 dc. of the next dc. scallop of the first rosette; 5 ch., 1 sc. between the first 2 dc. of the next dc. scallop of the second rosette; 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop of the first rosette; 5 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop of the second rosette; 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the following ch. scallop of the first rosette; 5 ch., 1 sc. on the following ch. scallop of the second rosette; 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. between the first 2 dc. of the next dc. scallop of the first rosette; 5 ch., 1 sc. between the 2 dc. before the last of the next dc. scallop of the second rosette. Fasten the thread. Next work three rounds for the under edge of the edging. 1st round.—1 sc. between the 2 dc. before the last on the next free dc. scallop of the first rosette, * 2 ch., 1 p. downward, 7 ch., 1 sc. between the first 2 dc. of the same dc. scallop; 2 ch., 1 p. downward, 7 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop of the rosette, 2 ch., 1 p. upward, 7 ch., 1 sc. on the following ch. scallop; 2 ch., 1 p. upward, 7 ch., 1 sc. between the 2 dc. before the last in the next dc. scallop of the rosette; 2 ch., 1 p. downward, 7 ch., 1 sc. between the first 2 dc. of the same dc. scallop; 2 ch., 1 p. downward, 7 ch., 1 sc. between the 2 dc. before the last in the next dc. scallop of the following rosette; repeat from *. 2d round.—Work 1 sc. on each ch. scallop of the preceding round, as shown by the illustration, and after each sc. work 7 ch. 3d round.—* 12 sc. on the next 12 st., 5 ch., t., 1 sc. on the eighth of the 12 sc., 5 ch., 1 sc. on the third of the 12 sc., t., 5 sc., 1 p., 3 sc. on the next ch. scallop, 2 ch., 2 p. separated by 1 ch., 2 ch.; then 3 sc., 1 p., 5 sc. on the following ch. scallop, and repeat from *.

APRIL.

Ev'ry where, ev'ry where, spring-time is breathing
Fragrance and beauty to gladden the earth;
Garlands of daisies the young hands are wreathing,
'Mid glintings of sunshine and pealings of mirth.
Wild flowers choice and fair,
Blossoms from every where,
Blooming on hill-top, adorning each bough;
Primrose and snowdrop white,
Bluebells and roses bright,
Weave them—'tis only life's dreaming time now.

Waking time comes too soon, bringing us sorrow,
Sadd'ning the tints of your rose-colored sky,
Paling the brightness of earth's golden morrow
With the gloomy forebodings o'erclouding "good-by."
Weave, then, your garlands fair;
Spring-time is every where,
Smiling on mountain and valley and dell;
Summer will soon be here;
Autumn winds too are drear:
Weave, then, your garlands ere spring says farewell!

WIDOW M'BRIDE.

FARMER PRINDLE was a widower. He lived all alone in the old farm-house that had been his father's and his grandfather's before him, and how he lived there nobody knew. Farmer Prindle was not hospitable: since his wife had died—five years come next November—not a human soul or body had been allowed to enter the house of mourning. But if he was not hospitable, he was very sociable; not because he cared much for the society of his fellow-creatures, but because he wanted to grumble; and, as every one knows, good grumbling requires company.

Every pleasant evening Farmer Prindle visited some of his neighbors, and favored them with his views of life. These views were gloomy in nature and stern in expression. He could take up any bright subject and blacken it with one look. Sunshine was a delusion and a snare; flowers were an emblem of man's frailty; and a baby was a poor unfortunate little sinner, who didn't know what was before him.

True as were these remarks, they were not encouraging, and his neighbors got a little tired of his philosophy.

"You had better get married again; it will cheer you up a little," suggested a kind, motherly woman.

Farmer Prindle shook his head disconsolately. "No, I'll never do that. I have had one good wife, and that's enough for me. Marriage ain't such a cheerful state, either, when you look at it seriously. And if it wasn't cheerful with the best of women, as my Lizzie was, what would it be with one as wasn't so good? Answer me that, Mrs. Crane."

It was a difficult question to answer logically. But Mrs. Crane was ignorant of logic. "It is kind of lonesome for a man to be all alone in a rambling old house," she said, pityingly. "And the Bible says so too, you know," she added, trying to fortify her position.

Farmer Prindle smiled grimly. "Maybe so. But it is better to be lonesome than pestered, and there ain't a woman round here as is worthy to tie on my Lizzie's shoes, anyhow."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Crane. "There's Widow M'Bride; she is a nice, smart little body, and—"

"Widow M'Bride! she! I wouldn't have her for her weight in gold!" thundered Farmer Prindle.

"I ain't so sure as she would have you, either; there's plenty after her quite as good as you be."

"Widow M'Bride!" repeated the farmer. "To think of her comparing herself to my Lizzie! That beats all I ever heard in my life."

The truth was that it didn't "beat" any thing, for Widow M'Bride had never dreamed of comparing herself to his Lizzie. Had she done so, the comparison would have been entirely to her own advantage. Mrs. Prindle was tall, thin, sad, and meek almost to insanity. Mrs. M'Bride was short, plump, and jolly almost to levity, and had, besides, a very pretty will of her own. She had been a widow ten years, and during this period she had allowed several devoted suitors to console her and to lead her almost to the brink of matrimony. But having reached that point, she had always retreated, remembering, just in time, that "her heart was buried in the grave of John M'Bride."

The literal truth of this assertion need not be discussed here; a strict adherence to facts will be sufficient. And the facts were, that Mrs. M'Bride liked to be consoled; that she was rich, and liked to spend her money herself; that mourning was extremely becoming to her; and finally, that she considered herself young enough to wait and choose, being, as she affirmed, "between thirty and forty."

By marrying again she would have deprived herself of consolation, and would have been obliged to give up that bewitching widow's cap. "And I will never do that, never!" Thus vowed Widow M'Bride in her sorrow.

But Farmer Prindle was ignorant of that vow, and in his ignorance he grew wrathy as he thought of the pretty widow, and as he passed her house that night he silently called her by a peculiar name that would rhyme very well with "evil" in poetry, but can not be mentioned in prose. Having thus relieved his mind, and made room for pleasanter thoughts, he paid a tribute to his wife's virtues, and remembered all she had done, without the least reference to what she had left undone.

Yet, alas! it must be confessed that during Mrs. Prindle's lifetime what she had left undone had been uppermost in her lord's mind, and not in his mind only, but also in his heart and in his speech. Hard work, sour looks, unkind words, had been her earthly portion, and she had carried into practice her husband's theory that "this world is a vale of tears."

Mr. Prindle was not a bad man, and his wife was "the best of women," as he was in the habit of saying. Why, then, had they not been happy together? Because Mr. Prindle had made a great mistake: not being himself the best of men, the best of women had been too much for him. Her meekness had made him hard, her obedience had made him impatient, and her tears had made him angry.

"And if it was so with her, what would it be with another?" he asked himself, solemnly. "No, no! no Widow M'Bride for me!" Perhaps he was right. But why he so fervently objected to the widow remains an open question; for he met her but seldom, and on these occasions she did not pay the least attention to him, nor had she at any time annoyed or molested him by her smiles.

It so happened that, the very next day, Mrs. Crane, wishing to make griddle-cakes for supper, went to Mrs. M'Bride's to borrow some buttermilk, "if so be she had any to spare."

It so was that Mrs. M'Bride could spare some, and welcome. Then Mrs. Crane sat down to have a talk, a thing which most women can always "spare"—and welcome too.

Having mentioned this, that, and the other, they finally alighted upon Mr. Prindle's devoted head.

"How would you like him for a husband?" asked Mrs. Crane.

"Me? that old man!" laughed Widow M'Bride.

"He ain't so old, either; he ain't turned fifty yet; and he has got a nice place, and no children, nor nothing to bother."

"That's true; but somehow I don't fancy him; he is a hard man. And then there's so much work to be done on a farm."

"I guess there's no more work any where than a woman has a mind to do. You would know how to manage him, and get along with him. All men are hard enough, for that matter; yet it is kind of nice to have one in the house."

"But, my dear Mrs. Crane, I don't want a man in my house. I hate men!"

"Maggie M'Bride! And you a-flirting like mad!"

"I never flirt," said the widow, with awful dignity. "You know I don't; and I in my weeds yet! And as for Mr. Prindle—I wouldn't have him for his weight in gold."

"Them's the very words he said about you no later than last night," said Mrs. Crane, throwing prudence to the winds. "'Widow M'Bride!' said he, 'I wouldn't have her for her weight in gold.' Them's his very words, as true as I live."

"Good land! Did I ever?" exclaimed the widow. "No, I never did hear the like of that. Not want me! Did you ever! Well, I don't want him—wouldn't touch him with a pair of tongs! So we are even, you see."

Mrs. Crane departed, not entirely in peace. "I wish I hadn't said it," she thought. But she had said it, and it must remain said forever.

So thought Widow M'Bride, as she watched Mrs. Crane's retreating form. "You horrid creature! You won't come here again in a hurry. And as for that old man—I declare!" Then suddenly a smile shone in her black eyes, and spread all over her face, till she laughed aloud. "Yes, I will do it—see if I don't!" she said, shaking her plump little fist in the direction of Farmer Prindle's "place."

The next day, about noon, Mrs. M'Bride went to the bank with a fifty-dollar bill in her pocket. "Will you have the kindness to change this bill for me?" she asked Mr. Plum, in the most business-like manner.

"With the greatest pleasure," answered Mr. Plum. "How will you have it?"

"In fives and tens, if you please." And as she said so the widow looked up at him with a smile that was not at all business-like in itself, nor in its effect. Mr. Plum grew slightly rosy about the cheeks, and decidedly sweet about the eyes.

"It is a very pleasant day," he remarked. Then looking at the clock, and seeing that it wanted five minutes to twelve, he suddenly remembered that his landlady wished him to be punctual. "I believe I am going your way," he added, taking up his hat hurriedly, "and, if you will allow me—"

"Certainly," said Mrs. M'Bride. She knew as well as he did that Elm Street and Pine Street were as far apart as two streets can well be; nevertheless Mr. Plum's remark was perfectly true—he was going her way.

As good luck would have it, whom should they meet at the corner of Elm Street but that odious Mr. Prindle! At that moment Mrs. M'Bride was so deeply interested in Mr. Plum's conversation that she did not see Mr. Prindle. This made the farmer angry, for he had prepared his shortest nod and his sourest look for her special delectation, and he felt that he was defeated. Mrs. M'Bride felt that she was victorous so far, for she had prepared the meeting.

Arrived at her own gate, the widow said, gratefully, "I will not ask you to come in now, but I am always at home in the evening, and glad to see my friends."

Mr. Plum looked delighted, said he would be very happy, and actually took off his hat when he bowed himself away—an act of politeness seldom performed in Appletown, the creed of the Appletownians in this matter being that "a man is as good as a woman any day, and what was the use of bowing and scraping, any way? Why, it would wear out a hat in no time!" And when truth, reason, and economy combine to make things easy and comfortable, who would dare to complain?

Let no one take a wrong view of Widow M'Bride. As she had told Mrs. Crane, she never flirted—not consciously. Never in her life had she thrown a broadside glance at a man, or smiled at him too encouragingly. "Courting is men's work," she used to say. And there was something about her that helped men to do that work willingly, if not successfully.

With regard to young men, the fair widow considered herself in the light of a benevolent institution. In the evening her house was open to as many of them as chose to come to it, and she welcomed them cheerfully. It was one of her hospitable ways that, precisely at nine o'clock, tea was brought in, accompanied by golden wafers, brown crullers, and red-cheeked apples, which were partaken of in the most unceremonious manner. While they tasted the cup that cheers, stories, riddles, and witty anecdotes abounded; and how well the widow listened! how prettily she laughed!

Some of Mrs. M'Bride's female friends had remonstrated—as females friends will—but she had smiled at their wisdom. "Dear boys! they know I don't intend to marry them, and they feel perfectly safe. It only keeps them out of mischief." And that was why she called herself "the providence of young men."

Hitherto she had neglected Mr. Plum. He had lately come from a large town to fill the position of cashier in the Appletown bank, and it was said that "he didn't think much of country folks." To bashful young men Mrs. M'Bride was as tender as a mother; but pride was not to her taste, and she had been rather cool to Mr. Plum. However, at the beginning of her campaign he seemed to be exactly the man she needed to carry war into the enemy's camp.

Mr. Plum was in every thing the opposite of Farmer Prindle. He was a "city man," with city manners and language; he was handsome, too, with black eyes, black hair, and the blackest mustache in Appletown. It was not the style of beauty that Mrs. M'Bride admired; but then, as she said to herself, "that horrid old thing will think he is an Apollo."

Mrs. M'Bride was right there. The "horrid old thing," Peter Prindle by name, did think that Mr. Plum was "a handsome puppy—all hair and no brains." Mr. Prindle was rather bald, and prided himself on his brains; and immediately after that meeting on Elm Street he began to—despise Mr. Plum.

In a large town far away there lived a sweet little girl who honestly believed that Mr. Plum was "too good for this world," certainly too good for her; yet he had vowed that he loved her. But they were poor, and they must wait. While he waited Mr. Plum led a very endurable life, and once a week he wrote to his love, telling her how lonely he was without her. Mrs. M'Bride knew nothing of the little girl, but had she known, it would have made no difference in her plans, for she considered Mr. Plum much too young to fall in love with her.

This little war of the "weight in gold" began in May, and during the following summer Mr. Plum's devotion to Widow M'Bride was the general topic of conversation. "Did you ever!" said the women, forgetting what they had seen before. "She's hooked him!" said the men, with a knowing wink.

As for Mr. Prindle, he spent nearly all his evenings at Mrs. Crane's, smoking his pipe by the side of Mr. Crane, and freely expressing his disapprobation of Mrs. M'Bride's behavior. "It is a shame! and she that's old enough to be his mother! It is her money he is after."

He had said this so often that Mrs. Crane got tired of it at last; and as she had made up her little quarrel with the widow, she determined to stand up for her friend.

"And why should it be for her money?" she asked. "She is good enough for any man; and as long as you don't want her yourself, why don't you let her alone?"

"Of course I don't want her," growled the farmer.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid; she wouldn't have you if you wanted her. When I told her what you said about it—"

Then Farmer Prindle got up, and standing in the middle of the room, he forgot his mother's teachings, and—uttered profane language! after which he went away without saying good-night, and did not return for several weeks.

"And he was as mad as can be!" said Mrs. Crane to the widow, when she related that little incident to her.

"Men are so foolish," said Mrs. M'Bride, complacently.

Accidents will happen, and an accident happened to Mr. Prindle: he was invited to a tea-party.

"I won't go," he said to himself. "Yes, I will, too. Why shouldn't I? I ain't afraid of her, if she does know. I meant what I said, every word of it!"

So Mr. Prindle adorned himself and went. He looked very well in his black coat and clean shirt, but he did not know it. In the matter of good looks men are either too vain or too modest, and Mr. Prindle was a too modest man.

Widow M'Bride was there in her prettiest "weeds," looking like a full-blown rose in a bed of autumn flowers, for this was a middle-aged tea-party, and she was the youngest woman in the room. She had made herself agreeable to the ladies, as she always did; but when the gentlemen came in she felt relieved, and soon proposed a walk in the garden.

The proposition was accepted, and, by some fateful chance, Mr. Prindle found himself walking by the widow's side. At first he felt rather sheepish. Although he had meant what he had said, "every word of it," he could not help wishing he had not said it. Was she angry? he wondered.

Angry? No summer sky could be more softly serene than the widow's fair brow, crowned by the little white cloud she called her "widow's cap." "I suppose you have a great many flowers in your garden," she said, mildly.

"No; I don't care much for flowers," said Mr. Prindle.

"Don't you? I love them; I couldn't live in the country if it was not for flowers and trees and birds."

"Farm-work wouldn't suit your taste, I guess."

"Not at all; I should hate it so! It would make my hands so hard and brown." And she gazed at two white hands, on which dimples had taken the place of "knuckles."

Mr. Prindle looked at the hands too. "It would be a pity to spoil them by useful work, wouldn't it?" he said, not amiably.

"I think it would. A lady must have white hands, you know."

"And yet," said Mr. Prindle, speaking almost angrily, "I knew a woman, the best of women, who was as good as any lady in the land, if she did milk the cows and make her own butter and cheese. She didn't think of her hands!"

"She must have been a saint," said the widow, softly. "I hope she got her reward in this world. I am not like her."

"No, I shouldn't think you was! Farm life wouldn't suit you, would it?" said Mr. Prindle, revengefully.

"No indeed! If I had my choice I would live in New York, or Paris, or London," said Mrs. M'Bride, trying to remember which was the largest city in the world.

"Well, I think you have had your choice, as far as a city man goes. Allow me to congratulate you, Mrs. M'Bride."

"Congratulate me! Upon what, Mr. Prindle?"

"People say Mr. Plum is to be the happy man."

"The happy man? Oh, I see what you mean! I hope he will be happy, but not as people say."

"And why not? If I may ask."

"Oh yes, you may ask; it is no secret. Because, Mr. Prindle, I never intend to marry again. Never! Not if the Emperor of China himself should ask me!"

We all nurse an ideal of some sort. It appears that Mrs. M'Bride's ideal was the Emperor of China; and considering how impossible it was for that gentleman ever to fall in love with her, she might have been pardoned for confessing her weakness.

But Mr. Prindle was not in a forgiving mood. "You would make a fine empress, wouldn't you?" he said, scornfully.

Fortunately tea was ready. The guests were called in, and Mr. Prindle was directed to sit next to Mrs. M'Bride. He tried to think that he disliked that arrangement, and yet he felt that he liked it better than any other.

Mrs. M'Bride was as gracious as an empress, and strictly agricultural in her conversation. She was very fond of apples—of brown russets especially—and her apple-trees were not doing well; she was thinking of having some of them grafted. Did Mr. Prindle know how it was to be done?

Mr. Prindle kindly told her all he knew about grafting, and still more kindly offered to come and look at the trees.

When it was time to go home, Mr. Prindle, to his profound astonishment, heard himself offering to escort Mrs. M'Bride. The lady was so used to being escorted that she was not astonished in the least, but having to "hold up her dress," she declined Mr. Prindle's arm, and trotted independently by his side, chatting merrily as she went.

"What a cheerful little thing she is!" thought Mr. Prindle, "and so pretty too! She ain't so old, either—not near so old as my—" Then he stopped, and called himself "a fool," and Mrs. Crane an old—something else.

The next day he came to look at Mrs. M'Bride's apple-trees, and was politely received, but not asked into the house, the widow having met him at the gate. But these trees must have been very interesting trees, for he came several times to look at them. At the end of a month his perseverance was rewarded by a general in-

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vitation to "come in any time." And remembering that Mrs. M'Bride was one of his neighbors, Mr. Prindle called upon her once in a while. Gradually she seemed to be the only neighbor he had, for he came almost every evening, and never grumbled while he was there: so it must have improved his temper.

One thing amused and puzzled the widow—so she said—and that was that brown russets rained anonymously into her house. "And they are so nice! I wonder who sends them?" Whoever sent them would have been rewarded by seeing the widow's white teeth bite into them. "Don't eat too many of them, boys," she would say; "the red apples are just as good. These are mine, you know."

The merry month of May had returned. Looking out of her window one afternoon, Mrs. M'Bride beheld Farmer Prindle coming toward her house, dressed in his very best black suit. And as she looked she blushed, and her eyes sparkled.

The blush and the sparkle had both disappeared, however, when she greeted Mr. Prindle and invited him to sit down.

"No, thank you, standing will do as well. I will come to the point at once: Mrs. M'Bride, will you have me?"

"Dear me! No, indeed; I won't have any body."

"Don't say no without thinking. I am dreadfully in earnest about it—as you would know if you knew all."

"Then, Mr. Prindle, I am very sorry, but—I won't have you."

"Why not? Because of what I said?"

"Oh no, I didn't mind that in the least. But there are reasons—"

"What reasons? Tell me."

"In the first place, you don't love me."

"Don't I?"

"You didn't say so."

"No, nor I won't say it, because you know it."

"That is not the way, Mr. Prindle."

"It is my way, and I can't change it. Will you think about it?"

"No; it would be no use. I can not give up my weeds."

"Weeds? What weeds?"

"I mean my widow's cap. I will wear it till I die."

"Not if you are my wife, I can tell you."

"But I don't want to be your wife. Good-by, Mr. Prindle."

"Good-by. But I don't give it up; I will ask you again," said Mr. Prindle. And he may not have been far from the truth when he had called himself a fool.

Precisely a week from that day Mr. Prindle came again. "You may wear the cap if you like," he said, meekly.

"Thank you. But you are wasting your time. Please don't think any more about it."

Another week passed. "Will he come?" wondered the widow.

He came. "Now, Maggie, this is the last time. 'Three times and out,' you know. What shall it be—yes or no?"

"No, most decidedly!" said the obdurate widow.

"Not if I say I love you, as I didn't think I could love?"

"Not if you say any thing. I won't do it. There!"

"Then I must leave the place. I couldn't live here after this."

"And what would the farm do without you?"

"I will sell it. I don't mind that."

"Take my advice, Mr. Prindle, and don't do any thing foolish. Go away for a little while, if you like, then come back and be friends."

But Mr. Prindle wouldn't take the widow's advice, and he would do something foolish. So he went away, and for a whole month no one knew what had become of him.

Mrs. M'Bride spent that time in several frames of mind. She was glad, and she was sorry; it was a great pity, and yet it was very silly. She really missed Mr. Prindle, and she felt sorry for him. "But then I couldn't do it—the idea!"

About this time another idea dawned upon the widow's mind, and that idea was—Mr. Plum. She had been so accustomed to deal with young men on philanthropic principles that she was slow to admit the possibility of "such a dreadful thing." Yet if a man's eyes mean any thing when they look unutterable things, then Mr. Plum's eyes meant precisely "such a dreadful thing."

Mrs. M'Bride felt that an evil day was coming, and that she was powerless to ward it off. Coolness did not cool Mr. Plum, and she certainly could not "speak first." Then came the bitter thought, "It is my money he wants!" whereas she well knew that Mr. Prindle's love had nothing to do with her money.

Yes, it was her money Mr. Plum wanted; but he was perfectly willing to take her with it. He had reflected much on the subject. On one side was love and a salary of six hundred dollars—a small fence to keep off the wolf from the door. On the other side was Mrs. M'Bride and—well, why not?

It was to have this question answered that he came one evening. The widow was alone, and Mr. Plum, taking the tide of his affairs at the flood, rushed at once into melting eloquence. But Fortune refused to smile upon him. Mr. Plum persevered; he stated his case—part of it—in glowing language; all in vain. Then Mr. Plum forgot his manners, and asked "why had he been led on to hope?"

Poor sinful little widow! she had a hard time of it. But she stood firm, and explained matters very clearly—also in part. She was just in the middle of her closing argument when the door-bell rang with a peal that startled her. A sudden conviction flashed into her mind that Mr. Prindle had returned, and was waiting at her door. Not for the world would she be found by him alone with that angry, red-faced man!

With the energy of despair she turned to Mr. Plum and whispered, "You must go away—at once." She led him through the sitting-room into the kitchen, opened the door, and locked it after him. Then she went to the front-door.

No Mr. Prindle was there; only a boy with a yellow letter in his hand. "It is a dispatch for you, ma'am," he said.

Mrs. M'Bride took it. Who was it from? Had any thing happened to any body? And with trembling fingers she opened the envelope.

It was only a business communication, after all:

"I have a good offer for my farm. Shall I sell or keep? [Signed] PETER PRINDLE."

Bridget knocked at the kitchen door just then, and Mrs. M'Bride let her in. She was retreating to the parlor, when she saw her dispatch lying on the floor; she picked it up, and sitting down by her little table, she read it again. This time it began with "Dear James." "What!" said Mrs. M'Bride; and opening her eyes wider, she perceived she was holding a letter written by some woman to whom "James" was very dear.

"Poor little thing!" she said, not meaning dear James. "Ah, these men!"

Early the next morning Widow M'Bride took a walk. She went to the post-office and dropped a letter in the box. Then she went to the telegraph-office and sent the first message of the day.

The letter was addressed to Mr. James Plum, and contained only the sweet little missive.

The message was addressed to Mr. Peter Prindle, and contained only one word: "Keep."

And Mr. Prindle kept, from that day forward, for better and for worse.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Government Crisis.—Mr. Lowe's Epigram.—A mysterious taking off.—Links with the Past.

THE political air of late has been heavy with rumor—the fogs that come of fogydom—as to what ministry we were to have, and for how long; but in the end Gladstone has resumed the management of the Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's, with precisely the same company as before, and for an indefinite period. In the mean time the opposition chief has been favoring Parliament with his views of "the crisis," as a government embarrassment is always called. He is ever greatest (and longest) when discussing some question of Parliamentary precedent, political technicality, or question of etiquette, and the House of Commons enjoys it, just as a debating society enjoys a personal squabble among its own members infinitely more than the discussion of the most important subject under heaven. In Disraeli's own novels you may read (if you can) the feverish interest which every body takes in a change of leadership in "the House;" but outside his novels and "the House" there is not really much interest taken in the matter. It is felt that whoever "comes in," the great measures that have been passed of late years by the liberals are safe, and that no attempt will be made to rescind them; and since the Tories have really no programme—no "platform" as you call it—it is quite as well that their leader should make as much as possible of "what her Majesty did me the honor to observe with respect to the formation of a cabinet," in place of telling us what he meant to do had he formed it. As a Parliamentary speaker Disraeli is still popular; he is also generally a personal favorite; but as a statesman he is absolutely "played out." Last week I gave you a list of four great things that Gladstone had done in his time. Looking back at his rival's political career, one sees absolutely nothing accomplished but the Reform bill that he stole almost verbatim from John Bright. In what "the wise do call convey" he is indeed not so much an adept as an audacious expert. No man has probably ever taken so many ideas from others without acknowledgment as our Benjamin. His gorgeous speech upon the death of the Duke of Wellington was stolen, word for word, from a funeral eulogium upon a French marshal. The most quoted phrase in his *Lothair*, in which he describes the Hansom cab as "the gondola of London," was cribbed bodily out of another man's novel not five years old. Perhaps he thinks, as in the case of Shakspeare, that genius sanctifies the use of other people's thoughts, and makes them his own. It is an immense advantage to such a man to be at the head of what John Stuart Mill calls "the stupid party," who can not discover these little flaws for themselves, and when they are pointed out by others, set them down as inventions of the enemy.

When any thing really good is said by any Free Lance employed by "the gentlemanly interest," we may be sure the most is made of it, which makes it the more surprising that even its political organs are almost invariably dull. It was supposed at one time that "Providence was on the side of the Tories," but certainly Wit has never been so, from which circumstance it arises, perhaps, that they are rather apt to call it wicked. Last week, however, in *Judy* (the Tory *Punch*) there appeared, on the fall of the government, a good epitaph on our Minister of Finance:

"Here lie the bones of Robert Lowe;
Whither he's gone I do not know:
If to the realms of peace and love,
Farewell to happiness above;
If to a place of lower level,
I don't congratulate the devil."

Now, instead of condemning this as a wicked slander, "Bob Lowe," as he is called by the public (not so much for love as for shortness), has himself rendered this into Latin. He is one of our best classical scholars, you know, though he sees the absurdity of a classical education for every body, and, "like another Philippe Egalité, goes about the country denouncing the arts by which he rose."

"Istâ continentur fossâ
Humilis Roberti ossa:
Si ad cœlum evolabit,
De concordiâ nil restabit;
Si in inferis jacebit,
Diabolum ejus pœnitebit."

This is surely a very graceful revenge to take, and would really seem to show, in the words of the Latin grammar, that the study of the classics "softens one's manners and prevents them from being ferocious," or rather, perhaps I should say, it shows the advantage of "a *liberal* education."

I heard another epitaph the other day, which, without being quite so classical, is even more amusing:

"Here lies the body of Sarah Crowder,
Who died through taking a Seidlitz powder;
She would not have gone to her heavenly rest
Had she waited till it had effervesced."

An occurrence happened last week in London which at one time threatened to become a second Bauer mystery. A solicitor in the country came to town to transact some business, and put up at a hotel. In the evening he went to the theatre, and did not return; but after a day or two his wife and family received letters from him to say that he had been "kidnapped on leaving the play, and was confined in a loathsome den," the locality of which he could not describe beyond stating that it was "within hearing of the steamboats and the under-ground railway," and consequently near the Thames Embankment. After no long time, however, he reappeared at home, stripped of his cash, and deprived of the most valuable contents of his portmanteau, but mysteriously silent as to the "loathsome den." The public are a little suspicious about his statements, being naturally slow to believe that any taste for thieving, however morbid, would induce folks to steal a solicitor, since they could not reasonably have expected a reward to be offered for his restitution. My own private impression is that the gentleman was not in a "loathsome den" at all, but in some company very much to his own liking, and that he did not intend the explanation made to the wife of his bosom to be made public. I would certainly rather believe that than credit the gentleman's strange story. Since folks that are reckless enough to kidnap a solicitor are just as likely to steal an author, would the crime be headed "Personal Plagiarism," I wonder? And a very great blow would it be to you, Mr. Editor, to hear that there would be no more "gossip" at present from yours truly, because he was confined in a "loathsome den." On the other hand, it is true, you might cruelly remark, "But how much more interesting you would be in print, Mr. K., when you emerged from it!"

It has often been remarked by travelers that the world is, after all, but a small affair; and every now and then it is made manifest that the time it has lasted—that is, the historical time—is but a short period. Generation, indeed, succeeds generation pretty rapidly, in a general way; but half a dozen Methuselahs would see them all out. For instance: the death was announced last Tuesday of Lady Acton, the grandmother of the present lord of that name, and the widow of a Sir John Acton who was born in 1736—*one hundred and thirty-seven years ago!* How old her ladyship herself was is not stated; but what a strong and immediate link with the past is broken by her decease! Yet even this dive into the past is outdone for depth by the following curious example of longevity:

The vicar of Pershore, on the Thames, states that there is an old man in his parish who can remember his grandmother who was born in 1697. She died in 1796, and he was born in 1792. "It is possible, therefore," remarks the rector, "that he might have heard from his grandmother a description of the personal appearance of William III." That is as much as to say that 166 years hence some ancient but intelligent inhabitant of New York might boast to your great-great-grandchild, Mr. Editor, that his grandmother had had a personal recollection (and I hope an agreeable one) of yours faithfully,

R. KEMBLE, of London.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAMEO.—The symbolical language of gems is as follows: garnet, constancy and fidelity in all things; amethyst, a preservative against violent passions and drunkenness; blood-stone, courage and wisdom in perilous undertakings and firmness in affection; sapphire frees from enchantment, and denotes repentance and kindness of disposition; diamond expresses purity and integrity; emerald discovers false witnesses, and insures happiness in love and domestic felicity; agate makes its wearer invincible in all feats of strength, and insures long life, health, and prosperity; ruby discovers poison, and heals evils springing from the unkindness of friends; sardonyx insures conjugal felicity; chrysolite preserves from despair; opal denotes misfortune and hope; pearl signifies tears and pity; turquoise insures prosperity in love; and chrysoprase gives its wearer readiness of pen and fluency of speech. Each month is supposed to have a particular stone belonging to it, which governs it and influences the destiny of those born therein. Thus to January belong the garnet and jacinth; to February the amethyst; to March the blood-stone; to April the sapphire and diamond; to May the emerald; to June the agate and chalcedony; to July the ruby and onyx; to August the sardonyx and carnelian; to September the chrysolite; to October the opal and aqua marine; to November the topaz and pearl; and to December the turquoise, ruby, malachite, and chrysoprase.

INEXPERIENCE.—We have no cut paper patterns of short clothes, but can furnish Supplement papers containing them. It is the practice with most mothers to cut off long clothes to the right length, as they are usually made large enough for a six-months-old babe, and the part cut off makes another skirt for dress or petticoat.

DORA.—The model you mention is too elaborate for your gray and black striped Japanese silk, as the material does not wear well. Make a simple double-breasted redingote and ruffled skirt.

DESDEMONA.—The liquid you mention is said to be harmless by persons who profess to know its composition.

PANSY.—The sulphur-vapor bath is the most effective agent for removing wrinkles and freshening the skin. Try electricity after it.

MADGE.—Use carbolic-camphor soap and warm water every time you wash your face, to remove its roughness. Bathe often, and eat no fat food, but try oatmeal and cracked wheat for diet.

BUTTERCUP.—To improve your florid complexion bathe your face in water just as hot as you can bear it every day, take hot foot-baths, followed by a cool dip, and eat freely of oranges and other cooling fruits.

W. H.—The soda bath must be constantly repeated to keep bleached hair the color desired.

S. J. P.—All materials except cotton wash goods should be cut bias for narrow ruffles. Side pleating is pleats all turned one way. Put bias folds and side pleating on your brilliantine.

BETH R.—China crape costs as much as silk. A Swiss muslin over dress and flounces, or else a polonaise of black Spanish net, will be the most inexpensive to wear with a lavender silk.

A. F. R.—White ducking and white twilled linen sailor suits trimmed with bands and collars of blue linen will be worn by boys in summer. The twilled summer flannels of dark navy blue will not be too warm for your climate, as they were worn here all through last summer.

AN ADMIRER.—Grenadine trimmed with side pleating is suitable for mourning. Crape veils for bonnets are worn long, with a string in one end tied around the bonnet; square veils are on round hats. Mourning is worn for a father about two years. Make your tamise cloth with a double-breasted redingote, and put lengthwise folds down the front width with narrower rows of kilt pleating behind.

MISS M. G.—Trim your blue jacket with bias bands of the cloth piped on each side with lighter blue folds.

A. C. M.—Your subscription expired with *Bazar* No. 9, Vol. VI.

MRS. M. F. J.—Read about polonaises in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI.

G. A. L.—Buff, gray, and blue linen will be worn again, also thin linen batiste. Read hints about making in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 14, Vol. VI. Very small crinoline skirts are worn.

D. H. A.—Yak lace is used to trim silks and fine woolen goods like camel's-hair and cashmere, but is too expensive for low-priced empress cloth. We do not keep lace to sell.

EMMA.—Make your striped silk suit by tight basque pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI. Get a mantle made of black cashmere with inserted lace or passementerie.—We will send you an index on receipt of your address and postage stamp.

MRS. L. C. R.—Get gray cashmere faced with silk for a gentleman's dressing-gown.

JAS. H.—We can not furnish the pattern you want, and we do not reply by mail.

MRS. A. L.—Read about white dresses in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. VI. Swiss muslin washes better than organdy. Italian lace will cost from 25 to 50 cents a yard. Puffs look well if folded in the middle, ironed like a ruffle, and then opened out smoothly.

MISS L. C.—The Watteau wrapper pattern has been sent you. The money for "a yard of face curls" has been returned, as we do not make purchases for our readers.

LENA.—Guipure lace (or else fringe) with bias silk pipings or a band will trim your cashmere sacque prettily. Use the Sleeveless Jacket Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. VI., for your check silk. Get piqué, percale, and gray linen for girls' wash dresses. For church suit get a grenadine barége.

VINNIE.—The basque and upper and lower skirt patterns all together cost only 25 cents, and are not sold separately. Do not alter your piqué dress. The sleeves are in good shape, and braiding is becoming passée. Put ruffles of Hamburg embroidery on it with bands of insertion for heading.

IRIS.—Use the Highland Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. V., for your boy of two years. Make him white piqué and gray linen suits.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The revers are not lined. Two colors are used in suits. The sleeveless jacket suit pattern will make your eleven yards of gray goods available by combining with black.

MRS. A. E. T.—Your sample is too gay for city wear. Combine with another shade, and make a sleeveless jacket suit for afternoon and house dress.

COUNTRY COUSIN.—A black Spanish net or else grenadine polonaise will be stylish with your lavender and green silk skirt. Remodel the purple check by a sleeveless basque and over-skirt of solid purple.

MRS. A. R. W.—Drape your Marguerite polonaise as far back as possible, add square cuffs and pockets of silk, a belt and side sash, and have it fastened by large buttons.

A FOUR YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.—The cut paper pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. VI., is what you need for a spring silk. Add flounces on the lower skirt if you choose.

M.—Black silks are seldom worn by widows of twelve months; but the plan you suggest is probably the best.

G. G.—A polonaise suit of mignonette or sage green tamise cloth will be pretty for a tall girl of fifteen. Gray, white, and colored polonaises over black skirts will be worn again. Dark blue tamise, foulard, and percale will be much worn by young girls.

A. B.—Knee-pantaloons, plain and buttoned above the knee or just below it, are more worn than knickerbockers by small boys.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Get light twilled cloth for your little girl's spring sacque, and make it short, double-breasted, and slashed. Make her white piqué dresses by the Princesse Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 25, Vol. V.; make her black alpaca with a sailor blouse, and have a square sailor collar, cuffs, pockets, sash, and folds of light blue cashmere.

F. L. E.—Full directions for arranging Sailor Blouse Suit are given in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. VI. The sash is of the material with which the dress is trimmed.

INEXPERIENCE.—Get vigogne for traveling suit, also a linen polonaise. Blouse-waists will be worn again. Make your calicoes by the flounced wrapper pattern, and your percales with a loose-belted polonaise.

EDNA ST. E.—The bridal party stand facing the minister at the altar, with their backs to the congregation.

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Fig. 1.—Embroidered Cashmere Mantelet.—Back.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 21 and 22.

Fig. 3.—Écru Ponge Dress and Gros Grain Mantelet.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Embroidered Cashmere Mantelet.—Front.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 21 and 22.

Fig. 4.—Suit for Girl from 7 to 9 Years old.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—Poult de Soie Walking Suit.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—Toile de Soie Dress and Cashmere Mantelet.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 7.—Velvet Paletot.—Back. [See Fig. 8.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 23–29.

Fig. 8.—Velvet Paletot.—Front. [See Fig. 7.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 23–29.

Fig. 9.—Foulard Dress and Ladies'-cloth Paletot.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 17.—Green Cashmere Walking Suit.—Front.—[See Fig. 16.]
For pattern see description in Supplement.

Fig. 16.—Green Cashmere Walking Suit.—Back.—[See Fig. 17.]
For pattern see description in Supplement.

Fig. 18.—Camel's-hair Dress with Cashmere Mantelet.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 15.—Suit for Girl from 3 to 5 Years old.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 10.—Suit for Girl from 4 to 6 Years old.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 11.—Dress for Child under 1 Year old.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 12.—Poult de Soie Walking Suit.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 13.—Suit for Boy from 4 to 6 Years old.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 14.—Black Faille Walking Suit.
For description see Supplement.

Figs. 1–18.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SPRING AND SUMMER SUITS AND WRAPPINGS.

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PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE fashion seems well-nigh fixed for the coming summer. The wise party of eclecticism has prevailed, and in consequence there is room for all tastes. Those who choose can retain polonaises and over-skirts, while those who wish can free themselves from them. Liberty and inequality is the motto which fashion inscribes on her flag for 1873.

As I expected, demi-polonaises with long tabs in front and tight-fitting basques in the back are gaining many adherents, especially for light cotton fabrics, such as printed muslins and organdies. Suits of this kind are composed of a skirt, more or less flounced, the favorite style being a number of narrow flounces covering the back breadths from the bottom to the belt, and a demi-polonaise, adjusted in the front and back, and serving at once as waist and wrapping. To understand these demi-polonaises it is only necessary to fancy one of the large black silk mantillas that used to be worn twenty-five or thirty years ago, adjusted to the waist like a tight-fitting corsage. In this way a perplexing problem is solved with respect to the use of transparent figured goods. This same transparency is objectionable in double skirts, as the designs produce an inextricable confusion when placed one above another, which destroys all the effect, while a dress with a plain waist and single skirt, like that of a first communicant, is altogether too severe for the present fashion. These demi-polonaises, which are polonaises in front and basque-waists in the back, make a dressy costume which sets off the design.

The favorite wrapping, and one that will be universally worn for traveling and at the sea-side, and on the rainy days of summer, is a small mantelet, either of black or light gray cashmere; this accompanies all dresses, of whatever color or fabric, and is trimmed with woolen guipure of the same color as the mantelet. It is always fitted to the waist in the back by the aid of two ribbons, which are tied underneath. Many of these mantelets, which, by-the-way, have very short tabs in front, are furnished with a capuchin, or long and pointed hood.

One of the most universal fashions of the season will be black silk skirts, worn with polonaises, or basques and over-skirts, of every conceivable color and material. This combination, which our leaders of the *ton* have stamped with their approval, has the advantage of being both convenient and economical. Every lady has in her wardrobe a black silk skirt, or a dress from which the skirt can be detached, and there are few who have not in reserve a gored skirt of some other color or fabric such as has been worn during the last ten years, and which can be converted into an over-skirt with little expense.

The transparent silk fabrics, the appearance of which I mentioned in my last letter, have received another addition in the shape of a stuff with wide stripes of lace of the same color as the thick stripes. The effect is very beautiful. These fabrics are used for over-skirts and polonaises over a skirt of the same color (of plain silk or foulard), or a little darker shade, or else of black silk. The leaders of fashion propose to wear this summer, at the watering-places or their châteaux, white silk skirts under transparent polonaises or over-skirts of gray, bleu-ancien, rose-ancien, réséda, or mauve. But this will be a restricted style, which is not suited for Paris, or at least for our Paris pavements.

As a simple toilette, but in exquisite taste, I will cite a costume composed of a plain gros bleu foulard skirt, trimmed with a pleated flounce. Over-skirt and waist of gros bleu foulard, with large white dots. Mantelet of plain gros bleu foulard, with rather long rounded tabs, crossed in front and tied behind. Bonnet of gros bleu foulard, with large white dots, with revers of plain gros bleu velvet. The same combination in brown, green, or violet makes a very pretty traveling suit, to which is added a blue or brown water-proof, according to the color of the dress.

The lingerie in vogue, and which is universally worn, is represented by large fraises of ruched tulle. For summer they will be of ruched tarlatan, simply hemmed. The same ruches are worn at the wrists. They are clear, light, and very becoming to the face.

I must not omit to mention that for very hot weather, and with thin fabrics, scarfs of the same material will be worn. But these are no longer the straight scarfs of 1835; they are gathered perpendicularly in the middle of the back, beginning with the middle of the width of the scarf; this is fastened to the waist by cords or ribbons tied under the scarf; then several bows of ribbon to match are set on these perpendicular gathers, the lowest bow, or that nearest the belt, being furnished with two very long ends.

As to ribbons, those brocaded with large flowers of natural colors will be most worn for bonnets. The latter continue to expose the forehead, temples, ears, and nape of the neck, and are bonnets only in name. Straw or écru bonnets will be much in vogue. Écru is still in great favor for feminine apparel.

To be really in the fashion it is necessary to have a parasol and a fan to match every suit—that is, of the same material, the same color, and the same trimming. Both are suspended from the belt by chains and large hooks.

Striped fabrics of all kinds, cotton, wool, and silk, have long been in vogue; this summer they will be worn more than ever, but with a new trimming, which will give them quite an original and pretty effect. This is flounces pleated in such a manner that the stripe alone shows; that is, the stripe comes on the outside of the pleat, which is of exactly the same width as the pleat.

Bonnets are still edifices of which the wearer forms the pedestal: high, crenelated towers, which lack nothing but cannon to resemble the fortresses of the last century, church spires adorned with bouquets planted there by the workmen to show that their task is done, and massive domes, calling to mind that of the Pantheon. In a word, all these bonnets seem constructed by architects rather than devised by milliners. Such as they are, women rave about them, and think that they were never so pretty as now. But this opinion has been shared by all the generations that have gone, as it will be by all those that are yet to come, and therefore proves nothing, pro or con, concerning the present fashion.

For so-called simple toilettes ingenious combinations are formed of the different colors, uniting those that have hitherto been thought most opposed to each other. I do not, however, advise foreigners to attempt this delicate and difficult task, which demands a skillful eye, under penalty of producing grotesque effects. The Parisians, men and women (I do not even say Frenchmen), are born colorists in all professions. I have often heard distinguished painters say that they were in the habit of studying the dry-goods displayed in the shop windows, with a view to the knowledge of color effects shown in the harmonious arrangement of the different tints. This knowledge appears in all the details of the present toilettes. For instance, suppose it is necessary to make a trimming of blue and green, blue and violet, or any other two colors that were formerly thought hostile to each other: by choosing a faded-blue almost green and a green almost blue, or, in the second case, a blue shading on the violet and a violet with a bluish tinge, the Parisian colorists obtain extremely harmonious and original effects. In general the dress is of the darker color, and the lighter is used for the pipings edging the flounces, and other trimmings.

Flounces are very much worn; one, if not two, trims the bottom of the skirt; then the back is covered with them from top to bottom. The tablier, or front, is always trimmed in a different manner from the rest of the skirt, as it simulates a petticoat, over which the skirt opens.

Little girls' dresses are exact miniatures of those of their mothers. Misses from eleven to sixteen years old dress much more simply—skirts with very little trimming and polonaises quite plain, with a simple roll of a different color on the edge. A similar trimming edges the flounce of the skirt. In general the hat is of the two colors used in the dress, but in an inverse direction, the principal in one case becoming the accessory in the other—for instance, with a gray dress trimmed with blue the bonnet is blue trimmed with gray, and so on.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HALIFAX HARBOR, considered one of the finest in the world, is a deep inlet of the sea, extending about fifteen miles inland from the Atlantic, with a channel nowhere less than half a mile broad, nor under six fathoms deep. In front of the city, where ships usually anchor, it is a mile broad. It is easy of approach, and quite accessible in all seasons, being seldom obstructed with ice, and large enough to accommodate many vessels in perfect safety. But the coast of Nova Scotia is rugged and rocky; half-sunken rocks, irregularly shaped islands, and dangerous shoals line the shore in many places, so that local knowledge is absolutely necessary to enable a vessel to be navigated safely through these perils. On the southwestern side of the entrance to Halifax Harbor is Sambro Island, surrounded by rocks and shoals, bearing the general name of Sambro Ledges, against whose dangers the mariner is protected by the fixed light upon the island, which is visible twenty miles distant, and which also guides into the harbor. Still farther to the westward, on the Nova Scotia coast, is Mars Head, the extreme point of a rocky cape, seventy feet high, and forming the western limit of Pennant Bay, whose entrance is encumbered by shoals and islands. It was upon this craggy rock, during a heavy gale, early in the morning of April 1, that the White Star ocean steam-ship *Atlantic* struck with deadly force. The night was yet dark, the steamer suddenly careened over, the pitiless waters swept over her, and, amidst bewildering confusion and scenes of indescribable horror, five hundred and forty-six human beings sank into their ocean grave. There were nearly 1000 persons on board the *Atlantic* when she went ashore; some swam through the angry waves and clambered up the rough rocks, others were rescued by boats and lines. But not a single woman was saved; and of all the children, only one little boy escaped from the wreck. A large proportion of the unfortunate victims (there were 760 steerage passengers) were emigrants who had left their own homes to seek their fortunes in America. The details of this fearful tragedy have spread through the land, carrying an appalling conviction of criminal recklessness somewhere, and of the great insecurity of human life in traveling. Investigations may place the chief blame of such a disaster where it belongs; but will that restore the dead to life? No investigations should be necessary to create a strong public sentiment that will demand certain securities to life in ocean travel—vessels built after the safest models, perfect machinery, a strict adherence to the least hazardous route, an abundant supply of coal, and skillful, careful, experienced commanders. In the case of the *Atlantic* the simple lack of sufficient coal was the original cause of the catastrophe: this made it imperative to seek the port of Halifax for a fresh supply; then followed the errors in the vessel's course which terminated so disastrously, and for which the commanding officer and the company seem directly responsible. From those 546 hapless victims there seems to come an agonizing remonstrance against criminal recklessness in all to whom is committed the charge of human life.

The *Atlantic* carried the full complement of boats prescribed by the English law—eight in all. She was built to accommodate 1200 passengers, and her officers and crew numbered about 150 men. At the time she struck the fatal rocks she had on board about 976 persons. Were eight boats an adequate provision for the escape of all these in any circumstances? Supposing there had been time after the first knowledge of the disaster for every individual to take refuge in a boat, and the sea had been calm, how many could the eight boats have carried?

A new vessel has been constructed somewhat like the famous Bessemer ship, except that the cabin literally floats in a kind of tank placed amidships, between the engines, instead of being attached to a pivot. The inventor is M. Alexandrovski.

A good thing has been done in London by opening a "Sunday Home," where poor girls, friendless and homeless, may spend the Sabbath with rest and kindly Christian care, instead of roving in the streets, exposed to temptation.

The reading-room of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York has been open on Sundays for about three years. It is usually filled with young men who value the privileges it affords. An abundance of suitable reading is placed at the disposal of all present. At five o'clock in the afternoon a large Bible-class gathers for instruction. Later, a plain tea is served in the parlors for those who wish, cards of admission having been previously obtained. Afterward there is a short prayer-meeting, and an evening service, consisting of singing and an address from some city pastor.

A touching circumstance connected with the ill-fated steamer *City of Boston* is related of a widow now living in Detroit. Her only son was on board the vessel, whose only recorded fate is "missing." She comforts herself with the fond delusion that her boy will yet return to her. Fancying that the Boston papers will first receive news of the steamer named for that city, she has subscribed for a Boston paper, reads it carefully, hoping her son's fate may be explained. His plate is always laid at the table, the hopeful mother saying to her friends, "I have not heard from Willie yet, but I hope to get news this week."

It is said that in early life Mr. Gillott worked privately as the *employé* of half a dozen different pen-makers. One day the manufacturers met together at dinner, and each asserted himself to be the possessor of the best workman. They severally wrote down the name of the special artisan who could make more pens in a day than any other man. "Gillott" was written on every paper. This led to the discovery that Gillott had invented and was using a machine for making pens, which enabled him to do the work of a dozen men with one pair of hands.

Ladies are included in some of the juries at the Vienna Exposition, and will be expected to give their best judgment in the distribution of awards and prizes to the exhibitors.

The American public will not have the pleasure of hearing Madame Patti next autumn. It appears that the people in the Russian capital are unwilling to part with their adopted favorite, Patti, as a large sum has been agreed to be paid by the government to M. Strakosch in compensation for deferring Madame Patti's American engagement.

Last year there was sold in London 7295 pounds of splendid bark from the cinchona-trees of the English plantation on the Neilgherry Hills, India. About 35,000 pounds were supplied to the Indian dépôts. The beneficent design of bringing this antidote of fever within reach of the poorest has been fully realized. On the Neilgherry plantations there are about 2,600,000 cinchona-trees, covering 950 acres of land.

Louis Napoleon had a fixed presentiment of his death. One day, not a month before he died, while in the church-yard at St. Mary's, Chiselhurst, smoking his cigarette and waiting for the Empress to finish her devotions after the mass, which they had, as usual, attended, the Emperor was observed to be looking attentively at four or five graves by the side of the narrow pathway. He seemed lost in thought.

"Sire, what are you looking at?" asked his aid-de-camp, the Count Davilliers.

With a sad smile the Emperor replied, "My dear Davilliers, I am only looking for the spot where you will soon place me."

A white marble statue of Queen Victoria, weighing seven tons, has recently been placed in the vestibule of the state apartments at Windsor Castle. The Queen is represented sitting, with a dog by her side.

On the 15th of May a culinary exhibition will be opened in Paris. The galleries will be spacious, and the public can order what they please, and see it cooked. The Chinese have applied for "space" to exhibit their skill. It is said they will serve a delicious *pâté*, consisting of a morsel of ice enveloped in a coat of flour, sugar, and minced meat—to be eaten at white heat!

Last fall a benevolent citizen of Boston placed $1000 in the hands of the chief of police to be loaned to working-girls having persons dependent upon them for support. The sums loaned are to be kept twenty years without interest, and no security but the word of the borrower is required. About fifty girls have thus far been aided in this way from the fund.

According to a recent act of Congress, "every place containing a population of not less than twenty thousand" will be entitled to the benefits of the free-delivery system by letter-carriers from July 1, 1873. Consequently this service will be introduced into Charleston, South Carolina; Scranton, Pennsylvania; Columbus, Ohio; Paterson, New Jersey; Kansas City, Missouri; Mobile, Alabama; Fall River, Massachusetts; Springfield, Massachusetts; Peoria, Illinois; Covington, Kentucky; Quincy, Illinois; Evansville, Indiana; Oswego, New York; Elizabeth, New Jersey; Savannah, Georgia; Poughkeepsie, New York; Camden, New Jersey; Davenport, Iowa; and St. Paul, Minnesota. Such other cities as may be able to show that they have reached the minimum population (20,000) since the taking of the last census will doubtless be included in the list.

Our national cemeteries, wherein lie the remains of many brave soldiers, are regarded with tender solicitude by thousands of families whom our civil war bereaved. And the proper care of them is a matter of general interest to all the people of our country. A large proportion of these cemeteries are in the Southern States. There are seventeen in Virginia alone, seven in Tennessee, five in Kentucky, four in Louisiana, four in North Carolina, three each in Mississippi, Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, and Maryland; two each in Texas, Georgia, South Carolina, the District of Columbia, and Kansas; and one each in New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Florida, Alabama, Iowa, and the Indian Territory, making sixty-nine in all. Congress recently appropriated $1,000,000 for head-stones to mark the graves of Union soldiers interred in these cemeteries. Some have previously been provided with appropriate head-stones; but the number still to be supplied is about 250,000. The names of nearly 150,000 of these are known. The law requires each head-stone to be marked with the number corresponding to its number in the register of burials, and also with the name of the soldier and the State to which he belonged, when these are known. The Secretary of War is to decide upon the size, form, color, and quality of the head-stones, and all must be of durable material and of appropriate size and weight; but he has authority to adopt different models and different kinds of stone for the various cemeteries.

(Continued from No. 16, page 251.)

LONDON'S HEART.

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER XLV.

HOW MR. SHELDRAKE PLAYS HIS GAME.

MR. DAVID SHELDRAKE was a cool, calculating rogue, and was by no means of a sufficiently romantic or daring turn to plan and to carry out an abduction. If Lily had decided not to accompany him, he would, with an ill grace, have abided by her decision. The qualities of his mind were pretty evenly balanced, and he had no intention of placing himself in danger. What Lily did she did deliberately, and with her own free-will, and every move in the little game that he had played was testimony in his favor. Lily had come to him, had made it appear, by asking the landlady of the True Blue for the use of her parlor, that it was she who desired to confer privately with him, had smiled when she left the public-house, and had voluntarily entered the cab which was now conveying them along the Epsom road. He could prove that he had been a friend to her brother, and, according to the logic of figures, a heavy loser by him; he could prove that he had been on intimate terms with Lily, and that she had accepted favors from him. So far all was well. But, going a point farther, Mr. Sheldrake, carefully considering the position as the cab drove along, was puzzled. He had not definitely settled upon the next step. He had, in a vague manner, decided that to bring the brother and sister together, to make Lily clearly understand the desperate position in which Alfred was placed, and then to say to her, "And I am the only man that can save your brother," would be a fine thing for him. Setting aside the dramatic effect of the situation (Mr. Sheldrake, having an eye for dramatic effect, had thought of that), it would undoubtedly place him in a good light. But then, on what terms would he consent to save her brother? It was at this point he paused, and said to himself that he must consider seriously what was the best thing he could do; and while he was considering he heard Lily's voice calling to him. He bade the driver stop, and he alighted and went to the cab door.

"Have we much farther to go, Mr. Sheldrake?" she asked, in a weak, imploring tone.

"No, not a great way."

"I thought we should have been in London before now; but the road is strange to me; I do not recognize it."

"It is the road to Epsom," he explained. "I told you, if you remember, that your brother could not come home."

"Yes, but I thought you meant he could not come from London; he went straight to his office from us this morning."

"No, he did not, Lily; he went to the Epsom races."

She uttered a sharp cry of pain.

"Oh, why could he not have confided in me? Why did he deceive us?"

"I supposed you knew," said Mr. Sheldrake, gently; "I had no reason for supposing otherwise."

"I don't blame you, Mr. Sheldrake—"

"Thank you, Lily," he said. Kind words from her were really pleasant to him.

"But I am frightened of being on this road alone."

"Not alone; I am here to protect you."

Her tears fell fast.

"If I had known—if I had known!" she murmured, in great distress of mind. She had been thinking of Felix and her grandfather, and of their unhappiness at her absence. But there was some small comfort for her in the thought that she had written to them, and had explained as far as she dared.

"If you had known!" repeated Mr. Sheldrake, gravely. "Do you mean that if you had known, you would not have come? Surely you can not mean that, Lily! When I parted from your brother this afternoon he was flying to hide himself from the danger which threatens him,

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and from which only we can save him. And of course I thought you knew where he was. If there has been deceit, it has not been on my part. And even at this stage, I can not submit to be placed in a false light, or to be misjudged. I have endeavored to make you acquainted with the unhappy position of affairs: in the state of mind in which I left your brother, I would not answer for it that he would not commit any rash act. But if you can not trust me, you have but to say the word, and we will go back, and I will leave you within a dozen yards of your grandfather's door."

"No, no!" she cried. She was, indeed, almost helpless in this man's hands. "We will go on; I must see him and save him, if I can."

"You trust me, then?" he said, eagerly.

She was constrained to reply "Yes;" but when he took her hand, which was resting on the sash, and kissed it, she shivered as though she had been drawn into an act of disloyalty to Felix. Mr. Sheldrake had made up his mind by the time he had resumed his seat on the box: he would marry Lily—there was nothing else for it. "I'll sow my wild oats and settle down," he thought, as he lit a cigar: "a man must marry at some time or other, and it's almost time for me to be thinking of it. I couldn't do better; she's innocent and pretty, and—and every thing that's good; and she's not a girl that will impose on a man, like some of those who know too much." Then he fell a-thinking of the wives of his friends, and how superior Lily was in every way to any of them. "She'll do me credit," he thought. He was dimly conscious that Lily entertained a tender feeling for Felix; but that this would fade utterly away in the light of his own magnanimous offer he did not entertain a doubt. He mused upon the future in quite a different mood from that he was accustomed to; for the purifying influence of Lily's nature made itself felt even in his heart, deadened as it had been all his life to the higher virtues. And now they were nearing the end of their journey. In the distance could be seen the fires of the gypsy camps; the cold wind came sweeping over the downs. The best thing he could do, he thought, would be to stop at an inn; he knew of a quiet one, out of the town, where it was likely they would not be noticed; and he would leave Lily alone for a few minutes, and, on the pretense of going out to seek for Alfred, he would go to the Myrtle—the inn at which he had desired Mr. Musgrave to put up—and see if the old man was there. Then he would come back to Lily, and tell her they would not be able to see Alfred until the morning. There would be a little scene, perhaps, but he would be able to smooth matters over.

By the time he had matured this plan the cab drove up to the door of the inn. It was not yet midnight, and Mr. Sheldrake had no difficulty in obtaining admission. As they entered, and walked up stairs into a private room which Mr. Sheldrake ordered, Lily looked about, expecting to see Alfred. Mr. Sheldrake, attentively observing her, knew the meaning of those searching glances, and, against his reason, was mortified by the reflection that *he* occupied no place in her thoughts.

"You had best take off your things, Lily," he said, awkwardly; and, seeming not to notice the look of sudden distrust and surprise which came into her face at his words, proceeded, "It is chilly, but we will soon have a fire, and be comfortable."

Either his words, or the tone of familiarity in which they were spoken, came like a cold wind upon Lily's fevered senses. Felix seemed to stand before her, and to warn her against this man. But although, in the light of these new impressions, a veil seemed to be falling from before her sight, and although love for Felix, and the responsibilities it conveyed to her heart, gave her strength, the shock was too great and unexpected for her to find words to answer Mr. Sheldrake immediately.

"I will order some supper, Lily. Is there any thing particular that you would like?"

She steadied herself, resting her hand upon the table.

"Where is Alfred?" she asked, in a voice that was firm despite its tremulousness. "Where is Alfred?"

Mr. Sheldrake was discomposed by her unusual manner.

"Alfred is not here, Lily."

"Not here!" she echoed. "For what reason, then, have we stopped here?"

Mr. Sheldrake felt the difficulty of the situation, and with an embarrassment which he strove in vain not to express, proceeded to explain. But, disconcerted by the steady gaze with which she regarded him, he stumbled over his words, and for once in his life his assurance failed him. Had he been at his ease, and had he spoken with his usual plausibility, he might still have been successful in deceiving her; but he had betrayed himself, and it came upon her like a flash of light that he had set a trap for her. She waited until he had finished speaking, and then said, with an utter disregard of his explanation,

"You asked me to come with you to see my brother. Bring him to me."

"That is what I intend, Lily," he said, biting his lips; "I will go and search for him. But you want rest and refreshment first."

She stopped his farther speech.

"I want neither. I am here to see my brother. Bring him to me."

Amazed and confounded by the resolution of her manner, he hesitated. He could not leave her in the strange mood that had come upon her; he must strive to leave a more favorable impression behind him. But the words he wished to utter for the purpose of quieting and assuring her would not come to his lips. As he hesitated Lily stepped quickly to the window, and throwing it open, looked out.

"What are you looking for?" he asked, stepping toward her.

A sudden cry, almost hysterical, escaped from her, and she turned swiftly and confronted him.

"I am looking for the cab," she said, her cheeks flushing, showing such distrust of him by the action of her hands that he shrugged his shoulders, and sat down at a little distance from her. He had quietly ordered the driver to take the cab to the Myrtle Inn, and put up there; but he knew that even if the cab were still at the door she could not see it, for the window of the room looked out upon the back of the inn. As Lily leaned out of window Mr. Sheldrake fancied he heard a voice without, but he set it down to the account of some toper going from the inn; in another moment, however, he did hear Lily's voice, but could not distinguish what she said. He started up with a jealous exclamation, and as he did so, Lily closed the window, and sank into a chair in a fit of hysterical weeping.

"Why can you not trust me?" he asked, bending over her tenderly. "You are overwrought and overexcited. To whom were you speaking?"

She calmed herself by a great effort.

"The man said he could not see any thing of the cab," she answered; "nor could I. It is gone."

"The driver has put up his horse, I suppose. It is a long drive, remember, and the horse must be tired."

A knock came at the door, and the landlady entered.

"Do you stop here to-night, Sir?" she inquired.

"Yes," he said.

"No," said Lily, firmly. "This gentleman does not stop here to-night."

A threatening look came into his eyes.

"Wait outside a minute," he said to the landlady. The landlady obeyed, and Mr. Sheldrake closed the door. "What is the meaning of this?" he demanded of Lily, in a husky voice, almost throwing off his disguise.

"Can you ask me? You have brought me here to see my brother on a matter of life or death. I can not rest until I see him. Have you no pity for my anxiety? Do you know where Alfred is?"

"Yes," he was compelled to reply. "I will go and bring him to you. Will that satisfy you?"

"You know it will. But promise me one thing."

"You can't ask me any thing, Lily, that I will not promise," he said, hailing this small token of confidence with gladness.

"Give me your sacred word of honor that you will not return here to-night unless my brother is with you."

He felt that he had no alternative; but the fear that she wished to escape from him was upon him. In the light of this fear she became more than ever precious in his eyes. Urged to the desperate declaration, he said,

"Lily, listen to me. You know that I love you—that I love you honorably—"

"If you do," she interrupted, bravely, but with her hand on her heart, "you can not hesitate to give me the promise I ask."

"But you! What will you do?"

"I shall stop here in the hope of seeing my brother."

"I can depend on that? You *will* stop here to-night?"

"I will—by all that I hold dear!"

"And if I am unsuccessful in finding Alfred to-night, you will see me in the morning?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I promise you," he said, gayly. "I will show you that you can trust me thoroughly. Good-night, Lily."

He held her hand tenderly in his for a moment, and deemed it prudent to say no more.

"Little witch!" he murmured, as he walked away from the inn. "I was afraid she was going to turn upon me. But I have her safely now, I think!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

LILY listened to the sound of Mr. Sheldrake's departing footsteps as he went down stairs; heard him speak to some one in the bar, and heard the front-door open and close upon him as he walked out into the night. Then, with a grateful "Thank God!" she called the landlady into the room, and whispered to her, and put money into her hand. The landlady said,

"Very well, miss; I'll watch for him."

Whoever it was she was set to watch, it was evidently no enemy to Lily; for in less than five minutes she was talking to the person at the back-door, and telling him that the young lady was up stairs alone. Lily was waiting for him at the top of the stairs. She drew him into the room with eager haste, and clasping him round the neck, cried again, "Thank God! I am safe now! You will not leave me, will you? Stop with me—for my grandfather's sake, for Lizzie's sake!" and, overcome by emotion, could say no more, and swooned in his arms. When consciousness returned to her the landlady was standing by her side, and Mr. Musgrave was kneeling before her.

"There, there!" said the landlady, soothingly; "I told you she had only fainted. Do you feel better, my dear?"

"Much better, thank you," replied Lily, vaguely. But looking down upon the kneeling form of Mr. Musgrave, remembrance of what had passed came to her; and she clung to him in a passion of tears, and besought him again and again not to desert her. At a sign from him the landlady quitted the room, saying,

"You will find me down stairs if you want me."

"You are crying, Mr. Musgrave," said Lily, when they were alone. "I feel your tears on my hand."

"They are tears of joy and pain, my dear," he answered, rising from his knees. "Tell me now how you came here. When I saw you looking out of the window, I placed my finger on my lips, warning you to silence. It is as I suspected, is it not? Mr. Sheldrake brought you here?"

Briefly she told him of the means employed by Mr. Sheldrake to induce her to accompany him, and of what had passed between them on the road and at the inn. He listened attentively, and with varying shades of emotion; and when she ceased speaking, he told her to be comforted, that he would protect her, and that it was not Mr. Sheldrake she or Alfred had to fear.

"There *is* cause for fear, my dear," he said, "but not from him. When I return, I will tell you more—"

"You are not going?" she interrupted, entreatingly, clinging to him more closely.

"I must; you shall know my errand when I come back, and you will be satisfied. Then I will not leave you again. I shall be absent for half an hour, my dear; and while I am away the landlady will sit with you."

"But if Mr. Sheldrake returns—"

"You say he has gone for Alfred. Lily, trust one who would give his life for you. I would, my dear! I would lay it down willingly at your feet, if it were necessary for your safety or your honor!" What inexplicable passion, inwardly borne but not expressed, was it that caused his limbs to tremble as he held her to him for a few brief moments? What impulse caused him to loose her from his embrace suddenly, and to stand aloof from her as if he were not worthy of the association?

"Mr. Sheldrake will not come back to-night. Be patient for half an hour, my dear, and trust me thoroughly. Let me hear you say you have confidence in my words."

His earnestness carried conviction with it; but his humble manner pained her.

"You would not deceive me, Sir," she said. "I trust you thoroughly, and will wait patiently."

She raised her face to his, and with a grateful sob he was about to kiss her; but the same impulse restrained him.

"No," he murmured; "not until she knows all;" and left the room without embracing her.

At the appointed time he returned. During the interval the landlady had lit the fire, and had drawn a couch to the hearth, upon which she persuaded Lily to rest herself.

"Ah, that's good," Mr. Musgrave said. "Are you warm enough?" He arranged the rugs about her with a tenderness which surprised her, and then sat apart from her, with his head upon his hand.

"You have something on your mind, Sir. Come and sit near me. Are you troubled about me?"

He did not answer her immediately; but with a clumsy movement of his hand he overturned the candlestick, putting out the light, almost purposely as it seemed.

"We do not need to light it, child," he said; "we can talk in the dark."

"Yes, Sir, if you please," she answered, yet wondering somewhat; "but the room is not dark. I like the soft light of the fire; it brings rest to me. I shall be glad when day comes." She paused between each sentence, expecting him to speak; but he sat silent, watching the fitful shadows as they grew large and dwindled on the walls and ceiling. "What are you thinking of, Sir?"

"I am looking into the past," he replied, presently, in sad and solemn tones.

"And you see—"

"A wasted life. A life that might have been useful and happy, and good in making others happy."

"Not yours, Sir," she said, pityingly—"not yours. Ah, Sir, you speak as if your heart was troubled! Come closer to me, and let me comfort you, as you have comforted me."

"Not yet, child; I dare not. If, when you have heard what I have to say, you ask me to do that, I will fall at your feet and bless you! This wasted life that I see in the shadows that play about the room—may I tell you some passages in it?"

"It pains you to speak; it pains me to hear your sad voice—"

"Nay," he interrupted, "it relieves me. My heart will burst else; and I have waited for this so long, so long! You *will* listen in patience?"

"Yes, Sir."

"So gradual are the changes that we do not notice them during the time—we scarcely know how they come about, until, after the lapse of many years, we look back and wonder at the contrast between then and now. This wasted life that I speak of, how does it look now in the eyes of the man who has misused it? He sees his youth, as one standing at the foot of a great hill, where the shadows lie thick, might look up to the mount upon which the sun shines. That was before he was married, and when he was a young man. Reckless, uncontrolled, thirsting for the possession of things out of his reach, he did not stop to think or reason. He could not then have spoken of himself and of his desires as he speaks now, for he was arrogant, insolent, selfish, and inconsiderate to his heart's core. Bitter has been the fruit of these passions; but had he died a hundred deaths he could not have expiated the wrong he inflicted. And yet he did not awake to the consciousness of this until a few months since—until all the wrong was accomplished, and until he had sunk to a shameful depth—until a terrible retribution had ripened to fall upon him for his deeds. No one was to blame but he. Life presented fair opportunities to him. He had youth, he had strength, he had a wife who loved him; but the curse that lies heavy upon thousands, that wrecks the happiness of life, poisons its sweetness, turns smiles into tears, joy into despair—the curse of drink was upon him. It brought a blight upon his wife's fond hopes, and broke her heart. He sees now in the shadows a picture of that time. He sees himself covered with shame, flying from justice, saved from just punishment by one whom he has only lately learned to revere; he sees that man, the father of his wife, looking with aching heart at the prospect that lies before his child; he sees his wife, pale, dumb, heart-crushed, mourning the death of love and hope; he sees his two children, a boy and a girl, the girl almost a babe—"

He paused here, fighting with his grief. A long silence followed. Lily had raised herself upon the couch, and had followed his words with agonized interest. She could say nothing to comfort him; her emotion was too powerful for speech. In trembling suspense she waited for his next words. She felt that she was in some way connected with the story he was telling, but the light that shone upon her mind burned dimly as yet.

"So he left those who should have been dear to him, and never looked again upon the face of his wife. The time that followed—the long, long years during which he strove to forget the past—seemed to him like a dream. With the curse of drink still upon him, he grew old before his time. He had taken another name, and nothing of his former life was known. Mention of it never passed his lips. How he lived matters not now. It shames him to think of it. But after many years had passed, he awoke one day to a better consciousness of things. There came to lodge in the house in which he lived a bright and good girl, who obtained her living by dress-making. When he first saw her, and heard her pretty voice singing in the room next to his, it seemed as if a vision of the past had fallen upon him. This girl and he became friends, and he grew to love her, and loves her now. Often, as he looked upon her, he thought that his daughter, if she was living—his daughter whom he had not seen since she was a babe—would be something like this bright girl. One night the man's employer came to him and made a strange offer. On the condition that he could persuade this girl to live with him as his daughter or his niece, a small house near London was to be taken, of which he was to be the tenant and ostensible master. While they were talking over this proposition the girl came home; she had been to the theatre with her sweetheart; he accompanied her home, and the voices were heard in the adjoining room. The employer heard the young man's voice, and recognized it, and it seemed as if the recognition made him more desirous that the plan should be put into operation quickly. The old man that very night acquainted the girl with the proposition that had been made to him, and she consented to live with him. She told him the story of her life, and they sat up talking until late. Before she went to bed he asked her the name of her sweetheart. She told him. It was the name of his own son!"

He covered his face with his hands, unable to proceed. Lily rose from the sofa, and approached him tremblingly. She knelt at his feet, and said, in a voice that rose no higher than a whisper,

"Tell me his name, Sir."

The name came through his sobs.

"Alfred."

"And his sweetheart's name is Lizzie, is it not?"

"Yes."

"And the story you have related to me is your own?"

"It is my own, miserable man that I am!"

The silence that followed was very brief, but to him it was like a long and terrible oblivion. Then upon the darkness in which his soul was wrapped broke a silver line of light, so inexpressibly sweet, so exquisitely painful, that his heart almost ceased to beat.

"Father!"

Her arms were round his neck, but he fell on the ground at her feet, and cried humbly for forgiveness.

"Father, you have something more to tell me."

"Yes, my dear child. You must be made acquainted with what has passed, so that you may be prepared. You will hear what I have to tell bravely, will you not, my child?"

"It is about Alfred?" she cried, in great agitation.

"It is; I know where he is. I have seen him. I went to him when I left you a while ago."

She started to her feet, and looked about tremblingly for her mantle.

"I must go to him at once. Come! why do we stop here?"

"Dear child," he said, taking her hands in his, and striving to calm her, "you must be guided by me. For his sake, we must keep away from him."

"But he is alone and unhappy. What will he think if he knows that I am here? Oh, let us go to him, dear father! We should not be absent from him in his trouble."

"Lily, my child, you would not bring greater trouble upon him?"

"No, no!"

"You might, if you do not act as I tell you. A watch might be set upon your steps, and his safety depends upon his hiding-place being kept secret. For he *is* in hiding, my dear. Sit down, child, and be satisfied that for the present you are serving him best by remaining here. And do not be uneasy, my darling, that he is not being taken care of. He is not alone. Lizzie is with him."

"Lizzie with him!"

What strange wonders was this night bringing forth!

"He wrote to her, and although he did not

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tell her where she could find him, she lost not a moment, but came here at once, the dear brave girl! Alfred was at the races to-day, as you already know, and lost not only his own money, but money that did not belong to him. What this false man who brought you here to-night told you about him is true. Alfred is in great peril, and the despair that seized him when he realized the full sense of his danger made him desperate, and drove him almost mad. I came to Epsom to-day especially to keep an eye upon him, for I feared that something bad would occur. Last week Lizzie overheard a conversation between him and Mr. Sheldrake—it took place in our cottage, and she listened at the door. She had not the courage until last night to tell me what she had heard, and I dreaded the consequences, and saw them in a clearer light than she. I have gone through such an experience myself, and have tasted the bitter fruit. I determined to come to Epsom, knowing, alas! that it was too late to undo the evil he was bringing upon himself, but hoping against hope that by a lucky chance (the gambler's forlorn-hope, my dear!) things would turn out well. They did not; and when the race was over I saw Alfred steal away from the course, ruined and almost lost—I saw it in his face—and I followed him to prevent worse occurring. His false friend saw me, and for a purpose of his own set me to watch my own son, little dreaming of the stake I held in his unhappy fortunes. But Alfred discovered that I was watching him, and he escaped me. I was frightened to think to what his agony and remorse might drive him, and I wandered every where in search of him. For six hours, my dear, I hunted for him in vain. I was distracted. It was a dark cold night, and I was worn out and wearied. At nearly eleven o'clock I was on the plains, near to some gypsy tents, about half a mile from here. I thought of Lizzie's misery at Alfred's absence, and I thought of you also, dear child. I did not know what it was best for me to do. Shall I return home? I asked of myself. And as I stood, uncertain and helpless, I heard a voice that was familiar to me. It was Lizzie's voice, my dear. She had been searching also, and with a woman's wit knew that it was useless to inquire at the inns or wander about the town in search of him. She guessed rightly where it was most likely he would try to find refuge. She went to every tent and every camping party on the plains, and made her way where I could not, and received answers and civil words where they were denied to me. At the gypsy tents, near which I had halted, she was told that a man with the horrors on him—don't tremble, child!—had come and wanted to camp with them; but they had turned him away, and would have naught to do with him. Lizzie described Alfred to them. Yes, they answered, it was some such sort of a man. She searched for him near those tents, and found him lying under a hedge in a state of delirium. Dear child, be calm! let us pray that he will get well, and that this great trouble may be tided over. It is not Mr. Sheldrake that he has to fear. But I haven't finished my story yet. Lizzie found him, and prevailed upon the gypsy women to give them shelter. She bribed them with money; she would have given them her blood

"SHE WAS, INDEED, ALMOST HELPLESS IN THIS MAN'S HANDS."

if they had bargained for it, for his sake. Ah, my child! I begin to see the beauty of a woman's love, and how unworthy we are! One of the gypsy women made some cooling drink for him, and it was while these two were talking outside the tent that I heard Lizzie's voice. You may imagine our sad pleasure at thus discovering each other. I remained with them some little time, and came to this inn for food and drink for them, and as I approached the place I saw your face at the window. You know now the errand which took me from you for half an hour. It is arranged that Alfred shall remain with these people, if necessary; they will conceal him if they are paid for it, and one of the women has taken a great liking for Lizzie. The dear girl would win her way any where. I told Lizzie you were here. She sends her dearest love to you, and says that she will contrive to see you to-morrow. She told me to tell you also that when Felix and your grandfather—God bless him for the care and love he has bestowed on my child!—find all of us absent, Felix will be sure, after the first shock of surprise, to guess where we all are, and that he will follow you to Epsom early in the morning, perhaps to-night. Felix, she says, knows more about Alfred than you are aware of. So, dear child, all that we can do is to wait until the morning, and to hope for the best. And now, before you lie down to rest, tell me if it is as I suspect and hope with you and Felix."

She hid her face on his shoulder, and told him all.

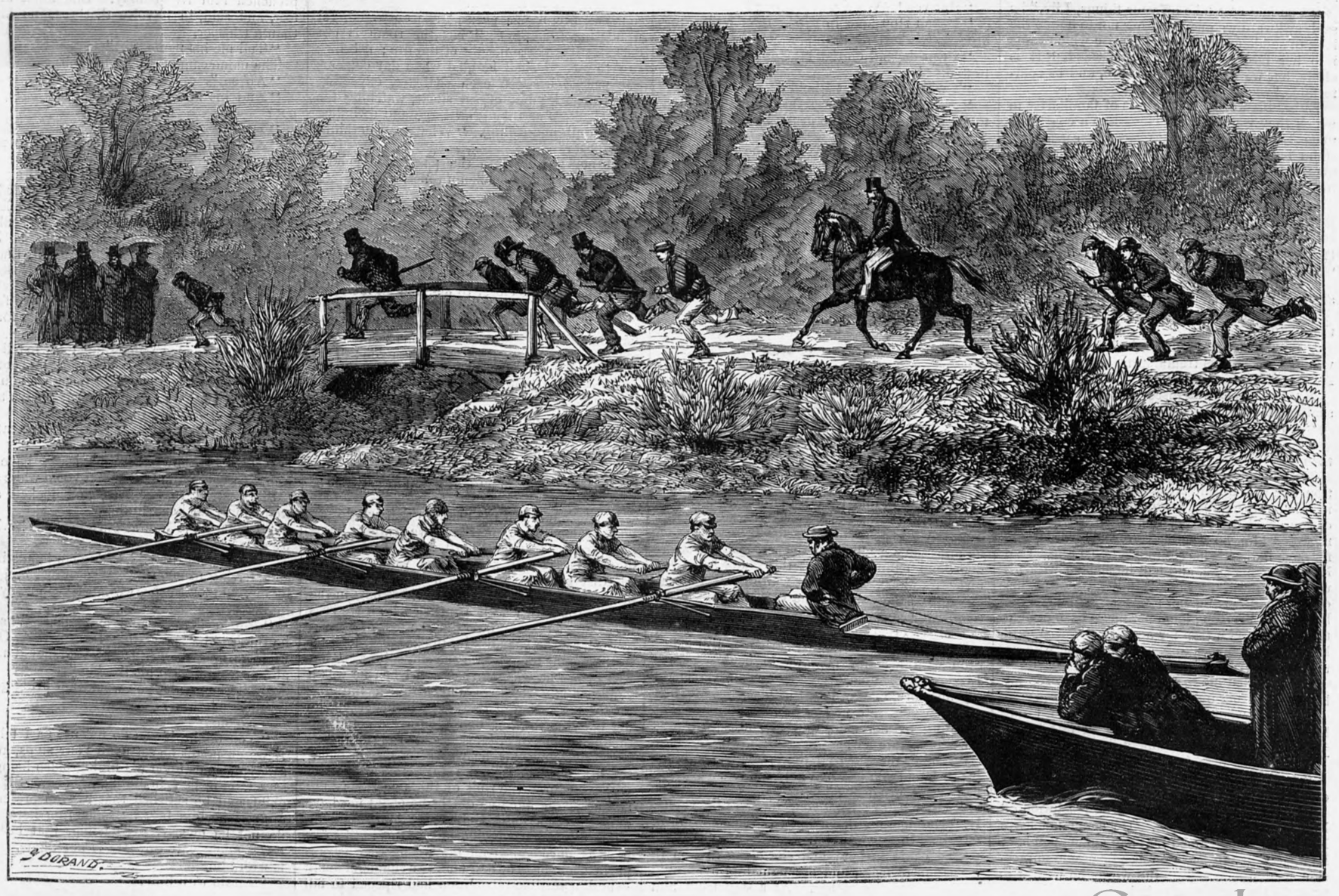
"God bless you both!" he said, solemnly.

He insisted on her lying down, and he sat by her side and watched her. When, presently, she pretended to fall asleep, he knelt by the couch, and with his face resting in her soft warm hand, prayed with humble heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRAINING FOR THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

THE accompanying illustration shows the English students in training for the University Boat-Race, which in England is an affair of national importance, paralleled only by the Derby-day. This race between the rival schools of Oxford and Cambridge took place on the river Thames on March 29. Business in London was almost wholly deserted, and the river-banks were thronged from an early hour of the morning with dense masses of people, displaying the light blue colors of Cambridge or the dark blue of Oxford, according to their respective proclivities. At half past two the race began. The Cambridge crew took the lead from the beginning, and maintained it, except during a brief interval, through the entire course, winning by three boat-lengths. The race was from Putney to Mortlake, a distance of four miles and two furlongs, and lasted twenty minutes and thirty-five seconds. The Oxford crew rowed from thirty-nine to forty-three strokes per minute, and the Cantabs, or Cambridge men, from thirty-eight to forty-two strokes. The crowd of spectators was larger than any ever assembled on a previous occasion, the Prince of Wales being among the spectators. Formerly the Oxford crew won the race for many years in succession. The illustration is interesting as showing the precise kind of boats used and the style of rowing.



TRAINING FOR THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

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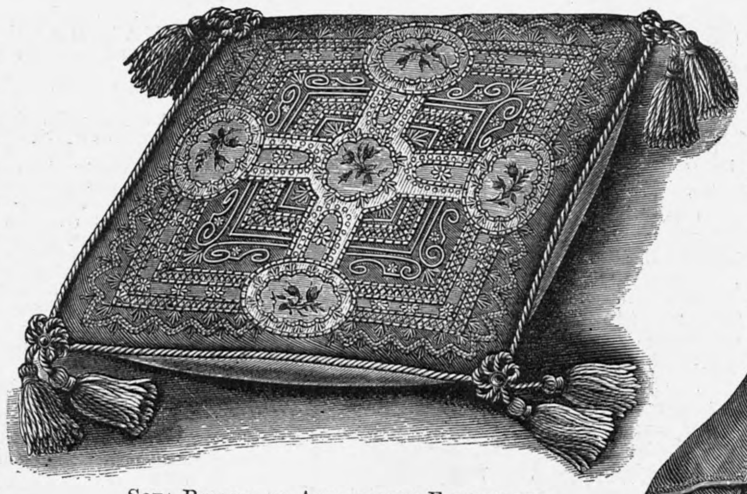
A NOTABLE FRENCHWOMAN.

THE Princesse Anne Marie Louise d'Orléans, Duchesse de Montpensier, but better known as Mademoiselle, and not unfrequently spoken of as La Grande Mademoiselle, the heroine of the Fronde, was of the most royal birth in France, being the only legitimate granddaughter of Henry IV., and the wealthiest heiress in Europe, succeeding as she did, even in the lifetime of her father, Gaston, Duke of Orleans, to the vast possessions of her mother, the representative of the house of Montpensier. As such, the arrangement of a marriage for her might naturally have been expected to have been among the first objects of solicitude not only to the relatives who could guide the disposal of her hand, but still more to those who might hope to obtain it; and never has so varied and royal a list of candidates been offered to any lady's acceptance. An emperor, three kings, and kings' brothers and cousins almost without number, had their pretensions to her favor successively discussed; but, chiefly through her own caprice or indifference, all the great matches which were proposed for her came to nothing. Though for a moment she favored one or two of the suggested connections, she admits frankly that in those instances she was attracted by the position of the proposed husband rather than by himself; and the first person who ever awakened her serious liking was no prince of any nation, but only a younger brother of a noble family, that of Lauzun, whom she eventually married. Even apart from her rank and wealth, her personal charms were sufficient to attract suitors enough, if her own description of them may be believed; for she undertakes to describe her appearance with as much minuteness and as much fidelity as her actions. In her description she certainly does not seem greatly to disguise her defects; and as candor on such a subject is perhaps more trying to female vanity than even a confession of faults of character or errors of conduct, and is certainly at least as rare, our readers may probably not be unwilling to see this portrait of the first lady of the French court in its most gorgeous age, drawn by herself.

"I am tall, neither fat nor thin; of a very fine and graceful figure. My neck is tolerably shapely; my arms and hands are not good; but my skin is fair. My legs are straight; my feet are well formed; my hair light, of a pretty ash-color. My face is long, its contour pretty; my nose large and aquiline; my mouth is neither large nor small, but symmetrical, and with a very agreeable expression. My lips are rosy; my teeth not good, but not very bad; my eyes blue, neither large nor small, but bright, soft, and commanding, like my countenance. I have a lofty manner, without being conceited. I am civil and familiar, but in a way rather to gain respect than to allow any one to fail in it. I am very indifferent about my dress, but never untidy; I hate slovenliness. I am always neat, and whether dressed carefully or carelessly, all I put on is in good taste. I do not mean that I do not look incomparably better when carefully got up; but carelessness is less injurious to me than to others, because, without flattering myself, while I do justice to all I wear, every thing I put on becomes me. I talk a great deal, without talking nonsense or using bad expressions, and I never speak of what I do not understand."

In other passages she gives us a little additional insight into the favorite amusements and tastes of her youth, and also into her disposition. She hated cards; she was very fond of dancing and of hunting; still more of laughing at people, though so far was she from thinking ridicule a mark of ill nature that she would rather be laughed at herself than pitied. She liked the company of all brave honest men, especially soldiers; she was fond of conversation on military topics. As for reading, to which she was addicted, in prose she preferred books on serious solid subjects; of poetry she liked all sorts, good, bad, and indifferent. Her disposition, as she paints it, was a pretty equal and not unusual mixture of good qualities with others not altogether commendable. She piqued herself on nothing so much as on the warmth and steadiness of her friendship, which, however, was shown rather in conferring great benefits than in paying petty attentions. She was an admirable keeper of secrets, and was incapable of any thing base. She was temperate in eating and drinking, and (though it was certainly not the virtue of that age) she was free from any propensity to gallantry. She was the most grateful person in the world. And if these are especially feminine virtues, she was not without those which commonly are rather the attributes of the sterner sex. She was ambitious, courageous, decided, resolute, and possessed of the most perfect self-command. On the other hand, she was hot-tempered, passionate, and spiteful as an enemy; and so self-willed, owing to the good opinion she had of herself, and her contempt for every one else, that she would rather spend her life in solitude than put the slightest constraint on her humor, even if her fortune depended on it. It will hardly be denied that such frankness of self-portraiture is so unusual as of itself to give a favorable impression of the artist, and the more so since the chief events of her career, as related by others besides herself, prove it to have been very fairly accurate and impartial.

Fig. 1.—POULT DE SOIE MANTELET.—BACK.
[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 51-54.



SOFA-PILLOW IN APPLICATION EMBROIDERY.
For design and description see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 69.

LADIES'-CLOTH SACQUE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 55-63.

Fig. 2.—POULT DE SOIE MANTELET.—FRONT.
[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 51-54.

SKELETON LEAVES.

WINTER is a very bad time for making skeleton leaves. The leaves should be gathered when at their prime—that is, when the earliest leaves begin to fall from the trees—and all that are broken or damaged in any way should be rejected. In making a selection carefully avoid all leaves of a resinous nature, as those of the fir tribe, camphor-tree, laurel, bay, and most of the evergreen shrubs; and it is useless to try the leaves of the oak, chestnut, elm, willow, sycamore, walnut, hazel, and some others, which contain much tannin, as not only will they not decompose themselves, but the tannin impregnates the water and prevents the decomposition of any other leaves which may be under maceration at the same time. Those who have had the greatest experience in skeletonizing leaves generally prefer the slower process of maceration to the more speedy one of boiling in lime and soda. Having obtained your stock of leaves, seed-vessels, etc., take an open earthen pan that will hold a gallon or more, put the leaves into it, and pour over them sufficient rain-water to cover them. Let the pan remain exposed to sun and weather, without changing the water (gently and carefully stirring it now and then), until decomposition is sufficiently carried out, or until the outer coating or green part of the leaves is pulpy, and sticks to the finger. This will depend on the water, the weather, and the kind of leaf; some leaves, such as the magnolia and India rubber, require several months, others a few weeks only. They are then to be taken out and washed by shaking them about gently in water, and placed in a shallow earthenware pan, keeping each one steady by pressing the finger on the stalk, while the decayed portion is removed by a small, rather stiff, short-haired brush, when the woody fibre or skeleton will be displayed. When perfectly cleared from cuticle, etc., bleach the leaves in a solution of chloride of lime; one tea-cupful of the solution sold in the shops added to a gallon of water will be about the strength required. It is well, when you take the leaves out of the bleaching liquid, to put them into clean water for a short time, then carefully dry them, either between blotting-paper before the fire,

Fig. 1.—FAILLE AND LACE FICHU.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 64-68.

Fig. 2.—FAILLE AND LACE FICHU.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 64-68.

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or in the sun, after which they may be pressed flat in books before arranging them in groups under glass shades. The best leaves for skeletonizing are those of the plane, pear, lime, poplar, sycamore, tulip-tree, different kinds of ivy, holly, box, St. John's wort, scarlet passion-flower, pepultree, Wistaria, Eryngium maritimum, Carduus benedictus, magnolia (ten sorts), alstrœmeria, thistles, barberry, and several of the nettles. Seed-vessels—stramonium, campanula, Carthamus tinctoria, sea-tree, mallow, honesty, hyoscyamus, lavatera, malope, Canterbury bell, poppy heads, and the winter cherry, which is particularly beautiful.

JEWELRY IN GENERAL.

IN those curious letters about the interior of Africa, which have of late excited so much attention, we read that the best currency for his daily wants which the traveler can take up with him from Zanzibar, is a quantity of brass-wire. This brass-wire, it appears, passes for jewelry in Africa, and is worn with much pride in twists and loops about their ankles and wrists by the nobles of that continent. We may laugh at this if we like. But Herbert Spencer has well shown that with the first desire of man for ornament, comes the first dawning of a possible civilization. And for the matter of that, we are by no means sure that the brass-wire of the Ujiji chiefs is of a very much lower epoch in taste than the cheap jewelry on which thousands of our own people persist in wasting their money, and with which they make grotesque their persons. A visit to the establishment of Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, 22 John St. (up stairs), will show how unnecessary it is, and how foolish on the score of economy in our people, to encourage the production of this tawdry and perishable stuff. There may be seen ornaments of all kinds for both sexes, wrought of materials intrinsically valuable, and with a taste and delicacy which make them fit to be worn in any society, yet actually no dearer in price, and relatively twenty-fold cheaper than the commonplace, coarse, and trivial peddler-work which has so flooded the land. What is the secret? Simply this, that Messrs. STARR & MARCUS have learned that taste is the cheapest of investments, and the most remunerative. How long must it be before our consumers lay to heart the same simple lesson?—[*Com.*]

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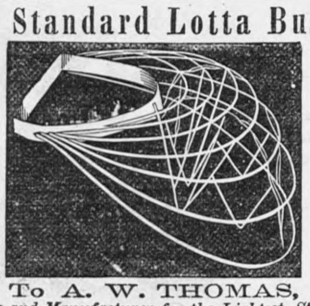

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LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK..... " 11
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CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old)..... " 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).... " 29
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)..... " 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt).. " 35
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LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt..... " 49

Vol. V.

DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postlion Baqsue, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).... " 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER..... " 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers)..... " 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt..... " 8
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt..... " 13
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt..... " 20
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)..... " 21
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POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt..... " 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)..... " 25
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt..... " 27
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..... " 29
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)..... " 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old) " 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, Shirt Waist, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 5 to 10 years old)..... " 39
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FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt)..... " 50
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SLEEVELESS JACKET WALKING SUIT.... " 15
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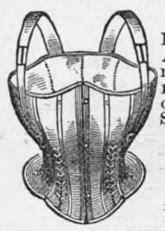

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What would you do if you had some land that would not grow trees?—Why, have it measured, and I would then have some poles and perches.

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What to do if you split your sides with laughter: run till you get a stitch in them.

When is a blundering school-boy like a fraudulent shop-keeper?—When he makes a false quantity.

CHIFFONIERS—Men who live by hook and by crook.

HOW TO MAKE ONE'S SELF OBNOXIOUS—To walk down a crowded thoroughfare carrying a ladder on your shoulder, and to turn round every other minute to see if any one is looking at you.

RELATIONS.—In answer to the question of a correspondent who signs himself "Medical Student," we may safely say that Sal Volatile is no connection of Ann O'Dyne's. At the same time, Sticking Plaster may be the next of-Gold-Beater's-kin.

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"Oh, my sister's all broke out with the small-pox!" was the delighted reply.

The firm have secured the services of a new errand-boy.

INSUFFICIENT REASON.—In an English church, recently, after the publication of the bans of marriage by the minister, a grave elder, in a stentorian voice, forbade the bans between a certain couple. On being called upon for an explanation, "I had," he said, pointing to the intended bride—"I had intended Hannah for myself." His reason was not considered sufficient.

"Kitty's going to join our Sabbath-school; she's coming with me next Sunday; ain't you, Kitty?"

"Oh, I don't know—I've never been to Sabbath-school. What do you have to do?"

"Why, you get saved, of course; and books, and albums, and—"

"I mean, what do you have to do? Have to study any thing?"

"Oh, it isn't like that. It's like church, you know. When you first go in, you have to put your head down and pray."

"But I can't pray," says heathen Kitty. "I don't know how to bow."

"Oh, well, do as I do: shut your eyes and count fifty."

TOWN MOUSE AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

UNSOPHISTICATED COUSIN. "What do you mean to be when you grow up, Jack?"
JACK. "Oh, *I* mean to be a Policeman, and *you* shall be my Nurse."
UNSOPHISTICATED COUSIN. "Well, but Policemen don't have Nurses, Jack!"
JACK. "Oh, *don't* they, just! *That* shows you've never been in the Parks. Why, I don't think I ever saw a Policeman without one!"

A paper, speaking against strikes, says, "You never hear of farmers striking." Now it occurs to us that we have known of such things. We fancy if you should let one of them catch you in his orchard "borrowing" apples, or sampling his cider through a straw, we just hint that you would be apt to see him "strike," or, at all events, you might feel him striking.

A missing man was lately advertised for, and described as having a Roman nose. He won't be found. Such a nose as that will never *turn up*.

NATURAL ERROR.—A young doctor spends his leisure hours in practicing on the cornet, and passers-by, thinking an amputation is going on inside, are deluded as to the number of the man's patients.

A lady with an unmusical voice insisted upon singing at a party.

"What does she call that?" inquired a guest.

"*The Tempest*, I think," answered another.

"Don't be alarmed," said an old sea-captain present. "That's no tempest; it is only a squall, and will soon be over."

A man who has a red-headed sweetheart addressed her as "Sweet Auburn, loveliest of the plain." Sweet Auburn got mad about it. She objected to being classed among the "plain," even though called the loveliest of them.

"Mary, my dear," said a doting husband to the lady that owned him, "if I turn Mormon and marry another helpmate, she shall be a Mary too, for your own dear sake!" "Be content with one Mary, my duck," said the loving wife; "in my opinion another would be merely a super-new-Mary."

ETIQUETTE.

Of all the themes my soul that fret,
In which I'd fain instruct myself,
The very worst is Etiquette,
And how I should conduct myself.
Of mysteries
My twister is
Just how I should conduct myself.

I, though a youth of humble birth,
The Stock Exchange blew bubbles on,
Until some thousands I was worth—
Which launched me all my troubles on;
Success it was—
Oh yes, it was—
That launched me all these troubles on.

I pease by knife-loads once enjoyed,
Nor dreamed of impropriety.
I'm told now knives are not employed
In that way in society:
To be exact,
They don't, in fact,
Use knives so in society.

I once could swig of gin and beer
Whate'er I got a friend to stand;
It's very name (dog's-nose), I hear,
Makes people's hair on end to stand!
Oh, I can swear
To cases where
I've known folks' locks on end to stand.

To smoke a pipe was once my boast;
I always had some Port thereto:
Now when I smoke my weed my host,
Forbids me to resort thereto.
No well-bred man,
He tells me, can,
While smoking, have resort thereto.

These nice distinctions vex me yet;
Society will frown on me;
Where'er I turn, this Etiquette
Is always coming down on me;
Till I could swear
I'd see—but there,
For swearing 'twill be down on me.

THE PLEASURES OF CHILDHOOD.—Mr. Milliken's little boys asked him this morning to take them to the circus. Mr. Milliken refused kindly but firmly, but said if they were good he would take them around this afternoon to see their grandmother's grave.

A woman out West interfered with her brother's courtship, and begged him to stay at home evenings. He waited until the evening when she expected her own lover, and complied, and she says that fraternal affection is a heartless mockery.

A BLIND BEGGAR'S MONEY BOX—"The harvest of a quiet eye."

A little Concord chap, who lived next door to Emerson, was engaged one day in digging a hole by the road-side. A worldly trifler, passing by, asked him, "What are you digging after, little boy?"

With gravity he answered, "After the Infinite."

"Mister, will you lend pa your newspaper? He only wants to send it to his uncle in the country."

"Oh, certainly; and ask your father if he will just lend me the roof of his house. I only want the shingles to make the kettle boil."

Our friend Coombs was out in India, and having read that any wild beast could be frightened into flight merely by opening a parasol suddenly in its face, Coombs determined to test the truth of the assertion. So he sallied out to the jungle with his largest green gingham umbrella to hunt for a tiger. After a while he found one. That tiger observed Mr. Coombs. It was a sympathetic tiger. It approached Mr. Coombs with velocity. Mr. Coombs thought he had never seen a tiger that seemed so exceedingly anxious to become sociable right away. But he stood his ground bravely while the animal approached; and just as it reached him, and prepared to spring, Mr. Coombs flung his gingham umbrella open suddenly in the tiger's face. It may perhaps be unnecessary to say that the monarch of the jungle did not betray any symptoms of alarm. On the contrary, it merely leaped over Coombs's umbrella, came down on the other side, and prepared to assimilate Coombs. In fact, that infatuated experimenter in the regions of zoological science was eaten; and he held the hooked handle of the umbrella so tightly in his hand that the tiger ate the handle with the hand, and for four weeks wandered round in that jungle with its head buried in Coombs's open umbrella. It was convenient for that tiger in case of rain, but it obstructed his vision; and so he walked into town and was killed, and Coombs had a Christian burial.

At a spirit meeting the other night a gentleman requested the medium to ask what amusements were most popular in the spirit world. The reply was, "Reading of obituary notices."

A true American is too proud to beg and too honest to steal. He gets trusted.

A king's fool who was condemned to die was allowed to choose the form of death, and chose old age. An Iowa girl being asked what form of death she preferred, remarked that if she must die she preferred to be smothered—with kisses.

If a miss is as good as a mile, how much better is a Mrs.?

The child who cried for an hour didn't get it.

"I'm so thirsty," said a boy at work in the corn field.

"Well, work away," said his industrious father. "You know the prophet says, 'Hoe every one that thirsteth.'"

(It is very difficult to know exactly the right thing to say to an Artist about his Pictures. We recommend unlimited praise; but do not enter into details.)

"Oh, Mr. Robinson! your Pictures are *quite—too—more than Lovely!* Surely you are the *greatest Artist that ever Lived! Are* you not? *Candidly!*"

"Well, I don't know. There was Michael Angelo, you know, and Hogarth, and—and—"

"Oh, your Pictures have all the ineffable Refinement and Purity of Hogarth, all the irresistible Humor of Michael Angelo, and—and—something quite *your own*, which I have *never perceived in the Works of either of those Masters!*"

COUSIN KATE (*to Cousin Tom*). "Now, Tom, I am just going to run in and order a few Cakes. If you have a liking for any particular kind, I wish you to mention it."

COUSIN TOM (*to Cousin Kate*). "Well, if you wish to order for my special taste, I think" (*pointing to sign in window*) "something in That Style would suit me."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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A CITY RAILROAD CAR.—DRAWN BY JENNIE BROWNSCOMBE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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A CITY RAILROAD CAR.

See illustration on first page.

THE scene depicted by the illustration on our first page will be unpleasantly familiar to all of our readers who are accustomed to depend for locomotion on the street cars of this or most other cities. It is no fancy sketch, but one most faithfully drawn from nature. Day after day these cars go up and down with their seats on each side crowded with well-dressed gentlemen and ladies wedged helplessly among drunken and dirty men, women and children, baskets and bundles, while the middle of the car is filled with a dense mass of human beings clinging to greasy straps or vainly attempting to poise themselves by leaning on their neighbors. All these elements the artist has reproduced in the sketch, with a fair-faced girl struggling to make her way to the door against the ragged market-baskets, children's muddy boots, and clamorous newsboys that bar her path. Truly our people are a much-enduring race, or such pictures would be impossible among us.

PREMONSTRATION.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

LAST night I saw him in my dreams,
So pale, my heart was almost broken!
I read within his eyes the thought
His sad, sad lips had left unspoken—
"I love you!" In my sleep I said,
"And left me!" laughing bitterly;
And suddenly the phantom turned
And hid its pleading face from me.
But still around me, in my sleep,
"I love you!" seemed to stir the air;
To which I, laughing bitterly,
Made answer from my hard despair:
"Ah, God! if I had never known
Such love as yours has proved to me!"

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1873.

☞ THIS Number of HARPER'S BAZAR contains the opening chapters of a new serial story, entitled

"LADY ANNA,"

by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "The Warden," "The Small House at Allington," "Orley Farm," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," etc. Few novelists enjoy a wider popularity in this country than ANTHONY TROLLOPE, and the readers of the BAZAR have a rich treat in store for them in the pages of this new story.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be sent out gratuitously a splendidly illustrated

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing a choice variety of exceedingly interesting reading matter.

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of patterns, descriptions, and illustrations of Ladies' and Children's Spring Walking and House Suits; Bonnets, Parasols, Fichus, Caps, Cravats, Petticoats, Tournures, etc.; with choice literary and artistic attractions.*

FRILLS AND FURBELOWS.

THERE is constantly a great deal of invidious remark going the rounds of the press, and, for the matter of that, the rounds of society as well, upon the subject of feminine dress and all its appurtenance of frills and furbelows.

In a season of dull politics one would suppose that the chief end of man was to attend censorially to the costume of the weaker sex, and to spare no slur or fling, ill-natured or good-natured gibe, that can be made concerning it, and we imagine that now that the Presidential campaign is over, we shall be called upon to undergo a new exhibition of the thing.

Endeavor to conciliate these evil-minded critics seems to be useless, for no fashion pleases them, let it be what it may: they have no patience with the pure antique; they laugh to scorn the ruff and fardingale; they pronounce the dress of the First Empire indecent, the dress of the Second Empire senseless; nothing is more frivolous than the dress that WORTH designs, nothing more barbarous than the dress of an Englishwoman, nothing more rag-baby-like than the dress of the harem, nothing more wasteful than the dress of the American woman.

When, a few years since, hoops appeared, these critics compared a lady to the planet Saturn within his rings; when hoops began to go out, and paniers and ruffles and sashes to come in, they compared her to a scarecrow, with her rags fluttering round her. When bonnets were large, they flung their pellets at the faces that were seen down the vista of "a Leghorn lane;" when hats were adopted, they wondered how soon the rest of the masculine garb would follow; when the face was hidden in a calash, they were gay over mock-modesty; when bonnets became a mere rose and ribbon, they had their sneer for the brazen face of the wearer; when youth and beauty went about in prunella, there was not enough praise to be accorded to the sensible high heels of our ancestresses; as soon as high heels were accepted, it was discovered that they produced incurable diseases of the spinal cord. The Puritans found it necessary to enact a law against puff-combs; the present generation hailed with delight the vermin in the jute. In short, there is not a fashion from fig leaves to crinoline that has not been the subject of their animadversions; and the only particles of feminine attire that go scot-free at present are, for some unaccountable reason, the two-buttoned glove and the thick-soled shoe.

It seems to us, when these facts are remembered, that it would in reality be a great pity to have women dress in any faultless and unexceptionable way, since it would quite deprive these critics of their occupation, and throw them on the cold charity of a world of uncongenial items. But we wonder that it never occurred to them to notice how little women regard their caviling, or to perceive that they are in truth themselves mere parasites of fashion, drawing their sustenance from the very things they flout—for to the conversational critic these variations of the vanities in vogue are an inexhaustible wealth, and to the newspaper critic the manmilliner WORTH, as he is called, is equivalent to a certain yearly stipend.

It would require a great effort of the imagination to picture any period in the future when fashion shall not be at the same time variable and arbitrary. So long as human nature is what it is; so long as it is the office of either sex to please the other; so long as the fresh tint of a fabric will display the perfect tint of a skin; so long as, in the absence of fur and feathers, we depend somewhat for our beauty and altogether for our comfort upon our apparel—so long will that apparel be the subject of costly outlay and of the change that follows weariness.

Perhaps in ancient times Helen did not tire of her peplos or her veil, because her needle-work varied it from Iphigenia's, or because her home life and limited intercourse with other women prevented her from seeing the same garment every where repeated to satiety. But now in the multiplication of people and of facilities of communication, in the different social life and the open life of the streets, a single season gives one an absolute weariness of a fixed design that has been reduplicated as if from a reflector whose mirrors were infinite; and one craves for a change in the design as much more eagerly than one craves for a change in the diet as the eye and the fancy happen to be nobler and more active things than the appetite.

We have received advices lately that a reactionary movement is under way in Italy, whose object is to restore the primitive and pure costume of the country. Exactly at what period the primitive and pure costume reigned we are not told; and as opinions will have a wide range upon the subject, we suppose that we may see the revival, according to taste, of the old Etrurian robes, of the Pompeian négligé, of the Roman matron's sandals and shoulders, and of the somewhat savage splendor of the medieval era—perhaps more of the last than of the others, since the paintings from which the dresses are to be copied are chiefly of medieval manufacture; and thus an evening party in Rome or Florence or Naples will be quite as fine as a fancy ball, and will give us LAVINIA and TARPEIA and CALPURNIA and LUCREZIA BORGIA chatting amicably together, while, if their lovers and husbands follow suit, ROMULUS and HILDEBRAND and MACCHIAVELLI will stand in waiting, a little ashamed of the figure they present. But we do not believe that any one of them all will long stay satisfied with the peculiar and particular adoption of the individual; and we doubt not that LUCREZIA will be stealing a bracelet from TARPEIA, and CALPURNIA will find LAVINIA's head-dress the more becoming; and innovation once begun, the whole thing can only drift back to WORTH.

It is true that among those who are not the advocates of such rather romantic ideas as this and kindred propositions involve we have many who in a slavish submission carry every fashion to excess. But that matter has become so largely a question of good taste or the reverse that it can be left to regulate itself, since the better portion of the fashionable world leaves excess to its inferiors, though never allowing itself to be behind the times.

For the fact is that the real lady desires above all things to be inconspicuous; notoriety and the staring eye of the passer are things utterly objectionable to her; and she knows that she would find herself as marked and conspicuous a being by neglecting to follow the fashions in a certain degree as she would be by running in advance of them; and she therefore preserves that golden mean that all philosophy approves—her dress is the outward expression of an inward refinement, and she does not presume to erect her individual opinion against the combined opinion of the rest of womankind.

But, when all is said, we can not but marvel at the effrontery of the male critic who dares to meddle with fashion, and charge its abuses exclusively to the feminine account. Does he forget that his dress-coat of this year has quite a different cut across the hip from the dress-coat of last year? Does he forget that his waistcoat is open or close according to a whim of the ruling tailor? that his pantaloons have a power of expansion and contraction around his instep, as if they were made of India rubber? and that his silk hat, that a winter or two ago bade fair to taper away into a Puritan cone, now flares out in a bell-crown worthy of Beau BRUMMEL himself? And above all, when he cites the feminine frivolity and love of gauds, does he forget the lofty manner with which the male fraternities of secret societies cover themselves all over on parade days with silk embroideries and cheap jewels, and the air of ineffable satisfaction with which the majors of militia, and other members of that noble home-guard who never smelled powder, strut in their crimson sashes, their gold-lace, and epaulets, and waving plumes, through rain and mud, through hot and cold, repaid only by the barren glory of the admiration they excite along the streets?

We admit, for the sake of our own purposes, that women are at present the inferior half of the human animal. Naturalists tell us that the male in almost all cases is the finer and handsomer creature; that it is he who has the gay plumage, the noble mane, the great stature; that the pea-hen is a poor little object, with nothing but her breast to recommend her, while her mate trails the splendor she admires; that the hind misses the regal antler of the stag; that it is the male nightingale whose melody is so entrancing; and so by all analogies that it is the man who has the beauty and majesty and strength, and not the woman. What, then, more natural and pardonable than that the woman should seek to piece out her deformity by artificial means, and call in the ostrich and the silk-worm, the oyster and the madrepore, to assist her? All the more when she sees the value that men set on such decorations, as evinced by the strut of the soldier and the gold-lace of the official? And for the rest, in all seriousness, if women give these things undue attention and consideration, men must remember that they have themselves to thank for it; for as long as they award their adoration to the wearer of the superb toilette, so long will most other women raise heaven and earth—or what stand to them for those bodies, the promise of heaven and the comfort of earth—to obtain the same toilette. Meanwhile, frivolous as fashion may be, the perpetual criticism of it seems to us more frivolous still; and if the larger intellect is dissatisfied with the feminine result, we advise it to turn its powers to inventing something that shall not be open to such criticism.

AN EXCELLENT WAY.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

WHEN Truth says, confidently, "Work"—meaning physical labor—"is not for women," Incredulity replies, Yankee-like, "How are you going to help it?" and Truth, being truthful, must reply, "I don't know;" but, just the same, she goes on, calm and confident, singing her eternal song, "For woman tranquillity, leisure, large spheres, and social and mental scope."

There is a great deal to be done, and alas! a great deal to be suffered, before those larger spheres swing into reach; but much is gained if women, while toiling and moiling in the swamp lands of the lower world, can hear far off their majestic music, or even know that somewhere in the circling heavens they are sweeping on to sure attainment. Work, work, work—from weary chime to chime—but, all the same, the true life is to live not according to your necessities, but according to your aspirations; to live not in constant repression, but in constant growth; to work not by will, but by instinct; to do what you must not from outward force, but inward fervor.

It is no argument against success that you see not how it is to be accomplished. Settle what success is to be, and then work up to it. The children are brimful of lessons in the way to do it. Star-flower is the most useless little blossom that ever opened, and no queen is more loyally attended. Baby-in-breeches never earned a pinch of salt, yet he is the very salt of the earth. When Star-flower presents herself at the door, blooming from her bath, her face radiates smiles all over the universe at the welcome she is going to receive, although not a word is spoken, nor perhaps a look cast in her direction. Her confident soul plucks its triumph beforehand. She assumes fidelity and homage, and is never disappointed. She has no self-conceit; is not concerned with the impression she produces; is intent only on accomplishing her objects. What if her single-mindedness and simple faith could go on through life? What if she could rise upon the world each morning, as smiling, as undaunted, as straightforward, as unsuspecting? What if she could always be content to be, and leave to the hard, striving, masculine world the task to know?

Or look again: the strong man armed comes into the room, and Little Breeches, aware what such shoulders were made for, climbs by short and easy stages to a seat thereon, and rides aloft in triumphant silence. Star-flower, peering amidst the forbidden ruins of the overturned work-basket, suddenly catches a glimpse of the performance, and immediately her soul rises above rubbish; by vigorous use of her two little hands, and an emphatic double back action, she gains her two little feet, trots out to front the centaur, stretches up her chubby arms and steepest tiptoes, and with an inarticulate but most significant outcry of mingled entreaty and imperiousness, claims her right to the other shoulder. Perched on the desired summit, peace settles on her brow, joy shines in her eyes, and riding up and down beneath the chandeliers, she coos out an Io triumphe as soft and sweet as the gurgling of a hidden brook in the leafy woods of June.

That is all she wants—her share of the goods of life. She claims no pre-eminence, only her portion. When Little Breeches descends, she writhes spontaneously downward. When Little Breeches does not mount, the shoulders are free from her incursions. But the altitude and the freedom that please him, by that token please her, and with no thought of propriety, and no drawback from consequences, she asserts herself, and is not only justified but glorified.

Now if Star-flower will but bloom into her womanhood, and glow through her womanhood, on the same direct and simple principle, how fragrant will be the hedge-row where she springs! Not submission, not aggression, neither self-surrender nor self-obtrusion, but clearness to see and quickness to claim, and resolution to secure and grace to compel, what is by divine right and human courtesy hers, and what it is to the world's enjoyment and advantage to award: for the whole house is brightened and bettered because Star-flower will have the other shoulder!

Will it make her selfish and exacting? Is it for a woman to be always withdrawing herself to the centre of obscuration lest she be relegated thither by force of dislike? Why look at Star-flower again. "Come to me, Star-flower, come to me!" says Little Breeches, standing across the room, and bending toward her with outstretched arms, all the commanding sweetness of love in his tender voice; and as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, the little willful woman hears and heeds the tone of love, and speeds swiftly to the close-clasping arms of the little man, and all their joy bubbles up in merry musical laughter. Submission, obedience, duty, subordination—no, it is none of these; let not such things be once named among you, as becometh saints. It is something better. It is spontaneity reaching farther toward the heavenly goal than duty can ever be spurred. Ah! be sure, with all her ignorance Star-flower knows what is what. She has never mapped out her course but by the divine instinct, as yet unwarped; she knows when to impel and when to accord—and her following is all the dearer because she is not slow to lead. Perhaps when Star-flower grows a woman the woman-world will be but little easier than now, but I think it will be that little easier. The only peace of the present is the fore-gleam of that tranquil future. There needs only to be the same rate of progress as in the past, and we can see that the millennium is not unattainable, even in this world. By the conquests of mechanical power many a burden has been lifted from both men and women. It is not a heroic, not a poetical, but it is a very effective way of overcoming the world. It is difficult to find romance in a cheese factory, but a cheese factory lightens the load on many a weary shoulder. When we look back and see how much used to be done in every house by one woman's hands that is now done in one house by many iron fingers, from how many forms of manual service the poorest women are now freed, is it Quixotic to think that ingenuity is not yet exhausted? Since man has already taken upon his own hand, still more upon his own brain, so much

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of the work that used to weigh upon women, is it idle to think that he will go on assuming, devising, combining, through the slow, swift years, till, silently, a revolution is accomplished, and without sound of hammer or axe, without so much as intent of reconstruction, but only by the instinctive working out of destiny—the man his, and the woman hers—behold, a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness!

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BLACK TAFFETA SILKS.

LUSTROUS smooth taffeta silk is now the first choice in black silks for summer dresses. This is far lighter and more pleasant to wear than gros grain; does not catch dust, or cut and crease readily. It is not yet the most popular silk, but is preferred by ladies who lead the fashions. Bonnét's taffetas range from $2 50 a yard upward; the quality most used by modistes costs $3; it may be found as high as $4 or $5 a yard.

SUMMER GROS GRAINS.

Among gros grains the fine-grain small reps are more sold than heavy reps at this season. Bonnét's summer gros grains are of very light quality, with small reps, and have almost as full lustre as taffeta. They cost from $3 upward. Ponson's glossy black summer silks are sold for $2 25 or $2 50 a yard, the lowest price ever asked for these grades. Stewart's family silk is a light, lustrous summer gros grain, sold for $2 85 a yard. Watered silk, plain and in stripes, is sold for parts of dresses and for trimming: price $5 a yard. Silks are cheaper this year than last, and the object now is to get pure silks of the best quality, with fine gloss, instead of those demi-lustre heavily repped silks that are filled in with inferior silk.

HOW TO MAKE BLACK SILK DRESSES.

Black silk costumes are the most important part of a modiste's importations, as almost every customer buys at least one such suit a year. Among those examined at the best houses we find the lower skirt made usually with two side gores and one full back breadth, though there is still a fancy for using only one side gore and two full back breadths. These skirts are not lined, as it makes them too heavy, but are faced with crinoline three-eighths of a yard deep, with a narrow overfacing of silk, and the edge is bound with worsted braid in the old-fashioned way. The top of the skirt is sewed to the belt with scarcely any gathers in the three front breadths, but a deep pleat is laid under the side seams; the back breadths are fulled in French gathers or ganging. The skirt is made long enough to lie on the floor at least a quarter of a yard, but French dress-makers have an excellent and simple plan for shortening the dress for the street, as Parisian ladies have too much good taste to wear long dresses on the sidewalk. Their plan is to sew a tape casing inside the skirt, beginning an inch below the belt on each front seam, extending it gradually lower backward, so that it will be a quarter of a yard below the belt at the placket opening in the middle of the back. A drawing-string is then put in each casing, and when the skirt is put on these are tied tight behind the person; this draws the skirt up in a puff on the tournure, and shortens it gracefully, without hooping or dipping. For skirt trimming the caprice is to arrange the front in wrapper fashion by putting six or seven lengthwise bias bands or puffs from the belt to the foot on the three front widths, while the back is covered with flounces. A band down the second side seam does away with the use of bows to conceal the ends of flounces. Four straight breadths of silk are enough for a flounce on the three back breadths. The lower edge of flounces is finished by a bias facing over an inch wide, with one or two very small piping folds put in the upper part of it; these are sewed in with blind stitches. All sewing-machine-work is objected to on silk dresses, and the entire costume, not excepting the skirt seams, is sewed by hand. Over-skirts of silk, and polonaise skirts, should not be lined, as their soft drapery is their beauty; to make them bouffant they must be worn over a tournure. The round apron over-skirt has strings low down in the second side seam to tie it backward; a sash loop and end made of part of a width of silk are put in each of the second side seams, while larger loops with two ends are behind. There is an attempt to do away with all wrinkled apron fronts, making three flat straight breadths tied smoothly down; large square pockets are set on such aprons. Basques have less pleating behind than formerly, and are more nearly square below the waist. Two tiny folds of piping edge the basques of elegant black silk suits that are elaborately trimmed elsewhere with jet and lace. Instead of vests and moiré antique collars, the stylish trimming for the front of basque-waists is now a Medici fraise of the silk, bias, double, and side-pleated, to stand upright around the neck. It stands three inches wide just behind where the pleats turn and form a box-pleat, and is graduated narrower half-way down the front of the corsage, where it slopes in to a bias band that passes up the fronts in vest shape. This standing fraise is very becoming with the high coiffures now in fashion. Coat sleeves are close and tight, and very simply trimmed with bias bands like straps, or else with a plain silk cuff, lined with stiff foundation. Jet trimmings on French dresses are showy and very light, being made of silk net with fine cut beads set in the meshes; jet ribbons, galloons, and laces sprinkled with jet are more stylish than the vine passementeries so long in use. The goffered fringe—a kind of crimped silk tape—and the fringes that are tied in the edge of the garment are most fashionable. Lace is used for trimming the stately princesse dresses. Modistes require from thirty to thirty-five yards of silk for a flounced costume or a house dress. $200 is asked for black taffeta suits made of silk worth $3 or $4 a yard; if lace and jet are added, the price is $300 or more.

MODEL BLACK SILK COSTUMES.

A stylish suit of black taffeta, simple enough to be easily copied, has the skirt trimmed with two groups of three bias lapping ruffles, each a finger length wide; a shell heading is above each group. Over this is a châtelaine redingote, also of black taffeta, trimmed with goffered tape fringe, headed by a bias band with two piping folds on the upper edge. Sash drapery on the left side and behind. Tight coat sleeves, with plain small cuffs, stiffly lined, and piped on the edge, with a row of piping and three buttons crossing them diagonally.

A most lady-like French suit of summer black gros grain has been copied in taffeta in all its small and dainty details, and is an excellent model for a young lady's spring suit. It consists of a basque with a Medici fraise, a round apron over-skirt, and a flounced skirt. The basque has no pleating behind, and is edged with two tiny folds. Two buttons (moulds covered with silk) define the waist behind, and two bias bands, piped on the edges, hang in loops from these buttons. The doubled silk Medici fraise has a bias piped band at the foot of it, and this band extends down each front in vest shape, and hangs in a point below. The tight sleeves have two bands above the wrist, hanging in a point below, with a button on each band. The full round apron over-skirt is edged with a bias band that has two pipings in its upper edge; the second side seam is caught up in four large pleats, that are covered with a sash loop and bias end of silk. Around the lower skirt is a ten-inch bias flounce, edged with a band and pipings, and headed by three narrow ruffles, a flat band, and an erect ruffle. Down the second gore are three long bias bands from the belt to the middle of the deep flounce.

A house dress of black taffeta is trimmed in "wrapper fashion" with six bias bands two inches wide, piped on one side, and a tiny ruffle on the other, straight down the front breadth and half of the first side gore; at the foot of these bands is a six-inch ruffle; two clusters of three gathered ruffles trim the back breadths, and an elaborate sash drapery of a width of silk with a bias band on the edges trims the upper part in lieu of an over-skirt. The basque is edged with two bias pipings, has two bias bands outlining a vest, and five piped bands on the tight sleeves.

Black silk suits glistening with jet and lace have kilt pleating from the knee down on the three front breadths, and two deep flounces, made of four straight widths, behind. The apron of the over-skirt is three gored breadths tied down flatly, without a wrinkle, edged with light jet galloon and thread lace, and ornamented with two immense pockets nearly square; the long back breadths of the over-skirt are pointed and very bouffant. These basques are also simply edged with two folds, and have lace passing up the front and standing like a fraise behind. Coat sleeves with cuffs.

Most superb of all is a princesse dress of richly repped black faille made by Worth. The waist and skirt behind are all in one, like a polonaise, and the front has a basque opening over an elaborate tablier of jet and lace, with lace flounces below headed by bands of jet net to which fringe is attached. The back breadths are caught in long slender puffed points to show flounced spaces between like an under-skirt. These stately dresses for *grande dames* are new, and too intricate for description; when they are simplified they will probably become the leading fashion. Empress dresses they are sometimes called.

The handsomest mourning silks with English crape trimmings are made after designs sent the widowed ex-Empress Eugénie. One specimen has seven bias crape bands piped with silk extending down the three front breadths; these are narrow at the top, but gradually widen to five inches below, where they are pointed, edged with goffered fringe, and fall in a pleated silk flounce at the foot. On the back are two straight gathered flounces of four breadths, half a yard deep, edged with a bias crape band an eighth wide. The top of the back width forms a panier puff, while in front is a short apron entirely of English crape, with the edge cut in squares and fringed. Plain long square basque, with crape Medici fraise, and close sleeves with square cuffs. White crêpe lisse pleating should trim the neck and wrists.

VARIETIES.

Imported cravat bows have black faille straps across China crape loops of pale rose, blue, *lemon*, or green; one slanting wide end of crape hangs below, trimmed with a black band, on which is laid Valenciennes insertion and a lace frill.

Among French lingerie are linen collars that stand curving outward, with a Medici fraise of lace inside. Linen cambric is pleated in fraises, and the perfection of white neck-ties is bias linen cambric with a deep frill of pointed Valenciennes. Among small details we notice square ends of neck-ties are newer than pointed ones. Pale India silk neck-ties are trimmed with white lace and appliqué needle-work. Malines thread lace is preferred to Valenciennes. Napoleon blue silk ties with white dots are worn with black dresses.

Darkest green grenadine squares are in fashion for veils. They are grateful to the eyes, and a pleasant change from the pale gray shades so long worn.

A rose at the throat is worn in black lace strings of bonnets, or else in the black lace scarf that now takes the place of fur boas. A flower cluster is worn low behind the hat in the lace veil draperies.

New cambric handkerchiefs have two wide hems, the upper one being appliquéd, and both hem-stitched.

For information received thanks are due Miss SWITZER; Mrs. CONNELLY; and Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

THE new novel by WILKIE COLLINS, entitled *The New Magdalen*, now in course of publication in *Harper's Magazine*, is deemed to possess such sharp points as to be made available for the stage, and several playwrights are engaged in adapting it for public representation. Mr. COLLINS himself, it is intimated, is preparing a version for Miss CARLOTTA LE CLERC.

—Should Professor AGASSIZ exist until the 28th of May, he will complete his sixty-ninth year. He has been in this country since 1846, and during the last forty years has contributed as many new facts to natural history as any naturalist, not excepting CUVIER. We regret to hear that the professor is not in robust health.

—That clever and versatile man, M. H. VILLEMESSANT, whose *Mémoires d'un Journaliste* have just appeared, in two volumes, founded in thirty years no less than seventeen papers. He naïvely asserts, after all this experience, "I see things as a philosopher, and am certain that I see right."

—Lord HOUGHTON, formerly Mr. MONKTON MILNES, has written a new work, to be published in a few days, under the title of *Monographs: Personal and Social*, which will give sketches and anecdotes of the most prominent men of the time. Of the late WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR he writes that during some portion of his last six years' residence in Italy he lived with the family of Mr. STORY, the American sculptor, who declares that "his visit has been one unalloyed delight to them, and this quite as much from his gentlemanliness and simple habits, and evident readiness to be pleased with the least attention, as from his conversation, which would be attractive under any circumstances. He may be managed with the greatest ease by civility alone. To some inquiry respecting his deficient sleep he replied, 'I ought not to complain; I shall very soon sleep twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four.'" Lord HOUGHTON's account of the Rev. SYDNEY SMITH presents a side of the witty divine's character which his humor has thrown into the shade. It is hardly known that he was one of the most eloquent and impressive pulpit orators known to the English pulpit within this century, only surpassed—in the opinion of good judges who had heard both—by the late F. W. ROBERTSON.

—Mrs. FOGGO, wife of the rector of Christ Church, Philadelphia, has presented to Independence Chamber, in that city, one of the chairs that were in the chamber at the time they did the Declaration. This is the eighth that has been restored to the old hall. It passed into the hands of FRANCIS HOPKINSON, one of the Signers, and the lady who gives it is his great-granddaughter.

—Miss MARY HEALY, the author of the pleasant stories, *A Summer Romance* and *Lakeville*, has accepted the invitation of the Princess of Wallachia to pass the summer in that romantic region, which has hitherto been little explored by tourists. Her father, the American artist, GEORGE HEALY, has painted the portraits of the Wallachian Prince and Princess, and is to complete the group by that of the Crown Prince, while his daughter takes notes of the picturesque court and people, which we shall probably some day see in print. It is pleasant to know that Miss HEALY, despite of, or perhaps in consequence of, her years of foreign residence, remains ardently American, and proclaims every where that there's no place like home.

—Miss EMMA L. HUBBARD, daughter of Superintendent E. A. HUBBARD, late of Springfield, has just graduated from the law school of Michigan University, at Ann Arbor, with the title of "*Bachelor* of Laws." Why not "*Mademoiselle* of Laws?"

—Curious scene: English Court of Justice: Judge Baron MARTIN, of the Norwich City Assizes, was recently presented with a pair of white gloves as a symbol of a blank calendar. The performance of this ceremony has been balked by criminals for more than forty years. It *never* occurred in this metropolis.

—From the Rev. Dr. ANGUS, of Sheffield, comes word that the work of revising the New Testament will be completed in seven years, and the Old Testament in twelve years, if the committee continue, as at present, to devote forty days a year to the work. He also says that the Americans have appointed two committees, to whom the English work is referred for suggestion. The completed work will, therefore, represent the united scholarship of the English-speaking people.

—A man somewhat notable among notabilities has recently died in Paris—M. GOSCHLER. For thirty years he assisted M. THIERS in his historical compositions, and during that time was always in his anteroom at five in the morning. Endowed with an extraordinary memory, learned in all the principal living languages, and as skilled in reading obscure manuscripts as in collecting documents and condensing dispatches, every morning he brought to the historian the materials for his work of the day. It was M. GOSCHLER who opened the overwhelming correspondence of M. THIERS, and replied to the numerous letters asking for assistance; and he has often said that he knew no one more generous or more discreet in his generosity than the great historian.

—New York is offering pecuniary bait to some of Boston's best church singers, and they take it. Mr. F. PACKARD, now tenor at St. Paul's, comes to Christ Church, Fifth Avenue, at $2500 a year. Mr. NELSON VARLEY, the tenor who sang with Madame RUDERSDORFF, is to be added to the same choir, of which Mr. M. W. WHITNEY, basso, is a $3000 member. Other good Boston singers have their eyes turned this way.

—When BISMARCK saw his son disappear where the battle of Gravelotte was fiercest, he left the royal party and went into a tent to hide his expression of grief. Unfortunately the tent was too small, and it is implied that the grave Premier's legs stuck out, and ludicrously evinced by their action the emotion of their possessor.

—Few men were more acute in business than Lord LYTTON. He drove close bargains with his publishers. His agreement with Messrs. ROUTLEDGE for cheap issues of his novels was a profitable thing for him. They had the power of bringing out the works in two forms, and in return were to pay him a sum annually. In nineteen years they have paid him $150,000.

—Concerning the pronunciation of his name, some people pronounce it as DISRAELI, others *Disrahli*, others *Dizrelly* (the accent on the first syllable), others pronounce it *Disrayli* (the accent on the second syllable). In the course of a recent speech the owner of the name had to repeat it, when quoting the letter which he wrote to the Queen, and he adopted the last pronunciation, which is the one always given to it in society, except when "Dizzy" is used.

—Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, in a recent letter describing St. Augustine, Florida, says: "Since I visited it thirty years ago a great change has taken place in the constitution of society here: the slaves have been set free. I then observed that the negro race in the town had a sleek, well-fed look, and were for the most part neatly attired. In both respects it has seemed to me that there is a change for the worse."

—The King of Denmark has done a little compliment to Professor WATSON, of Michigan University. The professor in roaming over the firmament discovered a new asteroid, which he named *Thyra*, in honor of the King's daughter; so the Majesty of Denmark, in a neat and graceful letter, acknowledged the compliment, the Princess adding her signature.

—Baron HUBNER, the Austrian diplomatist, does not like America, and means to state it in a book. He traveled in a sleeping-car over some of our railways, and thus acquired an insight into our institutions. His impressions were not favorable; thinks that the United States are already on the down grade, and will by-and-by proceed to immortal smash.

—Two very old people are mentioned in late London papers, one alive, the other dead. The former is Count De Waldeck, who has just celebrated the 107th anniversary of his birth, and is building a theatre in Paris, of which he is to be the director. The other is Lady ACTON, recently deceased, who was born in 1756—137 years ago.

—Mr. G. H. LEWES is pronounced by a correspondent of the *Tribune* to be the ugliest man in London, and the most brilliant. He makes you forget his face in fifteen minutes, and at the end of an hour you pronounce him one of the most interesting men you ever met. When he and his wife, "George Eliot," lead conversation, their drawing-room becomes the most attractive in London. Mr. and Mrs. LEWES have a pretty house near Regent's Park, and, receiving every Sunday, collect around them the cleverest of men and women. Nothing can exceed the retiring manner of "George Eliot," whose voice is soft and low. She can not bear any reference to her own writings, and though her friends long to express their gratitude, they never dare outwardly to hint at inward emotion. Composition is no easy task to "George Eliot." She labors unceasingly to produce her results.

—There dwells on the banks of Lake Ontario, in this State, an earl—an unmitigated Scotch earl—the Earl of Mar—and every body in his town knows it. The title descends to him on the maternal side from PHILADELPHIA MONTEITH, Countess of Mar and Kellie. His father was an old Champlain steamboat captain. It is not known what freak brought him to this country, but he died here, leaving two children, the present heir to the title, which he refuses to accept, and a daughter in Philadelphia, named after her grandmother, the old countess. She is married to a wealthy man named BAYARD. Young MONTEITH married a farmer's daughter. He is a thorough American, caring only to hide his title, and refusing to be called any thing but Squire MONTEITH, though constantly receiving letters from the nobility abroad in full blazon of his rank. He also refuses all emoluments belonging to his earldom, such as tithes of fishery and woodland and grange, except those resulting from the crown.

—The last hours of the late Bishop M'ILVAINE were of that almost heavenly character that might have been looked for in a man so proverbial for saintliness of life. His disease was pulmonary apoplexy. On the day of his death he asked for three hymns to be read to him—"Just as I am," "Rock of Ages," and "Jesus, lover of my soul." He was then full of quiet joy at the prospect of soon seeing his dear Lord, and said, "I suffer no pain; the Lord is most merciful; this is dying in the Lord, and falling asleep in Jesus." And so the venerable and beloved bishop went to his rest. It is now over forty years since he was consecrated to his office in St. Paul's Chapel in this city, and his remains, when they reach this country, will be first conveyed to that place.

—The Baroness JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD has made a donation of 50,000 francs to the Jewish hospital built near Vienna by Baron NATHANIEL DE ROTHSCHILD.

—Miss ABBY HUTCHINSON, for many years the bright particular star of the "Hutchinson Family," has "changed her local habitation and her name," and become the wife of Mr. S. G. ANDERSON, of Minnesota.

—A man whose career has been a remarkable one has recently died in Bengal—Dr. WILLIAM BRYDON, C.B., of the Bengal Medical Service. He was the one solitary individual of the 13,000 soldiers and camp followers of the British army at Cabul who was neither killed nor taken prisoner in the memorable retreat from Cabul in January, 1842. Dr. BRYDON, after some hair-breadth escapes from the Afghans, reached Jellalabad alive, though wounded and exhausted, all the other persons composing the British force having been either killed or taken prisoners. Dr. BRYDON went through the rest of the siege of Jellalabad with the garrison under the command of Sir ROBERT SALE, and it was his singular fate to be again shut up, with Sir HENRY LAWRENCE, at Lucknow, and to pass uninjured through that long and trying siege.

—BEETHOVEN'S grand-nephew has become a newspaper man. The Berlin *Journal* says the family is destitute. It is also stated that Madame MARIE DE BEETHOVEN, wife of the composer's nephew, is a music-teacher at Rochester, New York.

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Worsted Edging for Dresses, Wrappings, etc.—Imitation Guipure.—Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS edging is suitable for trimming dresses, paletots, Dolmans, mantelets, etc., and may be worked with black or colored—for instance, gray, brown, or écru—worsted or silk. Directions for working such edgings are given in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 45, Vol. V. The illustration Fig. 2, page 293, plainly shows the different layers of thread of the design figures.

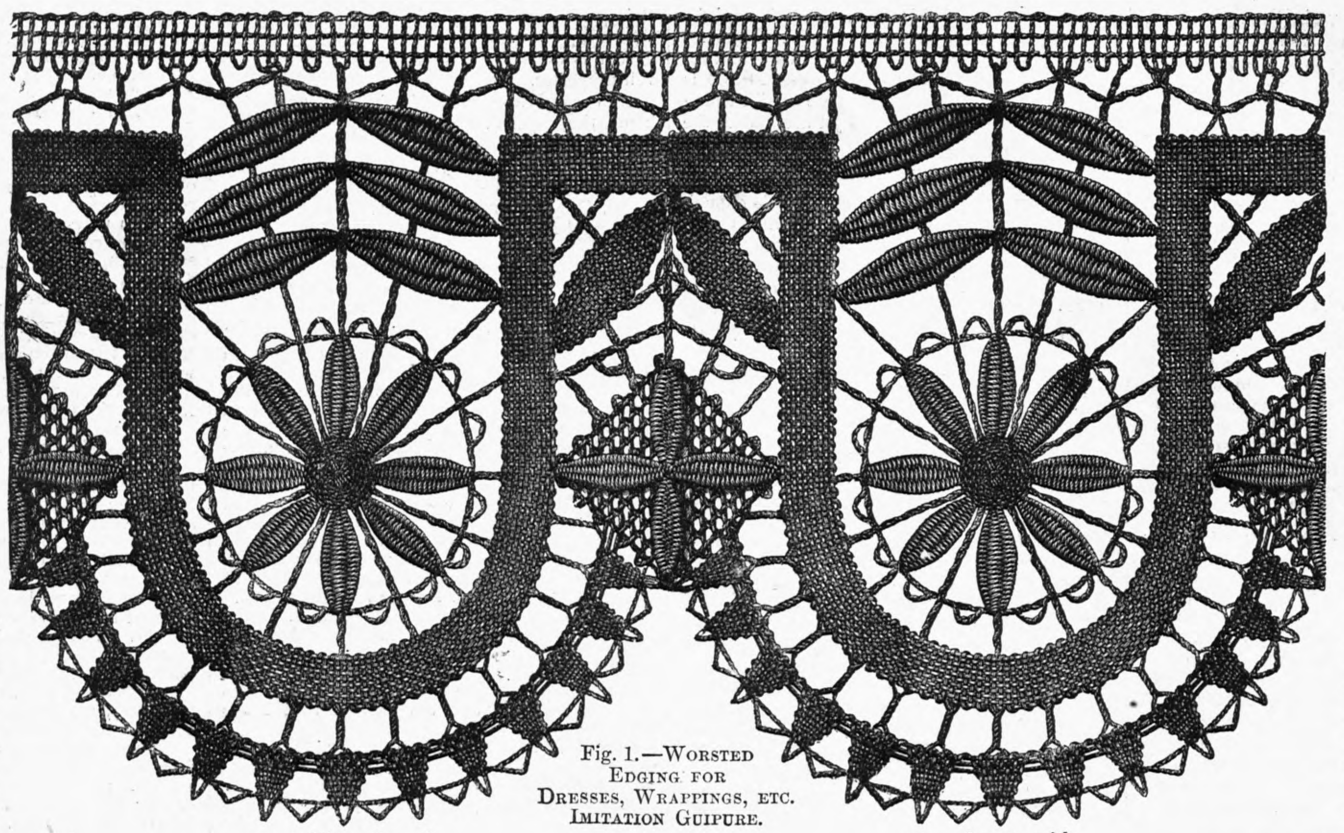


Fig. 1.—WORSTED EDGING FOR DRESSES, WRAPPINGS, ETC. IMITATION GUIPURE.

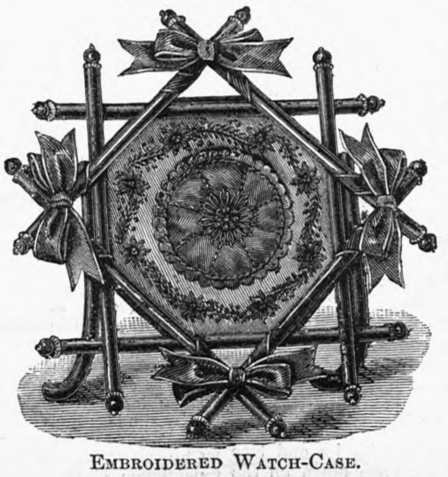
Basket Work-Stands, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—This stand is made of bars of light and dark bamboo, and is furnished with an open basket at the bottom, and another with a flat lid at the top, as shown by the illustration. Each basket is lined with red satin, which is wadded and quilted in diamonds with red silk. On the inside of the medallion-shaped lid is set a flat cushion covered with red satin, which is ornamented in satin and half-polka stitch embroidery with gray silk in several shades and with gold thread. Black and red knotted silk cord and tassels complete the trimming for the stand.

Fig. 1.—BASKET WORK-STAND.

The stand Fig. 2 is made of brown varnished bamboo, and is furnished at the top with an oblong four-cornered basket with a high curved lid, which is lined with light blue faille. At the lower part of the stand is a foot-board of bamboo sticks covered with a cushion of blue faille. Blue silk tassels trim the stand as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—BASKET WORK-STAND.



EMBROIDERED WATCH-CASE.

Embroidered Watch-Case.

THE frame of this watch-case is made of bars of fine varnished black cane, fastened together, as shown by the illustration, with small pins, and ornamented at the ends with black beads. Into this frame is fastened a piece of card-board, which is covered with gray faille ornamented in point Russe embroidery with brown and blue silk, and bound with blue silk. On the middle of this foundation sew a circular piece of double blue silk and wadding interlining, so as to form a pocket for the watch. Ornament this pocket in the middle with point Russe and knotted stitches, as shown by the illustration, stitch it with blue silk, and button-hole stitch the outer edge. Bows of blue silk ribbon complete the watch-case.

Cover for keeping Boiled Eggs warm, Figs. 1–3.

THE foundation of this cover, of which Fig. 1 shows a section reduced in size, is of white Java canvas covered with geometrical figures worked with coarse white cotton in point Russe and with gray cotton in Gobelin stitch, as shown by the illustration. The border is worked in a similar manner, and is edged with button-hole stitches forming points. Figs. 2 and 3 show each a full-sized section of the figures of the foundation and the manner of working them. For the fringe on the edge of the cover crochet two rounds with gray cotton as follows: 1st round.—* 2 sc. (single crochet) on the next 2 button-hole stitches of the edge (see Fig. 1), 4 ch. (chain stitch), pass over 4 button-hole stitches, 2 dc. (double crochet) separated by 1 ch. on the following 2 button-hole stitches, 4 ch., pass over 4 button-hole stitches; repeat from *. 2d round.—* 2 sc. on the next 2 sc., 5 ch., 2 dc. separated by 1 ch. on the ch. between the next 2 dc. of the preceding round, 5 ch.; repeat from *. On each ch. between 2 dc. in this net, always with the same number of st., 30 rounds, always going forward, and then draw the foundation thread out of the st. For the rim which joins the bottom and bag of the net crochet alternately with gray and white twisted cotton (the latter No. 30) seventeen rounds, always going forward, as follows: 1st round.—With gray cotton always alternately 4 sc. (single crochet) on the next st. of the last round of the bottom, 3 ch. (chain stitch). 2d round.—This and the following 2 rounds with white cotton. On each st. of the preceding round work 1 sc. 3d round.—1 stc. (short treble crochet) on every second following st., after each stc. 1 ch. 4th round.—On each st. work 1 sc. 5th to 10th rounds.—With gray cotton. Always alternately 1 dc. (double crochet), 2 ch., with the latter pass over 2 st. The dc. of these five rounds come on each other. 11th round.—This and the following round with white cotton. On each st. work 1 sc. 12th round.—Like the 3d round. 13th round.—With gray cotton. On each st. work 1 sc. 14th round.—This and the following round with white cotton. On each st. 1 sc., but after every 3 st. always crochet on 1 foundation st. of the upper netted part with the following 4 st. 15th round.—Like the third round. 16th round.—With gray cotton. Always alternately 3 sc. on the next 3 st., 1 picot (5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first ch.), with this pass over 1 st. Crochet the 17th round on the other side of the rim on the lower veins of the first round like the 14th round, then the 18th and 19th rounds like the 15th and 16th rounds. These two rounds project free over the netted parts at each side of the rim. The middle 6 dc. rounds worked with gray cotton are darned with white knitting cotton as shown by the illustration. Edge the outer edge of the bag with crochet ch. scallops of gray cotton, working on each netted st. 5 sc., 7 ch., 1 sc., three times alternately 11 ch., 1 sc., then 7 ch. and 5 sc.; in every following scallop fasten the first loop of 7 ch. to the last loop of the preceding scallop. Fold the last eight rounds of this netted part on the outside so that they form a kind of ruffle, and on the upper edge of the net work two rounds with gray cotton for the shirr. 1st round.—Crochet, fastening the st. of the 21st and 22d rounds of the netting together, * 2 sc. before, 2 sc. back of the next netted knot, between these work 2 ch., then 3 ch., and repeat from *. 2d round tie fringe tassels of white cotton, as shown by the illustration. If a heavier cover is desired, furnish it with a quilted lining of colored muslin, which is removed when it is washed.

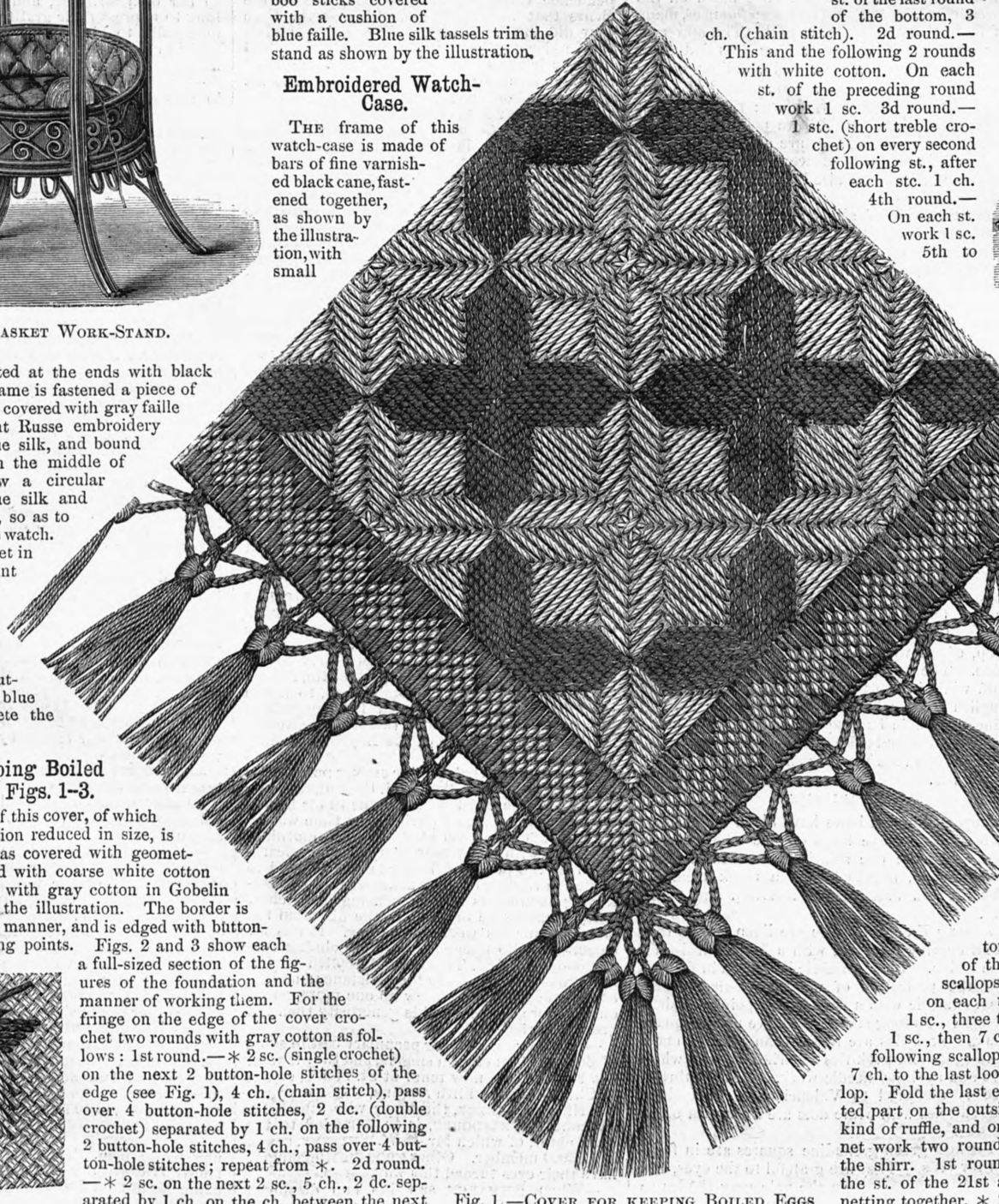


Fig. 1.—COVER FOR KEEPING BOILED EGGS WARM.—QUARTER SECTION.—REDUCED SIZE.

[See Figs. 2 and 3, and Fig. 2 on Page 293.]

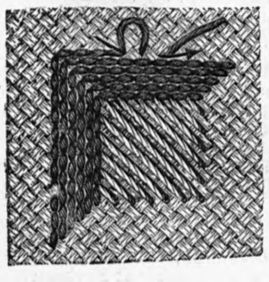


Fig. 2.—DETAIL OF COVER, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

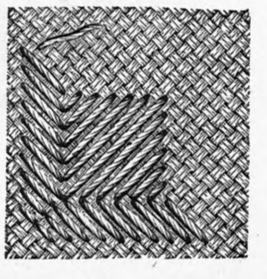


Fig. 3.—DETAIL OF COVER, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

Netted and Crochet Net for boiling Eggs.

See illustration on page 293.

THIS net is worked partly in netting with coarse knitting cotton and partly in crochet-work with twisted white and gray cotton. To make it work with Estremadura, No. 2, first the bottom on a mesh seven-eighths of an inch in circumference, and net 31 st. (stitch) on a foundation thread, close these in a ring, and on the same mesh work nine rounds more, always going forward; in the 5th round, however, widen 1 st. at every third following st. Push the st. of the first round close together, and tie the ends of the working thread together. For the bag at the top cast on 41 st. on the same mesh, close them in a ring, and

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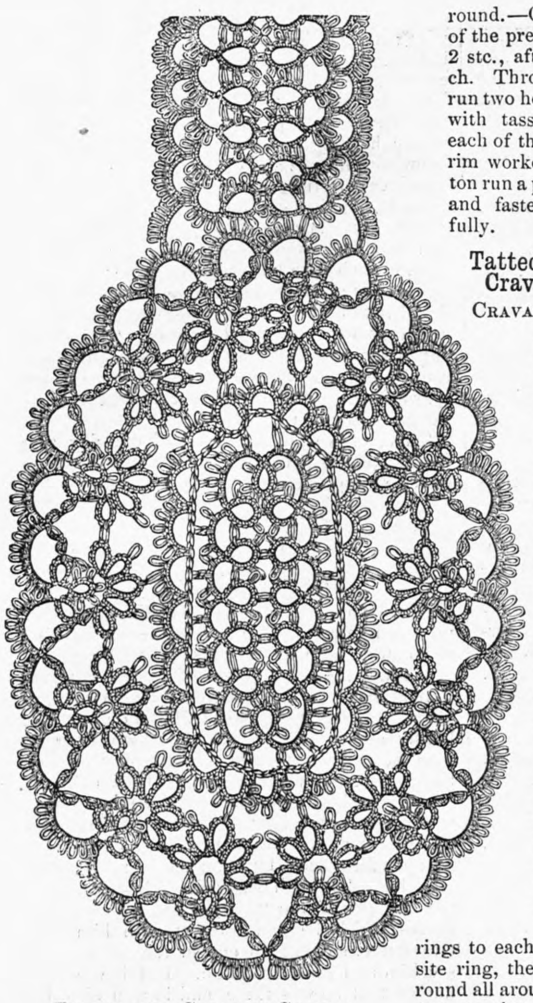

TATTED AND CROCHET CRAVAT OR BARBE.

round.—On each ch. scallop of the preceding round work 2 stc., after these always 2 ch. Through the last round run two hemp cords trimmed with tassels, and through each of the dc. rounds of the rim worked with white cotton run a piece of whalebone, and fasten the ends carefully.

Tatted and Crochet Cravat or Barbe.

CRAVATS or barbes of this kind may be worked with tatting cotton, No. 120, or else with fine black saddler's silk, and underlaid with black velvet or colored gros grain ribbon. Work alternately with one thread (shuttle) and with two threads: the scallops always with two threads, and the rings with one—the foundation thread. For each medallion-shaped end, beginning from the middle, work four rounds, as follows: 1st round.—∗ One ring of 3 ds. (double stitch—that is, one stitch left, one stitch right), 5 p. (picots) separated each by 3 ds., 3 ds., t. (turn the work so that the ring or scallop is turned downward), one scallop of 3 ds., 3 p. separated each by 3 ds., 3 ds.; t., three times alternately one ring and one scallop like the preceding; instead of forming the first p. in each ring, however, fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring; t., one ring like the preceding, t., one scallop of 3 ds., 6 p. separated each by 3 ds., 3 ds., t., one ring like the preceding, but instead of the middle p. fasten to the corresponding p. of the last ring, t., one scallop like the last, t.; repeat once more from ∗. Fasten the rings to each other and to the middle p. of each opposite ring, then fasten the threads. Border this tatted round all around with one crochet round, working, as shown by the illustration, always 1 sc. (single crochet) on the corresponding p., after each sc. 5 ch. (chain stitch). 2d round.—Fasten the threads to a middle stitch of a scallop of the crochet round, one scallop of 2 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the middle stitch of the next ch. scallop, and so on; observe the illustration in working at the ends. 3d round.—∗ One ring of 6 ds., 1 p., 6 ds., close to this one ring of 8 ds., 1 p., 8 ds.; then one ring of 10 ds., fasten to a middle p. of a scallop of the preceding round, 10 ds.; one ring of 8 ds., 1 p., 8 ds.; one ring of 6 ds., 1 p., 6 ds.; t., six Josephine knots (for each of these work seven stitches right, and draw the row of stitches together, leaving a very narrow interval); t., repeat from ∗, but fasten the first ring of every following figure consisting of five rings to the last ring of the preceding figure. 4th round.—∗ One ring of 6 ds., fasten on between the fifth and sixth Josephine knots of a figure consisting of six such knots in the preceding round, 6 ds.; one ring of 2 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds.; one ring of 6 ds., fasten on between the first and second Josephine knots of the following figure, 6 ds.; t., one scallop of 2 ds., 10 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten on between the middle two Josephine knots of the same figure, one scallop like the preceding, t., and repeat from ∗. In connection with the medallion (end) of the cravat finished in this manner work the middle part lengthwise in equal halves; each half counts two rounds—the first round consisting of rings and scallops, and the second round of scallops only. They are worked as plainly shown by the illustration. The middle of the cravat may be made of Swiss muslin and edged with tatted scallops.

FIG. 2.—MANNER OF MAKING CROCHET GIMP FOR CRAVAT, FIG. 1. FIRST DETAIL.

White Embroidery and Crochet Cravat or Barbe, Figs. 1–4.

THIS cravat or barbe is worked with white cotton or thread, or else with black silk. The middle of each of the medallions forming the end is worked, as shown by the illustration, in satin and half-polka stitch on Swiss muslin, or on black crape or net with white embroidery cotton or with black silk. For the inner part of the medallion, which is connected with the embroidered part, crochet a row of gimp of the requisite length. This gimp is worked on a metal needle or coarse hair-pin, as follows: First form a loop of the working thread, hold the loop and the hair-pin between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, lay the working thread around the right prong of the hair-pin, as shown by Fig. 2, and over the forefinger of the left hand, and crochet 1 ch. (chain stitch). This forms one loop. ∗ Draw the crochet needle out of the stitch, turn the hair-pin from right to left so that the thread lies on the right prong, crochet 1 ch. and then 1 sc. (single crochet) on the upper layer of thread of the loop on the left prong. The place for this sc. is marked ● on Fig. 3. Repeat from ∗. When the hair-pin is closely covered with loops over half its length, slip off the finished part of the gimp from the hair-pin, and only take up the last two loops on the hair-pin to continue the work. After finishing the gimp, edge it on one side with one round of ch. and sc., always fastening together three loops of the gimp with 1 sc., after every sc. 4 ch.; overseam the ends of the gimp together, work a similar crochet round on the other side, in which work only 2 ch. after each sc., however, and then join the gimp there with the embroidered part by means of close button-hole stitches, as shown by the illustration. The outer edge of the medallion, and the middle part of the cravat at the same time, are formed of similar gimp, which is worked, however, with long loops on one side and short loops on the other side, as shown by Fig. 4. On the side of the gimp furnished with long loops crochet always 1 sc., with which fasten together three loops, after each sc. 4 ch. For the other round, which forms the outer edge, work always alternately 1 sc., with which two loops are fastened together, 5 ch. Join the gimp with the middle part of the medallion, overseaming the corresponding stitches together from the wrong side, as shown by the illustration. The middle of the cravat may also be made of a hemmed strip of Swiss muslin.

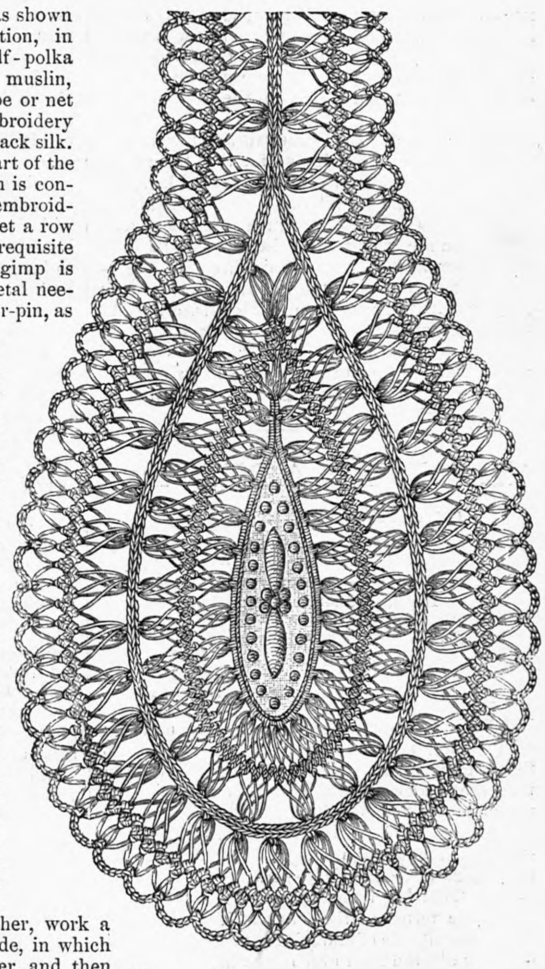

FIG. 1.—WHITE EMBROIDERY AND CROCHET CRAVAT OR BARBE.—[See Figs. 2–4.]

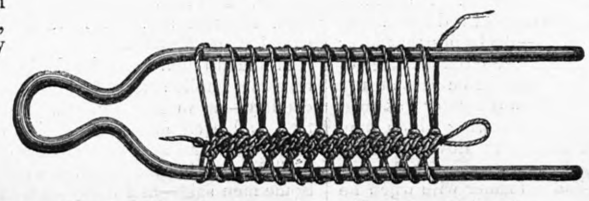

FIG. 4.—MANNER OF MAKING CROCHET GIMP FOR CRAVAT, FIG. 1.

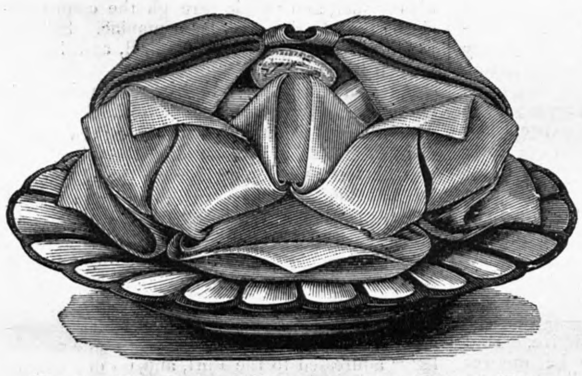

FIG. 1.—FOLDED NAPKIN FOR KEEPING BOILED EGGS OR POTATOES WARM.—[See Fig. 2.]

NETTED AND CROCHET NET FOR BOILING EGGS.

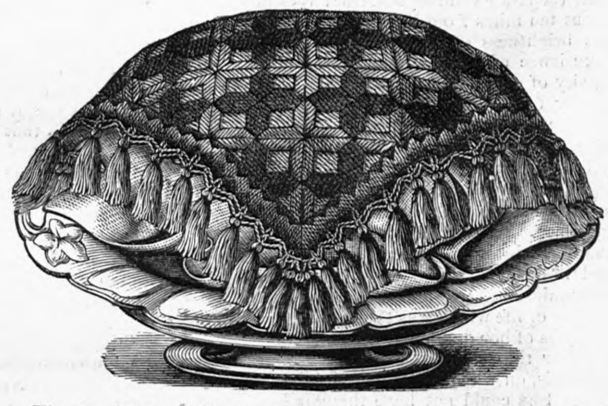

FIG. 2.—FOLDED NAPKIN FOR KEEPING BOILED EGGS OR POTATOES WARM (WITH COVER).—[See Fig. 1, Page 292.]

Open-work Silk Fichu.

THIS fichu is made of red open-work woven silk. It consists of a piece of material seventeen inches and three-quarters square, into which is knotted all around silk fringe six inches wide of the color of the fichu.

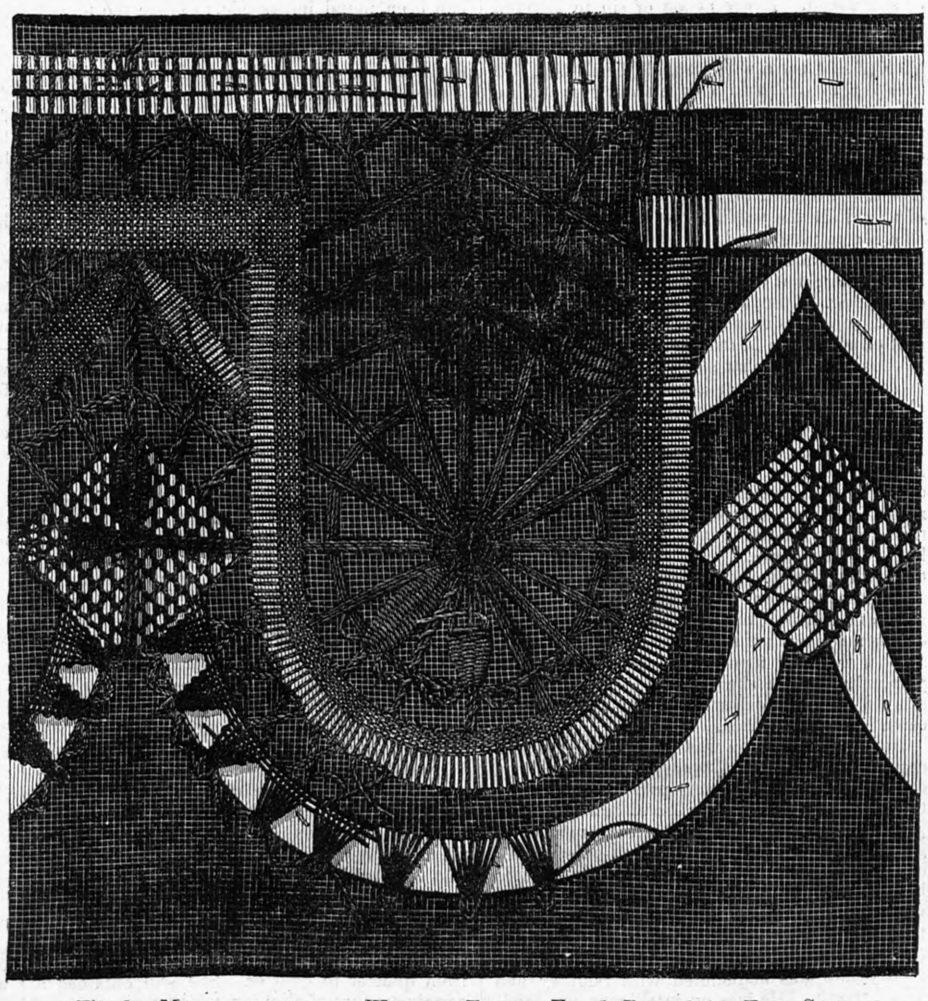

FIG. 2.—MANNER OF MAKING WORSTED EDGING, FIG. 1, PAGE 292.—FULL SIZE.

Folded Napkin for keeping Boiled Eggs or Potatoes warm, Figs. 1 and 2.

To make a holder of the kind shown by Fig. 1 take a square napkin, moderately starched and slightly damp, which should be as straight and rectangular as possible on the sides. Spread this napkin flat, turn down the four corners on the upper side so that they meet exactly in the centre, and repeat this proceeding twice with the several layers of the napkin, so that the upper side thus shows twelve corners alternating threefold above each other. Turn the napkin, repeat the same proceeding on the other side twice, in doing which eight alternate corners or points are brought together in the centre; hold the corners together with the left hand, and with the right hand draw out each of the four corners on the under side to the outside; the napkin now forms on the upper side four connected squares of equal size. It

FIG. 3.—MANNER OF MAKING CROCHET GIMP FOR CRAVAT, FIG. 1. SECOND DETAIL.

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is well to lay the napkin, arranged in this form, in a press or under a heavy article for a time, and in turning down each corner the fold should also be pressed firmly. Then raise one of the outer four corners slightly with the thumb, press with the fore and middle fingers of both hands the upper layer of the corner turned toward the centre out on the outside so far that the raised corner forms a kind of standing, arched leaf (see illustration), and repeat this with the remaining three corners. Next draw out also the next four corners on the wrong side, raise them similarly to the former, at the same time arching them slightly, and fasten each in the middle with a pin on the inner leaves, which, in doing this, are gathered together as close as may be desired. Finally, also raise the remaining four corners on the wrong side, and turn them up. In serving eggs or potatoes the napkin is laid on a flat plate.

LADY ANNA.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "The Warden," "The Small House at Allington," "Barchester Towers," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," "Orley Farm," "The Eustace Diamonds," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF LADY LOVEL.

WOMEN have often been hardly used by men, but perhaps no harder usage, no fiercer cruelty, was ever experienced by a woman than that which fell to the lot of Josephine Murray from the hands of Earl Lovel, to whom she was married in the parish church of Applethwaite —a parish without a village, lying among the mountains of Cumberland—on the 1st of June, 181–. That her marriage was valid according to all the forms of the Church, if Lord Lovel were then capable of marrying, no one ever doubted; nor did the Earl ever allege that it was not so. Lovel Grange is a small house, surrounded by a small domain—small as being the residence of a rich nobleman, lying among the mountains which separate Cumberland from Westmoreland, about ten miles from Keswick, very lovely, from the brightness of its own greensward and the luxuriance of its wild woodland, from the contiguity of overhanging mountains, and from the beauty of Lovel Tarn, a small lake belonging to the property, studded with little islands, each of which is covered with its own thicket of hollies, birch, and dwarfed oaks. The house itself is poor, ill built, with straggling passages and low rooms, and is a sombre, ill-omened-looking place. When Josephine Murray was brought there as a bride she thought it to be very sombre and ill-omened; but she loved the lakes and mountains, and dreamed of some vague mysterious joy of life which was to come to her from the wildness of her domicile.

I fear that she had no other ground, firmer than this, on which to found her hopes of happiness. She could not have thought Lord Lovel to be a good man when she married him, and it can hardly be said that she loved him. She was then twenty-four years old, and he had counted double as many years. She was very beautiful, dark, with large, bold blue eyes, with hair almost black, tall, well made, almost robust, a well-born, brave, ambitious woman, of whom it must be acknowledged that she thought it very much to be the wife of a lord. Though our story will be concerned much with her sufferings, the record of her bridal days may be very short. It is with struggles that came to her in after-years that we shall be most concerned, and the reader, therefore, need be troubled with no long description of Josephine Murray as she was when she became the Countess Lovel. It is hoped that her wrongs may be thought worthy of sympathy; but it can not be said of her that her marriage was founded on affection.

The Earl, when he found his bride, had been living almost in solitude for a twelvemonth. Among the neighboring gentry in the lake country he kept no friendly relations. His property there was small, and his character was evil. He was an English earl, and as such known in some unfamiliar fashion to those who know all earls; but he was a man never seen in Parliament, who had spent the greater part of his manhood abroad, who had sold estates in other counties, converting unentailed acres into increased wealth, but wealth of a kind much less acceptable to the general English aristocrat than that which comes direct from land. Lovel Grange was his only English property, and when in London he had rooms at a hotel. He never entertained, and he never accepted hospitality. It was known of him that he was very rich, and men said that he was mad. Such was the man whom Josephine Murray had chosen to marry because he was an earl.

He had found her near Keswick, living with her father in a pretty cottage looking down upon Derwentwater—a thorough gentleman, for Captain Murray had come of the right Murrays—and thence he had carried her to Lovel Grange. She had brought with her no penny of fortune, and no settlement had been made on her. Her father, who was then an old man, had mildly expostulated; but the ambition of the daughter had prevailed, and the marriage was accomplished. The beautiful young woman was taken away as a bride. It will be unnecessary to relate what efforts had been made to take her away from her father's house without bridal honors; but it must be told that the Earl was a man who had never yet spared a woman in his lust. It had been the rule, almost the creed of his life, that woman was made to gratify the appetite of man, and that the man is but a poor creature who does not lay hold of the sweetness that is offered to him. He had so lived as to teach himself that those men who devote themselves to their wives, as a wife devotes herself to her husband, are the poor lubberly clods of creation who had lacked the power to reach the only purpose of living which could make life worth having. Women had been to him a prey, as the fox is a prey to the huntsman and the salmon to the angler. But he had acquired great skill in his sport, and could pursue his game with all the craft which experience will give. He could look at a woman as though he saw all heaven in her eyes, and could listen to her as though the music of the spheres was to be heard in her voice. Then he could whisper words which, to many women, were as the music of the spheres, and he could persevere, abandoning all other pleasures, devoting himself to the one wickedness with a perseverance which almost made success certain. But with Josephine Murray he could be successful on no other terms than those which enabled her to walk out of church with him as Countess Lovel.

She had not lived with him six months before he told her that the marriage was no marriage, and that she was—his mistress. There was an audacity about the man which threw aside all fear of the law, and which was impervious to threats and interference. He assured her that he loved her, and that she was welcome to live with him; but that she was not his wife, and that the child which she bore could not be the heir to his title, and could claim no heirship to his property. He did love her—having found her to be a woman of whose company he had not tired in six months. He was going back to Italy, he said, and he even offered to take her; but he could not permit the farce of her remaining at Lovel Grange and calling herself the Countess Lovel. If she chose to go with him to Palermo, where he had a castle, and to remain with him in his yacht, she might for the present travel under the name of his wife. But she must know that she was not his wife. She was only his mistress.

Of course she told her father. Of course she invoked every Murray in and out of Scotland. Of course there were many threats. A duel was fought up near London in which Lord Lovel consented to be shot at twice—declaring that after that he did not think that the circumstances of the case required that he should be shot at any more. In the midst of this a daughter was born to her, and her father died—during which time she was still allowed to live at Lovel Grange. But what was it expedient that she should do? He declared that he had a former wife when he married her, and that therefore she was not and could not be his wife. Should she institute a prosecution against him for bigamy, thereby acknowledging that she was herself no wife, and that her child was illegitimate? From such evidence as she could get, she believed that the Italian woman whom the Earl in former years had married had died before her own marriage. The Earl declared that the Countess, the real Countess, had not paid her debt to nature till some months after the little ceremony which had taken place in Applethwaite Church. In a moment of weakness Josephine fell at his feet and asked him to renew the ceremony. He stooped over her, kissed her, and smiled. "My pretty child," he said, "why should I do that?" He never kissed her again.

What should she do? Before she had decided he was in his yacht sailing to Palermo—sailing, no doubt, not alone. What should she do? He had left her an income sufficient for the cast-off mistress of an earl—some few hundreds a year—on condition that she would quietly leave Lovel Grange, cease to call herself a countess, and take herself and her bairn—whither she would. Every abode of sin in London was open to her for what he cared. But what should she do? It seemed to her to be incredible that so great a wrong should befall her, and that the man should escape from her and be free from punishment, unless she chose to own the baseness of her own position by prosecuting him for bigamy. The Murrays were not very generous in their succor, as the old man had been much blamed for giving his daughter to one of whom all the world knew nothing but evil. One Murray had fired two shots on her behalf, in answer to each one of which the Earl had fired into the air; but beyond this the Murrays could do nothing. Josephine herself was haughty and proud, conscious that her rank was greater than that of any of the Murrays with whom she came in contact. But what should she do?

The Earl had been gone five years, sailing about the world she knew not where, when at last she determined to institute a prosecution for bigamy. During these years she was still living at the Grange, with her child, and the courts of law had allotted her some sum by way of alimony till her cause should be decided; but upon this alimony she found it very difficult to lay her hands—quite impossible to lay her hands upon the entirety of it. And then it came to pass that she was eaten up by lawyers and tradesmen, and fell into bad repute as asserting that claims made against her should legally be made against the very man whom she was about to prosecute because she was not his wife. And this went on till further life at Lovel Grange became impossible to her.

In those days there was living in Keswick a certain Mr. Thomas Thwaite, a tailor, who by degrees had taken a strong part in denouncing the wrongs to which Lady Lovel had been subjected. He was a powerful, sturdy man, with good means for his position, a well-known radical in a county in which radicals have never been popular, and in which fifty years ago they were much rarer than they are now. At this time Keswick and its vicinities were beginning to be known as the abodes of poets, and Thomas Thwaite was acquainted with Southey and Wordsworth. He was an intelligent, up-standing, impulsive man, who thought well of his own position in the world, and who could speak his mind. He was tall, massive, and square; tender-hearted and very generous; and he hated the Earl of Lovel with all his heart. Once the two men had met since the story of the Countess's wrongs had become known, and the tailor had struck the Earl to the ground. This had occurred as the Earl was leaving Lovel Grange, and when he was starting on his long journey. The scene took place after he had parted from his Countess—whom he never was to see again. He rose to his feet and rushed at the tailor; but the two were separated, and the Earl thought it best to go on upon his journey. Nothing further was done as to the blow, and many years rolled by before the Earl came back to Cumberland.

It became impossible for the Countess and her daughter, the young Lady Anna, as she was usually called, to remain at Lovel Grange, and they were taken to the house of Mr. Thwaite, in Keswick, as a temporary residence. At this time the Countess was in debt, and already there were lawsuits as to the practicability of obtaining payment of those debts from the husband's estate. And as soon as it was determined that the prosecution for bigamy should be instituted the confusion in this respect was increased. The Countess ceased to call herself a countess, as she certainly would not be a countess should she succeed in proving the Earl to have been guilty. And had he been guilty of bigamy the decree under which alimony was assigned to her would become void. Should she succeed, she would be a penniless, unmarried female with a daughter, her child would be unfathered and base, and he —as far as she could see—would be beyond the reach of punishment. But, in truth, she and her friend the tailor were not in quest of success. She and all her friends believed that the Earl had committed no such crime. But if he were acquitted, then would her claim to be called Lady Lovel, and to enjoy the appanages of her rank, be substantiated—or, at least, something would have been done toward substantiating those claims. But during this time she called herself Mrs. Murray, and the little Lady Anna was called Anna Murray.

It added much to the hardship of the woman's case that public sympathy in distant parts of the country—up in London, and in southern counties, and even among a portion of the gentry in Cumberland and Westmoreland—did not go with her. She had married without due care. Some men said—and many women repeated the story—that she had known of the existence of the former wife when she had married the Earl; she had run into debt, and then repudiated her debts; she was now residing in the house of a low radical tailor, who had assaulted the man she called her husband; and now she was living under her maiden name. Tales were told of her which were utterly false—as when it was said that she drank. Others were reported which had in them some grains of truth—as that she was violent, stiff-necked, and vindictive. Had they said of her that it had become her one religion to assert her daughter's right — per fas aut nefas—to assert it by right or wrong; to do justice to her child, let what injustice might be done to herself or others—then the truth would have been spoken.

The case dragged itself on slowly, and little Anna Murray was a child of nine years old when at last the Earl was acquitted of the criminal charge which had been brought against him. During all this time he had been absent. Even had there been a wish to bring him personally into court, the law would have been powerless to reach him. But there was no such wish. It had been found impossible to prove the former marriage, which had taken place in Sicily—or, if not impossible, at least no adequate proof was forth-coming. There was no real desire that there should be such proof. The Earl's lawyers abstained, as far as they could abstain, from taking any steps in the matter. They spent what money was necessary, and the attorney-general of the day defended him. In doing so the attorney-general declared that he had nothing to do with the Earl's treatment of the lady who now called herself Mrs. Murray. He knew nothing of the circumstances of that connection, and would not travel beyond his brief. He was there to defend Earl Lovel on a charge of bigamy. This he did successfully, and the Earl was acquitted. Then, in court, the counsel for the wife declared that his client would again call herself Lady Lovel.

But it was not so easy to induce other people to call her Lady Lovel.

And now not only was she much hampered by money difficulties, but so also was the tailor. But Thomas Thwaite never for a moment slackened in his labors to make good the position of the woman whom he had determined to succor; and for another and a longer period of eight years the battle went on. It went on very slowly, as is the wont with such battles, and very little way was made. The world, as a rule, did not believe that she who now again called herself the Countess Lovel was entitled to that name. The Murrays, her own people—as far as they were her own people—had been taught to doubt her claim. If she were a countess, why had she thrown herself into the arms of an old tailor? Why did she let her daughter play with the tailor's child—if, in truth, that daughter was the Lady Anna? Why, above all things, was the name of the Lady Anna allowed to be mentioned, as it was mentioned, in connection with that of Daniel Thwaite, the tailor's son?

During these eight weary years Lady Lovel—for so she shall be called—lived in a small cottage about a mile from Keswick, on the road to Grassmere and Ambleside, which she rented from quarter to quarter. She still obtained a certain amount of alimony, which, however, was dribbled out to her through various sieves, and which reached her with protestations as to the impossibility of obtaining any thing like the moderate sum which had been awarded to her. And it came at last to be the case that she hardly knew what she was struggling to obtain. It was, of course, her object that all the world should acknowledge her to be the Countess Lovel, and her daughter to be the Lady Anna. But all the world could not be made to do this by course of law. Nor could the law make her lord come home and live with her, even such a cat-and-dog life as must in such case have been hers. Her money rights were all that she could demand; and she found it to be impossible to get any body to tell her what were her money rights. To be kept out of the poor-house seemed to be all that she could claim. But the old tailor was true to her —swearing that she should even yet become Countess Lovel in very truth.

Then, of a sudden, she heard one day that Earl Lovel was again at the Grange, living there with a strange woman.

CHAPTER II.

THE EARL'S WILL.

NOT a word had been heard in Keswick of the proposed return of the old lord—for the Earl was now an old man, past his sixtieth year, and, in truth, with as many signs of age as some men bear at eighty. The life which he had led no doubt had had its allurements, but it is one which hardly admits of a hale and happy evening. Men who make women a prey, prey also on themselves. But there he was, back at Lovel Grange, and no one knew why he had come, nor whence, nor how. To Lovel Grange in those days, now some forty years ago, there was no road for wheels but that which ran through Keswick. Through Keswick he had passed in the middle of the night, taking on the post-horses which he had brought with him from Grassmere, so that no one in the town should see him and his companion. But it was soon known that he was there, and known also that he had a companion. For months he resided thus, and no one saw him but the domestics who waited upon him. But rumors got abroad as to his conduct, and people through the county declared that Earl Lovel was a maniac. Still his property was in his own control, and he did what it listed him to do.

As soon as men knew that he was in the land, claim after claim was made upon him for money due on behalf of his wife, and loudest among the claimants was Thomas Thwaite, the tailor. He was loudest and fiercest among the claimants, but was loud and fierce not in enmity to his old friend the Countess, but with a firm resolve to make the lord pay the only price of his wickedness which could be exacted from him. And if the Earl could be made to pay the claims against him which were made by his wife's creditors, then would the law, so far, have decided that the woman was his wife. No answer was made to any letter addressed to the Earl, and no one calling at the Grange could obtain speech or even sight of the noble owner. The lord's steward at the Grange referred all comers to the lord's attorneys in London, and the lord's attorneys simply repeated the allegation that the lady was not the lord's wife. At last there came tidings that an inquiry was to be made as to the state of the lord's health and the state of the lord's mind, on behalf of Frederic Lovel, the distant heir to the title. Let that question of the lord's marriage with Josephine Murray go as it might, Frederic Lovel, who had never seen his far-away cousin, must be the future earl. Of that there was no doubt—and new inquiries were to be made. But it might well be that the interest of the young heir would be more deeply involved in the marriage question than in other matters concerning the family. Lovel Grange and the few mountain farms attached to the Cumberland estate must become his, let the frantic Earl do what damage he might to those who bore his name; but the bulk of the property, the wealth of the Lovels, the great riches which had enabled this mighty lord to live as a beast of prey among his kind, was at his own disposal. He had one child, certainly, the Lady Anna, who would inherit it all were the father to die intestate, and were the marriage proved. The young heir and those near to him altogether disbelieved the marriage —as was natural. They had never seen her who now called herself the Countess, but who for some years after her child was born had called herself Mrs. Murray—who had been discarded by her own relations, and had taken herself to live with a country tailor. As years had rolled by, the memory of what had really occurred in Applethwaite Church had become indistinct; and though the reader knows that that marriage was capable of easy proof—that there would have been but little difficulty had the only difficulty consisted in proving that—the young heir and the distant Lovels were not assured of it. Their interest was adverse, and they were determined to disbelieve. But the Earl might, and probably would, leave all his wealth to a stranger. He had never in any way noticed his heir. He cared for none that bore his name. Those ties in the world which we call love, and deem respectable, and regard as happy, because they have to do with marriage and blood relationship as established by all laws since the days of Moses, were odious to him and ridiculous in his sight, because all obligations were distasteful to him—and all laws except those which preserved to him the use of his own money. But now there came up the great question whether he was mad or sane. It was at once rumored that he was about to leave the country, and fly back to Sicily. Then it was announced that he was dead.

And he was dead. He had died, at the age of

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sixty-seven, in the arms of the woman he had brought there. His evil career was over, and his soul had gone to that future life for which he had made it fit by the life he had led here. His body was buried in Applethwaite church-yard, in the further corner of which long straggling valley parish Lovel Grange is situated. At his grave there stood no single mourner—but the young lord was there, of his right, disdaining even to wear a crape band round his hat. But the woman remained shut up in her own chamber—a difficulty to the young lord and his lawyer, who could hardly tell the foreigner to pack and begone before the body of her late—lover had been laid in the grave. It had been simply intimated to her that on such a date—within a week from the funeral—her presence in the house could not longer be endured. She had flashed round upon the lawyer, who had attempted to make this award known to her in broken French, but had answered simply by some words of scorn, spoken in Italian to her waiting-maid.

Then the will was read in the presence of the young Earl—for there was a will. Every thing that the late lord had possessed was left, in one line, to his best-beloved friend, the Signorina Camilla Spondi; and it was stated, and very fully explained, that Camilla Spondi was the Italian lady living at the Grange at the date on which the will was made. Of the old lord's heir, the now existing Earl Lovel, no mention was made whatever. There were, however, two other clauses or parts in the will. There was a schedule giving in detail the particulars of the property left to Camilla Spondi; and there was a rambling statement that the maker of the will acknowledged Anna Murray to be his illegitimate daughter; that Anna Murray's mother had never been the testator's legitimate wife, as his real wife, the true Countess Lovel, for whom he had separately made adequate provision, was still alive in Sicily at the date of that will; and that by a former will, now destroyed, he had made provision for Anna Murray, which provision he had revoked in consequence of the treatment which he had received from Josephine Murray and her friends. They who believed the statements made in this will afterward asserted that Anna had been deprived of her inheritance by the blow with which the tailor had felled the Earl to the earth.

To Camilla Spondi intimation was given of the contents of the Earl's will as far as they concerned her; but she was told at the same time that no portion of the dead man's wealth would be placed in her hands till the courts should have decided whether or no the old lord had been sane or insane when he signed the document. A sum of money was, however, given her, on condition that she should take her immediate departure—and she departed. With her personally we need have no further concern. Of her cause and of her claim some mention must be made; but in a few pages she will drop altogether from our story.

A copy of the will was also sent to the lawyers who had hitherto taken charge of the interests of the repudiated Countess, and it was intimated that the allowance hitherto made to her must now of necessity cease. If she thought fit to prosecute any further claim, she must do so by proving her marriage; and it was explained to her, probably without much of legal or precise truth in the explanation, that such proof must include the disproving of the assertion made in the Earl's will. As it was the intention of the heir to set aside that will, such assurance was, to say the least of it, disingenuous. But the whole thing had now become so confused that it could hardly be expected that the lawyers should be ingenuous in discussing it.

The young Earl clearly inherited the title and the small estate at Lovel Grange. The Italian woman was prima facie heiress to every thing else—except to such portion of the large personal property as the widow could claim as widow in the event of her being able to prove that she had been a wife. But in the event of the will being no will, the Italian woman would have nothing. In such case the male heir would have all if the marriage were no marriage, but would have nothing if the marriage could be made good. If the marriage could be made good, the Lady Anna would have the entire property, except such portion as would be claimed of right by her mother, the widow. Thus the Italian woman and the young lord were combined in interest against the mother and daughter as regarded the marriage; and the young lord and the mother and daughter were combined against the Italian woman as regarded the will; but the young lord had to act alone against the Italian woman, and against the mother and daughter, whom he and his friends regarded as swindlers and impostors. It was for him to set aside the will in reference to the Italian woman, and then to stand the brunt of the assault made upon him by the soi-disant wife.

In a very short time after the old Earl's death a double compromise was offered on behalf of the young Earl. The money at stake was immense. Would the Italian woman take £10,000, and go her way back to Italy, renouncing all further claim? and would the soi-disant Countess abandon her title, acknowledge her child to be illegitimate, and go her way with another £10,000—or with £20,000?—as was soon hinted by the gentlemen acting on the Earl's behalf. The proposition was one somewhat difficult in the making, as the compromise, if made with both, would be excellent, but could not be made to any good effect with one only. The young Earl certainly could not afford to buy off the Italian woman for £10,000, if the effect of such buying off would only be to place the whole of the late lord's wealth in the hands of his daughter and of his daughter's mother.

The Italian woman consented. She declared with Italian energy that her late loving friend had never been a day insane; but she knew nothing of English laws, and but little of English money. She would take the £10,000—having had a calculation made for her of the number of lire into which it would run. The number was enormous, and she would take the offer. But when the proposal was mentioned to the Countess, and explained to her by her old friend, Thomas Thwaite, who had now become a poor man in her cause, she repudiated it with bitter scorn—with a scorn in which she almost included the old man who had made it to her. "Is it for that that I have been fighting?" she said.

"For that in part," said the old man.

"No, Mr. Thwaite, not for that at all; but that my girl may have her birth allowed and her name acknowledged."

"Her name shall be allowed and her birth shall be acknowledged," said the tailor, in whose heart there was nothing base. "She shall be the Lady Anna, and her mother shall be the Countess Lovel." The estate of the Countess, if she had an estate, then owed the tailor some five or six thousand pounds, and the compromise offered would have paid the tailor every shilling, and have left a comfortable income for the two women.

"For myself I care but little," said the mother, taking the tailor's hand in hers and kissing it. "My child is the Lady Anna, and I do not dare to barter away her rights." This took place down at the cottage in Cumberland, and the tailor at once went up to London to make known the decision of the Countess—as he invariably called her.

Then the lawyers went to work. As the double compromise could not be effected, the single compromise could not stand. The Italian woman raved and stamped, and swore that she must have her half million of lire. But of course no right to such a claim had been made good to her, and the lawyers on behalf of the young Earl went on with their work. Public sympathy as a matter of course went with the young Earl. As against the Italian woman he had with him every English man and woman. It was horrible to the minds of English men and English women that an old English earldom should be starved in order that an Italian harlot might revel in untold riches. It was felt by most men and protested by all women that any sign of madness, be it what it might—however insignificant—should be held to be sufficient against such a claimant. Was not the fact that the man had made such a will in itself sufficient proof of his madness? There were not a few who protested that no further proof could be necessary. But with us the law is the same for an Italian harlot and an English widow; and it may well be that in its niceties it shall be kinder to the former than to the latter. But the Earl had been mad, and the law said that he was mad when he had made his will, and the Italian woman went away, raging, into obscurity.

The Italian woman was conquered, and now the battle was open and free between the young Earl and the claimant Countess. Applications were made on behalf of the Countess for funds from the estate wherewith to prove the claim, and to a certain limited amount they were granted. Such had been the life of the late Earl that it was held that the cost of all litigation resulting from his misdeeds should be paid from his estate; but ready money was wanted—immediate ready money, to be at the disposal of the Countess to any amount needed by her agent, and this was hardly to be obtained. By this time public sympathy ran almost entirely with the Earl. Though it was acknowledged that the late lord was mad, and though it had become a cause of rejoicing that the Italian woman had been sent away penniless, howling into obscurity, because of the old man's madness, still it was believed that he had written the truth when he declared that the marriage had been a mock marriage. It would be better for the English world that the young Earl should be a rich man, fit to do honor to his position, fit to marry the daughter of a duke, fit to carry on the glory of the English peerage, than that a woman, ill reputed in the world, should be established as a countess, with a daughter dowered with tens of thousands, as to whom it was already said that she was in love with a tailor's son. Nothing could be more touching, more likely to awaken sympathy, than the manner in which Josephine Murray had been carried away in marriage, and then roughly told by the man who should have protected her from even every harshly blowing wind of heaven that he had deceived her, and that she was not his wife. No usage to which woman had ever been subjected, as has been said before, was more adapted to elicit compassion and energetic aid. But nineteen years had now passed by since the deed was done, and the facts were forgotten. One energetic friend there still was—or we may say two, the tailor and his son Daniel. But public belief ran against the Countess, and nobody who was any body in the world would give her her title. Bets were laid, two and three to one against her; and it was believed that she was an impostor. The Earl had all the glory of success over his first opponent, and the loud boasting of self-confident barristers buoyed up his cause.

But loud-boasting barristers may nevertheless be wise lawyers, and the question of a compromise was again mooted. If the lady would take thirty thousand pounds and vanish, she should have the money clear of deduction, and all expenses should be paid. The amount offered was thought to be very liberal, but it did not amount to the annual income that was at stake. It was rejected with scorn. Had it been quadrupled, it would have been rejected with equal scorn. The loud-boasting barristers were still confident; but— Though it was never admitted in words, still it was felt that there might be a doubt. What if the contending parties were to join forces, if the countess-ship of the Countess were to be admitted, and the heiress-ship of the Lady Anna, and if the Earl and the Lady Anna were to be united in holy wedlock? Might there not be a safe solution from further difficulty in that way?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Dark and light Blue.—Whewell's Life and Letters.—A poetical Cipher.

THOSE of your countrymen who have been in London toward the end of March this year will have observed with wonder half its population decorated with ribbons of dark and light blue, as though they were horses for sale or recruits for the army. The explanation of this is that every class of the population has identified itself more than ever with that great struggle for aquatic supremacy which takes place upon the Thames, a little before Easter, between our two universities, and every one wears their respective colors accordingly. It is, when you reflect upon it, a very remarkable fact that eighteen young gentlemen, in no way gifted above their fellows, should have the power to give so great a gratuitous entertainment to the largest city in the world. For weeks before the race comes off whole columns of the daily press are devoted to the "practice" of the crews, and even the state of health of individual members of it. If No. 5 of the Cambridge boat chance to develop a whitlow on his thumb, there is more sorrow expressed than at a national epidemic. If No. 3 of the Oxford boat is said to be "not a good stayer," or "touched in the wind," there is more universal gloom than when a southwester has sunk half the shipping in the Channel. One of the most enviable, but by no means the most creditable, positions in our elder university is to become a fellow of New College, the statutes of which demand that such shall be *bene nati, bene vestiti, et mediocriter docti*—well born, fashionably dressed, and moderately learned. But even these by no means exacting conditions are not required in "a university oar;" he is certainly not *bene vestitus*, since, when he meets the public eye, he has nothing on to speak of save a flannel waistcoat and trowsers to match; and I believe, as a general rule, he is not even moderately learned. Yet for a single afternoon half the population of London crowd bank and bridge and boat to do him honor. The heir-apparent with his two sons is on board the steamer which carries the umpire, all the nobility and gentry are in their carriages or on horseback by the river-bank, and the shoe-black leaves his post at the street corner—his occupation gone—and with a scrap of blue ribbon tied to his rags, repairs thither also. The ordinary traffic on the railways which tend Thamesward is suspended, while the numbers carried by the "specials" are stupendous. A friend told me yesterday he waited for *thirteen* trains upon the "underground" line, and yet could not wedge himself into one of them, so crowded were they from door to door. On the other hand, no train is allowed to pass over Barnes Bridge at all (a great coigne of vantage from which to watch the race), but 1500 persons are carried there and back again by the railway company at the handsome figure of fifteen shillings a head. For a house that commands a view of the spectacle from seventy to thirty pounds is asked for the afternoon, and for even a window from thirty pounds to five. The telegraph is almost monopolized by tidings of the result of this great event. By the banks of the Ganges it is known in ten minutes which has won between the banks of Thames. Before the sun goes down our fellow-countrymen in the under-world will have had the news flashed to them by Puck his girdle. Yesterday (March 29) was the thirtieth contest that has taken place, and the enthusiasm was greater than I have ever beheld it. Cambridge—*laus Deo!* (it is my own university)—won by three lengths, the time taken in doing the four miles and a quarter being the shortest on record—namely, nineteen minutes thirty-seven seconds.

During the week there have been all sorts of other inter-university matches, attracting more or less of the world of London—chess matches, billiard matches, racket matches, and athletic sports of all kinds—but the boat-race is our Aaron's rod, and swallows up what Mr. Wilkie Collins would term all the other serpents. It would be worth while to go and see *Man and Wife* acted—his dramatic protest against too much athletics—on some night after this great contest has been decided; and I only hope it will be played into next year, *as it deserves*, that I may have the chance.

Of course there is a great deal of monetary speculation upon the chances of dark and light blue, and the "market" is quoted in all the papers except the *Times* as regularly as the odds at Tattersall's. The leading journal has in this case taken upon itself the office of paterfamilias, and does its endeavor to "exclude the element of gambling from this honorable contest;" but still, I observe, on the morning of the race it published, for the benefit of such of the community as it might unhappily concern, the fact that the betting was two to one upon those who afterward proved the winners. This is rather ridiculous, for your betting men will bet, of course, on every thing, whether it be a horse-race or a race between two drops of rain upon a window-pane; and as for the university men themselves, they know a great deal more about the probabilities of success than any writer in the *Times* is likely to tell them.

Speaking of the university reminds me that Dr. Whewell's life and letters are shortly to be published. He "rose from nothing," as the phrase goes, to a great position, and corresponded with all the men of science of his time. "Science," as you remember Sydney Smith wrote of him, "was his forte, and omniscience his weakness." Of this last foible many anecdotes are related. A number of scholars who were engaged to dine with him on a certain day agreed to read up various abstruse and out-of-the-way subjects, wherewith to puzzle him; but they found he knew a great deal more of them than *they* did. At last one tackled him upon the principles of Chinese music, and here he thought he had an advantage. "You do not appear to be acquainted with the treatise upon this subject in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*." "Nay, Sir; I ought to be so, *since I wrote it myself*, though I have since found reason to change my opinions."

Dr. Whewell was very fond of ladies' society, and in it dropped his somewhat Abernethyan (not to say bearish) manners. When ciphers were the rage some fair charmer asked him to invent a cipher for her—a large order, which did not, however, embarrass him in the least. He sat down on the very spot and wrote her one:

"U 0 A 0 but I 0 thee:
O 0 N O 0 but O 0 me."

Being a poet among his other accomplishments (indeed, he won the university prize for English verse), he afterward put this achievement into verse:

"You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for thee:
Oh, sigh for no cipher, but oh, sigh for me!"

The Prince of Wales went recently to see the ministers lampooned at the Court Theatre. There was a Nemesis awaiting him for this, it seems; for some of the opening lines of the burlesque, which the actor had not the wit or the presence of mind to omit, had very pointed reference to the inhospitality of the Queen, through which our foreign guests are driven to take up their abode at Claridge's Hotel and elsewhere.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

GEORGE ELIOT'S SAYINGS.

SELECTED FROM "ADAM BEDE."

PERHAPS there is no time in a summer's day more cheering than when the warmth of the sun is just beginning to triumph over the freshness of the morning—when there is just a lingering hint of early coolness to keep off languor under the delicious influence of warmth.

I've seen pretty clear ever since I was a young un, as religion's something else besides doctrines and notions. I look at it as if the doctrines was like finding names for your feelings, so as you can talk of 'em when you've never known 'em, just as a man may talk o' tools when he knows their names, though he's never so much as seen 'em, still less handled 'em.

I like to read about Moses best, in th' Old Testament. He carried a hard business well through, and died when other folks were going to reap the fruits: a man must have courage to look at his life so, and think what 'll come of it after he's dead and gone. A good solid bit o' work lasts: if it's only laying a floor down, somebody's the better for it being done well, besides the man as does it.

I can't abide to see men throw away their tools i' that way the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure i' their work, and was afraid o' doing a stroke too much.....I hate to see a man's arms drop down as if he was shot, before the clock's fairly struck, just as if he'd never a bit o' pride and delight in's work. The very grindstone ull go on turning a bit after you loose it.

A foreman, if he's got a conscience, and delights in his work, will do his business as well as if he was a partner. I wouldn't give a penny for a man as ud drive a nail in slack because he didn't get extra pay for it.

We are led on, like the little children, by a way that we know not.

Family likeness has often a deep sadness in it. Nature, that great tragic dramatist, knits us together by bone and muscle, and divides us by the subtler web of our brains; blends yearning and repulsion; and ties us by our heart-strings to the beings that jar us at every movement. We hear a voice with the very cadence of our own uttering the thoughts we despise; we see eyes—ah! so like our mother's—averted from us in cold alienation; and our last darling child startles us with the air and gesture of the sister we parted from in bitterness long years ago. The father to whom we owe our best heritage—the mechanical instinct, the keen sensibility to harmony, the unconscious skill of the modeling hand—galls us and puts us to shame by his daily errors; the long-lost mother, whose face we begin to see in the glass as our own wrinkles come, once fretted our young souls with her anxious humors and irrational persistence.

Trouble comes to us all in this life: we set our hearts on things which it isn't God's will for us to have, and then we go sorrowing; the people we love are taken from us, and we can joy in nothing because they are not with us; sickness comes, and we faint under the burden of our feeble bodies; we go astray and do wrong, and bring ourselves into trouble with our fellow-men. There is no man or woman born into this world to whom some of these trials do not fall.

Trouble's made us kin.

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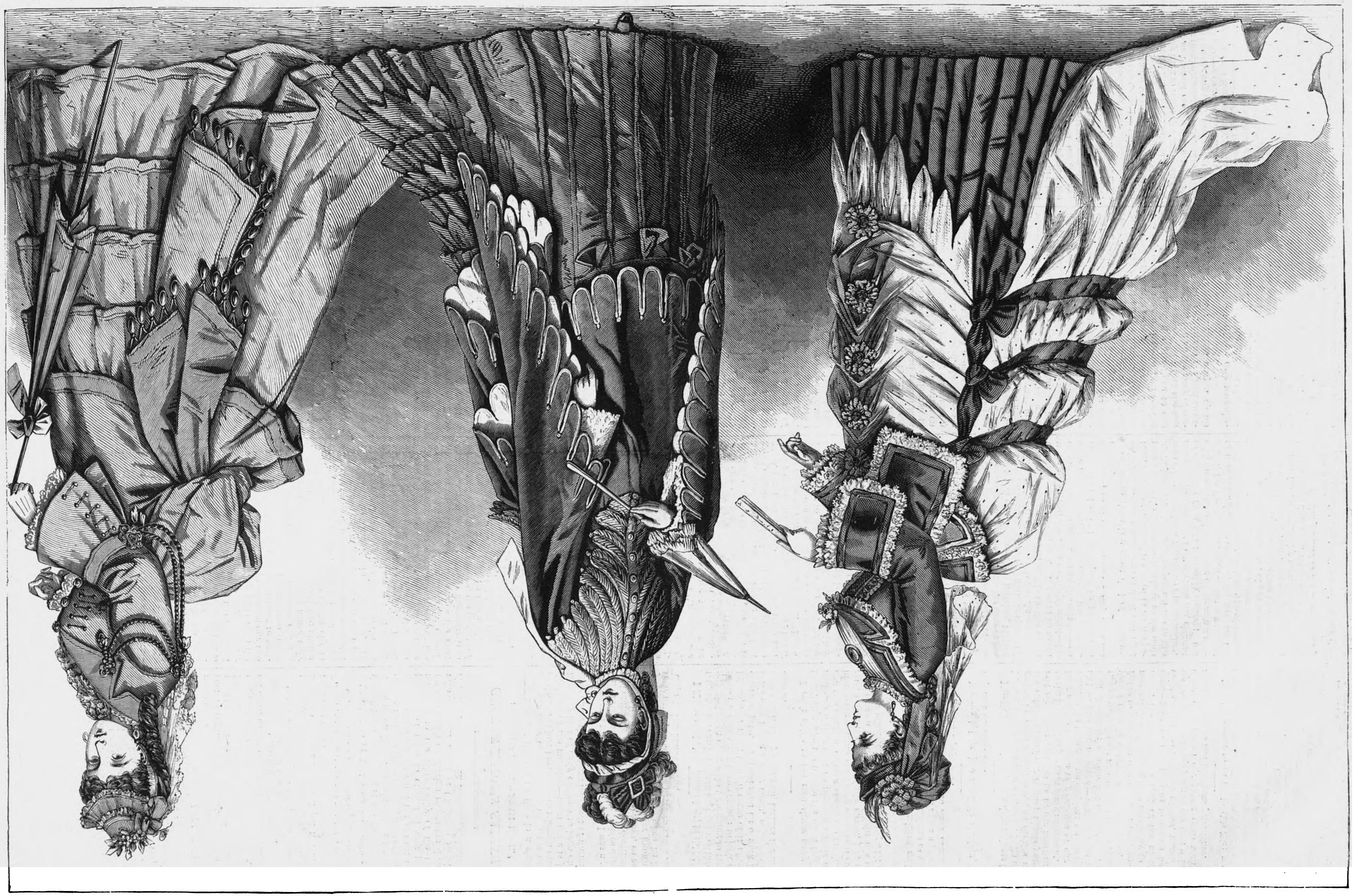
SPRING VISITING SUIT.—[See Page 298.]

CARRIAGE COSTUME.—[See Page 298.]

RECEPTION COSTUME.—[See Page 297.]



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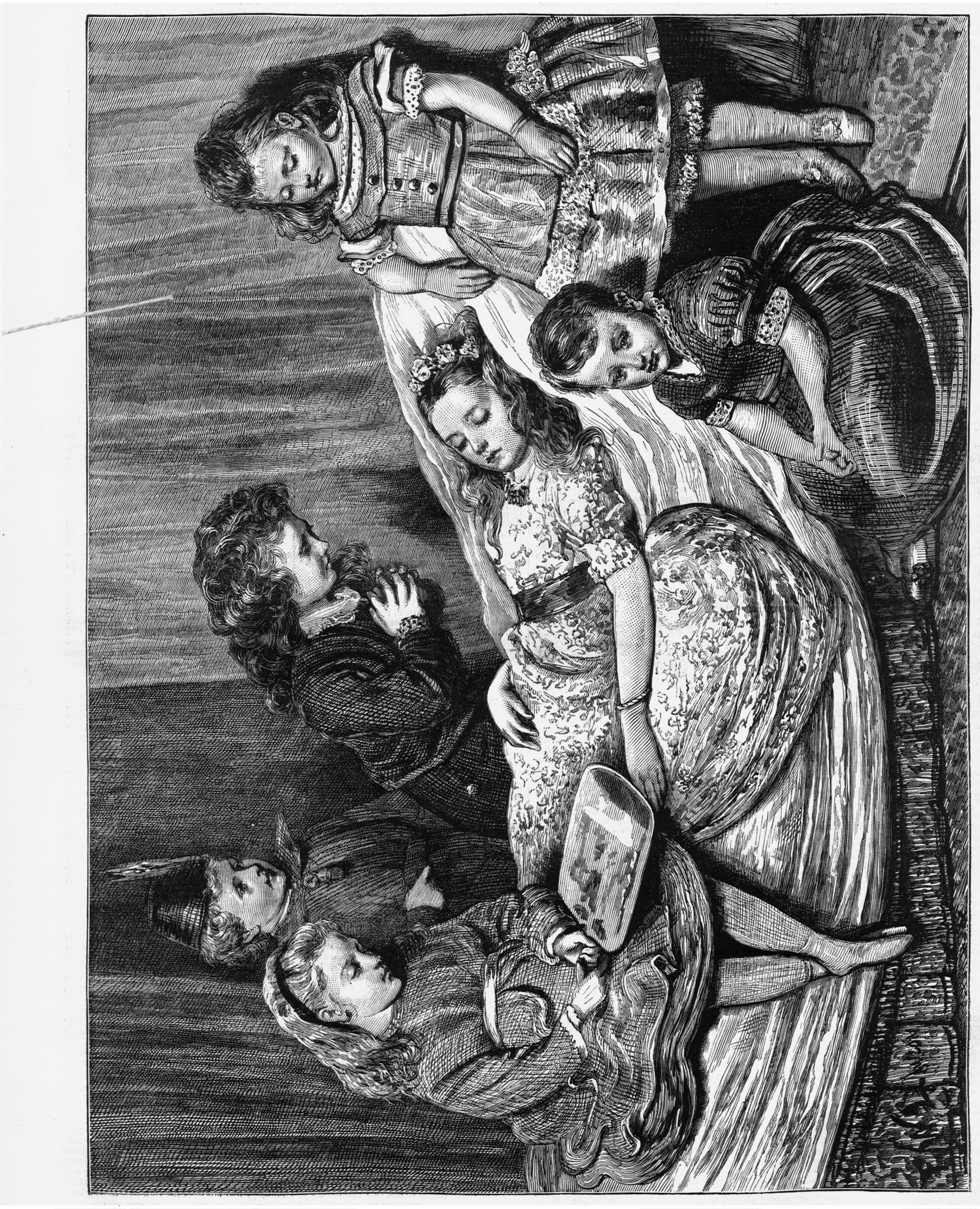
TABLEAUX VIVANTS IN THE NURSERY.

THIS sort of entertainment, which used to be fashionable some thirty years ago, but has subsequently been elbowed out by the acting of charades and plays, promises again to come into vogue. In England they are very fashionable. A very elaborate performance of this kind was recently given at South Kensington, London, in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, for the benefit of sundry deserving charities. The entertainment, which had been preceded by weeks of posing and arranging, was arranged by the artists Millais and Augustus Lumley. Among the more effective pictures represented were "A Venetian Fête," after Watteau, the "Black Brunswicker," the "Retreat from Moscow," after Horace Vernet, and scenes from the prison life of Marie Antoinette.

Tableaux vivants possess advantages and disadvantages. They enable persons who can pose gracefully, but who have no histrionic gifts, to play a part on the stage, and they are likely to be popular with the rich on account of their costliness. But for people of modest means and scanty leisure they are less suitable, as they cost a good deal of money and preparation, and yet are necessarily of the briefest possible duration when finally presented to an audience. For such persons a smart, bustling farce or simply mounted burlesque is less expensive and more effective. In the nursery, however, as our picture shows, matters are altogether different. Children are naturally more picturesque than adults, a very little dressing up goes a long way, and, moreover, they possess, in far greater measure than their elders, that glorious and heavenly gift of imagination which sheds a glamour over surroundings the most commonplace and prosaic. Depend upon it, that little lady who lies extended on the sofa feels for the time being that she *is* the Sleeping Beauty, that she has slumbered for a century, and that she is going to be very much in love with the handsome prince who is about to wake her up, and to sue for her hand directly.



TABLEAUX VIVANTS IN THE NURSERY.—THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

RECEPTION COSTUME.

See illustration on page 296.

THE kilt skirt, basque, and ribbon trimmings of this costume are faille of the blue-purple shade called pervenche. The square lapels of the basque, with its revers collar and broad cuffs, are trimmed with darker cords and white lace. The trained over-skirt is white gauze with black polka dots; the front is cut in Gothic points, and has pervenche rosettes down the middle; the back is caught in puffs by sash ribbons. Rabagas bonnet of pervenche faille, with rosettes of the same, cock's feathers, and streamers of polka-dotted gauze. Medallion at the throat, and a tea-rose on the bosom.

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CARRIAGE COSTUME.

See illustration on page 296.

THIS artistic costume for the carriage has a skirt of leaf brown faille; the three front breadths have a wide flounce in double box-pleats that are turned over at the top to form their own heading; the back breadths have narrower flounces, alternately pleated and gathered, with pointed edges. Dolman polonaise of deep green camel's-hair, with antique châtelaine vest wrought in feather-like embroidery of dull gold-color; the edge is cut in deep scallops, and bound with gold-colored silk. Hortense bonnet of brown faille, with white roll for face trimming; green bows outside, held by gold slides; brown and white ostrich tips. Buff gloves and white parasol. Brown shoes.

SPRING VISITING SUIT.

See illustration on page 296.

THIS suit is of wood brown faille, with violet sash and revers. In front of the skirt are four straight silk flounces, with the edge turned up in an inch-wide hem, and piped with violet. The over-skirt has a short round apron, with long back breadths arranged in a panier puff and flounce behind, and revers on the side. Ball fringe edges the revers and sash. The double-breasted basque is very short, and has violet revers fastened by large buttons, and ornamented with smaller ones, and simulated button-holes. Half-flowing sleeves. Swinging cords on the right shoulder. Valenciennes ruff and jabot. The hat is a calash, made of the dress silk, with a branch of tea-roses laid across the crown. Alpine parasol.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S PICTURE.

THE look, the light, the sparkling mien,
The glow, the bloom, of sweet sixteen
Radiant from every feature;
A living beauty in the face,
A more than painter's pictured grace—
What was the bonny creature?

"*Depinxit* seventeen seventy-two,"
So runs the epigraph: but who
The artist, or his sitter,
What she was then, no word to tell:
Her name, her birth, both know I well,
For she—yet seems it fitter

To fancy that I now behold,
While gazing on those locks of gold,
Some bright immortal being,
Dowered with the gift of deathless youth,
Than own the dull domestic truth,
And tell myself I'm seeing

An erewhile habitant of earth,
Of human substance, mortal birth,
In yonder picture, pendent
From yonder oaken wainscot worn;
A woman, and of woman born—
And I—just her descendant.

Ah, grandame mine! when first did care
Wrinkle that smooth brow pictured there?
When darkened first life's landscape fair?
For, as I gaze, it rather
Seems right, methinks, that in our race
We each should change our lineal place,
And I, O maid of sunny face!
Grizzled and gray, and void of grace—
And I be your grandfather!

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IT is restful to turn aside from current reports of theft, violence, and murder, political wrangles and startling developments of crime, and from the ever-recurring evidences of selfishness with which the world abounds, to a consideration of enterprises designed solely for the benefit of mankind. It is well known that Professor Agassiz has devoted his life to science; and his recent application to the Massachusetts Legislature for aid to carry on the necessary operations of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge shows how deeply his heart is in the work. His enthusiasm is manifested in all that he has done for that institution, which will bear favorable comparison with any collection of natural history in the world. Recently Professor Agassiz organized a plan by which teachers of natural history, and others who desire to prepare themselves for teachers, may obtain a thorough and comprehensive course of instruction in the various branches included under the general term natural history. Books do not afford the means for such study—naturalists must learn to read nature. Arrangements were made for a course of practical scientific study during two or three months of the coming summer. Nantucket was first suggested as a convenient and suitable place; but when the project became publicly known, a permanent location for the scientific school was tendered by Mr. John Anderson, of New York city. Penikese, an island of the Elizabeth group, in Buzzard's Bay, includes about one hundred fertile acres, several springs of fine fresh-water, and sundry dwelling-houses and buildings, and is an attractive location for a summer residence. This island was offered as a free gift, whereon to establish the proposed naturalists' school, with the addition of $50,000 in cash as a nucleus for a fund for the support of the school. Professor Agassiz gladly accepted the liberal gift of Mr. Anderson. Other private gentlemen interested in the progress of scientific research have generously contributed toward necessary expenses of the undertaking, such as a laboratory, aquaria, boats and dredges, and other apparatus needful in scientific investigation. About twenty leading scientific men of the country have agreed to co-operate in this enterprise, and give personal aid and instruction without compensation. The time of opening the school and the terms of admission will soon be made public. Those actually engaged in teaching natural history will have the preference; next those who design to become special students. Probably such a unique and thorough course of instruction was never before offered to the scientific student. Every opportunity will be afforded for investigating the nature of animals, plants, birds, fishes, insects; for learning the practical use of the microscope; for understanding the chemistry of air, earth, and sea, as well as scores of other important subjects—and all under the supervision of competent, well-known scientific men.

The destruction of the city of San Salvador by an earthquake, and the terrible loss of life in connection, is a repetition of similar disasters which befell that city in 1659 and 1854. The proximity of the volcano of San Salvador, which is about three miles southeast of the city, must certainly give rise to some feeling of insecurity among the inhabitants. Yet it presents a beautiful appearance, with a gently sloping summit, crowned to the highest peak with thick forests. The crater, which rises about one thousand feet above the surrounding table-lands, is partially filled with water, and more than half a league in circumference. The recent disastrous earthquake was preceded by a series of shocks, which so alarmed the inhabitants that many fled from the city. The telegraphic reports announced that eight hundred perished in the ruins of the devastated town.

"Unknown" is the sad record made concerning many bodies recovered from the wreck of the *Atlantic*. But across the ocean scores of friends mourn for the "unknown" dead.

Egypt will soon become a famous resort for invalids. It is said that many English persons whose tenure of life at home was not worth more than a few months' purchase have gone to Egypt, and returned free from the symptoms that threatened them with death.

The visit to Europe of Shah Nusser-ed-Deen, ruler of Persia, has awakened a good deal of interest and curiosity among those who hope for a sight of the Eastern monarch. The absolute sovereign of something like four millions of people may be supposed also to look with considerable curiosity upon other nations with different forms of government. The private fortune of Nusser-ed-Deen is reported above four millions sterling. But the government of Persia is free from debt, the Shah having in 1856 paid the sum of £200,000 which was then due Russia. Much of the treasure of Persian sovereigns consists of valuable jewels, especially of diamonds. It is believed that most of the famous historic diamonds and other stones which have disappeared from recent records are buried in the treasury of Teheran.

One telegraphic word sent over the wires recently turned a house of mourning into one of gladness. When the news of the loss of the *Atlantic* became known, the family of Mr. Benjamin B. Richmond, of Detroit, Michigan, were in a state of extreme anxiety. He had written them he should sail on the *Atlantic*, and up to the afternoon of the day following the disaster no information could be obtained of him. His name had not been reported as among the saved. The day closed gloomily around the anxious family; but just as evening came, the following telegram turned their sorrow into thankfulness:

"HALIFAX, *April* 2.

"*To A. Richmond, Detroit:*
"Saved! B. B. RICHMOND."

New Granada furnishes a plant which is valuable for the manufacture of ink. The juice, called "chanhi," is reddish, but changes after a few hours into a deep black, and is then ready for use. The "chanhi" has less destructive influence on steel pens than common ink. Experiments made in Spain demonstrate that the ink was not even spoiled by sea-water, which is invariably deleterious to ordinary ink.

Not long ago an advertisement was printed in the proper English newspapers for "counter-women" in connection with the General Post-office. Eleven situations were vacant, and this being stated, candidates were directed to apply personally at the offices of the Civil Service Commissioners, in London, on two specified days. In response to the advertisement about 1500 applicants presented themselves on the first day mentioned, and about 600 on the second day. The extraordinary spectacle of such a number of young women collected in the vicinity of the usually quiet locality of Canon Row attracted much attention, and in fact suspended business for a time in the immediate neighborhood. The Commissioners actually examined over one thousand candidates for these eleven vacancies. The *Times*, in commenting upon the causes for the appearance of such a competitive host, remarks: "Is it not remarkable to find 1500 young women applying at Canon Row for eleven vacant posts, while St. Thomas's Hospital and every other training institution for nurses are calling in vain for women, who, I suppose, are exactly of the kind and position of these applicants? Can nothing be done to make the honorable and well-paid and thoroughly womanly work of nursing more widely known and appreciated?"

It would seem to be a matter too plain to admit of argument that an essential qualification of every captain of a transatlantic steam-ship is a practical familiarity with all the principal ports east of New York. Especially should the harbor of Halifax be well known, both because it is one where stop is frequently made, and also because its outer surroundings are rough and dangerous to the inexperienced.

Boston organ-grinders have taken a step ahead of New York performers. They plant themselves and their instruments on the platform of the street cars, and grind out "tunes" during the whole trip. How very pleasant for passengers!

Among the lost crew of the *Atlantic* was a young woman about twenty or twenty-five years old. Her sex was not known until the body was washed ashore and the rude clothing removed preparatory for burial. She had served as a common sailor for three voyages, and was a favorite shipmate with all. This woman was an American, and was about the only one of that nationality belonging to the crew. Who she was, and where she came from, and her motive for leading such a strange life of hardship, probably will never be fully known.

A penalty of $250 is now imposed in England upon the person who sells an adulterated article, for the first offense, and six months' imprisonment with hard labor for the second offense. If a similar law were carried into execution in this country, we fear most of our grocers, all of our milk dealers, and an immense number of other respectable people would be serving their time out in the confinement of prison life.

It is a singular fact that while the various benevolent institutions of New York city provide for the permanent protection of very young women, the aged, very young girls, the infirm, the outcast, and the degraded, there is no place where a destitute woman can obtain a night's lodging, save in the station-house. To meet this want the Ladies' Christian Union, composed of a band of the most estimable ladies of the city, design to open a temporary house, where women of all ages, married or single, irrespective of creed or nationality, may find transient shelter. This deserving charity appeals strongly to the generosity of the public; and as it will be wholly or partially free, calls for liberal contributions, which will be used with the strictest economy by the ladies in charge. Such contributions may be sent to the treasurer, Mrs. Russell Sage, 506 Fifth Avenue; to Mrs. Edward S. Jaffray, 615 Fifth Avenue; or to the "Young Women's Home," 27 Washington Square (North).

When will people learn that poisonous articles should not be kept lying around in exposed and frequented places? Recently a man died in Binghamton, New York, from having eaten of a pie into which arsenic had been accidentally dropped. The deadly drug had been for months upon a pantry shelf, with no mark upon it to denote its character. A child in the same town found a bottle of disinfecting fluid in a closet, drank of it, and was killed. Articles of this nature, if needful to be kept in the house, should be put in a secure place, out of the way of children, servants, and all who are not instructed in regard to them, and should be so conspicuously labeled that no mistake in respect to their use can easily occur. There is great carelessness frequently in keeping unlabeled bottles of medicine in the household.

"The man in the moon" is an expression which from time immemorial has been applied to spots on the moon visible to the naked eye, but which a telescope shows to be the shadow of lunar mountains. One ancient superstition is that a man who stole a bundle of sticks on Sunday was confined in the moon, and we see his figure. Another supposes Cain to have been the offender, who was eternally placed in the moon as a punishment for his crime. This would really be a very appropriate retreat for murderers.

The Hawaiian Islands are in a neglected, declining condition. The climate is fine, the country rich in agricultural resources. But the population is small, and constantly decreasing, and the land unoccupied and uncultivated. More people and skilled labor are the great wants on the Sandwich Islands.

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

WE have talked over many of the social and domestic difficulties attending a residence in Paris, and I hope it has not been all idle discourse, but that you will have laid by some useful notes from our gossips together. Now I am going to touch upon another part of the system—upon some of the moral characteristics of French society and its rules, and discuss with you the advisability of conforming to those rules or setting them at defiance. We are all ready to quote the saying, "When you are in Rome, do as the Romans," when it falls in aptly with our tastes and inclinations; but beyond this we do not recognize it as a theory which in any way compels our allegiance. Englishmen and Americans are proverbial in their spirit of non-conformity to the ways and customs of other countries; they pique themselves on being impervious to the ridicule of all outer barbarians, and go forth in the sturdy pride of individuality and nationality to entertain the laughter-loving Parisians by the sight of their melons and Jerry hats, and cut-aways and knickerbockers, and all manner of outlandish outer gear, parading the exhibition on the Boulevards with contempt and satisfaction. They know they are being laughed at, and they glory in the fact. It is one way of displaying their respective patriotism, of saying to the Frenchman, "I am a British subject.—I am a citizen of the United States.—You may laugh at me. You are fools." The *Times* has bullied and lectured the offenders on this side the Atlantic into some modification of this stiff-necked rebellion against the dictum we have quoted above, and of late years Englishmen do not run so violently against the feelings of the Romans, when they are among them, as formerly. But those dreadful Americans have no virago of a *Times* to scold them into reform, and so they go on multiplying their sins from year to year, and refusing to be converted. I must, in fairness, say that their sins are less on the side of the ridiculous than the same class of sins among their fellow-sinners from England. The men dress, on the whole, very appropriately. It is the women who are the chief criminals. I have hammered so often on the same note that I fear you have either got quite hardened to the sound, or else that it exasperates you, and you will turn a deaf ear, and refuse to hear any more about it. But really this time it is pure advice, not scolding, I have in store. So once more, "friends, countrymen, and lovers, lend me your ears!"

Let us begin at the beginning. At New York, Boston, any where in America you choose—I believe the system is the same all over the free surface of the States—it is understood that ladies, young ladies especially, have almost unlimited freedom; they pay and receive visits like married women; they give and accept invitations; they make acquaintances on their own hook, quite irrespective of their parents; they walk out and drive out alone; nay, I have been told, but I dare not vouch for the truth of the statement, that they walk and drive out with gentlemen, unattended by parents or guardians. Let it not be supposed that in enumerating the privileges of my American sisterhood I mean to blame or even to criticise them or the state of society that tolerates them. I admit, on the contrary, that the fact of young girls enjoying such an amount of liberty without let or hinderance to their dignity and to the respect of the masculine part of the population is eminently creditable to that society, and says more for the high tone of morality among both men and women than any number of volumes on political economy could say to the same effect.

It is undoubtedly to the honor of American gentleman that they should be regarded in the light of brothers and protectors to the young unmarried sisterhood, rather than in the light of enemies or evil counselors. The chivalry which characterizes the manhood of the United States is one of the noblest and purest attributes which their women can boast of. It redounds as much to the honor of the one as of the other. It is said, we may hope without serious foundation, that the constant intercourse of the rising generation of Americans with France, and the example of the demoralized and effeminate youth of that unhappy country, is slowly but surely undermining the chivalrous respect for women which characterized their fathers. At any rate it would seem that in America such is not yet generally believed to be the case. Young girls still look to the men of that country with a proud sense of their superiority on this point—no doubt on all others—to the rest of mankind. They trust fully to them for protection wherever their weakness or their isolation needs it. They treat them, in fact, as women ought always to feel justified in treating honorable men—with unhesitating confidence. Now, grievous as it sounds, it is a fact, that they must leave this ideal standard of intercourse behind them when they set sail toward fair France. It would be idle to discuss the whys and the wherefores of the case. The result must be accepted without understanding the cause—at least without discussing it. But few intelligent persons could live long in Paris without being able to trace the evil, as it exists in the present state of society, to those causes which must lie deep at the root of things before their effects can come so universally to the surface as we now see them. Let it be understood, therefore, by young Americans when they start for the delights of a tour in Europe, that the price they must pay for it is the renunciation of their individual liberty in little things. On the whole, it will not be found too high a price; they will find abundant reason to console them for paying it. In Paris it is that this bargain will press hardest on them—that is to say, it will do so if they frankly enter into the compact, and choose to take their place among the daughters of French gentlemen, as lady-like, modest, and well-behaved young ladies. Too many American girls simply shrug their shoulders and say they don't care enough for that distinction to pay so dear for it. This is a pity. They insist, for instance, on walking out by themselves. In France no girl above the rank of a shop-girl is seen in the street without a chaperon, either a married woman or a servant. The custom is extremely irksome. It often involves a girl's having to stay at home when she has a great desire to go out; but no French girl who cared one straw for her *reputation* would infringe this rule. Its violation would be as impossible to them as for us to go out without boots or a bonnet. It is extraordinary how self-sacrificing their elders are in the matter of chaperoning; but the law is so stringent that it naturally evokes this self-devotion out of sheer pity for young girls. English girls of late years have broken through the circle of conventionality to the point of going out in pairs unattended; but then only in what is understood to be the English quarter—the Champs Elysées and the neighboring streets. Then, again, they dress very quietly. "They dress like guys!" I hear some dainty little American maiden exclaim. Well, granted! They do make guys of themselves; but if generally from want of taste, in this case it is in self-defense. A girl, or two girls, may glide along without being noticed if they are plainly and unattractively dressed, whereas an elegant and fashionable attire would inevitably attract attention, and *this is what any young girl, who has proper dignity and self-respect, must seek to avoid in Paris.* If she is remarked, she is certain to be followed, spoken to, and sometimes the annoyance will not end here.

I was not long ago out walking with two friends, an English and a French lady, when a very showy carriage, an open one, dashed down the Champs Elysées, with a very showily dressed lady sitting in it alone. My English friend exclaimed at the gaudy finery of both the equipage and its occupant, but an expressive shrug and one word from the Frenchwoman accounted for both. I had not seen the turn-out, having been looking into a shop at the moment. But presently the carriage came flying up the Champs Elysées, and as it drew near the lady kissed hand familiarly to me, and called out to the men to pull up. I own I felt rather ashamed of my fine acquaintance, though I was glad to have the opportunity of setting my companions right about her. She was a young American heiress, who was, in the innocence of her heart, taking an airing, and showing off Worth's last costume on the

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same occasion. Had she not come back and enabled me to testify to her thorough respectability, my friends would have pointed her out the next time they saw her as any thing but what she really was. Now it would have been very easy to avoid this unpleasant consequence by either putting on a quiet morning dress fitted for driving out alone, or getting a friend to share her drive. But she would have laughed either precaution to scorn. Again, American girls are fond of going alone to the flower market beside the Madeleine, and this is the very last place they ought to be seen in unaccompanied. I will not multiply illustrations, but I assure you if American fathers and mothers suspected the comments to which this reckless disregard of social customs exposes their daughters, they would mutiny, and assert for once the right to command where they are used to obey. It is looked upon, moreover, as the very height of vulgarity to walk out in Paris in showy clothes, or any thing but the quietest; the empire did a good deal to destroy the old graceful simplicity of women's dress, but it never sanctioned the gaudy street attire which is adopted by young American girls in Paris. Even married women never wear when on foot the elegant toilettes which they wear in a carriage. *Let young Americans also avoid driving unaccompanied* or *handsomely dressed* in those low open carriages which are on the stands in Paris. Now no more lecturing for to-day. COMET.

LONDON'S HEART.

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER XLVII.

FELIX CHECKMATES MR. DAVID SHELDRAKE.

MR. DAVID SHELDRAKE, calling at ten o'clock the next morning to see Lily, receives from the landlady a message that the young lady has passed a bad night, and can not receive him until noon. Somewhat surprised, but compelled to acquiesce in the arrangement, he walks away from the inn, consoling himself with the thought that all girls are capricious, and that Lily, having seen how deep was the passion he entertained for her, and having made up her mind to accept him as her lover, was disposed to coquet with him a little. "The bewitching little jade!" he muses. "They like to hold on and off. But I'll soon bring her to the point." He has not been idle during the morning; he has been hunting after Mr. Musgrave, to give him information of Alfred's movements. But Mr. Musgrave has not made his appearance at the Myrtle Inn, and Mr. Sheldrake, although he has been about the neighborhood making inquiries, has been unsuccessful in finding any trace of him or Alfred. Mr. Sheldrake has settled with himself that this dereliction of duty must not be overlooked. "The old man must go," he thinks; "Ivy Cottage has served its turn. It is getting rather warm there, and old Muzzy is beginning to know too much." The reflection that Ivy Cottage is getting too warm is not entirely new; certain victims who had been fleeced by Mr. Sheldrake and his agents had been writing threatening letters to him and Con Staveley addressed to Ivy Cottage, and the secret of their connection had in some way leaked out. Now Mr. Sheldrake did not desire a public exposure; such a thing would be annoying and expensive, perhaps dangerous. He knew well enough that some of his transactions would not bear the light. How it had come about he did not know, but in one or two instances the boundary line within which roguery can safely trade had been overstepped. He thinks of this during the interval between ten and twelve o'clock, and resolves to go to the cottage that very evening and destroy all the letters and papers it contains; they are the only evidence against him. At noon he presents himself again at the inn. The landlady informs him that the young lady is up, and will see him. She leads him to the parlor. "We shall be private here?" he says, before he enters. "Oh yes, Sir," the landlady replies, and retires. He sees at a glance that Lily has passed a disturbed night, but she receives him with a singular mixture of composure and nervousness. When he tells her that he has not brought Alfred with him, she does not cry and make a scene, as he anticipated. She is very pale, and she listens, without interrupting him, to the reason he gives for Alfred's absence.

"It looks as if I had broken faith with you, my dear Lily," he says, confidentially; "but the fact is, Alfred *must* keep out of the way until his accounts are squared. The detectives are on the look-out for him, but you and I will be able to pull him through. You see, he has made a mess of it all round. He owes me money; he owes a person of the name of Con Staveley money. Of course what he owes me does not matter, but this Con Staveley is a hard nail, and insists on having his money down, or he'll prosecute. Even that wouldn't be so bad; but Alfred has done worse. He has taken money from his office—in plain terms, he has been embezzling the money of his employers—and they are determined not to let him escape. I heard it an hour ago from the best authority—from one of the detectives, indeed, that I managed to square. So you see how the matter stands."

As yet Lily has not spoken a word, and he pauses here, expecting her to say something. She does not disappoint him.

"Will you tell me exactly, Mr. Sheldrake, how much money Alfred owes?"

"He owes me and Con Staveley about three hundred pounds. In a sort of way, I am friendly with Con Staveley. He is stopping in the town for the races, and hearing I was here, he came to see me. I thought I'd best set to work at once, and I got him to give me an account of the debt. Well, he puts confidence in me, and he not only gave me the figures, but the bills as well, with Alfred's name on them. Here they are." He takes some papers from his pocket, and shows them to her. "I told Con I would pay them."

"And you will?"

"You have but to say the word, and I'll make things straight for Alfred at his office, as well. Lily, do you remember the conversation we had when we came home from the theatre, when that young puppy" (her color rose here) "interrupted us? I have a right to call him so, for I know what he is made of. Would he do for you what I would do, what I am ready to do this very day? I think not. Think! I am sure not." He strives to read her face, but she has turned from him, and her eyes are toward the ground. "Ah," he thinks, "she knows what is coming;" and says aloud, "The very first night I saw Alfred I told him I would be his friend for his pretty sister's sake, and I have kept my word. He would have had to cave in long ago if it hadn't been for me; but again and again, when he was going to the bad, you stepped in and saved him. He knew this all along. He knew that it was for your sake I helped him through his troubles. You sigh! You think he is in a worse trouble to-day than he has ever been before. Well, you are right. I warned him repeatedly; I told him twenty times to pull up, but he wouldn't listen to me; and still I stuck to him like a man for his pretty Lily's sake. I can save him now, and will, if you but say the word. To-morrow, this afternoon, in another hour, it may be too late. His fate hangs upon you, and you only. Say but the word, and I'll bring him to your arms again."

"What word?"

Although she is almost falling to the ground, and although she speaks in a whisper, as if the words were forced from her, he hears her.

"Say that you love me."

Bending forward in his eagerness, with his eyes fixed upon her drooping form, with his arms outstretched to receive her, he does not see that a door which communicates with an inner room is swiftly and softly opened. Emboldened by her silence, which he interprets favorably, he is approaching nearer to her exultantly, when he is put aside with a firm hand, and old Wheels steps between him and her. His face turns white as he sees the old man, who regards him steadily.

"You were saying—" says old Wheels, gently.

Mr. Sheldrake bites his lips, and accepts the situation.

"That I love your granddaughter. I was about to ask her to be my wife."

Old Wheels, with his arms round Lily, kisses her, and strokes her hair fondly.

"My darling!" he murmurs. She hides her face on his breast. He directs his clear bright eyes to Mr. Sheldrake, whose own eyes shift and waver, and seem to shrink, as falsehood shrinks in the light of truth. "I will answer for her, Mr. Sheldrake. She declines."

"What!" exclaims Mr. Sheldrake, a white fury gathering about his lips.

"It is true, nevertheless," says the old man.

"She shall answer with her own lips," cries Mr. Sheldrake, with a menacing gesture.

"She will never again open her lips to you. I speak for her."

"Old dotard! But she *shall* answer!"

The arm he raises to put the old man aside is seized by a stronger hand than his, and he is thrust back violently.

"Oh!" he sneers, as he recognizes Felix. "Are there any more of you?"

"One other," replies Felix, with a smile. "You shall see him presently."

For a moment Mr. Sheldrake measures himself with Felix; the conclusion he arrives at in this hasty glance is not assuring. Felix stands before him as firm as a rock, and with a kindling light in his eyes which warns him to be careful of himself. He heeds the warning, and says, in as calm a voice as he can command,

"This is a plot, then!"

"If you please to call it so," is the answer. "Plot against plot, we will say. Yours has failed."

"We shall see."

"We shall."

Felix is supremely calm; Mr. Sheldrake's passion breaks against him as the sea breaks against a rock and recoils upon itself.

"And you came here, I suppose, to play the hero, and to trick that young lady with fine speeches. But if she knows what's good for her, she will be wise in time."

"I hope she will. Lily!"

She does not answer in words, but creeps into his arms. Then Mr. Sheldrake shows his full meanness. "Take her," he says, with a toss of the hand, as discarding a worthless thing. "She came with me from the old man's house last night. How many hours ago? Ah, thirteen! Take her. *I* have done with her!"

Felix laughs cheerily, and holds Lily closer to his breast.

"It was a lucky chance," he says, not addressing Mr. Sheldrake, "that caused us to put up at the Myrtle Inn; for going into the stable to look after my horse, I saw another horse, which had been put up but a very short time before we arrived. I have driven that horse more than once, and I knew the livery-stables to which it belonged. It was by another lucky chance that I inquired of the hostler at the Myrtle whether a man of the name of Thompson, a man with a crooked nose and a harelip, had driven that horse down. But it was by the luckiest chance of all that we found Thompson in bed at that very inn, and that we induced him, without much trouble, to tell all about the pleasant drive he had had, and where he had set his passengers down."

"You *have* been very lucky," sneers Mr. Sheldrake; "but all your luck will not avail you to save Master Alfred from the hulks. It is my mission now to assist him to that desirable retreat for fools and thieves. I have you there, my lucky hero."

"I think not. You have not heard all our luck yet. A friend of mine, a detective—oh yes, I have detective friends, as well as you!—has in his possession certain letters and documents concerning transactions in which the names of Sheldrake, Staveley, and half a dozen aliases assumed by each to serve his turn, suspiciously occur. I think the law is not inclined to treat with leniency the miserable tricksters whose knavery leads many poor creatures to ruin. Some public attention has been drawn to the class to which Mr. Sheldrake and Mr. Staveley belong, as you may have observed. The law hitherto has been comparatively powerless because of the want of sufficiently direct evidence: the rascals are a cunning set. But I and my detective friend have in our possession documents by which we shall be able to prove distinct fraud; and as those who administer the law wait but for the opportunity to convict, you may depend that the punishment will not be light. Nay, we have not only documents; we have witnesses. Knowing what kind of man we had to deal with, knowing what kind of knavery we had to expose, we set traps, not yesterday, nor last week, but months ago, and the evidence we can bring forward will be sufficient. Temptation has proved too strong for you in one or two instances, and you have overstepped the mark, as we shall prove to you to your cost."

Inwardly disturbed as he is—for he does not know what proofs may be in Felix's hands, and whether Felix is speaking truth or gasconading—Mr. Sheldrake snaps his fingers scornfully.

"That for your evidence and witnesses!" he says. "You can do your best and your worst!"

But he begins to lose courage when Felix plays his next move.

"You asked me when I came in whether there were any more of us. I told you there was one more, and that you should see him presently."

Felix goes to the door which leads to the inner room and opens it, and Mr. Musgrave comes forward. Then, for the first time, the consideration whether it will not be advisable to make terms occurs to Mr. Sheldrake.

"You drunken old thief!" he exclaims, with an oath. "Are you in this plot?"

"And has been for some time," answered Felix, in a pleasant voice. "We will excuse any hard words you may use. We are in confidence, and what passes between us is, as the lawyers say, without prejudice. But you have not seen all the cards in our hands yet. I speak, you see, in a language you can understand. Shall I show you another trump card that we hold?"

"Go on."

"I heard you say before I entered that you had seen Mr. Con Staveley this morning. That is not true. But it *is* true that my detective friend has seen him, and we have made terms (this is without prejudice, mind) with him. If we are compelled to make this case public, he appears against you. We hold him harmless, and he is satisfied to get out of a serious scrape without a scratch. In no one instance was he your partner in any of the transactions you have had with the young gentleman whom you tried to lead to ruin. We have this down in black and white. Do you think we have trumps enough to win the game?"

"I don't know. What stakes are we playing for?"

"Those bills and acceptances you hold with Alfred's name to them, and a full quittance from you to him for all money directly or indirectly advanced to him by you and Con Staveley. We know almost to a sovereign what they amount to. You have a list in your pocket. I also have a list from Con Staveley."

"What if I refuse?"

Felix smiles.

"Why, then, I suppose, we must be Quixotic enough to pay to Mr. Sheldrake such of those bills as bear his name. Those bearing Mr. Staveley's name we should be able to settle with that gentleman direct. We should pay your bills under protest."

"*We* pay!" interrupted Mr. Sheldrake, incredulously.

"Well, say instead that I pay. I am able, I assure you; and I assure you also that I am able to prove how many of the checks bearing Mr. Sheldrake's name for which bills were given came back to Mr. Sheldrake through Mr. Staveley, and never passed through the bank. Here is a suspicion of fraud which it might be worth while to prosecute. But we should not want it, I believe. We shall be able to keep Alfred's name out of the proceedings. The other cases we have against you are, in my detective friend's opinion, amply sufficient. And be sure of this"—and here Felix's voice grew stern—"that unless the terms I have stated are accepted by you, I will make the name of Sheldrake famous in criminal records, and will so gibbet you in public opinion that your very friends and acquaintances shall think it prudent to know you no more. Excuse me for using strong language; all that passes is without prejudice, and we are here in private conference."

His earnestness and determined manner carry conviction with them. Mr. Sheldrake does not hesitate.

"And if I give you those bills and the quittance, as you desire—"

"We wash our hands of you."

"You will give me back those documents and letters, you dog, you"—with a dark look at Mr. Musgrave—"which you say you have?"

"We might be prevailed upon to do as much."

"On those terms I accept: I can have my revenge another way."

"Any other way you please. This is all I stipulate for."

"Can we arrange the business now?"

"At once. I will call my detective friend in."

The next half hour is passed in the settlement of the affair, and Felix conducts himself in so calm and business-like a manner as to intensify the bitterness with which Mr. Sheldrake regards him. Lily and her father and grandfather do not speak, but they worship Felix with their eyes; and now and then he turns and gives them an encouraging smile, which does not escape Mr. Sheldrake's notice. But he seems more eager than Felix to conclude the affair, having something in his mind of which he is burning to deliver himself.

"On your word and honor as a gentleman," he says, as he receives certain letters and papers from Felix, "these are all that you have?"

Felix, who has been carefully examining the bills, and who has been very particular in the wording of the paper which releases Alfred from liability, places the documents in his pocket carefully, and says:

"On my word and honor as a gentleman, these are all that we have. I can not honestly put the same form of words to you; but I am satisfied that the bills tally with the list, and that the amount is correct. Here, then, our acquaintanceship ends. I wish you good-day."

"I am going," says Mr. Sheldrake, energetically buttoning his coat—"where to, do you think?"

"I haven't the slightest interest in knowing," Felix replies.

"You will alter your note when you hear I am going to Messrs. Tickle and Flint, Alfred's employers, to tell them where it is likely they will find the runaway clerk who has embezzled their money. You thought the game was over, did you? Here is an unexpected check for you."

Mr. Sheldrake, with a wicked smile, is hurrying from the room, when Felix, in his brightest manner, says, with a pleasant laugh,

"I checkmate you. I have myself been to Messrs. Tickle and Flint, and have arranged with them. This is in strict confidence between you and me, as men of—well, we will say of honor. If you go you will find that they have nothing to say against Alfred. But I should advise you to beware of Tickle and Flint; they are my lawyers in the little matter in which you were very nearly putting in an appearance in the dock. Shall I call 'checkmate' again, for the game is over?"

He turns his back upon Mr. Sheldrake, who takes his leave with no good feelings in his heart, you may be sure. Felix takes Lily's hand, and looks fondly into her eyes.

"This last piece of news is true, my darling. I have made myself responsible to the firm for Alfred's debt; and Messrs. Tickle and Flint have accepted fifty pounds on account. It was not an easy matter to persuade them; but I pleaded with them effectually, and it is a satisfaction to them to know that they will not be losers. Alfred, of course, will not be employed in the office again; but he is free, and let us thank God."

Her heart is too full for words; she can only press his hand to her trembling lips, and bid God bless him. He looks round with a happy smile.

"All selfishness, Sir, believe me!" he says to old Wheels. "I would not change my lot with that of the best man in England!"

A scene of another description took place at the same time between two women, mother and daughter. Felix brought Martha Day from London, after his visit to Alfred's employers. Before he returned to the inn to play the principal part in the scene just described he took Martha to the tent in which Lizzie was nursing Alfred, and said,

"You will find your daughter in there. Keep with her until I come for you."

As Martha timidly entered the tent Lizzie turned with a low cry, and threw her arms round her mother's neck.

"I sent a letter to you this morning, mother; but you could not have received it."

"I came home last night, my dear," Martha replied.

"Last night! How anxious you must have been! If I had thought you were coming back, I would have left word."

"I was almost distracted, Lizzie. Felix found me at the house this morning in a sad state, and told me all."

Lizzie moved to where Alfred was lying. A bed had been made up for him on the ground, and he was murmuring feverishly in his sleep. She knelt by his side, but could not make sense of the words that came from his lips. Names of horses and jockeys and prophets, with expressions of fondness for Lizzie and Lily, were strangely mingled together.

"He would have died, mother, if I had not come last night! I found him lying under a hedge in a strong fever. He has not recognized me yet. If he dies, my heart will break! You will help me to nurse him, mother?"

"Yes, dear child."

They gazed at each other wistfully. Lizzie's eyes were heavy and weary with watching. Filled as was Martha's heart with yearning love for her child, there was an expression of misery in her face. Lizzie saw it, and a sad smile played upon her lips.

"I want all your love, mother!"

"You have it, dear child!"

"And yet you are unhappy."

Martha did not reply: and after a pause Lizzie continued, in a low, sweet voice,

"Mother, I am going to make you happy."

"Lizzie!"

"Lying there as Alfred is lying now—dying,

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perhaps—I may consider myself absolved from my promise. Ah, mother, you are not tender to him; you have not kissed him; you have no kind thoughts in your heart for him! Is it not so? You do not answer, and I love him so! Mother, kiss Alfred."

Martha leaned toward the sleeping man; but fast-flowing tears came from her eyes, and she wrenched herself away from him, and said, in a choking voice,

"I can not, child; I can not!"

"Ah, mother, you wrong him," said Lizzie, tenderly. "And me. You spoke some words to me last evening. They are in my mind now. Look at me, mother. Place your hand in mine."

Martha placed her hand in Lizzie's, and Lizzie's other hand stole forward and imprisoned it. An eager light flashed into Martha's eyes as she looked down on the hand that lay uppermost.

"Lizzie! A wedding-ring!"

"We were married six months ago, mother. But Alfred made me promise solemnly to keep it secret until he gave me permission. He wanted to make his fortune first, poor dear! I have broken my promise, but I don't think he would blame me. Mother, will you kiss Alfred now? Will you kiss my husband?"

It is so short a time since this last scene was acted that there is but little more to tell. All those persons who have taken part in the story are living now. Alfred went through a very severe illness, but has almost recovered his strength. He is very humble; let us hope that the bitter experience he has undergone will make him a better man. His mind is filled with good resolves as he looks at Lizzie, who sits at his side with a baby at her breast.

Mr. David Sheldrake prospers. Will the law ever give him his proper position in society, and deprive him of the means of lawful wrong-doing? Let us hope that it will—and soon.

The Reverend Emanuel Creamwell still reigns at Stapleton. The justices of the peace, who are ruled by him, and who speak their sentences out of his mouth, pursue the crooked tenor of their way. Last week a woman nearly eighty years of age, whose antecedents are good, was charged before them with damaging a fence to the amount of one penny. The owner of the fence, a farmer, would not appear against her, and a policeman was the only witness. The woman is nearly stone-deaf, and could not hear a word of the evidence. She and her aged husband depended upon parish relief for support, and between them would have found it difficult, after their long battle of life, to muster sufficient money to pay for one day's food. The policeman said he charged the woman with the terrible offense, and that she denied it, and said she had merely broken a bit of dead wood with her foot. The woman being deaf, could not examine the witness. The magistrates pronounced the sentence, as dictated by the clergyman. She was found guilty, and was condemned to pay one penny for the damage done to the property of a man who was too merciful to prosecute; was fined fivepence in addition to the penny; and was required to pay the cost of the trial, amounting to thirteen shillings and sixpence. In default of these payments she was condemned to prison for seven days. The old deaf woman was sent to prison. *And the clergyman, on the following Sabbath, preached God's love and mercy to his flock.* Will the government ever recognize that it belongs imperatively to its duty to be careful that only capable* men—men with hearts as well as heads—shall sit on the magisterial benches to dispense justice? Let us hope this also.

"LIZZIE! A WEDDING-RING!"

Pollypod's accident was not a very serious one; but it was discovered that she had hurt her knee, and she will never be able to walk without a limp. Sometimes when Jim Podmore looks at her as she limps along it seems to him as if she is treading on his heart. Jim has obtained a situation in which he is enabled to earn a living by working ten hours a day: quite hours enough to work for a decent living.

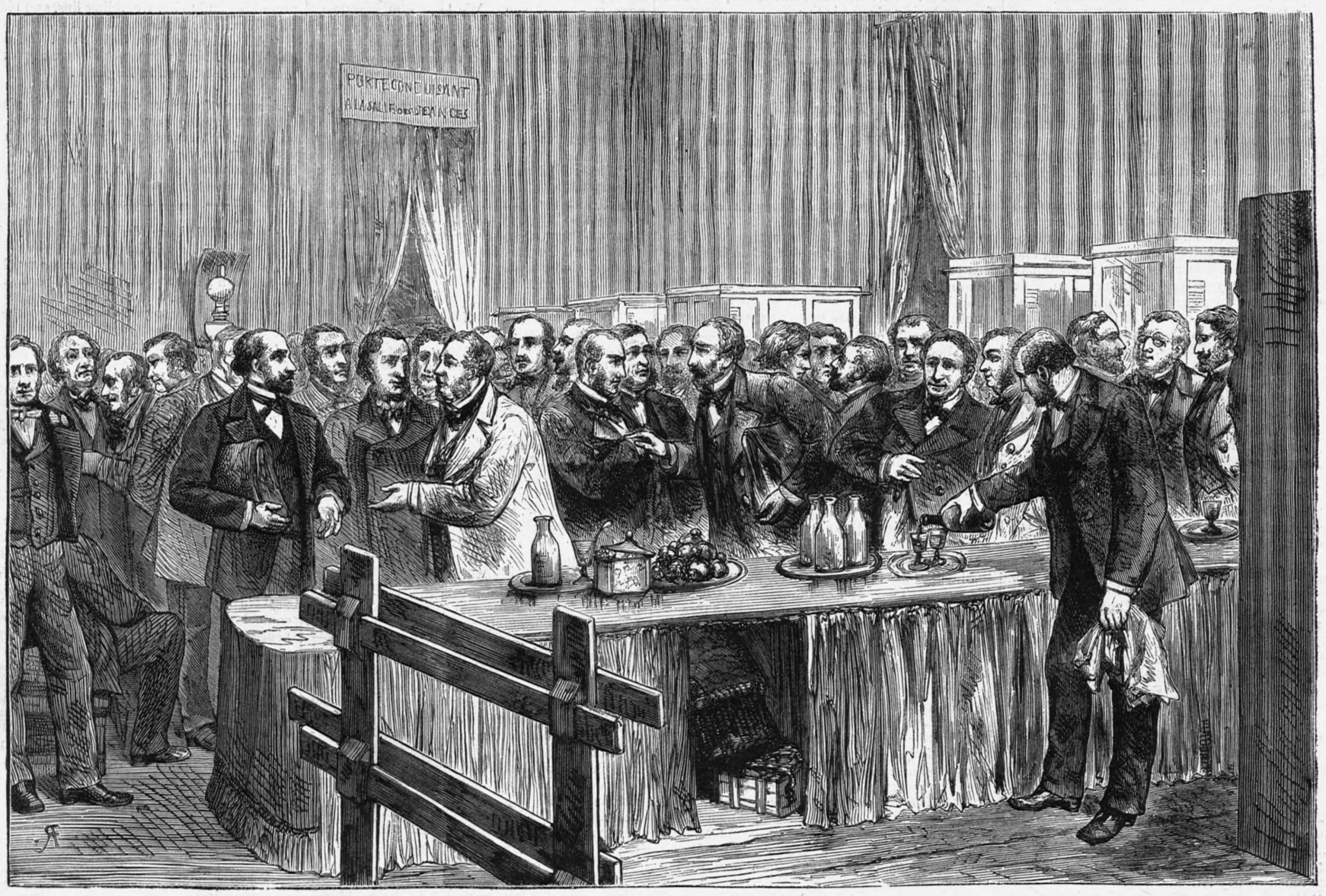
Felix and Lily are married. He is working bravely, modestly, cheerfully, and they are very happy. Old Wheels and he have many quaint conversations together, and Lily and Pollypod listen with delight to their discussions about this and that. They have but little of the world's wealth; but they are very rich notwithstanding.

THE END.

DEPUTIES AT VERSAILLES IN THE REFRESHMENT-ROOM.

IN the accompanying illustration we see the deputies of the Versailles Assembly refreshing their inner man in the pauses of the legislative session. The refreshment-room is the common rallying ground for all parties: here royalist jostles against radical, and legitimist against imperialist, each eying the other with scathing glance as he viciously mashes up the sugar in his glass, as though demolishing his opponent as completely as he intends to do by-and-by in the tribune. In old imperial days, when the Assembly sat in the Palais Bourbon, the *buffet* was very abundantly and delicately furnished, and entailed a large additional sum to support it beyond the dollar a month which is deducted from the allowance of each deputy for its maintenance. Times have changed, however, and so has the *buffet*, which, in accordance with the *régime*, is now severely Republican. "The choicest luxury," wrote recently a correspondent of the London *Times*, "is a basin of *bouillon*, but even that delicacy has acquired such a reputation that nothing but the most imperious necessity induces the deputies to avail themselves of this Spartan hospitality." Thus, though the deputies, wearied out with shouting down an inimical orator, or with taking part in one of those *mouvements prolongées*, in which the 750 members all talk and none listen, are glad enough to slake their thirst with a soothing *sirop* at the *buffet* of the Assembly, for a more solid meal they are compelled to adjourn to the *Hôtel des Reservoirs*, that now historical hostel, the rendezvous of all the *élite* of Prussia during the German siege of Paris.

* In a disreputable gambling action which was tried at the Court of Queen's Bench in February, 1873, the Lord Chief Justice of England, speaking of "the pernicious and fatal habit of gambling," declared "that the habit was one so demoralizing and degrading that it would, like some foul leprosy, eat away the conscience, until a man comes to think that it is your duty to yourself to 'do your neighbor as your neighbor would do you!'" The defendant in this disreputable action was twenty-four years of age, *and a magistrate!* The case of the poor woman who was charged with committing a penny's worth of damage to a fence was tried before three magistrates—all of them clergymen. Are such men as these fit administrators of justice?



DEPUTIES AT VERSAILLES IN THE REFRESHMENT-ROOM.

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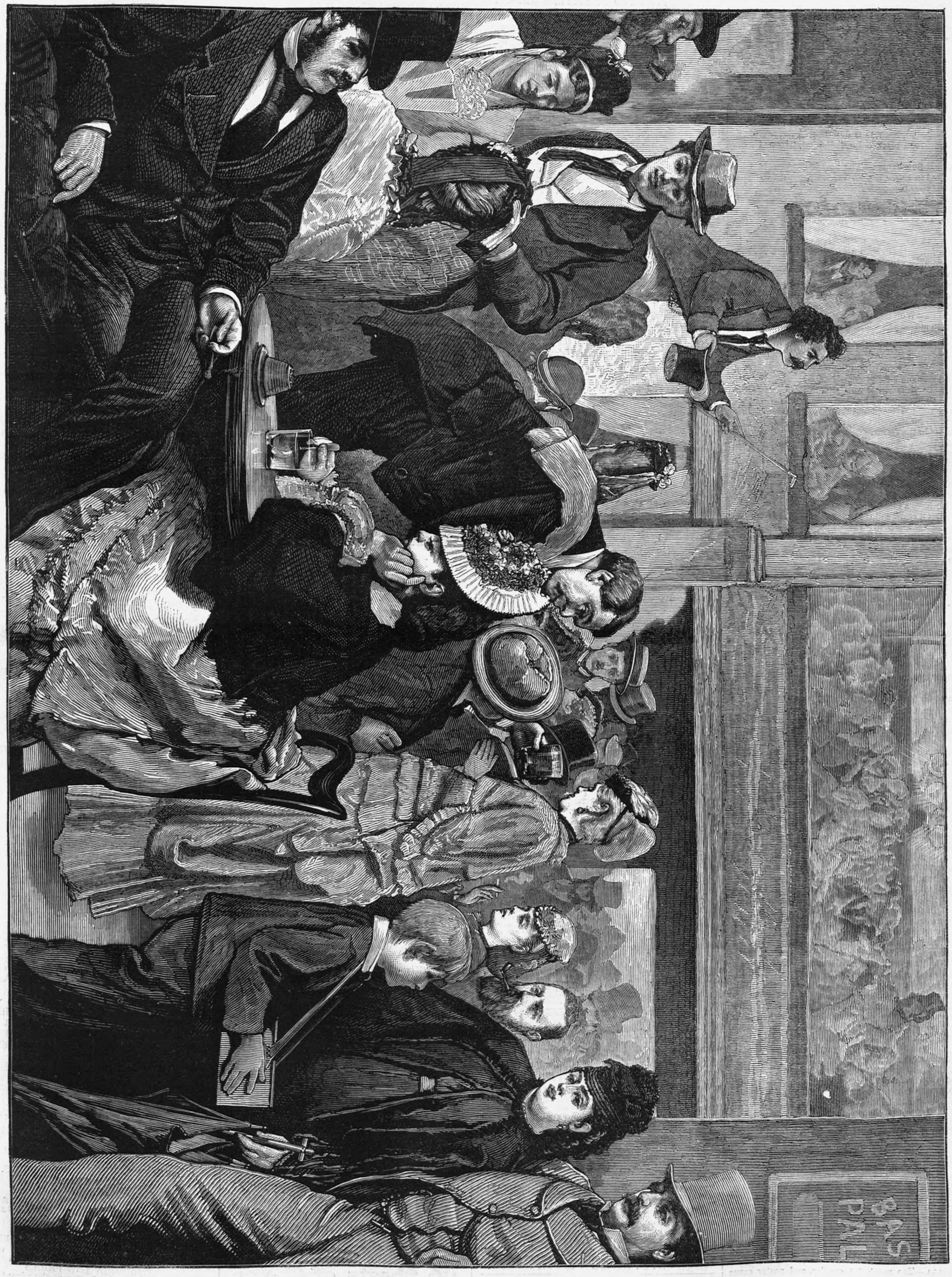
SCENE AT A LONDON MUSIC-HALL.

THE peculiarly English institution represented in our engraving, which will be remembered by the readers of *London's Heart*, has, we believe, no parallel in this country. It is, in fact, a very common sort of concert-hall, where popular ballads and songs are sung by professed vocalists, while the audience smoke, drink, and talk at their leisure. It seems to have been called into existence for the benefit of the English sailors, who, when ashore, like nothing better than a glass and a song, and who liberally patronize this sort of entertainment. It must be said, however, that the London music-halls are decidedly superior to the so-called concert-saloons of American cities. Although, as in all places of public resort, persons of indifferent character are to be found in the audience, riotous or unbecoming behavior is rare, and the songs (though the words are too often both insipid and vulgar) are almost without exception so free from all other offense that they may be heard in the drawing-rooms of persons who consider themselves to be in the very best of society.



SCENE AT A LONDON MUSIC-HALL.

COMPANY MANNERS.

NOTHING marks more sharply the difference between the thorough-bred and the half-bred than the fact that the latter have company manners, and the former have not. Or rather, that the company manners of the former go all through —their own firesides and their friends' drawing-rooms seeing no difference between them, while with the latter they are temporary and removable, put on with the company clothes, and, like them, unaccustomed in the cut and uneasy in the fit. Any one used to society—and observation—can recognize in an instant the difference of the manner that has been put on for company from that which is worn in the daily life of home. It is as unmistakable as my lady's court train or Joan's Sunday best; and Joan and my lady are equally self-betrayed. You do not know by sight the battered old sun-bonnet with which Joan covers her ragged locks when she goes to feed the pigs, but you can evolve it out of your consciousness. At all events, you know she does not go through the sleet and snow in that smart hat. And though you are not up in the manifold diversities of my lady's wardrobe, you are very sure she does not play hide-and-seek with her babies in the nursery in a plume of feathers and a velvet train. So of the company manner. There is no need to be familiar with the home manner to be quite convinced that this is not it. Whatever the one may be, the other decidedly is not; and so far your knowledge is sufficient and satisfactory. The best-bred people have no company manners, because they are always in company at home or abroad. In all technical subtleties they are educated from the beginning; hence are always at ease. From the beginning, too, they are taught self-suppression, politeness, personal grace; and their self-consciousness is that *ars celare artem* which manifests itself only in the most courteous attention to others.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROCK CITY.—For your short tour in Europe the most important dresses are, first, a traveling suit of English water-proof and a plaid flannel dressing-gown and hood. These will be serviceable on shipboard. After these a black silk suit and the dresses that now belong to the young lady's wardrobe. Take very few clothes, and make your purchases there rather than preparatory ones here.

MARION.—Your blue-gray silk sample is pretty and stylish, but is dark for an evening dress. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI.

GROGNON.—You did not inclose sample.

FLORENCE.—Information found in late numbers of the New York Fashions will assist you better than any suggestions we can make, since you know the state of your wardrobe and we do not. Read up the new materials, foulard laine, cashmere, vigogne, and the polka-spotted percales, also the new colors and the styles of making described in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. V., and apply them to your own case.

ROSE EVALINE.—Make your black grenadine barége with a polonaise and a silk skirt covered to the knee with trimming, such as is described in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI. Get a black chip Medici hat, trimmed with wild roses.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The new Tight Basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI., is just what you want for your black silk.

CHARLOTTE LEE.—You can use either of the Dolman patterns the *Bazar* has given for your black cashmere mantle, as they are found in quantities among the spring importations.

A. W.—A barrow-coat, sometimes called a pilch, is a yard of flannel attached to a waistband and used to wrap around an infant's feet.

LAURA.—Get a réséda tamise cloth suit for spring. For summer have a black grenadine suit with blue watered ribbon sash. The furnishing houses have embroidered Swiss muslin and piqué dresses.

INVALID.—White cross-barred and plain nansook wrappers made in Watteau style would be pretty summer wear for you. Have blue or pink watered ribbon bows down the front, and a long Watteau bow hanging from back of neck. Three pleated or fluted ruffles sweep down the front from the neck and grow wider on the sides and around the train.

MOLLIE.—Suits will be worn all summer, consequently you can dispense with a lace sacque, but will occasionally need a black cashmere talma, mantilla, or scarf wrap for warmth on cool days. See illustrations and hints in the *Bazar*.

J. Q. U.—A widow should have her own name on her card—*not* her dead husband's name.

PUSS O.—Read reply above to "Rock City." Navy blue English water-proof is probably the material you mean. Get a black Rubens straw hat with black scarf lined with blue, tied on the side and held by a silver buckle; have a black and blue ostrich plume.

T.—Get a straw sailor hat for your boy for summer. Read answer above to "Invalid."

SARAH J. B.—Your lace-striped samples are for polonaises and for flounces on skirts of plain goods of the same shade. Line the waist and sleeves of the polonaise with white silesia.

INQUIRER.—The kissing of the bridegroom at a wedding by any one whomsoever would be a novel spectacle. We advise you not to try it.

AMBITION AND OAK HALL.—We can not answer questions concerning MSS. in this column.

E. W.—The pictures to which you refer are probably executed in papier-maché.

M. S. D.—We have not time to verify your curious calculations, but take them on trust. According to them Inauguration-day falls on Sunday every twenty-eight years, and will next do so in 1877, when the inaugural ceremonies will naturally take place on the day following.

E. GEORGE STONEY.—Pompeii is pronounced *Pompa'-e.*—A child is said to be named *after* its mother.

KATIE.—We know of no royal road to learning. If you have not patience to practice more than a quarter of an hour at a time, you will never become a musician, whatever natural talent you may have, and it depends on yourself to acquire the perseverance necessary to conquer your impatience. We think that if you really loved music your heart would be in your task, and you would have no difficulty. Your other questions are too trivial to merit attention.

BROOKLYN.—Take the fine white ashes that gather on ledges of the chimney where wood fires burn, and mix with a little water till it will stir easily. Apply to superfluous hairs.

A CONSTANT READER.—Apply the tar and olive-oil every night till the skin is smooth enough. It brings out pimples where the blood is impure, but, if continued, heals these and renews the complexion.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Have some one carefully clip the eyelash once a month, cutting the smallest possible tip off, and no more.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—The young woman who eats white-lead to make her pale will find herself white enough and cold some morning, if not with death, with paralysis. The pallor you admire is the result of slow but sure poisoning, and we can not reprobate such foolish vanity with the terms it deserves.

EMMA G. A.—Try the paste of wood ashes given above, also bathe your face daily in strong camphor, to kill the hair. Keep this up for months if necessary. Use blood purifiers, and eat dry meats and fruit, avoiding fat and salt.

C. C.—Read answer to "Emma G. A."

JUNO.—Try a wash of chloride of soda, one spoonful to a quart of boiling water, to whiten your switch. Dip it quickly, let it drain a moment, and dip into a cold bluing water. Let it hang and drip till dry.

D.—The alum and egg paste is to be found in No. VIII. of the "Ugly Girl" papers.

MOTHER G.—Your first query was not received.—The long thimble is a private invention made to order in this city. The nose machine is a London patent.—Coarse flour bread is made of coarsest ground wheat containing most of the bran with or without molasses, but always without Indian meal. The article on the hair is in type, but we refer you to No. II. of "Ugly Girl" articles meanwhile.

BEAUTY.—A few doses of Epsom salts taken under advice of your physician will remove pimples. Bathe at least thrice a week, use carbolic soap, and eat coarse bread.

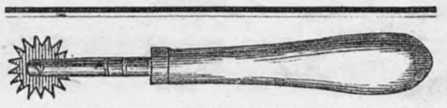
STELLA.—Too much fat, gravies, and pastry cause the pimples you speak of. Follow advice to "Beauty."

TAKE YOUR DYEING AND CLEANING to the New York Dyeing and Printing Establisement, *Staten Island;* 98 Duane St., 752 Broadway, and 610 Sixth Ave., New York; 164 and 166 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn; 40 North Eighth St., Phila.—[*Com.*]

CAMEOS.

THE fashion which some years ago seemed for a time on the point of establishing itself, of using shell cameos instead of stone cameos as the material of *parures*, has happily passed away. These shell cameos, the best of which were then made, and still are made, in Rome, had at the most the charm of mere curiosities. The layers of the shells used in them were for the most part superposed in hard and cold contrasts of pink with white, or of a chilly brown with a chilly cream color. How different are the warm, rich harmonies of color which belong to the onyx and the sardonyx, the vehicles from the earliest times to our own days of so much sculpturesque genius and knowledge. Bissenger of Paris, whose close and loyal work is done exclusively now, we believe, for Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, of 22 John St. (up stairs), in this city, uses these bases of color like a painter, while he shows the hand and fancy of a sculptor in the reliefs which he summons up from the stone into life. Some of the portraits in sardonyx to be seen now at this establishment are simply marvels of expression and of handling. He has been especially successful with his feminine heads. He seems to delight in mastering the amazing difficulty of treating successfully within so restricted a compass, and in so hard and hostile a substance, the infinite delicacy, the shadowy and evanescent expressions, the subtle shades of the character, and the physiognomy of woman.—[*Com.*]

"OUR FAVORITE SEWING-MACHINE.—The cheapest and best Sewing-Machine now manufactured for family use is probably the New Wilson. We certainly would use no other. It works with equal facility on muslin, cloth, cambric, tarletan, flannel, and leather. It does not paralyze the spine or wear out the operator in any way; neither does it demand an incessant stoppage to find out where the difficulty is. There is no difficulty. It runs smoothly and evenly, hems, fells, tucks, gathers, and binds. It does the finest and most beautiful work on cambric and linen. It also has the merit of being cheaper than any other first-class sewing-machine, as it can be purchased for $50. The feeding device is an improvement on all other machines, and is a special patent of the Wilson. It does not get out of order, nor break needles, nor slip, nor pucker the cloth. So complete has the Wilson Sewing-Machine been made, by a skillful combination of brain and muscle, that it has left nothing to be desired." Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The Company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HUMAN HAIR SWITCHES.

Retailed at same price as I charge Hair Dealers. All First quality Hair. No short crimped hair in. Warranted not dyed.

32 in. long, weight 3 oz. only $9.00
32 " " " 4 " " 12.00
32 " " " 5 " " 15.00
32 " " " 6 " " 18.00

CORONET OR POMPADOUR BRAIDS—SOLID HAIR.
2 oz., 20 in. Hair, only . $4.50

Back or Waterfall Curls—full sets Naturally Curly.

Size.	My Price.	Retails for in N. Y.
Medium,	$7.00	$10 00
Large,	8.00	12.00
Extra Large,	10.00	15.00

Long single Curls (heavy) natur'ly curly
22 in hair, only $3·00
24 " " " 3.50
26 " " " 4.50

BEST FRIZ WEFT OR FACE CURLS, . . . 50 cents per yard.
NATURALLY CURLY, FRIZ WEFT CURLS, . $1.00 per yard.
LATEST STYLE. — Spanish Comb, Imitation Shell, sent prepaid on receipt of $1.50...everybody wearing them.

I sell the hair just as I import it, without intermixing [as imitators of my advertisements do,] to make their Price Lists appear cheaper. I am the only Hair Importer and wholesale dealer in this city who RETAILS *at* WHOLESALE *Prices. I will send Switches* PREPAID *by* REGISTERED MAIL, *on receipt of P. O. Money Order, Draft, or Money in Registered Letter, or will send by Express to* COLLECT *on* DELIVERY. *Remember money sent in advance saves ALL express charges.*

Wreath with any Initial, Monogram, or word, or Bouquet, made of as many pieces or colors of Hair as you may send.

Almost every family possesses some hair of deceased relatives, which can be made into beautiful pictures, forming imperishable and unchangeable mementoes and handsome household ornaments. Either of the above designs appropriately framed 4 x 6 inches, sent prepaid on receipt of $10.00. The above is the very best method of preserving the hair in its original color, and is now being extensively adopted by all who wish to preserve such as relics to perpetuate the memory of the departed. Have one made. You will surely order others on seeing how really artistic the work is done. Will return all hair not used. Established 1843. CHAS. V. PECKHAM,
Near Amity St. (Copyright secured.) 687 *Broadway, N. Y. City.*

When you write please mention HARPER'S BAZAR.

TO THE LADIES!

BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING

Will make Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes that have become rough and red, and Ladies' Traveling Bags which look so old and rusty that they are ashamed to carry them, look just as good as new. It will not rub off or smut when wet. Softens the leather.

No lady will be without it after one trial. Beware of imitations and counterfeits. For sale every where.

B. F. BROWN & Co., Boston.

REMOVAL.

MRS. C. C. THOMSON

Announces to her patrons that on May 1st she will remove from her present residence, 335 Fifth Ave., corner of 33d St., to 39 East 33d St., where she will continue to purchase upon her usual terms. Send for Circular of Reference. If samples are wanted, 25c.

FRENCH STAMPING PATTERNS.—M'me BADOUREAU & Co., 125 Fourth Ave. Send for circular.

HAIR!!!

L. Shaw, 352 Bowery,

Between 4TH and GREAT JONES STS.

The Largest Stock of HUMAN HAIR GOODS in the City.

All Hair used in my establishment I *import and manufacture myself*, and is of the best quality only; and if any expert can prove that I use in my goods any other quality but the best, or *mix* it with Italian or Chinese Hair, which is generally applied to by other dealers, will *refund* the money in every case.

I can offer to the public inducements which can not be superseded by any of my competitors.

All goods WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.

PRICE-LIST.

Short Hair Switches $1 and upward. Finest quality Hair Switches, solid, not dyed, 18 inches long, 4 ounces weight, - - $5 00
Do. 22 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 6 00
Do. 26 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 8 00
Do. 32 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 10 00

Shaw's Patent Hair Switches, 50c.

Long Single Curls, natural Curly—
22-inch, $2 00. 24-inch, $2 50. 26-inch, $4 00.
Frisets, 25 cents per yard.

BRANCH STORE, 363 6th AVENUE, Bet. 22d and 23d Streets.

Ladies' own Hair made over in latest styles.
Combings made up 50 cents per ounce.
Goods sent **C. O. D.** by express, on receipt of color and money in registered letters or P. O. Order.

N. B.—Through the immense increase of business, we will remove to the more commodious building, 364 Bowery, cor. 4th St., after 1st of May, 1873.

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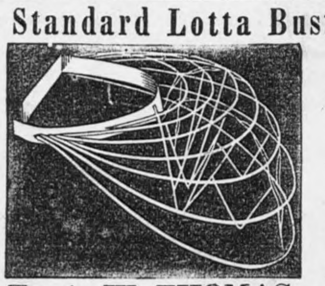

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GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old)	" 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old)	" 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 29
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)	" 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt)	" 35
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER	" 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S SHORT DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 48
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt	" 49

Vol. V.

DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postilion Baqsue, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers)	" 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 8
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 13
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 20
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 21
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER	No. 23
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)	" 25
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt	" 27
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 29
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)	" 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old)	" 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, Shirt Waist, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 5 to 10 years old)	" 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt	" 39
PRINCESSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 41
DOLMAN SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 41
DOUBLE-TALMA, APRON-FRONT AND LONG WALKING SKIRT	" 41
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT	" 43
GIRL'S PRINCESSE POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44
LOUIS QUINZE VEST BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 46
DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT	" 46
VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 48
FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt)	" 50
DOLMAN MANTLE WALKING SUIT	" 51

Vol. VI.

DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT	" 7
TIGHT BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 11
GIRL'S WARDROBE, Sacque, Sailor Blouse and Skirt, Basque fastened behind, Over-skirt, Low-Necked Over Dress, and Bretelle Apron (for girl from 2 to 13 years old)	" 13
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FACETIÆ.

SOME people are never contented. After having all their limbs broken, their heads smashed, and their brains knocked out, they will actually go to law and try to get further damages.

A retired sea-captain, who had made the tour of continental Europe and the Holy Land, was asked how he was impressed by his visit to Jerusalem.

"Jerusalem," said he, "is the meanest place I ever visited! There is not a drop of liquor in the whole town fit to drink."

THE LETTER H AGAIN.—It sometimes happens that when a man's heir thinks he ought to die, *he* thinks he ought to dye his hair.

At a late Conference session a clergyman gave a reason why the Baptist Church is like a beaver's hut: "There is only one entrance to it, and that is under water."

What goes most against a farmer's grain?—His reaping machine.

Do singers measure their time with the compass of the voice or with the scales?

"Who are the peacemakers?" asked a minister of his Sunday-school class.

"The police," quickly replied one of the lads.

Why do bees like to come out on a bright summer day?—Because it's honey (sunny) weather.

A cockney conducted two ladies to an observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late, the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed. "Oh," exclaimed our hero, "don't fret! I know the astronomer well. He's a very polite man, and, I'm sure, will begin again."

Of all the birds that please us with their lays, the most popular is the hen.

A Nebraska conductor, when he finds a man on his train without any money to pay for his ride, punches three holes in his hat, and "passes him along."

A sentimental young man thus feelingly expresses himself, "Even Nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns: does she endow women with pins?"

A Western critic, noted for his softness of style, speaks of an "Indian poet who was recently sent to the penitentiary for three years for plagiarizing a horse."

DESPOTISM.

LEADING LADY (*stoutish—with just indignation, on reading cast of next performance*). "What! I not play Juliet? After having played it thirty years!"

[*No wonder there's no chance for real talent nowadays!*

WRONGFUL IMPRESSION.—"You are wrong, my dear Simpletonius, in supposing the Irish to be cannibals from the mere fact of their having 'the broth of a boy' so frequently in their mouths."—*Extract from some elegant correspondence.*

A school inspector, while lately examining the young children, asked them the following questions:

"Are there any mountains in Palestine?"

"Yes," replied the children.

"How are they situated?" inquired the examiner.

"Some are in clusters, and there are some isolated ones," they answered.

"What do you mean by the word 'isolated?'" asked the examiner.

"Why, covered with ice, of course!" quickly replied one of the children.

THESE GOOD PEOPLE ARE NOT CRAZY. THEY ARE ONLY AMUSING BABY, SO HE WILL ALLOW NURSE TO WASH HIM.

SPRING.

The sun is warm, the sky is blue,
The buds are full, the grass is growing;
I wonder if the signs are true,
And winter really is going!
'Tis too good news, it seems to me,
That gentle spring at last is coming.
This very morn I saw a bee—
But he was humming!

The seeds don't seem to show as yet—
I fear they've rotted altogether;
The winter's been so very wet—
But shall we have more settled weather?
Those fleecy clouds on high that wing
Can weep like Niobe's sad daughters;
And we perchance may find the spring
A spring of waters.

O gentle spring! betray us not;
We can be dry, and yet hilarious;
And, pray, give back the watering-pot
To January's old Aquarius.
Where'er your tiny foot shall touch,
Bid blossoms spring, the greensward fretting—
For we've an appetite for such
That needs no whetting.

INSULT TO INJURY.—A rogue was charged with obtaining goods by false pretenses. He pleaded that he failed to see how a pretense could be other than false.

HORTICULTURE AND HYMEN.

"As you have made your bed, so you must lie upon it."

"I sha'n't," replied the youthful bridegroom, to whom this observation was addressed by an aged relative; "I'm a gardener."

AGED, BUT AFFABLE.—A lady asked Mr. Scrudgells if he liked children. "Don't know, ma'am," answered that crabbed old gentleman; "never tried 'em; am not an ogre." On another occasion Scrudgells remarked that infants were not innocents. "Quite the reverse," said Scrudgells; "a baby is a crying evil."

"A JOB'S COMFORTER."

IRISH EX-MAJOR. "So, me boy, you're going to India? Unhealthy place, you know. The last station I was at coff'ns were issued with annual clothin' to the men, and kept as necessaries in store; and, bedad, I had a friend who was on a firing party over a man of his company in the morning, and who fired over himself in the evening, Sor!"

A young lady being asked by a boring politician which party she was in favor of, the conservative or the liberal party, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

CIRCUITOUS.

PASSENGER. "Quite the sort of weather for your business, these April showers, I suppose?"

RED-FACED DRIVER. "No, Sir; gi' me fair weather; 'cause if it ain't fair, no one gets up outside; and if there ain't no one to get up outside, there ain't no one to say, 'Driver, get yourself something warm to drink!'"

TO ALMANAC-MAKERS.—Can a year remarkable for its hideous fashions be remembered as a year of grace?

Somebody who is bored with the enthusiasm for the poem called *Beautiful Snow* writes this pretty stanza in reply:

"Beautiful snow! when a delicate thaw
Makes the air chilly and damp and raw!
Beautiful snow! they may sing whom it suits—
I object to the stuff 'cause it soaks through my boots."

A young preacher having tried to preach a sermon from the text, "Remember Lot's wife," and made a failure, a venerable doctor remarked that he "had better thereafter let other people's wives alone."

The report that the Modoc Indians had been engaged to put whoops on barrels of army stores has been contradicted.

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S EPITAPH—Taken from life.

They tell of a woman in Baltimore who has provided herself with two hundred pairs of stockings, woolen and cotton. She is evidently intending to organize a hose company somewhere.

An Oregon town got on a land-slide recently, and deposited itself in another county. And now the dishonest residents of that peripatetic village coolly refuse to pay their taxes, on the ground that they don't belong in that county.

REVIVALISM.—That was a good though rather a severe pun which was made by a student in a theological seminary (and he was not one of the brightest of the class either), when he asked, "Why is Professor —— the greatest revivalist of the age?" and, on all "giving it up," said, "Because at the end of every sermon there is a great awakening."

Why is a nice young unmarried lady an anomaly?—Because, although she's always a miss, still she's never amiss.

At a concert the other day one of the vocalists found her voice thick: she strained it, but without any good effect.

THE FIRST SHEPHERDESS—The Queen of She (bah).

A revengeful traveler on a certain railroad in this State packed a carpet-bag full of loaded revolvers, and handed it to a gentlemanly baggage-smasher, who had ruined three or four trunks for him already. The smasher flung the bag up against the wall savagely, and then threw it on the floor and stamped on it, and jumped up and down on it, as usual. At about the fourth jump firing began along the whole line. Forty-six revolvers went off in rapid succession, distributing bullets around the car with disgusting carelessness of the legs of the smasher, who was shot in six places before he could get out of the car. He rode upon the platform during the whole of that trip; and when he did enter the car he incased his legs in stove-pipe, and ran an iron-clad snow-plow in front of him to push the baggage out with. He smashes, perhaps, fewer carpet-bags now than he once did in the blissful past—much fewer; and he is filled with gloom. The only boon he craves is that he may be present when the carpet-bag owner calls with his check. He says there will then be a conflict which will make the Franco-German war appear perfectly ridiculous.

The misery of being called upon suddenly to make a speech was got over by a mathematician, who delivered himself in this fashion: "Gentlemen, a morbid desire for originality prevents me from saying, 'This is the proudest moment of my life,' and it does not occur to me to say any thing else."

A minister examined his school-boys thus:

"What is the meaning of the word 'repentant?'"

"Please, Sir, don't know."

"Now, if I had stolen a loaf of bread, what should I be?"

"Please, Sir, locked up."

"Well, should I feel sorry?"

"Yes."

"Well, why should I feel sorry?"

"Please, Sir, cos you was *cotched*."

A minister in a Highland village recently, in discoursing to his hearers upon the subject of Jonah and the whale, portrayed in bold imagery the whole scene. He said: "I seem to see Jonah passing along the road to Nineveh; I seem to see him paying his passage-money; I seem to see him walk upon the vessel; I seem to see them lift their anchor, and the stately ship move gradually out from the Clyde upon the ocean!"

A SMART YOUTH.

COUSIN MILLICENT (*with smothered indignation*). "Good-by, Robert! And since it seems you found nothing fitter than my favorite bit of Japanese Enamel to drop your Cigar Ashes in last night, perhaps you'll accept it as a Gift. It has no further Value for *me* after such Desecration!"

COUSIN ROBERT. "Tha-anks, Millicent! And if *that's* the way Articles of Priceless Value are disposed of in *your* branch of the Family, I can only Regret I didn't make an Ash-Pan of your *Hand!*"

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

"Now, Jessie, Say your Prayers like a good little Girl!"

"Mamma dear, why *mayn't I kneel down, and Hold my Tongue*, as Papa does!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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MAY PARTIES.

THE young girls' May party combines, more than any recreation with which we are acquainted, the constituents of the beautiful, innocent, and agreeable.

The veritable 1st of May, with the manner of whose observance in England Washington Irving's sketches have made us all so delightfully familiar, can no longer be kept in our climate with appropriate accompaniments of flower and leafy bough. Each year spring seems to retard her coming, and gives not forth of her floral treasures until toward the middle or last of the month, so that it is only by courtesy that we still consider this style of festival as the welcomer in of May.

Generally children of one school or neighborhood, for the most part girls of from ten to sixteen years of age, club together, and designating a suitable time and place, elect their queen by vote. She may be the most beautiful, but is more often the best beloved among her companions. Next is chosen a crowner, who should be rather taller than the queen; then a garland-bearer, who is to encircle with her wreath the new-made queen, throwing it over the right and under the left arm; then from among the smaller girls are chosen a sceptre-bearer and page, the latter to be in appropriate costume, and supplied with a magnificent bouquet for presentation to her majesty. After these selections are made the rest of the girls are divided into two bands, viz., the maids of honor, to be uniformed in white dresses with blue sashes, and the Floras, in white, with pink sashes.

Some owner of a suitable grove or ample grassy lawn is generally found generous enough to throw open his grounds for the May-day celebration. A large wooden platform is then erected for a throne underneath some overarching shade tree. The throne must be carpeted, and should be large enough to admit of holding an arm-chair, with space on either side for all to stand who are to take an active part in the ceremony, the rest of the girls ranging themselves on each side of the steps, which ought to furnish an easy ascent to the structure. The throne should be provided with such floral decorations as taste may suggest. A large crimson-covered arm-chair, surmounted by an arch of white lilies and evergreens, contrasts prettily with the snowy, airy muslins of the little girls.

At the hour appointed, invited guests being assembled on the green, and a small band of stringed instruments playing lively strains of music, the procession should draw near in the following order: two marshals, with batons three or four feet long, wrapped in ribbons or wreaths of flowers, lead the way; the Floras follow, two and two, holding baskets of flowers, whose contents they scatter along the pathway as they advance, reciting,

"Happy, happy, happy day,
—— —— is Queen of May;"

two and two come the maids of honor; and lastly, the queen, simply attired in pure white, arm in arm with her crowner. At the foot of the throne stairs the marshals pause, and crossing their batons, form a triumphal arch, through which defile the little train.

Having taken their positions, the crowner advances and performs her office, using a poetical form of address. Having been invested with sceptre, garlanded with flowers, and presented with a gorgeous nosegay, the donors in each case reciting a short poetical address, the queen rises and responds. Her speech over, the coronation is deemed complete.

The May-pole, at some point near, which has meanwhile been flaunting to the breeze its gay streamers and pendent wreaths, now claims "all honor due;" and the queen, attended by her mimic court, descending from the throne, resorts thither. Joining hands, all dance round and round till wearied with the sport, when the ring is broken and ceremony is at an end. The guests mingle freely, and give themselves up to the innocent merriment called forth by the occasion. Refreshments of ices, cake, and fruit may be handed or not, as convenient, to be partaken of in picnic style under the trees.

Five o'clock in the afternoon is the primitive hour usual for the gathering together of these assemblies. This circumstance supplies no slight recommendation in the eyes of careful mammas, since by night-fall the party has dispersed, and the young folks are again domiciled.

These entertainments are not only to be commended as furnishing young people with a delightful mode of spending a half-holiday, but in this work-a-day world the good done is incalculable, when hard-worked men and women can be thus drawn out of themselves for a while into an enjoyment of nature and sympathy with children's pleasures.

Let not the May party, then, be reckoned out of date, but be perpetuated, as giving refined and poetical expression to feelings deep-seated in the soul and beneficent in their exercise, sanctioned by the customs of the past, and suited to the exigencies of the present.

Among us, Decoration-day, on the 30th of May, is fast taking the place of the traditional May-day. Falling, as it does, at the end, instead of the beginning of the month, at the time when the spring flowers are in their fullest bloom, this touching festival in commemoration of our heroes, which is kept alike

Fig. 1.—FOULARD DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 19–21.

Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR CHILD UNDER ONE YEAR OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—FAILLE WALKING SUIT.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—TOILE DE SOIE WALKING SUIT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 22–28.

FIGS. 1–4.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HOUSE AND STREET DRESSES.

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in all sections of the country, is more akin to the spirit of our people than either the May-day of old England or the carnival of Southern Europe.

THE OLD MAN IN THE PALACE CAR.

BY JOHN H. YATES.

WELL, Betsey, this beats every thing our eyes have ever seen!
We're ridin' in a palace fit for any king or queen.
We didn't go as fast as this, nor on such cushions rest,
When we left New England years ago to seek a home out West.

We rode through this same country, but not as we now ride—
You sat within a stage-coach, while I trudged on by your side;
Instead of ridin' on a rail, I *carried one*, you know,
To pry the old coach from the mire through which we had to go.

Let's see: that's fifty years ago—just arter we were wed;
Your eyes were then like diamonds bright, your cheeks like roses red.
Now, Betsey, people call us old, and push us off one side,
Just as they have the old slow coach in which we used to ride.

I wonder if young married folks to-day would condescend
To take a weddin'-tour like ours, with log-house at the end?
Much of the sentimental love that sets young cheeks aglow
Would die to meet the hardships of fifty years ago.

Our love grew stronger as we toiled; though food and clothes were coarse,
None ever saw us in the courts a-huntin' a divorce;
Love leveled down the mountains and made low places high;
Love sang a song to cheer us when clouds and storms were nigh.

I'm glad to see the world move on, to hear the engine's roar,
And all about the cables stretchin' now from shore to shore.
Our mission is accomplished; with toil we both are through;
The Lord just lets us live a while to see how young folks do.

Whew, Betsey, how we're flyin'! See the farms and towns go by!
It makes my gray hair stand on end; it dims my failin' eye.
Soon we'll be through our journey, and in the house so good
That stands within a dozen rods of where the log one stood.

How slow—like old-time coaches—our youthful years went by!—
The years when we were livin' 'neath a bright New England sky:
Swifter than palace cars now fly our later years have flown,
Till now we journey hand in hand down to the grave alone.

I can hear the whistle blowin' on life's fast-flyin' train;
Only a few more stations in the valley now remain.
Soon we'll reach the home eternal, with its glories all untold,
And stop at the blest station in the city built of gold.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1873.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be sent out gratuitously a splendidly illustrated

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FANCY-WORK.

THERE has always been an outcry, from a certain branch of the Gradgrinds, as to the folly and idleness of fancy-work, so called, and the total depravity of the same in any relation to art.

We confess that we have never been altogether able to agree with those earnest souls who cry havoc and let loose the dogs of war upon this poor little prey; for to our thinking fancy-work is by no means at all times an unworthy occupation, and, moreover, those employed upon it being usually those whose time hangs heavily on their hands, we must believe that any work for them is better than no work at all.

Certain it is that fancy-work is often a great delight, and answers a craving otherwise unappeased, for with almost every one there is a desire to create the beautiful; and if nature has not been impartial in her gifts of genius, of eye, and hand for the execution of outline and color and form—if it is not given to every one to draw and paint, and carve and model—the unassuming bit of fancy-work may afford opportunity of seeing delicate shapes and tints grow beneath the touch, and give to the worker a degree of satisfaction which, if it be not the highest there is, is still valuable.

The idea of saying that because a person can not do all that is desirable, that person shall be debarred from doing even what is possible—that if she can not paint flowers in water-colors, for instance, she shall not work flowers in flosses, is, with all deference to those that differ, simply absurd. One might as well say that nobody should sing a lullaby that could not sing a cavatina—that nobody should write ballads because there are Iliads. One star differs from another in glory, we are told; and if *this* star's particular influence is shed upon fancy-work, we do not know why the fancy-work should be ignored because *that* star's influence is shed upon something better still.

Of course the day of embroidering pink-eyed and impossible poodles asleep in impossible meadows is over; and though some may attribute its abolition, in a degree, to the hue and cry against fancy-work in general, we prefer to consider it due to the universal improvement in the public taste which has taken place with added culture, education, and intercourse with the world at large. Nowadays designers of real merit are employed upon nearly all the designs for Berlin wool; and those who do not see any thing lovely in a baby's blanket lying over him like a lapful of blossoms, or do not think an unsightly chair is bettered by a tidy whose vines and leaves are crocheted as whitely and frostily as winter stamps them on the pane, or do not prefer to have a cumbrous and ungainly wooden mantel-shelf covered and fringed by a lambrequin whose foliated outlines mingle in graceful arabesque—those who choose rather the plain blanket, the ugly chair, the naked shelf, before the same objects decorated into cheerfulness and comeliness, have, to say the least, a very singular taste themselves.

But taste, indeed, is an arbitrary affair. The Circassians and the Mongolians have very different rules and standards regarding it. That only can be the best whose results are the best, and those results only are the best which produce the greatest happiness and virtue. And it seems to us, unequivocally, that in the house where fancy-work prevails there is an evident desire to civilize and adorn that house, an evident interest in it, and therefore a probable happiness and virtue; for where people have interest in their homes there is apt to be happiness there, and there can not be happiness unless there is virtue too.

It is possible that here and there a young girl wastes herself over her embroidery needle who might do something else to more purpose, but we doubt if it is a frequent case. The usual young woman is not a MARY FAIRFAX or a MARIA MITCHELL. She would not be ciphering out logarithms if there had never been a stitch of fancy-work invented. She would most likely be gadding and gossiping and making shocking patchworks; and we imagine that if to-day she feels any decided tendency to editing, or teaching, or bone-setting, or book-keeping, or the cure of souls, the meshes of no worsted-work would be strong enough to restrain her. In our own experience we have seen the novel-writer take it up to refresh her tired fancy, and find it do so, the female preacher resort to it on social evenings when casual guests forbade more serious employment, and the shop-girl fly to it after her tedious day with rapture. Perhaps it was to them what the cigar and the meerschaum are to their brothers; for it would seem as if there were something in the delicate ivory and steel implements, and the soft and bright hues of the materials used, that is gratifying and soothing not only to the nerves, but to that artistic sense which is inherent in every woman's nature, even if not carried to any creative point.

Nor is it merely as a soothing and refreshing occupation that we look at fancy-work. It is, more often than not, something positively useful. When out of shreds of old woolens one has fringed and crimped a lamp-mat, from which the globe of flame shall rise as if from a bed of moss, one has done something useful; when one has wrought a vine of the reddened October blackberry wreaths to lay over the tiny corner shelf that was needed to hold vase or bust, but could not be afforded of richer wood than the plain unvarnished pine, one has done something useful; when one has made a rustic frame of twigs and acorns and cones for the print that never could have been hung on the tiresome bare wall if it waited for the costly frame from the picture-dealer, one has done something useful; when one has embroidered or painted or spatter-worked a book-cover that shall still be as pleasant to the sight as the original binding, and shall preserve the rich book from soil, one has done something useful. And who can say that fire-screen, or chair-cover, or sofa-cushion is not useful, or that every simple decoration of the house that makes it more attractive to father and brother and husband, makes it a more desirable place for them to invite their friends and linger in themselves, is not, above most things, useful? And are all the little tokens of affection, the holiday and birthday gifts which can be had at the expenditure of a few cents and a few hours, and otherwise could not be had at all—slippers and traveling-bags and shawl-straps and pen-wipers—things that assure the recipient of some pleasant concern—are they, after all, so absolutely useless? Indeed, we know nothing more useful.

But we have met with cases where the frivolity of fancy-work has been turned to excellent profit, where young ladies who had learned its arts in their idle moments practiced it to provide themselves with the wardrobe that their restricted purses could never buy. We have known of a still more striking case where a widow has paid off the mortgage on her city house, and supported herself and child for many years, almost altogether with her swift crochet needle. And all of our readers have recently heard of the new point d'art which, long the amusement of noble ladies in France, has now become, if not their industry, at least a source of income to a conquered people. There is not an opponent of fancy-work to be found who would not consider fragments of certain tapestries to be worth more than their weight in gold, and yet those tapestries were nothing but the fancy-work of queens and princesses eight hundred years ago!

In fact, whenever we enter a house where there is store of fancy-work to be seen, we know that other wholesome things are to be found there also; we know that there is love of beauty, however inadequately fed, that there is skill and deftness and industry and lovely patience—all comfortable qualities to have in those about you—and we fancy that there is a certain delightful femininity in the spirit of such a household as it promises, not always to be found in dwellings where costlier splendor dispenses with such small adornments, or where dry intellectuality scorns them. And while we are sure that none but those who would carry any thing else to excess would ever manifest so silly a devotion to the thing as to use upon it the hours belonging to other occupations, we can not but consider that the effect of fancy-work in general, not only upon the worker, but upon the frequent beholder, is refining and beneficial in many ways.

MAY MARKETING.

BY PIERRE BLOT.

THIS month is the most favored of the year for new and tender vegetables, as the list below will show. Shad and veal are also in their prime. Fruits are not plentiful yet, but the few kinds that are in season are most excellent.

FISH.

Sea bass, black-fish, halibut, kingfish, lamprey, mackerel, white and black perch, porgies, salmon, scup, shad, sheep's-head, sturgeon, trout, turbot, weak-fish, and frogs and turtles.

SHELL-FISH.

Lobsters, prawns, craw-fish, crabs.

MEAT.

Beef, veal, mutton, spring lamb, kid.

POULTRY.

Chickens, capons, spring chickens, turkeys, ducklings.

GAME.

Brand-goose, black duck, curlew, lapwing, brown lark, plover, rail, snipe.

VEGETABLES.

Asparagus, Bermuda potatoes, Bermuda onions, new cabbages, young beets, cauliflowers, chervil, chives, cucumbers, dandelion, dock, Limas, mint, nasturtium, pease, pepper-grass, radishes, poke, rhubarb, purslane, sprouts, string-beans, tomatoes, water-cress, wild chiccory.

FRUITS.

Bananas, gooseberries, cherries, peaches, pine-apples, strawberries.

We gave last month lists of different kinds of food that are found in the markets and in stores during the whole year.

Frying.—There are two very different ways of frying; one is to have enough boiling fat to immerse the objects fried, and the other is to have just enough of it to merely cover the bottom of the frying-pan, and prevent the objects therein from burning.

Inexperienced housekeepers or cooks often make mistakes on that account. They hear or read that such an article of food is excellent fried; they try it, not knowing in which way it ought to be fried, either with little or much fat, and just as often spoil the article as cook it well.

To guard our readers from mistakes of this kind, we shall call frying with much fat (when the objects are immersed) *to fry*, which is the real name for it, and we shall call frying with little fat (when there is only enough of it to merely cover the bottom of the pan) *to sauté*, which is its French and right name, there being no corresponding word to it in English. For instance, small fish is *fried*, but an omelet is *sauté;* potatoes are *fried*, but parsnips are *sautés*.

How to fry.—If there is not enough fat in the pan to completely immerse the objects fried, they will certainly taste greasy. It will be the same if the fat is not heated enough. Fat is heated enough when jets of smoke ooze out of it, or when, on throwing drops of water into it, a crackling noise is heard.

When the fat is hot enough, the article that is to be fried is dropped into it, and stirred gently now and then with a skimmer. When done, it is taken off the pan with the skimmer, and turned into a colander, which should rest on a dish or bowl to receive the fat that may drop.

If the article to be fried be tender and somewhat brittle, it is put in a wire basket made for that purpose, and the basket is placed in the fat. When done, the basket is raised, held over the pan for a few seconds to allow the fat to drop, and the articles fried are carefully taken out of it, and served, after having been sprinkled with salt.

If the article to be fried is not completely immersed in the fat, the part not immersed will absorb fat and, as stated above, will taste greasy; but when there is fat enough to entirely cover them, the intensity of the heat closes the pores (carbonizes them, as it were), and no fat is absorbed.

Fat (be it beef suet, lard, or oil) can be heated to a degree three times higher than water.

It is no more expensive to have plenty of fat than to have only a little; for, as soon as the articles are taken off the fat, the pan is put away to cool for a few minutes, then the fat is poured into a stone jar, gently, so as to retain what particles of solid matter may be on the bottom of the pan, and is kept for another time.

After having used the fat several times it may turn somewhat dark; a few slices of bread dried in the oven may then be put into it and boiled gently for about twenty minutes; the whole is then turned into another pan, with about as much water; two or three boils are given, it is suffered to cool, and the fat is skimmed off from the surface, when all the particles that may have been in it will be found in the bottom, in the water. The every-day fat coming from skimming, trimmings, etc., as explained before, is added to this, so that there is at all times fat enough in a well-kept kitchen for frying purposes.

Butter should never be used to fry, but always to sauté, because in sautéing the fat is absorbed, and butter has a much more delicate flavor than any other fat, except chicken, goose, and turkey fat or grease, which are preferred by many to sauté omelets.

Calf's Brain, Fried.—The brain is put in cold water and a few drops of vinegar for two or three hours before cooking; then the thin skins and bloody veins are removed. It is split in four or six slices, according to size; each slice is dipped in batter, and fried. The batter is composed of two yolks of eggs, two table-spoonfuls of flour, a pinch of salt, and cold water enough to make the mixture rather thin; then the whites of the eggs are beaten to a stiff froth with an egg-beater, and well mixed with the rest. Milk may be used instead of water, according to taste.

Brain with Brown Butter.—When the brain is cleaned as above, put it in a pan with cold water, a wine-glassful of vinegar, a few whole peppers, parsley, salt, and a clove; boil for from four to six minutes, according to size; take it off carefully with a skimmer, split each half in two lengthwise, and place the slices on a warm dish; turn a brown butter all over, put the stalks of fried parsley around, and serve quickly.

Calf's brain is quite a relish for invalids.

Calf's Head.—When you buy a calf's head, see that the eyes are full. Have it split in two lengthwise by the butcher. When in the kitchen, remove the two halves of the brain without breaking them, and also the tongue. See that no hairs have been left on the skin, especially around the eyes, the ears, the lips, and the nostrils. Put it in cold water for a few hours, and clean and wash it well. Put the head and tongue into a good-sized saucepan, with cold water, half a gill of vinegar, two onions and two carrots quartered, two cloves, two bay leaves, a few stalks of parsley, a pinch of thyme, and a tea-spoonful of whole peppers. Simmer for two hours and a half if small, for three hours if of middling size, and for three hours and a half if large. It is then taken from the fire, and left in the liquor until used: being gelatinous, it gets dry and hard if exposed to the atmospheric air for any length of time.

Head for Breakfast.—The head is taken out of the water when cold, boned, and cut in small pieces or in dice, and put in a dish; then beat together in a bowl about a tea-spoonful of chopped parsley, salt, pepper, oil, mustard, and vinegar; turn over the pieces of head, and it is ready. An onion or shallot, chopped fine, may be added to the mixture, if liked. When for breakfast it is generally cooked the day before. A small family can easily have a dish for dinner and one for breakfast out of a calf's head, besides the brain and tongue.

For Dinner.—When cooked as above, put the head in cold water to cool, and while cooling cook a table-spoonful of flour with about the same of butter, then add water or broth, give one boil, add also chopped

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pickled cucumbers, salt, and pepper, and simmer the whole about ten minutes. Put in the mixture two or three yolks of hard-boiled eggs whole, also the whites, and give one boil. Cut the head in pieces, put them in the mixture, keep about ten minutes on the corner of the range, and it is ready. It must not be allowed to boil when the head is in. The tongue may be put with the head.

It is also broiled, fried, and prepared in several other ways, but for the present we shall confine ourselves to the most useful and practical directions. Hundreds of different dishes are made with veal, and there are between fifteen and eighteen hundred ways of serving eggs; but as the majority of people could not or would not live on bobolinks' eggs, thrushes' brains, and nightingales' tongues, we propose to give to our readers more practical and common-sense directions.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SUMMER BONNETS.

FASHIONABLE milliners have opened their last importations for the season. The choice in bonnets remains between chip and black net. Écru chip is an undressed sewed braid, very soft and light, and altogether different from the chalk-white stiff chip formerly worn; besides, its whiteness is so nearly concealed by trimming that all objections to it are removed, and it is considered a most dressy summer hat. The trimming is always bias repped silk, and the color is chosen with reference to the principal costume on the wearer; but so much black lace and such varied flowers are used on the bonnet that it becomes generalized enough to suit various dresses. Black chip is also much worn, and is almost as light as a lace bonnet.

The latest caprice on elegant French hats is to put a great deal of trimming all around underneath the brim, to lie on the braids of hair that are now worn high around the head. This trimming consists of a flat band of folded ribbon, on which is laid part of a wreath of leaves or roses on the left side, with a coquettish bow on the right. The band lies close to the head around the crown braid; and the hat brim above it is lined with silk, and turned upward, or else outward, in most capricious fashion. Another stylish fancy is to have the upturned brim of white chip hats thickly studded with finest jet; below this is then placed a coil or band of ribbon of becoming color. The most simply trimmed bonnets have a flower cluster just in front of the brim, or one side, or else a bow with turned-up ends is perched coquettisly on the plain smooth facing. Pink or blue ribbon rolls and puffs under the brim are veiled with black lace, on which is placed a fine jet ornament. For half wreaths under brims, pale pink sweet-brier, with its thorny stem and glossy leaves, a row of dwarfed roses, and the bright blue garden pinks, seem to be the favorite flowers. Clustering white elder flowers, tea-roses, and vines of ivy leaves, grape leaves, and the colored nasturtium, are on stately bonnets for elderly ladies; blue forget-me-nots mixed with pink wild roses are for fresh, youthful faces.

The back of the crown is also another objective point for trimming, especially for bunches of long-stemmed rose-buds tied together carelessly, showing the cut, pointed ends of their flexible stems, and the string with which they are held. These rose-bud clusters are sometimes all pink, but are oftener pink, red, and yellow together. They droop over the edge of the crown in Spanish fashion, and are prettier and wear better than the long trailing vines that are soon tangled and broken. Two nodding ostrich plumes at the back of Rabagas bonnets add much to their style. Black chip Rabagas with black plumes are especially admired with stylish black costumes.

The small space still undescribed between the brim and the rose cluster on the crown usually shows the clear outline of the soft chip, simply banded with lapping folds of bias silk, with a knot or loops on the left side. It is a matter of fancy about ribbon or lace drapery behind. The prettiest lace drapery is a three-cornered piece of dotted net edged with lace, and folded back and forth like the spirals of a jabot, or else a square in a great double box-pleat like a Watteau fold. Two hanging ends of lace behind are not now worn, but long ribbon ends are much used. It is not, however, a matter of taste about strings, as they are now added to every thing, round hats and bonnets alike; and the principal difference between hats and bonnets lies in the way the strings are tied, viz., under the chin for bonnets, and under the coiffure for hats. Two-and-a-half-inch ribbon strings are most used, but these are soon soiled by perspiration; the first warm days will see revived the cool and pretty fashion of black lace strings loosely held under the chin by a rose-bud and leaves.

One of the prettiest Rabagas bonnets is a soft white rice chip with sky blue repped band under the brim, on which is laid a vine of green rose leaves with a pink bud cluster on the right. Blue bands and an aigrette trim the outside. Another Rabagas, made for the President's fair-haired daughter Nellie, is of black dotted net with pale pink faille on the brim, and a black lace ruche with coquettish pink bow for face trimming. A wreath of blue forget-me-nots fills the space back of the brim, and long-stemmed pink rose-buds droop from the crown. Black and pink ribbon pendants, and black ribbon strings. A chip Hortense bonnet, with ample crown and coronet brim, receding on the sides and turned down behind, was chosen by a tall, stately blonde. The brim was faced with black velvet, and had a turquoise blue roll beneath. Turquoise folds, a blue pompon, glossy green leaves, and brown berries, with black lace strings, completed the trimming. Price $42. A white chip from Paris is to be worn with an olive costume. The brim is faced with pale blue, and a blue band lying on the high braid of hair supports a wreath of ivy leaves, tiny stems of cedar, some pink rose-buds, a yellow rose, and a pale blue garden pink. Olive brown silk of two shades is folded around the crown, and two ostrich plumes nodding on the crown are shaded from dark to light olive. A fine black chip has the turned-up brim thickly incrusted with jet, and a pink roll underneath. Soft tulle is puffed over the crown, and two ostrich tips droop backward over a cluster of pink hedge roses. A square of lace falls like a jabot behind. A white chip from Virot's has pale creamy brown repped silk facing the brim, and a darker olive roll beneath, with pink rose-buds just in front. Loops of cream-color trim the crown, and two shaded brown plumes surmount it. Long olive ribbon streamers behind.

RIDING-HABITS.

Among imported riding-habits those made in London are preferred by equestriennes. These English habits are exceedingly plain this season, and black habits are more decidedly favored than ever. The basque is a short jockey with postillion pleats behind, pressed flatly, and held in place by a lengthwise row of small buttons. The front of the basque is short, and is often merely two soft points. The edge of the basque is simply bound with twilled silk braid; there are nine flat buttons up the front, and the high neck has a round turned-over collar of velvet. The coat sleeves are very tight, and have a button and button-hole at the wrist to widen them for the hand to pass through. Cuffs and all fancy braiding are banished from the most expensive London-made habits. The skirt is not regularly gored, but is shaped out from the wide cloth so that it has but one or two seams. It is cut to bulge out on the right side to make it fit smoothly over the knee that is thrown over the pommel, and this makes the right side ten inches longer than the left. It is not so scant as has been the fashion lately, nor so wide and long as formerly, but is a medium between these, measuring four yards at its greatest width, while the length is fifty-two inches in front and sixty-two behind. The front is sewed to the belt without gathers, but there are six pleats behind; the placket is on the left side, and very deeply lapped, with a pocket underneath. Seven yards of cloth at $6 a yard are used for such habits. They cost when completed $78. Lighter cloth at $3 a yard is preferred by some ladies for summer wear. Glossy broadcloth and tricot wear better than ladies' cloth, which roughens by usage, and gets a furred, nappy surface. Furnishing houses ask from $50 to $100 for stylish habits. Tailors trim them with fine camel's-hair braid, put on *à la militaire*, in tiny waves and curls beside a band of wider Hercules braid.

NEWLY DRAPED LACE POINTS.

Modistes are draping lace points to form stylish round mantles of pretty talma shape, with armholes and a slender pointed hood. This is done without cutting or stretching the lace, and utilizes the points, which, notwithstanding their fineness and value, have an old-womanish look, and are very difficult to wear gracefully. The lace point is turned upside down, so that the straight top forms the bottom of the talma; the point below is then at the top, and is turned over from the neck and folded into the perfect shape of a hood, which is held in place by watered ribbon bows down the middle. The long ends at the sides are then each caught up high on the breast under a ribbon bow, and this leaves an open slit for each arm to pass through. To drape a mantle in this suitable way requires very little ingenuity after once being told, and the stylish effect is excellent.

THE NEW KILT PLEATING.

A pretty change is given to the long worn and still fashionable kilt pleating by arranging the pleats in groups. For instance, on a flat flounce five-eighths of a yard deep put a cluster of four kilt pleats, each an inch and a half wide, and all well lapped; then let a plain space of two inches intervene between this cluster and the next. This is a very pretty trimming for alpacas, or for the black taffeta silk skirts that ladies are ordering to wear under polonaises of cashmere and of batiste. The flounce is straight, has a half-inch hem on the lower edge, is stitched on an inch below the top, leaving a standing frill for heading, and is tacked to tapes underneath, about an eighth above the lower edge of the flounce; this lower edge then hangs loose from the skirt like a ruffle.

A row of buttons down the front of the dress from neck to toe is part of the fancy for trimming in wrapper style. Plain kilt pleating around skirts is turned on the front breadth to form a box-pleat, and bows of ribbon are set down the middle of the box-pleat.

For information received thanks are due Misses PAGE; SWITZER; and GEDNEY; and Madame FERRERO.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL GRANT is one of three Presidents who have passed their fiftieth birthday in office, the other two being Mr. POLK, who entered office about seven months before he was fifty years old, and General PIERCE, who became President in his forty-ninth year. General WASHINGTON was in his fifty-eighth year when he became President, JOHN ADAMS was in his sixty-second, JEFFERSON in his fifty-eighth, MADISON in his fifty-eighth, MONROE in his fifty-ninth, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS in his fifty-eighth, General JACKSON in his sixty-second, VAN BUREN in his fifty-fifth, General HARRISON in his sixty-ninth, TYLER in his fifty-second, General TAYLOR in his sixty-fifth, FILLMORE in his fiftieth, BUCHANAN in his sixty-fifth, LINCOLN in his fifty-third, and JOHNSON in his fifty-seventh year. General HARRISON was the oldest man ever elected to the Presidency, and General GRANT is the youngest. WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, MADISON, and JOHN QUINCY ADAMS were in their fifty-eighth years when they entered the Presidency, and Mr. MONROE completed his fifty-ninth year only fifty-five days after he became President, and JOHNSON was in his fifty-sixth year when he succeeded President LINCOLN. The President who lived longest was JOHN ADAMS, who died in his ninety-first year. The next oldest was MADISON, who died in his eighty-sixth year. JEFFERSON died in his eighty-fourth year, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS in his eighty-first year, VAN BUREN in his eightieth year, General JACKSON in his seventy-ninth year. The youngest retiring President was General PIERCE, who went out of office not quite four months after he had completed his fifty-second year. Mr. POLK retired in his fifty-fourth year, and died in a little more than three months later, at the age of fifty-three years seven months and thirteen days—the youngest of all our Presidents in death.

—The Rev. Mr. HEPWORTH'S new church organization starts off under the brightest possible prospects. The first choice of pews was bought by Mr. ANTHONY at a premium of $1000.

—The magnificent jewels belonging to the wife of Mr. LIZARDI, who absconded a defaulter for nearly a million of dollars, were recently sold in London. The largest prices fetched were $6000 for a necklace, $6400 for a brilliant brooch, $10,000 for a brilliant tiara, and $13,500 for a pearl necklace studded with brilliants. The total receipts of the sale were about $55,000.

—The valuable library of Dr. S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE, having done its work in furnishing material for his *Dictionary of Authors*, is to be sold at auction in this city.

—At a recent fair held in Boston a few choice autographs were sold—among them the following interesting note from the Duchess of Sutherland to FANNY KEMBLE:

"DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,—I had to look at your signature more than once before I persuaded myself that you wrote to me so formally, and if this has a little of the tone of remonstrance, pray so take it. I think I admire you too much, and that we have too much sympathy, to be the least on a stranger-like footing. I know you will be sorry to hear that I have been an invalid and a sufferer since July last, and that I am not recovered, though my sufferings have diminished. I inclose my signatures, and will send some from the ARGYLES, if you desire them. Believe me, dear Mrs. KEMBLE, Yours very truly,

"HARRIET SUTHERLAND."

—The widow of Hon. ICHABOD WASHBURN, of Worcester, Massachusetts, has recently given to Washburn College, at Topeka, Kansas, $2000, in addition to the previous large benefaction of her late husband.

—Señor CASTELAR'S work on Rome is being translated into English by Mrs. ARTHUR ARNOLD, a highly cultivated lady, wife of the editor of the London *Echo*.

—It having been stated that the Mrs. DAVIDSON whose name is mentioned as having been lost in the *Atlantic* was "Miss ARABELLA GODDARD," who was at GILMORE'S Jubilee, it is proper to state that it can not be true. Madame GODDARD married Mr. DAVIDSON, the musical critic of the London *Times*, since her return to England, and has but one child, and that a son by her former husband. She was reported to have sailed for Australia on a professional tour some time ago. The Mrs. DAVIDSON who was drowned was probably the wife of the late Professor DAVIDSON, of the University of California. She was accompanied by a grown-up daughter, who also was lost.

—The London *Globe*, criticising CHARLES READE'S description of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, published in the London *Observer*, says, "The subtle flattery of trying his hand at a newspaper article, and not disconcerting the average manufacturer of a topical paper by any brilliant tokens of the great powers he possesses, should be appreciated by us all."

—EMILY FAITHFULL, writing of ANNA DICKINSON, remarks that "she was wayward and willful in the nursery, and gave more trouble than all the other children put together," but adds, "for the encouragement of parents afflicted with 'incorrigible' children, that long before she reached the age of thirty (born October 28, 1842) she was not only her mother's pride, but had achieved an independence which enabled her to surround her family with every comfort."

—A son of G. P. R. JAMES, the English novelist, is local editor of the Eau Claire *Free Press*. In his items he seldom mentions the legendary and lonesome steed so much affected by his parent.

—They get to be very old in New England. There is PETER GAY, of Augusta, Maine, who is ninety-seven; born in 1776; came in with the republic. He has a little son, ELIJAH, who is seventy-one, with fair prospect of attaining to a good old age. In Molunkus, same State, dwells good Mrs. RELIEF HAYDEN, who is eighty-five; has eleven children, all living, ranging from thirty-eight to sixty-four. From June 20 to December 31, 1872, she spun 160 skeins of yarn, knit 39 pairs of stockings, 20 pairs of mittens, and did quilting enough to make a Fifth Avenue miss go raving mad.

—Here is something for that bright young scientist, AUSTIN FLINT, Jun. Mr. BRUTCHER, of Evansville, Indiana, has a boy five years old who has slept constantly for three months. A violent shaking rouses him enough to take nourishment, and he has not fallen away during the nap, but he has lost the power of speech, and never moves unless shaken up.

—If Mr. WATTS, of Sheffield, can make practicable for general use his new invention for light and heat, he will be one of the world's great benefactors. He has invented a machine by which atmospheric air in passing through a charged battery is carbonized, and thus combustible gas is produced which burns brighter than coal gas, and, when mixed with air, has a heating power which can melt copper wire.

—Dr. A. H. VINTON, formerly rector of St. Mark's Church, but now of Boston, and a decided Low-Churchman, has, oddly enough, undertaken to establish in his parish a sisterhood, similar to those connected with the Episcopal churches of this city. Mr. SIDNEY EVERETT, eldest son of EDWARD EVERETT, came from his estate at Newport, and read before the Episcopal Church Association a very learned and interesting essay on the sisterhood topic. The congregation do not see it entirely by the lights of Dr. VINTON—objecting in a mild way to the "Sisterhood" title: so they have compromised on "Training School for Nurses." It doesn't sound so pretty as the other, but it means about the same style of thing.

—Mr. GREELEY'S life-insurance—$100,000—has been paid. The policies were issued three years ago to the Tribune Association for its own benefit. $20,000 was paid by the North American, $20,000 by the Mutual, $10,000 by the Globe, and the rest by out-of-town companies.

—Mr. ODGER, the representative man of the British laborer of to day, and the advocate of republican institution for England, is described as a short, stiff, clean shaved man, with a head and countenance that suggest the hardest type of John Bull, with dog attached. But he is popular with the toilers.

—Speaking of the reception address of the Duc d'Aumale, on the character of MONTALEMBERT, at the French Academy, the London *Spectator* says it was evidently a distinguished literary, perhaps a political, success. The Assembly adjourned for the day. All the talent of France filled the historic hall of the Forty Immortals. It is noted that M. THIERS yawned and nodded—M. GUIZOT, on the contrary, was wide awake, applauded, and no doubt reflected. The duke did well in striking as the key-note of MONTALEMBERT'S character its dauntless courage, the heritage of a race of soldiers, for, as MONTALEMBERT said of himself, he was the first of his house who had fought with the pen, and not the sword; and the duke was also happy in tracing the extent to which MONTALEMBERT'S English birth and education, and his youthful worship of O'CONNELL, influenced his mind.

—M. THIERS, who, as chief executive of France, has experienced the financial difficulties that confront a nation just emerged from war, spent ten days in England in 1833, and pledged himself to LOUIS PHILIPPE to learn in that time all that was worth knowing of the politics, commerce, revenues, religion, arts, sciences, and social economy of that country. While in London he wrote to a gentleman connected with the Treasury the following note:

"MY DEAR SIR,—Would you give me a short *quarter of an hour* to explain to me *the financial system of your country*? Always yours, T."

—Kaiser WILLIAM'S subjects, according to the census last taken, amount to 41,058,000, including Alsace and Lorraine. The females are in excess of the males 768,000.

—Mr. E. M. THOMPSON, of the British Museum, is editing for the Camden Society a series of letters written by Dr. PRIDEAUX, dean of Norwich, the author of the *Connection of the Old and New Testament*. The letters run from 1674 to 1722. Up to 1681 they are written from Oxford, and present an amusing picture of Oxford life two hundred years ago. They touch upon a variety of interesting social and political topics.

—Chief Justice ISAAC A. VERPLANCK, of the Superior Court of Buffalo, who died suddenly on the 16th ult., had been on the bench from the organization of the court, some twenty years ago. He was a man of marked ability, of high personal character, and was identified with all the principal public and benevolent institutions of the city.

—Mr. PEABODY, who left some few millions of dollars to the poor of London, left also a plot of ground of about five acres at Brixton, an agreeable southern suburb. His idea was that on this ground should be erected dwellings for the poorer classes, but it has been doubted whether the idea would be carried out. There is doubt no longer. The erection of baths and wash-houses has been commenced, with a restaurant, billiard-rooms, etc. Surely the poor of London are looking up and becoming luxurious when they can have a warm bath, retire to the restaurant, and wind up with a game at billiards.

—Mr. GILBERT A. PIERCE, in his *Dickens Dictionary*, gives the following summary of the characters portrayed by DICKENS in his novels: Actors, 17; actresses, 10; actuary, 1; adventurers, 2; aeronauts, 2; alderman, 1; amanuensis, 1; Americans, 25; apprentices, 6; architects, 4; authors, 8; babies, 3; bachelors, 10; barbers, 4; bar-maids, 2; beadles, 6; blind persons, 3; boarding-house keepers, 3; boobies, 2; boots, 4; brokers, 9; circus performers, 7; church, 1 (Little Bethel); clergymen, 13; clerks, etc., 47; corporations, etc., 8; cricketers, 6; cripples, 6; dancing-masters, 3; detectives, 12; editors, 4; emigrants, 7; fairies, 2; farmers, 4; footmen, 6; fops, 3; Frenchmen, 23; Germans, 5; governesses, 3; grocers, 3; invalids, 7; Jews, 3; lawyers, 35; M.P.'s, 7; misers, 9; murderers, 10; nurses, 13; old maids, 16; pawnbrokers, 3; physicians, 15; plasterer, 1; pony, 1; policemen, 12; pugilist, 1; reporter, 1; raven, 1; resurrectionist, 1; sextons, 3; showmen, 7; shrews, 12; surgeons, 7; spies, 2; swindlers, 14; thieves, 12; toadies, 10; tobacconist, 1; tramps, 2; turnkeys, 6; undertakers, 6; vagabonds, 8; vessels, 7; vestrymen, 6; waiters, 13; widowers, 3; and widows, 39.

—College "personal." On the 1st of April, when Professor GREGORY, of Genesee (New York) Academy, rose to read the Bible at morning prayers, he found that a dictionary of similar appearance had been substituted for the sacred volume. Not at all disconcerted he took from his pocket a Greek Testament and read the original text, expounding each verse in Latin, for colloquial readiness in which language he is somewhat distinguished. The students listened attentively, but to what extent they were edified has not transpired.

—Lord LYTTON'S chapter in *Kenelm Chillingly* on the responsibilities of parents in naming their children, suggests the reproduction of the remark of a lecturer who was talking of affectations, and particularly the one which induces people to sign the initial of the first with the whole of their middle name. He convulsed his audience with an incongruity of which at the moment he seemed almost unconscious, saying: "Sometimes this sounds well enough, but these cases are exceptional. We all like E Pluribus Unum, but who could stand P. Jonathan Pillsbury?"

—The endurance of woman is illustrated in the fact that of the first company of missionaries who went to the Sandwich Islands in 1819, the three that survived latest were the widows of THURSTON, WHITNEY, and RUGGLES. Two of these have recently died, leaving only Mrs. THURSTON to tell the story of that wonderful year.

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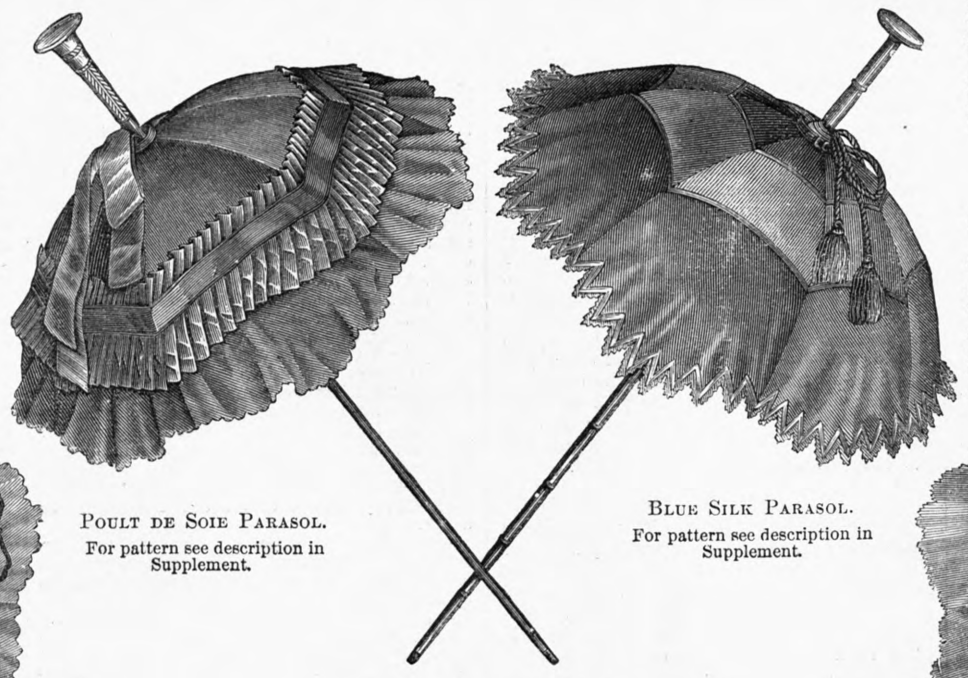
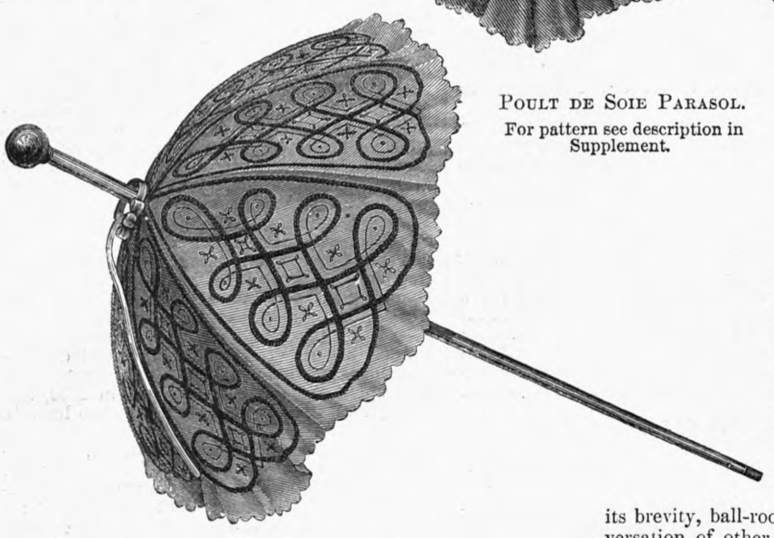
Embroidered Crêpe de Chine and Lace Cravat.

THIS cravat is made of a bias piece of blue crêpe de Chine forty inches long and five inches and three-quarters wide, which is embroidered on the ends in satin stitch with white silk, and trimmed with a gathered ruffle of the material, white lace insertion seven-eighths of an inch wide, and gathered lace edging an inch and three-quarters wide. Cut away the material underneath the insertion. Of course both the material and the trimming may be varied to suit the individual taste. Fig. 18, Supplement, gives the design for the embroidery in full size, which can readily be executed with the help of the illustration. The same design may also be worked in colors, and used for ornamenting various fancy articles, such as card-racks, mats, work-baskets, etc.



POULT DE SOIE PARASOL.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

BLUE SILK PARASOL.
For pattern see description in Supplement.



GRANITE GROS GRAIN PARASOL.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 17.

GRAY CRÊPE DE CHINE PARASOL.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

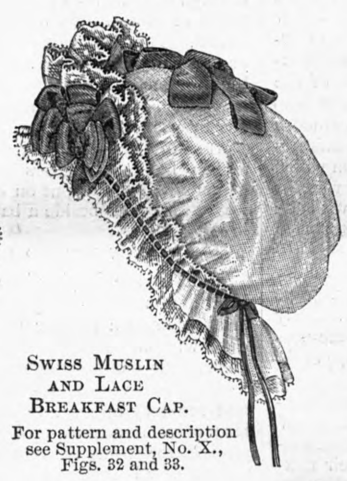
BALL-ROOM CONVERSATION.

THE conversation of a ball-room has perhaps met with more severe criticism than any means of interchanging ideas. If it is remembered that every ball-room conversation is limited, first, by the necessity for dancing, and secondly, by the necessity of "not staying too long away from mamma," it does not seem as if much ought to be expected. There is no time for depth of discussion during a "square" or between the intervals of a "round." "Sitting out," indeed, generally conduces to conversation, which sometimes is of an exceedingly interesting nature; but sitting out is generally the privilege of old friends, who need no stimulus to a quiet and agreeable talk. It must be, in the nature of things, extremely difficult to begin, carry on, and finish a conversation worth any thing with about twelve different people in one night. As soon as you have got beyond the opening sentences it is time to leave off. The first orthodox questions, as to the opera, the weather, the Park, the last "new thing," are like a prelude to a piece of music, or the first few moves in a game of chess. They are unavoidable, but useless. No one can plunge into a conversation with a stranger, or the acquaintance of a week, at once. Just as good swordsmen spend some time in feeling their adversaries' strength, so even a good talker will find it necessary to test the powers of his companion. Were it not so, the most absurd results would take place, and you might find yourself plunging into a gossiping conversation with a blue-stocking, or discussing Mill with her whose soul is in the valse. On the whole, it seems doubtful whether, except from its brevity, ball-room conversation is much worse than the conversation of other times. It lacks, indeed, time enough to become developed, and it is always being commenced *de novo;* but many clever things are said in a ball-room, and the foundation of many an important idea or phase of mind is laid during the music of a dance.

Flirting means so many different things to different people that it would be difficult to obtain any general assent as to the light in which it ought to be held. If by flirting is meant—in the ball-room sense—making deliberate love where nothing more than passing amusement is intended, then most people would agree that flirting is most pernicious. The girl whose sole object is to get proposals which she rejects with scornful merriment and "tip-tilted nose" has much to answer for. The man whose eyes are continually saying that which he never brings his lips to say has more. Both do harm which they can not repair. Both inflict wounds which they can not heal, but which are none the less deep because they do not bleed. Society is not so hollow that all in it is to be looked upon as false. Otherwise the honest man or woman would have no place there; and Heaven forbid that this should be the case. Deliberate falsehood, therefore—and such flirting is nothing else—is powerful for ill. Far be the day when every girl has to look upon what is said to her at a ball-room as entirely fictitious and untrustworthy, or when a man may look and say things by which next morning he may utterly refuse to abide. If flirting, however, merely means chaff, good-humor, fun, and wit—the pleasure which two people who like one another's society take in being together—a chat over a past pleasant party, a scheme for a future one—then none may wage successful war against it. Stupid among the stupids is the girl who never gets beyond cold commonplaces because she is afraid of having love made to her, and wearisome is he whose actions and words are regulated solely by the fear of being asked his intentions.

TULLE AND LACE CAP.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 34 and 35.

EMBROIDERED CRÊPE DE CHINE AND LACE CRAVAT.
For design see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 18.



SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE BREAKFAST CAP.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 32 and 33.

MOHAMMEDANISM.

THE essential doctrine of Mohammedanism is the absolute unity and supremacy of God, as opposed to the old Arab Polytheism on the one hand, and the Christian Trinity on the other. It, however, admits of angels and genii. Gabriel and Michael are the angels of power; Azriel, angel of death; Israfeel, angel of the resurrection. Eblis, or Satan, also plays an important part in this mythology. The Koran also teaches the doctrine of Eternal Decrees, or absolute Predestination; of prophets before Mohammed, of whom he is the successor—as Adam, Noah, Moses, and Jesus; of sacred books, of which all that remain are the Pentateuch, Psalms, Gospels, and Koran; of an intermediate state after death; of the resurrection and judgment. All non-believers in Islam go into eternal fire. There are separate hells for Christians, Jews, Sabians, Magians, idolaters, and the hypocrites of all religions. The Moslem is judged by his actions. A balance is held by Gabriel, one scale hanging over heaven and another over hell, and his good deeds are placed in one and his bad ones in the other. According as his scale inclines, he goes to heaven or hell. If he goes to heaven, he finds there seventy-two houris, more beautiful than angels, awaiting him, with gardens, groves, marble palaces, and music. If women are true believers, and righteous, they will also go to heaven, but nothing is said about husbands being provided for them. Stress is laid on prayer, ablution, fasting, alms-giving, and the pilgrimage to Mecca. Wine and gambling are forbidden. There is no recognition in the Koran of human brotherhood. It is a prime duty to hate infidels and make war on them. Mohammed made it a duty for Moslems to betray and kill their own brothers when they were infidels, and he was obeyed in more cases than one. The Moslem sects are as numerous as those of Christians. The Dabistan mentions seventy-three. The two main divisions are into Sunnites and Shyites. The Turks

Fig. 1.—FIGARO FICHU.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 15 and 16.

Fig. 2.—FIGARO FICHU.—BACK.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 15 and 16.

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are the most zealous of the Moslems. On Friday, which is the Sabbath of Islam, all business is suspended. Prayers are read and sermons preached in the mosques. No one is allowed to be absent. The Ramadan Fast is universally kept. Any one who breaks it twice is considered worthy of death. The fast lasts from sunrise to sunset. But the rich feast in the night, and sleep during the day. The Turks have no desire to make proselytes, but have an intolerant hatred for all outside of Islam. The kalif is the chief pontiff. The Oulema, or parliament, is composed of the imans, or religious teachers, the muftis, or doctors of law, and kadis, or ministers of justice. The priests in Turkey are subordinate to the civil magistrate, who is their diocesan, and can remove them at pleasure. The priests in daily life are like the laity, engage in the same business, and are no more austere than they.

Five times a day the muezzin proclaims the hour of prayer from the minaret in these words: "There is no god but God. Mohammed is His prophet. Come to prayer." In the morning call he adds, "Prayer is better than sleep." Immediately every Mussulman leaves his occupation, and prostrates himself on the floor or ground, wherever he may be. It is very disreputable to omit this.

Tulle, Lace, and Gros Grain Ribbon Cravat Bow.

THIS cravat bow is made of figured white tulle, and is trimmed with lace two inches and a half wide and loops and ends of pink gros grain ribbon. The ends of the cravat consist each of a straight piece four inches long and eight inches wide, which is sloped off on one side to a width of an inch and three-quarters. Edge each piece with lace all around, excepting the sloped edge, then pleat the sloped edge and sew it on a stiff lace foundation. The seam made by doing this is covered by a lace rosette and loops and ends of pink gros grain ribbon.

Fig. 8.—FRAME OF GRAY CRAPE HAT, FIG. 3, PAGE 312.

Fig. 9.—FRAME OF BLACK LACE HAT, FIG. 5, PAGE 313.

Fig. 7.—BLACK LACE BONNET.—[See Fig. 12.]

Spring Hats and Bonnets, with Frames, Figs. 1-12.

See illustrations on pages 312 and 313.

Fig. 1.—BLACK LACE BONNET. This bonnet has a soft crown lined with silk. The front diadem-shaped rim is trimmed with two pink gros grain folds and with pink crape ruffles as shown by the illustration. Peacock green feathers, a cluster of roses, and pink gros grain bows form the trimming. Strings of pink gros grain.

Fig. 2.—BLACK CRAPE HAT. The broad rolled rim is bound with réséda watered ribbon. A puffed ribbon of the same color is set underneath the rim, and on the right side is an agrafe of bronzed leaves. The remainder of the trimming consists of réséda ribbon bows and feathers of the same color. The frame of this hat is shown by Fig. 11, on this page.

Fig. 3.—GRAY CRAPE HAT. Light blue faille ribbon is wound around the crown of this hat. Bows of similar ribbon, a spray of roses, and light blue feathers trim the hat as shown by the illustration. For the frame see Fig. 8, on this page.

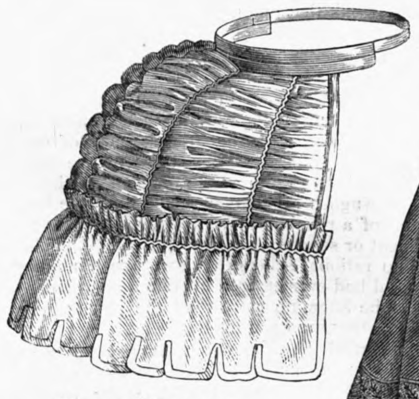
Fig. 4.—BLACK LACE BONNET. The diadem front is trimmed through the middle with a fold of sea green silk, which is edged with black velvet on both sides. On the inside of the diadem is a ruffle of sea green silk. The remainder of the trimming consists of a tulle scarf, black lace, bunches of grass, and grayish-brown foliage. Fig. 10, on this page, shows the frame.

Fig. 5.—BLACK LACE HAT. For the frame of this hat see Fig. 9, on this page. The rim is trimmed in front with rolls of pale pink faille. The remainder of the trimming consists of bows and strings of similar ribbon, black lace, and pink and black feathers.

Fig. 6.—SALMON CRAPE BONNET. This bonnet is trimmed with wide ruffles of the material and with a puff and bows of brown and

Fig. 11.—FRAME OF BLACK CRAPE HAT, FIG. 2, PAGE 312.

Fig. 12.—FRAME OF BLACK LACE BONNET, FIG. 7.



DIMITY TOURNURE.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 36 and 37.

DIAGONAL CLOTH PETTICOAT.

For pattern see description in Supplement.

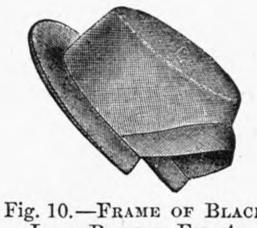
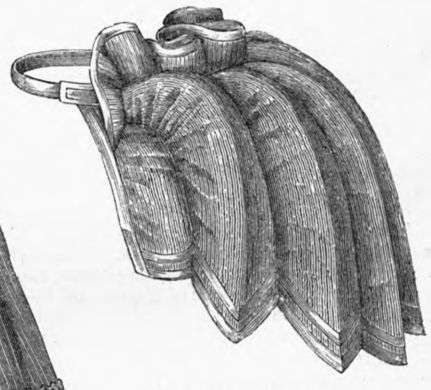


Fig. 10.—FRAME OF BLACK LACE BONNET, FIG. 4, PAGE 313.

TULLE, LACE, AND GROS GRAIN RIBBON CRAVAT BOW.

SERGE PETTICOAT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 29-31.



CRINOLINE TOURNURE.

Crinoline Tournure.

THIS tournure is made of white crinoline, and is furnished with steel springs. It consists of five straight pieces, each four inches and seven-eighths wide and fifteen inches and a quarter long, which are pointed on the under end as shown by the illustration, and are furnished on the wrong side through the middle with a narrow steel spring. These pieces are joined on the sides. The two outer pieces are joined each with a piece of the requisite length and two inches and a half wide. Gather the tournure five inches and three-quarters from the bottom on the joining seams of the separate parts and on the side edges. Bind the under and side edges narrow, and join the upper edge with a box-pleated crinoline ruffle three inches and a quarter wide and a roll of wadding. The latter is furnished with strings at the ends. On the wrong side of the tournure, about four inches and six inches from the bottom, set horizontal steel springs.

Fig. 1.—BLACK SILK SUIT.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—BLACK SILK SUIT.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]

For description see Supplement.

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salmon-colored faille ribbon. Strings of brown faille ribbon. Blue watered ribbon may be substituted for brown.

Fig. 7.—BLACK LACE BONNET. This bonnet is trimmed in front with wide standing ruffles of light blue gros grain. A scarf of black silk tulle, black lace, a spray of tea-roses, a vine of black beads, and black and blue feathers form the trimming. Fig. 12, page 309, shows the frame of the bonnet.

SHE AND I.

LOVE me, love, with a love like mine,
Strong as the sun at noon;
Love me, love, with a love like thine,
Pure as the midnight moon.

Talk to me, love, with words like mine,
Bold as the rushing gale;
Talk to me, love, with words like thine,
Soft as the breeze in a vale.

Look on me, love, with a look like mine,
Free as the sun's bright beam;
Look on me, love, with a look like thine,
Sweet as a smile in a dream.

Kiss me, love, with a kiss like mine,
Brave as the north wind's power;
Kiss me, love, with a kiss like thine,
Light as the dew on a flower.

Love me, love, with a love like mine,
Lasting as wind-driven wave;
Love me, love, with a love like thine,
Stronger than death and the grave.

LADY ANNA.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "The Warden," "The Small House at Allington," "Barchester Towers," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," "Orley Farm," "The Eustace Diamonds," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

LADY ANNA.

THE idea of this further compromise, of this something more than compromise, of this half acknowledgment of their own weakness, came from Mr. Flick, of the firm of Norton and Flick, the solicitors who were employed in substantiating the Earl's position. When Mr. Flick mentioned it to Sir William Patterson, the great barrister, who was at that time Solicitor-General, and leading counsel on behalf of Lord Lovel, Sir William Patterson stood aghast and was dismayed. Sir William intended to make mincemeat of the Countess. It was said of him that he intended to cross-examine the Countess off her legs, right out of her claim, and almost into her grave. He certainly did believe her to be an impostor, who had not thought herself to be entitled to her name when she first assumed it.

"I should be sorry, Mr. Flick, to be driven to think that any thing of that kind could be expedient."

"It would make sure of the fortune to the family," said Mr. Flick.

"And what about our friend, the Countess?"

"Let her call herself Countess Lovel, Sir William. That will break no bones. As to the formality of her own marriage, there can be no doubt about that."

"We can prove by Grogram that she was told that another wife was living," said Sir William. Grogram was an old butler who had been in the old Earl's service for thirty years.

"I believe we can, Sir William, but— It is quite clear that we shall never get the other wife to come over and face an English jury. It is of no use blinking it. The gentleman whom we have sent over doubts her altogether. That there was a marriage is certain, but he fears that this woman is not the old Countess. There were two sisters, and it may be that this was the other sister."

Sir William was a good deal dismayed, but he recovered himself. The stakes were so high that it was quite possible that the gentleman in question might have been induced to open his eyes to the possibility of such personation by overtures from the other side. Sir William was of opinion that Mr. Flick himself should go to Sicily. He was not sure that he, Sir William, her Majesty's Solicitor-General, would not make the journey in person. He was by no means disposed to give way. "They tell me that the girl is no better than she should be," he said to Mr. Flick.

"I don't think so bad as that of her," said Mr. Flick.

"Is she a lady—or any thing like a lady?"

"I am told she is very beautiful."

"I dare say—and so was her mother before her. I never saw a handsomer woman of her age than our friend the Countess. But I could not recommend the young lord to marry an underbred, bad girl, and a bastard who claims to be his cousin, and support my proposition merely on the ground of her looks."

"Thirty-five thousand a year, Sir William!" pleaded the attorney.

"I hope we can get the thirty-five thousand a year for our client without paying so dear for them."

It had been presumed that the real Countess, the original Countess, the Italian lady whom the Earl had married in early life, would be brought over, with properly attested documentary evidence in her pocket, to prove that she was the existing Countess, and that any other Countess must be either an impostor or a deluded dupe. No doubt the old Earl had declared, when first informing Josephine Murray that she was not his wife, that his real wife had died during the few months which had intervened since his mock marriage; but it was acknowledged on all sides that the old Earl had been a villain and a liar. It was no part of the duty of the young Earl, or of those who acted for him, to defend the character of the old Earl. To wash that blackamoor white, or even to make him whity-brown, was not necessary to any body. No one was now concerned to account for his crooked courses. But if it could be shown that he had married the lady in Italy—as to which there was no doubt—and that the lady was still alive, or that she had been alive when the second marriage took place, then the Lady Anna could not inherit the property which had been freed from the grasp of the Italian mistress. But it seemed that the lady, if she lived, could not be made to come. Mr. Flick did go to Sicily, and came back renewing his advice to Sir William that Lord Lovel should be advised to marry the Lady Anna.

At this time the Countess, with her daughter, had moved their residence from Keswick up to London, and were living in very humble lodgings in a small street turning out of the New Road, near the Yorkshire Stingo. Old Thomas Thwaite had accompanied them from Cumberland, but the rooms had been taken for them by his son, Daniel Thwaite, who was at this time foreman to a somewhat celebrated tailor who carried on his business in Wigmore Street; and he, Daniel Thwaite, had a bedroom in the house in which the Countess lodged. The arrangement was not a wise one, as reports had already been spread abroad as to the partiality of the Lady Anna for the young tailor. But how should she not have been partial both to the father and to the son, feeling as she did that they were the only two men who befriended her cause and her mother's? As to the Countess herself, she, perhaps, alone of all those who interested themselves in her daughter's cause, had heard no word of these insinuations against her child. To her both Thomas and Daniel Thwaite were dear friends, to repay whom for their exertions with lavish generosity—should the means to do so ever come within her reach—was one of the dreams of her existence. But she was an ambitious woman, thinking much of her rank, thinking much even of the blood of her own ancestors, constantly urgent with her daughter in teaching her the duties and privileges of wealth and rank; for the Countess never doubted that she would at last attain success. That the Lady Anna should throw herself away upon Daniel Thwaite did not occur to her as a possibility. She had not even dreamed that Daniel Thwaite would aspire to her daughter's hand. And yet every shop-boy and every shop-girl in Keswick had been so saying for the last twelvemonth, and rumors which had hitherto been confined to Keswick and its neighborhood were now common in London; for the case was becoming one of the celebrated causes of the age, and all the world was talking of the Countess and her daughter. No momentary suspicion had crossed the mind of the Countess till after their arrival in London; and then when the suspicion did touch her, it was not love that she suspected, but rather an unbecoming familiarity, which she attributed to her child's ignorance of the great life which awaited her. "My dear," she said, one day when Daniel Thwaite had left them, "you should be less free in your manner with that young man."

"What do you mean, mamma?" said the daughter, blushing.

"You had better call him Mr. Thwaite."

"But I have called him Daniel ever since I was born."

"He always calls you Lady Anna."

"Sometimes he does, mamma."

"I never heard him call you any thing else," said the Countess, almost with indignation. "It is all very well for the old man, because he is an old man, and has done so much for us."

"So has Daniel—quite as much, mamma. They have both done every thing."

"True; they have both been warm friends; and if ever I forget them, may God forget me. I trust that we may both live to show them that they are not forgotten. But it is not fitting that there should exist between you and him the intimacy of equal positions. You are not and can not be his equal. He has been born to be a tailor, and you are the daughter and heiress of an earl."

These last words were spoken in a tone that was almost awful to the Lady Anna. She had heard so much of her father's rank and her father's wealth—rank and wealth which were always to be hers, but which had never as yet reached her, which had been a perpetual trouble to her, and a crushing weight upon her young life—that she had almost learned to hate the title and the claim. Of course it was a part of the religion of her life that her mother had been duly married to her father. It was beyond a doubt to her that such was the case. But the constant battling for denied rights, the assumption of a position which could not be attained, the use of titles which were simply ridiculous in themselves as connected with the kind of life which they were driven to lead—these things had all become odious to her. She lacked the ambition which gave her mother strength, and would gladly have become Anna Murray or Anna Lovel, with a girl's ordinary privilege of loving her lover, had such an easy life been possible to her.

In person she was very lovely—less tall and robust than her mother had been, but with a sweeter, softer face. Her hair was less dark, and her eyes were neither blue nor bold. But they were bright and soft and very eloquent, and when laden with tears would have softened the heart—almost of her father. She was as yet less powerful than her mother, both in body and mind, but probably better calculated to make a happy home for a husband and children. She was affectionate, self-denying, and feminine. Had that offer of compromise for thirty, twenty, or for ten thousand pounds been made to her, she would have accepted it willingly, caring little for her name, little even for fame, so that she might have been happy and quiet, and at liberty to think of a lover as are other girls. In her present condition how could she have any happy love? She was the Lady Anna Lovel, heir to a ducal fortune—but she lived in small, close lodgings in Wyndham Street, New Road. She did not believe in the good time coming as did her mother. Their enemy was an undoubted earl, undoubtedly owner of Lovel Grange, of which she had heard all her life. Would it not be better to take what the young lord chose to give them and to be at rest? But she did not dare to express such thoughts to her mother. Her mother would have crushed her with a look.

"I have told Mr. Thwaite," the mother said to her daughter, "what we were saying this morning."

"About his son?"

"Yes—about his son."

"Oh, mamma!"

"I was bound to do so."

"And what did he say, mamma?"

"He did not like it, and told me that he did not like it; but he admitted that it was true. He admitted that his son was no fitting intimate for the Lady Anna Lovel."

"What should we have done without him?"

"Badly, indeed; but that can not change his duty, or ours. He is helping us to struggle for that which is our own; but he would mar his generosity if he put a taint on that which he is endeavoring to restore to us."

"Put a taint, mamma!"

"Yes; a taint would rest upon your rank if you as Lady Anna Lovel were familiar with Daniel Thwaite as with an equal. His father understands it, and will speak to him."

"Mamma, Daniel will be very angry."

"Then will he be very unreasonable: but, Anna, I will not have you call him Daniel any more."

CHAPTER IV.

THE TAILOR OF KESWICK.

OLD Thomas Thwaite was at this time up in London about the business of the Countess, but had no intention of residing there. He still kept his shop in Keswick, and still made coats and trowsers for Cumberland statesmen. He was by no means in a condition to retire from business, having spent the savings of his life in the cause of the Countess and her daughter. Men had told him that, had he not struck the Earl in the yard of the Crown at Keswick, as horses were being brought out for the lord's traveling carriage, ample provision would have been made by the rich old sinner for his daughter. That might have been so, or might not, but the saying instigated the tailor to further zeal and increased generosity. To oppose an earl, even though it might be on behalf of a countess, was a joy to him; to set wrong right, and to put down cruelty, and to relieve distressed women, was the pride of his heart—especially when his efforts were made in antagonism to one of high rank. And he was a man who would certainly be thorough in his work, though his thoroughness should be ruinous to himself. He had despised the Murrays, who ought to have stuck to their distant cousin, and had exulted in his heart at thinking that the world would say how much better and truer had been the Keswick tailor than the well-born and comparatively wealthy Scotch relations. And the poets of the lakes, who had not as yet become altogether Tories, had taken him by the hand and praised him. The rights of the Countess and the wrongs of the Countess had become his life. But he still kept on a diminished business in the north, and it was now needful that he should return to Cumberland. He had heard that renewed offers of compromise were to be made—though no idea of the proposed marriage between the distant cousins had been suggested to him. He had been discussing the question of some compromise with the Countess when she spoke to him respecting his son; and had recommended that certain terms should, if possible, be effected. Let the money be divided, on condition that the marriage were allowed. There could be no difficulty in this if the young lord would accede to such an arrangement, as the marriage must be acknowledged unless an adverse party should bring home proof from Italy to the contrary. The sufficiency of the ceremony in Applethwaite Church was incontestable. Let the money be divided, and the Countess be Countess Lovel, and Lady Anna be the Lady Anna to all the world. Old Thomas Thwaite himself had seemed to think that there would be enough of triumph in such a settlement. "But the woman might afterward be bribed to come over and renew her claim," said the Countess. "Unless it be absolutely settled now, they will say when I am dead and gone that my daughter has no right to her name." Then the tailor said that he would make further inquiry how that might be. He was inclined to think that there might be a decision which should be absolute, even though that decision should be reached by compromise between the now contending parties.

Then the Countess had said her word about Daniel Thwaite the son, and Thomas Thwaite the father had heard it with ill-concealed anger. To fight against an earl on behalf of the earl's injured wife had been very sweet to him, but to be checked in his fight because he and his were unfit to associate with the child of that injured wife was very bitter. And yet he had sense to know that what the Countess said to him was true. As far as words went, he admitted the truth; but his face was more eloquent than his words, and his face showed plainly his displeasure.

"It is not of you that I am speaking," said the Countess, laying her hand upon the old man's sleeve.

"Daniel is, at any rate, fitter than I," said the tailor. "He has been educated, and I never was."

"He is as good as gold. It is not of that I speak. You know what I mean."

"I know very well what you mean, Lady Lovel."

"I have no friend like you, Mr. Thwaite—none whom I love as I do you. And next to you is your son. For myself, there is nothing that I would not do for him or you—no service, however menial, that I would not render you with my own hands. There is no limit to the gratitude which I owe you. But my girl is young, and if this burden of rank and wealth is to be hers, it is proper that she do honor to it."

"And it is not honorable that she should be seen speaking—to a tailor."

"Ah!—if you choose to take it so!"

"How should I take it? What I say is true. And what you say is true also. I will speak to Daniel." But she knew well, as he left her, that his heart was bitter against her.

The old man did speak to his son, sitting with him up in the bedroom over that which the Countess occupied. Old Thomas Thwaite was a strong man, but his son was in some respects stronger. As his father had said of him, he had been educated—or rather instructed; and instruction leads to the power of thinking. He looked deeper into things than did his father, and was governed by wider and greater motives. His father had been a radical all his life, guided thereto probably by some early training, and made steadfast in his creed by feelings which induced him to hate the pretensions of an assumed superiority. Old Thwaite could not endure to think that one man should be considered to be worthier than another because he was richer. He would admit the riches, and even the justice of the riches, having been himself, during much of his life, a rich man in his own sphere; but would deny the worthiness; and would adduce, in proof of his creed, the unworthiness of certain exalted sinners. The career of the Earl Lovel had been to him a sure proof of the baseness of English aristocracy generally. He had dreams of a republic in which a tailor might be president or senator, or something almost noble. But no rational scheme of governance among mankind had ever entered his mind, and of pure politics he knew no more than the journeyman who sat stitching upon his board.

But Daniel Thwaite was a thoughtful man who had read many books. More's *Utopia* and Harrington's *Oceana*, with many a tale written in the same spirit, had taught him to believe that a perfect form of government, or rather of policy, under which all men might be happy and satisfied, was practicable upon earth, and was to be achieved—not merely by the slow amelioration of mankind under God's fostering ordinances—but by the continued efforts of good and wise men, who, by their goodness and wisdom, should be able to make the multitude believe in them. To diminish the distances not only between the rich and the poor, but between the high and the low, was the grand political theory upon which his mind was always running. His father was ever thinking of himself and of Earl Lovel, while Daniel Thwaite was considering the injustice of the difference between ten thousand aristocrats and thirty millions of people, who were for the most part ignorant and hungry. But it was not that he also had not thoughts of himself. Gradually he had come to learn that he need not have been a tailor's foreman in Wigmore Street had not his father spent on behalf of the Countess Lovel the means by which he, the son, might already have become a master tradesman. And yet he had never begrudged it. He had been as keen as his father in the cause. It had been the romance of his life since his life had been capable of romance; but with him it had been no respect for the rank to which his father was so anxious to restore the Countess, no value which he attached to the names claimed by the mother and the daughter. He hated the countess-ship of the Countess, and the ladyship of the Lady Anna. He would fain that they should have abandoned them. They were to him odious signs of iniquitous pretensions. But he was keen enough to punish and to remedy the wickedness of the wicked Earl. He reverenced his father because he assaulted the wicked Earl and struck him to the ground. He was heart and soul in the cause of the injured wife. And then the one thing on earth that was really dear to him was the Lady Anna.

It had been the romance of his life. They had grown up together as playmates in Cumberland. He had fought scores of battles on her behalf with those who had denied that she was the Lady Anna—even though he had then hated the title. Boys had jeered him because of his noble little sweetheart, and he had exulted at hearing her so called. His only sister and his mother had died when he was young, and there had been none in the house but his father and himself. As a boy he had ever been at the cottage of the Countess, and had sworn to Lady Anna a thousand times that he would do and die in her service. Now he was a strong man, and was more devoted to her than ever. It was the great romance of his life. How could it be brought to pass that the acknowledged daughter of an earl, dowered with enormous wealth, should become the wife of a tailor? And yet such was his ambition and such his purpose. It was not that he cared for her dower. It was not, at any rate, the hope of her dower that had induced him to love her. His passion had grown and his purpose had been formed before the old Earl had returned for the last time to Lovel Grange—when nothing was known of the manner in which his wealth might be distributed. That her prospect of riches now joined itself to

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his aspirations it would be an affectation to deny. The man who is insensible to the power which money brings with it must be a dolt, and Daniel Thwaite was not a dolt, and was fond of power. But he was proud of heart, and he said to himself over and over again that should it ever come to pass that the possession of the girl was to depend on the abandonment of the wealth, the wealth should be abandoned without a further thought.

It may be imagined that with such a man the words which his father would speak to him about the Lady Anna, suggesting the respectful distance with which she should be approached by a tailor's foreman, would be very bitter. They were bitter to the speaker, and very bitter to him who heard them. "Daniel," said the father, "this is a queer life you are leading, with the Countess and Lady Anna just beneath you, in the same house."

"It was a quiet house for them to come to—and cheap."

"Quiet enough, and as cheap as any, I dare say; but I don't know whether it is well that you should be thrown so much with them. They are different from us." The son looked at his father, but made no immediate reply. "Our lot has been cast with theirs because of their difficulties," continued the old man, "but the time is coming when we had better stand aloof."

"What do you mean, father?"

"I mean that you and I are tailors, and these people are born nobles."

"They have taken our help, father."

"Well, yes, they have. But it is not for us to say any thing of that. It has been given with a heart."

"Certainly with a heart."

"And shall be given to the end—as long as it is wanted. But the end of it will come soon now. One will be a countess, and the other will be the Lady Anna. Are they fit associates for such as you and me?"

"If you ask me, father, I think they are."

"They don't think so. You may be sure of that."

"Have they said so, father?"

"The Countess has said so. She has complained that you call her daughter simply Anna. In future you must give her a handle to her name." Daniel Thwaite was a dark brown man, with no tinge of ruddiness about him, a thin, spare man, almost swarthy, whose hands were as brown as a nut, and whose cheeks and forehead were brown. But now he blushed up to his eyes. The hue of the blood as it rushed to his face forced itself through the darkness of his visage, and he blushed, as such men always blush, with a look of indignation on his face. "Just call her Lady Anna," said the father.

"The Countess has been complaining of me, then?"

"She has hinted that her daughter will be injured by your familiarity, and I have been unable to say that she was wrong. I suppose that the Lady Anna Lovel ought to be treated with deference by a tailor—even though the tailor may have spent his last farthing in her service."

"Do not let us talk about the money, father."

"Well, no. I'd as lief not think about the money either. The world is not ripe yet, Daniel."

"No—the world is not ripe."

"There must be earls and countesses."

"I see no must in it. There are earls and countesses, as there used to be mastodons and other senseless, overgrown brutes roaming miserable and hungry through the undrained woods—cold, comfortless, unwieldly things, which have perished in the general progress. The big things have all to give way to the intellect of those which are more finely made."

"I hope men and women will not give way to bugs and fleas," said the tailor, who was wont to ridicule his son's philosophy.

The son was about to explain his theory of the perfected mean size of intellectual created beings, when he remembered that his heart was at the present moment full of Anna Lovel. "Father," he said, "I think that the Countess might have spared her observations."

"I thought so too; but as she said it, it was best that I should tell you. You'll have to marry some day, and it wouldn't do that you should look there for your sweetheart." When the matter was thus brought home to him Daniel Thwaite would argue it no further. He remained silent, and would give no assurance to his father as to his future mode of address to the girl he loved. "It will all come to an end soon," continued the old man, "and it may be that they had better not move till it is settled. They'll divide the money, and there will be enough for both, in all conscience. The Countess will be the Countess, and the Lady Anna will be the Lady Anna; and then there will be no more need of the old tailor from Keswick. They will go into another world, and we shall hear from them perhaps about Christmas-time with a hamper of game, and maybe a little wine, as a gift."

"You do not think that of them, father."

"What else can they do? The lawyers will pay the money, and they will be carried away. They can not come to our house, nor can we go to theirs. I shall leave to-morrow, my boy, at six o'clock; and my advice to you is to trouble them with your presence as little as possible. You may be sure that they do not want it."

Daniel Thwaite was certainly not disposed to take his father's advice, but then he knew much more than did his father. The above scene took place in the evening, when the son's work was done, and he did not see his father again before he started. Time is too precious to workmen to admit of the grace and prettiness of prolonged farewells. When old Thwaite walked with his box on his own shoulder to the coach-office from whence he was to travel to Lancester on his way to Keswick, Daniel was already on his route to Wigmore Street. As he crept down by the door in which the two ladies slept he could not but think of his father's words, "It wouldn't do that you should look there for your sweetheart." Why should it not do? But any such advice as that was now too late. He had looked there for his sweetheart. He had spoken, and the girl had answered him. He had held her close to his heart, and had pressed her lips to his own, and had called her his Anna, his well-beloved, his pearl, his treasure; and she—she had only sighed in his arms, and yielded to his embrace. She had wept alone when she thought of it, with a conscious feeling that as she was the Lady Anna, there could be no happy love between herself and the only youth whom she had known. But when he had spoken, and had clasped her to his heart, she had never dreamed of rebuking him. She had known nothing better than he, and desired nothing better than to live with him and to be loved by him. She did not think that it could be possible to know any one better: this weary, weary title filled her with dismay. Daniel, as he walked along thinking of her embrace, thinking of those burning kisses, and thinking also of his father's caution, swore to himself that the difficulties in his way should never stop him in his course.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE POETIC FOLK-LORE OF IRELAND.

IN Ireland, as in most other countries where folk-lore is or has been abundant and popular, the nature and habits of the goblins will be observed to suit more than one mood and disposition of those who put faith in supernatural manifestations. Of course the peasantry are unable to dress or equip their fairies as completely as the poet could, but they can give the note or suggestion which ends in the bee being robbed for the taper which is to be lit at the eyes of the glow-worm, and in the painted wings of the butterfly being converted into a fan to keep off the moon-rays. In its way what can be prettier than the common folk-lore belief that the top of the mushroom serves for a fairy banquet-table, and that you can tell in the morning where the elves have been overnight by looking at the heads of the daisies? The flowers round which the good people have assembled are observed to be asleep and shut up in the noontide, having been obliged, contrary to their sober custom, to keep their golden eyes open into the small hours of the morning.

The circumstance of the elves abducting the children of mortals—especially infants who have not been subjected to the rite of baptism—is an ordinary incident of Irish fairy lore. Sometimes the little boy or little girl is kidnaped bodily into elf-land; sometimes the child, while apparently dead in the cradle, is believed to be in spirit the prisoner, thrall, or toy of a goblin community. Not only children, but grown people, have been often carried or inveigled into fairy-land. The story of Thomas the Rhymer, Thomas of Ercildoune, has its Irish prototype with almost identical features. One version of this legend tells how a hunter followed a milk-white doe until both his comrades and his dogs had deserted him. After a weary chase the knight—for of course the adventurer was a knight—pursues the doe single-handed, until the creature vanishes as soon as it reaches a haunted spring. Round this spot the poet informs us purple heath-bells are blooming, and as their fragrance and a feeling of fatigue tempted our knight to repose, he saw a fair lady in white approach him with a jeweled cup in her hand, in which she gayly pledged him by name. The hunter could do nothing less than propose for this lovely apparition on the spot, whereupon the damsel stoops over the fountain, from which she draws a ring, and she and the knight then go hand in hand over the hills and far away, or into the hills, to follow the text here paraphrased:

"And legends tell he now doth dwell
Within the hills so green.
But still the milk-white doe appears
And wakes the peasant's evening fears,
While distant bugles faintly ring
Around the lonely haunted spring."

It will be remembered that Thomas the Rhymer was accosted by the queen of fair elf-land, who, after being kissed on the lips, raised Thomas to a seat on her steed, telling him to keep a guard upon his tongue in the place he was going to, otherwise he would never be able to return to the common world. The condition imposed on mortals who were abducted into fairy-land in Ireland, in order that they might have a chance of ultimately escaping from bondage, was that they should touch no food, observe a rigid fast, while they were with the good people. The most exquisite meats and dishes of all sorts were laid out to tempt them from this resolve; but the consequence of the slightest indulgence of appetite was understood to be imprisonment forever with the fairies.

The favorite time for seeing the elves is in midsummer, between lights, or later, or when the harvest-moon is at its full. In haunted spots the hour of gloaming comes over meadows of gray mist threaded with rivers of fading saffron, a lingering flush in the sky, and a star shining over the plumes of a grove of fir-trees. Here is the path or the old castle of which the good people have taken possession. The ground is carefully shunned by the belated or wandering rustic. It may happen, however, that the area of enchantment is limited to a well or a thorn-tree.

All the accounts that come to us testify to the wonderful effects of fairy music. In the vulgar legends, indeed, the cluricauns are represented as playing upon the bagpipes such planxties and jigs as might be heard at the cross-roads at a wedding or a christening, but we have also stories of harp tunes and melodies so solemn and absorbing that the soul has been made to lose the measure of time by them, and, when the awakening comes, years of the world have passed over the head of the listener unfelt and unobserved. It was a belief also that some of the ancient minstrels were in possession of fairy instruments, that they had been presented by elfin potentates with the harps which so ravished the senses of the knights and dames for whom they performed. A harper was at any time liable to be carried off in a friendly way to a fairy revel, and pipers and fiddlers have been constantly secured in order to assist in the jovialities of the good people. The elves, however, have also their own musicians and orchestra. When the key-bugle at the Gap of Dunlow challenges the little folk, you shall hear their brave, fluttering response from the very centre of the grim mountains, the sharp, single reply, the pause of an instant followed by chord swelling after chord, rising and sinking, and then flickering like a dying flame, to faint away finally in the hills, as if the musicians of Queen Meav had slowly closed the doors of the palace at which they were posted.

May mornings, before the dew is off the grass, and when the lark is in full song, are supposed to be likely occasions for meeting with certain of the good people. Some of them are early risers, and evidently not subject to the law by which uncanny things are supposed to disappear as soon as the cock begins to crow. Shepherds and herdsmen have at times been startled when counting the kine or sheep to discover that additions have been made to their stock during the night. The illusion only lasts a few minutes, for the fairy cows or fairy sheep, as the case may be, soon seem to separate from the others and melt gradually into thin air, or slide off into meres or lakes which open to receive the phantom cattle.

With reference to the absolute dimensions of fairies it is difficult to get a standard of measurement. They have no souls to live forever, but they seem to know nothing of death or decay. When the world comes to an end, they will come to an end with it, like the flowers, the birds, and the trees.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

POSTAL cards will soon be for sale at every post-office in the United States. They have been manufactured according to government orders by the Morgan Envelope Company, of Springfield, Massachusetts; and by the terms of the contract, at least 500,000 must be ready for delivery on the 1st of May. Before the middle of April orders had been received at the Post-office Department for over 30,000,000 cards, and the Postmaster-General estimates that at least 130,000,000 will be called for the first year. As, however, the press of the manufacturers is capable of striking off 350,000 cards a day, the demand will be easily supplied in good time. The cards will be printed on what is called "bond paper," of cream-color, with velvet brown lettering, and are five and one-eighth inches long by three inches wide. On one side are the words "United States Postal Card," and a stamp with the "Liberty" head, surrounded by the words "U. S. Postage—One Cent." On this side the address only is to be written—the message on the other. A water-mark with the letters "U. S. P. O. D." crosses the body of the card. Each card is complete in itself, and will answer all the purposes of paper, envelope, and stamp, provided the message contains nothing of a private nature. Of course lengthy or confidential communications will not be put upon postal cards; but for many business purposes they will doubtless be very popular, and become a prominent feature in our post-office arrangements.

A curious incident is reported concerning the lost *Atlantic*, though the truth of its occurrence is not confirmed. When the steamer was in mid-ocean two or three of the steerage passengers declared that the ship and all on board would be lost. They packed their carpet-bags, went on deck, and watched for passing vessels, saying they were going to leave her. They were regarded as insane, and placed in confinement.

King Oscar and Queen Sophia of Sweden and Norway are to be crowned in Sweden on the 4th of May, the fifty-fifth anniversary of the coronation of Bernadotte as Charles XIV. The Norwegian coronation will take place at Trondhjem on the 18th of July.

The English are getting excited over the expected visit of the Shah of Persia. They declare the pearls are to be packed in bushel baskets, that whole casks of ottar of roses will form part of the royal luggage, and as to diamonds and emeralds, it is quite impossible to realize how gorgeous will be the sight to those who are favored.

The so-called "lava beds"—that remarkable volcanic formation where the treacherous Captain Jack and his Modoc followers have been lurking—are situated in Siskiyou, the northwestern county of California, extending probably over the line into Oregon. The precise limits of these "beds" are not very well defined, but they are supposed to cover about one hundred square miles. The rough, irregularly formed masses of basalt afford peculiar facilities for concealment, and are well adapted to the Indian style of warfare. An Oregon paper, in describing the position occupied by the Modoc Indians, says:

"From the top of one of these stone pyramids an Indian can shoot a man without even exposing a square inch of himself. He can with due haste load and shoot a common muzzle-loading rifle ten times before a man can scramble over the rocks and chasms between the slain and the slayer. If at this terrible expense of life a force dislodges him from his cove, he has only to drop into and follow some subterranean passage with which he is familiar to gain another ambush, from whence it will cost ten more lives to dislodge him, and so on."

Within the shelter of such natural fortifications as these, the Modoc Indians must prove a difficult and dangerous foe to conquer.

English ladies traveling without protectors have adopted a novel method of self-defense. A short time ago a country clergyman of middle age, unquestionable antecedents, and professional appearance found himself in a railway carriage with two maiden ladies of uncertain age. There were no lamps in the carriage, and the ladies appeared very apprehensive in the matter of tunnels. At length the train plunged into darkness, when the clerical passenger was horrified to find that one of his fellow-travelers suddenly turned a bull's-eye lantern upon him. "You will excuse us," said the female with the bull's-eye, "but although you appear to be very respectable, still there are so many wolves in sheep's clothing going about that, whenever we get into tunnels, we prepare for the worst." The terrified parson left the carriage at the first opportunity.

Stories of the big trees of California do not diminish. The Calaveras Big Tree Grove covers 160 acres, and has 98 trees. Five miles distant from this is the South Calaveras Grove, which covers 800 acres, and includes 1380 trees. Many trees are over thirty feet in diameter. One fallen tree is hollow, and the cavity is so large that six horses can walk abreast for more than a hundred feet.

Many familiar psalm tunes were composed by Professor Albert I. Sumner, one of the victims of the *Atlantic* disaster, among which may be mentioned *Ahwaga*, *Maestoso*, *Isbell*, *Jubilate Deo*, and *Come, ye Disconsolate*. Professor Sumner had been sojourning in Germany for a few years past for the purpose of completing his musical studies. While in Dresden he was appointed organist to one of the first churches in the city. In writing to his friends two days before he took passage on the doomed steamer, he said:

"I left Dresden last Thursday. I need not tell you I was sorry to do so. You know already how I have enjoyed my stay. My German friends were very sad at my departure. A crowd of them accompanied me to the station.... Well, good-by to my halcyon days in Europe. I hope you will find they have not been misspent. I dread the long voyage across the Atlantic, but look forward to seeing you all in health and safety."

The nitro-glycerine designed for use in the submarine excavations at Hell Gate is stored in quantities in a small building erected on a reef known as Flood Rock, situated in the middle of the river. When cartridges are to be filled it is carried to the nitro-glycerine laboratory. The floor of this room is covered with a thick layer of dry plaster of Paris, which serves to absorb and render harmless any drops that may fall upon it. Within the apartment an equable temperature of from 65° to 70° is maintained, steam-pipes, carefully guarded, affording the necessary heat in winter, and ice serving to lessen the warmth in summer. The thermometer is the principal safeguard, for if in cold weather the nitro-glycerine is allowed to fall below the abovementioned temperature, it is liable not to explode when fired, while if it should become heated to excess, spontaneous combustion may ensue. The number of cartridges made depends upon the requirements of the work, varying from 100 to 250 a day. Of course the greatest care is needful in handling this powerful and dangerous compound, which is about thirteen times more powerful than gunpowder.

During the official investigation of the *Atlantic* disaster the following statement was made by Captain Williams: "We consider ourselves lucky if we get ten good seamen among forty taken on board; this is so with all the lines. Since the abolition of apprenticing, seamen have deteriorated." If such is the case, there is some reason for this lack of worthy seamen, which should be carefully considered, and remedies be applied, if possible.

Brigham Young has made his will, dividing his immense property equally among his sixteen wives and sixty children, and carefully stipulating the method of division.

One of the Bidwells, recently arrested for forgeries on the Bank of England, has often appeared in the rôle of a Baptist minister. When swindling operations failed, from time to time, in this country, he resorted to preaching, which was a never-failing resource under his peculiar management.

A gentleman of Newport, Rhode Island, recently died at the age of eighty-one, leaving by will $75,000 to those poor people of the city of Newport "who are too honest to steal and too proud to beg." The executors may have some difficulty in distributing this singular bequest.

Facts seem to indicate that vessels sheathed with American iron possess a toughness and power of resistance greater than English-built vessels. Perhaps further experiments may be necessary to prove this conclusively, but some incidents have already occurred to test the strength of American iron. Not long ago the steamer *Wilmington*, built at Wilmington, Delaware, and heavily laden, ran with great force upon a Florida reef. Instead, however, of having her bottom stove in, admitting a rush of water and sinking the ship, like the unfortunate steamer *Atlantic*, the vessel "pounded" about upon the rocks for twelve hours, and when she was finally released by throwing a portion of the cargo overboard, it was found, on arriving at Havana, that although dented and bulged some, not an iron plate was broken, or even cracked. Last January the English ship *Potomac*, in ascending the river to Philadelphia, came in contact with ice, which cut through the iron plates of her bow, and wedged itself in the open fracture. The steamer *Gulf Stream*, built on the Delaware River, and a smaller vessel than the *Potomac*, plunged through the same ice-fields uninjured, and hauled the *Potomac* out.

Borax is an extensive article of commerce, and the recent discovery of large borax deposits in California and Nevada will prove an important source of wealth.

Census statistics indicate that there are no less than 97,000 women whose employment is sewing, 90,000 who are milliners and dressmakers, and 84,000 teachers. There are only 10,170 who are nurses. Women properly trained as nurses would find call for their services, and receive far better compensation than in many other overcrowded occupations.

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PARIS FASHIONS.

[From our Own Correspondent.]

NEVER has Fashion been so independent as this year; and as people wear precisely what they like, they are not even forbidden to wear garments which they have had in their possession for many years, and which have been laid by hitherto as having gone out of fashion. But at present there is nothing out of fashion, and to prove this I will point out to my readers how to adapt these cast-off articles to the requirements of modern style.

Over polonaises and waists of all kinds may be worn, in the guise of wrappings, even for the street, old-fashioned high-necked fichus (that is, those adjusted in the neck), both of embroidered white muslin and of black lace. The first are worn with light and the second with dark dresses. The fichu is tied in front, half-way up the waist. If it is large, the ends are crossed in front, and if they are long enough, are tied behind, or are left hanging on each side.

Fig. 2.—Black Crape Hat.—[See Fig. 11, Page 309.]

If a person has a dress without an over-skirt, and a black lace scarf, the scarf is made to complete the toilette, and to take the place of the over-skirt by associating it with the fichu. The scarf is fastened in the middle to the belt of the dress in front, and is tied behind in a large bow. This forms a sort of small over-skirt, which is very graceful if the wearer knows how to drape it properly. In the absence of a scarf a point of black lace may form the over-skirt. This is put on with the point in front to form the tablier, and the ends are tied behind as near as possible to the belt, or are caught together and left hanging their full length.

Black lace that has grown rusty or gray from wear may be restored by folding it carefully in one direction, then tacking the packet together with white thread, and plunging it into a bath of beer, where it is left for twenty-four hours. It is then stretched on pins and left to dry, without ironing, if the article is small. If it is too large for this, it must be ironed lightly, while still damp, with a moderately warm iron.

A real improvement has been made in gloves. The buttons are riveted instead of sewed on, and, consequently, are no longer in danger of ripping off. The most common way of cleaning them is to wash them in benzine, and to hang them in the air for the odor to evaporate. This year gloves are worn very long, and are consequently excessively dear. Those with three buttons are considered indispensable even for the street, and fashionable ladies wear them with five, six, and even eight buttons, so as to cover the arm. This prolongation is the result of the enlargement of the sleeves. A new glove, which is very convenient for summer wear, is known at Paris by the name of the regeneration glove, for the reason that it can be washed again and again in a basin with soap and water like a pocket-handkerchief. These gloves are made of buckskin, and resemble undressed kid.

Fig. 1.—Black Lace Bonnet.

For elegant négligé toilettes the fancy of the season will be dark blue percale, almost black—in a word, of the same color as our peasants' blouses. These costumes will be variations of the following general style: Skirt of plain blue percale, trimmed with one deep or several pleated flounces, the pleats being fastened two-thirds of the way from the top, and left loose the rest of the way. Open polonaise or closed tunic of percale of the same color, but with large white polka dots or lozenges. This dress, despite, or perhaps because of, its apparent simplicity, will be adopted by the leaders of fashion as a morning toilette. The same combination is made in prune percale, but very dark blue is the favorite color. It will be understood that the pleated flounces which trim the skirt and polonaise are flat, since they are sewed almost their whole length, and consequently are not easily rumpled, and can be ironed quickly. The stores this year are filled with unique and beautiful fabrics of new and peculiar tints—canvas guipures, damask foulards, grenadines with lace figures, failles with broad lace and watered stripes, etc. As to the shades, they baffle all description. I will only say that whether one gives a name to a color or not, it remains undecided, for so many colors melt into one that it is difficult to know which is the prevailing tint. Decided colors of a single shade are considered frightful. We no longer know blue, green, gray, and pink; green is Undine, argentine, and brouillard; blue is ocean or Indian sky; pink is ashes-of-rose; lilac is Ophelia or peach blossom; yellow has paled into Nilsson, or else has turned of a greenish hue, and is called reptile, perroquet, Egyptian, or Arabian. But of all these colors the preference is given to réséda green and vert-de-gris in their various shades. Besides the elegant toilettes composed of these various exquisite summer fabrics, there are many simple dresses designed for young girls, who will largely wear muslin de laine, an inexpensive, light, and graceful stuff. I will describe a dress of this kind lately ordered by one of my friends, a rich and elegant lady, for her daughter, a young girl of fifteen: Skirt of fine dark blue percale with white stripes, trimmed round the bottom, the tablier excepted, by two pleated flounces. The tablier was formed of perpendicular pleats. Above each flounce was a band of plain blue percale, piped on each side with white, and headed with a narrow upright pleating of the same percale. To wear with this skirt the young girl had two polonaises, one of dark blue muslin de laine of the same color as the percale skirt, and the other of white muslin de laine—the first for cloudy and threatening weather, and the second for bright warm days. With the first polonaise there was a small mantelet, also of dark blue muslin de laine. The second had no mantelet, but was trimmed with a band of white nansook, scalloped and embroidered. The blue polonaise was trimmed with a pleated flounce and wide worsted braid. Dark blue is often trimmed with écru, and écru itself is trimmed with brown or white worsted braid. May sashes of écru linen, fringed with silk, and trimmed on the ends with application of white guipure, are also in preparation; these will be worn with white or écru dresses. Sashes, broader and more ornamented than ever, seem inseparable from all dresses, whatever may be their degree of elegance or simplicity. They are artistically embroidered by hand with flowers in silk of the natural colors. Many sashes are also seen of two shades, with alternate thin and thick stripes; others have large squares of écru, shading to white; in short, they are made of every imaginable fabric and color, with all kinds of trimming, guipure application, silk embroidery, cord, soutache, and even bead embroidery, etc. Color is used on color, or else a different color harmonizing with that of the sash.

Fig. 3.—Gray Crape Hat.—[See Fig. 8, Page 309.]

One of the most elegant trimmings of the season consists of the use of bands of feathers as headings for flounces. There is nothing new, indeed, in these bands, except that they are of the natural colors of the bird without being dyed, and are consequently of a grayish écru. These bands are used on linen batiste suits of the same shade.

For very warm weather polonaises will be worn loose in front and adjusted in the back, either with a skirt of the same material, or with a silk skirt, if the polonaise is one of the new fabrics too flimsy for a skirt. For simple dresses of this kind the polonaise will be trimmed only with a bias fold of the same material but a darker shade; this fold, which is wide at the bottom, grows narrower till it reaches the belt, when it widens again from the belt to the neck, where it simulates revers or a sailor collar. For a more dressy polonaise the fronts are embroidered with silk or cord of a darker shade. Plain white muslin dresses will be made in this manner. Printed muslin suits will consist of an elaborately trimmed skirt and a short, loose casaque, confined at the waist by a sash to match.

Emmeline Raymond.

Fig. 5.—Black Lace Hat.—[See Fig. 9, Page 309.]

PARTY GIVING.

PARTY givers have many difficulties with which to contend. The first difficulty is fixing a day. Society in a large city comprises a great number of people, and two or even three parties take place on the same night without materially interfering with each other. But, nevertheless, no hostess likes, when her day is fixed and her friends asked, to hear that a bigger than she has suddenly selected her day, and will take away many if not all of those whose presence she hoped would increase the pleasure or the reputation of her party. There are some houses which have tacitly conceded to them the privilege of throwing themselves open (with degrees of wideness) with the shortest possible warning. When it is announced on Monday that the owner of one of these is going to "have a small dance" on Wednesday, there is weeping and gnashing of teeth in the house of the hostess of Wednesday, who knows quite well that many of her "nice people" will be attracted away.

A far greater difficulty, and one for which there is no such inevitable reason, lies in the arrangement and grouping of invitations. These are always best managed when the mistress of the house does them herself, or there are "young ladies" who will take them in hand. Sometimes, however, when this is not possible, the invitations are well managed from a formal list. This system, however, leads to curious results. From one house, where an old list was used, cards were sent to people who had done with parties forever, and others were asked under names which had long ago ceased to be theirs. And from another cards were sent to some persons who were decidedly not intended to be present, but who happened to have similar names to those who were. This system, moreover, has all the disadvantages of formality, and prevents the feeling that the hospitality springs directly from the friendship of the hostess and the host.

Fig. 4.—Black Lace Bonnet.
[See Fig. 10, Page 309.]

Mistakes, however, will happen even when the invitations are entirely managed by "mamma and the girls." "We did not see you at our dance the other night, my dear Mrs. Smith—oh no, I forgot. Rudolphina left all the S's under the sofa, and they were found there next morning."

Then there is the difficulty of adapting numbers to the size of the rooms. A party which is too empty is called a failure. A party which is too full can never be very nice. One way out of this dilemma which is often attempted is to have two instead of one. But people are often discontented at this plan, and think that they are asked to the wrong one, or else that they ought to be among the select few who are asked to both. Nothing is more unpleasant than a party which is too crowded. A "crush" without dancing is tolerable; but to attempt to dance in a place five feet by three is as inconvenient for the dancers as a perpetual squeeze is to chaperons. It may safely be calculated that twenty per cent. more people than are asked in the first instance will eventually appear, and the original list ought to be calculated accordingly.

It sometimes happens that a popular hostess determines to have "just a few people," the "smallest thing in the world," and is rash enough to tell this interesting fact to one or two friends. The secret oozes out, and the unfortunate lady has to choose between mortally offending several of her dearest acquaintances, who would resent being left out from any thing especially select, and seeing her little party swell to abnormal dimensions.

Fig. 6.—Salmon Crape Bonnet.

One of the most important changes which society—in the restricted sense of the word—has undergone of late years is its enlargement. The barriers which were formerly only opened to or by a few are now rarely prohibitive. And the power of wealth to pass where it will is far greater than it was a few generations ago. One result of this is that every year there take place one or two parties given by persons whose wealth is as yet their sole claim to notoriety, but who seek a reputation in society, and friends or acquaintances among those whose position is not due solely to money. These persons have at first a hard task. The most lavish expenditure and the greatest possible taste will be all in vain if "people don't go." The fatal criticism, "No one was there," is enough to nullify every effort, and make every expenditure resultless. It is, however, in modern times rarely the case that no good friend, herself of established position, can be found able and willing to canvass for guests of the required calibre. The would-be hosts, therefore, are sure to find some means of making the excellence of their hospitality known, and, have they only perseverance and lavishness, are sure ere long to find their rooms thronged with persons who but a short time previous to their appearance would not have dreamed of being present. The process is of course gradual, and can not be carried out in one year or two, but it is almost sure to succeed in the end.

Fig. 1.—Alexandra Polonaise.—Back. [See Fig. 2.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-6.

Fig. 2.—Alexandra Polonaise.—Front. [See Fig. 1.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-6.

Fig. 3.—Japanese Foulard House Dress. Back.—[See Fig. 4.] For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—Japanese Foulard House Dress. Front.—[See Fig. 3.] For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—Cashmere Dolman.—Front. [See Fig. 6.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7-10.

Fig. 6.—Cashmere Dolman.—Back. [See Fig. 5.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7-10.

Fig. 7.—Embroidered Cashmere Dolman, Front.—[See Fig. 8.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 11-14.

Fig. 8.—Embroidered Cashmere Dolman, Back.—[See Fig. 7.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 11-14.

Figs. 1-8.—Ladies' House and Street Suits.

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THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

FLOR MODESTA Y DELICADA.

SWEET flower, whose azure eyes are seen
Soft peering through those lids of green
So modestly!
Thou heedest not the revelries
Of glancing birds and singing bees.
'Tis thine to be
The comfort of the absent—thine
Not to adorn the warrior's shrine,
But, happier lot!
Upon the snowy, heaving breast
Of gentle maid to smile and rest—
Forget-me-not!

Oft wand'ring on a foreign shore,
The exile's eye-balls, brimming o'er
With sudden tears,
Look upon thee, and thoughts of home
In melancholy visions come
In doubts and fears.
Thou gatherest up thine own perfumes,
Shrinking from sunlight that illumes
The neighboring spot.
Sweet flower of memory, whisper now
Thy gentle name in accents low—
Forget-me-not!

Thou art a mystical record
Of promised faith and plighted word,
Pleasure and pain;
And sometimes, musing over thee,
A half-effaced felicity
Revives again;
And early dreams and smiles of youth,
And sunny rays of light and truth,
That were forgot,
Like ashes kindled into flame,
Brighten—so tell me thy sweet name—
Forget-me-not!

ADELAIDE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

PERHAPS Adelaide Fordyce's step-mother did not know how to pardon her the fact of existence, and wreaked revenge upon the child for the circumstance of her father's ever having loved her mother. The thing was something too hateful for her to be willing to do any thing but forgive it when she could forget it; and here was this child alive to keep it in perpetual remembrance.

It may be she meant to do right, but selfishness with her was like those strange unguents which enlarge the retina of the eye to blindness; for by long indulgence Mrs. Fordyce's selfishness had so grown upon her that she realized the situation and the needs of no one but Mrs. Fordyce.

When Mr. Fordyce died, and left no will, I am almost ashamed to tell you that his widow produced one which gave her the child and the property, and that she must have been an adept in all such arts; for the forgery was so exact and the arrangements so complete, both of the witnesses being dead, that it was many years before any one ever thought of questioning the will.

Part of Mr. Fordyce's property was derived from his first wife; the whole of it had come from that seedling; and Adelaide, in all equity its only heir, could not have so much as a shoe-lace without obsequious obligation to a person who conducted herself like a natural enemy; for now that Adelaide had passed her twentieth year, and her beauty had become something so exactly like that wonderfully sweet and high-bred beauty in her mother's portrait—a portrait ignominiously transferred to the garret on the day of Mr. Fordyce's funeral—her existence was something harder than ever to pardon.

However, whether she meant to do right or not, Mrs. Fordyce knew that she was in the public eye to a certain extent, and Adelaide had, therefore, been well educated; more than that, she had been tutored within an inch of her life, so to speak, and she was so well up in all the proprieties that if her grace of nature had not been something impossible to quench she would have been a starched and stiff nonentity. But as it was, I think she was simply perfection, with enough spirit to keep all trace of insipidity out of her sweetness, and with enough sweetness left to temper her propriety into a stately elegance.

It is true that Adelaide had no great accessories to this elegance of hers, for her toilette was usually of the simplest, and of jewels she had none at all; but once in a while she spent a season at her uncle Maunder's—Mrs. Fordyce equally divided between dislike of her going to see her mother's sister and dislike of her staying at home—and there she was clad and prepared for conquest by an aunt who, having lost her own daughters, was quite ready to idolize Adelaide.

It was at Mr. Maunder's that Adelaide first met young Dracut, long years before he had been sent home on a furlough with some wounds received in such gallant action that he had been personally complimented by the Secretary, and at the same time promoted to his lieutenancy in the navy. The Dracuts had the next place to Mr. Maunder's, and the boys were such boon companions that Mr. Maunder's house was almost as much Dick Dracut's home as his own father's was. Here, summer after summer, he had seen Adelaide. They had picked the wild roses together as children, swung in the same swing, waded in the same stream; later they had read the same book, floated in the same boat, sung the same songs, and they could hardly recall the time when they were not promised to each other for husband and wife. There had been none of the attracting airs and graces of most maidens in her behavior, none of the approaching arts and disguises of most youths in his, no delicious twilight tremors of doubt and fear in their courtship—it was all clear shining sunrise, a sort of absolute certainty, where each was too thoroughly a part of the other ever to be of divided heart or life.

Of course Mrs. Fordyce was aware of something of this, though, having always repelled confidence, possibly nothing very definite had been said to her on the subject. If she had suffered it to go on, it was because of the popular notion that to oppose a fancy of the kind makes it a fixed fact, and because she could not very well help herself. But she had no idea of allowing the thing to be permanently as the lovers had arranged. Lieutenant Dracut by no means suited her as a husband for Adelaide. In the first place, to speak of no other objections, he had nothing, and would have nothing for a long while, but his profession, and the exigencies of want or of spendthrift habits might eventually lead him to question the will she had produced. She preferred a rich husband, to whom the property that she unrighteously held would be so small a matter that it would escape his attention, and such a husband she had in her mind—a man, too, whom she could manipulate in some degree. And partly, then, to secure her own safety, and partly to have her own way, and because she was happier in thwarting Adelaide than in any thing else, she had settled the matter with Mr. Thurstane, and only awaited a favorable opportunity to have her will with Adelaide. Just now Mr. Thurstane was within the cordon of the Southern Confederacy, whither he had gone to save certain large possessions in cotton that might be lost without his personal supervision, and where he found reason for remaining; but Mrs. Fordyce and he had long since understood each other in relation to a marriage with Adelaide, and their plans were all arranged, to be pursued if need be. That Mr. Thurstane was twice her step-daughter's age, was little and lean, and blear-eyed and broken-nosed, had been profligate and was disgusting, mattered not a whit to Mrs. Fordyce. "She may think herself lucky with any thing," said that model woman, having come to believe that Adelaide had no more right to be in the world than any unnamed foundling.

Not so Adelaide. She felt her life and her identity, her right to them and her joy in them, through every pore. She was young and happy, and she threw the rose-color of her own atmosphere even over such things as Mrs. Fordyce, and failed to see any thing very bad or cruel in the world. She was at her uncle Maunder's, as I have said, when the young lieutenant came home from hospital nearly cured, and needing only a little care and sunshine—care that he received on every hand, and sunshine such as he knew how to find in Adelaide's smile. He had a long furlough, it seemed to him; and now with the fortunes of war to come again at the end of it, he believed it the best thing for them to complete their happiness and to make their lives one, as their hearts were.

As he looked at her while he thus urged their speedy marriage, he half wondered which were the greater bliss—to be the artist who should paint her, or the lover who should marry her; but he knew very well which. Yet the artist would have been an enviable person, for a lovelier creature never stepped the earth than this young woman was, than she was even when I first saw her years after the day she stood hesitating and listening to her lover. Tall, but of such proportion, so round and flexible, that you did not think how tall; with a throat whose curve had the hint of a swan's throat and a swan's song in it; with a stately head that was rippled over with brown gold, in whose waves a ruddy splendor was lit; with a high and shining forehead such as angels are painted with, but with most human dimples in the cheeks, where a constant color came and went in all the shifting blushes of some roseate aurora; with long-lashed eyes jewel-clear and night-dark; with a mouth like a velvet and crimson flower, and a profile at once so arch and so innocent that one was never tired of making out its charm; with a smile whose brilliance made all this beauty radiant, and a voice whose music made it all alive—young Dracut, or old Thurstane either, would have been of the clods to be insensible to her when such a creature breathed the same air; and certainly young Dracut was nothing of the kind.

"It is April now," said he. "If we can have our wedding very soon indeed, there is such a summer before us here in these woods, on this river! And we can take the bridal trip to the nearest coaling station when I go back to the *Schoodiac*, and there from time to time I shall see my darling's face."

"No, no; you mustn't be thinking of such a thing," said Adelaide.

"You mean I should be throwing my coal into the sea so as to be coming for more? No, that would be too rough life for my girl, after all. But, seriously, there is nothing to hinder, now I have my promotion."

"Only that you know I am no more of age and free now than ever—"

"A great deal more," said Dick, putting a period to her sentence, after a way he had—a way to which Adelaide did not seem to object. "Days, weeks, months, more. But I can't imagine why that need part us: you are your own mistress, or would be, if you didn't belong to me, and all the Mrs. Fordyces in creation shall not say me nay!"

"But, I suppose, out of respect to her as my father's wife, it ought to be at home."

"Any where, any where, so long as it is to be at all."

And then the happy creatures went singing about the house from room to room all day, and when they looked in each other's face they found themselves smiling with such sheer happiness that they laughed outright. And in the evening train Adelaide went home to make ready, and to inform her step-mother, carrying the proper applications from the lieutenant, and vouchers from Mr. Maunder.

But Mrs. Fordyce was not the person to inform of a determination; it was she who made determinations; and if Adelaide expected to have her way without a contest, she was quite mistaken. To do her justice, she had not expected it.

"I never heard of any thing so preposterous!" exclaimed the worthy woman, as Adelaide, with some faltering and many blushes, explained her errand home, standing by the window, and pulling down the marandias from the basket overhead. "Married to a man on a furlough given for wounds?" said Mrs. Fordyce. "It is indecent! He wants you for a nurse, does he? I will write Lieutenant Dracut to get his nurses from the hospitals; the Fordyces have other things to attend to—"

"Mamma!"

"Who is he, anyway?" cried Mrs. Fordyce, fanning herself with her handkerchief in her wrath. "Let the marandias alone, Adelaide. Who are the Dracuts? Commonplace name—people, I dare say, whose 'blood has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood!'"

"Not if their descendants are witnesses for them, mamma," said Adelaide, calmly. "The Dracuts, Uncle Maunder says, are one of those famous families from the islands of the Mediterranean who furnished captains to all the old sea-rangers of the Middle Ages."

"Just so. Pirates!"

"No more than Sir Francis Drake or Sir Richard Saltonstall, or any of Queen Elizabeth's knights, mamma. For any thing we know to the contrary, they were men in command, and living like princes, when the Fordyces were digging dykes."

"You shameless girl! Whatever the Fordyces were, I know what they are; and they are going to have no marriages with Dracuts, that I can assure them!"

"Mamma, I came here in order to treat you kindly and—"

"*You* treat *me!*"

"And respectfully. But certainly you must excuse me," said Adelaide, her eyes overflowing, "if I say you may go too far. I believe I am able to do as I please now; but, without any doubt, in three months I am, for then I shall be twenty-one years old."

Mrs. Fordyce grew a little yellower at such unheard-of rebellion. She thought she had Adelaide in better training. But she was usually a more prudent woman than this, only anger and surprise had gotten the better of her for a moment now.

"Adelaide," she said, after a short silence, "I want you to be reasonable. Look at the thing. Is it wiser for you to marry a penniless and extravagant lieutenant, who may be shot in his next engagement, and leave you with no portion but beggary—for I should wash my hands of you—or a gentleman like Mr. Thurstane" (Adelaide shuddered; Mrs. Fordyce took no notice of the shudder, but went on) "—a gentleman who could and would settle half a million on you, give you rivers of diamonds, give you cashmeres, velvets, a magnificent house, equipages, all the luxuries you value—"

"Can you imagine," said Adelaide, "that I should hesitate one moment?"

"A man, too," said Mrs. Fordyce, "whom your father wished you should at some time marry."

"That is impossible. He never wished it."

"Stop a minute, Adelaide. It is you who are going too far when you doubt my word."

"It is idle talking, mamma. I shall never marry such a despicable person, and you know it."

"Adelaide," said Mrs. Fordyce then, in a final argument, "just now you are in love, and think you could give the world for love, and count it well lost. Now love is all very well while it lasts—and it lasts a year or two. Then there come children, bills, deprivations, ill temper, little neglects, criminations and recriminations, and it doesn't last any longer. The most you can expect at the close of four or five years is a quiet friendship with your husband, fortunate, indeed, if you have so much as that, after a great deal of suffering and wrenching and heart-breaking over the destruction of love. Now," said this able advocate of Mr. Thurstane's cause, "why is it not as well to discount those four or five years, their pleasure and their pain, and begin with the friendship and the half million?"

"Mamma, I can not believe that it is my father's wife who speaks."

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Fordyce, her patience quite exhausted, as who should say, "Your blood be on your own head," and with such an angry snarl in her voice and on her face as belongs to hyenas, and not to men and women—"very well, then; if gentle means will not do, there are others to pursue. You may go to your room, and out of it you shall not come again except to marry Mr. Thurstane!"

Adelaide gathered up her wraps from the table, where she had dropped them, and swept away, with flashing eyes and scarlet cheeks. War was declared, and as to yielding—she would be torn piecemeal first. In the morning she would return to her uncle's, and her marriage could as well take place there as elsewhere, though she would have liked to have it where the grave, kind eyes in her father's portrait could look down on her. She had done, she felt, the whole of her duty to Mrs. Fordyce.

But that night as Adelaide slept she dreamed that she was in the dentist's chair, bound down helplessly, and all at once the house seemed to be burning, and the smoke drifting in about her, and choking her, and stifling her, and destroying her—and then all dreaming ceased in stupor, and Mrs. Fordyce took the chloroform sponge away, dressed the girl as she could by her own maid's help, and then, with the maid and coachman, carried her down and deposited her in the coach, on which the trunks, already packed, were strapped. It was afterward learned that a passing night train received a lady and her sick daughter and two servants, and it was believed that an invalid who, on the next day, her face well covered by veils, was borne on a mattress down the wharves to a great ship, with her mother and maid and man servant, as the three purported to be, was doubtless of the same party. But there all pursuit ended, for no such name as Fordyce was on any list of passengers, and no such people were any where seen. It was only known that after Adelaide went to her room on the night of her return from her uncle's, Mrs. Fordyce had paid and dismissed the house servants, and had dispatched a note to the rector of the parish saying that the receipt of important news from Germany, where a large portion of the late Mr. Fordyce's railroad bonds were held, obliged them to cross the sea without delay. The fact that she had thus so particularly stated her destination, under the circumstances, caused every one interested to doubt that she had gone over-seas at all, as perhaps she had intended it should, for Mrs. Fordyce had what the country people call a long head, and knew that very frequently the open course is the most hidden, and, counting on the ways of detectives, after their hearing all that her servants could detail of her stormy conversation with Adelaide, had calculated that if she had said she was going to stay at home they would certainly have sought her at the ends of the earth. Meanwhile there was room and time for any doubts of Adelaide's love and truth that young Dracut chose to entertain.

He chose to entertain none. He never questioned for an instant that she had been made the victim of foul play, though loath at first to believe that it could be her father's widow who made her so. Together with Mr. Maunder, he scoured town and country for her. All the detectives of any real worth were on the scent. He forgot his wounds and his health, and gained health in forgetting them. He spent every thing that he had in the search, and at last regained the *Schoodiac* in a state of mind that bordered on despair—that would have been despair if he had not had such faith in Adelaide that he was sure neither height, nor depth, nor principalities, nor powers could keep her away from him forever. But it was long and lonesome waiting in those summer months when he had promised himself such happiness. Now when he could not even cheat trouble by the fancy that he was doing something to recover her, life was insupportable, and the only way in which he knew how to escape himself was in some downright and tremendous work. But as if he were the very sport of chance, the *Schoodiac*, instead of being ordered into any hot and dangerous duty, was sent in aid of the blockading squadron, and he had a loitering, lingering service, where he could pace the deck and do little but dream dreams—dreams of holding her once more in his arms, of feeling her soft breath on his cheek, her sweet warm mouth on his—from all of which he woke to bitter reality. If he could only have known where Adelaide was; if she was well; if she was alive; if their separation was inevitable; if there was nothing he could do to regain her—it would have been better with him. He would even have been glad to learn that she did not suffer—for not to suffer meant not to love—but he knew that her sufferings must be even worse than his own to bear; and he cursed Mrs. Fordyce, and he almost prayed to Adelaide; and in the lonely night-watches under the stars and the clouds he found himself oppressed with a longing and melancholy that bade fair to drive him mad.

By day the fleet rolled out at sea, remote from the enemy's guns; by night its vessels stretched their sails and made silently in till they swung in a long line along the harbor's mouth. Sometimes they sighted or chased a prize; sometimes they overhauled one; sometimes they sounded suspicious shallows, skirted a reef, eluded the moon; and the rest was tireless monotony. It would not do for Dracut. He declared to himself—for he was not the sort of man who takes confidants into his love affairs—that his fancies and fears concerning Adelaide, the terrible anxieties preying on him, the helpless longing and suspense, would soon send him down in a shotted shroud unless he could find some serious work to do. It was in accordance with this idea that he planned, and obtained consent to carry his plan into execution, a trip up the rebel river whose two mouths they guarded, to the environs of the fortified town, where they might capture a mail on its way, and possibly learn something of the hostile intentions and of the whereabouts of the richly laden ships that were perpetually going in and out under their very eyes, and were yet hardly ever to be seen, since their color so mingled with the grays and violets of seas and skies, and they were handled moreover with such consummate skill by men who knew every sand-bar along the coast so well that they could have told you whether the particles of sand were cubes or octahedrons; and so, taking a boat's crew with him, having previously sounded and explored nearly the whole distance alone, he crept in under cover of the dark night, whose waning moon had not yet risen, passed the forts, and reached the neighborhood of the town, whose great fortifications swarmed with soldiery.

Concealing his boat beneath the bank, Lieutenant Dracut stationed his men in the woods adjoining the highway, and without the least shadow of difficulty made captive the first mail-carrier and his mail-bag. The enterprise was beginning to have a zest for the lieutenant then. He had copies of defenses, plans of movements, and general information of the most valuable character. He had gotten them at hazard of life; he kept them at still greater hazard; and

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he had learned, moreover, that Mr. James Thurstane, the great cotton-buyer, was expecting every day his blockade-runner, the *Fox-hound*, Captain Ross in command, which was to bring him from England, in exchange for his last cotton, a cargo of arms valued at nearly a million dollars. Lieutenant Dracut's heart was in his throat; his pulses beat as if they were filled with liquid fire; he felt confident that this Thurstane had something, had every thing, to do with his wrongs. To avenge himself by even so much as the destruction of one of the ships of the scoundrel seemed worth hope and heaven itself. He could not wait in any patience for the day to be done. He felt exactly as if Adelaide were within reach of his hand, and he must be putting it forth to grasp her. He knew, at any rate, that every blow dealt Thurstane must help to knock away her fetters, if it were, as he could not doubt, that man who was implicated in her disappearance.

The enterprise was beginning to have a zest with a vengeance. Leaving the mail-carrier bound to a tree where the first passers of the morning must see him—and sure that the passers were not few, since he and his men had had reason to quake at voices many a time during the day as they lay perdu—giving the man some water, and removing his gag, the young lieutenant regained his boat in safety with the nightfall, and proceeded to drop quietly down the river.

"In daily expectation," he repeated to himself; "in daily expectation. Aha, Mr. Thurstane! If I can but capture the pilots who raise and lower the signal-lights on the outer bluff, you may remain in daily expectation a little longer yet!" And as they rowed softly down in the shadow of the bank he tasked his brain to devise a scheme by which his wishes might be accomplished.

All at once, as if fortune would really help those that help themselves, a boat shot out into the middle of the stream from the opposite side. Dracut bade his men hang on their oars while he watched the boat, and presently made out its occupants to be the very men he wanted, the pilots, who, having raised the customary signal-lights to tell any incoming vessel that all was safe for their approach, had come out now to replace a buoy which a passing tug had apparently uptorn—the very men, he could have sworn, for he had seen their faces a score of times when out upon his lonely adventures, either with his glass at a distance, or when lying hidden in the long grass and reeds of the shores. A moment's brief consultation now, and then moving forward with great sweeping strokes, the ship's boat was laid alongside the other; there was a sharp tussle, and the pilots were his prisoners.

Of course this had not taken place, short and sharp as the little action was, without attracting observation from the shore, for they had just passed Fort Kneutzen, and were at that point of the river where an island—whether formed of the wash of the sea or the débris brought down by the current—divided the channel into two streams, one of which opened on the main sea through half a mile of dangerous breakers, while the other ran more quietly down some six or seven well-sheltered miles of smooth water before it found a bar. Knowing their boat and their skill, it was the channel through the short stretch of breakers they had been about to attempt, rather than try half a dozen miles more of tedious rowing under the guns of countless batteries, and of the two great forts at the lower extremities of the main-land and the island, when suddenly they saw another boat pushing out from the shore a little ahead, followed by another and another, till a string of them lay across the upper channel and interrupted the way like a wall. Instead of dealing destruction upon others, the lieutenant had nothing but destruction before himself. He saw it all, and perhaps his hand shook at the helm a little, but his heart never trembled.

The moon was just rising over the dark low banks. He surveyed the scene a moment, loath to be taken, loath to surrender his purposes, thinking how he might escape here and succeed hereafter; then, in a breath, he darted out boldly into the light, made a broad, swift detour, and put the boat's head down the other and longer channel-way, in a moment more had run her into the shadow of the dense thicket along the bank, had turned her about, was pulling softly back again to his starting-place, and while the other boats, one and all, were following their supposed prey down the long main channel, he was dashing out between the breakers. When the enemy discovered their error, it was too late to repair it; for, manned by soldiers from Fort Kneutzen, their boats had no ability to follow the dangerous path where the lieutenant led, and, after a little swearing and disputing, they returned to their quarters discomfited.

But in the moment when the lieutenant had given the word and dashed away, chancing to look up, he had seen, far and faint in the distance across the island's length, the great signal-lights swinging from their height upon the outer bluff, signaling to some hovering blockade-runner that the coast was clear. He divined that they had been there already some hours, since the pilots who raised them, and then left them in order to come up and replace the buoy, could hardly be other than those now in the bottom of his boat. Signaling what blockade-runner? Could it be any but the *Fox-hound?* Indeed, it might be another; but that one he knew was due, and it was worth risking life and all for. It was, indeed, something more than life he risked every moment that he delayed on this adventure, for death might come at any time—dishonorable death he hoped never; yet had he been taken with those plans and specifications torn from the mail-bag, he was well aware that a long rope and a short shrift would have been his portion.

But whether or no, with the sight of those signal-lamps Lieutenant Dracut had resolved that when he went through those breakers it would be in the blockade-runner, and not in his boat; and he turned about to take counsel at last with his men—all volunteers and hearts of oak. "You see the signal-lights?" he said. "That means the *Fox-hound*. Or, if it is not she, another has come up, and is waiting for these pilots now. The *Fox-hound's* cargo is worth a million dollars in any port, with the vessel thrown into the bargain. Shall we have her?" And an eager "Ay, ay, Sir!" assured him that he could trust them all as himself.

Waiting, then, till the last boat of the enemy had been beached beneath the fort, the lieutenant again turned his own boat about, and crossed the moon-lit space once more in all possible speed, and, as he hoped, unperceived, and was presently safe in the shadow, and creeping under the lee of the other side of the island. Here he paused and addressed the two pilots; and having informed them that he would hang them on the nearest branch of cotton-wood if they refused to comply with his demands, he put the boat's head to shore and flung out a coil of rope upon their hestitation; and whether it was his prompt conduct and blazing eyes, or their own abject fear, that overcame them, they promised obedience on the spot, and one of the crew was detailed as their overseer, to make an end of them on the first symptom of revolt. Then the boat was put down stream again. Once or twice they were hailed from a masked battery, but the pilots, after looking up the muzzle of a six-shooter, gave the necessary pass-word, and finally, on rounding a curve of the reedy shore where cypresses veiled in moss hung over the brink and intercepted all view, there lay the long, low blockade-runner, her sails backed, as she now and then impatiently sent up a rocket, and waited for her pilot up the stream, whose snags and shallows in smooth water were as dangerous to her as a lee shore in a storm. Half an hour afterward the pilots and their overseer were on the deck of the *Fox-hound;* and if they had meant to do any treacherous mischief, they were not quick enough, for the lieutenant and his men had clambered up close upon their heels, had overpowered the officer of the watch and the handful of sailors idling on the deck—for a night attack has always imagined hosts at command, since darkness and boldness are an army in themselves—and had the ship in their own hands. Then the sails slowly filled again; the *Fox-hound* was beating up the river against the wind; had reached the head of the island that divided the channel; her next watch had come on deck at the stroke of the bell, and had been seized and ironed in their turn, with swiftness and almost with silence. It was a quick and desperate hour; every man was posted where he could do the best service. There had been little scuffling, little talking—for people do not talk much up the mouth of a pistol. The *Fox-hound* came up to the head of the island, rounded the upper point; then her course was laid for the short channel, down which she flew, the wind behind her, with all sail filled and every rope stretched, her new commander knowing that channel thoroughly, and knowing that if the wind held for fifteen minutes more there was room and water enough to take them out, though presently the waves would be churning white on either side of them. Then, before the roar of the breakers should strike the ears of those banqueting below, Lieutenant Dracut, with his boatswain at his elbow, went down where the captain and his friends were feasting themselves on the best the ship's stores could give, and toasting the safe conclusion of their dangerous voyage, in great contentment, with the delusion that their pilot had come on board while they were supping, and was taking them safely to their wharf. "Captain Ross and gentlemen," said the lieutenant, as he laid his hand on the back of the captain's chair, while the man looked up bewildered, "I hope your Champagne will be no less sparkling when I tell you that you are overpowered by superior force, and the *Fox-hound* is my prize, and you are my prisoners."

The captain sprang to his feet and snatched out his Derringer. "It is of no use, Sir," said the lieutenant, quickly possessing himself of the little weapon. "The ship is in my hands, and has been for an hour, and we are flying before the wind down the straight channel and out to sea. Hark! Perhaps you hear the breakers now."

"Then, Sir," said the captain, recovering his good humor in the face of fate, "since it is inevitable, you must allow us to change our toast and pledge the gallantry that has made us captives. To whom am I indebted?"

But before the lieutenant could reply, or lift the glass to his lips, a shriek from one of the ladies at table, and the fall of the other to the floor, called his eye away; and at the same moment a state-room door opened and revealed a vision—a heavenly vision to him, for, shining white as she was with the pallor that had blotted out the radiant smiles and blushes, it was Adelaide that he clasped in his arms—Adelaide, as lovely, as beloved as ever.

Sunrise was bathing all the quiet seas with bloom when the *Fox-hound* was brought to, not far away from the *Schoodiac*, the bearer herself of news of her own capture. But there are some sorts of news that fly on the wings of the wind; for when Lieutenant Dracut went on board the flagship to make his report to the admiral, he was sternly ordered to take his prize into a Northern port himself, and not to reappear in those waters for sixty days. And as obedient to discipline himself as he always required others to be, you may be sure he did not lose an hour in obeying his superior orders—he lost, perhaps, half an hour, that brief period in which the chaplain paid the *Fox-hound* a visit, and in the presence of the admiral and the commanders of the fleet read the marriage-service in her cabin.

As for the cruel step-mother, perhaps the lieutenant allowed her to enter the Southern Confederacy, as she had taken such pains to get there. He certainly did not throw her overboard; but up to the time when, last winter, in one of the dark parlors of the Arlington, Mrs. Dracut told me her little romance, she had never seen or heard a word of Mrs. Fordyce.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The P. of W.'s "Little Bill."—Scotch Anecdotes.—Authors unveiled.

IT is currently reported by the gossips that the exalted personage whom Messrs. Pike & Pluck in *Nicholas Nickleby* would have called the P. of W. is about to apply to Parliament for two millions of pounds to pay his debts. If that be so, you may depend upon it (as your Artemus Ward observed on the suggestion of his meeting with the thieving Indian in the Happy Hunting-Grounds), "thar will be a fight." It is supposed that these "indirect claims" arise from unfortunate transactions upon "the turf"—the profession, as you are aware, which persons who labor under the hereditary principle are in this country most prone to follow, but success in which unhappily requires great astuteness. Gallantry is expensive, for, as Ingoldsby says, "Ladies like little *cadeaux* from a suitor;" but if the horse one fancies and backs is "a miss," the disaster is often more expensive than a hundred flirtations. A great political philosopher, who was also a man of the world, once informed me that nothing in the way of extravagance was equal in cost to maintaining a periodical (he referred to the *Westminster Review*) for the enunciation of unpopular theories; but hobby-horses are nothing to race-horses, and this gentleman had never kept *them*. What is very curious in this pursuit is that every body expects to win at it. Admiral Rous, the greatest authority we ever had on such matters, asserts that he never knew a single nobleman who kept a stud "with any other intention than that of making a profit out of it;" so that all the excuses about "a passion for horseflesh," not to mention the tall talk of a desire to "improve the breed of horses," will be untenable. After Mr. Lowe's recent refusal to spend the public money—"taxes wrung from our toil-worn thousands," he called it—in classical explorations in the plains of Troy, there will, I think, be some difficulty in getting this money voted for the heaths of Newmarket and Epsom. It is even rumored that the House of Commons will tell the P. of W. to "ask mamma"—who is known to have considerable savings—for the payment of this little account. A nobleman who goes on the turf is almost certain (before he goes *under* it) to suffer for it in fortune very heavily; nor is there, I believe, a single instance of a person of this class not having been, on the whole, a loser, except the late Lord George Bentinck, who was, so far as wits went, a statesman spoiled, and looked after every horse he owned with his own eyes. The men who win are those who are born to the work, like Mr. Padwick, to whom have reverted all the acres of the house of Hastings and half the lands of that of Hamilton; and if this be so in the case of marquises and dukes, who will not trouble themselves with details, how much more is it likely to happen with heirs-apparent, whose very purse is held by another man—the office of disbursing money being considered derogatory—to whom he says, "Pay him!"

George Bidwell, the last of the ring concerned in the great bank robbery, has been apprehended in Edinburgh by a private detective after an exciting chase over various walls and back gardens. When come up with, he turned to bay with his walking-stick, but was apparently disarmed by his pursuer calling him "brother," and making him the Freemason's sign.

"He put his thumb unto his nose
And spread his fingers out,"

and Mr. George Bidwell "caved in" at once, and gave himself up, with "ten large diamonds."

It was very clever of him to go to Edinburgh in February, since nobody could have suspected that a man of means would have selected such a place of residence at that season. "The thermal line," as its scientific inhabitants are careful to tell you, "is preceesely the same" there as in London, but the east wind blows over your cab. I was present the other night in a certain club smoking-room, where "the best things" are said to be said that are said, and was regaled with some charming anecdotes of the Northern metropolis. The chief speaker had resided there for some years, and was detailing his experiences, which were combated—not to say denied—by some of the company who happened to be North British. While admitting that Sydney Smith's statement of a surgical operation being absolutely necessary in order to make Scotchmen understand a joke was an exaggeration, he contended that they really had no sense of humor, else how should a beggar have been permitted to stand unreproved for years on the South Bridge at Edinburgh with this contradictory placard round his neck, "Blind from my birth: I have seen better days?"

Again, he had taken up with him from England an epigram upon Twining (who, except Dakin, is the most advertised of our tea merchants) to this effect,

"Twining would be whining
If deprived of his tea."

Having narrated this to one or two friends, he found it retailed about Edinburgh in the following perverted form,

"Dakin would be aching
If deprived of his tea."

Also, perceiving golf to be played every where, he wished to acquire some knowledge of that game, and sent to a bookseller for a hand-book upon it. The messenger returned with a tee-total tract. The serious-minded bookseller had supplied him with *The Hand of Providence exemplified in the Life of John B. Gough.*

The cause of the wit's final departure from this uncongenial sphere was, according to his own account, a remark he made upon a public drinking-fountain which had been erected for cattle, with the inscription, "Water was not sent for Man alone." The population saw him smiling at it, and asked him why he did so. "Not *alone*, it says," replied he: "I suppose that is why you are always drinking whisky with it"—an observation which was naturally—and nationally—resented.

At this point in the narration one of the tenants of the smoking-room, who had been puffing at a Burns's cutty-pipe in moody silence, suddenly expressed his opinion that all these tales were libels—or, as he termed them, "lees."

"My dear fellow, don't be angry," rejoined the other; "there are many things more worth having than a sense of humor, and which your excellent fellow-countrymen *do* possess; besides, I was only speaking generally: you're full of fun yourself, for instance, I am well aware."

"Sir, I have no wish to be praised," returned the unconciliated Scot, "at the expense of my country."

"You are right," responded the wit, with gravity; "for it would be the first thing that ever *was* done at the expense of your country, and might establish a precedent."

It is fair to add, however, in defense of the North British, that later in the evening this sarcastic individual expressed an equal skepticism as to Irish humor, of which he defied us to point out a single instance which had not for its subject "either a pig or a priest."

The mention of Ireland reminds me that the best English joke that has come to my ears this week is in the French language. A foreigner, reading in the window of an obscure shop near Leicester Square the notice, *Ici on parle Français*, stepped in and inquired of the proprietor which was the individual referred to in his establishment as speaking the French tongue. The proprietor touched his own brow with pride, and murmured, *Je.*

Is it scandal, or only information (or have you heard it before?), to state that the author of *The true History of Joshua Davidson*—a recent volume whose unorthodoxy, or cleverness, or both, has attained for it a great popularity—is Mrs. Lynn Linton, who wrote "The Girl of the Period" articles in the *Saturday Review* some years ago? and that the author of that very bright story, *The Member for Paris*, is no other than Mr. Grenville Murray, who wrote *The Roving Englishman*, and has since, in consequence of his connection with the *Queen's Messenger*, been himself compelled to rove?

R. KEMBLE, of London.

GEORGE ELIOT'S SAYINGS.

SELECTED FROM "THE MILL ON THE FLOSS."

WHAT quarrel, what harshness, what unbelief in each other, can subsist in the presence of a great calamity, when all the artificial vesture of our life is gone, and we are all one with each other in primitive mortal needs?

We are not apt to fear for the fearless when we are companions in their danger.

We judge others according to results—how else?—not knowing the process by which results are arrived at.

Mankind is not disposed to look narrowly into the conduct of great victors when their victory is on the right side.

In a mind charged with an eager purpose and an unsatisfied vindictiveness there is no room for new feelings.

"Ah, my child, you will have real troubles to fret about by-and-by," is the consolation we have almost all of us had administered to us in our childhood, and have repeated to other children since we have been grown up. We have all of us sobbed so piteously, standing with tiny bare legs above our little socks, when we lost sight of our mother or nurse in some strange place; but we can no longer recall the poignancy of that moment and weep over it, as we do over the remembered sufferings of five or ten years ago. Every one of those keen moments has left its trace, and lives in us still, but such traces have blended themselves irrecoverably with the firmer texture of our youth and manhood; and so it comes that we can look on at the troubles of our children with a smiling disbelief in the reality of their pain. Is there any one who can recover the experience of his childhood, not merely with a memory of what he did and what happened to him, of what he liked and disliked when he was in frock and trowsers, but with an intimate penetration, a revived consciousness of what he felt then—when it was so long from one midsummer to another? what he felt when his school-fellows shut him out of their game because he would pitch the ball wrong out of mere willfulness; or on a rainy day in the holidays, when he didn't know how to amuse himself, and fell from idleness into mischief, from mischief into defiance, and from defiance into sulkiness; or when his mother absolutely refused to let him have a tailed coat that "half," although every other boy of his age had gone into tails already? Surely if we could recall that early bitterness, and the dim guesses, the strangely perspectiveless conception of life, that gave the bitterness its intensity, we should not pooh-pooh the griefs of our children.

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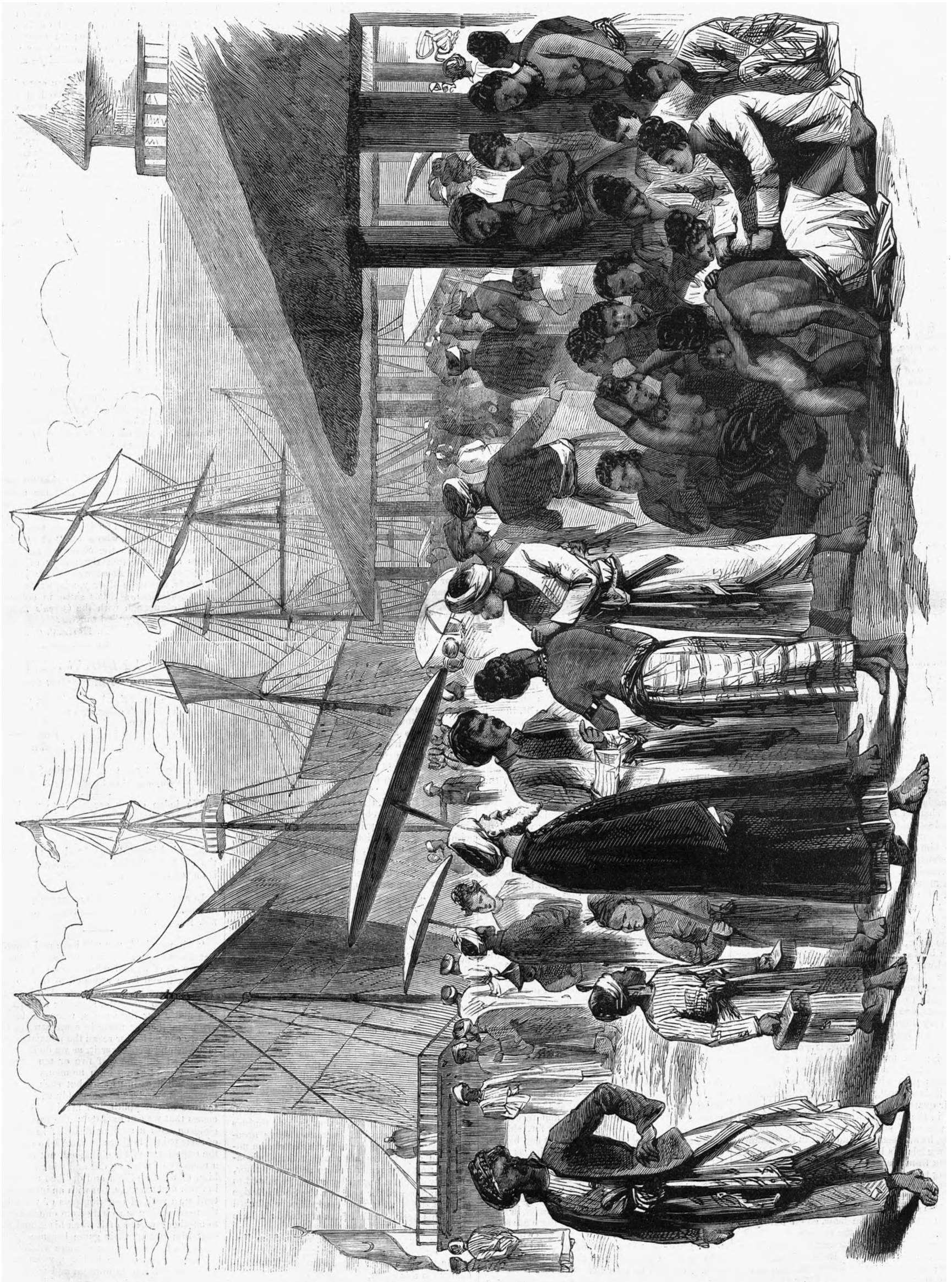
SALE OF SLAVE WOMEN AT ATCHEEN, SUMATRA.

IT is a curious fact that in the little independent kingdom of Atcheen, in the northwest part of the island of Sumatra, the sale of women for exportation is a recognized branch of commerce. The accompanying illustration was sketched on the spot by a traveler who was forced by accident to spend some days in this once powerful kingdom, which is now nearly extinct. The Malays seldom visit it, and the Europeans never; and the only strangers seen there are a few Arabs, who come thither to buy pepper, rice, coffee, gold-dust, and, above all, women, whom they carry to different parts of Asia and Africa. It must not be supposed that these women, like the Circassians and Georgians, are prized for their beauty: on the contrary, they are as ugly as scarecrows, being of the Malay type, or a cross between Chinese and negroes, with gingerbread complexions, thick lips, and flat noses. Nevertheless, they bring good prices; and in years when the harvest is scarce, as sometimes happens, the Atcheenese make raids into the territories of their neighbors, and carry off their wives and daughters to meet the demand.

Just at present Atcheen is attracting some exceptional interest from its hostilities with the Dutch East Indian government, which has made war on the Sultan of Atcheen for depredations on their territory.



SALE OF SLAVE WOMEN AT ATCHEEN, SUMATRA.

APPETITE.

OF appetites the sorts are three—that which is felt after a fast, an imperious sensation which never squabbles over a bill of fare, and which would be satisfied, in case of need, with a bit of raw meat as well as with a roast and truffled pheasant; that felt when, seated at table without being hungry, some savory dish is approvingly tasted, which sort of appetite gave rise to the proverb, "L'appétit vient en mangeant;" the third is the appetite excited (after the savory dish arriving in the middle of a dinner) by some delicious dainty brought in at the close.

Man ought to eat in a sitting posture. Homer—and his heroes have excellent appetites—makes the Greeks and the Trojans eat seated on separate seats, and not crowded on benches. When Ulysses arrives at Alcinoüs's palace the prince orders a magnificent chair to be brought him. The Egyptians, we learn from Athenæus, took their meals seated at table. The Romans did the same up to the close of the second Punic war, when they followed the lazy and inconvenient Greek custom of reclining, at dinner, on luxurious couches, each guest having a couch to himself. Persons invited brought their napkins, some of which were of cloth of gold. Alexander Severus was content with striped linen napkins woven for his sole and special use. Instead of ladies leaving the table in the middle of dessert, at Athens and Corinth it was the moment when they entered.

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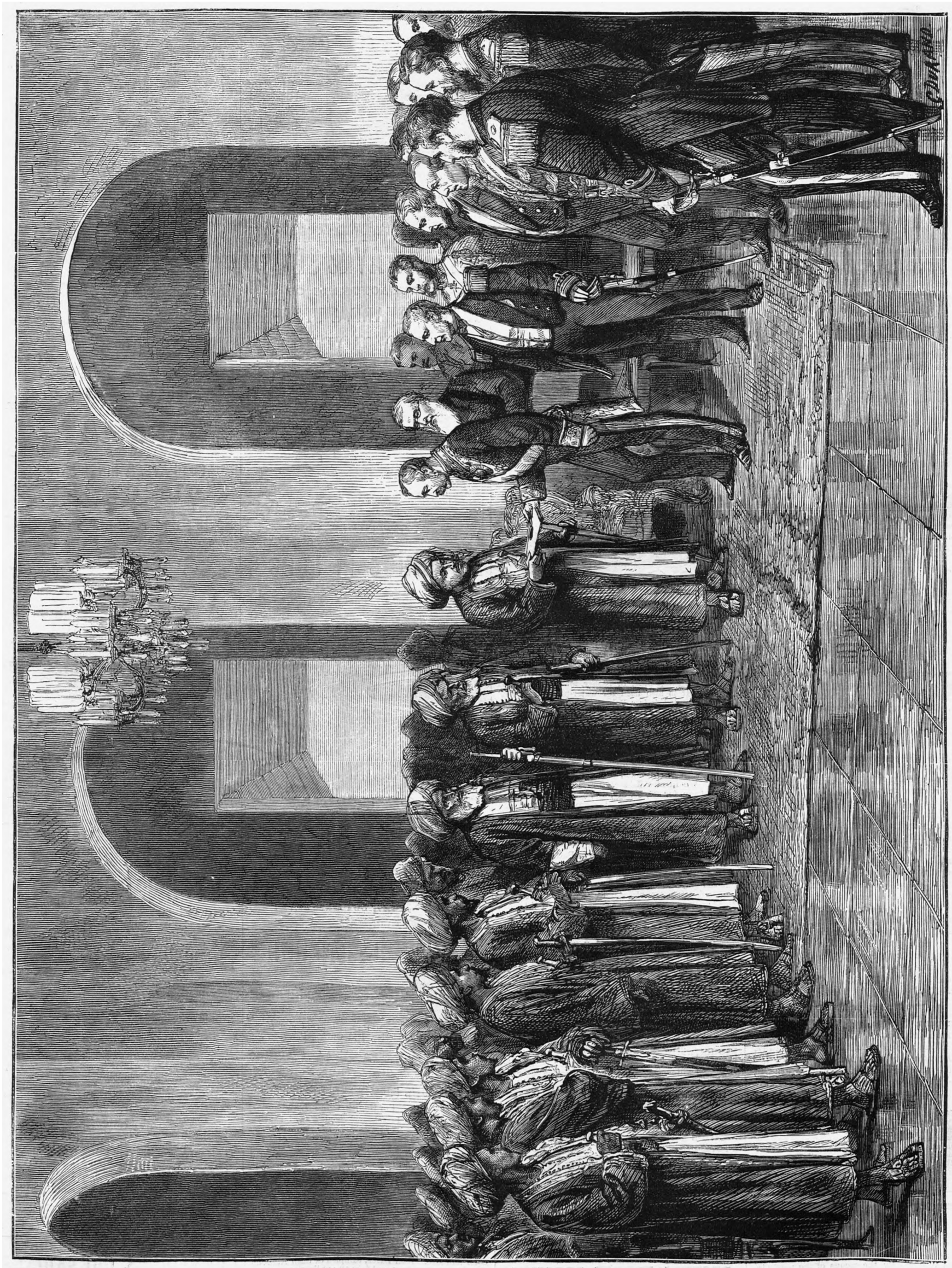
THE SLAVERY QUESTION IN EAST AFRICA.

THE accompanying illustration represents the visit lately paid by the English envoy, Sir Bartle Frere, to the Sultan of Zanzibar, the object being to present Queen Victoria's and other letters to the Sultan. Sir Bartle Frere was accompanied by the members of the mission, by all the officers of the British fleet, and by several American officers. Every one wore full uniform or court dress. The procession started on foot, and was met by the Sultan outside his palace, a salvo of artillery having been previously fired. He shook hands with every body, and invited them into the audience hall, a plain chamber, entirely without ornament. The Sultan received the letters with respect, but did not open them at the time, handing them over to his minister. Some conversation followed, accompanied by drinking of coffee and sherbet, pocket-handkerchiefs were sprinkled with otto of roses, and then, after more hand-shaking, the envoy took his departure.

It is greatly to be desired, for the sake of humanity, that he may accomplish the special object of his mission—namely, the extinction of the slave-trade in East Africa. Hitherto the Sultan has refused to suppress this vile traffic; and during the eight months of the year wherein it is permitted by the British government, Zanzibar has been the chief slave mart of the East.



THE SLAVERY QUESTION IN EAST AFRICA—RECEPTION OF SIR BARTLE FRERE IN DURBAR BY THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.

OLDEN MEAL-TIMES.

AT the beginning of the sixteenth century, under Louis the Twelfth and Francis the First, people dined at ten in the morning and supped at four; the rest of the day was occupied by parties, walks, or rides. In the seventeenth century they dined at noon and supped at seven. The curious will find a number of forgotten and lost dishes mentioned in the mémoires of Louis the Thirteenth's doctor, Hérouard, who recorded the breakfasts and dinners set before the king. At that time, in great families, dinner was announced by blowing a horn.

The first restaurant in Paris was established by one Boulanger, in the Rue des Poulies, in the middle of the last century. His door was surmounted by the device, "Venite omnes, qui stomacho laboratis, et ego restorabo vos," "Come, all ye who are faint at stomach, and I will restore you." The invention of restaurants was a grand step in advance. The few hotels that had tables d'hôte gave no more food than was absolutely necessary to keep body and soul together. The traiteurs, or cook shops, sold nothing less than whole joints. To give a dinner to a friend you were obliged to buy an entire leg of mutton, or a turkey, or a fillet of beef. There was genius in the bold conception of a completely new branch of trade—that if one customer came to eat the wing of a fowl, another would be glad to pick the leg.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—One ounce of rose-water, half an ounce of glycerine, twenty drops of carbolic acid, mixed. This is ready for use at once.

PERPLEXITY.—Try black "cosmetique" on your eyebrows. It is sold by all druggists.

A SUBSCRIBER.—There is nothing known that will permanently remove hair.

MRS. R. A.—It takes about four yards of cashmere to make a vest-polonaise.

M. A. R.—We can send you a cut paper pattern for a cambric wrapper. Any of the dye stores here will color your shawl. We do not give addresses.

LINCOLN.—Keep your kid gloves wrapped in white tissue-paper in a thoroughly close dry box, and they will not spot.

INQUIRER.—Pale Nile green is worn with garnet.

E. J. A.—Make your blue and white striped muslin with a belted polonaise and a single skirt with Spanish flounce. Make black grenadine by descriptions in late numbers of New York Fashions. Get a yard and a quarter of cashmere for your basque.

T. C. M.—Make your lace-striped batiste polonaise by Double-breasted Redingote pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. V., and trim with bias ruffles of the same, or fringe, or else yak lace.

S. M. P.—Braid your hair in two long plaits stuffed with "topsies," and coil around the top of your head, then put a short frizzed fringe above the forehead. Sailor suits will be worn again by both boys and girls.

MRS. K. T.—We can not take the responsibility of commending one brand of silk above another.

NOVICE.—Get a striped silk, or else a réséda tamise cloth, for your sister's spring suit. Make with plain basque and over-skirt like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI. For yourself get the Châtelaine Redingote pattern in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. VI.

A. L. H.—The most serviceable design for black silk suits is a plain basque, over-skirt, and flounced skirt.

INDOG.—Your sample is réséda mohair. Make with a châtelaine redingote and flounced skirt by pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. VI.

MRS. A. M. B.—Your pretty brown armure needs something better than a wool shawl with it. You should get a black or brown cashmere Dolman mantle that will do with any dress. Trim with bias silk bands. As you are successful in your purchases, we do not advise a change.

LILL.—Make a simple loose polonaise and single skirt.

EVA.—A blue silk vest, cuffs, and sash, with tiny blue pipings on the flounces, would brighten up your pretty striped silk. The brown mottled goods will make up stylishly if trimmed with revers and bands of solid dark brown. A polonaise and single skirt is a good design for it.

ALISON.—Make your pretty organdy with a loose belted polonaise, and put a deep Spanish flounce on the skirt. Most of the French grenadine suits have striped or polka-dotted polonaises. See New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 18, Vol. VI.

MRS. J. LEE, M.—We are not responsible for the advertisements in the *Bazar*, and for obvious reasons decline to give preference to one above another.

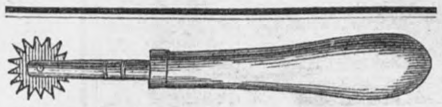
D. A. S.—A vigogne or tamise cloth polonaise and skirt (a silk skirt if preferred) would be suitable for a bride's traveling dress in June. Get light blue for a silk, as sage green will not remain long in fashion. Get gray or the new deep blue linen for a suit, and needle-work in scallops with white instead of braiding it.

CAMEOS.

IT is not enough to possess a fine Cameo, if one be not, that is, a mere collector, virtuoso, and, so to speak, Cameo-taph, or burier of Cameos in cases and cabinets. There can be nothing more beautiful put upon a beautiful arm than a bracelet of Cameos properly set and adjusted. The rich, soft, mellow tints of the Sardonyx shed a gentle lustre on the carnations of beauty; and we believe that instances have been known in which the artistic interest and merit of the carved heads and figures of the Cameos afforded an excuse for a closer and more admiring inspection of the fair arm which they enclasped than might otherwise have seemed becoming or permissible. To all this it is necessary, however, that the fine Cameos be finely and skillfully set. Of this truth, Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, 22 John Street (up stairs), are obviously as well persuaded as they are of the equally important truth that they have educated their customers to be content with nothing poor or trivial in the subjects or execution of the Cameos themselves. It is the special merit of this house, that even in their less expensive and remarkable Cameo work, in their buttons and brooches of carved Onyx and Sardonyx, which are brought by their price within the reach of buyers whose means are less liberal than their tastes, they secure a genuine artistic quality, to which they themselves do justice by settings as refined as they are effective.—[*Com.*]

TAKE YOUR DYEING AND CLEANING to the New York Dyeing and Printing Establisement, *Staten Island;* 98 Duane St., 752 Broadway, and 610 Sixth Ave., New York; 164 and 166 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn; 40 North Eighth St., Phila.—[*Com.*]

A SEWING-MACHINE is an absolute necessity in every family. In making a selection do not fail to examine the Wilson Under-Feed at their magnificent rooms. This machine is meeting with unprecedented success, being sold at a less price than any other first-class machine, and at the same time combining to a greater degree all the essentials of a family machine. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FRENCH STAMPING PATTERNS.—M'me BADOUREAU & Co., 125 Fourth Ave. Send for circular.

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Between 4TH and GREAT JONES STS.

The Largest Stock of HUMAN HAIR GOODS in the City.

All Hair used in my establishment I *import and manufacture myself*, and is of the best quality only; and if any expert can prove that I use in my goods any other quality but the best, or *mix* it with Italian or Chinese Hair, which is generally applied to by other dealers, will *refund* the money in every case.

I can offer to the public inducements which can not be superseded by any of my competitors.

All goods WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.

PRICE-LIST.

Short Hair Switches $1 and upward. Finest quality Hair Switches, solid, not dyed, 18 inches long, 4 ounces weight,						$5 00
Do. 22	do.	do.	4	do.	do.	6 00
Do. 26	do.	do.	4	do.	do.	8 00
Do. 32	do.	do.	4	do.	do.	10 00

Shaw's Patent Hair Switches, 50c.

Long Single Curls, natural Curly—
22-inch, $2 00. 24-inch, $2 50. 26-inch, $4 00.
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Ladies' own Hair made over in latest styles.
Combings made up 50 cents per ounce.
Goods sent **C. O. D.** by express, on receipt of color and money in registered letters or P. O. Order.

N. B.—Through the immense increase of business, we will remove to the more commodious building, 364 Bowery, cor. 4th St., after 1st of May, 1873.

Fashions for Summer.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by A. BURDETTE SMITH, in the Office of the Librarian, at Washington, D. C.

As a Polonaise—As a Wrapper.

The above represents the MAGIC COSTUME in TWO entirely different toilets. It can be changed from one to the other in *less* than ONE minute, by simply adjusting ONE button. One view is a full-dress Polonaise in Batiste, trimmed with lace and insertion, though it is equally adapted to any kind of material, but especially favored for *wash goods*, because when unbuttoned it falls into a beautifully-shaped wrapper (see Cut) without pleat or gather, making it easy to laundry. It is also used for water-proof or ladies' cloth. Elevated, it is a Polonaise or Redingote; or, when let down, a water-proof cloak. The traveler and voyager will find it a necessary convenience. It is very simple to make. Complete instructions are printed upon each pattern, besides a **Cloth Model.** (*See below*). For linen, it requires 6¼ yards of 36-inch. For water-proof, it requires 5 yards. All sizes. Price of pattern with cloth model, *One Dollar*. (See Premium below. We furnish **Linen** or **Batiste** made by this pattern for $5, $8, $10, $15, $20, $30. In Water-proof, $10, $12, $15, $20, $25. We are putting in better materials and charging less price by the *single suit* than manufacturers are charging by the dozen for *last summer styles*. A sample card of goods will be mailed upon receipt of *ten cents*.

Send two stamps for Catalogue of Patterns.

We give a *CLOTH MODEL* with each pattern, which *SHOWS* every seam, pleat, gather, loop, &c., how to put the garment together by the pattern, and how it will look when completed. By the use of our *Cloth Models* any person who can sew can *FINISH* the most difficult garment as easy as the plainest. They are *PERFECT GUIDES.*

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IN BLACK STRIPES,
AND ELEGANT FALL COLORS,
Of Shades especially adapted for Suitings.

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Will make Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes that have become rough and red, and Ladies' Traveling Bags which look so old and rusty that they are ashamed to carry them, look just as good as new. It will not rub off or smut when wet. Softens the leather.

No lady will be without it after one trial. Beware of imitations and counterfeits. For sale every where.
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It is one of the most important inventions of the age. The most perfect **Button-hole Worker** *ever invented!* So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can work without it. Every stitch is taken with the most perfect mechanical accuracy. Is used entirely independent of the sewing machine, and will last a lifetime. Does away with pricking the fingers, straining the eyes and with imperfect and irregular worked button-holes. They give universal satisfaction. Ladies who use them say that they are worth their weight in gold. Over eleven thousand sold during the first week of their introduction. Local and traveling agents wanted everywhere. They sell at sight, and give over 100 per cent. profit. Sample Button-hole Worker and sample Button-hole Cutter packed in a neat case, with full directions for use, together with sample of our new and novel way of canvassing, sent to any address on receipt of 65 cents. Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Address WEBSTER M'F'G CO., Manufacturers, Ansonia, Ct. Please state in what paper you saw this.

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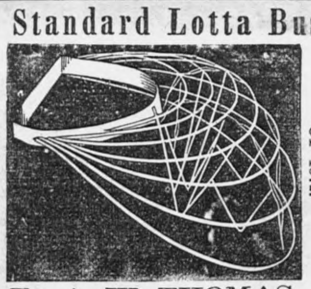

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The wearer can sit in any position whatever, without bending or injuring it in the slightest degree. It closes entirely up on sitting, and returns with precision to its original shape on arising. The heaviest dress will not cause it to diminish its size, or change its perfect form (as is generally the fault).

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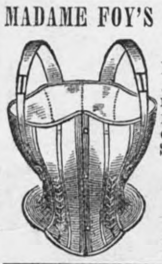

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2d. Ladies are requested to send both bust and waist measures, as it is obviously impossible otherwise to insure a well-fitting pattern.

3d. Our instructions are so simple that, accompanied by the cut of the garment, they will be readily understood by the most inexperienced.

4th. The patterns are so perforated and notched that no difficulty will be encountered in putting the parts together.

NOTICE.

Any of our patterns will be sent upon application to our agents, postpaid, in the U. S. and Canada, on receipt of the catalogue price and number; or will be forwarded by us if desired. The catalogue will be forwarded to any address upon receipt of a three-cent stamp. All communications should be addressed to GROSSFELD & CO., 551 Pearl St., New York City.

The following houses are the agents in this city for the sale of our Patterns: Messrs. Peake, Opdyke & Co., 427 and 429 Broadway; Jas. McCreery & Co., cor. 11th St. and Broadway; Johnson, Burns & Co., cor. 14th St. and University Place; Ed. A. Morrison, 827 Broadway.

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Manufactured by the Florence Sewing Mach. Co. The simplest, cheapest, and best in use! Has but one needle! A Child can run it. **Agents wanted in every town.** Send for Circular and Sample Stocking to HINKLEY KNITTING MACH. CO., Bath, Me.

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IMPORTERS AND DECORATORS OF
CHINA, GLASSWARE, & CROCKERY, CLOCKS, BRONZES, PLATED-WARE, &c., 1152 Broadway, N. Y.

Beautiful inventions for marking Clothing and printing Cards, &c. One will do for a whole family. Movable Type. Profitable, amusing and instructive for the young. Jet Printer $1. Silver $1.25, with Ink, Type and neat Case, delivered by mail anywhere. 4 Alphabets extra 60c. Agents wanted. Golding & Co, 14 Kilby St, Boston.

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Vol. V.

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POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt..... " 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)..... " 25
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DIFFERENT VIEWS.

RICHARD (*to his Mary*). "With you by my Side, my very Own, with *you*, I could wander among these *Heavenly* Hills and Dales for *ever!*"

MARY (*to her Richard*). "And so could *I* with *you*, my *veriest* Own! for *ever*, and *ever*, and *ever!*"

RICHARD'S SISTER (*to herself*). "*Oh*, dear me! what a Trotting up and down it all *is*, to be sure!"

AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

USEFUL SISTER (*to Ornamental Sister, who has been bewailing the dullness of her existence for the last hour*). "Bella, you're the most *Egotistical* Creature I ever met in my Life!"

BELLA (*who always gets out of every thing with a joke*). "*Well*, Jane, if I *am* Egotistical, at *all* events it's *only* about *myself!*"

FACETIÆ.

THE epitaphs of Dakota papers are most pathetic. Jim Barret had been shoveling snow, from which he caught a bad cold, and died. He won't have to shovel snow in the country he has gone to.

When is a captain in his heaviest attire?—When he wears his ship.

"THE ROSY."

LITTLE GIRL. "Oh, Mr. Beeswing, is the paint you color your nose with the same as that mamma colors her cheeks with?"

[*Mr. B. and mamma enjoy themselves.*

Why has a barber a more extensive business than any other man?—Because it extends from poll to poll.

The latest story of a brave though child-like form, faithful at the post of duty, comes from Ohio. He was the son of a village reporter, and having discovered a broken rail on the road just out of town, sat for five hours on a fence near by waiting for the train, so that he might carry the particulars of the accident to his father. Such devotion to the paternal interest is very affecting.

What is the greatest eye-sore in a farm-yard?—A (pig-)sty.

TO THE CARELESS.

This is an attractive advertisement:

MAN and WIFE.—Man thorough In-door Servant (understands hunting things).

Gentlemen who "never know where they've put" whatever it may be would find this in-door servant invaluable.

An infant aged seventeen advertises "to be adopted—a comfortable home only required, and no salary."

WOMAN'S WORTH.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER (*who thinks she has satisfactorily explained the doctrine of regeneration*). "Now, my good boy, would not you like to be regenerated, or born again?"

GOOD BOY. "No-a!"

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER. "No! Why not?"

GOOD BOY. "Fear'd a moight be born a girl!"

Though an honest merchant is a plain dealer, a carpenter is a deal planer.

The editor of a Newark paper heard, the other day, that a new pass had been found in the Andes. He immediately wrote to a man in South America that the pass was his, and he would be much obliged if the man would forward it at once.

THE TARTAR WAR—Brushing one's teeth.

As some lady visitors were recently going through a penitentiary, under the escort of the superintendent, they came to a room in which three women were sewing.

"Dear me!" one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious-looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?"

"Because they have no other home. This is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly answered the superintendent.

HOT-AN'-OT MEN—Tipplers.

Why is a lady crossing the Atlantic like the foreman of a factory?—Because she is an over-sea-her.

A speaker before a temperance society one Sunday evening expressed the broad conviction that "next to Beelzebub himself, Bacchus, inventor of spirituous beverages, brought more sin and misery on the human race than any other individual of whom Scripture gives us any account.

"ERIN-GO-BRAGH."

WEARY TRAVELER. "How far is it to Ballinaclee, my friend?"

RAW NATIVE. "Shure, sor, av ye walk smart, it's not more than three moiles."

Why was last year like the one three years ago?—Because one was 1870, and the other was seventy-two.

Does a standing joke ever require a seat?

A TAKING PROSPECT.

OCCASIONAL VISITOR (*calling to leave a card*). "Family well, Jones? Ah! baby thriving, Jones?"

JONES. "Oh yes, mum—bless 'im, he's a-thrivin' bootiful. He's a-hed measles, the 'oopin-coff, an' the scarlet fever, well; an' now he's jist a-comin' round of the small-pox, and a-thrivin' wonderful!"

O. V. "Oh!—a—a—a! I don't think I'll come in, Jones, to-day! Good-morning!"

What best describes and most impedes a Christian Pilgrim's Progress?—A Bunyan (bunion).

What is the difference between the engine-driver and a passenger who has lost the train?—One is right in front, the other left behind.

When Blockly, in his song, wrote "List to the Convent Bells," it was not to be understood that they were muffled, you know.

There is a time for all things. The time to leave is when a young lady asks you how the walking is.

"PREVENTION IS BETTER," ETC.

LARGE CAD. "I say, Kiddy, was you goin' to shy that stone at me?"

LITTLE CAD. "No."

LARGE CAD. "Then lend it us a bit, and I'll shy it at you." [*And he shied it.*

SHAKSPEAREAN COMMENTARIES.

"Mine host of the garter"—The landlady, of course.

"And thereby hangs a tale"—Darwinian theory.

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet"—Properly classified.

"Thou hast damnable iteration"—The fellow that tells old jokes.

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows"—The faro bank.

"Take, oh, take those lips away!"—Some very pretty women will eat onions.

"It hath an ancient and fish-like smell"—Codfish aristocracy and Crédit Mobilier.

"Is she not passing fair?"—Doubtless the lady engaged in passing the hat around at church sociables.

"If ladies be but young and fair, they have the gift to know it"—They are, indeed, remarkably conscious.

"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument"—The "heavy" editor.

"How use doth breed a habit in a man!"—Good thought here. Use a man meanly, and he'll soon get the habit of kicking you.

"A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch"—The very picture of a modern interviewing reporter. Truly we can never do justice to the foresight of the immortal bard.

"It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love"—This refers to the love of drink, and the beast is the imp that climbs bed-posts, and jumps all over a soakist who has pursued his love to excess.

The gardener who grafted a chestnut to a box tree found it only produced large trunks.

Lord Shaftesbury told at Glasgow of his having whitewashed and painted one of the dark houses occupied by a family in one of the foul districts of London, and a short time after returning to find it worse than ever. He said, "What on earth is this?"

And the reply was, "Please your honor, the house looked so cold and uncomfortable that I sent for a sweep, and asked him to give us a few warm touches."

PAPA. "You must stop that noise, and obey me, Harry, or I shall have to Whip you! Solomon says, 'Spare the rod, and spoil the child!'"

HARRY. "Whip me if you must, Pa, but don't shift the responsibility on poor old Solomon!"

"PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES," ETC.

PRUDENT MAMMA. "My dear, the Grand Opera is no place for you. These *Exposés* are Positively Shocking!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 21.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Ladies' and Children's Street and House Dresses, Figs. 1–5.

Fig. 1.—JAPANESE FOULARD HOUSE DRESS. This dress is made of réséda Japanese foulard, and consists of a double skirt and waist. The skirt is trimmed with grenadine puffs of the same color, and with black velvet folds, which are edged with a cording of réséda gros grain. Similar folds trim the over-skirt and waist.

Figs. 2 and 3.—FAILLE WALKING SUIT. This suit is made of gray faille. The skirt is trimmed on the bottom with a box-pleated flounce, which is headed with a ruche of the material. The polonaise is trimmed with ruches and a passementerie agrafe. The vest and cuffs are of black velvet.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD. The skirt and vest are of black velvet. The vest is surrounded with white cording. The polonaise of figured white foulard is trimmed with ruffles and ruches of the material, and with velvet bows.

Fig. 5.—SUMMER CASHMERE HOUSE DRESS. This dress of buff summer cashmere consists of a skirt and polonaise. The latter is trimmed with bias strips of brown gros grain, and is closed by means of button-holes and gros grain buttons.

Fig. 1.—JAPANESE FOULARD HOUSE DRESS.

Fig. 2.—FAILLE WALKING SUIT. FRONT.—[See Fig. 3.]

Fig. 3.—FAILLE WALKING SUIT. BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 5.—SUMMER CASHMERE HOUSE DRESS.

FIGS. 1–5.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S STREET AND HOUSE DRESSES.

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OUR DOOR-YARD.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

No garden, dear—you understand? We could not
spare the room
On that close-planted hill-side farm for what would
only bloom;
But mother pleaded, with a look of longing in her
face,
For just a little spot that flowers might brighten with
their grace;
So tasseled corn and bending oats and emerald spears
of wheat
Waved o'er the wind-swept fields, and by the door
were roses sweet.

Old-fashioned roses, red and white, and pinks with
spicy breath,
And flaunting peonies, and vines that surely grew by
faith,
So fast and far their fingers green wove garlands
fair and fine,
Until the house beneath their touch was radiant as
a shrine:
And shrine it was, where loyal hearts in pure devotion
met,
And kindled incense fires that burn in hallowed
fragrance yet.

Within the little door-yard's space, from early spring
to fall,
We almost had a floral clock the passing hours to
call.
From snow-drops and from lilac plumes to asters
braving frost,
No inch of ground, no single day, we flower lovers
lost.

Ah, I've my window garden now, my ferns, my ivies
green,
My birds, who flash like balls of light the netted
wires between,
And sing, as all caged creatures do, the sweeter for
the cage—
But in that tiny door-yard dear I lived my golden age.

How fair it was—at sunset's hour, the western sky
aflame!
How calm, when o'er the glowing fields the meek-eyed
cattle came!
And Ben let down the bars—"Mamma!" There's
Daisy calling me;
I'm coming. Is it possible—is that the bell for tea?

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1873.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be sent out gratuitously a splendidly illustrated

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

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THE WRINKLED ROSE LEAF.

IT is not so much the great sorrows and disappointments in life of which we complain, of which we are impatient, over which we lose temper, as the pin-pricks of every day, the little frets and worries, the small collisions of facts and temperaments—in brief, the wrinkle in the rose leaf.

In a great grief we are sometimes sublimed to a heroic endurance; we confront the immutable Will, and pause before it too much in awe and awful wonder for murmuring. But there is no background of necessity against which the lesser ills may loom up imposingly. A great trouble does not so much shut us in upon ourselves as it reveals to us the power of suffering in the human heart, and puts us in sympathy with all mankind, and causes us to realize that the whole creation travaileth and groaneth in pain; but against the minor trials that flesh and spirit are heir to there exists no strong sense of an inevitable fiat to uphold the weak will and failing nerves. To the broken or breaking heart it signifies little that the weather is dull, that the piano is out of tune, that the train is delayed; the paralysis of sorrow has rendered him, in a more or less degree, insensible to the rude friction of ordinary affairs. Who cares that the bed is hard when aching thoughts prick the brain into intense action through the long night hours? Who, shipwrecked on a desert island, grumbles at the fare of shell-fish, or disdains the brackish water at hand, or is vexed by the sand in his shoes? It is always the great grief that medicines the lesser; it is when life goes smoothly with us that the wrinkle in the rose leaf irritates, and seems a burden too grievous to be borne. And there is no denying that it does irritate and imbitter many lives which outwardly look prosperous and happy enough, and no doubt it is as much an affair of individual temperament as of unlucky circumstances. If we could only resolve not to heed the wrinkle in our rose leaf, not to fret and scold when the fire goes out, when the keys are mislaid, when the bread is heavy; if we might be mistress of ourselves though china fall; if one could learn to accept all the little unhappy accidents and incidents of the day in a spirit of cheerfulness, as necessary to the scenic effect, supplying the amber tints in the tapestry of life in order that the livelier hues may weave into the design more harmoniously without any glare of coloring; if one, in short, could just put the wrinkle out of mind in thinking of the rose leaf itself—what a gain were this! Have we so little of delight in this fair world that a trifling annoyance is sufficient to cloud our sky and steal sleep from beneath our eyelids? Is our happiness so insecure that a moth in the carpet, a rent in a gown, a broken trinket, or an unruly servant is able to obscure it? Perhaps the wrinkle in Madame Turbot's rose leaf is the long lineage of Neighbor Blood, whose own leaf is wrinkled in revenge by madame's fine equipage and apparent prosperity. Madame, surrounded by her finery, her LOUIS Quatorze furniturings, her old and new masters, her frescoes and folderols, has never been able to banish from her mind the picture of her grandfather crying fish in the market-place. She sees it reflected in the eyes of her high-bred guests; she believes it to be photographed in every lack of attention from her world. She looks across her sycamore hedge at the low ceilings and general dilapidations of the Bloods, and sighs for a pedigree; while they, sitting sadly in the shadow of the family tree, which for so many years has kept the sun from their vines, waft back a regret that its fruit does not compare with that across the hedge. In the mean time how much Miss Jennie would enjoy her broad aisle seat in church were she not conscious that her chignon was at the mercy of the congregation! How much keener were Trillette's pleasure in the thunders of applause and the showers of bouquets if Aria were not to make her *début* in the next scene! Even Bridget in the scullery was happy till Nora boasted of her higher wages. No: the wrinkled rose leaf is not confined to age, or sex, or condition. It happens to few, if any, to possess the rose leaf without the wrinkle, only in a wise oblivion of which can content be found. The old would be so happy among their memories and friends but for this failing strength, this lost bloom, this something that has robbed life of its pith—in short, they would have the experience of fifty and the beauty and innocence of twenty. Then life would be so sweet to the young if they had surmounted their trials, subdued their awkwardnesses, written their books, painted their pictures, turned their dreams into realities, and achieved success; if they might have the self-poise and ease of middle age, and still retain the infinite charm of youth.

When Rosalind married Collyn, she fancied that at last events had ironed out her rose leaf, that she had taken out a policy against trouble; but when Collyn took to late hours, she discovered that there was no spell could keep the wrinkles from growing. So, when young Invoice fell heir to a fortune, he devoutly believed there was no more up-hill work to be done; but, bless us! if he didn't find it quite as hard to keep his money as to earn it! What with investments, insurances, speculations, disasters by fire and water, and land-sharks, his poor rose leaf became so crumpled that you would never know it for the same whose deepest wrinkles were occasioned by flirtation's fickle fancies or the splitting of a new glove. To be sure, there is a great difference in the way in which various people accept their wrinkle, and the use they make of it. With many it is a constant matter of complaint, as if nothing of the kind ever soured another's experience: it's always just their luck. They have such an itching for sympathy, such a knack at self-pity, that they are forever parading their little trials before their friends, never guessing that because these show only the fresh and dewy side of the rose leaf, which the sun touches, that its wrinkle is kept well in the shade. Again, there is another class who rather plume themselves upon the variety of their aggravations and miseries: nobody ever has such servants as they have; nobody's children ever required so much attention; nobody's appetite was ever so poor; the canker-worm never attacks other orchards with such malice prepense; nobody else's preserves ferment so easily. "Cousin Kate may think that she has seen trouble, but it's a flea-bite compared to mine," cries one of this class; and so she goes on deepening the wrinkle in face and temper as well as in the rose leaf; while here is Silencia, whose trials, like the thorns, are kept under the rose. Her lovers may slight her, her own familiar friend play double, society snub her; the railroad company may cut up her hereditary acres, the schoolboys steal her peaches; her grandfather may have died of cancer or insanity; she may be plain, with an inordinate love of beauty, poor, with a hankering for luxury, eager for travel, and bound to the hearth-stone, or fond of home, and condemned to boarding-houses; she may have a bonnet that doesn't become her, a silk gown too scant or ill fitting, a boot that pinches, a chignon a shade too light—but you will never hear of any of these things from her lips. Though the wrinkle in her rose leaf keeps her awake nights, swells her heart in her bosom, yet she smoothes it out with a smile as best she may: in thinking of and being grateful for the blessings she has, she strives to be indifferent to those she has not.

SUTTEE.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

THE English nation has seen fit to suppress, or to endeavor to suppress, wife-burning among its Indian dependencies. It may be questioned whether England is wise in thus interfering with the domestic institutions of its colonies. India is remote and alien, and what seems horrible to us may be to our Hindoo friends a solemn and sacred joy. If the Indian widows are forced to this self-sacrifice by male and main force, or by the brutal tyranny of an unregenerate public opinion, it is well for the strong hand of England to be raised in their defense; but if it be done from pure love and loathing—love for the dead and loathing for all the bereft life that remains: despair and loneliness and mourning without hope—why should we close the heavens to their chariot of fire?

I rise to move, however, that if suttee is to be abolished in India, the balance of power shall be retained by establishing it in this country—with one amendment: that, if the expression may be pardoned, the boot should be on the other leg. When a woman loses her husband, I would have her make herself as comfortable as possible. When a man loses his wife, let him throw himself on her funeral pile and burn up. This is not only for abstract justice's sake, to atone for the poor women who have embraced the flames in the Old World, but for the sake of concrete justice and the best interests of all concerned. If the husband dies with his wife, the grandfathers and grandmothers, the uncles and aunts, immediately step in, adopt the children, care for the property, and, so far as possible, make good to the orphans the places of the lost. Blood is so strong that one or two removes do not perceptibly weaken it. Indeed, the danger is that the grandmother will dote too much on her grandchild. Indulgence and fondness will not be so well tempered by wisdom as they were with her own child. The sister will watch over her sister's orphans with more than a mother's vigilance, and the brother will rear his brother's boy with the care and cost of his own.

If the husband does not die, he immediately becomes a dog in the manger. He neither takes care of the children himself, nor can any one else take care of them. In course of time he goes straightway and marries a strange woman, who may or may not be in love with him, but who certainly is not in love with his children, and who is yet put in a position which only love can render tolerable. Who is so weak as to maintain that a man would not better have been burned? He may not like it at first—doubtless he will not; but he will soon become used to it; and indeed I see no reason why he should not presently regard it with as much enthusiasm and cling to it with as much tenacity as do the widows of India.

Once a little boy lost his young mother, and a short time afterward his young father. A considerable property was left to him, which was carefully invested by one relative, and in the house of another he found a home. He grew up surrounded by love and care. He received the finest Christian culture, and a liberal and professional education. A charming wife, bright and beautiful children, adorn and enrich his life, and give purpose and scope to his future. But as I saw him pass my window this morning, erect and strong, with the firm step and the clear brow of a prosperous and happy man, I thought of a playmate of his, his little next-door neighbor, a pretty, piquant, tiny girl, born under a sky as bright as his, and setting out in life with as fair a prospect. She, too, in her tender childhood encountered the same calamity that beset him—the loss of a youthful mother; but unhappily she did not also lose her father. He lived and married again—married a woman who made the tales and traditions of heartless step-mothers a dreary reality. Through her dead mother the little girl inherited an ample fortune, but the law gave the whole income and control of it to the father as long as he lived, and his own weakness gave it to the step-mother, from whose hands not a farthing trickled down upon the poor girl. By coldness and rudeness her mother's family were alienated and repelled from her father's house, and she, delicately born and reared, grew up to drudgery and mean living, and all the infernal degradations devised by a miserly nature. She was shabbily and scantily clad, debarred the social pleasures belonging to her age and position, and at seventeen sent out into the world to earn her own living—she who, had she been able to come by her own, would no more have needed to toil, and who, indeed, was scarcely more fit to toil, than the lilies of the field. But she was a lady born and bred, and she scorned to complain of a fate which she could not escape; and her pretty face and dainty figure lent a silken grace to the commonest gown, while her high spirits and the archness and vivacity of youth forbade all thought of pity, or even any suspicion of the truth. She married, and though an only daughter and the heir of a large property, she received no outfit but such as her own brave fingers could supply. Children came to her love and delight, but the privations, the struggles, and the suppressions of her young years had probably weakened the prop of life. Her father died, leaving a will which bequeathed his whole property to his wife. He was a warm-hearted, affectionate man, and unquestionably fond of his daughter, who had ever been true and dutiful to him; yet he had left her, his only child, without a penny, and his grand-children were unnamed in his last will and testament. The blow was too much for her. Without any visible disease, she faded and faltered. She had battled bravely and silently, but her small store of strength was spent, and one night she lay down, too tired to claim the good-night kiss. "But you want to kiss Sweetins, mamma?" and "Sweetins" was lifted to mamma's side, and felt the last kiss of loving lips, and then the tired mother, the wronged and outraged daughter—poor fragile creature—closed her weary eyes and woke no more.

Is it strange that when I see the man go by with his buoyant stride and swing to meet his merry children awaiting him at the garden gate, I think of his little playfellow lying under the winter snow, and the children that go unmothered through the world?

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MOURNING.

BLACK toilettes are so generally worn by ladies who dress in colors that those who wear mourning for deceased relatives are compelled to adopt still deeper black in order to distinguish their memorial dress from the fashionable uniform of the day. Heavy plain English fashions in mourning are followed here in preference to the showy lustrous dresses glistening with jet that French women call mourning. Mourning black is made in the plainest, simplest manner, is confined to a few fabrics, and is also worn longer than formerly. A welcome relief, however, is given to this sombre and unwholesome dress by wearing white around the neck and wrists and inside bonnets; also by the thin veil of net or grenadine worn over the face, while crape veils hang behind like streamers. English crape trimmings on bombazine are considered the deepest mourning, and are retained longer than formerly, but wearing crape does not now include seclusion from society, as it once did. Dresses made entirely of crape mounted on a silk foundation are worn on full-dress occasions—for instance, ladies in the second year of mourning for a parent have dinner dresses of English crape laid in kilt pleats that cover the silk underneath, an apron of crape with sash behind, and a simple basque smoothly covered with crape. Many families wear plain crape folds the first year, add crape pleatings mixed with trimmings of the dress material for the second year, then leave off crape altogether, wearing fanciful trimmings of the dress goods, that finally make the dress look like the ordinary black toilettes worn out of mourning. "Second mourning," in the old fashion of purple and gray, has gone out of use, and light mourning now consists of lustrous black dresses trimmed with jet and lace, relieved by a great deal of white. These gradations are not very marked, as each household has its own customs, some old families wearing mourning half their lives, while others adopt it for a very brief season; hence it is difficult to speak definitely of costumes about which there is so little uniformity.

Among materials for mourning dresses the handsomest is English bombazine. It is heavier and less lustrous than French bombazine, and is worn for first deep mourning during all seasons of the year. It costs from $1 50 to $4 a yard. For spring and summer suits the soft hanging tamise cloth is probably next in favor. This fabric is all wool, with plain surface, from thirty-four to forty-five inches wide, and costs from 85 cents to $2 75 a yard. The quality sold for $1 75 a yard is exceedingly fine and soft, and is most used. French challi is also commended for summer wear, as it is light and cool: price from 80 cents to $1 a yard. In thinner goods plain grenadines, either all silk or else silk and wool mixed, are the leading fabrics for deep mourning dresses; they are trimmed with folds of grenadine piped with crape. Striped, spotted, and damask grenadines are only worn in light mourning. For summer dresses Byzantine is a regular mourning goods without lustre. It is half transparent, and is made of pure silk and wool very closely twisted. Florentine is the name of another mourning material made a little heavier than grenadine.

Widows' mourning is distinct from all others in its plainness. It consists of bombazine and tamise dresses made with a polonaise or a basque and single skirt almost covered with crape. The

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English crape used is a yard and a half wide, without a fold in the middle, and comes in a roll instead of in boxes. For the dress skirt this crape is not put on in folds or pleatings, but is doubled and shaped to the skirt, covering it from the hips down, and having but one seam. The basque has perfectly tight sleeves, is very high and close in the neck, is covered plainly with crape, and has no over-skirt to accompany it. Small button-moulds covered with crape fasten the front; around the neck is a small collar of doubled crape, and the crape cuffs are entirely without ornament. The bonnet is of doubled crape also, with a small puff of white crêpe lisse across the forehead for a widow's cap, and black strings. The crape veil is a yard and a half long, with a hem a quarter of a yard deep. It may be worn with a string in one end tied around the bonnet, with the sides fastened behind below the high braids of hair; or else, in nun-like fashion, the middle of the veil is fastened by jet pins on each side of the bonnet, and the ends cover the face and drape the back. For wraps, sacques and mantillas are cut of the dress goods, covered with crape, and finished on the edge by a milliner's fold. Square shawls of Thibet cloth with a deep border of crape are worn by old ladies in their widowhood.

Mourning for other near relatives—parents, children, a sister, or brother—is made of the materials already mentioned, but copies more closely the fashions used in colors; for instance, there are sleeveless basques of crape, crape sashes and fraises, crape aprons, and over-skirts trimmed with crape, while lower skirts have kilt pleatings of crape, bias folds, and flounces trimmed with crape. A high standing fraise of pleated English crape is sewed permanently to the neck of tamise basques and polonaises, and an inner pleating of white crêpe lisse is worn with them. This lisse pleating costs from 80 cents to $1 a yard. Black may be worn around the neck for the first three months of mourning, but it is disagreeable and unhealthy, and many families wear white from the first. Large button-moulds two inches in diameter, covered with the dress material and with doubled crape, are used on polonaises. A succession of lapping bias folds around the entire skirt trims tamise tastefully; the over dress is then an ample châtelaine polonaise, with cuffs, pockets, and sash of crape. Other dresses have lengthwise bands or folds of crape on the front breadths, with crape kilting behind. Few gathered ruffles are used in mourning. The smallest piping of crape heads grenadine folds, bands, and pleatings. Bombazine basques are simply edged with two tiny folds of crape, and the postilion or fan pleatings behind show a crape lining. A model basque of this kind has crape straps *à la militaire* across the front, with a button in each strap, and tight sleeves with deep crape cuffs on which are three straps and buttons. The Worth over-skirt hangs straight open and long in front, and is caught up behind under a crape sash; great square pockets of crape are on its sides, and it is bordered with a three-inch bias band of bombazine piped with crape. The lower skirt has six large crape buttons straight down the front breadth, with crape straps beside them, and a kilt flounce around the skirt. A tamise suit has a long polonaise with revers in front, is shortly draped behind, and is edged with a bias band of tamise piped with crape. Square crape pockets, square cuffs on very close sleeves, and large crape buttons. The new wide Josephine belt is three inches broad, made of crape folds, and has a sash of crape loops two-eighths wide when doubled; tablier trimming of buttons and folds up the front of the skirt, and three straight kilt pleatings behind. A mourning silk has a basque piped with crape and a high fraise around the neck. The apron is of crape edged with crimped fringe, and is finished behind by sashes. Lengthwise bias crape bands trim the three front breadths; the back widths have silk flounces deeply bound with crape. Sleeveless basques of crape are lined with silk, merely piped on the edges, have a high fraise, and are fastened by buttons of crape held in bound button-holes. With such dresses crape bonnets are worn alike in summer and winter. Soft white tulle ruches above the forehead are used for face trimming when white is preferred, as it usually is, but the lisse puff is for widows only. The long crape veil is stitched in a cluster of pleats near the left and front of the bonnet, is drawn back down on the crown so that it almost conceals the bonnet, and is fastened low down on the back and left to droop straight and long behind; plain jet pins in oblong blocks conceal where it is stitched. A plain Brussels net, or else a gray grenadine, veil is then worn over the face.

The jewelry admissible at this stage of mourning is black onyx or jet, without a particle of gold visible. Ear-rings are black onyx balls, perfectly smooth and plain, costing $4 and upward for those from the size of a pea to that of a bullet. Spiral ear-rings that screw into the lobe of the ear are merely black buttons of onyx, thick and flat, or else a tiny diamond is in their centre. Châtelaines of very dark tortoise-shell are also worn in mourning. For the second year of mourning and for morning wear are sets of old silver, darker than the oxidized metal, made into quaint brooches, long ear-rings or else balls, large square sleeve-buttons with the wearer's initials, or else with carvings of flowers, or birds, or Egyptian heads, and above all the châtelaines of silver for holding watch, vinaigrette, and umbrella.

The complimentary mourning worn for distant relatives, relatives by marriage, and friends is very little more than the black dresses in general use, without being brightened by colors in ribbons, flowers, and jewelry. Black silk and lustrous cashmere are admitted here, and the black camel's-hair polonaises that are limp and lustreless enough to be appropriate for deepest mourning, though they have not been adopted for it. The bonnet is of black chip with dull silk trimmings, or else of Brussels net with jet ornaments.

VARIETIES.

The loose-fronted polonaise, or redingote, with adjusted back, described in Madame Raymond's last letter, has come into sudden popularity here. The *Bazar* introduced this garment a year ago last December by an engraving and Supplement pattern given in Vol. IV., No. 49.

De baize is a favorite fabric for inexpensive traveling suits for spring, summer, and fall. It is all wool, light and sleazy, yet strong, and is shown in the natural gray and brown colors of the wool. It is 50 cents a yard; from twenty to twenty-five yards are required for a costume with long polonaise and flounced skirt, trimmed with bias silk of the same shade.

Polonaises with basque fronts are most seen on French dresses of silk and grenadine. The back is a regular Marguerite shape. Other stylish polonaises are perfectly plain in the front, with trimming up the sides, or else buttons down the side seams; the back is slightly bouffant, long, and is held back by tapes tied over the tournure. Linen and batiste polonaises, already braided, are shown in boxes. They are long enough to serve as a morning wrapper when not draped. Price from $10 upward, not made. Blue camel's-hair polonaises are in great favor with blondes. One seen on Fifth Avenue had a blue silk sash, belt, pockets, ruff, and silver buttons. The dress skirt was black taffeta silk, with clustered kilt pleating for trimming. A black Rubens hat, gray undressed kid gloves, and dainty lingerie of white percale with pale blue cross-bars completed the toilette.

Percale cuffs and collars with colored spots, lines, and cross-bars promise at length to find favor for morning suits. They cost from 50 cents to $1 a set. Pleated ruffs for neck and under-sleeves are made of percale, as well as the square cuffs and standing English collar. Dark cambric in gray, blue, or black and white squares is made into collars and cuffs for traveling, and is worn in the morning with black dresses.

The novelty of novelties is French dresses made with silk ruffs held out by wires. These ruffs are of the dress silk made double, and consist of two plain folds beginning at the belt, extending up the front, and standing curved out behind like the ruffs of Queen Elizabeth's time.

Little girls from ten years of age downward are wearing high-crowned Normandy caps of Swiss muslin made over blue or pink silk. The crown is pointed on top, shaped over a foundation of stiff net, and gathered into a band that borders the face. A ribbon band passes around the face, and is edged with Valenciennes lace. A bow of many loops and ends is high in front, and long streamers hang behind. Black velvet ribbon trimming is used for large girls.

For information received thanks are due Mrs. CONNELLY; Misses SWITZER; and GEDNEY; and Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and A. T. STEWART & Co.

PERSONAL.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL is growing more and more complimentary of the U. S. In a recent lecture in London, in alluding to the high scientific standard maintained in the United States, he read some extracts from a lecture delivered by President WHITE, of Cornell University, which he "had never seen surpassed in the writings of European thinkers."

—It has not been the felicity of the *Bazar* to have alluded in its "personals" to the Begum of Bhopal. We now introduce her. She is the ruler of a province in India, which she administers with so much skill and energy that, on Lord NORTHBROOK'S recent tour of inspection through India, he convened a special chapter of the order for the purpose of investing her Highness with the dignity of Knight Grand Commander of the most noble order of the Star of India.

—The marble statue of MAZZINI, life size, has been set up in the great court of the city palace of Genoa. It is the gift of a citizen named RUGGERO.

—Miss EMILY FAITHFULL is soon to receive a noteworthy testimonial from certain ingenious work-women of the West. When Miss FAITHFULL was at Elgin, Illinois, she inspected the watch manufactory at that place, and said pleasant and encouraging words to the fair and busy workers. So much pleased were they by her visit that they have resolved upon and are now making for her a beautiful watch, the interest in which may be inferred from the fact that every little wheel and cog and spring, etc., etc., that enters into the manufacture of that watch will be the product of the women employed in the manufactory. Could mortal woman desire a more exquisite testimonial than such a "ticker?"

—Queen VICTORIA has recently presented to the Historical Museum in Derby an original letter from Prince CHARLES STUART, dated in 1745.

—Sad romance: beautiful Princess THERESA of Oldenburg broke an engagement with the hereditary Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar out of a desire to wed a young and handsome music-teacher. The Emperor of Russia, in whose army the father of the princess serves as a general, was, in consequence, asked to elevate the music-teacher to the dignity of baron. Done. After having been supplied with the necessary means to live according to his dignity, he has been ordered to leave St. Petersburg. Such is the cruelty of the principal Russian!

—The CUNARD line of steamers has certain "personal" regulations which a captain can only break in emergencies of the most serious kind, and the result of their well-defined instructions has been that they have never lost a passenger. Some of their regulations, indeed, are so strict as to be somewhat amusing. For instance, not very long ago the master of one of their Liverpool and New York fleet having a short time previously taken to himself a wife, applied for permission to take his helpmate with him for just one voyage. The request was granted more readily than he had anticipated, but, as it turned out, the company took one view of the transaction and the captain another. Proceeding as usual to superintend the removal of the steamer from the dock to the river, he was astounded to find a brother captain in the act of giving orders. Explanations were given, and it transpired that though the company were not unwilling that Captain —— should take his wife to America, they were not disposed to intrust him with the ship also. One charge was sufficient where the lives of nearly a thousand passengers and the safety of a very large amount of property were concerned. The story illustrates very forcibly the manner in which the CUNARD proprietors have obtained a reputation both for speed and safety.

—This is told of a guest at the mansion of the late SAMUEL COLT. He noticed that gas was burning all over the house. Great chambers unoccupied, large halls, parlors, corridors, were all ablaze. "You are extravagant with your gas," said the stranger to the butler, who was showing the house. "Perhaps so," was the reply; "but, you see, the Colonel owns the gas-works, and we like to patronize him."

—Professor PALMIERI, of Naples, states that the sismograph, a sort of earthquakeometer, which had indicated the different shocks of earthquake a month ago, is still very unquiet. This, he says, clearly demonstrates that we have entered on a fresh period of eruption, which may commence any day. Nice to think of! He has officially announced another eruption of Vesuvius.

—Miss ROTHSCHILD, who was recently married to the Hon. Mr. YORKE, completed about two years ago, with her sister, a translation of the Old Testament Scriptures, but which was printed only for private circulation. It was the work of several years, during which time the translators almost altogether eschewed fashionable life.

—M. THIERS is a bit extravagant in some things. He possesses in his collection of pictures a small canvas some few inches square, which may with the frame be worth twenty francs, for which he gave 8000, having bought it in 1864 as a Ruysdael. It has paid expenses over and over, for whenever THIERS feels tempted to buy a picture he looks at it, and—overcomes the temptation.

—Senator SUMNER recently remarked to a lady: "I have known beauty to go with years, but this, I fear, is the exception, not the rule. One of the handsomest women I ever knew was the mother of Lord BROUGHAM. At the time I met her she must have been over eighty years of age. I was then quite a boy, and abroad for the first time, and met with the kindness to be invited to the castle of this nobleman. The manners and figure of Mrs. BROUGHAM betrayed none of the decrepitude of age. I shall never forget her extreme kindness and efforts to entertain a young American."

—Father HYACINTHE is making preparations to revisit the United States, accompanied, of course, by his American wife.

—KRUPP, the great German manufacturer, selects for overseers practical mechanics and graduates of the polytechnic schools. At his laboratory are several chemists, one of whom is one of the most celebrated analytical chemists on the Continent. Mr. KRUPP also retains a doctor of laws, who is constantly engaged with the settlement of contracts and disputed questions of law. There are several interpreters to converse with the many foreigners who call at the office.

—Mr. SPURGEON has in very direct terms declined the proposition to come to the U. S. to lecture. He says: "I am not open to an offer for lecturing; neither is it my profession. I appreciate the liberal nature of the offer, and it is not declined with any reference to amount. One hundred times the sum would not tempt me to lecture for money, as I do not feel it to be my calling."

—MARK TWAIN says in a recent letter: "During the last two months my next-door neighbor, CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, has dropped his *Back-Log Studies*, and he and I have written a bulky novel in partnership. He has worked up the fiction, and I have hurled in the facts. I consider it one of the most astonishing novels that ever was written. Night after night I sit up reading it over and over again and crying."

—The Miss ABBY HUTCHINSON, of the HUTCHINSON family, tribe of ASA, who was married recently to Mr. ANDERSON, of Minnesota, is a niece of that ABBY HUTCHINSON who was of the original tribe of JESSE, or words to that effect, and whose married name is PATTON.

—Senator SUMNER has been pleasantly interviewed by "Olivia," of the Philadelphia *Press*, about celebrities whom he met abroad in years gone by. The interviewress asked him, "Will a woman of good judgment marry a man fifteen years younger than herself?" To which Mr. SUMNER replied: "I shall have to refer you to Mr. DISRAELI. I know that to have been a very happy marriage. I met Mr. DISRAELI and his wife at Munich when they were on their wedding tour. At the principal hotel we met at the breakfast-table. Mr. DISRAELI sat by the side of his newly made wife. He might have been, or at least looked, about thirty years old. His intensely black hair was smoothed to perfection. At that time he had become famous as an author. Every thing seemed noticeably new about him. Mrs. DISRAELI appeared like a kind-hearted, middle-aged Englishwoman, and DISRAELI seemed the one to carry the idea that he had drawn the prize. Time has shown how devoted they were to each other. In the last few months we hear of his walking by her side and supporting her tenderly. She must have been nearly if not quite eighty. In my opinion DISRAELI is one of the most remarkable men of this age, when we remember the obstacles he had to overcome to reach the position he occupies in England. The prejudice which exists there against his Jewish faith alone is enough to chill the most ambitious."

—CLARA ZIEGLER, the celebrated German tragedienne, has been offered an engagement in this country of $1000 a night for one hundred performances, beginning next September. Miss ZIEGLER has a life engagement with the Royal Theatre, Munich, but is trying to obtain the royal permit of leave of absence to accept this engagement.

—Possibly it may interest some of the lady readers of the *Bazar* to know what was worn by royalty at the recent Drawing-room held by the Queen at Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty wore a black silk dress with a train trimmed with crape and feathers, and diamond and pearl coronet over a long white tulle veil with black tulle trimmings. Her Majesty also wore a necklace composed of two rows of large pearls, and pearl and diamond brooches. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales wore a dress of black tulle over a black silk petticoat, handsomely trimmed with white lace, looped with bunches of cherries, and a train of rich black silk covered with white lace; head-dress, a tiara of diamonds, feathers, and veil. Her Royal Highness Princess CHRISTIAN, of Schleswig-Holstein, wore a black train and petticoat, trimmed with Brussels lace; head-dress, a tiara of turquoise and diamonds; ornaments, turquoise and diamonds. Her Royal Highness Princess LOUISE (Marchioness of Lorne) wore a violet petticoat with Honiton lace, and a white poult de soie train, with ruching and feather trimming; ornaments, opals and diamonds.

—When Professor TYNDALL got back to London he met the uniform question, "How did you like the Americans?" with the answer that he was not in a position to form an opinion of the American people. From first to last, he says, he was among cultivated gentlemen and ladies, among thinkers and men of science; he was addressing the most pleasant and, apparently, intelligent audiences; and though there may have been numbers of people he might have disliked, he did not see them. To base an estimate of the whole country upon what he saw of it would be unfair; it would make America a realized Utopia. "There was," as he expressed it, "no break in the continuity of my existence. I parted from friends here, and found myself among just such friends there."

—Miss BRADDON has reason to respect the proprietors of the London *Home Journal*, who pay her ten thousand dollars for her current novel in that publication.

—A Philadelphia lady, the Countess DIESBACH, is now one of the leaders of society and fashion in Berlin.

—Queen VICTORIA is said to be growing very gray and feeble, and shuns society more than ever.

—Mr. STANLEY has again receded from the U. S., and gone as representative of the *Herald* to Khiva to see what is to be done there.

—The ladies of Philadelphia are taking an important part in the work of making the coming Centennial in that city a great success. A committee of thirty-six women in each ward has been organized to procure subscriptions for the general fund. A grand meeting arranged by them was held at the Academy of Music on the 19th of April, the anniversary of the battle of Lexington. The beauty and brains of the city were present. Among the orators who were especially brilliant on the occasion was DANIEL DOUGHERTY, who, in Philadelphia, is what JAMES T. BRADY was in New York. In the audience sat two great-granddaughters of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—Mrs. GILLESPIE, chairman of the Ladies' Centennial Committee of Thirteen, and Mrs. EMORY, wife of Major-General WILLIAM H. EMORY, in command of the Department of New Orleans—both in their healthy prime, and eager for the success of the Centennial. Certainly it is a pleasant spectacle that the great-granddaughter of FRANKLIN (a daughter of the honored WILLIAM DUANE), should be president of the Committee of Thirteen (the number of the original colonies), to invoke the ladies of America to join in the celebration of the Declaration of Independence, in which FRANKLIN figured a plain, simple, yet immortal character!

—JENNY LIND charms the private circles of Berlin with her still delightful voice. Her daughter also gives promise of great musical power.

—Two of New York's best singers, Madame DE RYTHER and Madame VAN ZANDT, are to take prominent parts in a grand musical festival to be held this month in Rutland, Vermont.

—The following *jeu d'esprit* of the late N. P. WILLIS has just come to light for the first time in the Wilmington *Journal*. Mr. W. was at a soirée given in Washington by Mr. and Mrs. GALES to the Hon. JOHN A. CAMPBELL, then just returned as the minister to Mexico (now a prominent citizen of New Orleans). Mr. CAMPBELL was, of course, the distinguished guest of the evening, and received from Mrs. GALES very great attention. But that lady observed that her niece, Miss SEATON, was even more attentive to WILLIS than she herself was to Mr. CAMPBELL, and feared it might be thought imprudent in one so young, and wrote on a slip of paper her fears, requesting her niece not to be so particular in her attentions to the poet. This slip of paper was seen by Mr. WILLIS, who asked leave to reply to it, which he did as follows:

"Why, my dear aunt, would you me trammel?
You strain at a Nat, and swallow a Campbell."

—MICHAEL REESE, of San Francisco, has given two thousand dollars for the library of the late Dr. FRANCIS LIEBER, and presented it to the University of California.

—Hon. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, though elected to Congress from Georgia, announces that he has no intention of resigning the editorship of the Atlanta *Sun*, and declares that "peace throughout the State, quiet, and harmony prevail, including all classes, white and black," and that every body is now perfectly protected in Georgia.

—The late Colonel ELLSWORTH is finally to have a monument, $3000 having been subscribed for that purpose by Governor DIX, Judge PORTER, and other eminent citizens. Those who remember Colonel ELLSWORTH'S first visit to Washington will also remember that after the war broke out certain of the Washington firemen refused to extinguish a fire at Willard's Hotel, whereupon ELLSWORTH and his men broke open the engine-house, and put out the fire, for which Mr. WILLARD gave the regiment $500 in gold. A part of this goes toward the monument.

—The Miss WADSWORTH who hast just been appointed physician to the Sultan is a daughter of TITUS V. WADSWORTH, of Franklin, New Hampshire. She is a graduate from Mount Holyoke Seminary, studied medicine in Philadelphia, practiced her profession four years in Springfield, Massachusetts, then evaded the country and caused herself to be conveyed to Constantinople, where she has diagnosed all sorts of Turks, and is now, by special call, to feel the pulse, examine the tongue, and look over the great Sultan himself and his somewhat numerous family.

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Fig. 1.—CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE.

Crochet Edging and Insertion for Lingerie, Figs. 1-4.

BOTH edgings and insertions are worked with twisted crochet cotton, No. 80.

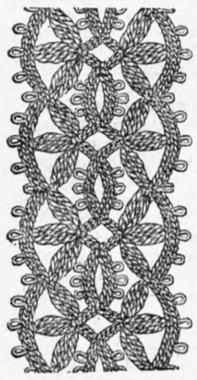
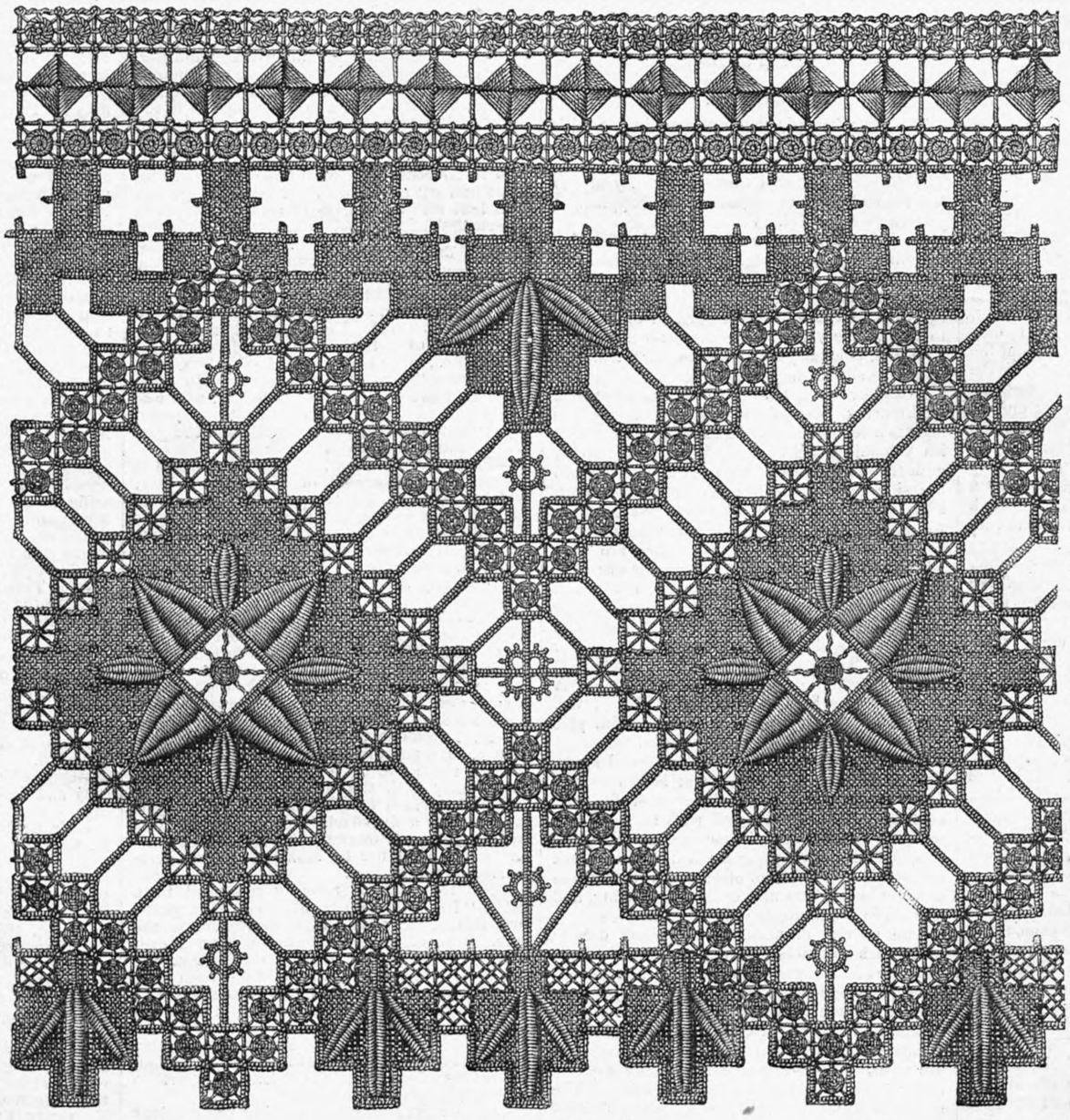


Fig. 4.—CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE.

For the edging Fig. 1 crochet on a ch. (chain stitch) foundation of the requisite length the 1st round.—∗ 1 sc. (single crochet) on the next foundation st. (stitch), 1 p. (picot; for this crochet 1 ch., take the needle out of the loop, insert it in the front horizontal and the vertical veins of the sc., throw the thread over the needle, and draw it through as a loop), 1 sc. on the following foundation st., and repeat from ∗. 2d round.—∗ 2 dc. (double crochet) separated by 1 ch. on the next p. in the preceding round, 1 ch., with this pass over the following p., and repeat from ∗. 3d round.—Always alternately 3 sl. (slip stitch) on the next 2 dc. and the ch. between the 2 dc., 7 ch. 4th round.—∗ 2 sc. on the next ch. between 2 dc. worked on 1 p. in the second round, thus surrounding also the sl. of the third round; then work on the next ch. scallop 4 sc., 3 sc. with 3 p., and 4 sc.; repeat from ∗.

Fig. 2.—SECTION OF LAMBREQUIN FOR TOOTH-PICK STAND.—FULL SIZE.—[See Fig. 1, Page 325.]



FLORENTINE GUIPURE BORDER.

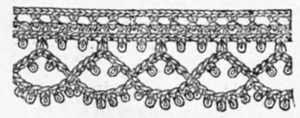


Fig. 2.—CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE.

side of the foundation st.; the p. should come exactly above each other. 3d round.—1 sc. on the next p. of the 2d round, ∗ 1 leaflet; for this work 6 ch., 1 stc. (short treble crochet) on the second and 1 tc. (treble crochet) on the first of these 6 ch., work off both st. with the loop on the needle, throwing the thread over once; then work 6 ch., 1 sc. on the second following p., and repeat from ∗. After finishing these 3 rounds, make another ch. foundation, and on this crochet the two picot rounds as before. The following, 3d round, also consists of leaflets and ch. bars, but they are worked in reversed order; thus, after every sc. crochet 12 ch., and with the last 6 ch. work the leaflet in a downward direction. Join these two halves of the insertion with a leaflet round, laying them together so that the leaflets and ch. bars of both halves come on each other, then work the upper st. of two leaflets together with 1 sc., work one leaflet, and so on.

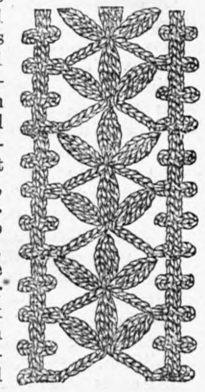


Fig. 3.—CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE.

Fig. 3.—SECTION OF RUCHE FOR TOOTH-PICK STAND.—FULL SIZE.—[See Fig. 1, Page 325.]

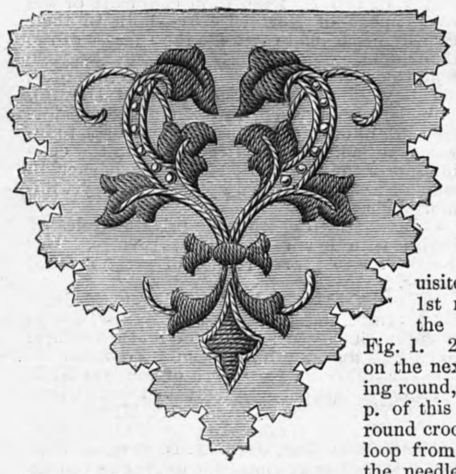


Fig. 2.—LAMBREQUIN IN SATIN STITCH FOR ASH-RECEIVER.—FULL SIZE.—[See Fig. 1, Page 325.]

The edging Fig. 2 consists of five rounds. On a foundation of the requisite length crochet the 1st round like that of the edging shown by Fig. 1. 2d round.—∗ 1 sc. on the next p. of the preceding round, 1 ch., 1 p. (for the p. of this and the following round crochet 2 ch., drop the loop from the needle, insert the needle in the ch. before the last, and draw the thread through), 3 ch., 5 p., 3 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., pass over 5 p. of the preceding round, and repeat from ∗. Work the 3d round like the 2d round, but always crochet the sc. on the middle of the 5 p. of the 1st round which were passed over, and in working the picot scallops always fasten to the middle of the 3 ch. after the first and before the last p. of each scallop in the preceding round with 1 sl., as shown by the illustration. 4th round.—This round is worked on the other side of the foundation on the wrong side of the work. ∗ 1 sl. on the next foundation st., 1 p. (for this p. crochet 1 ch., drop the loop from the needle, insert the needle in the last sl., and draw through the thread), 1 sl. on the following foundation st., and repeat from ∗. 5th round.—On the right side of the work always alternately 1 sl. on the next p. in the preceding round, 1 ch.

For the insertion Fig. 3 make a ch. foundation of the requisite length, and on it crochet the 1st round.—Always alternately 3 sl. and 1 p. (picot, consisting of 4 ch. and 1 sl. on the last of the 3 sl.). Work the 2d round just like the 1st round on the other

STAND WITH MUSIC PORTFOLIO.

The insertion Fig. 4 is worked from the middle. Make a ch. foundation measuring one and one-half the length of the insertion. This foundation is crossed over by the st. of the 1st round, working always alternately 1 sl. on 1 foundation st., 7 ch., with these pass over 7 foundation st.; these 7 ch. should alternately come once on one side and once on the other side of the foundation st. The 2d round is worked on one side of the scallops formed by the foundation st. and the st. of the 1st round. Crochet ∗ 7 sl. on the 7 ch. of the next scallop, then 3 sl. on the first 3 ch. of the next scallop, 1 p. on the last sl.; then 2 sl. with 2 p. and 2 sl. on the 4 st. of the same ch. scallop, and repeat from ∗. 3d round.—Three leaflets separated each by 7 ch. on the middle st. of each scallop consisting of sl., thus always passing over the picot scallops. For each leaflet crochet on the corresponding sl. 1 tc., then 1 stc. at the foot of the latter, and 1 tc. again on the sl., always working off these 3 st. together, throwing the thread over once. The 4th round consists of sl. and p., which are worked as shown by the illustration. Then work the last three rounds on the other side of the work similar to the 2d–4th rounds.

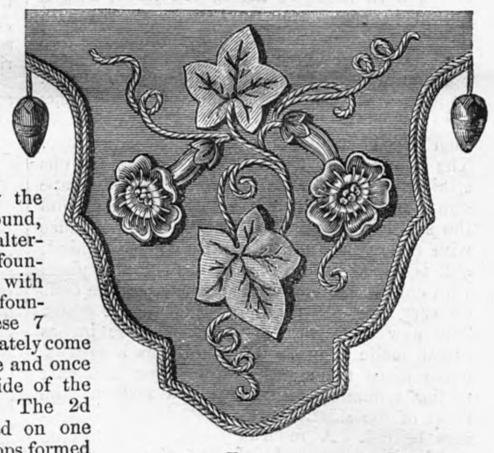
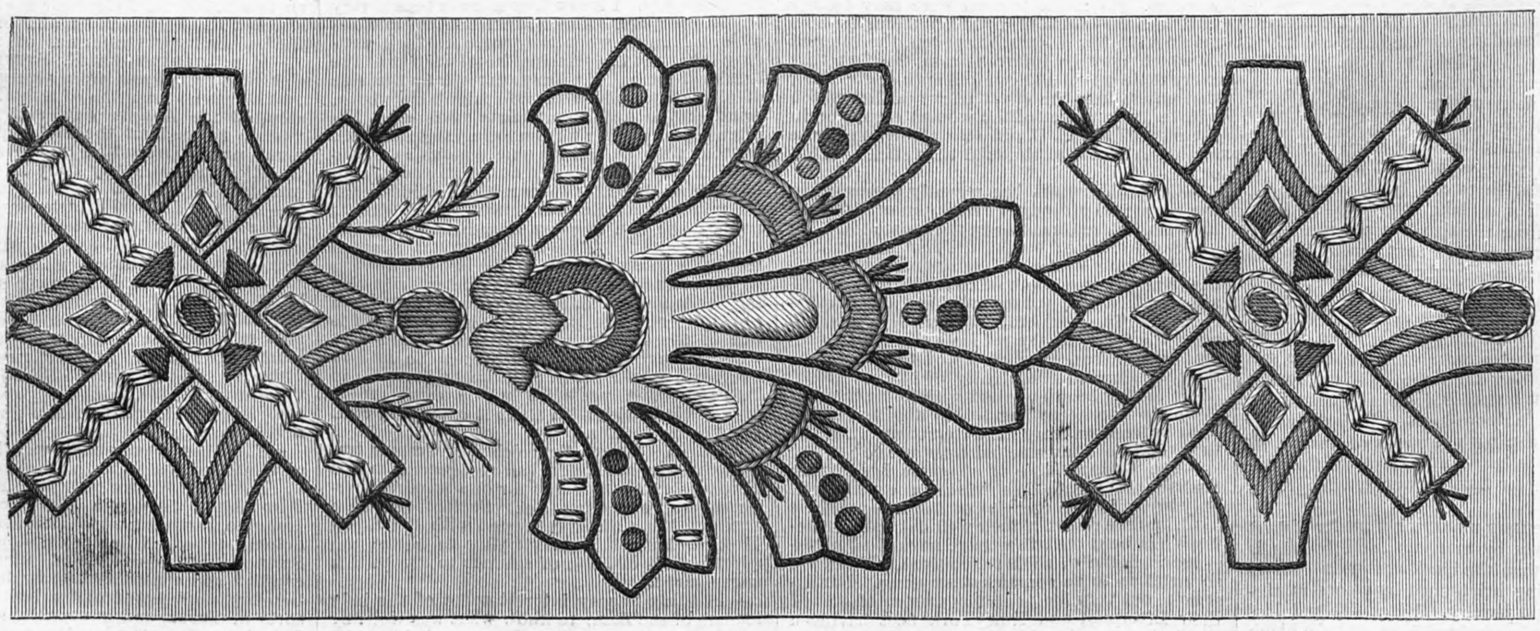


Fig. 3.—LAMBREQUIN IN RAISED EMBROIDERY FOR ASH-RECEIVER. FULL SIZE.—[See Fig. 1, Page 325.]



EMBROIDERED BORDER FOR FURNITURE, HANGINGS, ETC.

Florentine Guipure Border.

THIS border is especially suited to church trimmings, such as altar or pulpit covers, surplices, etc.; it may, however, be used also for curtains, window-shades, table-covers, etc. To make the border first work a foundation of the requisite length and width in straight netting. Darn separate parts of the foundation in point de toile as shown by the illustration, and on

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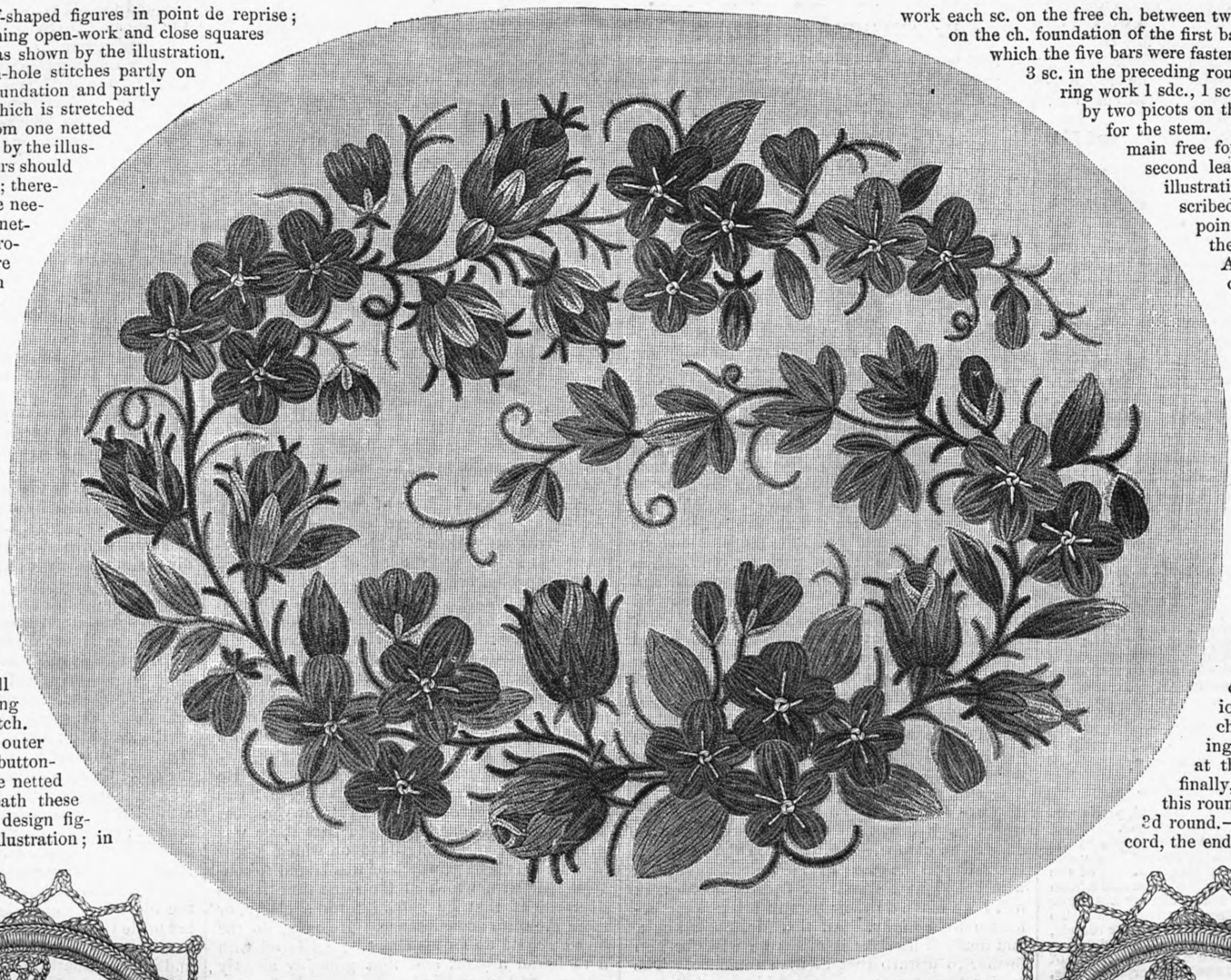
this work the raised leaf-shaped figures in point de reprise; then also work the remaining open-work and close squares and the different wheels as shown by the illustration. Finally, work the button-hole stitches partly on the netted bars of the foundation and partly on the working thread, which is stretched in a slanting direction from one netted stitch to another, as shown by the illustration; these slanting bars should lie loose on the foundation; therefore, in working them, the needle is not inserted in the netted bars below. The projecting straight picots are worked in connection with the corresponding button-hole stitch bars; work for each picot three or four button-hole stitches on the next netted bar of the foundation, and passing the needle back through these stitches, carry the working thread back to the point from which the work is to be continued. For the wound picots on the small button-hole stitch scallops twist the working thread tight close underneath the stitch to which such a picot is to be joined, by doing this the thread forms a small loop, which is left standing in working the next stitch. Having also edged the outer edge of the border with button-hole stitches, cut away the netted foundation close underneath these stitches and between the design figures, as shown by the illustration; in cutting the netted bars close to the picots, great care should be taken that the working thread is not cut also.



CHENILLE SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY FOR MUSIC PORTFOLIO. FULL SIZE.

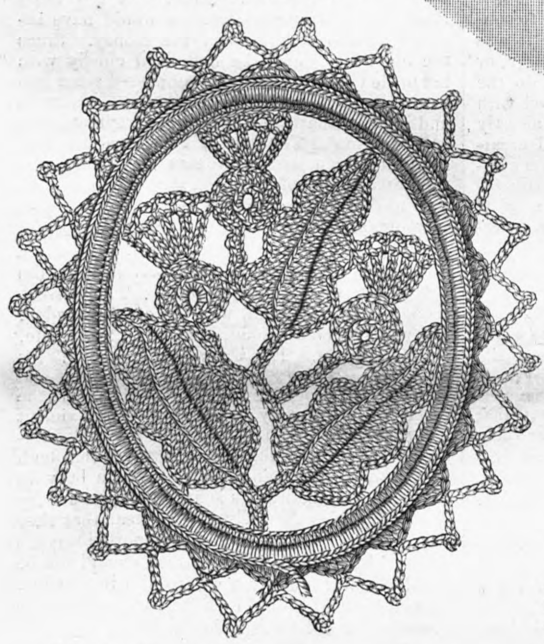


Fig. 1.—CROCHET MEDALLION FOR LINGERIE.

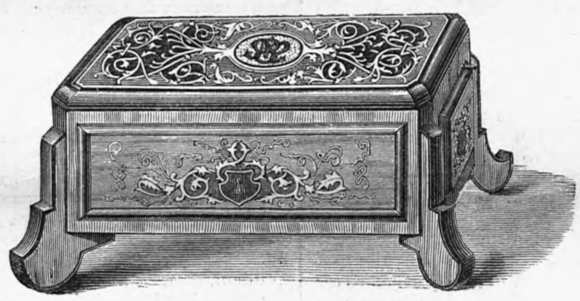


Fig. 1.—MAPLE JEWEL-BOX WITH PAINTED FRONT AND LID. [See Figs. 2 and 3.]

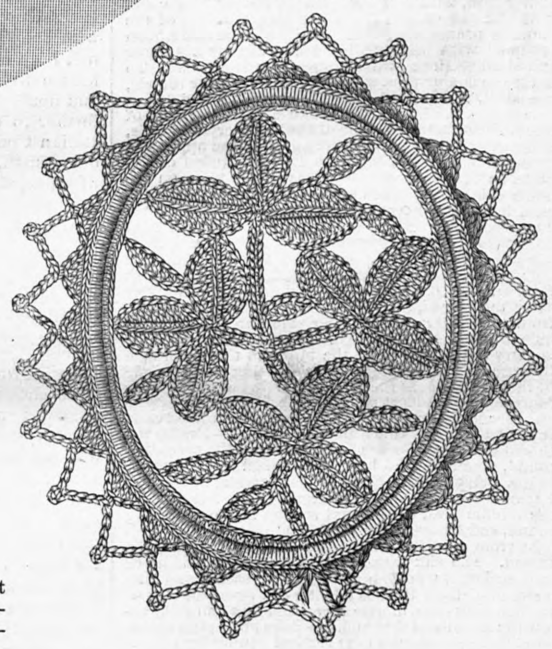


Fig. 2.—CROCHET MEDALLION FOR LINGERIE.

Crochet Medallions for Lingerie, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE medallions, which may be used for trimming lingerie, and when set together in a star also form pretty covers for toilette cushions, are worked with crochet cotton, No. 60. Begin each medallion with the stem of the lower leaves. In working the medallion shown by Fig. 1 make for this stem and for the middle rib of the lower leaf turned toward the right a foundation of 33 ch. (chain stitch), going back on these work 8 sc. (single crochet), 3 sdc. (short double crochet), 10 dc. (double crochet), 3 sdc., 1 sc.; pay no attention for the present to the last 8 ch., which form the stem. Work on the free side of the ch. foundation the points of the leaf as follows: 1 ch., 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the next foundation st. (stitch) in the preceding round, 1 sc. on the following foundation st., 2 ch., 5 stc. (short treble crochet) on the following 5 foundation st. of the preceding round, 2 ch., 1 sdc. on the next foundation st. of the preceding round. The second point is worked in a similar manner; in the third point after 5 dc. there follow 1 sdc. and sc. to the end (point) of the leaf, where 1 ch. is worked. Going back on the middle rib work the second half of the leaf to correspond with the first half, but only to the third dc. of the last point. Work from here, without finishing the point, 20 ch. for the stem of the lower flower, in doing which fasten to the preceding leaf as shown by the illustration. Close the last 6 of these ch. in a ring, and crochet on the ring one round of 8 sc., then 1 ch., 1 sc., 1 sdc. on the first of the 8 sc., 2 dc. each on the next 3 sc., 11 ch., fasten to the back horizontal vein of the last dc., 5 sl. on the last 5 of the 11 ch. To the same vein fasten three more such bars, consisting each of 6 ch. and 5 sl. For the upper edge work five times 3 ch. separated each by 1 sc.; fastened carefully, work sc. on each front vein of the st. in the 2d round, widening 1 st. now and then in order to obtain the greater width on the outer edge. 4th round.—On each back vein of the st. in the 2d round 1 sc., also widening 1 st. now and then. 5th round.—∗ 1 sl. on the next sc. of the preceding round, 1 sc., 1 sdc., 2 dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc. on the following 4 sc. (thus widening 2 st.); repeat from ∗. 6th round.—3 sl. on the first half of the next point in the preceding round, ∗ 2 sc. on the middle 2 dc., 4 ch., 1 p. (picot, consisting of 4 ch. and 1 sc. on the first ch.), 4 ch., and repeat from ∗.

The medallion Fig. 2 is worked similarly to the medallion just described. Begin with the lower stem and work all the leaves in connection, carefully observing the illustration. For each separate leaflet of each three-leaved figure first form the middle rib of one round of sl. on a ch. foundation, then work the two side halves. The illustration plainly shows the order in which the leaf figures and stems and the separate small leaves are worked. The latter consist only of a row of dc. on a ch. foundation. The outer edge, six rounds wide, is worked exactly in the manner described for Fig. 1.

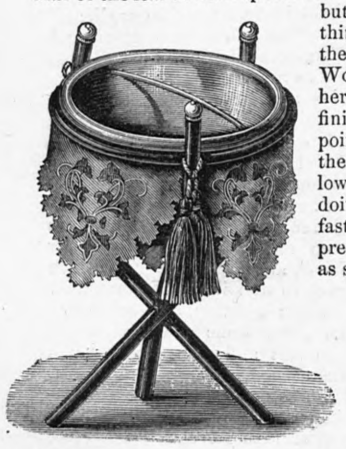


Fig. 1.—ASH-RECEIVER WITH EMBROIDERED LAMBREQUINS. [See Figs. 2 and 3, Page 324.]

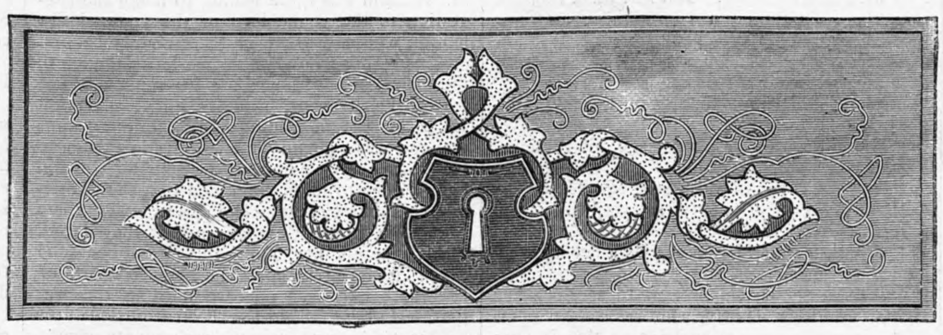


Fig. 3.—DESIGN FOR FRONT OF JEWEL-BOX.—FULL SIZE.

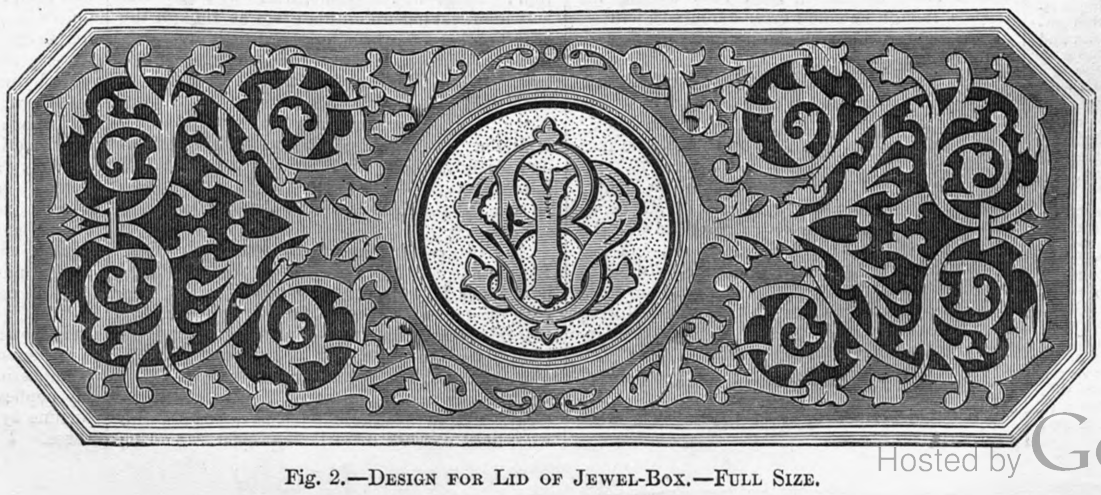


Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR LID OF JEWEL-BOX.—FULL SIZE.

Chenille Satin Stitch Embroidery for Music Portfolios, etc.

THIS medallion is suitable for trimming portfolios (like that on p. 324), work-baskets, back or toilette cushions, etc. The embroidery may be worked on a foundation of light faille—such as gray or fawn—either with fine chenille of various colors, or with filling or saddler's silk, or else with split worsted and silk. In the original the embroidery is worked in dovetailed satin stitch with fine chenille—the flowers and buds in several shades of violet and pink, the leaves, stems, and vines in several shades of green and brown. If the foundation is of another color, for instance light blue, the flowers may be worked in gray

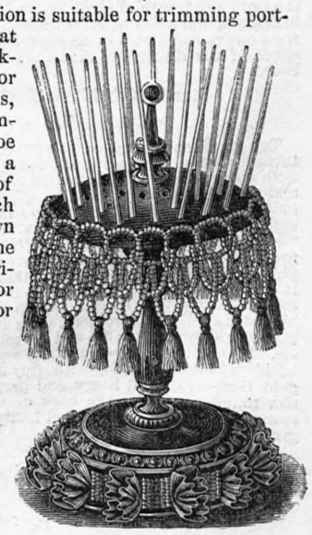


Fig. 1.—TOOTH-PICK STAND. [See Figs. 2 and 3, Page 324.]

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and white, and the leaves and stems in moss green and brown. The chenille embroidery in the colors previously described, when worked on a foundation of white silk crape or fine Irish silk gauze, has a very pretty and delicate effect; when worked in this manner the medallion is especially adapted for trimming toilette cushions.

Maple Jewel-Box, with Painted Front and Lid, Figs. 1–3.

See illustrations on page 325.

THIS jewel-box is of maple-wood, ornamented with raised polished borders and with painting in bright colors and gold. Fig. 2 shows the painting for the lid, and Fig. 3 for the front of the box, in full size. The arabesques of the design are finely outlined with black India ink; the others retain the original color of the wood. The parts between the arabesques that are of the darkest shade in the illustrations are covered with dark blue, and the lighter parts with light blue color. For the medallion on the middle of the lid set on gold ground and outline the monogram with black India ink. The inside of the box is furnished with blue faille lining quilted in diamonds.

Ash-Receiver with Embroidered Lambrequins, Figs. 1–3.

See illustrations on pages 324 and 325.

THIS ash-receiver is made of black varnished cane bars and a small bronzed cup; it is furnished at the top with embroidered lambrequins and blue silk tassels, as shown by Fig. 1. The foundation for the lambrequins, one of which is shown in full size by Fig. 2, page 324, is of red cloth; the embroidery is worked partly with blue saddler's silk in satin stitch, and partly with gold cord and beads. The lambrequins are pinked on the outer edge. The lambrequin Fig. 3, page 324, may also be used for trimming the ash-receiver. The foundation of this lambrequin is of gray cloth in the original; the flowers are cut of violet and the leaves of green cloth, and are ornamented with calixes and veins of saddler's silk of the same color, and sewed on the foundation. The stems and vines are worked with gold cord. The lambrequins are bordered with colored silk braid, and are trimmed in the hollow between the points with covered grelots.

Tooth-pick Stand, Figs. 1–3.

See illustrations on pages 324 and 325.

THIS stand is made of turned black wood, partly varnished and partly stained; the upper plate, designed to hold the tooth-picks, is furnished, as shown by the illustration, with a lambrequin of strung beads and blue silk tassels, and the lower part (the foot) of the stand is ornamented with a ruche of blue silk ribbon trimmed with beads. Figs. 2 and 3, page 324, show full-sized sections of the lambrequins and ruche. To make the lambrequin, which is worked in four rounds, use steel, crystal, and chalk beads, No. 2, and larger crystal beads. 1st round.—Take a double thread of fine white silk, take up one of the larger crystal beads, and carry the thread from the under to the upper side through one of the holes on the outer edge of the plate, so that the bead lies close to the plate on the under side. Then take up one large crystal bead, * 11 steel beads and 1 large crystal bead, pass the thread from the upper to the under side through the next hole, take up 1 large crystal bead, pass the thread from the under to the upper side back through the same hole and through the crystal bead above, and repeat from *. 2d round.—At the beginning of this round carry the thread, without passing it through a bead, from the under to the upper side through the first hole in the preceding round. Take up 19 steel beads, * carry the thread from the upper to the under side through the next hole (without passing through one of the crystal beads there), pass the thread through the fourth before the last of the 19 steel beads, take up 15 steel beads, and repeat from *; fasten the thread carefully at the end of this round. 3d round.—Fasten the thread to the middle bead of a scallop in the preceding round, take up 1 steel bead, * 8 crystal beads, 8 chalk beads, 1 silk tassel, 8 chalk beads, 8 crystal beads, and 1 steel bead, carry the thread from right to left through the middle bead of the next scallop in the preceding round, and through the steel bead taken up last; repeat from * to the end of the round, and fasten the thread. The silk tassels taken up in the middle of each scallop are made previously; for each tassel take a strand of forty threads of blue silk seven-eighths of an inch long each, double them, and tie them tight below the middle. 4th round.—*Take up 11 steel beads, wind them around the next vertical joining bar of two scallops in the 2d round, from right to left, close underneath the plate, and carry the thread through the first of the 11 steel beads, so that they form a loop. Take up 6 crystal beads, 12 chalk beads, 6 crystal beads, twine them through the next two bead scallops of the preceding round, as shown by Fig. 2, and repeat from *, always going forward. Then fasten the thread. To make the border for the foot of the stand take blue silk ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide, arrange it on a strip of card-board half an inch wide, at regular intervals of half an inch, in a triple box-pleat half an inch wide, and baste the edges of the ribbon together in the middle of each pleat, as shown by Fig. 3. Fasten the plain parts between the pleats of this ruche on the strip of card-board, folding the edges of the ribbon on the wrong side of the strip in a hair's-breadth, and basting them together with long stitches. On the smooth parts of the ruche thus fastened stretch six rows of beads each, as shown by Fig. 11, the first row consisting of steel beads, the second of crystal beads, the third and fourth of chalk beads, the fifth of crystal beads, and the sixth of steel beads. Pass the thread from one row of beads to another, through the folded edges of the ribbon on the wrong side of the card-board.

Stand with Music Portfolio.

See illustration on page 324.

THE stand and frame of this portfolio are made of turned wooden bars, partly stained and partly coated with black varnish. The stand is twenty-eight inches and seven-eighths high and twenty-six inches and a half wide; the portfolio is twelve inches and seven-eighths high, and sixteen inches and seven-eighths wide, and is furnished with soufflets of dark gray shagreen leather, and divided into two equal parts by a piece of card-board. The foundation of the portfolio is of light gray faille, ornamented in front with a medallion worked with fine colored chenille in satin and half-polka stitch embroidery, for a full-sized illustration of which see page 325 and the accompanying article. The arabesque design which surrounds this embroidery is worked partly with gray saddler's silk and gold thread in point Russe and partly with fine gray silk round cord. On the back of the portfolio is a monogram worked in satin and half-polka stitch with gray silk and gold thread.

Embroidered Border for Furniture, Hangings, etc.

See illustration on page 324.

THIS border is suitable for trimming arm-chairs, sofas, curtains, hangings, covers, etc. For the foundation either cloth, silk, or fine woolen material may be used; the color should, of course, harmonize with the furniture of the room. The embroidery is worked in satin and half-polka stitch and in point Russe, either with split worsted or with filling or saddler's silk, in the Turkish style—that is, in different bright colors or several shades of one color. In the original the foundation is light gray cloth, the darkest parts are worked in dark brown, the medium shades alternately in red and light blue, and the lightest shade with maize silk. The illustration distinctly shows the gradations of color. The border is extremely effective, and is well adapted to a great variety of uses.

LADY ANNA.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "The Warden," "The Small House at Allington," "Barchester Towers," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," "Orley Farm," "The Eustace Diamonds," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL MAKES A PROPOSITION.

WHEN Mr. Flick returned from Sicily he was very strongly in favor of some compromise. He had seen the so-called Italian Countess—who certainly was now called Contessa by every body around her—and he did not believe that she had ever been married to the Earl. That an Italian lady had been married to the old Earl now twenty-five years ago, he did believe—probably the younger sister of this woman—and that this wife had been dead before the marriage at Applethwaite. That was his private belief. Mr. Flick was, in his way, an honest man—one who certainly would have taken no conscious part in getting up an unjust claim; but he was now acting as legal agent for the young Earl, and it was not his business to get up evidence for the Earl's opponents. He did think that, were he to use all his ingenuity and the funds at his disposal, he would be able to reach the real truth in such a manner that it should be made clear and indubitable to an English jury; but if the real truth were adverse to his side, why search for it? He understood that the English Countess would stand her ground on the legality of the Applethwaite marriage, and on the acquittal of the old Earl as to the charge of bigamy. The English Countess being so far firm as that ground would make her, it would in reality be for the other side—for the young Earl—to prove a former marriage. The burden of the proof would be with him, and not with the English Countess, to disprove it. Disingenuous lawyers—Mr. Flick, who, though fairly honest, could be disingenuous among the number—had declared the contrary. But such was the case; and, as money was scarce with the Countess and her friends, no attempt had been made on their part to bring home evidence from Sicily. All this Mr. Flick knew, and doubted how far it might be wise for him further to disturb that Sicilian romance. The Italian Countess, who was a hideous, worn-out old woman, professing to be forty-four, probably fifty-five, and looking as though she were seventy-five, would not stir a step toward England. She would swear, and had sworn, any number of oaths. Documentary evidence from herself, from various priests, from servants, and from neighbors there was in plenty. Mr. Flick learned through his interpreter that a certain old priest ridiculed the idea of there being a doubt. And there were letters—letters alleged to have been written by the Earl to the living wife in the old days, which were shown to Mr. Flick. Mr. Flick was an educated man, and knew many things. He knew something of the manufacture of paper, and would not look at the letters after the first touch. It was not for him to get up evidence for the other side. The hideous old woman was clamorous for money. The priests were clamorous for money. The neighbors were clamorous for money. Had not they all sworn any thing that was wanted, and were they not to be paid? Some moderate payment was made to the hideous, creeching, greedy old woman; some trivial payment—as to which Mr. Flick was heartily ashamed of himself—was made to the old priest; and then Mr. Flick hurried home, fully convinced that a compromise should be made as to the money, and that the legality of the titles claimed by the two English ladies should be allowed. It might be that that hideous hag had once been the Countess Lovel. It certainly was the case that the old Earl in latter years had so called her, though he had never once seen her during his last residence in Sicily. It might be that the clumsy fiction of the letters had been perpetrated with the view of bolstering up a true case with false evidence. But Mr. Flick thought that there should be a compromise, and expressed his opinion very plainly to Sir William Patterson. "You mean a marriage," said the Solicitor-General. At this time Mr. Hardy, Q. C., the second counsel acting on behalf of the Earl, was also present.

"Not necessarily by a marriage, Sir William. They could divide the money."

"The girl is not of age," said Mr. Hardy.

"She is barely twenty as yet," said Sir William.

"I think it might be managed on her behalf," said the attorney.

"Who could be empowered to sacrifice her rights?" said Mr. Hardy, who was a gruff man.

"We might perhaps contrive to tide it over till she is of age," said the Solicitor-General, who was a sweet-mannered, mild man among his friends, though he could cross-examine a witness off his legs—or hers—if the necessity of the case required him to do so.

"Of course we could do that, Sir William. What is a year in such a case as this?"

"Not much among lawyers, is it, Mr. Flick? You think that we shouldn't bring our case into court."

"It is a good case, Sir William, no doubt. There's the woman—Countess, we call her—ready to swear, and has sworn, that she was the old Earl's wife. All the people round call her the Countess. The Earl undoubtedly used to speak of her as the Countess, and send her little dribbles of money, as being his Countess, during the ten years and more after he left Lovel Grange. There is the old priest who married them."

"The devil's in it, if that is not a good case," said Mr. Hardy.

"Go on, Mr. Flick," said the Solicitor-General.

"I've got all the documentary evidence, of course, Sir William."

"Go on, Mr. Flick."

Mr. Flick scratched his head. "It's a very heavy interest, Sir William."

"No doubt it is. Go on."

"I don't know that I've any thing further to say, except that I'd arrange it if I could. Our client, Sir William, would be in a very pretty position if he got half the income which is at stake."

"Or the whole with the wife," said the Solicitor-General.

"Or the whole with the wife, Sir William. If he were to lose it all, he'd be, so to say, nowhere."

"Nowhere at all," said the Solicitor-General. "The entailed property isn't worth above a thousand a year."

"I'd make some arrangement," said Mr. Flick, whose mind may perhaps have had an unnatural bend toward his own very large venture in this concern. That his bill, including the honorarium of the barrister, would sooner or later be paid out of the estate, he did not doubt; but a compromise would make the settlement easy and pleasant.

Mr. Hardy was in favor of continued fighting. A keener, honester, more enlightened lawyer than Mr. Hardy did not wear silk at that moment, but he had not the gift of seeing through darkness which belonged to the Solicitor-General. When Mr. Flick told them of the strength of their case, as based on various heads of evidence in their favor, Mr. Hardy believed Mr. Flick's words and rejected Mr. Flick's opinion. He believed in his heart that the English Countess was an impostor, not herself believing in her own claim; and it would be gall and wormwood to him to give to such a one a moiety of the wealth which should go to support the ancient dignity and aristocratic grace of the house of Lovel. He hated compromise and desired justice, and was a great rather than a successful lawyer. Sir William had at once perceived that there was something in the background on which it was his duty to calculate, which he was bound to consider, but with which at the same time it was inexpedient that he should form a closer or more accurate acquaintance. He must do the best he could do for his client. Earl Lovel with a thousand a year, and that probably already embarrassed, would be a poor, wretched creature, a mock lord, an earl without the very essence of an earldom. But Earl Lovel with fifteen or twenty thousand a year would be as good as most other earls. It would be but the difference between two powdered footmen and four, between four hunters and eight, between Belgrave Square and Eaton Place. Sir William, had he felt confident, would of course have preferred the four footmen for his client, and the eight hunters, and Belgrave Square, even though the poor English Countess should have starved, or been fed by the tailor's bounty. But he was not confident. He began to think that that wicked old Earl had been too wicked for them all. "They say she's a very nice girl," said Sir William.

"Very handsome indeed, I'm told," said Mr. Flick.

"And in love with the son of the old tailor from Keswick," said Mr. Hardy.

"She'll prefer the lord to the tailor for a guinea," said Sir William.

And thus it was decided, after some indecisive fashion, that their client should be sounded as to the expedience of a compromise. It was certain to them that the poor woman would be glad to accept, for herself and her daughter, half of the wealth at stake—which half would be to her almost unlimited riches—on the condition that their rank was secured to them—their rank and all the privileges of honest legitimacy. But as to such an arrangement the necessary delay offered no doubt a serious impediment, and it was considered that the wisest course would be to propose the marriage. But who should propose it, and how should it be proposed? Sir William was quite willing to make the suggestion to the young lord or the young lord's family, whose consent must of course be first obtained; but who should then break the ice to the Countess? "I suppose we must ask our friend, the Sergeant," said Mr. Flick. Sergeant Bluestone was the leading counsel for our Countess, and was vehemently energetic in this case. He swore every where that the Solicitor-General hadn't a leg to stand upon, and that the Solicitor-General knew that he hadn't a leg. Let them bring that Italian Countess over if they dared. He'd countess her, and discountess her too! Since he had first known the English courts of law there had been no case hard as this was hard. Had not the old Earl been acquitted of the charge of bigamy, when the unfortunate woman had done her best to free herself from her position? Sergeant Bluestone, who was a very violent man, taking up all his cases as though the very holding of a brief opposite to him was an insult to himself, had never before been so violent. "The Sergeant will take it as a surrender," said Mr. Flick.

"We must get round the Sergeant," said Sir William. "There are ladies in the Lovel family; we must manage it through them." And so it was arranged by the young lord's lawyers that an attempt should be made to marry him to the heiress.

The two cousins had never seen each other. Lady Anna had hardly heard of Frederic Lovel before her father's death; but, since that, had been brought up to regard the young lord as her natural enemy. The young lord had been taught from his youth upward to look upon the soi-disant Countess and her daughter as impostors who would some day strive to rob him of his birthright—and, in these latter days, as impostors who were hard a work upon their project. And he had been told of the intimacy between the Countess and the old tailor, and also of that between the so-called Lady Anna and the young tailor. To these distant Lovels—to Frederic Lovel who had been brought up with the knowledge that he must be the Earl, and to his uncle and aunt by whom he had been brought up—the women down at Keswick had been represented as vulgar, odious, and desreputable. We all know how firm can be the faith of a family in such matters. The Lovels were not without fear as to the result of the attempt that was being made. They understood quite as well as did Mr. Flick the glory of the position which would attend upon success, and the wretchedness attendant upon a pauper earldom. They were nervous enough, and in some moods frightened. But their trust in the justice of their cause was unbounded. The old Earl, whose memory was horrible to them, had purposely left two enemies in their way. There had been the Italian mistress backed up by the will; and there had been this illegitimate child. The one was vanquished; but the other—! Ah, it would be bad with them indeed if that enemy could not be vanquished too! They had offered £30,000 to the enemy; but the enemy would not accept the bribe. The idea of ending all their troubles by a marriage never occurred to them. Had Mrs. Lovel been asked about it, she would have said that Anna Murray—as she always studiously called the Lady Anna—was not fit to be married.

The young lord, who a few months after his cousin's death had been old enough to take his seat in the House of Peers, was a gay-hearted, kindly young man, who had been brought home from sea at the age of twenty on the death of an elder brother. Some of the family had wished that he should go on with his profession in spite of the earldom; but it had been thought unfit that he should be an earl and a midshipman at the same time, and his cousin's death while he was still on shore settled the question. He was a fair-haired, well-made young lad, looking like a sailor, and every inch a gentleman. Had he believed that the Lady Anna was the Lady Anna, no earthly consideration would have induced him to meddle with the money. Since the old lord's death, he had lived chiefly with his uncle Charles Lovel, having passed some two or three months at Lovel Grange with his uncle and aunt. Charles Lovel was a clergyman, with a good living at Yoxham, in Yorkshire, who had married a rich wife, a woman with some two thousand a year of her own, and was therefore well to do in the world. His two sons were at Harrow, and he had one other child, a daughter. With them also lived a Miss Lovel, Aunt Julia—who was supposed of all the Lovels to be the wisest and most strong-minded. The parson, though a popular man, was not strong-minded. He was passionate, loud, generous, affectionate, and indiscreet. He was very proud of his nephew's position as head of the family, and very full of his nephew's wrongs arising from the fraud of those Murray women. He was a violent Tory, and had heard much of the Keswick Radical. He never doubted for a moment that both old Thwaite and young Thwaite were busy in concocting an enormous scheme of plunder by which to enrich themselves. To hear that they had both been convicted and transported was the hope of his life. That a Radical should not be worthy of transportation was to him impossible. That a Radical should be honest was to him incredible. But he was a thoroughly humane and charitable man, whose good qualities were as little intelligible to old Thomas Thwaite as were those of Thomas Thwaite to him.

To whom should the Solicitor-General first break the matter? He had already had some intercourse with the Lovels, and had not been impressed with a sense of the parson's wisdom. He was a Whig Solicitor-General, for there were still Whigs in those days, and Mr. Lovel had not much liked him. Mr. Flick had seen much of the family, having had many interviews with the young lord, with the parson, and with Aunt Julia. It was at last settled by Sir William's advice that a letter should be written to Aunt Julia by Mr. Flick suggesting that she should come up to town.

"Mr. Lovel will be very angry," said Mr. Flick.

"We must do the best we can for our client," said Sir William. The letter was written, and Miss Lovel was informed in Mr. Flick's most discreet style, that as Sir William Patterson was anxious to discuss a matter concerning Lord Lovel's case in which a woman's voice would probably be of more service than that of a man, perhaps Miss Lovel would not object to the trouble of a journey to London. Miss Lovel did come up, and her brother came with her.

The interview took place in Sir William's chambers, and no one was present but Sir William, Miss Lovel, and Mr. Flick. Mr. Flick had been instructed to sit still and say nothing, unless he were asked a question, and he obeyed his instructions. After some apologies, which were, perhaps, too soft and sweet—and which were by no means needed, as Miss Lovel herself, though very wise, was neither soft nor sweet—the great man then opened his case. "This is a very serious matter, Miss Lovel."

"Very serious indeed."

"You can hardly, perhaps, conceive how great a load of responsibility lies upon a lawyer's shoulders, when he has to give advice in such a case as this, when perhaps the prosperity of a whole family may turn upon his words."

"He can only do his best."

"Ah, yes, Miss Lovel. That is easy to say; but how shall he know what is the best?"

"I suppose the truth will prevail at last. It is impossible to think that a young man such as my nephew should be swindled out of a noble fortune by the intrigues of two such women as these. I can't believe it, and I won't believe

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it. Of course I am only a woman, but I always thought it wrong to offer them even a shilling." Sir William smiled and rubbed his bald head, fixing his eyes on those of the lady. Though he smiled, she could see that there was real sadness in his face. "You don't mean to say you doubt?" she said.

"Indeed I do."

"You think that a wicked scheme like this can succeed before an English judge?"

"But if the scheme be not wicked? Let me tell you one or two things, Miss Lovel—or rather my own private opinion on one or two points. I do not believe that these two ladies are swindlers."

"They are not ladies, and I feel sure that they are swindlers," said Miss Lovel, very firmly, turning her face as she spoke to the attorney.

"I am telling you, of course, merely my own opinion, and I will beg you to believe of me that in forming it I have used all the experience and all the caution which a long course of practice in these matters has taught me. Your nephew is entitled to my best services, and at the present moment I can perhaps do my duty to him most thoroughly by asking you to listen to me." The lady closed her lips together, and sat silent. "Whether Mrs. Murray, as we have hitherto called her, was or was not the legal wife of the late Earl, I will not just now express an opinion; but I am sure that she thinks that she was. The marriage was formal and accurate. The Earl was tried for bigamy, and acquitted. The people with whom we have to do across the water, in Sicily, are not respectable. They can not be induced to come here to give evidence. An English jury will be naturally averse to them. The question is one simply of facts for a jury, and we can not go beyond a jury. Had the daughter been a son, it would have been in the House of Lords to decide which young man should be the peer; but, as it is, it is simply a question of property, and of facts as to the ownership of the property. Should we lose the case, your nephew would be—a very poor man."

"A very poor man indeed, Sir William."

"His position would be distressing. I am bound to say that we should go into court to try the case with very great distrust. Mr. Flick quite agrees with me."

"Quite so, Sir William," said Mr. Flick.

Miss Lovel again looked at the attorney, closed her lips tighter than ever, but did not say a word.

"In such cases as this prejudices will arise, Miss Lovel. It is natural that you and your family should be prejudiced against these ladies. For myself, I am not aware that any thing true can be alleged against them."

"The girl has disgraced herself with the tailor's son," almost screamed Miss Lovel.

"You have been told so, but I do not believe it to be true. They were, no doubt, brought up as children together; and Mr. Thwaite has been most kind to both the ladies." It at once occurred to Miss Lovel that Sir William was a Whig, and that there was, in truth, but little difference between a Whig and a Radical. To be at heart a gentleman, or at heart a lady, it was, to her thinking, necessary to be a Tory. "It would be a thousand pities that so noble a property should pass out of a family which, by its very splendor and ancient nobility, is placed in need of ample means." On hearing this sentiment, which might have become even a Tory, Miss Lovel relaxed somewhat the muscles of her face.

"Were the Earl to marry his cousin—"

"She is not his cousin."

"Were the Earl to marry the young lady who, it may be, will be proud to be his cousin, the whole difficulty would be cleared away."

"Marry her!"

"I am told that she is very lovely, and that pains have been taken with her education. Her mother was well born and well bred. If you would get at the truth, Miss Lovel, you must teach yourself to believe that they are not swindlers. They are no more swindlers than I am a swindler. I will go farther—though perhaps you and the young Earl and Mr. Flick may think me unfit to be intrusted any longer with this case after such a declaration—I believe, though it is with a doubting belief, that the elder lady is the Countess Lovel, and that her daughter is the legitimate child and the heir of the late Earl."

Mr. Flick sat with his mouth open as he heard this—beating his breast almost with despair. His opinion tallied exactly with Sir William's. Indeed, it was by his opinion, hardly expressed, but perfectly understood, that Sir William had been led. But he had not thought that Sir William would be so bold and candid.

"You believe that Anna Murray is the real heir?" gasped Miss Lovel.

"I do—with a doubting belief. I am inclined that way—having to form my opinion on very conflicting evidence." Mr. Flick was by this time quite sure that Sir William was right in his opinion, though perhaps wrong in declaring it, having been corroborated in his own belief by the reflex of it on a mind more powerful than his own. "Thinking as I do," continued Sir William, "with a natural bias toward my own client, what will a jury think, who will have no such bias? If they are cousins—distant cousins—why should they not marry and be happy, one bringing the title and the other the wealth? There could be no more rational union, Miss Lovel."

Then there was a long pause before any one spoke a word. Mr. Flick had been forbidden to speak, and Sir William, having made his proposition, was determined to await the lady's reply. The lady was aghast, and for a while could neither think nor utter a word. At last she opened her mouth. "I must speak to my brother about this."

"Quite right, Miss Lovel."

"Now I may go, Sir William?"

"Good-morning, Miss Lovel." And Miss Lovel went.

"You have gone farther than I thought you would, Sir William," said Mr. Flick.

"I hardly went far enough, Mr. Flick. We must go farther yet if we mean to save any part of the property for the young man. What should we gain, even if we succeeded in proving that the Earl was married in early life to the old Sicilian hag that still lives? She would inherit the property then—not the Earl."

CHAPTER VI.

YOXHAM RECTORY.

MISS LOVEL, wise and strong-minded as she was, did not dare to come to any decision on the proposition made to her without consulting some one. Strong as she was, she found herself at once to be too weak to speak to her nephew on the subject of her late interview with the great lawyer without asking her brother's opinion. The parson had accompanied her up to London, in a state of wrath against Sir William, in that he had not been sent for instead of his sister, and to him she told all that had been said. Her brother was away at his club when she got back to her hotel, and she had some hours in which to think of what had taken place. She could not at once bring herself to believe that all her former beliefs were vain and ill-founded.

But if the opinion of the Solicitor-General had not prevailed with her, it prevailed still less when it reached her brother second-hand. She had been shaken, but Mr. Lovel at first was not shaken at all. Sir William was a Whig and a traitor. He had never known a Whig who was not a traitor. Sir William was throwing them over. The Murray people, who were all Whigs, had got hold of him. He, Mr. Lovel, would go at once to Mr. Hardy, and tell Mr. Hardy what he thought. The case should be immediately taken out of the hands of Messrs. Norton and Flick. Did not all the world know that these impostors were impostors? Sir William should be exposed and degraded—though, in regard to this threatened degradation, Mr. Lovel was almost of opinion that his party would like their Solicitor-General better for having shown himself to be a traitor, and therefore proved himself to be a good Whig. He stormed and flew about the room, using language which hardly became his cloth. If his nephew married the girl, he would never own his nephew again. If that swindle was to prevail, let his nephew be poor and honest. He would give half of all he had toward supporting the peerage, and was sure that his boys would thank him for what he had done. But they should never call that woman cousin; and as for himself, might his tongue be blistered if ever he spoke of either of those women as Countess Lovel. He was inclined to think that the whole case should be immediately taken out of the hands of Norton and Flick, without further notice, and another solicitor employed. But at last he consented to call on Mr. Norton on the following morning.

Mr. Norton was a heavy, honest old man, who attended to simple conveyancing, and sat amidst the tin boxes of his broad-acred clients. He had no alternative but to send for Mr. Flick, and Mr. Flick came. When Mr. Lovel showed his anger, Mr. Flick became somewhat indignant. Mr. Flick knew how to assert himself, and Mr. Lovel was not quite the same man in the lawyer's chambers that he had been in his own parlor at the hotel. Mr. Flick was of opinion that no better counsel was to be had in England than the Solicitor-General, and no opinion more worthy of trust than his. If the Earl chose to put his case into other hands, of course he could do so, but it would behoove his lordship to be very careful lest he should prejudice most important interests by showing his own weakness to his opponents. Mr. Flick spoke in the interest of his client—so he said—and not in his own. Mr. Flick was clearly of opinion that a compromise should be arranged; and having given that opinion, could say nothing more on the present occasion. On the next day the young Earl saw Mr. Flick, and also saw Sir William, and was then told by his aunt of the proposition which had been made. The parson retired to Yoxham, and Miss Lovel remained in London with her nephew. By the end of the week Miss Lovel was brought round to think that some compromise was expedient. All this took place in May. The cause had been fixed for trial in the following November, the long interval having been allowed because of the difficulty expected in producing the evidence necessary for rebutting the claims of the late Earl's daughter.

By the middle of June all the Lovels were again in London—the parson, his sister, the parson's wife, and the Earl. "I never saw the young woman in my life," said the Earl to his aunt.

"As for that," said his aunt, "no doubt you could see her if you thought it wise to do so."

"I suppose she might be asked to the rectory," said Mrs. Lovel.

"That would be giving up altogether," said the aunt.

"Sir William said that it would not be against us at all," said Aunt Julia.

"You would have to call her Lady Anna," said Mrs. Lovel.

"I couldn't do it," said the rector. "It would be much better to give her half."

"But why should she take the half if the whole belongs to her?" said the young lord. "And why should I ask even for the half if nothing belongs to me?" At this time the young lord had become almost despondent as to his alleged rights, and now and again had made every body belonging to him miserable by talking of withdrawing from his claim. He had come to understand that Sir William believed that the daughter was the real heir, and he thought that Sir William must know better than others. He was downhearted and low in spirits, but not the less determined to be just in all that he did.

"I have made inquiry," said Aunt Julia, "and I do believe that the stories which we heard against the girl were untrue."

"The tailor and his son have been their most intimate friends," said Mr. Lovel.

"Because they had none others," said Mrs. Lovel.

It had been settled that by the 24th of June the lord was to say whether he would or would not take Sir William's advice. If he would do so, Sir William was to suggest what step should next be taken as to making the necessary overtures to the two ladies. If he would not, then Sir William was to advise how best the case might be carried on. They were all again at Yoxham that day, and the necessary communication was to be made to Mr. Flick by post. The young man had been alone the whole morning thinking of his condition, and undoubtedly the desire for the money had grown on him strongly. Why should it not have done so? Is there a nobleman in Great Britain who can say that he could lose the fortune which he possesses or the fortune which he expects without an agony that would almost break his heart? He sighed for the wealth without which his title would only be to him a terrible burden, and yet he was resolved that he would take no part in any thing that was unjust. This girl, he heard, was beautiful and soft and pleasant, and now they told him that the evil things which had been reported against her had been slanders. He was assured that she was neither coarse, nor vulgar, nor unmaidenly. Two or three old men, of equal rank with his own—men who had been his father's friends and were allied to the Lovels, and had been taken into confidence by Sir William—told him that the proper way out of the difficulty had been suggested to him. There could be nothing, they said, more fitting than that two cousins so situated should marry. With such an acknowledgment of her rank and birth, every body would visit his wife. There was not a countess or a duchess in London who would not be willing to take her by the hand. His two aunts had gradually given way, and it was clear to him that his uncle would give way—even his uncle—if he would but yield himself. It was explained to him that if the girl came to Yoxham, with the privilege of being called Lady Anna by the inhabitants of the rectory, she would of course do so on the understanding that she would accept her cousin's hand. "But she might not like me," said the young Earl to his aunt.

"Not like you!" said Mrs. Lovel, putting her hand up to his brow and pushing away his hair. Was it possible that any girl should not like such a man as that, and he an earl?

"And if I did not like her, Aunt Lovel?"

"Then I would not ask her to be my wife." He thought that there was an injustice in this, and yet before the day was over he had assented.

"I do not think that I can call her Lady Anna," said the rector. "I don't think I can bring my tongue to do it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Charles Alston Collins.—The Byron Secret.—Too good an Executor.—Dickens's Creations.—An alarming "Platform."

IT is a misfortune in some respects to be connected by blood with eminent persons. If Charles Alston Collins had not been the son of a great painter and the brother of a popular novelist, his death, which happened April 9, would have been chronicled with much more of particularity than has been vouchsafed to it. He was a man of independent mark. His *Cruise upon Wheels*—a description of a tour in France which he made in company with his wife (a daughter of Charles Dickens) *in a gig*—is one of the pleasantest books of travel ever written; also, as a writer of humorous sketches he had few superiors. Moreover, he was no mean draughtsman; and having executed for his father-in-law the *exterior* illustrations of *Edwin Drood*, which are supposed to foreshadow the contents, had the credit of being the only man in England who was in possession of the key to the *Mystery*. If that was so, he has died and made no sign as to its nature.

The great "triliteral" benefactor to our charitable institutions—who has given no less than £10,000 during the last year to our hospitals alone—is said to have been discovered in the person of one of the nephews of the late Richard Thornton, the millionaire. This does not annoy me personally, Mr. Editor; for though I may have been credited with these gifts (through the known munificence of my general character), you will do me the justice to acknowledge that I have never laid claim to them.

Scandal has lately adapted an old story to fit a modern instance in the person of his highness the heir-apparent of the English crown. He is said to have brushed (of course by accident) with his royal palm the marble shoulder of a beautiful lady of the household. Having done so (and, I have no doubt, apologized), he murmured, with admiration, "How soft!" She took his hand, and, placing it on his own head, observed, "But that is a still softer place."

Dr. Lushington, the head of the Admiralty Court, who died some few months ago, was the sole repository of the "Byron secret." He confessed during his lifetime that his advice to Lady Byron had been to separate from her husband, "no other course," he said, "being open to her," but why that advice was given has never been revealed; and now, in spite of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's revelation, it seems that the explanation of the separation was that "Byron was married already." So runs the present tale, but it may, after all, be wide of the mark, though certainly not *so* wide as the obituary of Dr. Lushington himself in the *Swiss Times*, in which wonderful publication that most respectable and law-respecting man is said to have "suffered death in accordance with a sentence passed by the High Court of Admiralty."

Speaking of courts of law, a very curious case, involving the maladministration of a will, will probably soon be made public. A gentleman had a dear friend, whom he made his executor, and in whose custody he placed his last will and testament. He was not ill, nor had he any intention of deceasing, but did it only to ease his mind. Suddenly he found his dividends, from a large sum he had invested in consols, were not paid to him as usual. Accordingly "he went to see" about it at the Bank of England, and found to his astonishment that he was dead and buried in the eye of the law, and that his property had been "administered to." His faithless friend had "proved" the will at Doctors' Commons, performed all the legal formalities as executor, and gone off—probably to Norway, where there is no extradition treaty—with all the bequeste! Thus even Tammany has something to learn, you see, and the Old Country is not so utterly destitute of original commercial genius as some imagine. Some of our business men have humor too. I am informed that upon the London Stock Exchange the Turkish six per cents. are described as "muttons," the loan in question being secured upon the sheep-tax; that United States Five-Twenty bonds were "greens," the first issue of those bonds being of that artless color; that the Newfoundland Telegraph shares are commonly known among our brokers as "dogs;" and (though this is an individual effort) that Tennyson's well-known line,

"And mellow *metres* more than cent. per cent.,"

has been applied to rising gas shares.

A literary Titan of the name of Peacock has, it seems, been applying his mind to constructing a sort of concordance to Dickens's works, wherein he has discovered no less than 971 individual fictitious characters. Persons who have a perfect genius for commonplace assert that the great novelist has never "described a gentleman," in which case he has made 326 failures in attempting that delineation, for such is the number of his portraits of the Upper Ten; but his clergy are, by comparison, few—only ten (Established) among his thousand creations. He drew the same number also of lodging-house keepers and of landladies. Among his "miscellaneous" characters are forty-three babies and children, and twelve burglars. Besides these are ten dogs, three horses, and "a final personage, whose stuffed carcass fetched 120 guineas at Christie's auction mart—one raven."

In Spain the tender bud of republicanism is having, just now, a rough time of it. The Carlists, indeed, will scarcely hurt it, since, after all the tall talk of the lovers of right divine, it is found that the total amount subscribed to that "sacred cause" by "the chivalry of France and England" is in the one case £92, and in the other £110. But it has traitors in its own camp. In *Los Descamisados* (literally *the Shirtless*), a new political organ in Madrid, we find the following amazing sentiments:

"We form part of what are called 'the dregs of society.'....Ceaseless labor is our chain, infirmity our lash, misery our life, the hospital our refuge, degrading charity our alleviation, and death our only rest....We have reached the climax of suffering, but the hour of our reparation is at hand....War to the Rich, war to the Powerful, war to Society! We have said it—now you know it....We will not conceal an aspiration from you. It is absolute and complete social leveling....Anarchy is our only formula—every thing for every body, from Power even to Woman....This is our programme, but before putting it into practice it is necessary society should be purified. A blood-letting is essential—short, but grand and extraordinary.... These are our desires and aspirations, and now that you know them, tremble, ye *bourgeois!*....Make way for the Shirtless. Our black flag is unfurled. War to the family! War to property! War against God!"

Upon the whole, this is the most remarkable political document that I ever set eyes on. I think I may say—subject to correction, and without any intention of giving offense to persons of "advanced" opinions—that it seems coming it just a *leetle* too strong.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

USEFUL RECIPES.

ALMOND BLANC-MANGE.—One gallon of cream. Soften in a small portion of this cream (cold) two ounces of isinglass. Have ready blanched two pounds of sweet almonds, with two dozen and a half peach kernels or bitter almonds. Beat these fine in a mortar, with a little rose-water to prevent their oiling. Put the gallon of cream with the melting isinglass into a preserving kettle over the fire, and stir until perfectly dissolved, adding meanwhile one pound and a quarter of white sugar. Let the cream come to a boil. Stir in the almonds smoothly just as you take the blanc-mange from the fire; set aside in a bowl to cool, stirring occasionally until lukewarm, when pour into moulds previously dipped in cold water.

BREAST OF VEAL.—Cover thickly with crumbs of bread, put small lumps of butter about on it, and sprinkle with pepper and salt when baked, making a gravy of butter. This is a very nice dish. Both the rack and breast, as commonly dressed, are but little esteemed, yet in this way make excellent dishes.

ALMOND CAKE, PURE.—Two pounds and a half of flour, equal weights of butter and sugar—as in pound-cake—the whites of thirty eggs, one pound and a half of sweet almonds, with two tea-spoonfuls of extract of bitter almonds, to be poured over the sweet almonds as you pound them up in a mortar.

LOUISE PUDDING.—Six eggs, six spoonfuls of flour, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, two spoonfuls of butter creamed with part of the flour, a gill of wine, half a tea-spoonful of mace ground up fine, half a pint of cream, and a pint of milk. Baked in a deep dish without lining of pastry, and eaten without sauce.

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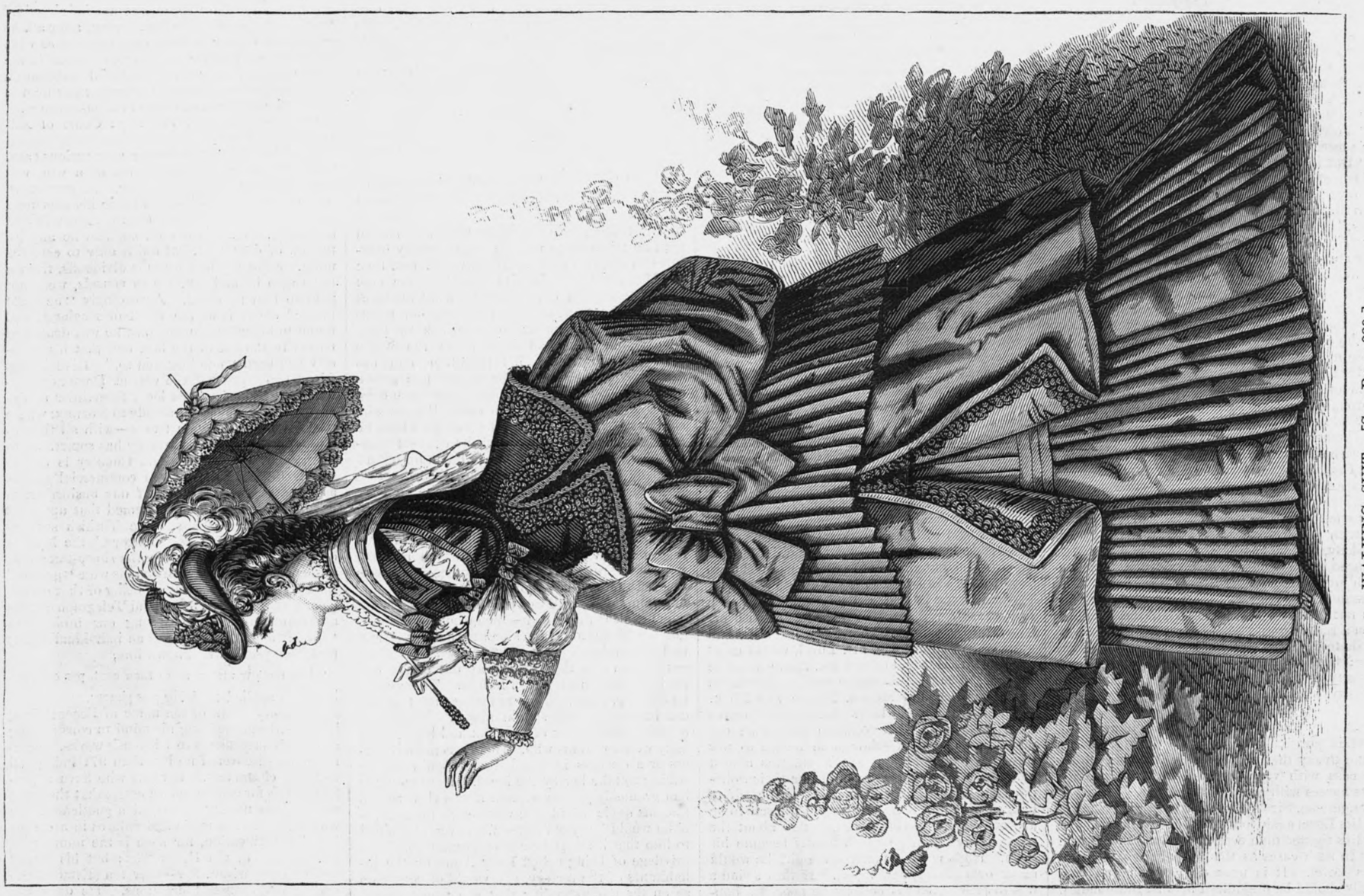

WALKING SUIT.—[SEE PAGE 329.]

EVENING TOILETTE.—[SEE PAGE 329.]

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EVENING TOILETTE.

See illustration on page 328.

THIS full-dress evening toilette of serpent (yellowish-green) faille has a demi-trained skirt, trimmed with a Spanish flounce held in full pleats, and draped with a point lace flounce headed by bands of serpent-color and pervenche silk. There is no over-skirt. The back breadths have diagonal bands of pervenche silk, and two long sashes of serpent-color edged with lace and a pervenche band. Low corsage, pointed in front, with a basque back. Long garland of roses arranged in the new fashion down the back. Pearl necklace and ear-rings. High coiffure, with a rose on top.

WALKING SUIT.

See illustration on page 328.

THIS pretty walking suit has a skirt of tourterelle faille, trimmed with clusters of kilt pleats separated by an interval and crossed by two folds. Polonaise of the same material, with embroidered revers, draped in a pouf, and trimmed with kilt pleats and bows. The kilt pleating forms the drapery. Violet faille sleeveless jacket, with slashed elbow sleeves, showing the puffed sleeves of the polonaise, embroidered with violet silk of a darker shade. A Marie Antoinette fichu of white lace and tourterelle silk is worn over the jacket, and fastened in front with a velvet bow. Tourterelle silk hat, with violet revers and ribbon, a curling white feather, and a long tourterelle gauze veil. Tourterelle parasol, edged with white lace.

THE FIRST FLY OF THE SEASON.

LACE.

IF those good people who, inveighing against the extravagances of the rich, waste their anathemas on the lace that rich women wear, could see the effect of their principles carried into action, we wonder whether they would think themselves or the rich wearers of lace the best friends of the poor.

When these people see beauty floating by in her gossamers, they grudge her the satisfaction of the airy webs that wrap her loveliness—but at the same time they grudge the weaver her hodden gray, for they fail to observe that it is because the first wears these priceless robes that the last has any robes at all to wear. Certainly it is not the fault of the first that the world is so adjusted that worms must spin before butterflies may sport, but it is her virtue that, instead of hoarding her gold with miser's love, she spends it freely, and by the disbursement sends it among those households whose stay it is between them and the wolf.

There are to-day many thousand lace-makers who, if this one article of luxury were reformed out of existence, would have no refuge from starvation and sin. It is possible, of course, that better employment might be found for them; but at present there is no such thing, and, should it ever come, we may be sure that trade will equalize, itself and lace-makers forsake their bobbins for implements that are better paying, and lace will cease to exist unless it renders an equivalent for its production. In past times when, by royal or political decree, certain kinds of lace were abolished from polite usage, throngs of workers, men and women, were thrown on the mercy of the world, and died of that mercy in famine and plague. Certainly it is undesirable that any such sudden transition, even though it led in the end to a better livelihood, should occur in our own day; for gradual growth, we know, is always the best growth. For ourselves, we fail to see how the employment of lace-making under its common and favorable auspices is more stunting to spiritual growth than cotton-spinning or dress-making or any other calling of the sort, which is not, however, the subject of so much animadversion.

It is true that there are laces which, owing to requirements concerning the fineness of the thread—as we learn from a pleasant article in the *Catholic World*, to which we are indebted for some other interesting statements—the worker is obliged to make in damp, under-ground rooms, with a single ray of light upon the pattern. Beautiful as such lace is, we would gladly consign it to the limbo of forbidden things, even without heeding the further statement that the workers are blind at the age of thirty, and although we do not hear the philanthropic enemies of lace in general propose to abolish stone-cutting because the stone-dust causes consump-

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tion in the cutter, or friction matches because of the injuries to the bones sustained by those who meddle with phosphorus, or work in quicksilver mines because of the slow death there.

But the lace which is made under unwholesome conditions of this nature is but a little out of a vast quantity. The chief part of the lace that is produced is made at the maker's home, and much that is really valuable and perfect is wrought in the odd moments of domestic duty. The young girl in her neat cottage—it must be neat—sits and dreams over the pillow as her needle follows the parchment pattern, and her happy dreams are woven in with the thread; the mother puts aside her bobbins to catch up her baby, and the fondling and the lullaby and the mother's bliss are in the work. Healthy and pleasant things surround it thus; and though in some instances the work, of course, is underpaid, that can not be said where the worker is allowed to cover her fabric with shillings for her price.

Working in lace, indeed, can hardly be any thing but an elevating occupation when compared with the usual occupations of handicraft, for it enforces a constant familiarity with beautiful shapes, a constant observation of nature, constant interpretation of nature through art; and if the dyer's hand is subdued to what it works in, the lace-maker's soul ought to be as fine and delicate a thing as her lace is.

It has frequently been remarked that it would be interesting to observe the gradual growth of fabrics in lace—its first suggestions, perhaps, from the floating cobwebs of the autumn spider, that the peasants still call the Virgin's thread, from the sea-weed of the shore, or the frost-work on the rock. They tell, indeed, romantic stories of the origin of a special but not uncommon Venetian guipure, in which a maiden embalmed the frail figures of a fan-coral that her lover brought her from the Indian main. But there is another sort of Venetian lace which we seldom or never see in this country, the rose point, which is wrought not of thread but of the native silk in its pale and primitive tint, which is neither yellow nor white, and in whose gorgeous designs the flowers are raised to a high relief, while petal and stem are outlined by the lustre of smallest but purest pearls. The Oriental harems have a lace that almost rivals this; it is called *point de Turquie*, and it is also made of silk, but of all colors, the flowers and foliage represented on its web being woven in their natural tints, and black and white and green and blue and crimson entering into the composition with a truly Byzantine and fantastic barbarity. The only silk lace, however, that can claim absolute simplicity and high character, apart from its worth as merchandise, is the black Chantilly, in whose darkness no colors mix, and in whose designs nature is artfully indicated rather than slavishly imitated. This lace has also its own romantic character and history, not dependent on any one's poetical fancy, but on the simple record; for having been at one time exclusively an appanage of crowns and coronets, its makers were confounded with its wearers by the revolutionists, whose blind fury was equal to no discrimination, and the knife and the basket that did their work with the aristocrat's head did the same for the poor lace-maker who had ministered to his luxury. Hardly any Chantilly is now made at Chantilly, save the most costly, but almost all at Bayeux; nor, by-the-way, is much Valenciennes made in the city of that name, despite the fact that it was once claimed it could not be made outside the city even by the same hand that wrought it inside, but it is chiefly made at Ypres.

The true lace is, however, the linen lace, and even this is gradually being corrupted—the lace-makers finding cottons more to their purpose, and the lace thus produced being quite as handsome for some years, but eventually becoming much yellower than the old linen lace. This, though, may not diminish its value, there being still so much caprice about it, since not many hundred years ago the secret of a starch for yellowing lace was worth as much as the lace itself. But a corruption, that it seems to us must be recognized as such and dismissed, is a fashion of heightening the fantastic brilliance of the thing by the introduction of one gold thread or a single strand of colored floss in the relief of the pattern. Point d'Alençon is still made of pure linen, however, and so are the best of Brussels and Malines. Alençon is made entirely by hand, and the makers do no other work from childhood, all their delicacy of touch being reserved for this, each separate portion—the net, the flower, the filling, the footing, the joining—being done by different individuals, to the number of twelve. Alençon is the Napoleonic lace, its manufacture having been revived by the first Napoleon, and having been under the especial protection of the third Napoleon. Eugénie gave the Pope a single piece of this lace, valued at forty thousand dollars; the Empress herself had a flounce of it whose completion occupied more than thirty women nearly two years; and the christening robe of the little Prince Imperial was of this superb fabric, which was also used in the adornment of almost the whole of the layette prepared for him.

The royal family of England have in the same manner endeavored to revive the beautiful Honiton lace, the Queen and some of her daughters having had their wedding dresses of the lace. But the effort has not been so successful as that of the imperial people across the Channel, the open fabric being so easily replaced by the point duchesse and by many of the guipures, and the argument being used against it that it does not follow nature closely enough in its floral designs. But Mr. Ruskin and Sir Charles Eastlake would answer such cavilers that the design which hints at nature, rather than vainly attempts to copy her precisely, is the noblest; and nature herself says no less when she shows us the most beautiful of all her fancies on the winter's pane, where there is not one perfect flower or leaf to be found, but countless perfect hints of flower and leaf for the imagination to fill.

Lace is, indeed, a part of the belongings of thrones and empires. Popes wear it, the church hoards it, kings bestow it. To make the bridal robes of a princess a hundred women hang over its growing beauty for a year, and by-and-by the princess is laid away to moulder through her eternal rest in it. But where popes and kings have not entered, Fashion has not feared to go for it. Her critics, who have declared with such unction that she robs the potter's field of the hair that she curls and crimps and braids so bewilderingly, have a charge scarcely less grave to hurl against her here, since to feed the new passion for old lace the tombs are again rifled, and the bride who was wrapped in her veil, the princess in her shroud, the baby in his coverlet, are all made tributary to her who wears old lace which was not her grandmother's.

THE DAFFODIL.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

THE cold, cold winter! Oh, it seemed
As if 'twould never go!
The frosty ferns, unmelted, gleamed
Long days upon the window-pane;
The white drifts filled the farm-house lane,
And all the roads were blocked with snow;
And through the bare elms, on the hill,
The north wind whistled loud and shrill.
But now 'tis past! 'tis May at last—
And lo! the Daffodil!

Sweet flower of promise! welcome back!
For where thy bloom I see,
Hope whispers, with her south wind's voice,
Sad heart! look forward, and rejoice
In brightness yet to be!
Life's dreary winter lingers late,
But spring will come—in patience wait!

A STEP IN THE DARK.

THEY were boarding at Mrs. Campton's for the latter half of the year, when Rossillon arrived to make his annual visit in the same homelike house. He had met Lucretia the summer before, and some symptoms of a vigorous flirtation had developed themselves at that time, which, however, had been arrested by interested parties in season to prevent serious consequences. Lucretia and Lucia were own cousins; they resembled each other in form and feature in a remarkable degree, but Lucia was a brilliant brunette, with a warm color rippling across her cheek and touching her saucy little chin, with eyes of infinite depth and duskiness, with a torrent of waving dark hair; while Lucretia was, as some of her friends remarked, a Lucia done in light colors; as some of the disaffected said, Lucia faded out. Lucretia's eyes were large and light, tender and serious, and fringed with heavy lashes; her hair was a skein of gold that seemed alive in every thread; her color was like the flame in the opal, restless and uncertain, but always beautiful. If her face was not so effective as Lucia's, it was one that would wear better. You may believe that Lucretia had not forgotten Rossillon nor the symptoms; she had never met any man who so completely fitted into the niche of her ideal as he. During the time since they had parted she had received two offers of marriage, but he had stepped between them and dimmed their glory. Very likely she might have accepted one of them if she had never known Rossillon, but Rossillon once known was not to be ignored.

"I am so glad that we meet again," he said, coming to her side after his tea. "Introduce me, pray, to this cousin of yours. She startled me half an hour ago, when I came upon her suddenly in the shrubbery, she is so like and so unlike you."

"Ah? Malicious folks call me Lucia's negative; do you think it's so bad as that?" she laughed.

"So bad? There can be nothing but good in the case."

But after the introduction she saw little more of Rossillon during the evening, or of Lucia either.

"Considering that he was so glad to meet again," she thought, "he might have staid for a word or two." She went to her room early, and waited for Lucia, who came up later, trilling an air from the *Magic Flute*.

"Who is he, Lucretia? Why didn't you ever speak of him?" she asked, taking the butterfly out of her hair, and regarding herself in the glass as she spoke. "Is he any body in particular? Is he a desirable *parti?*"

"He is a Rossillon," said her cousin, sleepily; "isn't that enough?"

"It is as if you said 'he is a Bourbon,' without mentioning if he had a throne."

"The Rossillons are made of gold, if you mean that. John Rossillon has a profession and brains; he can sing and dance and sketch."

"And flirt."

"Very well; forewarned is fore-armed. Take care of yourself, then."

"And you?"

"Good-night."

But to take care of one's self was no such easy work in Rossillon's presence, as Lucretia had found to her cost—as she was finding day by day. Though to others she had proved difficult of approach, Rossillon must have seen that the little devotions which he was in the habit of dispensing liberally and thoughtlessly to whatever pretty girl happened in his way had seemed to her to be the very words and actions for which she had listened and waited all her life; and perhaps Rossillon had not the heart to dispel the illusion for the nonce, especially as there might be no need of it, since they were certain to part before many weeks, and time would be equally sure to dissolve the enchantment with gentle touches. But how many things of which we are certain prove themselves to be the baseless fabric of a dream!

To the unwary heart Rossillon was a dangerous friend, his approaches were so like Fate's. His manners possessed a gracious familiarity which flattered without offending, in virtue of which Lucretia had seemed the favored *confidante* of his ambitions and creed, of such sorrows as he had tasted—a trick of nature, demanding sympathy in his pursuits and prospects, to which she responded in diapason. It had never occurred to Lucretia to observe that he had required no return of confidences on her part; that he entertained no curiosity about *her* modes of thought and being; that her soul, except so far as accident had revealed it to him, was a mystery which he had never cared to penetrate.

But that first evening was hardly the key-note of the rest. Being the only gentleman staying in the house at that time, they took their pleasuring together; they galloped through the twilight woods, and found out new pathways through green glooms where the partridge was at home, and great fern fronds tossed in the wind and shook out their spices; where the voices of birds, like distant cathedral bells, echoed through the solitude, as if a hundred chimes were ringing; and sometimes they lost their way, and sometimes a thunder-storm overtook them, and made the air vocal, and blasted trees before their eyes; lighting the secret avenues of the forest; for an instant revealing the flower in the calyx, the dew upon the thorn, the tangle of bough and brier and climbing vine, and hiding all as suddenly. Or they picnicked upon the Black Creek that wound in a crooked labyrinth to the sea beneath an overhanging growth; or spread their table on the sand, and gathered strange hints of romance and danger from the drift that the tide washed up. It was a season of frolic happiness, when neither seemed pre-eminent in Rossillon's regard, but each received a wholesome share of attention. Yet, in the mean time, Fate was silently settling the matter for them all.

One day Lucretia sprained her ankle in one of their excursions, and was forced to drop out of these jaunts by sea and land; one might say that it was an unlucky thing for Lucretia, because it taught Rossillon, who had not yet penetrated beneath the surface of her character, that she had added little or nothing to his pleasure, which was, as he fancied, mainly derived from Lucia's fascinations. Very likely, if the sick ankle had been Lucia's, the case might have been reversed. However, when there was nothing better to do, the two were kind enough to gather about Lucretia's sofa and recount their day's adventures, leaving how much unrecounted; they brought her bouquets of wild flowers, sprays of red berries, keepsakes from the beach. Rossillon had always a word of sympathetic sorrow for her loss of the summer weather.

"It was such a shame you could not have been with us to-day," he would say, regarding her compassionately: since he had begun to taste the sweets of love himself, he had more tenderness for her share of its bitterness All the same, Lucretia's lively imagination tortured her with the probable result of all these excursions, but she firmly refused to believe in the suggestion. Lucia had a world full of lovers, for whom she cared quite as much as for Rossillon; it were hard indeed if he should be required of her to feed Lucia's vanity. She could not believe in any thing so unfair. She was young, with infinite faith that every thing would come out right in the event; that true love could not pass unrequited; that misery and broken hearts were dreams of the novelist. Truth to tell, Lucretia was able to move about in a surprisingly brief space of time. Perhaps she understood the emergency without allowing that there was any. But the danger was at its height on the afternoon when Lucretia, for the first time since her accident, joined the party, which had been enlarged by several neighboring friends, to picnic at Echo Beach.

They had a happy afternoon of it, with croquet and flirtation on the shore, listening to the echo that with a hundred silver voices far beyond the dunes chorused to their songs and laughter—a melody, as Thoreau says, which the air had strained. They cooked their supper in gypsy style, with cross-sticks and caldron, Rossillon and Lucretia going shopping in the wherry to the old clam-digger up the creek for wherewithal to fill the caldron. Then they reclined lazily upon the sands, and counted the sails of the mackerel fleet as they came in sight, and heard the crew of a schooner intoning at the capstan, and the musical reverberations of the rifle of some sportsman lying low in his float among the marshes, and braided the hours with jest and sentiment till the twilight trembled down, and the fading sunset reflected a chromatic scale of rich hues upon the eastern sky, which in turn the sea repeated, breaking the mass into a mosaic of jewels; and Lucia and Rossillon strolled away to light a bonfire on the crest of the slope, to which the others brought contributions of drift-wood, making picturesque groups along the beach. Some of the party, tired of the romp, gathered about the blaze—for the evening was growing chilly by the sea—while others loitered still, and watched the smoke curl and the light touch up the picture: among these last was Lucretia. By-and-by the fire died away, leaving only a mass of red and blackened embers; Rossillon left Lucia's side to gather more fuel; the party dispersed by twos and threes. Lucretia drew near and took Lucia's vacant place, not dreaming that it had been hers, and held out her hands to the embers. Rossillon wandered back, and threw down his handful of drift: it was still a little damp, and did not kindle readily.

"Shivering still!" he said, resuming his seat beside the crouching figure. "'Oh, for a heart of fire to warm you through!'" he quoted. "'Come under my plaidie.' Here's an unclaimed wrap"—winding it about her. "So they have all taken themselves off, have they? I don't care—do you?"

"Not a fig," responded Lucretia.

"I've half a mind to tell you a secret," he said, with a hand on hers, "it's so dark and lonely here—a secret you haven't suspected, of course. Shall I?"

"You will please yourself."

"Ah! that sounds so like your cousin Lu—half defiance and half assent"—rising and trying to urge the embers into life; then he returned, and without another word took her in both arms. "It is too dark for the others to make out this charming tableau," he whispered; for she had started and drawn away, or rather had made an effort to draw away. "Don't be afraid, darling; the fire won't burn, and—and my flame will. I love you!"

"You love me! Impossible! You are laughing at me."

"Let those laugh who win. Come, you surely do not want me to do *all* the loving; say that it is measure for measure!"

"Pressed down and running over? Oh, it is too good to be true! It's like fairy gold. Are you sure? are you sure?" she whispered back. "I thought it was—" But he stopped her mouth with kisses.

"Don't say another word, or I'm afraid you'll revoke it all. If it's too good to be true, you don't hate ~~me~~. You belong to me, for ever and ever."

"If you are sure you want me so long."

"I never was surer of any thing.

"'Doubt that the sun doth move,
But never doubt—'"

The smouldering embers flared into sudden life, and lit up Lucretia's face, rosy and dimpled with happiness; glistened in the crystal eyes, and touched the ringlets dropping about her cheek with gold. Another man, perhaps, would have dropped the hand resting confidently in his, and told the whole story in a word; but not Rossillon. He sat silent a moment after the revelation, and counted the cost, as was but natural. An instant ago he had believed himself quite happy, and now—was he altogether miserable?

"Come," he said, presently, rising and treading out the tell-tale flames; "they are calling us to go aboard. Take my arm: the sand slips under one's feet, and it is dark." He still spoke as tenderly as if the illusion had not been dispelled. They slid home under the quiet stars, hardly conscious that they moved, passing a joke or singing a song, watching the moon come up to show the ragged reflections in the dark water, the tide setting about the piers with a will, the black wharves running out to meet it, as it seemed, the ghostly shapes of anchored and deserted ships rocking on the swells. Lucretia half wished that they might keep slipping on forever thus. Her happiness was so unexpected that she half feared to go home lest it should prove a myth, too sweet "for human nature's daily food." As for Rossillon, he flitted about in his usual style, now dropping a word to Lucia, engrossed in a flirtation with an elderly Crœsus—for Lucia never left any lode unworked—now lending a hand with rope or rigging, now looking into Lucretia's eyes, that mirrored the supreme joy of her soul, and wondering at the freak of fortune that should so choose and order his way for him. To Rossillon it was already a foregone conclusion that he should marry Lucretia. He would have thought as soon of selling his birthright as of explaining the situation and demanding a release, or of giving her occasion to suspect it. Quixotic, if you please; but the mistake was his—the consequences should be. Lucretia had only made the mistake of loving him. All his Christian and gentlemanly impulses rebelled against allowing her to bear the burden of his blunder. You may think, very likely, that he could not have loved Lucia to distraction. Possibly not. Many a young man has believed himself in love when misled by the gracious circumstances of youth and beauty, and has lived to find his creed worn threadbare. And how many of us to-day thank our star that interfered between us and our first love! What a delicious agony it was at the time, to be sure; but what an ecstasy of retrospect at the present!

They agreed between them—and I believe it was Lucretia's suggestion—that the engagement should not become public till her return home, which, besides giving him time to accustom himself to this change of base, also relieved him from some of the restraints of an acknowledged lover.

"I suppose you will speak of it to Lucia," he said, smiling in spite of himself at the droll side of the affair.

"Not unless you wish it. It is proverbial that Lucia can't keep a secret. With the best intentions in the world, it will slip out."

"Then she certainly doesn't deserve to have the keeping of ours," he returned.

Now Rossillon was one of those fortunate beings who attach great value to whatever belongs to them. If a possession is yours, they regard it with benign indifference; if it is theirs, its worth grows with their growth and strengthens with their strength. It is a pity that such natures are rare, rather than that class whose appreciation of an object is in exact proportion to the distance between them, whose blessings only brighten when they take their flight. Since Lucia was beyond Rossillon's reach, he began to detect in her affectations that had passed for realities; to discover the shallows of her mind,

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the hollowness of her heart; to perceive a thousand counter-charms. Once he had seen her only in one light, and that so dazzling that it had rather misled him than revealed her; *now* he was beginning to believe that he had painted her in Lucretia's colors. Gradually possession was bringing out Lucretia's strong points, as heat brings out invisible writing. Her shining qualities were becoming apparent; the intimacy of their relationship was bringing into existence, or rather into play, fascinations of which he had never dreamed, for which hitherto Lucretia had had no demand. He had always thought her a nice sort of girl, with plenty of common-sense and a pleasant manner; but when he came to study her, to interest himself in her, to make love to her, he found that he had never known her. It was like making a new acquaintance; for there are some women who never believe in themselves, in their power of pleasing, hold themselves in reserve, and never appear at their best till some responsible person has indorsed them. It requires the magnetism of love to develop their power. Like plants, they refuse to blossom, or rather are incapable of blossoming, without sunshine.

The progress of events proved that one lover was as good as another to Lucia, as her facile affections were easily transferred to the elderly Crœsus; and Rossillon having unselfishly decided to save Lucretia's feelings, was not a little surprised to find, at the end of the autumn, that he had been taking care of his own at the same time. The idea of spending a lifetime with Lucia had become a synonym for misery. Fate, in opposing him, had offered him the great opportunity of his life. Indeed, Rossillon was so sure of himself and so delighted with his experiment that he thought it no treachery to write to his own familiar friend, to whom he would have trusted his soul:

"I have taken a step in the dark—no false step, let me assure you. I fancied myself in love. Youth can not wait even for daylight. I proposed in the dark to the wrong person, and was accepted. I accepted the situation, and have been happy in discovering that she is the one woman designed for me from the foundation of the world. Few could do better in daylight."

The familiar friend read this interesting item to his sweetheart—a bit of property acquired since his last meeting with Rossillon. "Moral," said that young lady, "always propose in the dark. How do you like my hair arranged in this style? Madame Alamode says it's the very latest. I wish you would take some notice!"

The sweetheart was a friend of Lucretia's. Lucretia was to spend Christmas at the Glenhavens', and at New-Year's Rossillon was to meet her at her own hearth-stone, where the engagement was to be made public. They had arranged a programme at Mrs. Glenhaven's for Christmas-eve of pantomimes and private theatricals, to wind up with a Christmas-tree of the most fruitful kind; and Lucretia and Kate Turnan were busy one morning preparing their costumes, and talking all manner of nonsense, as happy as two larks in building-time.

"I do so hope," said Kate, "that you and Rupert will get on well together."

"I should think it much more important that you should get on well with him," laughed Lucretia.

"Yes, but it's so nice having one's choice approved by one's friends, you know. It was the strangest thing how it came about, too. I hadn't the faintest idea that he liked me. Every body said he wasn't a marrying man, and his attentions didn't signify; so when he proposed I was so astonished that I said 'No'—it's always my first impulse to refuse whatever's offered me—and then as he was going away it struck me that I wanted to say 'Yes,' and I was just wondering how I could correct my mistake, when he put down his hat, and vowed he wouldn't take 'No' for an answer. I was ever so glad, because, you see, it saved both my happiness and dignity. Dear me, what an egotist I am! Do tell me something about your love affairs. Does this gold-lace look too much tarnished to use? Hasn't somebody been saying sweet things to you this summer? Mrs. Glenhaven has an old brocaded satin, one of her very greatest grandmother's—"

"Brocaded in fig-leaves?" put in Lucretia.

"No; it's a gold ground, with pink morning-glories blooming all over it—the most heavenly thing! And you are to wear it when you play Cinderella in the pantomime. Did you know that Rupert is going to be the prince? The dear old goose won't know whether you've on a brocade or linsey-woolsey. What a pity you haven't got a real prince of your own, dear!"

"I live in hopes," said Lucretia, gayly.

"Oh, I heard of the drollest piece of love-making this summer! It's nobody you or I know, so there's no harm speaking of it. See, would you loop up this sleeve with a flower or a bow? I'm going to wear Miss Helen's emeralds. I'm afraid Rupert won't know me in such gorgeousness. Oh, I was going to tell you," continued the chatter-box. "You see, a friend of Rupert's has been staying at the sea-side near Echo Beach, where he met a beautiful nymph, and lost his heart. I guess he must have lost his wits too, for the ninny proposed in the dark—to the wrong girl! There! did you *ever* imagine such a dilemma! Which would you do, let this lace stand up or lie flat?"

"What did Rupert's friend do?" asked Lucretia, letting the lace gloriously alone.

"He?—oh, he accepted the situation. What else could he do? Rupert says it's Rossillon. Heavens! Lucretia, what's the matter?"

"I've run a needle into my finger clear to the bone. The sight of blood always makes me faint. See, there's a drop on Miss Glenhaven's India muslin. What shall I do?"

"Let me get you some arnica."

"No, thank you; I'll go up to my room and lie down a moment. I shall be all right presently."

"You didn't break off the point in your finger?"

"I think not; if I did it will work out: things usually do;" and so she went to her room and locked the door; but she did not lie down, neither did she remember any hurt but that which Kate's heedless tongue had wrought. All her happiness had vanished like a mirage, dissolved by a rude breath, a word; all this time she had been robbing Lucia, she had been defrauding Rossillon. She had given her heart away when nobody wanted it, and Rossillon had accepted the gift from pure compassion. But how admirably he had played the part of lover! Well, there should be no more play; it should be downright earnest hereafter. But how could she live without him? what should she do with her thoughts, that had learned the trick of following him, and would not be easily coerced? Above all, what should she do with the love that she was about to take back? It seemed for a while as if there was no corner in the wide world big enough to hide and hold it all. After she had in a manner composed herself, she wrote Rossillon a few words, telling him a little of that which he already knew, adding her regrets at having been the cause of so much unhappiness to him, and releasing him from the engagement. The next night but one was Christmas-eve, when she was to take the part of Cinderella in the pantomime; and as there was no ghost of an excuse for her to offer if she withdrew, it behooved her to dry her eyes and dissemble her sorrow. And Christmas-eve drew down cold and crisp, the ideal Christmas weather, when good cheer and comfort seem so comfortable. The northern lights coruscated across the sky, which already resembled some mighty arras embroidered with medieval designs; the gaunt trees were tasseled with icicles, the hedge-rows seemed set with jewels; great flashes of light splintered from the ragged edges of snow-drifts where the star-beams touched them; the frozen ponds reflected the glory a thousandfold, when up came the moon and made a torch-light procession of the weird old elms, in their armor of ice, guarding the approach to the Glenhaven mansion. Inside the curtain is up, disclosing the stage, where the step-sisters are dressing for the ball. Cinderella is plaiting Kate's long hair, while Olive Glenhaven trails a white silk, embossed with forget-me-nots, and looks over her white shoulder at the effect in the mirror. Presently they are ready for conquest; they lock the door on Cinderella, who disconsolately takes to the chimney-corner, and hides her face in her two hands. Lucretia feels every inch a Cinderella. Haven't they all gone to the carnival of youth and happiness, and left her locked up in solitude and poverty of heart? Isn't Rupert this moment kissing blushing Kate in the passageway?—she can see them through a chink in the scenery—and aren't Olive and young Earle flirting together behind the scenes?

As she broods there, a soft light irradiates the dull hearth-stone, and godmother, with her peaked hat, spangles, and sandals, appears, and touches Cinderella with her wand. *Presto!* the rags drop away from her like witchcraft, and the beautiful gold-colored satin, with its opening morning-glories, lights up the sad face, lends a glow to the pale cheek, and a lustre to the wan eyes; and so Cinderella goes to the ball, just as she did in the old fairy story, and dances with the prince. Kate dances too, with a partner whose mustache is blonde, and whose hair is yellow, curling gold; Lucretia wonders vaguely who he may be, without caring enough to ask or to give him more than a passing glance: blonde men were never after Lucretia's model. Rossillon's hair was brown as the bursting chestnut, and a mustache would have interrupted the classic and expressive outlines of his face. While she is wondering where she has seen this blonde stranger before, the clock chimes midnight, and Cinderella vanishes from the revel. The prince, nothing daunted, dispatches one of his followers to seek her; it is the blonde young man, who meets only a wretched little servant-maid, hurrying home, in the next scene. Behind the curtain, Lucretia lingers a moment in the great bay-window, to look out on the still Christmas weather, wishing that the evening was ended and oblivion begun. The moonlight lends a fairy glamour to the distant hills and snow-crested fields; the frost glitters on the pane in fantastic imagery of summer-time—that summer so far away, and yet so precious, whose mere remembrance can warm her still. While she regrets it, some one pauses uncertainly there, in the half twilight, and approaches her.

"Cinderella, are you looking for your slipper?" asks a familiar voice. She starts, and turns to meet the blonde youth again, curling his mustache and regarding her.

"So you don't know me, Lucretia? A wig and mustache make quite a success of me, don't they?"

"Rossillon! Oh, what made you come!"

"So you are not glad to see me? Shall I go away?"

"Yes—no—how *could* you—"

"How could *you?*"

"Oh, I never thought of it's being a mistake. I ought to have known better—I—"

"I meant to ask how you could write me that saucy letter of dismissal."

"What else could I do? I hope you will take care not to propose a second time in the dark, Mr. Rossillon."

"It is not very dark here; I can see your face; and I'm going to propose that you give me a Christmas present of—yourself!"

"And Lucia?" falters Lucretia.

"Lucia, thank Heaven, is a by-gone folly. I never loved her as I love you; it was a short-lived fancy at best; and I have you and the twilight at Echo Beach to thank for my escape. Will you give me my Christmas gift, or shall I take it?"

"Hark! they are calling me: the curtain is about to rise. You may take it," she answers, "or I shall be late at the ball!"

"Take care; there's a step here. Give me your hand, darling!"

"A step in the dark?"

"I wouldn't care if life were made up of steps in the dark, if by their means you were induced to give me your hand."

And so the play ended in downright earnest.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE Vienna Exposition is attracting crowds to Europe who, without some such special impulse, would never have summoned courage to cross the uncertain ocean. Disasters on the sea alarm the public for a brief time, but the effect soon passes away from the mind. It is probable that travel to Europe will be more universal during the present season than it has ever been before. It is even doubtful whether there will be sufficient steam-ship accommodation to meet the demand. Yet there is a goodly number of vessels engaged in ocean service between New York and Europe, and the list is constantly swelling. Last year it was not uncommon for six or seven steamers to leave this port on a Saturday. Next summer very likely double that number may leave in one day. The exact number of steamers running between the port of New York and Europe is somewhat variously stated, a little confusion probably arising from the large number of steam-ships now being built, many of which are nearly completed. But it is safe to say that about one hundred and twenty steamers are now regularly sailing from our harbor. The prominent lines of steamers are well known, and new lines have been recently established, and will soon be in operation. The ocean fleet swells with the rapid growth of our country, indicating increased commerce, wealth, and enterprise.

In many sections of the Eastern States May-day came with curious mingling of snow-banks and springing vegetation. Digging down beneath the reluctant snow, and pushing aside last autumn's dead but protecting leaves, bright and fresh and green there peeped out lilies, daffodils, crocuses, daisies, and violets—some even in bud and bloom. The contrast was curious between these bursting plants and the snow, deep and heavy in some places, close beside them. But the great quantity of snow which has covered the earth in some sections during the past winter and spring had kept it warm and rich. When once the spring sun began to melt it the snow vanished as by a miracle. Then there was no waiting for frozen ground to thaw—the winter covering had done its work—the grass was springing up, the eager plants unfolding.

One of the most severe storms ever known in Nebraska occurred about the middle of April. It was accompanied by violent winds and severely cold weather. Men were frozen to death within a few rods of their own houses while trying to reach their cattle to give them food; travelers perished while attempting to find shelter; houses were blown down and filled with snow; and the destruction of cattle was very great.

Independence Hall, Philadelphia, is being restored as nearly as possible to the appearance it presented in 1776. An adjoining room is to be prepared for the reception of such pictures and objects of historic interest belonging to the city as will be out of place in the hall as restored to its original condition.

About eighteen miles north of the Yosemite Valley lies the cañon of the Tuolumne River, which has recently been explored for the first time. The falls of the Tuolumne surpass those of the Yosemite in endless variety of cascades and water-shoots, though not in volume of water. Nevertheless, the Tuolumne Cañon bids fair to be quite a rival to the Yosemite Valley.

A conscientious pickpocket writes to one of the New York journals, requesting the public always to keep their names and addresses in their porte-monnaies, as he and his associates sometimes come into possession of papers and photographs they would be glad to return. He goes on to say:

"I remember an instance where I met with serious trouble because I could not make up my mind to destroy a picture of a baby which I had found in the pocket-book of a gentleman which came into my hands in the way of business on the Third Avenue road. I had lost a baby myself the year before of the same age as this one, and I would have given all I had for such a picture. There was no name in the porte-monnaie, and no way of finding out who was the owner; so, like a fool, I advertised it, and got shadowed for it by the police."

Since the use of stoves and kerosene oil in railroad cars is universally known to be an unnecessarily added danger to railroad traveling, why are they not prohibited by law? Safer methods of warming and lighting cars should be insisted on. A consuming fire raging in the midst of the wreck caused by a collision or other accident is a horror which has occurred far too often. Can not law interfere to protect life?

Curiosity and relic hunters have demanded pieces of the rock at Mars Head as a memento of the terrible fate of the unfortunate *Atlantic*. Chicago papers reckon that something like half a ton of this rock has arrived in that city, and it is peddled by those who declare that it was taken from the rock on the day of the wreck. It is further stated that it is probable that the sale will reach a few hundred tons, and the stone-quarries in that vicinity are being drawn upon to keep up the supply.

San Salvador has been destroyed eight times within one hundred and fifty years, and partially ruined many more times. Yet the authorities of the city are resolved to rebuild it on the same site. As an inducement, a permit has been given to allow "squatting" in any part of the city. The ground is said to be a mere shell; by placing the ear to the earth, running water is distinctly heard; and if the earth is struck by any heavy weight, a hollow sound is produced. The opposition to the projects of the government is very strong on the part of the people, though they are quiet in it all. Most of them have moved, with such property as has been saved, to Santa Tecla, three leagues distant. There are now at least fifteen thousand people in Santa Tecla, though formerly it was a small, insignificant town.

Dirty and dismal at first, then dusty and damp, are many dwelling-houses during the week or two succeeding May moving-day in New York. The golden rule is not yet so universally observed that the majority of people leave a house on moving out of it in the condition they would wish to find it were they moving into it. Hence results a season of discomfort, and often of misery, unless materfamilias is a wise and skillful woman. Men naturally and proverbially think that a house never needs cleaning; women *know* that it does. Men would know it also if their wives did not periodically attend to that much-abused business—house-cleaning. However, there is not the least occasion to upset the entire household in the process—to have scrubbing-women and brooms and mops, soap and sand, in every room in the house on the same day. Good sense and tact will enable the housewife so to plan that there is always one comfortable room in order, to which the family may resort at any time.

The *Italie* gives a curious detail of the habits of the imperial court of Russia. The Empress does not correspond with the Emperor by the post-office. A service of couriers has been established between Sorrento and St. Petersburg, composed of eighteen persons, who are continually *en route* between the two places. The immediate friends of her Majesty write to Russia like other people—that is to say, through the obliging and economic medium of the Commander Barbavara. But no letter of the Czarina is ever thrown into the box or sent to the Russian legation; every time the Empress writes—as she does nearly every day—a courier starts with the packet, which he is instructed to deliver into the hands of the Czar himself.

"Captain Jack," the chief of the Modoc Indians, is reported to be about thirty years old. He was chosen chief of the tribe two or three years ago, and though firm, determined, and haughty, he was not supposed to be base or cruel previous to the recent acts of treachery. He has always exacted the greatest marks of respect from all who came in contact with him, and is said never to smile.

The little hippopotamus, now about six months old, whose native place is the Zoological Gardens, London, continues greatly to interest not only the public generally, but naturalists in particular. "Guy Fawkes" is his name, and he is playful as a kitten and tame as a calf. He seems to play some tricks, and once terribly alarmed his keeper by diving to the bottom of the tank and not making his appearance for about twenty minutes. As the mother of this frisky little beast has never trusted herself under water more than three minutes without blowing or taking breath, great alarm was felt lest he had been seized with cramp or something of the kind. But just as they were thinking what must be done to save him, he suddenly reappeared, shaking his ears, and as brisk as ever.

A party of live fish are to take a railroad trip across the continent some time during the charming month of May. They will each and all have a free ticket given them by the California Fish Commissioners, who have planned this nice little excursion, no doubt, solely with reference to the pleasure of the fishes. At any rate, they intend to make up an agreeable party of eight or ten different varieties, and provide for their comfort by supplying two thousand gallons of water, in which they can make themselves quite at home. The fishes are to be all "first class," comprising the best varieties not found in California.

Value of a period in telegrams: An English gentleman recently found it necessary to ask a head railway official, by telegraph, that a train might take him up at a small station. The abrupt answer came back, "No one will stop for you." But the courteous official had really done all in his power by promising that train No. 1 would comply with the request made.

One of the worst Indians in the whole Modoc tribe is "Hooka Jim." He is young, but large and powerful. He is not a Modoc proper, but belongs to a band of Indians known in Siskiyou as the "Como-Twashes." They are composed of remnants of several tribes, and have long been regarded as thieves and murderers.

It does not speak well for the good sense or good taste of American girls or their mothers that a lady visiting abroad—Dr. Mary Safford—makes such a report as the following:

"While visiting a school at Frankfort-on-the-Main I asked if there were American pupils, and the preceptor replied: 'No; we do not take them. They dress so extravagantly, they think and talk so much of their clothes, that they disturb the quiet, simple ways of our German girls, and we find that their influence does us more hurt than their money does us good.' In Dresden I knew an American lady who could not find a private school where they would take her daughter, for similar reasons."

It would hardly seem worth while in these days of many physicians for one to attempt to vaccinate himself. Certainly some slight knowledge of surgical science should precede the operation. It should at least be understood that newspaper is not a proper bandage on a fresh wound. Naturally we should suppose that every one would instinctively know this. But a young man near Hamburg, Iowa, recently attempted to vaccinate himself, using virus from his sister's arm, she having been previously vaccinated by a regular physician. He covered the wound with a piece of damp newspaper. Result: a painful arm, mortification of the sore, amputation, and finally death.

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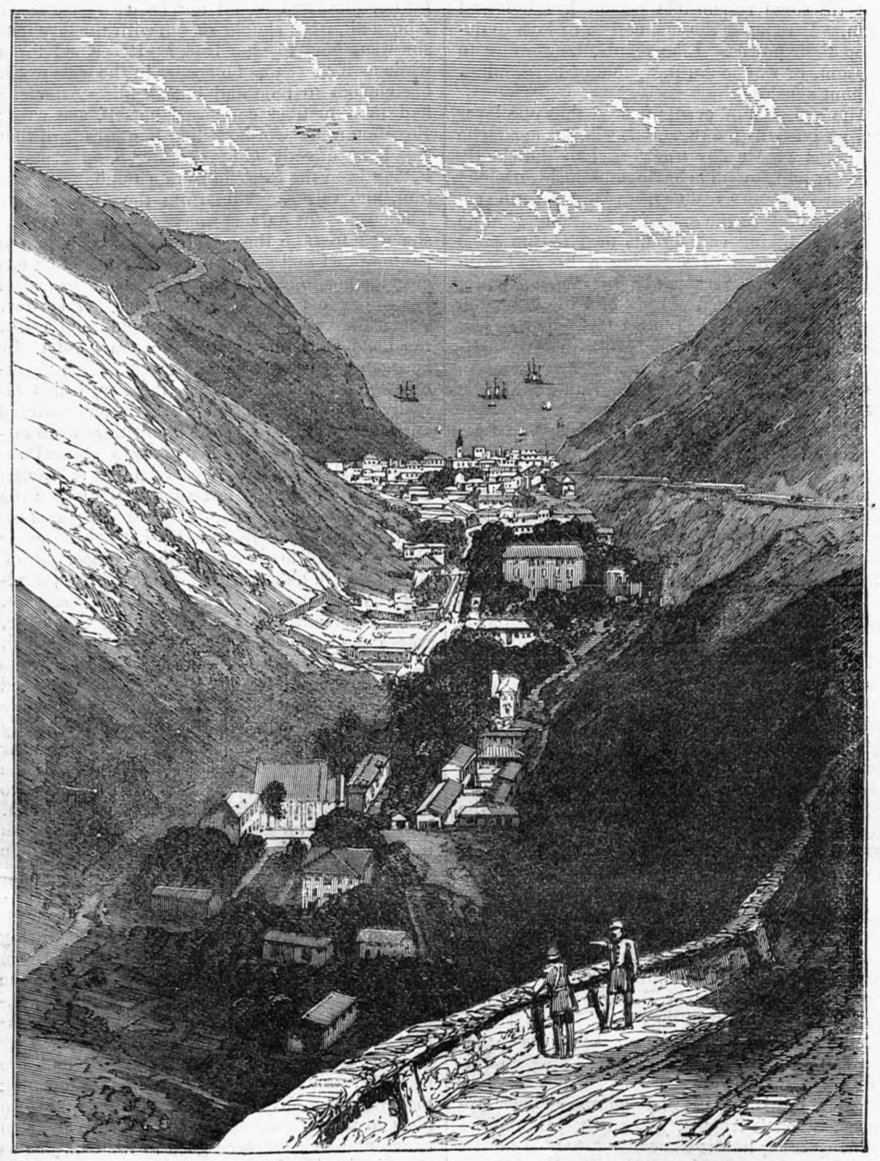
VIEWS AT ST. HELENA.

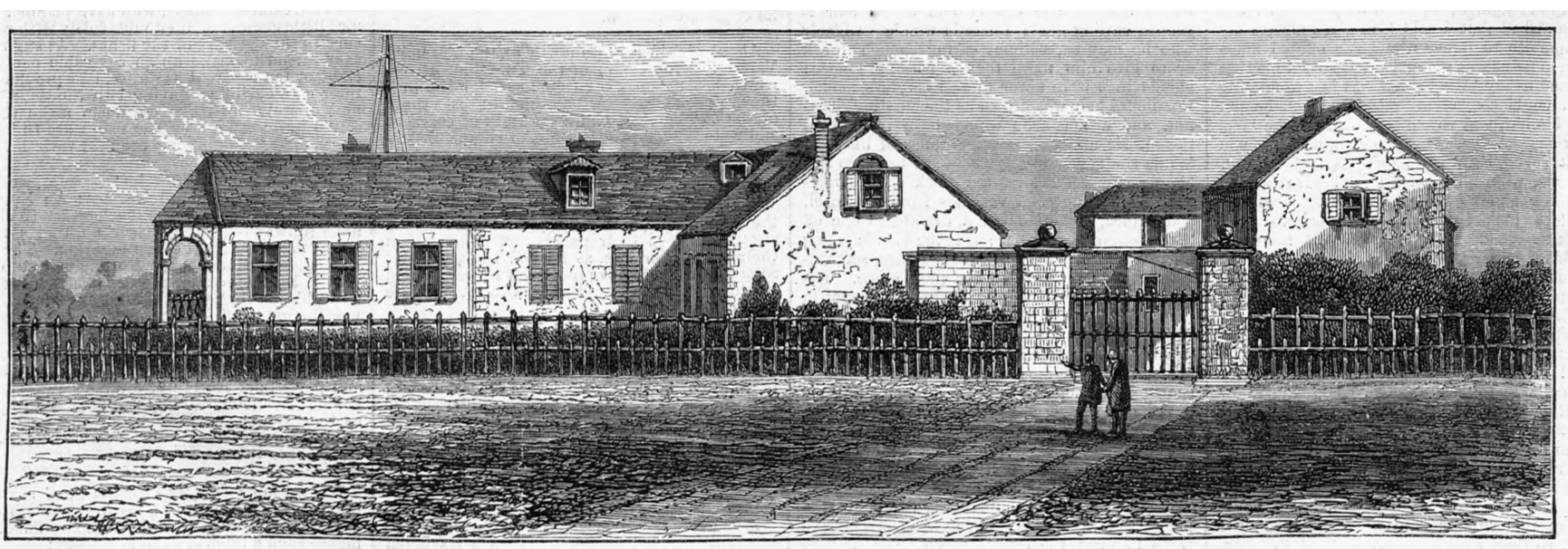
ONE of our sketches represents a view of James Town and harbor as seen from the road leading from Napoleon's tomb. It is the chief town of the island. The celebrated ladder to the signal station, having 365 steps, is situated on the right of the church. The valley between the two hills is the most verdant spot in the island. At the extreme end of the valley a very beautiful appearance is created by some fine banana-trees.

Along the road to the left of the town is the way to Longwood, distance about six miles. About half-way there is a weeping-willow wood, in which an immense quantity of turtle-doves abide. Four miles from the town, a little distance from the main road, in a neat little valley, is the tomb of Napoleon I., which is protected by a French soldier. On one side of the tomb is a well of beautiful clear water. After regaining the main road you pass by a small church and village, of about fifty inhabitants, on a very rugged road, to within half a mile of Longwood, when you pass through a narrow archway, and find yourself on a grassy plain (the only flat place on the island), on which Longwood House is built. The house is only one story, surrounded by a small garden. The window at the extreme left is that of the room in which Napoleon died.

ORIGINAL TOMB OF NAPOLEON I. AT ST. HELENA.



VIEW OF JAMES TOWN, ST. HELENA.



LONGWOOD HOUSE, ST. HELENA, RESIDENCE OF NAPOLEON I.

ON GETTING UP.

AMONG the many and varied complaints to which mankind is subject, and which contribute to sustain and provide for a large number of doctors' wives and children, there is not one, perhaps, which is treated so lightly and noticed so jocularly as sluggishness. If some persevering and talented person would compile statistics showing to what extent there exists among us the class who are deeply impressed with the necessity of early rising, but who lie in bed—who know the benefits of being awake and about at six in the morning, but who are habitually asleep at that hour—it would indeed be a matter, we think, for the astonishment of the community at large to see what a power this inability to rise exercises over the minds of their reasoning fellow-creatures. And the individual undertaking such a task would have to find his way into all classes of society, for the errand-boy "who is a lazy rascal," and the son and heir who is "naturally inert," suffer from one and the same complaint, the chief symptom of which is that they "can't get up."

There are, of course, people (to whom we shall afterward allude) who are thoughtlessly lazy; who do not particularly see, and who certainly do not try to find out, any reason why they should rise by preference at six instead of ten, and who, even if called at the latter hour, would probably consider the service premature; but, on the other hand, there are those who know of better things, and who pass their lazy days in rigid resolutions "to get up early to-morrow morning." And there can be no doubt in the mind of any one who has given attention to this matter that the mortification and annoyance endured by this class of sluggards must be extreme. Listen to this piteous account of himself by a sufferer:

"I put my watch upon a little nail at my bedside. My time of business is half past nine, and I believe that if I rose at eight I should have *just nice* time to get there. I say 'I believe if I rose at eight,' for I have not yet done so. I generally awake about half past seven. Delighted to find I have yet another half hour, I turn on my side, and invariably fall asleep again immediately. I wake again at eight. Then I say to myself, 'It is time to get up.' I have scarcely made this observation when I perceive that it is five minutes past eight. While remarking how quickly the five minutes passed, it becomes ten minutes past, and I yawn finally and rub my eyes, as people do just before they spring out of bed.

"When I take my hands away from my eyes I keep the latter shut for a moment, while I take, as it were, a farewell of my bed for the day.

"Twenty-five minutes past eight! I feel with a horrid sense of guilt that I have been to sleep again.

"Knowing now I *must* get up, I assume a sitting posture, and think for a moment over the miseries of my position. The last twenty-five minutes have been exceedingly uncomfortable, and I have been frightfully tormented by my sense of what is right. And then comes the bitterest part of my reflections. The act of rising is not one whit more pleasant or less discomforting than it was half an hour ago. Deeply impressed with the significance of this fact, I crawl slowly out of bed, and for the next two hours the hurry and fluster I am in remind me painfully of the time I have wasted."

Is not this a case for pity?

Not the least interesting feature of the disease which such unhappy people suffer from is their steady demand for alarums and other mechanical contrivances to perform the work of Nature, when she has fairly given up in disgust. And we must do them the justice to say that many sluggards have, in their praiseworthy and conscientious endeavors to conquer their failing, inflicted upon themselves considerable annoyance, and occasionally that of a very painful nature. The writer was acquainted with a college student whose punctuality in being exactly fourteen minutes late for chapel every morning was a marvel to his friends, and who therefore determined to rouse himself fully half an hour earlier every morning by means of an alarum.

This he accordingly bought, and having duly wound and set it, placed it upon the corner of his dressing-table, styling it his "friend," who was going to cure him of his weakness. But what a change of opinion the morning brought about! At the appointed hour the machine duly went off with a bang, "whir-r-r," after the manner of such instruments. Alas for its too prompt and zealous friendship! With a cry of indignant remonstrance a heavy boot was hurled at it, and cut short in its appeal, it fell to the ground in a state of complete silence and annihilation—while its owner turned on his side and "slumbered again."

We have mentioned these last cases as appertaining to a class struggling against its failings. But, as we remarked before, there are persons, equally slaves to this vice, who are confessedly and hopelessly given over to its influence, and these endeavor to work the mine of its delights to the utmost. It must not be imagined that simply to lie in bed all day would be a supreme happiness for these individuals, for their tastes are more refined, and wishes and ideas more epicurean. Their highest object is generally the realization of pleasures which exist only in anticipation.

A person of this class, called on Saturday at nine and due at business at ten, knows he must get up. But give him a Sunday morning, and he is so persuaded of the comfort an extra hour

would have been the day before, that he tries to keep up an idea that Sunday is Saturday. But in vain. He endeavors to make himself believe that he is due at ten, in order that he may experience the pleasure of being in bed at that hour under such circumstances. But he knows that he is not due, he knows that he may lie in bed for the next twenty-four hours if he will; and the salt having lost its savor, he laments the impossibility of feeling as he did the day before. The writer's grandfather was an amusing instance of this class. For the greater period of his life he was a lieutenant in the army, and a great slave to lying in bed of a morning.

His servant called him regularly with the words, "Time for parade, Sir!" and with an exclamation, and after grumbling and moaning, the officer was obliged to turn out and attend parade. After he had retired, and the parade no more demanded his presence, he gave instructions to his servant to call him still at the same time, and with the same words, in order that he might have the satisfaction of blessing the parade, and going to sleep afterward!

CENTRAL ASIAN POLITICIANS.

CENTRAL ASIAN POLITICIANS.

THE accompanying illustration represents a group of ragged Tashkend politicians, discussing Khivan affairs with as much Oriental gravity as if their tatters were robes of state, and they themselves veritable emirs charged with regulating the affairs of the nation. This interesting sketch forms one of a remarkable series of pictures of life in Central Asia, by a Russian artist, Mr. Basil Wereschagin, which are exhibited in the Crystal Palace at London. Mr. Wereschagin accompanied the Russian expedition under General Kauffman, in 1868–70, through the campaign which ended in the taking of Samarcand and the establishment of Russian power in the heart of Bokhara, and his pictures, which were painted on the spot, are a faithful revelation of the manners and customs of a singular people of whom we have known but little.

The khanate of Khiva, to which the course of the Russian expedition is now directed, lies to the south of the Sea of Aral. It is noted for its fecundity and wealth, being placed in the delta of a great river, the Oxus. The total population of the khanate is about 500,000, but the military force is contemptible; and if a Russian army of 5000 men, with artillery, were ever encamped before the capital, there would probably be little serious opposition. The real strength of Khiva lies in its inaccessibility, as it is completely surrounded with deserts, the tracks through which are very scantily provided with water and provisions. The Khivans are a very barbarous people; great cruelties have been inflicted on Russian prisoners; and M. Vámbéry gives in his travels, undertaken in the disguise of a dervish, a horrifying account of the gouging out of the eyes of prisoners, and of sackfuls of decapitated heads, emptied out as coolly as if they had been potatoes.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. S. L.—For information about making the various suits you mention we refer you to the New York Fashions of *Bazar* Nos. 17 and 18, Vol. VI.

FANNY.—Deep brown or else plum-color would look well with your striped silk. You can, however, get a basque, apron over-skirt, and lower skirt, with four flounces behind and bias puffs down the three front breadths, out of your twenty-six yards.

E. H.—Make your black Hernani by description of black grenadines in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 18, Vol. VI.; make the cashmere with a châtelaine redingote by pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. VI. Yak lace looks very heavy on thin Hernani. We can send cut paper pattern of Dolman sacque.

COUNTRY.—For black alpaca use large button-moulds covered with alpaca; linen and chintz covers are also on moulds, but large pearl and imitation ivory buttons are more fashionable for wash goods.

ZILLAH.—Red-in-gote is accented on the first and last syllables; Ren-ais-sance on the last syllable; and vigogne is pronounced as if spelled ve-goan, with the accent on the last syllable.

MRS. H. N. P.—Read about black grenadines in *Bazar* No. 18, Vol. VI.

CORA.—Your sample is Irish poplin, such as is sold for about $2 a yard. It is leaf brown.

MISS H. G.—Black cashmere mantles are always lined throughout with farmer's satin, or else thin silk. Yak lace will cost from 75 cents to $1 50 a yard for narrow widths.

MRS. R. B.—Your daughter's letter failed to reach us.

AGNES.—For the voyage to Europe get a water-proof suit for yourself and a pressed flannel wrapper with hood, also a black silk suit for traveling on the Continent. For your little daughter get a sailor suit of navy blue flannel, or else of blue English water-proof. Make few purchases of clothing before you leave, as you can buy much cheaper abroad.

MRS. T. A. R.—We can not give you the desired information.

DRESS-MAKER.—Print dresses are made in gored wrappers, or else with a plain Spanish flounce skirt and loose belted polonaise. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 19, Vol. VI., for directions about sewing skirts on belts. We sell the cut paper pattern of boy's sailor suit for 25 cents. Your sample failed to reach us. The trowsers of sailor suits are buttoned to an under-body.

ALBERTA C.—See our advertising columns for the addresses you want.

LUCILLE.—Make your blue check silk with a solid blue sleeveless basque, blue bands down the front breadths, and bind the flounces that are on the back with blue.

MRS. B.—For your boy of three make kilt skirts and jackets (by our Highland suit pattern) of white piqué and gray linens. For the younger boy make white Gabrielles and walking coats.

AN INQUIRER.—After being pleated the skirts are slightly gathered in at top, but this is a heavy fashion that will not be used for summer.

M. F. L. B.—Over-skirts will be worn again. A black grenadine for mourning should have a silk under-skirt covered to the knee with bias folds of grenadine; then an over-skirt and a basque with silk lining, also trimmed with folds.

SUBSCRIBER.—A tight basque is the best dress waist for stout figures. A black Irish poplin will look well made by pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. VI.

MRS. L. S.—We can safely recommend to you the *Mechanical Oarsman*, advertised on this page, as being the most attractive new toy for your children.—[*Com.*]

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR THE WILSON SEWING-MACHINE CO.—At the Seventh Grand State Fair of the Mechanics' and Agricultural Fair Association of Louisiana, held April 23, 1873, at New Orleans, the world-renowned celebrated Wilson Shuttle Sewing-Machines were awarded a GOLD MEDAL for the best sewing-machines, and *five separate premiums* for the best work done on sewing-machines, thus making *Forty-one Premiums, Nine Medals, and Three Diplomas* that have been awarded to the Wilson Machines within a year. It is a notorious fact that, without a single exception, the Wilson Sewing-Machine Co. has sent its machines to every State Fair and Exposition in this country and Europe, where awards were offered to the best sewing-machines, in order to show the great people of the world that the "Wilson" is not only better than all others, but that it has the ability, capital, and pluck to defeat and humiliate the combined force of nineteen competitors, all of whom have fought the Wilson Machine, inch by inch, to prevent it from getting a foothold in the American market, and to compel the Wilson Sewing-Machine Co., by their formidable competition, to raise the price of the Wilson Machines to that at which theirs are sold for, or else go out of the market entirely. But the people of America are with the Wilson Machine, and are too intelligent to be imposed upon by misrepresentation regarding the merits of a machine which, without exception, has excelled all competitors in every contest, and been so decided by an intelligent board of arbitrators. There are, we hope, but very few people so ignorant as to be imposed upon by misrepresentation, and then pay the imposter at least fifteen dollars for his success. The Wilson Sewing-Machine Co. have warehouses in every city in the civilized globe. Go and see their wonderful machines. Salesroom in New York at 707 Broadway.—[*Com.*]

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Back or Waterfall Curls—full sets Naturally Curly.

Size.	My Price.	Retails for	Long single Curls (heavy) natur'ly curly
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NATURALLY CURLY, FRIZ WEFT CURLS, . $1.00 per yard.
LATEST STYLE. — Spanish Comb, Imitation Shell, sent prepaid on receipt of $1.50...everybody wearing them.

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Wreath with any Initial, Monogram, or word, or Bouquet, made of as many pieces or colors of Hair as you may send.

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The above prices are scarcely half cost of importation.
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Quality of $2 50 reduced to $1 25 per yard.
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A complete Miniature Oarsman. The figure pulls the boat on any common sheet of water, from 20 to 25 rods at a single winding, exactly imitating a genuine oarsman. The boat is over a foot long, and has an adjustable rudder, enabling it to be run straight or in circles. Splendid toy for fountains, bath-tubs, &c. All the inconvenience and danger common to steam toys avoided. For sale by all Toy and Fancy Goods dealers. Samples sent by Express on receipt of prices, as follows:
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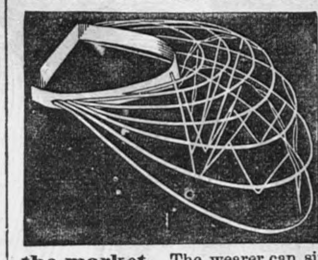
The Standard Lotta Bustle.



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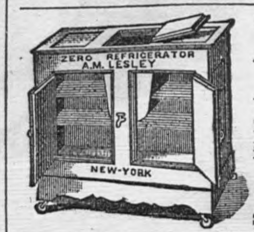

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OFFICE OF FARMERS' AND DROVERS' BANK, LOUISVILLE, KY., April 7, 1873.

This is to certify that there is in the **Farmers' and Drovers' Bank,** to the credit of the Third Grand Gift Concert for the benefit of the Public Library of Ky., **Five Hundred Thousand Dollars,** which has been set apart by the Managers to pay the gifts in full, and will be held by the Bank and paid out for this purpose, and this purpose only.

(Signed), **R. S. VEECH, Cashier.**

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THOS. E. BRAMLETTE, Louisville, Ky.
or THOS. H. HAYS & CO., 609 Broadway, New York.

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Ten Reasons why they are the Very Best:

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II. They can be attached to any corset, new or old.
III. The hooks are so constructed they can not unfasten during wear.
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V. They never turn edgwise; one turning in and the other out is impossible.
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VII. They are wider in steel and narrower in wear than any other.
VIII. They can be washed without rusting.
IX. When fastened they make a perfect corset-board.
X. Though more elastic, they are stronger and outlast all others.

One pair sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents, or three pairs for $1 25. MME. L. CENDRIER, 636 Broadway, New York.

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"The Best are the Cheapest."
Extra Quality. Crocus Polish.

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2d. Ladies are requested to send both bust and waist measures, as it is obviously impossible otherwise to insure a well-fitting pattern.

3d. Our instructions are so simple that, accompanied by the cut of the garment, they will be readily understood by the most inexperienced.

4th. The patterns are so perforated and notched that no difficulty will be encountered in putting the parts together.

NOTICE.

Any of our patterns will be sent upon application to our agents, postpaid, in the U. S. and Canada, on receipt of the catalogue price and number; or will be forwarded by us if desired. The catalogue will be forwarded to any address upon receipt of a three-cent stamp. All communications should be addressed to GROSSFELD & CO., 551 Pearl St., New York City.

The following houses are the agents in this city for the sale of our Patterns: Messrs. Peake, Opdyke & Co., 427 and 429 Broadway; Jas. McCreery & Co., cor. 11th St. and Broadway; Johnson, Burns & Co., cor. 14th St. and University Place; Ed. A. Morrison, 827 Broadway.

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DR. BEERS, 345 Fourth Ave., New York, *guarantees a cure* for these evils. Call, or send stamp for evidence.

REMOVE your hair with Depellerine; price 75 cts. Stamp for circular. H. Sarlem, box 2357, St. Louis, Mo.

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GOLD WATCH CASES,

For Movements of American Manufacture,
In Ladies,' Gentlemen's, and Boys' Sizes, and in
MANSARD, DOME, & FLAT STYLES.

The most elegant, durable, popular, and the
BEST GOLD WATCH CASES
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Sold by all Druggists.

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OF

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

IN

HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. V.

DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, Shirt Waist, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 5 to 10 years old)..... No. 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt..... " 39
PRINCESSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.. " 41
DOLMAN SACQUE WALKING SUIT..... " 41
DOUBLE TALMA, APRON-FRONT AND LONG WALKING SKIRT..... " 41
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GIRL'S PRINCESSE POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)..... " 44
LOUIS QUINZE VEST BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt..... " 46
DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT..... " 46
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DOLMAN MANTLE WALKING SUIT..... " 51

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TIGHT BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt..... " 11
GIRL'S WARDROBE, Sacque, Sailor Blouse and Skirt, Basque fastened behind, Over-skirt, Low-Necked Over Dress, and Bretelle Apron (for girl from 2 to 13 years old)..... " 13
SLEEVELESS JACKET WALKING SUIT.... " 15
CHATELAINE REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT..... " 17

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

NOVELTY PRINTING-PRESSES.

The Best yet Invented FOR AMATEUR & BUSINESS PURPOSES,
And Unsurpassed for General Job Printers.
OVER 8000 IN USE.
BENJ. O. WOODS, Manufacturer,
And Dealer in Every Description of
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WITH
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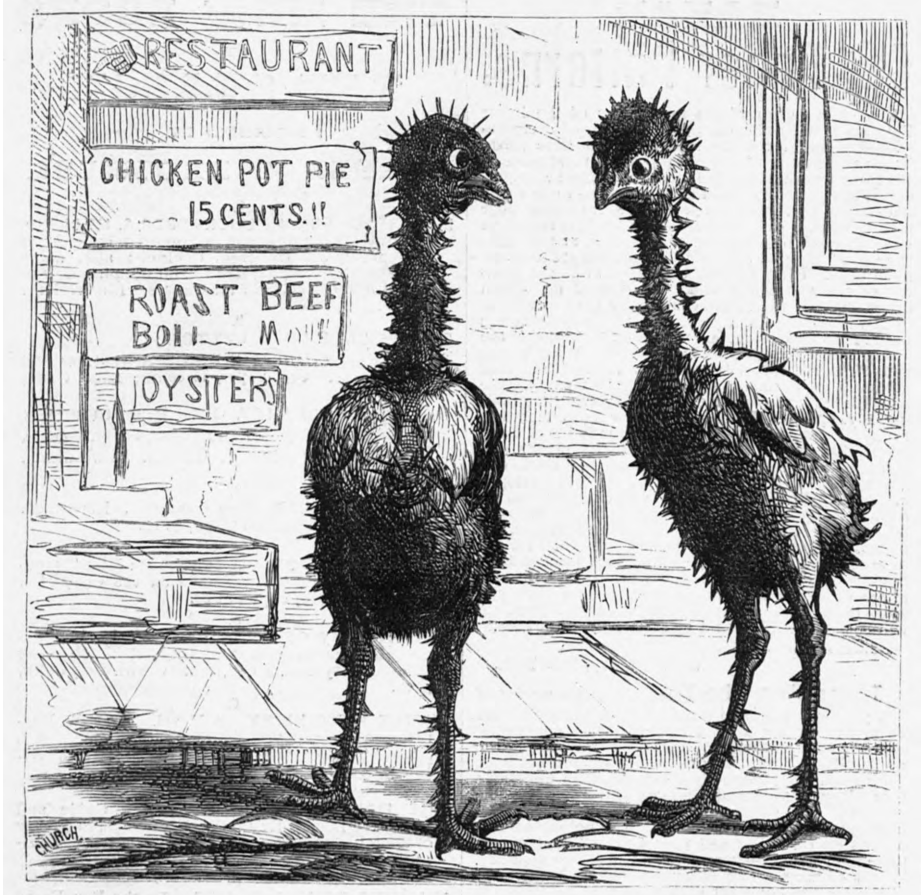


FIRST CHICKEN (*loq.*). "Jim, see that Sign! Let's go!"

CAPTAIN JACK'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Our brave Boys having captured Captain Jack's Mother-in-law, threaten to send her back unless he comes to Terms at once. Captain Jack surrenders immediately. This extreme Measure is justified by the fiendish Acts of Atrocity committed by the Modoc Chief.

FACETIÆ.

THE latest feminine fashion of wearing the front hair is known as the Skye terrier style. Probably it is only a natural consequence of the prevalence of this fashion that the puppies are attracted.

IMPROVING ONE'S TIME—Mending the clock.

"An experienced surgeon will accompany every train," very properly composes a part of a railway advertisement.

"Love laughs at locksmiths!" Yes: not at wedlock, though.

CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.—The gentleman who resided over a week in Bond Street is now lodging over a confectioner's in the same quarter.

FIZZICAL WEAKNESS—Love of Champagne.

"You have lost a friend, I see," said a traveler to a negro whom he met on the road.
"Yes, massa."
"Was it a near or distant relative?"
"Well, purty distant—'bout twenty-four miles," was the reply.

The times are affecting the poor Indian. He complains that none but bald-headed emigrants go West.

PERILOUS SITUATION.—Last Sunday morning a clergyman in one of the churches during the services was quite at sea, and the congregation was overbored.

A young man seeks advice. He meditates joining a friend in buying a theatre for the purpose of reletting it. That young man had better let it alone.

SHROUDS AND SPECTRES.—Among the spring fashions are announced, "medium textures." Are these to be worn at *séances* for "spirit photographs?"

A little girl was one day reading the History of England with her governess, and coming to the statement that Henry I. never laughed after the death of his son, she looked up and said, "What did he do when he was tickled?"

An amateur snake-fancier, whose neighbors complain of him for keeping boa-constrictors on the roof of his house, defends himself by saying that he supposes he can put any sort of tiles he pleases on his roof, and that he prefers reptiles.

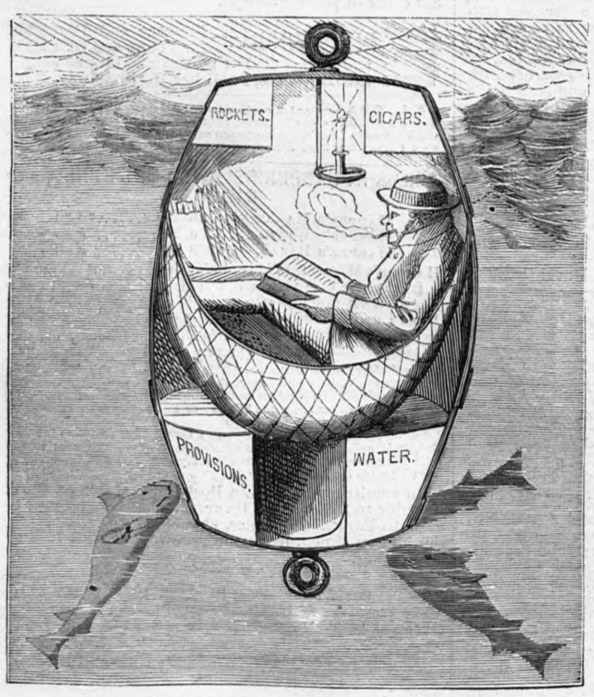
A SAFETY SEA-GOING APPARATUS.

"O joy,
To be a floating human buoy!"—*Chadband, altered.*

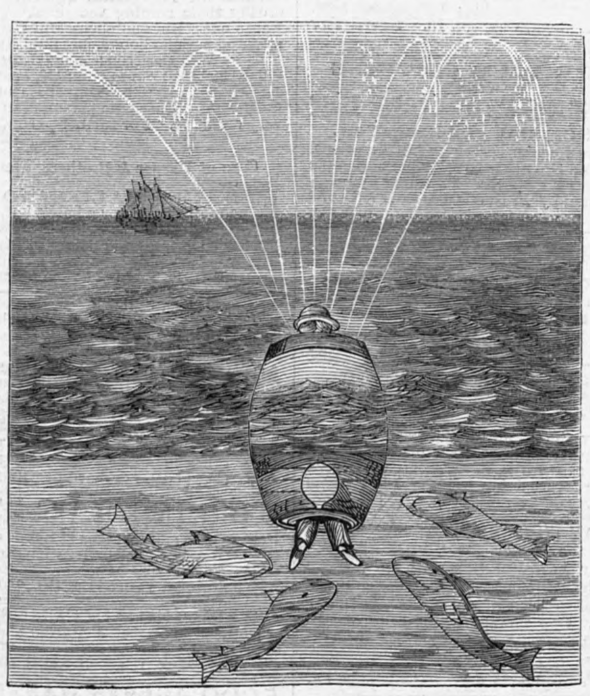
Perfectly secure, Brown starts on his European Tour.

He clings to the Side of the Ship despite the Remonstrances of the Captain.

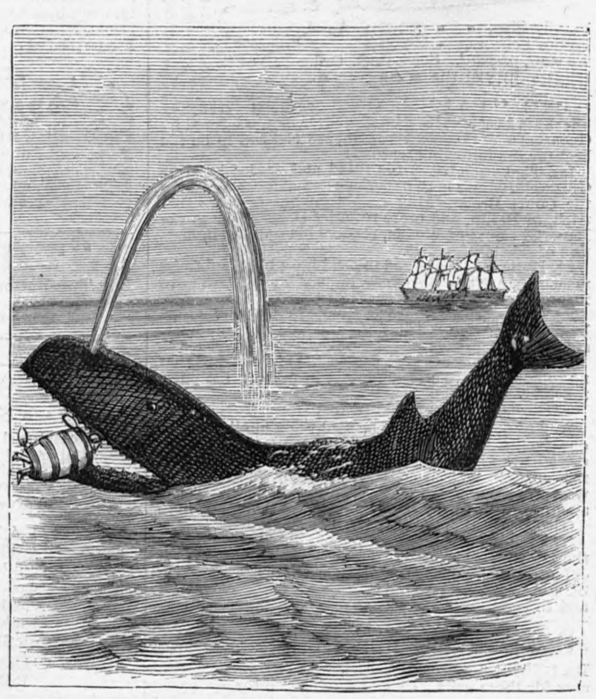
So, at the Inevitable Accident, Brown is *right side up, with care.*



During a Storm, Brown goes below.
(Sectional view of B. below.)



Sail ho! at Night. Brown signals brilliantly.



When, alas! an unappreciative Whale takes him in at the very Moment of Rescue!

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 22.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Knitted and Crochet Shawl-Strap, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS shawl-strap is worked with light brown zephyr worsted, crosswise, in elastic knitting, not too loose, however, in rounds going back and forth, and is edged with crochet points of dark brown worsted. Begin the knitting with a foundation of 14 st. (stitch). On these work the 1st round.—All knit plain. 2d round.—All purled. Sl. (slip) the first st. of each round, and knit off the last st.; as these two st. do not belong to the design, they are not referred to again in the following pattern rounds. 4th round.—2 sl. (always slip these 2 st. off together, as if going to purl them), lay the thread back of the st., 3 k. (knit plain), 2 sl., 3 k., 2 sl. 5th round.—2 sl., lay the thread before the st., 3 p. (purled), 2 sl., 3 p., 2 sl. 6th and 7th rounds.—Like the 4th and 5th rounds. 8th round.—Like the 4th round. These eight rounds are repeated constantly. Care should be taken that the thread which lies back of or before the sl. in the 4th–8th rounds is neither left too loose nor drawn too tight; the length of this thread should exactly correspond to the space taken up by the corresponding 2 st. Having finished the knitting, border the shawl-strap all around with 1 picot round, working with dark brown worsted, always alternately, 1 single crochet on the outer edge, 1 picot (5 chain stitches and 1 single crochet on the first chain stitch); pass over a corresponding interval of the outer edge with the picot. Finally, fasten tabs of brown carriage leather furnished with a button-hole each on the ends, and set several buttons on the opposite ends, as shown by Fig. 1, which shows the strap inclosing a shawl. Fig. 2, page 340, shows a full-sized section of the strap.

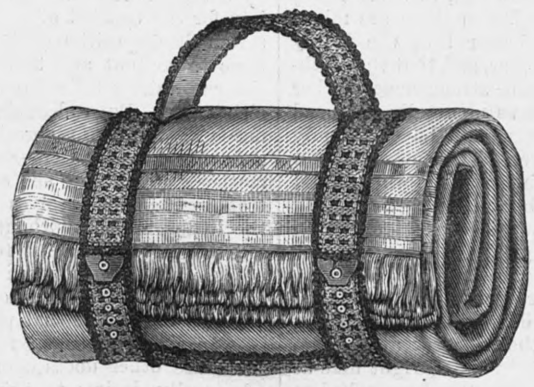

Fig. 1.—KNITTED AND CROCHET SHAWL-STRAP.
[See Fig. 2, Page 340.]

IMITATION OF MARBLE.

A PLAN by which real white marble may be made to imitate different varieties of marble, with rich colored veins and clouds, will certainly interest the reader who delights in novelties of this kind. Take a slab of marble, no matter if not entirely white, smoothly finished but not polished, and warm it in an oven to open the pores before applying the colors. These colors consist of alcoholic solutions of various coloring substances: for a beautiful lavender tint a solution of alkanet root, madder lake for crimson, indigo for blue, verdigris for green, and gamboge for yellow. Out of combinations of these any desired colors or tints may be obtained. The veining and clouding is easily done upon the surface of the stone according to the taste of the artist, copying, if possible, some

Fig. 1.—WATER-PROOF DUSTER. BACK.—[See Fig. 3.]
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—TOILE DE LAINE TRAVELING SUIT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 26–33.

Fig. 3.—WATER-PROOF DUSTER. FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—SERGE TRAVELING SUIT.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

FIGS. 1–6.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S TRAVELING SUITS.

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natural specimen. After the coloring is done let the slab be again heated, to favor the absorption of the same, then cooled gradually, and polished with pumice-stone and water.

A LOVE SONG.

If it were not for *one* thing, this perfect day,
I'd feel as light as a child at play;
My heart, all careless and blithe, would bound
With joy that the world spun round and round;
I would revel in sunshine, and be content,
With never a thought of what it all meant.

Yet but for this *one* thing, when troubles came,
How could I bear them and be the same?
How should I fear not each shadow's increase,
Or carry my soul in patience and peace?
Ah, many a time would courage give way
But for the one thing that holds me to-day!

Thank God for the joy that deepens and thrills;
Thank God for the fear that startles and chills;
Thank God for the wonder that brings me control,
For the beautiful trouble that vexes my soul:
For the one nameless blessing that dims all the rest
Let us serve Him, dear heart, as it suiteth Him best.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1873.

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☞ *A Cut Paper Pattern of a new and elegant Loose-fronted Polonaise Walking Suit will be published with our next Number. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 351.

THE LAW OF A WIFE'S PROPERTY.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

IN every case of suffering we instinctively seek the cause, and if we can fasten the blame on some one, there is an immediate sense of relief. If hardship can be traced to an unjust law, it is no small satisfaction to pound away upon the enormity of the existing law, and to work for its repeal. Yet it is forever and forever true that individual suffering can never be prevented by general laws. We may frame them into a code as just and wise as the human mind can compass, and still men and women will be happy and miserable according to their own private temperament, sagacity, character. This should not prevent us from improving laws wherever improvement is needed, but it should prevent us from expecting too great results from the improvement; and we should also remember that, though one person suffers under the law, and because of the law, its repeal or modification may work equal suffering on another person. Remembering all this, let us glance at the laws of property as they relate to domestic relations.

Statute law, in some of the States at least, gives to the husband a right of dower in his wife's estate. She dies, leaving a large property in real estate inherited from her father, and in no manner acquired from her husband. But he, though he can not sell this property, controls its entire income as long as he lives. The children have no claim on it whatever during their father's life, and no benefit from it except through his will and pleasure. He may be an affectionate father but an inefficient man, and may let their wealth dwindle into insignificance through sheer incapacity or indolence; and though his daughter grow up and marry an energetic business man, who could rehabilitate her possessions and establish a fortune, he can not touch them unless the father gives consent. The father may marry again a domineering, niggardly, and narrow-minded woman, who hoards in her own name the income of the property of her step-children, who has not foresight enough to see that a certain expenditure on that property is necessary to keep it from deterioration. By this law, therefore, the children are absolutely deprived of any right in or control over their own inheritance during their father's life. They are no better off than if nothing had been left them.

Of joint property the laws are different in different States. In some, men are favored; in one or two, perhaps, women. I think the more common custom is for the man to inherit the whole income of his wife's estate during life, and to be under obligation to support the children. The wife inherits by law one-half, or less, of the personal property, and the income of one-third of the real estate during life. The personal property she may dispose of, but the real estate is inalienable, and reverts to the children after her death. The man may make a will, but if he does not leave his wife her "thirds," she can break the will. The wife's will is not valid without the consent of her husband. No act of hers can deprive him of his right of dower in her real estate, his life income from her property. He is inalienably "tenant by courtesy," as the law gingerly puts it. One corrective the law supplies—that a certain degree of incapacity or neglect in the father makes it possible for both himself and his children to be placed under guardianship. The inequality of footing on which men and women are placed by the action of these laws is not so great as is often supposed. He is required to support her children, while his children are not legally thrown upon her, but have separate provision made for them. Nor is this, as it might at first seem, because a father's love is assumed to be stronger than a mother's. It is—at least, out of respect to the heads of law-makers, let us assume that it is—because the father is supposed to have a better business capacity, a better understanding of the investment of money, than has the mother. The children can be just as safely trusted to her love; but as she is not generally the business manager during her husband's life, it is supposed that she is relieved by having the children's property relegated to another guardian than herself.

The evil of this is that the family bond is weakened, the dependence of children upon their mother lessened, and, in some cases, her life narrowed. When there are minor children it is far better that the family should be kept together, and that the mother's influence should be strengthened by her being really as well as nominally the head of the family. She should have not only moral but real power. The authority that formerly rested in father and mother should now be centred in her. The appropriating power of parliaments is a great check on sovereigns. It is good for boys to know that their mother holds the purse.

If the children are grown men and women at their father's death, it is a cruel thing for them to take the property away from their mother. It is by moral right hers as much as her husband's. She has worked as hard as he. Her prudence, patience, industry, sagacity, have contributed as much as his to the family fortunes. Her sufferings, privations, self-sacrifice, have been immeasurably greater than his. It is often true that the combined labor of both has gathered a sum whose income of itself is only enough to furnish a comfortable living. If the widow could have it just as it was during her husband's life, she would be abundantly provided for; but the division allowed by law leaves her an entirely insufficient sum, and she feels immediately cramped and anxious, while the money which she has hardly earned is carried away by sons and daughters. This is unjust and offensive.

THE DAUGHTER AT HOME.

THERE are many young women who think themselves exceedingly ill treated by fate because they have disagreeable homes, and their one desire is to get away from them. They visit their friends—school acquaintances, possibly, of better circumstances; they meet comfort and cheer, bright faces, soft words, and smiles; and whether they suspect it probable that their friends may have put the best foot forward for company, or whether they recognize the fact that such is only what should be met in a home with or without company, they bemoan themselves that in their own home there is so deplorable an example of family life.

Perhaps their father is absorbed in business or other things; perhaps he is poor; perhaps their mother is worn out by sickness, disappointment, and cares; perhaps there is a cluster of younger children littering the rooms with toys, clamoring with all their wants, and quarreling with all their hearts; perhaps there is trial and deprivation in making both ends meet, or in keeping up appearances; there may be no books, no pictures in the house, nothing to please the eye, little to please any other sense, little but the ceaseless grind of daily labor; and if, in addition to all this, there may be wrangling and bickering and backbiting, the home is indeed a melancholy place, and we do not wonder that the daughter is glad to escape from it by any avenue, either of work or marriage.

There are, however, too many homes where, if not the whole of this is true, a varied portion of it is, and where one day dawns like another, and, without saying so much consciously, nobody has any hope of doing any thing better than getting through with it, where work is a hated routine, where strife is casting out love, and where pleasure as mere pleasure is a thing unknown. One may well pity the daughters of such homes, not because they are more pitiable than the sons—nothing can be more pitiable than the boys early driven out by the natural instincts of youth for pleasure, its natural antipathies to pain, to seek enjoyment where it can be had, and that may be in haunts where horror treads close upon the pleasure—but because we are dealing more especially with the daughters. One may well pity all the children of such a home, and, if they develop any good, wonder to what stature the goodness might have reached if it had not been stunted by the unfortunate conditions of its growth.

But while according the unhappy young creatures every measure of sympathy, we may at the same time question if they have done all they could to bring about a different state of things, for bad as that state of things may be, there is still much in their power to do toward its amelioration—not, of course, while very young and unable to generalize on the daily events, but as soon as they have reached those years of only tolerable discretion when we are all apt to think ourselves wisest.

It is not to be dreamed of, we admit, that a daughter is able to effect much in the way of composing differences between parents, nor is it desirable that she should ever interfere in dissensions that are not her own: neither duty nor policy would allow it, and in such case she does best when she remembers that a third party always widens a rent. But she can at least permit her unhappiness at those disturbances to be seen. She can throw oil upon the troubled waters by doing the little things which show anxiety for the comfort of both parties, and so soften the disposition of the moment, and incline to content and thence to peace, and she can quietly fill many short-comings on either side. But unless she is sure that she meets all her own obligations faithfully as a daughter and sister—that she saves her mother's steps, that she spares her father trouble, that she receives the demands of the little children without fretfulness, and sets them no bad example to follow—she has not the right to so much as observe that others fail in any of their own duties.

However, to pass that phase of unhappiness in a home without further discussion, there are other doors open for the person who really desires to bring improvement into the family circle. There is a door which is a sort of CLAUDE LORRAINE glass, gilding every landscape so that one always looks through it at the bright side of things: the cheerful face, the sweet smile, the pleasant word, that come in this door, the habit of never borrowing trouble—these are like good angels in a house. Other doors there doubtless are, through which other angels come; doors of all the fine moralities, and with which we must suppose every one who has had the common teaching of a Christian community to be well acquainted. But besides all these there are others still, little postern-gates we might call them, through which a great deal of happiness can creep into a house almost unawares.

It is, for example, within the power of every young girl who obtains her parents' consent thereto—a thing usually given before asked—to make her home a beautiful place to the eye, and therefore (other things being equal, such as the kind hearts, the happy atmosphere) attractive to the lingerer. There may be an ingrain carpet on the floor there, or even none at all; there may be wooden chairs and an ugly stove; but on this rude frame her simple efforts can build a world of beauty. Let her begin at the windows of the room, with their plain shades: she suspends a hanging-basket in one of these windows, let us say; not a basket bought at the florist's for five or ten dollars, and stocked with splendid tropical things, but a wooden box filled with earth, and set in one of those little wickers that are usually to be found knocking about every house, and are, at any rate, to be had in the shops for twenty cents; and she laces it by a stout cord twisted from the twines that have come home round the kitchen parcels. Here she plants nasturtiums and the delicate Madeira vine, and any green leaf that will grow, trailing these stems over the cords, and suffering those to droop across the edge, and her window is presently finer than if curtained with point lace. Another window she fills by degrees with a double tier of plants, raised from such slips as neighbors give each other—a rose, a geranium, a daphne, a gloxinia rooted from a single leaf, a fuchsia, a jasmine; she gives them such sunshine as she can, charcoal, warm water, and care, and she soon has a tapestry of blossoms there that rival in brilliancy any tapestry of foreign looms, and an atmosphere of fragrance outdoing LUBIN'S distillery. If there is a third window, she stands a pot of ivy near it, and winds the branches in and out across it as they grow till it is a lattice-work of greenery, and then the long stems slowly spread their arms about the room and make it a little bower, while the coal-stove in use in every house prevents all injury to the pretty nurslings in the coldest weather. Is not that simple decoration in itself preferable to those of Mrs. Potiphar's drawing-room, where there were curtains of every conceivable dye, and carpets that looked as if the curtains had dripped on them?

There is then, perhaps, a hideous paper on the walls; she puts up with it, if she must; but when it is to be replaced, she remembers that the backs of the commonest kitchen wall-papers, that sell at six cents a roll, are always of a soft and uniform gray; and since satin-faced, pearl-tinted, and gilded papers are out of the question, she uses her influence to have the kitchen paper put upon the parlor wall, with the plain wrong side out. To the ornamenting of this plain surface she then turns her labors. Perhaps she can induce the purchase of a print; perhaps a lithograph comes with the weekly paper; perhaps she is forced to resort to the double supplement of some chance sheet; whatever she has, she frames it in a passe-partout of her own, and finds nothing easier to do; and she pins up about it, as it hangs, a sort of halo of delicate pressed ferns radiating from it. In another spot she hangs a wreath of the vivid and varied maple leaves of autumn; and perhaps she incloses the little photographs of some friends in frames made of four sticks, and covered by the help of a little putty with the shells that have been in the garret ever since she was born, or with gray winter mosses and scarlet berries. Then she has dealings with the wizard ol' clo' man, and certain useless garments of the house turn into vases for the mantel-shelf, which she has already hidden and fringed with the knotted ravelings of an old shawl; and in the vases are dried twigs, branches of scarlet elder berries, lovely seed-vessels, and tufts of the milk-weed, whose frost-split pods look like little white-sailed birds sailing away on the wind—daintier things than wax-flowers, or china shepherdesses, or any of the other frequent mantel-shelf atrocities. She has, meanwhile, importuned till her father has bought a square of green baize, or else she has found some way of turning a penny and has bought it herself, and she has hemmed and tasseled it for a table-cloth; and after so much she makes haste to bend all her energies to the covering and cushioning of the wooden chairs with a pretty copper-plate, to the making of a box-lounge, to a barrel-chair stuffed with hay; and at last she and her brothers sit about the table to draw designs for little brackets to adorn the corners and waste places of the room, and to whittle them out of such old cigar boxes as they have been able to lay their hands on.

There, then, is one delightful room. And others easily follow; for of course the parents, on seeing such a spirit, can not be very backward in giving what assistance may be possible to them.

Now out of all this better things even than pretty windows and pleasant walls have arisen. There has been created a growing regard for the affairs of home, an engagement and absorption in them; the mother has been gratified, and has allowed the work; the father has been pleased, and has given as he could; he has felt it his duty to encourage; he has brought home a pretty lamp, perhaps, or a chromo, or a rug, if he had to pinch himself in many a pipe or other pleasure to do it; the boys have been interested, and have been kept out of the streets—hammering and whittling and helping; they have been proud to bring their companions in, and round the green baize table cheerful games have started into life, and the evenings that used to be tedious horrors have found wings that fly all too quickly. Moreover, in the new surroundings new manners have come about. People frequently find that rude and boorish ways are ill at ease in the midst of refined and graceful things, and so gradually accommodate themselves to circumstances. We all, unconsciously albeit, behave ourselves better than common when in our "Sunday clothes." And the daughter who has taken this interest and these pains will find gentle answers and pleasant attentions springing up about her, just as the soft and new forest growth of maple and oak spring up when the rugged forest of pine has been cut away. She will find, too, that the mother grows ambitious to have the little sitting-room match the parlor; a more civilized conduct will be demanded there by her—napkins will develop on the table, perhaps plated forks; collars will be put on before breakfast, and the best chamber will begin to blossom like a rose.

There is, in fact, no limit to what one ambitious and determined young girl who is dissatisfied with her home can accomplish there in perfectly proper ways. And we think that if instead of imagining that her dissatisfaction is a calling to teach in the Five Nations or go a missionary to the Feejee Islands, she looks at it and understands it, and stays and does her whole duty at home, she will have accomplished a greater work, both of civilization and religion, and will have realized the full meaning of that saying of Colonel HIGGINSON'S, that "noble discontent is the path to heaven."

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NEW YORK FASHIONS.

TRAVELING OUTFITS.

THE various shades of brown, from écru and dust-color down to mordoré and leaf brown, are preferred this season for traveling suits instead of the gray dresses that have been in vogue so long. Next to brown in popularity are the grayish-green shades, sage, réséda, and mignonette; and there are many new suits of the stylish ocean tints of grayish-blue. Two shades are generally used in these suits—a very light shade for the over dress, and an extremely dark one for the skirt beneath, that must come in contact with the street. The darkest shade is used for trimming the lighter garment, and gives it character. A few suits are made entirely of one shade, but they are insipid-looking.

The materials for traveling dresses are those rough-surfaced goods that have the appearance of being worn for service and as semi-dress, yet are so limp and flexible that they drape gracefully, and are therefore stylish. First among these is camel's-hair and its many serge imitations. This is merely bought for the polonaise, which requires four or five yards of this double-width goods, which costs from $3 to $6 a yard. The skirt is usually silk, but for long journeys, such as an ocean voyage or the trip to the Pacific, a skirt of the camel's-hair is added, and trimmed simply with bias bands of the material, edged perhaps with wool fringe. Next in favor for these lengthy voyages are suits of English water-proof of the deep purplish-blue shade; with buttons of oxidized silver for the only ornament, a polonaise suit of this fabric may be made very effective, and will stand the hard wear of travel better than any material in use. The water-proof cloth costs from $2 50 to $4 a yard; a polonaise made of it is very pretty when worn with a black silk skirt. For brides' traveling dresses the soft *caressante* cashmere is still very popular, though it is being gradually displaced by more "fuzzy stuffs." Of the latter, de baize is the principal inexpensive fabric. This is soft undressed wool, rough-surfaced, thin enough for the wind to blow through, yet strong, and so clinging that it gives sufficient warmth. It is single width, and costs 50 cents a yard. $10 buys sufficient for a dress, and if made at home the cost of the entire suit will be from $15 to $20. Bias silk bands of a darker brown, with silk collar, pockets, cuffs, sash, and large button-moulds covered with silk, are the trimming. Velvet instead of silk is much used for trimming traveling dresses, but is too heavy for de baize. These velvet-trimmed dresses will be worn all summer, and velvet skirts will also be stylishly worn until the heat of summer makes them intolerable. Gray mohair, for 50 or 60 cents a yard, is a durable fabric for traveling suits. Its glazed surface repels dust, and it will not cockle after dampness. For short trips in summer undressed linen the natural color of the flax will be made in suits as formerly, also the deep blue linens that are new this season, and of which we have already spoken. Pure flax linens cost 40 or 50 cents a yard, and are trimmed with flounces, bias bands, and large white buttons, either pearl or imitation ivory. Very little blue linen has been imported; it is found only at the private modistes', and costs $1 a yard. In still thinner batiste the lace-striped goods are chosen for polonaises, and solid grounds for the lower skirts. Exclusive houses show fine batistes that are sold for $2 a yard, but the same patterns are imitated in the coarse goods sold for 25 cents a yard, and this is bringing figured batistes into disfavor. The plain ground finely embroidered in darker brown shades, and the camel's-hair or tufted batistes, are very handsome. French embroidered costumes, unmade, shown in boxes, cost from $12 to $25. The embroidery is done by hand in Napoleon blue on the more expensive costumes, while the cheaper ones show many ruffles ornamented with woven Hamburg embroidery in white.

The appropriate mode of making traveling dresses is a very long plain polonaise and single skirt trimmed with bands, facings, and simply gathered flounces, but without heavy pleatings and those elaborate hand-made trimmings that catch dust and are so difficult to cleanse. Two ten-inch flounces gathered, with a band of silk for heading and edging, trim de baize and other woolen skirts prettily. A réséda or a brown camel's-hair polonaise may be found ready-made, with silk or velvet trimmings, for $50; if made to order it will cost $75. A suit with brown silk skirt and camel's-hair polonaise, made at the best modistes', costs about $150. These flannel-like suits of camel's-hair are especially appropriate for the sea-side and for mountain excursions. The fronts of polonaises are long enough to touch the bottom of the skirt beneath them. One or two rows of buttons ornament this front, and sometimes there is a wide silk facing or revers, with imitation bound button-holes placed down the front. The loose-fronted polonaise with a single dart, worn full and without a belt, gives an appearance of embonpoint to the most slender figure. The back consists of two straight sacque-shaped lengths, belted down either outside or underneath, with much fullness added for the skirt drapery. There are two new modes of draping this season; the first catches the skirt up in the middle of the back only, drawing the front open and down in a long point on each side; the second leaves the closed front and sides plain and square without a wrinkle, and strings are used to tie them back under the bouffant back. A third fashion—not new, but still very popular—drapes the sides high and very far back, while the back breadths hang long and full.

The traveling hat is of chip, brown or gray to match the dress, and is trimmed with two shades of bias silk of the colors used in the costume. The shape is either a Rubens with brim turned up on the side only, or else a Rabagas which is turned up all around. A black chip hat is used when black velvet collar, cuffs, and sash are on the polonaise. The handkerchief veil of gray or very dark green grenadine is universal. The new lingerie for traveling is made of percale, with dark gray, blue, or black lines and bars on white. It comes in little chemisettes, with standing English collar and deep cuffs turned over in points at the corners to match the collar. Plain sets of collar (without chemisette) and cuffs cost 40 cents. Écru batiste lingerie is also worn with the pretty black taffeta silk suits made especially for traveling and for morning wear on the street.

Long dusters of gray linen, with striped skirts of black and white percale, are the French "over-all" suits imported to be put on over a handsome traveling costume and preserve it from soil. The linen duster is merely a very long polonaise with loose double-breasted front, belted back, and cape. This with the percale skirt costs $12. Large plain linen dusters, made like a water-proof cloak, cost $5. The undressed kid gloves worn when traveling are very long, fastened by but one button at the wrist, but with a long closed cuff that moulds itself on the arm. In Russia leather belts the lisse (smooth) leather, either black or dark green, is preferred to the red. They are fastened by silvered clasps before or behind, and have a silvered châtelaine for an umbrella, vinaigrette, etc. The useful châtelaine bag seems to have lost favor merely on account of its popularity. The accessories of traveling toilettes, such as folios for paper, nécessaires for sewing materials, dressing-cases, inkstands, drinking cups, and even tiny clocks, are now covered with Russia leather, or else with écru canvas bound with leather.

LACE SACQUES AND POLONAISES.

Strong, serviceable guipure will be the proper lace this summer, and sacques and polonaises the fashionable lace wraps. The stylish sacque is amply long and loose, or else is slightly shaped to the figure, and has half-flowing sleeves. Young ladies will wear sacques that are slashed up the back, but the plain simple shape will be most used. Many sacques have centres of imitation guipure in rose patterns with real lace border; these are very well thought of, because the imitation guipure is all silk and jetty black, differing from real guipure only in being woven instead of hand-made. These sacques, with real borders, cost $33 for the best styles, and other qualities are shown as low as $12. Newer than these, and still handsomer, are the imported sacques made of real guipure insertion sewed in lengthwise stripes, slightly shaped to the figure, and with flowing sleeves. A very pretty one may be bought for $60; thence the price increases to $200. Yak lace or woolen guipure sacques are also shown; they are commended for their durability and pretty designs; some have the square Dolman sleeves, and are fastened by a filigree silver clasp. Llama lace sacques woven in imitation of hand-made thread lace are prettily worn with black dresses, are durable and strong, and are now worn by ladies who a few years ago refused to wear any thing less than thread lace. They cost from $12 to $80; the qualities most salable are those costing from $30 to $40. A small llama sacque with slashed back, such as young ladies wear, may be bought for $35, of such admirable quality that it can scarcely be distinguished from real thread. Fine thread lace sacques cost from $60 to $275. Ladies who can afford to have one of these frail and beautiful garments usually purchase a llama or guipure sacque to save their finer ones.

Long belted polonaises with flowing sleeves are shown in guipure lace, costing from $80 to $150; an especially fine one, with insertion stripes, a high standing fraise, an exquisitely wrought lace border, and voluminous back breadths draped in square scarfs and held by a blue sash, costs $450. Plainer llama polonaises cost from $40 to $100.

Lace points retain their three-cornered shape. The shaded princesse designs in llama and thread lace are very beautiful, but have not met with proper appreciation, and shawls ornamented with these shaded figures are sold now for one-third of their original price. Very beautiful princesse llama shawls now offered for $25 were formerly marked $80. Directions for draping lace points to form stylish mantles were given in the New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 20, Vol. VI. Watered ribbon bows look especially well with laces.

Lace scarfs for the neck are usually made of Spanish blonde with polka dot or else a thickly wrought sprig, and fanciful appliqué border in scroll or else leaf pattern. They cost from $8 to $12, and measure from a yard and a half to three yards in length.

VARIETIES.

Among the latest importations are suits of black grenadine with five lengthwise graduated puffs covering the three front breadths and meeting a narrow flounce at the foot. On the back breadths are four wide straight gathered flounces. The basque is long, and in this instance the silk lining is cut low. Other grenadine basques have thread insertions sewed in the side forms and arranged in Pompadour squares.

Pale blue camel's-hair polonaises for carriage costumes have white vines of embroidery, and are edged with white unbleached yak lace: price $140. Another carriage wrap is a white cashmere mantle with long square fronts; it is lined with blue silk, has a blue silk hood, and watered ribbon Watteau bow, and the edge is finished with yak insertion and lace: price $90. A third wrap is of tourterelle gray cloth with silk lining and oxidized clasp.

French morning dresses of white nansook have a jacket and demi-train, with the front covered with horizontal tucks and Valenciennes lace. The neck is edged with a high fraise of lace.

To wear with white or black dresses are pink and blue turquoise silks made in vest shape, and trimmed with appliqué embroidery and Valenciennes lace. Bows of black velvet fasten the front. Price $20. Very full fluffy ruches of white tulle for the neck, with lengthwise jabot bows of pink, green, or blue, cost $3. The plain high tulle ruche is $1 50. Pleated muslin fraises in two standing frills, shaped very high behind and sloped away in front, are edged with Italian Valenciennes, and sold for $1 25.

Imported white repped piqué polonaises prettily braided and edged with bullion fringe are sold in boxes, not made up, for $25.

New bustles with arched whalebone frames covered with muslin, and afterward with ruffles edged with lace, cost from $7 to $15.

For information received thanks are due Miss SWITZER; Madame BERNHEIM; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

M. DE LESSEPS, who nineteen years ago conceived and opened to SAID PASHA, of Egypt, the project of making the Suez Canal, and who, in 1859, commenced the work, may now have his little laugh against England. Lord PALMERSTON spoke of the enterprise as being fettered with insurmountable difficulties, and English capitalists generally refused to take stock in it. Of the £16,000,000 expended in its construction France furnished £12,000,000, and now that it is a success M. DE LESSEPS, who virtually controls it, makes Englishmen pay roundly for their lack of faith and foresight. For upward of a year the canal dues have been in effect doubled, and as out of every hundred ships going through the canal seventy-nine are British, the cost to the bold Briton is something that touches him deeply.

—The Duke of Edinburgh, according to German journals, has been making large purchases of furniture, etc., at Berlin, with which he is fitting up his palace at Coburg anew in magnificent style. Over there they talk about it as though house-furnishing was the chief end of man. It is not.

—Mr. RALPH W. EMERSON, who was lately a visitor at the London Working-men's College, of which Mr. TOM HUGHES is principal, said he had derived pleasure from the visit, and that the college was one fit for England and worthy of England; and, in a sly way, Mr. E. thought, as a country, that England fairly stood next to the United States.

—On Tuesday evening last the Rev. Dr. HAIGHT, of this city, who declined the episcopate of Massachusetts, delivered a sermon before the Episcopal Convention of that diocese on the life and labors of the late Bishop EASTBURN.

—Emulating the example of DREW and VANDERBILT, a wealthy gentleman of San Francisco has placed in the hands of Bishop KIP a handsome sum of money for the purpose of purchasing a lot just outside the grounds of the State University at Berkeley, and the erection thereon of a handsome chapel for the accommodation of professors and students. He is an Episcopalian, but refuses for the present to have his name published.

—Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY writes from London that "Mr. EMERSON still continues to be the lion of London. Noblemen are clamorous to have him sit at their tables, and the Lord Mayor of London offers him a banquet he has had to decline. This evening the Dean of Westminster will entertain him at dinner. Mr. EMERSON will visit Oxford, where he will be the guest of Professor MAX MÜLLER; he will perhaps visit South Wales, York, and Edinburgh; and will sail for America on May 15, in company with Mr. CHARLES NORTON, of Cambridge, and his sisters. Mr. EMERSON and his daughter voyaged up the Nile as far as Philæ."

—One KASTNER, a scientist of renown, who has lately investigated the phenomena of singing flames, described at a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences an instrument which he had invented, and which he called the pyrophone.

—We forbear to give the name of that Massachusetts editor who says that when a Universalist clergyman prays in secret he steadfastly gazes toward Boston, and petitions that he may have a call, if not to the Hub itself, at least to some of its charming suburbs.

—The villa of the late ALEXANDER POPE, Esq., poet, etc., at Twickenham, is advertised for sale. The present house is modern, being a substantial edifice of Elizabethan design, the villa actually inhabited by POPE having been pulled down by Lady HOWE and Sir WATHEN WALLER nearly seventy years ago, and part of POPE'S grounds having been built over. The garden, lawn, and adjoining grove are comparatively but little changed from what they were when tenanted by ALEXANDER POPE.

—PAREPA set the Egyptians all agog at Cairo recently by singing a Greek song. There was to be a concert in half a dozen languages, and the Greek basso took sick; and PAREPA, though knowing nothing of the language, mastered it sufficiently in twelve hours to give the song so well that the public "nearly went mad over her"—and there is a good deal of PAREPA to get mad over.

—Mr. ADAMS, of Hartford, was another good man. He died recently. But he had previously made a will leaving $20,000 as a fund to support lame horses. For that purpose, ample; for ducks, quite inadequate.

—Rev. OLYMPIA BROWN, pastor of the Universalist Society at Bridgeport, Connecticut, after winning and converting much Yankee heart, has finally solaced herself with a single one, which beats in the interior of the manly form of Mr. JOHN HENRY WILLIS, a respectable business man and citizen of her parish. Although the wedding was celebrated in Providence, it was not by special dispensation. We might introduce a classical quotation on OLYMPIA, but refrain.

—M. GRAMME, of Paris, has won fame and a prize of $10,000 for the invention of an electro-magnetic machine, one of the simplest and most efficient that has been invented. The prize was paid by the Paris Academy of Sciences. The construction is so free from complications that the instrument will work and give a continuous current for months together, and to those who know any thing of the subject these will appear as results of the highest importance. One of the uses to which this machine may be immediately applied is the production of a light of intense brilliancy, which will be seen farther than any other electric light yet known. One of the French steam-ship companies is about to use this light on its vessels as a precaution against collisions or other casualties, and it is obvious it can be made of great general utility.

—Madame THIERS lent the prestige of her presence to a bazar at the Paris Opera-house, where one hundred and forty thousand francs were realized for the orphans of soldiers killed in the war.

—Think what an excellent woman was MARY CLARKE, the mother of that famous man who commentated so tremendously on the Bible. This was what she inculcated on her sons: "Do nothing carelessly, and then, with the ability you have, you will do most things well. Be exact in all you do, nor let the least matter pass you unexamined. In your reading, too, investigate your subject, and be not satisfied with skimming on the surface of things, nor make any attempt to grasp the whole without attending to every part in order. Paying attention to particulars as well as to generalities will by degrees give you a habit of mental observation, while at the same time it will deepen your knowledge. Do not forget to bear your needs and your heart in private before God, that He may grant you grace and direct all your future path in life."

—THOMAS JEFFERSON'S family carriage, imported by him from Europe, was, as they say of woolens and things, "good goods," for it still withstands the thousand shocks that such vehicles are heir to, and was lately sent to a wagonist's to be repaired. By a judicious system of repairing that antique vehicle may be kept in running order a thousand years, to excite the veneration of future generations, and rack the bones of future owners.

—Colonel JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE and wife (formerly Miss EDGAR, of this city) are stopping in town awaiting the finishing of their residence at Newport, where they will dwell during the heated months.

—STRAUSS'S memory has been honored in Vienna. The fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the orchestra bearing his name was celebrated on the 6th of April by the two sons, JOHANN and EDUARD. In 1823 the old original STRAUSS performed his first composition in an orchestra composed of eighteen musicians, a number subsequently raised to thirty. He died in 1849, and his eldest son, JOHANN, further augmented the band by twelve performers. In 1853 JOSEPH, the second son, took command of the orchestra in association with EDUARD, and on his death, in 1870, EDUARD succeeded to the sole charge of a band now numbering forty-seven.

—Mr. DAVID LAURIE, of Glasgow, has just sold to a musical amateur in Edinburgh the beautiful Cremona violin known as the "Sancy Stradivarius," for the large sum of $1750. The date of the violin is 1713, and it is in perfect preservation.

—Mr. C. P. SHELTON, of New Haven, Connecticut, has erected a building called "Shelton Hall," especially for the benefit of his son, WILLIS SHELTON, the famous boy organist. It was dedicated a few days ago, with the aid of OLE BULL, S. P. WARREN, of Grace Church, in this city, and a few other musical eminents.

—Mr. JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD, of this city, who died on the 6th inst., was of a family of renown, and well did he maintain the fame of his ancestors. From his youth he devoted himself to the study of American history, with especial reference to the period when the Dutch were in the ascendant in this country. In 1839 he went to Holland as a member of the United States legation at the Hague, and while there was appointed, in 1841, by Governor SEWARD, under the authority of the Legislature, to search out and make copies of such original documents as referred to the early history of this State. The next three years of his life were spent in this work. He examined the archives of Holland, England, and France, and as the fruit of his labors obtained more than five thousand separate papers, which he brought with him to this country in 1844. After an examination of these documents Mr. BANCROFT said of them that "the ship in which he returned was more richly freighted with new materials for American history than any that had ever crossed the Atlantic." From 1846 until 1849 Mr. BRODHEAD was in England as secretary of the United States legation, of which Mr. BANCROFT was chief. On his return he began his *History of the State of New York*, the first volume of which was issued in 1853, and the second in 1871. From 1853 until 1857 he was Naval Officer of this port, having declined the appointment of consul-general to Japan, which was conferred on him in 1855.

—The Rev. Dr. CHAPIN has no special cause for complaint at the closeness of his congregation. On the 7th inst. was celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorship of that church. And what did the brethren do? Behold they gave unto him a silken purse, deftly made by lady hands, in which was artfully concealed ten thousand dollars. But the doctor found it out, and exposed the nefarious transaction in language fit and emphatic. They even talk of aggravating the affair by stretching the purse.

—Mrs. General WOOL, who died a few days ago at Troy, at the age of eighty-six, was a worthy helpmate to her distinguished husband. She was descended from one of the oldest and best families in the country, some of whom had given to it their blood, and some their lives.

—Captain HENRY, grandson of PATRICK HENRY, died a few days since at Washington. He had been a man of means, but was brought into reduced circumstances by the war, and at the time of his death was serving as a watchman in the Treasury Department.

—Mr. GROTE, the historian, and Sir GEORGE C. LEWIS held one curious belief in common, viz., the slight value to be attached to early traditions. Mr. GROTE doubted whether there was any ground for the belief that Troy had existed.

—At a concert recently given at Pesth the audience tried to carry away LISZT piecemeal, in the manner of relic hunters. His music, coat, buttons, and shirt collar went; in short, he was generally and successfully burgled. He now contemplates a backward movement, and again to become a fine old monk.

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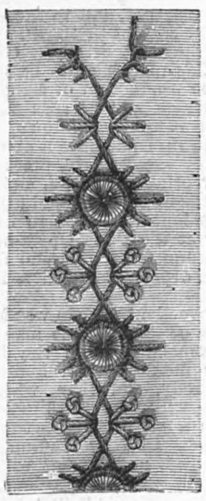

Fig. 5.—POINT RUSSE AND KNOT STITCH BORDER FOR WRITING-CASE.—FULL SIZE. [See Figs. 1 and 2, Page 341.]

Fig. 1.—CASHMERE SACQUE.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 7-11.

Fig. 2.—CASHMERE SACQUE.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 7-11.

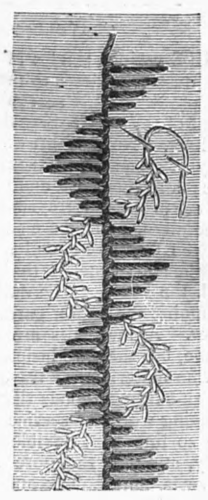

Fig. 6.—SECTION OF POINT RUSSE BORDER FOR WRITING-CASE.—FULL SIZE. [See Figs. 1 and 2, Page 341.]

Gentleman's Collar-Box. Crochet and Point Russe.—Figs. 1-3.

THIS box with an underlapping lid is of thick cardboard, and is three inches and three-quarters high and six inches in diameter. It is covered on the inside with white glazed paper, and on the outside with brown carriage leather of a medium shade, which is ornamented, as shown by the illustration, with crochet strips of gray cotton and point Russe embroidery in saddler's silk. The strips for the rim of the box consist each of ten rounds, which are worked lengthwise, going back and forth, as follows: On a foundation of the requisite length crochet the 1st–4th rounds all in sc. (single crochet), in ribbed crochet stitch, always inserting the needle in the front vein of each st. (stitch) in the preceding round. At the end of these rounds, before turning the work, always 1 ch. (chain stitch). 5th round.—3 ch., which count as first dc. (double crochet), 1 dc. on the next st. (inserting the needle in both upper veins), * 2 ch., with these pass over 2 st., 2 dc. on the next 2 st.; repeat from * to the end. 6th round.—3 ch., which count as first dc., then always alternately 2 ch., 2 dc. on the 2 ch. in the preceding round. 7th–10th rounds.—Like the 1st–4th rounds. Having worked the requisite number of such strips, baste them on the carriage leather at regular intervals, and join them with point Russe and knotted stitches of saddler's silk in several shades of brown, as shown by Fig. 3, which gives a full-sized section of the embroidery border. Paste the finished cover on the rim of the box. On the outside of the bottom paste a piece of dark brown carriage leather of the requisite size, and bind the box on the upper and under edges with worsted braid of the same color, which has first been ornamented with a cross seam of lighter silk. Work the eight crochet strips for the cover of the lid partly in connection. Begin from the middle with a foundation of 4 ch., which are closed in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch). On this ring crochet three rounds of sc., always going forward, widening in the first round 1 st. on each st., and in the second and third rounds widen so that the third round counts 16 st. 4th round.—* 30 ch. as a foundation for the first strip of the crochet part, pass over the last 3 ch. (these count as first dc.), and going back on the remaining ch. work 2 dc. on the next foundation st.; four times alternately 2 ch., pass over 2 foundation st., 2 dc. on the following 2 foundation st., then 3 ch., pass over 3 foundation st., 7 sc. on the next 7 foundation st., 1 sc. on the second following st. in the third round; repeat from *, always going forward, and fasten the thread. 5th round.—This round is worked on the wrong side of the crochet-work, and is begun at the end of a strip; * 25 sc. on the foundation st. of the next strip in the preceding round, passing over the last 3 and the first 2 st., 1 ch., 25 sc. on the corresponding st. of the following strip, 3 st. on the 3 ch. which count as first dc. at the end of the strip, and repeat from *. In a similar manner work three rounds more in ribbed crochet, narrowing the sc. at both sides of each strip toward the middle of the crochet part by 2 st. each, and working always 1 ch. in the hollow between two strips. Fasten the finished crochet part on the carriage leather with point Russe and knotted stitch, as shown by Fig. 2, and then paste the carriage leather on the lid. On the middle of the lid set a crochet-covered button, on which silk is stretched, and furnish the outer edge with a binding of brown braid ornamented with a cross seam in the manner shown by the illustration.

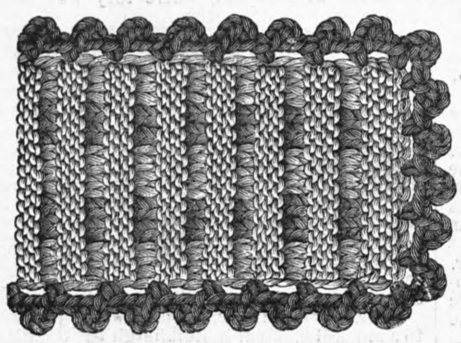

Fig. 2.—SECTION OF SHAWL-STRAP, FIG. 1, FIRST PAGE.—FULL SIZE.

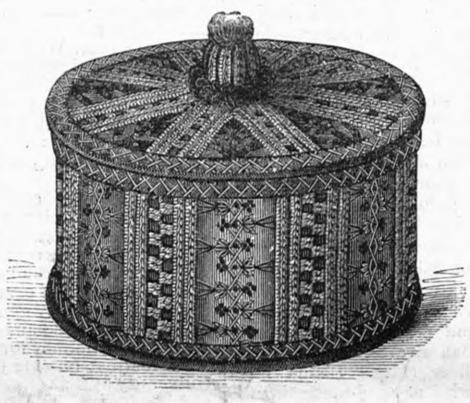

Fig. 1.—GENTLEMAN'S COLLAR-BOX.—CROCHET AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY. [See Figs. 2 and 3.]

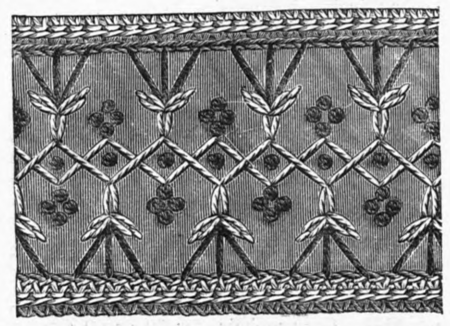

Fig. 3.—EMBROIDERY BORDER FOR COLLAR-BOX, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

Medallions in Satin and Half-polka Stitch and Point Russe Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE small medallions are suitable for trimming baskets, memorandum-books, and other fancy articles. They are those used on the card-rack, page 341, and are worked in satin and half-polka stitch and point Russe on light cloth or faille with saddler's silk, either in various bright colors, or else in several shades of one color. In the latter case it is advisable to use some real gold thread.

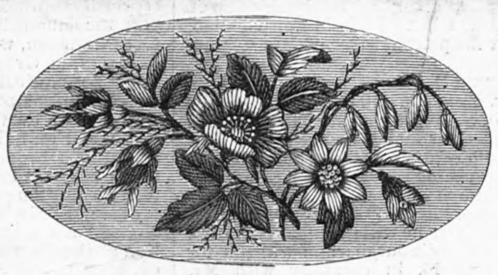

Fig. 1.—MEDALLION IN SATIN AND HALF-POLKA STITCH AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.

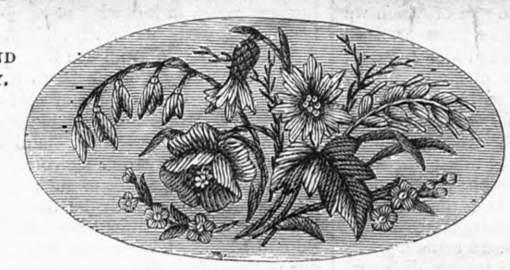

Fig. 2.—MEDALLION IN SATIN AND HALF-POLKA STITCH AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.

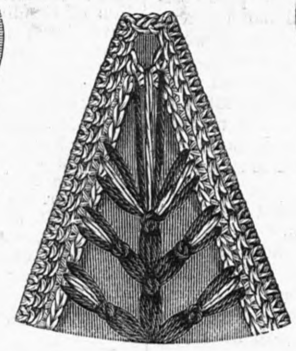

Fig. 2.—MANNER OF FASTENING CROCHET-WORK ON CARRIAGE LEATHER FOR COLLAR-BOX, FIG. 1. FULL SIZE.

Mignardise and Crochet Rosettes for Tidies, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 341.

THESE rosettes may be set together for tidies, or for covers of small or large cushions, work-baskets, etc. The originals are worked with mignardise and twisted crochet cotton, No. 80.

Fig. 1.—For this large rosette work, first, the middle star, fastening the ends of a piece of mignardise nineteen inches and a quarter long carefully together, then lay the mignardise in eight equal loops, as shown by the illustration, and join the eight loops of the mignardise which come together in the centre with 8 sl. (slip stitch). Border the star thus formed on the outer edge with the following three rounds. 1st round.—* 1 sc. (single crochet) on the middle loop of the next point of the star, 11 ch. (chain stitch), 1 stc. (short treble crochet) on the third following loop of the same point, and 1 stc. on the corresponding loop of the next point, work off both stc. together, drawing the thread through once, and 1 sc. on the upper vein of the joining stitch, 11 ch., pass over two loops, and repeat from *. 2d round.—On each st. (stitch) of the preceding round 1 sc. 3d round.—* 1 sc. on the next st., 7 ch., 1 p. (picot, consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these), 3 ch., pass over 6 st., and repeat from *. Pay no attention to this crochet part for the present. Take another piece of mignardise, and on one side crochet the 4th and 5th rounds as follows: 4th round.—1 sc. on the next loop, 13 ch., 1 sc. on the second following loop, 4 ch., fasten to the ninth of the 13 ch. (to do this drop the st. from the needle, insert the needle in the upper

Fig. 1.—VIGOGNE MANTELET.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-4.

Fig. 2.—VIGOGNE MANTELET.—BACK.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-4.

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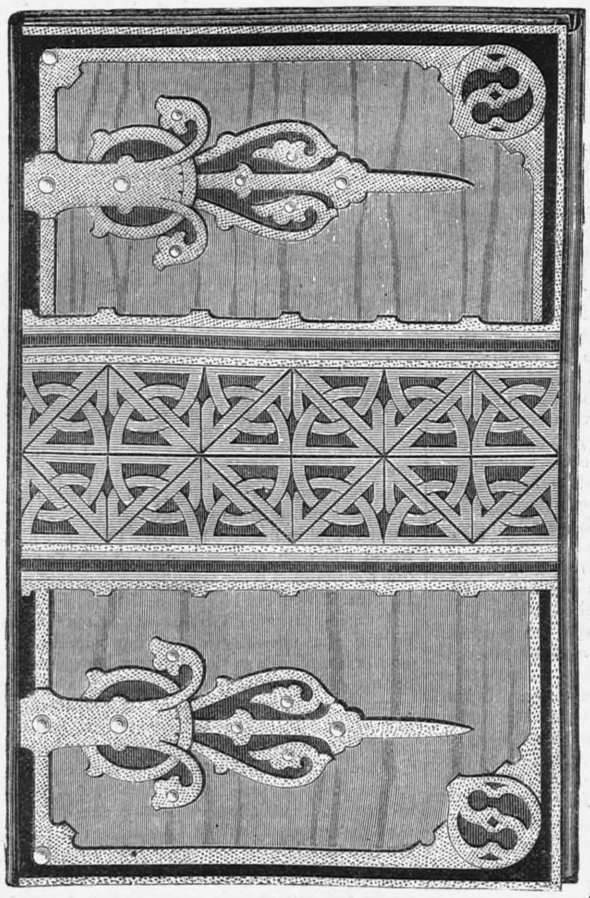
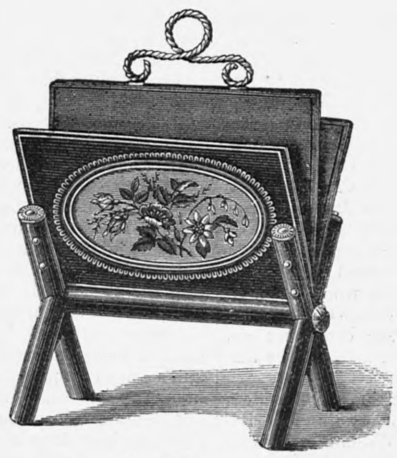


DESIGN FOR COVER OF TABLETS OR NEEDLE-BOOK.
WOOD PAINTING.



CARD-RECEIVER.

the scallop downward so that the right side again comes uppermost, and draw the dropped st. through the sc. last worked. Work 2 ch., and then repeat from *, always going forward. The ends of the mignardise which come together in a hollow between the scallops should be fastened together carefully. 5th round.—On each of the st. forming a circle in the preceding round work 1 sc., after every 9 sc. fasten to a ch. scallop of the third round, observing Fig. 1. Edge the rosette with one round of sc. and ch.; this round, as well as the small rosette, is worked as plainly shown by the illustrations.

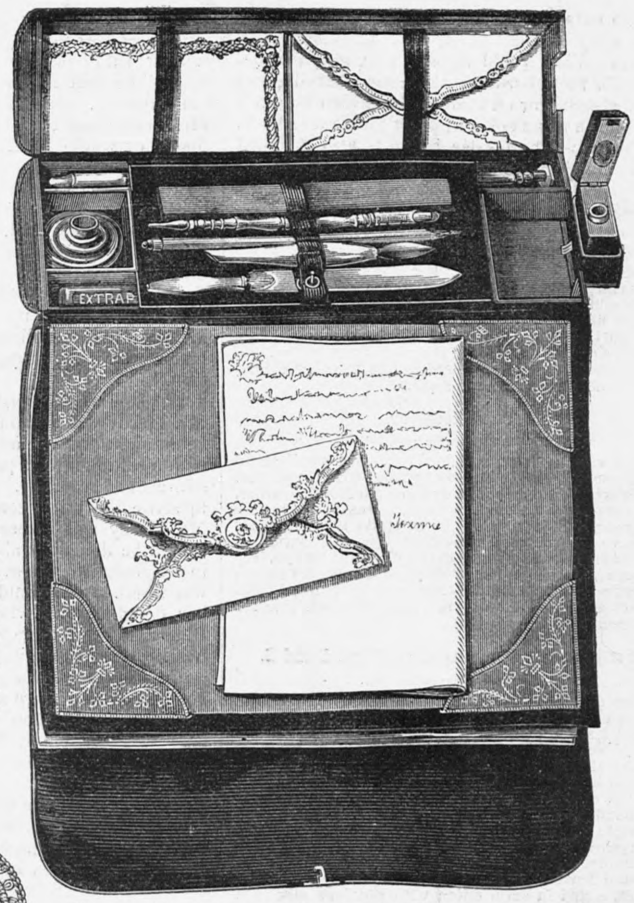


Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED TRAVELING WRITING-DESK.—OPEN.
[See Figs. 2–4; and Figs. 5 and 6, Page 340.]

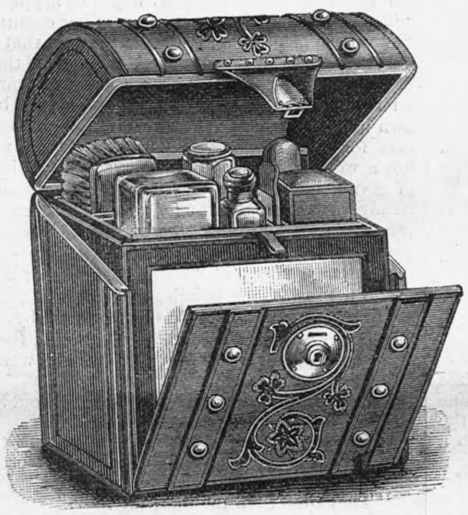
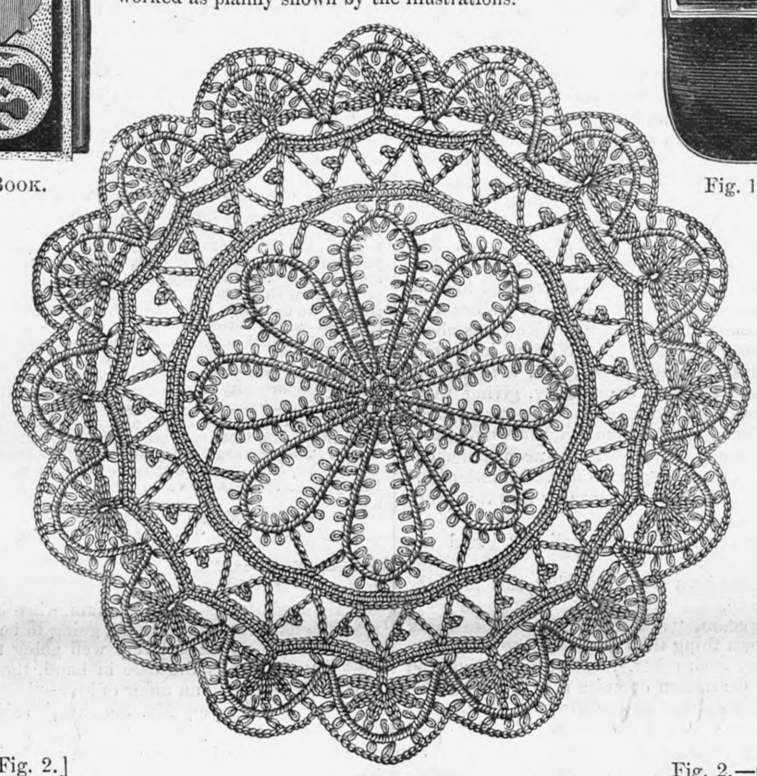
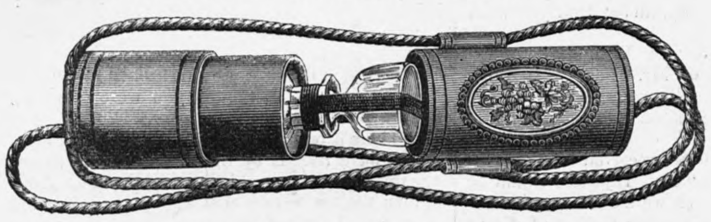


Fig. 1.—GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-CASE.—OPEN.—[See Fig. 2.]
For design see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 44 and 45.



Figs. 1 and 2.—MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET ROSETTES FOR TIDIES, ETC.

Fig. 2.—GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-CASE.—CLOSED.—[See Fig. 1.]
For design see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 44 and 45.



TRAVELING-CASE WITH FLASK AND GLASS.
For design see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 22.

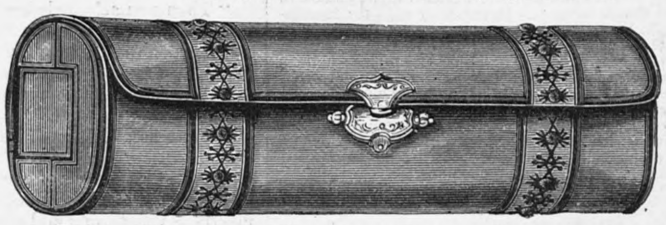
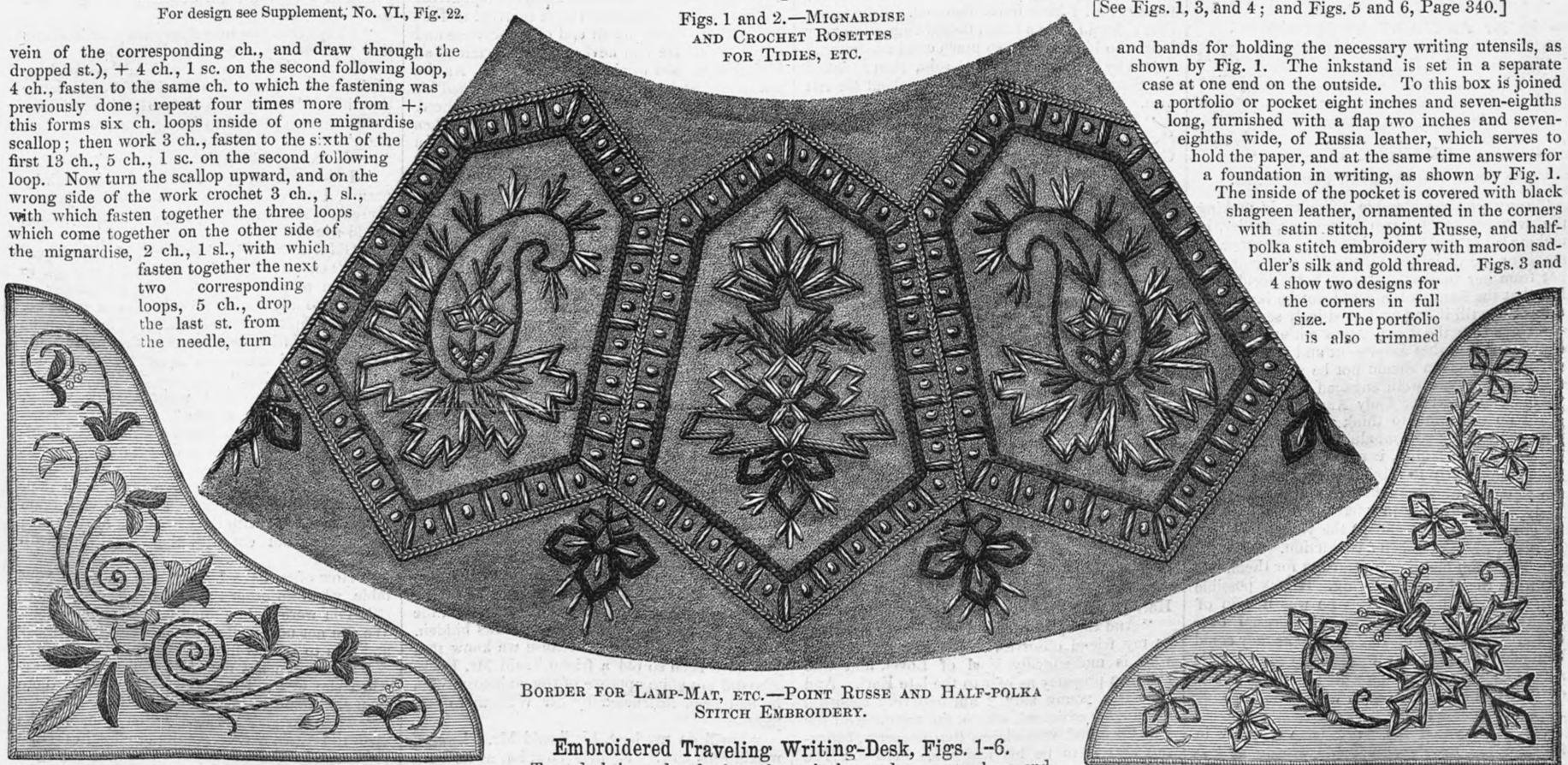


Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED TRAVELING WRITING-DESK.—CLOSED.
[See Figs. 1, 3, and 4; and Figs. 5 and 6, Page 340.]

vein of the corresponding ch., and draw through the dropped st.), + 4 ch., 1 sc. on the second following loop, 4 ch., fasten to the same ch. to which the fastening was previously done; repeat four times more from +; this forms six ch. loops inside of one mignardise scallop; then work 3 ch., fasten to the sixth of the first 13 ch., 5 ch., 1 sc. on the second following loop. Now turn the scallop upward, and on the wrong side of the work crochet 3 ch., 1 sl., with which fasten together the three loops which come together on the other side of the mignardise, 2 ch., 1 sl., with which fasten together the next two corresponding loops, 5 ch., drop the last st. from the needle, turn

and bands for holding the necessary writing utensils, as shown by Fig. 1. The inkstand is set in a separate case at one end on the outside. To this box is joined a portfolio or pocket eight inches and seven-eighths long, furnished with a flap two inches and seven-eighths wide, of Russia leather, which serves to hold the paper, and at the same time answers for a foundation in writing, as shown by Fig. 1. The inside of the pocket is covered with black shagreen leather, ornamented in the corners with satin stitch, point Russe, and half-polka stitch embroidery with maroon saddler's silk and gold thread. Figs. 3 and 4 show two designs for the corners in full size. The portfolio is also trimmed



BORDER FOR LAMP-MAT, ETC.—POINT RUSSE AND HALF-POLKA STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Fig. 3.—DESIGN FOR CORNER OF WRITING-DESK IN SATIN AND HALF-POLKA STITCH EMBROIDERY.—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 4.—DESIGN FOR CORNER OF WRITING-DESK IN POINT RUSSE AND HALF-POLKA STITCH EMBROIDERY.—FULL SIZE.

Embroidered Traveling Writing-Desk, Figs. 1–6.

THIS desk is made of a box eleven inches and a quarter long and three inches and three-quarters wide, which is covered on the outside with Russia leather, and furnished on the inside with various sections

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on the outside with two embroidery borders as shown by Fig. 2, which represents the desk closed. Figs. 5 and 6, page 340, give two designs for these borders; these are worked either on the leather or on maroon faille with saddler's silk of the same color in point Russe and knotted stitch. The border Fig. 5 is also trimmed with small buttons covered with maroon silk.

Design for Cover of Tablets or Needle-Book. Wood Painting.

See illustration on page 341.

THE cover is of maple. For the arabesques leave the original color of the wood, and draw all the contours and lines with black Indian ink. Between the design figures cover the foundation partly with dark and partly with light blue, and for the small dots which simulate the nails of the mountings set on gold. Of course the painting may be done in other colors, as, for instance, entirely in sepia.

Card-Receiver.

See illustration on page 341.

THIS card-receiver, which simulates a small stand with portfolio, is six inches high and four inches and a half wide. It is made entirely of red Russia leather, and trimmed with small buttons, plates, and a handle of bronze. The front of the portfolio is ornamented with an embroidered medallion. The foundation of the embroidery is of light gray faille; the embroidery is worked with maroon saddler's silk and gold thread in satin and half-polka stitch and in point Russe. Figs. 1 and 2, page 340, give two designs suitable for the medallion.

Gentleman's Dressing-Case, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 341.

THIS dressing-case, which simulates a high trunk, and is especially designed for traveling, is of maroon Russia leather, eight inches high and four inches and a half wide. It is ornamented with an embroidery border, the side edges of which are covered with a strip of leather fastened on with large bronze buttons, as shown by the illustrations. A similar strip forms the handle of the dressing-case, which is closed with a bronze lock. The design for the border on the front is given by Fig. 44, Supplement, and the design for the border on the back and lid by Fig. 45. The flowers and leaves of the border are applied in maroon velvet, edged in satin stitch with saddler's silk in a lighter shade, and ornamented with half-polka stitch veins, and in the middle with several knots. The arabesques are worked in half-polka and knotted stitch with maroon silk in two shades. The front of the dressing-case is not joined with the sides, so that it may be turned down. The inside of the dressing-case, as shown by Fig. 1, consists of several large and small sections, which are designed to hold various toilette articles, and may be taken out, so as to insert a mirror in the space thus formed.

Traveling-Case with Flask and Glass.

See illustration on page 341.

THE main piece of this Russia leather case, which is eight inches long, serves to hold a flask, to which is fastened a goblet by means of elastic bands, as shown by the illustration. The upper part, forming the lid, is trimmed with an embroidered medallion on the outside. For the medallion work colored petit point embroidery on silk canvas, or else the foundation may be of light faille, and the embroidery in satin and half-polka stitch or point Russe with saddler's silk. Fig. 22, Supplement, gives the design for a medallion worked in this manner. Both parts of the case are furnished, as shown by the illustration, with long, stout leather loops through which coarse maroon worsted cord is run; this cord is thrown over the shoulder in carrying the case. The case may also be trimmed like the writing-desk illustrated on the same page, with either of the borders shown by Figs. 5 and 6, page 340, instead of the medallion.

Border for Lamp-Mats, etc. Point Russe and Half-polka Stitch Embroidery.

See illustration on page 341.

THIS embroidery border may be worked on light velvet, cloth, or cashmere, with braid and saddler's silk in various bright colors, in the Turkish style, or else in several shades of a color in harmony with the foundation. In the original the foundation consists of light gray cloth, and the embroidery figures are worked with dark brown, red, green, blue and maize saddler's silk in point Russe and half-polka stitch, and ornamented with knots and small gold beads. For the border of the figures sew on fine dark brown and maize silk braid (soutache); the trimming between the rows of braid is worked with saddler's silk of the same colors and with gold beads. This embroidery may also be used for round cushions.

LADY ANNA.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "The Warden," "The Small House at Allington," "Barchester Towers," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," "Orley Farm," "The Eustace Diamonds," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL PERSEVERES.

THERE was considerable difficulty in making the overture to the two ladies—or, rather, in making it to the elder lady, for the suggestion, if made to the daughter, must of course come to her from her mother. It had been decided at last that the Lady Anna could not be invited to the rectory till it had been positively settled that she should be the Lady Anna without further opposition, and that all present and future opposition to the claim should not be withdrawn till the young people were engaged to each other. "How can I call her Lady Anna before I have made up my mind to think that she is Lady Anna?" said the parson, almost in tears. As to the rest of the family, it may be said that they had come silently to think that the Countess was the Countess and that the Lady Anna was the Lady Anna—silently in reference to each other, for not one of them except the young lord had positively owned to such a conviction. Sir William Patterson had been too strong for them. It was true thas he was a Whig. It was possible that he was a traitor. But he was a man of might, and his opinion had domineered over theirs. To make things as straight as they could be made it would be well that the young people should be married. What would be the Earldom of Lovel without the wealth which the old mad Earl had amassed?

Sir William and Mr. Flick were strongly in favor of the marriage, and Mr. Hardy at last assented. The worst of it was that something of all this doubt on the part of the Earl and his friends was sure to reach the opposite party. "They are shaking in their shoes," Sergeant Bluestone said to his junior counsel, Mr. Mainsail. "I do believe they are not going to fight at all," he said to Mr. Goffe, the attorney for the Countess. Mr. Mainsail rubbed his hands. Mr. Goffe shook his head. Mr. Goffe was sure that they would fight. Mr. Mainsail, who had worked like a horse in getting up and arranging all the evidence on behalf of the Countess, and in sifting, as best he might, the Italian documents, was delighted. All this Sir William feared, and he felt that it was quite possible that the Earl's overture might be rejected because the Earl would not be thought to be worth having. "We must count upon his coronet," said Sir William to Mr. Flick. "She could not do better even if the property were undoubtedly her own."

But how was the first suggestion to be made? Mr. Hardy was anxious that every thing should be straightforward, and Sir William assented, with a certain inward peevishness at Mr. Hardy's stiff-necked propriety. Sir William was anxious to settle the thing comfortably for all parties. Mr. Hardy was determined not only that right should be done, but also that it should be done in a righteous manner. The great question now was whether they could approach the widow and her daughter otherwise than through Sergeant Bluestone. "The Sergeant is such a blunderbuss," said the Solicitor-General. But the Sergeant was counsel for these ladies, and it was at last settled that there should be a general conference at Sir William's chambers. A very short note was written by Mr. Flick to Mr. Goffe, stating that the Solicitor-General thought that a meeting might be for the advantage of all parties, and the meeting was arranged. There were present the two barristers and the one attorney for each side, and many an anxious thought was given to the manner in which the meeting should be conducted. Sergeant Bluestone was fully resolved that he would hold his own against the Solicitor-General, and would speak his mind freely. Mr. Mainsail got up little telling questions. Mr. Goffe and Mr. Flick both felt that it would behoove them to hold their peace, unless questioned, but were equally determined to hang fast by their clients. Mr. Hardy in his heart of hearts thought that his learned friend was about to fling away his case. Sir William had quite made up his mind as to his line of action. He seated them all most courteously, giving them place according to their rank—a great arm-chair for Sergeant Bluestone, from which he would hardly be able to use his arms with his accustomed energy—and then he began at once. "Gentlemen," said he, "it would be a great pity that this property should be wasted."

"No fear of that, Mr. Solicitor," said the Sergeant.

"It would be a great pity that this property should be wasted," repeated Sir William, bowing to the Sergeant, "and I am disposed to think that the best thing the two young people can do is to marry each other." Then he paused, and the three gentlemen opposite sat erect, the barristers as speechless as the attorneys. But the Solicitor-General had nothing to add. He had made his proposition, and was desirous of seeing what effect it might have before he spoke another word.

"Then you acknowledge the Countess's marriage, of course," said the Sergeant.

"Pardon me, Sergeant, we acknowledge nothing. As a matter of course, she is the Countess till it be proved that another wife was living when she was married."

"Quite as a matter of course," said the Sergeant.

"Quite as a matter of course, if that will make the case stronger," continued Sir William. "Her marriage was formal and regular. That she believed her marriage to be a righteous marriage before God, I have never doubted. God forbid that I should have a harsh thought against a poor lady who has suffered so much cruel treatment."

"Why have things been said, then?" asked the Sergeant, beginning to throw about his left arm.

"If I am not mistaken," said Mr. Mainsail, "evidence has been prepared to show that the Countess is a party to a contemplated fraud."

"Then you are mistaken, Mr. Mainsail," said Sir William. "I admit at once and clearly that the lady is not suspected of any fraud. Whether she be actually the Countess Lovel or not, it may—I fear it must—take years to prove, if the law be allowed to take its course."

"We think that we can dispose of any counter-claim in much less time than that," said the Sergeant.

"It may be so. I myself think that it would not be so. Our evidence in favor of the lady, who is now living some two leagues out of Palermo, is very strong. She is a poor creature, old, ignorant, fairly well off through the bounty of the late Earl, but always craving for some trifle more, unwilling to come to this country, childless, and altogether indifferent to the second marriage, except in so far as might interfere with her hopes of getting some further subsidy from the Lovel family. One is not very anxious on her behalf. One is only anxious—can only be anxious—that the vast property at stake should not get into improper hands."

"And that justice should be done," said Mr. Hardy.

"And that justice should be done, of course, as my friend observes. Here is a young man who is undoubtedly Earl of Lovel, and who claims a property as heir to the late Earl. And here is a young lady, I am told very beautiful and highly educated, who is the daughter of the late Earl, and who claims that property, believing herself to be his legitimate heiress. The question between them is most intricate."

"The onus probandi lies with you, Mr. Solicitor," said the Sergeant.

"We acknowledge that it does, but the case on that account is none the less intricate. With the view of avoiding litigation and expense, and in the certainty that by such an arrangement the enjoyment of the property will fall to the right owner yet, we propose that steps shall be taken to bring these two young people together. The lady, whom for the occasion I am willing to call the Countess, the mother of the lady whom I hope the young Earl will make his own Countess, has not been sounded on this subject."

"I should hope not," said the Sergeant.

"My learned friend takes me up a little short," said Sir William, laughing. "You gentlemen will probably consult together on the subject, and whatever may be the advice which you shall consider it to be your duty to give to the mother, and I am sure that you will feel bound to let her know the proposition that has been made—I do not hesitate to say that we have a right to expect that it shall be made known to her—I need hardly remark that, were the young lady to accept the young lord's hand, we should all be in a boat together in reference to the mother's rank, and to the widow's claim upon the personal property left behind him by her late husband."

And so the Solicitor-General had made his proposition, and the conference was broken up, with a promise that Mr. Flick should hear from Mr. Goffe upon the subject. But the Sergeant had at once made up his mind against the compromise now proposed. He desired the danger and the dust and the glory of the battle. He was true to his client's interests, no doubt—intended to be intensely true; but the personal, doggish love of fighting prevailed in the man, and he was clear as to the necessity of going on. "They know they are beat," he said to Mr. Goffe. "Mr. Solicitor knows as well as I do that he has not an inch of ground under his feet." Therefore Mr. Goffe wrote the following letter to Messrs. Norton and Flick:

"RAYMOND'S BUILDINGS, GRAY'S INN, *July* 1, 183-.

"DEAR SIRS,—In reference to the interview which took place at the chambers of the Solicitor-General on the 27th ult., we are to inform you that we are not disposed, as acting for our clients, the Countess of Lovel and her daughter the Lady Anna Lovel, to listen to the proposition then made. Apart from the very strong feeling we entertain as to the certainty of our clients' success—which certainly was not weakened by what we heard on that occasion—we are of opinion that we could not interfere with propriety in suggesting the marriage of two young persons who have not as yet had any opportunity of becoming acquainted with each other. Should the Earl of Lovel seek the hand of his cousin, the Lady Anna Lovel, and marry her with the consent of the Countess, we should be delighted at such a family arrangement; but we do not think that we, as lawyers—or, if we may be allowed to say so, that you, as lawyers—have any thing to do with such a matter.

"We are, dear Sirs,
"Yours very faithfully,
"GOFFE AND GOFFE.

"MESSRS. NORTON AND FLICK."

"Balderdash!" said Sir William, when he had read the letter. "We are not going to be done in that way. It was all very well going to the Sergeant, as he has the case in hand, though a worse messenger in an affair of love—"

"Not love as yet, Mr. Solicitor," said Mr. Flick.

"I mean it to be love, and I'm not going to be put off by Sergeant Bluestone. We must get to the lady by some other means. Do you write to that tailor of Keswick, and say that you want to see him."

"Will that be regular, Sir William?"

"I'll stand the racket, Mr. Flick." Mr. Flick did write to Thomas Thwaite, and Thomas Thwaite came up to London and called at Mr. Flick's chambers.

When Thomas Thwaite received his commission he was much rejoiced. Injustice would be done him unless so much were owned on his behalf. But, nevertheless, some feeling of disappointment which he could not analyze crept across his heart. If once the girl were married to Earl Lovel, there would be an end of his services and of his son's. He had never really entertained an idea that his son would marry the girl. As the reader will perhaps remember, he had warned his son that he must seek his sweetheart elsewhere. He had told himself over and over again that when the Countess came to her own there must be an end of this intimacy; that there could be nothing in common between him, the radical tailor of Keswick, and a really established countess. The Countess, while not yet really established, had already begged that his son might be instructed not to call her daughter simply by her Christian name. Old Thwaite on receiving this intimation of the difference of their position, though he had acknowledged its truth, had felt himself bitterly aggrieved, and now the moment had come. Of course the Countess would grasp at such an offer. Of course it would give her all that she had desired, and much more than she expected. In adjusting his feelings on the occasion the tailor thought but little of the girl herself. Why should she not be satisfied? Of the young Earl he had only heard that he was a handsome, modest, gallant lad, who only wanted a fortune to make him one of the most popular of the golden youth of England. Why should not the girl rejoice at the prospect of winning such a husband? To have a husband must necessarily be in her heart, whether she were the Lady Anna Lovel or plain Anna Murray. And what espousals could be so auspicious as these? Feeling all this, without much of calculation, the tailor said that he would do as he was bidden.

"We have sent for you because we know that you have been so old a friend," said Mr. Flick, who did not quite approve of the emissary whom he had been instructed by Sir William to employ.

"I will do my best, Sir," said Mr. Thwaite, making his bow. Thomas Thwaite, as he went along the streets alone, determined that he would perform this new duty imposed upon him without any reference to his son.

CHAPTER VIII.

IMPOSSIBLE.

"THEY sent for me, Lady Lovel, to bid me come to your ladyship and ask your ladyship whether you would consent to a marriage between the two young people." It was thus that the tailor repeated for the second time the message which had been confided to him, showing the gall and also the pride which were at work about his heart by the repeated titles which he gave to his old friend.

"They desire that Anna should marry the young lord!"

"Yes, my lady. That's the meaning of it."

"And what am I to be?"

"Just the Countess Lovel—with a third of the property as your own. I suppose it would be a third; but you might trust the lawyers to settle that properly. When once they take your daughter among them they won't scrimp you in your honors. They'll all swear that the marriage was good enough then. They know that already, and have made this offer because they know it. Your ladyship needn't fear now but what all the world will own you as the Countess Lovel. I don't suppose I'll be troubled to come up to London any more."

"Oh, my friend!" The ejaculation she made feeling the necessity of saying something to soothe the tailor's pride; but her heart was fixed upon the fruition of that for which she had spent so many years in struggling. Was it to come to her at last? Could it be that now, now at once, people throughout the world would call her the Countess Lovel, and would own her daughter to be the Lady Anna—till she also should become a countess? Of the young man she had heard nothing but good, and it was impossible that she should have fear in that direction, even had she been timorous by nature. But she was bold and eager, hopeful in spite of all that she had suffered, full of ambition, and not prone to feminine scruples. She had been fighting all her life in order that she and her daughter might be acknowledged to be among the aristocrats of her country. She was so far a loving, devoted mother, that in all her battles she thought more of her child than of herself. She would have consented to carry on the battle in poverty to the last gasp of her own breath, could she thereby have insured success for her surviving daughter. But she was not a woman likely to be dismayed at the idea of giving her girl in marriage to an absolute stranger, when that stranger was such a one as the young Earl Lovel. She herself had been a countess, but a wretched, unacknowledged, poverty-stricken countess, for the last half of her eventful life. This marriage would make her daughter a countess, prosperous, accepted by all, and very wealthy. What better end could there be to her long struggles? Of course she would assent.

"I don't know why they should have troubled themselves to send for me," said the tailor.

"Because you are the best friend that I have in the world. Whom else could I have trusted as I do you? Has the Earl agreed to it?"

"They didn't tell me that, my lady."

"They would hardly have sent, unless he had agreed. Don't you think so, Mr. Thwaite?"

"I don't know much about such things, my lady."

"You have told—Daniel?"

"No, my lady."

"Oh, Mr. Thwaite, do not talk to me in that way. It sounds as though you were deserting me."

"There'll be no reason for not deserting now. You'll have friends by the score more fit to see you through this than old Thomas Thwaite. And, to own the truth, now that the matter is coming to an end, I am getting weary of it. I'm not so young as I was, and I'd be better left at home to my business."

"I hope that you may disregard your business now without imprudence, Mr. Thwaite."

"No, my lady—a man should always stick to his business. I hope that Daniel will do so better than his father before him, so that his son may never have to go out to be servant to another man."

"You are speaking daggers to me."

"I have not meant it, then. I am rough by nature, I know, and perhaps a little low just at present. There is something sad in the parting of old friends."

"Old friends needn't be parted, Mr. Thwaite."

"When your ladyship was good enough to point out to me my boy's improper manner of speech to Lady Anna, I knew how it must be. You were quite right, my lady. There can be no becoming friendship between the future Lady Lovel and a journeyman tailor. I was wrong from the beginning."

"Oh, Mr. Thwaite! without such wrong, where should we have been?"

"There can be no holding-ground of friendship between such as you and such as we. Lords and ladies, earls and countesses, are our enemies, and we are theirs. We may make their robes and take their money, and deal with them as the Jew dealt with the Christians in the play; but we can not eat with them or drink with them."

"How often have I eaten and drank at your table, when no other table was spread for me?"

"You were a Jew almost as ourselves then. We can not now well stand shoulder to shoulder and arm to arm as friends should do."

"How often has my child lain in your arms when she was a baby, and been quieter there than she would be even in her mother's?"

"That has all gone by. Other arms will be open to receive her." As the tailor said this he remembered how his boy used to take the little child out to the mountain-side, and how the two would ramble away together through the long summer evenings; and he reflected that the

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memory of those days was no doubt still strong in the heart of his son. Some shadow of the grief which would surely fall upon the young man now fell upon the father, and caused him almost to repent the work of his life. "Tailors should consort with tailors," he said, "and lords and ladies should consort together."

Something of the same feeling struck the Countess also. If it were not for the son, the father, after all he had done for them, might be almost as near and as dear to them as ever. He might have called the Lady Anna by her Christian name, at any rate till she had been carried away as a bride by the Earl. But, though all this was so exquisitely painful, it had been absolutely necessary to check the son. "Ah, well," she said, "it was hardly to be hoped that so many crooked things should be made straight without much pain. If you knew, Mr. Thwaite, how little it is that I expect for myself!"

"It is because I have known it that I am here."

"It will be well for her, will it not, to be the wife of her cousin?"

"If he be a good man. A woman will not always make herself happy by marrying an earl."

"How many daggers you can use, Mr. Thwaite. But this young man is good. You yourself have said that you have heard so."

"I have heard nothing to the contrary, my lady."

"And what shall I do?"

"Just explain it to Lady Anna. I think it will be clear then."

"You believe that she will be so easily pleased?"

"Why should she not be pleased? She'll have some maiden scruples, doubtless. What maid would not? But she'll exult at such an end to all her troubles; and what maid would not? Let them meet as soon as may be, and have it over. When he shall have placed the ring on her finger, your battle will have been won."

Then the tailor felt that his commission was done, and he might take his leave. It had been arranged that in the event of the Countess consenting to the proposed marriage, he should call upon Mr. Flick to explain that it was so. Had she dissented, a short note would have been sufficient. Had such been the case, the Solicitor-General would have instigated the young lord to go and try what he himself could do with the Countess and her daughter. The tailor had suggested to the mother that she should at once make the proposition known to Lady Anna, but the Countess felt that one other word was necessary as her old friend left her. "Will you go back at once to Keswick, Mr. Thwaite?"

"To-morrow morning, my lady."

"Perhaps you will not tell your son of this—yet?"

"No, my lady. I will not tell my son of this—yet. My son is high-minded and stiff-necked, and of great heart. If he saw aught to object to in this marriage, it might be that he would express himself loudly." Then the tailor took his leave without even shaking hands with the Countess.

The woman sat alone for the next two hours, thinking of what had passed. There had sprung up in these days a sort of friendship between Mrs. Bluestone and the two Misses Bluestone and the Lady Anna, arising rather from the forlorn condition of the young lady than from any positive choice of affection. Mrs. Bluestone was kind and motherly. The girls were girlish and good. The father was the Jupiter Tonans of the household—as was of course proper—and was worshiped in every thing. To the world at large Sergeant Bluestone was a thundering, blustering, sanguine, energetic lawyer, whom nobody disliked very much, though he was so big and noisy. But at home Sergeant Bluestone was all the judges of the land rolled into one. But he was a kind-hearted man, and he had sent his wife and girls to call upon the disconsolate Countess. The disconsolate Lady Anna having no other friends, had found the companionship of the Bluestone girls to be pleasant to her, and she was now with them at the Sergeant's house in Bedford Square. Mrs. Bluestone talked of the wrongs and coming rights of the Countess Lovel wherever she went, and the Bluestone girls had all the case at their finger-ends. To doubt that the Sergeant would succeed, or to doubt that the success of the Countess and her daughter would have had any other source than the Sergeant's eloquence and the Sergeant's zeal, would have been heresy in Bedford Square. The grand idea that young Jack Bluestone, who was up at Brasenose, should marry the Lady Anna had occurred only to the mother.

Lady Anna was away with her friends as the Countess sat brooding over the new hopes that had been opened to her. At first she could not tear her mind away from the position which she herself would occupy as soon as her daughter should have been married and taken away from her. The young Earl would not want his mother-in-law—a mother-in-law who had spent the best years of her life in the society of a tailor. And the daughter, who would still be young enough to begin a new life in a new sphere, would no longer want her mother to help her. As regarded herself, the Countess was aware that the life she had led so long, and the condition of agonizing struggling to which she had been brought, had unfitted her for smiling, happy, prosperous, aristocratic luxury. There was but one joy left for her, and that was to be the joy of success. When that cup should have been drained, there would be nothing left to her. She would have her rank, of course—and money enough to support it. She no longer feared that any one would do her material injury. Her daughter's husband no doubt would see that she had a fitting home, with all the appanages and paraphernalia suited to a dowager countess. But who would share her home with her, and where should she find her friends? Even now the two Misses Bluestone were more to her daughter than she was. When she should be established in her new luxurious home, with servants calling her my lady, with none to contradict her right, she would be enabled to sit late into the night discussing matters with her friend the tailor. As regarded herself, it would have been better for her perhaps if the fight had been carried on.

But the fight had been not for herself, but for her child; and the victory for her girl would have been won by her own perseverance. Her whole life had been devoted to establishing the rights of her daughter, and it should be so devoted to the end. It had been her great resolve that the world should acknowledge the rank of her girl, and now it would be acknowledged. Not only would she become the Countess Lovel by marriage, but the name which had been assumed for her amidst the ridicule of many, and in opposition to the belief of nearly all, would be proved to have been her just and proper title. And then, at last, it would be known by all men that she herself, the ill-used, suffering mother, had gone to the house of that wicked man not as his mistress, but as his true wife.

Hardly a thought troubled her then as to the acquiescence of her daughter. She had no faintest idea that the girl's heart had been touched by the young tailor. She had so lived that she knew but little of lovers and their love, and in her fear regarding Daniel Thwaite she had not conceived danger such as that. It had to her simply been unfitting that there should be close familiarity between the two. She expected that her daughter would be ambitious, as she was ambitious, and would rejoice greatly at such perfect success. She herself had been preaching ambition and practicing ambition all her life. It had been the necessity of her career that she should think more of her right to a noble name than of any other good thing under the sun. It was only natural that she should believe that her daughter shared the feeling.

And then Lady Anna came in. "They wanted me to stay and dine, mamma, but I did not like to think that you should be left alone."

"I must get used to that, my dear."

"Why, mamma? Wherever we have been, we have always been together. Mrs. Bluestone was quite unhappy because you would not come. They are so good-natured! I wish you would go there."

"I am better here, my dear." Then there was a pause for a few moments. "But I am glad that you have come home this evening."

"Of course I should come home."

"I have something special to say to you."

"To me, mamma! What is it, mamma?"

"I think we will wait till after dinner. The things are here now." Go up stairs and take off your hat, and I will tell you after dinner."

"Mamma," Lady Anna said, as soon as the maid had left the room, "has old Mr. Thwaite been here?"

"Yes, my dear, he was here."

"I thought so, because you have something to tell me. It is something from him?"

"Not from himself, Anna, though he was the messenger. Come and sit here, my dear—close to me. Have you ever thought, Anna, that it would be good for you to be married?"

"No, mamma; why should I?" But that surely was a lie! How often had she thought that it would be good to be married to Daniel Thwaite and to have done with this weary searching after rank! And now what could her mother mean? Thomas Thwaite had been there, but it was impossible that her mother should think that Daniel Thwaite would be a fit husband for her daughter. "No, mamma; why should I?"

"It must be thought of, my dearest."

"Why now?" She could understand perfectly that there was some special cause for her mother's manner of speech.

"After all that we have gone through, we are about to succeed at last. They are willing to own every thing, to give us all our rights—on one condition."

"What condition, mamma?"

"Come nearer to me, dearest. It would not make you unhappy to think that you were going to be the wife of a man you could love?"

"No—not if I really loved him."

"You have heard of your cousin, the young Earl?"

"Yes, mamma; I have heard of him."

"They say that he is every thing that is good. What should you think of having him for your husband?"

"That would be impossible, mamma."

"Impossible! Why impossible? What could be more fitting? Your rank is equal to his—higher even in this, that your father was himself the Earl. In fortune you will be much more than his equal. In age you are exactly suited. Why should it be impossible?"

"Oh, mamma, it is impossible!"

"What makes you say so, Anna?"

"We have never seen each other."

"Tush! my child. Why should you not see each other?"

"And then we are his enemies."

"We are no longer enemies, dearest. They have sent to say that if we, you and I, will consent to this marriage, then will they consent to it also. It is their wish, and it comes from them. There can be no more proper ending to all this weary lawsuit. It is quite right that the title and the name should be supported. It is quite right that the fortune which your father left should, in this way, go to support your father's family. You will be the Countess Lovel; and all will have been conceded to us. There can not possibly be any fitter way out of our difficulties." Lady Anna sat looking at her mother in dismay, but could say nothing. "You need have no fear about the young man. Every one tells me that he is just the man that a mother would welcome as a husband for her daughter. Will you not be glad to see him?" But the Lady Anna would only say that it was impossible. "Why impossible, my dear? What do you mean by impossible?"

"Oh, mamma, it is impossible!"

The Countess found that she was obliged to give the subject up for that night, and could only comfort herself by endeavoring to believe that the suddenness of the tidings had confused her child.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THIS is the season of the year when dwelling-houses are most frequently brightened up with fresh paint, paper, and furniture. It is expedient to consider health as well as beauty in the refitting of our home apartments. In selecting wall-paper hangings an intelligent care should be exercised. More than fifteen years ago the evils resulting from occupying rooms decorated with paper colored with arsenic green attracted the attention of medical men in Europe. Ample evidence has been gathered to prove the danger of using these poisonous papers. Notwithstanding their character, the common arsenic colors—Schweinfurt green and Scheele's green—are largely employed in consequence of their elegance of color and low cost. The arsenical colors are the more dangerous because in their common uses they are not firmly attached to the surface of paper by means of oil or varnish, or some strongly adherent substance, but are simply mixed with size and spread upon the surface. Consequently the particles are easily detached. All green papers are not colored with arsenic, but if the shade is brilliant its presence may be suspected. Some persons are much more susceptible to poisonous influences than others; but there is no question that the occupant of a room whose walls are covered with arsenical paper-hangings is exposed to serious danger. The chemical test for arsenic green is simple, the two common pigments being arsenite of copper (Scheele's green) and aceto-arsenite of copper (Schweinfurt green). Plunge a bit of the paper or suspected article into warm aqua ammonia: a blue color will betray copper, and a drop of the blue ammoniacal liquid on a crystal of nitrate of silver will show a yellow coating if arsenic be present.

Ladies who are planning an ocean voyage should not fail to supply themselves with an abundance of warm clothing, for the weather in crossing the Atlantic will be found decidedly cool. Those who can remain on deck in the open air will be most likely to recover soonest from the almost inevitable seasickness. But a nice dress would be ruined in a day or two on deck. There is no occasion for personal adornment at sea. Warm and simple woolen garments are all that is necessary, but these are very essential.

New York is abundantly supplied with every thing edible in its season. From all quarters of the country the best and earliest fruits and vegetables are poured into this city's markets. The early garden produce has been tardy in its arrival this spring, because every where the season has been unusually backward. But now it is beginning to be brought abundantly. Bermuda potatoes, Southern green pease, asparagus, onions, rhubarb, lettuce, tomatoes, and even strawberries are every day becoming more plentiful.

The new desks and chairs to be supplied to the House of Representatives, in Washington, are made of oak, quite plain, but neat. The chairs have cane bottoms and backs, with revolving seats. The cost of them is much less than the original cost of the old desks and chairs, which have been sold at auction. This auction, by-the-way, was a rather curious performance. Many persons were desirous of obtaining a particular chair or desk for old associations connected with it. Consequently the competition was pretty lively, and the sale exceedingly productive.

The space originally fixed for the Vienna Exhibition has proved far too small, and it has been found necessary to inclose many of the courts between the transverse galleries, and exhibitors are spending much money to insure themselves adequate room for their products.

The epizootic has been prevailing to an alarming extent among the horses in San Francisco and other California cities. Government horses have suffered severely.

Rumor assures us that there will be exhibited at the Vienna Exposition an elegant dress of point de Venise—the first specimen of that kind of lace manufactured in more than a hundred years. The current story, which may interest our readers, is briefly as follows: A few years before the fall of Paris the Empress Eugénie one day discovered among some old laces which had been transferred to her as souvenirs of the Empress Josephine about a quarter of a yard of a lace flounce of most peculiar mesh and beautiful design. It was worn and yellow with age. Eugénie at once realized that it was an art treasure. She sent for M. De Lisle, lace manufacturer of Paris, showed him the lace, and requested him to reproduce it, mesh and design, in a full lace dress for herself. The manufacturer told the Empress that her remnant was real old point de Venise, the art of making which had been lost for upward of a century, and he feared it would be impossible to execute the commission. The Empress, however, requested him to spare no pains to revive the lost art. M. De Lisle took the bit of lace, and for more than a year he used every possible means to discover how to make such lace again. He sought the oldest lace-makers; not one knew the mesh. He selected the most intelligent girls among his employées—those with keenest eyes and deftest fingers—supplied them with the most powerful lenses, and a sample of the old lace; but no progress was made. M. De Lisle was about to give up the experiment, when one day came the welcome news that a young girl had discovered the old point de Venise mesh. The fortunate workwoman was appropriately rewarded, and the work begun in earnest. Eugénie visited the manufactory from time to time, exhibiting much pleasure at the restoration of a lost art to the lace-weavers. Before the dress was completed the Empress was an exile, but the delicate fabric was saved from destruction. She wrote from England that she would still take the dress if the manufacturer would be a loser by keeping it. The manufacturing company, touched by the misfortunes of Eugénie, agreed to release her from the engagement. Such is the romantic story of the lace dress which will be exhibited at Vienna.

Cincinnati is in a fair way to become a musical city. A few days ago fifteen hundred singing birds of different varieties, imported from Germany, were let loose in the suburbs of the city. It is hoped that many of them will become domesticated in this country.

The quibbles of law are unending, and often a disgrace to common-sense. Not long since a man was tried in the criminal court of Baltimore for embezzlement and larceny to the extent of $1500. The defendant's counsel demurred to the indictment on the ground that the word "fraudently" was used in the indictment for "fraudulently." The point was argued at length, and numerous authorities cited on both sides. The defendant's counsel cited acts of the British Parliament in force in Maryland, requiring all indictments to be in the English language, and contended that the word used was unknown to the language, and that it was not a clerical error. What a curious and wonderful thing is the science of law! And what a vast deal of ingenuity is necessary to make a "successful lawyer!"

People often complain of a weak and weary feeling during the spring months. "Tonics" and "bitters" are resorted to as a remedy; whereas, in a majority of cases, a little hygienic treatment, without medicine, would bring the system into its normal condition. An abundance of fresh air and exercise is of the utmost importance. And then in spring we usually eat the wrong kind of food, and too much of it. The hearty meats and rich, heating articles of diet which help to fortify the system against the winter's cold should be laid aside, or at least sensibly lessened in quantity, as the warm weather approaches. The diminished appetite is not a cause of alarm; a light, spare diet of early vegetables, fruits, and articles commonly considered "cooling" is the best. But if too much animal heat is generated by the food, the weary spring feeling increases, and illness is scarcely escaped.

The Empress of Russia, accompanied by her daughter the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrowna, her son the Grand Duke Vladimir, the Duke of Hesse, and a numerous suite, has recently gone to Naples. The Hotel Tramontano has been transformed into little short of a royal palace, and fitted up with elegance and good taste for the illustrious visitors. The rooms of the Empress are furnished with pale blue silk, and those of the Grand Duchess with pale pink. The dining-room is furnished in dark maroon velvet and gold. A smoking-room is very tastily arranged with colored lamps and handsome ottomans. The garden has been most beautifully laid out, and a handsome walk made from the Hotel Tramontano to the Villa Nardi. One hundred and twenty rooms will be occupied in both hotels, and the suite exceeds eighty persons. The Hotel Tramontano is surrounded by a garden of orange, palm, lemon, almond, and rose trees, which slopes down toward the sea, where the imperial yacht, a veritable bijou, is now floating. From the balcony of her Majesty's bedroom the eye overlooks the whole magnificent panorama of the Bay of Naples. The Empress has brought not only her cooks, but a baker, who makes her bread with a mixture of Hungarian and French flour, and a special oven has been prepared. For excursions to the environs a troop of donkeys, brought from the East, is kept in readiness.

We have not tried it ourselves, but are very willing our readers should do so—this "recipe for drowsiness:" Take a common onion, cut through the middle, and place it in close contact with the eyes. Some involuntary tears are, of course, produced by this process, but it leaves the eyeballs refreshed, and dispels the soporific heaviness.

Statistics show that the trade in sponges increases every year. The demand for them is so great, and the submarine fields where they grow are every year so thoroughly cleared, that it is feared their reproduction will soon cease to be adequate. This singular substance, which is simply a cellular fibrous tissue produced by minute creatures known as polypi, is found chiefly in the Grecian Archipelago and along the shores of Syria. Sponge-fishing is carried on from June to October, though July and August are the most favorable months. Sponges of inferior qualities are gathered in shallow waters, being torn from their native rocks by means of harpoons. The finer kinds are only found at a depth of twenty or thirty fathoms, and are carefully detached from the rocks by divers. There are many varieties of this article.

A new luxury has been introduced into England by French sailors—namely, garden snails, which are publicly sold, and pronounced a delicacy by certain epicures. Every one to his taste—snails *may* be good, as well as frogs.

A little black-and-tan terrier of Lafayette, Indiana, by too constant association with the human race, has sunk to the depths of canine degradation. He has become addicted to habitual intoxication, and staggers about the street a disgrace to his kind.

Holyoke, Massachusetts, has grown suddenly into a city of over 14,000 inhabitants. The grand foundation of this growth and prosperity is its splendid water-power.

We do not know how long robins usually live; but there is a lady in Maine who has a robin which has been in her house for sixteen years, and he is now apparently as brisk as ever, and sings as sweetly as ever he did.

Ladies' Dress Caps, Figs. 1-5.

Fig. 1.—BLACK TULLE AND LACE DRESS CAP FOR ELDERLY LADY. This cap of figured black tulle is trimmed with black lace two inches wide, loops and ends of watered ribbon an inch and a quarter wide, and agrafes of black satin beads. Arrange the cap on a foundation of black stiff lace as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—SILK TULLE AND PINK SILK RIBBON DRESS CAP. This cap is arranged on a stiff lace foundation of white figured silk tulle and white blonde an inch and two inches wide. Loops and ends of pink silk ribbon two inches and three-quarters wide trim the cap as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 1.—BLACK TULLE AND LACE DRESS CAP FOR ELDERLY LADY.

Fig. 2.—SILK TULLE AND PINK SILK RIBBON DRESS CAP.

Fig. 3.—SILK TULLE AND LACE DRESS CAP.

Fig. 3.—SILK TULLE AND LACE DRESS CAP. This cap is made of white figured silk tulle. The trimming consists of white blonde an inch and seven-eighths wide, black lace an inch and a quarter wide, loops and ends of black velvet ribbon two inches wide, and rosettes and ends of green gros grain ribbon an inch and a quarter and two inches and a half wide. Arrange the cap on a stiff lace foundation as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 4.—BLACK TULLE AND LACE DRESS CAP FOR ELDERLY LADY. This cap is made of figured black tulle, and is trimmed with a box-pleated ruche of the material, black lace an inch wide, bows of velvet ribbon three inches and a half wide, jet grelots, and a jet agrafe. The veil, which falls low in the back, is joined with scarfs, which are tied in front.

Fig. 5.—TULLE AND LACE DRESS CAP FOR ELDERLY LADY. This cap is made of white and black silk tulle. The trimming consists of white blonde insertion an inch and a quarter wide, white blonde an inch and a half wide, black lace seven-eighths of an inch and two inches wide, and loops and ends of purple silk ribbon an inch and a quarter and two inches and three-quarters wide. Strings of similar ribbon. To make the cap cut of black tulle and lustring lining one piece each from Figs. 39 and 40, Supplement. Pleat the crown as indicated on the pattern, join it with the front according to the corresponding figures, and on the back edge, on the wrong side, set a strip of silk half an inch wide for the shirr. Into this shirr is fastened a piece of elastic ribbon. Bind the outer edge of the front narrow. Trim the front edge of the cap, as shown by the illustration, with a box-pleated ruffle of white tulle seven-eighths of an inch wide trimmed with blonde, and a similar ruffle an inch and three-quarters wide, and with a black tulle ruffle an inch and seven-eighths wide edged with narrow lace. Between the ruffles set loops and ends of the narrow silk ribbon and of black velvet ribbon an inch wide. Cut of white tulle one piece from Fig. 41, Supplement, and edge it with insertion and lace. Lay this piece in a fold along the dotted line, so that the straight lines come on each other, and gather the double material along the straight lines to a length of eight inches. This forms a puff. Pleat the upper edge of this piece, and sew it on the cap as shown by the illustration. For the upper veil cut of black tulle one piece from Fig. 42, Supplement. Having edged this piece with the wide black lace, cut a slit along the double line, and fasten this piece also on the crown of the cap. Draw the puff of the lower veil through the slit of Fig. 42. Finish with the remainder of the trimming and the strings.

Fig. 4.—BLACK TULLE AND LACE DRESS CAP FOR ELDERLY LADY.

Fig. 5.—TULLE AND LACE DRESS CAP FOR ELDERLY LADY.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 39-42.

TORTOISE-SHELL.

THE animal which produces this beautiful substance is a marine tortoise, called the hawk's-bill turtle, which is found in the following localities, viz., Manilla, Singapore (these two places produce the finest shell), West Indies, Honduras, Calcutta, Bombay, and throughout the Indian Archipelago. The covering of the tortoise consists of thirteen principal plates of a horny substance, overlapping each other at the edges, each layer being deposited annually, and each extending a little beyond the previous one. Some of the tortoise-shells are colored in very dark brown tints, running into black, and interspersed with light gold-colored dashes and marks; these are considered the best. Others are lighter, even to pale red-browns, yellow, and white; the last are not valued; the yellow are used for covering the works of musical boxes, and the light red and brown shells are manufactured into

Fig. 1.—SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND GROS GRAIN RIBBON FICHU.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 34-38.

Fig. 2.—SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND GROS GRAIN RIBBON FICHU.—BACK.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 34-38.

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Fig. 1.—CASHMERE MANTELET.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 23ª and 23ᵇ.

Fig. 2.—CASHMERE MANTELET.—BACK.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 23ª and 23ᵇ.

ladies' combs for exportation to Spain, where they obtain double the price of those made of the darker-colored tortoise-shell.

Of all reptiles the sea-tortoise is the most useful to man. In countries where they are common their flesh is esteemed the most healthy and nourishing food, and their *carapace*, or back-piece, serves as a canoe, in which the natives paddle along the shores. They even roof their huts with them; they convert them into drinking troughs for their cattle, and into baths for their children.

The eggs of all the tortoises are greatly sought after. The females are commonly caught when they go upon land to lay their eggs, their captors turning them upon their backs, when they become quite helpless, and are easily dragged away by means of ropes. They are also harpooned when sleeping on the surface of the water; and in the South Seas divers watch them when floating, and by plunging into the water and rising beneath them are enabled to attach ropes to their fins, and thus secure them. But in China a most extraordinary method of taking them is common among the fishermen.—They have a species of remora, or sucker-fish, to which they attach a strong cord, and keep for service in tubs in their boats. When a tortoise is discovered the remora is placed in the water, and on perceiving the reptile, swims directly toward it, and by means of its peculiar mechanism attaches itself firmly to the shell. The remora and its unwieldy prey are then hauled in together.

The first turtle was brought to London in 1752, and *turtle soup* may, therefore, be considered quite a modern dish. The hawk's-bill turtle feeds on marine plants, on mollusks, and small fishes, and is chiefly sought after for its shell. Its flesh is rendered unpalatable by its musky flavor, but its eggs, on the contrary, are excellent when fresh. Marine tortoises are the largest of their species. They swim and dive with great facility, and can remain long under water. Some of the species seek the shore at night, when they frequent the banks of desert and solitary isles, where they browse on marine plants. Although they walk with difficulty, and even with pain, in quiet seas they may be seen floating like a boat, in absolute immobility, and asleep on the surface of the water. They possess not only affection for their own species, but, in the case of the females, for certain localities. These, accompanied by the males, frequently resort, year after year, almost to a day, to the sandy shore of some desert isle, where they drag themselves ashore during the night, sufficiently inland to be safe from the tide. In some such spot, using their hind-feet by way of a shovel, they excavate holes about thirty inches deep. Here they lay frequently a hundred eggs, covering them up afterward with the fine sand, leveling the surface, and then returning to sea, leaving the eggs to be hatched by the solar rays. From the high temperature communicated to the sand-bank, they are hatched in about fifteen days. The female seems to have two or three layings in the season, at intervals of two or three weeks. When the young turtles are hatched they are feeble, white, and about the size of frogs, and their instinct leads them at once to the sea. Under the fostering care of their mother, those which have escaped the birds of prey on their way to the sea and the fishes lying in wait for them rapidly develop, and attain, under favorable circumstances, an enormous size, some of them having been known to reach the weight of eighteen hundred pounds, with a circumference of fifteen feet and a length of seven feet. The value of the shell of the tortoise is often deteriorated from the fact of barnacles, limpets, and other shell-fish adhering to it when alive, and preventing its proper growth and coloring on the spots where these attach themselves.

Among the Romans of the Augustan age the taste for the employment of tortoise-shell in ornamentation was not so much a fashion as a fury. It was used for inlaying tables, cabinets, and other articles; the frames of the couches on which the Romans reclined at table were covered with the largest and most beautiful plates of it that could be found; in fact, it was used wherever it could be to beautify and adorn. There is, however, no record of this people having employed it as a material for combs. It was brought by Indian and Arabian traders from the islands in the Indian Sea to Adulis, in Abyssinia, together with ivory, rhinoceros horns, and hippopotamus hides. Here it was purchased by Egyptian merchants, was transmitted to Alexandria, and thence passed to Rome and the other great cities of the empire.

In the Great Exhibition in London in 1851 some remarkably fine specimens of tortoise-shell were exhibited from Ceylon, from Labuan, and from Trinidad; but by far the most and the finest quality came from Manilla. The method adopted for detaching

Fig. 1.—BARATHEA MANTELET.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 24ª, 24ᵇ, and 25.

Fig. 2.—BARATHEA MANTELET.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 24ª, 24ᵇ, and 25.

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the tortoise-shell from the bone is to place the shell over a fire, when the expansive power of the heat soon causes the plates to start away from the bone, the separation being assisted by a thin knife. The preparation of tortoise-shell for the purpose of the manufacture is similar to that of horn. It is first softened in boiling water, but with great care, as too much boiling destroys the beauty of the colors. Tortoise-shell possesses the valuable property of *welding*. Pieces of shell can be perfectly united by scraping and thinning down their edges, and then overlapping these edges, and fixing the shell in a screw-press. The press is put into boiling water, and tightened from time to time. In this way, in the course of a few hours, and without injury to the colors of the shell, the joining is effected. In making tortoise-shell combs—a very important manufacture—machinery is used through which the valuable material is economized by cutting two sets of teeth at the same time. Economy is also observed in making frames for eyeglasses. Instead of cutting these out of a flat piece of shell, thus wasting the refuse, a thin strip is cut, and two slits of the proper size made in it with a thin saw. The shell being then softened by heat, these slits are pulled out into circular holes to receive the glasses, and are then finished and fashioned to the appropriate form. The groove for the edge of the glass is cut with a small circular cutter, about half an inch in diameter, and the glass is slipped in when the frame is expanded by heat.

Tortoise-shell boxes and other moulded articles are largely made, and require the use of a press, moulds, etc. The process of moulding is effected while the shell is immersed in boiling water, when it readily assumes the form of the dies used: the work is finally completed by means of the turning-lathe. Sometimes the shell is shaved and filed thin, and then the different pieces required are welded together by using hot tongs. The fragments of shell which are the refuse of this manipulation are welded together in the manner described, and made into inferior articles; while even the fine dust and filings, being treated with boiling water, may be moulded and pressed into desired shapes; but they are opaque and brittle. Tortoise-shell has been manufactured into hollow walking-sticks; and there is in the British Museum a tortoise-shell bonnet, made in Navigator's Island, and presented by her Majesty the Queen.

Inlayings of mother-of-pearl, gold, silver, etc., on the tortoise-shell, are made by pressing the inlayings into the substance of the shell, and while still under pressure, plunging the whole into cold water. Ear-rings and other ornaments are moulded; napkin-rings are welded. The shell is capable of receiving the very finest polish, and is frequently treated with rich colors, mixed in fish glue, which artificially enhance the brilliancy of the shell. Tortoise-shell is commonly imitated, and sometimes very successfully. Still it requires very little discernment or experience to detect the counterfeit.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Butcher Baronet.—Aliases of the Great.—Wilkie Collins a Dictator.

A YOUNG gentleman at a certain aristocratic club, endeavoring, last autumn, to make himself agreeable to a famous old sporting nobleman, observed, "I suppose your lordship will soon be thinking about fox-hunting?" "Sir," was the uncompromising reply, "I never think of any thing else."

The same answer could now be given by all the gossips in turn respecting the new trial of "the claimant" for perjury, which has just begun. They are thinking, or, at all events, talking, of nothing else. The proceedings, indeed, are likely to be much more exciting than in the former case, since the object of the prosecution will be no longer to show that this fellow is not the lost baronet, but to prove that he is the butcher of Wapping. His brother-in-law and one of his sisters are said to be among the witnesses to this effect. A great panic, as was natural, seized upon all who were liable to be impaneled on a jury whose sittings might last from April to August. On the last occasion those who were called upon to serve adopted the most ingenious devices to evade the infliction. One man sent all his servants out of town, shut up his house, and presented to the view of the summoning officer a charwoman only, who "knowed nothink about master except that he was gone abroad;" and now the poor jurors were still less willing to enter on so protracted an ordeal. Nevertheless the threat that all who should absent themselves would be fined £5 the first day, £50 the next day, £500 the third day, and *so on*, had marvelous effect in bringing the whole twelve into their places, and at the appointed hour the great trial began. You will doubtless have an opportunity of perusing it for yourselves, but of the "points" already made by the counsel for the prosecution (Mr. Hawkins) I may mention these, the telling character of which was received by the whole audience—usually so silent and undemonstrative—with "roars of laughter:"

I. In Mr. Arthur Orton's own pocket-book was found this remarkable reflection, as singularly out of character with Roger Tichborne, the young cavalry officer, as it is appropriate to one who was about to play for a great stroke with loaded dice, but under every element of suspicion: "Some men has plenty brains and no money, some has plenty money and no brains—surely the men as has plenty money and no brains are made for the men as has plenty of brains and no money.....These are the sentiments," he adds, "of Rodger Tichborne, baronet," the Roger being spelled with a *d*, as the real Roger never spelled it. At other times this gentleman spells his surname with an additional *t*—Titchborne. Only second in absurdity to not knowing one's own name is the not knowing one's mother's; yet this ludicrously stout butcher jumps to the conclusion that Lady H. F. Tichborne must needs be Lady Hannah Francis, and addresses her as such; and when corrected by a fellow-conspirator in England, who unhappily *writes* her real name to him instead of pronouncing it verbally, he calls her (being ignorant of that language with which the real Roger was more familiar for twelve years than his own) Henriette Feliçite, instead of Felicité.

II. He had been married under the name of Le Castro in a Wesleyan chapel, but as soon as he resolved to "go for" the missing baronet he proceeds to join the Roman Catholic religion by the easy process of being remarried in a Catholic chapel in the name of Titchborne (with a *t*), and of writing to his "dearest mamma, may the blessed Maria have mercy on your soul!"

III. When, disappointed of getting money out of Lady Tichborne in Australia—from which he had never meant to budge—he ventures to come to England, instead of seeking his presumed relatives, the Seymours or the Radcliffes, he hurries to the only house he was in reality familiar with, No. 69 High Street, Wapping. "Whose house was that?" inquires one of the three judges on the bench. "The house of the late George Orton, the butcher," replies the counsel.

There are tens of thousands of fools who still believe in this fat villain, but I may truly say not a single man of any intelligence, unless he has pecuniary reasons for so doing. For once, too, "the men as has no brains" have also no money, or next to none, and it is said that the £500 paid to Dr. Kenealy, who is counsel for the accused, has cleared the so-called Tichborne Defense Fund to its last dregs.

There has been a great endeavor of late among art circles to form a Phillip collection, and every one who possesses one of that painter's works has been importuned to send it for exhibition to the public. One old lady alone refused to let her "Phillip" leave her own walls, and since it was a very famous example of the artist's style, there was great "pressure" put upon the owner. At last the Prince of Wales himself was besought to write to her, which he accordingly did in his own hand, and signed the letter as usual, Albert Edward. In reply to this the resolute old dame is said to have expressed herself as being astonished at his impudence, which it is likely enough she really was, since she addressed her communication to Albert Edward, Esq., Marlborough House, to the said Albert Edward's extreme amusement and delight. I remember Du Chaillu, the gorilla man, making the like mistake in the case of the Archbishop of York, whose invitation to breakfast he somewhat brusquely declined upon the ground of not enjoying the personal acquaintance of Mr. *Ebor*. In America every man who is not in difficulties with the police is known, I suppose, by a single name, which must be a great convenience; but here our Duke of Cambridge (when he does me the honor to ask me to dine in a friendly way) is only "George," and the Bishop of Oxford (though, by-the-bye, *he* has never asked me), Oxon.

Next fall, as you are probably aware, Mr. Wilkie Collins will pay you a visit, provided that his health admits of it; and I have the pleasure to tell you that I saw him yesterday, looking well and hearty. He has, however, been a great sufferer from, I believe, rheumatic gout. At one time it affected his eyesight, and the indomitable man, "with the presses thundering behind him" as usual, had therefore to dictate his serial story to an amanuensis. You would not have imagined that any portion of that enthralling book, the *Moonstone*, had been composed under such depressing circumstances, yet so it was. He found that grown-up persons interested themselves too much in what they had to set down: they expressed approbation, or even ventured upon criticism (fancy criticising an author with the gout!); so in the end he employed a child, who, of course, did not trouble him in that way. Perhaps some day you may hear, among the absurd reports that fly about concerning books and authors, that the *Moonstone* was written by a girl of ten years old, and, if so, you may confirm it.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

ROSY'S WEDDING PORTION.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

SHE stood at the gate, with her hat on the back of her neck and the morning sun streaming over her bare bright head, while she spoke with the young man who leaned across the rail and gazed at her out of a pair of earnest brown eyes. In one hand she held the broken rose and spout of an old watering-pot that she had just carelessly picked up, and neither she nor the father and mother who gazed at her from the little sweet-brier-draped veranda knew that she held in her hand the greater part of her wedding portion.

"Let him have my little clover blossom?" cried the father, angrily. "Not by a long shot! Have I been rearing her this twenty years to throw her over the fence at last?"

"But, father—"

"No, mother, that will do. Mr. Monteith may be a part of the solid earth, for all I know—you women seem to think so. But I'll send him flying higher than Gilderoy's kite if he asks me for Rosy Mayne!"

"But, father—" the timid voice began again.

"There, that will do, mother, I say. See her down at the gate now." And the dutiful wife turned her head to look at the pretty maiden, tall and slender and well-shaped, and with a face than whose wonderful colors, so pellucid, so rich, so changing, Aurora herself could have none fairer or brighter—a face whose brilliant hazel eyes accented all the colors with their clear lustre, and the fine and flying hair about which was of that marvelous tint which is neither chestnut nor red, but has something of the shadow of the first, something of the splendor of the last. "Look at her," said the father. "I can't believe a thing so fine as that is any of mine. She's you all over again when I courted you. And I'm sure she shall be none of his! Am I going to give that girl to a ragamuffin of an inventor to go and starve in a city lodging, do you think? Why, she has taken the prize for bread at every fair the country round; her cheese is the best; her butter is the best; her darning is the—"

"Then I'm sure, father, she's all the better prepared to marry a poor man."

"Well, she's not going to do it!" said the farmer, sharply. "The man that marries my Rosy is a man that I shall be satisfied knows how to take care of her. He shall be able to plow a straight furrow, to drain a field, to lay out a farm."

"But, father," persisted the audacious wife, "you know yourself that it's a hard life, and there are other things just as good as farming; and if so be he can—"

"There, there, there!" answered Mr. Mayne. "Not another word. There's an end of it. Don't talk to me, either, of what was done over to the Beach. George Rives would done it if he hadn't. I'm sorry I ever let him come here, idling away the summer in our best room, building coffer-dams down in my brook, and making love to my girl; and to-morrow I'll send him packing! I'm going over to get George Rives to help me a spell, I guess, anyhow—and maybe that 'll put this folly out of her head. I don't know why you don't like George. I do. And he has more land than any two in the township."

"I'd rather she'd die an old maid!"

"Well, *I* hadn't. And now about that hanged old churn of yours—what is it you want? The hoop fixed on the bottom? Roll it out, then, and we'll see what can be done. It's a strange thing that in all these years none of you women that have been churning your heads and shoulders off can find any better way to bring the butter than this!"

"Oh yes, father, I have made enough for Mr. Monteith's breakfast many a time, fresh, with a bowl and spoon. He told me how to do it himself—just whip the wind into it."

"Whip the nonsense into it!" said Mr. Mayne. "Great he knows about butter-making! Get us the hammer, Mrs. Mayne, and a shingle-nail or two. Strange a woman can't drive a nail without mashing her thumb!" And perhaps good Mrs. Mayne was not altogether displeased when, a minute or two afterward, she saw her liege lord sucking his index finger as if it were a piece of sugar-cane.

They were standing, as it was said, on the veranda that ran along the shady side of the house, where Mrs. Mayne and Rosy were wont to do their churning. It was here that, one fine morning, when the spring was opening and the lilacs were in bud, four or five months ago, a strong and pleasant face appeared through the lattice, and a stranger asked if Mrs. Mayne would take a summer boarder. The farmer was away on a jury; and Mrs. Mayne, looking at the stranger, and thinking of her empty room and of the added money, rolling her hands into her apron and rolling them out again, thinking she liked his face, thinking there was that half-melancholy something in it that she had noticed in the dumb creatures, as of a soul struggling with its expression, finally decided in the affirmative; and the stranger had said his name was Rodney Monteith, and the minister knew him; and he had taken his knapsack and himself up stairs and into her front-room.

The minister did know him; he had paid his board regularly; she had grown fond of his still, grave ways; and when Farmer Mayne came home he found his wife and daughter watching the new-comer build some strange contrivance for the model of an improved lifting lock down at the falls of the brook; and he grumbled the rest of the summer.

But Mrs. Mayne and Rosy had no thought of grumbling. To Mrs. Mayne her lodger was a superior being, who knew more than the minister; and to Rosy—he was a lover. The handsome, stately girl, who knew how to behave like a witch with all her stateliness, could have told the exact moment in which she took her place, with cogs and wheels and screws, in the phantasmagoria of his dreams, and she had at first a mischievous delight in making him feel her power.

She was aware, certainly, that there was a charming quality in his gentle and deferential manner which assumed that she knew every thing of which she was ignorant—was aware, too, that beside her ignorance he was learning's self; but he seemed to her so dreamy and far away, seemed to live in such a remote region from every day, that she said to herself she would as soon think of falling in love, in return, with one of the town paupers as with Rodney Monteith, and, indeed, there would be no great difference between the two if she did, she said, for he was no more fit to take care of himself than a child; and under that conviction she immediately took his well-worn wardrobe under her protection, piece by piece, and in his absence, till she had it in complete order, and he never any the wiser. But as Rosy darned and patched in that superior manner of which her father was so proud, and which had taken so many prizes at so many fairs, she could not but feel that she was at work on the garments of a gentleman, and there dawned upon her a sense of her supreme silliness in laughing at the absent-minded ways of a man who stood as much above her as the hills that lift their heads among the stars of God are above the plains.

But for all that she was a woman, and could not help coquetting with him a little. She had to put on her new print, and make herself ravishing with apple blossoms; and then when she had completed the work of enchantment, go to walk with George Rives along the banks of the brook, where he lay studying out the faults of his design, and appear to forget his existence in her interest concerning George Rives's. Sometimes, though, she would walk over the fields to church with Mr. Monteith himself of a Sunday, and she could remember for years, as if it were yesterday, how softly the distant bells sounded, and how sweet the wind came across the grass, as they walked side by side; and when she heard his voice in the hymn, a deep and powerful bass, she forgot dress and lovers, and every thing else, and her soul seemed lost in that rich sound, like a leaf floating on a stream.

"You are a complex little being, Rosy," he said, one day. "Sometimes you seem to me a spirit just ready to take flight, and presently I see that you are a part of the earth itself."

"What did you think I was?" answered Rosy. "Did you suppose I wasn't as common clay as the rest? You thought I was of the earth earthy when I gave the rose to George Rives. But you knew before that I was a child of the soil!" And then she tossed a rose to him.

She found the rose years afterward shut away in an old analytical geometry, and he found her crying over it.

One day, at length, when Rosy, to the top of her bent, was playing her part as queen of hearts, and enjoying the tortures of her knaves, there came the great parish excursion to the Beach, some half dozen miles distant, an annual gathering of all the country-side; and mighty were the preparations for the lunch-baskets, and of course it was not to be thought of that Mrs. Mayne's hampers should not exceed all the rest. And when the appointed morning dawned in warmest sunshine, the hay-carts loaded with laughter and beauty, and the old wagons with age and sobriety and viands, all trundled down to the sands together, and the great sea was greeted with a free translation of the old Greek shout. "There she is!" said the senior Mr. Rives. "The tarnal critter! Lying out-doors all night, and singing to herself, and ready to crush the bones of the first man she lays hands on!" Then the parties dispersed themselves: the children tended the fires with drift-wood and dry weed; the matrons made the chowder; the lovers sat among the sand-hills. There were races and games and strollings on the shore, and when the half-tide came at sunset there was bathing.

Mr. Monteith sat some way out on a low ledge of rocks by himself, watching the tide play in and out among the purple fissures and turn a tiny wheel he had whittled from a chip and set up there; and he did not appear to take much interest in the human part of the scene till Rosy Mayne came dancing along among the lads and lasses who were going in, and with her bare white feet, her streaming hair, her laughing face, and her pretty bathing dress, looking lovelier than any sea-nymph that ever swam, he thought, joining hands and running boldly down to the edge of the creaming wave. "Rosy!" cried Mr. Monteith, "this under-tow is too strong for any of your daring pranks; there's nothing but a shark can swim in it." But Rosy did not choose to hear, and Mr. Monteith deliberately took off his shoes and coat, and watched her. And not a moment too soon, for all at once her head had disappeared; she had gone down, had risen again with a great cry, and then, as if a giant hand had reached and snatched her out to sea while the others scrambled up the shore, there was nothing of her to be seen but her floating hair away out on the farther crest of the surf.

But at the first cry there had been a bound through the air of the figure on the ledge of rocks, and Mr. Monteith was after her. So strong was the under-tow that it seemed but a moment to those who waited breathless on the beach before he had reached and grasped her. But then came the dreadful struggle for the shore. He had the girl on his shoulders, and he fought his best, but twice he was beaten off. The third time he caught the rope the others had waded far out to throw him, succeeded in getting it about them both, and was dragged to shore with her at last more dead than alive.

Of course they did not wait for any night fires or dancing on the beach after this; but as soon as the half-drowned people could be dried and warmed the horses were put in, George Rives cursing his luck as he buckled straps and girth, Mr. Mayne pushing him about as if he were a worthless little boy, and crying and swearing between whiles, crying for Rosy's sake and swearing for George's, and the whole party hurried on their homeward way. And it would be hard to say how badly Rosy behaved that night as they went along. Perhaps she felt a chain tightening round her, and rebelled. "If you want me to prevent your flinging yourself out of the hay-cart, Rosy," Mr. Monteith said at last, "you must come on this side." And then for the first time she saw that the great waves from which he had saved her, in their white and foaming onslaught on the sands and ledges, had broken his arm. But she did not say a word. She only began to sing the gayest and sweetest songs she could remember, though she knew he must be nearly fainting with the pain. But as soon as the hay-cart stopped at the lower gate she sprang out, and ran up the garden and round the yard to the barn, and had thrown the saddle on the filly in the moonlight, and without waiting for help, and was galloping for the doctor as fast as the filly could carry her. "Oh! oh!" said she that night, as her tired mother slept soundly in the arm-chair, and she herself sat wetting the cool bandages on the aching arm. "To think that it was hurt so for me!"

"Rosy," said Mr. Monteith, smiling through

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his pain, "that arm is always for you." And Rosy laid her face down beside it and cried.

"Is this the way you're keeping off fever, Rosy?" cried her mother, waking opportunely. "You go right away to bed this moment!" And Rosy went.

It was a strange accident, but it so happened that Rosy was not once again alone with the lover who had broken his arm for her until he was well enough to come down stairs. Mrs. Mayne, of course, was on the spot whenever she was wanted, and so was the hired girl, while Farmer Mayne developed the most surprising capability as a nurse. In vain Mr. Monteith assured him he needed nobody. You would have said, to see the farmer's assiduity, that he was in a hurry to get the man well again and out of the house. He read his weekly paper in the lodger's room, and he took his noonday siesta by the bedside, where he snored so fearfully as to drive away all the flies. But if Love laughs at locksmiths, why should he be less merry at Farmer Mayne's expense? The man was certainly ludicrous enough as he kept guard there, with his eyes shut and his mouth open, for Love or any one else to laugh at. But Mr. Monteith never thought of laughing at him; he was Rosy's father, and an awful and sacred being to him, for all his roughness and uncouthness—a sort of arbiter of fate.

But one day the jailer awoke to find that his bird had flown, and starting up, his first glance out of the window showed him Mr. Monteith sitting by Rosy on the brook-side—and the farmer knew that the mischief was done. For when you see arms intertwined and lips meeting, you may generally decide that your interference is of no further avail, all the more when, as in this case, one arm is in a sling, and Love has called in Pity.

It was nearly a month from that day, and now Mrs. Mayne had gone over to the enemy—not having a great distance to go, to be sure—and the farmer had been fighting a hard fight. "Not," said he, with more or less frequency, "that I have any objections to the man, if he didn't want to marry my Rosy. But my Rosy is for his betters! It beats all, the trouble such a girl can make. Now if she was one-eyed, and whopper-jawed, and lazy, and no good to any body, not a soul would want her; but being just a pearl, of course every body's after her! Before she grew up we were happy enough; and now, mother, we're all the time disputing. Give woe to man, and he has woman!" And so the farmer had turned off this morning, as always before, with something between a sigh and an oath, that relieved his feelings in every direction. But Mrs. Mayne had detained him in order that he might mend her ancient churn while she urged an argument for the lovers—an argument, as we have seen, pooh-poohed and silenced by the desired listener at the beginning. It was, nevertheless, an entering wedge, and the indulgent mother felt that so much might be followed by more, and had some potent points to bring forward at the time that the hammer came down with such withering effect on the farmer's forefinger, and we left him engaged in macerating the wound on primitive principles.

It was while he was occupied in this soothing manner that, glancing up ferociously, he saw Mr. Monteith and Rosy approaching hand in hand. It was like shaking a red rag before the old short horn: the farmer was infuriated. He waited till they were close upon him, and then, "Drop my girl's hand!" he roared, shaking his mashed finger threateningly in the air.

Instead of dropping it, the lover drew Rosy's hand all the more closely into his own. "Mr. Mayne," said he, "that is what I should be very foolish to do, when I came to ask you to give me the hand."

"Give you the hand!" cried the farmer. "Haven't you got it?" And he paused a moment, too indignant to find fit words to characterize his indignation, and forgetting all about his old threat concerning Gilderoy's kite; and Mr. Monteith took advantage of the opportunity.

"I know, Sir," said he, "that I don't deserve her, and that nobody can deserve her. But with my character you are acquainted. And as for my means, I have already a small capital, and I have confidence in my ability to take care of her suitably. For the rest, I am sure that I can make her happy—"

"You are sure that you can make her happy!" cried the wicked farmer, mimicking his tone, and letting his hammer fall on the refractory nail in the churn hoop as if he wished it were Rodney Monteith's head. "Look here, young man," he exclaimed, after a few moments of vicious hammering, and giving the finishing tap to the hoop, "when you can make a churn that will bring the butter in half the time that this churn does, you may have my Rosy, and not a minute before. And as I judge that's an impossibility, you may take it for your answer."

"Let me see," said Mr. Monteith, coolly, leaning against the corner of the veranda as he spoke, and still keeping Rosy's hand. "These are the terms, if I understand you: when I can make a churn that will bring the butter in half the time that this churn does, I may have your Rosy, and not a minute before. May I have her a minute after?"

"As many minutes as you please," said the farmer, with sardonic grimness, though a little puzzled by the cool reception of his presumably emphatic negative.

"Not many, then, Mr. Mayne. Rosy, this is our wedding-day!" And to the angry beholder's dismay, he drew the blushing, laughing girl within the clasp of his sound arm and kissed her before her father's face. "Shall not a man do as he will with his own?" he asked of the amazed parent. "You have given Rosy to me, Mr. Mayne!"

The farmer did not answer another syllable, but turned his broad back upon the pair, and to all appearance gave his whole soul to the starting nails in the lattice-work.

"Mrs. Mayne," said the lover, "how long does it take to bring the butter with this churn, may I ask?"

"Just thirty minutes, Sir."

"Very well; when you are ready, blow the horn, if you please. I shall be down at the brook. I will bring you as much butter in a quarter of the time. Let me have a gallon of cream in the stone crock."

"In the crock? Do you want to smash it?" cried the wondering woman.

"Not a bit. I want to fill it with butter."

"You shall have it, Mr. Monteith; as good sweet cream—"

"Mother!" cried the farmer.

"Now, Mr. Mayne!" said his wife. "I'm not one of those that want to call down a plague by copying the Egyptians, and I sha'n't set any body to making bricks without straw."

"In the fairy stories that I have read, Mr. Mayne," said Monteith, laughing, "although there was always a fairy godmother to step in in the nick of time, the victim was never set to spin gold without straw."

"And the man that's working for my daughter must have his tools!" declared Mrs. Mayne, as a finality.

"Oh, that's right," said the farmer. "Do all you can to help throw her away!"

"You'll be on hand to time us, Mr. Mayne?" said the determined lover.

"I'll time you with a vengeance!" cried the farmer, with a bitter sort of grin—for he already enjoyed the defeat of the rash man who was going to bring butter sooner than his wife could. And as for Rosy, she ran away to roll up the sleeves from her dimpled arms, to wash her hands, and to have a good cry.

But when the horn blew, Mr. Monteith was seen coming up from the brook with two old pieces of tin that he had been cleaning and polishing down there: one of these pieces was the bottom of a tin steamer that had been torn off long ago, and through whose centre he had punched a larger hole than any already there; the other was that spout and rose of a watering-pot which Rosy had been idly holding in her hand. The farmer, sitting on a high three-legged stool, looked on with a comfortable sense of satire. "He has come up like those old heathen who supposed they would frighten off their enemies by the flashing of tin-ware and the beating of stones," he thought. "That's no way to make butter, though, and the beggar ain't going to get my Rosy. You won't kill Goliath with a pebble this time, young Sir!"

Mrs. Mayne had set out the crock of cream, and Rosy stood by, grave and pale, having had her cry out; for though she knew her father was a man of his word, and would not attempt to gainsay it if Mr. Monteith were successful, yet for the life of her she could not see how butter was to be made with two old pieces of broken tin. She would have been glad to hang weights on her mother's arms, but Mrs. Mayne would certainly have shaken them off, for she knew there was some reason in her husband's objections, and having given the contestant fair play, she meant that he should earn his prize if he had it; and Mr. Mayne himself would as soon have looked for snow in August as for his wife to palter or deceive in any matter.

"Rosy, bring me the bellows from the best room," said Mr. Monteith, calmly. And when she came back with that implement he had passed the broken spout of the watering-pot through the hole punched in the centre of the torn steamer, had fitted a little rubber tube, which he produced from his pocket, on one end of the spout, and taking the bellows, he secured the other end of the rubber over the nozzle there. "Are you ready, Mrs. Mayne?' he said. "Your watch, Sir," to the farmer; and the latter solemnly took out his great silver dial that was almost big enough for a hall clock. And then as Mrs. Mayne lifted her dasher, Mr. Monteith gently put the inverted rose of the watering-pot's spout down through his cream to the bottom of the crock, fitted the piece of the old steamer to the top of the crock, and with the first movement of Mrs. Mayne's arms he opened and closed his bellows, sent the outer air into the cream through the spout and its rose, and out again through the holes of the broken steamer, and continued to open and close the bellows so, without a word, for the space of seven minutes. "Has your butter come, Mrs. Mayne?" he asked then.

"My butter come!" she cried. "What should make you ask such a ridiculous question? It never came in its life under thirty minutes, I told you!"

"Mine has," said Mr. Monteith. And Mrs. Mayne dropped her dasher in amazement, and despite of her wishes and expectations, as he opened the crock, and Rosy lifted out great handfuls of the firm, sweet butter, ready to be worked and salted.

"I'll be—" But on second thoughts I will not repeat what the farmer said. It made Mrs. Mayne's hair stand on end, as that sort of conversation usually did, notwithstanding the twenty years she had been exposed to it. But Rosy only laughed. "Very well, Sir," said the farmer, in conclusion. "I never go back on my word. And you can take her. I dare say she isn't so much of a girl as I thought she was." But Rosy's arms were round her father's neck, butter and all, and she was kissing him to the point of strangulation. "You silly thing!" she said. "I do believe you're crying! Don't you know that the man that can fetch butter with two old bits of tin in seven minutes can take care of a better girl than I am?"

"He can't get a better girl!" said the farmer. "But I declare to man, I should like to know how 'twas done!"

"Only by aerating the cream, Sir," said Mr. Monteith. "A speedy way of carrying out the first and last principles of the common churn."

"I'll have my lawyer patent that churn to-day, and it shall be Rosy's wedding portion!" said the farmer. "You're not such a bad fellow, after all, Mr. Monteith."

The farmer did as he said. And though up to the present day Mr. Monteith can get nobody else to see the merits of his great improved lifting lock, he has a father-in-law who believes in it, who believes he could make the sun stand still in the heavens, if he tried, and he is the possessor—in his wife's name, to be sure—of a goodly fortune already realized from his royalties upon the little patent churn which was her wedding portion.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

IT would be easier to say what is not than what is worn this year. We will first establish the fact that the polonaise has triumphed over all the assaults that have been made on it, that long skirts are more in disfavor than ever, and that the few that have been attempted are packed away in trunks to wait and see what can be done with them next winter.

Now that we are quite certain of retaining the polonaise, which for a moment was doubtful, there is a perfect furor in its behalf; it is made of all sizes and shapes—short, long, full, scanty, open, and close; but the essential point is that it is worn always and every where, of all fabrics and colors, and for evening toilettes as well as walking suits.

Laces have regained immense popularity, and every article of lace is put in use; but as the permanence of this favor is not assured, people take care to use their laces without cutting them. I will give a few examples of the way in which this is done.

A point of black Chantilly lace can be made into a mantelet or a tunic; for the first, take the point in the middle of the upper edge, slip it down to the bottom of the waist (I must not forget to say that this arrangement can only be done on the person herself or a lay figure), and then, at the bottom of the waist, make several pleats, which are fastened to the belt; put three lappets underneath, make two pleats on the sides and two in the middle, and the mantelet is finished.

To transform the point into a tunic, reverse it in such a manner that the lower point comes at the top; fold this point back on itself, and pleat it so as to form of the part thus folded a pleated basque. The front ends of the lace point are then draped and trimmed with bows. A lace fichu worn on the corsage completes the toilette. I specify these two styles, but there are a hundred different ways of transforming points either into mantelets or tunics. The simplest as well as the least expensive and most convenient of all is to take the point with both hands in the middle of the back and gather it up until it is of the size of a large fichu, then to put it on the waist, cross the ends in front, and tie them carelessly behind, either at the waist or lower down on the dress if the point is large enough. The pleats are fastened on the top, at the back of the neck, with a large pin, which is concealed by a bow of black ribbon with long ends.

Ribbons are worn more than ever: in front, behind, on both shoulders, and on one shoulder alone. Madame Émile de Girardin used to say that ribbons were the emblem and most beautiful ornament of woman, and that she could not wear too many of them. I do not agree with her, at least as to the second part of her opinion, and think that just now almost too many of them are worn. They are made of all imaginable and hitherto unimaginable kinds—half moiré and half faille, or half faille and half gauze, rather thick, with fine satin stripes that look like streaks of lightning traversing the color; of two shades on dresses of the same tints, dark violet or dark blue on one side, and light violet or light blue on the other; of two different colors, to suspend a medallion or cross from the neck, black on one side and the color of the dress on the other—that is, gray, blue, or green; in short, ribbons are made even of écru coutil with white stripes, or else with écru and white squares.

Children's dresses are extremely fanciful, judging from the following type of a dress lately made for a girl of from ten to twelve years old: Black boots and blue stockings. Half-short dress, showing the stockings, of black taffetas with high waist and long, almost tight sleeves. The skirt is trimmed with a single pleated flounce. Polonaise of white muslin de laine, open in front over the black waist and skirt, and trimmed on the edge with a narrow blue velvet ribbon set between two similar ribbons of black velvet, and a fringe of alternate blue and white tassels. Black straw hat, trimmed with a torsade of blue and white ribbon, and a cluster of three feathers on the side, the first black, the second blue, and the third white.

English embroidery is very much used for trimming dresses for children of all ages, seldom, however, of the color of the material, except on white; for instance, écru and dark blue are used on white; écru is also used on red or blue.

Every day literally we see new fabrics appear; there are lace grenadines with lace designs running over the grenadine ground, brocaded grenadines, and grenadines with tufted stripes. This last fabric is one of the prettiest and most original of this rich season. It is generally made of two shades; the darker shade is reserved for the satin stripe, and forms small tufts which are separated by a small space. In light and dark brown the effect of this fabric is charming. There are also new challies, with wide stripes alternately satin and rough-surfaced, and of a pale écru tint; these challies, which never fray, are made into polonaises, which are worn over silk skirts of all kinds, even black, and also black velvet.

As to bonnets, alas! they are no longer bonnets, or even shakos, but church spires, higher and more overloaded than ever. There is no perceptible difference between bonnets and round hats; their height and even shape are the same. In general they match the dress with which they are worn, and are made, like it, of two shades or colors like those used for the dress. The veil is rather long and square, and falls in front over the bust.

Jet and, in general, glass beads of all colors are much used for the embroidery which trims very rich dresses. Écru fabrics are embroidered with garnet or blue turquoise beads; and gray fabrics with violet, garnet, or blue beads. This kind of embroidery, of course, is executed only on summer silks, with the exception of black grenadine, which is richly embroidered with jet.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

A TRIP TO THE PYRENEES.

THE length of the portion of the Pyrenees running between the Mediterranean and the Bay of Biscay, and forming the boundary line between France and Spain, is estimated at about 270 miles. The highest parts of the chain are near the centre, but only one summit within the French frontier attains an elevation of 11,000 feet. Though inferior in height to the Alps, and on the whole in grandeur of scenery, number of snowy peaks, and extent of glaciers, yet the Pyrenees possess peculiar beauties of their own. Their lower latitude gives a glow to the landscape which will in vain be sought farther north; nearly every rock is clothed with verdure, while their vast forests, not merely of monotonous fir, but also of oak and beech, afford to the eye a sea of undulating foliage. Lakes are almost entirely wanting, and here the inferiority of the Pyrenean mountains to those of Switzerland is most decided.

The Pyrenees are not nearly so well known to English and American tourists as they ought to be, although every year, no doubt, tends to bring this district into closer competition with its great rival, Switzerland. The great objection to the trip is the wearisome railway journey from Paris to Bordeaux. The most comfortable plan is to go by one of the fine Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamers, which make the run from Liverpool to Bordeaux, *en route* to South America. Steamers also start once a week from the Thames for Bordeaux. The fare is forty-two shillings, exclusive of provisions, and the passage occupies about four days. We started from Pau, says a late tourist, where we get our first glimpse of the Pyrenees, stretched out in a long line before us, with vague notions of the perils of our voyage, but were quite unprepared for the splendid, broad, macadamized roads, the numerous towns and villages, comfortable hotels, capital saddle-horses, and handsome carriages which we saw *en route*. Some of the diligences seemed by their appearance to be the old friends of our boyhood, which used to take two days and a night from Boulogne to Paris, but they are well horsed, go at a fine rate, and are cheap. We admit the cheerful feeling caused by being on the box-seat of a well-driven English four-in-hand, but the downright intoxication of good spirits is to sit—no, you can't sit—to stand up in the banquette of a diligence, crane your neck over the driver, hold on tightly, and watch the process of going down the fag-end of a hill and half-way up the opposite one. Our coachman was the proprietor of all the saddle-horses that he wishes to let to his fare sitting behind him, so he took especial pride in showing what his cattle can do. Scorning to use whip, he stoops forward, as if imploring his seven little nags, and screams one long-drawn *hee——!* Away they go, all as hard as they can split; loose reins, ends of rope, flowing manes, and tails and heels are all the beholder sees while clutching the seat, and as one glances at the sides of the road (a precipice of rocks with a torrent on one side and a wall of mountain rock on the other) one feels that no sensation like this can be obtained between Piccadilly and Dorking.

We should strongly recommend a party of four to do the regular round by hiring a carriage at Pau, and a pair of horses. Better still to walk, and send your luggage on before by diligence. A party of ladies might even take a walking tour here with perfect comfort, sure of meeting with civility from the country people, good roads, and a comfortable hotel at night.

All through the French Pyrenees the routine is much after this manner: You have about ten or twenty miles of railway, jogging along leisurely, winding about the fertile plain, skirting the mountains by a good coach-road blasted out of the rocks, which winds about, following the *gave*, or water-course; this for three or four hours, when you suddenly burst upon a little town, with its boulevard and its *établissement* and sulphurous baths. You rest here for a few days, making excursions by bridle-paths, on foot, or on horseback, then back again to the valley, a little more railway, another turn into the mountains, another Eaux-something or other, and so on; or should you be a good climber, you can take short-cuts across the mountains instead of going back to the plain.

The guide, when dressed in his best suit, with scarlet jacket over one shoulder, crimson sash, buff waistcoat, and dark velvet breeches, and heading a party of Parisian or British visitors, looks very picturesque as he strides along before the others, and turns now and then to see how they clamber over the little difficulties. Mr. Henry Blackburn, in his book of the Pyrenees,

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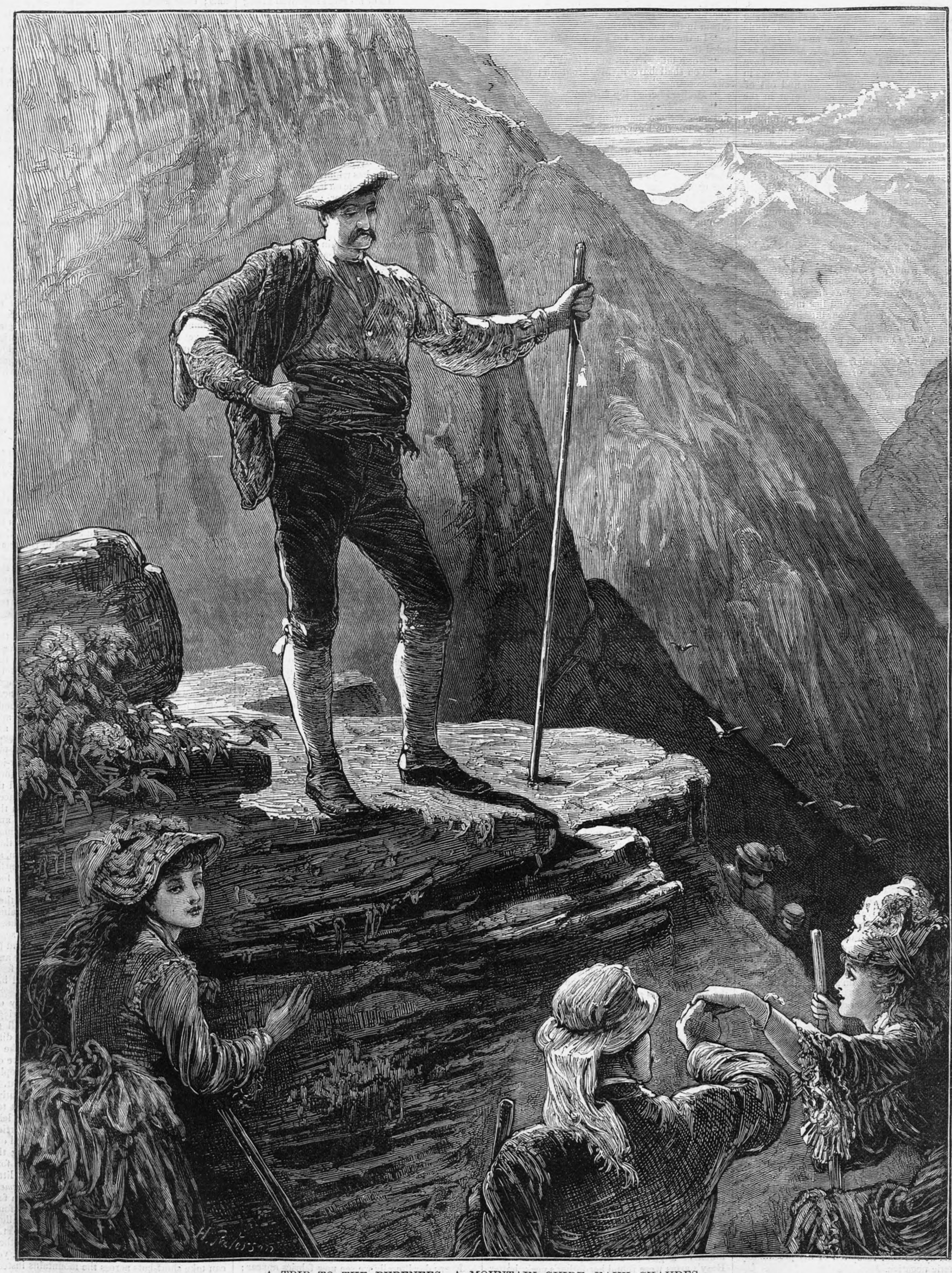
illustrated by Doré (we found it a very useful and pleasant companion), thus describes his first sight of Eaux Bonnes:

"In whichever direction we turn there are houses built into and often forming part of the mountain, resting on ledges of rock, like the eyries; but so cleverly contrived is the arrangement of the place, so admirably has space been economized, that there is a feeling of freedom about it, quite inconsistent with living in a bird's nest. Thus with the mountain several thousand feet above our heads, and the Val d'Ossau stretching away for many miles at our feet, with rocks overhanging and tree-tops waving below, through which we can see below the blue sky, with scarcely a foot of level ground any where (save the Promenade Horizontale), with cascades and water-falls almost at our windows, we find ourselves as comfortably and luxuriously housed as in any modern city. Looking down upon the place from our hotel window on this bright sunny afternoon, it is the gayest scene imaginable; and we scarcely know which to admire most, the costumes of the fair riders who about this hour (5 P.M.) come flocking in, dressed in white riding-habits and scarlet hats, or their cavaliers in buff and green, like members of the Ancient Order of Foresters, or their dandy guides, in embroidered Spanish costumes, silk sashes, and white stockings, or the gay trappings of their thin steeds, or the motley groups that stand about to see the arrivals."

The Val de Lys, which may be easily reached from Luchon, derives its name from an old word signifying the number of its streams and water-falls. After a pleasant ride through a wood of beeches and hazels, the gorge expands into a green valley, overlooked by lofty mountains, among which are the snowy peaks and glaciers of the Crabioules. The fir woods are streaked by the white lines of foaming cascades, the principal one of which dashes through a very narrow fissure called the "Trou d'Enfer."

The most interesting excursion from Cauterets is to the Lac de Gaube—one of the few mountain lakes in the Pyrenees. This lonely basin of green water is reached easily on horseback or on foot. On its edge one is startled to see an unmistakably English tombstone, commemorating the death of a young English barrister and his wife who were drowned there during their honeymoon. "The Lac de Gaube," says Mr. Blackburn, "is a perfect mountain basin, the water being prevented from escaping into the valley by a natural granite wall, which forms a sort of embankment at the northern end. From this point we obtain a grand view of the sand-covered Vignemale, reflected in the still water. The sides of the lake are steep and rugged, with black masses of fir-trees reaching almost to the water's edge."



A TRIP TO THE PYRENEES—A MOUNTAIN GUIDE, EAUX CHAUDES.

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SOCIAL BARRIERS.

FOR really easy intercourse something like a community of interests is requisite. In order to enjoy a man's society you must be capable at least of sympathizing with his favorite pursuits. If your whole knowledge, for example, of natural history is confined to recognizing an empirical distinction between a horse and a cow, how can you profitably talk upon such subjects to a man whose mind is a walking encyclopedia? The region in which he habitually dwells is for you closed by doors which it is impossible to pass. This difficulty is of course merely suggested by way of illustration. As a matter of fact, a tolerably intelligent person who has never got beyond the asses' bridge may converse profitably with a person whose mathematical speculations are so profound as to be intelligible to only half a dozen persons in America. But that is because mathematics, however deeply immersed a man may be in the study, fills only one division of his intellect. Even the deepest of mathematicians can take a keen interest in the cooking of a mutton-chop, to say nothing of such subjects as poetry, or politics, or theology, which may be said to have a universal human interest. Extend, however, the same principal to other departments of intellectual activity. Take a man who is thoroughly conversant with the great currents of thought, and place him in contact with an ordinary plowman, whose whole intellectual apparatus has been provided at a village school. How can they find real pleasure in each other's society? The plowman can, of course, traverse only an infinitesimal part of the philosopher's sphere of thought, and the philosopher, however amiable, will in time grow weary of talk about petty parish gossip, or even reflections upon agriculture from a purely bucolic point of view. The answer, indeed, may be easily given. Such a difference need not cause any sense of awkwardness. If the plowman is intelligent enough to admit the value of a philosophy which he can not understand, and therefore to pay due respect to philosophers, and if, on the other hand, the philosopher is not too pedantic to take an interest in simple human passions and troubles, they have a common ground upon which

Fig. 1.—CASHMERE MANTELET.—FRONT.

Fig. 2.—CASHMERE MANTELET.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5 and 6.

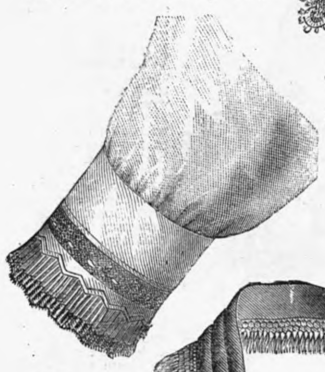
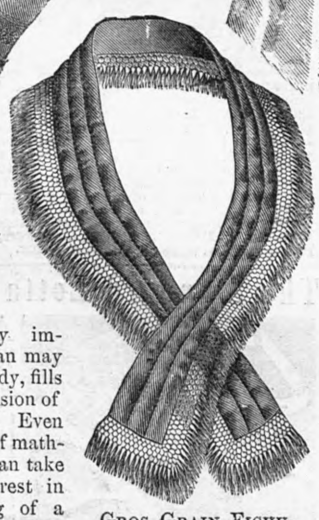


Fig. 2. SLEEVE FOR LINEN, INSERTION, AND SWISS MUSLIN COLLAR, FIG. 1.

For pattern see description in Supplement.



GROS GRAIN FICHU-COLLAR.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XII., Fig. 43.

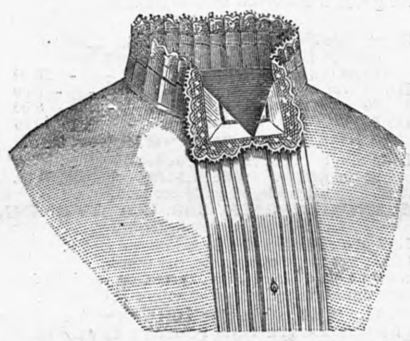


Fig. 1.—LINEN AND LACE COLLAR.—[See Fig. 2.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 12 and 13.

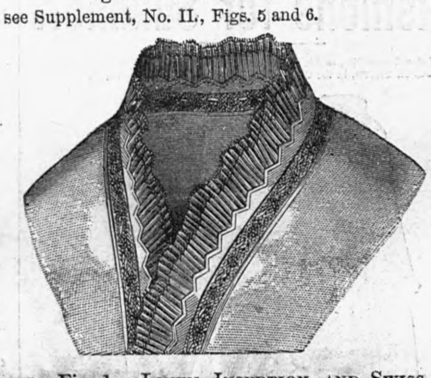
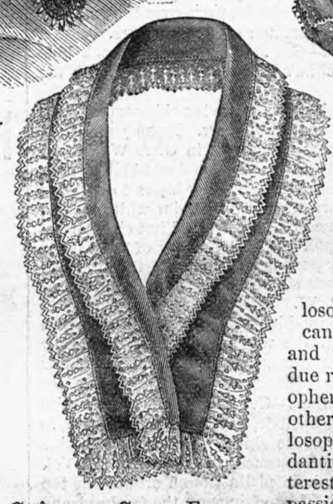


Fig. 1.—LINEN, INSERTION, AND SWISS MUSLIN COLLAR.—[See Fig. 2.]

For pattern see description in Supplement.



CRÊPE DE CHINE FICHU-COLLAR.

For description see Supplement.

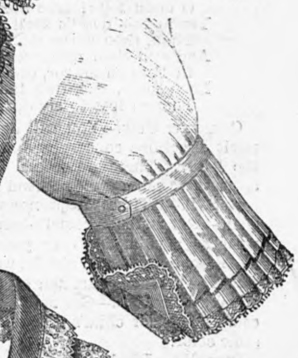


Fig. 2.—SLEEVE FOR LINEN AND LACE COLLAR, FIG. 1.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 14.

Fig. 1.—PLAIN AND STRIPED TOILE DE LAINE DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 15–21.

Fig. 2.—PLAIN AND STRIPED TOILE DE LAINE DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 15–21.

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each may give and take some useful information. Unluckily it is just on this ground that the discord is likely to be most complete. The plowman probably takes an interest in the rate of wages, and attributes his bad pay to a certain inherent meanness on the part of the nearest farmer; the philosopher can only reply by statements about the wages fund and Malthus, which to his interlocutor are as consoling as a text in Hebrew. It is not merely that one man knows a certain list of facts of which the other has never heard, but that their whole methods of thought are jarring and mutually exclusive.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDITH B.—A correspondent informs us that the oft-quoted line, "Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear," originated with Ruthven Jenkyns, and was first published in the *Greenwich Magazine for Marines* in 1701 or 1702. As a literary curiosity we quote the whole poem:

"Sweetheart, good-by! the flutt'ring sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee,
And soon before the fav'ring gale
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year,
But unforgotten every charm,
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

"Sweetheart, good-by! one last embrace!
O cruel Fate! true souls to sever!
Yet in this heart's most sacred place
Thou, thou alone shalt dwell forever!
And still shall recollection trace
In Fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that form, that face,
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear."

CRESCENT CITY.—You will find numerous and explicit directions concerning tatting in the columns of the *Bazar*. There are several English books on the art, but we can not recommend any one in particular.

R. S. L.—"Titian" is pronounced as if spelled Tishan.—Get summer camel's-hair or else cashmere to wear as a polonaise over your brown silk. Thin batiste polonaises will also be worn over brown.

L. T.—Friz the short hair over curl-papers.

KATE NEWBERN.—Get réséda or else peacock blue camel's-hair for child's sacque, and braid it with the same color.

POOR ME.—Black silk suits are too old-womanish for little girls of six and eight years. Make your black silk in an over dress by pattern in Girl's Wardrobe; trim it with ruffles of the same, and add blue or pink Watteau bows, sash, and shoulder-knots to suit the various skirts worn with them. Trim white merino with bands of blue silk or velvet. First-class dressmakers do not spoil the soft drapery of over-skirts and polonaises by putting stiff lining in them. Read how to make black silks in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. VI.

MRS. C.—Get dark blue-purple violet to put with your light silk in the way mentioned. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 19, Vol. VI., for hints about black silks.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Get a white piqué polonaise with black velvet buttons, collar, cuffs, and sash to wear with your various skirts. Use the Châtelaine Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. VI. Wear your hair in plaits wound around the top of your head with frizzed fringe on the forehead and short curls hanging behind. Get a Swiss muslin Normandy cap for your little girl. Make your black alpaca by the cut paper pattern of châtelaine suit mentioned above.

AN IGNORAMUS.—Read about imported suits in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 18, Vol. VI.—When dining out do not fold your napkin as if it were to be placed in a ring, but lay it on the table just as you leave it.

EDITH.—No such notice as you mention ever appeared in the *Bazar*. Satin is not used for dress trimming. Get pink Chambéry gauze for a bride-maid dress, though white gauze with garlands of rose-buds or convolvuli would be more appropriate. Use moiré instead of satin. Hints about stylish black silk suits are given in *Bazar* No. 19, Vol. VI.

PECKHAM'S LEUCOTHEA.

BEAUTIFIES and preserves the Skin and Complexion, removes small-pox marks, pimples, tan, sunburn, freckles, etc. *One application* will prove its *merit*. Price $1 00. For sale by *all* druggists. CHARLES V. PECKHAM, Proprietor, 687 *Broadway*, New York.—[*Com.*]

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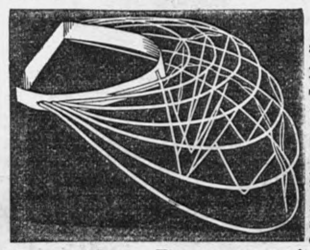

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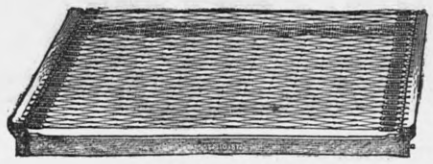

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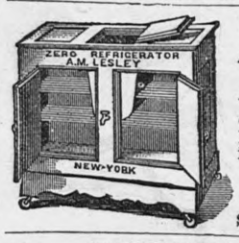

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Vol. VI.

DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT " 7
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SLEEVELESS JACKET WALKING SUIT.... " 15
CHATELAINE REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT..... " 17

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FACETIÆ.

IN Missouri, when a man kills another on Sunday, they prosecute him under the law against desecrating the Sabbath by shooting at a mark, and have him fined five dollars and costs.

What monarch was more than kingly?—King Lear.

An unimaginative individual on visiting the Falls of Niagara was greatly perplexed at the astonishment expressed by his companions, and on one of them exclaiming to him, "Is it not a most wonderful fall?" replied, "Wonderful! no; I see nothing wonderful in it. Why, what's to hinder the water from falling?"

A HINT TO TALKERS AT TABLE—Save your breath to blow your soup.

If Shakspeare's advice were generally acted upon, those of us who are so unfortunate as to have no taste either for opera or oratorio might find it difficult to get credit even for the commonest necessaries of life, for, speaking of "the man that has no music in himself," does he not recommend, "Let no such man be trusted?"

A young man's friends object to his being loose, but, somehow, they have an equal objection to his being tight.

An art critic says: "'A Lady of Modern Rome' (No. 23), carefully painted, and with a good interior, went for one hundred and twenty dollars to Mr. Williams."

We may as well quote a bit of obituary poetry which recently appeared in a Philadelphia paper, because nothing more wonderful in the way of rhyme was ever constructed. Here it is: "Our little Sallie did to heaven go, Baby life so fleet is; She was afflicted with the cerebro-Spinal meningitis. 'Tis hard to lose our Sallie so, But the reflection sweet is, That she's gone where there is no cerebro-Spinal meningitis." A lovelier little bit of elegiac poetry we do not remember to have read.

"Chicken on shell," said an Englishman, looking down the *carte* at a Boston hotel; "that must be a delicacy. Here, waiter, chicken on shell." The waiter shortly after produced the viand, which was in the shape of eggs. The Britisher was nonplused. Upon inquiring what it meant, the waiter replied that it was a bad time of year for fresh eggs. They advertised them as chickens that there might be no mistake.

Which travels at the greatest speed, heat or cold?—Heat, because you can easily catch cold.

It has been proved that, after kindling his fire, a miser stuck a cork in the end of the bellows to save the little wind that was left in them.

A Detroit negress allowed a gentleman of that city to name her baby the other day, in consideration of a two-dollar bill, and the poor little thing was christened William Henry Washington Colfax Grant Scipio Brutus Halifax Weed Joshua Lone Jack Madison Buffalo Bill Saunders.

"Looking forward to enjoyment," said an enthusiastic young lady to a city man, "is the charm of human existence; it enables us to bear our present burdens without repining, in the hope of a bright future."

The city man's reply was, "It don't pay. From what I know of it I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights."

There is a man who keeps a list of all the banks in the country, so as to be able to say that he keeps a bank account.

RATHER AWKWARD.

"Well, and how's the Beauty, Mrs. Jessamy? As Lovely as ever?"
"Oh, *Lovelier*, if possible, Mr. Polkington! She's just been Short-Coated, poor Darling, and—"
"*Just—been—Short—Coated*, Mrs. Jessamy!"
"Yes, of course! My Baby you mean, don't you?"
"Oh—er—no! I—I—*I meant* your opposite Neighbor—Miss Belsize!"

RATHER MIXED.—A farmer, not accustomed to literary composition or letter-writing, having lost a new hat at a meeting, and inquired into its possible mistaking, addressed the following note to its supposed possessor: "Mr. A presents his compliments to Mr. B; I have got a hat which is not his; if he have got a hat which is not yours, no doubt they are the missing one."

Mr. Brandytoddy's three reasons for not drinking are very characteristic of that gentleman.

"Take something to drink?" said his friend to him one day.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. B.

"No! why not?" inquired his friend, in great amazement.

"In the first place," returned Mr. Brandytoddy, "I am secretary to a temperance society that is to meet to-day, and I must show my temperance character. In the second place, this is the anniversary of my father's death, and out of respect for him I have promised never to drink on this day. And, in the third place, I have just taken something."

MURDEROUS PRACTICES.

"Will you want a bit o' meat, or 'll ye kill yersel' this spring?"

"I dinna ken," replied the farmer, "whether I's kill mysel' or tak' a side o' me fether."

A French gentleman, learning English to some purpose, replied thus to the salutations:

"How do you do, monsieur?"
"Do vat?"
"How do you find yourself?"
"I never loses myself."
"How do you feel?"
"Smooth: you just feel me."
"Good-morning, monsieur!"
"Good! No, it's a bad one; it's vet and nasty."

SIGHTS WHICH WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.

The sight of a large coal wagon unloading at our door, at the cost of a kind friend who wished to show us his affection.

The sight of a statue put up by public subscription, and proving *not* to be an eye-sore to the public.

The sight of a whole column of theatrical advertisements without one single puff in it.

The sight of our brand-new silk umbrella which was taken by mistake (of course) for a very old alpaca one we found left in exchange for it.

The sight of a pew door in a convenient position opened for us *gratis* when we desire to listen to a fashionable preacher.

The sight of some of the dollar bills which, on various sham pretexts, we have been constrained to lend to out-at-elbow acquaintances.

The sight of a photograph of Ourself which, in our own private opinion, really does us any justice.

The sight of an advertisement seeking for us as the next of kin of a rich Somebody or other, whom we have never heard of, who has left us all his property.

The sight of a new form of constitutional French government, founded on eternal principles, and capable of enduring for upward of a twelvemonth.

The sight of a new patent machine for washing shirts without knocking the buttons off.

And, finally, a "sight of money" paid by some good fairy of the future to free us all from the necessity of future sights such as some of those we have mentioned.

A juggler can not act well unless he is in the vein (the juggler vein, of course). This remark is made in a joc'lar vein.

SOCIAL DISTINCTION.—There are people in the world who esteem it so extremely vulgar to express emotion, that, if an earthquake were reported to have happened in their neighborhood, they would consider it a proof of their good-breeding not to have been moved by it.

HARVEY'S SAUCE.—The preceptor of Master Harvey asked that young gentleman what were round numbers. Harvey, with characteristic sauce, replied, "Naughts."

This is part of the report of a sulky critic at some private theatricals in humble life: "His Eminence was very perfect, but growled out his author, and snapped at his sentences like a surly dog disturbed at a bone. In time the fair Julia appeared in a magnificent get-up of pure white, the result of a day's search among the second-hand shops. François was represented by a little wheezing member with a chronic cough. He had played before, and had tights and a proper dress of his own. In the act where Richelieu upbraids him for losing the packet containing treasonable correspondence, the poor little fellow became so excited that a string snapped, and down fell his coat over his feet. In the third act De Mauprat, under the sting of supposed injuries, leagues with the conspirators to slay the Cardinal. He entered, and concealed himself to wait for his victim. The Cardinal also entered, vigil lamp in hand (a candle in this instance), and was seized by the indignant Adrian, who looked the embodiment of martial bravery as he stood there sword in hand, frock-coated, and with his head buried in the identical helmet borrowed from a policeman, and decorated with red and blue paper. He launched forth a catalogue of his wrongs, and instead of winding up with the text, 'Expect no mercy; behold De Mauprat,' he lost the words, and bleated out instead, 'Sure and I am De Mauprot, whome you long thowt dead, but I am aloive, my boy, to blast ye.' At this point he casts aside disguise; but our tragic hero gave the visor such a rough jerk that off flew his helmet on the stage, and out rolled a pile of newspaper padding. The Prime Minister's patience was even proof against that event, but was utterly crushed by the next; for that scene, at least, he had vindicated his conduct, and called for his ward to bear out his words; but the stentorian appeal, 'Julie, Julie de Mortimer,' remained unanswered. The next act brought with it Louis XIV., beautifully made up like a mute at a funeral. This gentleman had arrived by train, and brought with him two or three friends who applauded him manfully, and annoyed him so much that he held repeated aside solos, disapproving of their conduct, till the curtain fell amidst repeated calls for all the company."

In California they are so much annoyed with mosquitoes and fleas that a physician advises, first a bath in a solution of soft soap and treacle, then a sprinkle of sawdust on the head, after which the patient should take to his bed and maintain perfect repose.

Brogue Anns come from Ireland.

"India, my boy," said an Irish officer to a friend on his arrival at Calcutta, "is the finest climate under the sun; but a lot of young fellows come out here and they drink and they eat, and they drink and they die; and then they write home to their parents a pack of lies and say it's the climate as has killed them."

A dutiful son was recently brought up for a little matter before the legal powers, when it turned out he had been speculating on his ma's death, and had done this poetry: "In affectionate remembrance of Jane Ward, who died December 15, 1872, aged thirty-seven years.

"She's gone to her rest, her troubles are o'er,
She's done with her sorrows and pain;
The ills of this life, which she patiently bore,
Shall never distress her again."

The mother who was thus alleged to be freed from "her sorrows and pain" was actually in court when the prisoner was committed for trial.

MATRIMONIAL.—It is no good nowadays for a man to offer his hand if there's nothing in it.

"A SOUSED CHILD DREADS WATER."

"Now, Missy, you've seen me Shave, so you must just Skedaddle, please, as I'm going to take my Bath."
"I won't Tell if you don't take it, Uncle Rowland. Let me stay, please."
"Won't Tell? What do you mean, Missy?"
"Why, nobody wouldn't go into Cold Water, Uncle, if they wasn't made to, I suppose. Nobody don't make you, do they?"

MATERNAL.

LITTLE WOMAN (*hugging her new doll*). "Isn't she a Darling? I'd give her to you, only—she's my own!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 23.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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LADIES' WALKING SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Fig. 1.—LOOSE FRONT DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.—BACK.

Fig. 2.—LOOSE FRONT DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.—FRONT.

[Cut Paper Patterns of the Loose Front Double-breasted Polonaise Walking Suit, Figs. 1 and 2, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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ONLY A SAD MISTAKE.

ONLY a blunder, a sad mistake;
All my own fault, and mine alone;
The saddest error a heart can make—
I was so young, or I would have known.

Only his rare, sweet, winning smile;
Only a lingering touch of his hand:
I think I was dreaming all the while—
The reason I did not understand.

Yet somewhere I've read men woo this way;
That eyes speak sometimes before the tongue:
And I was sure he would speak some day—
Pardon the folly, I was *so* young.

Was, I say, for now I am old;
So old, it seems like a hundred years
Since I felt my heart growing hard and cold,
With a pain too bitter and deep for tears.

I saw him lean over the stranger's chair
With a warm new light in his beautiful eyes,
And I woke from my dreaming then and there,
And went out of my self-made Paradise.

He never loved me, I know, I see!
Such sad, sad blunders as young hearts make!
She did not win him away from me,
For he was not mine. It was my mistake.

A woman should wait for a man to speak
Before she dreams of his love, I own;
But I was a *girl:* girls' hearts are weak;
And the pain, like the fault, is mine alone.

Loose Front Double-breasted Polonaise Walking Suit, Figs. 1 and 2.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

See illustration on first page.

THIS pretty polonaise, of which a cut paper pattern is published, is one of the most popular garments of the season. It is usually of some light fabric, and is worn over a black silk or cashmere walking skirt, though the whole suit may be made of the same material. It is well suited to linen, lawn, or any kind of wash goods. The garment may be worn either belted or loose, both styles of which are shown in the illustrations. It is double-breasted, and may be worn either with or without a habit shirt, and has two rows of very large buttons down the front. The edge is hemmed or faced with silk. The walking skirt is flounced in the back, and has a tablier of upright double box-pleats.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS suit comprises two garments—loose front double-breasted polonaise and walking skirt.

LOOSE FRONT DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE.—This pattern is in six pieces—front, back, sleeve, cuff, collar, and pocket. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting together. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, to take up the short seam on each front, to sew on the pockets, to place the buttons on the front, to turn back the lapel and collar, to tack the tape in the back of the skirt for draping, and the size and shape of the under part of the sleeve. The front is double-breasted, and though worn flowing, is slightly shaped to the figure by a front seam on each side, extending from the armhole down about six inches below the waist. The back is adjusted closely to the figure, and held in place by a belt underneath. A seam is down the middle of the back, in which extra fullness is added at the waist and laid in deep pleats underneath. There is no real side body, as the piece between the seam under the arm and the short front seam takes its place. The front closes with the right front overlapping the left, and a second row of buttons on the right side to correspond with the left. The neck is turned back in the line of perforations, forming a lapel, and met by a turn-over collar about one inch and a half wide. The tight-fitting coat sleeve is finished at the wrist by a deep cuff, and two buttons, placed one above the other, on the back part of the cuff. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the back of the armhole, holding the sleeve a little full on the shoulder when sewing it in. Before joining the seams lay three deep side pleats, turning downward, in the back edge of the front, according to the notches; gather between the notches, on the front edge of the back in a space of about seven inches, to add fullness to the drapery. A strap ten inches long is sewed at the waist line on the middle seam; the two single perforations are tacked on the strap—the lower one at the end, the one nearest the top at the centre, giving the full panier in the back of the skirt. A pocket, lined with stiff foundation, is sewed on each side of the front, even with the perforations. An outside belt, to which the sash is attached, crosses the back, passes through slits in the seam under the arm, and is fastened under the loose front; when a loose front is objectionable, this belt may be worn outside, and fasten down the front also. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all others.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 7¾ yards.
Number of buttons, two dozen.

WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front gore, two side gores, and straight breadth for the back. Cut the front gore and straight breadth with the longest straight edges laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Cut two pieces each of the pattern given for the side gores. The front gore is trimmed its entire length with double box-pleating of the material, graduating in width at the top. The side gores and straight breadth are trimmed with four deep ruffles ten inches wide, cut the straight way of the goods, divided about two inches from the top by a bias band to form a heading, and finished at each end by a bow and ends. Put the pattern together by the notches, paying no attention to the grain of the paper.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 7 yards.
Extra for trimming, 14 yards.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1873.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be sent out gratuitously an EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing a complete and carefully engraved Map of

NEW YORK AND ITS SURROUNDINGS,

showing the Metropolis from the Battery to One Hundred and Eighth Street, portions of Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Jersey City, etc.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the Loose Front Double-breasted Polonaise Walking Suit, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 367.

HOST AND GUEST.

WE Americans are by no means such a visiting people as our cousins over the water. In those great feudal houses of England, each one of which is a stack of villages in itself, it is supposable that the dwellers might just fall short of death by loneliness without their circle of guests, while in our little houses we more frequently fall short of death by the guests. And whether it is the fault of the house or the fault of the guest is an open question among us still.

It is possible, however, that the difficulty may be quite equally distributed, for there are three things that make hospitality a burden—a little house, a churlish host, an exacting guest. And there are unbearable varieties of all these. There is the guest who comes days after the appointed time; the guest who encroaches on the time of the next guest; the wretched guest who dares to fall ill; the guest who demands all there is and more too. There is the host who welcomes the coming, but forgets to speed the parting guest; the host who vexes the patience of his visitors with his attentions; the host who cries, "Good Lord, here comes that terrible Queen of Sheba with her conundrums!—Ah, my dear Sheba, how glad I am to see you!"

Of late years a great disposition to adopt all the English ways in our power has been evincing itself among us, ranging from ecclesiology to ragged schools; and we have become quite unwilling to let the sea and the distance filter away such portions as it might be to our advantage to lose. Because our cousins use the word "nasty" for every variety of unpleasant thing, and the word "nice" for every variety of the pleasant thing, our whole conversational vocabulary bids fair to simmer itself down to those two adjectives. We hear of nice men and nice manners, and nice dogs and nice dainties, and we hear of a nasty day and a nasty sore and a nasty sermon. "Mrs. Mayfair," said a young lady who affected this style the other day, speaking of a person whose mouth was never soiled with any thing worse than the cutting repartee just given to the young lady—"Mrs. Mayfair does say the nastiest things!"

Among all these Anglican affectations there is one which is a way of receiving guests, and according to which we let them severely alone. Having heard that our foreign cousins, when their houses are full of people, pursue their previous avocations uninterruptedly, and leave their company to follow their own sweet wills, we at once think that nothing can be more elegant than a similar proceeding; and having invited our solitary guest, we leave her, as if it were honor and delight enough to be in our house at all, to take care of herself as she can. Our house consists of a drawing-room, a dining-room, and kitchen, and the sleeping apartments. Perhaps we live in the city, and have no grounds about the house; perhaps we live in the country, where people can stroll across the fields if they will, and if they are not afraid of the cattle there. We have a piano; we have a few books—not, it is probable, the very newest. Our pictures are soon exhausted; and when we coolly inform our friend that we are off to a committee meeting of the Society for Supplying the Tahitians with Parasols, and hope she will enjoy herself in our absence, or leisurely walk up stairs for our afternoon nap, or withdraw with our favorite book, we simply leave her in a condition where she might almost as well be in the Desert of Sahara.

The natural corollary of this demonstration is not that in order to have the pleasure of entertaining company one must have suites of rooms for various enjoyments, a library, a billiard-room, a music-room, a drawing-room, a retinue of servants, a half dozen horses, and a dozen guests at once; but that, having a guest at all, our house and we ourselves are hers as long as she stays; and if we have invited into our house a person accustomed to a richer and better order of things than that prevailing there, it is all the more imperative upon us to accord her the absolute devotion of ourselves.

But, on the other hand, we must admit that guests have some duties of their own as well, which, frequently as they are assured of it, it will do no harm to reiterate in a few words. And the first lesson is that it is a duty not to be guests at all unless they are very sure of their ground, always remembering when invited that any day means no day.

But, once guests, although their host may serve them with Oriental hospitality, and be at their feet with all that hosts should render, it is their place to remember that, when all is done, they still are not in a hotel; that it is a necessary politeness to ascertain the household hours if possible; that it is no property of their part to set up hours of their own for rising or retiring, feasting or fasting; and, of all things, that it is their rôle to so conduct themselves that every servant in the house shall not give warning on account of them—very simple directions on their face, but, judging from the general failure to follow them, very impossible to practice. Indeed, a guest can do nothing better than to understand that in receiving a cordial welcome the gates of the inner penetralium of another's home have been set open to them, and that so great a compliment deserves at least the acknowledgment of an attempt at assimilation with the family, and of a modest and unexacting behavior.

DESIRABLE CHANGES IN THE LAWS REGARDING A WIFE'S PROPERTY.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

NOTWITHSTANDING appearances, it may be safely assumed that the law means to be just and humane, and to secure the greatest good of the greatest number. The law giving the children's property into the widower father's hands was doubtless framed on the assumption that the father has more love for his children than any one else in the world, and that their interests are safer in his hands than in any other's. This is not a monstrous, but a natural assumption. It ought always to be true, and it often is true. When it is true, the law works admirably. I have seen a father in moderate circumstances carefully cherish the small fortune left to his daughters by their own mother. He supports and educates them and the children of his second wife out of his own means. He gives them an ample outfit at their marriage, not, as they had supposed, from their money, but from his own, and acquaints them that their portion still remains untouched and increasing. Herein the law works no harm. But when the miserly father unduly hoards, or the mean father squanders, or the weak father misappropriates, to the injury and perhaps ruin of the children, what then? What is the remedy? Shall we change the law, and if so, to what shall it be changed? I beg all women to consider this, for it involves the gravest consequences. It concerns not only their own comfort and happiness, but the character and fate of their children.

I do not advocate entire equality. I think the laws of inheritance should favor women more than men, not from any conventional or even sincere gallantry, but from the nature of things, from the organization of the individual and of society. It is the business of a man to earn his living and that of his wife and children; a woman's business prevents such earning. It is the right of a wife to be supported by her husband. If the husband can not support himself, he had better die. The world has no use for a man that can not earn his own living. But women are unfitted by nature for this object. Society is founded on the assumption that they will not, and its best interests are served when they do not maintain themselves. The law should recognize this, and should enforce the wife's right to be supported out of her husband's estate, and should discountenance and deny by non-recognition any right of the husband to be supported out of his wife's estate.

Shall, then, the law give the property of the husband wholly into the hands of the widow? Immediately you are beset by the spectacle of a woman who a year after her husband's death makes a ridiculous marriage—a marriage which is disgraceful to herself, and puts shame upon her dead husband and her living children. Under the influence of this new husband the money is speedily squandered, and the innocent children are left in poverty. Or the woman is impulsive, unreasoning, headstrong, and wastes her children's substance in wild investments and extravagant expenditure. Or she is benevolent, inaccurate, and "happy-go-easy," and their property slips through her amiable fingers with fatal facility. We have all seen these women. Disaster follows them. You can not frame a law to meet every case. You can only frame laws to meet the majority of cases. The law cares, as it ought to care, for the interests of children as well as of husbands and wives, by demanding their support of the father during his life, and taking it out of his estate after his death. It is possible that, on the whole, this is the best thing the law can do. It may be that family interests would be more endangered by leaving the children without legal claim than by leaving the wife with the smaller share. I am inclined to think otherwise. I am inclined to think that, take society through, at least American society, setting the mother's love over against the father's business knowledge, the children's interests are as safe in the mother's hands as in the father's. It seems to me more natural and reasonable that the mother should be invested with the power that inhered in both. When one eye is lost, the other increases in strength. When sight and hearing are gone, feeling becomes peculiarly acute. When the father dies, the mother must in many respects be father and mother both, and she ought to have the powers of both father and mother. Suffering would occur under this law, but no more, I believe, than under the existing law. Certainly a woman is less likely to become disaffected toward her children by the influence of their step-father, or to sacrifice their interests to his for the sake of peace, than a man is to be similarly influenced by a step-mother. American women are surely affectionate enough and intelligent enough, in the main, to be trusted with the education and support of their own children.

The very exigency would quicken the mother's often merely dormant business ability, and would furnish a substitute for experience.

While we fully admit that the law deals, and justly deals, not in particulars, but in generals, and that it is unsafe hastily to demand its repeal or modification because a special application of it is attended with severe hardship, we must not forget that it is safe to modify it in conformity to general principles.

For instance, it is meet and right that law should lean as far as possible toward the freedom of the individual. It should establish as firmly as possible the sacredness of ownership. It does this generously in case of men, but even in the case of men it does not establish absolute ownership. Even a man has not absolute right to his own property. The law, in the interest of his minor children, has control over enough of his estate to feed and clothe and educate them. In the interest of his wife it claims a certain portion for her use. In the interests of society it claims the whole after one life. A can not will his property to B, to go after B's death to C, and after C's death to E. It is for the interests of society that the world should be under the control of the living, not of the dead. Nor can a man give a deed without the co-operation of his wife. Beyond this a man holds right of control by virtue of ownership. A woman is far more limited. She not only receives an unequal share in the distribution of their joint property, but she is deprived of the power of directing the disposal of her own. She may make as many wills as she chooses, and they are legal—if her husband consents. But a will subject to her husband is no will at all. Her husband may be the very person against whom she wishes to guard, or for whom she wishes to provide. And by no will she may choose to make does her husband forfeit his life dower in her estate. In spite of herself, he will have the income of her property, and she can not divert it from him to the care, the education, or the support of her children, even though she knows him to be incapable. This "tenant by courtesy" steps in to the exclusion of every one else, and on the old nursery principle, "After me is manners," ensconces himself as snugly as a mouse in a cheese, and nibbles away with perfect security till death nips him.

This is wrong, not because it often brings suffering, but on general principles. It violates the freedom of the individual, the dignity of woman. No harm can come to the family or to society by a woman's imprudent disposal of her goods so great as the harm done to both by thus depriving her of the dignity which inheres in control. A woman ought not any more than a man to be able to dispose of their joint property without her

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husband's consent, but she ought to be able to dispose of her own. So far from his being entitled to the whole income from it, he has no right to any of it against her will. She has a right to a living out of his estate, because the very fact of her being his wife presumptively incapacitates her from earning a livelihood. He has no right to a support out of her estate, because it is presumptively a shame to a man to be supported by his wife. Society needs that women should be freed from the necessity of money-earning. It needs that men should be impelled by that necessity.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE LOOSE FRONT DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE.

ONE of the most fashionable garments of the season is the loose front double-breasted polonaise, which forms part of the suit illustrated on our first page, and of which a cut paper pattern is published. This is sometimes called the blouse-polonaise, and has lately been given the name of Alexandra, but was introduced in the *Bazar* Supplement a year ago as a redingote, and was really the first original great-coat polonaise worn in this country. It was not successful at first, but at present is the favorite over dress for all suits except those designed for full-dress. It is a graceful and comfortable garment of very simple construction; is adapted to thick and thin materials alike; may be used as part of a suit or else as an independent garment; is worn appropriately by young, middle-aged, and old, and is therefore popular on the score of availability as well as beauty. To be *comme il faut* it must be very long, with ample fullness in the skirt and abundant soft drapery; after the collar, cuffs, buttons, pockets, and sash are added, all other trimming is superfluous, and detracts from its style. It may be worn flowing loosely in front, like a morning wrapper, in the manner shown in one illustration, or else it may be belted down, as seen in the second figure; the flowing unbelted front is in favor for the simple stylish costumes of spring woolen goods worn for morning and afternoon promenades, shopping, and traveling, and it is being used in profusion for summer wash goods, such as linen, batiste, percale, calicoes, and lawns: more dressy grenadines have the outside belt passed all around the waist, instead of being confined to the back only. The front is cut double-breasted, but with very close high revers and collar, so that a chemisette may be worn when a habit shirt or dress waist is objectionable. The shoulder seams are very short, and the waist is as long as nature will permit. The front has no dart near the edge, but is shaped by a short seam taken quite far back, beginning low down in the armhole, and extending below the waist to the spot where the pockets are set on. When the garment is on, this looks like the "under arm" seam, and is important, as the fronts will draw and wrinkle if it is omitted. The bottom of the front is made very wide, in order that it may be draped very far back—beyond the sides rather than on them. The back of the polonaise fits smoothly, without a wrinkle at the waist, and consists of two simple sacque-shaped pieces, with ample skirt fullness added in the middle seam at the smallest taper of the waist. This fullness is folded underneath the seam, pleat upon pleat, showing the reverse of a triple box-pleat, and is then draped over the tournure by tapes in the manner described elsewhere. It is important that a string should be placed low down in the side seams of the skirt, and tied behind the person, to keep the drapery well toward the back and smooth on the sides. The waist and sleeves of all polonaises except those of wash goods should be lined with thin lining, silk or else soft Silesia. This lining extends two or three inches below the waist, and its edge is hemmed or bound separately from the waist. As we have said repeatedly, polonaise skirts should never be lined, as the drapery is spoiled thereby. To keep the back of the waist well adjusted, a belt (of tape, or else silk belt ribbon) is tacked on the under side to the three back seams and hooked in front. When the front is not belted, there is no necessity for an outside belt in the back, as the garment may have a button on the side seams to define the waist, but many ladies prefer an outside belt in the back, and this is passed under the front through slits in the side seams. Russia leather belts are worn with these garments, but the belt and sash are more usually made of the silk, velvet, or other material used for the collar, cuffs, etc. The sash consists of two long loops and two ends of uneven length cut diagonally. The sleeves are very close coat shape. The bottom of the polonaise is often finished by lace, a ruffle, or fringe, but is far more stylish if simply finished with a two-inch hem sewed in blind stitches that do not show on the outside, or else a two-inch facing with a tiny piping fold in the edge. We must not omit to add that loose front polonaises are often made single-breasted and closed in the neck. This pattern may be made so by turning in the extra part in front used for lapping. Only one row of buttons is then necessary, and a round turned-over collar is substituted for the revers collar.

MATERIALS, ETC.

The materials most used for loose front polonaises at present are summer camel's-hair and cashmere in the stylish colors, with silk skirts of a darker shade, or else black; entire suits are made of de baize and alpaca. Thick repped silk like the lower skirt is used for the collar, cuffs, sash, and pockets of woolen polonaises; these are lined with thin silk, and interlined with stiff foundation muslin to keep them in shape; velvet and watered silk are also used for trimming, and will be worn all summer. The buttons are large round wooden moulds two inches in diameter, covered with the trimming silk; they are placed in two rows straight down the front; from six to twelve buttons are in each row, according to fancy. Button-holes for them may be overcast, or else bound with silk in a substantial way now much admired. Two or three of the lower buttons are usually left unfastened. Two buttons are set on the elongated square pockets and two on each cuff. Oxidized silver buttons are appropriate for these woolen garments, but the real metal is expensive, and the imitation is soon defaced.

Costumes of the pretty striped summer silks are also made by this design. The trimmings are usually of a solid color, and the dress skirt is trimmed with two bias ten-inch flounces. Black taffeta silks with a double line stripe of white are very stylish when made in this way.

Correspondents who ask directions for making summer wash dresses will find all their wants supplied by this pattern, as its looseness makes it cool and pleasant for midsummer, and it is so simple that it can be easily washed. Gray undressed linen suits of this kind will be very popular, and Napoleon blue linen will be worn by stylish people. The edge of the whole polonaise and its small accessories should be faced and piped with a linen fold, either white, brown, or blue. Large pearl or imitation ivory buttons should be used, or else moulds covered with linen. The belt is of Russia leather. The dress skirt may have merely bias bands, or else two flounces either pleated or gathered. Striped batiste suits are similarly made, and trimmed with yak lace insertion of the same color. A velvet sash and velvet buttons add to the beauty of these. Black and brown silk skirts will be much worn under linen and batiste polonaises. White repped piqué suits are embroidered on the polonaise and flounce in thick close work, or else trimmed with English eyelet-hole needle-work. A new French fancy is to insert tucked bands with a row of hem-stitching between the tucks; this is not the real hem-stitching done with the needle, but is done by machinery, like Hamburg embroidery. Black velvet buttons and sash accompany white piqués. The neck of piqué polonaises is finished with a voluminous Medici fraise.

Percales, cambrics, lawns, and the plainest calicoes have this négligé polonaise and a short skirt with a single deep flounce cut straight and scant. A pretty lawn suit—white, with blue and rose-colored lines—had two narrow ruffles heading a deep Spanish flounce on the skirt; a four-inch ruffle edged the long polonaise, and was gathered as a ruff around the neck, with an inner ruffle of Valenciennes. The belt was four lapped folds of pale blue silk, and the pendent blue sash was lined with rose-colored silk. Cambrics and calicoes have bias bands stitched on the polonaise, or else a two-inch fold edges the garment, headed by a very narrow piping.

FRENCH FLOWERS.

Fresh importations of French flowers show quantities of mosses in their natural brownish-green shades, which are so much in favor under the name of olive tints. Tops of bonnets are covered with tiny beds of these fine mosses. Coronets are formed of them, or else they are mounted in clusters with blue forget-me-nots and tiny pink buds or slender fern leaves. Black Brussels net bonnets are effectively trimmed with moss coronets and ribbons of mossy green. Drooping bell-like fringes of oat husks are shown in the favorite olive hues, and tulles, crape, and Brussels net are used of the same shade. Among the novelties are beautiful "goffered leaves," with satin-like finish, that look as if they were made by embroidery. Quantities of wild roses are shown in clusters, branches, coronet wreaths, and trailing sprays; pink, crimson, and white wild brier roses are mounted together. Next there are many-petaled dwarf roses, English hedge-roses, and branches of thick pouting buds. Green rose-buds not yet bursted show the favorite olive and moss colors. These flowers are mounted so that they will serve either as a coronet or as a comb-like ornament on the back of the bonnet. Jet leaves have a lace foundation, in which fine jet beads are sewed, and are no longer heavy and cumbersome. Pompons are the favorite feather ornaments for summer hats. They are closely curled ostrich feathers at the base, with a long slender heron's feather erect in them; pompons made up of game feathers are also imported.

ENAMELED BUTTONS.

The latest novelty on imported dresses is enameled buttons of color on metal, and also of lacquered wood. The latter are Japanese, and are usually black, showing their favorite mountain-peak design in gilt. These are used on black silk dresses made at the best French houses.

FRENCH LINGERIE.

Pleated percale ruffs and under-sleeves of black or blue stripes on white have half-inch bands of linen stitched near the edge. Écru linen lingerie is in the regular English collar shape, with square cuffs fastened by three linen buttons. All-white sets are very sheer linen ruffles in side pleats, with an inch-wide hem turned up on the outside and hem-stitched. Frills and fraises grow fuller and longer gradually, until ladies are assuming what is ridiculed as the "pouter-pigeon" fashion. High standing linen collars have embroidered edges flaring outward in Medicis style, with a soft full box-pleated frill inside, made of muslin edged with Valenciennes lace. Almost all collars have the chemisette attached.

For information received thanks are due Miss SWITZER; and Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and C. H. F. AHRENS & Co.

PERSONAL.

COMFORT, happiness, etc., etc., have been carried into a poor family in Brooklyn by a decision of the Court of Appeals. Nine years ago one CHARLES FOX made a will leaving all his property to the United States government to pay the national debt. It was not so much that FOX was personally troubled about the ultimate solvency of the government as that FOX didn't like his nephews and nieces. So when FOX "shuffled off," the United States claimed his property. The nephews and nieces contested. Surrogate HUTCHINGS, in his clear and concise way, decided that FOX was of sound mind, but that the United States could not take a land bequest of a deceased person in this State, but could accept personal property. Judge PIERREPONT conducted the case for the government; but ingenious and able as was his argument, it could not break the sound law and commonsense of the Surrogate, and the Court of Appeals unanimously sustains his opinion.

—Mr. CHARLES D. WARNER, author of *My Summer in a Garden*, is compared by the London *Spectator* to CHARLES LAMB and ARTHUR HELPS.

—Public men seem to be arriving at the conclusion that the pen is mightier than the politician. We perceive that Senator BUCKINGHAM and Congressmen STARKWEATHER and BARNUM, of Connecticut, have become proprietors of the Norwich *Bulletin*. Ten years ago that sort of thing was not looked upon as the chief end of man in Connecticut.

—"George Eliot," as a novelist, is placed by the *British Quarterly* above Sir WALTER SCOTT. "She paints with Miss AUSTEN'S unerring humor and accuracy, and with Sir WALTER'S masculine breadth." If the popular judgment is to be gathered from the number of intelligent readers of a novel, *Middlemarch* must be reckoned one of the most remarkable fictions of the present century.

—The Vocal Society of New York paid a graceful and well-deserved tribute to their founder, the late Dr. JAMES L. BROWN, by their recent memorial concert at Steinway Hall for the benefit of his family, which netted over five thousand dollars. This testimonial was peculiarly fitting, inasmuch as the society owed much of its success to Dr. BROWN'S unwearied efforts, for which he had steadily refused all pecuniary compensation during his lifetime. Dr. BROWN was a graduate of Columbia College, and attended the twentieth anniversary of his college class only two months before his death; and of the dozen members around the festive board no one seemed so hale and hearty as he. He died in February last, at the age of forty-two, on the very threshold of a brilliant success both in his profession and in the musical world, which he had earned by industry and perseverance, for he was essentially a self-made man. He was accounted one of the best choir leaders in the country, and was among the first to revive the now wide-spreading taste for chamber music. He was beloved in all the relations of life, and the society which he founded will keep his memory green by its charming glees and madrigals.

—A pleasant incident in the history of Chief Justice CHASE and Hon. SAMUEL HOOPER, M.C. from Boston, appears in the *Tribune:* "In 1861 Mr. CHASE, then Secretary of the Treasury, advertised for a loan of $14,900,000. The proposals were to be opened April 11. Next day the rebel batteries opened fire. No time could be more unpropitious to the negotiation of a loan. Mr. HOOPER happened to be in Washington, and was a subscriber for $100,000. The proposals fell short of the desired amount by about a million of dollars. Mr. CHASE sent for Mr. HOOPER, then almost a stranger, and asked him to take that sum in addition to what he had before subscribed, assuring him he should be protected against loss if unable to distribute the amount in Boston. He complied without hesitation, and paid in the whole sum without any aid from the Treasury. The sum may seem small now; it was large then, and the act was alike prompt, graceful, and patriotic."

—Mrs. MARY MAPES DODGE has resigned the editorial chair in *Hearth and Home*, which she has filled so admirably for the last four years, and gone to Europe for a brief term to recuperate her health. Rumors are afloat of her connection with a new magazine on her return. The notable article on the insanity of CAIN in the May number of *Scribner's Monthly* is attributed to her pen. We had always fallen back on CAIN as a genuine old-fashioned villain, but it seems that, like NERO, CALIGULA, HENRY VIII., and all the rest, he was no criminal after all; only an unfortunate victim of emotional insanity. Mrs. MARGARET E. SANGSTER succeeds Mrs. DODGE as editor of the boys' and girls' department in *Hearth and Home*.

—In this style does Miss E. STUART PHELPS write of Miss SMILEY, the Quakeress preacher: "She is a woman whose very name but a year or two since was strange to the ear of the general public; who has received neither a theological diploma, nor a ministerial ordination, nor even a license to preach; who has a voice as sweet as a robin's, and a face as serene as a Madonna's, and a courage as resolute as an apostle's, and a purpose as fixed as a Quaker's, and who wears her bonnet into the pulpit besides."

—What more "personal" than this? In an English church recently, after the publication of the bans of marriage by the minister, a grave elder, in a stentorian voice, forbade the bans between a certain couple. On being called on to explain, he said, pointing to the intended bride, "I had intended HANNAH for myself." HANNAH did not contemplate it by the same glasses.

—Musical folk think that M. GOUNOD is creating quite a desirable revolution in church music by his late compositions. He has gradually fallen into the style of the good old *alla capella* school, and may be considered as the modern PALESTRINA.

—ROBERT BRUCE, a converted Brahmin, has been spending some time in New England, addressing meetings in various towns.

—Parlor operas are now in fashion, and a very pleasant fashion it is, too. That was a successful entertainment of the kind which was lately given by Mr. W. F. WILLIAMS, the musical critic of the *Evening Post*, in his rooms in Fourth Avenue, wherein he was a whole orchestra in himself, playing on half a dozen instruments almost simultaneously, while the opera of *Lucrezia Borgia* was admirably sung by Mesdames CAIROLI and DE GEBELE and Messrs. ERRANI and COLETTI in the principal parts, followed by two acts of *Norma*, in which the soprano was Madame BELLINI-MAIRATTA, the niece of the great BELLINI. The new Mexican violinist, Señor DELGADO, also played for the first time in this country to an appreciative audience.

—On the occasion of Mr. EMERSON'S visit to Oxford, as the guest of Professor MAX MÜLLER, he was invited by the curators of the Taylor Institution at Oxford to deliver a course of lectures, but declined for want of time.

—Hon. E. B. MORGAN has made a second proposition to the trustees of Auburn Theological Seminary, viz., that if the citizens of Auburn will raise $225,000, he will add $75,000, and thus relieve the institution from the embarrassments it has labored under for many years, and place it on an enduring foundation.

—Dr. H. BENCE JONES, F.R.S., has recently deceased, after a long and severe illness. He was consulting physician at St. George's Hospital, was well known to the public as secretary to the Royal Institution, as the biographer of FARADAY, and by his many and valuable contributions to the advancement of science. He married some years since Lady MILLICENT, daughter of the Earl of Gosford.

—The Father of his Country is again the subject of honor, the University of Oxford having selected *The Prince of Wales at the Grave of Washington* as the NEWDEGATE poem.

—The late Dr. SIMPSON, of St. Louis, presented a fine practical specimen of the healthfulness of St. Louis and of his own professional skill. He was the oldest inhabitant of St. Louis, where he dwelt for sixty and four years, and died last week at the age of eighty-eight.

—Miss MARY LOW won the Sophomore prize for declamation over her male classmates last week at Colby University, Maine. Outtalked them all.

—Hon. CHARLES SUMNER obtained a divorce from his wife in Boston on the 10th inst., on the ground of desertion. Neither of the parties was present. After hearing one witness, and no opposition being made, a decree was granted. It seems to have been a little matter amicably arranged between all parties. Mrs. SUMNER has for some years resided in Europe.

—Bishop DOANE, of Albany, has gone to Europe, mainly to inspect the leading cathedrals in England and on the Continent, with a view to the erection of the new cathedral of All-Saints, in Albany.

—Two eminent clergymen, the Rev. Dr. EADIE and the Rev. Dr. CALDERWOOD, of Edinburgh, have arrived in this city as delegates from the United Presbyterians of Scotland to the Presbyterian General Assemblies in this country. Both are well-known scholars, Dr. EADIE by his commentaries, and Dr. CALDERWOOD as a professor in the university.

—By the recent death of the Rev. CYRIL PAGE, vicar of Christ Church, Westminster, one of the most curious relics of the past existing in a London church is likely to disappear, viz., the use of TATE and BRADY'S Psalter. Mr. PAGE was of opinion that the royal license formerly given to the doggerel versifications contained in this now almost forgotten volume constituted it the only legal hymn-book in the state Church, and therefore he consistently adhered to its use.

—The Rev. JOHN LOCKHART, now seventy-three years of age, has been pastor of the Presbyterian church at Russellville, Ohio, over forty years—a long time in a State so young, fussy, and impatient as Ohio—and, for that matter, all those young Western States are.

—HORATIO STONE, of Washington, is making a bust of the late Hon. JAMES BROOKS, which will be finished in a few weeks.

—Mr. JOHN A. ADAMS, of this city, was the guest of the Princess KUSIMESKOW, of Russia, and her niece, the Countess ORDA, last season at Rome, and an engagement is now announced between Mr. ADAMS and the Countess ORDA.

—Some two years ago Mr. WILLIAM WINTER, dramatic critic of the *Tribune*, was mainly instrumental in arranging a series of benefits for the family of the late GEORGE HOLLAND, by which some twelve thousand dollars were realized and invested in government securities. The example has been emulated by the Savage Club, of London, who have raised for the orphan children of the late J. C. BROUGH, dramatist, the sum of ten thousand dollars. The Savage Club is to London what the Lotos is to New York.

—Professor BAYNES, of St. Andrew's University, is editing a new edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

—The Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, whose clever novels have been published by the HARPERS, has been made a canon of Westminster. Short of a bishopric and some four or five deaneries, a canonry of Westminster is regarded as one of the most delicious plums that can come in the way of English ecclesiastics.

—DONALD M'KAY, commander of the Warm Spring Indians, is the son of a Scotch settler of the same name by an Indian woman. He is said to be an educated man, and during the rebellion was colonel of an Indian regiment in the Union service. He now holds a temporary commission from the government as captain.

—Madame DE HAZARD, the sculptress, has sent her three masterpieces, "L'Espérance," "Pace Generosa," and "L'Abbandonata," to Vienna. This accomplished lady is by birth a Russian. She has written many beautiful poems in French and Italian, speaks seven languages, and sings with great beauty and power.

—Prince BISMARCK is equally successful as paper-manufacturer and politician. His paper-mills at Varzin can not meet the English demand for the pasteboard which is manufactured from pine wood in them. His present mills work up 600 cords per annum. New ones now in construction will enable him to consume 1500 cords.

—Dr. WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE, of New Orleans, owns a "Magdalen" painted by MURILLO. It is well preserved, very beautiful, and bears the painter's name. It was brought to New Orleans many years ago by a French family.

—When the Duke of Edinburgh and the daughter of the Czar are married they are to live half the year at least in Russia, and have one of the new houses on the quay in front of the Admiralty of St. Petersburg. The bride's fortune is to be a million of rubles. One of the chief causes of delay in the arrangement of the match has, it is said, been the wish on either side to stipulate for living the greater part of the year in England or Russia respectively. Hence the compromise of dividing the time equally between the two. A question of precedence in England is said to have contributed to this delay.

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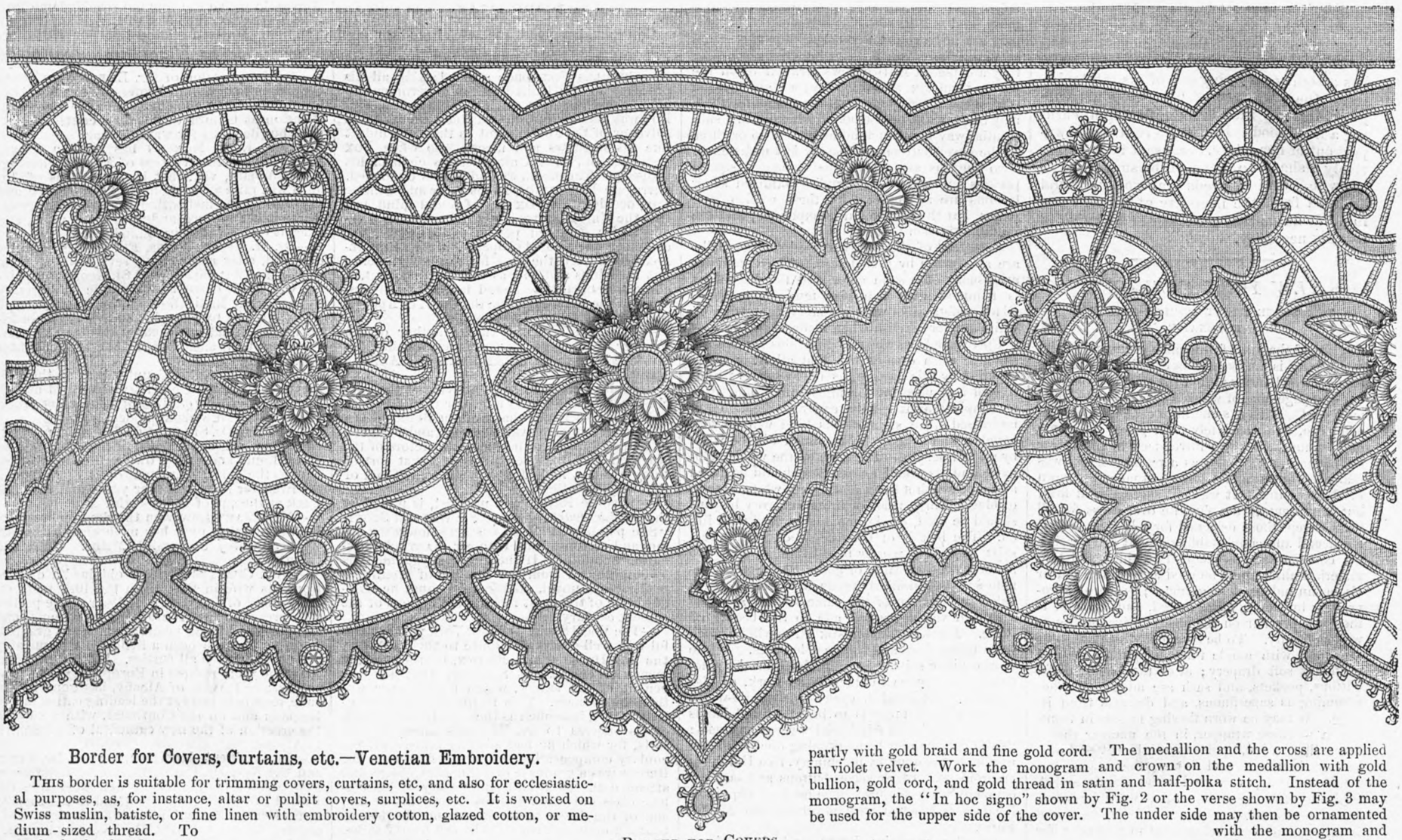

BORDER FOR COVERS, CURTAINS, ETC. VENETIAN EMBROIDERY.

Border for Covers, Curtains, etc.—Venetian Embroidery.

THIS border is suitable for trimming covers, curtains, etc, and also for ecclesiastical purposes, as, for instance, altar or pulpit covers, surplices, etc. It is worked on Swiss muslin, batiste, or fine linen with embroidery cotton, glazed cotton, or medium-sized thread. To work the border draw the design on the material or on a foundation of linen or paper, run the outlines of all the design figures, and then work the button-hole stitch bars, in doing which always carry the working thread along the outlines, in order to pass from one bar to another. Then cover the outlines with narrow and wide button-hole stitches. The knots which trim the outer edge, some of the design figures, and several circles of the foundation are worked in connection with the outlines. For each knot work at the corresponding point, close underneath the button-hole stitch last worked, two similar stitches, and then carry the working thread back to the point from which the work is to be continued. Work the lace stitches inside of the design figures as shown by the illustration. Cut away the foundation material underneath the lace stitches and the bars of the foundation.

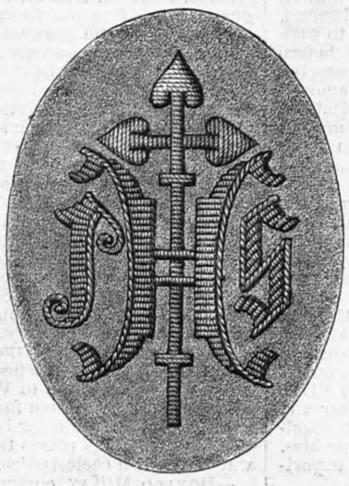

FIG. 2.—MEDALLION FOR COVER OF BIBLE OR PRAYER-BOOK.

Embroidery Design for Book-Mark for Bible or Prayer-Book.

FOR the foundation of this book-mark use light silk. Work the embroidery partly with saddler's silk and fine sewing silk in a darker shade of the color of the foundation in satin, chain, and half-polka stitch, and partly with gold cord. Silk lining of the same color, an edging of gold cord, and fine gold fringe complete the book-mark.

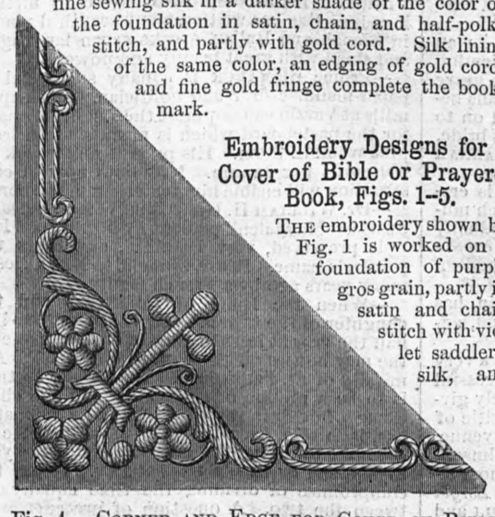

FIG. 4.—CORNER AND EDGE FOR COVER OF BIBLE OR PRAYER-BOOK.

Embroidery Designs for Cover of Bible or Prayer-Book, Figs. 1–5.

THE embroidery shown by Fig. 1 is worked on a foundation of purple gros grain, partly in satin and chain stitch with violet saddler's silk, and partly with gold braid and fine gold cord. The medallion and the cross are applied in violet velvet. Work the monogram and crown on the medallion with gold bullion, gold cord, and gold thread in satin and half-polka stitch. Instead of the monogram, the "In hoc signo" shown by Fig. 2 or the verse shown by Fig. 3 may be used for the upper side of the cover. The under side may then be ornamented with the monogram and with one of the corners and edges shown by Figs. 4 and 5. The corners are worked with saddler's silk in satin and half-polka stitch, and the edge of Fig. 5 with gold braid and gold cord. The cross in the corner of Fig. 4 may be worked with gold thread.

FIG. 1.—EMBROIDERY DESIGN FOR COVER OF BIBLE OR PRAYER-BOOK. [See Figs. 2–5.]

Lambrequin for Étagères, Baskets, etc.—Application and Raised Embroidery.

See illustration on page 357.

THIS lambrequin is suitable for trimming baskets, étagères, and corner brackets. In the original the foundation is of light gray cloth. The round flowers of the upper raised part are cut of violet and purple cloth, and the bell-shaped flowers of white cloth, and the leaves of green cloth in several shades. Embroider all the separate flowers and leaves with half-polka stitch veins of green silk, baste them on the foundation hollow, as shown by the illustration, and join them by means of stems and vines, which are worked with green and brown silk, partly in half-polka and partly in herring-bone stitch. The calyxes of the round flowers are simulated by knots of dark and light yellow silk. Work the remainder of the embroidery, as plainly shown by the illustration, partly with an applied strip of gray silk, partly with gray silk soutache, and partly in satin, half-polka, herring-bone, and knotted stitch, and point Russe with saddler's silk in several shades of gray. Button-hole stitch the scallops on the outer edge.

FIG. 3.—MEDALLION FOR COVER OF BIBLE OR PRAYER-BOOK.

Crochet Soap-Bag, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 357.

To make this soap-bag work a foundation of 38 st. (stitch) with coarse white wool and

FIG. 5.—CORNER AND EDGE FOR COVER OF BIBLE OR PRAYER-BOOK.

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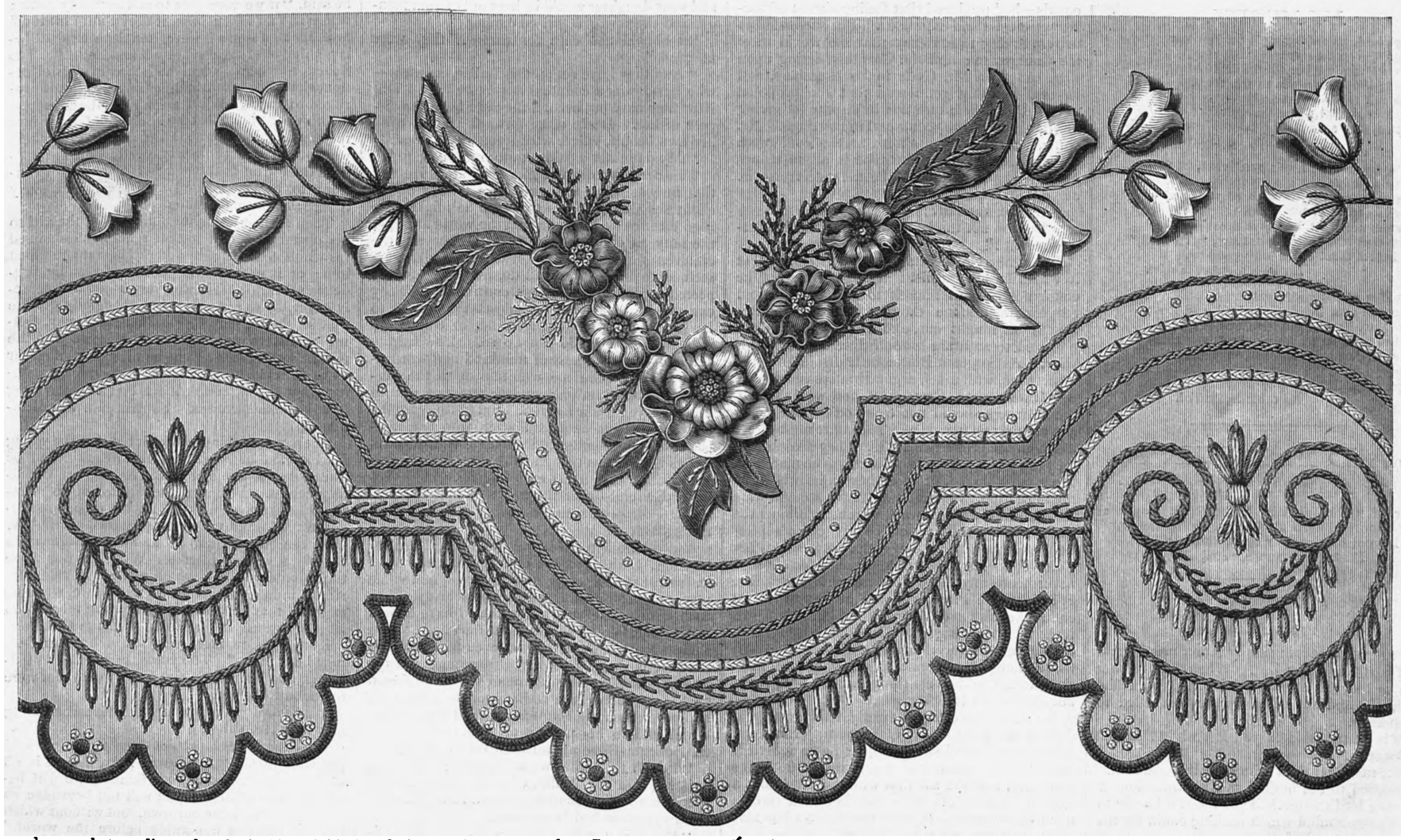
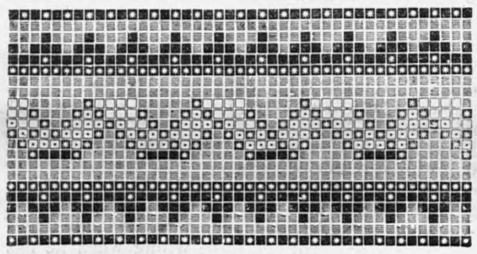


a wooden crochet needle, and on both sides of this foundation crochet one round of sc. (single crochet). Widen several st. at both ends in order to form the requisite rounding. After working this round fasten to the first st. with 1 sl. (slip stitch), crochet 1 ch. (chain stitch), and turn the work. Now work six rounds more of sc. (1 sc. on each sc. of the preceding round), but pass the needle always through the back veins of the stitches, and after the end of every round fasten to the first st. of the corresponding round, and turn the work. In doing this widen in such a manner that the work neither puckers nor draws. On this part crochet two rounds of sc. as shown by Fig. 2 between every two ribs. For the pocket piece make a foundation of 20 st., and on this crochet in a similar manner as in working the main piece, but at one end of the foundation neither widen nor fasten to a st., but, in order that the piece may finish off evenly there, crochet 1 ch. and turn the work. On this part work sc. also, and border the crosswise edge with two rounds of sc., working the first round with white, and the second with red zephyr worsted. Finally, join both parts, as shown by the illustration, with sc. of red worsted, and border the free edge of the soap-bag with one round of the same, in doing which at the same time work a loop, consisting of 9 ch., in the middle of the top, which serves to hang up or to close the soap-bag. On the middle of the pocket piece set a red button or a small ball made of red worsted.



DESIGN FOR SLIPPERS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ■ Blue; ■ Black; ⊡ Milk; □ Chalk; ⊡ Gold Beads.

LAMBREQUIN FOR ÉTAGÈRES, BASKETS, ETC.—APPLICATION AND RAISED EMBROIDERY.

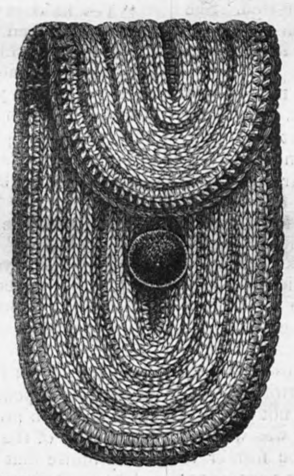


Fig. 1.—CROCHET SOAP-BAG.

A NEW METHOD FOR ORNAMENTING WINDOWS.

SOMETIMES we have windows which need a screen, and yet the use of a shade or curtain is undesirable. Ground glass is admirable for such purposes, or even a thin coat of white paint, but these are in no wise ornamental. Having experimented somewhat in this line, I give the following as a rather novel style of producing ornamental figures upon any clear glass, by covering it with a coat of crystals of much the same order as are seen upon a frosty morning before the sun has melted them away.

Dissolve sulphate of magnesia in hot ale so as to saturate it, or a solution of gum-acacia; when it is entirely dissolved, wash it over the window, and let it dry. This is the whole process, and if it is unsatisfactory the first time it is applied, wash it off by means of a rag and warm water, and try another coat. If nicely done, it will be very pretty for transom-windows or vestibule side lights.

Fig. 2.—CROCHET STITCH FOR SOAP-BAG.

Fig. 1.—BLACK GROS GRAIN DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]

Black Gros Grain Dress, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS black gros grain dress consists of a skirt and basque. The back breadth of the skirt is arranged in a puff as shown by the illustration. The basque is trimmed with box-pleated ruffles of the material, black velvet folds, and passementerie agrafes.

Fig. 2.—BLACK GROS GRAIN DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]

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MY MURIEL.

THE gloaming's reddening light lies low
Upon the woodland ways and seas,
And cool winds from the hill-side blow,
And, passing, whisper to the trees.
Yet is not this as other days—
My love, I will the meaning tell;
What say the seas and woodland ways
To thee, my Muriel?

Love's day is o'er, love's sun is set,
But us the sunset gleams infold,
For sweet love lingers with us yet,
Love's sunset changing all to gold;
For suns must set, and love must die,
And lips, not hearts, must say, "'Tis well,"
And hearts must bid a long good-by,
My sweet, sweet Muriel.

In golden after-time forget
The one who loved, staked all, and lost;
Forget me, love, sweet love, and yet
Canst thou forget how dear thou wast?
Farewell! farewell! it must be said,
Though my fond heart should break—farewell!
Forget me, think my love is dead,
As thine is, Muriel.

LADY ANNA.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "The Warden," "The Small House at Allington," "Barchester Towers," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," "Orley Farm," "The Eustace Diamonds," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

IT ISN'T LAW.

ON the next morning Lady Anna was ill, and would not leave her bed. When her mother spoke to her, she declared that her head ached wretchedly, and she could not be persuaded to dress herself.

"Is it what I said to you last night?" asked the Countess.

"Oh, mamma, that is impossible," she said.

It seemed to the mother that the mention of the young lord's name had produced a horror in the daughter's mind which nothing could for the present subdue. Before the day was over, however, the girl had acknowledged that she was bound in duty, at any rate, to meet her cousin; and the Countess, forced to satisfy herself with so much of concession, and acting upon that, fixed herself in her purpose to go on with the project. The lawyers on both sides would assist her. It was for the advantage of them all that there should be such a marriage. She determined, therefore, that she would at once see Mr. Goffe, her own attorney, and give him to understand in general terms that the case might be proceeded with on this new matrimonial basis.

But there was a grievous doubt on her mind—a fear, a spark of suspicion, of which she had unintentionally given notice to Thomas Thwaite when she asked him whether he had as yet spoken of the proposed marriage to his son. He had understood what was passing in her mind when she exacted from him a promise that nothing should as yet be said to Daniel Thwaite upon the matter. And yet she assured herself over and over again that her girl could not be so weak, so vain, so foolish, so wicked, as that! It could not be that, after all the struggles of her life; when at last success, perfect success, was within their grasp; when all had been done, and all well done; when the great reward was then coming up to their very lips with a full tide—it could not be that in the very moment of victory all should be lost through the base weakness of a young girl! Was it possible that her daughter—the daughter of one who had spent the very marrow of her life in fighting for the position that was due to her—should spoil all by preferring a journeyman tailor to a young nobleman of high rank, of ancient lineage, and one, too, who by his marriage with herself would endow her with wealth sufficient to make that rank splendid as well as illustrious? But if it were not so, what had the girl meant by saying that it was impossible? That the word should have been used once or twice in maidenly scruple, the Countess could understand; but it had been repeated with a vehemence beyond that which such natural timidity might have produced. And now the girl professed herself to be ill in bed, and when the subject was broached would only weep, and repeat the one word with which she had expressed her repugnance to the match.

Hitherto she had not been like this. She had, in her own quiet way, shared her mother's aspirations, and had always sympathized with her mother's sufferings, and she had been dutiful through it all, carrying herself as one who was bound to special obedience by the peculiarity of her parent's position. She had been keenly alive to the wrongs that her mother endured, and had in every respect been a loving child. But now she protested that she would not do the one thing necessary to complete their triumph, and would give no reason for not doing so. As the Countess thought of all this, she swore to herself that she would prefer to divest her bosom of all soft motherly feeling than be vanquished in this matter by her own child. Her daughter should find that she could be stern and rough enough if she were really thwarted. What would her life be worth to her if her child, the Lady Anna Lovel, the heiress and only legitimate offspring of the late Earl Lovel, were to marry a—tailor?

And then, again, she told herself that there was no sufficient excuse for such alarm. Her daughter's demeanor had ever been modest. She had never been given to easy friendship, or to that propensity to men's acquaintance which the world calls flirting. It might be that the very absence of such propensity—the very fact that hitherto she had never been thrust into society among her equals—had produced that feeling almost of horror which she had expressed. But she had been driven, at any rate, to say that she would meet the young man; and the Countess, acting upon that, called on Mr. Goffe in his chambers, and explained to that gentleman that she proposed to settle the whole question in dispute by giving her daughter to the young earl in marriage. Mr. Goffe, who had been present at the conference among the lawyers, understood it all in a moment. The overture had been made from the other side to his client.

"Indeed, my lady!" said Mr. Goffe.

"Do you not think it will be an excellent arrangement?"

In his heart of hearts Mr. Goffe thought that it would be an excellent arrangement; but he could not commit himself to such an opinion. Sergeant Bluestone thought that the matter should be fought out, and Mr. Goffe was not prepared to separate himself from his legal adviser. As Sergeant Bluestone had said after the conference, with much argumentative vehemence—"If we were to agree to this, how would it be if the marriage should not come off? The court can't agree to a marriage. The court must direct to whom the property belongs. They profess that they can prove that our marriage was no marriage. They must do so, or else they must withdraw the allegation. Suppose the Italian woman were to come forward afterward with her claim as the widow, where then would be my client's position, and her title as dowager countess, and her claim upon her husband's personal estate? I never heard any thing more irregular in my life. It is just like Patterson, who always thinks he can make laws according to the light of his own reason." So Sergeant Bluestone had said to the lawyers who were acting with him; and Mr. Goffe, though he did himself think that this marriage would be the best thing in the world, could not differ from the Sergeant.

No doubt there might even yet be very great difficulties, even though the young Earl and Lady Anna Lovel should agree to be married. Mr. Goffe on that occasion said very little to the Countess, and she left him with a feeling that a certain quantity of cold water had been thrown upon the scheme. But she would not allow herself to be disturbed by that. The marriage could go on without any consent on the part of the lawyers, and the Countess was quite satisfied that, should the marriage be once completed, the money and the titles would all go as she desired. She had already begun to have more faith in the Solicitor-General than in Mr. Goffe or in Sergeant Bluestone.

But Sergeant Bluestone was not a man to bear such treatment and be quiet under it. He heard that very day from Mr. Goffe what had been done, and was loud in the expression of his displeasure. It was the most irregular thing that he had ever known. No other man except Patterson in the whole profession would have done it! The counsel on the other side—probably Patterson himself—had been to his client, and given advice to his client, and had done so after her own counsel had decided that no such advice should be given! He would see the Attorney-General, and ask the Attorney-General what he thought about it. Now it was supposed in legal circles, just at this period, that the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General were not the best friends in the world; and the latter was wont to call the former an old fogy, and the former to say of the latter that he might be a very clever philosopher, but certainly was no lawyer. And so by degrees the thing got much talked about in the profession; and there was perhaps a balance of opinion that the Solicitor-General had done wrong.

But this was certain—that no one could be put into possession of the property till the court had decided to whom it belonged. If the Earl withdrew from his claim, the widow would simply be called on to prove her own marriage—which had in truth been proved more than once already—and the right of her legitimate child would follow as a matter of course. It was by no means probable that the woman over in Italy would make any claim on her own behalf—and even should she do so, she could not find the means of supporting it. "They must be asses," said the Solicitor-General, "not to see that I am fighting their battle for them, and that I am doing so because I can best secure my own client's interests by securing theirs also." But even he became nervous after a day or two, and was anxious to learn that the marriage scheme was progressing. He told his client, Lord Lovel, that it would be well that the marriage should take place before the court sat in November. "In that case settlements will, of course, have been made, and we shall simply withdraw. We shall state the fact of this new marriage, and assert ourselves to be convinced that the old marriage was good and valid. But you should lose no time in the wooing, my lord." At this time the Earl had not seen his cousin, and it had not yet been decided when they should meet.

"It is my duty to explain to you, Lady Lovel, as my client," said Sergeant Bluestone to the Countess, "that this arrangement can not afford a satisfactory mode to you of establishing your own position."

"It would be so happy for the whole family!"

"As to that I can know nothing, Lady Lovel. If your daughter and the Earl are attached to each other, there can be no reason on earth why they should not be married. But it should be a separate thing. Your position should not be made to depend upon hers."

"But they will withdraw, Sergeant Bluestone."

"How do you know that they will withdraw? Supposing at the last moment Lady Anna were to decline the alliance, would they withdraw then? Not a bit of it. The matter would be further delayed, and referred over to next year. You and your daughter would be kept out of your money, and there would still be danger."

"I should not care for that—if they were married."

"And they have set up this Italian countess—who never was a countess any more than I am. Now they have put her up, they are bound to dispose of her. If she came forward afterward on her own behalf, where would you all be then?"

"My daughter would, at any rate, be safe."

The Sergeant did not like it at all. He felt that he was being thrown over, not only by his client the Countess—as to which he might have been indifferent, knowing that the world at large, the laity as distinguished from the lawyers, the children of the world, as all who were not lawyers seemed to him to be, will do, and must be expected to do, foolish things continually. They can not be persuaded to subject themselves to lawyers in all their doings, and, of course, go wrong when they do not do so. The infinite simplicity and silliness of mankind and womankind at large were too well known to the Sergeant to cause him dismay, let them be shown in ever so egregious a fashion. But in this case the fault came from another lawyer, who had tampered with his clients, and who seemed to be himself as ignorant as though he belonged to the outside world. And this man had been made Solicitor-General—over the heads of half the profession—simply because he could make a speech in Parliament!

But the Solicitor-General was himself becoming uneasy when, at the end of a fortnight, he learned that the young people—as he had come to call them on all occasions—had not as yet seen each other. He would not like to have it said of him that he had thrown over his client. And there were some who still believed that the Italian marriage had been a real marriage, and the Italian wife alive at the time of the Cumberland marriage—though the Italian woman now living had never been the countess. Mr. Hardy so believed, and, in his private opinion, thought that the Solicitor-General had been very indiscreet.

"I don't think that we could ever dare to face a jury," said Sir William to Mr. Hardy, when they discussed the matter, about a fortnight after the proposition had been made.

"Why did the Earl always say that the Italian woman was his wife?"

"Because the Earl was a very devil."

"Mr. Flick does not think so."

"Yes, he does; but Mr. Flick, like all attorneys with a bad case, does not choose to say quite what he thinks, even to his own counsel. Mr. Flick does not like to throw his client over, nor do I, nor do you. But with such a case we have no right to create increased expenses, and all the agony of prolonged fallacious hope. The girl is her father's heir. Do you suppose I would not stick to my brief if I did not feel sure that it is so?"

"Then let the Earl be told, and let the girl have her rights."

"Ah! there you have me. It may be that such would be the juster course; but then, Hardy, can not you understand that though I am sure, I am not quite sure—that though the case is a bad one, it may not be quite bad enough to be thrown up? It is just the case in which a compromise is expedient. If but a quarter or but an eighth of a probability be with you, take your proportion of the thing at stake. But here is a compromise that gives all to each. Who would wish to rob the girl of her noble name and great inheritance if she be the heiress? Not I, though the Earl be my client. And yet how sad would it be to have to tell that young man that there was nothing for him but to submit to lose all the wealth belonging to the family of which he has been born the head! If we can bring them together, there will be nothing to make sore the hearts of any of us."

Mr. Hardy acknowledged to himself that the Solicitor-General pleaded his own case very well; but yet he felt that it wasn't law.

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST INTERVIEW.

FOR some days after the intimation of her mother's purpose Lady Anna kept her bed. She begged that she might not see a doctor. She had a headache—nothing but a headache. But it was quite impossible that she should ever marry Earl Lovel. This she said whenever her mother would revert to that subject. "I have not seen him, mamma; I do not know him. I am sure it would be impossible." Then, when at last she was induced to dress herself, she was still unwilling to be forced to undergo the interview to which she had acknowledged that she must be subjected. At last she consented to spend a day in Bedford Square; to dine there, and to be brought home in the evening. The Countess was at this time not very full of trust in the Sergeant, having learned that he was opposed to the marriage scheme, but she was glad that her daughter should be induced to go out, even to the Sergeant's house, as after that visit the girl could have no ground on which to oppose the meeting which was to be arranged. She could hardly plead that she was too ill to see her cousin when she had dined with Mrs. Bluestone.

During this time many plans had been proposed for the meeting. The Solicitor-General, discussing the matter with the young lord, had thought it best that Lady Anna should at once be asked down to Yoxham—as the Lady Anna; and the young lord would have been quite satisfied with such an arrangement. He could have gone about his obligatory wooing among his own friends, in the house to which he had been accustomed, with much more ease than in a London lodging. But his uncle, who had corresponded on the subject with Mr. Hardy, still objected. "We should be giving up every thing," he said, "if we were once to call her Lady Anna; where should we be, then, if they didn't hit it off together? I don't believe, and I never shall believe, that she is really Lady Anna Lovel." The Solicitor-General, when he heard of this objection, shook his head, finding himself almost provoked to anger. What asses were these people, not to understand that he could see further into the matter than they could do, and that their best way out of their difficulty would be frankly to open their arms to the heiress! Should they continue to be pig-headed and prejudiced, every thing would soon be gone.

Then he had a scheme for inviting the girl to his own house, and to that scheme he obtained his wife's consent. But here his courage failed him; or it might be fairer to say that his prudence prevailed. He was very anxious, intensely eager, so to arrange this great family dispute that all should be benefited, believing, nay, feeling positively certain, that all concerned in the matter were honest; but he must not go so far as to do himself an absolute and grievous damage, should it at last turn out that he was wrong in any of his surmises. So that plan was abandoned.

There was nothing left for it but that the young Earl should himself face the difficulty, and be introduced to the girl at the lodging in Wyndham Street. But, as a prelude to this, a meeting was arranged at Mr. Flick's chambers between the Countess and her proposed son-in-law. That the Earl should go to his own attorney's chambers was all in rule. While he was there the Countess came—which was not in rule, and almost induced the Sergeant to declare, when he heard it, that he would have nothing more to do with the case. "My lord," said the Countess, "I am glad to meet you, and I hope that we may be friends." The young man was less collected, and stammered out a few words that were intended to be civil.

"It is a pity that you should have conflicting interests," said the attorney.

"I hope it need not continue to be so," said the Countess. "My heart, Lord Lovel, is all in the welfare of our joint family; we will begrudge you nothing if you will not begrudge us the names which are our own, and without which we can not live honorably before the world." Then some other few words were muttered, and the Earl promised to come to Wyndham Street at a certain hour. Not a word was then said about the marriage. Even the Countess, with all her resolution and all her courage, did not find herself able in set terms to ask the young man to marry her daughter.

"She is a very handsome woman," said the lord to the attorney, when the Countess had left them.

"Yes, indeed."

"And like a lady."

"Quite like a lady. She herself was of a good family."

"I suppose she certainly was the late Earl's wife, Mr. Flick?"

"Who can say, my lord? That is just the question. The Solicitor-General thinks that she would prove her right, and I do not know that I have ever found him to be wrong when he has had a steadfast opinion."

"Why should we not give it up to her at once?"

"I couldn't recommend that, my lord. Why should we give it up? The interests at stake are very great. I couldn't for a moment think of suggesting to you to give it up."

"I want nothing, Mr. Flick, that does not belong to me."

"Just so. But then perhaps it does belong to you. We can never be sure. No doubt the safest way will be for you to contract an alliance with this lady. Of course we shall give it up then, but the settlements would make the property all right." The young Earl did not quite like it. He would rather have commenced his wooing after the girl had been established in her own right, and when she would have had no obligation on her to accept him. But he had consented, and it was too late for him now to recede. It had been already arranged that he should call in Wyndham Street at noon on the following day, in order that he might be introduced to his cousin.

On that evening the Countess sat late with her daughter, purposing that on the morrow nothing should be said before the interview calculated to disturb the girl's mind. But as they sat together through the twilight and into the darkness of night, close by the open window, through which the heavily laden air of the metropolis came to them, hot with all the heat of a London July day, very many words were spoken by the Countess. "It will be for you to-morrow to make or to mar all that I have been doing since the day on which you were born."

"Oh! mamma, that is so terrible a thing to say!"

"But terrible things must be said if they are true. It is so. It is for you to decide whether we shall triumph, or be utterly and forever crushed."

"I can not understand it. Why should we be crushed? He would not wish to marry me if this fortune were not mine. He is not coming, mamma, because he loves me."

"You say that because you do not understand. Do you suppose that my name will be allowed to me if you should refuse your cousin's suit? If so, you are very much mistaken. The fight will go on, and as we have not money, we shall certainly go to the wall at last. Why should you not love him? There is no one else that you care for."

"No, mamma," she said, slowly.

"Then what more can you want?"

"I do not know him, mamma."

"But you will know him. According to that, no girl would ever get married. Is it not a

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great thing that you should be asked to assume and to enjoy the rank which has belonged to your mother, but which she has never been able to enjoy?"

"I do not think, mamma, that I care much about rank."

"Anna!" the mother's mind as she heard this flew off to the young tailor. Had misery so great as this overtaken her after all?

"I mean that I don't care so much about it. It has never done us any good."

"But if it is a thing that is your own, that you are born to, you must bear it, whether it be in sorrow or in joy; whether it be a blessing or a curse. If it be yours, you can not fling it away from you. You may disgrace it, but you must still have it. Though you were to throw yourself away upon a chimney-sweeper, you must still be Lady Anna, the daughter of Earl Lovel."

"I needn't call myself so."

"Others must call you so. It is your name, and you can not be rid of it. It is yours of right, as my name has been mine of right; and not to assert it, not to live up to it, not to be proud of it, would argue incredible baseness. 'Noblesse oblige.' You have heard that motto, and know what it means. And then, would you throw away from you in some childish phantasy all that I have been struggling to win for you during my whole life? Have you ever thought of what my life has been, Anna?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Would you have the heart to disappoint me, now that the victory is won—now that it may be made our own by your help? And what is it that I am asking you to do? If this man were bad; if he were such a one as your father, if he were drunken, cruel, ill-conditioned, or even heavy, foolish, or deformed; had you been told stories to set you against him, as that he had been false with other women—I could understand it. In that case we would, at any rate, find out the truth before we went on. But of this man we hear that he is good and pleasant; an excellent young man, who has endeared himself to all who know him: such a one that all the girls of his own standing in the world would give their eyes to win him."

"Let some girl win him, then, who cares for him."

"But he wishes to win you, dearest."

"Not because he loves me. How can he love me when he never saw me? How can I love him when I never saw him?"

"He wishes to win you because he has heard what you are, and because he knows that by doing so he can set things right which for many years have been wrong."

"It is because he would get all this money."

"You would both get it. He desires nothing unfair. Whatever he takes from you, so much he will give. And it is not only for this generation. Is it nothing to you that the chiefs of your own family who shall come after you shall be able to hold their heads up among other British peers? Would you not wish that your own son should come to be Earl Lovel, with wealth sufficient to support the dignity?"

"I don't think it would make him happy, mamma."

"There is something more in this, Anna, than I can understand. You used not to be so. When we talked of these things in past years you used not to be indifferent."

"I was not asked then to—to—marry a man I did not care for."

"There is something else, Anna."

"No, mamma."

"If there be nothing else, you will learn to care for him. You will see him to-morrow, and will be left alone with him. I will sit with you for a time, and then I will leave you. All that I ask of you is to receive him to-morrow without any prejudice against him. You must remember how much depends on you, and that you are not as other girls are." After that Lady Anna was allowed to go to her bed, and to weep in solitude over the wretchedness of her condition. It was not only that she loved Daniel Thwaite with all her heart—loved him with a love that had grown with every year of her growth—but that she feared him also. The man had become her master; and even could she have brought herself to be false, she would have lacked the courage to declare her falsehood to the man to whom she had vowed her love.

On the following morning Lady Anna did not come down to breakfast, and the Countess began to fear that she would be unable to induce her girl to rise in time to receive their visitor. But the poor child had resolved to receive the man's visit, and contemplated no such escape as that. At eleven o'clock she slowly dressed herself, and before twelve crept down into the one sitting-room which they occupied. The Countess glanced round at her, anxious to see that she was looking her best. Certain instructions had been given as to her dress, and the garniture of her hair, and the disposal of her ribbons. All these had been fairly well obeyed; but there was a fixed, determined hardness in her face which made the mother fear that the Earl might be dismayed. The mother knew that her child had never looked like that before.

Punctually at twelve the Earl was announced. The Countess received him very pleasantly, and with great composure. She shook hands with him as though they had known each other all their lives, and then introduced him to her daughter with a sweet smile. "I hope you will acknowledge her as your far-away cousin, my lord. Blood, they say, is thicker than water; and if so, you two ought to be friends."

"I am sure I hope we may be," said the Earl.

"I hope so too—my lord," said the girl, as she left her hand quite motionless in his.

"We heard of you down in Cumberland," said the Countess. "It is long since I have seen the old place, but I never shall forget it. There is not a bush among the mountains there that I shall not remember—ay, into the next world, if aught of our memories are left to us."

"I love the mountains; but the house is very gloomy."

"Gloomy indeed. If you found it sad, what must it have been to me? I hope that I may tell you some day of all that I suffered there. There are things to tell of which I have never yet spoken to human being. She, poor child, has been too young and too tender to be troubled by such a tale. I sometimes think that no tragedy ever written, no story of horrors ever told, can have exceeded in description the things which I endured in that one year of my married life." Then she went on at length, not telling the details of that terrible year, but speaking generally of the hardships of her life. "I have never wondered, Lord Lovel, that you and your nearest relations should have questioned my position. A bad man had surrounded me with such art in his wickedness that it has been almost beyond my strength to rid myself of his toils." All this she had planned beforehand, having resolved that she would rush into the midst of things at once, and if possible enlist his sympathies on her side.

"I hope it may be over now," he said.

"Yes," she replied, rising slowly from her seat, "I hope it may be over now." The moment had come in which she had to play the most difficult stroke of her whole game, and much might depend on the way in which she played it. She could not leave them together, walking abruptly out of the room, without giving some excuse for so unusual a proceeding. "Indeed, I hope it may be over now, both for us and for you, Lord Lovel. That wicked man, in leaving behind such cause of quarrel, has injured you almost as deeply as us. I pray God that you and that dear girl there may so look into each other's hearts and trust each other's purposes that you may be able to set right the ill which your predecessor did. If so, the family of Lovel for centuries to come may be able to bless your names." Then with slow steps she left the room.

Lady Anna had spoken one word, and that was all. It certainly was not for her now to speak. She sat leaning on the table, with her eyes fixed upon the ground, not daring to look at the man who had been brought to her as her future husband. A single glance she had taken as he entered the room, and she had seen at once that he was fair and handsome, that he still had that sweet, winsome boyishness of face which makes a girl feel that she need not fear a man—that the man has something of her own weakness, and need not be treated as one who is wise, grand, or heroic. And she saw, too, in one glance how different he was from Daniel Thwaite, the man to whom she had absolutely given herself; and she understood at the moment something of the charm of luxurious softness and aristocratic luxury. Daniel Thwaite was swarthy, hard-handed, black-bearded—with a noble fire in his eyes, but with an innate coarseness about his mouth which betokened roughness as well as strength. Had it been otherwise with her than it was, she might, she thought, have found it easy enough to love this young earl. As it was, there was nothing for her to do but to wait and answer him as best she might.

"Lady Anna," he said.

"My lord!"

"Will it not be well that we should be friends?"

"Oh—friends—yes, my lord."

"I will tell you all and every thing—that is, about myself. I was brought up to believe that you and your mother were just—impostors."

"My lord, we are not impostors."

"No; I believe it. I am sure you are not. Mistakes have been made, but it has not been of my doing. As a boy, what could I believe but what I was told? I know now that you are and always have been as you have called yourself. If nothing else comes of it, I will at any rate say so much. The estate which your father left is no doubt yours. If I could hinder it, there should be no more law."

"Thank you, my lord."

"Your mother says that she has suffered much. I am sure she has suffered. I trust that all that is over now. I have come here to-day more to say that on my own behalf than any thing else." A shadow of a shade of disappointment, the slightest semblance of a cloud, passed across her heart as she heard this. But it was well. She could not have married him, even if he had wished it, and now, as it seemed, that difficulty was over. Her mother and those lawyers had been mistaken, and it was well that he should tell her so at once.

"It is very good of you, my lord."

"I would not have you think of me that I could come to you hoping that you would promise me your love before I had shown you whether I had loved you or not."

"No, my lord." She hardly understood him now—whether he intended to propose himself as a suitor for her hand or not.

"You, Lady Anna, are your father's heir. I am your cousin, Earl Lovel, as poor a peer as there is in England. They tell me that we should marry because you are rich and I am an earl."

"So they tell me—but that will not make it right."

"I would not have it so, even if I dared to think that you would agree to it."

"Oh no, my lord; nor would I."

"But if you could learn to love me—"

"No, my lord; no."

"Do not answer me yet, my cousin. If I swore that I loved you—loved you so soon after seeing you—and loved you, too, knowing you to be so wealthy an heiress—"

"Ah, do not talk of that."

"Well—not of that. But if I said that I loved you, you would not believe me."

"It would not be true, my lord."

"But I know that I shall love you. You will let me try? You are very lovely, and they tell me you are sweet-humored. I can believe well that you are sweet and pleasant. You will let me try to love you, Anna?"

"No, my lord."

"Must it be so, so soon?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Why that? Is it because we are strangers to each other? That may be cured—if not quickly, as I would have it cured, slowly and by degrees; slowly as you can wish, if only I may come where you shall be. You have said that we may be friends."

"Oh yes—friends, I hope."

"Friends at least. We are born cousins."

"Yes, my lord."

"Can not you call me by my name? Cousins, you know, do so. And remember this, you will have and can have no nearer cousin than I am. I am bound at least to be a brother to you."

"Oh, be my brother!"

"That—or more than that. I would fain be more than that. But I will be that at least. As I came to you, before I saw you, I felt that whenever we knew each other I could not be less to you than that. If I am your friend, I must be your best friend—as being, though poor, the head of your family. The Lovels should at least love each other; and cousins may love, even though they should not love enough to be man and wife."

"I will love you so always."

"Enough to be my wife?"

"Enough to be your dear cousin—your loving sister."

"So it shall be—unless it can be more. I would not ask you for more now. I would not wish you to give more now. But think of me, and ask yourself whether you can dare to give yourself to me altogether."

"I can not dare, my lord."

"You would not call your brother, lord. My name is Frederic. But Anna, dear Anna"—and then he took her unresisting hand—"you shall not be asked for more now. But cousins, new-found cousins, who love each other, and will stand by each other for help and aid against the world, may surely kiss, as would a brother and a sister. You will not grudge me a kiss." Then she put up her cheek innocently, and he kissed it gently—hardly with a lover's kiss. "I will leave you now," he said, still holding her hand. "But tell your mother thus: that she shall no longer be troubled by lawyers at the suit of her cousin Frederic. She is to me the Countess Lovel, and she shall be treated by me with the honor suited to her rank." And so he left the house without seeing the Countess again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

YEARS hence the fashionable summer trip will be, not to Niagara, the White Mountains, nor even to the Yosemite Valley, but to the Yellow Stone National Park. Situated near the head waters of the Yellow Stone River, in the Territories of Montana and Wyoming, and comprising nearly 2500 square miles, this tract of land contains the most wonderful and unique curiosities in the world. The Park is accessible only from Montana, the Wyoming side being bounded by a rugged mountain range, whose precipitous peaks, crowned with glittering snow, rise often to the height of four or five thousand feet. The region of the hot springs and geysers presents a most grand and novel scene. Through the misty, steaming atmosphere hundreds of geysers project water with terrific force to various heights—some twenty feet, some two or three hundred feet. The grand cañon of the Yellow Stone, from one to three thousand feet in depth and forty miles in length, is doubtless the most wonderful chasm in the world. The Yellow Stone Lake, lying nearly eight thousand feet above the level of the ocean, embosomed amidst mountains, surrounded by hot springs, and dotted with verdant islands, the great cataracts, the immense forests, and numerous other natural features, combine to make the scenery of this Park surpassingly grand and romantic. When convenient roads are laid out, the traveling community will examine for themselves.

Ladies' feet appear to grow in Western countries to a gigantic size, corresponding to other developments of nature—as trees, mountains, and garden products. We infer this from two statements in an Omaha journal. In one column it mentions, as a warning, that the sidewalks of the city are full of holes "the size of a lady's foot;" and a little farther on we read that a boy of six years old fell into one of these holes. We are sure they can not have specially small boys at the West, so we are forced to the above conclusion.

The French lady who has long been accustomed to seek nourishment in needles, recently found that in spite of a good supply daily taken, she did not thrive on her favorite fare. In fact, she died; and a post-mortem examination revealed quantities of needles imbedded in the flesh near the backbone.

An estimate has been made of the profits of the various persons interested in making a book, with the following result. Approximately, out of one dollar, which is paid, for example, for one copy of an ordinary book, the money goes thus:

To the author	$0 10
To the publisher	0 10
To the paper-maker	0 15
To the book-binder	0 15
To the printer and stereotyper	0 10
To the retail bookseller, or to him and his customer	0 40
	$1 00

It is gravely narrated in a journal of high scientific position that a citizen of New Brunswick, New Jersey, having long been tormented by a tooth in which the part apparently unsound was so small as not to admit the insertion of a fine needle, went to a dentist's office and ordered it to be pulled out. After it was out it was cracked with a hammer, and found to be a mere shell, in which resided a six-legged nondescript bug, which ran briskly about the table on being released. The gentleman is certain that the insect could not have made its way through the perforation from without. "Now what is the difference," queries a friend at our side, "between this story and that same tooth?" *Ans.* One is *too thin*, and the other is *tooth out*.

The city of Vienna has three specialties—the manufacture of pipes, leather goods, and embroidery of silk and linen.

A cheerful wedding was that which lately was celebrated in the stone parlor of a Chicago jail. John, the bridegroom, had been caught in a violent attempt to appropriate to his own use the earnings of an unoffending traveler, and after being lodged in the jail, was condemned to serve two years in the penitentiary. But in better days John had won the heart of Topsy, a faithful damsel, who scorned to desert her lover in his distress. When it came to be known that he must be incarcerated, she resolved to share his sufferings, so far as might be. A marriage was agreed upon, a justice summoned, the ceremony performed, and for a bridal tour they paced the stone corridor for several hours. Then John departed for Joliet, and Topsy was left to wait and watch for him a couple of years in lonely patience.

Recent writers on health urge the planting of shade trees in our large cities on the ground that they would be most valuable as disinfectants. It is well known that trees exert a powerful influence in preventing the spread of malaria. In addition to the comfortable shade they afford in the hot season, a constant evaporation is going on from their surface, producing a cooling and wholesome effect upon the surrounding atmosphere. It is, moreover, the special function of trees to absorb during the night the poisonous gases produced by the decay of animal and vegetable substances, and to return pure oxygen in the day.

A lecturer in Boston recently discussed the question whether the whale could have swallowed Jonah—skeptics having objected that the size of the whale's throat would not admit the passage of so large a body. The lecturer informed his audience that undoubtedly Jonah judiciously refrained from venturing into the whale's stomach, but took up his abode in the mouth of the monster, where his accommodations were really palatial. The whale's mouth, according to the learned professor, is large enough to comfortably accommodate a man like Jonah and half a dozen companions; the soft tongue would make a nice carpet, and the infusorial "clio" would serve as food!

The *Japanese Gazette* furnishes various items of news which indicate the progress of events in that country. The whole country is to be thrown open to foreigners, provided all who travel in the interior submit to the laws of Japan; but the government is endeavoring to perfect a suitable code of laws based on European models. It is proposed to hold a universal exhibition in Japan four years hence. A law prohibiting smoking in the streets is vigorously enforced throughout the empire. Doubtless the Japanese who visited America for the purpose of studying its governmental arrangements were seriously annoyed by being on some occasions in the rear of an inveterate street smoker, and they reported their sentiments on the subject; hence the above law, which is worthy of American consideration. A daily paper is now published in Jeddo by the "Society for the Dispersion of Darkness."

Wild beasts seem not to be free from the ills to which human flesh is heir. A couple of grizzly bears belonging to the London Zoological Gardens have been afflicted with cataract. An eminent English oculist was honored by being called in to see the patients, and was requested to perform the needful operations. Chloroform was administered, and all was successful until one of the bears, recovering too quickly, attacked his keeper. Some time afterward the oculist was requested to operate upon one of the tigers. He respectfully declined.

The Empress of Japan seems to be a sensible woman, and evidently thinks no good can result from a woman making herself needlessly hideous. It is reported that the Empress has resolved to depart from the long-established Japanese custom which compelled women, on their being married, or reaching a marriageable age, to shave their eyebrows and blacken their teeth. Certainly Japanese maidens are to be congratulated.

Cerebro-spinal meningitis is a disease not easily cured, and, in general, fatal. But the preventives to an epidemic of this disease are undoubtedly good drainage, pure water, cleanliness, and attention to common hygienic rules.

Perhaps some of our readers who highly esteem the delicate flavor of the sardine may not know that the sardine fishery is carried on from July to November all along the western coast of France, Douarnenez and Concarneau being two of the largest stations. They are caught in nets, and immediately washed, salted, and dipped in boiling oil. They are then placed in different-sized boxes, which are filled with the finest oil, and soldered down. If sardines are properly prepared, age improves them—the longer the boxes are kept unopened, the more mellow do the fish become.

A Massachusetts clergyman says that "school-teaching requires the whole manhood, the entire womanhood. It means the shaping of characters, the changing of careless, dull, or willing children into promising youth. It is a work much higher than scribbling articles for magazines."

The treasury of the Home Missionary Society of New Hampshire has been enriched by over twenty-five hundred dollars, which sum was last year contributed by the Women's One Cent Societies. This makes about six thousand dollars raised by these societies, the interest of which goes to aid needy congregations in the State.

FANCY-DRESS BALL OF THE LADY MAYORESS OF LONDON.

ONE of the most popular festivities of London is the Lady Mayoress's ball, which is graphically depicted by the accompanying illustration, and which this year took place on the anniversary of Shakspeare's birthday, April 23. Some six hundred guests were invited, to see the arrival of whom thousands of curious folk assembled before the civic palace. The guests first approached a barrier, where their invitation cards were examined by the City Marshal and his myrmidons; then they delivered to another set of functionaries cards bearing their names and the characters which they assumed; and then they passed through avenues of plants and flowers into the presence of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, who enacted the characters of Louis XIV. and his queen. The *Grand Monarque* was surrounded by his court, composed chiefly of the members of the Lord Mayor's family, and attired with the most exact attention to historical accuracy. Each guest in succession was presented to their mock majesties, and met with a right royal reception. Thence they proceeded to the ball-room, held in the Egyptian Hall, where there were twelve masters of the ceremonies, attired as medieval jesters. Dancing soon began, and was carried on with increased vigor after supper, till the daylight mingled with the garish gas. The whole entertainment was a most thorough success, and will long be pleasantly remembered by the citizens of London and their friends. We can here mention but a few of the characters assumed. There was Britannia with her shield and trident, Mercury with his caduceus, Jaques without his customary melancholy, Mother Hubbard bereft of her dog. The notable characters of history temporarily laid aside their prejudices, for Mary of Scotland chatted affectionately with her cousin Queen Bess, and Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell were seen dancing in the same set of quadrilles. There was Romeo and Fra Diavolo; there was Henry VIII. and Sir Francis Drake; there was William, the sweetheart of Black-eyed Susan; there were Queens of Light and Queens of Night, and numberless Red Cross Knights, Turks, Japanese, Uhlans, Hussars, and Mandarins. To the male sex a fancy ball ought to be especially attractive, because it affords a chance of getting out of the sad-colored garments of ordinary life. A man with a taste for color must often wish when dressing for the evening that he could transport himself to the last century, and strut about, like the author of the *Deserted Village*, in a peach-bloom coat.

THE LADY MAYORESS'S FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION-HOUSE, LONDON.

"YOU MUST KNOW BANKS!"

MY wife and I resolved to retire from the perplexities and publicity of a town life into the innocent ease and obscurity of a country village; and having made up our minds to the move, we tried to settle the whereabouts. After answering a hundred advertisements of small and singularly unobjectionable houses, and visiting some fifty of them, we fixed on one on the outskirts of the large village of Sefton. We imagine ourselves scientific, so we made our choice with a view to ferns, aquaria, flowers, mosses, and other roots of experimental philosophy. Of course our new neighbors looked on us as overlearned, seeing these symptoms of abstruseness, and complimented us by declaring we had quite a museum in-doors and horticultural gardens out. We had not succeeded in obtaining much celebrity before, but we soon became even more celebrated than we desired.

As one neighbor called after another, and all were introduced to our curiosities, natural and artificial, the general cry was, "Oh, you should know Banks! You must know Banks!"

"Who is Banks?" we ask.

"Such a clever man! quite a genius. Has been all over the world, and knows every thing. Lives alone in that lovely place the other side of the village, and has the most beautiful garden and fernery in the county."

"What is he like?" asks my wife, interested.

"Well, like clever people generally. Careless of his appearance, and peculiar-looking."

"Humph!" say I, glancing at my wife to see how she will take this; for, between ourselves, she considers herself clever, and is especially particular in her dress, and is any thing but peculiar-looking.

"That theory was exploded when Hannah More died. Clever people are no longer peculiar," she says, satirically.

"Every body is clever nowadays," I remark, sententiously.

At the end of each day, as our last visitor departed, my wife would say, "How strange that Banks has not called! We must know Banks."

We are naturally fond of society, and were soon admitted into the various coteries of the village and its neighborhood. We went to dinners, afternoon teas, suppers, wherever we were invited, and soon became quite popular people; but we never met Banks. Either he was not at home, or he had excused himself on this plea or that, or he had not been invited, for "it was no good to invite him; he always declined."

Even in this seventh heaven of country love and peace there was bitterness, and my wife's happiness was alloyed because she could not "know Banks."

"If they would not din his name into my ears forever, I should be indifferent," she said; "but we really must make his acquaintance."

"We have no daughters to marry, so why are you so anxious about a bachelor?" I ask, beginning to feel jealous. .

"He is evidently the only person in the place worth knowing," she replies. "Besides, he gives to every thing. I see his name down for every charity, and I want to ask for a subscription to my pet Dorcas."

"Write him a polite note in the third person."

"I will; then we must know Banks."

The sentence had become a proverb and joke between us.

My wife wrote, and in a week or so received a note and five pounds, with Mr. Banks's compliments. She composed so elaborate an acknowledgment that I accused her of writing a love-letter, and getting fast in her old age. I got a good snubbing in return.

We were celebrated for our little dinners; but even they were not as charming as they used to be, for lack of this unattainable element, and I now grew anxious to secure it. We passed and repassed his house—paused to look at his profusion of flowers and ferns—sought for him at church, where, we were told, he was to be seen twice each Sunday, but failed to see him. Once we were walking with a friend, who exclaimed, suddenly, "There is Banks! I want to speak to him," and we perceived a tallish man in the distance, whose only remarkable feature was a wide-awake. On another occasion a young lady was with us, and she said, with a blush and simper, "Here is Mr. Banks!" as somebody passed rapidly and raised his hat.

"He is nothing particular, after all," said my wife, glancing back.

"Oh, he is charming! Don't you know Mr. Banks?" said the young lady.

One day, however, when we were near his house, we saw a man working in the garden. My wife said, impulsively,

"There is the gardener! I must ask him for a bit of that curious fern."

She started across the road, and I followed humbly, as I am always compelled to do. I hear her make her requests in the most gracious and bland manner, and see the gardener turn and approach the railing.

"You have such a lovely garden. It does you so much honor," she says, while I examine the man.

"Will you walk in and look at it, and make choice of any specimens you fancy?" he said, politely but nervously, and with a slight impediment in his speech.

He went toward a small gate leading into the shrubbery at the bottom of the garden, my wife skirting the railing in the same direction, and I following with a chuckled "Now we shall know Banks."

"You may be sure he is not at home, or we should not be asked in," said she.

I always say that it is no wonder I am jealous, for my wife's manner is certainly frightfully attractive. It was quite as courteous to the gardener as it could have been to the enviable Banks himself.

"So much obliged to you. This is quite a paradise," she says, passing through the gate held open by the gardener, and adding, carelessly, "I suppose Mr. Banks is not at home?"

"I am Mr. Banks," was the curt reply.

Thus, at last, we knew Banks! My wife was confused for a moment, during which brief period I came to the rescue, with—

"You must excuse our intrusion; for having heard of your choice ferns, we could no more resist their attraction than a moth a candle's. My wife is the most resolute specimen-hunter in the world."

"And we have heard so much of you and your treasures that we have been dying to be acquainted with you ever since we have been here," said that lady, recovering herself.

"I intended to do myself the pleasure," began Banks, and paused.

"We have hoped and despaired so long that we have anticipated you," said my wife, laughing, and venturing to look at Banks for the first time.

He was a man of about forty, or perhaps less, young and yet old-looking—with that expression of mingled reserve, sweetness, and melancholy which women call "interesting." He had a broad forehead, well lined either with thought or care, and deep-set, expressive gray eyes. They were rather like my wife's, and I perceived that when they glanced at one another, a sort of understanding, one might almost say mesmeric sympathy, passed from one to the other.

We were soon all three engaged in conversation on topics of mutual interest. He had not been overrated, and was certainly an agreeable, clever, and in some sort scientific man. He showed us his garden, which was laid out with great taste, and which he said he cultivated mainly himself; his fernery, containing every specimen of fern capable of bearing the English climate; and a rockery covered with various species of parasitical plants, mosses, and lichens that must have cost him years of labor to collect and make flourish. But what pleased my wife and me most, in spite of our scientific proclivities, was a dell outside the garden, which held a rustic seat, and through which a tiny rivulet ran. Here was every wild flower that bounteous spring lavishes on ungrateful man, and every bird that sings in England's air. Crumbs were visible, for which Mr. Banks excused himself by saying that he had got into the habit of strewing them in winter, and continued it all the year round.

"The nightingale favors me sometimes," he said, "and some of the birds are quite tame."

As if in proof of his assertion, a thrush burst into song so near us that I turned in surprise, and saw the bird so close that I could have caught it. I was, in effect, about to make the attempt, but Banks arrested me, saying, quietly,

"I never molest them, and I have educated Flush to respect their privileges."

He pointed to a shaggy terrier following close at his heels.

"That was Mrs. Browning's dog!" said my wife, who was a devoted lover of that great poetess.

"Yes. I named this dear friend after him. Mrs. Browning understood that a dog was truly one's fastest friend. My Flush, like hers, has

"'Watched within a curtained room,
Where no sunbeam broke the gloom
Round the sick and weary.'"

At the sound of his name Flush sprang upon his master, and licked his hand, while I remarked that Mrs. Browning's letters to Mr. Wedgewood concerning Flush were almost more delightfully earnest than her poem.

As we could not remain in this enchanted land forever, we prepared to leave it. My wife's hands, and arms even, were filled with floricultural treasures, so that she might easily have bowed herself off; but shake hands she would and did; so we all parted more as friends than strangers.

We expected a visit from Banks the next day—at least my wife did—but we were disappointed. The week passed, and he did not come.

"Your fascinations have failed for once," I say.

"I shall send him that lycopodium he was asking about, and then he must come," she replies.

"We will know Banks!" I cry, suspiciously.

The lycopodium went, and a note of thanks was returned; still he did not call. But he waylaid us as we again passed his house—we always were passing his house—and graciously acknowledged the gift. Down came a quick, pattering, unexpected April shower, and we had no umbrella. Politeness compelled him to offer shelter, and we went into his house.

"Well, we have succeeded at last, Mr. Banks," I say, when we are happily engaged in surveying his small aquarium and vaunting our own; Flush was at his side.

He looks inquisitive, my wife reproachful, for she knows me, and expects something disagreeable; but I continue provokingly:

"You will not come to the mountain, so the mountain has forced itself upon you. My wife thinks you the only person worth knowing in Sefton, and, woman-like, she has made your acquaintance."

I believe they both blushed as he muttered something about "too much honor." I know my wife looked indignantly at me.

"Will you waive ceremony and dine with us to-morrow?" I continue. "We have many pursuits in common, and we have some things that may interest you. We shall be quite alone, and have not even a marriageable daughter."

He smiled, and his smile was winning. I was conscious of being better dressed, even better looking, but I could not boast of such a smile as that; and I glanced at my wife to see if she had observed it. Of course she had, for nothing ever escapes her.

"I go little into society; but I shall be very happy," he said, to my great surprise and my

wife's undisguised delight. She had compassed her end at last, and we should know Banks! No sooner did we reach home than she began preparations for the *petit diner* of the morrow.

"You never took half so much trouble for me!" I grumble.

"You were never half so interesting," she retorts.

Well, we triumphed in having Banks all to ourselves. We were *trois têtes dans un bonnet;* for as soon as he overcame a slight shyness at finding himself reversing the etiquette of society, he entered into all our pet theories with evident interest. He was a delightful companion; and I regarded my wife's pleasure in securing him with my usual cynical jealousy. I must not forget to say that he was accompanied by Flush, for whose presence he apologized by the assurance that they were inseparable.

By degrees we also grew to be nearly inseparable—that is to say, my wife tamed him so judiciously that he came to us whenever he liked, and our intimacy gradually ripened into friendship. We discovered that he had been a great traveler, an extensive reader, a wandering philanthropist; but of his private history we could glean nothing. He was known to be of good family and ample means, and there was no ascertained blight on his name or fame; but he lived alone, and seemed to have few personal friends. He was, however, a good deal from home, and my wife had no doubt but that he went to visit his relations.

As she was the most consummate and determined of match-makers, my jealousy was excited because she did not propose to find a wife for Banks. I mooted the subject cautiously one day, when she assured me she had been thinking of it, but that she intended him to supply my place when kindly Nature had finished her work with me.

"I am the tougher of the two," I say, grimly.

"Well, I have considered that side of the question also," she replied, reflectively; "so I mean to keep you both as long as I can, and be consoled by the survivor when one shall depart."

"What if you should go first?" I ask. "Then it will be for me to look out, and I shall at once propose for Addy."

"Addy would no more have you than the Great Mogul: but she would just suit Banks," says my wife, reflectively. "Let us ask her to come."

"With all my heart; but you know she will see no one but ourselves," I reply.

"That will suit very well; for then you and she can amuse one another, and I will improve the occasion with Banks. We *do* know Banks."

My wife always acts on the spur of the moment; for, like her sex generally, she is what has been delicately called "a creature of impulse." She wrote her invitation at once, talking to me the whole time.

"It will be rich fun to try and bring them together. He declines to meet our friends; she has given up society since her husband's death. *I* should have consoled myself long ago, for he was no better than a mummy or a jelly-fish! But I could not change my name for Banks! Adelaide Percy could never become Adelaide Banks!"

"I thought you intended us to remain as we are until you could marry Banks and I Addy," I suggest.

"I don't quite understand your position," she remarks, signing her name in letters that filled a line.

Neither did I; but I suggested that we should be like the Kilkenny cats—a story that puzzled me when I was young, and puzzles me still.

The Adelaide Percy to whom this suddenly improvised invitation was sent was the widow of Marmaduke Percy, Esq., M.P. for ——shire. We had been on a visit to her just before we had the happiness first "to know Banks," and shortly after her husband's death. Why she had married old Percy, and why she grieved for him now that he had been so considerate as to leave her rich, handsome, and still sufficiently young, nobody could guess; except, perhaps, my wife, who made even broader "Guesses at Truth" than the admirable brothers Hare. She said that she was convinced Addy had been forced into the match; for had she not been her schoolfellow and bosom-friend, and did she not know that she would never have married an old man if she could have helped it? What girl would?

Be this as it may, we had found Mrs. Percy a highly prosperous but somewhat reserved and sobered lady. Her handsome country-house was well appointed, and all her domestics appeared much devoted to her. We heard and saw that she was a good mistress and judicious friend to the poor neighbors who surrounded her. Really a friend, and not an inquisitor, as some ladies are reported to be who make a profession of the poor. But she saw no society beyond the ordinary morning callers who performed their daily duty-rounds in their various vehicles; and but for innate good-breeding, she would not have seen these. Still, we had a delightful time with her, for she was well-read, and had traveled before her marriage, making the most of her opportunities; moreover, she ciceroned us to all places where we fancied our coveted specimens might be obtained.

My wife, whose curiosity is as remarkable as her match-making and impulse, learned from one and another of her people that she had been a devoted wife to the most selfish and tiresome of husbands; nursing him, through illness and still worse irritability, with unswerving patience and sweetness; but she also learned that she had never been either more cheerful or less reserved than we found her.

"A model woman!" I exclaimed. "Calm, sober, reticent!"

"Tiresome! I hate people from whom one can not pump up a secret; and Addy won't tell even me what has changed her so!" said my wife, pressing a flower she was about to dry.

"Perhaps it was that railway accident abroad, in which her only brother was killed," I suggested, examining a piece of moss.

"More likely a tiresome husband. Nothing depresses the spirits like a husband," she replied, demurely.

"Yours are lively enough," I rejoined. "That speaks well for me."

We remained a month with Addy, and left her much as we found her—grave, thoughtful, and reserved, but truly affectionate and warm-hearted.

My wife seemed unable to exist through the two days that intervened between her invitation and Addy's answer. Happily for me, Addy was tractable, and promised to come, provided she were not expected to see people.

"Banks can not be called *people*. She must know Banks!" says my most unyielding of wives, pulling my hair with delight.

"You will get into hot water between them, like that leaf you are skeletoning," say I, ungrammatically, if scientifically.

Addy arrived; and whether it was change of air or the sense of once more visiting old friends, she greeted us cheerfully and with evident pleasure. Her pale cheeks flushed and her handsome eyes flashed as my wife welcomed her with all the effusion of a school-girl.

"You are quite alone? you will have no company?" were among her first questions.

"One can not be said to be alone, when one is two; and every body knows three are no company," said my wife, evasively.

Banks was invited for the very next day, also under the impression that we were alone; but, as my wife insisted again, "three's no company."

We were getting through the twilight ten minutes before dinner, when a distant but shrill bark announced Flush. Addy was almost animated at that moment; but my wife looked at me doubtfully.

"Oh, Addy, I am so sorry! I verily believe this is a tame friend of ours and his dog. We must ask him to dinner: indeed, I dare say he has come on purpose; for he has *carte blanche* here, and I forgot to give him *carte noire* on your account," said my wife, with shameless effrontery.

Addy seemed about to escape, when Banks entered unannounced.

"Only an old friend and school-fellow of mine," whispered my wife, as she rose to meet him, and muttered some sort of inaudible introduction.

He was taken in, but was too much of a gentleman to run away; so he seated himself near my wife, and began to talk at one end of our good-sized drawing-room, while I engaged Addy in conversation at the other. She was seated with her back to the conservatory, and her tall elegant figure was half in light, half in shadow. Her low voice must have been inaudible to our companions; but the echo of theirs reached us. Just as dinner was announced, she said, hastily,

"Who is he?"

And I replied, as I offered my arm,

"Oh, don't you know Banks? I thought every body knew Banks."

When our *partie quarrée* was formed, and I was mentally rubbing my hands at my gustatory prospects, I glanced at our guests to see how they had taken this infringement of our compact. Addy was gazing at her empty plate as if it were a mesmerist, and she a hapless medium. She was pale and motionless, and the color had gone from her lips. I could not have believed that the presence of a stranger could have produced such an effect, and began to think there was some obstinacy of temper at the bottom of her misanthropy. I looked from her to Banks. He was talking to my wife, and bowling out soup for her, looking rather "put out," it must be confessed.

"Do have some soup, Addy? You eat nothing," said that diplomatist, as Addy shook her head at our neat parlor-maid.

"Some fish, then? You are ill, dear?" she added, seeing how pale our guest was.

"No, no. Pray don't," said Addy, casting an incomprehensible glance of entreaty at my wife, and gulping down a large glass of water.

Banks started, dropped the soup-ladle, and looked at his *vis-à-vis* for the first time. I shall never forget his face as he saw that grand profile; for Addy was as handsome as a Cleopatra.

"Can this be love at first sight?" I asked myself.

His face grew crimson; his brows met as with an angry frown, his deep eyes flashed, and he half rose, as if about to leave the dinner-table. Flush rose also, with an inquiring bark; but, putting him down almost roughly, he recovered himself, and said, in a low, hoarse voice,

"I have had the honor of meeting Mrs. Percy before."

Addy, in turning her imploring eyes from my wife, had encountered those of Banks. She was red enough now, and there was an expression in her face of a pain so intense that my wife was alarmed. She made a slight movement, nevertheless, in return for a formal bow of grim civility from Banks; but her eyes again returned to the mesmeric plate, and her face to its rigid pallor. I could not resist a malicious glance at my wife, who was, I perceived, ashamed of her management. She was not to be beat, however. She dashed at once into her pet subjects, and engaged Banks in conversation on them, appealing now and then to Addy to confirm facts relative to the flora of her neighborhood, or some foreign incident. Addy replied in monosyllables; but I had never heard Banks so eloquent or agreeable. He and my wife kept up the conversational ball between them—tossing it from gardens to museums, from museums to picture-galleries, and finally letting it fall in Italy. I had time fully to enjoy my *petit diner;* for not a word could I get from Addy, and not one could I thrust in between this collision of tongues. Only once, when my wife suddenly mentioned Milan, did I remark any other sign of acquaintanceship between our friends. They appeared to look at one another involuntarily, but only for a moment; the mesmeric plate and my mesmeric wife drew them apart again irresistibly.

I never passed so uncomfortable a dinner. It was worse than cold soup and ill-cooked venison; but it was over at last, and the ladies withdrew. If women are hyperinquisitive, men are rationally inquisitive. I felt a reasonable curiosity concerning the previous meetings of Banks and Addy, so I put the former a few delicate questions.

"Strange that you two should have met before. How, when, and where?"

I thought my facetious introduction of this interesting game would excite a smile; but it produced a frown.

"In Italy — years ago. What excellent wine!" was the response.

"You do not appear to be well acquainted; but I hope you will improve on your slight intimacy while Mrs. Percy stays with us," I continued. "She is one of the most amiable and accomplished women I know, and I am sure you would like her."

"I scarcely think I should. I do not care for female society," he replied; and I could get no more out of him.

We found the ladies even more silent than we had been, and they did not, as is their rule, brighten up when we appeared. But Banks grew exceedingly lively, and was so devoted to my wife that I remarked aside to Addy that I began to feel jealous. It was strange how he lingered on—strange how he looked from time to time at immovable Addy, who sat with her elbow on the table, shrouding her face with a white hand, on which was *the* ring which had bound her to old Percy, and no other. She had left off her weeds, and was only in slight mourning—something black and white, I remember it was, which became her wonderfully.

When at last he and Flush rose to go, she rose also; and when he had wished my wife and me good-night, and was about to make her a distant bow, she walked toward him and held out her hand. The action must have been premeditated, for it had the calm dignity of a certain thoughtfulness, which was touching even to the by-standers, and overpowering to him who took the hand, held it a moment, then let it go without speaking.

What did it all mean? I resolved to find out with my rational inquisitiveness, my wife having failed with her hyperinquisitiveness.

"And you have had the advantage of us all these years, Addy?" I said; "you *do* know Banks!"

"Yes," said Addy, with a large tear in her eye.

"Do tell us all about it; we are dying to know."

"I met Mr. Banks abroad at the saddest time of my whole life," said Addy, in the same calm, premeditated sort of way as the previous outholding of her hand. "His mother and my brother were killed in that frightful railway accident at Milan, and he and I were left alone. He was very good to me. Do not ask me any more, dear, dear friends."

She sat down and burst into tears. It was our last attempt at curiosity, for we knew that the frightful catastrophe which had caused the death of a brother she loved with all her heart had been the precursor of a long illness and brain-fever. We had heard that she was alone at the time, and that, until her parents reached her, she had been indebted to strangers for care and aid. Still we could not account for her peculiar kind of emotion on meeting Banks, or for his strange manner.

"There is something under the rose," said my wife.

"Your match-making may as well be stowed away with it," quoth I.

"On the contrary, I shall invite Banks again every day and all day," said she.

But the following morning we ascertained that our restless friend had left home for an indefinite period, and his servants did not know where he was gone. It was my wife's pleasure that Addy should not be told this, and we prevailed on her to remain with us longer than she intended. Her manner grew fitful and excitable, and my wife declared that she started at every sound, and turned red and pale at every bell. I began to hint that she was not, after all, the piece of calm perfection I had imagined, but a mere woman; and my wife required to know what I could desire better.

More than a month passed thus, when we were suddenly informed that an old and favorite horse belonging to Banks was ill, and that he had been telegraphed for, and had returned immediately. He had often told us that he had two faithful friends, his horse and dog.

"We must go and see after him," said my wife. "If that stupid old horse dies, he will shoot himself, and leave orders that they shall be buried together. Addy, there are marvelous recipes for moribund quadrupeds in that huge folio over the dining-room window. Look them out while we are away. Chivers will bring you the steps; but take care you don't break your neck, or we shall have to add you to the hecatomb."

Addy was struggling with some emotion, but turned upon this into my piece of calm perfection again.

We found Banks in the stable in the utmost distress. The horse was apparently dying.

"How kind of you!" he said, wringing my hand.

"My father had a horse just in this state, and one of those old recipes cured him," said my sagacious wife.

"Where is it? How can I get it?" asked Banks. "May I go with you and procure it, and have it made up at the chemist's at once?"

He had great faith in my wife's judgment; so we all hurried off together, leaving the horse to the groom and farrier. He outstrode us in his excitement, and was in the hall while we were barely on the threshold. Addy came out of the dining-room, breathless, exclaiming, "I have found them. How is he—how is the horse?"

They met face to face, and we heard him say, "Good heavens! Adelaide again!" as he strove to hurry past her.

"Oh, this is cruel! Let us be friends!" she cried, desperately.

"Friends! with one who has been the ruin of my life!—never! I have but one friend, and he lies dying," he said, in a low hoarse voice.

Flush understood him, and barked a sharp protest.

"Ay, I forgot my poor Flush," he added, stooping over the dog, whose large eyes looked as reproachful as Adelaide's.

She hastened up stairs as he entered the hall, with the words, "Hard! unforgiving!" on her lips.

We found the folio open at the recipes, and two or three copied out in her clear large handwriting. My wife selected one, and gave it to Banks, who crumpled it up in his hand, but hurried with it to the chemist's. I accompanied him, and my wife ran up to Adelaide.

She recounted the scene to me afterward, and I said it should be dramatized as sensational, thereby giving great offense.

She found Addy on her knees, in an agony of weeping, her face buried in her bed, her arms outstretched over it. My calm piece of perfection! What anomalies these women are! Of course my wife threw her arms about her, mingled her tears, and so forth, calming her by degrees. I can just imagine the stately Addy, encircled by my blonde, impulsive, satirical little wife, and the diverse feelings of the pair. But violent emotion sometimes produces confidence, and Addy's ended in a spasmodic relation of some passages of her history connected with Banks.

It appeared that she and her brother were traveling in Italy at the same time that Banks and his mother were, and that they made a casual acquaintance as they met occasionally at different places. They chanced to be all in the same train at the time of a fearful railway collision, which caused the death of many passengers. Poor Addy was frantically calling on her dead brother, when Banks came to her, himself in the terrible agony of the sudden consciousness that his mother, whom he devotedly loved, was also killed. He promised to find her brother if she would but consent to withdraw from the horrible scene, and she, injured herself, fainted at his side. He carried her away, and gave her into the charge of some of the people who had gathered to the spot, while he returned to watch for the dead.

When she recovered consciousness she found herself in a small railway station, surrounded by strangers. She tried to rush back to the scene of the accident, but she could not; for, although not seriously injured, she was unable to move. Carriages came from Milan in course of time, and Banks returned to her and carried her to one, into which he also got. He had previously seen the dead bodies of those they each loved best conveyed toward that city. Even I can not think without intense pain of that journey; what must they have felt? My impression is that they must have been attracted to each other before this time, and that they therefore found some consolation in a growing mutual attachment; but Addy owned to no such feelings; she only spoke of the tender, respectful, unselfish sympathy of him afflicted like herself.

When they reached a hotel at Milan he confided her to the care of the landlady, having previously ascertained the address of her parents; then he gave way to his own grief.

Some time elapsed before her parents arrived, during part of which their dead were buried side by side in a cemetery at Milan, and she was delirious. She got better, however, and would leave her bed and go into a room where she could see and thank Banks. It is pretty evident that she must have loved him ere this. How could she have helped it? Still she did not confess to it.

Her father and mother arrived at last. My wife knew them well, and disliked them particularly. They were narrow-minded, ambitious people, whose one object in life seemed to be to amass money for their only son, and to make a grand match for their daughter. However, Addy only said that Mr. Banks did his best to console them for their loss, and to amuse them while she continued ill.

I take it for granted that the upshot of it all was that the young people fell over head and ears in love. It was apparent from Addy's disjointed account that Banks did not leave Milan until she did, and that they must have understood one another. She particularized their last meeting as having taken place in the cemetery where he had buried their beloved dead. She had resolved to see it, and he had taken her thither. My wife gathered with difficulty that a promise or engagement of some sort passed between them over the graves, on which they left emblematic flowers, and that love sprang out of death.

I am not sentimental, but even my imagination grows vivid when calling up the scene—the grief and beauty of Addy; the intensity of feeling of her remarkable lover; the cemetery; the deep blue of the Italian sky.

We could not discover whether Addy's parents were asked, and refused consent, at Milan, but it evolved that they left that place for England, while Banks pursued his travels alone. At any

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rate, he held the promise sacred; and so, doubtless, did Addy, until she had to endure the persecution of her father and mother. This, at least, was my indignant wife's version of the story, who knew those worthies, and declared that they had forced Addy into a marriage with old Percy about two years after her brother's death.

While these disclosures were being dragged to light at our house, I was nursing Banks's old horse in his stables with him. The potion, or mash, or whatever it might be called, had such wonderful effect—probably because Addy had turned out the recipe—that, to my unspeakable relief, the excellent quadruped revived, and his master's joy and gratitude were so great that I thought he would have kissed us both, as well as the doctor and groom. He certainly did embrace the horse, whose name I afterward discovered to be Milan—the groom having been wont to call him Millum, with a sort of interrogative doubt, as if ill informed of the orthography.

Banks accompanied me homeward, and was still pouring out his thanks when we met my wife. She greeted us with,

"We were so anxious about the horse that we could not rest. Addy was even more fussy than I; but I see by your faces that her recipe has been successful."

Banks stammered out something, while my wife came between us, and went on addressing him carelessly.

"I think you said that you met Mrs. Percy abroad?"

"Yes."

"Before her marriage?"

"Yes."

A pause, and I break in with, "She was wonderfully handsome."

"*Was? Is*, you mean. You men never think a woman good-looking after thirty-five," cries my wife.

"I should not dare to say that in your presence," I reply.

Banks smiled.

"It was too bad of them to marry her to that old Percy," she continued.

"Them? Whom?" asked Banks, involuntarily.

"Her parents. They were arbitrary and ambitious, and she was sacrificed like the rest of us," she replied, bowing to me.

"And he was got rid of, like the rest of *us*," I said, returning the mock salute.

Banks's face was aflame. I never saw any fellow change countenance so often in so short a space of time. At last he said, grimly,

"No woman ever marries against her will."

"I am sure I did, and you know what a victim I am," said my wife; and he smiled again.

"You will come to dinner," she continued. "I have a new moss, and my husband has made a discovery quite Darwinian."

"Not to-day—quite impossible," he said, hurrying off.

"We shall expect you," she cried, waving her hand.

It was nearly dinner-time when we got back, and we found Addy ready. She was calm, but the marks of her late emotion were visible enough. She told us that she had made arrangements to leave us the following morning, and that her maid was packing up. We combated this resolution in vain.

We were late for dinner, and I hurried Addy off, saying to my wife, "It is no good to wait."

"Provoking man!" she exclaimed.

"Who? which?" I asked.

"Both! all! every man I ever saw!" she replied.

We had begun, when there was a sharp bark and ring, and Banks actually appeared. He had dressed hastily, yet with even more than the French "four pins" of care.

"I could not resist the new moss and the Darwinian discovery," he said, glancing at Addy, and bowing nervously.

She made no movement, but looked at my wife reproachfully. She was, however, resolved to hide all emotion, and began to talk as naturally as she could. By degrees the conversation became sufficiently easy, and my hopes of a quiet dinner—faint, at first—were realized. I had not, at that time, heard Addy's story, so I hazarded a remark at dessert which savored more of the hyperinquisitive than the prudent.

"So odd you two should have met abroad! Were you long acquainted?"

I watched the effects of this venture. Addy's cheeks were crimson, and Banks's eyes flashed as he saw it.

"We met, as people do on the Continent, by chance; and parted by chance also, I suppose," he said, nonchalantly. "You remember our last encounter?"

A sudden pain must have struck at his heart, for his face turned deadly pale. He had said more than he intended.

"Yes, I remember," said Addy, with an entreating glance at my wife, who moved to leave the room.

When they were gone, Banks fell into a reverie, and I maliciously interrupted it by saying:

"You do not know what an intolerable matchmaker my wife is. I am charmed to see her circumvented for once. She was bent on bringing you two together, and you hate one another beforehand. It surprises me; for Addy is generally much beloved, and you are not altogether odious."

"Did she—did Adelaide—did Mrs. Percy say she hated me?" he asked, impetuously.

"Not in so many words; but her manner implies it, much as yours does."

He smiled sadly, and said his manner was terribly awkward.

Addy played and sang well—divinely, my wife said, who uses exaggerated terms, like the rest of her sex; so when we were again assembled, we asked her for some music. She consented at once, as she always does; for she is neither nervous nor silly. I know I am terribly provoking, as my wife says; but I can no more help it than another man can help being amiable; so when Addy asked me what I should like, I said,

"Moore's melodies are all the fashion again, Banks, and I rejoice, for I like the old songs. Mrs. Percy sings them so well. Let us have the one with the doubtful simile of the sunflower, Addy. You know which I mean. 'The heart that has truly loved never forgets;' though I have watched a hundred sunflowers, and have never yet seen one 'turn to her god when he sets.'"

"Nor have I," said Banks, watching Addy's tremulous fingers as they tried to strike the first chords.

She sang the desired song with difficulty, but perfect sweetness and expression. Toward the end her voice trembled slightly, but she commanded it.

"Did you ever hear her sing before?" I asked of Banks.

"Never," he replied, moving his chair so that we could not see his face.

Addy had what is called a sympathetic voice, and I was sure that it had reached his heart. When she ended, and was about to rise, my wife detained her at the piano.

"Why do poets invent fables to rouse our feelings?" said Banks, hoarsely. "You sing a song in which you can not believe."

"I am not answerable for my songs; yet I believe in this one, in spite of the sunflower," said Addy, half sadly, half lightly, beginning another at our request.

"That strain again; it had a dying fall,"

we all said, or implied by our significant silence, as she sang song after song.

Banks spoke never a word; but he quietly drew nearer and nearer the piano, until he was close to Addy. Was she conscious of the proximity? She gave no sign save in the *tremolo* of that *voce simpatico:* and that might have been according to the modern school of singing, which is a perpetual roulade.

However, it was very sweet and touching; and when at length the clock struck one sharp reproachful stroke, reminding us that the small hours had begun, we all started in amazement. Banks rose hastily to wish us good-night. He took Addy's offered hand and held it a moment, gazing into her pathetic face. There were tears in her eyes, and, I believe, moisture in his.

"Thank you. Music was invented to unman us," he said, and was gone.

To our surprise and annoyance, Addy kept to her resolution, and we accompanied her to the station the next morning. She was profuse in her gratitude to us, but she persisted in repeating, "It is best, it is best." We put her into a first-class carriage, in which was no other passenger, at her particular request, for she said she wished to be alone. We were making our last adieus through the window, and my wife was extracting a promise of return, when I saw Banks fuming up the platform. I nudged my wife, who mastered the occasion intuitively. I went to meet him, saying, in the elegant language of the period, "Where are you off to?"

"I am going abroad—I will write," he answered.

"Just in time; jump in here!" I exclaimed, pushing my wife aside, and opening the door of Addy's compartment.

He obeyed, not perceiving the lady.

"Take care of her, Mr. Banks. So glad you have an escort, Addy!" cried my wife, as the train steamed off instantly.

Addy looked after us with a pale, troubled, reproachful face; but there was no redress either for her or Banks.

"Suppose they leap out of the windows," suggested my wife. "A sentimental lover's leap!"

"The railway will be the best match-maker," said I.

And so it proved. A letter arrived by the next post from Addy, entreating us to go to her—for—for—she was engaged to Mr. Banks. She was so happy! and it was all due to us. The following day Banks reappeared. He actually called my wife "My dear," when he announced the fact that he was not going abroad after all, but—but—was going to be married instead.

"Then we shall not only know Banks, but Mrs. Banks!" said I.

And so "the curtain falls."

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

JUST now, when countless steamers, overflowing with the wealth and fashion of the United States, are plowing their way over the Atlantic from every port of America, it may not be amiss to say a few words again on a subject that you perhaps are all tired of, but on which there still remains much to be said, viz., how to manage in the cities of our Old World with regard to those necessary items of life, food and lodging. You will get plenty of sound and wise advice from friends in London, I dare say, for your guidance in that immense and hospitable metropolis, and you will be told, and I hope will believe it, that a cordial welcome awaits you in the hearts of the English people. Our legislators may squabble over their mutual bungles, and do their best to draw us into the fight, and set the peoples at loggerheads like their rulers; but on both sides we have proved to them, thank Heaven, that "we know a trick worth two of that." We are true to the primeval bond of brotherhood that joins our two races, and we respect one another; and when we come together, we don't as a rule find it very hard work to love one another a bit. If you have not yet found this out, please try it. Well, now, all the same, you will many of you be grievously disappointed, and I fear often very angry, at what you will call English coldness and exclusiveness. You will not find the salons of the court or of the English nobility open to you by the mere process of knocking at them, as you did in Paris in the empire days. If your aim is to gain admittance within these charmed circles, you must come furnished with good personal introductions, or you may as well stay quietly at home in New York or Boston. English people, as a nation, are decidedly exclusive among themselves: the rings that mark off the "sets" in society might be of fire, so impassable are they to outsiders, and this national characteristic is apt to strike strangers painfully and disagreeably. Americans must make up their minds to take us as they find us, and to accept our oddities for what they are worth—the growth of example, habit, and atmospheric influences of many kinds—and not be offended or hurt if the English show coldly, and to an external disadvantage, beside our gushing and expansive neighbors across the Channel. One thing I must mention, in case it should be overlooked by your English friends in council, if you want to get *any entrée* into society at all, you must live in a good neighborhood, and you must not go to a boarding-house. The boarding-houses in London are not disreputable, in the worst sense, as they are in Paris, but they are altogether *infra dig.* Ladies and gentlemen never frequent them. You may in a few sea-side ones meet retired navy and army officers and old maiden ladies, but this is the exception. You never meet any one in society there, and your chance of getting into that Valhalla yourself is null and void if you go to one. You will find the hotels enormously expensive, as much so, I understand, as those of New York; but I am glad to see our leading newspapers are taking up the side of hospitality and national repute in this case, and are fighting your battles beforehand to protect you against the Shylocks of those caravansaries. The most moderate and comfortable way of managing for families who are not millionaires will be to take furnished lodgings, where the service and cooking can be done for them by the servants of the landlord or landlady. These furnished apartments are often kept by widows of good position and reduced circumstances; and strangers, if they fall luckily, are very well cared for by the mistress of the house, and spared the endless fleecing and worries of servants hired for a few months, and among the least reliable ranks, for good ones are not to be picked up in London by foreigners.

But it was of Paris I meant to speak when I opened this subject. Paris is sure to come after London. For is it not said that all good Americans expect to go there when they die? Come, then, ye good ones, while still in the flesh, and enjoy the delights of your earthly paradise to your hearts' and your purses' content. But don't, for the sake of your fellow-creatures rooted in the happy land, make all necessaries of life more exorbitantly dear than you have already done by your extravagance. To you I would say, As far as possible steer clear of furnished apartments, and go to hotels. There are plenty of nice ones, not magnificent palaces like the Grand Hôtel and the Louvre, but quiet, comfortable, and well-situated houses, where you will be well off, and not certainly at greater expense than if you go to apartments (furnished) and take to your arms a brood of vipers and vampires in the shape of servants. There are thieves all over the world, and strangers are proverbially the prey of this particular race of thieves every where, but I defy you to match in Europe or America the Paris servants for squeezing money out of an employer's pocket in every conceivable way. Their skill in this direction would be amazingly entertaining if one could watch it from neutral ground; but, except Charles XII. of Sweden, who held his leg and whistled while the surgeons were cutting it off, we have few instances of the patients taking so stoical a view of the situation. *Keep clear of the servants, whatever you do!* If you must take a furnished apartment, then, instead of hiring a cook, take a friend's advice and make an agreement with the nearest *restaurant* or confectioner (but the latter most likely would be dearer, though I am not sure) to send you dinner every day for so many. You will find it infinitely more comfortable, and not a whit dearer, nor as dear as living at your own expense, with a cook to pay and to humor into the bargain. If you have an invalid to consider, and must have a certain amount of cooking done at home, and are therefore compelled *nolens volens* to hire a blood-sucker of the species, do not, in the name of justice and common-sense, pay her the monstrous sums she will ask you. If you give her fifty francs, without either wine or washing, you pay her well. No French family gives more to a good plain cook. She will ask you for sixty, or seventy, or eighty, and will tell you she has had it from others; and so, alas! she has. But now that you are coming over in a body, make a stand against this abominable practice, which has already done such immense mischief to all classes in Paris. It is entirely in your hands, and you may do a vast deal even now toward remedying the evil. Let it be known in the market that Americans are no longer ripe oranges only longing to be squeezed, and let them hold together and be firm in resisting the operation. In the same way hold out against the enormous rents that are asked of you. The cry still is, "The large apartments are less expensive than formerly, since so many Americans have left; but now they are looking up again, because those rich customers are returning." To those families who intend to remain for a year—if there be any enterprising enough to make the venture in the present state of France—I would suggest the advisability of hiring an unfurnished flat, and making an arrangement with an upholsterer for the use of furniture during that time, or else buying the necessary amount, and selling it off at their departure. This would most likely prove a satisfactory plan, and would at any rate be cheaper than taking a furnished apartment. There are such numbers of unfurnished houses going a-begging since the war that landlords are often glad enough to let a flat for a year to a nice tenant. You should get a list of unfurnished houses from an agent, but at the same time look about for yourself in the quarters you prefer. For servants, *don't apply to agents*, but to respectable trades-people. COMET.

PONGEE VISITING COSTUME.

See illustration on page 364.

THIS artistic costume is of écru pongee, wrought with reddish-maroon floss in the long loose stitches of Indian embroidery. The skirt has an embroidered flounce, headed by two wide puffs. The long apron polonaise is tied behind to form a slight pouf and sash ends. The waist has a vest front with long square basque back without pleats. Square Dolman sleeves. Embroidery and maroon yak lace edge the over-skirt and basque. Parasol of embroidered pongee. Écru chip Rabagas, with rose branch in front, and white gauze streamers and strings. Flesh-colored gloves.

YOUNG LADY'S SPRING SUIT.

See illustration on page 364.

THIS costume of pearl gray foulard is designed for a young lady. The three front breadths are formed of kilt pleats, and have a straight side sash edged with a gray-blue band and yak lace. The back breadths are covered with lapping flounces. Apron over-skirt with wide straight sashes; a narrow bias gray-blue band and yak lace edge the upper skirt and sashes. Round Josephine waist with wide belt. Half-flowing sleeves and reversed cuffs. Mantle of gray-blue cashmere with hood. Straw hat, with straw flowers on the brim, standing loops of blue ribbon resting against the crown, and a pompon with scarlet tips.

USEFUL RECIPES.

SPONGE-CAKE PUDDING.—Melt some butter, and grease very well with it the inside of a fluted cake-mould, using for the purpose a feather or brush. Then glaze the mould with powdered white sugar—that is to say, shake it about until the part greased is equally covered with the sugar, and looks white. Stone some raisins, and have ready a few currants, washed and picked. Place them according to fancy in the curvings of the mould. Take some sponge-cake, stale will do, and cut it up small, filling the mould with it, as you do so mixing lightly throughout currants and raisins rubbed in flour to prevent their falling. Beat up four eggs, the whites separately from the yolks, add four table-spoonfuls of sugar, one to each egg, and then pour gradually to them until well combined three half pints of cold new milk, which quantity should be enough to fill the mould. Set your pudding in a pan containing enough water to come a little more than half-way up the sides of the mould. Just as the water begins to boil see that the oven is so moderately heated as to insure the slow baking of the custard, else it might turn to whey. Do not let the pudding brown or burn: it should be done in about a quarter of an hour after the water has boiled around it. Sauce made thus: Four yolks of eggs beaten up with four table-spoonfuls of sugar, poured to a pint of milk allowed first to come to a boil. Return to the fire for about five minutes, stirring rapidly. Flavor with what you please; rose-water is good. Turn out the pudding in a pretty dessert dish; pour the sauce around it, and the work is done. The above recipe is especially adapted to meet the wants of small families, upon whose hands cake is apt to accumulate and turn stale. An elegant and economical dish is thus prepared out of materials that would otherwise be wasted.

CUTLETS OF VEAL, LAMB, OR SHOTE.—When the rack of veal is chosen, divide each bone separately, break an egg, and wet the pieces with it; then roll in bread-crumbs, afterward frying them in lard. Make a nice gravy with butter, pepper, and salt, mixed with the bread-crumbs. Any part of the veal almost, cut in small pieces, may be dressed in the same way. This dish must be thoroughly done to be good. Either a quarter of lamb or shote, cut up in small pieces—that is to say, the usual size for chops—may be dressed in the same way, and will be found very nice.

ORANGEADE.—Impregnate a few lumps of loaf-sugar with the oil of orange, by rubbing into them as much as you can readily from the rind of four oranges. Roll as many oranges as you design to use, squeeze the juice, allowing eight to one quart of water. Throw the skins into half a pint of water as you squeeze them, let them stand a short time, press them a little, and add this water to the other juice. The very highest-flavored oranges should be selected, and if not found sour enough to impart an agreeable acid, lemon juice may be added, with the caution that it must not be used freely enough to impair the distinct flavor of the orange, which is meant to predominate. The oil should only be slightly rubbed from the oranges. Allow half a pound of sugar to the quart of orangeade, but in this matter consult, if possible, the taste of some experienced dessert-maker. With all care to give an exact recipe, the proportions of both sugar and water may require modifying—a little more or a little less, as the case may be.

TOMATO SOUP.—In one gallon of water put two and a half pounds of lamb, boiling it until the water is reduced to one-half the quantity and the meat is in shreds; strain the liquor, put in two quarts of skinned tomatoes, stirring very often and well, that they may dissolve, and boil half an hour; again strain, add a table-spoonful of butter, and if the tomatoes are very acid, about half a table-spoonful of white sugar. In winter use tomatoes that have been canned with very little cooking, and are nearly whole.

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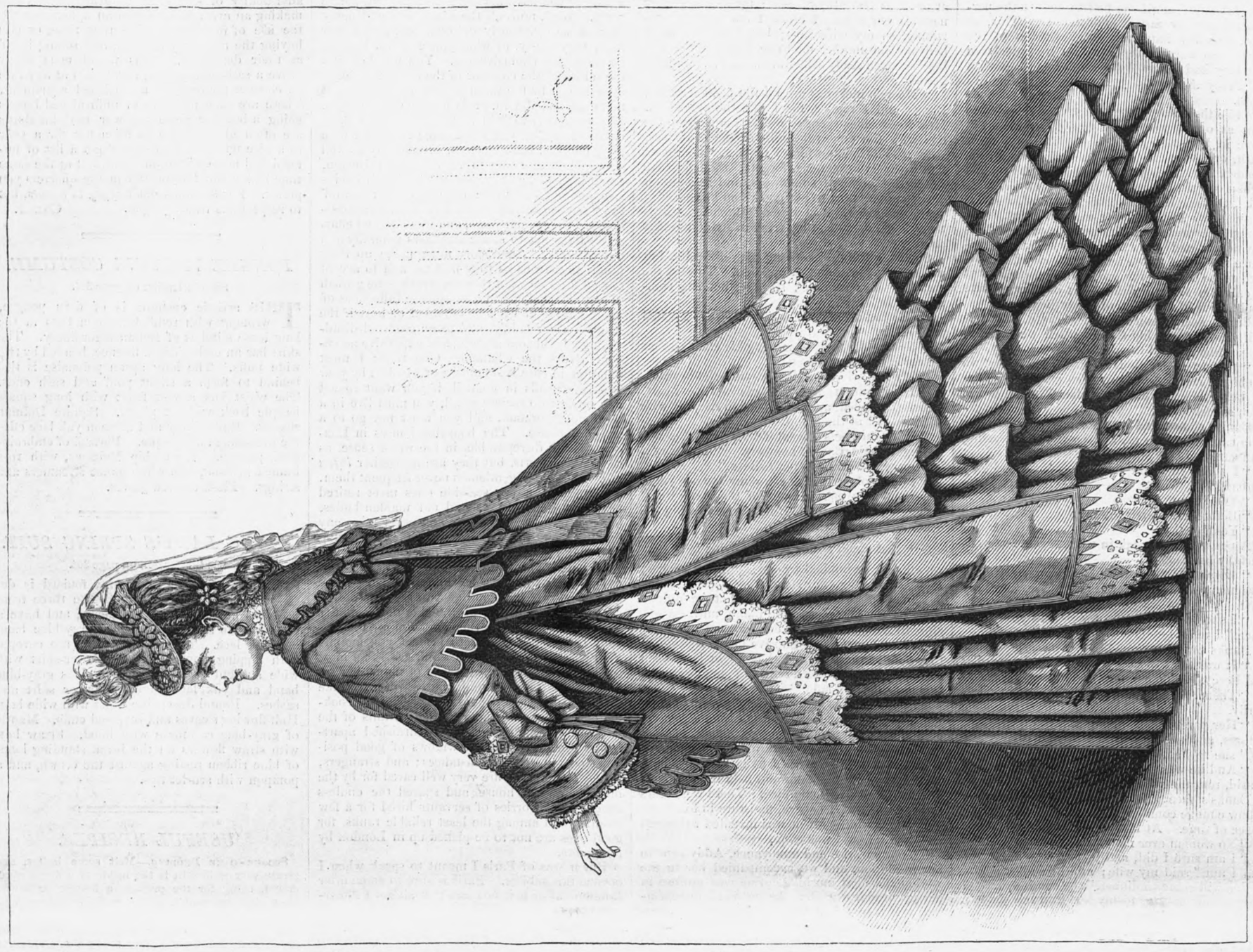
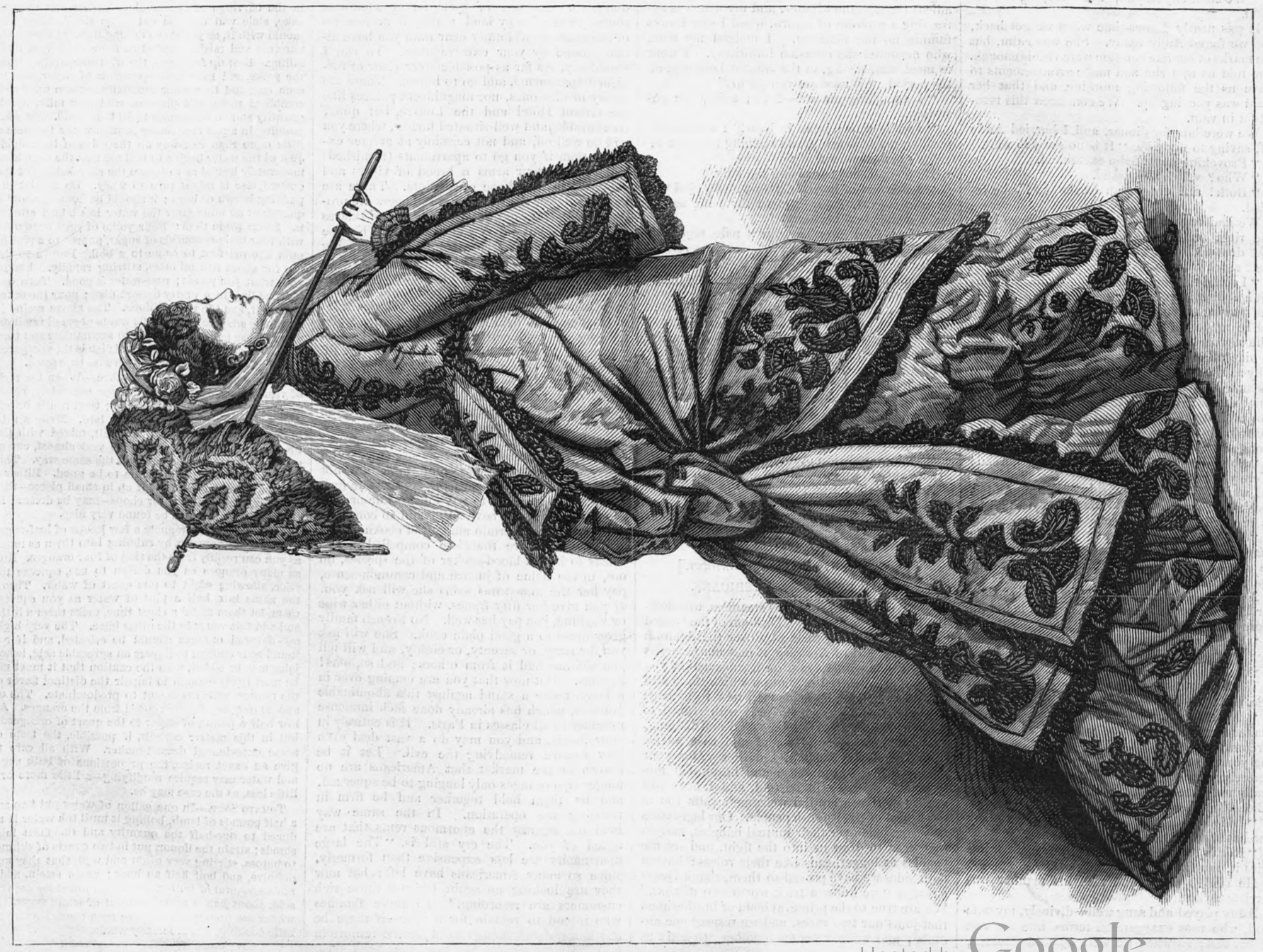


YOUNG LADY'S SPRING SUIT.—[SEE PAGE 363.]



PONGEE VISITING COSTUME.—[SEE PAGE 363.]

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Fig. 1.—BUFF PONGEE DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.]

Fig. 2.—BUFF PONGEE DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 1.]

Buff Pongee Dress, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS dress is made of buff pongee. The trimming consists of a kilt-pleated flounce and gathered ruffles of the material, and of tabs, folds, and revers of brown gros grain. Tucked Swiss muslin collar and sleeves.

Gros Grain Dress in Two Shades of Brown, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS dress is made of gros grain in two shades of brown, and consists of a skirt and basque-waist. The skirt is trimmed in front with box-pleated ruches of dark and light material and with bows of the latter. The back of the skirt is trimmed with wide gathered ruffles of dark brown gros grain edged with narrow ruffles of the same, which are bound with light gros grain. The waist of dark brown gros grain is trimmed with ruffles to match the skirt, and with revers and bows of light material. Tucked Swiss muslin fraise and under-sleeves.

VERTIGO.

VERTES, or vertigo, or whatever it may be called, becomes a veritable disease in certain temperaments. It may be compared to seasickness, and, like that malady, is insurmountable in some cases, despite any custom or practice. Where it has once taken firm hold, a mountaineer, no more than a sailor, can be made. A vague terror, even horror, will arise at the mere mention of a great height, just as the bare thought of a sea-voyage conjures up the feeling which the actual pitching and tossing produces. Give your novice, then, the best chance of escaping from a too-confirmed attack of this dire calamity. Train him gently to a comprehension of what he has to face; introduce him to your tall friends gradually; take him a quiet saunter or two, to begin with, over the merest hillocks, such, for instance, as those by the lake he thought so little of on first beholding, and do not whisk him rashly from a plain to a mountain height before he has had time to get accustomed to the change. No, nor even "ascend" him too suddenly by a well-parapeted broad highway, if it lie amid gloomy ravines topped by snow-peaks and based by roaring torrents.

Drop a naturally nervous man, without a warning, as it were, on to such

Fig. 1.—GROS GRAIN DRESS IN TWO SHADES OF BROWN.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]

Fig. 2.—GROS GRAIN DRESS IN TWO SHADES OF BROWN.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]

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a spot as the middle of the coach-road through the Simplon gorge of Gondo, or by the corner of a zigzag hard by the St. Gothard Devil's Bridge, and the chances are you will do for him forever. He will never face precipice or awkward ridge after that, any more than a timid child will face the water if you have thrown him ruthlessly headlong in by way of introduction to that element.

Climbers and swimmers will seldom be made from such beginnings. Nay, by thoughtless measures of this sort you may even put the enjoyment of our mode of sauntering, as you may the mildest kind of bathing, entirely out of the reach of hosts of people to whom both experiences should be welcome and wholesome.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. J.—Make a châtelaine redingote of your striped black grenadine, lining the waist with silk, and using watered sash ribbon. Have a black silk or foulard skirt, and trim with flounces of the grenadine headed by wide pleated puffs.

I. J. R.—Use black or brown velvet bias bands, large velvet buttons, velvet collar, cuffs, and sash on your écru twilled foulard.

A CONSTANT READER.—Use darker blue or else deep blue-gray with your blue silk for a street suit. To wear over a black silk skirt get gray or écru camel's-hair and make a châtelaine redingote by cut paper pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. VI. Read about wraps in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 18, Vol. VI.

A SUBSCRIBER TO BAZAR.—Get a water-proof suit for your ocean trip, and a simple black silk for Continental travel. Take as little baggage as possible, and depend on buying what you need abroad.

WEDDING TOUR.—A blue foulard made with polonaise and Spanish flounced skirt will be pretty for mornings. Bustles are still worn, as we have said in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. VI.

LILY.—Make your white nansook with a pleated blouse-waist, an apron over-skirt, and a lower skirt trimmed with one deep flounce; or else have a loose belted polonaise with a single skirt.

G. B. J.—The Medici fraise is part of the dress trimming, and is therefore made of the material of the trimming. It is simply doubled, leaving a plain edge without trimming. A side pleating of tulle, muslin, or, still better, of white crêpe lisse, is worn inside and above it.

M. S.—A châtelaine polonaise and skirt trimmed with side pleating of grenadine is what you want for an old lady. Any of the loose wrapper patterns made in white muslin, piqué, or else foulard silk, would be handsome. Get silk and wool reps of dark, quiet color for your furniture, with black-walnut frames.

MRS. H. T.—$4 to $6 will be asked for the china crape bows with lace.

IOWA CITY.—Get a black chip hat, and trim it with bias black repped silk in folds, with loops and ends at the left side. Put an oxidized silver buckle in the loops, and curl an ostrich tip across the crown. If you must have color, add blue pinks or else sweet-brier, but do not *trim* a traveling hat with color.

LITTLE MOTHER.—Cashmere and yak lace are *not* worn in the first year of mourning for a brother. Get a sacque or a polonaise of the dull black camel's-hair, and trim with bands of dull silk, if you like. Crape trimmings are worn here the first year, and after that bands of the dress material are mixed with crape. There is a heavy crimped tape fringe also worn in mourning.

MINTIE AND B.—Harper & Brothers furnish Tennyson's poems complete for $1 25.

IGNORANCE.—Sailor jackets are double-breasted, are slashed in the side, and have square pockets. A Dolman of black cashmere is a stylish wrap for any lady, young or old.

MRS. JOHN C.—A basque with over-skirt and flounced skirt below is the best design for your black silk. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 19, Vol. VI.

MRS. G. H. V.—Your brown striped poplin should be made with a châtelaine redingote, and trimmed with bias brown silk bands. Your polka-dotted percale is pretty, and should be made with box-pleated blouse and upper skirt.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—You had better ask some lawyer. We can not tell you.

PUEBLA.—We do not furnish self-binders for the *Bazar*. You will find the address in our advertising columns.

EVERY mother who has a crying baby, or children subject to croup and stomach-complaints, can rely upon Castoria to keep the child well and give it rest. There are but few nurses in New York who do not use Castoria. It should be in every house.—[*Com.*]

TAKE YOUR DYEING AND CLEANING to the New York Dyeing and Printing Establishment, *Staten Island;* 98 Duane St., 752 Broadway, and 610 Sixth Ave., New York; 164 and 166 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn; 40 North Eighth St., Philadelphia. No other offices.—[*Com.*]

NO FEMALE SUFFRAGE YET.—But something far better and more valuable—a Wilson Sewing-Machine for every wife and mother in the Union, and at the low price of $50 each for the full finished machine. People ask why the Wilson, a leading machine in all respects, can be sold for $50. The answer is easy and direct—because its proprietors do not belong to a great "ring" whose purpose it is to keep up the price of sewing-machines. They are the true friends of the people and show their sincerity in a way that can not be misunderstood. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

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It is reliable and harmless.

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The Largest Stock of HUMAN HAIR GOODS in the City.

All Hair used in my establishment I *import and manufacture myself*, and is of the best quality only; and if any expert can prove that I use in my goods any other quality but the best, or *mix* it with Italian or Chinese Hair, which is generally applied to by other dealers, will *refund* the money in every case.

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All goods WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.

PRICE-LIST.

Short Hair Switches $1 and upward. Finest quality Hair Switches, solid, not dyed, 18 inches long, 4 ounces weight, - - $5 00
Do. 22 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 6 00
Do. 26 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 8 00
Do. 32 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 10 00

Shaw's Patent Hair Switches, 50c.

Long Single Curls, natural Curly—
22-inch, $2 00. 24-inch, $2 50. 26-inch, $4 00.
Frisets, 25 cents per yard.

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Ladies' own Hair made over in latest styles.
Combings made up 50 cents per ounce.
Goods sent **C. O. D.** by express, on receipt of color and money in registered letters or P. O. Order.

N. B.—Through the immense increase of business, we have removed to the more commodious building, 364 Bowery, cor. 4th St., New York.

STERN BROTHERS,

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367 6th Ave. 110 W. 23d St.,
WILL OFFER THIS WEEK
EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS IN
PARASOLS AND SUN UMBRELLAS.

We are now displaying the largest variety of Parasols and Sun Umbrellas to be found in the city, comprising all styles, colors, shapes, and sizes, in all qualities, at a positive
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24 Cash Gifts of	**$1,000**	**each,**	**24,000**
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Total, 10,000 Gifts, all Cash,			**$500,000**

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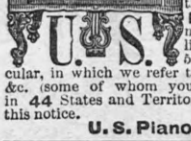

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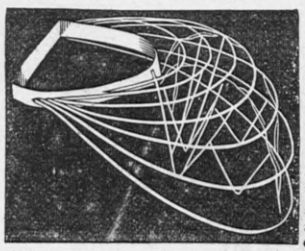

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Vol. V.

GIRL'S PRINCESSE POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)..... No. 44
LOUIS QUINZE VEST BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt..... " 46
DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT..... " 46
VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..... " 48
FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt)..... " 50
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CHATELAINE REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT..... " 17
LOOSE FRONT DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..... " 23

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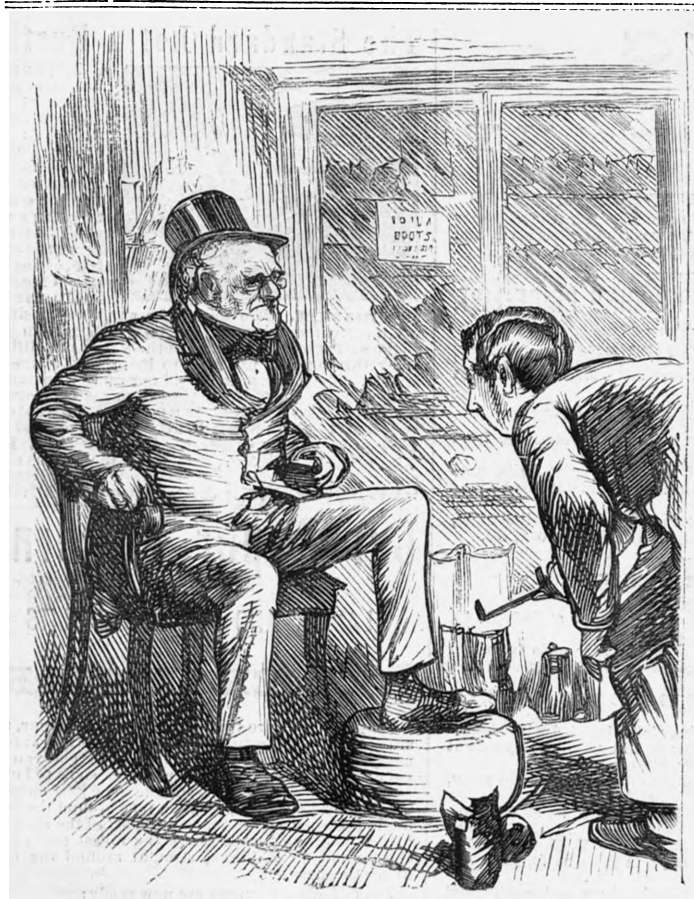

ADJUSTMENT.

BOOT-MAKER (*who has a deal of trouble with this customer*). "I think, Sir, if you were to Cut your Corns, I could more easily find you a Pair—"

CHOLERIC OLD GENTLEMAN. "Cut my Corns, Sir! I ask you to Fit me a Pair o' Boots to my Feet, Sir! I'm not going to Plane my Feet down to Fit your Boots!"

A COUSINLY HINT.

"How Tall our Shadows are, Claude!"
"Yes, aren't they?"
"Tall enough for us to be Married, *I* think!"

FACETIÆ.

A YOUNG fortune-hunter surprised his friends by announcing that he was going into agriculture, and should commence his husbandry by removing weeds—some rich and lovely widow's weeds.

Why is a whisper forbidden in polite society?—Because it isn't aloud.

The Philadelphia papers having exhausted the question, "Can fish hear?" are now laboring with the conundrum, "Are mice incendiaries?"

A Yale student writes a twelve-verse poem which is entitled, "We kissed each other by the sea." Well, what of it? The sea-side is no better for such practices than any other locality, say even the tow-path of a canal.

An Indiana Sunday-school man writes to a firm in New York: "Send me on some Sunday-school papers and books. Let the books be about pirates and Indians as far as possible."

Surely the genius who invented wooden nutmegs and oats made of deal chips can not yet be "played out." A Maine man is about to apply for a patent for an artificial oyster made out of flour paste, tapioca, salt, and water. The inventor places these in second-hand oyster-shells, which are carefully glued round the edges. There can be no dispute as to the success of this invention.

A HEAVY TRIAL.—Groaning beneath the weight of the good things placed upon it is clearly not one of the pleasures of the table.

At a coroner's inquest a witness was asked, "What was the last thing seen by the deceased?" "Kerosene," was the reply.

An Irish philosopher asks in his favorite journal the following momentous question: "Would you rather go through a giddy waltz with a pretty girl than go through a pretty waltz with a giddy girl?"

DARWINISM IN THE KITCHEN.

I was takin' oft my bonnet
One arternoon, at three,
When a hinseck jumped upon it
As proved to be a flea.

Then I takes it to the grate,
Between the bars to stick it;
But I hadn't long to wait
Ere it changed into a cricket.

Says I, "Sure*ly* my senses
Is a-gettin' in a fog!"
So to drownd it I commences,
When it halters to a frog.

Here my heart begun to thump,
And no wonder I felt funky;
For the frog, with one big jump,
Leaped hisself into a monkey.

Then I opened wide my eyes,
His features for to scan,
And observed, with great surprise,
That that monkey was a man.

But he vanished from my sight,
And I sunk upon the floor,
Jest as missus, with a light,
Come inside the kitching door.

Then beginnin' to abuse me,
She says, "Sarah, you've been drinkin'!"
I says, "No, mum, you'll excuse me,
But I've merely been a-thinkin'.

"But, as sure as I'm a cinder,
That party what you see
A-gettin' out o' winder,
Have developed from a flea."

A reporter last week, in recounting a death, said, "The deceased lady died suddenly, without medical assistance, which came too late." To die without medical assistance is hardly complimentary.

CURIOUS FACT.—Stout people are very soon fat-igued.

If you wanted to stop the mouth of a river, would you do it with a lock and quay (key)?

SUFFERERS AND SIGHT-SEERS.

There are at least ten distinct classes of obnoxious persons at art exhibitions who disturb one's comfort and tread on one's toes:

1. There are the civil people, who, when you are standing at just the proper distance to appreciate a picture, coolly plant themselves in front of you, and then back you from your place.

2. There are the pleasant people, who, by force of weight and muscle, calmly shoulder you aside, and turn a deaf ear to remonstrance if you think fit to give it vent.

3. There are the fashionable people, who come in all their finery, and cause you ceaseless fear of being tripped up by their trains.

4. There are the stingy people, who will not buy a catalogue, and continually plague you by peering into yours.

5. There are the snobbish people, who affect to claim acquaintance with half the fashionable people whose portraits are exhibited, and audibly proclaim their satisfaction with the likeness, or complain that "dear Mrs. So-and-So" has been "any thing but flattered" by the artist of the work.

6. There are the wall-eyed people, who stick their noses to each picture, as though they wished to smell it, and thus totally eclipse it from every body else.

7. There are the stupid people, who get puzzled by the catalogue, and read out wrong descriptions loudly to enlighten their deaf aunts.

8. There are the vulgar people, who, when a crowd is round a picture, tell their cronies, blatantly, "Ah, it ain't so good as mine!" or else, "I gave five hunder'd dollars for it, and wouldn't take a thousand."

9. There are the clever people, who make unkind comparisons of dead with living painters, and tempt you to believe that there is nothing now worth looking at in all the range of modern art.

10. And there are the gushing people (young ladies chiefly these), who go into small raptures at every other second, and scream, "How sweetly pretty!" or, "Oh, isn't that *too* charming!" when they see a scrap of millinery or a sentimental face.

Why is Easter no longer a movable feast?—Because it is kept still.

CHEMISTRY OF COMMON LIFE.

LADY CUSTOMER (*to druggist*). "Will you let me have a pint bottle of chloroform?"

DRUGGIST (*amazed*). "Pint bottle, m'm? Of chloroform, m'm? May I be allowed to ask for what purpose?"

LADY. "A disinfectant."

DRUGGIST (*aghast*). "Disinfectant, m'm! Surely you can not be aware, m'm, the use of such a quantity would cause paralysis. There must be some mistake, m'm, in naming chloroform. Allow me to suggest *Eau de Cologne*."

BY-STANDER. "Perhaps the lady means chloride of lime."

CONSOLATORY.—Some men go about the world with their hands in their pockets. That is better, though, than if they went about with their hands in other people's pockets.

Teetotalers who felicitate themselves on the progress of their cause will do well to digest the following: An old stager was compelled by his worthy spouse to "join the cold-water army," which he did, promising never to touch a drop of any thing else, except in sickness. So far the story is excellent. But now for the moral. The reformed individual has *never been well since*.

AS BROAD AS IT IS LONG.

SYMPATHIZING FRIEND. "How did you get home from Middletown last night, Bill? It's a long road when you've got the drop in you."

BILL. "Ah, lad, it's not the length o' the road, but the breadth o' it, that I cast out wi'."

A sailor, explaining a quadrille to his messmate, thus described the third figure: "You first heave ahead," said he, "and pass your adversary's yard-arm, regain your berth on the other tack in the same order, take your station with your partner in line, back and fill, and then fall on your keel, and bring up with your partner; she then manœuvres ahead, off alongside of you; then make sail in company with her until nearly astern of the other line, make a stern board, cast her off to shift for herself, regain your place the best way you can, and let go your anchor."

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

"You've heard about the poor dear Duchess? Isn't it too Awful?"
"It is indeed! Did you happen to Know her Grace?"
"Well—er—No!"
"No more did I! Happy Thought—Let us try and bear up!"

NICE DISTINCTION.

LADY. "Tommy Smith, what is meant by 'Sending Rain upon the Just and upon the Unjust?'"

TOMMY SMITH (*promptly*). "Sending it to Wet Good Boys and Naughty Girls."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 24.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Ladies' House and Walking Suits, Figs. 1–5.

Figs. 1 and 4.—OLIVE FOULARD HOUSE DRESS. This dress consists of a skirt and polonaise, trimmed with bows and ruffles of the material bound with a lighter shade of gros grain.

Fig. 2.—GABRIELLE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This pretty walking suit is well adapted to summer fabrics, such as piqués, lawns, grenadines, foulards, etc. The polonaise is loosely fitted with one dart in front, and has a Gabrielle back with side bodies. It may be closed with cord and hooks and eyes, as seen in the illustration, or with buttons and button-holes. The edge of the polonaise is plain; the sleeve is finished with a triangular cuff, trimmed with a fold of the material, cords, and lace. The trimming, of course, can be varied to suit the taste. The skirt in the original has four pleated flounces, graduated in width.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS suit comprises two garments—Gabrielle polonaise and walking skirt.

GABRIELLE POLONAISE.—This pattern is in six pieces—front, side form, back, sleeve, cuff, and strap for looping the skirt. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting together, and to show where the pleats are taken. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, to take up the darts and cross basque seams on each side, to tack the strap, and the size and form of the under part of the sleeve. The garment is closely fitted to the figure. The fronts are rounded to the waist line and faced; they have one dart and a cross basque seam on each side. The back has side forms and a seam down the middle. Additional fullness is cut on at the waist line of each of the three seams in the back, and laid in a double box-pleat on the under side. pleats, turning upward, in the front ed skirt, bringing the first single notch up the second. Baste the seams of the g according to the notches and perforation ing the pleated edge of the side back und back edge of the front, which is shorter tha back, placing the single perforation in each p evenly together. Cut three pieces like the p tern given of the strap, tack one end of each the three seams at the waist line and at the si gle perforations in the skirt. Place the cuff over the upper side of the sleeve according to the notches, sewing the cuff in with the outside

FIGS. 1–5.—LADIES' HOUSE AND WALKING SUITS.

Fig. 1.—OLIVE FOULARD HOUSE DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 4.]

Fig. 2.—GABRIELLE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).

Fig. 3.—FAWN-COLORED POULT DE SOIE HOUSE DRESS.

Fig. 4.—OLIVE FOULARD HOUSE DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]

Fig. 5.—LOUIS TREIZE HOUSE DRESS.

[Cut Paper Patterns of the Gabrielle Polonaise Walking Suit, Fig. 2, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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am. Tack the point of the cuff to the sleeve the single perforation. Place the longest seam the sleeve to the notch in the back part of the hole, holding the sleeve toward you when wing it in. Close the front to the waist line with hooks and loops. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all others. Baste up and try on wrong side out; if alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 7½ yards.

WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front gore, two side gores, and straight breadth for the back. Cut the front gore and straight breadth for the back with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid making seams. Cut two pieces each of the pattern given for the side gores. Put the pattern together by the notches, paying no attention to the grain of the paper.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 7 yards. Extra for trimming, 6 yards.

Fig. 3.—FAWN-COLORED POULT DE SOIE HOUSE DRESS. This dress is made of fawn-colored poult de soie, and consists of a skirt and polonaise. The skirt is trimmed with a wide gathered flounce and two box-pleated standing ruffles of the material. The seam of the flounce and ruffles is covered by a fold of the material. The trimming for the polonaise consists of folds [illegible]-colored velvet, gathered guipure lace, [illegible], and bows of the dress material.

[illegible]IS TREIZE HOUSE DRESS. This [illegible] polonaise and skirt of gray cashmere ned with gray gros grain folds edged [illegible]ag, guipure lace, cord, and passementons. Fine linen collar and cuffs.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1873.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be sent out gratuitously a splendidly illustrated

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containing another installment of "THE PARISIANS," an interesting illustrated story, and other literary and artistic attractions.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the Gabrielle Polonaise Walking Suit, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 383.*

Our next Number will contain an Extra Pattern Sheet, with full-sized patterns, [illegible], and descriptions of a choice variety of Spring and Summer Dresses and [illegible]s; Children's Suits; Infants' Robes, [illegible], Aprons, Sacques, Caps, Hoods, Bibs, Baskets, etc.; Gentlemen's Shirts; Lamp-Shades, Thermometer Stands, Sofa-Pillows, Footstools, Watch-Cases, Traveling-Bags, Embroidery Patterns, Bottle Mats, Afghans, etc., etc.,

JUNE MARKETING.

By PIERRE BLOT.

FOR the convenience of our readers we give herewith a variety of articles which are found in the markets during the month of June.

FISH.

Sea-bass, black and blue fish, lamprey, kingfish, mackerel, Spanish mackerel, black and blue perch, porgies, salmon, scup, sheep's-head, shad, sturgeon, trout, sea-trout, turbot, weak-fish, sword-fish, and frogs and green turtles.

SHELL-FISH.

Crabs (hard and soft shells), craw-fish, lobsters, prawns.

MEAT.

Beef, veal, mutton, spring lamb.

POULTRY.

Chickens, capons, spring chickens, ducklings, young turkeys.

GAME.

Lapwing, plover, pigeons and squabs, snipes.

VEGETABLES.

Asparagus, new beets, new cabbages, new carrots, cauliflowers, chervil, chives, corn, Southern cucumbers, dandelion, Lima beans, Southern onions, pease, poke, purslane, Southern potatoes, red radishes, rhubarb, nasturtium, string-beans, new turnips, tomatoes, sprouts, kohl-rabi, wild chiccory, water-cress.

FRUITS.

Apples, pears, bananas, cherries, currants, gooseberries, June-berries, Southern peaches, pine-apples, raspberries, strawberries, apricots.

With the warm weather nature sends us plenty of green and fresh vegetables to cool our blood and keep our system in order. If the markets are not as well supplied in summer as in the fall and winter both in variety and quality of meat, it is the contrary with vegetables and fruits. The kinds of fish that are in season are also excellent, and although the warm weather affects them quickly, it is comparatively easy to keep them fresh in ice.

Purchasers must be careful in selecting fish. Their general appearance should be fresh; there are other indications of freshness, such as pinky-red gills firmly closed, clear and full eyes. As soon as tainted, fish gives forth a bad odor, which is easily detected, be it in or on ice. The head and the inside are the first parts affected, and when there is any doubt it is well to have the fish opened to ascertain its state of freshness. During the hot weather the eyes of fish kept on ice for some time may not be full, although the fish is fresh; in that case the freshness is only ascertained by opening and then smelling it. The belly of a fresh mackerel is white, and bluish when tainted. The gills of fishes turn paler and paler in exactly the same ratio as they lose their freshness. When fresh, the flesh is firm, and becomes soft as it becomes tainted. The more brilliant and shining are the scales, the fresher is the fish. Those that deal with a conscientious fish-monger need not examine the fish, for if any body knows if the fish is fresh, it is certainly the fish-monger.

People that buy tainted fish, tainted meat, or decayed vegetables because they are cheap make a great mistake; besides the danger of being made sick by partaking of them, the stomach refuses to receive them as soon as acquainted with their quality, and much, if not the greater part, has to be thrown away. Four ounces of fresh meat, fish, or vegetables, relished and digested, nourish the system more than two pounds of food against which the stomach rebels. It is not the amount consumed that nourishes, but the amount assimilated.

The Athenians were very careful in the selection of their food. In order to have fresh fish the fish-mongers were required by law to strike a kind of gong as soon as the fish arrived in the market, so that people could buy it fresh; they were not allowed to sit down until the whole of it was sold.

The Romans used to give prizes to the dealers that were successful in bringing fresh fish from long distances.

A French circular to market inspectors says: "Fresh-water fish should be without bad odor, the gills should be red, firm, and opened with some difficulty, the fins should be stiff, and the eyes clear and full. Salt-water fish is fresh when the eyes are clear, the fins stiff, the gills of a fine red hue, and are opened with some difficulty, the skin and scales are smooth and brilliant, and the whole body firm."

Soup with New Carrots.—Clean and slice half a dozen carrots, four onions, two turnips, a small plant of celery, and two leeks, which you put in a saucepan with a small piece of butter; set on a good fire, stir now and then until they begin to turn yellowish; add then broth or water enough to cover the whole well, and simmer for about two hours. Turn the whole into a colander, and mash it through; put back on the fire, add salt and pepper to taste, also broth or water if it be too thick; simmer for a few minutes; put a few slices of toasted bread in the soup-dish, turn the contents of the saucepan over, cover the dish for two or three minutes, and serve. It is called *soupe à la Crécy.*

Soupe or *Potage Printanier.*—Clean and cut in dice—or use a vegetable cutter—about six carrots, as many turnips and leeks, and blanch them ten minutes in boiling water and salt; take off and drain; put the whole in a saucepan with a dozen small onions whole, a dozen small red radishes, the eatable part of a dozen asparagus, half a pint of green pease, a head of lettuce, the leaves of which should be broken in pieces, and a handful of string-beans cut in pieces about half an inch long; cover the whole with broth or water (broth is better), add salt and pepper to taste, and about a table-spoonful of sugar; simmer until the whole is well cooked, and serve. A handful of chopped chervil may be added a minute or two before serving, if at hand. This is a most excellent soup, especially if made with broth. It is also called *potage à la paysanne*, or *soupe à la jardinière.*

Blue-fish broiled, maître d'hôtel sauce, is better than prepared in any other way, the action of the fire partly destroying the oily taste of the fish. It may also be stuffed and baked or boiled, and served with a port-wine sauce.

Spanish Mackerel.—This fish is one of the best kinds of fish found in any sea. When not too large, they are broiled; the larger ones are served with any of the following sauces: anchovy, caper, Génévoise, Génoise, lobster, oyster, Hollandais, etc.

Spanish mackerel must be boiled in a fish-kettle, or another having, like fish-kettles, a double bottom. When in the kettle cover it with cold water, salt, a little vinegar, an onion sliced, and a handful of fennel if handy; it is then simmered (not boiled) till done, and served with the following sauce: Blanch half a dozen sprigs of fennel for two minutes, and put them in a colander to drain; chop or mix them with two or three ounces of butter. Then put two ounces of butter in a saucepan, and when melted add a table-spoonful of flour; set on the fire, stir until turning rather brown, add then half a pint of broth or gravy, stir for two or three minutes, put the fennel and butter in, stir again, and mix the whole well; add salt and pepper to taste, and a pinch of cinnamon, if liked, and serve.

Spanish mackerel may also be served with a gooseberry sauce. Take about a pint of half-ripe gooseberries, cut them open, remove the seeds, and throw the berries into boiling water in which is a pinch of salt for two or three minutes; turn into a colander, and then mix them with the above sauce at the same time you mix the fennel and butter.

It is also in June that *crabs*, hard as well as soft shells, make their appearance. The amateurs of deviled crabs welcome the coming of those crustaceous animals. The soft-shells are considered a delicate eating fried (sauté) with butter.

Wild pigeons and squabs are sometime very plentiful, good, and cheap in June, but their migrations are not regular, and some years very few are sent to market.

Pigeon is one of the most warming articles of food, excellent for phlegmatic and bilious constitutions, but just the opposite for the sanguine. Taken to excess, it causes an irritation in the system.

Although the season is somewhat backward this year, still we can expect new fruits, berries, etc., during this month. By cooking new and unripe fruit, adding a little sugar to it, no effect will be felt after eating it. Many people are made sick by eating berries and milk or cream mixed together; they would avoid this by eating the berries with sugar only, or without any thing, if they are ripe. It is not because milk is not good, but because berries curdle it.

Strawberries are as good as milk, tomatoes, and grapes for dyspeptics, if taken without any thing, or merely with a little sugar; but if eaten with milk or cream, they are just the opposite. It is such habits that make so many dyspeptics in this country.

Drinking tumblers of ice-water to slake thirst in summer is, like eating berries and milk, an excellent promoter of diseases. After a long walk or an exhaustive labor the best way to slake thirst is to dip a towel in cold water, at the same time immersing both hands into it deep enough to cover the wrists, apply the towel to the forehead, and repeat the process two or three times; then drink cold water with a tea-spoon. A few drops of vinegar, lemon juice, or brandy may be put in the water drunk.

LAWS AND NO LAWS.

By GAIL HAMILTON.

IT is entirely safe for the law to leave individual liberty to woman, since what the law fails to give a husband, grace will always acquire. Women are so loyal to their husbands that a man need only be half decent toward his wife, and she will be too ready to relinquish every thing. Ninety-nine women out of a hundred would deed away their whole property to their husbands on their wedding-day, so far as inclination and confidence are concerned. The law as it stands is a wholly gratuitous insult to woman, unless men wish to take out a license to be rude and disagreeable to their wives with every possible impunity. But is it that men are afraid to trust women with their own money? Have American citizens so little belief in their power to secure the confidence and affection of their wives that they must secure their property by legal enactment and not by conjugal attachment? Have they so little trust in the intelligence and humanity of American women that they must deprive them of the right of ownership lest property deviate into unnatural and iniquitous channels? Do men in cold blood choose to extort by law rather than win by love? On the contrary. I am very sure that this feature of our statutes is but a remnant of barbarism, and that it needs only to be properly brought before the proper authorities to be promptly and wisely changed. It is not only more gallant, more generous, and more just, but also more in accordance with the well-known character of American men, to force women to take active measures to put their property out of their hands, rather than to take active measures to keep possession of it. Still less is it American to deprive women of their possessions altogether.

But whatever the law fails to do, and until the law is set right, it is in the power of every man to supply by his own act the deficiency. It is the duty of every man to make provision for the comfortable and dignified sustenance of his wife. If the whole of his property is needed to give her an income sufficient to support her in the style to which she has been accustomed, he ought by will to make her the recipient of that income. He has no right to keep her in danger of being suddenly stripped of half her revenue, and really reduced to poverty, while, moreover, incapacitated by years of devotion to him from helping herself. I would be far from saying that every woman should be made her husband's sole heir. As the present law leaves it to individual judgment, there may we leave it. A woman may be unable or unwilling to manage the details of a large property. She may be weak even in the management of her children. Cases which with a different law might require a special act, may be wisely left to the action of the present law. But no wife should ever be left dependent or even partially dependent upon her children for support. It is natural for the children to be dependent upon her. It is unnatural and humiliating for her to be dependent upon them. If there is only money enough for one, the wife is that one.

But suppose the law to be changed, and a woman be endowed with as much right in her own property as a man has in his—or even, as I think she should be, with a right less limited—it still remains, and it can never be too strongly inculcated, that happiness and misery depend upon individual character. This law is of broader application and deeper significance than any to be found in human code. If men and women choose to think that love is blind, and if, therefore, they marry on a caprice, no modification of statute law will prevail to secure their happiness or avert their wretchedness. If men and women choose to live and love on a low plane; if they hold narrow views, and cultivate mean tastes, and pursue petty aims; if they are not noble enough to be attracted by noble traits, or even to discern them; if they are not instinctively repelled by selfishness and coarseness; if they can not detect laziness and hardness, and silly pride and petulance, and shiftlessness and ill temper, and levity and self-indulgence, and falseness and feebleness, under a fine or fashionable exterior, or disguised by gallantry or arch and piquant ways, the law of the Lord is that they shall fret and worry and irritate and exasperate each other, whatever may be the law of the land. A bad wife will drag a good husband down, and a bad husband will drag a good wife down, and their children will suffer, whether the wife have or have not control of her income. Marriage involves a union of interests and a continuity of companionship and an intimacy of daily life that make a fearful draught on patience, good humor, and wisdom. It means constant, instinctive, spontaneous compromise, or various degrees of misery. With a general preparation of good sense, and with the special preparation of a sound and hearty love, it is the ideal and real happiness. Against such there is no law. Without sense, it has but vapid and vanishing joys, prolonged and devastating woes; without love, it is sacrilege; without either, it is—hell!

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE GABRIELLE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.

THE Gabrielle polonaise illustrated on our first page, and of which a cut paper pattern is published, has the square smooth sides and the flat fronts without a wrinkle that form conspicuous features of many imported garments this season. This polonaise is close-fitting, yet its construction is so perfect that it requires but one dart in each front, as sufficient fullness for the bust is given by extending the fronts and facing them. The back is of regular Gabrielle shape, with side forms, and a seam down the middle, and abundant fullness for the tournure added at the waist; the skirt is very long behind, and is caught up in deep upturned pleats on the side, and sewed to the plain front. A row of buttons is usually placed down this side seam. In the garment illustrated the front is merely fastened by hooks and loops, as buttons would interfere with the swinging cords on the breast; similar cords are sometimes used in the back of the garment to catch the skirt up in a panier pouf. These cords are now imported in écru linen for batistes, and in white for piqué dresses, as well as in black silk and jet passementerie cords; they have not, however, become as popular here as they are abroad, and many ladies omit them from this polonaise, and use buttons down the front instead. The Gabrielle polonaise is especially becoming to full figures, and will rival the loose front polonaise as a model for summer dresses, such as thin grenadines, piqués, batistes, and linens. A side sash of irregular long loops and ends is placed on the left of the back, and a belt may be worn, if preferred.

SWISS MUSLIN DOLMANS, ETC.

Among the latest importations for the summer are Swiss muslin Dolmans with over-skirts to match, to be worn with black or else colored silk dresses. The Dolman has very long side pieces, deeply pointed, and tied together underneath with ribbons in a pretty way that forms sleeves. The back is adjusted to the figure, and has one seam down the middle. Rows of Valenciennes insertion are let in the back and front, and the whole is trimmed with a puff of muslin, with lace-edged ruffles on each side, and a band of colored ribbon run in the puff and showing through its transparent texture. A high lace fraise stands around the neck. The over-skirt

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of muslin is very long behind, with a side gore formed of horizontal bands of insertion and muslin; while across the front are merely straps made of the puffs and lace, leaving wide vacant spaces between for showing the tablier trimming of the silk skirt beneath. Pelerines, fichus, and long scarfs of Swiss muslin are also imported with upper skirt. Tamboured embroidery is much used on the old-time scarfs and quaint pelerines, and the edge is finished with Mechlin lace. A set of Swiss or organdy muslin flounces of graduated widths, edged with lace below, and headed by a puff drawn on the cords, may be mounted on various silk skirts, and thus give variety to the toilette.

Puffs have at length found special favor as trimmings. They are much used on black grenadine dresses in the way just described for white muslin, with colored ribbon passed beneath them.

Medicis fraises or frills of pleated tulle or lace are used on low-necked evening dresses. They are made stiff to curve outward and stand in position by lining with fine crinoline net, or else a gauze with wire in it is added.

The skirts of many imported silk dresses are cut off at the knee, and a Spanish flounce with stiff net lining is added. Long demi-trained skirts for full dress have a pleating of foundation net across the back breadths to make the train sweep smoothly.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

FULL AND SEMI DRESS SUITS.

Full-dress suits for gentlemen show no change in style, and remain black throughout—the claw-hammer coat, very low rolled vest, and easy-fitting pantaloons being made from one piece of broadcloth. The neck-tie is folded white lawn, the shirt front is slightly embroidered, boots are of finest calf-skin, and gloves are the faintest tints of pearl or flesh color. For summer fêtes, hops at watering-place hotels, and country festivals, where people profess to use less ceremony than in cities, this suit is abandoned for the simpler semi-dress toilette, such as is generally worn for visiting, church, and promenades. This consists of a double-breasted frock-coat of black or very dark blue "worsted suiting" in tiny armure figures, made with widely bound edges. The vest is of the coat material, and also has wide binding. The pantaloons are of light gray—not pure pearl-color, but with green or blue shading.

OVERCOATS.

The overcoat to be worn with demi-dress and other spring suits is a light gray worsted sack, cut to roll very low, and with a velvet collar. It is finished with "cord" seams, and is lined throughout with silk. Fifth Avenue tailors charge $65 for this garment.

BUSINESS SUITS.

The jaunty suits for business and morning wear are in excellent taste this season. The entire suit—coat, vest, and pantaloons—is made of what tailors call fancy plaid worsted—loosely woven cloth, usually black or very dark brown, wrought in almost invisible plaids and blocks, alternately smooth and glossy as satin, then roughened up like broché surfaces, with the merest thread of color, red, brown, or white, outlining the blocks. The coat of this suit is in the Newmarket shape, either double or single breasted, with widely bound edges, flaps, and pockets. The single-breasted vest has a notched collar, and is cut in points at the bottom. The pantaloons, slightly larger than those of last season, are made with corded sides or welt seams, and "spring" considerably over the ankle. Such suits cost from $80 to $85.

SUMMER SUITS.

Later in the season fanciful gray and brown English "coatings" in line plaids and checks will be made up in ample English sacks and pea-jackets. Pale gray Scotch serges, thin, light, and porous, will be worn for midsummer suits. White Cheviot and twilled flannel suits, made with reefing sacques and loose pantaloons, will again appear at the summer resorts. White duck vests, double-breasted, with broad lappets, two points below, and fastened by three or four very thick pearl buttons, are already worn with various suits, and will be very popular when warmer days come.

GENTLEMEN'S LINGERIE.

Gentlemen's shirt fronts remain plain and simple, of doubled linen, with two or three cords stitched near the edge outside the stud eyelets. To make these plain bosoms in good form, their lower sides slope narrower in what is technically and dismally called "coffin-shape," and a strap with a button-hole is added at the bottom to fasten it to the drawers button and hold it down smoothly. Cambric and percale shirts for morning and for traveling have colored grounds, gray, blue, and brown, with double lines of white in them, or else twills or polka dots of a darker shade than the ground. White cambric shirts with polka dots of black or blue are also shown in the shops, though they are not yet popular. A novelty is the Ascot shirting, an English fabric of mixed silk and linen, said to be very cool and pleasant. Tourists just returned from Europe have used it for traveling on the Continent, and for sea-voyages. It is brown, gray, and blue, with mixed line stripes.

The shirt collar for summer is the West Point, a standing collar of sheer linen, not so high above the cravat as the English collar now worn, and with the points in front very far apart, leaving the throat exposed. Turned-down collars will be worn very wide. The new St. Denis cuff is reversible, with sloped diagonal corners at one end and curved out at the other.

NECK-TIES.

Very light and very dark neck-ties will be worn; for the former the colors are gray and brown grounds with white lines and dots, while the popular fancy at present is Napoleon blue or plum, or else black grounds with white polka spots, or perhaps two rings linked together. Soft twilled silks, reps, and grenadines are the materials. Made-up ties are in the sailor-knot shape, called the Classic. An objection to the popular blue tie is that it is apt to "crock," or rub off. White Japanese figures on black, blue, and plum-colored ties are admired.

GLOVES AND HOSIERY.

Silk and lisle-thread gloves are bought by the dozen pairs by gentlemen preparing for summer gayeties out of town. They are finished like kid, and are in buff, lavender, gray, and brown shades. Driving gloves for summer are of lisle-thread, with leather inside the fingers. English gloves for amateur gardeners are made of the strong Cape skins brought from the Cape of Good Hope and manufactured in England. Striped silk and French thread half-hose are shown for gentlemen to wear with light pantaloons and low shoes. The startling novelty imported for full-dress is black silk socks; at present there is little danger that they will displace the fine Balbriggans.

HATS.

High crowns and narrow brims are the marked features of new hats for gentlemen. The dress hat for summer is of white felt in the pale grayish tint known as beaver-color. The crown is slightly bell-shape, and is six and a half inches deep; the curled brim is about two inches wide, and rolls slightly. The band is of the color of the hat. The hat is made on a willow body, with a cork ventilator inside, and costs $8. Black silk hats of the same shape are $9.

The undress hat for business is called the Byron. It is either white or black felt, with stiff three-quarter high crown four or five inches deep, and a brim like that described on dress hats. Price from $5 to $6. It is shown in various brown and gray shades. Another stylish shape much worn by young gentlemen is a very high, round-crowned Derby. Picturesque slouch hats of felt have their upturned brims bound with felt also. A new traveling hat, called the Reversible, is three hats in one. It is first a black silk gored crown with stitched brim in the English fashion; the black crown may be folded back to show a dark gray hat, which is folded in its turn to disclose a rain hat of tarpaulin. Price $5.

For midsummer, rough-looking Mackinaw straw hats will be worn in various shapes with high and square crowns, and both flat and rolled brims.

For information received thanks are due, for ladies' styles, to Miss SWITZER; and Madame BERNHEIM; and for gentlemen's fashions, to Messrs. W. R. BOWNE; D. D. YOUMANS; and UNION ADAMS & Co.

PERSONAL.

MRS. GEORGE GROTE, widow of the historian of Greece, although eighty years of age, has just published a life of her husband, which is said to be quite charming. "Our two lives," says the writer, "ran in one channel." And it is, indeed, impossible not to see how thoroughly Mrs. GROTE sympathized with and entered into all her husband's views and plans. There is a pretty tale in the preface of how, now some six years ago, Mr. GROTE found his wife sitting at her desk, and asked "what she was busy over." Told that the diligent and faithful partner of his labors was writing his own life, Mr. GROTE, with all his habitual modesty, objected that "there was absolutely nothing to tell." "Nothing in the way of adventures, I grant," was the reply; "but there is something nevertheless. Your life is the history of a mind." And so this "history of a mind" was written.

—The ladies of England have formed a committee to aid Mr. PLIMSOLL in his endeavors to get Parliament to prevent the sending of unseaworthy vessels to sea. The committee consists of the Duchess of Argyle, the Countess of Airlie, Mrs. COWPER TEMPLE, Baroness MEYER DE ROTHSCHILD, FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, and others of high social position.

—With great pleasure do we give place to the following note from a lady:

"Accuracy of statement is at all times desirable even in so apparently unimportant a matter as chronicling a *bonmot;* therefore you will permit me to correct the mistakes of the paragraph appearing in your paper of May 24, recording the very clever *jeu d'esprit* of Mr. WILLIS. The occasion was a private dinner at the residence of Mr. GALES, the chief guest being General ROBERT CAMPBELL, of South Carolina, at that time a member of Congress, afterward the United States Consul-General at Havana, which post he also subsequently held at London. He died a number of years ago. The lady who called forth the witty repartee of the poet was *not* Miss SEATON, who was not present, but an intimate friend of Mr. WILLIS, who found greater attraction in her brilliant conversation than in that of the lady whom he had led to dinner. Observing this, the hostess penciled a playful command that they should each pay more attention to the guests to whom they had been respectively assigned, to which Mr. WILLIS jotted down the instant reply:

"'Pray cease, my dear aunt, our actions to trammel,
Nor strain at my NAT, while you swallow your CAMPBELL.'"

—Mr. GLADSTONE'S versatility of talent is proverbial. As Prime Minister of Great Britain, as an orator, as a scholar, he is alike famous; but he has recently appeared in a new character. During a late visit at Inverary Castle, the seat of the Duke of Argyle, he proved himself a skilled vocalist by "raising the tune" to sing a Scotch psalm, at family worship, by request of the duke.

—The explorations of Mr. GEORGE SMITH, in Mesapotamia, on the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates, have been singularly successful. Tablets, inscriptions, manuscripts, and relics, illustrative of the history of those ancient lands, have more than rewarded his expectations. He excavated at Nimrod for seventeen days, and explored there the Northwest Palace of Esarhaddon, the Temple of Nebo, and also some entirely untouched portions of the Southeast Palace. This latter is of greater extent and grander character than has been supposed. He found spacious halls and fine chambers, the walls of which were ornamented with bands of plain colors. Under the pavement of one of these halls he came upon six clay figures having the head of a lion joined to a human body.

—Speaking of the late ELIAS HOWE and his great invention, a gentleman who formerly resided in New Haven says he had for a neighbor a master mechanic who had done much toward perfecting the sewing-machine, and who from actual knowledge could give the cost of the different kinds now most in use. The HOWE machine, table included, cost $9; the WHEELER & WILSON, $7; the SINGER, about $7; the WILCOX & GIBBS, $5; from which it would seem that somebody must be making incredible profits from that indispensable little affair.

—The dowry of the Archduchess GISELA is 130,000 florins a year, and will be paid out of the Emperor's civil list. Her consort, the Prince LEOPOLD, has an income of only 15,000 florins a year.

—Mr. MACREADY leaves a widow (his second wife), two sons—one now walking the hospitals and the other at school—and a married daughter in Ceylon. A son of great promise died some years since. It is a curious fact that the house in which the eminent tragedian died was part of the house where Mrs. SIDDONS spent the declining years of her life.

—Marshal M'MAHON, the new President of the French republic, claims direct descent from BRIAN BORU, who was King of Ireland in 1014, and renowned as the conqueror of the Danes. The French M'MAHONS are descended from two brothers, MAURICE and JOHN, who followed the fortunes of the Pretender, and settled in France in 1760. The hero of the present hour, who rejoices in the names of MARIE-EDMONDE PATRICE MAURICE, was born at Autun, in 1808, and was educated in the military school of St. Cyr. He is a conservative in politics, and is reported to be divided in opinion between the Legitimists and Bonapartists. He is tall and handsome, and looks every inch a soldier. His wife, like himself, is of Irish extraction.

—Mrs. CARL SCHURZ has reason to be pleased that a certain opulent uncle of hers—a resident of Hamburg, Germany—was so thoughtful and good as to leave her a legacy of one hundred and seventy thousand dollars.

—"If this is a boy, where do you get your men?" is an old query that may well be repeated when speaking of WARREN STACKPOLE, of Raccoon Hill, in New Hampshire. WARREN is only twelve years old, yet weighs one hundred and ninety-eight pounds, is well put up, stands five feet four large, and carries a stout man's load. He appears as smart as boys of his age usually do, but has the physical proportions of a man. Some three years ago he lost his hair from a fever. It grew again and fell off, and this has been repeated. His head is now perfectly bare. His brother, fleshy like him when a boy, is now of a lean style. His father is an overseer in a Lowell factory.

—The finest residence in Connecticut, if not in New England—that of the late LE GRAND LOCKWOOD, at Norwalk—has passed into the hands of the Michigan Southern and Lake Shore Railroad Company, who were holders of the first mortgage of $300,000. The place cost about $1,300,000, and is as nearly an earthly paradise as money, bricks, mortar, and such could make it.

—In 1810 one FRANCIS JAMES JACKSON was sent to this country as British minister. There has just been published in London, by BENTLEY, two volumes of letters, gossip, etc., of the JACKSON family, a book of exceeding dullness, of no earthly interest to any mortal save some descendant of those JACKSONS, and very tough reading for them. There is just one paragraph, however, in a letter dated Claremont, May 13, 1810, that is amusing as a reminiscence. Claremont (now a portion of Riverside Park), our city readers will remember, is situated just below Manhattanville, and commanded, as it does now, a beautiful view of the Hudson River. This is the paragraph:

"Having passed four months at New York, and been well stuffed with turkey and Madeira—their two staple articles in the eating and drinking way—I have accepted the offer of a gentleman, Mr. HOGAN, to lend me his country-house. The house is in a beautiful and elevated situation, commanding a river view of upward of forty miles in extent, with bold rocky shores, and innumerable craft passing to and fro. One of the curiosities that we daily see pass under our window is the steamboat, a passage vessel, with accommodation for near *a hundred* persons! It is moved by a steam-engine turning a wheel on either side of it, which acts like the main wheel of a mill, and propels the vessel against wind and tide at the rate of *four miles an hour!* As soon as it comes in sight there is a general rush of our household to watch and wonder until it disappears. They don't at all know what to make of the unnatural monster that goes steadily careering on, with the wind directly in its teeth as often as not. I doubt that I should be obeyed were I to desire any one of them to take passage in her. When first this vessel appeared it excited great consternation. Some of the simple country folk were pretty well frightened out of their wits, suspecting, I am told, that it was some diabolical conveyance that had brought his Satanic majesty from the lower realms to visit the United States. I am inclined to look with favor on this application of the propelling power of steam. Not improbably it is destined at no distant day to produce incalculably great and beneficial changes in our mode of voyaging."

Good for him!

—Professor WILSON, State Superintendent of Instruction in Minnesota, was recently applied to for a female teacher possessing certain qualifications, which were set forth with painful elaborateness. He replied, "I know of no lady who can fill your bill. A good-looking woman who can teach Greek and Latin, and run a high school of one hundred pupils, can not be found. Good-looking women never study Greek."

—The Servian authorities have expelled an Austrian subject named SASSON from Semendria "because he is a Jew." The Austrian Consul-General at Belgrade has taken the necessary diplomatic steps to enable him to return, and to secure him compensation.

—The Rev. GEORGE MACDONALD, lecturing about MILTON, says of his wife that, "between her and the marvelous splendor of MILTON'S mind there was a veil of ignorance. She never knew the honor that had been vouchsafed her. She would not even write to him. The philosopher began to examine the relations of the sexes, and wrote four books in favor of divorces. He might have written till doomsday; she would not have cared for or read his books; but when she heard that he was making love to a Miss DAVIS, by way of carrying his doctrine into practice, she hurried back to him. He took her to his heart, and her father to boot. He did every thing in a grand fashion. The poet lived very quietly. In patience he possessed his soul. So pure was his life that at college he was called 'the lady of Christ's College.'"

—President WHITE is shrewd as well as sensible. He offers the college crew the best boat that can be built, on condition that liquor, tobacco, and betting be forsworn at the forthcoming regatta.

—Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT'S free library, presented to the people of Cumington, Massachusetts, where he was born, is now completed and ready for the books.

—Professor FAWCETT, M.P. (who is blind), and his wife (who isn't) propose to come hither and see what life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness amount to in the U. S.

—General NEAL DOW is having a great success in England as an advocate of total abstinence. He is against intemperance and rowdydows of every sort, and abandons himself utterly to cold water.

—One thing is settled—Governor WASHBURN, of Wisconsin, is opposed to religious fairs and lotteries. He has called the attention of the Legislature to the propriety of adopting some means for "breaking up the schools in which gamblers are made;" and the Rev. Dr. CORNWALL, of this city, read a paper a few days since in which he argued that not only are the raffling and lottery tables which are the usual features of such entertainments directly demoralizing, but that the whole system, by which money which should be voluntarily given to the church is raised by cajoling people into buying articles for their own benefit, is unworthy of the holy cause in which it is employed.

—A successful novelist, a lady, in speaking of literary method, says that in writing a novel she first sketched out her story in brief, then wrote it carefully as a short narrative, then divided the ideas into three parts or volumes, next developed the incidents in detail, and planned them into chapters, allotting to each chapter its own special incident. "And then I write so many hours every day until all is finished for the printer." The information is curious. It offers material for thought. The lady has written at least one successful story, and several others that have attained some popularity. On the other hand, Sir WALTER SCOTT said: "I doubt if men of method, who can lay aside or take up a pen just at the hours appointed, will ever be better than poor creatures. Lady LOUISA STUART used to tell of Mr. HOOLE, the translator of Tasso and Ariosto, that he was a clerk in the India House, with long ruffles and a snuff-colored suit of clothes, who occasionally visited her father, JOHN, Earl of Bute. She sometimes conversed with him, and was amused to find that he did exactly so many couplets day by day, neither more nor less, and habit had made it light to him, however heavy it seemed to the reader." The present age encourages this hack kind of literature. If a writer is to live, he must produce easily. The success of a novelist whenever he has made a name seems, unfortunately, to depend upon the rapidity with which he can turn out books.

—M. BARTHOLDI, who visited this country last summer, has received an order for a statue of LAFAYETTE, from the bureau of Beaux Arts, which is to be offered to the city of New York by the French government as a souvenir of the good offices rendered to it during the Franco-German war in a philanthropic point of view.

—LIEBIG was a good man for having given sensible people an appetite for oatmeal. He showed that it is almost as nutritious as beef, and richer than wheaten bread in the elements that go to form bone and muscle. Professor FORBES, of Edinburgh, during some twenty years, measured the breadth and height, and also tested the strength of both the arms and loins, of the students in the university—a very numerous class, and of various nationalities, drawn to Edinburgh by the fame of his teaching. He found that, in height, breadth of chest and shoulders, and strength of arms and loins, the Belgians were at the bottom of the list; a little above them, the French; very much higher, the English; and highest of all, the Scotch and Scotch-Irish, from Ulster, who, like the natives of Scotland, are fed in their early years with at least one meal a day of good milk and good oatmeal porridge.

—Miss EMILY FAITHFULL'S friends in this country—and they are many—will be glad to learn that she reached England safely, after a ten days' voyage in the steam-ship *Oceanic*. On the day before she sailed a pleasant party of sixty or seventy well-known literary men and women assembled at a lunch-party given on board the steamer to bid her adieu and wish her a prosperous journey homeward. Miss FAITHFULL had taken passage for the return voyage on the ill-fated steamer *Atlantic*, and her departure was delayed more than a month by the accident. On going down the bay the cylinder of the *Oceanic* broke, and the steamer was compelled to return and take a fresh departure, which led Miss FAITHFULL to remark that she should now have an opportunity to write her impressions on her second voyage to America.

—Queen VICTORIA lately celebrated her fifty-fourth birthday, on the 24th of May. According to years, she is only in her prime, and the Prince of Wales may wait long before coming to his kingdom after all. Perhaps ALBERT VICTOR'S chance of wearing the crown is almost as good as ALBERT EDWARD'S.

—1873 seems a fatal year for literary men. One of the last names on the death-roll is that of ALEXANDER MANZONI, the author of the renowned novel, *I Promessi Sposi* (The Betrothed), which has held its place in standard literature for half a century, and been translated into nearly every European language. MANZONI died at the age of eighty-nine, full of years, it would seem, but the Italians are a long-lived race, as one can see by reading over the list of cardinals. His mother was the daughter of the celebrated BECCARIA, whose treatise on crimes and punishments made a sensation in its day. In his youth MANZONI was a disciple of VOLTAIRE; but his wife, who was a Swiss woman, converted him to Catholicism, in which faith he continued to his dying day. He wrote many works, but will be remembered chiefly by the one we have named.

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Fig. 1.—Corner of Border for Covers, etc. Swiss Application on Lace.

Corners of Borders for Covers, etc. Swiss Application on Lace. Figs. 1 and 2.

The outlines of these applied figures are overcast closely. The veins are worked in diagonal half-polka stitch, and the dots are worked raised. Instead of in white embroidery, these designs may be worked on colored velvet or silk in application or in satin stitch embroidery with gold or colored silk. When worked in this manner, they are suitable for trimming altar cushions, prayer-book covers, sofa-pillows, etc.

Fig. 1.—Traveling-Bag embroidered in Cross Stitch.—[See Fig. 2, Page 373.]

Traveling-Bag embroidered in Cross Stitch, Figs. 1 and 2.

This traveling-bag is made of dark brown leather, ornamented on the outside with cross stitch embroidery, which is worked in the design shown by Fig. 2, page 373, with zephyr worsted and filling silk. For the darkest shade of the foundation use dark red worsted; for the second darkest, light red worsted; for the dotted symbol of the design figures, gray worsted; and for the white, which forms the edge of the figures, maize silk. Leather handles and a metal lock complete the bag.

Crochet Edgings for Lingerie, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—For this edging first work a piece of gimp like that shown by Fig. 4, page 293, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 19, Vol. VI. For the under edge of the edging work on the side of the gimp furnished with the long loops one round of sc. (single crochet), ∗ laying the second of the next two loops side by side over the first loop, and crocheting on both together 10 sc.; repeat from ∗. For the upper edge of the edging crochet 1 sc. on each loop, after each sc. 2 ch. (chain stitch).

Fig. 2.—To make this edging work, first, a foundation with picots of the requisite length as follows: Work 2 ch., ∗ insert the needle, without dropping the loop, in the first of the 2 ch., and draw through the thread in a loop, then work 1 ch., drop both loops from the needle, take up the second loop again (the first is left standing for a picot), crochet one more ch., and repeat from ∗. 1st round.—On the other side of this foundation work 1 sc. on each st. (stitch). 2d round.—This round is crocheted on the wrong side of the preceding round. ∗ 1 sc. on the next st., 3 ch., one picot (like those of the foundation), 3 ch., 1 tc. (treble crochet) on the fifth following st. and 1 stc. (short treble crochet) at the foot of the tc.; work off both st. together (pay no attention for the present to the ch. loop on the needle), drawing the thread through once, then also work off the st. thus formed together with the loop on the needle, 7 ch., 1 sl. (slip stitch) at the foot of the tc.; this forms one leaflet. For the second leaflet crochet 7 ch., 1 stc. and 1 tc. on the first of the 7 ch., work off both st. together, drawing the thread through once, then also work off the st. thus formed together with the loop on the needle; 3 ch., 1 p. (picot), 3 ch., pass over 4 st. of the preceding round, and repeat from ∗. 3d round.—∗ 1 sl. on the point of the first of the next two leaflets, 3 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 sl. on the point of the following leaflet, 1 ch., 5 p. separated each by 1 ch., 1 ch., and repeat from ∗.

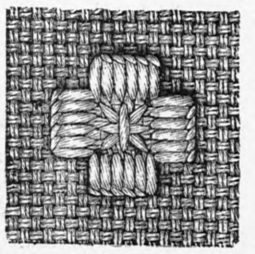

Fig. 6.—Foundation Figure for Afghan.

Fig. 5.—Manner of making Cross Seam for Afghan.

Embroidered Java Canvas Afghan with Crochet Edging, Figs. 1–6.

To make this afghan a piece of Java canvas of the requisite size and coarse white knitting cotton (Estremadura, No. 3) are required. Begin with the squares in the middle of the afghan, but leave a space of the requisite width free for the border. The illustration Fig. 3 gives a quarter section of one of the close squares in full size, worked in Smyrna and in button-hole stitch. Between these squares work transposed foundation figures in Smyrna and button-hole stitch, as shown by Fig. 1. Fig. 6 shows a foundation figure of this kind in full size. For the border work, first, the trellis foundation which incloses the medallions (see Fig. 1). This foundation consists of cross seams side by side, which are worked as shown by Fig. 5. Inside of each medallion work one figure in point Russe and Smyrna stitch, as shown by Fig. 1, and observing the full-sized illustration Fig. 2. Edge the afghan with a row of button-hole stitches worked on four threads in height, and cut away the projecting material all around. For the edging bordering the outer edge crochet with knitting cotton as follows: 1st round.—Always alternately 1 dc. (double crochet) on one button-hole stitch loop on the outer edge of the afghan and 1 ch. (chain stitch), with which pass over the requisite number of button-hole stitch loops. Widen on the corners as much as may be required. At the end of the first round fasten to the first dc. with 1 sl. (slip stitch). Crochet 1 sl. on the next ch., and work the 2d round.—∗ 3 sc. (single crochet) on the next 3 st. (stitch) of the preceding round, 11 ch., with these pass over 5 st. of the preceding round, and repeat from ∗. At the end of this round fasten to the first sc. with 1 sl. 3d round.—3 ch., which count as first dc., 2 dc. on the following 2 st. of the round, 13 ch., ∗ 3 dc. on the next 3 sc. of the preceding round, 13 ch., and repeat from ∗. 4th, 5th, and 6th rounds.—Like the third round, but work the dc. always on the dc. of the preceding round. 7th round.—1 sc. on the middle of the next 3 dc. of the preceding round; ∗ now interloop the chain stitch scallops lying above each other of the second to the sixth rounds as shown by Fig. 4, drawing the ch. scallop of the third round through the scallop of the second round, the scallop of the fourth round through the scallop of the third round, and so on. On the next scallop of the scallops of the sixth round drawn through last work 13 dc., then 1 sc. on the middle of the next 3 dc., and repeat from ∗ to the end, join on the first sc., fasten the thread, and cut it off.

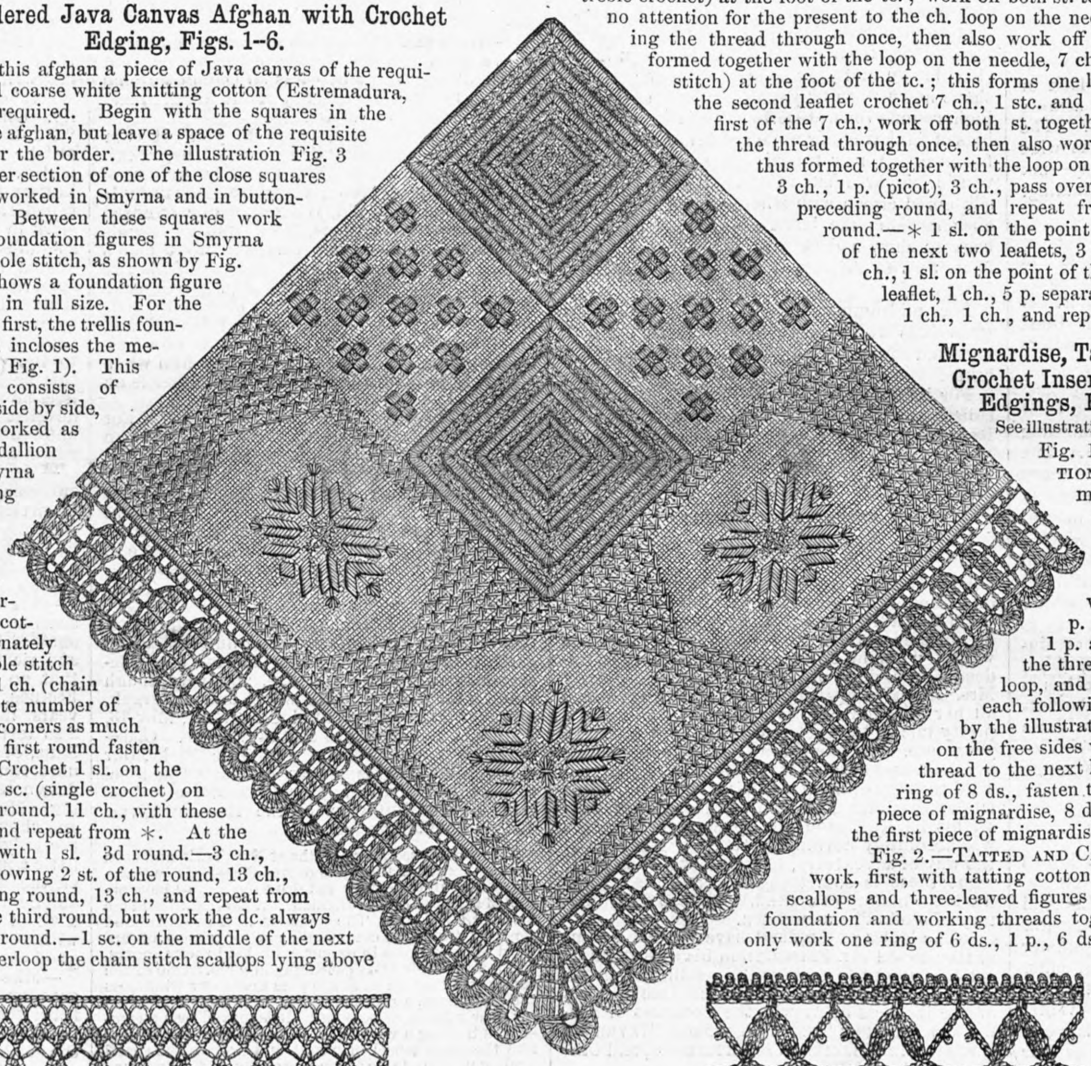

Fig. 1.—Embroidered Java Canvas Afghan with Crochet Edging.

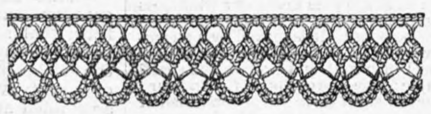

Fig. 1.—Crochet Edging for Lingerie, etc.

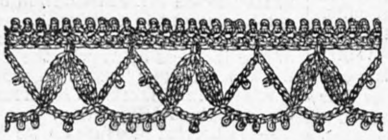

Fig. 2.—Crochet Edging for Lingerie, etc.

Mignardise, Tatted, and Crochet Insertions and Edgings, Figs. 1–3.

See illustrations on p. 373.

Fig. 1.—Tatted and Mignardise Insertion. For this insertion use two pieces of mignardise of the requisite length. On the loops at one side of each piece of mignardise work with tatting cotton, No. 80, one round as follows: ∗ Fasten the thread to the next loop, work one ring of 4 ds. (double stitch), 1 p. (picot) an eighth of an inch long, 2 ds., 1 p. a quarter of an inch long, 2 ds., fasten the thread to the next and then to the following loop, and repeat from ∗. In doing this fasten each following ring to the preceding one, as shown by the illustration. Now join the pieces of mignardise on the free sides with one round as follows: ∗ Fasten the thread to the next loop of the first piece of mignardise, one ring of 8 ds., fasten to the corresponding loop of the second piece of mignardise, 8 ds., fasten the thread to the same loop of the first piece of mignardise, pass over one loop, and repeat from ∗.

Fig. 2.—Tatted and Crochet Gimp Edging. For this edging work, first, with tatting cotton, No. 80, and two threads (shuttles) the scallops and three-leaved figures on the under edge as follows: Tie the foundation and working threads together, and ∗ with the working thread only work one ring of 6 ds., 1 p., 6 ds.; close to this work two similar rings. Turn the work, and on the foundation thread work one scallop of 15 ds., turn the work, and repeat from ∗. In the course of the work, instead of forming the p. in the first ring of every three-leaved figure, fasten the ring to the three-leaved figure last worked. Work a piece of gimp of the requisite length like that shown by Figs. 1 and 2, page 500, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 32, Vol. III. and on the loops at one side of the gimp work ∗ 4 sc. (single crochet) on the next loop, but in working the 4th sc. fasten on the p. of the middle ring in the next three-

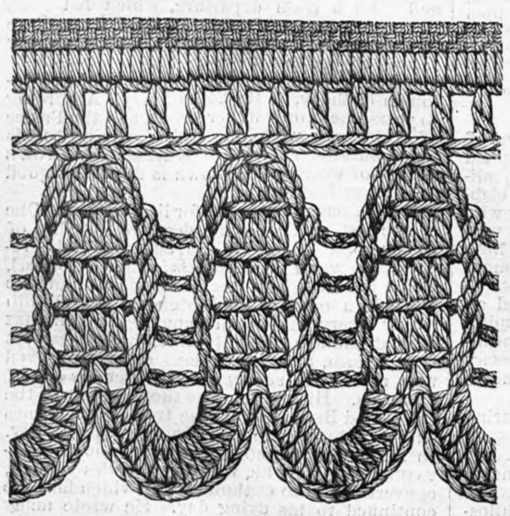

Fig. 4.—Crochet Edging for Afghan.—Full Size.

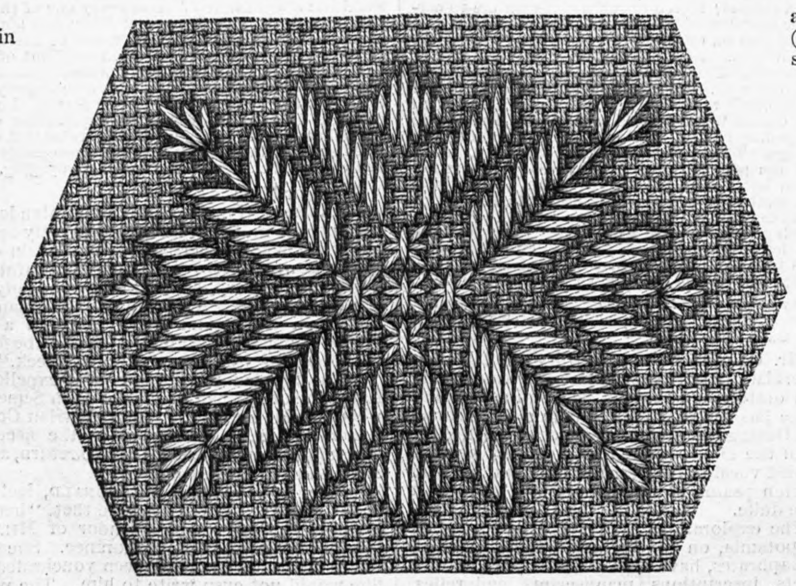

Fig. 2.—Embroidered Figure for Afghan.—Full Size.

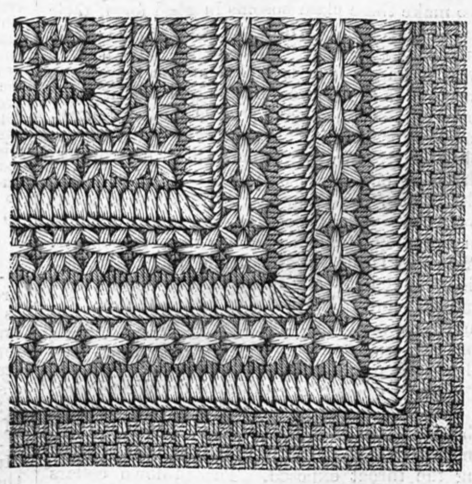

Fig. 3.—Quarter of Square for Afghan. Full Size.

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leaved figure, 4 sc. on the next loop, 1 sc. on the following loop, 5 ch. (chain stitch), fasten to the joining picot of two three-leaved figures, 5 ch., 1 sc. on the same loop on which the last sc. was worked, and repeat from *, observing the illustration. On the other side of the gimp crochet always alternately 1 sc. on the next loop, 2 ch.

Fig. 3.—TATTED AND CROCHET EDGING. This edging is worked with tatting cotton, No. 80, in tatting and crochet-work. First work the five-leaved figures with one thread (shuttle) as follows: One ring of 4 ds. (double stitch), 1 p. (picot), 8 ds., 1 p., 3 ds., 1 p., 11 ds.; close to this work one ring of 11 ds., 1 p., 3 ds., 1 p., 8 ds., 1 p., 4 ds.; close to this work one ring of 9 ds., 1 p., 9 ds.; close to this one ring of 8 ds., twice alternately 1 p., 3 ds.; then 1 p., 8 ds., and close to this one ring like the ring before the last. Tie the ends of the thread together and cut them off. For the four-leaved figures work * one ring of 6 ds., 1 p., 6 ds.; repeat three times from *. Fasten the ends of the thread and cut them off. Fasten the figures together in the course of the work as shown by the illustration. For the upper edge of the edging crochet the 1st round.—* 1 sc. (single crochet) on the p. of one ring in the next four-leaved figure, twice alternately 5 ch. (chain stitch), 2 sc. separated by 1 ch. on the following 2 p., 5 ch., and repeat from *. 2d round.—Always alternately 1 dc. (double crochet) on the following st. of the preceding round, 1 ch., with which always pass over 1 st. For the under edge of the edging work one round of ch. and sc. as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 3.—LIGHT OLIVE POPLIN DRESS.

Fig. 1.—BOY'S SUIT. Fig. 2.—BUFF LINEN CAMBRIC DRESS.

Ladies' and Boy's Summer Suits, Figs. 1–5.

Fig. 1.—BOY'S SUIT. This suit consists of short trowsers and a half-fitting blouse of light gray zephyr cloth. English straw sailor hat and high black patent-leather boots.

Fig. 2.—BUFF LINEN CAMBRIC DRESS. This dress is trimmed with bias strips of satin-striped cambric on the front breadth and on the hem at the bottom of the robe, which is draped in a puff in the back, and forming revers on the casaque. Sky blue gros grain bows complete the trimming of the dress, and large white pearl buttons finish the casaque. The basque of the latter is slashed in the back. White English straw hat, trimmed with sky blue gros grain ribbon and tea-roses.

Fig. 3.—LIGHT OLIVE POPLIN DRESS. Flounces, bound on both sides with rose saumon silk, cover the back and side breadths of the skirt. The front breadth is laid in Russian pleats. The basque-waist and tight sleeves are trimmed with similar flounces.

Figs. 4 and 5.—PEACOCK BLUE SILK DRESS. This dress is trimmed with kilt-pleated flounces, held in place by black velvet bands, and finished at the sides with velvet bows and white pearl buckles and a bias strip of silk; the latter at the same time forms a binding for the front breadth, which is also trimmed down the middle with black velvet bows fastened with pearl buckles. The basque-waist and half-flowing sleeves are trimmed with similar flounces and bows. Fig. 5 shows the trimming arranged on the back.

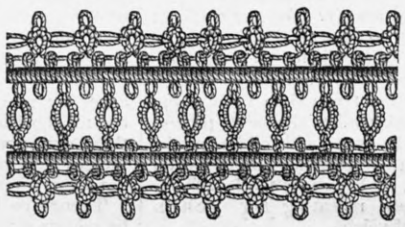

Fig. 1.—MIGNARDISE AND TATTED INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Fig. 5.—PEACOCK BLUE SILK DRESS. BACK.—[See Fig. 4.]

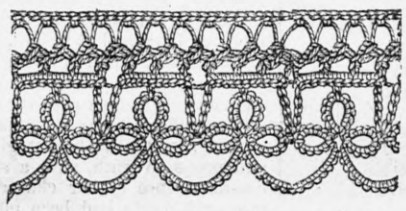

Fig. 2.—TATTED AND CROCHET GIMP EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

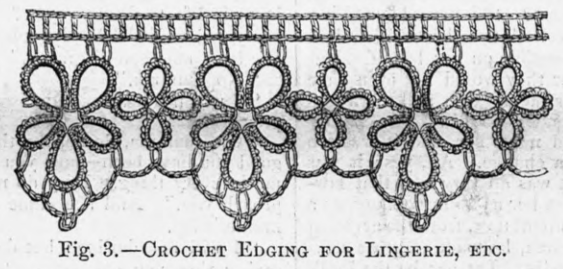

Fig. 3.—CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

MALINGERING.

OF the art of simulating disease with a view to escape some irksome duty, which is familiarly known as "malingering," many curious examples are related. The principal qualities necessary in a good simulator are acute powers of observation, a talent for mimicry, some knowledge of human nature, and great tenacity of purpose. The last-named quality is usually the only one to which the common type of malingerer can lay claim. To assume a simple *rôle*, such as inability to hear, or articulate, or move a limb, and doggedly to stick to it, often in the face of the plainest exposure of the fraud, is all that he considers necessary.

The amount of fortitude—call it obstinacy, if you will—displayed by some of this class of impostors is something amazing. Day and night they will remain in the most constrained and irksome positions. For weeks, and even months, men have sat and walked with their bodies bent double. A man feigning palsy of the lower limbs was placed by himself in a room with food which he could reach only by walking to the place where it was laid, and at the end of two days he had not tasted it. Another, simulating paralysis of the arm, allowed the amputating knife to be placed beneath it, and would have submitted to the operation for its removal. A soldier counterfeiting blindness was placed on the steep bank of a river, and ordered to march forward, which he unhesitatingly did, and fell into the stream. The medical writer who relates this case queries whether the cheat would have gone forward had a precipice instead of a river been before him. No doubt these may be called exceptional instances of fortitude, as the great majority of malingerers are made of more commonplace stuff. A mere hint from a navy surgeon that an equivocal complaint would be benefited by a transference to an African climate, or the application of the actual cautery, has been the means of effecting a miraculously rapid cure. A French physician, after watching a spurious epileptic fit for some time, put his hand on the heart of the cheat, and turning to the attendants, said, "It is all over with him; carry him to the dead-house." Immediate resuscitation was the result, and the man never had another attack. A Shetland clergyman was greatly annoyed at the weekly occurrence of a kind of contagious convulsions which attacked many of his congregation in church. At length the good man hit on a plan which put a speedy termination to the infliction. He announced from the pulpit that he had learned that no treatment was so efficacious as an immediate ducking in cold water; and as

Fig. 4.—PEACOCK BLUE SILK DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 5.]

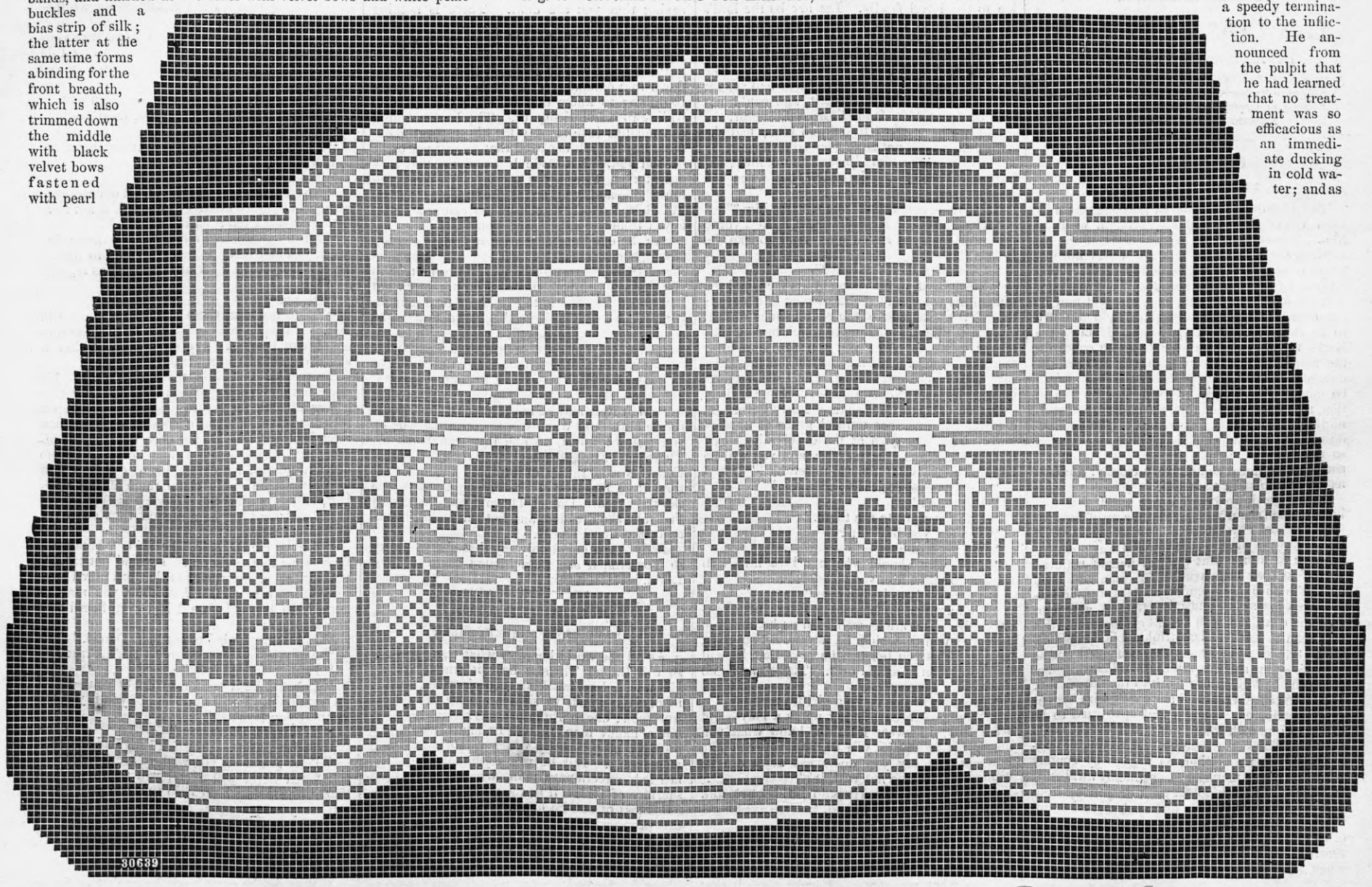

Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR TRAVELING-BAG.—[See Fig. 1, Page 372.]

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his kirk was fortunately contiguous to a fresh-water lake, the proper hydropathic treatment could always be secured. It is a most unfortunate coincidence for the malingerer that the means which would be the most beneficial in the treatment of the real disease are often the most distasteful to him.

It is, however, a rare thing nowadays for a clinical artist to attain his end and enjoy the full fruition of his labors. In most cases he has no other reward than the pleasure received from the exercise of his art. This æsthetic satisfaction would need to be great to enable him to bear even the ordinary prosaic hardships and discomforts of his lot. But in addition to these, he is sometimes overtaken by a species of poetical justice in the shape of a penalty paid in kind. The feigned disease, in fact, occasionally becomes a real one.

IN THE BLOOM-TIME.

THE red flush was on the orchards;
The white snow was on the may;
The blackbird trilled his love-notes
To his dear mate on the spray.

The bright tears of dewy April
Glittered 'neath the sunbeams' kiss;
And pulse and heart leaped lightly,
For to live and love was this.

The soft gray tint of gloaming
Fell upon the western sky;
The faint breeze of coming even
Shook the springing blades of rye,

As two rustic figures loitered,
Leaning idly on the stile—
He a bashful love-tale telling,
While she listens with a smile.

From beneath her long dark lashes
Casts she archly up a glance;
And, with folded hands, demurely
At her shy swain looks askance.

She may love him: let him ask her—
Pretty, willful-eyed coquette!—
Let him speak out like a hero,
For she will not help him yet

By a single word of answer:
No! the man's part is to woo;
Let the tale be to the end told;
Let the maiden have her due!

Speak boldly, bashful lover;
Though the maid may not reply,
There is damask on her soft cheek,
There is love-light in her eye.

* * * * *

Sang the nightingale more loudly,
Shone more bright the evening-star,
And the scent of dew-steeped woodbine
That was wafted from afar

Seemed far sweeter, oh! far sweeter
Than but one brief hour ago;
For the Future dawned like Eden,
Flushed beneath life's rosy glow.

LADY ANNA.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "The Warden," "The Small House at Allington," "Barchester Towers," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," "Orley Farm," "The Eustace Diamonds," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

IT IS TOO LATE.

THE Countess had resolved that she would let their visitor depart without saying a word to him. Whatever might be the result of the interview, she was aware that she could not improve it by asking any question from the young lord, or by hearing any account of it from him. The ice had been broken, and it would now be her object to have her daughter invited down to Yoxham as soon as possible. If once the Earl's friends could be brought to be eager for the match on his account, as was she on her daughter's behalf, then probably the thing might be done. For herself, she expected no invitation, no immediate comfort, no tender treatment, no intimate, familiar cousinship. She had endured hitherto, and would be contented to endure, so that triumph might come at last. Nor did she question her daughter very closely, anxious as she was to learn the truth.

Could she have heard every word that had been spoken, she would have been sure of success. Could Daniel Thwaite have heard every word, he would have been sure that the girl was about to be false to him. But the girl herself believed herself to have been true. The man had been so soft with her, so tender, so pleasant, so loving with his sweet cousinly offers of affection, that she could not turn herself against him. He had been to her eyes beautiful, noble, almost divine. She knew of herself that she could not be his wife—that she was not fit to be his wife—because she had given her troth to the tailor's son. When her cousin touched her cheek with his lips she remembered that she had submitted to be kissed by one with whom her noble relative could hold no fellowship whatever. A feeling of degradation came upon her, as though by contact with this young man she was suddenly awakened to a sense of what her own rank demanded from her. When her mother had spoken to her of what she owed to her family, she had thought only of all the friendship that she and her mother had received from her lover and his father. But when Lord Lovel told her what she was—how she should ever be regarded by him as a dear cousin—how her mother should be accounted a countess, and receive from him the respect due to her rank—then she could understand how unfitting were a union between the Lady Anna Lovel and Daniel Thwaite, the journeyman tailor. Hitherto Daniel's face had been noble in her eyes—the face of a man who was manly, generous, and strong. But after looking into the eyes of the young Earl, seeing how soft was the down upon his lips, how ruddy the color upon his cheek, how beautiful was his mouth with its pearl-white teeth, how noble the curve of his nostrils—after feeling the softness of his hand, and catching the sweetness of his breath—she came to know what it might have been to be wooed by such a one as he.

But not on that account did she meditate falseness. It was settled firm as fate. The dominion of the tailor over her spirit had lasted, in truth, for years. The sweet, perfumed graces of the young nobleman had touched her senses but for a moment. Had she been false-minded, she had not courage to be false. But in truth she was not false-minded. It was to her, as that sunny moment passed across her, as to some hard-toiling youth who, while roaming listlessly among the houses of the wealthy, hears, as he lingers on the pavement of a summer night, the melodies which float upon the air from the open balconies above him. A vague sense of unknown sweetness comes upon him, mingled with an irritating feeling of envy that some favored son of Fortune should be able to stand over the shoulders of that singing siren, while he can only listen with intrusive ears from the street below. And so he lingers and is envious, and for a moment curses his fate—not knowing how weary may be the youth who stands, how false the girl who sings. But he does not dream that his life is to be altered for him because he has chanced to hear the daughter of a duchess warble through a window. And so it was with this girl. The youth was very sweet to her, intensely sweet when he told her that he would be a brother, perilously sweet when he bade her not to grudge him one kiss. But she knew that she was not as he was. That she had lost the right, could she ever have had the right, to live his life, to drink of his cup, and to lie on his breast. So she passed on, as the young man does in the street, and consoled herself with the consciousness that strength after all may be preferable to sweetness.

And she was an honest girl from her heart, and prone to truth, with a strong glimmer of common-sense in her character, of which her mother hitherto had been altogether unaware. What right had her mother to think that she could be fit to be this young lord's wife, having brought her up in the companionship of small traders in Cumberland? She never blamed her mother. She knew well that her mother had done all that was possible on her behalf. But for that small trader they would not even have had a roof to shelter them. But still there was the fact, and she understood it. She was as her bringing up had made her, and it was too late now to effect a change. Ah, yes; it was indeed too late. It was all very well that lawyers should look upon her as an instrument, as a piece of goods that might now, from the accident of her ascertained birth, be made of great service to the Lovel family. Let her be the lord's wife, and every thing would be right for every body. It had been very easy to say that! But she had a heart of her own—a heart to be touched and won and given away—and lost. The man who had been so good to them had sought for his reward, and had got it, and could not now be defrauded. Had she been dishonest, she would not have dared to defraud him; had she dared, she would not have been so dishonest.

"Did you like him?" asked the mother, not immediately after the interview, but when the evening came.

"Oh yes—how should one not like him?"

"How, indeed! He is the finest, noblest youth that ever my eyes rested on. And so like the Lovels!"

"Was my father like that?"

"Yes indeed, in the shape of his face, and the tone of his voice, and the movement of his eyes; though the sweetness of the countenance was all gone in the devil's training to which he had submitted himself. And you too are like him, though darker, and with something of the Murrays' greater breadth of face. But I can remember portraits at Lovel Grange—every one of them—and all of them were alike. There never was a Lovel but had that natural grace of appearance. You will gaze at those portraits, dear, oftener even than I have done; and you will be happy where I was—oh—so miserable!"

"I shall never see them, mamma."

"Why not?"

"I do not want to see them."

"You say you like him?"

"Yes; I like him."

"And why should you not love him well enough to make him your husband?"

"I am not fit to be his wife."

"You are fit; none could be fitter; none others so fit. You are as well born as he, and you have the wealth which he wants. You must have it, if, as you tell me, he says that he will cease to claim it as his own. There can be no question of fitness."

"Money will not make a girl fit, mamma."

"You have been brought up as a lady—and are a lady. I swear I do not know what you mean. If he thinks you fit, and you can like him—as you say you do—what more can be wanted? Does he not wish it?"

"I do not know. He said he did not, and then—I think he said he did."

"Is that it?"

"No, mamma. It is not that; not that only. It is too late."

"Too late! How too late? Anna, you must tell me what you mean. I insist upon it that you tell me what you mean. Why is it too late?" But Lady Anna was not prepared to tell her meaning. She had certainly not intended to say any thing to her mother of her solemn promise to Daniel Thwaite. It had been arranged between him and her that nothing was to be said of it till this law business should be all over. He had sworn to her that to him it made no difference whether she should be proclaimed to be the Lady Anna, the undoubted owner of thousands a year, or Anna Murray, the illegitimate daughter of the late Earl's mistress, a girl without a penny, and a nobody in the world's esteem. No doubt they must shape their life very differently in this event or in that. How he might demean himself should this fortune be adjudged to the Earl, as he thought would be the case when he first made the girl promise to be his wife, he knew well enough. He would do as his father had done before him, and, he did not doubt, with better result. What might be his fate should the wealth of the Lovels become the wealth of his intended wife, he did not yet quite foreshadow to himself. How he should face and fight the world when he came to be accused of having plotted to get all this wealth for himself, he did not know. He had dreams of distributing the greater part among the Lovels and the Countess, and taking himself and his wife with one-third of it to some new country in which they would not in derision call his wife the Lady Anna, and in which he would be as good a man as any earl. But let all that be as it might, the girl was to keep her secret till the thing should be settled. Now, in these latter days, it had come to be believed by him, as by nearly every body else, that the thing was well-nigh settled. The Solicitor-General had thrown up the sponge. So said the by-standers. And now there was beginning to be a rumor that every thing was to be set right by a family marriage. The Solicitor-General would not have thrown up the sponge—so said they who knew him best—without seeing a reason for doing so. Sergeant Bluestone was still indignant, and Mr. Hardy was silent and moody. But the world at large were beginning to observe that in this, as in all difficult cases, the Solicitor-General tempered the innocence of the dove with the wisdom of the serpent. In the mean time Lady Anna by no means intended to allow the secret to pass her lips. Whether she ever could tell her mother, she doubted; but she certainly would not do so an hour too soon. "Why is it too late?" demanded the Countess, repeating her question with stern severity of voice.

"I mean that I have not lived all my life as his wife should live."

"Trash! It is trash. What has there been in your life to disgrace you? We have been poor, and we have lived as poor people do live. We have not been disgraced."

"No, mamma."

"I will not hear such nonsense. It is a reproach to me."

"Oh, mamma, do not say that. I know how good you have been—how you have thought of me in every thing. Pray do not say that I reproach you." And she came and knelt at her mother's lap.

"I will not, darling; but do not vex me by saying that you are unfit. There is nothing else, dearest?"

"No, mamma," she said, in a low tone, pausing before she told the falsehood.

"I think it will be arranged that you shall go down to Yoxham. The people there even are beginning to know that we are right, and are willing to acknowledge us. The Earl, whom I can not but love already for his gracious goodness, has himself declared that he will not carry on the suit. Mr. Goffe has told me that they are anxious to see you there. Of course you must go—and will go as Lady Anna Lovel. Mr. Goffe says that some money can now be allowed from the estate, and you shall go as becomes the daughter of Earl Lovel when visiting among her cousins. You will see this young man there. If he means to love you and to be true to you, he will be much there. I do not doubt but that you will continue to like him. And remember this, Anna, that even though your name be acknowledged, even though all the wealth be adjudged to be your own, even though some judge on the bench shall say that I am the widowed Countess Lovel, it may be all undone some day, unless you become this young man's wife. That woman in Italy may be bolstered up at last, if you refuse him. But when you are once the wife of young Lord Lovel, no one then can harm us. There can be no going back after that." This the Countess said rather to promote the marriage than from any fear of the consequences which she described. Daniel Thwaite was the enemy that now she dreaded, and not the Italian woman or the Lovel family.

Lady Anna could only say that she would go to Yoxham, if she were invited there by Mrs. Lovel.

CHAPTER XII.

HAVE THEY SURRENDERED?

As all the world heard of what was going on, so did Daniel Thwaite hear it among others. He was a hard-working, conscientious, moody man, given much to silence among his fellow-workmen; one to whom life was serious enough; not a happy man, though he had before him a prospect of prosperity which would make most men happy. But he was essentially a tender-hearted, affectionate man, who could make a sacrifice of himself if he thought it needed for the happiness of one he loved. When he heard of this proposed marriage, he asked himself many questions as to his duty and as to the welfare of the girl. He did love her with all his heart, and he believed thoroughly in her affection for himself. He had, as yet, no sufficient reason to doubt that she would be true to him; but he knew well that an earl's coronet must be tempting to a girl so circumstanced as was Lady Anna. There were moments in which he thought that it was almost his duty to give her up, and bid her go and live among those of her own rank. But then he did not believe in rank. He utterly disbelieved in it; and in his heart of hearts he felt that he would make a better and a fitter husband to this girl than would an earl, with all an earl's temptation to vice. He was ever thinking of some better world to which he might take her, which had not been contaminated by empty names, and an impudent assumption of hereditary, and therefore false, dignity. As regarded the money, it would be hers whether she married him or the Earl. And if she loved him, as she had sworn that she did, why should he be false to her? Or why, as yet, should he think that she would prefer an empty, gilded lordling to the friend who had been her friend as far back as her memory could carry her? If she asked to be released, then, indeed, he would release her, but not without explaining to her, with such eloquence as he might be able to use, what it was she proposed to abandon, and what to take in place of that which she lost. He was a man, silent and under self-control, but self-confident also; and he did believe himself to be a better man than young Earl Lovel.

In making this resolution—that he would give her back her troth if she asked for it, but not without expressing to her his thoughts as he did so—he ignored the masterfulness of his own character. There are men who exercise dominion from the nature of their disposition, and who do so from their youth upward, without knowing, till advanced life comes upon them, that any power of dominion belongs to them. Men are persuasive, and imperious withal, who are unconscious that they use burning words to others, whose words to them are never even warm. So it was with this man when he spoke to himself in his solitude of his purpose of resigning the titled heiress. To the arguments, the entreaties, or the threats of others he would pay no heed. The Countess might bluster about her rank, and he would heed her not at all. He cared nothing for the whole tribe of Lovels. If Lady Anna asked for release, she should be released. But not till she had heard his words. How scalding these words might be, how powerful to prevent the girl from really choosing her own fate, he did not know himself.

Though he lived in the same house with her, he seldom saw her—unless when he would knock at the door of an evening, and say a few words to her mother rather than to her. Since Thomas Thwaite had left London for the last time the Countess had become almost cold to the young man. She would not have been so if she could have helped it; but she had begun to fear him, and she could not bring herself to be cordial to him either in word or manner. He perceived it at once, and became himself cold and constrained.

Once, and once only, he met Lady Anna alone after his father's departure, and before her interview with Lord Lovel. Then he met her on the stairs of the house while her mother was absent at the lawyer's chambers.

"Are you here, Daniel, at this hour?" she asked, going back to the sitting-room, whither he followed her.

"I wanted to see you, and I knew that your mother would be out. It is not often that I do a thing in secret, even though it be to see the girl that I love."

"No, indeed. I do not see you often now."

"Does that matter much to you, Lady Anna?"

"Lady Anna!"

"I have been instructed, you know, that I am to call you so."

"Not by me, Daniel."

"No; not by you—not as yet. Your mother's manners are much altered to me. Is it not so?"

"How can I tell? Mine are not."

"It is no question of manners, sweetheart, between you and me. It has not come to that, I hope. Do you wish for any change—as regards me?"

"Oh no.

"As to my love, there can be no change in that. If it suits your mother to be disdainful to me, I can bear it. I always thought that it would come to be so some day."

There was but little more said then. He asked her no further question—none at least that it was difficult for her to answer—and he soon took his leave. He was a passionate rather than a tender lover, and having once held her in his arms, and kissed her lips, and demanded from her a return of his caress, he was patient now to wait till he could claim them as his own. But, two days after the interview between Lord Lovel and his love, he a second time contrived to find her alone.

"I have come again," he said, "because I knew your mother is out. I would not trouble you with secret meetings but that just now I have much to say to you. And then, you may be gone from hence before I had even heard that you were going."

"I am always glad to see you, Daniel."

"Are you, my sweetheart? Is that true?"

"Indeed, indeed it is."

"I should be a traitor to doubt you—and I do not doubt. I will never doubt you if you tell me that you love me."

"You know I love you."

"Tell me, Anna—; or shall I say Lady Anna?"

"Lady Anna—if you wish to scorn me."

"Then never will I call you so, till it shall come to pass that I do wish to scorn you. But tell me. Is it true that Earl Lovel was with you the other day?"

"He was here the day before yesterday."

"And why did he come?"

"Why?"

"Why did he come? you know that, as far as

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I have yet heard, he is still your mother's enemy and yours, and is persecuting you to rob you of your name and of your property. Did he come as a friend?"

"Oh yes! certainly as a friend."

"But he still makes his claim."

"No; he says that he will make it no longer, that he acknowledges mamma as my father's widow, and me as my father's heir."

"That is generous—if that is all."

"Very generous."

"And he does this without condition? There is nothing to be given to him to pay him for this surrender?"

"There is nothing to give," she said, in that low, sweet, melancholy voice which was common to her always when she spoke of herself.

"You do not mean to deceive me, dear, I know; but there is a something to be given; and I am told that he has asked for it, or certainly will ask. And, indeed, I do not think that an earl, noble but poverty-stricken, would surrender every thing without making some counter claim which would lead him by another path to all that he has been seeking. Anna, you know what I mean."

"Yes; I know."

"Has he made no such claim?"

"I can not tell."

"You can not tell whether or no he has asked you to be his wife?"

"No; I can not tell. Do not look at me like that, Daniel. He came here, and mamma left us together, and he was kind to me. Oh! so kind! He said that he would be a cousin to me, and a brother."

"A brother!"

"That was what he said."

"And he meant nothing more than that—simply to be your brother?"

"I think he did mean more. I think he meant that he would try to love me so that he might be my husband."

"And what said you to that?"

"I told him that it could not be so."

"And then?"

"Why, then again he said that we were cousins, that I had no nearer cousin any where, and that he would be good to me and help me, and that the lawsuit should not go on. Oh, Daniel, he was so good!"

"Was that all?"

"He kissed me, saying that cousins might kiss."

"No, Anna; cousins such as you and he may not kiss. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, I hear you."

"If you mean to be true to me, there must be no more of that. Do you not know that all this means that he is to win you to be his wife? Did he not come to you with that object?"

"I think he did, Daniel."

"I think so too, my dear. Surrender! I'll tell you what that surrender means. They perceive at last that they have not a shadow of justice, or even a shadow of a chance of unjust success, in their claim: that, with all their command of money, which is to be spent, however, out of your property, they can do nothing; that their false witnesses will not come to aid them; that they have not another inch of ground on which to stand. Their great lawyer, Sir William Patterson, dare not show himself in court with a case so false and fraudulent. At last your mother's rights and yours are to be owned. Then they turn themselves about, and think in what other way the prize may be won. It is not likely that such a prize should be surrendered by a noble lord. The young man is made to understand that he can not have it all without a burden, and that he must combine his wealth with you. That is it, and at once he comes to you, asking you to be his wife, so that in that way he may lay his hands on the wealth of which he has striven to rob you."

"Daniel, I do not think that he is like that!"

"I tell you he is not only like it—but that itself. Is it not clear as noonday? He comes here to talk of love who had never seen you before. Is it thus that men love?"

"But, Daniel, he did not talk so."

"I wonder that he was so crafty, believing him as I do to be a fool. He talked of cousinship and brotherhood, and yet gave you to know that he meant you to be his wife. Was it not so?"

"I think it was so, in very truth."

"Of course it was so. Do brothers marry their sisters? Were it not for the money, which must be yours, and which he is kind enough to surrender, would he come to you then with his brotherhood, and his cousinship, and his mock love? Tell me that, my lady! Can it be real love—to which there has been no forerunning acquaintance?"

"I think not, indeed."

"And must it not be lust of wealth? That may come by hearsay well enough. It is a love which requires no great foreknowledge to burn with real strength. He is a gay-looking lad, no doubt."

"I do not know as to gay, but he is beautiful."

"Like enough, my girl; with soft hands, and curled hair, and a sweet smell, and a bright color, and a false heart. I have never seen the lad, but for the false heart I can answer."

"I do not think that he is false."

"Not false! and yet he comes to you asking you to be his wife, just at that nick of time in which he finds that you—the right owner—are to have the fortune of which he has vainly endeavored to defraud you! Is it not so?"

"He can not be wrong to wish to keep up the glory of the family."

"The glory of the family—yes, the fame of the late lord, who lived as though he were a fiend let loose from hell to devastate mankind. The glory of the family! And how will he maintain it? At race-courses, in betting clubs, among loose women, with luscious wines; never doing one stroke of work for man or God; consuming and never producing; either idle altogether or working the work of the devil. That will be the glory of the family. Anna Lovel, you shall give him his choice." Then he took her hand in his. "Ask him whether he will have that empty, or take all the wealth of the Lovels. You have my leave."

"And if he took the empty hand, what should I do?" she asked.

"My brave girl, no; though the chance be but one in a thousand against me, I would not run the risk. But I am putting it to yourself, to your reason, to judge of his motives. Can it be that his mind in this matter is not sordid and dishonest? As to you, the choice is open to you."

"No, Daniel; it is open no longer."

"The choice is open to you. If you will tell me that your heart is so set upon being the bride of a lord that truth and honesty and love, and all decent feeling from woman to man, can be thrown to the wind to make way for such an ambition, I will say not a word against it. You are free."

"Have I asked for freedom?"

"No, indeed! Had you done so, I should have made all this much shorter."

"Then why do you harass me by saying it?"

"Because it is my duty. Can I know that he comes here seeking you for his wife, can I hear it said on all sides that this family feud is to be settled by a happy family marriage, can I find that you yourself are willing to love him as a cousin or a brother, without finding myself compelled to speak? There are two men seeking you as their wife. One can make you a countess; the other simply an honest man's wife, and, so far as that can be low, lower than that title of your own which they will not allow you to put before your name. If I am still your choice, give me your hand." Of course she gave it him. "So be it; and now I shall fear nothing." Then she told him that it was intended that she should go to Yoxham as a visitor; but still he declared that he would fear nothing.

Early on the next morning he called on Mr. Goffe, the attorney, with the object of making some inquiry as to the condition of the lawsuit. Mr. Goffe did not much love the elder tailor, but he specially disliked the younger. He was not able to be altogether uncivil to them, because he knew all that they had done to succor his client; but he avoided them when it was possible, and was chary of giving them information. On this occasion Daniel asked whether it was true that the other side had abandoned their claim.

"Really, Mr. Thwaite, I can not say that they have," said Mr. Goffe.

"Can you say that they have not?"

"No; nor that either."

"Had any thing of that kind been decided, I suppose you would have known it, Mr. Goffe?"

"Really, Sir, I can not say. There are questions, Mr. Thwaite, which a professional gentleman can not answer, even to such friends as you and your father have been."

"When any real settlement is to be made, the Countess Lovel will, as a matter of course, be informed?"

"By all means."

"Because I think that some cheat is being practiced. The Earl has declared—I do not mean in public or to his lawyers—but still he has declared that he has abandoned the suit. Were it so, no doubt the Countess would be informed officially, and they who are pecuniarily concerned would know the condition of their interests."

"You, I know, have heavy claims on the Countess."

"My father has claims, which will never vex her, whether paid or not paid; but it is right that he should know the truth. I do not believe that the Countess herself knows, though she has been led to think that the claim has been surrendered."

Mr. Goffe was very sorry, but really he had nothing further to tell.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE training school for nurses in connection with Bellevue Hospital is an established fact. The necessary money for commencing the undertaking has been obtained, and systematic operations were begun early in May. An English lady of great and successful experience in hospital labor abroad has been secured as superintendent of this important department of charitable work. In addition to the excellent arrangements which have been made for thorough training of the nurses at the hospital, the thoughtful ladies of the committee considered it desirable that the nurses, while resting from their labors, should enjoy the happy influences of home life. They have therefore, with this purpose in view, leased a house in East Twenty-sixth Street, where they will live. This house will be under the management of an American lady, well known and highly esteemed for her labors among our soldiers during the late civil war. This opportunity for women to become skilled in the art of nursing the sick is invaluable. The profession of a nurse is a noble and important one, and one upon which not only the physical but the moral well-being of the community is greatly dependent. It is always a matter of extreme difficulty, even in cases of necessity, to obtain the services of a capable nurse. It is to be hoped that many of our unemployed women—those who are gifted with health, good sense, and good temper—will avail themselves of the opportunities of the Bellevue Hospital Training School.

The prices of admission to the Vienna Exhibition are announced: season tickets for gentlemen, 100 florins; for ladies, 50 florins, admitting to the opening ceremony; for the opening day, 25 florins; daily admission, 1 florin. A florin is about forty cents in American money, which certainly is not exorbitant, as compared with exhibitions of various kinds in this country. Yet we believe that in many cases the price of admission to national exhibitions has not been much more than half as much.

Arrangements are now being made to open Professor Agassiz's School for Naturalists about the first of July. Penekese Island is to be appropriately "fitted up" for the purpose.

The fact that there are 356 German newspapers published in the United States gives some idea of the number of the educated German residents.

It is said that the Dixon bridge, the falling of which resulted in the death of forty-five persons, had been examined by a city council, and that they were suspicious of its strength, and yet allowed it to remain. Undoubtedly the principle on which the bridge was constructed was wrong, or the material was poor. It was called a Truesdell bridge, from the inventor, who is now dead. In 1868 a structure of this same kind fell in Elgin, Illinois, and was afterward repaired and strengthened. But curiously enough, subsequently, as a traveling menagerie was passing that way, with strange sagacity, an elephant refused to venture his weight upon it. The next July, when two or three hundred spectators were gathered on this bridge to witness a race on the river, the structure fell, carrying down over a hundred persons, though, fortunately, killing but few. Thus the wisdom of the elephant was proved.

The wages paid to the captain and officers on the Anglo-American lines of steamers seems to be entirely disproportionate to the character and qualifications they should possess. From a recent article in *Scribner's Monthly* it appears that the salary of a captain on some of these lines is from $1500 to $2500 a year. The first officer in the service receives about $900 a year, the second officer $600, the third officer $360, and the fourth $300. Is it not true that men who could afford to be hired at such prices could not afford to be eminently qualified for their position, and should not be held so responsible for disasters that occur as their employers?

Long Branch bluff is gradually diminishing. It is asserted that about fifteen feet of it have been washed away within the last seven or eight months. At this rate the present site of the principal hotels will have vanished ten years hence. Moral: Go to Long Branch before it is destroyed.

People can quarrel over any thing if so disposed. Even astronomers, who of all men, by their familiarity with heavenly bodies, should be peace-loving, wrangle over stars. Whether one or two inter-Mercurial planets exist is not a matter of vital consequence, nor is the question who first discovered it, or them, worthy of so much astronomical bitterness as has been developed by the discussion which has attempted in vain to settle the matter.

It is said that the wife of Captain Hall first heard of his death as a newspaper was read aloud on a train between Boston and Dover.

About fifteen men were on board the missing *Polaris* when she broke from her moorings, and amidst storm and darkness disappeared from the sight of the eighteen who were on an ice-floe near the Labrador coast. The *Polaris*, which sailed from Brooklyn June 29, 1871, had reached a point farther north by 219 miles than the ship of Dr. Kane. It is the opinion of many that the remainder of the crew are yet alive, and that before long the *Polaris* will return.

New evidence of the painless nature of death by drowning is given in the narrative of one of the more fortunate victims of the bridge disaster at Dixon, Illinois. He states that while in the water he felt "at peace with every thing, and perfectly happy." The water pouring into throat and ears "gave him the most delightful sensation." It was only when he was pulled out of the water that he felt "wretched."

Evidently some of the little folks of the present day have been carefully instructed in regard to the sin of profanity, and this gives promise that the standard of morals in this particular may become higher.

"Oh, mamma, mamma," said a tow-headed little urchin, in a tone of mingled fright and penitence—"oh, mamma, I's been thwearing!"

"Been swearing, my child! What did you say?"

"Oh, mamma, I—I thed, Old Dan Tucker."

"Pretty well," remarked the doctor's daughter, who took an interest in her father's purse and profession: "plenty of colds, some bronchitis, and a little typhus fever; but, as father said yesterday, what we want to make things lively is a nice little epidemic!"

A new method of spelling, quite surpassing the phonetic, is illustrated as follows: "80 you be—a tub; 80 oh! pea—a top; be 80—bat; see 80—cat; pea 80—pat; are 80—rat; see oh! double you—cow; see you be—cub; see a bee—cab; bee you double tea—butt; see a double ell—call."

How delightful it is to be assured by scientific investigators that "dust is the cause of the lovely color of the azure firmament!" This statement surely ought to reconcile us to those clouds of disagreeable particles which dim our vision, penetrate our clothing, and soil our faces. We are grieved, indeed, that the pleasant delusion of childhood is thus roughly brushed away, and that the "pure blue arch" is dependent upon terrestrial débris. But we gravely reflect that "such is life," constantly to find the things we thought purest incapable of bearing investigation. But as to the dust itself, we trust our readers will look at it—so long as they can keep their eyes open—in a philosophic aspect, bravely enduring all minor discomforts for the sake of the "lovely" results; for doubtless the more dust, the bluer the sky!

Hints curious and comic, and designed for the special benefit of ocean travelers, appear in the columns of an exchange. The writer has evidently watched the ways of voyagers, and taken notes thereof. Perhaps he has himself been seriously puzzled by unexpected questions propounded by information-seekers. Be that as it may, he assures us that however skillful the captain and officers of a vessel may be, they really do not know *every thing*, nor should they be cross-questioned upon every topic in the world. He gives a long list of questions which he suggests be omitted during the present traveling season if ship officers must be the victims of the inquiries. A sample of these queries, as frequently propounded to captain, officers, quartermaster, ship doctor, and steward, may be amusing to our readers:

"How far is Queenstown from Sandy Hook? How long is this ship?—this is the most frequent inquiry. Who built her?—very common question. What did she cost?—merchant's inquiry. Shall we see any icebergs?—young bride's question. Is the ocean always blue here?—young lady's question. If two bells mean one o'clock, why not have twenty-four bells for twelve o'clock?—boy's question. Is this ship Clyde built?—banker's question. Do you like baked apples?—French bonne's question. How much is a dollar in sterling?—very general question. Do dogfish bark?—little boy's inquiry. Would this ship run over a whale?—little boy's inquiry. Are you a church member?—missionary's question. Is the captain married?—lady's-maid's question. When do the Mother Carey's chickens sleep?—old lady's question. How deep is the water here?—dyspeptic's question."

The ocean traveler is also assured that although the captain may be very powerful, he can not prevent the ship from rolling and pitching, and it is unjust to blame him when the dishes slide into one's lap.

It may surprise those who are intending to visit Vienna during the coming season to know that after reaching England they can make choice from about thirty different routes by which to gain the city wherein the Exposition is held.

An English journal tells of a young clergyman, more vain than wise, who went to minister in a country church one Sabbath. Entering the vestry, he doffed his coat and vest preparatory to donning the cassock and cloak, and looked round for the looking-glass which generally forms a part of the vestry furniture. He searched, however, in vain. At last, losing patience, he cried out, "Church offi*saw*, church offi*saw*!"

After calling out some time, the head of a gray-haired man peered in at the door, and a stentorian voice demanded, "What's yer wull!"

"Where's the mir*raw*?" demanded the minister.

"Sir?" said the other.

"The mir*raw*—the looking-glass," said the minister, impatiently.

"Oh, the lookin'-glass. Ye see, oor minister's sic a handsum man naterally that he doesna need a lookin'-glass; but a'll bring ye a pail o' watter if ye like."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER.—For your black grenadine have a jockey basque lined with silk, an apron over-skirt edged with bias bands of grenadine, and put two wide flounces headed by enormous pleated puffs on the skirt. Do *not* use a color for binding, but roll the grenadine on top, and sew with blind stitches, or else edge with narrow French lace. Get a colored twilled silk sash—blue if you can wear it—and let it hang in great loops on the left side. The lower skirt should be of silk, or else foulard, with the flounces sewed on. Figured grenadines are more stylish than plain ones.

E. T.—We can not decide concerning the respective merits of sewing-machines. We believe that several claim the advantage you name.

E. P.—Braid your hair and let it hang in a queue behind, or else wind it around the crown of your head. Make your linen dress with a belted polonaise and skirt, trimmed with kilt pleating.

OLIVE J. M.—We do not reply by mail. The drawers with Highland suit may be open or gathered to a band according to fancy, but must be very short, and not visible below the kilt. Your polonaise and striped skirt will be very suitable. Get de baize for your "second best" and traveling suit. Read about it in New York Fashions.

M. J. H. A.—A lace or Swiss muslin turban is what you want for your boy baby. For hints about mourning read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 21, Vol. VI. Lace and a white Swiss sacque are not appropriate for the first year of mourning.

A SUBSCRIBER IN CHINA.—Separate enough of your front hair for frizzing, then part the remainder down the middle to the nape of the neck, comb it upward, and tie in two tresses on the crown. Braid each tress in a three plait, stuffing with topsies to make it thick, if necessary. Arrange the frizzes on the forehead, and then twine the braids in a crown coil that will cover the top of your head. Comb the back up smoothly from the nape of the neck so that it will join together and conceal the part down the middle. Small old-fashioned side-combs sometimes hold this back hair in place, and are concealed under the top braids. This is a cool, pleasant fashion of coiffure for your Chinese climate. Add a high Spanish tortoise-shell comb for ornament, if you like. The Chinese queue, or pigtail braid, is worn here in the house of mornings.

MAY R.—Your sample of striped poplin will look well made by the châtelaine redingote pattern.

A YOUNG MOTHER.—We can send you for 25 cents an entire set of cut paper patterns for an infant's wardrobe. Illustrations of these patterns are given in *Bazar* No. 35, Vol. IV.; the paper containing illustrations costs 10 cents.

A. M.—If you have not purchased leno for your traveling suit, we commend instead either wash poplin or de baize at 50 cents a yard, as they wear longer, and retain their freshness. Use the Châtelaine Redingote pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. VI. Make your blue foulard with a belted polonaise and single skirt with deep Spanish flounce. A bias band of the same piped with white is the heading for flounce and border for polonaise. Use large white pearl buttons on the polonaise.

S. M.—At a home wedding the bridal pair should stand with their faces to the company during the ceremony. The parlor is darkened, and lighted by gas, or else wax-candles, which are preferred for their soft, mellow light. The bride should write a note of thanks for her wedding present from the groom's relatives at a distance.

R. J. T.—Get two shades of pink or of blue silk for your evening dress. Make with low corsage and trained upper skirt. A demi-polonaise with flounced skirt is the prettiest design for your white piqué. Use open-worked Hamburg edging for trimming.

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THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

IN this beautiful picture the artist represents a Flemish town of the Middle Ages, which, after a long siege by a relentless enemy, has at last been constrained by famine to surrender. The brave burgomaster is just sallying from the town gates, accompanied by the young bearer of the flag of truce, sad, but self-respecting to the last, while another citizen carries the terms of capitulation in his hand, amidst the tears and blessings of the starving townsfolk. The scene, though laid in medieval times, finds its counterpart wherever war exists, and the sentiments that animate it are eminently human. Even among ourselves sieges and their attendant horrors were familiar household words at no very remote date, and flags of truce were hailed with delight by famished populations. The original painting, by J. Pettie, A.R.A., is now in the Royal Academy Exhibition, at London, where it is accounted both one of the artist's best works, and one of the most striking pictures in the exhibition.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[From our Own Correspondent.]

THE fashions are becoming more and more strongly defined, and may be regarded as settled for the rest of the fine season. The changes that will henceforth take place will be merely matters of detail. Figured fabrics, whether of a single color, cameo (several shades of one tint), brocaded, or damask, color on color, are in great favor, but are used for polonaises alone, with a plain skirt of the same color as the ground of the polonaise. White muslin polonaises are worn over a skirt of faille or foulard, either gray or of one of those neutral tints that are so much in vogue. All bright, decided colors are considered in bad taste, and have disappeared from the feminine toilette, which employs none but faded tints, apart from dark colors or black, which is worn so much as to be the uniform of the majority.

Crinoline also has disappeared; cut in two, it exists only in the form of a tournure. This is a pity; for it must be confessed that it was both convenient and economical, and rendered us great service; while it lasted we had not the trouble of holding up our dresses in the street, or the pain of seeing them frayed and soiled on the bottom by being trailed through the dust and mud. But regrets are in vain; crinoline is no more, and we can not bring it back again.

Most dresses are of two colors, mixed, or else of a dark color for the skirt and a lighter shade for the bindings and linings of the trimmings, which are lavishly employed. Scarcely any black dresses, except for mourning, are made without bindings and pipings of pale pink, blue, or gray.

For very dressy toilettes, two different colors are used; among others, olive bronze and pale blue. I lately saw at a large dinner-party a trained skirt of olive bronze faille, trimmed with three flounces with wide headings, lined with pale blue; these headings were turned back so as to show the lining. Large over-skirt likewise of olive bronze faille; the two front breadths of the over-skirt were lined with pale blue, and turned upward so as to form revers, and were caught together in the middle under a large pale blue bow. Low waist of olive bronze faille, finished on the neck with a pale blue piping. Short sleeves to match the waist. The same dress is made in écru and violet vineux, résédа green and pale pink, etc.

By dint of shrinking, to make room for voluminous chignons, tall coiffures, cascades of curls, high bandeaux, etc., bonnets will finally disappear altogether. I foretold this a long time ago, and my prediction has well-nigh come true. During the last few days, indeed, we have seen bonnets composed solely of a wreath of flowers, placed on the head like a crown, and sustaining a lace veil. These bonnets are nothing more or less than head-dresses; and as they are admirably suited to all styles of hair-dressing, crêpes, rings, and frizzes, there is reason to suppose that they will become general, though as yet they have been adopted only by a few sensational people. Now that we are on the subject of hair, I will give a little recipe which may be of use to your readers. False hair is apt to grow rusty with time; a darker color may be given it by the following simple process: Burn some paper in a porcelain or any other covered dish; take the ashes of this paper and brush them thoroughly through the hair.

The trimmings of dresses, while they are still composed of the same elements—flounces, bias folds, ruches, and puffs—are nevertheless infinitely diversified by the mixture of all these elements. Let us say, in the first place, that these trimmings are themselves trimmed, either with bright colored bindings, or with narrow laces, or with fringed ruches (made of the long threads of the stuff raveled out), or with thick rolls. The flounces are cut in scallops, points, triangles, leaves, etc. The puffs are made very large, and a design made of cord or soutache is applied thereon; moreover, puffs do not dispense with the necessity of flounces any more than flounces do with that of puffs. In short, all trimmings are very much overloaded this season, and when these colors, so different and hitherto considered hostile to each other, such as violet and blue, blue and green, etc., are not employed by an artistic dress-maker—when these flounces, ruches, and bows are not amalgamated by a modiste joining to the genius of a Delacroix that of an Ingres, at once a colorist and a designer, the effect is often grotesque instead of pleasing. This is a fact which it is important to point out to the women of all nations. See how the people laughed at the dress worn by the Princess Royal of Prussia at the opening of the Vienna Exhibition! This dress was composed of a blue skirt, a white over-skirt, and a pink hat—all colors which contrast more painfully in proportion as they are more decided. Slender and youthful married ladies, young girls, and misses wear this season pretty scarfs of white or printed muslins—in the latter case like the dress. White muslin scarfs bordered with insertion, under which the muslin is cut away, and edging to match—Valenciennes or Mechlin (the latter is even more in favor than the former)—will be worn even with dresses of

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different materials. We give the following type of this fashion:

Dress of dark blue faille, with trimmings bound with faille of a lighter shade; under all these bindings is set a narrow band of white muslin, pleated and edged with narrow Mechlin lace. High waist with small basques. White muslin scarf, bordered with a hem about four-fifths of an inch wide. This hem is edged with Mechlin lace set on flat, and surmounted with Mechlin insertion, under which the muslin is cut away. In the middle of the upper edge of the scarf, which is very long, a few pleats are laid, over which is set a bow of ribbon of the same color as the binding. The scarf is worn crossed in front, and tied behind in a single knot, consequently the ends of the scarf fall over the back breadth of the skirt, and take the place of a tunic, over-skirt, pouf, etc. Dresses of printed muslin are much worn with scarfs of the same material. In fact, these dresses are not suited either to over-skirts, polonaises, or poufs. They are made with a round skirt, trimmed in front with a deep flounce, and on the back breadths with several flounces. The corsage is a little jacket of the same muslin, not adjusted, but confined to the waist by a belt, and the scarf, likewise of printed muslin, is worn like that which I have just described. It will be readily understood that such a dress appears to advantage only on a very slender figure.

Misses from twelve to sixteen will wear over their dresses of fancy silk and wool fabrics small capes of the same material as the dress · these capes, which are rather short, veil the bust without concealing the figure, and take the place of any other wrapping. For cooler weather, which often comes even in summer, the same girls will have small mantelets of plain striped or spotted flannel. These mantelets are made with revers in front, and hoods, and are trimmed with woolen fringe. Of course they have no sleeves, and can be easily put on, or thrown off, and carried on the arm, according to the temperature.

The style of hair-dressing, while requiring, thanks to its bulk, a more or less considerable quantity of false hair, is nevertheless arranged in such a manner as to conceal this loan a little more carefully than was done a few years ago. A lady no longer confines herself to fastening a chignon on the back of her head. She brushes her own hair far up from the back, so as to leave the nape of the neck entirely free, then with the tresses of her own hair she composes the chignon, adding to it the tresses, braids, and curls to complete its bulk. Chignons, therefore, are still worn, although it is denied, but they are made on the head, instead of being kept in a pasteboard box ready to be pinned on, which gives them a less precise, and consequently a more natural, appearance. The front of the head is still very much exposed. The present style of hair-dressing leaves the ears and temples, and consequently the whole face, uncovered—a charming fashion for young fresh faces, but frightful for old and withered ones. Ear-rings and medallions are still much worn, and many tall shell combs of diverse fashions are seen.

Cheap light fabrics are represented by écru linon and batiste. The skirt is made of plain linon or batiste, and the polonaise of the same fabric, embroidered with large white polka dots, or else with open-work stripes. All dresses of this kind, whatever may be the material of which they are made, have the polonaise and skirt of the same color, only one is plain and the other figured or striped. Sometimes the polonaise or over-skirt is plain, while the skirt is striped or brocaded; but usually it is the skirt which is plain and the polonaise figured or striped. The reason of this preference is that all the new fabrics are damask, color on color, or brocaded, and are soft and pliable, so as to drape gracefully, which is a great advantage for polonaises and over-skirts, but a disadvantage for skirts, which need a firmer texture. The plain fabrics are more substantial, and are consequently better fitted for skirts.

Artistic jewelry is still much worn, and little else is seen in the daytime. Châtelaines, brooches, ear-rings, and bracelets are made of gilt, enameled and oxidized silver, set with rubies, sapphires, turquoises, and emeralds, employed simultaneously, and combined with exquisite taste. EMMELINE RAYMOND.

FANNY BRANDON'S VOCATION.

"I TELL you, Louise, it is my vocation," said Fanny Brandon, straightening herself to the full height of her stately figure. "I can never be happy but in a convent. I feel that I am every way fitted for that holy life; its calm and quiet are what I long for. You must not oppose me."

"I have said all I have to say against it, dear," said the elder sister, gently. "Now you must make up your own mind. Mamma will be sorry, but she is willing, if you think it really is your duty. Only reflect carefully before you decide."

The two girls were standing on the summit of one of the long lines of chalk cliffs that stretch along the French coast from Havre to Dieppe. A soft, smooth, elastic turf bent under their feet as they trod; the scent of gorse and new-mown hay came to them across the wide green stretches; below lay the peaceful little fishing-town of St. Valery, with its straight, narrow beach, its irregular houses, its long jetty running out into the water, with a light-house perched on the far end. They could see the flag flying on the Casino, and watch the bathers and loungers like ants moving upon the stony *plage;* and far away before them stretched the mottled Channel sea, gray and yellow and purple with the reflections of the heavy low-hanging clouds, and turbid with the mud and sand churned up from its shallow depths.

Louise sat herself down upon one of the fragrant bundles of grass, and began to sketch in water-colors. Fanny, thinking still of her grand vocation, walked up and down slowly between her sister and her mother, who was chatting with a Frenchwoman, who, like herself, had come up to the summit of the *falaises* for the air.

"Mademoiselle your daughter is very beautiful," said this lady, as Fanny's slow march took her beyond ear-shot. "Doubtless madame thinks already of marrying her to some desirable *parti?*"

"Dear me, no," said Mrs. Brandon, fussily; and, frankly, "I wish she would get married. But fancy, madame, she has set her heart upon going into a convent, and we can do nothing with her!"

"*Par exemple!*" said the Frenchwoman, in dismay; "and she so handsome, too. Well, well! how did that happen?"

"She was educated in a convent," said Mrs. Brandon. "One can have such advantages there at reasonable rates, and Frances had a great musical talent to be cultivated, and then—and then—you understand, madame—the child's imagination was dazzled, and this is the end of it. She thinks she has a vocation, and I, as you perhaps do not know, am a Protestant."

"Is it possible?" said the interested listener; "but then madame is English."

"Yes, we are all English," said Mrs. Brandon, bridling with consequence. "My lamented husband was major in the —— regiment. He was of very excellent family. He had a cousin who was a baronet. All the Brandons are of unexceptionable standing in England."

"Ah!" said the French lady, politely.

"My daughter is thought very like the Princess Alexandra," said Mrs. Brandon, importantly.

The girl turned toward them at that moment, and, in truth, she was strangely like the portraits that at that time were filling the shop windows—the fresh young girlish pictures of the bride of the Prince of Wales. Fanny Brandon was tall and stately, with a lovely swan-like neck, upon which a graceful little head swayed like a flower on its stem; her nut-brown hair swept back from a faultless face, somewhat too cold and haughty but for a flash of great dark eyes that now and then shot out from under drooping modest lids; and her mien, whose mingled shyness and loftiness looked much like pride, was very princess-like indeed.

"She is superb," said the flattering Parisian. "If it were not wicked, one would almost be sorry that the child has a vocation. Mon Dieu! how well she would wear a cachemire!"

"I never could do any thing with my children," sighed Mrs. Brandon; "they have always had their own way. I scold and scold, and it is of no use at all. Louise would be an artist in spite of me, and now Fanny will go into a convent."

"It is my duty, mamma," said Fanny, solemnly, her walk having brought her near enough to catch these last words. At this moment she turned and caught sight of a figure bending over Louise's sketching-block, the figure of a young man, with a straw hat in his hand, and a mass of tossed hair blowing in the wind. A scarlet flush swept her cheek.

"Who is that talking to Louise?" asked Mrs. Brandon, sharply, putting up her glass.

"Why, it is M. Chablis."

"What in the world has brought him here?"

"He is coming to speak with you, mamma," said Fanny, coldly; "do not rise. See, he is bowing already."

"Chère madame!" cried the young Frenchman, approaching. "Pardon me that I come back to you so soon. I am charmed to find you and your amiable daughters at St. Valery. Mademoiselle, I hope the sea-air does you good."

Fanny bowed haughtily, and moved away, while M. Chablis paid his respects to her mother; but as she paced along in her stately way she soon heard him behind her, and when, with flushing cheeks, she stood beside her sister, M. Chablis joined them, and flung himself lightly on the grass at their feet.

He was a spirited, ugly young fellow, with a great mass of dark hair growing straight up from a broad square forehead. His teeth were fine, and the plainness of his face was relieved by a pair of wonderful great dark eyes that gleamed like stars, and glared with the fire of an ardent soul.

"Ah, but I am happy," he said, looking up at Louise, "now that I am with my good professor once more. I hope you have missed your bad child, Professor Louise; I have walked two good leagues to see you all. Did I not play you a fine trick when I told you in Paris that I could not go to the Bains de St. Valery, because I must visit my dear old parents during my holidays? But I managed a surprise for you, mesdemoiselles, for I knew well our *campagne* at Veules-on-the-Sea was the very next town to St. Valery; and now, if you are not glad to see me, I will throw myself from the cliff."

"Victor, you are but a foolish fellow," said Louise Brandon, smiling kindly at him with a smile that lit a very plain face into a semblance of beauty. Fanny's older sister was neither young nor pretty; she had led a hard-working life, painting pictures and giving lessons in English, to eke out the scanty pension on which her mother lived, and her cares had left their traces upon her. Victor Chablis had been one of her pupils, and afterward her friend, pouring into her ears the tales of his worries and his mischiefs, and winning from her that ready sympathy which was her chief attraction. Louise always had friends; people loved and trusted her, and leaned upon her, and after the first forgot her dark skin and irregular features, and only remembered the lustre of her gentle eyes, the pleasant tones of her deep contralto voice.

Just now these tones jarred upon Fanny's ear, and she half turned away.

"Mademoiselle Fanny has no word of grace for me," said Chablis, marking the motion; "but you will not send me away," he continued, turning his eager glance upon Louise.

"Fanny is preoccupied," said Louise. "You must not bother her."

"I am glad to see you, M. Chablis," said Fanny, coldly, for she was sure he had not come to see her, and the thought gave her a strange little pang. Fanny, with her girlish enthusiasm, had been carried away in a not unusual manner by the fascinations that a conventual life exercises upon an excitable imagination, and had set her heart upon taking the veil. Louise and her mother had never opposed her in any thing, and they now allowed her to use her own discretion, thinking that course better than any violent opposition. Only before irrevocably committing herself Louise had stipulated that her sister should pass a couple of months with her and her mother, during which Fanny would have an opportunity of testing her own feelings more thoroughly. Therefore the girl had joined them in Paris, where she had been allowed such *distractions* as their humble means afforded, and now they had all come to this quiet watering-place on the French coast for a few weeks, when Fanny's serenity of mind was anew shaken by the sight of M. Victor Chablis, whom she thought she had given up forever. She had seen him for the two weeks before, in Paris, where he had frequently burst into their dingy little apartment like a ray of sunshine. He had talked and laughed with Louise and her mother, and now and then she had found him looking at her in a way which gave her a new sensation. What was there in those great black flashing eyes to disturb her peace? She was going back to her convent, where it would make no difference; but she had found herself wishing in a very worldly manner during the few days that she had seen him that she, too, could make herself agreeable like Louise, who was always charming, and feeling her own inadequacy to the occasion, had felt farther off from the world than ever. She had bidden Victor good-by very seriously, for she never expected to see him again, since the convent gates were to close forever upon her after six short weeks; but he had said adieu lightly, even laughing as he went away. Of course she knew their parting would make no difference to him; but his carelessness had given her some pain. She had fought against this mundane feeling bravely, and deemed that it was conquered; but now all of a sudden this youth flashes across her life again, smiling and making weighty speeches to Louise, and lo! it is all to do over. No wonder she turned away in perturbation.

But M. Chablis did not heed; he brought a bundle of hay for Mrs. Brandon, who now joined them, another for Miss Fanny, who was thus constrained to be seated, and then throwing himself at their feet he rattled away, pouring out all the wit and fire of his ardent and restless nature in a fascinating flood of anecdote and repartee, such as those gay young souls of the Quartier Latin delight in.

Fanny listened in a sort of daze to the stories of college life, to the torrent of republicanism, to the enthusiastic pictures of his ambitious future, which the youth drew with Gallic frankness. Finally a flood of regret seemed to sweep over him for the follies and wildness of his early youth.

"I have been a wild fellow," he said at last, in a low, sorrowful tone, "but that is all over now, Louise. I shall be steadier than steady for the rest of my days."

Fanny rose as he spoke, and walked a little apart from them, pulling the poppies that grew on the edge of a corn field near by. Mrs. Brandon had resumed her conversation with her French friend, and Victor stooped and said something low in Louise's ear as her sister moved away, and Fanny saw them smile and look content, and grew angry at the sinking in her heart, and scattered the red petals of the poppies on the ground unconsciously as she walked along. After a while she heard the two coming behind her.

Victor was pulling the blue corn-flowers and twining them into a wreath.

"'Les bleuets sont bleus, et les roses sont roses,'"

he sang, with a meaning glance at his companion, and Fanny knew what she was thinking, for she had been reading the song that very morning.

"'Les bleuets sont bleus, j'aime mes amours,'"

chanted her heart softly in echo of the refrain.

"Will you wear my wreath, Miss Fanny?" asked the young man, humbly, as they approached her. "See how fresh the blossoms are!"

Louise had two in her hair, and Fanny guessed how they came there.

"Thank you," she said, coldly. "I like these scarlet flowers better; they are more becoming;" and she twisted a bunch of them in her dark plaits.

Then with a sudden, scornful change of mood she laughed and talked so gayly that Louise wondered. She bandied repartee with M. Chablis; she teased her sister. There was a singular restlessness in her aspect, and a feverish glitter in her eyes. She who was habitually gentle and grave showed herself capricious and willful, and a strange bitterness lurked in her caustic answers, veiled as it was by a semblance of trifling. By-and-by Victor went away, and she dismissed him with a careless nod.

"I suppose you will not come back," she laughed, "so take your keepsakes with you;" and she pulled the wreath of blue flowers from her sister's hand, and threw it after him with a scornful gesture.

"I will pick it up to-morrow," said Chablis, bowing gayly, "at the same hour. I like the gage. And then, mademoiselle, you ought to know that one returns always to—"

Without finishing his sentence, the young man waved his hat lightly, and strode away.

Fanny ended it for him in her thoughts: "His first love—that means Louise." And when her sister twined her arm around her, as they descended the steep path that led down to the village from the summit of the cliff, she did not return the caress. She was thinking in her heart all manner of unjust, cruel things. She felt out in the cold and alone. Louise loved Victor better than she loved her, and that tender pressure of her sister's arm was all a mockery. It was time that she went back to her chosen home, her peaceful, undisturbed life, where the chants and the orisons came in tranquil succession, and brought no jealousies and heart-beats with them. The sisters at the convent loved her, even if Louise did not care. And Victor? Victor never thought of her at all. It was only with him Louise, Louise. Whether he came or staid, her welcome or her disappointment was alike indifferent to him so long as Louise smiled and was glad. She might go back to the convent to-morrow, and he would never heed. Then for the first time a thrill of terror ran through the girl's heart as she thought what that going back would be. Did the sisters, after all, care for her as Louise cared—Louise, who had rocked her in her arms, and shielded her from every trouble all through her life? And would not the serious talk of the nuns be very tame after the brilliant nonsense of the young Frenchman, with his wonderful tales of his *vie impossible?* Perhaps, after all, what was to come would be "impossible life" for her. How strange it was! A week ago the arguments in favor of a worldly existence seemed so easy to answer. She almost wished Louise would urge them now, to give her a chance to argue cleverly with the adroit logic of the priests. But no: Louise was not thinking of that. She was talking now with her mother about the clothing that Fanny must take back with her, and in the girl's unreasonable state of mind it seemed to her as if they were already looking forward to her departure as something to be got through with.

When they came to the little whitewashed cottage nestled under the cliff, where they had their humble lodgings, Fanny pleaded a headache and escaped to her own room, where she sat dolefully by the window looking out upon the wide flat stretch of wet sand, where the ragged women and bare-legged boys were hunting for crabs in the dying light. The tide was ebbing, and a mist was drifting in from the north; and the sea, with its great roar and plash, broke drearily upon the beach. The girl brooded over her troubles till life looked very dark to her, and it seemed to her as if no one had ever been so unhappy before. By-and-by came Louise, with a smoking cup of tea, and bright words and smiles, and at last Fanny crept to bed, and listened to the rain and the wind which rattled the shaky casements, growing more dismal than ever, till at last she cried herself to sleep.

"It is pouring!" said Louise, waking Fanny the next morning; "we shall not be troubled with visitors." But in the afternoon a bright face peered in at the window, and, dripping but joyous, Victor shook himself like a water-dog in the little porch. He carried hung on his umbrella the draggled wreath of corn-flowers, which he laid at the girls' feet with many a merry jest at their want of promptness at the rendezvous. Then they chatted and played dominoes, and Victor read aloud to them, with his undulating Parisian accent, bits of French poetry, while the ladies worked deftly with their needles.

Fanny was grave and demure again, and scarcely raised her eyes from her embroidery, leaving the task of answering to Louise; but indeed M. Chablis did not need much response. Now and then, when there was a pause, he would fill it with some thrilling little poem from Alfred de Musset or Victor Hugo, and then Fanny felt as if Louise must blush at all the pointed sweetness of the strain; but when she stole a look at her, their eyes met, and she withdrew her own in such confusion at being discovered that she could not tell whether or no the shade had deepened on Louise's brown cheeks.

For many a day Victor's coming was the daily event, for always there was some excuse for his joining them in their excursions among the charming lanes and sunny orchards of the lovely Pays de Caux. Whether they drank milk with the picturesque old women in the thatched cottages, rode donkeys over the cliffs, lounged upon the beach, or gossiped in the Casino, Victor was always near to interpret the odd patois of the Norman peasants, or to bring his ready wit to cope with whatever situation the hour afforded. And always there seemed to be an excuse for his coming and lingering, and having little confidential talks in the doorway with Louise before he left, and Fanny struggled to maintain an indifferent mien; but many a night she cried softly, and woke with drooping lids and heavy eyes.

Louise seemed to take for granted that Fanny's gravity was the natural result of the step she was about to take, and often talked with her about her future life, though she no longer tried to dissuade her from it, but only said, earnestly, "Be sure you know your own mind." Of M. Chablis the two never spoke.

Mrs. Brandon and her two daughters were sitting in their little *salon* one afternoon when an odd little cab drew up before the door, from which descended a stout, bald-headed Frenchman, with a tuft of grizzled beard and an immense mustache, accompanied by a comely, dark-eyed woman, unmistakably of the shop-keeping class.

"My heavens, girls, it must be the Chablises!" cried Mrs. Brandon. "Fetch me my best cap, quick, Louise, and just help settle my gown." Fanny fled to her own room above, but the

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windows being wide open much of the conversation came to her ears, and before long the voices were pitched on so high a key that she heard every word.

When Mrs. Brandon made her best courtesy to M. Chablis, père, and Madame Chablis, mère, it was with the impression firmly fixed in her own mind that the couple had come to make a formal demand for her daughter in marriage after the most approved French fashion, and she had decided, after a due representation to them of the inequality of such a union, to bend from her state and give a condescending consent.

Great was her surprise, then, as the interview proceeded, to find that the good man and his wife were, on the contrary, come to deplore in their neat provincial French the entanglement of their son, and to beg Mrs. Brandon to help them to persuade the young man that to think of marrying a demoiselle without a *dot* would be utter folly and madness, as well as unprincipled disobedience. "Of course," they urged, "madame, being a sensible woman, would see how utterly out of the question it was for Victor, who had his career to make, to marry any but a rich wife."

"He has had great advantages," said the father; "our son's education has been of the best; he has had his *cours* in all branches, in literature, in science, in law; he has the ability to become a distinguished advocate; his examinations have been of the most brilliant. But to advance in our country, where every department is crowded, there is necessary, as madame well knows, wealth and connection—in short, a position must be made."

"And madame will understand," said Madame Chablis, taking up the thread of the argument, "that a union with a poor and undistinguished Englishwoman—though your daughter, I understand, is *très bien*—would be ruinous, utterly ruinous."

Mrs. Brandon, who, up to this point, had been too utterly taken aback by the turn that affairs had taken to do more than listen silently to her voluble visitors, here recovered her presence of mind sufficiently to take part in the conversation, into which she burst abruptly in her worst French, her agitation utterly confusing her idioms, and at length compelling her to resort to her vernacular, where she had her antagonists decidedly at a disadvantage.

"Do I understand," she burst forth, "that my daughter is considered too poor a match for a beggarly Frenchman without a farthing to call his own—my daughter, whose father was an officer in her Majesty's service, and is a lady born, and never had any thing to do with *trade?* She is very condescending to look at him at all," she went on, furiously. "And I have always told my girls they should be above associating with persons in trade, which, to be sure, he is not, and a very well-disposed and civil young gentleman he has always shown himself. But my daughter not good enough for him! Do you know, madame, that my blessed husband was colonel of the —— regiment, served in the Indian war, and always went into the very best society?"

Here she paused for breath, and M. Chablis, père, having dimly understood her meaning, pursued his own discourse gravely:

"Madame makes unpleasant hints with regard to our commerce," he said, politely; "but she should remember that it is that which has furnished our son with the means of rising above it."

"And he shall never have one *sou* if he marries your daughter," cried Madame Chablis, wrathfully. "*Tiens*, if madame will not hear reason, Victor must be compelled!"

Fanny could bear no more. She grasped her red capuchin and shawl, and ran away trembling from the house, rushing by the Casino and bathing-houses, away out upon the far end of the jetty, where she hid herself behind the light-house. The pier was nearly deserted, and no one remarked her as she stood gazing sorrowfully out over the heaving sea, which foamed and tossed, and hurled pebbles high in air as the tide thundered in, sprinkling her hot cheeks with salt spray.

A flood of grief and mortification swept over her. Now it was true, beyond all doubt, Victor loved Louise, and his parents opposed the match; and this was why they kept so quiet about it, and there was no declared engagement. How could she ever bear it? Suddenly the secret of her troubled soul was revealed to her. It was not as a brother that she loved Victor, and her wounded pride was forgotten in the sting of the discovery that she had given her heart unasked.

"How weak I am!" she thought; "and oh, how false to my vocation, which I have shamefully forgotten! I must go back, and at once. I can delay no longer; it is better so—better than to live here and see Louise Victor's wife. But oh, the free, beautiful life that might have been mine! I can not, can not bear it!" and she sobbed bitterly.

The poor child sat with weary eyes gazing out over the troubled sea, and the tossing waves seemed the symbol of the struggle in her heart. She had been very tenderly nurtured; sorrow had been kept from her in every way; burdens which she might have felt had been lifted from her shoulders by Louise's thoughtful care and love; and thus, unschooled as she was in the little disciplines of life, the waves of her distress seemed ready to engulf her.

"How selfish and wicked I am!" she thought. "Why can I not rejoice in my sister's happiness, and be sorry for her grief?" Then all her weakness was revealed to her, and standing there in the gray light, she did battle with her own soul; and after a long and strenuous fight with the evil passions that tormented her, her brave and tender nature won the victory, and her resolution grew strong once more.

"I can go now," she said at last, when the gray shadows of the gathering twilight warned her that her vigil must cease. "No one shall ever know what I have suffered."

But as she turned to go some one came round the light-house to where she stood with the great waves booming on either side of her, and she found suddenly that she was not alone upon the pier. M. Chablis's eyes were fixed upon her tear-stained cheeks, his own flushing hot in sympathy with her unknown trouble.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle, I came to look for you. One of the little children told me you were here, standing like a water-sprite among the waves. But you grieve, mademoiselle. What, then, has happened to vex you?"

His presence was so unexpected, his tone so tender, his sympathy so sweet, that before she knew what she was saying Fanny had stammered enough to show M. Chablis that his parents had been interfering. His eyes flashed angrily.

"I am a man, and not a boy," he cried. "I ask no permission to marry except from the woman I love. These threats make it hard for me only because they lengthen the time I must wait before I can dare to tell her my love and hear my fate. It is not easy to ask a girl to share a life of waiting and hard work; for work for her I will, and wait—forever, if I must, for I will marry no other."

"But if she loves you," burst forth Fanny, with noble forgetfulness of her own misery in sympathy for her sister, "and I think she does, she would far rather wait with you than not know you loved her; any thing would be better than that."

"You think she loves me?" cried Victor, ardently; "will you not say you know it? Oh, mademoiselle, you fill me with a new happiness."

"I dare not say," said Fanny, terrified at what she was doing; "I can not tell what my sister may think. I should not have ventured—"

"But Louise knows every thing," interrupted Victor; "we are one in our desires. Have I not talked with her, been encouraged by her, and yet trembled, as I now tremble, to ask the question that is on my lips?"

He bent toward her, a great light shining in his wide dark eyes, melting with a wonderful softness.

Fanny gave him one shy, quick, wondering glance, then broke away.

"What have I said?" she cried, hiding her face in her hands. "Oh, what a mistake I have made! Let me go; let me go; I must go home."

But M. Chablis did not let her pass. He took her little trembling hand in his with most tender respect.

"Mademoiselle, we must understand each other at last," he said. "It is you I love and have wished for my wife ever since the first day I saw you. May I dare to hope that you will let me work for you, and that you will wait?"

"But Louise," stammered Fanny, "my sister, does she not love you?"

"Dearly, I dare swear, but only as a brother, for she has been my friend and confidante through all. May I not now be answered?"

Fanny raised her shy eyes a moment, and Victor, with a self-command new to him, lifted the cold hand he held to his lips, and then drew it within his arm, where he held it tight.

"We shall not fear the future, love," he said. "I am strong, and shall do great things yet."

Then all at once Fanny remembered her vocation and the Chablis opposition and her mother's wrath, and there was much reasoning to be gone through with; but Victor's arguments were hard to answer, and her responses grew very feeble and illogical as they walked home through the gloaming, and he disposed of her objections one by one.

At last they reached the cottage, and Louise was waiting for them on the step.

"My darling," she said, as she took Fanny in her arms, "I am so glad, so glad! I hoped for this before ever you came from England, but perhaps you would not have learned to love Victor if you had not been jealous."

"Oh, Louise," said Fanny, frankly, in her sister's ear, "I wonder it did not kill me. I despised myself so utterly."

"And then you had a vocation," added Louise, mischievously.

Victor found means to appease Mrs. Brandon's indignation; and when his parents found that their displeasure was unavailing to turn their only son from his set purpose, they made the best of a bad matter and forgave him with true French adaptability. The clever young advocate and his beautiful wife are well known among the younger members of the French bar, and Fanny has never seen reason to regret her changed vocation.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Napoleon's Will.—The Exactions of royal Etiquette.—Macready.

THE attorneys employed by the Bonaparte family have made public the contents of the late Emperor's will. This has probably been done to silence the rumors that have been so long prevalent that, like the unjust steward, he had made an ample provision for himself in anticipation of some day losing his stewardship. The imperialists are accordingly very jubilant over what they term the Emperor's self-denial. He asked nothing of France except her love and the confidence which he never abused. He did not fill his private coffers at the expense of the people whom he governed, nor put by against a rainy day, as the Orleans king did, *et cætera, et cætera.* This sounds very fine, but where is the moral difference between lavishing other people's money upon one's private vices—and, unhappily, the "little bills" of S.M.I. have been discovered since this will was made—and putting it in the bank to one's private account? It may be granted that Napoleon did not hoard, but it is impossible to ascribe to him any nice sense of the sacredness of public money, or even of the simple laws of *meum* and *tuum.* Nor was it only that Louis Philippe was the more prudent "conveyancer" (to use a Shakspearean phrase) of the two. Napoleon believed implicitly in his star, and since he thought it would never set, made no provision for the night that was to come without it. "*Je désire qu'à la majorité de mon fils, elle*" (that is, *l'Impératrice Eugénie*) "*habite l'Elysée et Biarritz.*" It did not enter into his mind on April 24, 1865 (the date of the will), that long before the next decade was over his wife would be the widow of an exiled ex-emperor. The terms of the will are very singular. "I recommend my son and my wife to the high constituted authorities of the state, *first*, and then to the people and the army." He wished to make use of the allegiance of the governing class above all things, and hoped all the rest would follow.

The examination of the claimant's fellow-countrymen during the present Tichborne trial—the Bishop of Orleans, who was the real Roger's tutor, Père Lefevre, his confessor, and others—has brought out some charming national characteristics. At one period one of the judges was compelled to interfere to prevent days being wasted over one witness with this bland interrogatory addressed to the counsel: "Is it not even yet borne in upon you, my learned brother, that it is useless to attempt to get a plain 'yes' or 'no' out of a French witness?" But their testimony is overpowering, for all that, and their shrugs and looks of contemptuous incredulity at the fat rogue whom they have come to unmask (who sits and laughs at them in court, like the rest of the audience, in the most unconcerned way) are as convincing as the best Queen's English.

I dare say you have often wondered, Mr. Editor, why I have not described to you an evening at Marlborough House, but the fact is, whenever I have been "commanded" to dine with the Prince of Wales I have always got off upon the only plea that is admitted in such cases, namely, that of being engaged to a lady. And the reason of this is that I can't sit up late at night. When H.R.H. gets into his smoking-room, he takes root there, and it is *not etiquette* to leave it until the heir-apparent retires for the—day. Unhappily he indulges in the same habit in the smoking-rooms of other people. When at the Duke of Devonshire's (at Chatsworth) lately he is said to have destroyed several members of the aristocracy, whose mature years did not admit of rising with the lark—in order to go to bed. On the second day he shot very ill, and ascribed his want of accuracy to having retired so early, namely, at three o'clock in the morning; and every other night he took great care to avoid this mistake. It would never do, you see, for the life and soul of the conversation to throw away his cigar at his usual hour (11 P.M.) with a, "You must excuse me, your royal highness, but I have to write a 'Gossip' for *Harper's Bazar* to-morrow, and it is expected that I should be in the freshest state of mental activity for that purpose."

The Duke of Devonshire, who is not a young man, is reported to have laid in bed ever since the visit of his royal guest, and to have besought his son, the marquis (Hartington), not to bring his young friend again to the paternal roof.

So Macready is gone at last. So long has he been absent from the public eye that many thought he had died years ago. It must have been at least ten years since Dickens told me that he took him, after they had dined together, to the Lyceum to see Fechter act (whom the elder tragedian had never seen), and not one single syllable of criticism could his host extract from him, favorable or otherwise. He seemed even thus early to have sunk into a state of torpor. He was, however, always reticent as to his opinions about members of his own profession, and this extended even to amateurs. Long after he had retired from the stage some country gentlemen in the neighborhood of Sherbourne (where he of late resided) were so injudicious as to ask him to witness some private theatricals. They doubtless bored him a great deal, but he said nothing, and only on being cruelly pressed to declare his preference for this actor or that, exclaimed, "Well, if you will have it, I prefer the prompter." "The prompter, Mr. Macready! Why the prompter?" "Because, my friend, I have seen least of him and *heard most* of him."

Of his talents as an actor you in America have had almost as many opportunities of judging as we in England; as a theatrical manager his name, like that of the younger Kean, deserves immortal honor as a purifier of the stage; unlike Kean, however, he was comparatively indifferent to popular applause. The latter was, as you are probably aware, brought up at Eton, and derived great advantages from that early connection with our aristocratic classes. An eminent lawyer, who had been his school-fellow, but whose way of life had led him far from the theatrical world, met him a few years before his death for the first time since their school-days at a private dinner-party. Wishing to say something civil, he recalled to his mind their old acquaintance in boyhood, and added, "I have heard much and often of your splendid acting." "*Heard, Sir,*" replied Kean, in his deep notes, and with the bitterness of his own Shylock, "then have you not *seen?*"—a reply which, though not altogether unprovoked, Macready would certainly not have uttered.

Speaking of Shylock, here is a pretty Hebrew tale concerning an auction broker: A Jew and a Christian were shipwrecked and on a raft together. After great privations the Jew fell asleep, and was suddenly roused by his companion's ecstatic cries of "A sail! a sail!" "Vat dat? *A sale*, you say?" exclaimed the Hebrew, starting from his slumber; "and, mein Gott, *I have not got a catalogue!*"

R. KEMBLE, of London.

WATCHING.

ONE night I sat and listened for his coming,
Listened and waited long;
Then, like a summer bee, I fell to humming
Snatches of hopeful song.

But some caprice o'ertook me in the singing—
Some elf, with mocking whim,
Echoed my carol with a woful ringing
Of utterance crossed and grim.

My song became a sigh, as if a sorrow
Had fallen on my heart;
My song, "We meet, my love and I, to-morrow,"
Was now, "Dear love, we part."

And, though secure in joy, I turned to pond'ring
On mingled themes of pain;
Shaping to this in fearful, troubled wond'ring—
"If he comes not again?

"If this brief waiting were a life-long seeking;
If these mad fears were true;
And this unsummoned voice, within me speaking,
Into conviction grew?

"If, though this instant face to face expecting,
Never should he return;
What if that slight farewell, all unsuspecting,
Had been for Death's eterne?"

I could not think—my heart sank down in anguish—
Nor see, for Hope was blind;
He gone, I in the toiling race must languish,
The envied goal resigned.

"For who would care," so moaned I in my sadness,
"For such as I alone?
I borrow of his light, his sunny gladness,
Which goes when he is gone.

"Never return!"—But in that instant's pining
My weary grief had flown;
His eyes upon my moistened cheek were shining;
I was no more alone!

But in those hours of watching I descended
Chasms of prescient woe,
By his caressing arm alone defended
From griefs I yet may know.

GEORGE ELIOT'S SAYINGS.

SELECTED FROM "ADAM BEDE."

I HATE that talk o' people, as if there was a way o' making amends for every thing. They'd more need be brought to see as the wrong they do can never be altered. When a man's spoiled his fellow-creatur's life, he's no right to comfort himself with thinking good may come out of it: somebody else's good doesn't alter her shame and misery.

There's no slipping up hill again, and no standing still when once you've begun to slip down.

It's well we should feel as life's a reckoning we can't make twice over; there's no real making amends in this world, any more nor you can mend a wrong subtraction by doing your addition right.

We hand folks over to God's mercy, and show none ourselves.

"They that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of those that are weak, and not to please themselves." There's a text wants no candle to show't; it shines by its own light. It's plain enough you get into the wrong road i' this life if you run after this and that only for the sake o' making things easy and pleasant to yourself. A pig may poke his nose into the trough and think o' nothing outside it; but if you've got a man's heart and soul in you, you can't be easy a-making your own bed an' leaving the rest to lie on the stones. Nay, nay, I'll never slip my neck out o' the yoke, and leave the load to be drawn by the weak uns.

SELECTED FROM "THE MILL ON THE FLOSS."

Anger and jealousy can no more bear to lose sight of their objects than love.

Childhood has no forebodings, but then it is soothed by no memories of outlived sorrow.

It is a pathetic sight and a striking example of the complexity introduced into the emotions by a high state of civilization—the sight of a fashionably dressed female in grief. From the sorrow of a Hottentot to that of a woman in large buckram sleeves, with several bracelets on each arm, an architectural bonnet, and delicate ribbon strings—what a long series of gradations! In the enlightened child of civilization the abandonment characteristic of grief is checked and varied in the subtlest manner, so as to present an interesting problem to the analytic mind. If, with a crushed heart and eyes half-blinded by the mist of tears, she were to walk with a too devious step through a door-place, she might crush her buckram sleeves too, and the deep consciousness of this possibility produces a composition of forces by which she takes a line that just clears the door-post. Perceiving that the tears are hurrying fast, she unpins her strings and throws them languidly backward—a touching gesture, indicative, even in the deepest gloom, of the hope in future dry moments when cap strings will once more have a charm. As the tears subside a little, and with her head leaning backward at the angle that will not injure her bonnet, she endures that terrible moment when grief, which has made all things else a weariness, has itself become weary; she looks down pensively at her bracelets, and adjusts their clasps with that pretty studied fortuity which would be gratifying to her mind if it were once more in a calm and healthy state.

Among the various excesses to which human nature is subject, moralists have never numbered that of being too fond of the people who openly revile us.

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MRS. FANNY STENHOUSE.

WE here present to our readers a portrait of Mrs. Fanny Stenhouse, of Salt Lake City, a lady whose lectures during the past winter on "Polygamy among the Mormons" have excited a more than ordinary interest among the ladies in the Eastern States. Mrs. Stenhouse is a native of St. Helier's, Jersey, one of a group of little islands in the English Channel, but spent the chief part of her early years in France, where she assisted as teacher in a Roman Catholic school, though she herself was a Protestant, her parents being members of the Baptist denomination. After some years' absence she returned on a visit to her relatives in Jersey, and then learned for the first time that many of them had joined the Church of Latter-Day Saints. At that time Mormonism was a new religion, the missionaries were very zealous, and polygamy was not only not practiced by the "Saints," but indignantly repudiated by them. Agitated by conflicting thoughts about religion, it is no wonder that when Mormonism was presented to her with all its claims to special gifts and miraculous powers, as in the first ages of Christianity, and in that deceptive garb of purity in which it was preached to the European converts, the young English girl accepted it as of Divine authority. Not long after she was admitted into the Mormon Church by baptism, and a few months subsequently was married to Elder T. B. H. Stenhouse, the youthful missionary, through the influence of whose zealous preaching she had been led to embrace the faith. Henceforth her lot was cast among the Saints, and for a brief time only she appears to have been happy in her new position. But her trials as a Mormon soon began. Four months after her marriage her husband was sent to preach in Italy, "without purse or scrip," and she was left in England unprovided for as a trial of their faith. The following year, with their infant child, she accompanied him on a similar mission to Switzerland. While in that country, where they passed through the severest trials of poverty for the sake of the faith, polygamy was first openly acknowledged as an essential doctrine of the Mormon creed, and, cruelly repugnant as the task was to her feelings, Mrs. Stenhouse was called upon to introduce the doctrine to the Swiss women. After three years' absence, during which they introduced Mormonism into seven cantons of the Confederacy, they returned to England, and subsequently left that country for the United States, or, as the Mormons termed it, "emigrated to Zion."

After a residence of a few years in this city, where Mr. Stenhouse employed his pen, first in connection with the *Mormon* newspaper, and then upon the staff of the *Herald* and other leading New York journals, they were called upon to break up their house and join a band of emigrants to Zion, where they arrived after a three months' journey with ox-teams across the plains.

Arrived in Salt Lake City, the immigrants were kindly received; but Mrs. Stenhouse, in common, no doubt, with many a sad and afflicted wife who had preceded her, now found by experience what polygamy *in practice* really was. In her little work, published a year ago, she gives a most interesting account of this period of her existence, and it would be well for those who theorize about polygamy and the domestic life of the Saints, and who find excuses for Brigham Young, to read the sad but evidently truthful story of what she saw and endured at that time, and what thousands of women have also experienced.

Another wife was introduced into the family, and she was not intended to be the last. The usual troubles of the first wife under the "plurality" system were intensified and rendered more acute, as might be expected, to a lady of refinement and cultivation than perhaps they might have been to one of a cold or unthinking disposition. What a wife's feelings under such circumstances must have been no one—probably not even a woman—outside of Mormonism could realize.

MRS. FANNY STENHOUSE.

Presently, however, light began to dawn. After many years, during which he had prospered greatly and risen to high position among the Saints in Utah, Mr. Stenhouse found his faith in the divinity of Mormonism weakening, and finally, with his wife—the subject of this sketch—who had long before in heart abjured the faith, he gave in his resignation to the authorities, and asked to be excommunicated. Three days after they left the Church they were attacked by four masked men, almost within call of their own home, and were grossly insulted and brutally treated by them. No effort was made by the Mormon priesthood to discover the perpetrators of this outrage.

From that time Mrs. Stenhouse resolved to devote all her energies in the endeavor to enlist the sympathy of the outside world for the sufferings of the Mormon wives, and the interest of women every where in the constitutional suppression of polygamy in Utah by act of Congress. During the past winter she lectured on this subject in various parts of the States, and was received every where with marked consideration.

Personally Mrs. Stenhouse is of medium height, inclining to *embonpoint*, ladylike, modest, and unpretending, attractive rather from her quietness of manner than from any special characteristics. She evidently possesses in a remarkable degree a reserve of latent power which qualifies her to do any thing which she believes it is her duty to undertake; and no one would suppose from her appearance that she had had such an extraordinary history, and had passed through the mental and physical sufferings which the degrading system of polygamy and the missionary life in Mormonism imposed upon her. She is now residing with her family in Salt Lake City. Her eldest daughter is the wife of Joseph A. Young, the eldest son of the prophet Brigham.

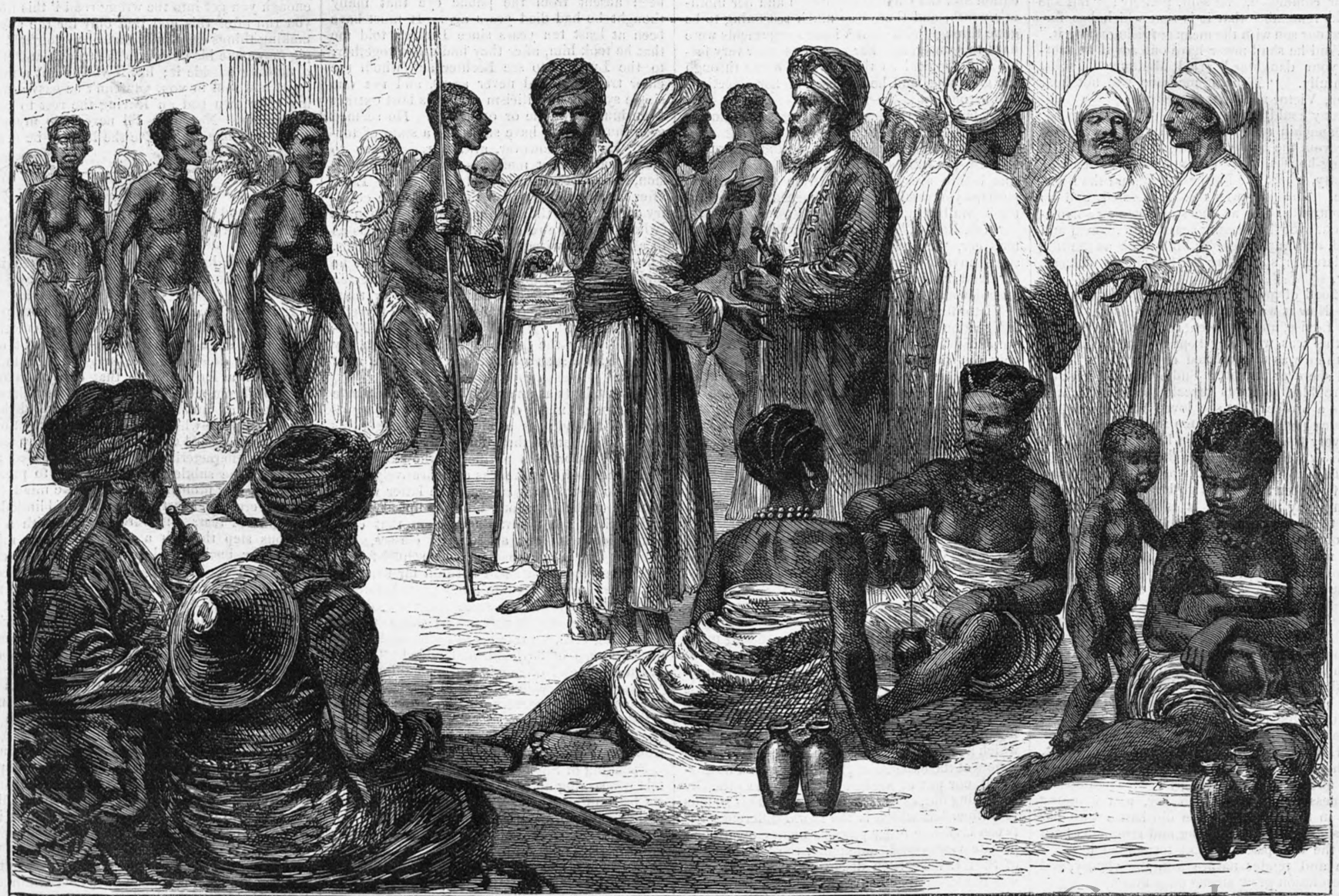
SLAVES AND SLAVE DEALERS.

A STREET SCENE IN ZANZIBAR.

IN this drawing three distinct classes of the East African population are shown. In the foreground is a party of female slaves and their children. They have been sufficiently long in a state of servitude to have recovered their plumpness and good looks; in the middle distance is a group of the dominant class in Zanzibar, the merchants, traders, and Banians who fatten on the nefarious slave traffic; while in the background we see a group of living skeletons, chained neck and neck, being newly captured slaves from the interior. In attempting to put down the East African slave-trade the English have set themselves a heavier task than perhaps they anticipated, but the evils which it produces are so palpable and so enormous that all civilized nations ought to help them in trying to put an end to it. It is intolerable that a large part of a mighty continent should be kept in a chronic state of insecurity, bloodshed, and misery, just because the Mussulmans of Turkey, Egypt, and Arabia annually require some 100,000 servants to do their laborious and menial work. The process is a most wasteful one, for thousands die of ill usage and hardship between their home and their final destination, while the slave-hunting system introduces intestine feuds into every village community. Would it not be possible for the embassadors at Constantinople and Teheran to point out to the Grand Turk and the Shah that by the simple process of offering good wages the people of North America get an abundant supply of European laborers to do their hard and dirty work, and to persuade the Turks and the Persians to act in a similar manner toward the negroes? It is useless to appeal to the humanity of these people; they regard such matters from a stand-point totally different from our own; but if it could be proved to them that they would in the long-run save money by employing free laborers, they might, through the logic of the pocket, become abolitionists. We do not believe that the slave-trade will ever be stopped by mere compulsion so long as there exists a demand in the country for negroes; on the contrary, its horrors will be intensified, as they undoubtedly are now by dhow-chasing and other feeble modes of interference; the only real remedy is to replace involuntary importation by free immigration. If the Orientals could be induced to accord the negroes fair wages, good treatment, and perfect liberty of action, a passenger trade might spring up rivaling in magnitude that of the North Atlantic, and Quashee would land at Muscat or Suez as unconcernedly as Paddy or Fritz go ashore at Castle Garden, New York.

HAIR DYEING.

THE practice of artificially changing the color of the hair has descended to us from remote antiquity. That it is common with us may be inferred from the innumerable nostrums continually advertised, as well as from the appearance of the heads and beards of some of our acquaintances. We may roughly divide the methods employed in dyeing the hair into two. The one, which is founded on the rational means of restoring the color of the hair, consists in supplying the materials employed by Nature for the pigment. Sulphur and iron, and perhaps manganese, appear to constitute the pigment in question, iron being found principally in the darker hair. Availing ourselves of this knowledge, we may darken hair by conveying to its bulbs by means of the absorbent power of the skin one or more of these materials, as may be required. They must be applied in a diluted solution to the hair glands, on the same principle that we are able to stain the bones of young animals by the administration of madder with their food. When iron is administered alone, it has the desired effect by mingling with the sulphur of the hair. When the hair is so far blanched that it no longer possesses this last substance, it must be supplied artificially in a separate form. Iron has this advantage, that it is beneficial to the system, and that its use can scarcely ever be hurtful. Bismuth, lead, and copper are frequently substituted



SLAVE DEALERS AND SLAVES—A STREET SCENE IN ZANZIBAR.

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THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT.

for iron by fashionable hair-dressers. Most of the hair restorers sold in shops owe their coloring power to lead, which, combining with the sulphur of the hair, under the influence of the oxygen of the atmosphere, obtains the desired effect. Leaden combs exercise a similar action. The long-continued employment of the last-named metal must necessarily prove injurious, and is said to have caused colics, and even palsy, though the latter does not seem to have been well authenticated. Some people have used it for years without any apparent evil result.

The other and best-known process for changing the color of the hair is by the application of ordinary dyes. They act on the hair mostly mechanically, by simply staining it, just as silk and cotton and wool are made to change their hue. These dyes do their work in a few hours, or in a few minutes. They consist of different salts and preparations of iron, bismuth, lead, silver, and copper. Also some vegetable substances are employed, such as pyrogallic acid, and the juice of the walnut, the whortleberry, and the betel-nut. These and many other articles have been tried, with more or less success, to conceal the ravages of time. Much ingenuity has been bestowed in the preparation of hair dyes, and great improvement has been obtained in their results. We do not often see now a human head of hair passing through a gradation of tints, as we did formerly, beginning from snow-white roots and ending with purple-black tips. Nevertheless, even the most skillfully dyed head can not approach Nature, and can scarcely fail to be detected by a close observer.

THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT.

WHO would have thought some some six or seven years ago, on reading a brief paragraph in the papers to the effect that a claimant to the Tichborne estates had appeared in Australia, that a cause would arise out of that statement assuming greater dimensions and arousing more popular interest than perhaps any trial on record? Looking back to the commencement of the affair, our surprise is as great as that of the Oriental fisherman when he saw an immense genie come out of a little leaden casket. Every thing connected with this case tends to bigness, the personal appearance of the claimant being no exception to the rule, and even the side issues of this extraordinary inquiry assume a portentous magnitude, just as the tributaries of the mighty Amazon far exceed in size the principal rivers of smaller countries. In this place we need not do more than remind our readers that the claimant, after a trial of unprecedented length, failed to convince a jury that he was the heir to the Tichborne estates, that he was then committed to Newgate on a charge of perjury and forgery, but was afterward released on bail. His trial on the former of these charges began in the Court of Queen's Bench, Westminster Hall, on Wednesday, the 23d of April, and some idea of the length to which it is likely to extend may be gathered from the fact that the opening speech of Mr. Hawkins, the senior counsel for the prosecution, alone occupied a week. His address was chiefly of a biographical character, as he

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first sketched the life of Roger Charles Tichborne up to the date of his disappearance on board the *Bella*, and then narrated the history of Arthur Orton, who, according to the theory of the prosecution, is identical with the claimant. The accompanying illustration gives a life-like portrait of the *soi-disant* Sir Roger Tichborne, whose real name, in the minds of most men, is Arthur Orton, the butcher of Wapping.

WE desire to call the attention of our readers to a new process discovered by Madame HERMAN, artiste, of this city, for taking *life-size Busts* from an ordinary photograph. These busts have all the *beauty and durability of Parian marble*, and can be furnished for less than one-tenth the price. She is also prepared to give private lessons in her entirely *new method of making Foliage*, never before taught in this country, which is a perfect representation of the *natural leaf*, and is made without moulds or scissors. It has been pronounced the greatest invention of the day. Madame HERMAN will also teach her new method of making *Wax Flowers*, by which any lady may become proficient in the art in three hours' time. Samples of her art, including busts of many of our most distinguished citizens, are on exhibition at her residence, to which our readers, and particularly the ladies, are cordially invited at 113 West 41st Street, New York.—[*Com.*]

EVERY mother who has a crying baby, or children subject to croup and stomach-complaints, can rely upon Castoria to keep the child well and give it rest. There are but few nurses in New York who do not use Castoria. It should be in every house.—[*Com.*]

TAKE YOUR DYEING AND CLEANING to the New York Dyeing and Printing Establishment, *Staten Island;* 98 Duane St., 752 Broadway, and 610 Sixth Ave., New York; 164 and 166 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn; 40 North Eighth St., Philadelphia. No other offices.—[*Com.*]

☞ HONOR TO THE VETERANS.—Honor also to the inventors whose genius have emancipated the race of women from the drudgery of the needle. Honor above all to a firm which, like the Wilson Sewing-Machine Company, distributes its machines broadcast throughout the land at prices that even the poor and humble can afford to pay. A first-class machine for fifty dollars! This is the proclamation of the Wilson Sewing-Machine Company to the people. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The Company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

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It is reliable and harmless.

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32 " " " 4 " " 12.00
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Back or Waterfall Curls—full sets Naturally Curly.

Size.	Big Price.	Retails
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Long single Curls (heavy) natur'ly curly
22 in hair, only $3.00
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LATEST STYLE.—Spanish Comb, Imitation Shell, sent prepaid on receipt of $1.50...everybody wearing them.

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Wreath with any Initial, Monogram, or word, or Bouquet, made of as many pieces or colors of Hair as you may send.

Almost every family possesses some hair of deceased relatives, which can be made into beautiful pictures, forming imperishable and unchangeable mementoes and handsome household ornaments. Either of the above designs appropriately framed 4 x 6 inches, sent prepaid on receipt of $10.00. The above is the very best method of preserving the hair in its original color, and is now being extensively adopted by all who wish to preserve such as relics to perpetuate the memory of the departed. Have one made. You will surely order others on seeing how really artistic the work is done. Will return all hair not used. Established 1843. **CHAS. V. PECKHAM,** *Near Amity St. (Copyright secured.)* **687** *Broadway, N. Y. City.*

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1712

1712—Polonaise—will do justice to any kind of material. Is becoming for either stout or slight figure; the back has a postillion cut in two deep points, the centre being the shorter; is laid in a deep box-pleat on the under side, causing it to set out just enough to relieve the flat, awkward appearance occasioned by the absence of the pannier or bustle. The revere front gives it the coat effect. It is predicted for the coming autumn costumes. Requires eight yards of twenty-seven-inch-wide silk. Pattern, with cloth model, $1 00.

Notice the SPECIAL PREMIUM below.

1718

1718—Polonaise—is being extensively manufactured in Europe for Fall importations. It may be left open or closed in front of skirt with the same graceful effect. One of its greatest charms is, the draping will not become disarranged or slide to one side, as most styles. For wash goods, its merit is evident, as it is festooned and kept back with a single button. The straight front is the marked feature in all the coming styles. Requires about five yards of linen thirty-six inches wide. We recommend this shape for any kind of material, and feel sure we shall be gratefully remembered by such as take our advice in selecting it. Pattern, with cloth model, $1 00.

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Suit No. 33—The Overskirt is one of the greatest novelties; three yards of twenty-four-inch silk (without being cut) is so draped and festooned as to form one of the most elegant designs. Number of overskirt, 1502. Pattern, with cloth model, which shows how to festoon, &c., 50 cents. Number of under-skirt, 1571. Pattern, with cloth model, showing trimming, 50 cents. Number of waist, 801. Pattern, with cloth model, 25 cents. Patterns and cloth models of entire suit, $1 00.

33

Notice the SPECIAL PREMIUM below.

1555—Redingote—when belted down and draped, is a beautiful polonaise. By unfastening the belt and unbottoning the straps on the under side, it falls into a perfectly plain sacque—a most valuable novelty for laundring. Requires six yards of one-yard-wide material. Number of Redingote 1555. Pattern, with cloth model, any size, 50 cents. Number of skirt, 1589. Pattern, with cloth model showing trimming, 50 cents.

1555

Notice the SPECIAL PREMIUM below.

1360—Redingote—is suitable for any kind of material. It is close fitting in the back, with two large pleats laid at the bottom of waist. The front is without darts and double-breasted; can be belted in or left loose, at pleasure. When made in silk, poplin, or cashmere, it serves for either house or street. Requires seven yards of twenty-seven-inch goods, to make a full, long garment for medium-sized lady. All sizes. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.

1360

818—Is one of the most satisfactory ways of making piqué, linen, or cloth suits for children. It is appropriate for girls under six years, and for boys four years. The jacket is nearly tight-fitting; the vest is not separate, but simulated by the trimming. Battlements are cut in the side forms of the back, to correspond with those in front. The skirt is gored, and laid in four box-pleats at the waist. Is easily laundried. Requires one and a half yards for four years. Pattern, with cloth model, 25 cents.

818

Notice the SPECIAL PREMIUM below.

712—Apron. It is simply a gabrielle slightly falling to the figure, and tied in the back with a sash of the same. Low neck and a band for the sleeve. Made in Swiss, silk, or alpaca. Sizes from two to ten years. Requires two yards of linen for seven years. Pattern, with cloth model, 25 cents.

712

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As I have had numerous complaints from ladies who have been led astray by unscrupulous imitators of my advertisements, and bought inferior goods, I call the attention of the ladies to 364 Bowery, cor. 4th Street, which entire building I occupy.

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All Hair used in my establishment I *import and manufacture myself*, and is of the best quality only; and if any expert can prove that I use in my goods any other quality but the best, or *mix* it with Italian or Chinese Hair, which is generally applied to by other dealers, will *refund* the money in every case.

I can offer to the public inducements which can not be superseded by any of my competitors.

All goods WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.

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Short Hair Switches $1 and upward. Finest quality Hair Switches, solid, not dyed, 18 inches long, 4 ounces weight, - - - $5 00
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Shaw's Patent Hair Switches, 50c.

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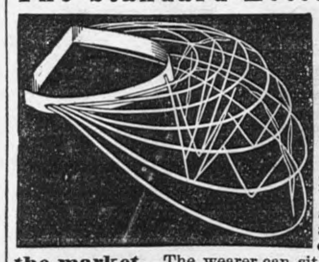

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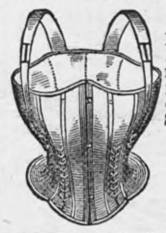

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TOWER HILL HOUSE,
NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I.,
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OFFICE OF FARMERS' AND DROVERS' BANK,
LOUISVILLE, KY., April 7, 1873.

This is to certify that there is in the **Farmers' and Drovers' Bank,** to the credit of the Third Grand Gift Concert for the benefit of the Public Library of Ky., **Five Hundred Thousand Dollars,** which has been set apart by the Managers to pay the gifts in full, and will be held by the Bank and paid out for this purpose, and this purpose only.

(Signed.) **R. S. VEECH, Cashier.**

LIST OF GIFTS.

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One Grand Cash Gift			**50,000**
One Grand Cash Gift			**25,000**
One Grand Cash Gift			**20,000**
One Grand Cash Gift			**10,000**
One Grand Cash Gift			**5,000**
24 Cash Gifts of	**$1,000**	**each,**	**24,000**
50 Cash Gifts of	**500**	**"**	**25,000**
80 Cash Gifts of	**400**	**"**	**32,000**
100 Cash Gifts of	**300**	**"**	**30,000**
150 Cash Gifts of	**200**	**"**	**30,000**
590 Cash Gifts of	**100**	**"**	**59,000**
9,000 Cash Gifts of	**10**	**"**	**90,000**
Total, 10,000 Gifts, all Cash,			**$500,000**

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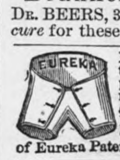

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...CETIÆ.

...ng ladies have a new ...od of testing the ...th of their admirers' ...as. They take them ... on Saturday aft... nd after loading ... Brobdingnagian ...narch them up ... the avenue two ...times. Few pass the ordeal un...

...respondent wants ... whether, consid... great utility of ...n, poets are not ...n calling it a "waste of water."

A dentist advertises that he finds "Champagne" the best of anæsthetics.

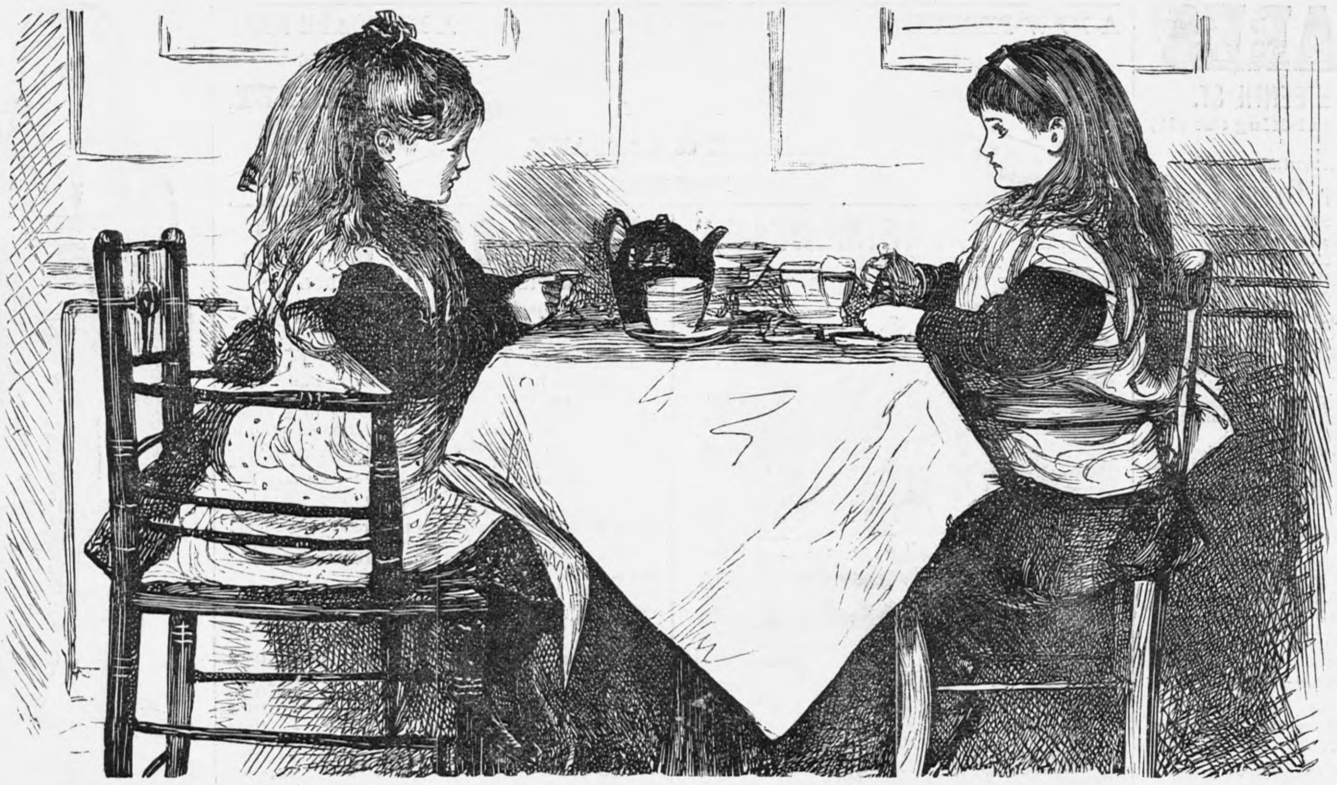
A young lady was lately taken aback when her swain got upon his knees before her and read a declaration of love which he had nicely written off.

Good potatoes and corn have their eyes and ears about them.

"The good die young," especially during the season of green fruit.

A Scotch missionary, in speaking of cannibalism, solemnly declares that for his own part he "would rather go hungry for two days than eat an old personal friend."

No objection can possibly be made to receiving an epileptic patient at a hospital because he is in a *fit* state of health.



SOME PEOPLE HAVE A WAY OF ACCOUNTING FOR EVERY THING.

FLORENCE. "My Egg's quite Cold! I wonder why?"
ETHEL. "So's mine. Can't you guess?"
FLORENCE. "No!"
ETHEL. "Why, they've been boiled in Cold Water, Stoopid!"

They say that inebriation is very prevalent in literary circles. A member of the press had a glass too much the other night at the theatre. (N.B.—It was an opera-glass, which fell upon him from the upper boxes.)

TOO GOOD!

MISS DAUBIGNY. "But why won't you come and let me paint your picture, dear?"

LITTLE GIRL. "Cos you said you wanted a very good little girl. I ain't one, and don't want to be one!"

MISS DAUBIGNY. "Don't want to be a good girl! But why?"

LITTLE GIRL. "Cos all good girls die young, and I don't care about that just yet."

A characteristic story is told of the most incorrigible of the burlesque writers. When a favorite domestic drama was recently brought out at Liverpool, a terrible wait occurred on the night of its production after the second act. The orchestra had exhausted its repertory, and still the curtain remained down. Presently a harsh grating sound was painfully audible from behind—the sound of a saw struggling through wood.

"What is that noise?" impatiently asked a gentleman of the author.

"Well, I can't say," answered Mr. Byron, mournfully, "but I suppose they're cutting out the third act."

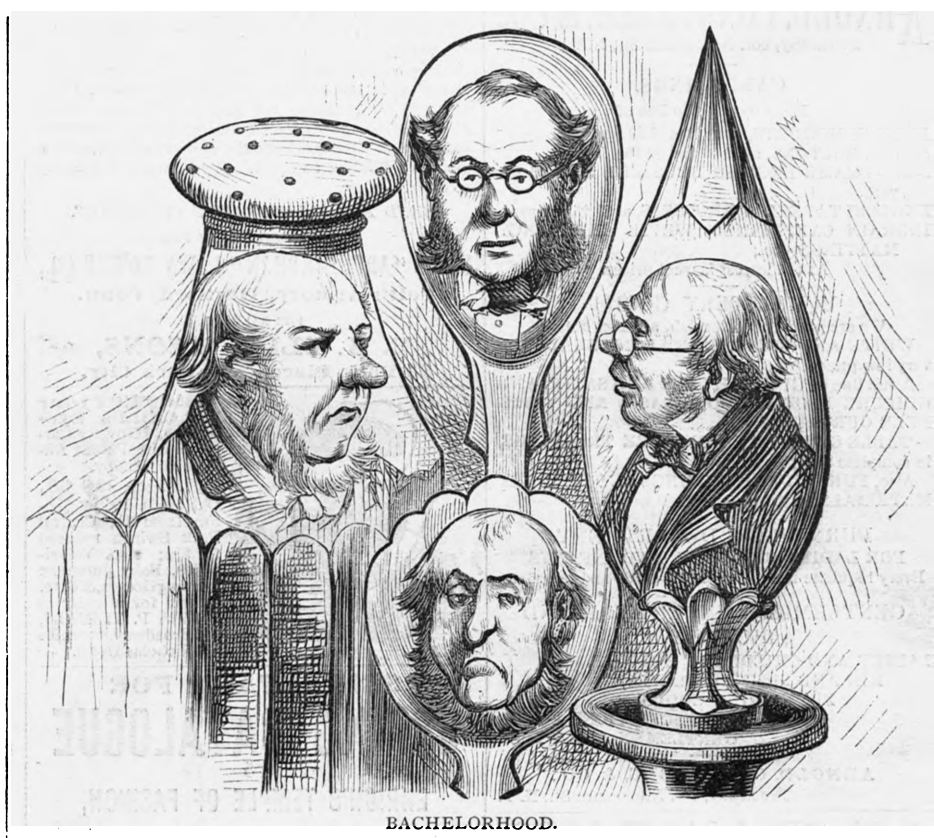
A POST UNDER GOVERNMENT—A telegraph post.

IN TIME TO CATCH IT.

SCENE—*Railroad Dépôt, some distance from Town. Time*—11 *p.m.*

JONES (*who has promised the wife of his bosom that he will return home early that evening*). "What Time does the next Train start?"

PORTER (*playfully*). "You're in capital Time, Sir—no occasion to Hurry, Sir—Eight o'clock To-morrow Morning!"



BACHELORHOOD.

THE FOUR SEASONS—Vinegar, Pepper, Salt, and Mustard.

An Irishman, leaning against a lamp-post as a funeral procession was passing, was asked who was dead. "I can't exactly say, Sir, but I presume it is the man in the coffin."

Sloper was asked to take the chair the other day. He tried to, but the landlord stopped him with it under his arm, going out of the door.

A correspondent writes: "I have to submit two instances of apt production of Holy Writ, to neither of which, I think, can any body object on the score of irreverence. In the first, an old clergyman was asked by his son, who was also a parson, to preach at his church. The young man, whose views differed entirely from those of his parent, was most delighted at his acquiescence, which, he thought, showed that the elder was gained over to his way of thinking. But his hopes were dashed to the ground when his father gave out for his text, Matthew, xvii. 15: 'Lord, have mercy on my son, for he is lunatic.' The second case happened to a field-officer in the army, who was at school with me. Sending unpaid to a former school-master an envelope full of potato skins, he received it back by return of post. On being foolish enough to pay sixteen pence—a great sum for a school-boy—he opened the covering envelope, and saw inside its flap this simple statement, Proverbs, xii. 16: 'A fool's wrath is presently known.'"

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

MAN ON FIDGETY MARE. "Gently, Old Lady! Gently! No Hurry!"
STOUT LADY CROSSING THE RIDE. "Who are you, calling me 'Old Lady,' I should like to know? I don't intend to Hurry, I can Tell you!"

Why is the dress circle at a theatre like a waste-paper basket? Don't you know? Ask a manager.

What kind of cattle do they have in Scotland? A man there advertises that he "wants a woman to wash, iron, and milk one or two cows."

"She only wore a single rose," is the language of a song. Rather a light costume. Wind wasn't probably east that day.

At a dinner, during a pause in the conversation, a gentleman accosted a judge present in a voice that attracted the notice of a very large party, asking him to drink a glass of wine with him. "For," said he, "you and I are connected."

"I am happy to hear it," was the reply, "but am not aware how."

"I'll tell you," was the rejoinder; "your ancestor hung twenty-nine out of thirty-two of my ancestors."

A paper announces that by the recent burning of an ice-house, twenty thousand tons of ice were reduced to ashes.

That unfortunate set of men known as Washington's body servants is thinned out so rapidly by death of late that it is feared not more than a few thousand of them will be left to take part in the centennial celebration.

When is a young lady "very like a whale?"—When she's pouting.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 25.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

FERNERIES.

A SHADY corner of your garden, where the sun seldom if ever comes, but which must nevertheless be adorned and beautified in some way for the eyes of the beholder or passer-by, will furnish just the spot for a fernery.

No more beautiful or refreshing object will be found in the garden than a bed of various kinds of ferns, growing luxuriantly, each in its own way, and needing no attention beyond an occasional shower from the watering-pot when the weather is dry.

A trip into the woods about the middle of May will give you plants well started and vigorous, which, if carefully transplanted, will scarcely show that they have been moved, but go on growing from the first. In the Middle States we have nearly one hundred varieties, some more rare and difficult of culture than others, and of beauty equal to the finest exotics, so that one need not go far from home to discover a sufficient variety for the largest fern bed. A summer trip among the mountains or a visit to friends in the country will afford an opportunity to gather them, and when once the attention is attracted to their abundance and beauty, it will be a great source of pleasure.

By the road-side and along the ditches you will find them, some tall and stately, with branching stems of grand proportions, and others so small and delicate that their little miniature fronds will scarcely be visible until sought after. Some love the damp and low places in the woods, while others are found clinging to the crevices of rocks, or upon the stone fences or rubbish heaps, where their seeds have lodged and sprouted; but a thing very rarely seen is a fern of any kind with its root in the water. It loves to droop over the brook as if to drink, and rejoices in the vapory moisture that rises from it, but chooses a drier place for its roots, as if afraid of the current that might some day wash it quite away. The lover of these things need not wait to begin a collec-

Fig. 1.—GROS GRAIN JACKET.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7-11.

Fig. 2.—GROS GRAIN JACKET.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7-11.

Fig. 3.—FAILLE JACKET.—BACK.—[See Fig. 4.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-6.

Fig. 4.—FAILLE JACKET.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 3.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-6.

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tion until every thing else is ready. A bed can be prepared temporarily to receive the little roots as they are met with, and by-and-by, when the rock structure is completed, they can be transplanted carefully into the places prepared for them.

As regards these rockeries, which are to give character to your undertaking, they may be of various styles, according to the space you may have at your disposal. If the grounds are large, and you have some unsightly object at hand for which a screen may be desirable, directly in front of it will be the place for your rockery; and it may be reared high enough to answer the double purpose of use and ornament. If rocks and stones are scarce, any old bricks or débris from a demolished building will answer every purpose.

To begin work, we should recommend you to have before you a drawing of some old ruin, representing a broken wall with openings here and there, and with an irregular top or margin. Any drawing-book will furnish you with sketches of this kind, if you can not improvise; and having marked out your ground, begin building up the wall with the bricks or stones as roughly and irregularly as possible. A boy can do the work, under your direction, if a mason can not be found, and you must judge of the effect as the pile progresses. Build it up with only one thickness of brick, and when this is done, make another precisely like it in height and general character, leaving six inches of space between them. When they are done, this space is to be filled, if possible, with good loam, or leaf mould from the woods. Here and there there should also be left small openings, like breaches, in your wall, occurring in different places on the opposite sides, and before filling in the earth it will be well to give the old bricks a wash of some coarse paint, of a yellowish-brown color, in order to convey as nearly as possible the idea of old stonework. If there are any good-sized stones to place about the ground at the base of your structure, the effect will be further improved.

This will afford a grand chance for different varieties of ferns and other climbing plants to enjoy their natural habits of growth. The kinds that love to lodge high up in the crevices or on the sides of mountains may be planted on the summit; and in the little breaks in the wall, and below, among the stones at the base, will grow the taller polypodiums, and lovely climbing fern that will cling so gracefully to the rough places until it reaches the very summit. A few creepers from the woods will not interfere with the ferns, but will help to support the stalk of the delicate climbing ones, and cover the whole wall with a sheet of dark green, changing with the earliest frost into a brilliant crimson. Other plants, like *sedum* and *saxifrage* and *tradescantia*, may be planted on the top, or in the holes in the sides, and all will grow together in pleasing confusion. I have seen one of these wall rockeries in which a doorway had been left, and around it were growing clumps of *maiden-hair*, *wall-rue*, and *sempervivum* in picturesque profusion.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1873.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be sent out gratuitously a splendidly illustrated

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

presenting a large variety of literary and artistic attractions.

WOMEN AND WORK.

WE fear that one of the least promising traits of modern society is the marked distinction made between the compensation paid for the same kind of labor to women and to men. The poor seamstress toils for four or five dollars a week; her male rivals demand and obtain nearly as much for the work of a single day. The female teacher receives one-third less for her equally useful labors than the male principal. The man-servant gets nearly twice as much as the maid. We believe the same inferiority is insisted upon in shops, factories, and almost all other employments, and the rude distinction handed down to us from our barbarous ancestors is preserved without shame and enforced without relaxation. No one ever heard of a woman being as well paid as a man, and no one seems to have sought for the reason of the difference. It has, indeed, no reason. It is a blind delusion, the growth of superior strength, and rests upon the same impulse that leads the Pawnee to devolve all the toils of life upon his squaw, and the Patagonian to devour in seasons of famine his least attractive helpmate.

Yet the sad results to modern society of the usage seem to lift it above the range of ridicule, and the woes, the temptations, and the possible dangers that beset the paths of ill-paid women, the privations of the solitary seamstress, or the laborious life of the faithful teacher, have sometimes a painful and always a touching moral. We trust that the subject is already attracting the attention of employers, that they will in future endeavor to remedy so dangerous an abuse, and to set the example to foreign countries of an equal attention to the wants and the merits of their work-people of both sexes. The painful stories that often come to us through the newspapers of the destitution of sewing-women, of women living upon three or four dollars a week, show that the fatal principle is active among us. We must have employers as hard as steel, as relentless as a farmer of the taxes; and we have a public that is anxious to get its clothing cheap. But the duty of the public is plain. It is to patronize no shop where the work-women are not as liberally paid as the men; and of the women it should be the aim to make their complaints known to the people.

But we were chiefly desirous to urge the Board of Education to hasten the reform which they have already suggested, and to raise the salaries of the female teachers of the public schools to an equality with those of the male. There could be no more generous or more patriotic reform. It would be the first assertion of the principle that female labor should be condemned to no lasting inferiority in honors and rewards. It would make the public schools the announcers of the fact that we, at least, have abandoned the barbarous practice of our European ancestors; that woman's work is hereafter to be rated at its true value; and that, in the art of teaching, where perhaps she excels the opposite sex, her value is acknowledged, and her services amply rewarded. In this way our public schools would teach a lesson that all the world should learn.

THE BIG TRUNK.

THE season of travel is here. Saratoga calls with the voice of all her springs, and the Trunk replies. The sea takes up the cry, the hills repeat it with a thousand echoes, and field and farm ring its changes. The season of travel is approaching, and as a natural consequence the season of the Big Trunk too. And concerning the said trunk, there is no other season as apropos for a word or two of preaching to fault-finders.

From the time of flowers to that of frost the air rings with objurgations on the Big Trunk—chiefly from the mouths of those who never lifted a handle of it—and it is called the back-breaker, the man-killer, the patent porter-crusher, and other equally euphonious epithets. But do those of the sterner sex who so unsparingly denounce it imagine that the women who for the most part are the offenders in the matter of the Big Trunk are necessarily man-haters, or have any special object in destroying porters? Does it, indeed, never occur to them that their own sex has some blame to receive in the matter, and that the railroad smasher and his master are at least participants in the wrong?

When the railroad authorities began to make an extra charge to the traveler for every additional trunk he checked it became necessary, of course, since there was no chance to rebel, for the traveler to outwit his tyrant, and to shut two trunks into one. And when the smasher began his depredations upon baggage there was nothing for baggage to do but to be twice as strong, and therefore twice as heavy, as before. Nor is the baggage-smasher solely responsible in his province, since his singular adroitness in ruining property is to be attributed more to the rush and hurry of our fast American business life, which is almost purely masculine, be it said in passing, and for which neither steam nor electricity is fast enough.

So much of the fault of the Big Trunk, therefore, it is plain, does not belong to the owner of the trunk, but to the very persons in whose behalf the greater portion of the complaining is done. But having now explained the reason of its being at all, let us look a little more closely into the subject.

In the first place we feel called upon to deny that the Big Trunk is of necessity or propriety a back-breaker or body-crusher. Originally, to be sure, advantage was taken of its size to pack away a whole wardrobe in it; but as luxury has increased, and a lady's wardrobe has assumed not only its present dimensions, but its present extravagant value, something was found to be necessary for the transportation of the precious wardrobe which should occasion the least possible folding and crumpling, and there was the Big Trunk at hand and ready-made. French maids soon learned how to tack on the inside in separate layers the broad tapes which, tightly stretched and tied, should hold the various skirts in place so firmly that let the trunk be tumbled from the north to the south pole, yet not a fold of the silks and laces should be disturbed. And so it has come to pass that the lady who travels with the Big Trunk is tempted to disregard the extortions of the railways, and almost universally takes along a smaller trunk for the conveyance of the heavier articles of her attire, and reserves the Big Trunk for little else than her dresses and her hats—not, be they ever so goodly a number, necessarily a mountainous burden to the frames that porters are wont to boast—and as a general thing the trunk itself is much weightier than its contents. If there are among us any yet remaining who insist upon stowing their possessions up to the last limit of their trunk's capacity, and then getting in and treading down the contents as if it were a wine-press, they are the ones who bring discredit and perhaps overthrow on an institution that, fitly used, is of great value, and who, if they persist, may eventually render it impossible for any one to appear at a distance from home in a fresh and untumbled toilette, since it is a matter of impossibility to crowd the multitudinous ruffles and plaits and draperies of a modern dress into any narrow compass and take them out uncreased and in decent condition. Fathers and husbands who complain now of the fees they pay to porters will in that day have many times as much to pay in the provision of the new dresses required to take the spoiled ones' places, for soil can be removed, but wrinkles are ineffaceable.

This feeing of porters, by-the-way, connects one with a novel and mysterious employment of which but little is known in the world abroad, and which few of us who toss the puffing Hibernian his half dollar are likely to guess at unassisted. We have all of us been wont to fancy as we relieved our consciences at the top of the third flight by that amount of currency, and received the voluble thanks customary therefor, that at any rate the man was by that much the richer, and he who handled so many trunks a day must handle as many half dollars, and all the sooner be ready to retire from the back-breaking business. But which of us was ever acute enough to guess the truth, and to conjecture that the poor man had but farmed out his strong muscles for small but regular per diem wages? Yet such is the fact. In most of our large hotels some one individual purchases of the proprietors the right to move the baggage of the guests; and so much of the transaction being complete, he introduces into the house his own corps of porters, to all of whom he pays the usual daily wages of their class elsewhere, and the transaction is concluded when the liberal fees of our free-and-easy pleasure-seekers are transferred, as we understand is the invariable case, from the porter's pockets to those of the employer, exact account being taken and rendered, and the business footing up a very handsome yearly return to be passed to the credit of the Big Trunk.

STEP-MOTHERS.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

THE cruel step-mother is the *bête noire* of fairy-land, and is not unknown in real life. I have seen step-mothers who, if left to my judgment, would have been speedily doomed to outer darkness, where are weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. And I have seen step-mothers whose care and patience and tenderness and wisdom were not to be excelled. Between these two extremes comes every grade of goodness and badness.

It is not to be concealed that the relation is one of exceeding difficulty. It is, in a sense, unnatural. The natural way is for husband and wife to see their children grow up, to live to a good old age, and to die full of years and honors. When the wife dies prematurely, the whole current is set back. There is confusion, derangement, and almost inevitable injury. It is seldom that the remainder of life is more than a partially successful effort at restoration. No one knows better than the conscientious and sagacious step-mother how irreparable is the loss which the mother and the children have both sustained. Whether it is better supplied by the assumption on the father's part of the whole responsibility, or by the substitution of a foreigner for the lost mother, admits of question. When we see a step-mother reckless, cold, and cruel, or even when we see one really endeavoring to do her duty by the children, yet doing it without heart, without warmth, without sympathy, without success—priding herself on meeting abundantly all their material wants, yet with no loving appreciation of their inward nature, and never securing their confidence—we are ready to condemn the whole relationship. When we see a father becoming to his bereaved daughters a very mother for tenderness and watchfulness, a companion and confidant in school and social life, their most intimate and trusted friend, making for them a bright home and a happy life, training them up to respectability, usefulness, and grace, keeping the image of their mother fresh and her memory green, doing her honor as the one woman of his life, and avowing, by his daily walk, his belief in immortality and his expectation of a glorious reunion, then we say this is the true course, though in some things we see that the home and the daughters show the lack of a woman's tender training and fine touch. But another man marries a wife whose great heart infolds his children not only from love to him, but pity for them. The home which was forlorn grows warm and attractive. The children, who were a little wild and shabby and inharmonious, are once more clothed and in their right mind. Another father, who remains true to his last wife, presides over a house which daily deteriorates. Irregular meals, improper food, insufficient and inappropriate dress, uncared-for children straying in the streets, a house waxing constantly more dreary, comfortless, and repulsive—these make even a step-mother seem not the most unpromising establishment in the world.

Below the ideal marriage between one man and one woman growing ever more and more into a complete and perfect sympathy, and sinking at last into a common grave to rise together in newness of life, there are many forms of marriage worthy the name. But something is gained when we settle down into the conviction that marriage is a matter between the man and the woman, for them to decide, and for nobody else. If no man would henceforth ever say that he wants to marry in order to provide a mother for his children, he would stand better at least before the woman-world. His assertion may be true, but he would much better keep it to himself. In the first place, nobody believes him. Talk about the children is a ruse which deceives no one but himself. It is because he himself wants a wife, and not because he is moved with compassion toward his children, that he begins to agitate the subject. At any rate, people will always think so, and he will only be laughed at for his pains. In the second place, the alleged fact is no proper motive for a marriage. It is an insult to women, and implies mean-spiritedness in a man. There is no greater nuisance than a hungry prowler about society, seeking whom he may devour for his cubs. Let him hold up his head like a man, and take care of his children himself the best way he can; and if Providence decrees him to fall in love, and he can command a woman's love in return, and make her look kindly on his children for his sake, no one will forbid the bans; but to ask a woman to accept him for his children's sake is asking her to cheapen herself indeed. It is difficult enough to mother the children when she is in love with the father; but to ask her to do it without that stimulus and support, to take father and children both out of a generic compassion, is to invite rejection and make pity and respect alike impossible.

So if a woman marries a man who has been already once married, it may be that her love for his helpless children impelled her, but it is not in good taste to say so. Let her say nothing about it. He or she who excuses, accuses. A man ought to be so in love with a woman and a woman with a man as not to care what people say or think of their marriage. They should be so satisfied themselves as to be indifferent to the satisfaction of indifferent people. A man may be weak to fall in love a second time, but he is never so weak as when he is apologizing for it. A woman may be foolish to encumber herself with a bothersome man and a family of turbulent children when she might live in peace and tranquillity, but if she keeps her lips sealed, no one will ever know whether she is or not. Is she annoyed by the common strictures passed upon step-mothers? She ought to be so good a step-mother as to be able to laugh them to scorn, and to find in the cordiality of her step-children a balm for every wound. Is she pained by the implication of being her husband's second choice? She ought not to have married him without a love so deep, a sympathy so comprehensive, as to know no past and no future, and her satisfaction and enjoyment in him ought to be so great as to make every arrow pointless and both their hearts invulnerable. People will forever talk, but there is a love which never heeds it nor ever hears it, and it is the only love worth having. The one thing that ought never to be apologized for or explained is marriage. If it is not sufficient unto itself, nothing can make it sufficient. The explanation may be eminently virtuous and plausible, but who shall explain the explanation?

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

INFANTS' CLOTHING.

LAYETTES at the furnishing houses are made with dainty neatness, yet there is little novelty about them to record. The fancy is still to hide plump, dimpled shoulders under high-necked dresses with long sleeves, and to make very long skirts, measuring a yard from the waist down. Baby dresses imported from Paris are cut with half-low square necks, and a high yoke of lace and embroidery is then added, making the garment do duty both as a high and low

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dress. Imported christening robes are made of linen cambric, ornamented with daintiest needle-work wrought on the garment, and finest Valenciennes. Less expensive robes are of French nansook, soft, fine, and of yellow-whiteness, like India muslin. The yoke and the broad tablier are formed of lengthwise bands of Valenciennes between puffs of nansook. The skirt may be finished by a deep hem headed by insertion, or else a flounce finished with lace. The sash is tied on the left side, and is made either of watered ribbon or else soft twilled India silk, with fringe knotted on the ends, and is always snowy white, as every thing baby wears should be. Some mothers prefer a muslin sash, with insertion bands its entire length, and an edging of Valenciennes. Ordinary day slips are made with plain yokes and full loose breadths not confined at the waist by belt or sash.

Infants' cloaks are large double capes of repped piqué. The upper cape is almost covered with embroidery done in "baby patterns" of slender vines, lilies-of-the-valley, with tiny buds and leaflets. For those who use woolen fabrics at all seasons of the year there are cloaks of white cashmere, lined with thin silk, and handsomely embroidered: price from $60 to $85. Cashmere cloaks trimmed with silk bands and fringe cost $35 or $40. The cap is of Valenciennes lace and appliqué embroidery, made close-fitting, with slightly pointed crown in Normandy shape. Lace turbans are prepared for baby boys. Shapely little sacques of zephyr wool, knit in Afghan stitch, white, with rose or a sky blue border, are used for extra wraps on cool mornings: price $1 60 to $2. Larger and thicker sacques, knit in shell figures, are $3 25.

SHORT CLOTHES.

The first short dresses are also made with yokes, to which full breadths are added, making waist and skirt in one piece, but a belt is placed underneath, and the muslin is gauged on it in two or three rows of gathers. The French aprons, which are merely yoke slips without belts, are also used as dresses. Gabrielles still rival the yoke slip in popularity. There have been several attempts at changing the shape of this garment, but the simple model at first used is invariably returned to as the best. Corded piqué and white Irish linen are the fabrics for Gabrielles. The trimmings are insertions of open-worked English embroidery set in, with the goods underneath cut away, and a scant ruffle of embroidery of the same design edges the dress. The insertion sometimes outlines tabliers on the front breadth, passes over the shoulders and down the back. On other dresses it is inserted diagonally, or in blocks, or else oval medallions. On piqués a kind of piqué braid covers the edge where the insertion is joined to the fabric.

For girls over a year old square-necked sleeveless over-dresses of piqué are worn over Gabrielles; also high-necked princesse over-dresses with long sleeves are worn above the plain skirt of piqué. The furnishing houses provide for every-day wear factory-made blouses of pale buff linen cut in Gabrielle shape, and neatly trimmed with rows of braid. The price is $1, and the garment is large enough for a girl of two years. Boys' blouses are of thicker linen, cut with diagonal front, and belted. Price $2. The wrap worn alike by boys and girls of one or two years is a walking coat of piqué—a kind of long wrapper dress with large cape. Girls begin at this age to wear the regular Normandy cap, with its high pointed crown of muslin, plain, puffed, or embroidered, over a colored silk lining, and trimmed with colored ribbon or black velvet: price from $7 to $14. Lovely little sun-hats of piqué are made with embroidered crowns buttoned on a scalloped brim. These cost only $2, and are very easily laundried. Boys wear soft straw turbans, shaped precisely like the Rabagas hats worn by their mammas, with white royale velvet band and facing, and a closely curled ostrich tip.

SAILOR SUITS.

Sailor toggery is more popular than ever both for boys and girls. Girls of three years old and upward wear piqué dresses made with a sailor blouse and one gored skirt, trimmed with bands, collar, cuffs, pockets, and sash of blue Chambéry. These cost $6. Pale buff linen sailor dresses, with brown, white, or blue accessories, cost $5. The navy blue flannel suits for the sea-shore, traveling, and for cool mornings in the country, are trimmed with white braid, one wide and two narrow rows, and cost from $6 upward. Pale blue and white cashmere trimmings are also used on these dresses. Boys not yet in trowsers wear piqué, linen, and flannel suits made with sailor blouses and kilt skirts. Price $5 50 for piqué dresses slightly braided.

The sailor jacket of white loosely woven cloth, with stripe or polka dot of color, is the favorite wrap. It is double-breasted, with revers; the back is close-fitting and slashed. The revers is faced with black, blue, or brown silk to match the figure in the cloth, and the band around the sacque is of the same silk. Price $10 for sizes large enough for girls from four to seven years old. Deep navy blue cloth sacques with white piping and silvered buttons are sold for girls from nine to fourteen years of age: price $12 50.

STOCKINGS, SHOES, ETC.

The skirts of little girls' dresses are worn quite short, just coming below the knee. The long stocking is gartered above the knee, and the drawers are not visible. The English fancy for wearing colored stockings is being adopted here for children. During the winter children of wealthy people were arrayed in white throughout, except the stockings of scarlet or blue merino. Striped lisle-thread and cotton hosiery with wide bands of color around the leg, brown, black, blue, or scarlet, are now worn with white summer dresses. This is in questionable taste, but it is the fancy at present. For very small children there are buff, pink, blue, and gray kid boots, buttoned on the side, and without heels. Girls of three years and misses wear black kid buttoned boots. Boys also wear striped stockings and buttoned boots; besides these, the low shoes tied across the instep are popular for the little fellows.

SCHOOL-GIRLS' DRESSES.

The convenient model prescribed for school-girls' dresses is the box-pleated blouse-waist with two skirts, or else the single skirt with a loose belted polonaise. The dress skirts of girls just in their teens should reach the ankle; younger girls are wearing shorter skirts than formerly.

Flax gray linen suits, cool, and not easily soiled, are a boon to the school-girl. They should be made simply, and may be entirely without trimming; at least braiding and embroidery are superfluous. On the skirt put one deep kilt pleating, or else two gathered straight flounces hemmed below, and each headed by a bias band. Make the polonaise a loose double-breasted front, with adjusted back; hem the edge, or else face it; put two rows of large pearl buttons down the front; make square pockets and cuffs, and wear with a Russia leather belt. This suit will require a white habit shirt beneath, but if the polonaise is made single-breasted, the skirt may be dispensed with. For plain prints, percales, and linen lawns, choose those with fine stripes, or else small polka dots. Put two straight gathered flounces eight or ten inches wide on the skirt; make an apron-front over-skirt with long full back breadths, and trim with a ruffle, or else merely hem; put from three to five box-pleats in the back and front of the blouse, and add a standing English collar, or else a high fraise. The sleeves may be coat-shaped, with a cuff, or else a frill falling on the wrist; if the shirt sleeves of last summer are worn, the cuff is turned downward, and made flaring toward the hand.

Guipure lace sacques are objects of desire by young misses; if simply shaped and tastefully made, they serve to make the simplest lawn suit look quite dressy. The German imitation guipure netting, in rose patterns or in stripes, is used for this purpose, and the edge or border is of real guipure lace. In very simple sailor shape and in small sizes these are sold as low as $12.

For commencement dresses and other gay occasions young girls wear white Swiss or organdy muslin dresses, trimmed with ruffles edged with Italian Valenciennes, and brightened up by a wide sash of watered ribbon, or grenadine, or of twilled silk placed just below the waist, around the hips, and knotted loosely low on the left side of the back. A pretty model for such a dress has four lapping box-pleated flounces on the skirt, each flounce being five inches deep, and edged with Valenciennes; the simple round over-skirt has one flounce, and above it is a row of lengthwise bands of insertion, with a box-pleat of muslin between; the blouse-waist is formed entirely of long bands of insertion, separated by a box-pleat; a high Medici fraise trims the neck, and a ruffle edges the wrists of the coat sleeves.

The sailor-shaped Rabagas hat of rough-looking Mackinaw straw, trimmed with a band and streamers of black velvet ribbon, is worn by young girls. Sometimes white daisies or rose clusters are stuck in the hat-band. The hat is worn far back on the head, or else on one side in a saucy way that is very becoming to fresh, piquant faces. The Rubens hat and the Medici, with the brim turned up high and closely on both sides, are also much affected by *jeune demoiselles.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

The revival of an old fashion in trimming is that of introducing wash nets amidst the pleats and ruffles of thin white muslin dresses. This net is like that of old Mechlin thread lace, and is inserted in wide bands in dress skirts with box-pleats of muslin placed upon it lengthwise. The effect is very pretty.

Very plainly trimmed skirts of black taffeta silk are chosen by ladies to wear under independent polonaises of linen, batiste, or summer camel's-hair. The flounces are alike all around the skirt, and consist either of two gathered flounces ten inches deep, or else one deep kilting laid in groups of three pleats in a cluster.

For vest-front polonaises a different trimming is used, as the open front displays the front breadth of the dress skirt. Loose puffs or wide bias bands, or else double box-pleats, or perhaps kilt pleating, extend from belt to toe on three front breadths, while two deep flounces are in the back. These vest polonaises are deeply pointed on each side, and are caught up in a puff behind by large bows. Black silk suits have jet fringe on the basque and upper skirt, or else on the vest-polonaise, and elaborate irregular flounces on the lower skirt.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT has been sued in Paris. Some time ago the *Herald* noticed, in terms not positively delightful, the suit brought by the Vicomte de Brimont against Mr. PENNIMAN, of this city, for the continuance of an annual allowance which the vicomte stipulated he should receive from Mr. PENNIMAN at the time he, DE BRIMONT, married in Paris Miss PENNIMAN. The lady died a few years after the marriage, and Mr. PENNIMAN, who, it is rumored, was displeased with the course pursued by his son-in-law, refused, after the death of the daughter, to pay any thing more to the widower. There took place in Paris a suit, which M. DE BRIMONT gained; but meanwhile Mr. PENNIMAN had come to New York, the suit was revived here, and decided against DE BRIMONT. The *Herald's* criticism has raised the ire of the noble DE B., who has instituted a suit against Mr. BENNETT, now in Paris, and laid his damages at the sum of 100,000 francs. Mr. BENNETT proposes to defend to the last this attempt at extortion. He doesn't exactly see how he can be prosecuted in Paris for articles published in New York.

—Truly "man heapeth up riches, but can not tell who shall gather them." A fresh instance of the truthfulness of the aphorism has recently occurred in Philadelphia. Some two years ago Mr. WILLIAM P. WILSTACH, an opulent gentleman of Philadelphia, died, leaving about $1,100,000. By the terms of his will half this sum went to his wife, and half to his daughter, then a minor, who was to come into possession on attaining the age of twenty-one, which would be on March 21, 1874. In case of death prior thereto her share was to go to certain public institutions of Philadelphia. A few days since Miss WILSTACH died, and so the half million bequeathed to her will go to the charities designated in her father's will.

—TAUCHNITZ, the eminent publisher, of Leipsic, has given a copy of each of his publications to the Free Library of Chicago. Several American publishers, of various degrees of "eminence," have done the same thing, though it hasn't been much exploited in the newspapers.

—M. CASIMIR PERIER, the new French Minister of the Interior, is the son of the celebrated minister whom THIERS supported in the days of LOUIS PHILIPPE, and in his diplomatic career at various European courts he has earned high reputation for liberality and ability.

—Mr. JOHN WILSON is a gentleman whose name is just now in the types of all the Paris papers for having given to the Museum of the Louvre a painting by CONSTABLE, taken from his private gallery, as well as the "Bay of Weymouth," which he recently purchased for 56,600 francs. On the same day M. DE REISET had bought for the Louvre the "Cottage" of CONSTABLE for 24,500 francs. Gentlemen of wealth hereabouts have here instances which they may emulate by presenting to our Metropolitan Museum of Art paintings worthy of being exhibited in what is to become our "Museum of the Louvre."

—Speaking of the habits of men who are most prominent in the financial circles of New York, "Burleigh," the New York correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, says: "The sons of WILLIAM B. ASTOR walk down regularly every day from the Prince Street office to Wall Street. Watches can almost be set by their coming. Standing on the corner of Wall Street between nine and ten, the heavy merchants, brokers of a quarter of a century's standing, bank presidents, and officials who have fame, can be seen turning into the street and going into their offices before business begins. The Manhattan Bank is one of the heaviest banks of the city. Mr. MORRISON, the President, is a Scotchman and a devout Presbyterian. He worked his way up from a boy in the office to his high position. He turns the corner of Wall Street every morning about nine. He comes on foot, and does not leave his position till the bank closes. No cashier speculates with the funds of his bank."

—Father BECKX, the General of the Order of the Jesuits, is described as a short, narrow-shouldered man of seventy, with a tranquil countenance, "whose life seems to concentrate itself in his expressive gray eyes, shaded by long black lashes, and always bent to the ground except when he is addressing you." His head is long and narrow, and its baldness is concealed by a black skull-cap; his brown hair, interspersed here and there with a thread of silver, is brushed back from his temples behind his ears, and a sharp, prominent nose and thin, bloodless lips complete this very characteristic countenance. He speaks French and German with equal purity.

—BAYARD TAYLOR writes from Vienna that although American industry is not yet represented at the Exhibition, our people are, and by gentlemen concerning whose character there are and can be no reproachful rumors in Vienna.

—The Marquis of Lorne and the Archbishop of Canterbury have been corresponding on the subject of small livings in the Church of England. The marquis suggests that a fund might be formed large enough to make it certain that the incumbent of every living should have, at the least, two hundred pounds a year. Toward the establishment of such a fund Princess LOUISE and himself are anxious to render aid, and the Archbishop is quite agreeable—of course.

—Rev. NEWMAN HALL will revisit this country in August next and lecture in various cities, provided he can obtain the assent of his congregation, which is not likely to be withheld.

—The only instance in ecclesiastical history where a father and a son are both bishops is that of Bishop SAMUEL REINKE, of the Moravian Church, at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and his son, Bishop AMADEUS REINKE, of this city, also of the Moravian Church.

—So successful was the play of *David Garrick*, with Mr. SOTHERN in the title rôle, at Wallack's Theatre during the past few weeks, that Mr. WALLACK has paid to Mrs. ROBERTSON, widow of the author, $1450 as copyright for its use!

—Mr. SMALLEY, the London agent of the *Tribune*, gives in a recent letter to that journal some interesting reminiscences of the late JOHN STUART MILL. "As a talker," says Mr. S., "he had a manner of his own. Talker, in common dinner-table sense, he was not. He seldom told a story for the sake of telling it, nor kept a store of frivolous anecdotes to be produced for the mere amusement of listeners. Nor would he talk to every body. On subjects that interested him and with the people of the right sort he would pour out in easy profusion his stores of information. Among all the men whom I have met in England I remember but two who were in any degree comparable to him in the variety and fluent accuracy of his knowledge. These two were men extremely unlike him and unlike each other—Mr. CARLYLE and Mr. GLADSTONE. But they had this quality in common. He would meet men on their own ground if they were worth meeting, and they generally found him stronger than they were themselves in their own specialty. The play of his mind was not less remarkable than the fullness of it. He liked radical houses, naturally enough, and he could be seen at his best at Mr. TAYLOR'S or Sir CHARLES DILKE'S."

—Mr. JAMES W. WALLACK, who died a few days since while on his way homeward, was not only a dramatic artist of exceptional ability, but a most estimable gentleman in private life. Off the stage, he was notably a diffident and modest man. His tastes were all refined, and his habit of life, when not professionally engaged, whether in summer or winter, was to go straightway to his fine cottage and farm of sixty acres situated in the most beautiful portion of Long Branch. A more domestic man could scarcely be imagined. It was difficult to entice him from his home, where he was always so kind, so good, so charming. His funeral at the Church of the Transfiguration on the 27th ult. was attended by a large concourse of friends and admirers, who thus attested their respect for his memory.

—JOAQUIN MILLER communicated to JAMES REDPATH that he proposed soon to enter into bonds hymeneal with an English lady of fortune, the only daughter of Sir T. D. HARDY, of London. She should be a hardy woman, indeed, to wed that gifted and peculiar son of the Sierras—that "child of nature whose home was with the setting sun."

—The anniversary of RAPHAEL'S birth was recently celebrated in his native town, Urbino, Italy. One MORRIS MOORE contributed a large sum for the purchase of RAPHAEL'S house, and was thereupon given the right to occupy one of its rooms whenever he should visit the town. Mr. M. MOORE is an eccentric Englishman—very.

—General CANBY was so charitable a man that he died poor, leaving his widow with nothing but a pension of thirty dollars a month. Mr. J. B. MONTGOMERY, a contractor on the Northern Pacific Railway, learning this fact, collected from citizens of Portland in three hours $5400 in gold, and presented it to Mrs. CANBY.

—The Jubilee Singers, who recently had such a success in this city, appeared before the Duke and Duchess of Argyle and a distinguished private company, which was honored by the presence of the Queen, who dropped in during the concert and expressed her gratification.

—Miss HARRIET FENIMORE COOPER, a daughter of the eminent novelist, is writing a history of the Oneida Indians. This tribe has nearly died out. The few that remain are peaceable, intelligent, well-to-do farmers and laborers, and good citizens. It is a curious fact about Indians—they have an aversion to becoming mechanics. They are cunning at every thing else but that.

—The "whirligig of time" has brought about another curious result in Cincinnati. Quite recently the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER went to Cincinnati to install his nephew, Rev. GEORGE B. BEECHER, as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in that city. It was in that church, in 1834, where charges of heterodoxy were preferred against Dr. LYMAN BEECHER, then president of Lane Seminary, and applying for admission to the Cincinnati Presbytery. The trial on those charges came off in 1835. They were not sustained. An appeal to the Synod had a similar result. Dr. WILSON, pastor of the First Church from 1808 to 1846, began this zealous warfare on Dr. BEECHER, continued it, and when beaten in the Synod, carried the matter to the General Assembly. The animus of the trouble was in a sermon Dr. BEECHER had delivered at the East, and which had subsequently been published in a pamphlet. Despite that sermon, with its alleged "false doctrine," Dr. BEECHER had been admitted to the Presbytery. In May, 1836, Dr. WILSON brought the case before the General Assembly, but found it weak, and was permitted to drop it. By church discipline, having failed to prove his charges, he was liable to the same treatment Dr. BEECHER would have received had he been convicted. In 1837 or 1838 GEORGE, a son of Dr. LYMAN BEECHER, and father of the pastor lately installed, was examined for ordination by the Cincinnati Presbytery. Dr. WILSON did not like his theology, and made a fight against him, but he was ordained. The Second Church, formed from the First, received Dr. LYMAN BEECHER as pastor, Dr. WILSON giving it most hearty opposition. Rev. GEORGE B. BEECHER a few months ago received a call as the fifth pastor after Rev. Dr. WILSON, who died in 1846. He was a Congregationalist, but was received without a dissenting vote into the Cincinnati Presbytery.

—WILLIAM PHILLIPS, who died in April last in Santa Cruz, was a descendant of one of the oldest, wealthiest, and most distinguished families of Boston. He was a grandson of WILLIAM PHILLIPS, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, whose father, JONATHAN PHILLIPS, bequeathed, in 1849, $20,000 to be expended in forming and maintaining a public library in the city of Boston; also $20,000 as a trust fund, the income of which was to have been expended in adorning and embellishing the streets and public places in said city. He was one of the largest contributors in Boston in aid of the arctic expedition fitted out at this port, and he contributed $10,000 toward the erection of the Music-Hall. He was the oldest living descendant of the Rev. GEORGE PHILLIPS, of Watertown, the first of the name in America, who came to New England with Governor WINTHROP in the *Arabella* in June, 1630. Mr. WILLIAM PHILLIPS left a fortune estimated at about two millions of dollars. After paying bequests to the amount of about $100,000, the income of the whole estate is left to Mr. JOHN C. PHILLIPS (of the firm of MACKAY & PHILLIPS, 130 Water Street, New York), a cousin of the deceased. Mr. J. C. PHILLIPS was educated at Harvard College, and graduated in 1858.

—Earl RUSSELL'S new book, *Essays on the Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe, from the Reign of Tiberius to the End of the Council of Trent*, contains the following sentence at the close of the preface: "To Christianity for their religion, to liberty for their political institutions, the nations of the world must look, abjuring superstition, persecution, intolerance, in their religion; injustice, inequality, despotism, in their political institutions."

—Mr. HENRY G. MARQUAND, an intelligent and opulent, and, what is more, a very estimable gentleman, of this city, has erected for himself at Newport a cottage, or edifice rather, at a cost of $100,000, from the piazzas of which he proposes to get the interest of his money by inhaling the pure sea-breezes that come specially wafted to Newport to invigorate the wealthy and the wise who there do dwell.

—Mr. FREDERICK LOCKYER, of London, is the author of this little verse, which contains a deal of truth:

"They eat and drink, and scheme and plod,
And go to church on Sunday;
And many are afraid of God,
And more of Mrs. Grundy."

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EMBROIDERED MUSLIN SACQUE.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 18-20.

CHILD'S KNITTED AND CROCHET BIB.

EMBROIDERED PIQUÉ BIB.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 22.

Fig. 1.—DRESS FOR CHILD FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.—[See Figs. 2 and 3, Page 393.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 43-48.

DIMITY AND CROCHET GIMP BIB.

For description see Supplement.

QUILTED MUSLIN BIB.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 21.

DIMITY SACQUE, WITH NEEDLE-WORK RUFFLES.

For pattern see description in Supplement.

Child's Knitted and Crochet Bib.

THIS bib is worked with fine knitting cotton and fine steel needles, in the form of a square, from the outer edge toward the middle, and is edged with crochet points. The three upper corners are folded down in revers. The neck binding is crocheted in connection with the bib. Cast on 116 st. (stitch) on the first needle, 100 st. each on the second and third needles, and again 116 st. on the fourth needle. Knit, going back and forth, 20 rounds, so that on both sides of the work always alternately 5 rounds appear all knit plain, and 5 rounds all purled. In the first round always work off together the last 2 st. of the first, second, and third needles with the first st. of the next needle, thus always 3 st. together; this narrowing is repeated in every second following round, and the st. formed of the narrowing should always form the middle st. of every following narrowing. Then work 10 rounds in the same manner, but in the first of these 10 rounds cast off the first and the last 66 st.; after casting off the first 66 st., knit off together the next 2 st., and narrow in a similar manner at the beginning of each of the following 9 rounds. After casting off the last 66 st. of the first round the working thread must, of course, be laid on anew for the second round. After finishing the tenth round, cast on 70 st. in connection with this round, and gather these st. in two equal halves on the next two needles, so that each of the four needles closed in a ring contains the same number of stitches. Knit 60 rounds more, always going forward, in precisely the same manner as before, first going back on the foundation st., and narrowing in the middle as on the other corners of the square. Cast off the remaining 8 st. together in 1 sl., and then fasten the working thread carefully. Border the bib with a round of points, crocheting always alternately 1 single crochet on the outer edge, 1 point (consisting of 4 chain stitches and 1 single crochet on the second, 1 double crochet on the first of these), and with the latter pass over a corresponding interval. Finally, turn down the upper and the two side corners of the bib on the outside in revers, and fasten each corner with a button. Set on the bows of blue silk ribbon as shown by the illustration.

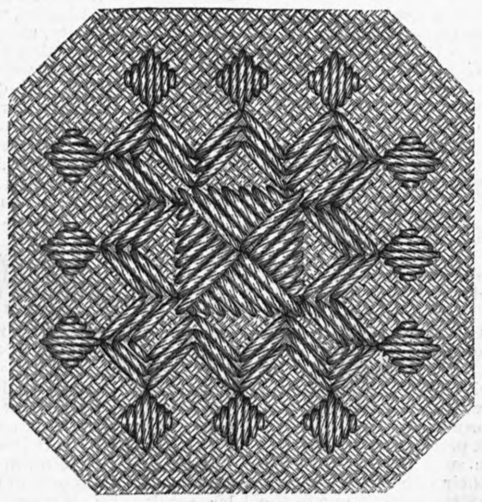


Fig. 5.—FOUNDATION FIGURE FOR AFGHAN, FIG. 1, PAGE 389.—FULL SIZE.

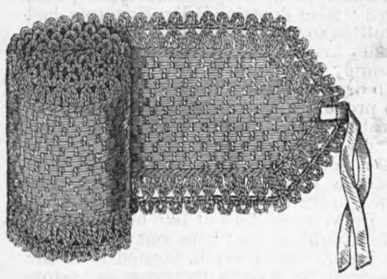


Fig. 1.—INFANT'S CROCHET BAND. [See Fig. 2.]

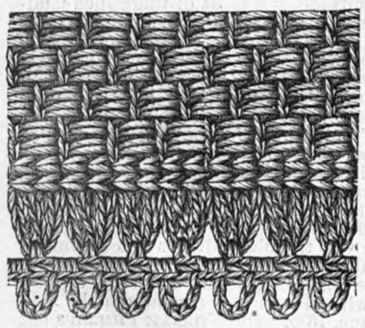


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF CROCHET BAND, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

Infant's Crochet and Knitted Bands, Figs. 1-3.

Figs. 1 and 2.—CROCHET BAND. This band is worked with coarse knitting cotton crosswise, in rounds going back and forth. Begin the band at the straight end with a foundation of 37 ch. (chain stitch); pass over the last 7 of these, and going back on the remaining ch., work the 1st round.—Always alternately 2 sc. (single crochet) on the next 2 st. (stitch), 2 ch., with these pass over 2 st.; at the end of the round work 2 sc. on the last 2 st. Then work 7 ch., and t. (turn the work). 2d round.—Fasten to the last st. of the preceding round (to do this drop the st. from the needle, insert the needle in the st. to which the fastening is to be done, and draw through the dropped st.), 30 ch., fasten to the first st. of the preceding round; then 7 ch., t. 3d round.—2 sc. on the next 2 st. in the first round, thus surrounding the ch. in the preceding round, then always alternately 2 sc. on the following 2 foundation st. (thus surrounding the st. of the second and first rounds below), 2 ch., with these pass over 2 st. At the end of the round work 2 sc. on the last 2 st. of the first round; then 7 ch., t. Repeat these last two rounds until the band is of the requisite length, but always transpose the long st. surrounding 2 rounds, as shown by Fig. 2, which gives a full-sized section of the crochet-work. In the last 10 rounds work the band in a point, fastening, in each ch. round, to the second st. and the st. before the last of the preceding round, instead of to the first and last st., and in each following round pass over 2 st. at the beginning and end. Finally, border the band on the outer edge, excepting the straight end, with two crochet rounds as follows: 1st round.—Always alternately 1 sc., with which fasten together the next 2 projecting ch. loops, 2 ch.; on the sloping sides of the pointed end always work 1 sc. on 1 ch. loop. 2d round.—Always 2 sc. on the ch. between the sc. of the preceding round, after every 2 sc. 1 picot, consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the last sc. At the point of the band fasten a linen tape as shown by Fig. 1.

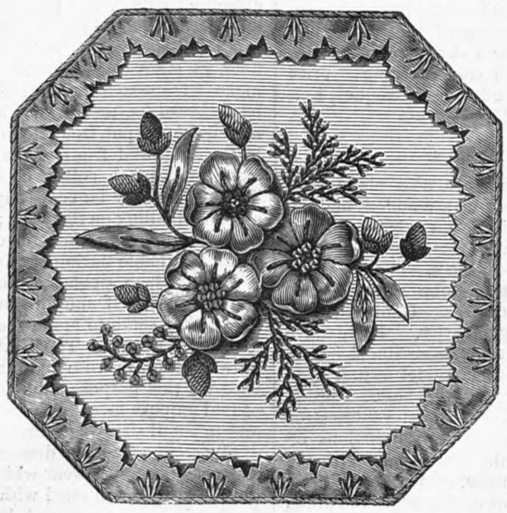


Fig. 1.—BOTTLE MAT.—SATIN STITCH AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.—[See Fig. 2.]

For description see Supplement.

INFANT'S BASKET STAND.

For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. XXVIII., Figs. 92-98.

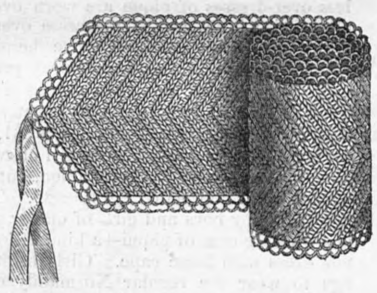


Fig. 3.—KNITTED AND CROCHET BAND.

Fig. 3.—KNITTED AND CROCHET BAND. This band is also worked crosswise with medium-sized knitting cotton. Make a foundation of 55 st., and, going back and forth on these, knit the 1st round.—3 k. (knit plain), four times alternately 3 p. (purled), 3 k.; 1 p., four times alternately 3 k., 3 p.; finally, 3 k. 2d round.—1 k., four times alternately 3 p., 3 k.; 2 p., 1 k., 2 p., four times alternately 3 k., 3 p.; finally, 1 k. 3d round.—2 p., eight times alternately 3 k., 3 p.; then 3 k., 2 p. 4th round.—3 k., four times alternately 3 p., 3 k.; 1 p.;

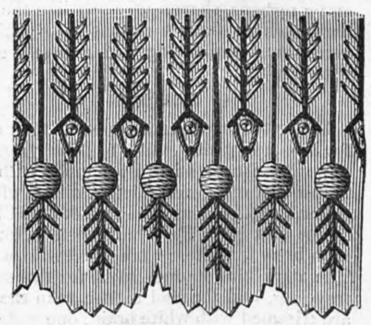
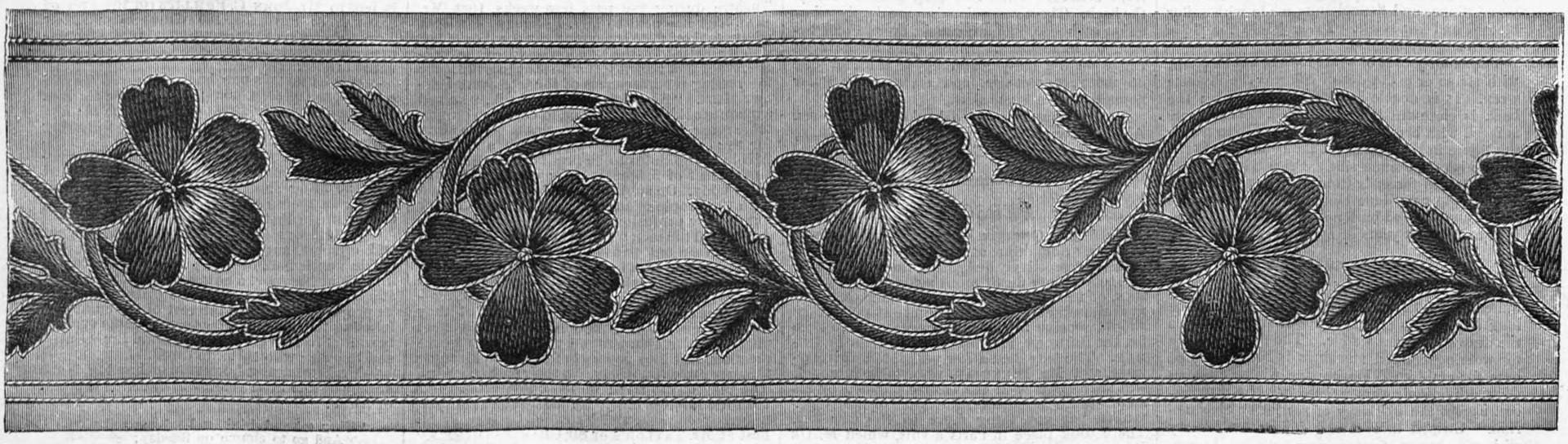


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF EDGE FOR BOTTLE MAT, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.



BORDER IN SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY FOR FURNITURE, TABLE-COVERS, ETC.

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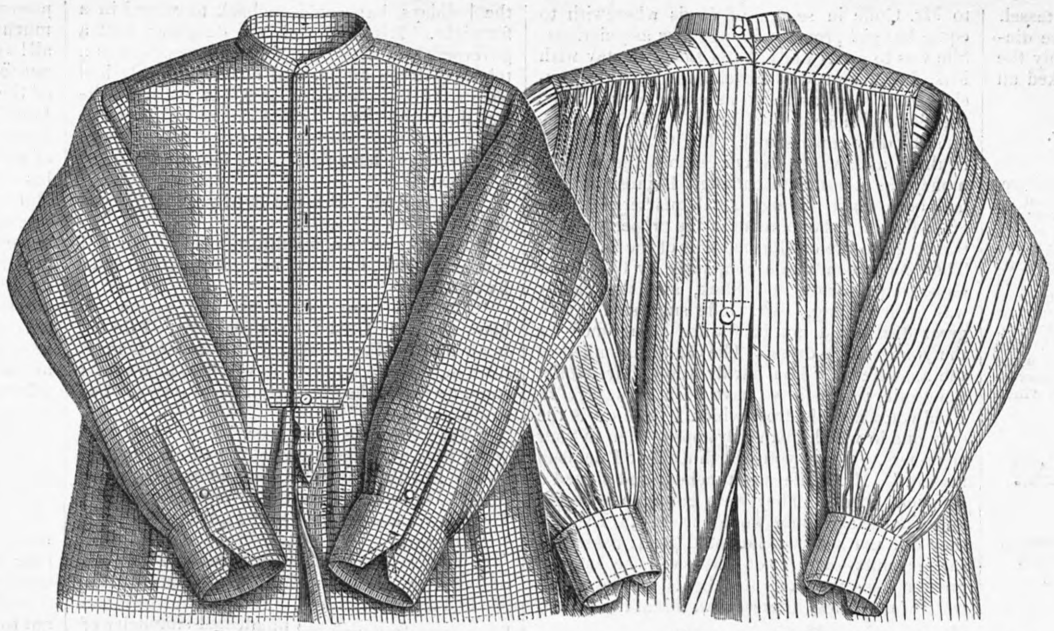
four times alternately 3 k., 3 p.; finally, 3 k. 5th round.—1 k., four times alternately 3 p., 3 k.; 5 p., four times alternately 3 k., 3 p.; finally, 1 k. 6th round.—2 p., eight times alternately 3 k., 3 p.; then 3 k., 2 p. Continue the work in this manner, observing Fig. 3; the design forms ribs, slanting on the sides and coming together in a point in the middle, as shown by the illustration. In the last 23 rounds work the band in a point, narrowing 1 st. each at the beginning and end of these rounds. To do this knit off together the last 2 st. of each round, and draw the first st. of each round over the next st. Finally, surround the band with two rounds of ch. scallops (always 1 sc. and 5 ch.), as shown by the illustration, and fasten tapes on the point for tying.



GENTLEMAN'S SHIRT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVII., Figs. 86-91.

GENTLEMAN'S SHIRT.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

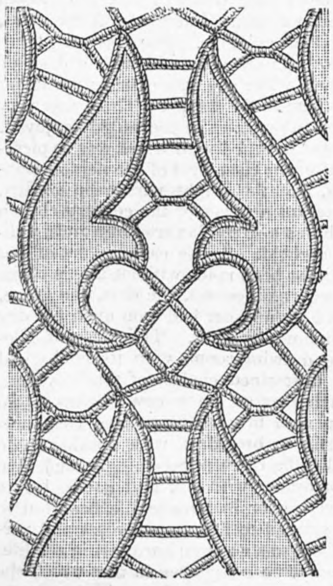


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF VENETIAN EMBROIDERY FOR SOFA-PILLOW, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

Sofa-Pillow with Venetian Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS sofa-pillow is covered with red faille, which is plain in the middle, nine inches and a quarter long, and puffed at each end. The middle is also covered with a piece of gray linen, which is ornamented in open-work, called Venetian embroidery, with gray cotton, and arranged to be buttoned at the ends; it may thus be readily removed and washed when soiled. For each of the puffs at the end of the sofa-pillow cut a strip of faille forty-eight inches long and five inches and three-quarters wide, and line it with white net. Having joined the ends of the strip on the left side, arrange one edge in side pleats to suit the circumference of the sofa-pillow; arrange the other edge in close pleats also, in the opposite direction. Cover the seam of the puff with a box-pleated ruffle of the material an inch wide (see Fig. 1). For the embroidered cover of the sofa-pillow cut of fine gray linen one piece nine inches and a quarter long and thirteen inches and three-quarters

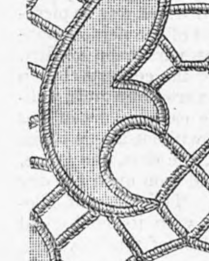


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF FOUNDATION FOR AFGHAN, FIG. 1. FULL SIZE.

Fig. 2.—TAPESTRY DESIGN FOR THERMOMETER STAND, FIG. 1.

Description of Symbols: ■ Steel Beads; ⊠ Crystal Beads; □ Chalk Beads; ⊡ Sea Green Silk.

SILK LAMP-SHADE WITH POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.
For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 36.

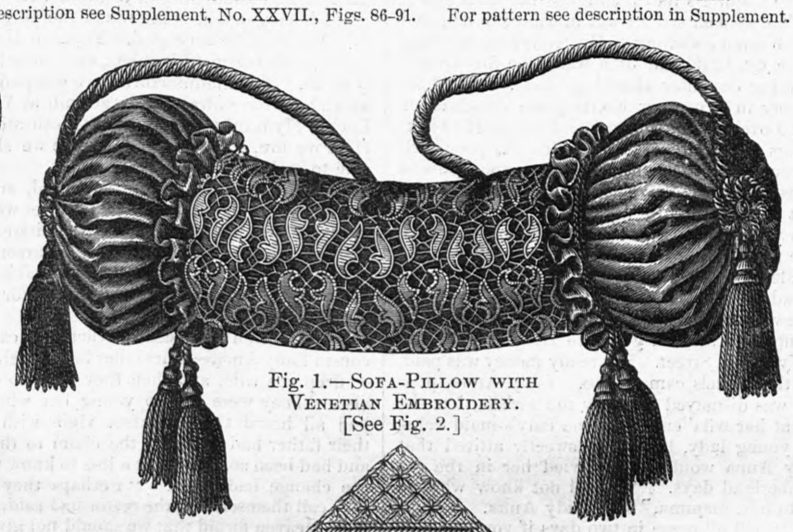


Fig. 1.—SOFA-PILLOW WITH VENETIAN EMBROIDERY.
[See Fig. 2.]

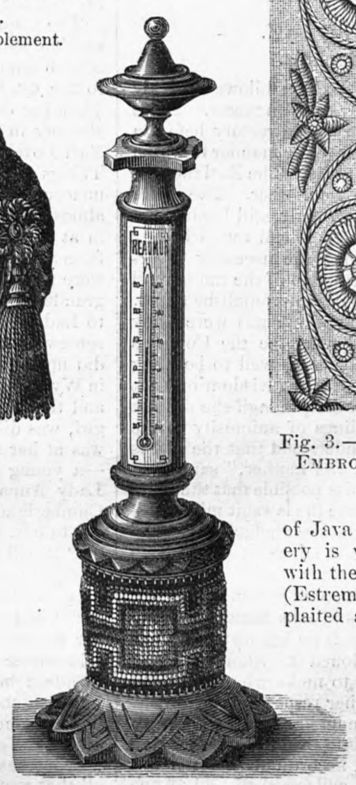


Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED STAND FOR THERMOMETER.
[See Fig. 2.]
For description see Suppl.

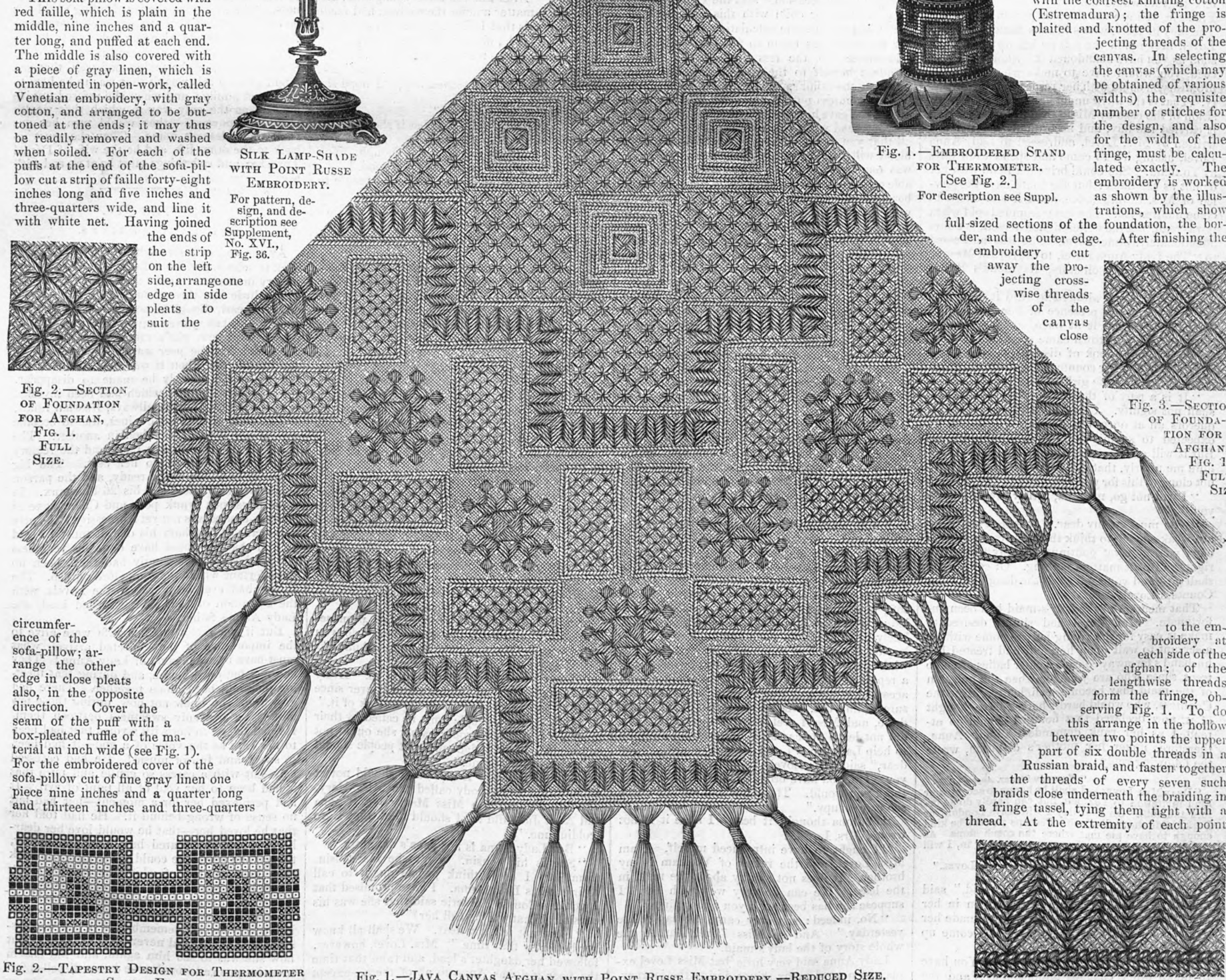


Fig. 1.—JAVA CANVAS AFGHAN WITH POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.—REDUCED SIZE.
[See Figs. 2–4; and Fig. 5, Page 388.]

wide, and to this piece transfer the design, observing Figs. 1 and 2; the latter shows a full-sized section of the embroidery. Having run the outlines of the design figures with the working thread, work the button-hole stitch bars between the outlines, always carrying the thread along the outlines from one bar to the next, and then also button-hole stitch the outlines of the design figures. Cut away the material underneath the button-hole stitch bars. Furnish the completed embroidery strip on the sides with button-hole stitch points, and on the ends with small buttons and button-hole stitch loops.

Java Canvas and Point Russe Afghan, Figs. 1–5.

THE foundation of this afghan, of which Fig. 1 shows a section reduced in size, is of Java canvas. The embroidery is worked in point Russe with the coarsest knitting cotton (Estremadura); the fringe is plaited and knotted of the projecting threads of the canvas. In selecting the canvas (which may be obtained of various widths) the requisite number of stitches for the design, and also for the width of the fringe, must be calculated exactly. The embroidery is worked as shown by the illustrations, which show full-sized sections of the foundation, the border, and the outer edge. After finishing the embroidery cut away the projecting crosswise threads of the canvas close to the embroidery at each side of the afghan; of the lengthwise threads form the fringe, observing Fig. 1. To do this arrange in the hollow between two points the upper part of six double threads in a Russian braid, and fasten together the threads of every seven such braids close underneath the braiding in a fringe tassel, tying them tight with a thread. At the extremity of each point

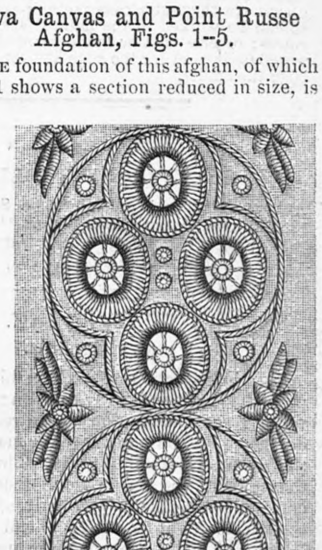


Fig. 3.—INSERTION IN WHITE EMBROIDERY.—[See Fig. 1, Page 393.]

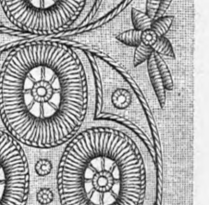


Fig. 3.—SECTION OF FOUNDATION FOR AFGHAN, FIG. 1. FULL SIZE.

Fig. 4.—SECTION OF BORDER FOR AFGHAN, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

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knot eighteen double threads together in a tassel. If less elaborate embroidery is desired, the diamond foundation may be omitted, and only the border finished by the pointed strip worked all around the afghan.

Border in Satin Stitch Embroidery.

See illustration on page 388.

THIS border is suitable for ornamenting furniture, table-covers, portières, baskets, etc. It is worked on a foundation of light-colored cloth, woolen material, or silk with split zephyr worsted or with filling silk in dovetailed and diagonal satin stitch, and in half-polka stitch. The selection of colors is left to the taste. The embroidery may either be worked in several shades of one color, and the half-polka stitch edge in a light, contrasting color, or else the flowers in various bright colors, and the stems and leaves in brown and green. In this latter case the half-polka stitch edge should be worked in the lightest shade of the same colors; or else gold or fine colored silk cord may be sewed on instead for the edge and for the lines which edge the border.

LADY ANNA.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "The Warden," "The Small House at Allington," "Barchester Towers," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," "Orley Farm," "The Eustace Diamonds," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

NEW FRIENDS.

THE introduction to Yoxham followed quickly upon the Earl's visit to Wyndham Street. There was a great consultation at the rectory before a decision could be made as to the manner in which the invitation should be given. The Earl thought that it should be sent to the mother. The rector combated this view very strongly, still hoping that though he might be driven to call the girl Lady Anna, he might postpone the necessity of acknowledging the countess-ship of the mother till the marriage should be an accomplished fact. Mrs. Lovel thought that if the girl were Lady Anna, then the mother must be the Countess Lovel, and that it would be as well to be hung for a sheep as a lamb. But the wisdom of Aunt Julia sided with her brother, though she did not share her brother's feelings of animosity to the two women. "It is understood that the girl is to be invited, and not the mother," said Miss Lovel; "and as it is quite possible that the thing should fail—in which case the lawsuit might possibly go on—the less we acknowledge the better." The Earl declared that the lawsuit couldn't go on; that he would not carry it on. "My dear Frederic, you are not the only person concerned. The lady in Italy, who still calls herself Countess Lovel, may renew the suit on her own behalf as soon as you have abandoned it. Should she succeed, you would have to make what best compromise you could with her respecting the property. That is the way I understand it." This exposition of the case by Miss Lovel was so clear that it carried the day, and accordingly a letter was written by Mrs. Lovel, addressed to Lady Anna Lovel, asking her to come and spend a few days at Yoxham. She could bring her maid with her or not as she liked; but she could have the service of Mrs. Lovel's lady's-maid if she chose to come unattended. The letter sounded cold when it was read, but the writer signed herself, "Yours affectionately, Jane Lovel." It was addressed to "The Lady Anna Lovel, to the care of Messrs. Goffe and Goffe, solicitors, Raymond's Buildings, Gray's Inn."

Lady Anna was allowed to read it first; but she read it in the presence of her mother, to whom she handed it at once, as a matter of course. A black frown came across the Countess's brow, and a look of displeasure, almost of anger, rested on her countenance. "Is it wrong, mamma?" asked the girl.

"It is a part of the whole; but, my dear, it shall not signify. Conquerors can not be conquerors all at once, nor can the vanquished be expected to submit themselves with a grace. But it will come. And though they should ignore me utterly, that will be as nothing. I have not clung to this for years past to win their loves."

"I will not go, mamma, if they are unkind to you."

"You must go, my dear. It is only that they are weak enough to think that they can acknowledge you, and yet continue to deny to me my rights. But it matters nothing. Of course you shall go—and you shall go as the daughter of the Countess Lovel."

That mention of the lady's-maid had been unfortunate. Mrs. Lovel had simply desired to make it easy for the young lady to come without a servant to wait upon her, and had treated her husband's far-away cousin as elder ladies often do treat those who are younger when the question of the maid may become a difficulty. But the Countess, who would hardly herself have thought of it, now declared that her girl should go attended as her rank demanded. Lady Anna, therefore, under her mother's dictation, wrote the following reply:

"WYNDHAM STREET, *August* 3, 183-.

"DEAR MRS. LOVEL,—I shall be happy to accept your kind invitation to Yoxham, but can hardly do so before the 10th. On that day I will leave London for York inside the mail-coach. Perhaps you can be kind enough to have me met where the coach stops. As you are so good as to say you can take her in, I will bring my own maid.

"Yours affectionately, ANNA LOVEL."

"But, mamma, I don't want a maid," said the girl, who had never been waited on in her life, and who had more often than not made her mother's bed and her own till they had come up to London.

"Nevertheless you shall take one. You have to make other changes besides that; and the sooner that you begin to make them, the easier they will be to you."

Then at once the Countess made a pilgrimage to Mr. Goffe in search of funds wherewith to equip her girl properly for her new associations. She was to go as Lady Anna Lovel to stay with Mrs. Lovel and Miss Lovel and the little Lovels. And she was to go as one who was to be the chosen bride of Earl Lovel. Of course she must be duly caparisoned. Mr. Goffe made difficulties, as lawyers always do, but the needful money was at last forth-coming. Representations had been made in high legal quarters—to the custodians for the moment of the property which was to go to the established heir of the late Earl. They had been made conjointly by Goffe and Goffe, and Norton and Flick, and the money was forth-coming. Mr. Goffe suggested that a great deal could not be wanted all at once for the young lady's dress. The Countess smiled as she answered: "You hardly know, Mr. Goffe, the straits to which we have been reduced. If I tell you that this dress which I have on is the only one in which I can fitly appear even in your chambers, perhaps you will think that I demean myself." Mr. Goffe was touched, and signed a sufficient check. They were going to succeed, and then every thing would be easy. Even if they did not succeed, he could get it passed in the accounts—and if not that—well, he had run greater risks than this for clients whose causes were of much less interest than this of the Countess and her daughter.

The Countess had mentioned her own gown, and had spoken strict truth in what she had said of it, but not a shilling of Mr. Goffe's money went to the establishment of a wardrobe for herself. That her daughter should go down to Yoxham Rectory in a manner befitting the daughter of Earl Lovel was at this moment her chief object. Things were purchased by which the poor girl, unaccustomed to such finery, was astounded and almost stupefied. Two needle-women were taken in at the lodgings in Wyndham Street; parcels from Swan and Edgar's—Marshall and Snellgrove were not then, or at least had not loomed to the grandeur of an entire block of houses—addressed to Lady Anna Lovel were frequent at the door, somewhat to the disgust of the shop-men, who did not like to send goods to Lady Anna Lovel in Wyndham Street. But ready money was paid, and the parcels came home. Lady Anna, poor girl, was dismayed much by the parcels, but she was at her wits' end when the lady's-maid came—a young lady, herself so sweetly attired that Lady Anna would have envied her in the old Cumberland days. "I shall not know what to say to her, mamma," said Lady Anna.

"It will all come in two days if you will only be equal to the occasion," said the Countess, who in providing her child with this expensive adjunct had made some calculation that the more her daughter was made to feel the luxuries of aristocratic life, the less prone would she be to adapt herself to the roughnesses of Daniel Thwaite, the tailor's.

The Countess put her daughter into the mail-coach, and gave her much parting advice. "Hold up your head when you are with them. That is all that you have to do. Among them all, your blood will be the best." This theory of blood was one of which Lady Anna had never been able even to realize the meaning. "And remember this, too, that you are in truth the most wealthy. It is they that should honor you. Of course you will be courteous and gentle with them. It is your nature. But do not for a moment allow yourself to be conscious that you are their inferior." Lady Anna—who could think but little of her birth—to whom it had been throughout her life a thing plaguesome rather than profitable, could remember only what she had been in Cumberland, and her binding obligation to the tailor's son. She could remember but that and the unutterable sweetness of the young man who had once appeared before her—to whom she knew that she must be inferior. "Hold up your head among them, and claim your own always," said the Countess.

The rectory carriage was waiting for her at the inn yard in York, and in it was Miss Lovel. When the hour had come it was thought better that the wise woman of the family should go than any other. For the ladies of Yoxham were quite as anxious as to the Lady Anna as was she in respect of them. What sort of a girl was this that they were to welcome among them as the Lady Anna—who had lived all her life with tailors, and with a mother of whom up to quite a late date they had thought all manner of evil? The young lord had reported well of her, saying that she was not only beautiful, but feminine, of soft, modest manners, and in all respects like a lady. The Earl, however, was but a young man, likely to be taken by mere beauty, and it might be that the girl had been clever enough to hoodwink him. So much evil had been believed that a report stating that all was good could not be accepted at once as true. Miss Lovel would be sure to find out, even in the space of an hour's drive, and Miss Lovel went to meet her. She did not leave the carriage, but sent the footman to help Lady Anna Lovel from the coach. "My dear," said Miss Lovel, "I am very glad to see you. Oh, you have brought a maid! We didn't think you would. There is a seat behind which she can occupy."

"Mamma thought it best. I hope it is not wrong, Mrs. Lovel."

"I ought to have introduced myself. I am Miss Lovel, and the rector of Yoxham is my brother. It does not signify about the maid in the least. We can do very well with her. I suppose she has been with you a long time?"

"No, indeed: she only came the day before yesterday." And so Miss Lovel learned the whole story of the lady's-maid.

Lady Anna said very little, but Miss Lovel explained a good many things during the journey. The young lord was not at Yoxham. He was with a friend in Scotland, but would be home about the 20th. The two boys were at home for the holidays, but would go back to school in a fortnight. Minnie Lovel, the daughter, had a governess. The rectory, for a parsonage, was a tolerably large house, and convenient. It had been Lord Lovel's early home, but at present he was not much there. "He thinks it right to go to Lovel Grange during a part of the autumn. I suppose you have seen Lovel Grange?"

"Never."

"Oh, indeed. But you lived near it, did you not?"

"No, not near—about fifteen miles, I think. I was born there, but have never been there since I was a baby."

"Oh! you were born there. Of course you know that it is Lord Lovel's seat now. I do not know that he likes it, though the scenery is magnificent. But a landlord has to live, at least for some period of the year, upon his property. You saw my nephew?"

"Yes; he came to us once."

"I hope you liked him. We think him very nice. But then he is almost the same as a son here. Do you care about visiting the poor?"

"I have never tried," said Lady Anna.

"Oh dear!"

"We have been so poor ourselves—we were just one of them." Then Miss Lovel perceived that she had made a mistake. But she was generous enough to recognize the unaffected simplicity of the girl, and almost began to think well of her.

"I hope you will come round the parish with us. We shall be very glad. Yoxham is a large parish, with scattered hamlets, and there is plenty to do. The manufactories are creeping up to us, and we have already a large mill at Yoxham Lock. My brother has to keep two curates now. Here we are, my dear, and I hope we shall be able to make you happy."

Mrs. Lovel did not like the maid, and Mr. Lovel did not like it at all. "And yet we heard when we were up in town that they literally had not any thing to live on," said the parson. "I hope that, after all, we may not be making fools of ourselves." But there was no help for it, and the maid was of course taken in.

The children had been instructed to call their cousin Lady Anna—unless they heard their mother drop the title, and then they were to drop it also. They were not so young but what they had all heard the indiscreet vigor with which their father had ridiculed the claim to the title, and had been something at a loss to know whence the change had come. "Perhaps they are as they call themselves," the rector had said, "and, if so, Heaven forbid that we should not give them their due." After this the three young ones, discussing the matter among themselves, had made up their minds that Lady Anna was no cousin of theirs, but "a humbug." When, however, they saw her their hearts relented, and the girl became soft, and the boys became civil. "Papa," said Minnie Lovel, on the second day, "I hope she is our cousin."

"I hope so too, my dear."

"I think she is. She looks as if she ought to be, because she is so pretty."

"Being pretty, my dear, is not enough. You should love people because they are good."

"But I would not like all the good people to be my cousins—would you, papa? Old Widow Grimes is a very good old woman; but I don't want to have her for a cousin."

"My dear, you are talking about what you don't understand."

But Minnie did in truth understand the matter better than her father. Before three or four days had passed she knew that their guest was lovable, whether cousin or no cousin; and she knew also that the new-comer was of such nature and breeding as made her fit to be a cousin. All the family had as yet called her Lady Anna; but Minnie thought that the time had come in which she might break through the law. "I think I should like to call you just Anna, if you will let me," she said. They two were in the guest's bedroom, and Minnie was leaning against her new friend's shoulder.

"Oh, I do so wish you would! I do so hate to be called Lady!"

"But you are Lady Anna—aren't you?"

"And you are Miss Mary Lovel; but you wouldn't like every body in the house to call you so. And then there has been so much said about it all my life that it makes me quite unhappy. I do so wish your mamma wouldn't call me Lady Anna." Whereupon Minnie very demurely explained that she could not answer for her mamma, but that she would always call her friend Anna—when papa wasn't by.

But Minnie was better than her promise. "Mamma," she said, the next day, "do you know that she hates to be called Lady Anna?"

"What makes you think so?"

"I am sure of it. She told me so. Every body has always been talking about it ever since she was born, and she says she is so sick of it."

"But, my dear, people must be called by their names. If it is her proper name, she ought not to hate it. I can understand that people should hate an assumed name."

"I am Miss Mary Lovel, but I should not at all like it if every body called me Miss Mary. The servants call me Miss Mary; but if papa and Aunt Julia did so, I should think they were scolding me."

"But Lady Anna is not papa's daughter."

"She is his cousin. Isn't she his cousin, mamma? I don't think people ought to call their cousins Lady Anna. I have promised that I won't. Cousin Frederic said that she was his cousin. What will he call her?"

"I can not tell, my dear. We shall all know her better by that time." Mrs. Lovel, however, followed her daughter's lead, and from that time the poor girl was Anna to all of them—except to the rector. He listened, and thought that he would try it; but his heart failed him. He would have preferred that she should be an impostor, were that still possible. He would so much have preferred that she should not exist at all! He did not care for her beauty. He did not feel the charm of her simplicity. It was one of the hardships of the world that he should be forced to have her there in his rectory. The Lovel wealth was indispensable to the true heir of the Lovels, and, on behalf of his nephew and his family, he had been induced to consent. But he could not love the interloper. He still dreamed of coming surprises that would set the matter right in a manner that would be much preferable to a marriage. The girl might be innocent—as his wife and sister told him; but he was sure that the mother was an intriguing woman. It would be such a pity that they should have entertained the girl, if, after all, the woman should at last be but a pseudo-countess! As others had ceased to call her Lady Anna, he could not continue to do so; but he managed to live on with her without calling her by any name.

In the mean time Cousin Anna went about among the poor with Minnie and Aunt Julia, and won golden opinions. She was soft, feminine, almost humble—but still with a dash of humor in her, when she was sufficiently at her ease with them to be happy. There was very much in the life which she thoroughly enjoyed. The green fields, and the air which was so pleasant to her after the close heat of the narrow London streets, and the bright parsonage garden, and the pleasant services of the country church—and doubtless also the luxuries of a rich, well-ordered household. Those calculations of her mother had not been made without a true basis. The softness, the niceness, the ease, the grace, of the people around her had won upon her day by day and hour by hour. The pleasant idleness of the drawing-room, with its books and music and unstrained chatter of family voices, grew upon her as so many new charms. To come down with bright ribbons and clean unruffled muslin to breakfast, with nothing to do which need ruffle them unbecomingly, and then to dress for dinner with silk and gauds, before ten days were over had made life beautiful to her. She seemed to live among roses and perfumes. There was no stern hardness in the life, as there had of necessity been in that which she had ever lived with her mother. The caresses of Minnie Lovel soothed and warmed her heart; and every now and again, when the eyes of Aunt Julia were not upon her, she was tempted to romp with the boys. Oh! that they had really been her brothers!

But in the midst of all there was ever present to her the prospect of some coming wretchedness. The life which she was leading could not be her life. That Earl was coming—that young Apollo—and he would again ask her to be his wife. She knew that she could not be his wife. She was there, as she understood well, that she might give all this wealth that was to be hers to the Lovel family; and when she refused to give herself—as the only way in which that wealth could be conveyed—they would turn her out from their pleasant home. Then she must go back to the other life, and be the wife of Daniel Thwaite; and soft things must be at an end with her.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EARL ARRIVES.

AT the end of a fortnight the boys had gone back to school, and Lord Lovel was to reach the rectory in time for dinner that evening. There was a little stir throughout the rectory, as an earl is an earl, though he be in his uncle's house, and rank will sway even aunts and cousins. The parson at present was a much richer man than the peer; but the peer was at the head of all the Lovels, and then it was expected that his poverty would quickly be made to disappear. All that Lovel money which had been invested in bank shares, Indian railways, Russian funds, Devon consols, and coal mines, was to become his—if not in one way, then in another. The Earl was to be a topping man, and the rectory cook was ordered to do her best. The big bedroom had been made ready, and the parson looked at his '99 port and his '26 Margaux. In those days men drank port, and Champagne at country-houses was not yet a necessity. To give the rector of Yoxham his due, it must be said of him that he would have done his very best for the head of his family had there been no large fortune within the young lord's grasp. The Lovels had ever been true to the Lovels, with the exception of that late wretched Earl, the Lady Anna's father.

But if the rector and his wife were alive to the importance of the expected arrival, what must have been the state of Lady Anna! They had met but once before, and during that meeting they had been alone together. There had grown up, she knew not how, during those few minutes, a heavenly sweetness between them. He had talked to her with a voice that had been to her ears as the voice of a god—it had been so sweet and full of music! He had caressed her—but with a caress so gentle and pure that it had been to her void of all taint of evil. It had perplexed her for a moment—but had left no sense of wrong behind it. He had told her that he loved her—that he would love her dearly; but had not scared her in so telling her, though she knew she could never give him back such love as that of which he spoke to her. There had been a charm in it, of which she delighted to dream—fancying that she could remember it forever as a green island in her life; but could so best remember it if she were assured that she should never see him more. But now she was to see him again, and the charm must be renewed—or else the dream dispelled forever. Alas! it must be the latter. She knew that the charm must be dispelled.

But there was a doubt on her own mind wheth-

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er it would not be dispelled without any effort on her part. It would vanish at once if he were to greet her as the Lovels had greeted her on her first coming. She could partly understand that the manner of their meeting in London had thrust upon him a necessity for flattering tenderness, with which he might well dispense when he met her among his family. Had he really loved her—had he meant to love her—he would hardly have been absent so long after her coming. She had been glad that he had been absent—so she assured herself—because there could never be any love between them. Daniel Thwaite had told her that the brotherly love which had been offered was false love—must be false—was no love at all. Do brothers marry sisters? and had not this man already told her that he wished to make her his wife? And then he must never give her another kiss. Daniel Thwaite had told her that; and he was not only her lover, but her master also. This was the rule by which she would certainly hold. She would be true to Daniel Thwaite. And yet she looked for the lord's coming as one looks for the rising of the sun of an early morning—watching for that which shall make all the day beautiful.

And he came. The rector and his wife, and Aunt Julia and Minnie, all went out into the hall to meet him, and Anna was left alone in the library, where they were wont to congregate before dinner. It was already past seven, and every one was dressed. A quarter of an hour was to be allowed to the lord, and he was to be hurried up at once to his bedroom. She would not see him till he came down, ready and all hurried, to lead his aunt to the dining-room. She heard the scuffle in the hall. There were kisses—and a big kiss from Minnie to her much-prized cousin Fred—and a loud welcome from the full-mouthed rector. "And where is Anna?" the lord asked. They were the first words he spoke, and she heard them, ah! so plainly. It was the same voice—sweet, genial, and manly; sweet to her beyond all sweetness that she could conceive.

"You shall see her when you come down from dressing," said Mrs. Lovel, in a low voice, but still audible to the solitary girl.

"I will see her before I go up to dress," said the lord, walking through them and in through the open door to the library. "So here you are! I am so glad to see you! I had sworn to go into Scotland before the time was fixed for your coming, before I had met you, and I could not escape. Have you thought ill of me because I have not been here to welcome you sooner?"

"No—my lord."

"There are horrible penalties for any body who calls me lord in this house—are there not, Aunt Jane? But I see my uncle wants his dinner."

"I'll take you up stairs, Fred," said Minnie, who was still holding her cousin's hand.

"I am coming. I will only say that I would sooner see you here than in any house in England."

Then he went, and during the few minutes that he spent in dressing, little or nothing was spoken in the library. The parson in his heart was not pleased by the enthusiasm with which the young man greeted this new cousin; and yet why should he not be enthusiastic, if it was intended that they should be man and wife?

"Now, Lady Anna," said the rector, as he offered her his arm to lead her out to dinner.

It was but a mild corrective to the warmth of his nephew. The lord lingered a moment with his aunt in the library.

"Have you not got beyond that with her yet?" he asked.

"Your uncle is more old-fashioned than you are, Fred. Things did not go so quick when he was young."

In the evening he came and lounged on a double-seated ottoman behind her, and she soon found herself answering a string of questions. Had she been happy at Yoxham? Did she like the place? What had she been doing? "Then you know Mrs. Grimes already?"

She laughed as she said that she did know Mrs. Grimes.

"The lion of Yoxham is Mrs. Grimes. She is supposed to have all the misfortunes and all the virtues to which humanity is subject. And how do you and Minnie get on? Minnie is my Prime Minister. The boys, I suppose, teased you out of your life?"

"I did like them so much! I never knew a boy till I saw them, Lord Lovel."

"They take care to make themselves known, at any rate. But they are nice, good-humored lads—taking after their mother. Don't tell their father I said so. Do you think it pretty about here?"

"Beautifully pretty."

"Just about Yoxham—because there is so much wood. But this is not the beautiful part of Yorkshire, you know. I wonder whether we could make an expedition to Wharfedale and Bolton Abbey. You would say that the Wharfe was pretty. We'll try and plan it. We should have to sleep out one night; but that would make it all the jollier. There isn't a better inn in England than the Devonshire Arms—and I don't think a pleasanter spot. Aunt Jane, couldn't we go for one night to Bolton Abbey?"

"It is very far, Frederic."

"Thirty miles or so; that ought to be nothing in Yorkshire. We'll manage it. We could get post-horses from York, and the carriage would take us all. My uncle, you must know, is very chary about the carriage-horses, thinking that the corn of idleness—which is destructive to young men and women—is very good for cattle. But we'll manage it, and you shall jump over the Stryd." Then he told her the story how the youth was drowned, and how the monks moan; and he got away to other legends, to the white doe of Rylston, and Landseer's picture of the abbey in olden times. She had heard nothing before of these things, or of such things, and the hearing them was very sweet to her. The parson, who was still displeased, went to sleep. Minnie had been sent to bed, and Aunt Julia and Aunt Jane every now and again put in a word. It was resolved before the evening was over that the visit should be made to Bolton Abbey. Of course their nephew ought to have opportunities of making love to the girl he was doomed to marry. "Good-night, dearest," he said, when she went to bed. She was sure that the last word had been so spoken that no ear but her own had heard it. She could not tell him that such word should not be spoken; and yet she felt that the word to Daniel Thwaite would be almost as offensive as the kiss. She must contrive some means of telling him that she could not, would not, must not, be his dearest.

She had now received two letters from her mother since she had been at Yoxham, and in each of them there were laid down for her plain instructions as to her conduct. It was now the middle of August, and it was incumbent upon her to allow matters so to arrange themselves that the marriage might be declared to be a settled thing when the case should come on in November. Mr. Goffe and Mr. Flick had met each other, and every thing was now understood by the two parties of lawyers. If the Earl and the Lady Anna were then engaged, with the mutual consent of all interested—and so engaged that a day could be fixed for the wedding—then, when the case was opened in court, would the Solicitor-General declare that it was the intention of Lord Lovel to make no further opposition to the claims of the Countess and her daughter, and it would only remain for Sergeant Bluestone to put in the necessary proofs of the Cumberland marriage and of the baptism of the Lady Anna. The Solicitor-General would at the same time state to the court that an alliance had been arranged between these distant cousins, and that in that way every thing would be settled. But—and in this clause of her instructions the Countess was most urgent—this would not be done unless the marriage was positively settled. Mr. Flick had been very urgent in pointing out to Mr. Goffe that in truth their evidence was very strong to prove that when the Earl married the now so-called Countess, his first wife was still living, though they gave no credit to the woman who now called herself the Countess. But, in either case—whether the Italian Countess were now alive or now dead—the daughter would be illegitimate, and the second marriage void, if their surmise on this head should prove to be well founded. But the Italian party could of itself do nothing, and the proposed marriage would set every thing right. But the evidence must be brought into court and further sifted, unless the marriage was a settled thing by November. All this the Countess explained at great length in her letters, calling upon her daughter to save herself, her mother, and the family.

Lady Anna answered the first epistle—or rather, wrote another in return to it. But she said nothing of her noble lover, except that Lord Lovel had not as yet come to Yoxham. She confined herself to simple details of her daily life, and a prayer that her dear mother might be happy. The second letter from the Countess was severe in its tone, asking why no promise had been made, no assurance given, no allusion made to the only subject that could now be of interest. She implored her child to tell her that she was disposed to listen to the Earl's suit. This letter was in her pocket when the Earl arrived, and she took it out and read it again after the Earl had whispered in her ear that word so painfully sweet.

She proposed to answer it before breakfast on the following morning. At Yoxham Rectory they breakfasted at ten, and she was always up at least before eight. She determined as she laid herself down that she would think of it all night. It might be best, she believed, to tell her mother the whole truth—that she had already promised every thing to Daniel Thwaite, and that she could not go back from her word. Then she began to build castles in the air—castles which she declared to herself must ever be in the air—of which Lord Lovel, and not Daniel Thwaite, was the hero, owner, and master. She assured herself that she was not picturing to herself any prospect of a really possible life, but was simply dreaming of an impossible Elysium. How many people would she make happy, were she able to let that young Phœbus know in one half-uttered word, or with a single silent glance, that she would in truth be his dearest! It could not be so. She was well aware of that. But surely she might dream of it. All the cares of that careful, care-worn mother would then be at an end. How delightful would it be to her to welcome that sorrowful one to her own bright home, and to give joy where joy had never yet been known! How all the lawyers would praise her, and tell her that she had saved a noble family from ruin! She already began to have feelings about the family to which she had been a stranger before she had come among the Lovels. And if it really would make him happy, this Phœbus, how glorious would that be! How fit he was to be made happy! Daniel had said that he was sordid, false, fraudulent, and a fool. But Daniel did not, could not, understand the nature of the Lovels. And then she herself—how would it be with her? She had given her heart to Daniel Thwaite, and she had but one heart to give. Had it not been for that, it would have been very sweet to love that young curled darling. There were two sorts of life, and now she had had an insight into each. Daniel had told her that this soft, luxurious life was thoroughly bad. He could not have known when saying so how much was done for their poor neighbors by such as even these Lovels. It could not be wrong to be soft and peaceful and pretty, to enjoy sweet smells, to sit softly, and eat off delicately painted china plates, as long as no one was defrauded, and many were comforted. Daniel Thwaite, she believed, never went to church. Here at Yoxham there were always morning prayers, and they went to church twice every Sunday. She had found it very pleasant to go to church, and to be led along in the easy path of self-indulgent piety on which they all walked at Yoxham. The church seats at Yoxham were broad, with soft cushions, and the hassocks were well stuffed. Surely Daniel Thwaite did not know every thing. As she thus built her castles in the air—castles so impossible to be inhabited—she fell asleep, before she had resolved what letter she should write.

But in the morning she did write her letter. It must be written—and when the family were about the house she would be too disturbed for so great an effort. It ran as follows:

"YOXHAM, *Friday.*

"DEAREST MAMMA,—I am much obliged for your letter, which I got the day before yesterday. Lord Lovel came here yesterday, or perhaps I might have answered it then. Every body here seems to worship him almost, and he is so good to every body! We are all to go on a visit to Bolton Abbey, and sleep at an inn somewhere, and I am sure I shall like it very much, for they say it is most beautiful. If you look at the map, it is nearly in a straight line between here and Kendal, but only much nearer to York. The day is not fixed yet, but I believe it will be very soon.

"I shall be so glad if the lawsuit can be got over, for your sake, dearest mamma. I wish they could let you have your title and your share of the money, and let Lord Lovel have the rest because he is head of the family. That would be fairest, and I can't see why it should not be so. Your share would be quite enough for you and me. I can't say any thing about what you speak of. He has said nothing, and I'm sure I hope he won't. I don't think I could do it; and I don't think the lawyers ought to want me to. I think it is very wrong of them to say so. We are strangers, and I feel almost sure that I could never be what he would want. I don't think people ought to marry for money.

"Dearest mamma, pray do not be angry with me. If you are, you will kill me. I am very happy here, and nobody has said any thing about my going away. Couldn't you ask Sergeant Bluestone whether something couldn't be done to divide the money, so that there might be no more law? I am sure he could if he liked, with Mr. Goffe and the other men.

"Dearest mamma, I am

"Your most affectionate daughter,

"ANNA LOVEL."

When the moment came, and the pen was in her hand, she had not the courage to mention the name of Daniel Thwaite. She knew that the fearful story must be told, but at this moment she comforted herself—or tried to comfort herself—by remembering that Daniel himself had enjoined that their engagement must yet for a while be kept secret.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

"THE Hill of Death" is the terribly significant name which rude fishermen have given to the wild, rough locality where lie buried the greater portion of the victims of the wreck of the *Atlantic*. The little fishing town of Prospect has witnessed a succession of fearful scenes within the past two months. More than four hundred corpses have been laid upon the shore and hastily interred beneath the rocky sod. Whether the remains of all the dead will ever be recovered it is impossible to say. It is probable that some have been washed out to sea and will be "missing" forever. The Halifax divers have recently devoted themselves exclusively to the work of grappling for the dead, while the submarine laborers of the New York Wrecking Company have been engaged in recovering the cargo of the lost steamer. It was found necessary to blow up portions of the submerged steamer in order to facilitate operations. The improvements which have been made in the apparatus provided for divers are of such a nature that with ordinary caution the perils attending the business are less than is commonly supposed. The dress of the diver is extremely heavy, weighing several hundred pounds, yet, when beneath the surface of the water, he can move about with facility. A very perfect system of telegraphy is established between the diver himself and those connected with the apparatus which supplies air for him to breathe, so that almost any question can be asked and answered. The rock-ribbed coast of Prospect has for weeks past been covered with groups of bereaved friends, who have watched with fearful hope the divers as they brought one inanimate form after another to the surface. Fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, waiting in painful anxiety to recognize some dear familiar face among the dead. These have been mostly friends of the cabin passengers; a large proportion of the steerage passengers had no near relatives in this country. But many anxious watchers, after standing day after day upon the rocks in vain, have returned to their homes in sadness and disappointment. The body of one cabin passenger was found off the coast of Havenburg, nearly seventy miles from the scene of the disaster—a fact which proves that many other remains may have been washed far out to sea, with scarcely a possibility of recovery.

A few fierce mosquitoes have already made their appearance as harbingers of summer. A year ago the month of May brought a rabid flock that almost devoured us. But then they disappeared as suddenly as they came, and reappeared only at their appropriate season.

Vienna thought to enrich herself suddenly by the fruit of the Exposition. She reckoned that there would be a great influx of visitors from May onward through the summer, and that they would submit to pay any prices for accommodations within the city limits. A short time before the 1st of May hotels and lodging-houses were crowded. Then suddenly notice was given that after May 1 hotels would raise their prices, rates for rooms would be doubled, and restaurants would demand an increase of pay for every thing supplied. But visitors did not tamely submit to any such extortion. They took a look at the Exhibition, and then there was a general stampede in every direction. Warned by reports, those on the way to Vienna turned aside to other places until this matter should right itself. The natural result of comparatively empty hotels, unoccupied residences, and vacant restaurants was what might be expected, after the elaborate preparation which had been made. A panic followed, and speculators failed. Even respectable banking houses were seriously injured. Thus the rapacity of the Viennese has met its just reward—and from it all the world may learn a wholesome lesson.

The most extraordinary hens are turning up on every side. Now it is one of an enterprising disposition, who lays eggs of extra size, or perhaps two every day; and then it is one of a modest turn of mind, like a Utica fowl, who, very unconsciously no doubt, has gained celebrity by producing eggs of about the size of hot-house grapes. Into these little eggs she puts no yolks, so the novelty of the article is increased.

Applications have already been received by Professor Agassiz for many more students than can be accommodated at the Anderson School on Penikese Island.

The last change in the government of France is the first one within half a century that has been made in that nation without some violence.

The warm season was inaugurated out West by a terrific tornado, accompanied by hail and rain. The reports which have come from various towns in Iowa which were unfortunately in the line of the whirlwind inform us that houses, fences, trees, cattle, and human beings were alike caught up, whirled through the air, and finally dashed to the ground with destructive violence. Many lives were lost, and severe injuries inflicted on many who escaped death. The reports of such a phenomenon are usually exaggerated; but it is said that the hailstones that fell measured in some instances no less than nine inches in diameter! and that four hours after they were picked up they still remained as large as hens' eggs. Such a missile must have wrought destruction, to be sure.

The following story is told of the late Chief Justice Chase. When he was Secretary of the Treasury, and had certain appointments to make, the merits and claims of two candidates for the same office were so evenly balanced that he called on a friend, who was acquainted personally with both applicants, for his opinion in the premises.

"They are both good men," was the response; "but I think Mr. —— ought to be appointed."

"Why?"

"Well, in the first place, he has been a life-long friend of yours, and—"

"Being a friend of mine is no reason why he should have office," broke in Mr. Chase. "Let the other man be appointed."

The order was carried out, greatly to the mortification of the friend, who thought he saw here an opportunity to reward years of faithful and perhaps unpopular devotion.

So sensitive was Mr. Chase to charges of favoritism that it not unfrequently happened that he erred in the other direction, and often did actual injustice to his friends.

There are no less than four dramatic versions of Wilkie Collins's story, *The New Magdalen*, prepared for the stage in this country. The version of Wilkie Collins himself was sold to Miss Carlotta Le Clercq; but that has not prevented the production of American versions.

Of course it *is* hot, and the heat has come suddenly; but it is not necessary to infer therefore that we are certainly to have the cholera in our midst. It is unwise to create a panic about diseases. Securities against all prevailing diseases, especially in summer, are discretion and cleanliness. Eating too much, eating when fatigued, and eating stale or unripe fruit and vegetables, are dangerous in hot weather. So also is overexertion, especially when exposed to the sun. And perfect cleanliness of household premises is imperative.

China possesses coal fields which cover 400,000 square miles; and as she has not yet devoted her energies to the business of coal-mining, there remains a chance that England may yet be able to obtain fuel enough to keep her people warm, even when her own supply fails.

May 28, 1873, was the "Children's Day" in Brooklyn—the forty-fourth anniversary of the city Sunday-schools. To the lover of children there could be no more beautiful sight than greeted the eye in the streets and parks of the "City of Churches" on this festive day. About forty-four thousand children, gathered from 133 Sunday-schools, neatly and tastefully dressed, with bright eyes and smiling faces, parading in line—this is a scene seldom surpassed in brightness and beauty. The schools are arranged in five divisions—Prospect Park Division, Heights Division, Washington Park Division, Bedford Avenue Division, and Carroll Park Division. In some cases the exercises appropriate to the occasion are conducted in churches, in others they are in the open air. But wherever the children are, there are flowers in profusion, and hundreds of gay banners. It is difficult to decide which division presents the most attractions in their parade; but this year we were drawn to Prospect Park. A stream of carriages was flowing Parkward; and as we drove in sight of "The Green," the attraction became visible—15,000 children seated in a shady spot under the trees. In their centre a large liberty-pole, with the American flag floating from the top, was placed, and around this 150 smaller flags were arranged. A grand stand was erected in front of the division for the accommodation of the pastors and invited guests. The band performed a choice selection of music, and the children's songs resounded through the clear air. The parade took place on "The Green," the scholars marching four abreast, and keeping good time and order. Throngs of spectators were on every side; hundreds of carriages filled with eager lookers-on occupied every sightly place. It was a charming spectacle to every one. The parade over, the children marched to their respective schoolrooms, where cake and ice-cream were bountifully supplied. Meanwhile, in other parts of the city similar performances were taking place. To every Brooklyn Sunday-school scholar this anniversary is a marked day.

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Collar in Point Lace Embroidery on Tulle, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS collar is worked on fine tulle with point lace braid of various widths and with lace stitches of fine thread. First, transfer the design, of which one-half is given by Fig. 34, Supplement, complete, to paper or linen, and on this sew a piece of tulle of the requisite size. Then run on the point lace braid, observing Fig. 1, and the full-sized section, Fig. 2, page 397, without passing the needle through the foundation. At the points and curves lay the braid in pleats, or gather it. Button-hole stitch the flowers and leaves formed of the point lace braid on the wrong side of the embroidery with fine thread, at the same time laying on a thread of coarse tatting cotton on the right side, and surrounding it in working the button-hole stitches. Cut away the material underneath the figures, observing the illustration. Finally, work the lace stitches and border the collar on the outer edge with woven picots.

Rose-wood Footstool.

THE frame of this footstool is of rose-wood, ornamented with gold. It is twelve inches and seven-eighths high, and is furnished with a cushion of brown woolen reps. The cushion is ornamented in application embroidery as shown by the illustration. The embroidery is worked on light brown cloth with cloth in a darker shade, with saddler's silk in several shades of brown, and with gold thread. The embroidery is edged with brown worsted cord, and finished at the corners with tassels of the same color.

HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 23 and 24.

HOOD FOR GIRL UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.
For description see Supplement.

CAP FOR GIRL UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 25-27.

CAP FOR GIRL UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 1.—COLLAR IN POINT LACE EMBROIDERY ON TULLE. IMITATION OF REAL POINT.
[See Fig. 2, Page 397.]
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 34.

Fig. 1.—TRAVELING-BAG.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 30 and 31.

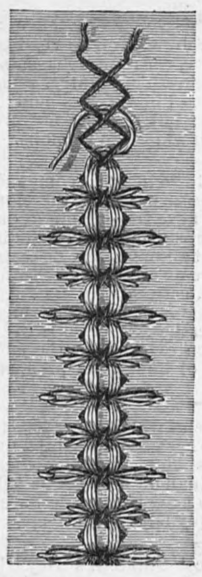

Fig. 2.—SECTION OF POINT RUSSE BORDER FOR TRAVELING-BAG, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

Child's Knitted and Crochet Cap.

See illustration on page 393.

THIS cap is knitted with fine knitting cotton and steel knitting-needles of the requisite size. Begin in the middle of the crown with a foundation of 8 st. (stitch), close these in a ring, and work as follows: 1st round.—All knit plain. 2d and 3d rounds.—All purled. 4th round.—All knit plain. 5th round.—Always alternately t. t. o. (thread thrown over), 1 k. (knit plain). 6th round.—All knit plain; on each t. t. o. in the preceding round always 1 k., 1 p. (purled). 7th–9th rounds.—All purled. 10th round.—All knit plain. 11th round.—Always alternately t. t. o., k. 2 together. 12th round.—All knit plain; on each t. t. o. of the preceding round 1 k., 1 p., 1 k. 13th–16th rounds.—All purled. 17th round.—All knit plain. 18th round.—Always alternately t. t. o., k. 3 together. 19th round.—All knit plain, but on each t. t. o. work 1 k., 1 p., 1 k. 20th–23d rounds.—All purled. 24th round.—All knit plain. Repeat the 18th–24th rounds three times more. This completes the crown of the cap, and with the next round the head piece is commenced. For this the number of stitches should be divisible by 5, therefore the requisite number of stitches are widened at regular intervals. 46th round.—Always alternately p. 2 together, 1 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o. 47th–53d rounds.—All knit plain; in the 47th round always work 1 k., 1 p. on the t. t. o. of the preceding round. 54th round.—Always alternately 3 k., drop the 2 st. from the needle which were knitted in the 47th round on the t. t. o. of the preceding round and knit plain in the next rounds, and then rip them to the 47th round, then carry the upper thread from the back toward the front around all the threads of the preceding rounds, take it up on the needle of the left hand, and knit it off plain as a stitch. 55th round.—All knit plain; on the st. which was knitted on the eight loose threads work always 1 k., 1 p. This completes the first pattern figure. First, repeat the 46th–55th rounds once, and then the 46th and 47th rounds once more. In order to form the back edge of the cap, take up 31 st. on a separate needle, pay no attention to them for the present, and knit 92 rounds more in the preceding design, going back and forth; in the 92d round work on the t. t. o. of the preceding round always 1 k., 1 p., 1 k. Care should be taken that each round begins and ends with 1 st. of the close strip of the design. After finishing the 92d round, gather the edge stitches at both sides on needles and knit on all st. in connection (also on the st. previously left unnoticed), always going forward, as follows: 160th round.—All knit plain. 161st–164th rounds.—All purled. 165th round.—Always alternately t. t. o., k. 3 together. 166th round.—All knit plain; on each t. t. o. work 1 k., 1 p. 167th–170th rounds.—All purled. 171st round.—All knit plain. Then take a crochet needle and crochet with the same cotton always alternately 1 sc. (single crochet), with which fasten together 3 st. of the knitting, 3 ch. (chain stitch). For the edging on the outer edge of the cap work with twisted cotton, No. 100, 2 rounds more. 1st round.—On each sc. of the preceding round 1 dc. (double crochet), after each dc. 3 ch. 2d round.—∗ On the next ch. between 2 dc. work 1 scallop, consisting of 4 dc., 1 p. (picot, consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first ch.), 2 stc. (short treble crochet), 1 p., 2 stc., 1 p., 4 dc., pass over 2 dc. separated by 3 ch.; repeat from ∗. Through the round of holes on the outer edge run narrow colored satin ribbon, and furnish the cap with strings of the same color.

Infant's Knitted Sock.

See illustration on page 393.

THIS sock is knitted with blue and white zephyr worsted. Begin on the upper pointed edge, working, with blue worsted and medium-sized steel knitting-needles, a foundation of 96 st. (stitch). On this foundation work, always going forward, as follows: 1st and 2d rounds.—With blue worsted, all purled. 3d–8th rounds with white worsted. 3d round.—All knit plain. 4th round.—∗ 4 k. (knit plain), t. t. o. (thread thrown over), 1 k., t. t. o., 4 k., k. 3 together; repeat from ∗. 5th round.—All knit plain; work off each t. t. o. of the preceding round as 1 st., and always knit off 3 st. together as in the preceding round, so that the st. formed of the narrowing in the preceding round always forms the middle st. of the narrowing in this round. 6th and 7th rounds.—Like the 5th round. 8th round.—All knit plain; this round should count 48 st. 9th–11th rounds with blue worsted. 9th round.—All knit plain. 10th and 11th rounds.—All purled. 12th–30th rounds with white worsted. 12th–14th rounds.—All knit plain. 15th round.—Always alternately 1 k., 2 p. (purled). Repeat these last 4 rounds three times more; the purled st. of every fourth following round should always come above each other in the same direction. 28th–30th rounds.—All knit plain. 31st–33d rounds with blue worsted. 31st round.—All knit plain. 32d and 33d rounds.—All purled. 34th and 35th rounds with white worsted. 34th round.—All knit plain. 35th

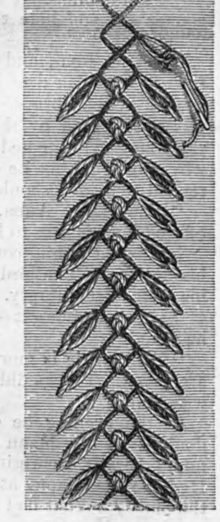

Fig. 3.—SECTION OF POINT RUSSE BORDER FOR TRAVELING-BAG, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

ROSE-WOOD FOOTSTOOL.

MAHOGANY FOOTSTOOL.
For design and description see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 35.

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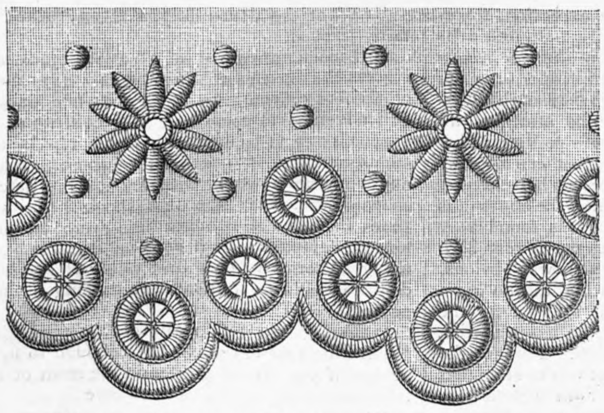


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF NEEDLE-WORK RUFFLE FOR PILLOW-CASE, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

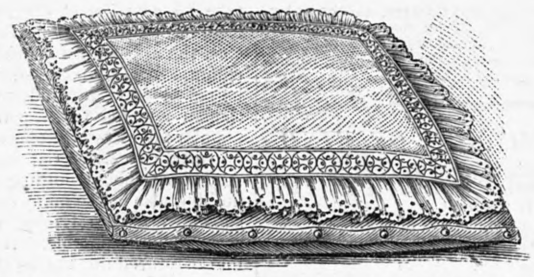


Fig. 1.—PILLOW-CASE.—[See Fig. 2; and Fig. 3, Page 389.]
For description see Supplement.

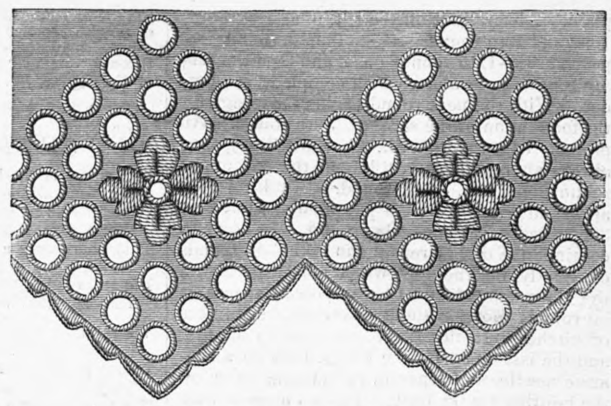
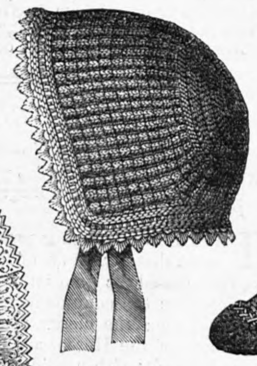


Fig. 3.—SECTION OF EMBROIDERY FOR DRESS, FIG. 1, PAGE 388, AND FIG. 2.—FULL SIZE.

round.—Always alternately t. t. o., k. 2 together. 36th–38th rounds.—Like the 31st–33d rounds; work off each t. t. o. of the 35th round as 1 st. 39th–47th rounds with white worsted. 39th round.—All knit plain. 40th round.—Always alternately 1 p., 1 sl. (stitch slipped), as if going to purl the stitch, therefore the working thread should lie before the sl. Like these 2 rounds work the 41st–47th rounds; it must be observed, however, that the purled st. and the sl. come transposed. After finishing the 47th round count off 18 st. for the front of the foot of the sock, and, paying no attention for the present to the remaining st., knit on these 18 st., always going back and forth, the 48th–50th rounds with blue worsted. 48th round.—All knit plain. 49th round.—All purled. 50th round.—All knit plain. 51st–85th rounds with white worsted, in the design of the 39th–47th rounds, but as the knitting is now done going back and forth, purl the round knit plain which follows each pattern round on the wrong side of the knitting. Besides this, narrow 1 st. each at the beginning of the 70th, 74th, 78th, and 82d rounds, and at the end of the 72d, 76th, 80th, and 84th rounds, so that the 85th round counts only 10 st. 86th–90th rounds with blue worsted. 86th round.—All knit plain. 87th round.—Alternately 1 k., 2 p., finally, 1 k. 88th round.—Alternately 1 p., 2 k.; finally, 1 p. 89th round.—Like the 87th round, but narrow 1 st. at the beginning and end. 90th round.—All knit plain. In connection with this work the foot of the sock entirely with blue worsted as follows: Gather the edge stitches at both sides of the front, and the 30 st. previously left unnoticed, on needles, and now knit, always going forward, 20 rounds, alternately 1 round all purled, 1 round all knit plain. In the 14th, 16th, 18th, and 20th of these rounds narrow twice each at both sides of the middle of the front, leaving 6 st. between the two narrowings in the 14th round; in the remaining rounds bring these two narrowings nearer the middle by 2 st. each, so that they come together in the last round. In the 16th, 18th, and 20th rounds, in the middle of the back of the foot, narrow, besides, always twice 1 st. side by side, thus 6 st. altogether. After finishing the last round knit off together 2 opposite st. from the wrong side. Now only the strip which finishes the foot remains to be worked. For this take up the st. of the 1st round of the foot on needles and knit with blue worsted four rounds, all knit plain, always going forward, but so that the wrong side of the st. comes on the outside; then cast off rather tight, and ornament the strip on the right side with a cross seam of white worsted, as shown by the illustration. Through the round of holes above the ankle run a piece of cord crocheted in chain stitch with white worsted and trimmed with cut worsted balls.

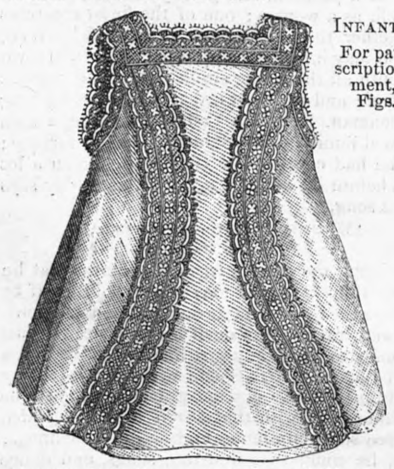
INFANT'S GAITER.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 32 and 33.

EMBROIDERED TULLE CAP. IMITATION OF BRUGES LACE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 28 and 29.



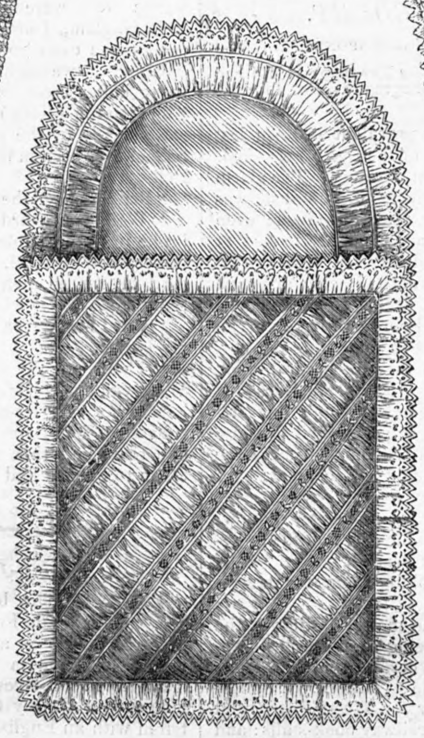
INFANT'S KNITTED AND CROCHET CAP.

INFANT'S KNITTED SOCK.



APRON FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 16 and 17.

KNITTED SACQUE FOR INFANT FROM 3 TO 6 MONTHS OLD.



CASE FOR INFANT'S PILLOW.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXVI., Figs. 84 and 85.

KNITTED AND CROCHET SACQUE FOR INFANT FROM 3 TO 6 MONTHS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 14 and 15.

SHIRT FOR CHILD UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 12 and 13.

Fig. 1. JACKET FOR BOY FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 37–42.

Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.—BACK. [See Fig. 1, page 388; and Fig. 3.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 43–48.

Fig. 3.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 49–53.

Fig. 4.—INFANT'S LOW-NECKED ROBE. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XX., Figs. 54–57.

Fig. 5.—INFANT'S HIGH-NECKED ROBE. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XXI., Figs. 58–62.

Fig. 6.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXII., Figs. 63–67.

Fig. 7.—APRON FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIII., Figs. 68–72.

Fig. 8.—DRESS FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIV., Figs. 73–76.

Fig. 9.—FROCK FOR BOY FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXV., Figs. 77–83.

FIGS. 1–9.—SUITS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS UNDER SIX YEARS OLD.

Knitted Sacque for Infant from 3 to 6 Months old.

THIS sacque is worked with white knitting cotton and steel knitting-needles of the requisite size. Begin on the under edge with a foundation of 232 st. (stitch), and on these knit in rounds, going back and forth, as follows: 1st and 2d rounds.—All knit plain. 3d round.—All purled. 4th and 5th rounds.—All knit plain. 6th round.—Sl. (slip one stitch), 1 p. (purled), k. 2 together (knit 2 st. together), * 4 p., t. t. o. (thread thrown over), 1 p., t. t. o., 4 p., k. 3 together; repeat from *, but at the end of the round k. 2 together instead of 3, and then purl 1 st. 7th, 9th, and 11th rounds.—All knit

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plain. Always knit off the t. t. o. as 1 st. 8th, 10th, and 12th rounds.—Like the 6th round; repeat the 1st–12th rounds once, and then the 1st–5th rounds once more, which completes the border. With the next round begins the design for the foundation of the sacque. 30th round.—All purled. 31st round.—Sl., 2 k. (knit plain), then always alternately 2 p., 6 k.; at the end of the round 2 p., 3 k. 32d round.—Sl., 1 p., then always alternately 4 k., 4 p.; finally, 4 k., 2 p. 33d round.—Like the 31st round. In order to continue the design repeat the 30th–33d rounds constantly, but the dots, which appear purled on the right side, should be transposed; then knit 60 rounds more, without changing the number of stitches. In the 94th round take up the first and the last 38 st. for the fronts, each on a separate needle, and separate the middle 60 st. of the knitting for the back. Pay no attention for the present to the remaining 18 st. between the back and fronts. Finish the back and fronts separately in the design previously described, repeating the pattern figure, consisting of 4 rounds, eleven times for each part; then take up the 16 st. of each front nearest the armhole on a separate needle, and with these knit for the shoulder 16 rounds more in the preceding design; but in the 2d, 4th, and 6th of these rounds always knit 2 st. together on the neck. Work the remaining rounds without changing the number of stitches. Having also worked at both sides of the back two shoulder pieces with 16 st. each in a similar manner, join the back and fronts on the shoulders, always knitting together two opposite st. from the wrong side. Gather the side st. at the neck of both shoulders on needles, and knit, in connection with the st. of the back and fronts, the neck of the sacque. First, work three rounds, which appear purled on the right side, then one round of holes, as follows: Always alternately t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k.; then again three rounds, which appear purled on the right side; in the first of these three rounds work off the t. t. o. in the preceding round as st., then cast off. For each sleeve gather on the armhole at both sides of the shoulder seam 8 st. each on a needle, at the same time widening 1 st. after every second following st., so that 24 st. are on the needle. On these st. work, going back and forth, 15 rounds in the design previously described, but on both sides of the needle, thus at the beginning and end of each round widen 1 st., taking up 1 st. from the nearest edge st. of the armhole. This widening is always done in the same edge st. in three successive rounds, so that for the widening of every 15 st. at both sides 5 edge st. are used; then also gather the remaining edge st. of the armhole on needles, and in connection with the 18 st. of the body, hitherto left unnoticed, knit, always going forward, in the design given, 76 rounds more, narrowing 1 st. each in every second round at both sides of the 18 middle st. This narrowing is continued until the 18 st. are reduced to 4 st. and a small gore is formed. To make the bottom of the sleeve tight enough, knit in the following round always alternately 5 k., 1 st. narrowed; next follow 2 rounds all purled, 1 round of holes like those on the neck, and again 2 rounds all purled. Edge the sleeve with a border like that on the under edge of the sacque, and then cast off.

Knitted and Crochet Sacque for Infant from 3 to 6 Months old.

See illustration on page 393.

THE original is of fine white zephyr worsted, for which knitting cotton may be substituted if preferred. Fig. 14, Supplement, gives one-half of the pattern for the sacque. Having completed the pattern along the middle line to a whole, crochet a chain stitch foundation corresponding in length to the under edge of the pattern (the stitches should not be stretched), and the number of stitches to be divisible by four. Gather the foundation stitches on knitting-needles, and work, going back and forth, first 10 rounds in patent knitting, as follows: 1st round.—4 k. (knit plain), ∗ t. t. o. (thread thrown over), 1 sl. (stitch slipped), as if going to purl, 1 k.; repeat from ∗. At the end of the round work 4 k. 2d round.—4 p. (purled), ∗ t. t. o., sl. the st. (stitch) knit plain in the preceding round, as if going to purl, knit together the st. and t. t. o. of the preceding round, and repeat from ∗; at the end of the round work 4 p. 3d–10th rounds.—Like the 2d round. The 4 st. at the beginning and end of each round are continued throughout the work, thus forming a tight edge on the fronts of the sacque; as these st. do not belong to the design, however, they will not be referred to again in the course of the work. After finishing the patent knitting, work 3 rounds all purled. Now follows the open-work pattern for the foundation of the sacque. Each pattern figure consists of the following 4 rounds: 1st round.—∗ k. 3 together (knit 3 st. together), on the following st. work 1 p., 1 k., 1 p., and repeat from ∗. 2d round.—All knit plain. 3d round.—All purled. 4th round.—All knit plain. In repeating the pattern transpose the dots, knitting together the 3 st. which were worked on 1 st., and working 1 p., 1 k., 1 p. on the st. formed of knitting together in the preceding pattern figure. Having reached the armholes, gather the st. of the fronts and the st. of the back on separate needles, cast off several st. (8 in the original) between the back and fronts in the middle at the bottom of each armhole, and finish the back and fronts separately in the design previously described, widening or narrowing at the armholes and the shoulders according to the pattern. In order to form the slope of the neck, cast off several st. on the upper edge of the fronts and on the upper edge of the back, and shorten the following rounds for the shoulders in the requisite manner. Having finished the knitting, sew up the edges of the shoulders from the wrong side from 29 to 30. That side of the work on which the dots of the design appear purled forms the right side of the sacque. The sleeves, which are also commenced on the under edge with a crochet ch. (chain stitch) foundation, are worked according to the pattern, Fig. 15, Supplement, in the same design as the sacque. Having sewed up the sleeves on the sides from 31 to 32, border the under edge with two crochet rounds as follows: 1st round.—Always alternately 1 dc. (double crochet) on the next edge st., 1 ch., with this pass over 1 edge st. 2d round.—5 dc. on the next dc. of the preceding round, ∗ 1 ch., 1 sc. (single crochet) on the ch. between the second and third following dc., 1 ch., 5 dc. on the second following dc., and repeat from ∗. The finished sleeves are sewed into the sacque according to the corresponding figures. Sew a fly 8 st. wide, all knit plain, in rounds, going back and forth, to the left front edge of the sacque, and set the buttons on the fly. Border the right front edge with 1 round of sc., working the corresponding button-holes with several ch. each. Finally, work on the under edge of the sacque one round of scallops like those on the outer edge of the sleeves, and finish the neck with a small collar, which is worked on a ch. foundation to suit the width of the neck, in 16 rounds of patent knitting, and bordered on the outer edge with crochet scallops. Trim the sacque on the neck with an open-work round of double crochet; and through this, and also through the open-work round on the sleeves, run a colored silk ribbon.

OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND.

OH! where is the being that blindly
  Will hold as the faith of his kind
That proverb of spirit unkindly
  Which says, "Out of sight, out of mind?"
That heart were a wilderness lonely
  Which could not this saying deny,
Did it question the memories only
  That affection will never let die.

We think of the loved in our grieving,
  For we know they would feel with our care;
In our joy, for our faith is believing
  They would join, and we would they could share.
'Tis thus in our sorrows and pleasures
  Come dear ones, whom fate may remove;
And, though far "out of sight," the heart's treasures
  Are nigh in the "mind" of our love.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

What was paid for the *Times* Newspaper.—Mill and Bright.—The *Saturday's* Biography.—Not up in his *Pickwick*.

THERE was a rumor prevalent in town last week that Mr. Levy, of the *Daily Telegraph*, had purchased the *Times* newspaper. The alarm depicted on the countenances of capitalists was considerable; the clergy were dismayed; even members of the Hereditary Chamber looked at one another "with a wild surprise," like Cortéz when he first caught sight of the Pacific, although the news boded nothing pacific to *them*. The idea of so respectable and conservative an organ becoming *radical* was indeed something portentous. Most people, as was only natural, took refuge in skepticism. It was "ridiculous;" it was "impossible;" "money couldn't buy it," etc. To these objections it was replied by those in possession of the facts that not only was the news correct, but that they knew the exact sum which Mr. Levy had given for the *Times*.

"How much was it?" was the eager inquiry.

"Why, *threepence*"—which is, indeed, its retail price. There has not been so good a "sell" going about our club smoking-rooms for many a day.

The curious part of the matter is that at the very time this joke is being so rapturously received it is by no means certain that the *Times* has not been actually sold to Mr. W. H. Smith, the conservative member for Westminster, and the proprietor of all our railway book-stalls; and in that case no particular change needs to be made in its political programme. This was the gentleman, you remember, who turned poor John Stuart Mill out of his seat in the House of Commons. That great closet statesman's death will probably form the theme of many a discourse from our evangelical pulpits. When the Athanasian Creed became of late the subject of controversy, Mr. Mill delivered himself upon the subject to this effect: "The only means I possess of estimating the goodness of the Supreme Being are those by which I estimate the goodness of my fellow-man. If *He* sends me to hell for so doing, to hell I will go." I heard these very words repeated by a clergyman in a metropolitan church to a shuddering audience, and they will, without doubt, be now resuscitated. Yet any thing more unlike a blatant skeptic than that delicate, refined, and almost effeminate philosopher it is impossible to imagine. His physique was feeble, and his manner wanting in energy, but when he spoke his arguments had a comprehensiveness and lucidity such as proceed from no other lips. It is currently reported that Miss Taylor, his step-daughter, has been only waiting for his death in order to embrace the tenets of the Church of Rome, but considering that she is a lady of such advanced opinions as to be a member of "the Radical Club," I do not think this statement very reliable.

Talking of the radicals, Mr. Bright has much disappointed them by his answer to the Republican Association, in which he declares himself satisfied with our monarchical institutions. They do not, in his opinion, need to be swept away, root and branch, but only require reform and amendment. He has nothing to say, however, in favor of our hereditary peerage, and, on the whole, writes a sensible enough letter on the matter. If we were about to build a constitution, it would be right to build it upon the lines of that of the United States; but since we have already got one, it would be safer, he thinks, to adapt it to modern requirements. This prudent deliverance of his has already earned him the title of "Finality Bright," nor do the more advanced of his own party hesitate to hint that his favor with the Queen has mitigated his democratic fervor.

In a supplement to his *History of the Newspaper Press* Mr. Grant gives us a biography of the *Saturday Review*, in which he lifts the veil from that terror of authors, and exposes it, as he flatters himself, in all its nakedness and deformity, though, after all, he does little more than prove it to be ill-natured and cynical, which most people are already aware of. His account of its first establishment, however, is curious enough. Mr. Beresford Hope ("the Bœotian," as Gladstone called him), having absolutely destroyed the *Morning Chronicle* (he lost £7000 by it yearly) by his Puseyite predilections, felt, it seems, a sting of conscience for having employed so many able pens in a lost cause, and thrown them in some degree out of other employment. Instead, however, of pensioning his old staff, which his enormous wealth, notwithstanding the late drain on it, would have easily enabled him to do, he set aside £25,000 for the publication of a Review, and placed it in the hands of his late editor, Cooke, with liberty to take his own line. With the exception, therefore, of one or two Tory and High-Church articles, the appearance of which in the *Saturday's* columns used to excite such surprise, and which he put in out of gratitude to his patron, this gentleman adopted for a policy the attack of all popular favorites in literature and politics, which he certainly carried out with great consistency. And since, though nothing succeeds like success, nothing also has so many enemies, the abuse thus showered upon all great men was found very popular and palatable. It was not a very high line of procedure, but as the plan was obvious, and, by Mr. Grant's own showing, did no harm to the authors and politicians selected for the scalping-knife, it seems to me he has wasted a good deal of virtuous indignation. Perhaps the principal object of his pamphlet was to state that Mr. Harwood, the present editor of the *Saturday*, was a Unitarian preacher. Its most amusing statement is the following. After explaining that the best and wisest writers were always the object of the *Saturday's* virulence, Mr. Grant naïvely adds, "And I myself was among those authors whose works were most fiercely assailed."

In England, I am ashamed to say, some of us (and those even good judges) do not read our *Pickwick* as we ought to do. An attorney's clerk being under cross-examination before the Lord Chief Baron (Kelly) the other day, was asked sardonically by the prosecuting counsel whether he had ever been in the office of one Mr. Solomon Pell.

"Pell?" echoed the astonished witness. "Pell?"

"Well, you heard the question, didn't you?" broke in the irascible judge. "Don't fence with the learned counsel, but answer him directly." And he waited, pen in hand, to set down his reply.

"But I never even *heard* of Mr. Solomon Pell, my lord."

"That's not the question. The question is, Were you ever in Mr. Pell's office?"

It is not very often that our judges are made ridiculous, but I am told that the court was in one roar, and that the Lord Chief Baron has taken to his bed and a course of Dickens.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

A LEFT-HANDED JOB.

"I NEVER saw but one literal *gaucherie* in my life," said Frank Delamere, as we leaned over the bulwarks, and watched the quaint old houses of Panama melting into the receding background of forest, "and this was how it happened. On my first visit to New Orleans I fell in with an Englishman of the name of Montfort. I had got lost—no very difficult matter in a town like that—and was asking my way of a nigger, who seemed to know rather less about it than I did myself, when, luckily for me, this fellow Montfort happened to pass by. The moment he saw that I was at a loss he stepped forward, and very politely offered to pilot me, which he did, going considerably out of his way to do it. When we got to my hotel, of course I couldn't well do less than ask him in. We got talking, and his talk amused me somehow, so that when he got up to go I begged him to look me up again when he had nothing better to do. He did so, and in a little while we became pretty intimate—as intimate, at least, as any one could get to be with *him*. Not that he was what you would call reserved. He would talk freely enough about the things he had seen and done, and the strange places he had visited, and the strange people he had met; but when you came to think it all over afterward you would begin to notice that he had not said a word about who he was, or where he came from, or what he did, and, although we were so constantly together, I knew no more of him the last day than on the first.

"Another of his queer ways was doing things that nobody else did, and not doing things that every body else did, and that, too, not at all like an affectation, but as if it came quite natural to him. He used to walk the most unheard-of distances in the heat of the day, when all the rest of the town was having a siesta; and to go to bed early in the evening, just when every one else was going out; and to get up early in the morning, just when every one else was going to bed. Then, on the other hand, he neither smoked nor drank, never played cards, and (which was even more astounding to the New Orleansers) never made love! At New Orleans, you know, you make love to every woman you meet, as a matter of course; but this fellow (though, to do him justice, he was always perfectly polite to them) seemed hardly to know whether they were women or men!

"You mustn't suppose from all this, though, that he was unpopular. Let a fellow once get a character for that sort of thing, and it's ten to one the women like him all the better for it. Then, too, his feats in the athletic line, and the reports that were afloat of his wonderful adventures, and, above all, the kind of mystery that enveloped him, were great points in his favor. He wasn't ornamental, certainly—a square, heavy-built fellow, with a big lumpy forehead, and a long hooked nose, and a hard mouth half covered with thick mustache and beard; but he had a strange, out-of-the-way, picturesque style of talking that was rather attractive: and with all he had seen and all he had read, he was worth listening to. But it will save you a great infliction if, instead of describing him any further, I just quote you part of a conversation we had one day.

"'I suppose you'll be here some time yet?' said I.

"'Not likely,' he answered: 'I've been here six weeks already, and that's too long for any man to stay in one place without some special object. New scenery renews individuals, just as new blood renews races; and, besides, I've been far too comfortable here as it is.'

"'What the deuce do you mean?' asked I, fairly puzzled.

"'I mean,' answered he, 'that too much ease relaxes the muscles of the mind as well as those of the body: you need hard work and danger and adversity to come and fling cold water on you, and rub you down with rough towels and stir your blood into action once more. When any thing goes wrong with me it's just like a shower-bath; after the first shock I feel ten times fresher and stronger than ever: but prolonged enjoyment, with nothing to ruffle it, is not good for any one. Just think what a burden life would be if there were nothing to fight against!'

"'Well,' said I (I really couldn't help it), 'there's no fear but you'll have enough to fight against if you always go slap in the teeth of established usages as you've done here!'

"'Very true,' he answered, as coolly as if I had paid him a compliment. 'I can't expect every one to think as I do, and very likely it would be a bad thing if they did. But when a thing has *got to be done*, done it must be!'

"I can't give you an idea of the way he brought out that last sentence; every word sounded like a nail knocked into a wall. I didn't say any more to him *that* time.

"Now I must tell you that at this time the belle of New Orleans was a certain Miss Georgiana De Courcy, the handsomest girl and the greatest heiress in Louisiana, and—what counts for a good deal in the Southern States—of one of the oldest families in the South. She was certainly a splendid woman—without an atom of heart or conscience, beautiful as a leopard, vain as a peacock, and greedy of admiration as—well, as a woman; one of the finest creatures altogether that I ever saw in my life! Well, as you may imagine, before she had been in town a month all the young swells of the place were at her feet; and the most ardent of all was a young Frenchman, Henri Le Vaillant by name, a man of good family, and originally of good fortune; but he had contrived to run through such a lot of it before he came of age that, as Paddy says in the song,

'When he came to man's estate,
  It was all the estate he had.'

This being the case, it was only natural that he should think it a good idea to recoup himself by winning the favor (and fortune) of Miss De Courcy; and, to give the devil his due, he was just the man to make any girl like him if he had a mind that way. To begin with, he was a very handsome fellow—slim and graceful as any statue in Rome, and with that *beauté du diable* which you see so often among high-caste Frenchmen; then, he could sing first-rate songs, and dance like any Taglioni; and to crown all, he was the best rider, and, what was more to the purpose, the best fencer in the town. Indeed, he had pinked so many men in various quarrels that his chums, in a kind of chaff upon his double capacity of lady-killer and duelist, nicknamed him 'Perce-cœur.' So when it was known that 'the Pierce-heart' had got his eye upon Miss De Courcy, you may think that her other worshipers began to feel rather put about.

"Now it so happened that I had brought an introduction to the girl's father, Colonel De Courcy, whom she ruled as completely as she ruled every one else, and he had invited me to a grand ball that they gave a little after my arrival. It was at this ball that I got my first sight of Le Vaillant—a slight, delicate-featured man, with a little black mustache, but supple as a greyhound and active as a tiger. Of course he was horribly conceited, as these fellows always are; but barring that, he struck me as rather pleasant company, and I couldn't help thinking that if he really meant business as regarded the De Courcy, he stood well to make his game.

"Well, the ball was like every other ball—plenty of heat and crush and chatter; lots of dancing and flirting, and ices and Champagne; a few people worth talking to, and a great many better worth leaving alone. About two in the morning (having just made my escape from a dreadful woman, who had never been to Paris and would insist upon knowing all about it), I went out upon the veranda to recover myself, and came bump against another man, who was just coming in. I turned round to apologize, and saw—Montfort!

"I don't think I was ever more taken aback in all my life. Here was a fellow who neither danced, drank, nor flirted—who always went to bed at ten, and didn't know a woman from a mile-stone—cropping up all at once in the middle of a ball! It was Saul among the prophets with a vengeance!

"'Hollo, Montfort!' said I, 'isn't this rather a violation of your principles?'

"'What would you have? One must do in Rome as the Romans do. Here it's the fashion to go to balls, and I go to them. In the Andes, where I am going presently, it's the fashion to climb peaks and scramble along rock ledges, and I shall climb and scramble with the rest. Good-night—I must be going.'

"This (as poor Dickens says somewhere) was 'pilin' it up rayther too mountaynious.' The idea of Montfort, of all men on earth, doing a thing because other people did it was a little *too* good; I'd as soon have believed in Tom Sayers joining the Peace Society. And my doubts were not dispelled by a fragment of conversation which I overheard just then from two men who were standing on the veranda a little way off.

"'Who was that fellow who was out here just now with Miss De Courcy?'

"'Don't know; but I fancy it's the same man who takes those wonderful walks—Moffat, or Montfort, or some such name.'

"'Well, he seemed to be making the most of his time, anyhow.' And the two passed on.

"As for me, I went home very much out of temper with myself. I had been wont to brag

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that nobody could throw dust in my eyes; and yet this fellow Montfort had done it as thoroughly as one man ever did to another. To judge by present appearances, his former show of asceticism must have been all humbug; and upon my word, I was rather sorry for it. To me this man was a kind of rare specimen—a Codex Sinaiticus, a new hieroglyphic; and I valued him as Professor Tischendorf might value the one, or Sir Henry Rawlinson the other. In this easy-going age, bristling with every conceivable invention for making men indolent and luxurious, it was something to find even *one* living creature who seemed to defy without an effort every temptation that can assail humanity; and now it appeared all at once that he wasn't the man I took him for. The only thing to be done was to find out at once how the case really stood; so directly after breakfast I posted off to Montfort's quarters, and found him sitting near the window (as fresh as if he had been in bed all night) writing a letter with his left hand.

"'Hollo!' said I, 'is your right arm paralyzed with handing lemonade?'

"'No; but it's as well to keep in practice, in case I should hurt the other hand. That's one thing my travels have taught me—to be as handy with my left as with my right.'

"'Why, do you mean to say that you can throw and carve and write and handle a cue or a single-stick as well with one hand as with the other?'

"'Pretty nearly, so far as I've tried yet; one of these days I'll give you a specimen.'

"(So he did—in a way I little dreamed of.)

"'Well, look here,' said I, coming to the point, 'aren't you a pretty fellow to pretend never to love, and all that sort of thing—and then to go walking on a veranda at two in the morning with the prettiest girl in the town?'

"As I spoke, I looked keenly in his face for some sign of confusion. I might as well have looked at the Great Sphinx.

"'Ah, you think I'm in love with Miss De Courcy,' said he, with a quiet laugh. 'Well, you're not the only one who does me the honor to hold that opinion; but you rate my good taste too high. The young lady is an extremely interesting *study;* but as for my admiring her, happily even public opinion can not turn *that* fiction into a fact!'

"'Do you mean to tell me, then,' cried I, 'that you *can't* fall in love, even if you tried?'

"'I mean to tell you,' he answered, drawing himself up, and looking really grand for the moment, 'that I should not count life worth having, if I were overcome, even for one moment, by any influence that I could not shake off, which is what *I* understand by love. The greatest pleasure of life, take my word for it, is the free use of one's own will.'

"'I suppose, then,' said I, half joking, 'that if you *did* fall in love, and she played fast and loose with you, you'd kill yourself?'

"'Not *myself*,' he answered, very quietly; and then he put away his writing, and asked me to come out for a stroll. And so the subject dropped. But I now began to suspect (not for the first time) that my friend Montfort wasn't quite right in the head; and when you hear the rest of the story, I think you'll agree with me.

"Well, for about a month after that every thing went on as usual. The season was well in by this time, and I had my hands full—balls, masquerades, musical soirées, private theatricals, and what not. Once or twice I lighted upon Montfort in the very thick of it; but for the most part he seemed rather to fight shy of going about, in spite of his theory about 'doing as the Romans did.' However, he occupied a good deal of *my* attention just then; for, to tell the truth, I was rather riled at the way he had thrown dust in my eyes; and I determined to find out, by hook or by crook, whether he were really spooney on the De Courcy or not. But I might as well have saved myself the trouble, for, look as sharp as I might, I was just as wise at the end of the month as at the beginning. *One* thing I found out, though—that Montfort and Le Vaillant liked each other about as well as a badger and a terrier, and that the least thing would kindle a row between them. Le Vaillant had managed, by dint of his dueling renown, to exact a kind of deference from every body he knew; whereas Montfort made no more of him than if he had been a crossing-sweeper, and, indeed, had rather shut him up once or twice, when he began to brag a little *too* extensively. Now I needn't tell you that you may do any thing to a Frenchman rather than make him look small before a whole roomful of people, especially when half of them are ladies. Then, again, Le Vaillant's blustering ways riled Montfort; and so, bit by bit, they came to hate each other like poison.

"Now I should tell you that while all this was going on, I had become rather thick with Colonel De Courcy, Georgiana's father; not that I had any idea of *her*, but at that time I was rather mad on sporting, and the old colonel seemed to have hunted and shot every beast that came out of the ark. So pretty nearly every other day I used to stroll up there, and find the old boy sitting in his garden over a weed and a mint-julep, and we would have a long palaver about the big game, and the best spots for finding them. Well, one afternoon, about five weeks after that ball I was speaking of, I turned up in the colonel's garden, but didn't find him in his usual place; and I was just thinking of going up to the house to look for him, when, all at once, just on the other side of the high shrubbery behind which I was standing, I heard voices; and they were the voices of Miss De Courcy and—Montfort!

"Of course you'll say I was a confounded snob for listening, and I don't deny it; but, at the same time, I could no more help it than I could help breathing. Through the leaves I could see them standing on the sidewalk; and though they spoke low, I heard every word.

"'Mr. Montfort,' says she, 'I have a great favor to ask of you; and although people call you ungallant, I can not believe that you will be so unkind as to refuse me. Will you do what I ask?'

"(Talk of witchcraft! you should have heard her voice, and seen the look she gave! It was enough to drive a man stark mad; and I know it made *me* tingle all over, as if I'd fallen into a bed of nettles.)

"'I await your commands,' says Montfort, as coolly as if he'd been reading *Euclid*. (I couldn't have done it in his place, I know that.)

"'Well,' says she, 'I find that Mr. Le Vaillant—that young Frenchman whom you met here the other day—has been showing to all his friends a likeness of myself, which I was foolish enough to give him, and has the insolence to boast of it, as if—as if I had—in short, as if more importance might be attached to it than it really deserves.' (The way she did that little bit of bashfulness would have made her fortune on the stage.) 'You are the only man whom I can trust to check his impertinence, for all the rest seem afraid of him. May I count upon you to defend my reputation?'

"She took both his hands in hers (I suppose to add emphasis to her petition), and cast her eyes on the ground. It was well that she did; for there came over Montfort's face such a look of killing contempt as made me fairly shake. He drew himself up, as if he could have trampled her under his feet; and for that moment he looked really splendid—just as I had seen him look when I chaffed him about being in love with her, the morning after the ball.

"'I am at your service,' says he, bowing; and with that away he went, without another word. As for me, I stood like a fool for good five minutes before I could recollect myself, the whole thing took me so aback. This was worse than I had ever dreamed of. All that I ever bargained for was a little flare-up between Montfort and the Frenchman, which would blow over and leave all clear again; but here was a far more serious business. Whether the De Courcy had got tired of having Le Vaillant always hanging after her, and wanted to get rid of him, or whether it was only her confounded vanity that was tickled at the idea of setting men fighting about her, I can't tell; but *I've* always thought (though it seems a horrible thing to say of any woman) that she was riled at Montfort for not bowing down to her as every one else did, and that she meant to punish him by getting him knocked on the head. Look at it which way I would, it was a very bad business. Apart from my liking for Montfort, I couldn't abide the thought of an Englishman being killed by a Frenchman, and the whole town crowing over it, as they'd be sure to do. And yet how was I to stop it? I and the other two men were invited that very day to dine with some Virginian big-wig (Fortescue, I think his name was), and then to go to a ball that Colonel De Courcy was giving the same evening; so that even if they missed each other at one place, they were sure to meet at the other. Altogether, it really seemed as if the powers of mischief had contrived it; and I went home feeling bad all over.

"Well, to Fortescue's I went, and didn't manage to get near Montfort till dinner was done; but when we turned out to have our smoke in the garden (a famous big place, with a fountain in the middle, and dark shrubberies all round hung with colored lamps, just like a scene in a theatre), I got hold of him, and drew him into conversation, meaning at least to stick by him all the evening, in case of any thing happening. But just then, as ill luck would have it, who should come swaggering past but that beast Le Vaillant, with his chorus of worshipers about him, and, of course, he must bring out Miss De Courcy's likeness, and begin bragging about it before them all.

"'Thus it is that we Frenchmen win the day,' said he, in his boastful way; 'every thing is possible to those who dare! It is only those who hang back that get nothing, like those English cowards in the Crimea!'

"I jumped up like a shot at that, you may be sure; but Montfort was before me. With one stride he was through the circle, and confronted the Frenchman, looking him full in the eyes.

"'Did I understand monsieur to say,' asked he, bowing, 'that the English are cowards?'

"'I did,' answered the other, looking up at him insolently.

"'You lie, then!' says Montfort, and gave him a slap in the face with his open hand that echoed all over the garden like a pistol-shot.

"*Then* there was a row, if you like! Every body ran forward at once, shouting and screaming. In an instant the two had their coats off, and were standing face to face, each with a small-sword in his hand, on the bit of smooth turf beside the fountain. It was evident, as soon as they began, that Le Vaillant was the better swordsman of the two; and in a few minutes (just as I had feared) Montfort got a thrust through the arm, below the elbow, that made him drop his weapon. Of course all Le Vaillant's chums shouted for joy; but how they stared when Montfort coolly twisted his handkerchief round his right arm, drew the knot with his teeth, took up the sword in his *left* hand, and said, quietly, '*En garde*, monsieur!'

"It was then, for the first time, that the Frenchman began to look disturbed; and certainly there was something awful in this dogged, blood-thirsty persistency, which no pain or danger could shake. Two or three of Le Vaillant's party tried to protest, but the others overruled them, and the fight began again. The two faces were a sight: Le Vaillant looked like a wolf in a trap—full of a kind of frightened fury; Montfort's face was quiet, and cold as marble, but with a look of grim *satisfaction* on it, as if he was sure of his man at last. And so, indeed, he was. In those days the French schools didn't generally teach their men how to meet a left-handed attack; and Le Vaillant, who had never seen any thing of the sort before, was fairly puzzled. His breath began to fail, his hand shook; and at last, as he overreached himself in making a thrust, Montfort sprang in, and went clean through him, from breast to back. Then picking up the miniature, he flung his coat loose over his shoulders, and flew out of the garden like a wild-cat. I followed him as hard as I could pelt (you know I couldn't tell what he might do in the mad fit that seemed to be on him), and I tell you that in all my life I never had such a run. He never slackened once till he got to Colonel De Courcy's, where the ball was just at its height; and there he bolted through the gate, burst into the ball-room, right through the midst of the dancers, and rushing up to where Miss De Courcy was standing, flung the miniature at her feet.

"'Talk of theatres!—that scene beat 'em all. Every body seemed turned to stone, and several ladies fainted outright, without any one minding them. And well they might. Montfort was white as a corpse, in spite of his hard run; his clothes were all splashed with blood; his right arm hung down at his side; and his face glared as if he were mad.

"'Are you satisfied?' he asked, in a voice as if some one were choking him. 'You commanded, and I have obeyed you. Take your likeness' (he crushed it with his heel as he spoke), 'and so perish every memorial of the woman who dared to weigh her caprice against the life of a brave man!'

"He looked round upon the company—who were all standing like statues—as if he could strike them dead on the spot, and then vanished into the darkness, like an evil spirit.

"I never saw or heard of him after that night; but he had his revenge, if *that* did him any good. The De Courcy never got over the fright he gave her; she fell into a decline, and died eighteen months later; and her father wasn't long in following her. Now, then, what do you say to a hand at *écarté?*"

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

WE have had some conversation about the habit of receiving on a given day in Paris, and dwelt, I think, a little on the advantages and inconveniences resulting from the system. It remains for foreigners to consider which way the scale dips as far as they are concerned, and to adopt or reject the plan accordingly. But let it be well understood that having once committed themselves to the obligation of remaining one day in the week in-doors for the accommodation of their acquaintances, it becomes an imperative duty on them to do so, and to allow no temptation to lure them out of the house on that day, nor to let any pretext of fatigue or slight headache, or any thing, in fact, short of positive illness, induce them to deny themselves to visitors. Premising that this fundamental principle is soundly established in their minds, we will give a word or two of advice on certain customs connected with this one of having "a day" which have of late years crept into Paris salons. The most prominent of these innovations is that of the five-o'clock tea. This has long been an institution in England. We will not stop to discuss the wisdom or the folly of making it a point of duty to scald one's inside regularly every afternoon with cups of boiling liquid, and of conscientiously providing for one's friends who drop in between lunch and dinner time the same enjoyable opportunity. But so many wise and vehement things have been urged against the process that it is only fair to repeat here the one word we ever heard advanced in favor of it. An Italian medical man of high repute assured a celebrated English writer in Rome that one reason why English visitors to the Eternal City succumbed less frequently than others to the malaria fever was owing to their custom of scalding themselves morning, noon, and night with hot tea. No other liquid, he maintained, could replace tea as an antidote against the terrible Roman fever.

Now that we have done our duty by the dear national beverage, which "cheers but not inebriates," we may, with a clear conscience, inveigh against its encroachments in Paris salons. This five-o'clock episode has not been imported to Paris by the English. Americans will tell you that it has, but I altogether and emphatically deny the charge. As a rule, people take it in England by way of a break in the day, and also because the late dinner hour, which varies from seven to eight, makes the slight refreshment of a cup of tea really desirable in our damp, dismal, and bone-aching climate; but in Paris, where the dinner hour is from six to half past, there is not the shadow of such a necessity for it, and English people are the first to congratulate themselves on being able to do without it. It never occurred to them to offer it to French people, who never take it in their own houses, and would a little while ago have thought it a most absurd entertainment. The English may plead guilty to having substituted tea and cakes in the evening receptions for sirups and sugar-and-water, but the five-o'clock tea is the doing of those dreadful Americans. Now it may strike you as ridiculous to say so, but this importation of theirs is bitterly resented by the French—by the Parisians, I should say—for they are, I fancy, as yet the only sufferers from it. They hate the trouble of it, and they can not see any justification for its being imposed upon them by strangers. It used to be fully understood among French people that when they went to visit each other they went to talk, and not to eat or drink. This made it as easy for the widow lady with a very small income, a small apartment, and one servant, to collect her friends about her once a week as for the fortunate possessor of a large revenue and fine establishment to do it. It entailed no expense whatever, and involved no trouble beyond a little extra attention to her dress, and the same for her *bonne*, who was seated in the anteroom, with her daintiest cap and apron, sewing in the window between the intervals of the rings, which she had no other occupation that afternoon but to answer. But all this is changed of late. Tea is expected where pleasant conversation formerly sufficed, and it is impossible to attend to this operation in the drawing-room while devoted to the hall door. The double service requires two servants, and the consequence is that madame not being able to stretch her income to the demand, closes her salon, and gives up her weekly gathering. This is not the result of a day, of course. It has taken probably three or four years to crush those unpretending little receptions out of Paris society; but thanks to the extravagant habits of those dreadful Americans, and to the weak-minded and ape-like propensities of the French themselves for following the lead in matters of fashion, it has been effectually and very extensively accomplished. The pleasant old French *grandes dames*, who can only afford one servant, are not the only ones to suffer; they are the last, perhaps, for fashion has to break through many rings before it penetrates into their narrow one. The English five-o'clock tea, even in the most magnificent establishments in London, consists simply of cups of tea already poured out, and handed to you on a salver, with a plate of wafer-like slices of bread-and-butter; neither cakes, nor ices, nor sweetmeats of any sort are introduced. When, therefore, English people in Paris choose to have it, it makes little difference in the afternoon's work where there are a couple of servants in a house. But the Americans are not satisfied with this. They have made the solitary cup of tea an opportunity for a grand display of plate, cakes, candies, and what not. On their day, when you visit them, you find the ladies attired as for a wedding reception, in the very latest fashion, young and old alike; and you behold a table set out with all the paraphernalia of an evening tea-party, a bright urn singing lustily above an entire silver service, surrounded by every variety of confectionery, wines, and liquors. The young lady, if there be one, presides over the tea-pot, and the occupation, as she naïvely admits, is agreeable because it gives one something to do, and makes a break in the effort at conversation. All this may be very pretty to look at, and the cakes are pleasant to eat, but the whole performance costs a good deal of money, which is *not* pleasant to many; they are foolish enough to consider themselves bound to return something of the same sort to their entertainers when these latter come to visit them. It may do once in a way, but when it has to be done once a week, it becomes a bore and a drain; they hate it, and revenge themselves by stigmatizing the somewhat ostentatious hospitality as "purse-proud vulgarity;" they take a dislike to the whole nationality, and declare that Americans don't know what "*société*" means; that they can not congregate for half an hour's intercourse without making it an occasion for showing off their money, etc. This is one among other reasons we have named why French people fight shy of Americans in Paris, and often appear to behave rudely or coldly to them; they simply can not afford to keep up with their habits and customs, and they naturally dislike appearing mean or inhospitable. Why can not American visitors, who really wish to see something of French life and manners during their sojourn in the country, conform outwardly to the simplicity which even still in exclusively French circles so charmingly characterizes them? Let them, if they hold to their cup of tea, have it, but what need for this tawdry display of plate and confectionery, alike against common-sense and good taste? If a few American women of high standing set their faces against the exaggeration of the custom, it would even now be soon modified, so as to render it inoffensive.

One last remark I must make while on this subject. Americans, who are so proverbially hospitable in their own country, are apt occasionally to run into the other extreme when abroad, and to suppose that because they can not have things on their accustomed fine scale, they are to do nothing in the way of social entertainment. This is a great mistake, especially in Paris, where hospitality can be made to consist so much more in the grace of the welcome than in the quantity of the refreshments. I was once invited with some friends to spend the evening with an American family from the West. It was sultry August weather. We were shown into the bedroom, where we took off our things; the salon was brilliantly lighted, and there we sat in conversation till eleven o'clock, when we took our leave, not having been offered so much as a glass of water. There was an indirect apology for the fact tendered afterward in the plea that as they were in furnished lodgings, the china, etc., was so shabby they really could not attempt to offer any thing to their friends. The same thing happened me on three occasions in the case of a most charming Southern family. Now surely this theory is a mistake. Who cares—at least in France—what your cups are like, if they be handed with simple hospitality and good tea? I shall say a few words next time on evening receptions. For the present I will conclude, with a hope that some of my American friends will change their views on the above points before we have the pleasure of making their acquaintance in Paris.

COMET.

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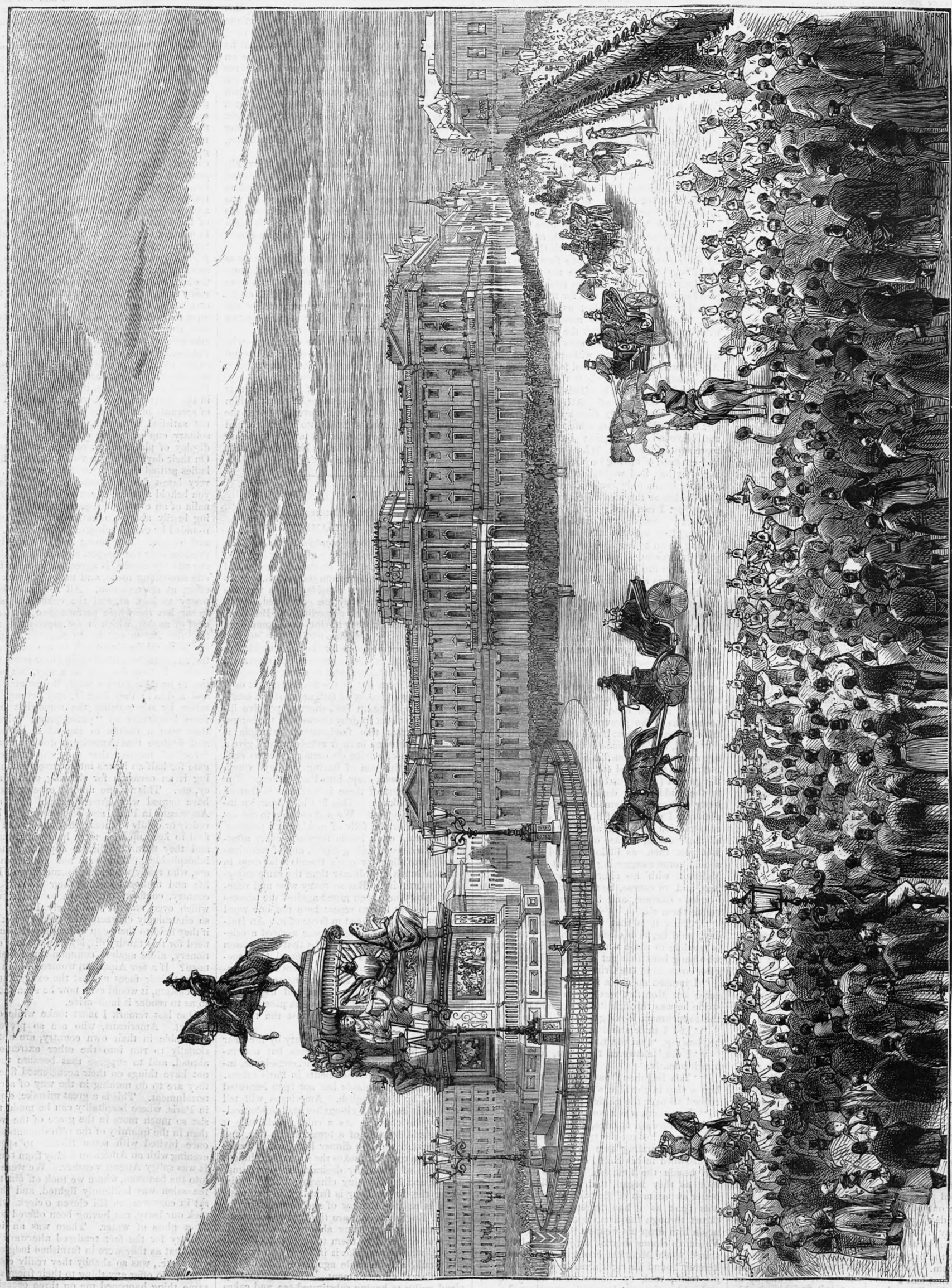
THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AT ST. PETERSBURG.

IT is unnecessary here to recapitulate all the incidents of the recent festivities at St. Petersburg. There is no special bond of friendship existing between the people of Germany and the people of Russia, but the courts of the two empires are very closely connected by blood-relationship, in addition to which the Czar Alexander has a strong personal admiration for his uncle. As for the Emperor William himself, for nearly sixty years past he has maintained close personal connection with Russia. On New-Year's Day, 1814, he crossed the Rhine with a Russian corps, and saw fighting for the first time; the first military order he ever received was the Russian St. George, conferred on him for his bravery at Bar-sur-Aube, and he re-entered Paris on the 31st March of that year with Russian troops. Three years later he escorted to St. Petersburg the bride of the future Emperor Nicholas, and he attended the funeral of Alexander I. Since then he has paid many visits to the Russian court. One of these was of especial interest, when, on the occasion of Nicholas erecting a monumental column to the memory of his father and his father's wars, he went to St. Petersburg at the head of a deputation of men who had fought from 1813 to 1815. This incident is recalled by our sketch, in which we once more see the Emperor William, still active and vigorous, though so many of his German comrades in arms are in their graves. He is seated by the side of the Czar, and is passing beneath the martial statue of his brother-in-law, the late Emperor Nicholas. The two Emperors were preceded by the Chief of the Town, General Trepoff. The large building in the background is the palace of the Grand Duchess Marie Nicolaievna, or Nicholas's daughter, the second name of a Russian always denoting the parentage.



Palace of the Grand Duchess Marie Nicolaievna.

Monument to the Emperor Nicholas.

VISIT OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY TO ST. PETERSBURG.—THE EMPEROR AND THE CZAR PASSING THE NICOLAY PLACE.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

NOTHING can exceed the tenderness which the male humming-bird evinces during breeding-time for his lovely companion, nor the courage which he displays for her protection. On the approach of an intrusive bird, though ten times bigger than himself, he will not hesitate a moment to attack the disturber of his nest; his bravery adds a tenfold increase to his powers, the rapidity of his movements confounds his enemy, and finally drives him to flight. Proud of his success, the little champion returns to his partner, and flaps triumphantly his tiny wings. But with all his activity and courage, he is not always able to avert disaster from his nest, for an enormous bush spider (*Mygale*), covered all over with black hair, too often lurks in the vicinity, watching for the moment when the little birds shall creep out of the shell. With sudden attack it then invades the nest, and sucks their life-blood. Against this enemy neither courage nor despair is of any avail, and if the poor humming-bird endeavors to avenge the slaughter of his young, he only shares their fate, and perishes in the fatal embrace of the spider.

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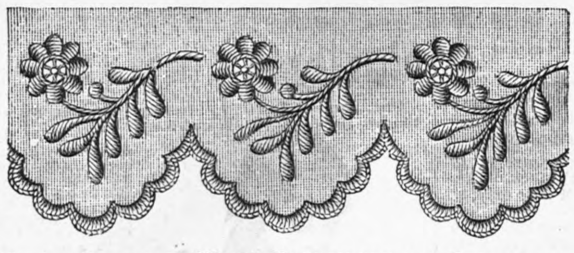


Fig. 1.—BORDER IN WHITE EMBROIDERY FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Borders in White Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE borders are suitable for trimming lingerie, linen, etc. They are embroidered on fine linen, batiste, or Swiss muslin. The illustrations plainly show the manner of working the embroidery.

Box for Postage Stamps.

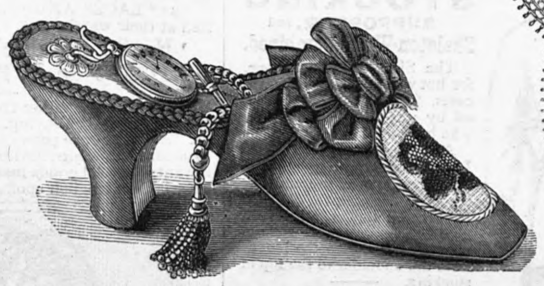
THIS box with an overlapping lid is made of card-board, divided into three sections on the inside, as shown by the illustration, and covered with white watered paper. The outside is covered with maroon inlaid Russia leather; in the middle of the lid, at the top, is a medallion of gray faille, on which either a monogram or a small design may be worked in satin stitch or point Russe with maroon saddler's silk and gold thread.

Cover for Bible, Prayer-Book, etc., Figs. 1-3.

THIS cover, which is designed for Bibles, prayer-books, etc., is made of velvet, damask, or faille, and is embroidered with gold thread and gold braid as shown by Fig. 1. Figs. 2 and 3 show each a full-sized section of a suitable border for the cover. The design figures of both borders are applied in a lighter shade of the material, and are edged with chain stitches of gold thread. Silver cord or colored silk braid may be used, or the embroidery may be executed with silk.

MEDIÆVAL DINNER-PARTIES.

IN the days of chivalry it was a costly business to ask a few friends to dinner. They were not content to eat and drink at the expense of the host, but fully expected—if the banquet partook of a ceremonial character—to carry away something more negotiable than a headache or an indigestion. They looked forward with a keen financial appetite to gifts of silver vessels, falcons, coats of mail, goodly horses, "certain gemmes, by curious art sette in gold; of purple and cloth of gold for men's apparell." Imagine a dinner-party of the present day at which cups and covers, weight-carrying hunters, bracelets and bangles, should be distributed between the courses, and from which no guest should be permitted to depart until he had accepted sufficient cloth to make him a new suit! Ancient banquets were not only expensive, but cumbrous. Many inconvenient ceremonies contributed to lengthen the hours consecrated to gastronomy. Certain dishes were brought in by a regular procession, the boar's head by a deputation of domestics, and the peacock by a contingent of fair dames. The peacock was styled "the food of lovers and the meat of lords." It was roasted and served up whole, covered after dressing with the skin and feathers, the comb entire, and the tail spread. Sometimes the noble bird was covered with gold-leaf instead of its feathers, but the prevailing taste appears to have been in favor of the peacock in full plumage.



WATCH-CASE.
For design and description see Supplement, No. XXIX., Fig. 99.

Edward the Third dispensed a romantic hospitality, wherein eating and drinking, tournaments and love-making, were agreeably mingled; but it was under the reign of his immediate successor, Richard the Second, that the magnificent prodigality of royal entertainments rose to its greatest height. The cost of these banquets was enormous, and the salaries of the cooks—if they were ever paid—must have greatly helped to lighten the royal coffers. Two thousand cooks and three hundred servitors were required to dress food for and wait upon the ten thousand visitors who daily attended the court. To furnish food for this almost incredible number of guests twenty-eight oxen, three hundred sheep, myriads of fowls, and immense quantities of game were immolated daily.

Richard the Second was not only a magnificent host, but a true epicure, and it was during his reign that the celebrated Forme of Cury was compiled by his master cooks, A.D. 1390. This curious vellum roll contained one hundred and ninety-six formulæ for the concoction of the dishes most in favor toward the close of the fourteenth century. Apparently the master cooks were not the sole authors of this curious work, as it was compiled by "assent and avysement of maisters of phisik and of philosophie," who dwelt in the court of King Richard.

It is remarkable that throughout the Forme of Cury we find it impossible to discover the slightest trace of plain food. When any thing is to be boiled we are told to "seeth it in a gode broth," or a court bouillon made of wine and water. Roasting is only spoken of as a preliminary to some operation of a more complicated description, and broils are not mentioned. Meat roasted and boiled was apparently left to "those of the meaner sort," for so far as we can discover the great lords contented themselves with stews, hashes, and made dishes generally.

Even as early as the fourteenth century the art of larding was well known, and is recommended for "cranys and herons, pecokys and partrigchis." In the account of the great feast at the enthronization of the "reverende father in God George Nevell Archbishop of York and Chauncelour of Englande, in the VI yere of the raigne of Kyng Edwarde the fourth," we find curious evidence of the favor in which strange edibles were then held. Among the goodly provision made for the banquet we find enumerated, in addition to one thousand sheep, one hundred and four oxen, three hundred and four "veales," and a like number of "porkes," four hundred swans, six wild bulls, one hundred and four peacocks, two hundred and four cranes, a like number of bitterns, four hundred herons, a thousand egrets, one hundred curlews, and twelve "porposes and seales."

At this sublime feast the "Earle of Warwicke" officiated as steward, and the guests were placed at various tables according to rank. It does not appear, however, that on this great occasion the bills of fare graduated in like proportion as was done at the enthronization feast of William of Wareham in 1504.

That the art of cookery should have declined rapidly in England after the Elizabethan period appears singular, but it is vain to seek in the records of later banquets for the magnificence that distinguished those of an earlier date. Dropping down to the period of the Revolution, we find that coarse food had almost entirely supplanted the delicate dishes of the mediæval cooks, and about the reign of the king wh was puzzled by an app' dumpling the culin y art sank, as might have been expected, to the lowest depths of degradation. Perhaps this decadence was due in great measure to the coarse tastes of the Georges, of whom the first liked stale oysters, and the last, in spite of his pretended refinement, was a gross feeder, who preferred a shoulder of mutton and onion sauce to the loftiest inspirations of his chef. It would, however, be unfair not to admit that the splendid quality of English meat and vegetables has had much to do with the national indifference to refined cookery. The raw material is so good in itself that it is almost impossible to spoil it. Hence has arisen a barbarous indifference to the culinary art which is often denounced in England as a mere device for making bad food palatable.

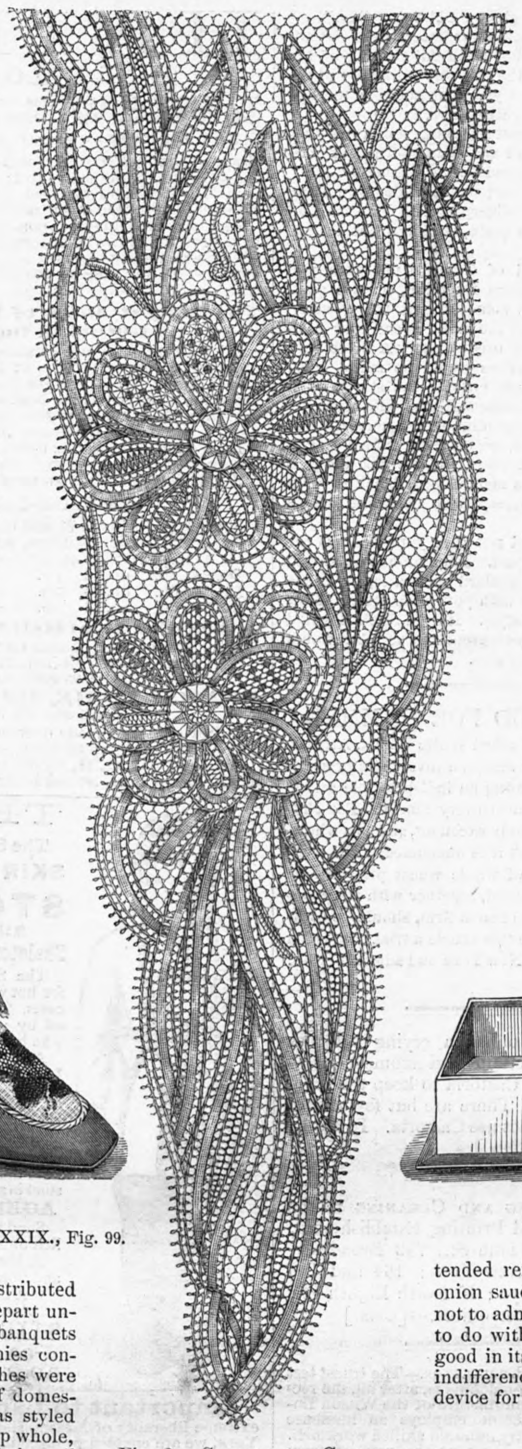


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF COLLAR IN POINT LACE EMBROIDERY ON TULLE.—FULL SIZE.
[See Fig. 1, Page 392.]

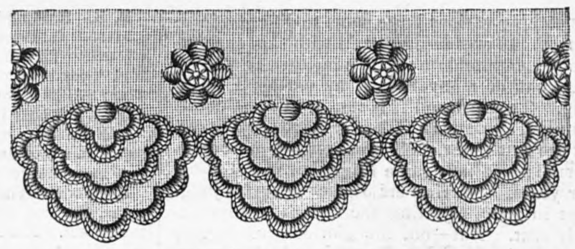
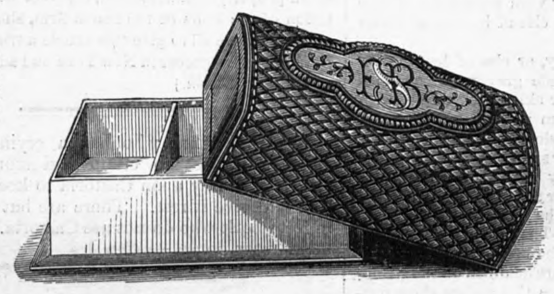


Fig. 2.—BORDER IN WHITE EMBROIDERY FOR LINGERIE, ETC.



BOX FOR POSTAGE STAMPS.

GREAT FORTUNES.

DR. ADAM SMITH, in his *Wealth of Nations*—a work which laid the foundation of our system of political economy—points out that the acquisition of wealth is quite indispensable to the advancement of society in civilization and refinement. "Without the tranquillity and leisure afforded by the possession of accumulated riches, those speculative and elegant studies which expand and enlarge our views, purify our taste, and lift us higher in the scale of being could not be successfully prosecuted. Experience shows that the barbarism and refinement of nations depend more on the amount of their wealth than on any other circumstance. No people have ever made any distinguished figure in philosophy or the fine arts without having been at the same time celebrated for their riches and industry."

As a rule, modern millionaires are not parsimonious in their way of living; in fact, the establishments of our merchant princes often eclipse those of the aristocracy. They frequently have expensive hobbies, like that of picture collecting, and their descendants find when such collections are dispersed that the money invested in works of art generally yields a good return. There are a few examples of great fortunes made by misers, who often denied themselves the necessaries of life in order that they might leave a large sum behind them. Such a man was James Wood, of Gloucester, England, who died in 1836 possessed of property sworn under £900,000. A will was found, in which he left all his property to Alderman Wood, of London, his attorney, and two clerks. But a short time after a codicil to the will was sent in anonymously,

Fig. 1.—COVER FOR BIBLE, PRAYER-BOOK, ETC.

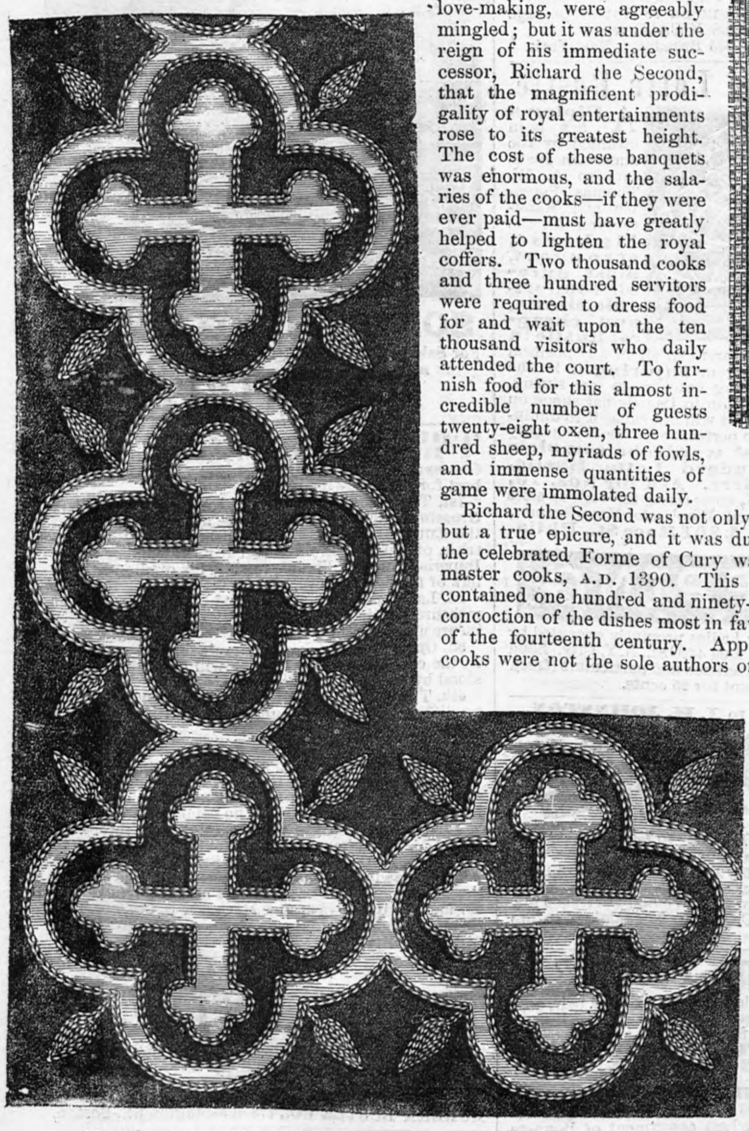


Fig. 2.—BORDER FOR COVER OF BIBLE, PRAYER-BOOK, ETC.

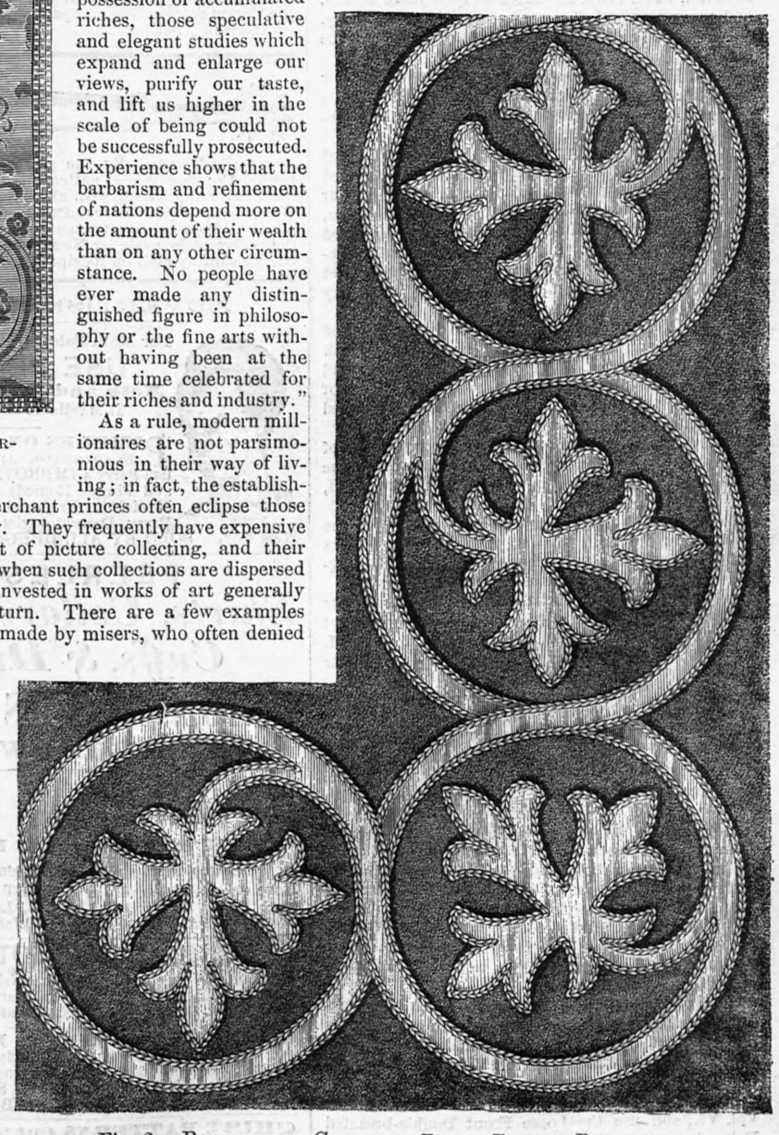


Fig. 3.—BORDER FOR COVER OF BIBLE, PRAYER-BOOK, ETC.

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bequeathing various large sums to different individuals. It was accompanied with this extraordinary memorandum: "The inclosed is a paper saved out of many burned by parties I could hang. They pretend it is not J. Wood's hand; many will swear to it. They want to swindle me. Let the rest know." The writer was never discovered; and now came litigation, which lasted four years. Sir Herbert Jenner gave his judgment in 1840, rejecting the codicil so mysteriously sent. But—oh, the glorious uncertainty of the law!—Lord Lyndhurst, in a higher court, reversed the judgment, and the money was divided according to the terms of the will.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. S. L.—Get summer camel's-hair, or else vigogne, for a châtelaine redingote to wear over your brown silk skirt.

H. E. T.—Read about thin goods for mourning in *Bazar* No. 21, Vol. VI. Get a black chip Rubens hat, and trim with lustreless black silk. Lace is not admissible in deep mourning. Crape sacques lined with silk, or else wraps of the dress material, are used. It *is* necessary to send bust measure for loose polonaise pattern.

THERESE B.—The tight basque suit pattern is appropriate for grenadine. Put a wide puffed heading for each flounce. The grenadine over-skirt must not be lined—indeed, over-skirts should never be lined, as their grace consists in their soft drapery. The thick silk used for lining the basque is sufficient without other lining. The skirt upon which the grenadine flounces are mounted is made of thinner silk or of foulard. Make your plain Victoria lawn with a pleated blouse-waist and apron over-skirt, and trim both skirts with kilt pleating. Wear a watered ribbon sash.

DAISY.—The Double-breasted Jacket Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 43, Vol. V., contains the English walking jacket pattern. We can not give more "doll patterns" at present.

HAVEN.—Make both your green silks into stylish plain short dresses, and wear with polonaises of the new striped green fabrics, or else of batiste or Swiss muslin.

K.—A darker shade of gray, or else of leaf brown silk, combined with your pale gray would make a stylish suit. Make the lower skirt like sample, with flounces piped above the hem with a darker shade. Then have an over-skirt and sleeveless basque, or else a demi-polonaise of the darker shade, with dark sashes.

SUBSCRIBER.—You *can* buy a very desirable lace sacque of llama or guipure for $50. The latter will be the most stylish garment of the summer season.

A COUNTRY DRESS-MAKER.—The black silk polonaise made as you suggest will be the best over dress for the poplin skirt. Side pleatings are hemmed on the wrong side with lightly taken stitches that do not show outside. Bands down front breadths are pointed below, fringed, and meet a flounce across the foot of the dress. Puffs stop plainly at the skirt braid without trimming. Melon puffs are usually fringed above a flounce.

CONSTANT READER.—Short Gabrielles of gray or brown linen take the place of aprons for little children, both boys and girls. They are sold ready-made for $1 at the furnishing houses. White is most used for children. Brown linen, piqué, and percale are standard goods for children.

F. E. M. AND OTHERS.—For mourning read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 21, Vol. VI.

MRS. L. R. P.—A Medici fraise is a high frill of silk and lace around the neck, and would be suitable for your gray silk.

ERNESTINE.—Make your black grenadine by hints in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 18, Vol. VI.

S. S. H.—Mantles are sometimes made of the dress material, but a black cashmere wrap is more stylish, and more economical, as it serves with all dresses. Velvet will be much used for trimming all through the summer.

M. K. H.—Your questions are answered in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 21, Vol. VI. White strings to widows' bonnets are not worn. Black ribbon or crape strings fasten under the chin.

AN OLD READER.—Lumps of white wax placed about in your box, and the whole covered with white oiled silk, is the most probable plan for preventing your white satin turning yellow; but there is no sure plan, as much depends on the fabric itself. Your browned lace is merely soiled. The French scourers here restore point appliqué and other laces to their first beauty by steaming them, and by what is called dry pressure.

MRS. W. M. W.—Satin and guipure lace are *not* used here for trimming grenadines. Black repped silk pipings are preferred, also fringe, thread lace, jet, and watered ribbon sashes. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 18, Vol. VI., for further hints. Figured grenadines all black are preferred to plain ones.

MRS. S. A. H.—We have three cut paper patterns of wrappers—the gored wrapper, a Watteau, and a sacque wrapper. These do not draw when the arms are raised, as you fear.

E. A. N.—Upholster your wooden mantel with the lambrequin draperies now in fashion. Use chintz for chambers, with heavy reps for parlors and dining-room.—Guipure lace sacques are very fashionable.

MRS. L. M.—Get the darkest shade of brown in your striped silk and make a sleeveless jacket by our cut paper pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. VI. Sacques simply scalloped are worn by girls of four years.

MOTHER.—Get a Normandy cap of Swiss muslin with colored silk lining for your six-year-old daughter.

E. W. B.—The Worth over-skirt pattern has been sent you. Side sashes are usually but not always pendent from a belt. They are bias silk, or else the dress material, put in two or three long loops with two longer ends, and are attached to the side seam of the over-skirt. Sometimes a swinging piece extends from the right to the left and puffs up the skirt.

MRS. G.—Descriptions and illustrations of cut paper patterns of infant's wardrobe are in *Bazar* No. 35, Vol. IV.; hints about materials for such a wardrobe are also in *Bazar* No. 21, Vol. III. The fancy stores here sell guipure and point lace materials, and have advertised them in our columns. We can not furnish addresses.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The gingham over-skirt and jacket, or else white piqué made in the same way, will be pretty. Read description of Normandy caps in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 21, Vol. VI. Make the blue Chambéry by sailor suit pattern.

L. P. F.—For traveling dresses read *Bazar* No. 22, Vol. VI., and use the Loose Front Double-breasted Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 23, Vol. VI.

B. B.—Read reply just given "Old Subscriber."

MRS. J. G. AND OTHERS.—Your letters were not answered in this column, but a careful reading of the New York Fashions of the last four numbers of the *Bazar* would have shown you that answers to your queries had been incorporated there.

C. E. C.—An article about removing stains was published in a late number of the *Bazar*.—The Cary sisters' memoirs were published during the holidays.

MARION F.—The Highland suit is made up in white piqué, trimmed with embroidery, or else wide braid on the jacket. The skirt is plain, with buttons on the front.

MRS. J. L. M.—Instead of Brussels net puffs you could use bands of guipure insertion, or else plain imitation guipure set in smoothly. A lining would destroy the light effect of the lace. Wear your polonaise over a high or low dress waist. A dress with brocaded grenadine flounces would be suitable for afternoon and dinner, but not for the street. Get white organdy for a polonaise and trim with insertion let in and lace, either Mechlin or Valenciennes. If insertion is too expensive, use organdy puffs with colored ribbon run through them. White yak and guipure insertion polonaises striped with black or with colored velvet are very dressy; also sleeveless jackets made in the same way.

TIRESOME.—As you did not give your address the paper has not been sent you. Dark blue is as stylish as brown. Get a gray foulard polonaise, or else a sleeveless jacket to wear with your blue dress. Your changeable silk is out of style. If dyed black it would be useful as foundation for a grenadine suit, but would hardly serve for any thing else.

THE BEST FOOD FOR SUMMER.

F. E. SMITH & Co.'s Crushed White Wheat, Atlantic Flour Mills, Brooklyn, is really an invaluable preparation. It is rapidly becoming an indispensable article of household food in almost every family. For children and invalids it is simply excellent, and as a wholesome summer food for all it is unequaled. The well-known chemical value of whole wheat preparations when properly manufactured, together with the reputation of the mills of the above firm, should be sufficient to induce all to give this article a trial. It is sold by nearly every grocer in New York and adjacent cities. —[*Brooklyn Union.*]

EVERY mother who has a crying baby, or children subject to croup and stomach-complaints, can rely upon Castoria to keep the child well and give it rest. There are but few nurses in New York who do not use Castoria. It should be in every house.—[*Com.*]

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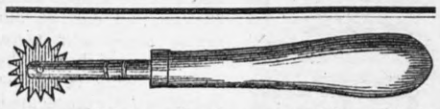
AN ABSOLUTE TEST OF EXCELLENCE.—The truest test of excellence in a sewing-machine is, after all, the record of its sales. The manufacture of the Wilson Improved Under-Feed Machine employs an immense manufactory and nearly five hundred skilled workmen. The machines are turned out at the rate of from eighteen hundred to two thousand per week, and are sold faster than they can be made. The factory is pushed from day to day with orders. There is nothing strange in all this when we consider that it is a first-class, perfect machine, capable of any class of work, good for twenty years' constant service, and costing $15 less than the other first-class machines. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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USE PERRY'S
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It is reliable and harmless.

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FRENCH STAMPING PATTERNS, Latest Styles, direct from Paris. System easily learned. Impressions durable. Instruction Package, $2. Patterns for sale in any quantities. Send for Circular. MRS. L. CENDRIER, 636 Broadway, N. Y.

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I can offer to the public inducements which can not be superseded by any of my competitors.
All goods WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.
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18 inches long, 4 ounces weight,						- -	$5 00
Do. 22	do.	do.	4	do.	do.	- - -	6 00
Do. 26	do.	do.	4	do.	do.	- -	8 00
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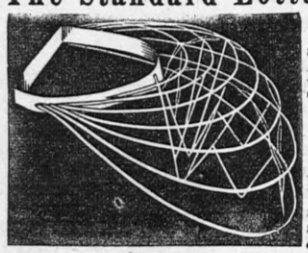

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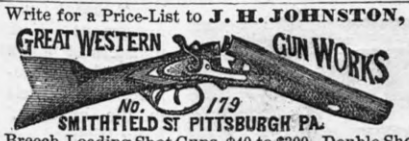

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The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. IV.

LADY'S GORED WRAPPER..... No. 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK..... " 11
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old)..... " 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old)..... " 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).... " 29
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)..... " 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt).. " 35
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER..... No. 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)..... " 44
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LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt..... " 49

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TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt..... " 20
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LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER.. " 23
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ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)..... " 25
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DOLMAN SACQUE WALKING SUIT..... " 41
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FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt)..... " 50
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SLEEVELESS JACKET WALKING SUIT.... " 15
CHATELAINE REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT..... " 17
LOOSE FRONT DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..... " 23
GABRIELLE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT. " 24

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

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FACETIÆ.

HOLD YOUR WHIST.—Playing-cards are sometimes made with rounded corners, with a view, we suppose, to avoid sharping.

A certain French baron, whose scientific tastes led him to collect the skulls of celebrated persons, one day received a visit from a man with whom he was accustomed to deal.

"What do you bring me here?" asked the baron, as the man slowly unwrapped a carefully enveloped package.

"The skull of Shakspeare."

"Impossible!"

"I speak the truth, monsieur le baron. Here is proof of what I say," said the dealer, producing some papers.

"But," replied the baron, drawing aside the drapery which concealed his own singular collection, "I already possess that skull."

"He must have been a rogue who sold you that," was the remark of the honest dealer. "Who was it, monsieur?"

"Your father," said the baron, in a mild tone; "he sold it to me about twenty-nine years ago."

The broker was for a moment disconcerted, then exclaimed, with vivacity,

"I comprehend. Be good enough to observe the small dimensions of the skull on your shelf. Remark the narrow occiput, the undeveloped forehead, where intelligence is still mute. It is of Shakspeare certainly, but of Shakspeare as a child about twelve or fourteen years old; whereas this is that of Shakspeare when he had attained a certain age and had become the great genius of which England is so justly proud."

The baron bought the second head.

ROMANTIC NONSENSE.—It is pretty well understood that there is a large and influential section of the community—unmarried ladies looking out for a settlement, an establishment, a position—who do not agree with the author of a modern poem, that *Love is Enough*. Many other things, they say, are wanted besides—such as a town and a country house, a carriage or two, saddle-horses, some creditable jewelry, perhaps a box at the opera, and, above all, plenty of pin-money.

THE NOMENCLATURE OF FICTION.—Is a new class of titles for novels coming into vogue? Or are the novels themselves going to be meteorological, like our conversation? It looks so, when we see advertised, the one under the other, *Wild Weather* and *Bright Morning*. Plenty more names of the same sort could be suggested—*The Rainy Day, April Showers, Something in the Wind, Angry Clouds, All in a Fog, A Storm Brewing*, etc.

CONGRUOUS COUPLES.

If there's a well-matched pair in married life,
It is a horsey man and nagging wife.

COMPLIMENTARY.

ARTIST. "Well, you see, I got into a rage, and took out the ten principal figures, all the sky, and most of the background."

FRIEND. "What a *wonderful improvement, to be sure!*"

UNACCOUNTABLE.

VISITOR. "Halloa, Snipp! going in for dumb-bells?"

SNIPP. "Yes; but I am bothered if I can make them out. I have been practicing all the morning, and I can't use them half so well as when I first began. Don't tell me that practice makes perfect after that."

SCIENCE GOSSIP.—Botanists have observed that the language of flowers is not a faculty developed alike in all blossoms. Some possess it more than others. For instance, flowers of speech have it to a remarkable extent.

Why does the present style of ladies' dresses remind one of the autumn?—Because of the loose sleeves (loose leaves).

An Irish doctor wants to know where he can procure a second-hand watch *new!*

"What are you about, my dear?" said a grandmother to a little boy, who was idling about the room and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit.

"I am trying, grandma, to steal papa's hat out of the room without letting the gentleman see it, for papa wants him to think he's out."

A wag, speaking of a blind wood-sawyer, says that "while none ever saw him see, thousands have seen him saw."

QUERY.—Is there more spring about a leap-year than any other year?

Two ministerial candidates for a vacant pulpit, named Adam and Low, having to preach on the same Sunday, Low, who preached in the morning, took for his text, "Adam, where art thou?" In the evening Adam gave his return shot by selecting for his text, "Lo, here am I."

A gentleman being asked if his neighbor's dog was a hunter, said he was half hunter and half setter—that he hunted until he found a bone, and then sat down to eat it.

The young married man who found himself at the theatre the other evening with feet incased in steel-colored boots, from a liberal application of stove-blacking in the dark, wants to know "how long this house-cleaning is going to last, anyhow."

TEACHER. "John, you young scape-grace, come here and I'll pay you back for your impudence to me yesterday."

PUPIL. "I have conscientious scruples against taking back pay of that sort."

AFTERNOON TEA.

STUDY OF A BASHFUL MAN, WHO HAS PRIVATELY TOLD AN AMUSING STORY TO THE HOST, AND HAS BEEN REQUESTED BY HIM TO REPEAT IT ALOUD FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE COMPANY. WE HAVE TRIED TO DEPICT THE WRETCHED INDIVIDUAL AT THE PRECISE MOMENT WHEN, HAVING MANAGED TO STAMMER THROUGH TWO-THIRDS OF HIS ANECDOTE (WHICH IS RATHER LONG), HE BECOMES CONSCIOUS, ALL OF A SUDDEN, THAT HE HAS COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN THE POINT.

TROUBLES OF OUR CHARITABLE PEOPLE.

MR. GOODMAN (*chairman of soup-kitchen committee*). "How is it that you did not come for your Soup to-day, Mrs. Smith?"

MRS. SMITH. "Well, Sir, there wasn't no taste in it last Week; and they tell me there be hardly enough Seasoning in it to-day!"

SELF-SACRIFICE.

BOY. "Teacher, there's a Gal over there a-Winkin' at me!"

TEACHER. "Well, then, don't Look at her."

BOY. "But if I don't Look at her, she'll Wink at Somebody else!"

A young man in a suburban town sent off his first postal card on Thursday morning. After writing a message on the back he inclosed it in an envelope, clapped on a three-cent stamp, and dropped it into the post-office, remarking that it was a very handy arrangement, and should have been introduced years ago.

The most accommodating man we ever saw, says the Danbury *News*, was he who was the captain of a steamship which plied between New York and Port Royal during the war. One day a soldier lost his cap overboard and went to the captain about it. The old gentleman said it was impossible to stop the vessel to recover it, but he kindly offered to make a mark on the rail where it went overboard, and get it when he came back.

A school-boy remarks that when his teacher undertakes to show him what is what, he only finds out which is switch.

TOBACCO DANCES.—Tobacco dances are the last things in Virginia, says a Southern paper. We remember attending a tobacco dance twenty years ago, when our father caught us smoking a "penny mild un" in the back garden. St. Vitus never began to step so lively as we did.

FOND OF "LOO."—A mild and affectionate wife in Lancaster overheard an acquaintance remark that her husband was too fond of loo. She waited up for him that night, and when he came home demanded to know if he had been spending his time with "Loo." The unsuspecting husband admitted that he had, when, without giving him time to explain, she went at him with a fire-shovel. The husband does not exactly remember how the interview ended, but he could never convince his wife that "loo" was a game at cards, and always plays whist now, and gets home before ten o'clock.

A TRUTH.—The surest way to lose your health is to drink other people's.

DOUBLE ENTRY.

"Mr. James, how do you keep your books?"
"Oh, by double entry."
"Double entry—how's that?"
"Easy enough. I make one entry and father makes another."

IMMERSION.—When may a man be said to be literally immersed in his business?—When giving a swimming lesson.

A LEGAL POINT.—A jury once returned into court in order that one of their number might be instructed upon the following point of law: "If I believe that the evidence is one way, and the other eleven believe different, does that justify any other juryman in knocking me down with a chair?"

REPAIRS.—A rich old fellow in a provincial town, who owns more houses than any one man in the place, was waited upon by a committee for a subscription to rebuild the fence about the cemetery. His reply was characteristic as well as humorous. "Gentlemen, I have always made it a rule in my business never to make any repairs until the tenants begin to complain."

A CHILD'S PRAYER—Sweets.

PROVERB AND PRESCRIPTION.

That "what's enough for one's enough for two,"
The saying is but in a measure true;
That is, a physiologist might say,
For each, of his or her three meals a day.

When is a man likely to be done brown?—When his friends toast him.

"I'm awfully screwed," as the hair said to the curl-paper.

The latest problem for civil engineers is to make one of the keys of a piano fit the lock of a canal.

On a recent trip of one of the Illinois river packets, a light draught one, as there were only two feet of water in the channel, the passengers were startled by the cry of "Man overboard!" The steamer was stopped, and preparations were made to save him, when he was heard exclaiming, "Go ahead with your old steamboat! I'll walk behind you."

A STRANGE INCIDENT.

A Pennsylvania woman, who has for years been afflicted with a cancer, and has been treated by eminent physicians without obtaining relief, dreamed that a stranger came to her house and gave her some medicines, saying that they would effectually cure her. Next day, on going to the door and looking out, she saw the identical man of her dreams approaching the house. He offered her a bottle of medicine to cure her cancer. She took it, followed his directions, and is now—as bad as ever.

"Lame!" sighed Mrs. Partington. "Here I have been sufferin' the bigamies of death for three mortal weeks. First I was seized with a bleedin' phrenology in the hampshire of the brain, which was exceeded by the stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me inflammation of the left borax, and now I am sick with the chloroform morbus. There is no blessin' like that of health, particularly when you're ill."

MORBID MEN—Auctioneers.

A grocer asked an artist, "Is sculpture difficult?"

The artist replied, "Why, bless you, no. You have only to take a block of marble, a mallet and a chisel, and knock off all the marble you don't want."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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Chip Spanish Gypsy Bonnet.

THE revers of this white chip hat are bound with bias strips of black gros grain. The trimming consists of black lace two inches wide, a tulle scarf, bows of blue ribbon two inches and three-quarters wide, and a spray of pink roses and forget-me-nots. Black marceline lining, and strings of blue gros grain ribbon.

FERNERIES.

IN our last number we described the manner of constructing large fernery. For smaller grounds a simple rock bed is made by first depositing a heap of coal ashes and bits of broken crockery as a foundation and for drainage; then, upon these, a good layer of leaf mould and sandy loam. Upon this mound begin to rear your rock-work, placing the stones so as to have good spaces for soil between them; in the centre the clump or root of a tree may be placed to advantage, and delicate climbers, or perhaps a *balsam apple*, planted so as to ramble over it. When the rocks are placed in position, and the interstices well filled in, begin transplanting your ferns with great care, lest the crowns become injured or the roots broken. Place them also in the positions best suited to their individual habits, but always give them a good depth of earth, where they can draw up moisture from below. Those that are planted higher up will, of course, need more frequent watering in summer, and a slight protection during the winter.

In planting ferns of all kinds it is well to remember that they do best in coarse-grained, not *sifted*, soil, except perhaps for seedlings which are being started under glass. A very tasteful addition to the plants of this rock bed will be a few roots of our common evergreen ivy, which will flourish beautifully, and cling to the stones over which it clambers just as upon a wall.

Another design for a fernery in a small front-yard will be to build up a kind of pillar of rock-work, formed of old bricks or stones, whichever may be most convenient to obtain, leaving numerous openings on all sides, into which the ferns are to be planted, also *tradescantia*, *saxifrage*, or any other hanging plant, a bunch of handsome wall-ferns, such as maiden-hair, forming a graceful tuft to crown the top. If in a very shady, damp place, the bricks will soon become green and mossy, which will greatly improve the general effect.

There are also to be had at the flower and seed stores very elegant vases and pillars of terra cotta, intended for the same purpose, which will have the double advantage of ornamenting the garden in summer, and may be removed into the parlor and placed under glass as a winter arrangement. They are, of course, more expensive than the coarse brick or stone structures of which we first spoke; but for persons who do not need to consider this question they will be much more desirable and ornamental; and when planted with very choice ferns, Kenilworth ivy, lycopodiums, etc., will be beautiful indeed.

We have a friend who is such a dear lover of ferns that she has inclosed a corner on the north side of her house expressly as a winter fernery. Here she has arranged her rockery, and planted it with all the hardy and half-hardy varieties of American and British ferns, and here she has a never-failing garden of beauty and greenness the year round. From the ceiling hang rustic baskets and vases, formed of cocoa-nut shells pierced with many holes, and wire baskets made of common horse muzzles, all filled with delicate ferns, which have not only covered the tops, but have pushed their crowns through the holes, until the whole look like hanging bunches of greens. In the corners are placed vases and pots, planted with all sorts of shade-loving things: begonias, ivy, and many varieties of lycopodium, while up the sides creeps the lovely climbing fern, with its pedate leaves so delicately veined, and its wreaths of spores, or seeds, from which you may possibly propagate the plant—though this is a very difficult and uncertain method, except in the hands of experts.

According to the best authorities, there are two methods of increasing and propagating the different species of ferns—by dividing the roots, and by seeds, or *spores*, as the fern seeds are called. To describe the former: Take any ordinary variety of fern, in the spring, just at the time when the fronds begin to rise from the ground, and laying it upon a table, you will see that there are numerous little offsets, all of which are ready to form into new plants. A sharp knife will enable you to separate them without injuring the little roots belonging to each crown. These are perfect plants, ready to be set into small pots, or into a bed prepared for the purpose. And next we must give attention to the kind of soil, and study the manner of potting them; for the most healthy plants may be lost if that part of the business is misunderstood.

Mix the soil in somewhat the following proportions: one part yellow sandy loam, one part well-decayed black leaf mould, one part silver sand, and one part old rotted sod with the fibres still there. Have ready a quantity of broken earthenware to serve as drainage; and then, having mixed the soil well, proceed to place in the bottom a layer of the crockery, then a layer of the grassy fibre, and then a little of the finer mixed soil. Into that lay your fern root, holding it upright with the left hand, while with the right you sprinkle in the soil until the roots are well covered. Press down the soil about the plant with the fingers until it is firmly fixed, and place it in a position to be sheltered from the sun, giving it a daily watering with a fine rose on the spout of the watering-pot. That will water them thoroughly—fronds, roots, and all—without the danger of washing the roots. This is all the attention they will need until about the 1st of September, when they will require to be shifted into larger pots—the roots having by this time quite filled the small space allotted them. If you design them for a winter fernery, they should be brought in before there has been a touch of frost—or, at least, be protected at night by a spread of hay or straw, that can be removed in the morning. Even those which are to be left out-of-doors all winter it is well to water occasionally, and to keep them covered with a bed of leaves or with a layer of straw, as by these simple means the fronds are found to open much earlier than others which are left to themselves.

If you are desirous of starting a winter fern-case for your parlor, it should be prepared and planted in July or August at latest, so that the little roots may become well established before fall. A fern-case may be made rectangular in form, having glass sides and top, and the whole made to set loosely into a pan several inches deep, or it may be formed of a bell-glass shade set into a round pan—whichever may be most convenient to obtain, but in either case it is important that they fit loosely in their respective pans, as the expansion of the air underneath will be very apt to break them if tightly held. The pans should be about six inches deep, and lined with zinc—the compost prepared by mixing good garden soil, three parts, silver sand, one part, charcoal dust, one part, with crockery bits in the bottom for drainage. This compost, well mixed but not sifted, will be the best possible for planting the young ferns, and will suit all kinds that you will be likely to collect.

Among those that will be beautiful for this purpose are the smaller varieties of polypodium, maiden-hair (*Adiantum*), asplenium, athyrium, lycopodium, lastrea, lygodium, scolopendrium, davallia, and woodwardia. Of these family names of ferns there are many varieties, some natives of this country, and others of England, but most of them are easy of cultivation.

CHIP SPANISH GYPSY BONNET.

BUTTERFLY IMPRESSIONS.

CHOOSE the brightest specimens, perfect and uninjured by catching. If alive, a drop of alcohol will cause death very speedily. Then clip off the wings, and lay them on clean paper in the natural position, leaving the proper space between for the body. Now spread a coat of clean gum water on another piece of paper, and laying it over them, press slightly on the wings so that they will adhere. The body is to be drawn and painted between these wings. The wings themselves may be left on the paper, or, if laid face downward, may be removed before they are tight, and the distinct impression will remain, with all the fine down and velvety marks, impossible for any painting to imitate.

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WAITING.

THE first glad day of summer saw our parting;
Our hopes were vague, our words were very few;
I murmured—from your passionate hold upstarting—
"I'll wait for you!"
Ah! I was young; the world was all before me;
My love should make life beautiful and true.
I said, when passionate parting pains came o'er me,
"There is so much to do!"
Come home! dearest, come home!

The summer waned, and anguish fell upon me,
Such heavy loss as wears the strength away;
And for a time its greatness seemed to stun me,
And so I lay
Weak and bewildered, with one wish forever
Haunting my nights and shadowing my days—
That I might fall upon your breast, ah! never
My head therefrom to raise.
Come home! dearest, come home!

A homesick child, lost in the dreary gloaming—
Such lone estate is haply like to mine;
My eyes are weary waiting for your coming,
My sun is slow to shine!
Do you remember, dear, that charméd season
When your strong arm upheld my faltering feet;
When life was set to rhyme unchilled by reason,
And oh, so wondrous sweet?
Come home! dearest, come home!

The red-leaved glories of the ripening autumn,
Sun-diamonds flashing on a dimpling sea,
These pleased me once; these now I cast no thought on:
You are away from me!
And I am very weary of this sorrow.
Where are you, oh, my best-belovéd friend?
And must I ask to-morrow and to-morrow?
And what shall be the end?
Come home! dearest, come home!

I know too well, unless some cheering token
Comes o'er the sea. I am not less than brave;
But Want and Doubt and Toil, uncheered, unbroken,
Lead swiftly to the grave.
Yet you are dearer far to me than heaven,
And while you live I feel I can not die:
Pray the dear God will smooth what is uneven,
And bring you by-and-by!
Come home! dearest, come home!

I live my life as you would have me live it
If you were here, and earth were glorified;
For you will turn again—I do believe it—
And seek my side.
When you come back you'll find me worthier loving—
Pain and Endeavor keep us pure and true—
And oh! remember in your farthest roving,
I wait for you!
Come home! dearest, come home!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1873.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be sent out gratuitously a splendidly illustrated

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

presenting a large variety of literary and artistic attractions.

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of a rich variety of Ladies' Riding-Habits, Garden Hats, Lingerie, etc.; Boys' and Girls' Suits and Wrappings; Sofa-Pillows; Collars, Cuffs, Embroidery Patterns, etc., etc.; with many other choice attractions.*

A MITIGATION OF STEP-MOTHERHOOD.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

TO the general truth that the marriage of two people concerns only themselves there is a single exception. When either has, by a previous marriage, children who have arrived at the age of discretion, and who are not established in separate families, the marriage should not take place without their consent. Any one may make a marriage which shall be disgraceful to his parents and his brothers and sisters. But while this is very provoking, and justifies his family in withdrawing from his association, should that be the wisest course, it is of a different sort from the folly and perversity which involves children in trouble. A man's duty to his father is of a far less intimate kind than his duty to his children. Moreover, though he makes a match displeasing to his father, it very much less affects that father's daily life. He takes the objectionable wife to his own house. His father and mother need never meet her. It is but an outside matter, a mere affection of reputation, a vexation by proxy. But to his children it is a sore evil, and of long and daily and hourly continuance. I have seen the father of a respectable family live for years happily in his widowed home. His daughters, under the loving hand of an accomplished relative, grew up every thing that a father's heart could wish. And that father, tempted by the devil, and aided and abetted thereby, suddenly became enamored of a fierce, unprincipled, powerful woman, who speedily set his house by the ears, drove his daughters out of it, and himself into crime and woe which will not end with his life. Daughters may be foolish, and prejudiced against step-mothers in general, and a step-mother in particular; but they are daughters, existing by and for his will and pleasure, and not their own, and he should be lenient even to their folly, and heedful even of their prejudice. He has no right to introduce discord into their home and unhappiness into their life in the shape of a woman who is not needed, and whom he would bring not for their good, but for his own. The first time he had a right to consult himself, but this time his children should be consulted, and if they may not have the full appointing power, they at least should have the right of veto. If they are more than properly and naturally reluctant, if they are unreasonable and selfish, he is the right one to bear the penalty, for he should have brought them up better. If he has succeeded so ill with the children of one marriage, it is of very little consequence that he is prevented from making another.

In all cases of discord in these foreign alliances the sympathy of society, both in and out of fairy stories, is with the children and against the mother; and this is well, though it works harshly sometimes. But it should always be remembered that the children are the helpless, the ignorant, the passive party, while the woman is a mature and free agent. The little children are simply handed over to a stranger and an alien—and I refer now only to the families of *little* children who are not old enough to make assent or dissent intelligently. If a woman allies herself to a family of grown children without their cordial welcome, she deserves all the trouble she encounters. But even where there are little ones, she is not a little one, and the sympathy of society is justly with the weak and not with the strong. Nor is the tenderness, the humanity, of woman so overpoweringly predominant in this relation as to make the prejudice against it wholly a prejudice. While we have all seen many who discharged its duties with fidelity and warm affection, and who were beloved and honored as they deserved, it is not to the credit of woman that so many have but an indifferent success. If there is any thing which would enlist all the pity and indulgence of a feeling heart, it is the little children from whom a mother has been torn away. If, in addition to this, a woman loves their father, how is it possible that she should not have in them a quick vital interest, should not be instinctively and jealously alive to their comfort, their welfare, their happiness? Suppose the children are very trying, peevish, imperious, quarrelsome, or even false? Still they are the children of her husband, his body and soul, and though she can not have for them the very mother's love, it would seem that her love for him should overshadow and embrace all that are his. Sometimes it is an aunt, or a sister, or a cousin who feeds the flames of revolt in the younger members. In that case let the step-mother ruthlessly and promptly trample aunt, sister, and cousin under foot. A bad woman will do it for the sake of abusing her step-children with impunity. Shall a good woman hesitate to do it for the sake of training them to harmony and amiability and virtue and grace? Whoever comes between a woman and her husband or her children should be sacrificed. If she can not be converted, she should be banished. And when a woman has the whole field to herself, with all the sway which love gives her over her husband, and which superiority of education, position, and wisdom gives her over the children, it would seem as if a heart of ordinary sensibility and a head of ordinary sense might conquer even their prejudice, secure their allegiance, and command the situation.

But the situation is no joke, nor is any foolish talking or jesting convenient concerning it. There is much badinage about marriage and its preliminaries which is not too delicate or too seemly; but in the heyday of life, when the young man and maiden have not yet passed out of their frolicsome and buoyant youth, or eaten of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, much may be pardoned, much condoned, and much may even be allowed to foam and sparkle away in merry banter. But I know nothing more undignified, indecorous, I may say indecent and repulsive, than for the husband of a dead wife or the wife of a dead husband to be indulging in joke and repartee and trivial talk about prospective or possible match-making. Thoughtless friends will sometimes do it, but the iron is not supposed to have entered into their souls. The surviving partner of a sundered marriage is in truth what the old grave-stones grimly record—a relict. Never do I hear them speaking lightly of fresh ties but I see a dead face, white and fixed, a stark form cold under the coffin-lid. This is a silent partner, who may not be consulted, but who can not be forgotten, and whose shadowy presence should banish frivolity. I say not that the second marriage may not be as real as the first, may not even be more real, more complete, the only perfect union. But even so, the way to it lay through the gates of the grave, which silence and reverence beseem.

FAMILY COOKING.

BY PIERRE BLOT.—V.

TOMATO SOUP.—For this excellent soup the proportions are, seven or eight middling-sized tomatoes, three pints of broth, four or five stalks of parsley, two of thyme, salt, pepper, a tea-spoonful of pepper-corns, a bay leaf, two onions, three cloves, and three or four cloves of garlic, a quarter of a pound of rice, a table-spoonful of butter, one ounce of sugar, three slices of bread. The tomatoes are put in boiling water for a few seconds, taken off and dropped into cold water, and then skinned. They are put in a saucepan, and set on a moderate fire with the broth, parsley, salt, pepper, and the following spices tied in a linen rag: thyme, pepper-corns, bay leaf, onions, and cloves. When cooked, the whole is turned into a colander (with the exception of the spices in the rag) and forced through with a potato-masher, except the tomato seeds; then the strained juice and pulp are mixed with the rice; after it has been boiled the butter and sugar are added. The whole is simmered for about half an hour, and turned into the soup dish. While it is simmering the slices of bread are cut in dice and fried with a little butter, and put in the soup tureen before turning the mixture therein. Cover it for two minutes, and serve.

Lobster Soup, or Bisque.—This makes an excellent soup. The proportions are, two three-pound lobsters, three ounces of butter, two quarts of broth, and eight ounces of bread. Boil the lobsters as we directed in a preceding number, and after having removed the dark bluish vein and the stomach, cut the head off about half an inch back of the eyes; put the flesh of the tail aside, and pound the rest well—shell, small and large claws, and all that is in the body shell. It is then put in a saucepan with the butter, and stirred until the butter is melted; then a quart of broth is added, and the whole simmered for about fifteen minutes. The mixture is turned into a strainer, all the liquid is pressed out of it, and is set back on the fire with the toasted bread for a few minutes. The whole is then turned into a colander, and forced through with a potato-masher. About another quart of broth is added, a few minutes' boiling are given, and it is ready to use. Put in the soup tureen some bread cut in dice and fried in butter, and also the coral part of the lobster, chopped, and about a quarter of a pound of the flesh of the lobsters, also cut in dice. Turn the above mixture on the whole, and serve. What is left of the flesh is made into lobster-salad.

Sauces.—The majority of sauces are all commenced in the same way. When the butter and flour are thoroughly mixed and cooked as explained in a preceding number, the sauce is more than half made; the rest of the work is comparatively easy. The most inexperienced housekeeper will be able to make almost any sauce after two or three experiments.

White Sauce.—The proportions for this sauce are, two ounces of butter, one table-spoonful of flour, a yolk of egg, salt, and white pepper. A white sauce is the basis of several others, as will be seen below. It is made in this way: When the flour is cooked, as directed, with the butter, and as soon as it turns yellowish, pour into the pan about a pint of boiling water, little by little, stirring briskly the while with a wooden spoon; take from the fire when it is getting thick; beat a yolk of egg with half a table-spoonful of cold water, put it into the pan with salt and white pepper, mix it well with the rest, and you have an excellent sauce. A little grated nutmeg and vinegar, or lemon juice, are added, if liked. Lemon juice is better than vinegar when the sauce is used with fish. The cooking of the flour is done on a rather sharp fire, which is had by removing the cover of the stove or range; and by putting the cover back to its place a good or moderate fire is obtained, and by placing the pan on the corner of the range you have a slow fire.

Béchamel Sauce is made exactly like a white sauce, with the exception that milk is used instead of water.

Cream Sauce.—This is also made like a white sauce, with the exception that cream is used instead of water.

Blonde Sauce.—Broth is used for this sauce instead of water, and the rest of the process is the same as for a white sauce.

Lobster Sauce.—Add two or three table-spoonfuls of the flesh of boiled lobster, chopped, to a white sauce.

Shrimp Sauce.—Boil and clean a quart of shrimps, remove the shells, chop the flesh, and add it to a white sauce.

Oyster Sauce.—Blanch a pint or so of oysters, mix them with a white sauce, add lemon juice to suit the taste, and the sauce is made.

Mussel Sauce.—When the mussels are boiled and thoroughly cleaned, chop about a pint of them, and mix with a white sauce, adding lemon juice to taste.

Caper Sauce.—When the white sauce is made, add to it one, two, or three table-spoonfuls of capers, either whole or chopped.

Celery Sauce.—Blanch a few stalks of celery, chop them rather fine, and add them to a white sauce, giving just one boil after the celery is in.

Cucumber Sauce.—Chop fine a table-spoonful of pickled cucumbers, mix them with a white sauce, give one boil, and it is ready.

Egg Sauce.—Chop two or more hard-boiled eggs, mix them with a white sauce, and serve.

Mushroom Sauce.—It is made with either fresh or preserved mushrooms. A table-spoonful or more is chopped and mixed with a white sauce; then boil for half a minute, and it is done.

Truffle Sauce.—Made like the above, using truffles instead of mushrooms.

Fines Herbes Sauce.—This sauce is made with parsley and chives, or parsley and shallots; but if neither chives nor shallots can be had, as is often the case in the country, it is made with parsley and onions. A table-spoonful (more or less, according to taste) of both is chopped rather fine and mixed with a white sauce. They are used raw, and as much of the one as of the other. When mixed with the sauce, give two minutes' boiling, stirring the while, and the sauce is made.

Maître d'Hôtel Sauce.—This name is given to the mixture used with broiled fish or broiled meat, and is composed of butter, chopped parsley, and lemon juice when for fish, but vinegar instead of lemon juice may be used when it is to be served with meat.

Beurre Noir, or Brown Butter.—This is used with fish, calf's brains, etc., and is made thus: Two ounces of butter are set on a brisk fire in a frying-pan, and fried until of a dark brown color, then two or three stalks of parsley are dropped in, and fried a few seconds only, and then taken off by means of a skimmer. The butter is put away in a bowl. Half a pint of vinegar is boiled in the same pan for two or three minutes, with a pinch of pepper, and turned over the butter. The whole is heated when wanted, and turned over the fish, etc.

Veal.—We have explained before how to select veal, and described the pieces best suited for roasting, stewing, etc. In whatever way veal is cooked it should always be overdone. A fricandeau of veal is an excellent dish. Amateurs of veal are delighted when the veal season comes. We do not think that the reason why a fricandeau is so much relished (although it really deserves it) is because it has been devised by a king (Charles IX. of France), for we have seen many a person with honest and strong republican proclivities do the same justice to a fricandeau as the most royally inclined individual could do. Sorrel makes its appearance at the same time with veal. Having been kept under glass, or under salt hay or manure, during the winter, it begins to grow as soon as the first rays of the spring sun strike upon it.

Composition of a fricandeau: A piece cut across the leg of veal about six-eighths of an inch thick (such a piece weighs from two to three and a half pounds, according to the size of the calf), a quarter of a pound of salt pork for three pounds of veal, two quarts of sorrel, three ounces of butter, half a pint of broth, three or four stalks of parsley, two of thyme, one onion and one carrot, both sliced, a tea-spoonful of pepper-corns, and a bay leaf.

Process: Procure a larding needle, the same size as used for birds, and which can be had for twenty-five or thirty cents from any house-furnishing store; cut the salt pork in slices first, then in square fillets, of a size to fit the needle, and about two inches long; lard one side of the piece of veal thus: The meat is held in the left hand, then the needle is run through the meat for a length of about one inch and two-eighths of an inch deep, commencing near the edge of no matter what side, and running it toward the centre; when the needle is thus planted, insert a fillet of salt pork into it, then pull the needle off so that the fillet stays inside of the meat, both ends of it sticking out. Repeat that process until the whole side of the piece of veal be covered with the fillets, which should be about two-eighths of an inch apart. Spread two ounces of butter on the bottom of a saucepan, put all the seasonings described above over the butter, and the piece of veal over the seasonings, the larded side up, add the broth, and set on a pretty good fire, the pan being covered. Baste now and then with the juice from the bottom of the pan. It will take from two to three hours to cook, according to size and quality. When done it is placed on a dish on which there is a purée of sorrel or spinach, the gravy poured over it through a strainer.

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If there is not gravy enough, a little broth should be added to the seasonings when the meat is taken off, one boil given, and it is ready. The sorrel or spinach may be served either under the meat or on a separate dish. When boiled, the sorrel or spinach is chopped, put back on the fire, with a little butter, and stirred for a few minutes; then a little of the gravy is added, stirred into it for one minute, and the purée is ready.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

ROUND JOSEPHINE WAISTS.

THE round Josephine waist for high-necked dresses is the next change that looms up and threatens to bring the now popular basques into disfavor. The *Bazar* announced last fall that these waists were in vogue abroad for low evening dresses, and already leading modistes are making them for day costumes. The Josephine waist is perfectly plain, with high shoulder seams, two darts in front, side forms behind, and is cut off evenly around the waist, and worn with a broad belt, often three inches wide. A high ruff and close coat sleeves finish the simple and tasteful corsage. When this waist is worn with an over-skirt, and belted, it has precisely the effect of a close-fitting polonaise; the same effect is also produced with a basque and over-skirt by concealing the basque beneath the over-skirt, and wearing a belt. This fashion is adopted by many ladies who are loath to relinquish the jaunty basque, and who are not sure that the round waist will be revived.

POINTED WAISTS.

Besides this round waist, pointed waists are also in vogue abroad for high corsages, and many newly imported dresses have a deep point in front, with round straight back. This style is very handsome for dinner dresses of silk and other heavy fabrics made with high Medici fraises. The châtelaine bodice, rounding over the hips, is gradually coming into use.

PRINCESSE DRESSES.

The most stately dresses of the season are the princesse, or, as they are promiscuously called, the empress and duchesse dresses. These were originally made with the waist and skirt in one; but the fashion that has been most successful has the back in long entire breadths from shoulder to foot, while the plain front is relieved by a basque falling just below the waist, and concealing a belt, to which the front of the skirt is attached. Worth revived this fashion, which is merely an improvement and elaboration of the simple Gabrielle. Pingat and other rival Parisian dress-makers have adopted it successfully, but some princesse dresses made here without proper models have been failures. The *Bazar* gave an illustration of this dress during the winter. Readers who have kept a file of last year's *Bazar* will find the dress we have described in No. 49, Vol. V. Sometimes the skirt is worn flowing in the house, and draped over a shorter skirt for the street. Other models have the back breadths cut like a Marguerite polonaise, with each width draped in long points, and sewed into the seams of an under-skirt.

COLORED GRENADINES.

For colored grenadines for carriage and watering-place dresses the close silken fabric, as smooth and lustrous as Chambéry gauze, is preferred to the open square meshes that are used in black. A still thicker stripe, over an inch wide, of the same shade, is a favorite pattern for these, while others have the lace stripe or polka dots, or else the clouded damask figures that came into vogue last season. Two colors appear in these dresses; the silk lining or underdress is in pretty contrasting color. Silk guipure lace of the same shade as the grenadine is placed among the flounces and as edging for ruffles. A description of a Parisian dress of this kind will give the best idea of it. It is composed of mauve silk with French gray striped grenadine and gray guipure lace. The demi-train is mauve silk. The front breadth of silk has three large loose-looped bows down the middle, while across the foot are two gray grenadine flounces, bias, gathered, with puffed heading and gray lace on the edges. These flounces extend around the skirt, and above them in the back breadths are three straight flounces almost covered with ruffles of bias grenadine. These reach to the belt. The over-skirt of grenadine, edged with a ruffle and lace, falls open from the belt in front in points on the sides, and is rounded up to the belt behind, and the space left on the tournure is covered by two wide fringed sashes of mauve silk, doubled and hanging plainly without loops. The basque, of simplest shape, is of mauve silk covered with grenadine and edged with a piping fold. The neck is cut square and low in front, and the grenadine slopes away, leaving a vest of mauve silk. Valenciennes frills inside ruffles of grenadine trim the neck and half-flowing sleeves.

BLACK GRENADINE WITH COLOR.

Black grenadines associated with colored silk are worn for afternoon and evening dresses at small entertainments, but are too gay for the street. A pretty dress for a brunette is a basque of palest pink silk, with sleeves of black grenadine, and a high black grenadine ruff showing a pink lining. The skirt has alternate pink silk and black grenadine ruffles, and a black sash with pink lining. A less conspicuous dress is of black grenadine with pale blue silk vest, blue sash, and a slight piping of blue in the hem of all the flounces. A remarkable dress from Pingat's is of serpent-colored (yellow-green) silk, with flounces and over-skirt of black grenadine, and a basque of the light silk covered with black grenadine. Up the front and around the neck are doubled silk ruffs curved outward and held in place by wire, while a still higher frill of lace surrounds the neck.

SOLID BLACK GRENADINES.

For the street, for church, and for visiting, solid black grenadines with thick stripes make the favorite costume of the summer. Dotted and damask black grenadines are also stylishly worn, but in order to be effective, they require to be handsomely made and very much trimmed. Plain silk grenadine side pleatings made straight and very narrow are used for trimming striped and figured grenadine flounces. Insertions of guipure and yak lace with edges to match are also much used, but the most perfect garniture of all is narrow thread lace ruffles very fully gathered and a heading of jet galloon, which is finest jet beads sewed on lace.

The belted polonaise is the garment preferred for street suits of grenadine. It is made slightly full, with waist and sleeves lined with silk, and is trimmed with elaborate rows of lace in front, and crocheted buttons in which jet is introduced. A high fraise and sash complete the garment. Square cuffs and large pockets are seen on some, but are scarcely appropriate for these thin dressy fabrics. Another style of grenadine polonaise very much admired has a long square vest of silk, or else moiré antique; the sides are long and deeply pointed, while the back is caught up under a sash. A bias puff of grenadine with a narrow ruffle on each side is used for trimming these. A narrow edge of lace adds much to the light and pretty effect of the puff; for this purpose many imported dresses have the French imitation thread lace. The high ruff of grenadine, silk, or black lace worn outside of a white lace fraise is obligatory to complete its perfect style. The skirts worn with these polonaises are of black silk, trimmed with grenadine puffs and flounces. Skirts of grenadine are seldom seen, and in many cases the flounces are also of silk instead of grenadine; such silk skirts are thus rendered useful for wearing with various polonaises. Bias striped flounces, edged with straight side pleatings and headed by puffs, are the most fashionable skirt trimmings. Another pretty fashion is to cover the three silk front breadths with five or seven loose lengthwise puffs that widen gradually toward the flounce at the foot; the back breadths are then flounced. Very pretty skirts also have clusters of lapping narrow flounces, three in a group, with a ruffle of thread lace between each cluster. Striped silk grenadines of excellent quality and three-quarters wide may be bought for $1 25 a yard; cheaper grades are apt to turn brown by wearing, and the mixed cotton and wool grenadines are not worth the expense of making. The handsomest grenadines shown have thick watered stripes over an inch wide, and cost $3 50 a yard. Narrower stripes are not now the first choice, though they make up very prettily. Ready-made polonaises of the grenadine that is sold for $1 25 a yard, trimmed with a very little yak lace, cost $40. Handsome grenadine suits cost from $75 to $125.

GRENADINE HOUSE DRESSES.

House dresses of grenadine are made with a basque and over-skirt, or else the newer round Josephine waist. The basque is lined throughout with thick silk, and requires no inner lining; its edge is simply finished with a piping of silk; the postilion pleats behind are pressed flatly their whole length, precisely like those in riding-habits, and held down by two rows of buttons. Leads are put in the postilion to add to its weight and keep it in place. Although the edge of the basque is very plain, the bosom and shoulders have an elaborate ruff and puff of the grenadine, beginning at the waist in front and extending up around the back of the neck. Valenciennes lace is placed up the front, and another row stands in full pleats around the neck. The coat sleeves have double frills of grenadine and lace, and the basque is completed by bows of watered silk in the front and back, and also on the sleeves. Black silk sashes with colored silk facings are very stylish with all black grenadines. Sashes grow wider continually, and are finished by fringe tied and knotted on the edges.

Pretty fraises of black silk, lined with pink, blue, or buff, and finished by a bow in front, are much worn with black and with white dresses.

WHITE PRINCESSE ROBES.

White satin jean and piqué dresses for house wear are being made in the princesse style. They are trimmed up the front breadths with the new bands of tucks and hem-stitching, or else they are elaborately embroidered. Open-worked English embroidery and the closer polka dots, vines, and tufted needle-work are the trimmings. Very sheer French nansook dresses are also made in this shape, and trimmed with box-pleatings of the fabric set on wide bands of wash net. A Napoleon blue sash of watered ribbon brightens up the dress; bows of very pale and very dark blue mixed ribbon are placed down the entire front and on the elbows.

SUMMER EVENING DRESSES.

Evening dresses for summer balls and hops are made of two shades of gossamer tulle, or else of tarlatan. For instance, two shades of rose-colored tulle appear in one dress. The low Josephine waist is of the darkest shade, covered with lengthwise puffs of lighter rose. The skirt has three front breadths covered with lengthwise puffs of the two shades alternating. The back breadths have five or else seven flounces of double tulle laid in side pleats, and are of alternating tints. A tulle sash is draped loosely about the hips, crossing high on the right side, and being caught together low down on the left with a cluster of roses of variegated hues—pink, red, deep crimson, and pale buff. For a blonde is a dress similarly made of tarlatan of palest blue with darkest ocean blue. The flounces of tarlatan were notched in saw-teeth edges and box-pleated. Two parures of flowers were provided for this dress; one was clusters of pink azaleas, and the other of large white daisies, yellow-centred, and placed in the midst of black velvet rosettes. For white muslin and white tulle dresses are garlands of convolvuli, mixed blue and pink, with embrowned leaves. Black velvet is fashionably combined with flowers in loops, rosettes, and streaming ends.

For information received thanks are due Mrs. CONNELLY; Miss SWITZER; and Miss GEDNEY.

PERSONAL.

WHEN RALPH WALDO EMERSON reached Concord, on the 27th ult., his fellow-townsmen turned out in a body and escorted him to his new house, the school-children forming a prominent feature of the procession. Mr. EMERSON, in his characteristic way, thanked them for their kindness and sympathy at the return of an old man and his daughter.

—Speaking of the Bishop of Winchester ("Soapy Sam"), a London paper says: "The amount of work this prelate gets through is astonishing. On Thursday evening he lectured at the Southampton Polytechnic, on 'The Catacombs of Rome:' on Good-Friday morning he preached at St. Mary's in that town, of which his son is rector; in the afternoon he held a confirmation at Twyford, near Winchester; on Saturday morning he held a confirmation at Gosport, and in the afternoon another at Alverstoke." Bishop WILBERFORCE is now sixty-eight, and has been leading this sort of life ever since he entered the episcopate. Like WASHINGTON, WESLEY, PALMERSTON, and THIERS, he is a great rider, and when traveling through his diocese his saddle-horse always accompanies him, and his clergy are full of tales of his equestrian prowess.

—Mlle. NELLY DE MALAMARRE, who has just taken the veil, is the young lady who was at her father's residence during the war, when it was occupied by the Prussians. An officer having put his arm round her waist, she seized a knife and plunged it into his breast. A report of the affair was sent to Prince FREDERICK CHARLES, who ordered that no notice should be taken of the matter.

—Dean STANLEY has come to the front, after a certain sort, as a woman's rights man. He recently preached in London in aid of the Woman's Hospital. His text was, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" He thought women much better spiritual directors of women "than the most dextrous priest, saintly confessor, or authoritative pontiff." Healing the sick he regarded as woman's special mission. He alluded to the late Mr. MILL, remarking how the philosophy of a master mind was touched by reverence for the woman he had loved.

—The Empress of Russia, now in Italy for the benefit of her health, writes a letter every day to the Emperor; but the good woman doesn't send it by mail—not at all. When the pleasant communication is finished she hands it to a courier, who starts with the packet, and delivers it personally into the hands of the Emperor; and eighteen of these messengers are constantly on the wing between Italy and St. Petersburg.

—The late JAMES L. REYNOLDS bequeathed $10,000 to the Chicago Association, the interest of which is to be used for the maintenance of a lady missionary to assist in the benevolent work of the association.

—Miss ELIZABETH HARRISON, one of Britain's good old maids, died recently in Sheffield, and left $300,000 to various charities.

—The ladies of the harem of the King of Siam have taken to wearing the European costume. No harem in that.

—The widow of Sir JAMES EDWARD SMITH, once president of the London Linnæan Society, recently celebrated her hundredth birthday by a dinner at Lowestoft to a hundred of the oldest of her acquaintances. They had a fine "old" time.

—The young sister of ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, who is now studying in Italy, is likely to prove one of the brightest operatic stars America has yet had to boast. Her vocal and lyrical powers, natural and acquired, are said to be of the highest order.

—EMILY FAITHFULL proposes to publish early in the fall her *Impressions of America and Americans.*

—Dr. CUYLER writes of a member in his church who listened to the Gospel from the lips of JOHN WESLEY, eighty-four years ago. His name is SAMUEL P. TAYLOR, and he is now ninety-five years of age.

—Mrs. GROTE, in her biography of the historian, her husband, mentions a conversation she had with some Oxford tutors in 1863 as to the influence of Mr. GROTE and JOHN STUART MILL on English university culture, and represents them as conceding that "GROTE and MILL may be said to have revived the study of the two master sciences—history and mental philosophy—among the Oxford under-graduates. A new current of ideas; new and original modes of interpreting the past; the light of fresh learning cast upon the people of antiquity: such are the impulses given by those two great teachers that our youth are completely kindled to enthusiasm toward both at the present time."

—The following citizens of Milwaukee compose the new School Board of that city. Judging from their names, we take them to be Yankees of the purest stripe: HUNDHAUSEN, KUENZLE, WASWEILER, ZEIGLER, SCHNURSTEIN, FREITAG, KÖTTING, MEINECKE, RUNCLE, OBERMANN, and TRUMPF.

—Since Mrs. CHARLES KEAN retired from the stage she so long adorned she shows her sympathy for the art by giving aid and suggestions to promising beginners. She is just now taking interest in a protégée named Miss ANNA BALDWIN, of whom something clever is expected.

—A gorgeous figure was cut by Count ANDRASSY, the Hungarian Premier, at the opening of the Vienna Exposition, and at the same time recalls the fact that twenty-five years ago the count was a refugee from the empire, a price set upon his head, and exposed to a disgraceful death. It was in 1849 that he was executed in effigy by Austrian authority, when great numbers of his compeers were banished, or forced to remain in exile, or stripped of their estates, or beheaded. The constitution of Hungary, which dated back a thousand years, was then abrogated; municipal liberties overthrown; martial law prevailed. And now ANDRASSY, the Hungarian, is one of the chief and most honored men in the grandest show ever seen in the Austrian empire.

—According to "Burleigh," the way in which Dr. STORRS, of Brooklyn, commenced to preach extemporaneously, was this: His congregation, though small, was respectable and wealthy. He found new men coming to Brooklyn and drawing large congregations, and he said that something must be the matter with himself if he could not draw. He resolved on a new departure. He laid off his gown, left his notes on his study table, and went at it. The experiment more than met his expectations, and he is now one of the most effective preachers in the country.

—The West Point cadets have just run the gauntlet of that august body called the Board of Visitors, appointed annually by the President to look into the affairs of our nascent warriors. The main thing at the "Point" is, of course, the conduct roll. If a cadet receives more than a hundred "demerits" in six months he is dismissed. The cadet is continually under the eye of a superior, who, like his shadow, is always with him, and whose business it is to report every departure from the requirements of the rules. This, in the slang vocabulary of the academy, is called "skinning." A cadet wrote this concerning the "persecution" of his "shadow:"

"He sought me out at early dawn,
While weary nature slept,
And 'skinned' me for my 'bedding down,'
Because 'I had not swept,'
Because 'my bowl was not upturned,'
For 'dirt in fire-place;'
Then with his horny finger on
My mantel tried to trace
His ugly name, and, with a sneer,
Said, 'Dusty, Mr. Case.'"

—Mr. BEECHER has been a growing man in point of salary, as he has deserved to be. From *The History of Plymouth Church* we learn that his salary was at first, in 1847, $1500, to be increased on the third year to $2000. In 1859 the salary was $7000; in 1865, $12,500; in 1870, $20,000. The pew rent in 1853 was $11,157; in 1859, $26,000; in 1868, $48,000; in 1872, $59,000. In 1868 a quartette was introduced, whose aggregate salaries, with that of the organist, are $7600. The helper—a clergyman who does the pastoral work—and the sextons receive $7700, making the whole amount of salaries $35,300. There are several deaconesses elected annually. The number of members increased from 21 in 1847 to 3300 in 1872. The number of Sunday-school pupils was, in 1872, 1319, besides some 800 connected with mission schools.

—Mrs. UNDERWOOD, daughter of the late REMBRANDT PEALE, has presented to the Mount Holly Association, of New Jersey, his painting of "Washington before Yorktown," valued at $10,000. The frame, eighteen feet in circumference, was made from a black-walnut-tree which grew on the homestead of ROBERT MORRIS, the Revolutionary financier and bosom friend of WASHINGTON.

—Mr. CHARLES WHITNEY, of Binghamton, who has achieved some fame as a reader, has given certain acres of land on the banks of the Susquehanna, near that city, upon which to build a home for literary and artistic people who may become reduced in circumstances by sickness or misfortune. The building is to be begun this summer.

—The Marquis de Noailles, the French minister at Washington, says of M. THIERS: "He is not old. Such men never get old. He had the sagacity of a statesman, the prudence of a man of experience, the resolute courage of a disciplined soldier, and the ardor of a patriotic Frenchman in the greatest trial France has endured. The man combining these qualities is still worthy of the confidence of his countrymen, and I am misled by my own judgment if he is not again called to finish the work he has so auspiciously begun."

—The amount subscribed as a testimonial to GEORGE CRUIKSHANK is $4200, of which RUSKIN gave $500. The venerable artist also enjoys a pension from the government of $475 a year, and $250 a year from the Royal Academy.

—The Shah of Persia, who is peregrinating about Europe, is forty-four years old, and succeeded to the throne when only eighteen years of age. He is absolute ruler within his dominions, and sole master of the lives and goods of all his subjects, both high and low. The whole revenue of the country being at their disposal, recent sovereigns of Persia have been able to amass large fortunes. That of the present Shah is said to be $20,000,000. He is handsome in person, intelligent, and liberal-minded. He takes an active part in the administration of his country, and is most desirous to secure the well-being of all classes of his subjects. He is, moreover, endowed with a highly cultivated mind, is well acquainted with the French language, and takes in several of the leading newspapers of Europe. His reign is remarkable for the introduction of many striking improvements—true marks of progress and civilization—such as the founding of a royal college for the study of all the sciences, the introduction of the telegraph, and the construction of the first made road in Persia. As a proof of his liberality, it may be mentioned that, while adhering strictly to the religion of the Koran, and regarded in Persia as the vicegerent of the Prophet, he not long ago granted to the Nestorian Christians in his dominions a site for a church, but also headed a subscription list with a handsome donation toward its erection—an example which was speedily followed by his own ministers, the Russian, Turkish, and French ministers at the court of Teheran, and the principal merchants of Persia.

—The "personal" tenderness between the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess MARIE sprang up at Hesse-Darmstadt, where they met a year or two ago; and during Prince ALFRED'S residence at Sorrento, though nominally staying at the Tasso, he has been constantly at the imperial villa from morning till night. One difficulty as to the marriage has been surmounted. It was proposed as a condition that the Duke should reside a certain period of time every year in Russia, but he refused to bind himself. Besides her fortune of $1,000,000, and an allowance from the Emperor of $100,000 a year, she will bring to her husband a disposition of great sweetness and amiability.

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Ladies' Straw Hats, Figs. 1-5.

Fig. 1.—ALPINE HAT. This Leghorn hat has a high sloping crown. The broad rolled rim is turned up high on both sides, and is bound with brown velvet on the outer edge. Wide brown velvet ribbon, edged with a bias strip of faille of the same color, is wound around the crown. On the right side of the hat are two fan-shaped pieces of brown velvet lined with silk, to which are joined a longer loop and two hanging ends of brown faille. A knot of brown faille finishes the loop and ends, and a tuft of white and colored feathers is fastened into the knot.

Fig. 1.—ALPINE HAT.

Fig. 2.—LA VALLIÈRE HAT. This white Neapolitan hat has a moderately high crown. The rim is rather broad, and is turned up in front and down in the back, and forms high revers at the sides. The outer edge of the rim is bound with gathered light blue faille ribbon an inch and three-quarters wide. Around the crown are wound a light blue and a dark blue wide faille ribbon, which form short and long falling loops and ends in the middle of the back. A spray of roses and forget-me-nots trims the hat, and an elastic ribbon serves to keep it in place.

Fig. 3.—JAPANESE HAT. This open-work straw hat is round and very slightly arched. It is lined with purple silk, and is trimmed inside on the outer edge with a pinked ruche of the same. The trimming consists of a cluster of violets, which are arranged in a half wreath around the slightly raised centre, and a purple faille ribbon falling in the back.

Fig. 4.—RUBENS HAT. The broad rim of this English straw hat is turned up high on the right side. The inner edge is faced with velvet ribbon. The trimming consists of a spray of strawberry leaves, flowers, and berries, and a light yellow silk ribbon three inches and a quarter wide, one end of which is fastened outside at the right side, and the other end in the middle of the back on the inside.

Fig. 3.—JAPANESE HAT.

Fig. 4.—RUBENS HAT.

Fig. 5.—RABAGAS HAT. The rim of this black Neapolitan hat is turned up in revers as shown by the illustration, and covered with black velvet, at the same time fastening a piping of pink gros grain on the upper edge. The trimming consists of loops and ends of black gros grain ribbon an inch and seven-eighths wide, loops of pink gros grain two inches and a half wide, a black tulle scarf trimmed with lace, heron feathers, and a spray of pink roses. Two bead agrafes are set on the right side.

Fig. 5.—RABAGAS HAT.

ORNAMENTAL GRASSES.

MANY garden folk are very fond of cultivating plants of this class, as many of them are very grand, stately, and graceful in their habit of growth; others are remarkable for the great beauty and delicacy of their inflorescence; and all are of easy cultivation, thriving in any ordinary well-manured soil.

For the information of such of our readers as may not yet have attempted their cultivation we append notices of some of the most desirable sorts. Apart from their use as garden decorations, their flower heads make, when properly dried, very beautiful mantel ornaments, unequaled by any other class of plants for the elegance and airiness of their forms. We particularly recommend them to those whose higher artistic cultivation has taught them to appreciate the beautiful in form rather than in color.

The *Gynerium argenteum*, or Pampas Grass, of South America, is the largest grass grown. It forms large tufts of leaves about three feet long, which recurve very gracefully, and are of a glaucous green color; the flower stems are from five to ten feet high, furnished with leaves for a portion of their length, and terminated by silvery, silky, branching panicles of flowers, the panicles being from twelve to twenty inches in length. The plant is diœcious—that is, some plants produce male flowers and others female flowers; the first are much less beautiful than the latter. There are some eight or nine varieties now grown in Europe, three of which have variegated leaves, one has light rose-colored, and another has pale violet-colored plumes; but these have not been introduced into this country that we are aware of. The plant is not quite hardy in this latitude, and should be grown in a large tub (a half-barrel, for instance), or, if planted out, should be taken up in the autumn and kept in a warm cellar; at the South it is quite hardy.

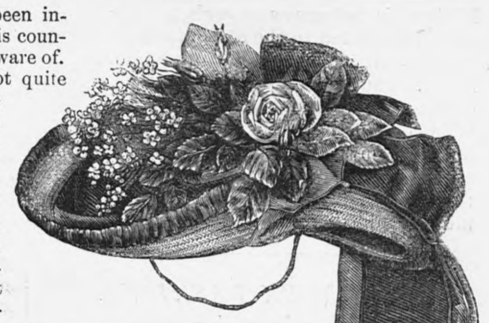

Fig. 2.—LA VALLIÈRE HAT.

Erianthus ravennæ, or Ravenna Grass, is a native of Italy. It is similar in appearance to the Pampas Grass, differing, however, in the form of the plumes. It has long graceful foliage, throwing up flower stems six or seven feet high, terminated by graceful, drooping, feathery-like plumes from fifteen to eighteen inches long; these have a silky appearance, and are of a silvery white color. The plant is hardy in this latitude, but northward would require to be protected with leaves.

Agrostis nebulosa is a very beautiful annual grass, with stems from twelve to fifteen inches high, with from five to ten whorls of long hair-like branches terminated by the flowers, the whole forming a graceful, airy, feathery panicle. These panicles, cut before the seeds are ripe and dried in the shade, can be preserved for a long time, and either in their natural state or dyed are used by milliners and artificial flower makers.

Briza maxima, or Quaking-Grass, an annual with flower stems from twelve to twenty-four inches high, with large calycine scales, which form close, flat, rather long, heart-shaped pendent objects, with delicate flexible footstalks, that allow them to move with the slightest movement of the wind. Another species, *B. gracilis*, is similar to the above, only differing in being dwarfer and more delicate in habit.

Aira pulchella, in some of the seedsmen's catalogues inserted as *Agrostis pulchella*. This very elegant and graceful grass is an annual, growing from eight to ten inches high, producing numer-

Fig. 1.—RÉSÉDA POULT DE SOIE DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]

Fig. 2.—RÉSÉDA POULT DE SOIE DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]

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ous thread-like flower stems terminated by erect, delicate, graceful panicles. These being cut, and dried in the shade, can be kept for a long time, and, like the *Agrotis*, are used by milliners and artificial flower makers.

Lagurus ovatus, or Hare's-tail Grass, is a pretty dwarf-growing species, whose flower stems are terminated by upright soft and velvety heads of flowers, which, being cut before their complete maturity, are readily preserved for winter bouquets, and are also used for the coiffures of ladies.

Panicum capillaire is the *Eragrostis elegans*, or Love-Grass, of some of the seedsmen. It is an annual, although it is stated in some catalogues to be a perennial. It grows from eighteen to twenty inches high, and has large panicles of flowers lightly tinted with rose-color on the exterior. It is not as strikingly ornamental as some of the others, but is useful for winter bouquets.

Pennisetum longistylum is generally grown as an annual, but at the South would be a perennial. It is a very elegant species, growing from eighteen to thirty inches high, the flower stems producing long, white, gracefully curved plumes, which are very desirable for winter bouquets. This species requires a light, rich soil, and if the season is dry, should be well watered.

Stipa pennata, or Feather-Grass, is one of the most beautiful of all grasses. It is a perennial, growing from eighteen to twenty inches high. The plumes are long, remarkably light, and flexible, and have a strong resemblance to marabout feathers, and are used by the milliners and artificial flower makers as imitations of them.

Ulalia japonica is a perennial hardy species from Japan, with long variegated leaves. The flower stems are from three to four feet high, very reed-like, and produce loose panicles of flowers; these panicles are hairy and erect until dried, when they become elegantly curled, closely resembling *Ich dien* feathers. It is a remarkably elegant species.

Hordeum jubatum, or Squirrel-tail Grass, is an annual, growing from twenty to thirty inches high, the plumes being from four to six inches long, sometimes straight and sometimes gracefully curved; the scales of the flowers are terminated by long awns, which are green at the base and of a light rose-color at the summit; these awns have the appearance of bristly hairs.

Festuca glauca is a dwarf-growing species with upright very glaucous green leaves. This plant is admirably adapted for edgings, growing very densely, and not inclined to run or spread. It is of recent introduction to our gardens, and we believe that it will in many cases supersede box edgings. It is perfectly hardy, and is a perennial.

Besides the above-named species, there are others of comparatively recent introduction to be found in the catalogues, some of which may be worth growing; the above selection, however, includes the most striking or picturesque species. Closely allied to the grasses are some species of Bamboo, which stand our winters here with but slight protection, as *Bambusa metake* and *B. fortunii variegata*. *Arundo donax variegata* is a hardy, reed-like plant, with variegated leaves, growing four to five feet high. *Gymnothrix latifolia* is also a reed-like plant, growing seven to ten feet high, with long recurved leaves. It is not hardy at the North, and should, therefore, be kept in a warm cellar in the winter season.

Ladies' House Dresses, Figs. 1–4.

Figs. 1 and 4.—BLUE FOULARD DRESS. This dress is made of blue foulard, and is trimmed with a revers collar and folds and bows of a darker shade of foulard. Pleated Swiss muslin collar and sleeves.

Fig. 2.—OLIVE FAILLE DRESS. This dress is made of olive faille, and consists of a double skirt and basque-waist, trimmed with olive velvet folds corded with satin, a rosette and ends of similar velvet, and knotted silk fringe. Pleated Swiss muslin and lace collar and sleeves.

Fig. 3.—BLACK SILK AND ÉCRU PONGEE DRESS. Black silk skirt, trimmed with side-pleated ruffles of the material. Over-skirt and basque-waist of écru pongee. The over-skirt is trimmed with box-pleated ruffles of the material, écru lace, and black velvet folds. Similar folds trim the waist. Pleated Swiss muslin and lace collar and sleeves. Black velvet necklace with coral and gold medallion. Hair rolled back from the forehead, and arranged in puffs and curls.

Fig. 1.—BLUE FOULARD DRESS. FRONT.—[See Fig. 4.]

Fig. 2.—OLIVE FAILLE DRESS.

Fig. 3.—BLACK SILK AND ÉCRU PONGEE DRESS.

Fig. 4.—BLUE FOULARD DRESS. BACK.—[See Fig. 1.]

FIGS. 1–4.—LADIES' HOUSE DRESSES.

Réséda Poult de Soie Dress, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 404.

THIS dress is made of dark and light réséda poult de soie. The skirt of the darker shade is trimmed in front with pleated ruffles and bows of the same, and in the back with overlapping folds of moiré of the same color. The polonaise is of light poult de soie; the trimming consists of folds, revers, and bows of moiré. The vest fronts are of the darker poult de soie.

Mexican and Polish Debtors.

IN Mexico, as in Poland, debt hangs heavily around the necks of men and women from infancy to senectitude. A Polish peasant is soon too deep in the books of the Jewish brandy-seller to call his soul, or his scythe, or any thing else, his own. He must drink—and indeed he is frequently but too willing to adopt the bibulous method of conciliation—that he may keep in the good graces of a creditor who could pounce at any moment upon the lean cows that draw his wooden plow, and the half-tamed horses which he harnesses to his wicker-work wagon. So he swallows the fiery poison in increasing doses, until, by the time his hair grows grizzled, he may be said to have solved the vexed question, whether or no alcohol be food, by subsisting as much on brandy as on bread.

In Mexico a peon of the pure or mixed Indian blood is never out of debt. His very christening feast, with the priest's fees, the rare treat of roast mutton and tawny wine, the pulque and the sweetmeats, the painted candles, the gun-firing and bell-ringing and dancing on the green to gypsy music, sits weightily on a lad's shoulders as he stands on the threshold of manly life. His old father—for people who work age fast under the hot sun and in the thin air of the high table-lands of Anahuac—has never been able to pay the whole bill for that ceremony. The son wishes to marry, and that entails another festival, with fresh dues to the Church, and a new merry-making. My very good señor, the owner of the big estate on which son and father work, will graciously advance some dollars to young Pedro if he will but take upon himself the residue of the unsettled claims on old Antonio. The cura of the parish will give the young couple his blessing on trust, and will wait to be paid by installments. Pedro, a simple, patient beast of burden, accepts the proposal with the meekness of his race, mortgages his la-

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bor, and thenceforth is always toiling, always in arrear, his pittance of wages constantly anticipated, and he himself for life chained to the soil, and only nominally a free man.

WAITING FOR YOU, JOCK.

WINTER'S agoing;
The streams are a-flowing;
The May-flowers blowing
Will soon be in view.
But all things seem faded,
For my heart it is jaded,
Waiting for you, Jock,
Waiting for you:
Oh, but it's weary work,
Waiting for you!

As soon as the day's done,
My thoughts to the West run;
I envy the red sun,
That sinks from my view.
On you it's a-shining,
While here I am pining,
Waiting for you, Jock,
Waiting for you:
Oh, but it's weary work,
Waiting for you!

I sigh when the day beams;
The pitiful night seems
To cheer me with sweet dreams,
That bear me to you.
Each morn as you flee me,
The fading stars see me,
Waiting for you, Jock,
Waiting for you:
Oh. but it's weary work,
Waiting for you!

Go, robin, fly to him;
Sing ever nigh to him;
Summer winds, sigh to him;
Bid him be true!
Where he sleeps on the prairies,
Oh, whisper, kind fairies,
"Waiting for you, Jock,
Waiting for you!
Oh, but it's weary work,
Waiting for you!"

LADY ANNA.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "The Warden," "The Small House at Allington," "Barchester Towers," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," "Orley Farm," "The Eustace Diamonds," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.

WHARFEDALE.

THE visit to Wharfedale was fixed for Monday and Tuesday, and on the Monday morning they started, after an early breakfast. The party consisted of Aunt Jane, Aunt Julia, Lady Anna, Minnie, and Mr. Cross, one of the rector's curates. The rector would not accompany them, excusing himself to the others generally on the ground that he could not be absent from his parish on those two days. To his wife and sister he explained that he was not able, as yet, to take pleasure in such a party as this with Lady Anna. There was no knowing, he said, what might happen. It was evident that he did not mean to open his heart to Lady Anna, at any rate till the marriage should be settled.

An open carriage, which would take them all, was ordered—with four post-horses, and two antiquated postboys, with white hats and blue jackets and yellow breeches. Minnie and the curate sat on the box, and there was a servant in the rumble. Rooms at the inn had been ordered, and every thing was done in proper lordly manner. The sun shone brightly above their heads, and Anna, having as yet received no further letter from her mother, was determined to be happy. Four horses took them to Bolton Bridge, and then, having eaten lunch and ordered dinner, they started for their ramble in the woods.

The first thing to be seen at Bolton Abbey is, of course, the Abbey. The Abbey itself, as a ruin—a ruin not so ruinous but that a part of it is used for a modern church—is very well; but the glory of Bolton Abbey is in the river which runs round it, and the wooded banks which overhang it. No more luxuriant pasture, no richer foliage, no brighter water, no more picturesque arrangement of the freaks of nature, aided by the art and taste of man, is to be found, perhaps, in England. Lady Anna, who had been used to wilder scenery in her native county, was delighted. Nothing had ever been so beautiful as the Abbey—nothing so lovely as the running Wharfe! Might they not climb up among those woods on the opposite bank? Lord Lovel declared that of course they would climb up among the woods—it was for that purpose they had come. That was the way to the Stryd, over which he was determined that Lady Anna should be made to jump.

But the river below the Abbey is to be traversed by stepping-stones, which, to the female uninitiated foot, appear to be full of danger. The Wharfe here is no insignificant brook, to be overcome by a long stride and a jump. There is a causeway, of perhaps forty stones, across it, each some eighteen inches distant from the other, which, flat and excellent though they be, are perilous from their number. Mrs. Lovel, who knew the place of old, had begun by declaring that no consideration should induce her to cross the water. Aunt Julia had proposed that they should go along the other bank, on the Abbey side of the river, and thence cross by the bridge half a mile up. But the Earl was resolved that he would take his cousin over the stepping-stones; and Minnie and the curate were equally determined. Minnie, indeed, had crossed the river, and was back again, while the matter was still being discussed. Aunt Julia, who was strong-limbed, as well as strong-minded, at last assented, the curate having promised all necessary aid. Mrs. Lovel seated herself at a distance to see the exploit; and then Lord Lovel started, with Lady Anna, turning at every stone to give a hand to his cousin.

"Oh, they are very dreadful!" said Lady Anna, when about a dozen had been passed.

The black water was flowing fast, fast beneath her feet; the stones became smaller and smaller to her imagination, and the apertures between them broader and broader.

"Don't look at the water, dear," said the lord, "but come on quick."

"I can't come on quick. I shall never get over. Oh, Frederic!" That morning she had promised that she would call him Frederic. Even Daniel could not think it wrong that she should call her cousin by his Christian name. "It's no good; I can't do that one—it's crooked. Mayn't I go back again?"

"You can't go back, dear. It is only up to your knees, if you do go in. But take my hand. There—all the others are straight—you must come on, or Aunt Julia will catch us. After two or three times, you'll hop over like a milk-maid. There are only half a dozen more. Here we are! Isn't that pretty?"

"I thought I never should have got over. I wouldn't go back for any thing. But it is lovely; and I am so much obliged to you for bringing me here. We can go back another way?"

"Oh yes; but now we'll get up the bank. Give me your hand." Then he took her along the narrow, twisting, steep paths, to the top of the wooded bank, and they were soon beyond the reach of Aunt Julia, Minnie, and the curate.

It was very pleasant, very lovely, and very joyous; but there was still present to her mind some great fear. The man was there with her as an acknowledged lover—a lover acknowledged to be so by all but herself; but she could not lawfully have any lover but him who was now slaving at his trade in London. She must tell this gallant lord that he must not be her lover; and as they went along she was always meditating how she might best tell him when the moment for telling him should come. But on that morning during the entire walk he said no word to her which seemed quite to justify the telling. He called her by sweet, petting names—Anna, my girl, pretty coz, and such-like. He would hold her hand twice longer than he would have held that of either aunt in helping her over this or that little difficulty—and would help her when no help was needed. He talked to her of small things, as though he and she must needs have kindred interests. He spoke to her of his uncle as though, near as his uncle was, the connection were not nigh so close as that between him and her. She understood it with a half understanding—feeling that in all this he was in truth making love to her, and yet telling herself that he said no more than cousinship might warrant. But the autumn colors were bright, and the river rippled, and the light breeze came down from the mountains, and the last of the wild flowers were still sweet in the woods. After a while she was able to forget her difficulties, to cease to think of Daniel, and to find in her cousin not a lover, but simply the pleasantest friend that fortune had ever sent her.

And so they came, all alone—for Aunt Julia, though both limbs and mind were strong, had not been able to keep up with them—all alone to the Stryd. The Stryd is a narrow gully or passage which the waters have cut for themselves in the rocks, perhaps five or six feet broad where the river passes, but narrowed at the top by an overhanging mass which in old days withstood the wearing of the stream, till the softer stone below was cut away, and then was left bridging over a part of the chasm below. There goes a story that a mountain chieftain's son, hunting the stag across the valley when the floods were out, in leaping the stream, from rock to rock, failed to make good his footing, was carried down by the rushing waters, and dashed to pieces among the rocks. Lord Lovel told her the tale, as they sat looking at the now innocent brook, and then bade her follow him as he leaped from edge to edge.

"I couldn't do it—indeed I couldn't," said the shivering girl.

"It is barely a step," said the Earl, jumping over, and back again. "Going from this side, you couldn't miss to do it, if you tried."

"I'm sure I should tumble in. It makes me sick to look at you while you are leaping."

"You'd jump over twice the distance on dry ground."

"Then let me jump on dry ground."

"I've set my heart upon it. Do you think I'd ask you if I wasn't sure?"

"You want to make another legend of me."

"I want to leave Aunt Julia behind, which we shall certainly do."

"Oh, but I can't afford to drown myself, just that you may run away from Aunt Julia. You can run by yourself, and I will wait for Aunt Julia."

"That is not exactly my plan. Be a brave girl now, and stand up, and do as I bid you."

Then she stood up on the edge of the rock, holding tight by his arm. How pleasant it was to be thus frightened, with such a protector near her to insure her safety! And yet the chasm yawned, and the water ran rapid and was very black. But if he asked her to make the spring, of course she must make it. What would she not have done at his bidding?

"I can almost touch you, you see," he said, as he stood opposite, with his arm out ready to catch her hand.

"Oh, Frederic, I don't think I can."

"You can very well, if you will only jump."

"It is ever so many yards."

"It is three feet. I'll back Aunt Julia to do it for a promise of ten shillings to the infirmary."

"I'll give the ten shillings if you'll only let me off."

"I won't let you off—so you might as well come at once."

Then she stood and shuddered for a moment, looking with beseeching eyes up into his face. Of course she meant to jump. Of course she would have been disappointed had Aunt Julia come and interrupted her jumping. Yes—she would jump into his arms. She knew that he would catch her. At that moment her memory of Daniel Thwaite had become faint as the last shaded glimmer of twilight. She shut her eyes for half a moment, then opened them, looked into his face, and made her spring. As she did so, she struck her foot against a rising ledge of the rock, and, though she covered more than the distance in her leap, she stumbled as she came to the ground, and fell into his arms. She had sprained her ankle in her effort to recover herself.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, holding her close to his side.

"No—I think not—only a little, that is. I was so awkward!"

"I shall never forgive myself if you are hurt."

"There is nothing to forgive. I'll sit down for a moment. It was my own fault, because I was so stupid—and it does not in the least signify. I know what it is now: I've sprained my ankle."

"There is nothing so painful as that."

"It hurts a little, but it will go off. It wasn't the jump, but I twisted my foot somehow. If you look so unhappy, I'll get up and jump back again."

"I am unhappy, dearest."

"Oh, but you mustn't." The prohibition might be taken as applying to the epithet of endearment, and thereby her conscience be satisfied. Then he bent over her, looking anxiously into her face as she winced with the pain, and he took her hand and kissed it. "Oh no," she said, gently struggling to withdraw the hand which he held. "Here is Aunt Julia. You had better just move." Not that she would have cared a straw for the eyes of Aunt Julia, had it not been that the image of Daniel Thwaite again rose strong before her mind. Then Aunt Julia and the curate and Minnie were standing on the rock within a few paces of them, but on the other side of the stream.

"Is there any thing the matter?" asked Miss Lovel.

"She has sprained her ankle in jumping over the Stryd, and she can not walk. Perhaps Mr. Cross would not mind going back to the inn and getting a carriage. The road is only a quarter of a mile above us, and we could carry her up."

"How could you be so foolish, Frederic, as to let her jump it?" said the aunt.

"Don't mind about my folly now. The thing is to get a carriage for Anna." The curate immediately hurried back, jumping over the Stryd as the nearest way to the inn; and Minnie also sprung across the stream so that she might sit down beside her cousin and offer consolation. Aunt Julia was left alone, and after a while was forced to walk back by herself to the bridge.

"Is she much hurt?" asked Minnie.

"I am afraid she is hurt," said the lord.

"Dear, dear Minnie, it does not signify a bit," said Anna, lavishing on her younger cousin the caresses which fate forbade her to give to the elder. "I know I could walk home in a few minutes. I am better now. It is one of those things which go away almost immediately. I'll try and stand, Frederic, if you'll let me." Then she raised herself, leaning upon him, and declared that she was nearly well—and then was reseated, still leaning on him.

"Shall we attempt to get her up to the road, Minnie, or wait till Mr. Cross comes to help us?" Lady Anna declared that she did not want any help—certainly not Mr. Cross's help, and that she could do very well just with Minnie's arm. They waited there, sitting on the rocks for half an hour, saying but little to each other, throwing into the stream the dry bits of stick which the last flood had left upon the stones, and each thinking how pleasant it was to sit there and dream, listening to the running waters. Then Lady Anna hobbled up to the carriage road, helped by a stronger arm than that of her cousin Minnie.

Of course there was some concern and dismay at the inn. Embrocations were used, and doctors were talked of, and heads were shaken, and a couch in the sitting-room was prepared, so that the poor injured one might eat her dinner without being driven to the solitude of her own bedroom.

CHAPTER XVI.

FOREVER.

ON the next morning the poor injured one was quite well, but she was still held to be subject to piteous concern. The two aunts shook their heads when she said she would walk down to the stepping-stones that morning before starting for Yoxham; but she was quite sure that the sprain was all gone, and the distance was not above half a mile. They were not to start till two o'clock. Would Minnie come down with her, and ramble about among the ruins?

"Minnie, come out on the lawn," said the lord. "Don't you come with me and Anna—you can go where you like about the place by yourself."

"Why mayn't I come?"

"Never mind, but do as you're bid."

"I know. You are coming to make love to Cousin Anna."

"You are an impertinent little imp."

"I am so glad, Frederic, because I do like her. I was sure she was a real cousin directly she came. Don't you think she is very, very nice?"

"Pretty well."

"Is that all?"

"You go away and don't tease, or else I'll never bring you to the Stryd again." So it happened that Lord Lovel and Lady Anna went across the meadow together, down to the river, and sauntered along the margin till they came to the stepping-stones. He passed over, and she followed him, almost without a word. Her heart was so full that she did not think now of the water running at her feet. It had hardly seemed to her to make any difficulty as to the passage. She must follow him whither he would lead her, but her mind misgave her—that they would not return sweet loving friends as they went out. "We won't climb," said he, "because it might try your ankle too much. But we will go in here by the meadow." Then he turned into a narrow field lying under the high bank of wood, formed by the bending of the river, and immediately opposite to the Abbey ruins. "I always think this is one of the prettiest views there is," he said, throwing himself upon the grass.

"It is all prettiest. It is like fairy-land. Does the Duke let people come here always?"

"Yes, I fancy so."

"He must be very good-natured. Do you know the Duke?"

"I never saw him in my life."

"A duke sounds so awful to me."

"You'll get used to them some day. Won't you sit down?" Then she glided down to the ground at a little distance from him, and he at once shifted his place so as to be almost close to her.

"Your foot is quite well?"

"Quite well."

"I thought for a few minutes that there was going to be some dreadful accident, and I was so mad with myself for having made you jump it. If you had broken your leg, I wonder how you would have borne it?"

"Like other people, I suppose."

"Would you have been angry with me?"

"I hope not. I am sure not. Why should I have been angry with you? You were doing the best you could to give me pleasure. I don't think I should have been angry at all. I don't think we are ever angry with the people we really like."

"Do you really like me?"

"Yes; I like you."

"Is that all?"

"Is not that enough?"

She answered the question as she might have answered it had it been allowed to her, as to any girl that was free, to toy with his love, knowing that she meant to accept it. It was easier so than in any other way; but her heart within her was sad, and could she have stopped his further speech by any word rough and somewhat rude, she would have done so. But she did not know how to answer him roughly. He deserved from her that all her words should be soft and sweet and pleasant. She believed him to be good and generous and kind and loving. The hard things which Daniel Thwaite had said of him had all vanished from her mind. To her thinking, it was no sin in him that he should want her wealth—he, the Earl, to whom by right the wealth of the Lovels should belong. The sin was rather hers—in that she kept it from him. And then, if she could receive all that he was willing to give, his heart, his name, his house and home, and sweet belongings of natural gifts and personal advantages, how much more would she take than what she gave! She could not speak to him roughly, though—alas!—the time had come in which she must speak to him truly. It was not fitting that a girl should have two lovers.

"No, dear—not enough," he said. "You must know that it is not enough between you and me."

It can hardly be accounted a fault in him that at this time he felt sure of her love. She had been so soft in her ways with him, so gracious, yielding, and pretty in her manners, so manifestly pleased by his company, so prone to lean upon him, that it could hardly be that he should think otherwise. She had told him, when he spoke to her more plainly up in London than he had yet done since they had been together in the country, that she could never, never be his wife. But what else could a girl say at a first meeting with a proposed lover? Would he have wished that she should at once have given herself up without one maidenly scruple, one word of feminine recusancy? If love's course be made to run too smooth, it loses all its poetry, and half its sweetness. But now they knew each other—at least he thought they did. The scruple might now be put away; the feminine recusancy had done its work. The expediency of this marriage was known to her as well as to him. For himself, he felt that he loved her in very truth. She was not harsh or loud, vulgar, or given to coarse manners, as might have been expected, and as he had been warned by his friends that he would find her. That she was very beautiful all her enemies had acknowledged—and he was quite assured that her enemies had been right. She was the Lady Anna Lovel, and he felt that he could make her his own without one shade of regret to mar his triumph. Of the tailor's son—though he had been warned of him too—he made no account whatever. That had been a slander, which only endeared the girl to him the more—a slander against Lady Anna Lovel which had been an insult to his family. Among all the ladies he knew, daughters of peers and high-bred commoners, there were none

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—there was not one—less likely so to disgrace herself than Lady Anna Lovel, his sweet cousin. So thought the Earl of her whom he now purposed to ask to be his wife.

"Do not think me too hurried, dear, if I speak to you again so soon of that of which I spoke once before." He had turned himself round upon his arm, so as to be very close to her—so that he would look full into her face, and, if chance favored him, could take her hand. He paused, as though for an answer, but she did not speak to him a word. "It is not long yet since we first met."

"Oh no—not long."

"And I know not what your feelings are. But, in very truth, I can say that I love you dearly. Had nothing else come in the way to bring us together, I am sure that I should have loved you." She, poor child, believed him as though he were speaking to her the sweetest Gospel. And he, too, believed himself. He was easy of heart perhaps, but not deceitful; anxious enough for his position in the world, but not meanly covetous. Had she been distasteful to him as a woman, he would have refused to make himself rich by the means that had been suggested to him. As it was, he desired her as much as her money, and had she given herself to him then, would never have remembered, would never have known, that the match had been sordid. "Do you believe me?" he asked.

"Oh yes."

"And shall it be so?"

Her face had been turned away, but now she slowly moved her neck so that she could look at him. Should she be false to all her vows, and try whether happiness might not be gained in that way? The manner of doing it passed through her mind in that moment. She would write to Daniel, and remind him of his promise to set her free if she so willed it. She would never see him again. She would tell him that she had striven to see things as he would have taught her, and had failed. She would abuse herself, and ask for his pardon; but having thus judged for herself, she would never go back from such judgment. It might be done—if only she could persuade herself that it were good to do it! But, as she thought of it, there came upon her a prick of conscience so sharp that she could not welcome the devil by leaving it unheeded. How could she be forsworn to one who had been so absolutely good—whose all had been spent for her and for her mother—whose whole life had been one long struggle of friendship on her behalf—who had been the only playfellow of her youth, the only man she had ever ventured to kiss—the man whom she truly loved? He had warned her against these gauds which were captivating her spirit, and now, in the moment of her peril, she would remember his warnings.

"Shall it be so?" Lord Lovel asked again, just stretching out his hand so that he could touch the fold of her garment.

"It can not be so," she said.

"Can not be!"

"It can not be so, Lord Lovel."

"It can not now—or do you mean the word to be forever?"

"Forever," she replied.

"I know that I have been hurried and sudden," he said, purposely passing by her last assurance. "And I do feel that you have a right to resent the seeming assurance of such haste. But in our case, dearest, the interests of so many are concerned, the doubts and fears, the well-being, and even the future conduct of all our friends are so bound up by the result that I had hoped you would have pardoned that which would otherwise have been unpardonable." O Heavens! had it not been for Daniel Thwaite, how full of grace, how becoming, how laden with flattering courtesy, would have been every word that he had uttered to her! "But," he continued, "if it really be that you can not love me—"

"Oh, Lord Lovel, pray ask of me no further questions."

"I am bound to ask and to know—for all our sakes."

Then she rose quickly to her feet, and with altered gait and changed countenance stood over him. "I am engaged," she said, "to be married—to Mr. Daniel Thwaite." She had told it all, and felt that she had told her own disgrace. He rose also, but stood mute before her. This was the very thing of which they all warned him, but as to which he had been so sure that it was not so! She saw it all in his eyes, reading much more there than he could read in hers. She was degraded in his estimation, and felt that evil worse almost than the loss of his love. For the last three weeks she had been a real Lovel among the Lovels. That was all over now. Let this lawsuit go as it might, let them give to her all the money, and make the title which she hated ever so sure, she never again could be the equal friend of her gentle relative, Earl Lovel. Minnie would never again spring into her arms, swearing that she would do as she pleased with her own cousin. She might be Lady Anna, but never Anna again to the two ladies at the rectory. The perfume of his rank had been just scented, to be dashed away from her forever. "It is a secret at present," she said, "or I should have told you sooner. If it is right that you should repeat it, of course you must."

"Oh, Anna!"

"It is true."

"Oh, Anna, for your sake as well as mine this makes me wretched indeed!"

"As for the money, Lord Lovel, if it be mine to give, you shall have it."

"You think, then, it is that which I have wanted?"

"It is that which the family wants, and I can understand that it should be wanted. As for myself—for mamma and me—you can hardly understand how it has been with us when we were young. You despise Mr. Thwaite—because he is a tailor."

"I am sure he is not fit to be the husband of Lady Anna Lovel."

"When Lady Anna Lovel had no other friend in the world, he sheltered her and gave her a house to live in, and spent his earnings in her defense, and would not yield when all those who might have been her friends strove to wrong her. Where would mamma have been—and I—had there been no Mr. Thwaite to comfort us? He was our only friend—he and his father. They were all we had. In my childhood I had never a kind word from another child, but only from him. Would it have been right that he should have asked for any thing, and that I should have refused it?"

"He should not have asked for this," said Lord Lovel, hoarsely.

"Why not he, as well as you? He is as much a man. If I could believe in your love after two days, Lord Lovel, could I not trust his after twenty years of friendship?"

"You knew that he was beneath you."

"He was not beneath me. He was above me. We were poor, while he and his father had money, which we took. He could give, while we received. He was strong, while we were weak—and was strong to comfort us. And then, Lord Lovel, what knew I of rank, living under his father's wing? They told me I was the Lady Anna, and the children scouted me. My mother was a countess. So she swore, and I at least believed her. But if ever rank and title were a profitless burden, they were to her. Do you think that I had learned then to love my rank?"

"You have learned better now."

"I have learned—but whether better I may doubt. There are lessons which are quickly learned—and there are they who say that such are the devil's lessons. I have not been strong enough not to learn. But I must forget again, Lord Lovel. And you must forget also." He hardly knew how to speak to her now—whether it would be fit for him even to wish to persuade her to be his, after she had told him that she had given her troth to a tailor. His uneasy thoughts prompted him with ideas which dismayed him. Could he take to his heart one who had been pressed close in so vile a grasp? Could he accept a heart that had once been promised to a tailor's workman? Would not all the world know and say that he had done it solely for the money, even should he succeed in doing it? And yet to fail in this enterprise—to abandon all—to give up so beautiful, so enticing a road to wealth! Then he remembered what he had said—how he had pledged himself to abandon the suit—how convinced he had been that this girl was heiress to the Lovel wealth, who now told him that she had engaged herself to marry a tailor.

There was nothing more that either of them could say to the other at the moment, and they went back in silence to the inn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VISITING COSTUME.

See illustration on page 408.

THIS visiting costume is of blue-gray silk. The skirt has kilt pleating on the front breadths, a ruffle up the side, and gathered flounces behind. The polonaise is embroidered with floss of a darker shade. The mantelet has a talma back and long square fronts, and is embroidered and edged with goffered fringe. The chip Rubens hat has the brim faced with blue-gray silk, with a scarf and ostrich tip of the same shade. Loops of rose-colored faille are high on the left side. The cravat bow is also rose-colored.

WATERING-PLACE COSTUME.

See illustration on page 408.

THIS pretty costume is designed for visiting in country-houses, at watering-places, or for out-of-door fêtes, lawn-parties, and other summer festivals. The skirt is white muslin, puffed on the upper part of the front breadth, with flounces extending all around the skirt. The Pompadour polonaise with vest front is of rose-colored foulard, showing a pale blue lining on the side, and trimmed with a ruffle of rose-color, headed by a band of pale blue silk. The puffed muslin sleeves have blue silk bands latticed between the puffs, and rosettes of rose-color; blue bands and pink rosettes are also on the skirt. Chip Spanish gypsy, trimmed with rose and blue ribbons, and a bouquet of forget-me-nots and roses with brown foliage. Rose-colored foulard parasol, with blue bow and bamboo stick. Linen collar. Tortoise-shell jewelry. Pale blue gloves.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

"LET us go to the Park to-day," was the petition of a bright-eyed little maiden one sunny Saturday morning not long ago. She had been promised "*some time.*" "To-day was 'some time,'" she argued; and we went, though fully conscious that we should be beguiled into spending the entire day within the charmed precincts. Entering at the Sixth Avenue gate, we thought to secure our drive first, knowing that the Park carriages would be crowded later. So we passed to the Fifth Avenue entrance, and for the sake of extra comfort and moderate exclusiveness, secured for our party one section of a carriage. "Just right," was the laconic encomium pronounced upon the day—sunny, cool, clear; balmy air, blossoming flowers, delicate green foliage, and scenery unsurpassed. What more was needful to make a drive delightful? And we recommend the Central Park carriages both for comfort and economy. Before we had finished the circuit, Bright-eyes became alarmingly hungry. Of course she was. In fact, the symptoms began to appear at the very outset, when we first passed the Dairy, where she remembered she had been treated to some delicacies on a previous occasion. So we stopped there on our return, took seats at a little marble table, and presented the child with the bill of fare. But her programme was already made out from memory, the excellent milk furnished being a prominent item. Having lunched, we proceeded to the Museum. Living animals are an unfailing delight to children. They generally hasten by the stuffed, dried, and preserved specimens, wishing they *had* time to examine them; but they always *do* have time to crowd around the monkeys, and watch the bears and lions until enticed away. The restless pacing of the "baby elephant," and the curious upturning of his trunk, the roar of the sea-lion, the chatter of the parrots, and even the screeching of the eagles, seemed to fascinate our little charge. At length she was satisfied, and through winding paths, both shaded and sunny, we made our way to the Lake. A gay little boat took us in, and a genial oarsman guided her softly and smoothly over the clear surface. The crowd has become dense upon the Terrace; and far as the eye can reach in every direction the Park is thickly dotted with gayly dressed people, a large proportion being children. We mount the steps, and throw ourselves upon the soft green grass of an elevated slope, from which we have a fine view of the Bethesda Fountain and the moving panorama about us. Bright-eyes skipped about on the grass with the child-multitude, until suddenly the sound of music and the spray of water falling in the sunlight from the fountain attracted her attention. Bethesda Fountain, unveiled this day, was cast in bronze, at Munich, from designs executed by Miss Emma Stebbins, the well-known American sculptress. The work was first commenced in 1864; but after the castings were completed they were detained at Bremen owing to uncertainty of transportation during the Franco-German war. They arrived here nearly two years ago, but the completion of the fountain has been retarded until the present time. Without attempting at this time any detailed description, we simply say the whole effect was very beautiful, as the spray softly fell amidst sweet strains of music and glad voices of children. We would have lingered long in quiet restfulness, but we must begin to turn homeward. A curious building attracts our little companion. "What is it?" "We will go and see." It proves to be a camera obscura, which reveals to us exquisite scenes and panoramas in different parts of the Park with wonderful distinctness. It is a marvel indeed to the young brain, and really makes the child soberly thoughtful as well as delighted. "Ah! *must* we go?" There is no doubt of it now—we must go. But the day has been charmingly restful, and we slipped out of the gate with many thousands, mentally saying, "What a blessing is our Central Park!"

Ocean Beach, about nine miles south of Long Branch, is one of the new watering-places. It includes about four hundred acres, which have been surveyed and laid out into building lots. It is intersected by twelve main avenues eighty feet wide, which are crossed by drives and smaller streets. There is a lake nearly twenty acres in extent in the centre. A large number of cottages are contracted for, and a neat church is nearly completed.

Several veteran valetudinarians propose, as one of the amusements of Saratoga life, to enter this season into a contest as to which one of them can drink the largest quantity of spring water. It is reported that last summer they swallowed from fifty to one hundred glasses a day without discomfort.

The following curious specimen of a postal card is reported to have been received by the editor of the *Old and New Magazine:*

"NEW YORK CITY, *May* 22, 1873.

"*Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Old and New:*

"MY DEAR SIR,—Having just Been released from a Short period of Confinement, I drop you this to Inform you if you want that nice overcoat ($50 00) which was Professionally abstracted from that noble Edifice the Boston Public Library, last Feb'y, you can find it at the first '*Woodbinery*' on Broadway, in that Part of the '*Hub*' known as So. Boston, where it is '*up the Spout*' for the trifling sum of 7 00—Just enough to enable me to reach my home in '*America's great Metropolis,*' where they 'wanted' me for 3 months. Just got out. Pray for me. 'METROPOLITAN.'"

Application was at once made at the office of the Chief of Police of Boston, and the coat was recovered at the place designated.

It is noticed as a singular coincidence that on May 29 several Boston daily papers contained editorial articles on the general subject of fire, or something specially connected with it. The next day came Boston's second great fire.

Rest is every way as essential as food to a healthy body and a sound mind. "Sleep," remarks some writer, emphatically, "will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will cure a headache. It will cure a heart-ache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow."

The late Chief Justice Chase was the last male of his line. He had six or seven brothers, but none of them had male issue, and all died before the Chief Justice. As he died leaving no son, it follows that the name of Chase, so far as his father's branch of the family is concerned, is now extinct.

A brilliant galaxy of names is presented by the American Literary Bureau for the prospective lecture season. Something like a dozen ladies figure in the list of lecturers and readers, among whom are several who have already won a pleasant place in the public estimation. Perhaps curiosity and interest may centre on Wilkie Collins, whose writings have for so many years made him, in one sense, the familiar acquaintance of the public.

Cape May and Atlantic City continue their usual summer rivalry. Philadelphians will need to divide the season between the two places in order to prevent open war. Niagara still holds its reputation for extortion. The Falls must be seen; but every one must pay for it. But it is *not* true that all the rear windows in the hotels are to be boarded up to prevent guests from looking in the direction of the Falls! Nor are travelers yet compelled, as was rumored, to pay a fixed fee, or wear cotton in their ears to prevent them from hearing the roar of the waters! Nature has advanced in her prices. Formerly one might see Kauterskill Falls, near Catskill, for twenty-five cents; now it costs fifty. The railway to the summit of Mount Washington begins its trips on the Fourth of July, before which time there is scarcely patronage enough to warrant it.

When the Grand Duke Alexis was in this country he and his party were escorted about Hartford by Governor Jewell. The public buildings and industrial establishments were duly pointed out; and passing his own great leather warehouse, the Governor spoke of it, remarking that he was bred a tanner, and that was his business then. The astonished Duke is said to have exclaimed, "What! a tanner and a Governor!" It might now be added concerning the Connecticut gentleman and able diplomatist, "Yes, a tanner and United States Minister Plenipotentiary to the Czar of all the Russias."

At a May meeting—one of the anniversaries, we suppose—of fruit-growers, it was stated that the crop of peaches in all the country on the Eastern Shore of Maryland and the lower counties of Delaware would be enormous, and much larger than for many years, and unless arrangements could be made to send peaches beyond New York, paying prices could not be obtained.

In one single week of May, seventeen thousand immigrants landed at Castle Garden. This is not an unusual number to arrive in one week during the spring and summer season. The seaport towns of Europe are crowded with the ill-paid, the enterprising, the ambitious, who desire to seek in a republican country a more generous reward of industry than they find at home. Undoubtedly the regulations prescribed for the management of affairs at Castle Garden are good, and if properly enforced would protect the emigrants from much hardship and fraud. But they land on our shores friendless and strangers, unacquainted with the language oftentimes, not knowing the value of money here, ignorant of our customs, and in many instances quite uncertain what to do with themselves. Thus they become an easy prey to swindlers, who earn their living by cheating the unsuspecting.

Objectors to the co-education of the sexes say that the first lady graduate from the Michigan University married one of her classmates. Well, what harm resulted? That is the question.

At the Girls' Home, in St. Mark's Place, under the supervision of the Children's Aid Society, a class has been formed for training in efficient domestic work. Only volunteers are received, or those who enter at the desire of parents. A thorough course of instruction and practice is given in all the branches required in ordinary households. The girls are taught to make beds, to sweep, to wait on the table, to make bread and pastry, and cook meats. The course is not completed in less than seven months, and a year is desirable to attain great proficiency. Thus far the class is small. Few young girls have the patience to learn their business thoroughly. They do not easily realize that skilled labor is always valuable in every department, and that good wages and good employers will always be found for such.

The Illinois girl (possessing $30,000) who refused to marry a clergyman because she did not think herself good enough to be a clergyman's wife, refused him when he proposed again, after giving up his profession, because she thought herself too good to marry him then.

The next development of woman's rights will be that they take off their hats and bonnets at church, at lecture, at concert, and opera, just as men do. This is recommended also upon the ground of convenience to the rest of the audience. Some one who has been suffering from the prevailing style of ladies' hat at church, explains his sentiments thus:

"We go to church. We sit in a back seat. Between us and the preacher are twelve seats. On these seats sit twelve ladies. On each lady's head is a hat. The one crowning the lady immediately before us is high, and obscures our view of the minister; the view of number one is obstructed by number two's hat, and so on. Number twelve has a clear view of the preacher, but nervously moves her head from side to side; this inconveniences number eleven, who moves her brain-box also; number ten follows suit, and so do all of us in turn—but have immediately to shift again. We desire to see all hats, bonnets, and head-dresses left in the hat-room at our church, or put in the pocket, or in the muff, or under the seat, or on each lady's thumb, during all future services."

Nothing seems more pitiable than that young children should be forced by the necessities of poverty, or for any other reason, to labor continuously in manufacturing establishments. A Lawrence (Massachusetts) paper gives the following incident: "A gentleman was passing across the Common a few evenings since, about half past ten o'clock, and meeting a little girl scarcely ten years of age, dinner-pail in hand, he accosted her and asked her if it was not late for such a little girl to be out, whereupon she replied, 'Oh no, Sir; this is the time I generally go home, for I work every other week till ten o'clock.' The gentleman became interested, and asked what time she began work, and learned that her daily labors began at half past six in the morning, and that the little tin pail contained her food for the day. He also listened to the old story of a father's intemperance, of a hard-working mother, and of other children at work in the mills."

When the late Chief Justice Chase visited the South, just after the war, he was introduced to a very beautiful woman, who prided herself on her devotion to the "Lost Cause." Anxious that the Chief Justice should know her real sentiments, she remarked, as she gave him her hand, "Mr. Chase, you see before you a rebel who has not been reconstructed." "Madame," replied he, "you are so perfectly constructed that any reconstruction is altogether impossible."

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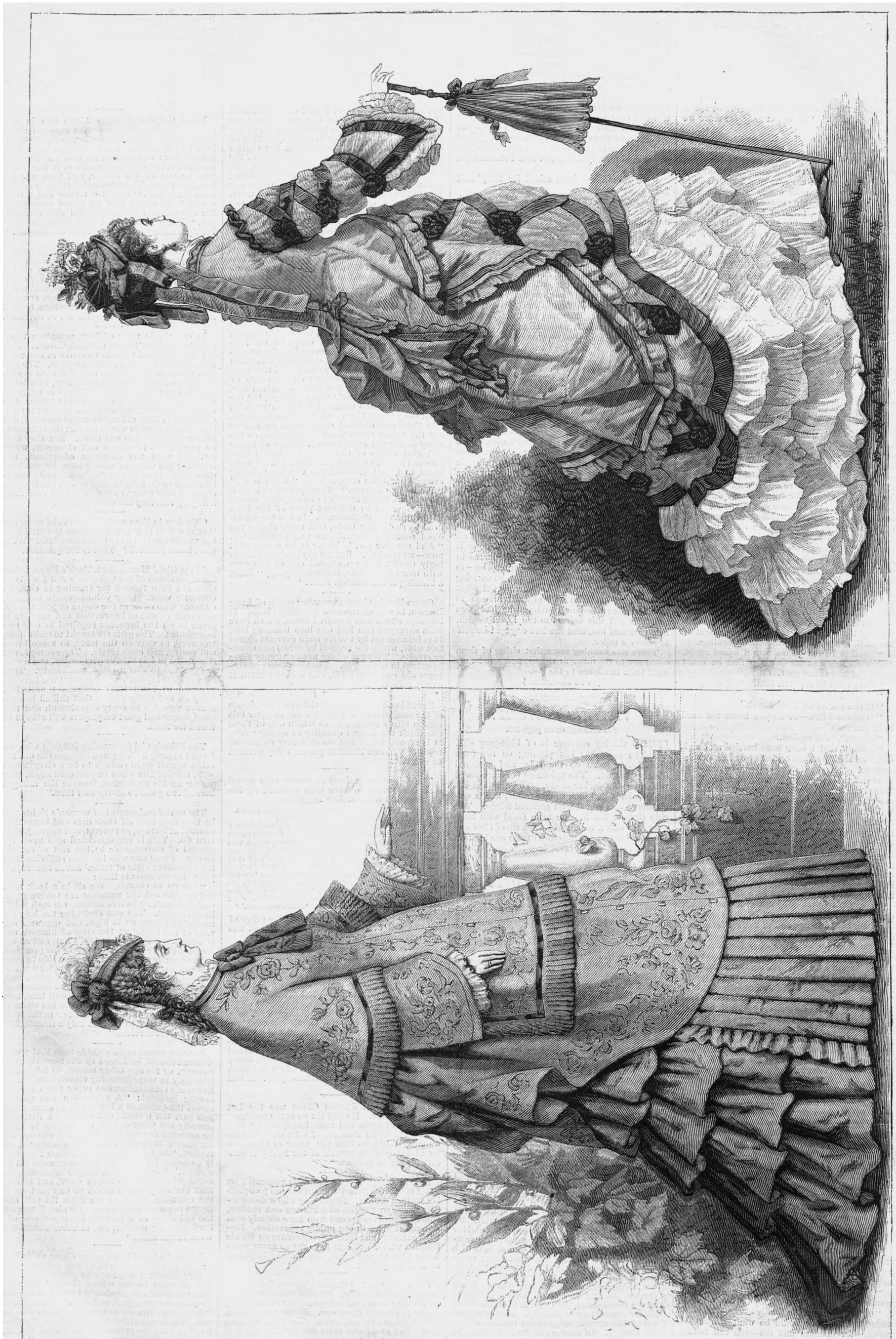

WATERING-PLACE COSTUME.—[SEE PAGE 407.]

VISITING COSTUME.—[SEE PAGE 407.]

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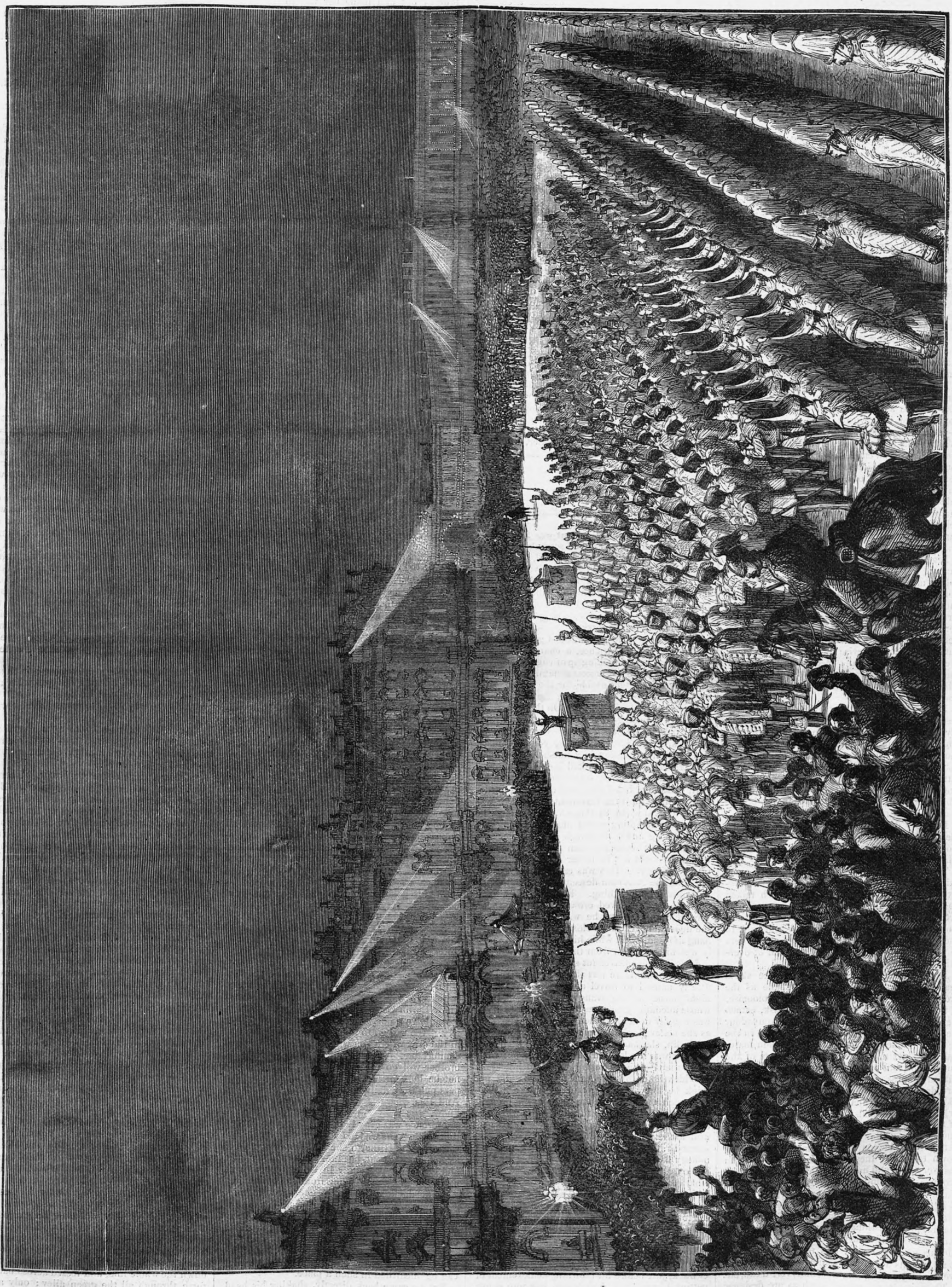
THE VISIT OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY TO ST. PETERSBURG.

A MONSTER concert formed a prominent feature in the recent festivities at St. Petersburg, and was something similar to the grand torch-light tattoo with which the Emperor William entertained his cousins of Russia and Austria at Berlin last September. A huge mass of musicians, powerfully reinforced by drums and trumpets, serenaded the Emperor of Germany and his host with a selection of national airs before the Winter Palace. Here, however, torches were supplanted by stars of gas and powerful electric suns, which, shining from the roof of the palace and the adjacent buildings, illuminated the scene. The space before the palace was lined with an immense crowd. Ivan, however, is a much more tractable spirit than Fritz, and the quiet, good-natured demeanor of the assembled thousands was a praiseworthy contrast to the turbulence of the Berliners. There was no pushing and swaying; a few unarmed soldiers easily kept free the space required for the musicians; the people of their own accord formed a lane through which persons might come and go, and not the slightest casualty occurred. The concert began on the arrival of the two Emperors from the opera with the Prussian national anthem (the English *God Save the Queen*). Of the quality of the music the less said the better, as 1550 musicians, *plus* 600 trumpets and 350 drums, not to mention three band-masters, are somewhat too unwieldy a number to produce perfect harmony. The Emperors appearing on the balcony, the band played the march of Frederick the Great, some national and classical airs, including Glinka's *Life for the Czar;* the *Wacht am Rhein* followed, and the performance concluded with the grand tattoo and hymn.



THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AT ST. PETERSBURG—MILITARY CONCERT BY ELECTRIC LIGHT BEFORE THE WINTER PALACE.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

AS the best likenesses are sometimes those which caricaturists draw with a few strokes of their pencil, while exaggerating the most striking features of their models, we can judge of the fashions by the way they are understood and worn by a few elegant extremists, especially such as we meet at the races. At the late races at Chantilly what most struck the eye were the tall bonnets and coiffures and the prodigious bustles displayed by certain leaders of fashion.

The coiffure, by which I mean what is made with the hair possessed or bought by the wearer, is becoming more and more a Louis XIV. peruke, with the curls falling from the crown of the head to the middle of the back in several rows of varied lengths, calling to mind the Falls of Niagara. The front hair on the temples is brushed backward or upward in such a manner as to leave the face completely bare—so much the worse for it if it is not fresh, young, and beautiful. On the sides (behind the ears) begin

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the cascades of curls, which go on increasing in length to the middle of the back; on this coiffure is perched a round hat, held in place by some inexplicable miracle, and on this hat, which, by-the-way, is very small, is piled every thing imaginable—flowers, ribbons, feathers, birds, and vegetables. The shape of the present hat savors far more of the art of the pastry-cook than that of the milliner. This shape is that of the bun, Savoy biscuit, or any other cake in the form of a tower, when it is not shaped and flattened like a tart, with appropriate trimming of cherries, etc.; for fruits are much worn on bonnets this season, and the imitation is marvelously successful: strawberries, gooseberries, cherries, raspberries—in a word, a complete dessert of red fruits, for fashion itself is becoming radical.

The same characteristic of excessive flattening in one place and excessive inflation in another which is remarked in the coiffure is also seen in the dress. Hoops have disappeared, and the skirt, with its polonaise or over-skirt, falls flat every where except at the bottom of the waist in the back, where are accumulated tournures, draperies, poufs, and loops of ribbon or stuff in such a manner as to produce a truly prodigious volume. I do not say that this is graceful—I only say that it is so. It is by avoiding all exaggeration, while conforming to the fashion in vogue, that really elegant women find an opportunity of displaying their tact and the correctness of their taste. It is certain that the eye accustomed to the pleats, loopings, poufs, drapings, etc., which have been carried to such excess of late years, can not abruptly accept flat dresses in the absence of all trimming; therefore we see all wrappings, without exception, adjusted in the back of the waist, in order to have a pretext for setting there enormous loops of ribbon with square ends, not very long. In this manner are adjusted mantelets, paletots, pelerines, and even points of black or white lace.

I must not omit to mention an attempt which may perhaps prove abortive, but which may also perhaps succeed in dethroning the present bonnets; for it is with fashion as with politics—you are never sure of the moral with either. What seems reasonable and acceptable one day may appear in an entirely different light twenty-four hours later; just as the party which numbers but a handful of adherents to-day may be an immense majority to-morrow. I speak of the substitution of wreaths of flowers for bonnets; to these wreaths is attached a Spanish mantilla veil of black lace. This is worn as yet only in carriages, but it was seen on the heads of several of our most elegant ladies at the late races.

Lingerie is more *evident* and less masculine than it has been for some years past. Linen collars and cuffs for morning dress are not abandoned, but their shape is no longer copied from those designed for men. As to the collar, it is straight as usual, but is folded back in two small corners in front, and entirely covered with a hem-stitched pleated band of fine linen. The cuffs, which are likewise of hem-stitched linen, are plain at the top and pleated on the side of the hand which corresponds to the little finger. These cuffs are larger than th old-fashioned plain cuffs.

For a more dressy toilette the lingerie is represented by pleated bands of white muslin, simply hemmed without lace, lace not being admissible on this kind of lingerie. These bands are more or less wide for the neck, according to taste, but very deep for the sleeves. When the latter are slashed to the elbow, the pleated bands are completed by one or two puffs trimmed with ribbon bows of medium size; a similar bow is worn at the throat.

For very dressy occasions precisely the same pleated bands and the same puffed sleeves are worn, but the whole is made of white silk tulle, which is extremely becoming.

The attempt at long dresses without over-skirts, or mixed dresses with over-skirts simulated by trimmings, which was so much talked about a few months ago, has proved a total failure. The dresses were made, it is true, and worn, but were almost immediately sent back to the dress-makers with instructions to adapt them to the reigning fashion by the addition of over-skirts and polonaises.

Fashion *exacts* this summer that the skirts shall be plain, but of the same shade as the ground of the material used for the polonaise, if the latter is figured, printed, damask, cameo (several shades of one color), or Pompadour (several different bright colors associated in the design). When the polonaise is of plain material, the skirt may be of a darker shade of the same color, but in all cases the skirt is plain, without figures of any kind. A great many foulard dresses are made in the following manner: Skirt of plain Havana brown (or any other color) foulard, a polonaise of Havana brown foulard of the same shade as the skirt, but with bouquets and wreaths of flowers of several shades of Havana brown, beginning with black and shading down to white; these dresses are charming in mauve, green, and maize. Polonaises with white grounds and Pompadour designs are worn over plain, very light gray, almost milk white, skirts. White, moreover, is very frequently combined with gray this summer, using the first, if it is muslin, for the polonaise, and the second for the skirt. For half-mourning black silk or velvet ribbons are worn with this toilette; otherwise these ribbons are of the fashionable colors, which are still very pale—pink, blue, lilac, vert-d'eau, etc.

Very simple polonaises, such as are designed for traveling and mourning dresses, are less draped, caught up, and puffed up than others of their kind. They are trimmed solely with a bias fold of silk, and are neither open nor closed in front, but are merely held together here and there by bows formed of two loops and two short ends of ribbon of the same color as the bias folds. These bows are set on at regular intervals from the throat to the bottom of the polonaise. Blouse-polonaises, not adjusted at the waist either in the front or the back, but only confined by a belt, are also seen, but less frequently. This garment is called the Creole blouse this season. It is also made much shorter, so as to form a kind of casaque, and of white or printed muslin, with a skirt of the same material. This is only a summer or country dress, which fashion permits without according it an official character.

I will proceed to describe a few dresses, which will serve as types of the summer fashions: Skirt of rather dark bluish-gray faille, trimmed on the bottom with a deep flounce edged with a bluish-gray bias fold of a lighter shade, and headed with a ruche edged with a similar bias fold. Over-skirt of striped foulard of dark and light bluish-gray. Plain waist, with vest front and flat square basque in the back of faille of the same color as the skirt. A bias fold of the same faille edges the over-skirt. The sleeves of the waist are of the same foulard as the over-skirt, with cuffs like the skirt.

Plain dark vert-de-gris foulard skirt, pleated perpendicularly in the front and trimmed with flounces in the back. Polonaise of light vert-de-gris crêpe de Chine, embroidered with dark vert-de-gris bouquets, the embroidery being executed with floss silk. The polonaise is trimmed with wide guipure of the same color, with embroidered bouquets of the same shade as the skirt. Above this guipure is a bias fold of foulard of the same shade as the skirt, and under this bias fold is narrow guipure, not embroidered, of the same shade as the polonaise. High basque-waist open in front. The polonaise is looped on the right side by a sash of faille ribbon of the same color as the skirt.

Trimmings (galloons and laces) embroidered with jet are worn more and more. The watered ribbons so much in fashion a few months ago are wholly abandoned. Scarfs are made of fine wool, imitating the Roman scarfs—that is, with stripes of several bright colors, red, yellow, black, green, and white, which will be worn at the sea-side in the guise of sashes. Sashes of all kinds are often fastened to a bow on the left shoulder, called the page bow.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

LEFT BEHIND.

"GET in, gentlemen and ladies! get in! get in!"

The conductor's hoarse shout was followed by a general rush and a pell-mell scramble all along the line of carriages; first, second, third class were filled in the twinkling of an eye, the doors shut and locked with a bang, and the train, prancing and curveting among walls and buildings, picked its way in and out, holding breath preparatory to settling into its long, steady swing over miles of open country.

Inside there were preparations going on too: a munching of sandwiches, a changing of stiff hats and bonnets, a tucking up of rugs and shawls, indicated that the passengers generally were making themselves comfortable for the night. But in the first-class compartment, No. 31, nothing of this sort was taking place. On the rack above were two traveling-bags, two packets of wraps, while on the cushion below was only one very quiet and bewildered-looking young damsel. This was the situation in a nutshell: the damsel's traveling companion had been left behind.

It was an excessively stupid proceeding on his part, certainly; but if there was one thing harder than another for Jack Davenant to resist, it was a crowd. So when, at this station just past, he saw a very tempting crowd indeed pressing and gesticulating under the lamps on the other side of the line, it seemed to him that the few minutes' halt could not be better employed than in investigating it. This was easily enough done, but, like the Avernian descent, *revocare gradum* was quite another thing. By a dextrous flank movement his beloved crowd got him into its very midmost, where he was struggling when the door of his carriage closed with that sudden bang aforesaid, and while his sister was anxiously watching for him from the opposite window.

Miss Florence Davenant sat still and reviewed the situation. Here was she, a girl of eighteen, utterly unused to travel alone, embarked on a night journey among strangers, in a strange land, whose uncouth speech—as it still seemed to her—was equally difficult to her ear and tongue. If, as she believed, the train went straight through to Berlin, she had only to sit quiet and go with it—that was the least of her troubles; but what to do then?—where to go? She did not know to which hotel John had meant to go; did not think he knew himself; and how were they to find each other when the next train brought him?—for that the next train *would* bring him all right she had not doubted, after the first natural anxiety, remembering that the crowd had seemed rather curious than threatening, and that nobody had shown any excitement about it. No, the only question was, what should she do?—what *could* she do?

"Ten minutes' stop!" The door was flung open, and the words thrown in by a flying conductor, already out of sight down the line, and Miss Florence roused herself out of the musings which had completely absorbed her to the perception that they were halting in a large station, and that she was intolerably thirsty. Her brother Jack, just before his crowning achievement of getting himself left, had teased her into drinking a glass of beer, which fiery beverage, to an unaccustomed palate, had parched her lips and throat to a dry heat that gave her some idea of the desert thirst she had read about. Fortunately she was not in a desert. She looked out eagerly, but at this time of night no small purveyors to the public were jingling their trays up and down; scarcely a figure was to be seen all along the platform. A few lamps glimmered through the darkness, some outside, some behind dim window-panes, one of the latter tantalizing her with glimpses of a ghostly array of bottles and glasses about the presiding genius who leaned among them, with a mouth so expressively open that one could almost see the melody that must be issuing from it. Florence sat debating with herself a minute or two, till, in desperation, she jumped out and made her way to the lighted window. It was a shabby sort of place inside—in fact, though she did not know it, the third-class waiting-room—and she half stopped, doubtfully, but the disreputable-looking sleeper, waking up with that suddenness peculiar to such public functionaries, demanded her pleasure, first yawning and then staring in her face while he served her. She set the glass down in a nervous hurry, and asked what was to pay.

"A kiss, my pretty Fraülein," answered the man, laying his grimy hand on her arm. She screamed, and just then a neat blow from somewhere sent the grinning head spinning down among its own bottles, with a great crash of glass. Florence started round to find herself face to face with a young man of very gentlemanly appearance, who addressed her first in German, and then, as she looked bewildered, in excellent English.

"You have missed your way, I think," said he. "Can I be of any assistance?"

"Oh, thank you," said she, rather confusedly. "If I were only back in the carriage—".

"I will take you there if you permit. These are not the most delightful sort of people for a young lady to encounter alone," said the newcomer, glancing contemptuously toward the fallen hero, who by this time had picked himself out of the bottles, and was feeling himself gingerly, as if to make sure there was nothing worse than glass broken, evidently not quite understanding what had happened to him. The stranger did not wait for him to make sure, but hastened Miss Florence away and put her back in No. 31. Then hesitating, with his hand on the door, he said, with a smile,

"I beg pardon—I was not aware—I put my things in here; but, if you wish, I can look for another carriage."

Miss Davenant did not know exactly what she ought to say; but, partly because it occurred to her that he had an equal right with herself there, and partly that her loneliness made her rather reluctant to lose this friend in need, she begged him not to inconvenience himself on her account. So he sat down opposite, in Jack's place, and just under Jack's pile of traps.

"By-the-way," said he, lightly, as he settled himself. "First punish and then hear! What was that blackguard saying to you?"

"I think he meant to—to kiss me," answered Florence, startled by the suddenness of the question into a more direct reply than she would otherwise have given.

"Is it possible!" said the young man, with a quick glance and smile, instantly suppressed, however.

There are many varieties of mouth in the world—good, bad, and indifferent—some which seem fit only to drop pearls and diamonds, and others toads and snakes, like the rival princesses of the fairy tale. Now Florence Davenant's mouth happened to be an eminently kissable one. It would have been difficult for any masculine observer, at least, to look at its sweet rosy arch without remembering that, as the old song has it, "lips were not made for speech alone." So the young lady's champion at this moment was conscious of a certain guilty sympathy with the fellow he had knocked down, which caused him to bite his own lips lest they should betray his amusement and its cause to the dark eyes opposite. He need not have feared; those dark eyes were utterly innocent of any such suspicion, and were only speculating, as they furtively studied his face, as to the propriety of asking advice from this good-natured, good-looking German, who was so very gentlemanly, and spoke English so remarkably well. That last consideration weighed down the scale, and she confided to him the difficulties in which careless brother John had involved her. The stranger, who had rather wondered to see so young and pretty a girl taking such a journey by herself, listened with interest, and begged to offer his services, in that missing gentleman's place. "And as I know Berlin very well," he added, with a smile, "you have no occasion to feel the slightest anxiety. We will go to the Hôtel du Nord, the best in the city, where you will be perfectly quiet and comfortable. Very likely that is where your brother will go too; but, at any rate, you can not be long in finding one another, as the papers publish a daily list of all the hotel arrivals. And then there is your banker's register, you know."

Florence was greatly relieved by these suggestions, which she was too young a traveler to have thought of. Hitherto she had not been able to sleep for worriment, but now she closed her eyes, and dozed off peacefully in her corner with an agreeable sense of freedom from responsibility.

It was daylight when she woke. The morning sunbeams were giving a cheerful aspect even to the desolate little station, about which some of the hungrier passengers were prowling in search of something to break their fast with.

"I think I'll go and forage too," said her neighbor. "I have some curiosity to see what can be unearthed in such a place."

But he came back directly, shaking his head. "Can you make a breakfast off beer and forty different kinds of sausage?" he asked, gravely. "If not, I'm afraid you must content yourself with a roll, and save your appetite for the Minden buffet. It won't be Delmonico's exactly, but—"

"Why, you know New York?" interrupted Florence, delightedly. "You have been in America?"

He did not answer immediately, being just then too busy with his traveling-sack, the disposition of which seemed to give him some trouble. "I beg your pardon," he said then, turning round, and resuming his seat opposite her. "Been in America? Oh yes! certainly I have been there."

"I might have guessed as much. You speak English so well you might almost be taken for one of us."

"Do you think so, really? But then I—" He stopped short, smiling to himself.

"You have had a great deal of practice, I suppose," supplemented Florence.

"Well, yes; I began very young."

"Yes, that makes a great difference. And then, you know, English is not nearly so difficult as German."

"I did not find it difficult, certainly," answered the young man.

The discovery that he had some knowledge of the things and places with which she was most familiar made the new acquaintance seem quite like an old friend, with whom she could chat at ease, and, indeed, it was a very animated discussion that was interrupted by the whistle of the train nearing Minden station, scattering a picturesque group of peasant women, decked out for their visit to the town in holiday costume—short striped petticoats, wide white ruffs and caps, and scarlet cloaks finely set off by the young green of the springing grain fields.

"Confess," said Miss Davenant's vis-à-vis, "you see nothing like that in America."

"No," admitted Florence, "nor like that, either," pointing to another group of women, prematurely bent and withered, sunburned and wind-blown out of all feminine likeness, laboring like so many beasts of burden by the road-side.

"The medal has its reverse, certainly," said he, smiling at the retort. "But here we are. Now to try if the land flows with something besides beer and sausages."

It must have done so, judging from the smooth, satisfied faces which the train took away, so different from the sharp, hungry visages it had brought half an hour before. Miss Florence settled herself comfortably in her corner again, and took out her novel, whose heroine she had left in difficulties just as Jack had left her, but finding by-and-by that, by those ingenious arts which it is the novelist's privilege to exercise, page after page flowed on without seeming to bring the crisis any nearer, tired, too, of seeing the letters waltzing madly together, she tossed the book aside with a little impatient jerk that sent it from the cushions to the floor. Her vis-à-vis picked it up and kept it in his hand, instead of returning to the paper he had been reading. "May I be permitted?" he said, turning over the leaves. Florence saw him smile and raise his eyebrows ever so little—at her taste for sentiment, she thought, with school-girlish sensitiveness on such points.

"Of course that seems pure waste of time to you," she said, aggressively. "I suppose you never read any thing lighter than Fichte and Kant."

"Now why should you suppose any thing so horrible?" said he, meeting her eyes with a suppressed gleam of fun in his own.

"It is the way with Germans," she answered, sententiously.

"Indeed!" said he, looking more and more amused. "But, you see, that is your error in considering me a representative German."

"And aren't you?"

"I fear I can't claim the honor. There are black sheep, you know, in every flock. But as for thinking novel-reading a waste of time—on the contrary, I was just regretting that it should be time gone by with me; I do so envy you the power of weeping over a distressed heroine in three volumes!—or laughing over her, which I used to find quite as good fun. You don't believe me, I see; but to prove that I know what I am talking about, shall I tell you the dark young man's secret in this very book, and how he turns out?"

"No, pray don't," interrupted Florence. "You have read it!"

"Upon my word, I have not read it; but I have read its brothers and sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins, and recognize the family likeness. You believe in the dark young man at present, but when you find him a delusion and a snare in the third volume—as you will—remember, please, that I told you so."

He was certainly laughing at her, thought Florence, recalling his look and smile, and having no notion of quietly submitting to be laughed at, she returned to the charge valiantly; and as the battle-ground was continually changing, by the time they reached their journey's end each had learned the other's opinions on a good many points.

Had Jack come? That was naturally his sister's waking thought the next morning. If he had, it was not, at any rate, to the Hôtel du Nord; so her German friend informed her, and offered to accompany her to the banker's, on the chance of finding her brother's name on the book.

It was a beautiful May morning, all fresh and stirring. The long rows of linden-trees under whose shadows they walked—the glorious lindens that, a little later, would be full of flowers and fragrance—were nodding their leafy heads together, whispering myriad-tongued secrets, which the knavish wind caught up and carried down the whole line, and tossed across back and forth through all the green alley; only as, fortunately, these secrets were in the tree language, they were lost on any but leaf ears. The magnificent street was full of color and movement, coming and going, like an army passed in review by the great Frederick mounted high up yonder on his bronze war-horse. Florence's eyes wandered from sculptured to living form, and thence to tree and garden, fountain and statue

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and palace, with ever renewed enjoyment. The hum of the varying crowd, the fresh toilettes, the bright, healthy faces, all were in pleasant harmony with the season's brisk air and springing verdure. It would be perfect—if only Jack were there.

But Jack was not there; at least his name nowhere appeared on the banker's register, though Florence, in her anxiety to make sure, began her search at a date of several days before it could by any possibility be there. But at last even she had to give it up, and left the office listening rather disconsolately to her companion's attempts at comfort. And yet, had she but known it, the missing Jack himself was at that moment pursuing her along the Friedrich Strasse, causing more than one head to turn curiously after the "verrückter Engländer" who went bowling along a crowded pavement in that fashion. Unfortunately Jack Davenant was not of a build for this sort of thing, and after a few paces felt himself completely blown; so, pulling up at a street corner, he beckoned one of the omnipresent "commissionnaires" waiting for a "job," and panted out, in very broken German indeed, "See the young lady—with tall man—white jacket and red rose—catch 'em—give you a thaler!"

A thaler for half a minute's run! The lean, long-legged varlet set off at speed. Miss Davenant's escort felt a touch on his shoulder, and faced round on a fellow who touched his commissionnaire's cap with a grin, while he said, in a mixed jargon, helped out by signs, "Entschuldigen, S'! The dicke Herr vill mitspeak."

"Jack!" cried Florence, in an ecstasy, flying back to meet the rotund figure toiling after his light-heeled Mercury.

"Well, Floy," said he, catching both her hands, "a pretty race you have run me! Who—Van Huysen!" he interrupted himself, quitting his sister and grasping the new-comer in turn. "Of all people in the world! Where did *you* drop from?"

"You know him!" involuntarily exclaimed Florence, in her astonishment.

"Know him!" repeated Jack, staring at her; "know *him!* Well, I should think so—eh, Van?"

"A little," answered Van, with a smile. Then turning to Florence: "I must apologize for not telling you before, but I did not myself know until I saw the name in your novel, and then, after that compliment to my English, I really had not the heart— The fact is, Jack," as Jack's bewildered face called for an explanation, "your sister took me for a German."

"For a German—you!" and Jack burst out laughing. "What on earth put such a ridiculous idea into your head, Floy?"

"Now I think it was very natural," hastily interposed Van Huysen, auguring ill to himself from the young lady's silence and heightened color. "One naturally looks for Germans in Germany. Besides, I spoke to her first in German."

"That reminds me," put in Jack. "What stroke of good luck brought you to my sister's help?"

"I should think it was time you remembered to ask," said Florence, with a little toss of the head. She was a good deal provoked with herself for her stupid mistake, and a little with its object. How he must have laughed! Nay, how he *had* laughed under her very eyes, she thought, recalling smiles and tones which had puzzled her at the time. But what right had he to look and speak so like a real German and yet not be one at all? She felt the need of visiting her vexation on somebody, and Jack offered himself; so it was in a perceptibly ill-used tone that she said, "I should think it was time! I might have been half-way to the world's end for any thing you could tell."

"Don't harp on unpleasant facts, Miss Floy.—Think of it, Van. I take this young woman from school, make a martyr of myself among outside barbarians in order to put the last finishing varnish on her education, and in return she seizes the very first opportunity to disappear, leaving me to worry myself to skin and bone."

"As we see," laughed Van, looking down at friend Jack's jolly proportions.

"I was just on my way," pursued Jack, gravely, "to the Ober-what-you-call-'em, chief of police here, with your photograph, Floy. If I hadn't met you quite promiscuous here, you might have had the pleasure of recognizing your face on a yellow poster, with a reward attached, which would have served you right for leaving me in the hands of the Philistines."

"By-the-way, Jack," said Florence, "what did the crowd turn out to be?"

Jack's face assumed a look of deep disgust. "A beggarly swindle! A blind fiddler scraping away for a pair of groschens. I never saw such people as these," went on Jack, looking round him with a superior air; "they are the most curious race under heaven. If a German baby cuts its finger, the whole neighborhood turns out to see it bound up."

"Followed by Yankee inquisitiveness in the person of John Davenant, Esquire," added Van Huysen.

"Yankee to yourself, Sir! I happen to be a New Yorker, with a New Yorker's inquiring mind, which, I take it, is a wholly different thing. But have the goodness to inform me where we are bound for at present? Where are you staying? Oh, the Hôtel du Nord, Unter den Linden, eh—among the kings and kaisers? All very fine if one goes in for grandeur, which I don't. Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn? My lucky stars sent me up there in the Koenig-graetzer Strasse," said Jack, vaguely nodding his head backward to indicate the direction, "the Hôtel West End—or Vest End, as these German fellows say—regular cockneys, aren't they?—a place where they make a lobster-mayonnaise! By Jove!" said Jack, solemnly, "it's almost worth while being a lobster, to have such an apotheosis!"

"For shame, Jack," laughed Florence, her little cloud now quite over, "to prefer a lobster-salad to that beautiful Unter den Linden!"

"'Fine words butter no parsnips,' as the poet says, meaning that one can't lunch off a row of lindens nor an emperor's palace; though, as for that, I wish you distinctly to understand that the Vest End has got its palace too, exactly opposite, in a big garden, at present white with—with—"

"The snowy buds of spring," suggested Van, encouragingly.

"Just so! Or the royal washing, I'm not prepared to say which. But you can come and see for yourselves."

And as, in fact, Jack could not be torn from the mayonnaise artist, the other two, on the Mohammed-and-mountain principle, did come to take up their abode opposite Prince Albert's garden, of which the wall, overhung with white acacias and snow-balls in full bloom, bounded the breakfast-table view very agreeably under the warm May sunshine. That month—which would seem to be sent principally for the confounding of poets and almanac-makers—can make itself on occasions unutterably odious in Berlin. But this season was a happy exception. There were no cold, sour looks; the cheery sun rose and retired in unvarying good humor, and the blue German skies smiled benign approval on the trio of sight-seers who went forth day after day with a perseverance worthy, so Jack opined at last, of a better cause. In spite of the fascinations of the West End, he was the one to get restless first. It was one morning in the garden aforesaid—where Florence and Van were given to "mooning" about in a way rather trying to a sociable third person—in that pleasant, shady, rose-embowered spot where the old hound, "most faithful and regretted of friends," lies buried, that, after a frightful succession of yawns, "Haven't we had about enough of this?" demanded Jack, suddenly. "What say to making a move, you two?"

They two, with suspicious unanimity, intimated that they were well enough contented where they were.

"Strange," said Jack, with an air of profound reflection, "how little we know ourselves! If you remember, Floy, you were so sure of disliking Berlin, and now you seem rather to have a notion for ending your days here—like that old beggar there," poking at the tablet at his feet.

"Perhaps," retorted Van Huysen, on behalf of Florence, who, for some reason or other, had colored very much at Jack's remark, "your sister doesn't like to make any move, for you'll get yourself left behind again."

"Humph!" said Jack, who may not have been as blind as some people seemed to think. "Maybe 'twould be my best plan too. I've an idea, do you know, that about the most obliging thing I ever did in my life was that same getting myself left behind. Eh, Floy, what do you think?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean, Jack," answered Florence, with a face on fire.

Jack looked hard at her, and was impolite enough slowly and deliberately to wink his right eye. "Then let's go get some lunch," said he. Which they did.

The omelette soufflée was tender, sweet, ethereal as a dream of spring; the mayonnaise composer had surpassed himself; it was almost a pity such works of genius should be wasted on any body as inappreciative as Florence Davenant appeared. Fortunately, Jack made good her deficiencies.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Amateur Coachmen.—The Beginning of the End of "Sir Roger."—Disclaimers.—The Guild of Literature and Art.

IN New York, I hear, you have a Four-in-hand Club, or something answering to it, which shows that other things travel besides ideas. The utter want of imagination that such an institution betokens, even when original, is deplorable. If our young aristocrats drove six horses, or four abreast, or four in a line, there would be some scintillation of novelty about it; but the present rage is merely the reproduction of mail-coaches when the use of them has departed. All London went to-day to see "the meet of the drags" at the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park; but, after all, the spectacle was nothing more than—indeed, it was exactly the same as—the starting of the mails in the old times from the General Post-office, which used to happen every morning. The only difference is that there are more ladies who take outside places. The seats are not comfortable, and unless these damsels be above the usual height, their legs (if delicacy will permit the allusion) are apt to dangle; but then it is *such* a satisfaction to the female heart to be driven, no matter where, by my Lord Tom Noddy. At one time Mr. Thomas Carlyle used to see in the devotion of our aristocracy to horseflesh a proof of its inaptitude for any thing else, but, unlike Pluto in the case of his young disciple, I suppose he now regards "their matchless skill to curb the steed and guide the wheel" as evidence of their political worth. It is not too much to say that the rising generation who are born to govern this country take a far deeper interest in driving four-in-hand than in any political or social question whatsoever. What is the most inane feature of these "meets" is the number of tall, solemn swells who sit behind the drivers, and of course have no share in handling the ribbons. What can the satisfaction be to *them?* And how particularly uncomfortable, I notice, looks the tall, solemn swell for whom there is no room in the front seats, and who has to sit behind fronting the two grooms! Besides the Four-in-hand Club, there is the Coaching Club, which is merely a reproduction of the same thing, except that its members are so indiscreet as to use a uniform with a dreadfully close resemblance to livery, and which makes the drivers more like the real thing than they suspect. The horses are as sleek and shining, the harness as glittering, as in the elder club; the men as irreproachably dressed, and as ineffably dull. But I must not permit it to be supposed that all our "gilt youth" are as useless as these show coachmen: these are but the drones; the true bees are fully as numerous (though there are *five-and-thirty* of the club drags in the Park to-day), and do absolutely both horse and drive the coaches in the summer-time from London to a score of different places—Brighton, Windsor, Tunbridge Wells, etc., etc.

An easy method of becoming personally acquainted with our young nobility is to secure the box seat on any of these routes, whereby you are sure to sit next to a noble lord, and may have the pleasure of giving him half a crown, which it is humor to accept with the true coachman's salute. It will probably soon become the fashion for at present unemployed members of our "governing families" to play the guard and toot upon the horn. Curiously enough, this absurd fashion of driving coaches is considered to be a complete novelty and an ebullition of original genius, whereas there was precisely the same crop of harmless lunatics among our great-grandfathers. Captain Gronow tells us how they used to imitate the regular stagers with such particularity that, finding they could not expectorate (or whistle to their horses, I really forget which) in the true professional manner, they were wont to *bore a hole in their front teeth* in order to effect it. For the convenience of officers at Aldershot camp, who chance to be in town on only one day's leave, Lord Guildford and the Hon. Mr. Herbert (not Auberon, of course) have started coaches which leave London *at three in the morning!*

The Chilian witnesses so long expected by the prosecution in the Tichborne case have at last arrived; and one of them, in whose house the claimant staid for three months at Melipilla, has recognized him in court as Arthur Orton. Clearer evidence of the public conviction of his being an impostor it is impossible to have than this—that this disclosure, made to his very face, caused no particular sensation. The whole matter is, indeed, a foregone conclusion, and "Sir Roger's" only chance of escaping the punishment he has so richly deserved lies in the death of one of the twelve jurymen—an accident that, considering the enormous length of time over which the trial must extend, is almost as likely to occur as not.

You would have thought that the topic of our university boat-race ought to be exhausted by this time; yet the other night at dinner I heard it once more warmly contested that Oxford ought by rights to have won, though, as you know, their opponents had an easy victory. I did not pay much attention to the controversy, because it is my experience that no athletic encounter of any kind, from a prize-fight to a hopping match, has ever taken place the result of which has been accepted by the losing side as decisive; but presently I heard the partisan of the dark blue affirm that not only ought Oxford to have won, but that *he could prove it.* Then I did prick up my ears. "Yes," said he, "I will make you all admit that they would have won had it not been for the bridge." "For what bridge?" asked the universal voice, contemptuously. "For the *Cam*bridge." I thought it was a very vulgar sell; don't you?

The New Magdalen, which, I believe, made its first appearance in America in *Harper's Magazine*, has just been produced at our Olympic Theatre, and has been pronounced a great success, the author having been called upon the stage before the play was concluded, as well as afterward: at the same time, there is much exception taken to the morality of its teaching.

Are "disclaimers" common in your New York press, or are you wise enough across the Atlantic to let your friends discriminate? Our *Times* is full of them. Whenever John Smith is taken up on a charge of murder, or steals a handkerchief, or is overcome with liquor in the public streets, a perfect army of John Smiths write to the papers, each eager to assert that it is not he who has done these things. In the case of a rogue in grain, we can imagine him to be solicitous not to have any offense attributed to him beyond those for which he knows himself responsible; but what a simpleton must that honest man be who, when any thing inconsistent with his character and position happens to be committed by a namesake, hastens to clear himself, as though he deemed that all who know him must else believe him the offender. It would be hardly more foolish to write, "Probable as the fact may seem from what is known of my character and antecedents, I do assure you that in this case the similarity of names is a mere coincidence."

In the *Times* of this morning Mr. Brownlow North, "the well-known lay preacher," begs to intimate that he is not the Mr. Brownlow North alluded to in a paragraph headed "Amateur Walking Match," which appeared on Monday. People as a rule do not entertain a high opinion of professional "lay preachers," but, save for this "disclaimer," who would have ever connected this eloquent and serious gentleman with the feat of walking five miles within the hour with a seven-pound brick in each hand! And yet, I dare say, this indiscreet individual is credited by his admirers with the possession of the most exclusive intelligence respecting "fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute," and is no "small potato" in his own field.

"The Guild of Literature and Art," established by the late Mr. Dickens and Lord Lytton from the proceeds of their amateur acting, is about to be "wound up" in Chancery—a phrase which signifies the reverse of "set agoing"—and its assets divided between the Literary Fund (to which it was started in opposition) and the Dramatic Authors Society.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

ON A FELLOW WITH A LONG NOSE.

FROM THE GREEK.

POOR Procleus has so long a nose
He can not hear it when he blows;
And if mayhap he chance to sneeze,
He can not pray the gods for ease:
His ears, alas! are not so near it
That when he sneezes he can hear it.

THE RUSSIAN EXPEDITION TO KHIVA.

SKETCHES ON THE LINE OF MARCH.

See illustrations on page 413.

OUR sketches this week will give some idea of the difficulties encountered by the Orenburg column of the Khivan expedition. The road itself presents enormous obstacles, even under the most favorable conditions, but it was this year rendered more impassable than ever by the immense quantities of snow that had fallen, and which continued to increase until the beginning of April. This winter is said by the inhabitants to have been the hardest experienced for a hundred years. When the weather did break, the country was inundated with the melted snow; but even this was a change for the better, as it insured a plentiful supply of water, and enabled the troops to obtain some slight amount of forage. Two of our views represent the mountain fortress Fort Ak-Tubin, and the Emba River and fort, where the detachment took a breathing halt toward the end of March; and a third illustration their camp and dépôt during their stay, the troops having built tents of mud—a far more agreeable habitation than the bell tents represented in our sketch of the camp on the frontier of Chan-Diert-Kul, which must have been but poor protection against the inclemency of the weather. Far more comfortable are the Turcoman tents, in our illustration of a "Night Camp of the Russian Troops," where the soldiers have secured tents similar to those used by the nomad tribes of Turkestan. These tents are formed of canvas stretched over a wooden framework, and are stated by M. Vámbéry to be singularly comfortable, cool in summer, genially warm in winter, and well able to withstand the terrible hurricanes that sweep across the steppes. Even in our sketch they have a warm and cozy appearance, when contrasted with the snow lying deep outside. Two other cuts illustrate the Tsteshes station, on the line of march from Orenburg, and the tomb of Tlesches, a renowned chief of the Kirghese, which is situated near the river Temir. From the difficulties of its march, as well as the distance to be traversed, the Orenburg column has been behind the western detachments, which are said to have succeeded in reducing Khiva to submission without assistance. The Orenburg detachment, however, was evidently more intended to awe and keep quiet the various unruly tribes of the surrounding districts than to take any part in the subjection itself of Khiva, unless, indeed, in the event of failure of the western columns.

MR. GLADSTONE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

See illustration on page 412.

WE present our readers this week with a portrait, drawn from life, of an illustrious person whose name has lately been more than ever in men's mouths. Mr. Gladstone, the subject of our sketch, was born in the year 1809, and is the son of a Liverpool merchant. He is of Scotch descent, and his grandfather, Mr. Andrew Robertson, was Provost of Dingwall. Mr. Gladstone was an Eton boy, thence passing to Christ-church, Oxford, where he brilliantly distinguished himself, obtaining a double first class when he was in his twenty-second year, and three years later graduating as Master of Arts. Fourteen years after he had left college, when he was already a great man in Parliament, Oxford conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L.; and thus, if he were not known by other titles, he might be addressed as "Dr. Gladstone, M.A.," which, as Mr. Pepys says, "it is pretty to know." Macaulay, in his review of Mr. Gladstone's famous essay on "Church and State," speaks of the author as "a young man of unblemished character.....who ever since he was one-and-twenty has been a distinguished debater in the House of Commons." This is not quite accurate, as the future Premier was in his twenty-third year when Newark first returned him to Parliament. He sat for Newark till 1845, when Oxford University returned him as its representative, and retained him till the memorable election of 1865, when he undertook that momentous tour through South Lancashire which gave birth to the "Upas-tree" pledge, and resulted in his triumphant election for the division. In 1868, however, South Lancashire repented of its choice, and refuge was found for the Premier in Greenwich, which borough he has since continued to represent in Parliament. Mr. Gladstone's political rise was very rapid, he being appointed a Lord of the Treasury in 1834, Under-Secretary for the Colonies in 1835, Vice-President of the Board of Trade in 1841, President in 1843, Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1845, Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1852, and Premier in 1868. As leader of the House of Commons he has been excelled by some in tact and temper, but by none in eloquence, and in the high-mindedness and purity of purpose that command esteem and respect. His is the most fa-

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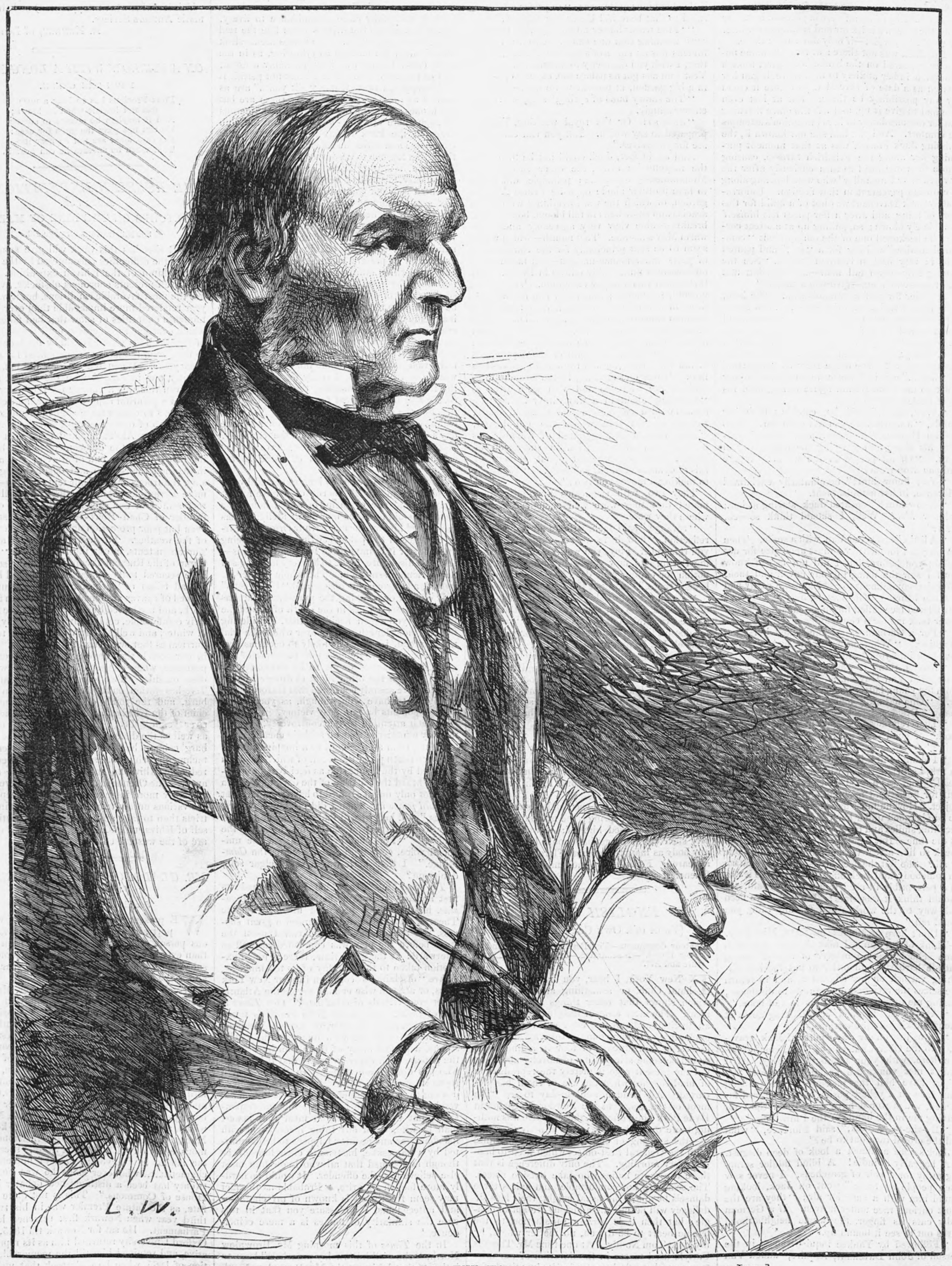

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—[A SKETCH FROM LIFE.]

miliar figure in the House, not alone by reason of the height of his official position, but by the constancy of his attendance, and the frequency of his participation in the debates. Day after day he is in his place at half past four, and rarely leaves till the House is up, at whatever hour of the morning the deliverance may be effected. There is one regularly recurring epoch of the evening, known as the dinner hour, when the House is almost empty, and when honorable members who can not "catch the Speaker's eye" in the full tide of debate struggle for precedence and deliver long speeches, which, happily for the British public, are never reported. At this "hour"—which usually means two, and sometimes three—the leading members of the House take their ease at their dining-tables, returning about nine or ten o'clock, like giants refreshed, and prepared to carry on the business of the nation till any hour of the morning. But Mr. Gladstone is in his place even then—with legs stretched out, hands folded before him, head laid back on the cushion of the seat, and the pale, weary-looking, deeply furrowed face, in which only the closed eyes seem at rest, turned upward to the flood of light that falls from the glass roof. He seems as if he slept; but when presently, or a couple of hours after, he gets up to close the debate, it will appear that he has heard every word, and is ready with an answer conceived in subtle argument, and expressed in flowing eloquence. Unlike his great rival on the opposite bench, Mr. Gladstone is often himself carried away by the passion his eloquence inspires in his hearers. When Mr. Disraeli is going to speak he approaches the table with cool deliberation, lays his hands on the dispatch-box before him, and rarely moves, except to put his hands in his coat-tail pockets and slowly balance himself as he proceeds to utter a sentence more telling than the average. Mr. Gladstone, when on great occasions he is moved to follow a member addressing the House, leans forward, sitting on the uttermost edge of the seat, regards the Speaker with a terribly eager face, and when he receives the signal that gives him leave to rise, leaps up, and, holding on to the dispatch-box, begins to speak in a voice which betrays the emotion that long practice only just enables him to master. But he always does master it till, later on, when he has cleared the way by argument, he gives himself up to the passionate denunciation of a wrong, or the earnest invitation to do what he holds to be the right thing, and then his splendid voice fills the chamber, and the noble emotion that possesses him is communicated to his entranced audience. The House of Commons without Mr. Gladstone would be like the play of *Hamlet* with the Queen's son left out, and, perhaps, the most striking tribute that could be paid to the value of an individual statesman was rendered by the manifestation of blank despair which lately appeared in the columns of some of the English journals when the writers felt themselves called upon to refute the supposition that a liberal government might be formed without the co-operation and leadership of the right honorable member for Greenwich.

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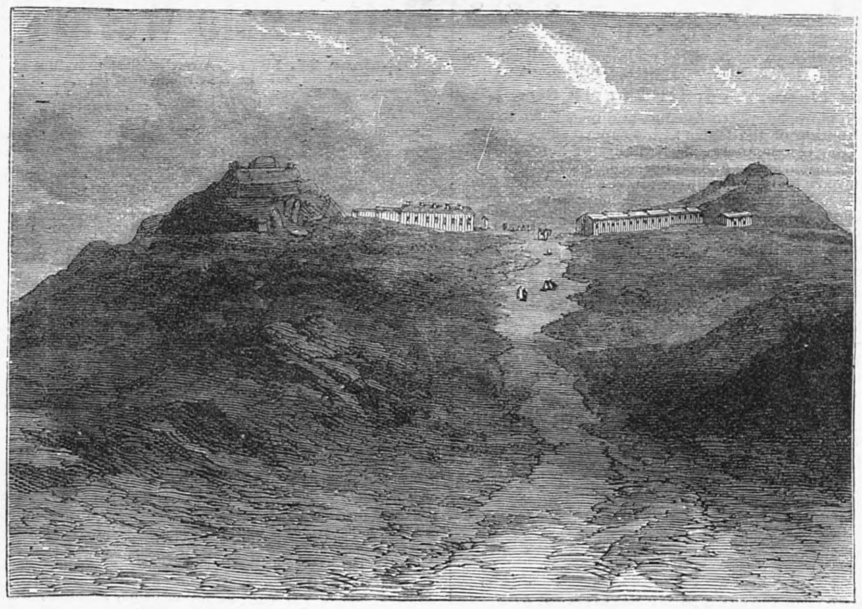
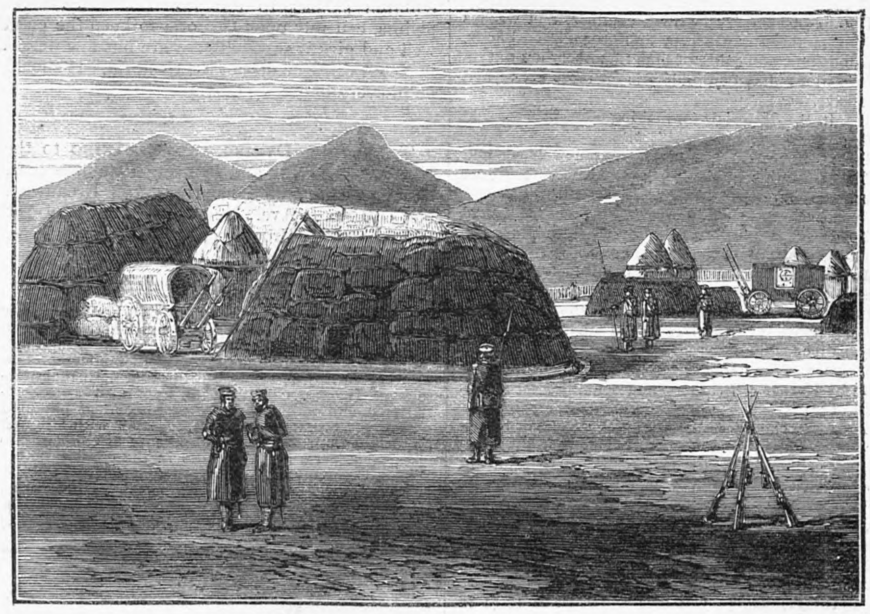
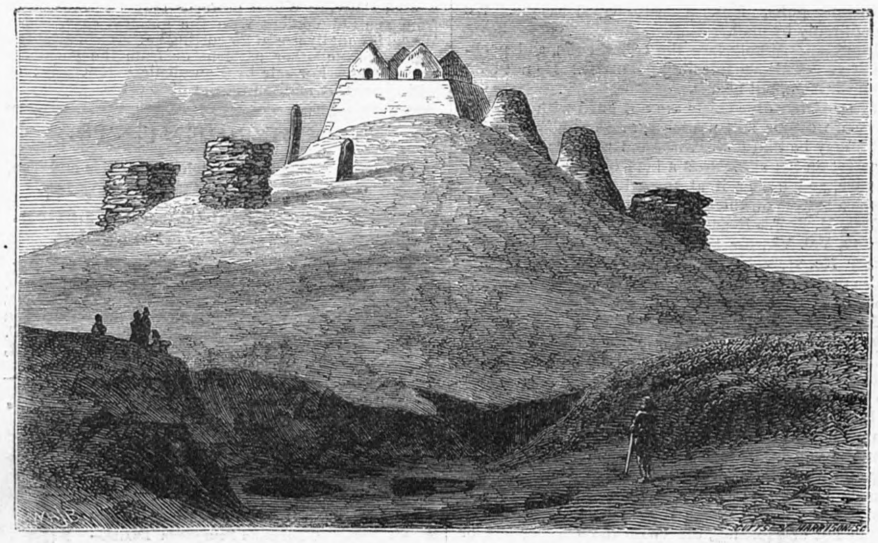


FORT OF AK-TUBIN.

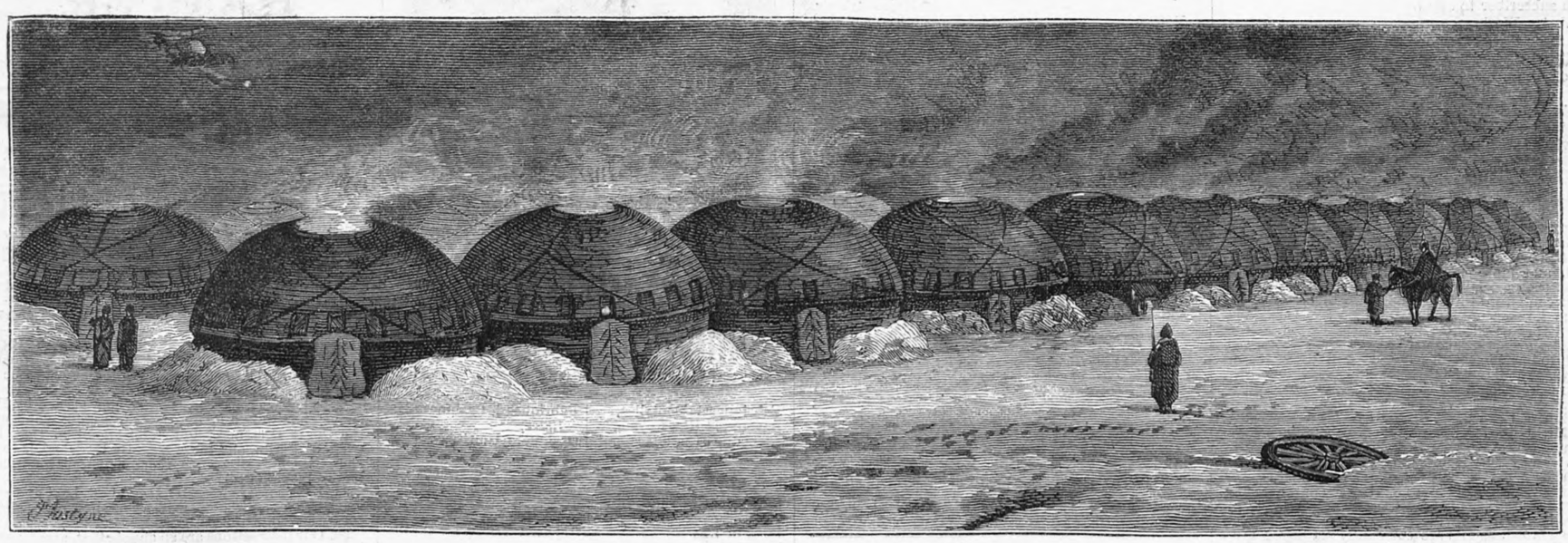


CAMP AND DÉPÔT OF RUSSIAN TROOPS NEAR EMBA FORT.

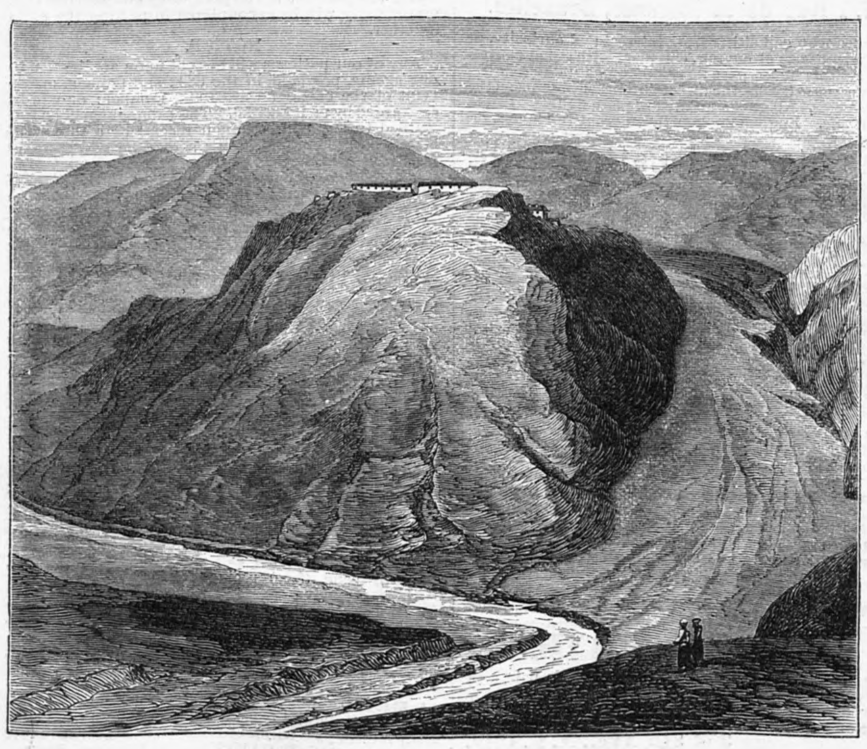
TSTESHES STATION, ON THE GREAT POST-ROAD.



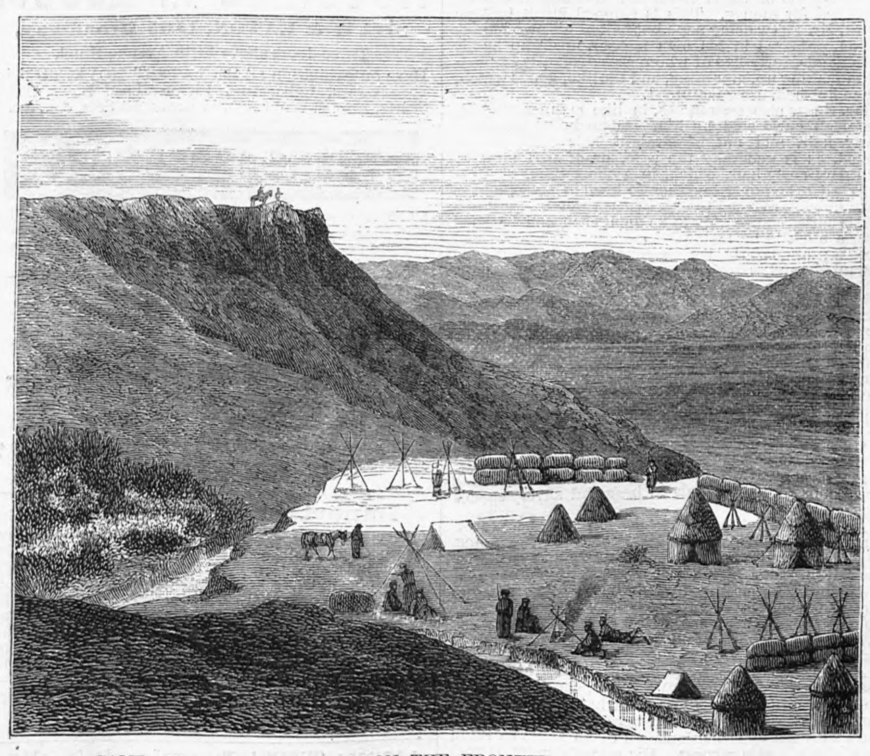
TOMB OF THE KIRGHESE CHIEF TLESCHES, NEAR THE RIVER TEMIR.



NIGHT CAMP OF THE RUSSIAN TROOPS.



THE FORT OF EMBA AND THE RIVER EMBA.



CAMP OF RUSSIAN TROOPS ON THE FRONTIER OF CHAN-DIERT-KUL.

THE RUSSIAN EXPEDITION TO KHIVA—SKETCHES ON THE LINE OF MARCH.—[SEE PAGE 411.]

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. J. L.—Chambéry is thick cambric, and washes well; Chambéry gauze is a fine grenadine. Bands, cuffs, pockets, and collar of blue Chambéry are put on white sailor suits; embroidery is far more dressy and expensive.

MRS. R. R.—Materials for making point lace are sold at the fancy stores here.

MRS. C. B. H.—If you make your new black silk with a châtelaine polonaise, you can wear the over dress with your other dresses. Black silk will be best for a sleeveless jacket to wear with your black and white dress; a purple jacket or a white polonaise would be pretty with the purple dress.

MRS. L. L.—The sailor blouse is not fastened to the dress skirt. It has a rubber string in a hem at the bottom that gathers it loosely around the waist, while the part above it hangs over on the hips in a bag-like, easy, sailor fashion.

ANTEROS.—The *Cryptogram* is published in book form by Harper & Brothers, and sent by mail on receipt of $1 50.

LEILA.—A sleeveless jacket and over-skirt of brown foulard would be pretty with your Japanese silk. Use ruffles or fringe instead of lace. Use wooden button-moulds covered with brown foulard.

PERPLEXED.—A lace shawl is a safer investment than a sacque, and more becoming to tall figures. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 22, Vol. VI.

ALICE.—Read "How to make Black Silk Dresses," in *Bazar* No. 19, Vol. VI.

CANADIAN.—Brown yak lace worth $1 25 to $1 75 will trim your dress prettily.

MISS M. E. B.—You did not inclose 25 cents for pattern. Flounce the back of your silk, and trim the front with long puffs. Make a heart-shaped basque. We do not reply by mail.

INQUIRER.—Merely face the collar, cuffs, and pockets of your Turkish traveling polonaise. Do not trim it on the edge, but hem it.

A. D.—Grenadine skirts are not lined with silk, but are worn over a silk petticoat, or else the grenadine skirt may be dispensed with, and flounces of grenadine set on the silk. Roll a hem on the edge of the flounce, and gather it at top with a puff above it. Make a basque on thick silk lining throughout.

MRS. M. E. F.—Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 19, Vol. VI., for trimming mourning silks, also *Bazar* No. 21, Vol. VI. Use the Loose Front Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 23, Vol. VI., for your Australian crape suit.

M. Q.—The pattern of Loose Front Polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 23, Vol. VI., is what you want. It is double-breasted, but you can fold back the fronts and make a single-breasted garment from it. Price 25 cents.

BAZAR.—We have no patterns of under-skirts. The Supplement of *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. VI., contains the pattern you want, which is one of the most stylish costumes of the season. We have no pattern of the basque in No. 18. The waist and sleeves of cashmere polonaises are lined with thin silk or farmer's satin when not close-fitting, otherwise thick lining silk or else silesia is used.

JANE G.—We can not insert diagrams at the request of each subscriber to suit individual wants.

A. W. A.—We have no pattern of demi-polonaises. Silk lace or thread is more appropriate than yak for grenadine. Sashes matching the dress in color are worn on the streets. Boys do not wear Normandy caps. Get a lace turban for your baby.

G. F. P.—Crimped tape fringe is worn in light mourning. A grenadine polonaise and lustreless silk skirt will be suitable for you.

COIFFURES.

IF any one thinks that because the so-called chignons have been abandoned, false hair is no longer worn, he is greatly mistaken. More real hair is purchased, and more worn at the present time, than ever before, especially in this country, because more persons can afford to pay for it here than elsewhere; and the impression having been pretty widely distributed that substitutes were unhealthy, as well as uncleanly, even the poorest women contrive to save enough to buy the small genuine "switch," which on Sundays, and all important occasions, adds the crown to their achievements in the hair-dressing line.

In order to learn something reliable of the present condition and prospects of the hair trade, we called upon Mr. L. SHAW, who has recently removed his store and manufactory to 364 Bowery, corner Fourth Street. Mr. SHAW is probably the largest dealer in human hair in the city; his operations are on a grand scale, and afford him facilities for purchase and preparation not usually possessed by wholesale or retail dealers. Through the medium of a partner who resides abroad, agents are constantly employed traversing the countries of Bohemia and Switzerland, engaged in the purchase of the beautiful hair of the peasant girls of those countries, whenever it can be obtained for money. This is shipped direct to New York, Mr. SHAW using none but hair of his own importation, prepared in his own factory, made up by his own hands, forty-five of whom are constantly employed in making up, mounting, and the like, goods which, when finished, are guaranteed.

Mr. SHAW also guarantees, in like manner, that all waterfall curls sold by him are made of naturally curly hair, and not of straight hair scalded and baked, as is generally the case, or of part straight and part curly hair, which, in a short time, requires to be all baked over together to keep in place, and is then quickly reduced to dry, brittle threads.

His curls require only to be dampened and brushed over a stick to be restored to original freshness and beauty; are lightly yet thoroughly and beautifully mounted, and, considering the cost of curly hair, very moderate in price. The principal forms in which hair is used are braided switches, coronet braids, long "waterfall" curls, back sets of curls, smaller centre sets, to use in conjunction with braids, and frizettes for the forehead. A very nice switch thirty-two inches long can be purchased for $10, smaller coronet braids at proportionately lower prices. Long curls, to match a $10 switch, costs $6 per pair. There are very long and even curls, of a choice quality of hair, as high as $20 per pair.

Gray hair is a great *spécialité* nowadays, and the nearer white the more rare and desirable it is. Mr. SHAW pays great attention to this, and has many fine specimens of human hair in beautiful silvery shades of gray.

A common method among dealers, in order to produce low-priced "human hair," is to mix an ounce of good hair with an ounce of Chinese and an ounce fine, dyed goat's hair. So cleverly is this done, that it is almost impossible for any but an expert to detect the trick. The purchaser congratulates herself on getting a really choice article at a ridiculously low price, and does not find out her mistake until the dyed hair begins to crop out and drop off.

A great advantage to ladies purchasing at a large establishment, like that of Mr. SHAW, consists in being able to obtain the exact shade of hair required. Mr. SHAW is extremely particular upon this point, and labors with the conscientiousness of an artist to fulfill conditions in this respect. His establishment, corner of Fourth Street and the Bowery, is interesting in many respects, and we advise ladies to pay it a visit before going to the country.—[*Daily Graphic.*]

EVERY mother who has a crying baby, or children subject to croup and stomach-complaints, can rely upon Castoria to keep the child well and give it rest. There are but few nurses in New York who do not use Castoria. It should be in every house.—[*Com.*]

TAKE YOUR DYEING AND CLEANING to the New York Dyeing and Printing Establishment, *Staten Island;* 98 Duane St., 752 Broadway, and 610 Sixth Ave., New York; 164 and 166 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn; 40 North Eighth St., Philadelphia. No other offices.—[*Com.*]

THE PRIDE OF THE GREAT WEST.—The Wilson new Under-Feed Sewing-Machine is extremely simple in its construction, elaborately finished in its design and ornamenting, combining great capacity and adaptation to every variety of family sewing and light manufacturing. It embraces all of the important and essential elements embodied in sewing-machines patented within the past twenty years, together with late and important improvements and patents of eminent mechanical experts and inventors in the employ of the Wilson Company. Cleveland has reason to be proud of the Wilson machine. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The Company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan,
USE PERRY'S
Moth and Freckle Lotion.
It is reliable and harmless.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE, BLACKHEADS, AND FLESHWORMS, use Perry's IMPROVED COMEDONE and Pimple Remedy—the Great Skin Medicine. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

HUMAN HAIR SWITCHES.

Retailed at same price as I charge Hair Dealers. All First quality Hair. No short crimped hair in. Warranted not dyed.

32 in. long, weight 3 oz. only $9.00
32 " " " 4 " " 12.00
32 " " " 5 " " 15.00
32 " " " 6 " " 18.00

CORONET OR POMPADOUR BRAIDS—SOLID HAIR.
2 oz., 20 in. Hair, only . $4.50

Back or Waterfall Curls—full sets Naturally Curly.

Size		My Price	Retails
Medium,		$7.00	$10 00
Large,		8.00	for in 12.00
Extra Large,		10.00	N. Y. 15.00

Long single Curls (heavy) natur'ly curly
22 in hair, only $3·00
24 " " " 3.50
26 " " " 4.50

BEST FRIZ WEFT OR FACE CURLS, . . . 50 cents per yard.
NATURALLY CURLY, FRIZ WEFT CURLS, . $1.00 per yard.
LATEST STYLE.—Spanish Comb, Imitation Shell, sent prepaid on receipt of $1.50...everybody wearing them.

I sell the hair just as I import it, without intermixing [as imitators of my advertisements do.] to make their Price Lists appear cheaper. I AM the only Hair Importer and wholesale dealer in this city who RETAILS *at* WHOLESALE *Prices. I will send Switches* PREPAID *by* REGISTERED MAIL, *on receipt of P. O. Money Order, Draft, or Money in Registered Letter, or will send by Express to* COLLECT ON DELIVERY. *Remember money sent in advance saves ALL express charges.*

Wreath with any Initial, Monogram, or word, or Bouquet, made of as many pieces or colors of Hair as you may send.

Almost every family possesses some hair of deceased relatives, which can be made into beautiful pictures, forming imperishable and unchangeable mementoes and handsome household ornaments. Either of the above designs appropriately framed 4 x 6 inches, sent prepaid on receipt of $10.00. The above is the very best method of preserving the hair in its original color, and is now being extensively adopted by all who wish to preserve such as relics to perpetuate the memory of the departed. Have one made. You will surely order others on seeing how really artistic the work is done. Will return all hair not used. Established 1843. CHAS. V. PECKHAM, *Near Amity St. (Copyright secured.)* 687 *Broadway, N. Y. City.*

When you write please mention HARPER'S BAZAR.

Novelties in Laces.
SHAW & EATON, 1105 Broadway,
Three doors above Fifth Avenue Hotel,
Have on exhibition all the LATEST NOVELTIES in Lace Capes, Collarettes, Fichus, Lace Bows, Ties, Scarfs, French Embroidered Breakfast Sets, &c., &c.

SHOPPING
Of every description for Ladies promptly executed by Mrs. C. G. PARKER, 151 East 44th St., N. Y. City. Send for circular containing reference and particulars (free). Dress-goods samples sent for 25 cents.

PEERLESS
Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, & Drawers.
UNION ADAMS & CO.,
637 BROADWAY.

Important to Ladies.—Through the extreme liberality of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York, we are enabled to place in the hands of Twenty Thousand (20,000) Women the means by which they can support themselves and make a comfortable living. This offer is extended to every industrious woman in the United States, especially to those who support themselves by the needle. The magnitude of this offer, the liberality shown in its distribution, and the amount of good already accomplished, will inspire confidence in the heart of every woman who reads this. Notice.—Full particulars will be sent on receipt of postage stamp. Address JAMES M'CALL & CO., 543 Broadway, New York.

ASTHMA CURED!—For circular and price, address S. C. UPHAM, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED.—Address S. C. Upham, Philadelphia.

HAIR!!!
REMOVAL.
L. SHAW Has removed his well-known Hair Establishment to
364 Bowery, corner Fourth Street,
Branch store, 363 Sixth Avenue, and begs leave to call the attention of the ladies to his superb stock of Human Hair Goods, of the best quality of hair only, of his own importation and manufacture.

As I have had numerous complaints from ladies who have been led astray by unscrupulous imitators of my advertisements, and bought inferior goods, I call the attention of the ladies to 364 Bowery, cor. 4th Street, which entire building I occupy.

The Largest Stock of HUMAN HAIR GOODS in the City.
RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

All Hair used in my establishment I *import and manufacture myself,* and is of the best quality only; and if any expert can prove that I use in my goods any other quality but the best, or *mix* it with Italian or Chinese Hair, which is generally applied to by other dealers, will *refund* the money in every case.

I can offer to the public inducements which can not be superseded by any of my competitors.

All goods WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.

PRICE-LIST.

Short Hair Switches $1 and upward. Finest quality Hair Switches, solid, not dyed, 18 inches long, 4 ounces weight, - - $5 00
Do. 22 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 6 90
Do. 26 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 8 00
Do. 32 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 10 00

Shaw's Patent Hair Switches, 50c.
Long Single Curls, natural Curly—
22-inch, $2 00. 24-inch, $2 50. 26-inch, $4 00.
Frisets, 25 cents per yard.

BRANCH STORE, 363 6th AVENUE, Bet. 22d and 23d Streets.

Ladies' own Hair made over in latest styles.
Combings made up 50 cents per ounce.
Goods sent C. O. D. by express, on receipt of color and money in registered letters or P. O. Order.

SOMETHING NEW.
For Sale by LEADING RETAILERS and JOBBERS.
THE ORTOLAN.

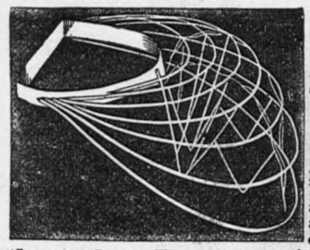
Compagnie des Indes,
PARIS.

Fabriques de Dentelles, Bayeux, 14 Rue Royale, Alencon, 20 Rue de Lencrel.
Fabriques de Cashmere des Indes, Cashmere, Umritzur.

MM. VERDE DE LISLE FRERES, of the Compagnie des Indes, especially address themselves to ladies of America contemplating a voyage to Europe, inviting their attention to their productions of LACES AND CASHMERE SHAWLS exhibited at their warehouses,
No. 80 Rue Richelieu, Paris, and
N. 1 Rue de la Regence, Bruxelles.

Those who call either from interest and curiosity, or for the purpose of buying, will meet with equal courtesy. As this house pays *no commissions under any circumstances to agents,* the direct purchaser obtains all the advantages. All goods marked in plain figures. Prices invariable. English spoken throughout the house.

The Standard Lotta Bustle.



A Diploma has been awarded by the American Institute to A. W. Thomas, Patentee and Manufacturer for the **lightest, strongest, most durable, comfortable, elastic, and cheapest Bustle in the market.** The wearer can sit in any position whatever without bending or **injuring** it in the slightest degree, it closing entirely up on sitting, and returning with precision to its original shape on arising. The heaviest dress will not cause it to diminish its size, or change its perfect form (as is generally the fault). **No ladies' wardrobe complete without the Standard Lotta Bustle. For sale every where. Ask for Nos. 10, 11, 15, 18, 22, &c.,** comprising the various sizes and styles. Patentee and Wholesale Manufacturer, **91 White St., N. Y.; & 801 Race St., Phila.**

"THREE PAIR"
Best Two-Button Kid Gloves, $2 75. Single pair, sent postpaid, $1 00. Every color and size. A fine French Woven Corset; all sizes for $1 00. To avoid loss, send Post-office Order. J. TAYLOR'S BAZAR, 353 8th Ave., N. Y. City.

FRENCH STAMPING PATTERNS, in any quantities. Send for Circular.
MME. L. CENDRIER, 636 Broadway, N. Y.

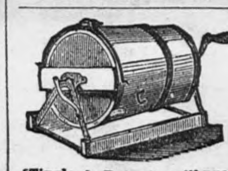
WEBSTER'S PATENT
Button-hole Worker.
Pat. June 27, 1871. Awarded first premium at the Am. Institute and Md. Institute Fairs, 1871.

It is one of the most important inventions of the age. The most perfect **Button-hole Worker** *ever invented!* So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can work without it. Every stitch is taken with the most perfect mechanical accuracy. Is used entirely independent of the sewing machine, and will last a lifetime. Does away with pricking the fingers, straining the eyes and with imperfect and irregular worked button-holes. They give universal satisfaction. Ladies who use them say that they are worth their weight in gold. Over eleven thousand sold during the first week of their introduction. Local and traveling agents wanted everywhere. They sell at sight, and give over 100 per cent. profit. Sample Button-hole Worker and sample Button-hole Cutter packed in a neat case, with full directions for use, together with sample of our new and novel way of canvassing, sent to any address on receipt of 65 cents. Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Address WEBSTER M'F'G CO., Manufacturers, Ansonia, Ct. Please state in what paper you saw this.

FURNITURE.
WARREN WARD & CO.,
Manufacturers, and Wholesale and Retail Dealers.
We have the best assortment of good goods that can be found in this city; and, with this close money-market, we will sell them at the *lowest possible prices.*
COUNTRY COTTAGES A SPECIALTY.
75 & 77 SPRING STREET, COR. CROSBY

PROTECT your Child's Eyesight. Novelty Carriage, with Patent Adjustable Canopy.
Price $18 00.
Old Style Perambulators from $7; Central Park Swings reduced to $10; also, Velocipedes, Baby Jumpers, Leaping Horses, & Toys.
Send for circular to LEWIS P. TIBBALS, 512 Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
(Patent Canopy put on any carriage.)

LADIES' RIDING HATS IN VARIETY.
DANIEL D. YOUMANS,
HATTER,
719 & 1103 BROADWAY,
IMPORTER OF ENGLISH HATS.



THE BEST IN USE
BLATCHLEY'S
HORIZONTAL
Ice Cream Freezer.
[Tingley's Patent], will produce a finer quality of Cream in less time and with less labor, than any other Freezer made. Is perfectly air-tight, and will pay the entire cost of the machine in one season in saving of ice alone. Sizes from three to forty quarts. Call and see it, or send for catalogue. CHAS G. BLATCHLEY, Manufacturer,
506 Commerce St., Philadelphia.

THE "PAPER PATTERNS FROM HARPER'S BAZAR," manufactured by GROSSFELD & Co., 551 Pearl St., are claimed to be the best for the following reasons:

1st. That each pattern is fitted and graded by Herr Grossfeld, whose long experience as chief manager of the Court Dressmaking Establishment of Herr Dietrich, of Berlin, and more recently Dressmaker to the Imperial Court of Vienna, renders his opinion in matters of fashion decisive.

2d. Ladies are requested to send both bust and waist measures, as it is obviously impossible otherwise to insure a well-fitting pattern.

3d. Our instructions are so simple that, accompanied by the cut of the garment, they will be readily understood by the most inexperienced.

4th. The patterns are so perforated and notched that no difficulty will be encountered in putting the parts together.

NOTICE.

Any of our patterns will be sent upon application to our agents, postpaid, in the U. S. and Canada, on receipt of the catalogue price and number; or will be forwarded by us if desired. The catalogue will be forwarded to any address upon receipt of a three-cent stamp. All communications should be addressed to GROSSFELD & CO., 551 Pearl St., New York City.

The following houses are the agents in this city for the sale of our Patterns: Messrs. Peake, Opdyke & Co., 427 and 429 Broadway; Jas. McCreery & Co., cor. 11th St. and Broadway; Johnson, Burns & Co., cor. 14th St. and University Place; Ed. A. Morrison, 827 Broadway.

MADAME FOY'S CORSET SKIRT SUPPORTER,
For Health, Comfort, and Style,

Is acknowledged THE BEST ARTICLE of the kind ever made. Numerous Testimonials in its favor are being received from all parts of the United States.
LADY AGENTS WANTED.
HARMON, BALDWIN, & FOY,
Sole Manufacturers,
New Haven, Conn.
ARNOLD & BANNING, New York; D. B. FISK & Co., Chicago, Agents.

PIMPLES.
I will send (free) recipe for my VEGETABLE BALM, removing *Pimples, Black Worms, Blotches, Freckles, Moths, Tan,* and all *Diseases of the Skin,* leaving it clear, and with a healthy glow. Also, sure process for fine growth of Hair on bald heads or smooth faces. THOS. F. CHAPMAN, Chemist, 197 Broadway, New York. Post-Office Box, 5128.

ADORN your homes with the New Chromos, "Awake" and "Asleep." The pair 50 cents; or, with Whittier's "Barefoot Boy," $1. Large discount to Agents. W. F. CARPENTER, Foxboro', Mass.

SHIRT PATTERNS Cut to Order, 15c.
C. H. SMITH, Shirt-Maker, MADISON, IND.

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A. T. STEWART & CO.

Are offering at RETAIL an unusually attractive stock of

LIGHT SUMMER GOODS,

Just received.

BLACK SILKS from $1 per yard.

PLAIN DRESS SILKS at $1 50, $2, and $2 50, *one-third less than recent prices.*

BLACK AND WHITE STRIPED SILKS from 87½c. and $1 per yard. Value, $1 25 and $1 50.

WHITE and GRAY STRIPED SILKS, $1 25, reduced from $1 50 and $1 75.

JAPANESE SILKS, pure silk one way, 35c.; value, 50c.

New tints in CAMEL'S-HAIR SUITINGS.

REAL TISSUE DE BEIGE, 50c. per yard.

ECRU BATISTE, pure linen, with Cluny Lace Insertions.

PURE MOHAIRS in various tints of GRISAILLE 37½c. upward.

DRAB ALPACAS, Summer colors, 28c. upward.

BLACK and WHITE STRIPED GRENADINES from 15c.

No. 5, 7, 9 } All-Silk Ribbons, { 8c., 12c. per yard., 15c.

ROMAN SASH RIBBONS, $1 25, $1 50, and $2; reduced from $1 50, $1 75, and $2 50.

BLACK ALPACAS, 30c., 35c., 40c., and 50c. per yard; decided bargains.

BLACK MOHAIRS, pure, 50c., 60c., 75c., $1, and $1 25.

STRANGERS VISITING THE CITY are invited to inspect the above goods. Every facility will be offered to show them, *without any importunity to purchase.* All articles marked in plain figures.

MAIL ORDERS for samples and prices promptly filled.

BROADWAY, 4th Ave., 9th & 10th Sts.

DRESS GOODS, &c., &c., AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.,

Broadway, cor. Nineteenth St., N. Y.,

Will continue to sell the balance of their

SPRING & SUMMER IMPORTATIONS,

offering great inducements to purchasers of the above goods, previous to taking their semi-annual inventory.

GENTLEMEN'S AND YOUTHS' FURNISHING GOODS.

HOSIERY of every description.
UNDERWEAR, Silk, Merino, and Lisle Thread.
SHIRTS, COLLARS, AND CUFFS, ready made and to order.
SCARFS, TIES, AND CRAVATS.
EMBROIDERED AND PLAIN BOSOMS.
KID GLOVES, "GANTS DE SUEDE."
LISLE-THREAD GLOVES.
RIDING AND DRIVING GLOVES AND GAUNTLETS, &c., &c.,

AT POPULAR PRICES.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT.

UNDERCLOTHING in Great Variety,
PARIS-MADE and of our own manufacture.
MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS,
In all the Fashionable Materials.
"CHILDREN'S PIQUE SUITS,"
Paris-Made and our own manufacture.
PIQUE EMBROIDERED WALKING COATS.
LAWN AND CAMBRIC MORNING WRAPPERS.
CORSETS IN GREAT VARIETY. HOOP-SKIRTS, PANIERS, &c.

INFANTS' WEAR

Of Every Description Ready Made and to Order.
"WEDDING TROUSSEAUX" a Specialty.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.,
Broadway, cor. Nineteenth St., N. Y.

AT MEARES'

SIXTH AVE. & NINETEENTH ST.

Strangers and Families visiting the city can find

The Largest and Cheapest Assortment of Fine

Spring and Summer Dress Goods

EVER EXHIBITED ON SIXTH AVENUE.

Comprising all the New Shades of
CASHMERE, SERGES, POPLINS, ALPACAS, GRENADINES, CAMEL'S-HAIR CLOTH, AND GRENADINES.

☞ *NEW SUIT DEPARTMENT,* with Dressing-Room attached, JUST OPENED.

Black and Striped Silk Suits, $55, $70, and $75.
Ladies' Berlin Suits, elaborately trimmed, $14, $16, $18, and $20.
Ladies' White Lawn Suits, $6. $7, $8, $9, $10.
Ladies' Linen and Batiste Suits and Polonaise, all styles, $4, $5, $6, $7, $8, $9, $10, $11, to $15.
Great bargains in Sun Umbrellas and Parasols.
New Club Stick Umbrellas in Twill-shaded Serge, with Chataline, $2 75, $3 00, $3 50, and $4 00.
Shawls, Dolmans, and Talmas, in Cashmere and Drap d'Ete.
Real Lace and Llama Points, Sacques, $10, $12, $15, $16, and $18.
Black, Colored, Striped, and Turquoise Silks.
Excellent Black Silks, $1 00, $1 25, $1 38, and $1 50 per yard. Superior quality, $1 75, $2 00, and $2 25.
Choicest patterns Dress Goods, 20c., 25c., 30c., 38c.
Best Brands Black Alpaca, 25c., 30c., 38c., 44c.
Imported Round Hats, Bonnets, and Millinery.
Richly Trimmed Underclothing, Corsets, &c.
Children's Normandy Caps, Merino Cloaks, and Infants' Wardrobes.
Real Laces, in Yak, Point, Guipure, and Thread.
Embroideries, Rufflings, Lace Bows, Ties, and Sleeves.
Balbriggan and Striped Hosiery, and 1, 2, and 3-Button Kid Gloves.
Dress Trimmings and Fringes—all the latest styles.
Bormet and Sash Ribbons, Roman and Windsor Ties.
Fine Embroidered Silk Finish French Wove Corsets, $1 & $1 25. Cheapest Corset ever offered, worth $2 25.

RICHARD MEARES,

307 & 309 Sixth Avenue,
And 101, 103, & 105 Nineteenth St., N. Y.

CHENEY BRO'S

American Gros-Grain Silks,

IN BLACK STRIPES,
AND ELEGANT FALL COLORS,
Of Shades especially adapted for Suitings.

AGENTS **Earn $100 Weekly.** Address MYERS M'F'G CO., 209 Centre St., N. Y.

A NEW PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF.

CASHMERE BOUQUET

CASHMERE BOUQUET

A DELICATE SOAP FOR THE TOILET.

MADE BY
COLGATE & COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

EHRICH'S,

287 & 289 8th Ave., near 24th St.

LACE SHAWLS AND SACQUES,

Which, owing to the stagnation in the wholesale trade, we have purchased at less than half the gold cost of importation.

Black Lace Shawls, elegant patterns, at $5 00, $6 00, $7 00, $8 00, and $9 00; importation price from $10 00 to $20 00.

Black Real Llama Shawls at $14 00, $15 00, $16 00, $18 00, $22 00, up to $40 00; worth fully double.

Black Lace Sacques at $7 00, $8 00, $10 00, $12 00, $15 00, $20 00, and upward.

This is a rare opportunity to buy Lace Shawls and Sacques, and our patrons will do well to take advantage of the same.

Send for samples of embroideries.

Ladies' and Children's Undergarments and Suits. Real Laces, Embroideries, Kid Gloves, Parasols, &c. *Cheapest* in the country.

Send stamp for Spring Catalogue.

Every **C. O. D.** package subject to **examination** before acceptance. **EHRICH & CO.,**
287 & 289 8th Avenue, New York.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. Trade Mark. Patented.

Sold by all Druggists.

Cut Paper Patterns

OF

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

IN

HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy,* so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

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PRINCESSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.. No. 41
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DOUBLE TALMA, APRON-FRONT AND LONG WALKING SKIRT..... " 41
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DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT..... " 46
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GIRL'S WARDROBE, Sacque, Sailor Blouse and Skirt, Basque fastened behind, Over-skirt, Low-Necked Over Dress, and Bretelle Apron (for girl from 2 to 13 years old)..... " 13
SLEEVELESS JACKET WALKING SUIT.... " 15
CHATELAINE REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT..... " 17
LOOSE FRONT DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..... " 23
GABRIELLE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT. " 24

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Patent Buckskin Dress Shields.

These Dress Shields are manufactured of light BUCKSKIN and OIL SILK, and is the only article in the market that will absorb moisture and protect the Dress thoroughly. They are extremely light and flexible, worn without the slightest discomfort, and easily retained in position. Sold by all first-class Dry Goods and Fancy Goods Houses in the city. D. C. HALL & CO., Sole Agents & Manufacturers, 44 W. B'way, N.Y.

TOWER HILL HOUSE,

NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I.,

WILL OPEN JUNE 25th.

CLARK N. SCOFIELD, Proprietor,
Late of Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.
Address No. 25 West Twenty-Seventh St., New York.

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FACETIÆ.

SOCIETY belles are in a flutter in consequence of the intelligence that the King of the Sandwich Islands is coming here. Well, he is a marrying man, and the girls will have a good chance. A dozen more or less is nothing in the eyes of a Sandwich Islander.

An Illinois editor speaks of an "eighty-year-old octogenarian" in his town "who has seen the snows of threescore years and ten." What was the matter with his eyes during the other ten years? Or didn't it snow for ten winters? This is something the public is interested in.

The boy with the big watch said time hung heavy on his hands.

What is the difference between a nasty pill and a jolly picnic?—One is a little swallow, the other a great lark.

A SECRET.—The surest way to get on in life is to grow old.

A new Texas paper announces its religious position thus: "In religion we are conservative, and we intend to adhere to the cash system."

"A prudent man," says a witty Frenchman, "is like a pin; his head prevents him from going too far."

CUT TO THE QUICK.—A well-known journalist recently visited the steam sawmills of Messrs. Blank & Co., and entered so minutely into the working of a circular saw erected there that he got confused as to the distinction between an elm log and a human trunk. His widow thinks that after such a testimony to the efficacy of their machinery, the firm ought to find enough elm planking for a full-sized adult coffin. Her husband's opinion we have yet to learn.

A CURIOUS HYBRID ANIMAL—The cricket-bat.

HARDER STILL!

BEGGAR (*to dyspeptic old gentleman, whose temper is a trifle irritable*). "Please give a copper to a poor fellow who hasn't tasted food all day."

DYSPEPTIC OLD GENT. "All day! What's that? Why, I haven't digested any for a week!"

HUNKS ON HIS HEAD-STONE.

Weep not for me, relations dear;
You'd onions need to force a tear.
I left you all I had to leave:
Had it been nothing, you might grieve.
But now all's yours that once was mine,
So therefore don't pretend to whine.

DEXTERITY.—The youthful mind is observant and inquiring, but it lacks experience. Young Tomkyns borrowed a gun to go sparrow-shooting, and not understanding the breech-loading system, began to ram down the cartridge. He has since frequently observed how lucky it was that in an idle hour he learned to write with his left hand.

AN ENTER-PRISING MAN—The burglar.

When you see a horse start off for a walk, shout "whoa!" at the top of your voice, and flourish your hat and handkerchief. It soothes and tranquillizes his feelings amazingly.

SPRING THOUGHT FOR EPICURES—*De aspara-gustibus non est disputandum.*

A RESPONSE.—An editor says his ancestors have been in the habit of living a hundred years. His opponent responds by saying that "that was before the introduction of capital punishment."

COMPLIMENTS.

HOSTESS (*wishing to be polite*). "Good-evening, Mr. Lovibond! So sorry your wife couldn't come too!"
HOST (*wishing to be politer*). "Nobody here is likely—haw—to regret Mrs. Lovibond's absence half so much—haw—as Mr. Lovibond does!"

TOO GOOD.

Abroad I take my devious way
When flowers their petals now unfold;
With hyacinths and tulips gay
My neighbor's garden I behold.

Had I the leisure and the means
(Perhaps 'tis best that I have not),
I'd grow the like; and I'd rear greens
And parsnips for my lowly pot.

Sweet blossoms! I enjoy their sight
As much as e'er their owner can.
But is my pleasure wholly right?
Their owner is another man.

Should not the pleasure they impart,
Since they belong to him alone—
Oh, tell me, my misgiving heart!—
Be none of mine, and all his own?

Methinks that, as I pass along,
To look upon them I may dare,
And smell them too, and yet not wrong
My neighbor when his joy I share.

I relished oft a school-mate's cake,
Saying within myself, "How nice!"
I robbed him not. I could partake
His happiness without a slice.

I loved; was not beloved again.
My love became another's bride.
But soothed was momentary pain
With balm which sympathy supplied.

In fancy I reversed the case;
My rival I imagined me;
My own self put in that man's place—
And felt—and feel—more glad than he.

RUNNING BROOKS.—The books in the running brooks were probably volumes of water.

Rasper, being told he looked seedy, and asked what business he was in, replied, "The hard-wear business; look at my wardrobe."

A sagacious papa exceedingly mortified his daughter by ordering to be printed on her wedding-cards, "No presents, except those adapted to an income of $1500."

A member of Congress got out this sentence: "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general," when he was pulled down to his seat by a friend, with the remark, "You'd better stop; you are coming out of the same hole you went in at."

The following dialogue occurred in the Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris, between a patriarchal gentleman and his granddaughter:

"What makes your hair so white, grandpapa?" inquires the maiden.

"I'm very old, my dear; I was in the ark," says grandpapa, humorously, but with a reckless regard for truth, which does not prepossess us in the old man's favor.

"Oh," says the child, regarding her relative with a fresh interest, "are you Noah?"

"No, I am not Noah."

"Are you Shem, then?"

"No, I am not Shem."

"Are you Ham?"

"No, I am not even Ham."

"Then you must be Japhet," says mademoiselle, at the end of her historical tether, and growing rather impatient of the difficulty that surrounded her aged relative's identification.

"No, I'm not Japhet."

"Then, grandpapa, you're a beast!"

A woman in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, advertises her husband for sale for a hundred dollars. He is recommended as strong, healthy, and good-looking. Such a chance for a bargain as this does not often occur. There is only one thing that looks suspicious—so low a price for so fine an article makes a careful purchaser wonder if there is not something more than meets the eye in the advertisement. The legal proprietor of this gentleman must be very much in want of money, or very little in want of a husband.

SINGLE VIRTUE.

Bright eyes are soon bedimmed, spoiled form and face.
Ailments, expenses, cares, vex married life.
Whate'er I've done amiss, in any case,
I never coveted my neighbor's wife.

A young lady of Philadelphia was recently struck with the uselessness of her life, and immediately went to work with vigor to learn plain sewing. At latest dates she hemmed one side of a—in fact, any future husband's pocket-handkerchief, which the proud parents have framed and hung in a conspicuous position.

THE MODERN "FLYING DUTCHMAN"—At Atcheen.

QUERY.—Can a geological clergyman with a collection of ores, etc., be called a cabinet minister?

Must not a man be in a state of pecuniary embarrassment if he pops the question and also pledges his betrothed before he marries?

A genuine Highlander, looking at a print from a picture by one of the old masters, in which angels were represented blowing trumpets, inquired if the angels played on trumpets; and being answered in the affirmative, made the remark, "Hech, Sirs! I wonder they dinna borrow a pair o' guid loud bagpipes."

As a school-master was employed the other day in Scotland in his "delightful task" of teaching a sharp urchin to cipher on the slate, the precocious pupil put the following question to his instructor: "Where diz a' the figures gang till when they're rubbit out?"

STATISTICAL.—A great poet has remarked that the course of true love never did run smooth. Little Bigsby quite agrees with him. He was taking quiet but surreptitious tea with the fair Lucinda Pickletub, when her father returned unexpectedly. Bigsby wishes to place at the disposal of the Statistical Society the interesting information that there are sixteen large and hard knots on old Pickletub's holly walking-stick.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

A lady wished a seat. A portly, handsome gentleman brought one, and seated the lady.

"Oh, you're a jewel," said she.

"Oh no," he replied; "I'm a jeweler. I have just set the jewel."

SWEET HOME—A bee-hive.

ONLY A WORD.

A BUSINESS-LIKE POEM.

"Come," was the only word she said:
The only word—but oh, her look!
I read it like some fairy book;
And, as I read,
The swimming blaze of perfumed light
Grew faint. I watched her sudden flight
Like one enraptured in a trance;
Then swiftly cleft the whirling dance,
And followed blindly where she led.
Through jeweled throng she swept in pride.
She stood alone, and by her side
I stood! She felt her magic power.
Came music soft and sweet.
I plucked a choice exotic flower:
I longed with worlds my love to dower—
To cast them at her feet.

She spoke again. She whispered "Go!"
My blood rose hot! I cried,
"Go, darling! Yes, from land to land,
O'er raging seas, o'er barren strand:
A wanderer from clime to clime,
On to eternity through time—
Be this my lot, supreme, sublime!
No joy shall charm, no spell entice.
Repeat thy mandate. Ready, see,
I stand prepared to fly for thee!"
She said, "Go—get a strawb'ry ice!"

THE DESCENT OF MAN.

FIGURATIVE PARTY. "So long as *I* am a Man, Sorr, what does it matther to me whether me *Great-Grandfather* was an Anthropoid Ape or not, Sorr!"

LITERAL PARTY. "Haw! wather disagweeable for your *Gwate-Gwandmother*, wasn't it?"

GENTLE TEMPTATION.

"Not come while we are so gay? Oh, but there's Nothing going on just now, I assure you! To-morrow there will only be the Park in the Morning, and then some People come to Luncheon, and afterward Mamma wants me to go and pay Visits with her and do some Shopping, and you won't mind Mrs. Muff to Five-o'clock Tea, and we may possibly go to the Flower-Show for an hour or two. There will be only Ten at Dinner, and we sha'n't leave for Aunty's Dance until long after your Bed-Time, you know, Grandma dear!"

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VOL. VI.—No. 27.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Ladies' Garden Hats, Figs. 1–5.

Fig. 1.—DOTTED ORGANDY GARDEN HAT. This hat is made of dotted white organdy, lined with light blue lustring, and trimmed with white lace and bows of light blue silk ribbon. A lace ruche trims the front edge.

Figs. 2 and 4.—FIGURED ORGANDY GARDEN HAT. This hat is trimmed with a pinked violet silk ruche, white lace, bows of violet silk ribbon, and a bunch of violets. To make the hat cut of organdy on the bias one piece each from Figs. 58 and 59, Supplement; for the rim of the hat cut a strip of organdy fifty-six inches and seven-eighths long and five inches and three-quarters wide, and sloped off toward the ends to a width of four inches and a half. Having sewed up the ends of this strip, fold the straight edge down on the under side an inch and a quarter wide, and sew through the material seven-eighths of an inch from the fold for inserting a wire; in the original this wire is thirty-two inches and seven-eighths long. An inch and a quarter from the first piece of wire hem a piece of wire twenty-seven inches and a quarter long into the material. Gather the organdy on the free outer edge to a width of twenty inches, and join it there with the crown, which has first been lined with white stiff lace and laid in small pleats all along the outer edge. Set on a piece of wire along the seam. Edge the trimming piece (Fig. 59) with lace, arrange it on the hat as shown by the illustration, and trim the hat with the ruche, bows, and flowers.

Fig. 3.—WHITE SWISS MUSLIN GARDEN HAT. This hat is trimmed with ruches of the material, pink gros grain, and a bunch of roses. To make the hat cut for the crown of Swiss muslin, and stiff lace for the lining, one piece on the bias from Fig. 57, Supplement. For the rim cut of double Swiss muslin, with the fold on the front edge, one piece from Fig. 56, Supplement. In the front edge of this piece hem a piece of wire thirty-six inches long, an inch and three-quarters from the front edge a piece of wire twenty-nine inches and three-quarters long, and into the back edge a piece of wire twenty-two inches and a half long; sew up the ends of the Swiss muslin from 58 to 59, and join the rim and crown according to the corresponding figures, having first gathered the crown from the middle of the front to ✳. Trim the rim on the outside, as shown by the illustration, with kilt-pleated ruffles of white Swiss muslin, and on the inside with a pink gros grain ruche an inch and a quarter wide. Finally, set on the remainder of the trimming as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 5.—FIGURED BLACK LACE GARDEN HAT. This hat is trimmed with a veil of the same, black gros grain ribbon, black lace, a jet agrafe and jet grelots, and a spray of variegated flowers.

Fig. 1.—DOTTED ORGANDY GARDEN HAT.

Fig. 3.—WHITE SWISS MUSLIN GARDEN HAT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 56 and 57.

Fig. 2.—FIGURED ORGANDY GARDEN HAT. FRONT.—[See Fig. 4.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 58 and 59.

Fig. 4.—FIGURED ORGANDY GARDEN HAT.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 58 and 59.

Fig. 5.—FIGURED BLACK LACE GARDEN HAT.

FIGS. 1–5.—LADIES' GARDEN HATS.

IMITATION OF GROUND GLASS.

WINDOWS may be rendered opaque in imitation of ground glass by putting spotted or figured net upon them. The net should be cotton, or what is called bobbin net, not fine, and rather stiff. The pane of plain glass is first covered with the varnish used in diaphanie, after which a piece of the white net is cut to the size and shape of the glass, and covered also with the same varnish on one side. A flat brush is best for putting on the varnish. After a few minutes the net is laid on the glass, the varnished side being placed against it, and when dry the whole is revarnished; it then becomes perfectly hard, and will bear washing as well as ground glass. Care must be taken to keep the net smooth upon the glass, and not allow it to wrinkle, and a little exactitude is required in fitting it closely up to the wood-work.

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PRAISE.

CLOVER blossom, tell me true,
Why was your perfume given to you?

"That all might know," the flower confessed,
"How God blesses the lowliest."

Robin-redbreast, let me hear
Wherefore your voice is so sweet and clear?

"A thankful heart," then whistled he,
"Is the secret of all melody."

Smiling corn field, speak me fair,
How did you come by your yellow hair?

"When the sun gave me kiss after kiss,
What return could I make but this?"

Stars illuming the depth of night,
Where did you borrow your kindly light?

"From the fountain whence all beauty flows
A drop was given to us that glows."

Brooklet, running away in the sun,
Where did you gather your bubbles, each one?

"God's snows and rains have lent unto me
That which I hasten to give to the sea."

Where did you find the colors seven
That paint your picture, rainbow, in heaven?

"When first God said, 'Let light begin,'
These were the colors that entered in."

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SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1873.

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ALL the world is well agreed that one of the most charming things to be found in civilized life is a perfectly dressed woman. She is not only an object of natural beauty, but an object of art as well. To her lovely curves and colors are added flowing draperies and soft contrasts and reliefs; the bloom of her cheek and the snow of her brow may be fine in themselves, but the bloom is brightened and the snow is heightened by the skillful combinations of the toilette, and she is fit to rank with pictures, and the work of artists generally, in proportion as her tints are harmoniously blended and her face-powders well distributed.

Nor is the art of dress a difficult one to any woman living. It was born with EVE; it will die only when EVE'S last daughter returns to dust; for a natural instinct directs every woman toward it, the instinct which furnishes her with her whole armory of offense, and teaches her on whom to use it—the desire to please, and the necessity for conquest.

Womankind, indeed, does its best to reverse that general order of nature which makes the male animal the finer, which gives the splendid plumage to the cock, the bristling mane to the lion; for the decrees of fashion, which, whether emanating from the throne or the workshop, woman has always had a hand in shaping, have at last restricted man to a mere straight line, a shadow; while woman herself—in the amplitude of her multitudinous draperies; in her ruffles and fringes and flounces; in her laces, where a hoar-frost has fallen on a whole floral kingdom; in her jewels, where the sunshine of centuries has crystallized; in her magnificence of hair, that many dead women have abdicated first—is atoning to the female creature of all the animal races for the enforced insignificance of her untold generations. This is nowhere more apparent than at a wedding—where the poor groom seems only a lackey of the occasion, while the bride trails her silk, and is odorous with her orange blossoms, and blooming beneath her veil, till she eclipses in her snowy splendor that of the great white peacock of Oriental courts itself.

Of the fact that the love of dress is inherent in the feminine nature we have seldom met with a more excellent illustration than Mr. DARWIN gives in telling us that the female of the inferior organizations always selects the handsomest and strongest of her lovers; so that to her appreciation of contour and color we really owe it that strength and beauty have been perpetuated in the male line. And if this is true of one class of organizations, we can assume it to be so, in some degree, of another, and accordingly believe that it is due to such facts that woman has been forced, for her own part, to resort to factitious aids, and to call in the mercer and milliner to help her in holding her rival within bounds, through the means of those stern dictates that have robbed him of chapeau and plume and chains and knee-buckles and velvet doublets and slashed sleeves and lace ruffles, and have so reduced him to his lowest terms generally, in which condition we see him to-day.

It may fairly be conceded, then, that the love of dress—that is, of a beautiful appearance—is instinctive with women, and therefore, within its own limits, healthy. Those who have the time and opportunity are able to raise this instinct from its first primitive yearnings, and develop it and gratify it with the appliances that have now reached the science of an art. Doubtless that art is yet no nearer perfection than the human race itself is near perfection. The fearful paints with which the savage woman streaks herself when her lord fails to return from the war-path are only the initial germs of the rose that blooms on the fine lady's cheek in rouge when she goes out on her love-path; and that rouge itself is but a groping after the beauty given by health and righteousness; and when the human race has, in any appreciable measure, approached that perfection which it desires, the fine lady will have learned what course of diet and sleep and exercise, of cleanliness and godliness, will be needful to produce the velvet bloom that no rouge can rival, and that at sixty shall be as fresh, after its own fashion, as at twenty.

We may doubt the declaration, if we choose, that there is to be a music of the future that shall dwindle MOZART and MENDELSSOHN into rude pipings—pipings only less rude than those of TUBAL CAIN; but if, in spite of our doubt, such is to be the consummation of the divine art, we can be assured that there is to be a dress of the future also, which shall be a fit singing-robe for us to wear while joining in that music or while listening to it. And probably we shall arrive at that dress by the same gradual processes by which we arrive at all other improvement; certain it is that we shall not reach it by sitting down contentedly and admiring what we have, with the complacency of an Esquimau in admiring her sealskins. It may be that the Greek woman's flowing lines, her soft wools and linens, will rise again and declare themselves as matchless as all the rest of Greek art is believed to be; it may be that the poet's millennium will some day come, and find us clad with

> "A cap of flowers and a kirtle
> Embroidered all with wreaths of myrtle,
> * * * * * *
> A belt of straw and ivy buds,
> With coral clasps and amber studs."

But whichever reigns at last, we are confident that it will be only because that shall have been found to be the best dress which effort and ingenuity can contrive. It is doubtful, though, if the Greek dress ever gains the ascendency again, for it was the dress of slavery—the dress of a civilization where modest women could not walk unveiled on the public ways with decency; beautiful as its lines and textures were, it had ineradicable defects, and we see it still in kindred and slightly baser shapes among the semi-civilizations of Moor and Turk and Arab, where women are still held in that vile bondage which regards them not as individual souls, but as objects of luxury.

Nor are we by any possibility ever likely to return to the attire of the Middle Ages, with its grotesque barbarities; for, in fact, every generation does away with some superfluity and introduces some necessity, and the old saying that all fashions return once in seven years has only a single shred of truth. For all progress of growth is supposed to be in a spiral form, round and round, but always one step higher; the leaves grow so on the stem, the stars roll so in their orbits, and history in repeating itself always repeats itself on that spiral. Fashions, then, when they recur, it will be observed, recur on a plane higher than when they came before. Just now we stand, as we may say, on the spiral exactly over that of the Watteau period. We have the paniers, the petticoats, the powdered hair, of that time; but, as all can see who examine the paintings which represent that era, with an essential difference of modesty and taste that promises well for the future. One extreme always produces reaction into another, and the two together, as in the resolution of forces in mechanics, produce a medium; and in the application of philosophy to the fashions we may notice that this medium line is always the starting-place for a new departure, the point d'appui of a new flight, which is always a positive advance on what has ever gone before. Of late years we have learned, then, that various shades of the same color may be introduced into a costume, as we see them on almost every flower that blows, all lighter shades radiating from the deep rich heart of the primitive color. Coupled with the discovery and use of so many new tints—which discovery, however, belongs more to science than to fashion—this is a good ascent for one generation to have made; but we have really made a far greater one in determining the length of street dresses, fashion still persisting in rebuking those who would return to the street-sweeping trail.

And with these attained, we may hope for still further advances; but we must remember that they are to be made quite as much through the influence of individual opinion and example as through the power of any central genius for new shapes and combinations. But whatever the future fashions may be, only that woman will be well dressed who follows them just as much as, and no more than, they accent her own style and beauty; who balances the colors of her dress to relieve her complexion; who remembers the color of her eyes when she buys her ribbons; and who understands that neither purple nor fine linen is absolutely necessary to produce a perfectly dressed woman.

THE THOUGHT-QUICKENING PROCESS.

WE often find ourselves looking forward for the result of the next few generations, wishing to know about it, as we wish to know the end of an exciting romance; but never more keenly than when we have seen a school that is kept, as some schools are nowadays, on principles that we can not call new, since they are as old as SOCRATES, but which, be they new or old, evoke all that is brilliant in a child, in the place of those principles of routine, certainly as old as stupidity itself, which can be beaten into any blockhead, and which, in the tiresome iteration of their processes, are enough to make a dunce of any prodigy.

Indeed, if the children that are to follow us do not constitute a race of vast superiority, it will not be the fault of their teaching. Not that we claim to see the germs of future wings already sprouting on the infantile shoulders, or expect our posterity to be armed with tipstaves charged with the magic vril, nor that we wish every child to be as learned as the little five-year-old pedant of our acquaintance who cried at the table because his father was helped to a right angle of pie, while he was condemned to an acute angle; but that we believe the gentle stimulation of this method of instruction so well develops the powers of thought that when the intellect has reached maturity it will be ready at once to work on what it finds, rather than be forced to waste its best years in learning how to utilize its ability.

Take, for instance, the single study of geography as we lately saw it taught. Every one remembers the tears and trouble which that simple and delightful study used to cost, till the memory refused to note any distinction between cape, peninsula, or promontory. But by the system of which we speak all that painful memorizing from statements in language beyond childish comprehension is rendered unnecessary, and the whole thing becomes something as charming as it would be on the field.

The first act of the scholars, for example, is to make a "map"—of a table or a bench—upon the blackboard, or, rather, the teacher makes it, obediently to their instructions. This map is then to be transferred from blackboard to slate. It was easy enough to measure the table by a chalk and string, and order a line of that length to be measured and drawn on the board; but it is a different thing to transfer that line to their slates, and thus learn at once the significance of the "scale." This done at last, though, a map of the school-room is made; then one of the way to school, with the streets and paths diverging from it. From this arises the necessity of knowing the points of the compass—nothing being taught till its need is felt—and the instruction is given in a calisthenic exercise, in which the children are formed in a hollow square, facing outward, and the sides of the square are marched to their respective points till they are understood and remembered, upon which their application to the map on the board is mere play. When sufficient elementary knowledge has thus been acquired, intelligence is called more positively into play, and the children are told, for instance, as one way of doing this, that they may colonize an island. A rough sketch, a sort of land in the distance, being made on the board, every point in the shape of the island is left to be arranged by the children, who are to give reasons for their decisions. Some would have it a smooth plain, such as a hoop could be trundled on all day; some are for mountains and adventures. Mountains carry the day, and determine the nature of the shores. The reason assigned for the choice of mountains is that they are places for mines; iron and copper, if not silver and gold, will be wanted in the colony—mines will afford them; pasturage will be wanted for cattle, too—the mountain-sides will give it; rain will be wanted—the mountain-tops arrest the clouds and produce it; lastly, as the teacher suggests, rivers will be wanted. Shall the rivers flow from the sea into the mountains? Criticism is invited. Who ever heard of water's running up hill? The teacher draws a river, starting nowhere in particular and going any where in general, and requires the pupils to say why it is not right, till they see that nature does nothing at hap-hazard; and rivers, as well as other things, always run from some cause to some end, so that in this island they must rise among the hills in the springs that the rains and vapors make and swell, and then flow downward to their outlet where they feed the sea. And here, if the teacher is able, a digression explains the dead rivers of California and the rivers lost upon the desert. But why do they want rivers at all on the island? For roads, one says; for fishing, says another; to drain the lands; to water them; to turn wheels; to carry merchandise. As voice after voice resounds, a zest springs up, till the scene is as eager, if not as clamorous, as the Gold Room. And what kind of rivers is wanted for these things? is next asked. For carrying merchandise, let us say. A stream full of eddies and rapids that a vessel must skirt and struggle with, or a deep and quiet one that upbuoys the vessel which the wind carries along? And for turning wheels—shall it be a slow and sluggish current, or a swift one full of falls? All these things having been settled, the map of the island drawn in a satisfactory manner, and the colony being supposed to be on the way to it, the teacher asks if it is desirable to plant the colony in the interior or on the sea-shore; and the subject being well weighed, and the opposing reasons given, it is resolved to have it on the sea-shore, on account of the unexplored and uncleared nature of the interior, and from considerations of safety and of accessibility—all of which the children appreciate quite as much as they would the exploits of Hans or the escapes of Gretchen in their story-books. In this method the colony being established, so far as its geographical condition is concerned, it is proposed to send off a second colony to a point farther in the interior. Shall they strike out at a venture? Follow the river, cries one. Follow the river, by all means, and have your way open behind you. But how far?—to the source?—to the falls? To the falls. There they are, to move machinery, to saw lumber, to grind corn; ships can go up no farther; the tide rises no farther. The falls, then, are at the head of tide-water. And thus the imagination is kindled, the intellect is used, and a fact and a series of facts are made alive with meaning—facts which never had any meaning at all before. Sometimes this kind of exercise alternates with one which affords as much pleasure as the old game of "Dr. Busby." This is a game played with cards, evenly distributed, and on the back of each of which is written the name of a town or city, and on the face, in double rows, a statement of the usual imports and exports of the place. Any one can prepare these cards by the help of a school gazetteer. The scholar who begins the game, examining the cards allotted, finds that Rio Janeiro, it may be, has rose-wood and diamonds and tapioca to export, with other tropical staples, and is in sore need of linen for her ladies, cotton goods for her slaves, cordage for her ships, and straightway demands these articles. Liverpool can furnish them, and take Rio Janeiro's goods in payment. If, then, the scholar having the card Liverpool does not immediately cry "Here!" the Rio Janeiro merchant can take that card without further ado. If, however, the possessor of it does cry "Here!" then Rio Janeiro can not take it unless able to give its name—Liverpool. But supposing it taken, the Rio Janeiro merchant then looks at the Liverpool card and sees hardware to spare there, and cutlery and cotton goods; an immense business to be done, in short, in all sorts of exports and imports; and if Monrovia, glistening like the lady in the dentist's chair with gold, gums, and ivory, does not answer at the call for them, or for palm-oil and feathers and spices, then Monrovia also goes to swell the stock of the first merchant. But if, on the contrary, Rio Janeiro, having asked for the Liverpool goods, or for the Monrovian or other, can not give the name of the place furnishing them—Liverpool or Monrovia, or as the case may be—then the Rio Janeiro card is forfeited to the owner of the card with that place on the back, who then proceeds to make exchanges until brought up with some round turn which affords opportunity to the next. Thus a knowledge of the world and its balances and counter-

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balances is gained that books could hardly teach, and that are usually only half learned in the maturer life of the men of business. And by this method of instruction, not alone in one science, but in all, and which a mother or sister can use as well as a public teacher, study becomes amusement, and the thought-producing qualities of the brain are early strengthened and ripened for service.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

RIDING-HABITS AND HATS.

BLACK cloth continues the favorite material for riding-habits, and severe simplicity of trimming is necessary to give them style. The English habit, plain and scant, is the first choice with ladies of taste. Experienced tailors say they can make this close-fitting dress of five and a half yards of cloth, as the skirt should be only fourteen inches longer than the ordinary dress skirt (though something depends on the height of the horse), and the body can be made of pieces sloped out of the gored breadths. These skirts have the right side made longer than the left, in order that it may hang evenly below after the right knee is thrown over the pommel of the saddle. Modistes, however, require six or seven yards of broadcloth, or else the lighter quality known as ladies' cloth. They gore the front and sides, and pleat them to a belt; the back widths are straight and held in French gathers, as pleats would not adjust themselves well in the saddle. These skirts are ordinarily from a yard and a half to a yard and three-quarters long; they measure about three yards and three-quarters in width around the bottom. They are faced with the material about four inches deep, and bits of lead or shot are sometimes put at intervals in the facing to keep the skirt down. The English habit waist has a short square jockey basque, with two or three flat pleats behind, held down by buttons; it is lined with white farmer's satin, and quilted throughout, being very slightly wadded, except where padding is necessary to make a shapely bust. The sleeve is perfectly tight-fitting and without cuffs. A few equestriennes are having oxidized silver buttons on their habits, but the preference is for small button-moulds covered with cloth or else very heavy repped silk. The standing white linen collar and flaring cuffs are fastened by antique silver buttons and brooch in horseshoe shape, or else oblong shields with the wearer's initials cut in. Spotted and striped percale lingerie is also worn with riding-habits. The gloves, of undressed kid, are long-wristed and cut in one piece, without buttons.

Fashionable hatters supply equestriennes with a silk hat with narrow rolling brim, and crown nearly five inches high: the price is $7. Hats as tall as those worn by gentlemen are also seen on lady riders in Central Park. The hair is combed straight up to the crown of the head, and made in a small coil that is entirely concealed by the stove-pipe hat. Sometimes hats for country use have a buckle of oxidized silver on the left side, a small ostrich tip, and a long flowing veil of black grenadine. The Mountaineer hat of black straw will also be worn out of town. This has a tall steeple crown, with narrow brim on the right side, while the left is turned up high against the crown. A long black ostrich plume sweeps around the crown.

REDINGOTES.

The redingote becomes daily more like the French great-coat, after which it is named. A new fancy about to be introduced by men dressmakers is to face the redingote front down the inside, turn it backward, and let the garment fall open its entire length, just as gentlemen wear their spring overcoats. Another masculine model will have a double-breasted vest introduced, and a third will have the lower edges of the fronts turned up high in three-cornered revers in Watteau style. The original redingote, however, and that which meets the greatest favor at present, is the loose front double-breasted polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 23, Vol. VI. The newest among these are of East India goods called bamboo cloth, a light washing fabric made of bamboo fibres, and resembling écru linen, but far cooler, as it is very loosely woven. Such redingotes have pearl buttons and self trimming, and are to be worn with a black silk skirt and sash. The garment costs $35. A parasol of this material is deeply fringed, lined with colored silk, and has a bamboo stick: price $12. Plain linen redingotes cost $7 50 ready-made. Sea-side redingotes are made of dark navy blue flannel, faced with white cassimere, and embroidered in two shades of blue in nautical designs of chains, stars, anchors, etc., mingled with wreaths and vines. A mountaineer redingote is of green cloth, on which Alpine horns are wrought: an umbrella with a substantial staff accompanies this. Camel's-hair cloth and English water-proof are also used for sea-side and tourists' redingotes. Blue, brown, and green are the colors.

WATERING-PLACE COSTUMES.

For the watering-places are polonaises made entirely of stripes of bronze on black velvet, alternating with écru yak insertion. The back is caught up by a sash of double-faced satin, black and écru. Price $225. Sleeveless jackets of black guipure insertion, with velvet or else moiré stripes, and richly dotted with jet, are sold to be worn over black and colored silk dresses. Pink or blue watered ribbon bows brighten these jackets, and make them correspond with the dresses with which they are worn. Price $60 upward. Evening mantles are white Sicilienne Dolmans, wrought with seed-pearls and elaborately fringed.

ÉCRU LINEN FANCY-WORK.

Ladies going out of town for the summer take with them the simple and pretty new linen-work for whiling away rainy days and other time spent in-doors. This is merely écru linen stamped with an arabesque braiding pattern, and instead of being braided, the design is button-hole stitched with silk or linen of the same shade, or else white, and the interstices are cut out, leaving a most effective open-work, or appliqué, which is brought into relief by being placed over blue, green, or rose-colored silk or satin. Cushion and sofa-pillow covers are made in this way, also lamp-mats, toilette sets, chair seats with a middle stripe for the back, lambrequins for brackets and mantels, and borders for tables.

POINT RUSSE.

Point Russe is the favorite embroidery for summer idlers, as it is so simple—being merely "back-stitching"—that it will not divert attention from morning flirtations on the piazza. Pale drab and leather-colored cloths are used, and wrought with delicate colors of silk in imitation of antique embroidery. Cushion covers, lambrequin drapery, shields mounted for shaving-paper stands, and seats for small chairs, are ornamented in this way. Chair seats, commenced, with materials for finishing, cost $10 or $11. Stripes for the backs of chairs have monograms designed upon them.

BRAID LACE, ETC.

At the fancy stores boxes of braid lace containing designs for making half a dozen squares of lace, with the necessary braid and linen thread, cost $3 50. Wrought guipure net squares are shown for cushion covers and for tidies. Rows of guipure squares, intended as transparents for chair stripes, cost from $10 to $18. Fayal mats as fine as spider-webs, made by nuns in convents, are for toilette mats and various purposes. The lace mat costs 85 cents. Linen Java canvas, embroidered in double cross stitch, is made into various pretty things for the toilette and bedroom. White Marseilles slipper cases and night-dress bags already made, with various pockets, are shown with leaf and vine patterns for braiding traced upon them, to be done in scarlet or blue braid by the purchaser. Slipper cases cost $2 50.

BABIES' AFGHANS.

New afghans for babies' carriages are made of white cloth and blue or pink satin in alternating stripes. The cloth is embroidered in point Russe stitch, the satin is quilted, and the lining is white merino. The cost is about $36. Others are of California flannel, snowy white, soft, and as thick as if tufted. A wide fringe of blue worsted is tied on the edge, and a large monogram, or else the word "Baby," is wrought in the centre in blue forget-me-nots and pink rose-buds. Price $15. A light afghan for summer use is made of Java linen, with "Baby" embroidered in scarlet wool. This will wash well, and costs $15. Begun, with materials furnished for completing it, the price is $6 or $7.

PHAETON ROBES.

Pretty summer afghans for ladies' basket phaetons are made of squares of guipure alternating with squares of embroidered linen, and edged with guipure lace. The lining is of colored silk, linen, or percale. Other robes are of gray cloth, bound with blue velvet, and ornamented in the centre with an appliqué blue velvet monogram from eighteen to twenty-four inches square: price $28 to $30. Simpler cloth robes of pale gray are faced with blue merino, and have an appliqué merino ornament in the middle: these cost from $14 to $16. The coolest lap robes for carriages are of thick white or écru linen, bound with colored braid, and a braided monogram for ornament: price from $12 to $15.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

The regular roundabout jacket, double-breasted and without pleats behind, is revived for boys of from six to ten years. They are fashionably made in dark blue cloth, with mohair braid *à la militaire* across the front, and with knee pantaloons of the same. This jacket dispenses with the vest which boys are proud to wear, yet find so warm in summer. Price $24. White ducking, striped drillings, and satin jean are the wash materials for boys' suits. White suits cost from $6 to $12; suits of drilling, from $4 to $8. For tiny boys just in trowsers there are very simple well-made suits of thick gray and brown linen, having only a loose jacket, short and jaunty, fastened with pearl buttons; plain untrimmed knee pantaloons. These suits cost $4 50 or $5. Shirt waists of linen for the little fellows have blue lines down each side of the box-pleat in front and on the large sailor collar: price $2 25.

BOYS' HATS.

Dressy hats for little boys are white straw, with round high crown and upturned brim; the edge is widely bound with light blue ribbon; there is also a band, and a half rosette with two ends turned upward: price $4. Larger boys wear the same shape in fine Milan braid, trimmed with darkest Napoleon blue ribbon band and binding. High stiff-crowned straw hats are also very fashionable: price $2 50. New sailor hats for boys have the brim curled, and not bound, but partly faced underneath with blue ribbon: they cost $4. Soft, rough-looking Mackinaw straws cost $2 50. A novelty is a soft Mackinaw hat with large round crown and dish brim—that is, turned down. It has a brown, blue, or black band, but no binding. The price is $2 50. Wide-brimmed sun-hats of imitation Leghorn cost $1 to $1 50.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; A. SELIG; and D. D. YOUMANS & Co.

PERSONAL.

WHEN CHARLES DICKENS was in Richmond in 1842 he was requested by an American friend to write an epitaph for an infant son of Mr. THORNTON, of that city. He was unable at the moment to comply with the request, but evinced the kindliness of his nature by sending the following notes, which, with the epitaph, are now first published:

"BALTIMORE, *Twenty-third March*, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your note was brought up to my chamber at Richmond two hours after I had gone to bed. I will cheerfully comply with the request of the little child's parents. I will think of the subject as I go to Pittsburg, and send you his too early epitaph (which should be very short and simple) from that place. In haste,

"Faithfully yours,
(Signed) "CHARLES DICKENS."

"CINCINNATI, OHIO, *Fourth April*, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have not been unmindful of your request for a moment, but have not been able to think of it until now. I hope my good friends (for whose Christian names I have left blanks in the epitaph) may like what I have written, and that they will take comfort and be happy again. I sail on the seventh of June, and purpose being at the Carlton House, New York, about the first. It will make me easy to know that this letter has reached you.

"Faithfully yours,
(Signed) "CHARLES DICKENS.
"Dr. F. H. DEANE."

This is the Grave
of
A little Child,
whom God in his goodness
called to a bright Eternity
when he was very young.
Hard as it is
for human affection
to reconcile itself
to Death
in any shape
(and most of all, perhaps,
at first,
in this),
His Parents
can even now believe
that it will be a consolation to them
throughout their lives,
and when they shall have grown old
and gray,
always to think of him
as a Child
in Heaven.

"And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them."

He was the son of A. and M. THORNTON,
christened CHARLES IRVING.

He was born on the 20th day of January, 1841, and he died on the 12th day of March, 1842—having lived only thirteen months and nineteen days.

—THOMAS W. DOBBIE is the name of the bright young lad who has won the appointment of cadet at West Point from the district represented by Hon. D. B. MELLISH, of this city. There were eight competitors from the public schools. He is very alert in his movements, and during the examination was careful to understand clearly the question before answering.

—The exact ailment of the Pope has at last been officially announced. It is cerebro-spinal exhaustion, the result of liability to epileptoid seizures, with paroxysms of coughing due to subacute bronchitis, and indications of locomotor ataxy. Now we know precisely what it is.

—Miss MARY CARPENTER, who comes from over sea to aid in diffusing better notions of discipline and reform in our correctional institutions, has been received with much cordiality, and has gone straight at the work she had in hand. She says that the ticket-of-leave system so successfully carried on by Sir WALTER CROFTON was a good thing, and tended greatly to reform convicts; that criminals must have inducements to avoid crime, and be convinced of the danger of pursuing it. They have numerous societies in England to aid in this work. No convict prison could any more clear a country of crime than a hospital could prevent disease.

—The Earl of Leicester, a special favorite of Queen VICTORIA, has received the insignia of the Order of the Garter. His father, "COKE of Norfolk," was the greatest agriculturist in England, and lived to be ninety. When seventy he married a second time, his bride being younger than his granddaughter, and had six children, of whom the present Lord LEICESTER is one. He, like his father, is devoted to country life, and up to a recent date had never taken his seat in the House of Lords, although a peer from boyhood. In common with Lord PORTMAN, lately raised to a viscounty, he has been of great service in the management of the Prince of Wales's Duchy of Cornwall. Lord LEICESTER'S property is reputed worth a clear £50,000 a year, and his seat, Holkham, is surpassed by few. Inscribed on its walls are the words: "This seat, on an open, barren estate, was planned, planted, built, decorated, and inhabited, in the middle of the eighteenth century, by THOMAS COKE, Earl of Leicester"—who was the maternal great-uncle of the new K.G.

—Prince ADALBERT, of Prussia, who died recently, married, in 1851, THERESE ELLSLER, sister of the noted danseuse, FANNY ELLSLER. THERESE was a woman of great strength and magnificent proportions, and used to support her sister in her most difficult poses. She was ennobled by the King of Prussia, who conferred on her the title of Baroness von Barnim.

—Major WELLS J. HAWKS, who died recently in Virginia, though born in Massachusetts, had for thirty years lived in Virginia. At the commencement of the rebellion he entered the Confederate service, and became commissary of Stonewall JACKSON'S corps. It will be remembered that just before the death of General JACKSON he was heard to say, quickly, "A. P. HILL, prepare for action; tell Major HAWKS to send forward provisions for the troops."

—When General SHERIDAN was at the gory reunion at Indianapolis a few weeks ago, he narrated, with the humor and dramatic effect for which he is becoming noted, the following right nice anecdote, in which a lady played the most conspicuous part: "There has been a great deal said of the battle of Winchester, a little affair in which I had a hand. Well, it was a pretty square fight; but do you know that battle was fought on the strength of information which I obtained from a young lady in the town of Winchester; and if the rebels had known she was giving it to me, they would have hung her in a minute. I was very anxious to get information of the rebel strength and movements, so as to know just when and where to strike them, but I did not know how to get it. Finally, I heard of a Union young lady in Winchester who could be relied on if I could get word to her. Her name was Miss WRIGHT. I think she is in the Treasury Department at Washington now. But the trouble was to communicate with her. One day I heard of an old colored man, living outside of my lines, who had a pass to go into Winchester to sell vegetables. I sent for the old man, and on talking with him found him loyal, as all the colored folks were, you know. Finding he could keep a secret, I asked him if he would undertake to deliver a letter to a young lady in Winchester. The old fellow said he would; so I wrote a letter on thin tissue-paper, and rolled it up in tin-foil. It made a ball about as big as the end of your thumb, and I told the old man to put it in his mouth, and deliver it to Miss WRIGHT, in Winchester. He went off, and in about two days came back with an answer rolled up in the same piece of tin-foil. I found I had struck a mighty good lead, and I followed it carefully till I got all the information I wanted. The girl gave me more important information than I got from all other sources, and I planned the battle of Winchester almost entirely on what I got from her. She was a nice girl, and true as steel."

—Governor BEVERIDGE, of Illinois, has appointed Miss FRANCES E. WILLARD, president of the Evanston College for Ladies, a commissioner from the State of Illinois to the "Woman's Centennial Jubilee," to be held in Philadelphia in July, 1876.

—Bishop VAIL, of Kansas, Bishop LEE, of Delaware, and Dr. PADDOCK, bishop elect of Massachusetts, are natives of Norwich, Connecticut. A great many good men come from there or thereabouts.

—Dr. VON DÖLLINGER has been appointed president of the Bavarian Academy of Science, and conservator-general of scientific museums, in place of Baron LIEBIG, deceased. It is one of those nice, soft places which royalty now and then places at the disposal of men who have found no royal road to learning.

—Queen VICTORIA is in possession of a curious needle. It was made at the celebrated factory at Redditch, and represents the Column of Trajan in miniature. This well-known Roman column is adorned with scenes in sculpture immortalizing TRAJAN'S exploits in war. On this diminutive needle scenes in the life of Queen VICTORIA are represented in relief, but so small and finely cut as to require a magnifying-glass to see them. The Victoria needle can moreover be opened; it contains more needles, adorned with scenes in relief.

—The poor of Vienna like Lord ODO RUSSELL, the British embassador. He has on several occasions distributed money and food to the sick and needy, and quite recently all the hospitals were dressed with flowers at his order and expense.

—In 1864 Prince FREDERICK, uncle of Duke FREDERICK, who took the title of FREDERICK VIII., as pretender to the ducal crown of Schleswig-Holstein, married Miss MARY ESTHER LEE, daughter of DAVID LEE, a wealthy man of this city. Prince FREDERICK was then over sixty, and a widower. It was his intention to confer his rank and title on his bride, but some legal technicality prevented. A short time, however, before his second marriage the Emperor of Austria had made him Prince of Noer; so his wife became Princess of Noer, but his relatives would not acknowledge her as Princess of Schleswig-Holstein. So she has lodged a complaint in the highest court of the kingdom, at Copenhagen, against the King to compel him to recognize her as a connection of the royal family.

—Lord SELBORNE, High Chancellor of England, is a very religious man, and has for many years been a Sunday-school teacher. In a speech recently delivered to the villagers of Selborne on entering his new family mansion he said: "Depend upon it, there will always be high and low, rich and poor. We can not get rid of those differences; but we should remember that the true source of happiness is within us, and not without. It is not in the possession of more or less of worldly advantages that happiness depends; it is in the heart, and in the relations of the heart to God and man. I do not agree with some of my friends who in private letters say it may be presumed that I have now reached the highest point of my ambition. That is not so at all. My ambition is not high place. My ambition is, if it be possible, to do some good in the position to which I am called, and if I can not do good in that position, I would rather leave it and try some other. For we must all remember that there is, after all, one other final step which all of us have to take, and which, if it lead to the very lowest place in our Master's kingdom, will be an advancement and promotion inexpressibly greater than any that we could receive on earth; whereas, if it lead to no place there, all other honors will be of no avail." Lord SELBORNE has made it the rule of his life, even when a law-officer of the crown, never to do any work on Sundays.

—Lord HOUGHTON has published a pleasant book entitled *Monographs*, in which he gives the raciest possible sketches of many notable people whom he has met. His lordship is perhaps better known as Mr. RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, whom, some twenty-four years ago, Mr. DISRAELI, in *Tancred*, described as Mr. Vavasour, "a social favorite;" "a poet, and a real poet, quite a troubadour, as well as a member of Parliament; traveled, sweet-tempered, and good-hearted; very amusing, and very clever. With catholic sympathies and an eclectic turn of mind, Mr. Vavasour saw something good in every body and every thing.... Vavasour liked to know every body who was known, and to see every thing which ought to be seen. His life was a gyration of energetic curiosity, an insatiable whirl of social celebrity. There was not a congregation of sages and philosophers in any part of Europe which he did not attend as a brother. He was present at the camp of Kalisch in his yeomanry uniform, and assisted at the festivals of Barcelona in an Andalusian jacket. He was every where and at every thing; he had gone down in a diving-bell and up in a balloon. As for his acquaintances, he was welcomed in every land; his universal sympathies seemed omnipotent. Emperor and king, Jacobin and Carbonari, alike cherished him. He was the steward of Polish balls, and the vindicator of Russian humanity; he dined with LOUIS PHILIPPE, and gave dinners to LOUIS BLANC." The London papers pronounce it one of the cleverest books of the season, and society is quite in a rave about it.

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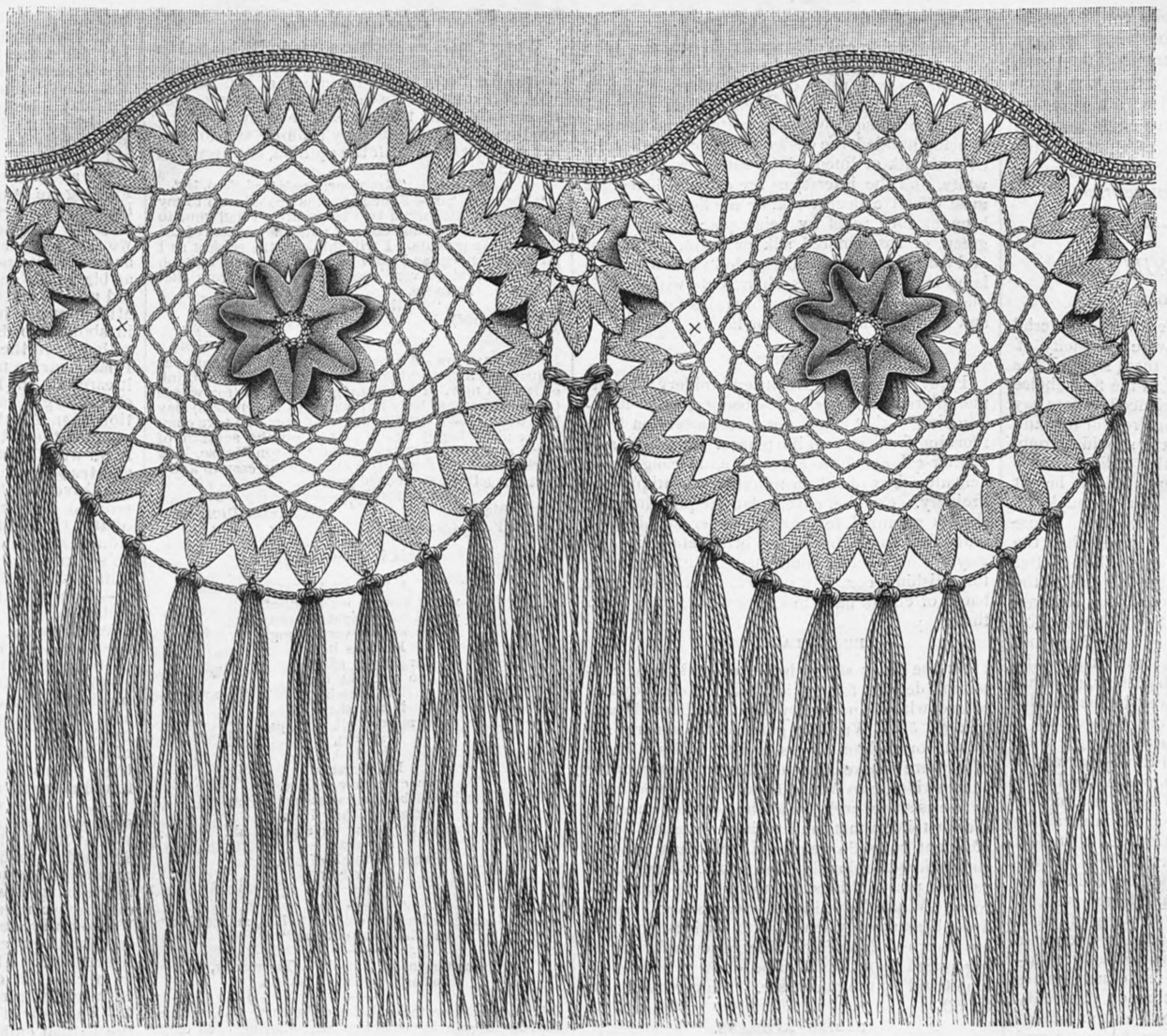
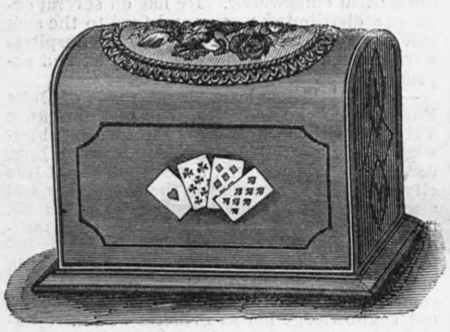
Serpentine Braid and Crochet Fringe for Curtains, Bed Spreads, etc.

THIS fringe is worked with white linen serpentine braid half an inch wide and with white crochet cotton, No. 30. First work the separate rosette inside of a scallop in the following manner: For the outer circle of the rosette of serpentine braid cut a piece of braid ten points in length, sew the two end points on each other, so that a circle of nine points is formed, and work on one side of the braid 1 sc. (single crochet) on each point and 2 ch. (chain stitch) after every sc. The inner circle of serpentine braid (consisting of seven points) is worked in a similar manner, in connection with the first circle, however, laying it on the middle of the latter; and in working each sc. surround 1 st. (stitch) of the crochet edge inside of the first circle, and after each sc. work 1 ch. only. Cut off the thread and fasten it. On the outer edge crochet five rounds as follows: 1st round.—On the extremity of each point in the outer circle of the rosette work 1 sc., then always 5 ch., 1 dc. (double crochet) in the hollow between every two points, 5 ch.; at the end of the round 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the first sc. of this round. 2d round.—3 sl. on the first 3 ch. in the preceding round, then always alternately 5 ch., 1 sc. on the middle st. of each ch. scallop in the preceding round. 3d round.—3 sl. on the first 3 ch. in the preceding round, then always alternately 7 ch., 1 sc. on the middle st. of each ch. scallop of the preceding round. 4th round.—4 sl. on the first 4 ch. of the preceding round, then always alternately 9 ch., 1 sc. on the middle st. of each ch. scallop. Arrange two new rows of braid in curves, each curve counting 18 points on the upper edge and 20 points on the under edge, till the pattern is repeated, and in the next round join these rows with the work, observing the illustration. 5th round.—5 sl. on the first 5 ch. of the preceding round, * 4 ch., 1 sc. on the point marked × in the first row of the braid (see illustration), 4 ch., 1 sc. on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop in the preceding round, 4 ch., 1 sc. on the next point of the braid, 4 ch., 1 sc. on the middle st. of the same ch. scallop in the preceding round on which 1 sc. has already been worked, 4 ch., 1 sc. on the next point of the braid, 4 ch., 1 sc. on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop of the preceding round. Repeat eight times from *, as shown by the illustration, but in beginning the fifth repetition from * work the first sc. after the 4 ch. on the 18th point of the second row of braid. Fasten the last sc. of this round to the last of the 4 sl. which were worked first in this round. Cut off the thread and fasten it. The middle four of the ten points of both rows of braid which were left unnoticed at the beginning of the border (and



SERPENTINE BRAID AND CROCHET FRINGE FOR CURTAINS, BED SPREADS, ETC.



CASE FOR PLAYING-CARDS.

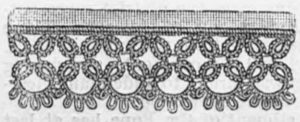
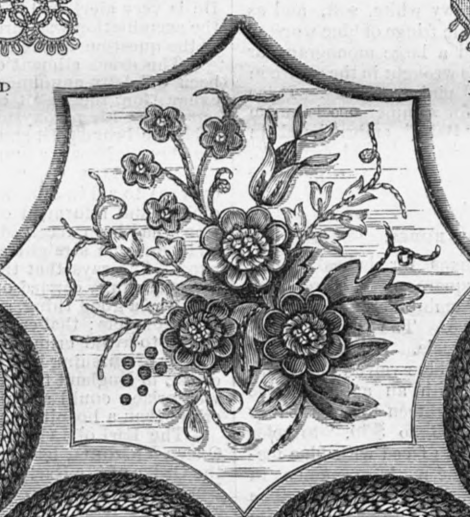


Fig. 2.—TATTED EDGING FOR COLLAR. FULL SIZE.



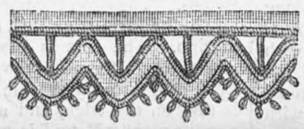
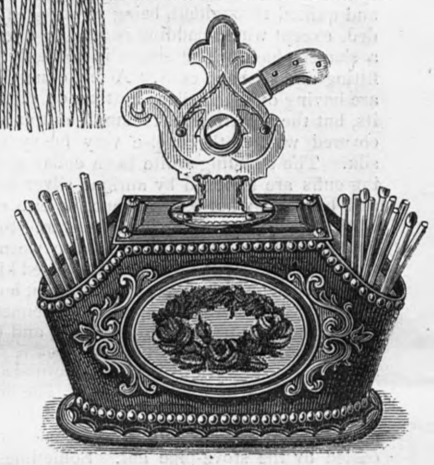


Fig. 2.—GUIPURE EDGING FOR COLLAR.—FULL SIZE.



MATCH-SAFE.

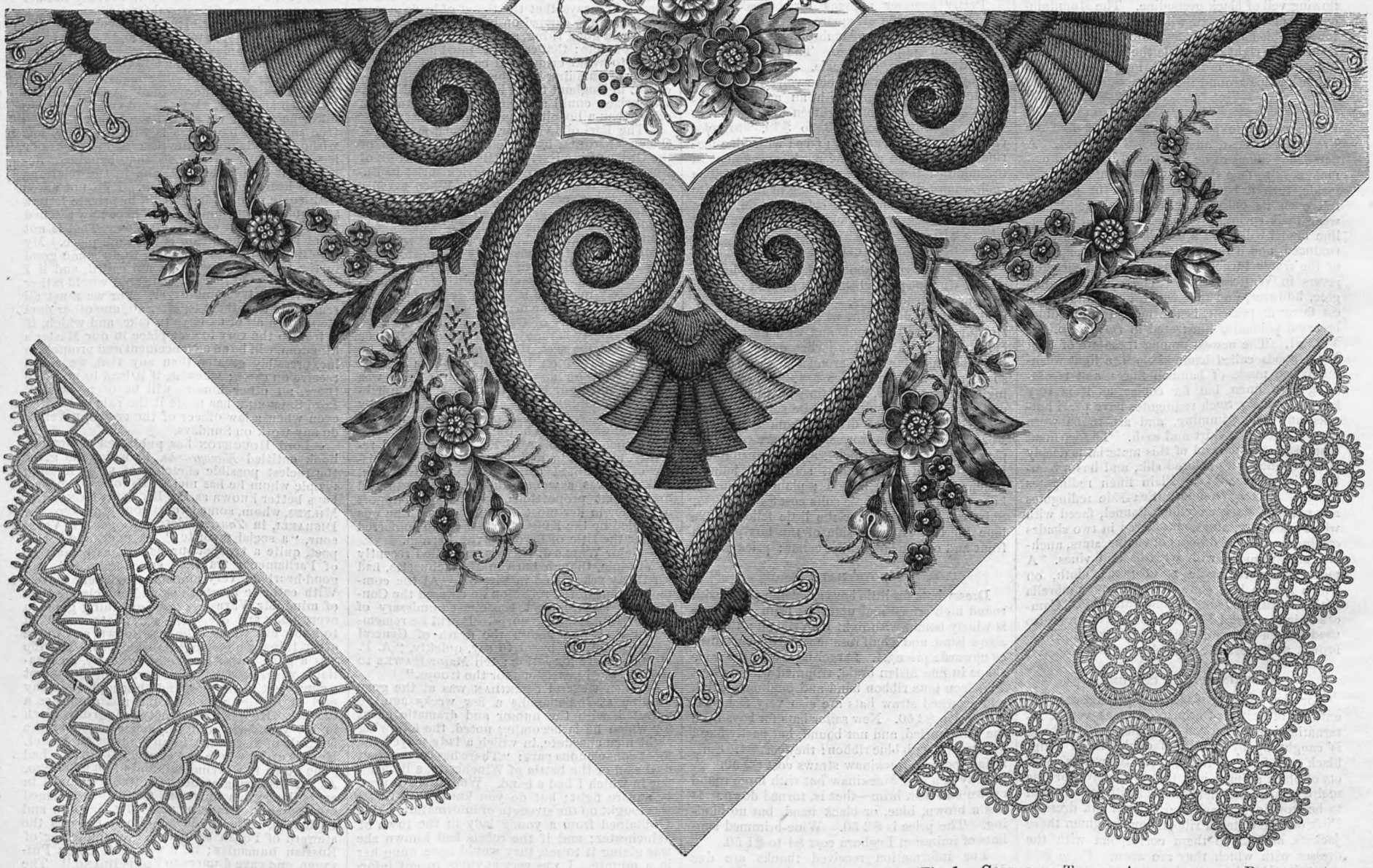


Fig. 1.—COLLAR IN GUIPURE EMBROIDERY.—FULL SIZE. [See Fig. 2.]

COVER FOR SOFA-PILLOW.—RAISED AND SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 1.—COLLAR IN TATTED APPLICATION ON BATISTE. FULL SIZE.—[See Fig. 2.]

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hereafter always between two scallops), and which cross each other twice and overlap, are always joined in a ring, as shown by the illustration. Having worked the border thus far of the requisite length, edge it on the bottom with one round of always alternately 1 sc. on each point, then 7 ch. Then knot in the fringe strands of fine cotton as shown by the illustration. Edge the border on the upper edge with two rounds as follows: 1st round.—∗ 1 sc. on the middle point in the hollow between 2 scallops, 2 ch., 1 dc. in the hollow between the next 2 points of the braid, 2 ch., 1 dc. on the next 2 points as shown by the illustration, 2 ch., 1 stc. (short treble crochet) in the next hollow between 2 points, 2 ch., eight times alternately 1 sc. on the next point, 3 ch., 1 dc. in the following hollow, 3 ch.; then 1 sc. on the next point, 2 ch., 1 stc. in the next hollow, 2 ch., 1 dc. on the next 2 points, as shown by the illustration, 2 ch., 1 dc. in the next hollow, 2 ch. Repeat from ∗. 2d round.—On each st. of the preceding round 1 sc. Button-hole stitch the fringe border to the material which it is to trim.

Fig. 1.—SACQUE FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD. FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 41-49.

Fig. 2.—LACE AND GROS GRAIN FRAISE.

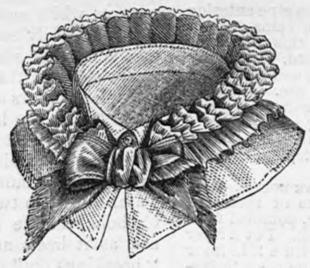

Fig. 1.—LINEN COLLAR WITH FAILLE AND CRÊPE LISSE FRAISE.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 61 and 62.

Fig. 3.—LACE AND CRÊPE DE CHINE FRAISE.

Fig. 4.—LACE AND RIBBON FRAISE.

Fraises, Figs. 1-4.

THE fraises or frills shown by Figs. 1-4 are designed to be worn with a linen collar, in the manner described by Madame Emmeline Raymond in her Paris letter in our last number. Fig. 1 shows a fraise with the collar underneath.

Fig. 1.—LINEN COLLAR AND FAILLE AND CRÊPE LISSE FRAISE. The collar, the corners of which are slightly turned down on the outside, is set on a muslin chemisette. The chemisette and collar are cut from Figs. 61 and 62, Supplement. For the fraise make of double light blue faille a pleated ruffle an inch and seven-eighths wide, sloped off toward the ends to a width of an inch and a quarter; lay the ruffle in double box-pleats in the middle of the back, and in single box-pleats toward the ends; then make of double crêpe lisse a ruffle two inches and a quarter wide, and sloped off toward the ends to a width of an inch and a half. Set these two ruffles together into a narrow double binding, edged on the under edge with a box-pleated crêpe lisse ruffle an inch and a quarter wide. The seam of this ruffle is covered with a roll of faille half an inch wide. On each end of the fraise fasten a piece of bias faille two inches and seven-eighths wide and fourteen inches and a half long. These ends are tied in a bow in adjusting the fraise.

Fig. 1.—SACQUE FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD. FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 50-55.

Fig. 2.—SACQUE FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 50-55.

Fig. 2.—SACQUE FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 41-49.

Fig. 1.—SACQUE FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.—FRONT. [See Fig. 2.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 26-29.

Fig. 2.—SACQUE FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 26-29.

Fig. 2.—LACE AND GROS GRAIN FRAISE. This fraise consists of a bias binding of pale green gros grain an inch wide and sixteen inches long, which is joined on the upper edge with a box-pleated tulle ruffle three-quarters of an inch wide, trimmed with lace half an inch wide. The front of the fraise is furnished with a jabot, which is arranged of box-pleated gros grain strips and gathered lace an inch and seven-eighths wide, on a net foundation, as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 3.—LACE AND CRÊPE DE CHINE FRAISE. This fraise is made of gathered white lace an inch and an inch and seven-eighths wide, and red crêpe de Chine. The illustration plainly shows how to arrange the fraise.

Fig. 4.—LACE AND RIBBON FRAISE. For this fraise cut of Swiss muslin a straight strip seven-eighths of an inch wide and sixteen inches long, and edge it on both sides with double box-pleated lace an inch wide. The seam of this lace is covered with blue silk ribbon an inch and a quarter wide, the ends of which project twenty-nine inches and three-quarters long each, and are tied in a bow in adjusting the fraise. In the middle of the front of the fraise set a bow of blue silk ribbon and a small spray of flowers.

Box for Playing-Cards.

See illustration on p. 420.

THIS box with overlapping lid is made of pasteboard covered with Russia leather. The inside of the box is divided into four shelves, which are designed to hold the different games. The lid is ornamented on the upper side with a medallion of gray silk, which is embroidered with chenille of various colors (see medallion Fig. 2 on this page), and in the front with small porcelain cards, as shown by the illustration.

Match-Safe.

See illustration on page 420.

THIS match-safe is made of pasteboard, covered with velvet, and ornamented with oxidized metal. The front is ornamented with a medallion, which is worked on a foundation of white silk gauze in dovetailed satin stitch and point Russe with chenille of various colors. Figs. 1 and 2, on this page, show two designs suitable for the medallion. The case is furnished on the top with an apparatus of yellow metal for cutting off the points of cigars. The sections for holding matches are covered on the inside with silver paper.

Fig. 1.—MEDALLION IN CHENILLE EMBROIDERY.—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 2.—MEDALLION IN CHENILLE EMBROIDERY.—FULL SIZE.

Corner and Edging of Collar in Tatting Application on Batiste, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on p. 420.

FOR each corner work, first, the requisite number of rosettes in tatting, using tatting cotton, No. 80, with two threads (shuttles), as follows: 1st round.—With one thread only work one of the four-leaved figures, which consists of four leaflets close together, each leaflet counting 6 ds. (double stitch—that is, one stitch left, one stitch right), 1 p. (picot), 6 ds.; having finished the four leaflets of the figure, cut off the thread and tie the beginning and end of the thread together, so that the figure is closed tightly. 2d round.—Tie both working threads together, and work, first, with one thread only, one ring of ∗ 6 ds., fasten to the p. of a leaflet in the first round, 6 ds.; turn the work, then work on the foundation thread one scallop of 2 ds., five times alternately 1 p., 2 ds.; turn the work, one ring, one scallop, and one ring more like the preceding, fastening the rings to the same p. to which the first ring was fastened. Repeat three times from ∗, but in each repetition from ∗ fasten the rings to the next following leaflet in the first round. Finally, cut off the threads and fasten them. Fasten the following rosettes always to those worked previously, observing the illustration. Button-hole stitch the rosettes on a piece of batiste of the requisite size, and cut away the material underneath the rosettes. Set the finished corners of the collar into a double batiste binding an inch wide; border the free upper edge of the binding with tatted edging (see Fig. 2) worked in the following manner: 1st round.—With one thread only one ring of 6 ds., 1 p., 6 ds.; ∗ after a thread interval of a quarter of an inch work one ring like the preceding, but instead of forming the p., fasten to the p. of the preceding ring; close to this again one ring like the first. Repeat from ∗. 2d round.—Tie both threads to the beginning of the first round, and work on the foundation thread one scallop of 2 ds., five times alternately 1 p., 2 ds.; ∗ turn the work, with the working thread only work one ring of 6 ds., fasten to the p. of the first leaflet in the preceding round, 6 ds.; turn the work, one scallop like that described before; turn the work, one ring like the preceding, fasten to the same p. that the first ring was fastened to. Repeat from ∗, but in each repetition from ∗ fasten the rings to the next following p. of the first round.

Fig. 1.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 9-17.

Fig. 1.—FROCK FOR BOY FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 18-25.

Fig. 2.—FROCK FOR BOY FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 18-25.

Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 9-17.

Medallions in Chenille Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE medallions are suitable for ornamenting memorandum-books, visiting-card cases, match-safes, etc. They are worked on a foundation of silk or silk gauze in satin stitch and point Russe with chenille of various colors. The medallion Fig. 2 is seen on the box for playing-cards, and Fig. 1 on the match-safe, illustrated on page 420.

Cover for Sofa-Pillow.

See illustration on page 420.

THE foundation of this embroidery is of light gray cloth, on the middle of which is applied a piece of white cloth as

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shown by the illustration. The flowers of the raised parts are cut of red, white, and blue cloth, and the leaves of green cloth in several shades; the leaves are furnished with half-polka stitch veins of green silk. Sew the flowers and leaves on the foundation raised, as shown by the illustration, and join them with stems and vines, which are worked partly in half-polka stitch, partly in herring-bone stitch, with green and brown silk. The calyxes of several flowers are worked in satin stitch with green silk, and the filaments of the flowers in knotted stitch with yellow silk. For the arabesque figures sew on fine silk cord in four shades of gray, with long stitches of silk of the same color; the remaining figures of the design are worked in button-hole, satin, and half-polka stitch with gray silk of several shades.

Corner and Edging of Collar in Guipure Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 420.

BOTH corner and edging are worked on fine linen in guipure embroidery. To work the embroidery transfer the design to the linen, and baste the latter on a foundation of enameled cloth. Stretch the threads as shown by the illustration, and cover them with button-hole stitches of fine white cotton, at the same time working a picot each at the corresponding points. Border the design figures with button-hole stitches, and cut away the material underneath the stretched threads. After finishing the embroidery, set the corners and edging on a linen binding seven-eighths of an inch wide.

PRACTICAL HINTS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

BY CATHERINE E. BEECHER.

IN most books of recipes there are several different ones for corning, for curing pork hams, and for other uses, while an inexperienced person is at a loss to know which is best. The recipes here given are decided to be *the best*, after an examination of quite a variety, by the writer, who has resided where they were used, and she knows that the very best results are secured by these directions. These also are pronounced the best by business men of large experience.

The gentleman who uses the following recipe for curing pork hams says it has these advantages over all others he has tried or heard of, viz., the hams thus cured are sweeter than by any other method, they are more solid and tender, and are cured in less than half the time. Moreover, they do not attract flies so much as other methods.

RECIPE FOR MOLASSES-CURED HAMS.—Moisten every part of the ham with molasses, and then for every hundred pounds use one quart of fine salt and four ounces of saltpetre, rubbing them in very thoroughly in every point. Then put the hams thus prepared in a tight cask for four days. Then rub again with molasses and one quart of salt, and return the hams to the cask for four days. Repeat this the third and the fourth time, and then smoke the hams. This process takes only sixteen days, while other methods require five or six weeks.

The following is the best recipe for the ordinary mode of curing hams, and the brine or pickle thus prepared is equally good for corning and all other purposes for which brine is used. Some persons use saleratus instead of the saltpetre, and others use half and half of each, and say it is an improvement.

THE BEST RECIPE FOR BRINE OR PICKLE FOR CORNING HAMS, BEEF, PORK, AND HUNG BEEF.—Four gallons of water; two pounds of rock-salt, and a little more of any other kind; two ounces of saltpetre; one quart of molasses. Mix, but do not boil. Put the hams in a barrel and pour this over them, and keep them covered with it for six weeks. If more brine is needed, make it in the same proportions.

BRINE FOR BEEF, PORK, TONGUES, AND HUNG BEEF.—Four gallons of water; one and a half pounds of sugar; one ounce of saltpetre; one ounce of saleratus. Add salt; and if it is for use only a month or two, use six pounds of salt; if for all the year, use *nine* pounds. In hot weather rub the meat with salt before putting it in, and let it lie in it for three hours to extract the blood. When tongues and hung beef are taken out, wash the pieces, and when smoked put them in paper bags, and hang in a dry place. In very hot weather rub the meat well with salt before it is put in the pickle, and let it lie three hours for the bloody portion to run out. Too much saltpetre is injurious.

BRINE BY MEASURE, EASILY MADE.—One gallon of cold water; one quart of rock-salt, and two of blown salt; one heaping table-spoonful of saltpetre (or half as much of saleratus with half a table-spoonful of saltpetre); six heaping table-spoonfuls of brown sugar. Mix, but not boil. Keep it as long as salt remains undissolved at bottom. When scum rises, add more salt, sugar, saltpetre, and soda.

The above drawing is some guide for a family smoke-house. It may be set on the ground without a stove, and a slow smouldering fire kept on the ground. A stove of sheet-iron, with a slide to regulate so as to make a slow draft, those who have tried it say is best when managed aright, not otherwise.

DIRECTIONS FOR SMOKING HAMS.—Make a small building of boards, nailing strips over the cracks to confine the smoke. Have within cross sticks on which to hang the hams. Have only one opening at top, and one in the middle of the floor. Set it up so high that a small stove can be set under it, with the smoke-pipe entering the floor. Change the position of the hams once or twice, that all are treated alike. When this can not be done, use an inverted barrel or hogshead, with a hole in the bottom for the smoke to escape, and resting on stones, and keep a small smouldering fire. Cobs are best, as giving a better flavor, and brands or chips of walnut wood are next best. Keeping a small fire a longer time is better than quicker smoking, as too much heat gives the hams a strong taste, and they are less sweet.

TO SALT DOWN BEEF TO KEEP THE YEAR ROUND.—One hundred pounds of beef; four quarts of rock-salt, pounded fine; four ounces of saltpetre, pounded fine; four pounds of brown sugar. Mix well. Put a layer of meat on the bottom of the barrel, with a thin layer of this mixture under it. Then pack the meat in layers, and between each put equal proportions of this mixture, allowing a little more to the top layers. Then pour in brine till the barrel is full.

TO SALT DOWN PORK.—Cover the bottom of the barrel with common salt one inch deep. Then pack tight in layers, having half an inch of salt between all the layers. In each layer have large lumps of salt, so that the brine can circulate from their remaining undissolved. A barrel of pork will require a bushel of coarse and fine salt. Pack the rind next to the barrel, and leave out lean and bloody pieces for sausages. If white scum and bloody matter rise, scald the brine and add more salt. Put a board with a stone on it on the top layer to keep it under the brine. Never let any of the pork be out of the brine. The pork is not ready to use under six weeks.

TO KEEP HAMS ALL SUMMER.—Sew in coarse cloth, and pack in cold, dry ashes, but so that none of it touches the hams. Keep them in a cool, dry place, but not to freeze.

TO CLEANSE CALF'S HEAD AND FEET.—Wash clean, and sprinkle pounded rosin over the hair; dip in boiling water and take out immediately, and then scrape them clean; then soak them in water for four days, changing the water every day.

TO PREPARE RENNET.—Take the stomach of a new-killed calf, and do not wash it, as it weakens the gastric juice. Hang it in a cool and dry place five days or so, then turn the inside out, and slip off the curds with the hand. Then fill it with salt, with a little saltpetre mixed in, and lay it in a stone pot, pouring on a tea-spoonful of vinegar, and sprinkling on a handful of salt. Cover it closely, and keep for use. After six weeks take a piece four inches square and put it in a bottle with five gills of cold water and two gills of rose brandy; stop it close, and shake it when you use it. A table-spoonful is enough for a quart of milk.

TO SALT DOWN FISH.—Scale, cut off the heads, open down the back, and remove most of the spine, to have them keep better. Lay them in salt water two hours to extract blood. Sprinkle with fine salt, and let them lie overnight. Then mix one peck of coarse and fine salt, one ounce of saltpetre (or half an ounce of saltpetre and half and ounce of saleratus), and one pound of sugar. Then pack in a firkin. Begin with a layer of salt, then a layer of fish, skin downward. A peck of salt will answer for twenty-five shad, and other fish in proportion.

FOR THE UGLY GIRLS.

No. XIV.

AMONG the recipes, more or less valuable, which come to light in the older collections, this for the toothache, by Boerhaave, is too useful to be lost. Even beauties have the toothache sometimes, especially after going home from the Academy of Music on a snowy night with only a tulle scarf folded about their heads, or after sitting with their backs to the window in a half-warmed parlor during a ceremonious call. Use before beauty, mesdemoiselles; and with no more excuse I proffer the *Esprit Odontalgique*, which should be kept in every dressing-room, ready for the slightest signs of that most terrible malady, of which nobody dies.

Alcohol of thirty-three degrees, one ounce; camphor, four grains; opium in powder, twenty grains; oil of cloves, eighty drops. The effectiveness of this lotion will be seen at a glance, and no other authority for its use will be wanted than that of the learned and excellent physician who gave its name.

Very properly follows the recipe for gray pastilles for purifying the breath, which they do, not merely by disguising it, but by reaching the root of the difficulty, and arresting decay in the teeth, and neutralizing acidity of the stomach when dyspepsia is at work. The mixture is very simple: chlorate of lime, seven drams; vanilla sugar, three drams; gum-arabic, five drams—to be mixed with warm water to a stiff paste, rolled, and cut into pastilles. Madame Celnart archly advises all good wives to let their spouses know that these lozenges entirely remove the traces of tobacco in the breath. As a good wife will hardly interfere with a favorite habit of her husband who is fond of smoking, the least any gentleman can do is to render his presence as acceptable as possible after the indulgence. Another pastille, preferable on some accounts to the above, but owing its efficacy to the same principle, is: chlorate of sodium, twenty-four grains; powdered sugar, one ounce; gum-adraganth, twenty grains; perfumer's essential oil, two drams. Powder the chlorate in a glass mortar; put the powder in a cup, and pour in a little water; let it settle, and pour off. Repeat the process three times with fresh water, filtering what is poured off each time, and mix the gum and sugar with it, adding the perfume last.

A gargle for the mouth which combines all the virtues of "*Eau Angelique*," and every other wash of heavenly name, is made of the chlorate of lime in powder, three drams; distilled water, two ounces. Reduce the chlorate in a glass mortar with pestle of the same, add a third of the water, stir, and pour off, as directed before, till all is added. To this add two ounces of alcohol, in which is dissolved four drops of the volatile oil of roses and four drops of perfumer's essential oil. Half a tea-spoonful of the solution in a wine-glass of water is to be used at a time as a tooth-wash and gargle for the mouth and gums.

With the best intentions of physical neatness, many persons are unable to make the impression of their company wholly agreeable. They may remember with advantage that attention to rinsing the mouth with this fluid six times a day is not too much pains to make themselves acceptable to others. There is no surer passport to esteem than an innocent, cleanly, taintless person, which wins upon one before moral virtues have time to make their way. If you think this is said too often, study the personal appearance of the well-bred people you meet for the next month. The result will satisfy you that those who are as neat as white cats are as one to fifteen of the careless, easily satisfied sort. Slight disorders of the system make themselves known by the sickly odor of the insensible perspiration, quite sensible to others at once, though the person most interested is the last to become conscious of it. The least care permissible, even in cold weather, to those who would make their physical purity as sure as their moral state, is bathing with hot water and soap twice a week from head to foot. Carbolic toilette soap is the best for common use, as it heals and removes all roughness and "breakings out" not of the gravest sort. Ladies whose rough complexions were a continual mortification to them have found them entirely cleared by the use of this soap. The slight unpleasant odor of the acid present soon disappears after washing, and it may be overcome by using a few spoonfuls of perfume in the water. An excellent preparation for this purpose, or by itself, is Bacheville's Eau des Odalisques. The French recommend it highly for frictions, lotions, and baths. It is made in quantity for free use after this method: Two pints of alcohol, one of rose-water, half a dram of Mexican cochineal, four ounces of soluble cream of tartar, five drams of liquid balsam of Peru, five drams of dry balsam of the same; vanilla, one dram; pellitory root, one and a half ounces; storax, one and a half ounces; galanga, one ounce; root of galanga, one and a half ounces; dried orange peel, two drams; cinnamon, essence of mint, root of Bohemian angelica, and dill seed, each one dram. Infuse eight days, and filter. For lotions, add one spoonful of this to six of water. It is also useful for freshening the mouth, adding twenty-four drops of it to four tea-spoonfuls of tepid water. For diseased gums, double the dose, and gargle with it many times a day.

The Pâte Axérasive of Bazin, the celebrated perfumer, has the distinction of being highly commended by the French Royal Academy of Medicine as better for toilette use than soaps which contain so much alkali. Take powder of bitter almonds, eight ounces; oil of the same, twelve ounces; *savon vert* of the perfumers, eight ounces; spermaceti, four ounces; soap powder, four ounces; cinnabar, two drams; essence of rose, one dram. Melt the soap and spermaceti with the oil in a water bath, add the powder, and mix the whole in a marble mortar. It forms a kind of paste, which softens and whitens the skin as no soap known is able to. It is best to make toilette waters and pastes of this kind in quantity, as they improve with age. It will be found that it costs about one-fourth as much to make them as to buy the same quantity at the perfumer's, and one has the advantage of having a far finer article. Never use a cheap soap for the toilette. Such is almost always made of rancid or half-putrid fat, combined with strong alkalies, which dry and crack the skin, sometimes causing dangerous sores by the poisonous matter they introduce from the vile grease they contain. *Never* allow such soap to touch the flesh of an infant. To do so is little better than absolute cruelty. White soaps are the safest to use, as they only are made of purified fat.

The feet ought to be washed every night and morning as regularly as the hands. It preserves their strength and elasticity, and helps to keep their shape. What person of refinement can take any pleasure in looking at his own feet presenting the common appearance of distortion by shoes *too tight in the wrong place*, and the dry, hardened skin of partial neglect? One's foot is as proper an object of pride and complacency as a shapely hand. But where in a thousand would a sculptor find one that was a pleasure to contemplate, like that of the Princess Pauline Bonaparte, whose lovely foot was modeled in marble for the delight of its owner and all the world who have seen it? As nice care should be given to a foot as to a hand, beginning with a bath of fifteen minutes in hot soap-suds, followed by scraping with an ivory knife, and rubbing with a ball of sandstone, which will be found most useful at every toilette for a dozen purposes. The nails may be left to take care of themselves, with constant bathing and well-fitting shoes, unless they have begun to grow into the flesh, when all that is to be done is to scrape a groove lengthwise in each corner of the nail, as has been said before. The whole foot should be oiled with purified sweet-oil or oil of sweet almonds before going to bed after such a bath. A pair of stockings should be drawn on to preserve the bedclothes from grease-spots. This oil will soak off the old skin, renew the growth about the nails, and wear away the scaly tissue apt to gather there, while rendering the soles soft and pliant as those of a young child. A daily change of stockings is as desirable for those who walk out as a fresh handkerchief every morning—but how many people consider it necessary? It may sound audacious to suggest that when laundry-work is an item, a lady would show her ingrain refinement by washing her own Balbriggan hose as truly as by stinting herself to two pair a week on account of washer-women's bills. As for the vulgarity of wearing colored stockings "because they show dirt less," it is only named to be repudiated, except in the case of children, who are quite capable of going through with a box of white stockings in a day, looking none the cleaner for it at the end. Our boot-makers are in fault, too, about the lining of shoes, which ought to be changeable when soiled. Soiled, indeed! When are common shoes ever clean within? Our manufacturers are the opposite of the French, whose workmen wear fresh linen aprons, and wash their hands every hour, for fear of soiling the white kid linings at which they sew. The time will come when we will find it as shocking to our ideas to wear out a pair of boots without putting in new lining as we think the habits of George the First's time, when maids of honor went without washing their faces for a week, and people wore out their linen without the aid of a laundress. Cleanliness means health in every case, and a plea must be offered for the neglected members, whose only favor in our eyes seems that of being diminutive as possible.

THE OLD DESK.

AND so to the dance they all are gone,
And I sit here by the fire alone.
What shall I do to beguile the time?
They will not return till morning chime.
I'll open, to pass the hours away,
A desk that's been locked for many a day:
A little desk all blotted and scarred,
Oft by my childish fingers marred:
A little grave, where buried lie
Fond records of the days gone by—
Of friends beloved when my heart was young,
Of griefs that often my heart have wrung.
See in the yellow paper there
My father's and my mother's hair.
They lie together in loving fold,
One dusky tress and a ring of gold;
And the date is fifty years ago.
Here are two more—but white as snow.
This lock was shorn from a sister's head
When she lay so calm in her coffin-bed:
This from the friend who, through wind and storm,
Had failed me never—brave heart and warm
Reading these faded letters o'er
May while away an hour or more.
What does this little box disclose?
A faint, sweet scent—a withered rose.
Again through the mist of years I see
The garden fair with flower and tree—
The fitful sky—the summer shower—
The rich fresh smell of mould and flower.
I recall the arbor, with ivy green,
Where we sheltered longer than need have been;
The dewy rose-bud given and taken;
And then a blank—and I awaken.

This little letter, the last of all,
I open while softly the tear-drops fall—
A child's note, written in spirits gay,
Proclaiming a coming holiday.
Ah! little son, thou wilt come no more
With thy merry laugh to thy father's door.
He still must struggle in life's hard school,
But thou art under a gentler rule.
I close the desk and I turn the key,
O'erwhelmed by the tide of memory.
With the loved and the lost I pass the time,
Till the dancers return with the morning chime.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Warring with Women.—The Garter and the Bath.—A War Correspondent in two Places at once.

OUR agricultural difficulty is entering upon a dangerous phase. A certain farmer in Oxfordshire having engaged laborers at the old starvation prices, his own men being out on strike, the wives of the latter assembled and "obstructed" the former (as it is legally termed) upon their way to work, not by force of arms, but by mere length and activity of tongue, for which heinous offense the whole sixteen of them, many with their babes at their breasts, having been brought up before two Justice Shallows of the neighborhood—both clergymen!—have been sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor! This is a declaration of war to the knife indeed, since it is the first conviction under the new "strike" and "obstruction" act, and put in force against women and children. The whole agricultural world is in a ferment, and a world still larger, that of the metropolis itself. Even the *Times*, that great bulwark of the squirearchy and the Church, lifts up an indignant voice against this outrage alike upon common-sense and the feelings of an oppressed class. Indeed, the Oxfordshire decision shows the laborers what sort of justice they are to expect from local authority in the struggle between them and their employers. For them the phrase of "justice's justice" will have a more significant meaning than ever, while the whole country will be compelled to consider, what long ago ought to have been settled out of hand, the question of permitting law to be administered by an unpaid magistracy who are themselves interested in the very questions which they are called upon to decide. Their existence, as I have told you on a previous occasion, is a reproach to our system of criminal judicature, otherwise sound and pure enough; and what this example particularly instances is its worst feature—the appointment of the clergy to the bench. Whether it is that the theological mind is incapable of entertaining ideas of natural rights, or whether the unhappy tendency of ministers of the Church of England to bow the knee to wealth and (especially) station causes them always to kick the beam that is on the side of power, I know not; but certain it is that whenever a decision of unusual harshness is given by a country magistrate, you will find in three cases out of four that he is a divine. A minister of religion ought to be upon no side, but should do his best to heal the differences between class and class. Whereas these men are partisans, and scarcely ever on that side—the weaker—to which the merciful and tender dictates of Christianity should induce them to lean. It is certain, indeed, that the cause of the laborer will gain many an adherent through the folly of these country Minoses, but still no well-wisher of the Church can welcome the means. The after-dinner advice given by Bishop Ellicott, that agitators—*i. e.*, persons who assist in forming agricultural leagues—should be ducked in horse-ponds, is far surpassed by this new clerical scandal, but it will not be lost sight of on that account; the former was an indiscretion, which also betrayed an evil *animus;* the latter is a crime. Nay, if "a blunder is worse than a crime," this is worse, for it is surely a blunder to war with women and children before the men are conquered.

I have spoken above of an injustice that should bring the blood to the cheek, but here is an injustice of another sort, that will make you smile. The Earl of Leicester has had bestowed upon him the order of the Garter, the highest honor

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that England—or, rather, the crown of England (for there is a difference)—has to bestow, while Professor Owen has been created a Companion of the Bath, that is, the lowest grade of our lowest institution of honor. You will ask, perhaps, upon what ground these honors are bestowed among us. I can not tell you; but it is a pity that they should be bestowed at all, if in this ludicrous fashion. No human being since Queen Elizabeth's time has ever so much as heard of any Earl of Leicester (and this man is no descendant of the lord of *Kenilworth*). He has the Garter simply because he *is* an earl, which has always been held a sufficient reason, except in poor foolish Lord Fife's case, to whom the late Lord Derby is said to have refused "the Thistle" upon the ground that *he would eat it*. This resolute persistence even of a so-called liberal government to build upon the old aristocratic lines even in the conferring of titles of honor, which cost nothing, and, as in this case, require no revenues to keep them up—which is always the excuse for not ennobling men of merit who are poor—is the more remarkable since the general tendency of society not only in feeling, but in social circumstance, is toward democracy. The mother-in-law of our Princess Louise is, or was, a tea-taster, and no less than two noble lords have entered banking houses (as partners, not, of course, as clerks) during this very year. Even the military, who at one time were almost exclusively aristocratic in their sympathies, are beginning to appreciate the advantages of commerce. Our most famous floral dépôt is owned and personally superintended by a late army captain, while perhaps the best rifle manufacturer in England, Reilly, was a post-captain in the navy. In the competition which the government instituted for the best weapon this gentleman was refused permission to partake, upon the ground that he was "in the service." So, with a pluck that could only have arisen from a thorough confidence in the merits of his own invention, he threw up his commission and became a civilian, for which sacrifice, as it has turned out, he has been amply remunerated.

American books have sometimes dedications prefixed to them, I perceive, although you have no noble lords at whose feet to lay them "by special permission, and with the most profound respect of their obedient servant, the author." I wonder whether in the history of your literature you have such a thing as a *shifting* dedication—such as that of which I am about to tell you. I mention no names, lest I should seem to be scandalous, but leave you to guess the hero of the story for yourselves. A certain now popular English author dedicated his first book in some such terms as these: "To Douglas Jerrold, the great humorist of modern times, this book is respectfully dedicated by his humble friend and admirer, So-and-so." Now So-and-so's book proved a success, and though it was rumored that it was not unindebted for some portion of this to the literary influence of the dedicatee, yet So-and-so, deeming himself strong enough to run alone, revised in the second edition his dedication thus, "To Douglas Jerrold, the great humorist of modern times, this book is dedicated by his friend and admirer." The second edition was quite as successful as the first, and on a third being called for, the incense to its literary godfather had altogether disappeared, and only this fact was left recorded: "This book is dedicated to Douglas Jerrold." This is what nurses call, in the case of children, "feeling their feet." Can you guess who was the child in question?

I have yet another literary secret for you, which I only dare hint at; but in this case I will give you the initials of the offender, which have not as yet been disclosed by any newspaper in England, though all of them are expatiating upon the offense.

You know, perhaps, that in the present invasion of Khiva no English war correspondents are permitted to accompany the Russian army: this was felt to be hard, since the ground was new; indeed, as a matter of fact, until Mr. Wyld (the map man) published his chart of the seat of war the other day, no one knew for certain where Khiva was, except the *Daily Telegraph*. That enterprising newspaper announced that it had got a special correspondent to go to Khiva and to tell its readers all that happened in the war. This very much disgusted the rest of the London press, and still more so when the articles of this adventurous gentleman began to appear. These were kept back by the *D. T.*, and always printed without date or address, lest the identity of the correspondent should be established, and the Russian general command him to be knouted or sent to Siberia as an interloper. In the third article, which is a very graphic one, he meets "on the verge of an everlasting steppe" an old man "whose ancestors swept through Russia like a whirlwind six hundred years ago," and with this old man there is a deal of "business."

Unfortunately it struck somebody that he had read something like this before in a number of *All the Year Round*, published *eighteen days previously*, and which purported to describe the roads between Balaklava and Sebastopol. The traveler in *that* district also met "on the verge of an everlasting steppe" an old man "whose ancestors swept through Russia like a whirlwind six hundred years ago," and with *this* old man there is a deal of "business," and, alas! the *same* business!

The united press have at once burst into full cry against the until now envied *Telegraph*, and demand "not sentiments" (of which the *D. T.* has an immense stock on hand for all occasions), "but an explanation." They now suggest that this correspondent, who is in two places at once, was perhaps in neither of them, but all the while in Hastings, Sussex, where Mr. G. A. Sala is now residing. It is creditable to the real offender that his writing was attributed to George Augustus, but not so creditable to that great special correspondent that *he* should be supposed to be writing letters from Hastings and dating them "The Caucasus" and "Khiva." He has denied it, of course; and in the mean time every one "pauses for a reply" from the *Telegraph*, which does nothing but foam at the mouth, and protest that its correspondent *is* in Khiva, and is a gentleman, and a graduate of Oxford. For the first time the *Times* has noticed the existence of the print that boasts of "the largest circulation in the world" by a leading article of intense and withering satire. Upon the whole, it is the grandest newspaper row that ever I remember, and nobody seems to have any explanation to offer but myself. The facts are simply these: the *D. T.* correspondent *is* gone to Khiva; being not only a newspaper writer but a literary man, he contributes to *All the Year Round*, and has used some of his "padding" for both journals in order to get double pay. It was his hope that nobody would recognize the very "curious coincidence" of the two articles, and is probably totally unaware at this moment what a hornets' nest he has brought about the ears of his employers. The old man "whose ancestors swept through Russia six hundred years ago" will probably lose the *Telegraph* 20,000 subscribers. The initials of the correspondent will be found (if I am not much mistaken) to be "D. K." But he has no connection with your R. KEMBLE, of London.

RECEPTION DRESS.

See illustration on page 428.

THIS elegant toilette, which is designed to be worn at day receptions, consists of a white silk petticoat, puffed lengthwise in front, and an over dress of mauve silk, open in front, with a train of medium length. The skirt of the over dress is edged with two ruffles, turned in opposite directions, and separated by a bias fold. A wide upright frill of mauve silk encircles the neck, and a pleated sash forms a pouf at the back of the skirt. White silk hat, trimmed with violet feathers and ribbon, and bound with black velvet ribbon, a long end of which falls behind. Mauve silk parasol.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

See illustration on page 428.

WHITE muslin skirt, trimmed with four flounces, and ornamented in front with a trellis of violet ribbon. Over dress of leaf brown foulard, edged with violet ribbon, with revers at the side faced with violet silk. The sleeves of the over dress are short, with under-sleeves of puffed white muslin, and violet ribbon trimmings. Leaf brown bonnet, with violet ribbon and pink roses. Leaf brown silk parasol.

MODERN SMUGGLING.

THE progress of modern civilization, it has often been said, has a very decided tendency to eliminate the romantic and the picturesque from most of the affairs of life. In nothing, perhaps, is this more strikingly observable than in the change which it has brought about in the matter of smuggling.

The ideal smuggler of old was a brave, resolute desperado. The modern smuggler is an individual of a very different type. From the rugged, weather-beaten hero, the smuggler has degenerated into a cunning cheat, scarcely more dignified or interesting than a mere thief.

But even the vagaries of the low petty thief, though they may not be very dignified, may yet be amusing, and so very frequently are the artifices of the modern smuggler. The articles which prove the greatest temptation to him are, of course, those which are burdened with the heaviest duty, and the ingenuity displayed in the attempts to get ashore with undetected stores of tobacco or spirits, for instance, appears to be simply unbounded in its resources. That such attempts succeed in a vast number of instances can admit of little doubt, notwithstanding the vigilance and acuteness of a large staff of officials. There is no part of a ship or its cargo, or of the personal effects or the wearing apparel of the crew and passengers, which it would not be necessary to examine before it would be possible to pronounce with certainty that there was no concealment of goods liable to duty. Even the very rigging is to be regarded with suspicion. Ropes have been found to be made of tobacco, and the same material has constituted the pulley wheels inside the blocks. The log of wood hanging over the ship's side by way of "fender" has been sometimes discovered to be merely a shell filled with the fragrant weed. A log of wood, indeed in almost any form is to be eyed with misgivings.

Cargo in the most unlikely forms must be carefully scrutinized if deception is to be detected. Baskets of fruit have been found with lace at the bottom, and eggs have been imported in cases the thick ends of which have been drilled so as to afford carriage for a large number of cigars. A bundle of willows has been known to conceal eight or nine pounds of cavendish in the centre, and a similar deception has been practiced in the importation of a hogshead of arsenic, and a crate of live ducks, the tobacco in the latter case being hidden beneath a false bottom to the crate.

False bottoms and lids are among the commonest and clumsiest of smugglers' devices. Only amateurs would risk forfeiture and fine on their chance of escaping detection in this way. A much more business-like attempt to impose on the myrmidons of government was once discovered in an importation consisting of a number of broomsticks. The custom-house officers of course passed such a consignment, and very much to their credit too. The fraud was discovered by one of them being accidentally broken, when it appeared that they were hollow and full of cigars.

One of the most ingenious and audacious attempts at imposition by means of an article of wearing apparel was an effort to pass eighteen hundred-weight of cavendish tobacco in the form of soles attached to the boots of the crew of a vessel.

In concealment by means of dress the ladies are by far the most enterprising. At one time the skirts of a lady are found to conceal twenty-one pounds of tobacco, carefully distributed in receptacles made for the purpose, and supported by bands or braces passing over the shoulders.

Not only the garments of passengers, however, but the simplest articles carried in the hand, are often used for the purpose of illicit concealment. A venerable-looking old gentleman, with gold-rimmed spectacles and a broad-brimmed hat, is thoughtfully pacing the deck, evidently conning over the chapter he has just finished in the solid and serious looking volume under his arm. The officer who would doubt the respectability of that old gentleman would be only one degree less suspicious and uncharitable in his disposition than the man who would question the *bona fides* of a broomstick. There are, however, men to whom, alas! even a broad-brimmed hat is not an absolute guarantee of respectability, and who have so little reverence for learning as actually to seize a classic-looking volume on suspicion. On examination it is found that that old gentleman is a smuggler of watches. He has a large book, the leaves of which have been stuck together in a solid mass, and the body of the volume has then been hollowed out into a receptacle large enough to contain sixty or seventy Geneva watches, which, at the time this deception was practiced, were liable to an *ad valorem* duty of twenty per cent.

Very little knowledge of the world would be sufficient to convince any one that there are plenty of people in it who would be ready enough to smuggle if they could arrange to do it with tolerable safety, and on a scale sufficiently extensive to make it worth their while; but it might reasonably be supposed that the petty trickery by which a few dollars could be realized would be confined to the lower orders. According to official testimony, however, this would be a great mistake. Smuggled cigars, like stolen kisses, appear to be capable of affording a special satisfaction, and in all grades of society there are to be found individuals who are not above practicing paltry frauds on the revenue.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

EARLY in the season, before the midsummer heat has weakened the enthusiasm of the benevolent, or sucked up the strength and vitality of young children in the city, New York and Brooklyn have reinaugurated the system of picnic excursions for poor children. It will be remembered that last year the plan was tried in New York with great success, and thousands of poor, sick, and wearied children caught a saving breath of health and pleasure by this means. It was later in the summer when the "Fresh Air Fund" of Brooklyn was organized, and there was but little time to accomplish what was desired. By the arrangements of the present season it is proposed that a systematic effort be made for the refreshment of the working-children of the city, and that all poor children may secure the benefits of these summer excursions. Many prominent merchants and business men of Brooklyn, having in their employ children who have no regular vacation, have agreed to give them two holidays during the summer without loss of salary, provided these days are spent under the care of those who have charge of the picnic excursions. This enterprise has commended itself to the benevolent community. Careful arrangements will be made to secure the individual comfort of each child, and to give such special care as the little ones will require. It is hoped that free contributions to the fund will enable the managers to carry out all their plans with perfect success.

The new route across the Atlantic which was proposed some time ago, and has been considered and investigated by a special committee appointed by the Dominion Parliament, is designed to reduce the passage by three days. The plan was that the line should be from Valencia, Ireland, to St. Johns, Newfoundland, a distance of 1640 miles; thence to New York in thirty-one hours, *via* St. George and Shippegan. The objection has been raised that the port of Shippegan could only be used during the summer months; and therefore it is suggested that Louisburg, Cape Breton, be substituted. Louisburg Harbor is open throughout the year, it will be a probable junction of railways and steamboats, and there are some 130,000 people in the eastern part of Nova Scotia who would thus be relieved from their comparative isolation from the rest of the world.

The vessels of the Cunard Steam-ship Company will hereafter take a specified course across the ocean, each way, during all seasons of the year. The route is strictly defined, with a view to lessen the chances of collision. Thus the ocean voyage is to be made as free as possible from dangers.

The following brief statement will interest those who watch the reduction of our national debt: In April last the debt of the British nation amounted to $3,929,000,000; that of the United States at the close of the same month was, principal and interest, $2,258,583,467. During the last four years the British debt has been reduced $98,400,000, while the debt of the Union for the four years from March, 1869, to March, 1873, was decreased $368,082,559.

The "Great Eastern" is the name of the principal hotel in Calcutta, and it is the property of a large trading company. One singular arrangement of this hotel is for each guest to have his own servant, who waits upon him at table, and attends to most of his personal wants. In India sleeping cars or carriages are provided for those who travel "first class" at night; but, strange to say, the carriages are not provided with bedding, but every traveler who desires to sleep provides himself with pillow and blanket.

Our readers may be interested and amused by the following extract from a private letter, written by a lady, under date of Boston, June 8, 1873:

"Mr. S——, the young ladies, and I attempted to hear Mr. Beecher, who preached this morning in Park Street Church. I think I never had such an experience before. It was ten o'clock when we reached the church, and apparently the doors were not opened. Of course there was a large crowd before the door, but no larger than I expected to see, and without much difficulty we got up the steps, and inside the doors, which were just then opened. There was then a flight of stairs leading to the audience-room. The scene that ensued after we succeeded in getting up those stairs is beyond description. There were no policemen or ushers. The church seemed full, probably by other doors. We were suddenly wedged in a mass of people who seemed insane in their endeavors to push through. I was thoroughly alarmed lest we should be trampled upon. I managed, by using all my strength, to keep near Mr. S——. In loud, authoritative tones he, leaning over the stairs, commanded the crowd, who were still endeavoring to come up, to draw back and leave a passage for those who must get back, saying that many were fainting and being trampled to death. This produced some effect, and in a little while he and I reached the sidewalk. I breathed freely, and felt thankful. Soon A—— and L—— joined us; but it was an hour from the time when we went before S—— could get out. I never saw such a badly managed affair; or, rather, it was not managed at all. The various incidents that happened were amusing to recall, after our fright was over and we were on safe ground. As we came out a stout lady was forcibly pushing her way through. Mr. S—— remonstrated at her persistent pushing, telling her the state of things within. 'I don't care,' said she, in a loud voice; 'I've got a pew, and I am bound I will have it! What business have all these people here?' Near us a man, whose garb betokened him from the country, spoke out, 'I have come a hundred miles to hear Mr. Beecher; *do* let me get in.' I fear his request was of no avail."

Dumas the elder and a wealthy financier were once conversing upon the remuneration of men of letters.

"I," said Dumas, "am certainly the best paid. I receive thirty sous a line."

"Indeed, monsieur," said a by-stander, "I have never worked for less than a million a line. What do you think of that?"

"You are joking."

"Not at all."

"What are you, then?"

"Constructor of railways."

The author laughed; but was a little vexed, nevertheless.

Since Viscountess Beaconsfield's death, Mr. Disraeli has been unable to keep up the same position that he maintained during her life. Her fortune, which was large, has passed into the family of her first husband. Mr. Disraeli still receives his pension of £2000 a year as an ex-cabinet minister, and, some years ago, an eccentric old lady in Devonshire left him her fortune, amounting to about £25,000. But a public man has many demands upon his purse. Mr. Disraeli is now a solitary man, and keeps aloof from public and social life as far as possible. His feeling seems to be that he would gladly retire from politics altogether, were it not for the solicitations of his friends. He recently wrote, in answer to an invitation, "Although, at the request of my friends, I am endeavoring to assist in conducting the Parliamentary business of the conservative party, I am otherwise living in seclusion."

"What consumptives want is air, not physic—pure air, not medicated air—and plenty of bread and meat." So said the late Dr. Marshall Hall, of England.

Money-making property holders at Niagara propose making a spacious park on the American side of the Falls, so that nobody can get a view of them until he has paid a fee for admission to the inclosure.

"Autumn in the Sierra" is the name of Bierstadt's new painting, which is now on exhibition in San Francisco. It is a large canvas, six feet by ten, and is an actual view on the head waters of the south fork of King River, with Mount Brewer in the distance. The point of view is 8000 feet above the sea, overlooking the narrow valley of the river, seen winding and foaming far below, while the peak rises 5000 or 6000 feet above. The special characteristics of the scenery peculiar to great elevations in the Sierra are clearly and finely drawn, and the whole painting impresses one by its unity, simplicity, and grandeur.

Tea is undoubtedly a refreshing and often a useful beverage; but it is only recently that we have learned that it may be put to even more commonplace uses than restoring the exhausted system of man or woman. Cold tea is now recommended as the best liquid for cleaning varnished paint, window-panes, and mirrors. We infer that it is cold tea warmed over; for our informant says, after referring to "cold" tea:

"Wash off the specks with warm tea, and rub the panes dry; then make a paste of whiting and water, and put a little in the centre of each pane. Take a dry cloth and rub it all over the glass, then rub it off with a chamois-skin or flannel, and your glass will shine like crystal."

"When death enters a house," says Miss Thackeray, in her last novel, *Old Kensington*, "there is a moment's silence; then comes the silent tumult that follows death: every body scared and bustling to the door; acquaintances leave their names on bits of pasteboard, friends write notes, relations encamp in the dining-room, the pale faces of the living come and look at the place out of which a life has passed away. Servants come and go, busy with the fussy paraphernalia. It means kindness and honor to the dead, but it seems all contrived to make sorrow grotesque and horrible instead of only sorrowful."

There is much truth in another remark of this same author: "Malice and uncharitableness as often consist in the vivid remembrance of the pang inflicted as in that of the blow which caused it."

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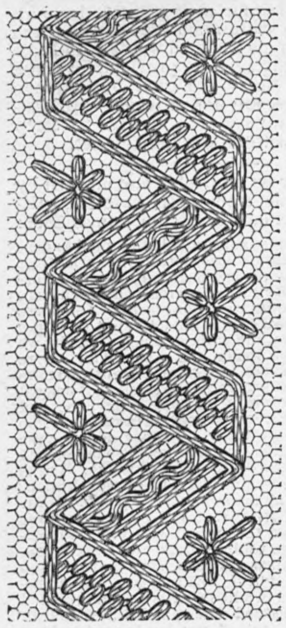

Fig. 1.—BORDER FOR VEILS, ETC.—TULLE DARNED WITH SILK.

Borders for Veils, etc.—Tulle darned with Silk.—Figs. 1 and 2.

THE foundation of these borders is of black tulle, which is darned with silk in the designs shown by the illustrations. Black, as well as colored, silk may be used for this. When white wash blonde is used, the design may be worked with white glazed cotton or embroidery cotton; if worked with the latter, the borders are also suitable for insertion for lingerie, etc.

Illusion and Crêpe de Chine Collar and Sleeves.

FOR the foundation of this collar cut of double Swiss muslin two pieces from Fig. 60, Supplement, and sew up these pieces in the middle of the back. Along the under edge of this foundation sew one side-pleated ruffle of double white illusion an inch and seven-eighths wide, and one ruffle an inch and a quarter wide, and along the neck set a similar ruffle an inch and a quarter wide. Then cover the foundation, as shown by the illustration, with pleated lilac crêpe de Chine, and on the front of the collar set a rosette of illusion ruffles and crêpe de Chine loops. To the under edge of each sleeve sew two side-pleated ruffles each three inches and three-quarters wide, and cover the seam made by doing this with pleated crêpe de Chine and a bow of the same.

ILLUSION AND CRÊPE DE CHINE COLLAR AND SLEEVES.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 60.

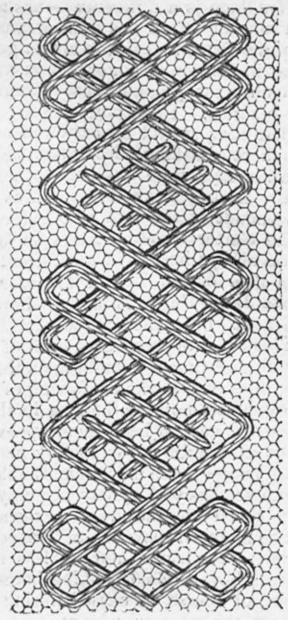

Fig. 2.—BORDER FOR VEILS, ETC.—TULLE DARNED WITH SILK.

PICTURES AND THEIR FRAMES.

THERE is more "in" a frame than the mere work of art which it infolds. Take the best-executed painting and divest it of its gilded surroundings, and it will remind you of a "fashionable" who has forgotten to include a neat shirt collar and a well-starched cravat in his otherwise highly finished toilette. The ordinary visitor to a public exhibition of paintings, unless he be by trade a carver and gilder, pays but little regard to the decorative part of the show, and yet if this important element were absent, how very conspicuous it would appear! A gallery of unframed works of art would be as dull and confusing as a theatrical performance unaided by scenic effects. No artist, however great his reputation, considers his handiwork complete until his favorite carver comes to put the finishing touch in the shape of a gilded proscenium. A handsome frame "covers" (and too often encircles!) a multitude of defects.

There are fashions in frames as there are in every thing else. Our painting grandfathers were more lavish with their pictorial adornments than we, as is observed in old family pictures at ancient mansions. Their frames, like their coaches, were heavier-looking and more cumbersome than are ours. They delighted in ponderous scroll-work, flowers, and shells; and even Cupids, Venuses, and birds were not infrequently included. The Italians—and notably the Florentines—at one time made carving and gilding a special branch of the fine arts, and the Florentine frame, carved entirely out of the solid wood, and highly burnished in every part, is still a favorite pattern with the Tuscans.

In the galleries of the Uffizi and Pitti palaces at Florence many curious examples of ancient carving are shown. The far-famed picture by Raphael of the Madonna della Seggiola is encompassed by one of the widest and most elaborate frames ever constructed. The proportions of this massive ornament far exceed the dimensions of its priceless contents. The portion nearest the picture is oval-shaped, the outside being square. Broad leaves, huge flowers, Cupids, and other decorations enter into its composition, and the gilding being kept scrupulously clean, this remarkable piece of "furniture," as it might be called, forms a most conspicuous object in the gallery.

Our modern frame is less pretentious, though our living painters will tell you that they find it equally costly. Every artist has his own favorite pattern, but modern exhibitions have prescribed certain framing rules, and the generality of show-pictures are framed more or less after the same mould. Occasionally an innovator appears with a "fancy" pattern made after his

Fig. 1.—BARATHEA DOLMAN. FRONT.—[See Fig. 4.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-4.

Fig. 2.—VELVET PALETOT. BACK.—[See Fig. 6.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5-8.

Fig. 3.—FAILLE AND CASHMERE WALKING SUIT (WITHOUT DOLMAN).—FRONT.—[See Fig. 5.]
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—BARATHEA DOLMAN. BACK.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-4.

Fig. 5.—FAILLE AND CASHMERE WALKING SUIT (WITH DOLMAN).—BACK.—[See Fig. 3.]
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—VELVET PALETOT. FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5-8.

FIGS. 1-6.—LADIES' WALKING SUITS.

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own design, in which some of the characteristics of his picture are symbolized in gold. Followers of what has been termed the Eccentric school exhibit their eccentricities even in their frames, and birds, beasts, flowers, and fishes not infrequently participate in the gilded production.

The shape of what is technically called the "flat," or interior margin of frames, is sometimes varied to suit the subject of a painting. Thus we have many varieties of the dome-shaped flat, the oval, the Gothic, and the triangular. Sometimes the flat—which, being usually nearest the picture, is considered an important part of the frame—is more or less wide. One artist has a preference for exceedingly broad flats, another uses a narrow one, or altogether eschews a margin. Frames consisting of the broad flat only, or of a flat slightly skirted by an ornamental border, are not uncommon.

For this order of frame the eccentric gentlemen before named have a strange partiality. The gilding of these frames is laid on in such a manner as to show the rough grain of the oak wood which forms the basis, and in order to vary the monotony of this gilded oasis, ornaments resembling large buttons are placed upon it at intervals, and in some cases color itself corresponding with the general "tone" of the picture is fantastically introduced.

The narrow "double flat" is the most popular style with artists, as it is said to increase the depth of the frame, and consequently lends distance to the picture. A deeply hollowed frame is indeed a favorite form with most of the profession, especially with followers of the French and Dutch schools.

The carver and gilder has a technical name for every style of frame which the artist may select. If you go into his store, he will show you a long narrow slab, upon which are arranged patterns or sections of frames for his customers to choose from. There is the popular "Alhambra" pattern, consisting of a moulding fretted and chased in imitation of the arabesque. There are endless varieties of this highly approved pattern. Next in importance is the "Greek," which exhibits for its leading characteristic a Greek border, or "key," and is sometimes accompanied by an outer moulding, whose surface is hollowed out, but which claims no other adornment than a series of parallel lines, or "flutings," as they are called; each line, or fluting, being carefully burnished, and the spaces between "ormolued" in "dead" gold. Some frames are almost exclusively represented by the fluted pattern, the monotony being relieved by an inner border of "beads," or an outer rim showing an arrangement of laurels, oak leaves, or a simple spiral ribbon. There are also "Egyptian" and "Byzantine" frames, which, however, often bear but a faint resemblance to these orders.

Ornamented projecting corners are almost entirely out of date, and the extreme angles of frames have little adornment besides a flat leaf, or a crossed "ribbon," which serves chiefly to conceal the "mitre," or diagonal crevice formed by the joint.

Gold and white card-board "mounts" form no inconsiderable item in the framing art. These mounts, or "passe-partouts," as they are sometimes called, are used chiefly for water-color paintings, or for crayon and other drawings. They are circular, square, dome-shaped, or oval, to suit the work which they encompass. The virtues of a drawing or a sketch are greatly enhanced after having been viewed under the favorable auspices of a white mount and a clear, spotless glass.

Fig. 1.—MOHAIR RIDING-HABIT. FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 30-35.

Fig. 2.—MOHAIR RIDING-HABIT. BACK.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 30-35.

Fig. 3.—CLOTH RIDING-HABIT. BACK.—[See Fig. 4.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 36-40.

Fig. 4.—CLOTH RIDING-HABIT. FRONT.—[See Fig. 3.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 36-40.

FIGS. 1-4.—LADIES' RIDING-HABITS.

CURE FOR CATARRHAL COLD.

EVERY one knows how troublesome a cold in the head is. Several physicians have lately attempted to prevent the full development of the malady by what is called an abortive treatment. We give below some of the proposed remedies.

Dr. Hagen recommends the inhalation by mouth and nose—the eyes being closed—of the vapor of the following mixture, to be repeated every two hours until the desired effect is obtained: Carbolic acid, 5 parts; aqua ammonia, 6; distilled water, 10; and rectified spirit, 15. Dr. Brand, of Stettin, indorses this prescription from his own experience. Another remedy, introduced by Professor Richter, of Dresden, to be used in the same way, is as follows: Gum-camphor, 1 part; pine tar, 4; and ether, 7.

SWEET MACARONI PUDDING.

AN excellent dish in vogue in Italy consists of a sweet macaroni pudding, which should be made in a plain tin mould. Into this mould put six or seven lumps of sugar, moistened slightly with water, and set it over the fire, using a hot plate so as not to blacken the bottom of the mould. Let it boil until it begins to burn, and then, by tilting the mould from one side to the other, let the burned sugar cover the whole of the inside, so as to form what the French term a *caramel* crust, which must stand to cool. In the mean time boil sufficient macaroni in milk to fill the mould, and sweeten to taste, flavoring with lemon peel. When cold add three eggs, put every thing into the *caramel* mould, set it in a saucepan of boiling water, and let it boil for an hour. Turn it out and pour coffee round it, with milk and sugar added, precisely as made for breakfast. The coffee sauce harmonizés well with the macaroni, and is a novel accompaniment. Good macaroni, by-the-way, is known by its smoothness, its transparent yellow color, and the fineness and closeness of its grain when broken.

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SHIRKING A "DOUBLE."

AN IRISH TALE.

A HANDSOME, well-appointed mail phaeton was being driven along one of the wildest parts of Galway, drawn by a pair of bright, well-bred bays.

The coachman was an aristocratic man of one or two and thirty years of age; indeed, it was generally allowed there were few handsomer men than the Honorable George Crighton. With his light wavy hair, long drooping tawny mustache, blue honest-looking eyes, clear complexion, and fine figure, he was one that any woman might easily have lost her heart to; but the Honorable George was not to be caught. He had never yet seen any one he would like to have been tied to for life. He was fond of sports of all kinds, but his experience of the world told him that fifteen hundred a year would not keep his horses, his quiet, unpretending little shooting-box, and a wife as well; so he remained single. He was too honorable to ask any girl to share the discomforts of a half-kept house. Had he found one suited to him, he might perhaps have given up his sporting proclivities.

The gentleman who was seated by his side was also a good-looking man, some few years his junior, and as dark as his friend was fair. A rattle-brained fellow was Lord Evershorte, of Oftenborrow Hall; he had done every thing, was fatigued and *blasé;* but his love for all kinds of rural pursuits still remained, and he was now steadying down a bit to country life.

Behind these two gentlemen sat their respective servants—my lord's own man and valet, and the Honorable George's groom.

"I wonder how much farther this said Ballygoruin Castle is?" remarked the driver. "I say, my man"—to the tattered piper that was pacing along with that sort of jog-trot so peculiar to the Irish—"how far is it to Ballygoruin Castle?"

"Sure the castle is just three mile, divil a less; it's as straight as ye can go. Ye'll find Consandine Blake at home: faix, he doesn't care for cub-huntin'—and that's what they're at to-day—bad scran to him, the grindin' divil!"

"Ah! then you do not like him?" asked Crighton, stopping his horses, and impelled by curiosity to ask a few questions.

"Like him, is it? By my sowl I'd bate the brute baste into smithereens, av I had my will, the murderin' ruffian. He's a disgrace to ould Ireland, is Consandine, and the way he trates his poor wife and the colleen dhas, the little darlin'! By the leg o' Moses I'd glory to be shootin' him like a cock rabbit! Maybe yer honor would give a poor boy a bit of tobackey for a blast av the pipe?"

"Certainly, piper"—giving him a large bit from his pouch. "There you are, and a shilling with it."

"Hurroo! och wirra dheedish!" shouted the delighted fellow, as they drove away. "Maybe I won't be havin' a quarter av Muckatee's best pigtail tobackey! God save and speed ye kindly—millia buehus!"

"The piper does not give a very flourishing account of your friend Blake, does he, Evershorte?" asked Crighton.

"Not very," returned the other. "You two"—turning to the servants—"had better walk up this hill. Crighton," he continued, as soon as they were alone, "I must tell you the little I know about Blake. He is no particular friend of mine. He is, I believe, a good fellow, but, like most Irishmen, hard up. It was touch and go with him some three years back. He, however, came up to town for the season, talked big of his Irish castle and estates, and succeeded in persuading Mrs. Mordant, a widow possessed of thirty thousand pounds (with one sweetly pretty daughter), to become his wife. I had no idea, though, he treated them badly. Perhaps the piper lied."

"I hope he did," replied his friend.

"Well," continued the nobleman, "the fact is, I could not do the hunting season at Melton this year; if I had, I should have been in Queer Street again, which I do not intend. One pays for sport so infernally dear in England, you know. I must have borrowed of the rascally Israelites at sixty per cent., for not a stiver will they lend you under. I therefore wrote to Blake, and arranged with him for half his old castle. My horses, servants, dogs, and guns are all there; yours, you say, will arrive to-morrow; so I hope you will be able to knock it out with a fellow for a few months on the cheap."

"I will try, Evershorte. I suppose that must be the castle—standing far away on that bare mountain. By my faith, it does not look promising! What a country to bring a woman and a young girl to!"

After half an hour's drive, and asking again, they hit the castle—the same Crighton had pointed out to his friend.

The long, lonely looking avenue, with its few weird and stunted fir-trees, was soon passed, and they pulled up before an ancient and somewhat dilapidated-looking building, which once on a time might have been a grand and noble place, but now in its general decay and ruin looked ghastly.

An old woman of sixty or seventy years of age, blear-eyed, decrepit, and dressed as a peasant of the country, answered the summons, only opening the door a few inches, which was guarded inside by a heavy chain.

To the question of my lord's man, "if Mr. Consandine Blake lived there, and was at home," she answered:

"Maybe he is, maybe he isn't; troth he might be in Dublin, or on the top of Croagh Achine, for any I know. The divil fly away with him, the crathur! Sure Ould Nick himself couldn't tell yez where Consandine is. I'll die dead if I know; but the bainthee and the garrahaula are in the big room. Is it rates or bums yez are?"

"Thourra mon dhoul, yez ould baste!" cried a voice, and an arm rudely thrust her aside and opened the door. "Sure, yer honors, don't pay any attintion to her," said a man in a shabby worn-out livery. "The masther's at home, and the ladies too, expecting yer honors."

"The gintlemen," he said, throwing open the door of a room beyond.

"Me dear lord!" exclaimed a tall, florid-looking man, rushing forward. "I did not expect you so soon—not for the next two hours. I am delighted to see you and your frind. Allow me to presint you to me dear wife, and me step-daughter, Miss Lola Mordant. Ah! I forgot you knew me wife before, me lord, but your frind's a stranger intirely to her. Misther—Misther—" he repeated, in an unmistakable Irish accent.

"Crighton," replied that gentleman.

Consandine Blake was what would be called a good fellow, away from home; but people should have seen him *chez lui* to have formed a correct opinion of him. He was a mean, sordid, grasping, extravagant, lying, hypocritical scoundrel, who led his unfortunate wife and step-daughter a miserable existence; a bullying fellow, but withal a coward. Yet Consandine Blake was a genial spirit, could "belt his bottle" as well as most men, never fought shy of the "matarials" (grog), and could sing a rattling sporting song with a stunning chorus, which the hunting squireens of the thinly inhabited country fully appreciated. But among his tenantry he was detested; he ground the last farthing out of them, no matter how bad the season. He was a needy man, heavily in debt, and twenty out of his wife's thirty thousand pounds had already gone to pay off old scores and supply his extravagance; for on himself Consandine Blake did not care how much he spent. The other ten would have followed the twenty, could he have got at it, but as that was secured, it allowed them to live.

The old ramshackle castle was mortgaged to the uttermost farthing; so what with his duns' writs, his wants, etc., Consandine Blake had any thing but a pleasant time of it.

Mrs. Blake had been a beauty, and still showed signs of it, though the last three years of ill treatment, bullying, privation, and loneliness had made her look wan and thin.

Her daughter, Lola Mordant, was a lovely brunette of nineteen. The splendid dark eyes, hair, clear olive complexion, gave her almost the appearance of being a Spaniard. She had a finely formed figure and faultless foot and ankle; yet, notwithstanding her numerous attractions, her beautiful countenance wore the sad, melancholy, weary look of her mother's, and she often sighed without knowing it.

Both seemed glad to see the gentlemen, and welcomed them with unfeigned cordiality.

"I am very pleased to meet you again, Lord Evershorte," remarked the elder lady. "We are so dull and lonely here in this out-of-the-way place; but," she continued, without regarding the savage look of her husband, "although you have one-half of this old ruin, and all your servants are here, I hope you will both give us the pleasure of your company to dinner this evening, and often come to see us in our loneliness."

"Of course we will," replied his lordship, gayly. "I only trust we shall not bore you with our company;" and bowing to her, left the room with his host to look after his horses and things; so George Crighton was alone with the ladies.

"I am afraid, Mrs. Blake," he remarked, gently, after a pause, "that this is somewhat a lonely and out-of-the-way spot for ladies."

"Ah, Mr. Crighton, you can not imagine how utterly wild, savage, and isolated it is! I do do not care so much for myself"—here her mild, gentle-looking eyes filled with tears—"but poor Lola; for a young girl of her age it is a living death;" and as she uttered this she looked timidly toward the door. "Mr. Blake will not hear of moving, he is so given to his sporting pursuits; indeed, if he were not, we couldn't afford now to live elsewhere"—and she sighed as she thought of her poor thirty thousand pounds. "We do not see a soul for months together, no books, and seldom a paper to look at;" and saying this, she burst into tears and hurried from the room.

"I am sorry, grieved," returned the gentleman, evidently much moved, to the young girl, "to have broached so unfortunate a subject."

"It matters not, Mr. Crighton," returned she, sadly. "I am used to it now, but it is killing poor mamma. Mr. Blake is unhappily not a favorite in the country; he is a hard landlord—he tells us he is obliged to be so. He has had no end of notices and warnings given him, death's-heads and cross-bones painted on our doors, signed 'Rory of the Hills' and others, and I know not what besides. We live in daily dread and fear. But you must have had some trouble in finding out this dismal spot."

"We had indeed, Miss Mordant; a piper we met on the road put us in the way."

"That will be Larry. Do not, I beseech you, Mr. Crighton, mention him here. Mr. Blake is driven into a very frenzy at the mention of his name. I know not why—something that happened years ago between them. But you will excuse me while I go and look after mamma."

The day passed in the manner usual in such a dull out-of-the-way place as Ballygoruin. The dinner went flat and slow, but after the ladies left, Mr. Blake brightened up considerably, and applied himself to the bottle freely, so much so that, after a time, Crighton left the room and joined the ladies, leaving his friend with his host.

In the course of conversation Crighton discovered that Lola was exceedingly fond of riding, and that sometimes, as a great favor, her step-father took her out to see the hounds, and occasionally in an easy country she followed them.

"Then I hope, Miss Mordant, you will come out a little oftener now. I have a horse that will arrive with the others to-morrow, Gray Peter, who will carry you beautifully—in fact, a perfect lady's hunter. He shall be kept expressly for your use while we are here."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Crighton!" exclaimed the delighted girl; "that will indeed be nice! But," she said, sadly, the animation fading out of her eyes on the instant, "it will leave poor mamma so much alone."

"Never mind, my darling," exclaimed her mother; "I shall only be too glad to know you are having a little amusement. But what are Mr. Blake and Lord Evershorte doing?" she asked, turning the conversation. "I hope they will not sit too long; it is a bad habit of Mr. Blake's;" and she sighed as she remembered certain scenes that had taken place in the last few years.

"I will look in on them as I go by," said he, "for I am stealing away to smoke a cigar." But finding the two gentlemen in earnest conversation, he walked into the hall, lighted his weed, and strolled down the avenue.

He might have proceeded a quarter of a mile, in deep thought, when all of a sudden a figure appeared from behind a low wall.

"The heel av the evenin' to yez, yer honor," said a man, approaching him. "Faith that's illigant tobackey ye gave me this mornin'. I was just reddin' the dhudeen to have another blast at it when I see yez comin'."

"Ah, the piper Larry?" remarked the gentleman. "What are you doing here, my good friend, so late? It is after eight o'clock."

"Sure it's meself that oft sits on this same spot thinkin' av times that is gone; f'what else could I be doin'?" he asked, sadly.

"By what you said this morning, Larry, you do not appear to like Mr. Blake much."

"The spalpeen! Like him, is it? Av yer honor will let me tell yez, ye'll see it's little love I bear the crathur."

"Well, go on, Larry," said Crighton, lighting a fresh cigar, and seating himself on a stone.

"It might be twenty years or more, yer honor," commenced Larry; "I was a broth av a boy thin, iver a-running after the colleens. Divil a wake, a pattern, or station was held but I found my way there; but I niver neglected my ould mother, a widder, on her little houlding: by my faix but we had bonveens and poultry asthore. When work was over I'd catch up my pipes and lave her and my sister alone, and be over the mountain to some weddin' or holiday-makin'. I was always wilcome with my pipes.

"Well, one day my sister Mary, the purtiest girl about the mountains here, and I went to Pat Nolan's son's weddin'. Thunder and turf! but it was a grand turn-out! All the tables in the kitchen had been tuk away; a turf basket set in one corner for the piper to sit on. We tuk it in turns to play; there was lashins av dhrink, and the purtiest hangin' av bacon yez iver see for thim that wanted it.

"'God save yez kindly,' said ould Nolan, as we entered. He was dhrinking at a table wid Consandine Blake, who was a young man thin; there was not much harm in him at that time, though he was a bit wildish, like a young coult. There they was, cheek by jowl; he had come widout his back" (faction or followers), "which was rare, for thim was fightin' times.

"'Mary, alana machree,' said the ould man, 'I'm glad to see yez;' and houlding out his hand to me, 'Larry, yez wilcome, aroon. Mike, ye pot-walloper,' to his son, 'git a place, ye gomach, for Mary, the little darlin'. Bad scran to yez, ye lazy omadhawns, let's begin havin' a futtin' av the boys and girls on the board; and Pat, achora, set 'em a-goin'.'

"Consandine he no sooner heard this and see Mary than he axes her to fut it; and be jabers they did thrash the flure a bit, and mighty pleased the girl seemed wid him, for he was a young, good-lookin' fellow thin, and full of divilment. We had a grand night intirely, I can tell yez.

"Some months after this meetin' Mary looked sad and ill, though not a word did she utter or iver complain. But I had my doubts. One night, on my way home from a keenin', who should I meet but Consandine, walkin' wid my sister, and his arm round her waist.

"'Thourra mon dhoul,' sid I, 'yez villin!' catchin' hoult av my blackthorn wid a fightin' gripe, 'what might yez be doin' wid my sister this time av night, and coggherin' like that?'

"'Mind yer own business, Larry,' sid he, houldin' his shillaly in a threatenin' manner. He could handle the purtiest stick av any man in the bar'ny; he was a rale beauty av a boy wid a blackthorn. 'Av it's for a bout wid the stick yez are, I'm yer man. Mary, a villich, do yez run away home and tell 'em to be bringin' a shutter for Larry; he'll be wantin' it prisintly, the bosthoon.' The poor colleen was so frightened and ashamed that she was off like lightnin' to bring some of the boys to siparate us.

"Well, we wint at it, and had the purtiest turn yez iver seen. 'Larry, ahagur, more power to yer elbow, avich!' he said, as he catched me one or two terrible strokes. 'Take that, ye pot-walloper;' and he sthruck me one acrast the timple, which made me feel sick and giddy, and sint the blood a-flyin' out and blindin' me a most.

"I rushed at him wid a hurroo, but widdout knowin' where I was, when he slipped, and I catched him one—the only one, but it fetched and sodded him as sinseless as a log. Two or three boys wid my sister jist then cum up. 'Blur an ages,' siz they, 'what is it you've been up to, Larry?'

"'Splashum! but I think I've kilt him intirely this time,' siz I. My sister, when she see him turfed there dead like, screamed loud enough to split the Rock of Cashel. 'Oh, Larry!' siz she, 'you don't know what yez have done. Blessed Virgin! it's murdhur.'

"Well, they carried him home and laid him on his bed. 'Millia buehus, boys,' siz I, as they came out to me, 'thou a mon yea, I hope he's not kilt intirely?'

"'No, Larry,' siz they, 'he's a-comin' to his sinses; but by the great gun of Athlone it's not yer fault that we're not keenin' him this blessed moment.'

"It was some time before he got about. For meself, I was sore and tinder for weeks from the beltin' I got. Mary niver spoke of him, or I aither. Weeks and weeks went by, and the truth came out at last. The poor colleen was ruined. We was nigh mad. 'Larry,' siz she, when all was known, and fallin' on her knees before me, 'swear by the blessed Virgin you'll do him no more harm.' 'Mary, achora, I swear it!'

"Well, one night as Consandine was comin' home from huntin', a lot of boys in their shirts and blackened faces sazes him and pulls him off his horse. 'Is it Mary yez remimber?' says one. 'Ye black-hearted villin, by the piper that played before Moses yez niver see daylight again if yez don't make her an honest woman at onst.' Well, yer honor, to make a long story short, he was carried to the little chapel in the mountains close by, and my sister was taken there, and afore God, the praste, and witnesses, married her—by rason that he was in fear of his life, though if he hadn't, the boys wouldn't have harmed him."

"Do you mean to say, Larry," asked his astonished listener, "that your sister married Consandine Blake?"

"As there is a God in heaven above us, she did, yer honor."

"And what became of her?" exclaimed Crighton.

"She died, years ago, yer honor," replied the piper, with a curious and sullen look. "She niver wint to his home wid him or lifted her head again; we moved away to the mountains, fifteen or twenty miles off; her child died, and thin she follerd. Now yer honor knows why Consandine and I hate one another. I often come about here, to look on ould places and think of ould times."

"A horrible tale—sad and horrible!" muttered Crighton, as he moved away. "No wonder his present unfortunate wife is so wretched with him. Poor Lola!" And he fell into a deep reverie as he strolled toward the castle.

He found his friend and their host had gone into the drawing-room. Mr. Blake was particularly amiable and very talkative; he had conceived the idea that it would be necessary to borrow a few hundreds of one of the gentlemen, and marry Lola to him as payment of the debt; it would be one less in the house, and that was a consideration.

He had already sounded Lord Evershorte, and discovered there was not the slightest chance of getting any coin out of him—seeing that he wanted it himself. So he determined to play off Lola to Crighton, who he had found out possessed fifteen hundred a year.

"Bessie," he said to his wife in course of conversation, "have you heard from me dear relative, your aunt, lately? You know, Misther Crighton," turning to him, "the old lady has three thousand a year, which is all to come to me wife at her death."

He knew he was uttering a deliberate falsehood in stating this. The lady in question had the sum named, and it *was* to have come to his wife at her aunt's death; but she had been so exasperated at her marriage with the unprincipled Irishman that she had never taken the slightest notice of her since she became Mrs. Blake.

"No, I have not heard from her," replied the lady, timidly, and coloring up.

"Then I advise you to write to her and invite her here. It does not do to neglict one's rich relations, does it?" he asked, appealing to Crighton.

"Certainly not," replied the gentleman; "but I hardly think this country, especially at this time of year—for autumn is passing away—would be suited to an old lady, or, in fact, any lady. It is all very well for a sporting man, but I am sure I should never think of bringing my wife here, if I had one, to pass a winter in Connemara."

The shaft shot home, for the Irishman said nothing, but shifted uneasily in his chair.

"Ah, but we will make it gay for them now that you and me dear lord are here," he replied, after a short pause.

"Of course we will," said the young nobleman, gayly. "There will be four more horses here to-morrow, so the ladies can use your carriage, Crighton?"

"Certainly, whenever they like; and my gray horse, which will arrive with my others in the morning, I have already placed at Miss Mordant's entire disposal."

A few mornings after the above a party, consisting of three gentlemen in pink and a lady, were wending their way over a wild part of the country.

These were Lola, mounted on Gray Peter—and beautiful she looked on the noble horse—Lord Evershorte, George Crighton, and Consandine Blake.

"We'll be having a large meet on this our opening day," remarked Blake, as they jogged slowly along; "there will be a hundred out, if there is one. Faith I had no idea your English horses would do the walls so well. I saw your men giving them a lesson yesterday."

"They are handy nags," remarked Crighton; "and as for the gray Miss Mordant is riding, nothing comes amiss to him—water, banks, timber, or walls, it's all the same to him."

"I doubt, Mr. Crighton, if he would carry her over that," interrupted Blake, pointing with his crop toward a flight of stiff rails a quarter of a mile off, and which seemed to have no ending.

"That is the only 'double' in the county. It was made by an enterprising English gentleman,

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who wished to divide his estate in the John Bull fashion by planting and protecting a quick hedge; it is stiff and lamb-proof; few of our horses can get over it, and few even try. It's a regular pounder, I can tell you."

"If any horse *can* jump it, Grey Peter will," said Crighton.

"And if ever we come across it, I will try. May I, Mr. Crighton?" asked Lola.

"Certainly, Miss Mordant. Let him go. He always rushes a bit at timber, but he will carry you over like a bird."

"Yes, and break your horse's back," sneered Consandine. "No lady ever yet jumped it, and we have some fine horsewomen in our hunt."

"That may be, Mr. Blake; but it does not follow my horse can not do it."

It was a fine holding day, and the hounds carried a good head, racing away at a tremendous pace.

"By George! I see the 'double!'" exclaimed Crighton; "there it is, right in front of us. And look! all the ladies are already taking another line—and most of the gentlemen too. I say, Evershorte, there is the double!"

"I see it," he exclaimed. "It's nothing for us."

Lola's eye brightened and her face flushed as she neared the formidable leap.

"Mother o' Moses!" uttered the old huntsman, "but Miss Mordant is going to ride it!" and he galloped away for a broken bar he knew of, some short distance off. "The poor colleen will break her neck."

"Let him go, Miss Mordant!" shouted Crighton, as the horse rushed at the fence. "Don't check him, for God's sake!"

The resolute girl did as she was told, gave him his head, and the noble animal cleared it at a bound.

"Well ridden indeed!" exclaimed Lord Evershorte, whose horse hit the rail with his hind-legs, and nearly gave him a cropper. "Crighton is over. By Jupiter! we are the only three that have ridden it yet. Well jumped again," he uttered, as Consandine and one or two more cleared it or scrambled over. There were, however, several riderless horses galloping about, for the "double" was a big one, and required a deal of doing.

"I niver in all my born days," ejaculated the old huntsman, "see a lady take such a leap as that afore. It bates cock-fighting all to smithereens. I onst see a lady attimpt it; she managed to jump in, but divil a bit could she git out till we broke a bar for her."

"Well, Miss Mordant," asked Lord Evershorte, as they were all returning homeward, "how do you like your new horse?"

"Oh! he is delightful. I never was so mounted, or took such a jump as that 'double,' in my life before. I can never thank Mr. Crighton enough for his kindness."

"I am most delighted, I am sure," said the young man, "to have afforded you any pleasure" (he thought how lonely and isolated the young girl had been during the last three years), "and you will do me a still further favor, Miss Mordant, if you will accept Gray Peter, and keep him as your own individual property."

"Murder! but you don't mean to say, Crighton, that you give that horse to me daughter? Why, he's worth two hundred guineas!"

"If he were worth five, Miss Mordant is heartily welcome to him, and I hope she will do me the favor to accept him, for I am certain he could not have a kinder mistress, or one who would ride him better or straighter."

"By me faith, Lola, but you're in luck!" said her step-father, after she had finished thanking him for his handsome present.

"Indeed I am, Mr. Blake; and you see," she added, roguishly, "he did not kill me, nor did I break his back over that 'double.'"

"Crighton," said Mr. Blake, the following morning, as they were strolling about smoking a cigar, "you did Lola a kindness yesterday: will you do me one to-day?"

"Certainly I will, if I can, Blake; what is it?"

"Why, lend me a couple of hundred pounds for three months," said the unabashed Irishman.

"You must know, Blake," replied Crighton, gravely, "that I am not a money-lender, nor are my means large enough to grant loans."

"Well, but, me dear fellow," interrupted Consandine, "I shall be ruined entirely if I can not get the coin."

"This once, then, Blake; but remember, it must be the first and last time I will let you have money." He knew at the time he was writing out the check how little prospect there was of his ever seeing it again.

"It shall be paid to the hour," said Consandine Blake, buttoning up his coat with a self-satisfied air as he left the room.

A month or six weeks passed away in hunting and shooting, and Lola was constantly out with the hounds, riding "the gray horse" in a style that commanded the admiration of all who saw her.

Crighton's attentions were unmistakable, though as yet nothing had been said, or, at any rate, nothing that any one knew about.

Blake, seeing the young man, as he expressed it, "nailed," ventured to propose a fresh loan of Crighton, which was positively refused, much to Consandine's disgust and indignation. He now cooled in his ardent and professed friendship toward the young man, and thinking by shaking him off he might get rid of his debt at the same time, proceeded to an act of open hostility, and took the bull by the horns at once in a somewhat unceremonious manner.

"Mr. Crighton," said he, catching the young man one morning in the stable-yard, where he had been to look at his horses, which he never failed doing after breakfast, "I'd like to have a few words with you in me own room."

"Certainly, Blake, my time is quite at your disposal;" and they adjourned to the Irishman's sanctum.

"There can be no mistaking your attentions toward me step-daughter, Crighton, and it's time I interfered," he said. "I don't approve of her galloping about after hounds or walking about with you as she does. The thing can never be. I set me face entirely against it."

"If you were her guardian, or had any control over her, I might listen to you, Mr. Blake; but as I know her mother is the only person who has a right to influence her, I must decline your interference," replied Crighton.

"Her mother be damned, Sir! Who cares what a weak person like that says, does, or thinks? I am master here, and will be."

"You may be master here, and over your poor unfortunate wife, but you must understand once and for all that you are not my master, nor will I allow you to interfere in any manner whatever in my affairs." And saying this, he walked calmly from the room, leaving Consandine purple with rage and suppressed passion, and gasping in his arm-chair.

Both ladies suffered for this, for the bully's behavior was almost unbearable. The poor lady now seldom appeared; but Lola, in defiance of her step-father's reiterated threats, showed as usual at the cover-side.

Crighton's manner was so determined that Blake hesitated to say any thing more to him, and when they did meet, which they were often obliged to do, there was merely a cold salutation on either side.

Lord Evershorte had been informed by his friend of what had taken place, and he was naturally very indignant with Blake at his behavior toward his guest.

"Never mind, Crighton," said he, "he will bowl himself out, and that before long. Steer clear of him, and avoid an open rupture."

Another month passed away, and matters wore no better aspect; but Lord Evershorte and Crighton seemed oftener together than usual.

Another meet of the hounds was advertised for the cross-roads, and thither on the morning Blake, his step-daughter, Lord Evershorte, and Crighton repaired. Blake was sullen, as usual, and spoke but little to any one.

"I'll make him more lively presently," whispered the nobleman to his friend. "You'll see the best bit of fun directly you ever saw."

"Really, I hope and trust you will do nothing rash, Evershorte."

"Nothing, on my honor. But you know he must be got out of the way; he sticks as close to Lola as a leech."

"Well, do as you like," returned the other. "I am satisfied with your explanation."

On arriving at the spot where the hounds were they found a large field assembled, for the meet was a favorite one; it was a sure find and a good country. They were chatting to their different friends, when two strangers made their appearance, mounted on useful-looking nags; one was a red-bearded and whiskered man, and the other a dark one, and both had a look of indescribable fun in their countenances.

At this moment some one on foot went up and spoke a few words to Lord Evershorte, who at once rode toward Blake, who was holding forth to a lot of squireens.

"I say, Blake," said the nobleman, "did you see those two strangers come up?"

"Yes, I did; who the divil are they?"

"Make the best of your way home, Blake, and shut up the house. They are a couple of bums, come to serve you. I've just been told to warn you. And see! they are gradually coming this way. Get off quietly."

Blake turned his horse and moved on; the strangers did likewise. Consandine then put his horse in a gentle trot, as if warming himself; the others did the same. Seeing he was followed, he crashed over a fence and was away.

With a wild hurroo the two others followed, and a regular race ensued. The magic word "Bums!" flew from mouth to mouth, and nearly all the field followed to see the sport.

Blake went straight ahead for the castle, taking every thing.

"Oh Lord! I shall never forget this!" exclaimed the nobleman, screaming with laughter and wiping the tears from his eyes.

"But who are these two bailiffs, Lord Evershorte?" asked Lola. "I hope—oh, I do hope they will not catch him!"

"They are not meant to catch him, Miss Mordant. One is Larry the piper, and the other a friend of his. I hired horses, coats, and beards for them. I never saw such devils to ride in my life!" and he commenced laughing again. "But, Miss Mordant, it was absolutely necessary to get him away, and I think I have succeeded. But see! the field are coming back from one hunt. Now for another."

A scream of "Tally-ho! gone away!" brought the hounds rushing out of covert, and they settled steadily down on his line.

Neither Lola, his lordship, nor Crighton seemed so keen as usual; they rode cautiously, and seemed in no hurry to get in the first flight. Still, they took every thing as it came.

The formidable "double" at length appeared. Men settled their hats firmly on their heads; most of them intended to have a turn at it, for they felt rather ashamed that they had shirked it when Lola and the two Englishmen had jumped it. The other ladies took another line, as usual.

"We must not do it to-day," remarked Lord Evershorte, looking at his watch. "Time is up; but we will go on for a couple of hundred yards farther—in fact, up to it—and then pull."

"Mother o' Moses! I hope Miss Mordant will not try it again," muttered the old huntsman, as he scuttled away for the broken place, followed by a lot of others. "Sure ladies never know when they are well off."

Many were the falls at it, but some few got over.

"Blood and 'ounds! but the English gentlemen and Miss Mordant have *shirked the double!*" exclaimed a sporting squireen who had taken it in a fly. "I niver thought it of them." But the pace was too good to make many comments. The last they saw of the three was that they were cantering away in another direction.

"Now, then," said his lordship, directly they got into the highway, "come along; there is no time to lose."

Lola looked confused, and blushed as he uttered this.

"Oh, I hope I am not doing a very foolish thing!" she said, looking Crighton fondly in the face.

"No, dearest, no; it is the only plan. No one need be the wiser till we choose to tell them; it will give me the power of protecting you and your poor mother from your brutal step-father."

"Well, I suppose it must be so, George," she uttered; and they pushed on at a smart pace.

In a quarter of an hour they pulled up before a small church; it was situated in an isolated spot, and far away from any house or village. Larry the piper was already there to receive them and hold the horses.

"There's not a sowl here, yer honors, except his riverence; he's jist come. Sure I'd like to see yez tied up, for I niver was in a Protestant church in my life, and this is the only one in these parts."

They quickly entered the little building, and before many minutes were over the Honorable George Crighton and Lola Mordant were made man and wife by especial license, Lord Evershorte giving away the bride.

"Now, George," he said, "let's be away before a soul sees us. The hunt," he added, "will know some day *why we shirked the 'double.'*"

"Jist one word, yer honor, before yez goes," said Larry to Crighton, as he pocketed the handsome *douceur* which that gentleman had presented him.

Lord Evershorte and the lady were already mounted and walking quietly away.

"What is it, Larry? Be quick, there's a good fellow."

"Jist this," replied the man; and he said something to him in a low tone of voice.

"My God! is it true, Larry? Do you mean it?"

"It is true, yer honor, ivery blessed word. I'd swear to it on the book."

"Then why did you not tell me before?" Crighton asked.

"Becase I wish to have a holt on Consandine. But you may tell him the bums is after him in airnist this time; they will be there this evenin' to serve him, and a good back wid 'em."

"Larry," said the young man, sadly, "you surely would do no harm to them who never harmed you? Give me your solemn oath you will never let a soul know of this. You shall never repent it."

"Would it be hurtin' them if I did?" he asked.

"Hurting them? It would kill them. Man, have some pity; they have ever been good and kind to you."

"Faith they have, yer honor; and as there is a God above me, I'll niver breathe a word to mortal about it. God bless yez!" And he walked slowly away; but, suddenly recollecting himself, gave one wild hurroo, and kicking off his brogan, threw it over his left shoulder, and then stood motionless, looking after them as they rode away at a rapid pace.

Crighton looked anxious and ill at ease as he joined the others.

"Well, old married man," asked the nobleman, "what has kept you?"

"I was just having a few parting words with Larry, and begging him to be silent. Now, Lola, my darling, let us get along."

On arriving at the castle they found Consandine Blake anxiously awaiting them, in a state of wild excitement, in the drawing-room. Mrs. Blake also wore more than a satisfied air.

"You are home sooner, Lola, than I expected you," she said. "Come here, dearest, I have some good news for you."

"What is it, mamma?" she anxiously asked.

"What is it?" exclaimed her step-father. "Why, a letter has come to me dear wife. Her old aunt is dead, and left *you* the three thousand a year—not a stiver to Bessie; but it's all the same, me darling."

The girl turned deadly pale as he said this, but did not utter a word. As for Crighton, he noiselessly left the room.

"Well, I congratulate you on your good luck, Mrs.—no, I mean Miss—Mordant," said Lord Evershorte, correcting himself in time; "I congratulate you, with all my heart."

"You will both dine with us to-day, will you not?" asked Consandine. "Divil a bailiff do I care for now." He quite seemed to forget the money was not his own, and that he had not the slightest claim to it.

"We will come, with pleasure. I will answer for Crighton." And he looked significantly at the young lady.

The dinner that day passed off more lively than usual. Consandine was in high spirits. "Didn't I do them bailiffs elegant this morning?" he asked.

"Grandly," replied the nobleman; "it was the best bit of sport I ever saw." But, seeing his poor wife looked sad and ashamed, he adroitly turned the conversation.

"Lola," said her step-father, as the ladies rose to leave the room, "I'll want a few words with you presently in my room; be there in ten minutes."

"I will," she answered, as she left the room.

After he had seen his guests drawn up by the fire, and a bottle of claret between them, Consandine left them, saying he would be back in ten minutes. He found the young girl waiting for him.

"Lola, me dear child," he commenced, "you are now a woman of fortune, and can do as you like. We will all go to Dublin for the remainder of the winter—your mother wants change—and in the spring on to London for three months."

"But what will you do with Lord Evershorte and Mr. Crighton?"

"Oh, hang them! We need not bother ourselves about them now. You're always thinking of that fellow Crighton. I hate him. You shall never marry him. I forbid it."

"Indeed, Mr. Blake!" she answered, with more than usual animation. "Suppose I do not choose to consult you? My money is left to me unreservedly, and I may as well tell you I do not intend to consult you on the matter of my marrying."

"Well, but, Lola, me dear child," he said, astonished at her spirit, "we will talk of that another time. But I'm in the divil's own mess just now. The bailiffs were after me to-day, as you know. I want you to lend me a couple of hundred to put me straight."

"Certainly not, Mr. Blake. It is no use asking me; I will not do it."

"What?" he exclaimed, his face blazing up with passion. "You can—you must—you shall!"

"I will not. I can not do it; it is not my own," she said, falteringly.

"Then whose the h—l is it," he coarsely demanded, "if it is not yours?"

"Mine, at present," said a voice. "Till a settlement is made—which shall be done as soon as possible—it is mine."

Consandine turned at this interruption and confronted Crighton, who looked him sternly in the face.

"Yours, you beggarly upstart? What do you mean by yours?"

"Simply this, Blake," said the other, calmly, passing his wife's arm through his own. "Lola is my wife—we are married."

The other turned livid as he heard this, but he was too taken aback to utter a word; but if looks could have killed Crighton, he had been dead on the instant.

"Lola, my love, leave the room for a few minutes. I want to have a short conversation with Mr. Blake. We shall understand each other thoroughly presently. Here, Evershorte," he said, as the young nobleman entered the room, "take my wife to her mother and explain all. Now, Blake," he commenced, when they were alone, "I'm not going to quarrel with you. Just listen patiently to me for a few moments. You know Larry the piper?"

"Know him? I do." Here he uttered a horrid oath.

"Well, so far so good, Blake. You married his sister."

"Good God! who told you that, Crighton?"

"No matter; I know it. Her child—your child by her—is dead."

"Yes!" he exclaimed, savagely. "It is dead, and its cursed mother too."

"No, Blake, no," the young man said; "she is not dead, poor soul, but she will be soon, for she is quickly passing away in a decline."

"What?" screamed the wretched man, "not dead? On my oath—on my solemn oath—I knew it not, Crighton! I was told she was dead years ago. You will believe me, will you not? O God! has it come to this?" and he covered his face with his hands.

"Listen to me, Blake," said the other, gently. "I believe you in this. I am aware you knew it not, for Larry has told me all. You were kept in ignorance of her living. The piper wished to have a hold on you, and revenge at some future time. Not a soul knows of it but myself, and no one ever will, if you keep your own counsel. I would not let poor Mrs. Mordant hear of it for all I possess. I have Larry's oath he will never mention it, and that oath I know he will keep. You must not see Mrs. Mordant again. You have made her life wretched enough. To-night or to-morrow you will be arrested—not served, but arrested—there are warrants out against you. Now which do you prefer? Going to prison, or escaping to the Continent, where you shall have three hundred a year as long as you remain? It shall be paid quarterly and regularly to you. Choose, and choose quickly, for if you wish to escape, it must be to-night."

It is needless to say Crighton's offer was accepted. The frightened, cowering bully was got away in the darkness, and crossed to France. An excuse was made for him to the ladies. They were told he had fled from the bailiffs, who, when they came the next day, found the bird flown.

Crighton, his wife, her mother, and Lord Evershorte a few days after landed in England, heartily sick and tired of Ireland. Not a word did Mrs. Blake, or rather Mrs. Mordant, know of the past, for Crighton kept the secret rigidly locked in his own bosom. The poor lady always went by the name of Blake, and believed herself to be so to the day of her death.

Consandine Blake did not live long to enjoy his annuity. He took to brandy, which soon finished him, and what remains of him is now lying in an overcrowded cemetery at Boulogne. His supposed widow did not grieve much, for he had led her a wretched life. She is happy with her daughter, with whom she resides. She pets and spoils her grandchildren and dotes on her son-in-law, who is more than considerate and attentive to her.

Evershorte is still unmarried, though he talks of being "tied up." "You look so jolly and comfortable, George," he would say, "that I've half a mind to try matrimony, only I'm afraid my club will be stopped, and that I could not stand. If I thought a fellow could go to his club and have his hunters, I'd have a try. I know a dooced pretty girl, with a nice fortune, who is to be had for asking. After all, I'm *single* now, and on the right side of the hedge. No, on second thoughts, I'll remain as I am. Yes, I am for *shirking a 'double.'*"

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RECEPTION DRESS.—[SEE PAGE 423.]

CARRIAGE DRESS.—[SEE PAGE 423.]

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FOUR SEASONS IN THE LIFE OF A ROSE-TREE.

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A SONG OF ANGIOLA DEAD.

"Vale, unica."

SONG, art thou sad, my song!
Thou hast not ease nor sleep;
Thou art not gay nor glad;
Hast thou not mourned too long!
Speak to me, song, nor weep
Till thou grow gray and mad
For that all love is fled,
Beauty and bountihead:
Song, thou art sad!

Song, ah, how fair was she!
Days but her praise repeat—
Men may seek out with care
Nowhere such eyes to see,
Nowhere such little feet—
Yea, and such yellow hair;
Nowhere like lips, I weet,
Kisses thereon to eat:
Song, she was fair!

Song, and how sweet she was!
Spring breezes kissed her face;
Little leaves kissed her feet;
And the sun kissed, because
Nowhere in any place
Thing was to kiss so sweet;
Nothing so dear as she,
Gentle and maidenly:
Song, she was sweet!

Song, but how good she was!
There was nothing she said
But it was wise and good;
No abject thing but has
Out from her mercy fed,
Strong in her pity stood;
There was no little child
But to her leaped and smiled:
Song, she was good.

How shall we wait, my song?
There is no mirth in cup;
Nowhere a feast is spread;
Life is all marred and wrong;
Grief hath consumed it up,
Now that our love is fled;
Earth hath no face to see
Pointing my sword for me:
Song, she is dead!

Song, shall we leave to sing?
Nothing can wake her now;
Nothing can lift her head;
There is no tune can bring
Back to her cheek and brow
Roses of white and red—
Nothing of ours can stir
Words to the lips of her:
Song, she is dead!

Cease, then, from scent, my song;
Change thee thy myrrh with rue,
Myrtle with calamus;
Bring for us garments long,
Weeds to our grief, and strew
Dust on the hair of us,
For that all love is fled,
Beauty and bountihead:
Song, she is dead!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS V. B. P.—Use the Loose Front Double-breasted Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 23, Vol. VI., for your linen suit.

MRS. W. H. A.—Full information about mourning dresses is given in *Bazar* No. 21, Vol. VI. Make the navy blue dress by Loose Front Polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 23, Vol. VI.

MRS. N. L. N.—Your sample is black merino. Make a double-breasted sacque, and trim with thick silk cuffs, collar, pockets, and buttons. Put goffered fringe on the edge.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.—Trim your gray silk with lengthwise bias bands on the front breadths, and three or four straight wide gathered flounces behind. For the black grenadine have two deep flounces headed by puffs.

JULIA.—Use a basque and Worth over-skirt for a stout lady's grenadine dress. Trim with pleated flounces edged with narrow guipure, and headed by jet galloon.

E. B. W.—Make your suit by Gabrielle Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 24, Vol. VI. Use fresh benzine, or else chloroform, for taking oil out of silk.

NETTIE.—Use the loose polonaise pattern sent you for your buff polonaise. Trim the edges with bias bands of the same, piped with white linen, or else cut it in scallops and bind with linen. Put one deep Spanish flounce on the skirt.

ECONOMY.—Put seven bias bands of darker blue silk the whole length of the three front breadths of your pale blue silk. Then add two dark flounces on the three back breadths, edging them with pale blue.

Z.—For a girl of seventeen get a black chip Rubens hat, trimmed with black turquoise silk and wild roses. For a girl of thirteen get a sailor-shaped Rabagas of rough straw. For a lady of thirty-seven, a black Brussels net bonnet, with jet, lace, a pompon, and moss.

WESTEEN.—Get tamise cloth or else seersucker for a traveling dress for mourning. Make with the long Double-breasted Polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 23, Vol. VI. A cashmere sacque or Dolman is used for extra wrap.

CHARLOTTA.—A polonaise and flounced skirt is the best design for your Japanese silk. Trim with alternate ruffles of black and gray silk.

S. M. R.—Make a châtelaine polonaise of your black grenadine, lining waist and sleeves with silk, and trimming the edge with a wide grenadine puff with a ruffle each side edged with lace. Put two deep flounces of grenadine, each headed by a similar puff, around the skirt. A fraise and ruffle on the sleeves should be filled in with Valenciennes lace or else crêpe lisse pleating.

OLEA.—Read reply just given "S. M. R." The châtelaine polonaise is illustrated in *Bazar* No. 17, Vol. VI. Use a black watered ribbon sash with your black grenadine polonaise.

BEATRICE.—It is customary for the bride-maid to give the bride a present.

CARRIE L.—Little girls are wearing brown linen polonaises made double-breasted, and belted precisely like those worn by their mothers. Read "Children's Fashions" in *Bazar* No. 25, Vol. VI. Edge the linen with a piping fold of white, brown, or blue linen.

LOLA M.—Swiss muslin polonaises are made long and loose, without lining, and are edged with a plain ruffle, or else lace or embroidery. A white corset cover is worn under them. A side sash is a succession of long loops and two uneven ends hanging from the belt on the left side quite far back. Watered ribbon sashes are very popular.

MOTHER.—Your suggestion about the graduating dress is very good. Read description of such a dress in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 25, Vol. VI.

A CONSTANT READER.—The polonaise and flounced skirt are invariably prescribed for grenadines this summer. Have one made with a close-fitting vest polonaise, and let the other be loose and belted. Put puffs edged with lace on the black dress, while for your sage green you should have pleatings laid so that the stripe will be uppermost in each pleat.

NEWARK.—The first-class furniture stores here make cradles like our illustration, but object to selling them without the curtains and fanciful accompaniments.

M. N. V.—Embroidered linen suits are stylish; braided suits are very common. Your sample is Irish poplin, and will wear well. Talmas, Dolmans, and old-fashioned mantillas are more stylish than double capes.

MRS. W. W.—Alcohol will remove grape stains.

HOBART.—The engagement-ring is worn on the first finger of the left hand; the wedding-ring on the third finger.

JULIA.—White grenadine suits will be worn at the watering-places and out of town for church and visiting dresses.

CONSTANCE.—Straight side-pleated and gathered flounces are both used in grenadine. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 26, Vol. VI. Napoleon blue linen is difficult to obtain here. A few private dressmakers import it for $1 a yard. We will furnish you a cut paper pattern of suit with a pleated blouse, which is the fashionable shirt waist. Fraises may be either gathered, side pleated, or box-pleated, according to material. A white neck-tie does *not* require a colored one also, but looks well with highly colored jewelry, such as coral or turquoise.

MEG.—Use black or gray, or else the blue itself, for trimming your blue polonaise.

MIGGS.—Your sample is real Cluny, but lace does not dye well.

K. B.—Get a llama lace sacque, or else buy guipure net and lace and make a pretty loose sacque with insertion let in the seams.

EVA.—Read about princesse dresses in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 26, Vol. VI. The *Bazar* and Supplement containing an illustration of Worth's princesse dress has been sent you.

CONSTANT BAZAR READER.—Make your baby boy's dresses to reach to the ankles. Make your calico with a box-pleated blouse-waist and a ruffled skirt, with or without an over-skirt.

A. M.—Leno is not displayed in the stores this season. De bège at 50 or 60 cents a yard is the most popular traveling dress. Black silk is the best dress to buy when one dress must be worn on all occasions.

CHICAGO.—Read about grenadines in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 26, Vol. VI.

AN APPRECIATIVE SUBSCRIBER.—Hem your polonaise plainly without braid. White gloves would be less objectionable than black at a full-dress party, and bare hands would not do at all. After wearing crape ten years of your widowhood, you are certainly entitled to leave it off.

EVERY mother who has a crying baby, or children subject to croup and stomach-complaints, can rely upon Castoria to keep the child well and give it rest. There are but few nurses in New York who do not use Castoria. It should be in every house.—[*Com.*]

HOW IS THIS?—OVER 86,000,000 SEWING-MACHINES FOR 1872.—Some of the sewing-machine agents in our city have been continuously advertising the rate of increase of manufacture of their particular machine. These statements have induced us to ascertain which machine actually has the largest per cent. of increase, and we find, from the sworn statement of all the companies, that the New Under-Feed Wilson Sewing-Machine's manufacture in 1871 was an increase over 1870 of 4100 per cent., the most wonderful increase ever recorded in the world. If the Wilson manufacture increased at the same rate in 1872, they will manufacture over 86,000,000 sewing-machines this year. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan,
USE PERRY'S
Moth and Freckle Lotion.
It is reliable and harmless.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE, BLACKHEADS, AND FLESHWORMS, use Perry's IMPROVED COMEDONE and Pimple Remedy—the Great Skin Medicine. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GAUZE MERINO
Undershirts AND Drawers.
A LARGE VARIETY AT
UNION ADAMS & CO.,
No. 637 BROADWAY.

SANTA BARBARA. All about its climate for weak lungs, &c. Send 50 cts. for Guide-Book, to ED. N. WOOD, Editor *Index*, Santa Barbara, Cal.

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Retailed at same price as I charge Hair Dealers. All First quality Hair. No short crimped hair in. Warranted not dyed.

32 in. long, weight 3 oz. only $9.00
32 " " " 4 " " 12.00
32 " " " 5 " " 15.00
32 " " " 6 " " 18.00

CORONET OR POMPADOUR BRAIDS—SOLID HAIR.
2 oz., 20 in. Hair, only . $4.50

Back or Waterfall Curls—full sets Naturally Curly.

Size.	My Price.	Retails for N. Y.
Medium,	$7.00	$10.00
Large,	8.00	12.00
Extra Large,	10.00	15.00

Long single Curls (heavy) naturally curly
22 in hair, only $2.00
24 " " " 3.50
26 " " " 4.50

BEST FRIZ WEFT OR FACE CURLS, . . . 50 cents per yard.
NATURALLY CURLY, FRIZ WEFT CURLS, . . $1.00 per yard.
LATEST STYLE.—Spanish Comb, Imitation Shell, sent prepaid on receipt of $1.50...everybody wearing them.

I sell the hair just as I import it, without intermixing [as imitators of my advertisements do,] to make their Price Lists appear cheaper. I AM the only Hair Importer and wholesale dealer in this city who RETAILS at WHOLESALE Prices. I will send Switches PREPAID by REGISTERED MAIL, on receipt of P. O. Money Order, Draft, or Money in Registered Letter, or will send by Express to COLLECT ON DELIVERY. Remember money sent in advance saves ALL express charges.

Wreath with any Initial, Monogram, or word, or Bouquet, made of as many pieces or colors of Hair as you may send.

Almost every family possesses some hair of deceased relatives, which can be made into beautiful pictures, forming imperishable and unchangeable mementoes and handsome household ornaments. Either of the above designs appropriately framed 4 x 6 inches, sent prepaid on receipt of $10.00. The above is the very best method of preserving the hair in its original color, and is now being extensively adopted by all who wish to preserve such as relics to perpetuate the memory of the departed. Have one made. You will surely order others on seeing how really artistic the work is done. Will return all hair not used. Established 1843. CHAS. V. PECKHAM, *Near Amity St. (Copyright secured.)* 687 *Broadway, N. Y. City.*

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SHIRTS, COLLARS, AND CUFFS, ready made and to order.
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I can offer to the public inducements which can not be superseded by any of my competitors.

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Short Hair Switches $1 and upward. Finest quality Hair Switches, solid, not dyed, 18 inches long, 4 ounces weight,					$5 00
Do. 22	do.	do. 4	do.	do.	6 00
Do. 26	do.	do. 4	do.	do.	8 00
Do. 32	do.	do. 4	do.	do.	10 00

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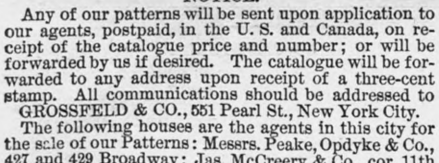

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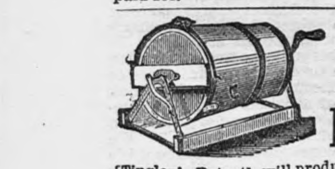

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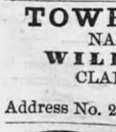

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GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S SHORT DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 48

Vol. V.

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Vol. VI.

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A YOUNG lady studying French, and finding that "belle" meant "fine," told some one in a letter that "we had a great deal of belle weather lately."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Fastidious James.—It is not strictly etiquette, when a gentleman declines to dine with you on the ground of being engaged, to write in reply that you believe that's all humbug, and that he hopes for a pleasanter invitation; but your answer would often be truthful.

Eja, Ita, Quia (who write on the same subject).—It is most ungenerous to your friend to accept his invitation, if going will bore you. Give him credit for desiring that you should do what will make you happiest, and stay away.

Miss Sappho.—If you think that you can sing better than Madame Patti, there is not the least objection to your getting over from the boxes into the orchestra, and thence to the stage (the Big Drum is politeness itself, and he will heave you up), and trying. But courtesy demands that you should wait the fall of the act-drop, and perhaps you had better obtain a written permission from the manager.

Anti-Fiddler.—Ha! ha! "'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,' and to irritate every other," is not bad, for you. But cotton wool is cheap enough, and staying at home is cheaper.

Impatient Hester.—When Hamlet said "Those that are married already, all but one, shall live," it is certain that he meant, when King of Denmark, to provide means of living for such couples as had wedded on insufficient incomes. But don't you and "Dear Tom" marry on the idea that any thing of the sort will be done for you. Wait, and hope to get tired of one another.

Amphibious.—Never change your opinion about any thing. But, as the object of talking is to annoy somebody, express whatever opinion is likely to be most distasteful to your hearers. If any body calls you inconsistent, punch his head.

Qui s'Excuse.—Letters intended to be delivered never miscarry. Misdirect carefully, if for any reason you desire your epistle to go astray and be returned to you, that you may show it when the mischief you wish it thought you tried to prevent is done. If you ought to write Madison Square, omit "Square," and your letter will make a pleasant tour.

Fidelis.—Never betray a secret. But there is no law against your making a memorandum of a secret for your own use; and if you happen to write with a thick pen, and promptly to use the blotting-pad, to which a club gossip is sure to resort, it will be the fault of the paper-makers, not yours, if he reads and tells. We knew an objectionable marriage prevented by such an—accident.

Student.—The question whether Mary Queen of Scots was sincere, or only politic, in refusing the hand of Louis XIV., has often been discussed. We are not inclined to give a positive opinion where Lingard doubts and Pinnock generalizes, but we have reason to think she would have married him but for the strange conduct of Talleyrand, who instigated the Sicilian Vespers in order to divert the attention of Europe from Mary's affair with Cæsar Borgia.

Maria.—You ask who "Glossary the poet" was. You have seen his works indicated on the back of the volume containing Chaucer, Gower, and Skelton. Quite right to ask. He is a very nice poet, and has this advantage, that he explains every word he uses, which several moderns do not do.

Scientific.—We never had the slightest idea as to what is meant by pressure on the barometer, and we have lived a good many years very comfortably without knowing. We believe, however, that if you press it too hard it will break, and the quicksilver will tumble all over the floor, and this produces a pretty effect.

A Dejected Wife.—We can give no advice about marking-ink. Besides, respectable washer-women now decline to work for persons who are mean enough to mark their linen, and thus not only show a want of confidence, but give the trouble of sorting the things.

Scotus.—The lines are in Burns's works, but they are only an amplification of Dr. Watts's terse and elegant couplet:

"If I could see what others see,
A better cove I think I'd be."

Le Comte d'A——.—"The dual function of the brain" is, we imagine, to keep a man with brains out of a duel.

Scrupulous.—There is no objection to shooting a street organist, but do not fire out of window when any body else is about, lest you injure a fellow-creature.

Sir Wilfrid L.—In Sumatra it is with the greatest difficulty that a native can be got to pronounce his own name. There is not this etiquette in America, but toward the evening of New-Year's Day a good many persons appear to be Sumatrans to the extent in question.

OTHER COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—*Vetus* (old enough to know better).—*Pemmican* (is not the same as pelican, but you are the same as goose).—*X. X.* (you may be only twenty, but your joke's one hundred at least).—*A Beginner* (leave off).—*P. S.* (Sir, *nota bene*, we do not stand impertinence).—*A Bristolian* (go to Bath).—*Aliquis* (you think you're "somebody;" may difference of opinion never alter friendship).—*Critic* (hypercritic; an artist draws well enough who can draw a good check).—*F. T. W.* (neat, only *anchora* is not Latin for an anchovy. Try again).

Every body is allowed to be keeper of the seals in Alaska.

QUERY.—Are the Michi*ganders* any relation to the Portu*guese*, and if so, how much, and what?

For what does M.D. stand? Don't exactly know. It represents Doctor of Medicine, Medical Doctor, Mule Driver, Medical Distinction, Mulatto Doctor, Mileage Dividend (for Congressmen), Mine Digger, Military Department or Division, Mischief-Doer.

In one of the towns of Mississippi two colored men were arrested on the charge of burglary. The jury before whom they were tried were all colored. After the case was tried they retired and made up a verdict, which was announced to the court. On being called, the judge asked for the verdict, which the foreman delivered as follows:

"Dis jury find dat one of de 'cuse busted in de sto' and stole dat bacon, and dat de oder didn't do noffin."

"Which one do you find guilty?" asked the judge.

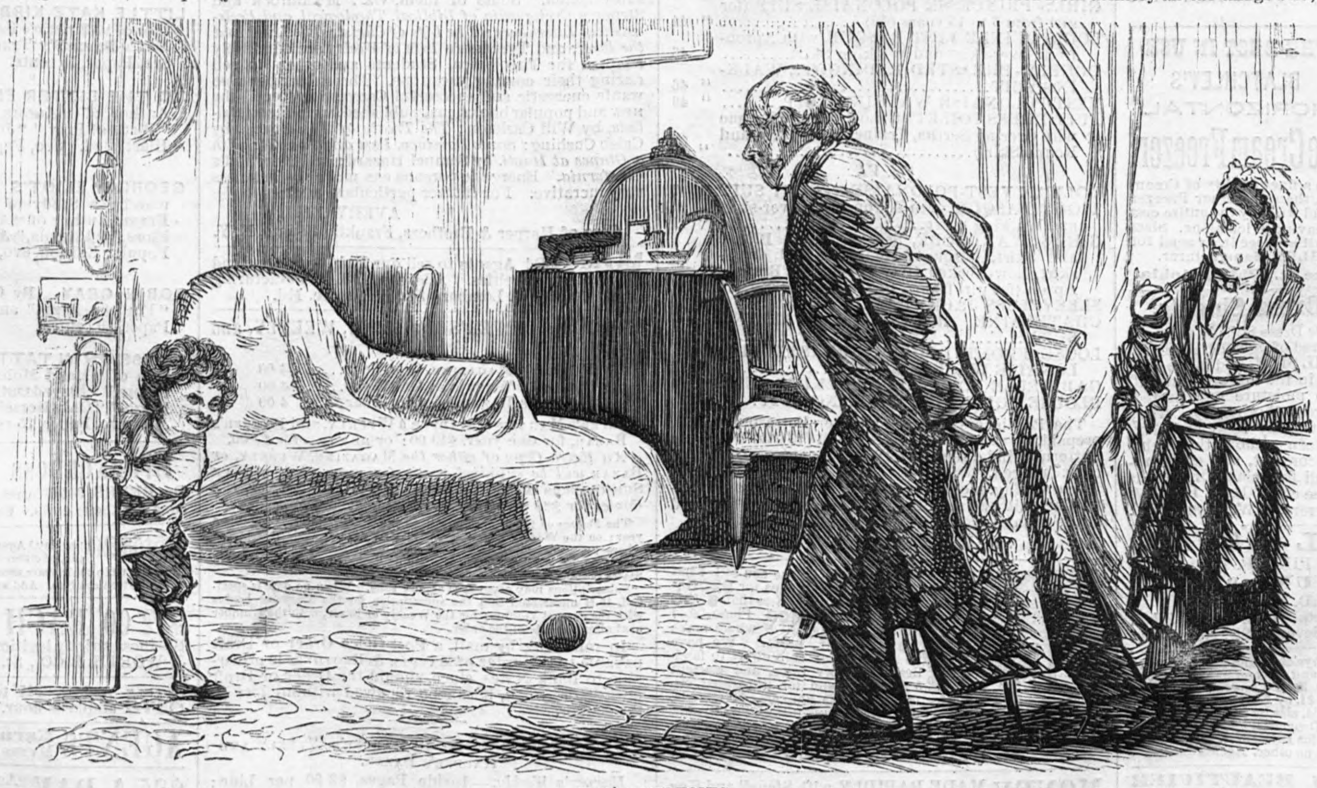
"Dat's de question, boss," returned the foreman; "dat's jes what we can't find out; and we recommend dat de honorable coat jes have anoder trial, and find out which on dem two niggers stole dat bacon."

TAKING THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE.

DOROTHY. "I shall have *such* a Big Wedding-Cake when *I'm* Married, Mummy!"
CHRISTOPHER. "Yes—and set it afore *me*, won't you?"

EMULATION.

MAUD. "*I've* had *Whooping-Cough!*"
ETHEL. "Oh! that's Nothing—why, *I've* had *Measles!*"
MAUD. "Well—*I've* had *Bronchitis!*"
ETHEL (*after a pause*). "*I* learn *French!*" [*Collapse of Maud.*



BELLIGERENTS.

GRANDPAPA (*goaded to madness, as the ball bounded from the back of his head*). "Get out of the Room, you Little ——! I've Told you Half a Dozen Times, Sir, to go and Play in the Hall. My Dear, I wish you'd Ring for Mary, to take the Child Up Stairs."
GRANDSON. "If you do, I'll Get into Mischief, and Turn on all the Faucets!"

SWEARING.

"Mother, did you ever hear sissy swear?"

"No, my dear. What did she say?"

"Why, she said she wasn't going to wear her darned stockings to church?"

THE TURF AFFECTION—'Ossification of the heart.

Back as many horses as you like, but you had better not back them through shop windows—it comes expensive.

OLD PATIENTS.—Curran being at a party at the seat of an Irish nobleman, one of the company, who was a physician, strolled out before dinner into the churchyard. Dinner being served up, and the doctor not returned, some of the company were expressing their surprise where he could be gone to. "Oh," says Curran, "he has just stepped out to pay a visit to some of his old patients."

A short time since a gentleman with long fair whiskers, and dressed in the height of fashion, entered a hosier's in Vienna, and requested the shop-woman, who happened to be alone, to show him some colored shirts. Every variety was brought out, when he made his choice, and requested that a parcel might be made up for him. This being done, "What an idiot I am!" he said. "I have not seen how the shirts look when on. Would you oblige me, mademoiselle, by putting on one over your dress?" The shop-woman having complied with his request, "Be so good," he continued, "as to button the collar and the wristbands, that I may get a thoroughly good idea of the effect. And now," he added, taking up his parcel, "allow me to wish you a very good morning;" and in an instant he was outside the door and had disappeared, the unhappy girl, perfectly stupefied, not daring to follow him into the street on account of her singular costume. Her employer, on returning from his *café* half an hour later, found her, with the fatal garment on, crying on the counter.

THREE COURSES.—The Course of Time, the Course of True Love, and the Course at Jerome Park.

HENCE THESE SIZE!

BLANCHE (*to her brother*). "Charlie, you look very miserable. You promised me you wouldn't bet heavily. Have you lost much?"

CHARLIE. "Yaas! Bet half a dozen pairs of gloves with Mrs. Furlong."

BLANCHE. "Nonsense! that's nothing."

CHARLIE. "Aw! beg y' pardon—I'm thinking how a fellah is to go and buy the gloves without sacrificing his self-respect. Why, the woman wears seven and a half!"

PAVING WITH GOLD.—In this "enlightened age" few will be found to believe that the streets of New York are paved with gold, yet it would puzzle a clever contractor to pave them without it.

One of the soldiers sent against the Modocs received a letter from his sister containing the following beautiful and touching sentiment: "And if any thing should happen to you, do make some arrangement to have your hair recovered and sent on. It is the exact color of mine, and I can't get a pair of curls of the right shade any where here."

A race is sometimes won by a head, but the legs generally land all the money.

CIVILIZED CANNIBALS.

"Why do they call the people that live in some of the South Sea Islands cannibals?" asked an old man of a sailor.

"Because they live on other people," answered the sailor.

"Then," said the old man, pensively, "my sons-in-law must be cannibals, for they live on me."

MEMORY.—We don't believe a word of the following: Dr. Johnson, it is said, never forgot any thing he had seen, heard, or read. Burke, Clarendon, Gibbon, Locke, Tillotson, were all distinguished for great strength of memory. When alluding to this subject, Sir William Hamilton observes: "For intellectual power of the highest order none were distinguished above Grotius and Pascal, and Grotius and Pascal forgot nothing they had ever read or thought. Leibnitz and Euler were not less celebrated for their intelligence than for their memory, and both could repeat the whole of the *Æneid*. Donnellus knew the *Corpus Juris* by heart, and yet he was one of the profoundest and most original speculators in jurisprudence. Ben Jonson tells us that he could repeat all he had ever written, and whole books that he had read. Themistocles could call by their names the twenty thousand citizens of Athens. Cyrus is reported to have known the name of every soldier in his army. Hortensius (after Cicero the greatest orator of Rome), after sitting a day at a public sale, correctly enunciated from memory all the things sold, their prices, and the names of their purchasers. Niebuhr, the historian, was no less distinguished for his memory than for his acuteness. In his youth he was employed in one of the public offices of Denmark. Part of a book of accounts having been destroyed, he restored it by an effort of memory." We conclude as we began. We don't believe a word of this long-spun yarn.

Rabbit poachers are said not to be particular to a hare.

A TOUR DE FORCE—A policeman's rounds.

A San Bernardino (California) assessor asked a woman how many chickens she had, and doubting her word, proceeded to count them. She took him to the bee-hive, kicked it over, and invited him to count the bees. He'll take a woman's word next time.

Captain Jack has confessed to Hooker Jim that he is the author of *Betsey and I are out.*

A Danbury young man is to stand a suit for breach of promise, having said he would take a young lady to Barnum's and failed to do it.

"This company shall never get another cent of my money," said an angry lady on a railway train.

"How, then, will you travel?" asked the conductor.

"I'll pay my fare to you."

Sulphur comes from Vesuvius—therefore it is good for eruptions.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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FIGS. 1 AND 2.—LADIES' SUMMER WALKING SUITS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Fig. 1.—BUFF LINEN WALKING SUIT.

Fig. 2.—BLOUSE-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).

[Cut Paper Patterns of the Blouse-polonaise Walking Suit, Fig. 2, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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MISS PRISCILLA'S BONNET.

So this is your wonderful bonnet,
All flowers and feathers and lace,
Full twenty-five dollars' worth on it,
And it don't hide a bit of your face;
It perches its puff of illusion
On top of your tangle of curls,
As if half afraid of intrusion.
When I and your mother were girls,

Niece Fanny, our bonnets were beauties.
I remember one Dunstable straw
That was white as the whitest of duties,
And its fibre as strong as the law;
For seven years running I wore it,
A ribbon tied under my chin,
A long figured veil floating o'er it,
And blushes and dimples within.

You smile? Youth is so unbelieving
In all save its joy in itself.
Don't dream for a moment I'm grieving,
Or think myself laid on the shelf;
But fifty odd summers have faded
The bloom that was bright at sixteen,
And the face, growing older, is shaded
By thoughts of the years that have been.

I *had* blushes and dimples, however,
And my skin was not browned by the sun,
Like yours, Fanny darling. I never
Had freckles at your age—not one.
And thanks to my sensible bonnet,
That kept the rough wind from my hair,
The gloss of the chestnut upon it
Was satin-smooth, dainty, and fair.

I sat with the singers in meeting
The summer my bonnet was new:
How the fugues and the quavers, repeating
Themselves, thrill my memory through!
For Will by my side said, "Priscilla,
Can heaven be sweeter than this?"
One morning. He lies 'neath the willow,
Soon caught to the heavenly bliss.

Will gone, the rest married and scattered,
Afar to the East and the West,
And I'm Aunt Priscilla, unflattered,
By only the babies caressed;
Yet full of a subtle compassion
For you with your tangle of curls,
Half spoiled by caprices of fashion,
My prettiest, dearest of girls.

Ladies' Summer Walking Suits, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—BUFF LINEN WALKING SUIT. Skirt of buff linen, trimmed with flounces headed with bias folds of white linen; Valois waist, with sides extending so as to form a sort of over-skirt. The upper flounce of the skirt also edges the bottom of these sides, which are trimmed with bias folds and bows of white linen. The front of the waist is trimmed with white linen brandenburgs. Gigot sleeves, trimmed with white linen bands and bows. Yellow straw hat, with purple ribbon and feather.

Fig. 2.—BLOUSE-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This pretty suit is especially designed for thin summer fabrics and wash goods—such as grenadines, organdies, linen lawns, percales, calicoes, etc. It is substantially the same as the favorite loose-fronted polonaise, made single instead of double breasted, and is confined at the waist by a belt, or worn loose, according to taste. The original is of white organdy with black polka dots. A treble box-pleated ruff of the material encircles the neck. The walking skirt is also of dotted organdy, and is trimmed with flounces.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS suit comprises two garments—blouse-polonaise and walking skirt.

BLOUSE-POLONAISE.—This pattern is in five pieces—front, back, sleeve, ruff, and sash. The front is loose-fitting, and closed to the waist line with buttons and button-holes. The back is half-fitting, with a seam down the middle; extra fullness is cut on at the waist line, and laid in a large double box-pleat on the under side. The skirt is draped in the back by three tapes, cut ten inches long, tacked one on the other at the waist line on the middle seam. The end of each tape is fastened at the three single holes. The pleats on each side of the back are formed by placing the four holes evenly together, and bringing them up to the single hole at the waist. The coat sleeve is sewed plainly in the armhole, placing the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the back part. The neck is finished by a treble box-pleated ruff, cut on the bias; the pleats are laid according to the perforations, placing the seven holes evenly together on both sides, making the box-pleat on the upper side. The line across the upper part of the sash placed even with the top edge forms the loop. Cut two pieces like the pattern given of the sash. Put the pattern together by the notches, and pay no attention to the grain of the paper. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, where to drape the skirt in the back, to form the pleats on the side and ruff, the size and form of the under part of the sleeve, and how to form the loop in the sash. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all others. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back for the hem in front.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 9 yards.
Extra for trimming, 2 yards.
Ribbon for sash, 8 inches wide, 3½ yards.

WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, two side gores, and half of back breadth. Cut the front and back with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Cut two pieces each of the pattern given for the side gores.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 7 yards.
Extra for flounces, cut on the bias, 10 inches deep, 6 yards.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1873.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be sent out gratuitously a splendidly illustrated

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

presenting a large variety of literary and artistic attractions.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the new and elegant Blouse-polonaise Walking Suit, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 447.

☞ *The next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' Summer Dresses, Shawls, Mantelets, Fichus, Coiffures, etc.; Boys' and Girls' Gymnastic Suits; Children's Summer Dresses; Fancy-Work, etc., etc.; with choice pictorial and literary features.*

A SCHOOL OF LIFE.

WE once heard a brilliant woman of large experience in the world declare that if in our life the game was a hundred, marriage, no matter with whom it was contracted, counted fifty.

It was an extraordinary thing to say, and at the first hearing aroused a lively opposition. For is there any single person living who will admit failure and bankruptcy as an inevitable portion? And is there any married person, whose marriage having been only a misery, will admit its troubles and vexations worth as much as all the rest has been—worth half as much, indeed, as all the rest of life might have been? And if marriage with any one counts fifty—the marriage of Edith Plantagenet, for instance, with Dennis O'Flaherty—should not the marriage of Edith Plantagenet with Henry Tudor count at least twice as much? Not in relation to the difference of rank or riches between Tudor and O'Flaherty, of course, but to the difference of advantages both of surroundings and education, the difference of training through refining generations, and the consequent difference of experience, to say nothing of enjoyment.

And yet certainly, on second thoughts, a deal of truth will be found in the assertion, as we shall see by looking at it on more sides than that of the mere happiness or unhappiness of the affair. Happiness, after all, except in its ultimate effect upon temperament, is a trifle. If you doubt that, remember the favorite remark of Mrs. Squeers, when she pronounced concerning any doubtful matter that "it would be all the same a hundred years hence," and you will understand that it makes but little difference to the universe at large whether you are happy or unhappy, but the greatest difference whether your character was developed to its utmost or dwarfed and stunted in its growth. Doubtless unhappiness may sometimes destroy good humor, force you to succumb to it, give up in despair, and there an end; but that is only when you are so lamentably weak that it is of no sort of consequence whether you give up or not, for your qualities were too poor and feeble to amount to any thing, if ever so well supported. You may, in fact, be very unhappy, your home may be disagreeable, your circumstances deplorable, your husband unsympathetic; but if you bravely meet your difficulties, if you bring any energy to bear in the endeavor to overcome them, if out of your own sadness you can learn how to touch tenderly and soothe the sadness of another, you eventually reap a fuller happiness than the first ephemeral enjoyments that you craved could possibly have proved; for one of the greatest blessings given to us is self-content, the feeling that God's gifts have not rusted in our hands, the sense of an approving conscience. The pleasure of a luxurious home, of splendid dress, of opera and theatre and ball, the delight of love itself—all these things are nothing in the long-run to that approving conscience. These pass, but the other is ours till the reversing stroke of fate has turned our substance back to dust.

As we can not possess that approving conscience, unless we are inordinately vain and self-glorifying creatures, without having done our best, then with its possession that development of character must have taken place in us whose influence is felt in immense circles ever widening like the ripples in a lake. For as the arm withers that is not exercised, the faculty disappears that is not used, so the use and exercise of what is best within us develop those traits into the strong characteristics that not only have their effect upon others about us, but descend and mould the generations to come.

Looked at from this point of view, therefore, it is easily seen that whatever exercises to the farthest our better and stronger qualities is really of the most permanent value to us and to the world; and it will then hardly be doubted that marriage does this very effectually.

Look, for example, at the temper of an average married woman. It has gone through an experience that could touch very few single women. Not that the single woman's temper is by any means an ill one; but, save when she is exceptionally placed, she is living an independent life, subject to nobody's whims and demands, and her temper has generally been totally untried. It is, therefore, a negative virtue simply. But the married woman's temper has endured all trial. Under the best of conditions—that is, when her husband is faithful, temperate, kind, and in easy circumstances—there have been the frequent surrenders of the will, the repression of wishes, the annoyances of keeping the house not to please herself, but another, and not always successfully at that; the crucial test of servants; the weakening of some sickness and pain; the loss of sleep that fretful children cause; the necessity of attending to the wants of others; patching and darning when a bit of fancy-work would be delightful, and an hour with a novel paradise—the thousand vexations that accompany family life, where so many different natures meet, even under the most careful management. And if the conditions are not the best; if a husband is not faithful and temperate and kind; if he is hard, exacting, coarse; if, tired with business, he gives the angry retort or the sneering snub; if he reduces her to seeming nonentity; if his fierce outbursts make her cringe, his manners disgust and mortify her—if out of that furnace her temper has come untouched by the fire, or only refined into a heavenly patience, why, then it is a positive and tremendous virtue, as strong and fit to carry her upward as a pair of wings might be: and nine-tenths of the time that is the state of things with her.

Then, too, the usual experiences of marriage are such as are only enriching to any nature. To live for another, to have the great object in life of being the happiness of another, to be to a husband an example of the perfection of womanhood—these are possibilities which ought to fertilize the most barren soul. And, for the rest, where can there be any thing in life equaling the endurance of that great mystery of motherhood which takes one between the gates of life and death, and almost into the purposes of the Creator? Where can there be any drama better worth seeing than the opening of little minds, the kindling of those eternal sparks, the display of their parental heritage? any enjoyment better worth having than the hug of little arms, the kiss of little mouths? And of such enjoyments neither tyranny nor parsimony nor choler is apt to deprive one.

At the same time let us remember that men customarily love where they marry; they would prefer to give pleasure rather than pain, and, except in cases of real depravity, it is their intention and effort to do so. If they ever become too selfish to be tolerated, it is not impossible that the wives who have coddled them past belief may be a little to blame themselves. If irritabilities develop into brutalities, the wife who made haste to appease the passion by humbling herself and fawning, instead of calmly and evenly meeting the storm, has herself largely to thank; for it has been a part of human nature, ever since it was turned out of Eden, when it saw a worm to tread on it.

On the whole, then, it must be confessed that marriage, even if it were not a state preordained by nature, would be as a school of life an affair of infinite value—of value, indeed, that no statement of percentage could reach; and that, on the other hand, a single life must needs call up all its forces of merit and strength and individuality to compete with it, so far as the benefits to character are concerned. There are, to be sure, many martyrs in marriage, but then there are just as many monarchs. The mistake about it all is the too great expectations with which people enter it. Life, some philosopher has told us, is little better than a perpetual state of warfare. We fancy that the bugles sing truce, and that the warfare is about changing into reveling, when really it is only an ally marching up to the attack. When we dismiss the ideal of the romance, remembering the old adage that, though there is a difference in men the world over, yet "husbands are pretty much of a muchness;" when we dismiss the notion that we are marrying into a race of saints and angels—the sons of God, in fact, while we are only the daughters of men; when we look the true state of the case in the face, and stand up squarely to our duty before it, recollecting that not till we ourselves are perfect can we expect to mate with perfection—then also we may righteously hope to find happiness as well as good experience.

"Seeing either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal nor unequal: each fulfills
Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-celled heart beating, with one full stroke,
Life."

LETTER-WRITING.

IT is generally supposed, in these days of headlong haste and cheap postages, that letter-writing is among the lost arts; but though the SÉVIGNÉS and Lady MARY MONTAGUES are typified in the plant which requires a century before it comes to perfect blossom, yet doubtless it would surprise many of us to discover the amount of ability in that direction which is possessed by those who write with no view to the public approval or criticism. The letter-writer of to-day does not go so deeply, perhaps, into abstruse subjects as his ancestors; it may be that he does not discuss "fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute," but his sentences are terse and to the point; they treat of the business of the day; they are history epitomized. Should the coming man have recourse to them, he might be fully prepared to construct a synopsis of the times; from the letters of a statesman, the condition of politics and state-craft; from the merchant, the relations of supply and demand in the markets; from the clergyman, the attitude of the Christian world, the preponderating religious influences; from the scientist, the discoveries in the processes of the universe, in the "open secrets" of nature; from the woman of the world, the customs obtaining in polite society, and the fashions that pass away. Not that any of these probe the subjects upon which they are supposed to treat; they touch and go, and suggest rather than relate, which invariably piques the imagination and arouses the interest. Good letter-writing does not so much require an extra talent as confidence in the reader, a ready belief that he or she will welcome whatsoever we may choose to say. Many people fail in writing well because they are at a loss what to say and what to leave unsaid, how to winnow the wheat from the chaff. They seem to think that a letter must be something altogether alien from social conversation, something formal, partaking the nature of an oration, rhetorical and in flowing style, with well-rounded periods. The mere fact of giving their thoughts in black and white confounds them; they wish to do something which they should not blush to own, and a crusty constraint is the result. Their letters lack cordiality and naturalness; if you should read them, and then meet the writers at dinner or on the train, you would be forced to ask, "Why this disparity between the man and his works?" Because he has a trick of leaving himself entirely out of his letters; because the things he would dare to say, the opinions he professes, the aspirations he could avow, he shrinks from committing to paper: when you have read his letter you know as much about him as if he had never written.

Yet there are those who can make such love by letter as would constrain an angel to listen, who are awkward enough in the ordinary methods of courtship, who know no more how to whisper a pretty compliment than to read Sanskrit, who would as soon have the courage to pour their souls in a glance as to gambol with VAN AMBURGH'S lion. There are those who can dun most successfully by letter, who would starve sooner than ask their dues by word of mouth. The letter gets over many embarrassing situations for some of us, for whom it is easier to write than to speak, whose ideas flow more smoothly from the pen than the tongue, for those whose natural timidity restrains from expressing their likes and dislikes aloud; the letter seems a sort of whisper for such, and they do not stop to reflect that it is a whisper with an echo. How much the letter saves the lover in case of refusal! the written denial appears so much less cruel than that which is spoken; but in the reverse case how much he loses! We would, on this consideration if no other, advise a lover never to plead his suit by letter—*jamais, jamais*, as the French reiterate—if he is overdoubtful, since the mere magnetism of his presence may suffice to turn the scale in his favor; and no woman cares to be wooed by proxy. The eyes looking love, the electric touch, what powerful advocates they are, matched against a bit of white paper covered with black characters that seem already to have put his hopes in mourning!

When postages were eighteen cents where they are now three, perhaps the circum-

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stances seemed to demand that a letter should be of a more weighty kind—especially if the postage was not prepaid. But according to our fancy the letters of friendship should read as much like the ordinary chitchat of the writer as possible; nothing for effect, every thing because it is her way; as utterly devoid of self-consciousness as if she were talking at her own fireside, where every one is supposed to have an appreciative audience. There is a spontaneity in such letters that seems to bring the writer bodily before you; every word acquires the tones of her voice, every punctuation mark is eloquent with her individuality; a few scratches from her pen transports you into her atmosphere; she gives you hints how things are with her, whether life is a poem or a text; she is felicitous in the selection of words that are volumes in themselves; and in ten minutes she tells you more of her way of life, and that of all in whom you are concerned, than another could tell you in as many years. After reading such a letter you feel as if you had renewed your friendship with a dozen old acquaintances, and had heard all they had to say. And yet it requires no absolute genius to write a good letter, but only a judicious selection of the material in hand, and freedom and vivacity in the mode of expression.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BLOUSE-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.

THE blouse-polonaise walking suit illustrated on our first page, and of which a cut paper pattern is published, is an excellent model for costumes of summer fabrics, such as Swiss muslin, grenadine, guipure, batiste, linen lawn, percale, cambric, and the plain prints used for every day. This polonaise is a cool, flowing, easy-fitting garment, with full, loose front and partly adjusted back, cut with few and simple seams; when belted down it has the effect of a plain blouse (infant waist) and an open-front over-skirt. The belt may be worn all the way around, or only in the back, according to fancy. The back requires a belt and side sash; but this belt may be passed through slits in the seam under the arm, and worn under the front, leaving it flowing, if greater coolness is required. There is but one seam in the back, and one under each arm; the shoulders are exceedingly short, and the sleeve is a French coat sleeve that extends up on the shoulder precisely as if cut for a gentleman's coat. Such polonaises made of washing fabrics are entirely without lining; those made of grenadine, Chambéry gauze, or foulard have a lining of thin silk in the waist, extending just below the belt, and also in the sleeves. Although especially suitable for thin fabrics, this model is also used for heavy linens, bamboo cloth, Turkish toweling, piqué, camel's-hair, de bège, flannel, and the various materials now used for over dresses.

The fraise or ruff around the neck of this polonaise is a stylish feature this season. It is a bias band of the material doubled, triple box-pleated in the middle, and so fully pleated that the edges of each cluster of pleats curl backward, making the top and bottom touch, and producing quite a pretty effect. This fraise, when made on black silk and grenadine dresses, is sometimes lined with white silk or a color, instead of being made double of the dress goods. The colored lining is very dressy, and a becoming relief to black dresses. White muslin fraises are also very pretty when lined with a color and edged with Valenciennes lace. The back of the fraise measures about three inches when doubled, and slopes away narrower toward the front. It is not sewed around the neck band, but just below it; a double frill of sheer white crêpe lisse, muslin, or lace is then worn standing inside of it. The sash is very simple, and consists of two drooping loops and two diagonal ends hanging from the belt on the left side, rather far back. Patterns of the fraise and sash are furnished.

To trim a Swiss muslin polonaise of this kind, use one or two puffs of the straight muslin gathered without a cord, and edged with a narrow ruffle at top and bottom; pale blue, violet, or rose-colored ribbon is then put inside the puff; this is inexpensive and effective; for more dressy garments narrow Malines or Valenciennes edging is added to the ruffle. To trim a muslin skirt use two ten-inch gathered flounces, straight, with a puff at top and bottom of each. For grenadine polonaises a bias puff six inches wide is used, or else narrow side pleating and edging of thread lace. For the linen lawns, cambrics, and prints that are to be laundried frequently, the simple trimming is a bias band stitched on by machinery, or else a double ruffle fluted. Calico suits made in this way are as cool and comfortable as wrappers, and have the advantage of being suitable also for the street, for early morning rambles, shopping, etc. Square pockets may be added to polonaises of thick calicoes, cambrics, and linen, but are inappropriate on those of thinner goods. Piqué polonaises are edged with English open-worked embroidery, and worn with black velvet sashes. Sometimes loops of white braid are sewed on the outside of the skirt, and when fastened over buttons just below the belt, are very useful for draping dresses of washing fabrics. Large pearl buttons with eyes, or else wooden moulds covered with the dress material, are used for fastening the waist. Those who prefer polonaises closed down the entire front can use this pattern by merely altering the drapery slightly, putting it not so far backward or so high, and extending buttons and button-holes down the whole length of the front. There is quite a fancy at present for the Louis XIV. button-holes that are bound with the material instead of being overcast.

SUMMER HATS.

Wholesale millinery houses are introducing some new straw hats for the summer. The choice among these is the English walking hat, a modified Rubens shape, with half-high crown, and narrow brim turned up high and close to the crown on each side, with square projecting front and back. This is one of the few stylish hats that afford a slight protection to the eyes, as it may be worn quite far forward on the forehead, while most of the new shapes are placed very far back. It comes in black and white straw, chip, and Neapolitan braid. The brim should be faced on the sides with velvet or silk, and merely bound in the back and front. A loose scarf of turquoise, or else soft twilled silk, is then carelessly disposed around the crown, and knotted behind with standing loops and short wide hanging ends. Two ostrich tips curl over the crown from the left side, and soften its outlines. A cluster of half-blown roses, red, yellow, and pink, or else some wild sweet-brier, is placed low down at the back, and an oxidized silver buckle may be added on the right side. If more plainness and simplicity are desirable, the flowers, feathers, and buckles may be dispensed with, and the one touch of color given to black hats be merely a slender pointed wing of shaded blue or green.

Another novelty is the promenade hat of straw, with steeple crown, high and sloping, and one side of the brim turned up flat against the crown. The handsomest of these is of white straw, trimmed with soft black silk, lined with straw-colored silk. A bias band of this is laid in an easy fold around the crown, so that the merest edge of straw-color shows like a cord; some loops are placed high on the turned-up revers, and a little aigrette heads a long willow ostrich plume of black, in which some straw is introduced. The brim of the hat is bound with black, showing a straw-colored piping. These plumes are also new. They are long ostrich feathers curled softly like the willow plumes of two years ago, and are very much admired.

COIFFURES.

Hair-dressers predict that coiffures will soon change their position and be worn lower; indeed, leaders of fashion have already begun to wear them so, though it is probable that the present altitude will be retained during the summer, as it has the advantage of being very cool. The chignon, so criticised during its popularity, was so easily adjusted, and so much lighter than the heavy braids now in vogue, that ladies regret its decadence, and will be glad to hear that it is about to be restored to favor. Finger-puff chignons, made very light, with lengthwise puffs coming down on the forehead, and extending to the nape of the neck behind, are the newest caprice shown by one fashionable coiffeur, while another has already sold numbers of them to ladies who are going to country resorts out of reach of hair-dressers, and want something dressy that can be arranged without their aid. These puffed chignons are merely hair rolled over the finger and pinned to a hair net, and have none of the heating "topsies" over which chignons were formerly mounted. They will not answer for general wear, as they are easily disheveled. They cost from $10 to $25.

The most prevalent coiffure for the street and general use is still the crown braid, wound high around the top of the head. Double and single crown braids, in thick plaits of three tresses, are each worn; these are natural-looking, but are heavy and expensive. A switch of brown, wavy hair, sold lately for this purpose, weighs eight ounces, is fifty inches long, and cost $235. Patches of finger puffs, mounted lengthwise, are sold to pin on top of the head as a centre piece for crown braids. The Pompadour roll, high above the forehead, is out of favor for all except very blonde and prematurely gray hair; also the idiotic-looking Vandyck fringe falling almost to the eyes, in Skye terrier style. It is once more the fashion to part the hair in the middle, letting the white skin gleam through, and drawing the loose, large waves of hair back easily and naturally in a way most becoming to broad, low, Greek foreheads. Bonnets are now placed far back on the crown braid, in order to display to advantage these wavy, luxuriant, but smooth tresses, that are so unlike the "fluffy" front hair so long in vogue. Closely crimped hair and all frizzes are abandoned for this more natural-looking wavy hair. Ladies who have burned or worn off their front hair by frizzing it are using false fronts, not like those worn by old ladies, but made up of short, waved tresses, set on a thin, lace-like net of hair that does not conceal the natural white scalp at the parting. These cost $10. Parting the hair on the side is becoming to many faces, but it has a fast, girl-of-the-period air that makes ladies loath to adopt it, except for the house. The hair about the temples is no longer stretched up from the roots toward the top of the head, but is drawn backward in a natural way that avoids a bald, bare look. All cosmétiques and oils are banished by hair-dressers; they use merely water, and prize above every thing the natural gloss that comes by brushing the hair. Two or three long, luxuriant, thick curls are added to full-dress coiffure, or else a cluster of very short ones falling backward from the crown. The flowers used for full-dress coiffures are in small clusters, placed directly on the top of the head without trailing vines. Natural flowers are preferred to artificial ones for June weddings and summer receptions. Mosses and very delicate green vines, like smilax, are wreathed in and out of the puffs and braids of young ladies' coiffures; aigrettes and pompons of mixed feathers and flowers are worn by matrons and elderly ladies. Young girls still wear a single long Marguerite braid of three thick tresses hanging down behind.

TRIANON FANS.

Fans are so increased in size that they have become legitimate targets for the caricaturist's pencil. They are shown in the shops a yard in length from tip to tip, but those of half this size are found most salable. The fan for full-dress is the Trianon, of silk or satin, with a bunch of flowers painted in one corner, and a long branch or spray trailing across to the opposite corner. It is mounted on fine lacquered wood sticks of the same color, or else on pearl or yellow ivory. The plain fan may be bought, and the decorations painted according to fancy. Lady artists charge $4 or $5 for painting in oil a rose cluster, or monograms, butterflies, or imps. A French gray silk fan is prettily decorated with scarlet geraniums and white daises; another is black, with a rose, in true Spanish taste. For every-day use the fancy this summer is for Japanese fans of thin light paper, painted in characteristic fashion, and mounted on lacquered or sandal-wood sticks. Very pretty ones may be bought for 50 cents; handsome ones of coral-colored paper cost from $1 25 to $1 75, according to size. The Russia leather and tortoise-shell fans introduced last year are now made very large, and ornamented with monograms. Dark blue linen fans were imported early in the season, but are difficult to find now. White and black feather fans are shown for mourning, also black silk fans wrought with jets. The bridal fan is of white silk, with painting on one side and lace on the other. The spread Japanese fans, as cheap as palm leaves, are strewn about parlors and chambers for general use. Châtelaines for hanging fans to the belt are this season made long enough to permit the fans to be used without detaching. Ribbon châtelaines to match muslin dresses in color are preferred for morning use.

For information received thanks are due, for dresses and dress materials, to Miss SWITZER; Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; for bonnets, to Messrs. WORTHINGTON & SMITH; and for hair-dressing, to Messrs. DIBBLEE; and BARKER.

PERSONAL.

LORD DERBY rasps the British traveler for his senseless extravagance, but says that American tourists make themselves still more ridiculous while meandering abroad. His lordship, of course, knows the Briton, but hasn't the correct idea of the American citizen—not at all. Americans are all too modest and unpretending. No push about them. They are just a little inquisitive, nothing more. But they like to see things—every thing, and are not stingy on figures. They are never ridiculous, never.

—The Princess MATHILDE BONAPARTE has done a novel called *The Lady of the Rubies*, which is praised by her friends, and will soon be published. The critics are on the *qui vive* for its appearance, and are quite likely to injure somebody's feelings.

—Bishop WILMER, of Alabama, has succeeded in all but two cases in bringing up the minimum salary of every married clergyman in his diocese to $1000 a year.

—Mr. P. B. SHILLABER has received a communication from Mrs. Partington that may be interesting to cripples generally: "Lame!" sighed she. "Here I have been sufferin' the bigamies of death for three mortal weeks. First I was seized with a bleedin' phrenology in the hampshire of the brain, which was exceeded by the stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me inflammation of the left borax, and now I am tickled with the chloroform morbus. There's no blessin' like health, specially when you're ill!"

—The new palace of Baroness ADOLPHE DE ROTHSCHILD in the Rue de Monceau is one with which any lady should be satisfied, it being the finest in Paris. It is large, admirably arranged, and splendidly decorated. Objects of art, pictures, and rare bronzes adorn the various *salons* with a tasteful prodigality. The drawing-rooms are constantly ornamented with fresh flowers, and the pictures draped with camellias.

—For eighteen months POWERS, the sculptor, has been compelled to cease from labor, on account of a bronchial affection. His second son, PRESTON POWERS, has devoted himself to sculpture, for which he showed a strong inclination when a boy.

—Mrs. General JAMES PIERCE, of Sharpsville, Pennsylvania, has given $10,000 toward the endowment of a second Warren Professorship at Buchtel College, Ohio. It will be given her name. Probably not one person in fifty thousand knows that there is such a place in Ohio as Buchtel—it has a sort of Egyptian sound—yet it has a college, endowed professorships, etc. Truly we are a great people. Likewise intelligent.

—SAMUEL L. MITCHELL, late of Rye, Westchester County, recently deceased, made a will, just submitted for probate, the first bequest of which is as follows: "I give and bequeath unto my dear wife, ANN ELIZA MITCHELL, the diamond ring sent by the Emperor ALEXANDER, of Russia, to my late uncle, Dr. SAMUEL L. MITCHELL, and by him left to me, to do with it as she pleases."

—Mrs. General W. F. ("Baldy") SMITH, Mrs. Justice FIELD, Mrs. EDWARD COOPER, Miss EDITH COOPER, Miss BALCH, Mrs. L. P. MORTON, and Miss MORTON had the felicity of being presented to Queen VICTORIA at a recent drawing-room.

—We have lost the name of that reporter for a Wisconsin paper who wrote, "Those who personally know our esteemed fellow-citizen, Colonel WATTS, will regret to hear that he was brutally assaulted last evening, but not killed."

—Mr. FORREST'S personal property has been appraised at $220,386, of which sum $196,000 is in securities and cash. The amount of his real estate is not stated, but it must be very large.

—LÉON GAMBETTA, as he appears in the French Assembly, is described by EDMUND YATES as a fat, gross man, of middle height, with reddish-brown complexion and decidedly red nose, with a queer *louche*, or cock-eye, which gives him a half-jovial, half-sinister expression. He wears a curly-brimmed, grease-stained hat, a tortoise-shell double eyeglass hanging loose around his neck, shining coat, and full trowsers, into the pockets of which his hands are thrust up to the wrists.

—Among the curious personal items picked up by "Burleigh," the New York correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, is the fact that Mr. CYRUS P. SMITH, of Brooklyn, has been a director in the Brooklyn ferries for forty years, and president of the company over thirty-seven years. He has been for years an elder in the Presbyterian Church, a leader of the choir, and a man of marked public spirit. He thinks it will take $15,000,000 to complete the East River Bridge. The foot traffic on the ferries is simply enormous. The five ferries belonging to the Union Company transport daily 125,000 persons. During the year the company carry ten per cent. more persons than the entire population of the United States, and this not counting persons who cross in carriages and on teams. This estimate is made up from the actual receipts of the company. Out of the forty millions carried annually across these ferries only ten persons a year have fallen into the water, or jumped overboard in jumping after the boat. But one person has lost his life on the boat in ten years, and he persisted in sitting with his feet over the front after he had been warned by the deck hands.

—The Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, at one of his late Friday evening lecture-room talks, apologized for the Rev. "Adirondack" MURRAY'S recent sermon to the Plymouth people, the philosophy and religion of which neither he, Mr. B., nor his people believed in. But he was glad that they had an opportunity to hear once in a while a sermon that they did not like, and, he added, with a quiet, BEECHER kind of smile, that he thought he paid the people of Mr. MURRAY'S church off by what he said in Park Street pulpit.

—The scheme of the Marquis of Lorne for increasing the pay of the poorer incumbents in the Church of England meets with small encouragement. Very few of the leading laymen have taken any notice of it whatever, and some of those who have, give it as their opinion that what is needed is not the addition of new sources of revenue to the Church, but the rearrangement and redistribution of her existing revenues.

—MACREADY, the actor, was one of the most unsympathetic and fastidious of men. He made his valet wait at the table in white kid gloves. He took extreme care of himself, and was most methodical in his habits: dined at three, went to bed at four, and was called shortly before six to proceed to the theatre. It was by care and abstemious habits that he was enabled to reach his eighty-first year. His reticence, his undemonstrative manner, his regularity of life, were all of a piece. He was, in fact, eminently a "particular" man, and he had the pettinesses as well as the virtues incident to that cold correctness of character. Jealousy of smaller men was one of his failings. He created more original parts than any of his predecessors; he made more money, and in every sense was more successful; yet he was always the reverse of popular with the members of his own profession; they always complained of his illiberal feeling toward them.

—If ever there was a purely personal complication it is in the case of the DANIELS family, in Kentucky, which may be stated as follows: JOHN W. DANIELS married the daughter of Mrs. SARAH R. BRAVARD; afterward B. S. DANIELS, the father of JOHN, married the old lady; and still later JAMES W. DANIELS, the nephew of JOHN, married a sister to JOHN'S wife. It is very easy to see that JOHN is son and son-in-law of B. S. DANIELS, and that JAMES W. is grandson and son-in-law of the old man and brother-in-law and nephew of JOHN, etc., and JOHN now desires to know, through the columns of the local newspaper, what relation the children of these three sets of parents are to each other.

—We purposely avoid giving publicity to the name of the young lady in Greenville, Tennessee, who recently presented her lover with an elaborately constructed pen-wiper, and was surprised on the following Sunday to see him wearing it as a cravat.

—Mr. CHARLES MORGAN, of this city, who some two or three years ago founded the school bearing his name at Clinton, Connecticut—his birth-place—has given $500 to be expended in presents at the end of the term to the two hundred and fifty scholars attending the school.

—Precisely how Presidents live when freed from the formalities incident to their position, and when alone by themselves, is concisely described in the following paragraph: "From the official rooms, which are often seen by gentlemen who have business with the President, we pass into the private apartments. First we enter the library, which is fitted up with mahogany book-cases, tolerably well filled, and oak furniture. This was the reception-room of Mrs. JOHN ADAMS, for in her day none of the down-stairs parlors were either finished or furnished, and she used to have her Monday's washing hung out to dry on lines stretched in the East Room. Next to the library is the President's room, plainly furnished, and opening into Mrs. GRANT'S sitting-room, on the other side of which is Miss NELLIE'S room. The sitting-room has blue curtains, and the furniture is covered with blue, while pictures and books give it a home-like appearance. Opposite Miss NELLIE'S room is that of Master JESSE, a bright boy, and the especial favorite of his parents, who has just gone to California with his playfellow and school-mate, a son of ex-Senator COLE. The state bedroom is the most elegantly furnished room on the second story, and beyond it is the chamber of Mrs. GRANT'S father, Mr. DENT, now in his eighty-eighth year. The family life at the White House is very simple. All rise about seven, and a substantial breakfast is served at eight, the President bringing his favorite newspapers to the table, and reading them as he enjoys his coffee and toast. After breakfast the President takes a short walk, returning to his office at ten, and remaining there until four, when he takes another walk, or perhaps a short drive. Meanwhile Mrs. GRANT and Miss NELLIE have attended to their household duties, received the calls of friends, and perhaps made a few. At five, sharp, dinner is served—a plain repast, of which a dish of hominy is always a part. After dinner there is an informal reception in the Blue Parlor, with an occasional conference on political subjects in the President's office up stairs. Such is the daily life of our Chief Magistrate and his family."

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Crochet Edging for Lingerie, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

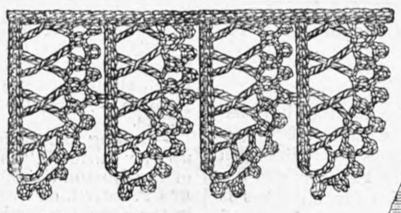

Fig. 1.—CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Fig. 1.—This edging is worked crosswise with twisted cotton, No. 70. Begin with a foundation of 20 ch. (chain stitch), and going back on this, and passing over the next st. (stitch), work the 1st round.—1 sc. (single crochet) on each st. of the preceding round. Turn the work, and, always inserting the needle in the back veins of the st. of the preceding round, crochet the 2d round.—Cross dc. (cross double crochet). Instead of the first cross dc., work 9 ch., 1 sc. on the sixth ch., counting from the beginning, t. t. o. (thread thrown over) once, pass the needle through the third of the 9 ch. (counting from the beginning), t. t. o. once more, insert the needle in the third following st. of the preceding round, take up one loop from this st., and always work off two loops on the needle (the t. t. o. also count as loops) together, throwing the thread over once, until they are all worked off. Then work * 1 p. (picot—consisting of 4 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these), 1 cross dc.; for this work 1 stc. (short treble crochet) on the second following st. of the preceding round, and only half finish it, 1 dc. (double crochet) on the second following st. of the preceding round, finish the stc., 1 p., 1 dc. on the middle vein of the stc. and on the upper vein of the dc. Repeat twice from *. After working the last cross dc. work 4 ch. and 1 sc. on the last st. in the preceding round. Turn the work, and crochet the 3d round.—3 p., the first and last of which count 4 ch. each, and the middle p. 6 ch.; 1 sc. on the next p. of the preceding round, * 1 p. of 5 ch., 1 sc. on the next p. of the preceding round, and repeat from * until 1 sc. is also worked on the last p. of the preceding round, then again turn the work, and crochet the 4th round.—12 ch., 1 sc. on the fourth p. of the preceding round, 7 ch., turn the work, and repeat from the first round until the edging is of the requisite length. Finally, work on the upper edge of the edging one round of sc.

Fig. 2.—MEDALLION IN RAISED EMBROIDERY FOR FLOWER-POT STAND, FIG. 1, PAGE 437.—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 2.—This edging is worked with twisted cotton, No. 70, as follows: Make a foundation of 19 ch., and going back on this, crochet the 1st round.—7 ch., 1 tc. (treble crochet) on the last foundation st., but instead of throwing the thread over the second time, take up one loop from the middle of the 7 ch., and in working off the tc. use the loop as a thread thrown over; 1 cross dc.; that is, 1 tc. on the next st. of the preceding round (only half finish the tc.), 1 dc. on the third following st. of the preceding round, finish the tc.; 2 ch., 1 dc. on the middle vein of the tc. and on the upper vein of the dc., twice alternately 3 ch., pass over 3 st. of the preceding round, 1 cross dc. Turn the work. 2d round.—5 ch., 1 sc. on the next 3 ch. of the preceding round, 6 ch., 1 sc. on the st. after the first cross dc. and 1 sc. on the following 3 ch., 4 ch., 1 sc. on the last of the first 7 ch. of the preceding round; turn the work. These two rounds are repeated, observing the illustration, until the edging has gained the requisite length. On the edge bordered with cross dc. work one round as follows: * 1 sc. on the ch. before the next cross dc.; on the upper vein of the cross dc. work one scallop of 1 sc., 1 sdc. (short double crochet), 5 dc., then 3 p. consisting each of 8 ch. and 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the first ch.; in working the last p., however, work the sl. on the last of the 5 dc. On the lower vein of the cross dc. crochet 5 dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc., and repeat from *.

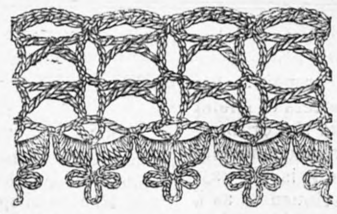

Fig. 2.—CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Netting Pattern for Curtains, Covers, etc.

FOR the foundation of this design work always alternately 61 rounds in diagonal netting with fine cotton, then 6 rounds with coarse cotton; the first and last of these 6 rounds must be worked on a mesh of at least double the circumference of the mesh previously used. Work the wide strip in point de reprise, in the design shown by the illustration, with knitting cotton or twist. The narrow border shown by the illustration is intended for the outer edge of the curtains, covers, etc. Work the foundation along the outer contour of the narrow border in button-hole stitch, and cut away the projecting netted foundation.

Borders in Point Russe Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 437.

THESE borders may be worked on leather or silk, with silk of the same or of a contrasting color. They are suitable for trimming sewing-weights, writing-cases, etc. The borders may also be worked on wash material with white cotton, and used for trimming infants' sacques, dresses, etc.

Cane Flower-pot Stand, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustration on page 437.

THIS stand consists of a frame of varnished black cane bars thirty-three inches and three-quarters high, which is ornamented, as shown by the illustration, with medallions, and with cords, worsted balls, and tassels of brown zephyr worsted in several shades. The medallions are worked on double brown carriage leather in raised embroidery (see Fig. 2 on this page, which shows the medallion in full size). The leaves of the flowers and the bud are made of the scales of a pine cone; the calyx of the flower is simulated by crochet chain stitch picots of silk in two shades of brown. The leaves are cut of double carriage leather, which has first been pasted together, in three shades of brown, button-hole stitched all along the outer edge, and furnished with veins in point Russe; for the middle vein sew on each leaf a piece of fine flower wire wound with silk; the ends of the wire project from the leaf, and at the same time form

NETTING PATTERN FOR CURTAINS, COVERS, ETC.

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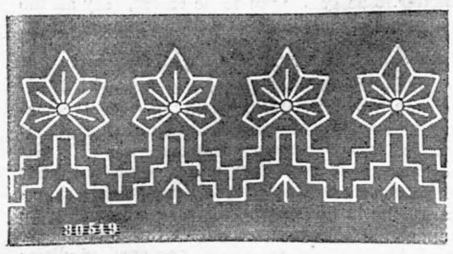
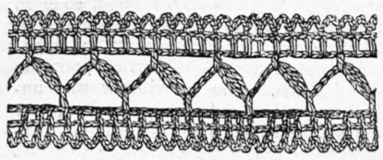


Fig. 1.—POINT RUSSE BORDER.



CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

the stem. The vines and the remaining stems are worked partly in herring-bone stitch with saddler's silk in several shades of brown, and partly made of wire wound with silk. A varnished tin box, which is set in the frame, serves to hold the flower-pot.

Crochet Insertion for Lingerie, etc.

THIS insertion is worked with twisted cotton, No. 80.—First work one leaflet round separated by ch. (chain stitch) as follows: * 10 ch., 2 stc. (short treble crochet) on the 6th ch.; these stc. are not worked off separately, but together. Repeat from *. 2d round.—On one side of the leaflet round work always alternately 1 dc. (double crochet) on the last ch. before the leaflet, 7 ch. 3d round.—Always alternately 1 dc. on the next st. (stitch) of the preceding round, 1 ch., with this pass over 1 st. 4th round.—Always alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) on the next dc., 4 ch. Now repeat the 2d–4th rounds on the other side of the leaflet round, observing the illustration.

Fig. 1.—CARVED WOOD UMBRELLA STAND.

Carved Wood Umbrella Stand, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS stand of carved walnut is twenty-eight inches and seven-eighths high, and is furnished with a porcelain basin at the bottom. It is also ornamented with an embroidered medallion, which is worked on brown leather in satin and half-polka stitch and point Russe with brown silk in several shades, and with gold thread, as shown by the full-sized illustration, Fig. 2. Instead of gold thread, yellow silk may be used.

Fig. 2.—SATIN STITCH MEDALLION FOR UMBRELLA STAND, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

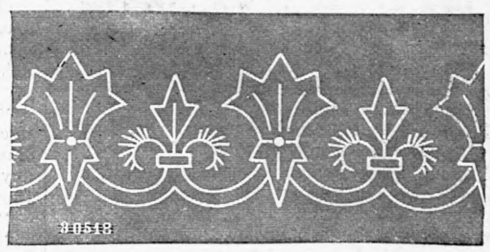
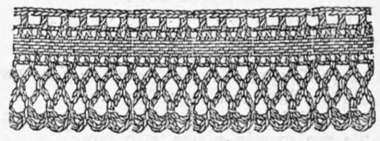


Fig. 2.—POINT RUSSE BORDER.



POINT LACE AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Point Lace and Crochet Edging for Lingerie, etc.

THIS edging is worked with twisted crochet cotton, No. 100. First crochet on one side of the point lace braid 4 rounds as follows: 1st round. — Always alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) on the edge of the braid, 5 ch. (chain stitch), with these pass over one-eighth of an inch of the edge. 2d and 3d rounds. — Always alternately 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop of the preceding round, 4 ch. 4th round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the next sc. of the preceding round, 4 ch. On the other side of the braid crochet one round of always alternately 1 double crochet, 2 ch., and with these pass over the requisite space on the outer edge of the braid.

Tapestry Border.

THIS border is suitable for trimming portières, furniture, etc.; it is worked on medium-sized canvas with worsted and silk in cross stitch embroidery. The description of symbols gives the colors to be used.

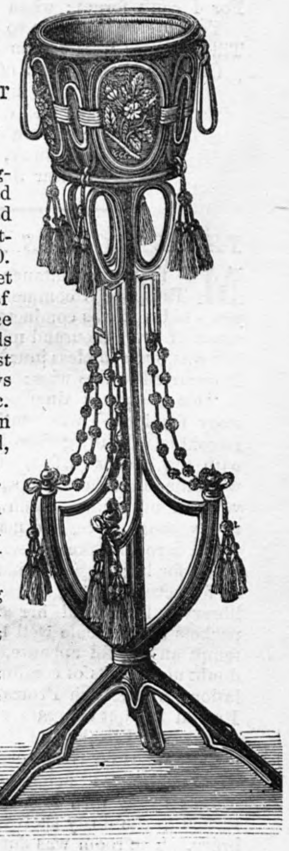
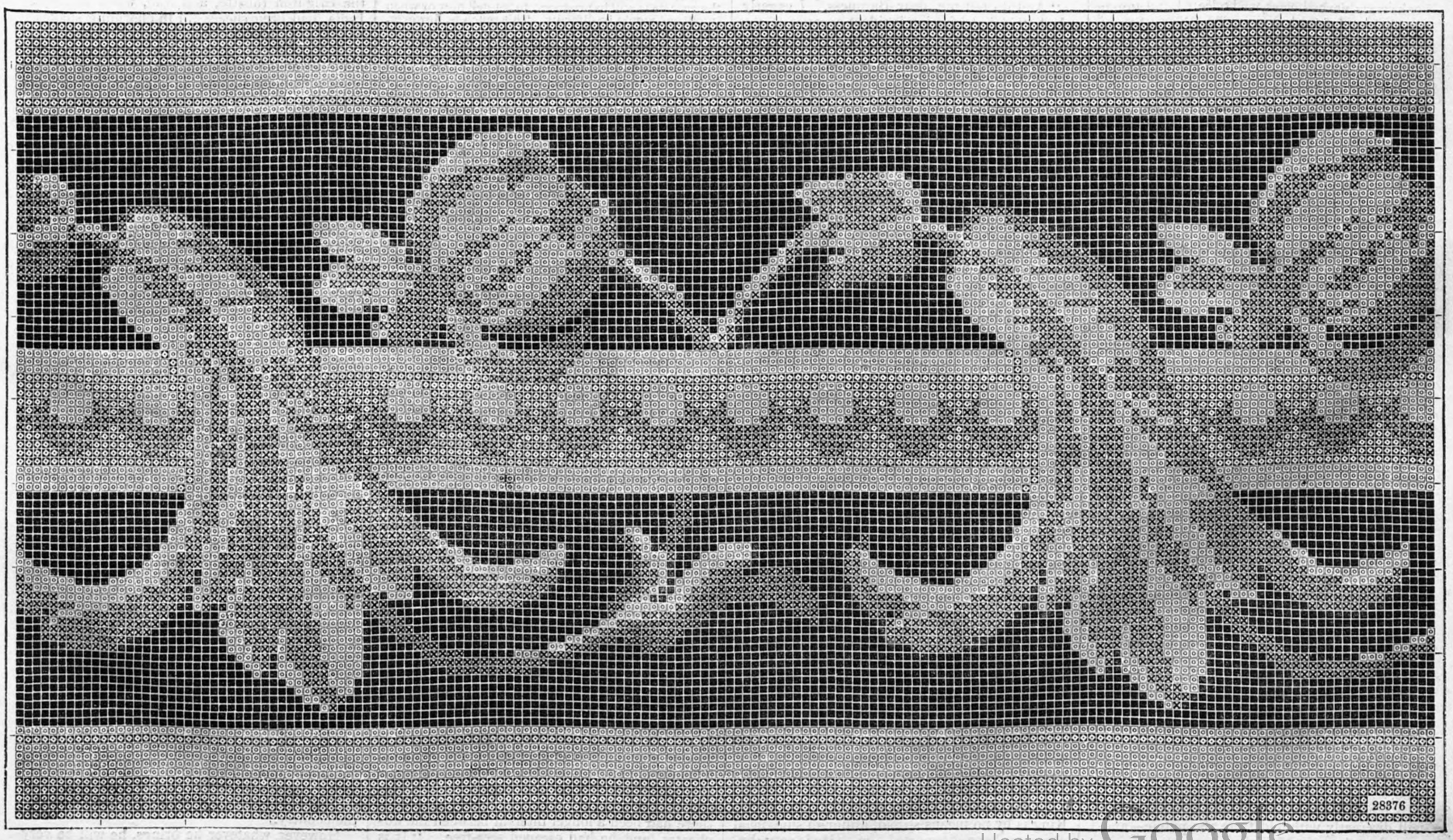


Fig. 1.—CANE FLOWER-POT STAND. [See Fig. 2, Page 436.]



TAPESTRY BORDER FOR PORTIÈRES, FURNITURE, ETC.—[Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ⊡ 1st (darkest), ⊠ 2d, ⊡ 3d (lightest), Green (the last silk).]

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THE BLAZE ON THE HEART.

THEN good-by, Joe; you've gone, I'm told,
Away to the far-off West;
And the old folks say, and the deacon too,
They're sure it's all for the best;
For the curséd dram-shop spoiled you, Joe,
And I never could be your wife;
Yet I'm 'most afeared, in spite of myself,
I'll love you all my life.
Day and night,
Night and day,
Ever in sight,
Never away,
Joe, dear Joe!

I often think of the days of old,
When we tapped the maple-tree,
And you swore the sap warn't half as sweet
As the kiss you stole from me.
I think of the walks through the hemlock woods
To the meetin'-house with you;
But the stars, somehow, don't shine so bright,
And the sky don't seem so blue.
Day and night,
Night and day,
Ever in sight,
Never away,
Joe, dear Joe!

The blaze you made on the juniper-tree
Long years will wear away;
But the blaze you've left on my heart will last
Till age has turned me gray;
For I can't forget: when I shut my eyes,
You're sure to come to view,
Till I kinder wish for an endless sleep,
One last, long dream of you.
Day and night,
Night and day,
Ever in sight,
Never away,
Joe, dear Joe!

THE BARONESS TAUTPHOEUS.

MY first acquaintance with the Baroness Tautphoeus commenced when I was ten years old. It was conducted, it is true, at a distance of three thousand miles from my heroine, but was none the less interesting for that reason. It occurred in this wise:

"Once upon a time"—to commence in true story fashion—I was sent to spend the day in Brooklyn with my godmother. This dear lady, with the Madonna face and saint-like virtues, welcomed me kindly, but said, "You must amuse yourself, my child, for I have some visits to make to my poor people, and many of them are so ill that I dare not take you with me." As a consolation for her absence, which was to be protracted for several hours, she left me the key of her library. I watched her as she departed with pockets and reticule well laden with dainties to tempt an invalid appetite, and upon her lips, I doubt not, words of comfort and spiritual consolation; and stanch Protestant though she was, I could not but compare my dear godmother to the blessed Elizabeth of Hungary, who, like her, cared naught for riches or position, save as they could serve her in helping the poor and needy.

Left to my own resources for amusement, I turned to the dusty shelves of the locked-up library. The room was darkened, and the leaves of many volumes still uncut, for my godmother had little time to give from her works of mercy "for the selfish pleasure of reading." The books were, nevertheless, well selected, and among the shelves I found many a favorite author of mine. The hours passed on, and I was still alone. In search of "something new," I climbed upon a chair, and my eyes rested upon an attractive-looking volume, labeled *The Initials*. The quaint name struck my fancy, and taking it down, I was soon absorbed in the many perplexities consequent upon the note signed only by the initials "A. Z.," as described in the opening chapters. The return of my godmother from her mission of charity aroused me as I lay curled up like a comfortable kitten in a large easy-chair, and the advancing twilight warned me that I must go home.

"May I take this book home, dear Mamma Mary?" I eagerly inquired. "It is so *very* interesting, and I shall not close my eyes to-night unless I know how it ends."

Mrs. M—— took the volume from me, and glancing at the title-page, said,

"By the Baroness Tautphoeus. Yes, my dear, you may have it. I have not read the book, but I know there is nothing in *her* novels to which your mamma could possibly object."

Scarcely wishing the dear lady good-by with proper decorum, I hastened to seat myself in the cars, and read by the light of a flickering lamp, quite breathless with excitement. As I approached the close of my volume I thought, "This is coming to a *very* sudden conclusion," and wondered how the Baroness intended to dispose of all her characters and bring matters to a comfortable *dénouement* in the few remaining pages; but not till I had turned the last leaf, and my eyes rested upon the words, "End of Vol. I.," was the mystery explained. I did *not* "close my eyes that night," but cried with vexation till dawn. I chanced never to see the second volume until two years later; consequently I had time to speculate upon the destiny of the beautiful Hildegarde and her three lovers; but my admiration for the book stood the test of time and absence. Soon after finishing *The Initials*, I read *Quits*, with its beautiful descriptions of Tyrolean scenery, and nearly broke my heart over the woes of *Cyrilla*, my liking for the works of the gifted Baroness increasing with every volume.

A lapse of several years—the exact number I will discreetly withhold from the public—and I passed a winter in Munich.

One bright, cold January morning an acquaintance, a noted English lady artist, dropped in upon me as I sat at the piano. Shaking off some light snow-flakes, and laying down a little pile of "Tauchnitz" volumes, she said,

"You will think me very literary; but I am to call this afternoon with my daughter upon the Baroness Tautphoeus, and as Kate has never read any of her novels, I have brought them home from the library that she may look them over."

"Then you know the Baroness?" I inquired.

"Yes," was the reply. "She had heard of me as an artist, and as we are both English and in a foreign country, we were glad to waive any unnecessary formalities in making acquaintance."

A little talk apropos of my admiration for that lady followed, and we parted. Some days later my friend came to me quite triumphant. "I have a very pleasant surprise for you," she said, and displayed a kind note from the Baroness, inviting me to call upon her. Much astonished, although delighted, I inquired how the Baroness had ever heard of my little self, and what amiable idea had inspired her to send for me. "I had spoken to her of you," said my kind friend, "and shown her some of your articles upon music and art, and as she is interested in young writers, she said she would be pleased to know you."

As may be imagined, I readily accepted the invitation, and the following day found me on my way to the Ludwig Strasse. This street, built by old King Louis, is one of the widest and pleasantest in Munich, and contains several fine public buildings. The Baroness's residence is opposite the Royal Library—a very large, handsome house, of which she occupies the first floor. The staircase leading to her apartments was uncarpeted, and a large brass plate bearing the name of Tautphoeus designated the right door. A maid-servant took my card, and ushered me into a cheerful little reception-room, with a bright carpet, a *jardinière* full of pretty flowers, and a library well stocked with books in uniform binding. In another moment a side-door was thrown open, and I was shown into the drawing-room. It was a very large room, and was furnished in the style so fashionable in Paris—crimson damask with heavy curtains to match. A white porcelain stove occupied a corner of the room, and pictures innumerable hung upon the walls. The Baroness was seated at a little table with a very elegant writing service, and waited an instant to conclude a sentence before rising to receive me. She appeared about fifty years old; a slight figure of medium height, soft dark eyes, and dark hair slightly dashed with gray. Her dress was black cashmere trimmed with crape, and a little *coiffure* of crape with long streamers added to her dignified presence. After the preliminary salutations were ended, the Baroness requested me to sit upon the sofa beside her, and listened with a deprecatory smile as I told her what a great privilege I esteemed it to know the author of *The Initials*.

"I think," she said, "that my books and their author have been very much overpraised. I have received, for instance, much commendation for my descriptions of Bavarian and Alpine scenery. If I have written well of it, I deserve no especial credit, for I have spent so much time among the mountains that I know them by heart, and in my books have merely described what I saw."

I spoke of *Cyrilla* and the agonies of tears I had shed over its affecting tragedy, and was shocked when she said, "Unfortunately the chief incidents of that book are drawn from life."

"And do tell me, dear Baroness," I eagerly asked, "if that amusing incident apropos of the marriage customs of Germany in *At Odds* is indeed an actual occurrence."

The Baroness laughed. "Yes, I can authenticate it," she said, and repeated the incident to which I had alluded. A German gentleman of wealth and good position was drinking coffee with his family in the garden of a hotel, and his pretty daughter was meantime receiving glances of much interest and admiration from a young gentleman at a table near by. Paterfamilias went to pay his bill, and was followed by the young man, who, presenting his card, asked his permission to marry his daughter. Paterfamilias was a little surprised, but his would-be son-in-law gave him such unexceptionable proofs of good family and good circumstances that he promised to speak to his daughter. The only remark of the young lady upon hearing of the offer was, "Why not?" Consequently the betrothal took place the following day, and the marriage at an early date.

Changing the subject, I asked the Baroness if she was aware how generally she was thought to be German.

"Yes, I know it," was the reply. "That mistake arises from my German name."

Her father, I ascertained, was the celebrated Lord Erskine, formerly Lord High Chancellor of England, and she is a cousin of the well-known novelist Maria Edgeworth—"half Irish, but *no Fenian*," as she remarked. She has resided for the past thirty years in Bavaria, and has never visited Paris, as I learned to my surprise. She is married to a Bavarian nobleman—*Kammerherr* (Chamberlain) to the King. One of their sons is also in the royal household, as page to the King.

The Baroness's reminiscences of society in England and Bavaria were very interesting. "Munich, when I was a bride," she said, "was very different from Munich under Louis II. Then it was very gay, three court balls being often given of a night, by the Queen-Dowager, Queen Thérèse, wife of old King Louis, and the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, widow of Eugène Beauharnais, so that little time was left to attend private balls among the nobility."

Of the present sovereign she said, "The young King is by no means stupid, although superficial observers have so reported him. He is very shy, notwithstanding his twenty-five years, but when once interested in conversation, he is very bright, and shows a strong intellect."

I asked some questions concerning London, its laws of etiquette, etc.; among them whether young ladies could drive or walk with young gentlemen unchaperoned, as in America.

"Yes, my dear," was the Baroness's rather hesitating reply; "young girls can go out in London without a chaperon, provided their escorts are *safe* young gentlemen."

"What constitutes the safety?" I asked.

"They must be cousins," she said, "or else young men who are not at all interesting. However," the Baroness added, naïvely, "for my part, I always longed, when a young girl, to go out with young gentlemen who were *a little dangerous!*"

She then spoke of the difficulties that young authors experience in finding publishers for their works. "When I began to write," she said, "I was well acquainted with the fashionable world of London, but I did not know one publisher, and had no idea of the preliminary steps requisite in presenting a book to the public."

I asked if any biography or sketch of her life had been published.

"No," was the reply; "I would never permit it; I have no taste for that sort of notoriety. Neither have I ever sat for any style of a picture."

The Baroness appeared much pleased when I told her how much her books were admired in America, remarking, however, with child-like simplicity, "I can not imagine why."

I inquired why she had never visited our country, and if she did not think of doing so, assuring her that she would meet with a warm reception. She laughed.

"I am too old," she said, "and if I should go there now, I should only disappoint the public, as Fredrika Bremer did. They seem to imagine that a writer never grows old, and therefore, when she went to America, they were much surprised not to find the author of *The Neighbors* a fresh young girl, and it would be the same with me."

The Baroness appeared much interested in America and American institutions, and asked me many questions about this country. Going into the arena of politics, she discussed its future at some length, and to my surprise expressed a firm belief that our glorious republic would eventually become an empire. She then continued:

"It is well known that you want Canada, and you will probably have it one of these days. Never mind—you may have it. England has territory enough; we do not require it."

I might have answered that the United States had also quite an extensive territory, but out of respect for my elders I let that pass.

This first visit was made during the bombardment of Paris, and the Baroness's sympathies very naturally were with the Prussians, and very bitter, it seemed to me, against besieged Paris. She dwelt with some exultation over the enormous sums that Prussia would receive from France, and remarked that Paris would never again be what it had been; at least, she said, it would take a century for France to recover from her humiliation.

The Baroness is an aristocrat in her feelings, and highly conservative in her political opinions. She has little sympathy with the lower classes, and looks with disfavor upon popularizing literature. Her conversation with me upon this point is confirmed by the concluding paragraph of *The Initials*, which I will quote:

"The revolution which commenced in Germany in the year '48 is still in progress; to foretell how or when it will end would be difficult. This much is, however, certain, that Bavaria is not likely to be soon again (if ever) as tranquil and happy as when these pages were first written. *Then* the most intelligent peasant would have refused to leave his waltz, his pot of beer, or his joyous *jodel* for the sake of any newspaper that was ever printed, or even to hear a political discussion between the school-master and the parish priest! Great is the change which has taken place in this respect. Without any law to control the liberty of the press, newspapers of the worst tendency now circulate in all directions, and the peasant reads, thinks, and talks more of politics than of his crops, and naturally feels inclined to adopt opinions calculated to elevate him in his own estimation, and draw those down to his level whom he had formerly considered far above him. In order to appreciate the importance of this change, my countrymen must remember that in Germany the peasantry is the army."

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Mr. Ker and anonymous Literature.—Charming the Octopus.—The Coming of the Shah.

THE mystery of "The Khivan Correspondent" has been revealed since I wrote to you last, and the initials which I ventured in fear and trembling to send you have been found to be correct. Mr. David Ker, a Scotchman, is the culprit who has set all the English press at loggerheads, and threatened "the largest circulation in the world" with considerable diminution. It was a malicious trick to insinuate that the correspondent in question had not gone to Khiva at all, when the coincidence was so much more easily to be explained in the manner I indicated to you. Mr. Ker is an adventurous fellow enough, and, as I happened to know, had started on his expedition encouraged by the smiles of royalty itself. The Prince of Wales had sent for him before his departure, and expressed the greatest interest in the subject of his embassy. His error—and it was no venial one—was that he thought to sell his literary wares twice over; to use the "padding" of his Khivan articles in the *Daily Telegraph* to illustrate his Crimean experiences in *All the Year Round*, foolishly imagining that no one would think of comparing the two contributions. Long impunity, it seems, had made him audacious, for he had served his late employers the same trick before, but in that case there had been a longer interval between the duplicates, and he had escaped scot-free. "It is better to be good than to be clever," say all the copy-books, but Mr. Ker was not clever (except so far as graphic writing goes), or he would scarcely have risked, for the sake of a few extra pounds, the favor of that newspaper which, according to Mr. Sala, gives to its special correspondents "the respect due to gentlemen, accompanied with the income of an embassador." His occupation is now gone, and deservedly so, but his fate sets one thinking of what strange things are done in newspaper and magazine literature under the convenient cloak of the anonymous. It is impossible for the most lynx-eyed of editors to guard against every deception, or to be acquainted with all that has been printed, so as to make sure that he shall never print it again. A friend of mine, who conducts a monthly magazine, once accepted an agreeable article upon the literature of Cuba. The contributor was unknown to him, but upon hearing that his paper would appear, he called upon my friend to express his satisfaction. "I am going to Cuba myself," said he, "which is, in fact, my home, in a few days, and if it would not be an inconvenience, perhaps you would pay me the money in advance." The editor accordingly paid him fifteen sovereigns, and after a few months, when the article was published, had the pleasure of receiving the following note from "A constant Reader:"

"SIR,—I was under the impression that all articles in your magazine were original; the one called 'The Literature of Cuba,' in your last, however, is a literal transcript from Murray's *Foreign and Colonial Library*."

And so it was.

This, of course, was a downright robbery; but he has, he tells me, been pillaged more than once, not by a professional thief, as in this case, but by old contributors of his own, who, for the sake of obtaining ready money, have palmed off upon him MSS. that have already appeared elsewhere, although they can not but be aware that discovery must immediately follow publication, and cut off from them forever an assured source of income.

On the other hand, he has had many experiences which show that the shield of the anonymous has also a golden side. Personal friends of his own have contributed to his magazine without his knowing it—that is, under feigned names, so that their articles should stand on their own merits, and he should not be embarrassed by the claims of friendship. Again, after sending a check to a young lady who had long contributed to his journal, though personally unknown to him, it was returned to him by her father, with the information that his daughter was dead, and that up to that moment he was unaware that she wrote for publication at all. "We have always wondered," said he, "whence my poor girl received the very considerable sums she spent upon the poor." The genuine experiences of an editor would doubtless be as interesting a page of human life as any fiction he could lay before his readers.

Nevertheless, fiction has its special charms, nor do we at all believe, despite the proverb, that truth has a chance against it for strangeness. All London, for example, was electrified at breakfast-time this morning with the news that the Octopus in the Brighton Vivarium had vindicated its character from the aspersions cast upon it by the scientific, and had actually killed its man. Victor Hugo was right, it seemed, in the picture that he drew of it in the *Toilers of the Sea*, and had exactly described its powers—and its weaknesses. The story was that one Mr. Collette, an actor at the Brighton theatre, and who, when living in India, had been successful in charming snakes, had taken it into his head that he could charm the Octopus. Accordingly he had called upon the manager of the aquarium, and requested an interview with the monster in question, which was granted. The two gentlemen went to the tank in which the creature was accustomed to lie concealed all day, and Mr. Collette at once succeeded in enticing it from its rocky bower. It followed him as he moved round and round the tank, spreading out its feelers in what it doubtless considered an appreciative manner, and presently, as he bent over the edge, it struck half a dozen of them or so about his face and neck and dragged him under water. The charmer and the charmed exchanged *rôles*, in short; the captivator became captivated. To rescue Mr. Collette from this eight-armed siren took three men and a boy, and even then he was half drowned before they got him out. This excellent adventure lacks nothing but the vulgar *substratum* of fact. There is not space enough for a man's hand between the top of the tanks in the aquarium and the roof thereof; while the Brighton Octopus—having been unfortunately swallowed by a dogfish, always on the broad grin—has been dead these three weeks, and on view in a bottle of spirits. Nevertheless, I send you the story for what it is worth, which, to one of your sensation novelists, ought to be a good deal. Please arrange with him for the appropriation.

The Shah is coming nearer and nearer, and I am thinking of going out to meet him as his interpreter. Every body seems to be volunteering for the post who has read *Lalla Rookh* and the *Arabian Nights*, which I have at my fingers' ends, and, in addition, we have a Persian cat at home, which I understand perfectly. The Shah is said (though this is indignantly contradicted by the ladies, who believe him to be a single man and *very* eligible) to bring three wives with him and five millions of our money for traveling expenses. "Can any thing be more shocking than such a report?" observed a dowager, who has several marriageable daughters: "I mean as regards his wives." "Why, yes, my dear madam;" was the unexpected reply; "it would be very much more shocking if he brought five million wives and only three pounds to spend in the country."

However, whatever he brings, he will be very

welcome. The Queen herself has consented to come out of her retirement and receive His Transparency in person. He can not speak a word of any civilized language, and makes a point of never being astonished at any thing. But we are going to show him the Channel fleet, and the Four-in-Hand Club, and the Underground Railway, and every thing we can think of. Perhaps you wouldn't mind my presenting him with a copy of the *Bazar* that contains this record of our friendly feeling. They say he is given to transports of passion, *during which he kills people.* Suppose he was to kill any body here. What *should* we do to him? Think of his being tried by a "mixed" jury—six British and six Persians—before Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, eh? By Jove! you know it might happen. Then wouldn't there be a row if he was let off because he was a Shah! Can't you fancy the placards: "*If the Shah is spared, Müller was murdered!*" It would be quite true (here is another example of what I wrote above), and yet much more strange than fiction. And if he *was* sentenced to be hung, how could he receive "the consolations of religion?" We should have to send to Pershore—which is a village in Worcestershire—for the clergyman. But pshaw! let us hope it won't happen.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

THE LUNCH-TABLE.

SOUPS AND SAUCES.

HOUSEKEEPERS, students of all sorts, and growing children need something at the mid-day meal, to restore their strength, in the lightest form possible, so as to be quickly converted into nourishment without interfering with the occupations of the day. Meats and vegetables are too heavy to be disposed of without appropriating the nervous force of the system for an hour or two afterward, but soup is absorbed and distributed in refreshment to the body in about twenty minutes. No wonder Ninon de l'Enclos declared that her soup intoxicated her. To a nervous system of great susceptibility, as one of her type must be, the exhilaration of potent soup, the essence of *nourriture*, would be sudden and marked enough to produce feelings like those given by wine, even without taking into consideration the pint of Burgundy and the generous spices which lend their stimulus to the rich soups of the French cook. Americans will never cease being dyspeptic till they learn the value and requisites of good soup. A people who proverbially drive their brains and activities to the fullest limit, as ours do, must learn that such work can not be done on pastry and overdone cutlets. The strongest, finest nourishment must be taken, such as comes in broad rare slices of juicy Western beef and fragrant golden-brown chops, in vegetables so deftly and quickly cooked as to catch their "bouquet" in immersion, and finally in soups of flavor and spirit that combine the excellences of all these. At our tables too frequently soup is a mere expletive to eke out patience while the servants are slicing the roast, or an appetizer, or a sacrifice to good style, which ordains that it must be eaten, if only a spoonful, before touching food in solid form. As little as one chooses may be taken at dinner, but at lunch every person not absolutely idle ought to fortify nature with one plateful of excellent soup, sipped slowly, not swallowed in rushing haste as if it were to be out of sight as soon as might be. To get the benefit of any food, it must be taken deliberately, and to this end one must urge a petition for more flavor. Curious and delightful dishes will be tasted more slowly, to prolong the pleasure derived from them, while ordinary or half-seasoned food will be dispatched without ceremony. Add to this the established fact that the better food tastes the more nourishment it will give, and the argument for full and varied seasonings will meet no rejoinder. Now the popular taste, strange to say, rejects variety in these matters, except in cities where it is educated by the productions of foreign cooks. It is hard to have the nicest soups, tinctured with celery, bay leaf, and clove, meet with doubtful questioning when set on a country table. "What's this? Celery in soup? and clove? Better put in raisins and sugar, and make a sangaree. Give me salt and a good ball of dumpling, and I'll ask for none of your fashionable messes." But that dumpling ball is responsible for more heart-burn and bad dreams than ever rose from the delicate spiced soups of Christendom.

The store-rooms of housekeepers are meagre enough in their furnishing of meat flavors. Salt and dripping seem to be the two essentials in most people's minds for soups and gravies, or, as the French call them, sauces. Add to these sage and onions for dressing poultry, cloves for à la mode beef, and oysters for turkey sauce, and the housekeeper is complacent over a poverty of resource which would make a tutored cook despair. The list of flavors is always open to addition, but it should have sage, marjoram. thyme, basil, parsley, celery, chives, tarragon, martinos, sorrel, coffee, nasturtium, bay leaf, garlic, summer-savory, curry-powder, red, black, and white pepper, besides all vegetables of decided taste. These will give the housewife so wide a range that she need hardly present the same dish thrice between January and January come again. Nor must she rashly use these with novice hand, thinking her end is gained if variety is attained, for she may as well try to play Chopin's Nocturnes with school-girl finger as essay the harmonies of taste without intelligent preparation. For encouragement, be it recorded that these harmonies are not mysteries, nor is cooking a matter of sovereign instinct, but of cultivation. The limitation of genius and instinct compared to common-sense appears like the modern interpretation of Calvinism: all may be successful in this world or the world to come if they try hard enough, while the elect of genius must be so. To return to the soup-kettle. Every household paper has given directions for making soup, intended to exhaust the subject, and it is not necessary to repeat them. A few points need impression. Delicate cleanliness of the kettle used for making soup is as important as it is in dairy-ware. The kettle should be washed with scalding water and supercarbonate of soda, both outside and in, whenever fresh stock is made, to prevent any taint of grease. It is nice to make stock in a covered tin pail set in boiling water, but nicest to put the meat into a stone jar, rinsed with hot soda water first, and set it closely covered in an oven for half a day to cook. In no other way is the juice of meat so perfectly expressed. No flavor should be added to the stock till it has cooled and the fat been taken off. Many people fancy that the richness of a soup is measured by its oiliness and thickness—an absurd mistake. Good soup is neither more nor less than beef-tea flavored to taste, and thickened or not according to fancy.

Clear soup is esteemed by cultivated diners, and the art of making it is to add flavors without color or thickness. A *bouquet garni*, made up of a stalk each of parsley, marjoram, thyme, and a bay leaf tied together to throw in the liquor when it boils, three cloves, a sliver of mace, two coats of an onion, first left in boiling water till it cooled, to draw out the rankness, and a few pepper-corns, which are preferable to ground pepper for soups, will give a lively flavor to the broth, and have the peculiar excellence that no one seasoning can be discerned above the others. In fact, one does not recognize single flavors in a fine dish; they should be blended into one, which may be rich, pungent, or piquant, according to choice.

A delightful addition to soups is the extract of celery, made by putting a five-cent paper of celery seed to steep in a pint of deodorized alcohol. A tea-spoonful of this will give soup or salad a fine celery flavor, and it should be kept in the caster with other sauces. Celery seed in vinegar is also good. A little thickening may be given clear soup by mixing a table-spoonful of corn starch or sea-moss farina with cold water, and stirring in the boiling soup just before taking up. Strain through a linen cloth laid in a colander. A change is made by breaking eggs into the soup just before taking off, and serving poached. This is very strengthening diet.

Tomato soup is usually an excuse for offering canned tomatoes in the most careless manner. Chunks of tomato floating in weak liquor is not a soup. The vegetable should be boiled in the stock in a porcelain kettle at least three hours, and the whole pressed through a strainer, which removes the seeds and fibres, leaving a smooth thickened soup, which should first be flavored with three leaves of marjoram, a spoonful of sugar, and red pepper. An odd foreign style is to season the tomato with salad dressing and the yolks of hard eggs beaten to a cream, stirred in after the soup is taken off the fire.

Jullien soup is invariably misunderstood by ordinary cooks. Its object is not to present a vegetable stew, but a broth in which the vegetables have lost consistency and are almost pulpy. The best way to prepare them is to grind all in a sausage cutter to a coarse meal, and boil a long time with spices tied in muslin. When a perfect success, the starch of the vegetables will have thickened the soup.

Fish soup is made from the water in which fresh cod, halibut, or salmon has been boiled. It must be used the same day it is boiled; after taking the fish out, stir in mealy mashed potatoes till the soup looks creamy; then add half a cupful of cream, Cayenne, salt, and slices of lemon; or stew with nasturtium petals, and put the pods in the soup.

Giblet soup requires the meat chopped as fine as meal after boiling. This is added to the liquor in which chickens were cooked, flavored with a dust of nutmeg and slices of lemon. This is the only soup with which rice is essential.

Mutton soup is the best way to improve coarse bits of meat, which should be left in the oven in a close jar, with all manner of sweet herbs and garden flavors. When wanted, simmer half an hour, with three ounces of sago for each two quarts of stock. Add a glass of wine if desired.

The sauce for green pease, beans, and all leguminous vegetables is nearly all that makes them so piquant from the hands of a French cook. The invariable formula for this, as given by a well-known professor of the art, was a spoonful of butter and one of flour worked together, and browned in a saucepan, with half a small onion, two cloves, a bay leaf, and three leaves of thyme, on which was poured a cupful of mutton or beef gravy, or stock. The vegetables were selected much younger and tenderer than is common with us, washed before shelling, but not after, boiled till tender with just water enough to cover them, and the sauce added a moment before they were done, for a last simmer.

A novel sauce for poultry or delicate veal is made by frying steak and sour sliced apples in the same pan successively, with plenty of butter or clear dripping. Season with pepper plentifully, and add a glass of Madeira, thickening a very little with corn starch.

A purée of turnip tops, sorrel, spinach, beet tops, or cowslips is made by boiling these greens well, rubbing them through a sieve, and thickening them according to the formula given above, dispensing with sweet spices, and adding the juice of a lemon and yolks of two eggs. Slices of fried bread may be served in dice with the purée.

Soup of chestnuts or pea-nuts is made like that of dried pease. The hulls of the nuts come off in boiling water, after which they must be soaked all night, and boiled for hours, till they are tender, and strained through a colander. Very little salt is needed; a spoonful of white sugar and a glass of native port will improve the chestnuts, and slices of fried apple are served with them. The pea-nuts need the juice of a lime, Cayenne, walnut sauce, and a little curry-powder if one fancies it. To be followed by browned breast of veal or fried chicken.

To make liver catsup, salt a good beef's liver, turn and rub it daily for ten days. Cut into small bits, and boil in a gallon of water, closely covered, down to three quarts. Strain and stand to settle till next day. Add a quarter of a pound of black pepper, allspice and ginger, and boil down to three pints. Bottle when cold, and keep it well corked.

LISETTE.

THERE'S many a maiden sweet and fair,
  There's many a lass of high degree,
But for them all no whit I care
  So there's my own Lisette for me:
Come, sweet Lisette, and thou shalt be
  A pearl within my fond heart set;
My heart as gold shall prison thee,
  My own Lisette.

And in the winter of the years,
  With thee to cherish and caress,
After Life's storms and woes and tears,
  My love shall grow to perfectness.
My own, my pearl, in my heart's gold
  Forever, love, shalt thou be set:
Our love is love that grows not old,
  My own Lisette.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE shad has always been considered as one of the most delicate and delicious of American fish; and "Connecticut River shad" are regarded with peculiar favor by epicures. The Merrimac and Hudson River fish are popular enough; but dwellers on the banks of the Connecticut aver that the genuine article is found only in the waters of that beautiful river. A Springfield paper gives a detailed account of shad fishing as carried on in that vicinity, from which we cull some items which may be of interest even to those of our readers who have no personal liking for the piscatorial art beyond the mere fact that they enjoy its results. The common method of taking shad is with seine nets, which by law must have at least a five-inch mesh, to protect the young shad. Each net is bordered on each side by a rope, the one which is to drag on the river bottom being loaded with lead, and the other set with floats of cork. When dragged through the water, this arrangement causes the net to assume a perpendicular position. By the method of operations pursued, the net is dropped into the water from a boat upon which it is coiled, and rapidly sweeps a portion of the river. The noise and splashing attending this process frighten the shad; they dash desperately to the bottom of the river, but find presently all chance of escape cut off. Very rapidly the net is drawn in, and the fish are speedily brought upon the bank. It has been supposed until recently that shad could only be taken in some kind of a net; but now fishing for shad with a "fly hook" is not an uncommon practice. The story circulated in Massachusetts is that in the spring of 1871 a Scotchman residing at Holyoke, who had for many years studied the habits of fishes, became convinced that shad could be taken by hook with proper bait. He discovered that in June and July shad feed extensively on a species of miller found near the surface of the water. He prepared a hook so as to represent a miller, and succeeded in taking shad with it. Some months afterward his secret became known. Some special skill is needful on the part of the fisherman; but if he is not too impatient in drawing in his line, he can easily secure his prize.

We read that there are in Chicago's new hotel, the Grand Pacific, fifty-nine flights of stairs, thirty-eight miles of wire, 999 windows, and 1070 doors.

Lake George received its name from Sir William Johnson, who wrote from the borders of the lake in September, 1755, saying: "I am building a fort at this lake, where no house was ever before built, nor a rod of land cleared, which the French call Lake St. Sacrament, but I have given it the name of Lake George; not only in honor to his Majesty, but to assert his undoubted dominion here." This lovely sheet of water was also called Andatorocte—*the place where the lake contracts*—by the once-powerful Adirondacks; and by the Mohawks, Caniaderoit, signifying *the tail of the lake*—that is, of Lake Champlain.

We question whether the quality of trout captured in the river Thames will equal that of those taken in the clear brooks and lakes of this country; but some very good sized ones have been found there. The largest trout ever known to have been taken in the Thames was captured some fifteen years ago at Shepperton, and weighed sixteen pounds; one was taken at Marlow about six years ago which weighed fifteen pounds; while the two largest taken last season weighed together twenty-three pounds.

Here is a pleasant portrait of a widow, drawn by herself in the advertising columns of an English paper:

"'O woman! in our hours of ease,
  Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
  When pain or sickness rends the brow,
  A ministering angel thou.'

"A YOUNG WIDOW, highly connected, dark hair and eyes, considered pretty, good figure, clever, and amusing, possessing a small income, desires to marry. She does not deny that she might at times realize the first two lines of the stanza quoted above, but she can assure any gentleman willing to make the experiment that she is as certain to be true to the conclusion."

Newport became a favorite rallying point for the denomination of Friends very early in the history of our country. Rhode Island was always a refuge for the sect when they were persecuted in all other parts of New England. Every year Newport is crowded in the month of June with Friends, who resort thither to attend their yearly meeting. Hotels and boarding-houses are full, and even private houses are opened for their entertainment. Hitherto their sessions have been kept strictly private, but this year, for the first time, they allowed published reports. The Friends' meeting-house in Newport was erected in 1700, and is now the largest belonging to that denomination in the United States. The costume of the Friends approaches every year more nearly to the ordinary style of dress. Elegant attires are seen, and rich silks and satins in all the lovely shades of drab, brown, and steel are common among the wealthy.

Delaware Gap has a new attraction. At the foot of Kittatinny Mountain a cave has been discovered from which pours a continuous stream, not of water, but of cold air, so strong as to keep the foliage of trees in motion at a distance of thirty yards. No satisfactory explanation for this mysterious phenomenon has been given. The cave has been explored to the distance of sixty feet; but the sensation experienced from this current of air is an unpleasant numbness, which will not render it specially popular.

One of the latest inventions whereby mankind is to be benefited is a process lately patented for making artificial butter, said to be equal, if not superior, to the genuine article. Butter has become one of the necessaries of life to a majority of people; and to obtain good butter in the city is perhaps the most difficult task the housekeeper has to perform in providing for the table. Whether any amount of chemical treatment will change tallow into an agreeable substitute for "Orange County butter," or that made from any first-class dairy, remains to be seen. We understand the article will soon be for sale in our markets, and at a reasonable cost, so that every one may have the opportunity of trying it. It will be remembered that during the late war between France and Germany a substitute for butter became quite popular in the French markets.

The exhibition of quicksilver at Vienna is interesting and curious. One hundred and fifty hundred-weight of this metal is shown in a huge iron caldron, and upon it rests a solid cannon-ball. This ball, although it weighs fifty pounds, rests like a feather on the silvery mass. This pure quicksilver is from the celebrated mines of Idria. It is packed in bags of white sheep leather especially prepared for the purpose, and then put into small wooden barrels carefully fastened up.

An exchange enjoins all lovers of flowers to remember that one blossom allowed to "go to seed" injures the plant more than a dozen new buds. "Cut your flowers, then, all of them, before they begin to fade. Adorn your rooms with them, put them on your tables, send bouquets to your friends who have no flowers, or exchange favors with those who have. You will surely find that the more you will cut off, the more you will have."

There has been trouble among the Persian ladies who traveled as far as Moscow with the Shah and his household. The proper accommodation of these ladies, who journeyed under the title of servants, was a matter of some difficulty. At Moscow they were placed in a country-house in the vicinity, but not liking the isolation, complained that they were not suitably lodged. The Shah then directed that they should come to the palace where he was. It appears, however, that the ladies were not yet satisfied. They expected that they would be allowed in some measure to follow European fashions. The favorite wife of his Majesty desired to accompany him to the theatre, but the Shah would not permit it. In fact, finding that he was likely to have trouble, he determined to send them home, and despite their tears and protestations they were placed *en route* for Persia a few hours before their lord and master left Moscow.

Captain Jack is considered the best-looking man in the Modoc tribe, and not naturally of an especially warlike disposition. He can speak the English language, though he seldom does in the presence of the whites. Hooker Jim and Schonshin John derive their first names from settlers in the neighborhood bearing those names for whom they have worked. Black Jim is darker in complexion than others of the tribe. Curly-headed Doctor is more "kinky" in the hair than the rest of his companions, hence his name. The Shack Nasty boys, of whom there are three or four, are the sons of an old woman in the tribe known by that title.

Since last April over three hundred unhappy Italian children have been brought to our shores. Unhappy, we say, for disgraceful facts indicate not only that these children are kidnaped in Italy, and brought here by inhuman speculators, but that they are actually bought and sold at auction in our very midst. These miserable creatures, bound to merciless masters, are forced to wander through lonely streets and crowded thoroughfares, late at night, in cold and hot and inclement weather, to collect small coin in return for their discordant music on harp or violin, which is to swell the gains of those who send them forth. This matter has been brought to public notice recently by special inhumanities practiced upon some of these poor children, and it is hoped that immediate measures will be taken to prevent this traffic in child life.

A new kind of ink that can be put into trunks and pockets without danger of spilling is a valuable thing. White blotting-paper is saturated with aniline black, and several sheets are pasted so as to form a thin pad. When wanted for use, a small piece is torn off and covered with a little water. The black liquid which dissolves out is a good writing-ink. A square inch of the paper will give a considerable quantity of ink. This novelty will recommend itself to travelers.

An exchange tersely says that "eleven thousand people die annually in New York without a permit from Providence." Our readers are enjoined to live wisely and temperately, and with due regard to all sanitary laws, during the coming season, that they be not included in the above eleven thousand.

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Fig. 1.—CAMEL'S-HAIR MANTELET.—BACK.

Fig. 2.—CAMEL'S-HAIR MANTELET.—FRONT.

Camel's-hair Mantelet, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS mantelet is made of camel's-hair lined with lustring; the trimming consists of black gros grain folds, gathered black lace, passementerie buttons and cord bands, and bows of black gros grain ribbon. On the wrong side, in the back of the mantelet, at the bottom of the waist, set a belt, which is closed in front. The mantelet is slashed at the sides, with the trimming extending around the slashes, which are connected by loops.

Gros Grain Mantelet, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS mantelet is made of black gros grain, and is lined with lustring. The trimming consists of black guipure insertion, gathered black guipure lace, and passementerie agrafes. The insertion is underlaid with black gros grain ribbon. A fold of the material, edged with lace, passes from one shoulder diagonally across the back and under the other arm, simulating a scarf. Hooks and eyes serve for closing the mantelet.

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

IN spite of panics and crises and pacific revolutions that many persist in regarding as but the preludes of the inevitable sanguinary one, Paris still holds its own as the centre of fashion and the city of pleasure, and Americans flock to it in hundreds every week as in the gay and prosperous days of its recent splendor. Well, since they are not afraid of the threatened Red Ruin, and since, so far, at any rate, their boldness in running the risk of being caught in a Commune has been justified, far be it from me to play the part of pessimist, and warn them away. Let them come, and see, and conquer, as of yore. Let them drive poor natives from the first floors and the best shops, and in many cases from the city altogether, by their reckless extravagance and their overpowering toilettes. The French either can hold their own against the invaders or they can not, or they don't care enough about the stakes to try. It is no concern of ours. Here, at least, the principle of neutrality among nations is allowable, and we adopt it. As the aim and chief object of so many families who come to Paris from the other side of the Atlantic is the education of their children, I think a few words about schools may be welcome to them. I have already touched often on the subject, but merely in a passing way. I should like to-day to have a little chat about schools exclusively, if you don't mind it. Those who feel no interest in so dry a topic can turn aside and amuse themselves with more entertaining matter on the next page. First and foremost, do you want a boarding-school or a day school, a secular "*institution*" or a convent? I have in a previous letter spoken of the *cours*, or classes we should call them, which young girls who do not like to leave their families altogether can frequent with ease and advantage. They are admirably organized, and very economical. I don't know how far the heavy taxations since the war and the immense increase in the expense of life in every way may have acted on the *cours*, but the terms for an entire season used to be two hundred francs (forty dollars). For this small sum you had a full and graduated course of lessons or lectures in every branch of study — history, geography, grammar, rhetoric, etc., from a professor who has qualified himself for the task by making each branch his special study. The objection to foreigners in those classes is that in order to follow them with adequate advantage you require to know the language, not perfectly, of course, but fluently, and to be able to write it without any hesitation, though it may be with innumerable faults. The mere necessity for thus exereising herself in French is, of course, the best and most efficacious lesson a learner could have. Then it requires the pupil to put forth all her energies in the race, because though the lesson is in itself so full and explanatory, it leaves the pupil a vast deal to do in the way of working it out at home; and an idle girl who does not follow it up when she gets home by help of the notes taken down at the time, and with the various books they refer to, will do very little with this system. It has been found by French people to answer so well, that it has in a great measure superseded both first-rate governesses and second-rate schools. A governess is, however, almost a necessity for young girls who attend the *cours*; but she need not be a very accomplished one: the thorough teaching of the professor, whose instruction she only supplements, obviates the need for that perfect mastery of the subjects which she would otherwise require. A daily governess, at a salary of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred francs a month, will be quite up to the mark for a girl who is advanced enough to attend the *cours*.

There are, in the same way, excellent singing, music, and drawing classes, very inexpensive for the most part, and where the teaching is of the very best. I make it a rule, as you know, never to mention names, or indicate one establishment as better or worse than another. These things strangers had best find out for themselves. But classes are such a very important point, and so much depends on your finding the right ones, and without loss of time, that I am tempted for once to break through the above rule, and give you the address of a music class, which among many good ones occupies just now a very high place. It is that

Fig. 1.—GROS GRAIN MANTELET.—FRONT.

Fig. 2.—GROS GRAIN MANTELET.—BACK.

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of Mademoiselle Laya, who resides at No. 20 Rue Roquépine, near the Boulevard Malesherbes, a central situation, much frequented by Americans. Private lessons, of course, are expensive here, as from every other good professor. It is a grievous mistake, and one into which strangers, Americans and English especially, are very apt to fall, to suppose that masters are cheap in Paris. For a first-rate music or singing lesson you must be prepared to pay from fifteen to twenty francs an hour (three to four dollars); for a really good one, not less than from eight to ten francs. You will see in *Galignani*, and pasted on the walls of the boulevards, tempting announcements of "lessons from a pupil of the Conservatoire," or of some fashionable artist, "for a franc." This is sheer absurdity; and if you are beguiled into making the experiment, one lesson will suffice to show you the folly of it. A new system which has for the last few years been tried with immense success in the case of singing is that of beginning a regular course, and taking a lesson every day, and *never* singing except with the master or mistress. It is an expensive process, certainly, but perhaps not more so in the end than the old one of taking a couple of lessons a week off and on for several years, as is the way with most amateur learners. One year of steady adherence to the new method will do more than ten years of the old one. A very brilliant American amateur artist, who delighted the *salons* of Paris by her beautiful voice of late, came to Paris some seven years ago without ever having had a singing lesson in her life. She had a few fine notes in her voice, but within the limit of *one octave*, and with this untried and diminutive organ she betook herself to one of the best masters in the city, who had been very successful with an unmarried friend of hers. He agreed to make her sing at the end of a year if she obeyed him faithfully in taking a lesson daily, and *never* singing by herself until he gave permission. She agreed to this, and the result was a triumphant vindication of the system. I do not name her, because any one who knows any thing of society in Paris of late years will recognize her identity at once. It is, however, absolutely essential that the pupil, before embarking on the enterprise, should be fully determined to abide by the condition of not trying her voice out of lesson time until the master authorizes her to do so. I know another instance in which the attempt, so successful in the above-named case, proved a complete and even a disastrous failure. A young girl who had the making of a very fine voice was placed for training in the hands of a good master; after the first three months of rigid discipline the prohibition was relaxed, and he gave leave for half an hour's practice alone. The pleasure of feeling her instrument growing so elastic and clear, and of exercising her own power over it, proved too great a temptation. The half hour expanded to an hour, and imperceptibly to two. One day while careering with infinite gusto up and down the scales, she was seized with a sudden sensation of choking, or as if something had snapped in her throat. She cleared it, and tried to begin again; but not a note, not even a sound, could she articulate. The voice was utterly and entirely gone. The doctor was sent for, but he could do nothing. She had strained the organ, and it would take some years of rest and medical care to restore it, even to get back the power of speech. I believe a winter in Egypt eventually repaired the mischief. This has drawn me away from the schools for to-day, but the subject will keep till my next letter. COMET.

ÉCRU BATISTE WALKING SUIT.

Écru Batiste Walking Suit.

THE dress of this suit is made of striped écru batiste, and is trimmed with gathered ruffles of the material and with brown gros grain folds; the white cashmere paletot is trimmed with a braiding of black silk cord. White English straw hat, trimmed with a box-pleated ruche of gros grain ribbon and with ostrich feathers.

Figured Foulard House Dress.

THIS dress is made of gray and white figured foulard. The skirt, the back breadths of which are arranged in a puff, is of plain foulard. The trimming consists of gathered ruffles of figured foulard, which are embroidered with white cotton as shown by the illustration. The over-skirt and basque-waist are of figured foulard, trimmed with embroidered ruffles. Sash of plain foulard.

Dotted Linen Cambric House Dress.

THIS dress is made of dotted linen cambric, and consists of a double skirt and waist with basque. The under-skirt is of plain linen cambric, and trimmed with flounces of the material. These flounces are bordered on the under edge with gathered linen cambric ruffles, which are embroidered with red worsted dots in satin stitch, and with puffs of plain material. The seam of the upper flounce is covered by a ruffle and a puff. The over-skirt and waist are of figured linen cambric, and are trimmed to match the skirt.

FIGURED FOULARD HOUSE DRESS.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

THOUGH it is queer to call Nasr-ed-din the "successor of Darius," yet the people over whom he reigns more directly represent the people of Darius than any of the great European nations represent those who dwelled on the same soil in the days of Darius. The Gaul and the Iberian have really lived on through all conquests, but they have lost the outward badge of their old national being by adopting the Roman language. The Persian has had masters of divers nations, and he has adopted an Arabian religion, but the Persian language has lived on through it all. If any one chooses to infer that all this comes of the inborn superiority of an Aryan people struggling against Semitic and Touranian intruders, we shall not argue against him. Anyhow the fact is certain that the Persian nationality and the Persian speech have lived on through successive conquests, that conquerors and immigrants have been largely assimilated to the native stock, that Persia has twice, after long periods of subjection, risen again in the strength of a revived nationality, and that both times the revived nationality has taken the form of the preaching of a national religion. The dynasties of both of the Sassanids and the Sophis can not, without some straining of language, be called successors of Darius; but both may be fairly said to have revived the monarchy of Darius.

People are apt to forget the wide distinction between the Persians and most other Mohammedan nations. This confusion reached its height in the wild belief that the present Persian King is the spiritual head of Mohammedans generally. It is hard to find a parallel in the West to so strange a delusion. Perhaps the nearest thing to it would be if any Persian were to tell his countrymen that the German Emperor was the common spiritual head of all Christian sects. Now, setting aside smaller and earlier Mohammedan powers, of the three Mohammedan powers which have cut any great figure in the world for the last four hundred years, the Ottomans, the Persians, and the Indian Moguls, the Persians stand alone as being really a Mohammedan nation. The other two, the Ottomans and the Moguls, were essentially foreign conquerors, ruling over subject nations of other religions in their own land. So to be was not an accident, but the essential feature of their position. The Ottomans have always been, not a nation, but a ruling caste; a ruling caste which, in the days of its strength, was replenished by the human tribute of all the subject nations. Even in those parts of the Ottoman Empire where the population is mainly Mohammedan, the Ottomans are still a ruling caste over the earlier Mohammedan inhabitants, including, of course, the earlier Turkish settlements before the Ottoman dynasty arose. So in India the Moguls were, in the like sort, a ruling caste over a people mainly Hindoo, but with a sprinkling of heretical Mohammedans and people of other creeds. Thus the Moguls then, and the Ottomans still, represent not only Mohammedanism, but Mohammedan ascend-

DOTTED LINEN CAMBRIC HOUSE DRESS.

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ency. The very essence of their being is the supremacy of Mohammedan conquerors over subject nations, Christian or heathen. The Persians are nothing of the kind: they are strictly a Mohammedan nation. At the same time they are, as it were, Mohammedans by accident, and their Mohammedanism is a form of Mohammedanism of their own making. If we draw out a comparison between the history of Christendom and the history of Islam, the Arabian caliphate, the original Mohammedan power, answers to the Roman empire, politically, though not theologically, the original Christian power. The various Turkish tribes—and the Indian Moguls were really as much Turkish as any thing else—adopted Mohammedanism as they came within the influence of the caliphate, just as the Teutonic and Sclavonic nations adopted Christianity when they came within the influence of the empire. And to them no doubt their conversion to Islam was a lift in the order of things. They were raised from mere barbarism to that moral and social stage which the higher form of Mohammedanism represents. With the Persians nothing of the kind happened. The Turks freely accepted Mohammedanism in the course of migrations which brought them within the reach of a religion and a civilization which were, at any rate, higher than their own. To the Persians, on the other hand, Islam came as something forced upon them by foreign conquerors. Mohammedanism, in its first purity, might be a better theological system than the religion of Zoroaster as it stood in the days of the last Sassanids. But the Persian, with his magnificent empire and his ancient civilization, could not feel toward conquerors from the Arabian desert as the Teutons and Sclaves felt toward the Roman empire and religion, or as the Turks felt toward the caliphate in a somewhat later stage. In fact, Persia to a great extent led captive her Arabian conquerors, and turned the caliphate of Bagdad into something very different from what it had been when Abou Bekr and Omar ruled half the world from the steps of the mosque at Mecca. The Persians became Mohammedans because they could not well help it, and they revenged themselves in the end by giving their Mohammedanism a national character of their own. But in so doing they became more strictly a Mohammedan nation than any other, as the whole people, with the most trifling exceptions, gradually came to accept the religion which was at first forced upon them by the sword.

Whatever, then, the Shah of Persia may be in any other way, he is at least not the alien ruler of subject Christian nations. He has not trampled a Christian people under foot. He is the head of a Mohammedan nation—a nation at once the most purely and the least truly Mohammedan of any of the great Mohammedan powers of modern times. And, without guaranteeing the pure Aryan descent of this particular king, we may say that he is at least the head of the one great Mohammedan nation which still preserves signs of primeval kindred with the great nations of Europe. As such he is a reasonable object of interest in our eyes. And if it adds to his interest in any body's eyes to call him the "successor of Darius," we will not greatly quarrel with the description, though it is rather like challenging special regard for the Ottoman Sultan on the ground of his being the successor of Philip of Macedon.

AILEEN'S LOVER.

ON that part of the New Jersey coast which is most barren and desolate there is built a melancholy straggling line of little houses. This is the fishing village of Bender's Tow. The houses never knew paint nor whitewash, or, if ever, they have long since forgotten it, and have assumed, as if by common consent, a sad gray color, which tones harmoniously with the neutral shade of the sand and with the sea fog that surrounds them.

Like all people who depend on sea chances for a livelihood, the inhabitants of the settlement are for the most part lazy and careless. The men sometimes lie for days in the warm sand—smoking, drinking, quarreling—watching for a show of fish. They are all good friends again so soon as the fish appear and inspire them with a common interest; and when the need is pressing they work fiercely with the boats and nets. The women are strong-limbed and tall, but with the anxious, worn look on their faces that makes the poor class of women in America lose their beauty and youth long before they are old.

"It's willin' agin my man that's made me like a scrag," I heard one of these wives say down on the beach at Bender's Tow. "He's good and convenable enough when he's out o' liquor; but get him drunk, and it takes an awful sight o' willin' to manage him straight. He won't fish nor nothing, and the childer starving, maybe. Many's the time I've left my baby in the sand, and gone out in the surf along of the men, tugging at the seine for a share of the fish to stop the young uns' crying, and him a-lyin' drunk on the shore laffin at me. Them's the times you don't think gentle to a man, nor hadn't orter."

Four or five miles in from the ocean the land rises into low wooded hills. Still further away, on the other side of the hills, is the town of Bendersville, which seems to have been dwarfed in its early youth, for it has never grown within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Here the sea people find a market for some of their fish, and here they come to do their trading, to buy their whisky and flour.

On the hill-side stands a ruinous little shanty, in which a benevolent old maid had tried to keep school for the little "fish children." Instead of the children, whom she could have managed, there came great hulking boys, and girls as rough as they, who frightened the old maid away after a six months' trial. Among these overgrown scholars were Sandy Coe and Aileen Craig. By the final day of Miss Nancy's effort at instruction Aileen had learned to read slowly and with determination, and even to write her name, while Sandy was stumbling blindly about over little words; and as these were the last school-days that ever dawned for Bender's Tow, his education was always limited.

"You ain't gotten no more sense nor a crab, Sandy Coe, that can't read yer lesson, and goes back in yer book, too." Aileen used to laugh at her tall companion as they walked home through the rank grass and sand after school. Aileen was always laughing at him. She was a little person, with great dark eyes, and hair that hung about in heavy waves, till she thought herself grown up, and took to tying it in a tumble-down knot at the back of her head. She had neither mother nor father since she could remember, and her aunt, "Widder Wilder," had always given her a home, and brought her up. She used to run wild on the beach, in her short cotton gown, with her feet bare, sometimes helping the men to knot their nets, for her brown fingers were very nimble, and she was quick and funny as a child, and could make the old fishers laugh by her little songs and pertness.

As she grew older, and had learned to read, she became more demure and quiet, and no longer went near the half-tipsy fishermen, or offered to help them, as the other girls did, till they began to say at Bender's Tow that she was proud, and thought herself altogether too good-looking. She had, indeed, grown very pretty, and knew it well enough, for there were some among the young fellows who told her so plainly. There was one of her admirers, however, who never put this in words, and he was called Sandy Coe—he who studied crab-fashion in the days when they went to school. He had always been her knight-errant, in an uncouth way; and now that she had become this haughty damsel, his kind eyes somehow watched over her and followed her movements, and no one would have dared to speak rudely to Aileen while Sandy was about. Without a spoken word from this silent guardian, Aileen knew that he thought more of her than of any other girl in the village; and she knew, too, that he had "more brains than all the other fisher-boys put together." So she used to think when she watched them getting the boats off through the surf in the mornings.

She stood up on the shore sometimes and smiled to see how his will and forethought seemed to seize the moment for the gang to pay out their strength and pull all together at the rocking boat. In her lifetime Aileen had seen hundreds of boats go out, but none had moved so steadily or gracefully as his; and then, as the long white dory, with its pile of nets in the bow, slipped out on the retreating wave, she liked to watch his tall, gaunt figure spring into the boat at the last moment, as he seized an oar. Perhaps she saw, too, that the rower's blue eyes glanced toward the spot where she was standing. And the sun sparkled on the waves, and Sandy Coe rowed away to the fishing grounds, while pretty Aileen stood on the bank and gazed after him.

He was growing rich. His luck with the nets never failed him, and he was speculating, too, in fish by means of a little smack in which he had taken an interest, and which was sailing away and trading with more busy settlements than Bender's Tow; and when, one day, Sandy went over to the "ville" for his potatoes and his father's whisky, and found a hundred dollars, the proceeds of his trading venture, paid into the bank to his credit, he felt himself wealthy for his part of the country. So, suddenly, he determined to put his fate to the test: he would ask Aileen to be his wife. When Sandy had so far decided bravely, his courage failed, and turning into one of the brilliant grocery and dry-goods establishments of the town, and blushing, he procured a kerchief of crimson silk, fine and soft and splendid. It was for Aileen; he felt the need of a propitiatory gift. As he walked back over the hill, and his old home came in sight, he began to understand how poor and mean was the life at Bender's Tow, and to lament that he had only this to offer Aileen. He did not think that she had never known any thing better or different. To him his love seemed so far above him, so beautiful! Even this ignorant fisherman bowed down in reverence before the woman he had chosen.

As he came into the settlement, far off on the sand a little figure was walking slowly, all alone. Sandy left his sack of potatoes at his door, and followed her with haste. He drew near, and walked softly for a moment, looking at her. She was playing with the waves as they rolled up the beach, running after them, and wetting her bare feet in the white foam.

The little sandpipers and snipe scarcely heeded her as they too followed the retreating waves, leaving the marks of their sharp little claws in the wet sand. Aileen laughed aloud as one long-legged bird, more courageous or more careless than the others, was caught by the surf, and struggled and fluttered squeaking to dry land. She laughed, and the birds sped away in a trice, and began picking at a safe distance.

Sandy spoke her name now. "Aileen, can I come along?"

She turned round, startled, and nodded to him. "Come; I don't care." The blush that had risen to her cheeks staid there, making her prettier than ever. "Them birds is the skeerest lot. Did you see 'em go when I laffed?"

"Ef I was a bird, Aileen, I wouldn't go," said he, making an effort at a compliment, and then he hurried on: "I had a bit of news to tell you; I was over to Bendersville, and I found that I— And I brought you this." He handed her the silk kerchief.

She looked up in his face, and put her hands behind her.

"Is that the news?" she said; "and whatenever did yer bring me that for?"

She did not offer to take his present, but stood flushed and a little defiant before him. He seemed hurt.

"I brought this because you are so pretty, and I ain't never see yer in a bright-looking thing like that; and the news was that I found there was money paid over for me into the bank, and—oh, Aileen, will you marry me?"

She turned away with a short, nervous laugh.

"Did yer think that red rag was a-goin' to git yer answer, Sandy Coe, and yer money? I ain't knowed riches well enough to forget how to live poor. I don't doubt but there's plenty would like yer riches." She walked on ahead of him, and they were both silent. If she had looked at him she would have seen her lover's eyes were full of tears.

Suddenly she spoke again, in a sharp, spiteful way:

"Why don't ye go? Ye got yer answer, ain't ye?"

"I suppose I'd orter think so; but, Aileen, I love you like nothing in this world, and I always did, and I always shall; and to have you speak up like that has kind o' skeered me, like them birds, I guess—only I ain't run away," he added. "I ain't troubled you in a good while, my dear—for why?—that I didn't see no way in the world that you could care for an ugly, hulking lubber like me. But to-day, when I found maybe I could take as good care of yer as the next one, I just dared to tell yer so. I'd orter knowed 'twa'n't no use. But it don't make no odds, and I won't bother you agin. Only nobody else can have what I offered you to-night."

He took the unappreciated kerchief and rolled it into a hard knot, and pitched it as far as he could into the water.

"And good-night, Miss Aileen." He said it quite humbly, and turned on his heel toward the village. The sun was setting behind the hills, and the sky was all aflame, tinging the ocean with reflected light. But on the pink wave crests there bobbed up and down the little red ball that he had thrown. He could not look at it, but kept his eyes on the sand as he moved slowly away.

"Mr. Coe, ain't you afeard of yourself, to have such a temper?"

As he looked up the little figure that he loved so well had stopped a few feet higher up the bank, and showed dark against the scarlet torches in the sky. Her arms were folded across her breast, her eyes were dazzling bright, and she looked straight at her disheartened suitor.

He stood transfixed by her glance; then wrung his hands together like a man in deep sorrow, and would have hurried on, but Aileen sprang down before him and stood still. She spoke in a soft, high voice:

"Sandy, do you think I could love any man only you?"

He could not speak. In an instant her arms were about his neck, and she had kissed him. He was as pale as death, as he gently clasped her.

"Take care, my lass," he said. "I think that I'm a-dyin'."

The tears were running down his cheeks, while in his heart, though he did not speak it, there arose a thanksgiving to Heaven.

The waves came rolling in with the swash of the rising tide, and brought with the foam a red silk kerchief. Aileen ran down the beach and rescued it, dripping, from the water, and held it up.

"Thank you, Sandy," she said, and they both laughed. They were very happy and quiet as they walked slowly back in the evening.

Out of the sea appeared the soft round moon, like a pink cloud. Their hearts were awed by the peace and poetry of the hour, and they spoke with whispering voices.

"Mother used to sing a song when she was livin'—a Scotch song—and some of it went like this," said Sandy. "I ain't goin' to venture the tune," he added, smiling, as Aileen looked up with a twinkle in her eyes, for Sandy was never known to catch an air. "It was a soft, pretty kind of a song, and I always get thinking of you when it comes into my head. Mother had a good singing voice, and she always kept her own way of talkin' like a Scotchwoman. Sometimes I get at it too.

'And oh, my luve,
And my ainly, ainly luve,
That prayed for me at sea!'

I don't rightly remember only that; but when I've been caught out in a gale I've thought of you, and wondered would you ever pray for me. And you was always 'my ainly luve,' Aileen, my ainly."

He left her at Widder Wilder's door, and went down the street toward his own hut. He walked proudly, his face shining with the new happiness that had come to him.

As he pushed open the house door his father lay drunk across the threshold. It was a sight Sandy was used to see; but he felt as if some one had struck him a blow as he lifted the drowsy man on to his pallet in the sleeping-room.

He sat late that night in the moonlight, thinking. After all, what had he to give Aileen besides his love? Such a home as this, with that tipsy old man, would be a sorry place to bring her to. Finally his resolution was fixed. He would take the money that was his at the bank and build a new house for his bride.

When Sandy thought his father was sober enough to understand it he broke the news to him.

"Father, you know Aileen Craig, don't you? Well, she's give me her promise."

"That gal?"

"I guess she's good enough for me, ain't she?"

"No good won't come o' that, Sandy Coe. She's a pretty-faced gal, but she's kinder fancy, and I don't guess she'll do much work for ye. You'd better 'a took a good strong one while you was about it. I don't set much by them pretty-faced women."

"Well, I've got strength enough to keep us both, I guess. I wasn't thinkin' o' that. See here, father, this old place is about played; and I've made up my mind to fix up a house for us hereabouts not fur off, but a new house."

The old man was thunderstruck by this. He jumped up suddenly: "A new house! Ain't this fine enough for her? I told you there wouldn't no good come of it. She's a stuck-up gal. What yer goin' to do of me?" he cried, suddenly; "but yer needn't trouble yerselves. I kin shift for myself, only yer better git out o' this quick as comes handy for ye. I want my place to myself. Do you hear? Blarst ye!"

Sandy had certainly not expected sympathy or congratulation from his parent. On the whole, perhaps, old Coe's reception of his son's intention might be considered favorable. No more was said, and he stumbled out of the hut to join his tipsy old companions and to tell them the news.

When it became known at the Tow that Aileen was promised, opinions on the subject were freely expressed.

"Sandy Coe won't never get that piece for his wife. He ain't nigh fine enough for her. You just wait. She'll throw him over the first chance she gets that's better than him. And remember I said it."

At the other end of the street Sarah Jones was saying to Mrs. Schenck:

"Well, she's hooked about the best-goin' feller to the Tow. He's got the kindest heart I ever see. Why, when Jones was down with the rheumatiz that bad he couldn't turn over, an' me with a felon, he just come in an' done for him like a mother. I ain't never forgot the way Sandy Coe done for Jones, nor won't neither. She'll have to be pretty good to be up to him, I tell you."

Among the younger women Aileen had made few friends and many enemies. She was never social in her ways, but had always held herself aloof from the girls of her own age; and she had cultivated an ugly temper and sharp tongue, that made her feared among them; so their remarks were far from complimentary.

Every one seemed to agree that Sandy had got a pretty girl, but that either he would have a hard time with her or she would be false to him.

As time went on old Coe grew more tipsy, and stopped speaking to the ungrateful son who was about to leave him. Though he ate Sandy's bread, and drank his whisky too, he was always grumbling at the way in which he was treated.

Sandy had nearly completed his new house, and it seemed to aggravate his neighbors, who were suddenly filled with an admiration for their old gray boards, and regarded his fresh pine frame as an interloper. They all sniffed at Aileen's pride, and said the old house was good enough for her.

Sandy was growing impatient for the wedding by this time, and toward the end of September Aileen was induced to promise her lover that in another month she would think about it.

"Well, well," cried the gossips of Bender's Tow, "we never thought it would come to this. Aileen Craig has named the day, and they are to be j'ined in October. We'll see."

Aileen knew all that was said of her marriage, and it was almost more than she could bear. It seemed, now that she had an acknowledged protector in the person of her faithful Sandy, all those whom she had ever hurt by her proud ways, all those who felt any spite against her, expressed it in these malicious doubts of her faith. She never told Sandy how much she suffered from her neighbors' unkind speeches, and he, good-natured and contented, was blissfully ignorant of the storm of anger and hatred that was rising in his sweetheart's breast.

Old Coe went away, and for several days nobody knew what had become of him, till at last, when people were beginning to wonder, he one day came into the village with a rather curious procession. He was shambling along, pushing before him a rickety hand-cart half filled with household goods. On top of these sat a little boy of about three years old, rosy-faced, and smiling. Beside old Coe a woman was walking; a poor, sickly, slatternly looking woman, with some attempt at brightness in her costume, exhibiting itself in a pair of cheap red bonnet strings on her very rusty black bonnet. She held another child by the hand. Tipsy Coe was smoking a pipe, and from time to time regaling himself from a black bottle which he kept conveniently nigh him on the cart, and which he at rare intervals offered to his companion.

As this little caravan passed on toward its destination the fishers' wives came open-mouthed to their doors, the fishermen looked up from the nets they were spreading to dry, and the propeller of the cart was greeted by rough voices from the shore.

"Hillo, old Coe, what you ben a-doin' of?"

He stopped in his shuffling walk and allowed the cart to rest on its handles, while he, in a maudlin voice, addressed the little crowd that formed round him.

"My frens, I ben a-gettin' marrid. Ve'y fine ole woman. Ben over to the Ma'sh, an' Mish Jenkins didn't object none, and I named the day, an' tuk her ter Bensville, and Sandy's got new mar. Thish Mish Coe, gelmen. Howdo, all."

A roar of laughter, in which the little fellow on the cart joined, greeted this speech. "Mish Coe, gelmen," made a sort of courtesy in acknowledgment of their pleasant reception, and her new lord and master, with a "Git 'long, ole gal," proceeded toward the Coe mansion.

Poor Sandy learned only too soon what had

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happened. It scarcely needed his father's rambling explanation to tell him that the wretched creature had traveled to the great "Ma'sh," twelve miles away, to bring Mrs. Jenkins, a shiftless, unhappy woman, as his "new mar."

"I wa'n't goin' to have no black-eyed gals 'roun', 'thout ole woman for m'self," said the affectionate creature, clasping his bottle tightly. "Yer kin git marrid soon's yer choosh, my shon," added he, with great dignity.

Sandy went out into the fresh air and walked away from the door. The rosy-cheeked boy who had ridden in such state on the cart ran up to him and thumped his knee to make him attend.

"What's the matter, little chap?" he asked. The chap held up two brown fists filled with pebbles.

"I dot damned sight 'ittle white 'tones. 'Ittle chap yourself. I's hungry, too."

He made this statement, looking up at the great tall man, as if it was his right to demand from a creature so much stronger than himself. Sandy laughed, and picked the boy up.

"Yer didn't orter say them ugly words, sonny," he said, alluding to the profane swearing about the white stones. "Some day yer won't have no tongue left if yer talk like that."

"Dere my tongue, you devil," said the child, with great determination, at the same time putting out his little red tongue for an instant, and bursting into a laugh of derision.

"What's yer name, little chap?" asked Sandy, to turn the conversation.

"Name Tommy; what's your'n?"

"I ain't got much of a name, Tommy, but it's Sandy Coe. Kin yer speak it?"

"Coe," cried Tommy, with triumph, and "Coe" it remained for him as long as their acquaintance lasted.

Mrs. Jones had said that Sandy was possessed of the kindest heart "she ever see, when he done for Jones like a mother." She herself had since then "done for Jones," but in another way—rather as a step-mother, perhaps; still she could appreciate the kind heart when it ministered to the rheumatic Jones, and had spoken truly of Sandy. It was partly his kind heart, and partly Aileen's bad temper, but there came at last the cruel breach between these two lovers which had been predicted by their friends.

As the weather grew colder old Coe took more persistently to drink, and became daily more helpless and senile. Mrs. Coe "brought the shakes along of her from the Ma'sh," and was as helpless and weak as her husband. Sandy saw plainly that to leave this thriftless, wretched household to its own resources was to leave them to starvation.

As he thought more about this, he understood how his own selfishness had driven the tipsy old man to seek Mrs. Jenkins at the Ma'sh for a companion in his loneliness.

"I was a-goin' to forsake that poor old man and leave him alone, that hadn't the sense to take care of hisself," mused this sentimental fisher. "It wasn't right, the way I done, and what was wrong then is worse now, when there's more'n him to starve ef I leave 'em."

He was filled with remorse, and though his love for Aileen grew stronger with every hour of his life, suddenly he determined that the only right thing to do was to give up the joy of bringing her home as his wife, at least till the hard winter was past, and still to maintain his father and the family he had established.

"It won't be much longer to wait. It ain't so bad as that feller the minister over to Bendersville was tellin' on, that served for his girl fourteen year. I'll feel like I was serving for my Ainly, only it 'll be my father, not her'n, I'm bound to."

He strolled toward Widder Wilder's, still turning it over in his mind, and he whistled, all out of tune, as he went, "My love is but a lassie yet." It somehow kept up his spirits until he should see Aileen, and get some words of encouragement from her.

"Ainly, come along with me a piece down the beach; I want to talk to you," he begged, as he found his sweetheart sewing on her door-step. She stuck her needle in the work, left it lying on the stone, and followed him, bare-headed, down the street.

Sandy kept on whistling, and took no notice of his companion until they had passed the Jones cottage, and were out upon the wild sea-shore, with the sea rumbling beside them as they walked; then he suddenly put his arm about her shoulder, and began speaking in a rather obscure fashion.

"I don't feel like I'd done right, and somehow I guess I have to pay for it, and pretty heavy too. It 'll trouble you some, I'm afeard, and yet I can't help hopin' that it will; but it's goin' to come hardest to me, and it orter, for I suppose I brought it on myself. You see, I was clean gone over with the notion that my Ainly cared any thing about me, and I didn't think of nothin' but that. I ain't much better now; only I see, afore it's too late, that I ain't done right—"

"Sandy, what are you drivin' at, talkin' that queer kinder way?" Aileen interrupted him, with a perfectly perplexed voice. He looked round at her quickly.

"They'll starve, sure, ef I do what I said. We can't get married, my dear. We can't be j'ined this time. Ef ever we come together again, that's for you to say the word, and— God A'mighty help me," he added, under his breath, as he saw her face grow dark.

The little figure twisted away from his arm.

"I don't rightly know what yer talkin' about."

She heard the words, "We can't be married," and suddenly there yawned at her feet the very pit which it had been predicted should be the consequence of her falseness. Suddenly she was to be forced into the dishonest action with which she had been a thousand times twitted. All the latent anger that had been gathering in her heart for the idle gossips of the village seemed at once to be directed toward her lover.

She had never seen Sandy like this before: his face so set and hard, so little tenderness in his voice. If she had been quieter, she might have understood how the man's soul was laboring to do what he thought right—how great the sacrifice he was making. She tried still to speak calmly.

"Say them words again: maybe I don't know what they mean."

Sandy's voice was sullen and dogged as he answered her. He had a lurking fear lest, after all, Aileen should turn him from the course he had chosen.

"I say, I darsn't marry you now, any way. Ef we was to get married now, we'd get paid up for it some time. Don't you see how my old fool of a father will go and starve, along of them he's brought home, ef I desert him now? Don't ye see I ain't got no right to live in happiness with my wife, Ainly, and them others a-dyin' because I left 'em? We got to stop where we are; but, oh! you speak a kind word to help me along, for it's the hardest stroke I ever pulled, and my heart's most broken, Aileen."

"If your heart's broke, Sandy, it 'll take more than me to mend it. Go away. I ain't got no words to help you. Ef you was scorched up with the wrong yer done me, I wouldn't raise my hand to give you a drop of water. Ef you was to go blind this minute and walk into the sea, I wouldn't raise my hand to help yer out. There ain't nothing in my heart but hate, and that's all for you, Sandy Coe! Go! Don't never speak to me again, nor look to me for pity nor kindness, for there's none left. Go! go! go!"

As she spoke she lifted her clasped hands above her head. The words came clear and slowly spoken, with a steady, low voice till the last; then they rose into a sort of cry.

"Ainly," he said, softly, "yer don't mean that; ye'll sorrow over what yer a-sayin' some time, Ainly."

She cried out to him, "I ain't no more!—that name yer said. You shall never call that again to me."

He raised his eyes that were wont to be so kind and blue: they were now almost without expression, and the color seemed to have left them. Aileen's were black, luminous, terrible.

She gave a gasp, partly a sob, partly a laugh, as she met his glance. She turned and ran swiftly over the wet shingle, leaving Sandy broken-hearted on the shore.

He stood as if fastened to the spot. His figure had become like an old man's. At length, as Aileen's form disappeared among the houses of the village, Sandy Coe gently folded his arms upon his faithful breast, and walked down to his boat. Tommy was already installed there on one of the seats. He had collected a pile of pebbles and shells beside him, and was busy pelting an old barrel that was floating on the water. He knew it was against the law to take stones into Sandy's boat, and jumped out fast enough as he spied him coming; but when he saw his friend's face his fear turned to curiosity and awe at the expression of solemn trouble there.

"Did yer hurted yerself wif yer big knife, Coe?" he cried, full of sympathy. "I didn't be welly bad; I only put 'ittle 'tones, Coe, and throwed 'em all away again."

"I don't care about 'em, sonny. No, I ain't hurt. Run home, Tommy." But before the child had moved to obey, Sandy snatched him in his great arms, and held him close a moment. "There! run along, quick."

While the daylight lasted he was busy getting the nets ready; and when the night came down, cloudy and damp, Sandy covered himself with an old sea coat, and lay down to rest till the early morning.

Four others were to go with him in his boat, and Jakey Coffin had promised to be ready with his dory to lend a hand at the other end of Sandy's seine. The fog had not lifted when the fishermen came on the beach in the gray dawn.

"Ef it don't clear, there'll be some ugly weather, boys," said Jakey Coffin.

"What, Sandy! you here a'ready? Yer must 'a laid out all night. Yer look kinder famished. What's the matter of ye? Had any breakfast?"

It was Mrs. Coffin who spoke. She had come down with a pail of coffee for her husband to take along, and her quick eyes saw that all was not right with the young man. Sandy winced before her inquiring glance, and told probably the only story he was ever guilty of.

"Thank ye kindly, Miss Coffin; I had my breakfast afore I come out, and I'm all right, I guess."

He moved about more lively after this, trying to protect himself from the woman's sharp looks, trying to hide his heavy heart and his sorrow.

The boats pitched and trembled, then glided softly out over the waves—the two boats, with eight men in all for their crews. Out to sea they floated, and disappeared in the mist.

Mrs. Coffin stood a moment on the sand and looked up, trying to see some pink promise of a bright morning. The air seemed gray and cold on every side. She shivered and hastened back to her cabin.

Later in the day the wind rose, and the clouds changed from mere fog to black lowering masses. Mrs. Coffin saw Aileen pass her door, and called out to her that it was "nasty weather a-comin' up, and they'd orter 'a had more sense than go sech-lookin' times as this."

"Who's gone fishin'?" asked Aileen, innocently. As she spoke she turned a pale face with hollow eyes toward her neighbor. Mrs. Coffin started.

"Why, your Sandy and my Jake. Didn't ye know?"

The color rose into Aileen's face as she gave a queer little laugh. "He ain't nothing to me ever again," she cried. "Now go and tell how Aileen Craig has broke with Sandy Coe; how false she is. Ha, ha!"

Mrs. Coffin had got a piece of news. She remembered Sandy's worn face that morning, and now Aileen's quick words explained it all to her mind. She was a woman who could rejoice in a sympathetic way over the sorrows of her neighbors, when they accorded with her predictions, or were the natural fruits of her neglected advice.

"Well, well! ye don't say so! It's a sad thing all round. I thought the poor boy didn't look just right this morning. So ye turned him off, after all, did yer, Aileen? I always did say you two uns wouldn't hitch, somehow. Maybe Sandy warn't good enough for ye, though I did think there was no better goin' than him, and Coffin, too, always said it of Sandy. He was awful pale, come to think of it, and you don't look very pert neither. Not that I ain't goin' to say nothin' about it to nobody, for I don't suppose ye want it talked about all over the place. Sech thing gets round fast enough of 'emselves without talkin'."

Still the storm came on, till by evening there blew a fierce gale, and the rain fell in torrents. The sea was lead-color and capped with whitest foam. It gurgled and advanced and rolled back, hissing, while the breakers boomed steadily over the bar.

The boats had not come in. Indeed, a landing could hardly have been effected through those waves, and the only safety for the fishermen was in keeping their boats far away from the breakers.

Those in the village whose relations had gone with Sandy Coe wore sad faces, and collected in groups upon the shore. Aileen flitted like an uneasy ghost from one party to another, listening silently to their half-spoken surmises, asking no questions, and vanishing so soon as she was noticed.

At last the village was still for the night. All the lights had been put out save one, where a girl's face peered into the darkness through the little window-pane. Aileen could not rest. Her affrighted thought followed Sandy, from that terrible moment on the sand when she had so cruelly denied him, out over the stormy water, till she found him, tempest-tossed and full of sorrow, far away in the night.

She tried to forget the words she had spoken—they made her dizzy. She tried only to remember what he had said long ago, "My ainly luve, that prayed for me at sea;" how he had wondered if she would ever pray for him. As she thought the gracious tears rained from her hot eyes, and swift sped up to Heaven a little prayer that Sandy might be saved.

As the morning dawned the wind blew more soft and kind; the sea had lost much of its fierceness. Aileen put out her little light, and noiselessly left the house, turning her steps toward the beach. On the ocean no boat could be seen; but as she looked a tender pink filled all the horizon, and the sky seemed to grow soft and luminous, expectant of the coming sun.

Aileen sat down on the bank above the line of broken shells and sea-weed that marked the tide. Her hands played idly with the sand beside her. She was still a long time, thinking, regretting, wishing, till she felt half crazed with the strength of her helpless desire, and she sprang up suddenly and stretched her arms out toward the sunrise, crying aloud, pitifully, "Sandy, come back to me! Oh, my dear Sandy, come back!"

Her shrill voice flew away with the air, and she heard only the lap of the water as the foam crawled up the sand. A white gull rose and circled and swooped down close to the billows, and rested there.

Her restless eyes scanned the expanse, and suddenly, far over the water, rising and disappearing, shining, dancing, bounding homeward, came two white boats!

Aileen fell on her knees, trembling and joyful; but even as her lips formed words of thankfulness, her eyes became riveted on something that the waves held in their grasp—that they now brought near the shore, now clasped again and carried out of sight. As she, breathless, watched for this again, the waters seemed to part before her piercing eyes, and show her the face of her lover.

Upon the beach, far away from the reach of the storm, there lay an unused fishing-boat. The old rope that had so often helped to tie it secure was coiled up in the bow. Without a thought Aileen had seized this rope, and, holding tightly with one hand, she forced her way through the incoming breaker as far as she could stand. Light as she was, and used to the surf, it needed all her presence of mind to keep above the shock of the wave as it rolled in, all her strength to hold the rope as the water retreated.

Twice she had reached the floating form, and twice the waves had claimed their prey again. The third time she struggled to the land, and brought Sandy home. He lay there on the wet sand, peaceful and serene, while the little girl who had broken his fond heart, but who had loved him all the time, knelt by his side in anguish.

"O God!" she whispered, "let Sandy know I loved him! Let Sandy forgive my wicked words." Then, with tears, she bent above him and kissed his quiet face, moaning her love and the undying sorrow in her heart.

The sun shone bright after the storm, and the village of Bender's Tow woke up. The little houses opened, and the fishermen came out to wonder at the splendor of the morning. They found Aileen still kneeling by him. Gently chafing his cold hands, and whispering to him.

The boats came in, with only one less in their crews. When the storm began it was necessary that one other man should be in Jakey Coffin's boat, to help collect the heavy seine. Sandy offered to go. The transit from one boat to the other was safely effected, the net was partly in, when some wave, more sudden or higher than before, lurched the boat, and Sandy Coe was caught and dragged overboard with the net, and lost in the storm.

After Aileen had grown quiet over her sorrow, one evening Elihu Brown came and spoke to her. He was a young married man, and had been on the sea with Sandy the night he was drowned.

"Miss Aileen," he said, "there's something I wanted to tell you, just, and nobody else. You know me and Sandy, bless him! was company in the boat together (my dear, I ain't a-sayin' this for to make you cry); and it seemed like he didn't feel just right, and some of the fellers was joking him; but I didn't say nothin', for I know there's a many things can trouble a man and him not want to speak; and toward night he'd been sittin' quiet near me for a spell, and presently he touched me, and there was tears in his eyes, and says he, 'When we get ashore, Brown, I want you to tell Aileen Craig that nothin' can't take the love out of my heart for her. Yes,' says he, speaking to himself, like, 'I believe ef I was dead this minute it wouldn't make no difference.' I was most afeard for him to go over to Jakey's boat after the solemn way he spoke; but when he got safe over I didn't think so much about it. Then all to onst somebody give a call, 'Where's Sandy Coe!' and sure enough, where was he? and he never screeched nor nothin', but just went over with the net, and we never seen him again for the darkness and the storm! I thought maybe them words he spoke might be a comfort to you, Miss Aileen. Poor girl! you've sorrow enough."

"Thank you," she said, gently, and patted him with her hand. Then he left her weeping silently.

If you ever go to Bender's Tow and see Aileen Craig as I saw her, the memory of her sad look will never leave you; you will learn then how remorse may crush, and how a longing and a hope may exalt the human face. She is very gentle and helpful to all around her, and believes firmly that she will meet Sandy again. Her dearest possessions are a gold ring and a silken kerchief stained with sea-water.

The people have forgotten that these two hearts were ever separated by angry words, and still speak tenderly and with reverence of "Aileen's Lover."

"HIS NOSE OUT OF JOINT."

See illustration on page 445.

WHAT of the little new-comer, my boy,
Who has put your small nose out of joint so completely?
And how do you like it, my poor little man,
To find yourself "shipped" all so surely and neatly?
Oh, what of the snug place on dear mamma's knee,
Where you've listened to stories so fine by the hour?
And what of the days when *you* reigned a small king,
And ruled o'er the household with terrible power?

Do not be wrathy, but stifle your sighs,
As the senior of two little mites of humanity.
Where is your pride? Think no more of your nose,
But view all the points of the case with urbanity.
From bundles of flannel and troublesome robes
You've made your escape, and have lived through the process,
While this little disjointer of your royal nose
The woes of an infant must suffer in doses.

Just think how complete your revenge is to be!
There's—well, let me see—paregoric and gruel
And peppermint tea, and—the nurse only knows
How many more things that are equally cruel!
He has got to endure the same number of pins
With which you were scratched when you were "the new-comer."
Oh, you'll have your revenge all complete, never fear!
And your nose will be healed with the coming of summer.

THE CIRCUS IN OUR VILLAGE.

See illustration on page 444.

THE circus season is upon us, and our country readers will appreciate the pictures we place before them. The first tableau represents the big elephant which is the unfailing accompaniment of all menageries, and the chief attraction in the eyes of the youngsters, ranking even above the monkeys, the clown, and the man who puts his head into the lion's mouth. The elephant's charm is his excessive affability. He suffers himself to be patted and poked in the side, and extracts apples and oranges from the pockets of the boys with a truly Turveydrop condescension, which almost overwhelms the Lilliputians thus favored. He therefore always makes a triumphal entry into the town, escorted by all the boys and girls who are fortunate enough to be able to swell his train. In the second tableau the circus is a thing of the past, and the urchins are trying to recall its lost glories by gymnastic feats of their own in emulation of its acrobats, while their playfellows look on with wonder and applause.

A REMEDY FOR DAMP WALLS.

IT is said that a solution of two-thirds of a pound of Castile-soap to a gallon of water laid on a damp wall as a wash, and next day followed by another wash of alum water—two ounces dissolved in a gallon—will cure the inconvenience, and prevent any further recurrence of it. It is so simple a thing that housekeepers troubled with damp places in their dwellings will be glad to try it for themselves.

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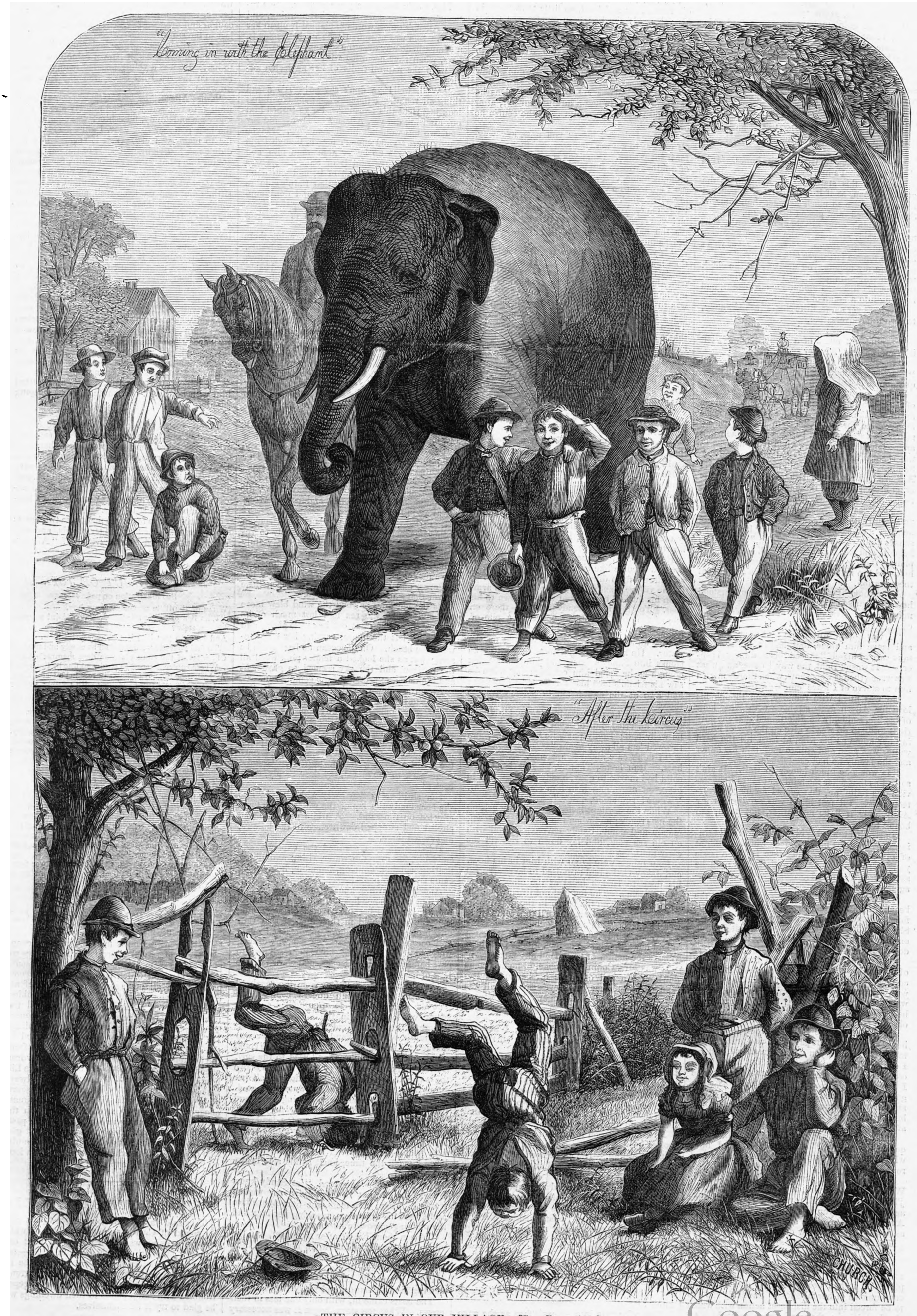

THE CIRCUS IN OUR VILLAGE.—[SEE PAGE 443.]

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"HIS NOSE OUT OF JOINT."—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 443.]

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NOW AND THEN.

COME sit beside me, dearest—
For cold the night winds blow—
While by the pine-wood's cheerful blaze
I sing of long ago.
'T was in the merry spring-tide,
The lark sang in the sky,
Two children played,
A boy and maid,
Light-hearted—you and I.

And many years rolled o'er us,
Bright springs with sun and show'rs,
And summers with their wealth of bloom
And plenitude of flow'rs.
'Twas eve in golden autumn,
The blackbird whistled nigh,
A man and maid
Sat in the shade,
Two lovers—you and I.

And now 'tis winter dreary;
The snow lies on the ground;
The sky is dark, and raves the wind
Our forest home around;
But light is in our dwelling,
And sweet the hours go by,
The happy life
Of man and wife,
Two lovers—you and I.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DOT AND SIS.—Make your striped cambric dress with a double-breasted loose front polonaise like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 23, Vol. VI. Put two rows of large pearl buttons down the front.

MOTHER.—We do not propose to give further patterns of dolls' clothes at present.

B. F. B.—Sheer batiste polonaises are not lined. Lower skirts are made of the batiste, and trimmed with gathered or else pleated flounces.

LIZZIE B.—Read "Colored Grenadines" in *Bazar* No. 26, Vol. VI. The piqué would look well, made as you suggest.

LILLIE.—If you have no conversational powers, and don't know what to do with yourself in company, we can only advise you to preserve a discreet silence, by virtue of which you may gain the reputation of exceeding wisdom.—You will probably find the recipes you want in the "Ugly Girl" papers.

W. M. R.—The Emperor Napoleon I. was in Spain in 1808, when he encountered the British troops under Sir John Moore after the fall of Madrid.

J. D. B. E.—The kind of articles in demand for different periodicals varies too much to be described in a brief paragraph. You will find it difficult to obtain such a position as you aspire to without influence or experience, and you can only gain the latter by writing upon the topics with which you are familiar, and sending your articles to the journals for which they seem best suited. If you have capabilities for journalism, the fact will soon develop itself; if not, we advise you to adopt some other calling. Write on whatever paper you please, *but don't roll your MS.*

BRINVILLIERS.—Fredegonda was a Frankish queen, the wife of Chilperic I. and the rival of the celebrated Brunhilda. By a series of intrigues and assassinations she rose from the humble condition of a waiting-maid to that of Queen of Neustria. Her long life was a romance of cruelty and crime. Olympia Mancini was the favorite niece of Cardinal Mazarin. Griselda is a legendary personage whose story is designed to inculcate the passive obedience of the wife to the husband. Mænads was a name applied to the Bacchantes in allusion to their frenzied movements. The basilisk was a fabulous animal whose gaze was supposed to have the power of enchantment. We have not room to reply to your other questions, which, moreover, you will find in ordinary books of reference.

MRS. M. L. H.—Narrow one stitch twice in succession in each of the rounds referred to (16th, 18th, and 20th), thus six stitches altogether; the work should be turned and bound off.

COLONIES.—We can give you no definite information about the proposed Dominican colony. You had better address the officers of the Samana Bay Company, who are well known to the public.

ETTIE.—We have never heard of the book you name.

K. L. A.—The selection you mention is probably a fugitive piece, which has never been republished in this country. We can find no trace of it.

CALIFORNIA.—*Middlemarch* will be sent you by Harper & Brothers on receipt of $3 50, cloth, or $1 50, paper.

TONI.—We don't know any thing about the legend.

M. F. K——Y.—Grass-eating animals are called graminivorous. Consult some natural history for your list of vertebrate animals, for which we have not room.

CONSTANT READER.—Consult a numismatist. We can not dispose of coins, nor have we any means of estimating their value.

A. B. P.—There is an English translation of the *Nibelungen Lied* extant.

HORTENSE DE T.—You can hardly be in earnest in requesting us to see the proprietor of a theatre and make arrangements with him for engaging a girl of sixteen off-hand. As this is no part of our business, we must respectfully decline the honor you propose us. It may be well to state in this connection, for the benefit of sundry correspondents, that we have no facilities for procuring employment for any one, and that such applications will be in vain.

MARAH.—The French marriage laws are very peculiar, and none but a lawyer could safely decide the question you put.

CINDERELLA.—You should of course invite a gentleman to call on you after you have partaken of his hospitality, and equally of course he should announce his presence when he calls for you to drive with him.

ROBERT J. D.—We have never seen any works on the art of decorating shop-windows; such, however, may exist in the French language.

ANXIETY.—You should rise on being introduced to your friend's visitor, and also on bidding her adieu; you should not, however, outstay a caller who comes after you. You should always rise when a visitor takes his leave of you, whether the gentleman of the house is present or not.—We can not tell you where to procure the article you name.

KATE A.—You owe the bride a call after attending the wedding. We can not pronounce on your other question.

NINA.—Don't know.

ANNORA.—Our opinion of fortune-tellers, clairvoyants, etc., is given in a few words: as a class they are dangerous tricksters, that are best let alone.

S. H.—It is impossible to fix a standard for governesses' salaries, so much depends on circumstances.

ELLA R. D.—We should not think that school friends who had once been intimate would pause to consider which should make the first advance on meeting again. Etiquette is a very good thing within due bounds, but there are occasions when the natural impulses of the heart are safer guides than any conventional rules.

IRA.—The marriage laws vary in the different States, and what would be legal in one would sometimes not constitute a valid ceremony in another.—Harper & Brothers do not publish any works on phonography.

LEPIDUS.—The refrain, "And now my spinning is all done," is from *A Year's Spinning*, by Mrs. Browning. We can not answer your other question.

CHANDOS.—The poem, *Nell Latine's Wedding*, was published about two years ago in *Scribner's Monthly*.

EVELINA.—It seems to us that your course has been most reprehensible in taking advantage of your friend's hospitality to engage the affections of her suitor; and we think that your own sense of honor ought to make you discourage his attentions, and do all in your power to repair the evil you have caused.

SUBSCRIBER.—Give your mocking-bird the yolk of a hard-boiled egg mixed with a boiled potato daily, a piece of apple once a week, and occasionally a little bread soaked in milk. The prepared food which can be bought for sixty cents a quart at the bird stores gives variety to the diet; and the meal worms, costing from fifty cents to a dollar a hundred, are liked, and also do good, given one a day.

EVERY mother who has a crying baby, or children subject to croup and stomach-complaints, can rely upon Castoria to keep the child well and give it rest. There are but few nurses in New York who do not use Castoria. It should be in every house.—[*Com.*]

IF an article is to be judged by its popularity or success, the Wilson Sewing-Machine is certainly ahead of all competitors, as all the other companies' increase combined does not reach one-half of 4100 per cent. We would advise our readers to call and see a machine that can achieve such wonders, at the office of the Wilson Sewing-Machine Co. Sold complete for $50, and warranted for five years. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The Company want agents in country towns. —[*Com.*]

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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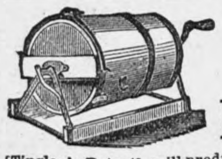

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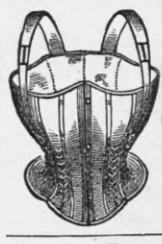

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PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt..... " 48

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FACETIÆ.

THE latest in the way of self-praise is an Indiana editor who played a few tunes on an old banjo under his office window, and then thanked the serenader in his next issue for delightful music.

SELF-EVI-DENTAL.—A botanical journal has the following among its list of articles: "The Function of Gums in Plants." While we strongly protest against the introduction of facetious matter into scientific papers, we admit that we give up the conundrum. As plants have no teeth, we can't see what use gums could be to them.

A young lady learning to spell wants to know if there's a *he* in love? Generally.

A photographer requested that his sign, "Taken from Life," should be his epitaph.

A piano-forte maker says that, of all manufactured things, pianos bear the noblest character, since they are classified as grand, square, and upright.

Why are all washer-women great travelers?—Because they are continually crossing the line and running from pole to pole.

A professor's wife, who occupied herself sometimes in assisting her husband in making casts of interesting objects of geology and natural history, also for her own pleasure sometimes made flowers and fruits of wax and other materials; but notwithstanding that she had become quite a successful expert in this line, she found that almost always her efforts were criticised by her friends. Once she passed a large apple round, and stated her confidence that this time she had been quite successful in her imitation of nature's product; but her friends were, as usual, not of her opinion. One criticised the shape, saying it would be more natural if it were not so globular; another criticised the colors, and said it was better than other imitations, but she had not quite hit that natural indescribable peculiarity which distinguishes the natural apples from the imitations: almost every one had some fault to find. After the apple had been passed round and had come into her hands again, she ate it without saying any thing. Her friends had been criticising a real apple.

A COMPLIMENT?

RECTOR. "Well, Thomas, and what did you think of the bishop's sermon last Sunday?"

TUMMAS. "Sorr, oi didn't loike it a bit; it was by fur too plain and simple to suit me. Oi loikes a sermont whut joombles the joodgment and confoozles the senses, and oi never come acrost one to come up to yerself for preachin' they!"

POETIC REFLECTION.

The aid that Art to Nature pays
Quite to forbid we ne'er can hope;
For who e'en Venus' self could praise,
If Venus were unhelped by soap?

"Mr. Speaker," exclaimed a member of Congress, "my colleague taunts me with a desire for fame. I scorn the imputation, Sir. Fame, Sir! What is fame? It is a shaved pig, with a greased tail, which slips through the hands of thousands, and then is accidentally caught by some lucky fellow that happens to hold on to it. I let the greased-tail quadruped go by me without an effort to clutch it, Sir!"

"What's the use in these days trying to be honest?" exclaimed a grumbler.

"Oh, you ought to try it once and see," retorted one of his companions.

A letter addressed to "The Devil" is lying in the post-office at Lafayette, Indiana, and the postmaster thinks he'll have to send it to Washington.

A traveler in Wales, seeing a sign over the door with this one word, "Agorsequrdere," asked the woman what she sold, when she said she did not sell any thing, but that "agues was cured here."

A POSER!

Mivvins (he doesn't "take" well) thought there was a chance for him, having heard that the new English photographers, Partouche & Co., "retain a Staff of Artists who are exclusively engaged in studying to impart an unconstrained grace of 'pose' and characteristic expression in the attitudes of their numerous Sitters!"

ARTIST (*fixing M.'s hand, so as to show his diamond ring*). "There, Sir! 'Enery, bring the 'Ead-Rest!" (*M. winces.*) "Now, Sir, fix the Heyes, and Imagine you're welcomin' a Friend!"

[*No! It was a failure! Mivvins does* not "*take*" *well.*

"REASON IN WOMAN."

YOUNG WIFE. "Harry dear, I've had a Talk with the Servants this Morning, and I've agreed to Raise their Wages. They said every thing was so Dear now—Meat was so High, and Coal had Risen to such a Price, and every thing— I thought this was Reasonable, because I've so often heard You complain of the Same Thing."

A BEAUTIFUL INVENTION.—A man has invented a little machine for removing the shells from chestnuts and pea-nuts. It is made to fit over the nose; the breath passing from the nostrils furnishes the motive power; the nuts are dropped into the hopper on top, and the meat or shelled nut is dropped into the mouth of the eater below. It is noiseless in its working, and gentlemen or ladies who have been debarred from attending church because they were not allowed to "crunch" nuts can now experience a new pleasure.

A FAMILY MIXTURE.—An English correspondent writes: "There are in the parish of Oswestry four inmates residing in the same cottage—first, two sisters, two mothers, two mothers-in-law, two aunts, son and daughter, son-in-law and daughter-in-law, niece and nephew, two cousins, husband and wife. All this relationship is comprised in the above-mentioned four residents."

A scientific friend, who has been reading with great patience an exhaustive treatise on the "velocity of light," says that he now knows how it is that his gas bills run up so rapidly.

The society formed by the girls of the San Francisco High School for the suppression of slang has been disbanded. The secretary says, "It played itself out" and "gave itself away."

A juror in a criminal court asked to be excused the other day because he had conscientious scruples about sending a man to prison. He said he thought there was too much false swearing done, and he knew how it was himself. Further examination developed the fact that he had been in prison himself for highway robbery, assault and battery, and larceny. The court excused him.

An artist has been painting herrings with red paint and blue spots, and they were sold for speckled trout.

A SENSITIVE EDITOR.—The pursuit for information is sometimes attended with difficulties, even in San Francisco. One inquirer, who applied to the *Chronicle* for information as to where Cain obtained his wife, is cruelly rebuffed, the only reply vouchsafed him being this: "Upon any subject of a public nature we never refuse to throw the desired light. But this is altogether a different thing. It is a family matter with which we do not care to meddle. Cain died some time before many of us were born, and such idle curiosity regarding the family affairs of a deceased person we regard as reprehensible, and calculated to violate the sanctities of domestic life. For these reasons, and because we do not wish to injure the feelings of the relatives of the deceased, we decline to answer the question."

DISAGREEABLE PHILOSOPHY.—A daughter is almost always right when she endeavors to imitate her mother; but it is doubtful whether the mother is equally right when, at a certain period of life, she tries all she can to imitate her daughter.

Makers of fishing tackle complain of the scarcity of feathers for the manufacture of artificial flies. One of them says that all the feathers have flown to the heads of women, who are little better than artificial flies themselves, with the hooks very well concealed.

A Chicago man has fitted up a fiddle to play by steam.

This is the way in which a reporter can write up a city sunset, when he gives his mind to it: "As the lengthening shadows merge one into another, betokening the end of day, the ridges and spires of the city seem girt with molten gold, while the mellowed light of the declining sun falls upon them, and soon upon all a ruby tinge o'erflows." Very good, but how about a lady's nose?

"How on earth do you manage?" asked a gentleman of two inseparable loungers. "You are always together, you never do any thing, and yet you always have plenty of money."

"Simplest thing in the world, my dear fellow," was the candid reply. "We borrow of one another."

Jenkins, having invited Arabella to take a Glass of Soda-Water, discovers that he has left his Pocket-Book at Home. TABLEAU!

"THOSE CHÂTELAINE UMBRELLAS!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 29.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

WORTH WHILE FOR WOMEN TO KNOW.

PEOPLE are content to understand very little of the conditions of comfort in houses. The question of health may be left to the care of physicians, and that of beauty to the architect, but one would suppose on matters of comfort each one would look out for himself. There is excuse for this neglect in business men, who are hardly at home long enough to know whether a house is tenable or not; but it is strange that women will endure damp, foul odors, smoke, and dust year after year without trying to remove the nuisances. The only idea most women have of suppressing any evil of the sort is to "send for a man to fix it." Workmen are not always to be had, and, if they are, cost money, and a breach of comfort may last years before every thing comes together for its mending. A woman needs both muscle and management to take care of a family, unless she can afford to pay a third of her income for these things in others. The clever woman is an actual acquaintance, who goes about her house, spying a loose knob here and screwing it up, springing with her light plane to smooth down a door that sticks in the casing, fitting a neat strip to prevent a window's rattling, besides papering, painting, and varnishing with more nicety than one mechanic out of a dozen. Such a woman is worthy to be called a house-mother, after the good German word. How can a woman live year after year within four walls and not grow fond of them, and seek to add to their comfort?

People will endure any amount of damp short of inflammatory rheumatism. Wall-paper may peel, mirrors dim with vapor, and the feet be always chilly with that unwholesome feeling that comes from damp floors, and the only remedy known is removal. No matter how damp a cellar is, it may be made perfectly healthy. When the soil is wet, a pavement of cement should be put down, and a thin layer on the walls coated with asphalt laid on hot. Layers of ashes, sand, and asphalt, rolled thoroughly like the Belgian pavement of streets, will answer in place of the cement. Sea sand should not be used for plaster, unless it is thoroughly washed to get rid of the saline particles, which absorb damp. Sand, coal ashes, iron scales, and quicklime may form the bed for the asphalt. This becomes thoroughly water-proof, and the odor of the coal-tar is disinfectant. The whole cellar wall should be coated with asphalt, as well as every brick or stone in contact with the ground. Brick, stone, or

Fig. 1.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—BUFF LINEN DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—GRAY CAMEL'S-HAIR DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—BLUE FOULARD WALKING SUIT.
For description see Supplement.

FIGS. 1-5.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S STREET AND HOUSE DRESSES.

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concrete draws up moisture from the foundation, and the asphalt prevents this wall-damp. It is useless to coat the outside walls with water-proof cement, or build hollow walls, while they can draw up the damp constantly from the foundation, though water-proofing the inside avails. Hollow walls become ruined at the core by moisture taken through bricks or "binders" laid crosswise to hold the outer and inner walls together. Their spaces also store up dead air, which finds its way by minute cracks into sleeping-rooms, where it breeds mysterious disease. No preventive of damp is better than a lining of paper-board laid on with asphalt. Painting with four coats of lead, linseed-oil, and litharge is a more expensive mode of water-proofing, but not more effectual. If water appears on the surface of a cellar from springs that crop out after it is finished, a drain a foot deep should be laid around the cellar next the wall, and lined with tiles, through which the water may run from the centre.

Brick and stone houses soon become penetrated in exposed positions by driving rain, while shaded walls, even in clear weather, absorb and retain the insensible moisture of the air. Brick will absorb one-fifth its weight of water. If the inside of a house is furred off, still the outer wall must meet the action of water, which sooner or later crumbles the brick at the heart of the wall. Sea-side villas or bathing-houses may be finished with slates, like a Mansard-roof. The soft, porous kinds of stone, Dorchester, Portland lime, brown-stone, and freestone, in a few years show the action of the weather. They should be coated with the solution of silicate of potassa, the so-called water-glass, which is applied like paint, and hardens quickly into a glossy surface impervious to moisture; it is less expensive than paint or stucco, which last one would only wish to see on inferior kinds of stone.

Finally, in marshy or sea-side regions fires should be lit the year round at least morning and evening. When stoves are down, fires may be made in a charcoal brazier, and taken from room to room as desired; the place to set these is under an open window, that all fumes may escape. Chloride of lime mixed with wood ashes will absorb dampness from closets, but should be changed once a week at least, and burned to get rid of the bad and perhaps infectious matter it absorbs.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1873.

☞ WITH HARPER'S WEEKLY for July 12 was sent out gratuitously a beautifully illustrated

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing a magnificent double-page engraving, entitled "SCANDAL," from the painting by Mr. G. A. STOREY, in the Royal Academy of England; stories, poems, and other literary and pictorial attractions.

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THE STRANGER IN THE GATES.

THERE are few of us who give a great deal of thought to the condition of our maid-servants, in relation to their happiness or unhappiness—so occupied are we with relation to the plague and burden that they are apt to be—and they remain almost literally the stranger within our gates.

But certainly in the families where only one servant is employed, the state of that servant is capable of being something quite as deplorable as the state of her mistress. Take the case of any young girl but lately off the sea on the voyage from her native land, and introduced to her lonely and laborious lot in an alien family. Accustomed to her out-door work at home, her harvesting and gleaning and milking and marketing and merry-making, she suddenly finds herself bent over a hot cooking-stove, doing her utmost to understand the strange rites and mysteries and the unknown implements connected with it, and pretty generally failing to do so; bent over dish-pans and wash-tubs, and dusters and brooms; bent over back-aching ironing-boards and terrible scrubbing-brushes; her whole life enlisted for a continual warfare with dirt and discomfort, glad at night to creep away to the dark and dismal little room assigned her—we must acknowledge that if she were a daughter of our own we should feel her lot to be a fearful thing.

She belongs to a glad, gay race, fond of talking and laughing, fond of their quips and jokes, eager for pleasure; and she is bound down to nearly day-long solitude, with no pleasure of any kind till after nightfall, if then. She is at that time of life when friends and home are of the most importance to her, but she is almost utterly deprived of both; for certainly we do not feel ourselves her friends, and it would be a piece of hardihood in us to call our kitchen by such a name as home. If we live in the city, that kitchen is a little dark room, half under-ground, and half of its light dependent on a sky-light, and with its sole window looking into a black area. If we live in the country, it is a larger and lighter room, with the cold pouring in at countless cracks, and the windows commanding lively views of the barn-yard. In such a place she spends the greater part of her time; she has little or no conversation with any one; should she jest with her mistress, it would be an unpardonable liberty, overthrowing all discipline; she keeps her aches and her ails and her joys and her hopes to herself in good measure, and it is no wonder that one day her heart fails her, and she ceases to care whether her work is done well or ill.

It may be that the worst thing, so far as the physical and material part of her situation is concerned, is her sleeping-room. We have known it to be placed in a little black-hole off the area kitchen, where, till she had gotten used to it, the occupant could lie and quake with fear, knowing all the family to be at least two flights of stairs away; but oftenest it is a garret at the top of the house, uncarpeted, half furnished, any bed, any bedclothes; nothing wholesome or happy in it; nothing calculated to make a girl feel that she has a retreat and a spot where she can hang her Palm-Sunday branch and her picture of the blessed Virgin, and make a little home to herself. We say to ourselves that, bad as it is, it is infinitely better than any thing she ever had before; but she has already seen the difference between our own rooms and that. And can we picture to ourselves any thing more lonesome and desolate than a girl might feel who wakes from an unhappy dream in the middle of her first night in a strange house, and in such a room as that?

After all the certainty that we may have as to a good foundation for the complaints that are the staple of our daily walk and conversation, may we not question if some slight reform in the matter of our bad household service could not be reached by striking at one of the roots of the thing here? If we begin by taking no interest in the affairs of the new girl, by leaving her to become sensible of her loneliness and estrangement; if we go on by manifesting no concern with her pleasure, no desire to increase her enjoyments; if we simply show a determination to get our money's worth out of the machine—can we marvel if we are presently regarded in the light of task-masters, and our machine ranges herself with the enemy?

In the course of our observation—and we have given the subject some serious attention—we have been compelled to admit that those families who, if they do not quite make their servant a part of themselves, at any rate look out carefully for her comfort; who make her kitchen pleasant, and her bedchamber pleasanter far; who give her a good rocking-chair to rest her weary bones, and a bed that does not on its face declare that she who does the hardest work shall have the hardest sleep; who see that now and then a concert ticket, or one to the panorama or the traveling minstrels, is provided for the servant and her friend; who take an interest in the cut and fit of her dress and the color of her hat ribbons; who always give her a due proportion of the table dainties; who hang up a stocking for her at Christmas, and stuff it well; who feel her welfare to be a thing intrusted to their hands, and who, while teaching her to do her duty, do not fail in theirs—we have noticed that from such people there is heard the least complaint of trouble in the kitchen.

For we have, indeed, no right to expect perfection from rude and imperfect materials, unless they should be combined by the loving and artistic hand. The artist models his clay, and makes it what he will. The young Irish girl comes to us as plastic as any clay in all the world. She is fresh, emotional, strong, willing, full of the energy that sent her three thousand miles across the water, and so totally ignorant of any other civilized ways than ours that she is completely ready to be moulded to our wish. It is true that stupidity and superstition work against us, but they are foes that reason and patience and the loving heart easily baffle. And if we do not model our clay to the thing we want—if after years of life with us the girl is not the desirable handmaiden of our house, fit to become a helpful and economical wife to the poor workman who marries her—can it be that she herself is more responsible for the fact than we who had such power to shape her ends?

JULY MARKETING.

BY PIERRE BLOT.

THE month of July is considered the worst of the year for the carnivorously inclined, while the most fastidious vegetarians find all therein that they could wish. Beef is and will be inferior until October, and game is scarce, as will be seen in the list below.

FISH.

Sea-bass, black and blue fish, butter-fish, cusk, gar, kingfish, mackerel, Spanish mackerel, black and blue perch, porgy, salmon, scup, sheep's-head, sturgeon, sword-fish, spotted turbot, trout, weak-fish, frogs.

SHELL-FISH.

Crabs (hard and soft shell), lobsters, periwinkles, prawns, green turtles.

MEAT.

Beef, veal, mutton, spring lamb.

POULTRY.

Chickens, capons, spring chickens, ducklings, young turkeys.

GAME.

Lapwing, plover, snipe, woodcock.

VEGETABLES.

Artichokes, asparagus, beets, cabbages, carrots, cauliflower, chervil, chives, corn, cucumbers, egg-plant, Wohl-rabi, Limas, nasturtium, onions, pease, potatoes, white and yellow radishes, string-beans, squash, tomatoes, turnips, water-melons, water-cress.

FRUITS.

Apples, apricots, bananas, blackberries, blueberries, cherries, cocoa-nuts, currants, fresh figs, gooseberries, huckleberries, peaches, pears, plums, pine-apples, raspberries, strawberries.

There is generally a pretty good supply of woodcock after the 4th of July. Plover are in their prime, and lovers of game appreciate a well-roasted plover. Our readers will remember the directions we have given in preceding numbers about roasting birds. Cooks can not be too careful in roasting plover; like canvas-back ducks and many other birds, they must be served rather underdone. The taste of the bird is improved by chopping very fine or pounding in a mortar the liver and heart with about the same bulk of fat salt pork, one-fourth of a bay leaf, a pinch of thyme, a sprig of sweet-basil, two of parsley, salt, pepper, and putting the mixture inside of the bird before tying the slice of salt pork on its breast. Plovers may be served, thus roasted, with water-cress around, and lemon juice spread all over.

Some amateurs do not draw woodcock, for fear of taking away some of their flavor; this being a matter of individual taste, we shall not recommend or blame the practice; there is nothing like gratifying one's own fancy. A woodcock is better flavored by being kept a few days than when cooked too fresh.

The *artichokes* mentioned in our list are not the potato-like or Jerusalem artichokes, but the thistle-like ones, the head of which is the only edible part after the outer leaves and the choke found inside of it have been removed. They are eaten raw, or boiled with a sauce composed of vinegar, oil, salt, pepper, chopped chives, and a little mustard. If more convenient, a green onion may be used instead of chives. They may also be stewed; when boiled, they are cut in four or six pieces, according to size, placed in a pan, covered with broth, and simmered for about twelve minutes, seasoned with butter, salt, chopped parsley, pepper, and as many mushrooms in slices as there are artichokes. When dished, the mushrooms are placed around, and the sauce poured over the whole through a strainer.

Red *radishes* are becoming strong and hollow in July, but good white and yellow ones take their place on the tables.

Water-melons from the South are found in the markets at the end of the month, and although they are called cholera bombs down East, physicians prescribe them in some cases, as their diuretic properties act on the kidneys. They should not be eaten as a dessert, their cooling properties chilling the stomach just at a time when it requires heat. If eaten at a meal, they should come immediately after the soup, or the first thing of all if no soup is served.

Carrots.—Scrape and wash them, put them in cold water and salt, and boil until cooked; then they may be served with a milk (Béchamel) or cream sauce, or *au jus* (with gravy).

Carrots fines-herbes.—The carrots are boiled as above; about two ounces of butter are melted in a saucepan, and a middling-sized onion, sliced, is fried in it; when turning yellow, add about a pint of water; boil from eight to ten minutes; put the carrots in after having sliced them, boil two minutes longer, turn over the dish, spread chopped parsley and lemon juice all over, and an excellent dish is ready to serve.

Another way is to boil the carrots as above, but take them off when not quite done; slice them, and put them in a pan with a little butter, and stir over a good fire for two minutes; add about a table-spoonful of cold water, salt, pepper, a pinch of grated nutmeg; simmer till the whole is thoroughly heated, and serve. A table-spoonful of sugar may be added, if liked.

Cabbage stuffed.—A stuffed cabbage makes a good dish, but many who like cabbage do not cook any on account of the smell which it evaporates while cooking. This is easily prevented by putting in the pot or pan with the cabbage a piece of charcoal wrapped up in a rag, and by simmering the cabbage instead of boiling it. Clean and blanch the cabbage in boiling water and salt for about ten minutes; take off, and drop it into cold water, and drain; remove a few of the centre leaves, and fill their place with sausage meat, to which you may add a few yolks of eggs. Be careful not to break the leaves; then tie it with twine, giving it its original form as nearly as possible. Put on the bottom of a pan a few pieces of salt pork, the same of veal, if handy, and also of ham, two or three onions sliced, same of carrots, a bay leaf, and two or three cloves; place the cabbage, or cabbages, on the whole, cover with broth or water (broth is better), add salt and pepper to taste, simmer for an hour and a half; take the cabbage off carefully, and dish it, remove the twine, skim off the fat from the sauce, turn it over the cabbage through a strainer, and serve warm.

Cucumbers stuffed.—Proportions: Four good-sized cucumbers, one middling-sized onion, four ounces of bread, six sprigs of parsley, half a bay leaf, a few stalks of chives, two cloves, two ounces of butter, a pinch of nutmeg, and a gill of broth. Soak the bread (soft part) in water, and when thoroughly soaked press the water out of it; split each cucumber in two lengthwise, peel them, cut off a piece, about a quarter of an inch, at each end, remove the seed from the inside with a small spoon; slice the onion, and fry it with the butter, then add to it the seeds removed from the cucumbers, the bread, parsley, bay leaf, chives, cloves, nutmeg, and broth; the cloves and piece of bay leaf should be wrapped up in a rag; stir now and then, and simmer for about five minutes. Have water with a little salt boiling in another pan, and drop the cucumbers in for two minutes; take them off, drop them in cold water, and drain; then fill each half with the mixture of bread, onion, etc., put a few slices of fat salt pork in a pan, place the cucumbers on them, dust with bread-crumbs, put on the top of each, and apart, three pieces of butter the size of a bean, put the pan in a hot oven until the cucumbers are well baked, and serve. A little meat gravy may be poured over each just before serving.

Cauliflowers.—When cleaned and washed drop them in boiling water, into which you have put salt and a tea-spoonful of flour, or a slice of bread; boil till tender; take off, drain, and dish them; serve with a sauce spread over, and made with melted butter, salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, chopped parsley, and vinegar.

Another way is to make a white sauce, as we have directed in a preceding number, and when they are cooked and dished as above, turn the white sauce over, and serve warm. They may also be served in the same way with a milk, cream, or tomato sauce, or with brown butter.

Cauliflowers au gratin.—Boil them as directed above, and then dish them on a crockery dish; spread a white sauce all over, dust with grated cheese (Swiss cheese is the best), after which you spread melted butter all over, and then dust with bread-crumbs; put the dish in a quick oven for about ten minutes, and serve. As they must be served in the crockery dish, the latter may be placed inside of another dish to serve.

Fried.—Boil the cauliflowers till about half done. Mix two table-spoonfuls of flour with two yolks of eggs, then add water enough to make a rather thin paste; add salt to taste; the two whites are beaten till stiff, and then mixed with the yolks, flour, and water. Dip each branch of the cauliflowers in the mixture, and fry them in hot fat. When done, take them off with a skimmer, turn into a colander, dust salt all over, and serve warm.

Stewed.—Clean and blanch the cauliflowers for about three minutes; take them off and put them in a pan with two table-spoonfuls of fat, and a few slices of salt pork at the bottom; set the pan on a slow fire, simmer for five minutes, add two or three table-spoonfuls of broth and one of gravy, stir now and then, simmer till done, when dish the cauliflowers, add to the sauce salt and pepper to taste, turn it over the cauliflowers through a strainer, and serve.

For breakfast.—Boil the cauliflowers as directed above until done; take them off, drop them in cold water, and then drain them. Put one or two yolks of hard-boiled eggs in a bowl or salad dish, and mix them well with four table-spoonfuls of oil, mak-

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ing a paste; then mix again with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, salt, pepper, chopped parsley, and a little mustard. Stir the cauliflowers in the mixture, and serve cold.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BATHING SUITS.

THE bathing season is late this summer, but extensive preparations are making for it at the furnishing houses. An effort is being made to popularize the short-sleeved, low-throated suits in favor at European bathing-places, and which have been illustrated in the *Bazar*. It is thought best, however, to provide an extra pair of long sleeves that may be buttoned on or basted in the short puffs that are sewed in the armholes. Sometimes a small cape fastening closely about the throat is also added. Many other fancy designs, with redingote and polonaise over dresses, are shown for bathing suits, but the favorite model remains the old-fashioned yoke blouse, plain about the shoulders, flowing and full below. The yoke is square and quite deep. The waist and skirt are in one piece of three or four widths, long enough to reach half-way between the knee and ankle. The waist is attached to the yoke by broad box-pleats. These pleats may be sewed flatly as far as the belt; but as this outlines the bust very plainly, most ladies prefer loose pleats. The belt may be of the material, or else of tarpaulin. Sometimes a sash of the goods or of bright India colors is loosely knotted about the waist or lower down on the hips. Sleeves are plain coat shape, or else shirt sleeves with deep cuffs. The neck is usually finished with a broad marine collar, but this season the inevitable ruff is even added to bathing dresses. The trowsers reach to the ankle, and are made like closed drawers, fastening on the side. A drawing-string is usually put in the back of the belt to tighten or loosen the garment at pleasure.

Another design in favor for young ladies' bathing dresses is a sailor suit, made with the full sailor blouse falling loosely over the hips, with no belt, but merely a hem at the bottom, in which a rubber band is run. The skirt is plain, with gored front, and full back gathered to a band. This is especially pretty made in navy blue flannel, with white Hercules braid for trimming.

The materials for these aquatic suits are twilled flannels, wiry serges, and moreen. White flannel suits are more admired than all others, but require care in drying to keep them from showing soiled streaks. Gay scarlet or blue worsted braid is set on in straight bands, or else the garments are scalloped and ornamented with narrow serpentine braid. Some pretty white flannel suits have the middle back pleats hanging loosely in Watteau fashion, while the front and sides are belted; others have two rows of large buttons down the front, and are worn flowing like the loose double-breasted redingotes. The buttons are large wooden moulds covered with red or blue merino. Handsome white flannel suits cost $14. One of the most tasteful suits shown is made of two shades of dark blue twilled flannel. The foundation of the garment is dark blue, while a very light blue shade is used for the collar, cuffs, pocket, sash, and the bias bands with which the skirt is trimmed. Price $14. A brown serge suit is made with a yoke blouse, provided with long and short sleeves, and trimmed with crimson braid. This costs $10. Many cheaper suits made of remnants of gray flannel not twilled, or of striped moreen, cost from $5 to $8. New bathing mantles, for putting on when crossing the beach, are long cardinal cloaks made of white corduroy, flannel, or water-proof, braided in bright colors. The slippers for walking in the sand are "mules," or merely toes and soles made of flannel, braided to match the cloak, and sewed to cork soles. The best bathing cap is an oiled silk bag-crown cap large enough to hold the hair loosely; the frill around the edge is bound with colored braid: price $1. Many ladies prefer instead to let the hair hang, and wear an old broad-brimmed straw hat tied down at the sides; sometimes both cap and hat are used. Bathing shoes are of white duck or sail canvas, with manilla soles: price 50 cents.

WATERING-PLACE DRESSES.

Among the most tasteful dresses prepared for afternoon and evening at the watering-places are those of silk skirts and thin polonaises of grenadine, black or écru guipure, or else white organdy. A very handsome costume has a plain waist, with demi-trained skirt of blue-gray silk, with lengthwise graduated puffs covering the entire front and first side breadths, while in the back are merely two gathered flounces. The polonaise is white grenadine in stripes of square canvas meshes alternating with moiré stripes. The garment is loose, and worn with a belt and side sash. The trimming is a bias band of grenadine two inches wide, piped on the upper edge, and finished below with heavy crimped fringe. Another suit has a plain silk dress of peach color, an exquisite pinkish-mauve challie, simply trimmed with two bias ruffles around the skirt, headed with a full pinked ruche. This dress is almost covered with a polonaise of thinnest white organdy in which many lengthwise bands of Valenciennes are set, and the seams concealed by an edge of narrow lace on each side. The insertion is two inches wide; there are three rows down the back and four down the front, and the pattern is fern leaves thickly wrought, that show beautifully over the silk beneath. Around the skirt is a band of insertion, to which is attached scalloped lace of the same design, which is also let in the muslin, and a similar lace edges the garment. A wide lace frill is around the neck and sleeves.

A very lovely white Swiss muslin dress with needle-worked flounces is worn over white silk, and is suitable for full evening dress. The white silk skirt has a deep Spanish flounce. Over this is the muslin skirt, with three embroidered flounces edged with Valenciennes in the front breadths, and six such flounces on the back. With this is a demi-polonaise, long, flat, and square in front, with a short square basque behind. This is one of the newest Parisian designs for muslin dresses. Another imported white dress is of sheer organdy throughout, and will be worn over a white muslin skirt and underwaist. The loose Marguerite polonaise has two bands of Valenciennes insertion set in down the fronts and around the skirt, separated by a band of box-pleated organdy two inches broad, with inch-wide box-pleats; a scant ruffle edged with lace is on the bottom of the polonaise. A wide lace fraise inside a flaring band of double muslin trims the neck, and there are double ruffles around the sleeves. Around the skirt, to make the bottom sit out gracefully, is a twelve-inch flounce in box-pleats, covered by a gathered flounce of the same muslin with insertion set in, and wide lace on the edge. Above this are three rows of insertion, with the lengthwise box-pleated bands between; this extends to the knees, and is headed by a standing lace frill.

These muslin dresses are exquisitely made by hand; the seams are never left with raw edges, but are first run together on the right side, then the garment is turned and sewed substantially inside, making a close, neat seam.

PINE-APPLE DRESSES.

Pretty dresses for midsummer are also made of the transparent pine-apple silk mounted on colored Chambéry muslin. A model is of blue pine-apple, with white lines made over solid blue muslin. The waist is a tight jockey basque of the blue lawn, plainly covered with the pine-apple fabric, and edged with a piping cord and very narrow Italian Valenciennes; a fraise is around the neck, and graduated down the front in vest shape; coat sleeves, with two bias ruffles. The skirt of solid blue lawn is concealed by bias striped flounces edged with Valenciennes. The two lower ruffles extend around the skirt, while five narrower ones are curved on the front breadths. A full round over-skirt is ruffled and draped on the sides. Such dresses cost $75. Four dozen yards of lace are used in trimming the flounces. This design is prettily made up in black and white lawns or grenadines.

LISLE-THREAD AND SILK GLOVES.

Ladies whose hands perspire freely consult comfort and economy by wearing during the warm months lisle-thread gloves. These are now made like kid gloves, with long wrists, fastened by two or three buttons, and are stitched on the back in lines of self-colored silk. Pale gray, pearl, drab, and brownish-buff are the best colors for summer wear. White thread gloves are not as popular as they formerly were. English thread gloves are fashioned with four sewed seams in the fingers, precisely as kid gloves are, and cost 80 cents for those with three buttons, 70 cents for two-button gloves, while those with an elastic tirette and only one button are bought for 60 cents. French lisle-thread gloves fit admirably, and have but one seam woven in each finger. They are shown in dark colors, black, and white, fastened by three buttons for $1 10, with two buttons for $1, and with one button for 90 cents. These black thread gloves are suitable for mourning, and a grateful relief from the warmth of black kid. The Neapolitan gloves, of mixed silk and linen, are in grisaille colors, appropriate for half-mourning. They are cool, and so soft that they do not have the disagreeable creeping effect produced by more wiry fabric gloves. With double buttons at the wrist, they cost 70 cents.

Silk gloves of English manufacture are commended in gray, brown, and buff shades. Those with a band at the wrist fastened by two buttons cost $1 30; long wrists, with an elastic band in black, white, and colors, are $1 25; extra heavy silk gloves of substantial fabric, that will outwear three pairs of ordinary gloves, are the most economical purchase, although costing $2 a pair.

For driving basket phaetons, riding, and traveling are buckskin gauntlets, made with a gore on the side; the hand is easily slipped into these, and there is no after trouble of buttoning: they cost $1 50 or $2. Round-topped buttoned gauntlets are the same price. A still more dainty glove, of its kind, is the soft castor glove with flowing cuff, lined with white kid, and nicely finished: price $3 a pair.

Lace mittens are sold in quantities for country use. They are made with half fingers, are heavily wrought on the back of the hand and sometimes inside, and have deep flowing cuffs. The choice designs have lengthwise stripes on the back, making the hand look slender. From $3 50 to $4 is the range of prices.

VARIETIES.

Kid shoes, with straps buttoned across the instep, leaving spaces between the bars for displaying the stockings, were worn at the Jerome Park races, and are occasionally seen on the promenade, but are too prononcé for any thing but carriage wear. The colored silk stockings worn abroad have already appeared here, in blue, mauve, and violet shades. White stockings striped around with a color are worn with low shoes in the house.

The châtelaine dress, with close plain waist buttoned below the hips, is among summer importations, and is more novel than pretty. The skirt is smooth and without gathers in front, and in some cases has lead in the bottom to make it hang clinging to the figure. The back is draped slightly over a sash.

Short fichus, scarcely more than collars, lapped on the breast, are made of lace and sheer muslin, and finished with a high lace fraise around the neck.

Black silk fraises lined with pale blue, buff, white, or rose-colored silk are used to vary the monotony of black silk and grenadine dresses. Colored China crape and muslin fraises are also shown in the shops. The sash of twilled silk deeply fringed must match in color. These are used with black and with white muslin dresses.

For information received thanks are due Miss SWITZER; Madame BERNHEIM; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & CO.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO. and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

ACCORDING to Mr. WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, in his interesting letter to the New York *Times*, the jewels of the Shah of Persia, as seen when he was on view in Berlin, have quite surpassed the reports of their size and value which preceded their owner's arrival. The treasury of Persia, we all knew, was rich to an incredible richness with accumulated wealth of the sort, but no one was prepared to see, *mortalibus oculis*, a diamond nearly twice the size of the Koh-i-noor, or "Mountain of Light" (now in the possession of the Queen of England, once RUNJEET SINGH, the Lion of Lahore's greatest glory), stuck in front of a man's sword-belt, and five diamonds, each larger than that jewel of jewels, *en échelon* up his coat from waist to shoulder. These stones are scarcely cut, and do not show as they ought, but they are of surpassing purity. The Shah's sword-belt is a treasure-house in itself. The sheath is studded with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, which shame their setting of purest gold. The front of his coat is garnished with rows of brilliants instead of lace. The collar and sleeves are crusted with them, and his orders are of the most precious jewels. His spurs flash like sunbeams. All this on the person of a man who has nothing noble in mien or face, although he is above the average height of the Indian Mussulman noblesse.

—Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS has been made the recipient of an exquisite present from London's courtliest publisher, Mr. JOHN MURRAY. It consists of an exquisite set of Lord BYRON'S works, superb in binding, style, and every thing else. On the fly-leaf inside was inscribed, "To GEORGE W. CHILDS, Esq., Philadelphia. In testimony of kind remembrances from JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, London." Immediately following this was a piece of the poet's original manuscript, ordering a correction in the *Bride of Abydos*. It reads:

"The couplet in the *errata* page must be altered to as follows:

'The deepest murmur of this life shall be,
No sigh for safety but a prayer for thee.'

"Let this be done immediately and at all events, even if the other be printed. B."

Several erasures, misplaced capitals, etc., occur in this interesting little memento of his lordship.

—Mrs. FITZGERALD, who bears the charming name of the charming editor of the Philadelphia *All Day City Item*, has been a-traveling in the wilds of Pennsylvania, and witnessed the following funny scene on the Lehigh Valley cars: "The newsboy that carries the illustrated papers through the cars, and lays them so nicely on your lap, unfortunately overlooked a fat old lady, with a large nose, long teeth, and green goggles. He had nearly reached the door, when the much-excited lady arose to her full height, and flirting herself and her green umbrella to some extent, screamed, 'You boy, I want one of them ere *Harper's Illustriated Bombazines*.' It went like a bomb-shell through the car, and such roars of laughter you never heard. Even the babies clapped their tiny hands and kicked and laughed. The old lady got her *Harper*, and the ludicrous way she undertook to look at it, upside down, and every way but the right way, created another roar. I don't know how it is, colonel, but I always feel pleased when I see the folks preferring *Harper's* to any of the other illustrated papers. I suppose it is because they have always been such loyal good fellows. God bless the HARPERS!"

—Sir JAMES EYRE, in his well-known little book, mentions three curious cases of idiosyncrasy—the case of a gentleman who could not eat a single strawberry, of another whose head would become swollen if he touched the smallest particle of hare, of a third who would inevitably have an attack of gout a few hours after eating fish. We may add the instance of a clergyman who always fainted when he heard a certain verse of Jeremiah!

—Mrs. QUINCY SHAW, daughter of Professor AGASSIZ, has given $100,000 to the Museum of Comparative Zoology, in which her father is so deeply interested. It needs but a few more Mrs. SHAWS and Mr. JOHN ANDERSONS to make that museum in every respect, what it now is in many, the most extensive and perfect in the world.

—Mrs. RUDD, widow of the late Commodore RUDD, of the navy, and daughter of DAVID PAUL BROWN, of Philadelphia, one of the ablest lawyers this country has produced, is now one of the ladies employed by the government in the Patent-office at Washington.

—Mr. HENRY PROBASCO, who gave to Cincinnati her magnificent fountain, now proposes to erect and give to that city a colossal art hall, filled with his pictures, gems, antiquities, and such. He is now in Europe perfecting his plans.

—Mr. LEWIS TAPPAN, who died in Brooklyn on the 21st ult., at the advanced age of eighty-five, was among the earliest and most prominent abolitionists in the country. After retiring from business many years ago he founded the system of mercantile agencies, which has since reached such gigantic proportions, and become a daily necessity to every large merchant in the leading cities and towns of the country.

—Colonel J. C. CARMONY has been exploiting a lecture in San Francisco on the Apaches, in which he described the courting ceremonies of that much-derided pack of braves. Thus: Every young girl is at liberty to refuse a suitor for her hand. The father, mother, and brother are prohibited from interfering in her choice. Her person is at her own disposal. After a brief courtship the lover makes a formal proposal by offering so many horses. Horses are a standard of value among Indians. As the squaw does all the work, horses are accepted as an equivalent for her labor. When a young warrior becomes enamored, he fastens the horse near the wigwam of the squaw whose hand he seeks, where he is left for four days. If she fails to feed and water the horse during that time, the master is rejected; but if she accepts his offer, she grooms and kindly cares for the horse, and then ties him to the wigwam of her lover, as much as to say, "I am willing to be your slave and do your work." At the marriage the sages and sachems meet together, and the bride is not unfrequently loaded with forty to fifty pounds of silver and copper trinkets.

—AUGUST SIMON, of this city, recently married a pretty Jewess of seventeen, named BERTHA DOBOZINSKI, whose papa, not liking SIMON, locked her up after the ceremony, and refused to let her go with her husband unless he became an Israelite. SIMON said he wouldn't, and went for a lawyer, habeas corpus, and Judge INGRAHAM. Bride in court. Judge inquired, "Which of the two will you go with?" She replied, "Husband." Papa then said, "All right; go with him, but send me back the silk dress I gave you." Not agreed to. SIMON put his thumb to the prominent cartilage of his face, made a peculiar motion, and said, "Wig-wag."

—There is not now living a single descendant in the male line of CHAUCER, SHAKSPEARE, SPENSER, MILTON, COWLEY, BUTLER, DRYDEN, POPE, COWPER, GOLDSMITH, SCOTT, BYRON, MOORE, Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, or Sir WALTER RALEIGH; not one of DRAKE, CROMWELL, HAMPDEN, MONK, MARLBOROUGH, PETERBOROUGH, or NELSON; not one of STRAFFORD, ORMOND, or CLARENDON; not one of ADDISON, SWIFT, or JOHNSON; not one of WALPOLE, BOLINGBROKE, CHATHAM, PITT, FOX, BURKE, GRATTAN, or CANNING; not one of BACON, LOCKE, NEWTON, or DAVY; not one of HUME, GIBBON, or MACAULAY; not one of HOGARTH or Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS; not one of DAVID GARRICK, JOHN KEMBLE, or EDMUND KEAN.

—Lady readers of the *Bazar* may perhaps be amused at the dresses worn by a bride and groom at their wedding in the last century, both parties having fortunes. "On Tuesday we were married at Gray's Inn Chapel. Her dress a white silk, with gold facings and robins, shoes ditto, and a laced mob. Mine a white cloth coat and breeches, with gold buttons and button-holes; a red cloth waistcoat laced with gold, and a bob-wig....Sunday last was appointed for our appearance at church, where we were attended by the two Misses MALYN (each £20,000 fortune). My wife's dress a white and silver gown and petticoat of three guineas a yard; a lappit head of £100; a solitaire and ear-rings, £500; an enamel watch and tweeze, £200. My dress a brown coat and breeches, the former lined with silk of the same color, a white satin waistcoat with a gold shape, a bag sword, and silk stockings. In the afternoon we sat in those dresses to receive the company, among whom we had the honor of the Earl of Tylney, Lord CASTLEMAIN, and Lady DOROTHY CHILD. Next Sunday we appear in dresses to return the compliments—my wife in a rich flowered gown and petticoat, me in a cloth mixture, embroidered with silver, a blue satin chain, silk broad hose, with silver and velvet breeches." Talk of WORTH and POOLE, what were their triumphs in draping compared with the wonderful things worn by Mr. and Mrs. BURGES, of East Ham, Essex?

—Pretty custom this, in France: Mlle. NIQUET, seamstress, of Surèsnes, near Paris, having been announced from the pulpit by Father BRICE as duly chosen the Rosière, was crowned on Whitsunday with a white wreath by the Baroness de Chauvenet. The Rosière receives 300 francs, with the easy condition that the first girl born of the marriage shall be named CAMILLE.

—Mr. DISRAELI has expressed a hope that the wisdom of Parliament will remove the anomaly of eliminating the franchise from a household or property qualification when held by a woman.

—Lady BURDETT-COUTTS still retains her interest in the banking house, and her valuables are stored in the strong-boxes built by her eccentric grandfather. Some ten years ago it was estimated that her wealth, in the form of sovereigns, would weigh thirteen tons, and fill a hundred and seven flour sacks.

—Some years ago JOHN STUART MILL carried on a curious correspondence in French with AUGUSTE COMTE respecting women. The exalted opinion which MILL held of women was controverted by COMTE, who maintained that "the intelligence of women amounted at best to only a small instantaneous sagacity."

—Here is a fine type of young woman pervading Michigan: LIZZIE and LYDIA TAYLOR have been setting type in the office of the Battle Creek *Journal* for five years, earning from $8 to $20 a week. From their earnings they support their mother, have lived well as housekeepers, bought a piano, taken music lessons, given $100 toward the building of the Baptist church, and saved $1200. They are unmarried! Are the young men of Battle Creek idiots?

—On the 21st June, Mr. EMERSON, having recovered from the fatigues of his homeward voyage, held a general reception of such of his neighbors at Concord as desired to call. Large numbers attended. Mr. EMERSON is very grateful to his friends for the work of love in repairing and improving his beloved home, and congratulates himself that he lost but a single book from his library, but that, being manuscript, is irreparable.

—The University of Vermont has found a benefactor in Mr. T. W. PARK, of North Bennington, who has furnished the money to build a third story to the library building, to be used for an art gallery, and to be open to the public, without charge, at all reasonable times.

—The editor of a new organ of public opinion in Texas announces in his initial number that "In religion we are conservative, and mean to adhere to the cash system." The cash system of religion is perhaps not new, but open devotion to it is at least unusual.

—The Persian potentate who is now the very large lion of London is a very well educated man. He speaks and writes French fluently. All the ministers converse in French, and the Grand Vizier is an accomplished French scholar, that language being constantly spoken at the Persian court. There is not perhaps among the royalties of Europe a more accomplished or graceful gentleman than the Shah, and the same may be said of the officials who accompany him.

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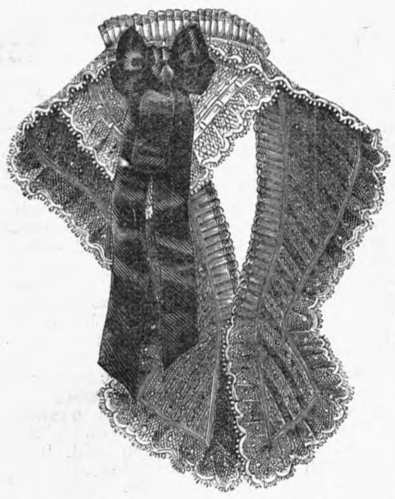


Fig. 1.—INSERTION AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 51 and 52.

Embroidered Chairs, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—WHITE LACQUERED CHAIR. The cover of the back and seat of this chair is of embroidered pale green faille. The design is worked in application embroidery, and in satin and half-polka stitch and point Russe with saddler's silk of various colors.

Fig. 2.—GILT WOOD CHAIR. The cover of this chair is of lilac gros grain, ornamented, as shown by the illustration, with application embroidery, and satin and half-polka stitch and point Russe embroidery with saddler's silk of various colors.

Gilt Wood Waste Basket, Figs. 1–3.

THE frame of this basket is made of gilt wood. The basket is fourteen inches and seven-eighths high, not including the feet. The sides of the frame are twenty-one inches and a quarter wide at the top, and seventeen inches and a quarter at the bottom, and the ends are twelve inches and seven-eighths wide at the top and eight inches and seven-eighths at the bottom. The upper edge of the frame is trimmed with lambrequins cut of maroon satin, net interlining, and lining from Fig. 26, Supplement. On the middle of each scallop of the lambrequin is sewed a tab, which is worked on canvas in cross stitch embroidery with worsted and silk in the design shown by Fig. 2. Bind the outer edge of these tabs narrow with maroon satin, and border the under edge with fringe. Trim the free outer edge of each lambrequin scallop with maroon silk gimp as shown by the illustration; between the curves of the gimp set on small covered buttons. Border the upper edge of the lambrequin, as shown by the illustration, with coarse maroon cord, the ends of which project from the lambrequin fourteen inches and seven-eighths long each, and are finished with tassels. Tie these ends in a bow, after fastening the lambrequins on the frame with small pins. The case, which is fastened in the frame, is of wood, covered on the outside with Russia leather, and on the inside with white glazed paper. Both halves of the lid are ornamented with embroidery, which is worked in cross stitch on canvas with worsted and silk. Fig. 3 shows a section of the design with description of symbols.

SWISS MUSLIN, INSERTION, AND LACE COLLAR AND SLEEVES.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 48–50.

Tapestry Border for Portières, Furniture, etc.

THIS border is suitable for trimming portières, furniture, sofa-pillows, etc. It is worked on canvas with worsted and silk in the colors given in the description of symbols.

Mignardise and Crochet Tidy.

See illustration on page 453.

THIS tidy, which may also be used for the cover of sofa-cushions, etc., is made of mignardise and twisted crochet cotton, No. 30. First form six loops of the mignardise, each of which counts 143 small loops on the outer edge. Sew the ends of the mignardise together carefully. Arrange these loops in two circles, observing the illustration; the larger circle is designed to form the foundation of a medallion, and counts 121 loops on the edges, while the smaller circle, in the shape of a loop, forms one corner of the star in the centre of the tidy. Crochet, first, the inside of the medallion, consisting of 5 rounds, as follows: 1st round.—Fasten together the first and last of the 121 loops of the mignardise inside of this circle with 1 sl. (slip stitch), 1 sl. on the next loop, 2 ch. (chain stitch), 1 sl. on the next loop, * 13 ch., fasten to the next loop (to do this drop the stitch from the needle, pass the needle through the loop from the upper to the under side, and draw through the dropped stitch), 4 ch., fasten to the ninth of the 13 ch., × 4 ch., fasten to the second following loop, 4 ch., fasten to the same ch. as before, in doing this always insert the needle in the upper vein of this ch.; repeat four times from ×, 2 ch., fasten to the sixth of the 13 ch.; this forms one figure of six leaflets and one scallop of the mignardise. Work 6 ch., 1 sl. on the next loop, 2 ch. and 1 sl. on the next loop; repeat 8 times from *, going forward, but in the third and fifth repetition, instead of the 12 ch. which join one scallop with another above the leaf figure, work only 10 ch., and in the fourth repetition only 8 ch. at this point; finally, 1 sl. on the first st. (stitch) of this round. 2d round.—3 ch., which count as first dc. (double crochet), 1 dc. on the second following st. of the preceding round, then always alternately 1 ch., 1 dc. on the second following st.; this round should thus count 71 dc., including the 3 ch. counting as first dc.; at the end of the round crochet 1 sl. on the third of the 3 ch. counting as first dc. 3d round.—7 sl. on the first 7 st. of the preceding round, 4 ch., which count as first stc. (short treble crochet), 1 stc. on the next st., 8 times alternately 4 ch., pass over 5 st. of the preceding round, 2 stc. on the next 2 st., then pass over 11 st. of the preceding round, 2 stc. on the next 2 st., 8 times alternately 4 ch., pass over 5 st. of the preceding round, 2 stc. on the next 2 st.; finally, 1 sl. on the fourth of the 4 ch. counting as first stc. in this round. 4th round.—3 sl. on the first 3 st. of the preceding round, 3 ch., which count as first dc., 1 dc. on the second following st., 20 times alternately 1 ch., 1 dc. on the second following st., then pass over 8 st. of the preceding round, 1 dc. on the next st., 21 times alternately 1 ch., 1 dc. on the second following st.; finally, 1 sl. on the third of the 3 ch. counting as first dc. in this round. 5th round.—3 sl. on the first 3 st. of the preceding round, 8 times alternately 3 sc. on the next 4 st. of the preceding round, 1 p. (picot—that is,

Fig. 2.—INSERTION AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 51 and 52.

Fig. 1.—WHITE LACQUERED CHAIR.

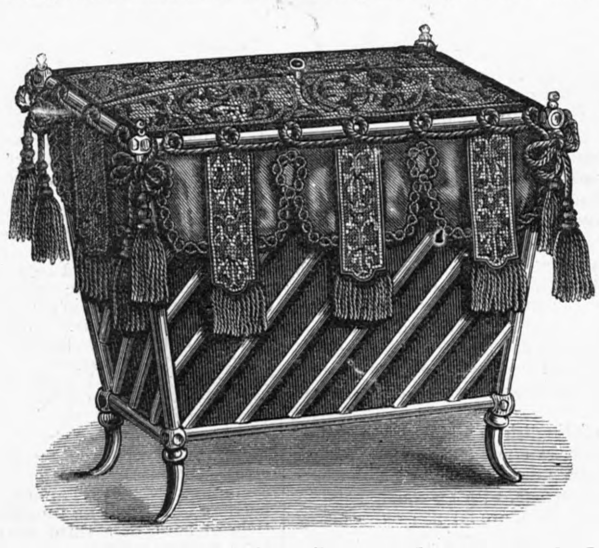


Fig. 1.—GILT WOOD WASTE BASKET.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]

For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 26.

Fig. 2.—GILT WOOD CHAIR.

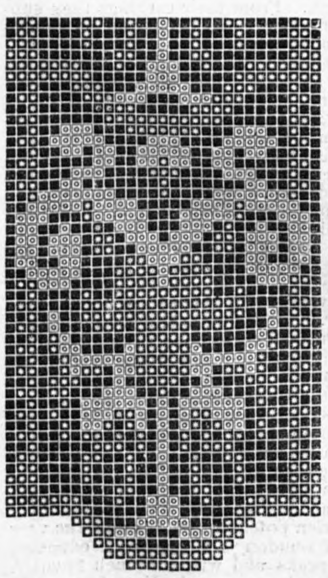


Fig. 2.—TAPESTRY DESIGN FOR LAMBREQUIN OF WASTE BASKET, FIG. 1.

Description of Symbols: ■ Reddish-brown Worsted; □ Yellow Filling Silk; ⊡ Light Yellow Saddler's Silk.

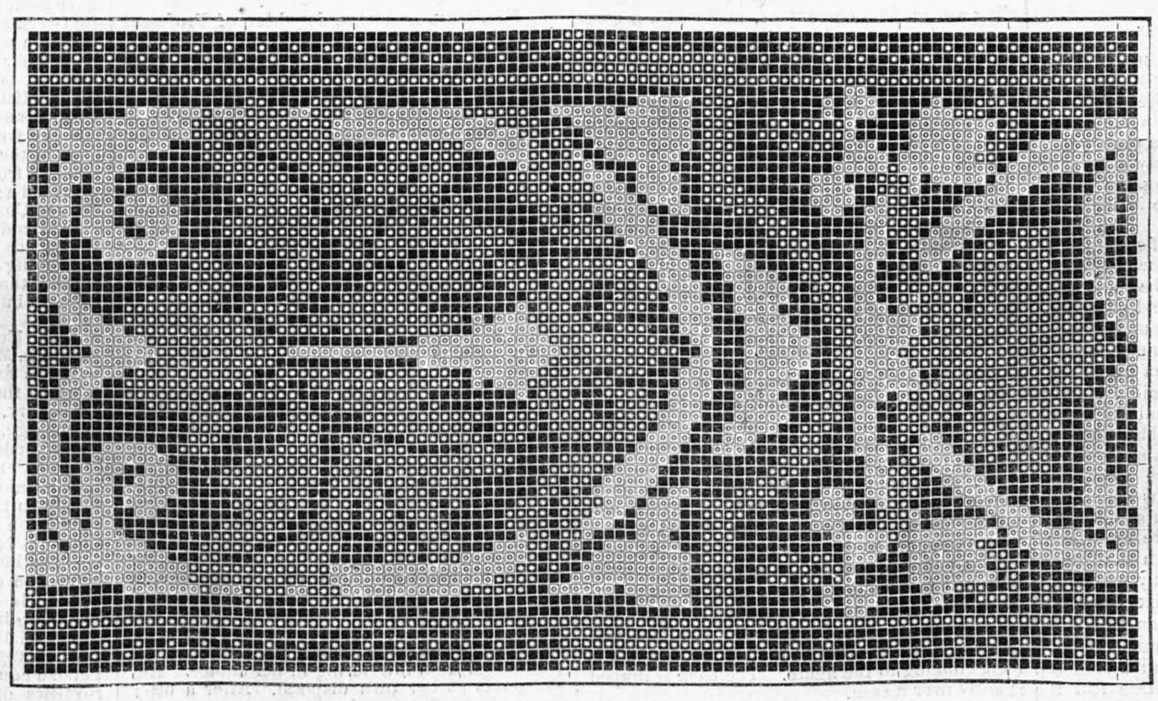
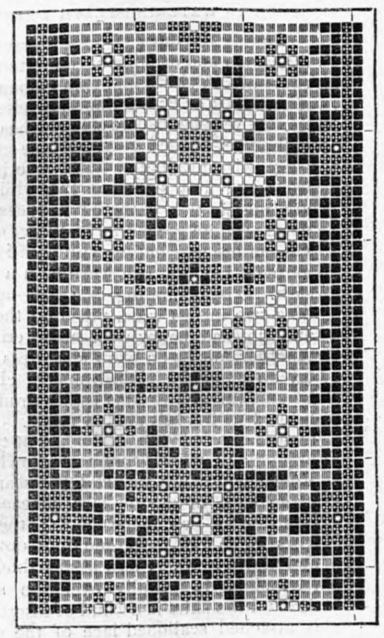


Fig. 3.—TAPESTRY DESIGN FOR COVER OF WASTE BASKET, FIG. 1.

Description of Symbols: ■ Reddish-brown Worsted; □ Yellow Filling Silk; ⊡ Light Yellow Saddler's Silk.



TAPESTRY BORDER FOR PORTIÈRES, FURNITURE, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ▪ Light Reddish-brown; ▩ Green; □ Blue; ◘ Yellow.

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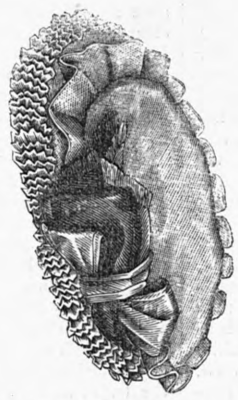
Fig. 1.—LINEN, NEEDLE-WORK, AND LACE COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 53-55.

SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND RIBBON DRESS CAP.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—SLEEVE FOR LINEN, NEEDLE-WORK, AND LACE, COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XVIII., Fig. 56.



SWISS MUSLIN AND GROS GRAIN BREAKFAST CAP.
For description see Supplement.

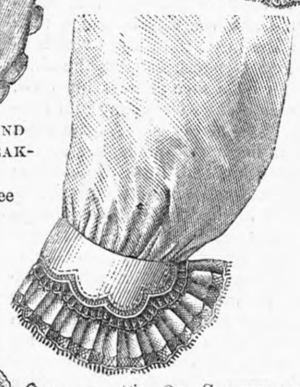
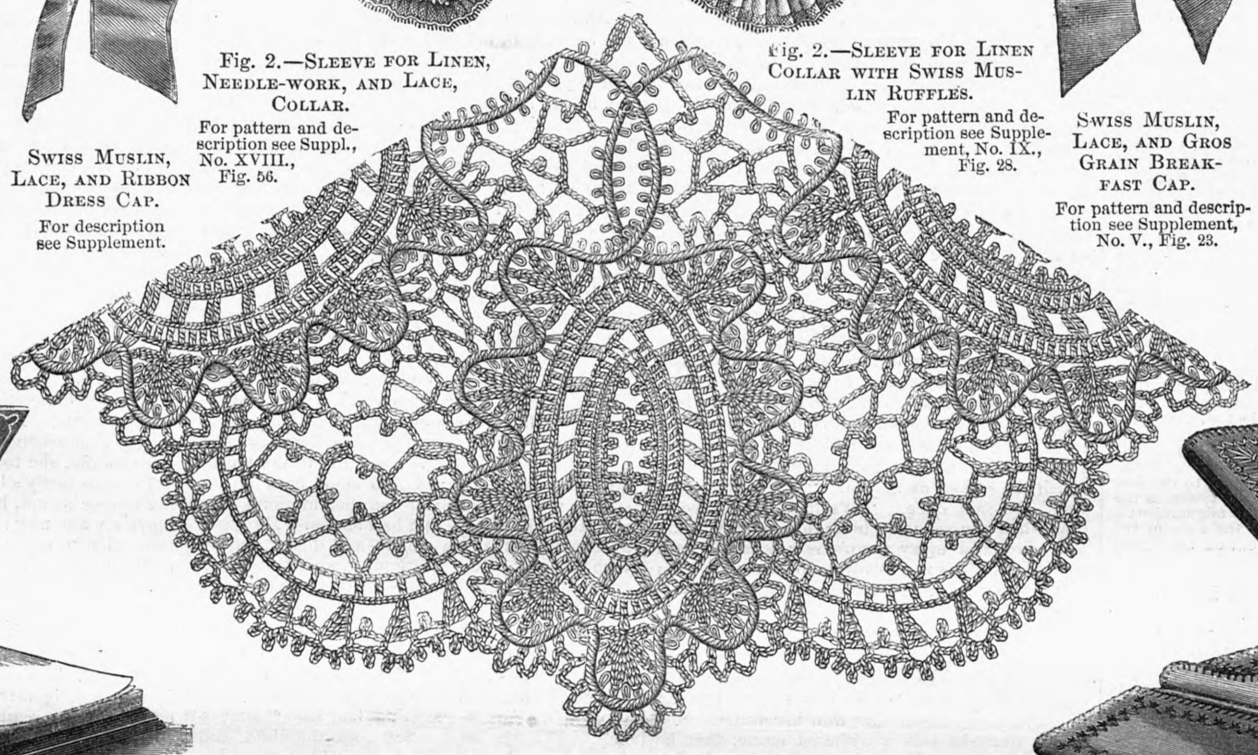


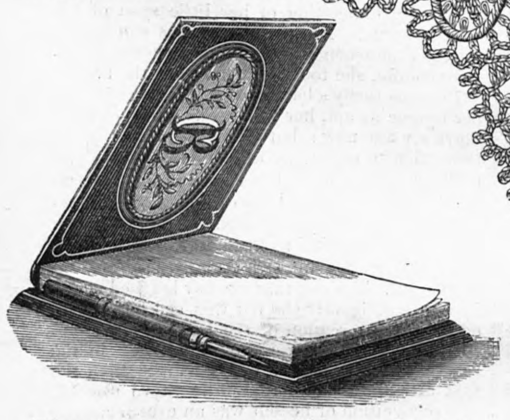
Fig. 2.—SLEEVE FOR LINEN COLLAR WITH SWISS MUSLIN RUFFLES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 28.

SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND GROS GRAIN BREAKFAST CAP.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 23.

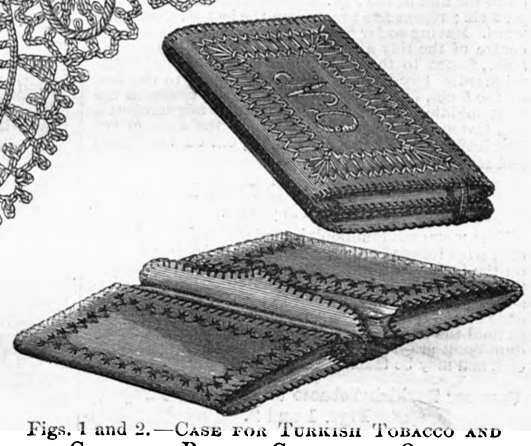
Fig. 1.—LINEN COLLAR WITH SWISS MUSLIN RUFFLES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 27.



MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET TIDY.



MEMORANDUM-BOOK WITH MOVABLE LEAVES.



Figs. 1 and 2.—CASE FOR TURKISH TOBACCO AND CIGARETTE PAPER.—CLOSED AND OPEN.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 29-31.

5 ch. and 1 sl. on the first of these); then 3 sc. (single crochet) on the next 3 st., pass over 6 st., + 3 sc. on the next 4 st., twice alternately 1 p., 3 sc. on the next 4 st.; then 3 ch., 1 p., fasten to the middle ch. of the opposite p., 1 p., fasten to the third of the 3 ch. previously crocheted, 2 ch., fasten to the first of the 3 ch.; repeat once more from +, then 3 sc. on the next 4 st., twice alternately 1 p., 3 sc. on the next 4 st.; finally, 1 sl. on the first sc. of this round. Cut off the thread and fasten it. Having in this manner worked the middle part of all the medallions of the tidy, baste together the 5 loops in each hollow between 2 scallops on the outer edge of the medallions with several stitches. The scallops thus count 8 free standing loops. Then crochet on the outer edge of the medallions one round more, which at the same time connects the medallions, in the following manner: * 1 sl. on the fifth of the 8 free loops of the mignardise on the fourth scallop of a medallion (see + in the illustration), three times alternately 5 ch., 1 sl. on the next loop, × 2 ch., 1 sl. on the first free loop of the next scallop, 7 times alternately 5 ch., 1 sl. on the next loop; repeat three times from ×, then 2 ch., 1 sl. on the first free loop of the last scallop in the medallion, twice alternately 5 ch., 1 sl. on the next loop, 3 times alternately 3 ch., 1 sl. on the next loop, twice alternately 5 ch., 1 sl. on the next loop, then 4 ch., 1 sl. on the third loop on the outer edge of the smaller loop above the medallion (see illustration), 15 ch., 1 sl. on the fourth following loop on the same loop of the mignardise, 2 ch., 1 p., with 1 stc. fasten together the first and the last loop of 2 loops of the mignardise (see illustration). Now work in the opposite direction 2 ch., 1 sl. on the second standing loop on the outer edge of the loop of the mignardise above the next medallion, 3 ch., 1 p., fasten the st. of the p. to the eleventh of the 15 ch., 7 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., fasten to the sixth of the 15 ch., 3 ch., 1 p., fasten the middle st. of the p. to the middle st. of the ch. scallop before the last on the last scallop in the first medallion, 6 ch., fasten to the fifth of the 7 ch. worked before the last 2 p., 5 ch., 1 sl. on the third following loop on the loop of the mignardise above the second medallion, 4 ch., 1 sl. on the first of the 8 free loops on the first scallop in the second medallion, twice alternately 5 ch., 1 sl. on the next loop, but fasten the middle st. of the last 5 ch. to the third of the 6 ch. after the last p., 3 times alternately 3 ch., fasten the middle ch. to the middle st. of the opposite corresponding ch. scallop on the last scallop in the first medallion, 1 sl. on the next loop of the first scallop in the second medallion, then twice alternately 5 ch., 1 sl. on the next loop, then 2 ch., 1 sl. on the first loop of the next scallop in the second medallion, 5 ch., fasten the middle ch. to the middle st. of the last ch. scallop on the preceding mignardise scallop, 1 sl. on the next loop, 5 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., fasten to the middle st. of the first ch. scallop on the last scallop in the first medallion, 4 ch., fasten to the middle st. of the preceding ch. scallop before the last on the mignardise scallop before the last in the first medallion, 5 ch., fasten to the third of the 5 ch. worked before the p., 2 ch., 1 sl. on the next loop of the second scallop in the second medallion, twice alternately 5 ch., fasten the middle ch. to the middle st. of the opposite corresponding ch. scallop of the mignardise scallop before the last in the first medallion, then 7 ch., fasten to the middle st. of the third ch. scallop of the mignardise scallop before the last in the first medallion, 10 ch., fasten to the third of the last 7 ch., 2 ch., 1 sl. on the next loop of the second scallop in the second medallion, twice alternately 5 ch., 1 sl. on the next loop, then 2 ch., 1 sl. on the first loop of the third scallop in the second medallion, 5 ch., fasten the middle ch. to the middle st. of the last ch. scallop on the second mignardise scallop in the second medallion, 1 sl. on the next loop, 11 ch., fasten to the seventh of the last 10 ch., 2 ch., 1 p. downward (to do this crochet 5 ch., drop the last st. from the needle, insert the needle

Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 16-18.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 16-18.

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in the first of the 5 ch. and draw through the dropped st.), 2 ch., fasten to the fourth of the 10 ch. of which the seventh has already been fastened, five times alternately 2 ch., 1 p., but fasten the middle st. of the second p. to the middle st. of the fifth ch. scallop on the seventh mignardise scallop in the first medallion; then 5 ch., fasten to the eighth of the last 11 ch., 4 ch., fasten to the third of the 11 ch., 2 ch., 1 sl. on the next loop of the third scallop in the second medallion, 5 ch., 1 sl. on the next loop, 10 ch., fasten the seventh ch. to the middle st. of the last p., 1 p., 7 ch., 1 p., 8 ch., fasten the fourth ch. to the middle st. of the middle of the 5 p. separated by 2 ch., 1 p. downward, 2 ch., fasten to the middle st. of the third ch. scallop on the seventh mignardise scallop in the first medallion, 12 ch., 1 dc. on the first of the last 8 ch., 2 ch., 1 p., 9 ch., fasten to the fourth of the 7 ch. worked between 2 p., 2 ch., 1 p., 9 ch., 1 dc. on the tenth of the last 10 ch., twice alternately 1 p., 3 ch.; then fasten to the third of the last 10 ch., 2 ch., 1 sl. on the next loop of the third scallop in the second medallion, twice alternately 5 ch., 1 sl. on the next loop; then 5 ch., fasten to the middle of the sixth ch. scallop on the third mignardise scallop in the second medallion, 6 ch., fasten to the middle st. of the last p., 11 ch., fasten to the fourth of the 9 ch. worked before the last dc., 12 ch., fasten to the fourth of the 9 ch. before the last, 12 ch., fasten to the fifth of the 12 ch. worked before the dc., 10 ch., fasten to the middle st. of the second ch. scallop on the seventh mignardise scallop in the first medallion, 3 ch., fasten to the middle st. of the first ch. scallop on the seventh mignardise scallop, and to the middle st. of the seventh ch. scallop on the sixth mignardise scallop; going back on the free standing ch. scallops which join the second and the first medallion, work sixteen times alternately 2 ch., 1 dc. on the third following st.; then 2 ch., fasten to the middle st. of the 5 ch. worked after the last sl. on the seventh loop of the third scallop in the second medallion, 2 ch., 1 sl. on the eighth loop of the same scallop, 2 ch., 1 sl. on the first loop of the next scallop, twice alternately 5 ch., 1 sl. on the next loop, 8 ch., fasten to the next ch. before the sixteenth dc.; going back on six of the 8 ch. worked previously, and passing over 1 of the ch., work 1 point of 1 sl., 1 sc., 1 sdc. (short double crochet), 2 dc., + 1 ch., 1 p. downward, 7 ch., fasten to the next seventh st. of the row of bars separated each by 2 ch. (see illustration), going back on six of the last 7 ch., work 1 point like that before described; repeat five times from +, then fasten to the middle st. of the fifth ch. scallop on the sixth mignardise scallop in the first medallion, 2 ch., fasten to the middle st. of the fourth ch. scallop on the same mignardise scallop; going back on the row of points, work 2 p., 1 ch., fasten to the same ch. on which the second dc. of the point crocheted last was worked (see illustration), + 1 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., fasten to the horizontal upper vein of the last dc. in the next point, which now appears vertical, 1 ch., 3 p., 1 ch., fasten on the same st. on which the last dc. of this point was worked; repeat five times from +, but in the last repetition, instead of the third p. crochet 3 ch.; then 2 ch., 1 sl. on the fourth loop of the fourth scallop in the second medallion, 2 ch., fasten to the first of the 3 ch. crocheted instead of the last p., 2 ch.; repeat five times from the last *, going forward. Having so far finished the work, crochet in the centre of the tidy a small star of leaflets as follows: 5 ch., fasten to the middle loop of two loops of the mignardise (see illustration), 4 ch., fasten to the first of the 5 ch., five times alternately 4 ch., fasten to the next middle loop of two loops of the mignardise; 4 ch., fasten to the same ch. to which the 4 ch. of the first leaflet were fastened. Finally, cut off the thread and fasten it.

Memorandum-Book with Loose Leaves.

See illustration on page 453.

THIS memorandum-book is made of card-board, covered with Russia leather. The upper lid is ornamented on the inside with a medallion of gray silk, on which the monogram is worked with gold thread and maroon silk, and the flowers in shaded gray silk. On the side edge of the lower lid fasten a band, which is designed to hold the lead-pencil. The leaves of the memorandum-book are only fastened together slightly on one end, and may be taken out separately.

Case for Turkish Tobacco and Cigarette Paper, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 453.

THIS case is made of brown silk, ornamented in point Russe embroidery with brown silk, and lined with oiled silk. To make the case cut of silk and net one piece from Fig. 29, Supplement, work button-hole stitches along the dotted line and through the middle of this piece with brown silk, and ornament this part with point Russe embroidery of the same silk as shown by the illustration. Work the monogram in satin and half-polka stitch; then cut of oiled silk one piece from Fig. 29 and two pieces from Fig. 31. The latter are bordered on the outer edge with long button-hole stitches of brown silk, and are fastened on the lining a quarter of an inch from the middle with similar stitches. Baste the embroidered silk on the lining, fold Fig. 29 on the inside along the dotted line, and border it all around with button-hole stitches. In working the button-hole stitches fasten on the soufflets cut of oiled silk from Fig. 30 according to the corresponding signs, which form the pockets seen in the illustration. One of these pockets serves to hold cigarette paper, and the other to contain Turkish tobacco. For this latter pocket cut of oiled silk a straight piece four inches and three-quarters long and three inches and a quarter wide, which is rounded off on one end. Border this part all along the outer edge with button-hole stitches of brown silk, at the same time fastening on each side a soufflet an inch and seven-eighths long, three-quarters of an inch wide, and rounded off on the under end. The projecting rounded end forms the flap of this pocket. An elastic band serves to close the case.

OLD MARGARET'S BOY.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THERE are certain feminine instincts that assume in many eyes the character rather of virtues than of instincts, and the manifestation of which in any individual seems to touch all other women nearly.

Among these instincts, so to call them, is that maternal one which causes the year-old baby to hold her mother's needle-book or roll of work on her little breast and hush it off to sleep, which causes her half a dozen years afterward to wake up in the night and see if her doll is warm enough, and which, a score of years later yet, knits a tie between herself and every tender little child she sees. A strange tie, without the immense joy of a mother's love—that joy which compensates all suffering, which overflows the inner cells of the most desolate heart with vital warmth, which is fulfilled with satisfaction and with that ineffable yearning where earth touches close on heaven—a barren tie beside that divinely complete thing, and with more pain than pleasure in it. It is as if the bitter lot of women in this world caused them to feel the pathos of the fate of every child born into it, and gave them a pity that is all but love. "Little butterfly in the sunshine and among the flowers," it seems to say, "by-and-by night is coming, darkness and heavy dew and the night-hawk. If only I could protect you!"

Whenever I used to see a little bent old woman go by my window with a child in her arms, these and kindred thoughts would follow her. I did not know her name, and I could not see her face; but she interested me far more than the bright-cheeked and golden-haired young creatures that tripped by on their way from the finishing school. Her clean but utterly faded calico was so short that it showed the clumsy village ties and drab stockings of her knobby and rheumatic feet; her shawl was a threadbare black blanket; her bonnet was a rusty poke; an alpaca apron was her only vanity; her poor old hands were bare and bony and misshapen, but they seemed to me fairer than any idle lady's in the land when I saw the way in which they clasped the child she held, the way in which as she walked she used to pause and lift the child higher, and lay the little face against her own, and step off again as if she were young and happy. Day by day I saw her pass. As the child grew, and sat up in her arms and looked about, she would straighten her bent form to bear him more erectly. Often she would kiss him rapturously as she went along, and she was always crooning some low tune to him, or talking a loving gibberish that he seemed to understand. Evidently the child had no mother, perhaps no father either, for he was clothed in odds and ends: a great sacque and hood wrapped him for a long time, and when the spring came, his head emerged with the short yellow curls crowned by a hat that seemed to delight him, so often he tore it off with his little hands to look at it, and set it on again awry, but which she must have rescued from an ash-barrel, and have scoured, and trimmed with scraps of cambric from her rag bag. I longed to ask them in while they were slowly going by; but I have an uncomfortable reverence for reserves, and I fancied she was one of those who had rather suffer than be seen to suffer. But when the baby grew so heavy that she had to rest every little while, she sat down one day on my garden step, and then I opened the door to go out, and stopped and made friends with the child, and gave him a cup of milk and a cake, and began with her an acquaintance which if I do not in another life resume, it will be because I am not fit.

Years and years ago old Margaret Ewins had been young: it seems as though no one could guess the fact were it not plainly stated, so gray and wrinkled and seamed was the face with which she looked up at you. "Years and years ago," she said once. "It's hard to believe it now when you see me, child; but every wrinkle is a care, and every furrow is a tear! There were no wrinkles nor furrows, no cares nor tears—it was all fresh and blooming—when I married Stephen."

When she married Stephen! That was full forty years ago. And thirty years he had been under the sod. Doubtless his image had grown dimmer than once, but he was still to her the fine and noble fellow that won her heart. She forgot that she was a withered crone, that he was a handful of dust; she set her love beside his immortal youth, and looked forward to the end.

Stephen had left her with an only child, born on the day he died. Other children had come and been laid away before; but this girl was the last and the dearest of all. In her the father seemed to live and breathe again; for her the mother lived, indeed. She was a pretty thing as she grew into womanhood. Perhaps her mind was not altogether of the strongest; but one would have to be fastidious who paused to think of that in gazing at the red and white of her face, the clear blue of her great eyes, the gilding of her chestnut hair, her sweet and innocent mouth. Of course she had lovers, and of course there was a favored one—the least deserving of the whole, but the son of a family of vastly superior circumstances to her own.

For poor Bessie's circumstances were those which belong to the children of poverty and labor the world over. Her mother owned the little house in which they lived, and the larger part of which they rented to others; and for the rest they did sewing, nursing, clear-starching, whatever came to hand. But needy as they were, Bessy always had on a clean print dress, though she had to rise before day to wash and iron it; she always had a bright ribbon for her throat; she always looked as perfect as a rose.

And old Margaret's pride and joy lay in seeing her so. She wore her own brown gingham till it fell apart, so that Bessy might have a bishop's-lawn for summer Sundays. She pretended dire dyspepsias, and lived on crusts, so that Bessie might keep her blood sweet and rich with the little milk and meat there was. Long after Bessie had come home from her moon-lit stroll with the handsome and worthless James Falconer, Margaret sat over her needle or her Italian irons abridging the morrow's work, that Bessie's pretty shoulders might learn no stoop, or else turning an extra penny, that she might surprise Bessy with the bit of trimming for which she had heard the girl longing. Poor Margaret! she little knew the crop she sowed, nor recognized the fact that Bessy was becoming to herself as well as to her mother the chief person in the drama; she failed to see the springing and ripening selfishness in the girl, the willful spirit, the deadly love of finery, the lack of reason. She only saw her standing in the light and looking at her with her father's eyes—those burning blue eyes that seemed at once to revel in the brilliance of the world and scorn it too—and she felt that all she could have was not too much for her.

Still as she glanced from the window sometimes, and saw her by moonbeam or star-gleam leaning against the gate post, with James Falconer across the little wicket, as tall and dark and glittering as Lucifer, a misgiving would cross Margaret as to whether she was right in letting the thing go on; as to whether it was possible for young Falconer to stoop from his ancient degree and his father's place to marry this pretty clear-starcher. But then the child looked so bright and rosy and lovely as her mother gazed at her that she could but fold her hands above her beating heart and whisper to herself that all might be for the best, for stranger things had happened.

But the years went slowly wearing by, each one of them taking a degree of Bessy's bloom with it, and Bessy was old enough to know better, and still James Falconer followed her and did not marry her, and other lovers had fallen away, and the mother, through some hidden sense, was half aware that Bessy's name was spoken lightly. And one day Falconer had disappeared, leaving a defalcation behind him, and Bessy had gone too.

No search was made for the defaulter; a little of his father's wealth could repair the breach in the bank, and for his father's sake no suit was entered against him. Indeed, there were those who half excused him, and laid the blame on the shameless girl who had allured him, as they said, to his ruin. And certainly no search was made for Bessy. What could one feeble little old woman do? Nothing in the world, nothing but pray—pray over seam and stove, by day and night! "What am I crying for?" she would say, dashing away her tears. "God is on my side, and with Him on my side, am I going to lose? No; Bessy will come back to me!"

And so for five years she toiled and moiled—not for herself, but that when Bessy came home there might be something laid by to let rest and comfort greet her. And every night she swept the hearth and brightened the lamp for her, and every morning she made the place spotless, thinking it might hold Bessy before night. And her eyes longed and her heart ached and her hands trembled to see her. Her expectation was always at fever heat. She hardly knew that the tears wet her pillow at night, such comfort was there in the thought that Bessy might come home to-morrow.

Five long, lonesome years! If old Margaret were sick, there was no one to soothe her; if if she were cast down, there was no one to cheer her. But she clasped a sure faith; her hope brightened her days; and one night, as she had forefelt, Bessy came home. A weary woman got down from the stage, and tottered up the yard, and came in, and fell upon the floor, and in the night her boy was born, and in the morning consciousness seemed to come back an instant; for she looked up into her mother's face with those blue eyes, and half smiled—Margaret always said it was a smile—and died; and all without one word. Without a word! And if she could but have spoken—for there was no ring on her finger!

Five long, lonesome years—and just for this! Poor Margaret had no tears. A fierce, dry anger with her fate burned them away at their source. Now, indeed, she was wretched. In those five years she saw she had been happy—happy with her hope. She took the child, and cared for it mechanically; she laid it down between whiles as she went about her work, and suffered it to cry if it would. "Let it cry!" she said. "It is James Falconer's child. Crying is too good for it." But once, as the little thing was sobbing, she went to it, and saw the great tears shining in its blue eyes. "Ah, it is Bessy's child!" she cried. "I have been a cruel wretch!" And she caught it up and warmed it at her heart, and anger and grief went together; and thenceforth she was bound in the child. "I would have treated an outcast better," she sobbed at last. "Ah, my poor little lad, with such a life before him!"

And so she lived and strived, and had no other end in view than the well-being of little Steve, as she had named him. For him now she sat up at night, as she had sat up for his mother; for him she denied herself as of old. That came natural enough. It seemed to her, she said to herself, as if she were doing still for Bessy. All she had laid by during the five years went in Bessy's burial. Anxious to have something beforehand again, in case of her own illness, or in preparation for little Steve's future jacket and trowsers or schooling, she spared herself no pains. Her eyesight had failed so, what with years and what with tears, that she could no longer do fine sewing or starching. She was obliged to go out to the rougher labor of the tub, and another old woman from the other part of the house—too old, indeed, for any thing but to hinder the baby from rolling off the bed—used to come in and keep watch for her while her poor old arms were in the suds. But people hardly liked to employ her, not only because she could not see well, but because it seemed as if they had better be doing the work themselves than imposing it upon that gray-headed woman. Her proud, keen spirit felt that it was more in charity than any thing else that she was hired at all. And she hailed the fact as if a miracle had been wrought in her behalf when rents grew so dear in the town that she was at liberty to receive twenty-five dollars more a year on the other part of her little house, of which she now reserved but one room and a closet for herself; and so was allowed to leave the wash-tub.

Thus on one hundred dollars a year old Margaret lived and reared her child. It is that which seems the miracle to you; but her wants were very few, and she was not uncomfortable. She asked no aid of any for little Steve—least of all of the Falconers, who never knew from her that such a child existed. Her bread and milk was all he wanted as yet, and he wore, as I have said, almost any thing. The Old Ladies' Society of the town gave her a monthly allowance of good Oolong tea, and she accepted it as a public benefit of the same nature as the streets to walk on, or the use of the corner pump, or the ringing of the nine-o'clock bell, to none of which she contributed tax-money. And now, with nothing to do but to keep her two rooms and her two people clean, to teach little Steve his first steps and his first words, she abandoned herself to her first real bliss in years, and when I was pitying her most she was needing it least. Her first real bliss, for not a fear disturbed it. "God takes care of the sparrows," she would say. "And he will take care of little Steve."

"But when he is bigger," croaked the old grandam from the other part of the house, nearly as fond herself of the boy as Margaret was, though quite disapproving Margaret's devotion, "he will want different food from your bread and milk. He will need red meat, and where is he to get it?"

"Where the young lions get theirs," said Margaret, and went on joyously; and it was in these days that first I saw her, taking her morning and her afternoon walk with the child in her arms, talking gayly to him all the time, and kissing him at every other step.

What visions she had of little Steve's future, and how she used to confide them to the child as they went! And the boy would lift his little hand and pat her cheek approvingly, as if he understood them all, and give her now and then a great wet kiss of his rosy mouth in return—a kiss that knew no difference between her shriveled yellow cheek and the blushing velvet of youth.

How, after her hard experience of life, Margaret could have had such a thing as a vision, passes conjecture; but she was so light-hearted in her love that she believed in every thing that another might have seen to be impossible and unattainable. The clothes which little Steve was to wear when he went to school; the errands he was to run in order to get the money to buy the clothes; the school to which he was to go—no common school at all, but one where her care of the rooms was to balance his termbill; the prizes he was to win; the day he was to graduate and speak his piece, and be applauded by the people and be mentioned in the *Morning Herald* next day; the apprenticeship he was to serve in a lawyer's office; the cases he was some day to plead; the lives he was then to save; the good, the glory; and by-and-by President—what a dazzling structure it was that she built up on the foundation of her little span of life and strength! And meanwhile, as she waited for the time when all these things should be accomplishing, she took her pleasure in the boy.

Perhaps Bessy's babyhood had been as lovely, her tongue as apt, her feelings as quick, as little Steve's were now; but Margaret had had no time then to enjoy any of it all—now she had nothing else to do. It seemed to her that no cherub slumbering in beds of amaranth and asphodel inside the sculptured gates of heaven could be so beautiful as little Steve was with the dew of sleep upon him as he lay on the old patchwork quilt. The day that the boy laughed heartily and intelligently she felt that she had assisted at a fresh creation of the human soul; and to her mind nothing more remarkable in the record of the race had ever occurred than the first articulate sound that little Steve uttered. His recognition of herself was an ever-recurring miracle; she snatched him up each time and covered him with kisses, as if it needed a special act of gratitude; the detestable old cat from whose back he pulled a handful of hair became a sacred being—she wondered that the cat did not like it: he was welcome to as many handfuls of her own gray hair as he would take! "Do not talk about this earth's being a dark place!" she cried, to the old grandam of the other part of the house, "for it seems to me as bright as the sun itself! It must be bright when all the children that are born meet it with such a gay heart. I used to pity them all. But now—look at him! he smiles at every body, all the world are friends—it is beautiful! The angels must feel just so. Oh, you don't think, do you, that he is too bright and good to live? Oh, my darling!" she would cry, that single gleam of trouble bringing back the one dark thought of her life, "if I only knew that you had a right to the name you bear!"

And so the days passed on, each one a festival, each new one bringing a new feat of little Steve's to be shown and admired and praised. The child thrived and prospered, and more and more with each day the little old woman seemed to become a child with him. They used often now to come in and see me. I had the children's deserted toys for little Steve, that delighted him; and there were others which could not be taken away, such as the great music-box, and the aquarium, and the fernery, over which he hung spell-bound; and I had certain innocent dainties whose whereabouts he early learned to know; and when he twisted his little lips into coaxing kisses on the air between, his grandmother, proud as she was, could not resist the child's insistence to be brought across the street to me.

The sight of age is always a pathetic sight to the young and strong, especially of age forgetting its miseries and the near grave in the love of others; but there was something exquisitely pathetic in the sight of this little old creature lugging the heavy child about, none the less so for her unconsciousness of it. Once, when she saw a shadow of the thought on my face, "Don't you pity me!" she cried; "I am too happy for that! Keep your pity for the old women that are not grandmothers!"

"You set too much by the boy, Margaret," said the grandam, who had walked out with her that morning. "What if he should be taken from you?"

"What if he should be taken from me?" she repeated, opening her sunken eyes as if they had never seen the possibility before. "Well, then, I should go too! It couldn't be for long. But no, no; he is as stout and healthy as he is bright and handsome. I only pray not to be taken myself till he can spare me!"

Poor old Margaret! It was well for her that

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she enjoyed herself while the sun shone, for the darkness was coming soon enough.

One day, just as little Steve came out of his bath, and, running away from her, was toddling about the room, his little body shining with the water-drops, his curls dripping in wet, bright rings, there was heard a man's foot on the step and in the entry, a rap on the door, and the visitor had come in unbidden and stood before her.

It was James Falconer.

"I have come for my boy," said he.

Margaret, risen to fetch the child, staggered and fell back upon her seat, and caught little Steve and clutched him closely. She trembled from head to foot; but she glared back at her enemy like a lioness defending her whelp.

"I suppose you do not deny that he is my child?" said the visitor, no longer the dark and handsome youth, but a worn and haggard man.

"He is his mother's child," said Margaret, hoarsely; "and so mine. There was no ring on Bessy's finger!"

Falconer paused a moment and gazed at the boy; and the boy, full of roguish glee and kindliness, looked archly up at him, and kissed the air after the pretty fashion that he had. "Yes, he is Bessy's boy fast enough," said the man. "And he is mine too, you will have to understand. And I have come to get him!"

"Go away, James Falconer!" cried Margaret, "or I will set the law on you!"

"There is no law to set on me," he said. "There is no law for me, except the law that gives a man his child, born in honest wedlock."

Margaret blanched as she heard him. Her heart rose and sank, and sent a pulse over her in hot waves. To clear Bessy's name from stain! But at such a price! Was it, was it possible? She looked at the vanishing ambrotype that, framed in its wreath of dead roses, hung beneath the clock—the bright, beautiful face with the smile.

"Was he?" she whispered, presently—"was he born so? Was my Bessy a lawful wife?" He nodded. "Do you swear to it, James Falconer? Will you publish it in the *Morning Herald?*" She ran and brought her Bible, over which she had sat so many a night spelling out the big type that promised blessings to the widow and the fatherless. She held it out at arm's-length. "Kiss the book!" she exclaimed, "and swear it all." James Falconer bent his head and kissed the book. "Then you can take the boy," she said. "But take him quickly, before it breaks my heart!" And the man went his way with his own. "Oh, Bessy! Bessy!" she cried, as the door closed and left her all alone, "you bright and careless girl, what an awful price have I paid for your good name! I have sold my little Steve, his hopes, his future, his life and soul, to that man—to that man and to evil!"

That night the old grandam fumbled at Margaret's latch to come in, according to her custom, for a social gossip in the twilight. Margaret did not answer her. She opened the door, and saw her lying on the bed.

"I've had a stroke!" was all that Margaret said, as the other old woman bent over her—"I've had a stroke!"

"God bless me! The palsy! We'll have the doctor here—"

"Oh no, it's not that," murmured Margaret. "But just the heart is dead within me."

The next day the poor soul did not attempt to rise. She lay there, with the *Morning Herald*, in which, at last, was printed the day and date of Bessy's marriage, nearly seven years ago, spread out upon the pillow, as if in little Steve's place. To them that would have ministered to her she seemed in a stupor till she lifted her eyes, as wild and suffering as those of a dumb creature in mortal pain. She did not listen to what any body said; she did not speak herself; she tasted the nourishment that was brought, and turned away—the tide of life was ebbing out, and she was letting go her hold upon the earth that had grown worthless to her. She lay in that half-dream, and whether we came in or out she neither knew nor cared. Once only she spoke—sighed rather than spoke. "That is right," she said. "Punish me!—punish me well for ever having dared to doubt my Bessy!"

But, Sunday morning, just as the great first flush of the dawn came into the room, and all the air rippled with the tumultuous music of the birds, Margaret sat up in bed, and looked at the morning-star sinking back into the rose and golden glory. It cast the shadow of the window-sash in a long dark cross upon her bed. She glanced at the shadow, and faintly smiled—the brighter light would soon efface the shadow, soon she would lay her cross aside! And the cross paled, and faded, and was gone; and then, as a child's voice somewhere in the distance sweetly and shrilly joined the chorus of the birds, she shivered, and her head fell forward and dropped upon her breast—and the dawn came slowly and softly up and shed a silver splendor round the poor old head, and showed us that Margaret had passed into the fuller day.

THE CLEMATIS FAMILY.

THIS family of plants is one of the most desirable we have for the decoration of our gardens, and as light, airy, graceful climbers we have nothing that can be substituted for them. They are nearly all quite hardy, but the Chinese and Japanese species require to be sheltered from the northerly and westerly winds. As they are not very strong growers, it is a good plan to lay them down on the ground after the ground is frozen, and cover them with leaves to a thickness of two or three inches, or with cedar or other evergreen branches. North of the Highlands it might be advisable to do so with nearly all of them, but south of Philadelphia it is not necessary to cover them at all. A very pretty effect is produced with the Chinese and Japanese species by letting them remain on the ground, and pegging down their stems with little hooked pegs cut from small brush-wood; their large colored flowers show to great advantage in this way, and produce a brilliant effect. All the species will grow in a good rich garden soil.

The selections which we make are made from over a hundred and thirty species and varieties, and comprise the finest, most showy, and desirable.

Clematis flammula; flowers white, in large panicles, very fragrant; blooms in July and August. It is a rapid grower, attaining a height of eighteen or twenty feet. There is a variety of this species known as *C. rubella*, which has somewhat larger flowers, tinted on the outside with rose-color, and blooming in September and October. *C. paniculata*, a species from Japan, very much resembles this species in the size, form, color, and fragrance of the flowers. It blooms in July.

C. vitalba; flowers white, almond-scented; a strong-growing species, very suitable for planting in shrubberies, where it will run over the shrubs or low trees, completely enveloping them. Our native species, *C. virginiana*, so strongly resembles this that by some it is considered to be only a variety. *C. catesbyana*, another native species, also resembles it. They bloom in July and August.

C. viorna, a native species, with bell-shaped flowers about the size of large acorns; the points of the sepals are reflexed; of a reddish-lilac color on the outside, and pale green within. The stems of this species are generally sub-ligneous, and are thrown up annually from the root. It is a very pretty species for training on a light frame-work of wire or similar material. Flowers in August.

C. viticella; grows to the height of ten or fifteen feet; the flowers are large and spreading, with long footstalks, and vary in color from blue to purple and red. There is a double-flowered variety with double blue flowers; it is more robust and stronger growing than the single-flowered, but produces fewer shoots. This species and its varieties are quite ligneous, and, like *C. viorna*, should be planted so as to cover a frame or trellis work of light wire; such as is used for keeping out rabbits from plantations, and which has meshes from two and a half to four inches square, and can be bought at the wire-workers' by the yard, is well adapted for this class. Flowers from June to September.

C. florida, a species from Japan, with large white flowers, measuring from three to four inches across, and growing about fifteen feet high. It is not very ligneous, and when cut down to the ground annually will throw up strong shoots, and produce very fine flowers. There is also a double-flowered variety, and another known variously as *C. florida sieboldii*, *C. sieboldii*, and *C. bicolor*, in which the large, white, spreading sepals inclose a number of small petals of a purple or violet color. *C. florida standishii* is a splendid new variety, also from Japan, with flowers of a violet-blue color shaded with crimson; it is one of the very best. They bloom in June.

C. azurea, otherwise known as *C. patens* and *C. cærulea*, is from Japan; grows about ten feet high, producing azure-blue flowers about three inches in diameter. From this species several varieties and hybrids have been produced, the principal of which are *C. azurea grandiflora*, the flowers of which are much larger than those of the species, *C. sophia*, with large lilac and white flowers, and *C. helene*, with large creamy white flowers. There is also a double-flowered variety. They bloom in May and June.

C. lanuginosa is a very large-flowered species, the flower-buds being very woolly; hence the specific name. The flowers are of a grayish-blue color. It is a native of China, and grows about eight feet high. There is also a white-flowered variety. They bloom in June.

C. hendersonii is a strong-growing species, with pendent, bell-shaped flowers, growing in threes, of a fine violet-blue color. This is a very suitable species for training over verandas, pilasters, etc. It will attain a height of twenty feet, flowering in June.

C. montana, a Himalayan species of strong, robust growth; the flowers are white, slightly stained with pink, about two inches in diameter, and sweet-scented. It flowers in May.

Of late years a large number of hybrid varieties have been raised abroad, particularly in England. The species from which they have been mostly derived are *C. lanuginosa*, *C. azurea*, and *C. hendersonii*. Some of them are as yet scarce and high-priced. Among the best of them are the following:

C. jackmanii; the flowers are large, of a rich crimson-purple color. It is quite hardy, a profuse bloomer, and very desirable. *C. Princess of Wales;* flowers of a rich violet-purple color, with a red bar down the centre of each petal. *C. rubroviolacea*, similar to *C. jackmanii*, has reddish-violet flowers five inches in diameter, of a rich velvety appearance. *C. rubella*, with deep claret-colored flowers, which frequently have six petals. *C. atropurpurea* has large crimson-blue flowers. *C. Lady Bovill*, a free grower and bloomer; the flowers are of a lavender-blue color. *C. Jeanne d'Arc* is a vigorous grower; the flowers are large, white, with three pale blue stripes in each petal. *C. I. G. Veitch* is a double-flowered variety, with flowers four inches across, of a light blue color; it is a free bloomer. *C. Fortunei* is a Japanese variety, with double white, large, fragrant flowers.

In addition to the above climbing species there are also some herbaceous, upright-growing ones, the best of which are *C. integrifolia*, with large bell-shaped flowers of a fine blue color, growing about two feet high, and blooming in June and August. *C. erecta*, with small white flowers, in large panicles, blooming in May and June, and sometimes producing a second crop of flowers in August. The flowers of this species are very serviceable in making bouquets. There is a double-flowered variety, but it is very rare, *C. tubulosa*, growing about three feet high, with tubulate flowers resembling hyacinths; color violet-blue. The foliage of this species is very large and fine. It blooms in August and September.

DISAPPOINTED.

In the opera-house on the first of May,
While Patti's notes were ringing,
As cold and fair as a statue there
She sat amid the singing,
With a cross of care on her beauty rare
Its bitter shadow flinging.

There were jewels of light in her locks of gold,
Wet jewels on her lashes.
You could not tell, look ever so well,
Which gleamed in brighter flashes,
The gem to sell, or the tear that fell,
As grief on grandeur clashes.

For that single night in the sad, slow year
The weary heart had waited;
And she kept that night in her constant sight
On throne inviolated;
When her trusty knight his love could plight,
And prove it unabated.

Oh, trysting forgotten! Oh, watch all in vain!
While Patti's notes are swelling.
He has thrown away, in his careless play,
That love all love excelling;
And the first of May is a barren day,
Of Love's entombment telling.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

OVER twelve hundred boys and girls enjoyed a happy holiday on the occasion of the first picnic of the season arranged by the managers of the Children's Excursion Fund. This flock of little folks was gathered from seven industrial and mission schools under the charge of the Children's Aid Society. They were accompanied by their teachers and many ladies and gentlemen who were interested in the systematic efforts being made to give fresh air, recreation, and pleasure to the young children of the poor and unfortunate. On this occasion the trip was up the beautiful Hudson to Excelsior Park, opposite Yonkers; and while sailing in the barge and roaming through the grove, while eating and dancing and plucking flowers and leaves, the faces of these poor children showed an intensity of enjoyment rarely witnessed. They abandoned themselves to the present joy, unmindful of the toil, suffering, and weariness that a speedy future might bring. Ample provision was made for feeding the little multitude—bread, French rolls, ice-cream, fresh milk, sponge-cake, beef, ham, tongue, butter, ice, sugar, and lemons. Every child was well fed, and, what is more, well taken care of. Various articles were purchased for use on this occasion which will be equally available on future occasions. It was estimated that the actual expense for each child was less than fifty cents. The pleasure will be long remembered by all of them.

The new Post-office, in the City Hall Park, will be as nearly fire-proof as is possible. The only materials used in its construction are granite, iron, brick, and glass. The roof will be of copper; and as work is now rapidly progressing on the fourth story, it is expected that the building will be ready for roofing by next October. The land on which the Post-office stands being a triangle, the architectural labor has been greater than it would have been otherwise; and as every side of it is equally exposed, the decorations have every where been of equal importance. About an acre and a quarter of land is covered by the building, which, even in its present incomplete condition, conveys the impression of solid and massive strength. The building will doubtless be finished in the early part of 1874.

For more than twenty years an elephant has held an abiding-place in the Zoological Gardens of Marseilles. The municipal authorities have sold him several times, but whenever arrangements were about to be made for delivering the article to the purchaser, the article positively refused to move. Doubtless he has become attached to his long-time abode. But the affair is becoming awkward, and the authorities have lost all patience with their stubborn pensioner.

One of the latest invented remedies for the diseases to which this poor mortal frame is subject is the application of a bag of ice to the spinal column. An Englishman, one Dr. Chapman, made the discovery, and we understand that it is a specific for all pain. We doubt the popularity of this treatment in January, but amidst the oppressive heat of midsummer one might lie down to pleasant dreams on an ice-bag.

The Japanese language is not easily learned. The progress in knowledge is slow and imperceptible; but after a long time the student may find himself taking pleasure in Japanese poetry. The two following sonnets give some idea of the feelings of this people:

"Kari no yo wo
Kari no yo ja tote,
Ada ni suna;
Kari no yo bakari
Ono ga yo nareba."

"While you call this world by its fleeting name, do not think of it as a trifle. And why? Because this fleeting world is your only world."

"Yo no naka ni
Hana mo momiji mo
Kin-gin mo
Atayete aru zo;
Sei-dashite tore.

"In this world are endless gifts, from the beauties of nature even unto wealth. Putting forth your strength, grasp them."

One of the nicest little inventions of the time is a patent bath-tub for birds. Every one who has had any experience in taking care of cage birds knows how shy they are in performing their ablutions. Now they will be no longer obliged to wash themselves in public. The new bath-tub is open at one end only, being covered by a hood. The bird is secure from curious eyes, and does not spatter the cage.

A dweller upon Kansas prairie plains, who is evidently in a good condition of body, recounts, for the benefit of unfortunate residents in more eastern sections of the country, the delicacies upon which he and his wife—not to mention the baby—subsisted for a week, at a grand total expense of $1 92¾. At the risk of arousing envious feelings, we mention briefly the articles consumed each day: *Monday*—venison-steak, tomatoes, brown bread, coffee, milk, omelet, tea, white bread; *Tuesday*—rabbit, bread, coffee, quails, potatoes, onions: *Wednesday*—roasted beaver, coffee, prairie-chickens, potatoes, bread, tea; *Thursday*—rabbit, bread, coffee, quails, tea, potatoes, onions, eggs, pudding; *Friday*—venison, with grape jelly, bread, coffee, beaver-tail soup, etc.; *Saturday*—omelet, coffee, bread, prairie-chickens, apple-pie; *Sunday*—eggs, coffee, bread, tea, and toast. It should be mentioned that there was no lack of butter or milk on any day. Also, it should be stated that the cost of the game is reckoned by the expenditure of powder and shot necessary to obtain it, while eggs, butter, etc., are reckoned at "store" prices. We expect there will be a rush for Kansas immediately.

At Vienna there is a firm which advertises to supply "English refreshments" in "English style." The arrangement is not, however, so entirely English as it might be. For example, on a certain "dai" the bill of fare includes "Sir Loine of beef," "Chees and salade," "Sherries gobblers," and "Pastry aux fruits." The young women who do the waiting in this establishment are arrayed in an exaggerated style of dress, which can scarcely give intelligent foreigners a correct notion of the way things are done in England or America.

The average amount of nitro-glycerine employed in the improvements at Hurl Gate is one thousand pounds a month. The present rate of tunneling is about 250 feet monthly, involving the removal on an average of 950 cubic yards of rock.

Lady Palmerston must have been a woman of rare wisdom. It is said of her that no one ever knew from or through her what Lord Palmerston did not wish to be known. She always understood full well what she was telling, to whom she was telling it, when and where it would be repeated, and whether the repetition would do good or harm. She had wonderful tact, which was of immense service to the great statesman; and long experience had taught him that her intuitions were infallible in various matters. If some communication made to her particularly impressed itself upon her, she would say, "You must write that down, and I will show it to Lord Palmerston when he comes in; or stay, perhaps he has not gone out." A simple message, verbal or written, sent to him thus was always immediately answered. He had learned the value of her tact and penetration.

The *Court Journal* says: "The Japanese have decided to call six days of their new week Light, Moon, Fire, Water, Metal, and Earth. What do they mean to call the other day? Perhaps Heaven on the seventh would not be bad."

Scene in an Ohio smoking-car. Enter woman with poodle-dog. Deposits her companion on one seat, turns another seat, and sits facing the canine. Conductor soon appears, and advises her to find accommodations in another car which is not devoted to smokers. She prefers to remain, saying her presence would deter the occupants from the use of the weed. Gentleman in front of her presently produces his cigar, and commences puffing. The woman becomes aggravated. By a sudden strategic movement she wrests the cigar from his mouth and throws it out the window, exclaiming, "If there is any thing I do hate, it is tobacco-smoke!" Passengers are convulsed with laughter. Insulted gentleman is imperturbably grave. He calmly rises, reaches over the seat, takes the poodle by the neck, throws it out the window as far as possible, saying, "If there is any thing I do hate, it is a poodle-dog!"

Dr. Merle d'Aubigné, author of the *History of the Reformation*, received, when living, only a small salary as professor in the theological seminary at Geneva. He left but little property, and his widow and four children are without adequate means of support and education. An appeal in their behalf has been made in this country.

Why not settle the mooted question, "How to make tea," by allowing every lady to have it made or to make it her own way in her own house? One says tea must never be boiled, another thinks it must be slowly boiled five or ten minutes, and the subject is a constant matter of discussion. Let every one make her own tea as she likes it best.

The Charleston *News* makes some statements concerning cholera which are of general interest. When Asiatic cholera first made its appearance in this country, it did not extend to that city. In 1832 a vessel having cholera on board ran ashore on Light-house Island. The vessel was burned, and the crew sent to the Lazaretto. One of the crew, however, escaped, and went to Charleston, where he died of Asiatic cholera of the worst type. The body was visited and examined by hundreds of curious persons, but there was not a single new case of cholera. Cholera broke out some years later in the western part of the city, when the cholera epidemic was a thousand miles distant. The cases were easily controlled, and were believed to be due to the rotting of garbage. Various theories have been suggested to account for the freedom of Charleston from cholera epidemics. The most plausible hypothesis is that the general use of cistern water is unfavorable to the development of the disease. This view finds confirmation in the fact that while the cholera raged in Nashville, where limestone water was used, there was not a single case in a part of the street on the hill-side where cistern water only was drunk.

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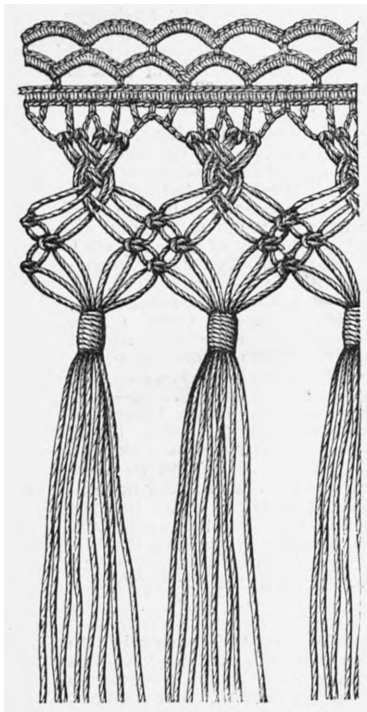


Fig. 1.—KNOTTED, PLAITED, AND CROCHET FRINGE FOR COVERS, ETC.

Knotted, Plaited, and Crochet Fringe for Covers, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE fringes may be made of worsted, silk, or twisted cotton. For the upper edge of the fringe Fig. 1 crochet, first, on a ch. (chain stitch) foundation of the requisite length one round of sc. (single crochet), then on the same side 4 rounds more in the following manner: 2d round.—Always alternately 8 ch., pass over 7 st. (stitch) of the preceding round, 1 sc. (single crochet) on the next st. 3d round.—On each ch. scallop of the preceding round work 11 sc. 4th and 5th rounds.—Like the 2d and 3d rounds, observing the illustration. Then crochet on the other side of the foundation one round more as follows: 1 sc. on the next st., ∗ 1 ch., 1 dc. (double crochet) on the third following st., 4 ch., 1 stc. (short treble crochet) on the third following st., 4 ch., 1 sc. on the third following st., 4 ch., 1 stc. on the third following st., 4 ch., 1 dc. on the third following st., 1 ch., 1 sc. on the third following st., and repeat from ∗. Into the last of the crochet rounds tie threads 12 inches long and laid double, as shown by the illustration; with these threads work, first, the plaiting and then the knotting, observing the illustration. Finally, knot together always four of the fringe strands, and cut the ends even after finishing the knotting.

Fig. 2.—To make this fringe use gimp like that shown by Figs. 2 and 3, page 293, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 19, Vol. VI. Crochet first on one side of the gimp two rounds for the upper edge as follows: 1st round.—4 sc. on the next loop of the gimp, then always alternately 10 ch., 4 sc. on the second following loop. 2d round.—On each ch. scallop of the preceding round work 13 sc. On the other side of the gimp tie fringe strands of the requisite length into each loop; divide these strands, loop them, and knot them together as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 1.—PLAIN AND FIGURED LINEN DRESS.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 33–36.

Fig. 2.—PLAIN AND FIGURED LINEN DRESS.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 33–36.

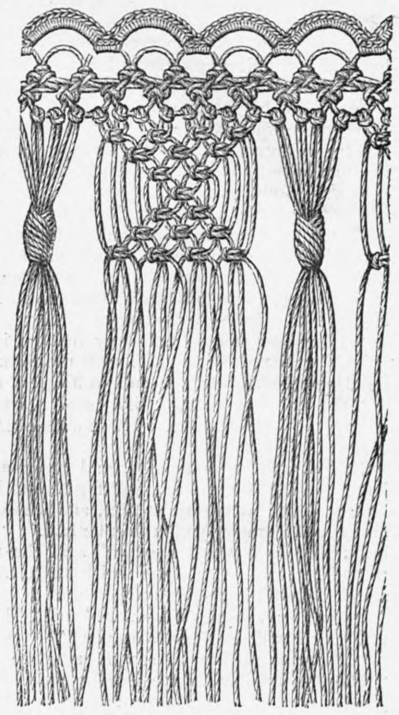


Fig. 2.—KNOTTED AND CROCHET FRINGE FOR COVERS, ETC.

Fig. 1.—LINEN AND PERCALE DRESS.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I.,-Figs. 1-15.

WHITE FLANNEL BATHING CLOAK.

For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 19 and 20.

Fig. 2.—LINEN AND PERCALE DRESS.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. I., Figs. 1-15.

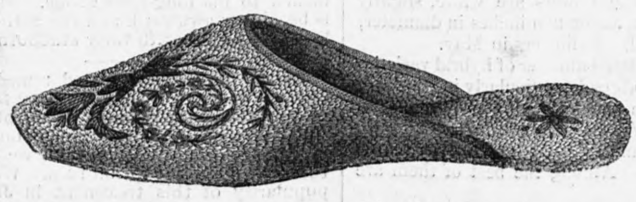
Crochet Edgings for Lingerie, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THE edging shown by Fig. 1 is worked lengthwise with crochet cotton, No. 100. On a foundation of the requisite length work, first, 1 round of sc. (single crochet), and then 9 rounds as follows: 2d round.—1 sc. on the first st. (stitch) of the preceding round, ∗ 1 leaflet of 5 ch. (chain stitch) and 2 dc. (double crochet) on the first of the 5 ch.; these 2 dc. are not worked off separately, but together with the loop on the needle; then 1 leaflet as before, pass over 6 st. of the preceding round, 1 sc. on the next st.; repeat from ∗. 3d and 4th rounds.—Like the 2d round, but work the sc. always on a vein between 2 leaflets worked in connection. 5th round.—∗ 1 sc. on the vein between the next 2 leaflets worked in connection in the preceding round, 2 leaflets in connection like those of the 2d round, 1 sc. on the vein between the next 2 leaflets worked in connection in the preceding round, 5 ch., 1 sc. on the next sc. of the preceding round, 5 ch.; repeat from ∗. 6th round.—∗ 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the next sc. of the preceding round, 5 ch., 1 sc. on the vein between the next 2 leaflets, 5 ch., 1 sl. on the following sc., 6 ch., 1 sl. on the next sc., 6 ch.; repeat from ∗. 7th round.—1 sl. on the next sl. of the preceding round; then on each ch. scallop 3 sc., 1 p. (picot—that is, 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these), 3 sc. At the corresponding points always crochet together the ch. scallops of the 5th and 6th rounds which are above each other. 8th round.—∗ 1 sl. on the vein between the following 2 ch. scallops of the preceding round, 2 ch., 1 p. downward (that is, 5 ch., drop the last st. from the needle, insert the needle in the first of the 5 ch., and draw through the dropped st.), 6 ch., fasten to the middle st. of the second following p. of the preceding round; then 1 dot of 3 ch., fasten to the third p. of the preceding round, 3 ch., fasten to the same st. of the second p. to which the 6 ch. have already been fastened, 4 ch., fasten to the third p., 4 ch., fasten to the second p., 5 ch., fasten to the third p., 5 ch., fasten to the second p., 4 ch., fasten to the third p., 4 ch., fasten to the second p., 3 ch., fasten to the third p., 3 ch., fasten to the second p.; this completes the dot; then 2 ch., fasten to the third of the 6 ch. worked before the dot, 9 ch., fasten to the same st. of the third p. to which the ch. of the dot was fastened, 2 ch., fasten to the third of the last 9 ch., 3 ch., 1 p. downward, 2 ch.; repeat from ∗. 9th round.—1 sl. on the next sl. of the preceding round, ∗ 6 sc. on the next ch. scallop of the preceding round, observing the illustration, 8 sc. on the following ch. scallop, 6 sc. on the third ch. scallop; repeat from ∗. 10th round.—1 sl. on the sl. of the preceding round, ∗ 1 leaflet of 5 ch. and 3 dc. on the first ch.; these 3 dc. are not worked off separately, but together with the loop on the needle; pass over 4 st. of the preceding round, 1 sc. on the next st.; repeat from ∗.

Fig. 2.—For this edging, consisting of 9 rounds, crochet, first, on a foundation of the requisite length 1 round of sc. 2d round.—1 sc. on the first st. of the preceding round, ∗ 5 ch., 1 sc. on the fourth following st. of the preceding round, 1 ch., 3 p., 1 ch., 1 sc. on the fourth following

Fig. 1.—BATHING BAG.—OPEN.

For design see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 32.



EMBROIDERED BATHING SLIPPER.

For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 21 and 22.

Fig. 2.—BATHING BAG.—CLOSED.

For design see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 32.

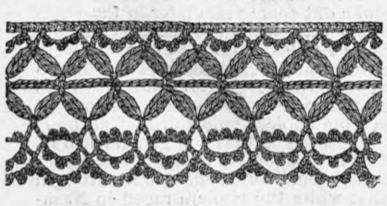


Fig. 2.—CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

BORDER FOR UNDER-SLEEVES, COVERS, ETC.—VENETIAN EMBROIDERY.

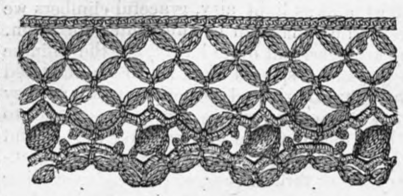


Fig. 1.—CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

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st.; repeat from ∗. 3d round.—∗ 1 sc. on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop consisting of 5 ch. in the preceding round, 2 leaflets consisting each of 6 ch. and 2 stc. (short treble crochet) on the first of the 6 ch., but work off the last veins not separately, but together, drawing the thread through once; repeat from ∗. 4th round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the vein between the next 2 leaflets worked in connection in the preceding round, 6 ch. 5th round.—1 sl. on each st. of the preceding round. 6th round.—∗ 1 sc. on the next sl. of the preceding round, 2 leaflets in connection like those of the 3d round, pass over 6 st.; repeat from ∗. 7th round.—2 ch., ∗ 1 sc. on the vein between the next 2 leaflets worked in connection in the preceding round, 2 ch., 3 p. downward, 2 ch.; repeat from ∗. 8th round.—1 sc. on the first ch. of the preceding round, ∗ 5 ch., 1 sc. on the second ch. before the next 3 p. of the preceding round, 3 p., 1 sc. on the first of the 2 ch. worked after the next 3 p.; repeat from ∗. 9th round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop consisting of 5 ch. in the preceding round, 5 p.

Caps and Coiffures, Figs. 1–3.

Fig. 1.—BLONDE, VELVET, AND RIBBON DRESS CAP. This cap is made of white figured silk tulle, white blonde two inches and a quarter wide, maize silk ribbon three inches and a quarter wide, and black velvet ribbon an inch wide, on a foundation, as shown by the illustration. Cut the foundation of double stiff lace from Fig. 24, Suppl., in one piece, wire it, and bind it with silk ribbon.

Fig. 2.—HEAD-DRESS OF LACE, RIBBON, AND FLOWERS.

Fig. 2.—HEAD-DRESS OF LACE, RIBBON, AND FLOWERS. This head-dress is made of white figured silk tulle, lace an inch and a half wide, and green and blue gros grain ribbon, as shown by the illustration. On the right side is a steel agrafe and a spray of flowers.

Fig. 1.—BLONDE, VELVET, AND RIBBON DRESS CAP.

For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 24.

Fig. 3.—TULLE, LACE, AND RIBBON DRESS CAP. For the crown of this cap cut of double stiff lace one whole piece from Fig. 25, Supplement, wire it all around, and border the front edge with gathered lace two inches wide. Cut of figured white silk tulle a straight piece two inches and seven-eighths wide, and nine inches and three-quarters long. Trim this piece through the middle with insertion an inch wide, and along the outer edge, excepting the top, with lace two inches and seven-eighths wide. Sew the tulle trimmed in this manner on the back edge of the crown. The trimming for the cap, which is set on as shown by the illustration, consists of lace two inches wide, loops and ends of pink gros grain ribbon two inches and a half wide, and olive gros grain ribbon of the same width, and a bunch of pink roses and white flowers.

Fig. 3.—TULLE, LACE, AND RIBBON DRESS CAP.

For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 25.

Border for Under-Sleeves, Covers, etc.—Venetian Embroidery.—[See illustration on page 456.]

THIS border is worked on fine linen to which the design has been transferred. First run the outlines of the design with cotton, then work the button-hole stitch bars as shown by the illustration, in doing which make a picot at each corresponding point. Border the design figures with button-hole stitches, and underlay the broader and more raised part of the button-hole stitch edge more thickly along the outlines. After finishing the embroidery, cut away the material underneath the button-hole stitch bars along the outlines, observing the illustration.

Bathing Bag, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 456.*

THIS bag, which is designed for holding the different articles required in bathing, is made of brown leather, lined with carriage leather of the same color, and closed with a buckle and leather strap. The

Fig. 1.—BLUE FLANNEL BATHING SUIT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 37–39.

Fig. 2.—BATHING SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 40–43.

Fig. 3.—GRAY FLANNEL BATHING SUIT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 44–47.

Fig. 4.—RED FLANNEL BATHING SUIT.

For pattern see description in Supplement.

Fig. 5.—BATHING SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.

For pattern see description in Supplement.

FIGS. 1–5.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S BATHING SUITS.

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flap of the main piece is ornamented on the outside with a medallion, which is worked on a foundation of brown cloth in the design given by Fig. 32, Supplement, with soutache of the same color. The back of the main piece is furnished on the inside, as shown by Fig. 1, with pockets of different sizes. These pockets are furnished with a brass lock, and with buttons and button-holes, for closing. On the outside of the back of the main piece sew leather bands furnished with rings. Through these rings run a strap of the requisite length, which is slung across the shoulder in carrying the bag.

A CONFESSION.

I MET her on the cars to-day—
I've often met her there before.
She has an arch, enchanting way
Which women envy, men adore.

She is not young—no more am I!
Indeed, my beard is white as snow;
But Time has slyly passed her by,
Nor left a wrinkle on her brow.

Her eyes are blue as heaven's blue;
Her forehead with the lily vies;
Her cheeks have caught the roses' hue,
Her hair the sunsets' golden dyes.

We meet and chat, and when we part
Perhaps we kiss, but neither tells!
And then for hours within my heart
There's music sweet as chiming bells.

Our talk's not of indifferent things—
Of books and pictures, birds and flowers—
But things akin to wedding-rings,
Of boys and business, girls and dowers.

Indeed, it is most grave and staid,
As doth become our time of life;
For we are passing into shade,
And I'm her husband, she's my wife.

BARRY GRAY.

(Continued from No. 26, page 407.)

LADY ANNA.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "The Warden," "The Small House at Allington," "Barchester Towers," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," "Orley Farm," "The Eustace Diamonds," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE JOURNEY HOME.

IN absolute silence Lord Lovel and Lady Anna walked back to the inn. He had been dumfounded—nearly so by her first abrupt statement, and then altogether by the arguments with which she had defended herself. She had nothing further to say. She had, indeed, said all, and had marveled at her own eloquence while she was speaking. Nor was there absent from her a certain pride in that she had done the thing that was right, and had dared to defend herself. She was full of regrets—almost of remorse—but nevertheless she was proud. He knew it all now, and one of her great difficulties had been overcome.

And she was fully resolved that as she had dared to tell him, and to face his anger, his reproaches, his scorn, she would not falter before the scorn and the reproaches, or the anger, of the other Lovels—of any of the Lovels of Yoxham. Her mother's reproaches would be dreadful to her; her mother's anger would well-nigh kill her; her mother's scorn would scorch her very soul. But sufficient for the day was the evil thereof. At the present moment she could be strong with the strength she had assumed; so she walked in at the sitting-room window with a bold front, and the Earl followed her. The two aunts were there, and it was plain to them both that something was astray between the lovers. They had said among themselves that Lady Anna would accept the offer the moment that it was in form made to her. To their eyes the manner of their guest had been the manner of a girl eager to be wooed; but they had both imagined that their delicately nurtured and fastidious nephew might possibly be offended by some solecism in conduct, some falling away from feminine grace, such as might too probably be shown by one whose early life had been subjected to rough associates. Even now it occurred to each of them that it had been so. The Earl seated himself in a chair, and took up a book which they had brought with them. Lady Anna stood at the open window, looking across at the broad field and the river-bank beyond; but neither of them spoke a word. There had certainly been some quarrel. Then Aunt Julia, in the cause of wisdom, asked a question:

"Where is Minnie? Did not Minnie go with you?"

"No," said the Earl. "She went in some other direction at my bidding. Mr. Cross is with her, I suppose." It was evident from the tone of his voice that the displeasure of the head of all the Lovels was very great.

"We start soon, I suppose?" said Lady Anna.

"After lunch, my dear; it is hardly one yet."

"I will go up all the same, and see about my things."

"Shall I help you, my dear?" asked Mrs. Lovel.

"Oh no! I would sooner do it alone."

Then she hurried into her room, and burst into a flood of tears as soon as the door was closed behind her.

"Frederic, what ails her?" asked Aunt Julia.

"If any thing ails her she must tell you herself," said the lord.

"Something is amiss. You can not wonder that we should be anxious, knowing that we know how great is the importance of all this."

"I can not help your anxiety just at present, Aunt Julia; but you should always remember that there will be slips between the cup and the lip."

"Then there has been a slip? I knew it would be so. I always said so, and so did my brother."

"I wish you would all remember that about such an affair as this the less said the better." So saying, the lord walked out through the window and sauntered down to the river-side.

"It's all over," said Aunt Julia.

"I don't see why we should suppose that at present," said Aunt Jane.

"It's all over. I knew it as soon as I saw her face when she came in. She has said something, or done something, and it's all off. It will be a matter of over twenty thousand pounds a year!"

"He'll be sure to marry somebody with money," said Aunt Jane. "What with his title and his being so handsome, he is certain to do well, you know."

"There's nothing like that going. I heard Mr. Flick say that it was equal to half a million of money. And then it would have been at once. If he goes up to London, and about, just as he is, he'll be head over ears in debt before any body knows what he is doing. I wonder what it is. He likes pretty girls, and there's no denying that she's handsome."

"Perhaps she wouldn't have him."

"That's impossible, Jane. She came down here on purpose to have him. She went out with him this morning to be made love to. They were together three times longer yesterday, and he came home as sweet as sugar to her. I wonder whether she can have wanted to make some condition about the money."

"What condition?"

"That she and her mother should have it in their own keeping."

"She doesn't seem to be that sort of a young woman," said Aunt Jane.

"There's no knowing what that Mr. Goffe, Sergeant Bluestone, and her mother may have put her up to. Frederic wouldn't stand that kind of thing for a minute, and he would be quite right. Better any thing than that a man shouldn't be his own master. I think you'd better go up to her, Jane; she'll be more comfortable with you than with me." Then Aunt Jane, obedient as usual, went up to her young cousin's bedroom.

In the mean time the young lord was standing on the river's brink, thinking what he would do. He had, in truth, very much of which to think, and points of most vital importance, as to which he must resolve what should be his action. Must this announcement which he had heard from his cousin dissolve forever the prospect of his marriage with her; or was it open to him still, as a nobleman, a gentleman, and a man of honor, to make use of all those influences which he might command, with the view of getting rid of that impediment of a previous engagement? Being very ignorant of the world at large, and altogether ignorant of this man in particular, he did not doubt that the tailor might be bought off. Then he was sure that all who would have access to the Lady Anna would help him in such a cause, and that her own mother would be the most forward to do so. The girl would hardly hold to such a purpose if all the world, all her own world, were against her. She certainly would be beaten from it if a bribe sufficient were offered to the tailor. That this must be done for the sake of the Lovel family, so that the Lady Anna Lovel might not be known to have married a tailor, was beyond a doubt; but it was not so clear to him that he could take to himself as his countess her who with her own lips had told him that she intended to be the bride of a working artisan. As he thought of this, as his imagination went to work on all the abominable circumstances of such a betrothal, he threw from his hand into the stream with all the vehemence of passion a little twig which he held. It was too, too frightful, too disgusting; and then so absolutely unexpected, so unlike her personal demeanor, so contrary to the look of her eyes, to the tone of her voice, to every motion of her body! She had been sweet and gentle and gracious, till he had almost come to think that her natural feminine gifts of ladyship were more even than her wealth, of better savor than her rank, were equal even to her beauty, which he had sworn to himself during the past night to be unsurpassed. And this sweet one had told him—this one so soft and gracious—not that she was doomed by some hard fate to undergo the degrading thralldom, but that she herself had willingly given herself to a working tailor from love and gratitude and free selection! It was a marvel to him that a thing so delicate should have so little sense of her own delicacy! He did not think that he could condescend to take the tailor's place.

But if not—if he would not take it, or if, as might still be possible, the tailor's place could not be made vacant for him—what then? He had pledged his belief in the justice of his cousin's claim; and had told her that, believing his own claim to be unjust, in no case would he prosecute it. Was he now bound by that assurance—bound to it even to the making of the tailor's fortune; or might he absent himself from any further action in the matter, leaving it entirely in the hands of the lawyers? Might it not be best for her happiness that he should do so? He had been told that even though he should not succeed, there might arise almost interminable delay. The tailor would want his money before he married, and thus she might be rescued from her degradation until she should be old enough to understand it. And yet how could he claim that of which he had said, now a score of times, that he knew that it was not his own? Could he cease to call this girl by the name which all his people had acknowledged as her own, because she had refused to be his wife, and declare his conviction that she was base-born only because she had preferred to his own the addresses of a low-born man, reeking with the sweat of a tailor's board? No, he could not do that. Let her marry the sweeper of a crossing, and he must still call her the Lady Anna, if he called her any thing.

Something must be done, however. He had been told by the lawyers how the matter might be made to right itself, if he and the young lady could at once agree to be man and wife; but he had not been told what would follow should she decline to accept his offer. Mr. Flick and the Solicitor-General must know how to shape their course before November came round—and would no doubt want all the time to shape it that he could give them. What was he to say to Mr. Flick and to the Solicitor-General? Was he at liberty to tell to them the secret which the girl had told to him? That he was at liberty to say that she had rejected his offer must be a matter of course; but might he go beyond that, and tell them the whole story? It would be most expedient for many reasons that they should know it. On her behalf even it might be most salutary—with that view of liberating her from the grasp of her humiliating lover. But she had told it him, against her own interests, at her own peril, to her own infinite sorrow, in order that she might thus allay hopes in which he would otherwise have persevered. He knew enough of the little schemes and by-ways of love, of the generosity and self-sacrifice of lovers, to feel that he was bound to confidence. She had told him that if needs were he might repeat her tale; but she had told him at the same time that her tale was a secret. He could not go with her secret to a lawyer's chambers, and then divulge in the course of business that which had been extracted from her by the necessity to which she had submitted of setting him free. He could write to Mr. Flick—if that at last was his resolve—that a marriage was altogether out of the question, but he could not tell him why it was so.

But he wandered slowly on along the river, having decided only on this—only on this as a certainty—that he must tell her secret neither to the lawyers nor to his own people. Then, as he walked, a little hand touched his behind, and when he turned, Minnie Lovel took him by the arm. "Why are you all alone, Fred?"

"I am meditating how wicked the world is—and girls in particular."

"Where is Cousin Anna?"

"Up at the house, I suppose."

"Is she wicked?"

"Don't you know that every body is wicked, because Eve ate the apple?"

"Adam ate it too."

"Who bade him?"

"The devil," said the child, whispering.

"But he spoke by a woman's mouth. Why don't you go in and get ready to go?"

"So I will. Tell me one thing, Fred. May I be a bride-maid when you are married?"

"I don't think you can."

"I have set my heart upon it. Why not?"

"Because you'll be married first."

"That's nonsense, Fred; and you know it's nonsense. Isn't Cousin Anna to be your wife?"

"Look here, my darling; I'm awfully fond of you, and think you the prettiest little girl in the world. But if you ask impertinent questions, I'll never speak to you again. Do you understand?" She looked up into his face, and did understand that he was in earnest, and left him, walking slowly across the meadow back to the house alone. "Tell them not to wait lunch for me," he hallooed after her; and she told her aunt Julia that Cousin Frederic was very sulky down by the river, and that they were not to wait for him.

When Mrs. Lovel went up stairs into Lady Anna's room not a word was said about the occurrence of the morning. The elder lady was afraid to ask a question, and the younger was fully determined to tell nothing even had a question been asked her. Lord Lovel might say what he pleased. Her secret was with him, and he could tell it if he chose. She had given him permission to do so, of which, no doubt, he would avail himself. But, on her own account, she would say nothing; and when questioned she would merely admit the fact. She would neither defend her engagement, nor would she submit to have it censured. If they pleased, she would return to her mother in London at any shortest possible notice.

The party lunched almost in silence, and when the horses were ready Lord Lovel came in to help them into the carriage. When he had placed the three ladies, he desired Minnie to take the fourth seat, saying that he would sit with Mr. Cross on the box. Minnie looked at his face, but there was still the frown there, and she obeyed him without any remonstrance. During the whole of the long journey home there was hardly a word spoken. Lady Anna knew that she was in disgrace, and was ignorant how much of her story had been told to the two elder ladies. She sat almost motionless looking out upon the fields, and accepting her position as one that was no longer thought worthy of notice. Of course she must go back to London. She could not continue to live at Yoxham, neither spoken to nor speaking. Minnie went to sleep, and Minnie's mother and aunt now and then addressed a few words to each other. Anna felt sure that to the latest day of her existence she would remember that journey. On their arrival at the rectory door Mr. Cross helped the ladies out of the carriage, while the lord affected to make himself busy with the shawls and luggage. Then he vanished, and was seen no more till he appeared at dinner.

"What sort of a trip have you had?" asked the rector, addressing himself to the three ladies indifferently.

For a moment nobody answered him, and then Aunt Julia spoke. "It was very pretty, as it always is at Bolton in summer—we were told that the Duke has not been there this year at all. The inn was very comfortable, and I think that the young people enjoyed themselves yesterday very much." The subject was too important, too solemn, too great, to allow of even a word to be said about it without proper consideration.

"Did Frederic like it?"

"I think he did yesterday," said Mrs. Lovel. "I think we were all a little tired coming home to-day."

"Anna sprained her ankle jumping over the Stryd," said Minnie.

"Not seriously, I hope."

"Oh dear, no; nothing at all to signify." It was the only word which she spoke till it was suggested that she should go up to her room. The girl obeyed, as a child might have done, and went up stairs, followed by Mrs. Lovel. "My dear," she said, "we can not go on like this. What is the matter?"

"You must ask Lord Lovel."

"Have you quarreled with him?"

"I have not quarreled, Mrs. Lovel. If he has quarreled with me, I can not help it."

"You know what we have all wished."

"It can never be so."

"Have you said so to Frederic?"

"I have."

"Have you given him any reason, Anna?"

"I have," she said, after a pause.

"What reason, dear?"

She thought for a moment before she replied. "I was obliged to tell him the reason, Mrs. Lovel; but I don't think that I need tell any body else. Of course I must tell mamma."

"Does your mamma know it?"

"Not yet."

"And is it a reason that must last forever?"

"Yes—forever. But I do not know why every body is to be angry with me. Other girls may do as they please. If you are angry with me, I had better go back to London at once."

"I do not know that any body has been angry with you. We may be disappointed without being angry." That was all that was said, and then Lady Anna was left to dress for dinner. At dinner Lord Lovel had so far composed himself as to be able to speak to his cousin, and an effort at courtesy was made by them all, except by the rector. But the evening passed away in a manner very different from any that had gone before it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TOO HEAVY FOR SECRETS.

DURING the night the young lord was still thinking of his future conduct—of what duty and honor demanded of him, and of the manner in which he might best make duty and honor consort with his interests. In all the emergencies of his short life he had hitherto had some one to advise him, some elder friend whose counsel he might take even though he would seem to make little use of it when it was offered to him. He had always somewhat disdained Aunt Julia, but nevertheless Aunt Julia had been very useful to him. In later days, since the late Earl's death, when there came upon him the necessity of setting aside that madman's will, as the first of his troubles, Mr. Flick had been his chief counselor, and yet in all his communications with Mr. Flick he had assumed to be his own guide and master. Now it seemed that he must, in truth, guide himself, but he knew not how to do it. Of one thing he felt certain. He must get away from Yoxham and hurry up to London.

It behooved him to keep his cousin's secret, but would he not be keeping it with a sanctity sufficiently strict if he imparted it to one sworn friend—a friend who should be bound not to divulge it further without his consent? If so, the Solicitor-General should be his friend. An intimacy had grown up between the great lawyer and his noble client, not social in its nature, but still sufficiently close, as Lord Lovel thought, to admit of such confidence. He had begun to be aware that without assistance of this nature he would not know how to guide himself. Undoubtedly the wealth of the presumed heiress had become dearer to him—had become at least more important to him—since he had learned that it must probably be lost. Sir William Patterson was a gentleman as well as a lawyer—one who had not simply risen to legal rank by diligence and intellect, but a gentleman born and bred, who had been at a public school, and had lived all his days with people of the right sort. Sir William was his legal adviser, and he would commit Lady Anna's secret to the keeping of Sir William.

There was a coach which started in those days from York at noon, reaching London early on the following day. He would go up by this coach, and would thus avoid the necessity of much further association with his family before he had decided what should be his conduct. But he must see his cousin before he went. He therefore sent a note to her before she had left her room on the following morning:

"DEAR ANNA,—I purpose starting for London in an hour or so, and wish to say one word to you before I go. Will you meet me at nine in the drawing-room? Do not mention my going to my uncle or aunts, as it will be better that I should tell them myself.

"Yours, L."

At ten minutes before nine Lady Anna was in the drawing-room waiting for him, and at ten minutes past nine he joined her.

"I beg your pardon for keeping you waiting." She gave him her hand, and said that it

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did not signify in the least. She was always early.

"I find that I must go up to London at once," he said. To this she made no answer, though he seemed to expect some reply. "In the first place, I could not remain here in comfort after what you told me yesterday."

"I shall be sorry to drive you away. It is your home; and as I must go soon, had I not better go at once?"

"No—that is, I think not. I shall go, at any rate. I have told none of them what you told me yesterday."

"I am glad of that, Lord Lovel."

"It is for you to tell it, if it must be told."

"I did tell your aunt Jane—that you and I never can be as—you said you wished."

"I did wish it most heartily. You did not tell it—all?"

"No—not all."

"You astounded me so that I could hardly speak to you as I should have spoken. I did not mean to be uncourteous."

"I did not think you uncourteous, Lord Lovel. I am sure you would not be uncourteous to me."

"But you astounded me. It is not that I think much of myself, or of my rank as belonging to me. I know that I have but little to be proud of. I am very poor—and not clever like some young men who have not large fortunes, but who can become statesmen and all that. But I do think much of my order; I think much of being a gentleman—and much of ladies being ladies. Do you understand me?"

"Oh yes—I understand you."

"If you are Lady Anna Lovel—"

"I am Lady Anna Lovel."

"I believe you are with all my heart. You speak like it, and look like it. You are fit for any position. Every thing is in your favor. I do believe it. But if so—"

"Well, Lord Lovel—if so?"

"Surely you would not choose to—to—to degrade your rank. That is the truth. If I be your cousin, and the head of your family, I have a right to speak as much. What you told me would be degradation."

She thought a moment, and then she replied to him, "It would be no disgrace."

He too found himself compelled to think before he could speak again. "Do you think that you could like your associates if you were to be married to Mr. Thwaite?"

"I do not know who they would be. He would be my companion, and I like him. I love him dearly. There! you need not tell me, Lord Lovel. I know it all. He is not like you—and I, when I had been his wife, should not be like your aunt Jane. I should never see people of that sort any more, I suppose. We should not live here in England at all—so that I should escape the scorn of all my cousins. I know what I am doing, and why I am doing it—and I do not think you ought to tempt me."

She knew at least that she was open to temptation. He could perceive that, and was thankful for it.

"I do not wish to tempt you, but I would save you from unhappiness if I could. Such a marriage would be unnatural. I have not seen Mr. Thwaite."

"Then, my lord, you have not seen a most excellent man, who, next to my mother, is my best friend."

"But he can not be a gentleman."

"I do not know; but I do know that I can be his wife. Is that all, Lord Lovel?"

"Not quite all. I fear that this weary lawsuit will come back upon us in some shape. I can not say whether I have the power to stop it if I would. I must in part be guided by others."

"I can not do any thing. If I could, I would not even ask for the money for myself."

"No, Lady Anna. You and I can not decide it. I must again see my lawyer. I do not mean the attorney—but Sir William Patterson, the Solicitor-General. May I tell him what you told me yesterday?"

"I can not hinder you."

"But you can give me your permission. If he will promise me that it shall go no farther—then may I tell him? I shall hardly know what to do unless he knows all that I know."

"Every body will know soon."

"Nobody shall know from me—but only he. Will you say that I may tell him?"

"Oh yes."

"I am much indebted to you even for that. I can not tell you now how much I hoped when I got up yesterday morning at Bolton Bridge that I should have to be indebted to you for making me the happiest man in England. You must forgive me if I say that I still hope at heart that this infatuation may be made to cease. And now, good-by, Lady Anna."

"Good-by, Lord Lovel."

She at once went to her room, and sent down her maid to say that she would not appear at prayers or at breakfast. She would not see him again before he went. How probable it was that her eyes had rested on his form for the last time! How beautiful he was—how full of grace, how like a god! How pleasant she had found it to be near him! How full of ineffable sweetness had been every thing that he had touched, all things of which he had spoken to her! He had almost overcome her, as though she had eaten of the lotus, and she knew not whether the charm was of God or devil. But she did know that she had struggled against it, because of her word, and because she owed a debt which falsehood and ingratitude would ill repay. Lord Lovel had called her Lady Anna now. Ah, yes; how good he was! When it became significant to her that he should recognize her rank, he did so at once. He had only dropped the title when, having been recognized, it had become a stumbling-block to her. Now he was gone from her, and, if it was possible, she would cease even to dream of him.

"I suppose, Frederic, that the marriage is not to be?" the rector said to him, as he got into the dog-cart at the rectory door.

"I can not tell. I do not know. I think not. But, uncle, would you oblige me by not speaking of it just at present? You will know all very soon."

The rector stood on the gravel, watching the dog-cart as it disappeared, with his hands in the pockets of his clerical trowsers, and with heavy signs of displeasure on his face. It was very well to be uncle to an earl, and out of his wealth to do what he could to assist, and, if possible, to dispel, his noble nephew's poverty. But surely something was due to him! It was not for his pleasure that this girl—whom he was forced to call Lady Anna, though he could never quite believe her to be so, whom his wife and sister called Cousin Anna, though he still thought that she was not, and could not be, cousin to any body—it was not for any thing that he could get that he was entertaining her as an honored guest at his rectory. And now his nephew was gone, and the girl was left behind. And he was not to be told whether there was to be a marriage or not! "I can not tell. I do not know. I think not." And then he was curtly requested to ask no more questions. What was he to do with the girl? While the young Earl and the lawyers were still pondering the question of her legitimacy, the girl, whether a Lady Anna and a cousin—or a mere nobody, who was trying to rob the family—was to be left on his hands! Why, oh, why had he allowed himself to be talked out of his own opinion? Why had he ever permitted her to be invited to his rectory? Ah, how the title stuck in his throat as he asked her to take the customary glass of wine with him at dinner-time that evening!

On reaching London, toward the end of August, Lord Lovel found that the Solicitor-General was out of town. Sir William had gone down to Somersetshire with the intention of saying some comforting words to his constituents. Mr. Flick knew nothing of his movements, but his clerk was found, and his clerk did not expect him back in London till October. But in answer to Lord Lovel's letter Sir William undertook to come up for one day. Sir William was a man who quite recognized the importance of the case he had in hand.

"Engaged to the tailor, is she?" he said, not, however, with any look of surprise.

"But, Sir William, you will not repeat this, even to Mr. Flick or to Mr. Hardy. I have promised Lady Anna that it shall not go beyond you."

"If she sticks to her bargain it can not be kept secret very long. Nor would she wish it. It's just what we might have expected, you know."

"You wouldn't say so if you knew her."

"H—m. I'm older than you, Lord Lovel. You see, she had nobody else near her. A girl must cotton to somebody, and who was there? We ought not to be angry with her."

"But it shocks me so."

"Well, yes. As far as I can learn, his father and he have stood by them very closely, and did so, too, when there seemed to be but little hope. But they might be paid for all they did at a less rate than that. If she sticks to him, nobody can beat him out of it. What I mean is that it was all fair game. He ran his chance, and did it in a manly fashion."

The Earl did not quite understand Sir William, who seemed to take almost a favorable view of these monstrous betrothals.

"What I mean is that nobody can touch him or find fault with him. He has not carried her away and got up a marriage before she was of age. He hasn't kept her from going out among her friends. He hasn't—wronged her, I suppose?"

"I think he has wronged her frightfully."

"Ah—well. We mean different things. I am obliged to look at it as the world will look at it."

"Think of the disgrace of such a marriage—to a tailor."

"Whose father had advanced her mother some five or six thousand pounds to help her to win back her position. That's about the truth of it. We must look at it all round, you know."

"You think, then, that nothing should be done?"

"I think that every thing should be done that can be done. We have the mother on our side. Very probably we may have old Thwaite on our side. From what you say it is quite possible that at this very moment the girl herself may be on our side. Let her remain at Yoxham as long as you can get her to stay, and let every thing be done to flatter and amuse her. Go down again yourself, and play the lover as well as I do not doubt you know how to do it." It was clear, then, that the great legal pundit did not think that an earl should be ashamed to carry on his suit to a lady who had confessed her attachment to a journeyman tailor. "It will be a trouble to us all, of course, because we must change our plan when the case comes on in November."

"But you still think that she is the heiress?"

"So strongly that I feel all but sure of it. We shouldn't, in truth, have had a leg to stand on, and we couldn't fight it. I may as well tell you at once, my lord, that we couldn't do it with any chance of success. And what should we have gained had we done so? Nothing. Unless we could prove that the real wife were dead, we should have been fighting for that Italian woman, whom I most thoroughly believe to be an impostor."

"Then there is nothing to be done?"

"Very little in that way. But if the young lady be determined to marry the tailor, I think we should simply give notice that we withdraw our opposition to the English ladies, and state that we had so informed the woman who asserts her own claim and calls herself a countess in Sicily; and we should let the Italian woman know that we had done so. In such case, for aught any body can say here, she might come forward with her own case. She would find men here who would take it up on speculation readily enough. There would be a variety of complications, and no doubt very great delay. In such an event we should question very closely the nature of the property; as, for aught I have seen as yet, a portion of it might revert to you as real estate. It is very various, and it is not always easy to declare at once what is real and what personal. Hitherto you have appeared as contesting the right of the English widow to her rank, and not necessarily as a claimant of the estate. The Italian widow, if a widow, would be the heir, and not your lordship. For that, among other reasons, the marriage would be most expedient. If the Italian Countess were to succeed in proving that the Earl had a wife living when he married Miss Murray—which I feel sure he had not—then we should come forward again with our endeavors to show that that first wife had died since—as the Earl himself undoubtedly declared more than once. It would be a long time before the tailor got his money with his wife. The feeling of the court would be against him."

"Could we buy the tailor, Sir William?"

The Solicitor-General nursed his leg before he answered.

"Mr. Flick could answer that question better than I can do. In fact, Mr. Flick should know it all. The matter is too heavy for secrets, Lord Lovel."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WHERE are now the prophets that a few months ago predicted to us that the polonaise was to be abandoned? Where are now those that foretold the return of plain long dresses without over-skirts? Folds, poufs, and drapings continue to prevail, and no one can foresee the time when they will be thrown aside.

We must mention, however, an attempt that is made in the direction of doing away with the over-skirt. This is a simple costume, designed for morning wear and traveling, and is composed of a skirt, more or less trimmed, according to fancy, and a man's coat, made of the same material as the skirt. To form an idea of the shape of this coat it is necessary to go back to the recollections of our childhood, and to call to mind the gentlemen visitors, who wore in the daytime something between a dress and a frock coat—a coat with rounded skirts cut away toward the back, and called, as nearly as I remember, the Bonjour. This is the garment which our ladies have adopted, and which they wear with assurance, rolling collar, metal buttons, and all, over a little vest of white piqué. The skirt which accompanies this coat is, in general (there are exceptions), little trimmed. It resembles the skirt of a riding-habit in cut, and is pleated in front, the pleats being bordered with a flat bias fold, which extends in three rows around the bottom of the side and back breadths. I must not omit to say that the coat is tight-fitting in both the front and the back. The fashion, moreover, is fully fixed as regards the use of figured and plain fabrics. The first are used for trained dresses, for dinner and evening, and for the polonaises of suits worn in the daytime. The plain fabrics are used also for trained dresses, and for the skirts of suits for day wear; these skirts are never made of figured stuffs. Striped fabrics alone, and hardly these, are admissible for such skirts, which are always of plain material, and usually a little darker than the polonaise. It is important to add that fashion permits polonaises of the lightest tints to be worn over dark or even black skirts, but interdicts the wearing of a black or dark polonaise over a skirt of a lighter shade. All these details are doubtless minute, and may seem puerile, but it is their assemblage that constitutes the true air of Parisian fashion, which strangers outside of Paris so rarely possess. For instance, a lady wearing a black or dark polonaise over a light skirt would be at once detected by any little Paris shop-girl, not fifteen years old, as being a foreigner, while if the polonaise was light and the skirt dark, the wearer would escape the least suspicion of her ignorance as regards the fashions. The art of dress here is composed of a host of petty details, almost too small to be discerned, but which, all together, constitute a sort of freemasonry by which one Parisian knows another.

At the sea-side white polonaises will be much worn, of materials varying in thickness, according to the temperature, from fine white flannel embroidered with worsted or silk to canvas guipure and other transparent fabrics, passing through the intermediate sponge tissues of cotton, composed of little flocks resembling the curled moquette used for carpets; the Mouzaia, an Arabian fabric of plush-like cotton and white silk, satiny and brilliant; and challie, with broad or narrow and perpendicular or horizontal stripes. Sometimes the latter is cut on the bias for polonaises, so as to produce the effect of vertical stripes—a fantastic and by no means commendable caprice, which makes the garment look awry, from whatever side it is viewed.

May polonaises, casaques, wrappings, and waists are made to button diagonally—that is, on the side. We must remind the lovers of this style that the choice of these details of fashion should be subordinate to the size and figure, as well as the age, of the wearer. Waists buttoned diagonally, like revers waists, should be sedulously avoided by all women inclined to embonpoint.

Marshal M'Mahon receives twice a week a numerous and elegant assemblage, which as to fashion is quite in accordance with the position of his wife, the daughter of the Duke de Castries. One of the sons of the Duke de Castries, and consequently the brother of Madame De M'Mahon, about twelve years ago married the daughter of the wealthy Greek banker, Sina, one of the richest men in Vienna. Paris, which exists above all through elegance, has complained a little of the respectable simplicity to which Madame Thiers was devoted, and on which her receptions were modeled. These complaints, doubtless, were not based on austere principles; but what then? It was necessary, first of all, to purge France of the Germans, who had lowered war to their standard, and made it a profitable speculation; to rid herself of them, she must have money; to have money, it was necessary to produce; to produce, it was necessary to work; and to work, it was necessary to have a market for articles of luxury, for it was by these alone that her heavy taxes could be paid. And this is why the elegant receptions of M. and Madame De M'Mahon delight the Parisians, lately grieved at the too bourgeois simplicity of M. and Madame Thiers.

I will describe some of the dresses worn at the President's last reception. Trained dress of pale maize faille with watered stripes. Over-skirt of pale maize tulle, trimmed on the bottom with flounces and puffs of the same tulle, mixed with white lace flounces. Low waist. The over-skirt was looped with clusters of pink chestnut blossoms. The same flowers were arranged in a pouf at the bottom of the waist, and were worn, mixed with diamonds, in the hair.

Dress of écru satin, covered with écru gauze, draped here and there with palm branches embroidered in turquoise blue beads. Low waist entirely covered with the same embroidery, forming a cuirass. Turquoise necklace. Wreath of myosotis.

Trained dress of Bengal rose faille. Very long over-skirt of white Chambéry gauze, with broad rose-colored stripes. This over-skirt, which was draped very far back, had broad revers of rose-colored faille. Low waist of white Chambéry gauze, with a plastron of rose-colored faille. No trimming on either the skirt or over-skirt. Wreath of Bengal roses with diamond centres.

I have seen for young girls from eight to fourteen years old very simple and elegant and, above all, practical dresses; some composed of a percale skirt, with stripes alternately white and colored, such as pale blue, pink, *rouille*, prune, etc.; and a polonaise of white piqué, scalloped on the edge and bordered with white braid. Other suits for girls of the same age had a dress with high neck and half-tight sleeves, of striped percale, like those just described. Over-skirt of white dotted nansook, scalloped on the edge, or bordered with a flat band of English embroidery. Bretelles of nansook, like the over-skirt, pleated crosswise their whole length, and trimmed like the over-skirt, crossed each other over the front and back of the waist, and were finished at the belt, behind, by a large nansook bow, with rounded ends trimmed like the over-skirt, which was draped under the arms by similar bows. These bows are sometimes of ribbon of the same color as the stripes of the dress. For more elegant toilettes the dress is of striped foulard, and the over-skirt and bretelles of white muslin, with ribbons to match the dress. No other wrapping is worn. The over-skirt is sometimes trimmed with a pleated flounce, scalloped on the edge.

Fans have assumed formidable dimensions. They are designed not only to cool the atmosphere, but also as a protection from the rays of the sun. If they grow much larger, they can be used to keep off the rain as well, and will serve the purpose of an umbrella or a roof.

Stockings—for Fashion deigns also to occupy herself with them—summer stockings are écru, for the most part, embroidered either with white or with a color to match the dress.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

GEORGE ELIOT'S SAYINGS.

FROM "THE MILL ON THE FLOSS."

PEOPLE who live at a distance are naturally less faulty than those immediately under our own eyes; and it seems superfluous, when we consider the remote geographical position of the Ethiopians, and how very little the Greeks had to do with them, to inquire further why Homer calls them "blameless."

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.

We are all apt to believe what the world believes about us.

There are possibilities which our minds shrink from too completely for us to fear them.

A suppressed resolve will betray itself in the eyes.

A boy's sheepishness is by no means a sign of overmastering reverence; and while you are making encouraging advances to him under the idea that he is overwhelmed by a sense of your age and wisdom, ten to one he is thinking you extremely queer. The only consolation I can suggest to you is, that the Greek boys probably thought the same of Aristotle. It is only when you have mastered a restive horse, or thrashed a drayman, or have got a gun in your hand, that these shy juniors feel you to be a truly admirable and enviable character.

The responsibility of tolerance lies with those who have the wider vision.

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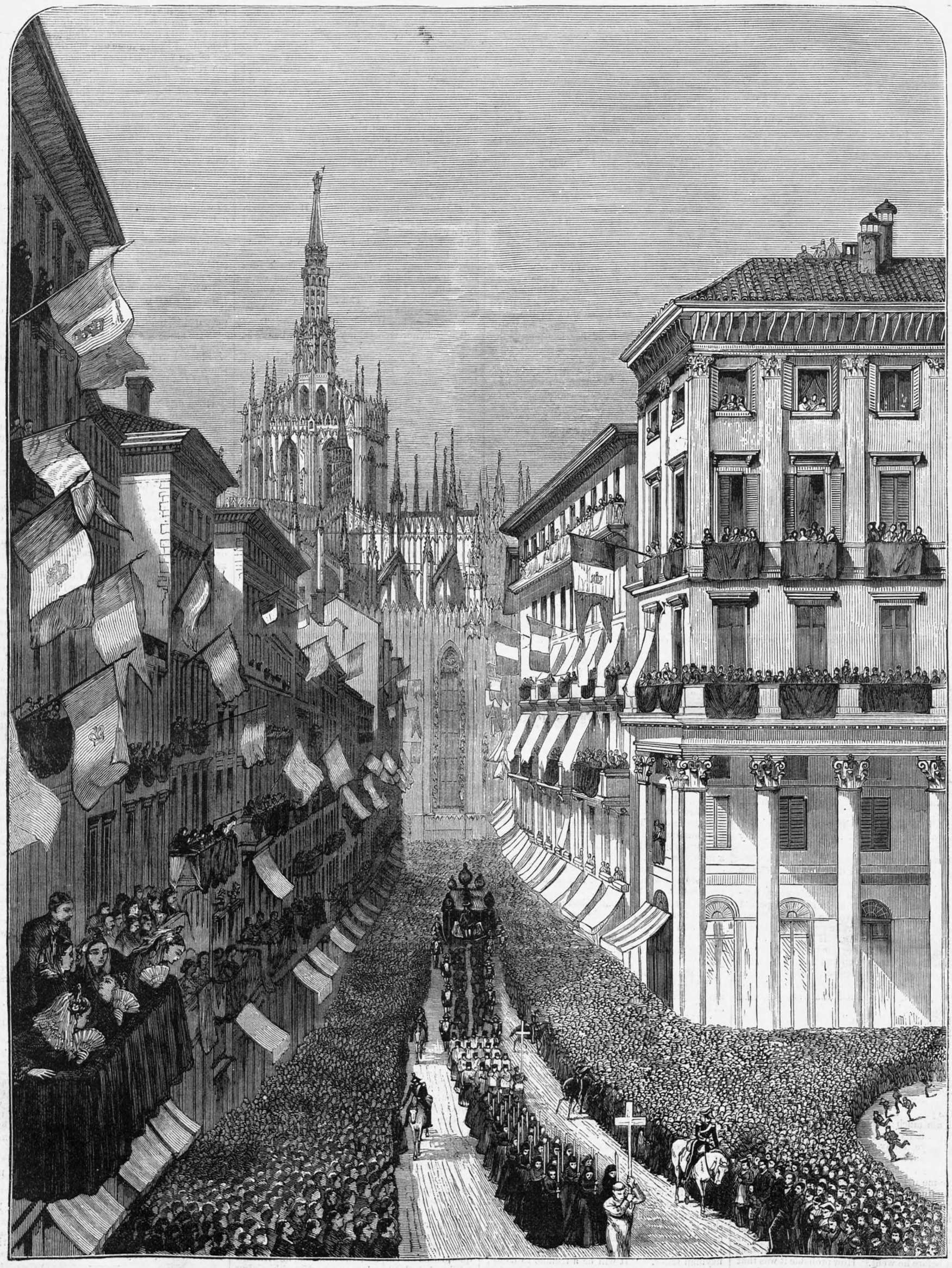

ALESSANDRO MANZONI—THE FUNERAL PROCESSION AT MILAN.

ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

ALESSANDRO MANZONI died in Milan on May 23 and as he was born March 7, 1785, he had completed his eighty-eighth year. With him Italy has lost her greatest poet and novelist of the century, Milan its greatest citizen, the world a great and good man. His early days were unmarked by any wonderful scholastic achievement. His mother, Donna Julia Beccaria, daughter of the celebrated reformer of the penal system in Italy, had sent him to a collegiate school in Brianza, and soon had to remove him, for the good friars who conducted the school had found that he was too ignorant to be able to profit by their lessons. Manzoni, however, pursued his studies in Milan and Pavia, and in the year 1805 went to Paris to join his illustrious mother, who was living there among the best scientific and artistic society.

The *Urania*, a mythological poem, was his first important poetical work, and was published in Milan in 1809, one year after he had been married to Louisa Henrietta Blondel, a Protestant, daughter to a banker of Geneva. In the mean time Manzoni's religious opinions had undergone a change. The Voltairian philosopher had become an ardent Roman Catholic. Possibly the conversion of his wife to the Roman Catholic faith was the cause of this great change, but Manzoni would never answer inquiries on his inner life. While in Paris he became acquainted with the apostle of negro emancipation, the famous Abbé Grégoire, who with his enthusiastic eloquence had not a little shaken his philosophical faith. But whatever the reason was, it is certain that young Manzoni acquired so firm a conviction of the goodness of his new creed that he remained true to it the whole of his life.

His *Inni Sacri* were the fruits of this change, and noble fruits they were, for they soon became, and will long be, most popular throughout Italy.

The famous tragedy, by which were abolished the two unities of time and place, the *Conte di Carmagnola*, was published in 1819. Goethe, the great German poet, answering the unjust criticisms published in Italy upon it, wrote a long eulogy of the work, by which Manzoni felt, perhaps, somewhat encouraged, and published his other tragedy, the *Adelchi*. Upon the death of Napoleon, in 1821, he wrote the *Fifth of May* ("Il Cinque Maggio"), an ode, which is the most lyrical and the most perfectly poetical composition that has been written in Italy during the present century.

But his grandest work appeared in 1827. *I Promessi Sposi* is a novel which has been translated into every European language. The hardest battles have been and are still being fought on this admirable work. Some people, in their patriotic enthusiasm, which, however, seems to us much mistaken, assert that it is too religious, and that the faith in God, which breathes from every

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page, would never create a band of patriot soldiers like those of the five days of Milan in 1848; others, on the contrary, affirm that it is precisely the teachings of Manzoni that made those patriot soldiers. Manzoni's subsequent works would have met with better success had they been published before his novel. It is, however, asserted that numerous and valuable manuscripts have been left behind, a complete history of the French Revolution among others, which will soon be published.

Not a distinguished personage went to Milan and departed without having visited Manzoni. He was a monument to be seen. Not curiosity, but admiration and respect were the chief attractions. When the Emperor of Brazil, on his late European tour, called on him, Manzoni was going to thank his Majesty for the honor of his visit, but his Majesty, interrupting him, said, "I must thank *you* for having received *me*. Before long nobody will know who Dom Pedro d'Alcantara was, while Manzoni will be known to future ages."

One of his last thoughts was to beg pardon of his servants if in his moments of delirium he had uttered any word that might have been offensive or disrespectful to them.

Manzoni was not a count or a nobleman. When the Austrians, in 1815, took possession of Milan, they called upon the ancient nobility to send their names and petition them for preserving their titles. Manzoni took no notice of the extraordinary injunction, and thereby lost his feudal nobility and title before the world.

Universally respected and beloved as Manzoni was, all Italy flocked to his funeral, and special trains brought crowds of mourners to Milan, eager to pay the last honors to their poet-patriot. The funeral itself was one of the grandest ever witnessed even in Italy. King Victor Emanuel sent representatives, and Prince Humbert and the Duke of Aosta attended, together with countless others of the best-known names of the Italian kingdom. The body lay for two days in state at the Municipal Palace, and on the day of the funeral the streets, lined throughout with a dense crowd, kept in order by detachments of cavalry, were hung with black, all the balconies and windows being draped with sombre hangings and forests of veiled flags. Regimental bands playing funeral marches, and a body of nuns with lighted tapers, and singing portions of a very beautiful Messe Solennelle, accompanied the procession, which must have been full a mile in length. Behind the hearse followed the Duke of Aosta and his suite. Above the entrance to the cathedral was the simple inscription, "To Alessandro Manzoni." The interior was hung with black and silver facings, the coffin being deposited on the top of a sarcophagus during the ceremony. The Archbishop of Milan officiated, the service lasting over an hour. After this the procession moved on to the cemetery, where, according to Continental custom, a few warm and touching speeches were made on the career of the dead poet.

An accompanying illustration gives a fine picture of Manzoni, and the illustration on page 460 shows the funeral procession, with the celebrated Duomo of Milan in the background.

ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

HAIR FAIR IN A FRENCH VILLAGE.

THE illustration presents a curious study of life in the interior of France. The demand for false hair is so great that the French hair merchants are compelled to scour the country to satisfy their needs. The fair hair comes from the northern provinces, especially from Picardy. The south and west furnish the dark and black hair. The Picardy lasses exchange their blonde locks for pictures or jewels (false, of course); but those of the south are more material, and will only part with their tresses for dry-goods or money. At stated seasons hair fairs are held in the principal towns of the district, to which the damsels repair to dispose of their flowing locks to an assembled crowd of French and English buyers. A platform is erected in the middle of the market-place, which the young girls mount in turn, and the auctioneer extols his merchandise, and calls for bids. One offers a couple of silk handkerchiefs, another a dozen yards of calico, a third a magnificent pair of high-heeled boots, and so on. At last the hair is knocked down to the highest bidder, and the girl seats herself in a chair, and is shorn on the spot. Sometimes the parents themselves make the bargain over a bottle of wine or a mug of cider. The girls console themselves for their lost tresses with a jute chignon, which pleases them better than their own hair, seeing that it is the fashion.

CHINESE MOURNING.

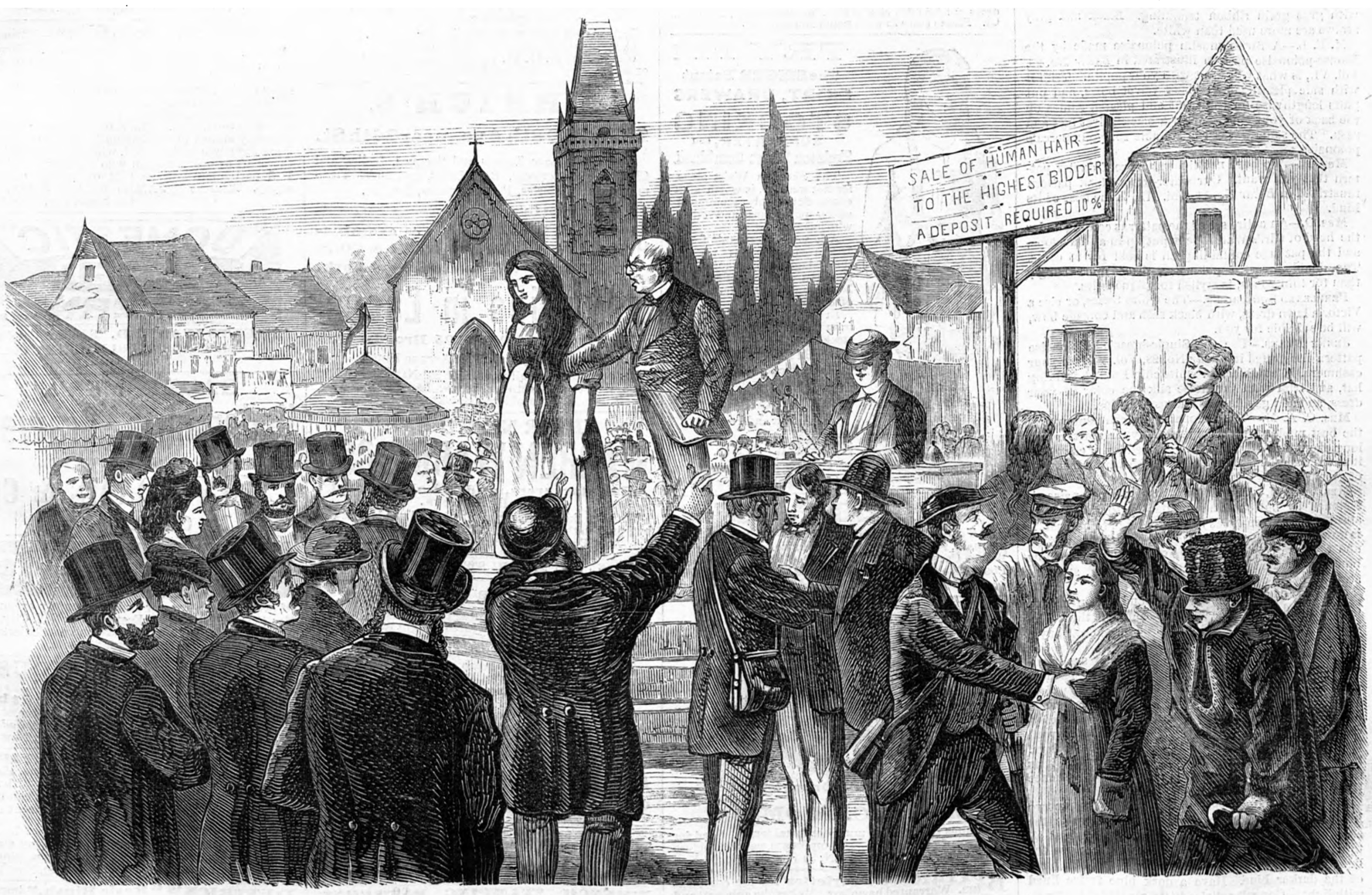
WHITE, not black, is the mourning color in China, and mourners wear white clothes, white girdles, white shoes, and even braid white cotton into their queues or pigtails.

The Chinese coffin is generally very solid in its construction, and is broader and deeper at the head than at the foot, sloping straight from one end to the other; the lid is not flat, but raised all down the centre; the seams are always well caulked, and the whole is carefully oiled several times, and finally covered with a black varnish. Well-to-do people repeat these processes once a week for a long period. A common price to pay for a good, ordinarily strong coffin is from ten to fifteen dollars, but the price varies according to the nature of the material employed and its ornamentation, and we have heard of fifty and even a hundred times as much as this sum having been paid for a single coffin. Of course among the very poor classes a much cheaper and slighter one is used, though even they do their utmost to bury their dead in such coffins as we have described. The charitable societies for rescuing life, which exist at nearly all towns on the sea-coast and on the large rivers, provide coffins gratis when their boats bring in dead bodies, but they are made very slightly, and of the commonest wood.

On the death of a father, slips of mourning (that is, white) paper are affixed to each side of the door of the house, and in the higher ranks a board is exhibited there, giving the name, age, dignities, etc., of the departed one. Notice of the death is at once sent to the descendants of the deceased, who all forthwith assemble at the house, and range themselves on the floor round the body, weeping and wailing, and attired in funeral garb; the immediate relatives, too, come and condole with the afflicted family. In some parts it is customary for the friends and intimate acquaintances of the deceased, who have been notified of his death, to bring pieces of white cloth or silk to place over the dead body.

The full term of mourning for parents is nominally three years, but practically twenty-seven months, and for the first month after their decease the mourners are not allowed to shave their heads; they consequently soon assume a wild and unkempt appearance. The very strict place offerings of food, etc., twice a year at their parents' graves, but our own experience goes to show that the customs of the Chinese in this respect are occasionally, at any rate, more exact in theory than in practice. Some five or six years ago we knew an educated Chinaman who would discourse at great length on filial piety and such-like virtues, but who nevertheless confessed to us that he had not been to visit his mother's grave for ten years, although she was buried at a place only fifteen miles distant from where he had been living for a long period.

Etiquette requires that a widow should mourn the death of her husband for three whole years, and even after that period she is somewhat restricted in her choice of colors, red being forbidden her. Should a widow marry again, which is not very frequently the case, for the practice is looked down upon, she, of course, divests herself of all marks and symbols of woe and mourning. Men, however, are not expected to be quite so



HAIR FAIR IN A FRENCH VILLAGE.

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self-denying and particular in mourning the death of their wives, for they sometimes marry again before they have been widowers for a full year. Should a man's wife be unlucky enough to present him with a "pledge of affection" during the term of mourning for his parent, it is looked upon as highly improper and disrespectful to the deceased.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. L. M. P.—We sell only patterns of entire suits, and do not separate the polonaise from the skirt. The whole suit pattern costs but 25 cents.

MRS. L. C. W.—The Blouse-polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. VI., is an excellent model for black grenadine. Trim with a bias puff. See full directions in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. VI.

MRS. J. R. A.—Make the girl's Victoria lawn suit with a loose belted polonaise, and put ruffles on the polonaise and on skirt, edged with Hamburg embroidery.

ROY LEWIS.—A black poplin or else cashmere over silk would be suitable for a bride's traveling dress in the fall. Your suggestions are very good. Soft light camel's-hair cloth costs from $3 50 to $6; but there are many mohair imitations of it that cost far less. It would be right to send your card in your new name to friends whom you wish to call upon you.

MRS. M. C.—We do not recommend any firm in this column. You must consult our advertising columns for the information you want.

W. D. O.—We can furnish you *Bazars* containing the "Ugly Girl" papers. There are fifteen, at ten cents each.

A. E.—The Blouse-polonaise Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. VI., is precisely what you want for your barred muslin suit. Trim with gathered ruffles of the material.

GRACE S.—Do not attempt to make the silk dresses that you will not wear until October. Put them off until September at least. It is impossible for us to advise you positively about them, as there are rumors of marked changes in fashions. It is said that round waists and princesse dresses will supersede basques and polonaises, but it is entirely too soon to speak positively. Pleated waists will be in fashion for a long time to come. There is nothing prettier than Irish poplin for your traveling dress, unless you get cashmere or camel's-hair. Get heavy blue English water-proof, and bind the cape without scalloping it. We have given several directions for graduating dresses. A waist made up of lengthwise box-pleats with Valenciennes insertion between is pretty for a young girl.

E. M. D.—Make a tight châtelaine polonaise of your striped silk, or else have a vest-polonaise, with vest and revers of black silk. Pockets, fraise, and sash, as well as inch-wide facings in the gathered flounces, should also be black.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.—Only very small bustles are worn. Grenadine basques are edged with merely a piping of silk; over-skirts of grenadine have usually a puff or side pleating, or else a gathered ruffle. Sleeves are coat-shaped without cuff, but with a puff and ruffle falling toward the wrist.

MRS. W. R. F.—Trim your dress with bias bands of the same. Make kilt suits of linen, piqué, and muslin for your little boy.

MISS M. A.—We have no pamphlet catalogue of patterns. A list of patterns is advertised in most numbers of the *Bazar*. Pleated blouses are more worn than plain ones.

MRS. J. M. Y.—You will need a new basque to your grenadine suit. Do not line the over-skirt. The loose double-breasted polonaise pattern is the simplest of all the stylish models.

ETTA.—Old ladies wear large-sized straw bonnets with gros grain ribbon trimming. Black and gray straws are more used than white.

M. E. L.—A Swiss muslin polonaise made by the Blouse-polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. VI., is what you want with your poplin. Trim it with side pleatings and black velvet bows, and put puffs lengthwise on the front and pleated ruffles on the back of your skirt. Wear a black velvet belt and sash. The same pattern is suitable for your percale polonaise.

MRS. H.—We have not the water-proof duster pattern that you want. Our water-proof cloak pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. III., is the best of its kind.

MRS. O.—An entire set of the patterns coming under the head of Girl's Wardrobe is put up in an envelope, and the package containing all is sold for 25 cents. The double-breasted polonaise, fitted more snugly than for thin goods, is stylish for piqué suits.

PERPLEXED SUBSCRIBER.—The white Swiss, or else a Victoria lawn dress, with black sash and corsage bow, will be suitable for you.

JENNY DEANS.—Use the Single-breasted Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. VI., for your cashmere. Get a black or white chip English walking hat, and trim with turquoise silk the color of your dress, and add gay flowers and ostrich tips.

MRS. C. A. M.—The polonaise pattern sent you is the best model for grenadine. If your skirt is not long enough to cut the entire garment, you can piece it at the waist beneath the belt. Trim with a bias puff of grenadine.

MRS. J. J. M.—The double-breasted polonaise *is* fastened by buttons and regular button-holes. Instead of the button-holes being too large to be neat, it is now quite a feature to have these large button-holes, and they are considered ornamental. They are now bound with the material in the Louis XIV. style instead of being overcast.

CARA.—Your grenadine is wool and cotton mixed, of very good quality. The white sample is thick Victoria lawn, too heavy for a suit. You should buy a thinner quality.

ALICE.—Velvet buttons, sash, and collar are handsomer than silk on piqué polonaises, yet each is used. A habit shirt is a muslin box-pleated waist; the collarettes attached now to collars are also called habit shirts. A cashmere or light cloth double-breasted sacque of the English jacket shape, trimmed with bias silk, is suitable for a wrap for cool summer days. Satin jean would make a pretty polonaise, but it is difficult to give it a good gloss after washing, hence it has not become a popular fabric.

INQUIRER.—Make a vest-polonaise suit of your two kinds of silk. The darkest blue should make the skirt, vest, sleeves, pockets, cuffs, and sash. Put alternate ruffles of light and dark on the skirt; use the light silk for polonaise, and edge it with a bias band of the darker blue. Have a dark blue fraise lined with light. Consult articles to "Ugly Girls" for treatment of the eyelashes.

ELLA.—A sleeveless jacket would be more stylish with a polonaise than a cape.

C. G.—Take deeper seams under the arms, but not in the darts.

MAY.—Capes are not now worn as parts of suits. The redingote, polonaise, and basque are worn without extra wraps.

EVERY mother who has a crying baby, or children subject to croup and stomach-complaints, can rely upon Castoria to keep the child well and give it rest. There are but few nurses in New York who do not use Castoria. It should be in every house.—[*Com.*]

A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.—The Wilson Under-Feed Sewing-Machine combines in a more perfect degree than any other the requirements of a first-class machine. This is the unanimous verdict of the thousands of families who are using them, and its success is unprecedented in the history of sewing-machines. Although it costs fully as much to make as any other, the manufacturer sells direct to the people, but as the company belongs to no "Ring" or combination to keep up prices, they can afford to sell at a much less price. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan,
USE PERRY'S
Moth and Freckle Lotion.
It is reliable and harmless.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE, BLACKHEADS, AND FLESHWORMS, use Perry's IMPROVED COMEDONE and Pimple Remedy—the Great Skin Medicine. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PEERLESS
Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, & Drawers.
UNION ADAMS & CO.,
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Pat. June 27, 1871. Awarded first premium at the Am. Institute and Md. Institute Fairs, 1871.
Is one of the most important inventions of the age. The most perfect **Button-hole Worker** *ever invented.* So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can work without it. Local and traveling agents wanted everywhere. They sell at sight, and give over 100 per cent. profit. Sample Button-hole Worker and sample Button-hole Cutter packed in a neat case, with full directions for use, with sample of our new and novel way of canvassing, sent by mail to any address on receipt of 65 cents. Address WEBSTER M'F'G CO., Manufacturers, Ansonia, Ct. Please state in what paper you saw this.

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The Skeleton Waist alone, for hot weather, is worth all it costs. It is highly recommended by physicians and others who have used it.
Ask your Merchants for it. If you cannot get it we will send single one, prepaid, for Children, on receipt of $1. For Misses and Ladies, on receipt of $1.25.
In ordering, give the length from the shoulder to the top of stocking.
AGENTS WANTED.
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A liberal discount to Agents and Merchants.
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Best Two-Button Kid Gloves, $2 75. Single pair, sent postpaid, $1 00. Every color and size. A fine French Woven Corset; all sizes for $1 00. To avoid loss, send Post-office Order. J. TAYLOR'S BAZAR, 353 8th Ave., N. Y. City.

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Continues to purchase upon her usual terms. Send for Circular of References. If samples are wanted, inclose 25c. Mrs. C. C. THOMSON, 39 East 33d St., N. Y.

BUTTRICK'S Pearlettes for the complexion. Warranted harmless. Makes the skin soft and brilliant. A necessary adjunct to every toilet. By mail 40 cents. BUTTRICK'S TOILET CO., Box 3988, N.Y.

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INFANTS' WEAR
Of Every Description Ready Made and to Order.
"WEDDING TROUSSEAUX" a Specialty.
SPRING AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS, &c., &c.
Closing sale of the LATEST IMPORTATIONS, prior to taking their SEMI-ANNUAL INVENTORY, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
Offering UNUSUAL INDUCEMENTS to purchasers.
PARIS AND CITY MADE GARMENTS.
All the NOVELTIES in
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and various other descriptions in the above goods, forming the largest assortment to be found in the city, and at the LOWEST PRICES.
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REMOVAL.
L. SHAW Has removed his well-known Hair Establishment to
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Branch store, 363 Sixth Avenue, and begs leave to call the attention of the ladies to his superb stock of Human Hair Goods, of the best quality of hair only, of his own importation and manufacture.
As I have had numerous complaints from ladies who have been led astray by unscrupulous imitators of my advertisements, and bought inferior goods, I call the attention of the ladies to 364 Bowery, cor. 4th Street, which entire building I occupy.
The Largest Stock of HUMAN HAIR GOODS in the City.
RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES.
All Hair used in my establishment I *import and manufacture myself*, and is of the best quality only; and if any expert can prove that I use in my goods any other quality but the best, or *mix* it with Italian or Chinese Hair, which is generally applied to by other dealers, will *refund* the money in every case.
I can offer to the public inducements which can not be superseded by any of my competitors.
All goods WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.
PRICE-LIST.
Short Hair Switches $1 and upward. Finest quality Hair Switches, solid, not dyed, 18 inches long, 4 ounces weight, - - $5 00
Do. 22 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 6 00
Do. 26 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 8 00
Do. 32 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 10 00
Shaw's Patent Hair Switches, 50c.
Long Single Curls, natural Curly—
22-inch, $2 00. 24-inch, $2 50. 26-inch, $4 00.
Frisets, 25 cents per yard.
BRANCH STORE, 363 6th AVENUE, Bet. 22d and 23d Streets.
Ladies' own Hair made over in latest styles.
Combings made up 50 cents per ounce.
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Retailed at same price as I charge Hair Dealers. All First quality Hair. No short crimped hair in. Warranted not dyed.
32 in. long, weight 3 oz. only $9.00
32 " " " 4 " " 12.00
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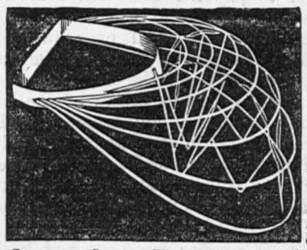

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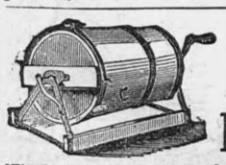

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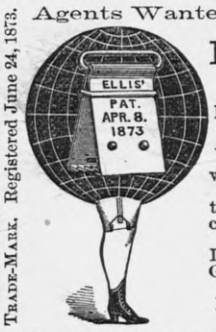

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FACETIÆ.

SURELY the most practical man of our day has been discovered. A young man down East writing to his sweetheart the other day, said: "I wish, my darling, that you would not write me such long letters. If you were to bring an action for breach of promise against me, the lawyers would copy the correspondence between us, and charge ten cents for every folio of seventy-two words. The shorter the letters the more we save from the lawyers." Strange to say, the young man never received a reply!

WESTERN LANGUAGE.—The Boston *Globe* fears that foreigners sometimes find it difficult to read our newspaper language, even with a tolerably fair knowledge of its intricacies. What, for instance, could they make of the following from a Western paper: "The mayor galooted up the church aisle, swashaying and gyrating like a Chinese Joss with the jim-jams?"

HYPOTHESIS.—At a late examination of civil-service candidates, a question was put to them as to the meaning of "hypothesis." One candidate answered that it was "a machine for raising water." Another said he didn't remember of ever hearing the word before, but it *sounded* to him "as though it meant the twist which the head of a department puts on his subordinates when he wants them to 'come down' for election expenses."

A KNOWING ELDER.—A canny Scot who had accepted the office of elder because some wag had made him believe that the remuneration was sixpence each Sunday and a boll of meal on New-Year's Day, officially carried round the ladle each Sunday after service. When the year had elapsed he claimed the meal, but was told he had been hoaxed. "It may be sae with the meal," he replied, coolly, "but I took care o' the saxpence mysel'."

A little beggar-girl in New York has got hold of the wrong paper, which certifies that "the bearer is a widow with five children, in destitute circumstances."

We have cut the following from a daily paper: "The morning dress of the Shah is quiet, but dazzling. He wears a blue frock-coat, braced, buttoned, and frogged with diamonds, back and front. The handle of his sword is a vast ruby, while to the peak of his *caloosh*, or Persian hat, are fastened thirteen emeralds as big as tea-cups, which continually dangle in his eyes and impede his vision. He has several priceless precious stones in each of his boots, a shirt collar lined with pearls, and an umbrella cut out of a single onyx. He looks nice in the sun."

No doubt he does; and Jones wants to read him *this* at the railway station. What do you think?

"Twinkle, twinkle, blazing Shah!
No one wonders who you are!
No one cares! so off you fly,
Like a diamond down the *High!*"

"Are" doesn't rhyme well with "Shah," does it? But barring that, the sentiment seems all right, so do what you like with it.

CYNICAL THOUGHT.—A man is never so old in the outside world as he is made to feel when in the bosom of his family.

SLANDER.—An old Cavalier poet speaks of "Fishes that tipple in the deep." Do the researches of modern ichthyologists confirm this imputation on the moral character of animals which are generally supposed to be of necessity habitual water-drinkers?

SMART.—A paper says, "Massachusetts is noted for two things—intelligence and patent medicines." We presume the intelligence is displayed in selling, not taking, the physic.

DELICATE CONSIDERATION.

MAMMA. "What a Din you're making, Chicks! What *are* you Playing at?"
TRIXY. "Oh, Mamma, we're Playing at Railroad Trains. *I'm* the Engine, and Guy's a Palace Car, and Sylvia's a Passenger Car, and May's a Baggage Car, and Gerald, he's a Baggage Car too—that is, he's really only a *Truck*, you know, only you mustn't Tell him so, as it would Offend him!"

DISINTERESTED ATTACHMENT.

I met a little maiden;
Her age was barely ten;
Her spirit was not laden
With deep distrust of men.
I asked her would she be my mate;
She graciously declined,
Because she had of dolls so great
A family to mind.

I met a widow later,
And sought her for my bride;
Her family was greater
Than hers who erst denied.
She answered, "Yes." I married her.
The brats all have their follies,
For which I pay. I should prefer
My ten-year-old and dollies.

The French have been much afflicted, but have at last wiped away their tears (Thiers).

INCONCEIVABLE ENORMITY.—If the throne of Persia were now filled by an Irishman, who, having left it behind him, was about to visit England, who would possibly commit the offense of declaring the illustrious Oriental to be at once the Shah and the Sultan? Breathes there the buffoon who would venture to call his Persian Majesty the Padisha?

THE BIGGEST SCORE—Twenty, of course.

A rising caricaturist writes to us, and mentions, among other recommendations, that he can take off his own boots.

A PLEDGE OF LOVE—The "engagement-ring" at our uncle's.

Lord Eskgrove was a very "wordy" judge. Lord Cockburn, in his *Memorials*, says he heard him, in condemning a man to death for stabbing a soldier, aggravate the offense thus: "And not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propel the lethal weapon through the belly-band of his regimental breeches, which were his Majesty's!"

FORMS OF SALUTATION.

TO PATERFAMILIAS (*at present market prices*). "How on earth do you 'find yourself' and family?"
TO A SWELL. "How haw you? Haw."
TO A TOPER. "How do you carry yourself?"
TO A WELSHER. "How d'ye *do?*"
TO A RED TAPIST. "How don't you?"
TO A CHRISTY MINSTREL. "Hoop-d'ye-d'how-d'ye-do?"

A CORRECTOR OF THE PRESS—A policeman at a crowded crossing.

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE.

OBLIGING WAITER. "Sausages—oh yes, Sir, I can recommend the sausages. I know the man as makes 'em."
PATRON. "H'm, it would have been better if you had known the pig!"

SOMETHING THAT SHOULD ALWAYS STAND CORRECTED—The barometer.

AMBITION.

GRANDMAMMA (*encouragingly*). "And what will you be, Harry, when you grow up?"
HARRY. "Please, gran'ma, I'd like to be an organ-grinder with a monkey."

COMPREHENSION.

"Madam," said a certain nameless one to Mrs. Brown the other day, "you are talking simple rubbish."
"Yes, Sir," replied the ever-crushing lady, "because I wish you to comprehend me."

L—— has burned his fingers with a traveling opera company. They say he has now become a co-opera-hater.

TO YOUNG AUTHORS.—Your punctuation may be faultless, yet you may write without point.

A BAD LOOK-OUT.—After reading a prophecy by Dr. Trall, of Philadelphia, we are inclined to hope that Dr. Cumming may be right for once, and that the world may not survive till 1880. In 1880 and for five long years afterward the earth is to be nearer to Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune than it has been for eighteen years past, and the result of this disastrous proximity may be more easily imagined than described. Plague, famine, scorching heat, piercing cold, are among the least of the evils to be expected. These calamities are to fall chiefly upon gluttons, tobacco chewers and smokers, and tight-lacing young ladies. As this provides for the survival of none but drunkards and loosely clad old ladies, we would rather die.

A Richmond lady advertises, under the head of "Strayed or Stolen," for a "long, lank, lean husband, six feet high, broad shoulders, thin beard, light hair and complexion, blue eyes, and about forty-five years of age, being about twenty years younger than myself."

CROWDING.

"Pray, Sir," said a person at the back end of a crowd to another who had just joined it, "pray don't press upon me; there's no one behind you."

"But there may be presently," said the other; "besides, Sir, what's the use of being in a crowd if one mayn't shove?"

PROFESSIONAL.—A Parisian recounts that he met recently, in a railway carriage, *en route* to Toulouse, a very agreeable and well-instructed person, who said he was a professional man. He parted with this *compagnon de voyage* with some regret, and with an exchange of cards; the agreeable person adding, as he gave his, "It would afford him great pleasure at any time to be useful to him professionally." Politeness forbade him looking at the card till he had got out of sight, when he found it was that of a public executioner of Paris. There was no mistake. Underneath the name was the statement of the professional pursuit.

PREPARED FOR ANY THING.

CITY FRIEND. "Up in town all by yourself, eh? Where's the missus?"
GOOD OLD SOUL. "Oh, she be mortal bad abed, poor thing!"
FRIEND. "That 'll spoil your holiday, eh?"
GOOD OLD SOUL. "Well, no, Sir; if she pops off sudden, they're to write up and let me know."

A PATRONIZING DAMSEL.

MISS MARGARET (*aged nine, to mamma, who is a widow and has no sons*). "I'm very glad uncle has come to stop with us, mamma. It's nice to have a man about the house!"

"Here we are now, within a quarter of a mile of land," was the joyful announcement made by the captain of an ocean steamer to his grumbling passengers.
"Where? Which way is it?" were the eager exclamations which followed.
"Any where down below there," said the captain, pointing toward the bottom of the sea. "The lead gives us just two hundred and twenty fathoms of water, and the land comes slap up against the brine."

Parties who "round" on you very often try to make you think they mean "square."

Can a tailor's child be said to die of *sheer* neglect?

NEGLECTED GENIUS.

MISTRESS. "No Opportunity of Improving yourself here, Parker? Why not?"
MAID. "Well, Ma'am, I've arranged this Hair differently every Day for a Week; but as you have never put it on, and have taken to Wearing your Own, I feel as my Feelin's is hurt, and my Eddication is wasted!"

"'Oh, come into my parlor,'
Said the Spider to the Fly."

BENEDICK. "Yes, but *Twenty Dollars*, hang it! Why, the Bonnets in the Window are ticketed only *Eight!*"
MADAME AMARANTHE (*née Robinson*). "Yes, my dear Gentleman; but, *candidly, would* a Cheap Article be suitable to such a singularly beautiful Person as your dear Lady?"
[MORAL.—*Husbands, don't accompany your wives on such expeditions as this.*

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING OR GYMNASTIC SUIT.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

[Cut Paper Patterns of Ladies' and Misses' Bathing or Gymnastic Suit, in twelve even Sizes from 24 to 46 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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A QUARREL.

You call me a "girl of the period,"
But why should I care
If you don't like the bobs on my dresses,
Or kinks in my hair?
I think they are perfectly splendid;
Eugene thinks so too;
Then why should I heed the dull wishes
Of prim folks like you?

You say that I'm loud, but I'm sure
I've lovers enough
Who like all my ways and my manners,
And don't think me rough:
Yet you I have promised to marry—
I must have been wild;
But how could I guess you would treat me
So much like a child?

There's Mary—you always are saying
She's sweet and serene;
But I shouldn't want to look like her,
Not fit to be seen;
No gewgaws, no jewels, no flounces,
No *friz* to her hair:
When we go to a social or party,
Is she *any where?*

You know she steals off to a corner
And sits there alone,
Looks the veriest poke in creation,
A stick or a stone;
While I—ah, you know it, you know it—
I dance and I flirt
With lots of the jolliest fellows,
And where is the hurt?

Now, Robert, let's settle the matter:
I'm tired to death
Of reproaches and carpings and scoldings
At every breath.
If you think my serene cousin Mary
Is more to your mind—
You, who hardly will treat her politely—
Why, I am resigned.

Just take her: she's ready and willing,
That's plain to be seen—
Just as plain as that I, when I'm minded,
Can marry Eugene!
She'll cook you most beautiful dinners,
She'll sweep and she'll dust,
And obey you in every trifle
When she finds that she must.

She'll go to church with you, and sit there
Precise and demure,
And tell you the text and the sermon
Distinctly, I'm sure;
While I'm free to acknowledge I study
Very often when there
The fashions of dresses and bonnets,
And people's back hair.

It's strange, when a man finds a woman
Ready-made in his style,
With a calm, sweet, and modest demeanor
And ghost of a smile,
With hair lying smooth on her forehead,
Dress straight to her feet,
With no outward adornings to make her
More primly complete,

That he passes this excellent creature
Most thoroughly by,
And allows his faint heart to be smitten
By a girl such as I.
Falls in love spite of slate-pencil crimpings,
Spite of trinkets and bows—
Falls in love for the droop of an eyelid
Or turn of a nose;

Then tries with what might he possesses
To force her to be
The model who suits him precisely,
Most wonderful she.
Now, Robert, one way or another
We'll settle this sham:
Take your model, who sha'n't be my model,
Or me—*as I am!*

Ladies' and Misses' Bathing or Gymnastic Suit, Figs. 1 and 2.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pretty bathing or gymnastic suit, of which the illustration on the first page gives front and side views, arranged on a lady and a young girl, consists of the favorite yoke blouse and knickerbocker trowsers. The trowsers may be made loose at the bottom, without a band, if preferred. The pattern of the suit is graded from 24 to 46 inches bust measure, to fit any size from girls seven years old up to adults. The pattern of the trowsers may also be used for drawers closed at the side. The sleeve given with the pattern is the shirt sleeve with a ruffle seen on the second figure of the illustration. The suit may be made of flannel, moreen, serge, bed-ticking, or any other material, and trimmed to suit the fancy.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS suit comprises two articles—yoke blouse and knickerbocker trowsers.

YOKE BLOUSE.—This pattern is in six pieces—front and back of yoke, front and back of body, sleeve, and sailor collar. This garment has a deep yoke at the back and front. The body is joined to the yoke in front with a large box-pleat on each side of the hem, and three box-pleats in the back, which are only confined as far as the waist line. A belt of the material is tacked at the waist line of the back, adjusting the garment to the figure. The sleeves are gathered in at the armhole, and at the wrist to a band of the material, which is made large enough to slip over the hand, and edged with a straight ruffle three inches deep. The neck is finished with a deep sailor collar. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and the size and form of the under part of the sleeve. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting together, and notches show where to turn back the hem in front, and to lay the pleats at the top of the body before joining to the yoke. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all others.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 3½ yards.

KNICKERBOCKER TROWSERS.—This pattern is in two pieces—front and back. The notches show where to lay the pleats at the top. The front is laid in two side pleats at each side, turning toward the front. The back has three side pleats at each side, turning toward the middle, and is joined to a band which closes on the left side with a button and button-hole. Leave the side seam open down to the notch, and face it. The bottom is pleated in a band, which is closed at the inside seam with a button and button-hole; the bands are edged with a two-inch-wide ruffle. A quarter of an inch is allowed for all seams.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 2¾ yards.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1873.

☞ WITH HARPER'S WEEKLY for July 19 was sent out gratuitously a beautifully illustrated

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing another installment of LORD LYTTON'S new Novel, "THE PARISIANS," two splendid engravings, "Chatterton discovered by his Mother" and "In the Shooting-Gallery;" besides other pictorial attractions, and a choice variety of reading matter.

With the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for July 26 will be sent out gratuitously a splendidly illustrated EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing a large variety of literary and artistic attractions.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the Ladies' and Misses' Bathing or Gymnastic Suit, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents.*

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of a rich variety of new and elegant Summer Dresses, Coiffures, Fichus, Mantelets, Paletots, Fancy-Work, etc., with many other choice attractions.*

FAMILY FEELING.

THERE is an old saying that blood is thicker than water, and most of us devoutly believe it—or believe, rather, the statement that it conveys—and will do so probably to the end of time, in spite of all we may see to persuade us to the contrary.

In reality, we like to believe what pleases us, since it is only through a struggle that we ever embrace faith in any scheme that had no special attraction for us in the first place; and the idea that natural affection is not—next to the great bond of a perfect marriage, which makes two beings one—the strongest bond between human beings totally revolts us, revolts us partly through reflection, and partly through that inevitable selfishness without which we should fail to preserve our identity. The mother who looks at the baby on her breast, and traces on the small face here a trait of an ancestor and there a trait of herself, and sees the father smiling in its smile, and yearns above its sweetness and tenderness with an ineffable sensation, finds it impossible to believe the time can ever come when that baby who lives through her, who covers her face with its little wet kisses, to whom she is heaven and sunshine itself, shall cease to regard her as the central point of its existence, shall dispute her opinions, rebel against her authority, and perhaps be severed from her at last by a gulf of hate—hate all the more bitter for the old love, as the sweetest wine becomes the sharpest vinegar. The young sisters whom she sees playing together, sharing together, studying together, shielding each other from censure, strolling with their arms about each other, and their bright heads bent together in innocent conspiracy—she can not believe that at some day the attraction which these sisters have for each other shall be changed into repulsion, or, at best, into quiet indifference; nor can she any more easily believe that the brothers who now hunt birds' nests together, go berrying, and play truant together, sleep in the same bed, and read from the same book, shall by-and-by foster jealousy and envy, shall quarrel about a homestead or a sweetheart, and build between them an ugly barrier of lawsuit or love-suit. Nor could the child, on his side, understand how the globe would continue to roll on if the parent no longer loved him; and brother or sister would deride equally the idea that any cuckoo of a stranger should ever push the other out of place.

Still instances of this perversion of feeling are every day to be met with, but we all of us refuse to regard them as any thing but abnormal and isolated cases of malformation or of cankered growth, like the fungus that usurps the flower. And though we may doubt just so long as we reason about it whether in the natural state natural affection be a thing any more permanent with the human animal than with the brute, with the mother and child than with the lioness and whelp, yet instinct and intuition fly to the rescue and reiterate the cry that blood is thicker than water, and that our own blood in other veins calls to us as deep calls to deep, or as the moon calls to all the deeps.

We often hear people declaring of a beautiful baby that they could take the child and love it as their own; but if they reflected upon the matter they would know they were declaring an impossibility, for though they love the changeling never so dearly, they can never see themselves reproduced in it. Their hearts were never set beating together, and they can never feel for it the wild, deep passion of devotion that rises in the real parents to meet the responsibility of having placed it here.

Man is, after all, but a sort of polyp whose buds are never entirely detached from it, and the race of to-day builds its coral, on which perhaps the race of to-morrow emerges into clearer water. This girl is so stately and gentle because her great-grandmother a hundred years ago respected herself and reduced her passions. This youth is so strong and heroic because a sire, long since a handful of ashes, fortified his own youth and health, and eradicated the leprosy of fear. When we look askance on some cousin twice removed, and, if the old portrait on the wall speaks true, see our common ancestress, to whom the bloom of the earth has many a year been dust, gaze wistfully through her eyes at it again, we feel a new and nearer relationship with her. And the child playing at our feet becomes the more precious still when we recognize that he is the last point and expression of our race, a bond from the past, a pledge with the future. Certainly blood always tells; not alone in the race for life as in the race for plate, where it becomes evident that what we have made ourselves, that, by the force of natural laws, will our children approach—one degree higher if our lives went up, perhaps one degree lower if our lives went down—but in the occult tides of relationship that swing constant to one great law of cohesion.

Love, they say, is in the line of descent, not of ascent—according to which, if a child loves a parent, it is an act of grace, not of nature. But we place this with all the other heresies on the subject. It is true that the parent must regard the child as one who shall carry on his own work to completion, his character to perfection, through whom his name and his stock shall still have part in the warm and noisy world when he himself is silent and cold; and he accentuates all the intrinsic dearness of the child by an unconscious love of self and love of life, while the child must correspondingly look at the parent as one who has lived his day, and whose work is done. Yet that very thing gives the parent a new claim on the child's affections; for not only is the parent dear to him from habit and association, from ability to remember nothing from which the parent is absent, as much a part of his universe as the stars and the sky; but the fact that the world is so sweet to youth, and age is about to lose it, that the old eyes are soon to close on its beauty and gladness, and all the sunshine the dear old form shall know will be that which falls upon the grave, gives a fresh emotion as strong with love and regret as the parent's emotion is strong with love and hope; and over and above all there is that mystical tie of the flesh and blood which never can words explain, and seldom can endeavor destroy—a tie before which the fidelity of the loadstar to its pole dwindles into nothingness.

It is this same mystical tie that we find in the family relation elsewhere. Brother and sister may be uncongenial society each to the other, even disagreeable; may vex each other by the mutual sight of their own worse traits exaggerated into prominence by the cheapening of their better ones through rivalry; may meet from each other criticism and plain-speaking that are blistering; may choose the merest alien for friend and confidant in preference; may quarrel because they love, but will love in spite of their quarrel; and let a question of interest, or health, or happiness, or safety arise, and the blood tells again without more ado.

There is no savant who has yet told us what this mystical tie is. Philosophers can not illuminate it; physiologists can not catch it. One must analyze the current of the veins as it bounds across the heart, must seize the intelligence that thrills along the nerve as it leaves the brain, and then one has not laid hold of it. The sympathy of mated snails for one another, of which POE told us, by which, though separated by oceans, one will respond to the other's hurt, bears trivial comparison with the human sympathy in families; for the searcher into the springs of natural affection must find it something to be weighed only in that fine balance where the very star-dust has been weighed, and the magnetism of the earth measured out to its meridians—a part of the awful secrets of creation, of the great mystery of marriage, of the connection between heaven and earth, in the face of which, and such as which, the fool has said there is no God. It is an attraction, indeed, exceeding any in the material cosmos; for though the NEWTONS and LAPLACES should moon on with their vast schemes of gravitation and cohesion till time shall be no more, yet here is something, the people of the world believe, that if those mighty powers were dead and done away with, could yet hold their world together!

GIVING AND TAKING.

HOW many there are in the world who, if they envy any one any thing, it is the power of giving liberally, of sowing beside all waters! And perhaps there are those who, having the power, yet may envy, in turn, the disposition; for who has not observed the glow of satisfaction lighting up the faces of those who, in the teeth of natural avarice, have obliged themselves to give somewhat to the aid of another? They experience a novel sensation, and are permitted to understand, in a measure, how much more blessed it is to give than to receive, while with many a one it would seem as though the opposite opinion prevails. There is something in the manner of giving belonging to some of those we meet which reminds us of the little boy who, while listening to the eloquent appeals of a missionary preacher, was so moved that he whispered to his mother, "I shall give him five cents;" the preacher, drawing the picture more finely as he proceeded from secondly to thirdly, prevailed upon the boy to declare again, "I shall give him ten cents, mother;" and by the time he had wound up graphically with his fourthly, the child was ready to say, "I'll give him a whole handful, if any body'll make it up to me!"

So it is feared that not a few give with the view of having it made up to them in a reputation for generosity and unselfishness, while, like the child, many more *would* give if they could be positively assured of a reward. The very beggar in the street, to whom we have given sixpence, reflects this anticipation when he asserts that "God will reward you;" and it is a question if some of us do not expect to buy the kingdom of heaven with our superfluities. No doubt but God will reward us, in an enlarged capacity for enjoying the ability to promote the welfare of others, and an increased disposition to do so; and is not this enough, that we need look for other net profits than the occasion provides? Don't we get our sixpence-worth of happiness on the spot? It seems to us that giving to the poor is much like correct spelling—nothing to speak of when done, but something of a disgrace when omitted; and if this should appear discouraging to those who give habitually, is not the remembrance of worthy actions a sufficient reward? One can not truly enjoy one's warm fireside and well-spread table if some other human being is perishing with cold and hunger outside. If misery loves company, it is no less a fact that happiness finds its true flavor only among the happy. Thus we are virtually doing ourselves a good turn when we assist another; the joy of others, which we have produced, is reflected upon ourselves. Thus it is no Quixotism in a shipwrecked man to share his last morsel with a fellow-sufferer; he would despise himself if he refused to do so, and self-respect is more necessary than bread.

Perhaps we are too much inclined to give in our own way, without greatly regarding the wishes of the recipient. We give food and raiment, and withhold courtesy and good-fellowship and comfortable words; we give with the tips of the fingers, and an air of patronage. We give, too, from a variety of motives: because our neighbors give; because "No" is a disagreeable word to utter; because we shall be thought miserly or poor. We give grudgingly and of necessity; and sometimes from a heavenly pity and a divine assurance that whatsoever is ours may not be withheld from our needy brother without hurt to ourselves, be it spiritual or material aid. But that gift is accounted almost idle that costs us no effort, which requires no sacrifice, which is merely the overflow from the cup of prosperity; and the effort may be as great to the rich as the middle

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classes, according to temperament and natural inclination. If my neighbor has inherited a niggardly spirit, and lives in dread of the almshouse in spite of his thousands, his gift, or even his hesitation in turning away from a suppliant, is a greater or less victory over weakness and selfishness. EMERSON advises us never to give unwillingly; but how many of us would never give at all if we waited to give willingly—how many would be left portionless! Yet, taking it in a wider sense, perhaps he meant that we should so school ourselves that our wills should coincide with our opportunities for doing service.

In the mean time the receivers do not always manifest that graciousness of manner which is becoming under the circumstance. They are apt to take what they can catch as if it belonged to them, and then to grumble that it is no better, ignorant of the superstition that beggars shouldn't be choosers. A woman to whom a charitable lady was in the habit of sending a daily steak or roast became so incensed at the lack of variety in the supply that she returned the joint one day, saying that, "for her part, she didn't want any thing if it must be mutton." Of a somewhat different order is the woman to whom one has given a basket of provisions, and who yet demands "a little dish of tea," or the small boys who devour the pie that charity offers, and toss the bread into the gutter; while still to another class belong those who are too proud to acknowledge a gift, but not proud enough to refuse one. But do any of these ungracious recipients exonerate us from giving to those who ask?

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BATHING AND GYMNASTIC SUITS.

AN illustration on our first page shows a combination bathing and gymnastic suit, of which a cut paper pattern is published. Experience teaches that the least drapery consistent with modesty is best for such suits, as wide skirts are very heavy when wet, and are in the way in the gymnasium. Two yards and a quarter is a good width for such skirts around the bottom. Many are also gored and sloped narrower toward the hips. Twilled flannels, bed-ticking, and the coarser summer Cheviots imported for gentlemen are the best materials. All-wool fabrics are desirable, but they must be of coarse, light quality. The single-width flannels, costing from 50 to 75 cents a yard, are purchased in white, navy blue, or gray. Trim white with bright blue or red worsted braid; for blue suits use white braid, or else paler blue bands of flannel; and for gray any gay color, or else a vivid Scotch plaid, should be chosen to enliven it. The pattern of a sailor collar is given; but many ladies prefer a standing pleated frill around the neck, with the same about the wrists and ankles.

Bathing mantles of Turkish toweling, to put on when leaving the sea, are imported in various styles. The handsomest are long loose sacques, like morning wrappers, with sleeves and a pointed hood. There is but one seam down the middle of the back, and one under each arm. The garment should be long enough to barely escape the ground. The hood is a long straight piece, with the lower edge folded upward, and sewed together in the middle, making a three-cornered bag; a tassel hangs from the point; a cord is tied around the waist, and the garment is buttoned down the entire front. The prettiest one shown is of white Turkish toweling, with scarlet lines through it, scarlet buttons, and a scarlet tassel on the hood. A thick white cable cord, like a rope, is strapped around the waist, and finished with tassels on the end. Price $13 50. Another of the same shape is of shaded gray striped toweling, and costs $15. Cardinal cloaks, with yokes, and simple round circulars, are made of gay striped Algerines of blue and green together, or else red with green. In default of a regular bathing mantle a water-proof cloak will serve the purpose.

WHITE REDINGOTES, ETC.

Among the prettiest summer redingotes for street wear are those made of white Turkish toweling and trimmed with black velvet. They are double-breasted, and without being close-fitting, they outline the figure so closely that a sash is not necessary. The revers and collar are covered with velvet; there are two rows of black velvet buttons down the front, and the button-holes are bound with velvet; three buttons and imitation holes are on each cuff and each square pocket, and the edge of the garment has a wide velvet binding. This redingote is to be worn over a black silk skirt, or else, according to the present fancy, with a black velvet skirt: it costs $35. A garment of similar shape, but dressy enough for dinner wear, is of white silk, with pin-head dots of black, trimmed with black lace and a piped band of silk: price $60.

Black silk polonaises are made very long, with a straight, square, scarf-like front falling open below the waist, and drawn tightly back to the elaborately draped back. Guipure insertion is set in down the front, and the garment is edged with a lace flounce. A lace jabot is on the back of the corsage, a ruff around the neck, and a large bow catches the back of the skirt in a puff that is very full, but is not allowed to stand out prominently. Écru pongee polonaises are made of similar shape, with yak insertion and lace of the same shade. Black grenadine polonaises with wide stripes have large Marie Stuart ruffs, very high behind, and sloping away to the belt. A pretty suit for Saratoga is a plain colored foulard silk skirt, plain surface, and handsomely ruffled, with a polka-spotted foulard made like the black silk ones just described. A morning suit for the country is of dark blue linen lawn sprinkled with tiny white stars. This has a blouse-polonaise and ruffled skirt, with bands of white scalloped cambric set about among the ruffles.

YACHTING DRESSES.

Pretty nautical-looking dresses for yachting and sea-side wear are made of the polka-dotted fabrics, especially those with white dots on plum-color or navy blue grounds. A model made of plum-colored woolen goods has a blouse waist, made with three box-pleats in front and back, and a sailor collar corded with white. There are square cuffs on the coat sleeves, and on these, as well as on the fronts of the collar, are white anchors embroidered with silk. There is no over-skirt. The front breadths are covered with kilt pleating from belt to toe, while on the back are seven bias lapping flounces, with the hem turned up on the outside and piped with white. A sash will be worn loosely around the hips, quite below the waist, and knotted carelessly on the left side.

SUMMER BALL DRESSES.

The low corsages of summer ball dresses are made to cover the shoulders, and point very low in the back and front, displaying the neck to advantage. The conspicuous feature then added is a pleated ruff all around the neck, but much higher behind than in front. The ruff is of the dress silk, with white silk lining and a stiff muslin interlining to hold it erect. Small half-inch box-pleats, scant enough to spread out at top like a fan, are used for these ruffs, or else the same effect is produced by small side pleats. A tasteful dress of white grenadine—not square meshed, but a firm lustrous surface like Chambéry gauze—has the skirt trimmed with five bias lapping flounces edged with narrow blonde lace. The heading for this cluster of flounces is two narrow erect ruffles and two turned-down ruffles, separated by a bias band of grenadine. The over-skirt and low waist are of striped grenadine. Two bias folds and wide blonde lace trim the over-skirt. The neck of the corsage has a ruff with two folds below it.

Similar white dresses, and also black ones, are made with flounced skirts of plain grenadine, and over dresses of damask or clouded gauze. In some imported evening dresses of this thin fabric damask-figured, polka-dotted, striped, and plain gauze are all employed in one dress. If the combination is carefully done it is very effective, but if not, it results in a patched-up, motley-looking garment. This fashion has the advantage of utilizing short patterns, remnants, and partly worn dresses.

VARIETIES.

A tricolor cluster of large pouting rose-buds, pink, yellow, and crimson, worn low down on the back of the bonnet, is a favorite caprice this summer. Only a few leaves are added, and these are usually brown; the long flexible stems of the flowers are tied together, and show at the top of the cluster. Another fancy is to hang downward a single rose, deep red or else very pale pink, just back of the ear, under the brim of upturned hats, or else very far back on the side of those with the Rubens brim.

Veils are of black net, with chenille or else thickly wrought dots, small, round, and quite far apart. They are shaped in handkerchief fashion, square, or else three-cornered, with an appliqué edge of Spanish blonde lace. This is thrown over the hat crown, hangs in a point below the chin, and has tabs behind, caught together by an oblong pin of oxidized silver. The pin is usually a plain block with a chased Greek border or vine for ornament. Many ladies object to these veils, as they are apt to crush and conceal the fresh flowers and ostrich tips of summer hats, and are adopting instead a newer plan of wearing a straight piece of net put on under the hat brim, covering merely the face and sides, and fastened behind the coiffure. This is coquettish, becoming, and not warm. It is now considered *de rigueur* to wear a veil in the street, and this at least serves the purpose of concealing in a measure the use of cosmetics, now so unfortunately prevalent. Gray grenadine with pink tinges, and crape gauze of the same shade, are used for morning veils. Dark bottle green grenadine is used for traveling and general wear.

Instead of Watteau bows, with long ends hanging from the back of the neck, the favorite streamers now are two long ends of gros grain ribbon pendent from the back of the bonnet or hat. This ribbon is two and a half inches wide, and each streamer is a yard long.

The last additions to châtelaines are pretty little tablets for memoranda, with gold or else chased silver backs, matching the vinaigrette, fan chain, and brooch. A carrier-pigeon is engraved on one side, and the monogram of the wearer on the other.

Ruffs and fraises increase in fullness and in altitude until they are almost Elizabethan. Crêpe lisse is the stylish material for wearing next the skin, but much of its dead whiteness is unbecoming; it is best to put one high side pleating of crêpe lisse, with an over-frill of Valenciennes lace, and outside of this a ruff of the dress material, lined with silk of some becoming shade. A standing linen collar in English shape, with a double ruffle of box-pleated muslin edged with lace placed outside of it, is considered very stylish for morning and for semi-dress afternoon wear. A favorite frill is of Swiss muslin three inches deep, edged with narrow Mechlin lace, and an inch-wide insertion let in; the whole is then laid in shallow side pleats, and basted standing in the neck of the dress, leaving the back its full height, and turning it down narrower about the throat. A simpler ruff is of sheer muslin edged with narrow thread lace, hemmed, and a cluster of tiny tucks below the hem. This would also answer for mourning if the lace were omitted. Ladies with fresh clear complexions wear linen ruffs in their morning dresses. These have an inch-wide hem turned over on the outside and hem-stitched. White crêpe lisse pleating, with an outer pleating of black crêpe lisse, is worn in the deepest mourning; it is even considered suitable for widows' mourning. Neck-ties and cravats are not used with fraises when there is also a fraise of the dress material; cravat bows are, however, necessary just below the throat. The prettiest bows for this purpose are of white organdy edged with lace. They consist of two fan-shaped ends, held in side pleats, and attached to two fluted or puffed loops of the muslin, with two other loops and a cross-strap of some light silk of a becoming shade.

Deep square sailor collars are worn with pleated blouse-waists of linen or cambric by young girls; ladies wear standing pleated frills around the neck and wrists.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. LORD & TAYLOR; A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and UNION ADAMS.

PERSONAL.

FEW men have had a more diversified experience of life than had HIRAM POWERS. Born in poverty, he was at first a hotel waiter, then a commercial traveler, next a clock-maker, then assistant of a Cincinnati sculptor, where his merit attracted the notice of Mr. LONGWORTH, who sent him to Florence at the age of thirty-two. One year afterward he produced his "Eve," in the year following "The Greek Slave," and since then his fame has become historical. For many years his orders have far exceeded his power of execution, even at the very high prices demanded for his works.

—Colonel FORNEY is reported to have said that "CALEB CUSHING is anxious to end his career at peace with all the world." This recalls the epigrammatic epitaph on Mr. CUSHING written twenty odd years ago by HANNAH F. GOULD:

"Lie aside all ye dead,
For in the next bed
Reposes the body of CUSHING.
He has crowded his way
Through the world, they say,
And, even though dead, will be pushing."

Mr. CUSHING'S prompt reply is equally clever:

"Here lies one whose wit,
Without wounding, could hit—
And green grows the grass that's above her.
Having sent every beau
To the regions below,
She has gone down herself for a lover."

Mr. CUSHING has been many years a widower. His wife wrote two pleasant volumes, entitled *Letters Descriptive of Public Monuments, Scenery, and Manners in France and Spain*, during a tour in Europe with her husband. They were printed for private distribution in 1832. The Hon. ALEXANDER H. EVERETT, in reviewing them in the *North American Review*, said, "This accomplished lady, as is sufficiently evident from these volumes, was equally well fitted to shine in the higher sphere of letters, and to grace the private walks of social and domestic life."

—Mr. PARKER, the publisher, of Oxford, and son of the publisher of the first edition of KEBLE'S *Christian Year*, mentioned in a recent conversation the origin of that volume, whose beauties are known wherever the English language is spoken. Mr. KEBLE, on entering Mr. PARKER'S bookstore one morning, saw at the top of a small staircase, which led to a little gallery filled with book-shelves, a work entitled *L'Année Chrétienne*, in twelve volumes, and at once asked Mr. PARKER to be allowed to examine it. A short time afterward *The Christian Year* appeared, the title, doubtless, suggested by the French work.

—WIENIAWSKI is a good fiddler, and dislikes to do violin-ce to any body's feelings. In San Francisco, where he has just been extending the bow, he found a ten-year-old lad, the son of a jeweler, who played several tunes for him, and afterward repeated a piece after Herr WIENIAWSKI had played it. The Herr consented to teach the boy one hour a day during his stay in San Francisco, and take him to Vienna and place him in the Musical Conservatory under his own tuition, free of charge, until he graduates. We therefore feel inclined to say, deferentially and in a mild way, Hurrah for Mr. WIENIAWSKI!

—ADELINA PATTI'S performance of Desdemona in ROSSINI'S *Othello* is spoken of by a London critic as "one of the most remarkable impersonations ever witnessed on the lyric or any other stage."

—When Queen VICTORIA saw
That the Shah of Persia wore
Diamonds surpassing the famous Koh-i-noor,
Her Majesty was pleased to think him quite a bore,
And she gently said, "Oh, pshaw!"
Not "Oh, Shah!" as she would
In a more complacent mood.
But the Eastern potentate
Thought the compliment was great:
That the exclamation was ambiguous
Ne'er entered in his pate.
He salamed and he bowed,
To the admiration of the crowd,
Which pressed about his august steps contiguous.

—Madame RISTORI has just reappeared in London after an absence of fifteen years, and played Medea with all her old beauty and tenderness.

—MACREADY'S will has recently been proved, by which it appears that his estate amounted to only about $100,000. His widow (his second wife, and very many years younger than he) gets an annuity of $3500 a year. The residue goes to his children.

—JOHN BRIGHT, who is overwhelmed with all sorts of dainty little presents, says that he values the gold-headed cane bequeathed to him by ABRAHAM LINCOLN for his active defense of the United States during the rebellion beyond any of the presents and testimonials he has received from his numerous admirers and friends.

—Since the income of Viscountess BEACONSFIELD'S fortune passed to the family of her first husband, Mr. WYNDHAM LEWIS, Mr. DISRAELI'S pecuniary resources are materially diminished. He has $10,000 a year as an ex-premier, and about $7000 more, the interest of a cash present made to him some years ago by an eccentric old lady of Devonshire. His desire to retire from the leadership of the opposition may be inferred from a sentence in a letter of his written quite recently: "Although at the request of my friends I am endeavoring to assist in conducting the Parliamentary business of the conservative party, I am otherwise living in seclusion."

—The Countess BENEDETTI, a noted beauty of France, has just died. Her history is a romance. It seems that M. ANASTASI found her when a little girl in an Eastern slave-market, purchased and adopted her, and sent her to Europe to be educated. While M. ANASTASI was Grecian consul at Alexandria she married the vice-consul, M. BENEDETTI, and aided him as he rose from vice-consul to embassador to Prussia. She was only forty-eight, and leaves a son, who is now secretary of legation at Stockholm.

—ADELINA PATTI has essayed a new rôle in London—Leonora, in *Il Trovatore*—and with brilliant success. Her voice is regarded as purer and richer than ever, and time has dealt very gently with her, beautifying her more and more. Something of Northern endurance seems to fix the Southern bloom and ripeness. It yields to neither time nor fatigue, and the PATTI of 1873 is all that she was ten years ago, with the added culture and experience.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON will lecture next season on what he saw during his late trip to Europe. He thinks it has added ten years to his life, and the first of the new ten he will devote to telling us about it.

—Miss BAXTER, of Dundee, Scotland, has given $10,000 to fit a vessel to enable missionaries to carry on their labors in New Guinea. It will be a veritable marine "saints' rest."

—MACREADY, the actor, who died recently in England at the advanced age of eighty, became an ardent Methodist after retiring from the stage, and built a chapel, in which he occasionally exhorted with much fervor.

—Bishop HUNTINGTON, of Central New York, has recently taken under his jurisdiction an entire congregation of German Roman Catholics, and provided them with a German Episcopal pastor.

—General VON MOLTKE'S wife is an Englishwoman, the step-daughter of his sister. When he was in Constantinople he wrote letters to his sister which so interested the step-daughter that she entered into correspondence with and finally married him.

—Prince PONIATOWSKI, who has been engaged as conductor by Mr. ULLMAN for a prolonged tour abroad, gave a farewell morning concert recently in London, at which many prominent artists, including Mr. SANTLEY, assisted. This seems to be an innovation on the aristocracy that may lead to high results. The Duke of Edinburgh is understood to be a fair fiddler, and the King of Bavaria a good pianist. Why may not BARNUM make a little engagement as leader of the orchestra with the Duke, and throw in the King for a couple of fantasias or some sort of roundelay for each performance? That would draw.

—Pembroke, Maine, is the banner town for old fogy. JAMES M'CURDY is one hundred and three years old (this is really so), and gay as a bird; Mrs. LEIGHTON is nearly one hundred; and about three years ago Mrs. HOLLAND, grandmother to the wife of Hon. LOT M. MORRILL, died at the age of one hundred and three. It doesn't seem to be any object to die in Pembroke.

—GUSTAVE DORÉ has done a little thing that is sweet in every way. Having promised a drawing for a charitable lottery organized by the Countess de Noé, he sent a magnificent water-color of great value. It represents a Sister of Mercy carrying off a child in her arms during the bombardment of Paris by the Prussians. It is considered one of DORÉ'S most striking pictures.

—Mr. THOMAS ALLEN proposes to give to the Athenæum in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, $50,000 for the erection of a stone building for its uses, provided his associate trustees will see that an equal sum is raised to endow the institution.

—We have great respect for the man who writes with the good old quill pen. Therefore do we venerate the name of PHILEMON HOLLAND, the Warwickshire school-master and physician, who was wont to boast that he had performed his English version of CAMDEN'S *Britannica*, 1610, with one single pen, on which he wrote the following quatrain:

"With one sole pen I wrote this book,
Made of a gray-goose quill;
A pen it was when it I took,
And a pen I leave it still."

—Miss SARAH SMITH STAFFORD, of Trenton, New Jersey, has in her possession the first Star-spangled Banner ever made, and it is still in good preservation. It was made by the ladies of the old Swedish Church of Philadelphia, assisted by JOHN BROWN, Esq., secretary of the United States Marine Committee. The presentation of the flag was made to JOHN PAUL JONES by Misses MARY and SARAH AUSTIN, the latter of whom afterward became the wife of Commodore BARRY. PAUL JONES hoisted it on the *Bonhomme Richard*, and on the 23d of September, 1779, the engagement took place between her and the *Serapis* and *Countess of Scarborough*. During the fight—one of the fiercest ever known—when the *Bonhomme Richard* and *Serapis* were lashed together, the flag was cut down by a British officer. JAMES B. STAFFORD (the father of Miss STAFFORD) caught it up and nailed it to the mast. The officer made a tremendous sweep with his sabre, cutting into the left shoulder of STAFFORD, felling him to the deck. This wound, owing to unskillful treatment, reopened many years afterward, causing Lieutenant STAFFORD the most intense suffering during the latter part of his life. When the *Bonhomme Richard* was sinking, the flag was seized by one of the sailors, and transferred by PAUL JONES to the American ship of war *Alliance*, where it remained until the close of the war. The vessel was then sold to ROBERT MORRIS, the financier, and the *Alliance* was refitted as a merchantman for the East India trade. The secretary of the United States Marine Committee wrote to Lieutenant JAMES B. STAFFORD that the committee, with the advice of Commodore JOHN BARRY, had decided to present him with the flag, medicine chest, and a "tower musket" belonging to the *Alliance*, in consideration of his bravery in nailing up the flag when it had been cut down by a British officer during the action between the *Bonhomme Richard* and *Serapis*. It is proposed to hoist this flag at the opening of the grand centennial celebration at Philadelphia, July 4, 1876.

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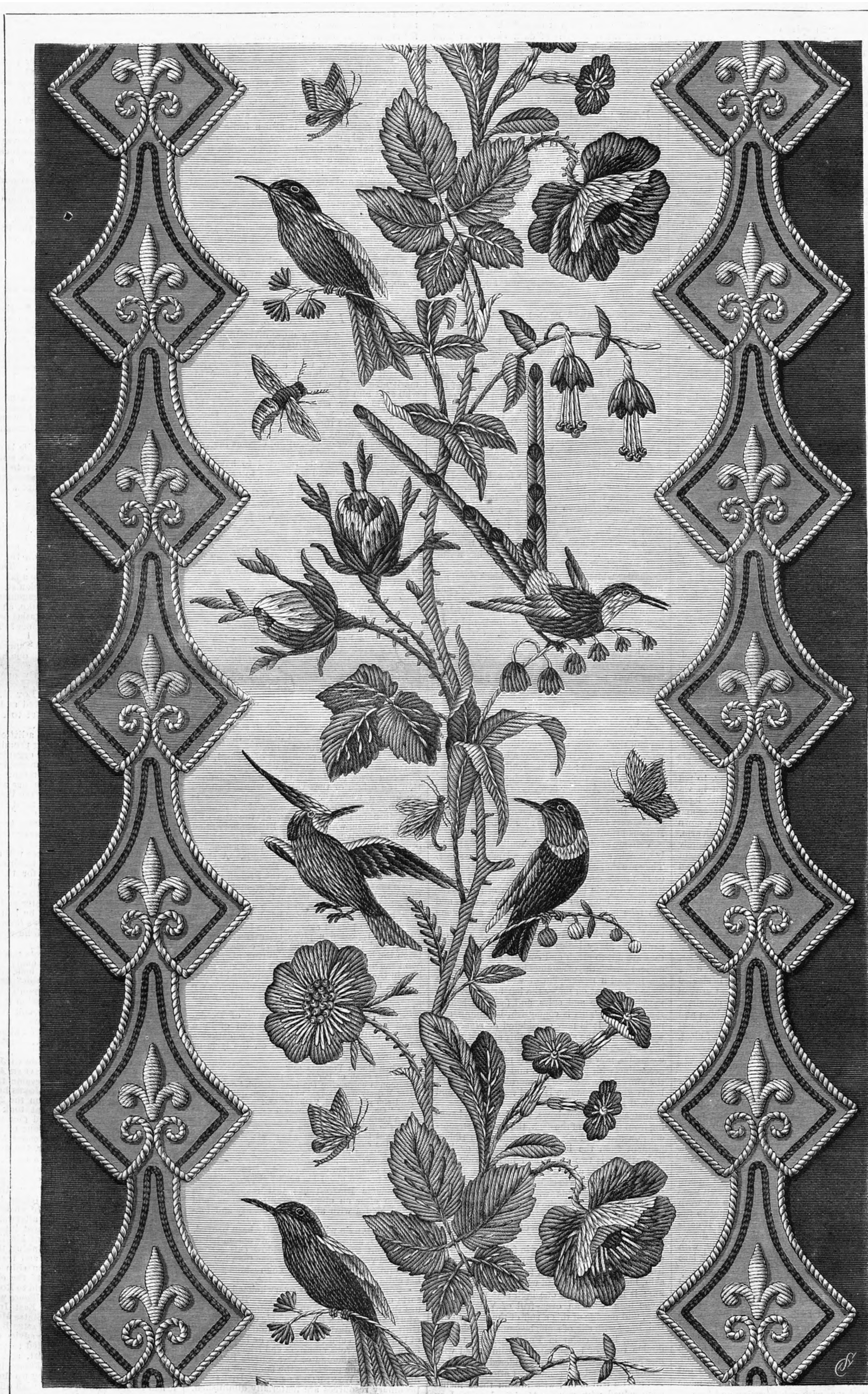

BORDER FOR CHAIRS, SOFA-PILLOW COVERS, ETC.—APPLICATION, SATIN, AND CHAIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.—[See Page 469.]

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Border for Chairs, Covers of Sofa-Pillows, etc.—Application, Satin, and Chain Stitch Embroidery.

See illustration on page 468.

THIS border is worked on light gray faille. For the dark parts on the sides of the border apply black velvet, and for the arabesque figures dark gray faille. These figures are ornamented, as shown by the illustration, with gray silk cord, and in satin and chain stitch embroidery with light and dark gray saddler's silk. The middle part of the border is worked in straight and dovetailed satin stitch, in half-polka and knotted stitch, and in point Russe, with saddler's silk of various colors. This border may also be worked on undivided canvas, applying the arabesque figures, and then filling the middle part with white zephyr worsted, and the outer edge with blue filling silk in cross stitch. The satin stitch embroidery is worked lastly on the cross stitch foundation. The design for the embroidery should, of course, be transferred previously to the finished foundation.

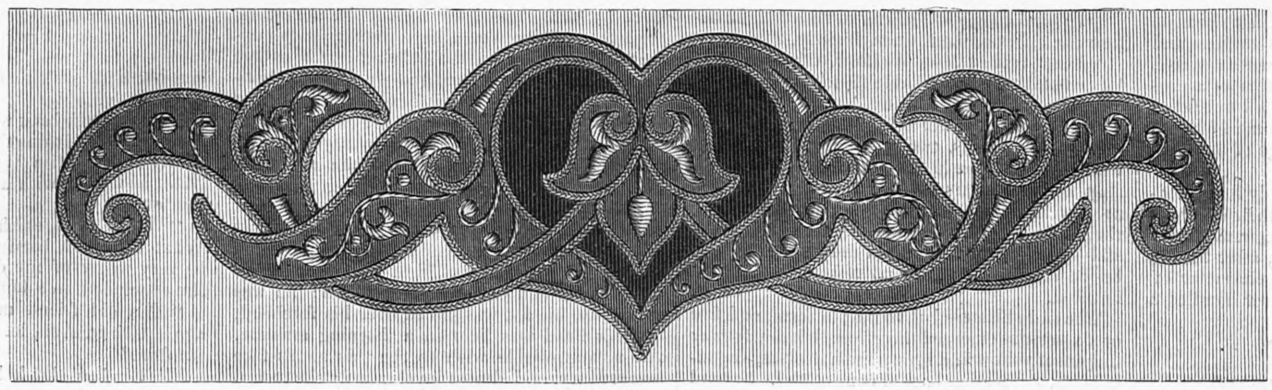


Fig. 1.—DESIGN FOR HEEL OF SLIPPER.—APPLICATION, SATIN, AND HALF-POLKA STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Design for Slipper in Application, Satin, and Half-polka Stitch Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS design is worked on a foundation of light brown cloth in application embroidery with brown velvet and brown cloth in two shades, and in satin and half-polka stitch with maize saddler's silk. The applied figures are surrounded with fine soutache.

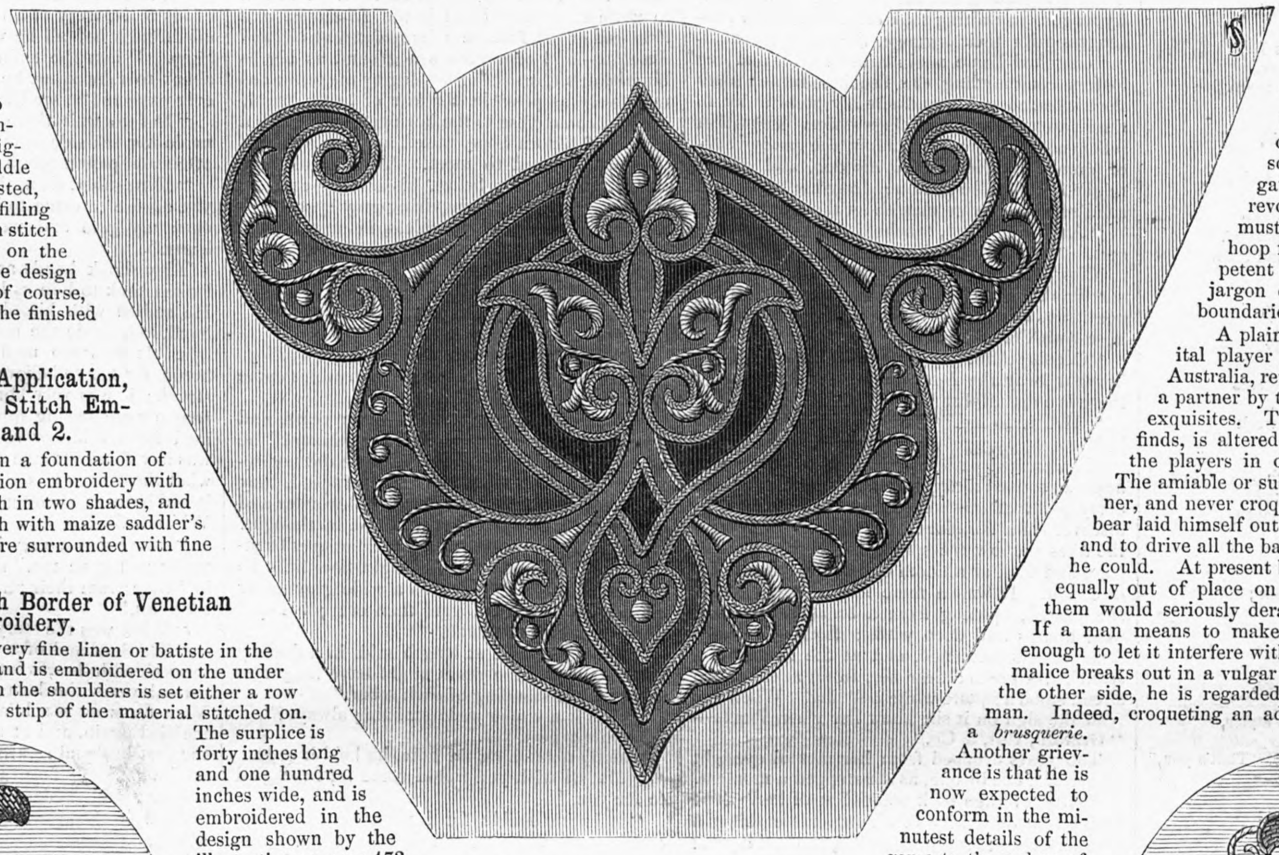


Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR FRONT OF SLIPPER. APPLICATION, SATIN, AND HALF-POLKA STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Linen Surplice with Border of Venetian Embroidery.

THIS surplice is made of very fine linen or batiste in the form of a gentleman's shirt, and is embroidered on the under edge and on the sleeves. On the shoulders is set either a row of insertion or else a narrow strip of the material stitched on. The surplice is forty inches long and one hundred inches wide, and is embroidered in the design shown by the illustration on page 473, in Venetian embroidery, which shows a full-sized section of the border for the sleeves. On the under edge work the border twice, and without the straight button-hole stitch edge, as shown by the illustration. On the neck and along the slit in the middle of the front trim the surplice with a narrow border in Venetian embroidery.

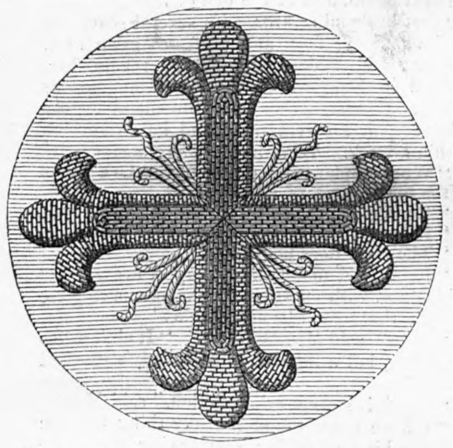


Fig. 1.—CROSS FOR BOOK-MARKS, COVERS OF BIBLES, PRAYER-BOOKS, ETC.—GOLD EMBROIDERY.

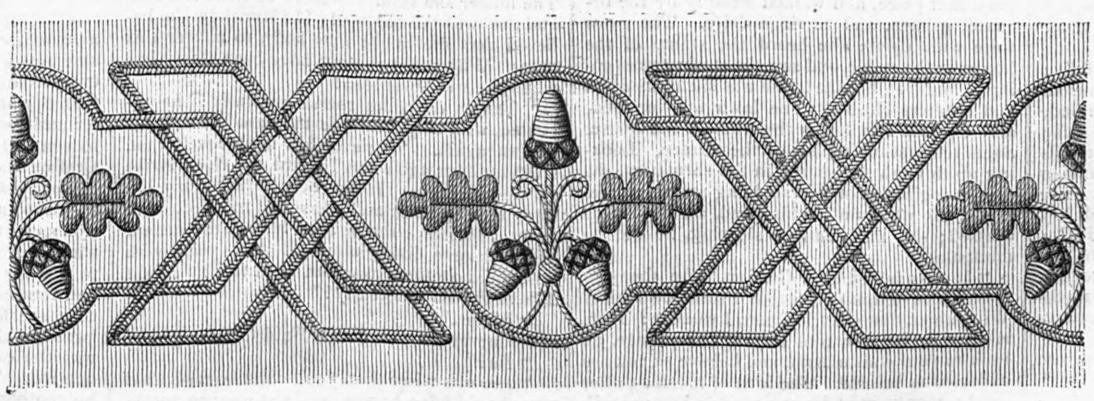
Crosses for Book-Marks, Covers of Bibles, Prayer-Books, etc. Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE crosses are worked in gold embroidery, directions for which were given in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 29, Vol. II. Work the crosses with dead and burnished bullion, gold cord, and gold thread as shown by the illustrations.

LINEN SURPLICE WITH BORDER OF VENETIAN EMBROIDERY.

Border for Banners, Regalias, etc.

THE arabesque lines of this border are worked with gold soutache, and the leaves and acorns with gold thread and gold cord. The capsules of the acorns are stretched crosswise with gold thread. This border may also be worked with colored silk in satin stitch, and with silk braid or soutache.



BORDER FOR BANNERS, REGALIAS, ETC.—GOLD EMBROIDERY.

CROAKS ON CROQUET.

THE croquet season has once more set in, and travel where we will, behind every garden hedge are heard the click of balls, the laughter and earnest adjurations of the players. The almanacs, which are wont to inform gentlemen when salmon-fishing or grouse-shooting begins, might adopt May the 1st as the proper date for the ladies' game—croquet—coming into season. Some enthusiasts, indeed, commence in April, and rumors reach civilization occasionally in February from some parts of the country that the weather has been so mild croquet has commenced. The next letter, however, is sure to bring the conclusion of the story: the players have been laid up ever since with influenza.

With opening summer there are few prettier sights than a croquet party; bright sunshine overhead glorifying the closely shaven lawn with its background of tender green, its glowing clumps of azaleas and rhododendrons, while youth and happiness, the sparkling eyes, gleaming smiles, and neat ankles of the players, would tempt an anchorite from his seclusion. There is a perfect feast of color—flowers, shrubs, and gay jardinières; bright muslins, brighter skirts, and fluttering ribbons.

Unluckily, however, it has another side, and that fraught with intolerable discomforts to those who are beyond the age of heart complaints on the one hand, and, on the other, whose daughters are not yet marriageable. Exactly, says some fair devotee of croquet, at the age of misanthropy, selfishness, and indolence. Granting this, the fact remains that a very large proportion of mankind smart under these croquet woes, and if the enthusiast denies this, in croquet as in politics the minority must surely have its rights, which renders it worth while to recapitulate its wrongs. Ten years ago any one possessed of ordinary skill and strength of wrist could knock painted balls through hoops, and while deep in conversation, even on such a subject as social science, could enjoy croquet. Now the game has become a scientific diversion. A person must go into training for it, and spend many careful hours in learning strokes, manœuvres, and the lore of "Cavendish" or Black, not merely before he can qualify as a croquet athlete, but before he can so much as venture to join in the game. Its very terminology is revolutionized, and he who passed muster a few years ago if he knew a hoop from a peg, must now be competent to enter into the mysterious jargon of roquets, dead balls, breaks, boundaries, and the like.

A plain man, who was deemed a capital player before he made a voyage to Australia, returns to find himself scouted as a partner by the ladies, and stared at by the exquisites. The very spirit of the game, he finds, is altered. Two feelings only actuated the players in old days—love and ill nature. The amiable or susceptible player helped his partner, and never croqueted a lady's ball very far; the bear laid himself out to spoil every one's little game, and to drive all the balls as far into the flower bed as he could. At present both these violent passions are equally out of place on the croquet lawn. Either of them would seriously derange the science of the game. If a man means to make love, he must not be stupid enough to let it interfere with the rigor of the sport; if his malice breaks out in a vulgar knocking about of the balls of the other side, he is regarded as little better than a madman. Indeed, croqueting an adversary at all is now deemed a *brusquerie*.

Another grievance is that he is now expected to conform in the minutest details of the game to the orders of the head of his side. This is all very well if she be young and pretty, but what if she be an exacting and uninteresting person, whose theories respecting the proper defense or attack differ diametrically from your own?

There will be misanthropic, unreasonable individuals to the end, but however much they deserve the condemnation of all rightly thinking people, it is hardly possible for the greatest devotee of croquet to avoid sympathizing with Paterfamilias, who has just settled himself comfortably in the cool library to examine the last issue of the Early English Text Society, when his better half enters.

"Now, Brown, an odd man is wanted for Miss Sparke's side. Don't keep them waiting."

Perhaps it is as well on such an occasion that the genius of croquet can not hear the muttered malison which he obtains. The best advice that can be given to this class of abstainers on principle is forthwith to set up a malady. If a man is known to be afflicted with heart complaint, he may live many years, but no one could be heartless enough to ask him to stand about and exhaust his system in the sunshine; while if it is evening, or the grass is in the least degree damp, few ailments are so accommodating as rheumatism. It suffers the patient, luckily, to eat, drink, and do much as he likes, but he must on no account expose himself to the risk of a chill on the lawn.

Were we making a general onslaught on the game, it would be easy to bring forward many more articles of attainder against it, as the strong probability of catching at least three more influenzas and colds during the season than would otherwise fall to one's lot; the wretchedness of being coupled with a miserable player when you are making admirable strokes, or of having to entertain a silent partner or (worse still) a talkative one.

We have no desire, however, to turn the tide of popularity which the game at present deservedly enjoys. Consideration is all that its victims ask for. Let persons whose hobby is croquet remember that all ages and tastes may not necessarily agree with them on the attractiveness of the game. Allow those who do not to choose their own way of spending a sunny afternoon; give them the freedom of the shrubbery rather than of the lawn. A clever hostess can not well make a mistake if she sends the young people to croquet; with all over thirty there is need of selection and tact. If a man be a Timon, the perfection of hospitality is to suffer him to enjoy his humor. In these days of croquet tournaments and matches it is cruel kindness for parties to ask an indifferent player to join. All alike are bored, and as from the nature of the case no exception can ever be taken

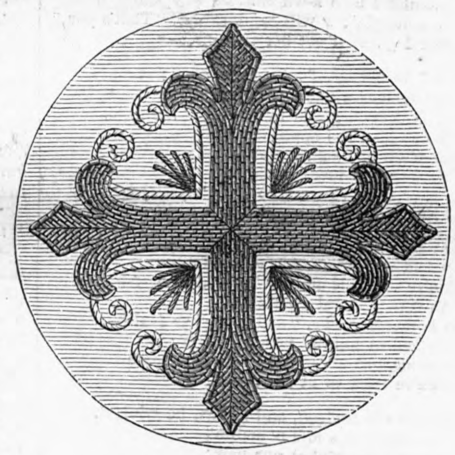


Fig. 2.—CROSS FOR BOOK-MARKS, COVERS OF BIBLES, PRAYER-BOOKS, ETC.—GOLD EMBROIDERY.

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to a lady, however careless or bad a player she be, it is worth notifying to all ladies' colleges and similar institutions that a professor of croquet is as absolute a necessity to such places as a professor of music. The greatest of all nuisances at croquet is the presence at a game of ladies who have not the faintest knowledge of or interest in the amusement.

Having now concluded a tolerably long catalogue of grievances, we commend their due consideration to all croquet players whom they may concern, and retire from the lawn, after hitting our neighbors all round, with the character of the most ill-natured partner who ever handled a mallet.

JOHN JANKIN'S SERMON.

THE minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of givin';
If your life ain't nothin' to other folks,
Why, what's the use o' livin'?"
And that's what I say to wife, says I,
There's Brown, the mis'rable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
A cent toward buyin' a dinner.

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him a-givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by his sermon.
Of course there couldn't be no mistake
When he talked of long-winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
"There's various kinds o' cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin'.
I don't think much of a man that gives
The Lord Amens at my preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swaller;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
Not once, after that to holler.
Hurrah, says I, for the minister—
Of course I said it quiet—
Give us some more of this open talk;
It's very refreshing diet.

The minister hit 'em every time;
And when he spoke of fashion,
And a-riggin' out in bows and things,
As woman's rulin' passion,
And a-comin' to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a-winkin'
And a-nudgin' my wife, and, says I, "That's you,"
And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, That sermon's pat;
But man is a queer creation;
And I'm much afraid that most o' the folks
Won't take the application.
Now if he had said a word about
My personal mode o' sinnin',
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not set here a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
As sort o' moral umbrellas.
Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
Instead of huntin' your brothers';
Go home," he says, "and wear the coats
You've tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots o' smilin',
And lots o' lookin' at our pew;
It sot my blood a-b'ilin'.
Says I to myself, Our minister
Is gittin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him, when meetin's out, that I
Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

WAITING AT THE STATION.

"WHAT place did you say?" Mary Sage asked the conductor, as he came along with his collected tickets.

"Chelsford station," he replied. "Passengers in the morning train from the Cliffs change cars here."

"Strange, strange!" said Mary Sage to herself, for her traveling companion, Miss Whitlow, would not have understood her. "Years have elapsed since a drama was abruptly closed, the lights extinguished, and again the cur—cars, I mean—roll me back to Chelsford, where it began."

As the conductor repassed, Mary questioned him, and was informed that she would have to wait at the Chelsford station three hours before the Old Province train arrived, by which they were to travel homeward.

"Dear me!" snapped Miss Whitlow, rousing at this announcement, "are we to be detained here to feed the flies? Mary, you need not have so hurried matters. But you would whisk out of bed to see the sun rise. You are too old for sunrises."

"Yes, Cousin Ann," cried Mary, cheerfully; "'tis the sunset of life that should give me all the mystical lore I require. But never mind. There will be one spring in the hair-cloth sofa; you shall have that, with as many cocoa-nut balls as you choose to add to your milk of human kindness. I am sure your netting is in your sachel. I mean to explore the region; and, hey presto! we shall hear the cry, 'All aboard!'"

"Nonsense, Mary. In trying situations you are so absurd! *Chelsford*," she added, reflectively, "has a familiar sound. Did your mother ever go there? I have some such recollection."

"We passed a summer in the town when you were abroad, during my green and salad days."

"You were a mere child then. It is fifteen years since. Mercy! as we get older the passage of time strikes the mind like a comet."

"I found that I had grown to be a woman before I left," remarked Mary, bitterly.

"Yes," replied Miss Whitlow, complacently; "our family are remarkable for maturing early."

"And the same in fading."

"By no means; not at all." And Miss Whitlow's piebald curls, two to each temple, shook with disdain at the idea. Like Festus, she probably counted years by her heart-throbs; and as she had had small occasion for perturbing that organ, she might consider herself youthful still—younger, in truth, than the pale, tall Mary beside her, about whom no vestige of girlhood lingered.

The train blustered up to the platform, and five or six persons emerged therefrom, hot and frowzy in spite of yellow and brown linen dresses, Japanese fans, and leather bags of comestibles. Several trunks were madly tossed out of the baggage car, and then the train rolled down the cut through a scattering wood, and disappeared. The country wagons in waiting took off the expected passengers with their luggage, the staring schoolgirls strolled home again arm in arm, and the loafers commanding the benches turned over their tobacco quids and silently stole away to their perches along the village stores. The ticket seller slapped down his window, the candy vendor drew a barrier across his den, and silence reigned within the station; draughts of air and solid sunbeams were masters of the situation.

"Ah," said Mary, "behold this dipterous insect. Something to share our solitude."

Miss Whitlow stepped to the window.

"Pooh! a daddy-long-legs," she answered, peevishly, continuing to dabble her mouth and nose with Cologne-water.

"Cousin Ann, try this rocking-chair. I brought away the *Bactrian Advertiser* for you; there is a dreadful murder in it."

"Give it to me. Where can my spectacles be?"

Mary waited patiently till Miss Whitlow was adjusted satisfactorily, and then went out. From every point of the compass she vainly tried to discover some familiar landmark. Away beyond the trees she saw the spires and roofs of the village, and took at random one of the roads in its direction. It was a mere lane through which she passed, opening from a broad street lined with houses and deep yards; from either side other streets branched, and at the farther end stretched a green; near her, in an angle of the street, stood a square white building. When she read the sign on it she knew her whereabouts—"Grafton, Pitt, & Co."

The years dropped from her mental eyesight like scales, one by one, as she stopped a moment. A feeling of rage took possession of her. The power and durability of an inanimate thing, a sign surviving to suggest so vital, so dead a past! She moved on toward the green, going by houses she could not yet recognize, and trees, shrubs, garden beds, and walks all dream-like and confused.

"I am going to Chelsford Green," she said, "to the Elm Walk."

She saw the arching elms gently bending and mingling their tall thick tops, and the great boles padded with short grass at their base; and then a curious collision took place in her mind between two persons—both of them herself—with a third person added as judge or commentator. The first was a girl of seventeen, carelessly dressed, her shawl down her shoulders, her bonnet half off her head, and her hair flying. She was coming up the Elm Walk with a roll of music in her hand, and her attention was absorbed in some object or person at the limits of the walk. How pretty and bright she looked! Mary's eyes filled with hot, aching tears at the picture. The other was a woman beyond thirty, sober and composed in appearance; she carried a large parasol, and was dressed in gray. Her observations seemed to be confined to the capers of a pair of sparrows who hopped tamely, and cocked up their little round heads at her, while she stood still by one of the trees. To this person Mary gave a pitiful smile and a wave of polite dismissal, and returned to her present self. After a momentary hesitation she crossed the green and went out by the farther gate. "I'll just go by it," she said, "and then return to Cousin Ann."

Presently she came in sight of a lonely little stream, spanned by a handsome stone bridge, newly dated. It was changed there, she found, but still the view down the river must be the same. Yes, there were the high palings, the hedge, the roof, and chimneys of Edward Grafton's place.

"Ay me, ay me, with what another heart,
In days far off, and with what other eyes,
I used to watch—if I be she that watched—"

Mary murmured, her whole soul stirred with some recollection that changed her face wonderfully. She felt drawn by invisible threads toward that place, and walked steadily by the orchard, garden, and carriage drive. The gates were wide open; she heard the stamp of the horses in the stable, and saw the stable groom going to and fro; but the house was silent, its doors and shutters closed. The lawn was terraced, and a piazza ran across the front of the house. Some temptation led her by the terrace. Looking up through the spaces in the shrubbery, she caught a glimpse of a man lying upon a settee. His arms were under his head, his feet were crossed; she thought him sleeping, he was so motionless.

"If that is Edward Grafton," she thought, "why does he not divine that I stand near him? What about that electric chain, I wonder? Here is a test. What a fool I am! Mary Sage, go back to your cousin Ann, and behave as you are expected to behave. The idea of mooning after dead romantic episodes at noonday, because railroad companies will not accommodate each other, is too preposterous. Yes, I'll return; I'll just walk by, and come back on the other side of the street. Who would have thought of my opportunity of seeing old Chelsford again, where I took music-lessons, and had such a gay summer? And now mother is dead, and I am dead—an old maid, I mean—and life is a tiresome falsehood." She was walking swiftly, unaware of her footsteps. A clock struck; the wind brought its slow strokes to her ear; an hour had passed since she left the station, and her heart had counted every happy day she had ever spent in that time. As she passed along on the other side of the way she looked at the settee again. The sleeper had changed his position; he was sitting up, his hat was pulled over his forehead, and his head was bent in a listening attitude. An uncontrollable wish to see this man's face seized Mary, and almost involuntarily she turned again and crossed over below the terrace.

"Suppose I do want to see him!" she argued, crossly. "I am the one to be hurt. I intend to write a book, and call it the *Dissection and Analysis of all Human Disappointment through Emotion*—and that covers a ground as big as Humboldt's *Cosmos*." Stepping by the terrace as noiselessly as possible, for fear of being heard, she had come close to the lawn gate, and, with a feeling of forlorn hope, raised her eyes and met those she wished to meet. Their faces were not far apart, hers below, his above—earnest, sad faces now; deep, inquiring gray eyes. For a moment they were speechless, he amazed, she breathless.

"Mary Sage, is it you?"

"Yes, Edward Grafton."

"Come up here! come in!" he urged.

"No."

"Why are you here in this strange way?"

"Because the Old Province train won't come in. Are you a railroad director?"

"Where have you been all these years, and why should I never have seen you, Mary?" he asked, with a rising irritation. She did not reply at once, but looked at him. Indeed, they measured each other with profound wonder and curiosity. How well she still looked, he thought. Her complexion was brilliant yet, her eyes beautiful as of old. And she thought how little he had changed. His hair was a trifle gray under his hat, and he was bigger than ever; his eyes were absolutely the same.

"I wonder," she at length said, in a dreamy voice, "if all these years might have taught us a right understanding of each other."

"Was it a wrong understanding always?"

"On my part, yes."

Quietly unlatching the gate, he held it open.

"Mary I wish you would come in, I am glad to see you."

"It is impossible, for I must return to my cousin, who waits for me at the station. You know what freaks the imagination plays. When I found myself at Chelsford, after so many years' absence, I thought I would test my bump of locality."

"Have you passed the terrace more than once?" he asked, abruptly.

She blushed redder than a rose. "I wasn't quite sure," she stammered.

"Oh, I see: another experiment."

"How curiously things do turn up!" she wisely remarked.

"Very, indeed."

"I suppose I must go now."

"Where did you say you were going?"

"To our town, Walton."

"Your cousin is with you?"

"Yes—Miss Whitlow. Have you lived here ever since?"

"Oh yes, except a few years abroad."

"Well, good-morning."

"Good-morning."

Dizzy and confused, she sprang forward, but at the end of the path looked round, like Lot's wife. He was gazing at her with all his might, and, woman-like, she walked straight back to him, and cried, "You looked so always, Edward Grafton. I know now how few were the words you spoke to me, and yet I thought I had a numberless memory."

"You said as few. I judged you as I supposed you judged me. Our eyes were said to be alike. Was there a language in them for me? Was I dishonest to let mine tell my story? What could I say, then? My circumstances were patent. There came a fine day, and your mother swooped down on you and bore you off. I acquiesced, because you did."

For the first time Mary looked at the windows.

"No one there but my mother," he said.

Questions crowded upon Mary's mind, which she dared not ask—could not bring herself to ask.

"Mary, let me see your left hand." She held it toward him, and he pulled off her glove.

"Ah," was all he said, and kept the glove. Mary wished that it was not a mended one. The longer she staid, the more silenced she felt, and that was the old spell; but somehow she believed that she might now learn to master this man. Why could she not have been thirty-five when she was seventeen!

"Things do come round curiously!" he repeated, with a quiet smile that made her color deepen again. "I never felt more lonely than I did an hour ago when I heard the clock strike its dismal knell. It has been striking my life away hour by hour, and I have not rebelled. Am I not a patient country lout, biding the arrival of the hearse, living alone all these years with an invalid mother, to whom I am tied? Might I have chosen differently?"

"Alone!"

"I never married Helen Banks."

"No?"

"She was wiser than you. She learned what you should have known, and she went to another man's house, did my cousin Helen. Will you call over and help me count her children?"

Once more he opened his gate, and signed to Mary to enter. She shook her head. Not at his mere beck would she go into the house she had left with such sorrow, and left by him also so uselessly.

"May I walk back with you, then?" he asked. She assented. It was time; in fact, the train was nearly due. Miss Whitlow had slept in her chair, and woke with a crick in her neck and in her temper.

"Where upon earth have you been, Mary? What have you been picking up? You must be very weary of my company. Who's that?" she concluded, in a loud whisper.

"The old friend mother and I made years ago. Cousin Ann, let me introduce you to Mr. Grafton."

Mr. Grafton shook hands with the old lady, and expressed deep remorse that they should have suffered so long a detention in such a stupid place, though the detention had been the means of his rediscovery of a valued friend. He learned through her all he wished to learn of Mary Sage. When the train arrived, and they were about to take seats, he coolly asked her if she ever expected to see Chelsford again.

"Not to wait there again. If Cousin Ann made her sea-side resort of the Cliffs, she must, of course, pass through the town."

"Remember, then, that my house is open, if you choose to come to it. If I am there, I will open my gate and welcome you with all my heart."

They shook hands as they parted, and Mary looked back to him as he stood on the platform. He smiled with his old expression, waved his hand, and made the motion of a word with his lips. It was too mad a dream, the last two hours, for her to believe in. She might be sunstruck; it was very hot weather; a good many people were having queer fancies. She examined Miss Whitlow so closely to see if there was any thing strange about her that she asked what the matter was, and Mary said she thought it had been an uncommonly hot day, which Miss Whitlow denied.

"There was a very improbable story in that paper you gave me," she said. "The writers of fiction cram their readers with foolish, impossible lies."

"What was the story?"

"The husband of a young woman, having a quarrel with her, went off. In the course of several years she heard that he lost his life at Vera Cruz as a soldier in Scott's army. She married again, and at the end of fourteen years the first husband returns, with several scars and an intemperate face, and professes great love, anxiety, and a determination to regain her. Second husband willingly restores her to his arms, and finds another love immediately. The original pair are remarried, and he strikes her within a week. What a preposterous story!"

"What explanation did Number One make of the fourteen years' silence?"

"None given."

"Did not the wife require one?"

"The story does not say so."

"I should demand the history of every day," said Mary, with energy. "Has he one to give, though, that would be admissible?"

"*Has?*" said Miss Whitlow. "It ain't a live character, but a figment of somebody's cracked brain."

"Truth is stranger than fiction," said Mary.

"I have never found life any thing but the plainest kind of sailing, and having got on so far, expect to discover no mysteries. You ought to know better too. What ever has happened to you beyond a picnic?"

"Did you particularly notice Mr. Grafton?"

"Why, yes; I thought him a very good-looking middle-aged man, and quite polite. Where did you come across him?"

"Heaven help me, Cousin Ann, I have loved that man fifteen years, and had to wait at Chelsford station to discover it!"

"Not to him, I hope," said Miss Whitlow, gravely.

"He guesses it well enough."

"It is all nonsense. Of course you refused him years ago, and made a mistake. When I refused Deacon Watkins I never allowed myself to suffer a minute, though he had the best house in Walton. You are flighty in your disposition, Mary, and always will be. You are as red in the face as a turkey-cock this minute."

Mary was thankful when the coach stopped in Sackville Street, at their door. She ran up to her room like a *young gell*, as Bridget, the servant, declared. In its familiar solitude Mary hoped to recover composure, and be able to judge rightly of this, the most astonishing day she ever passed. Afterward, when retired for the night, she looked in the glass, determined to take a strict account of every indication and vestige of age, to uproot all vanity from her mind, and renounce every romantic anticipation. She was still fair enough for a man of forty, said the glass: a smooth cheek, abundant hair, shapely hands, an erect, well-formed person. As for romance, every woman was entitled by divine right to carry that Scripture on the tablets of her heart. As for anticipation, what right to that? *None*, her reason told her. Had not that obdurate Edward Grafton shown himself to-day, as he had shown himself years since, determined to be understood in his own way, determined to be sought and won as he pleased? It seemed to her for an instant as if he had been thus long waiting for her to pass his gate, like a spider in his web. But she had refused to go in, that was a comfort; and then she fell to crying bitterly, and longed to have the chance offered her once more. What was the cause of his mysterious conduct? she queried. The summer she had spent beneath his mother's roof together with her own mother had its history. Edward's cousin Helen, adopted by his mother when she became an orphan—

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a feeble, eccentric girl—by some hocus-pocus had obtained an unaccountable influence over him, and held him as her promised husband. When Mary appeared, Edward straightway fell in love with her, and in an open way gave evidence of an affection which he believed, when he had reason to suppose Mary returned it, would lead to its proper and inevitable result. Helen herself, his mother, Mary's mother, must see that it was the right thing that they should be united. Love was the be all, end all—the Bible of the soul, teaching a religion before whose mandates every thing must bow. The consequence of this fine theory was that Mary's mother took her home immediately; his own mother was broken-hearted at the failure in choosing happiness for him; and Helen, after playing fast and loose with him, suddenly married a young man in the neighborhood who was devoid of every attraction Edward possessed. Edward went abroad, and only returned, after a long absence, because of his mother's prayers. A rumor reached him that Mary Sage was engaged; then it was contradicted. He thought of her constantly at that time, and could not forgive her for forsaking him. As the years went by he counted them, and finally settled in the conviction that Mary had grown too old to be any longer remembered as a young man's ideal; too old, indeed, for him to seek her with any sentimental object, and so, as he thought, his love ghost was forever laid. After all, reasoning from any ordinary point of view, his conduct was not to be accounted for. Mary concluded as his past had been, so would his future be, unless she should interfere. She ended her speculations here, and very sensibly went to bed.

When Edward Grafton returned to his house that day he entered it with a funereal feeling; a new void was there. The flying joy and hope he had seen fluttering in Mary's eyes had vanished, and left him desolate. He was not satisfied with himself. Not that he blamed his part in to-day, but long ago. He was in fault somewhere. When his cousin Helen jilted him to his content, why did he not follow Mary Sage? Why not, man fashion, ride into Walton town, and sue the woman he loved to be his wife? Simply because he had expected too much of her; the makings of a heroine were not bestowed upon her. He saw to-day that she was just the woman she promised to be, and he had tried to coerce her; opened his gate, like a melodramatic fool, and nodded, like Cæsar, for her to cross his threshold. He had always propped his pride and spirits with the belief that she loved him very deeply; now he doubted it, and the doubt was torture. The doubt increased, and became the torment of his life. Day after day passed, and still he kept at home. Mary grew dearer and dearer to him. He invented all sorts of excuses for seeking her: he was rich; she was poor, the companion of a peevish old woman; it was his duty to give her a home. Perhaps she had remained single for his sake; his honor, then, demanded that he should ask her hand in marriage. And then he knocked his excuses down like nine-pins. So these persons remained apart. A short interview had undone the work of years; for they were both longing and miserable, where they had been cheerful and contented. At last the same fate interfered in their behalf. The medium this time was not a railroad. Sick and idle, Edward went up to the city one autumn day to hear a famous prima donna in her celebrated *rôle* of Sappho. Miss Whitlow, busy, and interested in every thing under heaven, made a rush to the same city for the same purpose, and carried, as a matter of course, Mary Sage and her best gown with her. Edward and Mary were at the same hotel, the Pelham, without knowing it. No magnetism passed through the murk air of dinner and general fluffiness from one to the other to cause fresh speculation in those gray eyes so like to each other.

The opera-house was crowded. Miss Whitlow had a costly seat in the front row, and was fanning her old self in a gracious style, and entirely happy. Mary sat beside her in a soft white shawl, and a pretty head-dress of trailing flowers in her handsome hair. The glorious voice and the passionate acting of the prima donna, who was neither young nor beautiful, moved her strangely. She bent her face over her for a moment, and, when she looked up, saw the man she wildly prayed to see—Edward Grafton. He was in the parquet, exactly beneath the seat where she was. It was the counterpart of the situation at Chelsford, and it so occurred to them; they smiled with the same thought.

"What do you see, Mary?" asked Miss Whitlow. "Your attention seems to be fixed elsewhere. For my part, that dreadful creature shakes my nerves with her goings on."

"Mr. Grafton is in the parquet," said Mary.

"Oh! he is; he can locomote, then. I thought him a human lichen, and grown to the walls of his house in Chelsford. Does the man want to come up?"

"I dare say," replied Mary, carelessly.

"He looks distinguished, and he may come when the curtain falls."

Mary looked at her gratefully, and again at Mr. Grafton, with invitation in her eyes. He was at their elbow as soon as the act closed, and greeted Miss Whitlow first. A youthful blush mantled in Mary's face as she felt the pressure of his hand. Some one behind them vacated a seat, and he took it; the owner did not return when the curtain rose again, and the moments that followed were the sweetest Mary ever knew. The music, the brilliant company, lent a magic to the dear reality. Edward forgot himself, his pride, his rights, only remembering his present love; and Mary, forgetting nothing, feeling all, was ready to live or die with him, just as he chose. They were young again; the voice of passion from the stage, its song of longing and rejoicing or of grief and despair, sustained by the ever-recurring instruments of the orchestra, intoxicated them. They said very foolish things to each other. If Miss Whitlow had heard them she would have called for two strait-jackets.

"May I go home with you?" he asked, humbly, when the performance was over, and he was so carefully adjusting Mary's shawl that Miss Whitlow, to speak the vernacular, smelled an animal of the rodent kind, Latinized as *musculus*.

"We go to the Pelham Hotel, Sir," she answered.

"That is my hotel also; we go the same way."

Miss Whitlow graciously asked him to take a seat in her carriage, and all the way along, when a street lamp shone in, two pairs of gray eyes were fixed on each other with delight. Edward whispered to Mary to join him a few minutes in the drawing-room after Miss Whitlow was properly disposed of. They met, and sat in the deep embrasure of a window for half an hour. Little was said, but enough; and then Edward left Mary at the door of her room with a kiss which made her recall once more the days of the past. She sighed.

"What is it, my love?" he jealously inquired.

"Nothing, only that my hair is gray."

He groaned.

"Why, Edward, what ails you?"

"My wrinkles are legion."

Miss Whitlow was interviewed the next morning. She expressed no surprise; said, in fact, she had been looking forward to Mary's marriage. She went into a calculation about spoons and sheets, and was in a hurry to return home to get Mary ready. Edward persuaded her to remain in the city a week, and during that week persuaded her to consent to a hotel wedding.

"Whatever you did in the green tree," she said to them, "I never saw any thing but what you do in the dry. You are as silly as geese."

The old lady's eyes filled with tears as she spoke, and Edward and Mary smiled at each other, as only bride and groom can smile who are destined to

"Live in peace,
And die in a pot of grease."

Vide the oldest, truest fairy stories in the world, and the newest love stories in the same.

WATERING-PLACE COSTUME.

See illustration on page 472.

THIS pretty costume for country resorts is of sage green Chambéry gauze, with a mantle and trimming of bronze doré. The sage green skirt has double ruffles of the same, with bronze bands in the middle down the front breadths, while the back has horizontal lapping ruffles in clusters, with white point duchesse insertion let in the space between. Basque and sleeves of sage green, trimmed with bronze bands and lace. Bronze mantle, with bow and long tabs behind bordered with lace. Leghorn flat, with a tea-rose under the brim, bronze streamers behind, with black and bronze ostrich tips on the crown.

PERVENCHE SILK COSTUME.

See illustration on page 472.

THIS carriage dress is of two shades of pervenche (bluish-purple) silk. The dress is light, with dark accessories. The light skirt has kilt pleating around the bottom, with lengthwise puffs down the front, separated by dark bands finished with bows; the back breadths are separate from the pleating, bordered with a dark band, and full in the pleats. The polonaise slopes away to disclose the front, has side revers and bows. Revers chemisette with standing collar. Half-flowing sleeves, with a slashed cap and puff. Chip gypsy bonnet, almost covered with moss-roses and buds. Parasol of the darkest pervenche silk, with embroidered border.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

WHAT so lazily restful—or so restfully lazy—as sitting on bluff or beach and watching the ceaseless incoming and outgoing of the white-crested waves? Newspaper and novel, which we thought to read so comfortably while lingering here, remain unopened in the listless hand, and we fall into dreamy moods. A strange fascination there is in these ever-changing, restless waters. The eye follows one long line of foaming surf till it breaks upon the shore, and then looks outward again to a tiny white spot, that grows and swells under the vision, spreading, leaping, dancing; then, serpent-like, creeping up the beach until, its power spent, it falls back and mingles with the great waters. Another and another follow, all aiming for the same goal, each striving to reach a higher point, each falling back when having done its utmost. What are these wild waves saying? As we dreamily gaze, with the ear sleepily filled with the unceasing roar of the waters, they seem to speak of life with its endless hopes and efforts and failures. Like each sparkling foam-crested breaker is each bright hope inciting to courageous action. But it touches a certain point, and breaks and vanishes. Vanquished, the wave slowly and sadly retires like one disappointed in an eager anticipation. Yet "try again" seems the constant motto of the tide. Though it appears never to reach the point for which it strives, it never gives up. Again and again the waves return with new vigor, with fierce determination. Another voice, not from the rising tide, but far more human, rouses us from unprofitable musings, with, "Do look at my beautiful stones!" and a petition to help some more." Let us be done with idle dreaming. Digging in the sand may not be dignified, but it is delightful, and will give an appetite for dinner. We follow the child to the highest water-mark, and with tiny shovels dig deep for the shining pebbles. We fill our pails slowly, watching meanwhile the rising surf, and darting back from the waves that every moment almost touch our feet. Then, retreating higher on the beach, we sit down to examine our treasures. How beautiful they are! so smooth, so various-shaped, so many-colored. We pick out the choicest with almost as much zest as our little companion, though wondering more than she, perhaps, how long the waves have been wearing them into these fantastic forms, and over what leagues they have traveled. She is only eager to gather many curiosities, which she is likely soon to do, for strange-looking shells and nameless things of the sea are mingled among sand and stones. It is a favorite amusement for children at the sea-side to collect these curiosities, and grown-up people do not disdain the occupation. It is wholesome to leave work and thought a while, and play with the little folks. It makes one a child again, gloomy feelings die away, and heart and spirit grow lighter. Yes! Unless you have, so to speak, been digging in the sand, and gathering pebbles all the year, it will be thoroughly restful to spend a while in some such recreation during these summer months.

A very just criticism has been made in connection with the recent Commencement seasons in seminaries and colleges for young ladies—namely, that the almost universal habit of young ladies is to overdress on Commencement-day. The majority, especially of those who are brought into more particular publicity from the parts they take on the occasion, are very much dressed. But a tasteful plainness would be much more appropriate than the elaborate ornamentation so often seen.

Limestone water is said to have a tendency to induce cholera. In many cases in Memphis and Nashville the disease has been definitely traced to the use of such water—so, at least, physicians assert.

Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, whose recent death is such a great loss to art and art lovers, was long a resident of Florence, having first established himself in the Italian city about the year 1837. His studio was on the Via di Serragh, in a large building once a convent, which he occupied as a residence and for his suite of studios and workshops, wherein were constantly employed a large force of the most skillful workmen of the world. It was not only visited by Americans, but by a vast number of people from all parts of the globe. Visitors were invariably received by him in a warm, cordial, and unaffected manner, and shown about his rooms, where were his various works in different stages of completion. He always cherished the deepest love for and pride in America, but Italy afforded him essential facilities for the enjoyment of his artistic pursuits.

The magnificent organ in the Alexandra Palace was destroyed by the fire which consumed the building, but the costly tapestry, the water-colors of Turner and of other masters, and many valuable oil-paintings, were saved.

Present arrangements make it very convenient for residents of New York to visit Long Branch. One may leave the city as early as seven o'clock and reach Long Branch in time to join the more fashionable guests of the hotels at breakfast. After spending a long day on the beach, the transient visitor may dine, take the cars a little past six o'clock, and after a charming evening sail, reach New York about half past eight. The boats run frequently during the day, and by special trains the distance between Sandy Hook—where the steamers land their passengers—and Long Branch occupies only eighteen minutes. The trip across the bay is delightful; the fresh sea-air is so invigorating that one becomes refreshed before the journey is half ended.

The special mission of the *Great Eastern* seems to be ocean-cable carrier; and again she has achieved a great success in laying a new trans-atlantic coil between Valentia and Heart's Content. The deep-sea cable extends to within eighty miles of Heart's Content, where it was cut and buoyed, ready for splicement to the shore end of the line. It may be interesting in this connection to note the lengths of each of the Atlantic cables. That of 1865, which has recently broken, is 1896⅓ miles long, and the cable of 1866 is 1868½ miles. The French cable of 1869, from Brest to St. Pierre, is 2557 miles in length; while the line just laid will be about the same length as that of 1865. Since the cable of 1865 broke, the French cable parted 208 miles from Brest in about 500 fathoms of water. The accident was repaired by the *Hibernia*, a length of 100 miles having been cut out and replaced by a similar length of new cable.

According to Persian etiquette the Shah can eat no meat that is not killed in his presence by his own cooks. It is said that the first night after his arrival in Berlin some of his servants were seen dragging a sheep into the saloon where the Shah was then sitting, and before they could be prevented they had cut the throat of the animal before his eyes, its blood spouting out upon the carpet. Arrangements have been made at Buckingham Palace by which the Shah may see his mutton killed without damage to the carpets.

When Captain Jack was captured he was dressed in tightly fitting clothes, with moccasins easy for running. He asked permission to make a change of garments. He retired behind the rocks, and soon reappeared arrayed in a clean striped shirt and dark pants. His young wife also dressed herself in a clean white gown and red sash, then washed the face of her pretty child, and put on it a neat red and black frock.

One of the most destructive forest conflagrations ever known in New England has devastated the wooded portions of Plymouth County, Massachusetts. The extreme drought rendered all efforts to extinguish the flames unavailing until something like sixty square miles of territory were laid bare.

A little boy about five years old recently died in Brooklyn under circumstances which should prove a warning to parents and attendants. The child was threatened with the measles, and in order to allay the accompanying fever a medicine was prepared which he was to take once in four hours. He had taken four doses, and was apparently doing well. He was left a while, sleeping peacefully, the bottle of medicine being on a table near his bedside. On the return of his father he found the boy in an unnatural slumber, and the bottle empty. Evidently he had awaked thirsty and drank the contents. No efforts availed to save his life.

We see the statement confidently made that there is no under-tow whatever at Long Branch this season. But what has become of it? Has it gone to visit stealthily some other sea-side resort?

Will any thing induce reckless people not to leave their guns and pistols loaded? We suppose there is no hope of bringing about such a result. A young man in Somerset County, Maine, left a loaded gun hanging up in the shed. His brother, eleven years old, took it down, playfully pointed it at three little girls who were playing in the yard, saying he was going to shoot them. The children started to run away, but he did shoot one of them, and she instantly fell dead.

Statistics indicate that the number of pleasure-seekers going to Europe during the present season will be about ten thousand in excess of the number last year.

Baltimore and Chicago are following the example of Eastern cities in giving picnic excursions to poor children.

The ex-Empress Eugénie recently laid the foundation-stone of a chapel to the memory of her august consort, in which his Majesty's remains will be laid for the present, and in which also space is to be reserved for herself. This memorial building adjoins the Catholic church of St. Mary, Chiselhurst. The ceremony was strictly "private." The chapel in which is to be placed the sarcophagus given by the Queen adjoins the church at the southwest end, and is in the Gothic style of architecture. The exterior walls will be of Bath stone, those inside of Caen stone, with a vaulted ceiling and polished marble columns. On the tessellated pavement will be the imperial crown and the letters "N" and "E" alternately. At the top of the chapel will be placed two imperial eagles and a cross. The building will be finished by August, and it is to cost about £1400, the expense being borne entirely by the Empress.

It is said that the late Horace F. Clark fell a victim to his unusual capacity for work. His business hours were practically from nine in the morning until two the next morning. Month after month his routine of work was performed, with little variation or recreation. He accomplished much, but such a rate could not be long sustained.

July brings the camp-meeting season, which continues until September. These meetings seem to have grown in favor with the multitude. The social and moral elements combine with the strictly religious, and help make the vicinity of camp-meetings a favorite summer resort.

Once upon a time a Russian countess living in Paris felt it necessary to try a change of air. The chief companion of her journeys was a little dog, which she carried in her muff, her sleeve, or her pocket. At Milan, "Toto," the pet, died. His mistress invited all the small dogs in Milan to the funeral; 300 mourners appeared, and each was supplied with a pall covered with silver tears. After the ceremony the 300 were invited to partake of the funeral baked meats, but here good conduct and philosophy failed them, and the feast broke up abruptly; the Riot Act had to be enforced, but not until one of the guests had been torn to pieces between the soup and dessert.

USEFUL RECIPES.

STRAWBERRIES, PRESERVED.—The variety known as lady-fingers is the best. They are so hard and firm that they keep their shape nicely; besides, their flavor is very delicious. If possible, preserve them as soon as gathered; they will keep much better. After removing the stems, allow a pound of the best white sugar to every pound of fruit. Put the sugar over the fire, adding a little water, and when it is boiling hot add the berries, keeping them boiling as fast as possible. Strawberries boiled at a "gallop" do not break as much as those that are boiled slowly. Cook them about twenty minutes, and then try and see if done. Bottle and seal them while perfectly hot, and when the jars have cooled place them in a box, the bottom of which has been strewn with clean sand. Pour sand in until the crevices between the jars are filled and they are covered on top with it. Place the box in a cool, dry cellar or closet. The sand absorbs the moisture during the hot damp summer weather, when strawberries generally spoil.

PEA SOUP.—To every quart of unshelled peas allow two quarts of water, in which boil the empty pods half an hour; remove, strain, add one pint cold water, place over the fire, and put in two pounds of beef cut in small pieces; boil slowly one hour, and if not enough water, add some boiling hot; put in the pease, and if the meat is not desired in the soup, remove it; boil half an hour and ten minutes before serving; add two table-spoonfuls of rice flour stirred smoothly in half a tea-cupful of new milk; stir frequently to prevent the flour from scorching.

BOILED PEASE.—They should be fresh when cooked, and boiled in just enough water to cover them, which should be salted, and boiling when the pease are put in. Do not cover the vessel while they are cooking, which ought not to be longer than twenty minutes, unless they are old. Drain off all the water; add a little cream and a small piece of butter.

SPINACH.—It should be cooked so as to retain its bright green color, and not sent to table, as it so often is, of a dull brown or olive color; to retain its fresh appearance, do not cover the vessel while it is cooking, and when done, drain in a colander, chop fine, add a lump of butter, heat through, and serve.

SWEET-BREADS.—Put into the dripping-pan a large piece of butter, let it get hot and thoroughly melted, then put in the sweet-breads. Turn them often, and allow them to cook through; when brown, sprinkle salt over them, remove, and pour a small quantity of water in the pan; boil it with grease left in, and pour over the dish.

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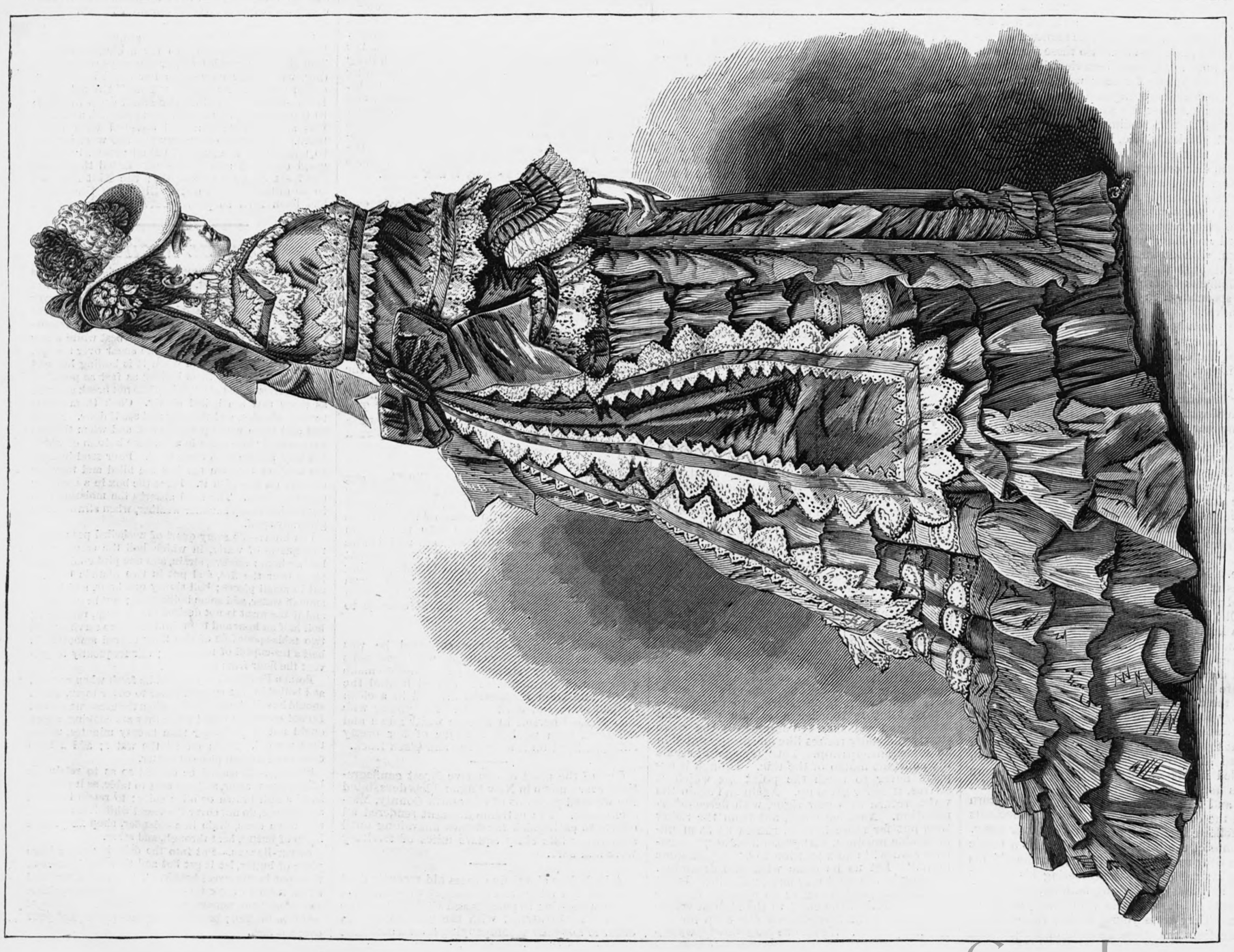
PERVENCHE SILK COSTUME.—[SEE PAGE 471.]



WATERING-PLACE COSTUME.—[SEE PAGE 471.]

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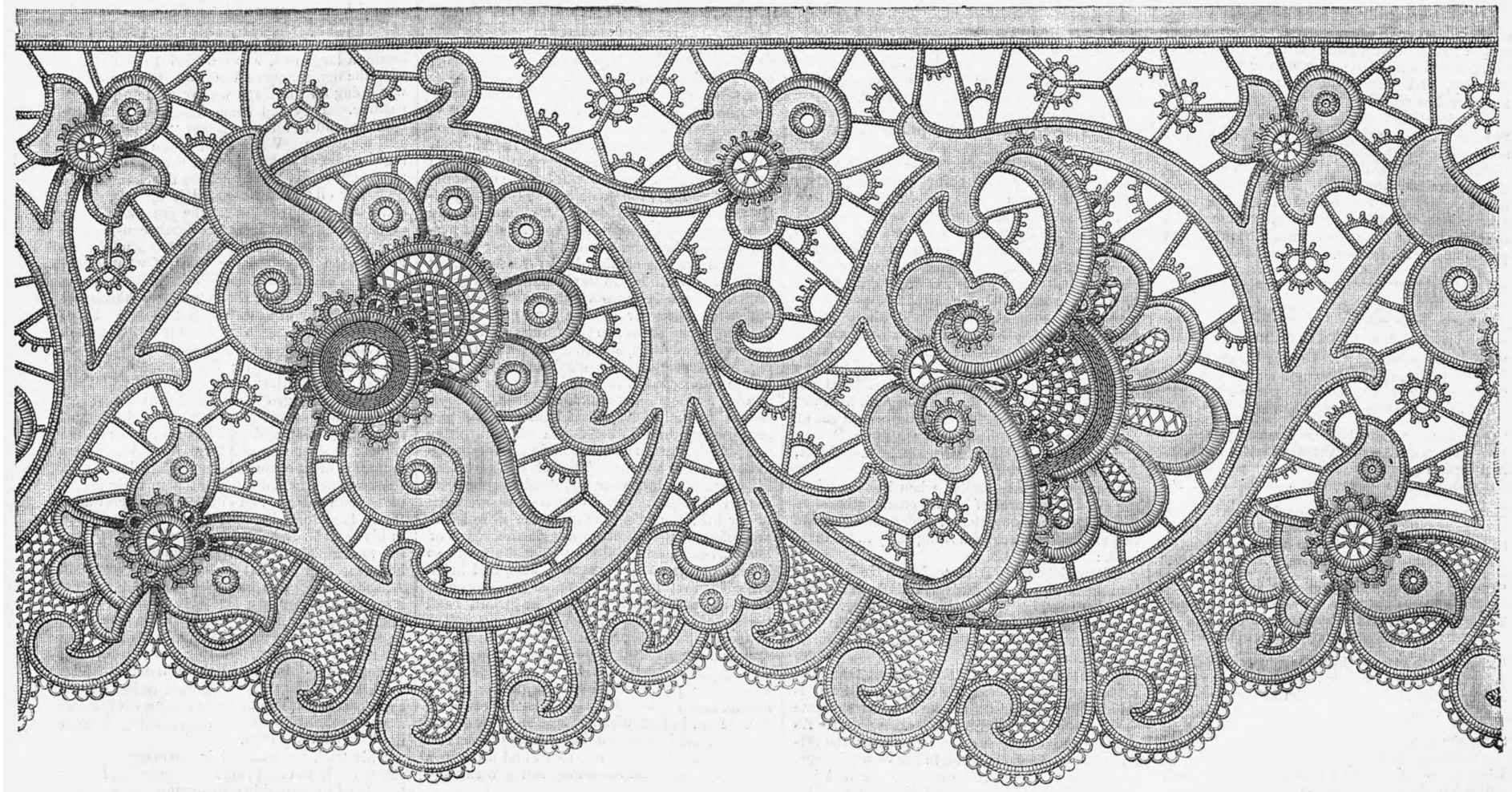

BORDER FOR CURTAINS, SURPLICES, ALTAR COVERS, ETC.—VENETIAN EMBROIDERY.

Border for Curtains, Surplices, Altar Covers, etc.—Venetian Embroidery.

THIS border is worked on fine linen or batiste. Having transferred the design to the material, baste the latter on a foundation of enameled cloth, and run all the outlines with coarse white embroidery cotton; underlay the broad parts of the design with chain stitches besides. Work, first, the button-hole stitch bars between the design figures and the picot scallops on the bars, button-hole stitch the outlines, and then work the picot rings and picot scallops inside of the figures. The manner of working these scallops is shown by Figs. 2–5, page 172, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 10, Vol. V. The back stitches and lace stitches inside of the design figures and the scallops on the outer edge of the border are worked with thread. Cut away the material underneath the lace stitches and button-hole stitch bars and on the outer edge. This border is that used on the surplice, page 469.

Ladies' and Children's Summer Dresses, Figs. 1–5.

Fig. 1.—ÉCRU BATISTE WALKING SUIT. The trimming for this écru batiste suit consists of side-pleated ruffles and puffs of the material, and of écru guipure lace. Swiss muslin frill and under-sleeves. Écru pongee parasol. English straw hat, trimmed with loops and ends of brown gros grain ribbon and with feathers.

Fig. 2.—BROWN FOULARD HOUSE DRESS. This dress is made of dark brown foulard. The back breadths of the skirt are arranged in a puff. The trimming consists of gathered flounces of the material and revers of light brown silk. Swiss muslin frill and under-sleeves.

Fig. 3.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 4 YEARS OLD. This dress of gray linen consists of a skirt and waist, and is trimmed with strips of white needle-work.

Fig. 4.—BUFF PONGEE HOUSE DRESS. This dress is made of buff pongee. The skirt is

Fig. 1.—ÉCRU BATISTE WALKING SUIT. Fig. 2.—BROWN FOULARD HOUSE DRESS. Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 4 YEARS OLD. Fig. 4.—BUFF PONGEE HOUSE DRESS. Fig. 5.—GRAY SUMMER CASHMERE WALKING SUIT.

FIGS. 1-5.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUMMER DRESSES.

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trimmed in front with folds of pongee of a darker shade and embroidery of brown saddler's silk, and in the back with gathered ruffles of the material edged with folds of a darker shade, embroidery, and passementerie agrafes. Swiss muslin collar and sleeves.

Fig. 5.—GRAY SUMMER CASHMERE WALKING SUIT. This suit consists of a double skirt and basque-waist, and is made of gray summer cashmere. The skirt is trimmed with gathered flounces of the material. The over-skirt and basque-waist are trimmed with guipure lace. Black Neapolitan hat, trimmed with a black tulle scarf, pale blue gros grain ribbon, and a pale blue ostrich feather.

OPPORTUNITY.

BY KATE HILLARD.

"WOULD but some fairy lend to me her charm!"
Lately I cried, in a despairing hour;
"Some mighty spell to nerve my weary arm,
Some Open Sesame of magic power!

"Or, better still, show but the time and place
Where a brave heart might win itself a name,
And carve a pathway to its lady's grace
Strewn with the blossoms of a deathless fame!"

Then as I mused a beldam crossed my way,
Tottering along with shrouded, earth-bent brow;
She stretched a lean hand from her mantle gray,
And said, in shaking whispers, "Here and now!"

"O poor delusion!" then I cried in scorn;
"Not thus are godlike powers to mortals given;
The helpers come clad in the strength of morn,
Bright with the ling'ring radiance of heaven!

"Nor this the place or hour for mighty deeds,
On this lone way, beneath this tranquil sky;
No foe is here, no hapless victim bleeds;
We are the only passers, thou and I!"

Silent she tottered on, but having passed,
A sudden glory seemed to light her way;
White angel wings sprang from her shoulders vast,
And fair she shone as shines the god of day.

A noble scorn shot lightnings from her eyes,
As fleeing still she turned her lovely head:
"The gods sent me in answer to thy cries,
But once repulsed I am forever fled!

"Learn to know Fortune ere she pass thee by;
Seize on her coming, for she will not wait!
And know by all thy ways divine things lie,
And every place and hour holds thy fate!"

LOST—A PARADISE.

IF any one objects to the following narrative that it is improbable, I retort, newspapers have proved that nothing is improbable. Every week happens what we were sure could never take place, and we read the full, true, and particular account. If that is not sufficient, why, you are no more able to prove that the events did not occur just as I tell them than I can prove that they did occur just as I tell them; so that, if I choose to believe it, why should I not tell my story in peace?

Betsinda was the daughter of old Bobinet, and the wife of young Pygmalion. All American men and women are princes and princesses, as they are all heirs to the throne. Any one of them may be elected President of the United States, or may marry him. Apart from this, she had at first glance no other claim to distinction, having married and reared children in the ordinary way, and lived a common life, only that Fate spins the sober brown thread of those dull lives as well as those of gold or purple, and so, to speak accurately, there are no common lives; and, little as you may have thought it, when you have met Mrs. Pygmalion in black silk, with lines of calculation in her face, this neat, prosaic woman once had her hand on the door of an earthly Paradise, and at times bewails its loss as bitterly, and with just such choking sobs, as does the first-class heroine the tragedy in her romance.

We have all our good and evil destiny, and Betsinda Bobinet was no exception. Her good destiny was young and zealous. Moulded and kneaded and patted, and marked with "Be good," she was proper and correct uniformly. Her motives and impulses all labeled correctly, the right one ready for use at the right time; her whole character well balanced and in the best working order; her world all surveyed, mapped out, graded, grass sown, and roads rolled. There was nothing in it unexplored, irregular, or not according to rule; and according to rule she walked in it, feeling and looking so dainty and delicate that I think that was how she first caught young Pygmalion's fancy. Pygmalion was an honest and modest young fellow, also a rising man of talent. Old Bobinet found nothing to object. All the world approved. Betsinda married him, and the young couple settled themselves in the block opposite the paternal mansion.

By this marriage Pygmalion obtained what is called a model of the domestic virtues by those who hold that such virtues abide in the cook-book, store-closet, and linen-room, and hold high festival on cleaning days. Mrs. Pygmalion possessed decided executive ability, and that peculiar talent of "seeing the statue" in the rough stone before she attempted to hew it, and making no blunders. On only one point might Pygmalion complain that he had been deceived. She was so dainty that she looked poetical. Pygmalion fancied her of finer fibre than himself; whereas the truth is, she was perfectly prosaic—one of those women whom the malicious *Saturday Reviewer* had in mind when he declared that it was men who were really the creatures of a romance of which women were incapable.

By this marriage Betsinda obtained a man who loved her, and reverenced her purity and her very helplessness as if she had flown down to him from a higher sphere. He had talent and ambition, and she inspired him. He felt that he could win the world's prizes for her.

Betsinda's evil genius was old. In his younger days he had pursued his career with ardor, and was prodigal of wicked inventions; but, like his human prototypes, those terrible voluptuaries of murder and the duel, ordinary wickedness palled upon him in his old age, and new and unusual methods were necessary if he would fully enjoy the fierce rapture of sinning. It was now his hobby to make the temptation insignificant, contemptible, ridiculous, and yet so nicely graduated to the weakness of the victim that it should be irresistible. It suited his malign humor to confound the virtue and discipline of years by a paltry device at which a school-boy might snap his fingers. Thus he simply watched the devices of Betsinda's good genius with a sneer. She was trained, drilled, disciplined, developed, and he never lifted a finger till her marriage, when he made himself over into a set of carpets and the proper furniture for a house; and being tasteful and an undeniable bargain, Betsinda bought him.

Her good genius smiled when he recognized the familiar features of his old enemy grotesquely distributed among chairs, tables, curtains, and carpets, and made the following entry in his note-book:

"Saw Betsinda's E. D. to-day. He has gone into the furniture. Evidently in his dotage—only his sneer retains its accustomed energy. The malice with which he looked out at me from *fauteuils* and scroll patterns is something indescribable. Poor old fellow!"

The home life began. For the first time Betsinda could look about her and say, All this is mine. For the first time she reigned supreme—she tasted the delights of absolute power. As the bird in its song, the bee in its labor, the artist in his work, she rejoiced in her own efficiency and power: all the more because she had just emerged from girlhood—that is, from a down-trodden, besnubbed, and belectured state of existence. Hitherto the object of her living and her future had been marriage. That was attained. She absorbed herself wholly in her new life.

On the other side, Pygmalion's profession brought him in contact with the problems of the day, and enticed him into the intricacies of that most fascinating study, human nature. First consequence: daily reports to his wife brimful of enthusiasm, discoveries, doubts, inferences. Second consequence: his wife snubbed him. She saw nothing in what he said. It concerned nobody in her set, and had nothing to do with bread, beef, the price of dry-goods, pew rent, or their standing in society. And it did disturb her seriously that he should walk over the new stair carpets before putting on his slippers; that he should pull the chairs out of their studied carelessness; that he left his handkerchief on a chair, and his newspaper on the floor, and smoked the curtains, and let in the sun to fade the carpets, and laid his head on the elegantly embroidered sofa-cushions—not to mention that she was burning to consult him about the shade of the new table-cover or the peculiarities of the cook. She heard him at first with a weak attempt at attention, then with plain indifference, then with impatience.

Third consequence: a chill fell on Pygmalion. His theories and plans were his wings, with which his inner and better self took trips to Paradise. But if Betsinda would not go with him—it was the honeymoon yet—he folded away his wings and resigned himself to listen with patience to chat about the house and the neighbors; and he learned by degrees to be in dread of the carpets, vases, chairs, etc., as things that made trouble between him and a woman over whom he was too magnanimous to tyrannize, and who could be influenced in no other way.

Still, wings are wings, and whoever has them will sooner or later use them, and if it can not be done at home it will be done abroad. But no doubts disturbed Mrs. Pygmalion, unless on one occasion when she received a visit from a certain mother in Israel. The system was in its highest working order, but the "mother in Israel" looked doubtful.

"My dear," she said, gently, "I see that you have conquered the details of housekeeping and reduced them to a system. It is admirable. Only take care that, in its turn, the system does not conquer you, and turn out a Juggernaut on your hands, riding down all that should be dearest to you. It is very desirable that your house should be well managed; but it is more desirable that you should regain that earthly Paradise open to almost every daughter of Eve: only you must be so humble, so watchful, so prudent, so unselfish, my love."

Now what could she mean? Mrs. Pygmalion felt that she was a model wife and woman, and the implied censure puzzled her.

After a time little Pygmalions gathered around the family table. They were fine, healthy, generous, quick-witted children, but marred, one and all, by an unaccountable defect. They had no comprehension of the beauties of Betsinda's system, and no reverence for the furniture. They brought in mud, and spilled molasses, and whittled pencils, and climbed sofas, and broke china, and dragged chairs over the matting, and a hundred and twenty-five times a day came in contact with the system, with a jar that was felt throughout the household. An irrepressible conflict waged between the children and their mother on the subject of china and furniture. The system had conquered Betsinda. The whole world was running wrong if the tidies were askew. She had invested all her energy, mental powers, and interest in these details, and it was no longer chairs and carpets, but herself, that was pulled about or defaced; and these objects built up an impassable barrier between herself and her household. When her children brimmed over with confidences and questions, the impulse with her was, not to seize the auspicious moment to read a lesson unsuspected, to urge on a growing intellectual impulse, or nip some evil principle, but to get the chairs back in place, to stop the wagon wheels that were being dragged over the oil-cloth, to prevent the bits of paper or crumbs from being scattered on the carpet, to shut out the obtruding sunlight, to order out some booted or muddy offender. When Pygmalion absorbed himself more and more in his studies, she congratulated herself that her husband was not like other men, a perpetual nucleus of disorder in the house. It never occurred to her to think that he was growing away from her into a different world and a higher life; that her children were growing into the knowledge of an age that prides itself on its vast yearly advance, and that she learned nothing, and was deliberately condemning herself to be the intellectual inferior of the entire family, as well as their daily stumbling-block. People said how wonderfully Mrs. Pygmalion had preserved every thing in her house. The furniture was almost unworn; the colors in the carpets almost as bright as new. They should have been brighter than new, when one considers the price she paid for them. These were the treasure years of her life; the only time given her in which to get beforehand with the world, in the hearts of her husband and children, and make home so kindly, and herself so gracious, wise, and indispensable, that she should never be dethroned. And she devoted these years to the furniture and the system. Home was a place of restriction. Never a child's company but broke its back over some consideration about washing or baking days. The carpets stopped all dancing and gymnastics. Every article of furniture loomed, in her imagination, like a veritable Malakoff in the way of all fun. Fun, in fact, with her, was an affair of out-of-doors, and instruction the business of a school. At home they were to eat, sleep, and dress in a proper manner, that should not soil or break any thing.

Result of all this, just what might have been expected. The years robbed her of youthful grace, roundness, and coloring. She grew a little hard, a little suspicious; she was faded, dry, and fussy, intellectually contemptible, and attached by a second-best love to her husband and children. Her first love she had given to her housekeeping.

On the part of her household—well, if truth must be told, if Mr. Pygmalion and his sons and daughters had met Mrs. Pygmalion, say, as any body else—Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones—they would have passed her by with a smile. They were attached to her from habit and instinct; but if any member of her family had dared be honest with himself, he must have confessed that she was far below the Pygmalion standard, and that he loved her, as far as one could love her, with a wince, and a strong flavoring of "sense of duty" about it.

There came a time when Betsinda awakened to the fact that somebody somewhere had made a great mistake. Pygmalion was now a great man, thanks to his "abstruse speculations that could do no one any good." And to her he was always kind, attentive, and gentle; made the most of her virtues, and passed over her shortcomings in silence; was careful that she wanted for nothing, and was not the least in love with her—and she knew it! Her sons and daughters, young men and women, treated her with deference; but she had no interest, share, or comprehension in their thoughts or pursuits. They were of another order. A fish could as easily sympathize with a quadruped. *They could not give her any more love than she was worth;* for there is an awful and rigorous justice in the way in which these life accounts are settled, let people say what they will. She felt that she was a lonely old woman, of small account, and, as usual in such cases, blamed every body but herself, and found every reason but the true one. But the fact still remained.

The mother in Israel rarely visits Mrs. Pygmalion; for she is gifted with a spiritual vision, and in that house, at twilight, midnight, or any quiet hour in which the current of life flows with a lazier ripple, there rises before her a vision of a receding Paradise, hovering just out of reach of dry, dusty, fussy little Mrs. Pygmalion, who pursues it with outstretched arms and wailing cries. She is a woman of a tender heart, and the spectacle is too piteous.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Out on Bail.—The License of the Bar.

IT is not often that I go to the play, because our plays are not of the highest class (though their prices are), and their atmosphere is not to be compared with the summer air without-doors, but the other night I made an exception in order to see a great actor: at least he is great in one sense, being over thirty stone in weight, and he is an actor in another, since he does his best to play the part of another man. The opportunity occurred in this way: Passing by the doors of a theatre in a neighborhood more populous than select, I saw inscribed upon them, "The claimant, Sir Roger Tichborne, has been engaged here for to-night and three following nights. There will be no extra charge."

We are accustomed in England to smile at your free-and-easy method of conducting criminal proceedings, yet surely across the water you do not permit those accused of perjury and forgery to exhibit themselves upon the stage during the process of their trial. At all events, it is a novelty with us, and the announcement at once opened both my eyes and my purse-strings—the latter not very wide, for the price of admittance to a private box was but five shillings. The house, a large one, was crowded to the ceiling with the democracy of the town, to whom what was doing on the stage was very literally but a pastime. They had come thither to cheer the butcher, and in all seriousness "wish he might get" his estate. When a wit in the gallery, taking the rôle of Sphinx, asked this riddle of the public generally, "Why should the claimant use Macassar oil?" and answered it himself, "Because it's a heir-restorer," the *jeu d'esprit* was taken in dudgeon. It was evidently considered a subject too sacred for a pleasantry. And for the first time I perceived the truth of what I had often been told, but had hitherto believed to be incredible, that this fat rogue was absolutely identified with the cause of the people. I will not do the intelligence of these good folks such a wrong as to imagine they believed him to be the veritable Tichborne; they sympathized with him, I incline rather to think, as being of their own order, engaged in contending with a powerful and antagonistic class—not as right, but as something weak, and that has no chance in the contest against irresistible might. When this mountain of fat came wabbling before the curtain, the audience actually rose at it in their misdirected enthusiasm, and cheered for several minutes. How the villain must have despised them in his heart! If he is not a butcher he has reason to complain of Nature, which without doubt has cast him in that mould. His picture in *Harper's Weekly* is very like him, but it must have been taken at a favorable moment. The trial had on this day gone against him even more than usual, and he looked very chop-fallen. He appealed to the people of England (with an H) to hold out to him their helping hands (without one), and added, what I thought rather significant, considering that he was among his friends, a request that they would reserve their judgment until his trial was over.

This trial, unparalleled in so many features, seems likely to effect some change in the license permitted to counsel in cross-examination. Lord Bellew, as you may remember, was the man who, when his school-fellow at Stoneyhurst, tattooed Sir Roger, and Dr. Kenealy (the claimant's advocate) having admitted that if this were true his client is an impostor, set himself to work to demolish his lordship's credibility. Doubtless he would not have pushed matters so far had he known that the prosecution had half a dozen other witnesses to the same effect, but as it was, his questions were appalling. Whether he knew the antecedents of this unhappy lord, or merely acted upon the general character of the British aristocracy with relation to morals, I know not, but he dragged out of him most terrible domestic revelations. Again and again did the poor witness appeal to the bench with, "Must I answer this question?" always to meet with their lordships' sorrowful reply, "We are afraid you must; it is one of the penalties of being a witness."

This may be very true, but the effect of such a state of things will be that no one will henceforth be found to volunteer his testimony under such conditions. The life of your English correspondent has been a blameless one. "A violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye," is the one line, perhaps, in classic poetry most fitted to express his innocent and unruffled existence. Yet, nevertheless, one or two things *have* occurred in the course of it, not, indeed, absolutely censurable (*I* never got a five-pound note in my whole experience for running away with another man's wife, nor any thing like it), but which before I would tell to a special jury and a mixed audience I'd submit to the *peine forte et dure*. I'd swallow water till I became like the claimant himself rather than reveal these little peccadilloes. I'd prefer to lose my head—that is, to forget every thing that I was asked to remember—rather than remember *them*. At the same time, such questions—unless they have a bearing on the case in hand, which these had not—are only put by a particular class of barrister, who is not very particular. After Dr. Kenealy had done with this miserable lord, Mr. Hawkins put to him this significant query before he left the witness-box. "During the last trial," in which Ballantyne, it will be remembered (and *he* is not very particular), filled Kenealy's present place, "you were not asked these questions, I believe?" "No, I was not," said his lordship. But he has been asked them now, and thus these seven-year-old scandals of his life—I don't mean what he did at seven years old, but later—have become public property, the themes of gossip.

In drawing-rooms and smoking-rooms, and quite as much in the former as in the latter, naughty stories of great folks' gallantries are indeed ever welcome; but to hear of a "running-down" case between a market-gardener and a minister of state perched on a bicycle offers good society, it seems, less attraction. Yet there was some humor and not a little pathos (but *that* you can get any where) in an inquest the other week at Kew, where it came out in evidence that the deceased had died from indirect injuries received by a bicycle driven by the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer; and that the said Lowe declined to pay the sum of three pounds sixteen shillings for the necessary attendance of the doctor. Mr. Lowe does certainly use a bicycle, and is excessively short-sighted, so that such an accident might easily have occurred; and as to his not having paid the doctor's bill, people say, "Oh, that is just like Lowe." So I suppose the whole story is correct. In the mean time, let us hope the best, and that he has not put the "three sixteen" into "the estimates." The use of bicycles perhaps hardens the heart, for it certainly sharpens the intelligence. A youth who was riding one the other day came up with a gentleman with a horse and gig, the former of which

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he could not persuade to budge. At last, after hours of the usual combat between man and steed, the creature was induced to move a little, with a groom running by each side of it and dragging at the rein. "It seems to me, Sir," remarked the bicycle youth, who, independent of such means of progression, had been watching the whole transaction, "that your horse is one of those individuals '*who can be led but not drove.*'"

I heard also a smart criticism at the Royal Academy this week. Two men were standing opposite to Millais's famous picture of "Old Age"—an old lady of ninety-four, very like, I should say, and upon which some people pass the remark, "How horrible!" and others, "That is equal to Rembrandt." It is, indeed, an admirable picture, but very rough, the paint being laid on as it were in flakes.

"It seems to me," observed No. 1, "that that old lady wants washing."

"Nay," said No. 2, "to my eye she appears still more to require *ironing.*"

If I have not more funny things to tell you, there is a reason for it. It is not decent for even a foreign correspondent to be in good spirits when a calamity is threatening his own community. Upon my honor and word, Sir, our young women (as if any thing were welcome to them if only it is new) have actually taken to part their hair *upon one side.* It is becoming to about one woman out of fourteen millions, which was about our female population when Miss Eliza Cook adopted this style of head-dress a quarter of a century ago. Chignons, frisettes, Roman falls, and Grecian bends, though idiotic and superfluous, did not outrage the laws of Nature; and, mark me, it was only out of a desire to make their appearance as different as possible, and thereby more attractive to the opposite sex, that men themselves ever parted their hair upon one side. No antique statue, whether male or female, is ever represented thus. Is it, then, think you, an offshoot of the dreadful theory of Woman's Rights that has caused this infringement of man's patent in this respect? I pray you lift up your voice against this innovation. Love, it has been humorously said, is like a wig, inasmuch as the worst part about it is the parting; but now, in literal fact, the worst part about love (or, at least, about the objects of it) will be the parting; nor should I wonder, if this fashion becomes general, that the love itself, like the parting, will all be *upon one side.*

It is very seldom that I make personal remarks, and those I have now ventured upon only apply to those who have adopted this new device from affectation. Some ladies may have "a feather" in their hair, which will not part. My little boy tells me I should not meddle with people's looks. He had himself a habit of staring in case any body of marked appearance came in his way, until he got rebuked for it as follows: an old gentleman, very much marked with the small-pox, once attracted him, and thus acknowledged his particular attention, "Yes, my lad, you may well admire me; I was very expensively carved."

R. KEMBLE, of London.

THE INDUSTRY OF SOUTHERN WOMEN.

IT subserves no purpose now, either North or South, to overestimate or underestimate any thing that pertains to either section as a characteristic. Our Temple of Janus is razed. We therefore propose to put in a plea for the better appreciation here of Southern women. The notion prevails with us that they are pre-eminently lazy, and lazier than they would have been without slavery. Not very long ago we saw in a morning paper a paragraph that would do them a little exceptional reverence, yet beginning in the usual way, "Notwithstanding the *inertness* of Southern women," etc. Undoubtedly they have accustomed themselves to less manual exertion than they would if they had not had the negro for some of the bone and sinew of labor. But the facts do not warrant the assumption that we make. The chameleon has been sworn to from the tint it wore in certain positions.

Southern women—we are treating only the labor question—in their own way and manner are not more indolent than others, especially that class that we are in the habit of judging most unrelentingly (to wit, the rich), probably because we have found that most so with ourselves. We base our unjust judgment, however, mainly on the fact that they do what we do not, and omit in a measure the things that we do. They ask, when they make their first visit here, "Why do Northern ladies do such menial work, and hire their sewing done?" and therein is very much of the gist of our opinion. A young lady on her return trip from a summer tour here first put the query to us. She said she had seen ladies—at least they *seemed* like ladies (the qualifying clause was to lessen the shock the imputation was supposed likely to give)—cleaning paint and washing windows, and yet they hired their dress-making and even plain sewing done. It was a good deal of a question to ask of one who had never thought of the matter before, and was as guiltless as herself as to any skepticism on the manner of her own raising, and we own we kept it in our heart and did not answer. We are estimating things as they were *ante bellum.* It was a good deal to admit that we did not know; besides, it was a matter complex to explain, even if we had been clear on it, to a young girl made up of only Southern ways and her one visit North. She could hardly have been the wiser for any rendering we could have put upon it, and, as it was, she had *one* distinct fact. Millinery and dress-making were less universal arts with us then than now, and yet we could not have given any good reason for it except that it was so, and that always indicates a very unknown conjunction of causes. Southern misses commenced early with their sewing, and when ours were scarcely done with their dolls—certainly were not out of their school-days and short dresses—they were quite accomplished dress and shirt makers, and could, perhaps, make coats and pants as well. The same with their housekeeping, though the latter was not so much after the manner of the Northern, the actual doing of the thing, but the knowledge of what orders to give to have it done—knowing how bread, cakes, preserves, pickles, candies, etc., were made and meats cooked; knowing how a table should be spread and company received. They were vastly in advance of Northern girls on all these points, and probably are so still, where the war has left them means enough to live in the same manner as before. The difference with them between bond and free, so far as it is "help," is very little.

It requires knowledge, labor, and experience to manage there as well as here, and no form of wealth ever required more untiring vigilance to retain it and make it a luxury than theirs did, for it consisted mainly in negroes, and they were no easy-going governments, bank stocks, or houses and lands to let. They were a care in what they did as well as in what they did not. Their clothing had all to be cut and made for them, and, except on the largest estates, white labor did it all, especially the cutting, and it was no mean amount of work to do that for fifty or a hundred negroes, even though it was not more than three or four suits per year.

Then, again, there was sickness, dangerous as a thief or a fire among stocks and bonds, and the country was always malarious, as well as subject to yellow fever and the usual catalogue of diseases. And besides the anxiety for their chattels lest there should be loss among them, was the nursing and care, which usually devolved on the mistress. If there was a pulse to be felt, a lotion given, a poultice or a blister to be applied, it was her work. One negro would not even wash and dress another, except under orders. They had a dislike, that was in part a superstition, to doing for each other in sickness, and that, as well as their incompetency, threw the labor on the white people. The sick child that required better treatment than the mother was capable of giving it was brought into the house, if the mistress was unable to go to the cabin and attend to it, and was put in the crib beside her if she, too, were sick, or even in the bed with her. Then, again, their property had to be made sustaining, or it passed speedily into bankruptcy. It was an investment that was never reputed to pay an average interest of more than five per cent., and manifestly it would not bear great loss. Something was always to be planned for their hands to do. We have had much and varied experience of Southern life, but it was never our fortune to meet with the Marie St. Clair of *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* We don't doubt, though, but there were one or two here and there—but they were never a rule, and must have been very rare exceptions. If they were enough to spice a romance, they were not enough to constitute a historical fact. They were entirely incompatible with the sort of wealth they possessed. Those who came nearest to that class were too poor to own slaves or keep a house. There was no such thing as good or even passable housekeeping unless the mistress knew to order and appoint it, and attended to it. It was indispensable that she should know the minutiæ of cooking, washing, butter making, soap making, or whatever was to be done on "her place" or in her house, whether in the city or country.

They also did what no women here do, they made the gardens—that is, they superintended the work, and made them from one to three times per year, according to the season and distance south. "Have you made your garden yet?" was as common as any other question when ladies met.

They also attended to the poultry raising, except when they bought their supply from their negroes, as they did on some places. A family of average size and standing as planters probably consumed fifteen hundred fowls, of one kind and another, in a year. They were in lieu of much of the fresh meat that we get here as we need from the market or the meat wagon. The stores, too, had always to be under lock and key, and given out when wanted. One might give general orders about household details, and look off for a day or two, but it was not so with the daily supplies, and it was a very trusted servant indeed that ever carried the keys to the store-room, either for a longer or shorter period. However shocking the moral aspect of such a state of things may seem, no Northern woman could undertake the task of locking and unlocking every thing in her house, from thread and needles down, without finding it a great addition to her day's work.

Then, again, the Southern woman marries early, and is the mother of many children. She has from two to four more than the Northern woman, and instead of the one maid-of-all-work, as here, she had six or eight servants, big and little, old and young, sick and well, some more stupid and some less, all to be taken as the day found them and made into a day's work somehow, and it did not show for double the work of one white servant when it was done. A Northern woman, with the vigor of our bracing atmosphere still in her veins, could hardly have acted the part of mother and mistress in such a household, and fancied her situation was without toil. If it was not actual manual labor, it had in it the attrition of cares that were not without that friction that of itself is a fatigue. Then, too, they require far more changes of clothing than we do. Where three or four suits will do for us, they needed at least a dozen, and white labor was the source of supply for it all. Sometimes one of the servants was employed as seamstress, but she wanted constant looking after, and her skill was only equal to a very plain piece of work.

One characteristic that perhaps impresses the superficial Northern observer is that Southern women are always ladies of elegant leisure in the evening. But it is a social custom they provide for early in the day, and one that we could perhaps adopt in a measure and yet accomplish just as much in the twenty-four hours as we do now.

There were causes, too, for the habit as indigenous in their climate and locality as in their "peculiar institution." Northerners, whatever their industrial creed as Northerners, yielded to them the same as the native born.

Their shortest winter days in the latitude of the Gulf cities—and those give fashion to the interior—are nearly an hour longer than here, and they have therefore that much less need to eke them out with the night.

New Orleans put itself in full-dress and went to the theatre or opera, to a hop at the St. Charles or St. Louis, to a *soirée* or reception, and danced or took a hand at cards—it was not a reading city—and Mobile did the same as far as it could. There is as much of fashion as of principle in the ruling of the world at all times.

Then the evening air of their long summers, wherein they sit with open doors and windows, is loaded with myriads of insects always seeking the lights, and the land or the sea breeze almost as constantly fans them. Evening work was, therefore, labor under difficulties, and it was more agreeable to leave the moths in possession of the lamps, candles, or whatever constituted the glimmers of the night, and spend the evening in social converse out of their reach.

Then, too, they have perhaps been judged for the lack of the active manner that comes of habitually doing and arranging with one's own hands, as we do here. They had more of suavity and repose in their style. They had greater elegance and ease of carriage, and excelled in the pleasant chat and easy small-talk of conversation. They were greatly accomplished in what we are apt to consider a *small art.* But they were far from *inert.* The climate is, of course, more enervating than ours, and indisposes for as vigorous exercise as we take; but Southern women have energies that can accomplish as much in the way of manual labor as we can, and the war brought out their full capacity, economic, laborious, and inventive. They wove and wrought many waifs and straws into the support of those days, and proved, what the whole struggle did, that we were of one blood, one will.

FOR THE UGLY GIRLS.

No. XV.

HOW lusty and delicate the young leaves grow on their stems in their nook of sunshine! What could be lovelier in its way than the three geranium leaves starting from the mould in the window-box where the sun strikes across the corner of the sill? They are so firmly poised, yet glancing; each waved, and full of green juice that the sun turns to jewel-light, with spots of darker tint where the feathered edges overlap—a subtle piece of color wrought by sun and soil for no eye to see but by chance, yet ecstatic in its delight, as if formed for the centre trefoil of a great altar window. So the sun does all his work. So leaves grow by myriads in the garden and the forest. So the forces of nature bring forth every thing, left free to their impulses.

There is something in our frames, like the leaves, that would grow springy and strong, soft-colored and brilliant, upright and joyous, if it were suffered to. It appeals for sunshine and gayety, for abundant food and ease, for copious watering, tendance, and freedom. Give it these, and the body in its natural state, under present conditions, is as far beyond its common dullness and weakness as it is below that of the saints in light; for heavenly bodies can not be very different from ours unless they cease to be bodies. The mortal frame is noble enough as it is. No harp ever vibrates as it can with emotion and pleasure; no star shines so fair or wise as the face of man. God made it, and God loves it, which is the reason it wins so closely upon us, and is so dear. There is no wisdom in despising it or its sensations. It is crudity to uphold that the mental part of us should absorb all other. Brain and heart are dependent on the body, and it was meant, not for the slave, as men seem never weary of preaching, but for the interpreter and companion of both. Honor is due the body, and thanks for its pleasures, which are to be enjoyed with intelligence and leisure. They are no more low or debasing than mental pursuits when pursued to the exclusion of all others. The sensualist is no more intolerable in the order of nature than the pedant or pretender in literature, and does little more harm in the long-run. The former ruins himself; the latter, by a false philosophy, may lead thousands astray. Give the body its thirds with the mind and the soul—it is its due; and neither is the better for having more than its share.

The need of physical culture grows more urgent. The most unlike races mix mercurial with sullen blood in the most variable of climates, and mix habits as well, the only one peculiar to Americans as such being a tolerable contempt for the conditions of health inherited through half a dozen generations. The climate is not in fault, but the people are. How much easier it is to be magnificent than to be clean in this country! At any hotel there is enough of useless upholstery, as a matter of course, but a bath is an extra, often not to be had on any terms. This is the case even in the metropolis, where, at least, a better idea of civilization ought to prevail. There is not much to be said for the intelligent culture of any family who have carpets before their bath-room is perfectly fitted up. When refinement has reached another step beside faucets and pipes for providing water, each house will have its distilling apparatus to provide the purest water for drinking and bathing, and nobody will any more think of drinking undistilled water than they do now of eating brown sugar when they can get white. Her Majesty the Queen of England uses nothing but distilled water for her toilette, and the luxury and softness of such a bath are so great that no one will consent to forego it when once used to its indulgence. A small still costs five dollars, and would provide all the water that is needed for family use. It should be kept in action all the time, and fill a close reservoir for bathing, while that for cooking and drinking should be freshly distilled each day. A simple substitute, where a still can not be had, is a tea-kettle, with close cover and a gutta-percha or lead pipe fastened to the spout, and leading through a pail of cold water into a jar for holding the distilled water. The steam from the boiling water goes off through the tube, and cools under the cold water, and runs off pure into the receiver. Where houses are heated by steam they may be amply provided with distilled water, I am told, by adding a pipe to one of the tubular heaters, that will carry steam into a cooler, from which the pure water may run day and night. Besides the distilled water baths, there should be facilities in the complete household for the vapor bath at any time. This is invaluable in colds, rheumatism, congestions, and neuralgia. The readiest substitute is the rush-bottomed chair and lighted saucer of alcohol described in a former number. A sulphur bath requires a shallow pan of coals with a water vessel above it, and an elevated seat over the whole. Sulphur is thrown on the coals, which mingles with the steam, and enters the system by the pores, which are opened by the vapor. The patient, brazier, and chair must be enveloped with a water-proof covering in the closest manner, leaving only the head exposed, so that no sulphurous vapor can possibly be breathed, as that would be suffocation at once. In regular bathing establishments the patient sits in a wooden box, having a cover which fits tight about the neck, leaving the head out, and this box is filled with steam by a pipe, and the vapor impregnated with sulphur from a spoonful of it burning in one corner of the box. It is difficult, if not impossible, to administer a sulphur bath without proper and special appliances, and this allusion to its method is only made at the instance of curious correspondents.

The bran bath, recommended before, is taken with a peck of common bran, such as is used to stuff pincushions with, stirred into a tub of warm water. The rubbing of the scaly particles of the bran cleanses the skin, while the gluten in it at the same time softens and strengthens the tissues. Oatmeal has the same effect, and is even better, as it contains a small amount of oil that is good for the skin. To make the hands soft and white one of the best things is to wear at night large mittens of cloth filled with wet bran or oatmeal, and tied closely at the wrist. A lady who had the whitest, softest hands in the country confessed that she had a great deal of house-work to do, and kept them white as any idler's by wearing bran mittens every night. The pastes and poultices for the face owe most of their efficacy to their moisture, which dissolves the old coarse skin, and to their protection from the air, which allows the new skin to come tender and delicate. Oatmeal paste is efficacious as any thing, though less agreeable than the pastes made with white of egg, alum, and rose-water. The alum astringes the flesh and makes it firm, while the egg keeps it sufficiently soft, and the rose-water perfumes the mixture and makes the curd not so hard. Before leaving the subject of bran baths it should be said that for susceptible persons the tepid bran bath is better than a cold shower-bath. The friction of the loose bran calls the circulation to the surface. Although in France the bran is tied in a bag for the bath, this plan gives only the benefit of the gluten, not that of the irritation.

The frequency of the bath should be determined after a week or two by feeling. As often as the refreshment is desired, take it. The harm is done by staying in the water long at a time, not so much by bathing often. A hot soap-suds bath once a week in winter is beneficial to persons with moist and oily skins. Bay-rum and camphor may be used to advantage by such persons each time after washing the face. The hot suds bath should be taken thrice a week by all those who wish to remove moth patches.

These, called indiscriminately moth, mask, morphew, and by physicians hepatic spots, are the sign of deep-seated disease of the liver. Taraxacum, the extract of dandelion root, is the standing remedy for this, and the usual prescription is a large pill, or what amounts to a large pill in mass, every night, sometimes for months. To this may be added the free use of tomatoes, figs, mustard-seed, and all seedy fruits and vegetables, with light broiled meats, and no bread but that of coarse flour. Pastry, puddings of most sorts, and fried food of all kinds must be dispensed with forever by persons having a tendency to this disease. It may take six weeks, or even three months, to make any visible impression on the health or the moth patches, but success will come at last. One-third of a tea-spoonful of chlorate of soda in a wine-glass of water, taken in three doses, before meals, will aid the recovery by neutralizing morbid matters in the stomach. There is no cosmetic that will reach the moth patches. Such treatment as described, exercise such as is tempting in itself, and gay society, are the conditions under which its extinction is certain.

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THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

THE accompanying admirable illustration will enable our readers to form an excellent idea of the personal appearance of the modern Haroun-al-Raschid, who is now abroad on his travels, and is creating a marked sensation in Europe. He is the first successor of Xerxes who has ever had enterprise or curiosity enough to visit the Western barbarians; but it seems that he could not resist the contagious example of the Sultan of Turkey and the Khedive of Egypt, and his visit will probably result in opening Persia to European influence. Personally Nasr-ed-din, the Shah-in-Shah, whose name proves such an irresistible temptation to punsters, and is freely translated by English *gamins* as Mr. Shaw, of Persia, is not altogether as kingly as might be expected. He is described as being a little more than forty, of middle stature, and rather stout, with a waddling gait. His large black eyes are very fine, but are usually concealed by gold spectacles. His complexion is of the cinnamon brown peculiar to the Persians, and not at all displeasing; his features are good, but rather coarse, and a heavy black mustache extends across his face. His suite is a small army of itself, consisting of fifty-five Persians of rank, together with two physicians, who have in turn thirty-three persons to wait on them. His first visit was paid to Russia, where he was received with signal courtesy by the Czar. He next proceeded to Berlin, where he remained a week, and thence journeyed through Germany to Belgium, whence he crossed over to England, and landed, June 19, at Dover, where great preparations had been made to receive him. Buckingham Palace had been prepared for his residence while in London.

He is accompanied by Baron Reuter, who has undertaken to develop the internal resources of Persia, and to connect it by railroads with the rest of the world, and has obtained grants which give him almost absolute control for this purpose of the whole kingdom. From England he will proceed to France, and thence to Vienna to visit the Exposition.

Thus far the Shah does not seem to have won golden opinions. He is arrogant, impatient, unrefined in his habits, discourteous, and wholly wanting in respect to ladies, rudely turning his back even upon those of the highest rank whose appearance does not chance to please him. In this respect he differs widely from the Orientals who have hitherto visited the West, and whose politeness has been almost ideal. But his manners and habits must be judged from a different stand-point than ours, and we should at least give him credit for the force of character which has led him to take a journey in the interest of progress of which none of his ancestors ever dreamed, and which doubtless seems as adventurous to Persian eyes as are the wanderings of Livingstone or Du Chaillu in the sight of the Occidentals.

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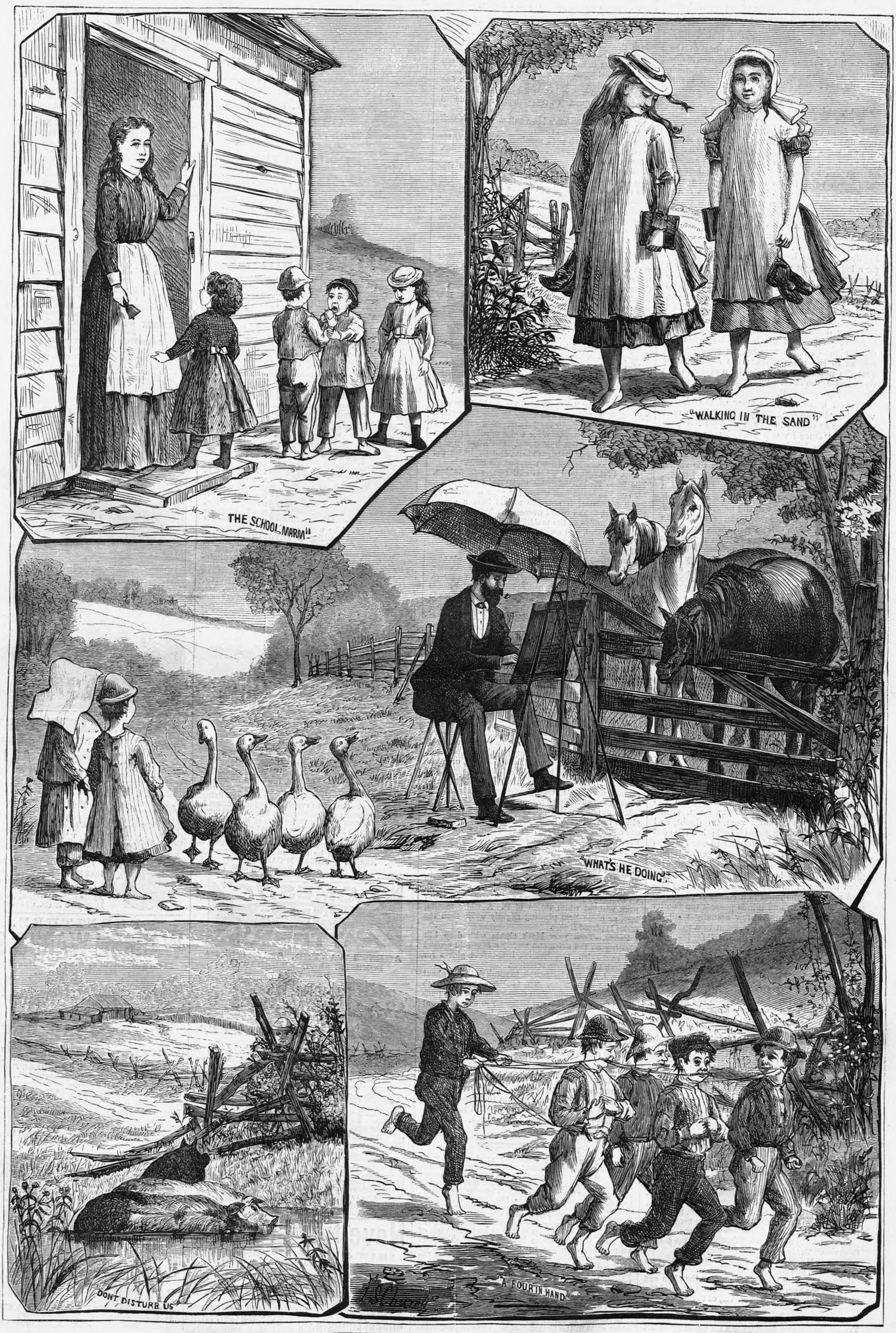

SKETCHES ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD.

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GHOSTS AND GOBLINS.

IT would be easy to fill page after page with the details of the various ideas entertained about ghosts, goblins, and demons. Such ideas extend not only to the appearance of such beings, their apparel, appurtenances, and so on, but to the noises which they make either of themselves or by means of various supernatural objects which they are supposed to carry about with them. Thus,

"The sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell."

And it is to be noted that as ghosts commonly show no face, so few have been known to speak with full voice. This may be because the noises heard at the hours when ghosts are seen are not such as can be by any possibility mistaken for the human voice in its ordinary tones, while, nevertheless, an excited imagination can frame spoken words out of the strange sounds which can be heard in almost every house in the stillness of night. This also serves to account for the notion that ghosts can clank chains, or make other dismal noises. Sounds heard at night are highly deceptive; a small noise close by is taken for a loud noise at a distance (not necessarily a very great distance); and a noise made by objects of one kind will be mistaken for noises made by objects of a different kind altogether. A friend of mine told me he had been disturbed two nights running by a sound as of an army tramping down a road which passed some two hundred yards from his house: he found the third night (I had suggested an experimental test as to the place whence the sound came) that the noise was produced by a clock in the next house, the clock having been newly placed against the party-wall.

We all know Carlyle's story of the ghostly voice heard each evening by a low-spirited man—a voice as of one in like doleful dumps, proclaiming, "Once I was hap-hap-happy, but now I am meeserable"—and how the ghost resolved itself into a rusty kitchen-jack. There is a case of a lady who began to think herself the victim of some delusion, and perhaps threatened by approaching illness, because each night, about a quarter of an hour after she had gone to bed, she heard a hideous din in the neighborhood of her house, or else (she was uncertain which) in some distant room. The noise was in reality the slightest possible creak (within a few feet of her pillow, however), and produced by the door of a wardrobe which she closed every night just before getting into bed. The door, about a quarter of an hour after being closed, recovered its position of rest, slightly beyond which it had been pushed in closing. In another case, the crawling of a snail across a window produced sounds which were mistaken for the strains of loud but distant music.

It is, perhaps, not going too far to say that our modern spirits, who deal in noise-making as well as in furniture-tilting (of yet more marvelous feats we say nothing), are not unacquainted with the means by which the ear may be deceived as in the cases just considered. Some sounds said to be heard during dark *séances* suggest the suspicion. It will be seen that the opinion to which I incline—as the best and perhaps only natural interpretation of events supposed to be supernatural—is that real sights and sounds are modified by the imagination, either excited or diseased, into seemingly supernatural occurrences. It does not seem to me likely that in any large proportion of recorded (and presumably veracious) ghost stories there has been an actual phantom of the brain. Such phantoms are sometimes seen, no doubt, and unreal voices are sometimes heard; but the condition of the brain which leads to such effects must be regarded as altogether exceptional. Certainly it is not common. On the contrary, the play of fancy by which images are formed from objects in no way connected with the picture raised in the mind is a common phenomenon. Although some minds possess the faculty more fully than others, few actually want it. I suppose there is not one person in a thousand who can not see "faces in the fire," for instance, though to some the pictures so produced are much more vivid than to others.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. J. L.—We have not the pattern you wish.

CARRIE J.—Piping is merely a narrow bias fold sewed on the edge of hems, bands, etc., with blind stitches.

MRS. S. D. A.—Make the suit of gray linen by Double-breasted Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 23, Vol. VI., and trim with side pleating on the skirt and a bias band on the polonaise. Make the girl's white dress with box-pleated blouse and two skirts. The medium heavy white dress should have a single-breasted loose polonaise made by pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. VI.

MAUD.—Bathe your lip two or three times a day with weak lye or diluted ammonia, putting oil on afterward to heal the smart.

MAUDE AND MADGE.—The sulphur vapor is *never* applied to the face. It clears the skin by acting on the rest of the body. Use common sailor's tar with enough oil to make a salve of it.

GERALDINE.—Though you seem anxious to poison yourself for the sake of your complexion, it is fortunate that Fowler's solution can not be had without a physician's prescription. Fresh buttermilk is not unhealthy unless the cream stands too long beforehand, so as to become acrid. Then it is deleterious.

KANSAS.—Try boiling your ingredients to the desired thickness. Tar is of different consistencies.

KATIE B. H.—Take a thorough course of taraxacum for the liver, and consult a physician.

LOUISE AND OTHERS.—The recipe for the alum and egg paste has been so often repeated that we can hereafter only refer to No. 13, Vol. VI., of the *Bazar*, containing it.

LILLIE M.—Use enough oil to thin the tar to a salve. Try boiling the two together in a tin vessel set in hot water.

M. A. S.—Sleep with your hands in cloth mittens large enough to admit bran and water poultices. Your other question will be answered in a coming number of "Ugly Girl" papers.

FREEDOM.—Antimony is injurious if often used to darken the eyes. A few applications do no harm.

MRS. S.—Rub walnut oil on your child's forehead to keep the hair from growing too low, and brush it back daily, keeping it back with a round comb. Do not use the flannel band.

ROWENA.—Rub white specks on the nails with fine wood ashes and water; repeat a few times if they do not at once disappear. Or try pitch and myrrh melted together.

W. R. J.—Your bishop's lawn suit would look well trimmed with a puff and ruffle.

ECONOMY.—Consult back numbers of the *Bazar* for descriptions and illustrations of fichus, collarettes, fraises, etc.

SUBSCRIBER.—Get white or palest Nile green ribbons and gloves to wear with your green silk. Slippers of white or light-colored silk or kid are suitable at receptions, but white buttoned boots are preferred usually.

COUNTRY GRETCHEN.—The Blouse-Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. VI., is the model for your white polonaises. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. VI.

CLARA G.—Make a white alpaca over-skirt, and wear with a black velvet sash. For the garnet silk get a white organdy polonaise. Make your boy's white dresses with kilt skirts and a loose jacket. Of course he should wear white drawers with all dresses; they must not be long enough to show below the skirt.

STUPID.—The *Bazar Book of Decorum*, price $1, sent by mail by Harper & Brothers, will tell you all you want to know about etiquette.

EMILY T. P.—We have no cut paper patterns of the demi-polonaise, but may publish one by-and-by.

MRS. S.—Instead of a regular suit of your brocaded pearl-colored silk you should get a white organdy polonaise, and have an afternoon and semi-dress suit for evenings.

SUSANNE.—Get light yellowish-brown silk to go with your dark leaf brown, and make by directions given to "Inquirer" in *Bazar* for July 19. You will require about fourteen yards. Wear white muslin or China crape ties and palest buff gloves. Get a brown chip hat of Rubens or Rabagas shape, and trim with the two shades of silk, ostrich tips, and tea-roses.

MRS. F. S.—Striped goods still remain in fashion. The loose Blouse-Polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. VI., is the best model for your dress if you use a polonaise; if not, you should have a simple jockey basque and round over-skirt. Trim with bias puffs and ruffles of the material.—Your *Bazars* were lost in the mail, and we are not responsible for them. Subscribers' *Bazars* are sent from this office faithfully, and we can not do more than that.

LIZZIE B.—Light-colored grenadine is not made over black silk, but over silk or muslin of the same color. Your piqué suit would look well made as you suggest.

E. J.—Two skirts, with a box-pleated blouse-waist, is the best model for a young girl's dress. If it is made of fine white linen cambric, put bands of Valenciennes insertion between the box-pleats, and trim a flounce for the lower skirt with Valenciennes lace; edge the upper skirt with lace, also the sleeves. If it is merely linen lawn, omit the lace and insertion, and use simple gathered ruffles.

L.—A Victoria lawn will look well trimmed with velvet pockets, etc., and worn with a sash of black velvet.

JENNIE B.—A gray silk or Irish poplin skirt, with a redingote of cashmere or camel's-hair of the same color, will be suitable for a bride's wedding and traveling dress in September. Such a dress will be appropriate for a morning church wedding. Have a Rabagas bonnet of the dress silk, with a rose cluster and ostrich tips for trimming. Any simple suit, or else a morning wrapper of foulard, checked silk, or cashmere, will answer for breakfast at hotels.

MRS. E. J. C.—We can not furnish addresses in this column, nor do we make purchases for our readers. Consult our advertising columns.

MRS. JUDGE R.—Get a straw sailor hat for your little girl to travel in. A light striped cloth sacque, or else one of white Turkish toweling, or of corduroy trimmed with black velvet binding, collar, cuffs, and pockets, will be suitable for her. Striped gray and white mohair is used for summer balmorals, also the seersucker gingham that washes so nicely. Consult *Bazar* No. 27, Vol. VI., for fraise patterns. That on the reception dress illustrated on page 428 will be a stylish model. Of course you could not wear a silk ruffle about your neck without white inside of it. A white muslin, lace, or crêpe lisse pleating slightly wider than the fraise is placed inside.

ELLEN.—Trim your black alpaca with deep kilt pleating on the skirt, and merely a bias fold around the over-skirt. Get English lisle-thread gloves for children to wear when traveling.

MRS. J. L.—It is impossible to speak definitely about next winter's fashions. The tendency at present is to do away with the bouffant drapery produced by puffing and looping. It is not necessary to have the front trimming on a skirt different from the back, but it is usual on rich and elaborate dresses. Two or three straight gathered ruffles extending plainly around the dress are stylish for simple dresses.—We can not repeat the recipe in this column.

EVERY mother who has a crying baby, or children subject to croup and stomach-complaints, can rely upon Castoria to keep the child well and give it rest. There are but few nurses in New York who do not use Castoria. It should be in every house.—[*Com.*]

THE GREAT ATTRACTION.—The great attraction of this week is the magnificent new rooms of the Wilson Sewing-Machine Company, at the corner of Superior and Bond Streets. Crowds of people may be seen in and about the place at any hour of the day or evening, gazing at the superb carpets, the frescoing, the gilt chandeliers, the wonderfully carved counters, and the general elegance of every thing about. A prominent business man of this city remarked after going the rounds of the place, that "This is up to the style of the Erie Railway offices in New York." The lady visitors, almost without exception, sit down and try one of the machines, and always conclude that the Wilson Underfeed Sewing-Machine is the nicest feature of the admirable concern. And they are not mistaken. In beauty of form and finish, in ease and precision of work, and in perfect capacity for any kind of sewing, the Wilson machine is unsurpassed. Call at the new rooms and see it work.—*Cleveland Daily Leader.*

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COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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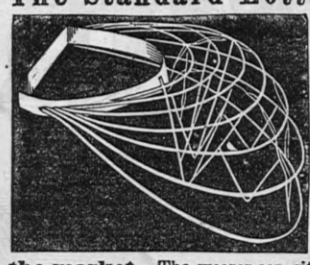

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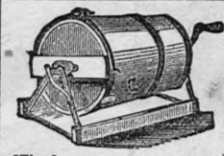

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BIDDY (*to Pat, in charge about a difficulty*). "Never fear, Pat! Shure y'ave got an upright Jidge to Thry ye!"
PAT. "Ah, Biddy Darlin', the Divil an Upright Jidge I want! 'Tis wan that 'll *lane* a little!"

FACETIÆ.

ONE of the most effectual ways of taking the poetry out of a good-looking girl is to stuff her ears with cotton-wool and put her respirator on.

RATHER NICE.

ALGERNON ETHELRED. "What do you think of my new portrait? They have made me precious ugly, haven't they?"
CONSTANTIA LAVINIA. "Yes, they have, very; but it is a splendid likeness."

A SKY-LIGHT—The moon.

CHEAP AND LIGHT EDUCATION.

BOY. "Box of lights, Sir?"
GENT. "Naw! I don't smoke."
BOY. "You don't! Buy a box, then, and I'll learn you."

A SINGER SEWING-MACHINE—A musical tailor.

What is the difference between King Robert the Bruce and King Alfred?—One gained the battle of Bannockburn, and the other lost the battle of burned bannocks.

A SLIP OF SHAMROCK.

Speaking of a middle-aged gentleman who had married a very young lady, "That man," said Mr. Murphy, "is old enough to be her father."
"Not quite," replied Mr. O'Rourke. "There's only seventeen years difference between them. But he's quite old enough to be her mother."

A gay Spiritualist may be called a happy medium.

ABSURD IDEA—That only men of standing should sit as grand jurors.

PSHAH!—A correspondent writing from Unter den Linden says that owing to the festivities in honor of the Shah, Berlin was (more than ever) on the *Spree*. As the august monarch went next to Wiesbaden, there is no doubt that Frankfort was lively (on the *Main*).

ONE TO HIM!

WASHER-WOMAN (*to small boy, who has brought a very dilapidated shirt*). "Tell yer mother if she sends this 'ere again, I shall wash it in two."
SMALL BOY (*equal to the occasion*). "Very sorry, mum, I'm sure, but I don't think mother would mind if you washed it into half a dozen."

A fond mother in Norwich gave her five-year-old hopeful an outfit of fish-tackle. Soon she heard a shout from Willie, and, running out, found one of her best hens fast winding up the line in her crop, whither the hook had already preceded it. Willie, observing the troubled look of his mother, quietly remarked, "Don't worry, mother; I guess she'll stop when she gets to the pole."

"Child," said a Sunday-school teacher, "who made your vile body?"
"Well, ma'am," said the little girl, "it's not a good one, but isn't it rather hard to call it vile? It was mother made it, and sister made the skirt."

THE AGE MEN LOVE—Marri-*age*.

An obituary notice in a New England paper concludes with the information that the deceased "leaves two infant daughters, both girls."

THE MOST USEFUL THING IN THE LONG-RUN—Breath.

"Doctor, what will cure the fever of love?" "The chill of wedlock, miss."

SUCH IS LIFE!

I have a cat that begs,
And sits on her hind-legs,
But she never catches mice.
I have two bantams nice,
But they never lay any eggs!

And I have a splendid vine,
Of a sort that's superfine;
But if I should ever wish
To have of grapes a dish,
The market's they'll be—not mine!

And of melons and cucumbers too
I plant every year a few;
But just at the very time
When I find they reach their prime
They're hawked cheap the city through!

I've camellias enough, I presume,
To fill up a decent-sized room;
I get buds, it is true, on them all,
But untimely they always fall,
And I never have gathered a bloom.

Well! "A part," said some worthy old soul,
"Is very much more than the whole."
So be it, my worthy old hearty:
Then life's all a part of a party,
And the world is a droll with a roll.

PLEASANT FOR JOHNS!

MRS. BLANK. "Oh, Mr. Johns, I was so pleased to meet your sisters the other evening at the Smiths'. Such nice girls! So good-looking!"
Johns makes an indistinct remark. A pause.
MRS. B. (*anxious to be still more polite*). "I should never have guessed that they were your sisters, you know."

"It is very sickly here," said one of the sons of the Emerald Isle the other day to another.
"Yes," replied his companion, "a great many have died this year that never died before."

A THING TO BE DONE BY INSTALLMENTS.

AUNT EMILY. "You're surely not going to Shoot *Me*, Malcolm?"
MALCOLM. "Well, No! Anyhow, not *all at once*, you know, cos you're too big!"

XIT ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

ON DRESS.

Dress is fashion's mode of disfiguring nature. All women and many men like to dress well. The accompanying is a recipe for good dressing: Egg, one; mustard, some; pepper, little; salt, more; sugar, less; oil, to palate; vinegar, to taste. This is for salad. Any gentleman may try it on himself if he chooses, but no result is guaranteed. The following are useful words for a lady's toilette: Dress, to attire one's self; Ad-Dress, to put on more clothes; Re-Dress, to dress again.

Somebody said, "Dress makes the man." In Paris a man makes the dresses. A Worth-y man! "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." I can't tell you any more.

ON BOOK-KEEPING.

This is a useful art, which should be assiduously cultivated by the young. It is very simple, and has only one rule.

Rule I.

Borrow a book and don't return it.
Bless you, my chee-yil-dren!

ON FATHERS.

Fathers are accidents that only happen to us once in our lives, and then they come without our consent. Fathers take a mean advantage in always being born beforehand. If sons came into the world first, they might father themselves. This may sound confusing, but will well repay the most serious investigation. Watch this frame, and keep your eye on your paternal relative.

ON UMBRELLAS.

An umbrella is one of those things to be put by for a rainy day. It's a wise umbrella that knows its own proprietor (*see* Book-keeping). I could tell you a great deal about umbrellas if I liked; but I don't; it's a sore subject. Fare thee well! and if forever, my umbrella, fare thee well!—BY-BY-RON TA-TA.

ADVICE TO BOYS.

To throw Stones.—Fold each one carefully in a feather-bed, and give good notice to all in the neighborhood when you are going to pitch.

To carry Gunpowder in the Pocket.—Soak it well in cold water, then wrap it up in a cover of oiled silk.

To slide down the Baluster.—Let a surgeon sit upon the lowest stair. Also carry a pailful of poultice in each of your hands, as you may need it.

To get rid of studying your Lessons.—Eat a hot mince-pie every night, for one week, before going to bed.

To cure creaky Boots.—Wear them always in going to the cake pantry.

To be polite to Sisters.—Get their big brother to introduce you to them.

TO A LONG-WINDED ORATOR.

On some far distant Northern shore, we're told,
The winter wind is so intensely cold
That, when one speaks (it is a strange affair!),
The words, congealing, harden in the air,
And there, undreamed of and unheard, they stay
Till spring, revolving, melts their chains away,
When forth in joyous liberty they burst,
Each to the ear that it was meant for first.
Oh! what a boon would Heaven to us assign,
If thus 'twould manage with that voice of thine!
If, when thou speak'st, the words that from thee hie
Would hang concreted midway in the sky!
But, joy ecstatic! bliss beyond compare!
If spring, revolving, would but leave them there!

A correspondent says: "I have recently heard two stories about Israelites, which I know will be amusing, and which I hope will be new to your readers. The first is of Sir Moses Montefiore. When negotiating a loan on the Bourse, on which he was very 'keen,' a small knot of capitalists approached him. 'Oh dear,' says one, 'he is going to swallow us all.' 'No, my dear Sir,' said Sir Moses, with a caustic smile, 'my religion forbids me that.' The second is of a German Jew, who was eating a pork-chop in a thunder-storm. On hearing an unusually loud clap, he laid down his knife and fork, and observed, 'Vell, did any poty efer hear such a fuss apout a liddle pid o' bork!'"

A farmer and his wife called at a Detroit photograph gallery last week to order some photographs of her, and while the operator was getting ready the husband gave his wife a little advice as to how she must act: "Fasten your mind on something," he said, "or else you will laugh and spile the job. Think about early days, how your father got in jail, and your mother was an old scolder, and what you'd have been if I hadn't pitied you! Jest fasten your mind on to that!" She didn't have any photographs taken.

"Pretty well," remarked the doctor's daughter, who took an interest in her father's purse and profession, when some one asked her how "things were going." "Plenty of colds, some bronchitis, and a little typhus fever; but, as father said yesterday, what we want to make things lively is a nice little epidemic!"

There's an old lady with false teeth out West who wants to know if the Yankees can't invent some new way of putting on pillow-cases; meanwhile she nails the cases against the wall and drops the pillows in.

DANGEROUS DOGS—Modocs.

BRILLIANT.—An exchange says: "The Nebraska Indians are allowed to ride free on all the trains they can jump on while the latter are in motion. The tribe is being reduced very rapidly." This is by all odds the most effective and economical system of *dead*-heading on record.

A FIX.

HOSPITABLE LADY (*with interesting daughters*). "Ah! how do you do, Captain Lovell? What an Age since we met! Are you Engaged this evening?"
SOFT-HEARTED CAPTAIN (*who likes all interesting daughters*). "Er—No!"
HOSPITABLE LADY. "Then come and Dine with us!"
SOFT-HEARTED CAPTAIN. "You're very kind! Most happy! At what o'clock?"
HOSPITABLE LADY. "A quarter to eight. *Au revoir!*"
SOFT-HEARTED CAPTAIN (*suddenly recollecting that he has completely forgotten who the Hospitable Lady is, and not liking to say so*). "Oh—er—hum! Ah!—by-the-bye—er—*where are you Staying now?*"
HOSPITABLE LADY. "Oh, the same old Place—No. 16. *Au revoir!*"

[*Exit Hospitable Lady.*

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 31.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

PHOTOGRAPHS have been in fashion for several years. They are younger than daguerreotypes and older than *pastels*. They are desirable for many reasons. In the first place, they are comparatively inexpensive, if you except the torture you endure in having one "taken." I would rather be compelled to "memorize" Pollock's *Course of Time* or Milton's *Paradise Lost* than "sit" for a photograph. You endure all the torments without any of the glory of the ancient martyrs. A photographic gallery is virtually a temple of horrors. In the apparently trifling ordeal of having your image transferred to paper there are many important phases. To begin with, you consider what you shall put on, and wherewithal you shall be clothed. If you have a pretty neck and handsome arms, of course you must wear one dress, and carry another to put on at your journey's end. Then you spend some time in deciding how to arrange your hair, so that two years hence, when the fashions change, your picture may not be ridiculous and *outré*. I know ever so many albums that are filled up with the most aggravating visions of women with water-falls on the backs of their necks. The best way is to have your hair flowing loose about your shoulders. This is a safe provision against the vicissitudes of style. If you haven't any hair, buy some, or wear a lace mantilla, Spanish fashion, over your head. This is not only convenient, but very becoming. I never have tried it, but think of doing so at no distant day. Then when you are ready, and your primping in the dressing-room has realized your fondest expectations, the climax of your martyrdom begins. First, will you sit or stand? You reflect. If you sit, half the effect of your dress will be lost, and your cousins in Europe will lose the impression of your lovely Parisienne panier. But if you stand, you can not rest your elbow on the arm of the handsome stuffed chair, which position of lazy elegance makes your own pretty arm so irresistible. You resolve to try both. You carefully arrange your over-skirt so as not to crush the pride of your heart, the triumph of a panier; then seat yourself, with your elbow resting in its most becoming attitude. The "artist" stands opposite, and looks at you quizzically. You have in your own mind determined upon a three-quarter view of your face. After having turned your head in every conceivable position, he tells you your profile is the best. This compliment, so unexpected, would overpower you were you not morally certain that it is as absurd as it is agreeable. However, you finally consent to "try." You banish the friend who accompanied you back to the dressing-room, and then look over your shoulder to see whether she is peeping through the curtained doorway. You now compress your lips and endeavor to steady yourself, after throwing as many curls as possible into the future "view." This being done, the artist lifts up the little black curtain of the "camera obscura," or whatever it is, and you become conscious of the horrible suspicion that he is looking at you upside down!

He now tells you your lips are too much compressed. Can't you smile? Certainly. You even laugh; in fact, you can not help laughing. It is so absurd, your sitting still, smiling at a white curtain, and resting your eyes on the suspended red tassel the artist designates. At last your mouth is fixed. Then your eyelids become rebellious. They *won't* keep still. The artist considerately tells you that this is not a matter of much consequence. In a "profile" picture it is perhaps true, you dismally reflect. Then he comes over, and very gently and unselfishly adjusts and rearranges your flowing curls in a way that would make your sweetheart awfully jealous, and send your big brother after him with a six-shooter.

But artists, like street-car conductors, are privileged characters. If the former touches your curls, or the latter puts an arm around you, it is as a painful duty which the business profession in both cases necessitates. In fact, it is unavoidable.

A few moments of awful suspense, during which time it seems ages to you; you dare not, on peril of your life, move your smallest muscle. Then the artist suddenly slips something under cover of a black cloth, and rushes into the next

Figs. 1 and 2.—LINEN WALKING SUIT. FRONT AND BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1ª, 1ᵇ–3.

Figs. 3 and 4.—GRAY FOULARD DRESS WITH BLACK FAILLE BASQUE.—BACK AND FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 4–9.

Figs. 5 and 6.—ÉCRU PONGEE DRESS WITH BLACK GROS GRAIN BASQUE.—BACK AND FRONT.
For description see Supplement.

FIGS. 1–6.—LADIES' WALKING SUITS.

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room. You are morally certain that your second self is being soused into water, alcohol, or some liquid in waiting, but you do not remonstrate. You are too glad to breathe again. When he returns and triumphantly displays the "negative," your discriminating eyes announce the dread discovery that your hands have assumed about double their natural proportions, and your dress skirt was not gracefully arranged. Why *didn't* he put a mirror opposite. You grow desperate. *Must* you "sit" again? You see a possible relief. You will take a *vignette*. You tell him in copying not to print below the shoulders. You are bitterly disappointed; but in photographs, as in ready-made dresses, who was ever suited exactly? You have many sympathizers. You are content.

The pictures are printed and sent home. The trouble is not ended—far from it; in fact, you may say it has just begun. You have dozens and dozens of friends, cousins, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, etc., to say nothing of tenderer relations, to whom you have promised your photograph "as soon as you have some taken." You sit down and consider. The pictures are much better than you expected. They always look better on paper than in the horrid "negative" state. A careless observer would say the whole dozen are exactly alike. Your loving scrutiny, which practice has made perfect, detects many shades of difference. In one the curls look richer, the nose prettier. In another the eyes have a far-away look. In a third there is the most bewitching expression about the mouth. The prettiest of all must, of course, go to your brother. You still love him "better than any thing on earth." This decided, you dispose of the others according to precedence of promise, or as your heart inclines. So, sending back new orders for additional dozens or half dozens, according to demand, you go forth into the world either as a shining light among the hordes of ugly women in your friends' "collections," or snugly nestled among greenbacks in the pocket-books of young gentlemen. Sometimes you smile up benignly from a paper-weight, or count the passing moments from the back of a watch.

Thank Heaven, nobody ever saw me in such a place as any of the above! It is bad enough to be in an album, fingered by the children of your many friends, and thrown about promiscuously. I hate the idea of a photograph album. I always beg to be put in a dressing-case, a trunk tray, a bandbox—any thing but an album. I prefer the family Bible, because in that safe retreat I know I will not be troubled very often. I am very particular about giving away my photograph. I never do if I can get out of it. Only think, it is the nearest possible thing to giving away myself! I often promise it, just for the sake of peace. It is one promise I never keep. Most of my picture-seekers are young men. But I have brothers, so I am on the "look-out." I know how young men pride themselves upon their assortment of female faces. I sometimes experiment. When a young Lothario exhibits the picture of some stylish young lady, leaning poetically against an ivy-grown rock, or steadying herself against the back of a chair, I flash into his eyes one of my most insinuating glances, and ask, in meaning tone, "Another one of your victims?" He smiles consciously, even remorsefully (much as I have delighted him), and answers, not without stammering, "Now, really—of course not. She is a young lady friend of mine." His *looks* say, "Poor little thing! I suppose she can't help it; I'm sorry." Now I don't mean to censure young men. They are real nice, I think. If they are not angels, it is your fault as much as theirs. When you have wings, so will they. No, I believe in young men. I will trust them with any thing except a lock of hair or a photograph. Then I am suspicious, for, I repeat, I have brothers. Take my advice, girls, and don't give the boys your photographs.

IN SUN AND SHADE.

We walked together on the sand:
The lazy tide was fretting;
The wind blew sweetly from the land;
The summer sun was setting.

Lonely and long the white beach lay
Beneath the sunset's flushing;
The breakers, near and far away,
All their white tumult hushing.

A cruel wreck upon the shore
Spoke of the storm's wild doing:
We dreamed no tempest evermore
Could blight our summer's wooing.

One star was trembling into light,
In that wide heaven showing;
One thought within our hearts that night
Exceeding sweet was growing.

We walked, and spoke as lovers will,
In voices hushed and tender,
Of hopes the future should fulfill,
Of blessings Heaven would render!

I walk the lonesome beach to-day:
The tide is still returning;
The fishing boats at anchor stay;
The sunset fires are burning.

But tides may ebb and tides may flow,
And breakers flash and thunder;
Unheeding of them all I know
He sleeps their tumult under:

He sleeps—nor sin nor aching age
Shall chill his youth's endeavor:
The years of God his heritage
Forever and forever.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1873.

☞ With the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for July 26 was sent out gratuitously a beautifully illustrated

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MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

IT seems strange, when one might with a slight effort render the rough way smoother in a degree, that there are those who utterly refuse to make the best of their difficulties, but rather make the *most* of them. It would almost appear as if they took a sort of pleasure in believing themselves the most injured of all created souls, a pre-eminence in suffering being preferable to mediocrity therein. They harp upon their favorite adversity with a pertinacity which, if applied in an effort toward cheerfulness, would insure them against an attack of the blues, and, by the subtle chemistry of affinities, would transform them into sunbeams, gilding the sphere in which they move. In truth, we have encountered people who were positively offended if it were suggested that another had passed through a more fiery ordeal than they. Whether, in their opinion, trouble invests one with a melancholy dignity, is an index of a mental strength that could survive such odds undiminished, or whether so much discomfiture in this vale of tears is an insurance securing a balance of happiness in the next world—whether, like MOHAMMED, satisfied that they can enjoy but one heaven, they are determined that it shall not be a heaven on earth—we are not prepared to decide. But certain it is that there are not a few who are jealous of their prerogatives in this respect, and would fain be called the unhappiest men or women that the rain rains upon or the frost nips. To some of these people a nightmare is equivalent to another's brain-fever; they possess the most wonderful facility for transforming a mole-hill into a mountain—a facility almost amounting to genius. Instead of accepting the first gray hairs as a matter of course, and wisely reasoning that gray hairs, when they become prominent, will more agreeably harmonize with the complexion of advancing years, they are so appalled that unseasonably every particular hair hastens to follow suit; the first crow's-foot so excites their apprehensions that it straightway invites a companion. They are totally unlike the man in the anecdote, who was so glad to find that there was any weather at all when he awoke in the morning that it never occurred to him to complain of the kind. If a caller catches them with an odor of cookery clinging to their garments; if they are forgotten in an invitation, or remembered where they would prefer forgetfulness; if Mrs. Chitchat is present when the grocer calls with his bill, when the plumber declines to do that little job unless he is paid for the last; if Mr. Bachelor drops in to have "that game of whist" the very night when the gas has been shut off (why can't some one invent a method of bottling up enough sunshine in the daytime to use at night? or is this, in effect, what the gas company are doing—bottling up the sunshine of vanished days thousands of years old, and dealing it out to us at so much per foot?)—if Cousin Simple reveals the fact that the piano was taken for a bad debt, and not such a very bad one, after all, one might think; that the cream jug is plated; that the carpet can't be shaken this season because it will not hold together; that they don't lay in the winter's coal, nor kindle a fire in the furnace till every body is blue; that the Parian vases were bought with old clothes; the salver has just come home from the pawnbroker's; and the lounging chair is second-hand—instead of grinning and bearing these disagreeables with a philosophic grace, they fight against them as if they were things in which opposition and grumbling could effect a miracle, when already they are foregone conclusions.

"What can wringing of the hands do, that which is ordained to alter?"

Though you fret your soul away, will Mrs. Chitchat the sooner forget the grocer and his bill or the saucy plumber, or forbear to repeat the story to her next listener? The more reason for fretting, you may think. Exactly, if fretting could affect her memory or annul the facts—in short, if it could do any thing but harm. Perhaps we imagine we are put here to find fault when things seem to go wrong; to shape affairs after our own models, and interfere with events, and dictate to fate. But when the trouble is not vital, why not accept it without a wry face, as a physic for our vanity or pride—a wholesome mortification of the flesh; why not make the best of it? And if it seems to admit of no degree of improvement, why not let it alone, put it out of sight, hide it behind the remembrance of our blessings? What object is attained by lying awake nights and making the days wretched because the mortgage is falling due; because Bridget will tell her next mistress fibs; because you or your books have been criticised; because your sermon is voted heretical? If the mortgage could be paid off by sleepless nights, it might be worth while to think about it—even then it would be a bad bargain; but as things stand, the only result is that you have the wretchedness and the mortgage too. It sometimes seems that if our hearts and heads were not so deeply concerned with trifles, if we did not so much mind what others thought of us, provided our own approval was secure, if Mrs. Grundy was not such a tyrant, nor we so hopelessly smitten with her, we should lead lives of more tranquillity and happiness, we should cease to agitate ourselves about affairs that have already passed beyond our control, we should learn to enjoy the sunshine of to-day, untarnished by yesterday's shower or the threatening possibilities of to-morrow.

DOING OUR OWN WORK.

THERE are many self-complacent folk who take credit for doing what they are pleased to term their own work, but who in fact are only interfering with the functions of other people. There is, undoubtedly, work in this world for all its inhabitants, male and female, and no one with the necessary capacity can claim exemption from the performance of his or her share of it. It is, however, essential to recognize the varieties of labor, and to consider the suitableness of each laborer for his vocation.

With the present organization of society it is impossible, however desirable it might seem, always to adapt the work to the essential character of the worker. There are the accidents of wealth and social position, which constantly interpose to disturb the harmonious arrangements of nature, and the cynic does not fail to remark with scorn the jangling irregularities which ensue. The low are undoubtedly often in high and the high in low places. Parlor and kitchen might occasionally exchange occupants, certainly without lowering the dignity of the former, though the utility of the latter might be hazarded. We can not, however, calculate upon the sorting of man and womankind according to the rigid classification of nature. The world we have to deal with is more or less an artificial one, and the people in it must perform the duties of the positions in which they find themselves, though they may perchance be misplaced. The prosperous and needy, the master and man, the mistress and maid, have their separate functions, and can not confound them without loss to themselves and injury to others. They are, however, often confounded, but never without mischief. LOUIS XVI. was a fair lock-smith but a very poor king. Nature might have intended him for the one, but the accident of birth had made him the other. Kingcraft was evidently his duty, and not that of a smith; and if he had devoted himself as much to the reform of the state as he did to the mending of old locks, he might perhaps have kept his head upon his shoulders, and, better still, saved his people from much dire suffering. We have heard a "dame of quality" exulting in the fact that half of her day had been dabbled away in the soap-suds, and a well-provided spinster invoking praise for a month's work in shirt-making. Wretched washer and needle women were in the mean time begging in vain for a day's work and wages to keep the wolf of famine from the door, and save themselves and little ones from destruction.

Noblesse oblige, and wealth has its obligations too, and assuredly it is not one of these to take the bread out of the mouths of the famishing by doing other people's work on the self-complacent plea of doing our own. Women especially are apt to think that there is no kind of work but that with the hands, and that if they are not plying the needle, shaking the duster, and stirring the pot, they must be, forsooth, idlers. With, however, the opportunities that are given to the prosperous of cultivating their minds and tastes, there should come both a higher sense of duty and an increased power to perform it. With the noble purpose and assured capacity, women of means could find occupations befitting their social positions, and such as would be at least negatively beneficial, inasmuch as they would not interfere, by an ungenerous competition, with the labor of the needy.

We must not be understood, however, as deprecating a knowledge and share of the humbler duties of the household by our prosperous dames. So far, moreover, do the higher culture and aims in life for which we are contending render women not indifferent to or incapable of household duty that those who shine so brilliantly on the world with all the fire of genius brighten their homes no less with the radiance of domestic virtue. In fact, the capacity for the greater implies that for the less; and the woman of cultivated intelligence can take within her widened scope the lowly as well as the lofty. She, too, will have that sense of order which recognizes the particular duty of each, and that discreet reserve which studiously refrains from interfering with the special vocation of others.

We would have our prosperous women something more than dabblers in soap-suds, stickers of needles, and turners of the spit. The supervision, more or less, of such work as these imply must necessarily devolve upon the female heads of all households, however fortified by wealth, and they should diligently acquire the knowledge requisite for the performance of so essential a duty. They should never forget, however, to discriminate the distinctive shares of the labor, and apportion them accordingly. The work of the mistress should touch, in fact, at times that of the servant, but oftener rise above it; and if she fails to give it this elevation, she will be sure not only to degrade herself, but injure others. Some of the best-intentioned women are doing a great deal of mischief by thus thoughtlessly confusing the duties of life. There are many among the ranks of the wealthy who do nothing, but still not a few who do much, but unfortunately with no other than an ill effect, since they are doing other people's while they presume they are doing their own work.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

COSTUMES.

EACH year finds dark costumes more in favor at the summer resorts. We have already spoken of the various ways in which velvet forms part of the promenade costume, and we now add that dark silks are also worn in the streets and drives. These silks are not necessarily heavy, but it is true that sombre shades of plum-color, blue-gray, réséda, leaf brown, grisaille, and blue-black have entirely superseded the medium light blue, gray, pearl, and green silks formerly worn at midsummer. Ladies in the extreme South should bear this in mind when preparing wardrobes for the sea-side and Northern watering-places. Costumes of plum or smoke colored silks, so dark that they are scarcely distinguishable from black, are made with two simple gathered flounces on the skirt, and a tight-fitting polonaise with plain edge or fringed, coat sleeves, and high ruff. With such a dress there should be a sash of the same, or else a unique belt of some kind, either of Russia leather with silver joints, clasps, and châtelaine, or a velvet belt fastened behind by a pearl or antique silver buckle, or else a canvas belt with binding of blue or red Russia. If all black is preferred, glossy taffeta silk is selected, or else summer gros grain woven in small reps, with high lustre. This is also made simply with a tight polonaise and deep kilt pleating on the skirt, or else a jockey basque and shawl-shaped upper skirt plainly piped, or perhaps edged with jet fringe. The kilt pleating in the skirt is nearly a yard deep, and is held in clusters—three pleats in each group, and a space between. More elaborate black costumes have the whole polonaise made up of lengthwise bands of silk two or three inches wide, and yak or guipure insertion of half this width set in between the silk bands. Another very elegant black silk costume to be worn at Saratoga has white duchesse point insertion and lace on the polonaise, and as trimming for the Spanish flounce on the skirt.

There is a fancy also for black and white checked silks this summer. A French caprice shown among late importations is that of using checks of three or four sizes—from pin-heads to half-inch blocks—in a single dress. Simple and

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tasteful afternoon suits are made of pin-head checks alone; the skirt has two clusters of three narrow lapping gathered flounces, piped with black, and each cluster headed by a puff; the apron over-skirt is edged by a puff and ruffle, and the basque is a jockey piped with black, and finished with a ruff and cuffs.

BREAKFAST DRESSES.

White suits are not universally worn, as they formerly were, but are still preferred to all others for summer breakfast dresses. Fine, soft, yellow-white French nansook is now chosen for these instead of the heavy piqués and stiff blue-white Victoria lawns of last year. The design is invariably a belted polonaise and skirt. For trimming, the front breadth is formed of length-wise clusters of narrow tucks, with a row of Hamburg or needle-work insertion between each cluster; two gathered flounces, with a row of tucks and insertion above a hem, surround the skirt; the coat sleeves are made of tucks and bands of insertion. Cross-barred nansook is used for plainer suits. Two kilt-pleated flounces of plain nansook trim the skirt, and a narrower kilt pleating edges the polonaise.

DINNER DRESSES.

Light silks and Chambéry gauzes abundantly trimmed with lace are reserved for dinner dresses. A mastic gray silk half covered with Valenciennes insertion and lace has just been sent to Newport. The skirt has three gathered scant flounces each three-sixteenths of a yard deep, and the middle flounce is entirely covered by a flounce of Valenciennes; the shawl over-skirt, with pointed apron front shaped by a seam down the middle, on which bows are placed, has many rows of Valenciennes insertion placed length-wise on each breadth, and a lace flounce on the edge; the basque is merely piped on the edge to show its graceful outline, but it is also striped downward with insertion, and similar trimming extends the whole length of the coat sleeves. Very narrow lace edging is placed each side of the insertion bands; two deep frills of lace, with an inner pleating of crêpe lisse, surround the neck and wrists.

One of the most perfect dresses of the summer—a dinner dress for a distinguished-looking blonde—is of pale mauve silk and deepest violet Chambéry gauze. The mauve skirt has two violet gauze flounces across the front breadths, each flounce with mauve piping in the hem and a puffed heading, while between these is a flounce of finest Valenciennes; the back breadths are trimmed to the waist with five straight flounces edged with the puffed ruffles just described. The over-skirt, open in front, falling in a deep point on each side, and rounding short behind, is edged with puffing and a flounce of lace. The basque is of mauve silk, covered plainly with the dark gauze except in front, where a Pompadour square-necked vest of the silk is shown, with its outline finished by ruffles of Valenciennes. The sleeves are plain to the elbow with full flowing lace below, and high frills are in the square neck. A third tasteful costume is a skirt of blue-gray silk, worn with a white striped grenadine polonaise edged with crimped fringe. This skirt is also worn with a polonaise of black Spanish sprigged net trimmed with Spanish lace, a high lace fraise, lace jabots down front and back, gray silk bows fastening the skirt in front, and an elaborate sash of gray silk.

Light airy puffs and ruffles of grenadine or gauze should not be gathered on cords, as this gives a clumsy look. For these wiry trimmings French modistes use effectively a sort of gauging made by putting two rows of gathers quite close together. For instance, the bias puff with narrow ruffle on each side, so much used for trimming grenadine polonaises, should be cut six inches wide; the edge need not be hemmed, but merely turned down the width of the tiny ruffle, thus making it double, and gathered by two rows of small stitches set scarcely a seam's width apart, and this will leave a pretty puff between.

DARK BLUE LINEN.

Dark blue linen grows in favor, and can now be purchased for 50 cents a yard. These blue suits are most stylish when made without any white except the large pearl buttons that are placed down the front of the polonaise. The skirt has a kilt-pleated flounce about three-fourths of a yard deep, and the long belted polonaise has merely a hem, with revers, collar, cuffs, and pocket. A morocco belt and bag usually take the place of a sash with linen suits.

A WIDOW'S DRESS.

The dresses worn by widows appear at the first glance to be made entirely of English crape, but upon inspection prove to be bombazine covered with crape. Their design is a basque and single skirt without ruffles or folds. A bombazine skirt of ordinary shape is first made; above this there is sewed around the hips a crape skirt made of widths cut precisely like those of the bombazine, a finger-deep hem around the edge, and hanging separately from the bombazine, though naturally falling into the same folds. The basque is long enough to conceal that part of the bombazine not covered with crape. This basque is of heavy English crape, placed smoothly on a thick silk lining. It is of simple shape, with coat sleeves, a piping of crape around the bottom, and a revers collar of doubled crape extending down the front. Around the neck and wrists is a side pleating of black crêpe lisse, with an inner pleating of white lisse. Small button-moulds covered with crape fasten the basque.

WIDOWS' CAPS.

White crêpe lisse and more deeply crinkled crape are used for the caps which form part of a widow's dress in the house. Widows' caps imported from London are preferred here, as, indeed, are all English mourning goods and customs, instead of the fanciful French mourning. These lisse caps are bands, pointed toward the forehead, edged with a small crimped puff, passed back under the coil of hair, and finished with wide hanging ends behind. Simpler caps for morning are Marie Stuart squares of tarlatan or of softest lawn, with folded hem placed on the top of the head, and secured by black ribbon strings, or else by a narrow fillet ribbon passed around the head over the middle of the cap. Old ladies wear the large crowned Martha Washington cap, trimmed with milliners' folds and tiny pleated ruffles.

SILVER AND GOLD.

A mixture of oxidized silver with gold is the latest novelty in jewelry. Necklaces, lockets, crosses, châtelaines, and ball ear-rings are shown in this new combination. The necklaces have long bars joined by links, and prettily engraved. With a pendent locket such necklaces cost $50. There is a fancy for antique-looking chasing on silver and gold jewelry. Slight vines and delicate etching of slender fern leaves, lily bells on long nodding stems, and many flowers of which the merest outline is traced, are the favorites for ornamentation. Heavy chains of pure oxidized silver are sold for neck and fan chains for light mourning and for traveling: price $32. The fashionable gold ball ear-rings, bullet size, and quaintly chased, cost $10. Oxidized silver ball ear-rings and silvered châtelaines are much worn with black dresses, both for mourning and by ladies who wear colors.

For information received thanks are due Misses SWITZER; and GEDNEY; and Messrs. BALL, BLACK, & CO.

A NOTABLE BOOK.

ONE of the choicest records extant of a fervent Christian life is that of the Rev. ALFRED COOKMAN, by HENRY B. RIDGAWAY, D.D., with an introduction by Rev. R. S. FOSTER, LL.D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which has just been published by HARPER & BROTHERS. Mr. COOKMAN was the son of the Rev. GEORGE COOKMAN, who came to this country from England in his youth, united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, rose rapidly to leadership in its chief departments, became chaplain to Congress, and was finally lost on the *President* when on his way to England to bear the salutations of his Church to the British Wesleyan Conference. ALFRED inherited his father's mantle. He was a preacher in his youth, and exhibited that remarkable fervor, spirituality, and gentleness at the beginning which developed in exquisite beauty and harmony. Dr. RIDGAWAY has given us the man and his work in a volume that is in every respect a model of biography. The scope is broad, the figures are sketched with a master-hand, the tone is elevated, and while there is just appreciation there is likewise an absence of all undue adulation. We regard the work an important contribution to our store of religious biography.

PERSONAL.

A LADY, writing from London about JOAQUIN MILLER, says she has lodgings in the same house with him, and is much pleased with his daily labor and way of life. He is very sympathetic with other people's miseries, and no one who comes to him with a tale of sorrow goes from him unrelieved. He denies himself every thing but the mere necessaries of life, bestowing the rest in charity. He is the frequent guest of the nobility, every day bringing invitations for dinners, parties, etc.; but he says that fashionable society is like the Sierras—the higher the colder: impossible to receive from it a single idea. The men meet him with, "Aw, MILLAW, glad to see you. Saw your book; very nice, by Jove! Seen So-and-so's book? No? Beastly trash! Take a run up and see. Ta-ta!" and so on.

—Miss MARIE PORTER, who toiled eighteen hours daily learning high art on skates, and had the honor to slide about on ice with NAPOLEON III., has received her reward by skating into the affections of a Prussian nobleman old enough to be her grandpa.

—Mr. KEASBURY, a missionary at Singapore, is the son of an Indian colonel. For thirty years he has been unconnected with any society, and lives on his own resources. He is the best Malay scholar in the island, and has translated the Bible and other books into that language. His congregation numbers about two hundred, of whom fifty are communicants. He is greatly venerated by the people and by the officials.

—Miss KELLOGG is to warble in English opera this fall, having signed contract to that effect with Mr. HESS, formerly manager of the PAREPA troupe. Mesdames MOULTON and VAN ZANDT are to be of the company.

—Mr. J. A. JACKSON, Boston man, who has been in Italy seven years, "learning the trade" of a sculptor, has returned home to superintend the erection of the soldiers' monument at Lynn.

—Mr. WHITEHURST, in his clever book on the *Court and Social Life under Napoleon III.*, tells this: "Where I was last night we certainly had the 'latest new thing' in dress. At the minister's whose lot it was to entertain us I saw the old empire represented—the old empire, too, carried to the extreme—by a lady whose name I will not mention, but who carries 'fashion,' that mystic symbol, with her. Her head was like a golden glory, no waist to speak of, and, as for crinoline, not a hoop, not a hair, not a spare petticoat. Her clothes clung to her like—what shall I say? Well, like a tight fit. She was very pretty, and would, indeed, have been beautiful *quand même;* but the transition was sensational. 'We have found at last,' said an old diplomatist, 'the empire pure and simple.' '*But restricted*,' added another. There was another dress 'passing show.' A white garment, made of some extraordinarily light combination, girded as to the waist with geranium and black velvet, which fell in short festoons, and was fastened behind by a diamond horseshoe; on the shoulder a diamond bird-of-paradise, around the head a glorious halo of health and youth, and one ornament—which was not excessive here—a great bird-of-paradise, which must have flown from a land of diamonds."

—PETER HINTZ, cigar manufacturer in Hamburg, has done a sweet thing in tobacco, and presented it to Emperor WILLIAM, viz., a model of the Summer Palace of Babelsberg, near Potsdam, made entirely of tobacco, eight feet long and broad, and five feet high. But WILLIAM Emperor abhors tobacco.

—"Mr. Shaw, of Persia," gives gifts with Oriental loftiness and liberality. To the imperial servants at Potsd—m and Berlin he gave $4000 cash, besides abundance of gold watches, shawls, brooches, and such. The Emperor got a costly gold snuff-box set with diamonds, which isn't of much account now, as snuffing has gone out; but he can swap it off for something else. The Empress received a necklace of rich brilliants, while the little great men of the court were given grand crosses of the order of the Sun and Lion. This will enable them to enjoy their little strut with greater self-complacency, and at the same time enable them to turn up their nostrils at beings who have not the Sun and Lion.

—How is this for a custom? When a lady is presented to "Mr. Shaw, of Persia," he first looks on the ground at her feet, then at his own feet, generally on one side and rather over his shoulder, then again at hers, and at last gradually raises his eyes to her face, when he assures her in French that he is extremely happy to have made her acquaintance. It is then the turn of the next lady, and the ceremony is repeated in the same manner; but conversation there is none. One of the gentlemen of the court, who had watched the Shah very closely, explained this peculiarity of manner as arising from his never having been accustomed to see ladies unveiled in society, and thus feeling shy and somewhat shocked. We take this from the record in the London *Court Journal*, and in doing so make a bow.

—Mrs. COWDEN CLARKE has done the prettiest act of her life, if not the best. Who would suppose that the industrious compiler of the *Concordance to Shakspeare* should have commenced to write love stories? Yet she has done just that, and the pretty thing is the dedication: "To the Lover-Husband of eighty-five these love stories are dedicated by the Lover-Wife of sixty-seven."

—DAVID FIDLER, of Utica, Illinois, having approached his rifle from the wrong direction, was killed; hence it is suggested that he met his death by "violin"-ce. At all events, "no pent-up Utica" now "contracts his powers," for the whole boundless six feet of continent is his very own.

—Captain TYSON, who was one of the party rescued from the ice raft, after having left the *Polaris*, is again afloat on the *Tigress*, having been appointed "ice master" of that ship. Captain TYSON bears upon his face the impress of courage, fortitude, and perseverance, and is of that supple, wiry frame that goes through perils when perils confront. Our readers will at some future period, not far distant we trust, peruse the record of this last expedition, so promptly taken under orders of the Navy Department.

—Have heard a good many things of WORTH—*the* WORTH, of Paris. This one, though said to have been first listened to when "puffs" came in, comes to us now in this new dress. The "puff" is said to have routed sleep from the couch of oft-recorded WORTH, who labored day and night at its invention. When this truly great man is composing he reclines on a sofa, and one of the young ladies of the establishment plays VERDI to him; he composes chiefly in the evening, and says that the rays of the setting sun gild his conceptions. Like every great genius, he is very modest, and thinks "the very weakest tea" of himself. Last week he told the Duchess de —— that he could give her a *dress*, but he could not supply *style!*

—Famous folk have strange appeals made to them. Mrs. SIGOURNEY was a victim to innumerable "requests," and for a time kept a record of quotations from them. The following are specimens: "A funeral hymn for a minister when he should die, he now being well and preaching as usual." "The owner of a canary-bird, which had accidentally been starved to death, wishes some elegiac verses." "To punctuate a manuscript volume of three hundred pages, the author having always had a dislike to the business of punctuation, finding that it brings on a 'pain in the back of the neck.'" "To prepare the memoir of a colored preacher, of whose character and existence I was ignorant." "Desired to assist a servant-man, not very well able to read, in learning the Sunday-school lessons, and to 'write out all the answers for him, clear through the book, to save his time.'" "A monody for the loss of a second wife, fortified by the argument that I had composed one at the death of the first."

—Notwithstanding JOHN STUART MILL'S literary eminence and success as an author, he did not accumulate much property. His estate "sugared off," as they say in Vermont, at about fifty thousand dollars, all of which is inherited by his step-daughter, Miss HELEN TAYLOR. He was a very practical man in the matter of wills, having executed no less than three, providing for three possibilities—first, of Miss TAYLOR dying before he did; second, of their both dying at the same time, in a railway accident or other casualty; and third, in the event of his dying first.

—Queen VICTORIA is becoming a very wealthy woman. Besides her allowance from the national purse of $1,925,000 per annum, $300,000 of which is for her personal expenses, she has $200,000 per annum from the Duchy of Lancaster. The court expenses have been greatly reduced since the death of her husband, as entertaining on a grand scale has nearly ceased with the Queen. But one of her chief sources of private revenue is the following: On the 30th of August, 1852, there died a gentleman, aged seventy-two, of the name of JOHN CAMDEN NEILD. He was son of a JAMES NEILD, who acquired a large fortune as a gold and silver smith. He received every advantage in the way of education, graduated M.A. at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was subsequently called to the bar. He proved, however, the very reverse of his benevolent father. He was a miser born, and hid all his talents in a napkin, making no use of his wealth beyond allowing it to accumulate. From the date of the death of his father, who left him £250,000, besides real estate, he had spent but a small portion of his income, and allowed himself scarcely the necessaries of life. He usually dressed in a blue coat with metal buttons. This he did not allow to be brushed, inasmuch as that process would have worn the nap. He was never known to wear an overcoat. He gladly accepted invitations from his tenantry, and would remain on long visits, because he thus saved board. A few days before his death he told one of his executors that he had made a most singular will, but that he had a right to do what he liked with his own. When the document was opened it was found that, with the exception of a few small legacies, he had left all "to her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen VICTORIA," begging her Majesty's acceptance of the same for the sole use of herself and her heirs. This property is now worth $5,000,000. The total of the Queen's private income is now probably not less than $1,000,000 per annum; but the public will never know the amount, as the wills of kings and queens are never proved, as are the wills of ordinary mortals.

—REUTER, now Baron REUTER, is one of the mysteries as well as one of the great successes of the day. He is a small Hebrew, about fifty-eight, but no one knows any thing of his early history. Some fourteen years ago he haunted newspaper offices. His sole object was to benefit the press. "No, I assure you, upon my vort of honor"—here the hand on the breast, and a low bow—"zat I greatly admire ze London press. It is ze vun great press of ze vorlt. I vant you to zee my leetle telegrams, and use zem as you like. I vant no money. Just put my name. Just zay ze dispatch comes from Mr. REUTER. I sall be entirely zatesfied." The persuasive notes were listened to. They produced their effect. Telegraphing was expensive, and newspaper profits were small. The dispatches were used for probably a month. Then another visit. The post was in, and the shrewd little man was safe. "Were ze leetle dispatches of gute? Zey were! I am delighted. I care for nutting but to please ze press." Should he continue them? He should be happy, and in the mean time it was a waste of good money for the —— or —— to be paying for dispatches from their own correspondents. Why throw money so away? So the special telegrams were stopped. Another month, and this time there is more of confidence in the eye of the little man. He knows his strength. Will the proprietors of the —— like to make an arrangement for one year? They see what his dispatches are worth. They *must* see what a saving was made. The other papers were all accepting an annual engagement, etc. Ultimately the engagement was made. Then the country papers came into it—not merely the daily papers, but also the weekly papers, who concluded with him for one day's dispatches. The whole press in a short space of time became, as far as its foreign news is concerned, *Reuterized*. The terms of his full subscription have been raised from £600 to £1200 yearly. Private subscribers, exchanges, town-halls, statesmen, foreign ministers, and a host now subscribe to REUTER. He has *coined* money. REUTER'S dispatches constitute an accomplished fact. Their originator is now a baron. He is married to a lady of some beauty. He has the best opera-box; his horses are the wonder of the row; he has a town-house, a sea-side house, and a country-house. His manner is that of a bland despot. He smiles with a sort of patronizing smile, as though he were keeping his greatness back.

—Such a droll is that Persian monarch! At St. Petersburg the Princess DAGMAR having said to him, by way of civility, that his diamonds were exceedingly beautiful, he patted her on the shoulder, and with abrupt gallantry replied, "Not nearly so beautiful as your neck."

—Mr. JOHN HOUGHTALING, of Rochester, deserves the good-conduct medal for being the good conductor and oldest railroad conductor in the United States. His ways have always been railways of peace and pleasantness. For thirty-three years consecutively he has been rolling between Rochester and places contiguous, and never been seriously collided with nor smashed. His travels have in length equaled about forty times the circumference of the earth, and he still goes on his railway rejoicing.

—The GLADSTONE family is a pleasant and large one. The eldest son is in Parliament, but has made no notable reputation. It is said that, with the exception of one of the younger sons, none of the family are remarkable for talent. Mrs. GLADSTONE is a person of great kindness of heart and untiring benevolence. She is full of schemes for doing good: hospitals, convalescent institutions, etc., find in her an ever-ready friend, to the neglect, it is whispered, of her domestic duties. There is an amusing story told of how some time ago a few guests arrived at her house in response to an invitation to dinner. They waited in vain for the rest of the party, for whose delay their hostess was at a loss to account. At length she turned aside and opened her blotting-book, which quickly revealed the cause of the guests' non-appearance—the invitations were lying there. They had been written but never sent.

—Mr. HERBERT SPENCER writes in the London *Examiner* several pleasant things of the late JOHN STUART MILL, illustrating the practical generosity of the man. "Some seven years ago," writes Mr. SPENCER, "after bearing as long as was possible the continued losses entailed on me by the publication of the *System of Philosophy*, I notified to the subscribers that I should be obliged to cease at the close of the volume then in progress. Shortly after the issue of this announcement I received from Mr. MILL a letter, in which, after expressions of regret, and after naming a plan which he wished to prosecute for reimbursing me, he went on to say: 'In the next place.... what I propose is that you should write the next of your treatises, and that I should guarantee the publisher against loss—*i. e.*, should engage, after such length of time as may be agreed on, to make good any deficiency that may occur, not exceeding a given sum, that sum being such as the publisher may think sufficient to secure him.' Now, though these arrangements were of kinds that I could not bring myself to yield to, they none the less profoundly impressed me with Mr. MILL'S nobility of feeling, and his anxiety to further what he regarded as a beneficial end. Such proposals would have been remarkable even had there been entire agreement of opinion. But they were the more remarkable as being made by him under the consciousness that there existed between us certain fundamental differences, openly avowed."

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GYMNASTIC SUIT FOR BOY FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 31–38.

Lingerie, Figs. 1–9.

Fig. 1.—SWISS MUSLIN, NEEDLE-WORK, AND LACE COLLAR. For this collar cut of double Swiss muslin one whole piece from Fig. 57, Supplement, then cut of single Swiss muslin two pieces from Fig. 58, and cover them with Swiss muslin folds as shown by the illustration. The folds overlap each other three-quarters of an inch wide. Set the revers into the double binding according to the corresponding figures, edge the collar with gathered lace an inch and a quarter wide, and cover the seam with a needle-work border seven-eighths of an inch wide. Finish with a bow of red gros grain ribbon an inch and a quarter wide in front.

Figs. 2 and 3.—SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND FAILLE FICHU-COLLAR AND SLEEVES. This collar is made of lace two inches wide, a pleated Swiss muslin ruffle trimmed with lace seven-eighths of an inch wide, and a pleated pink faille ruffle, on a foundation of Swiss muslin. The seam of the ruffles and lace is covered by a pleated strip of faille. A bow of faille and lace is set on the front of the collar. Gathered Swiss muslin ruffles trimmed with lace are sewed on the under edge of the Swiss muslin sleeves. The seam of these ruffles is covered by a pleated strip and a bow of faille.

Figs. 4 and 5.—LINEN AND LACE COLLAR AND SLEEVES. This collar is made of white linen. The trimming consists of gathered lace and pale lilac crêpe de Chine. The cuffs are made in a similar manner, and are set on sleeves, and trimmed with a Swiss muslin ruffle edged with lace.

SWISS MUSLIN, INSERTION, AND LACE JACKET.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 39–41.

GYMNASTIC SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 10–14.

ment to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 22, Vol. VI., and furnish the chemisette with buttons and button-holes for closing, as shown by the illustration. Cut the cuffs of the material and lining from Figs. 17 and 18, and join them on the upper edge with the sleeves; cut the sleeves from Fig. 14, No. IV., of Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 22, Vol. VI. Buttons and button-holes serve to close the cuffs.

Figs. 8 and 9.—STRIPED PERCALE COLLAR AND SLEEVES. The collar consists of a strip of blue and white striped percale an inch and a half wide and of the requisite length, which is lined with red and white striped percale.—This strip is side-pleated as shown by the illustration, and set on a binding half an inch wide. The front corners of the collar are turned down as shown by the illustration. Set the binding on a chemisette of nansook, which is cut from Figs. 12 and 13, No. IV., of Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 22, Vol. VI. The cuffs are cut in one piece each from Fig. 19, present Supplement, of material and lining, sewed up from 47 to 48, and bordered on the under edge with a side-pleated percale ruffle two inches wide. Set the cuffs on sleeves which are cut from Fig. 14, No. IV., of Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 22, Vol. VI.

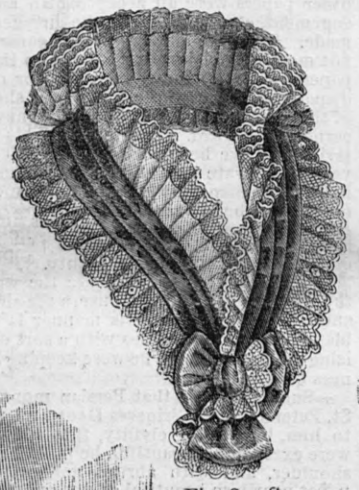


Fig. 2.—SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND FAILLE FICHU-COLLAR.

Fig. 1.—SWISS MUSLIN, NEEDLE-WORK, AND LACE COLLAR.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 57 and 58.

Tulle, Lace, and Gros Grain Mantelet, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS mantelet is made of plain black tulle laid double; the trimming consists of gathered black lace two inches and four inches wide, black gros grain, passementerie borders an inch and seven-eighths and two inches and a half wide, ornamented with black satin beads and steel beads, passementerie buttons, and fringe three inches and a quarter wide; the fringe is also ornamented with beads. The mantelet is also trimmed with bows of black gros grain ribbon two inches and a half wide. To make the mantelet first join on the pieces turned down in Supplement on Fig. 25 (see diagram of Fig. 25 reduced to one-sixteenth of full size). Then cut of double tulle two pieces from Fig. 25, join them from 6 to 8, and cover them on the outside from the

Fig. 4.—LINEN AND LACE COLLAR.

Fig. 3.—SLEEVE FOR COLLAR, FIG. 2.

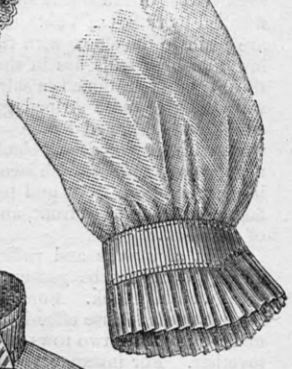


Fig. 9.—SLEEVE FOR COLLAR, FIG. 8.

For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 19.

Fig. 7.—SLEEVE FOR COLLAR, FIG. 6.

For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 17 and 18.

Fig. 8.—STRIPED PERCALE COLLAR.

For pattern see description.

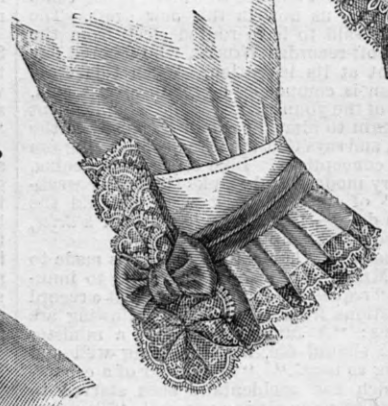


Fig. 5.—SLEEVE FOR COLLAR, FIG. 4.

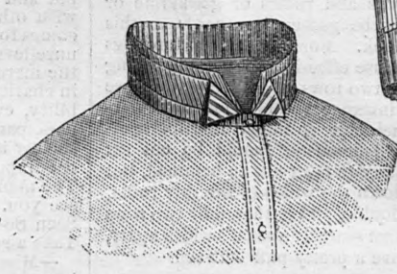


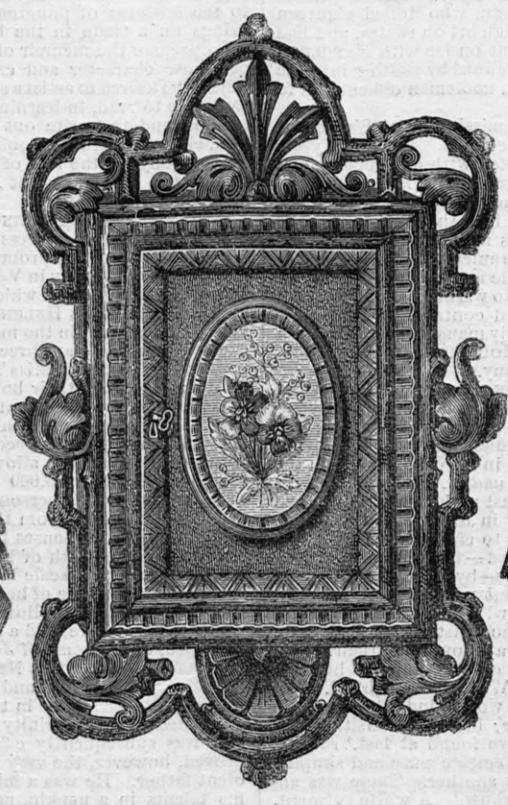
Fig. 6.—STRIPED PERCALE COLLAR.

For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 15 and 16.

Figs. 6 and 7.—STRIPED PERCALE COLLAR AND SLEEVES. Both collar and cuffs are of blue and white striped percale, lined with white and red striped percale. For the collar cut of the material and lining one piece each from Figs. 15 and 16, Supplement. Stitch each of these parts a quarter of an inch from the outer edge, fold Fig. 16 on the outside along the dotted line, baste the parts together according to the corresponding signs, and sew them both into a binding of material and lining half an inch wide. Set this binding on a chemisette of nansook cut from Figs. 12 and 13, No. IV., of Supple-

Fig. 1.—TULLE, LACE, AND GROS GRAIN MANTELET.—BACK.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 25–28.



CARVED WOOD KEY CUPBOARD.

For design see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 24.

Fig. 2.—TULLE, LACE, AND GROS GRAIN MANTELET.—FRONT.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 25–28.

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BEDOUIN FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 29 and 30.

Bedouin for Girl from 5 to 7 Years old.

THIS bedouin of black and white figured serge is trimmed with rows of stitching of black silk, fringe two inches and three-quarters wide, and tassels. To make the bedouin join on the piece turned down in Supplement on Fig. 29, and cut one piece from Fig. 29 and two pieces from Fig. 30. Having hemmed the revers and the bedouin on the edge, excepting the top, half an inch wide, and trimmed it with stitching, join Figs. 29 and 30 according to the corresponding figures, face the free upper edge with a strip of the material half an inch wide, and ornament it there also with stitching. Sew the halves of the bedouin together at the point marked 9 with several stitches, and set on tassels as shown by the illustration. Finish with hooks and eyes for closing at the point marked * on Fig. 30.

Dress for Girl from 3 to 5 Years old.

THIS dress is made of black and white striped poplin, trimmed with gathered ruffles and folds of the material. Swiss muslin and needle-work blouse with long sleeves. White Neapolitan round hat, trimmed with gros grain ribbon in two shades of blue and a bunch of flowers. For the skirt cut one piece from Fig. 42, Supplement, and two pieces from Fig. 43. The back breadth of the skirt is made of a straight piece eighteen inches long and twenty-one inches and three-quarters wide. Join the front breadth with the side breadths from 35 to 36, leaving a slit eight inches and a half long from the upper edge on the left side. Join the side breadths with the back breadth from 37 to 38, face the bottom of the skirt with a strip of the material two inches and a half wide, and trim the skirt, as shown by the illustration, with three ruffles each two inches wide and a fold an inch and a quarter wide. Pleat the top of the skirt as indicated on Figs. 42 and 43, and gather the back breadth. Set the skirt on a belt furnished with hooks and eyes for closing. To make the waist cut of the material and lining two pieces each from Figs. 44 and 45, and one piece from Fig. 46. Fig. 47 gives the pattern for the sleeves. Having basted the material on the lining, sew up the darts in Fig. 44, and furnish them with buttons and button-holes for closing. Join the back, side forms, and fronts according to the corresponding figures and signs, face the bottom of the waist with a strip of the material an inch and three-quarters wide, and trim as shown by the illustration. Sew up the sleeves from 44 to 45, trim them to match the waist, and set them into the corded armholes, bringing 44 on 44 of the shoulder seam.

DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 42-47.

neck to the dotted line with gros grain. Sew up the shoulder pleats indicated in the mantelet, and trim it between the two straight lines, from the under edge to the dotted line, with the wide lace. Then cut of gros grain two pieces from Fig. 26 and one piece from Fig. 27, set these pieces on the mantelet according to the corresponding figures, and set the neck into the collar cut of material and lining from Fig. 28 according to the corresponding figures. Trim the mantelet as shown by the illustration, and furnish it with hooks and eyes for closing.

Carved Wood Key Cupboard.

See illustration on page 484.

THIS cupboard of carved brown stained wood is twenty-two inches high and thirteen inches and a quarter wide. The door of the cupboard is ornamented on the outside with a medallion worked on a foundation of gray cloth in raised and satin stitch embroidery in the design given by Fig. 24, Supplement. The pansies are cut of velvet, and the leaves of cloth in several shades of green. The veins of the leaves are worked in point Russe and half-polka stitch with saddler's silk. The small berries are worked in satin stitch, and the stems in half-polka stitch. The inside of the cupboard is furnished with hooks for hanging up the keys.

A LITTLE ETYMOLOGY.

THERE are many words, indicating particular fabrics, which have so passed into familiar language that they no longer necessarily suggest any special significance, except as a trade-mark of quality. But the etymology of the subject is, nevertheless, interesting. Most persons giving a thought to the matter at all would instantly recognize the meaning of Mechlin, Alençon, Brussels, and Chantilly lace; why one shawl is called a Paisley and another a Cashmere; that Holland was originally manufactured by the Dutch; and that a Fez cap carries with it a local significance. The materials known in commerce as Circassian, Cyprus, Coburg, and Damask equally explain themselves; and, though in a totally different manner, such fashions as those of Wellington and Blücher boots, Mackintosh and Chesterfield coats, and Spencers. But why is a shirt front popularly called a dickey? Why are poplins so named? Why blanket, as the covering of a bed? Or silk, or shawl, or jerkin, or maud, or cravat? It is when we fall amidst these shadows of learning that the etymologists enjoy their Walpurgis dance of guesses. Thus with blanket. There are said to have been three brothers of that name at Worcester, who invented the coverlet so called, and, in confirmation, it is pointed out that, not far off from the antique city, is still a locality known as the Blanquets. On the other hand, Bristol claims them among her mediæval citizens, though, for all that, they may have been Worcestershire men as well. The coarse woolens of their fabricating appear to have been eagerly adopted by the peasantry as a substitute for hempen cloth; then soldiers, sportsmen, and travelers found them useful; next they were laid on the stump bedsteads of the time, and a blue blanket became a Masonic banner. This may confidently be reckoned among things not quite universally known.

As to poplin, it was invented in a papal territory, though by a Huguenot, and hence called papaline, which account we may as well credit, seeing that no other is at hand. Silk may be a Greek, a Persian, an Avalic, a Tartar, or a Chinese appellation, since the lexicographers and other eruditionists might be quoted in favor of each language; but concerning shawl there is only a single doubt, between a translation from a Persic word and the town of Shawl, in Beloochistan, whence it may possibly have been derived, and which was formerly famous for the manufacture. This must not be confounded with the celebrated shawl of Leybourne. A maud is a Scotch plaid, christened after a Scottish queen, daughter of Malcolm, and wife of Henry the First. Jer-

Fig. 1.—GRENADINE FICHU-MANTILLA.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 23.

Fig. 2.—GRENADINE FICHU-MANTILLA.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 23.

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kin may be from the Anglo-Saxon cyrtellien, which good authorities aver to be the diminutive of cyrtel, a coat, a presumption, at any rate, more rational than that which traces it to the vulgarism Little Jerry, which is also claimed for jacket. But now we reach a formidable mystery. Whence came the name cravat? Was it first worn by a Croat cavalier? Because that is almost the sole suggestion of the learned. Concerning collars, there used to be a sort worn in Germany which were nicknamed Vatermördern, or father-murderers, from the legend of a student who returned from the university with such a stiff pair that, on embracing his parent, they cut his throat. There are many testimonies to suicides—tight-lacing, to wit—caused by vanity in dress, but we think this is the only case of assassination on record. In the general glossary, cardinals, capuchins, and mantillas tell their own story, though the old-fashioned berthas do not, and the renowned chapeau de paille, which so harmonized with the beauty of the Churchills of the last century, would be equally explicit had it been a straw hat at all. There are many varieties of fabrics, besides those already mentioned, which indicate their own birth-places, as the mohair known as Angola or Angora wool, shorn from the full-fleeced goats that feed far in the depths of Asia Minor; the mixture of hair and silk called, in commerce, Bengal; the long-cloths labeled Madapollams; the favorite Merino; the soft weavings of Paramatta, in New South Wales; the yellow cottons of Nankin, corrupted into nankeen; and the tapestries of Bergamo. Less familiar, however, are the silks named Ardessines, after the district producing them in Persia; the lamb's-wool hats—now disused—which were once identified with the Norman town of Caudebec; the figured linen made in and designated after Dornoch, in Scotland; the thick-napped woolens called after Duffel, in Flanders; the cords of Genappe, in the same territory. When you hear of a cambric ruff you will naturally think of Cambray, in French Flanders; behold a gingham umbrella, and Guingamp, in France, rises at once to the mind's eye; and so on with the coarse stuffs called Osnaburgs (Hanoverian manufacture); with their opposite, the delicate open lace-work tulle, which forms a fleecy foundation for so many bonnets, and dresses so many "breathing roses" of the ball-room in raiment light as air.

A DREAM OF A DREAM.

O for a bed of buttercups, to rest
  Therein, and watch the summer swallows pass;
And see the meadow flowers I love the best
  Among the fairy forests of the grass;
    That I might seem,
      Without regret,
    In a fair dream
      Of Margaret:
To hold her white warm hand and read her smile,
And feel her kiss again beside the stile!

O for one hour underneath a hedge,
  With boughs of full-blown May-bloom overhead,
Clear water blowing bubbles in the sedge,
  And waving weeds above its pebble bed;
    To sink down deep,
      With sun above,
    And have, in sleep,
      This dream of love—
Of love that was, and may not be again;
Of dear heart-love before it grew to pain!

If the delusion old delight could bring,
  And let me hear the gentle maiden voice
Speak what was spoken once to me, and sing
  The song that made my soul wake to rejoice,
    Though after sleep
      Came aching truth
    To bid me weep
      In bitter ruth,
Yet would I walk again my shadowed way
Ten years, to dream the dream another day.

(Continued from No. 29, page 459.)

LADY ANNA.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "The Warden," "The Small House at Allington," "Barchester Towers," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," "Orley Farm," "The Eustace Diamonds," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

LADY ANNA RETURNS TO LONDON.

AFTER the Earl was gone, Lady Anna had but a bad time of it at Yoxham. She herself could not so far regain her composure as to live on as though no disruption had taken place. She knew that she was in disgrace, and the feeling was dreadful to her. The two ladies were civil, and tried to make the house pleasant, but they were not cordial as they had been hitherto. For one happy halcyon week—for a day or two before the Earl had come, and for those bright days during which he had been with them—she had found herself to be really admitted into the inner circle as one of the family. Mrs. Lovel had been altogether gracious with her. Minnie had been her darling little friend. Aunt Julia had been so far won as to be quite alive to the necessity of winning. The rector himself had never quite given way—had never been so sure of his footing as to feel himself safe in abandoning all power of receding; but the effect of this had been to put the rector himself, rather than his guest, into the background. The servants had believed in her, and even Mrs. Grimes had spoken in her praise, expressing an opinion that she was almost good enough for the young Earl. All Yoxham had known that the two young people were to be married, and all Yoxham had been satisfied. But now every thing was wrong. The Earl had fled, and all Yoxham knew that every thing was wrong. It was impossible that her position should be as it had been.

There were consultations behind her back as to what should be done, of which, though she heard no word of them, she was aware. She went out daily in the carriage with Mrs. Lovel, but Aunt Julia did not go with them. Aunt Julia on these occasions remained at home discussing the momentous affair with her brother. What should be done? There was a great dinner-party, specially convened to do honor to the Earl's return, and not among them a single guest who had not heard that there was to be a marriage. The guests came to see not only the Earl, but the Earl's bride. When they arrived the Earl had flown. Mrs. Lovel expressed her deep sorrow that business of great importance had made it necessary that the Earl should go to London. Lady Anna was of course introduced to the strangers; but it was evident to the merest tyro in such matters that she was not introduced as would have been a bride expectant. They had heard how charming she was, how all the Lovels had accepted her, how deeply was the Earl in love—and lo! she sat in the house silent and almost unregarded. Of course the story of the lawsuit, with such variations as rumor might give it, was known to them all. A twelvemonth ago—nay, at a period less remote than that—the two female claimants in Cumberland had always been spoken of in those parts as wretched, wicked, vulgar impostors. Then came the reaction. Lady Anna was the heiress, and Lady Anna was to be the Countess. It had flown about the country during the last ten days that there was no one like the Lady Anna. Now they came to see her, and another reaction had set in. She was the Lady Anna, they must suppose. All the Lovels, even the rector, so called her. Mrs. Lovel introduced her as Lady Anna Lovel, and the rector—hating himself as he did so—led her out to dinner, though there was a baronet's wife in the room—the wife of a baronet who dated back from James I. She was the Lady Anna, and therefore the heiress; but it was clear to them all that there was to be no marriage.

"Then poor Lord Lovel will absolutely not have enough to starve upon," said the baronet's wife to the baronet, as soon as the carriage door had been shut upon them.

What were they to do with her? The dinner-party had taken place on a Wednesday, the day after the Earl's departure; and on the Thursday Aunt Julia wrote to her nephew thus:

"YOXHAM RECTORY, *September* 3.

"MY DEAR FREDERIC,—My brother wishes me to write to you and say that we are all here very uneasy about Lady Anna. We have only heard from her that the match which was contemplated is not to take place. Whether that be so from unwillingness on her part or yours, we have never yet been told; but both to your aunt Jane and myself she speaks of it as though the decision were irrevocable. What had we better do? Of course it is our most anxious desire—as it is our pleasure and our duty—to arrange every thing according to your wishes and welfare. Nothing can be of so much importance to any of us in this world as your position in it. If it is your wish that Lady Anna should remain here, of course she shall remain. But if, in truth, there is no longer any prospect of a marriage, will not her longer sojourn beneath your uncle's roof be a trouble to all of us, and especially to her?

"Your aunt Jane thinks that it may be only a lovers' quarrel. For myself, I feel sure that you would not have left us as you did, had it not been more than that. I think that you owe it to your uncle to write to me, or to him, if you like it better, and to give us some clew to the state of things.

"I must not conceal from you the fact that my brother has never felt convinced, as you do, that Lady Anna's mother was, in truth, the Countess Lovel. At your request, and in compliance with the advice of the Solicitor-General, he has been willing to receive her here; and as she has been here, he has given her the rank which she claims. He took her out to dinner yesterday before Lady Fitzwarren, which will never be forgiven should it turn out ultimately that the first wife was alive when the Earl married Anna's mother. Of course, while here, she must be treated as Lady Anna Lovel; but my brother does not wish to be forced so to do, if it be intended that any further doubt should be raised. In such case he desires to be free to hold his former opinion; therefore, pray write to us, and tell us what you wish to have done. I can assure you that we are at present very uncomfortable.

"Believe me to be,
"My dear Frederic,
"Your most affectionate aunt,
"JULIA LOVEL."

The Earl received this before his interview with Sir William, but left it unanswered till after he had seen that gentleman. Then he wrote as follows:

"CARLTON CLUB, *September* 5, 183—.

"MY DEAR AUNT JULIA,—Will you tell my uncle that I think you had better get Lady Anna to stay at the rectory as long as possible. I'll let you know all about it very soon. Best love to Aunt Jane.

"I am, your affectionate nephew,
"LOVEL."

This very short epistle was most unsatisfactory to the rector, but it was felt by them all that nothing could be done. With such an injunction before them, they could not give the girl a hint that they wished her to go. What uncle or what aunt, with such a nephew as Lord Lovel, so noble and so poor, could turn out an heiress with twenty thousand a year, as long as there was the slightest chance of a marriage? Not a doubt would have rankled in their mind had they been quite sure that she was the heiress. But, as it was, the Earl ought to have said more than he did say.

"I can not keep myself from feeling, sometimes, that Frederic does take liberties with me," he said to his sister.

But he submitted. It was a part of the religion of the family—and no little part—that they should cling to their head and chief. What would the world have been to them, if they could not talk with comfortable ease and grace of their nephew Frederic?

During this time Anna spoke more than once to Mrs. Lovel as to her going.

"I have been a long time here," she said, "and I'm sure that I am in Mr. Lovel's way."

"Not in the least, my dear. If you are happy, pray stay with us."

This was before the arrival of the brief epistle, when they were waiting to know whether they were to dismiss their guest from Yoxham or to retain her.

"As for being happy, nobody can be happy, I think, till all this is settled. I will write to mamma, and tell her that I had better return to her. Mamma is all alone."

"I don't know that I can advise, my dear; but as far as we are concerned, we shall be very glad if you can stay."

The brief epistle had not then arrived, and they were, in truth, anxious that she should go; but one can not tell one's visitor to depart from one's house without a downright rupture. Now not even the rector himself dared to make such a rupture, without express sanction from the Earl.

Then Lady Anna, feeling that she must ask advice, wrote to her mother. The Countess had answered her last letter with great severity—that letter in which the daughter had declared that people ought not to be asked to marry for money. The Countess, whose whole life had made her stern and unbending, said very hard things to her child; had told her that she was ungrateful and disobedient, unmindful of her family, neglectful of her duty, and willing to sacrifice the prosperity and happiness of all belonging to her for some girlish feeling of mere romance. The Countess was sure that her daughter would never forgive herself in after-years if she now allowed to pass by this golden opportunity of remedying all the evil that her father had done.

"You are simply asked to do that which every well-bred girl in England would be delighted to do," wrote the Countess.

"Ah! she does not know," said Lady Anna.

But there had come upon her now a fear heavier and more awful than that which she entertained for her mother. Earl Lovel knew her secret, and Earl Lovel was to tell it to the Solicitor-General. She hardly doubted that it might as well be told to all the judges on the bench at once. Would it not be better that she should be married to Daniel Thwaite out of hand, and so be freed from the burden of any secret? The young lord had been thoroughly ashamed of her when she told it. Those aunts at Yoxham would hardly speak to her if they knew it. That lady before whom she had been made to walk out to dinner would disdain to sit in the same room with her if she knew it. It must be known—must be known to them all. But she need not remain there, beneath their eyes, while they learned it. Her mother must know it, and it would be better that she should tell her mother. She would tell her mother, and request that she might have permission to return at once to the lodgings in Wyndham Street. So she wrote the following letter, in which, as the reader will perceive, she could not even yet bring herself to tell her secret.

"YOXHAM RECTORY, *Monday*.

"MY DEAR MAMMA,—I want you to let me come home, because I think I have been here long enough. Lord Lovel has gone away, and though you are so very angry, it is better I should tell you that we are not any longer friends. Dear, dear, dearest mamma, I am so very unhappy that you should not be pleased with me. I would die to-morrow if I could make you happy. But it is all over now, and he would not do it even if I could say that it should be so. He has gone away, and is in London, and would tell you so himself if you would ask him. He despises me, as I always knew he would—and so he has gone away. I don't think any thing of myself, because I knew it must be so; but I am so very unhappy because you will be unhappy.

"I don't think they want to have me here any longer, and of course there is no reason why they should. They were very nice to me before all this happened, and they never say any thing ill-natured to me now. But it is very different, and there can not be any good in remaining. You are all alone, and I think you would be glad to see your poor Anna, even though you are so angry with her. Pray let me come home. I could start very well on Friday, and I think I will do so, unless I hear from you to the contrary. I can take my place by the coach, and go away at twelve o'clock from York, and be at that place in London on Saturday at *eleven*. I must take my place on Thursday. I have plenty of money, as I have not spent any since I have been here. Of course Sarah will come with me. She is not nearly so nice since she knew that Lord Lovel was to go away.

"Dear mamma, I do love you so much.
"Your most affectionate daughter,
"ANNA."

It was not willfully that the poor girl gave her mother no opportunity of answering her before she had taken her place by the coach. On Thursday morning the place had to be taken, and on Thursday evening she got her mother's letter. By the same post came the Earl's letter to his aunt, desiring that Lady Anna might, if possible, be kept at Yoxham. The places were taken, and it was impossible. "I don't see why you should go," said Aunt Julia, who clearly perceived that her nephew had been instigated to pursue the marriage scheme since he had been in town. Lady Anna urged that the money had been paid for two places by the coach. "My brother could arrange that, I do not doubt," said Aunt Julia. But the Countess now expected her daughter, and Lady Anna stuck to her resolve. Her mother's letter had not been propitious to the movement. If the places were taken, of course she must come. So said the Countess. It was not simply that the money should not be lost, but that the people at Yoxham must not be allowed to think that her daughter was overanxious to stay. "Does your mamma want to have you back?" asked Aunt Julia. Lady Anna would not say that her mother wanted her back, but simply pleaded again that the places had been taken.

When the morning came for her departure, the carriage was ordered to take her into York, and the question arose as to who should go with her. It was incumbent on the rector, who held an honorary stall in the cathedral, to be with the dean and his brother prebendaries on that day, and the use of his own carriage would be convenient to him.

"I think I'll have the gig," said the rector.

"My dear Charles," pleaded his sister, "surely that will be foolish. She can't hurt you."

"I don't know that," said the rector; "I think she has hurt me very much already. I shouldn't know how to talk to her."

"You may be sure that Frederic means to go on with it," said Mrs. Lovel.

"It would have been better for Frederic if he had never seen her," said the rector; "and I'm sure it would have been better for me."

But he consented at last, and he himself handed Lady Anna into the carriage. Mrs. Lovel accompanied them, but Aunt Julia made her farewells in the rectory drawing-room. She managed to get the girl to herself for a moment or two, and thus she spoke to her: "I need not tell you that, for yourself, my dear, I like you very much."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Lovel."

"I have heartily wished that you might be our Frederic's wife."

"It can never be," said Lady Anna.

"I won't give up all hope. I don't pretend to understand what there is amiss between you and Frederic, but I won't give it up. If it is to be so, I hope that you and I may be loving friends till I die. Give me a kiss, my dear." Lady Anna, whose eyes were suffused with tears, threw herself into the arms of the elder lady and embraced her.

Mrs. Lovel also kissed her and bade God bless her as she parted from her at the coach door; but the rector was less demonstrative. "I hope you will have a pleasant journey," he said, taking off his clerical hat.

"Let it go as it may," said Mrs. Lovel, as she walked into the close with her husband, "you may take my word, she's a good girl."

"I'm afraid she's sly," said the rector.

"She's no more sly than I am," said Mrs. Lovel, who was by no means sly.

CHAPTER XX.

LADY ANNA'S RECEPTION.

THE Countess went into the City to meet her daughter at the Saracen's Head, whither the York coach used to run, and received her almost in silence. "Oh, mamma, dear mamma," said Lady Anna, "I am so glad to be back with you again!" Sarah, the lady's-maid, was there, useless, officious, and long-eared. The Countess said almost nothing; she submitted to be kissed, and she asked after the luggage. At that time she had heard the whole story about Daniel Thwaite.

The Solicitor-General had disregarded altogether his client's injunctions as to secrecy. He had felt that in a matter of so great importance it behooved him to look to his client's interests rather than his client's instructions. This promise of a marriage with the tailor's son must be annihilated. On behalf of the whole Lovel family it was his duty, as he thought, to see that this should be effected, if possible, and as quickly as possible. This was his duty, not only as a lawyer employed in a particular case, but as a man who would be bound to prevent any great evil which he saw looming in the future. In his view of the case the marriage of Lady Anna Lovel, with a colossal fortune, to Daniel Thwaite the tailor, would be a grievous injury to the social world of his country, and it was one of those evils which may probably be intercepted by due and discreet precautions. No doubt the tailor wanted money. The man was entitled to some considerable reward for all that he had done and all that he had suffered in the cause. But Sir William could not himself propose the reward. He could not chaffer for terms with the tailor. He could not be seen in that matter. But having heard the secret from the Earl, he thought that he could get the work done. So he sent for Mr. Flick, the attorney, and told Mr. Flick all that he knew. "Gone and engaged herself to the tailor!" said Mr. Flick, holding up both his hands. Then Sir William took Lady Anna's part. After all, such an engagement was not, as he thought, unnatural. It had been made while she was very young, when she knew no other man of her own age in life, when she was greatly indebted to this man, when she had had no opportunity of measuring a young tailor against a young lord. She had done it probably in gratitude: so said Sir William, and now clung to it from good faith rather than affection. Neither was he severe upon the tailor. He was a man especially given to make excuses for poor, weak, erring, unlearned mortals, ignorant of the law, unless when a witness attempted to be impervious; and now he made excuses for Daniel Thwaite. The man might have done so much worse than he was doing. There seemed already to be a noble reliance on himself in his conduct. Lord Lovel thought that there had been no correspondence while the young lady had been at Yoxham. There might have been, but had not been, a clandestine marriage. Other reasons he gave why Daniel Thwaite should not be regarded as altogether villainous. But nevertheless the tailor must not be allowed to carry off the prize. The prize was too great for him. What must be done? Sir William condescended to ask Mr. Flick what he thought ought to be done. "No doubt we should be very much guided by you, Mr. Solicitor," said Mr. Flick.

"One thing is, I think, plain, Mr. Flick. You must see the Countess and tell her, or get Mr. Goffe to do so. It is clear that she has been kept in the dark between them. At present they are all living together in the same house. She had better leave the place and go elsewhere. They should be kept apart, and the girl, if necessary, should be carried abroad."

"I take it there is a difficulty about money, Mr. Solicitor."

"There ought to be none, and I will take it upon myself to say that there need be none. It is a case in which the court will willingly allow money out of the income of the property. The thing is so large that there should be no grudging of money for needful purposes. Seeing what

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primâ facie claims these ladies have, they are bound to allow them to her, decently, in accordance with their alleged rank, till the case is settled. No doubt she is the heiress."

"You feel quite sure, Sir William?"

"I do; though, as I have said before, it is a case of feeling sure, and not being sure. Had that Italian woman been really the widow, somebody would have brought her case forward more loudly."

"But if the other Italian woman who died was the wife?"

"You would have found it out when you were there. Somebody from the country would have come to us with evidence, knowing how much we could afford to pay for it. Mind you, the matter has been tried before, in another shape. The old Earl was indicted for bigamy and acquitted. We are bound to regard that young woman as Lady Anna Lovel, and we are bound to regard her and her mother conjointly as coheiresses, in different degrees, to all the personal property which the old Earl left behind him. We can't with safety take any other view. There will still be difficulties in their way—and very serious difficulties, were she to marry this tailor; but, between you and me, he would eventually get the money. Perhaps, Mr. Flick, you had better see him. You would know how to get at his views without compromising any body. But, in the first place, let the Countess know every thing. After what has been done, you won't have any difficulty in meeting Mr. Goffe."

Mr. Flick had no difficulty in seeing Mr. Goffe—though he felt that there would be very much difficulty in seeing Mr. Daniel Thwaite. He did tell Mr. Goffe the story of the wicked tailor—by no means making those excuses which the Solicitor-General had made for the man's presumptuous covetousness. "I knew the trouble we should have with that man," said Mr. Goffe, who had always disliked the Thwaites. Then Mr. Flick went on to say that Mr. Goffe had better tell the Countess—and Mr. Goffe on this point agreed with his adversary. Two or three days after that, but subsequently to the date of the last letter which the mother had written to her daughter, Lady Lovel was told that Lady Anna was engaged to marry Mr. Daniel Thwaite.

She had suspected how it might be; her heart had for the last month been heavy with the dread of this great calamity; she had made her plans with the view of keeping the two apart; she had asked her daughter questions founded on this very fear; and yet she could not for a while be brought to believe it. How did Mr. Goffe know? Mr. Goffe had heard it from Mr. Flick, who had heard it from Sir William Patterson, to whom the tale had been told by Lord Lovel. "And who told Lord Lovel?" said the Countess, flashing up in anger.

"No doubt Lady Anna did so," said the attorney.

But in spite of her indignation she could retain her doubts. "Oh yes; there could be no hope that it was not so." She still pretended not to believe it, though meaning that she would take all due precautions in the matter. Since Mr. Goffe thought that it would be prudent, she would remove to other lodgings. She would think of that plan of going abroad. She would be on her guard, she said. But she would not admit it to be possible that Lady Anna Lovel, the daughter of Earl Lovel, her daughter, should have so far disgraced herself.

But she did believe it. Her heart had in truth told her that it was true at the first word the lawyer had spoken to her. How blind she must have been not to have known it! How grossly stupid not to have understood those asseverations from the girl that the marriage with her cousin was impossible! Her child had not only deceived her, but had possessed cunning enough to maintain her deception. It must have been going on for at least the last twelvemonth, and she, the while, had been kept in the dark by the manœuvres of a simple girl! And then she thought of the depth of the degradation which was prepared for her. Had she passed twenty years of unintermittent combat for this—that when all had been done, when at last success was won, when the rank and wealth of her child had been made positively secure before the world, when she was about to see the unquestioned coronet of a countess placed upon her child's brow—all should be destroyed through a passion so mean as this! Would it not have been better to have died in poverty and obscurity—while there were yet doubts—before any assured disgrace had rested on her? But, oh! to have proved that she was a Countess, and her child the heiress of an Earl, in order that the Lady Anna Lovel might become the wife of Daniel Thwaite, the tailor!

She made many resolutions; but the first was this, that she would never smile upon the girl again till this baseness should have been abandoned. She loved her girl as only mothers do love. More devoted than the pelican, she would have given her heart's blood—had given all her life—not only to nurture, but to aggrandize her child. The establishment of her own position, her own honor, her own name, was to her but the incidental result of her daughter's emblazonment in the world. The child which she had borne to Earl Lovel, and which the father had stigmatized as a bastard, should by her means be known as the Lady Anna, the heiress of that father's wealth—the wealthiest, the fairest, the most noble of England's daughters. Then there had come the sweet idea that this high-born heiress of the Lovels should herself become Countess Lovel, and the mother had risen higher in her delighted pride. It had all been for her child! Had she not loved as a mother, and with all a mother's tenderness? And for what?

She would love still, but she would never again be tender till her daughter should have repudiated her base, her monstrous engagement. She bound up all her faculties to harshness and a stern resolution. Her daughter had been deceitful, and she would now be ruthless. There might be suffering, but had not she suffered? There might be sorrow, but had not she sorrowed? There might be a contest, but had not she ever been contesting? Sooner than that the tailor should reap the fruit of her labors—labors which had been commenced when she first gave herself in marriage to that dark, dreadful man—sooner than that her child should make ignoble the blood which it had cost her so much to ennoble—she would do deeds which should make even the wickedness of her husband child's play in the world's esteem. It was in this mood of mind that she went to meet her daughter at the Saracen's Head.

She had taken fresh lodgings very suddenly—in Keppel Street, near Russell Square, a long way from Wyndham Street. She had asked Mr. Goffe to recommend her a place, and he had sent her to an old lady with whom he himself had lodged in his bachelor days. Keppel Street can not be called fashionable, and Russell Square is not much affected by the nobility. Nevertheless the house was superior in all qualifications to that which she was now leaving, and the rent was considerably higher. But the affairs of the Countess in regard to money were in the ascendant; and Mr. Goffe did not scruple to take for her a "genteel" suite of drawing-rooms—two rooms with folding-doors, that is—with the bedrooms above, first-class lodging-house attendance, and a garret for the lady's-maid. "And then it will be quite close to Mrs. Bluestone," said Mr. Goffe, who knew of that intimacy.

The drive in a glass coach home from the coach-yard to Keppel Street was horrible to Lady Anna; not a word was spoken, as Sarah, the lady's-maid, sat with them in the carriage. Once or twice the poor girl tried to get hold of her mother's hand, in order that she might entice something of a caress. But the Countess would admit of no such softness, and at last withdrew her hand roughly.

"Oh, mamma!" said Lady Anna, unable to suppress her dismay. But the Countess said never a word. Sarah, the lady's-maid, began to think that there must be a second lover. "Is this Wyndham Street?" said Lady Anna when the coach stopped.

"No, my dear; this is not Wyndham Street. I have taken another abode. This is where we are to live. If you will get out, I will follow you, and Sarah will look to the luggage." Then the daughter entered the house, and met the old woman courtesying to her. She at once felt that she had been removed from contact with Daniel Thwaite, and was sure that her mother knew her story. "That is your room," said her mother. "You had better get your things off. Are you tired?"

"Oh! so tired!" and Lady Anna burst into tears.

"What will you have?"

"Oh, nothing! I think I will go to bed, mamma. Why are you unkind to me? Do tell me; any thing is better than that you should be unkind."

"Anna—have not you been unkind to me?"

"Never, mamma; never. I have never meant to be unkind. I love you better than all the world. I have never been unkind. But you—Oh, mamma, if you look at me like that, I shall die."

"Is it true that you have promised that you would be the wife of Mr. Daniel Thwaite?"

"Mamma!"

"Is it true? I will be open with you. Mr. Goffe tells me that you have refused Lord Lovel, telling him that you must do so because you were engaged to Mr. Daniel Thwaite. Is that true?"

"Yes, mamma; it is true."

"And you have given your word to that man?"

"I have, mamma."

"And yet you told me that there was no one else when I spoke to you of Lord Lovel? You lied to me?" The girl sat confounded, astounded, without power of utterance. She had traveled from York to London inside one of those awful vehicles of which we used to be so proud when we talked of our stage-coaches. She was thoroughly weary and worn out. She had not breakfasted that morning, and was sick and ill at ease, not only in heart, but in body also. Of course it was so. Her mother knew that it was so. But this was no time for fond compassion. It would be better, far better, that she should die than that she should not be compelled to abandon the groveling abasement. "Then you lied to me?" repeated the Countess, still standing over her.

"Oh, mamma, you mean to kill me."

"I would sooner die here, at your feet, this moment, and know that you must follow me within an hour, than see you married to such a one as that. You shall never marry him. Though I went into court myself and swore that I was that lord's mistress, that I knew it when I went to him, that you were born a brat beyond the law, that I had lived a life of perjury—I would prevent such greater disgrace as this. It shall never be. I will take you away where he shall never hear of you. As to the money, it shall go to the winds, so that he shall never touch it. Do you think that it is you that he cares for? He has heard of all this wealth, and you are but the bait upon his hook to catch it."

"You do not know him, mamma."

"Will you tell me of him, that I do not know him; impudent slut! Did I not know him before you were born? Have I not known him all through? Will you give me your word of honor that you will never see him again?" Lady Anna tried to think, but her mind would not act for her. Every thing was turning round, and she became giddy and threw herself on the bed. "Answer me, Anna. Will you give me your word of honor that you will never see him again?"

She might still have said yes. She felt that enough of speech was left to her for so small an effort, and she knew that if she did so the agony of the moment would pass away from her. With that one word spoken, her mother would be kind to her, and would wait upon her; would bring her tea, and would sit by her bedside, and caress her. But she too was a Lovel, and she was, moreover, the daughter of her who once had been Josephine Murray.

"I can not say that, mamma," she said, "because I have promised."

Her mother dashed from the room, and she was left alone upon the bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE "Adirondack region," that great wilderness of Northern New York, is estimated to include about 2703 square miles, bounded, in a general way, by Lake Champlain, the St. Lawrence, the Black, and the Mohawk rivers. This vast tract is essentially one grand forest. The eastern portion contains the most elevated land, and the highest mountains in the State; the western section is varied by hill and plain; an immense valley crosses the whole plateau in a northeast direction, and a remarkable chain of lakes and streams extends along this valley, linking together, as it were, Lake Champlain, Lake Ontario, and the St. Lawrence River. From the summit of Whiteface, one of the Adirondack peaks, thirty lakes may be seen. The scenery of this region is unsurpassed. All the wild animals of our northern latitude roam through the forests, and fish abound in the waters, thus affording extraordinary attractions to sportsmen.

It has been recently proposed to convert a large portion of the Adirondack region into a public park, under the control of the State, so that game and timber may be preserved from unlawful destruction. For it has become manifest that unless measures are taken to protect the forests, their inevitable annihilation will seriously injure the industrial and commercial interests of the State, and greatly diminish the general healthfulness of the surrounding country. It is still an unsettled question among scientific men whether the presence of great forests actually increases the amount of annual rain-fall, or whether they merely cause a moderate and equal distribution of the rain during the year. But there is no doubt that the destruction of forests produces many calamitous results, particularly when, as in the case of the Adirondack forests, they cover the sources of rivers and streams which irrigate an immense section of country. The Commissioners of State Parks of New York, after careful consideration of the matter, are of opinion that this great woodland must be protected from the wanton destruction which now threatens it; that the timber should be cut under the direction of those who will look to the future interests of the State; that the "Adirondack Park" be made not merely a pleasure-ground for the people, but a source of productive wealth and general healthfulness to the whole community.

The Anderson School of Natural History, on Penikese Island, was formally opened with appropriate exercises on July 8, there being about forty prospective scholars, nearly one-third of whom were women. The method of study to be pursued here must be decidedly agreeable, judging from the remarks made on this occasion by Professor Agassiz. He said Nature was to be the students' text-book—their appliances for study to be only those that Nature afforded. Every morning he should give them some advice, and then during the day they should look over the island, and tell him something of what they saw. "Work," he said, "don't read, and ask questions." In the course of his remarks Professor Agassiz said that he had settled the question of admitting women to the school without consulting any one.

Sensible man is the Shah in one respect. Though he may be very proud of his wonderful aigrette of diamonds, he seldom wears it. The reason is that any thing heavy on his head gives him the headache. The custom of his nation forbids him to have his head uncovered; but he is not in robust health, and seldom burdens himself with any head-dress heavier than a cloth kulah.

M. Tholozan, a Frenchman, is the private physician of the Shah. But on his European tour he has also been accompanied by Dr. Dickson, who belongs to the British legation at Teheran. During the temporary absence of M. Tholozan from Teheran some time ago the Shah was attacked with a dangerous illness, in which Dr. Dickson attended him. When he determined on his journey to Europe he applied to her Majesty's government to permit the English doctor to attach himself to his suite, and the permission was accorded by Lord Granville.

The republican system of arranging matters at Niagara does not contrast favorably with the monarchical. On the Canada side the river-bank between the road and the water is owned by government, and is always freely open to the public. No person is allowed to erect buildings or put up fences between the road and the river, so that one of the finest views of the Falls is always freely accessible. By the progress of improvements recently made it is almost if not quite impossible to view the Falls from any point on the American side of the river without paying for the privilege. Prospect Park is, however, a very good show-place, and the company have made many important improvements. Admission to the Park is twenty-five cents for each individual.

A case of Worcester porcelain attracts much attention at the Vienna Exhibition. One feature is porcelain representing carved ivory in the Japanese style. There are two vases in the style of Limoges enamel, the designs representing the story of the Norman conquest, from the Bayeux tapestry. Two years were spent by an artist in painting these. A dessert service, made for Queen Victoria, is pierced work, with gold and blue; and a breakfast set, in pearls and gold on a dark blue ground, is one of the richest ever seen. The gem of the case is Lord Dudley's cup and saucer, in jeweled porcelain, the ground being gold adorned with turquoises and beautiful little medallions. No wonder this is shown in a morocco and velvet case, like a valuable bracelet or necklace!

A few weeks ago Miss Louisa M. Alcott, who, through her *Little Women* and *Little Men*, is known by all the children the country over, received an invitation to a gathering of a "Little Men and Women's Society," in Springfield, Massachusetts. She was absent from home when the invitation came, but on her return sent a letter, in which she says:

"I should dearly like to see them [the children of the society], but have no time to spare from my own two little men who are with me now. They are the Demi and Daisy of the story: Fred and Jack are the real names, and two jolly little lads they are. Fred is a bookworm and philosopher, like Demi, and Jack is a sunshiny, loving rosy-face, like Daisy. He is eight on the 24th, and is to have a party of little girls, as he prefers them to boys. His fourteen dollies are to go to the ball, and he is to have cake rabbits and cockadoodles for refreshments. Jack has plenty of pluck, and is a real worker; but he is so like a girl in his tastes and pretty ways that I call him 'Betsey Jones, my niece,' and he likes it. Ten-year-old Fred reads all the time, and any thing he can lay his hands on, from the dictionary to Emerson's poems. When he goes to Boston for the day he takes a book under each arm to read by the way, and when I say 'Now what shall we do for a lark?' he rolls up his big eyes, and points his chubby finger to the first book-store, and is perfectly happy to poke about there all day, reading and looking at prints. But I don't let him do it, and we go and see printing done, or pictures, or some curious animal, and so he gets some new ideas into his large head. They both send their 'respects,' as little Betsey Jones says; and hoping that the tea-parties and plays went off splendidly, I am very truly yours,

"L. M. ALCOTT."

Hundreds of children who have read of "Demi" and "Daisy" will recognize the portraits.

A California artist has invented a process by which a perfect portrait of a horse may be produced while moving with the greatest speed.

The franking privilege, which recently ceased to exist, has been enjoyed in this country for more than eighty years, the number of those sending free mail matter constantly increasing. In 1792 an act was approved by Congress which allowed letters and packages to or from the President and Vice-President to pass through the mails free, also to or from members of Congress during the session and twenty days afterward, and to or from other government officers. Some additions were made to the free list in 1793. From that time to this, year after year, the franking privilege has been extended in various ways. Of course the burden has been borne by the people, and the system had become so extensive that its results were injurious and oppressive.

If during the hot weather people, after becoming heated and fatigued with work or exercise of any kind, eat freely of cabbage, green pease and beans, melons, cucumbers, green apples, and similar articles, the probability is that in a few hours they will think they are attacked with genuine Asiatic cholera. Unwholesome diet induces cholera morbus; excesses of any kind at this season invite disease and death. The markets constantly abound in unripe or overripe or decayed fruit and vegetables, offered for sale *cheap*. The purchasers fall easy victims to disease of any kind. Moderation, prudence, and cleanliness in all things are the best safeguards against summer ailments of every kind—the best preventives against the fatality of any pestilence which may invade the great city. Caution, not fear, is what the public should exercise, as the mortality increases with midsummer heat.

Is there any thing in the celebration of our "glorious Fourth" which more quickly arouses a righteous indignation than to see a large boy in passing your house point a pistol to some little girls gathered on the sidewalk or sitting on the door-step? This we saw done twice on the Fourth of July—probably a similar thing was done hundreds of times on that day in different parts of the city. The excuse given to a remonstrance, that "the pistol was not loaded," amounts to nothing. None of the pistols are loaded that go off under such circumstances—at least so it is constantly affirmed by those who hold the weapons. Such reckless conduct deserves more than rebuke. A summary punishment should be inflicted upon all who are so utterly regardless of the comfort and security of the public.

The yearly tragedy has been enacted early in the season at Niagara. On the Fourth of July a young couple who were engaged to be married, accompanied by a brother of the girl, went out in a boat at Chippewa, on the Canada side, for a sail on the Niagara River. They have not been seen since; but pieces of their boat have been picked up, and there is no doubt but they were drawn into the deadly current.

Mr. J. W. Schermerhorn proposes to do a good thing for Rutger's College, New Jersey, viz., to give one-half of the net proceeds of his mines in Morris County for three or four years, until $45,000 shall be accumulated, when the money will be used to found a professorship of English Literature and Journalism.

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary plants known is a native of the island of Sumatra, and was discovered in 1818 by Sir Stamford Raffles. It has never been cultivated in any European or American garden, perhaps for the simple reason that it would need a pretty good-sized garden to itself. Each flower measured a full yard across, the petals being of a roundish shape, growing wider in the middle, and rounding off toward the top; the base of each petal where it joined the centre part was about a foot across. The hollow nectarium held about twelve pints, and the weight of this prodigy was fifteen pounds! Before the flowers open they look like a very hard cabbage. These enormous flowers are what is called parasitical, like the mistletoe, growing on another plant, which is a trailing vine, so they cover the ground and show no leaves or stem at all.

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Insertion and Lace Fraise and Cravat.

THIS fraise is made of gathered lace three-quarters of an inch and seven-eighths of an inch wide, which is joined at each corner with an end twenty-nine inches and three-quarters long, made of lace insertion half an inch and seven-eighths of an inch wide, and edged with lace seven-eighths of an inch wide. In adjusting the fraise tie the ends in a bow, as shown by the illustration.

Faille and Satin Cravat Bow with Spray of Flowers.

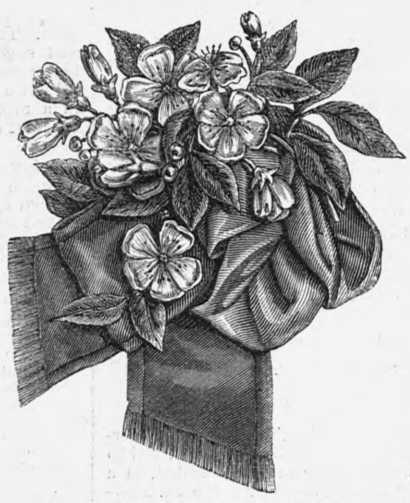
THIS cravat bow is made of loops and ends of pale green faille two inches and a half wide and of folded leaves of light blue satin. It is finished with a spray of apple blossoms.

Crêpe de Chine and Ribbon Cravat Bow with Spray of Flowers.

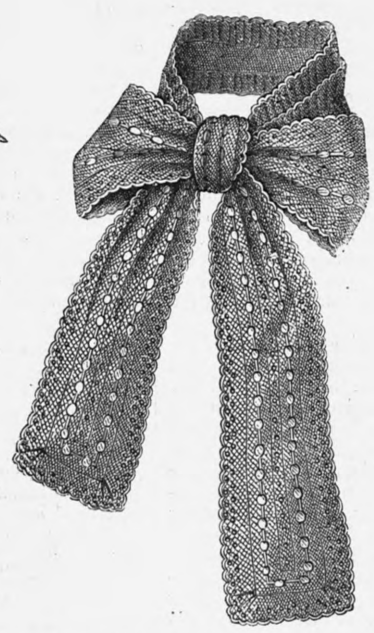
THIS bow is made of écru ribbon two inches and seven-eighths wide, embroidered with sprays of roses, and loops and ends of crêpe de Chine of the same color. A spray of roses finishes the bow, as shown by the illustration.

Swiss Muslin and Lace Breakfast Cap with Velvet Ribbon Trimming.

THIS cap is made of plain white Swiss muslin and white lace an inch and three-quarters wide on a foundation of stiff lace. The trimming for the cap consists of a veil of needle-work insertion an inch wide, lace insertion of the same width, black velvet ribbon an inch and a quarter wide, and white lace. The cap is also trimmed with blue watered ribbon two inches and a half wide. The crown is cut from Fig. 53, No. XIX., of the present Supplement.



FAILLE AND SATIN CRAVAT BOW WITH SPRAY OF FLOWERS.



INSERTION AND LACE FRAISE AND CRAVAT.

CRÊPE DE CHINE AND RIBBON CRAVAT BOW WITH SPRAY OF FLOWERS.

Tulle, Lace, and Ribbon Cap.

THIS cap is made of white figured tulle, lace insertion seven-eighths of an inch wide, and lace of the same width on a foundation of stiff lace, as shown by the illustration. The trimming consists of loops of pink ribbon two inches wide and ends of pale lilac ribbon of the same width.

SHAKSPEARE'S TOAD.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

"UGLY *and* venomous!" Ugly, therefore venomous; for that seems to be the chain of argument applied to the unhappy toad. "Nature," says Lord Brougham of Robespierre, "had imprinted on his face a

Fig. 1.—SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND RIBBON CAP.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 55 and 56.

Fig. 3.—SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND WATERED RIBBON CAP.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 20.

Fig. 2.—SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND PINK RIBBON CAP.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 22.

Fig. 4.—SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND PINK RIBBON CAP.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 53 and 54.

Fig. 6.—LACE AND RIBBON CAP.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 21.

Fig. 7.—TULLE, LACE, AND RIBBON CAP.

Fig. 5.—SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE BREAKFAST CAP WITH VELVET RIBBON TRIMMING.

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Fig. 1.—MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHU.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 48 and 49.

Fig. 2.—MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHU.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 48 and 49.

perpetual warning of the man's disposition"—rather a singular argument, by-the-way, for the noble lord in question to have hit upon.

As touching the toad, however, the poets appear to be wrong. Pope pictures his enemy, the beautiful Lord Hervey—"Hervey the handsome"—under the figure of that ill-used reptile, as whispering into good Queen Caroline's ear:

"Who at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad."

But in fact there is no venom. There is, indeed, an acrid secretion in the follicles of the skin of the neck and partly over the whole body, which exudes, and even spurts out, on pressure, and is sufficiently offensive to cause a dog, on seizing a toad, to drop it somewhat hastily from its mouth. It is potent enough sometimes to redden the skin of the hand; but it is perfectly innocuous in the blood, as has been proved by injecting it into the circulation of a chicken. And this exudation is, of course, the "sweltered venom" of the poetical toad in poetry.

But the Rev. J. G. Wood, that excellent naturalist and charming writer, assures us that his children have a trough full of tame toads, each of which answers to its *own* particular name, and comes when called. The children, he says, carry them round the garden, and hold them up to any insect which they may chance to fancy, to enable them to swallow it, which they do by a lightning flash of their glutinous tongues. Nay, more, their tender care for their unlovely pets is so great that they bathe and kiss them daily, he declares, just as they themselves are treated by their nurse. Upon one occasion one of the children, who had received an orange, was seen, with her own especial toad seated on her hand, partaking with his mistress of the orange in alternate sucks or bites. Well, *de gustibus* is an old axiom, and, it seems, a true one.

From the experience so gained Mr. Wood declares the toad to be more quickly and easily tamed than most other animals: so that its disposition seems to be as devoid of venom as its physique.

The "precious jewel" in the toad's head was also an article of general belief in Shakspeare's time, and is explained by Halliwell to have been a stone of potent effect in medicine. Any book of folk-lore will show how much the medicine of the mediæval period dealt with all kinds of reptiles, and other such "uncanny" animals as hedgehogs, bats, owls, and other weird and darkness-loving things. Serpents, we know, were sacred to Æsculapius, not on account of their supposed wisdom or subtlety, but by reason of their yearly renovation in a change of skin; and it would seem that all the reptiles of the lizard and frog classes, which inherit some share of the enmity sown in Eden between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent, inherit also some part of this affinity between snakes and the practice of physic. I find that the homeopathists of the present day retain at least one drug derived from snakehood—"lachesis"—which is said to be the poison of the lance-headed viper, though it may perhaps be doubted whether their chemists have really supplied their vials from the poison-bags of that interesting reptile. They use also the sepia of the cuttle-fish: and I have often been struck by the appropriateness of sepia as a medical emblem. I observe that doctors, when hard pressed in argument, always escape in a flood of hard words—like the cuttle-fish, protected and concealed by the blinding inky trail it leaves behind it.

I am not sure that the existence of the jewel in the toad's head has not been supported, if not suggested, by the extraordinarily brilliant eye of the reptile, which appears to flash and scintillate with some inward light, thrown into stronger relief as it is by the dark, dull, hideous skin in which it is set. I find this corroborated by the fact that in classical times the toad was supposed to partake somewhat of the power of the fabulous basilisk in the ability to fascinate any person it looked on by the glance of its eye. In the basilisk, indeed, this power was fatal to the life of the person beheld—a gift never claimed for the toad. The notion that a toad can live without material food is, however, both more generally believed and better supported than that touching the jewel in its head. Numerous accounts, apparently well authenticated, relate the finding of toads entombed in the centre of aged trees when cleft open by the woodman's wedge, or inclosed in chambers of chalk or stone until disinterred by the miner, but still alive, and seemingly in good health.

So persistently, indeed, have such stories been repeated that Dr. Buckland, formerly Dean of Westminster, determined to put the matter to the test by inclosing sundry toads in blocks of stone and wood. For this purpose he had twenty-four holes excavated in two blocks of stone, twelve of them in a block of coarse oolitic limestone, and twelve in a block of close-grained silicious sand-

Fig. 1.—LACE SHAWL WORN AS A MANTELET.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 50.

Fig. 2.—LACE SHAWL WORN AS A MANTELET.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 50.

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stone. The holes were circular; those in the limestone were twelve inches deep by five in diameter, and those in the sandstone were of the same diameter, but only half the depth. Each cell had a groove at the top, fitted to receive a circular plate of glass, with a slate over it, and when closed was rendered impervious to air and water by a coating of soft clay. In each of the twenty-four cells an unfortunate toad was placed and sealed down on a given day, having been first carefully weighed; and the blocks of stone were buried in the earth three feet deep. On opening the cells thirteen months after, all the toads in the smaller cells were found dead, and much decayed. The greater part of those in the oolite were still alive, and, stranger still, more than one had actually increased in weight! But in at least one of such cases of increase the cover of the cell was found to be slightly cracked, sufficiently so, perhaps, to admit small insects out of the surrounding earth. All the survivors were then buried again, and at the end of the second year they were also dead.

That the toad does "live upon the vapor of a dungeon" appears, therefore, to be conclusively disproved. And such aerial toads seem to be as much creatures of the poet's brain as the flower-eating serpents of Shakspeare.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Shah, the whole Shah, and nothing but the Shah.

WE are all gone mad about the Shah. To have had a good look at him is to be a distinguished personage; to have interviewed him is to have secured a social reputation. *I* have seen him very near, and I have also interviewed him very near—in another sense; that is, an intimate friend of mine has done it for me. He had occasion to call upon one of the Shah's European attendants at Buckingham Palace yesterday morning, and not being troubled with false modesty, observed in a by-the-bye-ish sort of manner, "Can you introduce me to his Highness?" and, rather to my sanguine friend's own astonishment, this was done. The great potentate was at breakfast, sitting in a wilderness of flowers, and in a state of complete affability. He showed he could talk French, though with a Persian rather than a Parisian accent, and he had a tendency, not confined to Asiatics, to converse upon the weather. His great delight, however, and favorite topic was the telegraph. An apparatus connected with the wires at Teheran has been placed by the Indo-European Telegraphic Company in the apartment next his bedchamber, and all his spare time (of which, however, to say truth, he has but very little) is given to "clicking" his inquiries to the prince-governor he has left at home. As Persia, however, is rather behind the time—*i. e.*, as respects the sun (for I don't wish for a moment to speak disrespectfully of its political system)—the prince-governor is generally in bed and asleep when these questions are "clicked" to him, and sometimes he is not so quick in reply as it might be wished. When the Shah gets back he will probably see to this, and his deputy will find himself a head shorter some fine morning; but at present our Eastern guest is wholly scientific. His brother-in-law and Grand Vizier is so passionately enamored of telegraphing that he actually went on at it for three hours on Thursday last, and so lost his dinner.

Is not this a curious repetition of that imaginary verse in Morier's *Hadji Baba in England*, where the Turk amuses himself with pulling the bell, and bringing the servant up, one entire afternoon, believing it to be an ingenious piece of mechanism? Another instance of truth being spoken in jest occurs to me in a report here prevalent that the Shah wanted to put one of his people to death at Berlin—just as, in fun, I supposed him to take a fancy to do in my last Gossip. A lady was at the bottom of it, of course, yet in the end the poor wretch's life was spared. Very likely the whole story is a canard, but it sets one inquiring as to what really would happen should such a mischance take place in England. I learn from an eminent criminal lawyer that nothing would happen—so far as the Shah is concerned—even though he were to kill an Englishman, *he being an independent sovereign, and not subject to British law.* Still he had better not try. Even in Louis XIV.'s high-handed time, when Queen Christina of Sweden put her secretary to death while she was a guest in France, there was rather a row about it, you remember, and we are much more particular now. I harp upon this subject, because the Shah has a sinister look on his pale though swarthy face, which seems to say quite plainly, "Off with his head!" and the three rows of diamonds on his breast, and the diamonds on his belt, and the diamonds on his cimeter, and the *aigrette* of diamonds (so heavy that he can not wear it long) that is stuck in his fez cap—I say, none of these expensive ornaments so dazzled *me* but that I saw his lips utter that direful sentence more than once. He does not utter it aloud, of course, but he has said things as bad. It is currently reported that he asked the Emperor of Germany why he did not get rid of that queer old woman: by which depreciatory term he meant to indicate the august Augusta! In his own country nobody (that is any body) retains a consort after she is twenty years of age. They say William was much shocked, but sighed.

If it was possible for us to be "disillusioned" with respect to this sparkling potentate, the circumstances under which he has come would accomplish it; for he has just farmed out his entire kingdom—the whole empire of Darius—to a German Jew. Baron Reuter, the telegraph man, has proved as attractive to him as the wires themselves, and has bought the whole concern out and out for seventy years (who pulled *these* wires I do not know, but the fact is certain). He has bought the customs—not the manners and customs, for they are not worth much, but the revenues—and the exclusive right of making railways and of sinking mines; he has bought the forests, the canals, and *every thing.* This is really an enterprise which should have been undertaken by one of your own fellow-countrymen, it is so thorough and colossal; but there is a certain bathos about it too. Think of the royal Mede being "financed" by a German *Barnum!* The Shah himself thinks no small-beer—or sherbet—of his own judgment, however, and is said to have complimented the Czar with these farewell words, "Your country pleases me, and your method of governing it has won my approbation"—a remark of "the king of kings," as he calls himself, which I hope he will not reiterate when he leaves the shores of England, because he is not quite the political Sir Hubert Stanley praise from whom "is praise indeed."

I do not believe that with all his contempt for the fair sex he permits his wives to be called in the Persian tongue sheahses (she-asses), as I am informed by a philologist is the case; but this I do know, that he does not use a pocket-handkerchief—except, I suppose, to throw at some favored damsel—and that one of our princesses told a lady of the court that she did not wear her best dresses when she had to sit next to him, because he has a habit of throwing his chicken bones, etc., upon the floor. The laws of the Medes and Persians do not alter, but let us hope that, under the influence of Western civilization, their habits at dinner will.

We have shown the Shah every thing we can think of except a bicycle race, and I dare say they will show him that at the coming fête at the Crystal Palace. I don't know in what appreciation those two-wheeled steeds are held in *your* country, but certainly they can accomplish not a little. Four members of the London Bicycle Club have just reached John O'Groat's from the metropolis at an average rate of *sixty miles a day!* The worst of these machines is that they are only adapted for young and lean people. A fat man looks as absurd on one as in a "shell-jacket;" and your own correspondent has had personal experiences of the bicycle which lead him to imagine that even "the prime of life" is rather too late to acquire the mastery over it. One ran away with me, threw me, and bit me in the leg as I was lying on the ground, in a manner I can never forgive nor forget; and I was assured it was not exceptionally vicious, either.

The New Magdalen, now being performed, I believe, at New York, is advertised at the *Comédie Française*, in Paris, as *La Nouvelle Madeleine;* at Berlin, as *Die Neue Magdalena;* at Milan, as *La Nuova Maddalena;* at the Hague, as *De Newe Magdalen;* and at Moscow, as *Novaia Magdalena.* To have a play brought out in seven capital cities of the world at one time is rather unusual, I fancy, for any dramatist, and must please Mr. Wilkie Collins not a little.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

"PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING."

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

I AM not dying; Heaven has been merciful to me, and I shall live to be a blessing to him (or so he fondly tells me) whose curse I had so nearly proved. Yet, weak and prostrated as I am, I can not rest until I have written down the details of my sad story; for while there is a chance of their recital deterring such as would tread the paths I well-nigh stumbled in, and that chance remains unheeded, I feel I have not made all the reparation which lies in my power.

I must begin with the beginning of my life. My father was an officer in the Bengal army, but he and my mother dying within a few months of each other, left me early to the care of guardians, who imagined that by keeping me at a respectable boarding-school from the time I could talk plainly until the age of eighteen they amply fulfilled the trust they had undertaken. From my childhood I knew that when my eighteenth birthday arrived I should be sent out again to India, not for the mere object of marriage, but because there is a shrewd condition attached to the enjoyment of the fund provided by the Bengal army for its female orphans, by which, if they are to continue to draw the allowance made for them, and which ceases upon marriage, they must take up a residence in the presidency upon obtaining a marriageable age.

I had no provision to look to except that derived from the fund, and my guardians had neither the wish nor the ability to maintain me; therefore at the time appointed I set sail for India alone.

Arriving in Calcutta, I found myself dependent on the hospitality of friends, to whose care I had been confided, if not for actual support, at least for that protection without which a young woman can not mix in the world.

I was proud in spirit, notwithstanding the humbleness of my position, and after a while the knowledge galled me, and I felt that I could bear it no longer. Acting upon this impulse, and the advice of my friends, I made the fatal mistake which so many of my sex have made before me, of accepting the first eligible offer which I received, and which chanced to be from Laurence Edwards, the rising partner in a large mercantile firm.

I did not love him. Whatever my heart feels for him now, I must record that here. How could I have loved him, and yet have this story to relate of myself? He was a grave business-like man, some twelve years older than I was, and whose disapprobation of my levity was the occasion more than once of our engagement being nearly broken off. However, matters were made smooth again between us. I liked him as well or better than most of the butterflies who were hovering about me; my acquaintances congratulated me on the excellence of my prospects, and I indorsed their opinions by becoming his wife. But very shortly after my marriage I had a dangerous illness; so alarming a one, indeed, that the doctors recommended an immediate return home as the only means of restoring my health. My husband could not go with me; he had but lately returned from his tour of pleasure, and the other partner of the house was away, so he was compelled to let me depart by myself. He put me on board the homeward-bound steamer, was vigilant in providing all things necessary for my comfort during the passage, and full of cautions as to my behavior on my arrival in England; but he did not express much grief at our separation. That he felt it I now know well, but he was a man who could bow himself gracefully to the inevitable; he feared to excite my alarm by appearing to think too much of my state of health, and I attributed his reticence to want of feeling.

I returned to England, then, as I left it, alone, and, for the first time, thrown on my own discretion as a guide. Legally, I was no longer a child to be looked after and directed by guardians; but in reality I was just as unfit to be my own mistress as when I left school. Having no family of my own, except the most distant connections, I first visited that of my husband, in Scotland; but I did not stay there long. His countrified and stanchly Presbyterian relatives scared me with their rigid ways and doctrines, as doubtless I horrified them by the laxity of my manners. Having been brought up entirely at school, and being very foolish and heedless, as became my youth, I had no idea of accommodating myself to the habits of those prim Scotch people, and cried myself ill before I had been a week under their roof, which set them so much against me that it was a mutual pleasure when the day for my departure was fixed. I had never lived out of London before, and every other place seemed strange to me; therefore my husband consented to my taking a house in the suburbs, where, with my small establishment of maid-servants, I expected, for some time, to hear that he was on his way to rejoin me. But business interfered with his plans, and one thing after another combined to prevent his return, until we had been three years separated from each other; and although my own health was then perfectly restored, I was enjoying myself too much to have any wish to revisit Calcutta.

More than that, I had begun to regret, guilty creature that I was, that I had ever seen the place, or the man whom I called my husband! I had never known much of him, as may be supposed. During our brief married life he had been occupied for the greater portion of each day, and the little I did know was fast fading from my memory. The heart forgets quickly from eighteen to twenty-one, and particularly when absence is added to a feeling which had never culminated beyond gratitude. And much happened during those three years to wipe the remembrance of him off my mind. I was exceedingly thoughtless and fond of gayety, and my little house was soon crowded with visitors. I was pretty also—I need have no hesitation in transcribing the fact, since paper can not reflect my blushes—and some among my new acquaintance were found bold enough to tell me so. Among these was a certain Alfred Knowles, a connection of my own, who had introduced himself to me on that account, claiming a distant cousinship, and taking advantage of that claim to establish an intimacy between us. He was a handsome young fellow, not many years older than myself, with lots of life and sparkle about him; and when at last he ventured to tell me that he loved me as he had never loved woman before, he made me believe he was very much in earnest; and, to my misery, I went still further, and believed not only that I returned his love, but was very much in earnest also. Perhaps some may wonder that I can write so quietly on such a theme; but I have an object in doing so. My purpose in telling this tale is to show the means by which I was rescued from the wrong I contemplated; but I will not sully its pages by detailing how the sin was so nearly brought about. When it was that I first fancied I loved Alfred Knowles I can not say; but the idea grew by little and little, until I was strongly imbued with it, and when the crisis of my fate arrived I felt as though I were entangled in a web from which there was no possibility of escape. It was not many days after the completion of the third anniversary of my arrival in England that he implored me to break through the shackles of a marriage which had been unhallowed by affection, and to link my lot with his, and I consented. Without taking time to weigh the consequences of the step I was about to take—without having seriously ascertained whether my lover was really worth the loss of position and name and honor to me, I had promised to give up every thing for him, persuaded, almost against my better judgment, by the professed ardor of his attachment and the fervor of his entreaties!

How well I remember the night upon which I had agreed to fly with him! how well recall each trivial incident of that miserable time! It was a warm evening in July; even at nine o'clock it was still light, and I thought the darkness would never fall to cover my disgrace. I sat in my drawing-room, striving to occupy myself and to make the hours pass as they did on ordinary occasions, but without effect. My nerves were so painfully acute that the least sound made itself apparent, and distracted my attention. As the time advanced I could hear the servants chattering to each other as they put up the shutters and bolted the doors, and shuddered as I thought how freely they would handle my name upon the coming morrow. Ten o'clock! How slowly the hours dragged themselves away! Would they never go to bed? As I anxiously awaited the moment when I should have the house to myself, and yet dared not hasten their movements by a word which might excite suspicion, all the events of my past life crowded into my mind; and while I could have counted the loud pulsations of my heart, it seemed as though I lingered there for no other purpose but to gaze upon the panoramic pictures which memory presented to me. With my elbow leaning on the table, and my eyes staring into vacancy, I must have looked more vanquished than triumphant—more like a defaulter who hears the approaching step of the officer of justice than a woman whose coveted happiness is just within her grasp! Why did the remembrance of my husband, of the man of whom I had thought so little, come to torment me in that hour of nervous expectation, and make me turn so hot each time I thought of him that there did not seem enough air in the room for me to breathe? I did not love him, neither did I fear him; but I knew him for a man of unblemished honor, and I could not contemplate the blow I was about to inflict upon his name without acknowledging that he deserved something better at my hands. He had taken me, a dowerless orphan, for his wife; he had loaded me since with every benefit that money could procure; I could recall the affectionate gravity with which he would reproach my girlish levity, the cheerful readiness with which he acceded to every innocent wish that I expressed. Why—why, in the name of God, did all this, which I had so long forgotten, come back to me now? What would he say? What would he think? How would he look when he heard the dreadful news that I had dishonored him, and left my home with a stranger? I dared not consider. I covered my face tightly with my hands, and rocked myself backward and forward in my pain.

And yet how could I disappoint Alfred, or give him up who loved me so? "Oh, why," I inwardly moaned—"why did my husband send me home to England, or why did he not come also to protect me from harm? I have lived alone, without a friend to warn me of my danger, and now it is too late—it is too late!" So in my extremity I sighed, and so I thought.

The servants now appearing to ask if I required any thing further at their hands, I dismissed them impatiently, and listened wearily for the moment when silence should reign over the little household, and its mistress be free to forsake it. When it arrived I went up to my bedroom. There stood the boxes, addressed and corded, to account for the presence of which I had been compelled to fabricate the falsehood of my being about to pay a visit in the country the following day, trusting that when the servants found I was gone they would forward them to their destination.

In the mean while I had only a small traveling-bag to carry in my hand, and the few articles which I required were soon placed in it. I stripped off the jewelry which I wore, and locked it in my jewel-case, putting the key in a place of safety; I emptied the contents of my purse upon the dressing-table, for I had no intention of taking any thing with me that I could possibly do without. Then I robed myself in my walking apparel, and I was ready—ready for what?

Eleven o'clock, the hour for meeting, was close at hand, yet I lingered, loath, I am glad to think, to break through the ties which bound me yet a little longer to the society of the good and the pure. But I had made up my mind; I had given my promise. What was there to detain me? I was leaving the room, when I caught sight of a print which adorned its walls—the representation of an infant, with clasped hands, kneeling upon its little bed. The sight stung me; the remembrance of my orphaned childhood, my neglected youth, my unloved maturity, rushed into my heart, and for a moment I wept bitterly.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, amidst my tears, "had I had a child of my own, this had never been; or had I had a mother to teach me how to pray, Heaven might mercifully have guarded me this night against myself!"

But I felt that I had gone too far, and that the time for thinking thus had passed over my head. Drying my eyes, I quietly unfastened the bedroom door, and with a lighted candle in my hand crept stealthily down the staircase, fearful lest the servants should be attracted by the sound of my footsteps and fancy that I needed their assistance.

But when I reached the hall I found the task before me, of obtaining a quiet egress, more difficult than I had anticipated. The ponderous bolts and bars and chains were rusty; some I could scarcely move, and of others I did not understand the mechanism. As I was fingering them with trepidation, lest I should be overheard, the footstep of a man sounded upon the pavement outside, and fancying it must be that of the one I was about to join, I applied myself with fresh energy to the task, and had just accomplished it, when a thundering double knock upon the door itself, and close against my head, nearly threw me off my balance with alarm.

Who could it be? Not Alfred, surely—with a noise that reverberated through the little tenement! In my surprise and confusion I suddenly threw open the unfastened door, and saw before me the figure of him whom I had imagined to be thousands of miles away—*of my husband, Laurence Edwards!*"

The shock was so great and unexpected that I staggered backward and leaned against the wall. The candle which I brought down with me was still flaring in its candlestick upon the hall table, and its feeble uncertain light threw a sickly glare upon my husband's face, as doubtless it did upon my own. He, apparently as astonished as myself to have the hall door opened to him at eleven o'clock at night by his wife clad in walking attire, regarded me for a few seconds in total silence. I was the first to recover myself.

"Good Heavens, Laurence!" I exclaimed, "how you frightened me! I never dreamed of

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seeing you! Why did you not apprise me of your intended return?"

"Because I had a fancy for taking you by surprise," he replied, gravely, "and I seem to have succeeded perfectly. Where were you going?"

"Going!" I faltered. "Going! Where should I be going at this time of night?"

"No, to be sure. You have just come in, of course. Well, get out of this draught, Marion, while I settle my business with the cabman."

He reopened the door as he spoke, and I perceived that a cab with his portmanteau stood outside, and guessed that he must have been looking for the number of the house for some minutes before he startled me with his knock.

I obeyed him, and walked mechanically into the sitting-room, where the servants, roused by this time, had appeared with lights. My head was so confused that I could hardly think; but above the knowledge that all my plans had been upset by my husband's reappearance, and the fear as to how much he might or might not guess concerning them, rose the idea of a great deliverance. I felt as though I had been standing on the brink of a precipice, and some one had suddenly drawn me backward; as if I had been bent upon suicide, and the angel of God had stood in the path with a flaming sword and forced me to turn another way. In another minute Laurence joined me. I had hastily removed my bonnet and shawl and thrown them in a corner. He came up to my side, and tenderly embraced me.

"Is my wife glad to have me home again?" he said, kindly; "or is she sorry?"

"Glad," I replied, in a low voice; and I did not lie. I was glad that he had come to save me. Now that the least check had been given to my impulse, I felt how unworthy it had been of me, and how I had magnified its attractions. I did not feel any the better for this conviction; on the contrary, I knew that it withdrew the only excuse I could have claimed for my intended treachery, and, as it struck me, my head sank lower and lower, until I felt abased to the very earth. My husband did not appear to notice my sense of humiliation; he conversed cheerfully with me, during the meal which I caused to be prepared for him, on the reason of his sudden return to England; told me that he had often delayed it until the business should be better able to spare him, but finding that each year increased instead of diminishing its demands, had determined to put it off no longer. He questioned me on my own plans, and trusted that his advent would make no difference to them, while I sat before him like a culprit, each kind word he uttered sinking like a knife into my heart. Ah! if he only knew, if he only could have read my thoughts, how would he have felt toward me? When I had somewhat accustomed myself to his presence I took courage to raise my conscience-stricken head and examine his appearance. I do not suppose he was much altered from what he had been when we parted, but I had thought of him so little that he looked almost like a stranger to me. I saw before me a tall, dark man, rendered still darker from being exceedingly sunburned, whose blue eyes contrasted strangely with his black hair and beard. I was fair and small myself. He struck me as being very manly and good-looking, and I wondered that I had never perceived it before. As he caught me in the midst of my scrutiny he smiled, but sadly.

"I suppose you have nearly forgotten what I am like, Marion? Well, you have had time enough to do so. I do not see much alteration in you, my dear; you seem quite unchanged to me. I trust your heart is as much so as your face?"

I felt myself blush as he addressed me, but I gave him no other answer.

"Come, is the house locked up again?" he said in another minute. "If so, I think we had better go to bed, for if you are not very tired, I am."

This was the moment which I had been dreading ever since his arrival, when he must see my corded boxes, and require some explanation of their being there. With all my wickedness, I had not been in the habit of telling falsehoods, and the idea was dreadful to me; yet I was desperate, and I knew that I must lie or be discovered.

"Halloo!" he exclaimed, as his eyes fell upon them. "What are these? Your boxes, Marion? Were you going away any where?"

"Yes," I replied, I hardly knew how. "I was going away for a little while, but it is of no consequence."

"Dover," said my husband, reading the address. "You wanted a breath of sea-air, did you? Well, I don't wonder at it this stifling weather. We can go together, my dear, can we not? It will do us both good."

"Oh no! Pray do not think of it. I would rather stay here, now that you are come—I have no wish for a change," fell rapidly from my mouth, as I dreaded his insisting upon putting his proposal into execution. I could not have gone there with him. I would have died sooner. I should have feared that the very stones would have cried out and revealed my base intentions to him—those intentions from the thought of which I had already commenced to shrink with horror.

"It shall be just as you please, Marion," was his quiet answer. "My only object in coming home is to give you pleasure."

It will be readily conjectured that I did not sleep much that night. What my lover would think of my defection, and how I should communicate my further wishes to him—what my husband would say if he ever guessed the truth, or part of the truth, and how I could live so as to best conceal it from him—troubled me too much to permit me to sleep. How I longed that night to die before the morning! What a debased and guilty creature I seemed to myself! How incapable of making the happiness of either of the men with whom I had to do! And yet I had time to wonder at the fact that my intrigue with Alfred Knowles appeared already to have become a thing of the past; that whatever became of me, *that* would never happen now; that the merciful hinderance I had received had been sufficient to open my eyes, and to cause me to see myself and my design in their true colors.

The next day I felt that I owed it to him to send him immediate intelligence of what had occurred, and how I intended to act for the future. I scarcely know what I wrote. I believe I said simply that my husband had returned, and that I considered it an especial interposition of Providence to save us from a crime for which we should never have forgiven ourselves or each other, and that if he loved me as he said he did, I prayed him to leave me to myself and that performance of duty by which alone I hoped to deaden the stings of conscience which assailed me.

But he would not do as I desired him; he was selfish and profligate; and instead of considering that we had experienced a great escape, he looked upon me as on one who had cheated him and forsworn herself. He did worse. He sent me letters so openly that I lived in a state of continual dread lest my husband should ask to see their contents or from whom they came; and, disregarding the privacy of my home, he presented himself there to upbraid and revile me for my cowardice, even threatening me with exposure if I did not keep my word.

But I was firm. Thank God, I was firm. Better still, the change in Alfred Knowles's behavior to me made the flimsy thing which I had called my love for him, and which had had no surer foundation than a flattered vanity, melt away into thin air, and leave me nothing but thankfulness for my release.

All this time my husband did not relax in any of his attentions to me. He was uniformly kind and tender; he almost anticipated my wishes; and, what touched me more than any thing, he appeared fully to *trust* me—I, who had proved myself so utterly unworthy of his confidence. Throughout the period of Alfred Knowles's bitter reproaches to me and entreaties that I would change my purpose, my husband never seemed suspicious of either my cousin or myself; on the contrary, he often left us together to fight out our battles, and was only (or the contrast made me think so) the more tender afterward than before. I thought that I had never known Laurence as I knew him then; I often said to myself that, *had* I only known him, I must have loved him too much to contemplate his dishonor. But the idea would make me shrink from his caresses, feeling myself so unworthy of them, till he was pained to imagine what could have so distressed me.

One evening we were at the theatre together—for he was careful to take me to every place of amusement—when I observed Alfred Knowles in a box opposite to the one we occupied. He was accompanied by several other gentlemen, and a very beautiful but care-worn woman, handsomely dressed, was leaning over the front of the box.

"Do not notice your cousin to-night, dear Marion," said my husband, in a whisper. "I will give you my reason presently."

I obeyed him, as indeed I had no wish to do otherwise; but I stole several furtive glances opposite in the course of the evening. I observed that, beautiful as the woman was, none of the men appeared to pay her much attention; that they talked to each other without intermission, although she put up her hand several times, as though to entreat their silence; that at the close of the play they left her to cloak herself, and that she followed them out of the box without being offered the arm of any one.

I guessed who she might be, but I left my husband to tell me when he thought fit. As we were driving home he said,

"I wonder Knowles likes to show himself in public with a person of that character. Of course, Marion, you do not know who she is?"

I acknowledged my ignorance.

"Poor creature!" he replied, "what she *is* is best not told; but she *was* the wife of one of the peers of the realm, and the woman most to be envied, perhaps, in England. She made one false step, and for the sake of a man who forsook her a month afterward—and there she is; very beautiful still, as you see, but devoid of all claim to our respect or courtesy. It's a dreadful thought, isn't it, little woman?"

A dreadful thought—ah! was it not? He would have clasped me to him, but I shrank back into the further end of the carriage seat, and trembled to think that in will, if not in deed, I had been as lost as the woman he spoke of. *Had been*—yes! Thank Heaven, I need not alter that sentence; the will had now as completely vanished as the probability of the deed.

My health now began to fail so considerably that my husband took me away to the sea-side.

Laurence thought it was the close London air; the doctor recommended tonics and a change. I knew the real reason well, and thought the only change which could heal me was death. I was beginning to love my husband; the more I was convinced of this the more wretched I felt. I could not live under the burden of deceit which my whole life was to me, but neither had I the courage to confess to Laurence that I had so wronged his trust. What, then, was left for me but to die? I was so strongly impressed with this conviction that I actually brought myself down to the doors of death. Laurence took me away to a quiet little watering-place, and had the best advice, but it was of no avail—I grew weaker and weaker.

His tenderness to me never failed; often would he entreat me to tell him if I had any thing on my mind—to be assured of his full forgiveness before I spoke—to believe that he would not fail to love me through every thing.

But still I could not speak. It was all very well for him, ignorant of the true cause of my melancholy, to entreat me to reveal it, but were I to take him at his word I was convinced that the effect would be far different to what he supposed. He *could* not love me with that knowledge on his mind; he would cast me out from the light of his presence forever.

And so I lay, and looked at him, and longed to disburden my soul, and yet dared not to do so, until weeks had resolved themselves into months, and I really thought that I was dying. One evening, when I felt weaker than usual, and he had been more than usually kind to me, I burst into a flood of tears, and hid my face in the sofa-cushions.

He came to me at once—my husband, whom I had learned to love so much—and took my head and laid it on his breast, and tenderly reproached me for my weakness.

"No, no! not there!" I exclaimed, tearing myself, in the pain of self-conviction, from the position he had caused me to assume; "not there, Laurence. I am not worthy!"

"Not worthy, my dear wife?" he said, gravely. "If you are not, who is?"

Then his apparent perfect trust in my goodness broke down the barriers of shame which had prevented me hitherto from telling him the truth, and I thought that, sooner than live any longer and endure the bitter reproach of his unsuspecting praises, I would be thrust forth by his hand from the roof which I had so nearly deserted.

"Stop, stop!" I exclaimed, wildly. "Laurence, hear me speak." Then I told my wretched story rapidly, and mingled with tears, but with my face still buried in the sofa-cushions. I told him all—from the first to the last. I did not rest until I had made a clean breast of it.

When I had finished (the miserable recital did not take long) I lay still, scarcely breathing, till I should hear his exclamations of horror and surprise.

I lay still, determined to accept with patience any thing his outraged feelings might choose to inflict on me. But all that issued from his lips was—

"Well, dear wife?"

I looked up timidly, and met his blue eyes gazing at me with the utmost tenderness, though there was sadness mingled with their love.

"Laurence!" I gasped, "strike me! kill me! but don't look at me like that! I have told you all, as there is a God in heaven! And now you know why I am not worthy of your love."

"And what if I knew it before, Marion?" he asked, gently.

I raised myself in my amazement, and stared at him. Yes! it was truth! I read it in his candid eyes; he had known it, and—he had loved me through it all!

I had no words wherewith to thank him, no courage to make protestations for the future; I could only kneel there sobbing, and trust to my generous-hearted Laurence to accept my tears and the clasping pressure of my hands for all that they meant.

"I knew it before I left India, dearest wife; it was the knowledge of your danger which brought me home so unexpectedly. By accident you inclosed one of your letters to Alfred Knowles in the envelope you sent to me. Once alive to the fear of losing you, I resolved at any cost to reassume the office of protector to you, which I should never have relinquished."

"It was not your fault, dearest," I murmured; "the fault has been all mine. Would the misery had been so also!"

"I deserved my share of it," he answered. "I had many doubts about letting you, so young and inexperienced, return to England alone; but the hope of speedily amassing a fortune, which you should enjoy with me, proved too strong a temptation, and for it I risked my domestic happiness. Thank God that I have only risked it!"

My heart echoed his thanksgiving.

"And now, Marion, now that it is all over, you are sure that you are mine only?" he continued, wistfully.

I looked straight into his eyes—those dear eyes which through all my deception and doubt and indifference had never altered their kind protecting gaze; and, though mine were almost too dim with tears to see, we understood each other, and were satisfied.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

FOR the next three months we shall think of little but sea-side toilettes. Colored linen, principally of the different blue tints, from indigo blue, which is almost black, to the pale myosotis blue, will be the material most in use, and for which white and écru linen and batiste have been almost wholly abandoned. Although these are still worn, it is by the few rather than the many, who have gone over from écru to blue; nevertheless, these few compose the small number who always form the advance-guard of fashion, and whose preferences must be taken into account, since they are almost sure the next season to become those of the masses.

Linen dresses appear very simple. But it is not safe to trust to appearances: these simple linen dresses cost as dear, if not dearer, than the beautiful silk toilettes of winter. The linen itself is cheap, but to it are added fine embroideries, galloons, and trimmings enough to make the expense equal. Here is a model of this style:

Dress of very light turquoise blue linen. The tablier is trimmed with perpendicular bias folds, edged on each side with a band of white nansook, scalloped and ornamented with very fine embroidery. On each of these bands is a fold of white nansook, embroidered through the middle with a light vine, and dotted on each side. The skirt is covered, the tablier excepted, with pleated flounces of the same linen; each flounce is trimmed on the bottom with a band of nansook, scalloped and embroidered like the bands used on the tablier. Each flounce has a heading edged with a narrower band, and defined by a band of white nansook, dotted on each side. The flounces are separated by a space, on which is applied a band of white nansook, embroidered and scalloped, and wider than those which edge the flounces. Casaque like the skirt, very open in front, draped high on the hips, and simply bordered with an embroidered and scalloped band, which is surmounted by three similar bands, graduated in width, the first being the widest. Sleeves rather loose at the top, and narrower toward the wrist.

Blue linen dresses of a deeper shade are considered more négligé, and are trimmed more simply; but here again expense is not wanting. They are loaded with embroidery worked with white cotton, and nothing is more costly at Paris than embroidery wrought by hand.

Next in favor to blue linen dresses are those of coutil, with écru stripes of different widths on a white ground. Dresses of white damask are little worn, except by eccentric persons, who are ready to use the same fabric for their toilette and their dinner napkins.

Pompadour percales, with figures, vines, and flowers, are used solely for polonaises, which are worn over plain linen or black silk skirts. As I have said before, the rule this season is to use figured fabrics for polonaises, and plain materials for skirts. In toilettes of two shades the polonaise must always be lighter than the skirt.

As I predicted in the beginning of the season, polonaises and over-skirts, far from being abandoned, are universally worn for street costume. Long dresses draped in a pouf, and mixed dresses with trimming simulating a polonaise or over-skirt, have gained a footing in the fashion, it is true, but without dethroning suits, and remain consecrated to full-dress occasions—dinners and soirées. A slight modification of the suit is in preparation, however, for autumn, which threatens the draperies and loopings now in fashion. This consists of a single skirt, very much trimmed (with a tablier differing from the rest of the skirt), and a long casaque, not draped, and trimmed simply with a bias fold of the material or some bright color. We have seen and worn the same dress before, some sixteen years ago.

The trimming of the front breadth in a different style from the rest of the skirt is and will long continue to be the fashion. Here are some of its varieties: First, tablier pleated or trimmed with perpendicular bias folds; back breadths trimmed with one or three flounces. Secondly, tablier edged on the bottom with a wide flounce; back breadths covered with narrow flounces. Thirdly, the preceding combination reversed—that is, the tablier covered with narrow flounces, and the back breadths edged with one wide flounce.

Large sashes, crossing the panier or arranged on one side, are more and more in vogue. These sashes are made of broad shaded ribbon, comprising all the tints of a color. Ribbons have never been more remarkable for richness and variety than now; they are in all styles—Roman, Bayadère, Egyptian, Persian, Alsacian—in a word, of every country of the globe, and one can take a lesson in geography and history only by looking through a box of ribbons.

Bonnets are still high, and generally round, even for elderly ladies, who soften the shape, which does not seem made for them, by the aid of wash strings, with several ribbon loops at the place where they join the bonnet; these strings are tied not behind, but over the ears. One of the most becoming shapes among the present bonnets, which look as though they had been invented in an insane asylum, is round and rather large; the edge is turned up, but under this edge is set a row of ribbon loops, a light wreath of flowers, or a lace ruche. Wild flowers are much worn on bonnets and coiffures; not only the classic poppy, mixed with wheat, but primroses, cowslips, wood-violets, water-lilies, sweet-brier, and brambles; choice garden and hot-house flowers are rejected as being, if not common, at least too well known. These flowers are mounted on long flexible rubber stems, and are worn in garlands and clusters, or else to cover the comb, falling behind the coiffure like a veil.

Dresses designed for the elegant reunions at the châteaux in the fall are already in preparation. It is important to study these, not only because their wearers give the key-note of the fashion, but also because these fall styles contain the winter fashions in germ. I will describe a few of these toilettes, designed to be worn in the latter part of September.

Long dress of silver gray faille. The tablier is trimmed with superb Malines lace, arranged in flat flounces, surmounted with an insertion, which is lined with bright orange ribbon. The back of the skirt has no other trimming than a very long train; it is draped in a pouf, which is confined by a bright orange sash. Half-long sleeves, finished with a deep frill of Malines lace, which veils the elbow and fore-arm. Corsage open heart-shaped in the front and back, with a plastron of Malines lace in front and behind.

Long dress of serpent blue faille entirely covered with pleated flounces of the material and gathered flounces of mauve silk gauze; these flounces alternate, one of silk and the next of gauze. The plain waist, which is open square in front, has, in the guise of basques, loops of ribbon of the same color, shorter in front than

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QUEEN VICTORIA RECEIVING THE SHAH OF PERSIA AT THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO THE PRIVATE APARTMENTS IN THE UPPER COURT OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

at the sides, and longer in the back than either —a kind of trimming which calls to mind the trappings of a red Indian.

Very light maize satin skirt, trimmed round the bottom with a single pleated flounce, very deep in front, and narrowing gradually toward the back. Above this flounce is a tufted border of maize feathers. Polonaise of very light maize canvas guipure, trimmed with deep white lace, surmounted by a border of feathers, which is narrower than that of the skirt. A double string of red coral and amber beads, mixed, drapes the polonaise on each side under the arms.

For the same reunions a number of polonaises of black silk grenadine embroidered with jet are also in preparation; this embroidery is in designs like the old-fashioned damask, composed of branches and flowers which overspread the whole garment without interruption. The effect is wonderfully rich and striking. These polonaises are to be worn over black lustreless silk skirts, and are edged with silk fringe, mixed with jet. Some of these dresses cost eight hundred francs merely for the embroidery, which, however, is a work of art, both for the grace of design and perfection of workmanship. Jet passementerie still retains its supremacy, and is used very largely in trimmings of all kinds.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

THE QUEEN AND THE SHAH.

THE reception of the Shah of Persia by Queen Victoria was the crowning feature in the great pageant enacted in England. It must have been a new thing for this Oriental, who had been accustomed to treat women as inferior beings, shut out from Mohammed's paradise, and relegated to a lower station here on earth, to find himself the guest of a female sovereign, and see a whole nation do homage to her as its queen. This fact must have done more to teach him the true spirit of our civilization than all the reviews and parades that have been held in his honor. It must be said to his credit that he bore the ordeal well, and greeted the Queen with as much respect as though she had been the great Solyman himself, even assuring her that he reckoned the meeting as the chief pleasure of his journey. Perchance visions flashed through his brain of Zenobia the Magnificent, and Semiramis, and Cleopatra, and the Queen of Sheba herself; for Eastern women have sometimes risen to the heights of power. Be this as it may, we are glad that the Shah found a woman on the throne of Great Britain, and was forced in one instance to yield that respect to the sex in which rumor says that he has too often been wanting. The Queen received him at Windsor Castle, the principal residence of the sovereigns of Great Britain.

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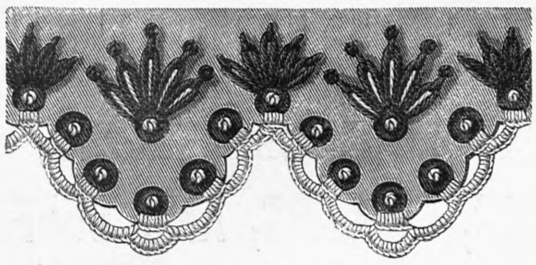


Fig. 2.—LAMBREQUIN FOR ASH-RECEIVER.—FULL SIZE.

Stand with Work-Basket, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS stand, with work-basket, is of gilt wood bars, and is thirty-five inches and a quarter high, including the basket, and twenty-one inches and three-quarters wide. The basket is thirty-seven inches and three-quarters in circumference. The bottom of the stand is furnished with a small basket, which is joined with the larger basket by chains of gilt wood rings, as shown by the illustration. The baskets are lined on the inside with brown faille, and are trimmed on the outside with embroidered borders. On the inside of the large basket, on the sides, are set pockets for holding the sewing utensils. The stand is ornamented, besides, with cords and tassels. First line the large basket; then cut for each side of card-board one piece each from Figs. 51 and 52, Supplement. Cover these parts smoothly on both sides with faille. Set the rosette on Fig. 51, and fasten the card-board covered with faille in the basket, taking care that the rosette comes on the opening in the side. Run faille through the bars of the basket as shown by the illustration, and fasten the borders on the large basket. Fig. 2 shows a full-sized section of the border. Each border is worked on a foundation of light gray faille in application, satin, and half-polka stitch embroidery. For the dark strips on the sides of the border apply dark gray silk braid, which is ornamented with light and dark gray silk in half-polka stitch and point Russe. For the wound ribbon on the middle of the border baste on light and dark gray silk braid, and button-hole stitch it on the foundation with light gray saddler's silk In working the button-hole stitches always form a picot at the corresponding points. The leaves, flowers, and stems are worked with saddler's silk in the natural colors of the flowers and leaves in diagonal and dove-tailed satin stitch and in half-polka stitch. Finally, trim the stand with cord and tassels as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED ASH-RECEIVER.

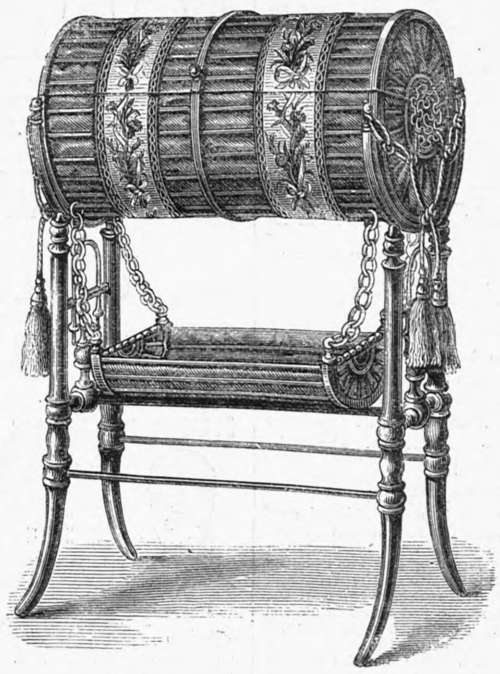


Fig. 1.—STAND WITH WORK-BASKET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 51 and 52.

Embroidered Ash-Receiver, Figs. 1–3.

THIS ash-receiver is made of pasteboard covered with Russia leather. It is an inch and a half high without the feet, and three inches and seven-eighths in diameter. A bronze saucer is set inside, and the outside is furnished with a lambrequin. Fig. 2 shows a full-sized section of the lambrequin. The lambrequin is cut in scallops along the under edge and pinked, as shown by the illustration, and is lined with maroon satin, which is pasted on the wrong side. The embroidery is worked with red and maroon saddler's silk in point Russe, and knotted and button-hole stitch, observing the illustration. Instead of this lambrequin, that shown by Fig. 3 may be used. This lambrequin is worked with light and dark gray saddler's silk in point Russe and satin and knotted stitch on gray leather.

Box for Postage Stamps.

THIS box is made of card-board, covered with Russia leather, and furnished with a bronze lock for closing. The box is four inches long, an inch and a half high, and an inch and three-quarters wide. The inside is divided into sections for holding postage stamps by means of card-board walls. The outside of the box is furnished with a bronze edge and a lambrequin; the latter is worked on gray leather in point Russe, herring-bone, half-polka, back, and knotted stitch with maroon silk in several shades, and white and black silk. The picots on the outer edge of the lambrequin are worked with gold thread.

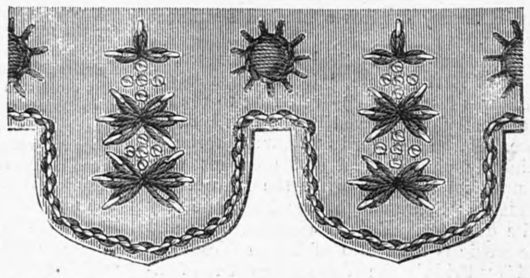
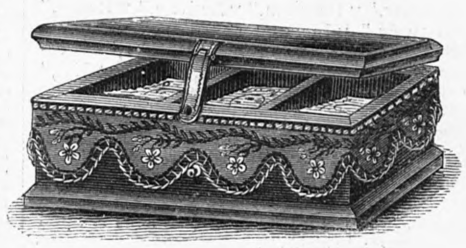


Fig. 3.—LAMBREQUIN FOR ASH-RECEIVER.—FULL SIZE.



BOX FOR POSTAGE STAMPS.

SEALS AND SIGNETS.

IN a figurative sense, the heraldic shield or field represents the ancient firmament, and the charges the houses or mansions in which resided the powers, potentates, and dominions which guided the constellations. They were of greater or less dignity—or, argent, gules, azure, sable, vert, purpure, sanguine, tenne. It is not a little singular that these represent the sun, moon, and the seven planets known to the ancient Magi. This subject is too recondite to be here further pursued. We will, therefore, take a brief but general glance at the mottoes of the armorial bearings of the English nobility now surviving on their arms, the representatives of ancient seals and signets. The mottoes are more or less expressive of qualities or purposes, which may, by a figure of speech, be called characteristics of the family whose coat of arms they accompany as a general illustration of the emblazonry. This view, however, more particularly applies to the original or primitive shield, for the various quarterings through the intermarriage of families have complicated the symbolical figures so that the harmony between the marshaling and the motto is in a considerable degree destroyed. It is no less a fact that present owners of coats of arms and mottoes do not necessarily inherit those virtues for the possession of which the original grant was made, and not unfrequently the character is more discordant with the motto than the motto is with the symbols on the shield. No doubt there are some, possibly many, whose mottoes indicate the character of those who own them, being full of significance, embodying principles at once simple and important, while others express concentrated knowledge, purpose, and experience. Let us glance at a few mottoes by way of illustrating the general object of this article.

The Marquis of Abercorn's is "Sola nobilitas virtus." This does not recognize that social—which may with propriety be called conventional—nobility which in these days is accepted as the genuine article, and obtained by that fortunate conjunction of circumstances called birth.

The Marquis of Aylesbury's motto, "Fuimus" ("We have been"), may be viewed as expressing regret or triumph; hence its influence on the mind of the owner of it may inspire melancholy or inglorious ease—scarcely mirthfulness or noble aspirations.

The Earl of Albemarle's motto inculcates a high moral lesson, "Ne cede malis" ("Do not yield to misfortune"), while Earl Annesley's, "Virtutis amore" ("From the love of virtue"), breathes the true spirit of life and the correct principle of human action. The "Always ready" ("Toujours prêt") of Earl Antrim indicates the high civil, social, and patriotic qualities which conspire to make a practical man. Baron Bagton's "Antiquum obtinens" ("Possessing antiquity"), irrespective of other considerations, has but small merit as a signet motto. Viscount Bangor's "Sub cruce salus" ("Salvation beneath the Cross") sufficiently tells its import and its age. Many mottoes of a pious character, of which this may be taken as a fair specimen, are borne by the English nobility and gentry.

The Duke of Bedford's motto may be either pithy or petulant, "Che sarà sarà" ("What will be, will be"). It is an old saw worthy the wisdom of a washerwoman or a wiseacre; while that of Earl Berkeley, "Dieu avec nous" ("God with us"), has all the vanity of its French original, united to the presumption of English sectarianism. "Amo" ("I love"), the motto of the Duke of Buccleuch, is so absolute and yet so indefinite that it may be, by the addition of a substantive (and it has no meaning without one), either good, bad, or indifferent—heavenly, earthly, sensual, or devilish.

That of Earl Carnwath is downright vernacular and nobly heroical—"I dare"—breathing the spirit of chivalry, and smacking of the "tented field;" while "Watch and pray" ("Vigilate et orate") of Baron Castlemain is monkish or puritanical. Earl Castlestuart's motto commands in good English "Forward"—ringing with the metal and mettle which win victories on all the battle-fields of life; and "Semper paratus" ("Always ready") on the banner of Baron Clifford nobly supports the same "sentiment" or command.

There is something philosophically smart and inspiring in the motto of Baron Cranworth, "Post nubila Phœbus" ("After clouds, sunshine"); and not less so the "In omnia paratus" ("Prepared for all things") of Baron Dunalley. The vernacular "Strike," of Baron Hawke, is strikingly in harmony with the name of the thing originally signified; and "Now or never" ("Nunc aut nunquam")

Fig. 2.—BORDER FOR WORK-BASKET.—APPLICATION, SATIN STITCH, AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.

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of Earl Kilmorey inspires a kindred sentiment of heroism.

Some mottoes are mystical for a purpose, as was that of Earl Kintore, "Quæ amissa salva" ("What was lost is safe")—referring to the regalia of Scotland preserved by the first Earl of Kintore. Baron Langford's "Bear and forbear" is eminently philosophical and pregnant with great practical wisdom; while the Marquis of Tweeddale's "Spare naught" inculcates the very opposite qualities. Equally demonstrative and characteristic is the motto of Baron Westbury, "Ithel" ("Pride"), the Welsh name of the family, a quality not particularly amiable.

Such are some of the most striking mottoes of the English peerage, which they bear on their arms as family distinctions.

The mottoes of the baronets and gentry of England are of course in principle the same as those of the peers and royal family, but there appears to be a greater tendency to the Cæsarian famous dispatch, "Veni, vidi, vici." The following, freely taken from Debrett, will illustrate the fact: "Loyalty," "Devotion," "Activity," "Ready," "Actively," "Innocent and True," "Hallelujah," "Liberty," "Country," "Unity," "Persevere," "Think," "Forward," "Forget Not," "Take Care," "Firm," "Watch."

"I fly high" is the acme of conceitedness, and "Never give in" is a good motto for a fighting family like that of Sir John Lawrence of Indian renown, who bears it; but of far more worth is the truth inculcated by the motto of the Clifford family, "Virtus mille scuta" ("Virtue is equal to a thousand shields").

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DAISY.—Read about white muslin dresses in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. VI. You will want a trained skirt with trained petticoats beneath, and for trimming select Valenciennes lace and insertion, or else embroidered flounces. Wear a white watered sash.

JOHNTIE.—Your silver gray pongee should be trimmed with black velvet. All lace except the worsted yak lace is unsuitable for it. A basque and simple over-skirt are about all you can make of your court train. Pipe the basque with velvet on the edge, and have a velvet vest and cuffs. Place velvet pockets and lengthwise bands down the front breadths, and confine the over-skirt to the back.

F. I. E.—It is immaterial whether the bride's parent or the bridegroom furnishes the wedding-cards. Stationers' statistics show that it is no longer incumbent on the father to pay for them, and that in cases where there is wealth on both sides the bridegroom often pays this bill.

E. H. W.—The Dolman and polonaise mentioned are separate garments. We have no patterns of that especial suit, but can furnish you similar patterns of a loose blouse-polonaise and a Dolman sacque. They will cost 25 cents each.

TEDDY AND LADY ANNA.—Bread-crumbs and milk rubbed on with a sponge will cleanse soiled kid gloves. If this does not remove stains, use fresh benzine.

LIBBIE.—The bride's family and her attendants kiss her and offer congratulations as soon as the ceremony is concluded in home weddings, but not till they have returned home after church ceremonies. Wedding presents are sent before the wedding. Girls of sixteen part their hair in the middle, and wave the front slightly and braid the back. Their dresses should be long enough to conceal their ankles.

LITTLE BOY.—The Gabrielle pattern we furnish is suitable for both boys and girls from six months to four years of age. After these you should get the Highland kilt suits for a boy of three. They are made of piqué, linen, and light summer cloths.

LA MODE.—The Ortolan, which you have frequently seen illustrated in our columns, is a graceful and elegant garment, and particularly well suited for the seaside and watering-places. You can readily obtain it at any leading dry-goods store.

A LOVER OF JUSTICE.—We can not publish rejoinders to articles that appear in our columns. Moreover, a large experience with servants convinces us that we are correct, and that the examples you quote are the exception rather than the rule.

IRA.—We should have said, in answer to your question, that *Munson's Complete Phonographer* is published by Harper & Brothers, who will send it, post paid, by mail, on receipt of $2. This is a standard work on phonography, and is acknowledged by competent judges to be the best extant.

MRS. E. M.—Sashes are still worn, especially with thin summer dresses. They should be long, wide, with fringed ends, and, instead of a bow directly behind, tied in loose hanging loops with irregular ends on the left side.

JANE R.—If you have fraises of the dress material to all your dresses, you will only require a brooch or cravat bow in front.

MRS. ELLEN S.—Lace sacques are very fashionable this summer, especially those made of guipure. You will find them described at length in back numbers of the *Bazar*. Lace shawls are draped to form short mantles.

H. G. S.—The straw hats chosen by gentlemen have high crowns with narrow rolling brims. Blue, gray, and purple ribbon bands and wide bindings are used quite as much as are black ones; indeed, colored ribbons are preferred by young gentlemen. Striped and dotted neck-ties of light and very dark colors are in more favor this season than usual. We gave full descriptions of gentlemen's clothes in a late number of the *Bazar*.

BETSEY BAKER.—Banting's tract on corpulency will tell you how to reduce that disease. Description of the sulphur vapor bath will be given in one of the "Ugly Girl" papers.

WESTERN GIRL.—See reply to "Betsey Baker" above.

MRS. S. A.—Instruction in telegraphy is furnished free at Cooper Institute, in this city. The applicant must write a fair hand, spell and reckon correctly. The next term opens in September. It usually takes from three to six months to learn, with great diligence, though smart pupils have learned the art in two months. Salaries for beginners are from $500 to $600 a year, and the operator remains in the office till nine P.M. The only expense in learning will be the board. Station telegraphers sometimes take beginners into the office and teach them gratuitously for the help they can afterward give, and you had better apply to the nearest ones.

DESDEMONA.—Can give no opinion of white glycerine. It probably has some mineral white in it.

BOSTONIA.—A sulphur vapor bath can not be taken for the face only, because of two reasons. First, no application or treatment of the face only will improve the complexion while the rest of the body is not in the best condition; and secondly, if this were otherwise, the sulphur vapor would strangle one. The greatest care is always taken in giving this bath to prevent the vapor from reaching the face, or from being breathed. It can not be taken with safety in private bath-rooms.

MOTHER GOOSE.—Letter received too late for answer. The nose machine is a London invention—the cost of importing it is about $12. The thimbles are a private invention, and can be procured here. There was no stamp inclosed with your letter.

ADONIS.—Operations to reduce the cartilage of the nose have been successful. A skillful surgeon would be the proper person to consult.

EVERY mother who has a crying baby, or children subject to croup and stomach-complaints, can rely upon Castoria to keep the child well and give it rest. There are but few nurses in New York who do not use Castoria. It should be in every house.—[*Com.*]

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND.—It is susceptible of easy proof that the Sewing-Machine has been a greater blessing to the American people than any invention of the present century. Nothing else has done so much to save the lives and health of the wives and mothers, and the patient overworked women of the land who, as a class, most needed relief from the burdens of every-day life. Every father and husband fails in his duty if he neglects to endow his house with such a triumph of science as the Wilson Underfeed Sewing-Machine. It is the cheapest and best Sewing-Machine ever offered. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The Company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

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USE PERRY'S
Moth and Freckle Lotion.
It is reliable and harmless.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE, BLACKHEADS, AND FLESHWORMS, use Perry's IMPROVED COMEDONE and Pimple Remedy—the Great Skin Medicine. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Back or Waterfall Curls—full sets Naturally Curly.

Size.	My Price.	Retails for	Long single Curls (heavy) natur'ly curly	
Medium,	$7.00	$10 00	22 in hair, only	$3·00
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BEST FRIZ WEFT OR FACE CURLS, . . . 50 cents per yard.
NATURALLY CURLY, FRIZ WEFT CURLS, . $1.00 per yard.
LATEST STYLE.—Spanish Comb, Imitation Shell, sent prepaid on receipt of $1.50...everybody wearing them.
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Almost every family possesses some hair of deceased relatives, which can be made into beautiful pictures, forming imperishable and unchangeable mementoes and handsome household ornaments. Either of the above designs appropriately framed 4 x 6 inches, sent prepaid on receipt of $10.00. The above is the very best method of preserving the hair in its original color, and is now being extensively adopted by all who wish to preserve such as relics to perpetuate the memory of the departed. Have one made. You will surely order others on seeing how really artistic the work is done. Will return all hair not used. Established 1843. CHAS. V. PECKHAM, *Near Amity St. (Copyright secured.)* 687 *Broadway, N. Y. City.*
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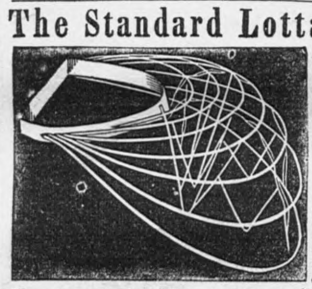

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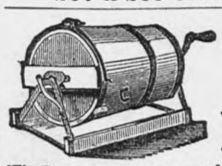

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As I have had numerous complaints from ladies who have been led astray by unscrupulous imitators of my advertisements, and bought inferior goods, I call the attention of the ladies to 364 Bowery, cor. 4th Street, which entire building I occupy.
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FACETIÆ.

NOT long since a young Kentuckian paid his undivided attention to one of the fair sex, and concluded to pop the question. After much stammering and hesitation the young lady exclaimed, "I am partially engaged, but my mother wants to marry!"

THE SPOT FOR HUSBANDS WITH SCOLDING WIVES—Shrews-bury.

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LADY OF THE HOUSE. "Well, Millicent, how do you like your new horse, 'Roland?'"

MILLICENT. "Oh, immensely! But he wants a firm hand, you know. He'd very soon run away with me, if I gave him a chance; wouldn't he, Robert?"

ROBERT (*first cousin to Millicent*). "Run away with you, if you gave him a chance? By George, if I can judge of 'Roland's' feelings by my own, *I should just think he would!*"

SPORTING.—An Irish horse-trainer has just christened one of his stud "The Top o' the Morning." They say it's a roarer.

Why didn't a dog want a place in the ark?—Because he had a bark of his own.

"Which is the plainest—you, I, or So-and-so?" asked a young lady. "Well, I don't know," replied her friend. "Anyhow, you are the querist."

Why is a sword like beer?—Because it is of no use till it is drawn.

Why is the root of the tongue like a dejected man?—Because it is down in the mouth.

A COMPANION GAME TO PARLOR CROQUET—Cricket on the hearth.

JUVENILE NEGROES—Black kids, to be sure.

The latest *mode de Paris* is to have one's furs trimmed with lace, which is something like having hot plum-pudding with ice-cream sauce.

MORAL SONG ON MONEY.

Money is not happiness;
Wealth may coexist with gout;
Buys the physic, ne'ertheless,
Which you can't be cured without.

Money is not mutton—no;
Money is not beer or wine;
But to lack it is to owe
Grievous bills, or not to dine.

Money occupies the purse;
Happiness is in the mind;
Else its state is the reverse—
Woe with indigence combined.

Happiness you purchase through
Money that you wisely spend.
Money is the means unto
Happiness, and that's the end.

Who can keep a conscience clear,
Who can have a mind at rest,
That of ruin lives with fear
Ever gnawing at his breast?

Others' happiness your own
Would you render if you could?
'Tis by money's aid alone
You can do your Species good.

Happiness he may, below,
Find, with money who abounds;
None else can until they go
To the Happy Hunting-grounds.

Money when a man decries,
Ten to one his bond is due,
And that presently he tries
Out of cash to swindle you.

On dit the Shah has been asked to stay a week longer than he at first proposed, but he says he Shahn't.

Let us hope that the weather the Shah experienced on his arrival in London will not continue, otherwise, instead of "Queen's weather," the saying it is "Shahery" weather may become proverbial. Had the "August" monarch not come so early as "June," he might have had a "warmer" reception; anyhow, we trust the Shah's visit may prove a happy one—*weather* or no.

A Danbury man, who bought a new pair of boots on Saturday, says a ship may stand on one tack all night if it wants to, but he finds an hour and a half to be an elegant sufficiency.

MAUVE ON!

Some one with a poor eye for color has described the Shah's favorite white horse with the mauve-tinted tail as "the pink of perfection."

Some young men are a little partial to blue-eyed maidens; others like dark-eyed lasses; but the money-eyed girls have the most admirers.

WHAT REPUBLICANS SHOULD SHUN—Empir-icism.

An amusing story of Messier, the great French comet seeker, is related by Mr. R. A. Proctor. The discovery of a new comet seemed to him more important than the gravest earthly events. His wife's last illness interfered with his astronomical work to such an extent that a rival succeeded in detecting a comet for which both were on the watch. A friend who met him a short time after Madame Messier's death condoled with him on that sad loss. "Ah," responded the man of science, "it was hard—was it not?—that after all my watching I was obliged to leave my telescope just when the comet came!"

A leading London professor of the Terpsichorean art received the following letter: "Sir,—Being anxious to learn dancing, I write to know how long you would think I would take to become proficient. You will also kindly state your terms, and let me know if it would not be possible to instruct me by letter, as I should not like to leave Nottingham, for if I learn, it will be simply for the sake of a young lady residing here. Hoping to receive an early answer, believe me, etc."

COURTEOUS VERDICTS.—A coroner's jury, impaneled to ascertain the cause of the death of a notorious drunkard, brought in a verdict of "Death by hanging—around a rum shop." In California a coroner's jury, under similar circumstances, rendered a more courteous verdict: "Accidental death while unpacking a glass."

A young lady on the third tier of the opera proposed this riddle to a married gentleman while he was looking up admiringly at her from the stalls: "Why is a hen-pecked husband like an opera-hat?" He said, "As you are apparently so much more elevated than I am, I give it up." She replied, "Because he's very big when he's out, but immediately shuts up when he gets home." He responded by the following: "We are told that there is nothing made in vain. But how about a pretty young girl? Isn't she maiden vain?"

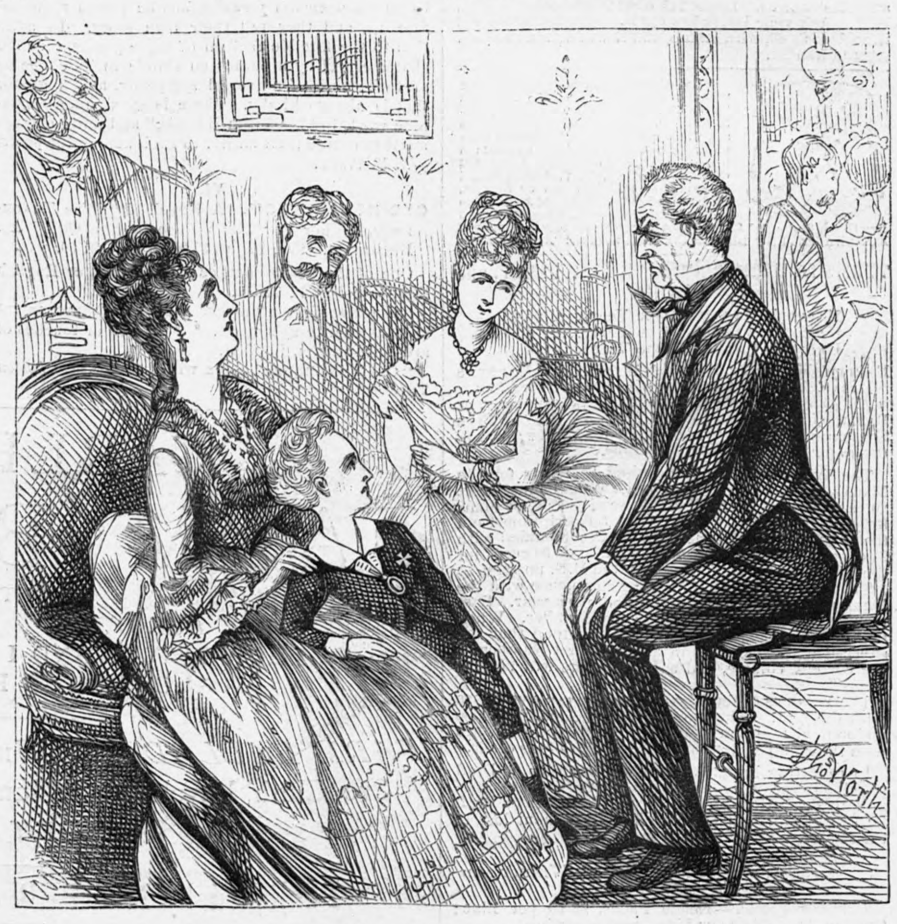
"What do I think of London, ask ye?" said an old Stirling worthy, on being asked his opinion of the great metropolis. "What do I think o't? It's just a lump of good ground spoiled with stane and lime."

A colored man entered the office of the clerk of the court, and advancing to where the deputy was busily engaged, he produced a marriage-license, for which he had paid the legal fee a few days before. "Boss," said he, poking the license under the nose of the absorbed deputy. "What is it?" was the impatient response. "Boss," continued the darky, "de lady declines dis document, and I fotch it in to get my money back." It was consoling to the darky to be told that some men went further and fared worse, but when assured his money could not be returned, he turned indignantly on his double-soled pumps and muttered, as he made his exit, "Ebery body's gone back on de document."

This story comes from Maine. A man in Portland married a widow. She had a fashion, which is too common among ladies who have buried a man, of giving him glowing accounts of the angelic virtues of the dear departed. As a prohibition law is in force in Maine, he could not drown his sorrows in liquor, so he nerved his soul to take a terrible revenge. One night when his wife was sleeping soundly, perhaps dreaming of the "first" victim of her charms, he arose from his bed, took a sledge-hammer, and deliberately raising it to his shoulders, he marched to the grave-yard, and smashed the tombstone of his dead rival into little bits. Now, when his wife says any thing about the virtues of the dead man, he replies, "It may be all very true, old gal; but he can't smash my tombstone. There's where I'm ahead."

HUSBAND. "Isn't it a little rough on me, my dear, to keep your First Husband's picture so conspicuously before folks?"

WIFE. "Now, George, that's unkind! In case any thing should happen, wouldn't I be only too Glad to put yours beside his?"



PRECOCIOUS NUISANCE. "Uncle, do you know of what Great Event in history this is the anniversary?"

UNCLE. "Yes; a little boy was Spanked and put to Bed for boring people at an evening party with Historical Questions."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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PLEATED-WAIST WALKING SUIT—FRONT AND BACK—WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

[Cut Paper Patterns of the Pleated-waist Walking Suit, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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TWILIGHT.

WHEN through the paling sunset tints
The evening-star swings clear and white,
I listen o'er the hills for her
Who brings to me my one delight.
Down the far western slopes she comes,
All slow and nun-like, draped in gray;
Her thoughtful brow, her steadfast eyes,
Press back the crowding cares of day.

More calm than hopeless winter's clouds;
More sad than autumn's gray gold haze;
But full of strength as angels' eyes,
She rolls the stone from buried days.
She lays her fingers on mine eyes,
And breathes her magic in mine ear,
And then I see, or seem to see—
And know not if I dream or hear.

But all the dear lost shadows pass:
Their eyes reproach me that I stay;
Like dying winds at fall of night,
Their voices win my soul away.
The sunshine of the fair dead days
Gleams faintly through their misty hair,
And the pale, awful smile of death
Replaces that they loved to wear.

The scents, the hues, of vanished springs,
The sun-bright blooms of summer-time,
And autumn's fullness live again,
And sparkles hoar December's rime.
The fields wave greenly down the slope,
And children chase the lambs at play,
And, shouting, count the daisy cups
Among the shining ricks of hay.

And eyes of love light all the earth,
Like some intensest glance of God,
And youth and faith, and hope and truth,
And all the pleasant ways we trod.
They live! they live! One little hour
Renews the joys of perished years:
The wordless, slow processions pass,
And leave me to my silent tears.

Pleated-waist Walking Suit.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

See illustration on first page.

THIS pretty suit is the most comfortable morning or négligé dress that can be worn for the heats of summer. It comprises a three-pleat blouse-waist, an apron-front over-skirt, draped gracefully in a pouf behind, and a walking skirt, just clearing the ground. In the original the blouse-waist is of white linen with blue polka dots, and the over-skirt and skirt of dark blue linen, trimmed with folds and flounces of the material, arranged in a tablier in front. The suit may, of course, be made of any material, and trimmed to suit the taste. The pattern of the blouse-waist is also well suited to thicker material—silk, cloth, or flannel—for the fall and winter.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS suit comprises three garments—three-pleat waist, over-skirt, and walking skirt.

THREE-PLEAT WAIST.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, back, sleeve, and cuff. The perforations show where to baste the seams and to lay the pleats; those in the top of the sleeve show the size and form of the under part. The notches show how to put the pattern together. Cut the front with the longest straight edge laid on the edge of the goods. Cut the back, sleeve, and cuff with the longest straight edge of each laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Bring the two lines of perforations nearest the middle of the back evenly together on the under side, and join in a seam as far as the holes extend; this will form a box-pleat, which must be tacked at the waist line. Lay another pleat on each side of this in the same manner. Turn the edge of the front under at the top and bottom, and form a box-pleat on the outside. Lay a box-pleat on each side of this in the same way as those formed in the back. The sleeves are sewed in the armhole plain, and the bottom is joined with a slight fullness to the cuff. A pleated upright ruffle trims the neck. Close the front with buttons and button-holes. Put the pattern together by the notches. Baste the seams according to the perforations. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the shoulder and under-arm seams, and a quarter of an inch for all others.

Quantity of material, a yard wide, 3 yards.

OVER-SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, side gore, straight breadth, and back breadth. Cut the front with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid a seam. Lay two side pleats, turning upward, in the front edge of the side breadth according to the notches near the top. Put the pattern together by the remaining notches. Lay three pleats, turning upward, in the middle of the side gore according to the holes, placing the first three holes from the lower edge evenly together, forming the first pleat. Cut two tapes eight inches long, tack one end of each about one inch on each side of the middle of the back on the belt, and the other end at the single hole on the middle of the back breadth. Sew a small fancy button at the single hole near the top of the side breadth, and a small loop at the single hole near the front edge of the same breadth. Tapes tacked to the second side seam should be tied behind on the tournure for draping. The skirt is trimmed around the bottom with a ruffle of the material four inches deep, laid in very small side pleats. The skirt is joined with gathers at the back, and plain on the side gore and front, to a belt of the material.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 5½ yards.
Extra for ruffle, 2 yards.

WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front gore, two side gores, and straight breadth for the back. Cut the front gore and back breadth with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Cut two pieces each of the pattern given for the side gores.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 7 yards.
Extra for trimming, 5½ yards.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1873.

☞ With the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for August 2 was sent out gratuitously a beautifully illustrated

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing a further installment of LORD LYTTON'S new Novel, "THE PARISIANS;" a thrilling love-story, illustrated; and other literary and pictorial attractions.

With the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for August 9 will be sent out gratuitously a splendidly illustrated EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing a large variety of literary and artistic attractions.

☞ A Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY contains more reading matter than an average octavo volume. The most popular authors of England and America write constantly for the WEEKLY; and as a journal of choice reading, combined with pictorial embellishments of the very highest order, it leaves every competitor in the distance.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the Pleated-waist Walking Suit, illustrated on the first page, and of the Double-breasted Jockey Basque Walking Suit, illustrated on page* 508 *of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents each. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 511.

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a choice variety of patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' Linen, Foulard, Muslin, and Silk Summer Walking and House Dresses, Mantelets, Blouse-Waists, Fichus, Jackets, etc.; Children's Summer Suits; Parasols; Card-Receivers; Knife-Cases; Work-Baskets; Embroidery Patterns, etc.; with rich pictorial and literary attractions.*

AN OCCASION FOR SILENCE.

AT this happy season of the year, when so many newly made wives are off on the pleasuring of their honey-moon and bridal tour, most of us who meet the fair brides would suppose that the dignity of wifehood was something that needed no amplification. For these young queens who have just come into their kingdom carry themselves as young queens should, insist on their prerogative, and feel that they have taken their proper place in the world which was little less than made for them.

Sometimes the spectators are those who stand on one side and admire or criticise indifferently the pageant of the day as it passes by, sometimes they are sympathizers, sometimes enviers, and sometimes they are other wives—other but less happy wives, who have been through the bright play, and have come out on the dark and lonely side, and who look on sadly and scornfully while these young creatures move before them, their thoughts and inner lives as plainly to be read by them as revelers who disport themselves in lighted rooms are to be seen by those standing in the night outside.

It is this class of spectators who smile grimly at the new dignity of the young wives, who disdain it and satirize it, and who, by being able to satirize it, betray themselves, since—if they will pardon us for saying so—they owe some portion of their own misfortunes to the fact that they never did appreciate the dignity of wifehood even in themselves, and that all their lives have failed to teach them the use of a proper silence—silence, that crucible in which so many strong and precious things dissolve and coalesce.

They entered upon marriage themselves, these disdainful wives, probably with but small reflection concerning the responsibilities they assumed, the duties they undertook; aware of little at the time but their affection for their young husbands; accepting without a thought the old unspoken idea that they are the ciphers and their husbands the integers in the social arithmetic; yielding every moot-point through love in the beginning, till presently it was demanded through custom. They felt it then a nice thing to be married; to have the new title and the new name; to be able to wear the things forbidden to young maidens, such as point lace and satins and diamonds, if within their reach; to be handed out to dinner before their unmarried companions; to have a trousseau, and live in an atmosphere of new gowns and bonnets; to go on a journey, stay in a hotel, and see the world; to be mistress of a house, and receive a social consideration impossible before. They danced into church and out of church, and off on their wedding-tours, with hardly a more serious sentiment; they made their responses before the altar while pondering whether their trains were swept out to the full length or curled round their feet, and if it would be death to all effect should they look to see. "Did I love Charles?" said one of them, recounting the scene. "Of course I did, or else what was I there for? But what a ridiculous question it seemed when I was trying to remember whether Lucy had put my curling-tongs into the dressing-bag!"

How much idea of the dignity of a wife belongs to the person who in such a spirit has the dignity conferred upon her? How fully can she realize the great part she is called upon to fill when she thinks of nothing but pleasure, appearances, and vanity? The guardian of her husband's happiness, the keeper of the honor of a race, the probable mother of a line of men and women, she disagrees about the hour for breakfast, quarrels concerning the frequenters of the house, sulks for the sake of a new bonnet, bickers over this trifle and the other, makes home a place of discomfort, and then goes about with a whine, as if it was all of it his disgrace and none of it hers that her husband has ceased to love her.

Perhaps it is in certain instances his disgrace as much as hers, perhaps even more. Indeed, by some miracle of nature or grace, she may not be in fault at all, and he may prove, without blame due her, a fickle and neglectful or a brutal man. But, be she innocent as Eve, she is the last person to proclaim the trouble, even by so much as that disdainful smile when the new and untried wife goes gayly by. It argues little for her discernment that she chose such a poor husband originally. And, in reality, it is extremely unlikely, it is one case in a thousand, that she is altogether faultless in the difficulties; unlikely that she studied her husband's temperament and possibilities as faithfully as she might; unlikely that she has herself resisted all temptation; unlikely that she has in every thing sought her husband's happiness before her own; unlikely that she has done her whole duty, regardless of whether he has done his or not.

Not that we at all argue for any thing like an abject submission or slavery on the wife's part. We merely insist upon the truth, and the application of the truth, that love seeketh not its own; and since there is one way usually to preserve a husband's love—namely, by the preservation of his happiness—if, then, a wife either deliberately or thoughtlessly separates her own happiness from her husband's, prefers her own gratification to his—prefers, in fact, her own pleasure to her husband's love—she then has no more right to complain that she receives exactly what she has bargained for than she would have a right to complain that her addition of two and two did not make five.

It is true that husbands are not always perfect—are often far from perfect. We confess to doubts of their full performance of duty. We think they are a great deal too apt to regard their wives as so much of their property; to insist that they shall be happy only in their (the husbands') way; to be stingy and selfish and tyrannical. We know that the world is full of martyrs without the palm. But that is neither here nor there in the question of the wife's perfectness; and we would have her, not only for her own sake, but for the sake of all future women, acquit herself of every prescribed obligation though the heavens fall.

> "What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be
> Than make his foe more worthy far than he?"

said some one deserving of attention; and if she desires vengeance, she never can take it in a nobler way. And she can not acquit herself of her obligations if she makes her world ring with the tale of her troubles. In fact, we know of but few more weak and contemptible objects than the woman who goes about whining over the miseries of an uncongenial marriage, and setting her husband's faults in array before her acquaintances—before her acquaintances, for her friends will try to hush her. If she is childless, the course is humiliating and useless; it does her no good, but, on the contrary, harm; for the spoken word must be supported by the open deed, lest witnesses should condemn her poor spirit. The gap is twice as wide as when she held her wrongs in her own bosom. When she broke her silence she burned her bridge behind her; her listener became a barrier she could never cross in return; for a terrible mischief is done by the third party thus brought into the action. But if she is not childless, if there are those that bear her name and his, then she is twice as culpable in her complaints, for she spreads the disgrace of her children upon the winds; and she reaches the superlative degree of folly and of viciousness when to her children she dilates upon their father's wrong-doing. If they have eyes, they can see it for themselves; and they will honor her with a double honor for the speechless endurance that crowns her with an aureole in their affection and remembrance. Let her husband be ever so wrong in his treatment of herself, she has no right to make it harder for the children to yield him reverence; she has no right to rob him of his children's love. Let him rob himself, she need not be a party to the crime. Silence, then, we affirm, is something to be maintained by the wife who values the dignity of her estate—silence as to her happiness, silence as to her woes. That she can never regret; but the opposite thing is like a two-edged weapon, that may cut the hand which wields it. The flower which with the ancients was the symbol of Love was also the symbol of Silence. And so in this age of too free unbosoming let all wives take to heart and remember the old poet's invocation to this same silence:

> "Thou that art
> Flood-gate of the deeper heart,
> Offspring of a heavenly kind,
> Frost o' the mouth and thaw o' the mind,
> Secrecy's confidant, and he
> Who makes religion mystery....
> With thy enthusiasms come,
> Seize our tongues and strike us dumb!"

SLEEP: AN EXHORTATION THEREUNTO.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

THE one requisite to good health, good looks, sweet temper, prosperity in business, and general success in life, is sleep. I do not know whether we shall be able, as MATTHEW ARNOLD says, to "hit it off happily" with SOLOMON. It is, perhaps, not quite easy to tell exactly what he had in his mind; but if he meant that people should try to cut down their sleep to the smallest possible allowance, it may be superfluous, but it is certainly irresistible, to remark that I do not agree with him. But he probably did not mean that. He certainly would not be likely to differ from me.

The necessity of sleep, it may be admitted, is a disagreeable necessity. To turn aside from all the pleasures of life, from the sweet consciousness of existence, to give over thought and love and memory and hope—all plans and pursuits—and go down into forgetfulness or unconsciousness, is, or seems to be, an unspeakable loss. It is a death, temporary, but imperious and ever-recurring. Yet it is so universal, so gradual, so natural, that we yield to it not only without dread, but with delight. In the silent splendor of star-lit nights, which seem to put us on a brotherly footing with the whole universe, in the blackness of nights that know no star, when we seem to be standing alone in the solitude of eternity, life is too fascinating, and we begrudge a moment lost; but even then, without will, against will, the heavy eyelids droop, and, all unhindered, the sly soul slips away into some remote recess of the brain to lie in ambush for the rising dawn and the strong new world.

If we could have been made to get along without sleep, I should like it better, but since sleep we must, why should we quarrel with fate? Our ancestors, stanch men in many regards, have yet done the world harm by their indiscriminate abuse of sleep. One would think, to read some books, that slumber was an invention of the Evil One, to be repressed and snubbed continually. On the contrary, sleep comes nearer being a panacea than any pill or potion ever concocted. We do, indeed, yield to the truth of history so far as to tell children of beauty-sleep, and bid them go to bed early; but we forget all about it in the morning, and stimulate them to early rising. Indeed, ignorance and folly sometimes go so far as to awaken children for the purpose of getting them up, which is just not murder in the first degree. Lay it down as the rule of family life that nobody is to be waked by external means. There may be extraordinary circumstances which justify a violation of the rule. If the house is on fire, and hand and steam engines fail to extinguish the flames, sleepers must be aroused; but even then begin with those nearest the fire, and bestir others only as the danger advances. I suppose it is absolutely certain that when a man has slept long enough he will wake of his own accord.

The time at which sleep is taken is of less account than the amount of sleep. If it can be had in darkness, doubtless that is best; but sleep by daylight is a good thing too. Some people take credit to themselves for accomplishing much before breakfast, but after breakfast you are constantly finding them napping on the sofa or nodding in the lounging-chair. What superior virtue is there in sleeping by installment to sleeping in the lump? Some people are called lazy because

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they take a nap after a noonday dinner; but the efficiency of their waking hours is a sufficient justification for their mid-day repose. Sleep any where and every where is good. Ministers complain if here and there a member of their congregation grows drowsy; but as I look around and see the hard-working men and women, all clean and fresh and smooth in their Sunday suits, sheltered from sun, released from toil, and soothed by the pleasant voice of a well-beloved pastor into a slightly unsteady but richly earned repose, I bless them unaware. Not the least of the many benefits wrought us by the clergy is the sweet somnolence which so gently and benignly broods over a weary and happy congregation on a sultry Sunday afternoon. Fore-ordination and free-will may be hard to reconcile; moral and natural responsibility may be difficult of discrimination; the bearing of election on duty is not easy to see; but no man can go into an airy, pleasant church, sit down in peace among his friends and neighbors, and fall softly asleep to the sound of holy words from holy lips, without great gain to the life that now is, and, I believe and trust, with no loss to that which is to come.

As for NAPOLEON and the others who are brandished over us as having wrought their great deeds on four hours' sleep, in the first place I do not believe a word of it, and in the second place, if they did, it was but an exception; and we might just as well put our eyes out because HOMER wrote the *Iliad* without any, as to rub open our eyes at four o'clock in the morning because NAPOLEON slept four hours in his saddle. One man's need is no rule for another man's life. There is but one infallible rule for the sleepers, that every one sleeps till he wakes of himself; and for the awake, that they shut the doors softly, so as not to disturb those who are asleep. This is the whole duty of man.

If one should desire a few little secondary rules, it might be well to warn him against self-glorification. Neither rising early availeth any thing, nor rising late. The wise man who used to rise with the sun or before it in our copy-books may have been foolish in so doing, but must have been foolish if he based his wisdom on his early rising. The question is, what does he do after he is up? The early bird has been catching the worm for many generations, but I never heard that the late bird starved for lack of worms; and what of the owl and the bat, who do not get up at all till honest folks are in bed?

Ah, no! SOLOMON'S sluggard was doubtless a worthless fellow, who slept as lazily as he wrought, and did every thing by halves. When a sound soul craves a little more sleep, a little more slumber, it is a sign that he needs it, and his first duty is to take it. Nature knows when there has been sleep enough, and makes us aware by the clear brain and the steady nerve and the blood alert; and then there needs not bell nor voice, but only the inward prompting, to set our life astir.

Sleep is the preventive and the cure of disease. Lack of sleep opens the door to every malady under heaven. Sleep, the shadow of death, is the minister of life. Plunder of sleep may give a phantom of life, but it is the herald and the preparer of death.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

PLEATED WAISTS.

THE pleated-waist dress illustrated on our first page, and of which a cut paper pattern is published, is an excellent model for house dresses, and is worn in midsummer both in the street and house. This box-pleated blouse-waist is usually of white linen or some cool washing fabric, while the skirts are dark goods that are not easily soiled, such as Napoleon blue linen or else black silk. Instead of a five-pleated blouse, the waist now most in favor has but three broad box-pleats in front, and a corresponding number in the back. The middle front pleat is like that in a gentleman's shirt front, formed by turning back the material from the front edge and stitching it down flatly near each side. Three eyelet-holes for stud buttons with spiral screws are put down the middle of this pleat. The remaining box-pleats are merely sewed down and opened. Sewing-machine stitching is used for these; but many prefer to merely "run" these pleats, as there is no strain upon them, and machine-work is apt to draw when washed. The blouse is lengthened to extend over the hips, passing under the skirts; the pleats are sewed to the waist line only, and a facing for drawing-strings is then put around the waist. The shoulder seams are very short, and the sleeves when set in should reach the point of the shoulders. The neck is finished by a pleated ruff that may be worn standing all around, or else with the fronts turned over in a point, and pressed flatly like the English collars. The neck band should be fastened with a collar button of gold or pearl to match the studs and sleeve buttons, and this dispenses with a warm neck-tie. The shirt sleeve is slightly full, and gathered into a narrow cuff that slopes wider toward the hand, and is buttoned on the outside of the wrist. Sometimes a pleated frill falls over the wrist, matching that around the neck. Patterns and pretty models for sleeves and collars were given in *Bazar* No. 31, Vol. VI.

White linens, with stripes or polka dots of black, blue, or scarlet, are the favorite materials for pleated blouses this summer. Among stripes fine hair lines are chosen; polka dots are about the size of a pea, and are placed quite far apart. Such linens cost 60 cents a yard. Sheer linen lawns are also used, and are bought in the same designs for 30 cents. Entire dresses of linen lawn are made by this pattern, with prettily ruffled skirt and over-skirt; the model is also excellent for summer prints and percales. Undressed gray flax linen makes useful blouses for morning and country wear, and has a certain air of style when worn with black skirts of silk or alpaca. The English standing collar with turned-over points in front, and the square shirt cuff with broken points, are used for gray blouses. Sailor blouses are of blue linen, or else navy flannel, with square collars, on which white anchors or stars are wrought. Very dressy blouses of thin white muslin have bands of embroidery or of Valenciennes insertion let in between the pleats. Black Brussels and guipure net blouses are also very stylish with silk skirts. A band of black velvet ribbon, with narrow edging on each side, is placed down the middle of each box-pleat; others have a puff between the pleats, and colored ribbon is run through the puff.

The over-skirt illustrated is a full, long, ample, round over-skirt, stylishly draped. In the picture given the over-skirt is of the dark material of the lower skirt, but variety is given to the wardrobe by having the upper skirt and blouse of the same light fabric with a dark skirt beneath. Thus imperfect remnants of eight yards of any pretty muslin may be utilized, and a graceful over dress made; this quantity will not be sufficient for a ruffle on the edge, and a bias fold is used instead.

THE DOUBLE-BREASTED JOCKEY BASQUE.

A cut paper pattern is also published of the double-breasted jockey basque walking suit illustrated on page 508. This design is appropriate for both rich and plain materials. The suit copied in the engraving is of two shades of plum-colored silk; dark linens and percales look well made by this pattern; wool de baize, alpaca, and tamise cloth may also be made in this fashion, with a view to the future, as it is said double-breasted garments will be quite as popular in the autumn as they are at present. The jockey basque is of very simple shape, fitted smoothly by the two necessary darts in front, side forms, and a seam down the middle of the back. The fullness below the waist behind is folded under in flat pleats, and held in place by rows of buttons, like the basques of riding-habits, for which this pattern would serve as a model. The bias band for trimming is of a lighter shade of material than the body of the dress; in silk suits this band is lined with foundation muslin, and sewed on by blind stitches; on washing fabrics the band is stitched on by machine. The revers neck and collar is pointed in front, but is high enough to dispense with a habit shirt, if preferred, and require only a standing ruff of muslin, crêpe lisse, or lace. The over-skirt differs from that of the pleated-waist skirt in having a rounded smooth apron cut in a shape that is very becoming to stout figures. The trimming on the lower skirt is flat lengthwise pleats in front, with horizontal ruffles behind.

SCARFS AND MANTLES.

Long straight scarfs and old-fashioned mantillas are the imported wraps worn at the seaside. They are made of camel's-hair of pale turquoise blue or mignonette green, and of striped Algerian stuffs, and are edged with colored yak or guipure lace, above which is a band of insertion let in the material. Mouzaia, a moss-striped raw silk fabric mentioned early in the season, is much worn abroad for these négligé mantles. Pretty striped talmas with long pointed hoods are made of gay striped wool fabrics, and called Ortolan mantles: they cost from $4 upward.

NOVELTIES.

Over-skirts deeply pointed on the sides and clinging to the figure are worn abroad. They are made of twilled India silk, China crape, or any soft flexible fabric, are edged with knotted fringe, or else lace and insertion, and are worn over white muslin or tulle dresses.

Raised embroideries in colored silks and wool are favorite trimmings on French dresses of foulard and other silken fabrics. Every hue of the flower and leaf is represented, instead of the modest designs now wrought in one color, tone upon tone. Embroidered laces are also announced as a garniture, used specially by Worth on very dressy toilettes.

There is an effort abroad to bring into favor what is called the Restoration sleeve, viz., a close sleeve with a large puff at the top. This is unbecoming, as it gives an appearance of too great breadth, and destroys the graceful slope of tapering shoulders.

EVENING DRESSES.

White silk is, of all others, the material most used for imported ball dresses. Crêpe lisse pleatings, ruffs, and fichus are used for trimming, associated with those crystal, frost-like beads the French call white jet. A pretty white silk dress for a débutante's first ball has eight crêpe lisse pleatings on the three front breadths, with four lengthwise bands of green silk embroidered with white jet; the demi-train is untrimmed; an upper skirt covers the back breadths only; the châtelaine waist has a bertha of crêpe lisse and beads. A white silk dress for a young matron has a demi-train entirely without trimming. The long round apron-front over-skirt has two pleatings of crêpe lisse, headed by a puff of black velvet dotted with crimson roses. Deeply fringed black velvet bows, and a sash with rose branches stuck in the loops, are used to drape the skirt. The low Josephine bodice has a bertha of lisse and velvet. The jewelry is dark coral, and a spray of coral is worn in the blonde hair.

Among other tasteful French dresses is a novel combination of lavender and rose silk. The simple dress is lavender silk, low corsage, untrimmed trained skirt, and a tablier over-skirt. The back of the train is caught up in a puff, and held there by the ends of a coquettish fichu which is made of rose-colored silk, trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and lace. The arms are left bare, but the fichu is half high, almost covering the neck, and is finished with a high ruff of lace. Pink roses are in the back hair. Large lavender silk fan with a rose branch painted upon it.

Dresses are also made of crêpe lisse, and trimmed with silk festooned ruffles. Shiny white taffeta silk is more effective than lustrous grain, and is also less heavy on the delicate crape foundation.

COUNTRY HATS.

Hats chosen for the country are of most eccentric shapes, and are by no means displaced by bonnets, as was predicted by milliners early in the season. The Florida hats of fanciful shape, coarse-looking Mackinaw straws, and the Panama hats worn by gentlemen, are the favorites for watering-place wear. The brim is turned up on one side, or else behind, and a bunch of flowers is stuck there. Every thing like regularity or primness is avoided, and the consequence is, a picturesque hat is obtained. Part of the style of these chapeaux consists in wearing them far back on the head, or else on one side, in a careless-looking fashion. The hair is arranged in a small braided knot, and hidden out of sight in the crown of the hat.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

JOHN STUART MILL sometimes got into the mellowest humor, and went into anecdote with great zest; always talked well. He had a deep dislike to GOETHE'S moral character, and wondered how a man who could draw the sorrows of a deserted woman like Aurelia, in *Wilhelm Meister*, could behave so systematically ill to women. Turning from GOETHE to SCHILLER was like going into the fresh air from a hot-house. He thought GOLDSMITH unsurpassed; next to him ADDISON; disliked the style of Junius and GIBBON, and thought meanly of the latter in all respects except for his research, which alone of the work of that century stands the best of nineteenth-century criticism.

—Judge ROBERTSON, of Virginia, who died on the 5th of July, at the age of eighty-eight, was a lineal descendant of POCAHONTAS. So was the late Dr. HAWKS, of this city.

—Rev. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., a man of note among English Congregationalists, and author of *Ecce Deus*, is coming hither in the autumn to lecture.

—Mr. A. T. STEWART, who sailed for Europe on the 15th ult. for a couple of months' relaxation from business, needed the vacation. He could have stood the expense for a year or more past, but the bother was about the time. He has so many irons in the fire that it takes a rolling-mill to keep them torrid.

—Madame RATAZZI, one of the wittiest women of latter days, when last in Paris saw at the house of a friend a picture of MICHELET, who, in point of cheerfulness, is quite equal to HUME or ALISON, and wrote under it the following:

"MICHELET, dont voici l'image,
Offre un contraste assez plaisant;
Il réveille le moyen âge
Et fait dormir l'âge présent."

—The King of Italy has just presented to the Empress of Russia a nice little thing in the way of furniture—a table of marvelous mosaic, from the studio of ENRICO BOST, of Florence. It is round, four feet in diameter, and represents Apollo and the nine Muses.

—Philadelphia has another citizen emulous of the fame of GIRARD. Mr. LEWIS AUDENRIED, an opulent gentleman of that city, has given $100,000 in seven per cent. first mortgage bonds, the interest of which is to be paid to any hospital or hospitals in Philadelphia, whether connected with a medical college or not, that may be designated by his friend Dr. WILLIAM FORBES.

—Very French and very good is this squib from a recent Paris journal at the expense of the French ministry: A gentleman lately presented himself at the residence of a new minister. "I wish to see Monsieur X——, if you please." "He does not live here just now; he is installed at Versailles." "Since when?" "Since he became a member of the cabinet." "Ah, he has entered the new cabinet! Be good enough to allow me to sit down a moment. I will wait till he goes out of office."

—The Shah has clear views as to persons likely to endanger thrones. He therefore thought he was doing the kindly and correct thing when he told the Prince of Wales, as one potentate might tell another, that the undoubtedly proper manœuvre for him to perform on the Duke of Sutherland was at once to kill him, for the obvious reason that a subject so rich and powerful as the duke could not exist without endangering the throne. "Or," said the Shah, "if you can not cut his throat, at least you can put out his eyes." And when told that this, if not improper, would still be regarded as discourteous, he settled into the conviction that there could be little security for a dynasty which possessed so slight authority over its subjects.

—M. DAUBREE, an eminent geologist, is coaching up M. THIERS on the question of rocks and things. THIERS is preparing to write an essay on the destiny of mankind. He will first "go for" DARWIN. THIERS is pretty old, and has lost the velvet from his lovely cheek, but there's a good deal of vim in him yet, and it would be pleasant for him, as his parting literary shot, to bring down the objectionable DARWIN.

—Kaiser WILLIAM is said to be losing his reason, and that the journey to St. Petersburg developed it rapidly. He never had a very strong head, though he had a good figure. Prince BISMARCK, it is known, has a habit of speaking of his imperial master in terms of contempt, and his allusions are not infrequent. He compares the reluctance with which the king entered on the dangerous ground over which Providence guided him in 1864 and 1866 to that which is felt by the inferior equine animals to the saltatory process which is needed to cross a wall. "Thrice had I to bring up the old gasson to the fence before I could get him to take the jump."

—The late JOHN H. EASTBURN was a good type of the Boston printer—industrious, frugal, intelligent. His printing-office he bequeathed to three workmen who had been long in his employ; $5000 gave he to the Franklin Typographical and other charitable societies, $10,000 to the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches. After providing amply for his widow and relations, the balance of his estate is given to the Boston Provident Society, the income to purchase food, clothing, and fuel for the poor of that city. What we especially like in the old gentleman's will is that he gave $1000 to his friend, and every body's friend, P. B. SHILLABER—"Mrs. Partington."

—One Dr. GLENN, of Colusa County, California, owns a little ranch which may fairly be called a nice patch of ground. It contains nearly 45,000 acres, embracing a frontage of eighteen miles on the Sacramento River, and extends back about five miles. He has two tenants who cultivate about 10,000 acres each, and many farmers who work on a smaller scale. G. W. HOOG, one of the two large tenants, is now cutting 7000 acres of wheat, which will yield about 180,000 bushels. He is threshing this grain with a machine which is run by an engine of twenty-horse power. To supply it requires twenty-four large wagons, 110 horses, and fifty men. And he seems to be happy.

—Queen VICTORIA has approved the recommendation of Mr. GLADSTONE granting to Dr. LIVINGSTONE a pension of $1500 a year. The King of Italy sent to his family a gold medal; but gold medals, though very nice, don't produce income. The English style of present is more comforting.

—JEAN INGELOW, it is said, does not write any after breakfast. Great many people in New York do not.

—Among the notable men described by EDMUND YATES as being present at the Guildhall ball to "Mr. Shaw, of Persia," was Mr. SCUDAMORE, second secretary of the Post-office, the man who induced the government to purchase the telegraphs, and under whose direction they have marvelously amplified and improved; a man of extraordinary powers of organization and official aptitude, joined with the pleasantest fancy and the brightest wit; a man who, in his early days, has written magazine articles and stories without end; who has contributed some of the neatest and most humorous verses to be found in the pages of *Punch;* and who, with the exception of DICKENS, is the best after-dinner orator E. YATES says he ever heard. By-the-way, Mr. YATES notices that "the Princess of Wales appeared with her hair knotted on the top of her head, thus setting the fashion, let us hope, for the abolition of those enormous chignons," etc. That comes of a man's trying to write about fashions. Just as if any body had worn chignons for a year past and more! We might have taught Mr. YATES better than that here in America!

—A recent visitor to Mrs. LEE, at Alexandria, Virginia, found her busily engaged coloring a bunch of autumn leaves destined for a fair to be held soon, the proceeds of which are to go toward erecting a memorial chapel to General LEE. Making fancy-work for this fair and coloring pictures is Mrs. LEE'S favorite occupation, and so eager is she to contribute to its success that she rises at five o'clock to begin her work.

—The Princess of Wales is having a private family visit from her sister, the Czarina of Russia. The two sisters bear a close resemblance to each other, and are two of the handsomest women of the age. Their frank, simple, gracious manners enchant every one, and no two young women were less spoiled by the affectations and artificialities of court life. They are to this hour as kindly and unassuming as when, in a quiet country home in Germany, they made up their own bonnets, and enjoyed their butter-bread at the frugal domestic table. They are deeply attached to each other, wear dresses of the same cut and color, and exhibit every mark of sisterly sympathy and affection.

—The Earl of Dunraven, who has banished himself temporarily from Great Britain to enjoy the pleasure of shooting large game in the very West, has secured the services of the Hon. WILLIAM F. CODY, or "Buffalo Bill," as a shooting companion. The earl is to be succeeded by a large number of aristocrats from that kingdom, bent upon bloody work on the plains.

—It is supposed that the Pope will soon bestow the hat of a cardinal on Archbishop MANNING, of England, and on two American archbishops. Of the latter, either Archbishop M'CLOSKEY or Archbishop BAILEY will probably be favored, while a Southern or Western prelate will have the other head-gear.

—The late WILLIAM WHITING, who left an estate of $715,000, was another of Boston's good citizens. It has transpired since his death that he refused compensation for the valuable services rendered by him to the government during the war, and for the delicate foreign mission on which he was sent.

—The memory of President JUAREZ is cherished in Mexico. Its government has decreed that a $50,000 monument shall be erected to his memory; the national flag displayed on his birthday; that each of his daughters shall have an annual pension of $3000 while single, and $1500 if married, and that his most successful biographer shall be paid $2000.

—Dr. RUSSELL, in a recent letter to the New York *Times*, presents the Prince of Wales in a character he has not been supposed to fill. "Few people," he says, "in England are aware of the deep interest taken by the Prince of Wales in the politics of his country in its external relations. He carries on an immense correspondence with the great people of Europe, and if the forms of our government and the jealousy of the House of Commons did not prevent his direct participation in affairs, he would be a most valuable minister *sans portefeuille* of our Foreign Secretary or Prime Minister. There is not a minister, a man of note in Europe, with whom he is not personally acquainted, and his wonderful insight into personal character serves him better than a long apprenticeship to blue-books and papers does other men."

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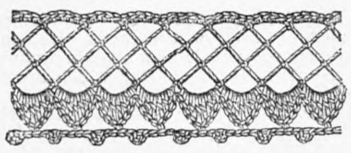


Fig. 1.—NETTED AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Lamp-Mat, Figs. 1-3.

To make this mat stiff lace, gray lining, and white tulle, as well as zephyr worsted in different colors, are required. First baste the lining and then the tulle on the stiff lace, and transfer the design given in illustration Fig. 1 to the tulle so that each line of the design comes on one row of holes on the tulle (see Fig. 2, page 501). Work, as shown by the illustration, with zephyr worsted in two shades of wood brown, the inner six-cornered star and the irregular uneven squares in the hollows between the corners of the star; the latter are worked with light brown worsted. On this are joined two rows of bias stitches, which are worked, as shown by the illustration, with gray worsted in two shades. Finally, edge all the outlines of the design with long stitches of brown worsted. Paste a carriage-leather lining under the mat so far completed, and at a distance of one-fifth of an inch from the outer edge cut away the projecting material. Cover this edge with a fringe of brown and gray worsted. For this fringe work, as shown by Fig. 3, on a foundation of brown worsted, and inserting a piece of coarse twine, one round of single crochet—always alternately three stitches with brown, one stitch with gray worsted. In each upper vein of the stitches in this round tie thread ends of double green worsted an inch and three-quarters long, and comb them out.

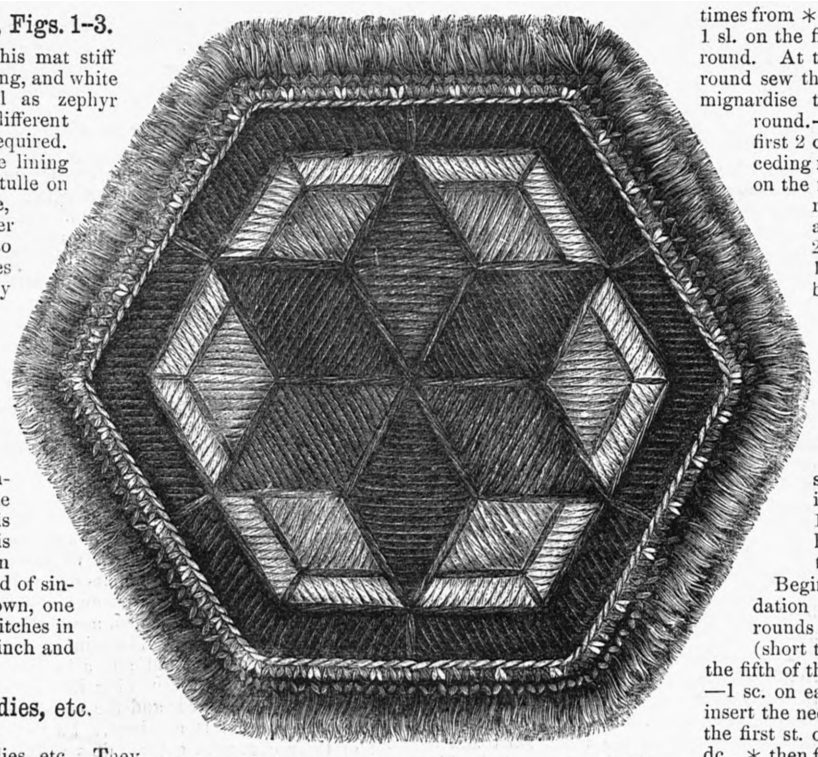


Fig. 1.—LAMP-MAT.—THREE-FOURTHS OF FULL SIZE. [See Fig. 2, Page 501, and Fig. 3.]

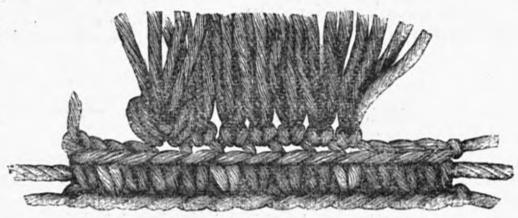


Fig. 3.—FRINGE FOR LAMP-MAT, FIG. 1.

Fig. 2.—CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Mignardise and Crochet Rosettes for Tidies, etc. Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE rosettes may be used for setting together tidies, etc. They are worked with mignardise and twisted crochet cotton. To work the middle circle of the rosette shown by Fig. 1 take a piece of mignardise which counts 36 loops on each side, and join the ends carefully. First crochet for the inner ring of the circle three rounds as follows: 1st round.—On each loop work 1 dc. (double crochet), then always 1 ch. (chain stitch); finally, 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the first dc. of this round. 2d round.—3 ch., which count as first dc., 1 dc. on each dc. of the preceding round; finally, 1 sl. on the third of the 3 ch. counting as first dc. in this round. 3d round.—1 sc. (single crochet) on every second following st. (stitch) of the preceding round; finally, 1 sl. on the first st. of this round. Cut off the thread and fasten it. Crochet on the other side of the circle of mignardise four rounds more as follows: 1st round.—∗ 1 dc. on the next loop of the mignardise, 3 ch., 1 dc. on the next loop, 2 ch., 1 dc. on the next loop, 3 ch.; repeat eleven times from ∗; finally, work 1 sl. on the first dc. of the preceding round. 2d round.—∗ Five times alternately 5 ch., 1 sc. on the first dc. of the preceding round, working all the sc. on the same st. on which the first sc. was worked, then 8 ch., 1 sc. on the third following dc.; repeat eleven times from ∗. At the end of the round cut off the thread and fasten it. 3d round.—Lay on the thread anew; 1 sc. on the middle st. of the middle loop of one of the figures consisting of 5 ch. loops in the preceding round, then 11 times alternately 15 ch., 1 sc. on the middle st. of the middle loop of the next figure consisting of 5 ch. loops; finally, 15 ch., 1 sl. on the first sc. of this round. 4th round.—5 ch., the first 3 of which count as first dc., then always alternately 1 dc. on the third following st. of the preceding round, 2 ch.; finally, 1 sl. on the third of the 3 ch. counting as first dc. in this round. Cut off the thread and fasten it. Take a new piece of mignardise and work, first, on one side two rounds as follows: 1st round.—∗ 3 sc. separated each by 2 ch. on the next 3 loops of the mignardise, 7 ch., pass over 4 loops of the mignardise; repeat 15 times from ∗; finally, work 1 sl. on the first sc. of this round. At the end of the round sew the ends of the mignardise together. 2d round.—1 sl. on the first 2 ch. of the preceding round, ∗ 1 sc. on the middle of the next 3 sc. separated each by 2 ch. in the preceding round, five times alternately 5 ch., 1 sc. on the same st. on which the first sc. was worked, but fasten the middle st. of the middle loop of the figure consisting of 5 ch. loops to 1 st. on the outer edge of the rosette so far finished; then 9 ch.; repeat 15 times from ∗, and in every repetition fasten the middle st. of the middle loop of the figure consisting of 5 ch. loops always to the twelfth following st. of the rosette; finally, 1 sc. on the first st. of this round. Fasten the thread and cut it off. On the other side of the mignardise crochet for the outer edge of the rosette one round as follows: ∗ 1 sc. on the second loop in the hollow of a scallop, four times alternately 4 ch., 1 sc. on the next loop, then 2 ch., pass over 2 loops in the hollow of the scallops; repeat from ∗; finally, 1 sl. on the first sc. of this round. Fasten the thread and cut it off.

Begin the rosette shown by Fig. 2 in the middle on a foundation of 9 ch. closed in a ring, and on this work, first, six rounds as follows: 1st round.—5 ch., which count as first stc. (short treble crochet), 31 stc. on the ch. ring; finally, 1 sl. on the fifth of the 5 ch. counting as first stc. in this round. 2d round.—1 sc. on each st. of the preceding round, in doing which always insert the needle in both upper veins of the stitches; finally, 1 sl. on the first st. of this round. 3d round.—3 ch., which count as first dc., ∗ then for the first leaflet of a two-leaved figure work 7 ch., 2 tc. (treble crochet) on the first of the 7 ch., working off the 2 tc. not separately, but together with the loop on the needle. This completes one leaflet. Crochet a similar leaflet, then 1 dc. on both upper veins of the fourth following st. of the preceding round; repeat 7 times more from ∗, but in the last repetition, instead of the dc., work 1 sl. on the third of the ch. counting as first dc. in this round. 4th round.—7 sl. on the 7 ch. of the first leaflet in the preceding round, 3 ch., which count as first dc., 7 times alternately 13 ch., 1 dc. on the middle st. of the next two-leaved figure; then 13 ch., 1 sl. on the third of the 3 ch. counting as first dc. in this round. 5th round.—1 sc. on each st. of the preceding round; finally, 1 sl. on the first sc. of this round. 6th round.—1 sc. on the next st. of the preceding round, ∗ 1 p. (picot, consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these), 2 sc. on the next 2 st., 1 p., 2 sc. on the following 2 st., then fasten to the eighth loop of a new piece of mignardise, 3 sc. on the next 3 st., 1 p., 2 sc. on the following 2 st.; repeat from ∗; the four surplus stitches of the preceding round are passed over, each separately, at intervals. At the end of the round cut off the thread and fasten it, and sew the ends of the mignardise together. Crochet on the other side of the mignardise one round more, at the same time fastening on a second piece of mignardise in the following manner: ∗ 1 sc. on the second loop in the hollow of a mignardise scallop of the work finished thus far; 5 times alternately 4 ch., 1 sc. on the next loop, but the third time, after the second ch., fasten to the ninth loop of the second piece of mignardise, then 1 ch., pass over 2 loops in the hollow of a mignardise scallop of the finished part of the work; repeat 11 times from ∗; finally, 1 sl. on the first st. of this round, then cut off the thread and fasten it, and sew the ends of the mignardise together. Finally, crochet on the outer edge of the second

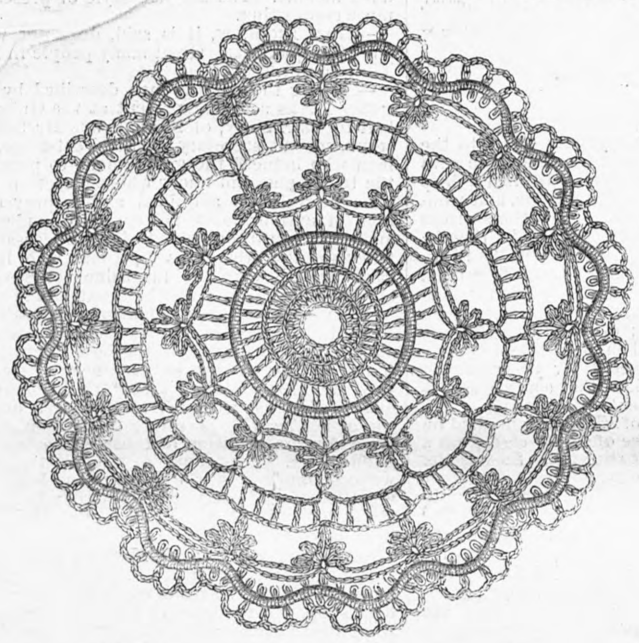
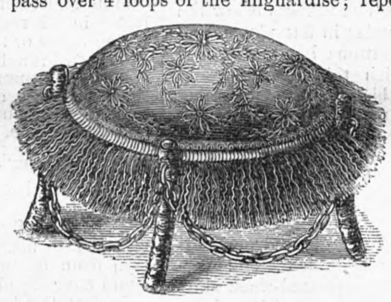


Fig. 1.—MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET ROSETTE FOR TIDIES, ETC.



STAND WITH EMERY CUSHION.

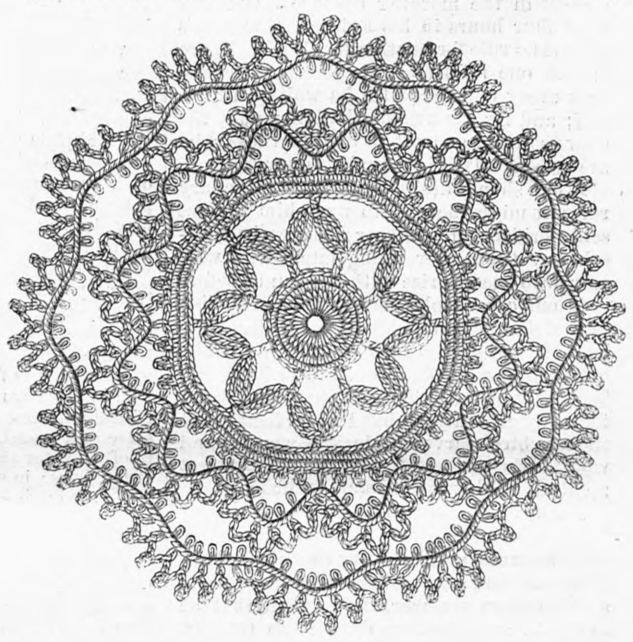


Fig. 2.—MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET ROSETTE FOR TIDIES, ETC.

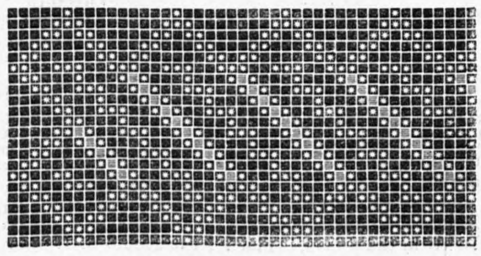


Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY OF AFGHAN, FIG. 1.

Description of Symbols: ◘ Blue Silk; ▪ White Silk.

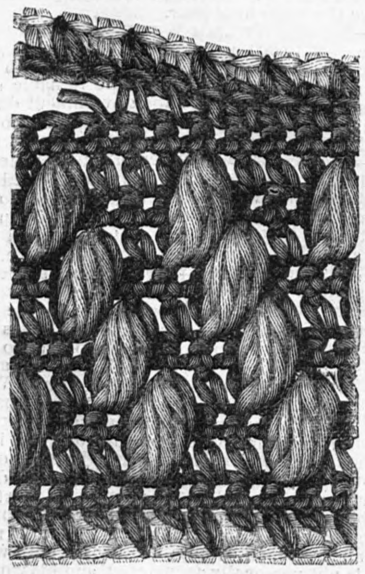


Fig. 3.—CROCHET FOR AFGHAN, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

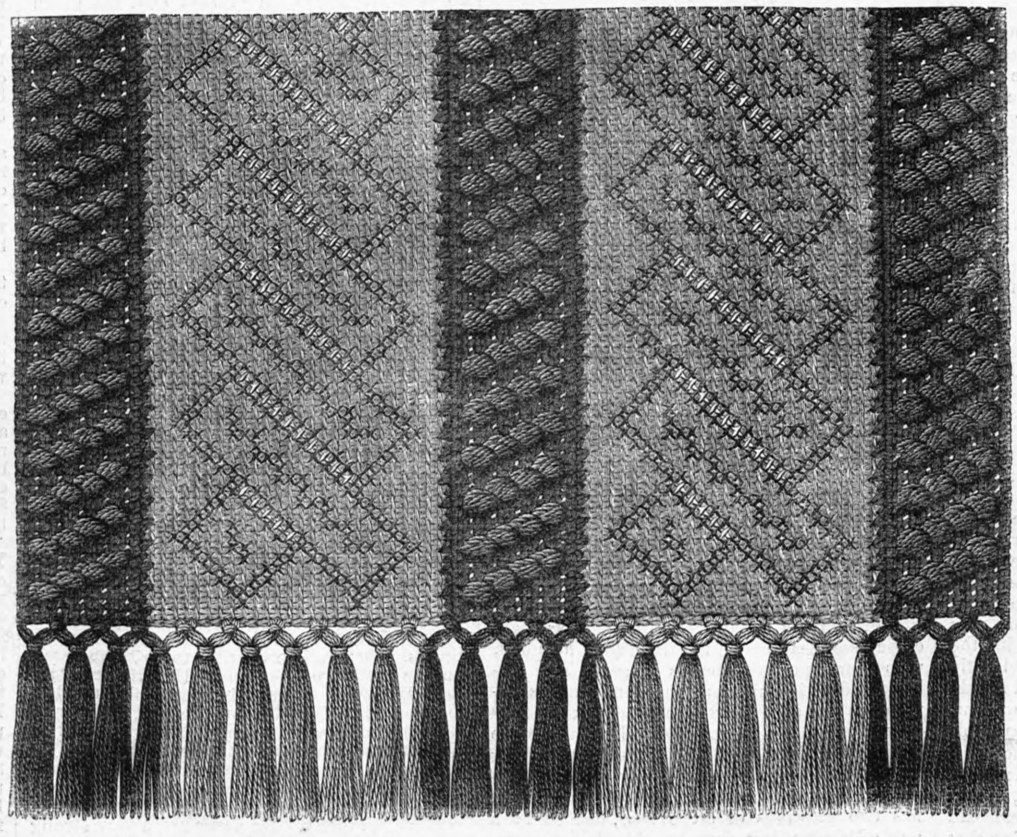
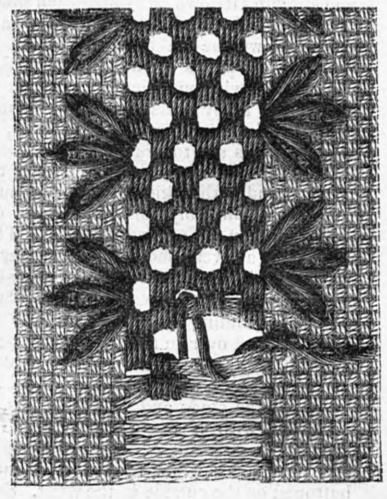


Fig. 1.—SECTION OF CARRIAGE OR CRADLE AFGHAN.—CROCHET AND CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.



BORDER FOR TIDIES, ETC.

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piece of mignardise one round more as follows: 1 sc. on the second loop in the hollow of a scallop, 6 times alternately 1 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 sc. on the next loop, then 2 ch., pass over 2 loops in the hollow of the mignardise scallop; repeat 11 times from *; finally, 1 sl. on the first sc. of this round.

Pearl Gray Cashmere Mantelet.

THIS mantelet of pearl gray cashmere is cut in points on the edge, and trimmed with gros grain folds of the same color, and also with cord and tassels and twisted fringe. Cut the mantelet from Fig. 25, No. XI., of the Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, Vol. VI., No. 31.

Black Faille Mantelet.

THIS black faille mantelet is lined with lustring, and is trimmed with gathered black lace and a passementerie border and tassels. It is closed with hooks and eyes.

Black Gros Grain Mantelet.

THIS mantelet is made of black gros grain, and is lined with lustring. The trimming consists of loops and folds of black moiré and gathered black lace. The mantelet is closed with hooks and eyes.

PEARL GRAY CASHMERE MANTELET.

BLACK FAILLE MANTELET.

BLACK GROS GRAIN MANTELET.

Tapestry Design for Footstools, Cushions, etc.

THIS design is worked in cross stitch on medium-sized canvas with zephyr worsted and filling silk. The colors to be used are given in the description of symbols.

Corners of Point Russe Borders, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE borders are suitable for trimming portfolios, albums, etc., and are worked on leather, cloth, or satin in point Russe with saddler's silk of the same color, or of various colors. When worked on wash material with gray or white cotton, they may be used for trimming children's jackets, dresses, etc.

Netted and Crochet Edging for Lingerie, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 500.

THESE edgings are suitable for trimming lingerie, etc. For Fig. 1 work, first, with twisted crochet cotton, No. 20, on a netting mesh half an inch in circumference and a foundation of 2 st. (stitch), a strip of the requisite length. Border this strip on one edge with two rounds as follows: 1st round.—* One point consisting of 1 sc. (single crochet), 1 sdc. (short double crochet), 5 dc. (double crochet), 1 sdc., 1 sc. on the next st. of the netting; repeat from *. On the other edge of the netted strip work on each st. of the netting 5 sc.

For Fig. 2 crochet on a foundation of the requisite length two rounds as follows: 1st round.—* 1 dc. on the next foundation st., 8 ch., (chain stitch), 1 sc. on the second of these, 1 ch., 1 dc. on the same st. on which the first dc. was worked, 1 ch., 1 dc. on the fourth following foundation st., 3 ch., 1 dc. on the same st. on which the last dc. was worked, 1 ch., pass over 3 st.; repeat from *. 2d round.—* 1 sc. on the single ch. before the ch. loop in the preceding round, one figure consisting of 7 ch. loops on the next ch. loop in the preceding round in the following manner: 1 sc., 9 ch., 1 sc., 7 ch., 1 sc., three times alternately 9 ch., 1 sc. and 7 ch., 1 sc., 9 ch., 1 sc.; this completes the figure; then work 1 sc. on the next single ch. which was worked after the ch. loop in the preceding round, 2 ch., 3 sc. on the next 3 ch., 2 ch.; repeat from *, but always fasten the middle st. of the first ch. loop to the middle st. of the corresponding ch. loop of the figure worked previously, as shown by the illustration.

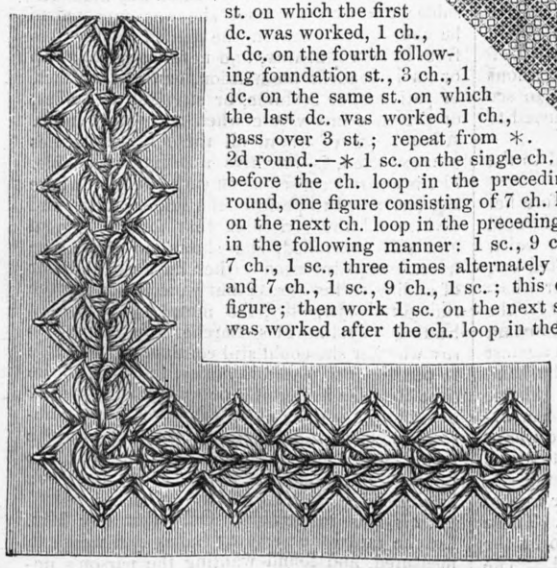


Fig. 1.—CORNER OF POINT RUSSE BORDER.

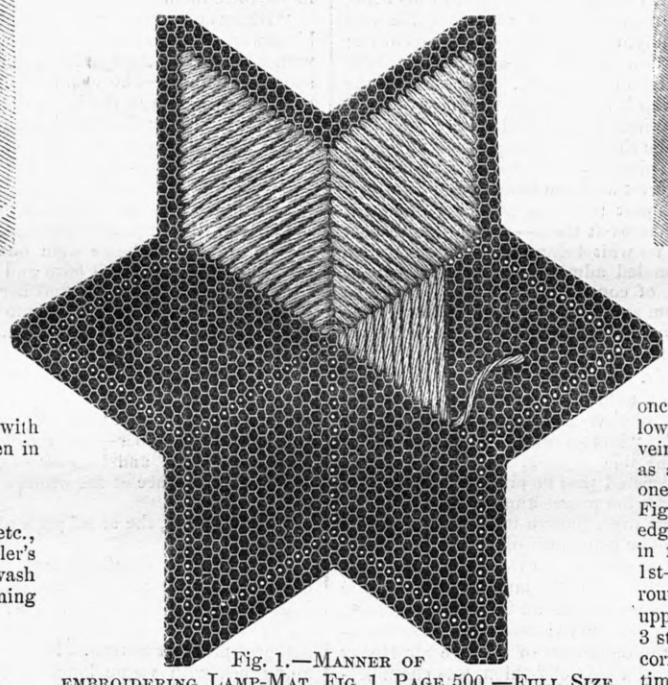
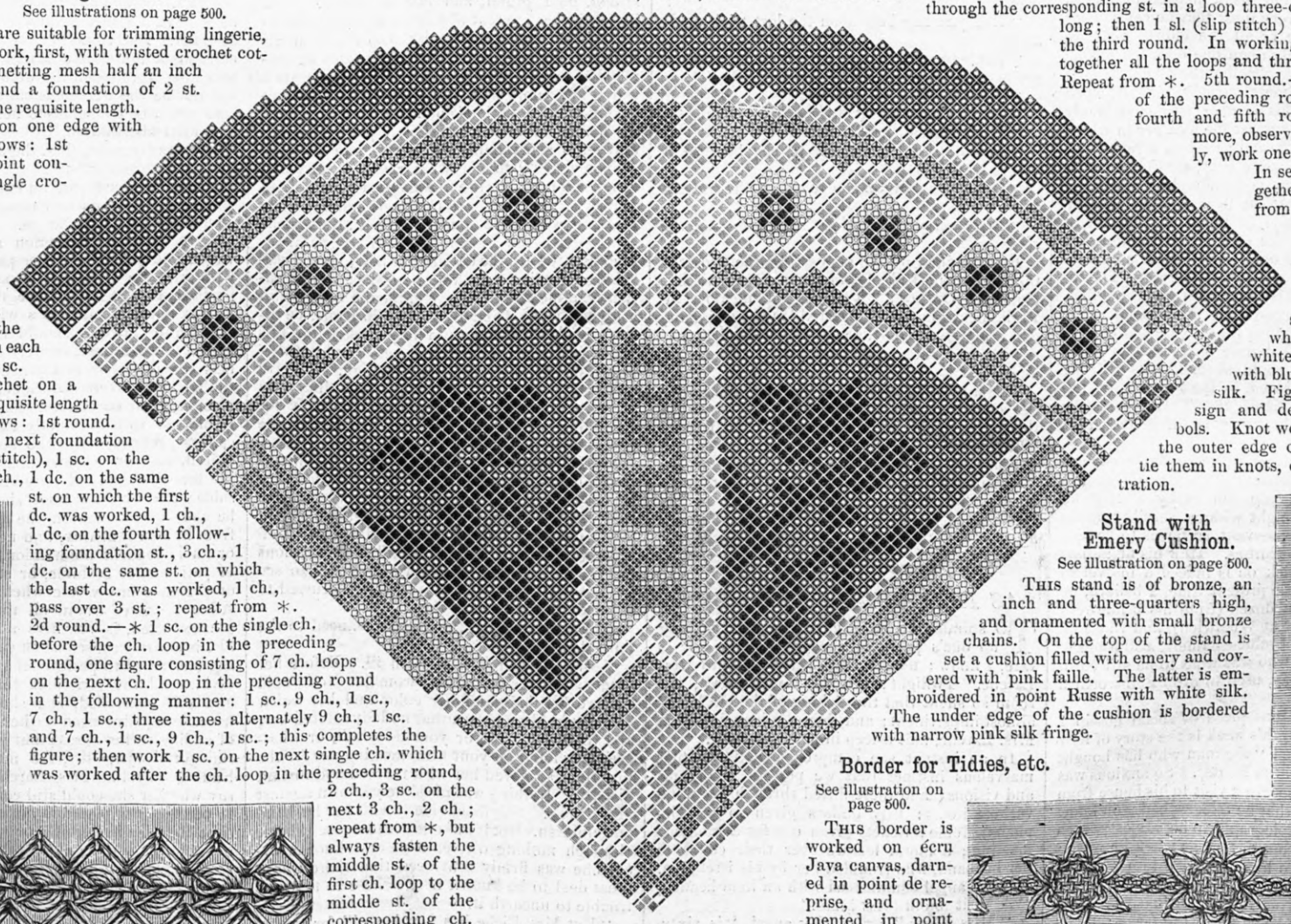


Fig. 1.—MANNER OF EMBROIDERING LAMP-MAT, FIG. 1, PAGE 500.—FULL SIZE.



TAPESTRY DESIGN.

Description of Symbols: ■ Dark Brown; ⊞ Medium Brown; ⊠ Dark Green; ⊡ Light Green; □ 1st (darkest), ▫ 2d, ▫ 3d (lightest), Fawn (the last silk).

Carriage or Cradle Afghan.—Crochet and Cross Stitch Embroidery. Figs. 1-3.

—[See illustrations on page 500.]

Fig. 1 shows a section of an afghan designed for a carriage, cradle, or couch. The afghan, which is shown reduced in size, is made of single strips set together. It is embroidered in cross stitch, and edged with fringe, which is knotted in. The original is forty-three inches and a quarter long, and thirty-three inches and three-quarters wide, not including the fringe surrounding it, which is four inches wide. It consists of eleven strips, the five wide ones of which are worked crosswise with white zephyr worsted in the common Afghan or Victoria stitch. The six narrow strips are crocheted lengthwise with blue zephyr worsted in rounds, going backward and forward, with raised dots. The crochet-work should be done closely, therefore the crochet needle used should not be too coarse. First work the wide strips of the requisite length in Afghan stitch on a foundation of 28 st. (stitch). Each pattern row of the Afghan stitch consists always of one round going forward and one round going backward. In the first round of the first pattern row take up one loop from each foundation stitch, letting all the loops remain on the needle. In the second round always cast off two of the loops on the needle together, drawing the thread through once. In the course of the work, in the first round of every following pattern row, always take up the loops from the vertical veins of the preceding pattern row. The second round is worked as already described. These strips are edged on the sides with one round of single crochet worked with blue worsted, observing Fig. 3. Work on one side of each strip, in connection with the edging, always one narrow strip of the afghan with blue worsted, in rounds going back and forth, as follows: Turn the work. 1st–3d rounds.—1 sc. (single crochet) on each st. of the preceding round. In working the sc. always insert the needle in the two upper veins of the stitches. 4th round.—* 3 sc. on the next 3 st. of the preceding round, one dot on the vertical veins of the corresponding st. of the first round (see Fig. 3). For this dot five times alternately throw the thread on the needle and draw it through the corresponding st. in a loop three-quarters of an inch long; then 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the next st. of the third round. In working the sl. work off together all the loops and threads thrown over. Repeat from *. 5th round.—1 sc. on each st. of the preceding round. Repeat the fourth and fifth rounds three times more, observing Fig. 3. Finally, work one more round of sc.

In setting the strips together, sewing them up from the wrong side (see Fig. 3), a white strip should always come on a blue strip. The cross stitch embroidery which ornaments the white strips is worked with blue and white filling silk. Fig. 2 gives the design and description of symbols. Knot worsted strands into the outer edge of the afghan, and tie them in knots, observing the illustration.

Stand with Emery Cushion.

See illustration on page 500.

THIS stand is of bronze, an inch and three-quarters high, and ornamented with small bronze chains. On the top of the stand is set a cushion filled with emery and covered with pink faille. The latter is embroidered in point Russe with white silk. The under edge of the cushion is bordered with narrow pink silk fringe.

Border for Tidies, etc.

See illustration on page 500.

THIS border is worked on écru Java canvas, darned in point de reprise, and ornamented in point Russe embroidery with red Saxony wool. For the open-work strip of

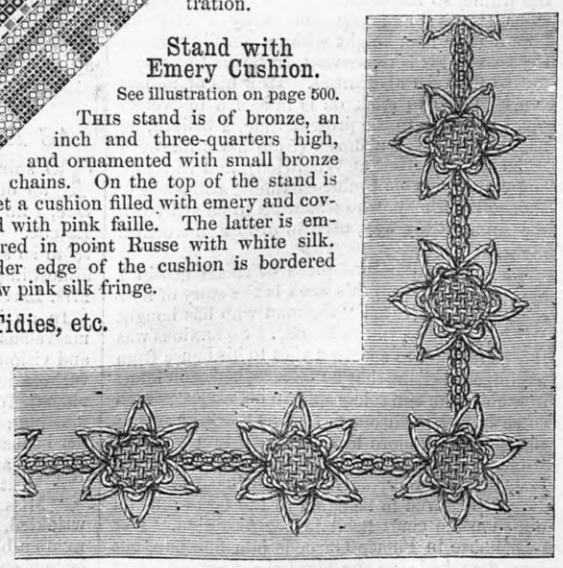


Fig. 2.—CORNER OF POINT RUSSE BORDER.

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the border, draw out the requisite number of lengthwise threads of the material side by side, and darn the crosswise threads in point de reprise, as shown by the illustration. At both sides of this open-work strip work the point Russe embroidery.

THE CLOUD.

A CLOUD came over a land of leaves
(Oh, hush, little leaves, lest it pass you by!):
How they had waited and watched for the rain,
Mountain and valley, and vineyard and plain,
With never a sign from the sky!
Day after day had the pitiless sun
Looked down with a lidless eye.

But now! On a sudden a whisper went
Through the topmost twigs of the poplar spire;
Out of the east a light wind blew
(All the leaves trembled and murmured, and drew
Hope to the help of desire);
It stirred the faint pulse of the forest tree,
And breathed through the brake and the brier.

Slowly the cloud came: then the wind died;
Dumb lay the land in its hot suspense:
The thrush on the elm bough suddenly stopped;
The weather-warned swallow in mid-flying dropped;
The linnet ceased song in the fence:
Mute the cloud moved, till it hung overhead,
Heavy, big-bosomed, and dense.

* * * * * * *

Ah, the cool rush through the dry-tongued trees!
The patter and plash on the thirsty earth!
The eager bubbling of runnel and rill!
The lisping of leaves that have drunk their fill!
The freshness that follows the dearth!
New life for the woodland, the vineyard, the vale—
New life with the world's new birth!

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Is he an Impostor?—How he drops his Diamonds.—The Guillotine.—Poor Mrs. Reuter.—A Lady of Fashion.

IF the Shah is not, like Falstaff, witty himself, he is at least the cause of wit in others. Among other brilliant ideas he has suggested is this really charming one that he is not the Shah at all, but only an imitation one sent over by the true "king of kings" for stock-jobbing purposes, to excite the public, and make the Persian loan that Baron Reuter is raising "lively." This is, however, contradicted by the same consideration that forbade the lady to suspect her rival of wearing false hair—*i. e.*, if she had had to buy it she would have bought better: the genuineness of the Shah is proved by his inaptitude and feebleness. Dissipation and gratified self-will have so wrought with him that he is more like a delicate yet ill-made piece of mechanism than a human being. He has to be wound up, as it were, by what the doctors call "constant support," or he would cease going altogether; and when he does go, it is by fits and starts, and only a very little way. Some of our newspapers are in raptures about him, because, "unlike an Eastern potentate, or even those born to great social eminence among ourselves, he permits to his countenance a considerable mobility;" by which, I suppose, they would politely indicate that he is not so great a fool as some of those hereditary personages who imitate the unruffled calm of North American Indians, lest an interest in the wrong thing should expose their childishness or their vacuity; but, as a matter of fact, a sickly smile is the very most that he can muster in acknowledgment of all the efforts made to please him; and only upon one occasion has he been known to wave that handkerchief he does not use for its legitimate purpose, namely, when Captain Shaw and his Thames firemen suddenly directed their hose against the steamer in which he visited Greenwich, and gave him a *feu de joie* in water-works. It was a new sensation—for he is never washed—and positively pleased him.

The reflection that the lives and fortunes of real men and women at home are dependent upon the mere caprice of this royal automaton is to me a sickening one. At Brussels a characteristic thing is said to have happened. The institution that took his fancy most was the guillotine, and he was accordingly desirous to see it in action. The king, his host, expressed due regrets that just at that time there was no criminal on hand who could exemplify its virtues; whereupon he answered, in the Persian tongue, "What does *that* signify?" Then, correcting himself, he added, hastily, "Or, if it does, *take one of my suite.*"

In the sunlight he really shines like a cucumber frame, so resplendent is his attire with precious stones; and you can easily understand how a poor man might without servility desire the post of his body-servant, so far as to be permitted to brush his clothes. How his diamonds can be made to stick on is indeed a marvel to me, though up to the present time, I believe, he has only lost half a dozen (from his bridle-rein when at the review at Woolwich), and those of comparatively small value—namely, £50 a piece. Prince Esterhazy, who was wont to be attired in the same costly way, used to drop £50 worth a night.

The most humorous piece of social gossip I have got to tell you this week is the story of how the Shah has treated "the man who has bought Persia," namely, Baron Reuter. So anxious was this gentleman to secure a visit to his house from his imperial client that he telegraphed (you know how cheap he can telegraph) to his Majesty, even so early in his European tour as when he was at Moscow, to implore him "to give him a night" when he should come to England, and a gracious response was received in the affirmative. Mrs. Reuter resolved to be equal to the occasion, and outshine the court itself in her reception. Her own house in Palace Gardens is a fine one, but semi-detached; so she hired the next one, and broke down the wall between them. She turned her doors into windows, and very literally her house out-of-doors, by building a room 120 feet long outside it, with a dais for the "king of kings." She has asked half London, and made the other half wild because it is not asked. And now it has begun to be whispered that the Shah won't come to Baron Reuter's after all.

Some say the temperature of Moscow made him wish to be a little warmer than he really felt toward his financial patron; others that the telegraph officials mistook his "no" for "yes." But the fact is, I believe, that the baron committed a solecism in etiquette in not sending his invitation through the Lord Chamberlain. That great official probably thinks very little of Mr. Reuter (for the latter, being a naturalized British subject, is no baron in his eyes), and is not displeased at the opportunity of snubbing him. In vain has the wretched Reuter—urged, we may be sure, by his still more wretched lady—laid stress upon the Shah's promise, upon his own lavish expenditure, and upon his wife's humiliation in case she should be left Shahless. "We can give you a breakfast," said the Lord Chamberlain, referring to the long list of his Majesty's engagements, "or perhaps even a luncheon; but we really can not give you a night."

Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, to whose great merits as a portrait painter I have already alluded, has been commissioned by Baron Reuter to paint a picture of the "concession," which may one day have a great historical interest, for which the statesmen who accompany his Majesty have duly "sat;" but the Shah himself has sat to nobody, and is altogether a difficult bird to catch either by night or day.

This enthusiasm, or rather this *furor*, about the Eastern monarch is absolutely unintelligible upon grounds of common-sense, for he is really but a very "one-horse" concern as a political power, and can neither "make us nor break us." It arises, first, I think, from the fact of his being an absolute monarch, with power of life and death; secondly, from his being copper-colored; and thirdly, and mainly, from his going about with "a hatful of diamonds." These cast the Czarowitz, who is also just now a guest of ours, though of ten times his political importance, completely into the shade. Perhaps, too, the Shah's privilege of a plurality of wives gives him an exceptional interest with the ladies; and I am sure that upon his part that interest is reciprocated. The way he stares at them—and in this respect his suite is no whit behind him—is suggestive of an unbounded admiration for the fair sex. In the East, of course, it is not usual to see so much of them as he sees here, and the more he sees, the more he seems to like them. His attempts at making himself agreeable, however, are very crude. It is said that Lady Odo Russell, at Berlin, admiring his diamonds as only a woman can, observed, "How you must love them, sire!" "Not so much," replied the monarch, in execrable French, "as I love *you*;" and it is whispered that he pinched her arm.

The case for the prosecution in the Tichborne trial is almost over, though it is said the whole affair may not be concluded till September. The whole affair is getting too ridiculous; so much so that the judges and the jury, the bar and the audience, are sometimes all in a roar together. The cross-examination yesterday of Mrs. Townley, one of the daughters of the late Sir Henry Tichborne, and a lady of fashion, was characteristic.

"Had you any bets upon the last trial, madam?"

"Yes, several; as many as I could possibly get my friends to lay me."

"Were these to any amount?"

"Oh no; the largest was but fifty pounds."

"Were they all paid to you?"

"Not all; some objected to pay because it was only a nonsuit."

"Have you any on the result of the present trial?"

"No: *because I could get nobody to back the claimant.*"

Re-examined by the counsel for the prosecution, she was asked, "Had you any bet with Mr. Guildford Onslow?" (This is the member of Parliament who has "invested" in the claimant, and has "stumped" the country in his favor.)

"Oh yes; but he has not paid." (Roars of laughter.)

It is a mistake to suppose that if found guilty the sentence must needs be light. It is within the power of the judge to give our "fat friend" fourteen years. But it is rumored that one of the jury has such good and sufficient reasons for "sticking to him" that he will eat his boots rather than find him guilty. In that case, all this tremendous business will have to be gone over again.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

AS IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN.

TO stumble on one's guardian angel making up one's personal account for the day is rare, I know; nevertheless, it happened to Mrs. Larche. Twilight; every one else away; the room so silent that the ticking of the clock was almost impertinent; and then a golden flash past Mrs. Larche, half asleep in her easy-chair.

In an instant she comprehended it by that marvelous instinct that we possess in dreams and visions; and there flitted through her mind various items: fifty dollars given to the Orphans' Home; tickets given out for a mothers' meeting; a moral lecture over their coffee to her husband, who troubled her by his irreligion. But the angel commenced with an item headed, "A Visit to old Miss Moss."

"Miss Moss," wrote the angel, "is sixty, wrinkled, and yellow as if she had been dyed; wears a black shawl and limp black skirt; gives herself strange bobs and twitches, so that people are inclined to titter at her even when she advances to the communion-table in the church of which Mrs. Larche is a member, and kneels beside that lady. But that is because they see only the shell. The real Miss Moss within is as fresh as spring; an enchanted princess, bound by ugliness and poverty, and unable for her chains to get out to the beauty and sympathy of the outside world. A brook and a hill, with a blue haze over both, hung up in some window, or a scrap of Beethoven, brings tears to her eyes. She dotes on books; for in them she is young and lovely and noble and great, and has troops of friends; and the Persian enchantress herself never loved flowers better. But no one sends her books, flowers, or concert tickets. Old Miss Moss! the idea would be ridiculous! And she is too poor to buy; and sometimes her soul beats hard against its prison bars. The enchanted princess rebels against her fate—as she did this afternoon.

"The sun beat down hard in her dry little room. She was tired to the very death of looking at the sampler over the mantel, the daguerreotypes and tea-cups beneath, the fat footstool, the striped table-cover, and, without, the rays fluttering on the roof, and the tangled kite fast in one of the chimneys. The bit of sky she could see was as blue as the sapphire pavement the Hebrew elders saw. The vagrant wind brought a scent of lilacs and spring freshness; and she knew that without the grass was already like velvet, and the trees in full leaf. People every where were walking, chatting, buying, painting, looking at pictures, singing, writing, driving—in one word, living; and,

"'I am shut out from it all,' she said. 'The whole world of art and beauty and thought is closed against me. I am denied even a peep through its gates. Denied! I am not even remembered. The whole world has forgotten me. Shall I have any of these delights in heaven, I wonder, or will my brothers and sisters in Christ monopolize them there as here?'

"Bitter and unwholesome thoughts these, and bitter were the tears that trickled down Miss Moss's withered cheeks. And just then that Mrs. Larche should drive up!—she could hardly believe her eyes; but there was the lady—that she should come for her! that she should bring her a fuchsia and a lapful of new books! that she should take her out for her share in the spring and sunshine and lilacs! take her to drive! remember *her*, and not in the flannel and soup way, but as a sister in Christ, with wants and longings like her own! Miss Moss's poor heart went out to God in a gust of thanksgiving and faith and delight; and for Mrs. Larche, she will find her reward with Him who remembers even the cup of cold water given for His sake. That was a true angel's visit."

Mrs. Larche's cheeks were crimson. "But—but," she said, "I never did any thing of the sort. I never thought of it. I drove out alone, and—yes, I remember—past the old house where Miss Moss lives; and I do believe, now I think of it, I saw her face at the window looking after me."

Without reply, the angel proceeded to the second item.

"Mary Stubbs, *ætatis* nineteen, is in what may be called a transition state—and transition states, in governments or individuals, are apt to be marked by disagreeables. Mary Stubbs is not altogether a pleasant person. She is ignorant and ambitious, with vague longings for something strong, bold, grand, and not every-day. Her ideas of what is great are about as intelligent as that barbarian's Christianity who crucified his followers because the English Scriptures recommended that form of punishment. She wears a riding-hat, short hair and skirts, and flourishes strong-minded notions, and proposes a course for herself of mathematics and political economy—the short hair, riding-hat, and political economy being to her what much jewelry and wonderful neck-ties are to some very young men. Under that is cleverness, principle, and fine traits that only want development. That Mrs. Larche should detect this; should silence her natural antagonism toward the hat and the hair; should sacrifice an evening a week for her sake; should patiently, almost imperceptibly, incline her toward a higher, more womanly creed—in short, be always ready with the word fitly spoken for this unattractive, provoking, and yet worthy girl—no words of praise are strong enough. To give money is easy: to give thought and time, and sacrifice prejudice and pleasanter company for an indifferent person, is noble, and marks the true woman and the Christian."

"Oh!" murmured Mrs. Larche. "When I have always detested the girl, and turned her into ridicule; and only last night, when Jane said she was sorry for her, and that she should invite her there occasionally, and try to be of some use to her, I told her on all such occasions to give me warning, as I did not choose to see too much of Miss Stubbs. It never occurred to me that I owed her any duty."

Still without reply, the angel advanced to the third item.

"Mrs. Riche has long been ill. Before her illness she was a fine, showy woman. You would observe her hair and her color and her waist. You would also observe that no lady saluted her, and that your wife, or your daughter, or whatever lady hung on your arm, meeting her for the first time, surveyed her with marked and instant distaste. Nothing was absolutely known against Mrs. Riche. She lived quietly with her husband and children. But it was one of those cases where, although nothing discreditable was known, every one was firmly convinced that there was a great deal to be known if one chose to take the trouble to unearth it.

"But Mrs. Riche has now been ill for weeks. Her husband looks sleepless and anxious. There is trouble with the servants, as is apt to be the case when the head of the house is ill. The little children, playing about, look unkempt and forlorn. Mr. Larche passes them every afternoon on his way home, and Mr. Larche has a tender heart for children. He saw little Nanny crying, and scratched with the gravel where she had fallen, and little Mollie, only two years older, trying to comfort her and play the mother, and dashed a mist from his eyes, and muttered something about 'bitterly good women.' Mr. Larche is not what is called serious. He declares that his wife, who is a notable woman in the Church, does the piety for the family. But he ventures on occasional hints about Mrs. Riche, as that 'the Riche family must be in sad trouble, now that there is no one to nurse the invalid or watch the children,' or that 'Riche, poor fellow, looks almost worn out.'

"To tell the truth, it is not only that his sympathies have been roused: he has something at stake. There is a principle of opposition strongly developed in Mr. Larche. He is not the man to accept a creed because his fathers believed it before him, or because it is the fashion. And well was it that Mrs. Larche, asking herself what her Lord and Master would have done were He on the earth, went at once to Mrs. Riche on hearing of her condition, comforted the children, reassured the servants, sent over whole meals ready cooked, soothed the sick woman, and relieved Mr. Riche, worn out between business and nursing, of the strain on body and nerves. For, seeing that, Mr. Larche now declared his belief in the inspiration of Christianity; 'for,' he argued, 'if there is a God, and a just God, then He must love all His creatures as His children, spite of differences of color, manner, and language, and all mankind are brothers. And if that be so, Christians could not dare to wave aside a lost and erring brother or sister, as the haughty Brahmin, in the pride of his purity, motions away the pariah from his road; for Christians must believe, if they believe at all, that Christ died for this lost man or woman also. There is in him not only our own blood and a common humanity, but something of God, and they dare not despise what had any thing of God in it, and that God still loves. This is what I have waited for; for many a philosopher and heathen creed has inculcated purity and self-denial, but God alone could inspire humanity with a love for what is fallen and inferior. Hitherto I have recognized my wife's virtues, but I despised her prejudices, her exclusive dogmas, her readiness to judge. I have hated the thought that religion sits safe and satisfied while believing that millions were perishing before its eyes finally and forever; and if my wife had refused to play the Samaritan to this woman, half dead by the road-side, I should have refused, once for all, a religion that consisted in a pew, a church, a Sunday-school, a genuflection in the creed, one hundred dollars a year to missions, and the sewing society. When God's children cry to Him for bread, He could never send them such stones as these.'

"I say again it was well that Mrs. Larche listened to the teachings of her Lord. Facts, not dead principles, are what are wanted by earnest, thinking men like Larche, and a thousand sermons could never have carried the conviction that did that one act of self-denying, womanly charity."

Mrs. Larche was very pale now. She had told her husband that morning "that she could not comprehend his interest in Mrs. Riche, for her part. When any respectable woman was ill he showed no such sympathy, and he must excuse her. She could not compromise herself by entering a house like Mrs. Riche's. It would make her ill to touch the woman. Let her husband, if he was her husband, bring some person who would be congenial to her to nurse her and look after his children."

Apparently unheeding, the angel made a final item.

"Any one occupying an exceptional or a professional position is very much at the same disadvantage as on the stage. All her neighbors have a decided conception about the way in which she should play her part, and are ready with criticism if she fails in any point. Such a part was that of Aline Raye, the minister's wife. For example, a minister's wife, in the eyes of the family Snyder, should be a pale woman with a pinched nose, entirely given over to flannels for the poor and prayer-meetings; with the family Nodyett, she should be a hearty, jolly woman, great on pickles, recipes, and neighborly offices; with the family Renche, a peculiarly spotless, refined, lady-like appearance was required, and an appreciation of Chopin; with the family Prigy, a mighty visitor was indispensable; and by every body she was expected to be the one woman in the parish wholly free from human infirmity, and never to make a slip or an imprudent observation, or to fail in tact, or patience, or costume, or strength, or smiles, or presence any where when she was wanted. Aline Raye, of whom all these impossibilities are expected, is sensitive and impressionable. She is entirely conscious on each occasion where she has failed to perform the impossibility, and divines all the strictures that follow. Proud and self-controlled, she shows no sign; she never complains even to her husband, for fear of adding to his cares; but were it not for the thoughtful sympathy, the moral support, of a leading lady like Mrs. Larche, it is difficult to say whether she could still continue the struggle to perform her manifold duties, knowing all the time that she is pleasing nobody. Breeze after a parching noon, dew to a withering flower, sunshine in gloom—all these and more is Mrs. Larche to her suffering, fainting sister in Christ. She fulfills the command, 'Bear ye one another's burdens.'"

This was intolerable. Only that day Mrs. Larche and other leading ladies had weighed, measured, and found wanting the parson's unfortunate wife. Thoughts of help! of cheering

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her way! Nothing could have been further from them. She only occurred to them as something in which to stick a pin—not to comfort. The question with them was, What were her duties? not if they owed any duties to her. Stung beyond bearing, Mrs. Larche started to her feet. But the golden gleam had faded; darkness filled the room. Probably Mrs. Larche had been dreaming.

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

WE discussed music classes last time, and so I will say a few words to-day about the sister Muse, as presiding over painting and drawing classes. There are several good ones to be found in various parts of Paris, so it is not necessary to specify any one *cours* in particular. Perhaps, before entering on this new point, I had better mention for the benefit of those who wish to cultivate music professionally that the classes of the Conservatoire are open to all aspirants to musical proficiency, amateur or professional, but that it is a grievous mistake to imagine that the pupils receive private lessons from the masters of that establishment, or that the instruction provided for them *en masse* is at all adequate to the requirements of a serious student of music. The classes teach thorough bass, and they do this admirably; but if you want instrumental lessons, you must pay for them separately, and just as highly (from fifteen to twenty francs a lesson) as outside pupils do. So that the so-called gratuitous artistic education, when examined in detail, is a very meagre one indeed. Another point to which I feel bound to call the attention of strangers is the fearful risks a young girl runs in being thrown into such companionship as the aggregate of the Conservatoire pupils provides. They are recruited largely in the first instance from the concierge class, whose morality does not stand much higher than its education, and there is the usual contingent of Bohemianism among the artist class, of whose moral standard the less said the better. How far these serious dangers may be modified by having the pupil accompanied to the classes by a steady governess or matron of some sort, and *waited for* through the lessons, I can not really say; but no French mother, unless driven by unavoidable circumstances, would allow her daughter to go there alone. I can not recall an instance of any French girl of respectable position having been allowed to go there at all. But this is only the experience of one person. To Americans I would say that their best plan would be, for professional candidates, to follow a private *cours* and have lessons from some first-rate professor simultaneously. The concerts of the Conservatoire are excellent, and afford a very good lesson in themselves to those who are fortunate enough to get admittance to them; but the tickets are very difficult to obtain. And now about the drawing classes. There is a state school under the nominal superintendence of Rosa Bonheur, where the classes are free, and, as far as I can testify, quite unobjectionable. I know several young French girls who from time to time have gone there, and they never reported any thing disagreeable in this respect. But the teaching is not very satisfactory. I used the word "nominally" concerning Rosa Bonheur's superintendence with intention. The great artiste visits the *ateliers* for an hour once a week, perhaps, and goes round the easels and desks, scanning the work of each, and saying a word of kindly encouragement or of criticism, as it may happen. But Michael Angelo himself could not do much toward evolving the artistic powers of some hundreds of pupils with such opportunities as this. The fact is that, as in most large public competitions of this sort, the only ones who gain any thing from the presence of the master are the few who are sufficiently advanced to profit by a few words of wisdom directed to their special needs, hints or warnings that their style suggests to him, and which at a certain stage may be invaluable to a novice. To these few whose work interests him, and whose abilities are already developed to a certain point, the great master will devote as much as he can of his rapid supervision, and that little will be an immense gain to these pupils. But the rest derive no benefit whatever from his transient apparition in the studio or the music-hall. To these, then, I would say, study first at a good private drawing class. But make sure that the professor, male or female, be a competent one. Study from the block till you have mastered its difficulties, and then go to a studio where there are living models, and when you have got to a certain point there, go and copy at the Louvre or the Luxembourg. You have only to apply, with certain credentials within the access of all respectable applicants, to the Minister of Fine Arts, and he will send you a ticket of admission. Now that I think of it, I am not quite sure whether that functionary exists at present. But some one tantamount to him does, and there can be no difficulty in finding out his name and address from the porter at the *Musée du Louvre*, or one of the artists in the gallery. A branch of drawing that has been very fashionable of late in Paris, and that American young girls are fond of, is painting on china. It is very effective, not difficult, and very useful, so I will give you a few hints about it. It is rather difficult to get a desirable master or mistress in this style, for the artists are recruited, generally speaking, from a very low class. Your best plan would be to write to Sèvres, to the manufactory, and ask for the address of some artist belonging formerly to that establishment, who may be willing to give lessons in Paris. There was one lady, a very accomplished flower and fruit painter, who was for many years "first brush" in her special department at Sèvres, and who was, perhaps still is, in the habit of giving lessons to pupils at their own homes. The terms were fifteen francs for two hours. The pleasantest plan is for two to join in the lesson, which insures the stimulant of competition as well as divides the expense. It is by far the best plan to take a two hours' lesson instead of one. China colors require a good deal of preparation, and by the time you are thoroughly under way, and that your first coat of paint is laid on, the first hour is drawing to a close, and you will do just twice as much by continuing the lesson now as by taking another single hour at another time. The baking of the china is the most troublesome part of the performance. There are no ovens in the habitable side of the city. You must go to the Faubourg Poissonnière, and those remote regions around it, to get one, and you must be careful to choose a good one or you risk to have your *chefs-d'œuvre* broken in the cooking. But not to frighten you unduly by this warning, I must add that the writer has run the gantlet scores of times, and has never had an accident of any sort to deplore, not even a crack in the most delicate Sèvres china. By-the-way, I will tell you a secret. If you long—as all dabblers in this kind of art invariably do—for some Sèvres plates and cups whereon to immortalize your genius, don't buy what they offer you at the shops in Paris; they are shams; but go to Sèvres and make yourself as fascinating as you all can, you dreadful Americans, to the director of the manufactory who shows you over the place (you can get a ticket to visit it from the Minister of Public Works), and tell him this longing of your soul, and he will take you to the *boutique*, as they call it, where certain pieces of china not considered perfect by the artists of the place are set aside, and sold for very little. The painting entirely covers the flaw, which often no eye but that of a Sèvres artist could detect. You may in this way collect an entire service, and paint it yourself.

COMET.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

WILLIAM MORRIS is widely known in this country as well as in England as the author of *Jason* and the *Earthly Paradise*. Many who read and admire the books do not think of the author save as the scholar and man of culture who chooses the life of letters for his vocation, justifying it by success. But the poems which have made his name a household word are the result of his leisure hours, his recreation. His vocation is thorough-going hard work, with matter-of-fact prose details.

Many years ago a few earnest young men, each rich in the artist eye, hand, and heart, resolved in their own way to lift the world, and make it wiser, happier, better, because they had lived in it. Prominent among them were William Morris, Gabriel Dante Rossetti, Burn Johns, Marshall, Faulkner, etc.—their governing principle to be this: not to do the best art work the public would stand—*i. e.*, could then appreciate—but absolutely the best they themselves were capable of producing.

The medium chosen was the creation of *truthful* designs for stained glass, wall-papers, carpets, furniture, and decorative art generally. From small beginnings in the various departments have grown large and important establishments and factories that to-day in their specialties stand unrivaled.

The first grand success which Mr. Morris achieved was in the stained glass displayed at the English Exposition, 1862 (now at Kensington). From that hour success was certain, and orders in that one branch have been constantly at least a year in advance. Of necessity such work as Morris & Co. give the world is expensive, and not yet within reach of the multitude. Much of it, however, is on exhibition from time to time, and its influence in reforming and educating public taste can not be limited or estimated.

We wish now to speak particularly about the Morris wall-papers. These are peculiarly unique both in coloring and design, the latter from Morris's own hand, the former under his special supervision. The most distinctive that have reached us are—

1. The Ferns. Groundwork, the tint known as réséda, or, to speak more intelligently, olive; the spray of fern thrown carelessly upon it with that perfectly artistic grouping that can only come from the closest study of nature. The ferns are in a lighter shade than the background, but the tracing and fine lines are dark. A lovely paper for a room where one wishes to hang pictures, the neutral tint, so soft yet so cool, forming an admirable background. For a finish above and below, a picture moulding a shade darker, with black lines either side, is charming; if preferred, a gilt edge can be used, however.

2. The Daisies. There are two styles of this pattern, securing entirely different effects by the use of different tints for the groundwork. The light daisy has a creamy ground, with the faintest suggestion of green—paler than Nile water, unless it were covered with foam. The daisies are in clusters, as you might gather them; pale pink, buff, or white, with real daisy leaves, not some nondescript growing from a stalk that might bear cabbages or roses. Each flower is distinctively and truthfully treated in the smallest detail. Among the daisies are a few bluebells and scarlet columbines, as carefully finished as the daisies. The dark daisy has an olive ground, rather deep in tone, heightening the hue of the flowers by contrast, permitting also warmer coloring: at all events, a selection of the brightest daisies the field afforded.

3. The Pomegranate or Fruit Pattern. The foliage is peculiar, suggesting foreign flavors in the fruit hanging so temptingly within reach—half grown, wholly grown, ripe, and unripe; here and there one with the rind divided, showing the crimson seeds. This also is repeated on dark and light grounds.

4. Rose and Trellis. Narrow bars in tints of brown, four to six inches apart, suggest old-time cottage casements; veritable roses, not woven arbitrarily, one in, one out, *ad infinitum*, but climbing freely, luxuriantly, as nature might dictate, throwing out sprays and leaves where sprays and leaves made themselves necessary; bright, warm June roses, hanging heavy and sweet, tempting the bluebirds and thrushes that stoop over them for their morning draught. A stray humming-bird or two are among the flutterers. Count the petals of the roses, if you will; trace the leaves; they, too, are studies from nature, not offsprings of the artist's fancy.

5. Birds and Arabesque. These are in white on a ground of blue, like the heavens in June, not the glittering blue of a frosty winter's day, but the soft, hazy blue that makes all things fresh and fair. This is repeated in gold tracery on a black or extremely dark ground.

6. The Jasmine. Newest of all; groundwork no tint that can be named, yet you can see it sometimes after sunset lying low above the horizon; neither gray nor blue nor green, still less yellow, but with a hint of each, the key-note, after all, being a sea tint. One sees it looking across a meadow to a woodland when the July sun is warm, and a greenish golden haze comes between the eye and the trailing vines of jasmine, with their odorous white blossoms. A single spray is worth study, as if for an illustrated botany.

To bring out into daily life, to have home, however small, a thing of beauty, because harmonious throughout, should be the central thought in decoration and furnishing. This is only possible when unity of purpose is preserved from the outset to the final line drawn and purchase made. To assist those who are sincere in the aspiration, but lack the fine artistic sense which makes success a matter of course, Morris & Co. have established a consulting office in London, where some member of the firm or a competent clerk is always in waiting to give advice, show specimens, etc. If desired, the plan of a house being given, they are ready to draft to the smallest detail designs for furniture, carpets, inlaid floors, wall-papers, carvings, and interior decorations of every kind.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

SEE that your trunk is in order before you begin to pack it. Many people find a strap torn, the lock broken, or the key minus just as they are going to start for the cars or boat. Don't expect the express-man to wait for you to put in last things, unless you also expect him to get angry. And it is not worth while to carry every change of dress you possess if you are only going for a week's stay at Saratoga. The wisest and best travelers do not burden themselves with unnecessary luggage. Allow time enough to reach cars or boat without hurrying. Nothing is more vexatious to the individual most interested or more ludicrous to lookers-on than a late-comer running after a steamboat or car which is fairly on its way. Dress plainly for traveling; flashy jewelry and showy or inappropriate garments indicate inexperienced vanity, lack of good taste, or want of good sound common-sense. There is no occasion to contract sudden intimacies with every one you meet on your journey; on the other hand, there is no need to be sullen or impolitely curt toward strangers. Some persons have the appearance of regarding the cars as their own private carriage, and every one who enters as an intruder on their personal rights. There is a happy medium which may be preserved between undue familiarity and exclusiveness, and which goes far toward making a comfortable and congenial traveling companion. In the arrangement of window or seat over which you may have temporary jurisdiction be mindful of the comfort of your neighbors. If the cinders fly into the eyes of the lady behind you from your open window, it may be kind to close it, though you yourself are not troubled by its remaining open. Do not be lunching all the time; take meals regularly if possible when traveling. We have seen gentlemen (?) who evidently thought the car floor was a spittoon, and ladies (?) who regarded it as a convenient receptacle for pea-nut shells and apple peelings. In entering and leaving public conveyances, is it necessary to suggest that one should consider those about him as susceptible of feeling, and not elbow and push his way about? A vivid remembrance assures us that a hint on this point is very much needed. A volume might easily be written giving simple suggestions about little details of manners, habits, and general courtesy, whereby the comfort of the great traveling public might be greatly increased. But this brief chapter will suffice for the present.

A sad incident occurred in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, the other day. Two young boys, one eight and the other five years old, were playing near that part of the lake which is enclosed by a wire fence. They crawled under it, and while rolling on the turf the older one slipped into the water. The younger, frightened, ran home; but when inquired of regarding his brother, did not tell of his falling into the water. The mother immediately went to the Park, however, and a search was instituted for the missing boy. His cap was found on the bank, and on dragging the lake his body was brought to shore.

The consumption of potatoes in Saratoga is large. At the Lake House it is the fashion not only to nibble a goodly quantity of this delicacy (fried, of course) while there, but to carry some away for future consumption. It is said that the proprietor sold no less than 13,000 packages of fried potatoes to the visitors of Saratoga in the season of 1872.

The trustees of Mount Holyoke Seminary have voted to erect a two-story brick building, seventy by fifty feet, for a science and art gallery. The new structure will stand south of the main building, with which it is to be connected, in a style similar to the library building, and will cost about $30,000. The basement is to contain a chemical laboratory, a museum, and lecture-rooms, while the upper story will be used for an art gallery. Probably, also, an observatory, with a complete set of astronomical instruments, will be added to the building. Mr. A. L. Williston, of Northampton, has given $7500 toward the cost of this new building. Deacon Andrew Porter, of Munson, Massachusetts, after thirty-seven years of faithful service, has resigned his position as treasurer of this institution, much to the regret of all. He has an able successor in Mr. Williston.

"Donner Lake" and "The Emerald Pool" are two paintings which were sent by Bierstadt to the Vienna Exhibition. For a long time these paintings could not be found, and it was supposed that they had failed to arrive. Probably the artist's name misled the managers of the Exhibition, for it has been ascertained that they were hung in the Belgian instead of the American department, and at last accounts still remained there.

A pretty incident is told concerning the Emperor of Germany when lately visiting a village in some portion of his dominion. After some welcoming exercises on the part of the school-children of the place, the Emperor thanked them, and then taking an orange from a plate, he asked, "To what kingdom does this belong?"

"The vegetable kingdom, sire," replied a little girl.

The Emperor took a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it up, asked, "And to what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the mineral kingdom, sire," replied the child.

"And to what kingdom do I belong, then?" asked the Emperor.

The little girl colored deeply, for she did not like to say "The animal kingdom," as he thought she would, lest his Majesty should be offended, when a bright thought came, and she said, with radiant eyes, "To God's kingdom, sire."

The Emperor was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head, and said, most devoutly, "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

The balloon trip to Europe across the Atlantic seems to be determined upon. Professor Wise, who has had great experience in aeronautics, is resolved to make the attempt, being confident of success. He has been advised by Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, with whom he has had some correspondence on the subject, to make a preliminary voyage across the continent, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, which, if successful, would establish the practicability of the proposed enterprise. The question whether a balloon can be sustained at a sufficient height and for a sufficient length of time to make the journey can only be ascertained by actual experiment. The project is full of hazard; but Professor Wise is impressed with the conviction that the trial must be made, and is confident of ultimate success.

A well-known aeronaut, Professor La Mountain, met with a frightful death on the Fourth of July. He was to ascend in a balloon from Ionia, Michigan. Probably some of the apparatus was wrongly arranged, for soon after the balloon rose from the earth the canvas began to flap around with great violence, and when perhaps half a mile high the structure slipped between the ropes, and was instantly inverted. The unfortunate man descended with fearful velocity, clinging to the basket. Evidently he was conscious, as he struggled to raise the basket above him, hoping to use it as a parachute, and succeeded, but when about one hundred feet high he loosed his hold and folded his hands and arms before his face. He struck the ground with a dull, heavy thud, and was crushed into a literal pulp. Not a sign of motion or life was visible when he was reached. Medical examination disclosed the fact that hardly a whole bone was left. Many were ground and splintered to powder.

A reliable physician recommends dancing for old people. He says that they require it far more than the young. We understand that the doctor has organized a dancing class the junior member of which is a damsel of sixty-five, and the senior a lively lad who has just completed his eightieth year.

Yale College has revealed to the interested public a long list of important details respecting its late graduating class, such as that out of the 113 graduates thirteen might be called handsome, thirty-one are positively ugly, and the rest are intermediate; that seven are "engaged" (alas! only seven!); that the oldest is twenty-nine, and the youngest a little over nineteen; that sixty-nine smoke, forty-one have chosen law as a profession, and thirteen propose to try the ministry.

Times have changed indeed. A Savannah lady engaged as cook a colored girl who applied to her for the situation. After the arrangements were made the "new cook" desired to be shown to the room she was to occupy. The apartment was in the basement, comfortable, but not specially commodious. The colored damsel viewed the premises carefully, and then, shaking her head dubiously, said if that was the only room that could be given her she didn't think she could stay. The lady, in surprise, inquired why, when the accomplished cook replied that the room was not large enough to accommodate her "piano and sewing-machine;" and she left.

The Warm Spring Indians, who played so important a part in the Modoc war, derive their title from the fact that they reside on the Warm Springs Reservation, which lies at the eastern base of the Cascade Mountains. A large and singular hot spring is on this reservation, near which the Indians pitched their wigwams, having great faith in its curative effects. The water gushes out boiling hot from the spring, but is gradually cooled as it flows along through the canal, so that one can choose any point between the spring and the turbulent Warm Springs River for a bath, taking just the temperature he pleases. The waters are impregnated with sulphur, and are highly esteemed in rheumatic difficulties. These springs would be highly prized if they were pleasantly located in a more accessible region.

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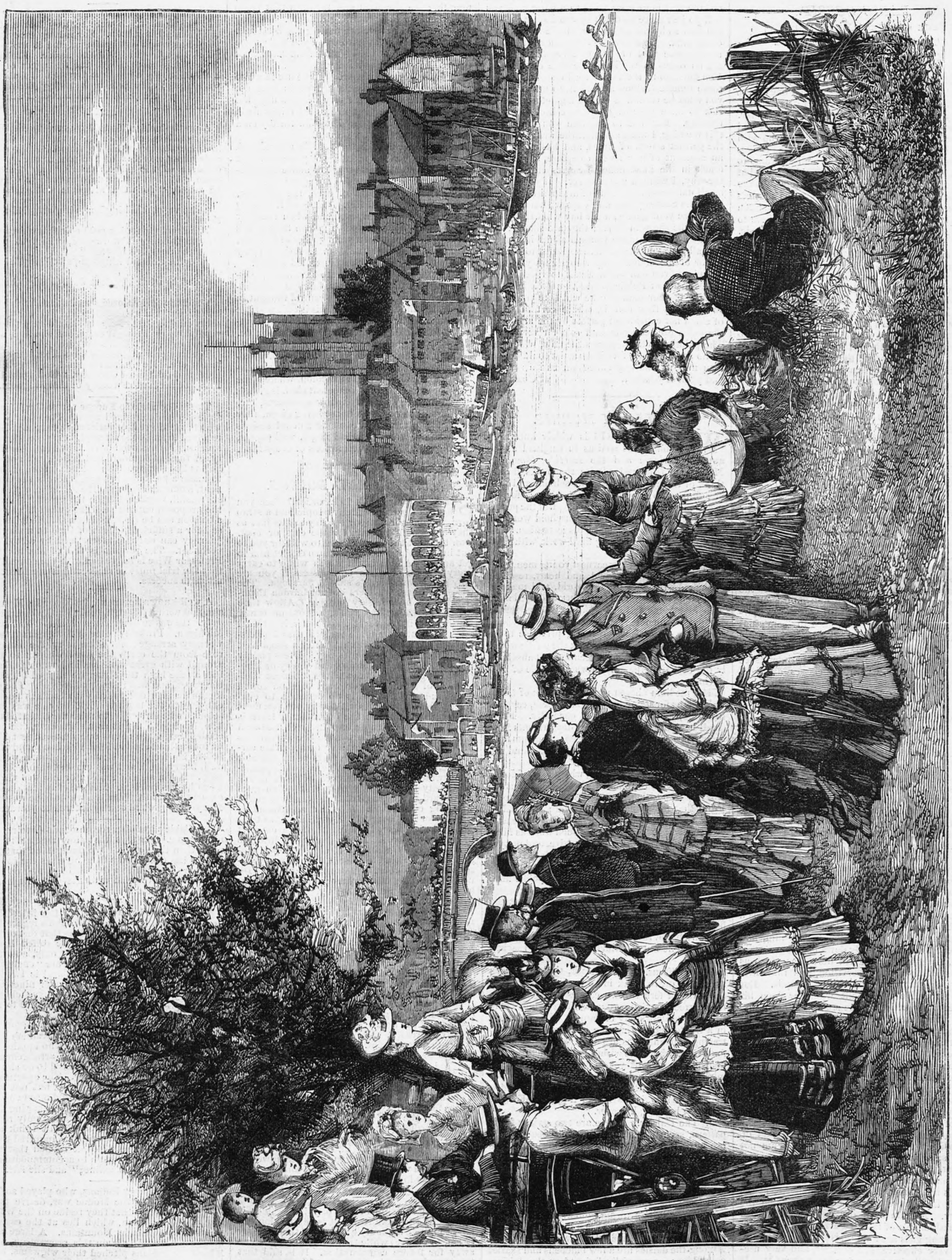
THE REGATTA.

REGATTAS have attained such a degree of popular favor that the scene depicted in our charming illustration may be found reproduced again and again during the fine season on the banks of almost every river and bay that affords a fair race-course for the ambitious athletes. We have yacht-races, college regattas, rowing matches, etc., every where; yet it is scarcely a quarter of a century since the first rowing match took place in the United States. This fact alone is a gratifying evidence of progress. In all our schools—boys' schools at least—physical culture is regarded as an indispensable adjunct to mental training, and athletic sports are assiduously cultivated. This we have borrowed from England, with many other good things; and an excellent thing it is if we are wise enough to avoid excess, and the dissipation of betting, which degrades a noble pastime.

We wish that the example could be followed in young ladies' schools, and that sufficient care could be bestowed on the physical training of our girls to insure a generation of healthy American women, who could walk, ride, row, and swim with as much ease as their more fortunate brothers.



THE REGATTA.

FRENCH HOME LIFE.

MOST French people content themselves, like their neighbors in other countries, with rumbling carelessly through marriage, making no attempt to improve it, and not even suspecting that it is capable of improvement. And yet, thanks to their light, laughing natures, they generally keep clear of gloom. They bring into married life the bright cheeriness which is so frequently an attribute of their race; they stave off worry by *insouciance;* they support annoyances with a coolness which in their case is not indifference, but which, to an unpracticed foreign eye, looks so singularly like it that it is difficult at first to fix the point where calm patience appears to end and indifference seems to begin.

There are, however, contradictions in abundance to this rule of quietly supporting cares. Frenchmen have sometimes in their character so many of the faults which elsewhere are supposed to be the property of women only that they are capable of growing fidgety and nervous to a scarcely credible degree; and woe to the unlucky wife who stumbles on a husband of that species!—he wears her out with teasing. Gentle and affectionate as the men ordinarily are, there are some among them who are absolutely intolerable at home. Luckily they form an infinitely small minority; otherwise it would be nonsense to pretend that French marriages, on the whole, are happy. The evidence which can be collected by listening to opinions, including ill-natured scandal in all its forms, tends certainly to show that, according to their impressions of each other, most Frenchmen are singularly forbearing toward their wives; they do not make the most of them, but their habit is to treat them with much softness, with constant consideration, with deference and courtesy. It is far from easy to discover really unhappy marriages in France: here and there are isolated instances, evident to every one, for they have terminated in voluntary separation; but the testimony of society, and particularly of the women, who are

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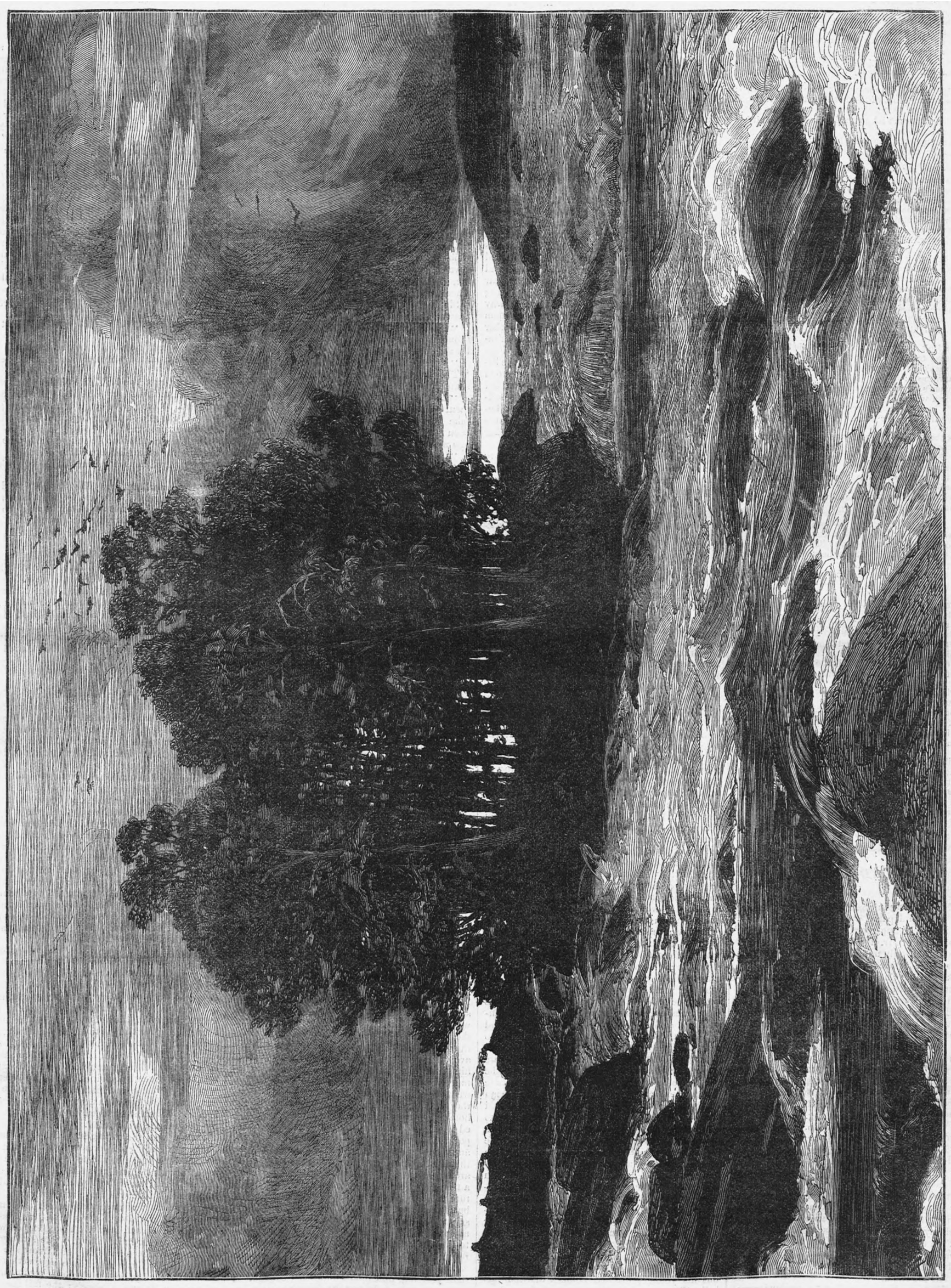
not more charitable toward each other in France than they are in other lands, in no way indicates any multiplicity of failures. The impossibility of divorce creates a strong motive for mutual concessions, with the object of soothing away asperities, and of rendering obligatory companionship supportable if not agreeable. As for absolute infidelity on either side, it is now so rare that it is often possible to look round a large circle of intimate acquaintance without being able to point out one example of it. This assertion may seem absurd and false to that large group of our people which, though in total ignorance of the facts, grows up, lives, and dies in the contrary conviction; but the assertion is strictly, literally true. The marriage tie is vigorously felt in France: husbands and wives cleave there to each other, and do not now seek for illicit joys, whatever some of them may have done in days gone by. Indeed, they point to England at this moment as the country which produces palpably the largest amount of conjugal irregularity, and quote in proof, with bitter justice, the shameless details of the Divorce Court which are given in the newspapers. We have grown accustomed to this odious publicity: habit blinds us to its dangers and its indecency; but if we could hear foreigners talk about it—if we knew the impression of disgust which it creates in France, where the rare cases of co-respondency are treated criminally, and are always pleaded with closed doors; where husbands do not receive money damages for their wives' dishonor—we should perhaps be led to recognize that, in this question, we do not offer a satisfying spectacle to the world, and that we have lost all right to throw stones at others. We are unable to judge ourselves on such a subject: we must submit to the verdict of lookers-on; and a very painful one it is for us to support.



AN AUTUMN FLOOD.—[FROM THE PICTURE BY C. E. JOHNSON IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.]

AN AUTUMN FLOOD.

THIS engraving is from a picture by Mr. C. E. Johnson, which has recently attracted some attention at the exhibition of the Royal Academy at London. The wild waste of swirling, turbid waters is powerfully depicted, the clouds are still lowering, and seem to promise an addition to the already abundant rain-fall. Overhead the birds are circling in flocks, driven, doubtless, from their usual places of resort by the watery deluge, though some among them, especially those which fly high and keep apart from the rest, are possibly on the look-out for the dead carcasses of sheep or other animals which are pretty sure to be hurried down by the raging flood. The thickly wooded island stands like a haven of refuge in the midst of the whirling waters, yet few would care to choose it for an abiding-place, not knowing what height the flood may reach. It is at such times as these that cottagers and others whose homesteads are threatened anxiously watch the memorials notched on trees, or notified by stakes thrust into the ground, feeling

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hopeful that the flood will not pass the limits of the famous deluge which was the chief event in the life of some patriarch of the village.

JOHN'S GONE OFF TO-DAY!

BY JOHN H. YATES.

It has come about! I feared it would; yes, John's gone off to-day,
And left me alone on a mortgaged farm without any means to pay:
Gone off with the very woman who has hated me for years,
Who has planted my path with thorns, while I watered them with my tears.

Perhaps 'tis foolish to mourn; perhaps 'tis better so:
When love goes out of the dwelling, the loveless man should go.
But the heart can't let go quickly from the one it has loved so long,
Though suddenly comes the tempest, though terrible be the wrong.

I gave him my youthful love in the far home over the sea.
Through all the years of our wedded life his heart has been true to me,
Till this woman came to our table, with her fine sheep's clothing on,
To prove but a wolf, as she has to-day, by running away with John.

It is hard to work, as I have worked, for love and a home when old,
Then find I have garnered nothing but fond hopes dead and cold.
It is hard to love, as I have loved, then hear the old neighbors say,
John wouldn't have done this wrong but I scolded him night and day.

There isn't the proof in Scripture that Adam was drove to sin;
There isn't a wife around here more patient than I have been:
A woman's tongue may drive a man out of the house for a while,
But to lead him astray from Wisdom's way, there's nothing like her smile.

'Twas the smile of this evil woman, 'twas the honeyed words of her tongue,
That shattered love's golden bowl, and love's tuneful harp unstrung.
When the serpent's charm is broken, and John comes back to his mind,
He will sigh again for the true love of the heart he has left behind.

Will I run to the door to meet him? Will I welcome him home with a kiss?
Supposing I do it, neighbor, will that be doing amiss?
It's dangerous sailing without the man who has been at the helm so long,
And they who are prone to evil should learn to forgive a wrong.

I often take my Bible, the well-worn one on the stand,
And read of the prodigal son coming home from that famine land.
Didn't the father run to meet him? Didn't he kiss his repenting boy,
And order the fatted calf killed to make him a feast of joy?

So will I welcome John when his wayward race is run:
Is not a *prodigal husband* as good as a prodigal son?
If I forgive his trespasses, obeying the law divine,
The Lord who pities the erring will surely pardon mine.

It will come about, it will; yes, John will come home soon;
Together we'll mend love's broken bowl, love's golden harp we'll tune;
Then the fatted calf I'll kill, and the news I'll spread around—
My John, though dead, is alive again; though lost, he now is found.

THE LADY'S CROSS.

I.

ONE morning in September, a few years ago, a cheerful party was assembled at breakfast in the dining-room of Earnscliffe Castle. It consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Chester, their eldest son, their only unmarried daughter, and one guest—Sir Eustace Vaughan. Sir Eustace had not known the Chesters long. He had made acquaintance with the son the previous autumn, when both were guests of a common friend at his Highland shooting-box. He had afterward spent a few days at Earnscliffe for some winter gayeties there; he had subsequently seen a good deal of the Chesters in London, and had now been for two or three days at Earnscliffe as the sole guest, finding the family party so pleasant that he looked upon as an unmitigated nuisance the numerous other friends who were expected that day to fill the house for a ball in the neighborhood on the following evening.

"What are we all going to do to-day?" said Harry Chester as they left the breakfast-table.

"I have to take the chair at a meeting in Bridgefield," said his father.

"Maude and I are going over to Lindenwood to luncheon," said Mrs. Chester. "I shall order the carriage at half past twelve, Maude."

"Very well, mamma. It is such a lovely morning that I think I shall go out at once and finish my sketch of Sir Randal's Oak. Will you pick me up at the lodge? I will be ready when I hear the carriage."

Mrs. Chester acquiesced in Maude's proposal and left the room.

"Then we may as well take out our guns, Vaughan?" said Harry.

His friend agreed.

A quarter of an hour later Maude passed through the hall, her drawing materials in her hand, and a cloak over her arm. Maude Chester was not beautiful, but she was a pretty, attractive girl, with a graceful figure, and a countenance full of life and feeling and intelligence. This morning, in her fresh, tasteful summer dress, she looked remarkably well, and so Sir Eustace Vaughan, who was idling in the hall as she passed, evidently thought.

"Waiting for Harry, Sir Eustace?" said Maude, gayly. "He is always so unpunctual!"

"He is writing a note," said Sir Eustace, who could not, in strict truth, be said to have been waiting for *Harry*. "He won't be ready this half hour. Let me carry your things to the river for you, and tell him to follow us."

Maude acquiesced with a bright blush and smile. She was beginning to feel that Sir Eustace preferred her society to her brother's, and the knowlege was pleasant to her. Sir Eustace looked into the library, and said, "I am going to the river with your sister, Chester; you can overtake me."

"All right," responded Harry, and Sir Eustace and Maude set off together.

Turning away from the terrace and flower garden, a flight of steps and a short steep path led them to the foot of the wooded cliff overhanging the river Earne. They took a broad, well-kept path which followed the downward course of the stream, there being just room for it between the cliff and the river on that side, while on the other the rocks came sheer down into the water. The path was cool and shady, for the trees on the banks nearly formed an arch over the narrow gorge; the river, low as it was after the long summer drought, still splashed with pleasant murmurs along its stony bed, and trickled in tiny falls over the rocks into clear pools, reflecting each leaf of the overhanging foliage, while enough sunlight found its way through the trees to play here and there upon the water. It was very beautiful, but neither Maude nor her companion spoke their admiration. Silence is perhaps the highest tribute. Five minutes' walk brought them to the end of the little gorge. The cliffs beyond where they stood subsided into sloping, park-like, tree-studded meadows. Sir Randal's Oak, in all its stateliness, was the nearest single tree, and just beyond it was a graceful single-arch bridge. Maude broke the silence, which was becoming rather embarrassing.

"Here, if you please," she said, pointing to the trunk of a fallen tree; and Sir Eustace spread her cloak for her to sit upon, and placed her drawing materials on the bank by her side.

"It is beautiful, is it not?" said Maude. "Almost too lovely to be profaned by one's attempts to paint it! And to think that this horrible railway is to cross the river here and spoil it all!"

"Here?" said Sir Eustace. "Well, Miss Chester, prosaic though you think me, I sympathize with you. Does it really come *here?*"

"Yes," replied Maude. "And papa and Harry say we are lucky, for it will just cut off a tiny corner of the park, and not be visible from the house, nor from any part of the grounds except the bridge here, which I suppose need not be very ugly. But *I* can not bear the idea of its crossing here, going right through the Lady's Rock and destroying her Cave."

"The Lady's Rock?" said Sir Eustace. "Which is that?"

"Have you not heard its story?" said Maude. "It is too romantic to please you. That wall of lichen-covered rock opposite to us is called 'The Lady's Rock,' and in it, below the level of the water, even when the river is low, there is an opening into a cave. There, according to the story, an ancestress of ours once concealed herself from her father rather than marry her cousin (the next heir, after herself and her sister, to her father's lands), for she loved the son of a neighboring baron, with whom the Chesters were always quarreling. Sir Randal, the same who planted that oak, swore that Adeline should marry her cousin at once, or take the veil. Adeline, horribly frightened, promised submission, and her wedding was to take place the next day; but she fled in the night and concealed herself in this cave, which in those days could be easily entered when the river was low. She sent a messenger whom she could trust to Alan Radclyffe, to tell him where she was, that he might come and carry her off. He did come, before daybreak; but even in those few hours all was changed. There had been heavy rain in the west for some days previously, and the water had come down from the moors, as it does sometimes even now in spite of modern drainage, in a sudden torrent, swelling the river and flooding the cave. It was quite impossible to get in. The entrance was deep under water, and the current frightfully strong; but there was a possible hope that Adeline might still be safe in some of the inner recesses of the cave where there were high ledges of rock. Alan Radclyffe went boldly to Sir Randal and told him where Adeline was, and entreated him to send every man within call who could use a spade to turn the course of the river in the meadows above the gorge, and so enable them to enter the cave and search for her. Sir Randal refused, and had Alan Radclyffe shut up in the castle dungeon; and when the flood subsided Adeline's lifeless body was found in the cave. The old Baron Radclyffe besieged Earnscliffe Castle to rescue his son. He took it; Sir Randal was killed, and Alan set free. They raised a monument to Adeline, the ruins of which still stand in the park, and Alan went to the Crusades and was killed soon afterward; but his younger brother, Hubert, married Isabella Chester, Adeline's sister, and from them we are descended, for their second son inherited the lands of Earnscliffe, and took the name of Chester. Since that time the current of the river has changed. That memorable flood moved some rocks below, so that the pool by the cave became much deeper, and it is very, very rarely that the water is low enough for the opening into the cave to be seen. Sometimes it is so, and then a cross, cut in the rock in memory of Adeline, is visible; but it is supposed to be a bad omen if it is seen by one of us. The saying is:

"'Each daughter of Sir Randal's line
Who sees the Lady's Cross and Shrine
Must look for trouble, pain, and strife,
And live unwedded all her life.'"

"And have you any family records of its truth being tested?" said Sir Eustace, with a smile. "Have there been any victims to a sight of the cross?"

Maude laughed. "One or two; but I shall not tell their stories to such a nineteenth-century spirit as yours. Even you, however, must allow that a rock and cave with such a history are more interesting than a railway bridge?"

"Yes, I admit that," said Sir Eustace. "But then, from this time forward, future Chesters will be free from the shadow of such a mysterious omen."

"Yes, I am the last of my race to whom it can appear," said Maude, lightly. "Before next summer those wretched engineers will have blasted the rock to pieces."

"Are you superstitious, Miss Chester?" asked Sir Eustace. "Would a sight of the fatal cross alarm you?"

Maude colored slightly. "I do not think I am particularly superstitious, but I would rather not see it; and I think if I knew that it were visible I should avoid this path until the water covered it again. I give you leave to laugh at me, Sir Eustace, but I think most people in my place would feel the same about it."

Sir Eustace did not laugh, he did not even answer, and Maude looked up, surprised.

"I beg your pardon," he said then. "My thoughts were wandering to what you said at breakfast this morning."

"What did I say?" said Maude, smiling. "That it was a fine morning, but rather hot, or something equally original, I am afraid."

"You spoke of Colonel Wardour's engagement to Miss Temple, and you said you could take no interest in it, because last year he had been so much in love with some one else. Do you *never* believe in a second love?"

"One must believe in such an every-day fact," replied Maude; "but I don't think it very interesting. Do you?"

"People seldom marry their first love," said Sir Eustace. "Men especially often entangle themselves first in some foolish affair, and may thank Heaven for their escape, if escape they do. I do not say that a heart which has loved thus unwisely can ever be quite the same again, but it may be by no means an extinct volcano, and its second affection, if calmer, may be far deeper and truer, far better worth acceptance, than its first passion."

Maude was silent. What could she have said?

"I speak from experience," continued Sir Eustace. "Miss Chester, will you have patience while I tell you of myself? Last summer, in the Tyrol, I met a girl traveling with her father, who charmed me completely. She was beautiful, but her beauty seemed to me her least attraction. The same hotel was our head-quarters for some time, and I was with them day after day, seeing her in all the intimacy of long excursions taken together, of hours of uninterrupted companionship. I loved her, how well I will not attempt to conceal from you, and I waited only to feel sure of success before asking her to be my wife. At her father's invitation I joined them in traveling home, and day by day my hopes grew, till at length I was sure that she understood and encouraged me."

He paused, and Maude looked up in silent, eager interest.

"Luckily for me," he continued, "I was undeceived in time. We stopped at Baden-Baden, intending to spend a few days there. On the evening of our arrival, among the crowd sitting under the trees in the public promenade was a group which attracted my attention. They were evidently foreigners of distinction—a Russian prince, I afterward found, with his wife and two little boys with an English tutor. As we passed them, the tutor, as if recognizing my companions, rose and came toward us. With a start of surprise, and a degree of emotion which made her deadly pale, Helen stopped, but her father drew her on hurriedly and authoritatively. After that she was silent, and soon said she was tired, and wished to go in. We took her to the door of the Hôtel d'Angleterre. As she left us, her father said to her in an aside which I could not avoid hearing, 'I forbid you to see or speak to him, and you will be ready to leave Baden to-morrow morning.' She made no answer, but went up stairs, and her father, declining any farther walk, turned into the reading-room of the hotel. I went back to the promenade, ascertained who the foreigners were, and the name and position of the young Englishman with them, and then wandered about, too much disturbed by this mystery to pay much attention to any thing around me, until I saw, not far from me, under a tree, Helen's maid giving a note to the English tutor. I passed close to them. I felt like a spy, but I could not help doing it; and I heard him say, 'In the avenue, tell her, to-morrow morning at six o'clock.' I think I was justified in going to the avenue myself the next morning; at any rate I went. I hoped not to see her, but she came. I saw them meet, and the manner of their meeting, and then I had seen enough. I had neither the right nor the desire to watch her farther. It half maddened me—can you wonder? I had thought her as good and pure and true as she was charming; and to find such falsehood, such utter want of delicacy and dignity! to know that she must have been either heartlessly trifling with me or willfully duping me, and that she could stoop to deceive her father, and make a secret appointment with her lover through her maid! I could not doubt the evidence of my senses, and I resolved not to see her again. I walked about the woods for some hours, and when I returned to the hotel they were already gone. Her father had left a note for me, apologizing for so abruptly deserting me—'circumstances which he could not explain obliged him to leave Baden at once.' He gave me his address in England, and hoped to see me there some day. I also left Baden that day; but I did not follow them, and we have not met since. The pain of those days was sharp, Miss Chester; but would you, therefore, condemn me to a solitary life forever? Would you forbid me ever again to seek for love and happiness? Or may I not, when I have found a woman with all Helen's charms, and with the truth and purity which she had not, try my fate at least on equal terms with others? I have told you all the truth, Maude. Will you refuse to believe that I can love again deeply and truly, and with perfect trust that I can think of the past only with gratitude for my escape?"

Maude had not again looked up while Sir Eustace spoke. She had sat perfectly still, one hand in the river, letting the water trickle over it, and her eyes fixed upon it. She looked up when he ceased speaking. What was she going to say? Suddenly an expression of bewildered surprise crossed her face, already pale with agitation, and hastily starting from her seat, she pointed across the river. Some mysterious agency had been at work; the bed of the river was nearly dry, and opposite to them the Lady's Cross was distinctly visible, cut deep in the rock at the mouth of the cave. An exclamation of astonishment escaped Sir Eustace; then turning to Maude, he said:

"You are not frightened—you will not let such a trifle affect you?"

Before Maude could answer, her brother's joyous voice from the bridge above them broke the silence:

"I say, you two! You look so picturesque down there, it's a pity you should not be photographed. Come, Vaughan; Wilkinson has gone on with the guns and the dogs, and will meet us at Woodend farm."

Sir Eustace felt that he must go; but he did not like to leave Maude, and he lingered. She had recovered her self-possession enough to say, quietly:

"I know what it is. They have stopped the water higher up to prepare for beginning their work here. I am not superstitious; but do not speak of this to Harry, or to any one, till I have seen you again. Promise," she added, earnestly.

"I promise," he replied. "Will you, too, promise to think of what I have said? My happiness depends on your answer, Maude."

"Yes, I will think," said Maude, slowly; and Sir Eustace, obeying her sign to him to leave her, sprang up the bank and joined Harry on the bridge.

Maude watched them till they were out of sight, and then with a shudder she buried her face in her hands.

II.

It was long before Maude looked up, and when she did so her face was pale and troubled. The same view was before her in all its beauty, but she no longer saw it. One idea filled her mind—a temptation beset her. Sir Eustace Vaughan loved her, and she could not blind herself to the fact that no other blessing of life could be half so precious to her as his affection. Happiness as perfect as any this world has to offer was within her reach, and yet she might not grasp it. She had recognized the story he had told her; she knew that he had been entirely mistaken; that Helen was as innocent and true as herself; and she felt that she must tell him this, and in doing so destroy all her own hopes of happiness. True, she *need* not do it; he had mentioned no names; he would never know either that she had guessed to whom he had referred, or that there was any explanation of the story to be given. She had only to be silent, and their next meeting must confirm his engagement to herself. It was in her power to become his wife if she chose. Should she do so? The temptation was strong. He loved her, and that love was returned. She recalled all the pleasant days of their growing knowledge of each other; she thought of his many valuable qualities, of his charming manners; she saw herself his wife, the mistress of his beautiful home, doing her utmost to make him happy, and succeeding. Yes, she felt that she should succeed, and that he would never regret the past if he were now left in ignorance of the true explanation of Helen's conduct. But conscience, honor, generosity, and innate truth all made her feel that she must speak, at whatever cost to herself. When summoned to join her mother she had made up her mind.

Maude was the youngest child of a happy home, the darling of parents, brothers and sisters, and friends; her nineteen years of life had been very sunny, and this first cloud was dark and heavy. But, though young and untrained to sorrow, Maude was brave and unselfish. As she rose to leave her seat she gazed once more upon the still visible Lady's Cross, and paused before she turned away. Thoughts crowded upon each other in her mind. The strangeness of the coincidence; the tale of sorrow she had told so lightly but a short time ago, without an idea of its coming home to herself; a comparison of her own lot and Adeline's; the full meaning of the emblem engraved there in memory of her; and then a solemn silent vow to accept the cross appointed for her, and bear its burden unflinchingly, be it as heavy as it might.

"Have you finished your sketch, dear?" said Mrs. Chester, as Maude took her place beside her in the carriage.

"No, mamma; I was very idle," replied

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Maude; and her mother guessed that Sir Eustace had been lingering with her, and asked no more.

Maude talked to her mother as usual during their drive; she made conversation and played croquet with the young people at Lindenwood; but all the time she felt as if it were not real, as if she were asleep. As they drove home in the afternoon Mrs. Chester was silent, and Maude was free to think of the task before her. She must speak, and that without delay, for Helen Anson and her father were among the guests expected at Earnscliffe that day. How should she make an opportunity? and, when made, how find courage for such an explanation? Flattering hopes would sometimes rise that perhaps Sir Eustace's love was really *hers* now, and would not be turned back again; but then came the thought of Helen, of her beauty and sweetness, and she felt that such hopes were vain. The position for all parties must be embarrassing, and it must be her part to make it as little so as possible.

When the carriage drove up to the door at Earnscliffe the two young men were just coming home from shooting. Harry turned off to the kennels with the keeper, to see a lame pointer, and Sir Eustace came forward to help the ladies. Mrs. Chester went in-doors at once to be ready to receive her guests, who might arrive at any moment; and Maude made a desperate resolution.

"I left my drawing-block and colors by the river this morning, and must go for them," she said. "Will you come, Sir Eustace?"

Sir Eustace had fully intended securing a private interview with Maude before dinner, and had, in fact, dragged Harry home early on purpose, but he was rather startled by Maude so coolly taking the initiative. It offended his somewhat fastidious taste. There was silence till they reached the walk by the river; then Maude spoke:

"You told me a story this morning, Sir Eustace, which you must forgive me for alluding to again. Were not you speaking of Helen Anson?"

"Yes," he said, much surprised.

Maude went on quickly:

"I felt sure of it, for I know the other side of the story, and must undeceive you. Helen Anson is my cousin and intimate friend. She was at Baden last summer, and, when there, made exactly the appointment you describe, but it was with her brother."

"It was no brother," Sir Eustace said, sarcastically. "You have heard some plausible story, I suppose, but the gentleman I saw her meet was a Mr. Hamilton. We will not talk about it now, though, when there is so much else to say."

"In justice to Helen and to you, I *must* speak," said Maude, firmly. "Her youngest brother is tutor to the two sons of a Russian prince. Poor Regie! We were all very sorry for him. He was careless and extravagant at Oxford, and left it horribly in debt. Uncle Anson, pleasant as he is in society, is something like old Sir Randal at home, and would only consent to pay the money if Regie would take orders, and a family living which an uncle would give him. This he would not do. He was not fitted for the Church, was disinclined to it, and would not take orders from such a motive. Uncle Anson was furious and implacable, and Regie was sent away without any allowance, and was forbidden ever to return home or to speak to his father again. He could not stay in England because of these debts, and thankfully took the appointment of this tutorship in Russia, which a friend was able to procure for him. He is highly paid, and is fairly happy and comfortable, but it was altogether a wretched business, and Helen especially felt the prohibition even to correspond with him. She could hear of him only through Harry. He has dropped the name of Anson, and is known only by his two Christian names—'Reginald Hamilton.' I think she was fully justified in her disobedience at Baden; but I little thought, when she told me of her meeting him there, that it had caused so serious a misunderstanding."

They had reached the rocks where Maude had sat in the morning; but the river was again flowing peacefully over the cave and its cross. The engineers had made their preliminary investigations, and no more was to be done at present. Maude collected her property, and then turned to Sir Eustace, who had stood in silent, painful perplexity.

"The Ansons come here to-day," she said. "It is lucky that you know the truth before you and Helen meet."

"She might have trusted me *then*," said Sir Eustace, bitterly.

Maude pitied him. He *was* in an unusually awkward dilemma.

"According to your own showing, she had no reason to suppose that you knew any thing about it," she said, gently. "You never met after she first recognized Regie. She could have no clew to the cause of your silence after their hurried departure. Was not the want of trust *yours* rather than hers? If you had asked for an explanation—"

"Miss Chester, you are cousins and friends, you say; then may I ask—you probably know—"

"I know nothing," replied Maude. "Helen never even spoke of you as an acquaintance, from which I imagine that the subject has been a painful one to her. But she comes here to-day, so that every thing can now be explained; and I hope she will quickly forgive your unjust suspicions of her."

"It had better rest unexplained," said Sir Eustace. "She never knew of my suspicions; so she need not be asked to forgive them. It is too long ago. Let it rest between ourselves. You can not have forgotten what I asked this morning, and what you promised."

"I promised to think," said Maude, "and I have thought; and the result of my thoughts I have told you."

"You do not understand me," began Sir Eustace.

"I think I do," said Maude, gravely, and she raised her eyes and met his unshrinkingly; "and I want you to understand *me*. In telling you all I know, I have done what I can to promote Helen's happiness and yours. If I can help you farther, you have only to tell me."

Sir Eustace stood in irresolute silence. Every impulse of feeling prompted him to accept Maude's sacrifice; but he felt dreadfully guilty toward her.

"You are generous, Maude," he said at length. "May I really hope that you will forgive—"

"I have nothing to forgive," said Maude, simply. Then, with a changing color, she added, "My knowledge of the truth canceled your words to me as they were spoken, and I need not answer them. I adhere to my theory in favor of a first love. Make your peace with Helen, and let me welcome you as a cousin as soon as possible. *My* fate we know," she added, lightly, pointing across the stream. "But keep our sight of the Lady's Cross to yourself. I should not like to have it talked about and laughed at. Now I must go in."

Before he could answer she had turned up a steep path leading to the back of the Castle. She trusted that she had played her part well, and had not betrayed herself. She was proud as well as brave, and she felt that no one must know her trouble. She would bear her cross without a murmur; but she must bear it in secret. If its weight were known, she felt that she must sink under it.

Sir Eustace's reverie after Maude left him was a painful one. Great as was the happiness of knowing Helen to be all he had ever thought her, and still free, it was almost counterbalanced by genuine regret for the unpleasant position in which he had placed Maude. In the eyes of her parents and brother he had virtually avowed himself her lover, and must appear to have treated her very badly. He felt keenly all the difficulties and disagreeables of his position, and paced the bridge walk till it grew dark, and the stable clock struck seven, and the dressing-bell rang. He was almost tempted to play the coward, leave Earnscliffe at once on some extemporized plea, and then write to Helen; but he did not: he went in and dressed for dinner like other people.

III.

Meanwhile numerous guests had arrived and were assembled in the library, where tea was going on.

"Where is Maude?" asked Helen Anson of her cousin, Harry Chester.

"Studying the picturesque by the river with a friend of mine," said Harry, in a low voice, with a mischievous smile. "The beauties of nature, as seen on our banks, have great attractions for Maude and Sir Eustace Vaughan."

Helen was sitting in shadow, her face was scarcely visible.

"Is Sir Eustace staying here?" she asked.

"Yes. Do you know him?" said Harry.

"We met him last summer in the Tyrol."

"He is capital company generally," said Harry. "But just at present he keeps it all for Maude's benefit."

Helen made no answer, and Maude at the moment entered the room.

When the ladies dispersed to their rooms Maude lingered in Helen's, wishing to warn her of Sir Eustace being at Earnscliffe, yet hardly knowing how to introduce his name. She spoke of the other people in the house, intending to mention him casually, and failed; then she looked at Helen's dress for the ball the next evening, and compared it with her own, but that did no good; at last, as Helen's maid came in, she said, quickly,

"Will you come to my room and go down with me, or be independent? You know all the people except Harry's friend, Sir Eustace Vaughan."

"Harry said he was here," said Helen, turning away as she spoke. "We met him in the Tyrol last summer." She was determined to avoid an introduction.

The evening passed as such evenings usually do. Maude talked and laughed, and did her part as the daughter of the house with unflagging spirit. But she saw how anxiously Sir Eustace watched Helen; she saw the nervousness that changed his manner when he spoke to her, and she could not doubt that he really loved her; as little could she doubt that Helen had loved and still did love him.

There was little rest for Maude that night. She could not repress all sense of ill usage and neglect, but she resisted resolutely all bitter feelings, and schooled herself to think that a true affection for Sir Eustace must lead her to wish his happiness, even if in securing it she destroyed her own. She fell asleep late, and dreamed that she was Adeline, and alone in the darkness of the Lady's Cave. She heard the rushing of the rising water, and she struggled to get out, and then she heard Alan Radclyffe say in Sir Eustace's voice, "It is better for her to be thus at rest forever than to live and know that Helen is my wife." And then she turned again into the cave, longing for death, and woke with a start, to find her maid in the room, and that it was time to get up. She braced her nerves as best she could, and went down to breakfast. Afterward she organized a croquet match, which included all the young people of the party except Helen, who was "afraid of the heat," and Sir Eustace, who had "letters to write." Maude hoped that somehow they would come to an understanding during the morning. The croquet match was not finished at luncheon-time, and Maude, lingering for a moment behind the rest of the party to lay her mallet close by her own ball, was joined by Sir Eustace. She forced a smile.

"Are you come to be congratulated?" she said.

"No," he replied. "When you go in you will hear that I am unexpectedly obliged to shorten my visit, and am going at once. I am on my way to make my excuses to Mrs. Chester; but you have a right to know the truth. I have seen your cousin. She positively refuses to forgive my having doubted her, and will have nothing to say to me. After that I can not stay here. I am sure you will understand. Some day I hope that we may meet again under happier conditions; but I can never thank you enough for your kindness to me in this difficulty. Good-by."

He held out his hand; Maude's did not meet it. She conquered the impulse to let them part without remonstrance.

"Not good-by yet," she said, gently. "Let me advise you this once, Sir Eustace. That Helen is already repenting her decision, I do not doubt: she was angry, I dare say. You can not wonder. But that she loves you, I am certain. She has very likely received some false impression. Let me speak to her, and explain—"

"There is nothing to explain; I told her *every thing*," said Sir Eustace, proudly. "That she should be angry at first was natural; but her final refusal was unreasonable and decisive. I can do no more; I do not see that I have any choice but to go."

"Except to stay and try again," said Maude.

"If I thought"—began Sir Eustace. "I put myself in your hands, Miss Chester. That I truly love your cousin, you know; her doubts of *that* were unjust."

Maude was very pale.

"Unfounded—scarcely unjust," she said. "If you told her *all*, she might easily misunderstand. Let me see her before you go, and ascertain if her refusal meant more than temporary resentment."

"I will be guided by you entirely," said Sir Eustace, forgetting—in his preoccupation with his own hopes and fears—what a difficult and possibly painful task he was allowing Maude to undertake.

"Then go in to luncheon, and leave Helen to me," said Maude.

Sir Eustace obeyed, and Maude went at once to her cousin's room. The door was locked; but in answer to her urgent entreaty it was opened. Helen's face showed traces of great agitation; but in reply to Maude's gentle inquiry, "What is the matter?" she said, with proud resentment, "Nothing."

"Oh, Helen, you can not expect me to believe that nothing, or even a trifle, has caused this distress. I have just seen Sir Eustace, and I am come to scold you."

"For what? I am surely free to decide such a question as I please."

"Of course you are, but that does not make it rational to decide so hastily as you have done, and I want you to retract while you can." Helen was silent. Maude went on, "I don't wonder at your being angry at his ever having thought such things possible; but the apparent evidence against you was strong, and at any rate it can not be wise to throw away your happiness to gratify your resentment."

Helen turned quickly toward her.

"You can not judge of what is for *my* happiness, Maude; and as for *his*, he will soon console himself."

Maude felt the insinuation keenly, but she said, quietly,

"I see that he has really told you, as he said he had, *every thing*."

"Yes. He was frank!" said Helen, bitterly. "And he was wise; he has satisfied his conscience, and insured my leaving him free."

"You are unjust now, Helen, and you know it," said Maude, firmly and rather indignantly. "He told you *all*, where many would have told you only half; and he was right, for there ought to be no mystery between you. But you are ungenerous now. I will not pretend not to understand your grievance, but it is unreasonable. As soon as he had heard my story, any child could have seen that he repented of his words to me in the morning. You need have no doubt of his love for you. *I* have none. And if you are worthy of it, you will confess frankly that you have been hasty, and will let me tell him that he need not go away."

Helen's answer was a silent caress, which Maude interpreted into full powers to say what she chose. What farther explanations took place during the afternoon, no one exactly knew. But at the ball in the evening Sir Eustace and Helen were dancing together so often as to excite observation, and it gradually became known to all the Earnscliffe party that they were engaged to each other. There had been a general impression that Maude Chester was to be Lady Vaughan, but only her own family were in a position to be really much surprised. *They* naturally felt that Maude's peace had been shamefully trifled with, and were anxious for her, and angry with Sir Eustace; though for the sake of her dignity their resentment could not be shown. Maude herself, however, danced away so brightly with all her usual partners, and was so often to be seen in such evidently friendly conference with Sir Eustace when dancing with him, as she did repeatedly, that even her mother began to think she had been mistaken about it.

"You look tired, Maude," said Mrs. Chester, as they stood for a moment at her bedroom door at six o'clock in the morning.

"Do I?" said Maude. "Daylight and tatters after a ball are trying, no doubt. But what a capital ball it was—worth being rather tired and having one's dress torn to pieces! Eventful, too—were you surprised, mamma?"

"Very much so," replied Mrs. Chester. "Were not you?"

"Not at all; but then I was in Sir Eustace's confidence before," said Maude, determined that he should not be blamed on her account.

"How long had you known it?" said Mrs. Chester; and Harry, on his way to his room, lingered to hear the answer.

"Long enough to be heartily glad when their cross-purposes came to an end," replied Maude. "It all began last summer in the Tyrol. Good-night!"

She went into her room and closed the door. Mrs. Chester and Harry were satisfied, and their anxiety was never again awakened. Whatever Maude suffered, she suffered in silence. She had done much to promote the happiness of those she loved, and had done it well; and bitter as were some days and hours in the following year, peace came surely, if slowly, to her heart. The sight of the Lady's Rock, and the recollection of its again invisible Cross, ceased to excite painful thoughts, and Maude has learned to look forward to the "unwedded life" predicted for her—if it should indeed be her lot—as one which may nevertheless be rich in happiness.

WATERING-PLACE COSTUME.

See illustration on page 508.

THIS elegant costume is of two shades of blue—turquoise and sapphire. The long walking skirt of turquoise blue silk has a wide flounce, pinked on the lower edge, and gathered above to form two puffs and an upright ruffle. There is no over-skirt; a sash and ruffles on the upper back breadths make them sufficiently bouffant. The sash and bows are of dark sapphire blue silk. The waist is a blouse of Swiss muslin puffs separated by insertion of white guipure laid on blue ribbon. Above this is a sleeveless basque of sapphire blue velvet, with border and ruff of white guipure lace. White chip hat, trimmed on the side with a tricolor cluster of roses—pink, crimson, and yellow. Turquoise blue parasol, embroidered with a rose wreath in colors. Pale buff gloves.

Double-breasted Jockey Basque.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

See illustration on page 508.

THIS stylish suit is suitable for almost any material, from the linens, percales, and foulards of summer to the poplins, silks, and cashmeres of the fall and winter. The original is made of plum-colored gros grain, trimmed with revers and bias folds of gros grain of a lighter shade. A frill of lace is sewed on the neck and sleeves. Bonnet of two shades of plum-colored gros grain, trimmed with pink roses and buds.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS suit comprises three articles—double-breasted jockey basque, over-skirt, and long walking skirt.

DOUBLE-BREASTED JOCKEY BASQUE.—This pattern is in six pieces—front, back, side back, sleeve, collar, and cuff. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting them together. The perforations show where to baste the shoulder and under-arm seams, to take up the darts and cross basque seam, to turn back the lapels, to turn down the collar, to sew on the buttons, and the size and shape of the under part of the sleeves. The back is closely fitted by a seam in the middle and side backs. The extra width at the middle of the back is laid in a box-pleat, that at the side seams is laid in a side pleat turning toward the front, and held down by four buttons placed in a lengthwise row. The neck is pointed in front, and finished with a collar and lapels. The front is fastened by three buttons and button-holes; a second row of buttons is placed on the opposite side to correspond with the first. The front is fitted by two darts and a cross basque seam on each side. The back dart is left open below the waist line, and trimmed around. The sleeve is coat-shaped, and finished at the wrist with a cuff. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the shoulder and under-arm seams, and a quarter of an inch for all others. If the sleeves are too long or too short, add to or take from the top and bottom as much as is necessary.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 3½ yards.

Extra for trimming, three-quarters of a yard.

OVER-SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front gore, side gore, side gore for the back, and back breadth. Cut the front and back with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid seams. The front is rounded up to the belt on the side, and overlaps the side gore. In making, gather the top of the back breadth and side gore, and place the two single perforations in the top of the front side gore evenly on the corresponding ones on the side gore of the back. Cut two tapes twelve inches long, and tack them on the back of the belt two inches from the middle, and at the single holes in the back part of the skirt for draping.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 5 yards.

LONG WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front gore, side gore, straight breadth, and half breadth for the back. Cut the front and half breadth with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Put the pattern together by the notches, and pay no attention to the grain of the paper. The bottom is trimmed up the front breadth about eighteen inches with deep side pleating, and the back and side gore with four bias ruffles four inches deep, bordered with a band two inches wide.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards.

Extra for trimming, 5½ yards.

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DOUBLE-BREASTED JOCKEY BASQUE WALKING SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).—[SEE PAGE 507.]

[Cut Paper Patterns of the Double-breasted Jockey Basque Walking Suit, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

WATERING-PLACE COSTUME.—[SEE PAGE 507.]

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GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR-ALEXANDROVITCH.
(Second surviving son of the Czar.)

GRAND DUKE PAUL-ALEXANDROVITCH.
(Fifth surviving son of the Czar.)

GRAND DUKE ALEXIS-ALEXANDROVITCH.
(Third surviving son of the Czar.)

ALEXANDER II.—NICOLAIEVITCH.
(THE CZAR.)

MARIE-ALEXANDROVNA.
(THE CZARINA.)

GRAND DUKE ALEXANDER-ALEXANDROVITCH.
(Czarowitz.)

GRAND DUKE SERGE-ALEXANDROVITCH.
(Fourth surviving son of the Czar.)

GRAND DUCHESS MARIE-ALEXANDROVNA.
(Only daughter of the Czar.)

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF RUSSIA.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF RUSSIA.

ALEXANDER II., Czar of all the Russias, was only a boy of seven when, in 1825, his father, Nicholas I., assumed the imperial power upon the death of Alexander I. and the renunciation of all rights to the throne by the Grand Duke Constantine. Thus become heir-apparent, young Alexander was taken from his mother's gentle rule, transferred to the care of military tutors, and taught to conform to the stern discipline of barrack life, as Czar Nicholas wished his son to be, like himself, a despot of the true old Russian type. Of a different and far milder disposition, however, than his father, Alexander grew terribly weary of the unbending soldierdom of Russian court life, and falling ill, was sent on his travels to regain both bodily and mental strength. At the court of Hesse-Darmstadt he fell in love with the Princess Marie, the daughter of the Grand Duke Louis II., and in 1841 he was married to her. In 1855, after the disasters of Balaklava and Inkerman, his father died, and Alexander succeeded to the throne. At first he stoutly declared his resolve to continue the war, but on the fall of Sebastopol gladly made peace on the well-known terms of the Treaty of Paris. Turning his attention to internal affairs, he emancipated firstly the Russian and subsequently the Polish serfs, reformed the army, made great improvements in the various educational establishments of his country, and instituted elective provincial representative assemblies. The great blot in his reign, in the eyes of most people, is his harsh treatment of Poland and the Poles, whose yoke is even now sadly irksome, the unfortunate townspeople being harassed by harsh rules and regulations as to costume and even form of worship, in order that their nationality may be suppressed as much as possible. The greatest achievements of the army under Alexander II.'s sway have been the Central Asian campaigns, which have been so eminently successful in bringing large tracts of hitherto independent country under Russian rule. Of this no better example can be afforded than the recent capture of Khiva.

The Czar has had seven children—six sons and one daughter. Of these the eldest died suddenly at Nice in 1865, and the remainder, of whom we this week give the portraits, are all living. Alexander, the present Czarowitz, is now in England, and has been sharing with the Shah of Persia the recent festivities. He is particularly interesting to the English from having married the Princess Dagmar, sister to the Princess of Wales, and who had been betrothed to his deceased brother. When on his deathbed, however, the late Czarowitz placed her hand in that of his brother, and as a last wish requested that they might be united. Young Alexander is said to be opposed to his father's policy of "reform," and to belong to the school of "Old Russia"—a party stanchly addicted to conservatism, and opposed to all Western "reforms" and "new-fangled notions." During the Franco-German war, also, the Czarowitz espoused the French cause, while the Czar manifestly leaned toward Germany. He is now in his twenty-ninth year, and has two little boys by his marriage. Of the remaining sons we may mention that the Grand Duke Vladimir, who was born in 1847, visited England in 1871, and has recently been staying with his mother and sister in Italy; that the Grand Duke Alexis,

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now a trifle over twenty-three years of age, and six feet in height, is on his travels round the world, having been made a tremendous lion of in the United States, and being now somewhere in the China Seas; and that the Grand Dukes Serge and Paul, aged respectively sixteen and twelve, have not yet been brought forward into public life, though, according to Russian custom, they are already colonels of two regiments.

The Grand Duchess Marie, who is nineteen years of age, has been staying with her mother, the Empress, at Sorrento, and according to rumor, as yet officially uncontradicted, will shortly be affianced to the Duke of Edinburgh, who, indeed, visited them at Sorrento a few weeks ago. A correspondent of the London *Times*, writing thence, recently described the Empress as "highly popular, and, apart from her liberality, most gracious and amiable. Equally so is the Grand Duchess. She is unlike her mother, who has full blue eyes, whereas those of the Grand Duchess are small, or half closed. Without being decidedly pretty, she is *simpatica*, which is far better, as it implies expression and disposition."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. STODDART.—Common photographs require no preparation for painting beyond dampening with a wet sponge. If spots appear when wet, touch with photographer's size, procured from any gallery.

H. M. B.—Tincture acetate of iron, one ounce; glycerine, half an ounce; sulphuret of potassa, five grains; water, one pint. Mix well, leave open till the sulphur smell passes, and add ambergris. No. VII. of "Ugly Girl" papers is what you want.

SPRING-TIME.—There is no danger in using wood ashes as recommended. A wash of vinegar will remove any discoloration if it should appear. *Nothing* will prevent the growth of superfluous hair again except patient and oft-repeated applications. The camphor may be used at the same time, though either application is enough.

MRS. J. N. C.—A little gum-tragacanth dissolved in bay-rum is a good curling fluid. Hair is crimped best by weaving small locks in and out of an elastic band such as is used to confine papers. The band is stretched to weave the hair on it, and when let go holds it close in a sort of braid. Left overnight so, the hair will be finely crimped. Large crimping-pins are good inventions. Strong hair is best curled with large curling-tongs sold at hardware stores, heated to the hissing point, but not scorching. Soft hair may be curled on papers. To remove mask, take a taraxacum pill for three nights, then omitting three, and so on for six weeks. Thirty grains of chlorate of potash in eight ounces of rose-water is a good wash for it. Beat the white of an egg into the alum-water and leave the paste on all night.

G. S. L'BT.—Preparations for causing the beard to grow are not necessarily injurious any more than hair invigorators are. There is nothing better than a mixture of ammonia and sweet-oil. The tincture of mace is also good.

SINCERITAS.—Frequent bathing and coarse food are the only permanent remedy for flesh-worms. Carbolic soap is of some benefit. The seventeen numbers of the *Bazar* containing the "Ugly Girl" papers are sent at the regular price, ten cents each. You will find your questions answered in those papers.

VANITY.—Scaly complexions are a sign of great disorder of the blood. The root-beer the recipe for which is given in "Ugly Girl" papers, No. VIII., Vol. V., No. 6, of the *Bazar*, will do you good.

PLEASANT RIDERHOOD.—The *Bazar Book of Decorum* is sent by mail, post paid, for $1. For the egg and alum paste see number of the *Bazar* named above.

A CONSTANT READER.—You will find Lola Montez's book in almost any large public library.

ELLA F.—The recipe is tar and sweet-oil mixed by heating, and applied to the face. The mixture should be a thin sirup.

SPOTTED FACE.—A wash of nitre is recommended for freckles. Eat lemons and grapes in plenty. Also rub slices of lemon on your face.

VIOLET.—Dissolve the alum in rose-water till it will dissolve no more. Then add as much more rose-water to dilute, and bathe the skin several times a day. The egg and alum paste recommended to "Pleasant Riderhood" would have better effect.

H. N. C.—The sulphur vapor bath will be described in a future number of "Ugly Girl" papers.

CALLIE.—Bathing, coarse food, and Buchan's carbolic soap are the only specifics for pimples.

LONGWOOD.—See answer to "H. N. C." Powdered borax is said to be an effectual cure for water-bugs. Cucumber parings are also recommended.

ELSIE L.—Measure the length and breadth of your face, cut two layers of linen with wadding between of the proper size, quilt lightly, cut and bind holes for eyes, nostrils, and mouth; tie with strings behind the head. Wet this with cosmetic and wear at night.

EVERY mother who has a crying baby, or children subject to croup and stomach-complaints, can rely upon Castoria to keep the child well and give it rest. There are but few nurses in New York who do not use Castoria. It should be in every house.—[*Com.*]

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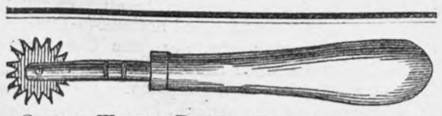

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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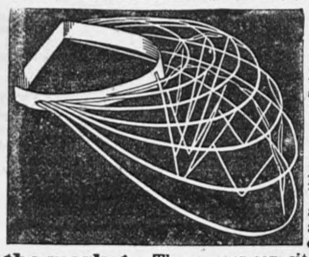

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TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 20
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER	" 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)	" 25
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 29
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)	" 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old)	" 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, Shirt Waist, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 5 to 10 years old)	" 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt	" 39
PRINCESSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 41
DOLMAN SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 41
DOUBLE TALMA, APRON-FRONT AND LONG WALKING SKIRT	" 41
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT	" 43
LOUIS QUINZE VEST BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 46
DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT	" 46
VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 48
FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt)	" 50
Vol. VI.	
DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT	" 7
TIGHT BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 11
GIRL'S WARDROBE, Sacque, Sailor Blouse and Skirt, Basque fastened behind, Over-skirt, Low-Necked Over Dress, and Bretelle Apron (for girl from 2 to 13 years old)	" 13
SLEEVELESS JACKET WALKING SUIT	" 15
CHATELAINE REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT	" 17
LOOSE FRONT DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 23
GABRIELLE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 24
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FACETIÆ.

THE famous auctioneer whose advertisement stated that the only drawbacks on a certain country place which he had for sale were the "noise of the nightingale and the litter of the rose leaves" was the right sort of a man for his profession.

A "SHOCK"ING AFFAIR—Hair-cutting in prison.

Professor Agassiz is no believer in Darwin. Not long ago he was introduced to a lady whom he was quite sure of having met before. She told him he was mistaken. He laughingly replied, "Well, we have known each other, but I presume it was when we were both toads!"

Can a butcher's be said to be a joint-stock business?

We have often looked for a sentence that would clearly explain it. A Western paper kindly supplies the want in this beautiful simile: "You might as well try to shampoo an elephant with a thimbleful of soap-suds as to attempt to do business and ignore advertising."

A MAIDEN SPEECH—"Ask papa."

"That's awfully stunning," as the man said when he pitched on his head from the top of Bunker Hill Monument.

Among the innumerable stories told about the Shah is one to this effect: According to the Koran, his Majesty is forbidden to tread on any other soil than that trodden by Mussulmans. To remedy this little drawback the Shah has ingeniously placed a lining of earth of his own country between the soles of his boots. This probably accounts for the dust which is kicked up wherever he goes—just as the quantity of diamonds he wears results in his constantly making such a *shine!*

A young lady of Richmond suggestively remarks: "If it was not good for Adam to live single when there wasn't a woman on earth, what shall be said of old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls?"

TEXTS FOR SINNERS—Pretexts.

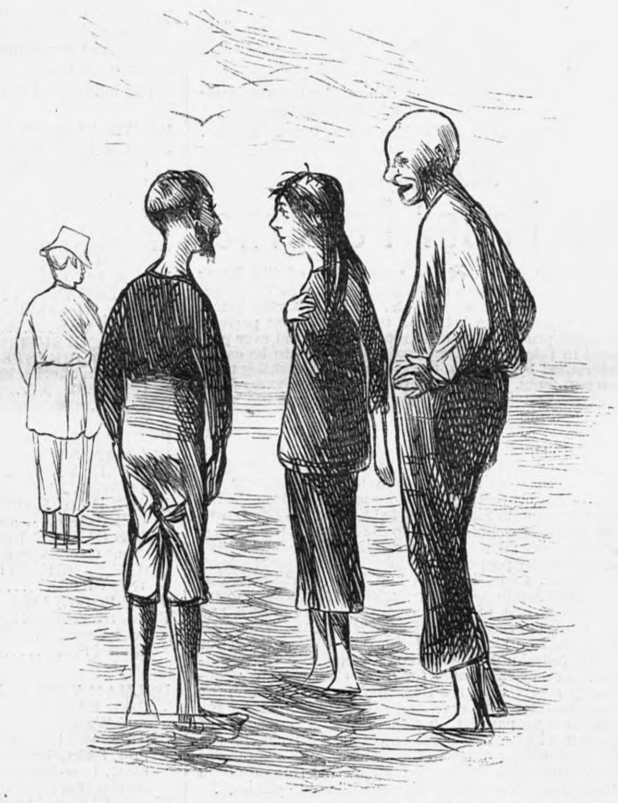
A camel and an elephant belonging to a circus were tied to a tree near the railway the other day, when the express train came along. The camel fainted away, but the elephant started off with the tree, the camel, and the keeper.

A pretty and well-dressed young lady, after looking at several pairs of gloves, lavender-colored, in a shop lately, shocked the assistant by asking him which pair he thought the "lavender-est."

WATERING-PLACE SKETCHES.

TO AVOID CITY SWELLS, VISIT THE SEA-SHORE.

HERE YOU WILL FIND PLENTY OF SUIT-ERS WHO MEAN BUSINESS.



HERE ALSO IS NO DECEPTION—MEN AND WOMEN APPEAR AS THEY ARE.

AND AS THERE IS NO FORMALITY, INTRODUCTIONS ARE GENERALLY WAIVED.

"I should have no objections," said a henpecked husband, "to my wife's having the last word, if I could only be assured that it would be the last."

The reputation of members of the Legislature for sobriety seems to be rather bad in Kentucky. Two of them were rather noisily drunk on a railroad train the other day, and when the conductor remonstrated one of them pompously asked,

"Do you not know, Sir, that I am a member of the Legislature?"

The conductor quietly replied, "You have got the symptoms."

POLITICAL PEDESTRIANISM—Running for office.

A man lately learned what it was to have insult added to injury, in being first scared out of his wits by his horse running away with him, and then arrested and fined for driving at an illegal rate of speed.

A FINE-IMPOSING PERSONAGE—A magistrate.

A gentleman with a good *falsetto* voice wishes to exchange with any body possessing a good *false set o'* teeth.

A young man who went West a few months ago has sent only one letter home. It came Friday. It said, "*Send me a wig*," and his fond parents don't know whether he is married or scalped.

An enthusiastic African, who had "spent de winter in Jamaky," found it an earthly paradise. He said he could "lie abed, and, putting his arms out de windy, pick oranges, pine-apples, and Jamaky rum right off de trees."

A man who was bitten by a dog the other night declared, as soon as he recovered from his fright, that he would kill the animal.

"But the dog isn't mad," said the owner.

"Mad!" shouted the victim, exasperated.—"What has he got to be mad about?"

Every dog has his day. Now's the time—these are dog-days.

In an advertisement of a baker's business for sale the following appears:

"Death the sole reason for leaving."

It would be hard to find any more important cause for vacating an establishment sacred to the staff of life.

Said a woman to a physician who was weighing two grains of calomel for a child, "Dinna be so mean wi' it; it is for a poor fatherless bairn."

"Jury," said a Western judge, "you kin go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own get the one the last jury used." The jury returned a verdict of suicide in the ninth degree.

POSITIVE PROOF.

LAURENCE. "Not Care for you now, Emily! Why, didn't I Sit Fourteen Times for my Photograph last Week, on purpose to Please you?"

READY ANSWER.

UNCLE. "Now how did the Mother of Moses Hide him?"
NIECE. "With a Stick, Uncle."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 33.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

HYBRIDIZATION OF PLANTS.

ONE of the most interesting of horticultural operations is the raising or originating new varieties of fruits or flowers by means of crossing or hybridizing one species with another, or a species with a hybrid, or one hybrid with another. This process takes place, but somewhat rarely, with plants in a state of nature; but with plants in a cultivated state it is of common occurrence, especially when the operation is properly performed by the cultivator. By this means some of the most beautiful plants we have in cultivation have been produced, and as it requires delicate manipulation, we especially recommend it to our lady floriculturists, for they will find in it a source of great interest and amusement, particularly as its results are almost as uncertain or unforeseen as those of a game of chance. In this respect it may be called a floricultural lottery; for the laws of nature governing the experiment and its results are so mysterious and so little known, even by the most intelligent botanists, as to preclude any definite or positive knowledge of what the character of the hybrid may be.

Crossing one species with another is called muling or hybridizing; crossing varieties already obtained with each other is called cross-breeding. As the result of the first we may instance the beautiful varieties of roses obtained between *Rosa indica* (the common China-rose) and *R. moschata* (the musk-rose); *Azalea pontica* and *A. nudiflora coccinea*, the hybrids of which are known in our gardens as Ghent or Belgic azaleas; *Rhododendron arboreum* with *R. ponticum* and *R. catawbiense*, producing the almost innumerable varieties of this superbly ornamental shrub; to which may be added the various hybrids originated between the different species of fuchsia, pelargonium, calceolaria, viola, dahlia, erica, and other favorite plants; and between the various hybrids thus originated innumerable cross-breeds have also been produced.

It is very rare indeed that any hybrids can be

Fig. 1.—BUFF LINEN WALKING SUIT. BACK.—[See Fig. 4.]
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—GROS GRAIN AND FOULARD WALKING SUIT.—FRONT. [See Fig. 6.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-15.

Fig. 3.—GRAY LINEN WALKING SUIT. FRONT.—[See Fig. 5.]
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—BUFF LINEN WALKING SUIT. FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—GRAY LINEN WALKING SUIT. BACK.—[See Fig. 3.]
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—GROS GRAIN AND FOULARD WALKING SUIT.—BACK. [See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-15.

FIGS. 1-6.—LADIES' SUMMER WALKING SUITS.

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produced between different genera, however closely allied they may be. All the stories told of hybrids between the orange and the pomegranate, the rose and the black currant, and similar dissimilar species, are simply "yarns for the marines;" and even between species of the same natural family the relationship must be very close indeed to produce any result. No hybrids have ever yet been raised between the apple and the pear, the blackberry and the raspberry, the peach and the plum, the gooseberry and the currant, the morello cherry and the common cherry, although they are respectively closely allied species. No definite rules can be given by which to ascertain whether any two species will produce hybrids. It can only be ascertained by continuous and patient experimenting.

As a general rule, the constitution of the mixed offspring is more capable of enduring cold and the vicissitudes of weather or climate than its parents; they have also greater precocity, producing their flowers and fruits earlier than their parents do. The flowers are also larger and more persistent, and in the case of fruit-bearing trees and shrubs their fruitfulness is also greater; but their seed-producing character is greatly diminished and frequently obliterated, so that they have to be increased by some other method than that of seed sowing. By impregnation with the pollen of either of the parent species the hybrid may be brought back to that especial species, losing all its characteristics as a hybrid; this will take place sometimes in three or four generations, when the pollen of the original male plant is used, but it takes a longer time to produce this effect when the pollen from the original female or seed-bearing parent is used. Instances are not wanting in which, through this process of hybridizing, one species may be transformed into another.

In a hybrid the individual characteristics of the parents are greatly modified, so that it is decidedly different from either, yet resembling both, but often favoring one parent more than the other; sometimes the characteristics of the male parent predominate, and at other times those of the female parent; but generally the latter gives the habit and constitution, and the former the color and form of the flower. In hybridizing for color the resulting hues in the hybrid are not necessarily intermediate; a hybrid between two plants, one producing blue and the other yellow flowers, will not, as a consequence, produce green flowers: they will be of different shades of either of the original colors, or party-colored, in stripes, blotches, or spots.

The instruments necessary for this operation are a pocket lens, a small pair of forceps, and a camel's-hair pencil. The first is to be used to ascertain whether the flowers are in a proper state for the operation, the second to remove the anthers from the flowers, and the third to apply the pollen.

The proper time to perform the operation is when a viscid secretion is found on the stigma of the seed-bearing flower, and the pollen of the flower of the other species or variety is in a dry, powdery state. The flower of the seed-bearing plant should be closely watched, and the anthers removed as soon as the petals unfold, for if it should be impregnated with the pollen from its own anthers, all your labor will be lost. The petals also in many cases may be removed without injury to the process. The flower to be operated on should be inclosed in a loose covering of fine cambric muslin tied close to the stem, to prevent any access of insects, which would, by carrying the pollen from other flowers on the same plant, or from others of the same species, completely neutralize your efforts. It is also necessary to prevent the same effects being produced by the action of the wind distributing such pollen indiscriminately.

When it is found that the viscous exudation is well developed on the stigma of the flower to be impregnated, with the camel's-hair pencil gather the pollen from the flower of the other plant, and apply it gently but firmly to the stigma, to which it will adhere by means of the exudation; then again inclose the flower in cambric until you see that the stigma is withered, and any accidental impregnation is impossible. The proper time in which to perform the experiment is on a bright, sunny day, as cold, wet, ungenial weather is very likely to frustrate the results of the experiment. The proper hours of the day are generally between nine or ten o'clock in the morning and three or four in the afternoon, as then the flowers are in the best state of development.

If the flower from which the pollen is to be taken should be open some days before the seed-bearing flower is likely to open, the pollen may be gathered with the camel's-hair pencil, and preserved in white paper until needed, as it will keep for some time, provided it is not crushed or otherwise roughly handled. It is preferable, however, when possible, to force and bring into bloom the female flower earlier than the male, and by removing from it the anthers it will remain a long time vigorous, if kept free from any accidental impregnation.

When double flowers are desired, a double flower should be searched for that has one or more anthers among the petals, the pollen from which should be used for fertilization. The progeny is almost certain to be double-flowered, although the female flower may be single.

Greenhouse flowers are the most readily operated upon, and with more certainty as to the results, as there is less danger or liability of accidental impregnation from extraneous sources. To such of our readers as may feel interested in this subject, and disposed to try the experiment, we would recommend their beginning with fuchsias, pelargoniums, calceolarias, roses, azaleas, Chinese primroses, cactuses, cannas, and caladiums, as on these plants the operation is very readily performed, and the results soon ascertained.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1873.

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☞ A Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY contains more reading matter than an average octavo volume. The most popular authors of England and America write constantly for the WEEKLY; and as a journal of choice reading, combined with pictorial embellishments of the very highest order, it leaves every competitor in the distance.

THE WEATHER.

WE are in the habit of laughing at the prominent place the weather is apt to take in all desultory conversation; but when we consider that it is a subject of such general interest, and one with which we are so constantly confronted, it is hardly to be wondered at. It seems to be a sort of circulating medium in conversation, by which we establish a condition of good-fellowship, it being a fact with which every body has to deal, with which no one can avoid having familiar acquaintance. We say, "A pleasant morning, Mr. Slipshod!" by way of discovering if his mental thermometer corresponds with the physical. If we were to begin our chat with remarks upon foreign treaties or civil reforms, ten to one we should hit upon a topic of which he had no knowledge to mention, or one to touch upon which would be equivalent to stepping upon his gouty foot. Mr. Slipshod, in the mean while, answers us in harmony with the morning, or he assures us that it is susceptible of certain improvements to suit his constitution: if it were not so damp, the twinges in his offending member would be less acute; or it is too warm for the season to be healthy—like the fickle sweetheart who was too pretty to be wholesome—by which means he shows us that he in no wise resembles the old man who thanked Heaven when he woke in the morning that there was any weather whatever! Thus we establish relations between us by which we are taught if it will be well to prefer that other little affair we had in view, whether it would be wise to speak of his daughter, or to desire his name upon our note of hand. Here we use the weather as an indicator of the atmosphere of our friend's mind. Then if we are afflicted with a paucity of ideas, or, having nothing in common with our neighbor, are not aware of any sympathy existing between us, the weather steps in to befriend us—a real benefactor—and adjusts things to the satisfaction of all. It would seem the height of unsociability to sit neighborly for an hour or so, as often happens, without a word; but we can not speak of those things that are nearest the heart, are vexing or delighting us, though no doubt but he would prove the best of listeners, and relish the hearing mightily; but we can not confide to him that we have no more idea than he has from whence our next meal is coming, that Angeline has trifled with our best affections, or that our note has been protested at the bank; nor yet that the Slow-and-Sure Mills have declared a semi-yearly dividend, which, with regard to ourselves, is equal to a declaration of independence. We are too well aware that any of these communications would be too generous a bone for him, or, on the other hand, would fail of eliciting a spark of interest. But the weather is a joint-stock concern, upon which we may compare notes and exchange confidences and prophecies without the slightest danger of showing our hands to each other, without imperiling our wisdom and respectability, and without being snubbed by indifference. We may ring as many changes upon it as we please, and exhaust a fertile fancy in comparisons and similes without let or hinderance. Indeed, there is no subject the boundaries of which are so elastic, no hobby that will carry us so far with so little outlay; for we may follow it around the world, from tropic to frigid zone, from Nova Zembla to Noman's-land. It may serve us, too, for a background against which to exhibit our opinions of climatic effect upon individuals and races; we may lay to its charge the indolence of Southern nations and the bristling energy of the Northmen, the intolerance of our ancestors and our own humors. We may build as many theories upon it as there are stars in the Milky Way, and make it a preface or starting-point for discussion and induction. A weather vane is more potent than a magician's wand; to what possibilities of sun or shower does not the silver thread of the new moon furnish a clew!

But if the sunshine disposes us to a more affectionate belief in God, no less should the dropping cloud, the ragged lightnings, the storm that adorns the earth with its crystalline transformations, the right arm of the wind, whose lines of beauty no eye beholds! Among His dispensations is one preferable to another? It is these trifling accidents of the weather, about which we laugh and complain, that are quickening the germs, ripening the corn, reddening the fruit, adapting themselves to the great purposes of seed-time and harvest. We think of them, mainly with respect to ourselves, as disappointing us of a pleasure, giving us the blues, replenishing the empty cistern, delaying the mails, when, in fact, they are fulfilling a vast mission in the economy of the earth; when not a sunbeam but has an errand, and no snow-crystal but is governed by laws as wonderful as those of a planet! If we inquire into any of the customs of man, we shall find that they sprang, in most cases, from natural causes. So this habit of giving the weather the place of honor in our daily talk must owe its origin to an instinctive recognition of its important part in the eternal order of things.

We grumble over the changes in the weather without considering how essential variety is to a state of well-being, without reflecting that "some days must be dark and dreary," in order, perhaps, that we may better appreciate the benediction of the sunshine, which PLATO calls the shadow of God.

AUGUST MARKETING.

BY PIERRE BLOT.

IT is in August that buck venison is considered best, but some hunters are unprincipled enough to kill does as well, which is wrong, as doe venison is not good before November. The articles found in market during August are:

FISH.

Sea-bass, black and blue fish, butter-fish, cusk, flounders, gar, king-fish, mackerel, Spanish mackerel, blue perch, porgy, salmon, scup, sheep's-head, sturgeon, spotted turbot, sword-fish, weak-fish, frogs.

SHELL-FISH.

Hard and soft shell crabs, lobsters, periwinkles, prawns, green turtles.

MEAT.

Beef, veal, mutton, lamb.

POULTRY.

Chickens, capons, spring chickens, ducklings, goslings, young turkeys.

GAME.

Curlew, wood-ducks, lapwing, plover, snipe, woodcock, buck venison.

VEGETABLES.

Artichokes, beets, cabbages, red cabbages, carrots, cauliflowers, chervil, celery, corn, cucumbers, egg-plant, kohl-rabi, Lima beans, water-melons, musk-melons, nasturtium, okra, onions, pease, potatoes, sweet-potatoes, white and yellow radishes, marrow-squash, string-beans, tomatoes, turnips.

FRUITS.

Apples, apricots, bananas, blackberries, blueberries, elderberries, huckleberries, mulberries, cocoa-nuts, currants, fresh hazel-nuts, nectarines, peaches, pine-apples, plums.

The Flounder, sometimes called American sole, is in season, and an excellent fish it is when properly cooked. The small ones are generally fried. When drawn, they must be washed well, the skin scraped, and split on both sides of the spine; then wipe them dry with a towel, dip them in milk, dust them with flour, and drop them in hot fat. (We have given general directions for frying in preceding numbers.) After being done, and turned into a colander, put them on a towel, so that if there is any fat around them it will be absorbed by the towel. Salt all over, and serve them warm. Fried parsley or slices of lemon may be served with the flounders.

Boned and fried.—Split the skin and flesh to the bones right on the middle of the back, and then by running the knife carefully between the bones and the skin, going toward the edge, you detach one-fourth of the flesh of the fish free of bones. When the halves of the back are thus detached, do the same with the under part; then place one of the four pieces in front of you on the table, the tail end nearer to you and the skinny side underneath; take hold of the end of the skin nearer to you with the left thumb and forefinger, and run a kitchen knife between the skin and flesh, holding it horizontally, and inclining the back of it somewhat toward you, and move it to and fro as if sawing, pushing it gently forward, thus removing the skin from the piece. Do the same with the other pieces; then fry, and serve as above.

With a Tomato Sauce.—When boned and fried as above, place the pieces on a dish, one lapping on the other, and leaving an empty place in the middle. Have a tomato sauce ready and warm; turn it over the fish, and serve as warm as possible. It makes an excellent dish. It is sometimes called *à l'Orly*.

Another excellent dish of flounders is to prepare them as the above, and turn a *rémolade sauce* over instead of a tomato sauce.

Rémolade Sauce, simple.—Put two yolks of hard-boiled eggs in a mortar, with a tablespoonful of sweet-oil, and mix into a paste; then chop fine six or eight stalks of parsley, as much tarragon and chervil, if handy, a shallot or a small green onion, a few stalks of chives, if handy, and two cloves of garlic, if liked. Mix the whole well with the yolks and oil, adding salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, mustard to taste, two table-spoonfuls of vinegar, four of oil, a pinch of Cayenne pepper and one of sugar, and it is ready for use. To give it a better appearance it may be rubbed through a fine colander when made.

The same Sauce à la Provençale.—To the above add a few anchovies boned and pounded, capers, cucumbers, burnet, one raw yolk of egg, and the juice of a lemon. When the whole is well pounded in a mortar, mixed, and rubbed through a colander, it makes a really excellent sauce. The addition of a clove or two of garlic is certainly an improvement, and those who discard garlic more through prejudice and hearsay than through dislike or aversion, should at least give a fair trial to a well-made rémolade sauce.

Flounder Normande.—Clean, bone, and skin a good-sized flounder; spread on the bottom of a crockery dish that can stand the heat of a hot oven about one ounce of butter, spread over it two middling-sized onions and six stalks of parsley, both chopped fine; put the pieces of flounder on the whole, add salt and pepper, and enough good cider to cover the whole. Set on the fire, and boil until the fish is cooked; then dish it, and keep it in the oven. Boil what is left in the dish for two or three minutes longer; then add two ounces of butter, boil and stir until the butter is melted and mixed; take from the fire, beat two yolks of eggs with a table-spoonful of water, and mix them with the sauce, which you turn over the fish through a strainer, and serve warm.

To make the dish more pleasing to the eye, place some small fried fish around the border, such as smelts, trout, perches, etc., according to season, or, instead, some boiled craw-fish or prawns. It may also be prepared as above with white wine instead of cider.

Flounder stuffed.—When cleaned, split a flounder on the back, and remove the bone carefully. Chop fine eight or ten stalks of parsley, as much of chives, six mushrooms, two shallots or two small green onions, which mix well with two ounces of butter; salt and pepper. Fry the mixture very slightly; let it cool; put it inside of the fish in place of the bone removed. Spread a little butter on the bottom of a crockery dish; put the fish in, with a gill of white wine and as much of broth, and set it in the oven; baste now and then until cooked; dish the fish, spread the sauce all over it, squeeze lemon juice all over it also, and serve warm.

It may also be *stuffed with oysters* and two ounces of butter instead of the above mixture, and then baked and served as the above one. Slices of truffles may be mixed with the oysters, if liked.

Flounder broiled.—Clean, bone, and skin one or more flounders, as directed above; mix well together melted butter, lemon juice, salt, and pepper, the quantity to be according to the amount of fish; dip the pieces of fish in the mixture, roll them in bread-crumbs, and put them in the gridiron on a slow fire; turn over now and then until done. While it is broiling, mix, on a slow fire, in a pan a tea-spoonful of essence of anchovy with about the same bulk of butter, a liquor glassful of white wine, and the juice of a lemon (these proportions are for a good-sized flounder), and turn the mixture over the fish when dished. Butter, lemon juice, chopped parsley, salt, and pepper may be

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used instead of the above mixture, according to taste.

Should enough fish be left to be served again, fried fish excepted, it is only necessary to put it in a tin pan, which you put in another pan of boiling water. Warm, and serve. But if what is left comes from a fried flounder, it is served cold, with a *mayonnaise* or *fines herbes* sauce, and is a good dish for breakfast or lunch.

Lovers of game will find the well-known wood-duck during the month of August. We have given in preceding numbers directions for roasting birds.

Buck venison is in season also in August. In buying venison see that it is fat, and the fat clear and thick, the lean of a ruddy hue. The hoof is not wide open until the animal is past three years of age. It is considered best when from one to three years old, after which it is getting tougher and tougher. The antlers of the buck show its age, counting as many years as there are tines.

Venison has a better taste when somewhat seasoned than if too fresh. It is much improved by keeping it two or three days in the following mixture, especially a leg or haunch: Put in a bowl two or three bay leaves, two or three cloves, two onions sliced, two or three stalks of parsley, same of thyme, a table-spoonful of whole peppers, a gill of sweet-oil, and two of claret wine. Have the leg or haunch in a crockery vessel, and turn the mixture over it. Turn the leg over two or three times a day, wetting it all over by means of a spoon. When in a hurry—that is, when you can not wait so long—put it in the same mixture for a few hours, turning it over every hour.

If roasted on the spit, rub a sheet of white paper with melted butter, wrap up the leg in it, and then roast it, basting often with the mixture in which it has been kept. When nearly done, which you ascertain with a skewer or sharp-pointed knife (it takes about an hour and a half for a middling-sized leg), remove the paper, set it again near the fire to finish the cooking, and serve either with a poivrade, piquante, or rémolade sauce and currant jelly, mixing the gravy from the dripping-pan with the sauce used, skimming off the fat carefully.

If baked in an oven, put the leg or haunch in a cake pan with the mixture in which it has been kept, spread a little butter on the top, and put in a hot oven, baste often, and turn it over once or twice. If the top should get too dry, put a piece of paper on it. When done, serve as the above.

If the venison is wanted cooked as soon as bought, the mixture should be made just the same, and then used for basting. Keeping in the mixture for some time improves the meat a good deal; it has a better taste, and is more tender.

To improve the appearance of the dish the hoof is left on the leg, and the skin also, as high as the first joint, they are well washed and wrapped up in a wet rag, which has to be wetted as soon as dry during the process of cooking.

Venison Steaks.—The taste of the steak is improved by putting it into a mixture of spices as directed for the leg. Envelop each steak in a sheet of white paper, and put some of the mixture (except bay leaves, cloves, and whole peppers) on each side of it, rub a little melted butter on the paper, and broil on a sharp fire. When done, serve with a poivrade, piquante, rémolade, or tomato sauce. They may also be fried in a pan with a little sweet-oil instead of butter, and served as the broiled ones above.

We shall give in another number other ways of preparing venison.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

LACE-STRIPED POLONAISES.

FANCIFUL garments for giving variety to summer toilettes at the watering-places are in process of construction at the modistes'. Conspicuous among these are the lace-striped polonaises. The most dressy models are of the simple belted-blouse shape, formed entirely of length-wise stripes of colored China crape, blue, green, rose, or mauve, with alternating bands of wide white insertion, either yak or guipure. The crape bands are about two inches wide on the body of the polonaise, and are sloped wider as the skirt expands; extra bands are also added below the waist. Each band of crape is lined throughout with thin silk; the edges are turned in and run together, and the lace bands are then overseamed to those of crape. Two or three rows of insertion are in each front of the waist, and four are in the back. The sleeves are coat-shaped, formed of four bands of insertion their entire length, with crape between. A lace ruffle falls over the wrist. A standing ruff of lace trims the neck. The sash is of China crape edged with lace, and the front is fastened by small crape bows. These elegant polonaises are worn over white muslin skirts, or else skirts of black or self-colored silk. Swiss muslin polonaises are also partly formed of lace in the manner just described, and are among the most popular over dresses for completing a summer evening toilette. Point duchesse, in open arabesque designs, spidery Cluny, and the expensive Valenciennes are the insertions most used. The muslin is invariably cut away from beneath the lace, thus forming a striped transparent over dress that is very effective over colored silk. A pretty finish is given to these insertions by bordering them on each edge with the merest scallop of lace. By way of variety, the coat sleeves are sometimes removed from the polonaise, making a sleeveless garment over a light silk. Very stylish polonaises are formed of unbleached yak insertion, with bands of chestnut brown velvet. The pale écru lace alternating with the rich dark velvet bands is very beautiful when appropriately worn over a dress of brown silk. Black guipure insertion bands are used in the same way with several materials, such as China crape, moiré, gros grain, velvet, and also cashmere. A wide flounce of the lace around the garment and at the wrists, and a standing fraise, are considered stylish accessions to all such garments.

INDIA EMBROIDERY.

India embroidery in long loose stitches, such as is seen on the borders of camel's-hair shawls, is used at the fashionable French houses for trimming the redingotes, polonaises, mantles, and jackets that form important parts of watering-place outfits. These slender, feathery stitches describe the outlines of palm leaves, arabesques, and other Oriental figures, which are filled in with firmer seed stitch. The India stitches are especially effective in leaves and vines. This work looks heavy, but, on the contrary, is exceedingly light, and therefore suitable for summer wraps. Thread lace is used to complete the garments now worn, but others in preparation for fall are trimmed with heavier guipure, or else yak lace. A black cashmere polonaise, loose and belted in the blouse shape illustrated in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. VI., has just been imported, with elaborate India needle-work border and lace flounce. Another of greenish-gray cashmere has a vine of lilies-of-the-valley in natural white and shaded green leaves. The lilies are tufted, and thus raised from the surface, are as tangible as the veritable flower. Price $150. Long mantles of black cashmere, with round backs and deep square fronts, have the India-work done in black floss. These wraps will, it is said, be the prevailing style in the early fall. Breakfast jackets are wrought in the same stitches with many-colored silks. Dark gray and steel-colored camel's-hair polonaises have the same patterns done in wool and silk floss of darker shades than the material. The dark blue linen redingotes so much in favor at the out-of-town resorts are ornamented in this manner with white linen floss.

RUFFS WITH COLLARS.

A fresh importation of lingerie to be forwarded to Newport shows many beautiful ruffs with collars attached. These are called in foreign fashion reports Medici collarettes. They are made of rose, blue, or green, corded with silk or else velvet, edged below with Valenciennes, and surmounted by a high ruff of doubled Malines or finest silk tulle. For example, rose-colored silk, doubled, is made into a ruff of six double box-pleats, and the band is sloped away to a point in front; below this is a rose silk collar cut in points, corded, edged with Valenciennes lace, and ornamented by coquettish little bows in front and directly in the middle of the back. Above the silk ruff is the Malines pleating, in full, fluffy box-pleats. This dressy collarette is worn with black, white, or blue dresses, and costs, when made with real lace, from $15 to $25; with Italian Valenciennes it is from $10 to $12. It is also made in black velvet, trimmed with black and white lace together, and in black silks and China crape, with colored linings. Another pretty French ruff is very fully box-pleated crêpe lisse attached to an inch-wide band of blue silk, which is covered with Valenciennes insertion. A blue bow closes it in front, and a bow with streamers is placed behind.

BLUE AND WHITE LINEN.

The prediction that blue would be the color of the season has been verified, especially in the dresses of linen, percale, and foulard worn in the daytime. At Saratoga blue linen is almost a uniform, and some pretty costumes of this fabric are sent there daily. White needle-worked bands—Victoria lawn with the merest scallop on the edge—are made in scant ruffles and alternated with blue ruffles for trimming some of these suits; others have Hamburg insertion in open wheel-work laid on the dark blue, row after row. One such suit is a belted polonaise and skirt with Spanish flounce. Three rows of white Hamburg insertion are stitched by machine on the deep scant flounce. The polonaise is single-breasted, with a turned-over English collar of the blue linen, with which a white linen ruff is to be worn. Two rows of insertion are down each front, sloping in prettily toward the waist, and surrounding the garment. The cuffs are deep and square, and bordered with one band of insertion. The redingote of blue linen with a black silk skirt also remains in favor. With these dresses a dark blue umbrella, without hat or bonnet, completes the costume for the morning walk to the spring. White suits are not as generally worn as formerly, but many handsome ones of linen or of bishop's lawn are imported. The trimming for these is also English embroidery in open wheel and compass designs. A white linen suit is prettiest with partly fitted sacque and over-skirt; long bands of wheel-work insertion alternating with linen form the sacque and its coat sleeves. A ruffle embroidered in the same design edges the garment and sleeves, and forms a ruff. The round over-skirt has lengthwise bands of insertion down its three front breadths, and a ruffled border. The lower skirt has three flounces of embroidery headed by insertion. A second suit, similarly made, has a deep flounce edged with embroidery and laid in wide box-pleats, with a broad row of embroidery down the middle of each pleat. Velvet sashes in cross-bars of black and white are worn with white and with blue linen suits. Dark plum-color, deep violet, and Napoleon blue sashes of gros grain ribbon are more stylish with white suits than those of bright blue or pink.

AMERICAN VEILS.

Useful veils of grenadine, in square meshes, made of sewing silk, are new this season. They are far more substantial than the ordinary gauze grenadines, and are woven in square kerchief shape, with a tape border and a fringe of the silk woven in instead of being sewed on, as is usually done. They come in black, gray, deep green, brown, and blue, and are of American manufacture.

For information received thanks are due Mrs. CONNELLY; Miss SWITZER; and Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and MEYENBERG, PRALL, & Co.

PERSONAL.

THE Rev. Mr. WALKER, minister of the new free chapel of Calvary Church of this city, had some pleasant things to say at the opening services on June 29. Among the liberal donations to the chapel were $20,000 from Mrs. H. D. WYMAN, a $20,000 bequest from the late Mrs. VAN HORNE, and $10,000 from Mr. WILLIAM NIBLO, besides gifts from others of stained-glass windows, organ, etc. Speaking of Mr. NIBLO, who, though well advanced in years, is as bright and cheery as ever, the late Dr. HAWKS, when rector of Calvary Church, used to say that whenever he made a collection where a specific sum was required, if the amount fell short, it was always made up by Mr. NIBLO.

—Few women possessed greater wisdom than Lady PALMERSTON. Her wonderful tact was of immense service to the great statesman; and long experience had taught him that her intuitions were infallible in various matters. If some communication made to her particularly impressed itself upon her, she would say, "You must write that down, and I will show it to Lord PALMERSTON when he comes in; or, stay, perhaps he has not gone out." A simple message, verbal or written, sent to him thus was always immediately answered. He had learned the value of her tact and penetration.

—Miss NETTIE M'KEE, only twenty, living in Alleghany, Pennsylvania, has inherited the whole of her father's estate, estimated at $2,000,000. Young men are now taking the train that stops at that station.

—Longevity is the strong point of the MARBLE family, of Worthington, Massachusetts. SILAS MARBLE is eighty-eight, his wife eighty-one, and they have twelve children, all living, the oldest sixty-three, the youngest forty. Of these children seven are daughters, married, and their husbands are hearty men, with a prospect of the eighties. When the old folks, the young folks, and the grand-young folks get together in front of the house to play marbles, it is a perfect marble-yard.

—Long JOHN WENTWORTH owns seven thousand acres of land within twelve miles of the Chicago Court-house. And yet he is not happy.

—Mrs. MARY A. FLETCHER and Miss MARY FLETCHER have given $20,000 to Burlington, Vermont, for a public library, to be called the "Fletcher Free Library."

—BJORNSON, the Norwegian poet, being poor, proposes to come hither and see if he can not do a little better than he is doing at home. He is vicar of a small church, and finds it impossible to live on a salary of $250 a year. He makes nothing by his books. He is married. For two years he has been studying English, and can now write it very well. The government refuses to increase his pitiful salary, and in sheer inability to live on it, the greatest genius of Norway is about to emigrate.

—If there is a virtue in a newspaper man, it is conciseness. Therefore we regard with admiration the people who have had to do with the *Ida County* (Iowa) *Pioneer*. That organ of public opinion having changed hands, W. P. EVANS'S valedictory consisted of one word: "Good-night," and JOHN VAIL'S salutatory was simply, "Good-morning."

—Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, now in his eighty-fifth year, has just published in London a book entitled *Why am I a Christian?* He perceives and laments that "tendency to a skeptical and irreverent treatment of religious subjects which, even in this Christian country, marks to no small extent the passing age." His lordship's career has been an eventful one. At nineteen he was appointed précis writer in the Foreign Office; at twenty-one, secretary of legation at Constantinople; at twenty-six, minister to Basle; at thirty-two (in 1820) he was sent to Washington to adjust certain differences left unsettled by the Treaty of Ghent, but his government declined to ratify his engagements. Four years later he was sent to Russia to ascertain the intentions of the Emperor respecting Greece, and in the following year to Constantinople as embassador, where he remained mostly until 1858, when he returned to England, was raised to the peerage, and takes an active part in the Lords on foreign questions. He knows all about that; is dogmatic and opinionated; in short, is what is described by the phrase, "a troublesome customer."

—DICKENS seems to have transmitted his elocutionary talent to one of his sons, a bright young man, who has recently been reading some of his father's works for charitable institutions, and has acquitted himself admirably.

—Mr. EDWARD MIALL, founder and editor of the *Nonconformist*, is fortunate in having a circle of friends with the disposition and funds to present him with a testimonial purse of $50,000.

—Of course the Rev. Dr. CUMMING felt moved to "improve" the visit of the Shah. So he did a sermon in which he referred to Persia, and observed that the ten tribes of Israel were once located there, and that it was not at all improbable they would yet reappear from it, after having been two thousand years hidden from the gaze of nations, and join themselves to the other two tribes. "If such proved to be the case," Dr. CUMMING would consider that the "fullness of the time" might be expected. Dr. CUMMING recognizes in the visits of the Sultan, the Khedive, and the Shah to England the fulfillment of the prophecy that three kings would come forth from the East. But it will be awkward for this idea if, as is probable enough, a fourth, fifth, and sixth Eastern monarch should take a European tour.

—The Rev. Mr. TAYLOR writes from India that the methods pursued by the regular missionaries there are all wrong, that their style of living is extravagant, and their system of evangelization unnecessarily slow, expensive, and fruitless.

—EUGENE SCHUYLER, of this city, a graduate of Yale of 1859, and a good Russian scholar, will be Minister JEWELL'S secretary of legation.

—Mrs. REYNAR, wife of Rev. A. H. REYNAR, of Coburg, Canada, and daughter of Rev. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, died at her residence on the 22d ult., at the age of twenty-two.

—The former Duchess of Sutherland—she who was on such nice terms with Mrs. BEECHER STOWE—was a woman who loved splendor, and kept an army of servants, who were draped in the most gorgeous livery. Before she died, as we are informed by the London correspondent of the *Tribune*, a great part of her retainers were dismissed and pensioned off. But the pensions were given on condition that the holders of them should return to their old posts on great occasions, and this they do. Without them the household would be counted numerous; with them it presents such an array as few private mansions in the world, or none, can equal, and as they are perfectly drilled and know the ways of the house, there is no confusion, nor any indication that this double retinue is not the ordinary equipment of the house. The effect is princely, and Stafford House is a princely residence, with its broad halls, its great staircase, its noble rooms, its priceless treasures of art, and all the rest.

—Mr. RUSKIN, in one of his late lectures, says that the most complete rest and refreshment he gets in London, when he is overworked, is in seeing a French play. He adds that the sight of the misery in *Frou-Frou* made him so ill that he was not himself again for a week. A lady to whom he spoke of the play told him about her French maid, who described it as having "amused her immensely." "Amused!" said the lady; "but is not the story very sad?" "Oh yes, mademoiselle, it is *bien triste*, but it is charming; and then how pretty Frou-Frou looks in her silk dress!"

—The law of demand and supply holds good in music as in money. When prime donne are needed they are forth-coming. The race is not destined to die out. Of those who are rapidly taking prominent position in the vocal world two have recently been mentioned in these columns, Madame CLARA BRINKERHOFF and Madame DE RYTHER. The latter, as we perceive by San Francisco papers, has been having a marked success in California at the WIENIAWSKI concerts, while the former has recently returned from a very successful tour. At one of her concerts in Kentucky, which were attended by the *élite* of the cities and larger towns of the State, a pleasant incident occurred. During the performance some gallant in the audience let a beautiful oriole fly on the stage, and it alighted at the feet of the cantatrice, who caught it up and tied it to her bouquet. She brought the little creature to New York, and great is the admiration it excites.

—Mrs. SUSAN WALDEN, who died at her country residence at Lake View, near Buffalo, on the 11th July, was one of the pioneers of Western New York, and a lady of varied accomplishments and marked character. Coming to Buffalo before the war of 1812, she had seen its progress from the mere hamlet to the opulent and beautiful city it is—one of the finest in the United States. Her husband, the late Judge WALDEN, a graduate of Williams College, came to Buffalo in 1808, and filled many public positions with honor and to the public acceptance. He was one of the eight lawyers who comprised the entire bar of Erie County in 1808. Judge WALDEN and wife remained on the frontier during the war of 1812, and their residence in Buffalo was used by General SCOTT as his head-quarters. Mrs. WALDEN always retained lively recollections of her earlier years, and recounted them with graphic power. On the return of peace Judge WALDEN resumed the practice of his profession, and after amassing an ample fortune, retired from public life. During his mayoralty of the city the early advantages of Mrs. WALDEN enabled her to dispense the hospitalities of his mansion with superior grace and dignity. As one of the incidents of her life it may be mentioned that she was the first lady in Buffalo who owned a piano, which she used to play to the wonder of the Indians, a tribe of whom lived on a reservation adjoining the city. She was a very religious woman, and largely, though unostentatiously, given to charities. She has outlived most of her early associates, and followed husband and children to the grave, the only survivor being the wife of General A. J. MYER, the distinguished head of the Signal Bureau at Washington.

—Somebody has gushed into a book entitled *The Female Lights of Journalism*. We skip without comment what it puts down as the ages of the different "lights," and give what it says of their peculiarities. "'Grace Greenwood' is a lovely woman, her eyes piercing and brilliant, her hair flowing, like her style, and her subscribed handwriting hurried and wayward. Such a face would look fine in marble. Its features are regular, its expression almost classic. 'Grace' was the one American female writer who of all others was most admired by CHARLES DICKENS. It used to be said that PHŒBE CARY was the wittiest creature of her sex, but the title always belonged to 'Grace Greenwood.' She is a perfect stunner at puns. Her wits are her chief diamonds, and she wears them every where except at church and at funerals." KATE FIELD "looks arch and mischievous." She is "versatile, accomplished, growing handsomer every day, proud of a touch of mercury in her Irish blood, born of an actor and actress, ought to be herself on the stage, and would make a 'school marm' that no prudent and skin-valuing urchin would ever think of playing truant from." NELLIE HUTCHINSON—dainty little NELL—a perfect violet of unobtrusive modesty—is one of the most delicate and charming of the newspaper reporters and correspondents. Her little head is full of wise thoughts, fresh fancies, and quaint conceits, and her style is graceful, buoyant, and bewitching. She weighs ninety pounds, and wears number one slippers. Her autograph is as large as GEORGE WASHINGTON'S.

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Card-Receiver, Figs. 1-3.

THE frame of this card-receiver is of black varnished cane bars. It is twelve inches high, and is ornamented with orange-colored china beads and bronze plates. China saucers for holding the visiting-cards are set into this frame, as shown by the illustration. The stand is also furnished with bead lambrequins, of which Fig. 2 shows a full-sized section. To make it first draw the circles for the upper edge of the lambrequin on a strip of carriage leather of the requisite length, on which white paper is pasted. Then fasten in the centre of each circle a black cut jet plate, and surround this plate first with bronze glass beads, then with gold beads, and finally with white enamel beads, which are fastened on the foundation with single stitches. Before fastening the enamel beads cut away the projecting carriage leather and paper along the lines indicated. Fasten the bead scallops on the under edge of the lambrequin. To do this fasten the thread in the hollow between two circles, take up the requisite number of blue beads, fasten the thread in the hollow between the next two circles at the left, again take up blue beads, twine them about the first bead scallop as shown by the illustration, fasten the thread to the circle first mentioned, and then work three more bead scallops in a similar manner—the next scallop of bronze, the following of gold, and the third of enamel beads. Next fasten the lambrequin on the stand. To do this fasten the thread to the next bead of the cane hoop, * take up twice alternately two blue, two white beads, carry the thread through the middle three beads on the upper edge of the next circle of the lambrequin, again take up twice alternately two blue and two white beads, wind the thread three times around the next bead of the cane hoop, and repeat from *. Instead of this lambrequin, that shown by Fig. 3 may be used for trimming the stand. This lambrequin is worked with blue and bronze glass beads, gold beads, and white enamel beads. The upper edge is worked on coarse perforated board, as plainly shown by the illustration. For the bead scallops on the under edge of the lambrequin fasten the thread to the next point, as shown by the illustration, then take up ten blue beads, fasten the thread to the extremity of the next point, carry the thread back through the last two beads, take up ten blue beads, fasten the thread to the same bead of this point, carry the thread back through the last two beads, take up eight blue beads, fasten the thread to the next point of the lambrequin as shown by the illustration, carry it to the next bead of the same point, and now work from right to left the second bead scallop with bronze glass beads, similar to the scallop just described. The third and fourth bead scallops are worked with gold and white enamel beads, observing the illustration.

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 47-53.

Knitted Border for Coverlets, etc.

THIS border is worked crosswise, in rounds going back and forth, on a foundation of 15 st. (stitch): 1st round.—All knit plain. 2d round.—Sl. (slip), 11 k. (knit plain); the last 3 st. are left on the needle unnoticed in the next four rounds. 3d round.—Sl., 11 p. (purled); take a crochet needle, and in connection with the last st. crochet a foundation of 50 st. With another needle take up the st. just crocheted in the following manner: First insert the needle in the last st. of the foundation, pass over the following 2 st., take up the next 2 st., and so on, observing the illustration; thus 25 st. should be on this needle. 4th and 5th rounds.—All knit plain, slipping the first st., however. 6th round.—Sl., 36 p., t. t. o. (thread thrown over), 3 k. 7th round.—Chain off 3 st. (to do this sl. the first st., knit off the following st., and draw the slipped st. over the latter, then knit off the next st., and draw the preceding st. over this st., finally, knit 1 st. on the t. t. o., and draw the preceding st. over this st.); then work 1 p., 1 k. on the t. t. o., and then work 37 k. 8th round.—Chain off 25 st., 11 k.; pay no attention to the last 3 st. during the next four rounds. 9th round.—All purled. 10th and 11th rounds.—All knit plain. 12th round.—Sl., 11 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 13th round.—Chain off 3 st., 1 more p. and 1 k. on the t. t. o., then 12 k. 14th round.—Sl., 11 k.; pay no attention to the last 3 st. during the next four rounds. 15th–26th rounds.—Like the 3d–14th rounds. 27th round.—Sl., 11 p. 28th round.—Sl., 11 k. 29th round.—Sl., 10 k. Knit off the last st. of the preceding round together with the 2 edge st. nearest the inner edge on the end of the first scallop not yet joined with the close part of the work. 30th round.—Sl., 11 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 31st round.—Chain off 3 st., 1 more p. and 1 k. on the t. t. o., then 11 k. Work off the last st. of the preceding round together with the 2 edge st. nearest the outer edge on the end of the same scallop, which has already been joined with the close part of the work in the 29th round. 32d round.—Sl., 11 k.; pay no attention to the last 3 st. during the next four rounds. Repeat always from the 15th–32d rounds until the border is of the requisite length, looping the scallops as shown by the illustration.

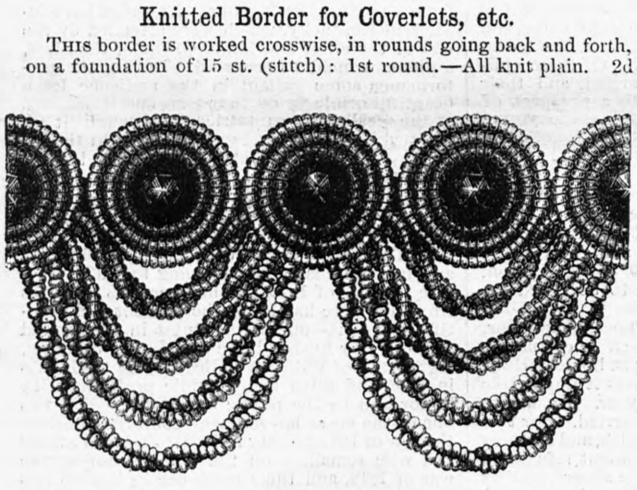
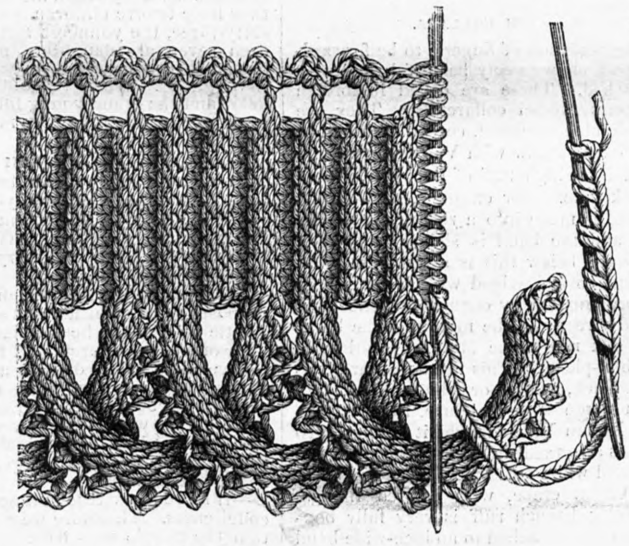


Fig. 2.—LAMBREQUIN FOR CARD-RECEIVER.—FULL SIZE.



KNITTED BORDER FOR COVERLETS, ETC.

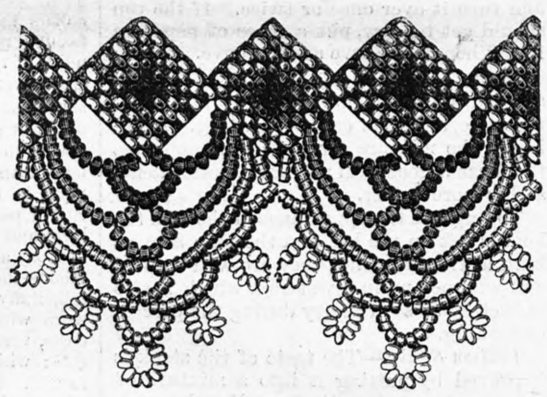


Fig. 3.—LAMBREQUIN FOR CARD-RECEIVER.—FULL SIZE.

Figured Percale Tight-fitting Jacket.

See illustration on page 517.

THIS jacket of white and red figured percale is trimmed with ruffles of the material, and is closed with hooks and eyes. To make it cut two pieces from Fig. 40, Supplement. The straight line partly given on Fig. 40 indicates the front edge of the underlapping front. Cut one piece from Fig. 41, and the sleeves each in one piece from Fig. 42, observing the outlines of the under part. Having sewed up the darts indicated in the fronts, sew up the back from 29 to 30, pleat it at the bottom of the waist, fastening the ×'s on ●, and join Figs. 40 and 41 according to the corresponding figures. Face the jacket on the outer edge, excepting the neck, with a strip of the material an inch and a quarter wide, set the neck on a standing collar seven-eighths of an inch wide, and trim as shown by the illustration. Sew up the sleeves from 33 to 34, face the bottom with a strip of the material an inch and a quarter wide, trim with a ruffle, and pleat them, bringing × on ●. Finally, set the sleeves into the corded armholes, bringing 34 on 34 of the fronts.

Cravat or Barbe End.—Point Lace Embroidery on Tulle.

See illustration on page 517.

To make this cravat or barbe end draw the outlines of the design figures on paper or linen, and on this baste fine white tulle, so that the tulle shall lie very smooth. Run on the point lace braid along the design figures, passing the needle through the tulle only, and not through the foundation; where the design forms a corner or point, lay the braid in a sharp pleat; and at those parts of the arabesques which come together sew the braids on each other. The outlines of the inner design figure are button-hole stitched wide. Work the lace stitches with fine thread over the tulle in the dark parts of the design, and into the tulle in the lighter parts. Having trimmed the cravat end with woven picots on the outer edge, as shown by the illustration, separate it from the foundation, and cut away the tulle foundation underneath the lace stitches which rest loose on the tulle. For the middle part of the cravat, tulle, Swiss muslin, organdy, or any other thin material may be used. The embroidery, which is in the form of a sheaf, is extremely rich and pretty. The illustration gives a very good idea of the general effect, as well as of the manner of working.

Fig. 1.—TOILE DE SOIE AND GROS GRAIN WALKING SUIT.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 28-39.

Fig. 1.—CARD-RECEIVER.

Fig. 2.—TOILE DE SOIE AND GROS GRAIN WALKING SUIT.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 28-39.

Case for Dessert Knives, Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 517.

THIS case, which is designed fo. holding dessert knives, is made of linden-wood. It is two inches and a quarter high, eight inches and a half long, and five inches and three-quarters wide. The outside is covered with Russia leather, and trimmed with a border in bead embroidery. Fig. 2 gives the design for the embroidery and the description of symbols. The handle and feet of the case are also covered with Russia leather, and trimmed with inlaid gold border. Instead of the border Fig. 2, Fig. 3 may be used. For this border paste strips of velvet seven-eighths of an inch long and three-eighths of an inch wide on a gros grain ribbon seven-eighths of an inch wide, and stretch saddler's silk on the strips of velvet. Work the embroidery—the stems in herring-bone stitch with green silk, the flowers in point Russe with blue silk, and the calyxes in knotted stitch with pink silk, in the manner shown by the illustration.

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FIGURED PERCALE TIGHT-FITTING JACKET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 40-42.

Fig. 2.—BORDER FOR KNIFE CASE.
Description of Symbols: ▫ Gold Beads; ■ Black; ⊠ Crystal; ⊡ Milk; ı Chalk Beads.

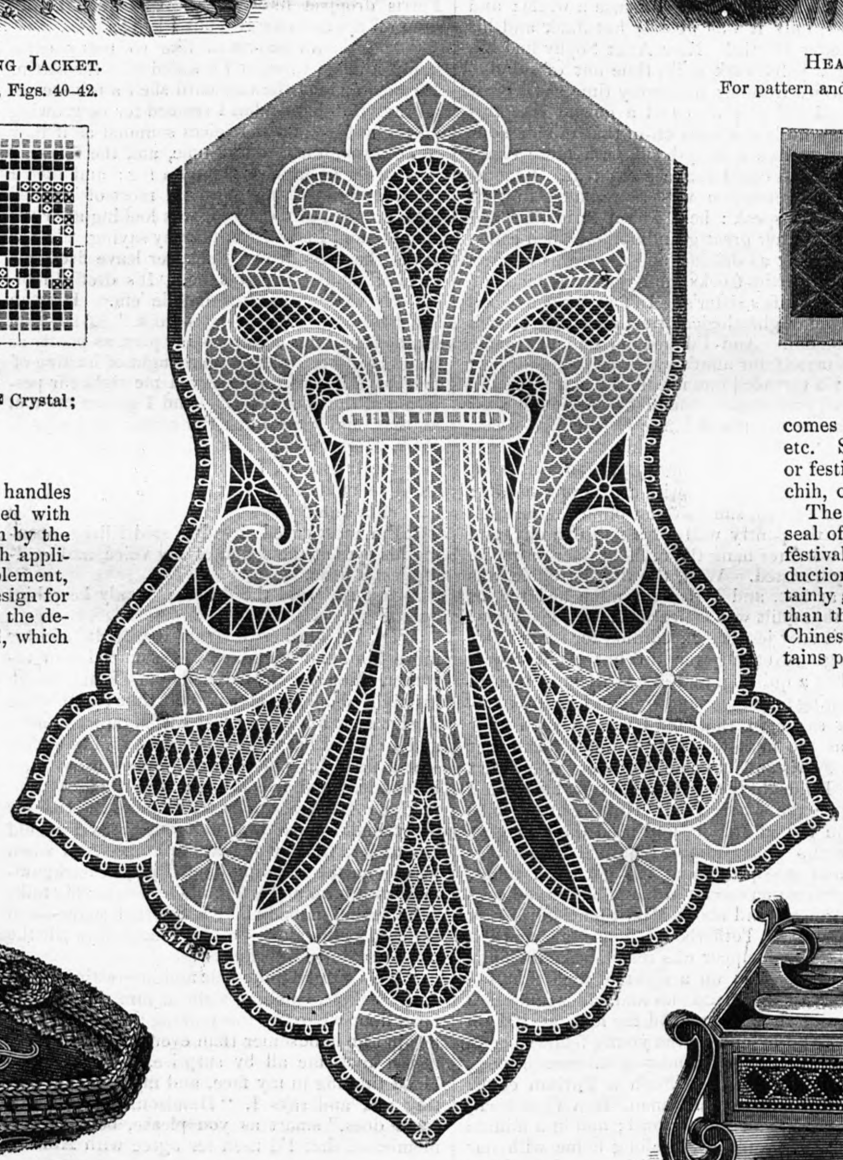
Basket for Fancy-Work, etc.

THIS basket is of fine white wicker-work. The handles are of black varnished cane. The basket is lined with green silk, and the outside is ornamented, as shown by the illustration, with knotted green silk cord and with application embroidery on green cloth. Fig. 27, Supplement, gives the pattern for the piece of cloth and the design for the embroidery. For the figure in the middle of the design apply green satin, and edge it with gold cord, which is sewed on with black silk. The arabesque figures of the design are worked with green soutache. The cloth is ornamented, besides, in point Russe and herring-bone stitch with green silk.

Borders for Darned Netting, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE borders are suitable for trimming sm curtains, tidies, etc. They are worked, according to the purpose for which they are designed, on a fine or coarse netted foundation, which is darned in the design shown by Fig. 1 or 2 with coarse knitting cotton (Estremadura), or with twist in point de reprise and point de toile. The wheels of the border Fig. 1 are worked as shown by the illustration. Instead of a foundation netted by hand a woven foundation may be used.

BASKET FOR FANCY-WORK, ETC.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 27.



CRAVAT OR BARBE END.—POINT LACE EMBROIDERY ON TULLE.

CHINESE ALMANACS.

THE Chinese year consists of twelve months (or moons, as they are usually styled) of twenty-nine or thirty days each, but of every nineteen years seven have an extra or intercalary moon, as otherwise their calendar would get seriously out of order. Their months or moons are numbered, and have no names in daily use, though they are sometimes known by what may be called poetical names. The year is also divided into twenty-four periods or terms of about fifteen days each, some of which are known as chieh (joints), and others as chi (breadths). Each "term" has a special name of its own, one or two of which sound oddly to us, but most of them are natural enough; for example, January 21st is called Ta han (great cold); again, toward the end of March, comes Chun fên (spring divider—that is, the vernal equinox), etc. Some of these "terms" are made the occasion of holidays or festivals—such as Li chun, or commencement of spring, Tung chih, or winter solstice, etc.

The Chinese have an elaborate almanac, published under the seal of the Astronomical Board at Pekin, which regulates their festivals, and which may fairly claim to compete with the productions of "Zadkiel" and "Old Moore" of England; it certainly goes much more minutely into the details of every-day life than they do. On this subject Sir John Davis remarks: "The Chinese almanac, like many others of the kind in Europe, contains predictions and advice for every day in the year, and presents the same spectacle of the abuse of a little mystical learning to impose on the ignorant majority of mankind. It even gives directions as to the most lucky days for going out or for staying at home, for shaving the head after the Tartar fashion, changing an abode, executing an agreement, or burying the dead. With this are mixed up, in the same page, a number of useful obser-

HEART-SHAPED ORGANDY BASQUE-WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 54 and 55.

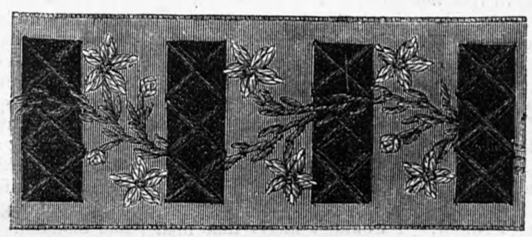


Fig. 3.—BORDER FOR KNIFE CASE.

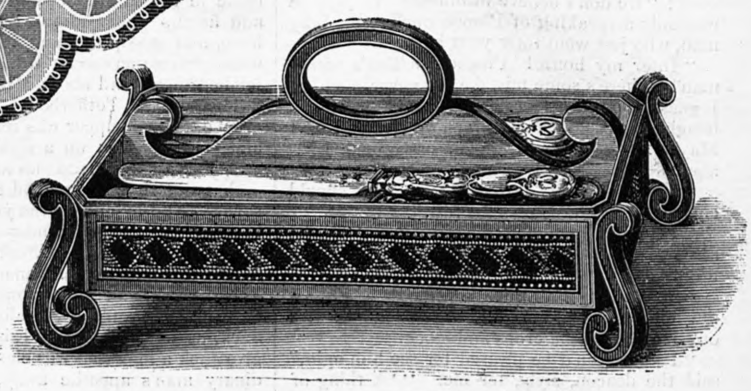


Fig. 1.—CASE FOR DESSERT KNIVES.

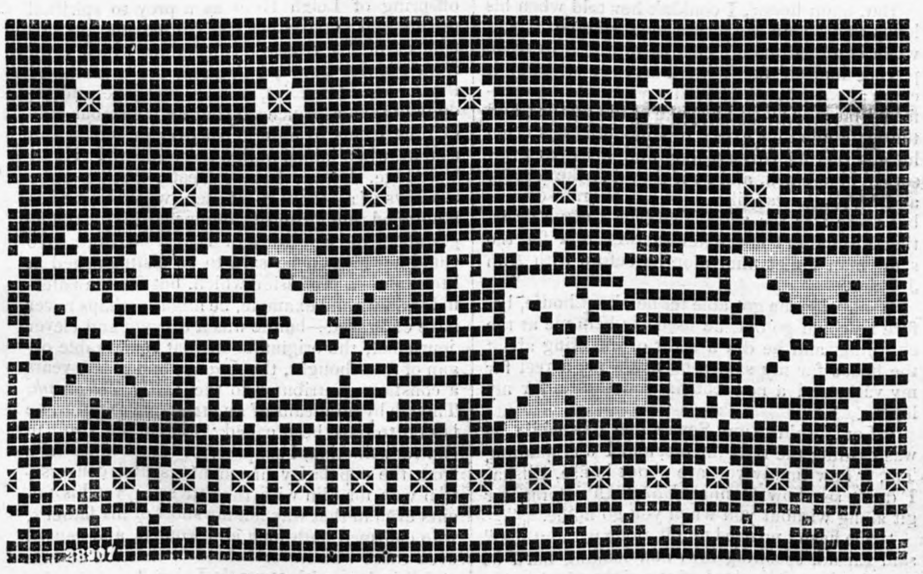


Fig. 1.—BORDER FOR DARNED NETTING.

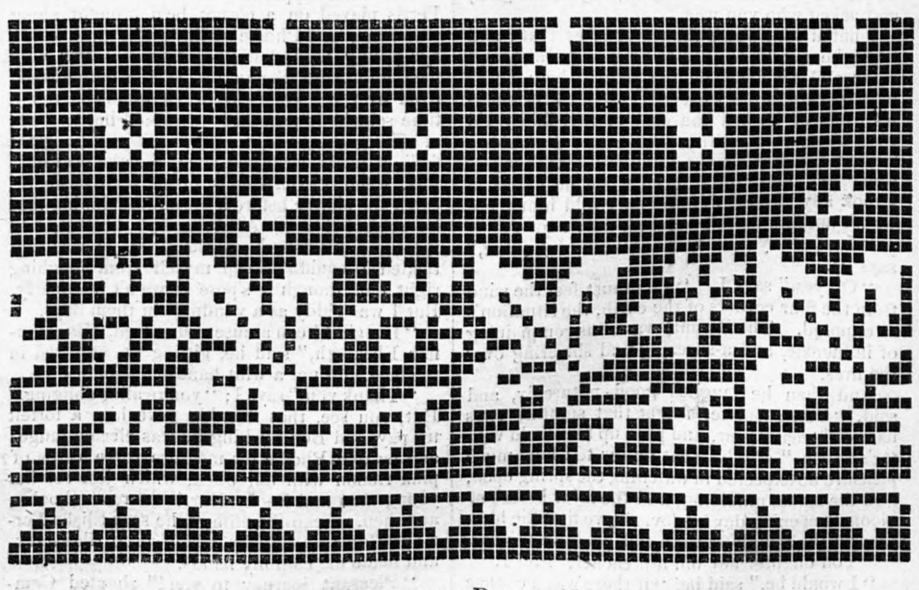


Fig. 2.—BORDER FOR DARNED NETTING.

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vations concerning natural phenomena pertaining to the season, though these remarks are interlarded with a number of vulgar errors as to the transformations of animals."

THE SWING.

SWEEP on! the leaves dance to the *dirl* of her laughter
(A dance they were taught by the midsummer elves),
And, blithe in their trusting, the birds follow after,
As if the wee lady were one of themselves.
Now bright in the sunshine, then duskily hiding
Amid dappled shadow, she daringly swings:
Happy eyes testify to the fancy abiding,
And say she *is* elvish, and swear she has wings!

Sailing on, crescent-like, in her thistle-down lightness,
From bough scarcely bending to tremulous spray,
One foot peeping forth from the peach-blossom whiteness
O' the gown, making ready for flight; but she'll stay!
A gossamer thread at her girdle would hold her,
Were she Ariel's self, with a will of her own,
Now a mortal hath leaned—how she listened!—and told her
That flight would be folly if taken alone.

Ah! I dimly imagine his joy in the capture
Of her heart fresh and willful, his pride in her grace;
But should not marvel much if I learned that his rapture
Was clouded. Just look at the fire in her face!
Flash defiance, proud lady—or frowning or smiling;
Valiant heart, good at core, none shall grudge thee its fling;
But never be tempted by love of beguiling
To play with his proud plighted love—in a swing!

PLAYING FORFEITS.

THE fust time I ever see Elisha Ferris I thought he was jest the ugliest man I'd ever laid eyes on. Ann Jenkins, who was along with me when we met him, says she, "Lor, Hannah Elizabeth, I s'pose that's the young fellow Phœbe Snelling's engaged ter!" Phœbe 'd bin away ter Bosting to visit her aunt, and hed landed a big catch, as every body in Guilford thought.

"Goodness! Ann," says I, "men must be skurse if Phœbe Snelling's going ter merry that one! Why he's as homely as a hedge fence. I wonder he ain't afeard of his own shadder!"

"Well, if girls will merry," said Ann, "they must take sich husbands as are going." And I s'pose Ann felt the obligation binding, for she merried a widderer with ten children that same year.

"Lor," said I, "I wouldn't merry that man if there wa'n't another on earth!"

"Don't deny before you're asked," said she. And then we turned our heads ter make sure he went inter the Snellings', and, lo and behold! he was jest pulling the knocker at Deacon Thurlow's, and a-looking after us. I felt cheap enough, to be caught staring after a strange young fellow, and he no beauty either.

"He's got a good figger of his own," said Ann, in whose eyes a young man allus hed some redeeming traits.

"He looks like skim-milk," said I. "I should think he might be the ghost of somebody else. I'm surprised at Phœbe Snelling, with all her advantages!" And jest then we come upon Deacon Thurlow himself a-turning of the corner.

"Mercy, deacon, how you made me jump!" said Ann. "I hedn't no thought of meeting any body."

"I s'pose you was that immersed in gossip you didn't hear me a-coming," says he.

"Oh no," says Ann, who never spared nobody; "we don't believe in immersion! No, we was only a-speaking of Phœbe Snelling's young man, who jest went inter your house."

"Inter my house! Phœbe Snelling's young man! There's some mistake. I never see him. I guess you've took Elisha Ferris—him that's bought the Blount Farm—for t'other. Ha! ha! Maybe it was your young man, or Hannah Elizabeth's—leastways it wa'n't Phœbe's."

"Heaven forbid!" cried I, "unless I should chance ter lose my eye-sight fust."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the deacon. "Elisha ain't got no beauty ter spare, but he makes it up in faculty."

It wa'n't long after this when the deacon, what did he do but bring Mr. Ferris in ter talk with our Jack about the crops and stock.

"I knew you'd be pleased ter see him agin," said the deacon, slyly, ter me. "'A thing of beauty is a joy forever,' the poet tells us; and he picked you out in meetin' among all the girls, and asked who you was."

I hated him worse than ever after that; and when he got through a-talking with Jack, and come and set down on the settee where I was busy patching Jack's overalls, I wished ter goodness one of us hed the coat of invisibility I'd read about in the fairy-books; and I wouldn't make no sort of conversation with him, but jest said "yes" and "no." And when he asked if I took any interest in farming, I told him there wa'n't nothing more hateful ter me; and—

"I s'pose you're familiar with *my* place," says he.

"Oh yes," says I. "You must feel the wind from the four corners of the earth, the situation's so exposed. The Blounts was allus complaining of influenzie, and a-sneezing and shivering over the fires."

And then he laughed good-naturedly, and said, "You seem ter forget that summer pays us a call once a year, and pays up for all old winter's tricks;" and he went on ter tell how much pleasure he expected in watching the spring open, and the leaves unfolding, and the faint breath of bloom deepening day by day, till we find the blossom on the bough and the full blade in the ear.

"You oughter hev bin a preacher," said I.

"I would be," said he, "if there was a chance of my converting you!" And then the deacon said it was about time fur mother ter be looking fur him home, and I never bid any body good-by with a better relish!

Whenever we come out of meetin', there was Ferris a-standing in the porch, staring with all his eyes; and onst he asked ter walk home with me in broad daylight! and I jest told him I was going ter make a call by the way, though it wa'n't my habit to be calling round Sabbath-day; but, you see, it's a good bit of ground from the meetin'-house ter the farm, and I hedn't no mind ter be wasting my time and breath in his service that far!

He hed a house-warming, too, a little later, and invited young and old, rich and poor, and me and Jack among 'em; and nothing ter do but I must go. Jack said there wa'n't no sense in my setting myself up and putting on airs because a fellow wa'n't as putty as a wax doll, when he was good as gold, and the best match for miles around; and I might thank my stars if sich a one looked at me. And so I went; and I wore the ugliest gownd I hed, and devoted of myself ter old-lady Pettigrew, while the young folks was playing games and flirting, and pulling candy in the kitchen. And she carried me all the way through her courtship, and the children's mumps and whooping-cough, and Mr. Pettigrew's blind-staggers; and jest as she was in the thick of soap-making I see Elisha Ferris pushing our way, and my heart begun ter sink inter the hollers of my feet, for I knew he was coming ter take me out ter supper, an' I'd rither hev starved fust! And what do you think he did but walk straight up to us and offer his arm to—old-lady Pettigrew! I was as mad as fire, and glad of it too, if ever you heerd of sich a case. But I made it even with him when we came ter go off. Says he, "Shall I see you home?"

"Thank you," says I; and he begun to crook his elbow. "But I hev company already," I added, after keeping him in suspense a while; and so I hed, only it was nobody but Jack and his girl, Becky Harris! Now Aunt Sophy hed bin making a patchwork quilt, time out of mind—a real Job's trouble; and every time she'd git it out she'd tell you who hed a gownd like this bit, and who hed aprons off of that other; so it was a'most like a story-book, with more chapters than you could shake a stick at. Gineration after gineration was represented in that quilt, so ter speak: here was a scrid that hed belonged ter her great-grandmother, when calico was as costly as delaine, and there was a scrap of her own baby-frocks, and yonder a piece of her uncle's wife's sister's! In fact, 'twas as good as a regular ginealogical tree, root and branch and blossom. And I'd hed no end of trouble with it myself, fur aunt's eyes was failing of her; and if I'd threaded one needle, I hed a thousand and one, and made enough knots an hour ter take me across the Atlantic Ocean in a week. No matter whether I was taking off the butter, or skimming the milk, or trying out lard, Aunt Sophy was at my elbow with thread and needle: ter tell the truth, she was that blind she mistook a fly on the pantry wall for a nail one day, and set ter work ter hang the milk-strainer on ter it. The fly resisted. Well, the Job's trouble was ended at last, and I thought mine hed too, as far as that quilt was concerned; but, goodness! it hedn't only jest begun, 'cording ter some folk's thinking. Nothing ter do but Aunt Sophy must hev a quilting, and ask the young men in the evening ter supper and frolic. I hedn't nothing ter say agin that, for I was as keen after sport as the next one, only I didn't mean that Elisha Ferris should come inside our doors that night; I thought the sight of his ugly face would jest spile the whole fun! However, the folks come in the afternoon, and used their tongues and fingers pretty nimbly; quilted in herring-bone, and gossiped about the good old times, when girls weren't so for'ard, and butter and eggs fetched more, and about Miss Somebody's new fixings, and Mr. Totherbody's house-raising, till it grew dark and supper was ready. Aunt Sophy and I we'd cooked up a sight of nice things—roasted chickens, made pies and jellies and cakes—that did your heart good ter look at, if I do say it. And by-and-by the young fellows begun to pour in in their Sunday-go-to-meetin' best, and standing dickies stiffer'n a Puritan elder. Phœbe Snelling's young man, Tom Comstock, Jim Jackson, and a fine crowd; and in a minute or two who should come along home with our Jack, as big as life, but Elisha Ferris! I jest give Jack a look that was enough ter take an ordinary man's appetite away, but it hedn't the leastest effect on him.

Well, after supper they danced a while. Elisha Ferris played on a cornet he'd brought along with him; and Phœbe Snelling was glum 'cause her young man danced a fore-and-after with me; and Aunt Sophy sat in the corner, and lived over her young days, she said. After a time somebody proposed we should hev a game of rolling the platter, with forfeits, and a great frolic it made, I can tell you; and the best of it was, when Elisha Ferris made such haste ter catch the platter before it got done spinning that he stumbled over Aunt Sophy's cricket, and measured his length on the floor. I was that tickled I couldn't keep myself from laughing right out, though I s'pose it wa'n't mannerly. But I was giddy as a windmill in them days.

"I'm glad I can amuse you so well, Miss Hannah Elizabeth," said he, gitting up very red in the face, and not a whit handsomer than ever.

"Thank you," says I; "you're allus obliging." But, you see, that stumble gave him a forfeit ter pay, and Ben Snelling he was elected judge; and he told Phœbe ter measure three yards of pink ribbon with our Jack, which jest set her young man and Becky Harris on tenter-hooks; and then, ter cap the climax, he sent Elisha Ferris ter Rome with Becky, which sort o' riled Jack, and made me clap my hands.

"Pleasant journey to you!" shouted Comstock.

Now, p'r'aps you dunno what going ter Rome is like, since forfeits hev gone out of fashion consid'rable; but when I was a gal they was all the go. Well, you see, the way they went ter Rome was putty cheap in them days, though, mercy knows, it cost Elisha Ferris dear enough! They jest locked arms together and went round the room, and he kissed all the girls, and the young men they kissed her—if they could! Well, Elisha he give his arm ter Becky, and Becky she blushed up like a peony; and jest then I got up ter look after the fire, and didn't mind how they was gitting along on their journey, till I felt somebody's hand on my shoulder, and looked up ter find Elisha's great mouth within half an inch of my cheek! I give sich a scream that it brought on Aunt Sophy's palpitation, and old-lady Pettigrew thought there was fire; and I jerked myself out of his reach and run for a closet, and he after me!

"All roads lead ter Rome," says he, trying ter pull open the cupboard door. "I'm bound ter git there before I go home!"

"If you come inter this closet," said I, "I'll shoot you, upon honor!" showing him Jack's pistol through the crack. You see, Jack hed bin out shooting at a mark that afternoon, and hed brought it in and left it on the cupboard shelf, and when I'd asked him if 'twas loaded, he said,

"I told Comstock ter fire off the last charge, 'cause it was gitting too dark ter see the mark." And so when Ferris, spite of all I could do, wrenched open the cupboard door, and I found myself at his mercy, I jest p'inted the pistol at him and pulled the trigger. Thinks I, "I'll give him a little start for his pains." And, bless us! so I did! There was a noise like ten thousand earthquakes, seemed to me, a little spurt of flame, and a thimbleful of smoke, and Elisha Ferris dropped like a log! Comstock hedn't fired off the last charge—but I hed!

The girls all screamed like so many catamounts, and I thought I'd killed him for sartin. I leaned against the cupboard shelf a minute ter git myself in hand; but I seemed ter be growing all numb like, and the voices sounded as if they come through a speaking-tube, and the folks all 'peared ter be moving behind a fog; and then I didn't sense nothing more till most of 'em hed gone home, and the doctor was looking after the wound; and I heerd Aunt Sophy saying, "'Twas dreffful keerless in you, Jack, ter leave fire-arms handy;" and Jack, says he, "It's dreffful foolish fur womenfolks ter handle 'em. Hannah Liz has done a putty day's work." And then Elisha Ferris ups and takes my part, as poorly as he was feeling. "She'd no thought of hurting of me," says he; "and it served me right fur pestering of the poor child." And I got on my feet at that, and went inter the room; and says I, "Dr. Motherwort, if you'll be so good as ter hire me fur nurse, I won't ask no wages. You see, I've made him sick, and it's my right ter help cure him."

"I'm 'most cured already," said Elisha, opening his eyes at the sound of my voice, and smiling jest a little.

"Jest so," said the doctor; "only keep him quiet."

Well, Dr. Motherwort said it wouldn't do ter move him, and Jack and I we nursed him together. You see, the ball had gone clean through his right shoulder, and it took time; and while Jack was at his work I hed Elisha on *my* hands; and I cooked his meals—no great shakes at fust—and fixed his pillers twenty times a day, and bathed his head, and brought him the news, and read the *Arabian Nights* ter him and the *Weakly Twit*, and treated him as tenderly as I would hev treated Jack if it hed bin him. And when he was on the mending hand I played backgammon with him, and wrote his letters ter his folks—he hedn't nobody but a merried sister—and laughed at the stories of his school-days till the tears run down my cheeks.

"He's growed quite pale and interesting," said Ann Jenkins, catching sight of him through the open door while she was making me a call, "but he ain't no handsomer than ever;" and, you see, it jest took me all by surprise, but I felt the blood tingling in my face, and my temper a-gitting up; and says I, "Handsome is as handsome does," smart as you please, before I remembered that I'd used ter agree with Ann on that subject.

"Highty-tighty!" says she; "every eye makes its own beauty! If you're satisfied, I sha'n't cry. But I thought you didn't fancy skim-milk-looking men!"

But, upon honor, I couldn't hev told when his looks fust begun ter please me: whether it was when he pitied me fur hurting of him instead of pitying himself fur being hurt; or whether it came about when I blamed myself and he comforted me; or when he spoke of his mother, and the tears filled his eyes; or whether it was when he got talking earnest like, and his eyes grew sort o' blue-black, and as if they'd strike sparks, and his smile was like sunshine on rain-drops; but there was the truth, however I come by it, that I shouldn't never hev knowed him for the same man I met nine months before with Ann Jenkins.

Well, when he got able ter be about house, before he could go out, he used ter help me at the churning, and he did a sight of tinkering about the house fur my sake: he made me a reel fur my yarn, and a new bobbin and shuttle fur my loom.

"Lor!" said Aunt Sophy one day while he was carding the rolls fur me, and I was spinning 'em, "how handy you are about house, Elisha. I don't see how Hannah Elizabeth's going ter git along without you when you go home."

"She hasn't no need ter git along without me," said Elisha, speaking low, and looking hard at me, "unless she's tired of the sight of me. At least," said he, after a pause, when Aunt Sophy had lost herself in her chair, "I can't go home without paying my forfeit, you know."

"You've paid dear enough fur it," I said, "already."

"And so, of course, you won't hev the heart ter refuse it. I said I wouldn't go home till I'd paid it, and I won't, unless you'll go with me."

And so I thought it best ter go.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Wilkie Collins as a Dramatic Reader.—A Link with the Past.—"The Castle" Rooks.

AN event in literature, interesting at least as much to yourselves as to us on this side of the Atlantic, took place on Saturday last in the first dramatic reading given in public by Mr. Wilkie Collins. It is no secret that this popular novelist is using his fellow-countrymen as Molière used his housekeeper—with an eye to that more extensive audience with which he will find himself confronted this fall in the United States. To quote the very words I heard him speak with reference to these experiments, "They are but rehearsals by which I, as an untried public reader, am endeavoring to train myself for my appearance elsewhere. I owe much to my American friends, and wish to do my very best to please them." So we have but his preliminary canter, as our racing friends would say, while you will see him when well in his stride, and going his very best. The scene he selected for his first appearance was the Olympic Theatre, and the result was an unqualified success. Mr. Bellew sat in a front stall, and came afterward to the greenroom to congratulate him upon having proved himself a worthy brother in that art of public reading in which that once-reverend gentleman is certainly *facile princeps*. Mr. Wilkie Collins does not suit the action to the word so much as Mr. Dickens did, but it is to be remembered that this is an accompaniment that grows with confidence and experience, as was proved in Mr. Dickens's own case, who, as a reader, came in (in exact opposition to the proverbial character of the month of March) like a lamb and went out like a lion; but even at this early stage of his career it is evident that Mr. Collins is in the finest sense a born actor, thoroughly invests himself with the feelings and attributes of the character he is delineating, and never lets slip the opportunity of making all his hearers kin by a touch of nature. The subject he took for his first reading was, perhaps, the best *short* story he has ever written; the most striking, certainly, of all those excellent tales published under the title of *After Dark*—namely, "A Terribly Strange Bed." His impersonation of the old soldier was most characteristic and impressive, and in the whole ghastly scene he may be said to have riveted his audience. I remember a great wit and social favorite insisting, on one occasion (in opposition to some advocate of "dry humor"), that a man should laugh at his own joke, since his gravity indicates that though good enough to excite the mirth of his audience, the joke is not good enough to excite his own; and so in dramatic reading it is all-important that the reader should show himself to be influenced by the interest of the scene he represents, and in some measure become a spectator himself. Now this Mr. Collins does in a marvelously natural way, and carries his audience completely with him.

Another link with the far-back past has just been broken by the death of the eldest son of that charming poet and essayist, Leigh Hunt. Thornton Hunt, who has just left us at sixty-three "to join the majority," was the child-hero of those exquisite lines beginning, "Sleep breathes at last from out thee, my little patient boy," addressed to him by his father. Charles Lamb also records in verse Thornton's birth, which took place within the prison to which Leigh Hunt had been condemned when editor of the *Examiner* for speaking of the Prince Regent in that paper as "an Adonis of fifty." No one, indeed, in the whole history of literature, was probably made so early the subject of public comment as T. H., who, when he was still an infant, figured under those transparent initials in the *Quarterly Review* in a once-famous article written by Southey. It was long after the latter poet had abjured his radical notions; and the contribution in question was, in fact, an attack upon the freethinkers. To show the evils of bringing up a child without religious belief, Southey had the cruelty to instance the infant offspring of Leigh Hunt as a prey to spiritual terrors and nervous fears in consequence of this neglect in his education: conduct which drew from Charles Lamb, I think in the columns of the *London Magazine*, a most energetic and indignant remonstrance. What an enormous gulf of time seems to be bridged over in such a fact as that, when joined to this recent death! Hunt, Coleridge, Byron, Lamb, Keats, Shelley—the shadows of all these great men, whom Time has magnified, not lessened, to our view, seem to linger about the death-bed of Thornton Hunt. He could not himself be said to be distinguished in literature—a profession which, but for the paternal training and example, he might perhaps never have embraced—but he was a diligent and clever journalist, the originator of that remarkable organ of free-thought, the *Leader*, and of late years a constant contributor to the *Daily Telegraph*. Though by no means of an attractive exterior, he is said to have been called "Listen and Die" (in contradistinction, I suppose, to "Look and Die"), from the popularity his manners and conversation won for him with the fair sex; yet his talents even in that way fell far short of his father's, who charmed both men and women, and caused even those who never beheld or listened to him to fall in love with "gentle Leigh."

I am afraid I was so rude as to observe in one

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of my late letters that our judges of the present day were not so remarkable for wit and repartee as they used to be in old days. Yet some of them are still, at least, the cause of wit in others. On the occasion of the elevation of Lush and Shee to the bench, which took place about the same date, a dinner was given to them, as usual, in the Temple Hall. The man who gave the toast of the evening made the speech describing their excellences in due course; but later on his eloquence was quite eclipsed by a young barrister who proposed upon that particular occasion to substitute for the ordinary bar toast of "Wine and Women," Lush and Shee.

The Shah has gone at last. Next to the telegraph, what pleased him most (as I have the authority of one of his royal hosts for stating) was the foliage and verdure about Windsor Castle, contrasting as it did with the burned-up plains of his own land. He was also much delighted with the rooks, whose monotonous "Shah, Shah," seemed to tickle his vanity, as though they were in reality addressing him by name.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

FOR THE UGLY GIRLS.

No. XVI.

SINCE the allusion to the success of Mr. Banting's system for reducing flesh, request has been made for its details in full. The popular idea of the writer whose modest pamphlet has linked his name with the system he tried and puts forward is very like that of the dry modern savant. The severe scientist who keeps his child for years without fire or clothes to demonstrate the superiority of the human race to cold if properly brought up to it, or throws a new-born baby into a tub of water to prove that the race can swim by nature, is not worthy to be mentioned on the same page with the kindly enthusiast of the *Letter on Corpulency*. There is no evidence in its pages that the writer ever tried authorship before. He was over sixty-six years old when, in a burst of gratitude for his relief from the distressing burden of too much flesh, he takes up his pen to tell his fellow-creatures the help for those who suffer a like infliction. There is a quaintness in his pages which reminds one of Izaak Walton, as in his opening sentences, where he declares, "Of all the parasites that affect humanity, I do not know of, nor can I imagine, any more distressing than that of obesity"—an opinion which all fellow-sufferers will agree with. He seems fond of naming his grievance a parasite, and the term slips out with a frequency which hints at possible objurgations hurled at his infirmity under its pressure. On being called to account for it later, he meekly assures us that the word is used wholly in a figurative sense. But his state might have justified a stronger epithet. No parents on either side, to use his phrase, ever showed a tendency to corpulency, but between thirty and forty he found the habit growing upon him. His physician advised violent exercise, and he took to rowing, to no avail. Finding his flesh increase, he consulted "high orthodox authority (never any inferior adviser), tried sea air and bathing, took gallons of physic and liquor potassæ, always by advice, rode horseback, drank the waters of Leamington, Cheltenham, and Harrowgate"—dose enough, we would think, to have disgusted him with life forever—"lived on sixpence a day, and earned it, at least by hard labor, and used vapor baths and shampooing," without help. The rich gentleman found his position, the good things of this life, his houses, horses, and friends, small enjoyment, save as they lessened the increasing burden life unmercifully heaped upon him. He was obedient and intelligent in using every means of relief suggested, but his medical men were of very small use to him. As he pathetically says, "When a corpulent man eats, drinks, and sleeps well, has no pain and no organic disease, the judgment of able men seems paralyzed." His state was pitiable, and there are too many companions in distress who answer to the same picture. He could not tie his shoe, and often had to go down stairs slowly, backward, to save the jar of increased weight on his ankles and knee-joints. Low living was advised, and he followed it so heartily that he brought his system into a low, irritable state, and broke out in boils and large carbuncles, for which he had to be treated and "toned up" in a way that, of course, brought him into heavier condition than ever. He speaks feelingly, yet with simple dignity, of the trials which stout people endure, of being crowded in cars and stages, uncomfortable in warm theatres and lecture-rooms, besides finding themselves the butt of ridicule, or, at least, the object of remark, which last caused him, for many years, to give up public pleasures. Many persons will have cause to reproach themselves here, for those who are considerate of every other species of human infirmity fail to recognize the real suffering those who carry a load of flesh must go through. A sensitive person encumbered with adipose must feel keenly the glances, if not the smiles, which are sure to follow his entrance into a public vehicle, and it is a test of delicacy for others to appear unconscious of the difference.

When Turkish baths came in fashion Mr. Banting tried them, with the result of six pounds loss after taking fifty baths, which was not encouraging, though they have been of service in like instances. In August, 1862, his case stood thus: he was nearly sixty-six years old, five feet five inches high, and weighed two hundred and two pounds; he went to no excess in eating or drinking, his diet being chiefly bread, beer, milk, vegetables, and pastry; flesh impeded his breathing, his eye-sight failed, and he lost his hearing; yet most of the doctors he went to for relief considered his trouble of no account, as one of the accompaniments of age, like wrinkles and gray hairs. The faculty are much to blame for despising such a foe to human comfort as undue fleshiness. The surgeon of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, Mr. William Harvey, was the first person wise and considerate enough to prescribe a remedy. He reasoned from M. Bernard's now accepted theory of the product not only of bile but of glucose by the liver. Glucose is allied to starch and saccharine matter, and is produced in the liver by ingestion of sugar and starch. This substance is always present in excess both in diabetes and obesity, and it struck this eminent surgeon that the same dry diet which drains the liver of the excess of glucose in the former disease might be of service in the latter. Abstinence from food containing starch and sugar reduces diabetes, and accordingly he prescribed for his patient this regimen. He was to leave off all bread, milk, butter, beer, sugar, and potatoes, besides other root vegetables, as these contain the largest amount of fat material. Yet the diet allowed was liberal.

Breakfast was four or five ounces of beef, mutton, kidney, broiled fish, and any cold meat except veal and pork; a large cup of tea without milk or sugar, a little biscuit—*i. e.*, crackers—or an ounce of dry toast.

Dinner: five or six ounces of any fish except salmon, herring, and eels, which are too fat; any vegetables but potatoes, beets, parsnips, carrots, or turnips, green vegetables being especially good; an ounce of dry toast, the fruit of a pudding; any poultry or game; two or three glasses of good claret, sherry, or Madeira, but no Champagne, port, or beer.

Tea: two or three ounces of fruit, a rusk or two, and a cup of tea without milk or sugar. Supper, at nine: three or four ounces of meat or fish and a glass of claret. Before going to bed, if desired, a nightcap of grog without sugar was allowed, or a glass of claret or sherry.

This was comfortable compared to his former diet, which was bread and milk for breakfast, or a pint of tea, with plenty of milk and sugar, and buttered toast; dinner of meat, beer, bread, of which he ate a great deal, and pastry, of which he was fond, with fruit tart and bread and meat for supper. Yet on the liberal diet his flesh went down at the rate of more than a pound a week for thirty-five weeks.

He affirms his belief that certain food is as bad for elderly people as beans are for horses, and he calls the forbidden food "human beans" thenceforth. He suffers himself to make a little mirth over the enemy that held him in durance so long. We can well believe he would "scrupulously avoid those beans, such as milk, beer, sugar, and potatoes," after he had groaned a score of years from "that dreadful tormenting parasite on health and comfort." He sensibly writes his opinion that "corpulence must naturally press with undue violence upon the bodily viscera, driving one part on another, and stopping the free action of all." He calls Mr. Harvey's system "the tram-road for obesity," and says, "The great charm and comfort of this system is that its effects are palpable within one week of trial." He protests that he found not the slightest inconvenience in the probational remedy, which reduced his girth twelve inches and his weight thirty-eight pounds in thirty-five weeks. He could go up and down stairs naturally, and perform every necessary office for himself without the slightest trouble; his sight was restored, and his hearing unimpaired. In token of his gratitude he gave the doctor, besides his fees, the sum of £50, to be distributed among the hospital patients. To prove the reality of his dedication of his letter "to the public simply and entirely from an earnest desire to benefit his fellow-creatures," the editions were distributed gratuitously in hopes thus to reach his fellow-sufferers from flesh, whom he was eager should find the relief which to him was rapturous. It must have reached some cases, for more than 58,000 copies had been issued at the date of the last edition. The author was urged to sell his work, even if the proceeds were given to the poor; but with the sensitiveness of a man not used to appear in public, he says, "On reflection, I feared my motives might be mistaken." In giving the credit of this system to Dr. Harvey we are sure of obeying the wishes of the author, who speaks of his benefactor with extreme gratitude, and says, "It is a remedy as old as the hills, he has since been told, but the application is of recent date." He thinks any one who suffers from obesity may "prudently mount guard over the enemy, if he is not a fool to himself." He was so far delivered from his malady as to indulge in the forbidden articles of food, but had to "keep careful watch, so that if I choose to spend a day or two with Dives, I must not forget to devote the next to Lazarus."

No medicine was given with this diet, save a volatile alkali draught in the morning during the first month. This was probably the bromide of ammonia, which is said to be of great use in reducing an over-amount of flesh.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

AUGUST is the fashionable season at the White Mountains, and every year there are increased facilities for pleasure travel in that direction. This summer, by the extension of the Mount Washington branch of the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad, the Twin Mountain House can be reached without any staging whatever. From the Twin Mountain House station it is only five miles to the new Fabyan House, nine miles to the Crawford House, four miles to the White Mountain House, and eleven miles to the Mount Washington Railway. The Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad has also been extended, and will eventually run cars through the Notch, and a stupendous undertaking will it be to construct this road. The railway up Mount Washington is in good order, and arrangements have been made to accommodate a large number of travelers. One of the chief sensations of the season will be the new and fine hotel on the summit of the mountain. Though located 6291 feet above the level of the sea, this house of entertainment compares favorably with those on lower and more convenient locations. It is 176 feet long by 38 feet wide, two stories high, with a Lutheran story above, and contains 72 sleeping-rooms, which are carpeted and pleasantly furnished. The whole building is heated by steam—a matter to be considered even in August. The prospect from the hotel windows must be seen to be appreciated. The valleys of the Saco, the Connecticut, the Ammonoosuc, and the Androscoggin lie in view, while the mountains of New England, New York, and Canada form an endless chain of peaks, stretching far away in the distance. Tourists, however, are often disappointed in the view when they ascend the mountain to remain only a few hours or to spend a single night. It is considered a special point always to see the sun rise. Of course the sun does rise every morning on Mount Washington as well as in less noted places, but it is often through mists and clouds, so that his own special glory is dimmed, and all the scenery overshadowed. Visitors must often be patient, if they would obtain a good view of the grand White Mountain scenery, and not limit themselves to a single night.

Tereza Cherra was a little Italian girl only six years old. We often hear the expression "frightened to death" used in a hyperbolical sense; but this child was really frightened to death on a recent Sunday in the streets of our city. Probably she was not unused to crowded streets, such being the sad experience of many of the little Italians in our midst; but evidently she was sensitive, and not accustomed to roughness. For one day she came running home to her parents, wild with excitement, sobbing and shrieking in a hysteric way that nothing could check. All that could be gathered from her wild words was that some man had rudely laid hands upon her. Physicians were summoned, but they could do nothing for her; the child would not allow herself to be touched, but died while they were consulting—frightened to death.

Public health appears to be connected in some mysterious way with the amount of ozone in the atmosphere. A member of the French Academy of Sciences, who has been investigating the subject, finds that the maximum amount of ozone is when the wind is at the west, and the minimum when at the east. Observations show that the outbreak and duration of epidemics have been coincident with periods of east winds, while their subsidence quickly followed a change of wind to the west.

Even the Apache Indians have a touch of delicate romance in them. Every young girl is at liberty to refuse a suitor. Not parents or brothers may interfere in her choice. After a brief courtship the lover makes a formal proposal by offering so many horses. Horses are a standard of value among Indians. As the squaw does all the work, horses are accepted as an equivalent for her labor. When a young warrior becomes enamored, he fastens the horse near the wigwam of the squaw whose hand he seeks, where he is left for four days. If she fails to feed and water the horse during that time, the master is rejected; but if she accepts his offer she grooms and kindly cares for the horse, and then ties him to the wigwam of her lover, as much as to say, "I am willing to be your slave and do your work."

There seems to be no end to the "sayings and doings" of the Shah, if we rely upon the rumors which are circulated about him. Probably many are the production of some imaginative genius—as, for example, that this "king of kings" expressed a wish to see an execution, and was surprised that one could not be got up for him, and that he suggested the cutting off the head of one of his suite who was unhorsed during the Windsor review. A good deal of curious gossip about him, however, is as reliable as gossip generally is. At Trentham a new piano was placed in a saloon, and on the attention of the Shah being directed to it he expressed a wish that one of the ladies present would perform upon it. Bashfulness, however, seized upon all present, and not one would show off before him. The Shah shrugged his shoulders at this act of disobedience to the royal will, and at once left the apartment. When the Shah visited the Queen at Windsor he saluted her Majesty with most perfect delicacy and grace, and said that hitherto he had reckoned his years from the day of his birth, but that in future he should date them from the hour of his meeting the Queen of England. About three hours every day the Shah devotes to writing his diary, and he allows nothing to interfere with this task. It is said that he chafes a great deal under the restraints of etiquette to which he is subjected, and the compulsory regulation of his hours according to a fixed programme, which leaves him no time to do, or hardly even to think, as he likes. On the Continent he was glad to escape from state custody at Berlin to Wiesbaden and Spa, where he could live in rooms of his own, eat when it pleased him, and go about without fuss when fancy seized him. In England he was glad to take advantage of the institution of an English Sunday to claim the privilege of having at least one day to himself during his stay. All that he was to do on Sunday was elaborately marked out for him two days beforehand by the gentleman in charge of him, and he was told he was to go by rail to one place and by boat to another, and to take tea at one duke's house and come home to an assembly at another's. But at the last moment he simply refused point-blank to do as he had been bidden, and said he would spend his Sunday as he liked; and he drove off to the Royal Zoological Gardens.

Fire Island, one of the many summer resorts within easy reach of New York, has a reputation for coolness and healthfulness. The attractions of the place consist of fresh breezes from the ocean, bathing, fishing, and sailing. Bathing may be in the surf of the broad Atlantic, or in the quiet waters of the Great South Bay. Fish of various kinds and game in great abundance are to be found throughout the season. It seems a pity that such a cool, attractive spot should be allowed to retain its fiery name. Its reputation is established, and it is a most popular resort; nevertheless, how could a person with a vivid imagination expect to be cool and comfortable in August on any spot commonly and constantly called Fire Island? The very name brings a hot flush all over one. Fire Island should be rechristened.

The "Geographical Garden" is one of the latest novelties in Paris. The idea seems to be to inform the masses a little more definitely as to the whereabouts of Persia. A space of ground is laid out to represent the "five quarters" of the world; kingdoms are separated by gravel-walks, and continents by rills. The geography of the globe can be learned in an afternoon, and a voyage around the world can be taken for one franc.

No other plant will yield so much food to the acre, with so little outlay of labor, as the banana. A single tree under favorable circumstances will yield three crops in the year, of seventy-five pounds each. In tropical countries where the banana grows it is largely used when green, being roasted in hot ashes. It is also dried in an oven, and used as bread. The fruit is very nutritious, even when only half ripe, and forms a large portion of the daily food of the inhabitants of banana-growing regions. It is a singular and interesting fact that in those tropical regions, where the long-continued heat is so oppressive that labor becomes burdensome, man is supplied with food almost without the need of working. Where bananas grow, people can be lazy with impunity.

A popular preacher in one of the West End churches of London recently issued printed notices that the subject of his Sunday evening discourse would be "Kings of Persia as recorded in the Bible."

Before the Shah reached France the Parisians were hard at work making puns on the royal title. *Chat* has, of course, entered into the mind of the most facetious.

Quaint Scottish humor is well illustrated by a good story told by Mr. Gough:

Two sparks from London once came upon a decent-looking shepherd in Argyleshire, and accosted him with, "You have a very fine view here—you can see a great way."

"Yu ay, yu ay, a ferry great way."

"Ah! you can see America here, I suppose?"

"Farrar than that."

"How is that?"

"Yu jist wait tule the mists gang away, and you'll see the mune."

A veteran observer sarcastically says that a little baby is an easy thing to love, but a big baby is a hard thing to love, especially if you have married her—or him.

Morningside Park, when completed, will be a place of much interest to the residents on the upper part of Manhattan Island. It is within a short distance of the northwest corner of Central Park, extending from One Hundred and Tenth Street in a zigzag way to One Hundred and Twenty-third Street, its southeast corner touching St. Nicholas Avenue, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, and its northwest corner touching Tenth Avenue.

During the two weeks following the abolition of the franking privilege the receipts of the Post-office Department from the sale of stamps greatly exceeded in amount the receipts for any similar period in the history of the government.

When the Shah of Persia went to the theatre in Brussels he was rather heavily laden with jewelry, being adorned with precious stones valued at 2,000,000 francs.

"Elim" (some of our readers may need to be referred to Exodus, xv. 27, and Numbers, xxxiii. 9) is the name of Miss Smiley's "encampment" at Saratoga. The "palm-trees" are lacking, but the neat little cottage is under a group of oaks, and literally beside "twelve wells of water." A crystal spring bubbles up in her garden. The ground for her cottage was given her by the Quaker owner of Excelsior Spring.

Matilda Fletcher will be the oratress at the Nebraska State Agricultural Fair next autumn, and already she has announced that her subject will be "Farmers' Wives and Daughters." Her father was said to have been one of those close-fisted, "honest old farmers," of which our country boasts, and he raised thirteen children, whose brows were pretty thoroughly sweated by the old gentleman. Matilda has "been there," and knows all about it. Every thing that could be got out of a girl on a farm the kind father got out of her, yet she managed, plucky girl, to educate herself thoroughly, and can tell her Nebraskan sisters much that will brighten them up and encourage them. She is said to be a fine speaker, and you may be sure all the boys will be there to listen and applaud.

Whether the gain of a wife is worth the loss of an eye is a question which in time may be decided by a certain Roman gentleman who has recently made the exchange, though not exactly by his own choice. As the story goes, a young and rich and handsome American lady, resident in Rome, was in the habit (being somewhat eccentric) of taking long walks by herself, reading aloud, and "suiting the action to the word." Not long ago, being utterly unconscious of the presence of a gentleman in her path, in her elocutionary fervor she suddenly raised her umbrella with dramatic force. The sharp point entered the eye of the unfortunate man, who, with a shriek, fell insensible to the ground. For a moment the horrified girl was stunned; then dashing down book and umbrella, she rushed to a fountain near by, and returned with a dripping handkerchief to bathe the face of her unconscious victim. When the injured gentleman revived she ascertained that his carriage was near, and, of course, ran to call it, entered the vehicle with him, drove home with him, and there transformed herself into a Sister of Charity. The gentleman was well educated, witty, and of good Roman family—and the sequel is not difficult to imagine. The American lady has decided to bestow the use of her eyes upon him for life.

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Tulle and Lace Fichu.

THIS black tulle fichu is trimmed with lace an inch and three inches wide, a tulle ruffle an inch and a half wide, sloped off toward the ends and edged with narrow lace, and black watered ribbon an inch and a quarter wide. On the left side of the fichu is set a bow of pink gros grain ribbon two inches wide and a flower. To make the fichu cut of plain tulle laid double one whole piece from Fig. 24, Supplement, and cover it with pleated tulle as shown by the illustration. Then cut of figured tulle two pieces each from Figs. 25 and 26; trim Fig. 25 on the outer edge, excepting the top, with wide lace, and sew it on the fichu according to the corresponding figures. Sew the bosom to the wrong side of the fichu according to the corresponding figures and signs. Trim the fichu as shown by the illustration, and furnish it with a button and sewed loops for closing.

Embroidered Silk Parasol.

THE cover for this parasol is of light mauve silk, embroidered as shown by the illustration. The embroidery is worked with filling silk, in the natural colors of the flowers and leaves, in satin, half-polka, and knotted stitch. White lustring lining, and stick of ivory.

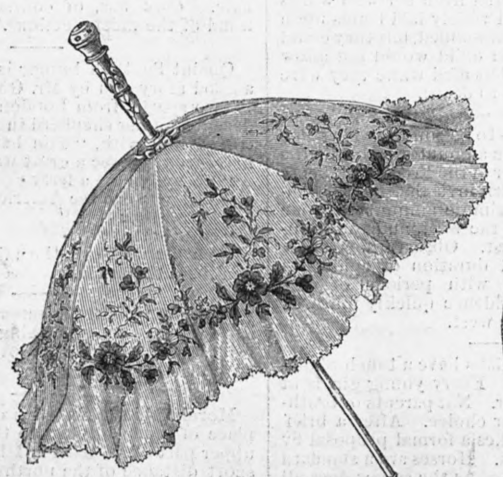
Poult de Soie Parasol with Lace Cover.

THIS parasol of lilac poult de soie is lined with white lustring, and furnished with a cover of Chantilly lace. Stick of ivory.

Cashmere Fichu-Mantilla.

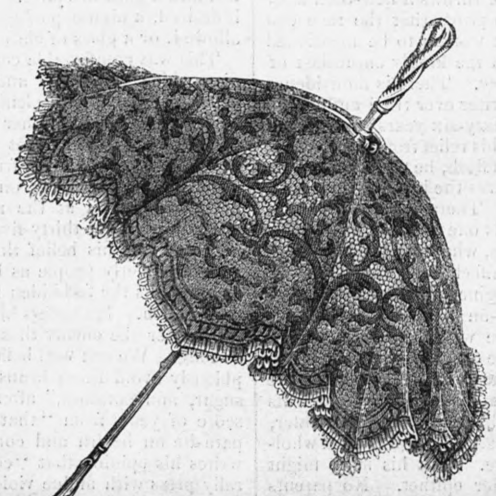
THE trimming for this mantilla of white cashmere consists of gathered pinked ruffles of white gros grain, white lace, and bows of white gros grain ribbon. To make the mantilla first join on the pieces turned down in Supplement on Fig. 16 (see diagram of Fig. 16, reduced to one-sixteenth of full size). Then cut one piece from Fig. 16 and two pieces from Fig. 17. Having folded the upper part of the mantilla on the outside along the dotted line partly indicated, trim the mantilla as shown by the illustration, and arrange it in the middle of the back and in front at the bottom of the waist in two pleats turned upward, each an inch and a quarter deep. Besides this lay the upper edge of the mantilla, six inches and a half from the middle, in a shoulder pleat three-quarters of an inch deep. Trim the pleated parts to match the mantilla, fold them on the under side along the dotted lines partly indicated, pleat them, bringing × on ●, sew them on the mantilla as shown by the illustration, and trim the mantilla with the gros grain bows. On the wrong side of the mantilla, in the back at the bottom of the waist, set a belt, which is closed over the scarfs in front with hooks and eyes.

TULLE AND LACE FICHU.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 24–26.



EMBROIDERED SILK PARASOL.

NANSOOK BLOUSE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 18–23.



POULT DE SOIE PARASOL WITH LACE COVER.

Mantelet with Hood.

THIS mantelet with hood is made of white barathea. The trimming consists of gathered white lace, revers of blue gros grain, and ruches and bows of blue gros grain ribbon. For the mantelet cut two pieces each from Figs. 43–45, Supplement, sew them up according to the corresponding figures, and set on the trimming as shown by the illustration. Cut the hood of cashmere on the bias in one piece from Fig. 46. Cover the hood on the wrong side with gros grain from the front edge to an inch and a quarter beyond the dotted line partly indicated, fold it on the outside along this line, and gather it from the middle of the front to ∗. Trim the hood as shown by the illustration, gather the under edge from the middle to the next ⁝ on each side, and join it with the mantelet according to the corresponding figures, gathering the neck of the mantelet slightly. Blue gros grain ribbons serve for closing.

CASHMERE FICHU-MANTILLA.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 16 and 17.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

EARLY familiar with all the forms of suffering and death, the life of Charlotte Brontë, from its commencement to its close, may be said to have been one prolonged endurance of agony. Yet the grandeur of her courage must always strike us as one of the sublimest spectacles. When a child she lost those who were dear to her, and there were none who could understand the vast yearnings of her nature. Then came the stirrings of her genius, and she longed to take flight, but her wings were weighted, and she was kept enchained to the dull earth. A few more years and another trouble, almost worse than death, cast its horrible shadow over her path. The melancholy story of her brother Branwell, whom she loved deeply, in spite of his numberless errors and terrible slavery to one master passion, is matter of general knowledge. To his end succeeded that of Emily Brontë, the sister whom Charlotte especially loved. To see her drift out into the great Unknown Sea was trouble inexpressible to that loving soul which had watched her with fostering care, and hoped to have witnessed the universal acknowledgment of her splendid genius. Seldom was the heavy cloud lifted from the head of our author on those dull Yorkshire hills: can it be matter of surprise, then, that her works should bear the impress of the character of her life? The wonder is that the sun should break through at all, as it does in *Shirley*, with beams of real geniality and cheerfulness. But the life was destructive of that gentler kind of humor of which we are sure Charlotte Brontë must have had originally a considerable endowment. She was necessarily propelled toward the painting of what was frequently harsh, and always peculiar and extraordinary. Her perceptions were keen—as will be admitted by the close student of her works—not only of human life, but of nature, and what she wrote must therefore exhibit the qualities of truth and strength. Severe discipline waited upon her through all her history, and its results are graphically depicted in her works, each of which deals with the experience of some stage of her brief existence. One almost wonders, as we follow her career, where her happiness came from. There was no society, no wealth, none of the common delights of life for her, while death was always approaching with measured but inevitable steps, when not, indeed, already in the house. Doubtless her literary occupations yielded her at times intense enjoyment, but she possessed, in addition, a faith in Providence which must have been like that of a child for simplicity and strength—a faith to which many who boasted of their Christian excellence were perfect strangers, and to whom its existence in her was utterly unsuspected.

The iron will of this truly great woman was never broken till the period came when she must yield up her own life. Then the weakness—if such it can be called—which she exhibited arose not from any fear respecting herself, but for the tender and faithful husband whom she was leaving behind. Desolation, blank and utter, overtook the father and husband, when her heart ceased to beat, such as the old parsonage had never experienced before. Charlotte's

MANTELET WITH HOOD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 43–46.

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"THE FAREWELL."—[FROM THE PICTURE BY CARL BECKER.]

spirit had nerved others so long as it was with them, and the tenement of hope was not completely shattered till she died. The picture Mrs. Gaskell gives of the closing moments and of the funeral is very touching. With regard to the latter it painfully reminded her of the scene after the death of Oliver Goldsmith. Mr. Forster thus describes it: "The staircase of Brick Court is said to have been filled with mourners the reverse of domestic; women without a home, without domesticity of any kind, with no friend but him they had come to weep for; outcasts of that great solitary, wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable." Such would have followed Charlotte Brontë's remains to the grave, but the survivors wanted not the sympathy of strangers, their grief being too keen to be assuaged. Those who knew her best were the fallen and distressed, into whose bruised and dejected souls she had poured the sweet balm of sympathy.

"THE FAREWELL."

AFTER viewing a picture of this sort some of our readers may expect us to soar into the lofty realms of rhyme; but no, the subject is of too trite a character; we could say nothing that has not been better said a hundred times before. If the gentle reader be musically inclined, let her sit down to the piano-forte and warble forth, "Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath, dass man vom liebsten das man hat, muss scheiden;" or, better still perhaps, because in English, Mr. J. L. Hatton's charming ballad, "Good-by, sweetheart, good-by." Then she will be in a fit frame of mind to sympathize with this damsel, who is placing her lover's cloak round his shoulders while he buckles his belt. The lady can scarcely be called beautiful, according to our Anglo-Saxon ideas of beauty, but she looks honest and good—the sort of girl who will make a

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man comfortable at home, and that, we take it, was a quality as much appreciated in a wife during the stormy days of yore as it is, or ought to be, now.

(Continued from No. 31, page 487.)

LADY ANNA.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "The Warden," "The Small House at Allington," "Barchester Towers," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," "Orley Farm," "The Eustace Diamonds," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

DANIEL AND THE LAWYER.

It has been said that the Countess, when she sent her daughter down to Yoxham, laid her plans with the conviction that the associations to which the girl would be subjected among the Lovels would fill her heart and mind with a newborn craving for the kind of life which she would find in the rector's family; and she had been right. Daniel Thwaite also had known that it would be so. He had been quite alive to the fact that he and his conversation would be abased, and that his power both of pleasing and of governing would be lessened by this new contact. But had he been able to hinder her going, he would not have done so. None of those who were now interested in his conduct knew aught of the character of this man. Sir William Patterson had given him credit for some honesty, but even he had not perceived, —had had no opportunity of perceiving—the stanch uprightness which was, as it were, a backbone to the man in all his doings. He was ambitious, discontented, sullen, tyrannical. He hated the domination of others, but was prone to domineer himself. He suspected evil of all above him in rank, and the millennium to which he looked forward was to be produced by the gradual extirpation of all social distinctions. Gentlemen, so called, were to him as savages, which had to be cleared away in order that that perfection might come at last which the course of nature was to produce in obedience to the ordinances of the Creator. But he was a man who reverenced all laws, and a law, if recognized as a law, was a law to him whether enforced by a penalty, or simply exigent of obedience from his conscience. This girl had been thrown in his way, and he had first pitied and then loved her from his childhood. She had been injured by the fiendish malice of her own father, and that father had been an earl. He had been strong in fighting for the rights of the mother, not because it had been the mother's right to be a countess, but in opposition to the Earl. At first, indeed throughout all these years of conflict except the last year, there had been a question, not of money, but of right. The wife was entitled to due support—to what measure of support Daniel had never known or inquired; but the daughter had been entitled to nothing. The Earl, had he made his will before he was mad—or, more probably, had he not destroyed, when mad, the will which he had before made—might and would have left the girl without a shilling. In those days, when Daniel's love was slowly growing, when he wandered about with the child among the rocks, when the growing girl had first learned to swear to him that he should always be her friend of friends, when the love of the boy had first become the passion of the man, there had been no thought of money in it. Money! Had he not been well aware from his earliest understanding of the need of money for all noble purposes that the earnings of his father, which should have made the world to him a world of promise, were being lavished in the service of these forlorn women? He had never complained; they were welcome to it all. That young girl was all the world to him; and it was right that all should be spent; as though she had been a sister, as though she had already been his wife. There had been no plot then by which he was to become rich on the Earl's wealth. Then had come the will, and the young Earl's claims, and the general belief of men in all quarters that the young Earl was to win every thing. What was left of the tailor's savings was still being spent on behalf of the Countess. The first fee that ever found its way into the pocket of Sergeant Bluestone had come from the diminished hoard of old Thomas Thwaite. Then the will had been set aside; and gradually the cause of the Countess had grown to be in the ascendant. Was he to drop his love, to confess himself unworthy, and to slink away out of her sight, because the girl would become an heiress? Was he even to conceive so badly of her as to think that she would drop her love because she was an heiress? There was no such humility about him, nor such absence of self-esteem. But, as regarded her, he told himself at once that she should have the chance of being base and noble—all base, and all noble as far as title and social standing could make her so—if such were her desire. He had come to her and offered her her freedom; had done so, indeed, with such hot language of indignant protest against the gilded gingerbread of her interested suitor as would have frightened her from the acceptance of his offer had she been minded to accept it; but his words had been hot, not from a premeditated purpose to thwart his own seeming liberality, but because his nature was hot and his temper imperious. This lordling was then ready to wed his bride—the girl he had known and succored throughout their joint lives—simply because she was rich and the lordling was a pauper. From the bottom of his heart he despised the lordling. He had said to himself a score of times that he could be well content to see the lord take the money, waste it among thieves and prostitutes, and again become a pauper, while he had the girl to sit with him at his board, and share with him the earnings of his honest labor. Of course he had spoken out; but the girl should be at liberty to do as she pleased.

He wrote no line to her before she went, or while she was at Yoxham, nor did he speak a word concerning her during her absence. But as he sat at his work, or walked to and fro between his home and the shop, or lay sleepless in bed, all his thoughts were of her. Twice or thrice a week he would knock at the door of the Countess's room, and say a word or two, as was rendered natural by their long previous intercourse. But there had been no real intercourse between them. The Countess told him nothing of her plans, nor did he ever speak to her of his. Each suspected the other, and each was grimly civil. Once or twice the Countess expressed a hope that the money advanced by Thomas Thwaite might soon be repaid to him with much interest. Daniel would always treat the subject with a noble indifference. His father, he said, had never felt an hour's regret at having parted with his money. Should it, perchance, come back to him, he would take it, no doubt, with thanks.

Then he heard one evening, as he returned from his work, that the Countess was about to remove herself on the morrow to another home. The woman of the house, who told him, did not know where the Countess had fixed her future abode. He passed on up to his bedroom, washed his hands, and immediately went down to his fellow-lodger. After the first ordinary greeting, which was cold and almost unkind, he at once asked his question. "They tell me that you go from this to-morrow, Lady Lovel." She paused a moment, and then bowed her head. "Where is it that you are going to live?" She paused again, and paused long, for she had to think what answer she would make him. "Do you object to let me know?" he asked.

"Mr. Thwaite, I must object."

Then at that moment there came upon him the memory of all that he and his father had done, and not the thought of that which he intended to do. This was the gratitude of a Countess! "In that case of course I shall not ask again. I had hoped that we were friends."

"Of course we are friends. Your father has been the best friend I ever had. I shall write to your father and let him know. I am bound to let your father know all that I do. But at present my case is in the hands of my lawyers, and they have advised that I should tell no one in London where I live."

"Then good-evening, Lady Lovel. I beg your pardon for having intruded." He left the room without another word, throwing off the dust from his feet as he went with violent indignation. He and she must now be enemies. She had told him that she would separate herself from him—and they must be separated. Could he have expected better things from a declared countess? But how would it be with Lady Anna? She also had a title. She also would have wealth. She might become a countess if she wished it. Let him only know by one sign from her that she did wish it, and he would take himself off at once to the farther side of the globe, and live in a world contaminated by no noble lords and titled ladies. As it happened, the Countess might as well have given him the address, as the woman at the lodgings informed him on the next morning that the Countess had removed herself to No. — Keppel Street.

He did not doubt that Lady Anna was about to return to London. That quick removal would not otherwise have been made. But what mattered it to him whether she were at Yoxham or in Keppel Street? He could do nothing. There would come a time—but it had not come as yet—when he must go to the girl boldly, let her be guarded as she might, and demand her hand. But the demand must be made to herself, and herself only. When that time came there should be no question of money. Whether she were the undisturbed owner of hundreds of thousands or a rejected claimant to her father's name, the demand should be made in the same tone and with the same assurance. He knew well the whole history of her life. She had been twenty years old last May, and it was now September. When the next spring should come round she would be her own mistress, free to take herself from her mother's hands, and free to give herself to whom she would. He did not say that nothing should be done during those eight months; but, according to his lights, he could not make his demand with full force till she was a woman as free from all legal control as was he as a man.

The chances were much against him. He knew what were the allurements of luxury. There were moments in which he told himself that of course she would fall into the nets that were spread for her. But then again there would grow within his bosom a belief in truth and honesty which would buoy him up. How grand would be his victory, how great the triumph of a human soul's nobility, if, after all these dangers, if, after all the enticements of wealth and rank, the girl should come to him, and, lying on his bosom, should tell him that she had never wavered from him through it all. Of this, at any rate, he assured himself—that he would not go prying, with clandestine manœuvres, about that house in Keppel Street. The Countess might have told him where she intended to live without increasing her danger.

While things were in this state with him he received a letter from Messrs. Norton and Flick, the attorneys, asking him to call on Mr. Flick at their chambers in Lincoln's Inn. The Solicitor-General had suggested to the attorney that he should see the man, and Mr. Flick had found himself bound to obey; but in truth he hardly knew what to say to Daniel Thwaite. It must be his object of course to buy off the tailor; but such arrangements are difficult, and require great control. And then Mr. Flick was employed by Earl Lovel, and this man was the friend of the Earl's opponents in the case. Mr. Flick did feel that the Solicitor-General was moving into great irregularities in this cause. The cause itself was no doubt peculiar—unlike any other cause with which Mr. Flick had become acquainted in his experience; there was no saying at the present moment who had opposed interests, and who combined interests in the case; but still etiquette is etiquette, and Mr. Flick was aware that such a house as that of Messrs. Norton and Flick should not be irregular. Nevertheless he sent for Daniel Thwaite.

After having explained who he was, which Daniel knew very well without being told, Mr. Flick began his work. "You are aware, Mr. Thwaite, that the friends on both sides are endeavoring to arrange this question amicably without any further litigation."

"I am aware that the friends of Lord Lovel, finding that they have no ground to stand on at law, are endeavoring to gain their object by other means."

"No, Mr. Thwaite. I can not admit that for a moment—that would be altogether an erroneous view of the proceeding."

"Is Lady Anna Lovel the legitimate daughter of the late Earl?"

"That is what we do not know. That is what nobody knows. You are not a lawyer, Mr. Thwaite, or you would be aware that there is nothing more difficult to decide than questions of legitimacy. It has sometimes taken all the courts a century to decide whether a marriage is a marriage or not. You have heard of the great MacFarlane case. To find out who was the MacFarlane, they had to go back a hundred and twenty years, and at last decide on the memory of a man whose grandmother had told him that she had seen a woman wearing a wedding-ring. The case cost over forty thousand pounds, and took nineteen years. As far as I can see, this is more complicated even than that. We should in all probability have to depend on the proceedings of the courts in Sicily, and you and I would never live to see the end of it."

"You would live on it, Mr. Flick, which is more than I could do."

"Mr. Thwaite, that, I think, is a very improper observation; but, however— My object is to explain to you that all these difficulties may be got over by a very proper and natural alliance between Earl Lovel and the lady who is at present called by courtesy Lady Anna Lovel."

"By the Crown's courtesy, Mr. Flick," said the tailor, who understood the nature of the titles which he hated.

"We allow the name, I grant you, at present; and are anxious to promote the marriage. We are all most anxious to bring to a close this ruinous litigation. Now I am told that the young lady feels herself hampered by some childish promise that has been made—to you."

Daniel Thwaite had expected no such announcement as this. He did not conceive that the girl would tell the story of her engagement, and was unprepared at the moment for any reply. But he was not a man to remain unready long. "Do you call it childish?" he said.

"I do, certainly."

"Then what would her engagement be if now made with the Earl? The engagement with me, as an engagement, is not yet twelve months old, and has been repeated within the last month. She is an infant, Mr. Flick, according to your language, and therefore, perhaps, a child in the eye of the law. If Lord Lovel wishes to marry her, why doesn't he do so? He is not hindered, I suppose, by her being a child."

"Any marriage with you, you know, would in fact be impossible."

"A marriage with me, Mr. Flick, would be quite as possible as one with the Lord Lovel. When the lady is of age, no clergyman in England dare refuse to marry us, if the rules prescribed by law have been obeyed."

"Well, well, Mr. Thwaite; I do not want to argue with you about the law and about possibilities. The marriage would not be fitting, and you know that it would not be fitting."

"It would be most unfitting—unless the lady wished it as well as I. Just as much may be said of her marriage with Earl Lovel. To which of us has she given her promise? which of us has she known and loved? which of us has won her by long friendship and steady regard? and which of us, Mr. Flick, is attracted to the marriage by the lately assured wealth of the young woman? I never understood that Lord Lovel was my rival when Lady Anna was regarded as the base-born child of the deceased madman."

"I suppose, Mr. Thwaite, you are not indifferent to her money?"

"Then you suppose wrongly—as lawyers mostly do when they take upon themselves to attribute motives."

"You are not civil, Mr. Thwaite."

"You did not send for me here, Sir, in order that there should be civilities between us. But I will at least be true. In regard to Lady Anna's money, should it become mine by reason of her marriage with me, I will guard it for her sake, and for that of the children she may bear, with all my power. I will assert her right to it as a man should do. But my purpose in seeking her hand will neither be strengthened nor weakened by her money. I believe that it is hers. Nay, I know that the law will give it to her. On her behalf, as being betrothed to her, I defy Lord Lovel and all other claimants. But her money and her hand are two things apart, and I will never be governed as to the one by any regard as to the other. Perhaps, Mr. Flick, I have said enough—and so, good-morning." Then he went away.

The lawyer had never dared to suggest the compromise which had been his object in sending for the man. He had not dared to ask the tailor how much ready money he would take, down, to abandon the lady, and thus to relieve them all from that difficulty. No doubt he exercised a wise discretion, as had he done so, Daniel Thwaite might have become even more uncivil than before.

CHAPTER XXII.

THERE IS A GULF FIXED.

"Do you think that you could be happier as the wife of such a one as Daniel Thwaite, a creature infinitely beneath you, separated as you would be from all your kith and kin, from all whose blood you share, from me and from your family, than you would be as the bearer of a proud name, the daughter and the wife of an Earl Lovel, the mother of the earl to come? I will not speak now of duty, or of fitness, or of the happiness of others which must depend upon you. It is natural that a girl should look to her own joys in marriage. Do you think that your joy can consist in calling that man your husband?"

It was thus that the Countess spoke to her daughter, who was then lying worn out and ill on her bed in Keppel Street. For three days she had been subject to such addresses as this, and during those three days no word of tenderness had been spoken to her. The Countess had been obdurate in her hardness, still believing that she might thus break her daughter's spirit, and force her to abandon her engagement. But as yet she had not succeeded. The girl had been meek and, in all other things, submissive. She had not defended her conduct. She had not attempted to say that she had done well in promising to be the tailor's bride. She had shown herself willing by her silence to have her engagement regarded as a great calamity, as a dreadful evil, that had come upon the whole Lovel family. She had not boldness to speak to her mother as she had spoken on the subject to the Earl. She threw herself entirely upon her promise, and spoke of her coming destiny as though it had been made irrevocable by her own word. "I have promised him, mamma, and have sworn that it should be so." That was the answer which she now made from her bed—the answer which she had made a dozen times during the last three days.

"Is every body belonging to you to be ruined because you once spoke a foolish word?"

"Mamma, it was often spoken, very often, and he does not wish that any body should be ruined. He told me that Lord Lovel might have the money."

"Foolish, ungrateful girl! It is not for Lord Lovel that I am pleading to you. It is for the name, and for your own honor. Do you not constantly pray to God to keep you in that state of life to which it has pleased Him to call you, and are you not departing from it willfully and sinfully by such an act as this?" But still Lady Anna continued to say that she was bound by the obligation which was upon her.

On the following day the Countess was frightened, believing that the girl was really ill. In truth she was ill, so that the doctor who visited her declared that she must be treated with great care. She was harassed in spirit—so the doctor said—and must be taken away, so that she might be amused. The Countess was frightened, but still was resolute. She not only loved her daughter, but loved no other human being on the face of the earth. Her daughter was all that she had to bind her to the world around her. But she declared to herself again and again that it would be better that her daughter should die than live and be married to the tailor. It was a case in which persecution even to the very gate of the grave would be wise and warrantable, if by such persecution this odious, monstrous marriage might be avoided. And she did believe that persecution would avail at last. If she were only steady in her resolve, the girl would never dare to demand the right to leave her mother's house and walk off to the church to be married to Daniel Thwaite, without the countenance of a single friend. The girl's strength was not of that nature. But were she, the Countess, to yield an inch, then this evil might come upon them. She had heard that young people can always beat their parents if they be sufficiently obdurate. Parents are soft-hearted to their children, and are prone to yield. And so would she have been soft-hearted, if the interests concerned had been less important, if the deviation from duty had been less startling, or the union proposed less monstrous and disgraceful. But in this case it behooved her to be obdurate, even though it should be to the very gates of the grave. "I swear to you," she said, "that the day of your marriage to Daniel Thwaite shall be the day of my death."

In her straits she went to Sergeant Bluestone for advice. Now the Sergeant had hitherto been opposed to all compromise, feeling certain that every thing might be gained without the sacrifice of a single right. He had not a word to say against a marriage between the two cousins, but let the cousin who was the heiress be first placed in possession of her rights. Let her be empowered, when she consented to become Lady Lovel, to demand such a settlement of the property as would be made on her behalf if she were the undisputed owner of the property. Let her marry the lord if she would, but not do so in order that she might obtain the partial enjoyment of that which was all her own. And then, so the Sergeant had argued, the widowed Countess would never be held to have established absolutely her own right to her name, should any compromise be known to have been effected. People might call her Countess Lovel; but, be-

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hind her back, they would say that she was no countess. The Sergeant had been very hot about it, especially disliking the interference of Sir William. But now, when he heard this new story, his heat gave way. Any thing must be done that could be done; every thing must be done to hinder such a termination to the career of the two ladies as would come from a marriage with the tailor.

But he was somewhat dismayed when he came to understand the condition of affairs in Keppel Street. "How can I not be severe?" said the Countess, when he remonstrated with her. "If I were tender with her she would think that I was yielding. Is not every thing at stake, every thing for which my life has been devoted?" The Sergeant called his wife into council, and then suggested that Lady Anna should spend a week or two in Bedford Square. He assured the Countess that she might be quite sure that Daniel Thwaite should find no entrance within his doors.

"But if Lord Lovel would do us the honor to visit us, we should be most happy to see him," said the Sergeant.

Lady Anna was removed to Bedford Square, and there became subject to treatment that was milder but not less persistent. Mrs. Bluestone lectured her daily, treating her with the utmost respect, paying to her rank a deference, which was not indeed natural to the good lady, but which was assumed, so that Lady Anna might the better comprehend the difference between her own position and that of the tailor. The girls were told nothing of the tailor, lest the disgrace of so unnatural a partiality might shock their young minds; but they were instructed that there was danger, and that they were always, in speaking to their guest, to take it for granted that she was to become Countess Lovel. Her maid, Sarah, went with her to the Sergeant's, and was taken into a half confidence. Lady Anna was never to be left a moment alone. She was to be a prisoner with gilded chains, for whom a splendid, a glorious future was in prospect, if only she would accept it.

"I really think that she likes the lord the best," said Mrs. Bluestone to her husband.

"Then why the mischief won't she have him?" This was in October, and that November term was fast approaching in which the cause was set down for trial.

"I almost think she would if he'd come and ask her again. Of course I have never mentioned the other man; but when I speak to her of Earl Lovel she always answers me as though she were almost in love with him. I was inquiring yesterday what sort of a man he was, and she said he was quite perfect. 'It is a thousand pities,' she said, 'that he should not have this money. He ought to have it, as he is the Earl.'"

"Why doesn't she give it to him?"

"I asked her that; but she shook her head and said that it could never be. I think that man has made her swear some sort of awful oath, and has frightened her."

"No doubt he has made her swear an oath, but we all know how the gods regard the perjuries of lovers," said the Sergeant. "We must get the young lord here when he comes back to town."

"Is he handsome?" asked Alice Bluestone, the younger daughter, who had become Lady Anna's special friend in the family. Of course they were talking of Lord Lovel.

"Every body says he is."

"But what do you say?"

"I don't think it matters much about a man being handsome, but he is beautiful. Not dark, like all the other Lovels; nor yet what you call fair. I don't think that fair men ever look manly."

"Oh no," said Alice, who was contemplating an engagement with a black-haired young barrister.

"Lord Lovel is brown, with blue eyes; but it is the shape of his face that is so perfect—an oval, you know, that is not too long. But it isn't that makes him look as he does. He looks as though every body in the world ought to do exactly what he tells them."

"And why don't you, dear, do exactly what he tells you?"

"Ah, that is another question. I should do many things if he told me. He is the head of our family. I think he ought to have all this money, and be a rich great man, as the Earl Lovel should be."

"And yet you won't be his wife?"

"Would you, if you had promised another man?"

"Have you promised another man?"

"Yes—I have."

"Who is he, Lady Anna?"

"They have not told you, then?"

"No, nobody has told me. I know they all want you to marry Lord Lovel, and I know he wants it. I know he is quite in love with you."

"Ah—I do not think that. But if he were, it could make no difference. If you had once given your word to another man, would you go back because a lord asked you?"

"I don't think I would ever give my word without asking mamma."

"If he had been good to you, and you had loved him always, and he had been your best friend—what would you do then?"

"Who is he, Lady Anna?"

"Do not call me Lady Anna, or I shall not like you. I will tell you, but you must not say that I told you. Only I thought every body knew. I told Lord Lovel, and he, I think, has told all the world. It is Mr. Daniel Thwaite."

"Mr. Daniel Thwaite!" said Alice, who had heard enough of the case to know who the Thwaites were. "He is a tailor!"

"Yes," said Lady Anna, proudly; "he is a tailor."

"Surely that can not be good," said Alice, who, having long since felt what it was to be the daughter of a sergeant, had made up her mind that she would marry nothing lower than a barrister.

"It is what you call bad, I dare say."

"I don't think a tailor can be a gentleman."

"I don't know. Perhaps I wasn't a lady when I promised him. But I did promise. You can never know what he and his father did for us. I think we should have died only for them. You don't know how we lived—in a little cottage, with hardly any money, with nobody to come near us but they. Every body else thought that we were vile and wicked. It is true. But they always were good to us. Would not you have loved him?"

"I should have loved him in a kind of way."

"When one takes so much, one must give in return what one has to give," said Lady Anna.

"Do you love him still?"

"Of course I love him."

"And you wish to be his wife?"

"Sometimes I think I don't. It is not that I am ashamed for myself. What would it have signified if I had gone away with him straight from Cumberland before I had ever seen my cousin? Supposing that mamma hadn't been the Countess—"

"But she is."

"So they say now; but if they had said that she was not, nobody would have thought it wrong then for me to marry Mr. Thwaite."

"Don't you think it wrong yourself?"

"It would be best for me to say that I would never marry any one at all. He would be very angry with me."

"Lord Lovel?"

"Oh no; not Lord Lovel. Daniel would be very angry, because he really loves me. But it would not be so bad to him as though I became Lord Lovel's wife. I will tell you the truth, dear. I am ashamed to marry Mr. Thwaite—not for myself, but because I am Lord Lovel's cousin and mamma's daughter. And I should be ashamed to marry Lord Lovel."

"Why, dear?"

"Because I should be so false and so ungrateful! I should be afraid to stand before him if he looked at me. You do not know how he can look. He, too, can command. He, too, is noble. They believe it is the money he wants, and when they call him a tailor, they think that he must be mean. He is not mean. He is clever, and can talk about things better than my cousin. He can work hard and give away all that he earns. And so could his father. They gave all they had to us, and have never asked it again. I kissed him once—and then he said I had paid all my mother's debt." Alice Bluestone shrank within herself when she was told by this daughter of a countess of such a deed. It was horrid to her mind that a tailor should be kissed by a Lady Anna Lovel. But she herself had perhaps been as generous to the black-browed young barrister, and had thought no harm. "They think I do not understand, but I do. They all want this money, and then they accuse him, and say he does it that he may become rich. He would give up all the money—just for me. How would you feel if it were like that with you?"

"I think that a girl who is a lady should never marry a man who is not a gentleman. You know the story of the rich man who could not get to Abraham's bosom because there was a gulf fixed. That is how it should be—just as there is with royal people as to marrying royalty. Otherwise every thing would get mingled, and there would soon be no difference. If there are to be differences, there should be differences. That is the meaning of being a gentleman—or a lady." So spoke the young female Conservative with wisdom beyond her years—nor did she speak quite in vain.

"I believe what I had better do would be to die," said Lady Anna. "Every thing would come right then."

Some day or two after this Sergeant Bluestone sent a message up to Lady Anna, on his return home from the courts, with a request that she would have the great kindness to come down to him in his study. The Sergeant had treated her with more than all the deference due to her rank since she had been in his house, striving to teach her what it was to be the daughter of an earl and probable owner of twenty thousand a year. The Sergeant, to give him his due, cared as little as most men for the peerage. He vailed his bonnet to no one but a judge—and not always that with much ceremonious observance. But now his conduct was a part of his duty to a client whom he was determined to see established in her rights. He would have handed her her cup of tea on his knees every morning, if by doing so he could have made clear to her eyes how deep would be her degradation were she to marry the tailor. The message was now brought to her by Mrs. Bluestone, who almost apologized for asking her to trouble herself to walk down stairs to the back-parlor. "My dear Lady Anna," said the Sergeant, "may I ask you to sit down for a moment or two while I speak to you? I have just left your mother."

"How is dear mamma?" The Sergeant assured her that the Countess was well in health. At this time Lady Anna had not visited her mother since she had left Keppel Street, and had been told that Lady Lovel had refused to see her till she had pledged herself never to marry Daniel Thwaite. "I do so wish I might go to mamma!"

"With all my heart I wish you could, Lady Anna. Nothing makes such heart-burning sorrow as a family quarrel. But what can I say? You know what your mother thinks?"

"Couldn't you manage that she should let me go there just once?"

"I hope that we can manage it; but I want you to listen to me first. Lord Lovel is back in London." She pressed her lips together and fastened one hand firmly on the other. If the assurance that was required from her was ever to be exacted, it should not be exacted by Sergeant Bluestone. "I have seen his lordship to-day," continued the Sergeant, "and he has done me the honor to promise that he will dine here to-morrow."

"Lord Lovel?"

"Yes; your cousin, Earl Lovel. There is no reason, I suppose, why you should not meet him? He has not offended you?"

"Oh no. But I have offended him."

"I think not, Lady Anna. He does not speak of you as though there were offense."

"When we parted he would hardly look at me, because I told him— You know what I told him."

"A gentleman is not necessarily offended because a lady does not accept his first offer. Many gentlemen would be offended if that were so—and very many happy marriages would never have a chance of being made. At any rate he is coming, and I thought that perhaps you would excuse me if I endeavored to explain how very much may depend on the manner in which you may receive him. You must feel that things are not going on quite happily now."

"I am so unhappy, Sergeant Bluestone!"

"Yes, indeed. It must be so. You are likely to be placed—I think I may say you certainly will be placed—in such a position that the whole prosperity of a noble and ancient family must depend on what you may do. With one word you can make once more bright a fair name that has long been beneath a cloud. Here in England the welfare of the state depends on the conduct of our aristocracy!" Oh, Sergeant Bluestone, Sergeant Bluestone! how could you so far belie your opinion as to give expression to a sentiment utterly opposed to your own convictions! But what is there that a counsel will not do for a client? "If they whom Fate and Fortune have exalted forget what the country has a right to demand from them, farewell, alas, to the glory of old England!" He had found this kind of thing very effective with twelve men, and surely it might prevail with one poor girl. "It is not for me, Lady Anna, to dictate to you the choice of a husband. But it has become my duty to point out to you the importance of your own choice, and to explain to you, if it may be possible, that you are not like other young ladies. You have in your hands the marring or the making of the whole family of Lovel. As for that suggestion of a marriage to which you were induced to give ear by feelings of gratitude, it would, if carried out, spread desolation in the bosom of every relative to whom you are bound by the close ties of noble blood." He finished his speech, and Lady Anna retired without a word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

DO you wish to know the novelties that are in preparation for the coming autumn? They are dress trimmings of twine—yes, of common twine—such as is used to tie up grocers' bundles, and which is to be used for embroidery, mixed with jet, on the fall wrappings and polonaises. Fashion has such power, and, on the other hand, Parisians have such taste, that, however one may laugh, he can not help seeing that the invention is not so absurd as it seemed at first thought. Besides embroidery, fringe is also made of twine. These I have seen. It is also said that canvas guipure is to be made of the same material; but not having seen it, I can not guarantee it as certain. The suit for which this trimming was prepared was of olive green vigogne. The skirt was embroidered perpendicularly with twine, the design forming stripes a little way apart. The polonaise was of the same material, profusely embroidered with twine, and edged with twine fringe. On black stuffs, jet will be mixed with the twine.

But weeks still intervene before the time when twine will enter the lists in the battle-field of fashion to conquer or die. At present the summer toilettes in preparation for country reunions are those that chiefly engage the attention. The favorite fabrics are batiste of delicate colors—pale pink, blue, or mauve—trimmed with flounces and ruches of vaporous white organdy; and also white nansook suits, made very short, in the following fashion: The lower edge is cut in very large scallops, and trimmed half a yard deep with English (open-work) embroidery, surmounted by a ruche of plain nansook, which is surmounted in turn by a narrow band of English embroidery scalloped on the upper edge. Under the scallops of the lower edge is set a pleated flounce of plain nansook. Over-skirt of the same, trimmed almost the entire length with English embroidery, surmounted by a ruche of plain nansook. A sash of very wide shaded pink ribbon passes under this over-skirt, and drapes it very high behind, so as to form a natural (not fixed) pouf, and is finished in the middle of the back with a large bow. The waist is almost high behind and low in front; but bands of English embroidery placed inside give it the appearance of being open *en carré*. Long nansook sleeves, trimmed with English embroidery. Around the upper edge of the opening in front is set an upright band of English embroidery, forming a sort of Medici frill.

Natural poufs seem destined to grow in popularity on fabrics of all kinds for autumn dresses. They are called thus because they are not sewed or draped, but are formed by tying up the upper part of an overlong skirt with the aid of a wide ribbon sash. The skirt is generally covered with narrow flounces.

The use of two shades of a color both for suits and for trimmings will continue through the autumn and winter. Fashion has not yet exhausted the numerous effects that can be produced with these combinations. For the moment the darker shade is considered best suited for the base of the composition—the skirt is dark, and the polonaise is made of the lighter shade; or else, if the skirt and polonaise are of the same shade, the trimmings and ornaments of all kinds are of the lighter one. Black faille dresses with pearl gray trimmings, vest, and cuffs will be much in vogue next autumn.

Mantelets are becoming more and more numerous. For the demi-season (September and the first half of October), at the sea-side or in the country, these mantelets, which have hoods, are made of very fine red, black, or blue striped flannel, and are trimmed with écru guipure and trellis-work of écru ribbon. They may be made in a less conspicuous fashion of some woolen fabric, such as serge or vigogne, of a dark color. A very pretty mantelet of this kind, which I have just seen in course of preparation, was of dark bottle green vigogne. The back was shaped something like a burnous. It was slashed very high on each side, and had square tabs, crossing in front. The high slashes of which I have just spoken were masked half-way up by a trellis of pale green ribbon, terminating with loops of the same. The mantelet was bordered all around the edge with a bias fold of pale green silk, embroidered with silk of a darker shade. The back terminated in the middle in two points, each finished with a pale green tassel.

Short double capes of all colors, but principally of dark bronze, are also in preparation for fall. The edge is trimmed with wide cameo embroidery—that is, worked with several shades of worsted proceeding from the color of the ground. The contour of the design, representing leaves, is scalloped, and this forms the edge of each cape.

There is also a new and very graceful modification of the Dolman, called the Dolman mantelet. The back is hollowed out, and consequently naturally adjusted like that of the Dolman; but the front is like that of a mantelet. This is made of blue-black cloth, and trimmed simply with coarse worsted galloon. But I seem to be taking time by the forelock, and speaking only of still distant fashions. Nevertheless, I speak with certainty; for I describe nothing but what I have seen with my own eyes in the hands of the modistes, who prepare in summer for autumn, and even for winter.

At this moment what we see most is suits of coutil, christened Oxford linen; polonaises of dark percale with white figures, worn over skirts of plain percale, or silk of the same color as the ground of the polonaise; and, above all, polonaises of white nansook or muslin, more or less trimmed with insertion and lace, and worn over black or gray silk skirts; for demi-toilette these are trimmed with bows and a sash of black ribbon, and for more dressy occasions with a light sash and bows—pale blue, pale pink, or pale lilac. The prettiest and most elegant of summer and fall dresses is still faille of some light color, trimmed with a multitude of white organdy flounces, pleated and simply hemmed. This forms a light and vaporous *ensemble* which is singularly effective, and which has met with such favor that it is almost universal. There is hardly a woman in France who has not, when she sets out for her château in September, one or more of these dresses of lilac, blue, pink, or sea green faille, covered with white organdy flounces, and designed to form the chief ornament of the evening at the coming reunions.

Bonnets are likely to be a little larger, though no less eccentric in shape. All the kitchen utensils seem to have been pressed into service: kettles, saucepans, and salad-bowls are imitated in straw, silk, and gauze, and intrepidly worn in the guise of a helmet, with the addition of an aigrette, a plume, or a bunch of flowers.

For very warm weather low shoes, with high heels and ribbon rosettes, are worn even in the streets; for traveling and the country, buff kid boots are in favor; while for evening Louis XV. slippers of the same color as the dress, whatever that may be, are the latest styles. Fans are immense, and are of the color of the dress. Parasols are made with stubby handles, thick and short, with a flattened ball of metal at the end, and have a chain and hook by which to fasten them to the belt. Large agrafes and clasps of chased metal are in preparation for the fall wrappings.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

FRENCH MARRIAGES.

WHERE we so ordinarily listen to what we understand by love, to the temptations of the young heart in all their forms (however transitory), to our individual impressions, and to our own opinions, the French consult fitnesses of relative situation, reciprocities of fortune and position, and harmonies of family intercourse. They seek to insure the future, in some degree, in its social as well as its pecuniary forms. They lay it down that passion is no guide to permanent satisfaction, and that other people than the two directly interested have, both in law and reason, a right of judgment in so grave a case. This does not absolutely mean that pre-existing sympathies are considered to be unnecessary for marriage in France; but it does mean, in the distinctest language, that such sympathies alone are not admitted there as a sufficient motive for an association which is to last till death. Sympathies wear out sometimes; new ones grow up from other contacts; eternal attachments are very rare between people who have not managed to get married, and have not the aid of the wedded tie to hold them steadily together. But the necessities

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H. I. H. MARIA-FEODOROVNA, CZAREVNA AND GRAND DUCHESS OF RUSSIA (PRINCESS DAGMAR OF DENMARK).

of life never fade away; they never weaken; they remain in force with pitiless persistence; and French parents pay more attention to them than to what may be only a passing inclination in their sons and daughters.

And it must be borne in mind that this view of marriage is not solely a development of the national disposition toward prudence: it is also, to some extent at all events, a consequence of the legal enactments contained in the Code Napoléon. The law forbids all marriages without either the consent of the father and mother, or proof that they are both dead. It is very troublesome to get married in France. The operation is surrounded by difficulties and formalities which would make an Englishman stamp with rage. It is true that if parents refuse to allow their children to follow their own wishes, the latter are permitted, provided they have attained their majority, to go through a process called "a respectful summons to consent;" after which, if the parents persist in their rejection of the appeal, marriage may be at last attained. No matter at what age men or women marry, even if they are sixty, they must either produce the written consent of their father and mother, or show that they have applied for it in due legal form and that it has been denied them without sufficient cause, or prove that they are orphans. The object of this legislation is not only to prevent bigamy (which, under such conditions, is naturally rare in France), but even more to maintain parental authority, and to insure a due subjection of children.

H. I. H. MARIE-FEODOROVNA, CZAREVNA OF RUSSIA.

THE accompanying fine illustration gives a striking portrait of the wife of the Czarowitz of Russia, and daughter of the King of Denmark, who, like her sister, the Princess of Wales, is probably destined, sooner or later, to grace the throne of one of the greatest and most powerful of the world's empires. It will be remembered that when Princess Dagmar she was betrothed in early youth to the eldest son of Alexander II., the promising youth whose untimely death was so deeply mourned in Russia. Two years later, in 1865, she was summoned to his death-bed at Nice, when, placing her hand in that of his brother Alexander, he begged, as a dying request, that they might be betrothed after his death. Accordingly in the November of the following year she was married to the present Czarowitz, entering the Greek Church as a consequence of her marriage, and changing her name from Marie-Sophie-Frederique-Dagmar to the more Muscovite-sounding Marie-Feodorovna. The Czarevna has two children. The eldest was born in 1868, and is named Nicholas, and the second, born a year afterward, Alexander, both boys being colonels in the Russian army. It is rumored that her younger sister, the Princess Thyra, will marry Prince Arthur of England, while her sister-in-law, the Grand Duchess Marie, the only daughter of the Czar, is shortly to be married to Prince Alfred, the second son of Queen Victoria.

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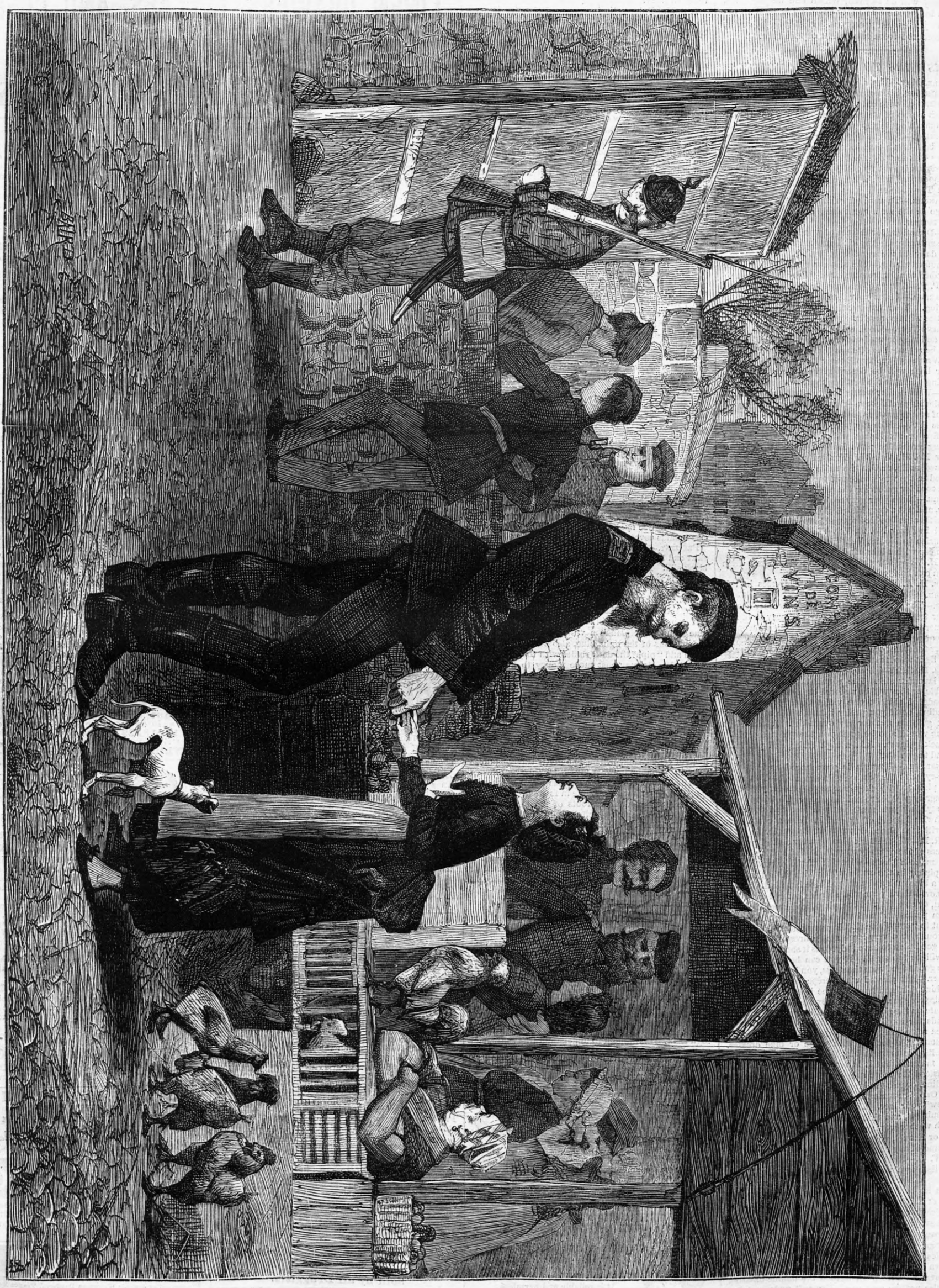
THE PRUSSIAN'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

NATURALLY, without doubt, there is bitter animosity between France and Germany at the present time, especially on the part of the country which has been worsted; but, equally without doubt, a good many mutual tendernesses between individuals have sprung up during the occupation of the eastern provinces. How hard it must be in such a case, especially for the woman, when the word of command arrives bidding her lover pack up and depart! Most likely the poor girl has offended all her friends by her unseasonable love affair. How could she be so unpatriotic as to go and fall in love with a detestable, sausage-eating, Champagne-swilling, clock-acquiring Prussian! Celestine smiles a little, secretly, for she knows that her handsome Fritz would not have been so abominable in the sight of the other village maidens if his affections had been fixed on one of them instead of herself. But she weeps bitterly to think that she is almost certain never to see him again, and that she can never call him by the fond name of husband; for is there not a certain blonde Gretchen in that far-distant Brandenburg village, and has he not hinted that he was as good as betrothed to her? So she will sit disconsolate, like the British maiden in Millais's picture, when her Roman lover had been parted from her. Our artist, who is a Frenchman, which accounts for his tendency to caricature the heroes of Deutschland, has taken a somewhat less sentimental view of the parting scene, and we are not at all sure that his Celestine will not begin to turn her gigantic admirer into ridicule as soon as she sees the last glimmer of his spiked helmet. It is very certain that her countrymen will join her therein, in their joy at ridding their soil of the invaders.



THE PRUSSIAN'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

CURRANT JELLY.

A LEADING chemical journal in Paris does not disdain to give to the world a formula for the preparation of currant jelly "in the cold," which it considers to be a very great improvement over other methods, as it preserves entirely the natural taste of the fruit. For this purpose we take eleven pounds of white currants and a fourth or fifth part, by weight, of the red, according to the color desired, or the whole may be either red or white, as preferred. If the flavor is liked, one pound of raspberries may be added. The currants are to be stripped from the stems, and the raspberries carefully picked over, those recently gathered being the best. The fruit is to be mashed, and the juice squeezed out, either through a cloth or, still better, by means of a small press.

The juice thus obtained is placed in an earthen vessel, and deposited in a cool place or in a cellar, when fermentation will sooner or later take place. At the end of about twenty-four hours all the froth produced by the fermentation, which

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will cover the whole surface, is to be removed, and the juice to be strained by means of a flannel bag or a filtering-paper. The juice is then to be weighed, and an equal weight of finely powdered white sugar to be added. If raspberries are used, the quantity of sugar is to be reduced one-tenth. The juice and sugar are to be carefully mixed, and then placed in jars. At the expiration of twenty-four hours a jelly of perfect transparency will be formed, which can be preserved for a long time by simply covering it, as with ordinary jellies and preserves. It should, however, be protected from the action of moisture.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MLLE. MAY.—Use a weak solution of hartshorn, a spoonful to a basin of water, for your hair daily. Perfume hair-oil with extract of lavender and ambergris, or with a drop of attar of roses. We can not recommend machines in any way.

STANLEY.—Boil the egg in the rose-water, and afterward beat to a paste. Full directions have been already given in "Ugly Girl" papers. The *Bazar Book of Decorum* is sent by mail, post-paid, for $1. Lucca is pronounced with a long *u*, but softly; Trovatore, thus: Tro-va-to-re.

BLANCHE.—To ward off wrinkles use the warm bath, and go in the air a great deal, besides preserving a calm temper.

L.—Directions for the use of wood ashes have been frequently given. Any kind of wood will do; it is applied daily till the hair disappears.

INQUISITIVENESS.—The sulphur vapor bath will be described in a future number of "Ugly Girl" papers.

P. P. P.—Nitrate of silver will remove warts.

CLARISSA.—Bathe your hands with camphor after washing. Your handwriting is plain, but uneven. Practice will improve it.

SPRING-TIME.—Wood ashes are not injurious to the skin, and may be used with camphor. All depilatories must be repeated as often as the hair grows again.

A WESTERN GIRL AND BETSEY BAKER.—The sulphur vapor bath will be described in a future number. Banting's tract is the best book on corpulency.

M.—White sailor waists are worn with either white or colored pantaloons.—Paint your church gray—a sort of smoke gray, as that does not show soil.

MISS S. S.—Make the puff for your polonaise bias and five or six inches wide. Read description of making grenadine puffs in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 31, Vol. VI. Foulard puffs may have a hemmed ruffle, or else the ruffle can be doubled and gauged in the way spoken of for grenadine. Do not use a cord for gathering the puff.

SUSIE.—Make your gray mohair with a belted polonaise, and put a deep kilt-pleated flounce on the skirt. Use either the Double-breasted Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 23, Vol. VI., or else the Blouse-Polonaise in No. 28, Vol. VI. Trim the edge of the polonaise with a bias band of the material.

H. H. W.—Your sample did not reach us. Irish poplin can be dyed very well.

MRS. H. A. B.—We do not give addresses in this column.

LOU.—The five dresses for a bride in October should be her traveling and wedding dress of gray or brown cashmere or Irish poplin, a black silk suit, an evening dress of pale silk, an alpaca or woolen suit that will answer for street or house, and a morning wrapper of some light wool material.

MRS. H. G. F.—Remove the satin trimming from your lavender silk. The round waist is not objectionable, as they will be restored to favor. Get a darker shade of silk, or else violet Chambéry gauze or grenadine, or, if you prefer it, use white organdy or black guipure net for an over-skirt. A sleeveless basque would also be pretty on the waist, especially of black guipure. Add a high fraise, and put frills around the wrists.

CONSTANCE.—Lingerie is pronounced as if spelled lan-je-ry, with the first syllable accented.—You must use a plain short jockey basque pattern for your silk, and merely pipe it around the edges. To trim it with lace stylishly you must put the lace and insertion lengthwise instead of around it. Use a coat sleeve also with lace placed down its whole length.

F. R. B.—Use the dark blue lawn for a skirt, putting flounces of the organdy upon it, headed by blue bands. Then make a blouse-polonaise of the organdy, with blue piping in the ruffle with which it is trimmed. Wear a blue sash and a shirred blue lawn hat.

DULCY.—Have your white alpaca colored dark leaf brown, or else gray. Blue, plum, and green dyes are seldom permanent, and when they do not fade they are apt to "smut" the clothing worn next them. Unless you have a very large ample dress pattern, it is not a good plan to have it dyed, as it shrinks in dyeing and will be too small. If you can have a few yards of the goods dyed with the dress, you had better do so.

FLIRT.—Put pleated white crêpe lisse flounces on your blue silk, and have a crêpe lisse over-skirt and sleeveless basque. Cut up the over-skirt for ruffles to alternate on the skirt with the white ones. Wear rose garlands for looping the over-skirt. Pink, crimson, and tea roses mingled in one garland are very stylish this summer, especially with white or blue dresses. Crêpe lisse is more fashionable than any other thin white material, but it is very frail, and many ladies use instead the more substantial Chambéry gauze or grenadine, or else the inexpensive muslins.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Exposure to air will soon "yellow" your lace. There is no other plan without moistening it, and that would undo the labor of your French washer-woman. Steamer hoods of silk, cashmere, or flannel, with a small pelerine cape attached, are found at any of the furnishing stores.

E. W. B.—Read answer above to "Flirt." White crêpe lisse is a very appropriate trimming for your wedding dress. Make a basque and trained skirt, caught up behind by a sash to form a puff. Put a fraise of silk around the neck of the basque, and a side pleating of crêpe lisse inside. If you trim the skirt, have alternate flounces of gathered silk and white lisse covering the front breadth, and around the train. The crêpe lisse should be doubled and laid in small side pleats. If you can not get this material in your Western home, use fine white organdy.

CONSTANT READER.—Lengthen the double-breasted polonaise pattern sent you. Use soft undressed flax linen, and trim like the garment illustrated in *Bazar* No. 23, Vol. VI.

MRS. F. S. P.—There is nothing better than sugar of lead for deepening the colors of calicoes. You might also try alum.

MRS. D. M. C.—We have no pattern of sun hats. Any one of the large furnishing stores usually quoted in the New York Fashions of the *Bazar* will send you one ready-made.

EMMA.—Get enough dark violet or else mauve silk to make coat sleeves, an upper skirt, and sash for your white alpaca. Leave the waist white, giving the effect of a sleeveless jacket. Put bias bands of the silk around the skirt.

M. L. B.—We have no cut paper pattern of the suit illustrated, and will return your money. Neck-ties are still worn. Ruffs made of the dress material require only a colored bow, or else a brooch, in front. Basques are *not* worn open in the back, but are buttoned in front.

L. S. M.—Polonay is incorrect. Polonaise is pronounced as if spelled polonaze. The plural is formed by adding an *s*.

MRS. J. W. B.—It will not be out of taste to trim your linen polonaise with black linen, but you will find it difficult to get black linen well washed.

COMME IL FAUT.—Your fraise of black grenadine lined with blue should terminate just below the throat, and should be graduated so narrow toward the front that it will show like the merest ruffle above your brooch or cravat-bow of lace. Put a milliner's fold or a bias band of grenadine at the foot of the fraise pleating. Do not sew the fraise *in* the neck of your dress, but *on* it, just below the silk binding that completes the neck. A puff or a band of grenadine should go up the sides of the blue silk vest, and extend around the back if you choose. A simple piping of grenadine should edge the bottom of the basque. Make coat sleeves and trim with a puff, below which falls a frill, like the fraise, on the hand.

MRS. C. L. B.—Put one or two kilt pleatings around your linen skirt.

LIZZIE.—We have no pattern of the Ortolan mantle, nor can we obtain it for you. Use black velvet or else silk to trim your Japanese silk.

NEW SUBSCRIPER.—A black silk for a lady of seventy should be made with a basque and plain untrimmed skirt, without over-skirt or flounces. The cut paper pattern of the bathing suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 30, Vol. VI., will be sent you for 25 cents. Full hints and descriptions of bathing suits are given in *Bazar* Nos. 29 and 30, Vol. VI. The shirt sleeve with flaring cuff like that on pattern of pleated waist illustrated in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. VI., is pretty for pleated waists, also the sleeve with a pleated frill falling over the hand.

CHOBBY.—A loose belted polonaise and skirt trimmed with bias bands is the suitable model for a linen traveling dress for a girl of sixteen. Make the front double-breasted, with pockets and two rows of buttons. Wear a Russia leather belt and bag. Get a Mackinaw rough straw sailor hat, turned up on one side, with flowers under the brim. Wear your long hair braided down behind and frizzed on your forehead.

A PERPLEXED MAIDEN.—Make a double-breasted English sacque of your cloth, and trim with bias black corded silk. This will be far more stylish than fringe and braid. Use oxidized silver buttons if you like, or else moulds covered with the silk.

PRUDENT.—An untrimmed skirt with a long over-skirt and basque is probably the best model for your black silk. If you do not need it badly for the present season it would be well for you to wait until fall before making, as there are rumors of coming changes in styles, and as you do not get a "best black silk" often, this should be taken into consideration.

A BLONDE.—The sky blue shade will trim your dark blue beautifully. Make a vest, cuffs, pockets, sash, and buttons of the light blue, also line the dark blue fraise and "pipe" the dark ruffles with the pale shade.

L. P. W.—It may cost more money to have your black silk suit made to order, but it will be more satisfactory than if bought ready-made. $100 is the smallest expense for a handsome stylish suit of black silk worth $3 a yard, and without lace.

CARO.—A basque and skirt simply trimmed is all you can make of twelve yards of silk. Make a vest of watered silk, with lengthwise bands on the skirt, a watered flounce, sash, and cuffs. Gray or brown cashmere or camel's-hair will make a pretty traveling dress for fall. Double-breasted sacques will be more worn than ever. Standing ruffles, English linen collars, and spotted neck-ties will continue in fashion.

MOUNTAIN.—Touch the roots of the hair on your hand with a fine sable pencil dipped in weak muriatic acid. Repeat daily till the skin is clear.—Offer the left arm usually to a lady, changing, however, to give her the inside of the walk, *i. e.*, next the wall.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—A fall traveling dress for a bride in mourning should be a redingote of black or else very dark gray camel's-hair, with black sash and black woolen or silk skirt.

THE PREMIUM MACHINE.—Visitors at the Northern Ohio Fair, last autumn, will remember the long, arduous struggle between the eight or ten leading Sewing-Machines on exhibition there for supremacy in family sewing. The samples exhibited were valued at thousands of dollars, and, taken together, made up a display which was alone worth a trip to the fair to see. After full consideration the committee unanimously awarded the first premium to the Wilson Improved Machine, which was pronounced superior to all others in family work. We refer to this grand triumph to remind the ladies that this same Wilson Machine is the cheapest first-class machine ever offered, costing $15 less than any other machine of its high rank. It is difficult to understand why the people of this section should purchase or use any other machine. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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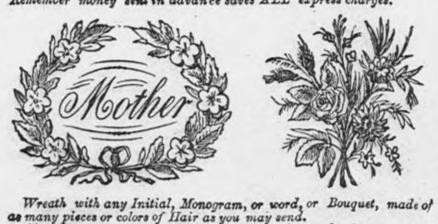

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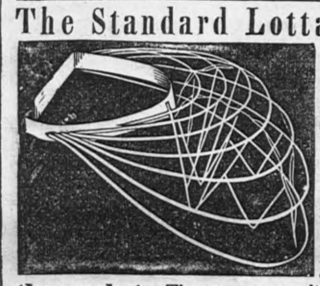

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LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers)..... " 6
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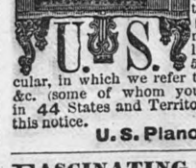

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FACETIÆ.

THE gentleman who asserted that his friend never opened his mouth without putting his foot in it, being called upon to apologize, said he was very sorry, but when he made the assertion he did not see the size of his friend's foot.

AGRICULTURAL.—A mower who can't mow might as well be no mower.

The next worst thing to raining pitchforks must be hailing omnibuses.

AN IRISHMAN'S BROGUE—Pat-ois.

GOOD TASTE.—At a late polo match a graceful girl was seen in a polo-naise (the naise out of compliment to the dear ponies, of course).

Amidomonochlorobenzenesulphonic is the name given by Italian chemists to an acid which has just been discovered. Italian is a soft language.

A FIG FOR YOU.—A journal reports that Lavacca County, Texas, produces figs measuring seven and three-quarter inches in circumference. We have all heard about "In the name of the Prophet, figs!" here, we imagine, the sellers of the fruit have, in the name of the figs, profits.

"Where are the men of '76?" shouted a patriotic orator.

"Dead," responded a sad-looking man in the middle aisle. The orator seemed to be disturbed by the information.

What vegetable is any thing but agreeable on board a ship?—A leek.

"HIGHER UP."—The ladies do their hair up so high now that they have, it is said, to stand on something to put on their hats.

PANES AND PENALTIES.—When a naughty little boy breaks a window he should be punished, on the principle that panes and penalties go together.

"What is that, children?" asked a young pastor, exhibiting to his Sunday-school a magic-lantern picture of a poor sinner clinging to the cross towering out of stormy waves in mid-ocean.

"Robinson Crusoe!" was the instant reply.

A WIFE'S APOLOGY.—A woman appeared at the shop where her husband is employed a short time ago, and apologetically said: "Jim is not well. You must excuse him from coming to work to-day. He and I had a little difficulty at the breakfast-table this morning, and he won't be able to work this week."

REVENGE IS SWEET.—A green young man, who was working for a farmer as "hired man," felt himself slighted when the girls of the neighborhood had a party to which they did not invite him. After sulking about for several days, he finally hit upon a mode of revenge, and said to his employer's daughter, "You can tell the gals that I'm a-goin' to have a par'y of my own, and I won't invite nobody."

YACHTING SKETCHES.

AN ENGLISH WIFE.—It is well known that two stout German women from Vienna were attached to the Shah's suite and registered as "seamstresses," and also that he admired very few of the English ladies, using in regard to them his favorite expression, "too thin." But one day, in the course of his progress through Oxford Street, he caught sight of the old painting left outside the shop formerly used as the exhibition-room for Mrs. Heenan, the Fat Lady. At sight of this the Shah became unusually animated, and inquired if that were the portrait of a real woman; and being informed that it was, he ordered her to be sent for, saying that he would make her his wife. When it was explained to his Majesty that this was impossible, as the Fat Lady was under contract to the person who exhibited her, and that even Manager Baum, of the Alhambra (one of the Shah's favorites), could not procure her for him, the Shah plaintively replied that it was no wonder they exhibited her, as she was the only really handsome woman he had seen in England.

STRANGE DISEASE.—Physicians hear some queer diagnoses from amateurs sometimes. Our friend Dr. D—— was called recently to see a sick man, and upon inquiring of his wife how he was affected, received in reply, "Well, you see, doctor, the things what he eats gets sorter tangled around his heart, and he suffers awful."

ABSURDITIES AT THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.—The firm providing the English refreshments is not English. The thing is well managed, and so forth, but it is not so entirely British as it ought to be. For instance, the bill of fare this "dai" includes "Sir Loine" of beef, "Chees and Salade," "Sherries Goblers," and "Pastry-aux-fruits." The bar-maids are got up in an overdone British style, some of them with exaggerated tow-like mounds of head-dress or hair, whichever you like to call it, that look as if they had been made to clean out an Armstrong gun, but do not give intelligent foreigners a real notion of the normal bar-maid.

Thomson, the poet, had an uncle, a clever, active mechanic, who could do many things with his hands, and contemplated James's indolent, dreamy, "feckless" character with impatient displeasure. When the first of *The Seasons*—"Winter"—had been completed, Jamie thought, by a presentation copy, to triumph over his uncle's skepticism; and to propitiate his good opinion he had the book handsomely bound. The old man never looked inside, or asked what the book was about, but, turning it round and round in gratified admiration, exclaimed, "Is that really our Jamie's doing now? Weel, I never thought the cratur wud hae had the handicraft to do the like!"

A Kentucky editor speaks of a local genius who has been a persevering contributor to the office waste-basket for several years.

PROVERB FOR THE HOUR.—The course of true love never is kept clear.

A MATTER OF DOCTRINE.

MAMMA. "Do you know what will become of Naughty Little Girls who tell Falsehoods, Gerty?"
GERTY. "No, I *don't*. *My* Religion ain't the same as yours!"

A MODERN PHARISEE!

MRS. JINKS. "Isn't his Long Hair very Uncomfortable this Hot Weather?"
MRS. BROWN. "Well, perhaps it is for the poor little Fellow himself; but it's such a Comfort to Me. I don't have to Wash his Neck and Ears nearly so often."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 34.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Ladies' Walking Suits, Figs. 1–5.

Fig. 1.—VIOLET GROS GRAIN WALKING SUIT. The skirt of violet gros grain is trimmed with a kilt-pleated flounce of the material. The tunic and basque are made of black gros grain, and are trimmed with yellow-metal buttons, wide silk fringe, and loops and ends of black gros grain ribbon two inches and a half wide. On the left side of the tunic is fastened a bow of wide gros grain ribbon with buckle. Black Neapolitan bonnet, trimmed with violet gros grain ribbon, a flower, and tulle scarfs. Cut the tunic and basque from Figs. 28–39, No. VI., Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 33, Vol. VI.

Figs. 2 and 4.—GRAY FAILLE WALKING SUIT. This suit is made of dark gray faille. The skirt is trimmed with kilt-pleated ruffles of the material and with gathered ruffles of light and dark gray faille. The trimming for the over-skirt and waist consists of folds and bows of light and dark gray material. The sleeves are of light faille, and are trimmed with kilt-pleated ruffles of the material, with cuffs of dark faille, and with bows and passementerie buttons. Gray straw hat, trimmed with gray gros grain ribbon and gray feathers. Gray silk parasol, lined with white lustring.

Fig. 3.—BLACK POULT DE SOIE SUIT. The dress and basque are of black poult de soie; a wide gathered flounce is sewed to the under edge of the skirt. The trimming for the basque consists of folds of black moiré, bows of moiré ribbon, silk fringe, and passementerie buttons.

Fig. 5.—BROWN FAILLE WALKING SUIT. The skirt, tunic, and basque of this suit are made of brown faille; the skirt is trimmed with a kilt-pleated flounce of the material. Cut the basque from Figs. 31–39, No. VI., Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 33, Vol. VI., and trim with yellow-metal buttons and with bows of brown gros grain ribbon in two shades of brown and with feathers of the same color.

GUARANA FOR CURING NERVOUS HEADACHE.

DR. DE LISLE, in the *Medical Times*, warmly recommends the use of powdered guarana (*Paullinia sorbilis*), a well-known Brazilian drug, for cases of headache arising from nervous exhaustion, or for a depressed state of the system. The dose commonly given is ten grains. Occasionally, however, a larger quantity is required, especially after frequent use. The beneficial effect is usually manifest in from ten to fifteen minutes, and in less than an hour the affection generally disappears. When the headache arises from neuralgic or rheumatic causes,

Fig. 1.—VIOLET GROS GRAIN WALKING SUIT.

Fig. 2.—GRAY FAILLE WALKING SUIT. FRONT.—[See Fig. 4.]

Fig. 3.—BLACK POULT DE SOIE SUIT.

Fig. 4.—GRAY FAILLE WALKING SUIT. BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]

Fig. 5.—BROWN FAILLE WALKING SUIT.

FIGS. 1–5.—LADIES' WALKING SUITS.

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or from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels, the administration of the powder is useless. In Brazil the guarana is frequently used like chocolate, and as it contains a considerable quantity of theine, it has, to some extent, an effect upon the system similar to that of tea and coffee, with this additional one superadded.

WINDS FROM SEA.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

SOFTLY the winds come singing in from sea,
Singing to nothing but the moon and me—
The moon, half risen, lingering and late—
From lands long leagues away come singing free,
From lands where Summer holds her shining state.

Lately on snowy orange stems they slept,
Among a palm-tree's billowy branches crept,
And rustled in a red pomegranate bough;
Then, rich with heavy spices shoreward swept,
And brought their balms to fan my eager brow.

O midnight winds! that through such splendor fly—
The hollow of a sapphire in the sky,
The paved work of a sapphire on the sea—
How soon your warm deliciousness might die
Could you but stay and swell one sail for me!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

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☞ A Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY contains more reading matter than an average octavo volume. The most popular authors of England and America write constantly for the WEEKLY; and as a journal of choice reading, combined with pictorial embellishments of the very highest order, it leaves every competitor in the distance.

HOW TO EXERCISE CHILDREN.

THE thirst of children for amusement is almost insatiable, and it seems essential to their vigor of growth and fullness of development that it should be abundantly gratified. The activity of body and mind natural to a child of a sound organization requires to be called into perpetual play by ceaseless provocatives to its instinctive desire for diversion.

There can be no wholesome exercise of the bodily organs of childhood without that ease which the sense of pleasure alone bestows. The flexible limbs and expanding lungs, as well as, in fact, all the other parts of the pliant frame of youth, must be kept in constant and unconstrained motion. This is best secured by what are ordinarily termed the amusements of children. All attempts to substitute for these the formal systems of the teachers of gymnastics and calisthenics we regard as unwise. Such have undoubtedly their uses, but must be subordinated to the spontaneous exercises of childhood. The gymnasium is, no doubt, a useful part of the school, especially for the more advanced youth, but it never should be accepted as a substitute for the play-ground. The shouting, the running, the jumping and tumbling of boys and girls, when set free to indulge in their own instincts of pleasurable movement, are far more effective in supplying that exercise which is essential to the vigorous growth and development of the youthful frame than any marching, posturing, or rope-hauling devised by the teacher of gymnastics.

Most kinds of systematic exercise imposed by parents and instructors are apt to be regarded by children as bores, to which they submit as unwillingly as if they were so many additions to their school tasks. However well adapted they may be to the natural needs of the body, they have not the zest to provoke the pleasurable emotions of the mind, and without this they can not but fail of their object. All physical exercise under such circumstances must be more injurious than beneficial. When there is a feeling of aversion or indifference to the muscular effort required, languor quickly ensues, so that the result is weakness rather than strength.

It is believed that a false sense of becomingness is depriving the children of the present generation of much that is essential to their health and vigor. The "Schools for Young Ladies," as they are termed, where, by-the-bye, there are such precocious juvenile dames that in any well-ordered household they would be still kept to pap and pinafore in the nursery, are doing much mischief in this respect to the children, as we venture to call them, under their charge. Their conductors, with great professions of attention to "the physical as well as intellectual culture of those intrusted to their care"—we quote from a brilliant pink-tinted, musk-scented circular on our table—seem to think that a stiff walk of an hour or so, under the eyes of Miss Gorgon, when the girls—"young ladies," we beg their pardon—have as much freedom of motion as a chain-gang, is all the exercise children require. Of course it would not be genteel to run and skip and jump; and how would they look if they did! Their blue silk perhaps torn, their laced cuffs and collars soiled, their curls awry, and faces—oh, monstrous red! What would mamma say to see them such frights! All we have to say in answer is that the freest exercise is essential to the healthy development of the young, and if fine dress and fine manners prevent, then let them be torn and discarded.

We are told, moreover, that even the boys of our superfine families are taught to show at the earliest age a genteel scorn for all the old-fashioned amusements, and that it is possible to find lads still in jackets who are unconscious of the traditional delights of marbles, tops, and foot-ball. These amusements, in fact, are incompatible with the delicacy of kid gloves and the gloss of French boots, without which, of course, no juvenile dandy can be complete. The superfineness of dress and the overnicety of manners with which parents often strive to give an air of distinction to their children, to mark them out from the common herd, are restraints to the mobility which is natural to youth, and essential to its healthy growth. The fear of spoiling a pretty suit of clothes, and a too great anxiety about decorum, have prevented many an innocent and health-giving gambol. Finery of dress and formality of behavior are, however pleasing to the parent, only painful to the child, who must have ease of motion and a sense of freedom of restraint for the exercise of all his functions, whether bodily or mental. It is both cruel and dangerous to attempt to stiffen the flexibility of youth into the genteel primness of fashionable dress and behavior. The boy or girl thus decked and drilled is hardly a more natural object than the showman's monkey, which doffs its laced hat and mimics each form of gentility at every tug of its galling collar by its master's cruel hand. He becomes by the process, we must confess, a very fair copy of the object of his imitation, but he loses all the grace and essential character of his kind; and whether monkey or child, it is certain that his present comfort and future advantage are seriously damaged by this outrage against nature.

WHAT FOR DINNER?

OF the small annoyances of the household there is none more worrying than the ever-recurring question, "What shall we have for dinner?" The scope of the edible animal and vegetable kingdoms is, indeed, not so restricted, but the culinary knowledge and inventive faculties of our housekeepers and cooks are so limited that amidst all the abundance of Nature's supply of food they have rarely art and ingenuity enough to contrive and prepare a fresh dinner for each day in the week. Beef, veal, and mutton succeed mutton, veal, and beef week after week, until the palled appetite cries Enough, and demands, with the accent of exhaustion, "What shall we have for dinner?" To answer this question satisfactorily should be regarded by every wife or housekeeper as one of the essential duties of her position.

We here protest against the habitual shifting of the dinner question by the wife—to whom it properly belongs to consider thoroughly and settle judiciously—to the husband, who ought to have nothing more to do with it than enjoy the result and pay the cost. What can be more preposterous than to ask a man replete with beefsteak, eggs, and buckwheat cakes, the question, "What shall we have for dinner?" What, moreover, can be more impertinent than the intrusion of the prospective beef and pudding upon the eager man of hardware or dry-goods, whose imagination, with the first puff of his cigar, has already floated "down town" in advance of his own hasty footsteps, and has called up visions of the day's competition for falling pig-iron or rising huckaback.

The provisioning of the household and all contingent preparations are essentially, in a private family, the woman's duty, and she has no right to shirk it. The various pleas by which she ordinarily shifts to the already overburdened man of business a large part of her own especial work we are not disposed to admit. Our American women among the prosperous classes have already little enough to do, without calling upon their fathers and husbands to help them to do that little. It is quite evident that going to market, the grocery, and huckster's stand, testing the succulence of tenderloins, experimenting on the taste and odorousness of butter, and inspecting the convolutions of a cabbage, are, or should be, functions of the wife, and not of the husband. The indolence of our fine women, or their false sense of the decorous, causes them, however, frequently to delegate these appropriate duties of their own to the man, to whom they are in every respect unbecoming. As a mere matter of economy, we would advise the wife not to trust to the husband the daily negotiations with butcher, grocer, and huckster. He being presumed to be unacquainted with the art of preparation in all its complications, can hardly be supposed to be capable of judging of the varied adaptabilities of the raw material. He does undoubtedly, from his forced experience, learn to distinguish the high in price, and may thus generally secure by his liberal payments a fair quality of the kind he buys; but, knowing nothing of the process of cookery, he can not venture to purchase any thing the excellence of which is not guaranteed by its expensiveness. The skilled and thrifty cook will take the parings and leavings, and concoct them into a more appetizing and nutritious repast than is possible with the less manageable and more costly mass for which the ignorant and prodigal buyer has paid so heavily. We dare not presume, however, upon the kitchen knowledge of our wives. We have as yet much to hope for from them in regard to the improvement of our food, appetite, and digestion. If, however, we can not boldly pronounce skill in cookery to be an attribute of our women, we have no hesitation in insisting that it should be; nor need they all make scullions of themselves in the course of its acquisition.

We do not doubt that much of the prevalent complaint of the expensiveness of the household is justly to be referred to the unsatisfactory solution of the question, "What for dinner?" To solve it properly—and not only economy, but health and comfort demand that it should be so solved—requires a knowledge of the essential qualities of edible products, and a skilled experience in preparing them for food. Here is a scope wide enough for the unoccupied faculties of our women, who are stretching out their hands, vainly demanding to be lifted to other spheres of duty, while they have within reach a neglected vocation which yields to none in utility, and, when properly fulfilled, to few in dignity. Science has a natural relation with this question of food, and even the strongest-minded woman might find in the study of the chemistry of the subject full exercise for her most vigorous faculties. The feeblest, moreover, might greatly increase her usefulness by devoting herself to the obvious and easily acquired practical parts. With no doubt about its pertinency to the health and happiness of all, we call upon the women of the household every where diligently to study the subject, that they may be able to give a satisfactory answer to the question, *What for dinner?*

BENEVOLENT ADVICE TO THE DRY-GOODS MEN.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

SHOPPING would be divested of half its horrors if dry-goods clerks would be kind. Is it too much to ask? They have all the advantage of situation. They are familiar with the locality. They know exactly where the black silks are to be found, what is the lurking-place of the sheetings, what corner is haunted by the hosiery. The quality, the price, the style of goods—they have it all at their fingers' ends. They are barricaded by the counters and supported by ranks of acquaintances. You, constitutionally timid, full of misgiving concerning your own skill and taste, with but a vague idea of what you ought to want, enter a palace of splendor and confusion, to encounter, single-handed, these veterans of the yard-stick. If they are civil, friendly, reassuring, it is as much as you can do to keep your wits well in hand, and choose from the distracting variety the one little supply that you demand. If they are insolent, curt, indifferent, what remains but retreat?

There are different species of objectionable clerks. One is voluble, familiar, and altogether abominable. You never willingly approach him, but, accosting him unawares, you feel as if you were instinctively and constantly holding him by a tight rein to keep him from open impertinence, and not always successfully. To the severest simplicity of address he will sometimes respond rudely. In novels, ladies are majestic, impressive, all-powerful. They repress manifestations of ill-breeding in others by the overpowering grandeur of their own ladyhood. But in real life real ladies are quite as likely to be modest, shrinking, easily subdued by brutality, and capable of offering to aggression no resistance but flight. Such swiftly succumb to the bold and blatant clerk—succumb by flying, not buying. There is the teasing clerk, who leaves you no quiet for reflection and no space for comparison, but imagines the way to secure your custom is to urge you without intermission. There is the indifferent clerk, who says he has not the goods you want before you know yourself what you do want; who throws the parcel down on the counter as if it were to take or to leave, but manifests not the slightest interest in ascertaining your wish or accommodating or assisting you. There is the snapping-turtle clerk, who brings you to the point, readjusts your somewhat incoherent question, and answers you with a quick, impatient directness that quite humiliates you. Him, though some condemn unmeasuredly, I can tolerate.

Honest human petulance, born of fatigue, is the least unpardonable of mercantile ill manners. I can consider that the man has been the target for all sorts of questions, wise and foolish, through long hours. If I had been in his place I doubt not that by this time I should greet an angel with a growl. But remember this, O long-suffering dry-goods man! you have made your bed, and you must lie in it. You are tied by the tape-measure of your own free-will. It is your business to answer questions. You are paid to display goods. Doubtless there may often be before the counter stupidity, selfishness, unreasonableness, lack of principle; but these do not justify or excuse the display of such traits behind the counter. Still less do they excuse their outlay upon the modest, the moderate, the upright. When clerks have been teased by women who do not examine goods with frank intent, but simply to idle away a superfluous hour, to gratify a morbid and frivolous taste, to bear off surreptitiously some imported idea for domestic manufacture, it is not absolutely unnatural or impossible that they should be betrayed into irritation; but it is unbusiness-like and unwise. They will never thus repress the idle or the curious, but they will often offend the unoffending. Let them remember that the shopping as well as the selling world is a much-tried and long-suffering world. Does the woman, under pretense of buying a gown, merely take note of its style that she may make her own flounces after the same pattern? Be not too harsh upon her, outraged dry-goods clerk, who will have no percentage from your sales to her. Doubtless she would be only too glad to buy your robes outright, but her husband can not or will not furnish the means, and she is forced to use her own fingers. Do not begrudge her the small help of your lay figure. It would be, indeed, far better that she should be honest and frank, and express her intention, not attempt to carry it out by deceit. I am glad to avow that I never asked permission to examine goods without receiving a courteous and prompt assent. But the poor thing is not unused to brutality, and has unhappily learned too much indirection. You, dry-goods clerk, are young and strong, and a man. Do you, by kindness and helpfulness, further her aims, and so win her over to confidence, ease, and outrightness, not repel, frighten, and wound her by your demeanor.

By far the great majority of women shop honestly. They go to many places, they overturn many goods, they postpone and hesitate; but they have a serious object in view. One little ingrain carpet does not amount to much. In a great warehouse piled with the wealth of the loom it seems ridiculously small, and the clerk naturally wishes my lady would buy her strip and be done with it. Softly, magnificent Sir! The poor little ingrain will lie before her eyes for many a year. Her husband's tastes are to be consulted. Her purse is of cast iron. Her children are to grow up on that carpet, and learn from it color and contour. Will it harmonize with the paper and the chintz lounge? Will it fade prettily, and will it cut over well into a bedroom carpet when its race is run in the sitting-room? To the purchaser the cheap ingrain is a more momentous matter than the costly Moquette, for it must last longer and be more looked at: so let her hesitate and compare and reflect without impertinent haste, urgency, or impatience from you. And even if she makes up her mind to nothing, and leaves the carpet on your hands, let her not be condemned for insincerity or vacillation. The probability is that she knows her own business a great deal better than you do, and the doubts she expresses are but feeble representatives of

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the doubts she feels. Moreover, if she does not buy the carpet now, be you sympathetic, obliging, patient with all questioning and objections, and very likely in three or four weeks she will come back to you and buy one twice as good!

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

HINTS OF FALL STYLES.

SOME early hints of the styles to be worn in the fall are gathered from the letters written home from Europe by buyers for the large wholesale houses. These report that double-breasted garments have by no means seen the height of their popularity, but will continue in favor for the fall and winter. The English walking jacket, similar to the garment of that name worn last year, but more closely fitted, will dispute favor with mantillas as fall wraps. A pretty garment, showing a compromise between these two wraps, is already illustrated in French magazines of fashion. The front has long square mantilla ends, the back is a snugly fitted jacket, and the sleeves are coat-shape. This composite garment is stylish and new, and will be made of black cashmere or camel's-hair, to be worn with various dresses. The double-breasted front will also be retained in polonaises and redingotes, of which fresh varieties are promised. The sleeveless basque and the jockey basque are still in vogue abroad, and will be found among importations for next season. For illustrations and patterns of stylish basques the reader is referred to Nos. I. and VI., in the Supplement of *Bazar* No. 33, Vol. VI. The latter number, with tight back and open front, closed only at the throat, and finished around the neck by a ruff, is especially handsome. We commend it to those who are preparing their fall wardrobes as an *avant-coureur* of next season's fashions.

The puffed skirt is another Parisian suggestion for fall dresses. This is merely an amply long basque and a single skirt; but the skirt is so elaborate that an over-skirt would be superfluous. A long walking skirt of cambric is made, and plainly covered with silk from the knee down. On this is sewed the silk skirt, held in lengthwise puffs from the waist down, gradually widening toward the bottom, and forming below a hollow box-pleating that gives the effect of a flounce around the skirt. The puffs are separated by ruches, and a bow conceals the end of each ruche. The basque is deeply pointed in front and behind, and is quite short on the hips. It is trimmed by a ruffle of hollow pleats, graduated narrower on the sides, and quite deep in back and front. This skirt is new, but is the outgrowth of the fashion now prevalent of long puffs in the three front breadths. Over-skirts on many imported dresses are open in front and lapped from side to side just below the belt. There is a deep point on each side, and the back is caught up by a sash almost to the belt.

ALPACAS.

Alpacas, which are underestimated here, have again come into great favor in Europe for country, sea-side, and traveling dresses. Clear gray shades are most used, and are trimmed with black velvet or else gros grain of the shade of the material. Sleeveless basques of the silk or velvet are worn with alpaca suits.

NEW JEWELRY.

The Exhibition at Vienna has brought to light the novelties in jewelry prepared for the coming fall and winter. Among the unique jewels chronicled are those of finely cut jet, associated with garnets or other bright red stones. These are said to be very effective, and popularity is predicted for them. The Persian jewelry is also much admired. This is a combination of brilliant stones of various colors set in one brooch. The designs are miniature copies of the intricate figures represented in Persian scarfs, shawls, carpets, etc. The journeyings of the Shah and his gorgeous display of jewels have probably brought this fashion about. The silver mixed with gold we have already mentioned. The oxidized silver now most in vogue is almost as dark as iron. Highly polished platinum, it is said, will take the place of the dark silver, and will be fashionably combined with gold.

BOWS FOR RUFFS AND COIFFURES.

A welcome importation at midsummer, when spring lingerie has lost its freshness, consists of novelties in bows, neck-ties, ruffs, and kindred articles. Ruffs do not require a neck-tie passed around the neck, but merely a bow to close them at the throat. Prettiest among such bows are those made of colored China crape in irregular loops, folds, and fringed ends, arranged with French taste, and inclosing a dainty jabot ruffle of snowy crêpe lisse. A smaller bow made to match is worn in the coiffure. As the summer waxes and wanes into autumn, these accessories of the toilette take on a deeper hue, and appear in dark violet or ponceau red, or else are made of the palest tint of blue combined with sapphire, Nile green with dark cypress, or two shades of the peacock combination of blue and green. The pair of bows costs $3 or $3 50. Single bows for the ruff are shown in two shades of China crape, in fanciful loops, with French needle-worked ends: price $4. Fresh Windsor neck-ties of China crape, bias, with pointed ends, are shown in white, black, and the deep colors that give character to pale suits: price $1 25. More dressy ties are of folded China crape, an inch wide at the back of the neck, and shaped wider toward the front, with Valenciennes insertion set in the ends, and a wide lace ruffle on the edge. These cost from $3 50, according to the quality of the lace.

NEW JABOTS.

Very long narrow jabots of lace are still worn, and the height of style is to continue them down the entire front of the basque, or even the polonaise, with which they are worn. The fancy is to have an insertion band down the centre, and arrange the lace in waves on each side. Valenciennes and Malines lace are both used for jabots, and their cost ranges, according to their length and fineness, from $3 to $20.

RUFFS, COLLARETTES, ETC.

New ruffs, or collarettes, are very high behind, coming low at the throat, and covering so much of the corsage front that any waist trimming is superfluous. They are made of China crape folds of two extreme shades—the palest and darkest of any color—an embroidered crape band, and a ruff pleating of crêpe lisse. Price $6. Stylish ruff-chemisettes are Pompadour squares with a high double ruff of muslin edged with Valenciennes, made very full, and flaring out from a band of needle-worked insertion. These cost $3; sleeves with a close double ruffle to match make the set $5. Crêpe lisse sets of ruff-chemisettes and under-sleeves made in the style just described are $4. Double ruffs of crêpe lisse in wide full pleats for basting inside the dress neck cost $2 a yard; narrower ruffs of this kind are also sold by the yard for $1 25; single-pleated ruffs are 75 cents a yard. Wide double ruffs of illusion are $1 25, but are so frail that they are seldom good for a second wearing, especially in warm weather. Wash net is more substantial, and may be laundried; edged with lace and made up in double ruffles, this costs $1 a yard. The prettiest muslin ruffs have lengthwise bands of Valenciennes insertion separating very full double or treble box-pleats. The edge is then scalloped and finished with narrow lace. The price is $2 50 a yard. For morning wear are double ruffs of linen with a tiny edge of Valenciennes.

CHEMISETTES AND UNDER-SLEEVES.

The long chemisette covering the shoulders and tied down to the belt back and front is considered an essential item of ladies' lingerie, as it protects the fine corsets, and also absorbs the perspiration on the shoulders that would otherwise soil the dress lining. Many fastidious ladies never leave off this garment even in warm weather, and at the present moment, when open-throated double-breasted garments are in vogue, it is doubly convenient, as it covers the neck and throat. This chemisette is now found attached to pleated linen and percale ruffs, or to the standing English collar with turned-over points in front. Neatly made unlaundried sets of plain linen chemisettes and under-sleeves cost $1 75. Those with hem-stitched ruffs are more expensive; with tiny English collar, these are pretty for breakfast. Hair-striped linen sets for traveling cost $4. The sleeve is duchesse shape, rounded at the wrists, and ruffled; or else it has square cuffs cut off at the corners, or the wide flaring cuff. Scarlet diamonds and polka dots of color are shown in these sets.

Pleated blouse-waists are shown in various designs of figured linen for $4 each.

MORNING HANDKERCHIEFS.

Another novelty is linen and lawn handkerchiefs, with colored hems, made of the India silk that washes like linen. They are chosen with reference to the dress worn, and are shown in Napoleon blue, violet, poppy, and many paler shades. With plain hem, they cost $2; with brier stitching on the hem, they are $2 50. Others have striped buff and scarlet hems, or else blue and buff, or blue and white. There are also hems of fine batiste doubled to wear with batiste costumes, or else to accompany collars of batiste worn with black taffeta silks. A variety of these has rows of narrow Valenciennes laid on the hem, and wider lace on the edge. The prices range from $3 to $4 50 each. Another fancy is a fluted ruffle of spotted linen, like that of the chemisette, put around white handkerchiefs. With plain ruffle, these cost $1; edged with lace, they are $1 50.

LADIES' NORMANDY CAPS.

The Swiss muslin caps worn to breakfast by married ladies are now made in the shape worn by Normandy peasant women. They have stiff, high-pointed crowns, with ruffles falling around the face. With lace insertion on the crown, and bows of ribbon in front and back, these cost $3 75; with plain crowns, $3.

French nurses' caps, made fancifully with crowns or without, cost from $1 to $2 50.

MISCELLANIES.

A loosely waved tress of false hair is now worn across the head, just above the forehead. This pretty fashion is welcomed by ladies who have burned or worn off their front hair in frizzing it, as this enables them to smooth away their own front hair out of sight, and let it grow long enough to be parted in the middle and drawn back in classic style.

A novelty in vogue abroad is rough-looking gimp and fringe, said to be made of common twine. It is used for trimming Turkish toweling, bamboo, flax linen, and other écru fabrics.

Mosses are much used for trimming ball dresses of white tulle or tarlatan. Other summery garlands are of green leaves and intertwined vines with a deep fringe of white hyacinths, harebells, or lilies-of-the-valley. The fringe edges over-skirts and heads flounces.

For protecting the facing of skirts that drag on the ground an inner facing is now used of dark oil-cloth or morocco bound with braid. It is more substantial than the pleated wigging, which is so soon discolored and worn out. It costs twenty-five cents a yard. Two yards are sufficient for a skirt, as it is only placed on the back breadths.

Belts with pockets attached, and traveling bags made of alligators' skins, are the most novel importations of the week, and are said to be the caprice of the season abroad. This leather is a light écru-color, with many irregular indentations, and is mounted with gilt, oxidized silver, or Russia leather.

Scarfs of thin white India cotton and of bamboo, with gay Roman bars for borders, are tied around black or white hats, worn in the country by young ladies. Those with black striped borders and fringe are also very stylish.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and SHAW & EATON.

PERSONAL.

WHEN the Shah presented to Earl GRANVILLE his photograph set in diamonds the earl extracted the picture, pressed it to his heart, and returned the diamonds, explaining that, much as he thanked him, his position as an English minister forbade his receiving a present from a foreign monarch. It was rather tough, but he did it.

—Mr. WARNER, author of *My Summer in a Garden*, was not at all tempted by the bait of that "snapper up of unconsidered" lecturers, Mr. REDPATH, to enter that literary prairie called the "lecture field." Mr. WARNER observed to the seductive REDPATH, "It seems to me that the older I grow the wiser I grow." So he grows on in wisdom if not in stature, and sticks to home and Hartford.

—Soon after the return of the Rev. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON from Canada to England he preached in City Road Chapel, London, a sermon in aid of the liquidation of the Westminster Chapel debt. The collection taken up on the occasion exceeded $10,000.

—Of Dean ALFORD's personal appearance and habits the *Sunday Magazine* gives a pleasant description: "Of stately and impressive presence, there was in him a freedom and spontaneity of communicativeness which charmed those brought into contact with him in society. He was to the last young in heart. He delighted in simple pleasures. To escape from his books for a quiet ramble in the woods or on the beach, or by the stream-side, was all the relief he needed. He would sit and sketch familiar or beautiful objects with a patient assiduity. He loved long rambles on foot, and had a keen eye for the aspects of nature. His wanderings in France and Italy were specially memorable to him because of the enfranchisement he then experienced from many rules and conventionalities from which he scarce could escape in England. He was personally without many faults of a positive kind. His ambitions were bound up closely with his self-respect, and therefore he had but slight experience of poignant disappointment. He had lived the studious life which he had loved, and had met with but few great trials. Yet his sympathies were always warm, and prone to take the most practical form."

—Professor WISE, the aspiring man who proposes to balloon himself across the Atlantic, is an angular, firmly knit, fine-looking, elderly gentleman of agreeable address, and of such fatness of body as to carry him to the locker of the estimable David Jones in case he should be spilled from his airy vehicle.

—Mr. GLADSTONE has asked the Jubilee singers to give a warbling at his house, and invited WALES to be present.

—Mr. WILLIAM BARNES, for many years the able superintendent of the Insurance Department of this State, has recently received, through the Russian minister at Washington, a diamond ring from the Emperor of Russia, commemorative of his services last year as a delegate from this country to the International Statistical Congress in St. Petersburg. The Albany *Journal* describes it as a perfect gem of art. The gold of which its massive hoop is composed comes from the Caucasus, and is of peculiar color and beauty, and eight large diamonds of perfect lustre form an appropriate setting for a shield of blue enamel, upon which is raised the imperial cipher, and above it the imperial crown, each set in smaller diamonds. While in St. Petersburg Mr. BARNES participated largely in the active work of the International Congress, was intrusted with special and responsible duties, and was made a member of the Permanent Commission, which sits at Vienna during the coming month for the purpose of arranging and organizing the work of the next session. It will be remembered that the President in his last message recommended that this important body should hold its next meeting in the United States, and it was through the earnest and energetic efforts of Mr. BARNES that a resolution to that effect was carried through both Houses of Congress last winter.

—We must keep telling about the Shah, for he's going away pretty soon, and then will be of no more use for "personals" or newspapers. That man has absolute control over the whole revenue of the country, and can tax his subjects as much as he pleases. He is worth about $20,000,000, one-half of which is in jewels.

—Mrs. BEECHER STOWE has returned to Hartford, as bright and cheery as ever. Not the least interesting of her literary treasures is a collection of the almost innumerable translations of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which is said to have been translated into more languages than any other volume ever published, unless it be the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

—Miss CLARA M. BABCOCK, daughter of the pastor of Warren Street Unitarian Chapel, Boston, having finished her studies in the Divinity School of Harvard University, has officiated twice in her father's pulpit. She is about to visit Germany for a year of study, after which she will return to this country and enter upon active service in the ministry.

—The Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE is fortunate in his friends. One of these has had the good taste to present Mr. HALE with a cottage at Narraganset Pier.

—The Hon. HENRY VILLIERS STUART, formerly an Episcopalian minister, is the first reverend not a Dissenter who has been in Parliament since HORNE TOOKE. He has forsaken the Church for politics.

—A majority of the female clerks in the Treasury Department at Washington come from what we popularly term "the best families." Governor FAIRCHILD, of Wisconsin, there found the fair child who became his wife. She was the daughter of a distinguished public man. The present United States District Attorney for South Carolina "pressed his suit" in the Treasury for beautiful ALICE INGERSOLL, daughter of a former Attorney-General of Massachusetts. Mrs. JOHNSON, daughter of Colonel ABERT, formerly for many years head of the bureau of Topographical Engineers, has for ten years been a clerk in the Treasury. Mrs. TILTON, sister of General ROBERT OULD, formerly United States District Attorney for the District of Columbia, is there also, as are the widows of Captain RINGGOLD and Major HEAP.

—Mr. JOHN C. CLOUD makes a small bid for notoriety. A few days since he started from near Philadelphia on a rowing excursion to New Orleans in a small boat, his daily pull to be not less than twenty miles. His first point was Bristol, where he was to enter the canal, and continue rowing until he reached the Ohio River, thence down until he reached the Mississippi, and then away down to New Orleans, stopping at cities and towns on the route to play in a piece written for him.

—In a Pennsylvania grave-yard may be seen a stone bearing this inscription: "Here lieth the body of AMY MAJOR, who departed this life March 20, 1792. Suffice it to say she was an honest woman—the second noblest work of God."

—The press of Lowell, Massachusetts, seems to us to be conducted on principles of levity. The *Courier*, for example, alluding to the fact that the Hon. ASA PACKER had given a million of dollars and fifty-six acres of land to the Lehigh University, asks, "How is that for Lehigh?"

—EDMONIA LEWIS, our colored sister, who is doing so well in Rome, says she means to make as beautiful an exposition as she can, and send it to the Philadelphia exhibition anonymously, in order that it may be judged fairly, and without favor or prejudice. At the International Exhibition of Sculpture and Paintings at Naples Miss LEWIS obtained gold medals for her "Sleeping Children" and "Love Caught in a Trap."

—It is reported that before sailing for Europe a few days since Mr. A. T. STEWART made a new will, in which it was thought proper to make a schedule and valuation of his real and personal estate, and that to the surprise of himself and those engaged in the details, it was found that he was worth about one hundred millions of dollars. That Mr. STEWART will prove himself a good steward of this vast fortune can scarcely be doubted. Already he has commenced administering on his own estate by the erection of the stately "Working-Women's Home," in Fourth Avenue, and it is scarcely probable that he will content himself with that work of benevolence. We were told a few days ago by an experienced railway superintendent that the road bed, ties, steel rails, etc., of Mr. STEWART's railroad to Hempstead were by far the best of any railroad in America.

—"Grace Greenwood" is always relating something that opens the eyes and relaxes the facial muscles. Of the extravagance of New England humor she instances that when a young farmer's wife made her first boy's pants precisely as ample before as behind, the father exclaimed, "Goodness! he won't know whether he's going to school or coming home."

—That superior ruler, the Mikado of Japan, has issued orders that all men of certain social and political rank shall subscribe for the new Japanese newspaper or have their heads cut off. No compulsion—only they must.

—The first part of BLANCHARD JERROLD'S *Life and Times of Napoleon III.* will be issued about Christmas. It has the special sanction of the Empress EUGÉNIE.

—When in Paris the Shah visited the establishment of one of the most extensive jewelers of that city, and purchased for $120,000 a collar of pearls, and for $17,000 a diamond bracelet, for the wife of Marshal M'MAHON. Every thing he bought was first placed on the person of the Grand Vizier to enable the monarch to see how it looked.

—Mr. THOMAS HOLLOWAY, one of the pill-ars of English patent medicinery, having already put aside $500,000 for the erection of a hospital for middle-class lunatics, has recently decided to erect two or more hospitals in the vicinity of London—one for the reception of incurables, another for convalescents, the estimated cost of the land and buildings being $1,250,000. He does not propose to endow the hospitals, leaving to the philanthropic of the present and future ages the duty of maintaining them.

—Professor HORSFORD, accompanied by representatives of several American journals, has been on a visit to Prince SCHWARZENBERG, and his grand domain of 75,000 acres, near Vienna. The population of the domain is about 30,000 people, who inhabit ninety-nine villages. Every thing about this princely estate is done in the most thorough and liberal manner, and the income to the property is only about three per cent. on the capital invested. The old prince, who is seventy-two, has all the heartiness and simplicity in his bearing of a genuine American farmer, and the hereditary prince is as active and intelligent a young fellow as can be found in any country. His face is not of the German type; he might be English or American. He is straight and broad-shouldered, dark-eyed, and with dark, closely cut hair. He is ruddy and in perfect health; has white teeth shining out from under a slight mustache as he smiles good-naturedly to every one. He did more work that day than any one in the party, and was undoubtedly the least fatigued. He speaks French and English well, to say nothing of several patois in use in the Austrian empire. His wife is his counterpart; tall and graceful, her manners at the same time polished and perfectly frank, she converses with her visitors without waiting for the formality of introduction, and wins every body's heart by her sympathetic smile and honest handsome face. She is the same age as her husband, I should judge, and both are on the sunny side of thirty-five. And yet they look ten years younger. She replied to any one who asked her about her two fine young girls accompanying her, that she had seven more children at home, speaking of it with evident pride. She, with her daughters, walked from the village to the station, and enjoyed it. Disease can take no hold on such a family, and the race of people they build up will be the bulwark of the empire. Such a sight as this family is rare in Europe, and is a living monument to the virtues of air and exercise, pure blood, and contempt for the injurious customs and costumes of modern society. No one has a more magnificent palace in Vienna than Prince SCHWARZENBERG; no family certainly fills a palace better.

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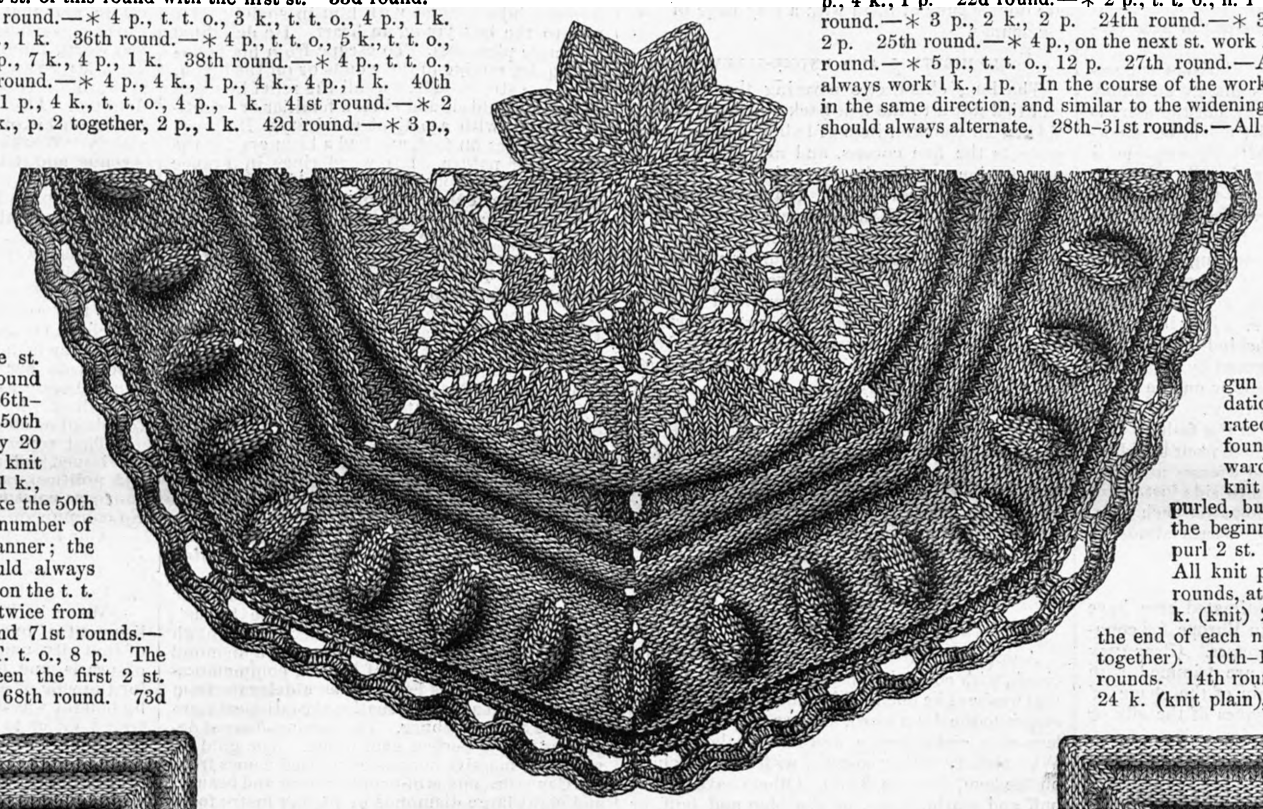
Écru Pongee Summer Hood.

THIS hood is made of écru pongee, and is trimmed with a piece of the material, which falls in the back, and also with loops and ends of écru pongee and guipure lace of the same color. Silk gauze veil.

ÉCRU PONGEE SUMMER HOOD.

Knitted Octagon for setting together Afghan or Coverlet.

THESE octagons are worked with fine or coarse knitting cotton and steel knitting-needles of a corresponding size. The octagon is worked throughout always going forward. Begin from the middle with a foundation of 4 st. (stitch), close these in a ring, and on this knit one round all plain. All rounds designated by odd numbers, up to and including the 25th round, are knit all plain. 2d round.—Four times alternately t. t. o. (thread thrown over), 1 k. (knit plain). 4th round.—Eight times alternately t. t. o., 1 k. 6th round.—∗ T. t. o., 2 k.; repeat from ∗, always going forward. This repetition from ∗ will not be referred to again in the course of the work. 8th round.—∗ T. t. o., 3 k. 10th round.—∗ T. t. o., 4 k. 12th round.—∗ T. t. o., 5 k. 14th round.—∗ T. t. o., 6 k. 16th round.—∗ T. t. o., 7 k. 18th round.—∗ T. t. o., k. 2 together (knit 2 st. together), 4 k., k. 2 together. 20th round.—∗ 1 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 2 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o. 22d round.—∗ 2 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, k. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 k. 24th round.—∗ 3 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 2 k. 26th round.—∗ 3 k., t. t. o., 3 p. (purled), t. t. o., 2 k. 27th round.—∗ 1 k., k. 2 together, 5 p., k. 2 together. 28th round.—∗ 2 k., t. t. o., 5 p., t. t. o., 1 k. 29th round.—K. 2 together, ∗ 7 p., 2 st. n. (narrowed; to do this slip the next st., knit off the following 2 st., and draw the slipped st. over these st.). Draw the last st. of this round over the first st. of this round, thus forming the last narrowing; it must be observed that this narrowing forms the end of the round. 30th round.—∗ T. t. o., 7 p., t. t. o., 1 k. 31st round.—∗ 9 p., 1 k. 32d round.—5 p., ∗ t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 4 p., t. t. o., p. 2 together (purl 2 st. together), 4 p.; repeat six times from ∗; then t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 4 p., t. t. o., and p. together the last st. of this round with the first st. 33d round.—∗ 4 p., 3 k., 4 p., 1 k. 34th round.—∗ 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 1 k. 35th round.—∗ 4 p., 5 k., 4 p., 1 k. 36th round.—∗ 4 p., t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 1 k. 37th round.—∗ 4 p., 7 k., 4 p., 1 k. 38th round.—∗ 4 p., t. t. o., 7 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 1 k. 39th round.—∗ 4 p., 4 k., 1 p., 4 k., 4 p., 1 k. 40th round.—∗ 4 p., t. t. o., 4 k., 1 p., 4 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 1 k. 41st round.—∗ 2 p., p. 2 together, 5 k., 1 p., 5 k., p. 2 together, 2 p., 1 k. 42d round.—∗ 3 p., t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., 3 p., 1 k. 43d round.—∗ 1 p., p. 2 together, 15 k., p. 2 together, 1 p., 1 k. 44th round.—∗ P. 2 together, t. t. o., 6 k., t. t. o., 3 p., t. t. o., 6 k., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 1 k. 45th round.—Sl. (slip) 1 st., ∗ 7 k., 5 p., 7 k., p. 3 together. At the end of the round knit off the st. slipped at the beginning of the round together with the last 2 st. 46th–49th rounds.—All purled. 50th round.—Eight times alternately 20 k., t. t. o. 51st round.—All knit plain, but on the t. t. o. always 1 k., 1 p. 52d and 53d rounds.—Like the 50th and 51st rounds, but with the number of st. increased in the requisite manner; the t. t. o. in the 52d round should always come between the 2 st. worked on the t. t. o. of the 50th round. Repeat twice from the 46th–53d rounds. 70th and 71st rounds.—All purled. 72d round.—∗ T. t. o., 8 p. The first t. t. o. should come between the first 2 st. worked on the t. t. o. of the 68th round. 73d round.—∗ 1 k., 8 p. 74th round.—∗ T. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 8 p. 75th round.—∗ 3 k., 8 p. 76th round.—∗ T. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 8 p. 77th round.—∗ 5 k., 8 p. 78th round.—∗ T. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., 8 p.; then three times alternately t. t. o., 1 k., k. 3 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 8 p. 79th round.—∗ 2 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k., 8 p.; then three times alternately 5 k., 8 p. 80th round.—∗ 3 k., 1 p., 3 k., 8 p.; then three times alternately 1 k., k. 3 together, 1 k., 8 p. 81st round.—∗ 3 k., t. t. o., 1 p., t. t. o., 3 k., 8 p.; then three times alternately 3 k., 8 p. 82d round.—K. 3 together, 3 p., k. 3 together, 8 p.; then three times alternately k. 3 together, 8 p. 83d and 84th rounds.—All purled. 85th–89th rounds.—All knit plain. 90th round.—All purled. Now cast off. The octagon is finished with two crochet rounds as follows: 1st round.—Always alternately 3 single crochet on the next 3 st., 5 chain stitches, with these pass over 3 st. 2d round.—One single crochet on each st. of the preceding round. This octagon may be set together with similar octagons, or else with the knitted squares, Figs. 1 and 2, illustrated on this page, for larger coverlets; the crochet rounds which form the scallops of the octagon should then be omitted, of course.



KNITTED OCTAGON FOR SETTING TOGETHER AFGHAN OR COVERLET.

Knitted Squares for setting together Afghan or Coverlet, Figs. 1 and 2.

FOR the square Fig. 1 make a foundation of 4 st. (stitch), close these in a ring, and on this knit one round all plain. All rounds designated by odd numbers, up to and including the 19th round, are all knit plain. 2d round.—Four times alternately t. t. o. (thread thrown over), 1 k. (knit plain). 4th round.—Eight times alternately t. t. o., 1 k. 6th round.—∗ T. t. o., 2 k.; repeat from ∗, always going forward. This repetition from ∗ will not be referred to again in the course of the work. 8th round.—∗ T. t. o., 3 k. 10th round.—∗ T. t. o., 4 k. 12th round.—∗ T. t. o., 5 k. 14th round.—∗ T. t. o., 6 k. 16th round.—∗ T. t. o., 7 k. 18th round.—∗ T. t. o., n. (narrow) 1 st. (that is, knit 2 st. together), 4 k., n. 1 st. 20th round.—∗ 1 p. (purled), t. t. o., n. 1 st., 2 k., n. 1 st., t. t. o. 21st round.—∗ 2 p., 4 k., 1 p. 22d round.—∗ 2 p., t. t. o., n. 1 st., n. 1 st., t. t. o., 1 p. 23d round.—∗ 3 p., 2 k., 2 p. 24th round.—∗ 3 p., t. t. o., n. 1 st., t. t. o., 2 p. 25th round.—∗ 4 p., on the next st. work 1 k. and 1 p., then 11 p. 26th round.—∗ 5 p., t. t. o., 12 p. 27th round.—All purled, but on the t. t. o. always work 1 k., 1 p. In the course of the work this widening is always done in the same direction, and similar to the widening in the last two rounds, which should always alternate. 28th–31st rounds.—All knit plain. 32d–35th rounds.—All purled. 36th–39th rounds.—All knit plain. 40th–43d rounds.—All purled. 44th–47th rounds.—All knit plain. 48th and 49th rounds.—All purled; 40 st. should now be on each needle. Cast off after working one more round all purled, without widening.

The square Fig. 2 is begun on the outer edge with a foundation of 160 st., which are separated on four needles. On this foundation knit, always going forward, as follows: 1st round.—All knit plain. 2d–5th rounds.—All purled, but in the 2d and 4th rounds, at the beginning and end of each needle purl 2 st. together. 6th–9th rounds.—All knit plain, but in the 6th and 8th rounds, at the beginning of each needle, k. (knit) 2 st. together crossed, and at the end of each needle k. 2 together (knit 2 st. together). 10th–13th rounds.—Like the 2d–5th rounds. 14th round.—∗ K. 2 together crossed, 24 k. (knit plain), k. 2 together; repeat three

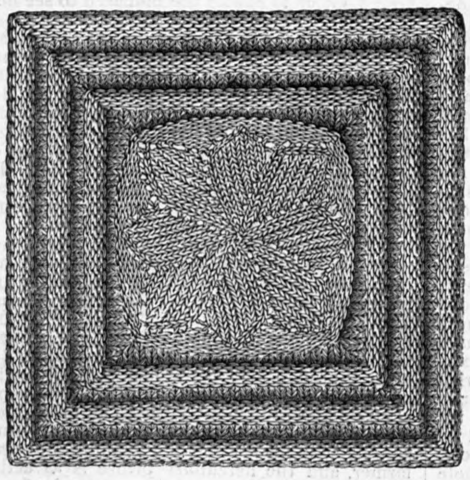


Fig. 1.—KNITTED SQUARE FOR SETTING TOGETHER AFGHAN OR COVERLET.

BORDER FOR DRESS TRIMMINGS.—VENETIAN EMBROIDERY.

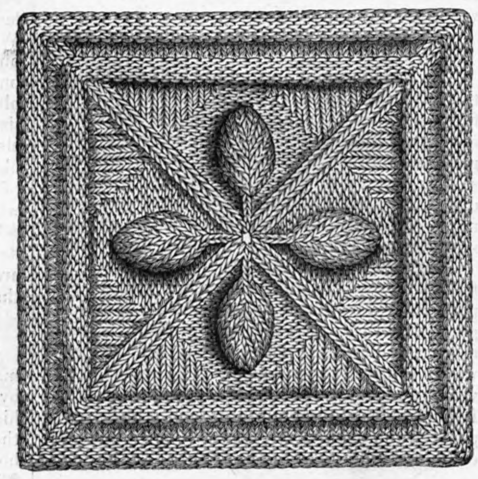


Fig. 2.—KNITTED SQUARE FOR SETTING TOGETHER AFGHAN OR COVERLET.

DESIGN FOR BELT IN CHAIN, SATIN, AND HALF-POLKA STITCH EMBROIDERY.

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times from ∗. This repetition from ∗ takes place in each round, and will not be referred to again. 15th round.—∗ 11 k., 4 p., 11 k. 16th round.—∗ K. 2 together crossed, 9 k., 4 p., 9 k., k. 2 together. 17th round.—∗ 10 k., 4 p., 10 k. 18th round.—∗ K. 2 together crossed, 7 k., 6 p., 7 k., k. 2 together. 19th round.—∗ 8 k., 6 p., 8 k. 20th round.—∗ K. 2 together crossed, 5 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 4 p., 5 k., k. 2 together. 21st round.—∗ 6 k., 4 p., 1 k., 4 p., 6 k. 22d round.—∗ K. 2 together crossed, 3 k., 5 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 5 p., 3 k., k. 2 together. 23d round.—∗ 4 k., 5 p., 3 k., 5 p., 4 k. 24th round.—∗ K. 2 together crossed, 1 k., 6 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 6 p., 1 k., k. 2 together. 25th round.—∗ 2 k., 6 p., 5 k., 6 p., 2 k. 26th round.—∗ K. 2 together crossed, 6 p., t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., 6 p., k. 2 together. 27th round.—∗ 1 k., 6 p., 7 k., 6 p., 1 k. 28th round.—∗ K. 2 together crossed, 5 p., t. t. o., 2 k., n. (narrow) 2 st. (to do this slip 1 st., knit off the next 2 st. together, and draw the slipped st. over these), 2 k., t. t. o., 5 p., k. 2 together. 29th round.—∗ 1 k., 5 p., 7 k., 5 p., 1 k. 30th round.—∗ K. 2 together crossed, 4 p., 2 k., n. 2 st., 2 k., 4 p., k. 2 together. 31st round.—∗ 1 k., 4 p., 5 k., 4 p., 1 k. 32d round.—∗ K. 2 together crossed, 3 p., 1 k., n. 2 st., 1 k., 3 p., k. 2 together. 33d round.—∗ 1 k., 3 p., 3 k., 3 p., 1 k. 34th round.—∗ K. 2 together crossed, 2 p., n. 2 st., 2 p., k. 2 together. 35th round.—∗ 1 k., 2 p., k. 1 crossed, 2 p., 1 k. 36th round.—∗ K. 2 together crossed, 1 p., k. 1 crossed, 1 p., k. 2 together. 37th round.—∗ 1 k., 1 p., k. 1 crossed, 1 p., 1 k. 38th round.—∗ K. 2 together crossed, k. 1 crossed, k. 2 together. Cut off the thread, thread it through a needle, pass it through the remaining stitches on the needle, and then fasten it carefully.

Cashmere Mantelet.

THIS mantelet of black cashmere is lined with lustring, and cut in scallops on the under edge as shown by the illustration; these scallops are bound narrow with gros grain. The trimming for the mantelet consists of a braiding of black soutache, guipure insertion, and gathered guipure lace. Cut away the material underneath the insertion. Hooks and eyes serve for closing the mantelet.

Barathea Mantelet.

THIS mantelet of black barathea is lined with lustring, and trimmed with a braiding of fine black silk cord and gathered black lace. Hooks and eyes serve for closing.

Gros Grain and Lace Mantelet.

THIS mantelet is made of black gros grain. The trimming consists of gathered lace, embroidered folds of the material, and loops and ends of black gros grain ribbon. On the wrong side of the mantelet, in the back at the bottom of the waist, set a belt, which is closed with hooks and eyes.

Border for Dress Trimmings.—Venetian Embroidery.

See illustration on page 532.

THIS border may be worked on Swiss muslin or nansook, or else on faille, gray linen, etc. Having run the outlines of the design figures, work the bars and scallops between the design figures, stretching the working thread back and forth, and then overcasting it. In order to form the picots on the scallops, twist the thread close underneath the last stitch at the corresponding point, and let it stand in a loop. Button-hole stitch all the outlines of the figures, cut away the material between the figures as shown by the illustration, and then work the wheels.

CASHMERE MANTELET.

Design for Belt in Chain, Satin, and Half-polka Stitch Embroidery.

See illustration on page 532.

THIS design is worked on colored cloth with shaded saddler's silk in chain, half-polka, and satin stitch. A monogram or a motto may be worked on the belt in satin stitch with silk of one color.

WOMEN PHYSICIANS IN CAIRO.

AMONG the many reformations carried out in the domestic administration of Egypt during the sovereignty of the present Khedive, one of the most praiseworthy, yet perhaps the least known, is the vast improvement which has been effected in female medical education. While in England the faculty, as a rule, have set their faces against the admission of women into the profession, the doctors in Egypt have not only encouraged them to study medicine, at least as far as the diseases of women and children are concerned, but, with the approbation of the Khedive, have drawn out and established for them a curriculum of professional education, including chemistry, botany, physiology, and female anatomy, which are carried to a degree fully on a par with a pass examination at Apothecaries' Hall, in London.

The result of this has been that while in London a large proportion of the women of the working classes, and nineteen out of twenty of the female paupers in the work-houses, are attended by women whose principal recommendation among the medical profession seems to be that they have received no scientific education whatever, in Cairo, even among the lowest population, the women and children are attended by well-instructed female practitioners. These, in point of ability and devotion to their particular branch of the profession, will perhaps not be inferior to the average male practitioner in any part of the world.

My attention was first called to this subject about two years since. When dining one day at the *table d'hôte* in Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo, I accidentally seated myself beside a French gentleman, Dr. X——, who, I shortly found, had resided some twenty years in Egypt, and was a member of the Viceroy's army medical staff.

The conversation turned on the state of the medical profession in Egypt, in the course of which he adverted to the extreme difficulties which attended the introduction of the study of medicine into the country; this not solely arising, as was erroneously imagined, from the fatalism which forms so vast a portion of the Mohammedan creed, but from the great aversion they had to allow male medical practitioners to attend their families.

Indeed, so great was their repugnance to a system of the kind that when, during the viceroyalty of Mohammed Ali, the attempt was made to establish a medical school after the European fashion, so determined were the Mussulmans to refuse all medical aid for their families, it was at first feared the attempt would prove abortive.

The small-pox, however, at the commencement of Clot Bey's endeavors to form a medical staff, broke out with great violence in Cairo, and all efforts of the native doctors to control it proved even more ineffectual than usual on occasions of the kind. The Mohammedans, when the disease broke out in their families, dreading the visits of the medical men, concealed the fact with so much tenacity that at last the epidemic reached such terrible proportions as to necessitate very stringent measures being adopted to suppress it.

An order was given that every house should be visited by the medical men (principally French) attached to the government staff. Against this order the inhabitants rebelled, and some of the medical men who attempted to enter the most populous and infected portions of the town were severely maltreated.

Mohammed Ali suppressed these rebellious symptoms in a very energetic, though perhaps somewhat too "Turkish" a manner. The morning after the news of the disturbance had reached him the quarter of the town in which it had occurred was surrounded by the troops of the Viceroy. The chief of the police established in the centre a court of inquiry, and a multitude of the rioters were brought before him. Of these he hanged six on the spot, and bastinadoed fifty others with so much severity that they were obliged to be carried out of his presence. This energetic proceeding had the result of calming the disturbance for the time, and things went on more smoothly for the future. Still, in spite of despotic ordinances and severe police regulations, the Mussulmans continued their prejudice against male medical practitioners attending their wives and families. This state of things continued till the accession of the present Khedive, when, on the suggestion of Burguières Bey, the present head of the medical staff in Egypt, a school was established for midwives. In this they were to pass through a regulated course of study before they should be allowed to practice, and that of sufficient severity to insure for the female population of Egypt a proper and scientifically educated body of women, capable of taking, in all cases excepting those of extreme severity, the medical charge of their own sex.

The next day Dr. X—— took me to witness the examination of the female medical students who had passed through their course of study. On a sort of dais or throne sat the president of the medical staff of Egypt, and head physician of the Vice-

GROS GRAIN AND LACE MANTELET.

BARATHEA MANTELET.

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roy, Burguières Bey. Before him was a table, on which were three vases, and below on the floor of the amphitheatre was a long table, on which lay a skeleton and several herbs.

I inquired of my conductor what the vases contained, and he told me there were in them a number of slips of paper containing questions to be asked. In one vase were those on botany and materia medica; in another, questions on anatomy, especially of the female subject; and the third, on diseases of women and children. A certain number of these questions would be drawn out at hazard from each vase, and the candidates expected to answer them. After each department had been gone through, the question was put to the council of physicians for their decision as to the correctness of the replies, each in his turn being invited to ask any question he pleased on the subject under consideration.

Behind the medical council, who were seated in a semicircle at a little distance from the table, were a number of medical students and others, tempted by curiosity to be present on the occasion; and behind these again, on the top row of benches lining the wall, were some sixteen or eighteen women, but whether old or young, handsome or ugly, it was impossible to say, for they all wore the long, white, opaque veil, leaving their eyes only visible, while their persons were covered with long, loose, black silk dresses. On remarking to my conductor the singular uniformity in their dress, he told me it was their habitual costume, and, moreover, that when called out to attend any case they always rode on donkeys with red saddle-cloths, so that the mission they were bound on should be known, and all persons make way for them—a practice which, though adopted voluntarily, is as faithfully respected as if it had been an order from the police.

Burguières Bey having made a sign that the examination should commence, one of the candidates was led down to a space in front of the table. To judge of her appearance, as before stated, was impossible. The only conclusion I arrived at (though I afterward heard she was twenty years of age) was that she was a Nubian, and this from the coal-black color of her hands, the only portion of her visible. The examination commenced by a series of questions on the anatomy of the female subject, especially on osteology and myology, or, to speak in more common phraseology, on the bones and muscles. After the first question, which had been drawn from the vase by the president, had been satisfactorily answered, each of the council in turn put others to her. Although the questions and answers, being in Arabic, were unknown to me, the pupil seemed to answer all to the perfect satisfaction of her questioners, and with an amount of *aplomb* fully equal to that of any self-assured pupil passing an examination at the College of Surgeons in London. These questions, which lasted about twenty minutes, being over, she was next examined on the diseases of women and children, and the different operations which might come under her notice; the whole of which were answered in as satisfactory a manner as those on anatomy.

The president now rose and drew from the vase a question on materia medica. This she answered equally well, and the subject was then taken up by the professors, and her medical examination was concluded. Before, however, putting the question of her admission to the vote, Burguières Bey asked if she would like to pass an examination in any foreign language. She might do so if she pleased, but it was not compulsory. She immediately selected French, and a professor of the French language being present then wrote on a slate:

"*Le premier devoir de l'élève est de garder, toute sa vie, une profonde gratitude pour ses maîtres.*"

This phrase she translated and analyzed word for word in the most perfect manner, and was examined on other subjects connected with the French language and literature, all of which she answered with so pure an accent and in such correct grammar as to call forth the compliments of all present.

The question was now put by the president as to her reception into the Faculty of Medicine. The unanimous decision was that she should be received into the obstetric branch of the profession, and was entitled to the customary honors for the examination. I was on the point of asking my companion what those honors were, when the military band outside the building commenced playing the Egyptian national air with such vigor as to drown my voice, and I was obliged to rest till it concluded. I then inquired what were the honors to which the candidate was entitled.

"You have just heard them," he replied.

"Heard what?" I asked.

"The honors offered to her. Whenever a woman passes an examination in a satisfactory manner, the Viceroy's military band, stationed there for the purpose, plays the Egyptian national air in her honor."

I thought a better method might have been introduced, and one more appropriate to the subject, but I kept my opinion to myself.

Another student was now called down, who, judging from the lighter color of her hands, was probably a Copt. The same formalities were again gone through, she passing her scientific examination as satisfactorily as the former. When asked whether she would like to pass the examination in any other language, she selected Italian, and although it would hardly be correct to state that she succeeded as well as the Nubian did in French, it was, after all, very creditable. When reading, she translated very fluently into Arabic, but somewhat halted in her conversation.

All passed in a satisfactory manner, some remarkably so, several having the military band play the national air in their honor. About one-half passed examinations in foreign languages, most of them choosing French.

CHAPERONING.

IF ever I do it again! If ever I undertake again to matronize, patronize, chaperon, whatever you may call it, a set of giddy young girls! To be sure, Flossy Dunbar was one of the sweetest, quietest little maidens in all the world, who had never given her parents or governesses a day's anxiety in her life—perfectly docile, you would say; and Lotty Helmar was a high-spirited, independent girl, full of brave glad visions of life, and with "no nonsense about her." These two were pets of mine, and I was heartily glad to have their company. And then Ella Floyd somehow slipped into the party, making a third, but Ella didn't count for much one way or the other, I thought.

John drew a comically long face when I told him we were to take the girls.

"This is what you call rest and freedom from care, is it?" he asked. "How are you going to keep watch and ward over three romantic young ladies and their lovers, and at the same time sing lullabies to Rose Pose every hour in the day?"

"They haven't any lovers," I assured him, "and they are not romantic, but nice, good-natured girls, who will be company for me while you are gone, and, besides, will help me take care of Rosie."

So with confidence and a light heart I packed our trunks, not forgetting one thing, from John's fishing-rods down to the baby's rattle-box, and at the appointed day and hour we rode gayly off in a hack to the wharf, arriving there just as the first bell rang, denoting that the steamboat was in sight. Early as we were, Lotty Helmar was there before us, her bonny brown hair waving in the wind, and her clear eyes looking seaward. Her father was with her, having come down to see us off and say good-by. Five minutes later the Dunbar carriage arrived, and Flossy sprang out with a gay salute, followed more slowly by Ella Floyd, for whom she had called on the way. Mrs. Dunbar was in the carriage, and while the trunks were being handed down she beckoned me to her for a moment of low-toned conversation.

"Just a last word, Mrs. Houghton," she murmured. "Mr. Dunbar and I are very grateful to you indeed for being willing to take charge of our daughter during her vacation. Nothing but my sister Saltonstall's illness prevents my journeying with her myself. But of course we have no fear in trusting her to your care. There are so many things—a young girl, you know—and of course our hopes are all bound up in our child's future, but I believe there is very little gayety at the island, not many gentlemen, certainly no adventurers. A quiet place for families, I am told. I know you will take every care of Flossy, Mrs. Houghton."

The last trunk was off; there was no more chance for private talk. The steamboat was at the wharf, and Mrs. Dunbar, sitting back in her carriage, watched our embarking with benignant stateliness.

"Don't she look like a dowager empress, with her grand air and iron gray curls?" whispered Lotty, and I agreed, feeling, however, a little inward amusement at the dowager's cautions. You see, Rosie being only a baby, I couldn't be expected to understand all the feelings of mothers with grown-up girls.

Mrs. Dunbar's keen eyes might scan the little crowd of passengers as they liked, there was no one among them to excite her fears, for John was the only good-looking man that went aboard, the rest of them being an elderly, invalid-looking set enough. John had an acquaintance here and there among them. I saw him speaking to a clergyman, a seedy professor, and others of that ilk.

My girls and I nested ourselves among our water-proofs at the forward end of the deck, and Rosie, wrapped in her little blue hooded cloak, crowed and laughed in our midst. The damp salt wind blew in our faces; the sky and water reflected each other's changeable hues; our native town behind us grew small in the distance. We were fairly out at sea. Outward-bound, outward-bound! And quite in the direction of France, some one said. "Ah, if we were only going there!" we murmured. But while the next six hours lasted we should be just as much at sea as if it were to be weeks instead of hours.

"I wonder if we shall be seasick," said Flossy, in a tone of delighted awe, as if she thought it would be a great experience. This was Flossy's first voyage.

"Not a bit!" exclaimed Lotty. "*I* never am, and I have been around Point Judith, and off Watch Hill in a storm."

"Lemons are good if you are seasick," said pale little Ella Floyd. "I have some in my bag, enough for all of us."

But they were not needed. The steamboat plowed steadily on her way, the shores we had left were barely visible, while ahead a low dark line along the horizon indicated the island. That was where we were going pleasure-seeking, a friend of John's having offered us his cottage, close by the hotel, for the rest of the season.

"Only think!" cried Lotty, in a rapture. "Six weeks of sea and rock and sky! What blessed mortals we are!"

"What man is Mr. Houghton bringing this way?" whispered Ella Floyd.

"A man!" was my dismayed thought, remembering Mrs. Dunbar; but on glancing down the deck, I saw only the seedy professor with John.

"My old friend, Professor Brown, ladies!" said John, with an air as if he were introducing a prince. I made room for him, feeling immensely relieved. The girls grew quiet as mice, and the professor, looking tranquilly across the sea, discoursed upon certain algæ he expected to find around the island.

And now the long white hotel was plain in view, with its little *entourage* of cottages. There were the bathing-houses, with clothes of many colors spread out drying in the sun; there was the long, rough pier of stone, the shore of sand and rock, the smell of sea-weed, and a score of little boats dancing up and down by their stakes.

At last we were there, at last our eager feet trod the shore, and gathering up Rose Pose and all the bundles, we made our way up the sandy path. The very first cottage we came to wore a look of emptiness and expectation. John tried his key, the door opened, and in we flocked and established ourselves. There was time for only the slightest preparation when the gong sounded, summoning us to the hotel to dinner. When we returned we chose rooms, and became fairly settled.

The rooms were charming: sitting-room, hall, and library on the first floor, and three or four pleasant chambers above. There was a grate for a wood fire in the library, and a few books on the shelves, which our friends had been kind enough to leave.

"We shall be perfectly happy here!" chorused the girls, full of sea-dreams and fancies.

They made a tour of the island that afternoon, pushing their way through huckleberry bushes and bull-briers up to the highest points of view; while I, rummaging farther through the cottage, found a child's carriage—rather a forlorn one, to be sure—with a broken seat and loose wheel, but feminine ingenuity mended it, and baby throned herself in it; so we, too, went off for a jaunt. There were a great many other babies out with their nurses and mothers, and plenty of larger children running up and down the green. Evidently, as I had heard, the place was chiefly patronized by families seeking health and not gayety. A group of young ladies had gathered for a chat on the piazza steps, and as I passed them I heard a discontented beauty say:

"We leave to-morrow without fail. Mother is going to take me to Long Branch, where I can see a little of life. Just think! there has only been one dance here since we came, and then there were not gentlemen enough for half the sets!"

"Mrs. Dunbar need not be alarmed," I thought, complacently.

Meanwhile John was down on the pier choosing a sail-boat and skipper. He had only a week to stay with us before going back to the mainland and business, and he wanted to make the most of his time. We must do all our sailing while he was there, he said; after that it would be time enough to take up bathing and basking.

So we spent one wild breezy week of delight, sailing hither and thither, trying every wind, flying and tacking, fishing and trolling, and visiting every thing there was to visit, namely, a low black reef of rocks a mile out, and practicable only at low tide; a desolate, slippery place enough, but abounding in the most rare and delicate sea-mosses, the very idols of Professor Brown's heart, and we often took him there as we went sailing, leaving him for an hour or two to clamber over the weed-bound rocks, and grope in the water with his net.

"Well," said John, when the day came for him to leave us, as he packed his valise, "you must get along the best you can, wifie, and write to me every day. Go bathing and huckleberrying till you are all brown as nuts, and don't let the girls get into mischief!"

We all went down on the pier to see him off, when the boat was ready to start. She had come in about an hour previous, but we had been too busy to notice what passengers she brought. John went aboard just before they drew the plank in, and in a moment more the waves were widening between us. I cried—I always do, and can't help it, when John has to go away from me—and I walked off by myself to the end of the pier, so the girls should not see the worst of it.

When I turned around again, there was a young fellow in a velvet shooting-jacket shaking hands with Lotty in a most rapturous manner. Had he dropped out of the skies? I asked Ella Floyd, in a whisper, who he was. She has the knack of always knowing every body.

"Why, it's Bob Ainsleigh," she said. "All the Ainsleighs came in the boat this afternoon."

Bob Ainsleigh! Was ever any thing so unfortunate! For I remembered now that his absurd devotion to Lotty the year before had already been the theme of gossip, and he was a mere boy, not twenty. He had met her at the mountains first, carried her camp-stool for her, and joined her in all her madcap climbs with a boyish zeal that won her favor, till he wound it up by falling madly in love. Lotty laughed at him good-naturedly, and thought no more of it till after her return to town, when he followed her about so persistently that the Ainsleighs were terribly annoyed, and sent him South for the winter.

And now here he had turned up again, just when I had the whole responsibility of Lotty, too! And what would the world say, and the proud old family of Ainsleighs, if there should be any imprudence? Lotty was no slave to etiquette, either: she would do right, but it must be in her own way. Pondering these things in a coward heart, but with a brave face, I walked up to Lotty, and let her give me an introduction. We then started together along the homeward path, Ella and dear little Flossy following demurely behind with the baby-carriage.

"You'll go sailing with me this afternoon, Lotty?" asked the Ainsleigh boy, confidently. My hand was on Lotty's arm, and I gave her a little warning pressure. She looked up and laughed.

"Why, no, Bob, not to-day," she said. "It is too late. And to-morrow you go duck-shooting. But next day, or next, maybe, I'll give you a race—a rowing match, you know. I am longing to touch the oars."

His willful, handsome face, which had grown dark at first, brightened at that, and he took off his hat to us gracefully as he left us at the cottage.

"Now, Lotty!" I exclaimed, as soon as we were fairly inside, "don't! please don't!"

"Don't what, Clara? You know I am not a flirt," she replied, almost indignantly. "Bob owns he behaved ridiculously last year, and wants a chance to redeem himself. I shall treat him, just as I always have, as a good-natured boy."

Well, Lotty was not a girl to be very easily led or commanded, and I could only fervently hope that the Ainsleighs would soon leave the island, and that, as every thing always did come out right with Lotty, this thing might too. But I could not watch her much, because of Rosie. While John was with us we were always off together in the sail-boat, Rosie and all; or if at home, and the girls wanted me to promenade with them in the hotel piazza, or visit the music-hall, John was always ready to have a frolic with his baby daughter, and stay with her till we came back. But now my little despot made great demands upon my time, often drawing me away from the others, and almost daily wanting her nap just at the bathing hour, so that the girls had to go down to the beach without me. However, there was no harm in that, for there were none but nice, quiet people at the hotel, mostly ladies, and there seemed to be no necessity for severe chaperoning. Here was this new arrival, Bob Ainsleigh, though, to be sure, and for him I meant to keep a bright look-out.

The day that he went duck-shooting passed quietly. We spent most of the time in the sitting-room, fanned by sea-breezes through the open windows, dipping our fingers in plates of salt-water, arranging sea-mosses under the professor's supervision. He had kindled us with some of his own enthusiasm for the pretty things, and we worked over them patiently—all but Ella Floyd. She took no interest in our work, and sat most of the time out in the porch reading *Guy Livingstone*.

But the next morning Bob Ainsleigh did not fail to waylay us, on our way from breakfast, to tell Lotty that he had two good boats ready at the pier.

"Very well," said Lotty; "I'll be down there at nine. Now mind you choose me good stout oars, Bob."

"Ay, ay!" he said, and whistled a sailor's tune as he walked gayly away.

"Now, Lotty," I ventured, anxiously, "is this quite the proper thing? I do wish you had not agreed to go!"

"Father would not object," said Lotty, confidently. "Father taught me to row himself, and he and I used to have a race every morning in the bay at Nantucket when we were there. He is proud of my rowing."

"It is not the rowing—it's Bob!" I insisted. "Lotty, *please* promise me that you won't race with him again, nor go in a boat with him while we are here. I don't want people talking while you are in my care."

"Oh, you are getting to be such a duenna, Clara!" she exclaimed, laughing. "I will promise willingly. But you must not object to something else I am going to do, for father gave his consent before I left home; and that is to hire a little boat for myself for the season, and go out rowing in it at least an hour every day alone, except when either you or one of the girls wants to go."

That I assented to, feeling rather proud myself of Lotty's prowess. She was a true Helmar. Every one knew the Helmars, and that they acted always honorably, always independently, and did every thing in a strong, brave, vigorous way.

"Still, I am glad my other girls are of the quiet sort," I thought, looking at Flossy and Ella, who were listening with all their ears.

The boat-race came off, and it was very exciting. We went down on the pier to see them start. The hotel guests got an inkling of the affair, and flocked to the shore just as they pushed off, giving them three rousing cheers. Lotty was dressed in her usual boating costume of dark blue, with a cable belt, and she looked like an ocean Hebe. A few strokes took them out into clear water, and then they bounded along side by side, both good rowers, and well matched. Bob Ainsleigh's oars went deeper into the water, but Lotty's long, steady stroke kept her even with him.

"How far are you going?" cried some one after them.

"Round the island!" Bob shouted back.

At that the crowd scattered, and went strolling in all directions for good points of view. But I staid with Rosie in a sunny corner near the pier, and let Flossy and Ella come and go with reports.

It was three miles around the island, and the boats were more than two hours making the circuit, fighting against wind and tide. There was a throng of people down on the pier to cheer them as they came in, so nearly side by side that neither could be fairly declared victor after all. Bob helped Lotty ashore, and I was on the spot at once to take her home. I suppose he had expected to walk up with her himself; for as I drew her away he frowned and walked off sulkily, his hands in his pockets.

"Nothing but a headstrong boy!" I exclaimed to my flushed and exultant charge, as we marched up the path. "Now, Lotty, neither his mother nor sister came out with the rest, and I have overheard chance remarks that make me heartily wish you had not gone."

"Oh, well, we won't go again," said Lotty.

"Now see here, girls," I continued, addressing them all, "we are to have no more of these young gallants around, mind that! I am your dragon to guard you, you know. We will just keep ourselves to ourselves after this, and if at

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any time we absolutely need an escort, we will have no one but the professor—for he's scientific and safe!"

The girls laughingly agreed, and as the next few days passed decorously by, I forgot my uneasiness. We settled down into a sort of routine, and had a real good time, doing all our bathing and strolling in the mornings, and in the afternoons taking naps, reading, or working, as we liked. Flossy and Lotty each determined to fill an album of mosses to take home for a souvenir, and their bottles of specimens stood in every corner. The professor helped them to choose the finest, and himself contributed some rare beauties to the collections. The library was turned into a press-room—the presses consisting of smooth boards with great heavy stones placed on them. Whenever we went down to the shore, Flossy carried her pole and net, to catch any pretty mosses that might come floating up by the rocks. And Lotty—who had carried out her plan of hiring a boat and rowing an hour a day—was equally zealous, and seldom came home without a dripping handful. Ella held aloof from all this. She said she saw no beauty in sea-weeds, and preferred to read novels or to go calling on some of the young married ladies at the hotel whose acquaintance she had made. There was a Mrs. Myrick in particular whom she thus favored.

Meanwhile Lotty was behaving beautifully about Bob Ainsleigh. He invited her to sail again and again, but she steadily declined. He came to the cottage to call on her three or four times; but finding us all together in the sitting-room, with the professor—who chanced each time to be present—discoursing on science and other lofty things, he became ill at ease; and as Lotty would not go out in the porch with him, he left very soon, evidently in a huff.

Ella Floyd fell into a habit of lingering with the Myricks after supper, and returning to the cottage later than the rest of us, sometimes even after dark, but as she was always in when I came down stairs from getting my dimpled darling to bed, I did not pay much attention to this fact, till one evening Rosie went to sleep sooner than usual, and I got down just as Ella was saying good-night to a gentleman at the door. She said it was Mr. Myrick, and that he always came home with her if it was late. I told her then she must never be late again. It was all very well to go and sit an hour or so with Mrs. Myrick, who was a plain, lady-like person enough, but her husband was decidedly flashy-looking and fast, not at all to my taste.

The next night there was to be a hop in the hotel parlors, the first entertainment of the sort since we had been on the island, and of course the girls wanted to go. But how was it to be managed? for of course I could not let them go by themselves, neither could I leave my sleeping baby. But at last it was settled, by Flossy, with her usual sweetness, offering to give up going, and to sit with Rosie while I matronized the others. I agreed to this the more readily because her mother's caution still now and then rang in my ears, and who could tell what a hotel dance might lead to? So I went up with Lotty and Ella; they were each other's partners, and danced very prettily together. Bob Ainsleigh stood with lowering brow in the corner: I had made Lotty promise not to dance with him. I watched the graceful motions for a while, and then, feeling a little homesick for Rosie, I went to a window and looked down the darkness to where a single light shone star-like from the cottage chamber. Here the professor found me, just as I was growing remorseful over Flossy's isolation; and on learning how the case stood, he at once proposed to escort me home, if I felt anxious about baby, and to bring Flossy back in my place. I consented to this, if he would promise me to bring all the girls home in an hour, for to so respectable an escort as our grave professor no parent could object.

Arriving at the cottage, I put my mantle around Flossy and hurried her off, then took my place by the table where she had sat. The book she had been reading lay open at a sonnet beginning:

> "The face of all the world is changed, I think,
> Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul."

I closed it with a smile. So this demure little maiden was beginning to prepare her heart already for the love which might come in the future, as some flowers wake up before the sun rises.

The time slipped rapidly by while I was writing a letter to John detailing all our doings, and I was startled, as I finished, to find that it was after ten o'clock.

"Where are those girls?" I exclaimed, springing up and going to the door to look out. There was no moon, but it was bright starlight. I dimly saw two figures coming down the path, but as they approached the cottage one disappeared. The other came slowly forward, and as I lifted my lamp I saw it was Ella Floyd, looking paler than usual and a little frightened.

"Ella, who came home with you?" I demanded.

"Mr. Myrick," she replied.

"Ella!" I began, sternly, but she interrupted me with a sort of petulance.

"Well, what was I to do? You went off with the professor without saying a word to us, and then I lost Lotty, and I don't know what I should have done if it hadn't been for the Myricks!"

"At least you might have ended your perplexity sooner by coming home an hour ago," I said, coldly; but my reproaches were cut short by the sudden appearance of the professor and Flossy, coming not from the direction of the hotel, but from the shore. They both looked excited. Flossy's eyes were big and shining, and her hair was tumbling out of its net.

"Why, where is Lotty?" I exclaimed.

"We don't know where she is!" said Flossy, breathlessly. "We have looked and looked, and can't find her any where!"

"I suppose it is partially my fault," said the professor, humbly. "When we went up to the hotel we did not go into the parlor at once, as I was tracing out some of the constellations for Miss Dunbar; and when we did go in, Miss Helmar was nowhere to be seen."

"But you inquired? you searched for her? Where is she?" I cried.

"Those of whom I inquired," he replied, "had last seen her promenading with young Ainsleigh. The surmise is that they went out for a stroll on the rocks."

"Then you have set the whole hotel to surmising!"

"Oh, Clara!" broke in Flossy, eagerly, "I am sure Professor Brown has been very kind; and he has gone with me down on the pier, and to the grotto, and up to the cliff—all Lotty's favorite walks—but we could not find her."

"You dear little white kitten!" I exclaimed, "should *I* ever have let you take such a tramp? Go into the house, child, and let me hear the rest from the professor."

"There is nothing more," he said, soberly. "We thought she might have got back before us. As she has not, I will go again at once in search of her."

And off he strode down the sandy path before I could even think to offer him a lantern.

I went into the sitting-room with the two girls, and there we sat and waited. My distress and excitement were almost uncontrollable, but the girls took the matter quietly enough after the first surprise, and even played and sang. I suppose when one is just entering the romantic period, starlight escapades and the like seem quite the natural thing, and not to be worried over.

I can not say the time dragged—it flew rather; it really seemed to me that I could see the hands on the clock moving steadily and quickly ahead, hurrying on the time to a later and still later hour. How soon it would be midnight, and Lotty no one knew where! The wind had been for some time rising with a desolately sad sound, and now, to crown our woes, the sky blackened and it began to rain.

Midnight at last! Just as I was springing up, feeling that I could endure it no longer, the door burst open, and there was Lotty, dripping wet, her eyes flashing, her face all aglow, and no one at all with her.

"I never had such a time in all my life!" she exclaimed. "Dear me, how wet it is! Clara, have you been worried? It is all Bob Ainsleigh's fault. He invited me to walk out on the rocks with him, and as the family are all to leave to-morrow, I consented, thinking I had treated him rather shabbily of late. Well, he wanted me to go to a place where he had discovered a sort of echo, so on we walked and walked till, if you believe it, I found myself halfway round the island, in a rocky fissure, with the ocean roaring at my feet! There *is* rather a curious echo there, Clara. I must tell the professor about it. Well, then the foolish boy began to talk again about the old subject, you know, that I had absolutely forbidden him to mention again, and he was so persistent I was obliged to be severe at last, and I told him his conduct was contemptible, and he had lost all my respect. That stung him, and he turned in a passion and strode rapidly away. I called to him to wait for me, for I did not want to be left alone at night among those dark slippery rocks. Well, he did not take the same path we went by, but the other, quite round the island, and never so much as offered to help me once! But at one point he did call back, 'Have a care there!' and I stopped short, and found myself on the very edge of a steep rock that went down as much as ten feet! Did you ever hear any thing like it? I can tell you I was glad enough to see the light streaming out of these windows!"

This was Lotty's account of her mad adventure. What the rest of us said, and how haggard and pale Professor Brown looked when he got back and found her there, are matters of no importance. I hurried my charges off to bed with few words, thinking I would have a serious talk with Lotty the next day.

But, dear me! she scattered all I had to say before I had hardly begun.

"I am sorry I kept you up so late, Clara dear," she said at once; "but truly that is all the harm I see in it. I shall tell my father all about it, and he will not blame me. Really, instead of scolding me, dear, you ought to scold Ella, for it is the common talk of the hotel how she flirts with Mr. Myrick."

"What!" I exclaimed, aghast.

"Bob told me so. She walks with him every evening, leaning on his arm with such an air of devotion; and poor Mrs. Myrick, they say, is ready to tear her in pieces."

This was enough. I went hastily to find Ella, and called her to account. What do you think? She looked up at me quite pertly and said:

"Why, what have I done wrong, Mrs. Houghton? Is it any more harm for me to walk with Mr. Myrick than for you to receive calls from Professor Brown every day?"

"You wicked girl!" I cried, "you know he is one of my husband's best friends, and John especially requested him to call here every day to see if we needed any thing."

"Oh, well," continued Ella, obstinately, "then why don't you talk to Flossy? I am sure if ever a girl was dead in love, she is!"

But I was not to be thus diverted, and after an hour of serious conversation I had the satisfaction of leaving Ella in tears of contrition. Poor, miserable girl! She had thought because Guy Livingstone flirted, so could she!

But what was that nonsense about Flossy? and, by-the-way, where *was* Flossy? I asked Lotty, who sat playing with little Rose in the porch.

"Oh, she went down to the shore half an hour ago," she said, "along with the professor, to catch algæ off the rocks!"

So after them down to the shore I sped in sudden anxiety. There they sat together on the rocks, and as I approached I heard him saying something about "most rare and lovely Flora."

"Oh, gracious!" I exclaimed, mentally, "I hope it is sea flora he means!" But it was not sea flora he meant—it was our Flora, the sweetest, choicest Flora on earth! I saw that, as soon as I reached them and met their happy eyes. It was all over: they loved each other, and were leagued against the whole world!

Well, what could I do? A letter to John, sent out by that night's boat, brought him to the island the next day, and as soon as might be he took his flock of culprits home. And if ever I go chaperoning again!

I have not seen Ella Floyd since, and I don't think I want to see her. As to Lotty Helmar, I love and admire her, but I don't want to have charge of her. A girl who finds it as natural to receive a declaration of love on black, slippery rocks at midnight by the roaring sea as others do in a parlor or conservatory is more than I can manage.

The Dunbars are furious. I took them home a loving, loyal woman in place of the sweet dreamy child they lent me. They see in the professor only a plain, inelegant, poor man, and they have forbidden her to see, speak, or write to him. She obeys, and is not cast down. She is willing to wait, and I see the light of a love and faith in her eyes that many waters can not quench, and many fires can not consume. She believes that one day they will see him as she sees him, and recognize the pure and lofty soul, the great intellect, and the true, tender heart. So they will, perhaps, for meantime the professor is winning laurels in the scientific world, and laurels count higher than dollars sometimes among these fine old families.

But may I never again be a chaperon!

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

FLIES—considered individually, the subject is small, but it is very numerous. In fact, of all small creatures not absolutely vicious, the common fly is the most vexatious. Mosquitoes bite—they must, to get their living; bees sting—to defend themselves; cockroaches run away when you attack them—they are afraid; but flies nibble upon you in an aggravating manner, never getting enough, and nothing will drive them away: they return with fierce persistency after cruel and constant rebuffs. You commence to read your newspaper in a comfortable arm-chair, or to write, for the sake of friendship, fame, or daily bread, at your desk. In the middle of the first sentence soft footsteps begin to tickle the top of your left ear. You shake your head emphatically, without lifting your pen. The intruder flies off a few inches, and re-alights on the back of your neck. Another shake, and again he settles on the top of your head, and begins to promenade up and down the parting of your hair. You give your head a vigorous slap, never by any chance hitting the fly. He is equally content to crawl over your forehead, and you meekly brush him away, hoping that gentle measures may prove effectual. He tries your right ear, and with calm resolution you wave him away. The creature sees his advantage, and audaciously alights on your nose. Resolved to keep your temper, you think you will let him take his own time to leave, hoping it will be soon, and forever. He pecks with gentle but restless persistence, and you write vigorously, resolute not to be disturbed by trifles. Suddenly down goes your pen, making an ugly blot on the fair sheet, and you employ both hands in giving your nasal organ a good rubbing. Patience, as in a moment, is exhausted. You meditate murder; you plan it deliberately—murder in the first degree. You lean back in your chair, and set yourself as a trap. The bait is good; the expected victim approaches; you wait breathlessly; your hand falls with a blow that makes your cheek tingle—but you look up to see him securely fluttering above your head, ready to try again. You will be more cautious and give your mind to the business. You take your handkerchief, double it judiciously, and hold it ready to descend with swift vengeance. The fellow is on your left hand—such a little creature to disturb your equanimity! Slowly, slowly, and you will get him! With sudden and tremendous force you pounce upon him—and he sails away unharmed! You feel most uncomfortably irritated—conquered by an insignificant fly! And you reflect (while brushing away the swarm which by this time, attracted by the confusion you have made, have come to see what is the matter) upon poisons, medicated fly-papers, and all the cunning devices advertised for enticing flies into the house with malicious intent. Shall you provide the neighborhood (of flies) with deadly food or submit to be nibbled alive? That is the question. And you fall into a mental discussion concerning the comparative annoyance of dead and of living flies, in the midst of which you drop into what would be a comfortable doze except for the audacious return of the identical fly you have been fighting, which lights on the tip of your nose, and you awake feeling absolutely cross.

Students on Penikese Island have been studying spiders. Illustrations were drawn from the spiders' webs with which the walls of one room are curtained, and which are kept inviolate for that special purpose.

July 27, 1856, is remembered by residents of New England as "the hot Sunday." The two preceding days had been unusually warm, and many were tempted to resort to watering-places which were supposed to be comparatively cool. A Boston paper of that date says that about a thousand persons went from that city to pass the Sabbath at Nahant. The day proved a most distressing one, the thermometer rising to ninety-seven degrees, and the air being perfectly still. No special preparation had been made for such a crowd of visitors; not only the ice but the drinking water entirely failed, and all supplies of food. The suffering experienced by many will never be forgotten.

The immense amount of unripe fruit with which our markets are now filled accounts in great measure for the recent increase of mortality among children. The increased heat and close, sultry weather weigh heavily upon the infantile population of a great city; but unripe and decayed fruit causes more deaths that is generally supposed.

The *phylloxera*, which first made its appearance as a vineyard plague in France during 1865, has again commenced its ravages on the grape-vines. It is said the insect never abandons a vineyard until it is absolutely denuded.

After church one Sunday a little girl living in Newburyport, Massachusetts, inquired of her mother who the "siggerbuggers" were. She was informed that there were no such creatures, but persisted that there must be, as the minister had prayed especially for them that day. It happened that the reverend man had some peculiarity of pronunciation, and after considerable investigation as to what the child had mistaken for the "siggerbuggers," it was discovered that the intended subjects for prayer were "the sick among us!"

Another poor little church-goer asked his mother where the "cattle with a thousand tails" lived.

"Cattle with a thousand tails, child!" exclaimed the astonished parent, "there are no such things."

"Yes, there are," returned the boy; "the minister said the cattle with a thousand tails were the Lord's!"

Is it surprising that little children do not understand sermons and enjoy church-going?

Deprivation of sleep is one of the many capital punishments in use under the Chinese criminal code, and generally proves fatal in about ten days. Five foolish young Belgians lately tried this experiment upon themselves, with more or less disagreeable results. They had a wager that they would remain awake for seven days, on condition that they might use all possible means of keeping off sleep. They arranged the employment of their time in the following manner: the night was spent in dancing and drinking quantities of coffee; during the day they rode, fenced, or shot at a mark, taking coffee every half hour. One of these young men won the wager, but lost twenty-five pounds in weight; two fell asleep after remaining awake 130 hours; one was seized with inflammation of the lungs; the fifth was overcome by slumber while on horseback, fell, and broke his arm; and thus ended this very unnecessary ordeal.

A good deal of sickness has been caused in many places by eating fish. It is held that trout is unfit for food two days after it has been killed, and that there is no process by which it can be kept good. Not long since a family in Cincinnati were made seriously ill by eating smoked trout. And several persons in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, were taken violently sick, recently, after partaking of smoked white-fish.

Travel to the Yosemite seems to have rapidly diminished since June. There is something wrong in the management of things, it is said. Charges are too exorbitant. The experience of the Viennese should be a warning to our country. Sometimes people refuse to submit to undue exactions.

Several wealthy Boston ladies have been raising a fund to be devoted to giving rides into the suburbs of the city to invalids whose limited means do not allow them to procure any such indulgence. Various methods of arranging excursions for poor children, mothers with infants, and invalids are being carried out in many of our cities. The charity is worthy the consideration of every one during this warm and sultry weather.

In Europe there are establishments where professional waiting is taught as a business. Wealthy hotel proprietors on the Continent, desiring to have their sons continue their occupation, send them to learn the art of a professional waiter. Without such knowledge and training they are considered incompetent to manage a first-class establishment. It is proposed to have such a school in New York.

A Tennessee young lady is getting discouraged. She does not mention how old she now is, but when she first "came out" in society she made up her mind that she could only marry an Episcopalian, being herself of that denomination. Finding not the man, she modified her views, and concluded to marry no one who was not a Christian. All she is looking for now is a man who does not drink whisky.

Wonders never cease in this progressive age of the world. It is now announced that a new novel by Charles Dickens is forth-coming. Dickens, to be sure, is dead, but, according to report, he yet speaketh through a spiritual medium living in Brattleboro', Vermont. This favored individual is described as a young machinist, about thirty years of age, who has had no training whatever for literary work. Every body will be delighted, of course, that in another state of existence Dickens continues his accustomed employment, and is willing to give the result of his labors to the inhabitants of this mundane sphere. This new development of the powers of deceased authors creates one difficulty, however: we can never have any complete set of the works of any writer; there will always be the liability of a new book being dictated by him to some spiritualist, which will necessitate our having it bound up to match our "green and gold" set, or whatever it may happen to be. To be sure, a new novel by Scott, Cooper, or Bulwer would always be very welcome; but then one sometimes likes to feel that he really has the whole of a thing! The anxious public must patiently await the completion of this "new novel by Dickens."

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THE DOMESTIC MOTHER.

THE DOMESTIC MOTHER.

COME, baby, my darling! and like the sweet bird
That hies to its leaf-hidden nest,
Do thou in thy helplessness seek mamma's arms,
And nestle to sleep on her breast.
The sound that falls last on thy half-waking ear
Shall thy mother's soft lullaby be;
And baby, while wandering in dream-land to-night,
The face of his mother shall see.

O mothers! whose arms have forgotten the weight
That is surely more precious than gold,
How little ye know of the sweet inner life
That is slipping so fast from your hold!
Nor laces nor satins can ever atone
For the joys ye are thoughtlessly yielding:
And what of the dangers around the young life
Of the baby your love should be shielding?

THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER.

OH, not by the arms that are daintily decked
In the richest of satin and lace
Must baby expect to be lulled to his rest:
'Twould be shockingly out of place!
It never would do for the dear tired head
Mamma's fancy collar to crumple;
And what would she do if her baby should chance
That stylish silk garment to rumple?

But nurse—she is paid for her motherly (?) care
Of the child of a fashionable mother;
And baby is learning as older he grows
To love one as well as the other!
Oh, poor little child! you are robbed of the rights
Your infancy daily demands;
And mamma robs herself of the dearest of joys
When she yields you to hireling hands.

THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER.

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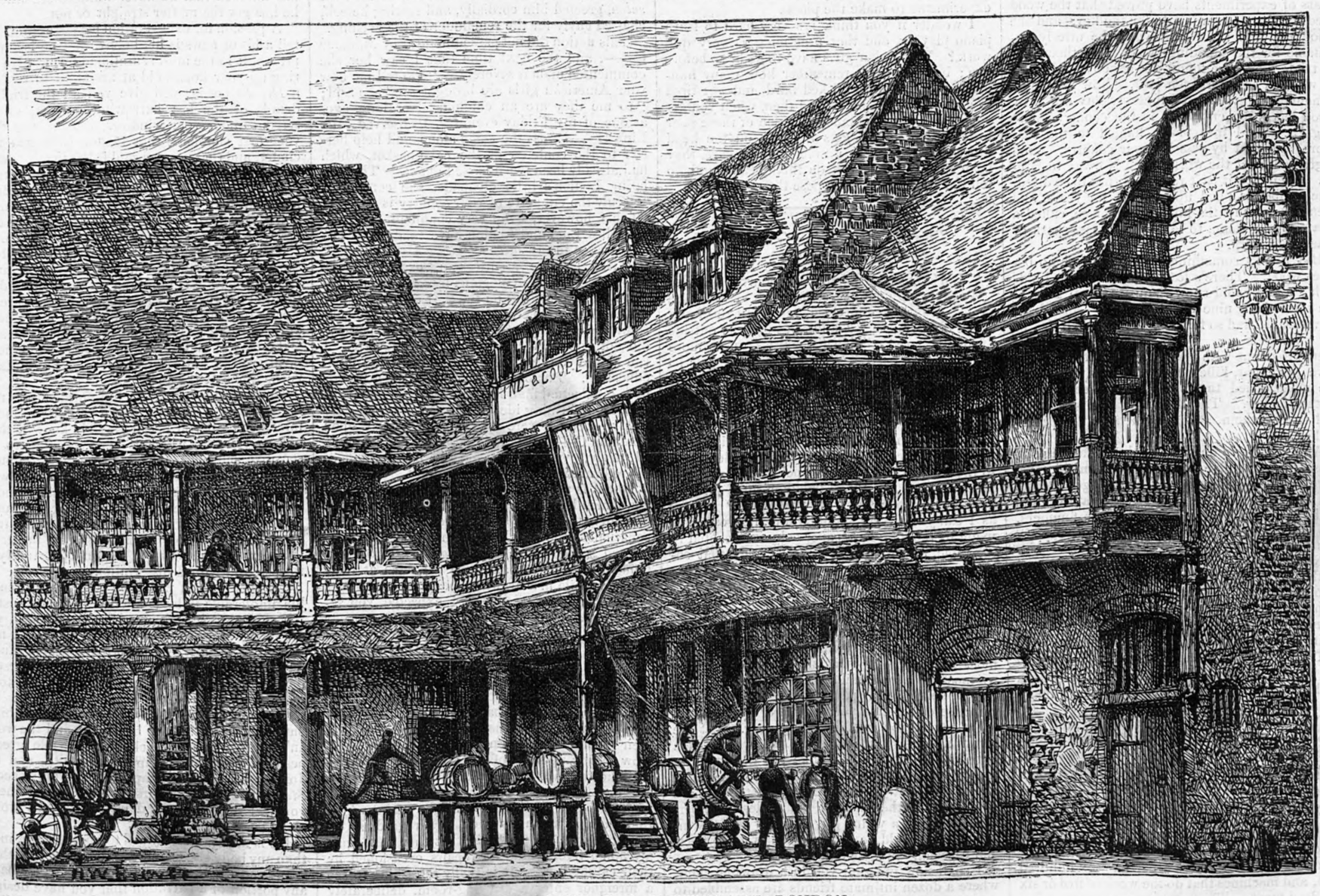
A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

THE TABARD INN, SOUTHWARK, LONDON.

THIS ancient English hostelry has recently attracted considerable attention on account of the announcement lately made that it was to be sold by public auction, and that in all probability it would be pulled down, and a modern building, probably devoted to the interests of leather or hops—two paramount borough industries—erected on its site. At first people thought that this was the veritable tavern in which Chaucer represented the assembling of his Canterbury Pilgrims 500 years ago, and it was not unreasonably asked that such a precious relic of the Middle Ages should be preserved, as the Hôtel Cluny has been preserved in Paris, and not sacrificed to the prosaic necessities of utilitarianism. But it has since been shown that, though the existing Tabard undoubtedly stands on the



THE TABARD INN, SOUTHWARK, LONDON.

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site of Chaucer's hostelry, it is not the same building. There was a terrible fire in the borough in 1676: 600 houses had to be destroyed in order to arrest the progress of the flames, and among them the inn visited by the Canterbury Pilgrims perished. Yet the present Tabard is sufficiently quaint to be worth saving in a city which possesses very few specimens of antique architecture. "It is," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "a poor little tumble-down odd mediæval structure, with carpentry like that of Noah's ark, and gable ends sorely out of symmetry, while inside it opens up one of those old court-yards lined with wooden galleries, characterizing the hostelries of mediæval times, and of which perfect examples may still be found in Holborn, Bishopsgate, and Gracechurch Street." In Urry's edition of Chaucer, published in 1721, there is a view of the Tabarde, or Talbot (the original name was for a time thus corrupted), as it then stood, the yard apparently opening upon the street, and it is constantly mentioned in books of anecdotes in the last century as a place of popular resort for carriers' wagons. The word "tabard" signifies a sort of jacket or sleeveless coat, with a square collar, once worn by noblemen, but latterly the distinctive dress of the heralds. The first foundation of this inn—which we ought to say is situated in the Borough High Street, within sight of London Bridge, and near the Hop Market—would appear to be due to the abbots of Hyde, who, when the bishops of Winchester had their palace near St. Saviour's Church, actually fixed their town residence close by. The land on which the old Tabard stood was bought by the Abbot of Hyde in 1307, and on it he erected a hostelry, which has continued to be a place of public entertainment up to the present time. Our engraving shows the Tabard Inn in its present state.

A WONDERFUL BOX.

WHAT strange stories you would hear if the furniture in your house could speak and tell its adventures!

Why, there's one curious box—on legs—that I dare say is in every house where this paper will go, that could tell stories of every part of the world. One part could tell of the frozen lands of the north pole, of icebergs, snow-houses, and fur-clad people; another part could tell of the hot countries at the equator, of fuchsia-trees thirty feet high, and wonderful forests filled with chattering monkeys and parrots; another portion of the box could take you to the deserts of Africa, tell of elephant hunts, and long caravans of men and camels; and still another might take you to dark mines hundreds of feet down into the earth.

To collect these different articles from their homes, prepare them for use, send them to market, and finally to unite them in one beautiful and useful box, took—I can't tell you how many hundreds of men. And all that you may have a nice piano!

You have no idea how many things help to make your piano. In the first place, there's the wood—twenty kinds of it.

You think one kind would do? Well, that's because you know very little about it. Long years of experiments have proved that the wood used for the cover won't do for the keys, and the wood put into the frame would be utterly unsuitable for the sounding-board. By thousands of trials they have found out exactly what kind of wood is best for each part. Now you must remember that each of these twenty kinds of wood has to be cut down in the country where it grew, sawed into plank, hauled to the seashore, and sent by vessel to our country. And it grew all over the world, from Norway to Brazil. Even then it isn't ready. It has to be dried. The lumber is piled up and left for years, and then put for months into a fiery place, called a steam-drying room, to take out the last spark of a desire to warp.

But there's something else in your piano besides wood. There's leather, nine or ten kinds of it; and I could show them to you if I could see you. Now nine or ten animals—buffaloes, calves, seals, and so forth—have met their deaths for your pleasure. Nine or ten hunters have been fitted out with guns and other weapons, have gone out, killed their animals, taken off the skins, dried them, and sold them to the leather-maker. The leather-maker has cured and tanned them, and sold them to the piano-maker.

And now we've only got to the metals, and of those there are five or six. Each metal must have taken a small army of men to get the ore out of the ground, melt it up, separate it from rocks and dirt. Then come the iron-founders, the brass-workers, the wire-drawers, the coppermen—I can't even guess how many.

Now I suppose you think we've got to the end of the materials; but I'm sure you don't want wooden keys to your piano. So we must have elephant hunters, and the ivory brought to our piano-factory; and glue and bees-wax—you'd count the bees as workmen, wouldn't you?

Then there's the felt to cover the hammers, the woolen cloth. That comes from a sheep's back, and goes through I don't know how many hands before it gets to be cloth.

To go on with our list, there's emery, oil, putty powder, and lots of other things that I forget; I can't remember *every* thing.

When all these materials—each of which could tell such an interesting story if it could speak—are cut, and gathered, and cured, and melted, and drawn, and rolled, and spun, and woven, and got into the factory, the real piano-making is not yet begun.

In large factories there are five or six hundred men, and machines that do the work of five or six hundred more. There are steam-engines doing the work of two or three hundred horses. And all these men and all these machines can only make *ten pianos* a day.

Did you ever notice how all these things are put together in that wonderful box? If you didn't, you just go now and open the piano, put its top back against the wall, or high up on the rests.

At the bottom of the case, or box, there is a frame of planks glued together very solid and tight. It is four or five inches thick, and is made so strong to endure the terrible pull of the wires. You'll have to take my word for that, for you can't see it.

Did you ask if the wires pull much? I should think they did; they would pull that iron frame to bits in an instant, but for the wood to which it is screwed. The iron frame, you see, is quite thin, and, by-the-way, it is a great deal of work to get this frame ready. It has to be cast, and then lots of holes bored in it, then japanned, and then baked. You didn't think your piano had been baked, did you? Then it is bronzed and gilded. Over that, you see, is the sounding-board, the most important thing in the whole instrument. Some one has called it the "soul of the piano."

The sounding-board is a thin piece of wood right under the strings. Then comes the action; that's the machinery by which the little hammers are made to strike the wires.

Strike a key. Did you see that hammer fly up, hit the wire a tap, and then go back? I don't suppose you can see very well if you strike it yourself, but get some one else to touch the notes, first one by one, and then with both hands, and you'll see a very funny dance of the little leather-headed fellows who live in that dark box.

Even when the works are all in, the piano isn't near done. It has to be polished, and that takes months, because they want to get such a beautiful polish, and one that will last forever. First, the case is made smooth with sand-paper; then it is varnished, and left eight days to harden. Next, a workman takes a tool and scrapes off all the varnish, except what has got into the pores of the wood: that is to make a good solid foundation for the polish. Then it is varnished again, and again scraped off; then it is varnished again, and not scraped off this time, but allowed eight days to harden. After this it is varnished four or five more times, each coat having eight days to dry. When all is done and dry, the workman finishes it up with his bare hands; that gives it a better finish than any thing else.

Over forty different trades are called into use in making a piano.

If you had lived when Mrs. George Washington was a girl, you would not have had such a splendid piano as you have now, for they were not made. The best they could make then was called a "spinet." The strings were struck by pieces of quill instead of hammers. It had but few octaves, and its case was rough and unpolished. The legs were square—in the kitchen-table style—and the sound was simply a horrible twang. If you had lived in Queen Elizabeth's time you would have been still worse off. She had only what was called a "virginal." And it was merely a box of strings on four legs. Yet it was the best Queen Elizabeth had. It has taken hundreds of years and thousands of experiments to make the piano.

I wonder if you think it's very hard to learn piano playing, and that practicing is very dull work? Well, other girls have thought so before you; but you must remember how many hundreds of men have worked hard and got tired to give you the piano. And then, when you get very tired, just remember that one of those poor little fellows inside gets a bump on the head every time you touch a note. To be sure, they have good leather caps on their heads, and, to tell the truth, I don't suppose they care a bit.

TRESPASSES AGAINST ETIQUETTE.

ALMOST every magazine or journal that one takes up contains some one's views, more or less lengthily expressed, upon etiquette and social observances. I know of no topic, outside of time-honored religion and politics, that is more frequently discussed. The code that governs our drawing-rooms is contrasted with those of France and England, and we are alternately praised and censured. Young girls are ridiculed for dressing like their mothers and married sisters, and young gentlemen are admonished to emulate Frenchmen in attention and deference to their elders. Point after point of etiquette is taken up, and the "bad habits of good society" are dilated upon; but with what result? So far as I can judge, very slight, if any, impression is made by the long newspaper columns devoted to the topic, and we might almost decide that society says,

> "Writers may come and writers may go,
> But I go on forever,

in the way that I likes best."

And now in what points of etiquette are we most lacking? In what slight observances do we most frequently fail?

"In none, for my part," is the prompt inward response of a petted young belle of one season.

Do not be too confident, my dear. Let me scrutinize every movement, and weigh each sparkling word that falls, like the diamonds in the fairy tale, from your rose-bud lips, and I much fear that I shall detect *something* amiss—some trifle, the result of thoughtlessness, perhaps; but still a young girl so pretty and charming as you should be perfection in every respect, and especially in style and etiquette.

I shall now imagine you in a drawing-room, where a dozen intimate friends are assembled to pass a social evening *sans façon*. This style of entertainment does not, however, in the least presuppose *sans façon* manners, although it is possible that, unrestrained by the presence of a large assembly, you may carelessly commit several of those little blunders to which I have alluded.

For instance, a young gentleman enters whom you know very well. You are glad to see him, and greet him as he passes on his way to his hostess. He stops to chat a moment, both of you perhaps, quite unconscious that you are guilty of a gross rudeness—he for speaking to any other lady before saluting his hostess, you for usurping the position of the lady of the house by bidding one of her guests welcome before she has done so. I hope that you are not so lacking in good taste as a friend of mine (whose parents, nevertheless, move in the highest intellectual circles of New York), and who, in my house, has often stepped to the door of the *salon*, and intercepting my guests on their way to me, received them herself.

It is in Paris that the breeding of our American girls appears to the most striking disadvantage. I have often smiled to see the astonishment of French matrons at their perfectly unconscious breaches of etiquette. The most amusing *contretemps* took place at the receptions of Madame C——, a very aristocratic Englishwoman, brought up from girlhood in Paris, and married to a French diplomat of high standing. Her *salons* were always filled with the cleverest of French talent—musicians, dramatists, actresses, and the last sweet thing in prodigies, blending harmoniously through Madame C——'s rare tact, with some members of the clergy, violent "Reds," and the *noblesse* of the old and new *régimes*. Americans had rarely entered her *salons*, but a few bearing warm letters of commendation were invited to her Friday evenings. I watched once, not without amusement, the *ennui* of a young New York girl, beautiful as only an American can be, and evidently accustomed to adulation. Madame C—— was thoroughly French in her mode of receiving, and the young gentlemen conversed together in a sort of distant exile near the door, or made their way unintroduced to the side of some married lady. Meantime the young girls were being entertained by the married gentlemen; and very charming the French Benedicts are. I never found any *ennui* in their society. However, my young belle, whom I will call Loulou, soon commenced to weary of the society of the Chevalier X—— (a very gifted and intellectual man, by-the-way), and tapping her hostess unceremoniously with her fan, said, in English, "Dear Madame C——, I am so tired of talking to married men; do introduce me to some of those handsome young gentlemen near the piano, will you not?"

For a moment Madame C—— looked aghast, then answered, with dignity, "You ask of me an impossibility, my dear. I have two sons of my own to marry," she added, lightly, as if to turn the rebuff into a jest. "I am not looking for wives for those other young men, so I could not think of interfering with the prospects of my own family."

With an air of disappointment, Loulou returned to the society of her chevalier; but in a few moments her face lit up with smiles, as a young Englishman, whom she knew very well, entered the room. Without reflection, she crossed the *salon*, greeted him cordially, and seating herself, chatted gayly for the remainder of the evening.

This action did not pass unnoticed by Madame C——, and the next time that I saw her she commented upon it severely. "Do tell me how your American girls are brought up," she said; "to me they are an enigma. Not long ago, at one of my Friday evenings, I observed Miss Lina D—— cross the *salon* alone, and help herself to the contents of the cake-basket, which had already been twice passed about." Then relating Loulou's little escapade, she continued, "Truly the etiquette of your country is strange. Of this, however, I am very confident. Mesdemoiselles Lina and Loulou have made their last appearance in my *salons*."

"But let me assure you, dear Madame C——," I said, apologetically, "that it was mere thoughtlessness on the part of those young girls. They are accustomed at home to the constant society of young gentlemen, and perhaps did not know the rules of French etiquette. I can assure you that they are ladies by birth and education. Loulou is the daughter of a prominent intellectual man in New York—a man eminent for reforming ideas."

My excuses were quite thrown away upon Madame C——. "It is a pity," she remarked, dryly, "that Mr. —— did not commence his reformation with his own family."

But it is not only ladies who fail in etiquette; gentlemen have quite a varied list of peccadilloes of which to repent. I will leave to their own consciences the number of times that they have saluted some charming young lady before noticing their hostess, and give a glance at their conduct while in a drawing-room.

You take a seat—yes, as I expected, you select the easiest arm-chair available. Are our American young men so sickly or effeminate that they require easy-chairs, or is it merely a habit? I hope the latter; but if so, it is one which they should correct. It is quite a common occurrence in good society to see young girls sitting upon stiff-backed chairs, and gentlemen occupying arm-chairs or sofas. And then their position in them is not *sans reproche*. Now lolling upon a sofa, not without danger to its delicate shade from contact with their *ambrosial* locks; now spread out in a daintily embroidered low chair of very fragile make, which they balance upon its back legs, regardless of consequences. I only wish that they would pay my upholsterer's bills for repairs occasioned by their carelessness. It is really refreshing to see a foreigner enter a drawing-room, deliberately choose the stiffest-backed chair at hand, and sit in it as erect as though in a cavalry parade. To see a man who has some backbone, says M——, is an agreeable novelty.

I have often met in society a young gentleman who is in personal appearance an Adonis, of very good family, well-educated, and the best partner in the German. In conversation he is most agreeable, and he is not without some pretensions to literary merit. An admirable Crichton, you will think. In all respects save one—when any thing strikes his sense of humor he explodes (no other word can describe it) into a burst of laughter that could be heard I fear to say how far, and that only resembles the laughter I have heard in country bar-rooms. This trait, I think, unfits Adonis for a lady's drawing-room.

One last word to my own sex. Young ladies often take their card-cases to parties, that they may give their addresses to any agreeable young gentleman to whom they are introduced. The propriety of such an action—the gentleman being entirely unknown to their parents—is a matter of taste. I will merely mention the effect it once produced at my own house. A young Englishman came to me at an evening reception, saying that he was much embarrassed, having just received an invitation from a young lady, whom he had met for the first time, to call upon her. "You know I am a stranger here," he said, "and do not know your customs; but in England such a thing is unheard of; invitations are extended only by the parents." I told him that the young lady was not acting in opposition to New York customs, although it was by no means the way that I had been brought up. My excuses were ineffectual; he never called upon her.

THE FACT-MONGER.

I AM about to warn the public of the existence among us of a species of mental garroter who walks at large ready to throttle us conversationally, to rob us of our opportunities, and by whom the unsuspecting might be choked off at any moment but for this timely note of warning, which may, perhaps, put them on their guard.

This being is the Fact-monger, who, in consequence of a life spent in the accumulation of disjointed matter, has become what Dr. Maudesley calls "a mere sense machine" for registering observations, which he pours out upon one at the first chance, tripping one up with an anecdote, strangling another with a fact, and murdering every body's enjoyment whenever a glimpse is caught of his sharp, peering face, or the sound is heard of his penetrating voice, laden as it always is with unnecessary information, which we struggle against as being as unwholesome for the human intelligence as overfeeding is for the stomach. Against being interrupted in our own ideas, and crammed with pointless facts, we would utter an indignant protest, appealing, if necessary, to Mr. Bergh, who will permit no animal to suffer unjustly.

The Fact-monger knows every thing, which is one good reason for hating him, and he seldom knows it correctly, which is a still better cause for complaint, being always in such a desperate hurry to disgorge any bit of knowledge which he has imbibed that he never waits to see whether he has got the matter straight or not.

A passion for exaggeration possesses him. To tell a bit of news is his hobby, and he is sure to present it in the most sensational form. He will ring up your household at midnight to rehearse a *Herald* poster, will give you all the frightful details of the last harrowing murder, or will scream under your windows, rousing you from your first slumbers, that Boston is burned to a cinder, and that not one soul is left to tell how the fire originated, taking the imaginative sketches of the newsboys for solid information. Indeed, he would take genuine satisfaction in informing you of the death of your nearest relation if he only believed that you had not heard of it before.

The Fact-monger has always that most objectionable of qualities—an instructive manner. His information is imparted with an off-hand air that implies that the Eleusinian mysteries are old stories to him, though you probably never heard of them before. If he alludes to Athens, he adds "the capital of Greece, you know," and never mentions the Vatican without explaining that it is the home of the Pope.

However ignorant and uninformed one may be, there is a certain subtle flattery in being talked to as if you might possibly know a thing or two yourself, which is very soothing to the sensitive soul; but such weak truckling to human vanity the Fact-monger disdains. It is always the part of pedagogue that he performs; and if he questions, it is merely to elicit your ignorance, and to find some point on which he knows a trifle more than you do. A trifle, say I? rather he is always on the look-out for an opportunity to furnish you with a dissertation.

Another way in which he contrives to render life intolerable is by pouncing upon you just at the critical point of your best story, when you are fondly hoping to be rewarded for having narrated it with spirit by an approving peal of laughter from the company. Arresting the burst at its outset, he rushes to the front, saying, "Stop a moment; you were all wrong, you know: the wall the man climbed was not eight feet high, but seven and a half, to be exact; and the woman's dress was not black, but invisible green; besides, the grocer's name was Smith, and not Jones, and it didn't happen in Twenty-second Street, but in Thirty-first." At such moments you feel that coffee and pistols for two would alone be a comfort to you.

He is always determined to know a little more than any body else on any given subject. If there is any one idea that you have purposely kept back, any portion of a narration that you have designedly thrown into shadow, it is his perfect delight

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to supplement your relation with that fact, and to coolly destroy all your fine aerial effects. Indeed, the great lack in his nature is a want of moral perspective, and every thing looks of the same size to him.

He is always being taken in by the hoaxes that go the rounds of the press, for it never occurs to him to reflect upon an incident, to discuss its probability, to consider its bearings. He imagines a diamond in every clod he picks up, and never stops to test his nugget before proclaiming its possession to the world; consequently, when carefully sifted, his treasure proves but a sham and a delusion. Exposure in his case, however, never prevents a recurrence of the same credulity, and the mare's-nests that he finds are innumerable.

Indeed, a close examination leads us to believe that the pernicious habit of fact-devouring really affects the brain and deprives it of all power of assimilation. The mind under this process becomes a perfect sieve, the holes for information to run out of growing larger in proportion as more facts are poured in. In an intelligence thus affected knowledge no longer serves as a fertilizer to develop the seeds of character and thought, but simply percolates through a sandy soil, leaving it as dry and barren as before. Should you seek here a crop of ideas, you will find nothing but a few unsightly weeds, while loose facts lie around like stones upon the surface —a pure accumulation of undigested information.

Another peculiarity of the Fact-monger is that he never gets what he knows from original sources, but prefers to receive it through the medium of another mind. He revels in newspapers, but turns his back on archives as fusty and undesirable reading. He is not even valuable to be used like an old file, for the events of last year have sifted through his intelligence and left not a wreck behind, and he is even a little misty about the things he told you a month ago. He cares for nothing but what can be caught flying. The patient delving after truth characteristic of the earnest worker is abhorrent to his soul. The fact itself has nothing to do with his researches: what he desires is simply an item to communicate.

Indeed, we have heard him aptly likened to that traveler who, too lazy to seek the great springs which lie back from the highway, slakes his thirst instead from every puddle by the roadside, and then splashes the passers-by.

The Fact-monger is the *bête noire* of the man of ideas. His self-confidence, his arrogance, his impatience of contradiction, his passion for setting one right on every subject and having the last word in every argument, utterly distract the reflective mind which has learned that conclusions are apt to be fallacious, and that there are few topics on which something more may not be said.

The genus bore is divided into many species, which, like weeds, flourish best under high cultivation. What "pusley" is to the distressed "summerer in a garden," the Fact-monger becomes to the student and thinker. He is omnipresent, all-devouring, ready to fatten on the best, and yet good for nothing. You pull him up at one point only to see him crop out at another, pervading every walk, and hampering the desired growth on all sides. Helpless, useless, and obtrusive as he is, what shall be done with him?

CARNATIONS AND PINKS.

THESE flowers have been universal favorites in our gardens for time out of mind, and being of comparatively easy cultivation, and readily crossing, hybridizing, and breaking into varieties, have always been objects of special care and cultivation among gardeners and florists. So numerous have the varieties become that the catalogues of some of the European cultivators who make their cultivation a specialty contain the names of over 2000 varieties. As they have become so crossed with each other, it is somewhat difficult to classify them; yet it is necessary to attempt it, in order that cultivators may be able to make suitable selections from the catalogues, in which great confusion in regard to them exists. We shall follow the French florists, who have divided them into the following classes:

Grenadin (pomegranate) or ratafia pinks, so called because they are used to color and aromatize liqueurs. They have red or rose-colored flowers, with toothed or fringed petals, and are generally *very* fragrant. They are not much cultivated except for the above purposes and for perfumery. The flowers are generally single, although there are double varieties; these last will exist many years, and when cultivated in pots, and protected in frames or a cool greenhouse, become almost woody. The single ones are raised from seed, and treated as biennials when grown out-of-doors.

Picotees, fancy pinks, and German pinks are the various names given to a class of carnations. The petals of the flowers are generally indented or toothed, but sometimes they are entire. They are free flowering; the flowers are very double, often more so than those of the carnation; the combinations of colors are very remarkable and often bizarre. The French divide them into three classes, viz., those with a white ground color, or English picotees; those with a yellow ground; and those with a slate-colored ground, or German picotees. Sometimes the flowers will be self-colored, but most generally the petals are edged with some other color, which breaks into the ground color in feathers, stripes, spots, lines, and splashes. These colors are of very numerous shades, comprising all shades of red from flesh-color to carmine and vermilion; violet to purple, lees of wine, chestnut, slate, amaranth, dawn-color, and chamois. Again, the ground color will be washed or flamed with one or more of these shades; so that no other flower presents such a remarkable variety of colors.

The seeds produce a large proportion of double flowers, which are generally more double than carnations.

These last are sometimes called Flemish pinks. They have the petals entirely smooth on the edges, and regular, like a cockade. Florists require that the ground color should be pure white, and that the stripes should run continuously from the centre of the flower to the outer edge of the petals, and be sharply defined, without any feathering or breaking of the edges. These stripes or ribbons of color are as various as those of the picotee; sometimes the stripes are all of one color, but generally there are two, sometimes three, and more rarely four. They are not as robust in growth as the picotee, and the seeds do not often produce *perfectly* shaped and *perfectly* marked flowers, even when gathered from prize flowers.

Remontant, or perpetual flowering, carnations are those that bloom not only in the summer season, but also during the winter, when placed in the greenhouse; they comprise both picotees and carnations. They are very beautiful, but are not equal to the summer-blooming varieties in variety of color and symmetry of form. In some parts of France they have a class of ever-blooming carnations called Mahony pinks, that have long, straight, glaucous foliage, and are almost arborescent. The petals are fringed or dentated, and the flowers are self-colored in white and shades of red. Besides these there is also an arborescent form of the true carnation which grows very strongly, with hard, woody stem, requiring to be trained on small frames or trellises four or more feet high. The flowers are very large and double, generally striped with scarlet or crimson on a white ground.

The name of Verviers or Verviétois pinks is given to a race of dwarf carnations. The flower stems are of feeble dimensions, and rarely elevate themselves above the leafy branches of the plant. They are not readily raised from seeds, and are therefore generally propagated by layers or cuttings. They are very desirable for pot culture in window gardening, and are largely grown for this purpose in many parts of England and Belgium.

Lap-dog or ladies' pinks is the name given to a section which contains a small number of varieties remarkable for their delicate colors. They are much more fragrant than the other varieties; the ground color is generally white, washed or painted on the upper side of the petals, or through their centre, with some light shade of color; the petals are sometimes dentated and sometimes entire. There are also ever-blooming varieties of this class. Another class, resembling these, is called by the French sanded pinks, because the secondary color, instead of being washed on the ground color, is thrown out in such a way as to make the flowers appear powdered or dotted with it.

Mignardise, English, Scotch, Paisley, and laced pinks are the various names given to our common garden pinks, of which the pheasant eye is a familiar example. The petals of the flowers are almost always fringed or fimbriated; the ground color is generally white or rose-colored; sometimes, but rarely, they are self-colored; the centre of the flower is banded with shades of crimson, cherry, purple, or brown-black, and sometimes there is a band of color on the edges of the petals.

Hybrids, such as the variety found in the catalogues under the name of *Anna Boleyn*, have been raised by crossing them with picotees, by which means the habit of growth of the picotee has been given them, while retaining in the flower nearly all the characteristics of the pink. Some of the varieties, such as optima and Laura Wilmer, bloom freely in the greenhouse during winter, when taken up in the fall and potted.

Flon pinks, May pinks, St. John's pink, and mule pinks are the names given to a class that is the result of hybridizing and crossing several other classes, and in which some of the characters of *Dianthus hispanicus* and *D. sinensis* are evident. They bloom all the year round, and are admirably adapted for greenhouse cultivation. The flowers are double, of medium size, and generally white, rose-color, or crimson, sometimes striped or spotted with deeper shades. The well-known Sarah Howard pink is an example of this class. The seeds produce but a small number of double-flowering plants; hence they are generally grown from cuttings.

When grown out-of-doors all of the above will do well in any good friable loamy soil, moderately enriched with well-rotted manure; cow manure appears to suit them best. When grown in pots they should have a well-rotted turfy soil, mixed with about one-third or one-fourth of well-rotted manure. They are very impatient of fresh manure and wet soil. Carnations and picotees, when not intended for winter blooming, should be potted, and kept over winter in cold frames, which should be protected from severe frosts, and well aired on bright sunny days. Many varieties of English pinks are better grown in this way, as some of them are rather tender out-of-doors, suffering from wet during the winter. All may be planted out-of-doors in the month of April, when they bloom in July. All may be grown from cuttings when they have done blooming; they require to be kept under glass, and well watered; they root in about three weeks, and should then be potted off in fresh loam, without manure, in small pots, be kept slightly shaded for a few days, and as they establish themselves and fill the pot with roots, should be shifted into the next larger size. When grown in the greenhouse, cuttings may be made from October to March. This is the best time for the monthly carnations.

Carnations and picotees are also propagated by layers, which should be done when they have done blooming out-of-doors. A slanting cut with a sharp penknife should be made just below the third or fourth joint of the shoot, nearly half-way through; the incision should be continued about half an inch above the joint. The shoot should then be inserted in the ground, pegged down to hold it in its place; if the operation is properly done it will be rooted by the middle or end of September, when it should be taken up and potted. It will bloom the next season.

ODD PAINS AND PENALTIES.

THE fool's cap is obsolete; at least it is to be hoped so; for whatever we may think about the infliction of physical pain as a punishment (and to the majority of those who have the management of boys laid upon them it appears not only legitimate but beneficial), there can be little doubt that it is a mistake to employ ridicule for educational purposes. What, for example, could be more injudicious than the discipline of a lady who kept a first-class girls' school some ten years ago, and made her untidy pupils carry their boots slung round their necks when they went out?

Public shame is not reformatory, it only hardens. The child who was often advertised as a fool would soon accept the position, and act up to the character. It is the same with criminals: if you were to brand a thief on the forehead, a thief he must remain till the end of the chapter.

I am speaking, of course, of our own age and country; for upon no subject is it so rash to dogmatize as upon punishment. In the case of people who are degraded, so far as their finer feelings are concerned, by tyrannical institutions, an amount of exposure and obloquy which would ruin the moral sense of a freeman forever may merely rouse a wholesome sense of shame. All depends upon the thickness of the skin; the turpentine blister which would flay a man, only acts as a gentle irritant upon a bullock.

Yet it is not so very long ago since punishments which were principally calculated to hold the offender up to ridicule were so rife in England that one might almost suspect that they were intended to amuse the people, in the days when there were no comic periodicals, rather than to deter from the offense. For instance, few villages were without their cucking-stools, or ducking-stools, for scolds, one hundred and fifty years ago. Nay, the Chelmsford *Chronicle* for April 10, 1801, contains the following paragraph:

"Last week a woman notorious for her vociferation was indicted for a common scold at Kingston; and the facts being fully proved, she was sentenced to receive the old punishment of being ducked, which was accordingly executed upon her in the Thames by the proper officers, in a chair preserved in the town for that purpose; and as if to prove the justice of the court's sentence, on her return from the water's side she fell upon one of her acquaintance, without provocation, with tongue, tooth, and nail."

The drunkard's cloak was a barrel with holes in the top and sides, through which the intemperate man's head and arms were passed, and in this helpless condition he was obliged to walk through the streets of the town, the sport of the idle boys. The Chinese have a similar punishment.

A seat in the stocks can not have been pleasant for a proud and retiring disposition; but apart from the moral element, the severity of the punishment must have varied somewhat unduly with the time of year. On a fine but cloudy July day a philosophic culprit who had no personal enemies in his village might have borne his sentence with considerable equanimity, solacing himself, perchance, by watching the fluctuations of a cricket match in progress on the green; while in a frosty February, with a keen northeast wind blowing, Riccabocca himself would have found the hour of his release a weary while in striking.

To stand in the pillory must have been an exceedingly humiliating as well as exasperating punishment. A man could not well be placed in a more ludicrous position than with his head and hands protruding through holes exactly fitting them, and his body hid away behind the planking. Flies might wander about his nose and ears; gnats might sting him without his being able to drive them off, save perchance by a hideous grimace, which would only dislodge the tormentors for an instant, while it added considerably to the grotesque absurdity of the culprit's appearance.

The severity of this punishment, as well as of the stocks, was, of course, dependent upon the amount of popular indignation excited by the offense. When this ran high, the wretched man's unprotected face was in the position of a live and sentient Aunt Sally's, an object for every description of missile; while in such a case as De Foe's, where sympathy was on the side of the sufferer, "public exposure became a public ovation."

When a Cairo merchant is detected in using false weights and measures, or in adulterating his goods, he is placed against his own doorpost, standing on tiptoe, and nailed by the ear to the wood-work. It is important that he should get free without amputating the member, for that is the penalty for theft; and probably the smart tradesman would be horrified at having his little tricks confounded with vulgar inartistic stealing. For a second offense the thief loses his other ear; for a third, his nose. By-the-bye, perhaps I am wrong to use the present tense, for these penalties may be obsolete at the present day. They may have a model jail and a reformatory at Cairo by this time.

Naval and military punishments seem to have been very generally framed with the idea of rendering the offender ridiculous in the eyes of his comrades. Picketing was one of these; a man was so suspended by his wrists that his heel rested on a wooden peg driven into the ground. Riding the wooden horse was another; the back of this penal steed was very narrow, and weights attached to the rider's legs rendered his seat all the more painful. These punishments were not only humiliating and extremely severe, but they too often inflicted permanent injury on the sufferers, on which latter account they were abolished, and for many years the cat-o'-nine-tails ruled supreme; though the use of that instrument of torture was carried to an extent which excited dread and sympathy, instead of mirth.

The practice of stopping a sailor's grog for minor offenses seems a funny punishment for grown men; it sounds so much like depriving a naughty child of its pudding.

The question of military punishments is by no means so simple a one as many people seem to suppose. At home, and in time of peace, indeed, fine and imprisonment will suffice to preserve discipline; but how can you imprison men during a campaign? It is a serious thing to have a swarm of armed men wandering about a country, and the lives and property of the civil population, even when hostile, must be protected by some rough-and-ready means. If you do not flog insubordinate or plundering soldiers in the field, you must put them to death. It is very barbarous; but every thing connected with war must be shocking to humanitarian feelings. However, though severity is a sad necessity, there is no need to mix up mockery with it, for that is wanton cruelty.

The institutions of riding the rail, an evident imitation of the wooden horse mentioned above, and tarring and feathering, show that the old admixture of cruelty and humor has not yet worked out of the Anglo-Saxon constitution. It must be owned that the man who invented the latter penalty was very ingenious; one wonders how the idea ever came into his head.

Really, it is very shocking to have such a feeling, I own, but supposing one disliked some person very much, and despised him to boot, would one be able to help laughing if one saw him all over feathers, like a Cochin China fowl?

GEORGE ELIOT'S SAYINGS.

FROM "THE MILL ON THE FLOSS."

THERE is no sense of ease like the ease we felt in those scenes where we were born, where objects became dear to us before we had known the labor of choice, and where the outer world seemed only an extension of our own personality: we accepted and loved it as we accepted our own sense of existence and our own limbs. Very commonplace, even ugly, that furniture of our early home might look if it were put up to auction; an improved taste in upholstery scorns it; and is not the striving after something better and better in our surroundings the grand characteristic that distinguishes man from the brute —or, to satisfy a scrupulous accuracy of definition, that distinguishes the British man from the foreign brute? But Heaven knows where that striving might lead us, if our affections had not a trick of twining round those old inferior things —if the loves and sanctities of our life had no deep immovable roots in memory. One's delight in an elderberry bush overhanging the confused leafage of a hedge-row bank, as a more gladdening sight than the finest cistus or fuchsia spreading itself on the softest undulating turf, is an entirely unjustifiable preference to a nursery-gardener, or to any of those severely regulated minds who are free from the weakness of any attachment that does not rest on a demonstrable superiority of qualities. And there is no better reason for preferring this elderberry bush than that it stirs an early memory—that it is no novelty in my life, speaking to me merely through my present sensibilities to form and color, but the long companion of my existence, that wove itself into my joys when joys were vivid.

If people are to quarrel often, it follows as a corollary that their quarrels can not be protracted beyond certain limits.

The feeblest member of a family—the one who has the least character—is often the merest epitome of the family habits and traditions.

We perhaps never detect how much of our social demeanor is made up of artificial airs until we see a person who is at once beautiful and simple: without the beauty, we are apt to call simplicity awkwardness.

It is a wonderful subduer, this need of love—this hunger of the heart—as peremptory as that other hunger by which Nature forces us to submit to the yoke, and change the face of the world.

Secrets are rarely betrayed or discovered according to any programme our fear has sketched out. Fear is almost always haunted by terrible dramatic scenes, which recur in spite of the best-argued probabilities against them.....Those slight indirect suggestions which are dependent on apparently trivial coincidences and incalculable states of mind are the favorite machinery of Fact, but are not the stuff in which imagination is apt to work.

There is a chill air surrounding those who are down in the world, and people are glad to get away from them, as from a cold room.

Confidences are sometimes blinding, even when they are sincere.

There is no feeling, perhaps, except the extremes of fear and grief, that does not find relief in music—that does not make a man sing or play the better.

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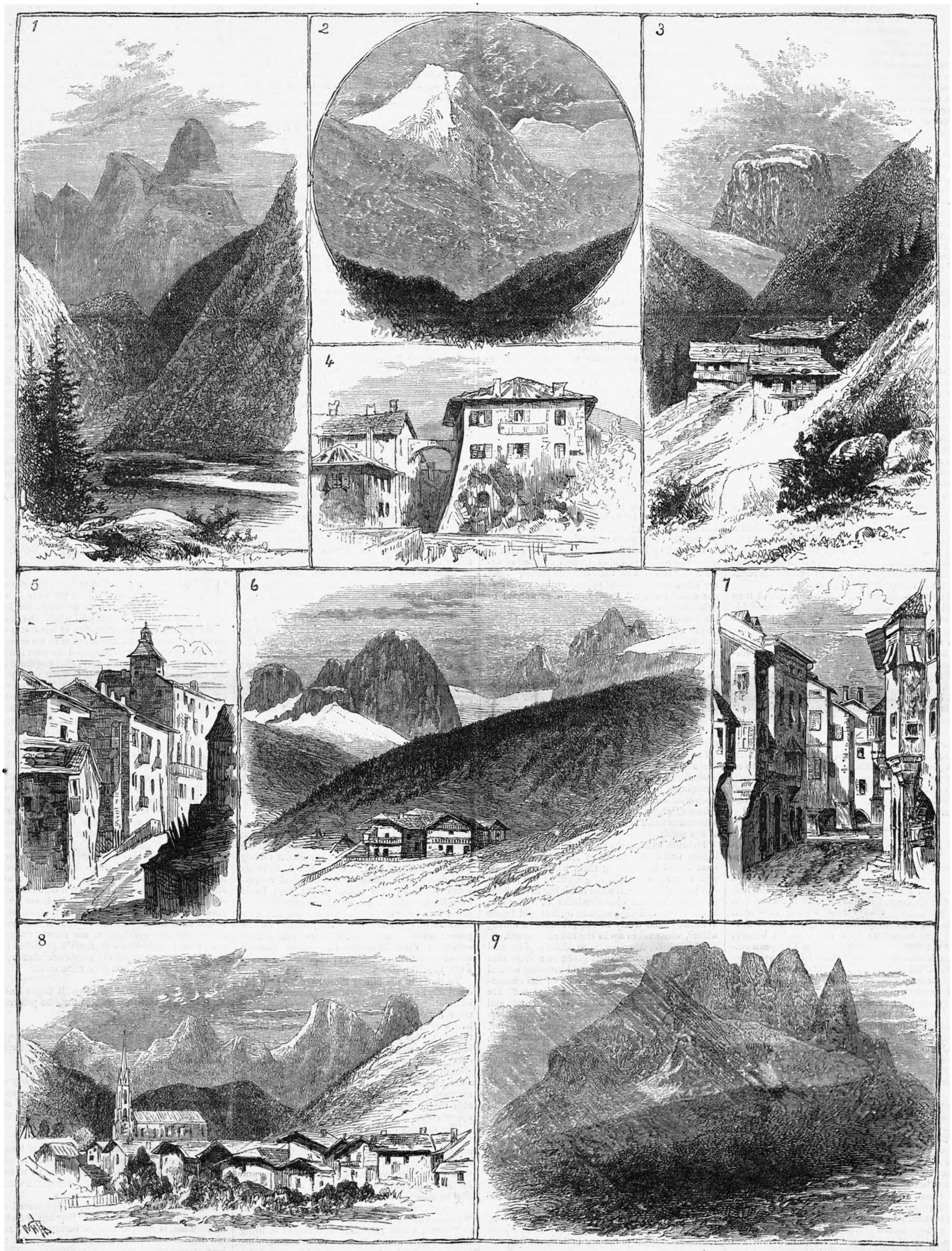

1. CIMON DELLA PALA, ROAD THROUGH VALLEY LEADING TO PRIMIERO.—2. VIEW NEAR PREDAZZO.—3. SELLA SPITZ, FASSA VALLEY.—4. SKETCH IN CAVALESE.—5. TESERO. 6. DOLOMITES NEAR VIGO, FASSA VALLEY, ROTH WANEL.—7. NEUMARKT, VALLEY OF ADIGE.—8. PREDAZZO.—9. NEAR MOENA, FASSA VALLEY.

A TRIP IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL.

AMONG THE DOLOMITES IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL.

AT this holiday season we illustrate some of the principal features of the Austrian Tyrol for the benefit of American tourists abroad. Let us make Botzen our head-quarters. Botzen is a town of some 12,000 inhabitants, on the Brenner line, about midway between Innsbrück and Verona; but, excepting a fine church with a quaint old portico and an elegant open-work tower, and an inferior hotel, has no peculiar charm of its own to attract the tourist. It is, however, the best starting-place to visit the picturesque Dolomite rocks, which derive their name from the geologist Dolomieu, and embrace a considerable tract of country in the South Tyrol. Dispensing, therefore, with all superfluous luggage, and knapsack on shoulder, the tourist should take train to Neumarkt—an uninteresting Austro-Italian town, with streams running through the streets, and houses with huge projecting eaves. Here he can take the quaint old post-wagon, with sleepy horses and a still sleepier coachman, to Cavalese, where, after passing through the valley of the Adige, and climbing over interminable mountains, whence magnificent views are obtained, he arrives in safety. Cavalese is situated in the Fiemme Valley, and is the summer resort of the Adige population, the principal building being an ancient palace of the bishops of Trent, now used as a prison. Here the Italian *patois* is usually spoken, though German is known by some of the better-to-do people. From Cavalese to Predazzo is about a three hours' walk, during which the pretty village of Tesero is passed, and then the Dolomites burst upon the traveler in all their grandeur. At Predazzo there is a capital hotel—the *Nave*, or Ship—where the visitors' book contains the autographs of many men of science, this district being an excellent field for the mineralogist. At Predazzo the road diverges into two branches, one of which leads to Primiero. On the way there lies the Cimon della Pala (11,000 feet high), a capital view of which is obtained in the Costonzella Pass, about halfway, and which should by no means be missed. This rocky pinnacle is grander than the Matterhorn; but even here a party of English ladies have made the ascent, and their hints may be read in the *Nave's* visitors' book already men-

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tioned. From Predazzo a rumbling, tumbling, old post-wagon takes you to Vigo, through the lovely Fassa Valley, of which it is the principal village, *via* Moena, from whence to Vigo the roads are atrociously bad. "Any thing more wonderful than the Dolomites," writes our artist respecting this part of his trip, "it is difficult to imagine. Picture a lovely valley, dotted with villages and a stream, hemmed in by pine-clad mountains topped by snow plateaus, and looked down upon by huge pinnacles of red rock, too steep for snow to lie except here and there. Italian is spoken every where," he continues, "and the people are very frank, and not inclined to extortion, the living being cheap and tolerably good." From Vigo round again back to Botzen the walk over the Caressa Pass displays magnificent scenery. Behind are the Dolomites of the Fassa Valley and the lofty Sella Pass, with the Sella Spitz in our engraving, while in front is the whole chain of the Ortho. "At Vigo (where, by-the-bye, a very comfortable bed can be obtained at Rizzi's Hotel) the people were anxious to make me ride," says our artist, "but luckily I walked. At any time the path is dangerous for horsemen, but when crossed somewhat early in the year—that being the time when I was there—large portions of the road had been washed away by snow, wind, and torrents. No one, however, visiting the Tyrol should miss seeing this valley."

FULL-DRESS TOILETTE.

THIS unique toilette for a ball or dinner is of creamy white faille, trimmed with Persian embroidery and black Chantilly lace. The demi-train has a puff behind and a kilt-pleated flounce, on which are embroidered tabs edged with black lace. There is no over-skirt, but a tablier is simulated by three lengthwise garlands of gay-colored Persian needle-work, representing scarlet and salmon-tinted roses, with blue convolvuli and brown foliage; a lace flounce surrounds the garlands, and trims an embroidered sash-band that holds up the panier puff. Josephine waist with a high ruff of black lace and white crêpe lisse. Puffed sleeves, separated by lace ruches and finished with a flounce at the elbow. Corsage bouquet of blue, red, and yellow flowers; a similar cluster in the hair, with two white ostrich tips.

FULL-DRESS TOILETTE.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL UNDER NIAGARA FALLS.

AN interesting account of Professor Tyndall's visit to the Falls of Niagara on the first of last November has just been published in the papers of the Royal Institution of London. We extract his description of his adventurous descent under the great Horseshoe Fall to a point where no traveler had ever before penetrated. He says:

"On the first evening of my visit I met, at the head of Biddle's Stair, the guide to the Cave of the Winds. He was in the prime of manhood—large, well-built, firm and pleasant in mouth and eye. My interest in the scene stirred up his, and made him communicative. Turning to a photograph, he described, by reference to it, a feat which he had accomplished some time previously, and which had brought him almost under the green water of the Horseshoe Fall. 'Can you lead me there to-morrow?' I asked. He eyed me inquiringly, weighing, perhaps, the chances of a man of light build and with gray in his whiskers in such an undertaking. 'I wish,' I added, 'to see as much of the fall as can be seen, and where you lead I will endeavor to follow.' His scrutiny relaxed into a smile, and he said, 'Very well; I shall be ready for you to-morrow.'

"On the morrow, accordingly, I came. In the hut at the head of Biddle's Stair I re-dressed according to instruction, drawing on two pairs of woolen pantaloons, three woolen jackets, two pairs of socks, and a pair of felt shoes. Even if wet, my guide urged that the clothes would keep me from being chilled; and he was right. A suit and hood of yellow oil-cloth covered all. Most laudable precautions were taken by the young assistant of the guide to keep the water out; but his devices broke down immediately when severely tested.

"We descended the stair, the handle of a pitchfork doing, in my case, the duty of an alpenstock. At the bottom my guide inquired whether we should go first to the Cave of the Winds or to the Horseshoe, remarking that the latter would try us most. I decided to get the roughest done first, and he turned to the left over the stones. They were sharp and trying. The base of the first portion of the cataract is covered with huge boulders, obviously the ruins of the limestone ledge above. The water does not distribute itself uniformly among these, but seeks for itself channels, through which it pours torrentially. We passed some of these with wetted feet, but without difficulty. At length we came to the side of a more formidable current. My guide walked along its edge until he reached its least turbulent portion. Halting, he said, 'This is our greatest difficulty. If we can cross here, we shall get far toward the Horseshoe.'

"He waded in. It evidently required all his strength to steady him. The water rose above his loins, and it foamed still higher. He had to search for footing amidst unseen boulders, against which the torrent rose violently. He struggled and swayed, but he struggled successfully, and finally reached the shallower water at the other side. Stretching out his arm, he said to me, 'Now come on.' I looked down the torrent as it rushed to the river below, which was seething with the tumult of the cataract. De Saussure recommended the inspection of Alpine dangers with the view of making them familiar to the eye before they are encountered; and it is a wholesome custom in places of difficulty to put the possibility of an accident clearly before the mind, and decide beforehand what ought to be done should the accident occur. Thus wound up in the present instance, I entered the water. Even where it was not more than knee-deep its power was manifest. As it rose around me I sought to split the torrent by presenting a side to it; but the insecurity of the footing enabled it to grasp the loins, twist me fairly round, and bring its impetus to bear upon the back. Further struggle was impossible, and feeling my balance hopelessly gone, I turned, flung myself toward the bank I had just quitted, and was instantly swept into shallower water. The oil-cloth covering was a great incumbrance. It had been made for a much stouter man, and standing upright after my submersion, my legs occupied the centres of two bags of water. My guide exhorted me to try again. Prudence was at my elbow, whispering dissuasion; but taking every thing into account, it appeared more immoral to retreat than to proceed. Instructed by the first misadventure, I once more entered the stream. Had the alpenstock been of iron, it might have helped me; but as it was, the tendency of the water to sweep it out of my hands rendered it worse than useless. I, however, clung to it by habit. Again the torrent rose, and again I wavered; but by keeping the left hip well against it, I remained upright, and at length grasped the hand of my leader at the other side. He laughed pleasantly. The first victory was gained, and he enjoyed it. 'No traveler,' he said, 'was ever here before.' Soon afterward, by trusting to a piece of drift-wood which seemed firm, I was again taken off my feet, but was immediately caught by a protruding rock.

"We clambered over the boulders toward the thickest spray, which soon became so weighty as to cause us to stagger under its shock. For the most part nothing could be seen. We were in the midst of bewildering tumult, lashed by the water, which sounded at times like the cracking of innumerable whips. Underneath this was the deep, resonant roar of the cataract. I tried to shield my eyes with my hands and look upward; but the defense was useless. My guide continued to move on; but at a certain place he halted, and desired me to shelter in his lee and observe the cataract. The spray did not come so much from the upper ledge as from the rebound of the scattered water when it struck the bottom. Hence the eyes could be protected from the blinding shock of the spray, while the line of vision to the upper ledges remained to some extent clear. On looking upward over the guide's shoulder I could see the water bending over the ledge, while the Terrapin Tower loomed fitfully through the intermittent spray gusts. We were right under the tower. A little farther on the cataract, after its first plunge, hit a protuberance some way down, and flew from it in a prodigious burst of spray. Through this we staggered. We rounded the promontory on which the Terrapin Tower stands, and pushed, amidst the wildest commotion, along the arm of the Horseshoe, until the boulders failed us, and the cataract fell into the profound gorge of the Niagara River.

"Here my guide sheltered me again, and desired me to look up. I did so, and could see, as before, the green gleam of the mighty curve sweeping over the upper ledge, and the fitful plunge of the water as the spray between us and it alternately gathered and disappeared. An eminent friend of mine often speaks to me of the mistake of those physicians who regard man's ailments as purely chemical, to be met by chemical remedies only. By agreeable emotions, he says, nervous currents are liberated which stimulate blood, brain, and viscera. A sanative effect of this order I experienced amidst the spray and thunder of Niagara. Quickened by the emotions there aroused, the blood sped exultingly through the arteries, abolishing introspection, clearing the heart of all bitterness, and enabling one to think with tolerance, if not with tenderness, on the most relentless and unreasonable foe. Apart from its scientific value, and purely as a moral agent, the play, I submit, is worth the candle. My companion knew no more of me than that I enjoyed the wildness; but as I bent in the shelter of his large frame he said, 'I should like to see you attempting to describe all this.' He rightly thought it indescribable. The name of this gallant fellow was Thomas Conroy.

"We returned, clambering at intervals up and down, so as to catch glimpses of the most impressive portions of the cataract. We passed under ledges formed by tabular masses of limestone, and through some curious openings formed by the falling together of the summits of the rocks. At length we found ourselves beside our enemy of the morning. My guide halted for a minute or two, scanning the torrent thoughtfully. I said that, as a guide, he ought to have a rope in such a place; but he retorted that, as no traveler had ever thought of coming there, he did not see the necessity of keeping a rope. He waded in. The struggle to keep himself erect was evident enough; he swayed, but recovered himself again and again. At length he slipped, gave way, did as I had done, threw himself flat

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in the water toward the bank, and was swept into the shallows. Standing in the stream near its edge, he stretched his arm toward me. I retained the pitchfork handle, for it had been useful among the boulders. By wading some way in, the staff could be made to reach him, and I proposed his seizing it. 'If you are sure,' he replied, 'that, in case of giving way, you can maintain your grasp, then I will certainly hold you.' I waded in, and stretched the staff to my companion. It was firmly grasped by both of us. Thus helped, though its onset was strong, I moved safely across the torrent. All danger ended here. We afterward roamed sociably among the torrents and boulders below the Cave of the Winds. The rocks were covered with organic slime, which could not have been walked over with bare feet, but the felt shoes effectually prevented slipping. We reached the cave and entered it, first by a wooden way carried over the boulders, and then along a narrow ledge to the point eaten deepest into the shale. When the wind is from the south, the falling water, I am told, can be seen tranquilly from this spot; but when we were there a blinding hurricane of spray was whirled against us. On the evening of the same day I went behind the water on the Canada side, which, I confess, struck me, after the experiences of the morning, as an imposture."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROSE.—Submit sample of the English wash you name to your physician. Possibly taking sulphur vapor baths would keep your hair in its early golden tinge. Champagne will do no hurt, and may assist in keeping the color. Expose your hair to the sun as much as possible, wear it loose, and brush a great deal.

G. L. T.—A tight-fitting polonaise and flounced skirt is the best "stylish and semi-elaborate" style for making a violet silk. Put two gathered lapping ten-inch flounces around the skirt, headed by a puff with narrow ruffle on each side of the puff. If more trimming is preferred, put five lengthwise puffs down the three front breadths and three bias flounces on the back. Pale pearl-colored gloves will look best with a violet dress. Wear white lisse or lace ruff with lace jabot in front and coral or turquoise jewelry. The only ribbon necessary is a belt and sash of the color of the dress. Such sashes are worn with tight polonaises.

WILLIE S.—Get a redingote suit of green or violet water-proof cloth for your mountain trip. Have the skirt quite short, and wear a morocco belt with bag. The straw hat should be broad-brimmed and tied down at the sides.

MISS M. A.—The bride's veil should be put aside from her face immediately after the ceremony in church, and as she has no attendants, she must do this for herself. Perhaps it would be better to omit the short veil that is worn over the face, and have merely the long back drapery.

GREAT PERPLEXITY.—Braid your daughter's hair, pass it from side to side on the back of her head, and tie with ribbons. Muslins and other wash goods are far more appropriate than silks for young girls whether in villages or cities, yet there is no impropriety in their wearing silk.

AMATEUR.—Your silk skirt should be three and a half yards or perhaps three and three-fourth yards wide around the bottom. Two side gores with one full back breadth is the pattern most generally used for such skirts, but you can add an extra plain breadth behind if you choose. If you are stout, have a plain tight-fitting châtelaine polonaise; if you are slender, have a double-breasted jockey basque and over-skirt like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. VI. Trim the basque and over-skirt with a bias band of the same, or else have a fringe of jet edging these garments. A ruff of silk should be around the neck. The pattern of mantelet in *Bazar* No. 16, Vol. VI., is a pretty model for you. Double-breasted jackets will also be worn again.

IDA.—Read reply just given "Amateur." Use the lace for trimming the front of the basque, making it a ruff around the neck and in vest shape down the front. Do not edge the basque with lace, but with the merest piping of silk. Use the simple stylish under-skirt illustrated with the Double-breasted Jockey Basque in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. VI.

G. L. T.—High-crowned narrow-brimmed straw hats are worn by gentlemen this season. It is *not* in bad taste to bind them with dark blue and have a blue band.

F. H. H.—Get gray cashmere or Irish poplin for bride's traveling suit; make it by Blouse-Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. VI., and trim with bias bands or piping of silk of a darker shade. Get pearl or else tea-rose colored silk, if it is for evening; if for the street, get plum-color or olive. Get light blue or ashes-of-roses merino for wrapper, and trim with bias velvet of same shade. The only white hats worn are of chip or fine English straw. Trim with silk to match the best suit; add wild roses and ostrich tips. Get black camel's-hair or else cashmere mantle. The linen duster should be made by pattern of water-proof cloak. The double-breasted polonaise pattern sent you is for your calico over dress.

CONSTANCE.—Lingerie is pronounced as if written lan-ge-ry.

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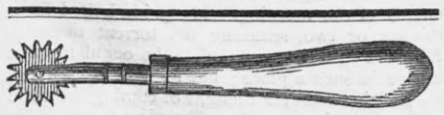

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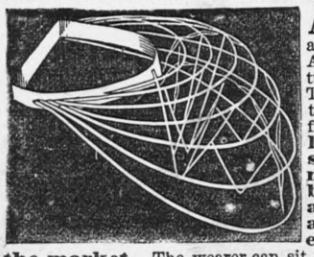
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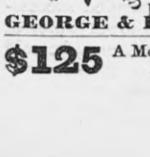
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Among the many subjects of these chapters we noticed particularly the names of Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, Adams, Buchanan, Douglas, Lincoln, Forrest, T. Buchanan Reed, Ritchie, and Sully the painter. No man is better fitted for a work of this kind than Mr. Forney, for he has been brought into intimate contact with all the celebrities of the present and past generation, and he wields a graphic pen and possesses almost unrivaled power at word-painting. His knowledge and experience as a public journalist have made him *au fait* with all the phases of political life, and many of his anecdotes disclose the secret springs by which great and decisive public movements were accomplished.—*Boston Daily Globe.*

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FACETIÆ.

SEE how wonderful are the ways of Nature in Illinois. A pair of boots costs just two loads of potatoes, and to raise the potatoes just wears out two pairs of boots.

THE DELIGHTS OF SUMMER.

Flies.
Freckles.
Thirst.
Thunder-storms.
Tight gloves.
Dog-days.
Dusty roads.
Hot nights.
Milk turned.
Meat spoiled.
Irritability of temper.
Liquefaction of butter.
Crying children.
Crowded balls (for chaperons).
Public dinners.
Black Hats.
Red Faces.

A PROVERB REVISED.—Too many cooks spoil the—police.

A SINGING CLASS—Canaries.

"Mr. President," exclaimed a member of a debating society, "our country's fate looms darkling before us, without a star above the horizon on which the patriotic mariner can hang a scintillation of hope, but with ominous features of fast-coming doom, gloomy and rayless as the eyes of a tree-toad perched upon the topmost bough of a barren poplar, enveloped in an impenetrable fog."

A SURREPTITIOUS WHIFF.

A poem in an agricultural paper, called *Song of the Farmer's Boy*, very appropriately commences with "Ho, brothers, ho!"

The King of Siam has made a bustle among the ladies of his harem by ordering them to wear the European costume.

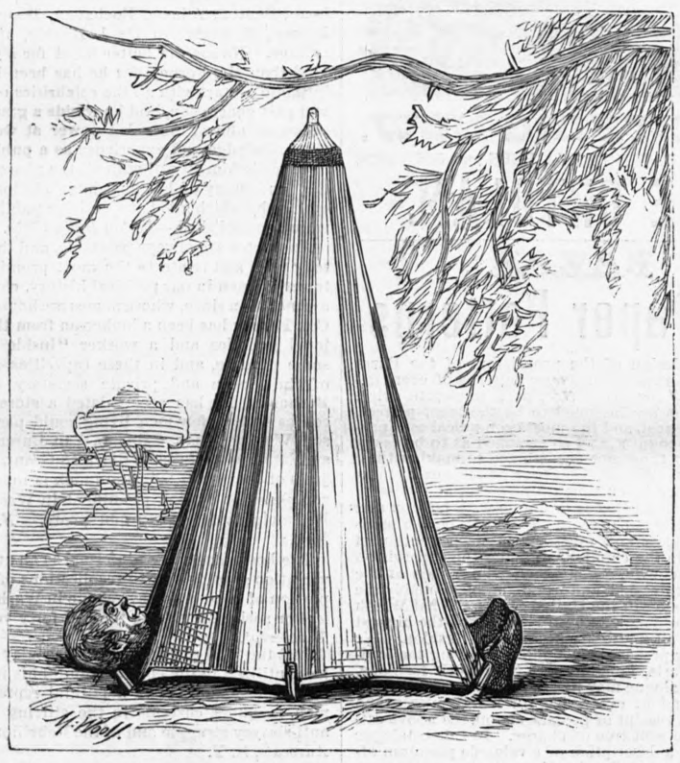
HOW IT STANDS.—"Mary, go into the sitting-room, please, and tell me how the thermometer stands."

Mary, after investigating, said, "It stands on the first mantel-piece, jest agin the wall, mem."

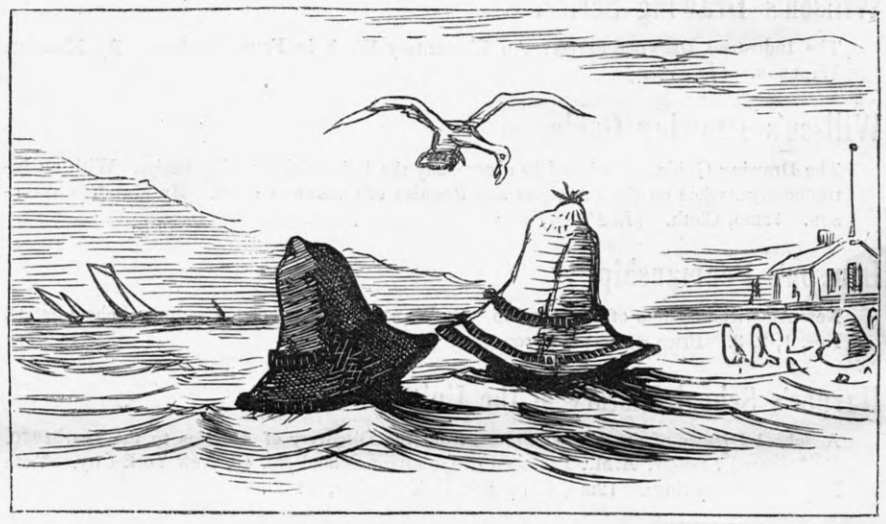
TRANSLATING.—A subscriber wrote to the editor of a Newark paper to ask the meaning of the phrase *Mors omnibus communis*. The editor said that it was a French sentence, intended to explain something about Morse's omnibus being of service to the community. At the same time, he said, the sentence was evidently constructed by some idiot, who thought he understood French, when he didn't, and consequently several important words were left out.

AN IRISHMAN'S WILL.—"I will and bequeath to my beloved wife Bridget all my property, without reserve, and to my eldest son Patrick one-half of the remainder, and to Dennis, my youngest son, the rest. If any thing is left, it may go to Terence M'Carty."

A contemporary has been studying phonotypy. Here is a specimen: "Wat kant b qrd must b ndurd."

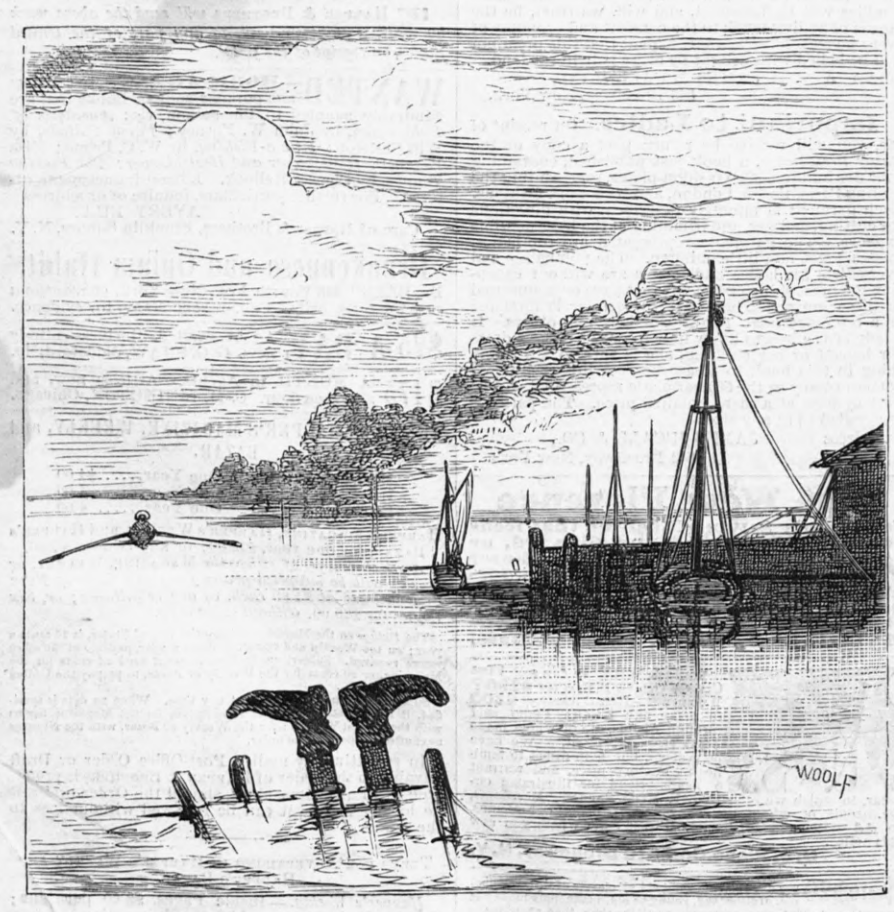


BARNEY (*who is not only a hostler, but also of an inquiring turn of mind*). "Bedad, thin, I don't wondher the Boss likes this Tint so much, for begorra it kapes the Head and Fate moighty cool and plissant!"



A LITTLE BIT OF ROMANCE.

"Tacie Belle, I have brought you away from the busy, noisy Throng yonder to tell you that my future Happiness depends upon you, and that separated from you my Future will be nothing but an ignoble Blight!"



Gentle Reader, this is *not* a case of Drowning, nor is it a Suicide; the Party in the Boat happened to get his Shoes soaked through with Water, and he has placed them on a couple of Stakes to dry—that is all!

THE SEA-SIDE BELLE.

ON THE BEACH.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 35.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Ladies' Walking Suits, Figs. 1–4.

Fig. 1.—LIGHT BROWN FOULARD DRESS, WITH CASHMERE MANTELET. Skirt of light brown foulard, trimmed in front with a kilt-pleated piece of the material twenty-six inches wide. The layers of pleats are held in place by folds of dark brown gros grain. The back of the skirt is arranged in a puff, and is trimmed with puffs of the dress material. The puff is held by a sash of brown gros grain ribbon. The mantelet of black cashmere is lined with lustring, heavily embroidered with black silk and beads, and edged with wide guipure lace. English straw hat, trimmed with light and dark brown feathers and gros grain ribbon. White tulle veil.

Fig. 2.—GRAY PONGEE DRESS, WITH BLACK GROS GRAIN CASAQUE. Dress of dark gray pongee, trimmed with a wide gathered flounce. The trimming for the casaque consists of revers of gros grain and black lace. Gray silk parasol. Neapolitan bonnet, trimmed with violet gros grain and velvet ribbon.

Fig. 3.—RÉSÉDA GREEN FAILLE DRESS, WITH BLACK FAILLE POLONAISE. Skirt of réséda green faille, kilt-pleated in the back, and trimmed in front with puffs and kilt-pleated ruffles of the dress material. Black faille polonaise with flowing sleeves, trimmed with bows of the material. White Neapolitan hat, trimmed with réséda green gros grain ribbon, forget-me-nots, and a bunch of heron feathers.

Fig. 4.—OLIVE GREEN POPLIN WALKING SUIT. The skirt, over-skirt, and basque-waist of this suit are of olive green poplin, trimmed with velvet ribbon of a darker shade. Florentine straw hat, trimmed with green velvet ribbon and tea-roses.

IN THE LAUNDRY.

CLEAR muslin has much to do with making ladies charming, and it seems no more than fair that ladies should return the compliment. There is nothing distasteful in having to do with one's own muslins, in the way of starching and ironing. It is not nearly so unpleasant as painting in oils, nor so tiresome, to say nothing of taking photographs. It quite depends on the way ironing is done whether it is agreeable or not. Suppose in a city house a little hall room is taken for the ladies' ironing. A tiny gas stove heats those light nickel-plated irons which look like polished silver, and with their wooden handles weigh hardly two pounds. The gas stove costs $3 to $5, and the irons are $1 50 each. With window and door wide open, the heat will not be troublesome, even in summer. The irons can be kept out of the draught, so as not to lose their heat, which is one of the things that annoy servants in laundry-work. The ironing-board must have a slip cover, to be washed each fortnight, and besides there should be a large piece of thin cotton to lay over starched things to take the first pressure of the iron. This piece must be fine, for coarse cloth will leave the impress of its threads on nice fabrics. A breadth of an old jaconet skirt is best. A bowl of clear water, with a clean sponge, or soft brush, or worn white rags, must be ready for dampening spots that have dried since folding, or have not ironed smoothly. The table ought to be solid, without leaves, and a high chair should be provided, so that one may sit close to the board, touching it with the waist. It is just as convenient to iron sitting as standing, if one gets used to it, and most of the fatigue of ironing comes from standing long at a time. A housekeeper who knows how to be good to herself—as every woman ought to be—will have a table for ironing with one side hollowed out, like the cutting-boards which seamstresses use in their laps. It will be easy to sit up to such a table, and in a swivel chair that can be raised or lowered at will, the gas stove or furnace on one hand, the clothes-frame on the other, many a poor, tired woman would find her dreaded ironing day one of the easiest of the week. Truth to say, these conveniences are named not more to recommend housewifely exercise to idle people whose nerves are pining for it than in hopes that some overburdened working bee may be able to test the comfort of these helps. Those who have the most work to do generally have to do it in the hardest way. A good mistress will see that her servants have these conveniences, if they can be taught to use them. I confess that the pleasure of wearing fresh white muslin and crisp ruffled

Fig. 1.—LIGHT BROWN FOULARD DRESS, WITH CASHMERE MANTELET.

Fig. 2.—GRAY PONGEE DRESS, WITH BLACK GROS GRAIN CASAQUE.

Fig. 3.—RÉSÉDA GREEN FAILLE DRESS, WITH BLACK FAILLE POLONAISE.

Fig. 4.—OLIVE GREEN POPLIN WALKING SUIT.

FIGS. 1–4.—LADIES' WALKING SUITS.

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skirts is much alloyed by the thought how some gasping girl has toiled over them in a heated laundry or burning attic on a July day. A good husband whose wife is ever obliged to do the house-work with her own hands will not suffer her to go unprovided with every comfort that will lighten her toil. Hardly any thing is more injurious to a woman than being on her feet, standing, more than an hour at a time. Walking is not half so tiresome. Even soldiers, who can do the double-quick for miles, have been known to faint away when kept standing in one position for any length of time.

The clothes should be sprinkled and folded very smoothly at least an hour before. The close tin sprinkler, pierced with fine holes, is the best, of course, for dampening clothes, in which the housekeeper's direction always is, Sprinkle fine. A clean whisk-broom, dipped in water, will answer a good purpose. There is sense in folding clothes evenly and rolling them tight. It takes out the large wrinkles and dampens the garment more evenly. Now that mangles are so cheap, sheets and all kinds of napery should be done by the machine, saving a great deal of heated toil. I know some good housekeepers who use their clothes-wringer in this way on stockings, pillow-cases, and napkins with success. The articles must be thoroughly damp, not moist, and folded very evenly before going through the rollers. Plain skirts can be passed through the mangle, and the edges and gathers finished by an iron. Two or three families might buy a mangle together, and save hosts of work. Goods pressed by mangle must be carefully aired a longer time than those ironed by heat.

Laundresses give collars and shirts that are to be stiff two dips, first in boiled starch, after which they are dried, dipped again in starch made with cold water, and lie till damp before ironing. Starch-making is very simple. The essential points are to have every thing delicately clean used in making it, to moisten the starch, first with cold water, till it is like cream, and stir it quickly while pouring boiling water on till it is clear, with no whitish streaks or lumps. While it is hot a bit of spermaceti the size of a great pea may be stirred in for each pint of starch, and a tea-spoonful of gum-arabic water; but a clever laundress needs no such aids. The polishing iron, with point ground off to a curve, is the legitimate aid to her skill in finishing linen. With muslins the case is different. They are to be dipped in starch made by boiling half a tea-cupful of rice a long time, till it dissolves and the water looks like clear starch. This, of course, makes a large quantity—enough for several dresses. These must be dipped and well wrung, then clapped, to get all superfluous starch out of the meshes. The colored servants down South are famous for getting up muslins to look like new, and their plan is to roll dresses and parlor curtains up in a sheet, spread another sheet on the floor, throw the bundle down and dance on it, which clears a quantity of clothes remarkably in a very short time. There was a laundress out in the country who always made her muslins look like new, with just the right pliancy and stiffness, by washing them in the hardest water she could get. Very little soap was used, the soil coming out by patting with the hands or using a brush, and the water was always cold. Without any starch at all, her muslins looked enviously fresh and crisp.

Thin goods should be in the last stage of dampness when ironed, all roughnesses being retouched with a moist sponge. The use of the sponge is a great aid to success in ironing. A wrinkle in a collar, or rough, dry spots, may be dampened by a stroke of the sponge, and gone over again without putting the article back in the wash, or sending it out imperfect to vex men's souls. In ironing calicoes and linens its use is constantly demanded. I suppose every lady knows that cotton fabrics should be ironed on the wrong side, and linens on the right; but I regret to find that every laundress does not. Muslins must not be ironed with heavy weights, but gone over quickly, with a thin cloth laid above the wrong side, afterward finishing the gathers with a sharp-pointed iron. The best thing for ironing sleeves is a shape of thick pasteboard, covered with soft cotton, to be slipped inside the sleeve and rubbed, first one side and then the other. Two or three sizes of the board may be made to fit any sleeve. Puffs may be folded exactly in the centre, and ironed as if they were ruffles, afterward rubbing the crease out with thumb and finger. At present it is not the choice to flute ruffles except on under-clothing, the soft gathered ruffle being quite as graceful as the crisp flower-like frills indulged in so long. But really it saves time to rip the trimmings off a muslin which is not done up more than once in a summer, and iron them separately by passing through a clothes-wringer at moderate tension.

Lace curtains are not to be ironed at all, but each side basted to a heavy rod, and hung by one of them against the wall, sidewise: this stretches every mesh evenly into place. Or the old way may be followed of pinning one edge to a sheet laid smoothly over the carpet, and stretching the other carefully and evenly, fastening it with pins every inch.

Black laces are refreshed by dipping them in water in which a black kid glove has been boiled or soaked overnight. The gum and color from the kid impart blackness and the right stiffness to the lace, which must be hung up till damp, then carefully spread out, and pressed between layers of paper till dry. This finishes them better than ironing, if the weight used is heavy enough. Either silk or thread lace may be treated this way.

Soft silk neck-ties may be washed in rain-water to which a spoonful of white honey and one of hartshorn are added, using no other soap. Rinse them well, without squeezing, hang them up to drip, and when damp press with a hot iron between folds of thin cloth.

Fine laces are cleansed by rubbing between the palms of the hands in a box of powdered magnesia.

THE CANARY AT CHURCH.

THEY were singing good old *London*,
As the evening, cool and sweet,
Drifted with purple shadows
Adown the city street.

Round every churchly window
The lusty ivy clung;
The red, faint sunshine flickered
Its matchless leaves among.

The dim nave, with its arches
And clustered pillars rare,
Had echoed to the cadence
Of the pale Rector's prayer.

And now through tender silence
The thrilling flute-notes rang,
And sweet as angels' voices
The rare old tune they sang.

When sudden, lo! appearing
On carving quaint and old,
Like fair estray from heaven,
Fluttered a speck of gold.

On to the lecturn flying,
Up to the Bishop's chair,
With clear notes soaring, chanting
His wondrous vespers there.

Full rolled the singing voices;
Yet sweeter, richer, higher,
God's silver-throated chorister
Outsang the trained choir.

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LONG BRANCH,

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A REMINISCENCE.

WHEN Lord DUFFERIN, in a speech lately delivered at some Canadian gathering, pointed out to his loyal listeners the danger of letting their offspring become any thing like those little terrors to life, the American children, we were prompted to recall our youth, and discover if we really were all that such fancies have painted us. But as we read further in the nobleman's careful address, we could not help wondering if he were, after all, much acquainted with American children himself, and especially if he knew any thing at all about our school-girl. For though it is tolerably true that she rules a large share of America, the world of parents being her abject servitors, and their opinion going for little or nothing on any topic until "the girls" have first pronounced upon it, yet experience leads us to believe that she is not altogether the *enfant terrible* that we are told; and one of Mrs. WOOLSON'S charming essays makes the belief a certainty; for most of us were school-girls, we will not say how many years since, and were a part of all the experience of that little cosmos of theirs, and as we read of their exploits in Mrs. WOOLSON'S pages we live a portion of the past over again.

Some one says that boys between the ages of ten and twenty should be put in a barrel, and fed and educated through the bung-hole; and surely if one is about to pass the same sentence on the girl of like age it would be well to pause first, and remember those days of spontaneous delights and extravagant warmth—days when the hat was tilted a pitch beyond any fashion but its own, when twin cherries were worn for ear-rings and mountain-ash berries for necklaces, when beauties were openly admired and faults were openly challenged, and when the sky was dark or bright as the chemistry lesson was learned or lost. The school-girl lives, in fact, not only in a world of her own, but, like the planet Saturn, inside ring after ring of her own; for the outer world is a vague nebulous world far removed; within that comes the home world; the world of blackboard and teacher is something nearer still; and close to her very existence is the world of confidante and bosom-friend, of quarreling and admiring, of enthusiasms and hates, of pickled limes and taffy. Here in this inner world of all, novel laws are supreme as the code of Rhadamanthus—laws of honor; here what a literature obtains, literature at which the rest of the world has even done laughing, but to her all the bathos is pathos yet. What heroes rule in it, grand, gloomy, and peculiar, and who, because she is so innocent herself, she has well spiced with sin as savoring most of the great unknown; heroes with an air of melancholy "that seems to hint at a terrible experience in the past and an unlimited amount of remorse in the present;" a hero who reigns without so much as a thought of being pushed from his supremacy by the nice young man who parts his hair in the middle, and is the adored of the school-girl's sisters, but whom she extinguishes with her ever-ready satire by the sobriquets of "Pretty Dear" and "Kids!" For certainly she has no reverence for the sterner sex, unless it is all comprised in an infatuated worship of the head-master, who seems to her something beyond a mortal, all the more when he detects her misdemeanors with his back turned and by the magical reflection in his blue spectacles. The boys, indeed, who accompany her in her classes, and always keep her dragging behind the rate at which she would advance, are regarded by her as the merest dead-weights; and she never suspects their intellects to be the superior things she hears them declared when these same boys are safe in their colleges and professions beyond the chance of feminine competition. And if she has a literature and ideals of her own, she has secrets too; what secrets, administered under what pledges of silence, secrets about every thing and practically about nothing, and teaching her the uselessness of secrets ever after! And certainly the school-girl has a language of her own, a language of slang that would do credit to a Paris gamin. "After reciting all day in the most correct and classic English at her command, she revels in a disregard of precedents, and dashes off her ideas in few and resounding epithets. Her exuberant feelings demand for their expression only the most intense superlatives. Simple adjectives are discharged from her service as too tame for burning thoughts. Nothing can be to her merely good or bad; it is either perfectly magnificent or as horrid as it can be." The word "splendid" never fails her; she has, though, when that is powerless to express all emotion, another in "geloptious," signifying unimaginable raptures, and countless more mysterious yet, for she does not understand why the "well of English undefiled" should not bubble for her as much as for the ancient coiners of words. But another less pardonable liberty with her native tongue is taken by the school-girl, and that is in the adulteration of the name given her by her sponsors in baptism, and queenly appellatives full of associations with poetry and romance and history are metamorphosed into nauseating Lizzies and Katies and Maggies. It would be a waste of words, though, to reason with the school-girl on this or on almost any other subject on which her mind is made up, and it would be hard to find the subject on which her mind is not made up, or on which she hesitates to express it. She does not condescend to argue, but she pronounces her conclusions true, because in some subtile way known to herself she feels them to be so. "It is only later in life," says Mrs. WOOLSON, from whom we quote again, "that she learns to resent the common masculine talk about woman's instincts as an attempt to deprive her of all credit for her actions by allying her with bees, beavers, and other curious creatures who work after a pattern set them in the garden of Eden."

People are always telling the school-girl that these are her happiest days; but she does not believe them. She has a dream of happiness flying just before her, happiness in the years to come so bright as to dazzle the vision into indistinctness, but as impossible to fail her as the blue sky itself. And she is right; for which one of us, be our cares and perplexities what they may, would go back and be a school-girl again, the slave of the bell and the book, of the crayon and the composition? And yet who can help seeing in her, with all her faults and foibles, her ardors and enthusiasms, a creature full of vitality and brilliant promise, deserving a better fate than to settle down into that young lady who has no other word for Mont Blanc or for a bonnet than that wretched monosyllable "nice?" As we recount the peculiarities of the American school-girl thus set before us, we are conscious that we renew our youth in her; we feel that she is the same thing she was, and vanity forbids us to believe her, with all her breezy, stirring activity, the bad and desperate being that our neighbors across the line are bound to have her.

STUPIDITY AND SENSE BEHIND THE COUNTER.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

THERE is a prevailing faith in the country districts that the urban dry-goods clerk is a being of preternatural acuteness, that he can detect character at a glance, and discern instantaneously between the righteous and the wicked. If this is a correct opinion, it must be admitted that there are exceptional cases of outrageous stupidity, and that these exceptions are liable to make a greater ado and a deeper impression than the shrewd and keen majority. It would seem sometimes as if clerks understood dry-goods, and nothing else. Silk and velvet, flowers and flounces, they appreciate, but words, modulations, manners, they count for nothing. If a woman's culture shows itself in elegant, elaborate, expensive dress, that they comprehend, to that they defer. But culture that has of choice or by force of circumstances been expended in other directions they know nothing about. They can not see it. They do not miss it. Long companionship with dry-goods seems to have given them a sense of dry-goods, and to have stripped them of every other.

A plainly but perfectly dressed lady, with the best blood of the world in her veins, and—what is more imposing to the haberdashing heart—with plenty of money in her pocket, went not long since into a shop to buy napkins. The potentate of the counter showed her such napery as he thought suited to her social position. "These are rather coarse," she suggested. "Have you none finer?" "Oh yes," said the gentleman, "but they are more expensive." It is ever to be regretted that the lady turned in silence and left the shop, because that clerk will never know that it was his own idiotic effrontery, and not the expense of the napkins, which lost him the customer.

A lady who never made any great figure in the world, and certainly not in a waterproof cloak on a rainy day, was seeking a parasol. The clerk showed her some very common, not to say shabby, specimens, which she declined. A little farther down the counter she bought a whole piece of fine and costly linen, observing which, the knight of the parasols came down and begged her to re-examine his assortment, of which he had contrived to unearth an altogether different and better collection. She too fell below the requirements of the occasion, and bought her parasol without enlightening him upon her discovery of his stupid mistake.

A lady, large and lovely, a serene Quaker goddess, made some benevolent casual remark to the clerk with whom she was trafficking, just as she would have patted the head of a strange dog who might have run up and sniffed at her gown, and the little whipper-snapper clerk followed her to the door and—winked at her! And while she stood staring at him in her first amazed consciousness of his individual existence, he winked again! Thus vacuous do the gods make a human skull, yet furnish it with all the ganglia of life.

Happy those merchants who can secure the right sort of clerks!—for a right sort there is. I bought a table-cloth of him yesterday. I had forgotten to take the size of the table, or a pattern of the color to be matched. Patiently he evolved my probable needs from my fragmentary facts, discussed pleasantly the presumptive evidence, and seemed as much interested in the harmonies of my dining-room as if he had expected to eat there thrice a day during the remainder of his natural life. Did he deceive me? Not a bit. I know of a surety that my dining-room was no more to him than the pea-nut stand on the common opposite. Me and it has he already alike forgotten. None the less was his momentary and friendly, but not familiar, assumption of interest in me and mine altogether winning and encouraging; and doubtless also was it, for that moment, altogether sincere. His sympathetic and refined nature does unquestionably and spontaneously ally itself for succor and good cheer to all who appeal to him. May his kind heart, his welcoming face, and his engaging manners be a mine of wealth to himself and all his employers and dependents!

Not to all men are given that grace and

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graciousness, serviceable, not servile, which distinguish a seller of sacques in a warehouse I wot of. A sacque rich and fine, but not overloaded with trimming, nor grotesque in cut, requires the quest of a Sir Galahad, and Sir Galahad was there to make it. With indescribable deftness and swiftness he overturned pile after pile of garments, making running comments as he went: "This is good material, but too low on the shoulder; this has too deep a collar; this too loud a trimming. If this were a quieter shade. Ah! here it is!—and here! Or you may like this." And out they came, shapely and sober. And if they had been gorgeous, I suspect the lady would hardly have known it, so won over was she by his ready helpfulness. And when he brought a brush and assisted her in disengaging her folds from the dust of our long drought with a dexterity wholly free from officiousness, he needed but to speak the word, and she would have bought every sacque in the shop.

Dry-goods clerking is bad business. There needs no ghost to tell us that. It is petty and showy. It takes women at their weakest—when they are self-centred and eager. It would seem to give men scarce any play of mind or muscle. They have only to stand, white and waiting, busy to irritation, or frenzied with idleness—forever babbling the price of a ninepenny calico or a spool of cotton. But it is not a business made any better by brazenness and bullying. Modesty, courtesy, gentleness, patience toward the good, and also toward the froward, serve as excellent a purpose here as elsewhere. Among his mantles and his wimples and his crisping-pins as truly as among shattering trumpets and splintered spear-shafts will Sir Galahad keep fair, through faith and prayer, his manly and upright heart.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FALL GOODS.

THE earliest importations of fall goods disclose the fact that we are to have another season of those undressed limp fabrics whose beauty consists in the flexibility that enables them to form soft, graceful drapery. All the rough-surfaced fabrics of last winter reappear, and there are many new woolens woven in wide "diagonals," broader than the twill of serge, and resembling the cloth lately fashionable for gentlemen's coats. These diagonal cloths will be a feature of the season for over dresses worn with silk skirts. They are exceedingly warm, pliable, clinging, and though very heavy-looking, are too loosely woven to be clumsy.

ALL-WOOL CHEVIOTS.

Conspicuous among the diagonal cloths are the all-wool Cheviots. These are thick soft woolen cloths with the diagonal lines woven very broadly, and slightly raised above the surface of the fabric. They are twenty-seven inches wide, and are found in all dark stylish colors.

TRIPLE DIAGONALS.

A novelty, called triple diagonal, is cashmere wool, not woven in its usual small irregular twill, but in three diagonal lines grouped together—a broad line with two narrower ones beside it. This slight change produces a new and very pretty effect.

"STUFFS FOR POLONAISES."

"Stuffs for polonaises" form the bulk of early invoices, thus confirming the prediction that this convenient garment will not decline in popularity.

CAMEL'S-HAIR, VIGOGNE, ETC.

Camel's-hair promises to be again the favorite material for handsome winter over dresses and wraps. This is now improved by having the inside thickly tufted with long soft warm fleece, while the outside surface retains its rough irregular twill. Another variety has reversed stripes woven in the Jacquard loom. The camel's-hair worn last year will still be stylish, though fresh importations of similar patterns have so many of the loose hanging hairs visible that the surface is positively shaggy.

The excellent and stylish vigogne twills, so serviceable for traveling suits and other dresses that get hard usage, are made heavier, and warm enough for winter. They come in natural wool browns and dark iron gray. There are also quantities of domestic mohair goods made in imitation of camel's-hair, and called such by the uninitiated.

TURKISH WOOL GOODS.

The summer goods like Turkish toweling proved so popular that a warmer fabric resembling this has been designed for winter redingotes. It is a French mixture of wool with common silk—that is, the waste silk of the Lyons factories. Thick, flexible, and rich-looking, it has all the qualities to commend it to favor.

CASHMERES, MERINOES, ETC.

Cashmere has become a staple winter fabric, and is imported in various thicknesses under different names. The heaviest is called drap d'été, and is imported in colors and in black for wraps; drap nationale is cashmere wool woven in thick lengthwise reps instead of being twilled; drap d'Alma is the same fabric in finer reps. The old time small-twilled cashmere restored to favor during the reign of Eugénie is still the popular choice, and seems to defy all novelties. Polka-dotted cashmeres are imported for children's dresses and for morning wrappers. The grounds are black, with scarlet dots, or else deep Napoleon blue or purple, with black or white dots, or lighter dots of the ground color. Merinoes and the lower-priced satines are also largely imported.

ABOUT COLORS.

After silks consult cashmeres for new colors, is the merchant's advice. But silks have not arrived, and whole cases of cashmeres develop nothing novel in the way of hues and shades. All the quaint colors of last year are reproduced, but are still deeper and darker, and, indeed, are so nearly invisible that the confused eye at first mistakes them for black. There are quantities of the indigo blue that importers call black-blue; olives, both brown and green, are more sombre than ever; the bronzes—red, green, and black—are all back again; but that which is prophesied will be most stylish is called brown bronze, which is parallel to saying whitish-white; grays take on a purple hue in preference to the blue-gray so fashionable now, and *gris argent* is no longer the bright silvery hue of last year, but is dark iron gray, like the oxidized silver that now finds favor.

EMBROIDERED POLONAISES, ETC.

Pattern polonaises in boxes are brought out in camel's-hair and cashmere of stylish dark colors, embroidered around the edges with wool and silk embroidery of various devices. They will cost when shown on counters of retail stores about $45. Wide binding braids like those used on gentlemen's clothes are being bought up by men dress-makers for binding redingotes, English jackets, and other masculine-looking garments that are to be made up of diagonals and worn by ladies.

NEW BLACK GOODS.

Something of variety is given to the always popular black goods of mixed silk and wool by weaving them in tiny armure figures, pin-head checks, and almost invisible reps, instead of the long-worn twills and thick reps. These armure and other designs are also brought out in colored goods of fine wool, but the custom is not new in colors. The soft Biarritz cloth in lengthwise reps is a standard favorite among winter materials. Japanese silks and poplins are brought out in stripes of color—violet, blue, brown, and grisaille, with black. These are not heavy enough for winter in this climate, but are worn very late in the season by ladies and children who live farther south.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH CALICOES.

English prints improve in texture and designs yearly. The prettiest patterns for the approaching autumn have black or dark brown grounds with small figures of one color, or perhaps two shades of one color, representing part of a Greek square, a double leaf, mammoth snails, miniature comets, true-lovers' knots, in buff, violet, blue, green, or currant red. These will be retailed at 37½ cents a yard, and are a yard wide. Others slightly more expensive are strewn with small white hexagons, with a tiny bouquet inside in French chintz colors. French calicoes are in gay stripes of many mingled colors in Persian fashion, and may be called Shah stripes.

UPHOLSTERY.

A novelty in materials for upholstering furniture is wool and cotton satine imitating Gobelin tapestry. These have a raised rep surface that gives the effect of needle-work, the figures are well brought out, and the pale *fade* Gobelin colors are admirably copied. They represent romantic scenes, moonlight serenades, Watteau figures, and many rococo designs, among which are pretentious ones so large that two yards and a half of the material are required to display a single device. Oriental colors and designs are shown in these cottons that might be mistaken for India cashmeres, and the Persian motley mixture of hues is found in upholstering fabrics, as, indeed, it threatens to appear in all goods made in Western Europe since the king of kings came that way. Some of the prettiest chintzes have pale gray frescoings on deepest blue or ponceau grounds, while others are great clusters of brilliant tropical leaves strewn over pale buff or green grounds.

FALL MILLINERY.

A few reliable hints are obtained about fall millinery in anticipation of the openings soon to take place at the wholesale houses. The coming bonnets, it is said, may be trimmed either as hats or bonnets. Their crowns are amply broad, but not high; and coronets, when worn, will be the highest ever known, though there are many shapes without coronets. Whether meant to be a hat or bonnet, the head covering is to be worn so far back that it will only cover the back of the head. Velvet, pure and simple, will be the fabric for winter hats, though much royale (uncut velvet) will be combined with it. Felt bonnets will be worn in Europe, but have never met with much favor here.

GROS D'ORIENT.

A new fabric for trimming, called gros d'Orient, is a soft twilled silk as glossy as satin, and of better quality than the twilled India silk worn for neck-ties. This is expected to take the place of the turquoise silk now used.

GROSEILLE RED.

Something fresh in colors is gathered in materials for millinery; for instance, the new *groseille*, or currant red, a bright crimson, is shown in gros d'Orient, faille ribbons, and also in the roses and buds that are imported in great quantities. Another color is dragon, a rich bronze showing both red and green, like the scarabée shade of two years ago.

Flowers are larger than those lately worn. Mammoth roses and large buds not quite blown are shown in the new groseille red and the *limon* yellow of last season. This association of red and yellow is already popular, and will continue in favor, as both blondes and brunettes wear it. Dark brown bronze roses are also shown. Trailing vines and leaf sprays are imported, but at present do not sell readily. A tricolor cluster of roses, pink, white, and scarlet, or else pink, crimson, and yellow, will be much used on fall bonnets for the clusters worn low down behind. Rose-bud bouquets, long-stemmed, and made up of buds of every shade known to nature, and some suggested by art, will be stuck under the side brim of black velvet round hats worn by young ladies. Several colors will appear on one bonnet, blended in the exquisite fashion introduced last spring by a leading French milliner. Two shades of a color, the extremes of light and dark, will also be used again. Finely cut steel, very highly polished, is the garniture used in imported bonnets. It is shown in slight fibrous leaves, that tremble and glitter like jewels. Cherries, currants, and grapes (especially white grapes), berries, and other small fruits are among the "artificial" trimmings on French hats.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. LORD & TAYLOR; A. T. STEWART & CO.; BALLARD, HALLEY, & CO.; and WORTHINGTON & SMITH.

PERSONAL.

AMONG the conspicuous persons at Long Branch is a young gentleman whose brilliant career in the late war makes him the observed of many observers, especially of the ladies. The correspondent of the *Tribune* describes him as a young, tall, dark, handsome army officer, the youngest of his rank in the service, a hero during the rebellion, who carries the lead of three Minie-balls in his shoulders and legs. Secretary STANTON saw him shot from the parapets of Fort Fisher, and gave him the commission of colonel in the regular army while he was on what was thought to be his death-bed, which he kept for two years, stepping backward and forward from life to death, until he was finally able to accept a year's leave of absence to enable him to visit Europe—he now being able (having swallowed opiates enough during the eight years following his twenty-first year to have killed his whole regiment) to walk slowly, and with little appearance of lameness, without the use of a cane. The men who watched for gallant deeds in the war, who read the daily heralding of comets that blazed to-day and sunk to-morrow, who recall the striking events of the period, may remember the young Pennsylvanian whose desperate bravery and Herculean endurance made him a colonel in the regular army before he was twenty-one years of age. His glory is enrolled in the Capitol, and every head of the War Department from Secretary STANTON down to Secretary BELKNAP has recalled the deeds and the sacrifices of this young officer, and has treated him with unusual kindness. His name is PENNYBACKER, and he is colonel of the Sixteenth Infantry, now stationed at Nashville. He was a brevet major-general at twenty-three, and is so youthful in appearance that you would rather expect to see on his shoulder the gold bar of a lieutenant than the eagle of a colonel.

—The Marquis of Bute has joined the noble company of lecturers. He recently delivered in London a lecture, said to have been interesting, on "Shrines of the Holy Land, recently visited." His descriptions were of various sacred places as they appear at the present time, dwelling with special interest upon the site of the Nativity, the house of Joseph the carpenter, the Holy Sepulchre, and the mounts of Calvary and Olives. Each of these he treated religiously and pathetically, concluding by quoting some Latin verses laudatory of the Holy Sepulchre.

—Dr. DIO LEWIS brought much laughter from a Utica audience by some advice to married men. He was speaking of the eye. "Gaze into your wife's eye, and you will see yourself looking exceedingly small." That was what evolved the laugh.

—The venerable Count SCHOUVALOFF, Grand Master of the court of the Czar, died quite recently at Carlsbad, and his funeral, after the forms of the Greek Church, appears to have attracted the attention and commanded the pens of all the foreign correspondents who could manage to attend. It was a notable ceremonial, and lasted for an hour and a half, and was chanted throughout by the priests, except when the strains of the ever-recurring *Kyrie Eleison* were hushed, and one of the ecclesiastics, clothed in robes of cloth of gold, read the lessons, and afterward delivered a short discourse or sermon. And what voices they had! At times, when the curtain was closed, and those rich basses swelled through the room, and the plaintive minors melted away in silence, the odors of the incense, the flaming tapers, the paintings on the walls, the garlands, combined in producing a weird effect, as if one was living in dream-land. There were passages of great solemnity. Once, as the son of the deceased stooped and on bended knees touched the floor with his lips—an action which one or more of the congregation repeatedly performed, in rigid obedience to the rubric—his emotions could not be restrained. It was the prayer for the deceased. Again, there was a striking incident when all the congregation, who had been holding lighted tapers in their hands, inverted or blew them out at the close of the mass for the repose of the soul of the departed. And when all was ended, the son, the old friends, and the grandchildren of the deceased came one by one and kissed the hands of the dead, over which their tears flowed fast, and each took away a leaf or a petal of the flowers around the coffin.

—The two notable ladies in London at the present moment are two sisters, each destined, in the ordinary course of things, to wear a diadem—one the Princess of Wales, the other the Czarevna of Russia. Both are beautiful, frank, cheerful, unaffected, anxious to please and to be pleased. The Czarevna is younger than her sister, and a very merry, roguish young person. Until she came to London she had never known much of the pleasures of general society, and she has plunged into them with all the zest of a novice. The two sisters are inseparable, and the Princess of Wales has never gone about so much before. They are both so natural and so graceful, and so anxious to make themselves and every body else feel at home, that they have taken the town by storm. They drive out once or twice every day, often taking their children with them; go to exhibitions of art and other sights, to the theatres and operas, and to balls innumerable. All the highest people in the fashionable world have been vying with each other as to who should give the finest entertainment in honor of the two princesses. One night they are at Lady WALDEGRAVE'S, at Strawberry Hill, associated with HORACE WALPOLE; another night at Montague House, the Duke of Buccleuch's; and again at Lord GRANVILLE'S and the Duke of Wellington's. London has not been so gay for years as it has been this season, and the shop-keepers are rejoicing accordingly.

—NILSSON has had a little tiff with Queen VICTORIA. The latter once left the opera after having seen the former in but one act of *Mignon*, and failed to invite the songstress to meet the Shah. So she begged to be excused from singing at the Queen's recent private concert, and has concluded she won't warble any more in London this season. She is a spunky little woman, with views as to dignity.

—There were some curious incidents connected with the STANHOPE family, that were recently brought to light in the successful effort of Mr. GEORGE PHILIP STANHOPE to obtain the peerage as Earl of Chesterfield. He was born in 1822, and was formerly lieutenant in the army. It is almost unparalleled in the history of titled families that the present earl is descended, as were the last three earls, from an ancestor who was the eleventh son of his father, the first earl. The present peer inherited the title from a distant cousin; and in the event of his dying without male issue it passes to another distant cousin, like him descended from the above-named eleventh son, Sir E. F. SCUDAMORE STANHOPE.

—Notwithstanding the active business life led for many years by the late LEWIS TAPPAN, and his conceded ability and astuteness in commercial affairs, he appears to have reaped a beggarly reward for his labors, his entire estate, as appears by his will, recently admitted to probate in Brooklyn, being worth less than $5000.

—Dr. MEHAFFEY, the reading clerk of the House of Representatives, is one of the characters of Washington. Walking down Pennsylvania Avenue one morning, on his way to the Capitol, he encountered a bevy of young ladies, to whom he paid his respects in passing. When he had gone by, one of the ladies, to whom he was a stranger, said, "Who was that?" "Why, don't you know? That's Dr. MEHAFFEY. He explains the bills to the members."

—The Grand Vizier of Persia is master of great power and patronage. He directs and controls the whole foreign policy of the government, and is *ex officio* commander-in-chief of the army. He is like three British principal Secretaries of State rolled into one, and assumes as much consequence.

—The Rev. S. W. BRUCE, of Utica, New York, is said to be the oldest living Presbyterian minister. He is now prostrated by a stroke of paralysis.

—HENRY WATTERSON, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, has been elected an honorary member of the Cobden Club, in London. Mr. WATTERSON is writing the sauciest letters that have ever been sent over by an editor for publication. We are led to look for the bankruptcy of the London *Times* within the next sixty days, and the extinction of the British monarchy before Christmas.

—Mrs. FRANCIS, wife of our minister to Greece, writes to her daughter in this city the first news that has reached here of the complete and brilliant success attending Mr. SCHLIEMANN'S long-continued explorations on the site of ancient Troy. The discoveries are of the most interesting and remarkable character, and will be hailed by scholars throughout the world. Mrs. F. writes:

"ATHENS, GREECE, *June* 25, 1873.

"Mr. SCHLIEMANN returned from Troy yesterday. He has completed his excavations, after three years of labor, by a grand master-stroke. He has discovered the palace of Priam and large treasure in gold and silver. He has carried away with him forty large cases containing various articles, also fifteen baskets of real treasures. We called upon him to-day at his residence for the purpose of examining his collection. I saw in his house gold goblets and vases which shine just like the gold of our age. I also saw some beautiful head ornaments made of gold, massive and well-made, resembling those now worn by the modern Greeks. There is a golden goblet weighing nearly three pounds, also a quantity of small round ear-rings such as are used and worn by children of our days."

—DANIEL DEFOE is coming in again. One of the best puns ever made by the late PHŒBE CARY was this: "Why was Robinson Crusoe's man Friday like a rooster? Because he scratched for himself and Crue-so." The trustees of the Public Library of Kentucky have determined to have *Robinson Crusoe* printed on raised letters for the use of the blind, the work to be commenced immediately. The hearts of those who suffer from the most direful of afflictions will be filled with joy at this announcement.

—Mrs. SCHURZ has had the good fortune to inherit $170,000 from her uncle, recently deceased, at Hamburg.

—The Duchess of Leeds, formerly one of the belles of Baltimore, is now a widow, and immensely rich. True, she is only ninety, but that should not deter some of our enterprising bachelors from going over and popping to the old lady, with an ultimate view of bringing some portion of the assets to her own, her native land.

—Baltimore rejoices in that a daughter of that city, Miss KATIE GAUL, has recently achieved great triumphs at Weimar as a pianiste. She is a favorite pupil of LISZT, having been under his general direction as a student of music for over two years. In assuming the direction of her culture he made the great concession that superlative talent only could wring from him, as he had formed the rule to take no pupils. From the first, however, he recognized the genius of this young lady, whom he calls "My America." As an evidence of this she was invited last month to appear in a grand LISZT concert given before numerous representatives of royalty and great folk at the palace, in which LISZT and Miss GAUL were the only solo performers, and the orchestra was of the composer's direction. Her triumph was complete.

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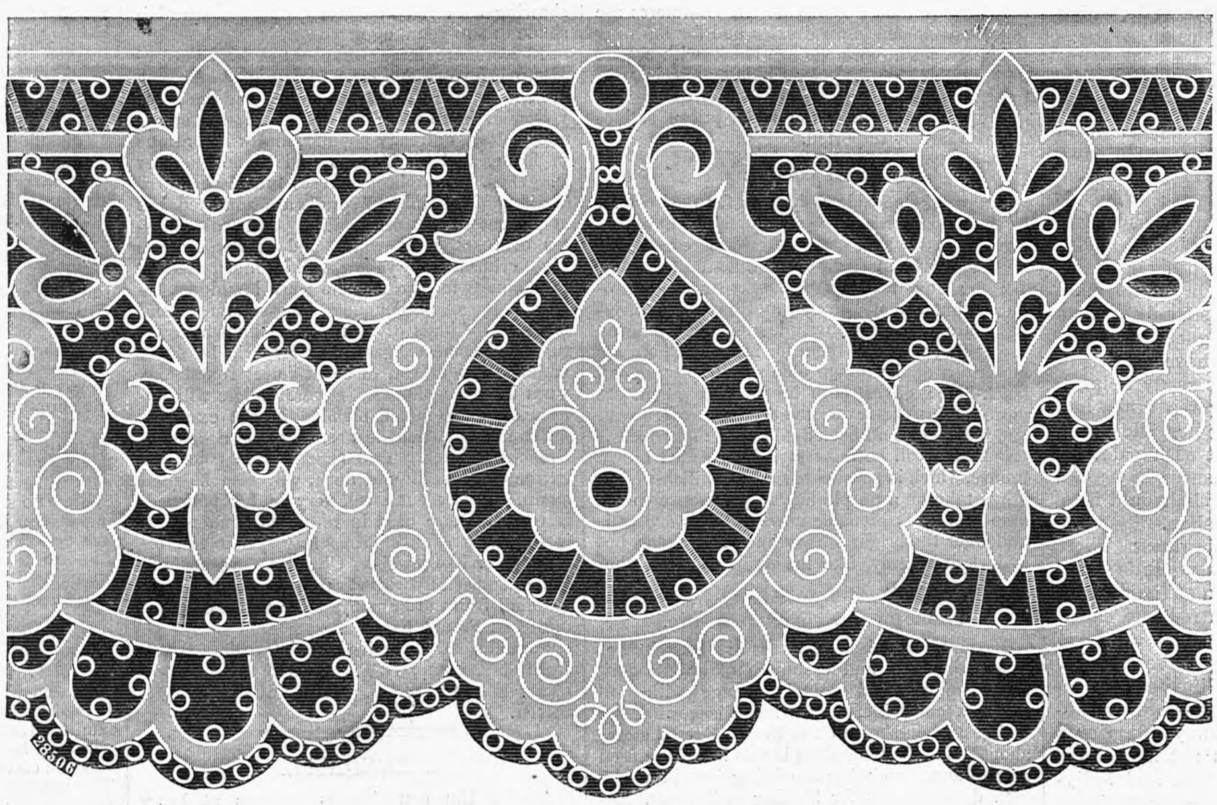
Edging in Genoese Embroidery.

THIS edging may be used for lingerie, as, for instance, under-sleeves, etc., and also for trimming covers and curtains. Work the embroidery on nansook, lawn, cambric, or fine linen. After drawing the design run the outlines evenly with medium-sized embroidery cotton, and then work the bars hatched in the illustration, stretching the working thread back and forth several times from one outline to another, and covering the bar closely and evenly with stitches. For all the outlines of the design figures, and for the arabesques inside of the design figures, sew on a thread of coarse tatting cotton or fine guipure cord with close overhand stitches; in doing this always insert the needle far into the material in a slanting direction, and also form the small loops at the same time. After finishing the embroidery cut away the material between the design figures from the under side, as shown by the illustration.



EDGING IN GENOESE EMBROIDERY.

Designs in Cross Stitch Embroidery for Sofa-Pillows, Rugs, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—DESIGN (QUARTER SECTION) FOR SOFA-PILLOW. The canvas should be coarse or fine, according to the size desired for the pillow. The colors, of worsted or silk, may be selected from the description of symbols of Fig. 1, or to match the color of the furniture of the room. The design gives one row of symbols more than the quarter section on each side, thus one row beyond the middle line; this shows that every following quarter section should be embroidered in reversed order.

Fig. 2.—CORNER OF BORDER FOR RUG. The directions given above are also suitable for this design. For the centre either buckskin or Angora fur may be used.

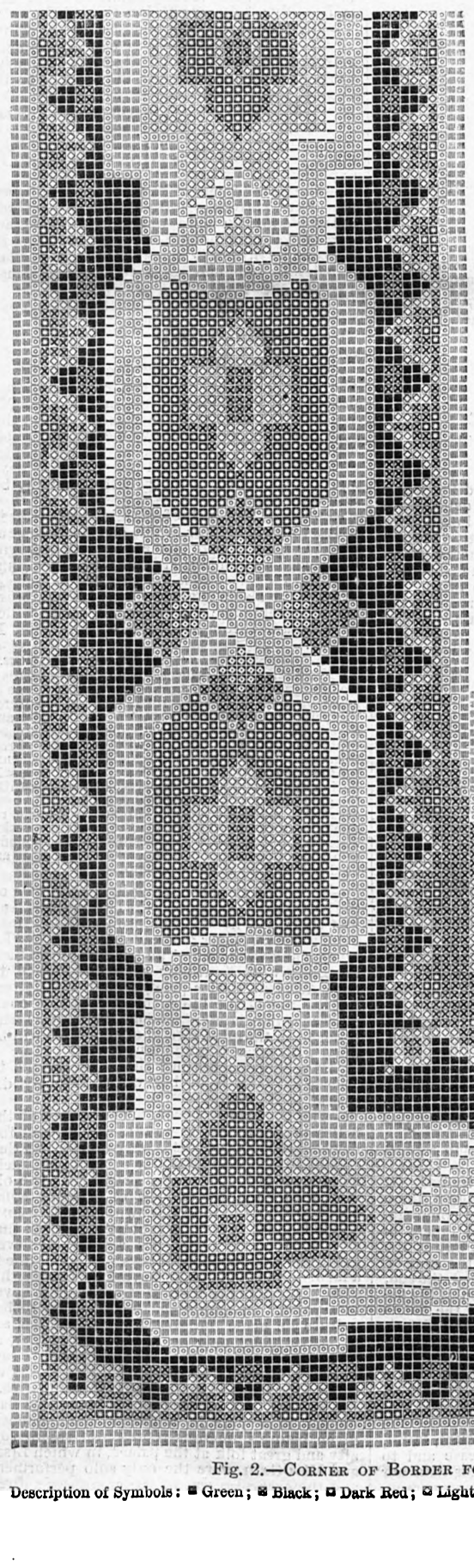
Designs for darning Tulle, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE pretty designs are suitable for curtains, etc. To work them baste the tulle very smooth and firm, so that it may not be pushed out of place, on a foundation of paper or linen on which the design has first been drawn. Run the outlines of the design with medium-sized glazed cotton, always alternately taking up one bar of the tulle on the needle and passing over the next. In the following rows alternate the bars. Edge the border shown by Fig. 2, page 549, with button-hole stitch scallops, as shown by the illustration.

MATRIMONIAL CANDIDATES.

"WANT a husband, miss?—only threepence," was the extraordinary question we heard put to a young lady waiting to cross a bustling London street. The querist was an impudent young tatterdemalion, who, as he spoke, flourished a bundle of papers before the eyes of the astonished damsel. The rascal was pushing the sales of a journal unique in its way, an organ "specially devoted to the promotion of marital felicity," and the relief of the "thousands of marriageable men and women, of all ages and conditions, capable of making each other happy, who have no chance of ever coming together either in town or country," thanks to the restrictions imposed by "the cold formalities of society and the rigid rules of etiquette." We suppose this odd literary venture has proved a success commercially, seeing that it has managed to exist for a couple of years, during which time some eight thousand candidates for matrimony have made their wants and wishes known in its columns. Whether marital felicity has been promoted thereby is another matter, upon which we must be content to remain ignorant.

After striking out duplicates we find a month's issue of our matrimonial organ containing five hundred and forty-eight advertisements. Two hundred and ninety-four emanating from would-be wives, and two hundred and fifty-four from would-be husbands. Let us give the ladies precedence, and begin with the two hundred and thirty-three unappreciated maidens, who have grown desperate, waiting in vain for the coming man. That rogue Cupid must have gone sparrow-hunting to the neglect of his proper business, for so many connubially inclined spinsters to be sighing for mates all unre-



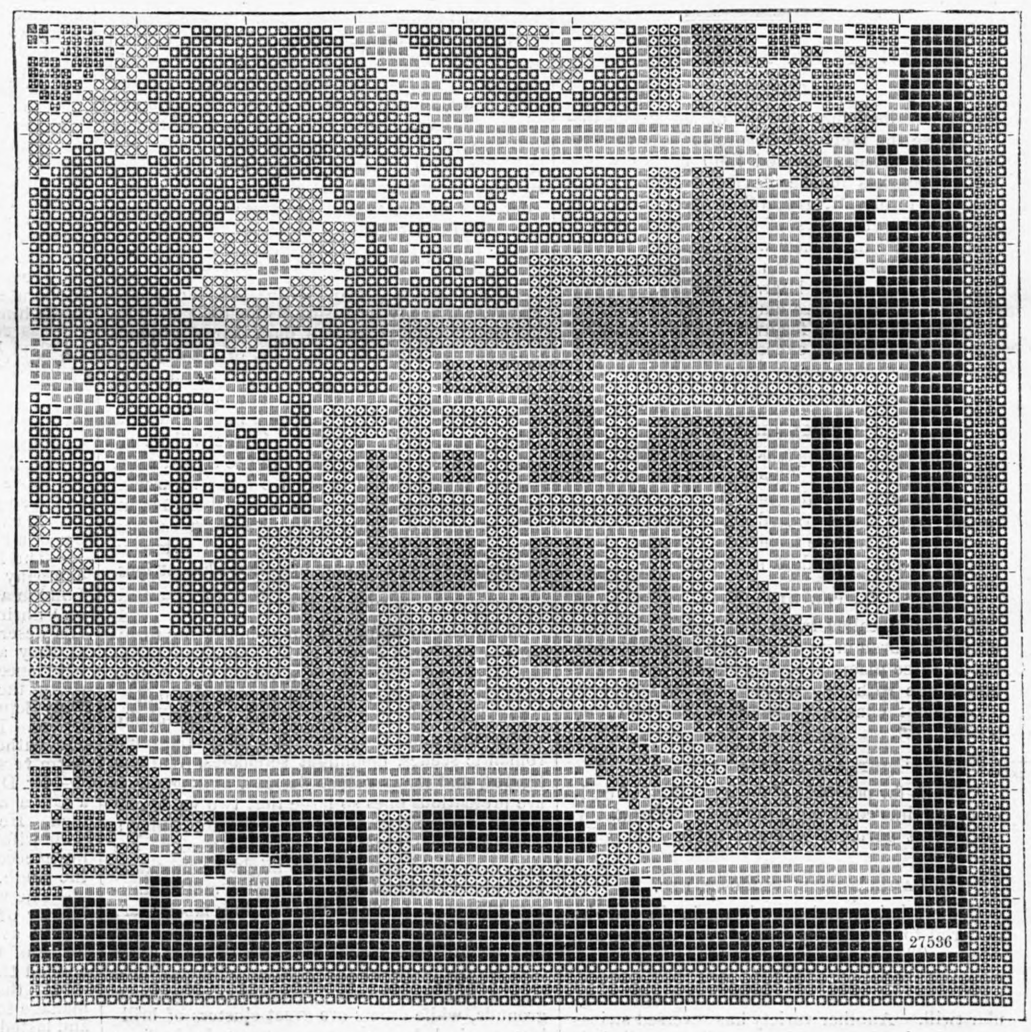


Fig. 1.—QUARTER SECTION OF SOFA-PILLOW.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ⊠ Green; ⊡ Blue; ⊞ 1st (darkest), □ 2d (lightest), Red; ⊡ 1st (darkest), ▫ 2d, – 3d (lightest), Fawn (the last silk).

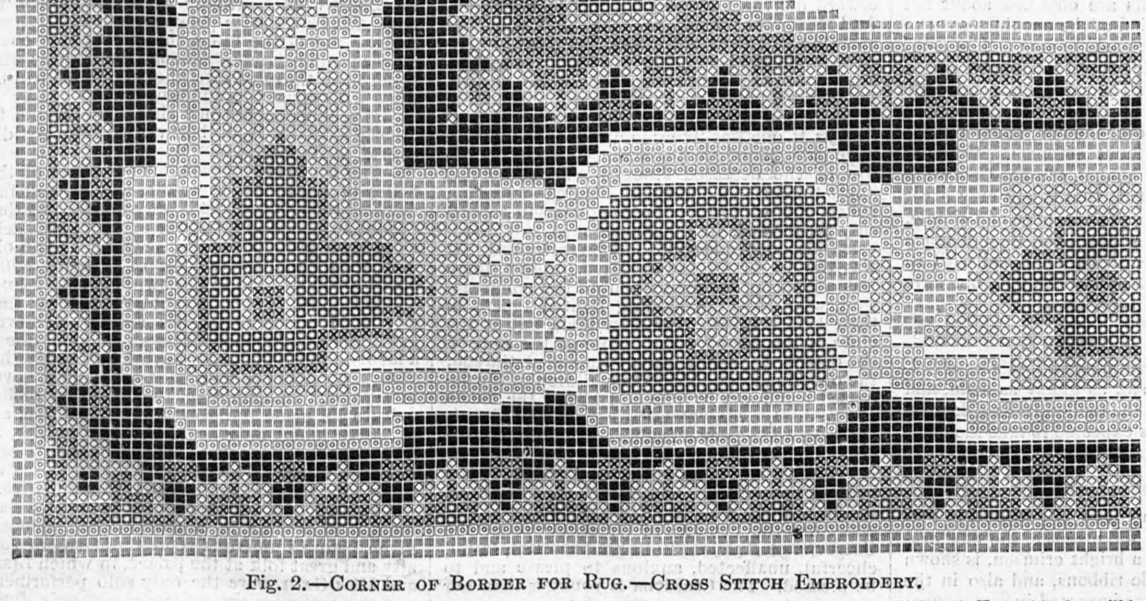


Fig. 2.—CORNER OF BORDER FOR RUG.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Description of Symbols: ■ Green; ⊠ Black; ⊡ Dark Red; ⊡ Light Red; ⊡ Violet; ▪ 1st (darkest), ▫ 2d, –3d (lightest), Fawn (the last silk).

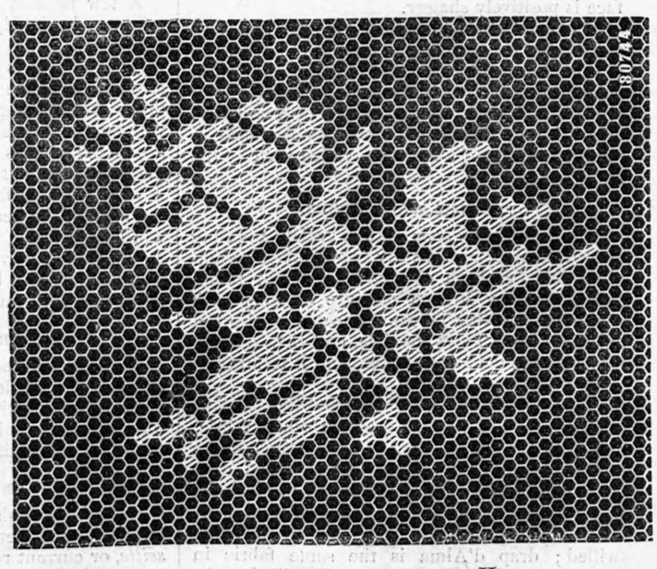


Fig. 1.—FOUNDATION FIGURE FOR CURTAINS, HANGINGS, ETC.

[See Fig. 2, Page 549.]

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garded. These unwooed ones are of various conditions and of all ages, from sweet seventeen to forlorn forty; eight being yet in their teens, fourteen just out of them; sixty-three have not seen more than five-and-twenty summers; sixty-one count from twenty-one to thirty years; sixty-two from thirty-one to thirty-nine; while nineteen confess to forty, and eight have passed beyond. Fair maidens stand to dark ones in the proportion of three to two, but black hair would seem to be at a discount, for only one raven-locked lady is to be found among them. It is from no want of charms that these poor ladies are left out in the cold. Oblivious of the copy-book maxim about self-praise, five proclaim themselves beautiful, eight write themselves down very handsome, twenty-three are, according to their own accounts, handsome, sixteen very pretty, and the same number pretty without the very. Fifty-two tell us they are good-looking, nine are nice-looking, and seven fine-looking. Eight are attractive, two prepossessing, twenty-nine of good appearance, one is stylish, and one fascinating.

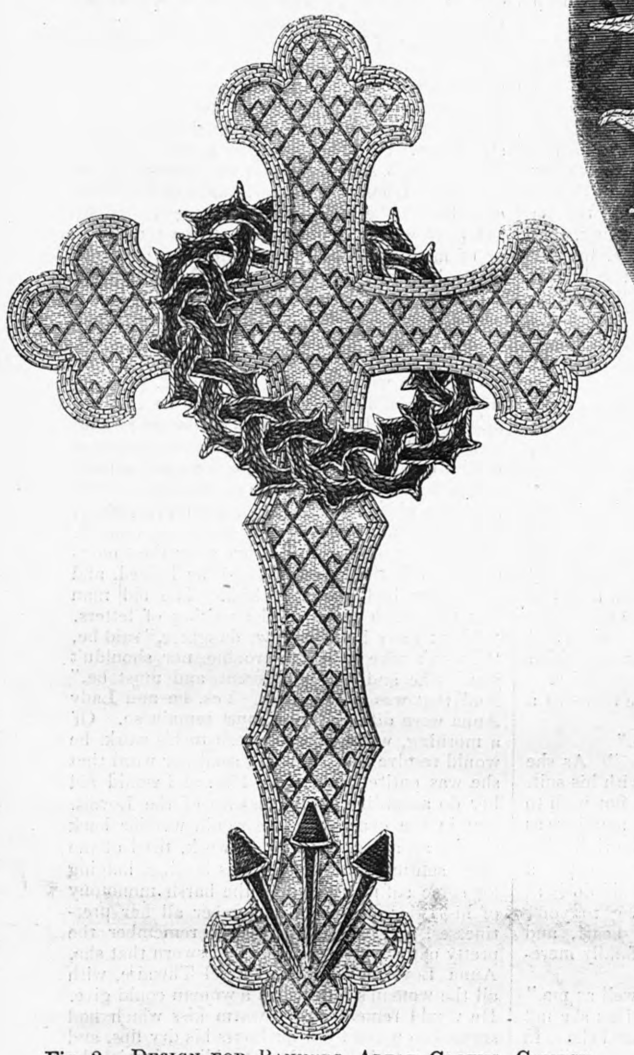

Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR BANNERS, ALTAR CLOTHS, CHURCH DECORATIONS, ETC.

Fig. 1.—DESIGN FOR BANNERS, ALTAR CLOTHS, CHURCH DECORATIONS, ETC.—GOLD EMBROIDERY.

Some are accomplished, some brilliant musicians, some clever needle-women, some highly educated. Others make parade of their connection with first-rate families; few forget to declare their amiability and affectionate disposition; some pride themselves upon being domesticated; and all are evidently strong in the belief that they will make excellent wives.

How far the marriage rate of the United Kingdom has been affected by the establishment of the new means of intercommunication between the sexes we can not tell; but of one thing we feel no doubt, that not a few of its aiders and abettors have bitterly regretted they ever heard of its existence.

Designs for Banners, Altar Cloths, Church Decorations, etc., Figs. 1-3.

Fig. 1 shows a design for the centre of banners, altar cloths, etc., which is worked on white damask with gold thread, gold cord, and gold braid as shown by the illustration.

Figs. 2 and 3 show different crosses suitable for banners, church decorations, etc. They are worked in application and gold embroidery. For the foundation of the cross shown by Fig. 2 apply gold cloth, and for the outer edge sew on gold cord, as shown by Fig. 17, page 452, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 29, Vol. II., but taking the thread single. Work the inside of the cross in half-polka stitch and point Russe with fine gold thread. The wreath of thorns is worked in dovetailed satin stitch with brown saddler's silk in three shades, and edged with gold cord. The nails are worked in satin stitch with dark brown silk, and are also edged with gold cord. For the cross shown by Fig. 3 sew on fine gold cord as described for the outer edge of Fig. 2. Work the letters with burnished bullion, and form the edge and vines with gold cord.

COMPOUND FOR WASHING LINEN.

ACCORDING to the *Moniteur Scientifique*, an excellent substance for washing linen, and one not possessing the destructive effect of soda and other washing powders, is prepared as follows: Two pounds of soap are dissolved in five and a half gallons of nearly boiling water, and to this is added three large table-spoonfuls of ammonia and

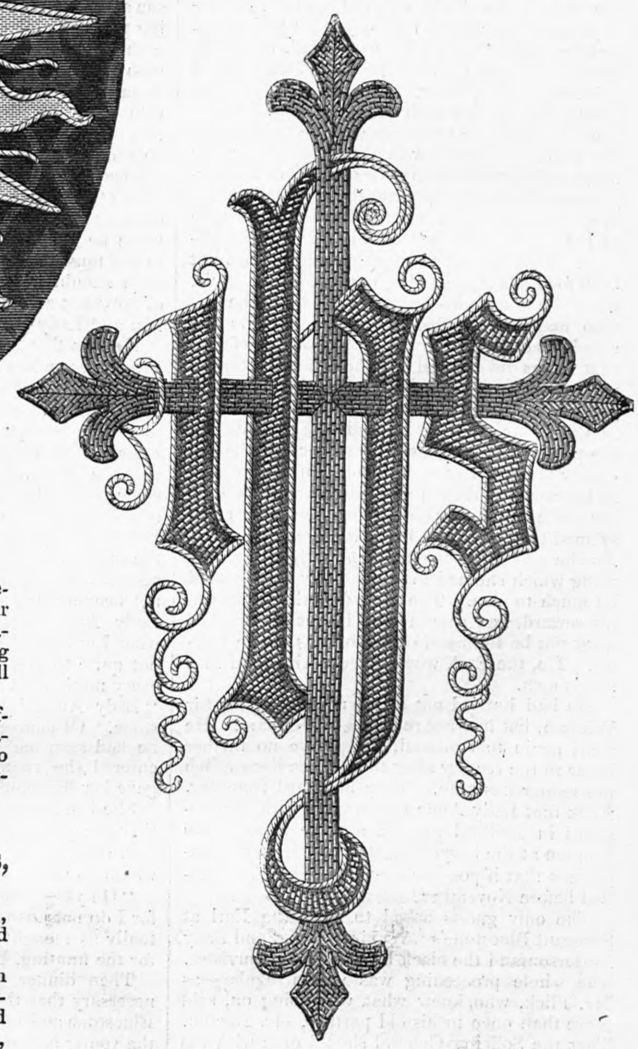

Fig. 3.—DESIGN FOR BANNERS, ALTAR CLOTHS, CHURCH DECORATIONS, ETC.

Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR DARNING TULLE FOR CURTAINS, HANGINGS, ETC.—[See Fig. 1, Page 548.]

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one of spirits of turpentine. In this the linen is to be soaked for three hours, when it is readily cleansed, requiring but little rubbing. Ammonia does not affect linen or woolen fibre as soda does.

(Continued from No. 33, page 523.)

LADY ANNA.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "The Warden," "The Small House at Allington," "Barchester Towers," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," "Orley Farm," "The Eustace Diamonds," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BEDFORD SQUARE.

THE Earl, without asking any question on the subject, had found that the Solicitor-General thought nothing of that objection which had weighed so heavily on his own mind, as to carrying on his suit with a girl who had been wooed successfully by a tailor. His own spirit rebelled for a while against such condescension. When Lady Anna had first told him that she had pledged her word to a lover low in the scale of men, the thing had seemed to him to be over. What struggle might be made to prevent the accomplishment of so base a marriage must be effected for the sake of the family, and not on his own special behoof. Not even for twenty thousand a year, not even for Lady Anna Lovel, not for all the Lovels, would he take to his bosom as his bride the girl who had leaned with loving fondness on the shoulders of Daniel Thwaite. But when he found that others did not feel it as he felt it, he turned the matter over again in his mind, and by degrees relented. There had doubtless been much in the whole affair which had placed it outside the pale of things which are subject to the ordinary judgment of men. Lady Anna's position in the world had been very singular. A debt of gratitude was due by her to the tailor, which had seemed to exact from her some great payment. As she had said herself, she had given the only thing which she had to give. Now there would be much to give. The man doubtless deserved his reward, and should have it, but that reward must not be the hand of the heiress of the Lovels. He, the Earl, would once again claim that as his own.

He had hurried out of town after seeing Sir William, but had not returned to Yoxham. He went again to Scotland, and wrote no further letter to the rectory after those three lines which the reader has seen. Then he heard from Mr. Flick that Lady Anna was staying with the Sergeant in Bedford Square, and he returned to London at the lawyer's instance. It was so expedient that if possible something should be settled before November!

The only guests asked to meet the Earl at Sergeant Bluestone's were Sir William and Lady Patterson and the black-browed young barrister. The whole proceeding was very irregular—as Mr. Flick, who knew what was going on, said more than once to his old partner, Mr. Norton. That the Solicitor-General should dine with the Sergeant might all be very well—though, as school-boys say, they had never known each other at home before. But that they should meet in this way the then two opposing clients—the two claimants to the vast property as to which a cause was to come on for trial in a few weeks—did bewilder Mr. Flick. "I suppose the Solicitor-General sees his way, but he may be in a mess yet," said Mr. Flick. Mr. Norton only scratched his head. It was no work of his.

Sir William, who arrived before the Earl, was introduced for the first time to the young lady. "Lady Anna," he said, "for some months past I have heard much of you. And now I have great pleasure in meeting you." She smiled, and strove to look pleased, but she had not a word to say to him. "You know I ought to be your enemy," he continued, laughing, "but I hope that is well-nigh over. I should not like to have to fight so fair a foe." Then the young lord arrived, and the lawyers of course gave way to the lover.

Lady Anna, from the moment in which she was told that he was to come, had thought of nothing but the manner of their greeting. It was not that she was uneasy as to her own fashion of receiving him. She could smile and be silent, and give him her hand or leave it ungiven, as he might demand. But in what manner would he accost her? She had felt sure that he had despised her from the moment in which she had told him of her engagement. Of course he had despised her. Those fine sentiments about ladies and gentlemen, and the gulf which had been fixed, had occurred to her before she heard them from the mouth of Miss Alice Bluestone. She understood, as well as did her young friend, what was the difference between her cousin, the Earl, and her lover, the tailor. Of course it would be sweet to be able to love such a one as her cousin. They all talked to her as though she was simply obstinate and a fool, not perceiving, as she did herself, that the untowardness of her fortune had prescribed this destiny for her. Good as Daniel Thwaite might be—as she knew that he was—she felt herself to be degraded in having promised to be his wife. The lessons they had taught her had not been in vain. And she had been specially degraded in the eyes of him who was to her imagination the brightest of human beings. They told her that she might still be his wife if only she would consent to hold out her hand when he should ask for it. She did not believe it. Were it true, it could make no difference—but she did not believe it. He had scorned her when she told him the tale at Bolton Abbey. He had scorned her when he hurried away from Yoxham. Now he was coming to the Sergeant's house with the express intention of meeting her again. Why should he come? Alas, alas! She was sure that he would never speak to her again in that bright sunny manner, with those dulcet honey words, which he had used when first they saw each other in Wyndham Street.

Nor was he less uneasy as to this meeting. He had not intended to scorn her when he parted from her, but he had intended that she should understand that there was an end of his suit. He had loved her dearly, but there are obstacles to which love must yield. Had she already married this tailor, how would it have been with him then? That which had appeared to him to be most fit for him to do had suddenly become altogether unfit—and he had told himself at the moment that he must take back his love to himself as best he might. He could not sue for that which had once been given to a tailor. But now all that was changed, and he did intend to sue again. She was very beautiful—to his thinking the very pink of feminine grace—and replete with charms. Soft in voice, soft in manner, with just enough of spirit to give her character. What a happy chance it had been, what marvelous fortune, that he should have been able to love this girl whom it was so necessary that he should marry—what a happy chance, had it not been for this wretched tailor! But now, in spite of the tailor, he would try his fate with her once again. He had not intended to scorn her when he left her, but he knew that his manner to her must have told her that his suit was over. How should he renew it again in the presence of Sergeant and Mrs. Bluestone and of Sir William and Lady Patterson?

He was first introduced to the former of the two ladies, while Lady Anna was sitting silent on the corner of a sofa. Mrs. Bluestone, foreseeing how it would be, had endeavored with much prudence to establish her young friend at some distance from the other guests, in order that the Earl might have the power of saying some word; but the young barrister had taken this opportunity of making himself agreeable, and stood opposite to her, talking nothings about the emptiness of London and the glories of the season when it should come. Lady Anna did not hear a word that the young barrister said. Lady Anna's ear was straining itself to hear what Lord Lovel might say, and her eye, though not quite turned toward him, was watching his every motion. Of course he must speak to her. "Lady Anna is on the sofa," said Mrs. Bluestone. Of course he knew that she was there; he had seen her dear face the moment that he entered the room. He walked up to her and gave her his hand, and smiled upon her.

She had made up her little speech. "I hope they are quite well at Yoxham," she said, in that low, soft, silver voice which he had told himself would so well befit the future Countess Lovel.

"Oh yes—I believe so. I am a truant there, for I do not answer Aunt Julia's letters as punctually as I ought to do. I shall be down there for the hunting, I suppose, next month."

Then dinner was announced, and as it was necessary that the Earl should take down Mrs. Bluestone and the Sergeant Lady Anna—so that the young barrister absolutely went down to dinner with the wife of the Solicitor-General—the conversation was brought to an end, nor was it possible that they should be made to sit next each other at dinner; and then, when at last the late enemy came, and they were all together in the drawing-room, other things intervened, and the half hour so passed that hardly a word was spoken between them. But there was just one word as he went away. "I shall call and see you," he said.

"I don't think he means it," the Sergeant said to his wife that evening, almost in anger.

"Why not, my dear?"

"He did not speak to her."

"People can't speak at dinner-parties when there is any thing particular to say. If he didn't mean it, he wouldn't have come. And if you'll all have a little patience, she'll mean it too. I can't forgive her mother for being so hard to her. She's one of the sweetest creatures I ever came across."

A little patience! and here was November coming. The Earl, who had now been dining in his house, meeting his own client there, must again become the Sergeant's enemy in November, unless this matter were settled. The Sergeant at present could see no other way of proceeding. The Earl might no doubt retire from the suit, but a jury must then decide whether the Italian woman had any just claim. And against the claim of the Italian woman the Earl would again come forward. The Sergeant, as he thought of it, was almost sorry that he had asked the Earl and the Solicitor-General to his house.

On the very next morning—early in the day—the Earl was announced in Bedford Square. The Sergeant was of course away at his chambers. Lady Anna was in her room, and Mrs. Bluestone was sitting with her daughter. "I have come to see my cousin," said the Earl, boldly.

"I am so glad that you have come, Lord Lovel."

"Thank you: well, yes. I know you will not mind my saying so outright. Though the papers say that we are enemies, we have many things in common between us."

"I will send her to you. My dear, we will go into the dining-room. You will find lunch ready when you come down, Lord Lovel." Then she left him, and he stood looking for a while at the books that were laid about the table.

It seemed to him to be an age, but at last the door was opened and his cousin crept into the room. When he had parted from her at Yoxham he had called her Lady Anna; but he was determined that she should, at any rate, be again his cousin. "I could hardly speak to you yesterday," he said, while he held her hand.

"No—Lord Lovel."

"People never can, I think, at small parties like that. Dear Anna, you surprised me so much by what you told me on the banks of the Wharfe!" She did not know how to answer him even a word. "I know that I was unkind to you."

"I did not think so, my lord."

"I will tell you just the plain truth. Even though it may be bitter, the truth will be best between us, dearest. When first I heard what you said, I believed that all must be over between you and me."

"Oh yes," she said.

"But I have thought about it since, and I will not have it so. I have not come to reproach you."

"You may if you will."

"I have no right to do so, and would not if I had. I can understand your feelings of deep gratitude, and can respect them."

"But I love him, my lord," said Lady Anna, holding her head on high and speaking with much dignity. She could hardly understand herself the feeling which induced her so to address him. When she was alone, thinking of him and of her other lover, her heart was always laden with regret in that she had not known her cousin in her early days—as she had known Daniel Thwaite. She could tell herself, though she could not tell any other human being, that when she had thought that she was giving her heart to the young tailor, she had not known what it was to have a heart to give. The young lord was as a god to her; whereas Daniel was but a man, to whom she owed so deep a debt of gratitude that she must sacrifice herself, if needs be, on his behalf. And yet when the Earl spoke to her of her gratitude to this man, praising it, and professing that he also understood those very feelings which had governed her conduct, she blazed up almost in wrath, and swore that she loved the tailor.

The Earl's task was certainly difficult. It was his first impulse to rush away again, as he had rushed away before: to rush away and leave the country, and let the lawyers settle it all as they would. Could it be possible that such a girl as this should love a journeyman tailor, and should be proud of her love? He turned from her and walked to the door and back again, during which time she had almost repented of her audacity.

"It is right that you should love him—as a friend," he said.

"But I have sworn to be his wife."

"And must you keep your oath?" As she did not answer him, he pressed on with his suit. "If he loves you, I am sure he can not wish to hurt you, and you know that such a marriage as that would be very hurtful. Can it be right that you should descend from your position to pay a debt of gratitude, and that you should do it at the expense of all those who belong to you? Would you break your mother's heart, and mine, and bring disgrace upon your family merely because he was good to you?"

"He was good to my mother as well as me."

"Will it not break her heart? Has she not told you so? But perhaps you do not believe in my love."

"I do not know," she said.

"Ah, dearest, you may believe. To my eyes you are the sweetest of all God's creatures. Perhaps you think I say so only for the money's sake."

"No, my lord, I do not think that."

"Of course much is due to him."

"He wants nothing but that I should be his wife. He has said so, and he is never false. I can trust him at any rate, even though I should betray him. But I will not betray him. I will go away with him, and they shall not hear of me, and nobody will remember that I was my father's daughter."

"You are doubting even now, dear."

"But I ought not to doubt. If I doubt, it is because I am weak."

"Then still be weak. Surely such weakness will be good, when it will please all those who must be dearest to you."

"It will not please him, Lord Lovel."

"Will you do this, dearest: will you take one week to consider, and then write to me? You can not refuse me that, knowing that the happiness and the honor and the welfare of every Lovel depends upon your answer."

She felt that she could not refuse, and she gave him the promise. On that day week she would write to him, and tell him then to what resolve she should have brought herself. He came up close to her, meaning to kiss her if she would let him; but she stood aloof, and merely touched his hand. She would obey her betrothed—at any rate till she should have made up her mind that she would be untrue to him. Lord Lovel could not press his wish, and left the house unmindful of Mrs. Bluestone's luncheon.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

DURING all this time Daniel Thwaite had been living alone, working day after day and hour after hour among the men in Wigmore Street, trusted by his employer, disliked by those over whom he was set in some sort of authority, and befriended by none. He had too heavy a weight on his spirits to be light of heart, even had his nature been given to lightness. How could he even hope that the girl would resist all the temptation that would be thrown in her way, all the arguments that would be used to her, the natural entreaties that would be showered upon her from all her friends? Nor did he so think of himself as to believe that his own personal gifts would bind her to him when opposed by those other personal gifts which he knew belonged to the lord. Measuring himself by his own standard, regarding that man to be most manly who could be most useful in the world, he did think himself to be infinitely superior to the Earl. He was the working bee, whereas the Earl was the drone. And he was one who used to the best of his abilities the mental faculties which had been given to him, whereas the Earl—so he believed—was himself hardly conscious of having mental faculties bestowed upon him. The Earl was, to his thinking, as were all earls, an excrescence upon society, which had been produced by the evil habits and tendencies of mankind—a thing to be got rid of before any near approach could be made to that social perfection in the future coming of which he fully believed. But though useless, the Earl was beautiful to the eye. Though purposeless, as regarded any true purpose of speech, his voice was of silver and sweet to the ear. His hands, which could never help him to a morsel of bread, were soft to the touch. He was sweet with perfumes and idleness, and never reeked of the sweat of labor. Was it possible that such a girl as Anna Lovel should resist the popinjay backed as he would be by her own instincts and by the prayers of every one of her race? And then from time to time another thought would strike him. Using his judgment as best he might on her behalf, should he wish that she should do so? The idleness of an earl might be bad, and equally bad the idleness of a countess. To be the busy wife of a busy man, to be the mother of many children, who should be all taught to be busy on behalf of mankind, was, to his thinking, the highest lot of woman. But there was a question with him whether the accidents of her birth and fortune had not removed her from the possibility of such joy as that. How would it be with her, and him too, if, in afterlife, she should rebuke him because he had not allowed her to be the wife of a nobleman? And how would it be with him if hereafter men said of him that he held her to an oath extracted from her in her childhood because of her wealth? He had been able to answer Mr. Flick on that head, but he had more difficulty in answering himself.

He had written to his father after the Countess had left the house in which he lodged, and his father had answered him. The old man was not much given to the writing of letters. "About Lady Lovel and her daughter," said he, "I won't take no more trouble, nor shouldn't you. She and you is different, and must be." And that was all he said. Yes, he and Lady Anna were different, and must remain so. Of a morning, when he went fresh to his work, he would resolve that he would send her word that she was entirely free from him, and would bid her do according to the nature of the Lovels. But in the evening, as he would wander back slowly, all alone, tired of his work, tired of the black solitude of the life he was leading, longing for some softness to break the harsh monotony of his labor, he would remember all her prettinesses, and would, above all, remember the pretty oaths with which she had sworn that she, Anna Lovel, loved him, Daniel Thwaite, with all the woman's love which a woman could give. He would remember the warm kiss which had seemed to make fresh for hours his dry lips, and would try to believe that the bliss of which he had thought so much might still be his own. Had she abandoned him, had she assented to a marriage with the Earl, he would assuredly have heard of it. He also knew well the day fixed for the trial, and understood the importance which would be attached to an early marriage, should that be possible, or at least to a public declaration of an engagement. At any rate she had not as yet been false to him.

One day he received at his place of work the following note:

"DEAR MR. THWAITE,—I wish to speak to you on most important business. Could you call on me tomorrow at eight o'clock in the evening—here?

"Yours very faithfully and always grateful,

"J. LOVEL."

And then the Countess had added her address in Keppel Street—the very address which, about a month back, she had refused to give him. Of course he went to the Countess, fully believing that Lady Anna would also be at the house, though believing also that he would not be allowed to see her. But at this time Lady Anna was still staying with Mrs. Bluestone in Bedford Square.

It was no doubt natural that every advantage should be taken of the strong position which Lord Lovel held. When he had extracted a promise from Lady Anna that she would write to him at the end of a week, he told Sir William, Sir William told his wife, Lady Patterson told Mrs. Bluestone, and Mrs. Bluestone told the Countess. They were all now in league against the tailor. If they could only get a promise from the girl before the cause came on, any thing that they could even call a promise, then the thing might be easy. United together, they would not be afraid of what the Italian woman might do. And this undertaking to write to Lord Lovel was almost as good as a promise. When a girl once hesitates with a lover, she has as good as surrendered. To say even that she will think of it, is to accept the man. Then Mrs. Bluestone and the Countess, putting their heads together, determined that an appeal should be made to the tailor. Had Sir William or the Sergeant been consulted, either would have been probably strong against the measure. But the ladies acted on their own judgment, and Daniel Thwaite presented himself in Keppel Street.

"It is very kind of you to come," said the Countess.

"There is no great kindness in that," said Daniel, thinking perhaps of those twenty years of service which had been given by him and by his father.

"I know you think that I have been ungrate-

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ful for all that you have done for me." He did think so, and was silent. "But you would hardly wish me to repay you for helping me in my struggle by giving up all for which I have struggled."

"I have asked for nothing, Lady Lovel."

"Have you not?"

"I have asked you for nothing."

"But my daughter is all that I have in the world. Have you asked nothing of her?"

"Yes, Lady Lovel. I have asked much from her, and she has given me all that I have asked. But I have asked nothing, and now claim nothing, as payment for service done. If Lady Anna thinks she is in my debt after such fashion as that, I will soon make her free."

"She does think so, Mr. Thwaite."

"Let her tell me so with her own lips."

"You will not think that I am lying to you."

"And yet men do lie, and women too, without remorse, when the stakes are high. I will believe no one but herself in this. Let her come down and stand before me and look me in the face and tell me that it is so, and I promise you that there shall be no further difficulty. I will not even ask to be alone with her. I will speak but a dozen words to her, and you shall hear them."

"She is not here, Mr. Thwaite. She is not living with me in this house."

"Where is she, then?"

"She is staying with friends."

"With the Lovels—in Yorkshire?"

"I do not think that good can be done by my telling you where she is."

"Do you mean me to understand that she is engaged to the Earl?"

"I tell you this—that she acknowledges herself to be bound to you, but bound to you simply by gratitude. It seems that there was a promise."

"Oh yes—there was a promise, Lady Lovel; a promise as firmly spoken as when you told the late lord that you would be his wife."

"I know that there was a promise, though I, her mother, living with her at the time, had no dream of any such wickedness. There was a promise, and by that she feels herself to be in some measure bound."

"She should do so, if words can ever mean any thing."

"I say she does—but it is only by a feeling of gratitude. What! is it probable that she should wish to mate so much below her degree if she were now left to her own choice? Does it seem natural to you? She loves the young Earl, as why should she not? She has been thrown into his company on purpose that she might learn to love him—when no one knew of this horrid promise which had been exacted from her before she had seen any in the world from whom to choose."

"She has seen two now, him and me, and she can choose as she pleases. Let us both agree to take her at her word, and let us both be present when that word is spoken. If she goes to him and offers him her hand in my presence, I would not take it then though she were a princess, in lieu of being Lady Anna Lovel. Will he treat me as fairly? Will he be as bold to abide by her choice?"

"You can never marry her, Mr. Thwaite."

"Why can I never marry her? Would not my ring be as binding on her finger as his? Would not the parson's word make me and her one flesh and one bone as irretrievably as though I were ten times an earl? I am a man and she a woman. What law of God, or of man—what law of nature, can prevent us from being man and wife? I say that I can marry her—and, with her consent, I will."

"Never! You shall never live to call yourself the husband of my daughter. I have striven and struggled and suffered, as never woman strove and suffered before, to give to my child the name and the rank which belong to her. I did not do so that she might throw them away on such a one as you. If you will deal honestly by us—"

"I have dealt by you more than honestly."

"If you will at once free her from this thralldom in which you hold her, and allow her to act in accordance with the dictates of her own heart—"

"That she shall do."

"If you will not hinder us in building up again the honor of the family, which was nigh ruined by the iniquities of my husband, we will bless you."

"I want but one blessing, Lady Lovel."

"And in regard to her money—"

"I do not expect you to believe me, Countess; but her money counts as nothing with me. If it becomes hers, and she becomes my wife, as her husband I will protect it for her, and enable her to put it to such good uses as may seem most fit to both of us. But there shall be no dealing between you and me in regard to money."

"There is money due to your father, Mr. Thwaite."

"If so, that can be paid when you come by your own. It was not lent for the sake of a reward."

"And you will not liberate that poor girl from her thralldom?"

"She can liberate herself if she will. I have told you what I will do. Let me see her, and let her tell me to my face what she wishes."

"That she shall never do, Mr. Thwaite—no, by heavens! It is not necessary that she should have your consent to make such an alliance as her friends think proper for her. You have entangled her by a promise, foolish on her part, and very wicked on yours, and you may work us much trouble. You may delay the settlement of all this question—perhaps for years—and half ruin the estate by prolonged lawsuits; you may make it impossible for me to pay your father what I owe him till he, and I also, shall be no more; but you can not, and shall not, have access to my daughter. You may do us infinite evil, but you can do yourself no good whatever."

Daniel Thwaite, as he returned home, tried to think it all over dispassionately. Was it as the Countess had represented? Was he acting the part of the dog in the manger, robbing others of happiness without the power of achieving his own? He loved the girl, and was he making her miserable by his love? He was almost inclined to think that the Countess had spoken truth in this respect.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Revelations concerning a late Honored Guest.—Savage Potentates.—Sensational End of a Sensational Novelist.

HAS it ever been your misfortune to have been intimate with a gentleman of apparent respectability, to have asked him to dinner and seated him in the place of honor next your wife, and afterward to read in the paper that he was hung? When our penal code was more stringent, the case was not uncommon. The banker Fontleroy, for example, who, as you remember, suffered the last penalty of the law, "moved" at one time "in the best circles." There is a dreadful story, indeed, which illustrates the fact, concerning one who under pretense of sympathy called upon him in the condemned cell, and entreated him with emotion to reveal to him, since the possession of the secret could be of no further social service to him, *where* he got that Curaçoa from. But nowadays it is quite exceptional to have entertained capital offenders unawares. Hence it is that society here is rather put out of conceit with itself at the discovery that in welcoming the Shah of Persia we have been doing honor not indeed to a man that is doomed to the gallows, but to one who ought to have been hung a hundred times over. He is, in fact, I have good reason to believe, the most cruel and vindictive despot that ever disgraced even the Persian throne. Those little tricks of throwing his umbrella over his head when he had done with it, and the contents of his plate when he had had enough, and of wishing to try the effects of new rifles in crowded neighborhoods, which were here set down to childish impatience and thoughtlessness, were, in fact, the indices of a disposition which when in his own domain exhibits itself in acts which would disgrace a tiger. I have the following anecdote from the lips of a lady who has lived for years in Teheran, and was a resident in that city during the event which she thus describes. A Persian lady of high rank had given some offense to the Shah with that unruly weapon, her tongue, and being aware of the danger she had thereby incurred, fled across the frontier with her son. After four or five years, being desirous to return to her friends, she sounded some persons about the court as to whether it would be safe for her to do so, and was informed (whether with the Shah's connivance or not is doubtful) that the despot had forgiven her. No sooner, however, did she recross the frontier than she was seized, *put between two boards, and sawn asunder*. This is his favorite punishment, and one which, I am told, he inflicts so often that even his ministers, who have no law but his, and are not scrupulous about human life, are appalled by it. However, if he did it but that once, that is quite enough for me, and still more, I should imagine, for every body who ever sat at table with him. To think that Englishmen should have been taking off their hats to such a savage—nay, that Englishwomen should have welcomed him with smiles and enthusiasm—seems to me at least a national humiliation. It was, in my opinion, very much to the credit of the brewers of Barclay & Perkins that when Marshal Haynau, the Austrian woman-whipper, came with his gold-lace and stars, and accompanied by certain court people, to investigate that establishment, they threatened to throw him into the vat, and made him run for his life; and if the Shah was to return now after these revelations of his home life shall have become public, it is probable that he would meet with a very different reception from his last. For some offended novelist to "put one in a book" and "cut one up" is thought to be a savage and inexcusable way of taking vengeance, but to put one between boards and saw one asunder is a much more censurable practice. I wonder—though it would be equally shocking either way—whether the Shah is graciously pleased to saw his subjects across or along: across, I suppose, however, since it must needs be done against the grain. The honor of his Majesty's stay with us has stood us, it seems, in exactly a thousand pounds *per diem*, exclusive of the three salutes of the iron-clads at Portsmouth, which cost us a thousand pounds apiece. These were given in pebble powder, and the discharge in one case having been shot full face into a yacht, put five persons *hors de combat*. I wish the mischance had happened to the Shah himself, instead, when mounted on *his hors de combat* (war-horse, I mean), with its pink tail and its gold ring. One ought to have *known* that a man who rides a horse with a pink tail and a gold ring through it *must* be a worthless "critter," though *how* base no imagination could have pictured. What I have told you about him is, however, I believe, the literal fact. The last news of him is rather curious. Mr. Burnaud, the "happy-thought" man, has made comic capital out of his Majesty in a burlesque called *Kissi-Kissi*, and the Persian minister has actually remonstrated with our Lord-Chamberlain against permitting his high and mighty master to be made a joke of; whereupon the mimic representative of the king of kings has been compelled to wash his face, in order, I suppose, to be as unlike our late objectionable guest as possible.

One of the worst features of the public reception of these savage potentates is that more of the same sort are induced to come,

"and one black sin brings on anodder,
Like little nigger pickaninny riding pickaback upon him mudder."

The Sultan of Zanzibar, who has been a good boy and given up slave-dealing, though not without pretty strong compulsion, is also, I *believe*, about to honor us with a visit, below whom, I should think, monarchs can no further go.

In the days when sensation novels were not called by that name, but yet existed, there was a somewhat famous one entitled *Paul Ferrol*. It was realistic too, which at that time was a novelty, and it had a certain abrupt force of its own not easily forgotten. Its authoress, Mrs. Clive (the wife of a clergyman living near Hereford, who has also large landed property in that neighborhood), was last week burned alive while sitting in her boudoir. She was over seventy, and a confirmed invalid; but she was engaged with books and MSS., when a spark flew from the fire and set the papers in a flame, from which she was too feeble to escape.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

LONDON is following the excellent fashion set by so many cities of the United States, and the poor children of that great and crowded metropolis are enjoying free excursions into the fresher country air. Thus far we have heard of no trips embracing such a large number of children as those which have gone from New York. A recent excursion from this city to the "Oriental Grove" included nearly eighteen hundred little denizens of crowded tenement-houses. And, strange to say, not a single casualty, even of the most trifling nature, occurred among this great throng. Good order prevailed, and every child had a delightful time. On this excursion the expense for each one was about thirty-five cents. The London *Telegraph* gives an account of an excursion given to three hundred poor children of that city. It consisted of a drive into the country, a day of freedom and fun among green fields, flowers, and shady trees, and an abundant meal of sandwiches, lemonade, ginger-beer, milk, strawberries, cherries, and currants, which was served under a huge tent on the meadows. All were required to come "clean and tidy," and some touching incidents occurred showing the earnest desire to comply with this regulation. One little girl entreated the inspector to "look over Peter's boots." Peter was her small brother, whose mites of feet were planted in huge leather boots, which manifestly would prevent him from running about much. On inquiry it was found that the motherly sister had polished up the boy's boots for this occasion and put them carefully away in the closet, where they were discovered by the drunken mother; and seeing them look so nice, she speedily transferred them to the pawn shop. Peter's boots were "overlooked," and he was given a seat beside the driver of the van, greatly to his comfort and to the delight of his sister. This is only a sample of the difficulties which poor little children endure in their endeavors to gain a holiday, not only in London, but every where. Sad indeed are the lives of those little ones whose wretched poverty-stricken homes are made hopelessly miserable by a father or mother habitually intemperate.

The "Aerial Sanitarium" is of Western growth. It is simply a huge balloon, firmly secured, at a proper height, to the earth, and around which is a wire frame-work fitted up to accommodate one hundred guests. A small balloon serves as an elevator. If a storm arises, the whole affair can be quickly brought down to earth. But in good weather it is averred that nothing is more delightful than this air hotel.

Cold water, copiously applied, is regarded as one of the best remedies for sun-stroke. If all who are forced to expose themselves to the direct rays of the sun during the hottest months would lay a cloth wet in cold water upon the top of the head within the hat, it would usually be an effectual protection against injury.

A Western lady recently was awakened from sleep by a dreadful dream and a mysterious voice exclaiming, "Your brother William is dead!" She screamed and fainted. On being restored to consciousness she refused to be comforted, and passed the night in tears. And, to be sure, in confirmation of her dream, the next day she received a letter stating that her brother—was quite well, and unusually successful in business!

The work of reconstructing the Column Vendôme at Paris has been commenced, though as yet only the masonry is begun. As a matter of economy, it is intended to utilize the stone-work of the old column, at least such portions as are suitable, and about two-thirds of the materials can be used. But a large proportion of this material must be repaired and rejointed, and the reparation is most difficult. The completed column will be surmounted by the old statue of the Emperor in gray *redingote* and jack-boots, with the arms crossed in the legendary attitude. The statue is considerably injured, but not irreparably.

A writer from Saratoga remarks that "so entirely have *décolletée* dresses disappeared that even the children are dressed up to their ears and down to their waists," and queries whether the "poor little things" are "never to know the freedom and coolness of bare arms and neck when they dance in a room suffocatingly hot from the blaze of gas and the crowd which only leaves space enough for the dancers." We say "poor little things" most sympathizingly; not, however, because fashion just now covers arms and neck—a style which is far more sensible and prudent than the opposite one—but because they are encouraged and expected to dance at all in the "suffocatingly hot" rooms of a fashionable watering-place. Why can not these "poor little things" be allowed to keep themselves cool and comfortable during dog-days' sultry heat? If they want to dance, let them do it in free, airy places, and unencumbered by oppressive finery. Alas! how many mothers lose their little ones through vanity!

Complaint is made in many cities that the clergymen are all absent from town, and that it is difficult to procure one to attend funeral services. It is stated in a local paper that every one of the Protestant clergy in West Troy is out of town.

It is the season for burglars; and some who make their living by midnight investigation of houses are not only wicked, but most unmitigatedly *mean*. Not long since a private house in Lexington Avenue was not only robbed by burglars by the actual abstraction of five hundred dollars' worth of property, but more than fifteen hundred dollars' worth of paintings were cut to pieces with knives. Such atrocity seems almost beyond belief—a pure act of vandalism, which merits equal if not severer punishment than robbery.

It is important for every one who ever ventures into or upon the water, to remember that when a person falls into deep water he will rise to the surface, and continue there, if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under water, in any way he pleases, his head will rise so high as to give him free liberty to breathe; and if he will use his legs as in the act of walking up stairs, his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use the less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes. Those who have never learned to swim should bear in mind these simple directions.

It is announced that the Emperor of China has issued a decree declaring that if the chief officer of his household carelessly breaks dishes he shall be killed. What a massacre of Bridgets there would be if such a regulation should be carried into effect in this country!

Noblemen, scientific gentlemen, ladies interested in social questions, and working-men belonging to the various clubs and unions in London, have inaugurated a movement to furnish nutritious meals to the laboring classes at a mere nominal cost. One day recently nine hundred meals were sent to the workmen in various printing-offices, factories, and other establishments, with a list of questions to be answered by the eaters for the purpose of learning their opinion of the food. Each meal consisted of sixteen ounces, made up of Australian meat, farinaceous substances, and vegetables, the whole costing twopence and a fraction at wholesale, or fivepence at retail. It is said that the working classes of London have shown great prejudice against the use of Australian meat, and it is desired that they should test it thoroughly and prove its value.

Among other new things at Martha's Vineyard this season is a beautiful steam-yacht, named *Minnehaha*, which is to be used for excursions.

Sea bathing at Hyannis, on the south coast of Cape Cod, is particularly fine—the water being warm and smooth, and the beach shelving gradually.

Every adult remembers the hideous pictures of the car of Juggernaut crushing its voluntary victims with which Sunday-school books and primary geographies were formerly embellished. Our childish minds were filled with horror at the contemplation of such results of heathenism. It now appears that a part of the lesson which was instilled into youthful students of missionary books is to be unlearned. A correspondent of the London *Times* informs the public that the deaths inflicted by the car are entirely due to accident. About 1500 devotees are employed to drag the car, with its sixteen huge spiked wheels. Many of the poor wretches become entangled in the long ropes which they hold, fall, and are crushed under the wheels. Deaths have been fewer since, as, by order of an English commissioner, arrangements have been made for the protection of the people.

Wide publicity has been given to the fact that persons have been made sick by eating blue-fish; hence it is very desirable that the conditions under which this and, indeed, other kinds of fish may be safely eaten should be understood. It is said that the blue-fish is furnished with a peculiar and powerful gastric juice, and that the probability is that any ill effects on the health of those who eat of it is owing to carelessness in cleaning the fish, whereby the gastric juice is allowed to fall upon the part to be eaten, or from its lying so long without cleaning that this powerful agent of digestion permeates the body. The taste of the fish changes rapidly unless it is properly prepared, and fishermen have learned to clean it soon after being caught.

Whether moderate doses of *ink* may be considered a specific for cholera morbus, or even for cholera, may demand longer trial before a satisfactory decision is reached; but the following incident is worthy the consideration of those who are subject to sudden attacks of illness and are uncertain what remedy to use. A short time ago a Louisville gentleman, who had retired to rest after a light supper of soft crabs and cucumbers, awoke in the night with certain pains which excited his fears of an attack of cholera. No time was to be lost in warding off the fell destroyer. He sprang from his spring mattress, and seizing a bottle of camphor, took a swallow, and then vigorously rubbed the afflicted portion of his person with the restorative, continuing the application after he had returned to bed. He experienced prompt relief, but, as his fright left him, it occurred to him that his camphor had lost its customary odor. Again he rose, and this time turned on the gas. A single glance at his night-shirt told the tale. Instead of camphor, he had used a bottle of superior writing fluid.

Amidomono-chloro-benzenesulphonic is a new acid, the discovery of which is just announced by the *Italian Gazette of Chemistry*. One should take a long breath before attempting to pronounce the name.

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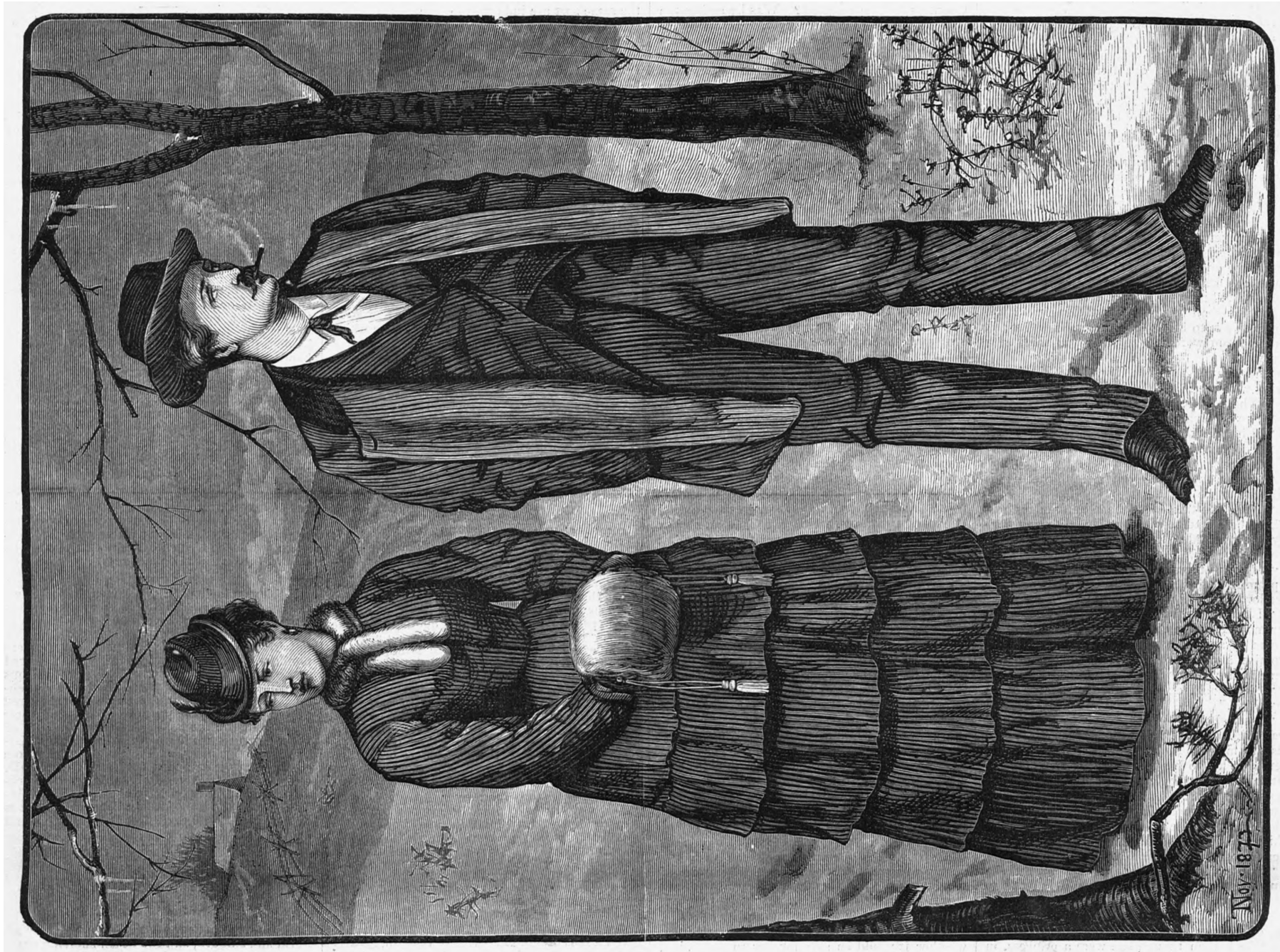

DECEMBER WHEN THEY'RE WED."

"MEN ARE APRIL WHEN THEY WOO—

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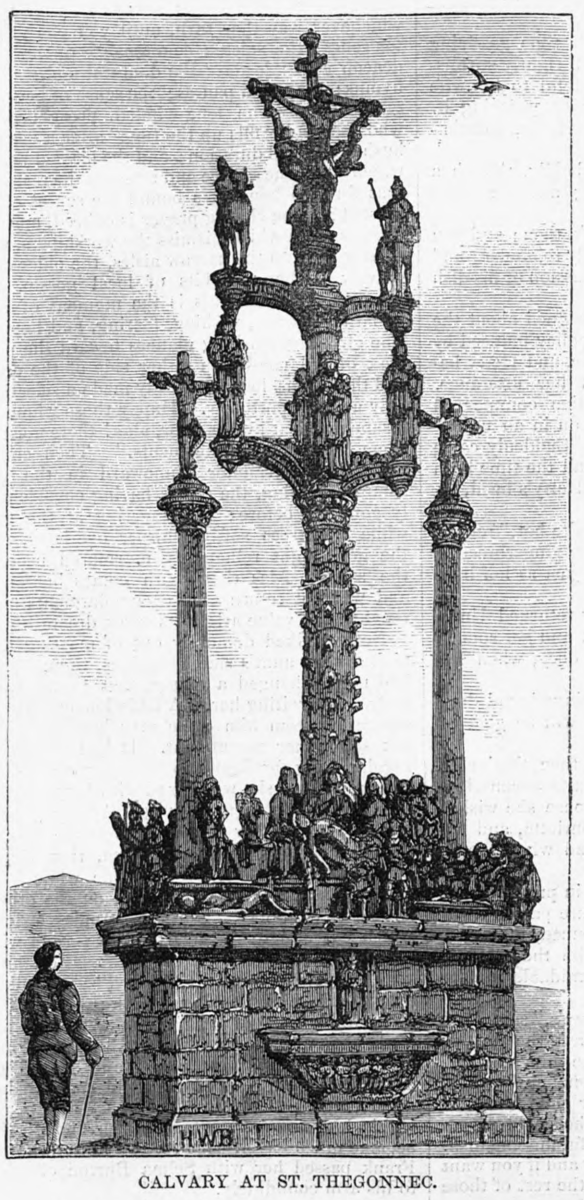
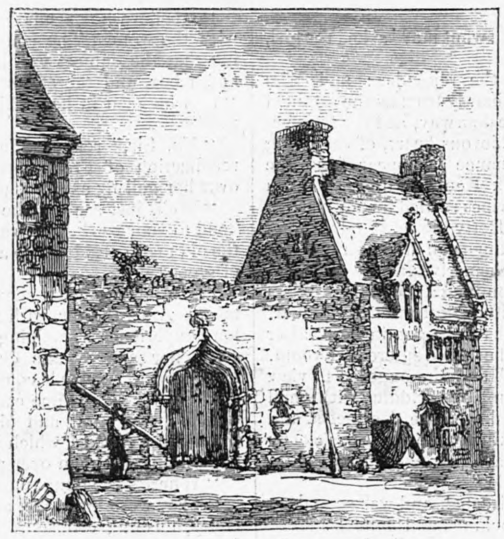
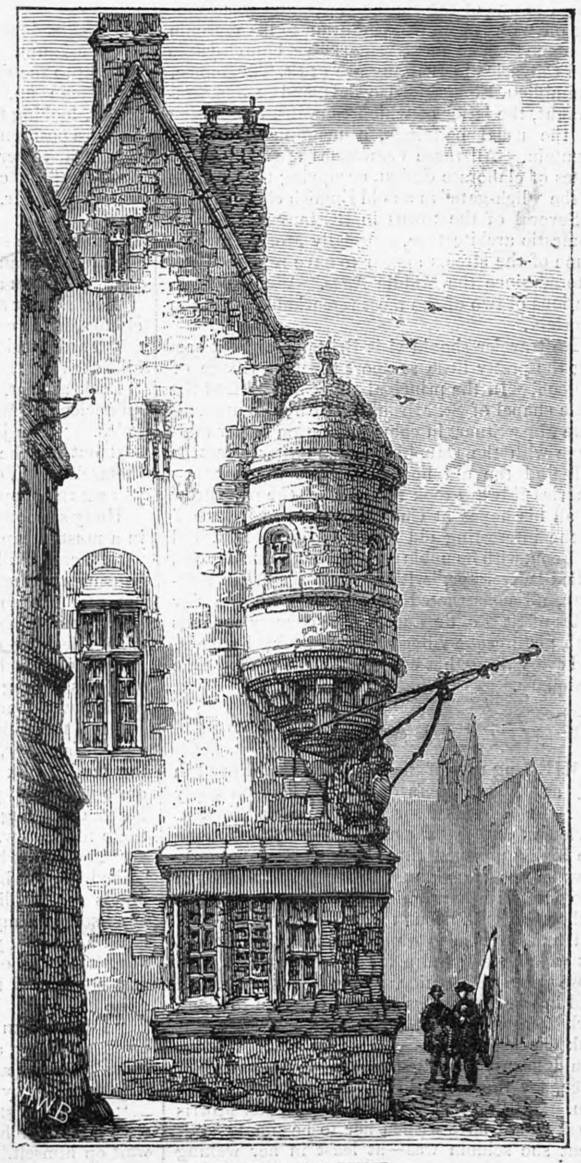


CALVARY AT ST. THEGONNEC.



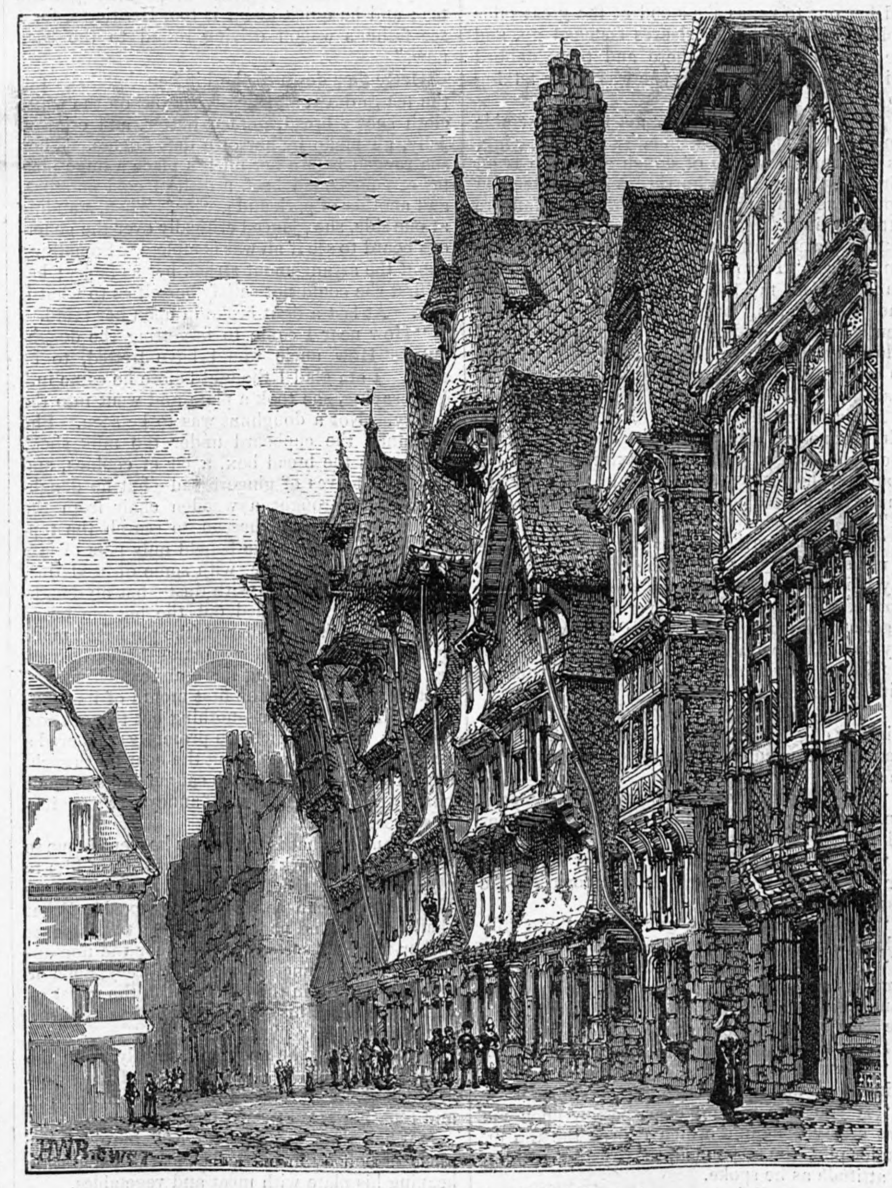
CHAPEL FOUNDED BY MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AT ROSCOFF.

HOUSE IN WHICH PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD TOOK REFUGE AT ROSCOFF.



AT ST. POL DE LEON.

GATEWAY NEAR THE JACOBIN CHURCH, MORLAIX.



RUE DES NOBLES, MORLAIX.

SKETCHES IN BRITTANY.

SKETCHES IN BRITTANY.

THERE is certainly no part of France which is more interesting than Brittany. The way in which the history of this wild and romantic province is connected with England, the dignified seriousness of its inhabitants, its climate and scenery—all are wonderfully English. In addition to this the great number of quiet and secluded little villages, with their old houses and picturesque churches, has at first sight an aspect more English than Continental; and were it not for the crosses at the road-side, and the figures of saints attached to the houses, it would not be difficult to imagine one's self in a Northamptonshire village. With all this similarity, however, there is much which is dissimilar, original, and strange in Brittany. One of the features in a Breton village which will first attract the tourist's attention is the cemetery. In Brittany, as in the old villages in England, the burial-ground is attached to the church, but the aspect of a Breton cemetery is as distinct from that of an English one as can well be conceived, for in the former the tombs are the least conspicuous objects to be seen, and that which first attracts the attention is the large and remarkable groups of figures, often life-size, representing the Crucifixion and Passion of our Lord. In some instances there are as many as eighty or a hundred of these figures. One of our illustrations represents one of these "Calvaries" in the churchyard at St. Thegonnec. Another remarkable feature in the Breton cemetery is the "Charnel," or bone-house. When in Brittany any bones are removed in making a new grave, or in making any alteration in the burial-ground, these remains of mortality are reverently deposited in a building erected for that purpose. Sometimes, in fact, the bones are purposely removed, and placed in a recess made for them in the charnel-house. When this is done the name and date of the death of the departed are affixed to the skull upon a piece of parchment. So particular are the Bretons with regard to the relics of the departed that a few years ago an Englishman narrowly escaped being put to death by the indignant inhabitants of a village because he had

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quite innocently picked up a skull which he found in one of the church-yards, and was walking off with it as a little addition to his museum at home! The most remarkable church-yards and Calvaries in Brittany are at St. Thegonnec, Guimillieu, Plougastel-Dowlais, and St. Jean-du-Doight, the latter of which contains, in addition to the usual buildings, a magnificent bronze fountain. All these cemeteries are entered by gates of elaborate design, occupying the position of the "lich-gate" in an old English church-yard.

Several of the towns in Brittany are rich in domestic architecture, especially Morlaix, where some of the streets appear to have remained unaltered since the Middle Ages. We give illustrations of two of the most remarkable streets in Morlaix.

No traveler should visit Brittany without seeing the pretty little sea-port town or village of Roscoff. In the principal street he will find the little chapel of St. Miriam, built by the unfortunate Mary Stuart in commemoration of her marriage with the Dauphin. In another street he will find the old house in which the unhappy Charles Edward took refuge after the overthrow of all his hopes at Culloden. Near to Roscoff is the interesting old episcopal city of St. Pol de Leon, with its noble cathedral and fine church, called "Kreisker," with the loftiest spire in Brittany, all constructed of granite, within a few miles of St. Pol de Leon. The country abounds with picturesque villages, castles, ruined abbeys, and every thing that can interest the artist or the antiquary.

HETTY'S DOUGHNUTS.

THE long rays of the afternoon sun slipped in at Mrs. Baxter's open door, danced gayly over the spotless floor of the ample kitchen, darted in and out for a moment or two among the highly polished tins which stood in orderly rows on the dresser, and then suddenly plunged into Hetty's heavy braids, and nestled there, as if they had at last found what they were seeking, and had no wish to wander more. They could not well have found a fairer resting-place than those same rich braids, red in the shadow and gold in the sun, unless they had chosen the long dark lashes, or the roguish dimple, or the soft pink cheeks, or the rosy lips. But no! the lips would have constituted but an uneasy resting-place, for they were in tolerably constant motion. Not that any one who heard Hetty Morris speak would have wished her to be silent: still, silent she seldom was—at least in her waking hours.

At the moment when the sunbeams first pointed her out to us, as she stood at the great table rolling out dough, her sleeves fastened up, and her round white arms here and there dabbed with flour scarcely whiter, she was softly talking to herself.

"Dear me! I shall never get these miserable doughnuts done by tea-time," she was saying, as she cut off a strip of dough and gave it an airy twist; "and that horrid fat gets hotter and hotter every minute. The last two kettlefuls are utterly ruined."

"If that is 'utter ruin,'" remarked a masculine voice, "I am willing to take it off your hands. Pass me the pan, Miss Hetty." And the vines trailing over the east window were gently moved aside, and a dark curly head, adorned with two or three shavings, proceeded to insert itself into the open window, as if a portrait had suddenly pushed its way into its frame.

Hetty tossed her head. "No, I thank you, Mr. Kennedy," said she, with another twist of the light dough. "Uncle Baxter knows to a doughnut how many there should be in a batch; and if there were one missing I should suffer for it."

"Oh, nonsense!" said her companion. "He is not so bad as that. Tell the truth, Hetty, and say it is you who grudge me the poor satisfaction of a solitary cake. Never mind. There's a good time coming soon, when they will be every-day affairs with me."

"What do you mean?" asked Hetty, pausing with her fork in her hand.

"What should I mean, except that I am thinking of getting married?" returned the young man in the window, brushing off a shaving as he spoke.

"Oh—I hadn't heard," observed his companion, returning with supreme indifference to her rolling-pin.

"Haven't you? I am surprised at that," was the reply, "for it has been all over town for the last fortnight."

"I wish you were not so fond of those silly jokes, Frank," said Hetty, decidedly.

"I will agree to abandon the habit from this time forth for evermore," he replied, looking very handsome and penitent; "that is, if you will give me a certain slight token that I am forgiven."

Hetty drew nearer to the window.

"What shall it be?" she asked, with a deepening blush and a very encouraging smile.

"If you love me, my dear, bestow upon me that crusty doughnut which adorns the top of yonder pile," he responded, theatrically, striking an attitude as he spoke.

Hetty's heels clicked expressively as she walked to the pantry door, her head high in air.

"Help yourself," she said, briefly.

"Thanks!" responded Frank, reaching a long arm in at the window and over to the big table. "It is more convenient than I thought. I could easily carry away the whole panful."

No reply.

"Hetty, are you vexed?"

A dead silence.

"Come here, little girl, and give me a better token of forgiveness."

"Help yourself," was the demure response.

With an agile spring Frank perched upon the window-sill, when from the upper regions a voice, clear and sharp, made itself heard in the succinct inquiry,

"Cakes done, Hetty?"

"Yes, aunt. Do you want me?" asked the girl, darting to the door.

"Come up," was the rejoinder; and Miss Hetty, looking triumphantly back as she attained a secure position in the doorway, had the satisfaction, dear to her mischievous heart, of beholding a discomfited countenance disappear from the window, as Mr. Frank Kennedy dropped down on the outside. The vines rustled for an instant, and then were still. Hetty closed the door, and the sunbeams and the huge pan of doughnuts had the big kitchen all to themselves.

Mrs. Baxter sat examining a chestful of woolen clothes, in the cool solitude of the north chamber.

"Those pesky moths have got in here, after all," she remarked, as her niece entered the room. "Look at that, now;" and she exposed to view an ancient garment completely riddled with small holes. "You just sit down here, Henrietta, and sort out all the stockings into that basket by themselves. You'll have just about time before you set the supper-table."

Hetty sat down as directed, and was soon deep in a musty heap of stockings and flannels.

"There's Will Lowry going by," said her aunt, pausing a moment in her occupation and glancing out of the open casement. "I must ask him about Aunt Elizy.—Good-evening, William," she called, leaning over the sill, and addressing a good-looking, broad-shouldered young fellow who was passing the gate. "How's all the folks, particularly your aunt Elizy?"

"All the folks are well, except Aunt Eliza, and she's better," replied the young man, pausing in his walk and leaning on the gate, as if quite willing to prolong the interview. "Aunt Martha is going to have the sewing society up there to-morrow."

"They'll eat her out of house and home," rejoined the old lady, rather grimly. "That reminds me, William, I promised to send your aunt some of my yeast cakes, and if you don't mind a bundle, you might take 'em along with you. They're on the kitchen table. If you'll just step round to the back-door you'll find 'em quite handy."

"I'll just run down and get them for him," proposed Hetty, anxious to escape from the wool chest, and not at all averse to a little flirtation with Will Lowry.

"You'll just stick to the stockings, Miss Morris," answered her aunt, promptly. "Let him wait on himself."

Presently the last pair of stockings was laid away, and then her aunt said, "Now get the tea; and be quick about it too, Henrietta, for I see father's wagon driving round to the barn now."

Hetty flew down to the kitchen, hurriedly put the tea to draw, and neatly set out on the white cloth snowy bread, golden butter, and crimson jelly, all made by her own deft fingers. Then she ranged before her uncle's place a huge platter of cold boiled beef, a dish of cold potatoes, and another of pork and greens. Then, standing at one side, she glanced critically over the generous board to see if all was complete. Something about the arrangement struck her as faulty; but at first she could not satisfy herself as to what it was. At last a light broke in upon her mind.

"How near I came to forgetting the doughnuts! How uncle would have fretted, to be sure! I am glad I thought before he came in."

So saying, she took a plate and went into the pantry. Not a doughnut was to be seen. She examined the cupboard under the milk shelf. There was the bread box, a jar of cookies, and two lusty loaves of gingerbread—but no doughnuts. She brought a wooden chair from the kitchen, and stood thereon to search the topmost shelf. There she beheld only pots of jam and preserves, together with some disused tins, all very much covered with dust—but no doughnuts. Then she pulled out the big pie board from behind the flour-barrel (the pie board made by Frank at the age of ten years—his earliest essay in the carpentering line—and which warped past all using within the first month of its existence). No doughnuts—nothing but two or three cobwebs, against which she promptly registered a vow. As she was replacing the board a thought darted into her mind which caused smiles to fade quickly away, and a frown of annoyance as quickly succeed them.

"Frank! That is the reason he went home so early from his work, is it? How silly of him to play me such a trick! If he only knew how cross Uncle Baxter can be when he is vexed! What shall I do?" And poor Hetty began turning over in her mind all sorts of excuses for the non-appearance of her uncle's favorite delicacy, none of which would do in the least, and in the midst of which she heard his rough voice in the kitchen.

"Supper ready?"

"All ready," she answered, faintly, from the depths of the pantry; and hastily cutting several thick slices of gingerbread, she hurried out and took her seat at the table.

"What time did Frank go?" inquired her uncle of nobody in particular, at the same time heaping his plate with meat and vegetables.

Hetty said nothing, and her aunt replied,

"Somewhere between five and six; I don't know exactly."

"Did he get through with that door before he went?" demanded the gruff voice again.

"He did," replied Aunt Baxter, concisely. Hetty breathed more freely.

"What that fellow does with his time is more than I know," growled Uncle Baxter. "It's lucky for him he's working by the job, or he'd hear a piece of my mind."

Farmer Baxter's "womenkind," as he was wont courteously to term the ladies of his family, understood his ways, and usually passed over his ebullitions of temper in silence, knowing that he would doubtless eat himself into better humor in due course.

"I believe he spends half his time gossiping with the women," he continued, rightly surmising that the subject was distasteful to his wife and niece, and therefore doggedly pursuing it. "Has he been in here this afternoon, Henrietta?"

"No, Sir," replied Hetty, boldly, though a recollection of Frank's parting attitude came over her guiltily as she spoke.

"Well, just see that he don't, then; and you 'tend to your work," was the surly rejoinder; and the old man subsided into a discussion of his dish of greens.

For a few moments silence reigned about the table. Aunt Baxter, with the policy induced by long experience, remaining mute, and Hetty because her angry tears choked her utterance. Presently a subdued conversation commenced and was for some time carried on in an undertone between aunt and niece. Suddenly came the awful question, which had all the time been hanging like a doom over poor Hetty's head,

"Where's the doughnuts?"

"They were just done, and quite hot," replied Hetty, flushing crimson. "The gingerbread is fresh, and I thought you would just as lief have it to-night."

"You know better," amiably returned Uncle Baxter. "Just you step quick and get some."

Hetty mechanically rose to obey, when her aunt quietly observed:

"It seems a pity to let the gingerbread dry; but I presume Aunt Samanthy will be glad of it."

"Aunt Samanthy won't get it, then, that's all," returned her lord and master, quite unconscious that this was precisely the response she wished and expected. "Sit down, Henrietta, and another time don't cut gingerbread when there's fresh doughnuts in the house."

So that danger was over; but in proportion as her fear of her uncle's displeasure passed away her indignation against Frank Kennedy increased. She could not readily forgive him the scolding she had received or the more formidable one she had escaped.

"I think I'll run up to grandma's," said Aunt Baxter, the next day, as they left the dinner-table, "if you can clear away the things alone."

"Oh! I can do that easily enough," replied Hetty, with alacrity, for the poor child had been planning all the morning how she could get an opportunity to replace that dreadful missing dish.

"Very well," said her aunt; "and if you want something to do, you might sort the rest of those flannels."

"I want to gather my dress skirt," said Hetty, faintly, blushing as she did so for the deception.

"Well, I don't care, so you're not idle;" and Aunt Baxter walked heavily and respectably out of the gate, adorned with her Sunday bonnet and her best mantilla.

No sooner did the gate click behind her than Hetty fell to work with the greatest energy. Eggs were beaten, spice measured, sugar and shortening weighed, and worked into the dough which had been surreptitiously rising behind the pantry door since morning. The fat was tested, and the strips of the soft yielding mass speedily reappeared in crisp, brown twists piled up in a large yellow dish, which dish was spitefully placed out of reach from the open window. The young lady did not sing over her work to-day, but frowned blackly instead, as she flew from stove to table. The frown deepened perceptibly when, just as she was contemplating the last of the golden brown cakes, a well-known voice was heard from the window, exclaiming:

"Heaven defend us! What a capacity Uncle Baxter must have for doughnuts, if he has eaten all you made yesterday, and now demands more!"

This was too much. Hetty felt the blood leaping through her veins.

"Mr. Kennedy!" she said, icily, "it is possible to carry a joke too far. I am so busy this afternoon that I can not stop to hear you 'talk nonsense;'" with which cutting quotation she turned with much dignity to leave the room, and presently found herself wildly struggling with the door-latch, which, with the usual perversity of inanimate things, chose this inauspicious moment for sticking fast.

"Won't you tell me what I have done?" pleaded the delinquent, seizing his opportunity.

"I don't care to discuss the point," replied Hetty, still fumbling with the obdurate door-latch.

"How unfair you are!" he broke out, impatiently. "You accuse me of some mysterious offense, and then utterly refuse to allow me to defend myself."

"I don't accuse you of any thing," said Hetty, shaking the door furiously. "I know that you consider joking at every time and on every subject perfectly allowable, but when I had told you fairly what uncle can be when he is vexed, I did think it very cruel and inconsiderate that you should set him on me just for a silly trick."

"I give you my word, Hetty, that I had no idea of your uncle's really grudging me those cakes, if that is what you mean, or even knowing any thing about it." Hetty elevated her eyebrows. "Of course I know he is stingy, and all that, but I had no idea you were in earnest when you said he would visit it on your head. My taking them at all was only a bit of fun, anyway."

"And a very stupid bit of fun," interpolated Hetty. But just here the door yielded to a particularly vicious twitch, and Hetty rushed up stairs.

The tea-things were hurriedly washed up and put away that evening, and Mrs. Baxter set forth sedately through the village street, for it was conference-meeting night. Who does not know that meeting well, with its swinging kerosene lamp, whose light seems always in your eyes, whichever way they turn, until you close them for relief; the solemn countenance of the good deacon who "leads;" the doubtful and wailing hymns; the awful pauses; the sense of personal gratitude to some long-winded, prosy brother who rises and "fills up the time" after a deathly hush of unusual duration; and the blessed period which closes the service and removes the restraint that for two hours has bound the senses of all present? The closing prayer is offered, and the words spoken which dismiss the worshipers, who stream out into the narrow aisles, the older ones gravely exchanging bits of local gossip, the younger, to whom this is the moment of culminating interest, wishing, fearing, and hoping. The girls cast blushing glances toward the phalanx of tall youths on either side of the door, and the youths, having already made a selection, only await opportunity. Happy those whom no disappointment awaits; for, alas! there must be some "previous engagements." Then comes the delicious saunter homeward in the soft summer evening, the elders having considerately gone on before; the lingering at the gate while the trees softly whisper overhead, and the good-night reluctantly murmured beneath the stars. Alas that youth comes but once, and will not return after disappointments have taught us to value aright its sweet dream-life!

Hetty walked demurely out of meeting that night by her aunt's side, conscious, though they had not exchanged a glance, that Frank Kennedy was awaiting her. A little lonely sense of separation from him came over her, but it did not soften her resentment. It had become a regular thing for Frank to walk home with her after meeting; she was vexed with herself when she thought how regular it was. As this thought passed through her mind, she became aware, though her eyes were cast down, that Frank was approaching her on one side while Will Lowry was offering her his arm on the other. Fixing a cold look upon the former—a look which cut him to the heart—she turned with one of her brightest smiles to the latter, and, with a "Thank you, Mr. Lowry," she walked away with him, leaving Frank gazing after her with a look of pain and perplexity mingled. As for Hetty, though she talked and laughed in her gayest tones, and leaned on Will's arm and glanced up in his face in her usual coquettish manner, her heart was heavy within her, nor did she feel happier, though she became much gayer, when, a few minutes later, Frank passed her with Selma Burton clinging to his arm confidingly.

"Is that an engaged couple, Miss Morris?" asked her companion, as Selma's lisping tones died away in the distance.

"I am sure I don't know," answered Hetty, with a light laugh; and then the conversation drifted into the usual talk of two young persons taking the longest way home under the elms on a balmy summer evening. They stood for some time by the gate, trying to distinguish various constellations in the sparkling heavens—so long, in fact, that Frank Kennedy, returning no doubt from similar astronomical researches with Selma, heard Hetty's clear laugh, and paused for a moment, half intending to join her. But his better judgment prevailed; he walked away and disappeared in the darkness. Then Will and Hetty exchanged a good-night over the low gate—several good-nights, in fact—and they parted.

Every thing had gone exactly as Miss Morris wished. She had crushed Frank to the earth with her scorn, and she had shown him that she was by no means dependent on his attentions. Certainly no one could ask for a more devoted suitor than Will Lowry. Every thing he had said during the evening had shown her plainly that she had but to stretch out her hand and take him; and how manly and handsome he was! "I will take him, too, if he offers himself," said Hetty to herself as she put out her light. Then she very consistently cried herself to sleep.

The next day passed like a dream to her. She performed her usual duties as if she were somebody else. Frank was still at work in the barn, having not quite finished his job; but he did not once look toward the house, as far as Hetty could see, much less come toward it; and she noticed that he had left off the customary whistling over his work. Even Farmer Baxter could not complain of any neglect on that day. Just at six o'clock, while she was setting the table, feeling thoroughly wretched and forlorn, her heart gave a great bound. There he stood in the doorway! She had been feeling all the afternoon that if he came to her again, in spite of his offenses she could not resist him. She was too unhappy without him, and now he had come, as she had hardly dared to hope he would do. She hastily summoned all her pride, that her surrender might not be too sudden or absolute, and went forward with a frigid air quite contradicted by her rapidly beating heart.

"This is the key to the tool-house, Hetty," he said, placing in her outstretched hand a cold door-key instead of the fervent clasp she expected. "Tell your uncle I've got through. Good-night!" and he was gone before she could form a reply.

"This is the end of every thing," thought poor Hetty. "Now if Will Lowry comes I will accept him."

Will Lowry did come in the evening, but she had no opportunity of carrying out her resolution, as his aunt came with him expressly to see Aunt Baxter, and they all sat together in the front-room, except Uncle Baxter, who audibly slumbered on the lounge in the kitchen during the entire call, greatly to the mortification of his niece. What that young lady said and did during the evening she could not tell. She was living over and over that cold parting with Frank Kennedy, and feeling again the chill of that dis-

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appointing door-key. As the visitors rose to go, Will remarked,

"Aunt Martha, you have nearly forgotten your errand."

"Surely," returned Miss Lowry, producing from some mysterious quarter a huge milk-pan. "We came specially to return your pan. The cakes were splendid. Did you make 'em, or did Hetty? For I want the receipt."

"I always make yeast cakes myself," replied Aunt Baxter, looking bewildered. "But where did the pan come from?"

"Will brought the doughnuts home in it. By-the-way, you promised me some of them yeast cakes."

Aunt Baxter still looked dazed, but Hetty, for the first time seeing a light dawn through the clouds which had for some days overshadowed her, burst into a peal of rather loud and hysterical laughter, which brought Uncle Baxter out of dream-land into the front-room to ascertain the cause of such a startling sound.

"Was it you who took the doughnuts?" cried Hetty, as soon as she could speak. "And you thought they were yeast cakes!" And a renewed peal of laughter attested the poor child's revulsion of feeling.

"Mrs. Baxter said they were in plain sight on the kitchen table," responded Will, in rather an injured tone; "and as they were the only cakes there, I naturally supposed them to be yeast cakes."

"No wonder you went home across lots," cried Hetty, going off into another peal of laughter, in which every body joined.

"Well, I thought myself it was kind o' queer," said Miss Lowry at last, wiping the tears from her eyes; "but I s'posed of course you sent 'em for the society; so we ate 'em up."

That night before Hetty slept she had written a brief note to Frank Kennedy. She had a bitter struggle with her pride before she could make up her mind to take the first step, but the lesson of the last few days had not been altogether lost:

"DEAR FRANK,—I have made a horrible blunder, and I am ashamed of myself. If you feel that you can forgive my abominable treatment of you, come to see me, and I will explain. H. M."

She was sitting under a tree in the orchard idly rolling one or two half-ripe apples about on the grass. She had watched and waited all day for Frank; and now, as evening was drawing on and he had not come, she was beginning to think he was too deeply offended to seek her again. A shadow passed between her and the setting sun, and he stood before her.

"Well?" he demanded, gravely regarding her. He loved Hetty Morris better than his own life, but he felt that she had injured him solely through caprice, and he felt that he could not lower his dignity even to regain her precious favor.

"I want to ask your forgiveness, Frank," said Hetty, speaking very fast lest her resolution should fail. "I have treated you badly, but it was all a ridiculous misunderstanding."

"Of course you were forgiven before you asked," he said, still gravely, and without offering to sit down. The narrator discredits this magnanimous statement, but the young man said it, nevertheless. "And now," he resumed, "I suppose I may ask the promised explanation."

"It is too preposterous," cried Hetty, breaking into irrepressible laughter. "The truth is, I lost my doughnuts, and I thought you had taken them just for a joke."

"But I did take some, you know," he said, looking puzzled.

"I know you took two," answered Hetty, bursting out again; "but I lost at least a bushel."

Frank Kennedy had come to this interview with a determination to be dignified and, if necessary, stern; but as the sun sank beneath the horizon a belated swallow hurrying home to his family might have heard him remark,

"Whatever else we have at the wedding-supper, be sure and have a batch of doughnuts."

"You may depend on me for that," replied Miss Hetty, smartly, "for I shall rely on that argument to bring Uncle Baxter round."

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE fashions for the next winter will be of the composite order. By this I mean that there will be several styles. Formerly this was not the case; and those who have not carefully observed the modifications that have been wrought in this respect still believe that it is now as of old, and that a complete change will appear at the renewal of each season, without transition or compromise with the existing fashion.

To begin with, the order of the seasons is inverted, now that the wealthy part of the Parisian population have adopted the custom of remaining in the country until December. As to radical changes, they are no longer to be expected; on the contrary, all transformations are wrought with the greatest circumspection, and far from abandoning any existing fashion for something quite different, we modify it by degrees until it insensibly glides into another style. For instance, in spite of all the prognostications to the contrary, crinoline was not suddenly laid aside, but was first contracted, then shortened, then cut in two, suppressing the front, and finally replaced by a simple tournure; and four years were needed to attain this result.

It is the same with suits. Although we may say that it is certain that they will be worn next winter almost as we see them now, they will be reserved more exclusively than before for day wear and for walking. Simultaneously with suits we shall witness the growth in favor of short dresses, without over-skirts or polonaises, but on which the trimming will simulate over-skirts, drapings, and poufs, which we have not succeeded in abandoning suddenly any more than crinoline. Flounces of all sizes, ruches, bias folds, and bows will be used to cover the skirts of these short dresses in such a manner as to make the absence of the polonaise forgotten.

To sum up, therefore, I will say that next winter three styles of dresses will be worn—namely: First, the very long dress, without over-skirt, polonaise, or trimming, but draped in a pouf behind. This dress is so long that, in spite of the pouf being taken up, a long train remains. It is worn for dinners or carriage visits. Secondly, the walking suit, with a polonaise, or else with an over-skirt, waist, and mantelet, or some other wrapping to match. This is the street dress proper, and will be the one most generally worn. Thirdly, the short dress, no longer than the walking suit, but very much trimmed, and in such a manner that the trimming takes the place of an over-skirt or polonaise. With this will be worn a cape or Dolman mantelet. This dress, which is designed for the same use as the walking suit, will be its rival, and perchance its heir-presumptive.

As to bonnets, I defy drawing, description, or even color to reproduce every thing that is made and worn under this name. The latest, which have a gutter pipe in front and are turned up behind in the fashion of a peasant's head-dress, is set on the top of the head, and fastened with a cluster of flowers or loops of ribbon. I know not which should bear the responsibility of these bonnets, the milliners or the hair-dressers. But the fact is that the present style of arranging the hair renders these bonnets necessary, just as these bonnets exact the present style of arranging the hair. Here is an endless chain, you see, which makes it hard to fix the blame. Far from the hair being lowered, it is higher than ever, and is built up in the form of towers, casques, shakos, and turbans. Luckily no one has yet thought of arranging it as a caftan, in honor and emulation of the Shah, whose late visit has excited the imagination of our people to such an extent. But if we have not the caftan, at least we have the diamond-steel aigrette.

These diamond-steel ornaments—that is, steel cut in diamond-like facets—will be the rage during the coming season. Marvels of workmanship are in the course of preparation. There are Shah of Persia diamond-steel aigrettes and pins for the hair, ear-rings with medallions or brooches to match, buttons, and large buckles like those of soldiers' belts. These buttons will be set in three rows on the front of dresses without trimmings. On a fine gray fabric this ornament will be handsome and in good taste, and still very simple; on black, violet, or dark blue it will be more conspicuous, and consequently less tasteful. Large steel belt-buckles will form the centre of huge bows that will be used for trimming toilettes designed for full-dress occasions. Of course the use of this diamond-steel excludes all other jewelry therewith; a dress trimmed with these buttons exacts hair-pins, brooches, and ear-rings of the same style and material.

Some changes are announced in the shape of waists. It will soon be with these as it is with bonnets, their enumeration will be impossible. Jackets will be worn more and more next winter, opening over vests or plastrons—that is, front pieces. The following is a good model of this style:

Demi-trained dress, very much trimmed on the bottom and behind. We will suppose the skirt to be of faille of the favorite new-mown-hay shade—that is, greenish or yellowish gray—with a jacket of the same material, opening very wide over a plastron of velvet of the same color. The front of the skirt is covered with a rounded tablier of velvet like the plastron, trimmed with fringe mixed with jet. This tablier is tied behind by two very long ends cut on the bias. These dresses, and all of a similar style, are more dressy than walking suits, and less so than trained dresses, and will be worn on occasions when the latter would be considered too ceremonious and the former too négligé.

At this moment the modistes are concentrating their efforts on dresses for the demi-season. These may be characterized in two words, silk and woolen—the silk for the skirt, and the woolen for the polonaise. We are no longer confined to plain polonaises over a striped skirt, or figured ones over a plain skirt; the skirt itself now is often composed of two fabrics, one striped for the tablier, and the other plain for the rest of the skirt and the trimmings. The fashion of wearing black silk skirts under light polonaises will continue, and even increase through the fall. I will describe a full traveling suit which I have just seen in preparation.

Skirt of black faille, trimmed with a broad pleated flounce, or rather a pleated band—for it is fastened down on each side—extending all around the bottom, and surmounted by two other similar bands, which extend only to the tablier on each side. Over-skirt of thin light felt gray cloth, with a wide hem stitched with black silk. This over-skirt is very long, and is drawn tightly across the front, and draped only very far back behind the arms. Waist with very deep basque, opening over a large square vest of black faille. Black morocco belt, with oxidized silver ornaments, having a small bag of the same morocco suspended on one side and a very short umbrella on the other.

An immense number of small mantelets, short capes, and hooded collars of bright-colored cashmere or flannel, trimmed with coarse white, écru, or twine guipure, are both in preparation and use. The favorite colors are bright blue, wood, deep green, and, more rarely, red. Dolman mantelets of salmon-color embroidered with black and plum-color, or dark blue embroidered with white, are also seen. These form part of the dresses for the watering-places and the sea-side; but they must be taken into account, because, on the one hand, there are no other fashions for the moment, and on the other, the future and definitive fashions are always to be found in the germ in the eccentricities of the present season, which may be considered as so many trial balloons sent up to ascertain which way the wind blows.

It may be foretold as certain that the fashion of embroidering on silk or wool, no matter what the fabric, without being as general as it is now, will be none the less ruinous, for, with the winter, it will gain in richness what it loses in quantity. This summer every thing has been embroidered, and for the autumn it will be the same. But in winter the garments to be embroidered will be costly silks and velvets, very different from the cheap cotton materials which formed the groundwork in summer. With this silk will be mingled jet, which is again very much in vogue, notwithstanding the short time that has passed since it was banished. It is said, moreover, that steel spangles will be used in embroidery, even on dark fabrics. Ye stars, how they will shine!

Very high Spanish combs of dark or light shell will probably be worn more than ever next winter. They will be set straight on the middle of the head or on one side, according to the style of face; the latter arrangement is only suited to persons with irregular features and an arch and piquant expression. A pomegranate blossom and a black lace mantilla properly complete this Spanish coiffure; the large combs, however, are often worn without either mantilla or flowers. Curls are worn, but rather short than long, and the hair is still combed up so as to leave the nape of the neck bare.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

EPEIRA DIADEMA.

ONE OF OUR SUMMER GUESTS.

"Web-Spinner was a miser old,
And came of low degree:
His body was large, his legs were thin,
And he kept bad company!"

PARTLY true and partly false, all honor nevertheless to our well-beloved Mary Howitt, who, in the matter of acquaintance with the distinguished family of Arachnida, was simply unfortunate. Could she have seen, as have we, the great friendliness existing between Sprite-Spinner, the arbor autocrat, and Miss Dorothy, presiding mistress of Brett Lodge, the last line of my quotation would perchance have been modified; for very certain it is that Miss Dorothy is eminently "the very best of company"—always making friends with the creeping, buzzing, flying folk about her; always stretching out protecting arms in their defense. "It's nothing against them that they can not speak our language," she would say, with a pretty assumption of resentment; "no more can we theirs; and it's noticeably true that upon some points our human knowledge and book-learning seem of exceedingly small account when attempting to elucidate the ways of doing and living that's written within them—'graven on their hearts,' as one may say, by the Master's own hand. Yes, yes, their lives are the echoes of His great lessons, and every day something new is unfolded to us who patiently watch their outgoings and incomings."

Miss Dorothy's great soul conned many lessons through this loving intimacy with bird and bee, and no less acknowledged herself the grateful recipient of unwritten lore from observing how "Web-Spinner" drew his coils about him, gathering his forces from apparently such feeble beginnings, and, too, after the instinct within him, "gained his bread."

Once established in his aerial castle, Sprite-Spinner held receptions daily. His "outfit" was regal. In the matter of "hangings," of broideries, and silken wrappings, no costliest robe of fleecy lace could in the least compare. I have sometimes thought it possible that "Web-Spinner" may regard all our human attempts in this line as absurd forgeries, or at best but blundering copies of nature's handiwork. Epeira Diadema held sway upon the top of an ancient brier-bush, tall, prickly, branching, yet sufficiently leaved to afford a pleasant background of tender sombreness, and so high that children could not reach his dew-drop pavement. He knew his advantage, and bravely set himself to weave his silken coils, not forgetting the traditional "winding-stair," so fatal to all simple-minded ones.

Not long after the royal weaver had set up his fairy loom, Miss Dorothy, passing that way, first descried the arbor king, a hale old fellow of rotund body, quite equaling in size the end of her plump thumb; his coat was of glossy black, with trimmings and feathery flutings much resembling in hue the soft, shining tints of the meadow buttercup. Spreading out from his aldermanic presence, and looking for all the world like a point lace carpet, were spun the silken tissues, millions of them threading out in lovely figures, the numerous radiations intersected and strengthened in a marvelous manner by the cunning artificer. Line after line of the slender filaments were deftly drawn from that wonderful spinneret supply, and yet there was no lack. Miss Dorothy had read much of this portly artisan; of his limitless resources; of the viscid fluid, capable of being woven with such subtle power; but to see it accomplished by the big spider himself was like a revelation direct. His adroit movements, his sly winks in examination of hoped-for pantry supplies, and stealthy glances toward floating members of the fly fraternity, were very funny.

Miss Dorothy's second call was no less rich in results. A new picture of household thrift was unexpectedly presented. In an unguarded moment foreign entanglement had interfered seriously with the completeness of the busy weaver's daylight labors, and at the moment of her approach Epeira Diadema was endeavoring to repair the unseemly rent. With keen eyes the little woman noted the marvelous adaptation to the emergency, and saw the skillful strengthening of the silken carpet by means of wooden weights. At first the wily creature with unerring vision let out gradually from a spinneret a tiny filament; slowly it unfolded in length until a bit of chip was reached, and which it firmly adhered to; slowly another line of connection, parallel to the first, reached the block, and so over and over again until a cord sufficiently strong was banded, when the block itself was deftly raised to position, and effectually pinioned the weak corner of the delicately woven web. This done, the portly guardian of the premises addressed himself to the tattered mesh on the opposite corner, adding there also "a staple;" after which he planted his burly figure upon a well-inclosed central platform, and resigned himself to make-believe slumber. An actual snooze was not to be thought of; hunger pressed him sore; and, with half an eye upon anterooms opening from the "winding-stair," Sprite-Spinner calmed his perturbed spirits in joyous anticipation of preying on belated travelers. And not long was he left to fasting. A heedless blue-bottle, soaring with outstretched wing, touched a dew-drop cornice; the reverberation ran through the silken flooring; Epeira pounced upon the victim, and in a moment had dragged the panting speck of life into his lair.

Miss Dorothy, never forgetful in the matter of entertaining strangers, has entered upon her list this royal summer guest; and if flies fail, he will not go unprovided for.

ASHANTEE SKETCHES.

See illustrations on page 556.

AN examination of the maps of the Gold and Slave coasts of Western Africa discloses the following facts. Along the sea-board is a line of forts established by various European nations—namely, the British, Dutch, Danish, Prussian, and French; behind this lies a strip of country, styled the Protectorate, chiefly inhabited by the Fantee tribes; and at the back of this again is the independent kingdom of Ashantee. The limits of this Protectorate are somewhat doubtful of definition, for while, according to some official authorities, they extend seventy or eighty miles inland, according to others they are confined to a tract of only three miles from the sea-board. The recent invasion of the Protectorate by the Ashantees is attributed to various causes—partly to the increased customs duties which were levied on spirits, tobacco, guns, and gunpowder after the cession of the Dutch settlements in April, 1872; partly to the discontent of the King of Ashantee, who asserts that the Dutch had no power to transfer Elmina, which, he says, belongs to him, and for which he received $1500 a year tribute-money; and partly owing to the capture by the Fantee police of a celebrated Ashantee chief named Achampong, a cowardly bully of gigantic stature, who had committed many acts of depredation accompanied by revolting cruelty. Our illustrations are from the pencil of Mr. J. A. Skertchley, recently a resident on the Gold Coast. We have retained the popular spelling of the word Ashantee, but Mr. Skertchley says it should be Ashànti, the accent being laid on the second syllable. The fort of St. George del Mina (or d'Elmina), was built by the Portuguese. Eighty years were occupied in its completion. The parapet is about fifty feet from the bottom of the ditch, which is crossed by a draw-bridge. The tanks underneath the court-yard of the castle contain a practically unlimited supply of water. The fort of St. Jago, which commands the castle, has, however, the unenviable reputation of being fatal to Europeans. Another of our engravings represents the principal gate, or mgenda, of the palace at Coomassie, the capital city of Ashantee, where some captured missionaries have for a long time been confined. The climate of Coomassie is comparatively healthy, the town being situated far above the noxious belt of swamp which fringes the coast. The palace is surrounded by a wall of mud, surmounted by sharp stakes. The porch over the entrance has a thatched roof decorated with skulls. On either side is a shed, supported on pillars, in which the royal guards squat and smoke. The gods in the engraving of Prince Hahansu's fetich house are rudely fashioned of clay and wood, painted red and white. The post to the left of the two central figures is smeared with blood and feathers, as also are the raised platforms on which the other deities are placed. The prostrate figure is a devotee taking Afa; he is covered with a square of a sacred cloth, something like a piece of calico with splashes of blood on it. On another part of the picture may be perceived a cord of blue or white cotton, from which hangs a globe of similar material. This is a life fetich. The little vessels before the gods contain offerings of rum and fruit. Among the principal figures in "A Public Execution" we may notice the herald who plays a gong-gong, and stands on an earthen platform. He wears a sleeveless tunic of striped cotton, a silver horn on his head fastened by a fillet, and carries an embroidered bag ornamented with leopards' tails. The victim is stripped, his waistcoat excepted, his hands are tied behind his back, and he is gagged with a gag of cotton wrapped round a stick, and tied behind his head. Behind him is another victim waiting his turn, wearing a conical cap of white calico. The executioner wears a tunic like that of the herald; from his necklace hangs a large circular plate of gold; on his head is a cap of monkey-skin, with the head in front. His sword has a gold handle and an embossed steel blade.

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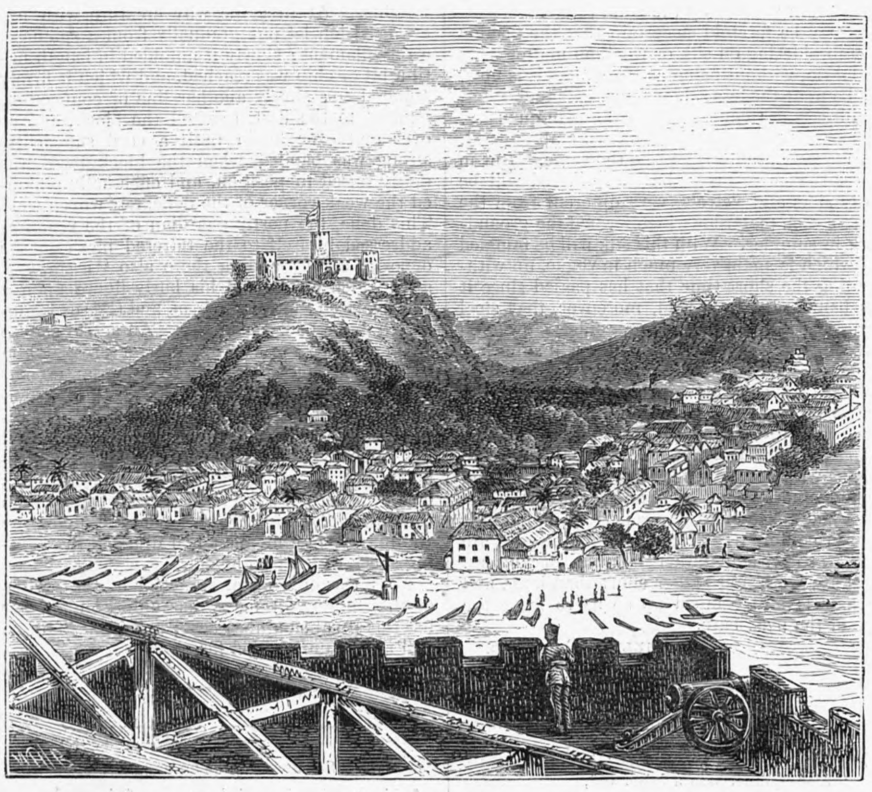
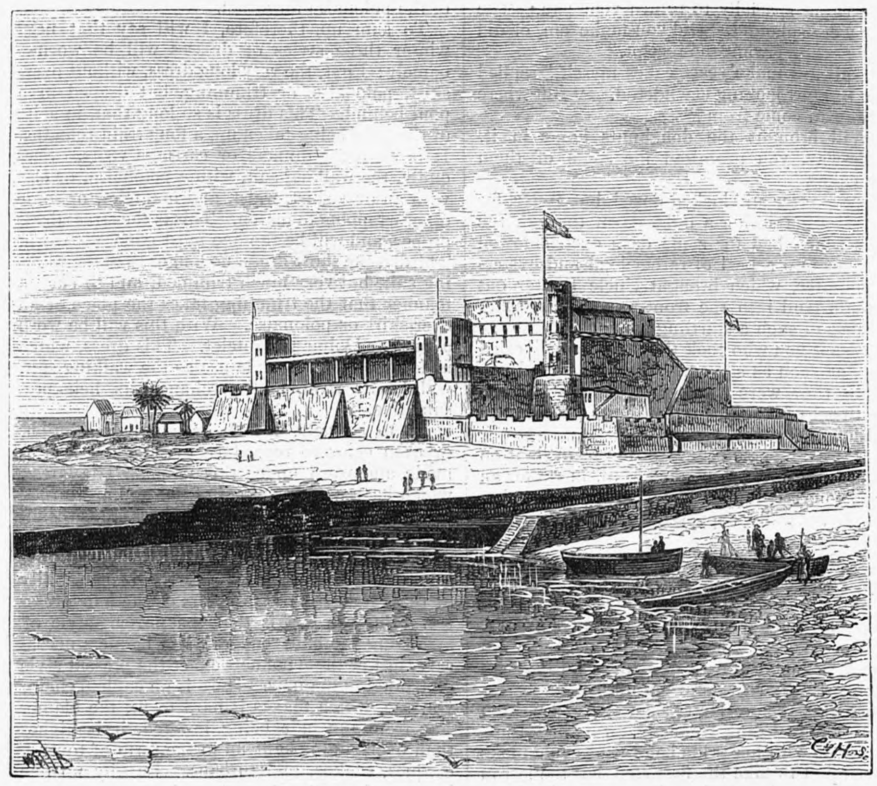
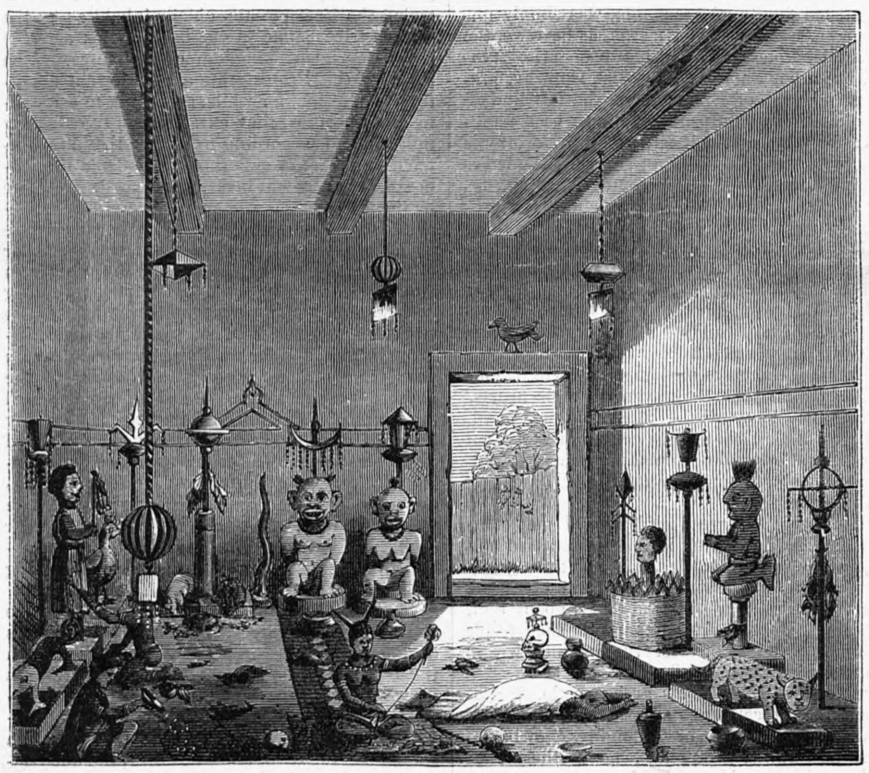
SKETCHES AT ELMINA AND COOMASSIE, ASHANTEE.—[SEE PAGE 555.]



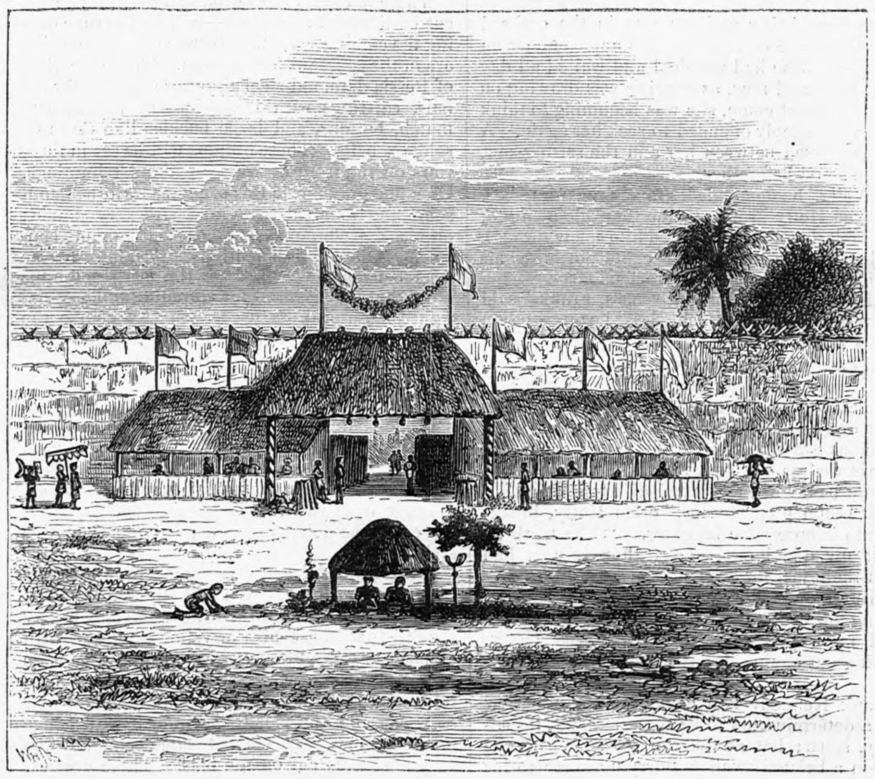
GENERAL VIEW OF ELMINA, RECENTLY BOMBARDED BY THE BRITISH TROOPS.



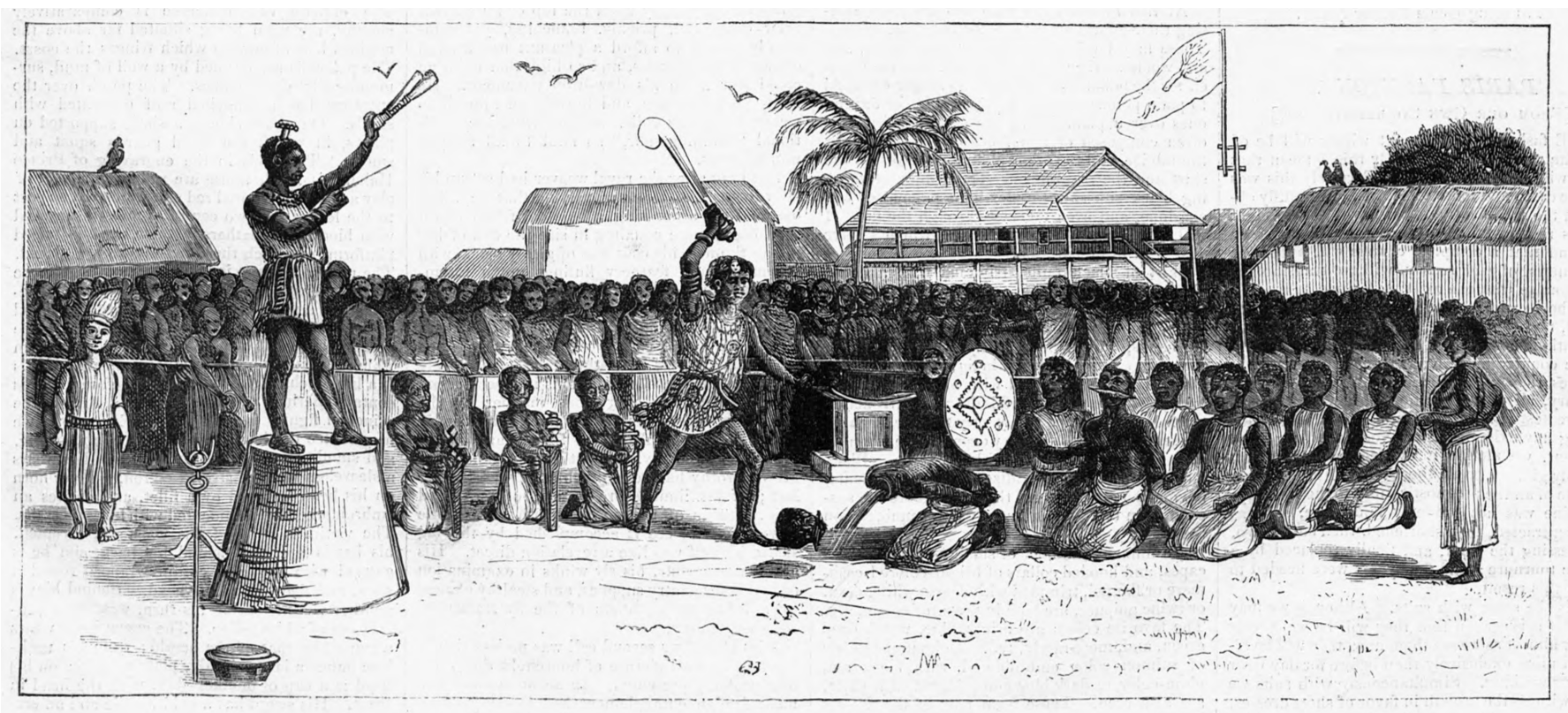
FORT ST. GEORGE, ELMINA.



PRINCE HAHANSU'S FETICH HOUSE AT COOMASSIE.



PRINCIPAL GATE OR MGENDA OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT COOMASSIE.



A PUBLIC EXECUTION AT COOMASSIE.

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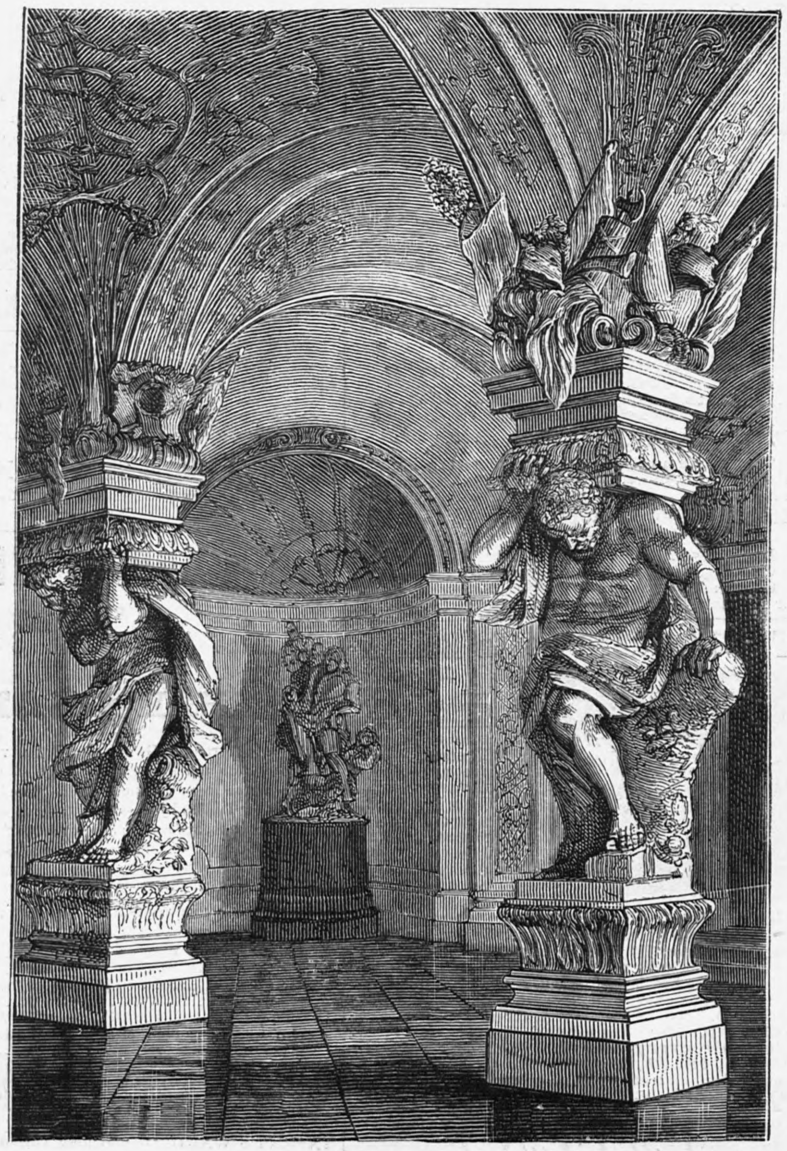
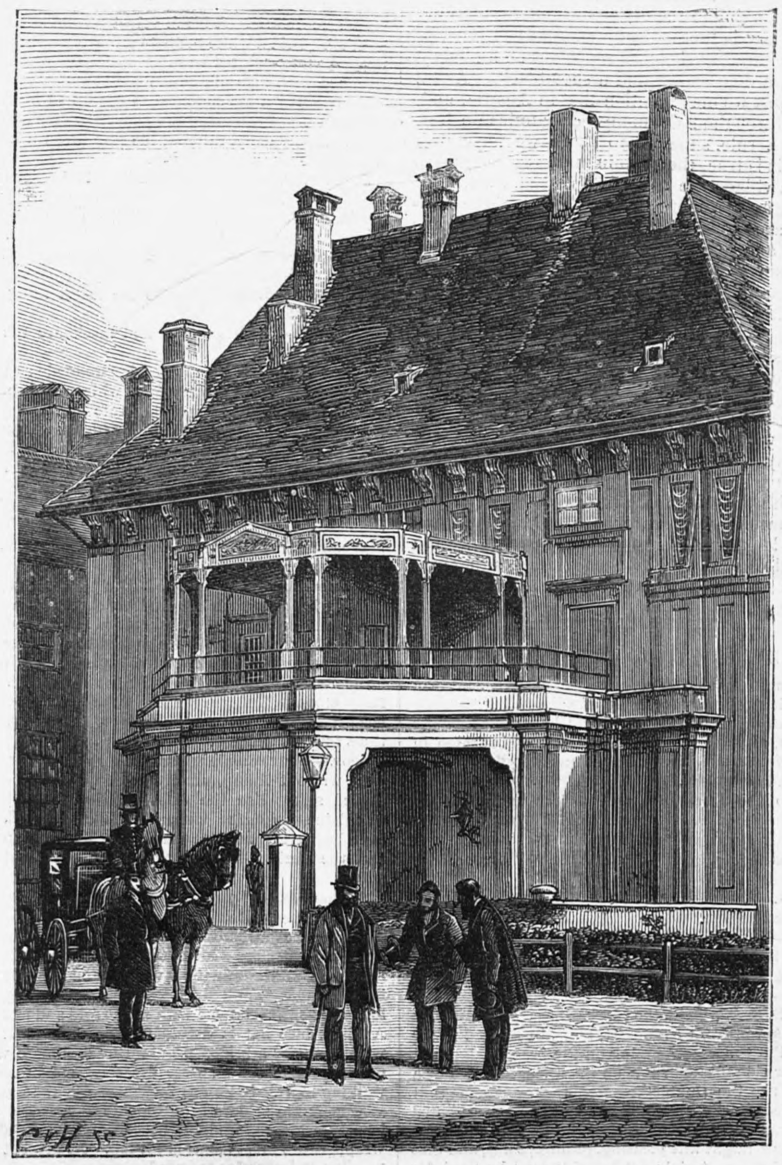
PEOPLE AND PLACES IN VIENNA.



BELVEDERE GALLERY.

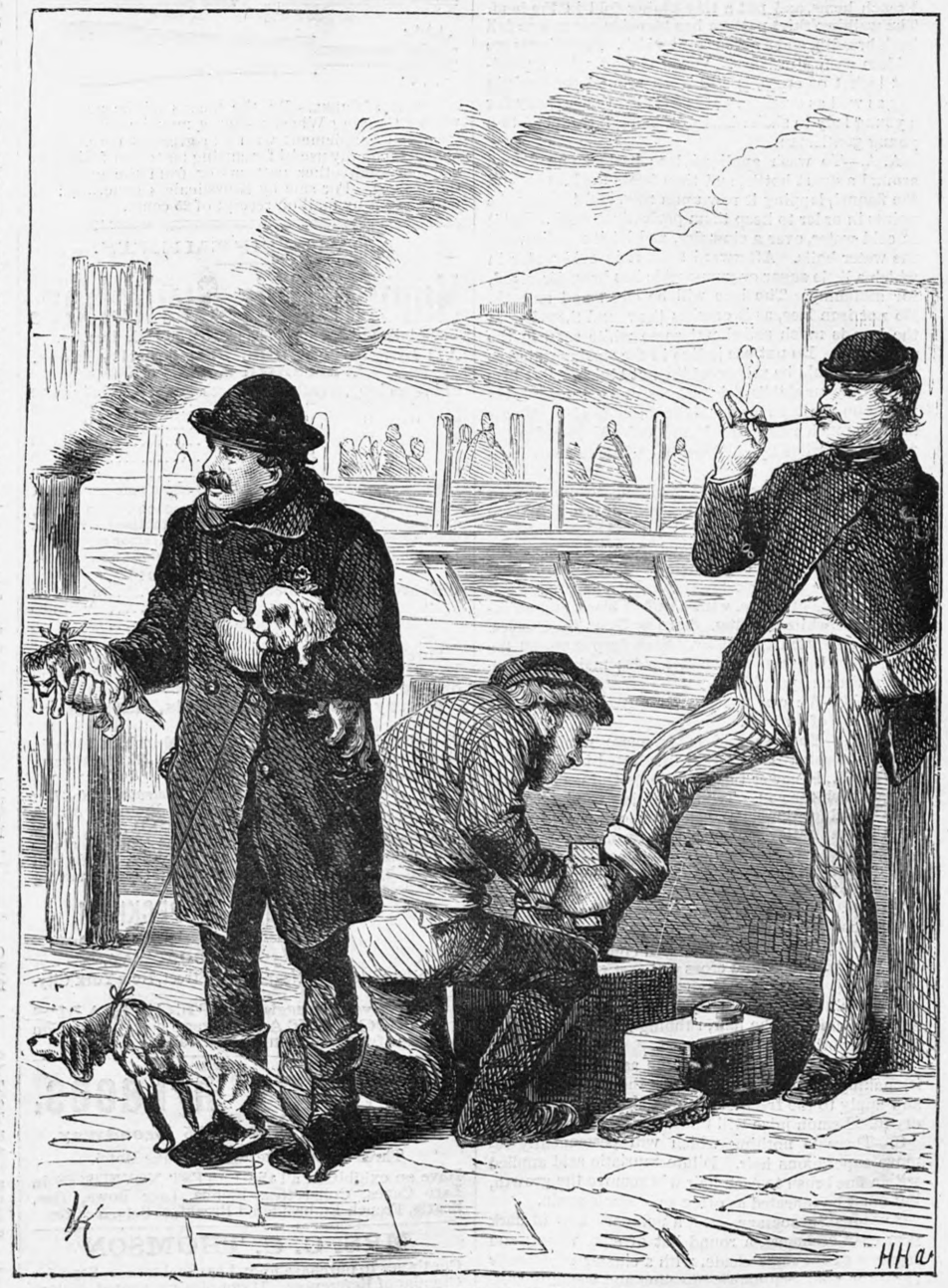


PRIVATE ENTRANCE TO THE EMPEROR'S PALACE.

VIENNA still draws the attention of the world, and our readers will be interested in the illustrations given on this page of the Viennese and their buildings. The palace of the Kaiser, the Hofburg, is a picturesque pile of buildings. The most ancient part, the Schweizer Hof, dates from 1210, and was built by Leopold I. The building has been carefully preserved and improved by the reigning families as an heir-loom, the ancient moat being still in existence. The exterior of the Burg, as it is familiarly called, is scarcely impressive, and it owes its main interest to the splendor of the staircases, the royal apartments, and the collections. The imperial family live in the south and more ancient side, and here also are the reception-rooms, and one superb *Rittersaal*, built in 1805, by Francis I., the place where the grand fêtes and balls take place. In the north portion are the rooms intended for imperial guests, and here also is the chancery, where the archives of the court and empire are kept. The illustration represents the private entrance to the imperial apartments.

The palace of the Belvedere, which contains a magnificent collection of paintings and antiquities, was founded by Prince Eugene in 1693. Here 1700 pictures are exhibited, of which 200

A HARPIST.



SHOE-BLACK AND DOG DEALER.

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are of the modern schools. More space, however, is needed, and for this reason, it is said, 500 pictures belonging to the collection remain unhung. The gallery is methodically arranged in schools.

The character sketches represent an ambulant harpist, a dog dealer, and a shoe-black. Anent the harpist we may mention that in Austria, and, indeed, throughout Germany, peripatetic minstrels are, as a rule, superior to those we have over here. It is true, they obtain more respect, and in many a village are treated to bed and board for a night for "a mere song." Many of the minstrels are true musicians, while others have strong and yet really melodious voices. The ballad-singer and harpist in our illustration have stationed themselves in the gardens frequented by students, who will not fail to reward their talent. The shoe-black is also a grander man, with his half-permanent stall, than his brother in New York, and does his work carefully and considerately—which is more than can be said of the Austrian hotel "boots," who thinks that if he has well charged the upper leathers with a thick layer of blacking, without the subsequent polishing, he has nobly done his duty. Of the man with the "leetle dawgs" we need say little, save that his wares are, as a rule, skinny and forlorn-looking, and not to be compared with the fat, well-washed, and combed little pets that persuasive dog dealers hawk about our streets in the season.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PALMETTO HALL.—The polonaise pattern sent you is sufficiently dressy for Swiss muslin, but if you had left it for us to choose, we would have sent a looser garment, such as the Blouse-Polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. VI. This is more stylish than a waist and over-skirt.

F. AND M.—Girls of fifteen wear dress skirts reaching to their ankles. Put your hair in a net. Cut the front hair short, and friz it when the long plait is worn behind. Consult the articles to "Ugly Girls" for remedies for freckles.

MRS. J. R. M.—We can not obtain samples or make purchases for our readers.

C. D.—Near relatives usually give presents to the baby at its christening, but it is by no means obligatory. It is considered a mark of esteem to be asked to be sponsor.

MRS. D. S. A.—Make the black alpaca with a jockey basque, apron-front over-skirt, and kilt-pleated lower skirt. Put the merest piping on the basque edge, and a narrow side-pleated ruffle on the upper skirt. For a pattern use the Double-breasted Jockey Basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. VI. Bias gathered ruffles and puffs are not as appropriate trimmings for alpaca as straight kilt pleating, pipings, folds, and bias bands of the material; corded silk may be used for bands and pipings on fine silky alpacas.

MISS N. E. W.—For your gray poplin use the pattern of Double-breasted Jockey Basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. VI. Trim with bias bands of the same, piped with black. Put black silk facing on the revers and collar.

MOLLIE.—Instead of bias pointed bands, put graduated puffs down the three front breadths of your dress, and two gathered ten-inch flounces behind. Turn up the edge of the flounce on the outside, as in French hems, and put a tiny piping fold in the hem. The walking skirt pattern has two side gores, one full back breadth, and a gored front width. Blue gloves are seldom seen nowadays. Velvet ribbon, with a pendent locket or cross, is still worn around the neck in day as well as evening. It is *not* always necessary for a young lady to shake hands on being introduced to a young gentleman.

A. A.—To wash appliqué lace baste some flannel around a quart bottle, and then baste the lace around the flannel, lapping it row upon row, and tacking the points in order to keep them perfectly smooth. Put it in cold water, over a slow fire, and let it remain until the water boils. Afterward soak it in cold water in which a little sugar or gum-arabic has been dissolved, for stiffening. The lace will be clean and smooth. Do not iron lace, as it crushes the round threads. If the lace is much soiled, put some white soap in the first water. Do not use indigo in the rinsing water, as the lace should be yellow-white, not bluish. Put bias bands on your child's striped dress, and gathered fluted ruffles on the linen lawn. Make the ruffles lap. Tucks are not much used. Pink and colored percales are worn for négligé by children, but white is most fashionable.

LOTTIE.—For your white tarlatan trimmed with black make lengthwise white puffs down the three front breadths, and put a black pinked ruche between each puff. Put wide gathered flounces across the back breadths, and edge them with a narrow side-pleated ruffle of black tarlatan. Heart-shaped neck to the basque of white, with a ruff of black and an inner ruff of white tarlatan. Two puffs on the sleeves, and a ruffle from the elbow. Sash draped round the hips, and tied low on the left side; make the sash part white and part black.

J. R. B.—We can not answer questions about the private life of authors.

ELMIRA.—Your sample is Japanese poplin. The Double-breasted Basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. VI., is newer than the Louis Quinze suit, and more stylish for you. Trim according to picture. $3 or $4 a yard for Bonnet's or else Ponson's silk is probably the best outlay for you. Get twenty yards. The dress-maker will ask for more, but can do well with this quantity if she chooses. Dolly Varden goods are no longer worn.

Q. S. G.—Make your plum-colored satine either by the Blouse-Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. VI., or else by the pattern commended above to "Elmira." The gold cross will cost from $15 to $25.

W. M. F. G.—Slice a large green cucumber into a pint of blue skim-milk, let it stand overnight, and apply the milk to the hair, rubbing it in with a brush. Use every other day for a month.

ETTIE H.—Saltpetre is the same as nitre. Dissolve it, making as strong a solution as the water will hold, and apply to the freckles with a hair pencil, letting it dry in. Lemon juice will remove freckles.

S.—There is nothing which will permanently remove superfluous hair. Dilute muriatic acid applied with a fine brush to each hair will remove the growth, but must be repeated as often as it starts again.

ANXIOUS SUBSCRIBER.—Get a polonaise suit of dark iron gray cashmere, a round hat of silk, velvet, and feathers of the same shade, with a cluster of *groseille* roses for your September traveling and wedding suit. White linen ruffs and undressed kid gloves.

LEONTINE.—For traveling dress read reply just given "ANXIOUS SUBSCRIBER." Get also a black silk suit, a plum or olive suit, and a blue evening silk for your trousseau dresses. A black velvet bonnet will answer with all. Bridal white bonnets are utterly out of fashion. A violet-colored wrapper of delaine or cashmere trimmed with bias silk bands would suit you.

RABY.—Try a tea-spoonful of the oil of mace in an ounce of brandy to make the hair grow on a high forehead. Apply daily, rubbing the skin first till it is red, then brushing the tincture in.

JULIA C. D.—Your digestion is out of order if your skin is pasty. Read directions in "Ugly Girl" papers. Antimony is brushed or penciled on the eyelids to darken the eyes, but we can not advise its use. You evidently need a good deal of out-door air and exercise. Try the tincture of mace for your hair.

DOLLIE B.—Lemon juice is the safest thing to remove freckles.

S. W. W.—Moth patches and mask are the same thing.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Iron gray cashmere made as a redingote and trimmed as you suggest will answer your purpose. Breakfast caps and elaborate hair-dressing are general with ladies of fashion. Bustles are very small; over-skirts are draped as described. We give illustrations of various ways of wearing the hair—both styles mentioned are in vogue.

EMMA.—Get a darker shade of silk for puffs and ruffles on your lavender. Trim your black silk with bias bands and jet fringe on the over dress, and flounces on the lower skirt.

LOUISE.—Day pillows are nearly a yard square, being slightly broader than deep. You should make plain slips, and have single square shams laid smoothly on them in the daytime. Put a tucked hem or else fluted ruffles around the edge, and a large braided or embroidered monogram or initial in the centre. The fancy stores will stamp the letters for you. The *Bazar* has given many models of single letters and combinations for this purpose.

SPOT.—Your sample will make a good winter redingote without lining, simply bound, and faced with corded silk. Use the double-breasted or else the châtelaine polonaise pattern. Your gray silk will look best trimmed with a much darker shade of silk. Use the dark silk for vest, coat sleeves, sash, and ruffles.

SUBSCRIBER.—If you can afford a light silk for your wedding dress, let it be either white or pearl-color—pink is not at all suitable. Bridal veils are not worn with colored silks. Make the Irish poplin with tight redingote, and trim with a velvet band and kilt pleating. The black silk should have a jockey basque and long over-skirt trimmed with a bias fold and jet fringe. A black lace hat is decidedly more suitable than a white one for a bride. Foulard or cashmere will be most suitable for an over dress with a brown silk walking skirt. Suits are most worn in the morning. Wrappers are seldom seen outside of a lady's chamber. Cashmere, foulard, or checked silk Gabrielle wrappers are most admired for fall. At present white muslins and percales are used.

A GOOD Sewing-Machine is a household treasure that no family can afford to do without. If you want the best, the Wilson Underfeed should be your choice. It combines in the most perfect manner all the requisites of durability, simplicity, ease of operating and perfection of work, and is sold at a less price than any other first-class machine. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The Company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

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Retailed at same price as I charge Hair Dealers.

All long, even, fine, first quality Hair. Warranted not Dyed.

22 inches long, weight 2				ounces	.....	only $4 50
24	"	"	"	2½	"	..... " 8 75
26	"	"	"	3	"	..... " 12 00
28	"	"	"	3½	"	..... " 15 00
30	"	"	"	4	"	..... " 20 00
32	"	"	"	4½	"	..... " 25 00

Heavier Switches made to order at same rate per ounce.

Long Stem Switches (3 stems in each). No short, crimped hair or combings in (as practised by firms who make a lower priced article of inferior material). Long hair on outside, and 16-inch *straight* hair inside.

Best Make in the World.

Weight 3 ounces,		32	inches	long,	.....	only $9 00
" 4	"	32	"	"	.....	" 12 00
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Purchasers (if they wish to) may exchange for all Long Hair Switches at any time; but *my* Long Stem Switches are generally used for present fashion.

Heavy Long Single Curls, naturally Curly.

22-inch hair, $3 00; 24-inch, $3 50; 26-inch, $4 50 each. Best quality French Friz Weft.....$0 50 per yard. Naturally Curly " " ..... 1 00 " "

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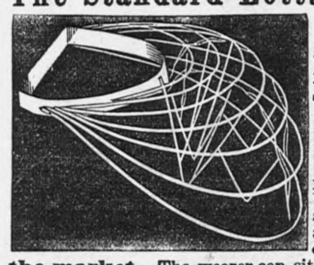

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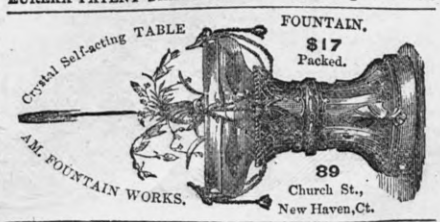

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FACETIÆ.

AN extensive land-slide in Oregon lately carried an entire township into an adjoining county, and the residents of that wandering town now refuse to pay their taxes in the county they slid from, because they are not there; nor will they pay them in the county into which they slid, because they say they don't belong there.

It is no good nowadays for a man to offer his hand if there's nothing in it.

An amateur farmer wonders "why, on all this fair earth, the ground is spread bottom side up, so that it must be turned over with a plow before crops can be raised."

Being shown some very fat cattle at the Home Farms at Windsor, and understanding that they had been fed upon oil-cake, the Shah grew quite animated, and said to the interpreter, "Ask if oil-cake is good for wives."

A clergyman lately said that the modern young ladies were not the daughters of Shem and Ham, but of hem and sham.

A young man who keeps a collection of locks of hair of his lady friends, calls them his hair-breadth escapes.

A paper has found out why persons can not sleep. It is because "there is an accumulation in the organism of the products of oxidation, mainly of carbonic acid, that accumulation being favored and controlled by reflex action of the nervous system, which thus protects the organism from excessive oxidation, and allows the organism to manifest its normal functional activity throughout a succeeding rhythmic period." We shouldn't have thought a little thing like that would keep one awake. Persons who can't sleep, however, should put some of the above things into their organism before retiring.

A WARM SUGGESTION.—It is suggested that in building railroads the rails should be heated red-hot, so that the workmen will lay them down rapidly.

A LOOKING-GLASS RAT-TRAP.—A man in Pennsylvania has invented a rat-trap that is made to operate upon the selfish passions of the poor rat, and lure him into trouble. A mirror is set in the back part of the device, beyond the bait, and as his ratship is out on a foraging expedition he espies the bait; at the same time believes his own image in the mirror to be another rat making for it on the opposite side. This is too much for rat nature to stand and be cool over, so he rushes for the bait, and is caught.

If you had a tiresome relation in the money-lending trade, would it not be well for you to get him to leave you a-loan?

The subject of impressions at first sight was being talked over in a family circle, when the mother of the family said,

"I always form an idea of a person on first sight, and generally find it correct."

"Mamma," said her youthful son.

"Well, my dear, what is it?"

"I want to know what your opinion of me was when you first saw me."

What is the comparative of "sweet night?"—Evidently sweet nitre.

The marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh to the daughter of the Czar, which has been so long "on the cards," is to come off at last, and the event is shaking fashionable society to its very centre. It has been lamented that the ceremony could not have taken place during the Shah's visit to England, so that he could have been shown a royal wedding. But, after all, to a man who has been through the interesting ceremony sixty-five times it could hardly be much of a treat.

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  Against this earthly ball.

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  And you loathe the thought of food,
And you treat all persons within your power
  In a manner harsh and rude.

And never—never—never again
  Will the world seem ought but ill,
Till you've slaked your thirst with many a grain
  Of that compound rhubarb pill!

LIKE FOR LIKE.—At the present season hay fever is prevalent in some districts. Homeopathy supplies the remedy for this complaint. The natural antidote to hay is straw. It is best taken in the form of strawberries, of which, as all the straw they contain has only a nominal existence, the patient need not limit himself to infinitesimal quantities, but can eat any amount.

A CORSET NOT TO BE MADE LIGHT OF—The taper bodice.

YOUNG ADDERS.—A teacher who in a fit of vexation called her pupils a set of young adders, on being reproved for her language, apologized by saying that she was speaking to those just commencing their arithmetic.

All women ought to be dear to a man. Some are—very.

The following advertisement appeared recently in an English paper: "St. James's Church.—On Sunday next the afternoon service will commence at half past three, and continue until further notice."

The young man who fished for a compliment caught a dab—in the eye.

A WATER-BED—A spring mattress.

ÆSTHETICS.

JABBERLY. "Was awfully snubbed by Mrs. Dulcimer last night, at the opera, for talking to her while they were singing."

MARIA. "I think she wants taste, then. A heavy, rough voice contrasts so well with music, and adds flavor to it, as an olive does to claret."

SLIPPING THROUGH SLIPPERS.

[Have you read Mr. Trollope's *Three Clerks?* Then read it again.]

Yes, well I know your words are true,
I promised this last dance to you,
  The fact I can't deny:
Yet do not deem a maiden false,
Nor think she'd with another valse
  While you are standing by.

Think not because my card I've lost
That something hath my temper crossed,
  Nor judge me a coquette;
Fain would I in the giddy whirl
With you my partner madly twirl,
  And all my grief forget.

But ah! to-night my joys are o'er,
No more I tread the polished floor—
  (I thought you never frowned?)
For (*whisper*) satin is not strong,
And, Henry, having danced too long,
  My toes are on the ground.

The old Duke of B——, as is well known, was a confirmed hypochondriac. Buddle met him one day coming from Sir James Clarke's, whom he had been consulting on his complicated ailments. The Duke of B—— was looking profoundly melancholy and out of humor.

"Well," said Buddle, with his usual cheery voice, "what did Sir James say?"

"What did he say!" answered the duke, with the greatest irritation; "the dashed fool said I had a temperament!"

"*Temper*, he meant," remarked Buddle, aside, and went his way.

Mrs. Malaprop says that it is no wonder she looks stern in her photographs, for she was taken by the Serious-copy Company.

GOOD STAND.—A Frenchman being about to remove his shop, his landlord inquired the reason, stating, at the same time, that it was considered a very good stand for business. The Frenchman replied, "Oh yes, he's very good *stand* for de business. By gar, me *stand* all day, for nobody come to make me *move*."

The late Lord Brougham was discussing with his friend the Earl of Ossory the character of a certain statesman, who certainly gained no small share of his popularity by his handsome countenance and genial disposition. "If the man had started in life as a prize-fighter," said Lord Brougham, "and been successful, he could scarcely have owed more to his physical and less to his intellectual qualities." This was very bitter; but we must remember that the great law reformer did not owe much to his external charms.

A PAT REJOINDER.

At Oxford, some twenty years ago, a tutor of one of the colleges limped in his walk. Stopping one day last summer at a railway station, he was accosted by a well-known politician, who recognized him, and asked him if he was not the chaplain of —— College at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was.

"I was there," said the interrogator, "and knew you by your limp."

"Well," said the doctor, "it seems my limping made a deeper impression than my preaching."

"Ah, doctor," was the reply, with ready wit, "it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."

A SEVERE THREAT.—A man who had his new hat exchanged for an old one in a barber's shop advertises that unless it is returned he will forward to the wife of the person who took it the letter found concealed in the lining of the old one.

Experience is the pocket-compass that few think of consulting till they have lost their way.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

A little boy, six years old, and a little girl, eight, were looking at the clouds one beautiful summer evening, watching their fantastic shapes, when the boy exclaimed,

"Oh, Minnie! I see a dog in the sky."

"Well, Willie," replied the sister, "it must be a sky terrier."

POWERS OF IMAGINATION.

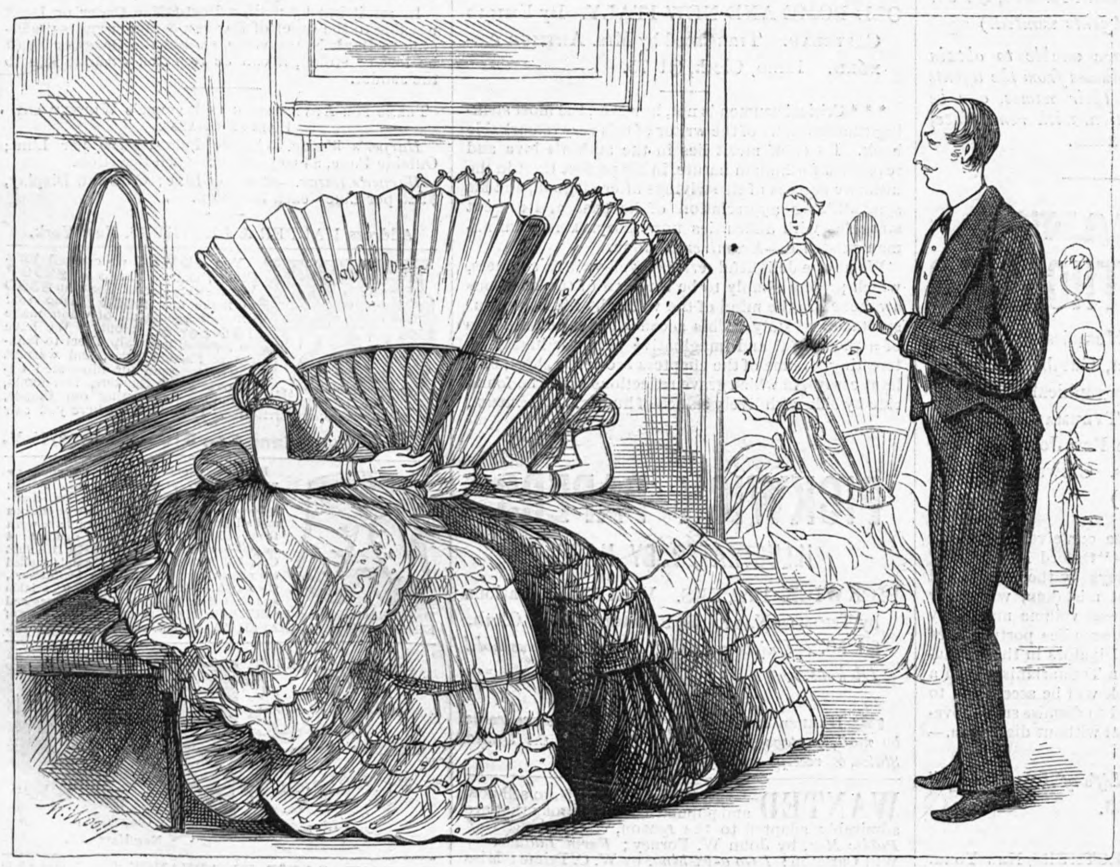
At a large dinner-party once the poet Rogers was speaking of the inconvenience of having windows formed of one sheet of glass.

"They look as if there were no glass," he said. "A short time ago, as I sat at the table with my back to one of these panes, it appeared to me that the window was open, and such was the force of imagination that I actually took cold."

"Dear me," said Mr. Babbage, who sat opposite, "how odd it is, Mr. Rogers, that you and I should make such a very different use of the faculty of imagination! When I sleep unexpectedly away from home, and consequently have no night-cap, I should naturally catch cold. But, by tying a piece of packthread tightly round my head, I go to sleep imagining I have a night-cap on, and catch no cold at all."

A STAMP YOU CAN'T BUY—The stamp of a gentleman.

The following is the translation of an advertisement in the Paris *Journal:* "M. A. Lefeuve, 48 bis Rue Basse du Rempart, begs the lady in black who does not like draughts in omnibuses to kindly send him his purse, which she found in his pocket on the 1st July, and to keep the money it contained as a reward for her address."



WHAT NEXT?

Young Brown thought the Ladies had reached the Extent of their Folly with their Chignons, but he now confesses that the new Style of Fans is decidedly ahead of any thing yet.

A CORDIAL WELCOME.

MISS BINGS. "Thank you, dear, for coming this wet, gloomy Weather. I feel I can lay my Head on your Lap and weep all Day without saying a Word."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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DAME VESPA VULGARIS.

"The little people that live in the air
Are not for my human hands to wrong."
—ALICE CARY.

AUNT BEATTY may justly be considered a good woman, since she it was who not only refrained from destroying our neighbor's tenement, but turned my attention to the cunningly devised structure going up under our very eyes, supplementing her kindness to the new-comer by a suggestion of such sweets and toothsome bits as are by the average wasp heart regarded as luxuries. Books are all very well in their way, giving a pretty fair idea of plans and theories, still it is quite an advance to see for one's self how certain small builders actually work; how, hour after hour, with a persistency most wonderful, the instinct plan is evolved, and the house-place grows not only to comeliness and strength, but, in the matter of proportion and capability of lodgment for the swarm that will presently slumber within its walls, indicates the presence of rare arithmetical powers.

Upon materfamilias rests all the responsibility of getting a good spring start. She is supreme manager of the trim little establishment. Our beauty, Aunt Beatty's pet, which in our affection has been named "Goldie," is an odd, dainty-looking little house-builder, settling all the arrangements, doing all the labor, urging on with individual speed the completion of a castle most puzzling in construction to our wisest master-builders, to say nothing of the dexterity and simple straightforwardness and trust manifested by Madame Wasp in the furtherance of her delicately outlined snuggery.

The dwellings of the wasp family are often under-ground tenements, but at times, prompted by some inner light, they select a corner in human habitations, among people who have friendly eyes, whose "ways" are full of tenderness, and whose hands are rich in blessing. Swallows, robins, wasps, and other migratory lodgers never fail of finding about the veranda of Aunt Beatty's cottage the most ample accommodations. The little creatures seem to read in her eyes the law of love that is written upon her heart, and year after year return with friendly buzz or song in token of amity and thanks.

Among the briskest and busiest of our roof-tree friends is "Goldie." The corner decided upon, she addressed herself diligently to toil, and many little journeys to and fro in search of "material" resulted in regular flittings back and forth between the house-place and an old arbor, whose shattered timbers, softened by time, would almost crumble at the touch. This rich store-house afforded every essential, and rapidly the castle grew. Chamber after chamber was outlined, and the old woody fibres, gnawed and worked over until a fine pulpy mass was formed, was skillfully applied by her jaws and one pair of legs, until pillars and cornices were fashioned to her mind, until terrace upon terrace of the most lovely hexagonal cells was completed. Here, in the quietest of slumbering-places, the eggs are placed—continually. So the cares of Mother Wasp increase, but she never shows fatigue, and always appears in the neatest, trimmest suit imaginable. The livery of their craft is exquisitely beautiful, blending as it does the golden hues of the dandelion's cup with the glossy tints of the raven's wing.

The poor wasp has among human folk many detractors, occasioned, no doubt, by certain little annoyances genteelly termed "petty larceny." Dame Vespa Vulgaris is indeed very partial to fruit and sweet things, and has a way of asserting individual rights not altogether agreeable to the owners and defenders of such delicacies. Still it must not be forgotten that by nature they are "foragers," and in this particular "right of way" is their inheritance. Yet more: compensation obtains in every situation, and to the predatory excursions of Dame Wasp this law applies with force. Flies are not such favorites in sunny weather that we mourn over their destruction, and Madame Vespa, following out the instincts of her being, finds that in the matter of daily sustenance she must depend largely upon this sister winged fraternity, so that gardener, grocer, and keen-eyed housekeeper may not only tolerate the coming of such neighbors as "Yellow-Jacket and cousins," but be sufficiently grateful to offer them free lodgings and occasional tokens of amnesty.

Aunt Beatty is above the average in this matter, and, blending courtesy and consideration, is much relieved with regard to that most inconvenient buzzing that in summer-time is likely to be a continual presence.

PEARL GRAY FOULARD WALKING SUIT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5-13.

VENTILATION AND WARMING.

WHEN the people in a house are habitually unconscious of their sensations of heat or cold, its ventilation is a success. But this perfection can not be had without some one taking considerable thought about it. Instead of showing contempt of old arrangements, let a little sense be turned to making the best of them. Windows, doors, and stoves play the part of common ventilators, and should be adjusted after the principles of ventilation, which are so familiar but so illy practiced. The heat should be neither above nor below seventy degrees, and the air constantly changed, so that foul escapes and pure enters. So much every body knows. But people who control the ventilation of buildings, whether as sextons or householders, usually have one or two enormous crotchets—first, that it is dangerous to allow more than seventy degrees of heat any where in a room, or that it is equally dangerous to admit any degree of cold. What is essential not only to comfort but to health and life is to keep the floor the warmest part of the room, to heat the walls so as to make up for the escape of warmth through them into the outer air, and to heat the fresh air on its entrance so as to prevent cold draughts, as well as to force out the bad air. Finally, there must be a constant supply of moisture in the atmosphere. Houses are warmed by direct radiation of heat from an open fire or stove, or by currents of warm air in flues or steam-pipes. The system of hot-air pipes is out of favor, because the air is unhealthy from its dryness, and because of the great danger of escaped gas through the joints of flues. Steam heat is delightful if the pipes are watched to prevent leaking and unhealthy dampening of the air. For family use no luxury equals that of an open fire or ventilating stove.

The body must never lose its natural heat, and it must have a constant supply of pure air about twenty-eight degrees colder than the blood. If it comes in contact with currents of air or surfaces colder than itself, "the heat, the vitality, the very essence of life," says an authority, "is rapidly extracted from the body." The experience of engineers of ventilation has shown that the walls and floors of rooms should be kept at the heat of the human body—ninety-eight degrees—or the heat of the latter escapes to warm those surfaces. But the air for breathing must be no warmer than seventy degrees. Here is a problem which leads to fault and discomfort incomparable. "This room is unhealthy," says the mistress of a household, seated among her family. "Look at that thermometer—ninety degrees against the wall!" And she orders the fire down, while delicate frames around her shiver in the healthier atmosphere. What is wanted is not less fire, but a constant ingress of pure air for breathing, which would find its way to the lungs at a much lower temperature than that of the room. Thus the serenity of warmth is secured with the exhilaration of clear, bright breathing material.

"Oh, but," cries an alarmed

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reader, "it would be the death of us to have air all the time blowing in! Think of the draughts!"

That is because the room is not warm enough to temper the outside air as it enters. What draught can be compared to the August wind which we court, and fear not, because it is warm? The difference is that the breeze is heated itself, and traverses a warm atmosphere. The draught, which sounds less dangerous if we call it "a current of air," would be as welcome, if the room were properly heated. Every room habited by human beings ought to be warm enough to make it agreeable to open a window on an ordinary winter day. The best way to secure this is to place the chimney flues in the outer walls, which are the coldest, and set stoves or radiators directly under the windows, so that the top would be four inches above the bottom of the sash. When the window is raised cold air strikes the heater, and is diffused through the room, not in an icy flight, but in gentle waves warmed so as to cause no discomfort. The perfection of warmth could be secured by making the walls and floors a net-work of fire-proof flues for warm air; but the nearest approach to this is only found in luxurious houses where steam-pipes are laid under the floor. The delicious feeling of walking on a warm surface in cold weather is worth a thousand appliances of show and ornament. The cars of a Michigan railway were fitted with hot-air flues running the length of the car under the seats, so that the feet rested on warm wood all the time, while a current of fresh air was constantly perceptible, which changed all the air in the car every seven minutes, yet none of the passengers felt any thing but delightfully warm. I quote those cars as the only instance of perfect ventilation in memory, whether in private house, hotel, or public building.

SONG—THE WINDS.

THE South Wind sings of happy springs,
And summers hastening on their way;
The South Wind smells of cowslip bells,
And blossom-spangled meads of May:
But sweeter is her red, red mouth
Than all the kisses of the South.

The West Wind breathes of russet heaths,
And yellow pride of woods grown old;
The West Wind flies from autumn skies,
And sun-clouds overlaid with gold:
But the golden locks I love the best
Outshine the glories of the West.

The North Wind sweeps from crystal deeps,
And Arctic halls of endless night;
The North Wind blows o'er drifted snows,
And mountains robed in virgin white:
But purer far her maiden's soul
Than all the snows that shroud the Pole.

The East Wind shrills o'er desert hills,
And dreary coasts of barren sand;
The East Wind moans of sea-blanched bones,
And ships that sink in sight of land:
But the cold, cold East may rave and moan,
For her soft warm heart is all my own.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber, POSTAGE PREPAID, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1873.

☞ With the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for August 30 was sent out gratuitously an attractive SUPPLEMENT, containing a beautiful panoramic view of

NEWPORT AND ITS VICINITY,

carefully drawn from original sketches, together with another installment of LORD LYTTON'S fascinating and popular Novel, "THE PARISIANS."

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S new Novel, "PHINEAS REDUX," will be continued in the next Number of the WEEKLY.

With the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 6 will be sent out gratuitously another EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing a rich variety of pictorial and literary attractions.

SMALL ECONOMIES.

THE student of social science who visits this country from abroad is astonished by few things more than by the wanton waste which he finds characterizing the habits of the larger portion of our population. In the great cities of Europe it is almost possible to say that every thing is utilized, nothing lost. In some towns even the sewage is saved and sold, and in the older civilizations of all, the very vermin are turned to account. At the rate in which our own country is filling its census lists, and in which popular orators find such subject for rejoicing, we shall at some future period—unless both social and chemical science proceed beyond a reasonable hope—stand in much the same position as the cities of the Eastern Hemisphere do to-day; and it besteads us to learn in time, before they are forced on our descendants by want, those small economies which we flout at present as being worthy only of small souls, small revenues, and small harvest-fields.

This might be a duty, if for no other reason than that we are stewards here, intrusted with what we hold for the Great Owner's purposes, and having no more right to waste it than a tenant has to impoverish the soil he hires; but certainly it is a duty in the light of the great calls made upon our generosity by those in less happy condition than ourselves; in the light, too, so recently thrown upon us by the glare of our awful conflagrations, of our disposition to give, which seems to be inherent in us as a people, and to be as undisciplined as it is spontaneous, and as spontaneous things are apt to be.

There is no doubt that every year we lose through incapacity and ignorance, through indifference and indolence, an amount that would go far to ameliorate the festering poverty that, on the statistician's page at least, drags our intelligence and virtue down to average with its stupidity and vice; and it becomes an obligation to consider and practice the smaller economies if only because charity begins at home, and because if it does not begin there it will never venture farther. It is in our homes, we say, that this husbandry must begin; for though it is to be acknowledged that there are many houses where no misuse of material can be found—especially in the cities, where, though much is spent, little is squandered—yet we are forced to counterbalance them by myriads of others where careless unthrift sits with the Lares and Penates, perfectly unconscious that its presence expels a hundred comforts and pleasures from the hearth, chief among which may be the power of doing good to others.

To speak of one thing out of a multitude: the lady who flings down the envelope of her letter, to be taken up and burned with other refuse, scarcely stays to think of herself as a destroyer rather than a producer. Yet if the parlor scrap-bag were made an ornament of every parlor in all our million parlors, and every torn envelope, every useless odd and end and broken thread, were scrupulously deposited there till it should be time to turn them over to the junk-man, possibly we might eventually be spared the abominations of disease that come to us from the Levant and elsewhere in the bales of rags that are foul with typhus and small-pox and the sores of lepers. But the careful housekeeper is never without her rag-bag, a wonderful, elastic receptacle, out of which now she draws the new tin-ware for the kitchen dresser, and now the new lamp for the parlor; nay, give it time enough, and we have known it, indeed, to produce a set of china, a hat and feathers, and even a French opera-glass, to say nothing of a hot Christmas dinner for the chore-boy's family. And resolute as the frugal housekeeper is about her rag-bag, she is just as resolute about her soup stock. There is not a bone that leaves her table that does not render tribute to it; there is not a joint of meat that comes into the house that does not undergo trimming at her hands, or at her trustworthy deputy's—trimmings that, well digested in the stock pot, are not merely intended to give a luxurious and extra dish, but which, with the addition of seasonable vegetables and condiments, furnish many an entire meal as appetizing and satisfactory to her family as it would be to a Frenchwoman's, while drippings and skimmings save her the price of countless firkins of leaf lard, and she still contrives to find enough unusable scraps to justify the leach in which her year's ashes are by-and-by set up to produce her year's soap—trifles, to be sure, as we confess the whole to be, but indications of possibility in a score of different directions, and always proof of the vulgar adage that "many a little makes a mickle."

Nor is it necessary for a manager to be a martinet in order to effect infinitely more than such trivialities. The martinet is not always the economist. The housewife in Proverbs who obliged her maids to get up in the middle of the night and spin was not prudent in the matter of candles. But whether or no, the endeavor to perfect a thorough system of the small economies in any ménage is worth all the trouble and any odium, not alone in the earlier appreciable and visible results, but in the shaping of the habits of a new generation reared in its use and custom.

Of course it is in no such petty "saving at the spile," though it extend through innumerable families, that the profuse expenditure and voluptuous tendencies of any age are to be overcome. Those things can only be met by such shaping of the laws as shall prevent the accumulation of the vaster sort of fortunes. But the small economies, aspiring to no such ambitious ends, can afford every housekeeper, so far as her own hand can reach, the means of counteracting the deadly influence of luxury, since they must provide her with a surplus income to apply to those charities that the pleasures of the wealthy will make necessary so long as the Sybarite takes the rose leaf, and leaves the pauper the thorn.

SEPTEMBER MARKETING.

By PIERRE BLOT.

AS will be seen by our lists below, September brings us a great variety of food of every kind, beginning with

FISH.

Sea and striped bass, black and blue fish, butter-fish, flounders, gar, mackerel, Spanish mackerel, mullet, blue perch, pickerel, plaice, porgy, scup, sheep's-head, salmon-trout, brook trout, weak-fish, frogs.

SHELL-FISH.

Clams and crabs (hard and soft shell), lobsters, oysters, periwinkles, prawns, scallops, green turtles.

MEAT.

Beef, mutton, lamb, tame rabbits.

POULTRY.

Chickens, capons, spring chickens, Guinea-fowl, ducks, ducklings, goslings, young turkeys.

GAME.

Bobolinks (or reed-birds), mallard, black, wood, and teal ducks, high-holes, grouse, curlews, meadow-larks, lapwings, orioles, partridges, pheasants, pigeons and squabs, plover, rails, robins, blackbirds, rabbits, snipe, squirrels, thrushes, buck venison, woodcock, woodpeckers, yellow-legs.

VEGETABLES.

Artichokes, Jerusalem artichokes, beets, broccoli, cabbages, red cabbages, cardoon, carrots, cauliflowers, celery, chervil, turnip-rooted celery, chiccory, endive, corn, cucumbers, egg-plant, kohl-rabi, Lima beans, musk and water melons, mushrooms, nasturtiums, okra, onions, potatoes, white, yellow, and black radishes, squashes, string-beans, tomatoes, turnips, watercresses.

FRUITS.

Apples, bananas, barberries, blueberries, blackberries, cocoa-nuts, cranberries, elderberries, grapes, fresh hazel-nuts, nectarines, peaches, pears, pine-apples, plums, whortleberries.

With September commences the best season of the year for good eating. Epicures who are admirers and obedient children of nature look for the coming of September with delight, and, child-like, often anticipate more pleasure than they can enjoy.

Brook Trout.—This delicious fish is permitted to be caught on and after September 15. Brook trout are abundant in the State of New York and in other places. They are at least as good as the much-extolled trout of Switzerland, and certainly deserve *odes* as well as their European kin.

Oysters.—The spawning season of oysters commences in May, or rather with the warm weather, and closes with August, or when the cold nights cool the water. Oysters are sold all the year round, and some fishermen and oyster dealers pretend that they are just as good in summer as in fall or winter, because, as they say, those sold during the summer are moved about in such a way as to prevent them from spawning. It is sometimes possible to interfere with the laws of nature, if not entirely, at least partially, as is the case with oysters; but the effect produced by the prevention of their spawning does not make them retain their full degree of excellence and wholesomeness.

Although oysters have no head, and consequently are deprived of the senses of sight, hearing, and smelling, they are very sensitive when touched with any thing sharp, such as a pin or the point of a knife, or by merely letting a drop of vinegar or lemon juice fall on their edges, when one shell is removed, and you readily notice the shrinking movement of the part that is touched. In spite of their unsightly and uninviting appearance, few persons eschew that most delicious bivalve. On the contrary, they seem to be universally relished, either raw or cooked. They agree with every one, whether well or sick, and are excellent for dyspeptics and consumptives, taken raw.

It is very wrong to lose the juice that is in the shell when opening oysters. This juice is palatable and healthful. To eat on the half-shell, the oyster should be served on the concave shell instead of the flat one, thus retaining most of the juice; and it is not necessary to drop them in water, as it is customary when opened for stewing, etc.; if properly washed and then carefully opened, there would be enough of their own juice for any purpose.

Oysters, like lobsters, are unwholesome food if eaten raw or cooked when dead. Like lobsters, they live a long time after being taken out of water, if not killed by heat or frost, but they decay quickly when dead. Keeping them in water after being opened prevents quick decomposition, as it keeps them from contact with the air.

The American oyster is much larger than the European, and at least as good. Europeans who pronounce it inferior to their own are as much in the wrong as Americans who pronounce the European the inferior. It is more a question of habit than of taste. We generally prefer what we have been used to eat when young (however poor it may be) to better things the taste of which is new to us. John Chinaman prefers a mouse to on oyster, and Chilians eat any species of agouti, but never touch the splendid oysters that are found along their shores.

We shall give directions for the several ways of cooking oysters in another number.

Shoulder of Venison roasted.—The shoulder is prepared exactly like the leg, as we have directed in a preceding number.

Stewed Venison.—The parts stewed are the breast and the neck; the other parts might be used also, but they are generally roasted or prepared as steaks. Cut the part to stew in pieces not over an inch and a half in length any way, square or any other shape it may come. Put twelve or fifteen onions in a pan with two ounces of butter, and on a good fire, and stir them till they turn yellowish; take them off the pan, and put them away in a warm place. Cut half a pound of salt pork in small dice, both fat and lean part, and fry it partly only in the same butter used for the onions, and put it away also in a warm place. Then fry in the same butter the pieces of venison, stirring now and then until they take color. Dust a tablespoonful and a half of flour all over, and let it take color also while stirring; then add a bottle of claret and a pint of water; also salt, pepper, and the following seasonings in a rag—two bay leaves, two sprigs of thyme, eight of parsley, two cloves, and one of garlic. Boil thirty minutes, and then add the onions and the salt pork. Continue the boiling until cooked, when add half a dozen mushrooms, boil ten minutes longer, remove the rag of seasonings, skim off the fat, and serve warm. One or two glasses of Madeira or port wine may be used instead of claret, if more convenient; in that case, add half a gill of vinegar and more water.

Those who dislike pork may omit it in the above dish, and use an ounce more of butter.

How to use the Leavings.—If what you have left comes from a stew, put it in a tin or crockery pan, which set inside of another pan of boiling water to warm it, and then serve. In case the sauce is too thick, add a little broth. If it comes from a baked, roasted, or broiled piece, cut all the meat in thin slices, and serve cold with a rémolade sauce, or warm the slices in a piquante, poivrade, ravigote, or Robert sauce, and serve warm.

The leavings may also be served as hash of beef.

Musk-Melons.—Many persons are indisposed after eating this excellent leguminous fruit, though unlike the water-melons (which are believed by some to produce mental depression and dyspepsia), still, in some respects, they have the same chilling properties when eaten as a dessert. Their strongly aggregated cellular tissue makes them difficult of digestion. Like the water-melon, they should invariably be eaten the first thing after the soup, and the first of all things if no soup is served, the digestive juices being then more abundant, they neutralize the chilling properties of the melon. When oysters are served, melons come immediately after.

Poivrade Sauce.—Put on the fire in a pan four or five stalks of parsley, one of thyme, one of sweet-basil, a bay leaf, one onion, one clove, and one shallot, all sliced or cut; salt, pepper, and a gill of vinegar; boil until reduced half. While it is boiling put two ounces of butter in another pan, and when melted stir a table-spoonful of flour in, and until it turns brown. Then turn the butter and flour into the other pan; when the mixture of vinegar and spices is half reduced, add also a gill of broth, boil fifteen minutes, strain, and it is ready for use.

Ravigote Sauce.—Blanch for two minutes about half a tea-spoonful of each of the following herbs—burnet, celery, tarragon, chervil, and chives, also a balm leaf, and chop them fine. Put two ounces of butter in a saucepan, set it on the fire, and when melted stir a table-spoonful of flour in until it turns brown; then add a gill of white wine and the same of broth; boil till reduced half; then add the herbs, put the pan on the corner of the range or stove, add and mix well with the whole the juice of a lemon, an ounce of butter, salt and pepper, and use.

Another Ravigote Sauce.—Put in a small saucepan a gill of broth, with the following spices tied in a rag—two cloves of garlic, four sprigs of parsley, as much of peppergrass, one of thyme, a bay leaf, and a clove. Boil gently until reduced about half; then take off the rag of seasonings, add a gill of vinegar and a table-spoonful of gravy, boil, and let it reduce about one-third; strain through a fine strainer, add a few stalks of tarragon chopped fine, half an ounce of butter, and it is ready. The tarragon and butter are added when off the fire.

Robert Sauce.—Slice six large onions and put them in a pan with six ounces of butter; set it on a rather sharp fire, stir, and when turning of a golden color add a table-spoon-

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ful of flour; stir until it turns brown, when you add half a pint of broth, six stalks of pepper-grass, and a gill of vinegar; boil half an hour; add salt, pepper, and mustard, and it is ready. By using half white wine and half vinegar the sauce is not quite so sharp.

Hollandaise Sauce.—Melt two ounces of butter in a pan on the fire, and add a table-spoonful of flour; stir fast with a wooden spoon, and as soon as you see that it is coloring add two gills of broth or water, stir again for two minutes, take off, and set the pan in another pan of boiling water; add a few mushrooms in slices, also a few truffles, if liked, a few stalks of parsley chopped, salt, and a table-spoonful of vinegar; stir, and when thickening take off; add and mix in two yolks of raw eggs beaten with a table-spoonful of water and the juice of a lemon. It is then ready for use.

Hollandaise Sauce for Fish.—Put two ounces of butter in a pan on a slow fire, and when melted dredge salt in little by little, stirring with a wooden spoon the while, and until it tastes rather salty; turn over a warm boiled fish, sprinkle lemon juice over, and serve.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FALL SILKS.

THE silks imported from Lyons for the fall season are soft gros grains of medium fine reps, with brighter lustre than those of last year. The cloth colors now in vogue are again brought out in deeper hues so nearly approaching black that they are well named "invisibles." Conspicuous among silk importations are the great quantities of dark blue shades; summer linens, with cashmere, camel's-hair, and other fine wool fabrics, have become so popular in these hues that it is prophesied dark blue silk suits will find especial favor as winter costumes; and by way of further commendation merchants say these French blues are equally becoming to blondes and brunettes. Under the general head of *gros bleu*, manufacturers send various shades with specific names, such as black-blue, which is very nearly black; old blue, like the color seen in English china; indigo blue and the dull Napoleon blue were introduced in the spring; tourmaline is the color of the stone of that name, and mandarin is the familiar Chinese blue. There are also mongrel blues with a dash of foreign color—as, for instance, the gray-blues, among which is a sea tint, a "deep and dark blue ocean" color, appropriately called Byron; a still grayer, more murky shade, is Euxine blue, while a lighter tint is known as *romarin*, or rosemary. Greenish-blues are not as largely imported as formerly, but a few of the peacock shades are shown and labeled canard blue, or else *hirondelle*, or swallow blue, a soft dark shade of peculiar beauty.

Since the advent of the Shah the green shades are all dubbed Persian green, but there is nothing in the name, for they retain precisely the yellow tinges familiar to us in olive and bronze greens; the tea greens of various shades, with sage, myrtle, moss, and rifle green, are all reproduced. Among bronzes, which are darker than ever, brown bronze and black bronze will probably find most favor. Pure and unadulterated shades of brown are so dark that the color is invisible except in certain lights; in this list is Turco brown, corbeau or crow-black brown, and *encre* or ink brown. The clearest grays are the stylish *ardoise* or slate gray, and dark iron gray. Mixed blue-grays and the réséda-tinged green-grays are again displayed, but are no longer new; oxidized silver gray, and a dark purple-gray that will look well associated with violet, are especially admired. Deep royal purple, plum-color, puce, and blue prune are largely imported. The new *groseille*, or currant-color, and French *écarlate*, which is softer and darker than ordinary scarlet, are the only red shades found among rich gros grains. For evening silks are those pale shadowy tints that require gas-light to deepen them and develop their beauty; these are labeled rose *pastel*, Indienne blue, Nile green, and *gris-fin*, or pearl-color.

WINTER GARNITURE.

Galloon ribbon in which jet and steel beads are woven will, it is said, be preferred to vine passementerie for trimming this winter. Thick, heavy passementerie cords worn swinging from the shoulder have not met with favor here, but are again largely imported. Fringes of every description are brought out; there are fringes entirely of jet, and others of silk with jet drops on the end; sewing-silk fringe, bullion fringe, tassel fringe, and the goffered or crimped tape fringe now so much used. There are also heavy wool fringes for trimming camel's-hair diagonals and other rough-surfaced wool fabrics. Moiré ribbons for bows and sashes, and moiré cut on the bias for folds, bands, and facings, are shown as part of the stock of trimming departments.

FRENCH BONNETS.

The first importation of French bonnets for the autumn shows something like a return to original bonnet shapes. They have broad crowns and high coronets cut in square turrets, or else dipping fronts with flaring sides. They have also very full face trimmings, while at the back is a band that suggests a return to capes. Most of the trimmings in the way of flowers and feathers are massed on the back, but there is very little pendent drapery of lace, ribbon, or silk. Pompons, aigrettes, and ornaments of cut steel or jet are stuck directly in front, in imitation of a conspicuous ornament worn by the Shah. The face trimming is a full vine of leaves, a wreath of flowers, or else a twist of silk knotted at intervals, or else dotted with flowers. The Rabagas, which may be either a bonnet or hat, according as strings are added or omitted, is again imported. One lovely model is of black velvet, with high coronet sloping lower on the sides. Below the coronet as a face trimming is a torsade of blue and réséda royale passing plainly above the forehead, and fastened in a large loose knot on the left side. A bow of standing loops is made of these two colors, and, with a pompon, is placed upright in front; royale bands pass around the crown, with very short ends hanging behind.

Gros de Suez, a soft, flexible, finely repped silk, will be used for trimming bonnets of velvet, straw, and royale. Large *groseille* red roses brighten bonnets of the sombre fashionable hues. Trimming silks of very light shades are used as facings and other garniture on dark velvets. Some of these combinations are new and peculiarly pretty; for instance, a bonnet of invisible brown velvet has pale blue facings and purple pansies; a violet velvet bonnet has réséda pipings on the crown, with groseille roses hanging low on one side; a black velvet bonnet shows a pale blue pleated facing in front, with a coronet wreath of green leaves, while drooping low behind is a long ostrich plume of mingled green and blue shades; a garnet velvet bonnet has soft gray facings; and a Persian green has trimmings of a lighter shade, with groseille roses. It is said flowers will be more worn than is usual on winter bonnets. Ostrich pompons and aigrettes will be more fashionable than short curled tips. Long plumes sweeping over the crowns of round hats are already in favor, and will advance in price when fall millinery is displayed in the retail stores.

FALL SUITS.

Private modistes and the furnishing houses are preparing dresses for the early fall from directions sent over by their commissioners in Paris. Long waists, tight sleeves, and high full ruffs are considered the necessary features for giving style to the various jockey basques, round waists, and polonaises. Double-breasted redingotes will have ruffs placed inside. Single-breasted polonaises have a pretty finish given to the neck by adding a standing English collar with pointed revers front, made of the dress material, or else of the silk with which it is trimmed. The neck of the dress is cut very high in the throat, and above this collar appears a white muslin ruff, which is to be worn very close and high all around, and is called the "Amy Robsart" ruff. The edges of polonaises and over-skirts of silk and fine woolen suits are finished by a bias band two inches wide, with a double piping fold on the upper edge; for instance, a polonaise of black and white striped silk is trimmed with a bias striped band, with two tiny folds of black silk set in above. Ruffs of dress material are prettiest when made to serve as trimming for the front of the corsage, instead of merely passing around the neck. On the striped polonaise just mentioned the striped ruff is lined with black silk that extends over the outside like a piping fold. This ruff is pleated into an inch-wide bias band that begins at the waist under a bow, passes up outside of the buttons in front, and extends around the neck behind just below the binding. The pleating begins half-way up the corsage, where it appears from beneath the band, and gradually widens toward the back. It should be two inches wide (or perhaps three for long necks) in the back, where it is held in a wide box-pleat, and is then laid in double side pleats—that is, one pleat is laid upon another to give fullness. Three of these double pleats will be enough, and then follow six or seven shallow side pleats. The lace or muslin ruff is basted on the neck of the dress, and does not extend down the front with the silk ruff.

French chroniclers of fashion say polonaises will be worn very long and flat in front, much shorter behind, and looped high on the sides. The long straight scarf front, with square corners below, and clinging closely to the figure, is seen in imported suits. Silk skirts are trimmed with bias bands of cashmere, and so profusely trimmed that it is difficult to decide whether the skirt is of silk or cashmere. Small mantles, pelerines, and Dolmans with square mantilla fronts will be added to polonaises to give necessary warmth. English sacques of "diagonal" cloths will be in vogue for early fall.

VARIETIES.

The newest fancy for arranging sashes worn with evening dresses is to drape them in a half circle in front, letting them swing low around the edge of the over-skirt apron; they are then caught up to the waist on each side and tied in a long loose bow with hanging ends on the left. Watered ribbon sashes draped in this way are admired for muslin dresses, and garlands of flowers are similarly arranged. Velvet sashes are rather heavy for this style, but are worn nevertheless.

Instead of neck-ties with ruffs, a cravat bow with very long ends is worn in front, and is preferred to a brooch. This is a simple bow of black velvet ribbon or of colored gros grain ribbon, two inches wide, with ends a yard long hanging straight down in front. The black velvet bows are worn with light dresses, while colored bows brighten black costumes. Another fancy is to wear a bow of China crape high on the left side of the ruff instead of in front. Pretty little tricolor clusters of rose-buds are worn in the same way on afternoon dresses, and are especially pretty with black grenadine and white muslin toilettes. Ladies are also wearing tiny bouquets of natural, loose, cut flowers stuck in the belt, or else in the button-hole of double-breasted polonaises, precisely as gentlemen wear their button-hole bouquets.

Short umbrellas are worn stuck in the belt like a dagger, protruding behind and before in an inconvenient way, not nearly as graceful as the fashion of hanging the umbrella by a châtelaine. This is, however, a part of the "grasshopper bend," a summer folly introduced at Saratoga, where the absurd Grecian bend first appeared.

For information received thanks are due Miss SWITZER; Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and C. H. F. AHRENS & Co.

PERSONAL.

DR. JARVIS, of Boston, has to be thankful for the existence of dukes and counts. When ALEXIS was here, Count SCHAUVANLOFF, of his suite, was detained at the Revere House, Boston, by an injured limb. He became acquainted with JARVIS, M.D., and made inquiries relating to the statistics of labor in this country. A few days since Dr. J. received a large box from the count containing more than one hundred volumes of Russian statistics, about 38,000 royal octavo pages. Count SCHAUVANLOFF told Dr. JARVIS that his father expected to lose a large part of his fortune on account of the emancipation of his serfs, but the measure resulted in a gratifying pecuniary advantage.

—A Prussian Amazon has appeared on the theatre of war in Spain. A Valentia newspaper says: "We have had the pleasure of seeing the Prussian heroine announced, who will, it is said, command a battalion of volunteers against the Carlists. She is well grown, hardly twenty-five years old, has a rather pretty face, and blonde hair. She wore a long upper garment, long riding trowsers, and a Phrygian cap, and carried a cavalry sword."

—It is affecting to learn that the late Dean of Winchester, who had well-nigh reached one hundred years of age, died at last "through taking medicine too strong for him."

—A painting by MURILLO, said to be over two hundred years old, has just been purchased by a Mr. Cox, of London. The subject of the picture is "St. Anthony of Padua adoring the Infant Saviour," and is said to have belonged formerly to the Church of the Capuchins at Cadiz. This valuable work of art was sold by auction by Messrs. PHILLIPS & SON, of New Bond Street, London, and after a brisk competition brought $60,300.

—Madame PATTI is compelled to dole out her notes to the British people at Covent Garden for the paltry pittance of 200 golden guineas per night.

—MACAULAY tells us that the terms "High-Church" and "Low-Church" first came into use between 1700 and 1702, when the dispute ran high touching JAMES II. and WILLIAM III. The High-Church party were among the so-called non-jurors, or those who refused to take the oath of allegiance to the government and crown of England. These included nine bishops and, it is said, about 600 ministers. The Low-Churchmen were the adherents of WILLIAM, and, among the clergy, were the only friends which WILLIAM had. MACAULAY supposes them to have included less than a tenth of the priesthood.

—Miss S. B. ANTHONY wants the name of the Pullman cars altered either to Pull-man-and-woman, or Pull-irrespective-of-sex cars.

—Journalism in the outlying cities of England does not seem to be an unprofitable vocation. The will of the late Mr. WHITBY, founder and proprietor of the Liverpool *Daily Post*, has been "proved" for £40,000 personal property, independent of real estate, and sundry admirers of Mr. E. MIALL, M.P., editor of *The Nonconformist*, the organ of the English Dissenters, lately gave him a little dinner, at which, on proposing his health, the chairman handed him a check for £10,000—the subscription of a few warm and wealthy friends.

—WASHINGTON IRVING received about $240,000 for his literary labors. In that respect no American author has equaled him. BAYARD TAYLOR and LONGFELLOW have made about $50,000 each by their books. TAYLOR, however, has a good proprietary interest in the *Tribune*, which enables him to live in good style abroad, though he is a man not given to show. Of the later American authors, "Mark Twain" has probably won the most coin, and he is as thrifty with pence as with pen.

—Sir EDWARD THORNTON has been authorized to expend $125,000 for a permanent residence for the British legation at Washington.

—When Lord GRANVILLE made his Presentation-day speech as Chancellor of the London University he referred to the death of a very useful officer of the university—the porter. Of this defunct official he recounted an authentic story. Coming into the council chamber one day, he saw a gentleman who he said was sitting quite coolly there. He advanced to the gentleman, and addressing him in a lofty tone, said, "Who are you?" "I'm Lord PALMERSTON," replied the gentleman; "who are you?" "I'm the porter," he answered. "The very man I am looking for," said his lordship: "I want you to show me over the place, and explain every thing to me." On coming to one department, Lord PALMERSTON asked the porter what that was. "That's the Lilian Society," replied the porter. "What's the Lilian Society?" asked his lordship. "And do you know," the porter used to say, in recounting this anecdote, "I was surprised to find that I was as ignorant as Lord PALMERSTON himself, for I did not know what it meant."

—The daughter of an English earl, only seventeen years old, has made a very successful *début* as Juliet in London, under the name of Edith Gray. Her father made a will leaving her a large fortune, but omitted to sign it, so she was left penniless. A retired actress took charge of her, and superintended her education for the stage.

—English papers are filled with incident and anecdote of the late Bishop WILBERFORCE. He was, indeed, one of the best-known bishops of the day, a stirring preacher, in great favor with the Queen, a personal friend of the Prime Minister, a leading orator of the House of Lords, a man very popular with the people, because he was, to make use of a common expression, a "many-sided" man—a man who could hold his own with his peers in grace and courtier-like deportment, but who among his inferiors, if in his opinion any were his inferiors, would make himself an inferior also to suit the exigencies of the occasion; would tell a side-splitting joke to a tent full of staring agriculturists with an amount of delicious unconsciousness that was worth an hour's broiling in an exhibition tent to witness. It will be impossible to find a man more indefatigable in work, more ready in wit, more learned in church matters, more powerful as a platform exponent of the views of this party or of that, more brilliant as a preacher, or more active, zealous, painstaking, and successful in his dealings with the clergy and laity of his diocese, than SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, Bishop of Winchester. It will be generous to hope that a man may be found willing to study the excellent personal qualities of the late bishop and to follow them.

—The Rev. W. H. H. MURRAY, a Boston minister of blood-thirsty propensities, and author of sundry works about fishing and firing, has again visited the Adirondacks, accompanied by his wife, and glutted his thirst for gore by killing and eating ten deer, and more fish than they could count.

—The Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS is again in type in the London journals—she and her senior partner, Mr. COULTHURST, each having given $75,000 to form a fund for the widows and orphans of those who die in the employ of the bank.

—The present prime favorite of the Mikado of Japan is M. PAUL DELARRE, who is just now in Paris. He has resided some years in Japan, and was the first to instill progressive ideas into the mind of that prince. He has married a Japanese maiden, and she has come with him to see how they do things in Paris.

—ANNA DICKINSON is waggish as well as wise. With great point she recites the following historical incident: When about to deliver her lecture on JEANNE D'ARC in a small Western town, it was considered necessary that she should be introduced to the audience. The task fell on the chairman of the Lecture Committee, a worthy individual, but not very well versed in the history and the language of the lamented LA PUCELLE. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, advancing to the front of the platform, "Miss DICKINSON will address you to-night on the life and adventures of JOHN DARK, one of the greatest heroes of antiquity. We are not as familiar with the heroes of antiquity as we ought to be, owing to the long time since antiquity; but one thing is certain, and that is that Miss DICKINSON can tell us all about the most remarkable man of them all—JOHN DARK."

—"Call in the police!" is a very common ejaculation. It has a pleasant significance in connection with Mr. JOSEPH P. POLICE, a poor machinist of Atlanta, who has had a bewildering run of luck. He was lately summoned to the bedside of a dying bachelor uncle in Charleston, who drew from under his pillow $1700 in cash, several gold watches, and other valuables, which he presented to the surprised nephew. After the uncle's death Mr. POLICE found himself heir to the entire estate, valued at $52,000, to say nothing of $900 in gold that was discovered in a trunk, having evidently been forgotten by the old gentleman.

—The wife of Don CARLOS is a beautiful blonde, having golden hair, dark eyes, and carries herself with graceful and haughty mien. She is inclined to be Amazonian, and wants to march with CHARLES at the head of the insurgent army.

—Mr. WILKIE COLLINS, who is giving readings in London, remarked in reference to them that "they are but rehearsals by which I, as an untried public reader, am endeavoring to train myself for my appearance elsewhere. I owe much to my American friends, and wish to do my very best to please them."

M. GOUNOD is in anger with the population of Great Britain. He rushes into print to tell that people that he will allow none of his operas to be performed in England until justice is done him in the matter of *Faust*. In *Faust*, by an error of his publishers in neglecting to have it registered, he practically has no copyright, and until English operatic managers pay him a reasonable sum per night for his *chef-d'œuvre*, he will forbid the performance of any of his other operas in England.

—In one respect the Prince of Wales follows the example of his father—he keeps at Marlborough House a mark-book, in which is noted the progress of his children in their studies and the praiseworthiness of their conduct.

—Dr. R. H. DERBY and Colonel STICKNEY, of this city, set out from Boston a few days since in two wherries to row to Mount Desert, a distance of six hundred miles. It is the third time they have gone through the manœuvre.

—The beautiful and accomplished Princess METTERNICH knows that she is bright as well as beautiful, and therefore is self-assertive where questions of self-respect are concerned. Recently at Vienna the Archduke LUDWIG, the Austrian Emperor's youngest brother, gave a ball. Princess METTERNICH was of course invited. She did not make her appearance until 10 P.M. Archduke LUDWIG went up to her and dryly said, "I regret, madame, you have not come earlier; her Majesty has been here since 9 P.M." The Princess smiled and said, "I do not regret having come so late to your Highness's ball, for the Empress never speaks graciously to me when I have the honor of meeting her." "Madame, you insult her Majesty." "Your Highness, such is very far from being my intention, for I know the respect I owe to her Majesty; I did but reply frankly to your Highness's remark." Madame METTERNICH walked about the drawing-rooms as usual at balls, and had dismissed this conversation from thought. But as supper was about to be served Archduke LUDWIG VICTOR came up to her and said, "I beg pardon: a place had been kept for you at the imperial supper-table, but, after the insult you have given the Empress, you can not occupy that seat." She answered, with habitual calmness and dignity, "Very well, Highness; but as I have ordered my servants for midnight, I beg your Highness to get me a hack." This insolent order (an archduke ordered to get a hack for any body, least of all a nobody not of the blood) so confounded the Archduke he could think of nothing better than to execute it. He went to the vestibule and ordered a footman to go for the hack. Twenty carriages were immediately offered her; she refused them all. She laid stress upon going home in a hack from the Archduke's house. She sat up all night packing her luggage, and she quitted Vienna by the first train the following morning. The Austrian Empress is said to be a little jealous of the Princess's brilliant success in society. Madame THIERS and Mademoiselle DOSNE were similarly affected, and managed to secure Prince METTERNICH's removal from the embassy at Paris.

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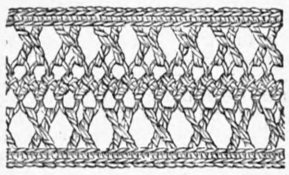
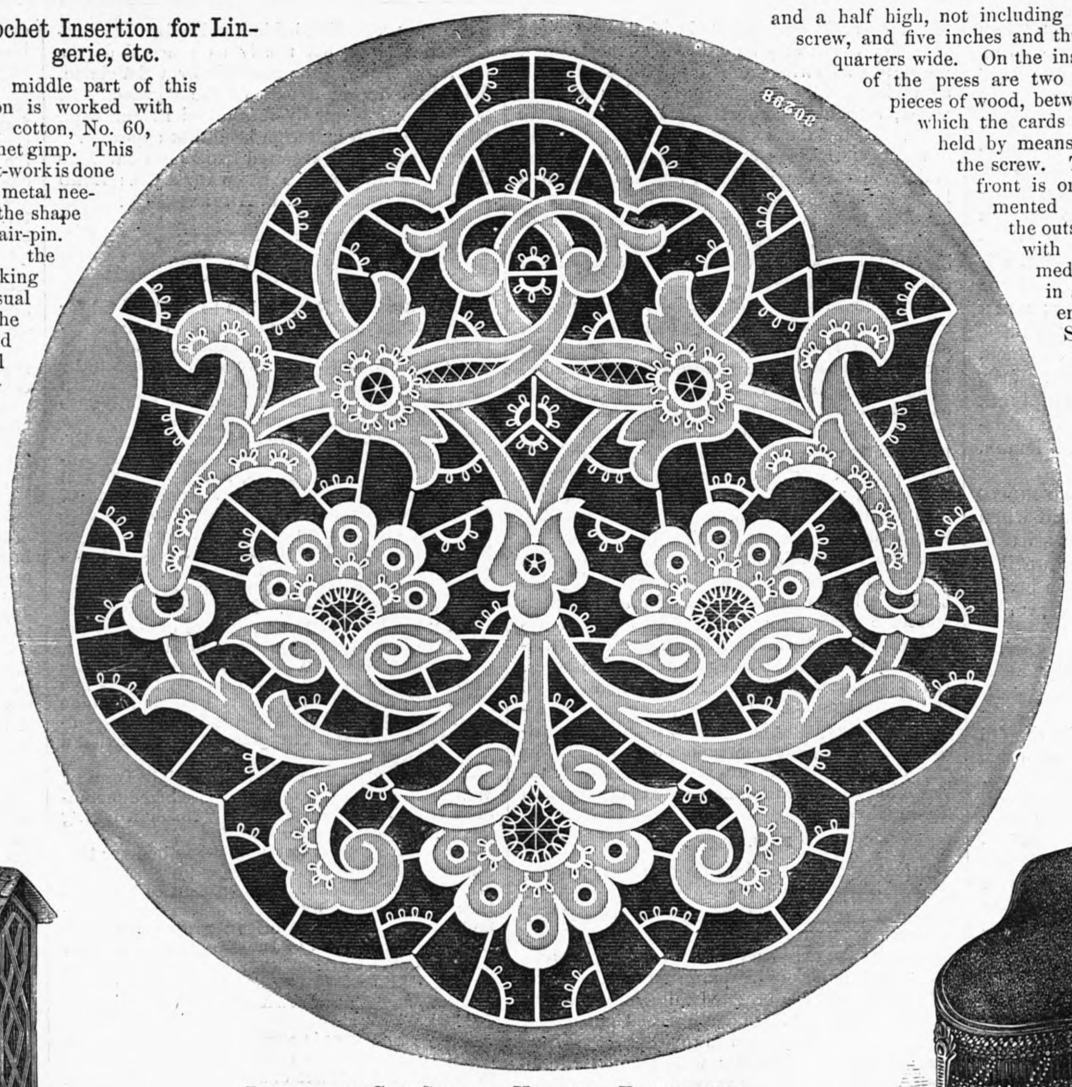


CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Crochet Insertion for Lingerie, etc.

THE middle part of this insertion is worked with twisted cotton, No. 60, in crochet gimp. This crochet-work is done with a metal needle in the shape of a hair-pin. Begin the gimp, forming a loop of the end of the working thread with the crochet needle, in the usual manner, draw the crochet needle out of the loop, take the latter between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, take the metal needle also between the thumb and forefinger, so that it rests on the end of the working thread underneath the loop, carry the working thread through to the front between both prongs of the needle, lay the thread on the prong at the right, from the front toward the back, and on the fingers of the left hand as in crocheting or knitting. Then take up the loop on the crochet needle, and draw the working thread through the loop, throwing the thread over once. Draw the crochet needle out of the loop, turn the metal needle from right to left, so that the working thread now lies on the prong at the right, * take up the loop formed previously on the crochet needle, form a new loop, throwing the thread over once, and on the upper layer of thread of the loop on the left prong work 1 sc. (single crochet). Draw the crochet needle out of the loop, turn the metal needle from right to left, and repeat from *. Work the sc. very close. Having arrived at the end of the prongs, push the finished part of the gimp close together, and only when the needle is covered half its length with loops pushed close together drop the gimp from the needle, and take up again the last two loops on each side of the gimp on the needle. Having in this manner worked a piece of gimp of the requisite length, crochet with twisted cotton, No. 80, on each side of the gimp two rounds as follows: 1st round.—Always alternately one cross double crochet on the next two loops of the gimp; the upper veins of the cross double crochet are separated by 1 ch. (chain stitch), 1 ch. 2d round.—1 sc. on each stitch of the preceding round.



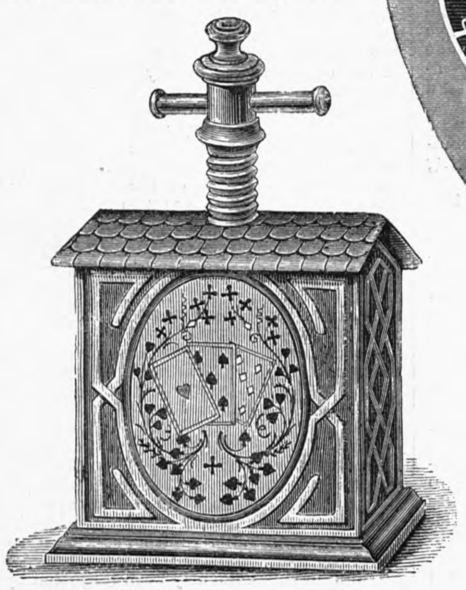
DESIGN FOR CAP CROWN.—VENETIAN EMBROIDERY.

Tatted and Crochet Edging for Lingerie, etc.

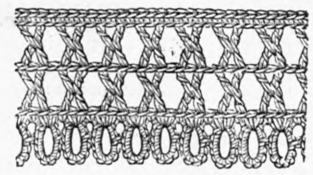
THIS edging is worked with twisted cotton. First work the tatting with one thread (shuttle) as follows: * One ring of 2 ds. (double stitch), 1 p. (picot), 8 ds., 1 p., 2 ds.; repeat from *, but in working every following ring, instead of forming the first p., always fasten the working thread to the second p. of the preceding ring. Then crochet four rounds, as shown by the illustration, in the following manner: 1st round.—2 sc. (single crochet) on each tatted ring, 1 sc. on the thread interval between two rings. 2d and 3d rounds.—Always alternately 1 cross double crochet; the upper and lower two veins of the cross double crochet are separated each by 1 stitch; 1 ch., with this pass over 1 stitch. 4th round.—1 sc. on each stitch of the preceding round.

Carved Wood Card Press.

THIS card press is of carved wood stained brown and black polished wood. It is six inches and a half high, not including the screw, and five inches and three-quarters wide. On the inside of the press are two flat pieces of wood, between which the cards are held by means of the screw. The front is ornamented on the outside with a medallion, which is worked on brown faille in application, satin, and half-polka stitch embroidery, and in point Russe. Fig. 28, Supplement, gives the design for the embroidery. For the cards apply white velvet, edge it with gold cord as indicated on the pattern, and ornament it in satin stitch with black and red silk. Work the remaining figures of the design in the manner above described.



CARVED WOOD CARD PRESS.
For design see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 28.



TATTED AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Design for Cap Crown.—Venetian Embroidery.

THIS pretty design is suitable for cap crowns, toilette cushion covers, and lamp-mats, and also for ornamenting baskets, etc. Having run the outlines of all the design figures, work the bars and scallops in button-hole stitch in the usual manner. For each of the small picots form a loop of the working thread, twisting the latter slightly. After finishing the bars, work the outlines either entirely in button-hole stitch, or else work the broad outlines partly in satin stitch and partly in button-hole stitch, and overcast the fine outlines. Work the small picot scallops inside of the arabesques similar to the scallops on the bars, and let them lie loose on the material. Finally, work the lace stitches, and cut away the material underneath the bars on the wrong side.

Fig. 1.—SEWING-WEIGHT WITH BEAD BORDER.
[See Figs. 2 and 3, Page 565.]

QUARTER SECTION OF SOFA-PILLOW.—APPLICATION, SATIN, AND HALF-POLKA STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Sewing-Weight with Bead Border, Figs. 1–3.

THIS sewing-weight consists of a box two inches and a half high, which is filled with a plate of lead and with emery, and is covered on the outside with linen. The under edge is furnished with maroon velvet bordered on both sides with Russia leather. On the top of the box is a cushion of maroon velvet, finished with a narrow hoop of bronze. The sewing-weight is trimmed, besides, with a border in bead mosaic, and furnished with a handle and bands of gold bronze. Fig. 2, page 565, shows a section of the border, and Fig. 3, on the same page, shows the manner of working it. Work the border as follows: 1st bead row.—On a piece of thread take up 3 black string beads, 1 satin bead, 2 string beads, 1 satin bead, 3 string beads, 5 gold beads; turn the work. 2d bead row.—1 string bead, carry the thread through the second following black string bead of the preceding row, 1 string bead, carry the thread through the following satin bead, 1 string bead, carry the thread through the second following string bead, 1 satin bead, carry the thread through the following string bead, 1 string bead, carry the thread through the following string bead, 5 gold beads; turn the work. 3d bead row.—1 string bead, carry the thread through the following black bead of the preceding row, 1 gold bead, carry the thread through the next satin bead, 1 string bead, carry the thread through the next string bead, 1 satin bead, carry the thread

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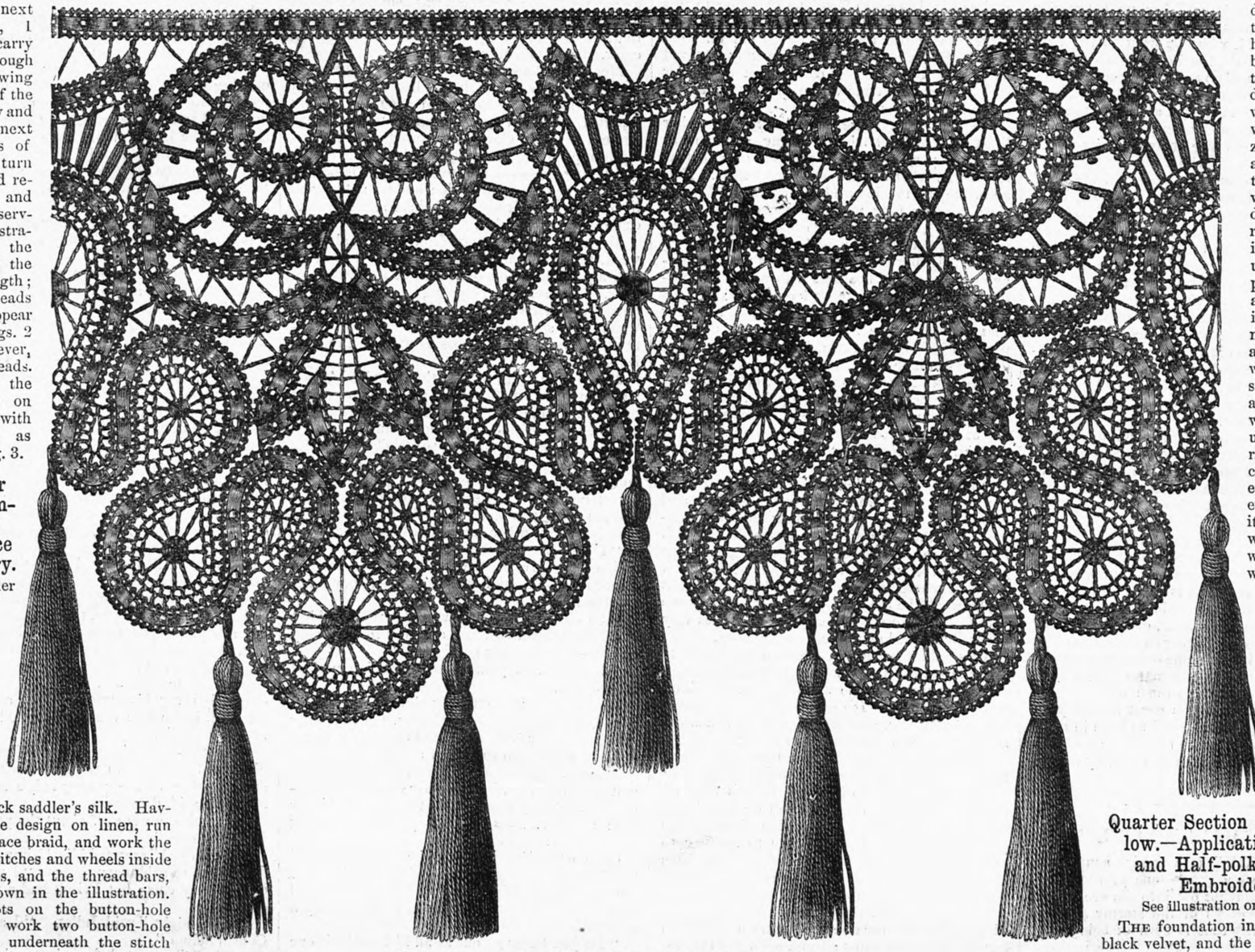
through the next string bead, 1 string bead, carry the thread through the following string bead of the preceding row and through the next 2 gold beads of the first row; turn the work, and repeat the 2d and 3d rows, observing the illustrations, until the border is of the requisite length; for the beads which appear lighter on Figs. 2 and 3, however, take up gold beads. Then work the raised leaves on the border with gold beads, as shown by Fig. 3.

Border for Dress Trimmings. Point Lace Embroidery.

THIS border is designed for trimming dresses, basques, mantelets, etc. The materials required for making the border are black silk point lace braid and black saddler's silk. Having drawn the design on linen, run on the point lace braid, and work the button-hole stitches and wheels inside of the scallops, and the thread bars, as plainly shown in the illustration. For the picots on the button-hole stitched bars work two button-hole stitches close underneath the stitch just worked, then carry the thread through the stitch worked last in the bar, and continue in this manner. The beads may be sewed on and the tassels knotted more or less closely to suit the taste.



BORDER FOR DRESS TRIMMINGS.—POINT LACE EMBROIDERY.

Straw Parasol.

THE frame of this parasol is of steel, with sticks ten inches and seven-eighths long. The cover consists of a straight piece of plaited straw ten inches and seven-eighths wide and fifty-eight inches long, which is sewed up on the ends and pleated closely on the inner side. The layers of these pleats are covered with a straw rosette. The outer edge of the parasol is bordered with a scalloped strip of plaited straw an inch and seven-eighths wide, the seam of which is covered on the outside with a straw border seven-eighths of an inch wide. Tassels of wheat, lustring lining, and a wooden handle complete the parasol.

Straw Fan, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS fan is made of a straight piece of plaited straw thirty-four inches long and five inches and three-quarters wide. It is pleated closely on one side, and is joined at each end with a handle ten inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide covered with straw. These handles are furnished on the under end with an elastic loop and a button. Straw rosettes trim the fan as shown by the illustrations. The fan is seen open in Fig. 1, and closed in Fig. 2.

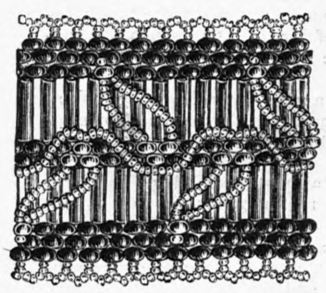
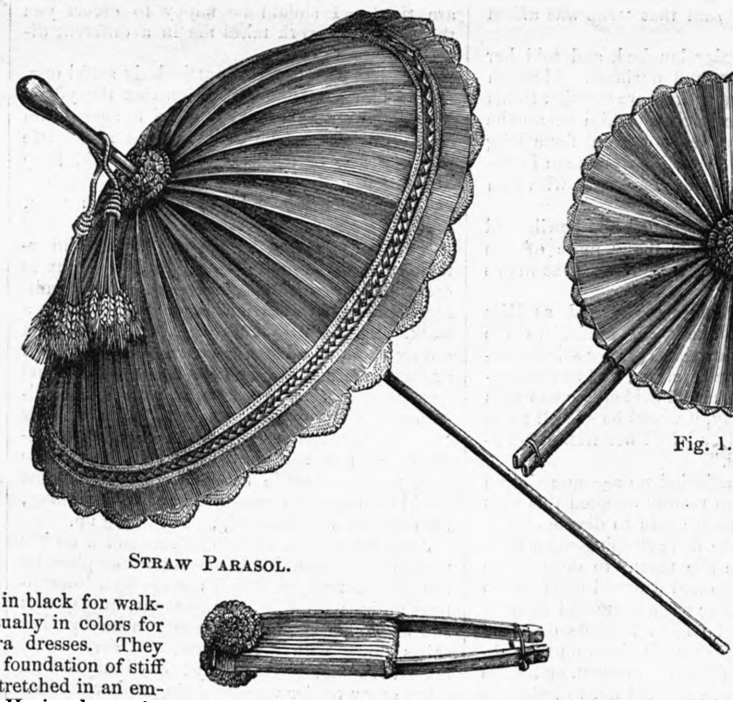


Fig. 2.—BEAD EMBROIDERY FOR SEWING-WEIGHT, FIG. 1, PAGE 564.

Application Border for Dress Trimmings.

THESE borders are worked in black for walking suits, and usually in colors for evening or opera dresses. They are worked on a foundation of stiff linen, which is stretched in an embroidery frame. Having drawn the design, underlay the leaves (each half of the leaf being raised through the middle and flat toward the sides) with dark split zephyr worsted, and then work the satin stitch with coarse saddler's silk. Surround each finished design figure with half-polka stitches, as shown by the illustration, furnish it with veins, and ornament it with beads. The stems and vines are in tambour-work. For this use a coarse and rather long crochet needle. After finishing the embroidery coat it evenly on the wrong side with white fluid lime, which is left to dry while the work is still in the frame. Then take the work out of the frame, and cut away the material between and outside of the design figures.



STRAW PARASOL.

Fig. 2.—STRAW FAN.—CLOSED.

Fig. 1.—STRAW FAN. OPEN.

Quarter Section of Sofa-Pillow.—Application, Satin, and Half-polka Stitch Embroidery.

See illustration on page 564.

THE foundation in the original is black velvet, and the application figures are of light gray cloth. These colors may of course be varied to suit the taste, using, for instance, dark brown velvet and light fawn-colored cloths instead. On the gray cloth strip on the outer edge are applied separate velvet figures. All the applied figures are partly edged with fine gray silk round cord, and partly ornamented with the latter and with satin and half-polka stitch embroidery. The embroidery, including the arabesques, leaves, and vines, which rest on the velvet foundation, is worked with coarse gray saddler's silk. For the medallion apply light gray silk (the edge is of gray cloth), which has first been ornamented, as shown by the illustration, with a small bouquet worked with saddler's silk of various colors, partly in dovetailed satin stitch, and partly in straight satin stitch, point Russe, and knotted stitch.

LEGENDS OF CERTAIN PLANTS.

SOME plants are emblematical on account of certain events or customs: of these are the national emblems. The rose of England became especially famous during the wars of the Roses, after which the red and white were united, and the rose of both colors is called the York and Lancaster; but when these flowers first became badges of the two houses we can not discover. The thistle is honored as the emblem of Scotland, from the circumstance that once upon a time a party of Danes having approached the Scottish camp unperceived, by night, were on the point of attacking it, when one of the soldiers trod on a thistle, which caused him to cry out, and so aroused the enemy. The shamrock of Ireland was held by St. Patrick to teach the doctrine of the Trinity, and chosen in remembrance of him. The leek, in Wales, as a national device, has not been satisfactorily explained, otherwise than as the result of its having the old Cymric colors, green and white. In France, the fleur-de-lis is so called as a corrup-

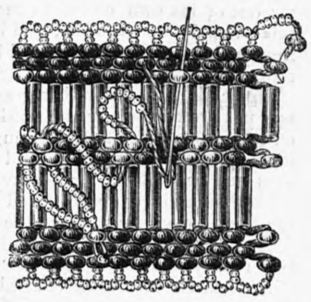
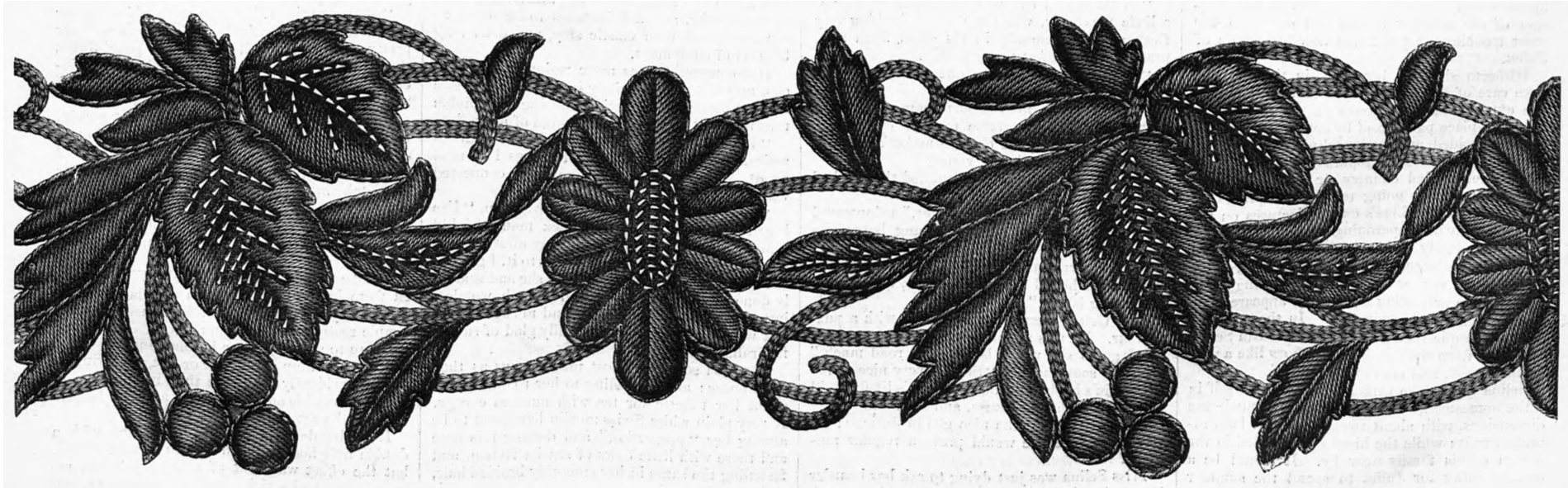


Fig. 3.—MANNER OF MAKING BEAD EMBROIDERY FOR SEWING-WEIGHT, FIG. 1, PAGE 564.



APPLICATION BORDER FOR DRESS TRIMMINGS.

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tion of fleur-de-Louis, and has no connection with the lily, but was an iris, chosen as an emblem by Louis VII. when he went to the Crusades, and afterward named after him.

The olive is deemed an emblem of peace, probably because, on account of its durability of growth, it was planted both in Greece and Italy to mark the limits of landed possessions.

Very many plants owe their celebrity to the healing properties with which they are probably endowed, as their common names indicate. Of these are self-heal, woundwort, liverwort, lungwort, eyebright, loosestrife, flea-bane, salvia (from *salvo*, to heal), potentilla (from potential), etc. But in many instances these properties used to be exaggerated and distorted in such a manner that the application of certain plants in wounds and illness merely as a charm superseded their being used in a way that might be beneficial; and the witches' caldrons (like those mentioned in *Macbeth*, and the old British caldron of Ceridween), which contained decoctions of all kinds of plants, mystically prepared, were looked to as all-powerful remedies when applied with strange rites and incantations.

Some plants have been famous on account of their poisonous qualities, which in various cases have made them historical. The hemlock was formerly used in Greece as the state poison, for it was the custom to put prisoners to death by its means; and it is believed that Socrates, Theramenes, and Phocion were all condemned to drink it. The darnel is a large grass, flowering in July, which grows among barley and wheat, possessed of poisonous properties; it is supposed to be the tares referred to in the parable. The monk's-hood is a very poisonous plant, even the odor of its leaves and blossoms having an injurious effect on some people; its old name of wolf's-bane was given to the plant because hunters dipped their arrows in its juice to make them more deadly. The upas-tree of Java has a great notoriety for the terrible effect it is supposed to have in causing the death of any one who lies down under its shelter, and its milky gum is also used by the natives for their arrows.

MISS GRIMP'S BOARDERS.

WILKINS COVE is a sandy, sunny spot on the Jersey shore—one of those jagged little points that jut out into the ocean, and take the wild beatings of the stormy Atlantic with an equanimity that is born of being used to it.

Almost every habitable place in the United States where people can get sea air, mountain air, or any air at all has been discovered and overrun long ago. But it was quite lately that Miss Selina Grimp, a mild-looking spinster of fifty summers and winters, fell into a state of unwonted nervous excitement over her first boarders. There was no hotel at Wilkins Cove, and none of the dozen or two families in the place had ever "put up company." That so strange and dreaded a lot should have fallen on Miss Selina seemed like such a malicious freak of fate that she could scarcely get reconciled to it.

It came about in this wise:

A cousin of hers, when both of them were girls together, had married a city clerk, and from the day of her marriage Jane Hopkins had pushed her husband ahead with a steady hand. There was one drawback, however, to his success. He had a kind and generous heart; and when his only sister died, within a year or two of her husband's death, Mark Hopkins insisted upon taking her little girl to his own home and heart. The frugal Jane objected to this, declaring that it was taking the bread and butter out of his own children's mouths. But on this one point he was firm; and little Juliet Sellingwood had at least a nominal home under his roof.

Her childhood was rather gray in hue. She was not pretty, was shy and sensitive, and seemed to have no capacity for making friends. She grew up somewhat tall, thin, and dark, with fine eyes and capabilities for beauty; but she was seldom becomingly dressed, and she did not in the least know how to make the best of herself.

Aunt Jane was too busy with her own daughters to pay much attention to "her husband's niece"—as she always designated her—until one day the unwelcome truth was forced upon her that Juliet was nineteen years of age, and could no longer be treated as a child. The girl was presuming to look pale and thin, too, with no appetite and little energy; and when the question of the summer hegira was discussed, the most troublesome point was how to dispose of Juliet.

Hitherto she had been left in the city "to take care of her uncle," by which arrangement the expense of her sojourn at the fashionable watering-place patronized by her aunt and cousins was avoided, and uncle and niece were equally pleased. But Mr. Hopkins stoutly declared that Juliet needed country air this season, and insisted upon her going to B—— Springs, in spite of Mrs. Hopkins's curtain-lectures on the palpable folly of chaperoning three girls at once.

The good lady had never known her husband to be so obstinate; but having, like Mrs. Joe Gargery, "a master mind," she spent one sleepless night in perfecting a plan that appeared like a genuine flash of inspiration. In the midst of her disquietude the spare figure of Cousin Selina had risen from the depths of memory like a very earthly angel, and come to her relief.

Selina was a lone woman, living by herself in "the homestead," a frame building of moderate dimensions, with about twenty acres of land attached to it; while the hired man resided in the bosom of his family near by. It would be a capital thing for Juliet to spend the summer with Cousin Selina, at a very moderate board; and as Mr. Hopkins offered no objection to this plan, provided that Juliet was willing—and Juliet was more than willing to get off from B—— Springs—Miss Grimp speedily received an epistle from her city cousin that threw her into an alarming state of not-know-what-to-do-ativeness.

On reflection, however, Miss Selina rather liked the idea of having company, and she was decidedly pleased with the prospect of a regular income for what would cost her very little. But, according to the invariable custom at Wilkins Cove (having fully made up her own mind on the subject), she put on her sun-bonnet and went to consult her nearest neighbor.

The neighbor gave her some not very encouraging accounts of boarders with whom her husband's sister had contended at various periods of her existence, from which it would appear that boarders were the natural enemies of the people who boarded them, but advised her nevertheless to take the young lady so unexpectedly offered, and Miss Selina lost no time in writing her acceptance to "Cousin Hopkins."

She was in the midst of a grand renovating of her best chamber, when the hired man screamed to her from below that "a feller wanted her in the settin'-room."

"Fellers" in the "settin'-room," or, indeed, any where else, were rare commodities, and when Miss Grimp, with her hair hurriedly plastered down with water, and her face shining with brown soap, adjourned to the parlor, her first glance at the "feller" established there assured her that whatever the object of his visit might be, he would be pretty sure to get it. Every one who looked into those steady, smiling eyes very generally arrived at the same conclusion.

Miss Selina was afraid the man had books to sell, and nerved herself accordingly, but her consternation was extreme when he proposed himself as a boarder. It seemed to her that it was raining boarders, and she wanted to run away somewhere until the shower was over.

The lady had opened her mouth, evidently to remonstrate, but the stranger smilingly proceeded:

"I will promise to live out-of-doors most of the time, and you may feed me on bread and milk. There are some very fine views of the ocean here, which I should like to transfer to canvas, and that and the quiet of the place have attracted me. A man whom I met on the beach thought I could get accommodated here."

That loafing Bill Hacks, of course, who seemed to think that because she hadn't a family on her shoulders she must sit and suck her thumbs for want of something to do. She'd give him a piece of her mind when she got a good chance. As Bill, however, had applied several times for the situation of permanent boarder in the character of Miss Selina's husband, it is not likely that this would have troubled him much.

The gentleman then offered a sum that seemed so munificent to Miss Grimp that she could only open her eyes in astonishment. When she found words she positively refused to accept more than two-thirds of it, and said that "she was afraid *that* was screwin'."

Her would-be boarder laughed, and told her that she didn't understand business. He then informed her that every thing was settled to his satisfaction; that she might put him where she pleased; and that he was going out for a long ramble. And depositing his portmanteau in the entry, he took his sketching apparatus with him and departed.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the bewildered spinster. "I wonder how many more of 'em are coming! And I don't even know the man's name."

On went the sun-bonnet again, and, as Miss Selina expressed it, she "cut round" to the neighbor's on the other side. After solemn deliberation this Delphic oracle arrived at the conclusion that as the man had evidently come with a determination to stay, it would be as well to let him, but she strongly advised her friend to admit no more "fellers."

As the old house afforded no accommodation for more, Miss Grimp readily adopted this suggestion, and "cut" back again to devote all her present energies to the little sleeping-room back of the parlor. Here she meant to deposit the strange individual who had dropped upon her so unexpectedly. And she wished she had thought to ask him whether he liked feathers or straw uppermost, and what were his views on the subject of soap. Some folks liked brown, and some Castile. It might have startled her to hear that he abominated both.

"What shall I call you?" asked Miss Selina, a little nervously, when the artist, looking very fresh and gentlemanly in his clean linen suit, presented himself at the tea-table.

"Oh," he replied, with some confusion, "call me Ellis."

"There was a man of that name," said the lady, after the invariable manner of country people, "who kept a harness-maker's shop in Boynton—any relation of yours?"

Mr. Ellis thought not, and added that he had very few relatives.

"I'm expectin' another boarder," volunteered Miss Selina, presently; "a young lady from the city."

"I am sorry to hear it," was the unexpected reply. "I hoped to be here alone, and I don't like young ladies."

Miss Grimp regarded the speaker with a puzzled air. He was awful queer, that was certain.

"I guess she won't be in your road much," said she, soothingly. "She's a very nice girl—my cousin's husband's niece—and it's likely she'll just stick round the house, and read and sew."

Mr. Ellis wished the nice girl in Jericho; he was quite sure she would prove a regular nuisance.

Miss Selina was just dying to ask her boarder if he painted pictures for a living, and how much he got for them; but there was something about him that prevented her. In fact, she admitted that, although he was as smiling as a basket of chips, she was awfully afraid of him.

Meanwhile he settled down as naturally in his new quarters as though he had always lived there; was as easy as an old shoe, his hostess reported, and didn't give a mite of trouble. By degrees Wilkins Cove got accustomed to seeing him prowling among the rocks on the shore, and taking views—a proceeding which it had at first regarded disapprovingly; and it finally came to accept him as it would a bale of foreign goods cast ashore by the tide.

Mr. Ellis had been at Wilkins Cove about a week, when he came in from his day's work to find a gray figure opposite him at the tea-table. This, of course, was the young lady; and he was formally "made acquainted" with Miss Sellingwood, who struck him as being stiff and uninteresting, appearing to possess the sole merit of being quiet.

Miss Selina quite took to the shy girl. There was something wistful in the young face—a sort of *hungry* look, as if for love and sympathy, that appealed to her kind heart; and when, after addressing her alternately as "cousin" and "Miss Sellingwood"—the spinster became hopelessly confused as to what was proper under the circumstances—the girl said so appealingly, "Do call me 'Juliet,' won't you?" the worthy woman took her right in her arms, and kissed her.

"I thought you would be all alone, Cousin Selina," said Juliet, the day after her arrival, "and that we should have such nice, cozy times together."

"So did I, my dear," was the reply; "but Mr. Ellis begged so hard, and he's really a very pretty-behaved young gentleman."

"I don't like young gentlemen," remarked Miss Juliet.

Miss Grimp was on the point of saying that Mr. Ellis didn't like young ladies, but reflecting just in time that this would not be likely to mend matters, she began to talk of something else.

Miss Sellingwood *did* "hang round the house, and read and sew," just as her cousin had predicted, and very much more than was good for her; and Mr. Ellis kept his promise of living out-of-doors.

Once or twice, however, he found himself watching the pale young face with some interest. He believed it might grow pretty if she would only let the fresh air blow upon it, and get up a little animation.

"Do you never go out at all?" he asked, one day.

"Not very often," was the reply; "I am so accustomed to staying in the house—and I get tired walking."

"That is because you don't practice it enough," he continued, in quite a fatherly way. "This is such a fine afternoon that I am sure you would feel better for walking down to the beach. There is quite a pretty little cave almost in a straight line from here, where you can rest when you are tired. I should be happy to escort you there, but my work takes me in a different direction."

This last clause was a particularly artful one, for he had a settled conviction that the young lady could not have been induced to accept him as an escort; and he even thought it possible that the fear of encountering him would keep her in-doors.

From which it will be seen that, for a man, our artist was not at all conceited.

This conversation took place at the dinner-table, and when every thing had been put in order after the meal, Juliet succeeded in beguiling Miss Selina into accompanying her for a walk. That worthy lady equipped herself in a scanty dress of alpaca, a green-sprigged shawl, and a wonderful structure of a bonnet—her usual Sunday attire; for, with her, a walk was a solemn and extraordinary undertaking, and daily "loafing" on the sea-shore was a style of existence that met her unqualified contempt. She held that reasonable beings were sent into the world for better things—bread and cake making, for instance, and washing and cleaning up.

Juliet's sundown soon hung suspended on her neck, having been lifted from its proper place by the playful zephyrs, which cut up such impertinent antics with Miss Selina's scant drapery that she was reduced to the necessity of holding her skirts down with her parasol, and even found herself saying, "Go away! *do!*" as though some saucy terrier were snapping at her ankles.

The listless city girl felt her pulses stir with new life in this invigorating air, and a color came to her cheeks, and a brightness to her eyes, as she moved on with elastic step, and drew long breaths of enjoyment.

Her companion was more resigned than joyous, and she peered grimly into the cave before settling herself for a rest, expressing the opinion that it was "an awful *spooky* kind of place."

"I think it's *lovely!*" replied Juliet, enthusiastically; "it reminds me of things I've read about. Don't you know some story connected with it?"

"When I was a girl," said Miss Grimp, "I've heard folks tell of an old black man who hid himself here when the officers were after him for stealin'. That's about all there is to it, I guess."

Juliet laughed merrily, a thing she had scarcely done since her arrival; and though wondering what on earth the child found musical in her last words, Miss Selina was really glad of such a favorable sign.

The girl seemed almost mischievous as they went home; and, bounding to her room, she set about her toilette for tea with unusual energy. A very plain white Swiss muslin happened to be among her "properties," and dotting this here and there with little bows of scarlet ribbon, and fastening the same in her smoothly braided hair, she pronounced herself almost good-looking as she left the glass, while the person upon whose vision she unexpectedly burst at the foot of the stairs was startled into the conviction that she was considerably more than this.

No one knew exactly how it came about, but that evening Mr. Ellis, instead of going to his room, picked up Juliet's book that lay on the sofa, which happened to be *Lays of Ancient Rome*, and read aloud "The Battle of the Lake Regillus."

"What an awful fightin' set those old Romans and Amalekites was!" commented Miss Selina. "I only wonder that any of 'em ever lived to tell about it."

"You think, then, that their style of warfare was like that of the Kilkenny cats?" suggested Mr. Ellis, laughingly.

Miss Selina had never seen any Kilkenny cats—her cousin had a real Maltee once—and so on.

Juliet said nothing, but she lost not a tone of the clear, rich voice, that brought out new beauties in one of her favorite poems; and she felt, as she did on the sea-shore, that she was in a new atmosphere. A faint color tinged her cheek and a light beamed in her eyes; she forgot her shyness for the moment, and actually *talked*. Not in the least like a young lady, though—at least not like the young ladies of Mr. Ellis's acquaintance. It was very evident that the poor child had led a lonely and self-centred life, that her thoughts had turned inward rather than outward, and that she had formed her opinions on various subjects without having received the least bias from the opinions of other people.

She was the freshest and raciest book critic he had ever encountered; and while enjoying the discovery that her favorite authors were the same he had himself enshrined, this Mephistopheles did not scruple to put forth heretical opinions—in fact, to tell downright stories—just for the pleasure of seeing the indignant color flush up in the clear brunette cheek. Miss Sellingwood was exceedingly pretty in a state of wrath; and the artist sat admiring, while the man exerted himself to be disagreeable.

Suddenly Juliet glanced toward Cousin Selina. She was fast asleep in the high-backed rocker; and in reply to the young lady's scared look, Mr. Ellis said, demurely,

"I think she went off about the period of the Kilkenny cats."

"No, indeed," asserted Miss Grimp, with a sudden return to sublunary things; "I never heard of Kilkenny cats; but Priscil had a real Maltee once—"

"Good-night," said Juliet. "I am *so* tired, Cousin Selina."

"*Tired!*" repeated the spinster, in a tone of disgust; "I never was so tired with a big wash or bakin' as I am with this day's gaddin'. I'm clean beat out."

After that Juliet had to wander off alone, for Cousin Selina was not to be persuaded into loafing on the beach any more. How she grew to love the vast expanse of sea and sky that stretched out so illimitably, and the life-giving breeze that tinted her cheek with the hue of health, and gave strength and energy to every muscle! She would sit or stand for hours, watching the constantly changing ocean, and smiling like a pleased child in her quiet enjoyment of what most girls of her age would have voted "dreadfully stupid."

She was leaning against a rock one afternoon, with her hat hanging by its strings, and the glory of the sunset drifting over her. Lost in a happy dream—for happy dreams were natural to her now—her gaze went off into the distance beyond the breakers, and she heard no sound of footsteps, and knew not that an artist was hastily sketching her figure, as she stood there in the shadow of the gray rock, with the brightness of the sunset in her face.

Juliet did not know that at that moment she was lovely—knew not that she was a fit subject for an artist's pencil; and when she finally became conscious of Mr. Ellis's presence, she supposed him to be busy as usual with the ocean and the rocks.

"I must take a good, long, lingering look at it all," said the artist, as they walked home together, "for to-morrow I am to tear myself away."

Juliet involuntarily started. They had been under the same roof now for six weeks—had talked and read and wandered off among the rocks together; and somehow she thought that this was to go on forever. It was a very sudden awakening; and she listened like one in a dream to Robert Ellis's next words.

"I have received quite a threatening letter from my friends at B—— Springs, whom I promised to join two weeks ago."

"B—— Springs!" Then he would meet her aunt and cousins. And Miranda was so very pretty. For, like all brunettes, poor Juliet thought the possessor of a fair skin and golden hair a miracle of beauty, and loathed herself in comparison as a veritable squaw.

"So that pretty Miss Hopkins is your cousin, then?" pursued the artist, with a tone that to Juliet's jealous ear sounded like surprise. "I shall have the pleasure of meeting her very soon; can I take any message for you to your aunt and cousins?"

"I have none to send," was the curt reply; and Juliet hastened to her room and bolted the door.

What sort of manifestation Mr. Ellis expected from Miss Sellingwood on that last evening of his stay he never even told himself, for the simple reason that he didn't know. But it is a pleasure to state that our heroine, instead of appearing in a limp condition, or not appearing at all, had evidently spent the time in her room to the best possible advantage, and adorned herself with all the art of which she was capable.

Her abundant hair was ornamented with a double hollyhock—which has an absurd sound, but the effect was that of a large crimson rosette. She had a rich bloom on her cheeks, and

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a sparkle and dash in her whole appearance that was almost a transformation.

"I do declare for't!" exclaimed Miss Selina, in astonishment. "If I wanted to make a business of takin' boarders, I'd just send you round as an advertisement. Did you ever *see* any body change so, Mr. Ellis?"

He admitted that Miss Sellingwood was very much changed since he first saw her.

"I don't think I'm the same person at all," observed Juliet, gayly. "I feel equal to any thing now."

"Equal to B—— Springs?" asked Mr. Ellis, who somehow felt as if he would like to see her there.

"I hate springs!" was the reply. "I never mean to go to any as long as I live."

When Miss Grimp's first boarder departed, *en route* for B—— Springs, he felt as though some sort of happening that would keep him at Wilkins Cove would be very welcome just then. He never told his love. But neither did concealment prey on his damask cheek; for the girls at B—— Springs thought him positively charming, and the most delightful windfall that had come to them by boat and rail that whole season. He did not tell the Hopkinses that he had met their cousin, nor even that he had been at Wilkins Cove. There really seemed to be some foundation for Miss Selina's opinion that he was "awful queer."

This mantle of awful queerness seemed rather to have fallen upon Juliet; her cousin thought her "kinky," for she loved to sit by herself and loaf round on the beach. Dreary, drizzly days in September would find her wrapped in a shawl gazing out over the ocean, as though watching for one who had loved and had sailed away.

"Didn't know at one time but you and that Mr. Ellis might make a match of it," said Cousin Selina, as she and Juliet sat by the first fire of the season; "but I guess it's just as well as it is: travelin' artists always seemed to me like peddlers, and they're dreadful uncertain."

"What a funny notion!" laughed Juliet; "I am sure Mr. Ellis was any thing but lover-like, and as for *me*—"

Here she laughed again, and then she pondered sadly what she was to do with her life. She was tired of Wilkins Cove; she wished that Uncle Mark would come and take her away.

Uncle Mark did come, and Juliet went back to the old routine. Every one thought her wonderfully improved; and every one had a great deal to tell her of a certain Mr. Champton, the lion of B—— Springs, and a distinguished artist.

Juliet thought it odd that they did not speak of Mr. Ellis; but she would not ask about him. Their accounts of Mr. Champton sounded very much like many things she remembered of the artist at Wilkins Cove; but Miranda had such a way of fluttering and blushing whenever his name was mentioned, and such meaning looks were directed to her by the others, that he was evidently looked upon as her peculiar property.

Mrs. Hopkins admitted, with a sigh, that "her husband's niece" could no longer be kept in the background. She was fully three years older for her sojourn at Wilkins Cove, and quite beyond childhood. So Juliet went into company, and quite distinguished herself; received plenty of compliments, which did not at all please her aunt and cousins; and often, after passing a brilliant evening, would secretly wish herself back on the rocky beach.

One day the Hopkins girls came in full of excitement. They had seen a new picture by Mr. Champton on exhibition at the Art Gallery. It was called "An Ocean Sunset;" the scene was dreadfully bare and wild-looking, and a girl was leaning against some rocks. People were raving over it, but *they* didn't think it so very remarkable; the strangest part of it was that the girl looked so much like Juliet.

"Of course she is a great deal prettier," observed Miranda, "or she wouldn't be in a picture; but she certainly does look like you, Juliet, and you ought to see the painting. If Mr. Champton is in town," she added, with a conscious simper, "he will call here at once, and then I shall know all about it."

Juliet restrained herself by a powerful effort; but had any one been interested in watching her, they would have noticed that she grew red and white in quick succession, and that the muscles of her mouth moved strangely. She listened with apparent indifference to the conversation, and resolved on the first convenient opportunity to steal off by herself and take a peep at the picture.

The opportunity came on a dull November afternoon; and Juliet was glad of the change from the damp, penetrating air to the warm, softly carpeted room, and the glowing pictures on the walls of summer life and warmth.

She started as her eyes fell on the picture; it was her favorite view at Wilkins Cove, and there stood she herself, leaning against the rock, just as she had stood on that afternoon when all the warmth and brightness went suddenly out of her life. Herself, she believed—she was *sure;* and yet she never could have looked like *that. This* girl was beautiful, with a sort of glory on her face. What *did* it all mean?

The card on the picture said, "An Ocean Sunset—Champton, artist;" and Juliet murmured, half aloud, "Then he is the same."

"The very same," said a voice close beside her, "and that lovely girl-dreamer is really Juliet Sellingwood, just as I have often seen her—just as I hope to see her again."

Juliet knew not where she was, but the sunset glory came again to her face as Robert Ellis whispered a story that never can be new, and yet is never old.

They had the gallery and the pictures to themselves that afternoon, and they staid so long that Juliet started at length with sudden fear. The short November afternoon had glided imperceptibly into evening.

As Mr. Ellis walked with her to her uncle's door, he said, laughingly, "I have tried to answer all your questions. I am *not* engaged to your cousin Miranda, and I may add that I should not be if I had never seen *you.* My name *is* Robert Ellis, with the addition of Champton, which I drop sometimes in traveling, as a sort of freak. I did *not* get tired of you at Wilkins Cove, and run away in consequence to B—— Springs. I went to give you a chance to miss me a little, if such a thing were possible, and I was quite resolved, if I could find you studying the picture, to try my fate. I will not say how many days I have watched for you, Juliet. Why did you not come before?"

The sunset glory of the picture was rippling over the face that Juliet turned to him in answer; and the artist wished with all his heart that they could be transported to Wilkins Cove.

Their present destination, however, was Mr. Hopkins's domicile, and they accomplished the walk in the longest period of time on record. Mr. Champton did not, on this his first call, inquire for Miss Hopkins, but for her father; and the fair Miranda received a very unpleasant surprise in learning the object of his visit.

Indeed, the whole family uttered exclamations of surprise to such an extent that they seemed in danger of contracting a chronic habit of saying "*Oh!*" but after one stormy scene with Juliet, Mrs. Hopkins was bound over by her husband to keep the peace, and did her part so well that she was looked upon by outsiders as the very model of a kind aunt. She sagely decided that the next best thing to having Mr. Champton for a son-in-law was to have him take her "husband's niece" off her hands; and she almost persuaded herself that she had made the match by sending Juliet to Wilkins Cove. She never mentioned, though, that had she been gifted with magical lore, she would have sent Miranda in her place.

Upon counting up her profits for the season, Miss Grimp was highly satisfied with the results of her experiment in taking boarders; and the boarders themselves were equally satisfied with the results of having been taken.

FOR THE UGLY GIRLS.

No. XVII.

INQUIRIES upon topics within the range of these papers are always welcome. Among those not seldom repeated is an urgent demand for a prescription to keep the hair from coming out. The following part of a letter will be as acceptable to many readers as it was to the one who received it.

"I was emphatically one of the 'ugly girls,' being of a very large figure, and inheriting thin hair; otherwise I suited myself well enough. But, oh! the agonies I have suffered through my personal deficiencies. Now, with a happy home of my own and the best husband in the world, I can smile at the old distress. Yet it was no less real, and I can pity the ugly girls as no one but one who has 'been there' can.

"My hair commenced coming out when I was just in my teens, and has always been the trial of my life. I have been up and down the whole scale of restoratives, with all manner of recipes volunteered by sympathizing friends. Last fall, after returning from a two months' stay near Saratoga, where I had undergone a severe course of treatment for sundry physical ills, my hair came out frightfully, till I was almost without any, and nothing seemed to check it. A relative, an old lady, told me to use burdock-root tea. I tried it, and it worked like a charm. My hair has never grown as it does now, and it has absolutely ceased coming out—something that has not been the case for fifteen years. Something of this may be due, as far as growth is concerned, to a recipe given me by a friend a month or so ago. It is a family recipe, and something of a family secret. The ladies of the house, who use it, have magnificent hair, which they attribute to this recipe. It is a queer conglomerate, as you see: One pound of yellow-dock root, boiled in five pints of water till reduced to one pint; strain, and add an ounce of pulverized borax, half an ounce of coarse salt, three ounces of sweet-oil, a pint of New England rum, and the juice of three large red onions, perfumed at pleasure (a quarter of an ounce of oil of lavender and ten grains of ambergris would be efficacious in overcoming the powerful scent of the ingredients).

"My little girl has magnificent hair, but it troubles me a little by coming out some this winter. As she is only five years old, I have hesitated about putting any thing on. I wish you would some time tell us if it is best to doctor a child's hair, or let nature take its course. I have learned that to shampoo the head with cold water every morning is an excellent thing, as is an occasional thorough washing with soap-suds, not rinsing the soap out completely. I have sometimes checked the fall of hair by such means. The burdock root was also used by steeping it in boiling water till a strong tea was made, and used as a wash two or three times a day, then at longer intervals."

The only additions I can suggest to the excellent letter above are, that it is always well to use a cure where there is a disease, and simple remedies aid nature. A child's hair is too valuable to lose. One tea-spoonful of ammonia to a quart of warm water makes a wash that may be used on a child's head with safety. Apply it daily. This would not split the hair, as soap will if left to dry in.

One of the most powerful stimulants and restoratives for the hair, after ammonia, which reigns supreme, is the oil of mace. Those who desire something to bring the hair in again are advised to try it in preference to cantharides, the effects of which it is said to equal, if not to surpass, without the danger which sometimes attends the latter. A strong tincture for the hair is made by adding half an ounce of the oil of mace to three-quarters of a pint of deodorized alcohol. Pour a spoonful or two into a saucer; dip a small, stiff brush into it, and brush the hair smartly, rubbing the tincture well into the roots. On bald spots, if hair will start at all, it may be stimulated by rubbing the scalp with a piece of flannel till the skin looks red, and anointing it with the tincture. This process must be repeated three or four times a day for weeks. When the hair begins to grow, apply the tincture once a day till the growth is well established, bathing the head in cold water every morning, and briskly brushing it to bring the blood to the surface.

Where the hair loses its color, it may be restored by bathing the head in a weak solution of ammonia, an even tea-spoonful of carbonate of ammonia to a basin of water, brushing the hair thoroughly while wet, and washing the head with a crash mitten. Bathing the head in a strong solution of rock-salt is said to restore gray hair in some cases. Pour boiling water on rock-salt in the proportion of two heaping table-spoonfuls to a quart of water, and let it stand till cold before using.

The old specific of bear's grease for the hair is hardly found now, and one can never be sure of getting the real article; but an equally powerful appliance is discovered in pure sperm-oil, of the very freshest, finest quality. This forms the basis of successful hair restoratives, and will not fail of effect used alone. It is, however, only procured by special importation from the north coast of Europe in proper freshness for the hair.

In the list of hair-dyes one agent has long been overlooked which is found in the humblest households. It is too common and humble, indeed, to excite confidence at first; but it is said that the water in which potatoes have been boiled with the skins on forms a speedy and harmless dye for the hair and eyebrows. The parings of potatoes before cooking may be boiled by themselves, and the water strained off for use. To apply it, the shoulders should be covered with cloths to protect the dress, a fine comb dipped in the water and drawn through the hair, wetting it at each stroke, till the head is thoroughly soaked. Let the hair dry thoroughly before putting it up. If the result is not satisfactory the first time, repeat the wetting with a sponge, taking care not to discolor the skin of the brow and neck. Exposing the hair to the sun out-of-doors will hasten the darkening, and set this dye. No hesitation need be felt about trying this; for potato-water is a safe article used in the household pharmacopœia in a variety of ways. It relieves chilblains if the feet are soaked in it while the water is hot, and is said to ease rheumatic gout.

Inquiries have been made after a cure for corns. It is not always the case that they come from wearing tight shoes. I have seen troublesome ones that were produced by wearing a loose cloth shoe that rubbed the sides of the foot. It is best from ten years old always to wear a snugly fitting shoe of light, soft leather, not so tight as to be painful, nor loose enough to allow the foot to spread. The muscles are grateful for a certain amount of compression, which helps them do their work. When corns are troublesome, make a shield of buckskin leather an inch or two across with a hole cut in the centre the size of the corn; touch the exposed spot with pyroligneous acid, which will eat it away in a few applications. Besides this, a strong mixture of carbolic acid and glycerine is good—say, one-fourth as much acid as glycerine. Of course only a very small quantity will be needed, and this must be kept out of the way, for it is a burning poison. In default of these, turpentine may be used both for corns and bunions. A weaker solution of carbolic acid will heal the soft corns between the toes.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THOSE who desire to escape from the sultry city for a few hours' recreation can make an easy and pleasant trip from Fulton slip to Morrisania, and thence to High Bridge, by steamer. We stepped upon the boat one day about half past ten in the morning, with no plan except to breathe fresher air and to see what might be seen. While not by any means luxurious, the boat was neat, quiet, and pleasant, and the sail a charming one. Touching at Astoria and Harlem, we reach Morrisania in about three-quarters of an hour. We step off the boat, intending to explore the town for a brief time, when the call "Steamer to High Bridge" resounds in our ears, and being informed that it connects with the return boats to New York, we speedily transfer ourselves to a diminutive craft, which lands us at High Bridge in half an hour. We take the trouble to inquire on board concerning the time of return boats to Morrisania, and receive a printed card, which informs us that after spending an hour at High Bridge we can take a boat back which "*connects*" with the New York boat. High Bridge, a magnificent aqueduct, about 1450 feet long and 114 high, conveying the Croton water over the Harlem River, is an object of interest worthy of detailed examination, for which the unaccustomed visitor will require considerable time. If one is familiar with that structure, he may spend an hour very pleasantly in walking through the groves, taking an ice-cream at any one of the numerous small hotels and restaurants which are conspicuously located near the bridge, and—in watching for the boat! The small steamer returned, somewhat behind time, and took us to Harlem, where most of the passengers left, a few remaining, like ourselves, expecting to be taken to Morrisania for the New York boat. But there seemed to be no indications of its starting, and nobody on board who knew any thing about it! At length a youth who seemed to have something to do with the management of the boat returned to it, and we made inquiries. "Yes," he said, "they should go across to Morrisania to meet the next boat." "When would that be?" He mentioned the time—*an hour and five minutes* hence, our watch informed us. "Was that what they called '*connecting?*'" He was unable to reply. We showed the printed timetable, and meekly requested to be informed of its use. We received a confused answer; and surmising that boats left Harlem for New York somewhat sooner than an hour hence—though no such hint was given—we turned to leave the now almost deserted little steamer. Just at this crisis the gangway plank fell into the water. Now we had no fixed appointments for that day, nor were we in a hurry, which was fortunate. Moreover, this unusual circumstance enabled us to preserve an equable frame of mind, and to patiently observe the ludicrous position in which this trivial accident placed half a dozen passengers who had just begun to understand the state of the case. In the course of time somebody in authority came to attend to matters, the plank was fished up, we escaped from that boat in season to take one from Harlem, enjoyed another pleasant sail, and were safely landed at Peck Slip, feeling that, as excursions go, we had experienced a very satisfactory one—a delightful sail, and a practical knowledge of what the word "connecting" means, or may mean, on time-tables.

The stayers at home in this city were somewhat surprised to experience a bit of November weather, which, by some mistake apparently, was tucked into the middle of August. A great storm came with it, making one shiver in summer garments, and think affectionately of flannels and fires. Reports from the sea-shore stated that it was a "miserable time."

The proposed balloon trip across the Atlantic seems pretty generally to be regarded as an unWise undertaking, notwithstanding the sanguine hopes of its originator, Professor Wise.

Nantucket was formerly an active, busy place, devoted to the whale-fisheries; but with the decline of whaling stagnation fell upon the island, and, like the palace of the enchanted princess in the fairy story, where every body was put to sleep for a hundred years, every thing stands *in statu quo.* Nobody moves in, nobody moves away; nobody is born, nobody dies. A young man, aged eighty-four, informed a recent visitor that he had never seen a train of cars. He incidentally stated that he was in New Bedford a short time since, but, on being questioned as to the precise date of his visit, admitted that it was about forty years ago that he made the trip. A well-to-do barber, seventy-five years of age, remarked, as he bent nimbly over his work, that he expected to live twenty-five years longer, as no one died at that place as young as he.

The cultivation of olive-trees in the South has become quite a source of revenue. In Georgia an excellent article of table oil is made by some cultivators. The trees average five gallons of oil each season, with but little attention.

Leading artificial flower makers of Paris have combined to send to the Vienna Exposition a specimen of their united skill, consisting of a complete greenhouse filled with flowers of every description. The whole work exhibits wonderful artistic skill.

We never before heard that mosquitoes were of the slightest earthly use except to try the patience and good temper of mankind. Therefore we are pleased to be informed that one good service is ascribed to these insects in the South. They are said to feed on the fungous spores which give rise to malaria. There are several species of mosquitoes at the South in addition to that which is common in Northern climates. One kind is chiefly busy by day, biting but never singing. Another kind is abundant in the sun, can not be frightened away, but pierce through the thickest woolen garments with their sharp bills.

The "glory of Webster"—not Daniel, nor Noah, nor Professor John W., but the town of that name in Massachusetts—is said to be a lovely lake, designated by the beautiful and characteristic appellation of Lake Chaugogmagoglagogbunagoggungogsaygogyigoggagogbegogrugogcigogmaug—to be continued in our next. Not to wear this name out by every-day use, some genius, by a liberal application of syncope, reduced it to Chaubunagungamaug. Generally, however, by Websterians it is called "the lake," or "the pond," the well-known, the proper titles being reserved as company words to be used only on choice occasions. The lake is very picturesque and beautiful, and the water remarkably pure and clear. Its greatest length is not more than five miles, nor its greatest breadth over a mile, yet following the winding of the shore in and out, so numerous are its indentations that the zigzag line would be something like fifty miles in length. It is a favorite resort for picnic parties.

An exchange gives a detailed account of the manner of catching frogs in France and elsewhere. In connection with the subject this statement is made: "The frog needs no ether or chloroform to keep him quiet: strange to say, a dip in lukewarm water for half a minute will so completely deprive a frog of sensation that he may be cut to pieces and feel no pain." Now we would simply inquire, "Who has been a frog, and tried it?" Let the one who has had the experience make the report thereof.

In Oakland, California, a dog of literary turn of mind has been detected in stealing newspapers. It appears that day after day the dwellers in a certain street missed the paper which usually had been left by the carrier at their doors. A watch was instituted, and a King Charles spaniel was caught in the act of removing the papers. He was followed to his place of refuge, and an immense number of newspapers were found partially concealed in the ground.

A curious account appears in the newspapers of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, of the building in that city of a brick dwelling-house in ten and a half hours. The house was twenty feet by thirty on the ground-floor, two stories in height, and contained eight rooms. One hundred workmen were employed, and, the cellar foundation having been previously laid, the work was commenced at precisely six o'clock in the morning, and at night it was ready for a tenant. Whether any one has applied to hire the house we know not. Most people would prefer that *somebody else* would try living in so speedily built a dwelling.

It is proposed to form a new State from portions of Northern Mississippi, Western Tennessee, and Western Kentucky. The boundary lines are not yet decided upon, but if the plan most favorably considered be accepted, the new State would be bounded on the north by the Ohio and Tennessee rivers, on the east by the Tennessee River through Kentucky and Tennessee, and farther south by the State of Alabama, and on the south by what would be left—about two-thirds—of the State of Mississippi, and west by the Mississippi River. Its area would be about equal to that of Vermont and New Hampshire combined, and its form almost exactly a counterpart of New Hampshire.

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Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 29-37.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 13 TO 15 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 11 TO 13 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 38-40.

Fig. 6.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 41-47.

Fig. 7.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 8.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 9.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

FIGS. 1-9.—SUITS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS FROM 5 TO 15 YEARS OLD.

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Mignardise and Crochet Edging for Lingerie.

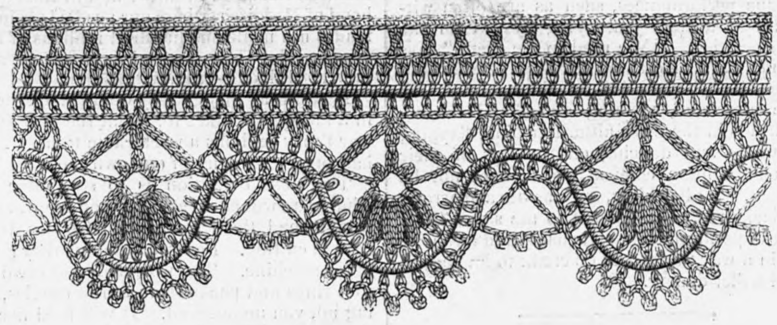
THIS edging is worked with mignardise and twisted crochet cotton. Crochet, first, on one side of a piece of mignardise one round as follows: 1st round.—* Five times alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) on the next loop, 5 ch. (chain stitch); then 1 sc. on the next loop, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the following loop, 13 ch., 1 sc. on the fourth following loop, 6 ch., fasten to the seventh of the 13 ch. (to do this drop the stitch from the needle, insert the needle in the corresponding stitch, and draw through the dropped stitch from the under to the upper side), 6 ch., 1 sc. on the same loop on which the last sc. was worked, 6 ch., fasten to the same st. (stitch) which has already been fastened, + 7 ch., 1 sc. on the second following loop, 6 ch., fasten to the first of the 7 ch., 6 ch., 1 sc. on the same loop on which the last sc. was worked, 6 ch., fasten to the same st. to which the last fastening was done, and repeat three times from +; turn the work, and on each vein between two leaflets of the five-leaved figure just worked work 1 sc.; finally, 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the seventh of the 13 ch., which has already been fastened twice; again turn the work, 3 p. (picot—consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these), 1 sl. on the st. which was fastened last, 6 ch., 1 sc. on the fourth following loop, 3 ch., and repeat from *. On the other side of the mignardise crochet the 2d round as follows: 1 sc. on the middle loop in the hollow of the first scallop, seven times alternately 1 ch., 1 sc. on the next loop, then * 2 ch., 1 sc. on the next loop, then 8 ch., fasten to the third sc. worked on one loop after the last p., 1 ch., 3 p., 10 ch., fasten to the last sc. worked on one loop, five times alternately 1 ch., 1 sc. on the next loop, then 1 ch., fasten to the second of the 10 ch. previously worked, 1 sc. on the next loop, 1 ch., 1 sc. on the next loop, and repeat from *. Take another piece of mignardise and join it in the 3d round with the finished part of the work as follows: * Five times alternately 1 sc. on the next loop of the second piece of mignardise, fasten to the middle st. of the last of the 5 ch. scallops (consisting each of 5 ch. and 1 sc.) worked in connection in the 1st round, 1 ch.; at each repetition, however, fasten to the middle st. of the following ch. scallop; then 1 sc. on the next loop, four times alternately 1 ch., 1 sc. on the next loop, 9 ch., fasten to the sc. worked on a loop in the 1st round after 6 ch., after the five-leaved figure 9 ch., 1 sc. on the same loop on which the last sc. was worked, 3 ch., fasten to the middle st. of the middle of the 3 p. worked in connection in the 1st round, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the same loop on which the last 2 sc. were worked, 9 ch., fasten to the sc. before the 6 ch. crocheted before the five-leaved figure in the 1st round, 9 ch., 1 sc. on the same loop on which the last 3 sc. of this round were worked; four times alternately 1 ch., 1 sc. on the next loop; then 1 ch., and repeat from *. On the other side of the mignardise crochet three rounds for the upper edge of the edging as follows: 4th round.—2 dc. (double crochet) on each loop. 5th round.—Always alternately 1 cross double crochet on the next 2 st. of the preceding round, 2 ch., with these pass over 2 st. 6th round.—1 sc. on each st. of the preceding round.

Fig. 1.—BLACK FAILLE BASQUE.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 48–53.

LINEN COLLAR AND SLEEVES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 23–27.

Fig. 2.—BLACK FAILLE BASQUE.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 48–53.

Fig. 1.—ÉCRU DE BÈGE WALKING SUIT.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 14–22.



MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Fig. 2.—ÉCRU DE BÈGE WALKING SUIT.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 14–22.

Fig. 1.—BROWN GROS GRAIN WALKING SUIT. FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1ª, 1ᵇ–4.

Fig. 2.—BROWN GROS GRAIN WALKING SUIT. BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1ª, 1ᵇ–4.

FUNERAL RITES.

THE ancient Persians disposed of their dead by interment. Some of the royal tombs still existing have often been described. That of Cyrus is unique, being a sepulchral chamber in the shape of a small house, placed upon seven blocks of marble rising pyramid fashion. Most of the tombs were excavations in the sides of mountains, the fronts of which were adorned with magnificent carving. There was generally room for several bodies within. It is melancholy to think that, as in Egypt, many of these ancient receptacles of the dead have been rifled of their contents, probably by the greed of some of the very numerous invaders of Western Asia. Of the lower people among the Persians there was said to be a certain class of religionists that would not bury their dead until they had first been torn by some dog or bird of prey. They were afterward covered with wax and buried in the ground. The strange custom of exposing the bodies of the dead to the beasts of prey is said to prevail among the modern Parsees both of Persia and India. There are round towers open to the sky, except for bars of iron laid across at certain distances, on which the bodies are laid. The bones, after the birds have denuded them of their flesh, slip through the bars and fall down within.

Cannibalism is the most revolting practice that has prevailed concerning the disposal of the dead. Many of the ruder barbarians, when a man grew old or sickly, offered him in sacrifice, and feasted upon him.

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But if a man died of disease, they buried him. The cannibalism of the New Zealand Maories was different. They devoured only the bodies of their enemies whom they had slain in battle; and the notion was that in so doing they condemned them to everlasting punishment in the other world.

The practice of interring with the dead implements and vessels containing food was common among many barbarous nations, of whom the ancient Scythians may be taken as a specimen. When a king died, the body was embalmed with frankincense and anise-seed, and inclosed in wax. It was then placed on a wagon and conducted through the principal tribes of Scythia, in each of which ceremonies of mourning took place, including personal mutilation. It was finally deposited upon a mattress in a large, square-shaped grave. In the space around the departed were placed the bodies of his favorite concubines, his cup-bearer, groom, and various other attendants, strangled for the occasion, and some of his horses. In one of the royal tombs at Kertch examined lately there were discovered a shield, sword, and arrow-heads, vases, silver drinking-cups, wine vessels, and three large caldrons containing mutton bones. Fragments of clothes were also discovered hanging from the walls. The intention, of course, was that the departed should take with him into the next world every thing that had been specially useful to him in this life.

A BATCH OF RECIPES.

In spring, when apple-trees are crowned with blossoms pink and white,
The *eye* beholds the fairy scene with ever-fresh delight;
The *nose* rejoices equally in this excess of bloom,
Inhaling with each vigorous sniff the delicate perfume.
But beauty fades and fragrance yields to time and to decay,
And soon these lovely blossoms droop and die and blow away.
And now the tiny fruit appears, just venturing on life,
Where dangers round its pathway stand, and threatening foes are rife;
But sun and air and showers combine the embryo to nourish
Till autumn, when the stately trees with full-grown apples flourish;
Some clothed in coats of glossy green and some in brilliant yellow,
Some crisp and spicy to the taste, and others soft and mellow;
Some with a cheek kissed by the sun, some with a russet skin,
Some for the dessert or to bake, some for the winter's bin;
Some saccharine, and acid some, and some between the two;
Some fit to grace a monarch's board, and worthless not a few.
But whether dry and void of taste, or sweet and full of juices,
They all arrive, or soon or late, to culinary uses.
When nicely pared and deftly cored and cut in quarters first,
You wrap them tenderly in folds of light and shortened crust,
And boil them faithfully an hour, or steam, if that's your choice:
You dub the mixture *Apple Duff*, and eat it with a sauce.
Or roll your pastry out with care and spread it on a platter,
Lay on the apples evenly, and sugar o'er them scatter;
Add spice, in kind and quantity to suit your appetite,
Then spread more pastry on the top and close the edges tight.
Some people fancy with a key the outer edge to embellish,
But with or without ornament 'tis safe to say 'twill relish.
And this we christen *Apple Pie*—it eats with cream tip-top—
The only difficulty is, you don't know when to stop.
Or roll your paste in little bits, like biscuit, only thinner,
Whene'er you wish a dainty bite to taper off your dinner,
And hide an apple in each one of all the numerous pieces,
Then with a series of brisk pats obliterate the creases,
Till round and smooth and fair they lie; then flour the surface lightly,
And tie each in a separate cloth, snugly, securely, tightly,
And steam or boil them full an hour, perhaps a trifle over,
Then eat them with a creamy sauce—you'll think you live in clover.
Such *creetur comforts* well deserve a notice and a name,
And *Dumpling* is the cognomen with which we greet the same.
Again: you banish skins and cores, again in quarters sever:
A larger quantity this time, to last—well, not forever,
But through the year if need require, or leastwise through cold weather,
And string them on strong thread or twine all lovingly together;
Expose them to the sun and air for quite a little season,
And measurably to the frost for known and obvious reasons;
And as the seasons roll around, and fruit meets swift decay,
The palate hankering after *sass*, you'll find *Dried Apples* pay.
Or take sweet apples, large and fair, and put them in a pan,
Get in, by dint of packing close, as many as you can,
And bake them till they're brown and soft—an hour's about the rule—
Then give them opportunity (they're better so) to cool;
And when you've eaten your fill, with cream, I shouldn't be surprised
To hear you say that *Apples Baked* were not to be despised.
Again: take apples not so sweet and bake them as before,
Then tenderly remove the skins and banish every core;
And when they're cool, with vigorous stroke you'll beat them smooth and fine,
Then add of sugar half a cup—the granulated kind;
Then gently break a fresh-laid egg, the yolk put in a cup,
And to the pulp and sugar add the white, and beat it up.
Beat on, nor let your courage fail, until before your eyes
The mixture white and whiter grows, increasing still in size;
And when it holds your spoon upright and looks like flakes of snow
Thrown up in drifts by Boreas (you ken he loves to blow),
You have a dish called *Apple Snow* by some æsthetic cooks—
I simply call it *Apple Foam*—and how d'ye like the looks?
Have ready-made a custard soft, and eat the two together:
'Twill boost your carnal nature up till you're just like a feather.
Again: rob apples of their skins—let stems and cores remain—
And put them in a vessel lined throughout with porcelain;
Add sugar, in small quantity if your fruit is saccharine;
If *vice versa*, and you're not by birth and nurture *mean*,
Throw sugar in *ad libitum*, regardless of hygiene;
Add water, put it on the stove, let flames around it play,
And bring it to the boiling-point, and keep it there all day,
Not cooling off, not boiling up, but merely hot and quiet;
And then— I fain would sound its praise, but epithets run riot;
I'll merely modestly assert it makes a fattening diet;
But *Potted Apples* have obtained a wide-spread reputation,
And need no added words from me of praise or approbation.
Again: take apples in their prime, and with a knife of silver—
The same material as the bow of little Dickey Dilver
Was forged in, so the classics say; of course the tale's no fiction,
Though marvelous in circumstance, extravagant in diction—
Slice them up thin, and as you slice, on all occasions festive,
With alternating bits of cheese, to aid the powers digestive,
Eat them, with thanks and gratitude that such a constant sinner
Obtains permission thus to spend the moments following dinner.
The *Ministry of Apples* now seems quite a fertile theme:
Pursued, 'twould lead to heights and depths of which I didn't dream,
And couldn't scale, and so at once I'll drop my feeble pen,
But if an inspiration comes you'll hear from me again.

DANCE OF THE CRANES.

See illustration on page 572.

THESE birds are celebrated for the extraordinary antics in which they sometimes indulge. Our artist has depicted one of these grotesque performances, such as are often witnessed by travelers journeying by rail on the Illinois prairies. "We used to see them," says a friend, "after frost, on the high prairie land between Rochelle and Ashton, about four o'clock in the afternoon, running about and bowing their heads in the most absurd fashion, flapping their wings and dancing on the tips of their toes, and a more comical sight could not be imagined." Other birds, such as Java sparrows and blackbirds, are addicted to the same Terpsichorean performances, and chassé and pirouette about in a way that would do credit to an accomplished ballet-dancer.

WHAT HAPPENED TO A BIT OF STEEL.

ONCE on a time a small steel rod lay on a shelf in a dingy old fifth-story room in England. It had lain there so long that it was all covered with rust, and it really seemed as though it would never be of any use in the world.

But one morning something happened. A man took down the rod, sharpened one end of it, and stuck the point through a small hole in a curious-looking steel plate fastened to a sort of bench. The hole was so small that only the sharp end could go through, and then it was seized by a pair of pinchers with an awful grip.

These pinchers were very peculiar; on the end they had a stout hook. And running over and over the bench was a long heavy chain, worked by steam.

Now when the pinchers had a good hold of the end of the steel rod, the workman quietly slipped the hook into one of the links of the iron chain. Something had to give then. The chain was worked by steam, and couldn't stop; the hook was strong, and wouldn't break; and the pinchers' grip was for good and all, and it wouldn't let go. Steady and strong came the pull; the steel rod yielded and yielded, and finally was pulled through that small hole.

Of course it was no longer a rod, but a round wire. And the man again sharpened the end and started it through a still smaller hole. Again he fastened on the pinchers and slipped in the hook; again came a tug; and, as before, the wire gave way, and became a much smaller and much longer wire.

So he went on, that relentless man, till the wire was very fine, and of course very long, when he put it up in a coil and sent it off to a big manufactory.

We'll follow it there in a minute; but I want to tell you that this curious workman is called a wire-drawer, and he not only draws iron and steel through these wonderful little holes, but he draws brass to make pins, copper to make telegraph wires, and gold and silver to make jewelry.

The smallest wire he draws is to make gold-lace, and it's very interesting to see. First is made a rod of silver, perhaps an inch thick and two feet long. This rod is heated and covered with gold-leaf, which is gold beaten out till it is thin as paper. Several thicknesses of gold-leaf are put on and thoroughly burnished, till it looks like a rod of gold. It is then drawn through the holes in the wire-drawer's plate till it is fine enough to go through the most minute holes, made through rubies. When done it is no thicker than a coarse hair. This most exquisite wire, still perfectly coated with gold (for the gold stretches as far as the silver), is then made flat, and by machinery wound around fine thread or silk.

Girls who embroider with gold or silver thread have probably noticed that the gold thread is, in fact, yellow cotton thread, with a most fairy-like ribbon of gold closely wound around it. This gold thread is woven into lace for various uses.

But we mustn't forget our steel wire, which has gone to another wonderful fifth story, where one hundred and fifty pairs of hands wait to help it through the house.

You think it could get through with less help? Well, wait till you see what's going to be made of it: the finest, smoothest, sharpest, most useful little thing in the world; famous in song and story; hated by some and loved by others: only a needle!

The first thing on the way to its high honors is to have its temper tried.

(I might put in a moral here, and tell you that you too, on your way in life, etc., etc., but I won't, and I hope you'll give me credit for resisting a temptation.)

The temper of the wire is not tried by having to take care of a younger brother, go to school, wear a shabby dress, or go to bed at nine o'clock, as your temper is, but by cutting a piece from the end of the coil, heating it, and plunging it into cold water. That hardens it, and by snapping in his fingers the workman can judge of its quality. If too brittle, it is put aside for some peculiar needles.

Being all right, however, the next thing is to wind it on a large wheel. For a medium-sized needle the coil is about two feet in diameter, and one mile and a quarter long. This will make forty or fifty thousand needles.

From this wheel it is wound on to an eight-sided wheel, and from that it is cut in two twice, at points opposite each other, making two bundles of wire about three feet long, with seventy or eighty wires in a bundle.

Do you wonder how it's cut? Well, it's done by the funniest pair of shears you ever saw; they look like the grandfather of all shears, and are worked by steam, opening and shutting about twenty times a minute. All the workman does is to hold the bundle into the jaws. Each wire is cut the length for two needles, by a gauge, and then thrown into a box. That is one of the busiest machines in the factory. You'll think it needs to be worked by steam when I tell you that it cuts, in the ten hours of a working-day, eight hundred thousand needles; and in the neighborhood of Redditch (where our needle is going to be made) are made one hundred millions of needles every week. Let me put it into figures, and see how big it looks—100,000,000.

It seems as though they would stock the world in a few weeks, don't it? But the year after our war thirty millions a week came to us. And we had needle factories of our own too.

The next operation is to straighten them. They were wound on a wheel, you know, and that would bend them somewhat; besides, they get bent in cutting. For straightening they go to another machine. The workman takes two strong iron rings and packs them full of needles, standing up, you understand. It will hold five or six thousand. When they are tightly wedged in, the rings are put on an iron table, where there is a groove made to receive them. Over this table hangs a rule, as it is called, which also has grooves to fit the rings. The rule is brought down tight on the bundles of needles, and then by machinery moved back and forth. Of course the bundles of wire turn round, and so tightly are the needles pressed together that they are instantly made straight.

Needle-straightening used to be a trade by itself, and when a manufacturer tried to introduce this simple machine into a factory in England the straighteners thought they were to be thrown out of work, and they mobbed the man and drove him out of town. But that is nothing unusual for ignorant workmen: they always fight against any improvement.

After straightening, the needles are taken to the pointers. These men sit all day at the grindstone. There are twenty or thirty of them generally, in two rows down a room, and all driven —the stones, not the men—by steam or water power. The stones are about eighteen inches in diameter, and go so fast that they are apt to fly to pieces; so they are partly incased in iron to hold them together. A workman takes up fifty or sixty wires in his hand and holds the ends against the stone, at the same time turning them between his finger and thumb to make the points round. He has a thumb-piece of leather, and it is done in a minute. It is called "roughing down." They can't use water on their grindstones, because it would rust the needles.

There's a great deal of steel dust flying around these grindstones, and though the workman used to tie a handkerchief over his mouth, he could not help breathing it, and it was very unhealthy. It would give a man the consumption in a few years. He got extra pay on that account. Now here's another instance of ignorant prejudice: when a machine was invented to drive away the dust, the grinders opposed its introduction, because they would no longer get extra wages. It made no difference, though; the machines were soon in use. They drive the dust away from the workman, as fast as it is made, by a strong stream of wind, blown on the stone by two immense pairs of bellows, something like a blacksmith's, only they are worked by steam-power. The wind is turned exactly on to the grindstone; as the dust flies up it is blown back of the wheel into a sort of box built on purpose, and there it falls harmlessly out of the way.

Now, you remember, our needle is as yet two needles joined by the heads. In some factories the eyes are cut while in this shape, but in the one I'm telling of they are first separated.

They are cut apart by help of a gauge. This is a square piece of copper, with two sides turned up to make an edge. Not two opposite sides, but two adjoining sides. You see they put a pile of the double needles on the gauge, with the points resting against one of the turned-up edges, and kept from falling off by the other turned-up edge. This plate is just the length of the needle they are making, and the workman holds the edge of the plate of needles up to the steam-scissors, which instantly cut them off. Then he puts into a box the ends he has on the plate, gathers up those he cut off, and then they're ready for the head-flattener.

You didn't know they had flat heads? Look carefully at one and see for yourself.

The head-flattener seizes between his left thumb and finger twenty or twenty-five needles by the points, spreads them out like a fan, and lays each head in succession on a square block of steel three inches each way.

(A cube, did you say? Well, I knew it, but how did I know that you did?)

As each head rests on the steel, the workman gives it a blow with a small hammer. That flattens it, but also hardens it, so it has to be annealed before the eye can be cut.

There's a hard word, I declare! I meant to keep them out of this paper. People who want to be very wise may go to the big books and dig out the hard words for themselves. Now for *annealed* they might just as well say *softened*, for that's exactly what it is. It softens the needles and makes them easy to cut.

When annealed, it is taken to the piercer. This is a child, boy or girl, who lays the needle on a block of steel, places a tiny punch on it, and gives it a tap with a hammer. A very tiny punch it is, too.

Some factories punch the eye by a stamping machine. The piercers punch first one side and then the other, and they get to be so expert that they are fond of astonishing visitors by punching a hole in a hair and threading it with another hair. Wonderful as that sounds, it isn't any more so than punching the eye of a No. 12 needle.

The next operator, also a child, has a lump of lead before him; on this he lays the needle, and drives a punch through the eye, which is left very sharp by the first punch, and would cut mamma's thread terribly. While the punch is still in the eye he lays the needle over on its side, on a piece of steel, and gives it a tap each side to make the eye take the right shape. He can do four thousand in an hour—at least they say so.

The next thing is to make the gutters. Did you know a needle had gutters? Look carefully at the eye of a needle, and you'll see a sort of groove to guide the thread into the eye. That's what they call a gutter. The man who makes gutters takes a needle in a pair of pinchers like the figure 8, lays the head in a groove made on purpose for it, then takes a tiny file, places it on the eye, and with one blow forms the gutter; he turns it over and does it again; then he takes his file and rounds off the head of the needle, opens his pinchers, and lets the finished needle fall out. In some factories they have stamps for this too, worked by the foot, as we work our sewing-machines.

You remember the first thing that happened to the steel wire in the needle factory was to have its temper tried. Well, after they get the needle all made they have another fuss about the temper. The fact is, it's as important to the usefulness of a needle to have a good temper as it is to boys and girls.

So the needle goes to a man called a temperer. He takes thirty or forty pounds of them—that is, from two hundred and fifty thousand to five hundred thousand needles (according to size)—lays them on iron plates, and heats them red-hot. In this state he throws them into a cistern of cold water.

It's a funny idea to throw needles into a cistern; but the temperer's cistern isn't like ours. It is made on purpose for needles, and the water can be drawn out, leaving them dry on the bottom. Then they are tempered—that is, they are stiff and hard. You know you can't bend them as you can pins; they will break.

Not all tempering is alike. In one place the needles are fried, or at least they are put into a frying-pan with some grease. The grease burns out, and the needles are then tempered. By this time many of the needles are bent and twisted, and they have to be straightened again before they go on.

Perhaps you think they ought to be done by this time; but so far from that, they have to be polished, which is the longest and most expensive part of making a needle. For the first operation of polishing—and there are five—the needles are rolled up into bundles in canvas, with emery powder and oil between the layers. Each bundle is about one foot long, it holds five hundred thousand needles, and is thoroughly tied with cords. A man takes twenty or thirty of these bundles, puts them in a machine, where they are pressed down and rolled back and forth by steam-power. This makes every needle rub against the others and the emery. Here they roll for eighteen or twenty hours.

It seems as if that ought to polish them to perfection, don't it? But needle-makers don't think so. They undo the bundles, put them up afresh, and roll *ten* times to make the best needles. When sufficiently rolled they go into wooden bowls, with sawdust to absorb the black grease. Nice, dirty-looking things they are, too. After the bowls they are put into a cask with fresh saw-

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dust, and turned around till clean in the eye. This operation is also gone through ten times.

The next thing is the last you would expect in a needle factory; it is winnowing. The sawdust and grinding powder are blown away, leaving the needles bright and clean. They have, however, still another scouring in a copper cask with hot soap-suds. It turns slowly around, and they are thoroughly washed.

How would you like to spend your life wiping these needles on linen rags? Many little girls do it in England. Then they go to the sorting-room. This is a very dry room at the top of the building, and here they are laid the same way, as to heads and points, and those with broken points are picked out. The man who does that puts two or three thousand needles in an iron ring about as big as your napkin-ring, then he very carefully examines the points, and pulls out the broken ones with a hook, which looks as much like one of your jackstraw hooks as any thing. They don't throw the broken ones away; they grind them down again and sell them for an inferior needle. If they are at all bent, they must be straightened again. And then they come to the last operation—bluing.

That seems funny, but no more so than tempering, frying, and winnowing. The bluer takes twenty-five at a time and holds them against a fine hone stone, turning them briskly around. It gives them a bluish look. Nothing remains now but to put them in the little blue papers we know so well, stick on the two printed slips, and pack them in boxes. One factory keeps busy quite an army of packers.

I have read somewhere of two wonderful needles made as curiosities, just to show what could be done. One was presented to some monarch, and was covered with engraved scenes that could only be seen with a microscope. The other also presented to a crowned head, was still more wonderful, being a needle inclosed in another, which opened to allow the inner one to be removed. This also was exquisitely engraved.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Editorship not its own Reward.—A Veteran Rifle-Shot.—Sensationalism in Religion.—Like Counsel, like Claimant.—Playing at History.

MR. MIALL, M.P., the editor of the *Nonconformist*, was entertained the other day at our Crystal Palace, and presented by his political admirers with a little present of ten thousand guineas. I think I would be an editor myself at that price. So far as I know, there is no parallel to so large a gift—though Cobden had sixty thousand pounds given to him—to any one in this gentleman's profession. Years ago, I remember, a similar expression of political feeling (though, as it turned out, on a smaller scale) was designed for the editor of the *Scotsman*, which is the North British *Times*. It was a matter of doubt with him, however, whether he should accept a money gift, since his doing so might destroy his *prestige*, and he took counsel with a fellow-countryman upon the subject. The advice of his friend was characteristic: "Sandy, my man, if it's five thousand pounds, tak' it; but if it's less than five thousand, don't tak' it, *and say you would not have taken it had it been fifty thousand.*" As far as I recollect, however, it was less, though not much less, than the figures fixed upon, and he did "tak'" it.

A testimonial has also been given of late, though not of such material value, to Captain Ross, the veteran rifle-shot, by the Wimbledon volunteers, upon his retirement from public shooting. As a sportsman his career has probably been unrivaled. His walking, when he had been training for a month or two, averaged five miles an hour. Indeed, he once accomplished, "fair toe and heel," six miles in fifty-six minutes on the road between Melton and Leicester. However, his greatest feat on feet was performed not as principal, but as umpire, which shows us that there were other giants of pedestrianism in those days (I think the date was 1837) as well as he. A large party of sportsmen were assembled at Black Hall, in Kincardineshire, Scotland, about the beginning of August. All of them had been shooting snipe and "flapper" ducks in a large morass on the estate, and wading among bulrushes for seven or eight hours, since which they had had a capital dinner. It was not a moment to propose walking *any where*, yet at nine o'clock, when the ladies had gone to the drawing-room, and Ross had dropped asleep in his chair, he was awoke by Sir Andrew Hay with these unseasonable words: "Ross, old fellow, I want you to jump up and go as my umpire with Lord Kennedy to Inverness. I have made a bet of £2500 a side that I get there on foot before him." Over the Grampian range the straightest path that could be taken from Black Hall was about one hundred miles, certainly over ninety. Ross's answer was short, but to the point—"All right; I'm ready." They started at once, in their thin shoes and silk stockings, but their servants rode after them with better foot-gear, and overtook them after they had gone about seven miles. "My idiot, however," to use Ross's own words, "brought me certainly worsted stockings, but instead of shoes a pair of tight Wellington boots. His excuse was that my shooting shoes were damp from wading in the morass in the daytime, so that I had to make the best of it in the Wellingtons. The sole of one boot vanished twenty-five miles from Inverness, and I had to finish the walk barefoot." They walked all night, next day, and all next night—it rained torrents all the way—and got to Inverness at 6 A.M. Sir Andrew Hay had gone by the coach road, a good one, but thirty-six miles further round, and arrived at 10 A.M. However, in his umpire's (Ross's) opinion, Hay had won, because Lord Kennedy, "being a good deal beaten," had leaned on the arm of his attendant in going up and down hill. The question, it was agreed, was to be referred to Captain Barclay, *the* then great authority on walking, but was ultimately dropped, luckily for his lordship, since afterward Barclay said he should have given it against him.

This Lord Kennedy was a sporting wonder in his way, and jealous of Ross's reputation in the same line. He could not ride so well as "the captain," but he thought he knew a man that could (one Captain Douglas), and backed him for a very heavy sum to win a certain steeple-chase against the former. The night before the race his lordship sent for his adversary, and said that as so large a sum was pending on the race, it would be well that there should be no opening for a quibble, and that therefore the jostling and crossing which invalidates a flat race should be permitted.

"Ah, you mean that we may ride over or even kill each other, if we can," said Ross.

"Just so," was the other's candid reply.

Ross, on Clinker, and Douglas, on Radical, met, therefore, on that understanding. The first jump was a five-barred gate, and Ross, when within fifty yards of it, saw that Radical meant to refuse; so, recollecting the bargain of the previous evening, he held his own horse well in hand, and when the other, close to the gate, turned round in front of him, he stuck the spurs in and rode at horse and man, knocking Douglas over the gate and leaving Radical on his own side of it. "In these shop-keeping days," remarks Ross in the letter which describes this little circumstance, "killing a man that way would be brought in willful murder, but it was not so in 1826." This was rough riding indeed, but, except Osbaldistone ("the squire," as he was called), no man was his equal across country.

Of his shooting, those who understand such matters will appreciate it when we state that he once shot ten brace of *swallows* in one day with a pistol and single ball. And it is very significant that though living in fire-eating times, and acting as second in sixteen duels, he never acted as *principal*. Professional duelists, with all the nice sense of honor with which they are credited, took care, it seems, not to quarrel with really "good shots," and Captain Ross, it is interesting to know, has stated it as his opinion that people are now much more guarded in their language than when swaggering and offering to fight went a long way toward whitewashing a scoundrel, and therefore incited him to pick a quarrel. Of his skill in that particular line of shooting which has just gained this veteran his parting cheer at Wimbledon, we may mention that in his time the gallant captain has won *all the three great cups there*—the Association, the Wimbledon, and the Duke of Cambridge's—while no one else has won more than one.

A curious example of the popularity of what is contemptuously termed sensational writing is evidenced by the fact that the style is being adopted by religious writers. This will not, indeed, be new, as sensation itself is not new, to those who remember the play-bills of the Rev. Rowland Hill, in which the Last Judgment was described under the guise of a theatre, but it is deserving of notice nevertheless. Every week, in the most largely circulated *weekly* paper in England, *Lloyd's News*, an advertisement in the nature of a tract is inserted by an enthusiastic clergyman, and this is his last production:

"THE TWO RAILWAY LINES.

"THE UP LINE

"Is an immense undertaking; its length beyond all calculation. Grand Terminus, 'The City whose builder and maker is God.' Its Engineer and Contractor, the Lord Jesus Christ. The gauge is narrow. Cost per mile enormous. Neither silver nor gold could pay for a single foot of it: being nothing less than the life of Him who made it. Trains have been running on it with perfect safety for 1800 years and more, and are running still. All tickets are first class; and notwithstanding the difficulties of construction and costly character of the line, they may be had without money and without price. Yet, strange to say, the Trains are by no means crowded. Most people are shy of them; and those who do travel this way vary in their occupation of the time. But varied as the people in the several carriages appear—some doubting, others enjoying perfect assurance—the train is perfectly safe, and the Terminus will soon be reached. A magnificent City, whose very paving stones are gold, and whose walls are jasper set with precious stones, is not far from them.

"THE DOWN LINE.

"This too is a daring undertaking. Satan was its Engineer and Contractor. The gauge is broad. The trains have been running for centuries. The great and awful Terminus—HELL. The undertaking has been a great success. The carriages have been made most roomy and comfortable. The Guard is Beelzebub. The Engine-driver, Apollyon. Every effort is put forth to secure passengers. Tickets for nothing! Drink, Music, and various Entertainments on the way. See how fast the trains fill with people. Not a thought do they give to any thing beyond present enjoyment, and the train whirls them on to the frightful precipice of Destruction. Steam is on! Away they fly! Do they know where they are bound for? Sound the alarm! hoist the red flag! danger ahead! Ahoy, there! ahoy! Shout louder! louder still! The pit of hell is before ye! Faster and faster they rush along! Nothing alarms them. They near the precipice! They are alarmed now! They cry out, 'Stop the train!' 'Too late! too late!' and with shouts for help and yells of despair, over they go. Reader, which train are you in? Up or down? Don't shirk the question, I pray you! Your eternal destiny is at stake, remember!"

It is doubtful, of course, whether this sort of appeal is really efficacious, but it is certainly not wanting in vigor.

The claimant's defense has been commenced by his advocate, Dr. Kenealy, of whom it may almost be said, "like counsel, like client." His speech, so far, has been a mere tirade of abuse against every body connected with the prosecution, and even against every body—which includes all the intelligence and respectability of the country—who believes the defendant to be a butcher. Curiously enough, the line he has taken is to prove young Sir Roger to have been a base and vicious lad, in order to assimilate his character to that confessed to by his own client. One whole day has, therefore, been devoted to reading (ladies being excluded from the court) passages from the works of Paul de Kock, of which author the youthful baronet had, as Mr. Kenealy assumes, because he possessed some of his works, a particular admiration. One might almost as well conclude a man to be a religious character because one finds a Bible in his house. But apart from this humorous logic, this spectacle of an advocate demolishing the morality of the man he is paid to defend is very curious and noteworthy.

The greatest piece of humor "out," however, on a very grand scale is without doubt what is now occurring in the Spanish peninsula, where, between Don Carlos and the Irreconcilables, anarchy has got to such length that a private citizen having obtained possession of six cannon, and having a little money of his own, I suppose, has been going about the country taking little towns, and dictating his own terms to their inhabitants. We have read nothing in history, in the way of what is called "private enterprise," at all equal to this.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

CONSUMPTION OF HUMAN HAIR.

THREE Leipsic establishments, employing several hundred persons, have so increased their consumption of human hair within the last few years that the price has steadily advanced; and Bohemia, Moravia, and Hungary (the chief sources of supply) not furnishing enough, large quantities have been brought from France, as well as some from Westphalia, Thuringia, etc., and lately even from Sweden. Quite recently Chinese hair has been put into the market, from Liverpool and Paris, at a price one-third that of a good quality of European hair; but its use is limited, on account of its stiffness and prevalent dark brown color.

THE HAT ON THE HEAD.

"HAPPINESS," echoed the Setter of Things Right, looking doubtfully at Mr. Luke. "Alas! only too many of you pursue happiness as an absent-minded man looks for the hat that is on his head, and if you have unconsciously lost it in the mistaken search, who can restore it? However, the answer is not with me, but in the chamber of past opportunities. Go in there. Look with the rest, and see what you have left for yourself, if any thing."

Mr. Luke started. For the first time he saw that he was not alone, and, preoccupied as he was, stared in some wonder at the anxious faces about him. Rachel, the gay young bride, who had just secured the best match of the county; Mrs. Vhasti, prominent in church matters, and a saint; Mrs. Jonas, comely and complacent, mother of five daughters, and looking almost as young as they. Mr. Luke knew the trouble of his own heart, but what did these want here? What need had they of added happiness, and why should they come groping among past opportunities as he did? As if reading his thoughts, the Setter of Things Right smiled slightly, and opened a door, revealing the chamber of past opportunities, dusky and dim, as it should be, filled with shadows, and wearing that silent look that you sometimes see in a face. The little group hesitated a moment on the threshold, and then entered, seating themselves carefully apart each from the other.

Mr. Luke was a man of success—one of those whom shifting, uncertain, struggling people had in mind when they carped bitterly about luck. The world delighted to honor him. Yet Mr. Luke came to the Setter of Things Right for happiness, as the remedy for a certain constant craving—vague, but he wished to be rid of it. Now, staid man of business as he was, his heart beat rapidly. What should he see? He was conscious of a curious power of beholding himself, as if he stood apart, and took an outside view. As if it had been some other man, he watched himself at his desk and in his counting-room, only there was an evident change in his ideas of proportion, due no doubt to the shadows of the mysterious room in which he sat. Actually in his office, he felt himself in the heart of the world, all its pulses throbbing audibly in his ear through the telegraph; but here— He saw his warehouse on one side, out of line of his home and of that great outside world in which dwelt all the brothers and sisters of his race, and, oddly enough, recognized the fact with discomfort and a painful belief that in home and the sympathies of this outside world were the missing elements he craved; so that he cried out at his other self, intrenched there behind safes and ledgers. He said that he was a death in life; that only his money getting and keeping faculties and perceptions were alive within him; that the rest of his soul and heart, for want of contact with his race and growth in his home, had starved slowly, and that miserable craving was simply their hunger; and he was morally drawn and shrunken and shriveled, and more hopeless than the cripple of Bethesda; for what water could revive the love he had repelled, and the faith, hope, and delights he had killed? He had invested his opportunities in misery, put them out at compound interest, and was undone.

Rachel, the bride, looked timidly around her. She hoped no one had recognized her under her veil. People were such gossips! If she was noticed—she who was just married—Mr. Lolly would never forgive her if it was discovered. He would say it looked as if he ill-treated her, coming there for happiness; and yet how should she live on through the slow years, if this were all? She must know what remained for her, if any thing; and, growing desperate here, she looked and saw. Well, as you perceive, every visitor there saw himself or herself, only proportions and relative values were changed, as with Mr. Luke. Her father had blessed her. She had made his heart glad, and crowned his pride. The prim women who never lost a chance to flout her saluted her now with sour respect. The girls envied her. Yet, as she saw herself now, she had married bricks and mortar, oak and silver, and Axminster and lace and velvet. It was like the fairy tales she read when a child. The greed of society had transformed a man into all these, and she had married it or them—as you may choose to say—and for her now but one opportunity remained. She might transform him back into a man, set him free from that for which she had married him, and in the years of patience it would need, learn from the pain it cost her to love him. Would she prove strong enough? Was her heart great enough?

Mrs. Jonas glanced sharply at Rachel. The slender figure was not unlike one of her own daughters, and at the bare suggestion Mrs. Jonas recoiled in dread. People cited the Jonas family as cheery and united, and quoted the mother and daughters as filling the relations rather of sisters; yet Mrs. Jonas was always conscious of an odd sense of intrusion in the society of her daughters. They were affectionate, respectful; but she had somehow lost the key to their hearts, and could not find it. She had been a proud and watchful mother. She saw them again, as she thought of it, toddling babies: misses in short frocks, well-kept, well-dressed, fair, fat, but in want of something. Little hands were constantly pulling at her skirts. She was a comely woman now; she had been marvelously pretty. It was one of Jonas's sources of pride, the compliments so often paid to his girlish wife. She was always one of the best-dressed women in town. She could see herself now as she looked in her green cloth habit and Leghorn hat. She embroidered the habit herself, and time enough it cost her. They were popular in the neighborhood, the cheery man and his pretty wife. Their invitations were many; their house was always gay with company, for, added to the rest, she was a notable housewife, and gave good cheer. She was a very busy woman. Her children were never neglected; fathers quoted them to careless mothers. But they had odd tempers. The oldest was so easily hurt, the youngest so silent even under injustice, the second sister had such odd, unchildlike fancies! She was wanted to explain, to soothe, to encourage; to hear with patience, and deal out cautious judgment, to explain the child and her fancies to herself. As I said, their little hands were forever tugging at her skirts, offering her the key of their hearts, and somehow it was dropped at last in a silent despair and indignation, to which children are much more liable than we think. Mrs. Jonas thought nothing about it then. She was so busy with plans for her wardrobe, her housewifery, her friends, her embroidery, though she was careful that the children wanted nothing that could be worn or eaten or bought with money. And so the key was lost! And if they wished now to give it to her, that would be impossible. There is no such impassable gulf as the quiet, kind, cold separation of years between members of the same family.

Mrs. Vhasti sat sternly communing with sombre doubts. She believed; else why did she live a life of faith in the unseen world and of systematized benevolence? Her face was set and pinched with anxieties concerning fairs, donations, visiting committees, Bible classes, sewing circles, orphans' homes, mothers' meetings, missionary boxes, Easter bouquets, baptismal fonts, clerical misdemeanors, church matters in general. She was an encyclopedia of such experience, a recognized authority in all kindred undertakings, a female pope in benevolent societies. Many will give you money, but she added time and strength, and she had spent years in the cause. Her health was breaking, and a subdued acidity of expression told of the ingratitude of the poor, the perversity of sewing circles, the stupidity and obstinacy of clergymen, teachers, and Bible-readers. Now the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace; but a general sense of disappointment, irritation, and weariness was the fruit she gathered. What could ail Mrs. Vhasti? Doing the work of the Lord, where was her reward? If she had been self-loving and self-centred like —well, say, Mrs. Paula. Here she started. Had her thoughts actually evoked that indolent, purposeless woman, or was she talking close beside her? For she heard her voice not ten steps away.

"Yes, she is insolent at times, and untidy too, miserably untaught, and so provoking! She sticks my whole day full of pins. If I send her away, I shall have peace and ease, for Nettie is breaking up, and would send me her own cook. But how do I know if any one else would remember that she is, after all, of our own family, and that some one of us is bound to Jesus to look after her? Very likely that some one is me, Harriet Paula, since the thought has occurred to me. I can teach her. She is beginning to feel that I care for her personally, outside of what she can do; and my patience with her has made her more penitent and ashamed than sharp reproof and dismissal could have done. Now, if I send her away it may be into outer darkness, and she may lose her last chance for rising above her present level. I think I had better keep her, although she is such a trial."

A deep flush burned suddenly in Mrs. Vhasti's cheeks; for, whether it was fancy or not, she heard a solemn voice—"She hath done more than they all!" And, as if the lightning had burned it into her soul, she found the conviction there that on all sides she had passed by and missed similar opportunities for doing her Master's work, and that intolerance and self-righteousness had bound her so fast that she walked crippled, and had no hand free to stretch out and grasp the reward for which she sought.

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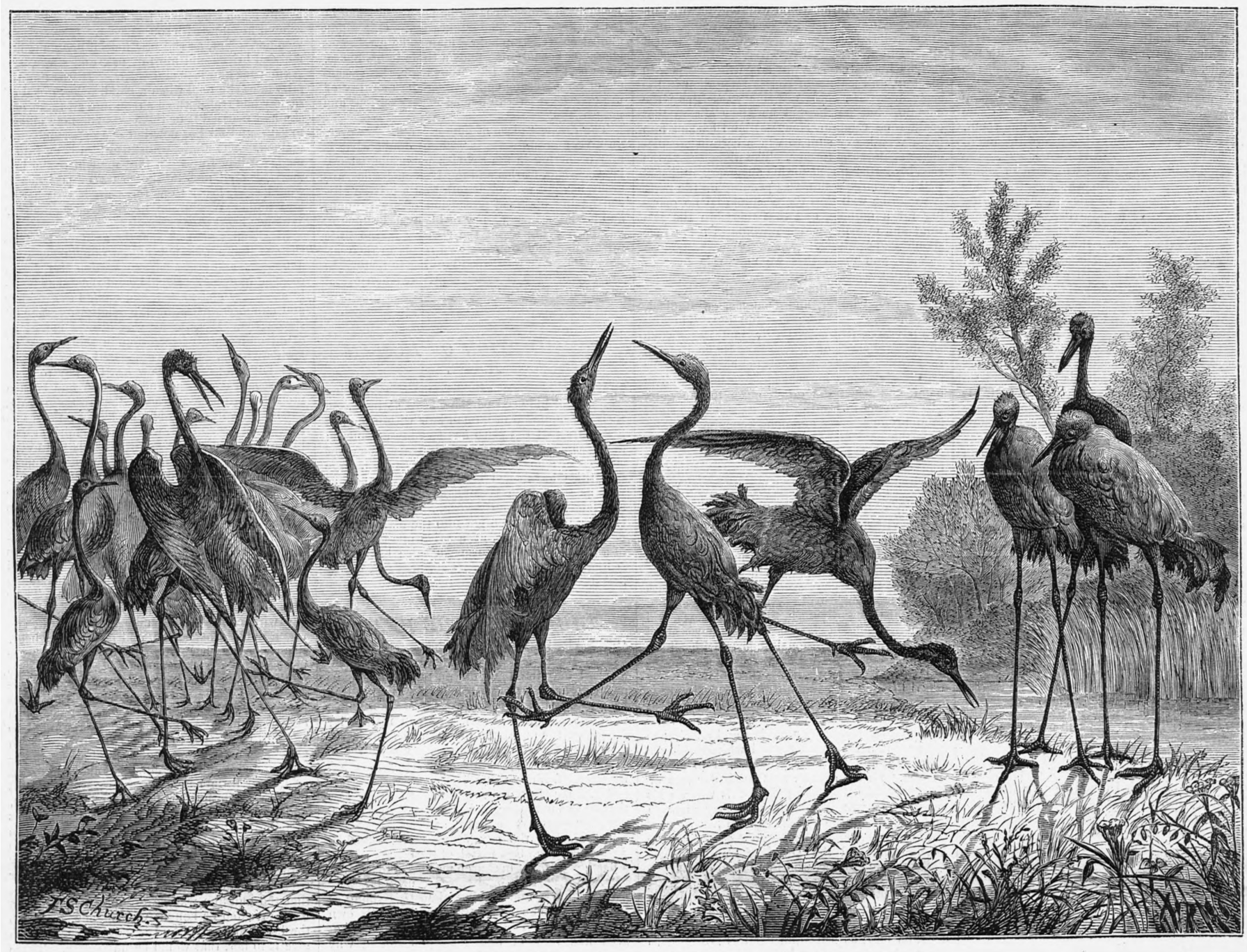
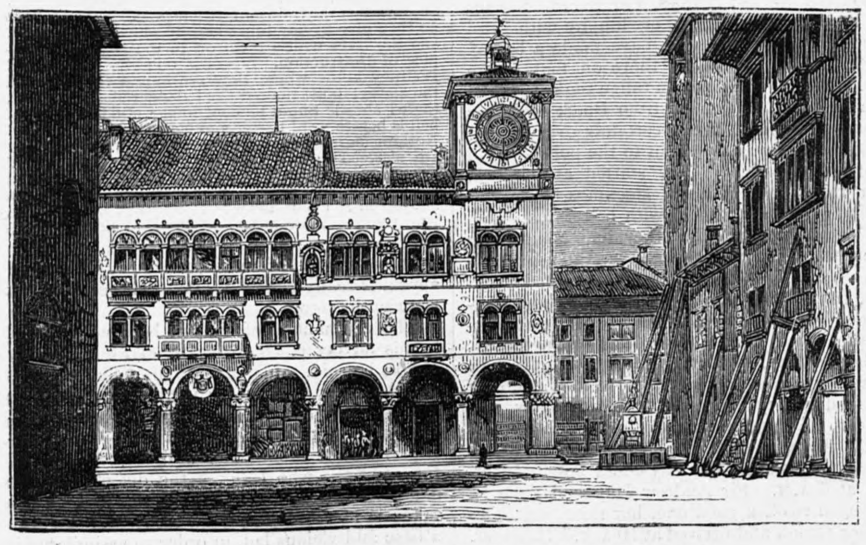


DANCE OF THE CRANES.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.—[SEE PAGE 570.]

BELLUNO—THE PIAZZA CAMPITELLI: THE INHABITANTS TAKING REFUGE IN TENTS.

THE CHURCH OF CONEGLIANO, WHERE 34 PERSONS WERE KILLED AND 25 WERE WOUNDED.

BELLUNO—THE EFFECT OF THE EARTHQUAKE ON THE APSE OF THE CATHEDRAL.



BELLUNO—THE TOWN-HALL AND THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN ITALY.—[SEE PAGE 573.]

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THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN ITALY.

THE Venetian provinces were the scene of a lamentable calamity on the 29th of June, which has proved to be far more serious than was at first reported. In the districts of Treviso and Belluno scores of victims were buried under the ruins of public and private edifices, and Belluno itself was so cruelly shattered by shocks of earthquake as to be now wholly uninhabitable. A terrified crowd of men, women, and infants are hopelessly wandering about even at the present time in quest of shelter—tents of refuge have been erected in open spaces—and the damage to property is reckoned at several millions of lire. The fine old cathedral of Belluno has been hopelessly destroyed, as well as the interior of the not less fine old town-hall, while the handsome residential palace of the bishop, as it threatens to become a ruin, is to be demolished. Nearly the whole city, in fact, will have to be pulled down and rebuilt to make it habitable again. But the most appalling incidents of the disaster took place in the Church of S. Pietro di Feletto, in Conegliano, shown among the illustrations on page 572, where no less than thirty-four persons were killed, and nearly as many more or less seriously wounded. The scene after the calamity baffles description; and we leave, under the circumstances, the imagination of our readers to realize what followed the melancholy event. The bodies of the victims taken from beneath the ruins were most horribly mutilated and disfigured. A poor laborer was on his way to the church, when he felt the ground was giving way under his feet, and being unable to remain upright, lay down at full length, when he saw the old tower oscillating like a tree agitated by the wind, and large volumes of smoke issuing from the church, where the first morning mass was being celebrated.

The church was one of the oldest monuments of the district, it having been built in the year 1000, and was situated on the top of a hill, forming part of a most attractive chain of heights, with the river Piave on one side and the Alps on the other.

WEDDING DRESS.

THIS elegant wedding dress is of the creamy white faille called orange-blossom faille. The skirt is a long demi-train, trimmed to represent a court train and tablier. Around the bottom is thick kilt pleating of the silk, and a flounce of round point lace headed by silk folds; this lace flounce is carried up the front side seams to the waist; two lace flounces trim the front breadth; four-looped bows of silk, with orange-blossom clusters, are set on the folds at intervals. The vest-basque is longer in front than behind; point lace of medium width edges the basque, while narrower lace and folds outline the vest and trim the sleeves. A ruff of lace is around the neck. Orange-blossom bouquet in front of corsage, and a wreath above the forehead. The long veil is of Malines tulle. Solitaire pearl earrings. White kid gloves. White silk slippers.

WEDDING DRESS.

BLUE-JACKETS' PETS.

BLUE-JACKETS, as sailors are sometimes styled, are passionately fond of pets. They must have something to love, if it be but a woolly-headed nigger boy or a cockroach in a 'baccy-box.

Jock of ours was a seal of tender years, who for many months retained the affection of all hands, until washed overboard in a gale of wind. This creature's time on board was fully occupied in a daily round of duty, pleasure, and labor. His duty consisted in eating seven meals a day, and bathing in a tub after each; his pleasure, to lie on his side on the quarter-deck, and be scratched and petted; while his labor consisted of ceaselessly endeavoring to enlarge a certain scupper-hole sufficiently to permit his escape to his native ocean. How indefatigably he used to work day by day, and hour after hour, scraping on the iron first with one flipper, then another, then poking his nose in to measure the result with his whiskered face! He kept the hole bright and clear, but did not sensibly enlarge it, at least to human ken. Jock's successor on that ship was a youthful bear of Arctic nativity. He wasn't a nice pet. He took all you gave him, and wanted to eat your hand as well, but he never said "Thank you," and permitted no familiarity. When he took his walks abroad, which he did every morning, although he never went out of his road for a row, he walked straight ahead with his nose downward, growling, and gnawed and tore every thing that touched him—not at all a pet worth being troubled with.

Did the reader ever hear of the sailor who tamed a cockroach? Well, this man I was shipmate with. He built a little cage, with a little kennel in the corner of it, expressly for his unsavory pet, and he called the creature Idzky—"which he named himself, Sir," he explained to me. Idzky was a giant of his race. His length was fully four inches, his breadth one inch, while each of his waving feelers measured six. This monster knew his name and his master's voice, hurrying out from his kennel when called upon, and emitting the strange sound which gained for him the cognomen Idzky. The boatswain, his master, was as proud of him as he might have been of a prize pug, and never tired of exhibiting his eccentricities. I met the boatswain the other day at the Cape, and inquired for his pet.

"Oh, Sir," he said, with genuine feeling, "he's gone, Sir. Shortly after you left the ship poor Idzky took to taking rather much liquor, and that don't do for any of us, you know, Sir. I think it was that, for I never had the heart to put him on allowance; and he went raving mad, had regular fits of delirium tremens, and did nothing but run round his cage and bark, and wouldn't look at any thing in the way of food. Well, one day I was coming off the forenoon watch, when what should I see but a double line of them 'P' ants working in and out of the little place: twenty or so were carrying a wing, and a dozen a leg, and half a score running on with a feeler, just like men carrying a stowed mainsail; and that, says I, is poor Idzky's funeral; and so it was, and I didn't disturb them. Poor Idzky!"

Peter was a pet mongoose of mine, a kindly, cozy little fellow, who slept around my neck at night, and kept me clear of cockroaches, as well as my implacable enemies, the rats. I was good to Peter, and fed him well, and used to take him on shore at the Cape among the snakes. The snakes were for Peter to fight; and the way my wary wee friend dodged and closed with, and finally throttled and killed, a cobra was a caution to that subtlest of all the beasts of the field. The presiding Malay used to clap his brown hands with joy as he exclaimed, "Ah! sauvé good mongoose, Sar, proper mongoose to kill de snake!"

"You don't object, do you," I modestly asked my captain one day, while strolling on the quarter-deck after tiffin—"you don't object, I hope, to the somewhat curious pets I at times bring on board?"

"Object?" he replied. "Well, no; not as a rule. Of course you know I don't like your snakes to get gliding all over the ship, as they were the other day. But, doctor, what's the good of my objecting? If any one were to let that unholy beast in the box yonder loose—"

"Don't think of it, captain," I interrupted; "he'd be the death of somebody, to a dead certainty."

"No, I'm not such a fool," he continued. "But if I shot him, why, in a few days you'd be billeting a boa-constrictor or an alligator on me, and telling me it was for the good of science and the service."

The unholy beast in the box was the most splendid and graceful specimen of the monitor lizard I have ever seen. Fully five feet long from tip to tail, he swelled and tapered in the most perfect lines of beauty. Smooth, though scaly, and inky black, tartaned all over with transverse rows of bright yellow spots, with eyes that shone like wild-fire, and teeth like quartz, with his forked tongue continually flashing out from his bright red mouth, he had a wild, weird loveliness that was most uncanny. Mephistopheles, as the captain not inaptly called him, knew me, however, and took his cockroaches from my hand, although perfectly frantic when any one else went near him. If a piece of wood, however hard, were dropped into his cage, it was instantly torn in pieces; and if he seized the end of a rope, he might quit partnership with his head, but never with the rope.

One day, greatly to my horror, the steward entered the wardroom, pale with fear, and reported, "Mephistopheles escaped, Sir, and yaffling" (rending) "the men." I rushed on deck. The animal had indeed escaped. He had torn his cage into splinters, and declared war against all hands. Making for the fore hatchway, he had seized a man by the jacket skirts going down the ladder. The man got out of the garment without delay, and fled faster than any British sailor ought to have done. On the lower deck he chased the cook from the coppers, and the carpenter from his bench. A circle of Kroomen were sitting mending a foresail; Mephistopheles suddenly appeared in their midst. The niggers unanimously threw up their toes, individually turned somersaults backward, and sought the four winds of heaven. These routed, my pet turned his attention to Peepie. Peepie was a little Arab slave lass. She was squatting by a calabash, singing low to herself, and eating rice. He seized her cummerbund: it was her only garment. But Peepie wriggled clear—natural—and ran on deck, the innocent, like the "funny little maiden" in *Hans Breitmann* that "had got nodings on." On the cummerbund Mephistopheles spent the remainder of his fury, and the rest of his life; for, not knowing what might happen next, I sent for a fowling-piece, and the plucky fellow succumbed to the force of circumstances and a pipeful of buckshot. I have him yonder on the sideboard, in body and in spirit (gin), bottle-mates with a sand-snake, three centipeds, and a tarantula.

With monkeys, baboons, apes, and all of that ilk, navy ships, when homeward bound, are oft-times crowded. Of our little crew of seventy, I think nearly every man had one, and some two, such pets, although fully one-half died of chest diseases as soon as the ship came into colder latitudes. These monkeys made the little craft very lively indeed, and were a never-ending source of amusement and merriment to all hands. I don't like monkeys, however. They "are so near, and yet so far," as respects humanity. I went shooting them once—a cruel sport, and more cowardly even than elephant-hunting in Ceylon—and when I broke the wrist of one, instead of hobbling off, as it ought to have done,

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it came howling piteously toward me, shaking and showing me the bleeding limb. The little wretch preached me a sermon anent cruelty to animals that I shall not forget till the day I die.

Do parrots know what they say? At times I think they do. Our parson on board the old *Rumbler* had no more attentive listener to the Sabbath morning service than wardroom Polly; but there were times when Polly made responses when silence would have been more judicious. There was an amount of humor which it is impossible to describe in the sly way she one day looked the parson in the face as he had just finished a burst of eloquence both impassioned and impressive, and uttered one of her impertinent remarks. She was guilty of a still greater indiscretion. For some months she was denied access to church because she had once forgotten herself so far as to draw corks during the sermon—this being considered "highly mutinous and insubordinate conduct." But she regained her privilege. Poor Poll! I'll never forget the solemn manner in which she shut her eyes one day at the close of the service, as if still musing on the words of the sermon, on the mutability of all things created, and remarked, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity, says—says—" She could say no more—the rest stuck in her throat, and we were left to ponder on her unfortunate loss of memory in uttering the admonitory sentiment.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. D. B.—Get dark blue or purple English waterproof cloth, and make by the pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. IV., if you want a cloak; if you prefer a suit, use the Double-breasted Polonaise pattern shown in *Bazar* No. 23, Vol. VI. Merely bind the edges, or else hem flatly, as cloth is done, with a raw edge.

KATHLEEN.—Read answer given in *Bazar* No. 35, Vol. VI., to "Leontine," and do not have a white bonnet, as they are not worn by brides who know how to dress. The brown velvet bonnet, or else one to match your best suit, and a round hat of dark straw for second best, is what you want. You should be married in your traveling dress, unless you insist on white. In the latter case get muslin, or else Irish poplin.

JULIA H.—Use a vest-polonaise pattern for your black striped grenadine. Silk lining is preferable to any other, but farmer's satin will answer. Any lining in the skirt of the polonaise will spoil it. Put lace for trimming, headed by folds or pleating of grenadine.

BEATRICE.—The bride should wear white gloves with her light wedding dress, and the groom's gloves should correspond. A white, lavender, or black neck-tie for the groom. The bride should be escorted to the table by the bridegroom.

"GRACIE H."—Do not get tarlatan, but fine clear muslin, or else tulle, for your wedding dress. Trim the skirt with gathered flounces, have a round apron-front over-skirt, and an unlined basque, if of muslin; if you get tulle, have the flounces doubled and side-pleated, a draped over-skirt, and a lined basque with a bertha. The sash should be of white watered silk.

L. A. C.—Oxidized silver jewelry will continue in fashion next season. Blue linen would scarcely be heavy enough for a traveling suit in September weather. Get blue camel's-hair serge, or else water-proof.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Trim your striped jockey basque suit with bias silk of solid color, and with flounces made like those in the illustration. A black chip or straw English walking hat, with the turned-up sides faced with velvet and a scarf of soft turquoise or Orient black silk, some flowers behind, and an ostrich tip, is a good hat for traveling and general wear. A black velvet hat or bonnet, or else one of steel-colored silk like the dress, would answer with the other suit. A velvet cloak should be lined with thin silk, wadded, and quilted. It is too early to select a pattern for such a garment.

MRS. K. B.—It *is* very difficult to wash blue linen well. Instead of having it regularly washed, you can wear it a season by merely moistening with a cloth dipped in starch-water, and pressing immediately with a moderately hot iron. Spots that are very much soiled should be scoured with a nail-brush dipped in white soap-suds.

AN INTERESTED INQUIRER.—To make your bordered percale with a blouse-polonaise will be the most stylish plan; a basque-waist not lined will be more dressy than the pleated waist. The plain blue vest front will scarcely be suitable for so simple a costume. It is safe to make your dress with a Spanish flounce sewed on the skirt about the knee, but do not cut off your skirt and add the flounce. If these flounces are not worn next year, the material is not cut up and can be altered to suit new styles.

NELLIE H.—A German remedy for making a red nose look white is to put on borax every day and let it dry there; also bathe it now and then with camphor.

A WESTERN READER.—You are *not* too small for lace flounces, and that is the best use you can make of your lace. A loose sacque or mantle, or a polonaise of black dotted or sprigged net, would be very pretty, trimmed with your lace.

MISS P.—Nine or ten yards of silk will make a double-breasted polonaise.

M. N.—Wear white silk or muslin ties, black lace ties, or else green silk ones, with your sage green suit.

EDEN.—Simply bind your long silk walking skirt with braid, and put inside the back breadths a facing of wigging pleating, or else of oiled silk or morocco.

N. L. H.—Dark cloth colors, olive green, olive, brown, plum, and bronze shades, will be worn again, also very dark blue. The bronze shades will be a good choice for you. Get a vest-polonaise of white alpaca, and trim it and your skirt with pale blue silk, piped with black velvet.

S. F. S.—You can obtain the "Ugly Girl" papers by buying the back numbers of the *Bazar* containing them. There are seventeen papers, costing ten cents each.

MRS. J. W. V.—Read reply above to "N. L. H." for hints about colors. Madame Raymond's letters from Paris published in the *Bazar* will give you the earliest hints of fall fashions.

MILWAUKEE.—Polonaise is pronounced as if spelled po-lo-naze, with the accent on the last syllable.—You do not need a neck-ribbon around a fraise made of the dress material.

ALUMNA.—A dress of fine Swiss muslin is prettiest for a graduating dress. Put pleated flounces on the skirt, a single flounce on the round apron over-skirt, and have a pleated full blouse-waist. Wear a white watered silk sash, and have a ruff of Valenciennes lace or else of muslin around the neck.

A GRAND VICTORY OVER EVERY COMPETITOR IN THE WORLD.

THE following Cable Dispatch from Vienna will convey the glad intelligence to the world that the "World-Renowned WILSON Sewing-Machine," has not only taken all of the highest Awards at Fairs and Expositions in the United States, but that it has overwhelmingly defeated every Sewing-Machine manufactured in the World, and carried off the first Grand Prize at the Vienna Exposition:

VIENNA, Austria, Aug. 15, 1873.

To W. G. WILSON, President Wilson Sewing-Machine Company, Cleveland, Ohio:

"The Wilson Shuttle Sewing-Machine was awarded the Grand Prize at the Vienna Exposition for being the *best Sewing-Machine.*"

[*Com.*] RAYNOR.

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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Begs leave to call the attention of the ladies to his superb stock of Human Hair Goods, of the best quality of hair only, without any intermixing whatsoever, of his own importation and manufacture.

The Largest Stock of HUMAN HAIR GOODS in the City.

RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

I can offer to the public inducements which can not be superseded by any of my competitors.

All goods WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.

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Short Hair Switches $1 and upward. Finest quality Hair Switches, solid, not dyed, 18 inches long, 4 ounces weight, - - $5 00
Do. 22 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 6 00
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Shaw's Patent Hair Switches, 50c.

Long Single Curls, natural Curly—
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Goods sent **C. O. D.** by express, or on receipt of color and money in registered letters or P. O. Order.

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In the above we have overcome the great difficulty, formerly experienced, of procuring a veil with a fringing of the exact shade. The fringes in our veil being woven at the same moment, and with the same material throughout, consisting of the best quality of sewing silk, a reliance may be placed upon their exactness of match, and of their durability, in every respect, the same wearing double the length of time over that of any other veil ever made. Sold in all Fancy and Dry Goods Houses in the U. S. Wholesale Depot,

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Novelties in Laces.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER, 1873.

CONTENTS:

GENERAL SHERMAN IN EUROPE AND THE EAST.—(*Second Paper.*)

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Excavations at Ephesus on the Site of the Temple of Diana.—Seraglio Point, Constantinople.—Dolma Backté Palace.—Cemetery, old Stamboul.—Bazar, Constantinople.—A Scribe.—Grand Review in Turkey.—The Sultan at the Mosque.—"Sweet Waters of Europe."—The Robert College, Constantinople.

THE NIGHT SONG. By ALFRED H. LOUIS.

TEN DAYS WITH THE DEAF AND DUMB.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.—Dr. Harvey L. Peet.—Ground-Plan of the New York Institution.—The first Step.—Alphabet of the Deaf and Dumb.—The Graduating Class.—The Workshop.

PULPIT FLOWERS.

THE PROTESTANT CEMETERY AT FLORENCE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Gateway.—Mrs. Browning's Tomb.—The Protestant Cemetery at Florence.—Grave of Theodore Parker.

AT AN OLD GRAVE. By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

LEONORA CHRISTINA IN THE BLUE TOWER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Leonora Christina.—The old Castle of Copenhagen, showing the Blue Tower in the Middle of the Background.

COLONSAY AND ORONSAY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Ruins at Oronsay.—The Oronsay Cross.—Stone over a Bishop's Tomb at Oronsay.

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MY NEIGHBOR'S GARDEN.

HAWAII-NEI. By CHARLES NORDHOFF.—(*Second Paper.*)

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Native School-House in Honolulu.—Lava Field, Hawaii; Flow of 1868.—Grass House.—Wailuku, Island of Maui.—Hula-hula, or Dancing Girls.—Hawaiians eating Poi.—Native Hay Peddler.—Lahaina, Island of Maui.—Native Pipe.—Necklace of Human Hair.—Wailua Falls, Island of Kauai.—Chain of Extinct Volcanoes near Koloa, Island of Kauai.—Ancient Gods of Hawaii.—Hawaiian Poi Dealer.—Keapaweo Mountain, Kauai.—Implements.—Cascade and River of Lava; Flow of 1869.—Map of the Halakala Crater.—Kealakeakua Bay, where Captain Cook was killed.

ONLY A SINGER.

A SIMPLETON.—A STORY OF THE DAY. By CHARLES READE.

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.

NUMBER TWO.

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE. By EMILIO CASTELAR.—(*Ninth Paper.*)

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EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC RECORD.

EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September is remarkable for the variety of its contents. The description of General Sherman's tour in Europe and the East is resumed, accompanied by several magnificent illustrations of Constantinople. There is a beautifully-illustrated article on the Protestant Cemetery of Florence, where rest the remains of Mrs. Browning and Theodore Parker. Judge CAMPBELL contributes a brief illustrated sketch of two islands of the Hebrides—Colonsay and Oronsay. CHARLES NORDHOFF concludes his description of the Sandwich Islands, with a comprehensive review, profusely illustrated, of the characteristics of the native population and of the resources of the islands, with special reference to the question of annexation. Another illustrated article describes, in the most entertaining fashion, the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

MONCURE D. CONWAY gives some very interesting reminiscences of the late John Stuart Mill. The Rev. W. H. MILBURN, the "Blind Preacher," contributes a narrative of his experiences with oculists, including a very characteristic sketch of the remarkable career of Albrecht von Graefe. R. H. STODDARD tells the story of the twenty years' imprisonment of Leonora Christina in the Blue Tower of Copenhagen; a portrait of the Princess is given, also a view of the Tower. JAMES GRANT WILSON contributes a pleasant account of grouse-hunting in the Yorkshire moors; HAMILTON BUSBEY a spirited review of the trotting turf in America; and EMILIO CASTELAR another of his papers on the Republican Movement in Europe.

The Poetry of the Number is contributed by ALFRED H. LOUIS, WILLIAM C. RICHARDS, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, RICHARD REALF, ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN, and CARL SPENCER.

The Number contains stories by ROSE TERRY, C. P. CRANCH, and CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON; and CHARLES READE'S serial story is continued.

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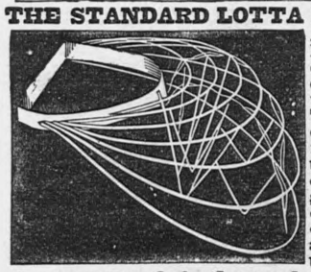

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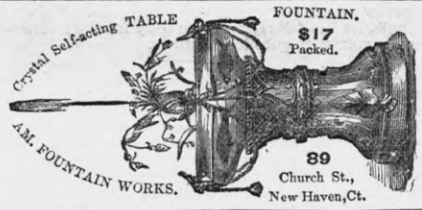

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FACETIÆ.

A COQUETTE loves her glass as much as she can ever love you, and on the same condition—that both keep telling her she is pretty.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;" but not if you have a gun, and know how to use it.

The tea-kettle is the only singer which never gets a cold.

An agricultural paper says this was the most backward spring known; to which a non-agricultural journal replies: "Not such a backward spring as would be produced by our presenting a red-hot poker to your nose."

A little boy born very far North entreated his mother to tell him some stories about bad boys, and upon her expressing astonishment, said he wanted to find out how they got out of scrapes.

About £25,000 made the ancient talent. It takes considerable talent to make that sum nowadays.

GOOD MEN TO ATTEND AUCTION—Men whose faces are forbidding.

An advertiser who rejoices in the various occupations of doctor, lawyer, justice of the peace, and dry-goods merchant, adds the following to his list of pursuits and qualities: "N.B.—Auctioneering of the loudest kind, interwoven with ventriloquism."

An engine-driver and stoker on the Midland Railway recently called at the shop of a well-known temperance man and Good Templar in Derbyshire, and asked him to show them where Messrs. ——s' spirit vaults were situated. "Yes," replied the Good Templar, "come this way;" and taking them through his shop and house, the back of which faces the parish church-yard, he said, pointing to the graves, "There are the vaults, but the spirits are all gone."

HOP-PICKERS' RECREATION—Leap-frog.

"What should I talk about this evening?" asked a prosy speaker of one of his expectant auditors.

"About a quarter of an hour would be just about the thing," was the reply.

GENERALLY SPEAKING—Women.

MISCONSTRUED.

COUNSEL (*to young lady in witness-box*). "You say that you went into the National Gallery by yourself. Have you ever been taken in there by a gentleman?"

WITNESS. "Oh dear, no; I flatter myself I am too sharp to be taken in by any gentleman!"

THE LOVED AND LOST.

They whom the gods love die young, so 'tis said;
Yet they are mostly mourned by friends bereft.
But very few lament old people dead,
Save some they leave behind with naught else left.

ENTHUSIASTIC PEDESTRIAN. "Am I on the right road for Stratford—Shakspeare's town, you know, my man? You've often heard of Shakspeare?"

RUSTIC. "Ees. Be you he?"

RATHER PERPLEXING COMMAND.

CAPTAIN O'SHEA. "Gentlemen, parade to-morrow at four. The first man who arrives last shall be fined."

TOM. "I say, grandma, do you think this poor pigeon was *dead* when cook put him in the oven?"

GRANDMA. "Yes, dear. Why?"

TOM (*incredulously*). "Because he's knocked off all his toes in kicking through the crust, that's all!"

TWO VANITIES.

(*Amateur Vocalist and his Wife alone together after an Evening Party.*)

"Did I look *Nice* to-night, Love?"
"Oh, no end. H'm! was I in *Good Voice?*"
"First-rate, Love! Tell me, do you prefer me with a *Ribbon* in my Hair, or *Flowers?*"
"Oh, either! Look here. Which Style suits me best, do you think?—the fervid Passion of *Santley*, or the thrilling Tenderness of *De Soria?*"
"Oh, both! Don't you think a *Yellow Ribbon* with *Black Lace*," etc., etc., etc.

GOLDEN CHARMS.

She is not fair to outward view;
That fact there's no denying;
Her plainness—between me and you—
Is often rather trying.
But then—this alters matters quite—
Her money is not "tied up tight."

And even if she's rather old,
And we are oft at strife,
Drinks, and looks more like (as I'm told)
My mother than my wife—
Still, still, her wealth is better far
Than any "outward beauties" are!

"Talking about the jaws of death," exclaimed a man who was living with his third scolding wife, "I tell you they are nothing to the jaws of life!"

TO DRIVE AWAY ANTS.—If they are married aunts, borrow some money from their husbands. If they are single, let 'em take care of the baby for the afternoon, while your wife goes to a matinée.

A Roman Catholic bishop of Newfoundland had a piano of which he wished to dispose, and which a friend, a Protestant doctor, desired to purchase. Considerable chaffering ensued before the bargain was consummated, and the doctor finally secured the instrument at a price which the bishop declared ruinously low. The only vehicle in the town which would accommodate the piano when the time came for its delivery was the hearse; and in this it was accordingly driven to the doctor's door. Down came the doctor in high dudgeon.

"Why on earth," he asked, "did you act thus ridiculously, and send my piano home in the hearse?"

The bishop's eyes twinkled as he remembered their hard bargain, and he answered, "Oh, because it was such a dead bargain!"

How can manufacturing pay when it takes ten mills to make one cent?

When Charles Fox was miserably teased for money by some Hebrew creditors, he told them that he would discharge the encumbrance as soon as possible.

"But, Mr. F., name the day."
"The day of judgment."
"Oh, Mr. F., that will be too busy a day for us."
"Right, Moses, so we'll make it the day after."

Just as the black shadow of the death-angel's wing was beginning to darken the bed-chamber of a very practical woman, she called her husband to her side, and feebly murmured, "Henry, if you ever marry again, remember that it only takes a cupful of sugar to sweeten a quart of gooseberries."

What length ought a lady's petticoat to be?—A little above two feet.

When are eyes not eyes?—When the wind makes them water.

SENTIMENT FOR THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC—Look out for the Mahon—beg pardon—the main chance.

Precautions against cholera are very numerous at present. Taking all the advice given, we learn that if a man eats nothing, drinks no liquors, drinks no ice-water, drinks no warm water, drinks nothing else, wears flannels, bathes three times a day, keeps his back-yard clean, pays his taxes, avoids water, drinks brandy, eats ripe fruit, wears nothing, does not smoke, and follows such other methods of prevention as his common-sense may dictate, he need have no fears of cholera.

SPANISH PROVERBS.

He who has nothing to do, let him buy a ship or marry a wife.

From many children and little bread, good Lord deliver us.

A fool is never a great one unless he knows Latin.

A man much addicted to snoring remarked to his bedfellow in the morning that he slept "like a top."

"I know it," said the other—"like a humming-top."

"Why do you set your cup of coffee on the chair, Mr. Jones?" said a worthy landlady one morning at breakfast.

"It is so very weak, ma'am, I thought I would let it rest."

EXCEPTIONS FROM RULE—Gay bachelors, to be sure.

It appears that the Carlists have safely received a supply of arms at Bayonne. Bayonne-ts, no doubt.

THE FLYING SQUADRON—Locusts.

A gentleman was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife. "It is lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear."

"Well, yes, it is extremely lucky—for her," was the dry rejoinder.

A GOOD PLACE FOR SMALL CHANGE—A church collecting plate.

MISTRESS. "A day's holiday, Jane! what for?"

JANE. "Well, I thought you'd think it rather soon; but, please mum, my young man as I spoke of to you—perhaps you remember—is a-going to take me to Grinnige again, and *I'm* a-going to *pop the question* this time."

One stormy night last winter a poor weather-beaten gauger, who had stood the pelting of the pitiless storm through the course of a severe winter day, arrived at a small town in the North Highlands, and being benumbed with cold, and almost frozen to the saddle, he made for the only house where he could see light, and called for assistance. Not finding himself attended to, he roared out at the top of his voice, "Will no good Christian come and help me off my horse?"

Awakened by the noise, a sturdy old Celt opened the door and asked if it was "Chisholm's" he wanted.

"No," said the impatient inspector of spigots, "I want some good Christian to help me off my horse."

"Ah, Sir," said Donald, "we don't know them peoples; we're a' Camerons here."

John Varnum, Jun., is a practical joker. A few Sundays ago, in returning from church, he was conversing with his wife on the subject of the sermon, and remarked that he couldn't believe saint and sinner ever dwelt so near together as the sermon represented. His wife intimated that they could, and instanced the following case: "Haven't you and I dwelt in the same house for several years?"

This was a square hit on John, but he wormed out of it, and closed the case with the following argument: "Yes, to be sure; but did I ever call you a sinner?"

Judgment for John, and no appeal.

"Rose, my dear," said a mother to her daughter, "if you are so stiff and reserved, you will never get a husband."

"Ma," replied the young lady, "unless the poets tell fibs, a prim-Rose is not without attraction."

MAXIM OF A MICAWBER.

Those kinsfolk I account our kind relations
Whose ready loans our frequent needs avail;
Who still encourage all our speculations,
And take the consequences when we fail.

It is said that an Aberdeen school-master used to write poetry when a boy, and had a reputation in that line extending over an area of country three miles long, four miles wide, and a mile thick.

PARSING, AND NO MISTAKE.

"Oh, Aunty!" "Well, Dear?" "Well, Dear?"
"Why, he said, 'What's the next Article?'"
"Why, he should say *Noun*, not *Article*."

"In putting on the Chignon, Betty, let as much of my Own Hair be seen as possible. I would not wear the Horrid Thing, but Fashion demands it!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 37.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Foulard House Dress, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS dress is made of plain blue and blue and white dotted foulard. The underlapping front breadths of the skirt are of plain material, trimmed with folds of gros grain of the same color. The back breadths of the skirt, which are arranged in a puff, and the waist, are of dotted foulard. The trimming consists of rolls and bows of gros grain and white lace.

SUCCULENT PLANTS.

FASHION appears to have sway in every department of taste, and even extends to floriculture. At one time bulbous plants are all in vogue; then the fashion changes to massing in color, and zonale geraniums and similar plants are all the rage; anon and planting in ribbons of color is the fashion; that changes to making collections of plants with curious or variegated foliage; and now succulent plants, as they are called, are the fashion of the day.

By the term succulent is meant plants with thick, fleshy foliage, like the well-known houseleek. Many of them are very set and stiff in their appearance; but in the hands of a person of taste and experience in arranging plants many excellent effects can be produced, and groups of much beauty and interest either for out-door or in-door culture can be made.

We do not now propose to write any thing about selections for out-door planting, but to call attention to the suitableness of this class of plants for in-door or house culture. They have the great merit of being able to withstand the dry heat of our dwelling-houses in winter, of not requiring constant and unremitting attention in order to grow them well, freedom from the attacks of insects, and of having a style of beauty quite novel and peculiarly their own. They are well suited for hanging-baskets or rustic plant stands, as they do not require any great depth of soil in which to grow. All that they require is a soil composed of one-half loam and one-half sand, with a liberal allowance of well-rotted manure added. They require to have the pots or baskets in which they are grown well drained, as an excess of moisture is the principal thing that is inimical to their successful cultivation.

As the florists are making collections of them for supplying the demand that is springing up, we make selections of some of the most curious, grotesque, or interesting species for the guidance of such of our readers as may engage in their cultivation, those we name being most readily obtained:

Sempervivum tectorum, the common houseleek. *S. ciliatum* has the edges of the leaves fringed with hairs. *S. tabulaforme* has a peculiar habit of growth, spreading out flat and level, like a table. *S. arachnoideum* looks as though it was covered with a spider's web, as the tips of the leaves are each connected with the other by delicate thread-like filaments. *S. soboliferum* is called the hen-and-chickens houseleek, because of the many short globular offsets that surround the main plant.

Sedum sieboldii has glaucous green foliage, beautifully variegated with golden yellow. *S. sempervivoides* has much the appearance of a houseleek. *S. acre* is the stone-crop of our gardens, and is useful for planting among the other species for the purpose of covering and hiding the soil.

Echeveria secunda glauca has rosettes of leaves of a glaucous hue, and blooms freely; the flowers are orange and scarlet; it is a charming plant. *E. californica* has the leaves tipped with a dark reddish-brown color. *E. metallica* is a strong-growing species, with the leaves of a peculiar rosy lilac tint, which change according to the light they are seen by, as changeable silks do. *E. metallica glauca* is said to be a hybrid between the first-named species and the last, and is said to have the color of the latter with the dwarf close habit of the first.

The *Mesembryanthemum*, or fig-marigold, family are very numerous—mostly natives of the Cape of Good Hope—and afford a large number of species suitable for our purpose; many of them bear very beautiful flowers of various colors, which, however, only open in the sunshine; other species are curious and grotesque in appearance, having very singular foliage. Of these *M. minutum*, which only grows about an inch high, *M. uvaforme*, which looks like a cluster of green berries, *M. ficiforme*, which looks like a green fig, *M. tigrinum*, which has the edges of the leaves jagged like a tiger's chap, *M. felinum*, whose leaves resemble a cat's chap, and *M. caninum*, whose leaves resemble a dog's chap, are very unique forms. Of those especially desirable for their flowers, and yet of moderate growth, *M. deltoides*, with pink flowers, *M. micans*, with scarlet flowers, *M. glaucum*, with orange flowers, *M. grandiflorum*, with yellow flowers, *M. spectabile*, with red flowers, and *M. fulgidum*, with bright purple flowers, would make a desirable half dozen; but as there are about four hundred species, it is difficult to make a selection. There are but few of them but are desirable plants for house culture. They need but little water in winter, but will need water frequently in summer.

Some of the different species of aloes are very desirable for this purpose, such as *A. retusa*, the thumb-leaved aloe, so called on account of the peculiar shape of the leaves; *A. ciliaris*, which has the edges of the leaves fringed with fine hairs; *A. margaritifiera*, which has the leaves covered with white tubercles, giving them the appearance of being sprinkled with pearls; *A. variegata*, which has the leaves beautifully striped with white (called the partridge-breast aloe, on account of the character of the variegation); *A. arachnoidea*, which has the leaves covered with fine threads, like a spider's web; and *A. reticulata*, which has the leaves prettily netted with glaucous green.

To the above may be added some of the most curious and dwarf-growing of the cactus tribe, especially those of the *Mammillaria* tribe, such as *M. caput medusa*, *M. senilis*, and *M. stellaris*.

A NEW AND STRONGLY ADHESIVE PASTE.

AN extraordinarily adhesive paste, useful for leather, cloth, or paper, may be made, according to Sieburger, as follows: Four parts of glue are well softened in fifteen parts of cold water, then moderately heated till the solution is accomplished, when sixty-five parts more of boiling water are stirred in. In another vessel thirty parts of starch paste are mixed with twenty parts of

Fig. 1.—FOULARD HOUSE DRESS.—BACK.

Fig. 2.—FOULARD HOUSE DRESS.—FRONT.

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cold water to a uniform fluid. Into this the boiling solution of glue is poured, stirring continually, the heat being kept up. After cooling, ten drops of carbolic acid are added, and the paste is preserved in closed bottles to prevent evaporation.

KISSES.

LET thy kisses, I entreat,
Have a language of their own,
When they bring to me, my sweet,
What no other lips have known.

Is it welcome? Bid them bear
From thy heart love's sweetest sign,
That my own thenceforth may wear
Sweeter grace received from thine.

Is it parting? I would fain
Know what language fails to tell;
Kiss me close, and share the pain
With no whisper of farewell.

Always, darling, grant me this,
At love's noontide or eclipse:
Kiss me not, or ever kiss
With thy heart upon thy lips.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1873.

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THE REFORM IN DRESS.

THERE are always a certain number of agitators who, other things failing, turn their thoughts to the subject of a radical reform in dress to take place in a day—and we suppose there always will be. Satan began the work in Paradise, to be sure, and those who stir in the matter now probably think they are only casting out the devil, whose cloven foot is still so apparent to them in the paniers and puffs and powders of to-day.

Of course there is nobody that claims modern dress to be perfect, or even passable: it is an improvement, in its thick shoes and short skirts and less voluminous draperies, on the antique dress; but the general dissatisfaction with it is marked by the recurring fashions. Every season we shape our new garments after another model, in the vain hope of finding the perfect thing at last; every season we trust we have made one advance toward comfort and propriety and whatever shall be the future standard of dress.

In the dress of the masculine portion of the community it is, however, claimed that something like a standard has been reached. That this consummation, though convenient in the main, is ugly from its high-topped hat to its square-toed shoe does not matter; nor that it hides all shapeliness, and hangs usually as well on two sticks as on its owner; nor that the linen and scarf portion garrote a man before his time. But we do not see that the variations from this standard, allowing it to be one, are any less in number than the variations in feminine costume. In one year, as every body knows, the prescribed coat is a long and priestly garment, in another year it is a cut-away; one season it is long-waisted, another season it can not be too short; sometimes it is a sack, sometimes it is a jockey; and for ceremonious occasions it is a ridiculous garment, always a padded monstrosity of stiffness, with no excuse for its curtailed and abbreviated being. This masculine costume has an inner vestment, too, that varies as the coat does: to-day it is single-breasted, to-morrow it is scooped out, with a generous display of the linen that is plain, ruffled, or embroidered as the fashion orders, and never uncrumpled at the button-holes; it has a neck arrangement, moreover, that varies as the weather does, though without regard to weather, now a scarf, now a tie, now a stock that was named from the pillory. If its trowsers are tights to-day, yesterday they were meal-bags, and to-morrow may be peg-tops; while its hat is no more in fashion a second season than a lady's bonnet is, for at one time it is a bell crown rounding out, and the next time you see it it is a steeple crown slanting in; sometimes it is the regulation silk that a rain-drop spoils, sometimes it is a hundred-dollar Panama straw. So that when all is said, even confessing that the dress affords freedom of motion, that it suspends every thing from the shoulders, that it is healthy and tolerably comfortable, we yet see, by the constant changes it undergoes, that it is either still unsatisfactory, or that men, who are supposed to think little of dress, are as fickle in their love of novelty, as desirous to present a fine appearance in their persons, as are their weaker-minded complements who are supposed to think of nothing but dress.

Of course it is not to be supposed that women are going on revolving in the vicious circle from fold to ruffle, and from ruffle to pleat, and from pleat to fold again, and so forever. By those slow degrees, in which we have advanced from the skins of beasts and bark of trees to the use of the spare covering of the sheep and goat, to the fibres of flax and cotton, palm and pine-apple, to the product of the silk-worm, by just such slow degrees we shall probably proceed to the fitting shape of the material. It is but a few thousand years since an emperor refused his wife a gown of silk, and certainly we must allow a space of time corresponding to that which it has taken to put a silk gown within the reach of almost every woman, before we can expect it to be shaped according to the best need of almost every woman.

Our own opinion in the matter of dress reform is that it is as requisite as any other reform, and more inevitable. But we do not believe that it is ever to be brought about by gatherings, or public speeches, or loud-mouthed iterations of the assertion that the present is something altogether indecent and abominable. In old times it was not those who cried out against the broad phylacteries of the Pharisees that abolished them, but phylactery and Pharisee went down together; and the Bloomer Convention of yesterday brought to pass little but Dr. WALKER. Sumptuary laws are as idle in dress as in morals, as they found in England when King JAMES had to repeal the law of Queen MARY'S reign forbidding all but people of quality from wearing costly stuffs under penalty of imprisonment and fine. A sudden edict will not sweep beauty and the love of pleasing from the face of the earth; and whatever the future styles are to be, if they are to endure they must be summoned by the necessity and not the whim of those that wear them.

As one by one we slowly recognize our requirements for health, decency, comfort, grace, all of which elements are to be consulted, so one by one we shall adopt the things that meet the requirements. But in the mean time we are confident that nobody need approach the world of femineity with a shirt waist in one hand and a plain, short, scant petticoat in the other, and expect to be disembarrassed of the riches. The short petticoat has been welcomed both by health and cleanliness, but feminine instinct must ornament it—for feminine instinct turns toward the beautiful, as every admitted fact in the doctrine of natural selection goes to prove; and as for the shirt waist, baggy at the best, there are other ways of cutting one's cloth exactly as beneficial, and far more attractive, as witness the new redingote, the Alexandra, with its loose Watteau fold in front, which leaves the figure as unconfined as nature would have it, and gives it a Greek line of flowing drapery besides. We can imagine that in some millennial state of society a dress may be ultimately chosen that shall in many respects resemble the present pretty gymnastic dress, with the addition for street or ceremony of a Greek cloak; but who supposes that weariness of a plain tunic will not presently bring about an ornamented one, or that the lower garments will not to-day hide the feet with amply falling folds, and to-morrow leave them in plain view? And is it at all likely that HELEN'S peplum was cut to a dot precisely as LEDA'S was? Nothing could be more beautiful, nothing more womanly, than such robes as those soft falling things, in which RACHEL played her part of Phèdre or Hermione; but as no woman could possibly get over a fence in them, we do not imagine that they will be so fortunate as to make part of the standard dress of the future.

Yet let the design of the dress be what it may, let it be only a Mexican poncho with a hole for the head and a slit for the arms, it is useless to suppose that the wealthy woman will not make hers a means of displaying her wealth, or the young woman of displaying her youth, or the lovely woman her loveliness. It is useless to suppose that it will not be made of every rich and noble fabric; that this will not be diaphanous as the clouds over the dimpled elbow and creamy shoulder of beauty; that that will not be stiff with wrought work and heavy colors to sweep round the feet of the queenly dame. And though there may come a time when there shall be no poor woman, it is too remote for our vision, and we can only see her, then as now, eating of the crumbs that fall from the rich one's table in the shape of the more generous price that she will be receiving for the work she lavishes upon the robe in the spinning, in the weaving, in the cutting and adorning; for the love of adornment, we think, will only die when the love of woman dies. Fair women will make themselves fairer by the fine accessories of their dress; plain women will atone for their deficiencies by the superfluity of their ornament. They desire to please; and we do not see how the matter can be mended until they all become a part of the cherubim, and have souls, and do not have bodies. Nor do we think this love of ornament is to be regretted, when it is kept within bounds. It is the love of the beautiful, and it is refining and elevating to all who use it without abusing it. There are few pleasanter things to see than a beautiful woman beautifully dressed—with hues chosen to bring out the color of the hair, the sparkle of the eye, to relieve the rose of the cheek, the purity of the skin; with shapes chosen to reduce an angle or allow a curve; with every eccentricity of style toned down toward simplicity, but with the sheen of lustrous stuffs and rich colors, with the hoar-frost of lace and the glory of jewels. And since the stoutest opponents of the extravagances of fashion would not hesitate to expend fortunes on the decoration of their houses, on their walls, their floors, their chairs, their consoles, we do not see any consistency or reason in their putting themselves out of harmony with such surroundings, and moving, where painter and carver and architect have done the utmost, the only stiff, ungraceful, and ugly objects in a region of beauty.

MISCONCEPTIONS OF BEAUTY.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

WHO is it that gives us our views of life? Whence come the conventional opinions? Whose are the eyes that, seeing, see not, and the lips that speak? A notion runs through the world, torn by every bristling projection of solid fact, but essentially unharmed and vital to the last. Is it error or truth, which, crushed to earth, shall rise again? In great things, in recondite matters, the mysteries, the conjectures, the half-discoveries of science, it is not strange that we blunder, make the worse appear the better reason, and mistake shadow for substance. But in minute points, in the trifling occurrences of every day, why should we not be right as well as wrong?

The cheap novelist can not be expected to create for the world another world as does the master of his craft; but why should not the cheap novelist, even the merest little weaver of one-column romances for the weakliest of weekly papers, recognize and signalize the fact that the conquests of the world have not been made by beauty; that it is not power—is only one, and not the strongest, element of power? Yet not only the penny-a-liner, but the sensible and even the devout, close their eyes to the palpable and indisputable fact, and accept the theory that beauty is sovereign and omnipotent; and in consequence they bow down and worship with a misleading and false and fruitless homage.

Equally useless and wrong is it to attempt to impress upon the infant mind the idea that "looks are nothing, behavior is all." No one heartily believes it. Why not acknowledge and applaud the truth that looks may be largely the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, that the pure heart is symbolized by the spotless robe, the gracious soul by the graceful garb, the delicate taste by the fine texture and the modest tint? It is true that Great Heart may be a man of small stature, the most unbending Integrity may have a stoop in his shoulders, the sweetest Lady Una in the land may be but a swarthy, shrinking girl. But inevitably the lady is shown in her array. Lady Una is dark, but she is comely. Great Heart is only small by measurement. We are given into our own hands to make the most of ourselves, body and soul. Let not the little girls be taught that beauty is irresistible, not because it will make them frivolous, but because it is not true. Let them be taught rather that power alone wins, and that beauty may be powerlessness; while mind, wit, tact, gentleness even, may be power. The charm of the most charming women it would be difficult to name. It is certainly not beauty, for the charming women, although often beautiful, are also often far less so than the indifferent women. The Charmer is, above all things, sincere. She assumes neither ignorance nor learning. She may be the owner of one or the other, but she makes no parade of either, and has great good sense. If circumstance or taste has forbidden her to be well-read, she is not ashamed, but neither is she proud of the fact, nor does envy induce her to put scorn upon those that are, nor does she attempt to conciliate Superiority by infantine artlessness. The Charmer is inwardly exacting, but not outwardly querulous. She renders to every one his due, but loves to receive her own as a grace. She has a superb self-respect, and is seldom wounded save by intentional stabs. She is benevolent and beneficent. She says pleasant words, not from design, but instinct. She is not easily, but she can be thoroughly, offended, and the stars are not more remote than is she from the offender. She does not obtrude her opinion, but, appealed to, she is so faithful, sympathetic, sound, that she helps, be it only by listening, and clouds of doubt and hesitation are dissolved by the sweet shining of her clear eyes. More than this, if my little lady is resorted to in vain, if her advice be not followed, she is not thereby estranged. She is not concerned to establish a reputation for cleverness or beneficence, or any reputation whatever; but when a fellow-mortal comes to her, it is simply that her heart goes out to him at once in succor and good cheer.

The Charmer is not necessarily perfect. She may be impulsive. She may be sometimes even petulant. She is serene or wayward according to temperament. But she is always magnanimous; never petty, never hard, never hateful. She never uses sharp, disagreeable speech, except, possibly, at long intervals, in the service of the oppressed, to rebuff an overweening and obstreporous aggression; and though one should go on describing her to the least lifting of the eyelash, still the charm of the Charmer would escape him, for it lies below and behind all traits, no trait, but the last subtle essence of a refined and cultured nature, of a rare and perfect womanhood.

Teach the little girls to make themselves as pretty as is becoming, with all the puffs and bows and ribbons that may be consistent with peace of mind and unselfishness and untouched honor; but teach them also that this is but a small part not only of what pertains to the conduct of life, but to the attainment of position and worthy influence. The first thing is to be. But Nature has so made men and women that they care also to seem—to seem pleasant and desirable in each other's eyes. Who shall say that this, too, is not a powerful motive to excellence? Let us not scorn it, but use it. No father but rejoices when his son turns from the athletic but somewhat rude sports of his male mates, and begins to seek and to enjoy the gentler gayeties of female society. No mother but is pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave. In each sex the desire to please, whether its own or the other, is instinctive and blameless. Yet so delicate is it that it can hardly be touched without danger. It can hardly be guided except indirectly. To say to girls—as I have sometimes heard it said—men like this, men dislike that, therefore be thus and so, is coarse and cruel and servile. Yet can the honorable, the high-minded mother, teacher, friend, with dignity and sweetness, guide her girl to a womanhood reserved, commanding, reasonable, however piquant, merry, and arch; guide her to a fitness for companionship with the wisest and the greatest of men, as well as for solace to the weak and erring; guide her into attractiveness and grace and ornament, which are to be attained only by virtue of unconsciousness, uprightness, and unhampered individuality.

One is troubled to see beauty wasted as well as wealth, or time, or mind, or any other gift of God. A lovely little maiden making herself lovelier before the glass to greet and gladden the eyes of all beholders is not a sorry sight, if beneath the visible loveliness lie a tender heart, a mind under control, a strong and active will. But to see a silly

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little girl rely on her colors and contours, and neglect mental culture, social grace, one might almost say Christian courtesy—this, indeed, is melancholy. Her selfish little heart, her barren little mind, lord it already over her cheap, superficial beauties, and will soon leave nothing behind but a dreary waste. Her little victories are temporary, her little failures lasting. She can never be a power. She can scarcely help becoming a drag. Her companions must be among the commonplace, not to say the vulgar, for she has nothing in common with the lofty and the grand. She would gasp on the heights. She can assimilate nothing beyond the material. There is danger that she will soon be unable to rise above the mean. While there is yet time, let her learn that in both sexes, in all ages and all worlds, to be weak is miserable, and though petty men and petty women may well enough consort, large souls love largely.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FALL BONNETS.

FALL bonnets, as foreshadowed by imported French models, will show a comfortable improvement on those now worn, inasmuch as they will cover more of the head. The new shapes have low but capacious crowns that fit smoothly over the high coiffure of soft puffs now worn in Paris, clasp the head snugly on the sides, and have broad coronets with a full face trimming beneath. To be well worn they must be neither too far forward, nor, in the other extreme now fashionable, too far backward, but on the top of the head, the place where the bonnet ought to be. The material, usually velvet, is placed smoothly on the frame, and the latest importations even omit the tiny piping folds used for borders. The face trimming under the coronet or inside "scoop" fronts is the conspicuous feature of bonnets, and is also seen under the brims of round hats. The novelty for this face trimming is a band of closely curled ostrich feathers; and as this is introduced by a leading Parisian milliner, it will doubtless be successful. The coronet is plain and high, and stands out from the bonnet instead of resting against the crown. The intermediate space is not, however, left bare, but is filled by a scarf of soft silk, either repped or twilled, twisted around the crown in easy, careless fashion, and a Shah ornament of some kind, either the Shah aigrette of feathers, or a cut steel ornament, or else a rosette of clustered loops of ribbon. Flowers, especially roses, are in order any where on the bonnet, either as a wreath for face trimming, or clustered in front of the crown on the left side as a base for plumes, or else low behind as they are now worn. Two demi-long plumes of shaded ostrich feathers curl over the back of the bonnet. Streamers behind that bend down high ruffs are seldom seen, and thus the bonnet is left compact, and is, besides, picturesque, pretty, and will be generally becoming.

TRIMMINGS.

Bias strips of soft flexible silks are used for trimming velvet bonnets and the fine chips and straws that are shown in black and various dark colors. Gros d'Orleans and gros de Suez, finely repped silks, are more choice selections than the turquoise now used by milliners. Newest of all is the gros d'Orient, twilled like serge, mentioned in a previous paper. These bias silk bands are finished with a French hem on each edge, and are used as scarfs around the crown and as long loops placed erect on the sides. Gros grain ribbons three inches wide are chosen for strings and for rosettes. Double-faced ribbons are largely imported; these are black on one side and a color on the other, or else each side shows different shades of one color, or perhaps the sides contrast, as in the Pompadour colors, having one side pink and the other blue. Very eccentric combinations of colors are found on French bonnets, yet French taste succeeds in making these oddities very pleasing.

FLOWERS.

Of flowers we have already spoken. The quaint Persian greens—olives formerly, but renamed in honor of the Shah—prevail among flowers. There are wreaths of roses with natural red centres and half their outer petals green, vines of green buds, new satin leaves, beautifully shaded, tricolor clusters of rose-buds, many dark bronze brown roses, and, indeed, roses of every hue, both natural and unnatural. There are also many bacchanalian wreaths of grapes, with leaves and tendrils, and strewed among the leaves are the inevitable roses. There are mammoth roses of muslin petals, fresh and natural-looking, while among them is a single velvet petal, black, as if blighted by frost, or else brown and flecked with yellow. The grosaille roses of warm, bright crimson are the favorite choice with Parisian milliners, who place them upon bonnets of deepest blue, black, or myrtle green velvet.

SHADED FEATHERS, ETC.

Shaded ostrich feathers are the most perfect garniture of the winter bonnets. Four or five shades of one color or of two appear in these plumes, and they are curled and twisted most fancifully. Two demi-long plumes, or perhaps three, are preferred for bonnets, while a single long plume sweeps over round hats. Soft willow plumes are again offered, but they are very frail. The high Shah aigrette is shown in white marabout tufts, with heron feathers and a mother-of-pearl ornament. Slender wings of tropical birds are imported for round hats, but the first choice is for a cluster of two or three long cocks' plumes of bronzed green. Aigrettes of game feathers are also shown, and other large round feather tufts, as conspicuous as that on a drum-major's shako. The finest novelties are the exquisitely curled ostrich bands for face trimming or for the brims of round hats, and the long soft plumes of camel's-hair fleece, made either in very dark or very delicate tints. In buying ostrich plumes remember that the real feather has a single quill down the centre: in very fanciful long plumes it is sometimes necessary to add other pieces, but the foundation should have the long quill.

STEEL, JET, AND PEARL.

The cut steel or diamond-steel ornaments are very handsome, and also expensive, a single ornament sometimes costing $6 at the wholesale houses. The steel aigrette for the front will perhaps be the most fashionable ornament of bonnets for young ladies. A very slight beading of cut steel is in excellent taste around the brim of black and other dark velvet hats. The new jet ornaments are exquisitely fine. They are made of tiniest beads sewed on black net in patterns of leaf and flower, or blocks, or Greek squares. There are jet coronets, either very massive-looking or else as light as lace, jet plumes, wings, aigrettes, bands of jet passementerie all beads like embroidery, and beautiful diadems with drooping fringes. Simple hoops, merely large rings of jet or of cut steel, are used amidst loops of silk or ribbon. Slides of jet and steel mingled are shown in square and oval shapes, and there are horseshoes of jet with cut steel nail heads in them. The handsomest buckles and slides are of brown smoked pearl, very large and oval. These are especially admired when associated with black velvet.

NEW COLORS.

Perruche, or parrot-color, a delicate blending of pale yellow with green, is imported in trimming silks, to be used as facings for black and dark green velvets. Seal-skin red, precisely the color of the dark fur-seal, is a rich hue found in velvet bonnets. Slate and granite are the names given to dark blue-gray shades that will be stylishly worn this winter.

DRESS GOODS.

TUFTED CAMEL'S-HAIR, ETC.

A novelty for winter polonaises is called tufted camel's-hair. This has the soft twilled camel's-hair surface, with small clusters of raised loops set about on it in diamond shape half an inch apart. It is already displayed on counters of retail stores, and meets with great favor. It is found in dark brown and gray shades, is double width, and costs $4 75 a yard. Plain camel's-hair of heavier quality than that worn last year, and showing quantities of the loose fleece, costs from $3 50 to $4 75 a yard; this is nearly a yard and a half wide. Camel's-hair serge is merely an imitation of the real fabric, but is a soft, warm, all-wool material of serviceable iron gray shades, excellent for making polonaises and redingotes that must endure hard usage. It comes in double fold, is a yard and a quarter wide, and costs $2 50. Another fabric of similar quality and very good style is a single-width camel's-hair serge showing the heavy, broad diagonal lines that form a feature in fall goods. It may be had in all the dark fashionable shades of blue, gray, brown, and drab. It is three-fourths of a yard wide, and costs $1 10.

CAMEL'S-HAIR CASHMERE.

A new product of the loom called camel's-hair cashmere bears away the palm for softness and fineness, and will probably be the choice of the season for over dresses. This is almost as closely twilled as French cashmere, but has the rough lustreless surface of camel's-hair, with its many loosely woven fleecy ends, and its unctuousness so pleasant to the touch. It represents all the stylish tints of slate-color, dark blue, olive, brown, tea, gray, and myrtle green; it is double fold, and costs $3 25 a yard. An imitation of this fabric is sold for $1 75. Jacquard striped cashmeres showing reversed diagonal lines that form narrow stripes cost $2 a yard. Single-width French cashmeres of admirable quality are 85 cents a yard; these are preferred to double-width goods when bought for a whole suit. Double-width cashmeres sold for over dresses cost from $1 25 to $2 25 a yard; four or five yards are required for a polonaise. Myrtle green cashmere, so dark that the color is almost invisible, finds favor, even at this early day, for polonaises to be worn throughout the fall and winter. Dark blue cashmere is also being sold for this purpose, and merchants anticipate that these colors will rival the iron gray and *marron* brown over dresses that are now so popular.

SERGE DE BÈGE.

The light sleazy fabric called de bège found such favor for summer traveling suits that manufacturers have made a similar soft material heavy enough for winter use, and, having woven it in stylish "diagonals," have renamed it serge de bège. It is pure wool, not of the finest quality, but in its undressed state, and natural brown and gray shades; it is three-fourths of a yard wide, and costs 75 cents a yard.

ENGLISH DIAGONALS.

Among other standard fabrics are the English serges woven in stylish broad diagonals. These are firm, heavy, and serviceable, and though harsh to the touch, are of pure wool. They are three-fourths of a yard wide, and cost 75 cents a yard in all the dark cloth colors. French serge of similar twill, but softer, is 90 cents. Various lower-priced goods, costing from 40 cents upward, are shown under the general and popular name of "English diagonals." These are usually mixtures of wool and cotton, and though some of them appear well in the piece, they shrink after being dampened, and do not wear well. The best qualities are sold for 60 cents a yard, and, it is said, will take the place of satines, cheap empress cloths, and other goods of the same value. Glossy satines are shown again, but they do not wear satisfactorily, as their lustre is scarcely surface deep, and soon disappears, leaving a thin sleazy fabric: price 50 cents and upward. Empress cloths of admirable quality and stylish colors are 75 cents a yard; coarser empress cloths are 50 cents.

DESIGNS FOR WOOLEN SUITS.

The best designs for making the woolen materials just described will be found in illustrations on page 569 of *Bazar* No. 36, Vol. VI., and patterns thereof are given in the Supplement. The new polonaise, with low, round collar and lapped front, swinging cords, stylish back drapery, and piped folds, is well represented in one suit; while other figures show the jacket-waist opening over the vest or plastron in the fashion mentioned in Madame Raymond's last letter from Paris.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; BALLARD & HALLEY; WORTHINGTON & SMITH; and C. H. F. AHRENS & Co.

PERSONAL.

RINALDO RINALDI, the last pupil of CANOVA, has just died. His first statue, a figure of St. ANTHONY, was executed when he was only fourteen, and is now in the church of St. Arcella, near Padua. He came to Rome at twenty, and asked CANOVA to accept him among his pupils. The great master was one day so struck with a group which the young man had just modeled that he exclaimed, "You are a born sculptor! Would to Heaven that you were my son!"

—Admiral POPOFF (suggestive name—pop-off) is the inventor of the most remarkable vessel ever afloat—the circular iron-clad now at Nikolaïef. The ship is perfectly circular, and is driven through the water by six propellers. Of course there is no stem, nor stern, nor beam; and going ahead, astern, or spinning around like a top, she is equally at home, while for buoyancy she is said to be unsurpassed.

—MARETZEK is to pay TAMBERLIK $100,000 to sing eighty-four nights. No family should be without a tenor.

—Mr. SMALLEY, the London correspondent of the *Tribune*, writes that "Mr. MOTLEY, after quitting London, some six weeks ago, was ordered back to it by his physician, on the pretext that the climate was good for him. One of General SCHENCK's good sayings is that London has an atmosphere, but no climate. The true reason in Mr. MOTLEY's case I suspect to have been his physician's desire to have him under his eye, and constantly within reach of the best attendance. Whether the attack under which he now suffers was foreseen I can not say. He has had a slight paralytic stroke. It occurred as Mr. MOTLEY was taking Lady MARGARET BEAUMONT down to dinner. His right arm suddenly fell powerless by his side, and the side itself was also somewhat affected. He was carried to his hotel in Dover Street, and has not since left his room. The physicians agree in regarding the paralysis as by no means serious, nor likely to disable him for any long time. The truth I believe to be that Mr. MOTLEY's nervous system has suffered partly from overwork and partly from the circumstances of his retirement from the mission to this court. He has never ceased to regard himself as ill treated and insulted, and being a proud and sensitive man, the injury has not been forgotten. His habits of study have been severe. I remember his telling me that he always rose at six, and was at work, and very hard at work, with books and papers during a great part of the day. The manuscript of his last book, *The History of John of Barneveldt*, was put into Mr. MURRAY's hands only two or three weeks since, and the book will be out this autumn."

—Mr. CUSHING remarked recently to a friend that he believed his late dog suit had given him greater notoriety than any affair in which he had ever been engaged. For weeks past he had been receiving papers from all parts of the country containing marked paragraphs in relation to it, nearly all of them with editorial comments.

—Among the littérateurs who were candidates at the late election for Parliament were Mr. FITZJAMES STEPHENS, an editorial writer for the *Pall Mall Gazette;* Mr. JENKINS, author of *Ginx's Baby*, and a writer for the *Daily News;* Dr. BAXTER LANGLEY, and Mr. CONINGSBY. In the matter of those who have been newspaper and literary men we can do much better than that in our national Congress. In the Senate are CAMERON, SUMNER, BROWNLOW, CASSERLY, and SARGENT. In the last House of Representatives were COX, BROOKS, ROOSEVELT, KINSELLA, and ROBERTS, of New York; ACKER, GETZ, HALDEMAN, and MEYERS, of Pennsylvania; BLAINE, of Maine; HAWLEY, of Connecticut; HAY, of Illinois; PACKARD, of Indiana; WALDEN and PALMER, of Iowa; HAVENS, of Missouri; M'CORMICK, of Arizona; ARMSTRONG, of Dakota; and WADDELL, of North Carolina.

—M. CAPOUL, who is to warble to New Yorkers in opera next autumn, is studying English under the tuition of a young lady, an American, who has figured somewhat prominently in public. Easy way to learn. He is well enough off to own a villa near Toulouse.

—Speaking of CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, who has an elegant summer residence at Newport, a writer says: "The health and vigor of her personal appearance, the sprightliness and magic of her conversation, the deep and cordial sweetness of her smile, her warm and unaffected hand-clasp, unite, as they have for so many years united, to win the stranger and to retain their magnetism over old friends."

—The coming industrial exhibition at Cincinnati will have something novel in the way of decorative art. Messrs. WILLIAM MORRIS & Co., of London (of which firm WILLIAM MORRIS, author of *The Earthly Paradise* and other beautiful poems, is senior member), propose to send thither specimens of their work, similar to those which adorn some of the finest homes in and around London. With them are associated such artists as BURN JONES, D. G. ROSSETTI, MADOX BROWN, and W. B. SCOTT, the original pre-Raphaelists, who gave RUSKIN his first hope that there might be "something pretty in England." It is stated that the colors of their stained windows are such as can not be made in any of the famous glass-works of Europe, neither in Munich nor Glasgow. It is with some surprise that one finds a gentleman who has gained so much eminence as a poet as WILLIAM MORRIS engaged in making designs for decorations.

—M. THIERS was lately asked his opinion of a bill to prevent the use of insulting language in the Legislative Assembly. He said: "All the precautionary measures which the Chamber seems to take resemble the straw which is laid down before the door of a sick person, and which does not prevent either the carriages from rolling or the patient from dying."

—PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, whose *Intellectual Life* is just now among talked-of books, is but thirty-eight years old, a man of some fortune, and who has always associated with the very upper ten.

—Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON's daughter, an accomplished young lady of nineteen, and a fine linguist, has recently deceased. She was her father's secretary. A year ago, hearing her father express a wish to have certain Spanish works translated into English, she learned Spanish, and in six months made the translations.

—Mr. FITZJAMES STEPHENS, one of the editors of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was a candidate for Parliament from Dundee, and this was the way in which he addressed the voters: "If you don't want me, don't have me; leave me to return to London to my ordinary business. I stand here before you as a candidate, not to spend money, because I have not got it, and if I had I would not spend it."

—The Earl of Dunraven, now in this country, is understood to be the capitalist and co-proprietor of the London Opéra Comique, in association with Mr. HINGSTON. It is understood to pay his lordship. When formerly in this country himself and wife spent much time at the house of their old friends ALICE and PHŒBE CARY.

—Speaking of names, there died near Zanesville, Ohio, on the 30th of July last, SHERIDAN STONEBURNER, aged seven years. He was one of triplets born to SOLOMON and HANNAH STONEBURNER November 15, 1865. The children were named ULYSSES S. GRANT, WILLIAM T. SHERMAN, and PHILIP H. SHERIDAN. GRANT and SHERMAN, the other two boys, are in fine health, and promise well.

—Sir CHARLES WHEATSTONE has been elected foreign associate of the French Academy of Sciences in place of the late Baron LIEBIG, the highest honor that it is in the power of that body to bestow upon a foreigner. The election was nearly unanimous, he having received forty-three out of forty-five votes. Sir CHARLES has also lately received from the French Society for the Encouragement of National Industry the great medal of Ampère, which is awarded every six years for what is considered the most important application of science to industry. The former recipients of this medal were DEVILLE, who introduced the manufacture of aluminium, DE LESSEPS, the engineer of the Suez Canal, and BOUSSINGAULT, distinguished for his researches in agriculture.

—The regret so generally felt in England and this country at the accidental death of Bishop WILBERFORCE is tempered somewhat by the fact, transpired since his death, that he was suffering from a painful disease, which threatened an early termination of his life. A cancer was forming at the root of his tongue, which could never have been excised, and must sooner or later have proved fatal. It showed the deceased prelate's power of will that, with the knowledge of this fact, he nevertheless maintained his cheerfulness up to the last moment of his life.

—Mr. MOWBRAY MORRIS, for many years manager of the London *Times*, is seriously ill. In former years the paper owed much to his energy, sagacity, and good sense. Mr. DELANE, who has been editor of the *Times* for over thirty years, is still in vigorous health.

—EMMA BLACK saved a man's life the other day on the Mississippi in a curious way. He was fishing, and was spilled out of his boat. Being unable to swim, he would have perished had not the maiden, discovering his danger, swam out to him, and throwing into his hands her back hair, four feet in length, towed him back to the land. We believe the narrative.

—The Czarowitz is described as of medium height, very solidly and athletically built, with a martial figure, and the carriage of a haughty and courageous soldier; a countenance oval, full cheeks, full lips, a handsome, round, determined chin, large, stern, dark eyes, and lowering brow. He can not be called strikingly handsome, but he is a young man who would be noticed for his manly bearing and expression any where. His creamy complexion is smooth and soft, and he has the appearance of having lived on the fat of the land. He is evidently of a luxurious as well as active and enterprising temperament, in both respects being thoroughly unlike his imperial papa. In one thing, however, he resembles the Czar, and indeed this is a traditional trait of the ROMANOFF—he wears a habitual expression of haughty melancholy, which seldom melts into a smile, and almost never into hearty laughter. The Emperors PAUL, NICHOLAS, and ALEXANDER II. were all melancholy men, and ALEXANDER I. had a deep underlying sadness under his cheery and bluff exterior. This has been accounted for by the fact that the Czars, from their position, live in constant danger of assassination, and never can know from what source or in what manner the blow may come. Certain it is that the present Czar is timid, and is a victim to hypochondria, which is accounted for by some by his habit of taking too much alcoholic stimulant, and by others as the result of a constant wearing fear of his life. The Czarowitz, on the contrary, is a thoroughly brave man, but has probably got his melancholy by inheritance. Accompanying him is a very fascinating little lady, who can not, with her pleasant, open, cheerful face, but win golden opinions wherever she goes. The Princess DAGMAR of Denmark, or, as she is now called, the Czarevna MARIE-FEODOROVNA, is at twenty-six more girlish than womanly, and seems to have maintained the vivacious temperament of her family despite her rather grim husband. She strikingly resembles her sister, the Princess ALEXANDRA of Wales, though she is now far prettier, and has bright blue instead of soft brown eyes. Her face is one of the most innocent and attractive possible. She does not in the least share her husband's haughtiness of manner, but her roguish eyes look as though she were in constant expectation of a good frolic.

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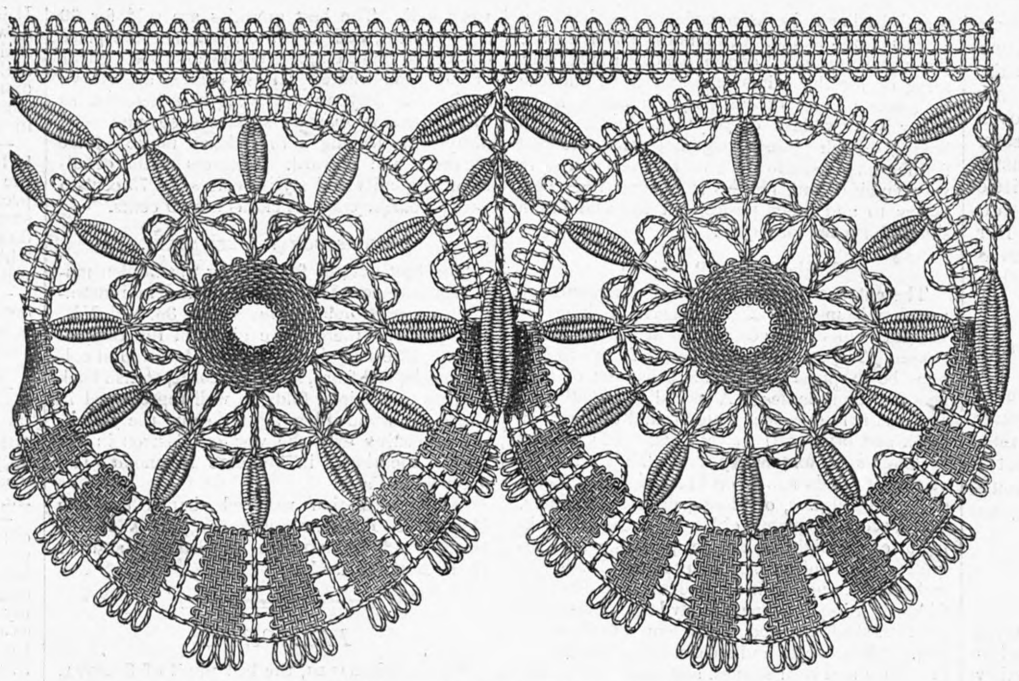
Lace for Dress Trimmings, etc. Imitation of Real Guipure.

THIS lace is suitable for trimming dresses, basques, Dolmans, mantelets, etc. It may be worked either with black or colored—such as gray, brown, or écru—worsted or silk. Directions for working this kind of lace may be found on page 741, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 45, Vol. V.



LACE FOR DRESS TRIMMINGS, ETC.—IMITATION OF REAL GUIPURE.

Knitted Foundations for Hoods, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE foundations are suitable for hoods, garters, etc., and are worked, according to the purpose for which they are designed, with worsted or cotton and steel or wooden knitting-needles of the requisite size. The number of stitches for the design Fig. 1 should be divisible by 18. Knit this foundation in rounds, going back and forth, as follows: 1st round.—∗ 2 p. (purled), 2 k. (knit plain), 7 p., 2 k., 2 p., t. t. o. (thread thrown over), k. 3 together crossed (knit three stitches together crossed), t. t. o.; repeat from ∗. This repetition from ∗ takes place in every following round, and will not be referred to again. In all rounds denoted by even numbers knit the st. (stitch) plain which appear plain on this side, and purl the st. which appear purled and the t. t. o. 3d round.—∗ 2 p., 1 k., k. 2 together crossed, 5 p., k. 2 together, 1 k., 2 p., 1 k., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 1 k. 5th round.—∗ 2 p., 1 k., k. 2 together crossed, 3 p., k. 2 together, 1 k., 2 p., 2 k., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 2 k. 7th round.—∗ 2 p., 1 k., k. 2 together crossed, 1 p., k. 2 together, 1 k., 2 p., 2 k., 1 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 1 p., 2 k. 9th round.—∗ 2 p., 1 k., k. 3 together crossed, 1 k., 2 p., 2 k., 2 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 2 p., 2 k. 11th round.—∗ 2 p., t. t. o., k. 3 together crossed, t. t. o., 2 p., 2 k., 7 p., 2 k. The 11th round is a repetition of the 1st round, only that the pattern is now transposed; always repeat the 3d to 11th rounds, transposing the pattern in this manner.

The number of st. for the foundation Fig. 2 should be divisible by 16. Knit in rounds, going back and forth, as follows: 1st round.—∗ T. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, 5 k., k. 2 together crossed, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k.; repeat from ∗. This repetition from ∗ takes place in every following round. 2d round.—∗ 3 p., 3 k., 7 p., 3 k. 3d round.—∗ 1 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, 3 k., k. 2 together crossed, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 4 k. 4th round.—∗ 4 p., 3 k., 5 p., 3 k., 1 p. 5th round.—∗ 2 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., k. 2 together crossed, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 5 k. 6th round.—∗ 5 p., 3 k., 3 p., 3 k., 2 p. 7th round.—∗ 3 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 3 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 6 k. 8th round.—∗ 6 p., 3 k., 1 p., 3 k., 3 p. 9th round.—∗ 1 k., k. 2 together crossed, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, 4 k. 10th round.—∗ 5 p., 3 k., 3 p., 3 k., 2 p. 11th round.—∗ K. 2 together crossed, t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, 3 k. 12th round.—∗ 4 p., 3 k., 5 p., 3 k., 1 p. 13th round.—1 k., ∗ t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 7 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., k. 2 together crossed. In the last repetition from ∗ in this round, instead of knitting the last 2 together crossed, knit 1 plain. 14th round.—∗ 3 p., 3 k., 7 p., 3 k. After the last repetition from ∗ work 1 p. 15th round.—∗ 1 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., k. 3 together. 16th round.—∗ 1 p., 3 k., 9 p., 3 k. In the last repetition from ∗ narrow 1 st. at the end. Always repeat from the 1st to the 16th rounds.

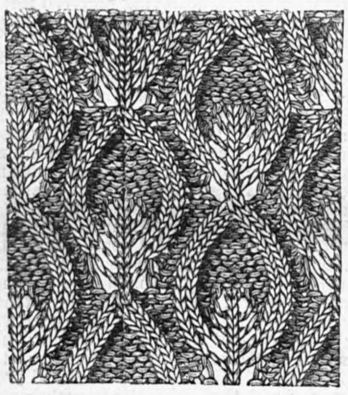


Fig. 1.—KNITTED FOUNDATION FOR HOODS, ETC.

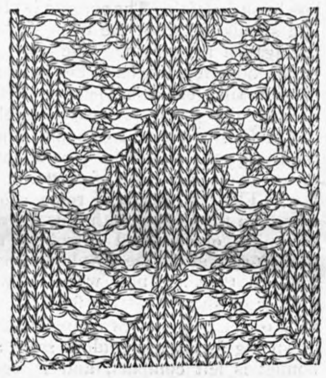
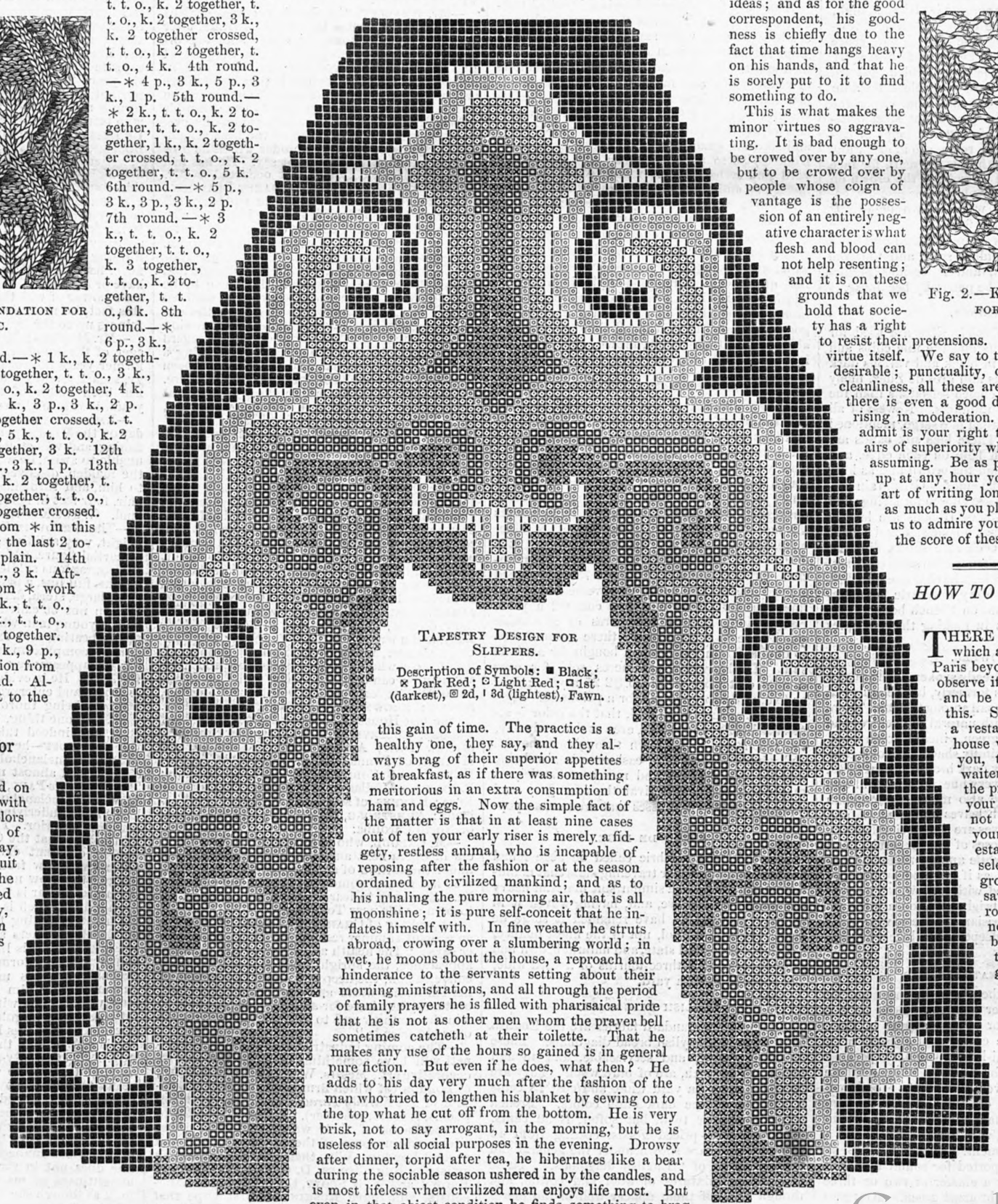


Fig. 2.—KNITTED FOUNDATION FOR HOODS, ETC.

Tapestry Design for Slippers.

THIS design is worked on medium-sized canvas with zephyr worsted in the colors given in the description of symbols. These colors may, of course, be varied to suit the taste; for instance, the arabesques may be worked in different shades of gray, and the foundation in black and in two shades of maroon.



TAPESTRY DESIGN FOR SLIPPERS.

Description of Symbols: ■ Black; × Dark Red; ⊏ Light Red; ⊡ 1st (darkest), ⊠ 2d, ⁞ 3d (lightest), Fawn.

THE MINOR VIRTUES.

IN the whole string of the virtues, major or minor, cardinal or otherwise, there is not one about which the possessors are so abominably conceited as this—early rising. People endowed with so uncomfortable a gift are, no doubt, entitled to some little indemnification; but no degree of self-mortification could justify the preposterous airs of superior virtue which people who turn out of bed earlier than their neighbors always give themselves. Nobody was ever ten minutes in the society of a confirmed early riser without being made aware of the fact, and, directly or indirectly, snubbed for not being one himself. Now is early rising such a virtue, and are these early birds so very virtuous, that we are bound tamely to submit to this? Of course we know all the stock arguments; they impress them upon us often enough. It is they who get the worm. Well, for our part, they are welcome to it; we don't want worms. Then they gain so many hours over us who lie abed, in proof of which they point out that the "Waverley Novels" were all written before breakfast. Very good; let them produce their "Waverley Novels;" meanwhile we shall take leave to remain skeptical as to the reality of this gain of time. The practice is a healthy one, they say, and they always brag of their superior appetites at breakfast, as if there was something meritorious in an extra consumption of ham and eggs. Now the simple fact of the matter is that in at least nine cases out of ten your early riser is merely a fidgety, restless animal, who is incapable of reposing after the fashion or at the season ordained by civilized mankind; and as to his inhaling the pure morning air, that is all moonshine; it is pure self-conceit that he inflates himself with. In fine weather he struts abroad, crowing over a slumbering world; in wet, he moons about the house, a reproach and hinderance to the servants setting about their morning ministrations, and all through the period of family prayers he is filled with pharisaical pride that he is not as other men whom the prayer bell sometimes catcheth at their toilette. That he makes any use of the hours so gained is in general pure fiction. But even if he does, what then? He adds to his day very much after the fashion of the man who tried to lengthen his blanket by sewing on to the top what he cut off from the bottom. He is very brisk, not to say arrogant, in the morning, but he is useless for all social purposes in the evening. Drowsy after dinner, torpid after tea, he hibernates like a bear during the sociable season ushered in by the candles, and is most lifeless when civilized man enjoys life most. But even in that abject condition he finds something to brag of; for, with an insolent yawn, as he takes his bedroom candle, he reminds us that he was up four hours before any of us were stirring.

The cardinal virtues, it may be observed, very often have minor virtues attached to them which play a part something like that of the tender to a man-of-war. The cardinal virtue is too mighty, stately, and imposing an affair to be put in motion on every trifling occasion. It lies at anchor for the most part, reserved for great emergencies, while certain little minor virtues in attendance on it are constantly on the move, keeping up its connection with humanity. Benevolence, for example, can not be always brought into action in the intercourse of every-day life. You are bound to have benevolence ready at the service of your fellow-creatures, but you can not be benevolent to your neighbor at dinner or to the man next you in a railway carriage. Under such circumstances you must be content to allow the work of benevolence to be done by some such little virtue as sociability. Unfortunately, however, the tender in this case is very apt to forget its subordinate position, and give itself all the airs of a first-rate, and then the minor virtue becomes distinctly objectionable. There are few greater social nuisances than the man who plumes himself upon his sociability, and makes a sacred duty of talk. He is a sort of human sparrow, a bird from whom you get neither song nor silence. To keep up a perpetual game of verbal shuttlecock (which he calls conversation) is with him a condition of existence.

Akin to the sociable talker is the "good correspondent," as he calls himself. As the former piques himself upon his readiness to chatter with any one he comes across, and his ability to keep up chatter for any length of time, so the latter prides himself upon a faculty for spinning letters out of nothing for the purpose of laying distant friends under an obligation. Both are firmly convinced that they are most meritorious persons and undeniable benefactors to their species, and both consider you a very defective character if you do not fully reciprocate their attentions. We may be excused, however, if we doubt the validity of their claims. If the chatterer is a sociable being, it is simply because he is afflicted with an incontinence of words and a penury of ideas; and as for the good correspondent, his goodness is chiefly due to the fact that time hangs heavy on his hands, and that he is sorely put to it to find something to do.

This is what makes the minor virtues so aggravating. It is bad enough to be crowed over by any one, but to be crowed over by people whose coign of vantage is the possession of an entirely negative character is what flesh and blood can not help resenting; and it is on these grounds that we hold that society has a right to resist their pretensions. We do not question the virtue itself. We say to them: sociability is very desirable; punctuality, orderly habits, love of cleanliness, all these are excellent things; and there is even a good deal to be said for early rising in moderation. But what we do not admit is your right to give yourselves those airs of superiority which you are so fond of assuming. Be as punctual as you like, get up at any hour you choose, cultivate the art of writing long letters about nothing as much as you please, but don't call upon us to admire you as model characters on the score of these virtues, for we don't!

HOW TO LIVE WELL IN PARIS.

THERE is one piece of advice which all those who sojourn in Paris beyond a few days ought to observe if they want to dine well and be well waited on. It is this. So soon as you have found a restaurant that you like—a house where the cookery suits you, the wine is good, the waiters not too radical, and the prices in accordance with your means—stick to it. Be not fickle or wandering in your attentions to the eating establishments, but having selected your grazing ground, be not tempted, save on rare exceptions, to roam into other meadows, no matter how green may be the grass, or how clear the brook. This is the grand secret of living well in Paris. When you have been some half dozen times to the same house the master of the establishment begins to look upon you as an acquaintance; after a fortnight of breakfasting and dining in the same place you are numbered among his friends; and if you go there regularly for a month he regards you as an *habitué*, a being

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Fig. 1.—JAPANESE FOULARD DRESS.—FRONT.

Fig. 2.—JAPANESE FOULARD DRESS.—BACK.

that to him is something very little lower than an angel. Once you become wedded to the house, there is no little comfort within its limits that you may not command. The waiter becomes less republican in his manners. The freshest of the morning's fish, the best of the day's meat, the choicest of the cellar's wine, will be recommended to you. Your favorite newspaper will be found by the side of your plate at breakfast; the warmest-placed table will be reserved for you in winter, and the coolest-situated one in summer will be tabooed to others, until, your usual hour being long past, the people of the establishment begin to think you are not coming that day. You will eat partridges when others have to put up with fowl for their roast; will be told when the first quails of the season find their way to the larder, and will have twenty-four hours' notice of the first asparagus being brought from the market. To a Parisian restaurant *un habitué de la maison* is a sacred being, and one to whose comfort every thing and every body must give way. The longer you frequent the house, the better you will be treated. There was once a French gentleman who for twenty odd years of his life had breakfasted and dined every day at a restaurant in the Rue de Bac—one of the houses burned down in May, 1871, by the amiable patriots of the Commune. After frequenting this restaurant for nearly a quarter of a century the *habitué* came to grief in money-matters. He wished for the future to eat at a less expensive establishment, and told his host so. But the latter would not hear of his leaving. To lose an *habitué*, he said, would be a lasting dishonor to his house; and so he insisted upon his customer remaining, eating and drinking of the best in the establishment, and only paying as much for his meals as they would have cost at the cheapest *gargote*. And this singular arrangement continued for ten years, until the *habitué* had to leave Paris for another world. When he was buried at Père la Chaise the master of the restaurant made the usual speech over the grave; and to this day he and madame boast that they once had an *habitué* who for thirty-five years of his life ate and drank at their establishment, and only left them to go to where there was neither dining nor giving of dinners, and where even the *chef* of a Paris restaurant may repose in peace.

Japanese Foulard Dress, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS dress is made of écru Japanese foulard, and consists of a skirt and polonaise. The fronts of the skirt and the underlapping fronts of the polonaise are covered with kilt pleating of the material. The back breadths of the skirt are trimmed with a pleated flounce of the material. The trimming for the polonaise consists of a fichu-collar and folds of olive green foulard, which are ornamented in a Greek design, with black satin beads, as shown by the illustrations.

BARATHEA BASQUINE.

Barathea Basquine.

THIS black barathea basquine is lined with lustring. The trimming consists of folds of black gros grain, black silk fringe, and bows and rosettes of black gros grain ribbon. The basquine is furnished with hooks and eyes for closing.

Écru Poplin Walking Suit.

THIS suit is made of écru poplin. The skirt is kilt-pleated, as shown by the illustration. The trimming for the overskirt and basque consists of folds and bows of dark brown gros grain and crimped light brown silk fringe. The vest fronts of the basque are of light brown gros grain, and are furnished with buttons and silk cord. Hooks and eyes serve for closing the basque. English straw hat, trimmed with a gauze veil and ostrich feathers.

TINTS IN WATER.

SPEAKING of the beautiful tints observed in water, Professor Tyndall says: "The green color is, I think, correctly accounted for in *Hours of Exercise in the Alps*. In crossing the Atlantic I had frequent opportunities of testing the explanation there given. Looked straight down upon, there are portions of the ocean to which we should hardly ascribe a trace of blue: at the most a hint of indigo reaches the eye. The water, indeed, is practically black, and this is an indication both of its depth and its freedom from mechanically suspended matter. In small thicknesses water is sensibly transparent to all kinds of light; but as the thickness increases the rays of low refrangibility are first absorbed, and after them the other rays. Where, therefore, the water is very deep and very pure, all the colors are absorbed, and such water ought to appear black, as no light is sent from its interior to the eye. The approximation of the Atlantic Ocean to this condition is an indication of its extreme purity. Throw a white pebble into such water; as it sinks it becomes greener and greener, and before it disappears it reaches a vivid blue-green. Break such a pebble into fragments, each of these will behave like the unbroken mass; grind the pebble to powder, every particle will yield

ÉCRU POPLIN WALKING SUIT.

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its modicum of green; and if the particles be so fine as to remain suspended in the water, the scattered light will be a uniform green. Hence the greenness of shoal water. You go to bed with the black Atlantic around you; you rise in the morning, and find it a vivid green; and you correctly infer that you are crossing the Banks of Newfoundland. Such water is found charged with fine matter in a state of mechanical suspension. The light from the bottom may sometimes come into play, but it is not necessary. A storm can render the water muddy by rendering the particles too numerous and gross."

THE GYPSY'S LOVE.

By KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

Nay, pale trifler, I have you fast!
So! there was guile in that glance of the dove's?
Lukewarm blood! will you learn at last
What is the way the Gypsy loves?

One hand to hold you, in spite of you,
As soft—and as fast—as your silken glove;
And the other to stab my rival through!
That is the way of the Gypsy's love!

A passion as hot for either part
As the hell below or the heavens above;
A kiss for your lips, or a knife for your heart!
Now do you know it, the Gypsy's love?

L. H.: THE STORY OF A RING.

PRELUDE.

"*September* 13, 18—.

"MY DEAR NELLY,—Such a strange thing has happened to me. You know I have always been waiting for a romance, and at last I believe I have found it.

"Frank and Isabelle are spending these last summer days in a tumble-down little cottage far away in the woods. Our household is reduced to the smallest possible size. Indeed, I tell Isabelle that I am asked here as a cook—an idea which she scorns, and at once asks me to peel the potatoes.

"I feel like the Pilgrim Fathers, or Juan Fernandez, or somebody of that sort; for not a house is in sight, and we are in a wilderness of forest. The sea is two miles away, and last week we spent a day on the shore. It is down on the maps as 'Ipsequoi Shoals,' and I suppose it is because of the shoals that the place is so desolate, and nobody but the Ipsequoi Indians and a stray woodman or two ever lived here. They are all gone now.

"I never saw any thing so grand as the rocks, with the surf pouring over them. I climbed about and amused myself like a child, digging in the sand, making wells and fortresses for the sea to wash away, and in the midst of this play my eyes were attracted by something shining very brightly.

"It was a ring!

"I felt almost afraid at first, and thought to see the genius arise with smoke and a hoarse voice, saying, 'I am the slave of the ring, and I serve those who wear it.' But he didn't appear, so I examined the ring. It bears my own initials, 'L. H.' cut in a deep blue sapphire, and set in heavy gold. Within the circle of the gold I can just distinguish a date, '1620.'

"Frank, of course, could give no explanation, and only promised to advertise the discovery. 'And if we can find no owner, Lou, keep the ring for seven years, and then return it to Neptune.' So he advises me. The fact of my initials being cut in the stone does not affect him. Men are so prosaic. I am all excitement, and can not but wonder and speculate about it. Who was the other 'L. H.?' and the mystery of all, how did it come to this lonely shore? I am forever thinking of Sir Patrick Spurs, with the Scotch lords at his feet.

"Good-by now. We shall strike our tent here in another week, and be in Beacon Street by the 25th. Always your loving

"LOUISE HARLEY."

I.

Who would now recognize Ipsequoi Shoals? No longer the melancholy wilderness of barren rock and sand, but a magnificent watering-place called "Ocean Town."

Somebody, with a business eye for beauty, saw the wonderful natural resources of this waste, and at once conceived the bold idea of building a hotel that should outrival all other hotels, and should monopolize the pleasure-seeking populace.

Among the crowd of summer guests at the "Pavilion" were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Newman, with their two little girls and a cousin, Miss Harley. She was fair and lovely. Her face full, with a delicate chin, and great round hazel eyes that had a sort of trusting surprise and a twinkle of fun in them. She was possessed of a most gentle, affectionate nature. She was neither cold nor unsympathetic; but she had never fallen in love, nor had any lover excited in her heart the least throb of answering admiration.

"Oh, Lou," said Mrs. Newman, "I can't understand it of you. You are so nice, and yet I think you will never marry. Of course I never really loved any body but Frank; but before I was engaged I had imagined myself desperately in love at least three times. I have never heard you say that you even admired any body."

"Nonsense; yes, you have, Belle. I am sure I admired that Mr. Magraggett intensely. Don't you remember how he brought me all the trout he caught that summer at Conway, and how you always ate them? Of course I admired him; but it is perfectly true that I have never admired any one enough to marry him, even though he should offer me every thing he could catch in the world."

"Of course I like to think that you will always be with us, but still I do wish sometimes—"

Lou burst out laughing at the doleful expression of her cousin's face.

"I am twenty-six, and I do not feel as romantic as I did at nineteen. I am very happy now as an old maid; and when I become too decrepit to be longer an ornament to society, then Bessie will take care of me. Won't you, Bess, take care of Lou when she is old?"

Louise caught up the little white rolly-poly girl, who was tumbling about the floor with a Spitz dog as round and white as herself, and made her say "yes" very solemnly.

Miss Harley was the chosen companion of half the children who knew her. She had a remarkable attraction for boys of the hobbledehoy development, who are always in somebody's way, who play ball and shout when they shouldn't, who have dirty hands and muddy boots, who fall out of trees and off docks, who are forever being repressed, but never depressed. I have seen Louise climbing over the rocks with a troupe of these fellows following, talking to them, keeping them out of mischief by the hour. She would come home with her hands full of sea-weeds and queer shells and pebbles, interested and excited as though her afternoon had been spent in the most charming society.

One day it had been raining, showers alternating with sea-fog, and the little people in the house were becoming unmanageable, having nothing to do, poor things. In truth, every body felt gray and despondent, for thick fogs are dampening to the spirits as well as to the salt.

Finally came Lou Harley, like an angel of mercy, and gathered some of the most noisy and fretful children to a corner of the long hall near the staircase. She sat down on a low seat, while her little audience ranged itself near, and she told them a wonderful story of giants and fairies, caps of darkness and purses of plenty. The children were open-mouthed with interest as her clear voice went on with the romance.

"And just then," she said, "there was a loud strain of music, and suddenly the fairy prince appeared, all dressed in gold and scarlet."

The three little girls who were sitting on the second step of the stairs had to jump up to let somebody pass. As the stranger followed the servant to his room, he half turned and looked for a moment at the group in the hall below.

Two hours afterward Mrs. Newman and Louise were standing together by one of the great windows that look toward the sea. The rain was over, and the rays of the setting sun were dividing the mist into fantastic shapes, and tingeing the waves as the fog rose and cleared away.

"We have been so surprised," Mrs. Newman said. "Last week we heard that Uncle Scott's partner had come from London, and behold Lawrence Osborne arrived here to-day with letters and messages from all our English cousins. I saw him in London years ago, but should not recognize him now. Frank is delighted with him. Oh, where is Frank, and why don't he come?" and at that moment Mr. Newman appeared, with "Mr. Osborne, of London."

Lawrence Osborne was a man of perhaps thirty-five years. He was tall, with high, square shoulders. His hair was black, and his eyes were blue. His features were finely cut, and almost Grecian in their perfection, except that the face was a trifle too short. He wore no beard, so that a noble chin, and a mouth whose smile made you smile in return, were not hidden.

Most of Miss Harley's days were spent out on the shore; sometimes alone, more often accompanied by three or four of her very youthful admirers, who were always making heavy but valueless collections of stones and mosses for her acceptance. She used to give them lectures out there on the rocks, with illustrations from nature; and one day as she was bending over a pool that the retreating tide had left in one of the great boulders, and explaining something to the boys, a shadow fell before her, and Mr. Osborne's voice asked,

"May I be a 'boy again,' and listen to Miss Harley?"

For a moment she blushed, and lifting her head, pushed back the soft brown hair with her wet hands. Then she laughed, and said, very sweetly,

"Oh yes, if you like. I am only telling them about sea-anemones. There are so many among these rocks. But you must be very quiet, and not interrupt," she added, smiling; and in a moment was talking as easily as before.

"Are not those nice boys?" asked Miss Harley, as they hastened up the cliff after her little audience, who had scattered at the sound of the dinner-bell.

"They are always interesting, I think, and especially American boys. They have such active minds; and the constant intercourse they are allowed with older people gives great chance for development. English boys are so shut away from their parents, and when they leave the nursery are so often sent from home, that, until they cease to be children, one can scarcely know them. Afterward— But you know I am an Englishman, Miss Harley; perhaps I should not speak."

"But you have paid a compliment to American boys," she answered, laughing, "and you can not take it back again."

II.

As the summer days went on, Mrs. Newman watched with interest the friendship between their English friend and Miss Harley. Isabelle felt sure that she could read more than mere admiration in Osborne's quiet attentions; but Louise completely baffled her; for she treated him with a dignified cordiality that was too kind, Mrs. Newman thought, to mean other than indifference, but that still seemed to give Osborne hope.

"Lou, bring your sketching-block, and come," cried Isabelle, one morning, putting her head, bright with its red-plumed hat, in at Miss Harley's door. "Frank and I are going away off on the beach, and there is an old tree I want you to do for me."

Frank and his wife were like children, skipping over the rocks, hand in hand, and singing together snatches of all the tunes in the world. Louise followed, laughing at them and their antics; while Mr. Osborne and Bertie Wingate—a lad who had begged to accompany Miss Harley—made short excursions on side paths, bringing back spoils of deserted birds' nests and queer lichens.

"There!" exclaimed Isabelle, stopping short in the midst of a wonderful roulade she was trying to execute; "there's my tree, Lou."

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch," said Frank, with dramatic voice. "Ah, but that is fine, Belle."

From the point where they were standing the ground rose and formed a sort of promontory jutting out to a reef in the sea. The entire base was of red sandstone, broken and worn into rugged shape; and above, ghostly and desolate, was a great pine-tree, still defiant, standing there to fight against the storms of that wild coast.

"Poor, deserted, proud old tree. It has such a lonely, tragic look, holding out its weird gray arms to invite the wind to battle. I must find a better position than this—out on the rocks, perhaps. Oh, Belle, I hope I can get a good sketch of it."

"Miss Harley," called Osborne's voice, "here's just the place for you. 'Come where glory waits thee,'" he sang.

Then they saw the Englishman standing on a great round stone that he had mounted. All the afternoon he had carried Mrs. Newman's scarlet shawl over his shoulder, as a Highlander wears his plaid. Now he unfolded it, holding one end in his hand, while the wind blew the heavy folds about his feet. Behind him the sun was sparkling on the waves like gold dollars tumbling and bobbing about.

"Oh, Miss Harley!" cried Bertie Wingate, "he makes me think of the fairy prince you told us about, dressed in scarlet and gold. Don't you remember?"

Mr. Osborne spread the scarlet mantle on the stones—for a throne, he said—and Louise was comfortably installed with her drawing things, Bertie being perched on a high rock above to criticise her work, while Lawrence took up his station near at hand. He was half reclining in the shadow of a great boulder, and lazily watching a ship that rocked on the ocean. Sometimes his eyes turned for a moment toward Lou's eager face; but she was either bending over her drawing, or looking intently at the tree. She had forgotten all about his presence, so engrossed was she with her drawing; and for a long time they were both still, when suddenly on the wind from a distance came the Newmans' voices, singing the "Non ti scordar di mi," and she saw her cousins a long way off, apparently standing in the ocean. For a moment a thrill of apprehension passed over her.

"Mr. Osborne!" she called.

"Here I am," he answered, quietly.

She started, not thinking him so near.

"Do you see what has become of my crazy cousins? I am afraid the tide has overtaken them, and they can not get back. Are they safe?"

"Perfectly safe. I have been watching them. They have almost reached the end of the reef, and the tide is going out, Miss Harley." He looked up with a smile, and she began to laugh at her ridiculous fear.

"I had not been thinking of them, and certainly never imagined them walking about on the waves."

"How do you succeed with the picture?"

"Oh, pretty well. It is not finished yet, though." And then she saw a pencil in his hand. "Have you made a sketch too?"

"Yes; after a fashion, that is. Will you let me show it to you?"

"May I see it? But that is only fair, for you may see mine in return."

"It is only a fancy that I have had for some time, though I have never tried till now to express it. Its sole merit is the thought that prompted it. Will you promise to look at it carefully but not critically?" he asked.

"Yes, certainly," she said; "I will look at it with eyes closed to its faults by special request." Then as she looked at him, smiling, she saw on his face an almost solemn expression that forbade her merriment. He put something on her drawing-case, and turned, jumping over the rocks, away toward the Newmans.

"Bertie!" he called, "come here."

"That's not a picture," said Bertie, as he ran after his friend.

"What nonsense!" soliloquized Miss Harley, glancing at the paper. "I thought he had been drawing. I had no idea that he was a poet. Does he ever sketch, I wonder?"

Then she read these lines, written roughly in pencil:

"As one who in his prayers adores
Some sculptured saint in pious niche
(The while through painted windows pours
The sun in radiance rich,
And casts on all within those walls
A holy color pure and free)
Upon his knees devoutly falls,
In deep humility,
So I, when gazing on thy face,
Dare not in thought aspire to thee,
But only hope thy saintly grace
May sometimes rest on me."

She folded it up and put it in the pocket of her drawing-book, then finished the tree.

In a moment they all came back to where Louise was sitting. Frank and Isabelle praised her work, but Lawrence staid at a little distance and said nothing, till Belle, wondering, asked, "May not Mr. Osborne see the sketch?"

"Certainly," said Miss Harley, handing the book to her cousin, as she rose and gathered up the red shawl.

Mr. Osborne just glanced at it, and said, "Ah, yes; very nice indeed," with the most inscrutable face. He walked by Mrs. Newman's side all the way back to the hotel. He saw Miss Harley only for a few moments afterward, as they were standing in a little crowd of people on the piazza. Early the next morning he was off with a yachting party, bound for a week's cruise along the coast; and poor Belle, who was certain that something had happened to change the even tenor of their ways, could only wait for the *dénouement* of the romance till the hero should return, and the principal actors be again upon the scene.

Louise Harley was rather glad than otherwise at Osborne's absence. She was obliged to own to herself that things were not with her as they had been before that day on the rocks. It was not the rhyming verses that had worked the difference, but she had been startled from her pleasant dream of friendship. "It's not very good poetry, and is a little mixed as to the sunlight and the young man's knees, but there is a pretty sentiment in it. I think Belle would like to see it."

She took the sheet of paper and tore it half across, and then as suddenly threw it into her desk and turned the key, as Mrs. Newman entered the room.

"It is all arranged, Lou dear. For the grand finale we are going to the old place in the woods, and to that beach where you found the ring. Do you remember? I wish that Lawrence Osborne may get back in time; it will not be half so nice without him. Do not you think he is very interesting?"

Belle was so frightened at her own temerity in thus trying to probe her cousin's feelings that she scarcely heard Lou's quiet "Yes, I like him extremely, except that I think he is rather—rather—" And then Miss Harley blushed a rosy red as she glanced toward her writing-desk.

"Lou, truly tell me, do you think you could like him—very much, I mean? Oh, my dear, I think he is lovely; and you know I love you better than any body, except Frank and the children; and if you—"

Miss Harley just laid her hands on Mrs. Newman's shoulders.

"Isabelle," she said, very solemnly, so solemnly that the quick tears came to her cousin's eyes—for Belle always cried when she was excited—"Isabelle, I declare I have never liked any one in that way. Don't bother me again. I was not meant to be the 'dearest partner of any body's joys and woes,' as Becky Sharp called poor Rawdon."

Late that evening Miss Harley was standing by one of the pillars of the great piazza. From the ball-room within came sounds of music and dancing. At the other end of the porch two figures were walking—a girl wrapped all in a soft gauzy mantle, with her lover beside her. Louise was alone, and the moonlight shone full upon her white dress, and lay in a bright pathway across the lawn, out over the sea. She was dreaming; and singing softly, under her breath, she stretched her arms out toward the soft south wind that blew over the water. The music from within clashed loud; then some one stood beside her, and turning, she saw Lawrence Osborne. She had thought him at sea with the yachts, and as he came quietly to her side she gave a little cry; she had been staring at the moonlight till her eyes were dazzled, and he looked unreal in the white, still radiance.

"I thought you were dead. I thought I saw your ghost." Then she blushed, and held out her hand to greet him. "I am very glad you have come home," she said.

"I have come home," he repeated, gently; and then, looking at her, he turned his back to the moon, and his handsome face became dark in the shadow.

"Do you indeed think it is possible for us to know by supernatural means of a friend's departure from this life?"

"I can imagine it. Ah, yes, it must be true. I should know if—" Then she stopped, thinking of his ghost the moment before.

"That knowledge could be only between very dear friends. I too can believe it where there has been a perfect love."

"Look!" whispered Louise; and then silence fell upon them, as out of the night a white-sailed ship glided across the track of the moon, mystical and still and dazzling bright for a moment, fading away and departing as she entered the darkness again.

A clock somewhere struck twelve, and the dancers came out to look at the beauty of the night. Miss Harley moved toward the door.

"Surely neither of us is Cinderella. Let me tell you how glad I am of the storm that overtook us in the yacht, and brought me home in time for to-morrow's ride. That ill wind blew me good fortune. When shall the horses be here, Miss Harley? You will let me be your cavalier?"

"A preux chevalier," she answered, laughing. "I think every body is to be off by twelve o'clock; let us say a quarter before. That will give me time to keep the horses waiting. I hope we shall have bright weather. Good-night!"

III.

A glorious day—the air fresh and crisp, the sea a sparkling blue.

"Just the day we prayed for, Miss Harley!" said Osborne, as he lifted her into the saddle at precisely five minutes before twelve.

Frank and Isabelle were mounted and riding about, marshaling the forces, and making ready for the start.

They rode all the afternoon through a land of forest, with here and there a track of charred

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and blackened trunks, where fire had passed the year before.

Late in the day they reached the desolate shore where they were to halt for a little time. The woods came down almost to the sand, and the girls, with their long gowns kilted up like Leezy Lindsay's in the song, went wandering about, adorning themselves with bright leaves and berries.

"What a melancholy place!" cried Charlotte Miller. "Were *any* of you *ever* here before to-day *really?*"

"I know this part of the coast only too well, Miss Miller," said Osborne. "I was here just seven years ago, and met with a rather unkind fortune too."

"An adventure! What was it? How delightful!"

"No, not very delightful, but tragic, on the contrary. I lost just here a curious and valuable ring. There was a romantic story connected with it that you might like to hear."

Louise Harley was on the grass, leaning against a fallen tree trunk. She had taken off her hat, with its long feather, and thrown it and her riding-gloves on the ground beside her. As she heard Mr. Osborne's words, the quick color came into her face.

Frank and Isabelle exchanged smiling glances, tempered by a frown on his wife's part that told Mr. Newman he must be silent on the ring question.

"Oh, tell us the romance, pray, Mr. Osborne, while we are waiting here," cried Charlotte, in a youthful and impetuous manner.

"With pleasure, if Mrs. Newman allows me to do it."

Isabelle nodded her approval, and he began the little history.

"Long ago, in the days of the Puritans, one of my great-grandfathers lived, and was called Lawrence Haresdale. A Cavalier, a man of rank and political consequence, he had fallen in love with the daughter of a psalm-singing Puritan blacksmith. At this time the universal opprobrium lavished upon the sect was so terrible as to make it almost dangerous for my grandfather to take off his hat to Love Hapgood when he passed her in the street, and, of course, under such circumstances, there could be no betrothal between them. But still the story says that, on her twentieth birthday, he declared to her his love and gave her a ring, which she swore to keep till the day of her death. When the *Mayflower* set sail from Southampton, in 1620, as you all know, Love Hapgood stood upon the deck beside her father, the blacksmith—two devotees, whose way was only lit by faith, seeking the unknown land of freedom. And as the little vessel sailed away, she, standing in the high clumsy stern, held her hand out toward the shore, and the ring sparkled and flashed so that a Cavalier who had come down to the shore, hoping at the last moment to turn the purpose of the girl he loved, saw the white hand stretched toward him in farewell, and the token that he had placed upon her finger. And then gradually her form grew dim in the fading light, and Lawrence turned back toward London, a sad and lonely man. He never saw her again; but after many years, when the American colonists had gained a sure home in the new country, and Haresdale was an old man, married to the Lady Sarah Edgarton, then the ring came to him again, and he knew that his first love was dead, and that she had never forgotten him. She had married, too, and had been an industrious, sad woman, severe and hard: yet think of the romance and sorrow which she had known, and of which that ring was always a sign! It was a sapphire, cut with the initials of the two lovers, L. H., and the date marked within the circle. It has been regarded as a sort of talisman in our family since then, and has been handed down from father to son until my time, when it came to me as my grandfather's heir."

Mr. Osborne finished the story, and Miss Harley rose quietly and walked away into the woods. That morning she had put on the sapphire ring, with a romantic fancy that she would wear it once more in the place where it had first come to her. She knew now that the jewel belonged to Lawrence Haresdale Osborne, and only one thought had possession of her mind—the ring must be given to its rightful owner.

Louise was wandering among the trees, treading the dry, brown leaves beneath her feet with a pleasant, crackling sound as she went. Then a footstep followed, and Lawrence Osborne's voice said,

"I am glad to see you are not fatigued after the long ride."

"No, I am not tired, and if I were, this walking is so pleasant. Mr. Osborne—" She stopped short. The ring on her finger seemed to burn; she must give it to him at once, without a moment's indecision. He waited for her to speak.

"I have your ring."

"My ring! I do not understand."

"The old seal. I found it seven years ago." She spoke excitedly, and pulled off her riding-gloves. "See! it is yours," she cried. Her hands were trembling, and the ring did not come off easily.

Lawrence was looking at her with his steady eyes. Suddenly he took her hands in his and held them tight.

"Do you think I want it?" he asked. "Oh, Louise, will you not wear my ring?—for I love you."

"It is yours," she said again.

"Not in that way. Not unless you too are mine. It is a sign to you. My beloved, all my heart is yours!"

It was growing dark, the picnic tea was over, and every body, tired out with the day's search after happiness, was glad to turn homeward.

"Where is Lou Harley?" called Isabelle.

"Here," answered a voice. She was already mounted, and waiting at a little distance. Beside her horse stood a riderless steed, whose bridle rein she also held.

Lawrence came to Isabelle's side. "Mrs. Newman," he said, "I have found my ring."

She held out her hands to him. "Have you nothing else to tell me?"

"Ask Louise," he answered, smiling. "But she surely can not mind my telling you how happy I am."

"So am I. Bless you both!"

Then he mounted his horse, and Louise and he rode home through the quiet evening.

"Lawrence, I never thought to marry an Englishman."

"Nor I an American; but we couldn't help ourselves; it was preordained," he said, laughing.

"Don't laugh, for do you know there is something solemn about it all? You said that our ring first belonged to Love Hapgood. Lawrence, she was afterward Love Harley, and she was the first of our family here. Do you see how strange it is?"

He looked at her, and saw how full of feeling her sweet face had become.

"My darling," he said, "please Heaven, nothing shall part thee and me."

THE MYTH OF ROBIN HOOD.

WE doubt whether ordinary readers have seriously thought of the contradictions involved in the ordinary stories respecting Robin Hood. Let us state a few. First, as to the time in which he lived. He is placed in three successive centuries. According to the common theory, which considers him a Saxon outlaw, he lived at the time of the Conquest. "About this time (1189–99), as I conjectured," writes Mair, a Scottish historian, "the notorious robbers, Robert Hood, of England, and Little John, lurked in the woods, spoiling the goods only of rich men." This account is repeated by Stow and Holinshed. Charles Knight and others regard the hero as one of the adherents of Simon de Montfort. Fordun is quoted as an authority. His *Scotochronicon* was written between 1377 and 1384, and received large interpolations from his pupil, Boner, Abbot of Columba. The account of Robin Hood is one of these interpolations. It reads: "At this time (1266), from the number of those who had been deprived of their estates, arose the celebrated bandit, Robert Hood (with Little John and their accomplices), whose achievements the foolish vulgar delight to celebrate in comedies and tragedies, while the ballads upon his adventures sung by the jesters and minstrels are preferred to all others." The Rev. John Hunter carries the hero into the following century. In 1322 Edward III. suppressed an insurrection in Yorkshire, and he conjectures that Robin Hood was one of the rebellious band who took to the woods of Sherwood and Barnsdale. An old black-letter legend represents Robin as pardoned by the king and taken to court. In certain Exchequer accounts for 1324–25 Robert Hood is spoken of as one of the "porters of the chambers." The Robin Hood of the ballads is buried at Brickless, in Scotland, and Kirklees, in Yorkshire: Little John dies in Dublin, at Hathensaye, in Derbyshire, and at Pelte, in Murranland, where Hector Boece, a Scottish chronicler, professes to have seen his bones. Neither of the three accounts we have mentioned is attested by good authorities. The Saxon chronicle makes no mention of Robin Hood. The ballads about the De Montfort rebellion do not refer to him, but lament that the times are sad; and one written shortly after Evesham runs,

> "No good, I ween, of late is seen
> By earl or baron done;
> Nor knight nor squire to fame aspire,
> Or dare disgrace to shun."

This plaint would have been impossible had Boner been correct. Further, a local historian who wrote during Edward the Third's time in Leicester Abbey—Henry of Knighton—has not a word respecting Mr. Hunter's hero.

The conclusion is forced upon us that all the supposed facts in the chronicles where Robin is mentioned were derived from the ballads. This fact seems incontestable, and Boner gives us a hint of the process of manufacture—first ballads, then "gestes," and then history. Nearly every wood in earlier times had its outlawed hero, and it was easy to clothe them with romantic qualities. Even France had its Robin de Bois, a child's bugbear.

However, to the ballads. Robin Hood, William Cloudesly, Adam Bell, and Clym of the Clough all belong to the same cycle. The famous shot attributed to the second is also attributed to Woden, and the key is a strange one. We use it, and it opens a new land. Woden, the Teutonic god, was the symbol of spring and victory. Now all the Robin Hood ballads mostly begin with a description of spring, or the month of May, and in the oldest celebrations of May-day—such as that of Helston, in Cornwall, which has puzzled the antiquaries—Robin Hood is introduced, and the "Hal-and-tow" party, as they dance through the main street and in and out of gentlemen's houses, sing a ditty about Robin Hood and Little John. The connection between May and the forest hero is thus doubly established—by the ballads and by popular celebrations. In some of the May pageants a horse and man are introduced, the rider carrying a bow and arrow. This is common in Germany, and the rider is always called Rupert, or Robert. The ceremony of the horse is known as a *hovdening*, the horse being the *hovden*. In Kent hovden is pronounced *wovden*. Now, in old mythology the sun is frequently spoken of as a horse, especially the rising sun, and one of the Vedic hymns addresses it wholly under this image.

We have thus in the legend of Robin Hood a pretty myth. The May games were common in pagan times. Woden was the horse, the sun god, the victor of winter, swift and strong, and the sheath of arrows represented his fierce, far-darting beams. The man who mimicked him was called Robert, in common parlance. The transformation of Woden into *wovden*, and wovden into *wood*, was not difficult, and thus the way was open for connecting the name with any hero whose existence would be acceptable to popular feeling. Spring conquered winter, and why should not Robin Hood hold out against William, the Saxon against the Norman, the forester against the soldier? But most likely there were Robin Hood ballads of a much more simple and antiquated form than those now preserved, and linking Saxon to Teuton, paganism to Christianity, and a realm of dim fiction to one of hard reality and cruel strife.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

"OLD PROBABILITIES"—as our Signal Service is irreverently personified, in common parlance—is an individual of growing importance. His opinion is sought by old and young before engaging in the duties of each day, as well as upon special occasions. He kindly tells us whether to take an umbrella or an overcoat as we are about to leave home for any little trip. Generally we follow his advice, and find it good. Sometimes he makes a mistake—who, indeed, does not?—and then how people abuse him and laugh at him and accuse him of ignorance! Does any body learn every thing in a minute? Why not give him a little time? For though we call him "Old," "Probabilities" is very young. We do not now recall the exact date, but only a short time ago he made his public appearance as a daily contributor to numerous newspapers. He is never humorous or poetical, his contributions being purely didactic, and his style laconic. Sometimes "Old Probabilities" appears to be quite uncertain himself what meteorologic changes are to be apprehended; but this does not disconcert him in the least, as he then expresses his views in such terms as "partly clear or cloudy weather," "possibly local rains," "variable winds," etc., which are sure to be moderately correct in any event. Rarely, however, he makes any great error, though he seemed to have "missed a figure" somewhere in his reckoning about the middle of August, when he predicted for this section of country one day "cloudy weather, with occasional light local rain," and there came forthwith the heaviest storm of the season. For some days thereafter "Old Probabilities" kept saying "clearing and clear weather," but it did not come in these parts; it rained every day or every night, and when it was not rainy it was murky. So finally he settled down upon "threatening weather," which turned out "just so." In process of time we apprehend that our valued friend will give to the public such exact and extended details as to forth-coming weather that people can make their plans for voyages and travels, for business and pleasure, a week or two in advance, relying upon the infallibility of "Old Probabilities" in deciding various details.

At a recent meeting of the students of the Anderson School on Penikese Island, held in view of the fact that many were about to leave the school to return to their ordinary duties, a committee was appointed to draft a series of resolutions. These resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, recognized most gratefully the services of Professor and Mrs. Agassiz, and the instruction and assistance received from other professors, and from gentlemen who furnished instruments to be used in study. It is noticeable that the committee consisted of two gentlemen students and three ladies.

The heavy rain-storms in this section of country have thoroughly cleansed the streets of the large cities, and thus have proved a valuable sanitary agent.

Whatever causes may have produced the fire by which the ill-fated *Wawasset* was destroyed, and whether those in charge of her were in fault for the conflagration or not, it is clear that the unusual loss of life is directly due to the overcrowded condition of the boat. She was licensed to carry a limited number of passengers, but this number was far exceeded on the day of the calamity; hence every element of alarm and peril was heightened, and all the ordinary means of rescue were rendered inadequate. There can be no excuse for the master of a steamboat taking on board a greater number of passengers than the law allows. It is necessarily a willful offense, committed merely for the sake of gain. The most stringent penalties of the law should be rigidly enforced in all cases of overcrowding, whether disaster results or not.

Saratoga is to have another large hotel, to be erected near the white sulphur springs. This arrangement for increased accommodations must, indeed, be necessary if many of the visitors are accompanied by such an array of pets as one lady of whom we have heard. She has nine singing-birds, one parrot, one tame dove, one peacock, six dogs, nine cats (some of which are kittens), two squirrels, two gold-fish, three turtles, and a young alligator. Among the dogs is a black-and-tan, weighing only two and a half pounds, for which she paid $75. We are given to understand that the owner of this menagerie is only abiding at the springs for the season, but we are forced to believe that this is a mistake, and that she is a permanent resident.

A tract of land, including a fine grove, has been purchased at Old Orchard Beach, and laid out for a camp ground. The recent opening of the Boston and Maine Railroad through various sea-side towns has brought many hitherto quiet resorts into prominent notice. Old Orchard has one of the grandest beaches in the world, but we fear the quiet retirement of the place has passed away.

Too Soon, by Mrs. Macquoid, is an entertaining story for those who in their summer recreating desire some light reading. Moreover, scattered through the book there are bits of thought which are worth remembering after the mere incidents of the tale have passed out of mind. As specimens we quote:

"We seldom realize while we are young that we are living our life in each of those hours which we often leap over in imagination, so desirous are we of those ahead, which we fancy will be so much fuller of happiness. And yet to most of us the day, it may be the hour, in which we make our most important step comes to us unexpectedly, with no warning for the preparation which we should have thought necessary beforehand."

"Looks are wonderful things—telegrams of thought, except that instead of giving mere fragmentary corners of it, as any words would, they tell just the essence—that spirituality of feeling which can never be spoken, which the mere fact of shaping into words destroys, as exposure to the broad face of daylight evaporates the fungus we gather under-ground."

"'Aunt Sophy, do you think you could go on all your life eating mutton-chops every day for dinner? Frank is very nice and kind and good—why, he's excellent.' She gave a little weary sigh. 'I have known Frank ever since he was three; there's nothing to find out in him; I know his thoughts and ideas inside and outside too.'"

For ten years past an eccentric man has been living the life of a hermit on a lonely island in Moosehead Lake, Maine. In summer his house has been a large dry-goods box, in winter a hogshead. His food was such as he could find on the island, and he seemed happy. His friends, however, have succeeded in persuading him to return to civilized life.

Suitable nourishment for the dependent poor in severe sickness or in long-continued feebleness is something very difficult to obtain, as benevolent laborers are well aware. "The New York Diet Kitchen" is an organization to establish in each dispensary district a kitchen, to be in charge of an experienced matron. Proper food and delicacies for the sick will be well prepared, and sent out in generous portions by order of the visiting physician of the district.

It certainly seems strange to a reflective mind that the hottest weeks in all the year should be chosen for the heating amusement of racing and violent contests. It would naturally be supposed that people would prefer to keep the blood cool. But no: there are horse-races, boat-races, foot-races, and base-ball contests. We suppose this latter game must be very funny to the participants: knocks and bruises and wounds dwindle into insignificance compared with the brief glory to be won. But base-ball players certainly do not always present a comfortable appearance.

How comfortable for a young wife to feel that her husband is a bountiful provider, and that she will never want for the necessaries of life! A newly married man was recently directed by his wife to order some yeast, and not having a very well defined idea of yeast himself, he told the baker to send up a couple of dollars' worth. At nine o'clock next morning three men might have been seen tugging and sweating up the front stairs of that man's house with a cask of yeast.

A South Carolina journal discourses at some length upon "second love," in a quaint sort of way, being of the opinion that new things are not *always* the best—that "many a second-hand thing, although somewhat battered and bruised, is more highly prized than its tawdry, flashy neighbor, which will fall to pieces as soon as any strain is put upon it. There is," the writer goes on to say, "a Dora and an Agnes in well-nigh every life. Is the first novel, or the first song, or the first poem as likely to live as the ripe production of later years? Not it. There are men who became famous by a single speech, or by a single verse; so there are men, perhaps, who have had but one love. They are not many, and 'tis better so. The world would soon come to a stand-still without the help of second-hand swains!"

"The Tombs," the dark, damp, and gloomy prison of New York city, is to give place to a more wholesome building for the confinement of criminals. A site for a new prison has been selected on the block bounded by Canal, Bayard, Mott, and Elizabeth streets, and the work of building will soon be commenced. "The Tombs" is built on land which was once a marsh, which accounts for the great dampness of its walls.

Somebody who has been investigating matters by the aid of the census reports informs the public that an individual is six times as likely to kill himself as the lightning is to kill him. This is comforting to those who suffer fears of sudden death during every thunder-storm. This conclusion is drawn from the fact that in 1870 there were 1375 deaths by suicide, and only 202 by lightning. During the same year there were 397 deaths by sun-stroke, so that the sun itself is more to be feared than the fiery flash. Another singular circumstance is that of the 202 persons struck by lightning 148 were males, and only fifty-four females.

In olden times children were early taught that the instant they woke in the morning they must bounce out of bed, not waiting for a moment's consideration until they were safely landed on the floor. Some wide-awake children, whose eyes naturally opened with the coming dawn, could easily accomplish this feat; but alas for the poor little creatures who found it nearly impossible to shake off the drowsiness that pervaded their entire systems! In a pitiful state of semi-sleep they dragged themselves from bed and tried to dress. Those who retain vivid remembrances of such experiences of childhood will be gratified to know that Dr. Hall says that up to eighteen years every child should be allowed to rest in bed, after sleep is over, until they feel as if they had rather get up than not; that it is a very great mistake for persons, old or young—especially children and feeble or sedentary persons—to bounce out of bed the moment they wake up; that fifteen or twenty minutes spent in gradually waking up, after the eyes are opened, and in turning over and stretching the limbs, do as much good as sound sleep, because the operations set the blood in motion by degrees, tending to equalize the circulation; for during sleep the blood tends to stagnation, the heart beats feebly and slowly, and any shock to the system sending the blood in overwhelming quantities to the heart is the greatest absurdity.

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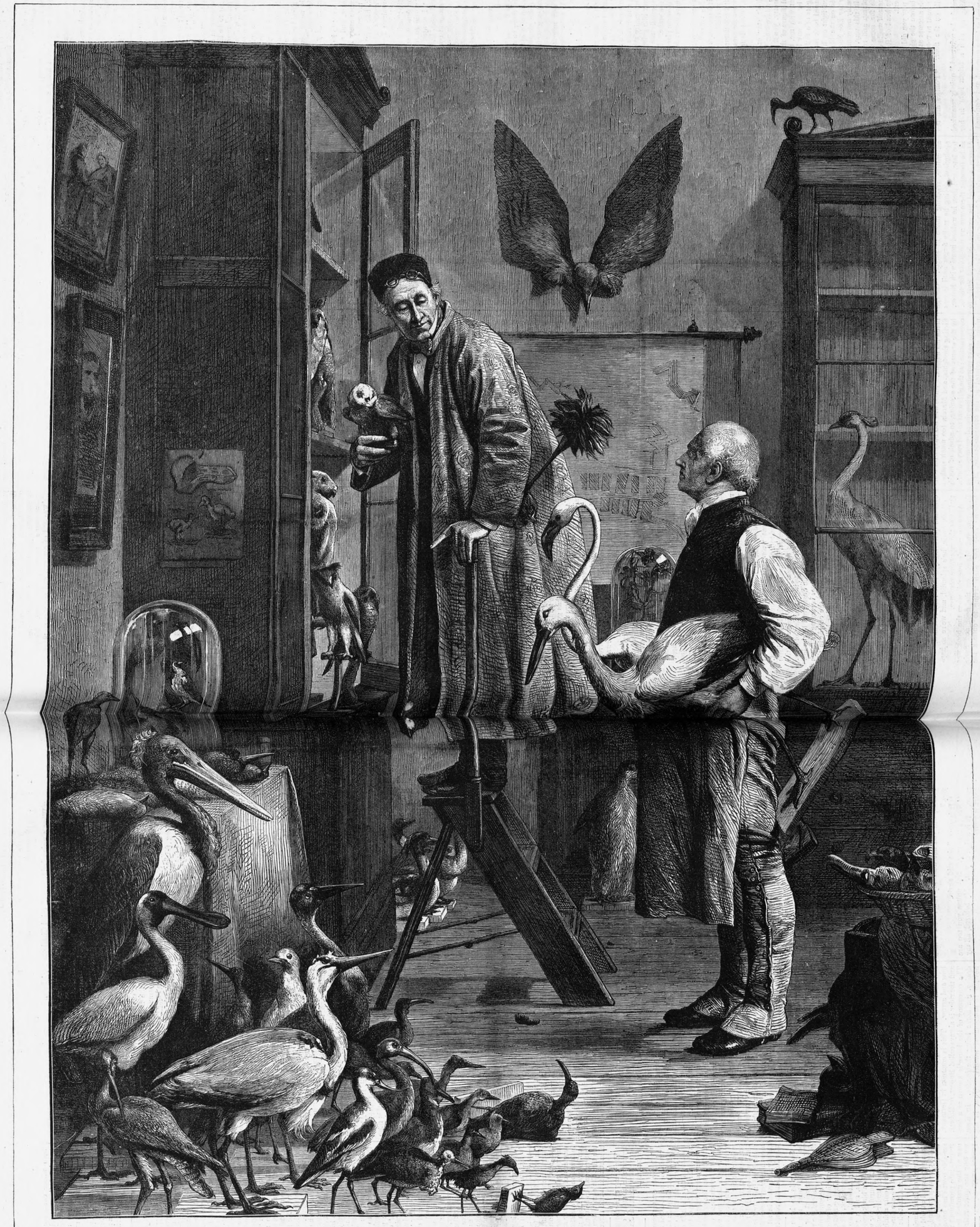

THE ORNITHOLOGIST.—[From the Picture by H. Stacey Marks, A.R.A., in the Royal Academy.]

THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

THIS picture has been one of the chief attractions of this year's exhibition of the London Royal Academy. Last season Mr. Marks excited general admiration by the minute Dutch-like treatment of his "Bookworm;" "The Ornithologist," however, even surpasses "The Bookworm." It is necessary to stand for some time in front of the picture before the eye can master a tithe of the innumerable details. It tells its own story. An old gentleman, evidently some *ancien militaire* with a taste for sport, has formed an ornithological museum—perhaps of specimens he himself has shot in days gone by—and is busy arranging, dusting, and rearranging his treasures with his old servant, evidently a faithful follower of his master's fortunes. The whimsical look of the man, as he stands at the foot of the steps with flamingo and stork under either arm, the intensely interested and anxious expression on the face of the master, are rendered to the life. Seldom also, even by the most exact Dutchman, has any thing been better painted than the bell-glass on the left, with its reflection of the window and its contents of bee-bird, oriole, and kingfisher. All around is one confused mass of plumage and brilliant color. Herons and penguins, kingfishers and storks, dead jays and cases of humming-birds, grave-looking owls and a heterogeneous flock of feathered kind, combine, with the soft and silvery light shed over the whole, to produce one of the most charming effects ever attained by a modern artist.

THE TALKATIVE MAN.

THE talkative man has not, as a rule, the ability to make either a good set speech or to write; so he adopts a middle course, and tries to talk. He is never content unless he is hearing his own voice and monopolizing the lion's share of any conversation in which he may be engaged. He is constantly hunting up jokes which somebody else has made, and retailing them as if they were his own whenever he is afforded the opportunity of doing so, while he positively revels in weak and utterly preposterous puns. These latter are of such a character that they unmistakably show that he is led to play upon words not because he can amuse his friends by doing so, but so that they may see and be led to appreciate his extraordinary talent. He generally speaks in a loud voice, so that every body may hear what he says. This is undoubtedly very kind of him, though those who are principally benefited are not slow to confess that a little of such charity goes a very long way. Let any one relate an anecdote, and after he has pooh-poohed the same, and indulged in sundry contemptuous snorts, the talking man will hasten to cap it with a more extraordinary one, which, he flatters himself, is really worth hearing. He has a fondness for talking of his doings, his possessions, and what he has seen, but he doesn't appear to care about hearing of any thing that you have done, got, or viewed. He is supremely contented if your share of a conversation is confined to a number of well-interjected ahs, yeses, hums, noes, and a few approving nods. He will, in a burst of confidence, which would be extremely gratifying if it didn't come so often, inform you of many matters which tend to show that he is really a most important being. It may be that he has done nothing in particular calculated to bring him into favorable notice—that he has, indeed, on the contrary, somewhat come down in the world—but then the great achievements of his father or his mother, or some other member of his family, more than compensate for his possible deficiencies. No one could hear him speak, giving credence to what he said, without coming to the conclusion that talent is bred in the bone and merit runs in the blood of the distinguished family to which he has the priceless honor to belong. He is very fond of detecting and exposing the blunders of people in general. Though he has never seen you before, he will kindly take upon himself to set you right if he imagines you are making an error, and he will do so with an energy which should go a long way toward convincing you of his sincerity. If you are traveling in a railway train, an omnibus, or a steamboat, you must not be surprised to hear him breaking in upon a conversation you may be having with a third party, and, after begging your pardon, politely telling you, in effect, that you are a nincompoop for venturing upon such utterly ridiculous statements as those which you have just been making. He does not appear to advantage when engaged in controversy, being very apt to lose his temper, and to be led into making uncharitable remarks about his opponent.

There are two kinds of the talkative man. The one is well educated, the other is not. The educated representative reads, and lets all the world know that he does so. Though he never, perhaps, gives utterance to a gem of original thought, he quotes very largely from poets and classical authors, so that no one can be excused for not knowing that he is thoroughly acquainted therewith. His great erudition, he seems to imagine, firmly establishes his claim to a position of superiority, and so he takes one, except when there is a possibility of being challenged by a more powerful man than himself. The uncultivated talker rarely gives poets and classical authors a thought; indeed, he has rather a contempt for them. The newspaper furnishes him with as much literature as he cares to have. He scorns what is theoretical, and swears by that which is practical. Though he would not be entrapped into discussing a Homeric legend, he will talk unceasingly of the political situation and the prospects of trade. The learned talker haunts conversaziones, drawing-rooms, and wherever else he imagines he can get a crowd of apparently accomplished people, who are really, however, surprisingly ignorant, to listen to him. The "practical" man is to be found in less aristocratic places, and he endeavors not so much to air his extensive knowledge as to prove that whatever he says is correct, and that he is able accurately to forecast the future. Both are disagreeable as companions. They either arouse in you a combative feeling, or make you appreciate your own weakness and inferiority.

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THE MOOTED QUESTION.

"I CAN'T stand this any longer, and I won't!" Marcia stopped in her uneasy walk, and stood in a bolt upright, uncomfortable attitude before the table.

"Why, girlie, what is the matter now?" inquired Susie's gentle voice.

Girlie seemed the most inappropriate name for the large-framed woman, with heavy masses of red hair (no subterfuge of auburn possible), pale face, and deep-set black eyes, that burned under level dark brows.

"It's too ridiculous; it's hateful and abominable; and I intend to put an end to it as far as I am concerned," continued Marcia, glaring sternly at her mother.

"You look as if you'd put an end to any thing that vexed you," said Edith, calmly, looking at her with eyes of disapproval. "One, two, three—I've lost a stitch in some way. Won't you turn up the light a little?"

Marcia complied with such vigor that Susie interposed to save the shade, and patted Marcia's arm on the way.

"No, you can't stop me!" blurted that irate young woman. "I am going to have my say now, once for all."

"You act just like a man," said Edith, with a tinge of contempt in her voice.

"You ought to be the last one in this family to scorn a man," retorted Marcia, pointing to Edith's diamond, which was brilliantly asserting itself whenever she moved her hand. "But if I'm like a man, I'm going to have some of their privileges. I won't be cooped up in the house like this because I happen to be a woman."

"That's the Divine ordering," said her mother.

"What's the Divine ordering?—that father and George should go out evening after evening, and I should never hear or see any thing? I scarcely believe that."

"No; you must lay that to society," replied Susie.

"Well, it is not to be any longer. I am going where I please, and when. I could not hear Froude, because every body was scandalized at the idea of my going without a man tagged on to my cloak, like Gratz Brown on Greeley; I didn't see *Pepper's Ghost;* I can't ever make a call in the evening; I—"

"Goodness! Marcia, stop—do, for common decency's sake!" cried Edith. "You'll be wanting to call on gentlemen yet."

"I want to do so now," replied the daring dissenter. "I wanted dreadfully to go in the other day and ask Mr. Beman about the magnesia in the sun, and couldn't, because he was a bachelor, and people would talk."

Susie looked up once, and then went on with her darning, with fingers that trembled slightly; but Mrs. Dey declared, with more force than usual,

"Marcia, you are talking preposterously. No right-minded young woman feels in that way."

"Then I'm not right-minded. But I mean to go, and let there be an end of the word *woman* being put up as a bar across my path."

"Really quite eloquent!" said Edith, scornfully, bending a graceful head over her bright worsteds.

"You're very ungrateful, Marcia," said her mother. "Your brothers would always take you if you asked them."

Marcia had thrown herself into a chair, but at this she sprung up.

"I thought it was not delicate for ladies to ask gentlemen to take them out; and if I did, what then? George is so tired with having been out all the night before that he groans and sighs, looks glum, and hurries one so, or else treats you with such solemnity that you feel like a criminal. I don't like going to concerts with martyrs, and especially the kind that *don't* smile as they go to the stake. No matter how much I want to go to some places, I would rather stay at home than have escort doled out in such unpleasant doses."

"I don't see why you make such a fuss," said Edith. "It's natural that women should stay at home; it has always been so; and you can't change the world."

"Well, it's not natural selection on my part, and that's what elevates the animal."

"Marcia, what language!" interposed her mother.

"You don't stay at home," continued the Darwinian, addressing Edith. "Because you're soft and pretty, you'll marry and perform the old poetical figure of the ivy and the oak; but it's different with me, and I don't intend to be tied down by sex any longer, but am going to have the rights of a rational human being."

Edith leaned back in her chair so as to bring the softened light on her face, and clasped her white hands on the black velvet of her work, where they lay like lilies. It was true, Marcia would probably never marry; plain women were apt to act in this way. Now dear, good little Susie, so plump and rosy, would make an excellent wife for some plain, substantial man, while she herself would certainly be in her proper place at the head of Robert Thornton's elegant establishment.

"It's a pity you did not proclaim your independence before the election," said Mrs. Dey, with a feeble attempt at scorn.

"I don't want to vote," said Marcia, stopping in her walk on the floor. "Politics are too dirty."

"They might be reformed," quietly remarked Susie, looking up with a bright light in her eyes.

Marcia stared at her a moment, and continued, "If you and Edith want to stay at home—"

"I don't want to," said Susie.

"—Why, you are welcome to do so. Cousin Edith has a lover who thinks she is the only mortal in the world; and as long as my money lasts I mean to go. I shall hear Lucca to-morrow night."

"Oh, don't!" cried Edith; "I wouldn't have Mr. Thornton see you there alone for any thing."

"No danger," replied Marcia, shortly. "What do you snobs in the five-dollar seats know of us music-lovers toasting for a dollar apiece in the top of the house?"

"Not even a reserved seat! Why, that is not respectable."

"I think I've got beyond the point where men and reserved seats make me respectable."

"Marcia, you don't really mean to go! Some dreadful thing will happen to you," urged her mother. "Ask one of your brothers."

"What, take a boy of fourteen, about half as large as I am—away from his studies, too! And if I ask George, he'll be sure to have some other engagement. No, I have taken my stand at last."

"Oh dear!" groaned Mrs. Dey.

"I'll talk to her about it," said Susie.

"Will you?" exclaimed Marcia, going to the window to cool off, where in a few minutes Susie followed her.

The result of their conversation was Marcia's saying, as she went up stairs,

"I'll do as you say this time, and you'll see it will be just as I told you."

The next evening, as the family gathered about the table for dinner, Marcia exclaimed:

"This is Lucca's last night in *Faust;* I do so want to go."

A silence followed this remark, Edith lifting her eyebrows in remembrance of Marcia's declaration, but being too indifferent to say any thing. The door-bell rang, and George sprang up, saying,

"That's Boker! I'm off."

"Are you going out, father?" inquired Marcia.

"No, I'm too tired to go any where to-night. When a man has been out all day, he wants to rest at home sometimes."

Marcia made no reply, but her black brows seemed to form a barricade behind which some kind of a battle was to take place. She was ominously silent during the evening, hardly civil to Mr. Thornton when he came for Edith, and sat a long time in the dark in her own room. There was something in the steady energy of her face that haunted Mr. Thornton as he looked at the pretty silken woman by his side, and he remarked,

"Your cousin Marcia must be a person of considerable character."

"Marcia is peculiar," replied Edith, with a tone of artificial pity. "You must excuse her roughness."

"Oh, I rather like it. Sometimes the best gems have the most unprepossessing exterior, but the skilled hand brings out untold beauty."

Edith softly murmured "Yes," for her feminine ear had detected a note of feeling in his tone which she seldom heard, but her mind was occupied with the wonder what he would give her for Christmas.

"Susie," said Marcia, the next day, "I am going to the lecture to-night, and if you want to go, I'd like to have you."

"I don't quite like to have you go alone, Marcia; so if you insist on this course I shall always accompany you."

"I am glad of it, for you don't go out any more than I do, and we both need it."

"I think so," replied Susie. And here the matter ended—with them.

A fearful domestic storm arose when the girls announced their intention.

"You are not going alone?" asserted George.

"Yes."

"No; I'll take you up, and come for you."

"It is not at all necessary."

"I'm not going to have my sisters run over New York in that way in the evening."

"There's no use in talking about it, George."

"There's no question about the impropriety of it."

"Yes, there is. Put it in this form, Can women who have no escort quietly go about unmolested in New York in the evening, or can they not? And Susie and I, like Miss Emily Faithfull with her type-setting, will prove in person that they can."

"You have an escort."

"How often?" And the girls left the room.

George had his way in so much as he attended them to the hall; and when the lecture was over they looked for him among gentlemen about the door. He was not there, and Susie thought they had better wait. So they did until every one was gone, and the janitor, looking suspiciously, came to lock up. As they walked to the cars the few passers in the street glanced at them, for they lingered and looked, expecting George every moment.

"Looking for any one, miss?" asked a man, putting his face close to Susie's.

She started back, and clutched Marcia, who sternly said,

"No," in a naturally deep voice, delivering the word as if it was a stone.

"Beg pardon," said the man, hastily retreating.

"That comes of looking for a man!" said Marcia.

Susie was too disturbed to speak, expecting unpleasant encounters at every corner; but when they moved as with a purpose they had no other adventure, reaching home in safety. George apologized, saying he really forgot until it was too late, and then he walked home with Boker, as he thought there was no use going for them. Marcia accepted his excuse, but told Susie to mark the value of leaning on a "broken reed."

"Putting my hand to the plow and turning back is not my way, and you'll be convinced some day, too."

From that time Marcia and Susie pursued their course undeviatingly. George and the father were thoroughly unreconciled at first, talked much, and, to do them justice, would have acted also, but Marcia was inflexible. Sometimes, when it met their engagements, all went together, but more often the girls alone, and the matter finally settled itself. As the girls pursued their way quietly and simply, they elicited no remark, and met with nothing unpleasant. Their faces became familiar to some inveterate lecture and concert goers; but as they assumed the position as a matter of course, others accepted it in the same light. Neither of them looked the least like strong-minded women in the usually accepted sense. Marcia's defiance was truly feminine in its character; and a bright blush and sudden tumult in her bosom, if too closely approached or contemplated, betrayed a delicacy of character which in a measure unfitted her for actual conflict with the world. Susie was eminently a fireside body in looks and manner. Gentle and soft, a little trim, bright person; but once look into the earnest dark eyes and you'd shake your head. There was a something in them that suggested change, and surely they were the outlook of a thinker. Susie was not entirely content with things as they were; but the success of the experiment gradually convinced her, and she began to see that woman might have an independent existence, and yet resign none of the grace and delicacy of her sex. She learned, too, that men thoroughly respect women who, with a simple, honest purpose, attend to their own affairs, even if in so doing they seem to stray out of the beaten path of life. Marcia was more content and happy than she had ever been. The storm disappeared from her black brows, and a grace of womanhood, born of peace and independence, was throned in her crown of shining hair.

"Those are surely your cousins," said Mr. Thornton, one evening, as he and Edith came out from a lecture.

"Yes," she replied, carelessly; eagerly adding, "There are Mr. and Mrs. Eames."

Mr. Thornton bowed with indifference to the fashionable couple who passed them, and turned to discuss the lecture with the sisters. Edith afterward declared herself ready to die with mortification at meeting them in that way, but Mr. Thornton seemed quite delighted with Marcia's bright remarks, and offered the sisters tickets for the next evening.

"I should be delighted to accompany you if Edith would like to go, but unfortunately I am always engaged on Wednesday evenings," he said, in parting.

"Just as if you were a couple of men!" said Edith.

"He did not," replied Marcia. "You don't deserve such a lover;" and she went up stairs with a red face.

"I thought him very polite," said Susie; "and I shall be so glad to go."

The lecture hall was some distance from the girls' residence, and when they came out the cars were much crowded. Susie demurred about getting on, but the conductor urged that there was plenty of room, and when she had succeeded in gaining the upper step the car started without Marcia. As they were on a down grade, they did not succeed in stopping again until they had gone nearly two blocks. Susie had no choice but to alight and look for Marcia, which she did with some trepidation. It seemed strange to be walking alone in the night, but in an instant the absurdity of the position flashed across her. She had considered herself a protection for Marcia, being older, and on no account would have thought of going alone herself; yet here they both were looking for each other, and perhaps going further away, for Marcia might have taken the next car down. Still, as the case stood, Susie pursued her search, though her opinions had taken a leap that might have startled the boldest reformer. But she did not find Marcia, and, after much consideration and walking, went home, to discover, to her horror, that the missing one had not appeared there either. The ladies of the family had retired, the gentlemen were still out; so Susie sat down upon the lowest stair alone in the dimly lighted hall to consider what had best be done. She was startled by the roll of a carriage, followed by a sharp ring of the bell, and on opening the door Mr. Thornton entered with Marcia. In answer to Susie's blank look of amazement, Marcia cried,

"Mr. Thornton insisted, Susie, though I told him it was entirely unnecessary."

"She really was not fit to come alone," he replied, looking earnestly at Marcia, while she turned away with an embarrassed manner.

"But where have you been?" inquired the astonished Susie, beginning to feel confused with the light which was dawning upon her on more than one subject.

"Why, when I went to get on the car I suddenly became dizzy, and had to sit down on the curb-stone, and then I have very indistinct recollections until—"

Marcia paused, and Mr. Thornton said, with rather more excitement than usual in his tone,

"As I was passing a druggist's I went in to get a light, and there was your sister just recovering herself. She seemed much better in a moment, but I thought she ought to come home in a carriage."

Curiously enough, Mr. Thornton looked at Marcia instead of Susie during these remarks, and at the close, after offering assistance, hastily made his adieux. Susie was too busy with conflicting thoughts, and Marcia too much shaken by the events of the evening, to admit of much conversation; so the girls went to bed very quietly.

The next morning, when the adventures of the night were related at the breakfast-table, Mr. Dey and George exclaimed:

"I always told you something would happen! Now there's an end to this folly."

"But there is not an end," said Susie, quietly. And so the sequel proved.

It already seemed convenient to George to be able to make what engagements he pleased without the fear of being called upon to go somewhere he did not wish to, and Susie now cast prejudice to the winds, and darned seditious thoughts into the toes of stockings, and laid great plans in elbow patches, which, if known, might have scratched and pricked more seriously than ever a forgotten pin had done. Marcia's life was full of content, and she was so playful with George and so social with Mr. Thornton that Edith languidly began to think Marcia really liked men.

A few weeks after Marcia's misadventure, as she and Susie were going to a lecture, they met Mr. Thornton coming in. His pleasant face was clouded, and he bowed abstractedly to them as he inquired for Edith. Marcia's mind wandered a little from the subject of the lecture, and she would hardly have appreciated the elaborate explanations of the speaker if she had known what was going on in the parlor at home.

Edith had greeted her lover in her graceful manner, and then, dropping into an easy-chair, had prepared herself for the usual admiration. But Mr. Thornton seemed to be thinking about something else, and talked in an abstracted, disjointed style, and finally abruptly broke into the subject on his mind. A great blow had come in his business; he had been in trouble for some time, and now all was over: he was ruined. It would take all his private fortune to pay his debts; he must begin over again. Of course it would be some years before they could marry, and then he might be a poor man. He ran through the matter hastily, evidently too much disturbed to dwell upon it, and anxious to let her know the extent of the disaster. Edith had lost her pliant grace as the tale went on, and before it was finished seemed to be busy with some plan. Mr. Thornton leaned over and took the beautiful hand which wore his costly gift, and as he completed his recital looked in her face for some token of love. She calmly lifted her white lids and said,

"Why pay your debts? Keep your money, and be comfortable. That's the way many men do."

He started, and dropped her hand; but catching both, leaned toward her and said,

"You are not in earnest?"

"Yes—for my sake. Of course I can't marry a poor man."

"You know I never could think of such a thing!" he replied, springing up and pacing the room. "But, Edith, a few years would not be long to wait, and I would have such a prize to work for!" And he bent tenderly over her, dropping a kiss into her golden hair.

"It would be a great while to wait—and what of me meantime?" And the tears of vexation sprang into Edith's eyes, but were dried, for crying made her face red. "I'm twenty-two now. You must save your money."

"Don't talk so!" cried Mr. Thornton, moving restlessly about; "it makes me feel as if you did not love me."

"I don't know that I do," replied Edith's soft voice, while she slipped the diamond ring up and down upon her finger.

He stopped as if stunned, and stood like a statue until Marcia's clear tone said,

"I wonder if Mr. Thornton has gone. I hope he's in no trouble!" and steps were heard on the stair.

"I can not see them," he said. "Good-night," catching Edith in his arms. "You don't know what you've said. I'll see you to-morrow evening," and passed the ladies in the doorway, bowing hastily as he went out.

The next evening the engagement was broken, and Mr. Thornton was no longer a frequent visitor. The family were astonished at the event, and Marcia indignant when she discovered the cause; but Edith had not a nature to be moved by surprise or indignation in others, and pursued her way, certain that she had acted for the best. Robert Thornton, however, had not forgotten Marcia's helpful tone, and when he met her one Sunday at church, and she urged his calling, adding, "Susie and I are quite alone now; mother and Edith are away," he came.

He was slowly working upward in the face of much discouragement, and Marcia's cordial sympathy and quick womanly intuition were a real help and comfort to him. He soon was in the habit of dropping in to ask her advice, or, if things went wrong, to hear her hearty "I'm sorry!" and to feel the grasp of her strong hand. He even became inclined to hold the latter a little longer than was necessary, and to linger on the balcony in the summer twilight, talking of other things than business, while Susie read by the low lamp in the library. She was becoming as much absorbed in her occupation as the couple in the moonlight, though bones and muscles, belladonna and scarlet fever, are rather different topics from those chosen by Marcia and her companion. But tastes differ, and while one temperament requires strong doses of physic to bring healthy action, another only needs a little petting, and all is right; and so with the sisters. There came an evening when Marcia, returning from a walk, slipped her arm about Susie's neck, and laid a burning cheek on her forehead.

"Why, girlie!"—and Susie finished an osseous sentence before she looked up. "Something has happened," she asserted, when Marcia's sparkling eyes and quivering lips were fully revealed.

"Oh, Susie, he's splendid, and we're so happy!" was the rapturous response.

After an hour's interval, when the book was forgotten, and Marcia on the floor and Susie bending over her, each trying to outtalk the other, Marcia exclaimed:

"But, Susie, what will you do? We've been so much together, and I'm your escort."

"Why, I'll go alone; and, besides, I've a secret to tell you. I'm going to study medicine

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next winter, and doctors can surely take care of themselves."

Susie's face was not less bright than Marcia's, and her enthusiastic outpourings concerning her love interwove with Marcia's plans for the future. In due time the weddings took place. Marcia became Mrs. Thornton, and Susie M.D. And when the nation celebrates its Centennial, Susie will lecture in her quiet, homely way before the interested students, Marcia will train her baby boy, bubbling over with joy when he stammers papa, and Edith sit in her luxurious parlor, thankful that she had the courage to refuse Robert Thornton, or she never could have been Mrs. Blaine, with a private carriage, and two colored men at table.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

"A few Units."—Miss Rose Hill.—A Beard Show.

THE Duke of Edinburgh will doubtless get the £10,000 a year to be voted to him by Parliament upon his approaching marriage, in addition to the £15,000 a year which he already possesses; but by no means will he get it "unopposed save by a few units," which is the account given by the *Times* of the course matters are likely to take. That great organ of "constitutionalism" even goes so far as to state that it is a comfort to the people to think that Clarence House (of the very existence and locality of which "the people," including your humble servant, are utterly ignorant) is already provided for the young people. This is the same newspaper which, as I once told you, remarked that the expression of sympathy sent by telegraph by the Queen on Charles Dickens's death was "the greatest earthly comfort" his family could experience. Lord Granville in the House of Lords requests the peers to "humbly express their thanks to her Majesty for her gracious condescension" in having communicated to Parliament the intended marriage of her second son; and Lord Salisbury, on the part of the opposition, is convinced "that whatever gives pleasure to the Queen must needs give pleasure to all classes of the people by whom she is revered." Nay, when Mr. Hunt (in the absence of his chief, Disraeli), seconding Mr. Gladstone's motion upon the matter—for in such cases, as is fitting, the chief of the opposition seconds the proposal of the minister—observed that if, like Oliver Twist (only he did not mention it as a quotation), her Majesty had asked for more, her faithful Commons would have granted it, there were cries of "Hear, hear!" In short, if you should take for granted the literal truth of these authoritative utterances, you might picture John Bull upon all fours with a money-bag in his mouth, only waiting, like a dutiful retriever, for the Queen to take it from him. As it happens, however, this is by no means the case; and the principal objection he has to forking out the money is the humiliating attitude in which he is thus represented. The phrases of adulation employed by these courtly personages sicken his honest stomach. To you who are not accustomed to progress on your hands and knees they will be, I suppose, unintelligible. I wish they were so in England.

The objections to the grant itself—though it is certainly large enough—are as nothing compared with the general distaste to the thankless way in which it is demanded, and the slavish sycophancy with which it is acquiesced in; and, moreover, there is another consideration. The Duke of Edinburgh is known to be such an excellent manager—so entirely without that vice of heedless generosity commonly ascribed to princes—that he would have made a smaller sum go quite far enough. In the mean time "the few units" are exercising their right of protest: the ratepayers at Birmingham have passed a resolution disapproving of the grant; a demonstration against it has been held at Nottingham; and in Hyde Park a meeting is advertised to be held to-day for the same purpose.

Apropos of royal marriages: on Friday, August 1, died, at Kensington Palace, Cecilia, Duchess of Inverness, by private marriage—but contrary to our Royal Marriage act—consort to the Duke of Sussex. Sixty years ago or so (for she was eighty-four) that union made a noise in the world of fashion, of which a faint echo is now once more heard.

Supposing it were possible, Mr. Editor, that the breath of scandal should so far affect your honest name as to cause you to be tried for perjury in a criminal court, would you not be much astonished if *your own advocate* were to remark that your statements "were not in general characterized by mathematical accuracy;" that "your usual behavior was marked, he would not say by delirium, but by ridiculous absurdity;" and finally, that he would only say of you that you were "a liar and an idiot?" Would it not strike you that this conduct was rather rough upon you, as proceeding from your hired counsel, and would it not cause you to entertain the reflection, "If these be the eulogies of my defender, where will my prosecutor find his phrases of reprehension?" Yet the very terms I have just quoted were used to-day by Mr. Kenealy with reference to his client, the claimant. "You are not," he said, addressing the jury, "to take notice of his blunders and nonsensical mistakes about dates and localities, for it is impossible to account for what this man said or did; you must try him on broad principles." This is funny; but a still more humorous incident arose out of yesterday's trial. In the course of Mr. Kenealy's prolonged efforts to prove that the real young Roger Tichborne was an abandoned debauchee (in order to make his character assimilate with that of his present client), he laid great stress upon finding a young woman's name, Rose Hill, in Roger's memorandum-book; you may imagine how he suggested that she had fallen a victim to the young man's passions, how she had once been pure and beautiful as the lily, till this heartless scoundrel crossed her path, and she became his sullied victim, etc.—when all of a sudden it turned out that Rose Hill was not the name of a young woman at all, but that of the family residence of a Mr. Smith, near Birmingham! "That being so," says Mr. Kenealy, grudgingly, "I'll give her up."

The fact is, like a jockey who has his "instructions" to make a waiting race of it, the learned counsel is talking (on behalf of the Tichborne bond-holders) against time, in hopes that a judge or a juryman (two of the latter of whom have already been indisposed, and caused adjournments) may die, and so make the proceedings null and void.

I dare say you have often read in the speeches of our conservative statesmen that this country is unhappily becoming Americanized, that the small end of the wedge has been inserted, with many other metaphors appropriate by their antiquity to the views of the orators in question. I have known a good old Tory country gentleman object to his wife's wearing American goloshes, because she would thereby put her foot in it by adopting one of your "institutions," and take the first step to revolutionize this country, "Sir." (We don't say "Sir" as often as you do, but we always use it when we are on the topic of the Constitution.) These forebodings are not, it seems, unfounded. We have long ago imported baby and bar-maid shows into this hemisphere, and last week (at a much-advertised tea-garden) we had a beard and mustache show. One competitor was unable to appear in person, but sent a letter inclosing a specimen of his beard, forty inches long! The prizes were bestowed in accordance with a show of hands made by the ladies present, and in both instances fell, you will be flattered to hear, to citizens of the United States. "I am not so bald," as Longfellow writes, in his *Spanish Student*, "that you can see my brains;" but when the time comes for rewards for bald gentlemen to be advertised, I hope to be qualified to compete. In ancient days, when brides were more openly put up for sale than at present (notwithstanding what the authoress of *Girls of the Period* may say to the contrary), it was the custom to give the money paid for the beauties as dowries to the plain girls, who would else go without husbands; and surely that seems more just than this giving prizes to those in no want of a recompense. It is not the man with "a fine head of hair" that should get the money, but the bald man, that he may buy himself a wig. To see the unsuccessful competitors stroke their beards, as though to console them for their defeat and for the misplaced admiration of their judges, was, it is said, quite a pathetic spectacle: also to see their mustaches *droop*.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

THE LITERATURE OF SMOKING.

NOTHING has been more belauded, nothing more abused, than smoking. At one time it has been all the fashion, at another it has been altogether tabooed; ignored as completely as it is ignored in the pages of Shakspeare; idolized as completely as it was idolized by Dr. Parr; cast off as ruthlessly as Blackstone cast off the Muses he had wooed. Poets, divines, orators, and historians have waxed eloquent in its praises, and not less eloquent have been the furious invectives hurled against it. It has been one of those things—there are not many—on which every one has had definite opinions. Those who have written or spoken for or against it have been equally unmeasured in the phraseology they employ. King James the First thundered the first volley in his famous *Counterblast to Tobacco*, and this was followed by a *Volley from Parnassus*, by an anonymous writer, whose wrath seems to have outstripped his power of expression. An under-tone of grumbling, in the shape of epigrams, occasional pamphlets, sarcastic notes, etc., is sometimes discernible to the curious in such things all through our literature; but these grumblers are mostly of the subterranean order, mere croakers in the nethermost mud. One renegade, however, we must notice, a man who ought to have known better—Charles Lamb. His *Farewell to Tobacco* is the expression of the only piece of ingratitude that gentle nature was guilty of, if ingratitude it was. Catullus, we know, always discovered when Lesbia was fondest of him by the heartless way in which she abused him. Perhaps the same paradoxical sentiment was guiding the infatuated Lamb when he penned the line, "Filth o' the mouth, and fog o' the mind"—a plagiarism, by-the-way, from a great smoker, who calls silence "Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' the mind."

One of the greatest of modern poets, tolerant of every thing besides, has the bad taste to be intolerant on this one subject, and hates a pipe or cigar as he would be ashamed to hate any thing or any body else in the world. But smokers can afford to smile at these black swans as they glance over the goodly list of those who have been guilty of the same weakness as themselves. The great Dr. Isaac Barrow called his pipe his Panpharmacon, or cure for every thing. Bishop Hall and Dr. Hooker were by no means proof against a quiet clay. We can see Ben Jonson and Drummond with the white vapor wreathing itself around them, and are by no means certain that my Lord Bacon did not know from experience the truth of his own words, "Tobacco comforteth the spirits and dischargeth weariness, which it worketh partly by opening, but chiefly by the opiate virtue which condenseth the spirits." Fletcher had many a quiet pipe with Beaumont, and Sir Thomas Overbury often soothed himself in a pause of his troubled life with "that delectable pastime." Scholars and students of every kind have been faithful votaries of the weed. Boxhore, the great Dutch scholar, was such a slave to it that he wore a very broad-brimmed hat, pierced a hole through it, and so supported his pipe, while his hands were free, and smoked unimpeded day and night. Bentley could never sufficiently thank Cumberland for initiating him into the delightful mystery of enjoying a pipe, and only regretted he had not begun earlier to learn it: he was over seventy when he had his first lesson. Porson used to dogmatically assert that when smoking went out of fashion learning did so too, and old Dr. Parr insisted on taking his pipe with him wherever he went. "No pipe, no Parr," was his snappish and ungallant speech to a lady who objected to the fumigation of her drawing-room. The only rest poor old Hobbes got in that stormy, contentious existence of his was when he could light his pipe in comfort, and forget all about Dr. Eachard or Wallis. Who can not see in imagination John Milton smoking his regular evening pipe, and talking between whiffs to gentle Elwood? or step over to the "Rose" and survey the author of *Hudibras*, silent, absent, and reserved, with a history in every line of that hard, coarse face, now lit up with the flare of the live coal he has put into the bowl of his pipe. Fielding was a great smoker, and many a scene of those harum-scarum comedies of his was dashed off on his tobacco paper. Tillotson was not a little attached to his evening pipe; and Jeremy Taylor meditated not a few of his golden pages through the "wreaths of a curling mist which was born not of the meadows."

Old Burton, the author of the immortal *Anatomy of Melancholy*, has a curious passage on the divine plant. He knows not what to conclude of it. "Tobacco, divine, rare, superexcellent tobacco! which goes far beyond all their panaceas, potable gold, and philosopher's stones; a sovereign remedy to all diseases; but as it is commonly abused by most men, which take it as tinkers do ale, 'tis a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, health." One may read in this the experience of many "merrie, facete, and juvenile" hours with old John Rouse, of the Bodleian, in the back quad of Christ-church—for he, like Burton, was a hero of the weed. Mathematicians have generally been great smokers, though we hope, for the honor of the name, they did not, like Sir Isaac Newton, use the fingers of their lady-loves for stoppers. All the wits of Queen Anne's time were nothing without their pipes. Steele wrote with a pipe in his mouth; and it was when wreathed in smoke that Addison shone most. Dryden, after his snuff-box, loved a whiff; and the great Mr. Congreve scorned not a "church-warden." Ambrose Philips was eloquent in its praises, and his namesake, John, has written a delightful alcaic ode in its praise. Who can forget honest Dr. Brown's "Little pipe of mighty power," and think of Daniel Defoe without his pipe? The *Spectator* always devoted an hour in the evening to absorbing a clay; and if ever his equanimity was disturbed it was when the dancing Frenchmen broke his pipes. In later times tobacco has not been so popular with literary men. Shelley could not endure a pipe, nor could Edgar Poe, nor Moore. Neither Macaulay nor De Quincey was a smoker. If report speaks truly, owever, a good many distinguished writers of our own day keep up the traditions of olden times.

ART IN THE HIGHER ALPS.

MANY years since Mr. Ruskin expressed a hope that some first-rate artists would attempt to paint snow, not in its winter aspect and somewhat vulgar expression of dull and cruel opposition to life, but as it is seen under warm light. "Its curves are of inconceivable perfection and changefulness; its surface and transparency alike exquisite; its light and shade of inexhaustible variety and inimitable finish; the shadows sharp, pale, and of heavenly color; the reflected lights intense and multitudinous, and mingled with the sweet occurrences of transmitted light. No mortal hand can approach the majesty or loveliness of it, yet it is possible, by care and skill, at least to suggest the preciousness of its forms and intimate the nature of its light and shade: but this has never been attempted; it could not be done except by artists of a rank exceedingly high, and there is something about the feeling of snow in ordinary scenery which such men do not like. But when the same qualities are exhibited on a magnificent Alpine scale, and in a position where they interfere with no feeling of life, I see not why they should be neglected as they have hitherto been, unless that the difficulty of reconciling the brilliancy of snow with a picturesque light and shade is so great that most good artists disguise or avoid the greater part of upper Alpine scenery, and hint at the glacier so slightly that they do not feel the necessity of careful study of its forms." The critic might have added that few artists have constitutional strength for the necessary studies at great heights, and still fewer have the courage to face unpopularity and pursue beauty that holds forth empty hands to her votaries. We all know how artists are kept to styles and subjects in which they have made a notorious "hit," and so they turn round and round in their "professional fairy-land," a land of impossible effects, tricks of color, "ficelles," and general unreality that could hardly have existence were it not for the complacent know-nothingness of our moneyed cognoscenti. Yet, for a' that and a' that, there is an increasing class to which the ice world of the Alps, the summer pleasaunce of Europe, is an ever-flowing fountain of awe and delight, and the first true painter of its beauty can not surely fail of that greeting without which possibly art has little right to exist. As yet unhackneyed and undebased by ignoble association, the wilderness lifted midway to heaven between the three great countries, France, Germany, and Italy, surely merits the touch of art. The value of the Alps, and especially of their wilder recesses, as a place of spiritual retreat from the bustle and discord of the European plain, is yearly more felt. Different powers both of soul and body are brought into play in these desert places, and if the conceit be admissible, it may be said that the Edelweiss is but typical of the white thoughts that blossom for those who climb the heights and rejoice in them:

> "Since to look on noble forms
> Makes noble, through the sensuous organism,
> That which is higher."

But it is allowable to sympathize with the first despair of the artist when he confronts the multiplicity in unity which meets him at every turn of these vast prospects. The serried pines that hang like a mantle on the mountain spurs, even the crowding blossoms eagerly pressing up the slopes, confuse by their multitude, that is always, however, subservient to the upper height and its impression on the imagination. The clear atmosphere forbids the aid of smudge and scumble, and requires sleight of drawing not easily or hastily acquired. Truth can not be sacrificed to expediency without such miscarriage of art as has befallen even Calame, the chief master of the Swiss school. To attain popularity he attempted too much, for great modesty and self-forgetfulness are necessary in any attempt to express the sentiment excited by mountain prospects of the higher sort.

FAST IN FOXTON MIRE.

THE English autumn manœuvres are prolific in incidents, sometimes semi-tragical, but generally very amusing. On page 588 we give an illustration of an unpleasant incident, which ended tragically for one of the parties concerned. A trooper straying over the moor got into "a stable," or deep morass, at Foxton Mire. He dismounted, and managed to obtain foothold upon some rushes, but was unable to assist his horse. He finally got clear off the morass, and went for help, but in the mean time some moor men found the animal, and rescued it from its critical position. It died, however, the same evening.

MADAME NILSSON-ROUZAUD AND SIGNOR CAMPANINI.

See illustrations on page 588.

THE American public which greeted Christine Nilsson so warmly two years ago will be glad to welcome her back again this fall in the train of Max Strakosch, who, in scouring Europe for operatic stars, has done well to secure this favorite of our countrymen. Since her last visit she has married M. Rouzaud, at Westminster Abbey, in the presence of the chief nobility of England, and therefore comes to us under a new name, though on the stage, we believe, she is known as Mademoiselle Nilsson. It is said that her vocalization is improved, and that her voice is richer and stronger than ever before. She comes accompanied by M. Capoul, who is already well known in America, and a new tenor, Signor Italo Campanini, whose portrait we give in the character of Lohengrin, in which he will appear during the ensuing season. Much curiosity is felt concerning this masterpiece of Wagner's, which, with Verdi's new opera, *Aida*, is promised by M. Strakosch.

Signor Italo Campanini, as his name denotes, is of Italian origin, being a native of Parma. For one so young he has had a singularly checkered career. When a boy of fourteen he volunteered under Garibaldi against the King of Naples, was rapidly promoted, and at the taking of Capua received desperate wounds, of which he still bears the scars. A subsequent dangerous illness forced him to quit the army. A musical professor who accidentally heard him sing was struck with the power and beauty of his voice, and advised him to study for the stage. He followed the advice, and at the age of eighteen entered the Conservatory of Music at Parma, where he soon won distinction as the most promising pupil therein. Two years after he accepted an engagement to sing in Russia, that training school of young opera singers. He remained there for three years, studying assiduously all the while, when he returned to Milan, to prosecute his studies under Pamarti, the first professor of singing in Italy. Here the fame of the rising tenor attracted the attention of the English impresario Mapleson, who secured him for her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, where he appeared for the first time last winter in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and was received with enthusiastic applause. His subsequent *rôles* confirmed this favorable impression, and won him a high place in the favor of the English public, who regard him as one of the best tenors that they have heard. He is young, handsome, a finished artist, and possessed of a singularly pure and melodious voice. His favorite character is Lohengrin, and he is said to be the only Italian who can successfully sing Wagner's music.

The other members of M. Strakosch's troupe are, the soprani, Signorine Torriani and Maresi; the favorite contralto, Miss Annie Louise Cary, who accompanied Miss Nilsson on her last visit to the United States; the tenor, Signor Bonfratelli, from La Scala, Milan; the baritones, Signori Maurel and Del Puente; and the basso, Signor Navelli. Signor Muzio, the friend and pupil of Verdi, is the musical director of the new troupe, which takes the field under the most favorable auspices.

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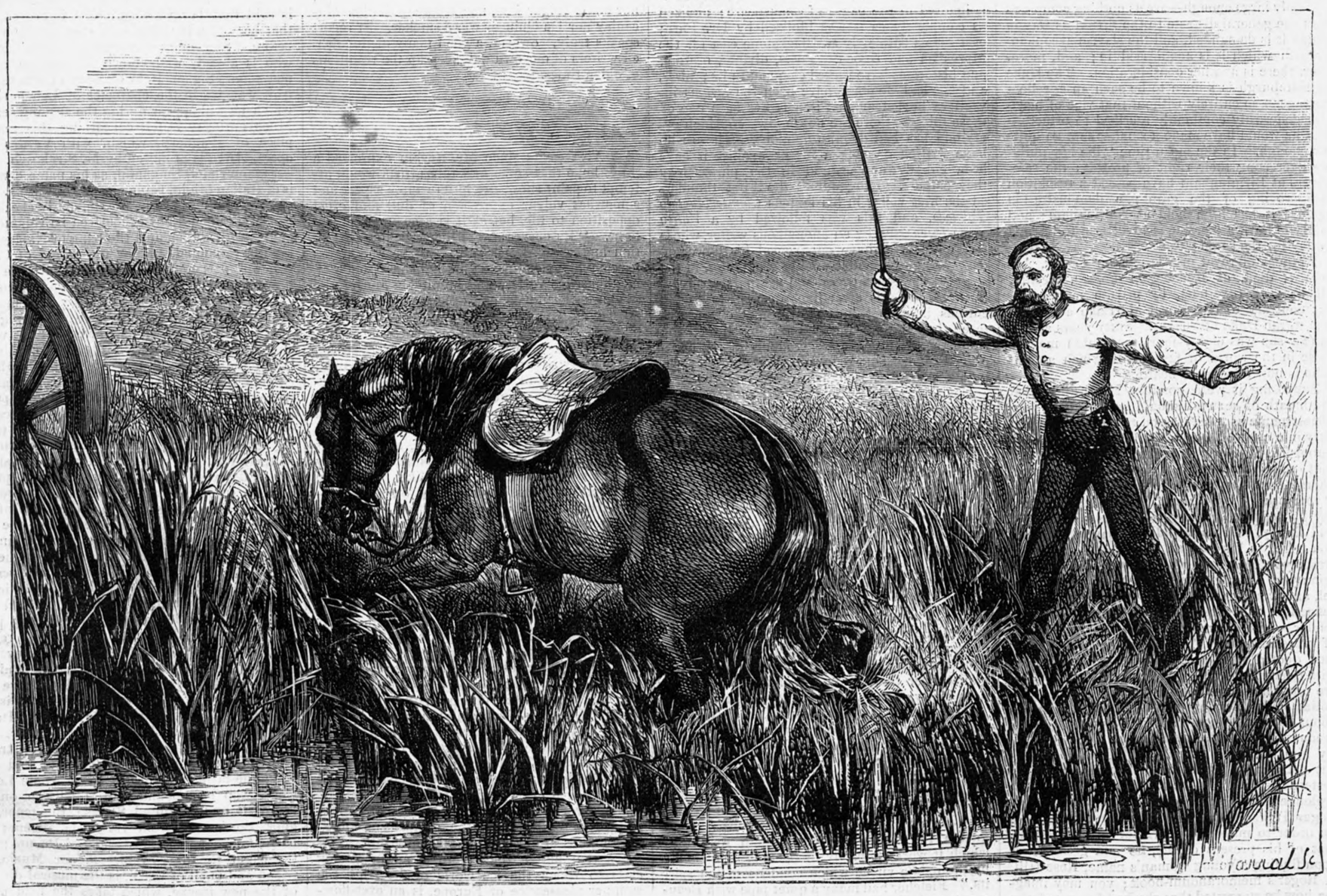
MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON-ROUZAUD.—[See Page 587.]

SIGNOR ITALO CAMPANINI.—[See Page 587.]



A TROOPER'S HORSE IN FOXTON MIRE.—[See Page 587.]

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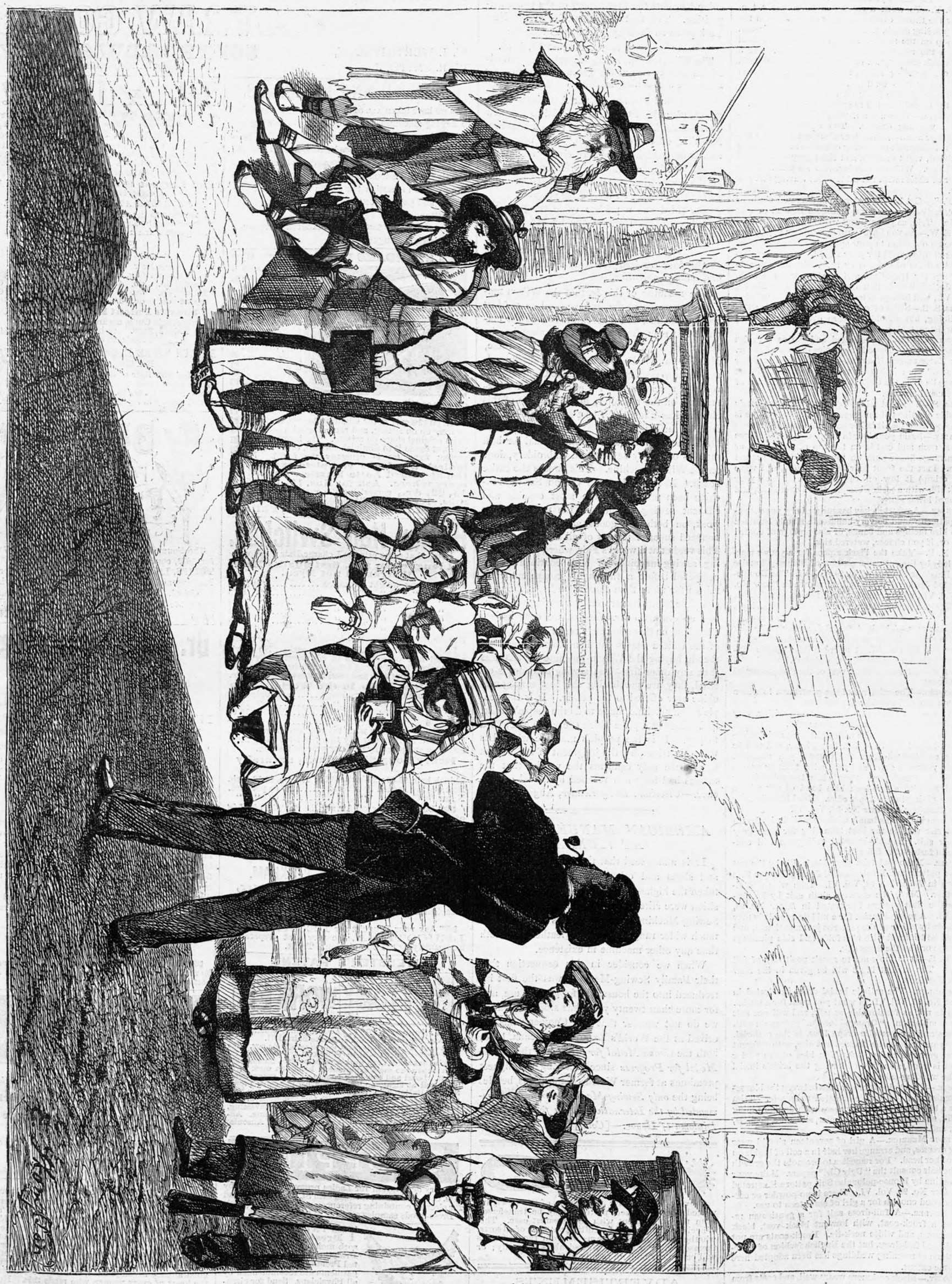
CHOOSING MODELS.

HERE we have one of the most characteristic features of Old Rome—the hire of models on the steps of the Trinità de' Monti, well known for its conspicuous position above the Piazza di Spagna, as also from the fine staircase leading to the church doors. In Rome all business appears to be transacted on steps. On some beggars solicit alms, on others relics are sold, on others again dogs are washed and shaven, while those in our engraving serve as one of the principal standing-points for the Roman models—picturesque and dirty rascals, and for the most part possessing, as some one has recently remarked, "all the ignorance without the innocence of childhood." Their dress mainly consists of a few mouldy rags, the men with the inevitable mummy swathings round their legs, the women with their dusky white head-dresses, black bodices, and bright-colored skirts, picturesque in their very dirt—for despite the charming picture they make on canvas, the models are proverbial for their want of common cleanliness. But their very raggedness and squalor are their chief stock in trade. The sketch represents two artists choosing a model from among a group of so-called peasants, who make a living by their *dolce far niente*. These models sit about on the steps of the Trinità de' Monti waiting for hire. "This choosing a model," writes the artist, "is rather an invidious proceeding. Often, after turning one of them about and inspecting him, the artist, finding he will not suit, goes on to another, and so on until the right cast of countenance is found, and arrangements are then made for the sittings. Sometimes, as in the sketch, the artist has a brother of the brush with him for consultation, and then a good deal of critical surveying goes on in a very amusing manner."



SKETCHES IN ROME—ARTISTS CHOOSING A MODEL ON THE STEPS OF THE TRINITÀ DE' MONTI.

EMOTIONS AMONG MONKEYS.

MR. GEORGE GULLIVER, in *Nature*, calls attention to a statement by Forbes, in his *Oriental Memoirs*, in reference to the possession by monkeys of sentiments that we have not been in the habit of ascribing to them. This author remarks that on one occasion a female monkey was killed by a member of a shooting party, and carried to his tent, which was soon surrounded by forty or fifty of the tribe, making a great noise, and seeming disposed to attack the aggressor. They retreated when he presented his fowling-piece, the dreadful effect of which they had witnessed and appeared perfectly to understand. The head of the troop, however, stood his ground, chattering furiously. The sportsman, feeling some degree of compunction for having killed one of the family, did not like to fire at the creature, though nothing else seemed likely to drive him off. At length the monkey came to the door of the tent, and finding that threats were of no avail, he began a lamentable moaning, and by most expressive gest-

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ures seemed to beg for the dead body. This was given him; and taking it sorrowfully in his arms, he bore it away to his expecting companions.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. S. B.—We can not discuss in this column the merits of the article you mention.

E. J. Y.—To work a short double crochet, t. t. o. (throw the thread over) once, insert the needle in the corresponding stitch, t. t. o., draw the thread through one loop on the needle, t. t. o., and draw the thread through the remaining loops on the needle. For a short treble crochet, t. t. o. twice, insert the needle in the corresponding stitch, t. t. o., draw the thread through one loop on the needle, t. t. o., draw the thread through two loops on the needle, t. t. o., and draw the thread through the remaining three loops.

FLORETTA.—Veils are not usually worn with pearl-colored wedding dresses. The bridegroom should wear either a full-dress suit, or else the semi-dress English morning suit consisting of a blue or black cloth frock-coat, vest to match, and light gray or lavender pantaloons. White or else lavender neck-tie. It is a matter of choice with the bride about leaving farewell cards.

L. F. S.—Get brown cashmere or diagonal cloth, or else camel's-hair, for your redingote instead of stiff poplin. Trim as you suggest with silk.

N. E. W.—As you have worn mourning a year, there can be no objection to your appearing at the opera or acting as bride-maid for your friend. Wear an entirely white dress of tarlatan or tulle, with smooth side pleatings for trimming, and a white watered sash. The Jockey Basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. VI., will be a good model for your tamise cloth.

MRS. S. B.—Swiss over dresses should be made without lining, but should be worn over a high-necked silk waist matching the skirt.

LOTTIE C.—Both side-pleated and gathered ruffles are fashionable. There is no choice in favor of either.

AN EXPERIENCED KNITTER.—In knitting 2 together "crossed" the stitches are twisted; to do this insert the needle from the back toward the front instead of in the usual manner.

MRS. S.—The best trimmings for alpaca are bands and side pleatings of the same. The jockey basque is so close-fitting that it is becoming to stout figures.

MARIE.—Braid your hair in two long plaits of three tresses each and coil it on the top of your head, or else arrange finger puffs on top with a braid around them. Part the front hair in the middle, and wave (not crimp) it low on the forehead. Make your black silk with a jockey basque, apron over-skirt, and flounced lower skirt.

JENNIE.—A velvet jockey basque made by our cut paper pattern would be very handsome simply trimmed with bias facings and bands, or else pipings of corded silk, or, if you choose, watered silk.

R. N. P.—Make the black alpaca for a young married lady by the cut paper pattern of Blouse-polonaise Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. VI. The Double-breasted Jockey Basque pattern shown in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. VI., will answer for both the other suits. If you like you can make one a jockey basque with single breast.

POCAHONTAS.—The best model for your white silk wedding dress is the artistic costume illustrated in *Bazar* No. 36, Vol. VI. Use crêpe lisse pleating instead of the lace shown in the picture. The bridegroom should wear a black vest of the same material as his coat.

TOODLES.—The relatives of the gentleman to whom you are engaged should call upon you.

MARIE.—Any plain round waist worn with a very wide belt is now called a Josephine waist.

BROWNIE.—A polonaise with tight back and double-breasted front will be stylish this winter, and will be easily constructed from the pattern you mention. Retain your silk skirt, and trim with flounces or else bias bands of cashmere. Simply hem the polonaise, or else trim with a two-inch bias band of silk with a double piping in the upper edge. Read hints in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 36, Vol. VI.

SUBSCRIBER.—Bias bands of the material piped with black silk will be the best trimming for your gray mohair suit. Double-breasted redingotes will continue in fashion for fall suits.

LUCIE.—Make and trim your black silk by the cut paper pattern and illustration of Jockey Basque Suit shown in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. VI. Trim with silk altogether. Make the empress cloth suit by Blouse-polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. VI. A mourning silk for a middle-aged lady may be made by either of the patterns just mentioned, and should be trimmed with bias folds and side pleatings of crape or else the dress silk.

J. R. S.—It is too soon to speak positively of fall styles. The earliest hints will be given in the New York Fashions.

BROOKLYN.—The artistic bridal dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 36, Vol. VI., is what you want for a model. Satin is not as fashionable as silk, and will not suit your complexion. "Orange-blossom" gros grain with flowers and lace, or else crêpe lisse, is the material. Have your bride-maids dressed in white, with different flower garlands and sashes. The idea of the parlor organ is good, also that of having the bride's initial on the wedding-cake in boxes.

JOSIE.—The choice at present lies between the blouse-polonaise and the double-breasted redingote. Trim with a bias band of the cashmere with double piping of silk, silk revers or English collar, silk cuffs, pockets, belt, and sash.

MERCY MERRICK.—A girl of seventeen should wear long dresses, and arrange her hair in a coil of braids on top of her head. For remedies to promote the growth of the hair consult the "Ugly Girl" papers. Make your grenadine by Blouse-polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. VI. There is no powder or cosmetic good enough for a girl of seventeen to use.

A READER.—A full-dress suit for a gentleman requires a frock-coat, with low-cut black vest, black pantaloons, and white neck-tie. Frock-coats are not considered full-dress, but the English fashion of wearing them at morning weddings has been adopted here to some extent.

FLOSSY.—Black cashmere wears well, and costs from 85 cents to $2 a yard. Polonaises will be stylishly worn this winter. Velvet trimming will be much used. For a model for your winter suit see illustration on page 569 of *Bazar* No. 36, Vol. VI. Sacques and mantles will be the stylish wraps. Silk dress skirts have lengthwise bands or puffs down the three front breadths, with two deep ruffles behind.

PUSS.—Consult illustrations just cited to "Flossy." Black velvet pipings would trim your gray dress prettily for autumn. A sacque or mantle of black camel's-hair is the wrap you want.

A GRAND MEDAL FOR CLEVELAND.

THE WILSON SEWING-MACHINE TAKES THE GRAND PRIZE AT VIENNA.

THREE separate dispatches from Vienna combine to dispel all doubt as to what sewing-machine has won the first honors of the great Exposition. The first was a special to the New York press on Monday, and was as follows:

VIENNA, August 15, 1873.

The Wilson shuttle sewing-machine was awarded the grand prize at the Vienna Exposition for being the best sewing-machine.

The second was the regular Associated Press report, compiled from a long special to the New York *Herald*, in which the "Wilson Sewing-Machine, of Cleveland, Ohio," was named as among the exhibitors which received "medals for merit," the highest class of premiums awarded at the Exposition. *All other sewing-machines will receive simply an award for progress.*

The third was a private cable telegram received yesterday from Vienna by Mr. WILSON himself, which was as follows:

VIENNA, August 19.

You have received five medals—two for merit and three co-operative.

The meaning of this is, that the Wilson machine has received the grand medal *as the best sewing-machine*, and a second medal as the machine best manufactured—that is, embodying the best mechanical workmanship. Besides these, Mr. GEORGE W. BAKER, Assistant Superintendent of the Wilson Sewing-Machine Company, receives a special medal for excellence of workmanship on the machine; Mr. WILLIAMS of this city receives a medal for best sewing on leather, done by the Wilson; and Miss BROCK and Miss DE LUSSEY receive still another medal for best samples of family sewing and embroidery, done on the Wilson machine. This sweeps the entire board. Not only has the Wilson Sewing-Machine been pronounced the most capable and efficient sewing-machine in the world, but its work, on both dry goods and leather, is pronounced superior to that of all other machines. This verdict at a world's Fair, where all the leading sewing-machines of both continents have competed before a thoroughly competent committee for more than three months, is the most complete triumph ever won by a sewing-machine. We congratulate Mr. WILSON, we congratulate Cleveland on this admirable result. The people of the United States can henceforth be assured that in buying the Wilson machine for $20 less than any other first-class sewing-machine is offered, they are purchasing the best sewing-machine ever offered to the public. It is the people's own machine, made to do the people's work, and offered at a price which every one can afford to pay. It is the people's machine which has won this triumph; the judgment of the Vienna Committee only confirms the verdict that the masses had long ago reached by actual experience.—*Cleveland Daily Leader*, August 20.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES AT VIENNA.

IT is announced that the specimens of boots and shoes and other leather work that have taken the highest premium at the Vienna Exposition were stitched on Wheeler & Wilson's New Sewing-Machine No. 6, which is adapted to a much wider range of work in leather and cloth than any other machine in existence.

When we consider in this connection that their Family Sewing-Machine was the first introduced into the household for general use, and for more than twenty years has stood unrivaled, we do not wonder that this Company has received at the World's Exposition, Vienna, 1873, both the *Grand Medal for Merit* and the *Grand Medal for Progress* since receiving the highest premiums at former World's Expositions, besides being the *only Sewing-Machine Company recommended by the International Jury for the Grand Diploma of Honor.*—[*Com.*]

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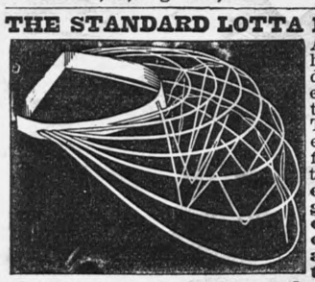

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FACETIÆ.

DURING the late war Dr. ——, entering the hospital surgery, met Paddy Doyle, the orderly, and asked him which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in hospital. "That, Sir," said Paddy, as, with an indicative jerk of the thumb, he pointed to where, on the table, lay a case of surgical instruments.

Men marry because they are weary of liberty; women because they desire it.

"I say, John, where did you get that rogue's hat?"

"Please, yer honor," said John, "it's an old one of yours that missis gave me yesterday."

If a woman agrees to do what you ask her, depend upon it you are only asking her to do that on which she had already set her mind.

What is that which no one wishes to have, and no one wishes to lose?—A bald head.

A boy defines salt as "the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put on any."

An irate man who was disappointed in his boots, threatened to eat up the shoe-maker, but compromised by drinking a cobbler.

Contradiction is the best sauce to argument.

"You shouldn't be glutinous, Isaac," said Mrs. Partington, as, with an anxious expression, she marked the strong convulsive effort that young gentleman was making to bolt the last quarter of a mince-pie—"you shouldn't be so glutinous, dear. You must be very careful, or you will get something in your elementary canal or sarcophagus one of these days that will kill you, Isaac."

What mountain most resembles the sound of a sneeze?—Catarrh-din.

A French author, who is engaged in getting up a book on Americans, has been boring Jones to death for information. The other day he asked him, "Vat vaz ze differance between ze Yankee wimmen and ze Southern wimmen?"

"I'll tell you," snorted Jones, "if you won't bother me again. A Yankee woman loves her husband, children, and minister about the same, and lives on codfish and pumpkin-pie. A Southern woman has feet too small to walk on, and wears shoes too small for her feet."

AN ENDLESS WIT.

"Really, Mr. Johnston, there's nae end to your wit," said a lady in the west of Scotland to a noted humorist.

"Gude forbid, madam," he replied, "that I should ever be at my wit's-end."

PARTING WORDS FROM GERMANY TO FRANCE.—Our "*occupation's* gone."

The tall man reaches high, but the little man who can climb on to his shoulders reaches higher, and picks more fruit.

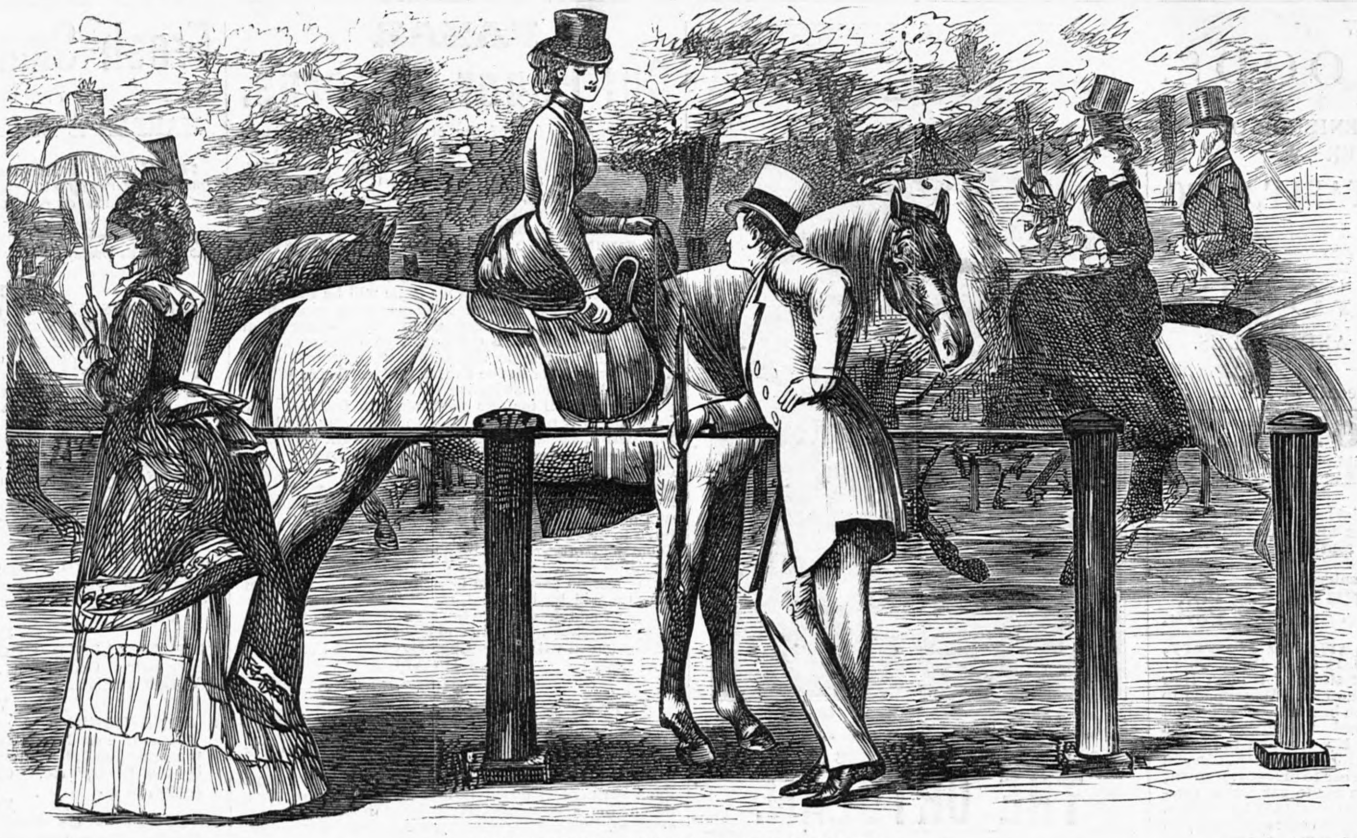
THE MINNOW-MUM—First capture with a worm and crooked pin.

FARMER. "Wull, Maarster Jarvis, and how be ye, Sir?"

MASTER JARVIS (*who is of goodly proportions*). "Oh, only just middling! There be a main soight too much o' me to be all well at one time!"

ON HAND—The fingers.

Theodore Hook once said to a man at whose table a publisher got very tipsy, "You appear to have emptied your wine-cellar into your book-seller!"



WHAT CITY CRUSHES ARE COMING TO.

"By-the-bye, Mrs. Crowder, have you met the Partingtons lately?"
"Not for an Age! They were at my Ball last Night, but I didn't see them. By-the-way, did *you* happen to be there, Captain Symthe?"
"Oh yes! Enjoyed myself immensely!"
"*So* glad!"

A traveler, on his arrival in the city, stopped for a moment to examine a coat hanging in front of a clothing store, when the proprietor rushed out and asked, "Wouldn't you try on some coats?"

"I dunno but I would," responded the traveler, consulting his time-killer; and he went in and began to work. No matter how often he found his fit he called for more coats, and after he had tried on thirty he looked at his watch, again resumed his own garment, and walked off, saying: "I won't charge a cent for what I've done. Hang a man who won't oblige another when he can do it! If I'm ever around this way again, and you've got any more coats to try on, I'll do all I can to help you!"

A NEW NAME FOR TIGHT BOOTS—A corn crib.

A contemporary speaks of a fashionable tailor as being "one of the old war-horses of the trade." A heavy charger, we suppose.

PERPENDICULAR DRINKING—Whisky straight.

HOW TO MAKE A TALL MAN SHORT.—Ask him to lend you five dollars.

A NOTORIOUS EAVESDROPPER—Rain.

When some one told Dr. Barton that Mr. Vowel was dead, he quietly remarked, "Let us be thankful that it was neither U nor I."

TO CURB A FAST YOUNG MAN—Bridal him.

ENGLISHMAN. "I fail to see, Dennis, why you should be so imbittered against the sister isle!"

DENNIS (*home ruler*). "Listen here, Sir; she won't *fraternize* wid us!"

A WATER-SPOUT—A teetotal oration.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again, but it isn't so with eggs.

A man being awakened by the captain of a passage boat with the announcement that he must not occupy his berth with his boots on, very considerately replied, "Oh, it won't hurt 'em; they're an old pair."

At a hotel, a short time since, a girl inquired of a gentleman at the table if his cup was out.

"No," said he, "but my coffee is."

The poor girl went away considerably confused, but determined to pay him in his own coin. While at dinner the stage drove up, and several coming in, the gentleman asked, "Does the stage dine here?"

"No, Sir," replied the girl, in a sarcastic tone, "but the passengers do."

THE BEST COLOR FOR FACES—Water-color.

A store-keeper advertises for sale, "Quart bowls of all sorts and sizes, ninepence apiece and various prices."

A FRUITFUL INSTRUMENT—A drum of figs.

RECTOR (*going his rounds*). "Ah, uncommonly fine pig, Mr. Dibbles, I declare."

CONTEMPLATIVE VILLAGER. "Ah, yes, Sir; if we was only all of us as fit to die as him, Sir!"

A WORD TO THE WISE—Keep so.

"Needs must when the devil drives;" but first you must be fool enough to give him the reins.

What did Adam first plant in the garden of Eden?—His foot.

"What do you ask for that article?" inquired an old gentleman of a pretty shop-girl.

"Five shillings."

"Ain't you a little dear?"

"Why," she replied, blushing, "all the young men tell me so."

The other day an Irishman with a very heavy trunk got into an omnibus, and sat himself down, and held the box on his knees. The conductor wanted to take it from him; "But," says Paddy, "sure the poor creatures of horses have enough to do to drag along without that, and I'll carry it meself."

A bore—the man who persists in talking about himself when you wish to talk about yourself.

A woman without temper is like bread sauce with no onion in it.

A very unpleasant fix was that of the gent who struggled manfully but hopelessly to incase himself within a pair of tight boots while a dog-fight was going on around the corner. He finally got out there in his stocking feet, but to his disgust the fight was over.

An Irishman having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, exclaimed, "This is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

"I want a *Young Men's Companion*," said a spruce customer to a bookseller.

"Very well," said the bookseller, picking up a volume; "here's *My Only Daughter*."

When is a lady like a show-window?—When she takes great pains with her sash.

It may do to read sermons, but a young lady was lately taken aback when her swain got upon his knees before her and read a declaration of love which he had nicely written off.

LONG DIVISION.—A divorce.

Rasper, being told he looked seedy, and asked what business he was in, replied, "The hardware business; look at my wardrobe."

When Jones's board bill was presented, he said that he did not have enough money to pay it, opening his wallet at the same time. His landlady, seeing quite a number of bank-notes, rather doubted his word, and inquired what denomination those bills were.

"Denomination?" said Jones. "Well, I don't know; but I guess they must be of the Unitarian denomination, for they are all *ones*."

"This engine won't work," said a fireman to the chief of the Fire Department.

"No wonder," was the reply; "it was made to play."

"What makes a little dog wag his tail?" asked one darky of another.

"Cause de dog is stronger dan de tail. If de tail was de strongest, it would wag de dog, wouldn't it—say?"

A Pennsylvania newspaper announces that a *Melanerpes erythocephalus* has been observed in the park. This portentous name frightens away all the women and children. The monster in question is the red-headed woodpecker.

Grace Greenwood relates as an instance of the extravagance of New England humor that when a young farmer's wife made her first boy's pants precisely as ample before as behind, the farmer exclaimed, "Goodness! he won't know whether he's going to school or coming home."

PROBLEM FOR FINANCIERS.—To convert a floating debt into a sinking fund.

Trying to do business without advertising is like winking at a pretty girl through a pair of green goggles. You may know what you're doing, but nobody else does.

Somebody asks why it is that theatres are seldom if ever struck by lightning. The solution of which conundrum is that every orchestra has a conductor.

A Parisian musical dictionary defines a shout to be "an unpleasant noise produced by overstraining the throat, for which great singers will be paid, and small children well punished."

HIGHLY CULTIVATED.

YOUNG LADY. "I didn't like Tomatoes at first, but I find they Grow on me."
YOUNG GENTLEMAN. "Grow on You? To be sure they do. There, I see them on your Lips."

MILLIONAIRESSES.

MRS. A. "Well, good-by, dear. You must come and see my new Dresses from Paris—one *charming* Morning Dress among others, quite simple, and only cost Four Hundred Dollars! You'll come, won't you? and tell me what you Think of it!"
MRS. B. "Oh, my dear, *I'm* no Judge of Cheap Clothing, you know!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 38.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Ladies' and Children's Suits, Figs. 1–5.

Fig. 1.—LINEN CAMBRIC WALKING SUIT. The skirt of écru linen cambric is trimmed with gathered ruffles of the material. The polonaise is of striped cambric, scalloped on the under edge and on the bottom of the sleeves, and bound with plain cambric. It is also trimmed with écru gros grain bows. To make the polonaise first join on the pieces turned down in Supplement on Figs. 1^b, 2, and 3^b, and set Figs. 1^a and 1^b and 3^a and 3^b together along the lines cut across according to the corresponding letters (see diagrams of Figs. 1^a and 1^b and 3^a and 3^b, reduced to one-sixteenth of full size). Then cut of striped material two pieces each from Figs. 1^a and 1^b and 2, and one piece from Figs. 3^a and 3^b. Cut the sleeves each in one piece from Fig. 4, observing the outline of the under part. Having furnished all the parts with lining, which should only reach from the upper edge to an inch and a quarter below the bottom of the waist on Figs. 1^a and 1^b, 3^a and 3^b, sew up the darts and cross pleats in the fronts, and join the back, side forms, and fronts according to the corresponding figures. Pleat the polonaise at the bottom of the waist, fastening all the ×'s on ●, face the front edge of the fronts with a strip of the material an inch and three-quarters wide, and cut the under edge of the polonaise in scallops, which are bound narrow with plain cambric. Set the polonaise on a standing collar seven-eighths of an inch wide, and furnish it with buttons and button-holes for closing. Sew up the sleeves from 9 to 10, cut the under edge in scallops, which are bound narrow, as shown by the illustration, and pleat them, bringing × on ●. Set the sleeves into the corded armholes, according to the corresponding figures. To drape the polonaise pleat the fronts, bringing × on ●; besides this, fasten a band eight inches and seven-eighths long on the wrong side in the back at the bottom of the waist, and fasten the free end of the band to ∗ on Figs. 3^a and 3^b. Seven-eighths of an inch from this band on each side fasten a band four inches and seven-eighths long, the free end of which is sewed to ⁖ of Figs. 3^a and 3^b. Finally, trim the polonaise with the bows as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—MOHAIR DRESS. This dress is made of light gray mohair, and consists of a skirt and polonaise; the trimming consists of kilt-pleated ruffles of the material and of folds of dark gray mohair.

Fig. 3.—DRESS FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD. This dress of white cashmere is cut in scallops, which are bound with blue gros grain, and is closed by means of buttons and button-holes.

Fig. 4.—GRAY TOILE DE SOIE DRESS. This dress consists of a skirt, over-skirt, vest, and basque. The skirt is arranged in kilt pleats; the over-skirt is trimmed with a fold of dark gray gros grain, and the basque is furnished with revers and a collar of gros grain also. Pleated Swiss muslin fraise and under-sleeves. To make the over-skirt first join on the piece turned down in Supplement on Fig. 5^a, and set Figs. 5^a and 5^b together along the lines cut across according to the corresponding letters (see diagram of Figs. 5^a and 5^b, reduced to one-sixteenth of full size). Then cut of toile de soie two pieces from Figs. 5^a and 5^b, and sew them up on the straight (back) edges, and trim them with a gros grain fold on the under edge. Gather the top of the over-skirt from the middle to ⁖, and set it on a belt, which is furnished with hooks and eyes for closing. To drape the over-skirt fasten to the wrong side of the belt in the middle of the back a band four inches and seven-eighths long, the free end of which is sewed to ∗ on Figs. 5^a and 5^b. For the vest cut of the material and lining two pieces each from Figs. 6 and 7, and the back of double shirting from Fig. 8. Sew up the darts and cross pleats in the fronts. Sew up the back from 13 to 14 and join it with the fronts, according to the corresponding figures. Stitch the pocket welts on the fronts along the straight line according to the corresponding signs, face the front edge of the vest with a strip of the material an inch and three-quarters wide, set on a standing collar, and furnish the vest with buttons and button-holes. Run the material and lining together on the under edge and along the armholes. To make the basque cut of the material and lining two pieces each from Figs. 9–11, and the sleeves from Fig. 13, observing the outline of the under part. Cut the collar of the material only from Fig. 12; Fig. 14 gives the pattern for the cuffs. Having basted the material on the lining, sew up the darts in the fronts, sew up the

Fig. 1.—LINEN CAMBRIC WALKING SUIT. For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1^a and 1^b–4.

Fig. 2.—MOHAIR DRESS.

Fig. 3.—DRESS FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 4.—GRAY TOILE DE SOIE DRESS. For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5^a and 5^b–14.

Fig. 5.—GROS GRAIN WALKING SUIT.

FIGS. 1–5.—SUITS FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

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back from 21 to 22, and join Figs. 9–11 according to the corresponding figures. Pleat the basque at the bottom of the waist, bringing × on ●, set the neck on the collar from 21 to 25, and cover the collar, in connection with the upper corners of the fronts, with gros grain on the wrong side from the outer edge to two inches beyond the dotted line. Roll the collar and fronts along this line. Face the fronts on the wrong side from the under edge to an inch and a quarter beyond the dotted line with gros grain, fold them on the outside along this line, and fasten the revers thus formed with a button on each side. Run the material and lining together on the free outer edge of the basque, and furnish the latter with a button and button-hole for closing. Having sewed up the sleeves from 26 to 27 and from 28 to 29, set on the cuffs according to the corresponding figures, face the sleeves with a strip of the material two inches and a half wide, and set them into the corded armholes, bringing 29 on 29 of the fronts.

Fig. 5.—GROS GRAIN WALKING SUIT. This suit is made of black gros grain, and is trimmed with ruffles and puffs of the material. Black Neapolitan hat, trimmed with blue gros grain ribbon and a bunch of flowers. Gray silk parasol, lined with white lustring.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1873.

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☞ *A Cut Paper Pattern of the new and popular English Walking Jacket Suit will be published with our next Number. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 607.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE POOR.

THE essential truth of the text that the destruction of the poor is their poverty is exemplified in a thousand details of everyday life. It has probably occurred to almost every body of narrow means how easily a fortune might be accumulated if one had only reached a starting-point; but as that is the very thing lacking, nothing else signifies —the first step in the ladder being absent, there seems no known method of bridging it. To be sure, the first dollar deposited in a savings-bank is a magnet that will attract other dollars; but to the great army of the poor the first superfluous dollar that is not required by every day's necessities is something "as unattainable as a star in heaven." If any thing is to be saved, it must be done at the expense of present comfort. One must go shabby, and perhaps hungry, to-day, in order that old age and rainy weather may not find one bankrupt. And this the poor are slow to learn, and still slower to act upon. There may not be any rainy season, nor any old age. Why sacrifice to-day for the future? Moreover, it requires no inconsiderable effort of the will to deny one's —lf or one's children those things that seem needful, in order to reap a harvest in a future that may not arrive, especially since this sort of self-denial sometimes results in more loss than profit, for hunger and cold do not conduce to the highest physical or mental development. The chilled blood takes revenge, and the weakened stomach reacts on the brain, so that there would seem to be no ground for the poor to stand upon, except that sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

How can even the comparatively poor take advantage of bargains offered in the market at certain seasons? How much might be saved from next year's expenses if the purse were a little plumper at the time when retailers surrender last season's goods at a discount; and what an aggravation is added when we reflect that our fifty-dollar suits might have been bought for twenty-five dollars last autumn; that we might have secured our lace shawls at a discount of ten per cent. in January, if we had not been obliged to wait till certain payments fell due, and prices waxed higher, having no surplus funds beyond the needs of the hour with which to ward off destruction! The cheap dress materials we felt constrained to purchase have not proved able to bear the season's wear and tear, and yet preserve any semblance of respectability; whereas, if our purse had allowed of a more generous quality, we should have saved the time and expense of dress-making, which is no small item, where the mere cost of making up a cheap material often exceeds the price of the material itself. Moreover, one is often obliged to wear one's best when a second best would be most appropriate, and so entail additional outlay upon the privy purse. One is extravagant from no tendency to prodigality, but because she has no power of economizing — economy being a profession that demands more or less capital. Thus the constant daily effort to make both ends meet works to the destruction of the poor, since it concentrates the mind upon minor things, magnifies mole-hills into mountains, gives the mind certain habits of thought not conducive to its growth, necessitates a continual consideration of the subject of dress, of ways and means, of bread and meat, till the horizon narrows to these limits, and one has eyes, but sees not the fairer prospect beyond, and ears that hear not the divine invitation, "Come up higher."

What earthly time has the poor mother left for intellectual thought, after administering to the needs of her family in the matter of clothes, of upholstery, of general housekeeping, after nicely balancing the month's income with the month's necessities? Let us hope, at least, that there is a heavenly eternity for her, in which she may forget the current prices in wider contemplations. Nobody denies that she is fulfilling her duty; but it is part of the destructive force of poverty that her duty leaves her no unhampered moment which she may employ intellectually, that her thoughts and aspirations and schemes are almost necessarily of the earth.

Though it may be urged that poverty is the making of the man—that it is the motive power through which indolent genius achieves success—that but for its stimulating effects we should miss much that the world could ill afford to miss, yet such instances would seem exceptions. If poverty is the background against which the greatness of a LINNÆUS, of a BUNYAN, or a SHAKSPEARE stands out in glorious relief, it is certain that there are many among us to whom it is an overshadowing cloud, a clog about the feet, a limitation engendering distrust of ourselves. A penniless man respects himself no more than others respect him. Consideration is accorded to wealth not altogether on account of its material benefits, perhaps, but because it represents capacity wisely employed, with no energy run to waste; while the chief solace of poverty lies in the truth that it is not an unalterable fact of nature, like blindness or idiocy, but is susceptible of amelioration. It may be objected that nothing but discontent is to be gained by emphasizing the disagreeable aspects of poverty; but is not discontent the first movement of the mind toward amendment?

SILK.

WHILE half the world are reviling American women for their extravagance in the silks and velvets and laces of the yearly importation, let us pause a moment, not to throw back a word of retort about any extravagance of the other half of the world in broadcloth and cigars and wines, but to look at one of these fabrics, which are so precious that, after all, they are thought worth being reviled about. Listen to the sentimental Frenchman dreaming over it: "Amber," he says, "and yellowing pearls and old lace are the only neighbors that silk loves to have. Noble adornment, never gaudy, but lending a softening charm to too abounding youth, and giving to faded beauty its most touching reflex! Not brilliant, but luminous, with a soft electric light, it naturally harmonizes with the electricity of woman—living tissue, it embraces willingly the living person." How is it possible, then, for women to do any thing else than want a stuff that is pronounced after such a fashion to be the only wear? "It is the gold-color of the Verona silks that in GIORGIONE, at the superb beginning of Venetian art, or in the great TITIAN, the master of masters, adorns with a gilding splendor those rosy blondes of the red-gold hair, the first beauties of the world. Elsewhere, in an age of decline, when Spain and Flanders had paled, that melancholy painter who preferred among all women those pained by experience, the tarnished flower, the fruit ripened too early by the sting, VANDYCK, clothed his inclining and languishing beauties with white silk like a soothing ray of the moon—their hearts still troubled with vain dreams and vain regrets under the soft folds of their moonshiny satins." It is not only by artistic right, though, that this fabric has a peculiar fitness for its feminine wearer; for, unless history is at fault, it owes its very existence to a woman, and its manufacture has in all ages since received a stimulus through feminine agencies, its invention being accredited to the Chinese Empress SILINGSHI, more than four thousand years ago. But long after the Chinese lady rustled and reveled in its electric lustres it remained the exclusive possession of her country—her country which in fact was known to ancient geographers by the name of silk-land, being called Seres and Serica from the word Se, signifying silk; and as it was a death penalty to let the eggs or worms go beyond the borders, they still remained at home; but the raw material was exported to Persia, and some of it dyed in the purple of Tyre, and some of it woven into flowered stuffs at Damascus, and all of it sold for immense sums.

After many years another woman, a Greek, PAMPHILA by name, a native of that beautiful island of the Ægean Sea which produced APELLES and HIPPOCRATES, took her heavy and undyed silken robe, that had been brought from the East, and, raveling its threads with care, rewove them in the rude loom over whose like Penelope and Medea had bent with their women, and by crossing the threads of the warp so as to separate them from those of the woof in quite another manner from the close weaving of the original texture, produced a fine and filmy gauze, whose transparent brilliancy beside the opaque Oriental stuff was the butterfly beside the worm. She doubled, of course, the number of yards in her material by this means, and instituted the manufacture of Coan gauzes, which became a profitable industry in the islands. Perhaps it was in such a tissue that Helen went out to name over the Greek heroes to old Priam on the walls of Troy, "shadowing her beauty with white veils."

Afterward gauzes were brought from Gaza, in Palestine, whence the modern article receives its name. But long before that time PAMPHILA'S occupation had been taken up by the Roman ladies, who wore the rewoven gauzes in that hot weather in which they used to carry balls of amber in their hands for coolness, or let certain harmless snakes creep over their shoulder and breast for the same reason. But even so late as the reign of TIBERIUS the Oriental silks were worn only by women of the greatest patrician houses; they were forbidden to men under any circumstances, though a mixed fabric of silk and wool by-and-by came into promiscuous use; and it was accounted as one of the wanton and effeminate prodigalities of HELIOGABALUS that he had an entire garment of silk. AURELIAN refused his empress a silk gown for the reason that it could only be bought for its weight in gold; yet gold must have been at a very different price then from now, as a pound of silk—the produce of twenty-eight hundred worms—will make sixteen yards of gros de Naples, and is, of course, equal in weight to a pound of gold, which is worth a good deal less than three hundred dollars—not at all an exorbitant price to-day for a handsome dress pattern, as the thousands of purchasers must be agreed, while half our servant-women flaunt in what was too costly a garment for PORTIA, or LIVIA, or FULVIA, or OCTAVIA, since when they bought it they had to pay for it in pearls. Probably CLEOPATRA marked herself for fresh opprobrium in the eyes of all these virtuous wives when her voluptuousness was of such a sort that silken was the very tackle by which were handled those sails of "cloth of gold, of tissue."

But of course the Roman ladies were far from contented with this state of things, and doubtless they made such a pother that MARCUS AURELIUS was glad to send a special embassy to the Chinese to treat upon the subject of silk, and no other; but the embassy failed in its purpose, and silk was still brought overland in small quantities on the slow marches of the caravans.

But in the sixth century, during the reign of JUSTINIAN, a couple of Persian monks, who, while missionaries behind the Chinese Wall, had thoroughly informed themselves concerning the breeding of the silk-worm and the manufacture of its thread, came home, bringing with them a number of the eggs concealed in a hollow cane; and from their efforts at Constantinople sprang the great European production of silk. It is a strange point in history, that of these two ascetics in their coarse gowns and cowls, the rope around their waists, the cross upon their breasts, toiling across the Asian wastes, and leaning on the canes that held the small beginnings of such a loose and lavish luxury as they would have thought exceeded the possibilities even of a DELILAH or a JEZEBEL.

Having at last acquired the great secret, the Romans were for some time its sole possessors in Europe. But afterward the Greeks obtained the manufacture, and kept it for six hundred years, when ROGER, King of Sicily, having sacked the Greek cities, carried off many of the inhabitants to Palermo, where, having recourse for a livelihood to their native industry, they made silken fabrics an article of Sicilian production, and for the first time charmingly variegated them, it is said, with many colors. Soon thereafter the manufacture spread through all the Italian cities, and in Venice the business was so highly esteemed that it was thought to be an honorable employment for a Doge, and one of the great Counts DANDOLO wrote treatises concerning it, and instituted improvements in it. It was of silk that Desdemona's fatal handkerchief was made. "The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk!" cried Othello. And probably so of all other worms thought that army of weavers who presently throughout Europe kept body and soul together by the making of crapes and lustrings, and taffetas and satins, by passing a warp of silk over a weft of hair in the stiff grograms loved of ancient dames, and by changing the old brocades of gold and silver into gorgeous things of silk alone.

Lyons, however, soon became the principal centre of silk manufacture, and there the caprice of DIANA DE POICTIERS in refusing to wear any thing else than either black or white silk largely stimulated the production. Here, in Lyons, during the time of NAPOLEON, JACQUARD brought to perfection a loom for weaving figures of diverse hues on the web. The weavers, of course, regarded the machine with the same distrust as that in which work-people have always held new machinery: they broke it to pieces in the public square, and forbade its future use. "The iron sold for iron, the wood for wood, and its inventor was delivered over to universal ignominy," said poor JACQUARD. But skill got the better of brutality then as always. Other countries adopted the machine, and the Lyonese had reason to rue their folly. Now it is every where used, and the successors of the stupid oafs who broke it up have executed by its means a wonderful piece of work, representing JACQUARD, surrounded by his tools, studying out the construction of the loom. They called this piece of work an "Hommage," and a thousand threads of warp and of woof went to the weaving of each square inch of it.

In the mean time, through fear that the coarse goods of the country should fall into disuse, laws were early passed in England that forbade any but people of quality from wearing silk, though at the time of the marriage of the Princess MARGARET with King ALEXANDER III. of Scotland one thousand knights were clad in silk, and the next day their vestments were changed for others more splendid yet. Such laws, however, being finally repealed, and the manufacture gradually gaining ground, other laws of a protecting nature were passed, so that resort was had to smuggling to the extent of half a million pounds a year. The home produce was still very imperfect and inferior, and models of the improved Italian machinery were obtained by a man at the hazard of his life, he escaping pursuit and gaining a ship that safely landed him on the English shores, where he eventually founded a noble family, and where, as soon as the protecting duties were removed, the English had found it necessary to improve the quality of their production, and did it so vigorously that in less than twenty years they were exporting silken goods to France to the value of two hundred thousand pounds.

Thus we see that the beauty of this delightful fabric has been so fully recognized that it has been held not only precious enough for one to endure reviling on account of its purchase, but to have it at the price of fortunes and the risk of life and limb. It is recognized as approaching the perfection of woven material, since it is the only thing, as a great Southern manufacturer said, that in the spinning rivals a human hair, a woman's hair, long, fine, strong, vibrant, the ideal that silk spinners pursue. Of course, in our own admiration of the article, we speak only from an æsthetic point of view, as we might admire the clouds of heaven and speak of them, could they be woven into tissues. Because it is beautiful we do not imagine that that is any reason why every one should have

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it, or even long to have it, unless they can have it in fit and corresponding surroundings. We by no means agree with MICHELET, quoted above, when he says: "In crossing our rudest regions, the valleys of the Ardèche, where all is rock, where the mulberry and the chestnut seem to dispense with earth, and live upon air and flint, where low huts of dry stone sadden the eye with their grayish tint, every where I saw at the door, under a sort of arch, two or three charming girls with brown skin, with white teeth, who smiled at the passer-by and spun gold. The passer, whirled away by the coach, exclaimed under his breath, 'What a pity, innocent fairies, that this gold should not be for you! Instead of being disguised by a useless color and disfigured by art, what would it not gain by remaining in its own tint and upon its beautiful spinners! How much better than the grand ladies of the court would this royal tissue become yourselves!'" On the contrary, totally differing from the poetical traveler's view, we think nothing could be more wholly unsuitable to the pretty brown-skinned girls in their narrow huts than any such "royal tissue," even though those huts, for the sake of the silk-worm's existence, be necessarily models of cleanliness; for much of beauty is correlative, so that where painful emotions are excited by its presence they overcome its perception. And if this fine stuff is unsuitable to its neat spinners, how much more out of place must we pronounce it when seen where dust and grease and rude wear and tear corrupt the splendid lustres that are made to be looked at down the length of great saloons, and in the company of objects of stately beauty!

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FALL REDINGOTES.

THE warm redingote of "diagonal," camel's-hair, cashmere, or else tufted camel's-hair, is the first garment that will be donned when cool autumn days require heavier clothing. This comfortable over dress, that so conveniently completes a suit when added to the black or other dark silk skirts of the present season, is very largely imported, and shows but slight changes from those now worn. The new fall redingote is a long close garment that makes the figure look very slender. The long clinging front hangs smoothly without a wrinkle, has two darts, or else is slightly loose and belted, is double-breasted, with two rows of buttons its entire length, has a round revers collar instead of the square and pointed revers now worn, and in many cases this collar is only set on for ornament, while the close high neck of the garment is finished by a still higher ruff of the material of the dress or its trimming. The back of the waist is tight-fitting, having but one seam down the middle, or else three back seams placed wide apart in English fashion, while the drapery of the skirt is most abundant, consisting of many deeply folded loopings in the three back seams; but these draped folds hang so softly that they do not give that bouffant tournure which is now so objectionable. Plain close coat sleeves are universal, but cuffs are more fanciful than the present square cuffs. Pockets also are not merely square bags, but have ornamental flaps, and are set on obliquely, or cut in points, or rounded. Belts of the material or of the trimming fastened behind by large silver clasps are on all redingotes, and few sashes are seen on the early importations. Above every thing else the standing trimming about the neck makes itself conspicuous, as not ruffs alone are worn erect, but also the English collar with standing back and turned-over points in front; and oddest of all is the fancy for turning up the back of wide revers collars, just as gentlemen's overcoat collars are sometimes turned up in the back by accident or carelessness, though certainly never by design.

Soft thick woolen fabrics are used for redingotes, and the garment is made sufficiently warm by lining the waist with flannel or else farmer's satin. The heavy diagonals and armures resembling the cloth used for gentlemen's semi-dress coats are the novelties of the season, and are in especial demand in indigo blue and dark green shades. A dark blue redingote will, it is prophesied, be the popular garment of the autumn; next in favor after blue is slate-color—which is a dark bluish-gray—then olive shades, myrtle green, and bronze. These deep colors will, it is said, be more used than black, though black will by no means be abandoned. Camel's-hair serge with its broad diagonal lines, cashmere roughened by camel's-hair fleece, and the tufted camel's-hair have already been described, and these will be the accepted materials for over dresses, with silk or velvet skirts of the same color. Few suits entirely of silk will be imported; woolen fabrics associated with velvet or silk of corresponding shades are preferred to silk costumes. The trimmings are flat bias bands of velvet or silk, pipings, and cords, put on in the way worn hitherto, with the more fanciful additions on collars, cuffs, and pockets already designated. There is a fancy for carrying the trimming up the back and side seams of the skirt to the waist. Quantities of embroidery are used, especially lines down the front of the garment between the rows of buttons. Swinging cords are seen in abundance. The novelty for trimming camel's-hair and cloth is yak braid, broad, substantial, and similar in appearance to the Hercules braid formerly used. Buttons of metal or pearl are colored to match the fabric they trim. For instance, there are blue steel buttons dark as sapphires, bronzed steel buttons precisely like the cloth with which they are used, and smoked pearl buttons that show all the olive green and olive brown shades. Handsome Japanese buttons, black, with gilt or silver figures, are also shown, and there are quantities of dark oxidized silver buttons, with clasps, buckles, and brooches carved to match.

Among the French redingotes imported for models is one of heavy blue diagonal made tight-fitting, with rounded revers collar turned up behind, black yak braid for trimming, and oxidized silver buttons. A second, of myrtle green cloth, made with tight back and belted front, has a velvet band three inches wide laid on smoothly for trimming, also large swinging ornaments of yak cord for fastening the front. Another of slate-colored camel's-hair has very long double-breasted fronts with two darts; there are three seams behind, making wide side bodies, pockets with square flaps, a thick silk cord, not a mere piping fold, on the edge, and blue steel buttons in two rows down the front, and designating the waist behind. A fourth redingote of olive green armure, also double-breasted, has a high pleated ruff of armure showing a lighter silk lining. A cord of light silk surrounds the garment, and two rows of smoked pearl buttons trim the front. Polonaises of imitation camel's-hair, trimmed with yak braiding and machine stitching in embroidery patterns, are imported in boxes, unmade. Those of dark blue are nearly all disposed of, but the garment can be had in slate, bronze, myrtle, and olive green. Fine real camel's-hair redingotes are ornamented with the rough yak soutache done in medallions, with silk embroidery inside the medallion. Children's redingotes are imported ready-made in precisely the same designs and colors described for ladies. A square sailor collar with a ruff above it is a favorite ornament for wraps and over dresses for young ladies and girls.

NEW MANTILLAS.

When greater warmth is required than the redingote gives, one of the new wraps will be added. Of these the mantilla will probably be the first choice, and will be used to complete suits. It is made of colored camel's-hair, has a round cape back, long straight scarf fronts, with a fanciful pocket in one end, and a high ruff around the neck. Yak braid, yak lace beaded, and a new fringe made of fine silk tape, curled instead of goffered or crimped, are the trimmings.

DOLMANS.

Dolmans of cloth and camel's-hair are largely imported. They show various improvements in shape, and preserve always the long side piece peculiar to them. Some of these have mantilla fronts, and the backs are jacket shape, and far better fitting than when the garment was first worn; others have coat fronts joined to the shortest possible back, and fastened under the long flowing sleeve. Colored cloths and camel's-hair in all the stylish dark tints are more frequently seen in these garments than the once prevalent black cashmere. These dark cloths are almost covered with yak braiding, wool embroidery, silk embroidery, chenille, and jet, until they become so heavy that it is a burden to lift them. The inevitable ruff finishes these wraps, and is made of black repped silk, edged with Tom Thumb fringe. The scarf Dolman, the jacket Dolman, and those with mantilla fronts are found occasionally in fine black cashmere, trimmed expensively with bands of ostrich feathers, voluminous swinging cords, yak lace in guipure designs sprinkled with fine jet beads, while others have the material almost concealed by an abundance of yak braiding or else silk embroidery.

ENGLISH WALKING JACKET.

The English walking jacket again appears, made of warm, rough cloth, nearly half an inch thick, yet as soft as camel's-hair, and known as camel's-hair cloth. It retains its jaunty shape, fitting like a gentleman's coat, with high shoulder seams, double-breasted front, coat collar, and three back seams far apart at the waist, with lappets below the waist, but no postilion pleats. Coat sleeves and pockets with flaps complete this trim, tidy, and withal masculine-looking jacket. It is made of olive, slate, blue, and myrtle green cloths, trimmed with velvet or silk revers, pipings, and cords, and buttons of steel or pearl colored to match the cloth exactly, or else with buttons of oxidized silver beautifully carved. The rough but stylish yak braid is used for trimming also; sometimes there is a row of inch-wide braid, with two narrower ones above, and in other cases the jacket is almost covered with an intricate design done in fine yak soutache. Dark blue, black, and iron gray cloth jackets are shown closer fitting than the ordinary English sacque, and much longer: some are longer in front than behind, and have an extra basque pleated on the back, like a riding-habit waist. Blue gros grain bands with a lighter blue cording on the upper edge trim blue cloth jackets prettily; the buttons are then blue steel or else oxidized silver. When single-breasted jackets are shown, they are usually finished with a sailor collar and a silk ruff. Children's and misses' jackets are shown in precisely the same shapes and colors just noted. Soft beaver cloth jackets are bordered with beaver or seal-skin fur, and have a fur boa sewed around the neck, with tails hanging in front; others have the collar and cuffs of seal-skin or beaver fur. Small muffs of cloth are trimmed with fur to match these jackets.

NEW LINGERIE.

Fall importations of lingerie are now displayed. The new sets of chemisettes and under-sleeves have box-pleated ruffs of white linen edged with real Valenciennes, while outside is a flaring band of doubled linen standing like a collar around the ruff. The linen cuff also flares, and has a pleating inside. To wear with high-throated dresses the chemisette is cut high, and the set costs $6 50; for low-throated, heart-shaped necks they cost $8. The chemisette is merely intended to protect the dress lining, but is neat enough to show when worn with double-breasted dresses. Other sets have more elaborate double box-pleatings with hem-stitched hem, and perpendicular rows of hem-stitching between the pleats. These form a high ruff behind, and have the fronts turned over in revers. Price $6 50. New embroidered sets have a standing collar that flares outward, and is edged with a scroll-work of tiny embroidered bands rolled on the edge, leaving an open space large enough to pass a crayon pencil through. The cuffs slope open in the duchesse shape, and have the same intricate, novel, and indescribable trimming of scroll embroidery. Price $8. These new standing flaring collars, it is said, will supersede the plain English bands, though the latter are shown formed entirely of lengthwise rows of hem-stitching. With wide-cuffed under-sleeves, they cost $6 50. Other linen sets are edged with narrow Valenciennes that is put on slightly full, and is pinched into a tiny pleat between scallops, instead of being fluted. Puffs of sheer lawn are arranged in front, like a jabot, and also on the cuffs.

In colored sets those of dark blue are most striking, and, though a relief of snowy white about the neck and wrists is commendable, it must be admitted that colored lingerie is very fashionable, and that dark blue sells best among the novelties. These have flaring collars of doubled blue percale, high behind, with turned-over fronts, ornamented with a narrow band of white linen stitched near the edge. They are made with a chemisette that is faced with blue, lapped like a double-breasted vest, and fastened by large linen buttons. With wide flaring cuffs to the under-sleeves, the set costs $4. Other percale sets are daintily made with a pleated ruff inside a flaring collar. The tiny ruff is of hair-striped percale, with pointed needle-worked ends, and the collar is of a solid color, also needle-worked. The cuff is similarly shaped. These are brought out in stripes of white with pink, pale blue, gray, and black, and cost from $8 to $12. Some pale gray sheer batiste sets are edged with Valenciennes.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. LORD & TAYLOR; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and SHAW & EATON.

PERSONAL.

MR. S. WELLS WILLIAMS, Secretary of the United States legation in China, has completed his dictionary of the Chinese language. To that work he has contributed the labor of forty years. It contains explanations of 12,500 Chinese characters. Mr. WILLIAMS is now the oldest inhabitant among the foreigners in China.

—Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY, a frequent contributor to the HARPER publications, sends to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, of which he is the regular correspondent, the following incident at the Rev. Mr. SPURGEON'S church, in London. The two distinguished men first alluded to are said to be Bostonians. "Just before the services two distinguished Americans—one a former official, and intimate friend of the late DANIEL WEBSTER—had been shown into a pew. Presently the pew-opener came and requested that they would take a seat just behind, as 'a distinguished gentleman and lady' had to be placed in the pew they occupied. The two Americans at once complied, and beheld the gentleman and lady escorted to the vacated seats—both black as the ace of spades."

—The Rev. Dr. FOWLER, president of the Northwestern University, has no notion that his daughter shall be entrapped in the net of the fowler. In a recent sermon, on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the South Evanston M. E. Church, he commended the idea of having a basement and parlors in the church for social purposes. In answer to the objection that boys and girls would do their sparking at the church, the doctor said: "I say, Amen. I have a daughter whom I cherish dearer than the apple of my eye. When she is of suitable age, I had rather my daughter would be courted in the house of God than in a theatre."

—Mr. ANTHONY MUSGRAVE, the newly appointed Governor of South Australia, was sworn into office at Adelaide on the 9th of June. He is represented as being a man of great executive ability, and his American wife, a daughter of DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, is alluded to in eulogistic terms by the provincial press.

—The estate of JOHN STUART MILL, which is considerable, goes entirely to his step-daughter, Miss HELEN TAYLOR, who will have the house at Avignon, a large income for a single lady, and the absolute disposal of all interest in her benefactor's copyrights and posthumous publications.

—Mrs. MARY CLEMMER AMES'S new book will be called *Ten Years in Washington: Life and Scenes in the National Capital as a Woman sees them.* A woman so bright and clever as Mrs. AMES, so posted in fact and fertile in fancy, ought to make, and doubtless will make, the best book about Washington, its men and things, that has been done on that city.

—The Rev. Miss FANNIE W. ROBERTS, who has been licensed to preach, and has a church in Kittery, has been given authority by the Governor and Council to solemnize marriages in Maine. And she is the first woman who has ever been charged with that woful responsibility in the State of Maine.

—Mrs. HENRY R. CHRISTIAN performed at Augusta, Georgia, a few days since, an act so cool and courageous as to place it among the pluckiest things of the kind we have read as having been done by a woman. At the boarding-house of Mrs. BERNARD a burglar, supposed to be one of the colored waiters, secreted himself in the rooms of Mrs. CHRISTIAN, who heard during the night noises in her daughter's room, and woke up her daughter several times to ask her if she was restless. At length, toward morning, Mrs. CHRISTIAN dozed lightly for a short while, and awoke at the sound of a rustling noise to see the obscure but yet perceptible figure of a man, some five or six feet from the foot of the bed, and at the left, on his knees, fumbling in a dress that lay at the foot of a lounge by the window, just opposite the door of the room entering into the hall. Startled but not terrified, the courageous lady realized the situation at once, and shouting to her daughter to awaken her, and telling her to cry out for help, she herself screaming "thieves!" flew out of her bed, and boldly rushed at the daring burglar. He stood still for a moment, when she seized him by the arm. He, not uttering a word, hurled her from him with all his force, and broke for the window, and began working to unlatch the closed blind. Nothing daunted, and saved from falling by her trunk at the foot of the bed, the brave-spirited lady again rushed to catch hold of the burglar. She could not distinguish his features, but she had a clear idea of his size, and could discern the flash of his eyes. This time she caught him by the suspender. He had succeeded in getting one of the blinds open by this time, and desperately sprang through the window, and just outside was a tree, into which he landed. His suspender broke in her hand, and as he lit in the branches of the tree he steadied himself by catching the window-sill with one hand. By this time some of the people in the house and in the neighborhood were aroused. Hopeful of holding him until assistance could come, the lady seized the hand momentarily clinging to the window-sill, but was unable to hold it. The burglar dropped to the ground, scrambled over the fence, flew into a gully back of the house, and managed to escape, being soon after followed by two policemen, who made the arrest of the waiter SCOTT, whose foot just fitted the tracks made by the burglar, who carried of the pocket-book of Mrs. CHRISTIAN, containing fifty dollars, which has not yet been recovered.

—The Shah of Persia was the recipient of one present from the city of Paris which would gladden the heart of any connoisseur in books, viz., M. ALPHAND'S *Promenades de Paris*, a magnificent work, published by M. ROTHSCHILD, upon the production of which 700,000 francs were expended. It is a large folio, bound in exquisite style by LENÈGRE.

—Contrasting the public character and private being of most authors, the London *Saturday Review* says: "The lively novelist is a taciturn, morose kind of person, ever ready to start topics of a grave and depressing nature. The poet whose songs are full of that delicious melancholy that makes them so divinely sad is a rubicund, rosy-gilled gentleman, brisk, middle-aged, comfortable, particular as to his wines, and prone to personal gossip and feeble humor. The lady novelist who sails very near the wind, and on whom the critics are severe by principle, is as quiet as a Quakeress in her conversation, and demure as a nun in her bearing. The sour feminine essayist who finds every thing wrong and nothing in its place has a face like the full moon, and looks as if she fed on cream and butter." It is conjectured that the lady who sat for the last etching was Miss FRANCES POWER COBBE.

—Should Queen VICTORIA attend the marriage of her son, the Duke of Edinburgh, in St. Petersburg, in January next, it will be the first instance in which a royal personage has visited a foreign country to witness and honor such a ceremonial.

—Mr. BAIRD, a great man among the iron-masters of Scotland, has paid over to certain trustees, to be called "The Baird Trust," two millions and a half of dollars to be applied to religious purposes in connection with the Church of Scotland. Instead of tarrying for a further growth of Baird, he preferred to administer on his own estate, and see that the matter was put on a proper basis during his lifetime.

—Mr. DONALDSON, who still adheres to his purpose of going on the transatlantic balloon excursion, made a trial trip in his little paper boat from New York to Long Branch. It required five hours to make the voyage, and it was an entire success. He didn't ship a spoonful of water until the surf at Long Branch gave him a fine old damper. The steamer *Plymouth Rock* passed him on the trip, and the band struck up that anthem known as *Paddle your own Canoe.*

—The most agreeable communication Mr. JUDAH P. BENJAMIN has made to the South since he became a British subject was made a few days since to Mrs. CAMPBELL and Mrs. CHAMBERS, of Augusta, Georgia, that they were heirs to twelve millions of dollars, inherited from the estate of Rennaleau. The ladies were informed that there would be no obstacle in the way of obtaining possession of the property, and they have for that purpose started on their cheerful pilgrimage to France.

—An old soldier is Sir JOHN FORSTER FITZGERALD, colonel of the Eighteenth Royal Irish regiment—the oldest in the British army, if not the oldest soldier in the world. He is now the senior general, and has seen eighty years of service, his commission as ensign bearing date October 29, 1793.

—The son of ALFRED TENNYSON is to be made a baronet. The old gentleman seemed to think that to be called "Sir TENNYSON" would not add much to his personal comfort, his fame, or his bank account. "Sir ALFRED," though, has a more musical sound than "Sir Galahad," or "Sir Bedivere," or any of the poetical "Sirs" to whom the Laureate has given so delightful life.

—Mr. Secretary BELKNAP, abandoning during the torrid season arsenals and artillery, has gone into antiquarianism, and obtained a huge number of manuscript letters and orders of General WASHINGTON—among them his general order book, in which all orders are written in his own hand. One of these orders gives details for the fortification of West Point, including the names of the men employed on the work; and another in reference to profanity in the army, expressing his disapprobation of it in strong language. The secretary will have these papers and orders prepared for proper publication.

—Dr. HANS VON BULOW proposes to shine upon this country during the season of 1874–75. He is about fifty years of age, and has long been recognized as one of the foremost piano-forte players, while as a conductor and composer he deservedly takes high rank. Indeed, his only rival is RUBINSTEIN, who, while far surpassing VON BULOW in composition, is little, if at all, his superior as an executant. Of the two, VON BULOW is probably the more generally popular, as he does not confine his selections exclusively to the works of the classical masters.

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Designs for Collar and Cravat in White and Point Lace Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS embroidery may be worked on Swiss muslin or nansook. After drawing the design on linen, baste the material first, and then the point lace braid for the outer edge of the collar, on the foundation, and between both edges of the braid work the lace stitches in the form of a cross seam with thread, but without passing the needle through the material. Run the fine outlines of the open-work arabesques with embroidery cotton, work in the lace stitches, and either overcast or button-hole stitch the outlines. Work the parts that appear all white in the design in straight satin stitch. After finishing the embroidery work picots into the outer edge of the collar, as shown by the illustration, letting a small twisted thread loop stand for each picot. Cut away the material underneath the lace stitches. The cravat is worked in a similar manner.

Fig. 2.—JACKET FOR BOY FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
[See Figs. 1 and 3.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 40-45.

Fig. 1.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 15-21.

Fig. 1.—VEST FOR BOY FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
[See Figs. 2 and 3.]
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VI., Figs. 37-39.

SUIT FOR BOY FROM 3 TO 4 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 22-28.

Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 15-21.

Fig. 3.—TROWSERS FOR BOY FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
[See Figs. 1 and 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 34-36.

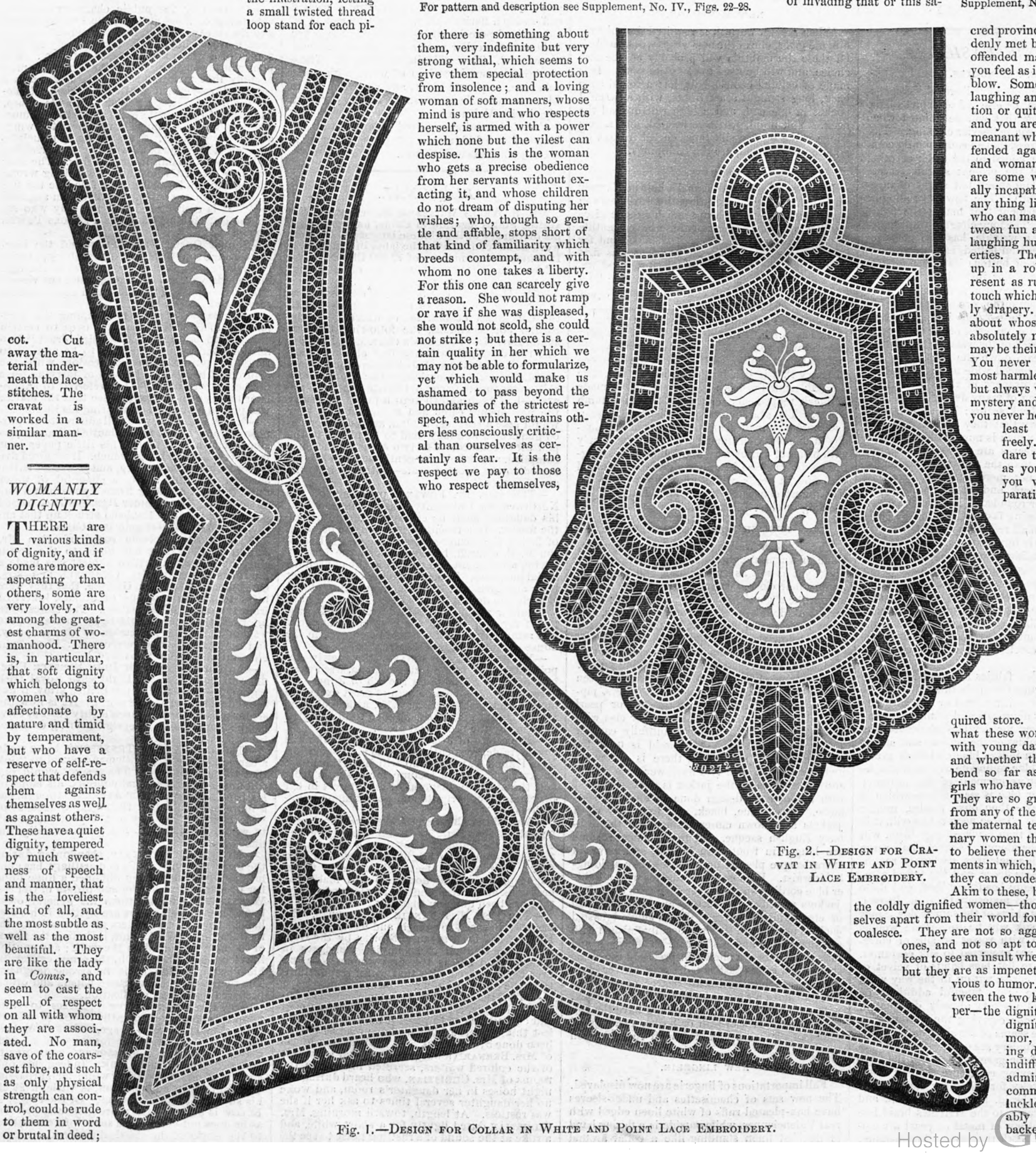

Fig. 1.—DESIGN FOR COLLAR IN WHITE AND POINT LACE EMBROIDERY.

Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR CRAVAT IN WHITE AND POINT LACE EMBROIDERY.

WOMANLY DIGNITY.

THERE are various kinds of dignity, and if some are more exasperating than others, some are very lovely, and among the greatest charms of womanhood. There is, in particular, that soft dignity which belongs to women who are affectionate by nature and timid by temperament, but who have a reserve of self-respect that defends them against themselves as well as against others. These have a quiet dignity, tempered by much sweetness of speech and manner, that is the loveliest kind of all, and the most subtle as well as the most beautiful. They are like the lady in *Comus*, and seem to cast the spell of respect on all with whom they are associated. No man, save of the coarsest fibre, and such as only physical strength can control, could be rude to them in word or brutal in deed; for there is something about them, very indefinite but very strong withal, which seems to give them special protection from insolence; and a loving woman of soft manners, whose mind is pure and who respects herself, is armed with a power which none but the vilest can despise. This is the woman who gets a precise obedience from her servants without exacting it, and whose children do not dream of disputing her wishes; who, though so gentle and affable, stops short of that kind of familiarity which breeds contempt, and with whom no one takes a liberty. For this one can scarcely give a reason. She would not ramp or rave if she was displeased, she would not scold, she could not strike; but there is a certain quality in her which we may not be able to formularize, yet which would make us ashamed to pass beyond the boundaries of the strictest respect, and which restrains others less consciously critical than ourselves as certainly as fear. It is the respect we pay to those who respect themselves, the consideration and honor which all real purity of nature demands and obtains. This is womanly dignity in its loveliest aspect, and the kind we all desire to see in women, whom it would not harden nor render less than loving.

There is another kind of dignity—the grim kind, repellent and iron-bound—whereby you feel yourself pushed back before you have made an advance—where, indeed, the whole rule of life seems to be to repel on all sides. Women afflicted with this species of dignity are always on the look-out for assaults, and consequently are always thrusting their shield of defense in your face. You do not want to trouble them in their dignity; you are not thinking of invading that or this sacred province; yet you are suddenly met by an assumption of offended majesty which makes you feel as if you had received a blow. Some playful word, some laughing and ridiculous accusation or quite innocent allusion, and you are treated as a misdemeanant who has grievously offended against good manners and womanly dignity. There are some women constitutionally incapable of understanding any thing like playfulness, and who can make no distinction between fun and impertinence, a laughing humor and taking liberties. They wrap themselves up in a robe of majesty, and resent as rudeness any homely touch which ignores their stately drapery. They are women about whose affairs you know absolutely nothing, though you may be their friend of a lifetime. You never hear them tell the most harmless anecdote frankly, but always with a severe air of mystery and something hidden; you never hear them discuss the least important subject freely. You would not dare to ask them, friends as you are, things which you would ask a comparative stranger without hesitation, and they never volunteer information. They would consider it a liberty if you wanted particulars as to the treatment they had pursued, say, in such or such a case of illness; and they are far too dignified to help the inexperienced or their youngers by their own acquired store. One often wonders what these women are as mothers with young daughters to instruct, and whether their dignity can unbend so far as to give lessons to girls who have every thing to learn. They are so grim, so far removed from any of the kindly familiarities, the maternal tendernesses, of ordinary women that we find it hard to believe there can ever be moments in which, or persons to whom, they can condescend to be natural. Akin to these, but not identical, are the coldly dignified women—those who keep themselves apart from their world for want of warmth to coalesce. They are not so aggressive as the grim ones, and not so apt to take offense, or so keen to see an insult where none was meant; but they are as impenetrable and as impervious to humor. The difference between the two kinds lies in the temper—the dignity of the grim being dignity soured by ill humor, that of the cold being dignity hardened by indifference. Neither is admirable, and both are common; and woe to the luckless man, most probably of a jovial, weak-backed nature, who has

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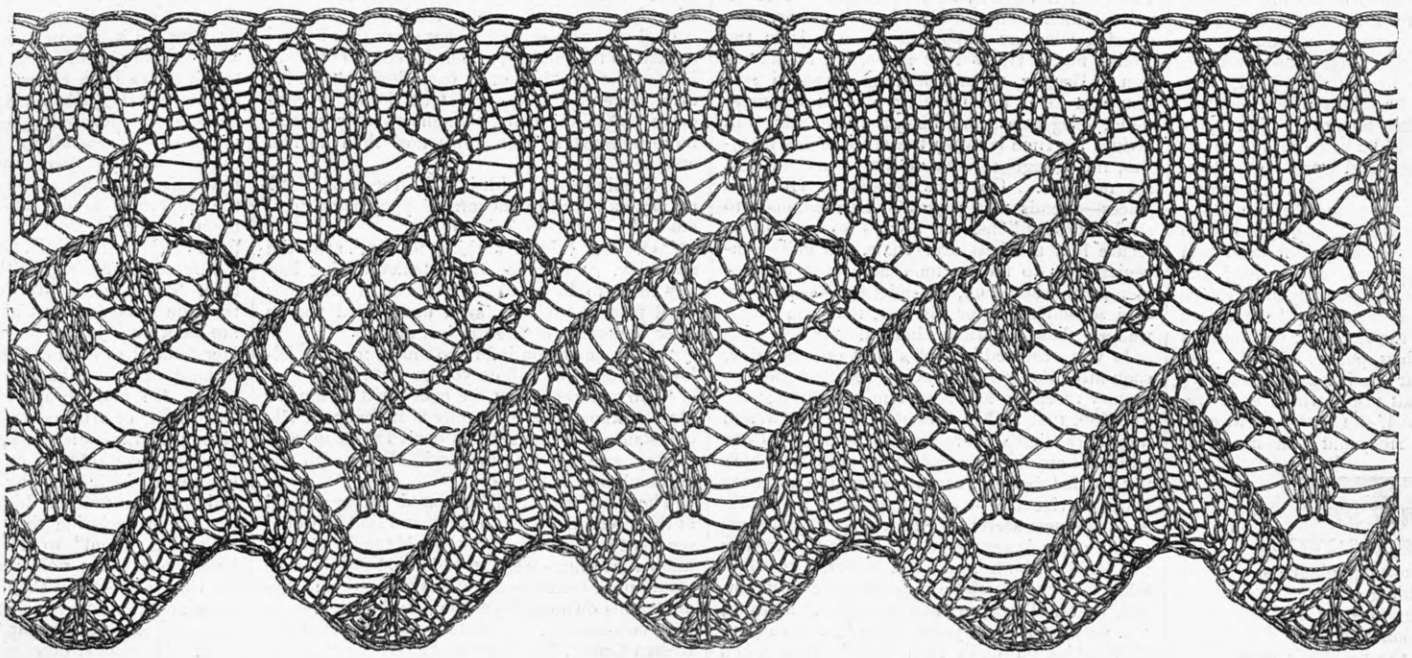
fallen into the power of either. He has to expiate by a life of self-suppression for the one part, and of perpetual stumbling into offense for the other, the terrible mistake he made in early youth, when a girl's cold self-possession was called by a finer word, and no account taken of the time when a just-endurable characteristic would have become exaggerated.

The fact is, useful as womanly dignity is as a womanly possession, it can be carried to excess, and from a virtue become a vice. So long as it is an honest defense-work against the rough assaults of superior strength it is both good and fair; but when it assumes to be more than this it becomes an exaggeration, and, as such, ridiculous. There is no law by which women can be exempt from a share in the troubles and sorrows of human life, and even their dignity can not always protect them from things that override all but nature. Still, it is a valuable possession, and women had better have too much of it than too little; for, though too much renders them absurd, too little makes them contemptible, and between the two there is no doubt as to which is worse.



KNITTED EDGING FOR SCARFS, SHAWLS, ETC.

FICHU IN THE SHAPE OF A THREE-CORNERED SHAWL.

Knitted Edging.

THIS edging is suitable for trimming scarfs, shawls, veils, etc. It is worked with black or colored sewing silk, or split zephyr worsted, and coarse steel knitting-needles, lengthwise, in rounds going back and forth. Begin the edging with a foundation of the requisite length, which should be divisible by 12, as the pattern figure, which is constantly repeated, requires 12 st. (stitch); but for the close sides of the edging cast on several st. more and work as follows: 1st round.—All knit plain. 2d round.—∗ T. t. o. (thread thrown over), 11 p. (purled), t. t. o., 1 p.; repeat from ∗. In the course of the work this repetition from ∗ will not be further referred to. Care should be taken that always the first st. after ∗ should come on the last st. of the pattern figure of the preceding round, and that the t. t. o. are always counted as st. 3d round.—∗ 1 k. (knit plain), t. t. o., 5 k., k. 3 together (knit 3 st. together; to do this slip the first and second st. as if going to knit them together, k. the third st., and draw the second and first st. over the third), 5 k., t. t. o. 4th round.—All purled. 5th round.—∗ 6 k., k. 3 together, 5 k. 6th round.—All purled. 7th round.—∗ 5 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 5 k. 8th round.—∗ 3 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 p., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 4 p. 9th round.—∗ 3 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 1 st. n. (narrowed; to do this always slip the next st., k. the following st., and draw the slipped st. over), 2 k. 10th round.—∗ 3 p., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 1 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 4 p. 11th round.—∗ 4 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k. 12th round.—∗ 4 p., t. t. o., p. 3 together (to do this insert the needle from the back in the second and first st. and slip them together, then p. the third st., and draw the second and first st. over the third), t. t. o., 5 p. 13th round.—∗ 3 k., k. 2 together, 3 k., t. t. o., 1 st. n., 2 k. 14th round.—∗ 1 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 5 p., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 2 p. 15th round.—∗ 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 1 st. n. 16th round.—∗ P. 3 together (the first time work, instead of this, only 1 p.), t. t. o., 1 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 p., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 1 p., t. t. o.; at the end of the round p. 2 together. 17th round.—∗ 10 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o.; finally, 1 k. 18th round.—∗ 1 p., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 1 p., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 1 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 p., t. t. o., p. 2 together; finally, 1 p. 19th round.—∗ K. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., k. 3 together, t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 k.; at the end of the round, however, k. 2 together instead of 1 k. 20th round.—∗ 2 p., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 8 p. 21st round.—∗ 1 k., t. t. o., 1 st. n., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o. 22d round.—∗ 1 p., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 1 p., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 1 p., t. t. o., p. 3 together, t. t. o., 2 p. 23d round.—∗ 5 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 5 k. 24th round.—∗ P. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 p., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 1 p., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 1 p., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 1 p. 25th round.—∗ K. 3 together (the first time only k. 2 together), t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o.; finally, 1 k. 26th round.—∗ 1 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 5 p., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 2 p.; finally, 1 p. 27th round.—∗ 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 7 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together; finally, 1 k. 28th round.—∗ P. 3 together, t. t. o., 9 p., t. t. o., finally, 1 p. 29th round.—∗ 1 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 5 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 2 k. 30th round.—∗ 1 p., p. 2 together, t. t. o., 7 p., t. t. o., p. 2 together; at the end of the round p. 3 together instead of 2. 31st round.—∗ K. 2 together, t. t. o., 7 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k. 32d round.—∗ P. 3 together (the first time only p. 2 together), t. t. o., 9 p., t. t. o.; finally, 1 p., instead of t. t. o. 33d round.—∗ 10 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o. 34th round.—All purled. 35th round.—All knit plain. 36th round.—All purled. 37th round.—∗ T. t. o., k. 2 together. 38th round.—All purled. 39th round.—Always k. 2 together; in order to form very long stitches in doing this, wind the thread three times around the needle. This round completes the edging. Cast off, always drawing the preceding st. over the next st.; the last loop is sewed fast in order to prevent the chain from ripping. Stretch the edging on an ironing-board, or any other hard foundation, with the wrong side uppermost. Then moisten the edging with a wet sponge several times, and separate it from the foundation when it is completely dry.

Fig. 2.—VEST AND JACKET FOR BOY'S SUIT.—[See Fig. 1, Page 605.]

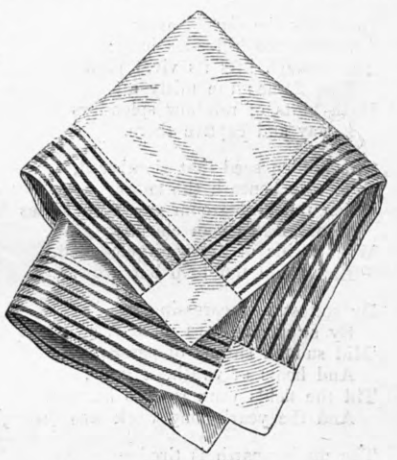
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 48-55.

Fichu in the Shape of a Three-cornered Shawl.

THIS fichu is made of light sea green crêpe de Chine, lace insertion seven-eighths of an inch wide, and lace an inch and a quarter wide. It is eighteen inches long through the middle, measuring from the upper (bias) edge to the under corner, and including the lace, and each of the other (straight) sides is twenty-five inches and three-quarters long, including the lace. The outer edge of the fichu is trimmed with lace insertion, which is joined with a strip of crêpe de Chine of the same width edged with lace. On the upper edge this trimming is turned over on the outside in the manner of a small collar, which should be considered in sewing on the lace and insertion.

Batiste Handkerchief with Colored Border.

THIS handkerchief is of fine batiste, bound on the edge with brown and white striped batiste. The corners of the border are made of double white batiste. These handkerchiefs with colored borders are very fashionable at present, especially for morning dress.



BATISTE HANDKERCHIEF WITH COLORED BORDER.

Gros Grain Mantelet.

THIS black gros grain mantelet is trimmed with folds of the material, guipure lace and insertion, and loops and ends of black gros grain ribbon. Cut away the material underneath the insertion. On the wrong side of the mantelet, in the back at the bottom of the waist, fasten a belt, which is closed in front with hooks and eyes. The loose coat sleeve has a wide square cuff, trimmed with a band of guipure insertion, and edged with guipure lace. Two loops of black gros grain ribbon, with ends of unequal length, are set on the back of the mantelet.

GROS GRAIN MANTELET.

THE BEE.

THE luxury of all summer's sweet sensation is to be found when one lies at length in the warm, fragrant grass, soaked with sunshine, aware of regions of blossoming clover and of a high heaven filled with the hum of innumerable bees. It is that happy hum—which seems to the closed eyes as if the silent sunbeams themselves had found a voice, and were brimming the bending blue with music as they went about their busy chemistry—that gives the chief charm to the moment; for it tunes the mind to its own key, the murmuring expression of all pleasant things, the chord of sunshine and perfume and flowers. And it is, indeed, the sound of a process scarcely less subtle than the sunbeam's own, of that alchemy by which the limpid drop of sweet insipidity at the root of any petal is transformed to the pungent flavor and viscid drip of honey. Beyond doubt there is no such eminent sound of gladness in all the world as the buzzing of a bee. It sings of work as a joy and privilege; of a home of plenty and contentment. And although this burly rover is not our little bee of the hive, but his saucy country cousin, the song of the one is scarcely sweeter than that of the other, while they blend into rarest unison. And well may both be sweet: it is such a pleasant thing to live. There is the hive to furnish; there is the dear nest underground. They forget yesterday's rain, they fear not to-morrow's frost; the sun is so warm to-day on their little brown backs, and here is such store of honey. It is true the humblebee is much the most dazzling—he has the prestige of size, moreover; but the other may find some favor in his new bronze and gold armor, and his coarse velvet mantle. There are few creatures that can afford to labor in half such array as that, but when the work is so nice, one's dress must correspond. It would never do to rumple round rose leaves black as a beetle, and expect not only to be heaped with delicacies, but to be intrusted with love-tokens. One can not be so splended as the moths and sphinxes, who have nothing to do all summer but to lay eggs among the petals that their offspring may devour them; no, there is work to be done. But though one toils, one has a dignity to maintain; one remembers it readily when he has been made the insignia of royalty; when kings have worn his effigy one can not forget that he has himself been called the Winged Monarch of the Flowers. See him now, as he hovers over the small white clover on which he alights, whose sweets are within reach of his little proboscis; or, lost in that great bluebell, swings it with his motion and his melody; or burrows deep in the heart of a rose, never rolling there, as it has erroneously been said, but, collecting the pollen with his pincers, swims over the flower while

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brushing it into the baskets of his hinder legs, and then lights again for a fresh fare, till, laden and regaled, he loudly issues forth, dusty with treasure; the Merovingian kings, who powdered their heads and their beards with gold, were no finer fellows than he. But a few months' wear and tear will suffice to tarnish him. By-and-by the little body will be battered and rusty, the wings will be ragged and worn. One day, as he goes home heavily burdened, if no sailing blue-winged swallow have skimmed him up long ago, the flagging flight will fail, a breeze will be too much for him, a rain-drop will dash him down; he will fall, and some garden-toad, the focal length of whose vision is exactly the distance to which he can dart his tongue, will see a tired bee blundering across the sky, and will make a morsel of him, honey-bag, pollen, and all. Yet that is in the future, far outside the focal length of any bee's vision—that vision which finds creation so fair, and himself the centre of it, each rose made for him to rifle, and welcome every where.

HARVEST.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

SPRING hath the morning gladness,
The hope of budding leaves;
And Summer in her queenly lap
The wealth of noon receives;
But Autumn hath the twilight's crown,
The joy of garnered sheaves.

Where late in stately phalanx
The ribboned corn was seen,
Where the golden wheat was waving,
And the oats in silver sheen,
And where the buckwheat snow was white,
Hath the reaper's sickle been.

In clouds the purple aster
Infolds the hill-sides bare;
The sumach lifts its vivid plumes
Like flame; the misty air
Hath hints of rainbow splendors
Estray and captive there.

The hidden seed that slumbered,
So safe beneath the snow,
When the bridegroom sun with kisses
Made earth's wan cheek to glow,
With thrills of life was quickened,
And could not help but grow.

By softest love-caressing,
By sweetest drops of dew,
'Mid sudden storms of passion
And heats of wrath, it grew,
Till the fields were ripe to harvest,
And the year's long work was through.

The mother-earth is tired—
No child on mother-breast
Lies soft till after birth throes;
Toil giveth right to rest;
And all the joy of harvest
With the peace of God is blessed.

A FEUDAL LORD.

GULL'S NEST is a little town in a New England State, on the borders of a bright, flashing New England river, and under the shadow of a famous New England mountain—a town distinguished as a model of New England cleanliness and beauty, and famous as a home of New England thrift and industry. The white rows of cottages, the blooming door gardens, the cozy front porches, the shaded walks, the whirring factories, the busy people, all the attributes of the conventional New England village, have in Gull's Nest been brought to a higher than ordinary degree. Overlooking this happy village, as the baronial castles used to overlook the feudal homesteads in the mediæval ages, is one great family mansion, with broad manor grounds. In this mansion lives Honorable Simeon Gull, after whose father and grandfather the town was named. Mr. Gull is Congressman from this district, and carries the borough in his pocket. The great factory on the northern end of the town, which is clattering day and night, is his, and the four hundred men who work in it are his. The smaller concern at the lower bend of the river, where three hundred men and women work, is owned also by Mr. Gull, men and all. The neat hotel that fronts the public square is called Gull's Hotel, in honor of its proprietor. The handsome National Bank opposite is in great part the property of the Hon. Mr. Gull; and the railroad which has just been finished counts Mr. Gull at the head of its list of directors. Gull is, indeed, the main element of Gull's Nest. He owns it, he votes it, he goes to Congress on it; and although Gull has never distinguished himself on the floor or in committee-rooms, and has never voted against dishonest measures or advocated honest ones, he brings home to Gull's Nest, whenever the session is over, a record which Gull's Nest accepts with pride, and on which she elects him again. The Hon. Mr. Gull himself is one of the "most remarkable" men in the world. You would never suspect him for a shrewd business man, tight, sharp, grinding, if you had enjoyed, even ordinarily, his acquaintance and conversation. On the contrary, you would conclude that he is a rather jovial, generous fellow, if you found him among his cronies at the town-hall—very free and very sociable, considering the right he has to be proud and unbending, if he chooses, in the presence of common men. He is a portly man, with a great breadth of chest and watch-chain, that is sure to attract your attention the first thing. Then he wears a high shirt collar, which you are likely to notice next; and lastly, his head, bald in front, and sloping somewhat disagreeably to the top, is something to look at. Then, for a wonder, he has a mellow sort of voice, which seldom asserts its full power, considering what an important voice it is in the affairs, not of Gull's Nest alone, but of the nation. Usually, when Congress is not in session and he is not traveling with a Congressional delegation somewhere, the Hon. Mr. Gull divides his time between the office of his factories, the lounging-room of the town-hall, and his mansion. He finds friends at all these places—friends who assent so harmoniously to all his propositions, are always so anxious to secure him the best arm-chair, the most convenience as to the spittoon, and, even if other men have to stand up, to tender him the services of a second chair for his feet, that one might well say these are friends indeed.

It was observed in Gull's Nest one morning, soon after Congress had adjourned, and the customary reception had been tendered Gull at the mansion, that he had brought home a new and unusually eligible secretary. The previous one had been appointed consul somewhere, Gull having decided that he was really of no use, not even being serviceable in campaign times as a talker. The new secretary was a bright, handsome young man of twenty-six, and was introduced to the Gullites, both lords and ladies, with high-whispered commendations by the great Gull himself. "Mr. Tracy, my new secretary," he said; "a very promising young man, I assure you, if Washington don't ruin him." And when Mr. Gull spoke of Washington ruining any one he boldly projected himself, with his chest and watch-chain, into the listener's notice, as proof of the evident proposition that Washington had not ruined him. Mr. Tracy, being handsome, agreeable, young, and patronized by such a powerful friend, became a great favorite with lords and ladies alike, and indeed it would be hard to say which sex seemed most desirous to do him honor. Matters progressed very comfortably for the new secretary during the long Congressional recess, and he felt what a pleasant lot was his to be among such good people, and under the wing of so good a master.

One bright summer day, as Tracy sat superscribing a few private documents in the office at Mr. Gull's mansion, a rough, honest-looking yeoman touched cap to him at the window.

"You are Mr. Tracy?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I'm baggageman at the dépôt. You've seen me there, I guess!"

"I believe I have. Glad to see you again. What can I do for you?"

"Well, Sir, I'll tell you. Mr. Gull's gone and discharged me, and I'd like to be put back again."

"Mr. Gull discharged you! I don't think he attends to such matters, my good man."

"Oh yes, he does. He owns the biggest interest in the road, and he had it done, anyway."

"What had you done to deserve discharging?"

"I've done just one thing, Sir—no other that I can think of. I talked against his re-election, and joined the Anti-Mogul Club that's opposed to him."

"Oh, nonsense!" ejaculated Tracy. "Mr. Gull would not have discharged you for that."

"Wouldn't he? Now tell me how long he'd let a workman stay in any of his factories that voted against him. Very long, eh?"

"He might consider that a rather ungrateful proceeding," replied Tracy; "but as baggageman at the dépôt, it is utterly unlikely that he would inquire or care what your politics were."

"But he almost owns the railroad too. I'm just as much in his employ there as if I was in his factory. I tell you, Mr. Tracy, it's Mr. Gull's doings that I'm discharged, and I'd like you to try and have me put back."

"I'll speak to Mr. Gull about it."

He did speak to Mr. Gull about it, and naturally Mr. Gull knew nothing whatever of the circumstance, had nothing whatever to do with the discharge, and really had so much to do just now that he could not go into the matter. Sorry, but every discharge was attributed to him, justly or unjustly, and he doubted not the discharge in this case was for some good reason. When the ex-baggageman asked what success of Tracy the next day, and received a summary of Gull's reply, he said:

"He's commenced on me, and he's going to hound me away from here. You see!" And he departed, desperate. Tracy saw him a few days afterward lingering about the dépôt, and spoke to him, but he muttered something very ungraciously, and slunk away. He was heard some time after that denouncing Gull in terms that chilled the souls of the friends of that good man, calling him a thief, and loudly charging him with certain rascalities in office, to whispers of which Gull's Nest had long studiously closed its ears. This ex-baggageman had a family, among them a very bright and pretty daughter, and this fact alone prevented the outraged friends of Gull from thrashing him for such outspoken denunciations. Gull of course heard of these loud charges against him, but being the heaviest pew-holder in the chief village church, he turned up his eyes emotionally over the wretched abuse, and was commended for his Christian forbearance by the lowly minister in his next sermon. But nobody helped the ex-baggageman or his family, and he was fast going to the dogs, because no one would employ him. "And I won't emigrate!" he had said repeatedly. "Gull can't make me emigrate. I won't leave here for him." So naturally he became poorer and worse, and became in less than six months the desperate character of the town, one whom all avoided, and at whose name children were frightened.

"I think I've made an example of him!" said Gull, one morning, to his secretary, when the subject of the ex-baggageman came up.

"An example of him!" said Tracy, in surprise. "Surely you have had nothing to do with the unhappy downfall of this poor fellow?"

Gull was nettled, and rather sorry that he had spoken so thoughtlessly; but he could not, with his position and influence, back down before his own secretary. No, no, Gull never backed down before any body, though probably he was more tempted to back down now than he had ever been.

"Nothing to do with it!" he repeated. "I am not expected to encourage opposition voters, am I?"

"Of that I have nothing to say," said the secretary. "But you once denied having had any thing to do with the discharge of this poor devil from the dépôt, and I understood you to infer something differently just now!"

"Pray don't you infer too much, my fine fellow. Inferences will do you no good."

"Do you know that the poor devil is ruined? Do you know that his family is in indigent circumstances, his daughter is denied work in your factory, and his wife lies seriously ill with the accumulation of distress?"

The good man Gull appeared sorely grieved at this dreadful state of affairs, and said he would see what he could do about it. He really did not know that things were so bad; and although he would not encourage a factious opposition to him among his own employés, he hoped he was not a hard task-master. He sent fifty dollars to the distressed family, but the wretched ex-baggageman returned it with an insulting message. Upon the strength of this Mr. Gull became very wrathy at his secretary, and soon took occasion to inform him that his services were no longer required. Tracy took his departure very graciously, and removed his baggage to a humble widow's home that very day. Strangely enough, he would not leave the village. He had education and resources that would insure him success any where; but it was apparent ere long that some unusual attraction attached Mr. Tracy to Gull's Nest, and he at once sought for new employment among its business men. He knew that Mr. Gull had frequently spoken with high commendation of his clerkly abilities to his friends, and to these he applied. At the bank, of which Mr. Gull was president, they informed him very coldly that there was nothing for him to do. At the hotel, of which Mr. Gull was chief proprietor, Mr. Gull's previous recommendations were of no weight. It seemed, indeed, that dismissal from Mr. Gull's service had shut every door against him. "Evidently," thought Tracy, "Gull has supplemented his first recommendations." The ex-secretary was a lawyer, and had, early in his residence at Gull's Nest, procured a license at the bar of that district. He concluded to practice upon it; but lo! his first petty case was decided against him, and against the evidence, by the chief Gull's Nest judge. Tracy's second case was similarly decided. Could Gull have secured even the judiciary? Was such a thing possible in free America, in learned and liberty-loving New England? Tracy dared to believe so, and it was in that belief that he saw the object of a new reform before him. "Here is work for a new reformer," said he; and he prepared to do the work of reform himself. He commenced writing for the little country sheet that represented the opposition. He commenced guardedly, and won favor with the editor, and even created some little talk among the town-hall loungers by his general views; but he soon discovered that every thing he said about Gull by name, or about Gull ironically, as "our honorable member," or about Gull in any capacity, unless it was highly complimentary, was stricken out.

"What objection can you, as the opposition organ, have to saying this?" asked Tracy, in amazement, of the editor.

"Well, you see, Gull is too strong. He'd libel us, and the judge would stick it on like wax, too, or he'd demand a retraction, and we'd have to give it, or he'd make the trustees stop our advertising—altogether he'd make it dreadful hot for us."

There was no room for the reform here. Then Tracy commenced writing letters to a great metropolitan newspaper, explaining the despotism of Gull, describing in quaint language the imperial supremacy which Gull exercised over his own little borough. A few of these letters reached Gull's Nest, and caused some dismay among the town-hall people, and made Gull swear rather profanely; and after that the newspapers containing them ceased coming. The postmaster, who owed his appointment to Gull, said the "infernal sheet hadn't oughter be allowed through the mails," and evidently it wasn't after that, for none of them were delivered to subscribers at that post-office. Even the little news-stand, where Tracy usually obtained his copy twenty-four hours late, failed to obtain them any more, and the news-dealer said it was too much trouble to send for only one copy. There was still a chance, however, that a ray of this bright light might penetrate benighted Gull's Nest, and Tracy followed it up. Some of the blows were so ponderous that the New York, Boston, and Washington papers discussed them editorially. Then Gull sent for Tracy, and intimated to him that he was kicking against the pricks, and had better "come round."

"You'll get the worst of it if you don't," said he.

"How do you mean 'come round?'" asked Tracy.

"Come over to my side," replied Gull. "Follow my fortunes, and make a man of yourself."

"I will follow my own for the present," said Tracy.

He would hardly confess to himself how great was the temptation to accept again the friendship of the great man. He saw in a renewed friendship the certain attainment of the one great object for which he had remained in Gull's Nest. Not the working out of the reform—oh no—the winning of a young girl's fair hand. For, like all great measures that have bettered the world, or damaged it, a woman was in it. The particular woman just now was the handsome daughter of Gull's bank cashier. Tracy had met her at the first reception to Mr. Gull, had improved his opportunities by frequent calls, and had progressed so far, seeming at that time to be under the special supervising care of the great man, that soft words had succeeded to soft looks, and the pressure of hands had been already improved upon by the pressure of lips. The discharge from the Honorable Mr. Gull's employ had made a difference, however, in the course of their true love. The cashier's lovely daughter had declared that she loved him just as much, but she could not see what objection he could have to Mr. Gull. Her father had been cashier of his bank for ever so long, and there had been no trouble between *them*. He had always been Congressman, or Legislator, or trustee, or something from that village, and she did not see what objection to it Mr. Tracy could have; and when Tracy had exhausted his logic in trying to show her where the evil lay, she crushed his argumentative spirit entirely by declaring that she could not see it. "Coming round" would have made all easy here, would have rendered green and pleasant his village life—why should he hold back on a mere abstract principle of right and reform? It was such a sore test that Tracy almost gave in to it. He almost determined to cease his combat against the Gull system, re-enter the Gull service, and, at the bidding of this fair traitress, devote to the maintenance of the Gull doctrines the newly awakened talents which he had called into use for their overthrow. Was ever such a traitor to reform—and made so by a woman?

About this time, too, while love and ease were tempting him against right and conscience, a trying message came from the family of the ex-baggageman. It was brought by the daughter of that individual, the bright young woman on whose account the friends of Gull refrained from tearing the denouncer of Gull to pieces. She had been a bright and cherry-cheeked lass when Tracy first remembered her. Now she was rather rude-looking; there was an air of recklessness about her manner; an appearance of something akin to shamelessness was beginning to peep forth from the delicate lines of her face—a face that had a few short months ago been the village model of modest beauty. The degradation of the ex-baggageman had been very deep and wide-spread indeed in its effects to have so soon left its impress even upon the modest beauty of his daughter.

"Mr. Tracy," said she, in a husky tone—it seemed that even her voice had felt the effect of Mr. Gull's displeasure—"are you going back to Mr. Gull's?"

"I don't know," responded Tracy.

"Well, if you do," said she, hurriedly, as if her old pride might intervene to prevent her saying it—"if you do, try and get him to put father back. He's going to the dogs. We've all been nearly ruined. We don't want to fight any longer. Tell him father 'll vote as he wants him to."

"Poor child!" said Tracy, "do *you*, too, suppose his politics was the cause of your father's dismissal?"

"Suppose it?" said she. "I know it. The men all told father so, as soon as Mr. Gull got to own nearly all the railroad. They said he was foolish to fight against such an enemy as Mr. Gull. They all knew better than to vote against him."

"I don't know that I will return to Mr. Gull's employ," said Tracy, "but I'll speak to him about this case."

"If you just let him know it," said the girl, brightly, "he'll put father back. Don't you think so?"

With that she departed, and with such a merry step that Tracy wondered if she would get back with her father's place the girlish innocence of her face and the pleasant modesty of her manner. Were even these within the hand and under the will of Gull?

As he promised, he explained the change of the ex-baggageman's political sentiments to Mr. Gull, and that honorable gentleman hemmed and hawed and intimated that he really had nothing to do with the case, and did not know what he could do for the unfortunate family; but he was glad to see they had come down from their high horse, and he supposed it would be all right. With that Tracy was content, and waited to see the effect. Within two days the ex-baggageman was a baggageman again, the bright young girl—bright again—was at work once more in the spinning factory, and the whole family reared their heads as withered flowers under the balmy dew.

"Quite a commendable change," said the Gull's Nest people. "Great deal of merit in those people, if they only avoid being factious."

"Very Christian-like in Mr. Gull," said the pew-holders.

"A commendable change indeed," said Tracy. "The privilege of principles is such a vague abstraction, after all, to pit against the living of a family."

And now had not Gull indeed controlled by his own mandate the peace of families, the conscience of Christian constituents, even the bloom or blight of maiden beauty? Was he a man to contend against?

These thoughts hotly beset the friendless ex-secretary, and had not new developments ensued regarding the career of Gull, he might have yielded to temptation, and returned to the task-master's yoke. But startling rumors of dishonest legislation reached the quiet precincts of Gull's Nest. A batch of Congressmen were reported to have been discovered in a combination to secure certain railroad privileges by bonding the credit of the republic in a manner that was high-

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ly deleterious to the financial integrity of the Treasury and the legislative morality of the Congressmen. And Gull was named among them—named as the very first among them, and set down as the arch-rascal of the party. Here was a new handle for the reformer, a new crevice in the rotten armor of Gull. Should he give up the fight just when this new incentive to continue it offered—at the moment when he not only found a new weapon to fight with, but when new odium was reflected upon the place he was invited to return to? No; he would continue the war, and trust to love and conscience to win his lady's hand.

He appealed at once to the opposition editor. Gull had been ahead of him with a card denying every thing.

"You see," was the opposition editor's comforting reply, "he denies it. We can't go back of that—his word—you know."

He appeared triumphantly before the lady of his love with the damning facts against Gull. "Do you not see now, dearest, why I war against him?"

"Oh," complained the lady, "they all have these things charged against them. Why do you make it your business to fight them? Besides, Mr. Gull denies it."

He met the baggageman, and, as a twin victim of the despotism of Gull, he descanted to him on this new rascality. The baggageman turned pale and red by turns, and coughed a little, and choked somewhat, but managed to ejaculate, "I guess Mr. Gull ain't any worse 'n the rest of 'em." And then he walked hurriedly away.

"Is your soul your own?" cried Tracy, after him. But the man was too far away to hear him—and no answer was needed.

To the cashier of the Gull's Nest bank he mentioned the circumstance, in the cool interchange of routine compliments, when they met on the street. The bank cashier drew himself up as if personally offended. "There are many slanders against Mr. Gull, Sir, which I do not choose to listen to, and this is one of them. Good-day, Sir!"

Tracy would not yet give up. He felt that his self-respect was involved. He must expose and overcome Gull, or let foul imputations of ingratitude rest upon his own fair fame. He had one desperate resort. The new Congressional election was near at hand. Gull had already been nominated by his district convention with unusual unanimity, one of the resolutions setting forth, in effect, that Mr. Gull's return was necessary as a reply to the "tongue of slander which had threatened to beslime the hard-earned reputation of this our most esteemed citizen and most upright statesman." Tracy conceived the desperate remedy of running on an opposition ticket, and at once put his project into effect. He gathered about him a few of the humbler voters of Gull's Nest—men who had no interest in common with Gull, who had work over which he had no command, and many of whom felt a laudable desire to show Gull what powerful enemies they might be, and thus suggest to him what great necessity might exist for securing their friendship. These humbler voters were few, indeed, and impecunious, but Tracy gathered them together from the corners, and the bar-rooms, and abodes of vagabondism, and mustered them into the ranks of reform as readily as if he had all his life been a professional politician. He held club meetings with them, formed conventions, passed stirring Union-saving resolutions, nominated himself for Congressman, promulgated an anti-monopoly, anti-Gull, and anti-Mogul platform, and thus commenced his final and decisive fight for reform. The Gull men were not much scared by the new movement, but they took prompt and effective measures to choke it at once. Tracy's name and a few others were added to the black list of unpardonables, and forever noted down as outside the mercy of Gull. Upon Tracy himself, as the campaign proceeded, batteries were opened which that ardent young man never imagined were in existence. A cry of "monstrous ingratitude" went up against the ex-secretary from the throats of all the Gulls. "A spy in the household of a good man" was an imputation cast upon him with dire effect, and "deserter and traitor" were routine invectives which threatened to crush him. For two months Tracy existed under this campaign abuse. He made a gallant fight. He had hardly at the first hoped to win against Gull; he never rose to such hope as that; but he felt that he might so batter the enemy's works that the feudal despotism within might become visible to the eyes of all the world, and some younger reformer, following his lead, might be able in the early future to overthrow it. This hope gave him courage, and he battled faithfully to the last. But the fight went all one way.

He wrote a card denying that he owed any gratitude to Mr. Gull, and firmly declaring that his personal knowledge of the infamy of the Gull political system alone drove him to the present fight. It was printed in an obscure corner of the anti-Mogul sheet, in small type, without an editorial comment. He contributed sharp political squibs, and suggested uncomfortable questions for the Gull party to the anti-Mogul sheet; but the editor blunted the points of the one, and deemed it inadvisable to publish the other. The campaign was personal against him, and he insisted that the anti-Mogul sheet should make it personal against Gull; but the cautious editor thought that would ruin his paper, and not help the cause. In truth, for all the aid that paper gave to Tracy, it might have been an ally of the Gull party.

The organs, fully accredited, which supported Gull meantime had no such scruples, and exhibited no such tenderness for their opponents. Abuse ran riot on young Tracy's head, so that his village acquaintances avoided him as one openly disreputable; and so constant became the vituperation, and so shocking were the meannesses attributed to him, he himself felt ashamed, and became conscious at last of a desire to sneak through life, and thus avoid the execration of the community. His adherents, who were little credit to him, deserted him on the most meagre offer of recognition or promotion in the Gull party, and the respectable villagers, with whom he had been in high favor as Gull's secretary, now cut him dead. He made speeches, and nobody attended but a few boys who were evidently enlisted in the other interest, and he was frequently compelled to cut his speeches short and leave abruptly for want of auditors. Every new issue of the opposition press frightened him. He trembled like a leaf at the sight of opposition campaign documents. He dreaded to think what new charges had been promulgated against him. He felt that reform could not repay him for such mental torture.

The election was fast approaching, however, and he hoped to find some pleasure in existence when it was ended. In the mean time what had become of that dear girl for whose sake he had remained in this unfriendly atmosphere, for a sight of whose fair face he had braved even the terrors of Gull? How had this continuous newspaper abuse affected her? He imagined he could see her indignant remonstrance against the ungenerous treatment he had received. Dear girl! he must write to her to strengthen her faith in him. He wrote accordingly. He had felt it incumbent on him to avoid her father's house since this fierce campaign had opened, and consequently had not seen her for nearly two months. He had written before to explain why he had not come, and had received the dearest reply, devoted mainly to expostulations for his course in combating Mr. Gull, and urging him to desist from it, but never a word impugning his motives. Oh no! the dear girl believed in him. She held not her love to be swayed by every passing wind. Not she! But this newspaper abuse had been excessive, and he thought it only fair and manly to send her a word denying it, and thus sustaining, in any contest she might have, her noble faith in him.

The letter came back unopened, tied to one in her own handwriting, addressed to him. It read:

"I can no longer receive communications from one who has shown himself so forgetful of those who befriended him so ungrateful to the hand that raised him, and so treacherous to the great party in whose principles he was bred."

Tracy did not gnash his teeth. His complacency under the circumstances astonished him. He felt that his love affair had had the most natural ending possible, and if it could not survive a political campaign, it were well to have it ended. "There is a girl somewhere for me!" he cried, with a cheery heart—"a girl whom corporations can not persuade away, nor campaign abuse disenchant."

The election came and passed. The returns gave Gull a larger majority than ever before. The Mogul papers, with crowing spread-heads, announced that anti-Mogulism was forever buried, and the pestiferous anti-Gull sheet took refuge in its defeat by casting contumely upon Tracy. The heart of that valiant reformer sank under such an accumulation of disaster, and he departed as modestly as possible from the scene—escaped from this feudal barony of the East, and betook himself, as he fondly hoped, to a freer West, where corporations had not planted their iron fangs, and where principles, unbiased and unbought, contended for supremacy, like brawny wrestlers bare to the buff.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

ABOUT ten miles from Portsmouth, off the coast of New Hampshire, lie clustered together eight small islands, comprising only six hundred acres, and bearing the name of the Isles of Shoals. More than two hundred years ago these islands were famous for their fisheries, and had a resident population of several hundred persons, who sent quantities of well-cured fish to Spain and the West Indies. The town of Gosport, on Star Island, had five hundred inhabitants a hundred years ago, and was represented in the Legislature of New Hampshire. Now, by the progress of the age, the township is nearly depopulated, and a large hotel has been erected for the accommodation of summer visitors. On Appledore, formerly known as Hog Island, there is also a hotel capable of lodging five hundred guests. These Isles of Shoals seem to be but masses of jagged granite thrown up from the depths of the sea. No trees are seen, and scarcely a shrub appears, but tufts of grass spring up between projecting rocks, and once in a while a little grassy dell is found, overgrown with wild flowers. A small harbor is inclosed by these rocky crags, which affords a refuge for small vessels in storms. Recently the Isles of Shoals have become quite a famous summer resort. To be sure, there are no beaches for sea bathing, driving is an unattainable pleasure, and for walks one must expect to clamber over rough granite rocks. But there is boating and fishing, and, above all things, the simple enjoyment of the delightfully soft, warm, and equable climate, so free from chilly winds. These barren isles are full of romantic historic interest; and visitors generally find it most restful to lie lazily upon the sunny rocks, above the surging waves, watching the changeful sea, and reading, or dreaming of scenes long gone by—of early navigators, of shipwrecks, of Indian massacres, and wild romances of pots of gold and silver found hidden in the craggy ledges.

What dreadful disasters are in store for us! At the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which was held at Portland, Maine, the statement was made that "it is supposed that the resistance of the ethereal medium, shown to exist by the undulatory theory of light, will gradually cause the satellites to fall into the planets, the planets into suns, and suns into a common centre, after which darkness, silence, and death will reign." The possibility of such a catastrophe makes one tremble. Fortunately it was also suggested "that the concentration might be so gradual that catastrophic effects, either from tidal influences or from the final collisions, might be avoided, the former by the synchronism of rotation which resistances to tidal motions will gradually effect, and the latter by the assumption of the forms of equilibrium under the long-continued action of the forces upon the earth." We advise our readers to employ these means faithfully to avoid the "catastrophic effects."

According to the present prospect, the Wise balloon will soon start on its transatlantic trip. Perhaps even before this paragraph meets the eyes of our readers the perilous voyage will have commenced. We understand that something like a thousand applications for passage in the balloon have been made, of course in vain. A certain number of letters will be carried for the novelty of the thing.

The Sultan of Zanzibar needs "a change of scene" to restore his nervous system to proper tone. So he proposes to visit London in September, following the example of the Persian Shah.

Travelers desiring to take a sail on Lake Winnebago are requested to inquire for the little steamers *Seutenawbequon* and *Ninnogwanishkote*. Doubtless they will try; but can they do it?

Every summer a gloomy shadow falls upon many watering-places in consequence of sudden deaths in the treacherous surf. It was remarked in connection with the recent drowning of two journalists that good swimmers were always in the greatest danger of drowning. And it is certainly true that of those who meet death in the water a large proportion are known as expert swimmers. The truth is that one who can not swim is timid, and does not venture into unsafe places, while the skillful swimmer is proud of his ability, and often rashly imperils his own life. Moreover, every one is liable to be seized with cramp or other illness in the water.

"Eight Months in America," "English and American Orators," "American Poets," and "The Present Aspect of the Woman's Movement in America" are the subjects of four lectures which Miss Emily Faithfull is now delivering in England. The material for these lectures was of course gathered during her recent visit in this country.

From Bar Harbor, Mount Desert, comes the report that summer resorters thither are so numerous that the church and school-house have been opened to furnish lodgings at night.

Two weeks at Saratoga with only one trunk! Impossible! Yet it is reported that a Pennsylvania lady recently departed from the Grand Central Hotel, Saratoga, after two weeks' stay, with but one trunk. No wonder all the fashionables were horror-stricken!

An exchange gives us some racy scenes illustrative of car ethics of the future. We extract a couple for the benefit of our readers:

A gentleman on the front platform begins to smoke.

CONDUCTOR. "Beg pardon, Sir, but smoking is against the rules."

LADY PASSENGERS (*all together*). "Pray allow the gentleman to smoke. We assure you it does not incommode us."

ELEGANT-LOOKING LADY (*to her fragile friend*). "How pale you look, my love! Let me open the window."

FRAGILE FRIEND. "Not for the world, dear. It might possibly give cold to the other passengers. Tobacco always makes me deadly sick; but the gentleman does seem to enjoy it so."

A passenger gets out, and one seat is left vacant. A colored lady and an Irish lady simultaneously enter. Both remain standing.

IRISH LADY (*to colored lady*). "Be plazed to take the sate, mum. Shure I can't bear to see yez shtanding."

COLORED LADY. "Laws a mussy! If dat don't take de rag off de bush! No indeed, mum! I couldn't think of settin' afore you, mum."

PASSENGERS (*all crowding up*). "By a little squeezing we can make room for both."

SOUTHERN LADY WITH CHILDREN. "No, no; don't crowd yourselves. My children will be only too glad to stand."

CHILDREN (*too glad*). "Oh, certainly, mamma! Why didn't you speak before?"

FASHIONABLE LADY (*to whom a gentleman, still standing, has given his seat in the early part of the route*). "Now, Sir, I must insist upon your resuming your seat and allowing me to stand. I am sure you must be tired."

GENTLEMAN (*who looks ready to drop*). "Tired, madam? I only gave you a place to rest. You gave me a pleasure to remember."

FASHIONABLE LADY. "Pleasure, Sir?"

GENTLEMAN. "The pleasure of being thanked."

It is rumored that the parties who have inclosed the premises known as Prospect Park, Niagara, have not a perfect title to the property, and that their present action will be tested by law. It is understood that the original owners designed to have two public roads constructed through the land now fenced in, but that the period for which the grant was to hold good is expired. At present but little work is being done on the park.

The *Postal Record* of Chicago publishes an elaborate obituary of the historic Post-office cat of that city, which departed this life July 20, 1873. Vigilant, faithful, and fire-proof, Tabitha deserved the fame she had acquired. After the great conflagration of 1871 she was found, safe and sound, in a bucket in the basement of the Post-office. Many of her numerous progeny have become domiciled in families moving in the best society of Chicago and other cities. One of the family has gone to the Post-office in each of the following cities: Washington, New York, Boston, St. Louis, and San Francisco; quite a number are "missing," while "young Master Thomas Cat" has never yet left his native home, but remains a faithful sentinel to defend it against the depredations of rats and mice. Such is the veritable tale of a cat.

It is proposed to place the new building for the Library of Congress on the square northeast of East Capitol Park. Plans and specifications for the building have been completed, and will be favorably reported at the next session of Congress, and an appropriation requested for the purchase of land, and for commencing the work.

"Old Man of the Mountain" is the name given to the summit of Mount Mansfield, from the peculiar outline which it represents—that of a human being in a reclining position, the face turned upward. The north peak, which represents the "chin," is the highest peak of the mountain, being four hundred feet higher than the "nose." Mount Mansfield is the highest in Vermont, and affords a grand outlook over the whole State.

An exciting scene was witnessed on the Boulevard Pereire, Paris, not long ago. A distinguished velocipede rider, who was accustomed to appear every day and astonish the people by his remarkable feats, had just mounted his bicycle when cries of "Out of the way!" "Kill him! kill him!" resounded through the street. Foot-passengers darted into the houses, and the velocipedist was left alone on the road with an enormous dog with inflamed eyes and jaws bathed in foam. The mad mastiff perceived the bicycle and its unlucky rider, and bounded after it. A fearful race ensued, the rider turning his machine round and round with wondrous swiftness, but the brute following closely. Suddenly the velocipede broke down, and the unfortunate man was thrown senseless on the ground, while the dog sprung toward him. By good fortune just at this moment the police brained the infuriated animal, and the man was saved from a dreadful death.

Builth is a Welsh watering-place. The visitors thereto have "struck" for lower prices. Finding that the trades-people of the town were asking exorbitant prices for the necessaries and the luxuries of life, gentlemen with large families, maiden ladies, and bachelors joined together and called an indignant meeting of protest. The visitors all assembled on the public recreation ground of Builth, and related their grievances. It was finally unanimously resolved that unless shop-keepers lowered the price of butter nearly fifty per cent., and brought ham down to a reasonable rate, they would totally refrain from their use.

"You are the painter of this picture, I imagine," said a critic to a stranger, at the Royal Academy in London, who was standing near a charming landscape, and anxiously scanning the faces of the crowd, evidently with a view to ascertain the impression made upon them by the picture: "allow me to congratulate you." "No, Sir; indeed I am not." "Really?" questioned the critic. "I am the framer, Sir," was the reply, "and I am watching the effect of my frame upon the public."

The summer population of Atlantic City is from 15,000 to 20,000. Its winter population is not more than 2500. Atlantic City is on an island about ten miles long.

In the wreck of a steamboat on the Ohio River recently there was a lady passenger who was separated in the confusion from her infant child, and was herself safely conveyed on shore with some other passengers who were saved; but it was supposed that the baby was drowned. The following day, when men went out to the half-sunken vessel to recover the bodies of the drowned, they discovered in the cabin, which was filled with water nearly to the ceiling, a floating mattress, upon which lay a little boy, sleeping as peacefully as if nothing had happened. His bed was not very dry, but it still sustained its living freight. In due time the child was sent to Shawneetown, where the other passengers had been landed the evening before, and its arrival made an excitement among them, for several had lost children by the disaster. The scene when the mother recognized the child she had mourned as lost for nearly twenty-four hours was a very touching one.

USEFUL RECIPES.

BREAKFAST DISH.—Chop very fine either cold beef, mutton, or veal. To one tea-cupful allow the same quantity of grated bread, and if the latter is stale, soak it a few hours in warm milk, and chop with the meat; to this quantity add one egg, yolk and white well beaten together, salt, pepper, and, if liked, a very small onion chopped fine; mix well together, and, flouring the hands, make into balls and fry in hot lard.

ALMOND CUSTARD.—Place over the stove one pint of milk, in which put one large handful of bitter almonds that have been blanched and broken up. Let it boil until highly flavored with the almonds; then strain and set it aside to cool. Boil one quart of rich milk without any thing in it, and when cold add the flavored milk, half a pint of sand sugar, and eight eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately, stirring all well together. Bake in cups, and when cold place a macaroon on top of each cup.

GREEN CURRANTS, BOTTLED.—Currants are quite an improvement to gooseberries in pies, and alone form a very nice fruit pie. Strip from the stems, and allow one pound of sugar to three of the fruit. In placing in the kettle, alternate the sugar and fruit, and do not fill the vessel more than two-thirds full. Put on the back of the stove until the sugar melts and the juice starts, then set in a hotter place, and after boiling a few minutes, fill the jars and seal immediately; do not remove the kettle from the stove, but fill one jar at a time, and seal while boiling hot.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Cut the pumpkin into thin slices, and boil until tender in as little water as possible; watch carefully that it does not scorch; drain off all the water, putting the stew-pan on a warm part of the stove, that it may dry off the moisture, for ten or fifteen minutes. Mash, and rub through a sieve, adding, while warm, a small piece of butter. To every quart of the pumpkin, after mashing, add one quart of new milk and four eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately. White sugar to taste, and cinnamon and nutmeg as desired; a very little brandy is a great improvement. The oven they are baked in must be hot, or they will not brown. It is as well to heat the batter scalding hot before pouring into the pie-dishes.

SUET PUDDING.—Seed and chop fine one large tea-cupful of raisins; chop one cupful of suet, having removed all the skin; add a cupful of sour milk, one tea-spoonful of soda, a very little salt, three eggs beaten together, and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Steam two hours, and eat with fairy butter or wine sauce.

THE GRAND NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETING AT THE SHRUBLANDS, LEAMINGTON, ENGLAND.

ARCHERY MEETING AT LEAMINGTON, ENGLAND.

"WHITHER, oh, whither, love, shall we go?" said the "sweet little wife" of Mr. Tennyson's singer on the day after her marriage, which showed that the young people had not properly discussed their honey-moon before the wedding. The poet makes a vague answer about some impossible island, which shows conclusively he had never heard about Leamington. A fairer and pleasanter place for a honey-moon, a holiday, or a permanent residence it would not be easy to find. It is a town in a garden, a town embowered in roses and magnificent trees, which make shady its broad streets, and afford a series of the most charming views. The place is so clean that you could eat an *al fresco* lunch off the pavement without the intervention of plates, while in the heart of the town stretch far and wide the beautiful Jephson Gardens, with fair lawns and terraces, shrubberies and avenues, beside which flows idly the placid Leam. Leamington is famous for its spa water, which has curative effects in a number of diseases, and to which patients have flocked in numbers to drink since the days of Camden. There were some idle rumors a short time ago that the water supply of the town was bad; but that is an entire mistake, as medical investigation and analysis have shown. As a health resort the place is unrivaled, while for people who go in search of amusements there are also attractions. During the summer there is plenty of archery and croquet; there are balls and flower-shows, while in the hunting season it is largely patronized, being within easy reach of three packs of hounds. The neighborhood affords opportunities for the most charming excursions. There is Warwick, with its glorious old castle, and picturesque Guy's Cliff near it; there is Kenilworth, which at once recalls a thousand memories; and Stratford-on-Avon, the name of which speaks more eloquently than any possible description of the object of a pilgrimage there. Coventry, too, and Oxford are within easy distances; and to some people there are attractions in the giant factories of Birmingham. Leamington may fairly be called the queen of inland spas, even as Scarborough boasts a similar title as a sea-side resort. Our illustration was taken at the Grand National Archery Meeting held at Leamington, in the beautiful grounds of Shrubland Hall, the seat of Mr. Matthew Wise. The gathering was a most successful one, and the shooting unusually good; and we may note that Mrs. Horniblow was the lady champion, while Mr. Fisher headed the scores of the gentlemen. We have depicted the "Queen of the Rose-bud Garden of Girls" taking aim at the target; and our readers will easily imagine that whatever execution she did with her arrows, she must have done far more with her eyes.

MRS. TOMPKINS'S EXPERIMENT.

"GENTEEL summer boarding at a retired mountain farm-house." How delightfully that sounded in the ears of Mrs. David Tompkins and her daughters, of Bedford Row, as they read it aloud on a warm day in the beginning of July, when the sultriest of summer weather was upon them, and their friends had nearly all left town in search of cooler breezes and gayer scenes! The heat was dreadful, as they all knew; for Bedford Row was a narrow place, with high walls on either side, and there was little chance for pure air in such a densely populated quarter. But whenever going to the country was mentioned in the family council, the money question stopped the way; for how could David Tompkins, who was only a clerk with a bare $1500 a year, send wife and two daughters to any sort of a summer resort where boarders were taken at the customary rates? It was simply impossible, he said from time to time, when the subject came up as a kind of irrepressible conflict between pleasure and the pocket, and they must be content with living as others had done before them—their grandmothers, for instance, good, sensible women, with neither country-seats nor traveling dresses, and yet were long-lived, and healthy to the last.

But that line of argument did not entirely satisfy ladies of the present advanced gentility, who only desire to do as others do, nor care to have every one made acquainted with the disagreeable minutiæ of their financial affairs. This state of things had continued long enough, they thought; and this year, their father having been ventures, these two handsome daughters had wrung some sort of a promise from him that they should go for a few weeks' recreation to some moderately priced place of resort, where they would, of course, find entertainment and happiness in the lovely landscapes, pure air, and country fare. Having gained thus largely upon the parental heart, the chief anxiety at present was to find the location itself; and as there was no lack of places advertised as highly desirable and replete with comforts, so there was a daily discussion as they looked down the column of "summer boarding." The season was half gone, and the

The main point was to secure a place where they would have good society, a liberal if not luxurious table, and comfortable airy rooms, yet at a very moderate price, for the sum placed at their disposal for this long-promised summer trip was, after all, a very limited one. But not to weary the reader with accounts of their experiences in the long search, the many provoking and fruitless journeys, to find all the rooms taken by earlier applicants, I will merely state the fact that after all the delay they met with this promising advertisement, and concluding from the description that it was just the place for them—"a retired mountain farm-house" conveying to their vivid imaginations a picture of sublime scenery, combined with every other attraction—they decided to secure the place at once, without waiting to visit it, only afraid lest they should be too late.

No sooner had the letter gone than preparations were begun, and by the time the prompt answer arrived they were in a state of most promising forwardness. So the time being fixed for the start, and all important preliminaries arranged, these three ladies set out on their journey in high spirits, with trunks enough for Saratoga itself, crowded with all their summer finery, which of course would be needed in such a beautiful retreat.

After a tiresome
stopped at last at
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which served as a
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the road a rude wa
man, the said ya
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As he drove up
very civilly whe

ride in the cars they
on where the promised
miles to the end. As
d the rude platform
for the few passengers
at some distance down
iven by a burly Dutch-
ng innocent of springs
driver fearfully as he
over the rough stones

platform he inquired
was "Mishter Tomp-

kins's folks or no," and being answered affirmatively, they were, after some effort, transferred to the said coach, trunks and all, though at the imminent risk of a breakdown. It was well that Mr. Bergh was not there to pity the poor skeletons of animals, or their journey might never have been completed; but after much whipping and scolding and dragging up hill, the party at length arrived at the reputed mountain farm-house, a low story-and-a-half building standing by the road-side, with a potato patch on either side, but no trees for shade or embellishment. It was after sunset when they reached this lovely spot, and so the want of shade was hardly perceived that night; all they thought of was to rest and refresh their weary bodies with cool water and those other creature comforts pertaining to the supper-table. The good-humored landlady stood in the doorway, holding a child in her arms, and evidently dressed for the occasion, with a furbelowed cap and huge neck-tie of rainbow ribbons, which set off her red face, and gave a decided "style" to her appearance.

"Walk in, ladies, walk in, and just make yourselves to hum," she said, with all the welcome in her power, at the same time showing them into the one broad room which constituted the lower portion of the house.

Of course the visitors obeyed, at the same time wondering where their apartments could be located.

"We should like to go to our rooms," said Mrs. Tompkins at last. "We are dusty, and want to wash off a little before supper."

"Ah, yes! of course ye do," she answered; but the idea was evidently one that had not before occurred to her ladyship, and she heard only the latter half of the address, as she beckoned them out the back-door to where a pump was standing under a shed, and seizing the handle with one hand, still holding the fat baby in the other, she began pumping away vigorously, expecting the guests to wash under the stream. Of course this could not be done without serious damage to clothing, but at the mention of a basin the woman only looked more astonished, and did not at all comprehend what was wanted. So with mingled emotions of amusement, disgust, and pity, yet with considerable bravery, they plunged into the torrent with both hands, and washed their faces, feeling instantly refreshed by the cool bath of well-water. Then looking around, they inquired for a towel, but here again the mistress was as much amazed as if the article demanded had been no part of the equipment of a boarding-house. Handkerchiefs, however, answered the purpose as a present substitute, and, fortunately for their future, they were provided with towels in their trunks. There was something so ludicrous in this incident, and so much after the descriptions of border life experiences, that our friends concluded to laugh over it, notwithstanding their disappointments, and they took seats outside the door to await the summons to supper.

It was shady, and growing somewhat cooler after the sultry day, but swarms of mosquitoes and flies filled the air and buzzed about their heads. They looked up and down in search of the mountains named in the description, but, alas! they were only to be seen in the far distance like a blue belt around the horizon. Certainly they were twenty miles away, and the land around them was as flat as any they had ever seen. No doubt the writer of the advertisement had drawn somewhat upon his fancy. But the supper bell ended their comments, and ushered these hungry travelers into the large apartment which served by turns as parlor, dining-room, and kitchen.

The table arrangements were as primitive as might be expected; but every thing was clean and neat, so far as appeared to the naked eye, the crockery being of various kinds and colors, of the cheapest sort, with iron forks and leaden spoons. The tea was by no means fine, and the bread both heavy and dark, while the butter, being without ice to harden it, was almost liquid. A dish of eggs, hard-boiled, and another of bonny-clabber completed the bill of fare.

They were hungry enough to do full justice to any thing that was really eatable, but hard-boiled eggs were too indigestible to be ventured on. So after the trial of one or two, the dish was left untasted, and they completed their miserable meal on the brown bread and oily butter. Even the bonny-clabber and brown sugar, which the host and hostess enjoyed immensely, was unappreciated by our city friends, who had never counted upon this as one of the luxuries of the dairy. Thus far their ideas of country boarding and its appetizing delights had not been realized; but they hoped for better things on the morrow. As the shades of evening fell the mosquitoes became intolerable in their attentions, and the boarders would gladly have retreated within-doors, but there the heat of the cooking-stove made it a summer of the torrid zone, and so from sheer discomfort below stairs Mrs. Tompkins and her daughters determined to retire to the unknown regions above, where they fondly hoped to find rest for the night.

A trap-door in the low kitchen ceiling, reached by a sort of ladder steps, afforded the means of entering the airy chambers provided for them, and up they went, in mood decidedly miserable, emerging into a sort of attic, whose roof sloped on one side, leaving only a few feet of space in which a person of ordinary height could stand upright. This apartment was separated from another of the same kind by a board partition, about six feet in height, that extended up under the peak of the roof, the peak itself being several feet higher.

Had they been afraid of night robbers they would have eyed this low partition with suspicion, but as the apartment on the other side was to be occupied by the family of the proprietor, they would be spared this terror. However, as the trap-door entrance opened into our friends' chamber, any idea of privacy was simply absurd.

"Mother, what shall we do?" exclaimed the eldest of the Tompkins girls, as she seated herself despairingly on the side of the bed. "We shall bake alive before morning."

"It is certainly ten degrees hotter up here than below, and not a breath of air," said the younger one, in still sadder tones.

"What would your father say if he could see us now?" said the mother. "Wouldn't he laugh at us, and say we were having our wish?

Summer boarding indeed, with a vengeance! We never had such a summer night's dream as we'll have to-night."

"But what shall we do?" again asked the first speaker.

"Do?" returned Mrs. Tompkins—"what can we do to-night but go to bed and try to sleep? But to-morrow we leave this delightful region, and defend us from mountain farm-houses hereafter!"

Mother and younger daughter were at length stretched upon the bedstead proper, while the elder Miss Tompkins endeavored to make herself moderately comfortable upon the narrow cot, made of a plank supported at the ends by two old chairs. Of course the weight in the centre caused it to sway and vibrate in a manner quite peculiar, and slightly suggestive of seasickness. But the miserable lodgers having nerved themselves to endure the torments of this terrible night, resigned themselves as calmly as possible under the circumstances. From sheer weariness, notwithstanding the close and heated atmosphere, they at length fell asleep, regardless of the song of numberless mosquitoes or the savage attacks of night-wanderers, which had apparently abounded there in undisturbed possession during successive summers.

Early in the morning the stout old Dutchman, walking on tiptoes, came through the room on his way down the ladder, and soon after followed the mother and baby, all endeavoring to be as still as possible, lest their boarders should be disturbed. But from the first breaking of day swarms of flies had added their persecutions, as if to complete the sum of discomfort, and our friends arose, in no pleasant mood surveying the situation.

The only articles of furniture contained in the room were the two beds and one of their trunks, only one having been taken up stairs. Not a chair or even a wash-stand or looking-glass was there. What were they to do for their morning ablutions? they asked themselves in despair. Then looking out of the one dormer-window, they saw the landlady herself pumping away below and washing her face and head vigorously, then sleeking her black hair with her hands, which thus served as a hair-brush, while a corner of her apron answered as a towel.

"I suppose that is the only way for us to do," said Mrs. Tompkins to her daughters; and so, half dead with heat and swollen with wounds, they managed to array themselves with the aid of a pocket-mirror, thus preparing to descend. It would have been a far more convenient and usual plan to bathe before dressing, but necessity often regulates our movements. And down they came, behaving like martyrs, as they were, refreshing themselves greatly by the flood of water that each pumped by turns for another. What a luxury it seemed to have towels, too! And as the early morning was fresh and cool, they could not sufficiently enjoy the emancipation from their attic quarters. They even walked around the house, surveying the tall potatoes by which it was surrounded on all sides, and it was decided then and there that this idea of cheap summer boarding was simply a humbug not to be any longer countenanced by that family. So after an attempt at breakfasting on more brown bread and oily butter, and the remains of last night's eggs additionally boiled, with the assistance of some fat bacon, the boarders announced their intention to depart by the first train. And so they did. And never again will Mrs. David Tompkins, of Bedford Row, or her daughters be tempted to leave their comfortable home in that modest quarter in search of "genteel summer boarding at a retired mountain farmhouse."

AUTUMN.

THE brown fields forget their bloom,
Lost in a solemn trance;
Golden leaves go to their doom,
Torn by the winds, perchance.

No more buddings of June
Show on the naked stem;
No more birds, just in tune,
Echo the joy after them;

No more fluttering wings,
Eager to put to the test
Whether, among other things,
Home life or travel were best.

Nowhere now may we find
The white-weed's silvery star;
There's not a rose left to remind
Wherefore the sharp briers are.

Yet where we miss the clover
The windfalls lie, ripe and red;
And patient eyes may discover
That Summer is sleeping, not dead.

ANCIENT NEEDLE-WORK.

A LITTLE cluster of ladies, some of them of the royal blood, have been hunting up and sorting out and cataloguing a most valuable collection of Old Needle-work for the English South Kensington Museum, and any number of clusters of ladies, whether of blood royal or not, must have found great advantage in a near study of it.

First and foremost, for beauty and universal utility and facility combined, were the specimens of quilting, for which needles and silks and thimbles and ingenuity were at work in the seventeenth century. This has especial mention, because it could have complete and most praiseworthy imitation to-day. Take, for example, and carefully examine the exhibited quilts or counterpanes. Every young girl hopes to want counterpanes in some coming blissful day; every married woman does want counterpanes; and as their dear great-grandmothers made counterpanes, as well as nestled themselves snugly to sleep under them, let there be a lesson learned as to how they are best and most beautifully to be manufactured. Those exhibited are (chiefly) of fine white linen; not calico (where was it to come from?); not silk; not satin. They are real homespun, or possibly imported Irish. Each has been, say, a fine white linen sheet of full, large, square size; this has been spread upon a thick layer of level wadding and the lining; and then the fair seamstresses have taken white or yellow sewing silk, and have stitched the whole together, edge to edge, and all over the suface, with the best and closest backstitching, in a strong, stout trellis-work, the diamonds of which are about half an inch across. The whole is a firm, shield-like, handsome piece of housewifery at once; it looks like an heir-loom; and it certainly will last to be scrutinized by eyes two centuries to come, just as well as it was scrutinized and gloried over by eyes of two centuries ago. Now what is the difference between this "quilting" and the quilting of the present generation of wives and daughters?—leaving out of the question, of course, the work executed by the sewing-machine. The quilting of 1873 means a piece of any thing lightly run—to run being (to make it explicable to masculine ears) to pass a thread straight along by the simple means of going down and up. But this is not backstitching. Women know the important and industrious difference. To backstitch (again to make it explicable to masculine understandings) is to put the needle so far on that the thread shall make a background for another stitch, and the second movement shall take it back to make it join on perfectly to the stitch that was complete before. It can be understood how solid this is, how stiff, how satisfactory. But the ladies of sixteen hundred odd were not satisfied when they had done this much to their huge squares of linen with their white or yellow sewin silk. They took it only as a basis for further and far more elaborate operations. To understand this a reference must be made to a specimen in the South Kensington Museum, lent by the Countess Brownlow. All over the perfect and neat trelli runs a beautiful chintz-like embroidery of birds and leaves and flowers. These are worked in pink and red and brown and various greens, all silk, and they are stitched in that close, tight, buttonhole manner that will never fray away, and never run the risk of puckering and spoiling by catching and getting dragged out. Another counterpane, on precisely the same plan, belongs to the Baroness Willoughby de Eresby. The homespun of it is coarser, and necessarily so, for the flowers that cover it are magnificent floral impossibilities of five inches in diameter, as bright in their reds and pinks and greens as if they had been dyed to-day, and they want something strong to hold them; but the same skill and industry are to be noted, the same delight is given by rich color and dainty taste. A little variety to these two is gained in five others. They stand out prominently, from being worked altogether in yellow—that yellow already mentioned that is a fine amber, and that, it must be recollected, is the pure undyed color of the silk fibre just as it leaves the silk-worm. They stand out prominently also from being worked on a different design. The quilting that is the foundation of their elegance and dignity is no longer a plain trellis. It is still the closest backstitching; but it is close rows of it, so close they are only a quarter of an inch apart; and they go in and out, and pointed and round, and up and down, and zig and zag, forming leaves and twirls and curves, and other geometric vagaries and eccentricities very difficult to follow. Then the embroidery enriching this already rich stitching is not a trail chintz, spreading every where alike. It is in the form of a wide border, with stretching corner pieces and a handsome centre stud. Let one of this group of five—it is part of the furniture of a baby's bed—be particularly noted. It is the property of the Countess of Caledon, and it was worked two hundred years ago for Frances, Lady Blount. Very noteworthy also is a counterpane lent by Mr. P. W. Elsted. It is worked entirely of silk spun by silk-worms of the worker's own keeping. Is there not almost the fragrance of mulberry leaves and the radiance of blistering sunshine in the idea? Fortunately, the name of the fair lady who moved about among these, and who loved the little insects under her fostering care, has been retained and recorded. It is Anne, daughter of John Whitfield, of Ives Place, Maidenhead. Tc no dyer's did this good Anne send her silk skeins after she had delicately unwound them from her cocoons. How could she have been certain sure of the self-same silk being sent back to her, if it had once left her thrifty and sunny home? No; Anne kept all the strength and sheen of her silk by resolving to use it in its own lovely amber color; and there it is, uninjured and beautiful, to this day. And this notable and tasteful Anne took a new design for her exquisite quilting, that was neither the trellis nor the all-over intermixed tracing described after it; and she took a new stitch. Her stitch is the button-hole; her quilting pattern that called coral, branching out shortly from slender stem to stem, and on it she has put an overlaying embroidery (still all her pure amber) of wreaths and scrolls and flower baskets, holding her monogram, A. W., twined. Another counterpane, lent by Mr. G. P. Boyce, with a still better groundwork, is a delicious geometric pattern, formed of triple circles three inches across, interringing one another with nicest accuracy, and each one holding as its centre piece a diamond stud. To see a linen sheet transmogrified into such a queenly quilt as this by a young lady of the present hour might indeed be hailed enthusiastically. Quite enough contentment could be had out of the yellow silk geometric design alone, without another stitch upon it. There would be no need for the large corner and centre pieces that this specimen possesses, in colors, representing fine lop-faced, oval-eyed ladies in imitation of Chinese. There would be no occasion either for the addition of the knotting linen fringe that is hanging from this magnificent piece of needle-work; it is too primitive and irregular for any direct copying. A better example of fringe could be had in a counterpane lent by the Countess of Shrewsbury. The fringe is gold; the tassels at each corner are gold; and there is a large monogram in the centre worked with gold-thread also. The quilting of this is stitched, in another fine geometric pattern, in green. A word should be said perhaps of the size of these counterpanes. One is measured, that there should be certainty—the one with the knotting fringe. Its dimensions are six feet five inches by five feet eight inches: goodly enough, and calling up notions of a sufficiently massive four-poster.

There are some sets of curtains quilted after the manner of these coverlets. A very striking pair, worked by the Ladies Leslie, of the seventeenth century, are lent by their relative, Lady Elizabeth Leslie Cartwright. The fair embroideresses have sown their trellised linen with beautiful bouquets of colored flowers, roses, pinks, and others, from their own imagination or conventional tuition; in the centre of some of these flowers are the ladies' monograms; and they have bound their work all round with crimson silk galloon. Then there are pillow-cases; mere little dainty pincushion covers, measuring twenty inches by twelve inches, although one (the property of Countess Brownlow) extends to twenty-eight inches by twenty inches, and is nearer to the size in use now. And there are toilette covers, and some curious large pieces for shielding entrances and keeping the draughts away from doors, called portières; and, amidst other sorts of needle-work besides quilting, there are such articles, done in various materials, as valances, wall-hangings, bed-hangings, robes, hangings for a semicircular mantel-piece, table-cloths, banner screens, pocket-handkerchiefs, table napkins, sashes, aprons, scarfs, shaving cloaks, mantles, badges, shoes, pocket-books, pincushions, saddle-holsters, chair backs, chair seats, covers for divan seats, waistcoats, cushion covers, square pieces (used as covers for presents, or what not), chalice veils, altar fronts, cushions for seats in galleys, sofa backs, caps, purses, gauntlets, alms-bags, riding gloves, gants de cérémonie, tobacco-bags, pictures, portraits, orphreys, dalmatics, chasubles, and every other ecclesiastical finery priests would put on, or the fingers of pious ladies suggest. There are some pretty articles, too, loaded with gold-thread and embroidery, called wedding sachets, and others called vide-poches or semainiers. They are much the same things as for ultimate use, being both flat pockets, or envelopes, into which a handkerchief or a letter could be put. But the sachets are double, to fold up, front to front, like a book, for the pocket; and the vide-poches are to hang from a wall, like watch-pockets to a bedstead, or like card and letter racks fixed up each side of a chimney glass. These last came by their other name, semainiers, because they were usually made in sets of seven pockets, one for every day in the week; the seven being unequally divided on two strips, one containing three pockets and the other four.

Doubtless another form for the display of needle-work has been in the minds of every body—samplers. They are not going to be forgotten, especially as there are some thoroughly good specimens of them in the South Kensington collection. But will the young ladies of to-day, first of all, recollect what a sampler was? It was, literally and in effect, an example, a pattern, a model; it was, absolutely, a piece of linen—homespun—on which the Lilians and Mabels and Madges of the Stuart period learned how to make the stitches and floriations with which they were afterward to adorn their husbands' pourpoints, and to make into beauties and treasures their own stores of lavendered linen and ruffles and slashed sleeves. As a consequence, samplers of two hundred years ago, as shown in the museum, are not worked on white or gamboge canvas, with holes large enough and loose enough to be used almost by the blind. They are solid pieces of white linen, on the contrary; they have rows of mimic cut yew-trees upon them; they have incipient pinks and trails and roses; and they have pretty schemes of stitching to be afterward brought into notable and flourishing use. A certain Anna Bockett worked a sampler with her own neat silk figures upon it. July 12, she says, Anno Domini 1656, put by error on the label 1658. Another in the collection goes at a stride a whole century later. The comic worker of it says on it, in her neat silk letters and figures, Jane Hillier, Hur Sampelor, finished June 17, 1761. Naughty Jane, as can be seen, did not know how to spell. In addition, Jane was forgetful. When she picked out her Christian name on her square of homespun, she only picked out J A N. The E had to be stuffed over the A afterward, petulantly and comically, as though readers might please themselves as to where they put it. But Jan was a good soul, and was ambitious. She put texts on hur sampelor, besides the alphabet, and she put some rhyme.

"Lord, give me wisdom to direct my ways,
I beg not riches nor yet length of days.
My little children come to me
And learn the A B C,"

she stitched out, coming in rather short, like a stumble, at the end; and from this a gleam is gained of another possible use to put a sampler to, as well as the one of instruction how to do marking and embroidery. In those days of scant books and dear ones, and of horn criss-cross rows or A B C's, it is possible the linen sampler was a ready means for teaching the alphabet, and that its use thus was the direct forerunner of the linen books prepared for the little folks of to-day. Samplers framed were not so available, evidently. One exhibited is of regal origin. Katharine of Braganza, the queen of Charles the Second, worked it, and her pretty Continental idea was to stitch on it a loving little English posy:

"The 21st of May
Was our Marriage-daye."

Pity her sombre-faced consort did not remember this date when his eyes fell on it, and prove faithful to the vows then made! But probably Katharine kept her sampler and other youthful treasures hidden, and only looked at them when her heart was full.

Patchwork is another candidate for honorable mention. A piece, by a lady as noted as the last, but who would have been scorned and passed over by her haughtily, is at the museum for any eyes to see that like seeing, and for any clever heads to copy. Anne Fleetwood, once Anne Ireton, eldest daughter of Oliver Cromwell, was its worker. She literally patched, in the sense of patchwork of to-day. She cut diamonds, and recut them into four pyramids or cones, and then she neatly sewed them all together, her conglomerated diamond being about three inches square. The materials she applied her scissors to, though, can have no copying. They were gold and silver brocades, with amber ground and pink ground and blue ground; and whether for King's wife now, or Protector's daughter, these have scant manufacture. Other examples of patchwork differ from this of Dame Fleetwood's. They are cut pieces of chintz, cut round the flower edges, or the scrolls, whatever they may be, and then laid on to pieces or patches of white twilled cotton. To give these appliqués pieces richness a linen cord, or bobbin, was traced all round the edges, and firmly sewn there over and over; and to give the white twilled cotton they were applied to richness, this was itself in all sorts of odd shapes, and, twill meeting twill, a very effective diaper was produced. This same white twill is used as the material for some curious crewel curtains—Welsh work of the seventeenth century—lent by Lady Watkin Wynn. Crewel was a worsted of a tight twist, of bright rich dyes; and it must have been plentiful in Wales, judging by these eight curtains of Lady Wynn's. The flowers are laid on as thick as a rug; the flower-stalks are like tree trunks; and crewel is sewn upon crewel often to make stamens and other ornaments, and to satisfy, no doubt, some sturdy Welshwoman's notions of art and durability. As the very opposite to the obesity and firmness of this, comes a case full of baby-linen, the property of Countess Brownlow. It consists of eighteen pieces, all coming out of a tiny, battered, drab paper box, only a size larger than one volume of an ordinary novel, and the pieces are chiefly little thin strips of the finest linen, carefully stitched all round, the use of which must be left to the decision of the initiated. The practical Queen Elizabeth herself was the worker of this queer little inutility, it is stated (though there is no hint as to the authority). It is the last object in the collection that would have been attributed to her, in spite of one positive little garment, the diminutive of a real man's shirt, and one little white satin head-cover, the diminutive of a jockey's cap without the peak; but then the great Tudor Queen worked this Child-bed Linnin (as it is written on the box) when she was nobody, only a princess, and that may account for it. Besides, she worked it for her half-sister, Queen Mary, when the Queen was said to be going to require it.

It would be tedious to enter fully into every notable number in this collection of ancient needle-work. It is enough to say the star is here, embroidered in silver-thread on red velvet (about eight inches square), worn by Charles the First on the scaffold, and presented there by his forlorn Majesty to Captain Basil Woodd; that some pieces of tambour and appliqué work are here from the fingers of Queen Charlotte; and that probably the oldest piece in the collection is dated 1553, belonging to Monsieur Achille Juvenal. It is a strip about half a yard long and a quarter of a yard wide, consisting of four pieces of equal size, the joins showing, and embroidered with silver-thread. The material, according to the label attached, is pink satin; but close inspection, there can scarcely be any doubt, will prove it is not silk at all, but wool, of a texture exactly in anticipation of the satin-cloth of to-day. With the exception of this one specimen, which is probably French, attention has only been called here to needle-work of English hands. It is very easy to see what at once made the difference between Oriental and home embroidery. The Eastern nations—the lands of silk—took satin squares for their backgrounds, yellow satin, violet satin, faint-hued satin, instead of homespun; and there they were. Rich specimens have been treasured up that are Indian, Persian, Indo-Portuguese, Spanish, Sicilian, Venetian, Chinese, Dutch, French, Italian, German, Turkish, Algerine, Genoese; and this will be found the master-key to most of their splendor. Englishwomen were not behind their foreign contemporaries in deftness and color and beauty: it was only that the English climate grew flax plants instead of having the power to fatten silkworms, and English art had to use the material ready to its hand. No one doubts the superexcellence of the tapestries of Gobelins and Bayeux; but the gallery of (apparent paintings) the needle-work of Miss Linwood, who was a schoolmistress at Leicester, must not be suffered to fall entirely into oblivion. There have been many other Englishwomen, too, celebrated for dexterity at their needles. One was the beautiful Mrs. Knowles, the Quakeress, apt to get into theological discussions with Dr. Johnson. She sewed a portrait of George the Third, and was

so well known for her sewings that Johnson's brilliant hostess, Mrs. Thrale, grew femininely jealous of her celebrity. What business had Samuel Johnson, LL.D., to invent a new adjective for Mrs. Knowles's pieces of work, and to call them sutile pictures! Mrs. Thrale would be even with the pair of them. Aided by the long lisping s's of the period and her own sharp wit, she changed the long initial ſ to f, and declared that Dr. Johnson's word was futile! Needle-work is woman's work indubitably; and so, perhaps, is a sharp sally of the sort thus effected by saucy Mrs. Thrale!

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE future of the fashions depends on the future of politics in France. This assertion will appear paradoxical only to those who are not close observers of the signs of the times. The uncertainty in the domain of fashions, to which we are forced to certify, is only the echo and result of the uncertainty that prevails in the political world. Should this cease, we might expect with confidence to see the most radical and unexpected changes in the feminine toilette. For instance, should the Restoration be declared within a few months, its appearance would provoke an instantaneous revolution in fashion. Nothing that is now worn would be spared, and we should return at one bound to the toilettes of the Restoration, with their plain dresses without trimming, high coiffures, giraffe combs, and gigot sleeves. On the other hand, should the fusion of the two branches of the Bourbons prove abortive, and France be left in the provisional state in which it is at present, I predict with certainty that no fundamental change will be made in dress, and that Fashion will continue in the same provisional state, amusing itself only by varying a few details, just as the government changes now and then a prefect for pastime.

My conclusion is, therefore, that to know the state of the fashions in France it is necessary to study not the fashions, but the politics of the times, and to examine not the ladies' dresses, but the projects of the statesmen. It is not the dress-makers and milliners that decide the cut of garments, but the Chamber of Deputies, that rules the destinies of France and decrees the government to which the style shall conform. To this, indeed, may be traced the prevailing composite style—a faithful symbol of the coalition of parties, based on the fashions of the last years of the empire, while introducing into the manneristic and beribboned fashion of that sad historical epoch certain details borrowed from the Restoration and the monarchy of 1830. I repeat that there will be no decided change in fashion while the politics of the nation remain *in statu quo*.

You will understand from this glance at the situation how difficult it is at present to predict with certainty what will be worn. I can say that such and such dresses are in preparation for the coming winter, but I can not affirm that these dresses will remain as they are; for if France returns to the monarchy, the fashions will be revolutionized. Just now they promise to be very much the same as last winter. I pity the lovers of novelty, but it is not my fault that there is no notable change; it is the fault of the provisional government.

Crinoline has disappeared—that is well known; but I will add that even the stiff skirts that continued crinoline under another name are no longer worn, and that nothing remains but the bustle. But each dress has its own kind of bustle, which is inseparable from that particular toilette. As to dresses, I have nothing to add at this moment to the details I gave in my last letter, except that a great many cloth polonaises are in preparation, some plain and others embroidered. These polonaises are all straight, without looping or draping, and are open in front one-third of the way from the bottom. With them will be worn triple capes, the largest of which comes but a little below the waist—that is, the carrick—a souvenir and prestige of the Restoration. One of these polonaises which I saw lately was of steel gray cloth, simply edged with silk galloon of the same color, stitched on. There was no other trimming, except the cut steel buttons—another reminiscence of the Restoration.

Another polonaise was of olive bronze cloth, trimmed on the edge with embroidery worked in three shades of olive bronze worsted, representing oak leaves, the dentated edges of which formed the edge of the polonaise. A triple cape completed this garment, which was draped behind. The draping, embroidery, and peculiar color all carry us back to the last days of the last empire.

It is said that the chignon has had its day, and that masses of hair will no longer be worn. These will no longer be permitted, even to those who are so unfortunate as to have a fine head of hair. The chignon will be transformed rather than disappear, and will be arranged in loops and bands, with the addition of a high comb and ribbon bows.

The garment most generally worn at this moment, and which is destined to increase in popularity during the coming autumn, is the sleeveless spencer, in all materials, faille, satin, velvet, and for the winter entirely of fur, grebe, or ermine for light full-dress, and mink or black fur for darker and more simple toilettes. The shape of the spencer is quite plain, like that of a close-fitting vest, long, and with large flat basques. It will also be made of velvet, edged with a narrow band of fur or feathers. Ostrich feathers, short and of the natural color, will be most frequently used for this kind of trimming. The natural color, it will be remembered, is a dirty écru.

The effects proceeding from the combination of two colors are not yet exhausted. Most of the dresses now in preparation are of this kind. When two shades of the same color are not used, the neutral or negative color is employed for the principal part of the dress, and another positive color is used for the accessories, such as bindings, folds, bows, and linings. For instance, a dress of light écru faille was trimmed with pale blue faille. The skirt, which touched the ground, was entirely covered with graduated flounces, narrowing toward the waist. These flounces were gathered full on the sides and behind, but were almost plain on the front breadth or tablier. Each flounce was surmounted by another small flounce; the latter, which was of pale blue faille, served also as a border to the écru flounce. The waist was a short casaque, edged with pale blue. Small collar and cuffs of pale blue faille. Pouf with pale blue revers, simulating a basque.

Another fall toilette had a skirt of gray faille, trimmed in front with scalloped flounces of Persian lilac faille. Three of these flounces were straight, that is, were set in a horizontal line on the bottom and side breadths of the skirt. The tablier was covered half the way up with flounces set on in curves. Casaque of mauve faille, trimmed with scalloped flounces of gray faille.

Black velvet ribbon is still much used for trimming dresses. I will give an example of this style. Skirt touching the ground of bronze woolen serge, with tablier trimmed perpendicularly with black velvet ribbon, edged on each side with narrow galloon beaded with jet. The bottom of the skirt, the tablier excepted, is trimmed with a wide serge flounce. Above this, and covering the whole of the skirt, black velvet ribbon edged with galloon is set on in curves, each row ending at the tablier under a bow, formed of two loops and a cross-piece, without ends. The waist and sleeves are striped in the same manner with velvet ribbon.

For light toilettes for the demi-season—that is, for dinners and evening receptions—white grenadine is much used, either silk or wool, according to the degree of expense that is thought desirable. White silk canvas grenadine is extremely pretty. This is covered with flounces of the same material, edged with some comparatively bright color. Even bright colors are much toned down just now to suit the decrees of fashion. These white grenadine dresses are worn over a white silk skirt. The waist is low, half-high, or even à la militaire, with revers of the same color as that used for the flounces. For graver costumes black silk canvas grenadine is much in vogue. It is worn almost invariably over a black satin under dress. Common crêpe de laine of a comparatively dark color is used like these grenadines in like circumstances, and with the same conditions, the under dress of the same color as the over dress.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

SNAKE FASCINATION.

THAT certain animals are endowed with the faculty of fascinating their prey, so that they become incapable of offering any resistance, is now generally admitted as an established fact; nevertheless there hangs over the subject a *soupçon* of mystery which induces most naturalists to avoid it altogether, or to declare their disbelief in a phenomenon which they have never taken the trouble to investigate. The mesmeric power is possessed by serpents in a very high degree, and is supposed to have its seat principally in the eye. There are those who cut the gordian knot by saying that the excessive lustre of this organ simply bewilders the victim; but this rough-and-ready method of solving the problem is hardly borne out by what is known of the method of fascination. A snake, when about to put forth its terrible power, remains perfectly motionless, with neck inflated and head erect, while the victim gradually approaches its enemy, till at last it is received with open jaws. It is easy to understand how a squirrel—poor little beast!—might be bewildered by the continued and voracious glare of a cobra; but surely such bewilderment would induce the squirrel to run away as fast as his legs could carry him, certainly not to march complacently to execution. No, it is very evident that "to fascinate" means something more than "to bewilder," save and except in certain milliners' shops, where a customer is very apt to get bewildered by the succession of "fascinating novelties" so pertinaciously thrust before her eyes. Then, again, we can not agree with Dr. Barton, who has investigated fascination as regards serpents, and who appears to think that birds—the objects on which snakes most frequently exercise their powers—are only subject to their attacks when they build on or near the ground in marshy and snake-frequented districts, where first the young birds in attempting to fly, and afterward the parents in defending their offspring, fall an easy prey to their expectant foes. No exhibition of mesmeric power is required in such a method of capture; in fact, it differs as much from true fascination as "chalk from cheese." Dr. Bird gives an apparently well authenticated instance of fascination exercised on a human being. It appears that two boys lighted by chance on a large black-snake, and one of them determined to discover whether the creature, so celebrated for its powers, could fascinate him. He accordingly advanced to within a few yards of the snake, which raised its head with a quick motion, and, as the lad says, something appeared to flash in his eyes like the rays of light thrown from a mirror when turned in the sunshine. The brilliancy dazzled his eyes and confused his brain, so that he fancied himself in a whirlpool, every turn of which brought him nearer to the centre. His comrade seeing him gradually approaching nearer and nearer to the snake, ran and dispatched it. It can hardly seem improbable that man should be fascinated by serpents, since we have on record several instances of such animals as antelopes and goats falling victims to the mesmeric faculty. There is a certain African snake, called the boomslange (*Bucephalus capensis*), which possesses no poison. It frequents trees, and is furnished with large eyes, and teeth directed backward, to enable it to hold its prey with greater firmness. The presence of one of these creatures in a tree is soon discovered by the birds of the neighborhood, which fly round it, uttering loud cries, until one, more panic-stricken than the rest, actually touches its jaws and is immediately snapped up. During these proceedings the snake has its body coiled round a bough, with its head raised ten or twelve inches, the mouth open, and the neck inflated. Apparently it is well aware of the terror excited by its own appearance, and tries to look as ferocious as possible, knowing that the more savage it appears the more food it will obtain.

FOR THE UGLY GIRLS.

No. XVIII.

A SOUTHERN lady very kindly sends the following recipe for glycerine lotion, which is refined and pleasant as well as useful. The pain occasioned by sunburned and freckled skin, often so troublesome to many of our fair readers, can be relieved, and the shining morning face of youth restored, by the application of glycerine lotion, made thus: Take one ounce of sweet almonds, or of pistachio-nuts, half a pint of elder or rose water, and one ounce of pure glycerine; grate the nuts, put the powder in a little bag of linen, and squeeze it for several minutes in the rose-water; then add the glycerine and a little perfume. The lotion may be used by wetting the face with it two or three times a day. This must be a grateful appliance of the toilette-table for a parched, rough skin. It should be allowed to dry thoroughly into the skin, when, if it feels sticky or pasty, it may be washed off with warm water.

In the sultry and oppressive weather of summer it is well to remember that the hot bath is of all others most cooling. No matter how heated the system may be, water as hot as can be borne is the safest and most efficient to relieve. One only wants to remain in it long enough to give every part of the body a thorough scrubbing with soap and a mohair wash-cloth, that cleanses the skin more thoroughly than even a brush. The hot water dissolves every particle of waste matter that clogs the pores, the rough cloth and soap remove it searchingly, and the towel is hardly laid aside before a delicious coolness passes upon one, and a freshness like that of a dewy summer morning. The dangers resulting from sudden checks to perspiration by plunging into cold water when overheated, or by sitting in a draught to cool, are avoided, and a greater sensation of coolness found by the use of the hot bath. People who suffer much in warm weather should reckon this a daily solace, and all enervating effects are averted by an instant's plunge into cool water of, say, seventy degrees. I say cool, for it certainly will feel as if iced after a bath of nearly a hundred and fifty degrees. In a common bath-room one may experience much of the real benefit of a Russian vapor bath.

It is hard that such a necessary requisite to the highest vigor should rank, as it does, among the luxuries. One can hardly imagine any addition to a fine house more desirable than that of a bathing hall, fitted up like those the Roman patricians added to their palaces, where any form of vapor or hot bath was at command. The public bath is hardly all that could be desired. Usually the bath-house is built in the court-yard, where tall houses on every side shut off the sunlight. The basement dressing-room is filled with narrow couches covered with light India rubber sheets, and is suggestive of nothing more pleasant than cast-off clothing, and rest measured by the bath clock, when one's pillow must be given up to another bather. There should be small dressing closets, as there are at swimming-baths, where one's clothes may be kept from contact with beds on which a thousand people rest in the course of a year. The reposing hall should be well lighted, paved with tiles, instead of being spread with bits of carpet to be kicked here and there; and there should be ample space between the couches. Every thing should convey the impress of space and of repose—of sunshine, for the sake of its reviving power on the body of the bather, and of refinement, for the soothing it always carries to the nerves.

From this huddled room the bather steps into one heated beyond summer heat, dark and dripping with moisture, with a plunge bath in the centre. The next has what seems like high marble steps running the length of each side to near the roof, with gratings let in the face of the staircase. The bather ascends one of these stony couches and lies down with his head on the slight elevation made every six feet or so for the purpose. Wrapped in a sheet already wet with moisture since leaving the dressing-room, a large sponge dipped in cold water at the back of his head, and another at his mouth and nose, he feels as if perspiration enough were already attained for sanitary purposes; but when, with a hiss and roar, the steam is let on through the gratings, the scene changes. Rolling vapor fills the room, so dense that every outline is shut out as completely as in the darkest night; the heat rises to suffocation, the new bather thinks, and he springs from his couch and rushes again and again to the douche in the wall to wet his throbbing head, and into the next room, which seems cool as a water-fall, for a gasp of air that he can breathe. The older and more experienced bathers lie still, and declare that, with head down and the wet sponge pressed to the nose, they can breathe without difficulty. What was perspiration becomes literally a flowing away in rills and sheets of water that drip from the bather's reeking sides. One seems to have turned to jelly, and submits helplessly to the scrubbing-brush and final douche with water at eighty degrees, which makes one almost shiver by contrast. The outer room is refreshing in its coolness, and one wraps a dry sheet and blanket round him and lies down on the India rubber cloth in dreamy indifference to all the rest of the world. What follows is Elysium. Every ache and pain is exorcised, every care dispelled for the time, in the trance of entire rest that takes possession. It is not sleep nor dream, but delicious inertness, with only sense enough left to let one know how happy it is. This is the *dolce far niente* the Italians aspire to, the sum of all delight possible to sensation. Passion, rapture, have no charms that equal it. It is the death and absolute extinction of all pain. After the reluctant waking and going out into the sunlight again one seems to have found a new self. The feather-like lightness and elasticity of every limb amount almost to delirium, so different are they from their usual dullness. If this freedom that feels like flying is simply health, how far gone toward death we must be in our ordinary existence!

In closing these papers it is proper to notice the inquiries of a few correspondents who have not had the luck in using the tar and olive-oil cosmetic that they could have wished. To those who find that its application brings out a fearful crop of pimples and turns the skin yellow, there is nothing to be said but that the ointment has been a friend to them, in detecting a state of the blood that is any thing but safe. People of sedentary habits, who pay little attention to their food, are not aware in what a vitiated state their blood may be for want of sunshine, good food, and exercise. Its torpid current leaves no visible mark of disease on the surface; the morbid humors concentrate in the vital organs, and finally appear in the form of chronic disorders. Consumption leaves the skin clear and brilliant, because the foul matters which ordinarily pass off through the skin are eating away the life in ulcers beneath. The tar brings these morbidities to the surface, and one application leaves a face in a sorry state sometimes. The writer knew three ladies of different families who tried the recipe at the same time with frightful results. The reason was, they were all in the state when a dose of blood purifier would have had the same effect. One of the party kept on using the lotion, and her face became smooth and improved after trying it three or four times. When people perspire freely this unhappy effect is seldom noticed. Apropos of this, a few lines of a letter from Rev. W. H. H. Murray, the author of the *Hand-Book of the Adirondacks*, will be of interest. A lady who was puzzled by the effect of her cosmetic wrote to him about it, knowing that he was familiar with its use in the mountains, and received this merry answer:

"I have had a hearty laugh over your perplexity. All I know is the mixture was common sailors' tar and sweet-oil, with the consistency of sirup. Our party, ladies and gentlemen both, have used it freely for years in the woods, and the ladies have always declared that it made their skin as soft as satin. Certain it is, it never caused any *rash* in their case."

It may be noted, too, that delicate, fair-skinned women are the very ones on whom the cosmetic will have the effect of drawing humors to the surface. Heavens! how many of this sort there are in the world, too—pale, shadowy as Sèvres porcelain, fragile of bone and tender of skin, no more useful than wish-bones of a Christmas chicken! They have intense souls; it is a pity they have not enough of bodies to hold them. Is there not wit enough in the world to conjure flesh to the bones and strength to the muscles of this great army of weak women?

GEORGE ELIOT'S SAYINGS.

FROM "THE MILL ON THE FLOSS."

THERE is something sustaining in the very agitation that accompanies the first shocks of trouble, just as an acute pain is often a stimulus, and produces an excitement which is transient strength. It is in the slow, changed life that follows—in the time when sorrow has become stale, and has no longer an emotive intensity that counteracts its pain; in the time when day follows day in dull unexpectant sameness, and trial is a dreary routine—it is then that despair threatens; it is then that the peremptory hunger of the soul is felt, and eye and ear are strained after some unlearned secret of our existence which shall give to endurance the nature of satisfaction.

Surely the only courtship unshaken by doubts and fears must be that in which the lovers can sing together. The sense of mutual fitness that springs from the two deep notes fulfilling expectation just at the right moment between the notes of the silvery soprano, from the perfect accord of descending thirds and fifths, from the preconcerted loving chase of a fugue, is likely enough to supersede any immediate demand for less impassioned forms of agreement. The contralto will not care to catechise the bass; the tenor will foresee no embarrassing dearth of remark in evenings spent with the lovely soprano.

It is precisely the proudest and most obstinate men who are the most liable to shift their position and contradict themselves: every thing is easier to them than to face the simple fact that they have been thoroughly defeated, and must begin life anew.

There is something strangely winning to most women in that offer of the firm arm: the help is not wanted physically at that moment, but the sense of help—the presence of strength that is outside them and yet theirs—meets a continual want of the imagination.

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Design for Border in Tapestry-Work.

THIS border is suitable for trimming curtains, cushions for window-seats, waste-baskets, etc. The material should be coarse or fine according to the purpose for which the border is designed. The description of symbols gives the colors, which may be varied, of course, to match the furniture of the room.

CHINESE FORTUNE-TELLERS.

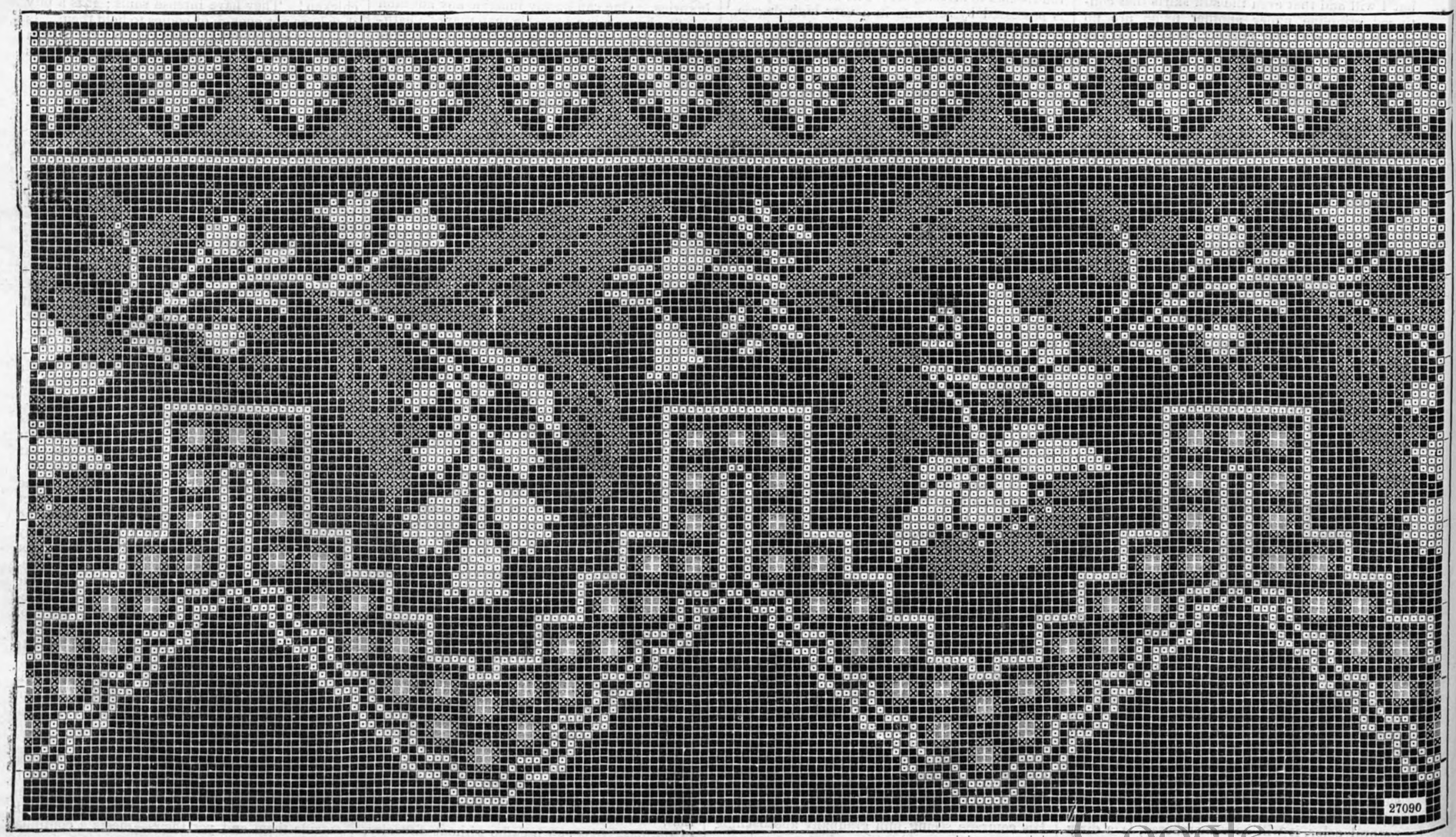
IN nearly all lands and all ages fortune-telling has, in some form or other, been highly popular, from the instinctive desire of the human race to become acquainted with the hidden and unknown. Every school-boy knows how greatly divination was held in honor among the ancient Greeks and Romans; has heard of the power which the "medicine man" wields in the Indian village; and has perhaps dreamed of the black-eyed gypsy, who with seductive smile might some day accost him in a quiet, shady lane, and offer, for a slight consideration, to tell him of coming luck. In our own prosaic times and matter-of-fact country, however, gypsies and other professors of the art of reading the hidden decrees of Providence seem to have fallen on evil days, and when they venture on too obtrusive a practice of their vocation, find themselves an object of extreme solicitude to the myrmidons of the law; but in China the case is different, for throughout the length and breadth of all the eighteen provinces of that vast and populous empire fortune-telling flourishes, and is quite a matter of every-day life. The Chinese being an eminently superstitious race, are naturally eager to pry into futurity, and consult their favorite oracle upon almost every conceivable occasion. A Chinaman can neither be married nor buried, nor enter upon any business of the least importance, without the aid of one of the fortune-telling fraternity, so that it is no wonder that with them the craft is prosperous.

Probably the most popular method of telling fortunes is by the eight characters which give the exact time of a person's birth—two representing the year of the cycle, two the month, two the day, and two the "period" of the day at which the event occurred. Many of those who follow this branch of the profession are blind. They are led about the streets by boys, and have commonly two ways of proclaiming their calling, one being by means of two small bamboo clappers, with which they make certain well-known sounds, and the other by a yueh-ting, which is a circular piece of copper hung by two strings to a stick, a second stick being hung between the strings; this pendulous stick, when struck against the copper, produces a peculiar noise, which any one who has ever been in a Chinese town will at once call to mind. The peripatetic fortune-teller is nearly always blind, and he is said by the Chinese to "calculate fortunes," for which he gets about a penny; while those who, not being afflicted with loss of sight, establish themselves in shops, and wait for people to come and consult them, are said to "see fortunes," and being a somewhat superior class, they charge a double fee. They all make their predictions by reference to books, which teach them how to interpret the combinations of the horary characters, and whether they should deduce a propitious or unpropitious conclusion therefrom. Of course the blind man labors under considerable disadvantages in having to trust much more to his memory than is the case with his brother professor. To this class of fortune-tellers generally belong those who, when negotiations for a marriage are being opened, are consulted to determine whether the eight characters of both parties are sufficiently in harmony for them to become husband and wife; also those who choose lucky or propitious days for the transaction of important business. The aid of these soothsayers is invoked by the builder and proprietor of houses and hongs, and by the head-men in the erection of temples, etc. In the case of temples the ages of the elders and head-men of the neighborhood are made known to one who is able to divine what month, day, and hour will be lucky for the performance of the several kinds of labor connected with the erection of the proposed temple. In the matter of building a house or hong only the age of the owner and proprietor is made known to the fortune-teller. He applies the rules of his art to decide on the precise hour which will be favorable for beginning to "move the earth for the foundations, for putting up the ridge-pole in its place, for hanging the great or main door of honor, for digging the well, and making the fire-place in the kitchen."

A very popular, and at the same time the cheapest, kind of fortune-telling is by means of a bird and slips of paper. The professor of the black-art who adopts this method of divination, and is willing to satisfy the inquiring mind for the modest remuneration of about a half-cent of our money, "traverses the streets in search of employment. He carries in one hand a piece of the small end of a cow's horn and a bamboo stick. These two are tied together loosely at one end, and he manages to strike or clap them together so as to make a peculiar sound. In the other hand, or suspended from a front button of his coat, he has a small cage, containing a little bird of a particular species. He always takes with him on these professional excursions sixty-four small sheets of paper, on each of which is sketched a figure of a god, bird, beast, etc., and on every sheet is also written a short verse of poetry, usually four lines, each of seven characters. These sheets are folded up in such a manner that the pictures and the poetry are not visible. When any one applies to have

MORNING DRESS FOR ELDERLY LADY.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 29-33.



DESIGN FOR BORDER IN TAPESTRY-WORK.

Description of Symbols: ■ 1st (darkest), ⊠ 2d, ▪ 3d, ⊡ 4th (lightest), Brown (the last silk).

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his fortune told, he arranges the sixty-four pieces of paper on a table or on the ground, and places the bird-cage near them. He then opens the door, and the bird hops out and picks up one of the sheets with his beak. This the wise man opens and explains to the applicant."

Another class of peripatetic fortune-tellers devote themselves to inspecting the physiognomy. They are to be known by certain characters that are inscribed on a sachel which they carry with them. They select a favorable and convenient spot in the street where they can spread out a chart, which they consult in reference to the personal peculiarities of their customers. They carefully inspect every feature of the person who wishes to look into futurity, and compare together what they term the "five governors"—that is, the ears, eyes, eyebrows, nose, and mouth—to see whether they are in harmony, and whether the combined expression is good or not. They note the way in which the applicant walks and sits down, and so foretell his future. Furthermore, they examine the length of each finger, and pay particular attention to the lines or creases in the palm of the hand, taking careful note of its color and thickness.

Yet another mode of gaining an insight into the decrees of fate is by dissecting the written character. Those who practice this branch of the art take up a position at the side of some frequented street, where they spread out a cloth, and arrange their writing materials. They also have with them a box containing a number of pieces of paper, folded up, on which a single character is written; their fee is but small, being usually about a cent. The inquirer into futurity chooses two of these pieces of paper, which the fortune-teller opens; he then dissects the characters on them, writing out their various component parts. He next talks over the matter about which his customer is anxious for information, working in the meaning of the fresh characters obtained by the subdivision of the two originally selected at random, often increasing the number by skillfully adding strokes to, and thus changing the meaning of, the characters. Upon the materials thus got together he founds an oracular response as to the coming events about which he has been consulted.

Those who profess to reveal the secrets of futurity "by the use of the tortoise-shell and three ancient cash," have shops or offices, where they may be consulted by those who prefer this method of ascertaining their fortunes. The cash commonly used are a certain kind coined during the Tang dynasty (some twelve hundred years ago). They first light incense sticks and candles, placing them before the picture of an old man, whom they worship as the deity who presides over this kind of divination. They then take the cash and put them into a tortoise-shell, which they shake once or twice before the picture, invoking the aid and presence of the god. They next empty the cash out, and taking them in one hand, they strike the shell gently three times with them, repeating at the same time forms of incantation. The cash are again put into the shell, and shaken as before three times, when they are turned out upon a plate, and careful observation is made of the manner in which they have chanced to fall. After noting how many have the reverse side upward, the same cash are put into the shell, and a similar operation is repeated once and again. At the conclusion of the third shaking, and the third observation of the relative positions of the coins, the fortune-tellers proceed to compare the diagrams with the "five elements" according to the abstruse and intricate rules of this species of divination. After a tedious process of observations and comparisons, they pronounce judgment on the matter under investigation.

What is termed "geomancy," in so far as it has to do with the selection of a fortunate burial-place by a critical examination of the earth and scenery, comes fairly into the category of fortune-telling, for the Chinese consider that the future prosperity of the family of the deceased depends greatly upon a lucky place of sepulture being chosen. The Chinese expression for this is Fêng-shui—that is, wind and water; and whatever, in the opinion of the wise man, interferes with the Fêng-shui, is looked upon as very unlucky. It may be interesting to mention in passing that this superstition with regard to the Fêng-shui is one of the great obstacles to the introduction of telegraphs, railways, etc., into the country.

The man who "looks at the wind and water," armed with a compass and other implements of his art, accompanies a near relative of the deceased to some spot in the hills which is thought suitable for a burial-place, and he then proceeds to make his observations *secundum artem*. He notes "the nature of the ground, the color of the soil, its relative position to surrounding hills, valleys, streams," etc. If large rocks are found in the earth, or if the spot prove to be wet, it is at once condemned, and a fresh search has to be made for a place where the soil is dry and of a yellowish color. This species of fortune-telling is the most tedious and expensive of those which we have described, but the Chinese attach extreme importance to it.

Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.—[See Fig. 2, Page 597.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 46-55.

EVENING DRESS.

EVENING DRESS.

THIS full-dress evening toilette is of groseille, or currant red faille, with an over-skirt of white Chambéry gauze. The demi-train skirt is of silk, with a Spanish flounce. The gauze over-skirt has a pleating on the edge, and is caught to the silk in horizontal puffs by garlands of variegated roses, red, pink, and yellow, with embrowned leaves. These garlands surround the whole skirt, except on the sides where the upper skirt is opened and forms medallions edged with a black lace ruche. The low round Josephine waist of silk has puffed gauze sleeves, and roses on the neck and bust. Roses are above the high puffed coiffure. The front of the hair is parted in the middle, and waved on the forehead. Pearl ear-rings and necklace with ruby medallion. Wide gold bracelets, and a large Trianon fan.

LAVENDER CULTURE.

COMPARATIVELY few persons are aware to how large an extent the culture of lavender for commercial purposes is carried on within a radius of thirty miles from London. In the county of Surrey alone there are nearly three hundred and fifty acres of land devoted to its growth, and the total extent of the lavender fields in the London district can not fall far short of five hundred acres. When three years old the plant is at its best, and when it reaches the age of seven years it has made so much wood that it is more profitable to uproot it and set a fresh plant. The harvest-time depends much on the state of the weather, but it usually commences about the first week in August. The flowers are cut with a sickle, bound up in small sheaves, and immediately carried to the distillery. There the stalks are cut off, leaving but little more than the flowers, by which the bouquet of the oil, afterward extracted, is much improved, though the quantity of the oil is sensibly diminished. Much care is needed on the part of those who handle the sheaves in the distilling house to guard against being stung by the bees which remain attached to the flowers. The temperance, industry, and providence of these insects are proverbial; yet their behavior in lavender fields, especially toward the end of the season, when the flowers are fully developed, can not be too severely reprobated. So careless are they of the good reputation they have earned that they refuse to leave their luscious feast even when it is laid on the trimming bench, and hundreds are thrown into the still, notwithstanding the efforts to dislodge them, in a state of helpless intoxication. When the oil is first distilled, it has a peculiar empyreumatic odor, but by being kept in bottles for twelve months it loses much of its harshness. It is still, how-

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ever, unfit to be used as a perfume in its natural state. In order to convert the essential oil into what is known as lavender-water, it is mixed with from twenty to forty times its bulk of spirit, and with just a trace of neroli, or other essential oil, according to the taste of the compounder.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELOISE.—Sleeveless jackets will be worn again. A black velvet sleeveless jacket will be very pretty with the dresses you mention. Make it by the simplest jockey basque pattern, and merely edge it with a piping fold of silk.

TEXAS.—Your samples of lace are all cotton woven imitations of Valenciennes.

AN OLDER SISTER.—Full directions for making the girl's patterns are given in the *Bazar* in which they are illustrated. You did not send your full address.

MRS. F.—The shirt and blouse waists are usually plain loose blouses. Pleated waists are formed of box-pleats.

CLARA BLONDE.—Get two shades of slate blue cashmere for your fall suit. Read articles to "Ugly Girls." Put two tea-spoonfuls of soda in a quart of tepid water and wash your hair with it.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Outside pockets are more for ornament than use.

ANZALETTA.—We have no cut paper pattern of the pervenche silk costume. Deep violet or else gray will look well with lavender.

W. R. L.—The brilliantine and beaver mohair are favorite fabrics of the alpaca kind. Make your dress with a polonaise by pattern given in Supplement of *Bazar* No. 36, Vol. VI.

LOST HOPE.—Make the skirt of your suit of London smoke silk with bias bands of wine-color down the front breadths, and flounces of smoke-color behind, with bias bands for heading. Then have an over-skirt of wine-color, with a sleeveless basque of the same, and coat sleeves of smoke-color. The silk skirt and Swiss polonaise will be suitable. Arrange your hair by any of the models given in the *Bazar* that you find becoming. We *do* receive half-yearly subscriptions.

C. A. S.—A mantle of black cashmere trimmed with fringe or else guipure lace would be suitable for a lady of sixty years. A plain one would cost $25.

LENA.—The simplest form of invitation for evening parties is now used. The formula is, "Miss A B C presents her compliments, and requests the pleasure of Miss D E F's company on Tuesday, March 5, at 8 P.M."

PERPLEXED SUBSCRIBER.—Your shades of green are good and appropriate, but the fabric is very poor. Make by Double-breasted Jockey Basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. VI. Wear white muslin or else white twilled silk neck-ties. Green, buff, or brown gloves.

FIDGET.—Get camel's-hair or else cashmere of dark myrtle green for your polonaise. Make by pattern of blouse-polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. VI. Trim with bias corded silk. The Shah turban of felt trimmed as you suggest will be appropriate.

M. E. B.—The oxidized buckle and chain is not inappropriate with your mourning dress, though jet is in better taste.

C. F. A.—Make your dress by the Double-breasted Jockey Basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. VI. Get also a dark cashmere suit and one of black silk. Leave other purchases to be made here. Get a round hat of black chip for traveling.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Make your pretty Japanese silk by the Basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 36, Vol. VI., on page 569. Trim with bias bands of blue silk, and have a blue silk vest. Make a Gabrielle wrapper of your plaid poplin. Cut a straight basque front for your sleeveless jacket. A suit of dark cashmere is what you need for fall and winter.

A. B. C.—Of course a bride sends invitations to the bridegroom's parents as well as her own.

CLARA.—Put two gathered flounces ten inches deep on your black silk. Add puffs up the front breadth if you like.

BLANK.—At a dinner the leading lady guest should be seated at the right hand of the host, and the leading gentleman guest at the right hand of the hostess. —Redingotes will be worn this fall. Read the New York Fashions in *Bazar* No. 37, Vol. VI., for descriptions of fall and winter bonnets, and don't use prepared chalk on your face.

SUBSCRIBER.—We can not undertake to recommend either physicians or boarding-houses.

AN ENGLISH LADY.—Leave your daughter's card with your own when calling on friends, and avail yourself of every opportunity to introduce her personally to them.

M. S. W.—We furnish covers for the *Bazar* at 75 cents each. A binder will probably charge about the same sum for putting them on. If you wish to use the patterns on the Supplements, you can do so to better advantage if not bound in the volume, but kept in a separate portfolio. Back numbers are furnished by the publishers at ten cents each.

TWENTY QUESTIONS.—The illustration of a suit you have selected on page 516 of *Bazar* No. 33, Vol. VI., is one of the most stylish models you can find for a fall suit. The standing collar, ruff, and other accessories of the basque are particularly good, and are found on fall importations. The gray silk suit will look well worn precisely as you describe it. A dark blue cashmere redingote would answer with both gray and black silk skirts, and will be a fashionable garment this season. If you object to this contrast, you can get a cashmere of the same gray shade, or else a dark iron gray camel's-hair redingote. A pretty quaint little mantle of gray camel's-hair embroidered as you suggest for the polonaise with a darker shade, and some yak braid with curled fringe, would also make your gray suit stylish and warm enough for autumn.

M. A. P.—Trim your glossy black silk with folds and flounces of the silk of the dress. The Turkish toweling fabric is not suitable for trimming—it is used for redingotes.

ELLA.—The Blouse-Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. VI., is suitable for grenadine. Trim it with guipure or thread lace. Make your amber skirt a short demi-train.

MRS. C. C. C.—As you have invited your friends to call upon the guest who is staying with you, take it for granted their call is meant for her, and take her to the parlor at once.

MRS. J. T.—Scallop your wrapper all around, bind the scallops with blue silk, and put a pleating of blue silk three inches deep underneath the scallops to show in the space between them.

MRS. L. Q.—Remove the satin from your cashmere suit and trim with repped silk, velvet, or else yak braid. Alter the polonaise to a close-fitting garment. Read "Fall Redingotes" in New York Fashions of the present number of the *Bazar*.

VIENNA PREMIUMS AND SEWING-MACHINES.

WE copy the following from the New York *Herald* of August 12th:

THE REGION OF THE SEWING-MACHINES.

If Dante had been gifted with the spirit of prophecy, he would have set apart a region in his inferno to illustrate the rivalries and emotions of the sewing-machine manufacturers of the United States. The conflicts, the misunderstandings, the ambitions, the yearnings for approbation and notoriety, the odd, incessant efforts to win medals of progress, and renown, and merit, and honor which inspire the gentlemen who manage this industry, have given constant motion and life to the American department. So when His Majesty came into the sewing-machine department, every effort was made by our Commissioners to introduce him to each special machine and explain its peculiar qualities. Let me give you a list of the machines in the catalogue, so you may know what His Majesty was asked to do. First, the Howe Machine Company, New York; then the Singer Manufacturing Company, New York; the Whitney Sewing-Machine, Paterson, N. J.; the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine Company, New York; the Wilson Sewing-Machine Company, Clevelond, Ohio; the Wilcox and Gibbs Sewing-Machine Manufacturing Company, New York; Ezra Morrill & Co., Derby Line, Vt.; George N. Bacon & Co., London, England; the Weed Sewing-Machine Company, Hartford, with the patent effective stop motion of Fairchild's attachment; the Secor Sewing-Machine Company, New York; the Mackay Sole and Shoe Machine, Cambridge; the Universal Feed Sewing-Machine Company. Every exhibitor expected a special visit from the Emperor, and His Majesty, with a patience and courtesy that should be commended, endeavored to visit them all.

After waiting a few minutes to comprehend the explanations made to him of the advance of the industry so largely represented in America, the Emperor continued his tour of the other departments, especially inquiring of his attendants what different principles were presented by each separate machine, in what respect one machine differed from the other—all of which was explained to him, ESPECIALLY THE NEW PRINCIPLE OF THE PATENT STOP, OR THE APPLICATION INVENTED BY MR. FAIRCHILD, AND NOW OWNED BY THE WEED MACHINE CO., BY WHICH THE ACTION OF THE NEEDLE IS ARRESTED BY THE PRESSURE OF A SPRING WITHOUT STOPPING THE MOTION OF THE WHEEL.

In the New York *Herald* of Aug. 19th we find awards were made as follows:

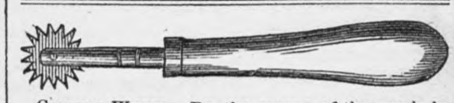
To the Wilson Sewing-Machines of Cleveland.

Elias Howe Sewing-Machine Company, FOR SEWING AND STITCHING.

Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing-Machine Company of New York (for BEST SINGLE THREAD SEWING-MACHINE.)

The Weed Sewing-Machine Company (for BEST STOP MOTION APPLIED TO SEWING-MACHINE TREADLES.)

The Wilson Sewing-Machine Company being the only exhibitor that received a grand prize medal for the best Sewing-Machine, and Medals of honor.—[*Com.*]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DEAFNESS AND CATARRH.—A Lady, who had suffered for years from Deafness and Catarrh, was cured by a simple Indian Remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompt her to send the recipe, free of charge, to any one similarly afflicted. Address MRS. M. CLARA LEGGETT, Jersey City, N. J.

HAIR!!!

L. SHAW, 364 Bowery, corner Fourth Street,
Branch Store, 345 Sixth Avenue,

Begs leave to call the attention of the ladies to his superb stock of Human Hair Goods, of the best quality of hair only, without any intermixing whatsoever, of his own importation and manufacture.

The Largest Stock of HUMAN HAIR GOODS in the City.

RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

I can offer to the public inducements which can not be superseded by any of my competitors.

All goods WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.

PRICE-LIST.

Short Hair Switches $1 and upward. Finest quality Hair Switches, solid, not dyed, 18 inches long, 4 ounces weight, - - $5 00
Do. 22 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 6 00
Do. 26 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 8 00
Do. 32 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 10 00

Shaw's Patent Hair Switches, 50c.

Long Single Curls, natural Curly—
22-inch, $2 00. 24-inch, $2 50. 26-inch, $4 00.
Frisets, 25 cents per yard.

BRANCH STORE Removed to 345 6th AVENUE,
Bet. 20th and 21st Streets.

Ladies' own Hair made over in latest styles.
Combings made up 50 cents per ounce.
Goods sent **C. O. D.** by express, or on receipt of color and money in registered letters or P. O. Order.

THREE PAIR Best 2-Button Kid Gloves, **$2 75**; single pair sent, postpaid, $1 00. Also, a well-selected stock of Millinery Goods, Laces, Dress-Trimmings, &c. Price-List sent free on application.
J. TAYLOR'S BAZAR, 353 8th Ave., N. Y. City.

GRANDEST SCHEME EVER KNOWN.

4th Grand Gift Concert

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KENTUCKY.

12,000 CASH GIFTS, $1,500,000.

$250,000 FOR $50.

The Fourth Grand Gift Concert, authorized by special act of the Legislature, for the benefit of the Public Library of Kentucky, will take place in Public Library Hall, at Louisville, Ky.,

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1873.

Only Sixty thousand tickets will be sold. The tickets are divided into ten coupons or parts.

At this Concert, which will be the grandest musical display ever witnessed in this country, the unprecedented sum of

$1,500,000

divided into 12,000 cash gifts, will be distributed by lot among the ticket-holders.

LIST OF GIFTS.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		$250,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		100,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		50,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		25,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		17,500
10 CASH GIFTS	$10,000 each	100,000
30 CASH GIFTS	5,000 each	150,000
50 CASH GIFTS	1,000 each	50,000
80 CASH GIFTS	500 each	40,000
100 CASH GIFTS	400 each	40,000
150 CASH GIFTS	300 each	45,000
250 CASH GIFTS	200 each	50,000
325 CASH GIFTS	100 each	32,500
11,000 CASH GIFTS	50 each	550,000
TOTAL, 12,000 GIFTS, ALL CASH, amounting to		$1,500,000

The distribution will be positive, whether all the tickets are sold or not, and the 12,000 gifts all paid in proportion to the tickets sold.

PRICE OF TICKETS:

Whole tickets, $50; Halves, $25; Tenths, or each coupon, $5; Eleven Whole Tickets for $500; 22½ Tickets for $1,000; 113 Whole Tickets for $5,000; 227 Whole Tickets for $10,000. No discount on less than $500 worth of Tickets at a time.

Full particulars may be learned from circulars, which will be sent free from this office to all who apply for them.

Tickets now ready for sale, and all orders accompanied by the money promptly filled. Liberal terms given to those who buy to sell again.

THOS. E. BRAMLETTE,
Agent Public Library Ky., and Manager Gift Concert,
Public Library Building, Louisville, Ky.

WEBSTER'S PATENT

BUTTON HOLE WORKER

Pat. June 27, 1871. Awarded first premium at the Am. Institute and Md. Institute Fairs, 1871.

Is one of the most important inventions of the age. The most perfect **Button-hole Worker** *ever invented.* So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can work without it. Local and traveling agents wanted everywhere. They sell at sight, and give over 100 per cent. profit. Sample Button-hole Worker and sample Button-hole Cutter packed in a neat case, with full directions for use, with sample of our new and novel way of canvassing, sent by mail to any address on receipt of 65 cents. Address WEBSTER M'F'G CO., Manufacturers, Ansonia, Ct. Please state in what paper you saw this.

THE PATENT BUCKSKIN **Dress Shields** will absorb moisture and protect the Dress thoroughly. The Perforated Premium Buckskin Undergarments are recommended by all Physicians. Send for circulars. D. C. HALL & Co., 44 West Broadway, N.Y., *Sole Agents and Manufacturers.*

Skin Diseases a Specialty.

DR. J. M. VANDYKE, Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, is the only regular physician that makes the treatment of Skin Diseases a specialty. Those who wish to consult him, either in person or by letter, will find him to be first-class in his specialty.

Skin Diseases and their Symptoms.

ACNE, (PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS).—Symptoms—Hard, small pimples with black points; affect the forehead, cheeks, and nose of both sexes.

ECZEMA, (TETTER).—Symptoms—Blisters form, which burst and dry into a yellowish or dark crust, may be in the form of scales; affects all parts of the body.

WOMEN'S RED RASH OF THE FACE.—Symptoms—Congestion of the skin of the face, with red patches and red spots, pimples, and roughness of the skin.

BARBER'S ITCH.—Symptoms—First, a red, itchy patch is seen, mattery pustules form, become quite hard, and shaving becomes painful. A burning sensation is present.

PRURIGO, (INTENSE ITCHING), Which begins when the clothing is removed; increased by the warmth of the bed. No eruption except that produced by scratching.

The above and all Skin Diseases cured by Dr. J. M. VanDyke. New York Office, No. 6 West 16th Street; Philadelphia Office, 1126 Walnut Street. The Doctor can be consulted either by letter or in person at either office.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. Trade Mark. Patented.

Sold by all Druggists.

Novelties in Laces.

SHAW & EATON, 1105 Broadway,

Three doors above Fifth Avenue Hotel,

Have on exhibition all the LATEST NOVELTIES in Lace Capes, Collarettes, Fichus, Lace Bows, Ties, Scarfs, French Embroidered Breakfast Sets, &c., &c.

Drunkenness and Opium Habit.

DR. BEERS, 345 Fourth Ave., New York, *guarantees a cure* for these evils. Call, or send stamp for evidence.

FRENCH STAMPING PATTERNS, in any quantities. Send for Circular.
MME. L. CENDRIER, 636 Broadway, N. Y.

VIENNA PREMIUMS.

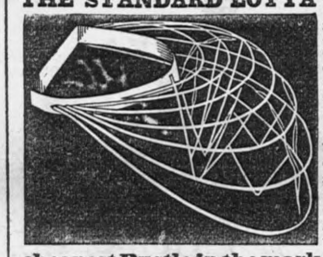
THE WILSON SHUTTLE
SEWING-MACHINES
Received the Grand
PRIZE MEDAL
AND MEDAL OF HONOR
FOR THE
BEST SEWING-MACHINE,
THE BEST MADE SEWING-MACHINES,
AND THREE
Co-Operative Medals
FOR
The Best Made Set of Harness,
The Best Made Side Saddle,
The Best Boot and Shoe Work,
And the Best Samples of Cloth Sewing.

No other Sewing-Machines received Premiums on their merits, which we will prove by evidence at our office, and that all reports relating to the contrary are false.

Machines Sold on Easy Monthly Payments.

SALESROOM:
707 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
And all other Cities in the United States.

THE STANDARD LOTTA BUSTLE.



A diploma has been awarded by the American Institute to A. W. Thomas, Patentee & Manufacturer for the **lightest, strongest, most durable, comfortable, elastic, and cheapest Bustle in the market.** The wearer can sit in any position whatever without bending or **injuring** it in the slightest degree, it closing entirely up on sitting, and returning with precision to its original shape on arising. The heaviest dress will not cause it to diminish its size, or change its perfect form (as is generally the fault). **No ladies' wardrobe complete without the Standard Lotta Bustle. For sale every where. Ask for Nos. 10, 11, 15, 18, 22, &c.,** comprising the various sizes and styles. Patentee and Wholesale Manufacturer, **91 White St., N.Y.; & 801 Race St., Phila.**

ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER FOR IT.

BAZAR
Cut Paper Patterns.

The great design of the proprietors of the Bazar Patterns is to furnish cut paper patterns of every description, and for every size, at a moderate price. These patterns are intended to be the most perfect, the most practical, and the most economical ever produced in this country, and so arranged as to be easily understood by those not accustomed to making their own garments. We avoid as far as possible every form of extravagance in cutting up material, at the same time combining all that is desirable with fashion and good taste. Every pattern we issue will be the product of the ablest and most experienced gentlemen dressmakers in the country, all under the supervision of Mr. Moschcowitz, a gentleman who stands at the head of his profession, and who is unquestionably the ablest dressmaker in the United States. What Worth is to Paris, Moschcowitz is to New York—the highest authority on all matters pertaining to fashion. We have carefully prepared a catalogue showing the leading Berlin, Paris, London, and New York fashions. From this catalogue may be selected patterns of every description and of every size, for ladies, misses, and children. On receipt of postage stamp, the above catalogue will be sent free of charge. In this catalogue will be found a description of a valuable premium offered to every subscriber for *Harper's Bazar*. We confidently assert that, for liberality and magnitude, the premium offered to each and every subscriber for the *Bazar* has no parallel, an offer in which thousands of families will be benefited, and will, we trust, be the means of adding much to the comfort and economy of every household. We are confident that this premium will be hailed with delight by every lady in the land.

Address JAMES M'CALL & CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.

Important to Ladies.—On receipt of 25c. you will receive by return post a copy of the *Bazar Dressmaker*, a book just published, containing over five hundred (500) fashion-plates, representing the leading Paris, Berlin, London, and New York fashions. Each garment is minutely described, with directions for cutting, making, and trimming at the least possible expense. The garments represented are for ladies, misses, boys, and little children. The polonaises and over-skirts for ladies and misses are without exception the most stylish garments that have ever appeared in this country. The *Bazar Dressmaker* is intended as a reference book for dressmakers and others. If a lady is at a loss to know how to cut or make a dress for herself or her children, she is sure to see something in this book to please her. A life-sized paper pattern of any of the 500 garments represented will be sent by post at a mere nominal price. The patterns are graded to fit any size.

Address JAMES M'CALL & CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.

I SEND CASH IN ADVANCE TO FEMALE AGENTS, to pay for easy labor at home that will not interfere with other duties; one wanted in every county. I have nothing for sale.
A. V. HARDINBURGH, Jersey City, N. J.

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LADIES!

Be sure and pay a visit to

EHRICH'S, 8TH AVENUE, NEAR 24TH ST.,

the great popular Ladies' Emporium.

Call and examine our Goods and Prices, whether you wish to purchase or not. No one urged to buy.

Positive Bargains in every department.

REAL LACES

at less than cost of importation.

Real Black Yak Lace, full 1¼ inches, at 40c.
Real Black Yak Lace, full 2 inches wide, at 58c.
Real Black Guipure Lace, full 2 inches wide, at 65c.
Real Black Guipure Lace, full 2½ inches wide, at 85c.
Real Black Thread Lace, full 1 inch wide, at 60c.
Real Black Thread Lace, full 1½ inches wide, at 72c.

Wider widths proportionately cheap. Our Real Laces will all be found of superior qualities, and all choice designs.

Large variety of Real Point and Point Applique Laces, Real Valenciennes Laces, Real Point Collars and Barbes, Real Thread Barbes, Coiffures and Pelerines, Real Valenciennes Handkerchiefs, &c., all at special inducements.

Extensive assortment of Silk Gimps, Fringes, and Dress Trimmings.

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LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER..... " 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)..... " 44
GENTLEMAN'S SHORT DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP..... " 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt..... " 48

Vol. V.

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LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER..... " 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers)..... " 6
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CHATELAINE REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT..... " 17
LOOSE FRONT DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..... " 23
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FACETIÆ.

A BLUSHING damsel called at the office of a paper a few days since and inquired for "papers for a week back," and that innocent young publisher's clerk thought she wanted perhaps a sticking-plaster, instead of a bundle of papers suitable for a bustle.

At a public gathering lately one of the gentlemen present was called upon for a speech, and this is how he responded: "Gentlemen and women, I ain't no speecher. More'n twenty years back I came here a poor idiot boy, and now what are I?"

A minstrel, riding a pumpkin-colored sorrel, perpetrated a heavy sell on a toll-keeper one day. He rode up unobserved, and turning his horse's face about, directly opposite to the direction he wanted to go, called to the toll-keeper, who by this time had come out, "What is the toll?"

"Twenty cents," answered the toll-keeper.

"Too high," replied the solitary horseman; "can't pay it. Guess I will go back."

He turned his horse about and proceeded in precisely the direction he wanted to go, the toll-gatherer never dreaming of the sell.

The editor of an Illinois paper thinks fishing, as a general rule, don't pay. "We stood it all day in the river last week," he says, "but caught nothing—until we got home."

What plant is capable of giving out the most heat?—A fern is.

"I met, the other day," writes a foreign sportsman, "with an Englishman who travels some hundreds of miles every year to indulge in his favorite sport, trout-fishing. I believe that, provided his favorite stream were undisturbed, this enthusiastic fisherman would be but little concerned if the whole world were submerged in a second deluge, as may be judged from the following anecdote. One day he was exploring the banks of his favorite stream, accompanied by the landlord of the inn at which he was stopping. The latter happening to come too close just at the moment when his guest was throwing his fly, the hook caught the poor wretch's eyelid, causing him intense pain. The sportsman coolly took out the hook, readjusted the fly, and, as the innkeeper continued howling at the top of his voice, 'You can,' said he, in a whisper, 'put your eye down in your bill; but I'll trouble you to stop that noise, so as not to frighten my fish.'"

A child being asked by her Sunday-school teacher, "What did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea?" answered,

"I don't know, ma'am; but perhaps they dried themselves."

During the recent "season" a little knot of ladies were discussing the subject of marriage. One of the party, a single young lady, said, "Matches are made in heaven."

"Very likely," was the quiet rejoinder of a married lady, "and they are often *dipped* in the other place."

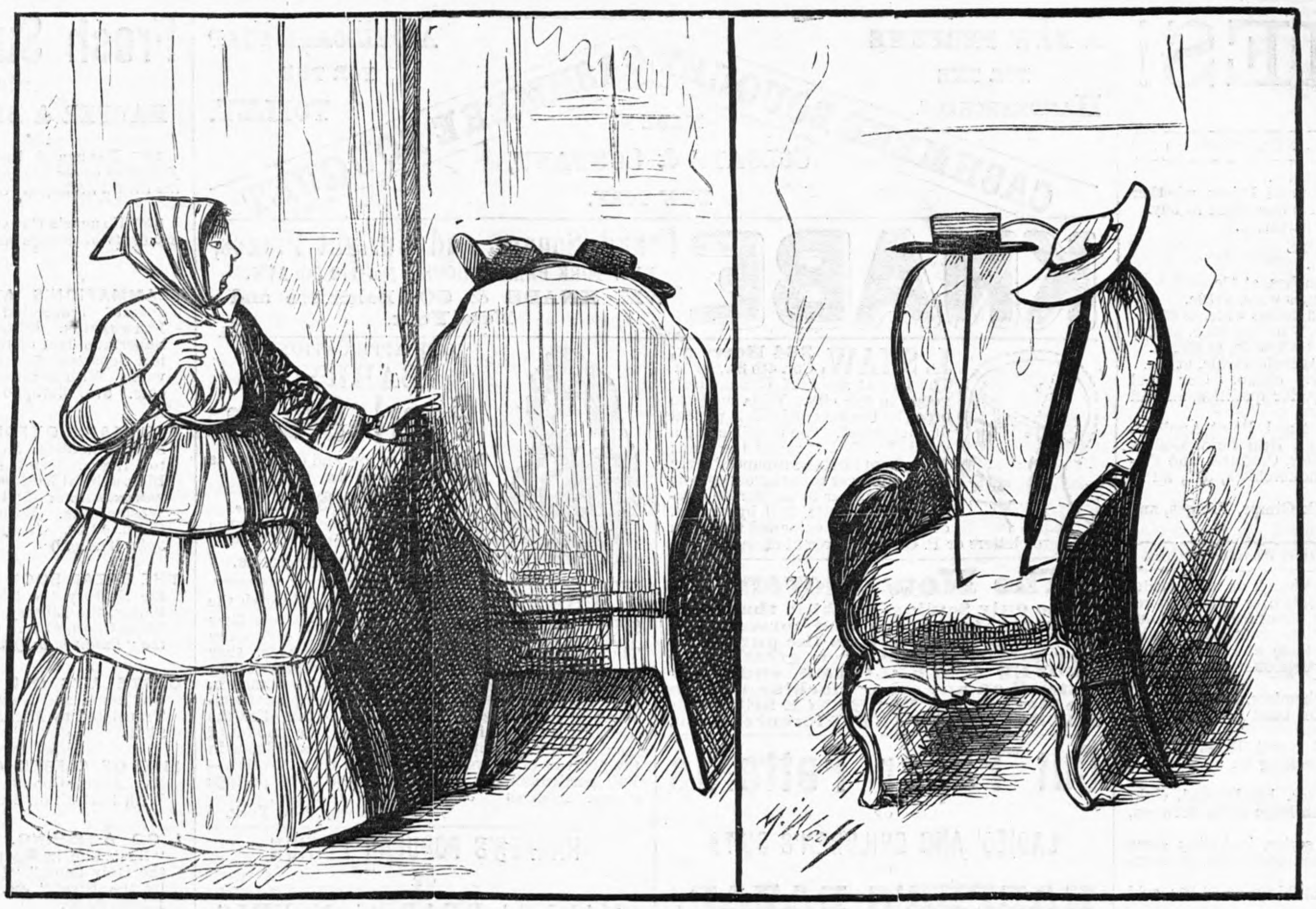
THE REAL RAILWAY DIVIDENDS—The scattered fragments of the passengers!

"How do you get along with your arithmetic?" asked a father of his little boy, who answered and said:

"I've ciphered through addition, partition, subtraction, distraction, abomination, justification, hallucination, derivation, amputation, creation, and adoption!"

A fool is surely the best company at a shooting party, because he keeps the game alive.

If a clerk wishes to borrow a novel from a friend, he had better not say he's a book-keeper.



MAKING A MOUNTAIN OUT OF A MOLE-HILL.

"Well, I declare, if there isn't Maria and that New Boarder Hugging in the arm-chair!" EXPLANATORY.

A LOSS.

How hard a thing it is to part
From those we love and cherish!
How deeply does it pain one's heart
To know all things must perish!

And when a friend and comrade dear
Is lost to us forever,
We feel how frail are all things here,
Since e'en best friends must sever.

I, too, have lost a friend, who broke
Its power when care was near me;
And troubles disappeared in *smoke*
When he was by to cheer me.

But as friends fall when valued most,
Like fruit that overripe is,
My loved companion I have lost—
That friend my *meerschaum pipe* is!

"I came off with flying colors," as the painter said when he fell from the ladder with a palette on his thumb.

THE KNAVE.

"You have played the deuce with my heart," said a gentleman to a lady who was his partner in a social game of whist at an evening party.

"Well," replied the lady, with an arch smile, "it was because you played the knave."

Quills are things that are sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another.

It seems that it is not always safe to buy your fish even at the sea-side, for proximity to the briny waves does not assure freshness. Here is an incident from a well-known watering-place. The vendor of soles called a visitor's attention to his stock in trade, but found that the stranger would not deal, for the reason that the last fish purchased of the vendor was so bad that it had to be thrown away.

"Well, marm," was the defense, "it was your own fault, not mine; for I was calling them soles in front of your house for three days before you'd buy 'em."

EXCLUSIVENESS.

HOST. "Nice party, ain't it, Major Le Spunger? 'Igh and low, rich and poor—*most* people are welcome to *this* 'ouse! This is 'Liberty 'All,' *this* is! No false pride or 'umbug about *me!* I'm a self-made man, *I* am!"

THE MAJOR. "Very nice party indeed, Mr. Shoddy. How proud your father and mother must feel! Are *they* here?"

HOST. "Well, no! 'Ang it all, you know, one *must* draw the line *somewhere!*"

"Were you guarded in your conduct while in New York?" asked a father of his son, who had just returned from a visit to that city.

"Yes, Sir; part of the time by two policemen."

WHAT HE LACKED.—A few evenings since a coarse upstart having at a party exhibited his lack of gentlemanliness in the presence of a witty young lady, she remarked, "He's almost a perfect brute; all he lacks is instinct."

Poetry and advertising seem to have become blended, "as it were." A poet lately did this for twenty-five cents:

"Oh, come into the garden, Maud,
And sit beneath the rose,
And see me prance around the beds,
Dressed in my Sunday clothes.

"Oh, come and bring your uncles, Maud,
Your sisters and your aunts,
And tell them Johnson made my coat,
My waistcoat, and my pants."

A DANGEROUS PLAYTHING—A rattlesnake.

The men to suit every one to a hair must be the wig-makers.

DOMESTIC CONCESSIONS.—"I found it very inconvenient, and a great loss of time," said Châteaubriand, "to dine before seven o'clock. My wife wanted to dine at five o'clock, and insisted upon that hour. After many arguments and many heated discussions we finally compromised upon six o'clock—an hour which was very inconvenient to us both. This is what they call domestic concessions."

A Detroit boy stood an umbrella, with a cord tied to it, in a public doorway. Eleven persons thought that umbrella was theirs, and carried it with them the length of the string. They then suddenly dropped it, and went off without once looking back or stopping to pick it up.

What is that which has many leaves and no stem?—A book.

A sign on the door of a Paris lodging-house reads: "Music Lessons—Piano and Big Drum—from 8 o'clock A.M. to 10 o'clock P.M." Pleasant house to live in, we should think, especially for a poet.

There is said to be a man in New York so thin that he can keep cool at any time by standing in the shade of a lamp-post.

A Chicago railroad has provided its passenger trains with Bibles, securely chained and marked, so as to prevent their being stolen. This, of course, says a contemporary, is to prepare its patrons for the death which inevitably awaits them.

A coroner, while sitting on a drowned man the other day, trying to identify him, was informed by one of the jurors that "if the corpse had an impediment in his speech, he should say it was one of his neighbors, named Brown." A vigilant search failed to discover any impediment.

The young men of Chicago are said to be classified according to their skill as velocipedists into the "timid toddlers," the "wary warblers," the "go-it-gracefuls," and the "fancy few."

The minister of a rural parish having neglected to pray for rain, was waited upon by a deputation to remonstrate with him on the omission. "Weel-a-weel," he replied, after hearing what they had to say, "I'll pray for to please ye, but the feint a drap ye'll get till the change o' the moon!

LADIES AND HIGH LATITUDES.—Daughters of Earth in one point differ from their mother. A wad of false hair at the back of the female head maintains a high temperature at the poll.

A GRAPHIC PERORATION.—A Scotch minister recently, in discoursing of a certain class of persons who were obnoxious to him, concluded with this singular peroration: "My freens, it is as impossible for a sinner to enter the kingdom o' heaven as for a coo to climb up a tree wi' her tail foremost and harry a craw's nest; or for a soo to sit on the tap o' a thistle and whistle like a laverock."

Our Teutonic friend Johannes K—— entered one of our drug stores and thus addressed one of the clerks:

"Toctor, I feel sig all ofer, und de beebles dells me I better take one fissick."

"All right, Sir," says the clerk. "Will you have a dose of salts or some purgative pills?"

"Vell, vot it cost for dem saulds?"

"Ten cents, Sir."

"Und how much for dem fissicking pill?"

"I'll give you a dose at the same price."

After a vain search in his pocket for the required sum, he asked:

"Toctor, you tond got no second-hand fissicking pills, ain't you?"

JUSTIFICATION.

"See here, Dick. I hear that you are in the habit of taking my jokes and passing them off as your own."

"Shouldn't a man always be willing to take a joke from a friend?" responded Dick.

THE RETORT.

Several Irishmen were disputing one day about the invincibility of their respective powers, when one of them remarked, "Faith, I'm a brick."

"And indade I'm a bricklayer," said another, giving the first speaker a blow that brought him to the ground.

A clerk who had a mind for logic, applied it to a farmer with advantage, thus:

FARMER. "Got any cow-bells?"

CLERK. "Yes; step this way."

FARMER. "Those are too small; haven't you any larger?"

CLERK. "No, Sir; the large ones are all sold."

Rusticus started off and got as far as the door, when the clerk called him back.

"Look here, stranger; take one of these small bells for your cow, and you won't have half the trouble in finding her; for when you hear her bell, you will know that she can't be far off."

The logic was irresistible, and the farmer bought the bell.

Said an Irishman to the telegraph operator, "Do you ever charge any body for the address of a message?"

"No," replied the operator.

"And do ye charge for signing his name, Sir?" said the customer.

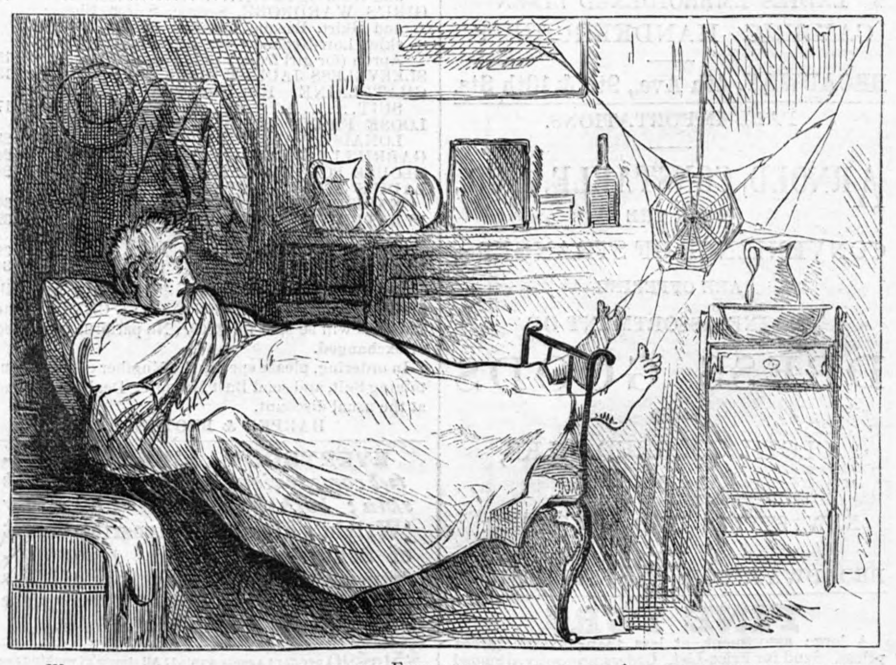
"No, Sir."

"Well, then, will ye please send this? I just want my brother to know I am here," handing the following: "To John M'Flinn—at New York—[signed] Patrick M'Flinn."

It was sent as a tribute to Patrick's shrewdness.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE.

AS IF THE LADIES COULDN'T CONCEAL THEIR CHARMING FACES SUFFICIENTLY WITH THE COLOSSAL FAN, THEY HAVE NOW ADOPTED THE HIGH ELIZABETH RUFF. THIS IS TOO MUCH.



WIGGINS, WHO HAS A DECIDED TASTE FOR ENTOMOLOGY, SAYS HE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT PURSUING THE STUDY UNDER THE ADVANTAGES THAT WERE OFFERED HIM AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 39.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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FIGS. 1 AND 2.—ENGLISH WALKING JACKET SUIT—BACK AND FRONT—WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

[Cut Paper Patterns of the English Walking Jacket Suit, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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TOI JE T'AIME.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"ROBERT, toi je t'aime!"
I hushed my heart to hear
What siren voiced my name
In tones so silver clear.
Oh, thought too full of bliss!
Those notes could only fall
From lips I'd love to kiss,
The sweetest lips of all.

"Robert, toi je t'aime!"
It were no harm to see
(I quenched my meerschaum's flame)
Who sang so well of me.
Like moth to glittering light
My neighbor's candle drew
My footsteps through the night.
Ah, love! I thought of you.

The candle's beam was dim,
But by the moon superb
I saw a figure trim,
A face severe, acerb;
Not Lucia, but her aunt,
Who "practiced" in the dark,
And of my dreams gallant
Was scarce the shining mark.

"Robert, toi je t'aime!"
My darling, if you'll say
Just so much with my name
This sunny summer day,
From sweetest lips of all,
I'll hush my heart to hear
The accents as they fall
In tones so soft and clear.

ENGLISH WALKING JACKET SUIT.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

See illustration on first page.

THIS pretty double-breasted English walking jacket, which is copied from a model just imported from Paris by Lord & Taylor, is destined to be the popular wrap of the season. It is at once stylish and comfortable, and may be made of any thick material—such as camel's-hair cloth, diagonal, ladies' cloth, cashmere, etc., or of heavier beaver cloth or fur for winter. In the original the walking jacket is of olive camel's-hair cloth, the rest of the suit being of olive serge. The lapped over-skirt is a new and favorite garment, and will be found graceful and becoming. The jacket may be trimmed to suit the taste, with velvet, gros grain, or yak braid.

Cut paper patterns of the English walking jacket suit, comprising the walking jacket, lapped over-skirt, and walking skirt, will be furnished in nine sizes, even numbers, from 30 to 46 inches bust measure. To take the size, pass a tape measure entirely around the body, under the arms, across the shoulder-blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the bust, drawing it moderately tight. No other measure is needed. If the bust measure is an uneven number of inches—for instance, 35—send for 36 inches, and take the seams deeper than is allowed for in the pattern.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS suit comprises three articles—double-breasted English walking jacket, lapped over-skirt, and walking skirt.

ENGLISH WALKING JACKET.—This pattern is in nine pieces—front, back, side form for the back, collar, sleeve, cuff, two pockets, and lappet. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting together. The holes show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, to turn down the collar, to turn back the lapel in the front of the neck, to cut the button-holes and sew on the buttons, to place the pockets, and the size and form of the under part of the sleeve. The front of the jacket is double-breasted, and closes with button-holes and three buttons. A second row of buttons is sewed on the opposite side of the middle. There is a pocket on the left breast, and a larger one on each front near the bottom. The holes show where to place the pockets. The neck is finished with a collar and lapels, the collar being turned down in the line of perforations. The back is made half-fitting by middle and armhole seams. The middle is left open below the waist line from the notch down. The lappet-shaped piece is sewed in the armhole seam below the waist according to the notches. A deep cuff finishes the wrist of the coat sleeve. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the back part of the armhole, holding the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. Baste up the jacket, and try on wrong side out; if alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams. Be very particular in cutting goods with a nap to have it run toward the bottom of the garment.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 3½ yards.

Number of buttons, 8.

LAPPED OVER-SKIRT.—This pattern is in three pieces—front, side gore, and back breadth. Cut the back with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid a seam. Cut the other parts lengthwise. Close the seams. The Watteau pleat is formed at the top of the skirt by the notches. Place the first two notches evenly together, turning the pleat toward the front; the next two notches, turning the pleat toward the back. The other two form the large pleat turned toward the middle of the back; the rest of the back breadth is gathered. The left front of the over-skirt overlaps the right, to correspond with the jacket. Place the right corner to the single notch at the top of the left side. The back is draped by a tape cut ten inches long, one end of which is sewed at the single hole, the other on the middle of the belt.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 4 yards.

WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—half of front gore, two side gores, and half of back breadth. Cut the front and back with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Cut two pieces each of the pattern given for the side gores. Put the pattern together by the notches, and pay no attention to the grain of the paper. The front gore is trimmed from the waist down with graduated folds from one to three inches deep; the rest of the skirt at the bottom is finished with a deep flounce cut eighteen inches, and headed by a three-inch fold. A four-inch wide fold is placed on each side of the front breadth the entire length from the waist down.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards.
Extra for trimming, 6 yards.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber, POSTAGE PREPAID, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

☞ A Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY contains more reading matter than an average octavo volume. The most popular authors of England and America write constantly for the WEEKLY; and as a journal of choice reading, combined with pictorial embellishments of the very highest order, it leaves every competitor in the distance.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1873.

☞ With the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 20 was sent out gratuitously an illustrated

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing further installments of "THE PARISIANS," by LORD LYTTON, and "PHINEAS REDUX," by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, and two pages of humorous illustrations.

An EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT will be sent out gratuitously with the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 27.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the English Walking Jacket Suit, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 623.

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain an extremely choice variety of patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of new and elegant Fall Dresses and Wrappings for Ladies and Children; Corsets, Lingerie; Watch-Stands, Lamp-Shades, Casters, Work-Baskets; Embroidery Patterns, etc., etc., together with rich literary and artistic attractions.*

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

OUR current light literature in all its departments furnishes hits at mothers-in-law. The fashion had its origin in England. The American witticisms are mere imitations. What foundation there may be for these slurs on a large class of English-women we do not know. That they are unjust in America we are sure. And yet every week one reads something which the writer manifestly thought to be smart, which, as it reaches the eyes of hundreds of the most self-sacrificing of our women, must give them pain, because it is an unnecessary and unjust aspersion of their whole class.

Sometimes the form of the joke is to put into the mouth of the son-in-law some severe hit at his wife's mother. It is noticeable that it is never the husband's mother, but always the wife's mother, that gets the blow.

It is time to pause and inquire into the justice of this. Is there any thing in the nature of the relationship to necessitate an antagonism between a woman and her daughter's husband? or, in point of fact, do these women conduct themselves in such a way as to justify these hits?

In a very large majority of instances, so far as the husband is concerned, he has to thank his mother-in-law for what is beautiful, attractive, and profitable for him in his wife: the man married the girl whom this woman raised. Now if mothers-in-law are such hideous things—so base, so mean, so impertinent—that a visit from them is to be dreaded, how is it that such hags are the mothers of such houris, and that such hateful women have been able to train other women to be so charming?

Daughters must be very precious to their mothers. When a gentleman selects a girl to be the object of his profoundest and most manly affection, to be the sharer of his fortune, and to be his other self, he must become an object of interest to the mother. She knows that it is in the course of nature and of grace that her daughter shall marry some one. If that husband prove to be true and noble and kind, it seems to be natural that the mother-in-law should love him with a very peculiar affection. Her own sons have come to her in the order of nature, but this new son has come a gift of God's gracious providence. So far as we have been able to observe, this has been almost invariably the case with mothers-in-law. Where they have been Christians it has been the rule without exception. Whenever, therefore, a man slurs his mother-in-law simply in virtue of her holding that relation to him, it would seem to imply something wrong in his own character or conduct. No true gentleman would give his wife any treatment he would not be perfectly willing to have her mother witness.

Ordinary delicacy should cause a gentleman to be as careful of speaking of his wife's mother as of his own. Wherever a man has had some seeming ground for regarding his mother-in-law as a nuisance, an investigation would probably detect that his wife had never thoroughly married him. A woman never thoroughly marries a man until she is ready to become so one with him that she shall consider how the observance of the wishes of others, even her own parents, shall promote his happiness and prosperity. At the moment of marriage, and by the very act, she removes herself from under the authority of her mother, to be under that of her husband; and every wise mother gives up her daughter thoroughly to the man who is to be the husband, and thereafter studies his wishes and his prosperity as much as those of her own daughter, and as feeling that they are really one. An occasional failure to do this on the part of mothers-in-law may have given rise to these caricatures of the whole class.

As human nature is constituted, it is always safer that when a young couple marry, the wife be taken to a distance from her home, and not to that of the husband's parents. They then cling to each other, each looking to the other for help and pleasure. It is the wife who is more in danger of trouble from her mother-in-law. A man has to dread trouble more from his own mother than from his wife's, and yet we have to see the first arrow of witticism shot from a woman's bow against her mother-in-law. It is his mother who is apt to torment the young wife with intimations of how she did when she first married.

But none of these disagreeable things happen where a man truly marries a woman, and she truly marries him, and the parents on both sides have correct ideas of the sanctity which belongs to this unity. Even as things are in society, how many a married man is indebted to his mother-in-law for taking a thousand burdens from his wife's shoulders and his own! It is the mother-in-law who assists in securing the new house, procuring the furniture, arranging it in its place, suggesting many an expedient for comfort from her own experience, and putting the machinery of the household in working order. To her the husband owes many an hour of his wife's society which otherwise would be absorbed by domestic drudgery; and when the little children come, it is the wife's mother to whom they seem nearest and dearest. It is she that nurses them most tenderly in the most trying portion of their lives. It is she who spends so many a wearisome hour in the nursery, that he and his friends may have his wife's company in the parlor or at the place of public amusement. A thousand touching stories of devotion upon the part of the wife's mother could be told, but we do not intend to be pathetic.

Whenever we hear a man making a disparaging insinuation with regard to his mother-in-law, we always feel like saying to him, "Sir, you never would have been any where if your father had never had a mother-in-law."

CRIMPS.

By GAIL HAMILTON.

I HAVE just been reading a harangue upon the folly of self-adornment in women. The writer admits that it is well enough for girls to crimp their hair, but after marriage they should give up their crisping-pins, and wear their tresses as nature made them. Recounting his reasons, the girls, he says, may seclude themselves from mortal eyes till such time as the crimps are ready to fledge into waves; but he thinks with horror of the husband who is forced to see his wife in all the hideousness of her hard-bunched hair. For him no illusion, not even the grace of nature's own provision; for him only deformity and the rough preliminaries of beauty.

Why should we talk? Let a girl who, by waving and puffing and crimping and clouding, by braids of bought hair, by tulle and crêpe and flower and ribbon and arrow, had made herself up into a pretty, picturesque little work of household art—let her, after marriage, flatten all her puffs, abandon braids and bows, wear only her own hair, combed as neatly as you please straight behind her ears, and her husband would be the first one to find fault—and her critic before mentioned would be the second! What! spare no pains to attract the man, and then take no pains to please the husband! Out upon the unwomanly woman!

In actual life women are too apt to let the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of family riches choke their love of pleasing the eye. A happy wife cares for her husband's comfort, his interest, his wardrobe, and appetite, but is a little too apt to neglect his taste. The requirements of his refined eye seem to her less imperious than the requirements of his refined palate. So her hair goes straight, not to say dishevelled; her collar lies in the drawer till after breakfast, perhaps till after dinner; and the trim and dainty woman becomes, not strictly untidy—for that she can never be—but a little careless and common. She is not a pleasing picture for freshness and harmony. Something romantic, poetic, winsome, has gone from her. She is stanch and sensible, and the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her; but she is not each morning a new surprise, and the faint, quaint little song sings itself no more.

Human nature is not changed by marriage, and the husband is not less a man because he is more a man. A husband object to crimps! Why, I can present to a jury of twelve men in twenty-four hours a man who offered his wife a handsome sum of money if she would crimp her hair every day for three months. There are women in whom the difference between plainness and prettiness seems to be a matter of straight or crinkled hair; and be sure there is no one who loves better to see a woman at her best than her own husband. He may laugh at her pains, but he rejoices in their outcome. He uses great swelling words of banter about her convolutions, but he would not on that account have her the less convolve. He is himself confined to sombre hues and severe outlines, and all his love of the beautiful in costume must find its gratification in her wardrobe. He does not wish her to be extravagant; but, within economical limits, he does wish her to be as pretty, as tasteful, as elegant, as possible. At least, if he does not, he hath, as the Scripture saith, no pre-eminence above a beast, and we need not trouble ourselves about him one way or the other.

Is it that a man's love, devotion, reverence, can not endure the shock of seeing the processes by which beauty prepares itself to go forth conquering and to conquer? I think he would rather hazard the preparations than dispense with the results. David Copperfield was not disenchanted at seeing Dora sharpen her weapons of war. "It was such a stupendous thing to know for certain that she put her hair in papers. It was altogether such an astonishing event to see her do it!" It is true that love idealizes its object, but ideality is strong. It is not to be crushed out in a curl-paper, nor twisted out by a hair-pin, nor scorched out with a hot slate-pencil. The woman who is justly idealized, whose nature is deep and firm and true, can not only hold her own in spite of all these little mechanisms, she can throw over them all the same charm that invests herself. The excessively fine lady who never admits her husband to the disarray of her dressing-room, who causes every detail of feminine garniture to be swiftly hustled out of sight at his approach, who presents herself before him only when each braid and curl and ruffle is properly adjusted—she is far more wrong than the woman who too carelessly rests on her reserved rights and just claims, and neglects the last touch of elegance or even tidiness. The latter at least pays to her husband the compliment of assuming that he is a rational being, and to herself tribute as a person of character and substance. The former virtually denies to herself the possession of any real qualities, and imputes to her husband the whimsies of a spoiled child. The love of any man whose love is worth having—a man hearty, sensible, honest, just—is not affected by any such insignificant matters. The divinity that doth hedge a woman is not broken in upon by the fine arts wherewithal she embellishes herself. A man must be very learned and abstruse, or very foolish, who thinks that all the hair he sees on the fashionable female head grew there. The boy in school knows that the little girl's hair does not friz down her forehead by the light of unassisted reason. The thousand little innocent artifices of the toilette are an open secret, and wait for no marriage vows to be revealed. A man is not deceived and disappointed in his wife because she wears a bandeau on her head, but because she is in-

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sincere at heart. A loyal and loving soul, sturdy, brave, intelligent, sympathetic, need not fear disenchantment. Witchery itself has no spell more potent than hers. The wife, tender and true, wise and worthy, may deck herself with what grace she may, at any cost required. To the heart in which she is enthroned, she shall ever and forever be

"fairer than whom all men praise,
And godlike for her grace of hallowed hair,
And holy habit of her eyes, and feet
That make the blown foam neither swift nor white."

Her husband will rejoice in each fresh blooming of her beauty to the world, and will never complain that he has also and alone to see its closely folded bud. Nay, rather, if he is the man I take him to be, the *manly* man, he has a more abiding inward joy in the bud that belongs only to him and opens before him, than in the full-blown flower whose blossoming, indeed, he desires and enjoys, but whose blossoming is for all the world!

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE ENGLISH WALKING JACKET SUIT.

THE English walking jacket, of which we give a cut paper pattern, is a stylish and serviceable garment, which takes the first place among the imported fall styles. It is an easy-fitting, convenient wrap, to be worn over fall and winter suits, and is plain enough for traveling, shopping, etc., yet sufficiently handsome to be worn with all but the most dressy street toilettes. It is most largely imported in the thick, soft, shaggy cloth now called camel's-hair cloth, but formerly known as chinchilla, and in heavy diagonal cloths showing wide vertical ribs. Dark olive, blue, bronze, slate, and myrtle green cloths are preferred this season to black ones. The trimming is usually bands, revers, cuffs, etc., of velvet or of repped silk of the shade of the cloth, piped or corded on the edge, or else headed with the new yak braid. The buttons are of steel or pearl, colored to match, or else of oxidized silver. If a more dressy garment is preferred, cashmere or camel's-hair is used, with silk and fringe or yak lace for trimming. This wrap may be made of the material of the suit, though this is seldom done, as it is more economical to have a cloth jacket of some neutral tint, that may be worn with various dresses. In the suit illustrated the jacket is of olive green camel's-hair cloth, with a dress of serge of the same shade. The waist of this costume is a basque of simple shape. The open-front over-skirt, of which a pattern is given, is lapped below the belt, has a funne-shaped Watteau fold on each side, and the long back breadths are very simply draped. The skirt, of walking length, is trimmed according to the manner shown in the picture.

FRENCH COSTUMES.

Costumes for the street form an important part of fall importations. They are made with skirts long enough to touch the floor when worn in the house, but are drawn up by rings and drawing-strings before going out; and when a mantle is added, the street suit is complete. The redingote reappears as we described it last week. A basque and over-skirt are also retained, in altered shapes, however, and there is an effort to simplify ornament, and use more flat trimmings on skirts that now cling very closely to the figure, and are decidedly abridged in width.

To begin at the foundation: the lower skirt measures about three and a quarter yards around the bottom, and is worn over a support or bustle almost as long as the back breadths. This support, called the Pompadour bustle, gives the stylish gradual slope behind from belt to foot, very different from the abruptly projecting tournure lately worn, and leaves the sides and front perfectly smooth and clinging. The skirt trimming promotes this appearance of close front and oblique back drapery by being lengthwise and flat in front, horizontal and in rippling wavy flounces behind. For instance, the three front breadths of many skirts are innocent of ruffles even across the foot, but have perpendicular puffs of reversed pleats, or flat side bands, or else shirred puffings extending from waist to toe. On the back breadths are five or seven flounces, or else a Spanish flounce with many ruffles, or perhaps three large panier puffs are placed, one after another, down the back breadth, or it may be there is but one puff, draped into shape by an elaborate scarf sash. Another simple fancy, that promises to be popular, is that of putting a single straight fold of the material, five or six inches wide (after being doubled or lined), down the two front seams of the skirt, and placing a row of buttons quite close together thereon. This fold forms a pretty side trimming; there are then three narrow gathered flounces across the foot of the front breadth, and one or two wide flounces on all the other widths. French dress-makers do not line silk skirts. They merely face them with stiff crinoline, and cover the crinoline with substantial mohair poplin that does not wear out easily by friction on the floor; a thick passementerie cord is set on the edge instead of the usual worsted braid. The top of the skirt is sewed as plainly as possible to the belt in front and on the sides, having only a small pleat under the seams, and the back breadths have two large box-pleats.

Among over-skirts the round, long, apron front now worn is again seen, but suffers a change by being opened up to the belt behind. This opening is trimmed up each side; the back breadths are not draped in the middle, but are formed into two long points by being caught up very high on the sides. The open-front over-skirts are best understood by the illustration on the first page of the present number of the *Bazar*. There is also a novelty, called the châtelaine over-skirt, consisting of two plain breadths of the silk about a yard long, lined with thinner silk, but utterly untrimmed, attached to the belt in box-pleats, and worn hanging from the back and sides, just as châtelaine trinketry hangs in front. Add the scarf-like fronts of the new mantilla, and the wearer of all this flying drapery, each piece of which moves separately as she walks, is a fit subject for the caricaturist's pencil. Yet ladies just returned from abroad are thus arrayed, and consider themselves well dressed.

Basques have attained the perfection of shape, and are not radically changed. The revers, with coat collar and ruff, are its conspicuous features, and appear on both single and double breasted jockey basques. Many open over vests in the way seen in Fig. 4, on the first page of *Bazar* No. 38, Vol. VI. The ruff and round revers, with the back turned up, is very stylish. Broad backs formed of four pieces of the same width are found among the new dresses oftener than those with wide side bodies and narrow middle pieces. Thick cords are again used in the armholes and as edging for the front of basque skirts, instead of a piping fold. The lower part of the basque is formed into fanciful lappets, or else has two hollow pleats, is either square or pointed, and is often edged with lace or fringe, while the front is plainly corded.

The châtelaine basque is a decided novelty, and accompanies the châtelaine over-skirt already described. It has a plain châtelaine front sloping over the hips, and held there by whalebones that extend to the cord which edges it. The back has two long swallow-tails, with bows on the end, and the whole is very like a gentleman's dress-coat. The coat collar and coat sleeve complete the resemblance. This basque is becoming to very full figures.

The demi-polonaise, with long pointed front, rounding shorter behind under a basque, is the style chosen for dresses that are to be worn both in the house and street. It is made close-fitting and single-breasted, but has the inevitable revers and collar.

BLACK SILK SUITS.

Black silk suits remain the most desirable dresses for fall and winter, and are designed for house and street alike. A stylish model from one of the best Parisian houses has four lengthwise graduated puffs, each about six inches wide at the bottom, down the front breadths. These puffs are not gathered, but are held in reversed scant pleats, and are edged by a milliner's fold. On the back are five bias gathered flounces that cover the skirt. A Pompadour bustle holds the flounced breadths out in a narrow graceful slope, and draws the front widths close to the person. With this is the demi-polonaise just described, trimmed with a bias band, piping, and yak lace. The coat sleeves are trimmed to represent a deep cuff, and the neck has a revers and collar. A second suit has the front breadth covered with an entire breadth of silk, puffed, and held in twenty very full reversed pleats, while the side breadths are covered with shirred puffs. In the back is a deep Spanish flounce with ruffles and side pleating. A black silk house dress with demi-train has three clusters of crescent-shaped pleatings, forming puffs on the front breadth, with rows of fringe and passementerie, made entirely of jet, separating the puffs. This skirt has no flounces, but its back breadth is formed into three puffs, one after the other, down the skirt. The pretty basque has a ruff and collar of black silk, lined with pale blue.

An elegant carriage dress of plum blue silk has a straight fold with black and gilt Japanese buttons upon it passing down the two front seams. A box-pleating trims the foot of the front breadth, and two wide flounces ruffled on the edge are on the back breadths. There are two hanging châtelaine breadths behind, by way of an over-skirt, and a sloped silk piece is sewed under the folds, giving the effect of a polonaise. The basque is pointed behind, and has three cords on the edge. A low rounded revers trims the front of the corsage, and there is also a standing English collar of the silk. Coat sleeves with two pointed cuffs piped on the edge. A black silk dress is made in the same manner, with pearl or else jet buttons on the fold.

COLORED SUITS.

Dark camel's-hair or cashmere over dresses with silk skirts of the same shade are preferred to suits wholly of colored silk. Various shades of olive are most largely imported in these. Ostrich feather bands shaded beautifully are the handsomest trimming for camel's-hair, and these are much associated with yak braid. Bands of peacock's feathers are also used. Mantles, basques, and over-skirts of camel's-hair will, it is said, rival the now prevailing redingote. One very stylish costume for midwinter has an olive silk skirt trimmed with three clusters of side pleatings headed by shell pleats of camel's-hair of a lighter shade. The over-skirt, with apron front and two long points behind, is open up the back to the belt, and trimmed all around with a band of ostrich feathers and the new curled fringe; many horizontal rows of yak braid trim the apron. The double-breasted jockey basque of camel's-hair has a silk rounded revers, collar, and silk coat sleeves. To complete the suit is a pretty mantilla, with hood and cape behind, and long square fronts with a cunning little pocket in one end. Horizontal rows of yak braid are on the whole mantle, an ostrich boa trims the throat, and a feather band and fringe finish the edge. A dark brown bronze silk suit has four bias lapping folds, each six inches deep, crossing the three front breadths. Behind is a Spanish flounce laid in scant kilt pleats, and edged with wide box-pleating. The tight polonaise is draped only on the sides, and has a cape buttoned on just back of the revers. Oxidized silver buttons. A suit of reddish-brown camel's-hair is most peculiarly fashioned. It has a blouse or chemise Russe, with a yoke-like collar of velvet, and a girdle. The round apron over-skirt is draped by a velvet sash placed low down in front and back. The lower skirt has a deep flounce laid in two or three scant side pleats, with a lengthwise velvet band between the clusters of pleats.

RUFFS.

Double ruffs are in fashion, and crêpe lisse ruffs are fuller and higher than ever. They consist of two rows of double and even triple box-pleating, with the clusters of pleats touching; they are three inches high behind, and slope away in front to one inch. A single ruff costs $2 50, and is bound with soft lutestring ribbon, which is grateful to the neck, on which the burden of style and too much dressing for comfort rests at the present moment. Other double ruffs have side pleating inside with double box-pleating outside. These are sold by the yard for $2. When made of Malines, the single ruff costs $2 25.

Black and white mixed ruffs are new, also those with jet beading on the edge. Imagine a box-pleated frill of black Malines (fine tulle) with tiny jet beads on the edge, and inside this a pleating of white tulle. These are worn with black dresses by ladies in colors, and cost $3 50 a yard. White tulle ruffs with dots of black chenille on the edge are $1 75 for the single ruff, or $2 by the yard. More stylish still are the all-black, double, box-pleated ruffs of tulle edged with jet. We repeat, these are designed for ladies in colors. For those who wear mourning are black crêpe lisse ruffs at $2 50 a yard.

Among laces Valenciennes remains the popular choice, and the fancy now is to arrange high lace ruffs of very fully pleated Valenciennes with standing collars, revers, and bows of repped silk, pink, blue, or pale green. Very handsome lace ruffs with a silk collar turned up behind and showing revers in front, and tabs or jabots of Swiss muslin with lace, cost from $15 to $30. These are too elaborate for description, and are worn to complete elegant toilettes for the house.

Exquisite sets of ruff and wristlets are made of finest Valenciennes and sheer muslin, arranged in box-pleats, while between the pleats, and quite separate from them, are square tabs of insertion and lace, in which a tiny white wire scarcely thicker than thread is sewed to keep them erect: these cost $10. Plain hemmed muslin ruffs in thick box-pleats are considered distingué, and are inexpensive, costing only 35 cents for the single yard required for the close coat sleeves and neck of high-throated dresses. Muslin ruffs with hem-stitching done by machinery and an edging of Italian lace are also pretty, and cost far less than those hem-stitched by hand.

The regular Elizabethan ruff, so often announced, has at length appeared. It is two frills of pleated muslin, one standing and the other flaring out horizontally or else turned down on the shoulders. A narrow ribbon passed around the neck separates the ruffles, and is tied in a long-looped bow with ends flowing below the belt. The ribbon is from one to two and a half inches wide.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. LORD & TAYLOR; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.; and A. T. STEWART & CO.

PERSONAL.

THE venerable Dr. PUSEY has republished a volume of *Plain Sermons*, originally contributed by him forty years ago to a publication very notable in its day, *Tracts for the Times*. The contributors to that remarkable series were Dr. PUSEY, the two KEBLES, Dr. NEWMAN, and ISAAC WILLIAMS. Dr. NEWMAN'S secession stopped the republication of the works, and Dr. PUSEY now republishes his separately. Dr. NEWMAN'S sermons are regarded by English critics as among the finest specimens of pure English in the language.

—Mlle. TORRIANI, Mr. STRAKOSCH'S new prima donna, is a daughter of the Swedish consul at Hamburg, and was born in that city.

—President M'MAHON lives a retired, unostentatious life, unpretending in manner and plain in dress, and seldom appears in uniform. His most marked characteristics are a love of children and fondness for study. He made a triumphant entry into Milan in 1859 with a little girl, who had offered him a nosegay, perched upon his holsters. He is probably as well versed in military history as FAIDHERBE, and is often busy with a child and map upon his knees. His favorite amusement is riding. In society he is shy, almost sad, and seems ill at ease. He likes to saunter about the boulevard, with his hands in his pockets and a cigar eternally in his mouth, when he is not on horseback; and he is seen to most advantage at home, surrounded by his family.

—"Howard Glyndon" (Miss REDDEN), the deaf-and-dumb writer, is at WHIPPLE'S school, at Ledyard, learning the process of lip-reading.

—Queen VICTORIA'S place at Osborne is her private property, purchased by her and the Prince Consort some thirty years ago. It contains about 5000 acres of wood and farm land, and the drives through the parks and the views are charming. It is very rarely shown to the public. Her Majesty and family while in Osborne attend service every Sunday morning at Whippingham Church, an ugly little chapel built in the palace park by the Queen and Prince ALBERT. The royal pew, a large square inclosure, is plainly furnished with a row of stiff chairs upholstered with blue velvet. Her Majesty's seat differs from none of the others, but is placed immediately under a fine mural tablet to Prince ALBERT, erected in memory of the best of husbands, "by his broken-hearted widow, Queen VICTORIA."

—General DI CESNOLA, American consul at Cyprus, whose remarkable collection of antiquities, on exhibition in the branch of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in West Fourteenth Street, has excited the admiration of archæologists, as well as the public generally, was honored by a banquet a little time since at the Union League Club, prior to his return to Cyprus, at which he told the story in brief of how the collection was secured for New York through the public-spirited liberality of a gentleman well known to the cultivated people of this country as a connoisseur in and promoter of art. General DI CESNOLA said: "The results of my archæological discoveries when placed in easy reach of the scientific world brought to me my remuneration in the thorough appreciation of the first men of learning in the Old World. My dream ever was, since the poverty of my native country prevented it from securing the CESNOLA collection, that the land of my adoption should possess it. But that dream seemed to fade away, when one morning a tall, elegant man, with sympathetic and intelligent eyes, made his appearance at my house in London, and with his quick perception of the importance of securing the collection for New York, changed the fading dream soon afterward into a reality. We all recognize in him the brilliant host of this evening, Mr. W. T. BLODGETT. Let it not be said, gentlemen, that we have put our hands to the plow and then looked back. The beginning of our art museum is looked at across the Atlantic with mingled interest and incredulity. A smile of derision at first met the announcement that a private American citizen had snatched from Europe the Cyprus collection in order to adorn his own native land, and for the benefit of the American student."

—Ex-Senator FOOTE relates a very odd scene that occurred in Washington in the winter of 1858. "General NELSON (who was afterward killed in private combat at Louisville by General JEFF. C. DAVIS), when walking to the Capitol one morning, accidentally encountered an Englishman of rather eccentric appearance, who inquired in cockneyish style the way to the room in which the Supreme Court of the United States was holding its sittings. After the desired information had been supplied, a sort of miscellaneous conversation sprang up between General NELSON and his supposed London acquaintance. He resolved to go with him to the Supreme Court room that he might there see more of him. While sitting there it struck him that a very funny banqueting scene might be gotten up if he should draw up a card of invitation to the aforesaid son of 'the fast-anchored isle,' requesting him in the name of several distinguished members of Congress—easy to be obtained—to accept that very evening a social repast to be given in honor of her Majesty Queen VICTORIA and the British people. This invitation had been very courteously accepted, and when I reached the designated place of social *réunion* I found an exceedingly gay and splendid company assembled. The English guest was, of course, occupying the seat of honor, and at different seats of the table were to be seen Vice-President BRECKINRIDGE, WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Colonel ORR (the late Minister to Russia, who was then Speaker of the House of Representatives), LEWIS D. CAMPBELL of Ohio, the celebrated HUMPHREY MARSHALL of Kentucky, ALBERT PIKE, the erudite lawyer, the brilliant colloquialist, General NELSON himself, and this reminiscent. Dinner had already commenced when I reached the arena of action, and the first glass of wine was about to be drunk. A *sentiment* preceded it, which, being in honor of her gracious Majesty the Queen of the British realm, called her loyal subject to his feet, when, without the least embarrassment, in as easy, dignified, and graceful a style as either Lord CHESTERFIELD or Lord PALMERSTON could have exhibited, he poured forth an impromptu response which was in all respects a perfect masterpiece of its kind. The whole company was manifestly thrown aback by a display so unlooked for. After a while the wine began to circulate very freely; glass after glass was drunk with hearty good-will, while choice anecdote, brilliant repartee, and songs, both merry and pathetic, served to enliven the occasion. Just as the company was rising from the table, Mr. SEWARD, who had already contributed at least his full quota to our entertainment, rose, and with more than usual gravity asked to be permitted to offer a sentiment, to which all the company assenting, he said: 'Gentlemen, it has been my fortune to occupy a seat in Congress, as you all very well know, for many years, during which period I have made one of many genial meetings like the present. I lament to say, gentlemen, that it has uniformly happened heretofore on such occasions that the concord and agreeable hilarity of the dinner scene have been more or less marred by the unhappy introduction of irritating sectional topics. To-day nothing of the sort has occurred, a circumstance to me exceedingly gratifying. I now give you, gentlemen, the following sentiment: May many such pleasant banquets as this hereafter occur among us, and may none of them be interrupted or rendered less agreeable by the introduction of sectional topics!'"

—Lady ACTON, who died recently in England, formed a remarkable link with the past. She was eighty-seven years old. Her husband, Sir JOHN ACTON, had he been living, would have been one hundred and thirty-seven years old; and Lady ACTON, two years ago, could have heard from her husband personal reminiscences of the Scotch rising in aid of the "young Pretender" in 1745, and told all about what was said in England concerning our war of the Revolution.

—Miss MARY CAMPBELL, of Avondale, Ohio, during a stay of three months at Pittsburg last spring, visited the jail every Sunday afternoon and directed the musical exercises. She sang finely, and so delighted the prisoners that they presented to her a silver goblet, inscribed, "Presented by those unfortunates whose sufferings she has alleviated by her inspiring songs and unselfish kindness."

—The late SAMUEL APPLETON, of Boston, left a large estate. A favorite nephew, to whom he had bequeathed a large proportional amount, died before him, and by the terms of his will a half-sister, between whom and Mr. APPLETON there was no blood-relationship, became entitled to these bequests. The executor called Mr. APPLETON'S attention to the fact, thinking that he might wish to make some change in the disposition of his property. After taking the subject into full consideration, his reply was: "If in the other world there is any knowledge of what is done in this, I should not like to have my nephew, whom I so loved and trusted, find that my first act on learning the death was the revocation or curtailment of a bequest made in his favor, and which, if he had survived me, would have eventually benefited her who was nearest and dearest to him. The will must stand as it is."

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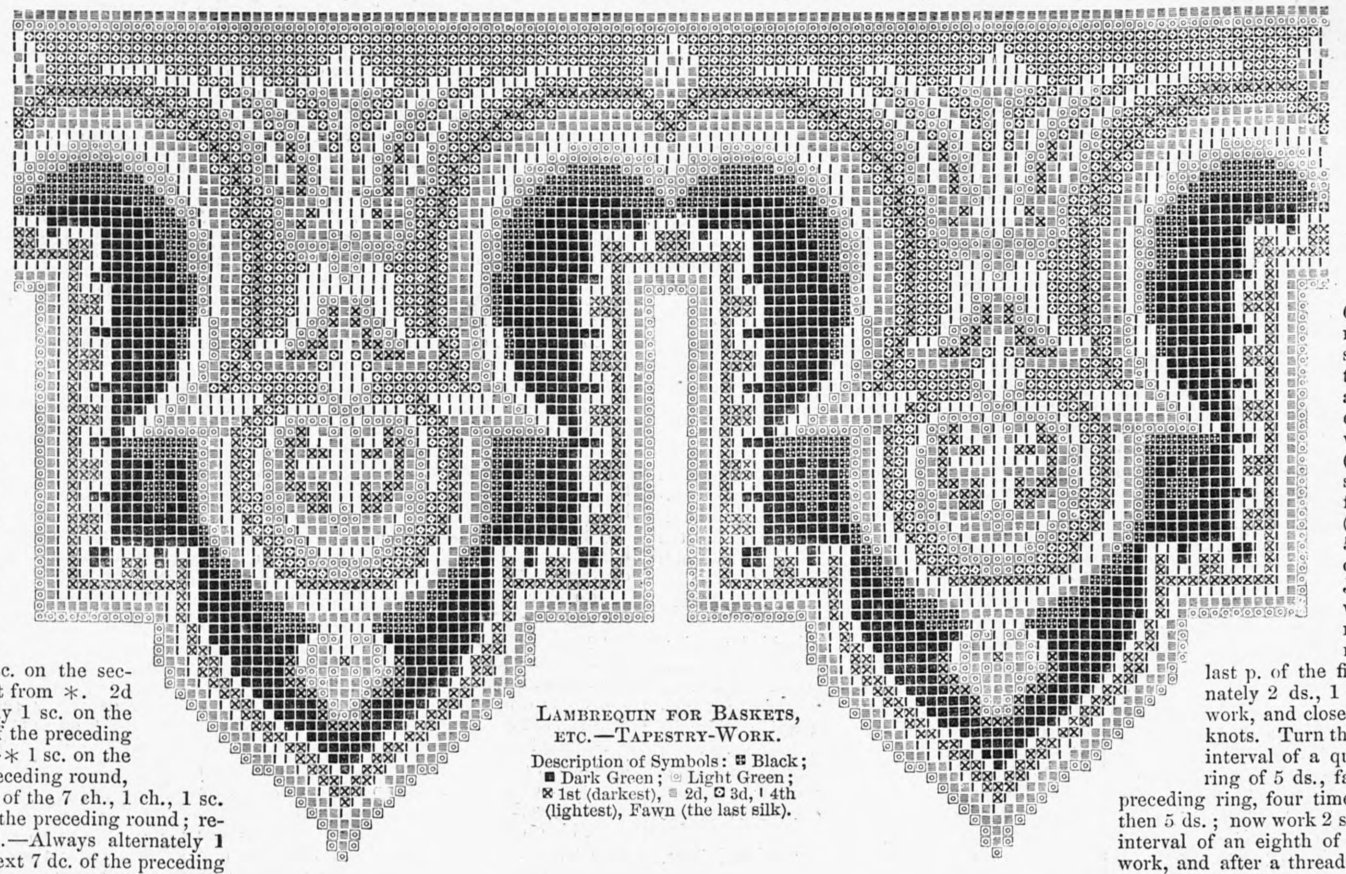
Lambrequin for Baskets, etc. Tapestry-Work.

THIS lambrequin is suitable for ornamenting baskets, étagères, etc. It is worked with worsted and silk in the colors given in the description of symbols; the canvas may be coarse or fine, according to the width desired.



LAMBREQUIN FOR BASKETS, ETC.—TAPESTRY-WORK.

Description of Symbols: ▪ Black; ■ Dark Green; ▫ Light Green; ⊠ 1st (darkest), ▪ 2d, ⊡ 3d, ⁞ 4th (lightest), Fawn (the last silk).

Mignardise and Crochet Edging for Lingerie, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

FOR the edging shown by Fig. 1 crochet on one side of a piece of mignardise gimp, such as shown by the illustration, 5 rounds in the following manner: 1st round.—1 sc. (single crochet) on the next loop of the mignardise, ∗ 2 ch. (chain stitch), 5 dc. (double crochet) on the second following loop, 2 ch., 1 sc. on the second following loop; repeat from ∗. 2d round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the middle of the next 5 dc. of the preceding round, 7 ch. 3d round.—∗ 1 sc. on the first of the 7 ch. of the preceding round, 1 ch., 7 dc. on the middle of the 7 ch., 1 ch., 1 sc. on the last of the 7 ch. of the preceding round; repeat from ∗. 4th round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the middle of the next 7 dc. of the preceding round, 7 ch. 5th round.—∗ 1 sc. on the next sc. of the preceding round, and on the next 7 ch. work one point consisting of 1 sdc. (short double crochet), 5 dc., 1 sdc.; repeat from ∗.

For the edging shown by Fig. 2 crochet on one side of a piece of ordinary mignardise two rounds as follows: 1st round.—1 sc. on the next loop of the mignardise, ∗ 5 p. (picot — consisting of 7 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these), 1 sc. on the same loop on which the first sc. was worked, three times alternately 2 ch., 1 sc. on the next loop, then 15 ch., 1 sc. on the same loop on which the last sc. was worked, 17 ch., 1 sc. on the same loop, 19 ch., 1 sc. on the same loop, 17 ch., 1 sc. on the same loop, 15 ch., 1 sc. on the same loop, three times alternately 2 ch., 1 sc. on the next loop; repeat from ∗. 2d round.—∗ 1 sc. on the middle of the next 5 p. worked in connection in the preceding round, 1 p., 1 sc. on the same p. of the preceding round on which 1 sc. has already been worked, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch. loop of the preceding round, 1 p., 1 sc. on the following ch. loop, 1 p., 1 sc. on the next ch. loop, 1 p., 1 sc. on the same ch. loop on which 1 sc. was worked last, 1 p., 1 sc. on the next ch. loop, 1 p., 1 sc. on the following ch. loop, 3 ch.; repeat from ∗. On the other side of the mignardise crochet two rounds as follows: 1st round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the next loop, 2 ch. 2d round.—1 dc. on each stitch of the preceding round.

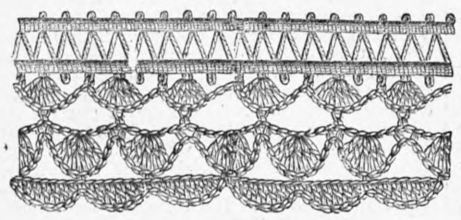
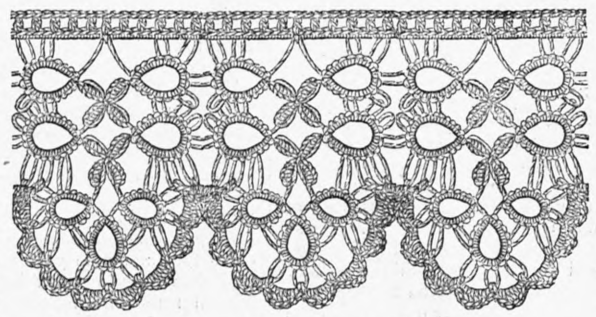


Fig. 1.—MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.



TATTED AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Tatted and Crochet Edging for Lingerie, etc.

THIS edging is worked with tatting cotton, No. 60. First work the separate figures inside of each scallop of the edging in tatting as follows: Leave a thread end several inches in length standing, and work one ring of 5 ds. (double stitch—that is, 1 stitch left, 1 stitch right), four times alternately 1 p. (picot), 3 ds.; then 1 p., 5 ds.; turn the work, and close to this ring work 2 Josephine knots, each of which consists of 6 stitches right. Turn the work, 1 ring of 5 ds., fasten to the last p. of the first ring, six times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 5 ds.; turn the work, and close to this work 2 Josephine knots. Turn the work, and after a thread interval of a quarter of an inch work 1 ring of 5 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, four times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 5 ds.; now work 2 similar rings after a thread interval of an eighth of an inch each. Turn the work, and after a thread interval of a quarter of an inch work 2 Josephine knots, but after the first of these fasten on between the 2 Josephine knots worked last. Turn the work, and close to this work 1 ring of 5 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, six times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 5 ds. Turn the work, 2 Josephine knots; after the first of these, however, fasten on between the 2 Josephine knots worked first. Turn the work, and work 1 ring of 5 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, four times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 5 ds. Cut off the thread and tie the ends tight together, after a thread interval of half an inch each. This completes one figure. The following figures are worked in the same manner, but instead of fastening to the middle p. on the first and second rings, fasten to the middle p. on the seventh and sixth rings of the preceding figure. Having worked the requisite number of such tatted figures, border them on the upper and under edges with 3 rounds in crochet-work as follows: On the upper edge crochet the 1st round.—1 sc. (single crochet) on the knot which joins the thread ends of the next figure, ∗ 5 ch. (chain stitch), 1 sc. on the next p., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the next p., 1 sc. on the next p. of the following tatted figure, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the next p., 5 ch., 1 sc. on the knot which joins the thread ends of the next tatted figure; repeat from ∗. 2d round.—1 sc. on each ch. of the pre-

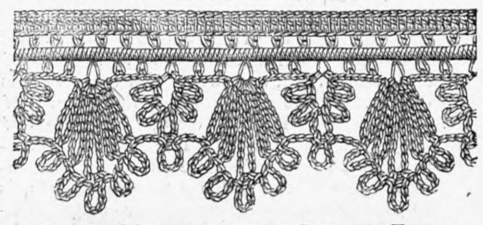
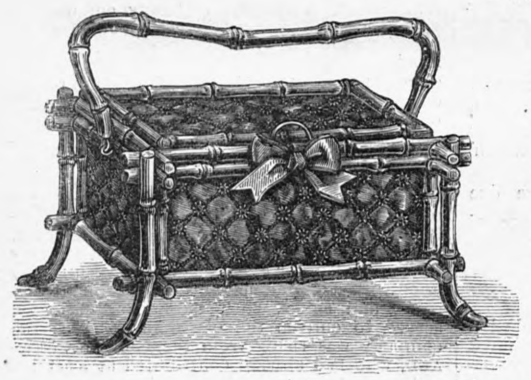


Fig. 2.—MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.



BRONZED BAMBOO WORK-BASKET.

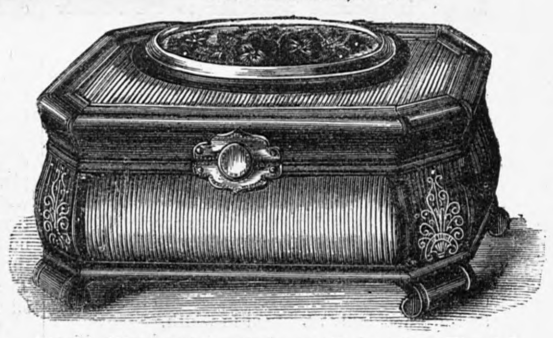


Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED JEWEL-BOX.—[See Fig. 2.]

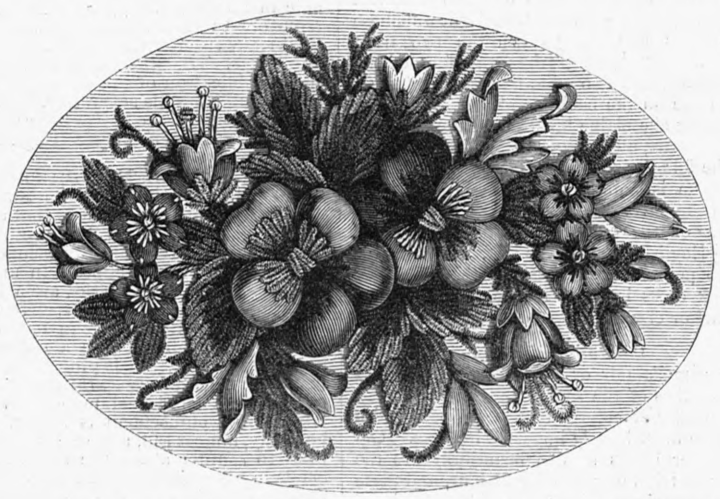


Fig. 2.—MEDALLION FOR JEWEL-BOX, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

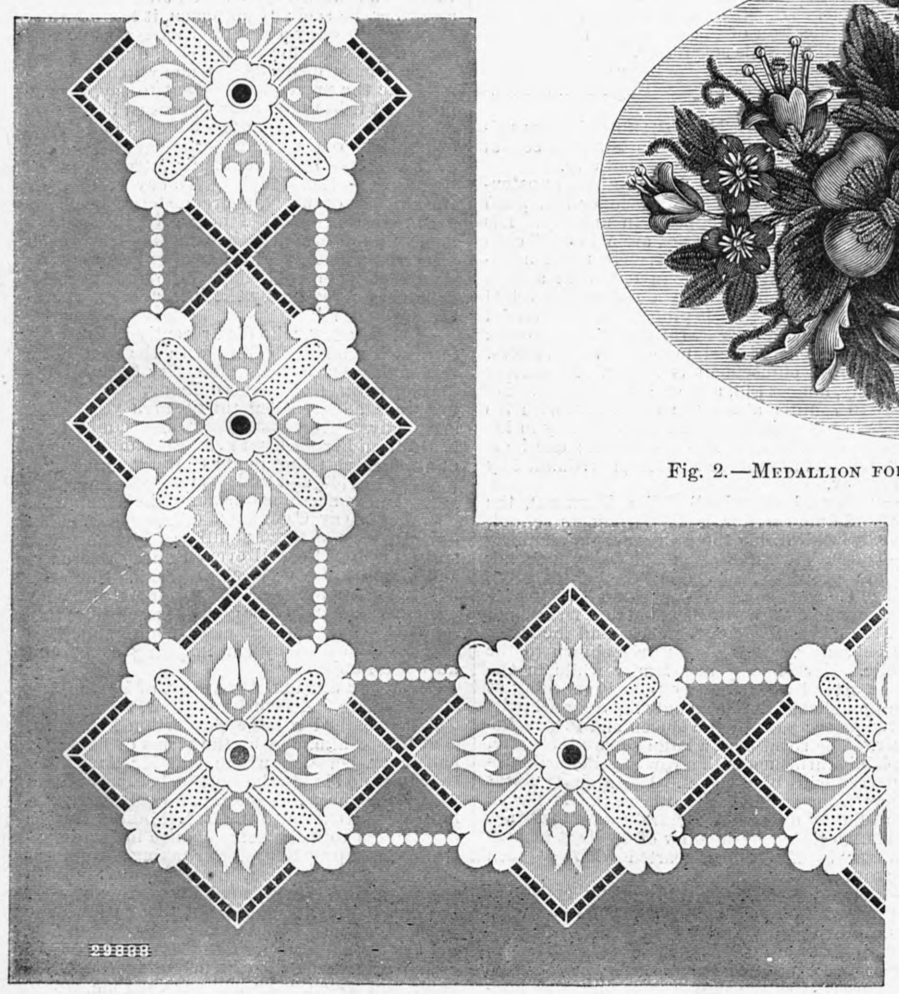


Fig. 1.—CORNER OF BORDER FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.—WHITE EMBROIDERY.

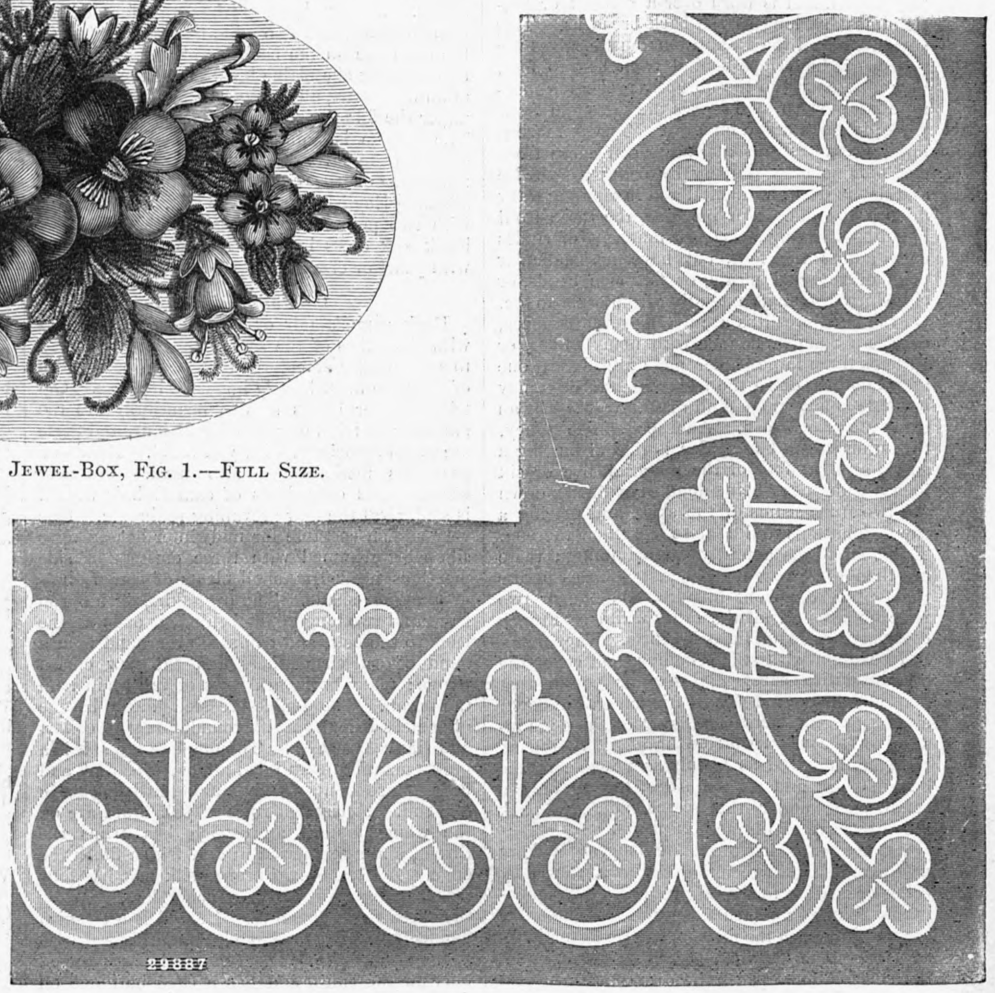


Fig. 2.—CORNER OF BORDER FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.—WHITE EMBROIDERY.

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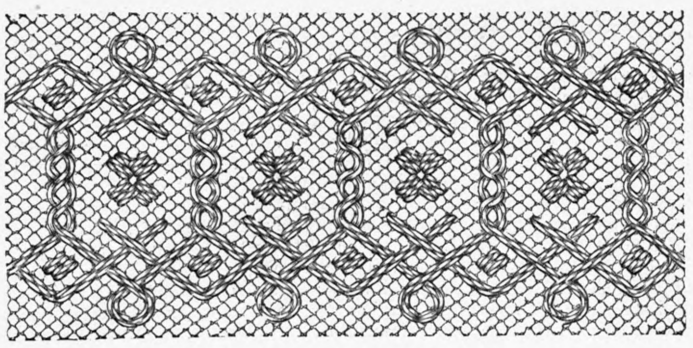
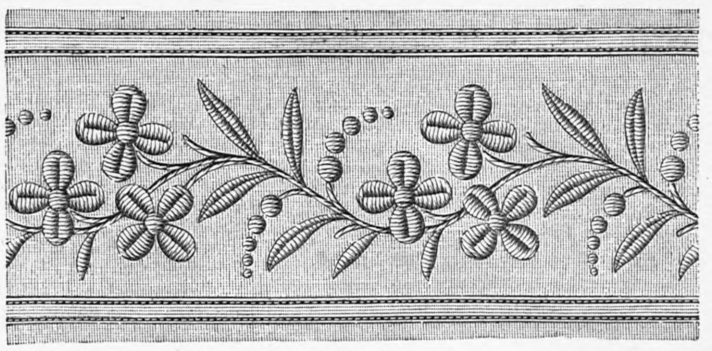


BORDER IN DARNED TULLE FOR NECKERCHIEFS, ETC.

ceding round. 3d round. — Always alternately 1 dc. (double crochet) on the next st. (stitch), 1 ch., with this pass over 1 st. of the preceding round. For the under edge crochet the 1st round.— ∗ 1 sc. on the second p. on the sixth ring of the next figure, 1 dc. on the first p. of the sixth ring and on the third p. of the fifth ring, seven times alternately 3 ch., 1 sc. on the next p., then 3 ch., 1 dc. on the first p. of the third ring and on the fifth p. of the second ring, 1 sc. on the fourth p. of the second ring, 3 ch., and repeat from ∗. 2d round.—On each ch. scallop of the preceding round work one point consisting of 1 sc., 1 sdc. (short double crochet), 3 dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc.



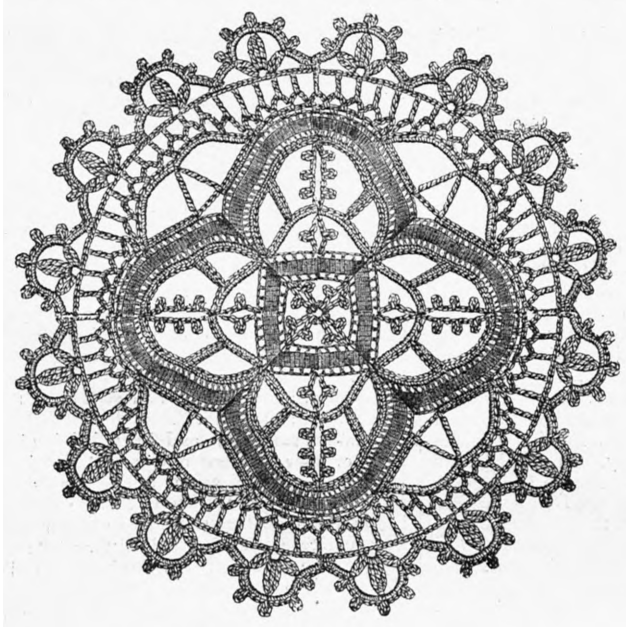
BORDER IN WHITE AND HALF-POLKA STITCH EMBROIDERY FOR LINGERIE.

Stand simulating an Easel with Portfolio, Figs. 1 and 2.

BOTH stand and portfolio are of brown stained and black polished wood, and are richly carved. The portfolio is designed for holding music, steel engravings, etc., and consists of two equal halves, which are joined by means of brown cords and tassels. The front of the portfolio is elaborately ornamented in raised application embroidery; the embroidery is worked on dark brown cloth. For the flowers of the middle spray apply white cloth; for the bell-flowers light red cloth, and for the star-shaped figures purple cloth; for the different leaves of the foliage apply green and brown cloth in several shades, and work the veins of the leaves and the point Russe sprays alternately with green and brown saddler's silk. The dots inside of the white flowers are worked with yellow silk in satin stitch, and the veins and slits with green silk in point Russe. For the stamens of the bells use blue silk, for the centre of the star figures gold beads, and for the veins gold thread. The ears are worked with maize saddler's silk and gold cord.

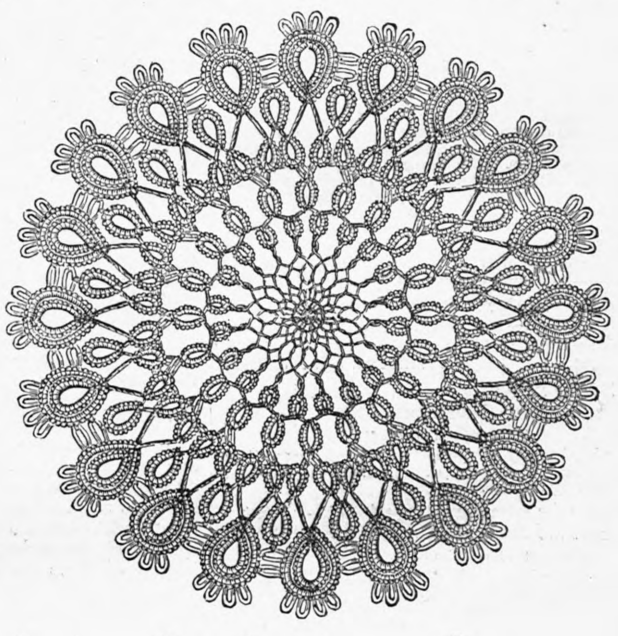
Rosette for Cravat Ends, for trimming Lingerie, etc.—Tatting and Lace Stitch.

THIS rosette may be used for various purposes, according to the size of the cotton with which it is worked. The original is worked with tatting cotton, No. 100, and with one thread (shuttle). Work, first, the outer edge of the rosette in the following manner: ∗ One ring of 12 ds. (double stitch—that is, 1 stitch left, 1 stitch right), 1 p. (picot), 12 ds.; on this ring work 1 ring of 7 ds., 1 p., 3 ds., 1 p., 7 ds., 1 p., 2 ds., 1 p., 1 ds., fasten to the p. of the first ring, 1 ds., 1 p., 2 ds., 1 p., 7 ds., 1 p., 3 ds., 1 p., 7 ds.; turn the work, and after a thread interval of half an inch work 1 ring of 4 ds., twice alternately 1 p., 2 ds., then 1 p., 4 ds.; turn the work, and close to this work 1 ring of 9 ds., fasten to the last p. of the second ring (double ring), 9 ds.; turn the work, and close to this work 1 ring of 4 ds., fasten to the last p. of the third ring, twice alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 4 ds.; turn the work, leave a thread interval of half an inch, and repeat 19 times from ∗, fastening the rings together, however, as shown by the illustration. Cut off the thread and tie the ends together. Inside of this circle work one more



ROSETTE FOR LINGERIE, ETC.—POINT LACE BRAID AND CROCHET-WORK.

Fig. 1.—STAND SIMULATING AN EASEL WITH PORTFOLIO.—[See Fig. 2.]



ROSETTE FOR CRAVAT ENDS, FOR TRIMMING LINGERIE, ETC. TATTING AND LACE STITCH.

Fig. 2.—APPLICATION EMBROIDERY FOR STAND, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

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round, as follows: * One ring of 7 ds., fasten to the middle p. of two rings, observing the illustration; care should be taken, however, that this ring comes underneath a double ring of the first round, in a straight direction; 7 ds.; turn the work, and after a thread interval of an eighth of an inch work 1 ring of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds.; turn the work, leave a thread interval of an eighth of an inch, and repeat nineteen times from *. Fasten the ends of the thread. The inside of the rosette is filled with lace stitches.

Embroidered Jewel-Box, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 612.

THIS jewel-box is covered with heavy red faille; the upper and under edges and the feet are covered with red Russia leather, which is ornamented with bronze trimmings. The lock, the rim of the lid, and that of the medallion are also of bronze. For the foundation of the medallion use gray faille, and work the flowers of double crape in the natural colors, as shown by Fig. 2. The flowers are applied hollow, and are then fastened by means of the veins, which are worked in point Russe with chenille. The leaves are partly applied in crape, and partly worked with chenille. The vines and sprays are worked in point Russe. The inside of the box is lined with gray silk.

Bronzed Bamboo Work-Basket.

See illustration on page 612.

THE frame of this work-basket is of bronzed bamboo bars. The covering consists of light blue satin, stitched in diamonds. On the intersecting points of the lines the material is ornamented, as shown by the illustration, with point Russe stitching of saddler's silk of the same color, and with a small button covered with light blue floss silk. The lining is plain satin, as is also the outside of the bottom. The basket is finished with a blue bow.

Corners of Borders for Handkerchiefs.—White Embroidery.—Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 612.

THE handkerchief border shown by Fig. 1 is worked on batiste. Before basting the material on a foundation furnished with the design, underlay it with the same material in the full width of the border. The parts of the design figures that appear all white are worked in satin stitch, and the dotted parts are filled with back stitches. The hem stitch seam is overcast very fine. Finally, cut away the underlaid material from the wrong side, as shown by the illustration.

The border shown by Fig. 2 is worked in a similar manner. Underlay double material in the width of the border, and overcast all the outlines and the veins of the design figures. Finally, cut away the superfluous material from the wrong side.

Border in Darned Tulle.

See illustration on page 613.

THIS border is designed for trimming neckerchiefs, lingerie, etc. The design is darned with glazed cotton.

Border in White and Half-polka Stitch Embroidery.

See illustration on page 613.

THIS border may be worked on fine linen as well as on Swiss muslin, nansook, or batiste. It may be used for trimming lingerie.

Rosette for trimming Lingerie, etc.—Point Lace Braid and Crochet-Work.

See illustration on page 613.

THIS rosette is suitable for setting together tidies, trimming lingerie, etc. It is worked with point lace braid and twisted cotton, No. 80. For the inside of the rosette arrange a piece of point lace braid in a small square, the four sides of which should be three-quarters of an inch long each on the outer edge; lay the braid in a pleat at each corner, and fasten the ends on each other. For the figure in the centre of the rosette make a foundation of 5 st. (stitch), close these in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and on this crochet as follows: * 1 sc. (single crochet) on the foundation st., 2 ch. (chain stitch), 1 p. (picot—that is, 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these), 2 ch., fasten to the open-work edge of a corner inside of the square, 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the ch. worked first., 1 sc. on the foundation st.; repeat three times from *, then cut off the thread and fasten it. On one corner of the square fasten the end of a piece of point lace braid, and crochet 2 rounds, as follows: 1st round.—1 sc. on the open-work edge of the corner on which the point lace braid is fastened, * 11 ch., 1 p. turned downward, 2 ch., fasten to the open-work edge in the middle of the next side of the square, 2 ch., 1 p. turned downward, 2 ch., 1 sc. on the ninth of the 11 ch., 8 ch., 1 sc. on the edge of the next corner; repeat three times from *. 2d round.—12 sc. on each ch. scallop consisting of 8 ch. in the preceding round. In connection with the work finished thus far, and observing the illustration, crochet on one side of the projecting point lace braid, gathering the latter at the curves, the 3d round in the following manner: 12 sc. on the open-work edge of the braid, 7 ch., fasten to the fifth of the 12 sc. worked last in the preceding round, 7 sc. on the last 7 ch., 12 sc. on the open-work edge of the braid, three times alternately 2 ch., 1 p. turned downward; then 2 ch., fasten on between 2 of the 12 sc. worked last on one ch. scallop in the preceding round, three times alternately 2 ch., 1 p. turned downward; then 2 ch., 1 sl. on the twelfth of the 12 sc. worked last; 12 sc. on the edge of the braid, 7 ch., fasten to the eighth of the 12 sc. worked before the last 12 sc. in the preceding round, 7 sc. on the last 7 ch., 12 sc. on the edge of the braid, fasten on the next corner of the square, between 2 sc. This completes one scallop; the other three scallops are worked in a similar manner, and at the end of the round the braid and thread are cut off and fastened. On the outer edge of these scallops crochet the 4th round.—* A quarter of an inch from the hollow of a scallop work 1 sc. on the edge of the braid, twenty-one times alternately 1 ch., 1 sc. on the edge of the braid, working so that after the last sc. a quarter of an inch yet remains to the hollow of the scallop; then 4 ch., repeat three times from *; finally, 1 sl. on the first sc. of this round. Cut off the thread and fasten it. 5th round.—* 1 sc. on the sixth single ch. between 2 sc. in the preceding round, nine times alternately 4 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch., then 10 ch., 2 qc. (quadruple crochet), the first of these on the last sc. before the next 4 ch. in the preceding round, and the second on the first sc. of the next scallop, working off the upper veins of these qc. not separately, but together, drawing the thread through once; 10 ch., 1 sc. on the sixth single ch. between 2 sc. of the next scallop; turn the work, and on each of the ch. scallops worked previously work 14 sc.; again turn the work, and equally distributed on these 28 sc. work nine times alternately 1 sc., 4 ch.; repeat three times from *; finally, 1 sl. on the first sc. in this round. 6th round.—2 sl. on the next 2 st. of the preceding round, 4 ch., which count as first stc. (short treble crotchet); then, always alternately, 3 ch., 1 stc. on the next ch. scallop of the preceding round; finally, 3 ch., 1 sl. on the fourth of the 4 ch. which count as first stc. in this round. 7th round.—* 5 ch., with these pass over 7 st. of the preceding round, 2 stc. on the next st.; the upper veins of these stc., however, are not worked off separately, but together, 5 ch., 3 tc. (treble crochet) on the same st. on which 2 stc. have already been worked; these 3 tc. are also worked off not separately, but together; 5 ch., 2 stc. like the first two on the same st. on which the 2 stc. and 3 tc. were worked, 5 ch.; with these pass over 7 st. of the preceding round, 3 sc. on the next 3 st. in the preceding round, and repeat fifteen times from *. 8th round.—* 5 sc. on the next ch. scallop of the preceding round, 1 p., 3 sc., 1 p., 3 sc. on the following ch. scallop, 1 p., 3 sc., 1 p., 3 sc. on the next ch. scallop, 1 p., 5 sc. on the next ch. scallop, 1 sc. on the middle of the 3 sc. in the preceding round; repeat fifteen times from *; finally, 1 sl. on the first sc. in this round.

ROYAL EPITHETS.

THE most elevated title which has ever been conferred upon kings and queens is the unworldly title of "Saint." Royal saints are comparatively numerous in the earlier history of Christian nations. Each of the kingdoms into which England was divided before its final unification under the kings of Wessex had its own saints. Royal saints, however, have become fewer and fewer as Christendom has grown older. This decrease of saints upon thrones is not, of course, the result of any increased wickedness of sovereigns as such; it is simply the necessary outcome of the gradual absorption of the ancient popular and democratic right of conferring canonization into the one person of the Pope.

The most saintly of all the canonized kings of whom we have any clear historical picture was the honest and lovable Louis IX. of France. We need no hagiographer by profession to bear witness to his marvelous sanctity; it comes out clearly enough in the somewhat worldly but awe-struck and admiring Joinville. There has been no "saint" upon the English throne since the death of Edward the Confessor. The canonization of Henry VI. was seriously proposed. Indeed, the people carried their part so far that statues of him were venerated, and he was for some time treated as a saint; but the accession of the rival house of York to the throne, and the impossibility of satisfying the Pope, prevented the meek and simple king from leaving his name upon the English list of sainted monarchs.

The Church of England, after the Restoration, was greatly inclined to canonize Charles I.; and until a late period he was constantly spoken of as a martyr, and there is at least one church in England called after his name. Mr. Carlyle, on the other side, has given his canonization to Oliver Cromwell. Some kings have had the title "saint" in one place and among certain persons, but have been no saints in other places and to other persons. This is remarkably the case with one of the greatest kings who ever reigned, and to whom the church probably owes more than to any earlier or later monarch—Charles the Great. The German Cæsars were able to reckon one undisputed saint among them, Henry II., who was elected in the year 1002. His wife shared the honor of canonization, probably from the fact that they had no children, and that she retired into a convent after the emperor's death. Austria has had her Saint Leopold (the Margrave), and Hungary her sainted Stephen, Ladislaus I., and Margaret. A full list of the kings and queens who have borne this epithet would leave too little room for the monarchs who appear in history with more earthly titles.

Probably the nearest epithet to that of "Saint" is that of "the Pious," which was borne by Charles the Great's weaker successor in the empire, Louis the Pious. Among Sweden's fourteen Erics (the name is the same as the German Heinrich and our Henry) she possesses in the ninth of the list an Eric the Pious. The ninth Eric of Sweden, like the ninth Louis of France, also bore the title of saint. Hungary and Spain are the only other nations which now occur to us as having given the epithet of Pious to either of their kings. Stephen the Pious, who died in 1308, was the first King of Hungary. The claim of Philip III. of Spain to his epithet of Philip the Pious has been vindicated by Archdeacon Churton in the interesting essay prefixed to his translation of the poet Gongora.

Perhaps the most desirable title any king could covet after that of "Saint" or "the Pious" (or perhaps before them) is "the Good." It was borne by many sovereigns between the eleventh and fifteenth centuries. Richard the Good, Duke of Normandy, the grandfather of William the Conqueror, died in 1026. Norway a few years later lost her Magnus the Good. Charles the Good, Count of Flanders, was assassinated before the altar of St. Donatus, in Bruges, early in the eleventh century. John the Good of France (the second French John), died in London in 1564. Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, whom the Council of Basle declared "First Duke of Christendom," has had the grounds of his title set forth by Comines. This mighty prince, who died at Bruges in 1367, was at once the patron of art, the developer of commerce, and the friend of scholars, and Erasmus compared him to those great ancients who were the ideal princes of the men of the Renaissance. George the Good was for a time, among a certain class of Englishmen, proposed as a fit designation for George III. The title has been given, with a fuller assent and on clearer grounds, to one who was not a reigning sovereign—the late Prince Albert.

The epithet which still demands the severest scrutiny of historical criticism in many of its specified applications is undoubtedly that of "the Great." There are a greater number of regal claimants for this than for any other title. Ancient history is full of them; as Cyrus the Great, Alexander the Great, Pompey the Great, Herod the Great, and many more. The Roman empire had on its Eastern throne, which was founded by a Constantine the Great, a Theodosius the Great, and a Justinian the Great. It was destroyed by a Mohammed the Great (the second). The German Cæsars, of whom a Charles the Great was the first, include in their list Otto the Great (the first) and Henry the Great (the fourth). The epithet is also borne by the fourth Henry of France. Russia had her Vladimir the Great in her first Christian king, and her Peter the Great; Poland her Casimir the Great (the third), Navarre her Sancho the Great. In the last year of the tenth century there were three contemporary monarchs with this epithet, Otto, Vladimir, and Sancho. Prussia has had her Frederick the Great, whose right to the epithet has been demonstrated with such pious admiration by Mr. Carlyle; and Hungary her Louis the Great (the first). The French *le Grand* seems better suited to the fourteenth Louis of France than the English word Great. Most of the sovereigns whose names have come down to us with this suffix have either been great conquerors, founders of great reigning houses, or great legislators who have marked an epoch in the political history of their peoples. Three kings have borne this title in England, Alfred, Canute, and William I.

"The Bold," a character of great esteem in the chivalrous Middle Ages, was borne by Boleslaus, the second duke and first king of Poland. The kingly crown was placed on his head by the German Cæsar, as presumed secular head of the Christian world. Burgundy had two Bolds—Philip, who died in 1404, and the famous Charles (called as often *le Téméraire*, or the Rash), under whom the great middle kingdom burst in pieces. The Bold princes were sometimes described by the suffix of the name of the king of beasts, as Louis VIII. of France, Louis the Lion; Henry the Lion; Duke Boleslaus I. of Poland, the Lion-hearted; and Richard the Lion-hearted of England. Philip the Bold's son is known as Duke John Fearnaught, or the Fearless; and Philip III. of France as Philip the Hardy. Such epithets as the Grim, borne by Kenneth IV. of Scotland, and by Ivan IV. of Russia, who first took on himself the title of Czar, mark the passage from the good use of strength to the bad use of it. We find among the kings of Castile a Pedro the Cruel, who died in 1369. The Emperor Henry VI. had received the same epithet in the end of the twelfth century.

Two kings of France have been decorated with the title which was coveted by James, the "British Solomon"—Robert the Wise (the second), in the end of the tenth century, and Charles the Wise (the fifth), the son of that John who died in England. Castile had her famous Alfonso the Wise, who reigned during the latter half of the thirteenth century. As late as the middle of the eighteenth century Spain called her Ferdinand IV. the Wise. Sancho III. of Castile is known as the Beloved, an epithet granted for a time to the wretched Louis XIII., but afterward recalled. It was borne earlier and more justly by a predecessor, Charles VI.

The moral epithets bestowed upon monarchs demand, in many cases, a critical reinvestigation. A great number of kings have been distinguished by their mere physical qualities. Thus we find a Spanish Sancho the Fat (the first) in the tenth century; he was preceded by a Frankish Charles the Fat in the ninth century. Portugal knows her Alfonso II. as the Fat. France had among her Capetian kings a Charles the Handsome (her fourth Charles), and a Philip the Handsome (also her fourth Philip). The latter is sometimes called the Fair, the epithet bestowed also upon Philip I. and upon the Austrian Frederick III. Some kings have taken their epithets from their physical defects, as two monarchs of the ninth century—Michael the Stammerer, on the throne of the Eastern Cæsars, and Louis the Stammerer, who was crowned Western Emperor by the Pope at Troyes. The Emperor Albert I. was known as Albert the One-eyed; the English Richard III. as Crookback; the Spanish Henry III. as the Sickly; and Boleslaus III. of Poland as the Wry-mouth. The sainted Emperor Henry is sometimes marked down as Henry the Lame. I might increase the list with kings known as the Black, the White, the Red, the Curly, the Gouty, the Short. All such titles are chiefly important to us as rough but characteristic expressions of contemporary criticism.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

A Chance for Mr. Barnum.—Gladstone's marvelous Brain-Power.—Criminal Selfishness.

THERE was at one time an intention on the part of your enterprising nation to purchase Shakspeare's House at Stratford-on-Avon, and carry it, body and bones, or, rather, carcass and joists, ceiling and window, roof and floor, across the Atlantic. I thank you for it, since that offer of yours induced us, though tardily, to become ourselves possessed of the sacred edifice, which is now national property. Well, you can't have Shakspeare's House, but you can now become possessed, for a trifle of £2400, of the very identical shop at Wagga Wagga in which the claimant to the Tichborne estates carried on his trade as a butcher. The walls, we are told, are enriched by little maxims for getting on in the world, in his own handwriting, and the whole desirable residence is redolent of him. It is advertised in the English papers for the sum I mention, but perhaps may be had a little cheaper on account of a recent decrease in our fat friend's chances of success, and therefore of his popularity. Indeed, his case is looking so shady that even his attorney withdrew from it last Friday. And think in what a state that case must be which will not hold an attorney!

Our Parliament has broken up, and Mr. Gladstone, adopting a practice he has borrowed from the United States without due acknowledgment, is already "stumping" the country. In addition to the Prime Ministership he has taken upon his Atlas-like shoulders the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer (without the salary), and it really seems as if he were bent upon destroying himself by overwork.

Mrs. Battle, in the *Essays of Elia*, used to "unbend herself over a book"—that is, in reading one—but Gladstone unbends himself, after unparalleled intellectual exertions, in *writing* a book, generally upon some abstruse subject of theology or disputed classical question. One's admiration for him is profound, even when we can not but differ from his opinions. He has certainly effected greater reforms than any English minister, and yet we now see him hated by the Tories, in whose teeth he has carried them, and deserted by the radicals, whom, *as yet*, he can not make up his mind to coalesce with. Old teaching, old prejudices, still weigh with him. The taint of aristocracy is on his soul (though not in his blood), and when the opportunity arrived last session for advancing young liberal members, who had only their talents and their merits to recommend them, he must needs put in office a man like the Duke of St. Albans—ignorant, dissipated, feeble, but "the hereditary Grand Falconer of Great Britain!" That so great a man as Gladstone should be so base a "snob," in the sense in which Thackeray uses the term, is most deplorable. All that his best friends can say is that he is not so subservient to noble names as he was; but in the mean time the democracy (as well they may be) are outraged with their idol. In spite of the floods of eloquence which he is now pouring forth, fresh and brilliant though they be as ever, the conservatives will, in my opinion, have a majority in the next Parliament; and, when they have got it, will either make a bid for popularity in a measure so democratic that the liberals will not dare to outbid them, or will give way once more to Gladstone, converted (for the fourth time) to liberal principles, and prepared to go very much farther down the steps toward universal suffrage than he has yet ventured. Only, when you see him, thin, pale, stern, a man without an amusement, and whose so-called relaxations would tax the powers of most men to the uttermost, the question that always suggests itself is, Can he live to do it? For my part, whenever I behold him it is with a sense of pain, as when I look at some wondrous acrobat, high over the heads of all men, attempting new feats every day, one of which must necessarily in the end destroy him. There is a terrible story of the late Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, a barbarous martinet and tyrant, who compelled one of his officers, whose horse had been unruly, to leap it over a pile of stacked bayonets. The noble animal accomplished the leap, to the admiration of all beholders save one; but the brutal duke compelled him to repeat it again and again, until the charger fell, transfixed and tortured. And similarly does Gladstone seem to be compelling his own gallant intellect, which has carried him so well over such huge obstacles, to attempt feats it is impossible to perform, and in which at last it must needs break down and perish.

Common ruffianism, as I fancy, judging by reports of your Western roughs and rowdies, we are more successful in controlling in this country than you are in the United States; but there is a certain diabolical selfishness which now and then manifests itself in England for which there seems no remedy. Some weeks ago a little child fell into the ornamental water in Regent's Park—which is known to be nowhere more than four feet deep—and three men (so called) declined to rescue it from death, upon the ground "that they were not going to wet their clothes." Again, last week a child fell out of its mother's arms into a river, and two men (?) who were fishing close by declined even to reach out their rods for the little thing to grasp at, upon the ground that "the top joints might come off" and be lost. In both cases the little victims were drowned, and there is no law that can punish these wretches for their conduct. In Prussia it is said that when even a very youthful offender is convicted of any act of diabolical cruelty, he is shut up for life, on the very intelligible ground that with such a nature it is impossible he can ever become a good citizen, but must needs grow up a curse to the community. Why should not this principle be generally adopted? Many a murderer, as it seems to me, is less deserving of the fate he meets with than such miscreants as I have described. What do *you* do with them? or are you so fortunate as to possess no such fiends in human form? The answer I have received from one eminent law-maker, to whom I have put this question, is that no one will take "the moral responsibility" of having men put to death in such cases. But if that is the only objection to an amendment in the criminal code, I do not say that I will answer (personally) for its removal, but let us form a company, divide the responsibility, and hang the villains.

It is a point of honor with some special correspondents never to own themselves in the wrong, even in the case of a hypothesis; but I will honestly confess to you that I have heard a report which would indicate that my theory respecting Bauer (the Russian supposed to have been assassinated in London by a political club of his fellow-countrymen) has broken down. The firm of which he was the traveling representative have, I am privately informed, become bankrupt, and lay their embarrassments in part to the absence of certain papers which they profess were in the missing man's possession. This, to my mind, looks very like preconcerted collusion, and spoils an incident sensational enough to have redeemed commercial life from the charge of commonplace for years to come.

As if in compensation for this loss, there comes a story from Lucknow, in India, of a native child who, having been carried away into the jungle by a wolf, was suckled by its four-footed consort, and presently returned to the bosom of *his own* family with some very strange tastes and habits, one of these being the snapping and biting at his father and mother; they have appealed to the British government to take them under its protection, and provide for the hybrid. What a chance is here for your Barnum! What opportunities for a showman, with ever so little acquaintance with *Pinnock's Rome* or *Magnall's Questions*, to make a little classical capital out of Romulus and Remus! Another story, which, if not so strange, has at least the merit of truth to recommend it, comes from our Indian empire, concerning the relations there be-

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tween master and servant. It is not now permitted for an officer to chastise his native attendant, and if this happens in the presence of a witness, the "sahib" is fined five pounds. A certain young ensign having cause to be displeased with his native, accordingly called him into his bath-room, and addressed him in these words: "I have sent for you here, where there can be no witnesses, to give you a precious good thrashing." "But, sahib, you must not; it is forbidden." "What do I care? Nobody will ever know, for nobody can see or hear us." "Oh, sahib" (very pitifully), "but is that really true?" "Yes, it is." "Very good" (with rapid change of manner); "then *I* shall thrash sahib." And he did it. R. KEMBLE, of London.

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

THE Catacomb most generally visited is that of San Sebastiano, and the one most deserving of deep study is the Catacomb of San Calixto. About four miles eastward of Rome, between the Via Appia and the Via Ardeatina, under heaps of all sorts of débris and rubbish, close to cypress groves which deepen the sad solemnity of the landscape, lies hidden the largest and most remarkable of Christian cemeteries. It was a refuge for the persecuted, a dwelling-place for martyrs, a rest for the dead, a temple for the living, the assembly of those bold innovators who brought a new light into the world and a new sentiment into life. I advise my readers not to visit these sanctuaries without taking with them the books and maps of the celebrated Catholic archæologist, Bossi. As the explorer of American woods—that land of the future—advances armed with his short hatchet in those untrodden paths, cuts down the trees, drives away the reptiles, roots up the brush-wood, and creates by his labor a habitation for his family, so the archæological explorer of a subterranean world plunges into shadow, into the asylum of birds of the night, into crumbling dungeons, between labyrinths of grottoes, liable to be crushed by fragments from the fragile walls, to be lost forever in some corner of those cities of the dead, in that tomb of palpable darkness, mingling his bones with those traces he wished to snatch from the silence of sad and ungrateful forgetfulness.

The first thing which astonishes one on descending into the tombs is the gigantic labor of those who excavated them, without having either the mechanical or chemical means of our civilization. Though it is said these subterranean cities were opened for quarries, their especial peculiarities, their galleries placed one over the other—there are even as many as five stories of tombs—their disposition, that preserves a certain regularity, reveal a perfectly conceived and matured plan to which the construction of these passages has been submitted, probably by the early propagators of the new creed, who left there the germs of those doctrines which were to feed the souls of future generations. Even the nature of the soil has been studied with scientific attention. They have carefully avoided the argillaceous clay and chalk, the overflow of water, and all places that easily retain moisture; they have dug the tombs and temples in soft granular stone—volcanic, but hard and consistent, less accessible to damp, forged by the creating fire, and suited to all kinds of durable building. For it was essential to preserve these asylums not only from the fury of men, but from the calamities incidental to nature.

To this end the early Christians sought the protection of the laws. And the Roman law protected before all and above every thing in the world the places sacred to sepulture. The soil which was the property of the dead was undisturbed by the living. If land was sold, bequeathed, or given away, neither sale, testament, nor donation was valid to alienate the sepulchre, which was always excepted—always held in the possession of the families who placed there the ashes of their kindred. Thus the Christians could open graves in the depths of the earth, raise lofty monuments, and, under the title of adjacent ground, annex much land to the sepulchre—like the sepulchre, sacred. The Christians, profiting by the protection of the law for their cemeteries, took land, opened subterranean galleries, and there deposited the treasured remains of those of their sect and of their family. A series of Roman arches constitutes the true nucleus of the Catacombs. Thus by a superstitious respect of pagans for the rights of property, the Christians obtained a home for their worship and a resting-place for their dead. The same emperors who persecuted the Christians as believers respected them as proprietors. Collective property, such as was the property of the early Christians, had a legal existence in the code of laws and in the sanction of the tribunal. If there were confiscations, as in the reigns of Valerian and Diocletian, they were passing, exceptional, and interrupted; soon effaced by a restitution which proved the lasting nature of the right, as the restitution of Galieno and of Magencius. Yet, notwithstanding, the empire pursued illicit societies, and declared as such those religious communities which sacrificed to their dogmas the integrity of their lives. And Rome, which acknowledged the epilogue and synthesis of the ancient world, which admitted into her temples all the divinities worshiped among Asiatic peoples—Rome rejected the God of the Israelites and the God of the Christians; doubtless the other gods were, like her own, gods of nature, while the God of the Jew and the Christian was the God of the spirit, come to displace the material and powerful goddess of the earth—the goddess Rome. Notwithstanding this hatred, confirmed by so many persecutions, Rome respected all benevolent associations having for their object the interment or the praying for the dead, not questioning as to their religious belief when that tended to recognize immortality. Protected by this respect of the Roman people for the dead, the early Christians prepared their temples and cemeteries.

And the burial-places of the primitive Christians were necessarily very extensive. The Romans burned their dead, and collected their ashes in vases of marble or porphyry, while the Christians, who believed not only in the immortality of the soul, but also in the resurrection of the body, buried their dead entire in the sepulchres. Thus the cities of the dead soon assumed proportions as colossal as the cities of the living; and under triumphal arches, under the magnificent circus, under the temples containing the gods they believed eternal, under palaces where emperors reigned who thought themselves omnipotent—beneath all these there extended cities of tombs toward the four points of the horizon—cities with their streets, their cross-ways, their squares; cities of the dead, who, notwithstanding, quickened a new spirit destined to destroy ancient Rome and to build upon her ruins another civilization.—*Old Rome and New Italy, by Emilio Castelar.*

THE ROYAL YACHT CLUB-HOUSE, COWES, ENGLAND.

See illustration on double page.

THE accompanying beautiful engraving of the Royal Yacht Club-House, at Cowes, in the picturesque Isle of Wight, will interest our yacht-loving readers who like to see how such things are managed in England. What with international yacht races and boat matches, a strong sympathy prevails between the two nations in all that pertains to the nautical craft, and each is glad to take any useful hint from the other.

The Royal Yacht Club-House, or "Castle," as its owners delight to call it, is a pretty ivy-covered house standing in a well-kept garden, with a landing-place for boats, and a flight of steps just outside its gates. The only portion of the building which gives any excuse for its name is the row of sham castellated battlements overlooking the sea. It is here that all day long during the regatta week the yachtsmen and their friends congregate with telescopes and field-glasses to watch the progress of the races. However exciting it may be to those on board the competing vessels, the spectacle of a yacht race to those on shore is a quiet piece of enjoyment which need not be hurried over. One can turn out to see the start before breakfast, and then, after leisurely partaking of that necessary meal, return to witness the first round, go away again to smoke, chat, read, or sleep, and in the afternoon gather once more upon the water's edge to see the victorious yacht shoot up to the flag-boat and hear the ringing cheers with which its crew are greeted. The race over, the "Castle" quickly becomes the centre of attraction. There are crowds of men, women, and children, all appareled in costumes more or less nautical, and all eager to congratulate the winners on their success, or to condole with the losers on their ill luck. Boats arrive in quick succession from the various yachts, and the general topic of conversation is the behavior of the craft engaged in the race just settled. Those who have backed the winners are proportionately elate, while those who have lost are busily engaged in weaving ingenious theories as to the unforeseen causes which have brought about their discomfiture. Meanwhile refreshments are in great demand. There is a pleasant clatter of plates, knives, and forks, with now and then the pop of a Champagne cork, and this will go on until the shadows of evening remind people of the necessity of retiring early if they would be up in time to see the start next day.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

MANY curious topics were discussed by the savants of the Association for the Advancement of Science that recently met in Portland, Maine. Some of these topics were of popular interest, though perhaps not of great practical utility to the community. One learned professor presented two lengthy papers on the Brachiopoda, of whose embryology he has made close study by a long-continued series of microscopic observations; and naturalists will be grateful to him for the new light shed upon this creature. It may content unscientific people to know that the brachiopod is a molluscous animal, or small shell-fish, about the size of a filbert, found in deep water. It belongs to a very ancient genus, and has continued unchanged from the earliest geological periods. It is doubtful whether it will help us better to endure the variations of temperature to know the possibility that the sun, while mainly gaseous, may have a liquid crust. But it was learnedly suggested that this crust may consist of a continuous sheet of descending *rain*, not of water, but of the materials whose vapors are known to exist in the solar atmosphere, and whose condensation and combinations are supposed to furnish the solar heat. The startling question was mooted by one grave philosopher, whether the mammoth is still a living animal, the idea being suggested by the statement of a Russian convict in Siberia, who encountered on the banks of a river huge animals twelve feet high and eighteen feet long—how the creatures were measured was not mentioned—with tusks four feet in length. On account of this interesting discovery the convict was pardoned at the request of scientific men! "How a toad eats his dinner" was a subject which aroused the attention of the scientists; but the American toad is such a glutton that he can scarcely be considered as belonging to first-class society. A story was told of an old toad devouring twenty-three squash-bugs with great gusto, and then putting down ninety-four caterpillars on top of them, after which he retired under the piazza to digest his feast. Those who are fond of clams may be interested in the fact that the association, having in prospect a genuine clam-bake at the termination of the session, listened breathlessly to a paper showing that heaps of shells of fresh-water clams, similar to those found on the marine coasts, have been discovered on the shores of our interior rivers. Limestone with traces of fire, fragments of pottery, flints, and arrow-heads are found in the heaps. In one case traces were found of an ancient genuine *fresh-water clam-bake.*

"Deaths from Marasmus" is a conspicuous title in the reports of the Bureau of Vital Statistics. Infant consumption is a pitiful disease; and it has been for the comfort and possible relief of the poor, pale, pinched-looking little children that certain excursions have been arranged this past summer. Recently about seven hundred mothers and sick children were taken on board the barge *Republic* for a sail up the Hudson, and then a short distance down the bay. It was sad to see the effects of diseases engendered by scanty and innutritious food, lack of proper care, and confinement in the unwholesome atmosphere of tenement-houses. But the poor little creatures seemed to enjoy every moment, and from the fresh air to receive a new lease of life.

About fifty of the "Thousand Isles" have been recently purchased by persons from various parts of the country for summer residences. Several cottages have been already erected, among which is that of Mr. Pullman of palace-car fame. These islands vary in size from one to ten acres each, and are covered with evergreen trees.

A colored preacher in St. Augustine was overheard by a Northern lady giving to an attentive assembly an account of the deluge. He closed his fancifully embellished history as follows: "And de rain come down in big spouts, and come up to de do'-step of de houses, and 'gin to cober de flo', and den de sinner be scaret, and knock at de do' ob de ark bery hard. And de big lion hear de racket, and roar, and de dog bark, and de ox bellow, but Noah keep on readin' de Bible. And de sinner say, 'Noah, Noah, let us come in.' And Noah say, 'I bery sorry, but I can't let you in, for de Lord hab lock de do' and trow away de key.'"

The Austrian Emperor—so goes the story—visited the American Department at the Vienna Exposition, examined, among other things, the American wine, looked at the labels, asked their qualities, and whether there was any special variety not grown in Europe. This question inspired one exhibitor from California. The golden-necked bottle was all ready in cooling ice, the Champagne glasses stood by, when the Emperor sauntered along that way. "What wine is this?" he asked. "Champagne. Will your Majesty test our American wine?" And the Californian raised a glass, and put the knife to the cord. The imperial monarch paused an instant, looked the audacious American full in the face, smiled, said "No, thank you," and passed on.

Some remarkable feats of climbing have taken place this year among the tourists who have visited the Alps. M. De Dechy, a Hungarian, was the first this year to climb the Dent Blanche. Accompanied by two guides from Zermatt, he bivouacked on the Wandfluh, and the following day reached the summit of the mountain, descending the same evening to Evolena. This is the first time that the ascent has been made from the valley of Herens. The Dent Blanche is 13,434 feet high, and was first ascended by two travelers in 1862. Dr. Dubi, of Berne, went up the Jungfrau in eight hours and a half, returning to the little Schiedegg by the Silberlucke and the Guggi glacier. M. Haberlin, a French gentleman, ascended the Finsteraarhorne by quite a new route. M. Lavater, of Zurich, member of the Swiss Alpine Club, climbed to the summit of the Grand Combin, one of the peaks of the Great St. Bernard, accompanied by two guides, this being the first successful ascent of that mountain this year.

A new invention is the swimming collar, a thin, light, India rubber tube, which is placed around the neck, and inflated by means of a small tube long enough to reach the mouth. The collar is inclosed in a case of elastic cotton, which sustains the outward pressure. The collar weighs about two ounces, but its buoyancy will raise a person's head above the water, and float him safely.

An exchange mentions, as an indication of the capacity of the Chinese for civilization, that a Chinese cook in San Francisco fell in love with his employer's daughter, but his passion not being returned, he fired three pistol-shots at her heart. If such deeds as this are tests of civilization, the Chinese have considerable progress yet to make before they can compete with New Yorkers of the same type. A short time ago a man in this city shot a woman because she would not marry him. She had declined to marry him—first, because she did not like him; secondly, because he was a bad man; thirdly, because she was engaged to another man; and fourthly, because the man himself had one wife with whom he was living. One would naturally suppose that these reasons were sufficient to warrant a woman to refuse marrying a man without being shot for it.

Texas must be a good place to emigrate from, if it produces any assortment of creatures like one which was recently sent to the First Assistant Postmaster-General at Washington. It was a centipede measuring eight inches in length—not alive, but inclosed in a hermetically sealed bottle of spirits. Before it was sealed up, however, it inflicted a bite upon a fisherman, causing his death in a few hours.

About eight hundred men are now engaged in cutting granite at Dix Island for the New York Post-office.

The highest prize given by the Vienna Commissioners is the grand diploma of honor, the second the medal of progress, the third the medal of merit, the fourth the honorable mention. Four of these have been awarded in this country for excellence in methods and for progress of education—namely, to the National Bureau of Education, to the State of Massachusetts, to the city of Boston, and to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington. Four others have been awarded to private individuals for machinery of different kinds, for progress in iron manufactures, and for dentistry. There was much competition in sewing-machines, one of which received a medal of merit, and several others medals of progress. Some fifty exhibitors in the American machinery department will receive medals.

The *Court Journal* informs us that Van Amburg's trained elephant, "Hannibal," broke open the wagon of a stall-keeper, who followed the show, and gobbled down six thousand gingerbread cakes, seventy pounds of assorted candy, and forty pounds of French kisses, mottoes and all. He still lives.

Wellington, South Africa, is given as the town which is to lay the foundations of an educational institution patterned after the Mount Holyoke Seminary. The plan originated in one of the prominent pastors of Cape Colony reading the life of Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke Seminary. He felt that Africa needed just such an institution; his people—chiefly English and Scotch residents—agreed with him. Accordingly they sent to Mount Holyoke for a lady who would undertake this great work in a distant land, pledging her salary and the expenses of the voyage. It was decided that one lady should not go alone; two were found, both graduates of Mount Holyoke and experienced teachers, who were willing to go. Their passage-money has been forwarded, and about the middle of September they will sail for Cape Colony.

A very curious method for photographing the apparent contact of Venus with the sun has been invented. The photographic plate is in the form of a disk, fixed upon a plate which rotates upon an axis parallel to that of the telescope. Before it is placed another disk, forming a screen, in which is a small aperture, in order to limit the photographic action to the edge of the sun. The plate which carries the sensitive disk has 180 teeth, and is placed in communication with an escapement apparatus actuated by an electric current. At each second the pendulum of a clock interrupts the current, and the plate turns one tooth, so that at each second a fresh portion of the photographic plate is exposed. Thus in as many seconds 180 images of the sun and the planet can be obtained. When the series relating to the first contact is obtained, the plate is withdrawn and another substituted, which gives the second contact, and so on for the four.

They have long Sabbath services in London, if we are to judge from a recent advertisement in an English newspaper: "St. James's Church—On Sunday next the afternoon service will commence at half past three, and continue until further notice." This must be rather severe in warm weather.

Slavery seems still to exist. A woman with three small children presented herself, not long ago, at the office of the Commissioner of the Poor, in Leavenworth, Kansas, in a fearfully ragged condition, and asked for assistance. She said she had been held in bondage by parties on the east side of the river, in Missouri, and on attempting to escape was taken back to her old quarters and terribly beaten. She made her escape for the second time, but could get away only three of her children, two boys having been taken from her.

USEFUL RECIPES.

OYSTER STEW.—Carefully drain the juice from one quart of oysters, removing them from the liquor with a spoon, not piercing with a fork. Measure the juice, and if not half a pint in quantity, add water enough to fill the measure. Place over the fire in a porcelain stew-pan, adding a piece of butter the size of a large walnut. When it comes to a boil carefully remove all scum that may arise. Put in the oysters, and let them heat through, not cooking enough to shrivel them; add a little more than half a pint of cream, let it all scald through again, remove from the stove, and season to suit the taste. New milk will do instead of cream, and the stove should be very hot, so as to cook them quickly.

FRUIT CAKE, EXCELLENT.—The day before the cake is to be made stone and cut fine the raisins, wash the currants (and see that they are carefully dried, or the cake will be heavy), and cut the citron into small thin slices. To every pound of brown sugar allow three-quarters of a pound of butter, three pounds each of currants and raisins, one pound of citron, one pound of sifted flour, five nutmegs grated, half a tea-spoonful of cloves, half an ounce of cinnamon, twelve eggs, and half a tumblerful of best brandy. Wash the butter well, remove all the water, and when the butter has been well creamed add slowly the sugar; when these have been made perfectly light, stir slowly in the beaten yolks of the eggs, alternating the flour and well-beaten whites; then the cinnamon and cloves; mix a small quantity of flour through the fruit, to prevent it going in lumps through the cake. Now stir in the fruit, a small quantity at a time, alternating it; and when it has been *long and well stirred*, so it is certain to be mixed through the batter, add the brandy. Bake in one large loaf, or two small ones, in a *slack* oven two hours. Many persons who have not experience in baking fruit cake prefer sending it to a cake or bread baker, where it is certain to be well done.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Make a thin mush of corn meal, cooking it about ten minutes; allow it to become perfectly cool before putting the cakes to rise. In mixing the cakes take a pint of the mush to a quart of buckwheat flour, add water and yeast as in ordinary cakes made of buckwheat. Making a mush of the corn meal prevents the raw taste there always is when the meal is put in uncooked.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES, No. 2.—Three parts by measure of buckwheat flour to one part of Graham flour, and mix with buttermilk instead of water.

OYSTERS FRIED.—Select the largest and plumpest, drain, and spread on a cloth to absorb all the liquor; beat until light the yolks of two or three eggs; dip in an oyster, then into rolled cracker, again into the egg, and then in cracker. Have the butter perfectly *hot*, and enough in the dripping-pan to cover the oysters, just as in frying doughnuts or fritters. Lay them in one at a time; when brown, turn and brown the other side. Cooked in this manner they are less greasy than where there is only fat enough to fry them in the ordinary way.

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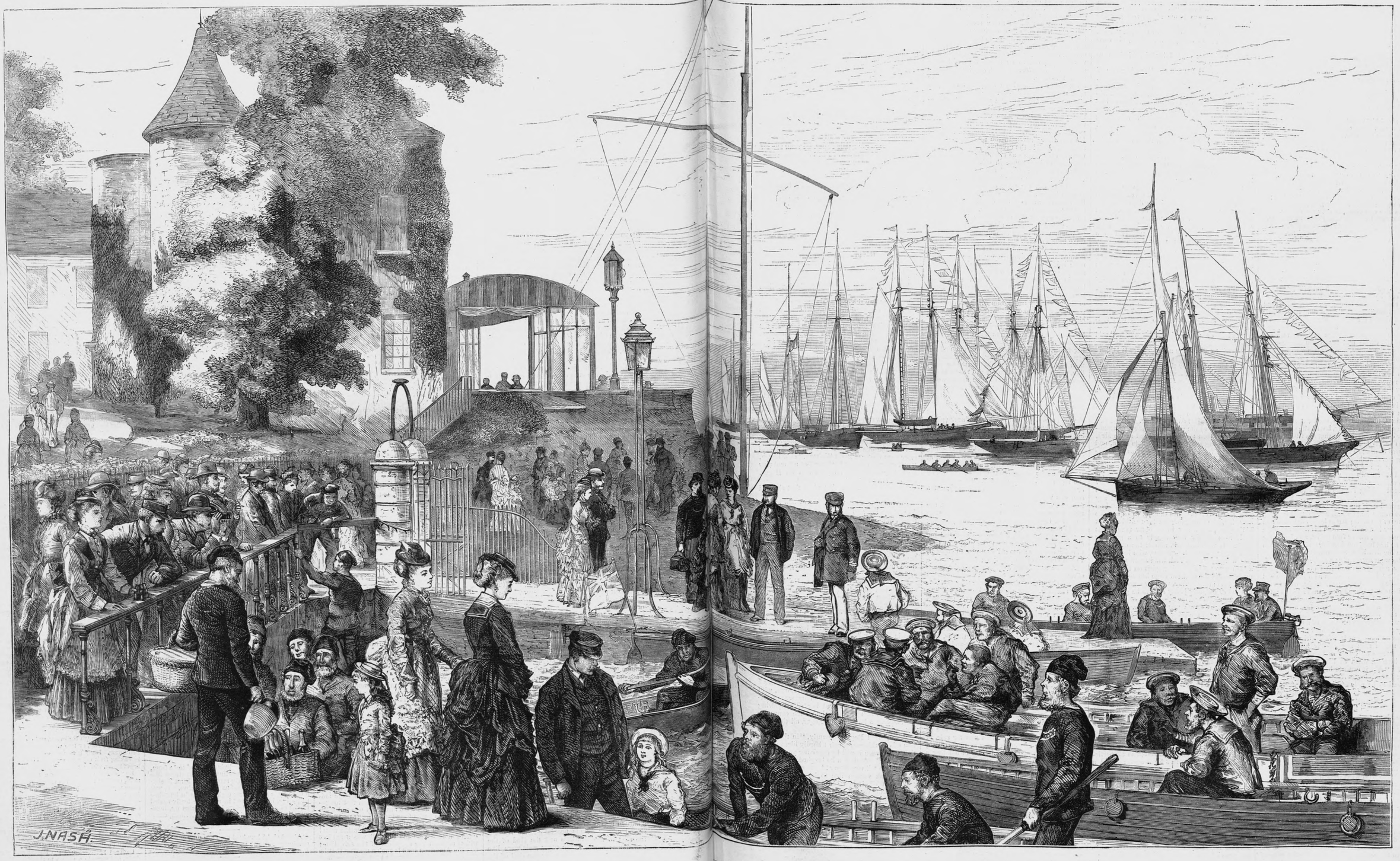

THE ROYAL YACHT CLUB-HOUSE[illegible]WES, ENGLAND.—[See Page 615.]

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THE ASH POOL.

THE wet wind sobs o'er the sodden leas,
And wails through the branches of leafless trees,
As mourning the seed in the fallows lost,
And the pale buds peeping to die in the frost,
When winter asserts his lingering reign,
And his sceptre glitters on hill and plain.
Drearily meadows and uplands lie
'Neath the low long sweep of sullen sky;
And sad and still as the hushed green Yule,
'Neath the straggling boughs lies the Great Ash Pool.

Black and cold, and stagnant and deep,
No silvery fins from its waters leap;
No brown wings' flutter, no pattering feet,
Tell that life in its banks finds safe retreat;
No lily-buds to its surface cling,
But docken and nightshade around it spring;
The very trees that about it stand
Are twisted and gnarled as by witch's hand.
And the ghost of a story of sin and dule
Like a mist hangs over the Great Ash Pool.

When June's soft magic is on the earth,
And the rose and the violet spring to birth—
When the bright becks dance 'neath the bright leaves' shade,
And the wild birds carol from glen and glade—
Not a sunbeam glints on its breast to play,
Not a murmur welcomes the golden day;
No children loiter beside its brink,
No shy fawn lingers its wave to drink.
The old trees' shadow is deep and cool,
Yet no lovers keep tryst at the Great Ash Pool.

Yet once by its waters wild vows were spoken,
In passion heard, and in falsehood broken;
Two bright heads over its margin bent,
When the moon to its depths soft radiance lent;
A little while and one face lay there,
With its blue eyes glazed in their last despair,
Eyes that stared upward, through weed and slime,
With their story of sorrow and shame and crime.
So, in glory of summer, or gladness of Yule,
A curse hangs over the Great Ash Pool.

BY-AND-BY.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

WHEN Laura gave her hand to Roger Gregory that evening in the dark, and he kissed it passionately, tenderly, reverentially, and she only trembled and did not take it away, he thought himself the luckiest man alive. Then a lantern came swinging round the corner, and the whole party were bidden to hurry into the great picnic carts; and Laura and Roger came up to join the others, and felt it a blessing that the night was dark, for, as it was, she still trembled, and the color had forsaken her cheeks, and he was too flushed and radiant with his joy to like the encounter of curious eyes.

They sat on the high seat beside the driver, and of course Roger had to put an arm about her to keep her from falling off, and all the way he was covering her silence with jests and exclamations, now and then telling a story, now and then joining in a song, but all the time holding her close to himself, so that she felt the great plunges of his heart, and thrilled to think that heart was beating so for her.

"I guess that thing is settled," said Mrs. Gifford, looking after them, when they had descended at Laura's gate at last, whence Roger was to walk the short distance home, and where they stood waiting for the others to be out of sight.

It seemed as if the great wagons never would turn the corner, and be shut away by the bending branches of the elms; but at length they did, and then Roger looked down from his height into the face, the sweet, tender face below, and heard the words he had been longing for, and pressed upon the lips the first long, fervent kiss of love.

As he went away, after a while, over the hill, past the grave-yard, and past old Squire Benham's place, it seemed to him as if the earth had been made for this hour; the night, with its sacred silences, belonged to him and Laura; the little birches rustled along the way-side in the sweet wind, as if trembling with joy themselves; a bird that woke in the thicket, and sung over and over again some fragment of its song, seemed only their confidant; the high heaven full of stars, as he looked at it, lifted their love into a loftier region than any earthly love can ever reach. "Are all lovers as happy as this?" he asked himself, when at length he was falling asleep. "Ah, it can not be," he said; "they are not Laura's lovers!"

It was to be a long engagement, for Roger was just starting in business, and must wait a while before he could have the home he wanted; and until he could have things very nearly as he wanted them he preferred to wait. And then there are great pleasures in a long engagement, he told himself: there is the certainty of possession, the delight of homage, the perspective into the happy future; and he went to work with a will. Of course the engagement was happy enough. Laura was not a girl accustomed to so much in the past as to be exacting now, and she was content with what time Roger had to spare her, and there were always letters twice a week from his place of business in the city, to which he went every morning; and then the other side of her life was such a different thing that this engagement seemed like a glimpse into a possible paradise, and gave her heart to toil along over all the rather dismal present. For Laura was a dependent in the family of a cousin, a sort of superior drudge there, with an overseer in the place of the cousin-in-law, who, for the sake of her own girls, was rather jealous of Laura's grace, of her pleasant ways, and of her face, which, if not really lovely, yet was apt to seem so beside the decidedly plain faces of the girls of the cousin-in-law, who accordingly made her place no sinecure.

Still, if this home had always been dismal when compared with that of the expected future, Laura was not so discontented with it as to be willing to leave it unworthily, and though she had not been without lovers, she had never given one of them a thought till Roger Gregory came upon the field; and with Roger she fell so instantly and deeply in love that in very shame she had to counterfeit a coldness that caused him to exert every effort to overcome it, and that made him value her far more than if she had been, so to speak, an easy prey. Nevertheless, if the home was not quite unhappy to Laura, it was hard; it was constant care and constant work, and she was losing bloom and growing thin and pale, when Mrs. Gifford, the village busybody, said boldly one day to Roger, "Well, Mr. Gregory, so I hear you are going to be married?"

"One of these days, I hope," said the contented Roger.

"Well, I trust Laura'll be alive when one of these days comes, that's all!" said Mrs. Gifford. "She's wearing out in the service." And then as she went on, and paused to turn and look after Roger, and think over the amazement that had filled his eyes at her words, she softly said to herself, "I shouldn't wonder if that thing was settled now, at any rate," and went her way.

So it was not such a long engagement after all; for the very next season there was a quiet little wedding, a quiet little journey, and Laura was settled at last in a home of her own. To be sure, it was a modest home—a tree-embosomed cottage, out of whose long windows you stepped into an old-fashioned garden, with lilac alleys and bending apple-trees, with beds of stately hollyhocks, blue Canterbury-bells, red London-pride, and rows of great white day-lilies, that made the air almost too sweet to breathe. And here Laura looked forward to unexampled bliss. "It isn't good enough for you," Roger said, when he brought her home. "It is only a make-shift. But it is the best I can do now. By-and-by we will see. If you don't have a great house on the hill, with gas and furnace, and hot and cold water, before I am many years older, why, then I deserve to have Squire Benham's wife wear silk and my wife wear alpaca!"

But as for Laura, she was satisfied with this. "What should we do with a great house on the hill?" she said. "This is all we need. The cozier the happier. We are so much the nearer together. And oh, Roger, to think that it is ours!"

"It isn't ours. That's the deuce of it!" said Roger.

"Well, to all intents and purposes it is, isn't it?"

"So long as we pay the rent, puss. And do you think I am content with that? Then you're mightily mistaken, Mrs. Gregory, my love! And the first thing I shall set myself to do is to buy this house for a basis of operations, and that done, we will lay our galleries to attack the big house—the house on the hill."

"Well, dear, just as you please. And I will help all I can by the most rigid system of economy." And then they both laughed at the idea, laughed at themselves and the whole earth, and went about from day to day, happy as two children at their play.

But Roger meant all he said, and much more. He was going to be a rich man, and to have his wife a rich woman. He had a singular vanity that he called pride, and that forbade him to rest while there was in his neighborhood any body better off than himself—a quality that in a young man is sometimes thought to be a noble ambition, a reaching forward for the things that are beyond, but which, in an older man, bares itself to a plainer view simply as a grasping spirit. It was, however, almost the only fault that Roger possessed, or rather, with its auxiliaries, it was, for every fault has its parasites; and a man who has a grasping spirit on the side he turns toward the world at large has necessarily a selfish bias in his nature, whether thoroughly developed or not, and pretty sure to be guessed at in his home.

But not by Laura was such guessing done, not by her was the possibility of a fault in her idol suspected. To her Roger was a model and a marvel of a man. He had some of those qualities that always win women—the charming manner, the ready wit, and the showy kindliness that covers a multitude of sins. As Laura looked after him going down the garden walk, and pausing at the gate to wave another farewell—looked at the handsome figure, the sparkle of the eyes, the waving of the crisp hair—it seemed to her that the human race had reached perfection in him, and nothing finer could be subject to mortality. Nor would it have made any difference if she had been told the truth—that he was simply an ordinary man: a Claude Lorraine glass makes every landscape picturesque. It is, indeed, to be questioned if at the last, and in spite of every thing, she ever admitted to herself that he was not a supreme satisfaction in all particulars. Hers was a wife's loyal soul, and not a critic's.

At the beginning the novelty and the freedom of her life absorbed her so much that she had not time to think of those little minutiæ of devotion in which a discriminating consideration would have showed her that Roger failed; and then it was such a delight to do for him that it never occurred to her to think whether or not he was doing for her. Of course he was doing for her; he had made this home for her, and he was keeping her in it—self-apparent facts. And so she proceeded, after the fashion of typical good wives, to develop the selfish side of her husband by every service in her power. She never disagreed with him, to begin with. Roger's word was law: if he had pronounced the sky pea green, pea green it would have been for Laura. She never kept him waiting one instant. He might keep her waiting for hours. She had sixty excuses ready for him. If he did not come down in the first train, dinner was delayed for him; and if the cook objected to this postponement that hindered her early evening visits, Laura dismissed that cook and prepared the dinner herself—prepared such a dinner as the cook would never have dreamed of, and that made Roger inclined to wish there were no other cook—until she could find a handmaiden whose ideas agreed with her mistress's hours. She wanted Roger's home to be the most attractive place in all the world to him, independently of her own presence in it. She kept it, then, neatly, as a good engineer keeps his machinery: not a particle of soil or dust any where to be seen, flowers always about. When he came home in the evening there were lamps lit in the distant part of the house, but he entered a twilighted region of open windows, muslin curtains that the breeze was blowing out in an atmosphere of honeysuckle, mignonette, and roses, and it might have seemed to him, had he given himself time to think about it, that his cottage was built just upon the outskirts of Eden.

And so it did seem for a while—so it always did, in fact—only he soon ceased to give himself that necessary time. He was busy with his work, always driving forward as if there were worlds to conquer, and only to-day to do it in. He was off at seven in the morning; he was away till seven in the evening. As soon as dinner was over there was somebody to be seen on a matter of importance to him, or else somebody came to see him. Then Laura sat alone, unless a neighbor came in—the busy Mrs. Gifford, or one of the plain cousins, who thought Laura's house a dull place—till Roger slammed the front-door at last, and declared himself too sleepy to sit up another moment. But that was all in the natural way of business; it did not occur to Laura to grumble about it. If she wished he would come home at four and take her to drive before dinner, she never thought he might have done it had he chosen; she took it for granted that he wished it too, and would have done it if he could. Sundays she had him, at any rate: at church with her in the morning; and in the afternoon—well, if in the afternoon he stretched himself on the lounge with a handkerchief over his face, then she had the privilege of sitting silently beside him with a fan to keep the flies away, and felt herself uncommonly blessed in that.

It is true, Laura's married life was getting to be something different from that which she had planned for it. Sometimes she thought it was her fault—thought that Roger did not find her sympathetic, or understanding, or entertaining; then she read books that she fancied he must like, and which he had no time to read himself, and told him about them at dinner; and he would interrupt her with some such irrelevant question that she saw he had not listened to a word she said. Or else she practiced some song, and spent laborious hours over it; and when she thought the time was ripe, would seat herself at the piano to sing, only to see Roger get up and take his hat and go off on some errand that had just occurred to him in the middle of it.

Once or twice his own consciousness smote him as the remembrance of the grieved look at some of these interruptions, which he had seen without noting, came back to him; and so, on the night when he had completed the purchase of the cottage, he explained to her that his whole soul was wrapped in the effort to advance their fortunes, and if he ever seemed indifferent, she must understand that it meant nothing, that he loved her better than he ever did, and presently would demonstrate it.

"By-and-by, when I have accomplished my object," he said, "there will be plenty of time to enjoy our love; but if I stop now to enjoy it, I shall never do the other thing."

And he saw Laura brighten so at the words of tenderness that he resolved he would never let a day go by without assuring her of the old steadfast affection. But each day brought its own distractions and preoccupations, and presently love-making was forgotten in the more serious business; for in the one case there was already a complete achievement—Roger had won the woman he loved; but in the other case achievement yet eluded him—the fortune, that is, with which he should retire and enjoy, by-and-by, the daily companionship of this woman whom he loved.

One evening, at length, as they lingered a little unusually over dinner, Roger broke the silence of a tremendous thinking that he had kept up.

"I have made the beginning, Laura," he said.

"The beginning, dear?"

"I have the money in hand for the first quarter's payment for the house on the hill."

"You don't mean so!"

For the house on the hill was the only one of all the houses on the hill that was for sale, or likely to be for sale in their day and generation, and Roger had given up his idea of building a new house in view of the attractions of this—the property of old Squire Benham, who had placed himself beyond the scope of Roger's envy by dying, and by leaving so many heirs that nobody could afford to keep the mansion. And though he knew it would be years before he could maintain it after Squire Benham's generous fashion, Roger's soul had gone out in longing for that house, and now he had a chance to have it.

"Yes," he said, "we have lived carefully; no fine clothes, no company, no stable bill; and with what I have made and what you have saved, we have just enough to pay the first quarter: that is, I can mortgage this house to the bank for just half its worth—for twenty-five hundred, say—and I have five hundred in hand, three thousand in all, just the sum for a first payment on the terms they propose, with interest and three other like payments to come. What do you say to it?"

"The house on the hill!" answered Laura, reflectively. "I have thought it would be beautiful ever since we talked about it. The view is so perfect—the lawn and the elms, and all the intervale, and the blue and snowy mountain-tops beyond."

"And such rooms as there are in that house, and such a hall!"

"But it would take us a long while to furnish it properly, I have been thinking," said Laura, doubtfully.

"Well," said Roger, balancing his tea-spoon on the edge of his cup with nicety, "as soon as the first payment is made the place is ours, you know."

"And we need not move in at once," said Laura, rather eagerly.

"No. I was going to say we can lease it, and all of the rent money that there is over the interest we have to meet can go toward the future payments; and in the mean time we can be gradually collecting the furniture for it, piece by piece, and then another year's rent after it is all paid for will buy the carpets."

"With those we have already, and straw mattings for the bedrooms, yes. But do you really feel, Roger darling, as if you want to leave this dear little place? Don't you feel any attachment to it?"

"Oh yes; I always shall. I don't intend it shall go out of my hands either. I shall pay off this mortgage some day. But I care much more for that one on the hill. I set my heart on it, or something like it, when I was a boy. And when I heard of Squire Benham's first attack of apoplexy I said to myself, 'Now I'll have that house!'"

"Oh, Roger, I don't believe it! It isn't a bit like you!"

"Indeed it is. Exactly like me. I didn't kill him. Pshaw! I didn't even wish him out of the way. But as long as he was getting out of the way, I didn't see why I shouldn't get into it. I said I'd have the house, and I will. I've got the best wife in the town; I don't know why I shouldn't have the best house in the town to put her in!"

"Oh, Roger!"

But some things are more easily done than others.

The next day the cottage was mortgaged, and the money was paid to Squire Benham's executors, and there were three notes given for the remainder of the price, secured on the house on the hill, falling due in consecutive years, with interest. Laura was appalled when Roger told her of the notes, which she had not understood about before, but he laughed at her, and said, "Strict economy is the order of the day, and all will come right," and went gayly away to his business, leaving Laura to decide where she could economize any further than she had done. But there were many ways, she found. She could dismiss the second girl, for instance. Two young people by themselves, she said, never needed two other people to wait on them. But to dismiss the second girl meant that she must wash the breakfast cups herself, take care of the parlor herself, make her own bed, set the dinner-table, assist at the fine ironing. "I did a great deal more than that at Cousin Walter's," said Laura, "and was not doing it for myself at all, and now I shall be doing it for myself and for Roger. Oh, of course I can!"

And she told Roger that night that she had dismissed Nora.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Are you able to do without her? I said economy, but I didn't dream of any thing like that."

"I'll try," she said. "It isn't hard; and I can do it in half the time that Nora took, at all events."

"Well, I don't know. Are you sure it isn't hard? You might try it for a while. But I don't want your pretty hands to get coarse and—"

Laura flushed with pleasure. He had not stopped to see whether there were any thing pretty about her or not for so long! She felt paid in an instant for the work of years to come, if it had been twice as hard.

"Oh, nothing hurts my hands," she said. "If there did, they would have been spoiled at Cousin Walter's."

"So they would. Well, well; Cousin Walter and Cousin Walter's wife shall see you go in and out of a home such as they never hoped to have. And after that there will be plenty of time by-and-by for hands to get white again."

"And do you think of any thing else where I can turn an honest penny?" asked Laura, with delight. For this was such an immense testimony on Roger's part that her silly rejoicing heart would fain have continued the conversation, already a long one for Roger, all the evening.

"Yes," said Roger, presently, "in the abolition of one thing—though I hardly like to mention it, because it will be depriving you of such a pleasure." And then he laughed.

"Oh, do tell me, Roger!"

"I think women like to be martyred," he said. "Well, it is those dainties you are always making for me. I notice you seldom taste them yourself—which is suspicious, by-the-way. You brought four cookery books into the house for your dowry; and as you were determined to make them useful, I have been as steadily eating my way through them as any bookworm, and I shall come out at last with a ruined digestion, all ready for my chrysalid, and you'll be a blooming Grahamite widow."

"Don't talk so, Roger dear—don't."

"You are afraid the evil fates may happen to hear, you little heathen. Well, seriously, I think we can do without all the tarts and sugar-cakes and jellies."

"Oh, I don't like to have you, Roger."

"I knew you wouldn't," he answered. "But do as you please. Only remember *I* don't want

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any of them. Was that John or Thomas Flint here? John? Oh yes, then, I know what he wants. I must go down immediately and clinch that matter."

It was, perhaps, as hard a thing as he could have asked her to do; for a well-laid and inviting table was one of the auxiliaries she most relied upon. But plain bread and meat and such things as the garden furnished must be the fare now; and she varied it with surprising preparations of the same vegetable, a relish of hot herbs, with charming salads of nasturtiums and cresses and every thing from purslane to pumpkin blossoms. She made the pumpkin blossoms attractive by telling him they were a favorite Mexican salad, and how baskets of them were tumbled down in the market at Jalapa, high up on the table-lands of perpetual summer; and a plain doughnut really seemed a little nicer when she called it an alpistera, as the Spaniards do. And Roger of course did not miss the dainties: though, to tell the truth, Laura did herself; for she had always been the victim of a capricious appetite, and frequently, having been unable to eat at table, would afterward be glad of the toothsome thing left in the pantry from yesterday. But now she must take what there was or go without—and she frequently went without. Not that Roger would not have been horror-stricken at any deprivation of the kind, had he known it; but he never did till it was too late.

But Laura was not a person to do things by halves, and having begun to economize, she carried the system through to its last results. Now that there was no fancy cooking, certainly she could do the plain cooking herself; and the cook followed Nora, and had been gone for weeks before Roger found it out. Laura used to have her fire laid overnight for kindling in the morning, and the table ready for Roger's breakfast, whose smoke ascended in a morning sacrifice to him before he came down; then she had the day before her for her sweeping and dusting; the simple dinner was put upon the table the moment she heard the train leave the station; and she had just as much of the evening as she wanted to "clear away" in, for Roger never was at home, of course, but always off clinching an old bargain or making a new one. But Roger did not murmur much when he did discover the cook's departure. He was working hard, he thought, and Laura was his helpmeet, and, when all was said, her work was easier than his, and without an atom of mental wear and tear about it: still he told her to be very sure and not overdo herself.

Books and music, of course, went with Nora and the cook, and all the pleasure Laura had left was the pleasure of serving Roger—the greatest of pleasures, she would have told her cousin Walter's wife. But, nevertheless, books and music were missed, and Laura felt her horizon narrowing about her like the contracting walls of the prisoner's cell in the story. They took no paper, and they ceased their subscription to the book club. "It is only for a year or two," said Roger. "We can soon read up again, and have a library of our own to boot by-and-by." They had no company; they never took an excursion. As for passing the night in town for the sake of theatre, or opera, or concert—as for taking Laura in with him to a matinée—Roger would have thought himself crazy to propose such a thing. "Time enough for all that by-and-by," he said. She sat at home with her sewing in the endless lonesome days; she saw other not long married people taking their pleasure as they went—going down the street together pleasant afternoons with their luncheon-baskets for the sailing parties on the lake, driving by on long summer rides, sitting together in the twilight. She wished, in spite of herself, that her life and Roger's were the same as that of these other husbands and wives, who were in less haste to be rich, but was sure it must be best, as Roger chose it. Meantime she had enough sewing to occupy her, for she had become an adept in seating trowsers, and binding collars and cuffs, and making vests out of the tails of discarded coats, and putting new bosoms into old shirts. And so another year and another passed, and Roger had but one more payment to make on the house on the hill.

"I declare," said Mrs. Gifford once, "I wonder if Laura Gregory's satisfied with the life she leads! She never sees any body once in a dog's age, and nobody sees her, unless it's of a Sunday, or they meet her wandering round in that old grave-yard on the hill-side. There she goes now! Well, 'tis a pretty spot. I used to go there myself when I was single and—and love-sick. I don't believe she's had a new thing since she's been married. And yet every body says Roger's making money, and none of his name were ever called close that I heard of."

There was reason in such conjectures, to be sure, if not right; for certainly Laura had had but one or two new things in these years, except some trifles bought with the balance of her little trousseau money. She had turned her one silk gown upside down and wrong side out; she had made every thing over, and she always flattered herself that she would present a very respectable appearance, till she stood in the fashionably dressed congregation, when she was often vexed and mortified enough—not for her own sake, but lest Roger should draw comparisons, and think her clumsy and devoid of taste.

It was only lately that Laura had taken to wandering in the old hill-side grave-yard. The place was a tangle of blossoms and briers, birds and bees in the sunshine—a bright and lonely place, and just sad enough in its solitude to seem consonant with her own feelings; for Laura had lost her old elasticity and expectancy. Every thing in her life was right, because Roger liked it, but she no longer took much individual joy in it; it was all something hard and sordid, and Roger, busier than ever, hardly gave her a look, hardly a word. That he loved her just the same she knew, though it was all by fits and starts, but the waiting for the expression of that love was weariness. She was afraid that when the time came in which he could rest and look at her, read with her, talk with her, idle with her, he would have forgotten how—would have ceased to care to do it.

"I don't know," she said, one afternoon, as she came down from the tangled grave-yard on the hill. "Perhaps I shall come here soon not to go home and get dinner again. Roger doesn't seem to mind this cough, and I hardly like to speak about a doctor; but then—but then he would miss me so!" Ah, that "but then" spoke volumes; it meant that Laura did not much care, for her part, whether she went or not.

"I shall have to ask you for a little money," said Laura one evening. She had been hesitating and coloring and halting in her speech for two or three days past, as now it suddenly occurred to him while he stood hat in hand.

"A little money?" said he, mischievously. "Couldn't you get along without it?" and he laughed. "When did you ever ask me for any money before? Oh, Laura, have I ever given you any money for your own use in all these four years that we have been married?"

"I haven't needed any, dear. I had a bill, you know, at the store here, to get any thing I wanted."

"Yes, I know the bill. It has not been fifty dollars a year. I never *did* give you any money, did I, Laura? I never thought!" And he threw himself on the sofa in dismay at his heedless carelessness.

"Well, you are going to give me some now," she said, brightly. "And I shouldn't ask you," she said, coming round and sitting down on the hassock at his feet, "for—for myself. I want it for—and—I—oh, Roger, don't you know?" And she hid her face on his knee.

For a moment Roger was silent in bewilderment, and then the truth slowly dawned on him. "I have been a fool!" he cried. "Are you ever going to forgive me, my darling?"

The next morning Roger did not go to town, but he went and brought the doctor to see Laura; and the cook came back that week, and the second girl too, eventually; and Laura went about, or lay on the sofa, as she chose, but with the strangest sense you can imagine of the world's revolving on another axis since she was being taken care of. Roger came down in an earlier train every day, and brought her grapes and wine himself, and sat by and saw her eat and drink. "What a wretch I have been!" he said. "I who love you so to treat you so! I thought you were just as happy as I—"

"Why, so I am, Roger dear."

"But I have done nothing to make you so—taken you nowhere, given you nothing, not even time or attention."

"You have been so busy," said Laura.

"Well, it shall be so no more!" he cried. "We have begun all over again new; and the next act in this beginning shall be a new wardrobe for you."

"Oh, by-and-by," she said.

"'Who waits at the house of By-and-by shall stay at the house of Never!'" he said. "I have learned that much. You shall have it now, and have it made up now. Things have gone so well with me that I can make the last payment on the house on the hill to-morrow, if I will, and have enough left to furnish it, and we will move in the moment you are well. Think, Laura, what a strange house it will be with a cradle in it, and people tiptoeing round for fear they shall wake the baby!" And Laura lay there and laughed at all his boyish ecstasies, and felt the least in the world as if she had died and gone to heaven.

"Laura," said Roger, some months afterward—months of such perfect, peaceful happiness that he had wondered where his wits had been when they let him deprive himself of such joy through those money-making years—"Laura, I didn't sleep an hour last night. I never can tell you how I felt. What if you had died while I was so intent on my object that I couldn't see any thing ailing you! I should never, never have forgiven myself!"

"Oh no, no, you mustn't say so, Roger," she whispered. "Because I may die yet. It is more than likely. I ought to tell you Dr. Phillips says that—"

"Stop! stop!" cried Roger. "I will not hear a word of such talk!"

"Perhaps it would be better, dear," said Laura. "Sometimes it seems to me as if this were too good to last. And, whatever happens, I want you always to remember how happy this time has been." But he stopped her words with kisses.

It was indeed too good to last. That same night the lights were seen flashing all about the cottage in the garden by the ever-wakeful and watchful Mrs. Gifford, and Roger was descried running in wild haste through the street, and pulling at Dr. Phillips's bell. Mrs. Gifford rose once or twice more in the course of the night, only to see the lights still burning; and at sunrise she saw Dr. Phillips come out and gently close the door, and Nora come behind him to shut the parlor blinds.

"I am afraid—I am afraid that case is really settled," said Mrs. Gifford. "I have been expecting it. I must run across, and see what can be done." And she ran across presently, and ran up stairs, as the weeping Nora bade her, to find Roger Gregory prostrate on the floor, and clasping the wax white hand that fell over the side of the bed, as if it still would help him, and Laura lying before her with her little dead baby on her breast, ready for her house on the hill at last—her house on the hill: a narrow, narrow house, in which there was no room for Roger!

For, truly, "Who waits at the house of By-and-by shall stay at the house of Never."

A CANADIAN WINTER.

THE extreme cold of a Canadian winter is revealed in various ways. In the cemetery at Quebec there is a vault covered with turf, and fitted up with stone shelving, which is used as a temporary depository for those who die during winter, and can not be properly interred until frost and snow have disappeared. So deeply does the frost penetrate into the ground that any line of curb-stone, or stone basis for a railing, which is not founded on masonry at least three feet deep, will be dislodged and lean over on one side at the first thaw. In the small garden plots at Montreal you may, at the approach of winter, see shrubs covered up with mats to preserve them from the frost, such shrubs bearing the winters of Scotland with impunity. Yet, with this peculiarity of climate, Canada is a healthy and comparatively pleasant country to live in. What is a determinate and settled cold, against which you can take precautions, in comparison with that changeableness all the year round prevalent in milder latitudes, where you can never tell what kind of weather—wet, dry, foggy, or windy, cold or warm—to-morrow will be, and where coughs and sore throats, as a result of a raw, moist atmosphere, are at certain seasons the order of the day!

Among the remarkable effects of the severe frosts of Canada is the strange appearance of familiar objects in the market-place. The pigs, though slaughtered weeks or months before, stand erect on their stiff legs; the meat feels like wood, sounds the same on being struck, and must be divided with a saw. Fish likewise; and many a little heap of salmon and cod sawdust have I seen—nay, made—in the process of preparing dinner. I was once left, in all the inexperience of my first winter, without a servant. It was January, when a steady frost had set in, but on a Saturday, our principal market-day, when unfrozen meat was often brought home. I had consequently little difficulty in roasting a sirloin of beef, and making a tureenful of soup, sufficient provision, I thought, for the next day's dinner. But the cold increased that night; the thermometer fell to twenty degrees below zero (or fifty-two degrees below freezing-point), and at breakfast-time we found every thing frozen. The eggs were frozen into a state in which, though apparently unchanged, they can neither be beaten nor cooked; some cold partridge utterly defied all attempts to cut it, a little of the breast, when chipped off by repeated blows with a chopper, tasting like ice; and, worst of all, the bread was tough as India rubber. The milk left on the previous night was solid, and our ink was in cakes. I rejoiced over my foresight in having prepared dinner the day before, but this self-approval did not last long. The cold roast beef was as uneatable as so much stone, and I was dismayed by the discovery that, after placing it in the oven of a large kitchen stove for some time, the outside began to char, though I could by no means cut off even one slice. I next tried placing it in front of a blazing coal fire in a warm room, but with like result. Clearly, the beef must be abandoned (I had long since given up all hope of going to church), and soup and pudding relied on. With some exertion and a chopper, the soup was broken up into what looked like lumps of brown rock, and by-and-by dissolved; the milk also melted in time for use; but the partridge, after being soaked in cold water—the quickest solvent—was not thawed till evening, and the beef not till the next day. Such inconvenience may be averted by timely precaution; and I came afterward to consider the winter frost a boon to housekeepers, enabling them to keep on hand a store of perishable food, which may be securely kept in its frozen state as long as the cold weather lasts. It may be thought that the severity of the climate would be felt unpleasantly, but such is not the case, owing to the dryness and stillness of the atmosphere, and to the power of the sun. I repeat, the winters of Canada are far from unpleasant. The brilliant sunshine, the great length of the day in winter, and the exciting quality of the air have a peculiarly exhilarating effect, very beneficial to most persons; and the means adopted for warming the houses insure a degree of comfort seldom attained in the homes of milder countries.

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

THIS is the season for sea-side gatherings, and from every port in America crowds are pouring across the Atlantic to swell the visitors of the fashionable watering-places all over Europe, especially in Germany and France. I have harped so long on one theme that I fear you will hardly bear with me if I venture to refer to it once more, even should I promise that this will be my last scolding, at least for a long, long time. But anger is often a proof of love, and it is on this theory that I act with you, dear American culprits. So you must brace your courage to endure a few more bitter truths from a friend. I was so enraged, so personally pained and disgusted, on reading an article in the *Gaulois* a few days ago that I resolved to take the only vengeance on the writer in my power—namely, to let you hear in what terms the so-called respectable portion of the French press treat the people who have enriched them and their Paris for so many years, and who, whatever be their faults, are at least deserving of the respect gentlemen owe to virtuous and honorable women. I wish all the Americans had but one ear, that I might shout this vile and dastardly article into it, and with one blow destroy their illusions about these "charming Frenchmen," as Nero wished to cut off the heads of all the Romans with a single stroke. I will make no comments on the criticism, which I translate, but just remind you that the *Gaulois* is the recognized organ of the empire, which made a point of not only receiving every American who came to Paris well dressed, but literally circumventing them with flattering attentions, and doing all that court favor could do to entice them to come to Paris, and to keep them there once they came. Of course a great number of these guests at the Tuileries were persons whom you whom I am addressing never met in a drawing-room in your own country, and therefore it is not to be wondered at if they provoked ridicule by their vulgarity, and contempt by the coarseness of their manners. But that the mass of American women, or even the minority of them, justified even approximately the revolting picture drawn by the *Gaulois* scribe I most emphatically deny. As a rule Americans bear an excellent character among trades-people (the best proof of this is the eagerness with which the latter seek their custom), while as women they are held in general esteem. I have known the best and the worst from all parts of America, and I have had ample opportunities of judging of the opinion of Europeans concerning them, and I can with truth declare that they stand exceptionally high as regards morality and virtue. It is only in Paris, that politest city of Europe, where a public writer could be found to apply such language to the daughters of America as is used by the *Gaulois*. I hope it may have at least the effect of opening your eyes to the value of French compliments and Parisian hospitality, and that it will tempt you to make acquaintance with other countries on this side of the ocean, where, if you are kindly received, you may trust to not being calumniated and caricatured behind your back. London society is not so brilliant, and English watering-places are not so gay as their neighbors over "the silver streak of sea;" but, believe me, if you want to make friends, and above all, if you want to make a home, you have infinitely a better chance of doing it in England than in France. Now here is the extract, the original of which I inclose for the editor's verification:

"For some years past we have been suffering from a downright invasion of Americans. The transatlantic 'misses' swarm over on us in battalions, and mount to the assault with imperturbable tenacity. They inundate our salons, our theatres, and our race-courses. There, dressed out in gaudy colors, talking loud, gesticulating boldly, their eyes painted black, and their faces most learnedly [*savamment*] bedaubed, their fair or dark hair audaciously rolling about in luxurious tufts, they attract all eyes. The *blasé* Parisian is specially excited by the *bizarre* fact that these young maidens resemble not only married women, but married women bent on *amusing themselves*. This fires the sensuality of those youths who are tired of *cocottes* with their vapid gossip, and who find here the same women, but no longer stupid. The little Yankees, who are up to fun, allow themselves to be made love to, even very assiduously. They gratuitously compromise themselves, and you into the bargain. They will dance with you all night at a ball, and they will let you take them home next morning tête-à-tête in a coupé, while the family follow in a separate carriage. Who knows? Perhaps the freshness of the dawn, and the excitement of the dance, and the supper to boot, may tempt you to snatch a kiss or two from that virginal brow which hides the calculating spirit of a usurer. The affair, you think, will end here! What they want is a husband. After a fortnight of this flirtation, which, considering the wide-awake character of these *gaillardes* [stagers, prancers], you believe to be perfectly innocent and fair, the father, brother, or uncle—perhaps all three—are announced at your door one fine morning. These correct gentlemen, dressed in black coats and white chokers, inform you coolly that you have compromised their daughter, sister, or niece, and that they expect you to make reparation to the innocent. You protest. They retort that the robe of maidenhood is worn but once, and can tolerate no stain; that your assiduities have greatly depreciated the value in the market of goods estimated at so much— Well, you are caught. After all, seeing the extravagant style of living and dress kept up in the family, you make up your mind that it is a good bargain, and you sign the agreement. There is, no doubt, a good fat money-bag from the salt pork business of Cincinnati or the petroleum springs of Oil Creek. Unhappy man! you take the leap in the dark, and lo! you find, too late, that there are eight children to divide among, that the *dot* is a pittance, and you are saddled with a doll that can only prattle, and dress herself for other people—a woman to be looked at, and no more. And meantime messieurs the Yankees are laughing at you in their goat-beards."

This is an extreme specimen of the general tone of the Paris press about Americans. I leave further comment to your own reflections.

COMET.

AUTUMN COSTUME.

See illustration on page 620.

THIS elegant costume is of dark blue camel's-hair and silk. The silk skirt is trimmed with a silk flounce, headed by a scalloped band of camel's-hair, bound with silk, and studded with buttons; a notched ruche separates the band and flounce. The camel's-hair polonaise has a double-breasted front, with rounded revers and silk kilt-pleated flounce; the back has two straight breadths hanging *à la châtelaine*, also a bow and ruffles of silk; silk pleating on the sleeves, and a bow on the shoulder. Blue velvet bonnet, with gray ostrich plumes and groseille roses.

HOUSE DRESS.

See illustration on page 620.

THIS house toilette for early autumn is composed of olive green silk, trimmed with olive brown of a darker shade. The skirt shows the new fancy for outlining the narrow front breadth by trimming down the front seams. The front breadth in this instance is slightly puffed on the lining, and is held by a chain of puffs, with bows at intervals. The back breadths form a puff at the top, and are trimmed below with a Spanish flounce, on which are bands of brown velvet; a puff with bows forms the heading. The châtelaine bodice slopes over the hips, and is corded on the edge. Sleeves of puffs and ruffles. Muslin collarette, turned up behind.

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AUTUMN COSTUME.—[SEE PAGE 619.]

HOUSE DRESS.—[SEE PAGE 619.]

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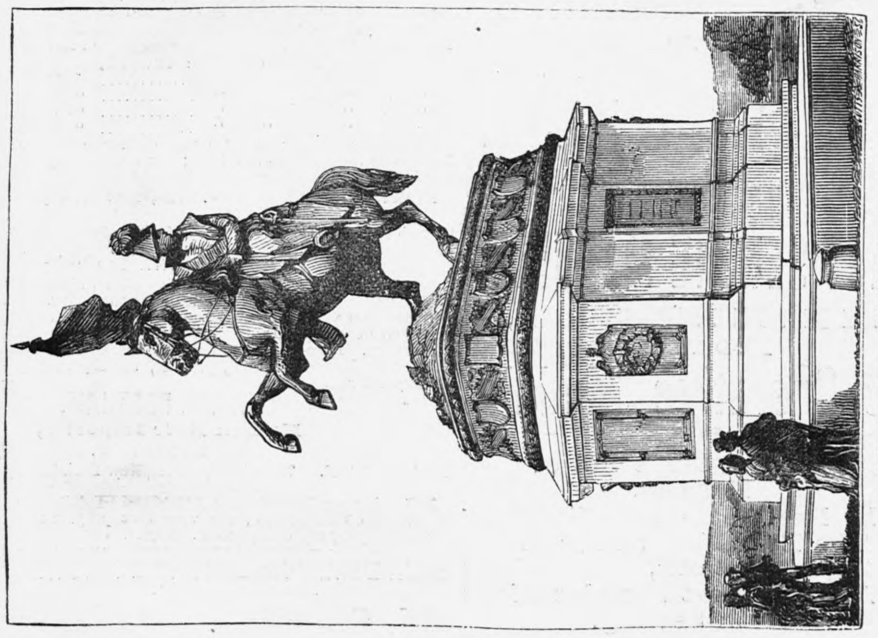
MONUMENTS AT VIENNA.

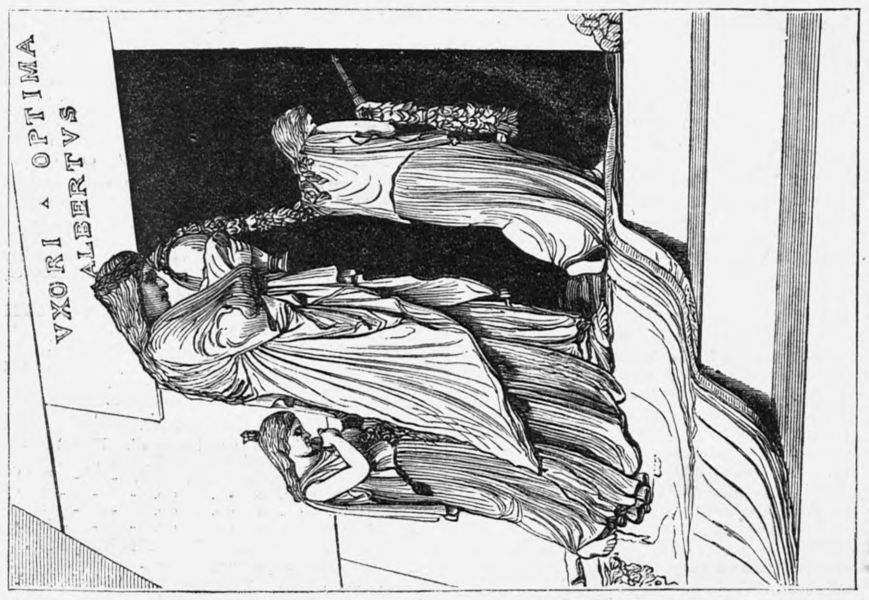
HERE we have some more of the chief monuments of Vienna. To begin with the statues. Those of Prince Eugène of Savoy and the Erzherzog Carl—the Archduke Charles—are situated in the platz facing the Hofburg, or imperial palace, right and left of the broad alley leading to the Burg Ring. Both are the work of the well-known sculptor Fernkorn, and the marble pedestals were designed by Van der Null. The Archduke is represented at the moment when, seizing the flag of the regiment, he led the grenadiers of Zach to the battle of Aspern. The base of the statue bears shields, blazonry, and medallions; repeated on the pedestal is the Austrian eagle, and laurel wreaths inclosing the names of his victories. Inaugurated in 1860, the general effect is very imposing, though were we disposed to be hypercritical, the horse and his rider rather recall "Napoleon crossing the Alps," the work of David, not the true one of Paul Delaroche. The statue of Prince Eugène, inaugurated in 1865, and intended as a pendant to the preceding, is hardly so satisfactory, the horse supporting himself on his tail in the orthodox manner, as may be seen in the statue of George III. in Pall Mall, and many other equestrian masterpieces of the sculptor's art. The statue of brave old Marshal Schwarzenberg, who led the allies at the battle of Leipsic, in 1813, is in the Schwarzenberg Platz. It is the work of Rauch, and represents the marshal in the act of sheathing his sword.

The tomb of the Archduchess Marie-Christine, wife of Duke Albrecht of Saxe-Teschen, in the Church of the Augustines, where all the hearts of the imperial family are preserved in silver urns, is the masterpiece of Canova, and was erected by her husband in 1805. It consists of a pyramid of gray marble; in the centre is the opening of a funeral vault, toward which two processions are tending, one led by Virtue, bearing the ashes of the Archduchess, accompanied by the children carrying torches to illumine the inner gloom. Behind, Benevolence ascends the stairs, supporting the tottering steps of an old man, whose grief is shared by a little girl. On the other side a lion and guardian angel keep guard, mourning the loss they have sustained; while, faithful to the motto, "No cross, no crown," Happiness bears the Archduchess's medallion aloft, as an angel presents the palm branch of triumph. All the figures are full-length statues with the exception of the last two, which are in bold relief, and the entire composition reflects all the classic beauty for which Canova was so renowned, without the effeminacy which marred the effect of many of his works.

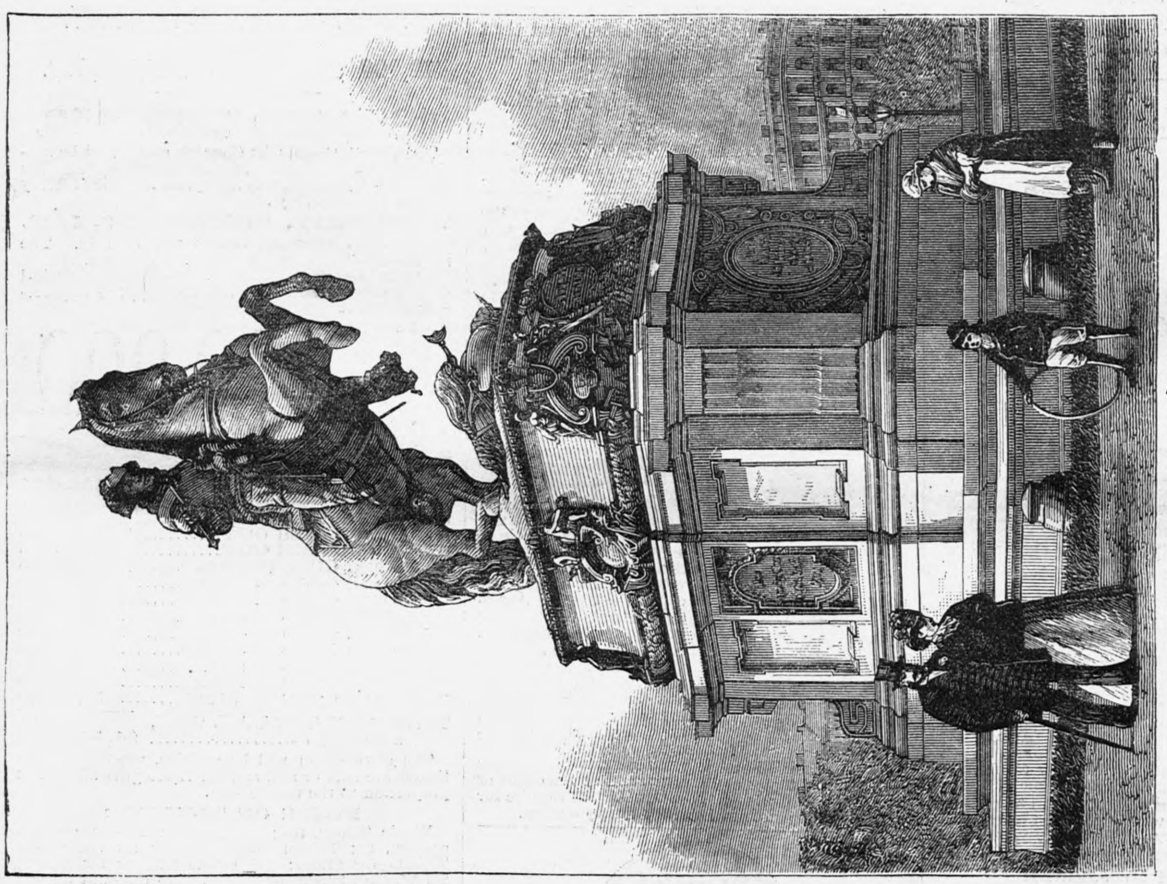
The Fountain of the Archduke Albrecht is in the Opera Gasse, and was constructed in 1869. The sculptures, by Meixner, represent, in the middle, Vienna and the Danube; to the right, the Inn, the Enns, the Traun, the Theiss, and Raab; and to the left the Drau, the March, the Mur, the Salzach, and the Save. Vienna is in truth a magnificent city, and well deserves the title of the Austrian Paris.



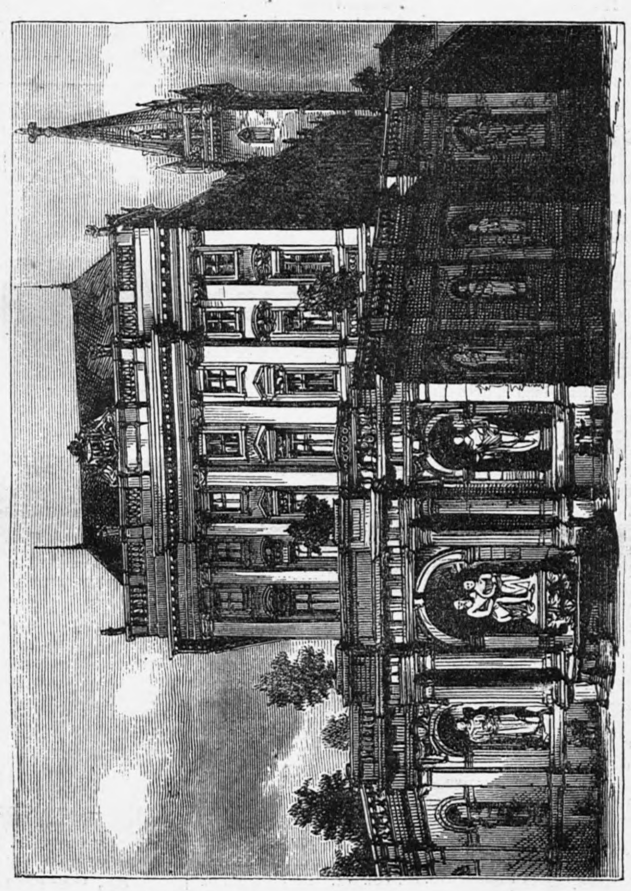
STATUE OF THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES.



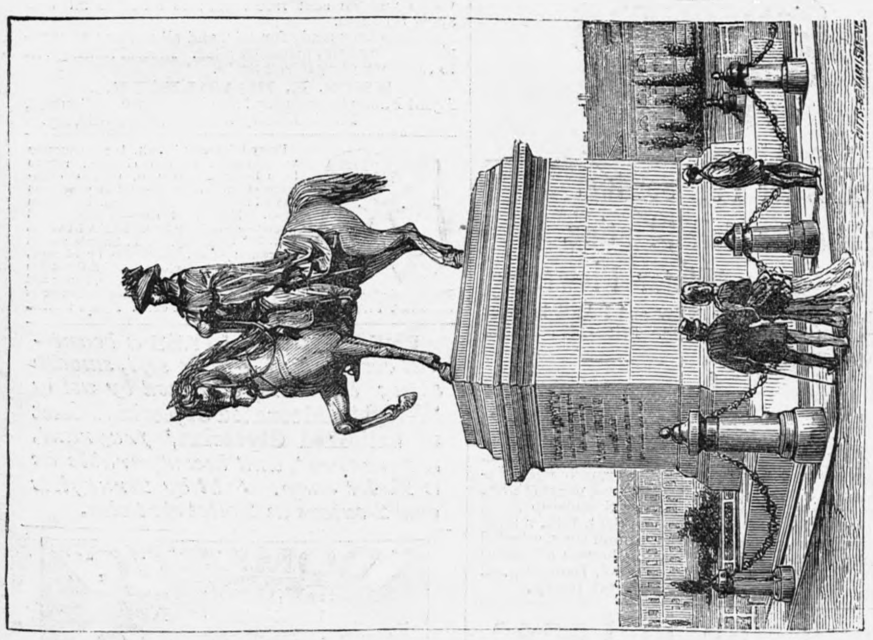
MARBLE GROUP ON THE TOMB OF MARIE-CHRISTINE IN THE CHURCH OF THE AUGUSTINES.



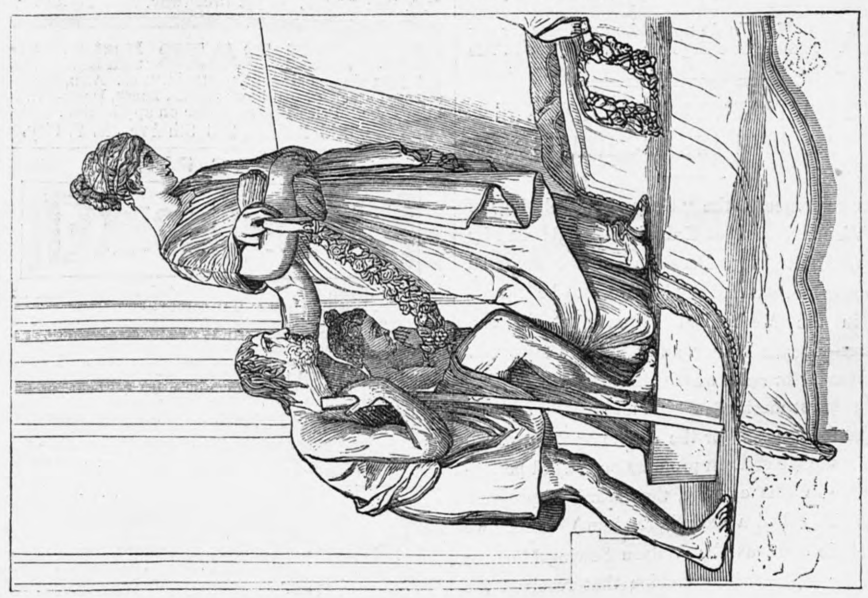
STATUE OF PRINCE EUGÈNE OF SAVOY.



FOUNTAIN OF THE ARCHDUKE ALBRECHT.



STATUE OF PRINCE SCHWARZENBERG.



MARBLE GROUP ON THE TOMB OF MARIE-CHRISTINE IN THE CHURCH OF THE AUGUSTINES.

MONUMENTS AT VIENNA.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CONSTANCE.—Get a polonaise of silk the color of the dark stripe in your sample; have sleeves of the striped silk, and put flounces of the dark silk in place of those of muslin. Or else you can have a dark silk sleeveless jacket, with vest and sleeves of striped silk, and an apron over-skirt of the dark silk. An elegant black silk costume will be best to wear to "several day weddings and sociables," as it would be less conspicuous than a dark blue, slate, or myrtle green suit. We do not reply by mail.

BROWNIE.—Read late papers to "Ugly Girls."

A. M. F.—Read about fall redingotes in *Bazar* No. 38, Vol. VI. Make such a garment edged with a bias fold, and put rows of folds of the material on the skirt of your Henrietta cloth. Make kilt suits for your little boy, with pleated Highland skirt and jacket. The pattern is illustrated in *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. V.

ELLA.—Shell jewelry is worn in deep mourning, but is not as appropriate as jet. It will probably continue in fashion.

MRS. J. P. T.—Make your alpaca by Double-breasted Jockey Basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. VI., and trim according to illustration. Oxidized silver buttons look well on fine black alpacas.

MRS. S. M.—A description of the sewing silk veil and its merits was given in a late number of our New York Fashion articles.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Make your black silk with a demi-trained skirt, with two deep flounces behind and several narrower ones in front. Then trim the front side breadth downward, and add a puff and sash behind. The basque should be simply corded on the edges, and worn with a high ruff of Valenciennes and light silk like those described in our articles on New York Fashions. Your gray pongee made by jockey basque pattern, and trimmed with bias repped gray silk or gray velvet and oxidized buttons, will be stylish. Make a black cashmere redingote by description given in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 38, Vol. VI. It is too soon to alter your velvet cloak, though you may find some hints about wraps in another column of the present paper.

E. E. E.—Your silk is good quality of olive brown. Make with double-breasted basque, and trim by illustration of that suit in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. VI.

IGNORAMUS.—Get a redingote of olive brown or iron gray cashmere or camel's-hair and a silk skirt of the same color for your wedding traveling suit in October. Your round hat of chip, felt, or velvet must be of the same color, with a long ostrich plume of the natural ostrich, or else shaded. Read about lingerie in our New York Fashions. Get dark slate (blue-gray) or else deep blue silk for your demi-trained dress. Read future numbers of the *Bazar* for hints about your black silk. Use very little lace on a black silk suit, but quantities of jet galloon, jet fringe, and trimmings of the material. For visiting and church get a velvet bonnet of becoming color, trimmed with repped silk of a lighter shade and two demi-long ostrich feathers finely shaded.

ROY LEWIS.—Put two box-pleated flounces on the skirt of the black alpaca, and set buttons on each box-pleat. Long belted sacques with sleeves and a cape are admired for blue water-proof cloaks. Trim the skirt of the black silk as you suggest. At present very little lace is used on basques. The edge of the basque is merely piped or corded. Use lace for a ruff or on coat sleeves only. A linen redingote will not be warm enough for traveling, especially to the White Mountains, in September. Get serge, "diagonal," de bège, camel's-hair, cashmere, or any warm woolen fabric.

Q. S. G.—Your satine will look well trimmed as you suggest. Consult paper containing illustration of the pattern for quantity of material required.

NEDLA.—Your pretty striped batiste would look well trimmed with ruffles of the same with white muslin ruffles underneath. Large pearl buttons.

A. G.—Make your pearl-colored wedding dress by design given on page 573 in *Bazar* No. 36, Vol. VI. If you object to the expense of lace, use pleated crêpe lisse or else Chambéry gauze.

AMELIA G.—Get a suit of brown de bège at 75 cents a yard, and make by patterns given in Supplement of *Bazar* No. 36, Vol. VI.

A CONSTANT READER.—The bride should wear her veil at the reception given her on the evening of her wedding-day.

INTERESTED READER.—Do not have your bridal veil fall over your face, but wear it in the manner shown on page 573, in *Bazar* No. 36, Vol. VI. Black vests of the material of the full-dress coat are worn at church weddings. White vests are out of fashion for dressy occasions, and are not worn as semi-dress except at midsummer.

MRS. R. L. M.—We do not make purchases for our readers. There is no charge for answers given in this column.

VIENNA PREMIUMS AGAIN, AND THE AMERICAN SEWING-MACHINES

BY reference to the "General Regulations of the Vienna Universal Exhibition," published by Archduke Regnier, President of the Imperial Commission, we find medals were to be awarded, in the Mechanical Department, in two classes—one for MERIT, and one for PROGRESS. The medal for *merit* was for the article possessing the greatest merit of its kind and class; and the medal for *progress* for the article or thing which had made the greatest progression toward perfection. (In this country, the award of progress would be called a *second* premium.) Hence we conclude that, as the Wilson Sewing-Machine was the only sewing-machine that received the Grand Medal of Merit, when the awards were made at the Vienna Exposition, it must have been the best sewing-machine on exhibition; although other sewing-machines that received medals for progress should not be considered very inferior machines. At the great American Centennial Exposition of 1876, they may have so improved as to equal the world-renowned Wilson Shuttle Sewing-Machine.—*New York Tribune, Sept. 8th* 1873.

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DEAFNESS AND CATARRH.—A Lady, who had suffered for years from Deafness and Catarrh, was cured by a simple Indian Remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompt her to send the recipe, free of charge, to any one similarly afflicted. Address MRS. M. CLARA LEGGETT, Jersey City, N. J.

HAIR!!!

L. SHAW, 364 Bowery, corner Fourth Street,
Branch Store, 345 Sixth Avenue,

Begs leave to call the attention of the ladies to his superb stock of Human Hair Goods, of the best quality of hair only, without any intermixing whatsoever, of his own importation and manufacture.

The Largest Stock of HUMAN HAIR GOODS in the City.

RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

I can offer to the public inducements which can not be superseded by any of my competitors.

All goods WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.

PRICE-LIST.

Short Hair Switches $1 and upward. Finest quality Hair Switches, solid, not dyed, 18 inches long, 4 ounces weight, - - $5 00
Do. 22 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 6 00
Do. 26 do. do. 4 do. do. - - 8 00
Do. 32 do. do. 4 do. do. - - - 10 00

Shaw's Patent Hair Switches, 50c.

Long Single Curls, natural Curly—
22-inch, $2 00. 24-inch, $2 50. 26-inch, $4 00.
Frisets, 25 cents per yard.

BRANCH STORE Removed to 345 6th AVENUE,
Bet. 20th and 21st Streets.

Ladies' own Hair made over in latest styles.
Combings made up 50 cents per ounce.
Goods sent **C. O. D.** by express, or on receipt of color and money in registered letters or P. O. Order, free of charge.

Fashions Opening!

Fro- Smith's Illustrated Pattern Bazaar.

1360—THE REDINGOTE—FAMED for beautifying any style of figure.
Is a complete costume with any kind of skirt. Double-breasted and rolling-collar. Requires only eight yards of twenty-seven-inch goods. All sizes. Price of pattern, with a CLOTH MODEL, 50 cts. Mailed.

172—WAIST—Is a new and bewitching design. The back sets out just enough to give a modest, graceful effect. In any material. All sizes. Price of pattern and CLOTH MODEL, 25 cts. Mailed.

We give a perfect CLOTH MODEL with every pattern, which shows just how to put the garment together after being cut by the pattern. They are PERFECT GUIDES.

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Only **ONE DOLLAR** a Year.

PREMIUM to every subscriber of patterns of **their selection** to the value of **One Dollar, Free, OR, in place of Patterns,** you may choose **ONE** of the following beautiful **Oil Chromos,** viz.: WHITTIER'S "BAREFOOT BOY," 10x14 inches; "THE UNWELCOME VISITOR," 13x17 inches; "THE MATRON," 13x17 inches; "THE PET LAMB," 14x17 inches. Two stamps must be enclosed for postage on each chromo. These pictures sell readily for from $1 to $3 each. Send two stamps for Catalogue of Styles.

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VIENNA
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SEWING-MACHINES
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AND THREE
Co-Operative Medals
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The Best Made Side Saddle,
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And the Best Samples of Cloth Sewing.

No other Sewing-Machines received Premiums on their merits, which we will prove by evidence at our office, and that all reports relating to the contrary are false.

Machines Sold on Easy Monthly Payments.
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Important to Ladies.—Through the extreme liberality of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York, we are enabled to place in the hands of Twenty Thousand (20,000) Women the means by which they can support themselves and make a comfortable living. This offer is extended to every industrious woman in the United States, especially to those who support themselves by the needle. The magnitude of this offer, the liberality shown in its distribution, and the amount of good already accomplished, will inspire confidence in the heart of every woman who reads this. Notice.—Full particulars will be sent on receipt of postage stamp. Address JAMES M'CALL & CO., 543 Broadway, New York.

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Patent Combined Ladies' Brace and Skirt Supporter, with new Flexible Adjustment. By this valuable improvement the cap of the Brace is retained extended over the point of the shoulder, overcoming all liability to work up, giving expansion to the Chest, and promoting full and thorough respiration. It relieves the Waist of an unhealthy burden by suspending the weight of undergarments from the point of the shoulder. For sale by all the principal dealers in the United States and Canada, and at the Office of the Company, CLEVELAND, OHIO. ☞ Inquire for **Pratt's Brace and Skirt Supporter.**

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SELTZER
APERIENT.
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Seeds for Fall Sowing.
Bulbs for Fall Planting.
Plants for Winter Flowering.

Embracing every thing NEW and RARE in great variety, and at LOW RATES. Price-Lists mailed free to all applicants.

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22 inches long, weight 2 ounces.....only $4 50
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28 " " " 3½ " ..... " 15 00
30 " " " 4 " ..... " 20 00
32 " " " 4½ " ..... " 25 00
Heavier Switches made to order at same rate per ounce.

Long Stem Switches (3 stems in each). No short, crimped hair or combings in (as practised by firms who make a lower priced article of inferior material). Long hair on outside, and 16-inch *straight* hair inside.

Best Make in the World.

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" 6 " 32 " " ..... " 18 00

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Best quality French Friz Weft.....$0 50 per yard.
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10 CASH GIFTS	$10,000 each	100,000
30 CASH GIFTS	5,000 each	150,000
50 CASH GIFTS	1,000 each	50,000
80 CASH GIFTS	500 each	40,000
100 CASH GIFTS	400 each	40,000
150 CASH GIFTS	300 each	45,000
250 CASH GIFTS	200 each	50,000
325 CASH GIFTS	100 each	32,500
11,000 CASH GIFTS	50 each	550,000
TOTAL, 12,000 GIFTS, ALL CASH, amounting to		$1,500,000

The distribution will be positive, whether all the tickets are sold or not, and the 12,000 gifts all paid in proportion to the tickets sold.

PRICE OF TICKETS:

Whole tickets, $50; Halves, $25; Tenths, or each coupon, $5; Eleven Whole Tickets for $500; 22½ Tickets for $1,000; 113 Whole Tickets for $5,000; 227 Whole Tickets for $10,000. No discount on less than $500 worth of Tickets at a time.

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LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK..... " 11
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old)..... " 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old)..... " 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).... " 29
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)..... " 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt).. " 35
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER..... " 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)..... " 44
GENTLEMAN'S SHORT DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP..... " 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt..... " 48

Vol. V.

DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).... " 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER..... " 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers)..... " 6
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt..... " 20
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER.. " 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)..... " 25
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..... " 29
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)..... " 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old) " 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, Shirt Waist, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 5 to 10 years old)..... " 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt..... " 39
PRINCESSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.. " 41
DOLMAN SACQUE WALKING SUIT..... " 41
DOUBLE TALMA, APRON-FRONT AND LONG WALKING SKIRT..... " 41
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT.... " 43
LOUIS QUINZE VEST BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt..... " 46
DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT..... " 46
VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..... " 48
FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt)..... " 50

Vol. VI.

DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT " 7
TIGHT BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt..... " 11
GIRL'S WARDROBE, Sacque, Sailor Blouse and Skirt, Basque fastened behind, Over-skirt, Low-Necked Over Dress, and Bretelle Apron (for girl from 2 to 13 years old)..... " 13
SLEEVELESS JACKET WALKING SUIT.... " 15
CHATELAINE REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT..... " 17
LOOSE-FRONT DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..... " 23
GABRIELLE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT. " 24
BLOUSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..... " 28
LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING OR GYMNASTIC SUIT..... " 30
PLEATED WAIST WALKING SUIT..... " 32
DOUBLE-BREASTED JOCKEY BASQUE WALKING SUIT..... " 32
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In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

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$72 00 EACH WEEK. Agents wanted every where. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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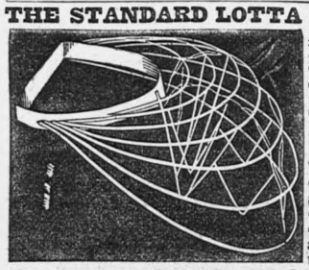

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FACETIÆ.

They tell of an old lady in Middlebury who walked over a bridge that was marked "dangerous" without seeing the sign, and when informed of the fact on the other side, turned back in great alarm and hastily recrossed it.

"Now, Willie dear," says Fanny, "do have a little courage. When I have a powder to take, I don't like it any more than you do, but I make up my mind that I will take it, and I do."

"And when I have a powder to take," replied Willie, "I make up my mind that I won't take it, and I don't."

If your errand-boy takes an unusually long time to bring your morning mail from the post-office, don't reprove him for being slow till you find out how many postal cards he has had to read.

Why is a dressing-gown the most lasting garment in a gentleman's wardrobe?—Because he never wears it out.

To what would a man, taking breakfast with his betrothed, be most likely to object?—To any butter (but her).

A printer was boasting, the other day, about his wonderful ability to set type.

"I know what you *can't set*," said a comrade.

"What is it?"

"Two hens on one nest."

A Southern paper has this among its *personals:* "St. Paul is away out West with Minnesota. St. John will spend the summer in New Brunswick. Elmira is in New York. Elizabeth is in New Jersey. Marietta is in Ohio. Charlotte is in North Carolina. Augusta is down here in Georgia. They don't intend visiting each other this season."

Best Size for a Man—Exercise.

"Who made you?" was asked of a small girl. She replied, "God made me that length," indicating with her hands the length of a new-born infant, "and I growed the rest myself."

The best Thing to take before singing—Breath.

At a Venture.—Ladies who affect the Grecian bend should obviously row "bow" when indulging in that graceful exercise.

A gallant major has named his Scotch terrier Penny because it was one sent to him, and has continual mills with the cat. Its original name was Penwiper, from its resemblance to the numerous articles of that kind which his lady friends seemed to think the first necessity of a soldier's life. It is needless to say that he is a bachelor.

A House of Detention—A pawnbroker's shop.

Malapropiana.—Mrs. Malaprop, good soul! proposes to distribute tracts among teetotalers, who, she regrets to hear, are living in a state of spiritual destitution.

Ship's Bread—Rolls (O lor!).

Not a Teetotaler—One who must have his glass before he can do a day's work: a glazier.

An Irishman was asked if Lola Montez ever smoked. "Yes, Sir, she did," he exclaimed, "and so does every volcano. Perhaps you'll show me the lovely crater that don't smoke!"

POOR SUFFERER.

Interesting Invalid. "Doctor, I want my Husband to take me to Paris. Now do tell me, what Complaint ought I to have?"

[*And that's what the bill was for.*

A wag, in what he knows about farming, gives a plan to remove widows' weeds. He says a good-looking man has only to say, "Wilt thou?" and they wilt.

How to rise in the World—Go up in a balloon.

A colored debating society in Trenton, Tennessee, has just debated the question, "Which is the most profit to man—money or education?" One of the debaters argued that if it had not been for education the world would not have been half so large as it is. This clincher was met, however, by the argument that "If it wasn't for money, how you gwine to ride on de kyars?" It was at once decided in favor of money.

A Nautical Monogram—The crest of the wave.

Couldn't stand it.—An uncouth child of nature writes feelingly anent a popular topic: "I could stan' bein' called a liar an' a thief," says he, "or even be told that the ole man kep' a hoop-skirt factory; but when one of them loafin' goslin's come aroun' me a-sayin' as I had suthin to do with that ere *Betsey nor I is Out*, I jes riz on my hind-legs and combed him down."

A good sermon is like a kiss—it requires but two heads and an application.

You can use a postage stamp twice. The first time it will cost you three cents, the second time fifty dollars.

Bus Conductors—Lips.

The Japanese have solved the problem, "How to make the men go to church." The *Kiyobusho* has published the names and ages of six women who have been appointed preachers. Attention is to be paid to these teachers, as they "are rich in knowledge." Their ages range from fifteen to fifty-seven. It is expected that they will have a considerable following.

NURSY-PURSY.

[This poem, written by a child aged only five years and three months, is printed more as a literary curiosity than for any other reason. A kind of tender pathos may be observable here and there, which in a child so young is, at least, surprising.]

Who wore a hideous high-crowned cap,
Who called me tootsy-wootsy chap,
Yet used my little head to slap?
Dear nursy-pursy.

Who said she'd watch, then meanly slept,
And pinched me spiteful when I wept,
And for my pap her stale crusts kept?
Dear nursy-pursy.

Who gazed into my heavy eye,
And said, "A powder we must try;
This horrid child, he lives too high?"
Dear nursy-pursy.

Who, when I yelled, cried, "Hold your din!"
Or choked me with a drop of gin
(It wasn't spasms, but a pin)?
Dear nursy-pursy.

Who on my toddlums let me run
Much sooner than she should have done,
Which I've grown up a bandy one?
My nursy-pursy.

Moral.—Drat her!

One who always gets Bread when he kneads it—A baker.

A burning Shame.—An ingenious scientist announces that he has discovered diamonds to be combustible at a much lower temperature than is usually supposed. We don't care much if they are. We haven't any diamonds, and if we had we shouldn't get fooling about a furnace with them. If the gentleman will state at what temperature we can with safety manufacture or steal them, he shall have our thanks.

NOT ABOVE THE SNOW LINE.

A newly married man took his bride on a tour to Switzerland for the honey-moon, and when there induced her to attempt with him the ascent of one of the highest peaks. The lady, who at home had never ascended a hill higher than a church, was much alarmed, and had to be carried by the guides with her eyes blindfolded, so as not to witness the horrors of the passage. The bridegroom walked close to her, expostulating with her respecting her fear. He spoke in honey-moon whispers, but the rarefaction of the air was such that every word was audible. "You told me, Leonora, that you always felt happy, no matter where you were, so long as you were in my company. Then why are you not happy now?"

"Yes, Charles, I did," replied she, sobbing hysterically; "but I never meant above the snow line."

A See-Saw—A sword-fish.

One who makes his Way in the World because he prepares for a rainy Day—A crossing-sweeper; only he does not always find it answer, surely.

A Slip of the Pen—Reporters' copy.

"Bridget! Bridget! why don't you bring up the lemonade?" said Mrs. S——, on the Fourth of July, from the top of the kitchen stairs.

"Why, ma'am," said Bridget, wiping the sweat from her red face with her checked apron, as she put her head round the staircase partition—"why, ma'am, you see, the ice I put in the lemonade is so hard that it hasn't melted yet, though it's stirring it over the fire I've been for the last fifteen minutes or more!"

A Poser for an Oculist—A window-blind.

"Vegetable pills!" exclaimed an old lady; "don't talk to me of such stuff! The best vegetable pill ever made is apple-dumpling. For destroying a knawing in the stomach there is nothing like it. It always can be relied on."

IF.

If sunshine were sold by the pound,
If paupers could feed on clover,
If the world were square, not round,
If the Tichborne case were over,
If one grew beefsteaks in the garden,
If mutton were picked from trees,
If pheasants were sold for a "farden,"
If eels had gout in their knees,
If tailors ne'er sent in their bills,
And workmen ne'er asked for their wages,
If doctors ne'er ordered us pills,
If pines were as cheap as greengages,
If wise folks at times were not fools,
And fools were not always so wise,
If the school-board had sensible schools,
And blind men could see without eyes,
If pigs could fly nimbly as swallows,
If swallows could grunt like swine—
Why, of course, you'll discover what follows
From such suppositions as mine!
If I had but a subject to rhyme on,
I'd choose it for better or worse,
Instead of thus wasting your time on
Such very ridiculous verse.

It is on record that Adam, the first man to receive a land grant, died poor and miserable.

A well-dressed dog wears a collar and pants in the summer.

"Who dat hit me? Where's dat lantern?" were the exclamations of an astonished Elmira darky after being thrown something like a hundred feet by a locomotive.

THE MEDAL SCHOOL-GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

Hot-house Plant with Medals. "Can't come out to play. I have to study my Philosophy and my Greek. I want to keep the Medals."

Out-of-door Plant. "Fiddle! you'll need your Health soon more than your Philosophy: besides, my Papa says there are too many Greeks in this Country now."

LESSONS IN PATIENCE.

Mr. Biggs, having accepted an Invitation from his Fiancée and his future Mother-in-law to go shopping, is put under a test of Endurance by waiting two mortal Hours while the whole stock of Goods is shown without a single Purchase. Of course this must all be done over again in some other Store.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 40.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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FOR THE UGLY GIRLS.

No. XIX.

THE woman who thought she could take the sulphur vapor bath at home in her own bath-room, finds that her experience reads like a chapter from the Danbury *News* man. A bouquet of burning matches would furnish the perfume inhaled in the process, and the vapor reaching her face in puffs has left it pale and brown in spots, as if she were a subject of that much-lamented disease, mask. That she escaped with hair only partially tinged, and any eyebrows to speak of, is due to Nature's guardian care, which prompted the struggle for life half a minute sooner than pride was inclined to give up. And the fumes lingering about the premises have induced the gravest suspicions on the part of her neighbors. She is inclined to think that if her face will only return to its former brownness all over, she will forego her dreams of brow of Parian whiteness and cheeks like peaches.

Taking a sulphur vapor bath is a matter to be cautious about, even when administered by the best hands. It is not well to take it in the damp, "breaking-up" weather of March, for the bath opens the pores, and catching cold with several grains of sulphur in the body is next to salivation by mercury. The effects are that one feels heavy and aching, the eyes grow weak, and teeth grumble, while any latent rheumatic pains wake up to sharp reminder of one's imprudence. But when the weather grows warm and settled, these baths are a luxury and medicine combined.—They are the most effectual purifiers of the system, and by searching out all waste particles and removing them, leave the skin as new and fair as a baby's. I have seen old and darkened complexions restored by them in a way that seemed little short of miraculous. They are of benefit in such neuralgias as result from impurity of the blood, and scrofulous affections are powerfully dealt with by them. The time is not far distant when every town that has a public hall will also have its public baths. Before that time, however, physicians must learn moderation in their charges for these remedial agents. Outside of our large cities sulphur vapor baths are $5 each, and they are only given in series, as prescribed by the judgment or humor of the physician. When will people learn the laws and habits of their own bodies, so that they need not be at the mercy of every specialist who chooses to make money out of their emergencies? For the benefit of outsiders I will say that the charge for these baths in the best establishments of New York is not higher than $2 50 at most for the single bath, and great reduction from this is permitted in different houses.

The essential difficulty of giving the sulphur vapor treatment is that the powerful fumes must be kept from the face, as it would be dangerous to breathe a particle of them. For this object the bather enters a wooden box, with a cover having a hole in it that just fits the neck. He takes a seat on a chair in the box undressed, and the cover is adjusted so that only the head is left out. Cloths are closely wrapped about the neck to prevent the least escape of gas, and a wet sponge laid on the top of the head, or, what is better, a very wet towel folded round the back of it, turbanwise, to the top, thus cooling the base of the brain, the sensitive upper part, and the carotid arteries at the side. This must be frequently wet with cold water during the bath—a precaution which removes all danger of apoplectic seizures by heating the blood. The sulphur-charged steam is then let into the box by pipes, and in three minutes the perspiration flows from the body as if the luckless victim were melting away. In the best establishments an attendant fans the bather all the time the steam is let on, to cool the head, into which the heated blood rushes in a way that makes the wet towel smoke directly. The bath lasts fifteen minutes, after which the vapor is turned off; and when the steam in the box has had time to condense, the cover is unjointed, and the bather is treated to a scrubbing with soap and warm water, which gradually cools and cleanses the body. Then cooler water is poured over the bather, and after wiping, he is wrapped in a fresh sheet and lies down to pleasant dreams. All the descriptions by Eastern travelers of the luxury of the bath come true in this last stage of enjoyment. One feels rejuvenated, entranced, and sinks away into a sleep, light, ineffable, whose inception seems a prelude to paradise. One's eyes close to keep out the sordid surroundings of the bathing-room, usually in the basement; and every idea, or rather sensation—for the brain is too torpid and passive to think—is bliss. Quite as beautiful is the return to consciousness, sense after sense regaining double brightness as softly and steadily as the unfolding of a flower. In this state of purity and light one learns to reverence one's physical self. A body that at its best feels so glorious and happy, ought not to be exposed to disturbances of appetite and the contact of gross things. We need to be very much more refined in our living, eating, and breathing. We ought to wear cleaner clothes, choose very much nicer meats and fruit than we are at present content with, and place our dwellings out of the reach of the least impurity of air. In this altered and steadied frame dispositions to evil will lose their sway. Irritable temper will be soothed, despondency flee as by magic, and fiercer passions lie asleep as at the stroking of their manes. Once for all, if any should read this page who are so unfortunate as to know the battle with unnatural desires, which make life less blessed and lofty than it was meant to be, let them have recourse to this efficient ally. It will restore one from the horrible depression which craves alcohol or opium, it will rescue one from the perilous excitement of overwrought nerves or too much brain-work, and banish those morbid feelings which consciously or unconsciously incline to impurity of imagination if not of life. The purity of the body and that of the soul are too closely woven for any one to dare neglect them.

In the old time saints used to subdue the body by prayer and fasting. The modern way is by prayer and bathing. It is hard enough to keep a peaceable, firm, and sweet habit of soul without letting loose on it the humors and insanities of the body. These are in no way so quickly quelled as by the warm baths, and this is why I say that they ought to be part of the public buildings of every village, and as cheap as they can be made, that here the drunkard may find a stimulus which has no reaction, the emotionally insane a sedative that will clear his brain and steady his nerves; where the exhausted watcher by the sick may recruit, and the overwrought student, lawyer, or physician find support without recourse to perilous stimulants. The doors of such a place in a large city should stand open night and day, like those of the churches. Men sooner build their sepulchres than spend money for the conditions of life.

Women need the bath for all these purposes no less than men. The feeble mother will find no soothing for her jarred nerves or lightener of her burdens like the well-applied bath. Strange to say, the vapor bath does not weaken. It only washes away the worse particles of the body that weigh it down, and whose loss leaves it as if winged. I have known an invalid of years take it twice and thrice a week, gaining strength by it every time. If harm comes by it, it is because the head is not kept cool by fanning (and this the patient should insist on), or because the final sponging was not gradual enough. There is harm in every remedy if used unskillfully. It is the doctor's province to direct in such matters, always premising that the best and wisest physicians prefer to teach their clients the rules of health and of treatment, and very, very seldom refuse to give the reason and theory of their orders. It is safe to be shy of the perception and methods of a doctor who doesn't like to tell what medicines he gives, and why he gives them. The keenest and best medical men are impatient to have others see and understand the truth like themselves.

But, to leave this graver strain, it is not a little amusing to hear the requests for a way in which to give a sulphur vapor bath to the face alone.

Fig. 1.—CASHMERE MANTELET.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-3.

Fig. 2.—CASHMERE MANTELET.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-3.

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Somebody wants a fair complexion, and fancies it may be gained by bleaching the face after the manner of an old Leghorn bonnet in a barrel. Aside from the assurance of being choked to death, no mode can be devised of whitening and refining the face by applications to it alone, when all the conditions of health are not obeyed in other ways. Carbolic acid may heal pimples, and glycerine masks soften the skin; but the lovely red and white, with lips like currants, and skin like the flesh of young cranberries, can not be had unless the blood is pure, the food regulated, plenty of exercise and sunshine taken, and the best order kept by all the bodily functions. Cosmetics may produce the desired effect, but the face will not stay so if the system is not right. Take the point of bathing. The reason why so many young women have rough faces is because they neglect to cleanse the skin of the body, but wash their faces every day. The pores are so clogged by secretions that morbid matters break out on the face, where they have more chance. The ladies of King George's court were perfectly logical when they refused to wash their faces lest it should spoil their complexions. They seldom washed their bodies or their linen, and it was dangerous to give their festering blood an outlet by cleaning a spot for it. The full-blooded girls whose complexions give them trouble need not eat fat meat save in the depth of winter, nor drink milk. They may take these in after-years, if they grow thin and weak from the nursing of children or by hard work. Their systems can turn the grapes and pears they ought to feed on, the fish, chicken, and lean meat, and the nutty oatmeal and wheat cakes (not mushes), into fat enough to round their elbows, and strength enough to make their walk like the figure of a dance. They must try daily bathing, or rather scrubbing with soap and hot water, followed by cold, taking a matter of ten minutes a day, at most, if they know how to move. Very likely they will need a few bottles of Saratoga water or several doses of salts to clear the blood, adhering religiously to a Graham diet the while, or their last state after this medicine will be worse than the first. After taking the sulphur vapor baths they must go out-of-doors, and finish bleaching themselves in the sun. By living in it five hours a day they may gain the lovely painted marble of the English girl's face, who reaps all day in the harvest field.

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SURROUNDINGS.

THERE are few natures, if any, mentally or physically strong enough to resist the influences of surroundings, which are a kind of fate in themselves, and in great degree determine our intellectual reach and our moral altitude, compel our imaginations, and decide religion, love, and friendship for us, as well as our physical status. As in the garden we see all manner of tiny insects that have drawn their hues from the leaves upon which they feed, so the minds of individuals take shape and color from their surroundings; and in so far as these surroundings are of a superior kind, ennobling rather than belittling, so far will this shape be removed from deformity and fashioned after the line of beauty, and this color be warranted fast. All history takes cognizance of the effects of climate upon race and temperament, and sets down the indolent will and the swarthy physique to Southern latitudes, carrying enterprise and energy over to the blonde Northern nations; mountainous regions boast a brave, sure-footed people, with no consumptive tendencies—since climbing demands entire and healthy expansion of the lungs—while to dwellers by the sea are meted out a quickened intellect and contempt of dangers. But climate is only a wider surrounding, which moulds us after its own methods, and there is no doubt but the surroundings of a more intimate nature have as decided effects upon character and constitution. They, in a great measure, dictate our preferences and habits, since, unless we conform more or less to the world about us, life resolves itself into a warfare. But the fact is that we *do* conform unwittingly; the influences are as certain and subtle as those of the sun and air. We are set in our surroundings like a picture in its frame, and if they happen to harmonize with our inherent qualities, well and good; if not, we must make the best of it.

The nature of a young child, malleable like gold, is worked upon by the atmosphere into which it is born, and if that atmosphere lacks mental stimulus, in most cases the young mind will suffer; and, in like manner, even the mature mind, transplanted among uncongenial surroundings, will insensibly adapt itself to the condition of things, for with the Romans one must do as the Romans, and in order to imitate them acceptably, one must adopt their manner of thought and being. In most communities it is the prevailing religious creed that governs; the members are hedged in by the surrounding doctrine of infallibility, of free-will, or predestination, as the case may be, and are rarely invited to search for truth in any other direction; thus one's surroundings come to have a tendency to warp and color and often to restrict one's views. It is what Neighbor Grundy thinks which regulates our thought, what she does that decides our behavior. We can as easily travel beyond our surroundings as we can get beyond our atmosphere without dying, when we would perhaps merely change them. The most timid and selfish among us might find herself as heroic as JEANNE D'ARC if the surroundings demanded it; the most reserved feel the spirit moving her to preach with the tongue of men and angels, if those whom she had been bred to hold in esteem in her little world were wont to "speak in meeting." Our surroundings are at once our inspiration and our opportunity—they bid us be up to the occasion. To be sure, the opportunity and inspiration may be meagre, and the occasion small, since the stream may not rise above its source, but they are the result of the things that teach us, that surround us, just as certain plants are the product of certain soils, and could adapt themselves to no other condition without variation.

Without sensible effort our tastes become the outgrowth and assimilation of our surroundings, be they æsthetic or otherwise. One to whom high behavior and noble sentiments are a daily lesson and example is heir to a natural nobility; to one born, as it were, in a library, learning would seem to be the mother-tongue. Living constantly among beauty and romance engenders beautiful and romantic ideas. As there are peculiar formations of mind belonging to those who dwell in mountainous districts and to those who inhabit valleys, it would be strange indeed if the neighborhood of a renowned river, a storied water-fall, crowned with rainbows, or a historic ruin, made no lasting impression on mind and matter. On the other hand, those whose glimpse of heaven is only as wide as the narrow street, whose "ample spirits" are confined among brick walls and importunate industries, naturally experience the narrowing influences, unless they take care to change the situation to "larger fields and pastures new," just as a plant in an earthen pot too small for its capacity, though holding the secret of growth and expansion in its germs, yet shrivels and fails of development because of its cramped surroundings. Yet the little Edelweiss finds material for a beautiful life underneath the mountain snows, and the May-flower blushes fragrantly on the borders of the bitterest winter; so perhaps the surroundings of each one of us are better adapted to work out in us those purposes for which we were created than any others that we might choose.

MISPRISION OF FELONY.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

A CRITIC, speaking of Miss PRESTON'S *Love in the Nineteenth Century*, says: "In one of Julius's letters there are some sharp words denouncing the current newspaper fashion of printing 'personal' paragraphs about female writers. Miss PRESTON, through Julius, thinks that such publicity is 'enough to make these poor creatures curse the day they ever put pen to paper, or whatever it is women do when men curse.' We can not see why women should fare better than men in this respect. By the act of public appearance, as writers, they invite public criticism and comment; they know what awaits them before they make their *début*, and deliberately put aside the veil which has hidden them. Public curiosity about writers is a fixed fact; and we venture to submit that women are at least equally responsible with men for it."

So when a woman decries the plunder of her purse, impartial Justice might exclaim, "We can not see why women should fare better than men in this respect. By the very act of owning money they invite acquisition. They know what awaits them before they drop the bills into their pockets, and they deliberately become the objects of thievish observation. Greed of money is a fixed fact, and we venture to submit that there are female thieves as well as male thieves." But would impartial Justice lock up its office and go home to dinner feeling that it had expounded the whole duty of man?

Come now and let us reason together. You say, cool critic, you can not see why women should fare better than men in this respect. They should not. Men and women are on precisely the same ground. When a woman prints a book, sells a bonnet, makes a shoe, she does it not as a woman, but as an author, trader, shoe-maker. Nothing is due her professionally that is not due a man in the same business. If a female writer tries to disarm criticism, if a milliner claims to work fewer hours, if a seamstress excuses bad work, by pleading her sex, she displays ignorance of first principles. Let us heartily agree, then, that in the literary world there shall be no distinctions of sex so far as concerns prerogatives, emoluments, and exemptions. A woman shall claim nothing that would not belong to a man in her place.

What then? "By the act of public appearance as writers they invite public criticism and comment." Upon what? Upon themselves? When a man publishes an article in *Harper's Magazine* he invites public criticism and comment upon his eyes and hair, his clothes, his habits, his family history, his courtship and marriage, his school escapades, and his last year's journey, not simply on his article in the *Magazine!* The Lord have mercy on us, and incline our hearts to break this law, if this, indeed, is law! But who will have the temerity to assert it? Who dares say that when a man makes public property of a portion of his thoughts, he makes public property of himself and all his surroundings? Many act on the assumption, undoubtedly. There is a literary parasite, an insect that has no life in itself, but fattens and flourishes on those who have. These parasites never did any thing, but they feed on those who have wrought. Their stock in trade is the personal history, habits, ways, of men whose achievements have made their history interesting. They have no more judgment, discrimination, taste, than a mosquito, and they keep up as ceaseless a buzz. But hitherto they have lived by sufferance. Even *Punch*, in the far-off days when American slavery was the stumbling-block of English freemen, used to parry our thrusts at British peasants, miners, and paupers by the true refrain,

> "Slaves for want of legislation
> Are not quite like slaves by law;"

and when these literary barnacles were befouling the keel of many a good ship, it was satisfactory to reflect that they were an Ishmaelitic race, acting against every unwritten law. But now a Daniel has come to judgment and promulgates a new law—that not the paragraphist but the victim is at fault! To publish an article is not simply to render yourself liable to pillaging, it is to invite it. It is to invite every one to your house, to describe in print your personal appearance, your breakfast-table, and your garden-plot. To print a story is to throw open every door, and ask all comers to profane the sanctities of your home forever.

I question whether most writers do "know what awaits them before they make their *début*, and deliberately put aside the veil which has hidden them." On the contrary, they are profoundly ignorant of it. A young man or a young woman, inexperienced both in life and letters, thinks little of himself when he first ventures into the arena. His article possesses his soul. All his interest and thought centre there. He does not dream that any thing will wrest him personally from profound obscurity, or that his personality will have the smallest interest for the world. He is far more likely to fancy himself in hiding, even if hearing the nations praising him far off. It is only practical experience of the idle persistency and trivial curiosity of the world that teaches him how hard it is to hold his privacy intact.

And how is it with those who never make a public appearance as writers, who never deliberately put aside the veil which has hidden them, but who, on the contrary, draw a veil around them by assuming a name? Do they thereby invite or repel personal public comment, and is their invitation or repulsion heeded? If a pseudonym means any thing, it means an abnegation of personality. The author who assumes a name intimates unmistakably that he desires his personality to be dissevered from his authorship; and any attempt to go behind that assumed name and connect it with the life of any person whatever is an impertinence. George Eliot is a man, unless womanhood is indubitably induced from his writings; and though the world may have badgered him into acquiescing in his imputed womanhood, the world was wholly prying and ill-bred in doing so. George Eliot is George Eliot, and nobody else, and the public has no more right to ascribe George Eliot's traits or works to any Mrs. A or Mrs. B who is supposed to be George Eliot than if Mrs. A could not write her own name.

That women violate personal rights as often as men must, I fear, be admitted. That they suffer more from its violation than men can not, therefore, be conceded, and is not to the point if it could. It is hard to see that women show more judgment, discrimination, delicacy, than men. They can not be depended on to respect individual existence, to refrain from encroaching upon private ground. I do not know that it has ever been denied that coarseness in woman is coarser than coarseness in man. Nor seems there any reason to believe that a man, pure, sensitive, noble, is not as easily wounded as the female of his kind. Roughness is not the rule of one sex, and softness of the other. Refinement in both sexes is annoyed and disturbed by rudeness in either.

But rudeness is indeed rampant when we have learned to submit to it—I do not say in silence, since that may be the only resource left to dignity, but without mental protest. Fools may rush in where angels fear to tread, but so long as they are recognized fools all is not lost. But when authority which has always been considered respectable begins to justify impertinence, we are indeed far gone in trespasses and sins.

Nevertheless, though hand join in hand, wickedness is not ennobled, good-breeding is not degraded. Politeness may be utterly lost out of the world, and privacy be debarred those who have had the misfortune to please the world. Newspapers may stagnate into the belief that public curiosity about writers is a fixed fact, and that it is of no use to set any bounds to its exercise. Just the same it remains that men and women do not by the act of writing become outlaws from social courtesy, with no rights that people are bound to respect. People have no more right to pry into the affairs of an author than into those of a blacksmith. Etiquette should shield the one as closely as it shields the other. The writings of a writer belong to the public. It has a right to comment upon them as often, as long, as severely, as it chooses. Every thing but the writings of the writer belongs to himself. The world, the public, the newspapers, have no authority to comment upon it one way or another. Of personal matters praise and blame are equally out of place. Paragraphs may itemize, since the courts take no cognizance of these verbal crimes; but they remain crimes, and not mere characteristics of the age. The courtesies of the press are even more strenuous than the courtesies of the parlor, their violation being as much more obnoxious as it is wide-spread, as much more vulgar as it is done in cool blood, as much more cowardly as it is removed from immediate punishment. Curiosity about writers, as about every thing else, is a fixed fact; but it is only a vicious and vulgar mind that would indulge its curiosity at the expense of every delicate instinct, all social confidence, and all possible claim to "the grand old name of gentleman."

To say that one shall not write without thereby offering up all his individual possessions to greedy and indiscriminate ears is to inflict a cruel and unusual punishment, which is contrary to statute law, and should deliver its perpetrator over to imprisonment in the county jail during life or good behavior.

I suppose that one of the pleasantest emoluments of the author's office is the

> "Thanks untraced to lips unknown,
> That greet him like the odors blown
> From unseen meadows newly mown"—

the sense of sharing in subtle sympathies far off, and an all-pervasive friendliness. But to be preyed upon by vapid and frivolous inquisitiveness, to be offered up on the altar of senseless and silly gossip, whose only alleviation is its falseness, may be borne so long as respectable people frown upon it. But when the slaughter is counted no slaughter, but a proper rite of natural religion, it is time to raise the standard of revolt.

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NEW YORK FASHIONS.

REDINGOTE MATERIALS.

ROUGH-SURFACED camel's-hair is now the accepted fabric for redingotes and wraps, just as cashmere has been for the last four winters. There are various camel's-hair materials shown, some of which are almost as rough-looking and thick as Irish frieze, though smooth and indeed "slippery" to the touch; these are the most expensive, and will be the most stylish goods for over dresses and mantillas. The camel's-hair felt is new this season, and far thicker than any kindred fabric worn last year. It is a yard and a quarter wide, at $4 a yard. Chamois is a heavy but loosely woven flannel-like stuff, with the shaggy fleece of camel's-hair and a Cheviot stripe: the price is from $4 to $5. "Camel's-hair diagonal," very fine and soft, is woven in the broad vertical lines raised above the surface in the style so conspicuous this season: this is $4 a yard, and is especially desirable. The plain and simple camel's-hair, with the familiar twill of last season, is made also much heavier, softer, and warmer, and is the standard goods for polonaises: the price is from $3 to $4. Camel's-hair serge, in imitation of this, but itself an excellent fabric, is rougher than that used last year, and costs $2 25. These goods are all shown in the deep blue, bronze brown, myrtle green, olive, and slate colors now fashionable, and the silk counters furnish rich failles at $4 a yard to match each shade, and serve as skirts beneath over dresses of these woolens.

Other twilled fabrics are shown in the retail stores at prices ranging below $2 a yard for double-width goods. Among these re-appear vigogne, or undressed cashmere, at $2, and excellent all-wool broad diagonals—in double, triple, and quadruple lines—at the same price. This fancy for twilled goods has restored serges to favor, and they are brought out in variety. The English serges, all wool, yet harsh to the touch, in wide open twills, cost from 70 cents to $1 50 a yard, and are excellent for serviceable suits. Self-colored striped serges are shown for polonaises, and cost from 70 cents to $1 25. Cashmere serge at 90 cents a yard is as thin and pliable as cashmere, yet has the broader diagonal lines of serge. Heavy serge flannel is 85 cents. The fancy for navy blue serges, so dark that they are almost black, promises to equal that of four years ago. Winter de bège, both plain and striped, is $1 10—a soft stylish fabric, said to be durable. Repped goods have fallen into disfavor, yet the excellent velours épingeline is still commended for its service, and is pliable enough for the soft draperies of the period: price $1 75.

A few striped goods are shown for house dresses, wrappers, and morning suits. The novelty among these is serge of dark cloth—colored ground with a relief of bright stripes; for instance, one stylish pattern is indigo blue with white stripes, another myrtle green with crimson stripes, a third bronze brown with blue stripes. These cost from 50 cents to $1 50 a yard. *Bazar* No. 38, Vol. VI., contains instructions for making and trimming redingotes and wraps of the materials just described.

CLOTH SUITS.

Diagonal cloth and the smooth-surfaced ladies' cloth made up in suits of jaunty shape are among the early importations. Black-blue, bronze brown, and myrtle green are the colors, and the trimming is black silk cording, with facings and pipings of the same. They consist of a jockey basque opening over a vest brightened by steel buttons, and edged with two silk cords; a plain round over-skirt with a scantily gathered ruffle on the edge piped with black. The skirt is cut off at the bottom, and finished by a kilt-pleated flounce headed by bias folds. A coat collar, and coat sleeves with close, stiffly lined cuffs, complete the trim costume.

SERGE AND ALPACA SUITS.

Imported serge suits are made with demi-polonaises and simply trimmed skirts. One model of olive serge has velvet bands and ruffles extending up the back breadth, and fastening over the short back of the demi-polonaise. A ruffle and bands trim the front breadth, and the half-polonaise hangs in long points on each side.

The most tastefully made black alpacas are without flounces this season. The skirt has five or six bias bands (piped on each edge) placed straight around it, and these are crossed at intervals of nearly half a yard by diagonal bands of the same width and piping. The diagonal bands extend beyond the horizontal ones, and are finished on each end by a button. A simple redingote with belt, coat sleeves, coat collar, and ruff of the material completes the suit. Another pretty design for alpaca dresses is a double-breasted jockey basque with an apron over-skirt open up the back to the belt, and two rows of kilt pleating on the lower skirt. To give this a jaunty air the new blue steel buttons are used on the basque, or else oxidized silver ones. The lower row of kilt pleating is only half the width of the upper one. An abundance of trimming, such as gathered puffs and ruffles, gives a very common look to the finest alpacas.

HINTS TO DRESS-MAKERS.

A revers collar in front, with a box-pleated ruff behind, is a stylish way of finishing the neck of basques, and indulges at once both the prevalent caprices for the ruff and the gentleman's coat collar. Basques now have the wide English back formed of four broad pieces of the same width at the waist, and the waist is not defined by buttons. Two cords on the edge of basques are far more stylish than any finish of lace or fringe, though the latter is sometimes placed on the back, while the fronts are plainly corded. Instead of full postilion pleats, plain lappets are sewed in the seams, or else the square jockey basque is laid in pleats that are pressed flatly, and held down by two lengthwise rows of buttons. Sleeveless jackets, especially those of black or dark-colored velvet, will be again fashionable, and are already worn with grenadine and silk dresses, accompanied by sashes of velvet. These velvet basques are tight-fitting, and are more ornamented than the simple ones worn last year. They are sometimes merely scalloped and needle-worked around the armholes and basque edge, and a velvet ruff is invariably added; others are rich with jet galloon, jet fringe, and lace, while a more stylish fancy still is to border them with a band of ostrich feathers; some are gay with colored embroidery. The new blue steel beads are mingled with jet fringes for trimming black silks and velvets. A black velvet revers collar, with a velvet ruff, lined with colored silk, is sold for wearing with various dresses: price $25. The silk or woolen ruff is now as universal for finishing the neck of dresses as bias bands have been hitherto. Instead of lining this ruff with a color, it is best to have it entirely of the color of the dress, and wear inside a silk ruff of any color that may be becoming, and still another ruff inside this of white muslin, lace, or crêpe lisse.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH CALICO SUITS.

Beautiful suits for morning, either for house or street, are made of the new dark calicoes. Those with black grounds brightened by a shell or star of yellow, or else dark blue with stripes or lightning-struck lines of white, make up most stylishly. They have the double-breasted redingote, belted, with two rows of smoked pearl buttons down the front, and a single skirt with two lapped, gathered flounces.

TROUSSEAU DRESSES.

Autumn is the wedding season, and the modistes are already busy with trousseaux. Creamy white faille, with tulle pleatings and orange garlands, makes a lovely dress for youthful brides. A model just completed has the rather long demi-train edged with a full box-pleated ruche of tulle, above which is a bias silk flounce held in diagonal pleats by a ruche. The three front breadths are covered from the belt to the knee with three tulle puffs, one puff covering each breadth, and are finished below by three side pleatings of tulle. The puffs are held to the silk by garlands of orange blossoms passing down the four front seams; the two front garlands end in clusters near the foot, while the two back ones sweep down the sides and around the train, forming a heading to three box-pleatings of tulle that pass above the silk flounce. The basque is pointed in front, with a jockey basque behind, and is edged with two cords; the square neck has tulle pleatings inside, and the short sleeves have puffs turned upward in box-pleats, making a short high shoulder. The corsage bouquet has a spray that runs down to the point of the basque, and another running over the left shoulder. Tulle veil, not hemmed. Coronet of orange blossoms, with a high pointed cluster on the left side and three trailing sprays.

The bride-maid's dress is of white silk, with an over-skirt and pleated flounces of finest French muslin, trimmed with garlands of blush-roses.

GLOVES.

Artists in gloves have prepared kid gloves of invisible colors to match the dark costumes with which they are to be worn. Forty different shades of darkest hues are displayed, including the new black-blue, bottle green, olive, invisible brown, slate, and plum colors. Good taste as well as style prescribes gloves of simplest fashion, utterly without ornament, made with long wrists fastened by three or four steel buttons, and depending for beauty on their fine color and perfect fit. Embroidery is only seen in the short gloves fastened by one or two buttons, to which ladies of conservative tastes still cling. The gloves for general use with various dresses are autumn leaf colors of every hue of the forest, also the blue-gray slate-color, olive, and plum. A novelty to wear with semi-dress black suits at church, visiting, and the theatre is palest blue gloves; for the same purpose bluish lavender, Nile green, with more blue than the gosling-color, and buff are also retained. For fall dress are chalk and creamy white, pearl, and the palest gas-light pink. Short gloves, with but one button at the wrist, are $1 65; with two buttons, $2; the stylish longer gloves fastened by three buttons are $2 50; and with four buttons, $2 75. Full-dress evening gloves, reaching almost to the elbow, and fastened by six buttons, are $3 25. Misses' gloves, numbering from five to six and a half (in smaller sizes than ladies' gloves of corresponding numbers), are $1 65 for those with two buttons, and $2 for three-buttoned gloves. What are called infants' gloves cost $1 25 or $1 50, and are double-stitched.

Undressed kid gloves are brought out in darker slate grays and olive browns. Those with two buttons are $1 75; the longer and more desirable ones, fastened by three buttons, are $2; and those more stylish still, by four buttons, are $2 25. The long-armed glove, equal in length to those fastened by six buttons, yet closed and fitting the arm as if moulded there, and snugly fastened by one button at the wrist, is very handsome, and costs $2 25.

Substantial gloves for fall and winter are made of English calf-skin, with double-stitched seams, and the deep flaring Sandringham cuff, prettily scalloped like the petals of a tulip, and ornamented with feather stitching: price from $2 25 to $3 a pair. There are also calf-skin gloves warmly lined with plush, yet not clumsy, for children's and school-girls' use. Beginning with children's No. 1 sizes, and enlarging to ladies' sizes, they cost from $2 upward; these are in all dark colors, and supply the want of warm black gloves for mourning. For fall and early winter are heavy lisle-silk gloves made with regular seams like a Balbriggan stocking: price $2. For equestriennes are doeskin gloves, white, buff, fawn, and brown, double-stitched, with the pretty Sandringham cuff, for $2 25. Others have a good gauntlet that the hand passes through, and do not need buttoning. Soft fine cloth gloves, all wool, and of French manufacture, are long-wristed and snugly fitted like kid gloves by four seams in the fingers. Those with two buttons cost from 70 cents to $1; with three buttons, from 75 cents to $1 25. These are in slate gray, leaf brown, and black, the latter are comfortable for mourning; they are also in children's and misses' sizes, plain, scalloped, stitched, or merely bound, and are well worth the price—from 50 to 80 cents. Blue and scarlet cloth gloves for children have appliqué, pinked, and embroidered tops, fastened by one button; of German manufacture, these cost 50 cents; the better-finished French gloves are 80 cents.

TOILETTE ARTICLES AND PERFUMERY.

A new coarse dressing comb of buffalo horn, which will be prized by ladies with thick tresses, has the teeth uniform in size, and passes through the hair much more easily than the old-fashioned comb with its nearly useless division of semi-fine teeth. Hair and tooth brushes are shown with the bristles securely fastened and riveted to the back to prevent them from loosening.

Among the new perfumes in vogue are the Butterfly Orchis, one of the most bewilderingly fragrant bouquets ever compounded; the Meadow Queen, which is scarcely less delicious; Hawthorn Bloom; the Wild Flowers of India; the Crown Bouquet; and High Life Bouquet. These are the productions of the Crown Perfumery Company, which has just received the grand prize medal at the Vienna Exposition for its perfumery and toilette soaps. The Jean Maria Farina cologne still preserves its supremacy; but this, like Lubin's extracts, is so successfully counterfeited that it is almost impossible to obtain the genuine article, the very labels and bottles being imitated to perfection. Very good American colognes are found in market, though the imported perfumes are generally superior, owing, it is said, to the grape spirit which is used in their manufacture, and which itself differs in fragrance according to the district from which it comes, as the Johannisberger grape differs from that of the Italian vineyards. A very refreshing use is made of cologne, toilette vinegar, and bay-rum by means of an atomizer, or elastic bulb syringe, by the compression of which the perfume is thrown over the face in a fine spray. For this purpose it should be mixed with equal parts of water, too free a use of the pure liquid being injurious to the complexion.

For information received thanks are due Miss SWITZER; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and THOMSON, LANGDON, & Co.

PERSONAL.

PI Y MARGALL, late Prime Minister of Spain, has a name which is explained thus: Y is a Spanish word meaning "and;" PI Y MARGALL means Pi and Margall, and shows also that the surname of his father was PI, and that of his mother MARGALL. If such a system prevailed among us, and a Mr. Otard married a Miss Eau, their son might properly be called Brandy and Water.

—The memory of WASHINGTON is to be treated with respectful tenderness in Japan. A Jeddo publisher proposes to issue a life of our favorite patriot in forty-four volumes, profusely illustrated in the highest style of Japanese art. G. W. is to be represented in clothes made by DEVLIN & Co., with a mustache, carrying a cane, and accompanied at a respectful distance by a small dog. He is gazing at a lady whose best point is her walk—the Grecian bend.

—M. FAUVRE'S collection of pictures—one of the best in Paris—was sold recently in that city, and realized the handsome sum of $103,000. In the collection were six paintings by EUGÈNE DELACROIX, which sold for the following-named prices: "The Two Foscari," £3180; "The Entombment," £2400; "Horses leaving the Water," £1024; "Ophelia," £1360; "Lion devouring a Caiman," £800; and "Arab Musicians," £840. Ten pictures by JULES DUPRÉ were also sold, at prices ranging from £220 to £1524.

—Two wills have recently been admitted to probate quite different in character. ELIAS DURAND, the Philadelphia botanist, gives his botanical library to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, and his collection of specimens to the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, to be added to a large collection he presented to it in 1869. JOHN R. BURROUGHS, of Hartford, taking another view of things, left to the city a fund of $1000, the interest to be annually spent upon a Thanksgiving dinner for the inmates of the poor-house.

—The wife of Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN has recently deceased. She was the sister of the late Lord MACAULAY, and his lordship's literary executor.

—News comes that the King of Greece has bestowed on the Sultan of Turkey the order of the Redeemer, and received an autograph letter of thanks in return from the aforesaid potentate. But isn't this rather a queer gift to make a Turk? What he will do with it is a conundrum.

—VICTOR EMANUEL is going to Berlin about the middle of September to visit the Emperor of Germany, and we may soon expect to hear of more royal merry-makings like those of the Shah's visit. It is to be hoped, however, that the Italian monarch will conduct himself better than the "king of kings" is reputed to have done.

—Queen VICTORIA'S daughter, the Princess ALICE of Hesse, is living quietly at Secheim, and recovering from the shock caused by the tragic death of the little Prince FRITZ, who was killed by falling from a window. This kind of death is not so uncommon. Cases of somnambulists who precipitate themselves from roofs and windows are of frequent occurrence; and lately Mr. LAMONT, one of the wealthiest and best-known brokers of New York—just the one who might have been expected to betake himself sedately to bed at the proper hour—took the window-seat instead for a couch, fell out, and was killed, for all the world like the poor little prince.

—When the summer songsters go, the winter ones come, only the latter need finer plumage. Our operatic nightingales are gathering in two camps, marshaled by STRAKOSCH and MARETZEK, and headed by NILSSON, TORRIANI, CAMPANINI, and CAPOUL on one side, and LUCCA, DI MURSKA, and TAMBERLIK on the other. NILSSON, however, very nearly failed to be on time, having barely escaped drowning on Lake Geneva. She is here now, and safely housed with her husband at the Clarendon Hotel.

—We have a queen among us, after all. This is a Piute queen, SARAH WINNEMUCCA by name, who reads English, writes poetry, and dresses like any Englishwoman. But she is the daughter of the old Piute chief, and therefore the whole tribe do homage to her, for much the same reason that other nations bow down before their kings and queens.

—Mr. GREELEY'S daughters, IDA and GABRIELLE, with their aunt, Mrs. CLEVELAND, and her daughters, MARGARET and CECILIA, have been spending the summer at the old Chappaqua homestead, which is now occupied by Mr. GREELEY'S brother, and beguiling their loneliness by the writing of books, which is mere recreation in a family which takes to literature as ducks do to water. Miss IDA GREELEY has made her entrance into journalism through various sketches and translations which recall her father's vigorous Saxon; while her cousin, Miss CECILIA CLEVELAND, is engaged on a volume called the *Journal Leaves from Chappaqua*, which it is said will contain much new and interesting information, naturally from the most authentic sources, concerning the great editor and his family.

—It is announced on good authority that the engagement between JOAQUIN MILLER and Miss HARDY, the daughter of Sir THOMAS HARDY, is broken off—that is, if it ever existed. The young lady is on the Continent with her parents, and Mr. MILLER is about to return to America.

—Mr. GLADSTONE'S eldest daughter, AGNES, is about to marry the Rev. EDWARD C. WICKHAM, head-master of the Wellington College.

—The Marquis of Lothian is setting a good example to literary dogs in the manger, who neither use their rare books nor allow any one else to do so, which some of our own bibliomaniacs would do well to follow. He is not only allowing the Early English Text Society to print his unique Anglo-Saxon homilies of the tenth century, but he is also printing, at his own cost, a selection of the most interesting political letters among his ancestors' correspondence for presentation to the Roxburghe Club. This latter work is being edited by Mr. DAVID LAING, the founder and honorary secretary of the Bannatyne Club.

—The late Bishop of Winchester had correct ideas about the pleasantest way of living. "I should like," said he once, "to get up late, and having breakfasted at leisure, go out for a pleasant ride, and then read the last good novel for the rest of the day with my feet upon the fender." But then, suddenly, that wonderful look of earnestness coming over his face, which all who knew him well can never forget, he added, almost to himself, "If there were no work to be done."

—The Duchess of Magenta, better known as Madame M'MAHON, is visiting London. It is said that the visit is strictly private, and without any ulterior motives.

—Mr. KINGLAKE is still at work on his history. He is now in search of materials to complete his account of the famous battle of Inkermann.

—The wealthy and wicked Duke of Brunswick knew that a penny saved is a penny earned as well as our own FRANKLIN. One evening at a circus he bought a programme, price three sous, and gave a four-sous piece in payment. After waiting a long time for the change, he at last, on receiving it, let it fall from his palsied hand, when he groped about for it till it was found, and then deposited it carefully in a safe place in his pocket-book.

—It seems to be an open question whether the *Polaris* crew may have been picked up by some whaler, or whether they were murdered by the Esquimaux who were found in possession of the camp where they had wintered, on Littleton's Island. The missing band numbers thirteen—an ill-omened number, which the superstitious, who will not sit down thirteen at table, will connect with their misfortune. The chiefs of the expedition are all old arctic travelers. Captain SIDNEY O. BUDDINGTON who has a wife and two daughters, is a native of Groton, Connecticut, and is about forty-six years old. He has been at sea thirty-two years, twenty-two of which have been passed in the arctic regions, and has made five voyages around Cape Horn, three around the Cape of Good Hope, and thirteen to Baffin Bay. The chief mate, HUBBARD C. CHESTER, who is a native of Noank, Connecticut, has spent most of his life on the water, and has only visited his family thrice during the last eleven years. The second mate, WILLIAM C. MORTON, of Jersey City, who has been an arctic navigator for twelve years, and was a member of the first GRINNELL expedition, distinguished himself by discovering Dr. KANE'S open polar sea in 1854. Dr. EMIL BISSELS, the chief of the scientific corps of the expedition, is a young German, a graduate of Heidelberg University, and a nephew of the astronomer BISSELS. He was a member of the Prussian arctic expedition. EMIL SCHUMANN, the chief engineer, is also a German, and is about thirty-eight years old.

—The Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, the brilliant author of *Hypatia* and *Alton Locke*, is coming to America this winter. Strange to say, he does not come to make money by lecturing, but only to gratify his own and not other people's curiosity.

—The Dean of Canterbury, the Rev. R. P. SMITH, is one of the guests of the American Evangelical Alliance, and is now staying in New York, at the Brevoort House. He is the bearer of a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, expressing his hope that this General Conference may promote unity in the forms of Christian belief.

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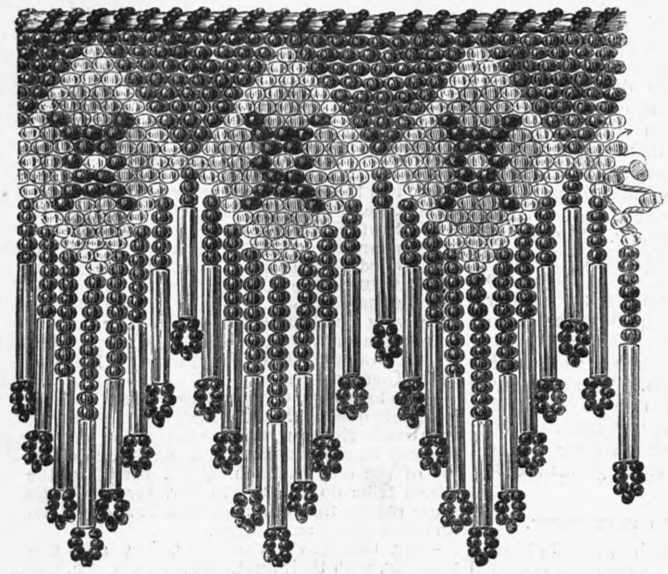


Fig. 2.—BEAD MOSAIC LAMBREQUIN FOR CASTER, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 1.—CASTER WITH BEAD MOSAIC EMBROIDERY. [See Figs. 2 and 3; and Figs. 4 and 5, Page 629.]

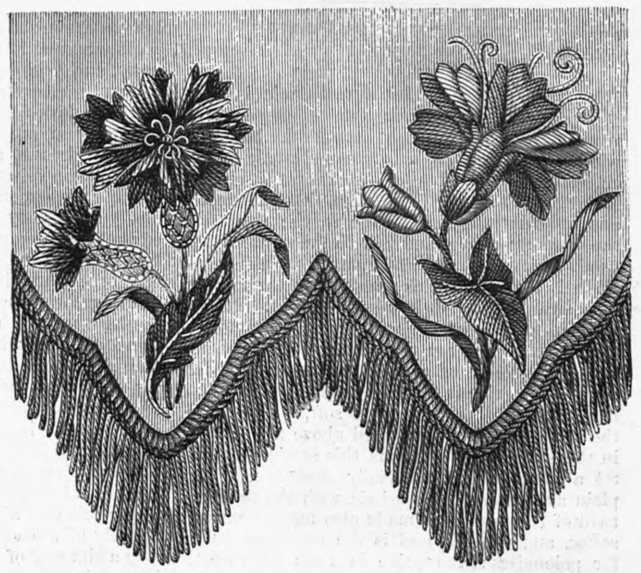


Fig. 3.—LAMBREQUIN FOR CASTER.—SATIN AND HALF-POLKA STITCH EMBROIDERY.—FULL SIZE.

Caster with Bead Mosaic Embroidery, Figs. 1-5.

THIS caster is of carved brown stained and black polished wood. The upper and under edges are trimmed with a lambrequin and a border in bead mosaic. Fig. 2, and Fig. 5, page 629, show full-sized sections of the lambrequin and border, together with the manner of working them. Always fasten the bead taken up to the projecting bead of the second following row and pass over the next bead. Edge the lambrequin and border on the outer edge with white silk cord fastened on with overhand stitches of fine black beads. Instead of this trimming, the lambrequin shown by Fig. 3, and the border Fig. 4, page 629, may be used. The latter are worked on light—for instance, fawn-colored—cloth with saddler's silk of the natural colors of the flowers and leaves in satin and half-polka stitch.

Work-Basket with Embroidered Medallions, Figs. 1-4.

THE frame of this basket is of black varnished cane bars, lined with maroon satin, and ornamented on the outside with embroidered medallions. The lower part of the basket closes with a flat lid, which is covered on both sides with quilted satin, and is furnished with bands for holding various sewing utensils, as shown by Fig. 4, page 629. For the medallions use maroon velvet, and on this apply a star of light blue silk, which is fastened on in point Russe with fine gold cord and with knots of white silk; Fig. 2 shows this medallion in full size. The medallion shown by Fig. 3 may be used alternately with the preceding one. The star is applied in black velvet, the rays are edged with gold cord, and all point Russe stitches and knots are worked with gold thread. The medallion on the middle of the lid is ornamented with a monogram, and on the inside of the lid is fastened a mirror. On the corners of the basket set maroon silk tassels.

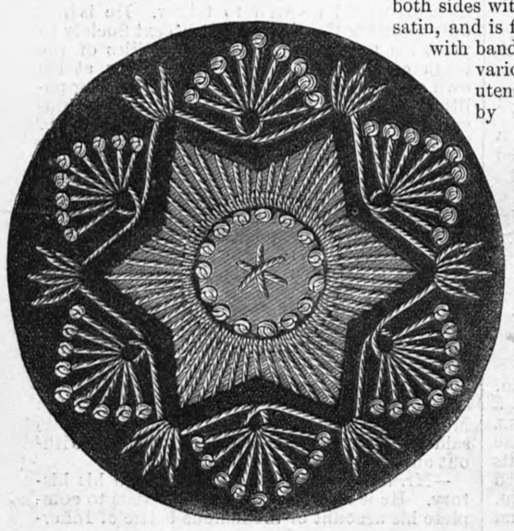
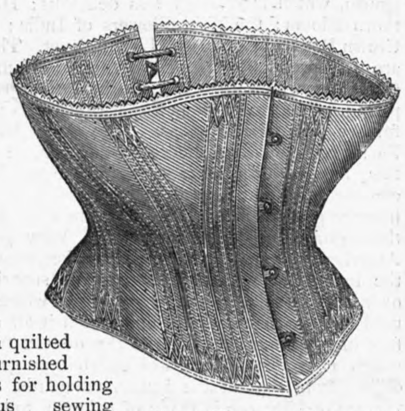
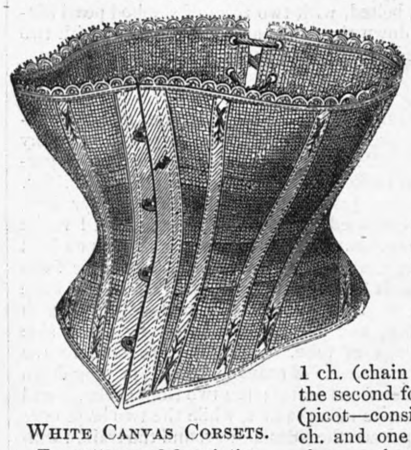


Fig. 2.—MEDALLION FOR WORK-BASKET, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.



GRAY ENGLISH LEATHER CORSETS.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. V., Figs. 20-26.



WHITE CANVAS CORSETS.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 13-19.

Fig. 1.—WORK-BASKET WITH EMBROIDERED MEDALLIONS.—CLOSED.—[See Figs. 2 and 3; and Fig. 4, Page 629.]

Designs for Tapestry Foundations, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE designs are suitable for centres of rugs, for covering traveling-bags, etc. The material should be coarse or fine, according to the size desired for the embroidery. The colors are given in the description of symbols.

Crochet Insertions for Lingerie, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 629.

THESE insertions are worked with fine or coarse cotton, according to the purpose for which they are designed. They are worked with twisted crochet cotton, No. 80, in the original.

Fig. 1.—This insertion is worked in two equal parts, consisting each of three rounds, lengthwise, on a foundation of the requisite length: 1st round.—∗ 1 dc. (double crochet) on the next foundation st. (stitch), 1 ch. (chain stitch), 1 dc. on the second following st., 1 p. (picot—consisting of 5 ch. and one single crochet on the first of these), with this pass over 1 st. of the preceding round; repeat from ∗. 2d round.—1 sl. (slip stitch) on the middle st. of the first p. in the preceding round, ∗ twice alternately 2 ch., 1 p. downward (that is, 5 ch., drop the st. from the needle, insert the latter in the first of the 5 ch., and draw the dropped st. through); then 5 ch., twice al-

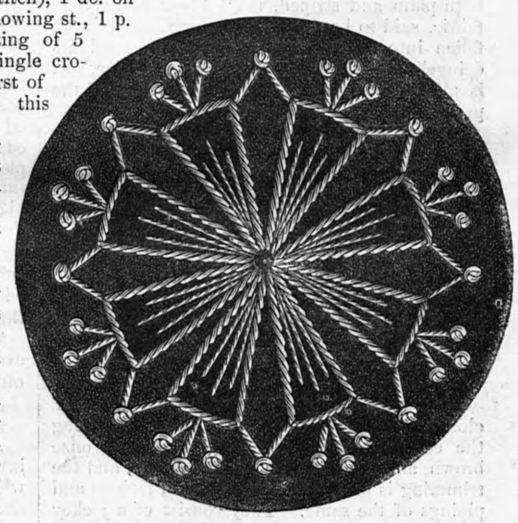


Fig. 3.—MEDALLION FOR WORK-BASKET, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

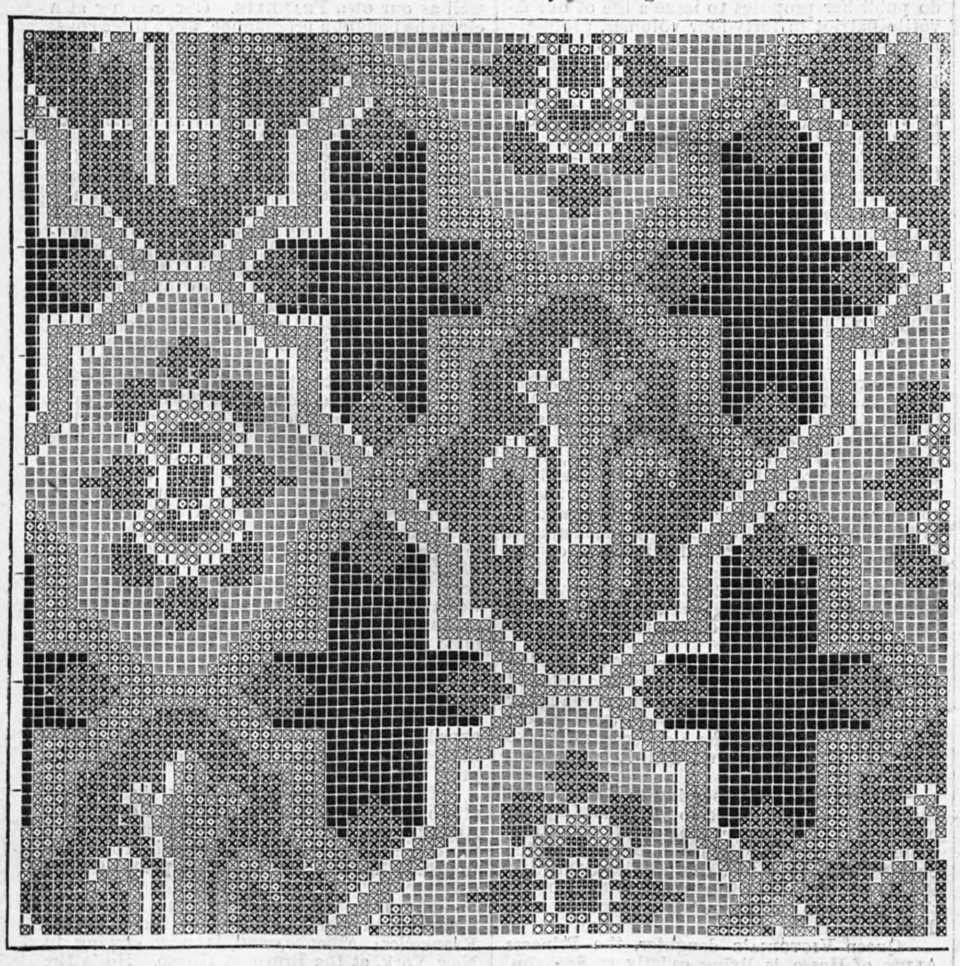


Fig. 1.—DESIGN FOR TAPESTRY FOUNDATION.

Description of Symools: ■ Medium Green; ⊠ Maroon; ▪ Red; ⊞ Black; ⧈ Violet; ⧉ 1st (darkest), ⧇ 2d, ⁞ 3d (lightest), Fawn (the last silk).

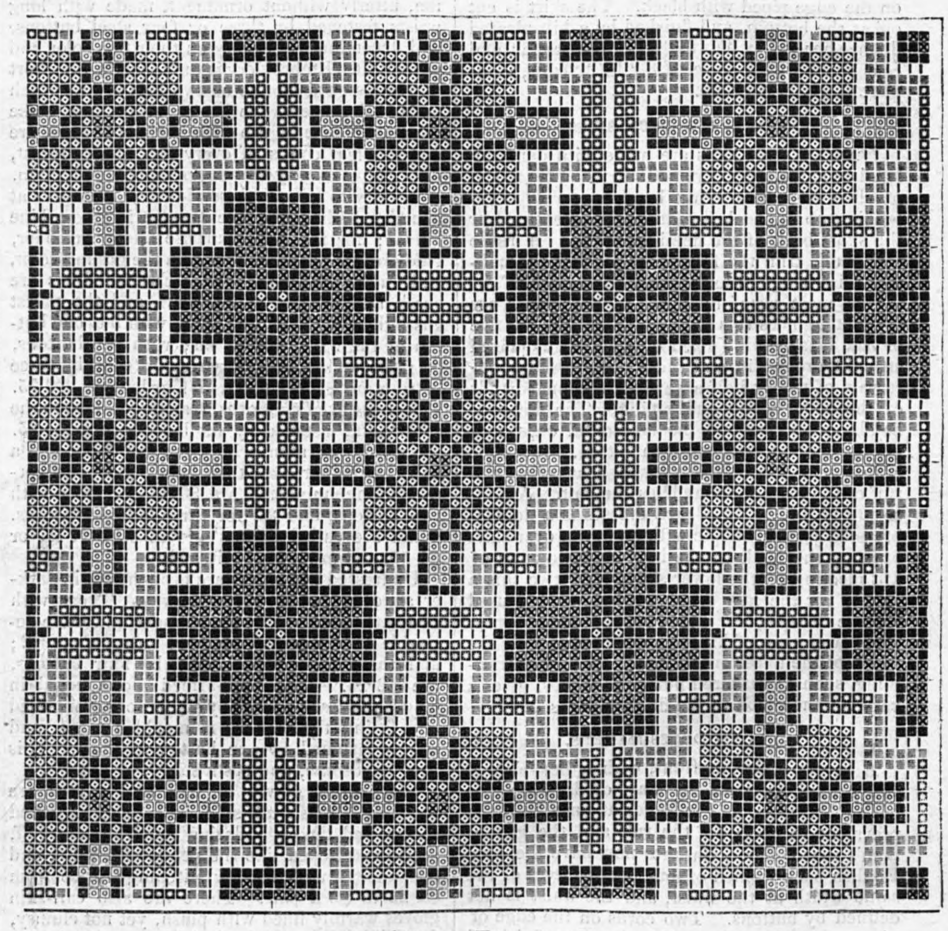


Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR TAPESTRY FOUNDATION.

Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ⊠ Green; ⧈ Red; ⧇ Violet; ⧉ 1st (darkest), ▪ 2d, ⁞ 3d (lightest), Wood Brown.

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Fig. 1.—BROWN CLOTH TIGHT-FITTING BASQUE.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 4–8.

Fig. 2.—BROWN CLOTH TIGHT-FITTING BASQUE.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 4–8.

Fig. 4.—WORK-BASKET WITH EMBROIDERED MEDALLIONS.—OPEN.—[See Figs. 1–3, Page 628.]

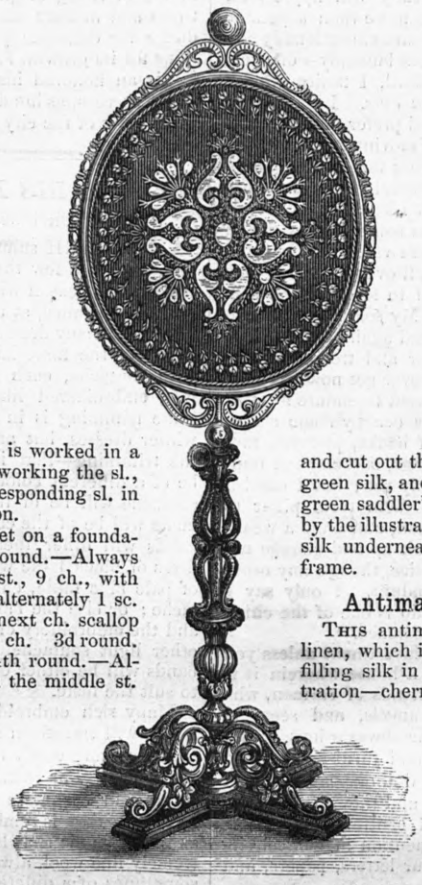
smoothly with Russia leather, and the bars are ornamented with inlaid gold arabesques. The upper and lower cases are covered with red velvet, and edged with a fringe of fine and coarse gold beads. The illustration plainly shows the manner of stringing on the beads. On the surface of the upper medallion a monogram may be worked with gold cord and gold thread, or embroidered with silk.

ternately 1 p. downward, 2 ch., then 1 sl. on the middle st. of the third following p. of the preceding round; repeat from ∗. 3d round.—1 sc. (single crochet) on the first sl. of the preceding round, ∗ 1 ch., twice alternately 1 p., 2 ch., then 1 sl. on the middle of the next 5 ch. worked in connection in the preceding round, twice alternately 2 ch., 1 p., then 1 ch., 1 sc. on the next sl. in the preceding round; repeat from ∗. The other half of the insertion is worked in a similar manner, but in the third round, in working the sl., always fasten at the same time to the corresponding sl. in the 3d round of the first half of the insertion.

For the insertion shown by Fig. 2 crochet on a foundation of the requisite length as follows: 1st round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the next foundation st., 9 ch., with these pass over 5 st. 2d round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop in the preceding round, 9 ch. 3d round.—Like the 2d round. 4th round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop in the preceding round, 5 ch. 5th round.—7 sc. on each ch. scallop in the preceding round. Then crochet on the foundation st. of the insertion one round more like the 5th round.

Watch Stand.

THE stand is covered and cut out the outlines carefully. Underlay the cloth with green silk, and work the point Russe stitches and knots with green saddler's silk, as indicated on the pattern and shown by the illustration. Finally, baste on another piece of green silk underneath, and then fasten the embroidery into the frame.



LIGHT SCREEN WITH APPLICATION EMBROIDERY.
For design see Supplement, No. XIII., Fig. 62.

Light Screen with Application Embroidery.

THE frame of this screen is of oxidized steel and gold bronze, and is sixteen inches high; the foundation of the screen is of green cloth. To make the screen first transfer the design, of which a quarter section is given by Fig. 62, Supplement, to paper; paste the latter on the wrong side of the cloth,

Antimacassar with Russian Embroidery.

THIS antimacassar is made of fine gray or unbleached linen, which is ornamented in point Russe embroidery with filling silk in various bright colors, as shown by the illustration—cherry, green, and blue are used in the original. In the same manner may be worked covers of sofa-cushions, large and small tidies, etc. Tidies should be bordered all around with colored fringe.

Faille, Swiss Muslin, and Lace Fichu-Collar.

See illustration on page 637.

FOR the foundation of this collar cut of double Swiss muslin a straight strip thirty inches and a half long and an inch and a half wide, which is sloped off from the middle toward the ends to a width of an inch. On the upper edge of this foundation set lace three-quarters of an inch wide, and on the under edge a Swiss muslin ruffle trimmed with lace. This ruffle is two inches and a quarter wide and sloped off on one edge from the middle toward the ends to a width of an inch. Besides this the ruffle is arranged in treble box-pleats in the middle, and in double

WATCH STAND.

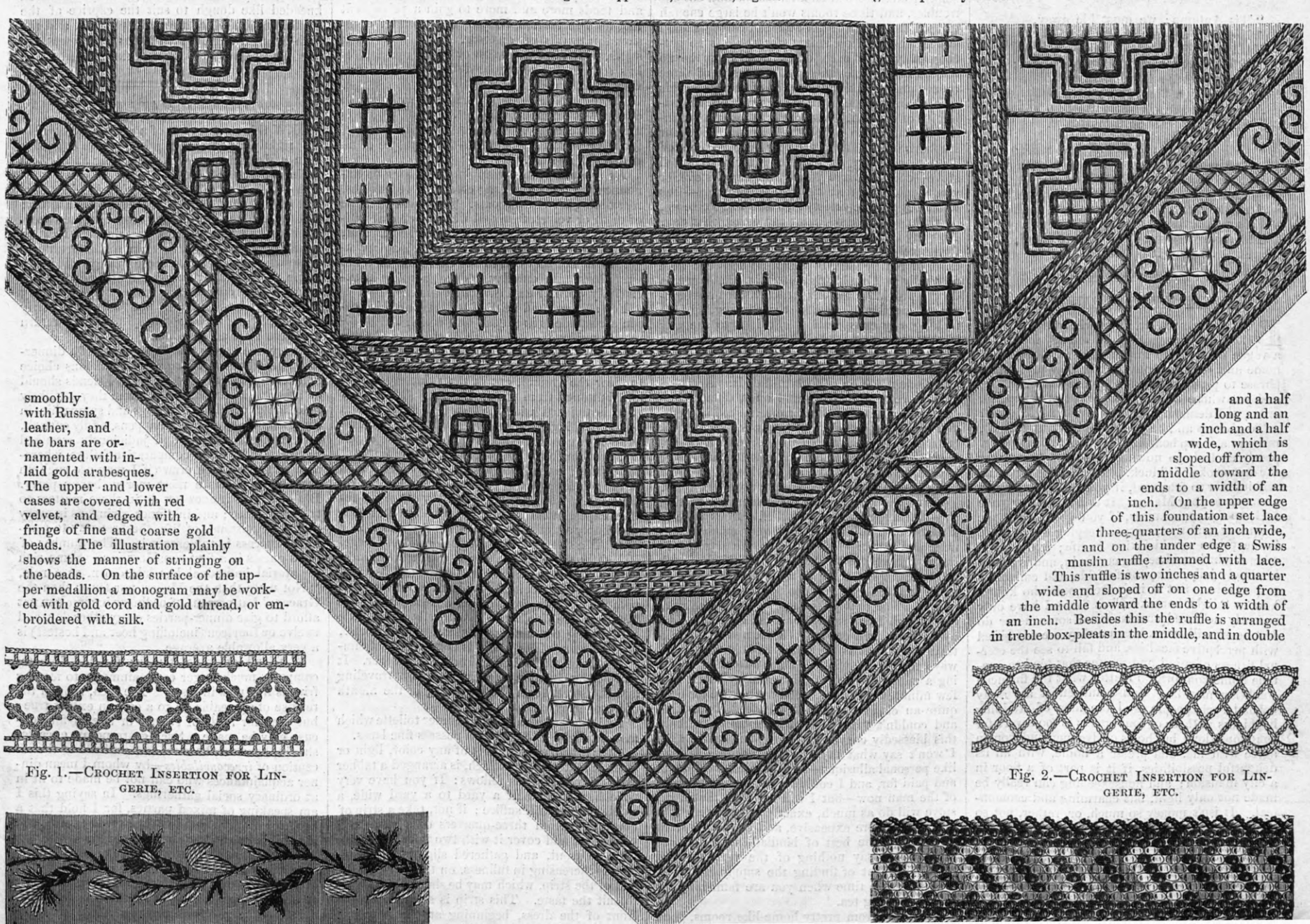


Fig. 1.—CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Fig. 2.—CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

box-pleats toward the ends. Cover the foundation on the outside with three folds of purple faille, each three-quarters of an inch wide, which overlap each other a quarter of an inch wide each. The seam of the lower fold and of the box-pleated faille ruffle, an inch and three-quarters wide, is covered with a roll of the same material. The faille ruffle is fringed out three quarters of an inch wide on the under edge. A bow of faille finishes the collar.

Point Lace Edging for Lingerie, etc.

See Illustration on page 637.

FOR this edging transfer the design to linen, baste the point lace braid on the linen, and fasten the braid at the intersecting points with several stitches. For the bars stretch the thread from one outline to another, overcast it, and work a picot at each corresponding point. Work the lace stitches as shown by the illustration.

Crape Hood.

See Illustration on page 637.

THIS hood is made of gray crape and figured black tulle, and is trimmed with black lace, a white lace ruche, and a bow of gray gros grain ribbon. On the back edge of the hood are fastened ends of double crape, which are trimmed with black lace. Gray silk gauze veil.

THE ROBIN'S GOOD-BY.

BY FRANK J. OTTARSON.

"'TIS Autumn," Robin-Redbreast said;
"I may not longer tarry here:
The sky is gray, the flowers are dead,
And nature mourns the dying year.
When Spring returns, my mate and I
Will come again to rear our young,
And vocalize a melody
That never poet wrote nor sung.

"'Tis Autumn, and the sun is dim,
As if his fire were nearly gone;
The breeze wails out a mournful hymn,
And all the land is sad and lone.
'Tis Autumn, and the fading leaves
Sail slowly down upon the wind,
Leaving, like Death, when he bereaves,
The living germ of Hope behind.

"'Tis Autumn: over land and main
A veil of azure haze is thrown,
As if the parent Heaven again
Had claimed our planet for its own,
And the blue vestments of the sky
For dim, uncertain boundaries given,
Till scarcely can the straining eye
Tell which is earth or which is heaven.

"'Tis Autumn: even Greenwood's green,
Wherein we built our little nest—
For danger sure is never seen
Where loved ones lie in sacred rest—
Her green is faded; Winter's snow
Thick o'er the ground will soon be tossed,
To shield the graves we see below
From bitter wind and biting frost.

"'Tis Autumn: we must hie away,
Nor fold a wing by day or night
Until we hear the Gulf waves say,
'Come, welcome Robin, here alight;
Here, where the roses blush and glow
All through the warm and drowsy year,
And rich magnolia perfumes flow
In floods upon the atmosphere.

"'"'Tis Autumn: Bobolink has come;
The mocking-bird your welcome sings;
Bob tells about his Northern home,
And pleasant news of Robin brings.'"
And Robin said, "The Southern wind
Is whispering, 'Birdie, do not wait;
Tell sparrow sweet your nest to mind,
And hasten—it is getting late.'"

LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING.

DO you, dear reader, know what "light housekeeping" means? Have you any idea, even a vague one, of the magnificent possibilities of home and comfort conveyed in that mysterious phrase to people whose purses are not plethoric, and yet whose aspirations are all of a superior order, and demand attention and consideration?

To give up and be poor in downright earnest, retire to a cheap boarding-house, live on nothing, poorly cooked, go nowhere, and see no one, at the first stroke of ill luck, is to acknowledge yourself inferior to fate, and, if you have any wits, is an insult to your Maker. It don't cost any more to keep up appearances, if you go to work the right way, and that, next to keeping out of debt, is the prime consideration in life; and here is where light housekeeping comes in, and is so exceedingly jolly, nice, comfortable, and eminently respectable. But it isn't every one who knows how to "light housekeep" at first—I have only recently achieved success—and some never do and never will learn, because they are not gifted with perceptive faculties, and fail to see the eternal fitness of mind and matter that tend to genuine home comfort, no matter what the financial condition may be. Cause and effect are away beyond such people, and the idea of attaining happiness in three or four rooms is too severe for contemplation; but hosts of live men and women agree with me, and prefer a home, with all its delightful possibilities, if it is part of a floor in a city mansion; and housekeeping can really be made not only light, but charming and economical. It isn't money so much, or, rather, not so *much* money, that is requisite as tact and taste and a desire to produce grand results from apparent nothings. It may be in a culinary way, offering the beloved partner of your joys and sorrows an ambrosia, made of ordinary materials enough, but flavored with a nameless divine something that makes it very good eating, and calls forth the honest praise that is so dear to the heart of woman, or it may be in organizing your parlor, which in light housekeeping is dining-room, library, and serving-room as well, a very attractive spot, that to the eye of love at least will appear a bower of beauty and the abode of all the human virtues. The easiest and, to my mind, the only way to thoroughly accomplish and enjoy light housekeeping is to take furnished rooms. They are, to be sure, more expensive than unfurnished ones, but there are many compensations, and in the long-run will be found to pay. They are generally cared for, more or less scrupulously, as the case may be, and you have no responsibility other than you choose to assume. The maid-of-all-work is your servant *pro tem.*, and yet you are spared the annoyance and expense of regaling inevitable cousins and followers from your small larder. I suggest furnished rooms for another reason that people addicted to moving periodically will appreciate. You can't in this city live more than a year in the same house, unless you are exceptionally and rarely blessed in a permanent landlady—one never rents rooms of a landlord, I notice—and I have yet to find that *rara avis*. I think they are nomadic as a race, and prefer a roving life. The burden and anxiety of moving furniture once or twice a year is something fearful to contemplate, independent of the general wreck our household gods undergo. Don't I know to my sorrow and inexpressible grief that some seventy-five or eighty dollars' worth of rare vases that had followed my varied fortunes all over the world were in one fell swoop reduced to food for the ash-barrel at my last move? My sole consolation is that they can never be moved again, and I sha'n't have them to pack in fear and trembling, and this is the only joy I shall ever get now from my "things of beauty," supposed to endure forever.

My movable possessions occupy some six or eight trunks, exclusive of books, pictures, music, and a few scattering bags, baskets, and bundles which are of no earthly use; but I cherish them tenderly, and drag them from pillar to post, because I am a woman, and have a weakness for traps. I can pack up and change my field of action at short notice, though any other pastime is preferable, I admit. I only say I *can*, and the ability so to do is one of the chief blessings of my present existence.

Furniture is not a good investment unless you are the sole proprietor of a house wherein it is secure from the ruthless hands of carmen, who are veritable destroying angels, and seem to thrive on and enjoy their devastations. But to return to my subject and furnished rooms. Three will suffice for any well-disposed and not too presumptuous couple, and they should be in a private family, in a good, central locality—one that will sound well to mention in genteel circles, and look well on your letters, papers, and parcels.

Of course a man and wife must have similar tastes and desires, and be mutually agreed and helpful, or there will be altercations and endless troubles, and three rooms won't be large enough to hold them. No semi-attached couple should undertake this experiment, for there is no getting away from each other; there can be no retreat or private refuge in a *ménage* of three rooms, and the chief requisites of success in this rather novel mode of living are peace and unanimity of opinion. You can't make up your individual mind to a beefsteak dinner, and your stubborn but doubtless better half to one of chops, and both be gratified; for your small stove—and of course you have a small stove, or you wouldn't be at light housekeeping—has room but for one variety; so one must give up, or there will be no dinner for either that day. Now my better half is not at all stubborn, and, fortunately for him, likes what I do—except a dash of red pepper, to which he does not take as kindly as I could wish—and he allows me to do the providing for our establishment as seemeth to me the best; also the cooking, without making any exasperating allusions to the way his ancestors prepared the same viands; and he always says my results are tip-top—beat Delmonico's all to nothing, especially in soups and refections made up of odds and ends. An atom of a stove that would stand on a dinner-plate does our cooking, and we are refreshed and edified with all sorts of good things, served in irreproachable style, and cleanly beyond a doubt. Such truly beatific coffee and oysters, such rare, tender, and juicy steaks, such golden brown and fleecy omelettes, such superlative waffles, toast, Welsh rare-bits, etc., as are generated in that tiny machine almost pass belief. I can bake in a tin oven, small but hot, and very much in earnest, and I can broil on a genuine broiler; in short, I have yet to discover the thing I can't do, except roast a pig or a turkey, and I could manage those even, by cooking them in installments. The outlay for fuel is almost incalculable, though I can safely say it is less than a penny an hour, and can not be deemed a wild extravagance. It is clean, no trouble, and is always ready; so, without more ado than applying a match, I can refresh a hungry friend in a few minutes, and never need have a fire for even quite an elaborate spread. Indeed, I wouldn't and couldn't "do" light housekeeping without this blessedly convenient and inexpensive ally. I won't say what my stove is, because I don't like personal allusions—and, besides, it is bought and paid for, and I couldn't make any thing out of the man now—but I will say this, that a gas stove will do as much, exactly as well, only it is very much more expensive, and entails constant fusses with the best of landladies on the gas question, to say nothing of the vexation and disappointment of finding the supply cut off at mid-day some time when you are famishing for a cup of strong tea.

But aside from pretty home-like rooms, good wholesome food well cooked and tastefully served, and the general economy of the arrangement, housekeeping; and the steadily increasing popularity of the fashion among our best and most sensible people speaks volumes for it. There is no privacy, no home life, in boarding. You are tied to hours, and the bondage becomes irksome after a while. Your friends come and go, but you have no realizing sense of having entertained them, though your heart may be full of genuine hospitality. You are constantly receiving attentions and favors, and are at a loss how to reciprocate; in short, you want and must have a home of your own, no matter how small, so it is a happy and well-ordered one, where you can welcome your friends, and be comfortable after your own devices; and I, from my own heart-felt experience, suggest as a relief from all these ills a trial of light housekeeping. Where and when the idea of revolutionizing the conventional modes of living originated I can't say, but the times and modern conveniences, and a growing desire for domestic pleasures, have been propitious for its growth, and to-day light housekeeping is an honored institution and an acknowledged success, as hundreds of happy, cozy homes in all parts of the city will testify.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

ALTHOUGH summer dresses are still worn, we see a few things here and there which the present season will bequeath to its successor. For instance, at the sea-side and the watering-places many dresses have been trimmed with bands of the material cut in points and edged with soutache, each point containing a small leaf, embroidered likewise in soutache. The same trimming is in course of preparation for winter dresses, but arranged as follows: either the trimming—that is to say, the bands—will be of a different color from the dress while the soutache will be of the same color, or the soutache will be of the color of the dress while the bands will differ therefrom. For instance, a dress of black faille will be trimmed with bands of pale blue faille, embroidered with black soutache; or else the bands will be of black faille, and the embroidery of pale blue, violet, or some other light soutache. For woolen dresses the bands will be either of the material or of faille, to suit the taste.

Many rich embroideries are in preparation, which will transform simple woolen dresses into toilettes more costly than the most elegant velvet robes. For instance, there is executed in vigogne or cashmere what is called India embroidery—that is, embroidery as fine and close as that of India shawls. This is wrought in extremely fine wool, always of the same color, but sometimes of a different shade from that of the woolen fabric.

Jet is certainly not a novelty, but it will be worn every where during the coming winter, and tends more and more to gain a permanent foot-hold in fashion, subject only to brief occasional intervals of disfavor. Just now black stuffs, with alternate satin or velvet and lustreless stripes, are rejuvenated by embroidering a vine of jet on each side of the lustreless stripe. Galloons, head-dresses, bonnets—every thing, in a word—is trimmed with jet. Steel, which is much more costly, will be necessarily reserved for the few, but jet is accessible to people of all degrees of fortune.

As regards winter wrappings, I hasten to announce the revival of long cloaks or redingotes, resembling men's overcoats. These will be made of cloth or velvet, trimmed with fur or embroidery, and will generally have a pointed hood. But, thanks to the eclecticism of fashion, long redingotes will not be worn to the exclusion of other wrappings. In our day, indeed, nothing is exclusively worn or exclusively forsworn.

For autumn and négligé toilettes of this season a costume is in preparation which will be almost a uniform. It is made of slate gray double cashmere (rather thick), or else of light cloth. This costume is composed of a dress short enough to clear the ground, cut in the princesse shape, and buttoned from top to bottom. The under edge is finished with a pleated flounce, set on with a heading, trimmed with rolls of silk. The wrapping is composed of a sort of *robe de chambre*, open in front from the belt to the bottom, tight-fitting in the back, and long enough to reach to the heading of the flounce on the bottom of the dress. The bust is covered by three graduated capes, much longer behind than in front, and simply edged, like the wrapping, with a roll of silk. The sleeves of the wrapping are very large, and show those of the dress, which are almost tight. The whole is trimmed with steel buttons. The dress has a belt of gray leather, ornamented with steel hooks, from which are suspended the watch on one side, and the umbrella and a little leather bag containing the porte-monnaie, etc., on the other. The whole is convenient, of simple elegance, and suited to brave the weather. It will be the costume *par excellence* for traveling and the street from the beginning of the month of October.

I will describe an autumn dinner toilette which may be useful to ladies who possess fine laces.

Over a trained silk skirt of any color, light or dark, it matters little which, is arranged a tablier over-skirt of lace, as follows: If you have very wide lace, from half a yard to a yard wide, a single flounce will suffice; if not, take a strip of black tulle from three-quarters of a yard to a yard wide, and cover it with two flounces, set on plain in front, and gathered slightly, but constantly increasing in fullness, on the sides, to the end of the strip, which may be shorter or longer, to suit the taste. This strip is set plain on the front of the dress, beginning at the belt; the ends are then drawn up behind, so as to diminish its width under the arms, and are suffered to fall over here and there by bows of ribbon formed of two loops without ends. Wide sash of ribbon like the bows.

The waist of this dress is neither high nor low, but is heart-shaped both in the front and behind, so as to show the neck and the upper part of the back. It is covered with two very large pieces of lace; the straight edge of each piece of lace is fastened around the top of the long sleeve, the scalloped edge being turned toward the neck, and the folds of the lace being fastened here and there to the dress. The lace thus disposed simulates a sort of sleeveless jacket; and the arrangement easily transforms a simple dress into an elegant toilette.

For the trimmings of dresses there is in preparation English embroidery wrought on faille, with silk of the same color as the foundation. This kind of trimming will favor the combination of colors, which is far from being abandoned. I will cite an example: Skirt of mauve faille, trimmed with a flounce of light gray faille, ornamented with English embroidery worked with gray silk. This flounce is set a little above the under edge of the skirt, and is plain and narrow in front, and gradually becomes fuller and wider on the sides and back. Above the flounce the front of the skirt is trimmed with five rows of insertion of gray faille, wrought with the same English embroidery. These insertions are set *on* the skirt in such a manner that the mauve color of the latter shows through and forms a transparency. Over-skirt, open and very much cut away in front, of gray faille, edged with a flounce of the same, trimmed with English embroidery. This over-skirt is draped behind in a pouf, and caught up on each side, over the mauve skirt, by three large bows of ribbon, half gray and half mauve, arranged in such a manner that the mauve loop and end rests on the gray over-skirt, while the gray loop and end falls on the mauve skirt. Behind, under the pouf, is set a large mauve ribbon bow.

Almost every lady wears now around her waist a number of hooks, from which she suspends a multitude of articles—her fan, watch, parasol, porte-monnaie, reticule, etc. These hooks vary in cost, from the most modest steel to the richest enameled and jeweled silver. The fashion is so general that its mention is indispensable.

Steel spangles are in preparation, of all possible shapes—birds, suns, crescents, stars, butterflies, flies, etc. They will be used to embroider silk and tulle dresses for dinners and balls.

The hair is still dressed extremely high, which necessitates the continuance of the absurd little bonnets now worn. The braids, curls, loops, and crêpes of themselves alone make a sort of helmet or shako, and the bonnet has to accommodate itself thereto as best it may, whence results the toques and hats which we see turned up on one side and flattened on the other, and looking very much as though they had been kneaded like dough to suit the caprice of the scaffolding on which they are perched, and the high Spanish comb which forms its present appendage.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

DINNER-PARTIES.

FEW things to a man of a certain age, with a rightly constituted mind, are more enjoyable than a pleasant dinner-party, either at his own table or that of a friend.

A dinner may fail from a cook being incompetent or tipsy, a pastry-cook false or unpunctual; and the compassion of the guests is some consolation to their unfortunate entertainers. But bad wine is something more than a misfortune to those who receive it; to those who give it it is a crime. Fortunately for myself, my acquaintance with persons committing such offenses is very limited; and as I happen not to be particularly well off, I gladly accept hospitalities in return for those I am able to offer.

Every one knows that the success of a dinner-party greatly depends upon the judicious choice and arrangement of the guests. Friends should be asked to meet those with whom they are likely to assimilate, and have feelings and sympathies in common, though it often happens, oddly enough, that a most carefully and judiciously arranged selection turns out a comparative failure, whereas a sort of scratch crew (if I may use such an expression) forms a most merry, happy party. But of course it does not do in these matters to trust to chance; and in dinner-giving, as in every other circumstance of life, the best way to command success is to deserve it. The number of one's guests is a first consideration. Some rich dictatorial individual has laid down, as a rule, "Not more than the Muses, nor fewer than the Graces;" but persons of ordinary income can not afford to give dinner-parties every other day, and twelve or fourteen (including host and hostess) is a very allowable average.

A friend of mine, famous for his dinners, compares much larger entertainments to feeding friends like pigs in a sty. The idea, though the reverse of agreeable, is to a certain extent true; but even for feeds of twenty or twenty-four excuse may be made. Such gastronomic excesses should, however, be rare, and confined to the reception of *irreconcilables*—by whom I mean dinner acquaintances who can not be made to fit in at ordinary social gatherings. In saying this I am speaking of mixed parties, for I hold that a bachelor dinner should never exceed twelve, and if possible be confined to nine or ten.

I shudder at the remembrance of one of more than thirty I recently partook of at a certain club. It was like a first day's dinner at the *table d'hôte* of a foreign hotel. After all there is very little necessity to crowd *men* together, for irreconcilables, as a rule, consist almost invariably of the *softer sex*.

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ous dowager, who overweights any ordinary festive meeting, who is offended if not taken down to dinner by the martyr host (in preference, perhaps, to one of the most agreeable women present), and who patronizes fellow-guests, probably as greatly her superior in position as they are in good-breeding? She is an *irreconcilable* who at a very large dinner-party is comparatively harmless. Even she will not expect necessarily to be first among so many, and she has fuller scope for discourse respecting her aristocratic proclivities and family connections than where she is better known, and therefore less appreciated. But in addition to the dowager there are certain old maids, not very producible in limited circles, who may with advantage be judiciously dotted about in large gatherings, and also *exigeantes* mammas with marriageable daughters, who give large parties themselves, and like and expect to be asked to the same in return. Of course one of the component parts of an entertainment of this sort is the padding—by which I mean a certain number of dull, heavy men whom it is necessary to ask, because they, or their fathers or mothers, give agreeable dinners, or because their acquaintance is in some way or other valuable or useful, though they come to your house apparently for no other purpose than, like Sir Thrifty's friends, "To stare about them and to eat." Then perhaps one, or possibly two (if you place them some distance apart) really clever men and good talkers, and your party is complete—irreconcilables, padding, lion or lions.

The good talker, especially if he has no rival present, enjoys himself to his heart's content. His audience, like the House of Commons, is very easily amused, and he has no one to cap his somewhat threadbare anecdotes and ancient jokes, which in other company he would not venture to produce. Indeed, some effective talkers are never so much in their element as at a large dinner-party; like certain actors or orators, they require a full audience to stimulate them to exertion, and think that in the presence of only five or six listeners they comparatively "waste their sweetness on the desert air." Even a very large party, judiciously composed, may be a success, though not of the highest order.

The most charming dinners are where all share in the conversation to a less or greater degree, the lead being taken by two or three good *raconteurs*, who do not monopolize, but direct, suggest, and control the talk.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

An ex-King's Will.—More of the Tichborne Case.—Mr. Wise and his Balloon.

A SOVEREIGN prince, even when he has lost his sovereignty, is no "small potato" in Europe, and when he has an income of a *million pounds a year*, one would think he would die at least "much respected." Charles Frederic Auguste William, however, whilom "by the grace of God" Duke sovereign of Brunswick and Lüneburg, has not been so fortunate. He has died one of the richest men in the world, and yet no human creature cries, "May he rest in peace!" or if they do, it is only on the principle that if he goes to heaven, all men are safe from the alternative. What tricks he played to make the angels weep, before he was cast from his throne, it is needless now to dilate upon; but as he was kicked out of it at a time when people were by no means so particular as they are now as to the behavior of their rulers, we may be sure it was not for nothing that he became a private person. The last scene in which he played in his own capital was a retreat from the opera amidst a shower of dead cats and Continental eggs, and from that time he became a wanderer over the face of the earth, touching no soil that he did not disgrace. The sovereign powers to whom he appealed, though zealous enough for divine right, refused to countenance his re-establishment, and he revenged himself by coming to live in their dominions. Such was his infamous conduct that even the courts of Europe—so tender to the vices of the great—were one by one closed against him, with the exception of an occasional police court; for, with wealth above the dreams of avarice, he mingled with the basest and most vile. His gold and, above all, his jewels were a curse to him, for he was alarmed for their safety every hour of the day and night, and took the most extraordinary precautions to protect them. The enemies he had made for himself by his oppressions put him also in constant dread for his own worthless life, and he lived in such fear of poison that his gold and silver dishes came to table *locked*, lest their contents should have been tampered with. No man, however, harmed him. Once only did justice seem to be overtaking him, when he was taken up by an English policeman by mistake, under the impression that he was one of the swell-mob. As Dickens said (in one of the recent letters in Forster's *Life*), "That man ought to have been made an inspector for his sagacity." Thus outraging every law of God and man, this princely pest lived on, a wonder and a warning, but no longer with the power to tyrannize over a subject people, and now has died, leaving a will behind him as marvelous and wicked as his life itself. At the moment of his death he was probably "worth" twenty-five millions of pounds sterling, or one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars. All this, with the exception of £40,000 which he has bequeathed to a Mr. Smith, of Chelsea, his executor, is left to the city of Geneva. There is nothing to be said against so respectable a municipality thus unexpectedly becoming the richest in the world, but the terms of the bequest exhibit a hateful spirit. In the first place, five physicians, the most celebrated that can be procured, are *to examine his intestines to search for* petrified according to the latest method, as being the best for preserving his precious carcass, while the funeral is to be conducted with all the pomp and splendor befitting a sovereign prince. His shameful expulsion from that eminence rankled in him to the last; and while making provision for such "a monument and equestrian statue" as should put all other such into the shade, "to be constructed *ad libitum* out of the millions of our succession in bronze and marble by the most celebrated artists," he enjoins upon his heirs to make no sort of compromise with his "unnatural relations," Prince William of Brunswick, the ex-King of Hanover, and the Duke of Cambridge. They are to make every effort to put themselves in possession of his property in Hanover, in Prussia, and in America, but especially to do their best to recover that fortune "taken from us by force, and kept since 1830, in our duchy of Brunswick." His design in leaving all this wealth as he has done was probably to this end: since a city, the representatives of which can not die, has a much better chance of prosecuting a claim which may be resisted for a series of years than any mere individual. At all events, he has left all to Geneva, with one million of gold and bank-notes to start with by way of balance at his banker's. His intentions up to 1869 had been, it seems, to make the Prince Imperial of France his heir, and thrice, it is asserted, has the ex-Empress gone to Geneva *incognita* to visit him in person, and beseech him to return to his first resolve. How fortunate is it for the sake of liberty and order that she failed, for with such a fortune what intrigues and conspiracies might not have been set agoing! Fancy if the poor, proud Comte de Chambord had got hold of it, or the Orleanists, or, in fact, any royal pretender! The first purchase that would have been made with it would have been votes in the Assembly; the second, an army to have enforced its will. Though this wealth, therefore, might have been left to better hands (to mine or yours, for instance), it might also have been left to much worse; and we can only hope that after the duke's monument is finished, the rest of the money may be put to better purpose. In the mean time I look for another Alexandre Dumas to write for us a new *Monte Cristo* in the biography of this princely scoundrel and beggarly millionaire.

It is difficult to ascend from such a topic as the ex-Duke of Brunswick to that of "maternal instinct," but perhaps you would like to hear what Dr. Kenealy, in the words which conclude (at last) his speech for the defense of the Tichborne claimant, has to say about it. "The maternal instinct is everlasting and all-subduing in the human heart and soul—a true and divinely implanted feeling, which you and I, gentlemen of the jury, ought not to resist; and I call upon you, in the name of that instinct, to declare your verdict—a verdict which will delight the whole realm of England—that the defendant is Roger Tichborne." This praise of the parental feeling is the more praiseworthy in Dr. Kenealy as the learned gentleman himself once so far forgot his "paternal instincts" as to beat one of his own children within an inch of his life, for which offense he was cast into prison.

I know that it is not your business to give *me* information, but *vice versa*, yet, if you wouldn't mind, I should very much like to know whether Professor Wise and his companions do really intend to cross the Atlantic in a balloon. Our Mr. Coxwell, the aeronaut, tells *us* that they will not only not do so, but if the accounts of their preparations are correct, that they will not even rise with the occasion, but by remaining upon *terra firma* be spared from committing a very elaborate and expensive suicide. There is a nursery poem which occurs to my mind as applicable to this experiment:

"Three wise men of Gotham put to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger, my tale had been longer."

I don't say the bowl will not cross the sea in this case, but if it does, *I will undertake to go back in it.*

R. KEMBLE, of London.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

MAINE and Massachusetts chiefly supply our markets with that favorite crustacean, the lobster. A considerable quantity of lobsters is every year caught on the rocky shores of Long Island and New Jersey, but the great centres from which they are sent are Portland and Boston. The Maine fishery is very extensive, most of the towns on the coast and near the mouths of many of the rivers being interested in it. Canning lobsters is a flourishing business. It is stated that not far from 8,000,000 cans will be packed this season in Boston and Portland, all which will find a ready market in various parts of the world. A Maine company recently established a "canning" factory in Nova Scotia, where the number boiled varies from one to three thousand daily, according to the success of the fishermen. No part of the lobster is poisonous, although the flesh does not agree with every person. The cartilaginous stomach is too tough to be eaten, and some other parts are rejected. But lobsters should always be eaten fresh; if stale, they often cause sickness. These creatures are very combative and quarrelsome, and it is dangerous for one not acquainted with their habits and mode of attack to handle them. They often lose a claw or a leg in their contests with each other, but the missing member is soon reproduced, a new one sprouting up from the old stump. An immense quantity of lobsters is consumed annually in London, most of which are from the English coast and from the coasts of Norway and Scotland. Artificial storing ponds have been constructed, where they may be kept in good condition for a month or more. Near Southampton is one capable of holding 50,000 lobsters.

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two ago, while a party were ascending the mountain during a storm, in the hope of witnessing the sun rise next morning, there came a sudden crash and an instantaneous stoppage of machinery. The main eccentric shaft of the engine was broken short off, rendering all further progress by rail impossible. It was night, raining in torrents, blowing a gale, and "dark as Egypt." To remain where they were was to imperil the lives of the whole party. Summoning all the strength and courage possible, they attempted the ascent, and after great exposure and exertion they reached the Summit House, exhausted but thankful.

The euphonious cognomen of Gregg belongs to an Ohio man who would not pay his washerwoman. After repeated but vain applications to collect the bill, the woman sued him before a justice for the sum of $19 62. Mr. Gregg promptly put in an appearance, acknowledged the correctness of the bill, but put forward as an offset to it the following bill:

Mrs. —— —— *To* JONAS H. GREGG, *Dr.*

To damages done to his feelings in compelling her daughter to break off her engagement with him..... $19 62

The legal contest was ended by the case being dismissed in favor of Mr. Gregg, but whether the engagement was renewed or not is not recorded.

Clergymen and all other good people who visit the sick or the sinner for benevolent purposes may learn a lesson from the story told of a well-meaning but dolorous English minister who went to visit the sick-room of a worldly friend. As his gloomy visage appeared in the doorway, the sick man started up in bed, exclaiming, "Why, what's the matter? You look as if your religion *didn't agree with you!*"

"A youth to fortune and to fame unknown," aged four and a half years, and residing in Minneapolis, Minnesota, develops an extraordinary love for horses. The other day he unfastened a horse and buggy that was standing before a store, and drove off. A man attempted to stop him, but the young Jehu requested him to "clear the track," as he "knew what he was about." After driving a short distance the horse took fright. A police officer tried to stop him, and was considerably injured. Finally the vehicle struck a post, and parted from the horse. The boy fell out, and was picked up in an insensible condition, but quickly recovered, and started for home. The parents were congratulating each other that the boy had learned a lesson which other means had failed to teach, when the youngster slipped out of the room, and attempted to take another ride in the wagon in which his father had hastily come home on hearing of the child's accident. This time he was prevented from accomplishing his wishes.

The *American Sportsman* is trying hard to teach people how to handle guns. It gives four rules. The substance of the first three rules is—never handle a gun unless you know how; always handle a gun as if it were loaded; always carry a gun at half-cock. The fourth rule we give entire. "If you know of no other way of ascertaining whether a gun is loaded or not than by putting the muzzle to your mouth and blowing, or if you feel inclined to draw the cap, retire to a safe distance and at once blow out your brains—if you have any—before you kill or maim other people by your stupidity and carelessness."

Canning pine-apples is an industry extensively carried on at Nassau, New Providence. This year the season commenced about the middle of May, and ended with July 31. The fruit comes from New Providence and the surrounding islands, and, when canned, is shipped to the United States and England. What is designed for the English market is packed whole, but for this country the fruit is cut into pieces.

Deaths from chloroform continue to be not infrequent. A short time ago a man in Cincinnati crushed the thumb of his right hand in some machinery. Amputation was considered necessary, and he decided to take chloroform. He appeared to be a strong, healthy man, and the physician did not hesitate to administer the anæsthetic, after making the usual inquiries as to organic affections. It took five minutes to completely narcotize the patient, and just as he became unconscious he was seized with a violent trembling fit. The alarmed physician immediately attempted to restore him, but in vain. He died immediately.

An old and worthless New Hampshire dog had been accustomed to accompany his master to a certain meadow. While there one day his master had a conversation with a neighbor as to the best method of dispatching him, he being old and worthless, and it was agreed that he should be brought to the meadow the following day, and that the neighbor should give him poison; but the dog could never be induced to go there again.

A medical man asserts that a fish diet is a great humanizer of the tempers of mankind, tending to make them more kindly toward each other, and less disposed to crime. He instances carnivorous animals as being always the most fierce and violent, and believes that if human stomachs could have an occasional respite by the consumption of fish, the world would be all the better for it.

California is becoming famous for her agricultural products. Last year her wheat crop was worth about $25,000,000, and her barley crop was half as much more in quantity than the wheat, if not in money value. She raised also 25,000,000 pounds of wool, 3,000,000 gallons of wine, and sent to market more than $7,000,000 worth of meat of various kinds.

Since January, 1872, there have been discovered thirteen asteroids and one planet. Eight of these discoveries were made by American observers. The asteroids are situated between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. Vulcan is the name of the new planet, which was discovered by Mr. Cowie, at Shanghai, China, and the discovery verified by Professor Kirkwood, of Bloomington, ty-four days, twenty-two hours, and thirty-one minutes. This planet was discovered May 24, 1873, but was predicted before that time.

The Bank of England forgers have been sentenced to the highest punishment under the law for their offense—penal servitude for life.

The kangaroo vine of Australia has received by a traveler the significant name of the "devil's corkscrew." He describes one as being nearly 700 feet in length, and measuring at its base three feet nine inches in circumference. It had first infolded in its deadly embrace a tree of considerable size, but this support had died and disappeared, and nothing remained but a spiral column of vine nearly 200 feet in height, from the summit of which the huge climber had sent out its continuations in a horizontal line for more than 130 feet, until it reached a eucalyptus-tree. Around this the vine had wound in several coils, and then thrown out a number of stems, which were grasping all the trees in the neighborhood of its line of march.

Many letters find their way to the Dead-letter Office because people can not remember that the franking privilege is abolished.

The annual sea-serpent has appeared—this time in Portland Harbor. He is about thirty feet long, has a head like a seal, and makes a great commotion as he wriggles along through the water.

Mainichi Hirakana Shunbunshi, or the *Daily Hirakana News*, is the title of an adventurous pioneer of a coming era, which is published at Jeddo, Japan. The common method of printing, both in China and Japan, has been for ages by the means of carved wooden blocks. The letter-press of the *Daily Hirakana News* is printed with movable type. A distinct space is left between each word, and the use of the comma and period introduced. This paper is published by the "Society for the Dispersion of Darkness"—a significant name, truly—whose two-fold object is stated to be the enlightenment of the country by providing a medium of home and foreign news, and to demonstrate that the use of fifty syllables (which constitute the elements of the "Hirakana" of the Japanese) is amply sufficient for literary purposes, and that it will be no loss to abandon the borrowed Chinese characters.

A DILEMMA.

See illustration on page 636.

THERE is always a dash of bitter in the cup of human bliss. Nothing, for example, can be more delightful than to walk "abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs"—or the grown-up lambs, we should rather say, at this season of the year—but unluckily there are sometimes to be found in the meadows quadrupeds of a more formidable character. Fancy the astonishment of a lady who, being of a book-devouring disposition, crosses the fields absorbed in the pages of a magazine, and suddenly finds that a whole herd of cows are walking close behind her, and with lowering heads and threatening aspect are apparently discussing whether they had not better pitch her into the next field for the crime of wearing a crimson *panier*. Still worse, however, is the shock to the young ladies in the picture before us. In this case they have to deal not with the "milky mothers of the herd," who are generally peaceable enough unless irritated by yelping dogs, but with a veritable bull, a formidable personage, that is shut up all by himself in a field, that is most likely utterly *ennuyé*, and that is longing for a row as heartily as an Irishman in the good old days when Donnybrook Fair was a place of fighting, and consequent enjoyment. As the girls have no cavalier in attendance, and as the dog is sure to whet the bull's wrath, it is not easy to see how they can proceed on their journey. Like the baffled Scotchman in the story, they must go "bock agin," unless they adopt the prescription furnished in Lear's *Book of Nonsense*,

"There was an old man who said, 'How
Shall I flee from this horrible cow?
I will sit on this stile, and continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of that cow.'"

We can not approve of the title selected by the artist, unless he means playfully to imply that the girls are likely to be impaled on the horns of the living dilemma in the next field. A dilemma supposes a state of affairs where you are between Scylla and Charybdis, or, to speak less classically, where, whatever you do, you find yourself in a fix. Such was the sailor's case when the tiger and alligator each stood ready to devour him; but here there is no dilemma, because the bull-haunted girls apparently are quite free to return the way they came.

IMPROVED METHOD OF ADMINISTERING MEDICINE.

AN ingenious method of administering certain medicines, which possibly is not entirely new, has lately been suggested by Limousin of Paris. This consists in the preparation of little disks of tough, unleavened bread, which are punched out with a die, and embossed so as to have a depression in the centre, in which the medicine to be administered is placed, and then covered with a thin plate of the same material. The name of the medicine and the dose are stamped on the disk. When needed for use, one (or more) of these disks is placed in a teaspoon with some water, until slightly softened, and it may then be swallowed without leaving any taste of the medicine in the mouth. It is claimed by the inventor that this method is particularly adapted for the administration of bitter substances, such as sulphate of quinine, rhubarb,

Fig. 1.—Black Faille ... Fig. 2.—Violet Gros ... Fig. 3.—Gray ... Fig. 4.—Dress for ... Fig. 5.—Dress for ... Fig. 6.—Gray ... Fig. 7.—Suit for ... Fig. 8.—Black Faille ... Fig. 9.—Pearl ... Fig. 10.—Blue Poult de Soie and ... Fig. 11.—Olive ... Fig. 12.—Brown Serge ... Fig. 13.—Myrtle ... Fig. 14.—Brown Serge ... Fig. 15.—Blue Poult de Soie and ... Fig. 16.—Slate-

Fig. 12.—Dress with Vigogne Man-

Fig. 13.—Green Diagonal

Fig. 14.—Dress with Vigogne Man-

Fig. 15.—Blue and White Foulard Walk-

Fig. 16.—colored Silk

THE NEAR ROSE.

By EMILY E. FORD.

A ROSE-TREE grew in my garden green,
And offered me fresh and fair
Full boughs of soft roses. Down they lean,
And thrust their buds my fingers between,
As if asking my love to share.

But willful I left the near bough's gift,
So tender and dewy and rare,
And stretched my hands to eagerly lift
The far-off blossoms that wave and drift
Just out of my reach in the air.

Then stung me the thorns with keenest wound;
They left me a rankling pain.
I sought to pass by an easy bound,
And grasp the far buds, but still I found
My efforts were sadly in vain.

Then glad I pressed to my throbbing hand
A dewy and soft cool rose
That grew at my lips, as though 'twere planned
To make my restlessness understand,
"Take the good that close to you grows."

The blessing the present hour bestows
Seems never so fine and rare
As the future's, when out of reach it grows,
As on highest bush waves far-off rose,
Made by distance only more fair.

The thorns of the near rose we may see
As we hold it within our hand.
Content is a flower of a lowly tree;
But the far-off blooms are a mystery
That we long to understand.

THE LEGEND OF CARDYN.

THE scene suited the story. We were sitting in the antechamber to the banqueting-room of Cardyn Priory. We were three—Charles Leveson, the present occupant of the Priory; George Payne, a barrister; and myself, who boasted of some slight connection with the periodical press of London.

Leveson having promised to relate the legend of the Priory, I recalled his promise to his mind as we sat in the antechamber to the banqueting-room that sultry afternoon, with the sea rolling darkly and angrily in front, and the distant thunder making no inapt accompaniment to the curious legend.

"It has nothing whatever to do with monks or nuns," said Leveson. "Happily their iniquities do not form the plot of the 'Legend of Cardyn.' Indeed, the date of its action is not so very remote. It occurred less than two hundred years ago; and I have made all the inquiries possible, verifying details where it has been in my power to do so. Though the family of the Hemlows, to whom it refers, have been extinct for generations, it is not a little odd that some of the servants in the Priory to-day are sons of the servants of years ago, and those again were descendants of servants of still more distant years. Curious, isn't it? The place seems to have a fascination for all those employed about it. So the story has been told by one to another, until it has at last reached me."

"Yes, Jennings" (to an old servant who just then appeared), "that is what I rang for—cigars, and the Cognac that has been in bottle twenty years. I am about to tell my friends the legend—the legend you told me."

"Eh, eh, Sir," replied the servant, bending forward and putting his hand to his ear, for he was very deaf—"eh, eh, Sir; it's a curious story. But have you shown the gentlemen the chapel yet?"

"Indeed, I've forgotten it. Come along; we can get there in three minutes. You have the keys.—He's right; you should see the chapel before I tell the story."

Preceded by Jennings, who hobbled along in front, we walked through several corridors. The old man suddenly stopped, brought out the keys, and after a good deal of difficulty opened a heavy lumbering door, through which we passed into the chapel. What a scent of dust and mould assailed us! The old oak seats were fast falling to decay; the dark desk and pulpit, about which some drapery hung, moth-eaten and frayed at the edges, leaned from the perpendicular, suggestive of undermined foundations. There were many tablets, recording the deaths of the various owners of the Priory and their relatives, into the letters of which green mould had eaten, making the records in some instances almost indecipherable. In a gallery stood an organ whose voice had long been silenced. At the east end was an iron-barred door. Pointing to it, I asked where it led to.

"The vaults," replied Jennings—"the vaults, Sir. You had better see them. I often walk round 'em, Sir, and look at the coffins. The lock works easily."

We entered. There was a grim array of coffins, revealed by some faint gleams of light proceeding from a small window at the extreme end. Some lamps, too, long unused, were suspended from the ceiling. In the centre there stood a marble slab, supported by short pillars and surrounded by an iron frame-work, whence depended the remains of some old and moth-eaten velvet curtains.

"What was that for?" I asked.

"You will know in time," said Leveson. "Take a good note of all you've seen; then you will be the better able to realize the legend. Thanks, Jennings. We'll return. How musty and cold it smells!"

Then, followed by the clanging of doors, we returned to the room we had left; and Mr. Leveson, who could not see his face, on which were visible very evident signs of coming illness, took his hand, and, with the exquisitely sensitive touch of the blind, recognized its feverish state.

"You are indeed unwell, Lewis. You must not leave the house to-day; and if you are not better, we must dispatch some one to C——."

"I confess that I do feel unwell," answered Lewis, as he seated himself by the fire, shivering as he did so. "I could not sleep. But keep a brave heart. You know how strong I am. A day or two, and it will be all well with me again."

But Lewis's hopeful anticipations with regard to his health were not fulfilled. For some days he refused to see a doctor; but he was at last obliged to give in to the solicitude of his wife and the anxious pleadings of Cornelius. He was unable to leave his bed now. Mencia's love quickened all her energies on her husband's behalf. Whether watching at his bedside, or busily carrying out the instructions of the doctor, she was prompt and apt. It seemed as though her love was too great to allow her powers to be paralyzed even by the alarming illness of one whom she most cherished.

Knowing the cleverness and skill with which she attended upon his brother, Cornelius sighed heavily, and the tears started to his blind eyes.

"Oh, Mencia," he said, "it is now that my blindness seems most bitter to me. I can render my brother no help. I can hear him moan in his pain, but I can do nothing to allay it. I can not see when he makes a sign that he wants food or medicine. You are able to watch and detect the faintest sign of any unexpressed desire. He might die, and my blind eyes would never know it. I am not envious of what you can do, Mencia. I am thankful for your great care and love for him—as thankful, I hope, as I know he is. But I have known him longer than you, Mencia. O God! why was I blind?"

With the darkening of the October days Lewis Hemlow's malady increased. The physician from the nearest town was unable to battle with it, and recourse was had to an eminent London doctor. The fever, under his treatment, subsided, but Lewis's condition was for a long time precarious. Both Mencia and Cornelius watched anxiously day by day for signs of increasing strength, but these failed to reveal themselves to these two loving watchers. Sometimes Lewis was able to leave his bed for a few hours; at other times his fatigue was so great that he was unable to make the experiment. Mencia's face became pale, and her figure worn, and Cornelius grew more wistful and sad than ever. The doctor shook his head as they plied him with anxious questions. Eager inquiries were made at the Priory morning after morning as to Sir Lewis's health; and the whisper soon passed from one to another of those that made them that Lewis Hemlow would never be well again.

This dread conviction settled upon Lewis before his wife had dared to yield to such a fear.

"I shall die, Mencia," he said one day, when he had been removed from his bed to the fire. "I shall be obliged to leave you and Cornelius. Poor Mencia! poor Cornelius! It is weeks since I was first taken, and you see I make no progress. You will not forget me when I am gone?"

"Forget you, Lewis!" cried his wife, weeping passionately; "that would be impossible.

A hundred and eighty years ago, or thereabouts, Sir Edgar Hemlow died, leaving two sons. Their names were Lewis and Cornelius. The former had just reached manhood at the time of his father's death. Cornelius was several years younger than his brother, and was doubly unfortunate in being blind and epileptic. The fortune of Sir Edgar was large; but in consideration of the helpless condition of his younger son, he bequeathed it all to Lewis, giving strict injunctions in his will that Lewis should take special and affectionate care of his brother. Cornelius loved his brother passionately; and when he knew the disposition of his father's money, was perfectly satisfied with the position in which he was placed. Money to him, who was blind and at times mentally weak, was but a name. He was contented with dependence on his brother's bounty, who loved him earnestly.

Cornelius had one great taste—a taste for music. His skill seemed intuitive. He would spend hours at the organ in the chapel; indeed, he never seemed so happy as when he was there, for his disposition was silent and retiring.

That of Lewis was the opposite. In a small vessel, which he purchased shortly after his father's death, he was in the habit of making voyages to various towns along the eastern and southern coasts; and he would even occasionally extend his voyages to the Low Countries and France. Cornelius never accompanied him; but when his brother had been absent several weeks he would mount the tower, accompanied by one of the servants, who, at his master's bidding, would fix his eyes upon the horizon to watch for the return of his brother's vessel.

Time passed on. Sir Edgar Hemlow had been dead about five years, when Lewis told his brother that he should make a voyage to Antwerp, and that probably his stay might be longer than usual. It was as Lewis said. He was absent for more than a month; and, rather to the surprise of his brother, made another voyage to Antwerp, when he again staid some time. Day after day Cornelius mounted the tower with one of the servants to watch for Lewis's return; day after day he descended with his expectation unsatisfied. At last, when he had fixed his blind vacant eyes on the distant sea for many an hour, the servant keenly watching by his side, the little vessel was espied on the horizon, making its way to the shore. Cornelius hastened from the tower, and with almost unfaltering steps made his way to the sea, and as his brother disembarked, threw his arms around him, and fairly cried with delight.

"My poor Cornelius," said Lewis, "and have you missed me so much? Well, I am home at last; and with the exception of one more visit to the Low Countries, shall not leave you for a long time."

"Day after day, Lewis, I've gone to the tower with Herbert to watch—how eagerly! how longingly! It was only at those times when I had not the power to see you that I regretted I was blind. It seemed to me cruel that I could not be the first to catch sight of your little vessel rising over the horizon. Oh, Lewis, if I could only see you! I feared at times that you might never return; for the sea is so cruel—so cruel! And when the wind roared round the old walls I trembled for you, lest you might be wrecked."

"My good Cornelius, I wish you would accompany me sometimes. The sea is not cruel; it is glorious! But come, let us hasten in, for I have something to tell you which I hope will please you. Cardyn will be a more cheerful home to you in future."

"What have you to tell me, Lewis?" asked Cornelius when the two were alone together.

"Guess, Cornelius, guess."

"I can not guess, brother."

"You are to have a sister, Cornelius, a beautiful, loving sister. I am to be married soon."

"Married!" said the other, slowly.

"Yes, to Mencia Spanhoven. Oh, she is so beautiful! I have brought her likeness from Antwerp. Ah, Cornelius—I forgot for the moment you were blind! I thought you might see it. Forgive me. Her mother was a Spaniard, and she has a Spaniard's dark eyes and hair; eyes that glow and melt with love. Her father is a merchant of the Low Countries, and my visits there have been so long because I have been passing my time with her. You can not help loving her, Cornelius."

Cornelius sighed.

"We shall be married shortly," said Lewis, "and I shall bring her to Cardyn. What happy days we shall have together! I have spoken often to her about you, and she is full of interest in you. Like you, she plays on the organ, oh, such ravishing music! But the music is not half so beautiful as she is."

Cornelius rose suddenly from his brother's side and walked to the window. Tears welled up into his sightless eyes, and an expression of pain passed over his face. The brothers presented a strange contrast, both in figure and countenance. The younger was slight and delicate, his face was almost hairless; long, thin, scattered black locks fell carelessly to his shoulders, and his blind eyes were piteous in their expression. Lewis was strong and vigorously made; his hair was brown, his eyes bright blue and frank, his voice was laughter itself; there was passion in his face, though it wore an almost constant smile.

"I shall not be to you what I once was, Lewis," Cornelius said, sadly. "I am blind. I am weak. I am not as other men. And you are so much to me in my blindness and helplessness. In pity, consider me! Give not your whole heart away. I crave my share—a small, poor share; but if I have not that, how desolate I shall be! As I sit in the chapel playing I try to make the music speak what I feel. My hands tremble; a strange impulse makes me seek for am happy—when I have prayed in music—I have prayed for you. In words I could not tell you how much I loved you; my poor, trembling, eager, passionate notes have been the voice of my deep, my undying love. Pity me! I am so poor in what you are rich—power and health and sight! Do not, for this beautiful woman, withdraw that which will beggar me indeed!"

Saying this he hurried from the room.

"Poor Cornelius!" thought Lewis; "what a strange, fond heart he has! To be blind always—how dreadful!" And then his thoughts reverted to Mencia, and he wished the days would pass rapidly till he should bear her home. Alas, for many hours he forgot Cornelius; forgot him, indeed, until Cornelius himself returned.

"I have been wrong," cried his blind brother, advancing quickly toward Lewis. "I have been wickedly jealous. Forgive me, Lewis: I have been *so* unjust to you. Do not tell Mencia that I have grudged your love for her. I will welcome her as you would have me do. Forgive my petulant words."

"I have scarcely thought of them, my poor sensitive brother! Do not look so sad! You have not offended me. Hope for happy days. When I next go away my visit will not be long. And if you and Herbert take your stand upon the tower the fifth day from my departure, his eyes will soon espy the vessel that brings home Mencia and myself."

The day for Lewis's departure for Antwerp arrived, and after taking an affectionate adieu of his brother, he started in his vessel for the Netherlands. With Cornelius he kept his promise, for on the fifth day after his departure the vessel was seen returning, and Cornelius soon stood in the presence of his brother's wife. Both Lewis and Mencia were in high spirits. Cornelius placed his hand timidly in that of Mencia; but his timidity soon gave way before her graciousness and kindness.

"You have done well to marry, Lewis," said his brother, as they separated for the night. "I shall give Mencia all a brother's love."

Mencia was indeed very beautiful. Her portrait still hangs in the gallery of Cardyn Priory, painted by some Flemish artist, and the colors are bright and vivid now. She had few or none of the characteristics of her father's race; her eyes were large, lustrous, and brown; there was an almost voluptuous sweetness in the lips and in the olive complexion, through which the blood glowed brightly. The bust was shapely and full, her figure tall and replete with grace; the moulding of her arms was faultless; the beauty of her hand, with its long tapering fingers, was of rare excellence.

A year went by very peacefully and happily with those at Cardyn Priory. No child was born to Mencia, and there was some regret on this account. "There will be no more Hemlows," croaked the old women in the village. "Lewis married a foreigner, and his race will die with him, for of course Cornelius will never marry. Sir Lewis should have wedded a country-woman of his own, and then he would not have been without an heir."

These remarks reached Mencia's ears, and one day, sitting alone with her husband, she said,

"Oh, Lewis, I fear you will not love me now, for we have no children! And the gossips of the village say that if you had married a country-woman of your own, it would have been otherwise. Do not cease to love me because I am childless; for you know how I worship, how I adore you!"

"Oh, Mencia, do not be grieved, my own. It is with us as Heaven wills. I do not love you one whit the less—one whit the less. We are very happy—you, my brother, and myself. Poor Cornelius! he is brother and son to us—is he not?"

She rose, and with her dark eyes melting with tenderness, she kissed her husband passionately.

"What would my life be without you, Lewis? Is it wicked to love you as I do? Oh no, it can not be. If it is so good to love God, is it not good of me to love you? Say that you are not angry with me because I have borne you no child!"

"Can I be angry with one whose love is unmeasured wealth to me?"

Lewis's sailing excursions were fewer and shorter now than formerly; but though he was united to one whose fascinations were very great, he did not altogether sink into a lazy worship of his beautiful wife. He would therefore occasionally be absent from her in his little vessel for two or three days together. On one occasion when he proposed going the signs of a coming storm were so apparent that both his wife and Cornelius urged him to remain on shore. Their pleadings were vain; and he had not long left before the threatened storm burst; still the vessel stood seaward in the teeth of the storm.

Many hours passed without any abatement of the hurricane; and Mencia's anxiety increased. More than once she dispatched a servant to the tower to endeavor to see whether there were any signs of the returning vessel, and at last, after many disappointments, as the night was closing with added wind and storm, the servant returned with the message that the vessel was making for port. Mencia then dispatched two or three men-servants to the beach to give the assistance that might be necessary, owing to the difficulties of landing and the roughness of the sea. Lewis's boat had had a hard fight for it; a good deal of the rigging was gone; and as the crew ran her ashore the waves beat so fiercely against her that she rolled from side to side, and seemed likely to be beaten to pieces. Just as Lewis was going to spring to the most available spot for landing—a small jetty that ran about a dozen yards into the sea—he was thrown suddenly forward against the wood-work. He gave a sharp

"It has been hard work," he said to one of his servants, who ran forward to help him up the beach. "Every rag on me is wet through! And that confounded blow on the head has almost stunned me. Am I bleeding much, Herbert?"

"A good deal, Sir. You had better hurry in. Lady Hemlow has been so anxious for your return! and she will be frightened when she sees you in this condition."

Lewis hurried on to the Priory, and was met at the door by his wife, who gave a cry of alarm as she saw his bleeding face and soaked garments.

"Oh, Lewis!" she cried, "come in; you are wet. Why did you leave us to-day? Poor Cornelius and I have been so alarmed. How the blood pours from your wound!" And she stanched the blood with her handkerchief, leading him forward to an apartment where a bright fire was burning. Cornelius had hovered about his brother, his sightless eyes very piteous in their expression; and as Mencia spoke of the blood which was pouring from his brother's face, he gave a cry of alarm.

"Are you much hurt, Lewis?"

"No, Cornelius; no. Don't be frightened, my boy. It is only a little blow. I was thrown down just as I was landing. I am only wet through; and before I go to the fire will change every thing."

In less than half an hour Lewis returned from his bedroom, and found Mencia and Cornelius at the bright fire in the old dining-hall. Mencia had warmed some Burgundy over the fire, which she handed to her husband as soon as he entered.

"Drink, Lewis dear. I am sure you must need it."

The blood had ceased flowing from the wound now, but Lewis looked fagged and worn. Even after he had taken plentifully of the warm Burgundy, the paleness did not leave his face. Mencia glanced anxiously at him from time to time.

"You need not be alarmed, Mencia; I am only tired. I shall be well to-morrow. The day has been a rough one for me. Oh, such a sea it was! I haven't seen one like it for years."

The next morning, when Cornelius descended to breakfast, he found Mencia alone.

"Lewis is not well," she said. "He was very feverish during the night, and scarcely slept at all. He will not rise till noon."

Lewis joined them at noon, and Cornelius,

When the winter is over, and the sweet spring is here, you will be yourself again."

"Never, never, Mencia," said her husband, sadly. "You must not hope, my own. Reconcile yourself to the idea that I can not be with you long. Only, when I am gone, take care of my brother—my poor, fond Cornelius. You know how he loves me, Mencia? Treat him as your best friend and brother; for he will have none but you, and for my sake you will always think of him."

Mencia's tears fell faster, and she clung to her husband, her beautiful face buried in his bosom.

A week afterward Lewis again spoke of his approaching death, and on this occasion both Mencia and Cornelius were present.

"More than ever I am convinced that my days are numbered," he said. They had got him from the bed, and he was sitting in a large easy-chair by the fire, a table spread with writing materials being before him. "It is only a question of a few days. I and the sea have parted company forever. What happy days I have spent upon it! It looks so stormy this morning that if the window were open I think I could hear it. But that, I suppose, must not be—eh, Mencia? Ah, it is cold," he added, with a shiver. "You know what I purpose doing this morning, Cornelius?" he added, after a pause. "I have summoned Chester from C——, who is to make my will. I dare say he will be here in a short time. I wish, my brother, you were stronger and better; but I have committed you to Mencia's charge, who has promised me that she will be your faithful sister. With regard to my property—"

"Don't speak of that, Lewis," cried Cornelius. "Only do with it as you like. I am blind and helpless. Leave me to Mencia's charge; give all to her. I have had no responsibility yet, and I could not bear to have it when you are gone."

"I have thought it best to do so," answered Lewis, slowly. "I have considered your blindness and helplessness, and I know I shall do as you would wish me by leaving all my property to her. You will then be absolved from all care and responsibility, and you may place full faith in Mencia's consideration. I wish, my dear brother, you were not so afflicted, that you and Mencia might have shared alike. Do not think, Cornelius, that my conduct has been guided by any other desire than that of knowing you would be the happier by my taking this course."

"I am glad you have resolved to act thus," answered Cornelius. "Trust Mencia in all things."

He had only thus spoken when the lawyer was ushered in. So the will was made as Lewis directed and Cornelius approved.

This was the last day that Lewis was able to sit up. He became weaker and weaker. Snow fell thick and fast about the Priory, hiding the sea which rolled before it. And one day, not long afterward, the bell from the tower was heard solemnly tolling in the cold winter air; and a woman sat by the bed where a dead man lay, weeping as though life's most precious gift were snatched away forever, and a blind man sat opposite, kissing and clasping a cold hand, with his eyes bent on the face of one he had never seen.

Lewis was embalmed. In Mencia's passionate love it seemed impossible for her to permit his body to yield to corruption as long as means existed for preventing it; and in order that she might be enabled to see the beloved face, a large square of glass was inserted in the coffin. The embalmer—a well-known French chemist who had settled in London a few years before, on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—performed the work in a singularly skillful manner.

There lay Lewis dead, but to all appearance only sleeping. The coffin was placed on a large marble stand, a lamp was suspended from the ceiling of the crypt, and velvet curtains were hung around.

Day after day Mencia, generally attended by Cornelius, passed through the chapel to the vaults where the Hemlows lay and gazed through the glass on the embalmed remains of the loved one. Weeks and months passed, and the grief of both remained unabated. Sometimes when she was in the vault, hanging in passionate sorrow over the still features of Lewis Hemlow, Cornelius sat at the organ playing.

There was a year of winter and spring and summer and autumn, and winter again, and yet another year, and even another—the cloud of sorrow remaining heavily on Mencia, with but a rift here and there revealing brightness.

It had been impossible for her to leave Cardyn Priory ere this, although her friends at Antwerp had been urgent in their entreaties for her to visit them. At the expiration of this period, however, the undertaking did not seem so serious; so, after consulting with Cornelius, and with some reluctance, she accepted an invitation to visit her father and mother, and embarked at Harwich for her parents' home in the Netherlands.

For Cornelius it was very sad after the departure of Mencia. He passed most of his time in the chapel at the organ. Mencia's original intention, as expressed to Cornelius, had been to return in a month; but at the termination of a month she wrote to say that she purposed extending her visit.

It was shortly after this that a strange event happened to Cornelius while sitting at the organ, where he had been playing for hours. The strange half-light which was the condition of his blindness, and which, since he could remember, had never altered its character—being both night and day the same, in the greatest brightness or intensest darkness—was changed. *As he stooped over the keys he saw a broad, indistinct, white line.* The next day the same appearance presented itself, and for many days it was visible. With a strange thrill he recognized this as the keyboard. "Is it possible that I shall ever see?"

After he had been familiar with this appearance for more than a fortnight, he was driven to C—— with a view of consulting the physician who had attended his brother during his illness. A very careful examination was made, and after testing his sight in various ways, the doctor gave it as his opinion that a partial recovery was possible, and that Cornelius had better take the advice of some one more experienced than himself.

It was then arranged that the two should visit London, and consult the most eminent physician of the day. Here he was again encouraged to hope. An operation was spoken of—clumsy, indeed, when compared with the delicate operations performed by the skillful oculists of to-day, but one which in many cases had proved successful. He consented to undergo it; and as he heard that Mencia had again prolonged her visit, he arranged to remain in London. In due course the operation was performed—with success. Cornelius was able to see, indistinctly, of course, as yet; but he had the promising assurance that his sight would continue to improve, though he was forbidden to entertain hopes that it would ever be strong. Gratified as the doctors were by the success of their operation, they were not a little alarmed that the health of Cornelius, after this, did not seem so robust. The epileptic seizures, which in his boyhood had been frequent, returned. The opening of this new sense was evidently attended with some loss of power in another direction. He became, moreover, eccentric and irritable in his manner. The doctors shook their heads as these facts revealed themselves, but were still urgent in their entreaties that he must hope for the best.

When Cornelius returned to the Priory he was no longer totally blind.

To Mencia he had said nothing of his new hopes. Without knowing the reason, her letters gave him pain. Evidences of an altered tone of thought were apparent in them; but for this he would have spoken openly of his freshly recovered power.

Again and again she wrote, excusing herself for not returning. When she did return she had been absent nearly four months.

"I am back again at last, Cornelius," she said, entering the room where her husband's brother sat, and looking more beautiful than ever. "Did you think I had forgotten you? If you did, you were unjust to me. But after my long sorrow it was such happiness to be with my friends again. You know I had not seen them for more than three years—since Lewis was buried. They would not let me part from them. I saw all my old school companions, and staid with them at Bruges and Ghent and Brussels. Some were married, and they were all happy. I was, indeed, very sad at first, but they did their best to lighten my heart, and I thank them for it."

"For they succeeded, Mencia, I see," said Cornelius, in a tone which she had never before heard him use. She started a little as she noticed it.

"Yes, I am happier than I was. And are not you, Cornelius?"

"Happier! I have not forgotten Lewis!"

"Lewis!" she echoed, slowly, a blush mounting to her face—"nor I."

There was a long silence between them.

"And have you been well since I left?" asked Mencia, after a while.

"Yes," answered Cornelius, a little irritably. "I am not so blind as I was. I can see a little, and I can see you, Mencia."

"See, Cornelius!" She said this quite joyfully. But in a moment the glad look passed from her face, and was succeeded by one of anxiety or fear.

"I can see that you are very beautiful," said Cornelius. "But your face is not the face, I think, that I used to turn my blind eyes to when Lewis was alive. It changes so. I can hardly explain to you what I mean, for I can see but little, and I have only been able to do so for a short time. And, Mencia, your voice seems changed too. It is hardly the voice that used to speak to Lewis and to me. Poor Lewis!"

He turned his face from Mencia, and bent it downward.

"Cornelius, this is fancy. I am the same. I love you as much as ever. You have been too lonely here. I should not have remained away so long. Don't be sad. And can you really see me plainly?"

"No; very indistinctly. A little while ago I could see the changes of expression as they passed over your face; now all is blurred. Perhaps my sight will never fully return." And he rose abruptly and left the room.

Mencia glanced after him as though she were both hurt and frightened. With something of a sigh she walked to the window and looked over the garden toward the sea.

"My parents are soon coming to visit me at the Priory," she said to Cornelius, a few days after her return. "My sister as well—and my cousin."

"Your cousin! I never knew you had one."

"Yes," answered Mencia, rather reluctantly. "He is the son of my mother's sister—a Spaniard. I never saw him before I visited Antwerp this time. He has lived, until lately, all his life in Spain."

"What is his name?"

"Carlos Vazquez."

"When do you expect them?"

"In a few days."

"Is your cousin young?"

"He is two or three years older than I am." Cornelius sighed.

"Have you been to the chapel since your return?"

"Yes, Cornelius."

But Mencia did not visit the chapel so frequently as of yore, and the suspicions of Cornelius were aroused. It was evident to him that her grief had lost its poignancy, and that her love for Lewis Hemlow was becoming only a memory. This unhappy conviction served to increase his restlessness and irritability. In his morbid state of mind this change in the conduct of Mencia seemed faithlessness to his brother.

In due time the Spanhovens arrived, by way of Harwich. Carlos Vazquez accompanied them. He was a very handsome Spaniard, bearing some resemblance to Mencia. The meeting between him and his cousin was very tender; and a pained look came into the dim eyes of Cornelius as he noticed this.

Cornelius said but little; and his manner with Carlos had but small courtesy in it. For some days they scarcely saw him; on others they did not see him at all. When asked why he did not appear among them, he excused himself upon the plea of illness; and the plea was very just, for he indeed showed symptoms of illness—of an illness of a very peculiar kind. Though the malady was physical, it was only so in secondary degree. He was unable to sleep, the epileptic seizures were long and serious, and there was a restlessness in his conduct which indicated considerable mental disturbance.

"Your brother-in-law seems a strange fellow," said Carlos to Mencia as they were strolling round the garden. "He has evidently taken a very great dislike to me for some cause; and I have noticed him watching us two from one of the windows for some time past. Let us leave the garden and pass into the quadrangle. You have not told him any thing yet, have you, Mencia?"

"No, Carlos; I have almost dreaded to do so. But I will explain all things to him shortly. I scarcely like to do it yet."

"Why should you not? He surely does not expect that you will grieve forever, my cousin. It would be unreasonable of him to hope for such a thing."

"You do not know how he loved Lewis," she answered, in a low voice.

Three days afterward Mencia, finding Cornelius alone, said,

"I have something I wish to tell you. You will not be angry, Cornelius, will you? It is important that you should know it."

"I can guess what it is, Mencia. I have watched you and your cousin. You have forgotten my brother. When I prayed that I might see, in days past, I little thought what would be first revealed to my once-blinded eyes! Oh, I would have been blind forever rather than have seen my brother's widow the bride of another. You love Carlos Vazquez."

"I do. But Lewis—I have not forgotten him."

"You have," cried Cornelius, raising his voice, "or you would never consent to marry again. After such love as Lewis had for you, how can you profane his memory by caring for another? It is monstrous! He made you mistress of all when he died, little fearing that you would soon prove unworthy of his love and of all he gave you. Who is this Carlos Vazquez, that he should occupy the place in your heart which once held Lewis Hemlow? He is unworthy! Oh, my brother, that you should be so soon forgotten! When you did not return after the month, Mencia, I began to grow fearful of some indefinable coming sorrow; and your few letters to me made it evident that you had changed. But I did not think then that it was because my brother's successor was already bidding for your hand. I was not prepared to find you so faithless yet; for what are three poor years of grief for one like Lewis—for the loss of a love like his? If my blindness had not been in a measure cured, you would have concealed this from me longer; but you knew that I could see, and that it was vain to hide the story from me. The mention of your cousin's name prepared me for what I was destined to discover. Mencia, this marriage shall not have my blessing."

He had spoken these last words trembling with excitement. Suddenly the shaking in his limbs increased, his face flushed, and as suddenly turned pale; then he staggered and fell.

Mencia cried loudly for help. A seizure was upon him.

Hearing her cries, the servants entered hurriedly.

"Take him to his room," she cried. "He has frightened me so. You have seen him like this before, have you not? It is not surely dangerous. What can be done for him?"

Cornelius was unconscious for hours. When he recovered he was very weak. The balance of his mind was shaken. He rambled incoherently, and mentioned Mencia's name angrily. Once or twice she came to his room with kind and eager inquiries; but he forbade her to enter.

It was impossible for him to reconcile himself to the idea of Mencia remarrying. By such an act his brother's memory seemed profaned. The more he brooded upon this forth-coming event, the more disturbed became his mind. He hated her; but he hated Carlos Vazquez more.

Poor Mencia! When parents and friends argued that her continued sorrow for her husband, and all its outward manifestation by habit and dress, were folly, which she would be wise to forget in the presence of her Spanish cousin, whose regards for her were expressed soon after their meeting at Antwerp, she found herself unable to offer any strong arguments in favor of her present conduct. Mencia was not the first woman whose grief, apparently inconsolable, for a lost husband, has in time been merged in a passionate love for another. Carlos was an eager and romantic lover. Was it strange that she soon felt that she could love him? Was it strange, as their intimacy increased, that her love became as devoted as his own? She had hesitated to write to Cornelius, fearing that he would look unfavorably on her remarriage; and there was some half-cherished intention of concealing the fact from him for a while, which she

effect when she returned and found that he was no longer blind. That, however, he would offer such objection to the marriage as she now found him prepared to do, she had no apprehension; and his passionate words and angry manner frightened her when she spoke to him about it.

Carlos Vazquez was an impatient lover, and on his account the preparations for the marriage were hurried. Mencia's father returned to Antwerp after staying at the Priory a few weeks; but her mother and sister remained with her. Carlos Vazquez went to London—visiting the Priory occasionally. It was arranged that the marriage should take place in a month's time from the return of Spanhoven to Antwerp.

Mencia saw little of Cornelius during this period. The servants reported that he was very ill, and very eccentric in his manner. Under the circumstances, Mencia was glad that he kept to himself; and the Spanhovens rejoiced at the absence of so disagreeable a companion. The wealthy burghers and merchants of Antwerp, friends of Spanhoven, and among whom he ranked high, sent splendid presents of diamonds and lace, and various products of the Low Countries, to grace the forth-coming marriage; and some Spanish relatives of Mencia, who were established at Brussels and other towns in the Low Countries, forwarded presents of gold bracelets and cups, lavish and barbaric in design, obtained by their predecessors during the expeditions to America which had been rife a little more than a century previously.

It was within two days of the wedding. There was some uncertainty as to the arrival of Carlos, who was detained in London by business arising out of a misunderstanding in the London house which did business with Spanhoven's firm at Antwerp, and which he was commissioned to settle. The evening of his expected arrival, which was dark and stormy, passed off, leaving Mencia disappointed at his non-appearance.

"As you are going to marry again, Mencia, I suppose you have taken a last farewell of Lewis."

It was Cornelius who spoke. He was gaunt and haggard. He and Mencia were standing together in the corridor which led to the chapel, and it was the morning after Mencia's disappointment because Carlos had not come.

"No, Cornelius. I—"

"Have you quite forgotten him?" cried Cornelius.

"Indeed I have not," she answered.

"Will you not see him once again? It is not so very long since you visited him often indeed. I saw him yesterday. He was as beautiful as ever! Come. I am told that Carlos Vazquez did not arrive last night; so you need have no fear of offending him. Come."

Mencia almost shuddered.

"Come. Lewis will not speak and upbraid you, Mencia," said Cornelius, in a strange voice. "You need fear no reproach in his face; for the faces of the dead are still, and say nothing."

"You are trying to alarm me, Cornelius. Why do you look at me so? I loved your brother, and I have truly mourned for him: that you know."

"Then follow me once again. *It will be for the last time.* You need grieve no more;" and Cornelius laughed almost deliriously. "You need grieve no more, for you are about to wed again. And what happiness there must be in store for you! Come. How you tremble! Are you a coward in the presence of the dead?"

Cornelius took her hand, and they passed along the corridor. Mencia shook her nervous trembling off in her resentment at the conduct of Cornelius. Upon reaching the chapel, when Cornelius ascended to the organ-loft, she was even angry with herself for having been frightened by his strange manner.

After a little hesitation she entered the mortuary chapel, as the music of the organ burst over her head.

Even though her heart beat with some bliss at her coming happiness with him for whose love the memory of Lewis had paled, a sadness swept over her spirits. She approached the dark resting-place of her husband, who in his brief married life with her had been her sole earthly idol. But she knew that it was a sadness which would soon pass—a sadness brightened by smiles, of which we have all had, even in our bitterest moments, some experience.

Passing slowly on, she drew the curtains which surrounded her husband's coffin; the music from the organ surging and rolling around her—music which was neither chant of praise nor cry of lamentation, but a melody fantastic in its weirdness and terror. She drew the pall which covered the coffin, and bent over it.

What a cry she uttered!

It was not the face of Lewis she saw, but that of Carlos Vazquez.

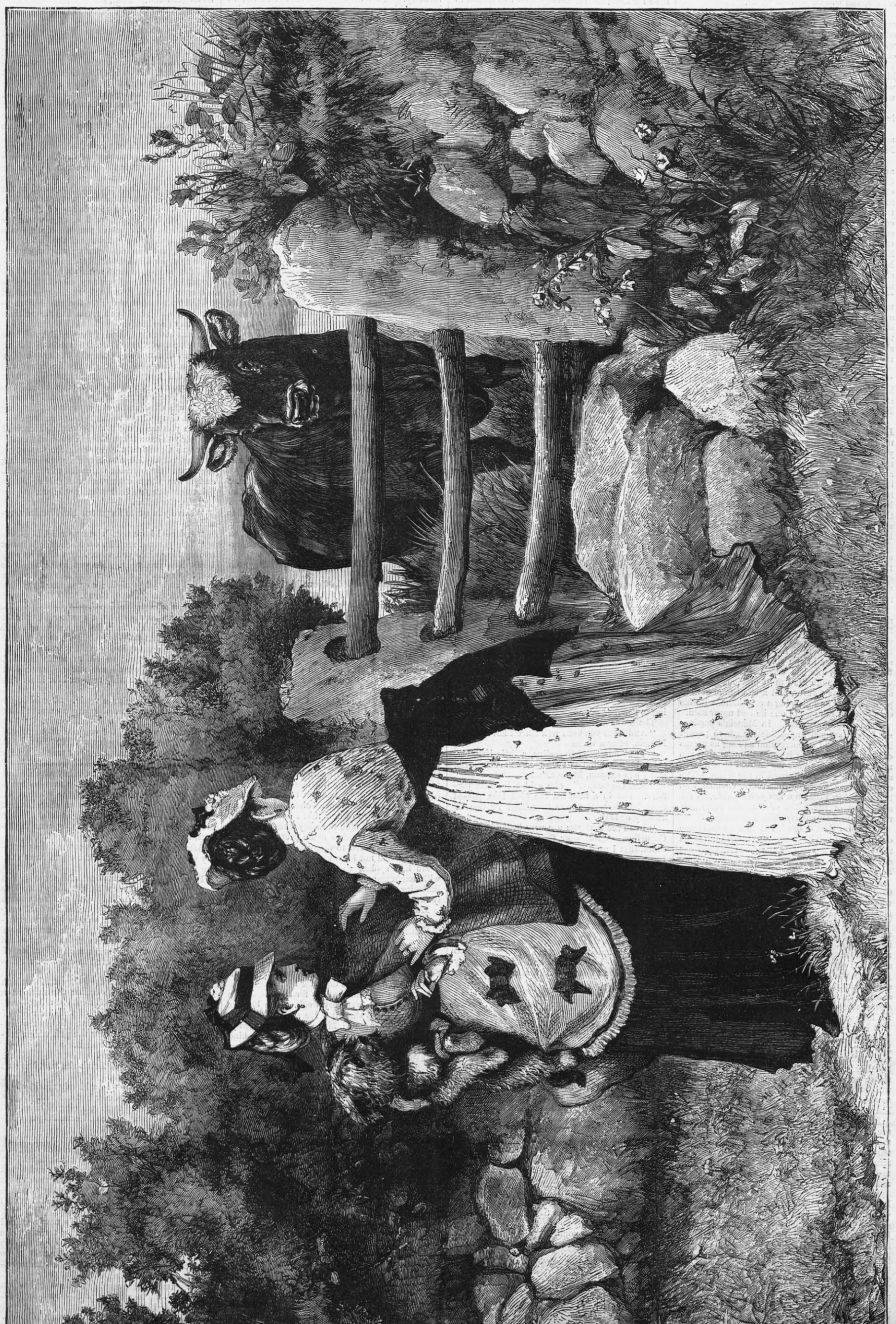
On his heart there was a bloody mark, where the dagger of his murderer had entered. Again and again she sent forth piercing shrieks, and then fell. The vengeance of Cornelius was complete and terrible.

He had met Carlos on the previous night, who was returning to the Priory, murdered him, and brought his body to the mortuary chapel. In his belief that Mencia would visit the embalmed body of her husband once again, he removed it and substituted that of Carlos, relying upon the effect of the ghastly sight which should reveal itself to Mencia.

In his crazed humor—for his newly gained gift of sight had been bought at a terrible price of lost mental power, which jealousy for his brother's memory by degrees aggravated into madness—he could have devised no more appalling method of revenge.

Mencia never recovered; and it was only when Cornelius—the last of his race—was dying that the whole truth was revealed.

Desolation reigned for many years at Cardyn.



A DILEMMA.—FROM THE PICTURE BY HEYWOOD HARDY.—[SEE PAGE 631.]

Breakfast Cap of Swiss Muslin, Lace, and Pink Ribbon.

THIS cap of plain white Swiss muslin is trimmed with lace insertion an inch and a half wide, lace an inch and a half and two inches wide, and loops and ends of pink gros grain ribbon two inches and a quarter wide. To make the cap cut of double stiff lace one piece each from Figs. 55 and 56, Supplement, cover the front of the rim on the outside with pink ribbon, and pleat it, bringing × on ●. On the back edge of the front of the rim sew the back of the rim according to the corresponding signs. Seven-eighths of an inch from the middle on Fig. 55 set two pink ribbons each twenty-four inches long, cross these ribbons and fasten them on the back of the rim so that the free ends hang down

BREAKFAST CAP OF SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND PINK RIBBON.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 55–58.

CRAPE HOOD.

top, with narrow and wide lace, and pleat the top, bringing × on ●. Sew the upper veil on the back edge of the crown, and set the lower veil into a double binding of blue ribbon half an inch wide and eight inches long, the ends of which are sewed to ✳ on Fig. 59. On the front edge of the crown set a box-pleated Swiss muslin ruffle an inch wide, sloped off toward the ends to a width of half an inch, and trimmed with lace seven-eighths of an inch wide. Besides this trim the crown with two box-pleated standing ruffles each an inch and three-quarters wide and trimmed with lace. These ruffles are also sloped off from the middle toward the ends. Finally, trim the cap with loops and ends of blue gros grain ribbon.

BREAKFAST CAP OF SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND BLUE RIBBON.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 59–61.

Fig. 1.—PLAIN AND STRIPED BLUE POPLIN HOUSE DRESS.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 49–54.

sixteen inches long. Then cut of Swiss muslin on the bias one piece each from Figs. 57 and 58, Supplement, pleat the crown on the outer edge, and sew it on the rim as shown by the illustration. Trim the pleated part with insertion and narrow lace, as shown by the illustration and partly indicated on the pattern, pleat it, bringing × on ●, and sew it on the back edge of the cap. Pleat the wide lace, and sew it on the cap along the under edge of the rim. Besides this, the cap is trimmed with a standing Swiss muslin ruffle seven-eighths of an inch wide, edged with lace two inches wide, and arranged in pleats as shown by the illustration; the seam of this ruffle is covered by a wound gros grain ribbon. In the middle of the back and on the right side of the cap set a bow of similar ribbon.

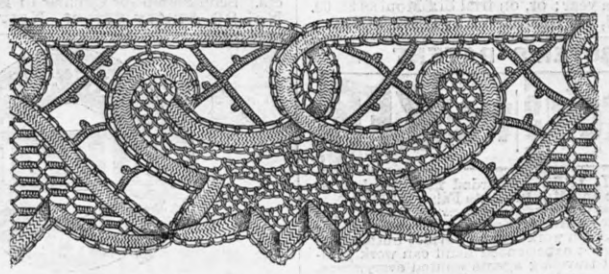
FAILLE, SWISS MUSLIN, AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR.

Crochet Mantelet with Hood for Girl from 6 to 8 Years old.

THIS mantelet is worked with blue zephyr worsted in a kind of Afghan stitch. The edge is trimmed with crochet scallops and worsted balls. To make the mantelet first cut the pattern of net, having joined on the piece turned down in Supplement on Fig. 27, cut one piece each from Figs. 27–29, and sew up the shoulder pleats in Fig. 27. From this pattern work, first, Fig. 27, beginning on the under edge with a foundation of the requisite length (244 stitches in the original), and on this crochet the 1st pattern row in the ordinary Afghan stitch. This stitch is worked in pattern rows, each of which counts two rounds—one round going forward, in which the stitches are taken up, and one round backward, in which the stitches are cast off. 2d pr. (pattern row): 1st round.—Inserting the needle in the back veins of the chain stitch row lying crosswise in the preceding pr. take up 1 loop each. 2d round.—The loops on the needle are cast off each separately in the usual manner. Work all the pr. like the second. In order to obtain the shape of the pattern, narrow on the front edge in the middle of the back and on the shoulder. The narrowing is always done in the 2d round of a pr., casting off together 2 or 3 stitches in one. Having reached the neck, border the front edges of this part with crochet scallops in the following manner: 1st round.—Always alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) on the next edge st. (stitch), 3 ch. (chain stitch), pass over 1 edge st. 2d round.—

Fig. 2.—PLAIN AND STRIPED BLUE POPLIN HOUSE DRESS.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 49–54.



POINT LACE EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Breakfast Cap of Swiss Muslin, Lace, and Blue Ribbon.

THE trimming for this plain white Swiss muslin cap consists of lace seven-eighths of an inch and an inch and a half wide, and loops and ends of blue gros grain ribbon two inches wide. For the crown of the cap cut of double stiff lace one whole piece from Fig. 59, Supplement, surround it with wire, and bind it all along the outer edge with narrow blue ribbon. Cut the veils of Swiss muslin on the bias from Figs. 60 and 61, Supplement, each in one piece, trim the outer edge, excepting the

CROCHET MANTELET WITH HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.

For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 27–29.

DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 4 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 9–12.

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* 5 dc. (double crochet) on the middle of the next 3 ch. in the preceding round, 1 ch., 1 sc. on the middle of the next 3 ch., 1 ch., pass over 3 st., and repeat from *. On the under edge of the mantelet work 2 rounds like the 1st round on the front edge, but in the 2d round always work the sc. on the middle of the 3 ch. in the preceding round, thus passing over 3 st. Then set on fringe with worsted balls. For the hood, which is worked from the upper edge by the pattern cut from Fig. 28, make a foundation of 46 st.; for the revers, Fig. 29, beginning from the upper edge also, make a foundation of 60 st. In both parts widen in the middle and narrow on the outer edges. In widening take up the extra st. in the 1st round of a pr. always from a back, horizontal vein of the chain stitch row. Having worked both parts, join them according to the corresponding figures, and then border the hood on the under edge, and the revers on the upper edge, with two rounds like those on the front edge of the mantelet. Join the hood with the mantelet according to the corresponding figures, and cover the joining seam with a binding of blue satin ribbon; the ends of the ribbon should project six inches long from the front edge. In the middle of the back, pleat the mantelet as indicated on Fig. 27, bringing × on ●, and then set a belt of blue linen two inches wide, upon the wrong side, which is closed in front, underneath the mantelet, by means of hooks and eyes. On the point of the hood set a tassel of worsted balls, lay the revers in a pleat as indicated on Fig. 29, bringing × on ●, and ornament it there with a bow of blue satin ribbon. Covered buttons and button-loops serve for closing.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ZETA.—Read answer given in *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. VI., to "Amelia G." Add a ruff, cuffs, belt, and pocket of gros grain to your Irish poplin, and it will not need further alteration. Large paniers and bustles are entirely out of fashion.

TWENTY-FIVE.—You will find the information you need about wraps in the New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 38, Vol. VI. The soft thick cloth English jacket will suit you. Make your alpaca with a double-breasted jockey basque by pattern in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. VI., and trim with folds, side pleatings, and oxidized buttons.

ANNIE S.—Make your bombazine by the Double-breasted Jockey Basque pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. VI. Trim with folds and pleated flounces of the same according to the illustration. Over-skirts and polonaise skirts are never lined by first-class dressmakers. Both apron and open front over-skirts are worn. Puffs are not appropriate trimmings for mourning.

OLD SUBSCRIBER IN MAINE.—Shorten your brown silk, put two flounces of lighter brown headed by a bias band of the dark shade, and wear with a brown polonaise of cashmere, cloth, or camel's-hair.

L. F. G.—"Granite cloth" means gray granite-colored cloth. The fringe is gray. The figures are of dark green and granite cloth, as stated in description. Soutache is the narrow braid ordinarily used for braiding.

TWO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.—Do not have your empress cloth dyed, but wear it green, as that will be a fashionable color, and get darker green for a redingote. Get gray poplin of a darker shade for over-skirt and for basque, with light sleeves. There is nothing that exactly takes the place of black alpaca for a serviceable suit. Make it by the Double-breasted Jockey Basque pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. VI. Read about redingotes in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 38, Vol. VI.

LITTLE WOMEN.—The wraps for little girls are polonaises and jaunty sacques made like those described for ladies in *Bazar* No. 38, Vol. VI. Dark sombre colors are used for children instead of the bright ones of two years ago.

MRS. J. M. C.—You should buy *Bazar* No. 35, Vol. IV., in which the garments of the infant's wardrobe are illustrated, and the materials, with quantity, described. Order it from this office by sending ten cents and your address.

J. E. L.—It is impossible to prevent gray linen from washing lighter. Wear the garment a season without washing. This is easily done by cleansing grease spots with soap and brush, and moistening the whole garment with starch-water, and ironing it at once.

M. L. K.—We have not the water-proof cloak pattern you describe.

SUBSCRIBER.—The simplest binding or facing of piqué, or else open-worked English embroidery for edging the garment, is what you need for trimming a girl's piqué redingote.

MRS. W. D. W.—You do not make your question plain. The double-breasted jockey basque is suitable for both house and street dresses.

A CONSTANT READER.—The dark silks so fashionable all the year in the North will not be too dark for style to wear in New Orleans in the winter. Have your grenadine all black. Sponge your green silk with benzine. Get a camel's-hair mantilla. For your black silk, other dresses, and wraps, consult New York Fashions of *Bazar* Nos. 38 and 39, Vol. VI. We *can not* devote an article to New Orleans dresses.

A LADY'S FRIEND.—Read back numbers of the articles to "Ugly Girls" published in the *Bazar*.

MRS. J. T. V.—Trim the basque and over-skirt of pattern sent for your alpaca with the simplest piping. Put lengthwise folds on the skirt.

GENEVA.—The customary bridal traveling dress of dark silk with cashmere redingote will be most suitable for your quiet morning wedding. But if you must wear a light silk at 11 A.M., get pearl-color, and make by descriptions given for black and dark silks in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. VI. Put lengthwise pleated puffs down the front breadths, ruffles up the back, no over-skirt, and a basque. This basque should be merely corded on the edge of the front, and you will then have enough lace to trim the back of the basque, the sleeves, and to make a lace ruff inside a standing silk ruff and silk revers collar.—The usual "party table" of fruits, cake, ices, and other confectionery will be appropriate.

S. D. I.—Indigo blue, which is nearer black than navy blue, will be the fashionable color this winter. Make a redingote or a demi-polonaise with a simply trimmed skirt, like those described in *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. VI. The hair is worn lower than last winter. Shorten your green silk, and have a jockey basque and over-skirt by cut paper pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. VI.

MRS. E. A.—Trim your black cashmere with a bias band of repped silk, silk facings, cuffs, and buttons.

L. H.—Hints about your black silk will be found in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. VI. We do not reply by mail.

MRS. F. L. C.—Read answer just given "L. H." Put wide crape folds down the front breadths of your silk, with kilting of silk and crape behind. The ruff and coat collar on the basque must be of English crape also, unless your mourning is light enough to dispense with crape altogether, and trim your dress with silk folds and the new fringes that are made entirely of fine cut jet beads. A long redingote and plain skirt of English blue water-proof will be the best winter traveling suit. Put rows of deeper blue or black yak braid for trimming. The young girl's redingote can be shaped precisely like that worn by ladies.

MARIE.—Get good silk of a darker wine-color, and make lengthwise puffs and ruffles for the skirt. Remove all the satin and fringe. A very dark cashmere polonaise would also be pretty over the silk skirt.

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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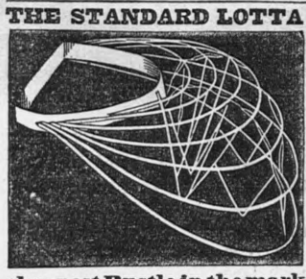

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR OCTOBER, 1873.

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A LADY'S ENTERPRISE.
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GENERAL SHERMAN IN EUROPE AND THE EAST.—(*Third Paper.*)
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THE HOME OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA.'
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SEMPER FIDELIS. By ANNIE CHAMBERS KETCHUM.

A LOSS TO THE PROFESSION.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STAGER.

THE JUDICIAL RECORD OF THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD.

EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC RECORD.

EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THE October Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, contains Twenty-one Contributions, besides the Editorial Departments, with over Sixty Illustrations. Colonel AUDENRIED'S splendidly illustrated description of General Sherman's European tour is concluded; the remarkable poultry establishment of the Baroness de Linas, at Belair, France, is described and illustrated; there is an illustrated paper on the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute for Freedmen; a description of a Tobacco Factory, profusely illustrated by W. L. SHEPARD; and a beautifully illustrated paper on Mauritius, prepared from Colonel Pike's "Sub-tropical Rambles," recently published.

The "Recollections of an Old Stager," and EMILIO CASTELAR'S "Republican Movement in Europe" are continued. General R. B. MARCY contributes some interesting anecdotes of Detective Pinkerton; and there is a very timely and interesting review of the Judicial Record of Chief-Justice Chase by JOHN S. BENSON.

CHARLES READE'S Novel "A Simpleton," is concluded in this Number, and is to be followed in November with a thrilling serial story, entitled "The Living Link," by the author of "The Dodge Club," characteristically illustrated by W. L. SHEPARD. In an early Number will be commenced "My Mother and I," A Love Story for Girls, by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

There are three interesting short Stories in this number—one of them illustrated—and five excellent Poems.

The five Editorial Departments are full of entertainment and instruction. The Editor's Historical Record—a department maintained from the earliest number of the Magazine, and the only monthly summary of events that is anywhere published—steadily improves in the scope and thoroughness of its treatment. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS will resume the Easy Chair in the November Number, which will also contain the first of a series of papers by CHARLES NORDHOFF, descriptive of the Pacific Coast.

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50 CASH GIFTS	1,000 each	50,000
80 CASH GIFTS	500 each	40,000
100 CASH GIFTS	400 each	40,000
150 CASH GIFTS	300 each	45,000
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FACETIÆ.

A PARISIAN dentist, who has a small villa in the outskirts, has raised upon a mound at the bottom of his little garden a summer-house built entirely of human teeth. From a distance it looks very nice, but close, certainly rather extraordinary. A short time since the dentist sent his servant into the country with orders to put the house in order and clean the summer-house. Five days having elapsed and the servant not returning, his master lost patience, and made his way to the villa. There he found his man diligently occupied in cleaning the summer-house—with a tooth-brush!

A VEST THAT SHOULD BE DOUBLED—The harvest.

A man having a bill against a distant merchant, sent a letter of inquiry to a banker of that locality. The reply was, "He is dead; but he pays now just as well as he ever did."

SAGE COMMENT.—Some one tells a story of a steamboat passenger watching the revolving light of a light-house on the coast, and exclaiming, "Jupiter! the wind blows that light out as fast as the man can strike it."

An epicure has written to the authorities to ask for a few new-laid eggs of the octopus, as he wishes to try their flavor.

"How I prize you, my dear!" said the jimmy to the safe door.

If you want to try a man's capacity, give him a cigar, then a strip of paper; light a match, and as soon as he has the cigar bit off and his paper in a blaze, ask him an important question that can't be answered under sixty seconds. The generality of mankind pull hard and then begin to reply, stop short and pull again, and recommence afresh. Then they send out a sentence enveloped in smoke, and about as clear as ground green glass; then they break off short and go for the weed again, and finally they try to convey their ideas in an eloquent glance; the paper burns down to their fingers, and their hand goes up like a pigeon out of a spring trap. The final expression of sentiment is not exactly suitable for a class at Sunday-school.

A WOMAN'S AILMENT—The stitch.

A sea-captain, invited to meet the committee of a society for the evangelization of Africa, when asked, "Do the subjects of the King of Dahomey keep Sunday?" replied, "Yes, and every thing else they can lay their hands on."

The death of John Stuart Mill brings up the anecdote of the Philadelphia publisher, who advertised certain new books as follows, "Mill on Political Economy; Ditto on the Floss."

A young lawyer lately concluded his argument in a case of damages for injury done by the defendant's pigs with the following burst: "If, gentlemen of the jury, the defendant's pigs are permitted to roam at large over the fair fields of my client with impunity, then—yes, then, indeed, have our institutions been made in vain."

The opposite counsel said, "You can score one for that."

China has abolished the kotow. We don't know what it is, but we are glad it is abolished, for we never liked it.

An orphan, under age, married his female guardian in Illinois the other day, and was compelled to get her written consent to his marriage before the wedding could take place.

The creditors of an absconding banker found, on opening his safe, that the only thing he had laid up for a rainy day was an umbrella.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY. "What a delightful Letter James Henry *does* write! So full of poetical gems! What a Wonderful Memory he must have for Poetry!"

The above shows James Henry in the act of concocting one of these wonderful Effusions.

ROYALTY FROM A NEW POINT OF VIEW.—We have never, says a Western editor, associated much with royalty, partly because monarchs of the present day are not proper companions for a virtuous young man, and partly because none of them have come to this country animated by a craving anxiety for our society. But we have seen a great deal of kings in the theatres, and we have never been more thankful that we are a republican who can never by any possibility be placed upon a throne than when we have observed that every movement of a king is always heralded by a flourish of trumpets and a roll of drums. This would constitute an insuperable objection to our assumption of a crown. It would be very disagreeable if there were a man hired by the government to execute the chromatic scale upon a brass horn every time we went from the bath-room to the front parlor, or to plunge about wildly through variations on the trombone whenever we crossed our legs or took a drink of water. It would be equally horrible if, when we went to the head of the stairs to call to the hired girl to put breakfast on, an uproarious fiend in the yard should rattle out the long roll on a drum. So, upon the whole, it is perhaps better that things are as they are.

What is the champion conundrum?—Life, because every body has to give it up.

What relation is a loaf of bread to a locomotive?—Its mother. Why? Because bread is a necessity and a locomotive an invention, and we all know that necessity is the mother of invention.

A Bennington daughter, whose domestic nature is equal to her natural simplicity, was invited by an Advent exhorter to join his sect, get her white robe ready, and prepare to ascend. "I can't," the maiden replied; "father and mother are going up, and somebody must stay to see to the cattle."

Professor Agassiz is no believer in Darwin. Not long ago he was introduced to a lady whom he was quite sure of having met before. She told him he was mistaken. He laughingly replied, "Well, we have known each other, but I presume it was when we were both toads."

SEEDINESS IN SPRING.

Caught in a vernal shower,
I got beneath a tree;
For I am not a flower;
The rain improves not me:
Regilds the dandelion,
Revives the daisy's hues,
But not restores the dye on
My coat, or mends my shoes.

And thou, too fairest daughter
Of not a wealthy sire,
Alas, no good rain-water
Will do to thine attire,
For all the rose and lily
That in thy cheek combine!
And I were very silly
To wish that thou wert mine.

A SETTLER SETTLED.

"I have come," said a Scotch farmer to a neighbor laird who was just dying—"I have come to settle about that bit of land."

"Settle't!" cried the old wrangler; "how will you settle't? Your father couldna settle't, and your grandfather couldna settle't, and the 'fifteen' couldna settle't, and how will you settle't?"

"Oh," said the rival claimant, "I'll let you have it altogether."

"But I'll no tak' it," cried the stout old litigant, and turned his face resolutely to the wall.

PACIFIC EXHIBITION—A *stand* of arms.

THE BEST THING TO DO SHOULD THE DRUM OF YOUR EAR BE DESTROYED—Get a trumpet.

The price of speckled trout just now is twenty-five cents a speck. Purchasers who do not count the specks are liable to be cheated.

A lady hearing that a tunnel cost 5000 francs a yard, importuned her husband to buy her a dress of that material.

A citizen of Connecticut, recently introduced to a newly married man, congratulated him warmly, and said, "Ah, these Litchfield County girls make clever wives; I've had three of 'em."

There are experts on all manner of subjects in these days of litigation. A woman testified the other day in a turkey case, and declared that she knew "these turkeys by their walk, their countenance, and their manner of roosting."

A good-hearted but partially deaf old lady is much disturbed by the talk about the Kickapoo Indians. She doesn't see why any body should kick a poor Indian.

A parent writes that he is annoyed and pained by his young son staying out at night, and asks a remedy for this rapidly growing evil. There are several remedies. The most effectual is to compel him to wear patched clothing.

LADIES WHO LIGHT UP WELL AT NIGHT—Those who have lantern-jaws.

A young Irishman told a sweet Cork girl (flesh and blood, not made of stopper) that the following was phonography: "U R A B U T, L N."

The following elegant notice of the change of weather appears in a paper: "The sun is swinging up the circle again, and will soon cross into the overcoat line from the regions where lighter clothing and ham and eggs tell us the condition of the atmosphere."

A crowd of quarrelsome people were dispersed from the front of a residence in a very singular and sudden manner one night. A stranger visiting the family slipped into the crowd unperceived, and extending an inverted hat, announced that he was making a missionary collection. Two minutes later he stood there alone, with not a single member of the turbulent mass to be seen in any direction.

A CAREFUL SCOT.—A man who was discovered asleep among a lot of tombstones in a stone-cutter's yard said, on being awakened, that he had come in to buy a monument for himself, and having picked out one, made up his mind he would try it one night before purchasing.

"James Jenkins," said a school-master to his pupil, "what is an average?"

"A thing, Sir," answered the scholar, promptly, "that hens lay eggs upon."

"Why do you say that, you silly boy?" asked the pedagogue.

"Because, Sir," said the youth, "I heard a gentleman say the other day as a hen would lay, on an average, a hundred and twenty eggs a year."

A big nose may be justly called nobby.

A QUAKER PRINTER'S PROVERBS.—Never send thou an article for publication without giving the editor thy name, for thy name may perchance secure publication. Never do thou loaf about a printing-office, ask questions, or knock down type, or the boys will love thee like as they do shade trees—when thou leavest. Thou shouldst never read the copy on the printer's case, or the composer thereof may knock thee down. Never inquire thou of the editor for the news, for, behold, it is his business at the appointed time to give it thee without asking. It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for it is his duty to keep such things to himself. When thou dost enter his office, take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what may be lying open and concerneth thee not, for that is not meet in the sight of good-breeding. Neither examine thou the proof-sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine eye; that thou mayest understand.

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THE LINE *MUST* BE DRAWN *SOMEWHERE!*

MY LADY. "And why did you leave your last Situation?"

SENSITIVE BEING. "*Well*, my Lady, I 'adn't been in the 'Ouse 'ardly a Month when I hascertained as the Ladies of the Family 'ad never even been Presented at Court!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 41.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Ladies' and Children's Fall Suits, Figs. 1-6.

Fig. 1.—RÉSÉDA GROS GRAIN DRESS. The skirt of this dress is made of réséda gros grain, with velvet stripes of a darker shade woven in. The polonaise is of plain gros grain, trimmed with pinked ruffles of the material and with strips of velvet.

Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD. This dress of white batiste is embroidered with red cotton.

Fig. 3.—BLACK POULT DE SOIE DRESS. This pretty dress is trimmed with ruffles and kilt pleatings of the material, and with bows of black faille ribbon. Pleated Swiss muslin fraise and under-sleeves.

Fig. 4.—BROWN SERGE DRESS. This dress is trimmed with folds, rolls, bows, and buttons of gros grain of the same color, as shown by the illustration. Fraise and under-sleeves of pleated white Swiss muslin.

Fig. 5.—GRAY DIAGONAL CLOTH DRESS. This dress is trimmed with ruffles, folds, and rolls of the material. The ruffles are button-hole stitched in scallops with gray silk in a lighter shade. White Swiss muslin fraise and under-sleeves.

Fig. 6.—VIOLET POPLIN DRESS. The skirt is arranged in kilt pleats. The polonaise is draped in a pouf, and trimmed with ruffles of the material, and folds and bows of violet gros grain. Fraise and under-sleeves of pleated Swiss muslin.

ABORIGINAL MONEY.

AT a late meeting of the Academy of Sciences of San Francisco, Mr. R. E. C. Stearns presented a paper upon the money of uncivilized man, exhibiting specimens of this circulating medium and of the shells from which it was derived. He remarks that the durability and ease of manipulation of shells have long caused them to be employed in domestic intercourse and trade, and among these he first enumerated the common clam of the eastern coast of the United States, the purple portion of which constituted the black wampum, or one class of their money, while another was made from the axes of a species of Pyrula. In each shell about half an inch in diameter of the inside is of this purple color, and this was converted into beads, which they called *Suckanhock*, or black money, which was twice the value of their white money, or wampum proper, which was made of the *Metauhock* or Pyrula. This was used not only among the Indians, but among the whites; and it is remarked that the solid cash with which the salaries of ministers were formerly paid included black and white wampum.

The money of the west coast Indians is a species of tusk shell or *Dentalium*, resembling an elephant's hollow tusk, their worth depending upon the length of the shell. These are strung on cords and worked up in various forms of beaded and other ornaments, having a distinct value among the Indians, according to the size of the shell and their number, quite as fixed as

Fig. 1.—RÉSÉDA GROS GRAIN DRESS. Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD. Fig. 3.—BLACK POULT DE SOIE DRESS. Fig. 4.—BROWN SERGE DRESS. Fig. 5.—GRAY DIAGONAL CLOTH DRESS. Fig. 6.—VIOLET POPLIN DRESS.

FIGS. 1-6.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S FALL SUITS.

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that of the specie or paper-money of the United States. The use of the money cowry in Africa is well known, many tons of the shells being annually imported to Great Britain, and again exported for barter with the native tribes.

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THE SOLEMNITY OF MARRIAGE.

IN these days of divorces, separations, and general public disagreements between husband and wife, there is apprehension that the real dignity and solemnity of marriage may be frequently overlooked. It is too rapidly becoming a not uncommon belief that marriage is an arrangement simply for the happiness of the high contracting parties, and that as soon as perfect happiness ceases the contract is virtually at an end, and needs only the sanction of the law to set it aside, as that sanction authorized it in the beginning.

But this idea is a thoroughly miserable one, not only in the impiety of its disregard of sacred vows, but in the depravity of the selfishness of such disregard, not only in theory, but in practice. It loses sight of every relation of marriage but that between the husband and wife personally; forgets its interwoven affiliations with others, its influence upon society, its obligations to the community; is entirely oblivious of the fate of children, one side of whose life the divorce of parents inevitably removes, and is thus grossly material and mischievous in every point of view.

If marriage were an institution intended only to endure so long as perfect happiness under its bond endures, there would be no civil need of marriage at all, nor of any outward observance of union. But the oath of marriage is taken for better or worse, and the existence of children, whose affections belong to both parents, in whose veins the blood of both parents runs, marks the institution as a thing intended for perpetuity. The mere happiness of having one's own way is a but a crude and shallow thing, as reflection can not but teach; but there comes by-and-by, out of the fostering growth of a long discipline, a happiness born of self-denial, of patience, of duty well done, that as far exceeds any other as the perfect blossom exceeds the sleeping bud. The one happiness dies with the gratification that gave it birth; the other never knows death, for it has become a part of the soul perfecting itself through trial.

In fact, nobody but a simpleton would look for complete happiness in marriage until its great leaven has had time to work, and interunite lives, hopes, and aims. There is, indeed, the lovers' rapture in the early days, that dazzling atmosphere of bliss which surrounds the two, and shuts out the world beyond, as the bright and blinding sunshine shuts out the great universe of stars, which folds them in upon themselves in an ecstatic content that passes — passes presently and fortunately, since human life and work would find it as unhealthy for any length of time as any hardy plant would find the concentrated warmth and light of a greenhouse. And after that has passed comes the real task, the assimilation in the great alembic of marriage, with love for the solvent, of two natures that are of different birth, of different rearing and education, and frequently of different tastes. Too often the solvent gives out before the task is done; and all too often then the end comes, and the appeal to courts of law.

But it is really just here that marriage should assert its value. Has the expected happiness, after all, proved only a dream and an illusion? Has it been found impossible for you to have your every wish met, and the other party in the case to do the same? Has happiness fled indignantly before a compromise in which there shall be mutual yielding, or has it utterly expired in suffering? That, then, is the hour for principle, the hour for duty, the hour in which to remember that if marriage is not in every Church accounted a sacrament, yet, nevertheless, at every celebration of it God himself has been called to witness it, to sanctify it, and take part in it, and that thereafter only in sacrilege can it be lightly or irreverently treated.

We do not, certainly, pretend to deny that there are cases where crime and insanity demand a different view of the infrangibility of the marriage bond; but such cases are exceptional, perhaps enough so to prove the rule. The ordinary marriage is that of the ordinary man and woman, neither of whom is criminally insane, and who are capable of reasonable and honorable action, and who, if they choose to look around them, to look backward from the beginning, to look forward to the end, will find many a prudent and pleasant way of closing any chasm that may open between them.

In some regions of France, where, under the hereditary religion, divorce is impossible, but where, for all that, a couple may have found life together insupportable, and so desire to live apart, the couple give notice of their desire to the curé of the parish, who immediately thereon packs his knapsack and takes up his abode with that couple for a year, in order ostensibly to ascertain if their desire is just. Of course then it very naturally and instantly becomes the purpose of either party to prove to the priest that it is not the one to blame; and thus the angry word remains unspoken, the angry reply ungiven; snapping and snarling are unheard; there is no more bickering over shameless trifles; little attentions are rendered for the sake of appearances, and accepted for the same; the two are mutually mollified; they find there is some good in each other yet, and usually before the year expires the good curé takes his knapsack and departs, leaving a reconciled husband and wife behind him.

It would, of course, be out of the question to apply such a remedy any where but with rude peasants, for, indeed, there is no one among superior classes receiving quite the affection or having the authority of the village priest with his people; and the presence in such instances of mothers-in-law or the customary relatives always does more hurt than good. But it is every where possible to remember that a greater than any village priest, a nearer and dearer Friend, and One the fiat of whose authority is fate, is always present, and so to order one's ways that that omnipresent eye shall see no wrong in them. It is even possible to lay aside injured pride or wounded sensibility, and to forget one's self absolutely in a sweetness that shall win the dead love back to life.

But if you fail to win the dead love back, if you fail to renew the whole of its old delightful spell, can you find no pleasure in your children, in the care of their present, the anticipation of their future? Can you not simulate a happiness, or at least a calm, you do not feel, and keep a peaceful home about you for the sake of its influence upon their temperaments? And can you not feel a half-consoling satisfaction in the fact of your attempt, and the consciousness that you yourself are not poisoning your children's memories at the source, are not making home an impossible place for the one who has as much right there as yourself, are not laying violent hands on the domestic altar, are not injuring others by your example?

But if you succeed in winning back the dead love, or if, indeed, you never lost it, what a life is yours, and within what a charmed sphere do you move! You know the full blessing of companionship — of a companionship where utter confidence exists, where interests are identical, where fear is cast out, where every word and every thought meets its echo, where the smile is always ready, the loving lip, the following eye, where one climbs on the hand of the other, and the other urges forward with lofty cheer, and where husband and wife so closely grow together that even Death can not part them, but their spirits seem to be at one long after the sods separate the dead from the living body.

We once saw the end of such a marriage, so far as this world goes. The half-paralyzed husband, who had been the old wife's care for years, was in the room below, when she was prostrated with a swift and fatal fever. But she refused to let him be told. "He is dying too," she said, "and he will miss me so if he knows I die the first." The next day they lay side by side on one bed; and though we had looked on many memorable sights—on men and women in all the breathing beauty of youth, on marble sculptures, frost-white and perfect—we thought we had never seen any thing so beautiful as those two shrunken frames, between whose animating spirits the marriage was so perfect that one could not stay without the other—a marriage that could only have begun in this world, and was to go forward through heavenly eternities!

OCTOBER MARKETING.

BY PIERRE BLOT.

IN October there is even a greater variety of food of every kind than in September, as the following list will show:

FISH.

Black and striped bass, black and blue fish, butterfish, carp, cod, flounders, haddock, mackerel, Spanish mackerel, mullet, muskalonge, blue perch, pickerel, plaice, porgy, ray, scup, skate, smelt, sucker, sun-fish, lake trout, weak-fish, and frogs.

SHELL-FISH.

Hard and soft shell clams, hard and soft shell crabs, lobsters, mussels, oysters, periwinkles, prawns, scallops, green turtles.

MEAT.

Beef, mutton, lamb, pork, sucking pig, tame rabbits.

POULTRY.

Chickens, capons, spring chickens, Guinea-fowls, ducks, ducklings, goslings, turkeys.

GAME.

Bobolink, yellow-legs, blackbirds, robins, high-holes, orioles, thrush, woodpecker, brand-goose, wild-goose, curlew, ducks (canvas-back, red-head, mallard, black, wood, widgeon, broad-bill, teal, and pintail), grouse, hare, meadow-lark, partridge, pheasant, prairie-hen, pigeons and squabs, plover, opossum, rabbit, raccoon, rail, snipe, squirrel, buck venison, woodcock, woodchuck.

VEGETABLES.

Artichokes, Jerusalem artichokes, beets, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, cabbages (red, Savoy, and white), cardoons, carrots, cauliflowers, table and turnip-rooted celery, chiccory, cucumbers, corn, endive, kohlrabi, Lima beans, okra, musk and water melons, onions, potatoes, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, radishes (black, red, and yellow), salsify, squash, tomatoes, white and Russia turnips, water-cress.

FOR PICKLING.

Cucumbers, mangoes, small onions, peppers, string-beans, tomatoes, tarragon.

FRUITS.

Apples, barberries, cranberries, cocoa-nuts, chestnuts, black-walnuts, hickory-nuts, bananas, grapes, oranges, peaches, pears, plums, quince.

In our last article we said that brook trout could be caught on and after September 15; it should read until September 15.

Beef begins to be in its prime in October; so are mutton, poultry, and most game.

Our need of food increases as the weather becomes colder; and nature provides for this, as will be easily seen by the above lists. Rich soups and large joints will take the place of light dishes, vegetables, and fruits, though by no means excluding them entirely.

Palatable, nutritious, and healthy cooking is impossible without beef broth, as it is the foundation of soups, sauces, and gravies. As we have said before, beef broth is neither expensive nor difficult to make, and is easily kept for two or three days in winter-time.

Two kinds of fluid are used besides broth to make soups—*milk* and *water;* but, although good, they are light soups in comparison with those made with broth. Butter is added when water is used.

Bones alone make a gelatinous broth, but not as nutritious as when used with meat. A pound of meat and bones makes a pint and a half of good broth; two pounds make a quart of rich broth. The more meat used with a certain amount of water, the richer the broth. The pieces of beef generally used to make broth are the leg, the shin, the neck, the round, and the chuck; other pieces are just as good, but they are dearer, and do not make more or better broth. Besides beef, the trimmings of pieces of beef and veal, of chickens, turkeys, and Guinea-birds, are excellent to make broth; also the bones and what has been left of the same pieces after having been served as roasted pieces, and after having cracked the bones with a chopper. Any kind of meat or bones used to make broth must be fresh; the piece of meat or bird, the bones of which are used for broth, must have been roasted when very fresh. The least taint spoils the broth. Many epicures use every kind of game, biped or quadruped, with beef to make broth, either raw or the bones of such after having been served as roast pieces, especially such game as partridges and like birds, rabbits, hares, etc.; such broth has a gamy taste. Some go further; when they have made rich beef broth, they boil game in it to make it richer, and then make *consommé* with it. It is then real essence of meat, and very rich food.

The best utensil for making broth is an earthen pot; next is a copper or iron digester or kettle, well lined with tin. An iron pan lined with porcelain is excellent if the porcelain is not cracked. Any kind of fire is good as long as it is not too sharp, and will keep the pot simmering; it does not matter whether it is on a stove or range, in a grate or furnace, or whether it is a hard coal, charcoal, or wood fire. It is not necessary to be a thorough cook to make excellent broth, for care and watchfulness are the only two qualities required.

Process: Put two pounds of beef in a pot or kettle with two quarts and a half of cold water, a small table-spoonful of salt, and set it on a good fire; after about thirty or forty minutes the scum will begin to collect on the surface; take a skimmer and skim it off as soon as there is enough of it; when it begins to boil add about a wine-glassful of cold water to stop the boiling, and allow all the scum to come on the surface in order to remove it. When no more of it comes up add a small turnip, or part of one, a medium-sized carrot, two cloves, an onion, a stalk of celery, a leek, and a clove of garlic; simmer constantly for about six hours, then add a table-spoonful of burned sugar, and the broth is made. The meat is either served with the carrot, turnip, and leek, or prepared as directed for cold beef in a preceding number. Strain the broth, and it is ready for use. It does not keep long in summer without turning sour; it is then necessary to cool it quickly by exposing it to a draught, and to keep it in a dark and cool closet, or on ice. It keeps longer by giving it one boil every twelve hours.

Burned Sugar, or Caramel.—The utensil used to make caramel or burned sugar can not be used for any thing else afterward. An old tin pan or old ladle answers the purpose. White is better than brown sugar or molasses, having a finer flavor. The process is to put about two ounces of sugar in the ladle or pan, and set it over a rather sharp fire; stir with a piece of wood, or a wooden skewer used by butchers, till it is black, and begins to send forth a burning smell, when add a gill or so of cold water; stir and boil gently for four or five minutes; take off the fire, strain, let it cool, and it is made. When cold it is put in a bottle, corked, and used whenever wanted. It keeps well, and may be used warm as well as cold.

Consommé.—This means very rich broth made richer and clarified. It is to the old what milk is to the infant—the best food that can be given.

Process: When broth is made and strained it is put back in the pot or digester with a few onions or carrots in slices, lean beef chopped and mixed with raw eggs, and then beaten into the broth, which is set on the fire and boiled for about half an hour, or until perfectly clear. The more chopped meat is used, the richer the consommé. It is as nutritious as beef, healthful, and very easy of digestion. Whoever named it the *staff of old age* named it rightly; it is certainly the best way for old persons, deprived of masticating powers and of strong digestive organs, to eat, digest, and assimilate beef and other meats.

Chicken Broth.—This is generally made for invalids, for whom beef broth is too rich; although chicken broth can be made rich also by putting several old chickens in the kettle with a comparatively small amount of water.

Process: To make an ordinary chicken broth, neither rich nor weak, put in the soup kettle an old chicken, the bones of which you crack in several places, or half of a chicken, with about a quart of water to a pound of meat; add a little salt, and set on a good fire. When commencing to boil push the kettle back, add a gill of cold water, and skim off the scum that gathers on the surface. When no more scum comes up, add a carrot, a stick of celery, and two leeks; simmer for two hours, strain, and use. If wanted weak, put more water and less chicken, and *vice versa* if wanted rich.

Veal Broth.—Like chicken broth, it is generally made for invalids; the process is exactly like the above, using a pound of the breast or neck piece of veal instead of a pound of chicken.

Mutton Broth.—Proceed and season exactly as directed for beef broth, using the same weight of mutton as of beef.

Leek Soup.—Take half a dozen leeks, clean and wash them well, cut them in thin slices, and put them in a pan with a little butter; fry until they begin to color, when add three pints of broth or water, and simmer for an hour. While it is simmering, cut two or three slices of bread in dice, and put it in

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the soup tureen; salt to taste, and turn the leeks and broth over the bread; cover the tureen for two or three minutes, and serve. Leek is the most demulcent of edible vegetables.

Leek Soup for Invalids.—Clean and wash a dozen of good-sized leeks, and cut them in thin slices; put them in a pan with two ounces of butter, and fry them till about half done; add about two quarts of broth, and simmer until about half reduced; add salt to taste, and serve as it is. This leek soup is excellent for invalids and consumptives.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

COIFFURES.

BEFORE describing the bonnets displayed by private milliners it is necessary to say that there is a change in the way of arranging the hair. Parisian ladies retain the high puffs and braids on top of the head, with the back hair unrelieved by plaits or tresses, but this style is unbecoming to the slender faces of American women, hence the desire here to return to lower coiffures. The new caprice for day wear is to have a single narrow châtelaine braid down the back of the head, with two or three soft puffs on top and a crown braid in front. The back hair is still combed up from the nape of the neck, but its bare look is taken away by the châtelaine braid. Thick ropes made of two tresses of hair twisted together are even newer than plaits for the crown and châtelaine. The part above the forehead is shown, and the front hair, in long rippling waves, natural and careless-looking, is laid smoothly and low on the temples, instead of being drawn backward and covered up with frizzes and fringe. Smooth hair is once more in fashion, though ladies destroy the beauty of the new arrangement by pasting the waves flatly with pomade or bandoline. Side locks in front of the ear are worn turned toward the face instead of backward.

BONNETS.

Three styles of bonnets are offered by exclusive milliners. That which will be most prevalent is an improved Rabagas, with broad, half-high crown, and an upturned coronet brim leaning outward from the crown, and sometimes slightly pointed and indented on the left side; the back recedes and fits beautifully over the new coiffures. Second is a dressy Marie Antoinette shape, with the sides curved outward as the brims of Leghorn hats were worn in the summer, and an elaborate face trimming under this brim. Third is the Directoire shape, a simple yet distingué bonnet without a coronet, but with a projecting front that shelters the abundant face trimming now in vogue.

Colored velvet bonnets are chosen to match the suit with which they are worn, or else to brighten black costumes. Perhaps the choicest among these are the dark blue-grays, called granite and slate color. Sage and plum color have had their day, and are to be superseded by ultramarine blue and myrtle green. Corbeau and Havana—dark ashes-of-roses with pink tinges—are choice selections; olives and bronze are still in favor. The velvet is placed smoothly on the frame, showing its graceful outlines. The trimming is soft gros d'Orient (twilled silk) of a lighter shade mingled with velvet like the bonnet, laid in easy, careless folds around the crown almost to its top; erect loops with a cut steel dagger thrust through them are placed slightly to the left of the front—the right side has only the folds for trimming—and a short broad end, or else nothing in the way of streamers, is behind; two demi-long plumes spring out of the erect loops and curl over the crown to the back; the coronet brim is covered with velvet, corded or piped on the edge with the trimming silk, and there is a soft velvet puff, or else two silk puffs, placed as face trimming under the brim; a flower cluster, usually three half-blown roses, is placed low on the left of the back, or a smaller cluster nestles on the indentation of the brim. Strings of gros grain ribbon are added or omitted as the wearer pleases. This general description serves for the greater number of bonnets, and is more useful to the reader than detailed descriptions of separate bonnets. On many bonnets flowers are omitted altogether, and feathers are used in abundance. Steel must be very carefully used, or else it is vulgar—besides, it is very expensive. Judicious milliners prohibit it except in the slender long dagger of finely cut diamond-steel, and a single light row of beading around dark velvet coronets. Lace is very little used.

Black bonnets will continue as popular as ever. For the demi-season they are made of dotted Brussels net laid plainly on the frame; this net is only visible on the top of the crown, as its sides are nearly covered with loosely folded gros d'Orient and velvet of any of the dark stylish colors, while the brim is of black velvet. Two plumes and a face trimming of silk puffs, a roll, or else an ostrich feather band, complete this stylish bonnet. Later in the season black felt bonnets will be offered, and when trimmed entirely with black these are so handsome that they rival velvet. Black velvet bonnets are enlivened by strings of double-faced ribbon, blue or rose on one side and black on the other, with a box-pleated ruffle of this ribbon under the coronet, and black plumes tipped with a color. Most distinguished-looking bonnets are all black, mingled silk and velvet, with black plumes, a steel dagger, or else a jet ornament, and dark groseille roses.

ROUND HATS.

The presence or absence of strings no longer serves to distinguish bonnets from round hats, since many bonnets dispense with strings. The only distinguishing feature is now the face trimming, which bonnets have and hats have not. The French fancy at present in round hats is for the Incroyable, turned up behind with projecting brim in front, and sides curved to show a dressy coiffure. A flaring brimmed Rabagas hat, and the English walking hat with both sides turned up, are most in favor here for fall wear, but novelties are anticipated for the winter. Fine black chip and velvet will be chosen for winter. Very stylish hats for the intermediate season are white chip Rabagas with myrtle green velvet on brim and around crown, and a cluster of long green cock's plumes nodding over the crown. The Rubens hat, with one side turned up, has become too common for exclusive tastes. The red rose of Spain in dark scarlet or the bright groseille crimson still droops from the back of hats; it is also seen half-blown, three in a row, or else in a triangular cluster. While two half-long plumes are preferred for bonnets, a single long ostrich feather curls over the hat crown, beginning slightly on the left of the front. Black and the new shaded ostrich plumes are used for these, but there is also a stylish preference for the natural ostrich feather of shaded gray, which is more durable than any colored plume, and, moreover, costs only half as much. There is a hybrid affair, neither hat nor bonnet, resembling the Normandy cap, and called after it; also the Shah turban, with broadly turned up brim and an aigrette in front.

THE NEW SPANISH VEIL.

The new Spanish veil has a drawing string of ribbon to confine it under the chin in a becoming way, that will also be comfortable in cold, windy days. It is made of Brussels thread net, with tiny thick embroidered dots, and a lace edge of Chantilly two inches wide. It is a kind of scarf over a yard long, sloped to points at each end, but quite wide in the middle. The upper part of the middle covers the top of the hat; it falls thence over the face under the chin, where the ribbon is put in the hem, and, after drawing it up, is tied behind over the pointed ends, which hang like tabs. Price $25.

DRESS AND CLOAK TRIMMINGS.

The new camel's-hair and yak braids for trimming cloth and woolen fabrics are most inexpensive of the fashionable trimmings. In narrow soutache widths, representing double rows of fine braid, they cost $2, or else $2 25 for a dozen pieces, each containing six yards. Star braid is $2 for a piece containing twenty-four yards. Inch-wide braids are 35 or 45 cents a yard. There are stylish and durable trimmings for English walking jackets, polonaises, water-proofs, and children's clothes. Yak laces cost from 75 cents to $1 25 for the trimming widths, which are from two to three inches; beaded yak laces with fine cut jet are newer, and worth from $2 50 to $4. Worsted fringes are shown in the dark hues, now called "camel's-hair shades," for trimming diagonals and camel's-hair cloth. They are in rows of balls, or in mulberry drops, and cost $1 60 a yard, or thereabouts.

Silk trimmings for failles, velvet, and cashmere have many finely cut jet beads intermingled, and also some blue steel beads. The ribbon galloons seen on French garments as heading for lace or fringe are now found in the trimming stores. Inch-wide galloon made entirely of jet costs from 90 cents to $1 40 a yard; other patterns partly jet, with the silk showing, cost from $1 to $2. Another novelty is the fouragere cords, thick as a lady's finger, to be draped as swinging cords in front to fasten sacques, and as ornaments from the shoulders behind, or as an edge to finish jackets. These are shown in passementerie with large jets, while other cords are all jet, or all steel beads, or perhaps jet and steel mixed. Price from $1 to $3 a yard. Handsome passementeries have something like camel's-hair braid wrought in leaf designs. Passementerie ornaments for velvet cloaks have heavy swinging tassels rich with jet, and are very expensive. Beautifully crocheted ornaments without tassels are to be placed upright in the back of velvet polonaises; they cost without beads from $2 50 upward; crocheted fastenings for the front, to which fouragere cords are to be attached, cost from $3 to $6 a pair.

Fringes are exceedingly handsome this season. It is said they will rival lace, and they cost almost as much. Two and a half inches is the stylish width for trimming black silk dresses and wraps. Those made entirely of small cut jet beads are $4 or $5 a yard. With latticed cord heading thickly strewn with jet and a jet ball hanging, they cost from $2 25 to $4 75 a yard. An elegant fringe, with passementerie heading and tassels of jet and floss, is $6. Crimped tape fringe in clusters, with jet balls and tassels, is $4 50. The new curled tape fringe, like a twisted shaving, is $4; but with curled tape tassels over a regular sewing-silk fringe it is only $2 25.

Diamond-steel buttons, cut in beautiful designs, cost $2 50 a dozen for the quarter-of-a-dollar size, which is most used; others of more elaborate cutting cost from $7 up to $21 a dozen. The new dark blue steel buttons for trimming dresses and wraps of granite and slate colors, blue and black, cost $2 75 a dozen. The plain smoked pearl buttons, now so stylish, are only 75 cents a dozen in shades appropriate for olives, bronze, etc. White pearl buttons, with inlaid centres of smoked pearl as beautifully shaded as opals, are $4. Flat thick buttons are preferred to all but the handsome Japanese buttons, which bulge outward in the centre. These are black, with gilt figures, and are seen on imported silk dresses. Price from $10 50 to $12 a dozen.

ELEGANT NOVELTIES.

Among the elegant materials found at French wholesale importing houses are velvet-striped Siciliennes, made up of alternate inch-wide stripes of velvet and the soft repped Sicilienne, in dark camel's-hair shades. This is for parts of costumes, which are completed by plain velvet of the same shade imported to match the stripes. Polonaise patterns of richest black faille are shown wrought elaborately with soutache and fine jet. Black velvet mantillas not yet made up are ornamented with exquisite raised embroidery, sprinkled with large and small jets. Among smaller articles are bows of black velvet mixed with light-colored China crape in folds tastefully arranged. These are for the throat, with smaller ones for the hair.

IMPORTED SUITS.

Polonaises with basque backs are revived on imported suits. A novelty is the double polonaise having a vest of lighter shade so long that it forms the front of the garment, while the darker material of which the garment is made is sloped away backward to meet a basque. This is prettily shown in a blue-gray "diagonal" suit, trimmed with blue steel buttons. The basque back is without postilion pleats, and is shorter in the middle than on the hips; the back of the polonaise skirt forms a Watteau fold. Pleated puffs and flounces trim the lower skirt. Other polonaises, cut with darts and but one back seam, are lapped diagonally, and have a single revers instead of the double-breasted revers collar. The back of the skirt is open to the belt behind, and trimmed with a bias band. A tiny bow defines the waist behind, and a small turned-over collar finishes the neck. The front breadth of the skirt, as far as visible, is covered with lapping folds; puffs and flounces trim the foot of the skirt; Japanese buttons. Suits with basque and over-skirt have the over-skirt draped much shorter on the left side, and each side is trimmed differently. The lower skirt then has diagonal trimming on the front breadths.

For information received thanks are due Miss PAGE; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; THOMSON, LANGDON, & Co.; A. SELIG; and CH. BERTEAUX & RADOU.

PERSONAL.

IN the charming *Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge* is a letter to her friend Mrs. GILLMAN, in which, after announcing the death of her husband, she says: "It was at Highgate, at your house, that I first saw my beloved HENRY. Since then, now twenty years ago, no two beings could be more intimately united in heart and thoughts than we have been, or could have been more intermingled with each other in daily and hourly life. He concerned himself in all my feminine domestic occupations, and admitted me into close intercourse with him in all his higher spiritual and intellectual life. It has pleased God to dissolve this close tie, to cut it gradually and painfully asunder, and yet, till the last fatal stroke, to draw it even closer in some respects than before."

—JOAQUIN MILLER diffuses his personal presence over the fashionables of London by appearing on horseback with Mexican saddle, and wearing a white sombrero with cords and tassels of the gayest fashion. A circus man has offered him several pounds a week to appear on his fiery steed in the sawdust arena. His talent scoffs at the low greed of that man.

—The Princess of Wales is described as being a most lovely woman—tall and perfectly formed, her every movement graceful, and her manners winsome and wholly unaffected. Her face is all sunshine and sweetness, and one never to be forgotten. Her popularity in England is very great, all classes regarding her with peculiar affection, not more for her peerless beauty than for her faultless character as a wife and mother.

—The Rev. Dr. JOSEPH PARKER, of London, author of *Ecce Cœlum*, is on a visit to this country. He is one of the ablest of the Congregational clergymen of the British metropolis. He is to the Congregationalists what SPURGEON is to the Baptists and Canon LIDDON to the Episcopalians.

—What would be thought of an administration in this country that would resort to the littleness of sending secret agents to report the sayings and doings of an ex-President and his friends? Yet this has been done by President M'MAHON to ex-President THIERS.

—Mr. PULLMAN, the palace-car man, has given Mr. THOMAS MURPHY $42,000 for the building lot at Long Branch next to Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS'S, and will next year build a palace-hut.

—PIERRE ROUVIS, the first explorer of New Caledonia, died in Paris on the 25th of August. He was one of the companions of Bishop PIARD, who was eaten by the natives in 1846, when prelates were deemed of the required tenderness for edible purposes.

—Mr. HELON CONE has won the gratitude of the people of East Haddam, Connecticut, by presenting to that town ten thousand dollars, the interest of which is to be used by indigent and worthy young persons wishing to start business in the town.

—The late Bishop WILBERFORCE was not the first bishop killed by a fall from his horse in modern times. It is now almost ninety-nine years since JAMES JOHNSON, Bishop of Worcester, was thus killed, in Stall Street, Bath, being then in the seventieth year of his age. His body was buried in Lacock Church, where there is a monument to his memory, and where his hatchment still remained on the wall not long since. Another monument to his memory is in Worcester Cathedral. It is by NOLLEKENS. Among colonial bishops, too, who have died from other than "natural causes," the names of Dr. COTTON, of Calcutta, and of Dr. SAWYER, of Grafton and Armidale, in Australia, should be mentioned. They were both drowned. Bishop HEBER also died from apoplexy while bathing. To these should be added the late Bishop PATTESON, who was murdered by the natives whom he was seeking to Christianize. Another English prelate, Bishop KIDDER, was killed while in bed by the fall of a stack of chimneys in a tempest. And Bishop KEMP, of Maryland, had an end put to his life by the overturn of a stage-coach.

—The best-paid family on earth, from the public purse, is the royal family of England. The Queen receives £385,000 a year, which is about $5000 per day. The Prince of Wales has $200,000 per annum, besides $300,000 per annum from the Duchy of Cornwall. The Duke of Edinburgh has $125,000 per annum, and each one of the married daughters has been munificently pensioned by the government.

—The Sultan of Turkey is personally pecunious to that extent that he has on exhibition at the Weltausstellung, at Vienna, treasures worth fifty millions of dollars. The principal piece is the throne of NADIR SHAH. It is gilded wood, covered all over with garlands and flowers and tracery in pearls, rubies, and emeralds.

—Sir HENRY HOLLAND, pleasantly remembered by many of our people, though now over eighty-five years of age, has just left London on his ordinary two months' tour for Nijni-Novgorod. Sir HENRY has made eight voyages to the United States and Canada, and one to Jamaica. He has four times traveled over the East; has made three tours to Algeria, two in Russia, and has several times visited Sweden and Norway, yet he says he has never lost a patient by his wanderings.

—During the late President LINCOLN'S administration one member of his cabinet was strongly disliked by his little son TAD. When Mr. LINCOLN was ill with the varioloid the offensive secretary sent his card in and asked for an interview. TAD was present and heard his father decline the request, saying he was ill. "Papa," said TAD, "let him come in and catch it."

—One of the droll results of recent changes in Mr. GLADSTONE'S cabinet is that the Quaker JOHN BRIGHT becomes an officer for spiritual purposes in the Church of England. And yet it is so, for as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster he will have the patronage of forty-one livings in various parts of the country. These livings are of a widely varied character, ranging from Reston, in Lincolnshire, worth £116 per annum, to Rothbury, in Northumberland, with the very comfortable income of £1470 a year. It is rather curious that although these livings are attached to the office of the Duchy of Lancaster, yet none of them are in Lancashire. They are situated in Yorkshire, Leicester, Norfolk, Essex, Wilts, Herts, Cumberland, etc.

—In Madison, Wisconsin, dwells a young man who is a model of pride, humility, and independence. He prefers to get his education through the agency of his own industry rather than accept the aid proffered him by his father. Why or wherefore does not appear, but such is the case. In order to carry out his laudable principles he does the washing, on Monday, for his mother, she paying him the same as she would the washer-woman, and he finds the proceeds sufficient to pay for his schooling every week. Washing, rinsing one's way into Virgil and Euclid is a process sufficiently novel to merit the admiration of the world at large. We infer that he will iron his way into Greek, ruffle himself over the difficulties of Homer, and clear-starch himself into Hebrew.

—A former Attorney-General of Massachusetts, JAMES SULLIVAN, was at once an able lawyer and a hearty, dignified gentleman of the old school. To a friend who was complaining at the age of sixty that he felt one's days must be few, and the capacity for usefulness well-nigh exhausted, Mr. SULLIVAN felicitously replied: "You mistake there. At sixty a man in fair health may enter upon a series of years equal in usefulness and happiness to those of any period, provided proper precautions are taken and proper habits formed. Employment without labor, exercise without weariness, and temperance without abstinence are the rules of life for a man of threescore years." The advice probably contains as sound sense as could easily be compacted in the same number of words.

—Mr. OLIVER JOHNSON, of the *Christian Union*, a veteran journalist, was a few days since married at New Haven to Miss JENNIE M. ABBOTT, daughter of the Rev. J. S. C. ABBOTT, whose many historical works, published by the HARPERS, are familiar to the public. The reverend historian officiated at the ceremony which gained him a son-in-law, and caused his daughter to change "her local habitation and her name."

—When Lord LYTTON inserted in the ninth book of *The Parisians*, now in course of publication in *Harper's Weekly* (which it is supposed he intended to publish anonymously), the following eccentric reference to himself, "There is somewhere in Lord LYTTON'S writings—writings so numerous that I may be pardoned if I can not remember where—a critical definition of the difference between dramatic and narrative art of story," probably the principal reason for the remark was to mislead critics as to the authorship of the novel. Defining the difference between the dramatic and narrative art was a favorite pastime with many of Lord LYTTON'S characters, and the distinction between dramatic and lyric poetry so charmingly given by Lily Mordaunt in *Kenelm Chillingly* is one of the prettiest and most memorable passages in the book.

—The defiant manner—perhaps we should call it "cheek"—displayed during the TICHBORNE trial by Dr. KENEALY toward the judges while summing up, would have met with very different treatment at the hands of our Supreme Court judges. For example, referring to the witness CHATILLON, Dr. K. remarked that that individual occupied the position more of a valet than a tutor. "I don't think that is a proper observation," interrupted the Lord Chief Justice. "But I think it is," replied Dr. KENEALY. "I say it is not," answered the Chief Justice; and the whole court looked on with bated breath as Dr. KENEALY said, in measured accents, "But I say it is; and there is nothing to prevent me saying so." Mr. Justice MELLOR here interposed; but every one was so occupied watching the Chief Justice and Dr. KENEALY that his words escaped observation till he was heard to say, "Except the rules which regulate the conduct of gentlemen." Thereupon Dr. KENEALY drew himself up, and looking grandly bucolic, as well as virtuously indignant, said, almost fiercely, "My lord, I know these rules as well as you, and will not have them dictated to me by you. I beg you will not repeat them." Mr. Justice MELLOR was understood to say he would repeat them; but he was cut short by the Chief Justice saying, in a commanding way, "I can not allow a member of this bench to be addressed in that way." Dr. KENEALY, with cool deliberation, "When a member of that bench forgets his duty—" The Lord Chief Justice, with increased warmth, "I won't allow you to say he forgets his duty." "But I will when the occasion requires," hissed Dr. KENEALY, and there was another painful pause. Then the doctor, turning to the jury, said, "It is you, gentlemen, that I address; and what I was going to say is that this witness, CHATILLON, appears to me to have been more of a valet than a tutor."

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CHILDREN.

WE can not expend too much care on the training and welfare of children, for first impressions are always strong, and generally most difficult to alter. It is easier to learn than to unlearn, and the carelessness of parents in permitting their children to wander within reach of contaminating influences is so productive of serious and lasting ill that it can not be too strongly condemned. It is too much the custom for parents (especially in the pleasant world of fashion) to give themselves up so much to their own amusement that they become blinded to family ties, and banish their offspring to the seclusion of the school-room or nursery, there to work or play under the supervision of governesses and servants; and though happily there are many instances of devoted attachment between the little ones and their guardians, still the love of the latter can not equal or suffice for that of an affectionate parent, nor can their influence, strong as it may be, ever carry with it the serious weight and life-long recollection of a parent's kind and instructive counsels. The evil results of the want of tact in the management of children, and want of sympathy with their little joys and sorrows, are unpleasantly apparent in the discontented, nervous, and ill-tempered children whom we so often meet in society. We all know that much-to-be-avoided individual (generally of the male sex) "l'enfant terrible," who is overfed, overindulged, and overimpertinent; destruction is his chief amusement, and neither our clothes nor our bodies are safe from his assaults. He has a wonderful talent for exhibiting, at most inconvenient times, the "skeletons" that his acquaintances are only too desirous to keep in their "cupboards." No secret is safe with him, and there is no limit to the mischief he will say or do. Being a spoiled child, he is always able to have his little whims indulged, for he well knows that if he is thwarted he has only to roar and make himself generally disagreeable in order to gain his desires. He forms a striking contrast to those of his brethren who are of a milder and more orderly temperament, and who, unfortunately, often suffer much for their docility and obedience. As they do not intrude themselves upon our notice, they are frequently put on one side and forgotten, and (like so many of their elders in the race of life) pay the penalty of their good behavior by being condemned to solitude and oblivion. If the family possesses more than one small olive-branch, the youngsters find some consolation in companionship, and often become devotedly attached to each other; but if, as is too often the case, the family consists of but one child, and that a neglected one, how sad its fate! What a touching sight it is to see the little creature compelled to play alone! There it sits in a distant corner of the room, surrounded by its toys, and gently murmuring to itself as it pretends to hold conversations with imaginary people. It is so engrossed in its own pursuits that it hardly notices our approach. It seems to live in a little castle in the air where mirth is forbidden, for no ringing laughter comes from that lonely corner, and a surprised and frightened glance is the only reply to our proposal for a romp. We turn away with pain, as we remember that this is one of the little children that must be *seen* but not *heard*.

Netted Design for Altar and Pulpit Covers, Surplices, etc.

THIS design is especially suitable for ornamenting altar or pulpit covers, but may also be used for trimming surplices, albs, etc. The netted foundation should be as fine as possible, and may be woven of cotton or of thread; the design is worked with medium-sized thread or with twist, according to the material used for the foundation. Button-hole stitch the points on the outer edge, and cut away the projecting edges of the foundation.

Crochet Edging for Lingerie, etc.

See illustration on page 645.

THIS edging is worked with twisted crochet cotton, No. 70, lengthwise, on a foundation of the requisite length, as follows: 1st round.—Always alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) on the next st. (stitch), 5 ch. (chain stitch), with these pass over 5 st. 2d round.—9 sc. on each ch. scallop of the preceding round; this round borders the under edge of the edging. Work the 3d round on the foundation st. as follows: 8 sc. on every 5 free foundation st. 4th round.—1 dc. (double crochet) on the next sc. of the preceding round, ∗ 1 ch., 1 dc. on the third following st., 1 ch., 1 dc. on the second following st., 1 ch., 1 dc. on the third following st.; repeat from ∗. 5th round.—∗ 1 sc. on the two upper veins of the next dc. in the preceding round, 3 sc. on the next 3 ch. always between 2 dc., twice alternately 1 sc. on the two upper veins of the next dc., 1 sc. on the next ch., then 5 ch., 1 sc. on the same ch. on which the last sc. was worked, twice alternately 1 sc. on the two upper veins of the next dc., 1 sc. on the next ch., then 2 sc. on the next 2 ch. always between 2 dc.; repeat from ∗. 6th round.—∗ 4 dc. on the next sc. in the preceding round, 4 ch., 5 sc. on the next ch. loop of the preceding round, 4 ch.,

NETTED DESIGN FOR ALTAR AND PULPIT COVERS, SURPLICES, ETC.

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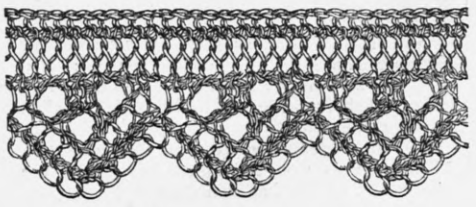


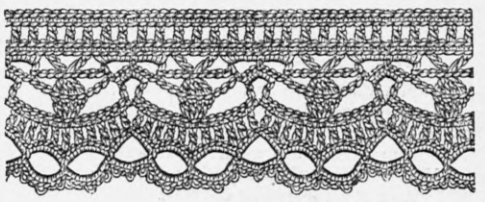
KNITTED EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

with these pass over 7 st.; repeat from *. 7th round.—* 4 dc. on the next 4 dc. in the preceding round, working off the upper veins, however, not each separately, but together, drawing the thread through once, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the last of the next 4 ch., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the middle of the next 5 sc., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the first of the following 4 ch., 3 ch., with these pass over 3 st.; repeat from *. 8th round.—* 1 dc. on the st. with which the next 4 dc. of the preceding round were worked together, 3 ch., 1 dc. on the same st. on which the first dc. was worked, pass over 4 st. of the preceding round, 4 sc. on the next 3 ch., 1 sc. on the next sc., 4 sc. on the following 3 ch., pass over 4 st. of the preceding round; repeat from *. 9th round.—1 sc. on each st. of the preceding round. 10th round.—Always alternately 1 dc. on the next st. of the preceding round, 1 ch., with this pass over 1 st. 11th round.—1 sc. on each st. of the preceding round.

Knitted Edging for Lingerie, etc.

BEGIN this edging, which is worked crosswise, going back and forth, with a foundation of 8 st. (stitch), and after knitting one round all plain, work the 1st round.—T. t. o. (thread thrown over), n. (that is, knit 2 st. together), 3 k. (knit plain), t. t. o., n., 1 k. 2d round.—Sl. (slip), 2 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., 2 k. 3d round.—T. t. o., n., 4 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 4th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., n., 2 k., t. t. o., 2 k. 5th round.—T. t. o., n., 2 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 6th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., n.; on the t. t. o. work 1 k., 1 p. (purled); n., t. t. o., 2 k. 7th round.—T. t. o., n., 6 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 8th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., n., 2 k., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 9th round.—T. t. o., n., 2 k.; on the t. t. o. work 1 p., 1 k.; n., 2 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 10th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., n., 2 k., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 11th round.—T. t. o., n., 1 k., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 12th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., n.; on the t. t. o. work 1 k., 1 p.; then 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 13th round.—T. t. o., n., 1 k., n., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 14th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 15th round.—T. t. o., n., 1 k., n., 1 k., t. t. o., n., 1 k. 16th round.—Sl., 2 k., t. t. o., n., t. t. o., n., 1 k. Always repeat from the 1st to the 16th rounds.

BLACK BEAVER MOHAIR DRESS.



CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Black Beaver Mohair Dress.

THIS black beaver mohair dress consists of a skirt and polonaise. The skirt is covered in front with kilt pleatings of the material, and trimmed in the back with gathered ruffles of the same. The ruffles are bound on the under edge with gros grain of the same color. The polonaise is trimmed with box-pleated ruches and bows of gros grain. Pleated Swiss muslin fraise and under-sleeves.

Cravat and Hair Bows, Figs. 1–4.

Figs. 1 and 2.—BLUE FAILLE CRAVAT AND HAIR BOWS WITH SPRAY OF FLOWERS. The cravat bow is made of blue faille and lined with black faille. The end of the bow is fringed out. A spray of flowers finishes the bow, as shown by the illustration, Fig. 1. Fig. 2 shows the hair bow to match.

Figs. 3 and 4.—LAVENDER FAILLE CRAVAT AND HAIR BOWS WITH SPRAY OF FLOWERS. These bows are made of lavender faille, arranged on a stiff lace foundation, as shown by the illustration, and ornamented with sprays of flowers.

CLEANING SILVER-WARE, ETC.

IT was found by Dr. Elsner that water, with its sediment, in which pared potatoes have been boiled will remove tarnish from all kinds of solid and plated silver-ware, German silver, etc. (even that made on spoons by boiled eggs), as readily and effectually as the usual powder, and is without the objections which apply to the use of the latter for chased articles. After the water becomes sour by standing, it can be used, instead of the more dangerous sulphuric acid, for cleansing copper vessels.

Fig. 2.—BLUE FAILLE HAIR BOW. [See Fig. 1.]

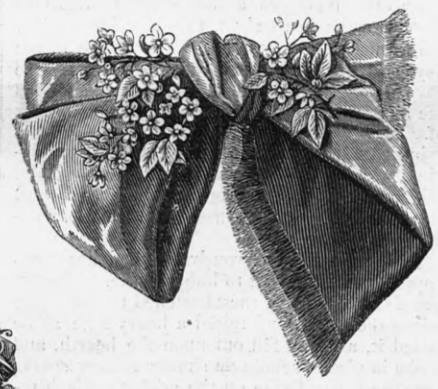


Fig. 1.—BLUE FAILLE CRAVAT BOW WITH SPRAY OF FLOWERS. [See Fig. 2.]

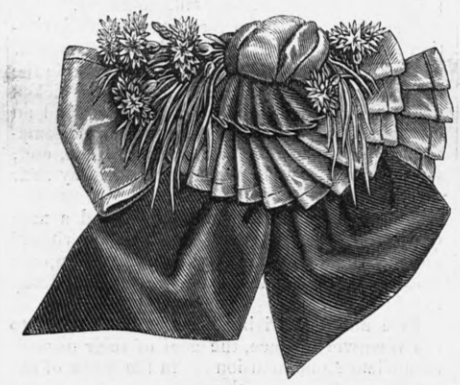


Fig. 3.—LAVENDER FAILLE CRAVAT BOW WITH SPRAY OF FLOWERS. [See Fig. 4.]

Fig. 4.—LAVENDER FAILLE HAIR BOW. [See Fig. 3.]

Fig. 1.—GROS GRAIN FICHU-MANTILLA.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.]

Gros Grain Fichu-Mantilla, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS fichu-mantilla is made of black gros grain. The trimming consists of black silk fringe, a passementerie border, bows of black gros grain ribbon, and buttons and cord loops. Hooks and eyes serve to close the mantilla. In the back, at the bottom of the waist, on the wrong side, fasten a belt, which is closed above the fronts, as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—GROS GRAIN FICHU-MANTILLA.—BACK.—[See Fig. 1.]

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THE FLOWERS' REVEL.

BY EMILY E. FORD.

CALLED the flowers to one another,
"Sisters, see that flaming bough!
Summer's gone, our lovely mother;
Step-dame Autumn ruleth now.
She hangs out her splendid banner;
Rings her voice upon the breeze;
Winds with sonorous praises fan her;
And she issues her decrees.

"Frost is her obedient servant;
Droop our heads before his nod;
Tender blooms or blossoms fervent
Die at touch of his cold rod.
We must yield to him with meekness;
We have had our happy day;
All our strength to him is weakness;
We can not dispute his sway.

"All our beauty, tender, vivid,
All our color, sweet or strong,
At his look grow dull and livid,
And we die—a lifeless throng.
But before his chills subdue us
Let us banquet proud and high;
Summer's life yet pulses through us:
Let us praise her ere we die!

"Gather we in groups together,
Massing splendors new and old;
In this glorious golden weather
Doubly blooming we'll unfold.
With gay groups of lavish flowering
Will we hide each path we tread,
In deep clustering wealth embowering
Our spring home and fall death-bed."

So the roses budded daily;
So the jasmines trailed their grace;
So petunias pranked it gayly;
So verbenas ran their race.
Salvia's splendors hang in red flame;
Gladiolus lifts its cup;
Feverfew, with fair white head, came
Purely with the rest to sup.

How they frolicked, how they rallied,
O'er the graves King Frost will bring!
How they dallied, how they sallied,
Sweet-lipped sister brood of spring!
Till in revel gay and tender,
And with wealth of richest bloom,
With their soft heads crowned in splendor,
Dropped they in their autumn tomb.

SPOONS AND SPARKS.

A BROAD and sinuous line of river, bright with the full sunshine of a September noon, here bordered with meadows, there fringed with low woods, and winding toward the clustered roofs of a distant town. Two wherries drifting idly in the shadow of hemlocks and pines, while their prone and meditative occupants watch the lazy wreaths of smoke curl above the bowls of their pipes.

Of these two individuals the one nearest the sunshine is David Whipple, a Bostonian, aged nineteen, fair-haired, fair-skinned, and six feet two. The other, lying at full length, with his cap pulled low over a pair of dark eyes, is of slighter make and more vivacious expression: this is Ernest Walch, a young Virginian.

Fifteen minutes of silence had evidently tried the latter's patience excessively. He had frightened several turtles back to their watery haunts, had whistled to birds, and apostrophized flies. He finally pocketed his pipe and sat erect, with the remark, "I say, Davy!"

"Well?"

"I saw Miss Wentworth to-day."

That this announcement possessed some interest in the mind of the youth called Davy may be surmised from the fact that he too suddenly sat erect; but he only said, as he slowly knocked the ashes from his pipe, "Humph."

"You'd have said something besides 'Humph' if you had seen her. She rode past our hotel."

"And I presume you mooned after her in your usual style."

"Very near it, I admit," rejoined the other, with a shrug. "The case is unique. I never before tried for a month unsuccessfully to gain an introduction to a lady. But I shall succeed yet."

"I'll wager any thing you choose," was the reply, emphasized by a flourish of the pipe, "that I'll have an introduction first, after all!" and the speaker faced his friend with the last trace of indifference banished from his countenance.

"Safe enough to wager where neither is likely to win," commented his companion.

"That's as one thinks. I consider my winning as certain as—as that I can reach the stone bridge two miles down the river at least a minute in advance of you."

"Done!" exclaimed the Virginian, with a laugh and a quick straightening of his lithe figure. "The loser in the race abandons his chances, eh?"

"Just so."

In two minutes the wherries were abreast, and their owners ready for a start. The next, they swept off down the stream, pulled evenly and easily. Both the young men were powerful rowers. Ernest had the most effective stroke, David greater reserves of strength. It was pretty to see the wherries dart through shadows and sunshine, past bold wooded curves and banks gay with golden-rod. Their progress during the first ten minutes was quiet, but at the beginning of the second mile it became more lively. Laborers in the fields on either hand paused to watch as the wherries shot by, and now the red jacket, now the blue, seemed gaining. For a while the fates favored David, and he won half a boat's length in a quarter of a mile. Then Ernest bent more gallantly to his oars, and regained his place. But in the next quarter he lost again, and David's greater strength told steadily against him.

When they were on the last half mile, a long straight stretch with the bridge before dwarfed by distance, they pulled like two young giants. David's teeth were set, and every muscle in play. Ernest's cap had fallen, and his black eyes gleamed triumphantly as he noted that each determined stroke brought him nearer his first position. Independently of its puerile cause, the race was magnificent. There happened to be but one spectator of its close. This was a gray-haired gentleman, who, seeing the two boats sweep around the upper curve of the river, checked his horse on the bridge.

They came in grandly, darting like birds through the smooth water, straight and swift, for the bridge. The intent watcher leaned far over the rails, and as both bows simultaneously swerved on opposite sides of the central stone pier, uttered an involuntary "Hurrah!" that was like an electric shock to the two excited rowers beneath.

"By George!" gasped David, trying his best for breath, "we hit the pier in the same second."

Ernest, in no condition to dispute or to assent, replied by a nod, and the ejaculation,

"Tough one, wasn't it?"

"Who's the party on the bridge?"

Ernest was saved an answer by the appearance of the "party," who scrambled down an embankment and approached radiantly.

"Pretty well done, young gentlemen! Haven't seen such a race since my college days. Pretty evenly matched. Now I should have said," with a glance from the powerful David to his slighter companion, "that this young man had an advantage; but it seems not."

"Walch makes up in science what he lacks in strength," said David, magnanimously, grounding his boat.

Ernest imitated his friend's example, remarking that "with all the science he could muster, he had rarely won a race with Davy."

"A fine sight it was, indeed!" resumed their enthusiastic friend. "I used to be remarkably fond of boating before I got my flesh—remarkably. Some of my pleasantest hours have been passed on the Charles River."

"On the Charles? You were a Cambridge student, then? We belong to that persuasion," rejoined David.

"Harvards, are you? I'm glad to hear it. Glad to have met you. Allow me to introduce myself—name's Wentworth; place is about a quarter of a mile from here. My carriage is on the bridge: come and take a glass of wine with me, and have a chat about college affairs."

The faces of the two recipients of this invitation were studies. The name was Wentworth, was it? Ernest pulled his cap lower to hide the twinkle in his eyes, and David abruptly picked up the spoons of his wherry. Neither had an idea of refusing, though Ernest murmured something about appearance, boating costume, etc., which objection was promptly overruled by their new friend.

"Boats are perfectly safe. I'll send a man down to attend to 'em. Dress is all right," puffed the old gentleman, pulling himself up the embankment by means of a wiry shrub. "Jump in; jump in!"

Five minutes' driving brought our friends to the Wentworth place, the goal of their desires, an ancient stone mansion set in the midst of extensive grounds. On the way up the avenue the two visitors were electrified by seeing the flutter of muslin skirts on the terrace. Immediately after both had a vision of blue eyes and curls and a dainty figure, and found themselves bowing confusedly to "my daughter Ella," the divinity of their worship.

Both gentlemen were in a maze most of the afternoon. They had wine in the shady dining-room, through the windows of which they caught glimpses of beds of bright autumn flowers. They had stores of jovial anecdotes from their host. Then they had music in the parlors, and sweet commonplaces from Miss Wentworth.

When our two friends were set down on the piazza of their hotel at seven o'clock that evening both stood motionless, watching the carriage of their new acquaintance rolling away. As it disappeared they first faced each other blankly, then, by common impulse, burst into a fit of laughter. The inaugural remark was made by Ernest.

"This beats any thing I ever heard of!"

"It does. We're even, Walch. Neither of us won the race, and neither of us won the wager."

"Curious enough!" rejoined Ernest, soliloquizing, as he turned away. "I wonder which will win the lady?"

The enlightened reader must have anticipated results. Our collegians were not original in their love-making. The odd feature in the case was the *dual* love-making. The changes were rung on riding, boating, music, croquet, and billiards for three weeks. At the end of that time, unfortunately for their friendly feelings, they found themselves as even in this race for a lady's favor as they had been in the memorable race down the river. Both were prodigious—and equal—favorites with Mr. Wentworth, both received gracious smiles from Miss Wentworth, both made the greatest efforts to please, and spent the whole of their pocket-money in the attempt.

I do not know precisely when their friendship became a memory; but at the end of those three weeks they were enemies, who endured each other for the sake of appearance when they met at the Wentworths' house, but outside it never exchanged a word, and regarded each other loweringly at meals and in passage-ways. To add to the complications of the affair, the 28th of September approached, bringing with it the dreaded necessity of returning to Cambridge.

The days flew by, and each delayed until the morrow before putting his fate to the test. On the 27th both must go, and the 25th found each resolute to ask the question, that had become all-important to both, on the 26th.

The 26th came, and with it a violent autumnal storm. Instead of proceeding to the Wentworth mansion for a morning's croquet, our heroes found themselves reduced to despair. David misanthropically kept his room. Ernest lounged around the stables till dinner-time, played billiards half the afternoon, then took a survey from the window, and formed a desperate resolve. Immediately after supper, at which David did not appear, he put on heavy boots, borrowed a cloak of the landlord, and started through a sea of mud, in a pouring rain, and in the face of a furious northeaster, for the Wentworths'.

Looking back at David's lighted windows, he thought, with pardonable triumph, that for once he had stolen a march upon his rival; but his triumph changed to perturbation when he finally stood, a mud-bespattered and drenched individual, ringing the Wentworths' door-bell. His spirits rose, however, at sight of the cozy library, where Mr. Wentworth, in dressing-gown and slippers, sat before an open wood fire, and Miss Ella, seated on a cricket, was occupied in popping corn. The latter rose with a blush and smile of welcome.

"Please excuse papa and me. We were having one of our old-fashioned evenings."

"Delighted to see you, my boy!" chimed in Mr. Wentworth, adding, with uncomfortable solicitude, "And where's Mr. Whipple?"

"I really don't know what Davy is doing with himself this evening," responded Ernest, seating himself on the other side of the fire, and wishing Mr. Wentworth in the arctic regions. "I, for my part, couldn't reconcile myself to leave town without spending my last evening with you"—these words accompanied by a significant glance at the young lady.

"Your coming is a perfect godsend—a perfect godsend!" was the hopelessly brisk response. "I don't know any thing duller than a September storm. I wish your friend was here; but never mind; we'll make an evening of it."

Accordingly the hospitable old gentleman rang for fruit and wine and cigars, and gave full freedom to his garrulous tongue. Ernest was in despair. Reminiscences and stories and jokes succeeded one another, while he was obliged to laugh and answer and take hopeless notes of the fire-light gleams netted in the brown curls opposite, the downcast eyes, the snowy hands busy with the tassels of a coquettish silk apron, and the tiny slipper resting on a flower in the hearth-rug.

Periodical glances at the clock told Ernest that it was half past eight, then that it was nine. He formed the second desperate resolve of the day, and began to talk about his travels. He gave a long and intensely prosy account of his life in Paris, using all the French he could think of. Mr. Wentworth had never traveled, but evinced polite attention. Ernest, with unflagging zeal, went on with Germany and Italy. His host nodded with waning interest. Ernest was about to attempt Russia, when a snore delighted his ears.

The young lady nervously resumed her corn-popping, vainly trying to hide a smile. The fire was dying down. Ernest hastened to assist her, seized the tongs, and raised a heavy log; as he raised it, a brand fell out upon the hearth, and broke in pieces, sending a shower of fiery sparks over the pretty figure on the cricket. Each uttered a suppressed exclamation. Miss Wentworth shook her curls hastily, and Ernest shook the little silk apron and much-beruffled skirt. He shook it so vigorously that a letter dropped out of the pocket, and lay before him, address upward; but he did not heed the letter, for somehow he had mistaken the young lady's hand for her apron, and still held it, though the sparks were only black specks. He was in the midst of an incoherent but earnest speech, saying something about wanting the right to protect her from all the troubles of life as he had protected her from those flying sparks, when the letter caught his eye. "Miss Ella Wentworth, D——, Massachusetts," in David's handwriting, unmistakably. That one glance showed him also that it was a drop-letter, and stamped September 26.

Ernest hesitated so noticeably in the middle of his speech that his listener glanced up at him in surprise, and caught his glance at the letter. She picked it up hastily, with a rosy blush and an exclamation that caused the old gentleman's drowsy eyes to open wide.

"Ahem! I believe," he observed, with the extra dignity sleepy persons often assume, "that I lost what you were last saying—about the Swiss patois, wasn't it?"

Poor Ernest! It was hard work to sit and hear the history of the old gentleman's last speculation after that; and many pleading glances were sent toward the flushed, downcast face opposite him. At last, at eleven, he rose hopelessly to go. He lingered and lingered, finding continually last words to say, till the utter futility of delay discouraged him into seeking the door; but here the old gentleman, suddenly radiant with a new thought, detained him.

"Dear me! why, Nell, I had almost forgotten what we spoke of at dinner. Mr. Walch, we want you and your friend Whipple at Christmas-time, you know. You must give us a few days. Nell here is going to be married about that time, and you must both come to the wedding without fail. I dare say," he added, struck by the blankness of Ernest's face, "that you've never happened to hear of it before. Well, well, good news is always welcome, isn't it? Now I shall depend on you for a week at Christmas, and don't forget to invite your friend. Good-by, and good luck to you, my boy!" and the hearty good-wisher followed him out upon the door-step to give a final hand-shake.

A half hour after, as David was pacing his chamber feverishly, his door opened, and a drenched and muddy figure presented itself, and remarked, hysterically, as it dropped a soaked cloak on the floor,

"Well, old fellow, we've come out even again. Neither of us won the race, neither won the wager, and neither has won the lady!"

MOORISH WOMEN.

THE condition of women in Morocco is most pitiable. They are all slaves, and the lot of those who are so, avowedly and technically, is much less miserably dull, monotonous, and degraded than that of the ladies who are supposed to repose on satin divans, sip sherbet, eat dainty devices in sugar, and string pearls in the harem, in which their occupations are in reality much more prosaic, and their surroundings much less splendid. The wedding festivities are exceedingly barbarous, the unhappy bride being carried to her husband's house in a box, on a mule's back, with a little boy also shut up with her in durance, as a happy prognostic of the future. A box of sweetmeats is also placed in the box to while away the time and console the small boy. A horrible noise, howling, drumming, firing, is kept up the whole way; and the female relations of the bridegroom, who does not appear at all, receive her on the threshold with appalling shrieks of Ah—yee! Ah—yee! The box is carried in, the door is shut, the friends disperse, but the musicians remain, and the horrible din goes on for hours. No religious ceremony takes place, and the fattening of the bride is the only preparation on her part for holy matrimony. "For this purpose," says a spectator, "from the time of her betrothal she is confined to one room, not permitted to take any exercise, and compelled to swallow large quantities of keskoo every day. This system, steadfastly pursued for a few weeks, brings her into a condition of what is considered in Morocco becoming obesity. I have heard of an intended bride so fat that she was unable to pick up her pocket-handkerchief when she dropped it, and who could with difficulty move across the room without assistance."

A Moorish bride must, we think, be rather a curious spectacle, according to the following description of a merely ordinary specimen: "Nothing of her shape or figure was visible through the enormous mass of clothes in which she was enveloped. She had certainly several pounds weight of jewelry hanging on her shoulders and chest. Her wrists were encumbered with massive manacles of gold and silver, while every one of her fingers was covered with rings up to the first knuckle. Her face was painted thickly white all over, and her cheeks then coarsely daubed with vermilion. The lids of her eyes and her eyebrows were blackened, the latter being thus brought to meet above her nose. But the most ridiculous and repulsive part of the 'get up' were two triangular patches about the size of half-crown pieces upon the lower part of her cheeks, ingeniously painted in a pattern of various colors. She had a star of the same on the forehead, between her eyes, and another on her chin. When her eyes were open, and we could see them, they were as vacant and expressionless as the orbs of a wax figure."

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

"WHAT is the pleasantest place to spend the winter in in England?" My first impulse was to answer, unhesitatingly, "Ryde," when this question was put to me yesterday by a stranger who had recently landed on our shores. I reflected a moment, however, and then with due caution adopted the spontaneous suggestion of my own experience, and said, "The Isle of Wight is the place that combines as many elements of pleasant existence as are compatible with existence at all in our island of fogs." But if I must go further, and say what spot in the Isle of Wight is preferable, I will say Ryde. It was the fashion of fashions a few years ago, and was consequently about the dearest place in England. Of late it has ceased to be the rage, and is therefore a much pleasanter resort than it used to be. The exquisite natural beauties of the coast, with its richly wooded slopes running down to the water's edge, as green and luxuriant as if the briny wave were an inland lake or a mountain stream, give the country as you approach it in the steamer the appearance of a vast private garden, while villas and mansions glisten through the woods overlooking the sea, and lend an air of sociability to the garden that is very hospitable and enticing. Ryde is eminently a place possessing "good society," as we stiff-necked Europeans call the gatherings of our upper classes. It is even fastidious above its neighbors in this respect. As you stroll along the shady roads leading to the town, or loiter on the pier, where the band is playing to the beauty and fashion of the place, you will meet with scores of high naval and military officers, heroes of a "hundred fights," who congregate in this delightful garden to fight their battles over again under the shadows of its majestic cliffs that frown across defiantly at the dusky cliffs of its neighbors beyond the Channel. Foreigners of distinction frequent Ryde in great numbers during the season, and as soon as Parliament breaks up Pall Mall and Piccadilly are to be seen cooling themselves after their respective campaigns in London under the covered seats of the pier, or skimming over the green waves in every variety of boat, barge, steamer, yacht, and canoe.

There is a capital market in the town; good

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shops; broad, well-paved streets; a town-hall, where balls and private theatricals refresh the jaded spirits of the vulgar pleasure-seekers who are not content with the beauties of nature and the flow of soul. There are places of worship for every denomination of Christians. The most remarkable of these is the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary's, a beautiful Gothic gem recently constructed by a noble foundress resident in the town. American families who think of residing at Ryde can not do better than address themselves for advice and information of every sort to the clergyman of their special Church. These gentlemen are always well informed, and I may safely add always kind, and ready to be of use to strangers. If you have sons to educate, they will introduce you to the most suitable school or academy for them. Naval schools are numerous in Ryde. This is chiefly owing to the proximity of Portsmouth, which accounts also for the number of naval officers who congregate there. There is immense facility in every way for maritime studies at Ryde, and all sorts of accidental helps in the way of regattas, boat-races, naval reviews on great occasions, etc.

The residence of the Queen at Osborne, on the eastern shore, gives a certain character of royal repose to the island, and keeps up a constant flow of interest. Her Majesty is particularly fond of this little summer palace, and throws aside the stately ceremonial of royalty as much as possible while residing there. The coast all round is dotted with handsome mansions of noblemen and gentlemen, and if a stranger is furnished with good introductions, there is no place in England or elsewhere that affords more agreeable society than Ryde and its neighbors, Cowes, Ventnor, and Freshwater. The latter is a sort of classic ground, being the visible dwelling-place of the poet Tennyson. Round his elegant rural retreat all the wit and talent of England are perpetually moving. The Queen once sent him word that she would honor him with a visit on the following day. The announcement was received with full loyal welcome from the poet and his household, which, be it said in all respect, has, with all the attractions, some of the disadvantages of the poetical atmosphere. Order does not there reign supreme in outward things. The house was, however, put under arms to receive the royal visit; Tennyson arrayed himself in solemn dress-coat; Mrs. Tennyson wore an appropriate toilette; the younger Tennysons were snatched from mud pies, washed and dressed, and kept in bondage to the best clothes for the whole afternoon, while a delicate repast of strawberries and cream and flowers was prepared in an arbor out-of-doors. But the day passed, and the next, and the next, and no Majesty appeared. The household drew a sigh of regret—some of them doubtless of relief—and lapsed into slippers and mud pies once more. But lo! one morning, as the children were at their favorite pastime in the garden, and the poet meditating in his dressing-gown, and Mrs. Tennyson on domestic cares intent, a horseman dashed up to the gate, and shouted, "*The Queen!*" and before Tennyson could don his coat or warn his wife the royal carriage drew up before the house. With the instinct of a true gentleman, he went forward to greet his sovereign, called his family to him, and led her Majesty into the house. Then there was an awful pause. Suddenly the poet raised his head, and looking at the Queen, exclaimed, "Oh, woe is me! For five days I waited, ready in suitable attire, to receive my Queen. My wife was ready, and my children were washed, and pictures to behold, and her Majesty came not; and now she has come, and found us in what a plight!" The poet groaned. The Queen broke into a merry laugh, and the ice thus broken so gracefully and wittily did not form again during the visit.

There are few objects of interest in the Isle of Wight in the way of monuments. Carisbrooke Castle is almost the only ruin of note. It is a grand old fortress, whose keep is anterior to the Norman times. The castle itself was built by Fitz-Osborne, a kinsman of William the Conqueror, who bestowed the isle and title of Wight upon him. The lords of Wight were small kings in their own way. Carisbrooke was their castle, and the village was the capital of the island. There was an old priory, which has long since disappeared. Near its site has risen a handsome modern edifice, a Dominican convent of nuns. Charles I. when he fled from Hampton Court took refuge at Carisbrooke, and was held a prisoner there by the Roundheads for some weeks, during which he made several unsuccessful attempts to escape. The view from the broken battlements of the castle is very picturesque, and extends over an immense portion of the island. Carisbrooke is about four miles from the town of Ryde, and is a great resort for picnickers. Cowes is about half an hour from Ryde by steamer. It has of late become what Ryde used to be, the fashion *par excellence*. Balls that equal those of the London season are given yearly at Cowes, and it overflows with the *élite* of the capital during the yachting season. The nimble little boats that puff away all day long between Ryde and all the coast towns make interchange of visits very convenient. The charge on the steamer is merely nominal, and a band plays during the short journey, which makes it still more delightful. Ryde is about three hours and a half from London, and an hour and three-quarters from Southampton, where you take the steamer for Havre or other Continental ports. The mildness of the climate attracts many French families to Ryde; but to those who make this their chief object we would recommend Ventnor, which is on the southern coast, near a portion of the Undercliff. It was not long ago a small bathing-place, but it has of late years expanded considerably in size and importance, owing to the almost Italian mildness of the air there in winter. It contains hotels, boarding-houses, and very good shops. Its fine scenery is not the sole attraction of the island. Men of science find a vast store of interest in the extraordinary geological structure of its cliffs. The whole series of strata which compose the Isle of Wight are to be seen in these precipitous cliffs in a distinct and curious manner. The north side of the island consists of the strata *above* the chalk; the centre and upper part of the south side consist of the chalk; and the lower part of the south and the southeast consist of the strata *below* the chalk. The south side, from Dunnose to St. Catherine's, is composed of chalk and chalk marl in nearly horizontal strata; the centre is green sandstone, under which is dark marl, and then *ferruginous* sand. The formation of the strikingly grand Undercliff is owing to the action of the land springs on this marl, which turns into mud, runs out, and leaves the green sandstone and marl without support, and free to tumble into the picturesque disorderly blocks they gradually assume. These various elements of the soil explain the exuberant growth of timber on the island, a circumstance which makes it so different from other sea-side places. There are parts where the oaks grow down to the very lips of the sea. The pasture lands are rich, and flocks and herds are every where feeding on the downs. This suggests the presence of dairies, and the abundance of pure milk, so essential to invalids, and so rare in our large towns. Laurels, myrtles, and geraniums flourish through the winter, which never wears in this sheltered little sea nest the dreary aspects it assumes in most English coast towns. What more can I say to tempt you to try Ryde for your winter-quarters? That it is a very emporium of pretty girls and their inevitable appendages—handsome young men; that marriages are of every day occurrence there; and that owing to the poetic character of the scenery, and the charming opportunities of yachting, walking on the pier, and dancing by day and by night, there is no spot in Europe better calculated to develop tender and elevated emotions between sympathetic hearts.

COMET.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

DURING the first session of the Anderson School, on Penikese Island, eighteen women enjoyed the rare advantages for studying natural history which were furnished the students. No question was raised about their admission, for Professor Agassiz has always received women both as students and as assistants in the museum at Cambridge; and it was said of those at Penikese that "the earnestness, industry, and skill with which they availed themselves of all the privileges at their disposal proved the justice of their admission." They seem to have taken an intelligent part in various enterprises, on the ground of equality—or some other ground that answered just as good a purpose. A beautiful yacht was presented to the school to enable the students to go out for dredging. These excursions took place almost every day, and the dredging party consisted of four ladies and four gentlemen, a fact which seems to indicate not only that "equal rights," but pleasant courtesy, was tendered to the ladies, who numbered only eighteen out of fifty students.

The Anderson School of Natural History is considered a great success. Some inconveniences necessarily incident to a new enterprise were suffered, and the expenses of the students during the first year were more than they will probably be hereafter. The new buildings are now completed, or nearly so, which will afford good accommodations for another year. Fifty aquarias have also been completed and put in position, so that each student will be supplied with that important auxiliary. They are thirty inches long by twenty inches wide and deep. During the past term pails, pans, and jars were made to serve a temporary purpose. The materials for aquarium study were largely obtained by the students themselves, and many valuable acquisitions were secured from fishermen in the vicinity. The island itself, being almost destitute of trees, did not furnish many insects, and no reptiles were found there; but living creatures of various kinds have been introduced, and will take up their abode there as a supply for future years. Penikese, from a botanical point of view, did not present a promising aspect; nevertheless one of the students made a list of about seventy-five plants, and beautiful specimens of sea-weed were prepared. Professor Agassiz took special interest in aiding the students to make collections to carry home with them. Indeed, he was almost constantly in the laboratory, giving personal aid and encouragement to all alike. Moreover, he lectured nearly every day, and never failed to be present at lectures given by other scientists. There have been so many applications for admission to the school that it is probable none will be admitted hereafter except those who are actually engaged in teaching natural history; and it is believed that the school will be a great power in elevating the standard of instruction among teachers of the country.

Boston presents to her citizens this fall two elaborate and extended courses of entertainments. These consist of a combination of lectures by the most popular orators, readings by elocutionists, and concerts by musical celebrities. The array of distinguished talent presented is peculiarly satisfactory to the managers of the courses, and will doubtless be so also to those who avail themselves of the opportunities offered them.

In a few years it will be possible to reach the inmost recesses of the White Mountains by cars. It is true that the picturesque beauty of many spots will be marred by the intrusion of the iron road; but the travel will be much increased by the easier mode of access, and all property in the vicinity will be enhanced in value. Farms scattered here and there have already doubled in value from the future prospect.

A facetious writer remarks that "when a man walks squarely up to the clergyman who married him three years before, takes him by the hand cordially, and without a word of reproach inquires after his health, it is useless for any to maintain that Christian forgiveness is a thing of the past, and does not enter largely into that man's character, or that the heroic virtues have all disappeared from earth!"

There is nothing like knowing what has become of ancient things. We are just informed by a diligent investigator that the ark is now in a good state of preservation, but lying under an eternal mantle of snow, hundreds of feet deep, at an altitude of 17,500 feet above the level of the sea! As snow always covers the top of Ararat, it is impossible for any of Noah's descendants to go up and find the ark. Furthermore, the ark was smaller than the *Great Eastern*, had three decks, and was divided into numerous compartments, for the safety and order of its occupants.

A novel method of killing mosquitoes has been discovered which deserves to be patented. But we disclose it to our readers, unconscious that we thereby infringe any body's rights. The apparatus required is simple, consisting of a broomstick, the cover of a tin blacking-box, and a nail. The inside of the cover should be anointed thoroughly with kerosene oil, and then nailed, hollow side up, to the end of the broomstick. The method of operation is equally simple: clap the machine over the nearest mosquito on the wall or ceiling, and hold him prisoner a moment. Then his dead body will be found adhering to the oil at the bottom of the cover, the fumes having put an end to his existence. Sometimes a strong-headed individual will reel about a while before he keels over and dies. By an industrious use of this machine a room can be entirely cleared of mosquitoes.

The modern Methuselah was born—according to the authority of the *Anglo-Brazilian Times*—at Sequerema, Brazil, in 1694. This patriarch of one hundred and seventy-nine years old is in the enjoyment of good health, and his declining years are cheered by 42 children, 123 grandchildren, 86 great-grandchildren, 26 great-great-grandchildren, and 20 great-great-great-grandchildren. He has had six wives. We shall look to see this wonderful story confirmed.

Mount Negabi is the name of the height on the southern coast of the Crimea where the new château of Eriklik has been erected as a summer residence for the Empress of Russia. It is at the distance of a league and a half from the town of Yalta, and on the level near the sea is a fine dairy-farm, from which the road winds up the hill, the top of which is clothed with oak and willow. The château is comfortable, but not highly ornate in character, and is surrounded by a small but admirably arranged garden, at one end of which is a pavilion, whence a magnificent view of the sea, the rocks, and the forests, as well as of the town of Yalta, may be enjoyed. The château of Orlanda, the property of the Grand Duke Constantine Nicholaievitz, is not far off.

Distinct and pleasant enunciation in either sacred or secular vocal music is a rare attainment. Often it is wholly impossible to understand the words sung: sometimes the mélange of nonsense that seems to be uttered is simply ridiculous. Singers who give no thought to this matter may profitably study upon the following stanzas, which purport, rather absurdly to be sure, to be the musical efforts of a fashionable young lady seated at the piano:

"When ther-moo-hoon is mi-hild-ly be-heaming
O'er ther ca-halm and si-hi-lent se-e-e-a,
Its ra-dyunce so so-hoft-ly stree-heam-ing,
Oh! ther-hen, oh, ther-hen,
I thee-hink
Hof thee-hee,
I thee-hink,
I thee-hink,
I thee-he-he-hehehehe-hink hof theeeeeeee!

"When the sur-hun is brigh-hi-hightly glowing
O'er the se-hene so dea-hear to meee,
And swee-heet the wee-hind is blo-ho-howing,
Oh, ther-hen, oh, ther-hen,
I thee-hink
Hof thee-hee,
I thee-hink,
I thee-hink,
I thee-he-he-hehehehehehe-hink hohohohohohohoho h-o-f theeeeeeeeeeeee!"

The police of Paris have recently seized more than one thousand medals, which were struck off to commemorate the crimes of the Commune.

Alexandra Palace, which was destroyed by fire a few months ago, is to be rebuilt immediately. The new palace will be much larger than the old building, and iron and glass are to be largely used in its construction. Among the ruins of the old palace the bodies of two sisters have been found. It is supposed that they went in to view the ruins after the fire, and were buried by some falling masonry.

The French papers report the case of a workman employed in a factory at Paris who recently inquired at the "Lost and Found" department of the Prefecture of Police if a 500-franc note had been deposited there. The answer was in the negative. It appears that the note had been given him by his employer to pay a bill, and that he had lost it. He went back to his work and declared that he could not survive the loss. Attempts were made to console him, and his tried honesty for twenty-eight years was cited as placing his character above suspicion. However, he went away weeping, and the next day his body was found in the Seine. While it was on its passage to the Morgue the Prefecture of Police was informed that the note had been found in an omnibus.

A Parisian—Jouglet by name—is reported to have invented a method of making artificial sugar by uniting its constituent atoms of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen.

A baby-show, which was a prominent attraction in connection with the St. Clair (Missouri) County Agricultural and Mechanical Association, awakened in the vicinity where it was held a vast deal of enthusiasm. Thirty-four babies were entered on the list as competitors for the three prizes. The scene is thus graphically described: "After the babies were seated it was a beautiful sight. Thirty-four little noses evoked admiration; sixty-eight little fists alternately churned the air, and were crammed into thirty-four little mouths; sixty-eight little eyes were fixed upon vacancy; sixty-eight little lungs were inflated, ready for a starter; sixty-eight little legs stuck out straight, and 340 little toes sawed the air. It was a beautiful sight, but presently there arose a sound not altogether as attractive as the sight. Then the committee went to work, and the crowd looked on curiously. The babies were seated in rows, and the examiners passed along, attentively regarding each one. The flush came and went in many a mother's cheek; a feverish light came into each mother's eyes as she gazed hopefully upon the impassive faces. Little faith would any one of them put in the decision that robbed her darling of all the praise. At length the verdict was agreed upon, and it was announced that the children would be driven around the amphitheatre before the decision was given. The first prize, a sewing-machine, was mounted in a spring wagon, the committee occupied a second wagon, and eight followed, filled with the babies and their mothers. Slowly they moved around the ring, while from out 10,000 throats poured a noise like thunder. Once more the wagons drew up at the booth and discharged their squalling freight. Then the decision was announced." It is to be noted that only girl babies received prizes. The first prize was given to a little miss, aged one year, for being the handsomest, best-formed, and most sprightly; the second to a thirteen-months old young lady; and the third to twins of four months.

THE CHICAGO MEMORIAL PICTURE.

See illustration on double page.

THIS fine engraving, allegorically representative of the burning of Chicago, is from the painting by Edward Armitage, R.A., which has recently been presented to the city of Chicago by the proprietors and staff of the London *Graphic*, as a memorial of their sympathy with the Garden City in its great calamity. The original, which is fifteen feet by nine feet, is now in the Art Institute of Chicago, the City Hall, which is intended to be its ultimate resting-place, being still unbuilt. It was exhibited for the past season in London, where it elicited most favorable opinions from the representatives of the press and from connoisseurs in general. The London *Times* says of it: "This is an excellent example of true monumental work in its right application, and no member of our Academy is more fitted to grapple with such work than Mr. Armitage, who more than a quarter of a century ago was chosen by Delaroche from among his pupils to work under his direction on his great wall picture of the mighty masters of all time in the Hemicycle of the École des Beaux Arts."

As is fitting in all allegorical subjects, the design is simple and easily understood. The interest of the painting centres on the figures, which are larger in size than life, England, America, and Chicago being each represented by a female form. Chicago lies on the ground, with the last fragment of her purple robe still smouldering near her. She is being raised from her prostrate position by Columbia, who wears a golden robe, typical of the wealth of America, and has the national flag carelessly thrown around her shoulders. Beneath is seen a rich embroidered skirt, edged with fur, and the foot is covered with an Indian moccasin. In her left hand she holds a cup, on which is the national motto, "*E pluribus unum;*" and close at hand, perched on a rock, is an eagle, the national emblem. Britannia has a chaplet of oak leaves on her head, a pearl necklace around her neck, while her vermilion robe is adorned with the arms of Great Britain. A long black mantle has just dropped from her shoulders, as she reaches forward to draw a white linen covering over Chicago. Crouched at her side, quiet but watchful, is the national emblem, the lion. The immediate foreground has only a trailing arbutus, with a few pinks and a cactus plant at the foot of the eagle's rock; in the background the sky is partially obscured by clouds of smoke, which roll up from blazing "elevators" and factories, typifying the destruction of the commercial centre of the city. The smoke is seen drifting toward an open forest of the scrub pines common to the shore of Lake Michigan.

USEFUL RECIPES.

JELLY.—The juice of apples boiled in shallow vessels, without a particle of sugar, makes the most sparkling, delicious jelly imaginable. Red apples will give jelly the color and clearness of claret, while that from light fruit is like amber. Take the cider just as it is made, and not allowing it to ferment at all, and if possible boil in a pan flat, very large, and shallow. Any one living near a "house" for boiling sorghum juice can make this jelly in perfection.

RICE PUDDING.—One quart of new milk, one cupful of seeded raisins, two-thirds of a cupful of rice; keep it hot in a saucepan on the back part of the stove for two hours, or until the rice is soft enough. Then add one quart of milk, one cupful of sugar, and when cool enough, two eggs (the yolks and whites beaten separately until they are *frothy*), a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and a very little salt. Mix carefully, so as not to break the rice, and bake about half or three-quarters of an hour.

KEEPING CIDER SWEET.—Heat the cider until it boils, pour into bottles, which have been previously heated to prevent cracking. Cork tight, and seal immediately, as in canning fruit. The cider will keep unchanged for years.

To have nice bright crisp parsley for winter use, spread thinly, as soon as gathered, on a piece of paper, place in a cool oven, leaving the doors open; as soon as dry, powder it and put into a bottle, corking to exclude the air. Other herbs will discolor if dried in this manner.

If the crust to bread is wished tender, as soon as the loaves are taken out of the oven, wrap them in a wet cloth wrung from cold water, and then over it a dry towel.

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COMMEMORATIVE PICTURE OF THE BURNING OF CHICAGO.—By Edward Armitage, R.A.—[See Page 647.]

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(Continued from No. 35, page 550.)

LADY ANNA.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "The Warden," "The Small House at Allington," "Barchester Towers," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," "Orley Farm," "The Eustace Diamonds," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

DANIEL THWAITE'S LETTER.

On the day following that on which Daniel Thwaite had visited Lady Lovel in Keppel Street the Countess received from him a packet containing a short note to herself, and the following letter addressed to Lady Anna. The inclosure was open, and in the letter addressed to the Countess the tailor simply asked her to read and to send on to her daughter that which he had written, adding that if she would do so he would promise to abide by any answer which might come to him in Lady Anna's own handwriting. Daniel Thwaite when he made this offer felt that he was giving up every thing. Even though the words might be written by the girl, they would be dictated by the girl's mother, or by those lawyers who were now leagued together to force her into a marriage with the Earl. But it was right, he thought—and, upon the whole, best for all parties—that he should give up every thing. He could not bring himself to say so to the Countess or to any of those lawyers when he was sent for and told that because of the lowliness of his position a marriage between him and the highly born heiress was impossible. On such occasions he revolted from the authority of those who endeavored to extinguish him. But when alone he could see, at any rate as clearly as they did, the difficulties which lay in his way. He also knew that there was a great gulf fixed, as Miss Alice Bluestone had said—though he differed from the young lady as to the side of the gulf on which lay heaven, and on which heaven's opposite. The letter to Lady Anna was as follows:

"MY DEAREST,—This letter, if it reaches you at all, will be given to you by your mother, who will have read it. It is sent to her open, that she may see what I say to you. She sent for me, and I went to her this evening, and she told me that it was impossible that I should ever be your husband. I was so bold as to tell her ladyship that there could be no impossibility. When you are of age you can walk out from your mother's house and marry me, as can I you, and no one can hinder us. There is nothing in the law either of God or man that can prevent you from becoming my wife—if it be your wish to be so. But your mother also said that it was not your wish, and she went on to say that were you not bound to me by ties of gratitude you would willingly marry your cousin, Lord Lovel. Then I offered to meet you in the presence of your mother—and in the presence too of Lord Lovel—and to ask you then before all of us to which of us two your heart was given. And I promised that if in my presence you would stretch out your right hand to the Earl, neither you nor your mother should be troubled further by Daniel Thwaite. But her ladyship swore to me, with an oath, that I should never be allowed to see you again.

"I therefore write to you, and bid you think much of what I say to you before you answer me. You know well that I love you. You do not suspect that I am trying to win you because you are rich. You will remember that I loved you when no one thought that you would be rich. I do love you in my heart of hearts. I think of you in my dreams, and fancy then that all the world has become bright to me, because we are walking together, hand in hand, where none can come between to separate us. But I would not wish you to be my wife just because you have promised. If you do not love me—above all, if you love this other man—say so, and I will have done with it. Your mother says that you are bound to me by gratitude. I do not wish you to be my wife unless you are bound to me by love. Tell me, then, how it is; but, as you value my happiness and your own, tell me the truth.

"I will not say that I shall think well of you if you have been carried away by this young man's nobility. I would have you give me a fair chance. Ask yourself what has brought him as a lover to your feet. How it came to pass that I was your lover you can not but remember. But, for you, it is your first duty not to marry a man unless you love him. If you go to him because he can make you a countess, you will be vile indeed. If you go to him because you find that he is in truth dearer to you than I am, because you prefer his arm to mine, because he has wound himself into your heart of hearts, I shall think your heart indeed hardly worth the having; but according to your lights you will be doing right. In that case you shall have no further word from me to trouble you.

"But I desire that I may have an answer to this in your own handwriting.

"Your own sincere lover,

"DANIEL THWAITE."

In composing and copying and recopying this letter the tailor sat up half the night, and then very early in the morning he himself carried it to Keppel Street, thus adding nearly three miles to his usual walk to Wigmore Street. The servant at the lodging-house was not up, and could hardly be made to rise by the modest appeals which Daniel made to the bell; but at last the delivery was effected, and the forlorn lover hurried back to his work.

The Countess as she sat at breakfast read the letter over and over again, and could not bring herself to decide whether it was right that it should be given to her daughter. She had not yet seen Lady Anna since she had sent the poor offender away from the house in anger, and had more than once repeated her assurance through Mrs. Bluestone that she would not do so till a promise had been given that the tailor should be repudiated. Should she make this letter an excuse for going to the house in Bedford Square, and of seeing her child, toward whom her very bowels were yearning? At this time, though she was a countess, with the prospect of great wealth, her condition was not enviable. From morning to night she was alone, unless when she would sit for an hour in Mr. Goffe's office, or on the rarer occasions of a visit to the chambers of Sergeant Bluestone. She had no acquaintances in London whatever. She knew that she was unfitted for London society, even if it should be open to her. She had spent her life in struggling with poverty and powerful enemies—almost alone—taking comfort in her happiest moments in the strength and goodness of her old friend Thomas Thwaite. She now found that those old days had been happier than these later days. Her girl had been with her, and had been—or had, at any rate, seemed to be—true to her. She had something, then, to hope, something to expect, some happiness of glory to which she could look forward. But now she was beginning to learn—nay, had already learned, that there was nothing for her to expect. Her rank was allowed to her. She no longer suffered from want of money. Her cause was about to triumph—as the lawyers on both sides had seemed to say. But in what respect would the triumph be sweet to her? Even should her girl become the Countess Lovel, she would not be the less isolated. None of the Lovels wanted her society. She had banished her daughter to Bedford Square, and the only effect of the banishment was that her daughter was less miserable in Bedford Square than she would have been with her mother in Keppel Street.

She did not dare to act without advice, and therefore she took the letter to Mr. Goffe. Had it not been for a few words toward the end of the letter, she would have sent it to her daughter at once. But the man had said that her girl would be vile indeed if she married the Earl for the sake of becoming a countess, and the widow of the late Earl did not like to put such doctrine into the hands of Lady Anna. If she delivered the letter, of course she would endeavor to dictate the answer—but her girl could be stubborn as her mother; and how would it be with them if quite another letter should be written than that which the Countess would have dictated?

Mr. Goffe read the letter, and said that he would like to consider it for a day. The letter was left with Mr. Goffe, and Mr. Goffe consulted the Sergeant. The Sergeant took the letter home to Mrs. Bluestone, and then another consultation was held. It found its way to the very house in which the girl was living for whom it was intended, but was not at last allowed to reach her hand. "It's a fine, manly letter," said the Sergeant.

"Then the less proper to give it to her," said Mrs. Bluestone, whose heart was all softness toward Lady Anna, but as hard as a millstone toward the tailor.

"If she does like this young lord the best, why shouldn't she tell the man the truth?" said the Sergeant.

"Of course she likes the young lord the best—as is natural."

"Then, in God's name, let her say so, and put an end to all this trouble."

"You see, my dear, it isn't always easy to understand a girl's mind in such matters. I haven't a doubt which she likes best. She is not at all the girl to have a vitiated taste about young men. But, you see, this other man came first, and had the advantage of being her only friend at the time. She has felt very grateful to him, and as yet she is only beginning to learn the difference between gratitude and love. I don't at all agree with her mother as to being severe with her. I can't bear severity to young people, who ought to be made happy. But I am quite sure that this tailor should be kept away from her altogether. She must not see him or his handwriting. What would she say to herself if she got that letter? 'If he is generous, I can be generous too;' and if she ever wrote him a letter pledging herself to him, all would be over. As it is, she has promised to write to Lord Lovel. We will hold her to that; and then, when she has given a sort of a promise to the Earl, we will take care that the tailor shall know it. It will be best for all parties. What we have got to do is to save her from this man, who has been both her best friend and her worst enemy." Mrs. Bluestone was an excellent woman, and in this emergency was endeavoring to do her duty at considerable trouble to herself, and with no hope of any reward. The future Countess when she should become a countess would be nothing to her. She was a good woman; but she did not care what evil she inflicted on the tailor in her endeavors to befriend the daughter of the Countess.

The tailor's letter, unseen and undreamed of by Lady Anna, was sent back through the Sergeant and Mr. Goffe to Lady Lovel, with strong advice from Mr. Goffe that Lady Anna should not be allowed to see it. "I don't hesitate to tell you, Lady Lovel, that I have consulted the Sergeant, and that we are both of opinion that no intercourse whatever should be permitted between Lady Anna Lovel and Mr. Daniel Thwaite." The unfortunate letter was therefore sent back to the writer, with the following note: "The Countess Lovel presents her compliments to Mr. Daniel Thwaite, and thinks it best to return the inclosed. The Countess is of opinion that no intercourse whatever should take place between her daughter and Mr. Daniel Thwaite."

Then Daniel swore an oath to himself that the intercourse between them should not thus be made to cease. He had acted, as he thought, not only fairly, but very honorably. Nay, he was by no means sure that that which had been intended for fairness and honor might not have been sheer simplicity. He had purposely abstained from any clandestine communication with the girl he loved, even though she was one to whom he had had access all his life, with whom he had been allowed to grow up together, who had eaten of his bread and drank of his cup. Now her new friends, and his own old friend the Countess, would keep no measures with him. There was to be no intercourse whatever. But, by the God of heaven, there should be intercourse!

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE KESWICK POET.

INFINITE difficulties were now complicating themselves on the head of poor Daniel Thwaite. The packet which the Countess addressed to him did not reach him in London, but was forwarded after him down to Cumberland, whither he had hurried on receipt of news from Keswick that his father was like to die. The old man had fallen in a fit, and when the message was sent it was not thought likely that he would ever see his son again. Daniel went down to the north as quickly as his means would allow him, going by steamer to Whitehaven, and thence by coach to Keswick. His entire wages were but thirty-five shillings a week, and on that he could not afford to travel by the mail to Keswick. But he did reach home in time to see his father alive, and to stand by the bedside when the old man died.

Though there was not time for many words between them, and though the apathy of coming death had already clouded the mind of Thomas Thwaite, so that he, for the most part, disregarded—as dying men do disregard—those things which had been fullest of interest to him, still something was said about the Countess and Lady Anna. "Just don't mind them any further, Dan," said the father.

"Indeed that will be best," said Daniel.

"Yes, in truth. What can they be to the likes o' you? Give me a drop of brandy, Dan." The drop of brandy was more to him now than the Countess; but though he thought but little of this last word, his son thought much of it. What could such as the Countess and her titled daughter be to him, Daniel Thwaite, the broken tailor? For, in truth, his father was dying a broken man. There was as much owed by him in Keswick as all the remaining property would pay; and as for the business, it had come to that that the business was not worth preserving.

The old tailor died and was buried, and all Keswick knew that he had left nothing behind him, except the debt that was due to him by the Countess, as to which opinion in the world of Keswick varied very much. There were those who said that the two Thwaites, father and son, had known very well on which side their bread was buttered, and that Daniel Thwaite would now, at his father's death, become the owner of bonds to a vast amount on the Lovel property. It was generally understood in Keswick that the Earl's claim was to be abandoned, that the rights of the Countess and her daughter were to be acknowledged, and that the Earl and his cousin were to become man and wife. If so, the bonds would be paid, and Daniel Thwaite would become a rich man. Such was the creed of those who believed in the debt. But there were others who did not believe in the existence of any such bonds, and who ridiculed the idea of advances of money having been made. The old tailor had no doubt relieved the immediate wants of the Countess by giving her shelter and food, and had wasted his substance in making journeys and neglecting his business, but that was supposed to be all. For such services on behalf of the father it was not probable that much money would be paid to the son; and the less so as it was known in Keswick that Daniel Thwaite had quarreled with the Countess. As this latter opinion preponderated, Daniel did not find that he was treated with any marked respect in his native town.

The old man did leave a will—a very simple document, by which every thing that he had was left to his son. And there was this paragraph in it, "I expect that the Countess Lovel will repay to my son Daniel all moneys that I have advanced on her behalf." As for bonds, or any single bond, Daniel could find none. There was an account of certain small items due by the Countess, of long date, and there was her ladyship's receipt for a sum of £500, which had apparently been lent at the time of the trial for bigamy. Beyond this he could find no record of any details whatever, and it seemed to him that his claim was reduced to something less than £600. Nevertheless he had understood from his father that the whole of the old man's savings had been spent on behalf of the two ladies, and he believed that some time since he had heard a sum named exceeding £6000. In his difficulty he asked a local attorney, and the attorney advised him to throw himself on the generosity of the Countess. He paid the attorney some small fee, and made up his mind at once that he would not take the lawyer's advice. He would not throw himself upon the generosity of the Countess.

There was then still living in that neighborhood a great man, a poet, who had nearly carried to its close a life of great honor and of many afflictions. He was one who, in these, his latter days, eschewed all society, and cared to see no faces but those of the surviving few whom he had loved in early life. And as those few survivors lived far away, and as he was but little given to move from home, his life was that of a recluse. Of the inhabitants of the place around him, who for the most part had congregated there since he had come among them, he saw but little, and his neighbors said that he was sullen and melancholic. But, according to their degrees, he had been a friend to Thomas Thwaite, and now, in his emergency, the son called upon the poet. Indifferent visitors, who might be and often were intruders, were but seldom admitted at that modest gate; but Daniel Thwaite was at once shown into the presence of the man of letters. They had not seen each other since Daniel was a youth, and neither would have known the other. The poet was hardly yet an old man, but he had all the characteristics of age. His shoulders were bent, and his eyes were deep set in his head, and his lips were thin and fast closed. But the beautiful oval of his face was still there, in spite of the ravages of years, of labors, and of sorrows; and the special brightness of his eye had not yet been dimmed. "I have been sorry, Mr. Thwaite, to hear of your father's death," said the poet. "I knew him well, but it was some years since, and I valued him as a man of singular probity and spirit." Then Daniel craved permission to tell his story; and he told it all from the beginning to the end—how his father and he had worked for the Countess and her girl; how their time and then their money had been spent for her; how he had learned to love the girl, and how, as he believed, the girl had loved him. And he told with absolute truth the whole story, as far as he knew it, of what had been done in London during the last nine months. He exaggerated nothing, and did not scruple to speak openly of his own hopes. He showed his letter to the Countess, and her note to him, and while doing so hid none of his own feelings. Did the poet think that there was any reason why, in such circumstances, a tailor should not marry the daughter of a countess? And then he gave, as far as he knew it, the history of the money that had been advanced, and produced a copy of his father's will.

"And now, Sir, what would you have me do?"

"When you first spoke to the girl of love, should you not have spoken to the mother also, Mr. Thwaite?"

"Would you, Sir, have done so?"

"I will not say that; but I think that I ought. Her girl was all that she had."

"It may be that I was wrong. But if the girl loves me now—"

"I would not hurt your feelings for the world, Mr. Thwaite."

"Do not spare them, Sir. I did not come to you that soft things might be said to me."

"I do not think it of your father's son. Seeing what is your own degree in life and what is theirs, that they are noble and of an old nobility, among the few hot-house plants of the nation, and that you are one of the people—a blade of corn out of the open field, if I may say so—born to eat your bread in the sweat of your brow, can you think that such a marriage would be other than distressing to them?"

"Is the hot-house plant stronger or better, or of higher use, than the ear of corn?"

"Have I said that it was, my friend? I will not say that either is higher in God's sight than the other, or better, or of a nobler use. But they are different; and though the differences may verge together without evil when the limits are near, I do not believe in graftings so violent as this."

"You mean, Sir, that one so low as a tailor should not seek to marry so infinitely above himself as with the daughter of an earl."

"Yes, Mr. Thwaite, that is what I mean; though I hope that in coming to me you knew me well enough to be sure that I would not willingly offend you."

"There is no offense—there can be no offense. I am a tailor, and am in no sort ashamed of my trade. But I did not think, Sir, that you believed in lords so absolutely as that."

"I believe but in one Lord," said the poet. "In Him who, in His wisdom and for His own purposes, made men of different degrees."

"Has it been His doing, Sir—or the devil's?"

"Nay, I will not discuss with you a question such as that. I will not, at any rate, discuss it now."

"I have read, Sir, in your earlier books—"

"Do not quote my books to me, either early or late. You ask me for advice, and I give it according to my ability. The time may come, too, Mr. Thwaite"—and this he said, laughing—"when you also will be less hot in your abhorrence of a nobility than you are now."

"Never!"

"Ah—'tis so that young men always make assurances to themselves of their own present wisdom."

"You think, then, that I should give her up entirely?"

"I would leave her to herself, and to her mother—and to this young lord, if he be her lover."

"But if she loves me! Oh, Sir, she did love me once. If she loves me, should I leave her to think, as time goes on, that I have forgotten her? What chance can she have if I do not interfere to let her know that I am true to her?"

"She will have the chance of becoming Lady Lovel, and of loving her husband."

"Then, Sir, you do not believe in vows of love?"

"How am I to answer that?" said the poet. "Surely I do believe in vows of love. I have written much of love, and have ever meant to write with truth, as I knew it, or thought that I knew it. But the love of which we poets sing is not the love of the outer world. It is more ecstatic, but far less serviceable. It is the picture of that which exists, but grand with imaginary attributes, as are the portraits of ladies painted by artists who have thought rather of their art than of their models. We tell of a constancy in love which is hardly compatible with the usages of this as yet imperfect world. Look abroad, and see whether girls do not love twice, and young men thrice. They come together, and rub their feathers like birds, and fancy that each has found in the other an eternity of weal or woe. Then come the causes of their parting. Their fathers perhaps are Capulets and Montagues, but their children, God be thanked, are not Romeos and Juliets. Or money does not serve, or distance intervenes, or simply a new face has the poor merit of novelty. The constancy of which the poets sing is the unreal—I may almost say the unnecessary—constancy of a Juliet. The constancy on which our nature should pride itself is that of an Imogen. You read Shakspeare, I hope, Mr. Thwaite."

"I know the plays you quote, Sir. Imogen was a king's daughter, and married a simple gentleman."

"I would not say that early vows should mean nothing," continued the poet, unwilling to take notice of the point made against him. "I like to hear that a girl has been true to her first kiss. But this girl will have the warrant of all the world to justify a second choice. And can you think that because your company was pleasant

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to her here among your native mountains, when she knew none but you, that she will be indifferent to the charms of such a one as you tell me this Lord Lovel is? She will have regrets—remorse even; she will sorrow, because she knows that you have been good to her. But she will yield, and her life will be happier with him—unless he be a bad man, which I do not know—than it would be with you. Would there be no regrets think you, no remorse, when she found that as your wife she had separated herself from all that she had been taught to regard as delightful in this world? Would she be happy in quarreling with her mother and her new-found relatives? You think little of noble blood, and perhaps I think as little of it in matters relating to myself. But she is noble, and she will think of it. As for your money, Mr. Thwaite, I should make it a matter of mere business with the Countess, as though there was no question relating to her daughter. She probably has an account of the money, and doubtless will pay you when she has means at her disposal."

Daniel left his Mentor without another word on his own behalf, expressing thanks for the counsel that had been given to him, and assuring the poet that he would endeavor to profit by it. Then he walked away, over the very paths on which he had been accustomed to stray with Anna Lovel, and endeavored to digest the words that he had heard. He could not bring himself to see their truth. That he should not force the girl to marry him, if she loved another better than she loved him, simply by the strength of her own obligation to him, he could understand. But that it was natural that she should transfer to another the affection that she had once bestowed upon him, because that other was a lord, he would not allow. Not only his heart but all his intellect rebelled against such a decision. A transfer so violent would, he thought, show that she was incapable of loving. And yet this doctrine had come to him from one who, as he himself had said, had written much of love.

But, though he agreed after this fashion with himself, the words of the old poet had had their efficacy. Whether the fault might be with the girl, or with himself, or with the untoward circumstances of the case, he determined to teach himself that he had lost her. He would never love another woman. Though the Earl's daughter could not be true to him, he, the suitor, would be true to the Earl's daughter. There might no longer be Romeos among the noble Capulets and the noble Montagues—whom indeed he believed to be dead to faith; but the salt of truth had not therefore perished from the world. He would get what he could from this wretched wreck of his father's property, obtain payment, if it might be possible, of that poor £500 for which he held the receipt, and then go to some distant land in which the wisest of counselors would not counsel him that he was unfit because of his trade to mate himself with noble blood.

When he had proved his father's will, he sent a copy of it up to the Countess with the following letter:

"KESWICK, *November* 4, 183—.

"MY LADY,—I do not know whether your ladyship will yet have heard of my father's death. He died here on the 24th of last month. He was taken with apoplexy on the 15th, and never recovered from the fit. I think you will be sorry for him.

"I find myself bound to send your ladyship a copy of his will. Your ladyship perhaps may have some account of what money has passed between you and him. I have none except a receipt for £500 given to you by him many years ago. There is also a bill against your ladyship for £71 18*s.* 9*d.* It may be that no more is due than this, but you will know. I shall be happy to hear from your ladyship on the subject, and am,

"Yours respectfully,
"DANIEL THWAITE."

But he still was resolved that before he departed for the far western land he would obtain from Anna Lovel herself an expression of her determination to renounce him.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LADY ANNA'S LETTER.

IN the mean time the week had gone round, and Lady Anna's letter to the Earl had not yet been written. An army was arrayed against the girl to induce her to write such a letter as might make it almost impossible for her afterward to deny that she was engaged to the lord; but the army had not as yet succeeded. The Countess had not seen her daughter—had been persistent in her refusal to let her daughter come to her till she had, at any rate, repudiated her other suitor; but she had written a strongly worded but short letter, urging it as a great duty that Lady Anna Lovel was bound to support her family and to defend her rank. Mrs. Bluestone, from day to day, with soft, loving words taught the same lesson. Alice Bluestone, in their daily conversations, spoke of the tailor, or rather of this promise to the tailor, with a horror which, at any rate, was not affected. The Sergeant, almost with tears in his eyes, implored her to put an end to the lawsuit. Even the Solicitor-General sent her tender messages, expressing his great hope that she might enable them to have this matter adjusted early in November. All the details of the case as it now stood had been explained to her over and over again. If, when the day fixed for the trial should come round, it could be said that she and the young Earl were engaged to each other, the Earl would altogether abandon his claim, and no further statement would be made. The fact of the marriage in Cumberland would then be proved, the circumstances of the trial for bigamy would be given in evidence, and all the persons concerned would be together anxious that the demands of the two ladies should be admitted in full. It was the opinion of the united lawyers that, were this done, the rank of the Countess would be allowed, and that the property left behind him by the old lord would be at once given up to those who would inherit it under the order of things as thus established. The Countess would receive that to which she would be entitled as widow, the daughter would be the heir at law to the bulk of the personal property, and the Earl would merely claim any real estate, if—as was very doubtful—any real estate had been left in question. In this case the disposition of the property would be just what they would all desire, and the question of rank would be settled forever. But if the young lady should not have then agreed to this very pleasant compromise, the Earl, indeed, would make no further endeavors to invalidate the Cumberland marriage, and would retire from the suit. But it would then be stated that there was a claimant in Sicily, or, at least, evidence in Italy, which, if sifted, might possibly bar the claim of the Countess. The Solicitor-General did not hesitate to say that he believed the living woman to be a weak impostor, who had been first used by the Earl, and had then put forward a falsehood to get an income out of the property; but he was by no means convinced that the other foreign woman, whom the Earl had undoubtedly made his first wife, might not have been alive when the second marriage was contracted. If it were so, the Countess would be no countess, Anna Lovel would simply be Anna Murray, penniless, base-born, and a fit wife for the tailor, should the tailor think fit to take her. "If it be so," said Lady Anna through her tears, "let it be so; and he will take me."

It may have been that the army was too strong for its own purpose—too much of an army to gain a victory on that field—that a weaker combination of forces would have prevailed when all this array failed. No one had a word to say for the tailor; no one admitted that he had been a generous friend; no feeling was expressed for him. It seemed to be taken for granted that he, from the beginning, had laid his plans for obtaining possession of an enormous income in the event of the Countess being proved to be a countess. There was no admission that he had done aught for love. Now in all these matters Lady Anna was sure of but one thing alone, and that was of the tailor's truth. Had they acknowledged that he was good and noble, they might perhaps have persuaded her—as the poet had almost persuaded her lover—that the fitness of things demanded that they should be separated.

But she had promised that she would write the letter by the end of the week, and when the end of a fortnight had come she knew that it must be written. She had declared over and over again to Mrs. Bluestone that she must go away from Bedford Square. She could not live there always, she said. She knew that she was in the way of every body. Why should she not go back to her own mother? "Does mamma mean to say that I am never to live with her any more?" Mrs. Bluestone promised that if she would write her letter and tell her cousin that she would try to love him, she should go back to her mother at once. "But I can not live here always," persisted Lady Anna. Mrs. Bluestone would not admit that there was any reason why her visitor should not continue to live in Bedford Square as long as the arrangement suited Lady Lovel.

Various letters were written for her. The Countess wrote one, which was an unqualified acceptance of the Earl's offer, and which was very short. Alice Bluestone wrote one, which was full of poetry. Mrs. Bluestone wrote a third, in which a great many ambiguous words were used—in which there was no definite promise, and no poetry. But had this letter been sent it would have been almost impossible for the girl afterward to extricate herself from its obligations. The Sergeant, perhaps, had lent a word or two, for the letter was undoubtedly very clever. In this letter Lady Anna was made to say that she would always have the greatest pleasure in receiving her cousin's visits, and that she trusted that she might be able to co-operate with her cousin in bringing the lawsuit to a close—that she certainly would not marry any one without her mother's consent, but that she did not find herself able at the present to say more than that. "It won't stop the Solicitor-General, you know," the Sergeant had remarked, as he read it. "Bother the Solicitor-General!" Mrs. Bluestone had answered, and had then gone on to show that it would lead to that which would stop the learned gentleman. The Sergeant had added a word or two, and great persuasion was used to induce Lady Anna to use this epistle.

But she would have none of it. "Oh, I couldn't, Mrs. Bluestone; he would know that I hadn't written all that."

"You have promised to write, and you are bound to keep your promise," said Mrs. Bluestone.

"I believe I am bound to keep all my promises," said Lady Anna, thinking of those which she had made to Daniel Thwaite.

But at last she sat down and did write a letter for herself, specially premising that no one should see it. When she had made her promise she certainly had not intended to write that which should be shown to all the world. Mrs. Bluestone had begged that at any rate the Countess might see it. "If mamma will let me go to her, of course I will show it her," said Lady Anna. At last it was thought best to allow her to write her own letter and to send it unseen. After many struggles and with many tears she wrote her letter as follows:

"BEDFORD SQUARE, *Tuesday.*

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—I am sorry that I have been so long in doing what I said I would do. I don't think I ought to have promised, for I find it very difficult to say any thing, and I think that it is wrong that I should write at all. It is not my fault that there should be a lawsuit. I do not want to take any thing away from any body, or to get any thing for myself. I think papa was very wicked when he said that mamma was not his wife, and of course I wish it may all go as she wishes. But I don't think any body ought to ask me to do what I feel to be wrong.

"Mr. Daniel Thwaite is not at all such a person as they say. He and his father have been mamma's best friends, and I shall never forget that. Old Mr. Thwaite is dead, and I am very sorry to hear it. If you had known them as we did, you would understand what I feel. Of course he is not your friend; but he is my friend, and I dare say that makes me unfit to be friends with you. You are a nobleman and he is a tradesman; but when we knew him first he was quite as good as we, and I believe we owe him a great deal of money, which mamma can't pay him. I have heard mamma say before she was angry with him that she would have been in the work-house but for them, and that Mr. Daniel Thwaite might now be very well off, and not a working tailor at all, as Mrs. Bluestone calls him, if they hadn't given all they had to help us. I can not bear after that to hear them speak of him as they do.

"Of course I should like to do what mamma wants; but how would you feel if you had promised somebody else? I do so wish that all this might be stopped altogether. My dear mamma will not allow me to see her; and though every body is very kind, I feel that I ought not to be here with Mrs. Bluestone. Mamma talked of going abroad somewhere. I wish she would, and take me away. I should see nobody then, and there would be no trouble. But I suppose she hasn't got enough money. This is a very poor letter, but I do not know what else I can say.

"Believe me to be,
"My dear cousin,
"Yours affectionately,
"ANNA LOVEL."

Then came in a postscript the one thing that she had to say—"I think that I ought to be allowed to see Mr. Daniel Thwaite."

Lord Lovel, after receiving this letter, called in Bedford Square, and saw Mrs. Bluestone, but he did not show the letter. His cousin was out with the girls, and he did not wait to see her. He merely said that he had received a letter which had not given him much comfort. "But I shall answer it," he said; and the reader, who has seen the one letter, shall see also the other.

"BROWN'S HOTEL, ALBEMARLE STREET,
"*4th November*, 183—.

"DEAREST ANNA,—I have received your letter, and am obliged to you for it, though there is so little in it to flatter or to satisfy me. I will begin by assuring you that, as far as I am concerned, I do not wish to keep you from seeing Mr. Daniel Thwaite. I believe in my heart of hearts that if you were now to see him often you would feel aware that a union between you and him could not make either of you happy. You do not even say that you think it would do so.

"You defend him as though I had accused him. I grant all that you say in his favor. I do not doubt that his father behaved to you and to your mother with true friendship. But that will not make him fit to be the husband of Anna Lovel. You do not even say that you think that he would be fit. I fancy I understand it all, and I love you better for the pride with which you cling to so firm a friend.

"But, dearest, it is different when we talk of marriage. I imagine that you hardly dare now to think of becoming his wife. I doubt whether you say even to yourself that you love him with that kind of love. Do not suppose me vain enough to believe that therefore you must love me. It is not that. But if you would once tell yourself that he is unfit to be your husband, then you might come to love me, and would not be the less willing to do so because all your friends wish it. It must be something to you that you should be able to put an end to all this trouble.

"Yours, dearest Anna, most affectionately, L.

"I called in Bedford Square this morning, but you were not at home."

"But I do dare," she said to herself, when she had read the letter. "Why should I not dare? And I do say to myself that I love him. Why should I not love him now, when I was not ashamed to love him before? She was being persecuted; and as the step of the wayfarer brings out the sweet scent of the herb which he crushes with his heel, so did persecution with her extract from her heart that strength of character which had hitherto been latent. Had they left her at Yoxham and said never a word to her about the tailor, had the rector and the two aunts showered soft courtesies on her head, they might have vanquished her. But now the spirit of opposition was stronger within her than ever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Bidwell Convicts.—A Triumph for the Ladies.—The new Canterbury Pilgrims.

MESSRS. BIDWELL and company, of New York, have at last obtained the reward for which they have so long and diligently labored, in a sentence of penal servitude for life. The whole history of commercial crime affords no parallel to this astounding case. These four men were possessed among them of no less than £10,000, and understanding that your wise precaution of sending round the acceptances of bills to be "initialed" is dispensed with in this country, they came over hither solely to trade with their capital on that platform, and rob the Bank of England. With the particulars of the affair you are doubtless already acquainted. In one of my own letters I showed how this stupendous fabric of roguery broke down through a single weak point—their neglect to date two of their forged bills, which accordingly were sent to the acceptor (not from any suspicion of their authenticity, but simply to have the omission rectified), when, of course, all was discovered. Every shilling of the stolen £100,000, that whale to catch which they threw out their sprat of £10,000, with which they bought genuine bills to establish confidence, has been, I believe, recovered by the bank; but the prisoners, it seems, though they lived extravagantly enough, with traveling-bags costing £50 apiece, for example, made to order, and stamped with their crests (a hand *passant* into another man's pocket, I suppose), had not spent their all, since at the very last moment a plot was discovered for their escape from Newgate, in which no less than three warders were concerned, one being taken with £100 in gold about him, a portion only, doubtless, of the bribe he was to have got had their release been effected. The discovery of these gentlemen's whereabouts was mainly owing to their devotion to the fair sex; but it is due alone to the extradition act between our two countries (in accordance with which you so promptly took action in this matter) that they are not now at large to commit their depredations in "fresh fields [green ones] and pastures new." Apart from the special interest of the case, it affords a curious example of how rogues in grain can yet be faithful to one another, and pitiful, even in the hour of their own doom, for the ruin they have brought upon others. The elder Bidwell's appeal for mercy for his brother, and his attempted defense of Noyes, was, I am told, a touching spectacle; while the apology they made to the manager of the bank (Colonel Francis) for having made a cat's-paw of him had something very gentleman-like about it, which, I hope, the poor colonel appreciated.

The wealth left by the Duke of Brunswick to Geneva seems at present literally incalculable. Twelve hundred thousand pounds' worth of gold and jewels has, however, been found in his boxes, and also six hundred thousand pounds' worth of Pacific Railway bonds, while a telegram from Prince Bismarck to the German consul at Geneva owns to two millions and a half *personalty* in Germany. It will not surprise you to hear that his mistress, though always called the Duchess of Brunswick, has been left absolutely destitute, or that his brother, the reigning duke, is resolved to dispute the will on the ground of insanity.

In England, as you know, our ladies are very much behindhand in the assertion of their rights; still, they have always asserted that it is not from any fault of their own that they have failed in intellectual competition with men: they have not been given a fair chance. To this it has been triumphantly replied that no woman has ever yet obtained a first class in our new local examinations, open to both sexes. Imagine, then, the sensation that has been produced among us by Miss Rogers, a young lady who has just obtained the *first* place in the first division of the senior candidates at Oxford! Such a success as this will do more to forward the woman's rights question in a reasonable way than all the declamations in its favor. It happens at a most opportune time, too, since the birth of Dr. Elizabeth Garrett's baby is just now evoking much ridicule, upon the ground that it will be very inconvenient to employ a medical attendant who is liable to such visitations, while "the faculty" seem more inclined to be exclusive than ever.

How you must hug yourselves under your stars and stripes, when you behold what tricks are being played in Europe by kings by right divine, like the Comte de Chambord and Don Carlos! In their self-importance and pretension, they seem to have lost every vestige of common-sense. The Spanish would-be monarch wrote last week to his cousin to state his programme, and condescendingly allows that there is a doubt about the people being made expressly for kings to rule over them; but he of the "white flag" will make no such admission.

If it was merely that these old-world shadows are declaiming to Frenchmen and Spaniards, I should say I had too great a confidence in human nature to believe that any thing could come of it. It is a curious coincidence, however, if nothing more, that contemporaneously with the disinterment of the august pretenders, a sort of galvanic life has been given in England to ideas that have been exploded ever since the Reformation. This very morning the train has started from London which takes the English pilgrims to the shrine of Paray-le-Monial. They are of all ranks, from the Duke of Norfolk down to the humble but pious excursionists who use Messrs. Cook's through tickets and hotel coupons. The affair has no national significance whatever, but that it should happen at all in these days takes one's breath away. Poor Lord Westbury's opinion of it would have been probably something worth hearing, and I can well imagine the mincing accents in which he would have discoursed upon "this leetle peelgrimage to Paray-le-Monial." To judge by his last testament, it seems he entertained the same opinion of his first-born (Dick Bethell) as the rest of the world, for he has left the bulk of his property "to accumulate," and £50,000 of it "to go to that successor to the title of Lord Westbury who shall not have been born in the lifetime of the testator." Yet Dick is a peer of the realm, for all this.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

GEORGE ELIOT'S SAYINGS.

FROM THE "MILL ON THE FLOSS."

A MAN with an affectionate disposition, who finds a wife to concur with his fundamental idea of life, easily comes to persuade himself that no other woman would have suited him so well, and does a little daily snapping and quarreling without any sense of alienation.

The middle-aged, who have lived through their strongest emotions, but are yet in the time when memory is still half passionate and not merely contemplative, should surely be a sort of natural priesthood, whom life has disciplined and consecrated to be the refuge and rescue of early stumblers and victims of self-despair. Most of us, at some moment in our young lives, would have welcomed a priest of that natural order in any sort of canonicals or uncanonicals, but had to scramble upward into all the difficulties of nineteen entirely without such aid.

Great sorrows bring lines in well-rounded faces, and broaden the streaks of white among the hairs that once looked as if they had been dipped in pure sunshine.

All long-known objects, even a mere window fastening or a particular door-latch, have sounds which are a sort of recognized voice to us—a voice that will thrill and awaken, when it has been used to touch deep-lying fibres.

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Fig. 1.—NUT BROWN VIGOGNE HOUSE DRESS.—FRONT.

Fig. 2.—NUT BROWN VIGOGNE HOUSE DRESS.—BACK.

Nut Brown Vigogne House Dress, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS dress of nut brown vigogne consists of a skirt, over-skirt, and basque-waist, trimmed with folds of brown gros grain and silk fringe. The bottom of the skirt is cut in points, as shown by the illustration. The basque-waist is trimmed with folds extending around the neck. Pleated Swiss muslin collar and under-sleeves.

Black Camel's-hair and Gros Grain House Dress, Figs. 1 and 2.

SKIRT of black gros grain, trimmed with folds in front and gathered ruffles of the material in the back. The ruffles are bound narrow on the under edge with the material. The polonaise is of black camel's-hair. The edge is cut in uneven points, as shown by the illustration, and is bound with black gros grain. The waist and sleeves are trimmed to correspond. Buttons and button-holes serve for closing.

CURIOSITIES OF TREE-PLANTING.

A PROVERB of Northwest India declares that three things make a man to be truly a man—to have a son born to him, to dig a well, and to plant a tree. It is impossible for one who has not seen it to realize the misery of a treeless country. Both in East and West trees were no doubt the first temples, and the planting of groves was the primitive form of church-building. Abraham, we are told, planted a grove in Beersheba, to commemorate his solemn covenant; but among his descendants it became in time the mark of a pious ruler to "cut down the groves," as the seats of pagan worship, the mark of a careless ruler to leave them untouched, and the mark of an impious ruler to plant and dedicate new groves.

Tree-planting has, in fact, retained in Germany longer than elsewhere something of its cult character, binding together religion, nation, and family. In the Vosgesen, the old German farmers were not allowed to marry until they had done something for the future good of the tribe by planting a stated number of walnut-trees. When the amiable and liberal Oberlin was pastor of Waldbach, in the Steinthal, he set forward this old custom of tree-planting as a Christian duty.

The asking of a distinguished guest to plant a tree is a pleasant way of commemorating his visit. According to the German fancy, no tree planted as a memorial will grow and flourish unless it has a motto given it at the time of its planting. When the late Baron Bunsen was visiting Lepsius at Berlin in 1857, the antiquary requested him to plant a young oak in his beautiful garden. "I held the tree," writes Bunsen, "while the earth was thrown over its vigorous roots, and I said in giving the name:

"'Oak, I plant thee. Grow in beauty; straight and firm and vigorous stand!
Bunsen is the name I give thee: flourish in the German land.
For the house of Lepsius blooming, through the storms grow fair and free,
And a shelter in the noonday to his children's children be!'"

One of his sons planted at the same time a Weymouth pine, to which they fastened the accommodating German motto, *Wonnemuth* (joyful courage).

Tree-planting is as necessary a part in many German rejoicings as it has been of French rejoicings during each revolutionary epoch. The Trees of Liberty, however, were often planted to die—actually as well as metaphorically. I have seen trees of this kind, stripped of all but a crown of leaves, planted in German Switzerland to mark a local festival. The poor people of the village of Clevers-ulzbach gathered together on the 10th of November, 1859, around the grave of Schiller's mother, and marked the birthday of her son by planting a lime-tree "in the soil that covers the heart that loved him best." When the parish priest of Starrkirch, in the German canton of Solothurn, was excommunicated, his parishioners planted a tree opposite his parsonage with the very determined motto, *Dem Pfarrer zum Schutz, Rom zum Trutz.* Individual trees planted by famous men are still to be seen by the pilgrims who visit their homes and haunts. In the last century there was quite a fashion for planting willows. It is said that the first weeping-willow seen in England was sent to the poet Pope as a present, from Turkey, by his friend Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and planted by him in his garden at Twickenham. It is the famous *Salix babylonica* of the Psalter, upon which, on the banks of the Euphrates, the weeping daughters of Jerusalem hung their harps. Garrick planted two willows on his lawn beside his Shakspeare Temple; in the midst of a thunder-storm, which destroyed one of them, the pious and devoted widow of the great actor was seen running up and down excitedly, crying out, "Oh, my Garrick! oh, my Garrick!" The willow known as Dr. Johnson's willow, at Lichfield, was blown down long ago; it was said in the *Gardener's Magazine* to have been planted by him, but it is more probable that his admiration and talk of it developed the legend of his planting it. At the time of its destruction it was thirteen feet in girth. Pieces of

Fig. 1.—BLACK CAMEL'S-HAIR AND GROS GRAIN HOUSE DRESS.—FRONT.

Fig. 2.—BLACK CAMEL'S-HAIR AND GROS GRAIN HOUSE DRESS.—BACK.

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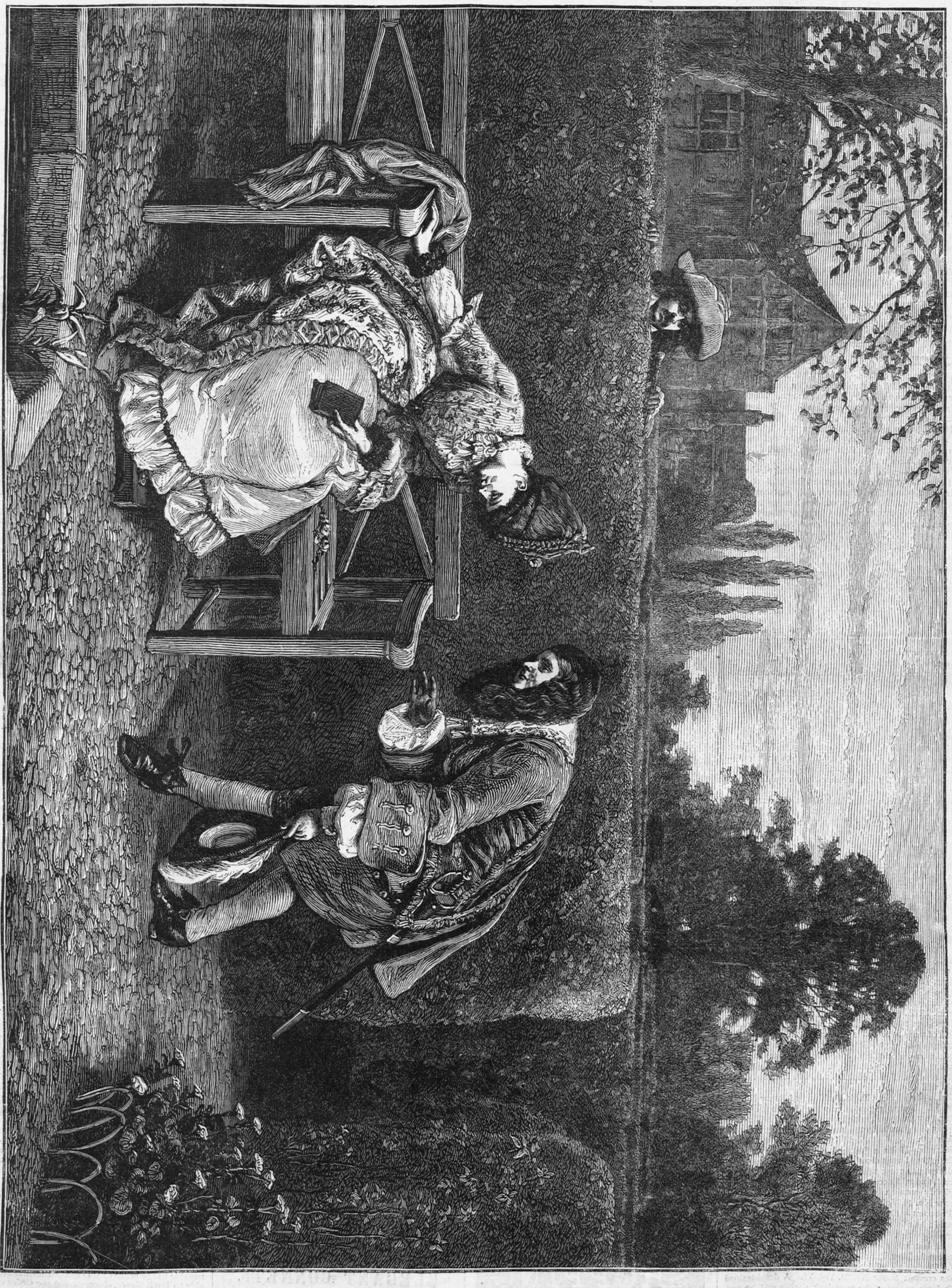
household furniture and snuff-boxes were made of it, and slips from it were planted by his admirers throughout the neighboring country; an offset of the old tree was planted on the same site. Thomas Moore tells us that when Byron first went to Newstead Abbey from Aberdeen, at the age of ten, he planted a young oak in some part of the grounds. He had a notion, or thought he had, that as it flourished so should he. Six or seven years later, on revisiting the spot, he found his oak choked up with weeds and almost dead. The mulberry-tree in the beautiful gardens of Christ College, Cambridge, owed its defensive bands of lead and its props to the legend that it was planted by Milton. There is an oak in the gardens of the convent of St. Onophrio at Rome, in which Tasso died, which has long been said to have been planted by the poet; some of the monks, however, have begun to ascribe its planting to the more saintly hands of St. Philip Neri. The planting of an orange-tree in the convent of St. Sabina in Rome is now attributed to St. Dominic, in the year 1200; and another orange-tree in the convent of Fondi to the famous Dominican, St. Thomas Aquinas, in 1278.



LOVE IN A MAZE.

LOVE IN A MAZE.

IN this ingenious picture we see the concentrated essence of a novelette. There is, first, the indispensable young lady; there is, secondly, the lover who pursues her, but whom she does not like; there is, thirdly, the lover who also pursues her and whom she does like. The young lady, to whom we may suppose the intricacies of the labyrinth are familiar, has taken her seat in the centre of the maze, for the ostensible purpose of reading a book. The rivals give chase, perhaps they meet occasionally, both in a state of puzzlement, and glower fiercely at each other. At length the favored suitor, guided either by his superior intellectual acumen, or possibly by telegraphic signs from his sweetheart, gains the desired "bower of bliss," while his rival remains discomfited, looking, from t'other side of the hedge, as disconsolate as a stray horse in a pound. These ingeniously contrived labyrinthine puzzles are popular adjuncts to pleasure-grounds in England. In this country they are seldom seen. The Central Park, indeed, has its maze, but on rather a small scale, and disappointing to any one who expects to see in it a sort of Fair Rosamond's bower.

MOHAMMEDAN FESTIVALS.

THE religious fasts and festivals of the Mohammedan religion are exceedingly repulsive, and also very inconvenient to foreigners visiting Tangier. The Ramadan, for instance, during which no true believer will either eat, drink, smoke, or bathe for a whole month between the hours of sunrise and sunset, is a period of quite as severe trial to the infidels as to them; for every conceivable contrivance by which noise can be made, in order to keep the faithful awake, so that they may eat during the privileged hours, is resorted to. Nothing more horrible than the diversified din by which night is made hideous for all ears can possibly be conceived. But, in certain respects, the festivals are much more odious.

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The detestable cruelty of the feast of Rams, in which the whole town is turned into a huge slaughter-house, and the streets literally run blood, while scenes of disgusting gluttony testify to the zeal of the true believers, is enough to make one rush away from Tangier, regardless of one's lungs, at its approach. It is consolatory to be told that in the Mohammedan countries the feast is not celebrated with such superfluous barbarities as at Tangier, where the proceedings are regarded with supreme contempt by all the non-Moorish part of the population. A so-called Christian festival is celebrated on Holy Saturday by the Christians; it is only ludicrous, not cruel, and consists of the following observances: "All the devout Spanish and Portuguese Christians of Tangier arise early on this morning, set aside for the commemoration of the treachery and suicide of Judas Iscariot, and forming into parties, carry about monstrous effigies of the recreant apostle, with much firing of guns, shouting, and noise. They parade through the quarters of the town where the Jews reside, and every time one of the processions arrives outside a Jew's house it is brought to a stop, and Judas Iscariot is flogged with as much zeal and ardor as if he were the real live traitor, instead of a bundle of straw and old clothes. After this he is hanged from any convenient window, and then a party assemble below and fire at the suspended traitor until he is literally riddled with holes, when he is taken down and buried." The Jews also have the feast of Purim, on which they celebrate the murder of Haman and his sons; but as it is to be presumed the families concerned on that occasion are extinct, this demonstration hurts nobody, and so lacks the stimulating attraction of malice.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A VILLAGE DOCTRESS.—It is rumored that plain round waists will be revived later in the season. The hair is still worn in finger puffs and crown braids, but not as far forward as formerly. It is dressed far enough back to show the wavy tresses that are parted in the middle and drawn back on the forehead. Soft little kid shoes of buff, blue, or pink are buttoned on the side of baby's feet when it is put into short clothes. Velvet polonaises will be worn again.

TWO OF US.—Seal-skin cloaks of very dark shade are well worn in mourning. A demi-trained silk without lustre, and trimmed with crape, is the suitable "fall dress" for you. Have a crape sleeveless jacket with high ruff to wear with various dresses. Black crêpe lisse ruffs and doubled tulle edged with fine jet are stylish for you. Your suit need not be altered. Get a little seal-skin jacket and turban for your blonde of seven.

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.—Make your Irish poplin evening dress with a demi-trained skirt and basque. Put bias lengthwise bands from belt to foot on the three front breadths and five flounces on the back widths, covering them from the belt down. Make your basque quite short behind, but in long points or square tabs in front. Have a velvet revers and ruff of the color of the dress with a lace ruff inside. Put two velvet cords on the edge of the basque for trimming, and also pipe the bands on the skirt with velvet. The sleeves should be close to the elbow and flounced below.

D. C. S.—Get a long sacque of soft flannel cloth either black and white stripes or else blue and gray for your boy. Read about Fall Redingotes in *Bazar* No. 38, Vol. VI. Get blue serge and black alpaca dresses for a girl of eight years.

MERRIMAC.—Read about black silks in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. VI. Silks are naturally higher when first imported than at the end of the season. Bonnet's silk is chosen for fineness, Ponson's for heaviness.

WILLIE S.—Make your black silk with a demi-polonaise like that described in *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. VI. Get a dark blue silk skirt with blue camel's-hair redingote for another suit. Your velvet polonaise will answer again, but may require some new arrangement of drapery. Get a suit of striped serge—myrtle green ground with red stripe, or else blue with white—for the house; for this consult *Bazar* No. 40, Vol. VI. You can order the "Ugly Girl" papers from this office at ten cents a paper.

MISS L. M'L.—We do not reply by mail. Use the jockey basque suit pattern sent you for your black silk. Ruffles and folds are both used again. You will learn all about them in the New York Fashions of *Bazar* Nos. 39 and 40, Vol. VI. Twenty-five cents will be returned to you, as the suit pattern costs only 25 cents.

MRS. L. S. O.—Trim your gray and black striped poplin with black velvet bands. Put side pleatings and bias bands on child's merino dress.

MRS. M. H. S.—Make up your silk skirt and with it a loose-front belted polonaise of black cashmere instead of velveteen. This will suit you far better than a basque and over-skirt—indeed it would be a good model for a black silk polonaise of your dress material made with a view to alteration. The round high waist with revers and ruff, coat sleeves, and trimmed demi-train will be stylish.

JEAN.—Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. VI. Your dresses should be the length ladies wear, now that you are eighteen—for instance, just escaping the ground in the street, and demi-trained in the house.

MIZPEH.—Make a flounced skirt of your crimson silk, and get very dark wine-colored cashmere for a redingote to wear over it. It is rather bright for the street, and will need a dark over dress to make it more stylishly sombre. For black alpacas read hints in *Bazar* No. 40, Vol. VI.

PEGGOTY.—Silk skirt with polonaise of cashmere or camel's-hair is the regulation suit for a wedding and traveling dress. Get olive, slate, or deep blue. Velvet round hat and gloves to match. Read about black alpacas in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 40, Vol. VI. Polonaises will be worn in the winter. For black silks consult *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. VI. A demi-trained silk dress of any of the new dark shades will be useful to you for dinners, visiting, church, etc. Have also a mantilla or an English walking jacket.

VA.—Read answer just given "Peggoty," as it is in reply to queries about an October trousseau.

HELEN.—The demi-polonaise style described in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. VI., is what you want for your black silk.

KITTEN OF N.—A blouse-polonaise, belted, and a skirt with two gathered flounces is the model for even very simple school dresses.

THE FALLING LEAVES betoken approaching winter, when nothing makes a parlor so cheerful or a kitchen so neat as a well-polished stove, and DIXON'S STOVE POLISH will do it in five minutes, without dust or smell. Established Forty-Six Years. Try it. Made only by THE JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.—[*Com.*]

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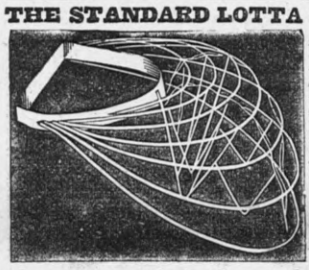

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THE October Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, contains Twenty-one Contributions, besides the Editorial Departments, with over Sixty Illustrations. Colonel AUDENRIED'S splendidly illustrated description of General Sherman's European tour is concluded; the remarkable poultry establishment of the Baroness de Linas, at Belair, France, is described and illustrated; there is an illustrated paper on the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute for Freedmen; a description of a Tobacco Factory, profusely illustrated by W. L. SHEPARD; and a beautifully illustrated paper on Mauritius, prepared from Colonel Pike's "Sub-tropical Rambles," recently published.

The "Recollections of an Old Stager," and EMILIO CASTELAR'S "Republican Movement in Europe" are continued. General R. B. MARCY contributes some interesting anecdotes of Detective Pinkerton; and there is a very timely and interesting review of the Judicial Record of Chief-Justice Chase by JOHN S. BENSON.

CHARLES READE'S Novel "A Simpleton," is concluded in this Number, and is to be followed in November with a thrilling serial story, entitled "The Living Link," by the author of "The Dodge Club," characteristically illustrated by W. L. SHEPARD. In an early Number will be commenced "My Mother and I," A Love Story for Girls, by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

There are three interesting short Stories in this number—one of them illustrated—and five excellent Poems.

The five Editorial Departments are full of entertainment and instruction. The Editor's Historical Record—a department maintained from the earliest number of the Magazine, and the only monthly summary of events that is anywhere published—steadily improves in the scope and thoroughness of its treatment. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS will resume the Easy Chair in the November Number, which will also contain the first of a series of papers by CHARLES NORDHOFF, descriptive of the Pacific Coast.

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AWFUL INCIDENT ON THE BEACH.

A Short-sighted Lady can't make out what on earth this Board is about till she gets *Quite Close* to it. [*Confusion!*

VERSICLES.

There was a young lady of Bocking
Who had a great hole in her stocking;
When the boys cried "Potatoes!"
She uttered three great "Oh's!"
And then called them names that were shocking.

There was a young lady at Kew
Who would go to sleep in her pew;
When the parson, quite vexed,
Would not give out the text
Till the clerk stirred her up with a cue.

There was a young lady of Wapping
Who for joy jumped when taken out shopping;
Till the neighbors would talk,
And they told her to walk,
When she cried, "Well, suppose we try hopping."

There was a fair maiden at Node
Who, when going home, took the wrong road;
When they said she was wrong,
She, in language quite strong,
Said the people might go and be blowed.

There was a young parson at Penge
Who wore a black tile at Stonehenge;
When they cried, "Who's your hatter?"
He replied, "'Tis no matter,"
When they'd bonnet him out of revenge.

There was an old cabby at Bow
Whose horse was uncommonly slow;
When his fares they cut rougher,
And called him a duffer,
Not a peg would his old knacker go.

There was a young lady of Jersey
Who was fat, not to say she was pursy;
When they said, "Pray, try Banting,"
She replied, softly panting,
"I will, till I grow wicey wersey."

It is related of a Scottish lady in a remote part of the Highlands, noted for her profuse liberality, that being sometimes overburdened with habitual "sorners," when any one of them outstaid his welcome, she would take occasion to say to him at the morning meal, with an arch look at the rest of the company, "Mak' a guid breakfast, Mr. ——, while ye're about it; ye dinna ken whaur ye'll get your dinner." The hint was usually taken, and the "sorner" departed.

FACETIÆ.

"WHAT'S in a name?" A good deal at times. The daughter of Don Carlos, the pretender to the throne of Spain, for instance, has plenty in hers, which, according to a contemporary, is, in French, Blanche-de-Castile-Marie-de-la-Conception-Thérèse-Françoise-d'Assise-Marguerite-Jeanne-Beatrice-Charlotte-Louise-Fernande-Adelgonde-Elvire-Ildefonse-Régine-Joséphe-Michelle-Gabrielle-Raphaelle. These constitute the young lady's Christian name only, and when her titles are added there is probably a dozen lines or so more. It is to be hoped that the don is not going to have a large family, for two or three children christened in this fashion would exhaust the vocabulary.

SOMETHING LIKELY TO END IN SMOKE.—The report of a gun.

PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTION.—How different is the bias of men's minds! What opposite tendencies they exhibit in their investigation of the phenomena of mental science! For example, the lawyer inclines to the abstract, the builder to the concrete.

TO KEEP THE FEET WARM.—Use hob-nails in your boots.

A MAN WHO HAS NOT TIME TO BE POSTMASTER.—The United States Postmaster-General has received the following letter from a person who was recently appointed postmaster, at a salary of $12 per annum, of a town in Iowa:

"to the general postmaster at Washington Citty my Deare friend i hope you will, not apint me postmaster in this here town i hain't got no time to tend to it i supose you got the paper someow, my frinds sent up Reckominden me but I hain't got time to do the thing as it ort too be done. In fact I dont know hardly what is a go in to be done our shoomaker would be a very good man only he was Grely square out which you know onfits him for the position then there is our storceeper jim B—— that want's the position mightty bad but as shure as you are a living man jim B—— kaint read good writin and thats the trouble. You see them that want's it dont know enuff to tend it and them their that does dont want to take it jim B—— wus rased out in the countrey and jest come to town last week and dont know enuff to be postmaster, but do as you think best only dont apint me i hain't got time ever your friend," etc.

A Baptist paper in Ohio was sent for nine years to a subscriber who never paid a cent for it. The other day the newspaper was returned to the patient and long-suffering publisher with the affecting pencil note on its margin, "Gone to a better world." The editor is a very pious man, but it is reported that his faith is terribly shaken in regard to the accuracy of the information.

"WHEN MUSIC, HEAVENLY MAID," ETC.

MISTRESS. (*finding the house-maid for the third time hanging about the drawing-room door*). "Mary, what are you here Listening at the Doors for? Haven't you any Work?"

MARY. "Oh, if you please'm, I don't mean no 'arm—it's that 'evingly Music!" [*N.B.—The man was only tuning the piano!*

"'TIS BETTER NOT TO KNOW."

IMPUDENT BOY (*generally*). "Try yer Weight—only Five Cents!" (*To lady of commanding proportions in particular*). "Tell yer 'xact Weight to a Hounce, Mum!"

RAILWAY DUTIES.

There are many passenger duties which are not merely not obnoxious, but are eminently proper; and yet how many persons travel constantly by railway without giving them a thought. By way of useful admonition, let us specify a few:

There is, first of all, the duty of not pushing at the pay place, especially if ladies chance to be in front of you.

There nextly is the duty of coming there provided with the proper ready money, so as not to keep folks waiting while you change a five-dollar bill.

There, moreover, is the duty of abstention from piling up your hat-boxes and hand-bags and wraps in the umbrella net so as to risk their tumbling on your neighbor's head.

There is the duty of not quarreling about an open window, but of conceding the command of it to the sitter next it, facing toward the engine, who, by long-acknowledged justice, clearly has the right.

There is the duty of obedience to the law respecting trespass which prohibits the removal of a coat or an umbrella, marking the retention of a vacated seat.

There is the duty of shutting the door gently when you quit the train at a way-station, and neither slamming it with a bang nor leaving it wide open, as is done by selfish and ungentlemanly snobs.

There is the duty of sharing your newspaper with any one who has none, and offering first the leaders, and not the outside sheet.

There is the duty of not putting your dirty boots upon the cushions when you wish to lay your legs up.

There is the duty of opening the car door for any lady leaving or entering the train, even at the risk of soiling your new gloves.

There is reciprocally the duty on the lady's part to smile her gratitude at least, if she does not verbally express it.

There is the duty of never eating peppermint, or using scents or drinks which have a nauseous odor.

There is the duty of abstaining from bothering your neighbors with remarks about the weather, or platitudinarianisms upon things in general.

There is the duty of not snoring when you are in company and pursuing a night journey.

And there is, finally, the duty of remembering that delays are dangerous, especially on railways; and therefore of never keeping the train waiting while you fumble in your pockets for your ticket, which you ought to have in readiness to be produced at any moment.

Why is a young lady like a bill of exchange?—Because she ought to be settled when she arrives at maturity.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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Tulle and Lace Opera Coiffure.

THIS coiffure of figured black tulle is trimmed with lace insertion an inch and a quarter wide, lace edging three inches and three-quarters wide, loops and ends of black gros grain ribbon, and bright-colored autumn flowers. For the crown of the coiffure cut of double stiff lace one whole piece from Fig. 40, Supplement, wire it, and bind it all around with black ribbon. On the point marked ∗ fasten the end of a band of stiff lace and wire eight inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide. Cut the veil of tulle in one piece from Fig. 41, having first joined on the pieces turned down in Supplement (see diagram of Fig. 41, reduced to one-sixteenth of full size). Edge this part with insertion and lace, and also sew on another piece of lace from the middle of the front toward both sides to a length of twenty-nine inches and three-quarters. Lay the veil in a pleat in the middle, bringing × on ●, and sew it on the crown along the dotted line from ⁚ to ∗, and, besides, fasten it with several stitches on the band and on the corners of the crown. On these corners sew gros grain ribbons of the requisite length, which are tied in a bow in the back above the veil, and fastened with several stitches in the middle on the under edge of the veil. Set the flowers along the front edge of the crown. In adjusting the coiffure cross the ends of the veil in front as shown by the illustration, and ornament them with a bunch of flowers.

TULLE AND LACE OPERA COIFFURE.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 40 and 41.

COURTESY AT HOME.

SOMETHING is wrong in those families where the little courtesies of speech are ignored in the every-day home life. True politeness can not be learned, like a lesson, by one effort, any time in one's life; it must be inbred. "Well-meaning, but rough," is said of many a man; and too often the beginning of the difficulty lies with the parents in a family. Is it hard for the husband to give a smiling "Thank you" to his wife as she brings his slippers on his evening return home? Is it more difficult for the mother to say, "John, will you shut the door, please?" than to use the laconic phrase, "Shut the door!" When Tom knocks over his sister's baby-house, why should not "Excuse me, I didn't mean to," be the instinctive apology?

Many who would not be guilty of discourtesy to a stranger, or to a friend in the world without, lay aside much if not all their suavity of manner on entering the home circle. The husband and wife dispense with those little graceful attentions which, though small, are never unimportant. The children are ordered hither and thither with crusty words; no "Thank you" rewards the little tireless feet that run on countless errands. The dinner is eaten in silence, broken only by fault-finding and reproof from the parents, and ill humor and teasing among the children. In the evening the father devotes himself to his newspaper, and the mother to her sewing, interrupting themselves only to give such peremptory orders as, "Less noise, children;" "Stop quarreling;" and, finally, "Go to bed!"

In many families there is no positive rudeness among the members, only a lack of those simple affectionate attentions which awaken a spontaneous return; a want of that consideration and gentleness of demeanor which are well-springs of comfort in every household. The well-bred host does not fail to bid his guest "Good-night" and "Good-morning;" why should not this simple expression of good feeling be always exchanged between parents and children? The kindly morning greeting will often nip in the bud some rising fretfulness; and the pleasant "Good-by" from old and young, when leaving the house for office, shop, or school, is a fragrant memory through the day of separation. When the family gather alone around breakfast or dinner table, the same courtesy should prevail as if guests were present. Reproof, complaint, unpleasant discussion, and scandal, no less than moody silence, should be banished. Let the conversation be genial, and suited to the little folks as far as possible. Interesting incidents of the day's experience may be mentioned at the evening meal, thus arousing the social element. If resources fail, sometimes little bits read aloud from the morning or evening paper will kindle the conversation.

No pleasanter sight is there than a family of young folks who are quick to perform little acts of attention toward their elders. The placing of the big arm-chair in a warm place for mamma, running for a footstool for aunty, hunting up papa's spectacles, and scores of little deeds show unsuppressed and loving hearts. But if mamma never returns a smiling "Thank you, dear," if papa's "Just what I was wanting, Susie," does not indicate that the little attention is appreciated, the children soon drop the habit. Little people are imitative creatures, and quickly catch the spirit surrounding them. So, if when the mother's spool of cotton rolls from her lap, the father stoops to pick it up, bright eyes will see the act, and quick minds make a note of it. By example, a thousand times more quickly than by precept, can children be taught to speak kindly to each other, to acknowledge favors, to be gentle and unselfish, to be thoughtful and considerate of the comfort of the family. The boys, with inward pride in their father's courteous demeanor, will be chivalrous and helpful to their young sisters; the girls, imitating the mother, will be gentle and patient, even when big brothers are noisy and heedless.

Scolding is never allowable; reproof and criticism from parents must have their time and place, but should never intrude so far upon the social life of the family as to render the home uncomfortable. A serious word in private will generally cure a fault more easily than many public criticisms. In some families a spirit of contradiction and discussion mars the harmony; every statement is, as it were, dissected, and the absolute correctness of every word calculated. It interferes seriously with social freedom when unimportant inaccuracies are watched for, and exposed for the mere sake of exposure. Brothers and sisters also sometimes acquire an almost unconscious habit of teasing each other, half in earnest, half in fun. This is particularly uncomfortable for every body else, whatever doubtful pleasure the parties themselves may experience.

In the home where true courtesy prevails, it seems to meet you on the very threshold. You feel the kindly welcome on entering. No rude eyes scan your dress. No angry voices are heard up stairs. No sullen children are sent from the room. No peremptory orders are given to cover the delinquencies of housekeeper or servants. A delightful atmosphere pervades the house—unmistakable, yet indescribable.

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OCTOBER.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

THE Shah came into England—
He had a diamond crest;
He kept a captive rainbow,
And wore it on his breast.
But what was all his splendor
To us who could not see?
Here comes the Prince October,
With grander pomp than he!
Bright glows his scarlet mantle;
Like fire his flags unfold;
And all the way before him
Is glittering with gold.
He's lavish with his bounty—
His hand he never shuts;
Down drop the ruddy apples,
And fall the glossy nuts.
The Shah went back to Persia—
What matters it to me?
He took with him the jewels
That I shall never see;
But in October's triumphs
We all of us may share—
Here, Maggie, take this ruby crown
Of maple leaves to wear!

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1873.

☞ With the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for October 11 was sent out gratuitously an interesting

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A NEW ART.

SOME interesting ideas upon the future of color have been enunciated from time to time, and have attracted attention among all those who give thought to the progress of our race from one height to another of attainment or enjoyment, whether out of a conviction that every achievement of science lifts us nearer the great table-lands of knowledge where dwell the demi-gods, or out of an assurance that science is the handmaid of luxury, and that all her resources are but so many aids to modern comfort.

The subject of color is one that, though closely interwoven with many branches of science, has received less notice on account of its own inherent claims than casually through experiment in other directions. Thus much that we know about it has been the result of accident; and what investigation it has received for its own sake, after reaching some results of importance, has until recently stopped short of the application of those results in any but the simplest ways. The investigators who find the source of so many of our daily miracles in atomic motion, as that of sound and heat and light, and who seem to be rapidly reaching the ground occupied by the philosopher who declared that nothing existed, but only appeared to exist, necessarily do the same thing for color, so that a celebrated German thinker once illustrated the subject of a living faith by convincing his hearers that the red hue of a piece of drapery was utterly non-existent as a material thing, and was only believed to exist.

The facts of color are now pronounced to have their origin through the ethereal undulation of light through space—short swift waves producing the violet rays, while the long and slow waves give red—color, indeed, being only the elaboration of light, every ray of pure white light containing the three primary colors: three colors, we say, for the sake of simplicity, as some experimenters call them seven, and yet others declare their number infinite—which latter doubtless in shade and variation they are. A curious and forcible reverse of this truth we have seen in the work of a great painter, who, when he wished to produce an effect of dazzling whiteness, instead of splashing a sheet of white upon the canvas, always painted a delicate prismatic spectrum of the so-called seven colors, and thus produced his effect.

Many tints out of this infinite variety have been added to our list by the experimenters with the aniline dyes, and hues that were so evanescent and so beautiful when seen in the clouds that we hardly believed we saw them, but fancied them rather airy deceptions or freaks of our imagination, have recently become established facts in our ribbons and tissues. The instruments of the scientific, however, are said to reveal the presence of yet other colors in the solar ray, which, as colors, the eye has no power to perceive, and to which, unless the character of our organs of vision should greatly change, we must remain forever blind. The human eye, nevertheless, varies concerning the power of perceiving the colors already recognized in a remarkable degree. We often hear the term "color-blind" applied to various individuals—a loose and inaccurate term, though conveying distinctly enough the circumstance that certain tints fail to strike the retina with sufficient force for impression. This, like near-sightedness, would appear to be owing to some defect in the eye itself, and the defect is probably of a similar nature to that of an imperfect ear for music, although at first glance the one would appear a physical and the other a mental deficiency. Red is the color most frequently failing, though usually there is a confusion of all shades. A strawberry growing in the bed is not to be told from the leaves around it by eyes in which this defect is partial, although recognized when in the hand; and an article pronounced to be brown when in the shade has been seen to be red when placed in the sunshine, the more vivid light probably increasing the force of the undulation; but to eyes in which the defect is complete, the color is always neutral. This defect is much more general than might be supposed; and on the railways of certain countries other signals than those of colored lights have been adopted, serious accidents having occurred through the color-blindness of the engineers, who were unaware of their deficiency.

But even those among us whose eyes are supposed to be perfect need not claim too much, for it is well known that the Asiatics are familiar with several tints which for the European eye have no existence, not even that which the German thinker spoken of above allowed. The European, for example, will complain of the dull effect of a shawl or of a carpet, and the Asiatic will point out to him tint after tint, which render the fabric gorgeous in Oriental sight, but which to the European present a solid block of a low dull hue borrowed from its most prominent neighbor. Whether the Asiatic owes his advantage to the accident of his being of an elder race, with a longer-trained vision, to his almond-shaped eyes, or to the luxury of light that the Orient affords, or to any other cause, is, of course, an undetermined question.

But let eyes differ in their sensibility and their capacity as they may, we all know that, even to those which are the least sensitive, effects of color give a vivid gratification, while to the keen eye and the poetical temperament they bring an exquisite enjoyment which scarcely any thing else equals. Whether the color be seen in turbulent masses of moon-lit mountain vapor, in gorgeous sunrises, where darkness rolls away before the advent of light and color, as the waves rolled aside from Aphrodite when she rose—whether seen in long low landscapes veiled in azure hazes, or in the fruity richness of a maiden's cheek or the sheen of her garment—color and its gradations in complement and shadow afford a lofty and genuine delight, which the poet and the painter feel through all their being, which even the sculptor of cold white form acknowledges, and remembrance of which imparts a vital warmth to the tune of the musician.

It is in this relation of the subject that we began to speak; for from these circumstances there has been conjectured the possibility of an expression and elevation of color into something like a new and separate art—an art which shall bear no more relation to painting than it shall to music. Doubtless, before this art acquires any thing but a rudimentary character, the race will have to advance and the senses refine prodigiously. But we have every reason to expect such advance to take place, and that being accomplished, electric or other means may be found of rapidly opening and revealing and veiling sensations of color, each sensation more or less prolonged, as musical tones are prolonged—here a whole note, there a half; here the color flats, and there it sharps; here are chromatic scales running through a gamut of tones; where one shade melts into another are rapid trills, such as those we have when the sun sparkles on water which is neither blue nor green; here are unsatisfying minors, falling short of perfect tint; here the long, powerful undulations flash in red and yellow on the sight, telling the story as the high tones of the violin may speak it; here the low, soft violets and indigoes lend foundation and shadow; here some melody of color would flow on with gently recurring hues and modulations, as we might see the shore and sky repeated in the bosom of the stream on which we sail; here would be a symphony in the grand union and harmony of many tints, with brilliant adagio and stately andante, and with a scherzo of the three primitive colors; here are songs without words, and here one can easily imagine the dark greens and grays and olives of a gondolied.

To think of such an art developed, with its students, its great masters, its teachers, its performers, its results exhibited in halls crowded with spectators, the air before them pulsating with such shifting splendor, is to think of something almost transcending our powers of imagination, of something that to the incredulous and prosaic may seem only an extravagant vagary of the fancy. But probably TUBAL-CAIN in his day could dream no less vaguely and wildly of a *Tannhäuser* or a *Magic Flute* than we now dream of this, which is not among the lost arts, but is one yet to be found.

THE CYCLES OF FASHIONS.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

THERE is something almost awful in the revolutions of the fashions. Periodicity is of itself mysterious. Why does one winter's pneumonia repeat itself the next winter? Why do the chills and fever shake you and burn you every twenty-one days? Why do the canker-worms bury themselves on the 10th of June, and the cattle go to pasture on the 20th of May? Why should the hoops that moved ADDISON'S ridicule rise and round and vanish in our own day? What wonderful working of the inner world brings up again the Josephine waist, the Pompadour hair, the Grecian skirt? It is not the whim or the caprice of one man or woman any more than is the birth and death of a language, the creation and adoption of a word or a song. EUGÉNIE in Paris could friz the forehead of Christendom, but EUGÉNIE at Chiselhurst has no more power than the Tuileries can give to Madame THIERS.

A little while ago a lady presented herself in the house of a friend, dressed in a gown just thirty years old. The corsage was pointed in front, full of close gathers at the point and loose gathers on the shoulders, open behind. The skirt was straight and full, without gore or over-skirt. The sleeves would pass very well for modern flowing sleeves, and the muslin under-sleeves were sufficiently fashionable to escape observation. At the time when that dress was made mothers used to entertain their daughters with accounts of the narrow gored skirts which they wore in their youthful days. When those daughters grew up they wore skirts gored and narrow as their mothers had done before them.

Why do the revolving years thus put down one and bring up another? Or would it be better that we should have either the one or the other constantly? Is there intrinsic advantage in either? To my eye the gored narrow under-skirt with the short draped over-skirt is prettier than our plain full skirt; but if next year the over-skirt should disappear, and women go back to single blessedness, no doubt the lovely forms of wearers and the nimble fingers of seamstresses would give it the grace and beauty which seem to inhere in the present style.

When we see NILSSON and KELLOGG acting Margaret in simplest, finest muslin or crape, whose white folds fall and sweep with statuesque grace, we are charmed with the garb, and would fain dispense with paniers and rufflings and doublings. But presently a lady appears in the drawing-room splendid with sheen of satin, the fairy frostwork of lace, the white repose of pearls, or the dazzle of diamonds; the little country girl flits among her flowers, fresh as they, with the morning red upon her cheeks, the heaven's blue in her eyes, and every seam of her cambric gown and every puff of her fluttering ribbons modeled upon the last fashion plate, and at once the ancients go down before the moderns. The flowing lines of crape and muslin, you say, may answer for the stage—may have answered well for HELEN, with a maiden to every fold, for ASPASIA entrancing the youths and the philosophers of Athens; but they would fare but hardly in the scrimmage of modern life, in the daylight of gardens, or the glitter of evening splendors.

We can hardly find words strong enough to express our disapprobation of the cramping bodies of modern dress. Our ladies would be disgusted, says the fashion denouncer, to see their Venus, their Psyche, their Clytie, tricked out in nineteenth-century corsage. But no more, I imagine, than would the critics to see the nineteenth-century ladies dressed in Venus's array. Clytie's mantua-making is perfectly hygienic, but her loose robe,

> "slipping down, leaves bare
> Her bright breast, shortening into sighs."

Yet Clytie followed the fashions of her day and sinned not, and Anna Maria follows the fashions of her day, "close-buttoned to the chin," with equal innocence. If the close waist fits well, it is a healthful waist. It may be clumsy and uncomfortable, pinching here and bagging there, and then it is a trial to health and temper. But the master of arts among dress-makers knows that a dress too tight is a misfit; that to be perfect it *must* be comfortable. The really elegant dress admits full play of all the muscles that a woman has any occasion to use while she is wearing it. And surely the American woman of our age would be no better equipped for her work by adopting the costume of HELEN.

It is to be said, moreover, that in our day fashion is to the last degree accommodating. If one has constitutional objections to the plain waist, the polonaise is ready, with every degree of fullness. If corsets are repugnant, they can be dispensed with, and no one be the wiser but the dispenser. If skirts are too long, what doth hinder that they be shortened? If they ought to hang from the shoulders, go hang them. None of these things move the world from its equipoise. One can accomplish them all, and yet live and move and have her being without rebuke—nay, even without notice from fashion.

Some of our prophets predict a return to the sandal of antiquity, and if fashion were a matter of will, we might perhaps advocate the change. If sandals could be so arranged as to keep the feet warm and dry in winter, they would be cool and charming in summer, and neat and pleasant all the year round to the foot which they would protect without confining. But our various little side issues of foot-drawings and broad soles avail but little. In shoes as in gowns neither the large nor the small has any advantage; but the shoe that fits you is the right shoe. You make much ado with models and measurements, and after weeks of waiting are put to pedal torture. You step into the next shoe shop, and in ten minutes are shod with suppleness and strength.

It is a most wise and benign arrangement of Providence that we can follow the fashions, and are not forced to lead them—even our own. Here and there rises a sovereign of style who by some inward genius seizes, combines, produces, creates—the artist of costuming. The rest of us, the common herd, copy with what closeness we may, in such fabrics as we can command. Of ourselves we have no originating power. Left to ourselves, we should be in sorry plight. Yet we recognize beauty when it is presented to us. We detect harmony; we shun discord and glare and violence. To design our own costume would exhaust our ingenuity without satisfaction. To follow our leaders is half a pastime. We have the pleasure of selection with the minimum of fatigue, and the great bulk of time left for other and more strenuous occupations. After a day's shopping or an hour under the dress-maker's hand, a woman bemoans herself for her Paradise Lost; yet it is really surprising to see how short is the time which she is *forced* to spend on clothes in order to be very well dressed. Could CHARLES SUMNER deliver orations in a sash, or Mr. LONGFELLOW write poetry in paniers? Certainly not. Nor would Mrs. STOWE have better moulded Uncle Tom in coat tails, or Mrs. BROWNING sung in trowsers. *Suum cuique.* A woman spends hours in embroidering a gown, when she might have learned a language or saved a soul. True; but there are times when she does not feel like either learning a language or saving a soul. Then the growth of silken leaves and buds under the busy fingers is no task but a solace. I know a woman who

> "can speak Greek
> As naturally as pigs squeak;
> To whom Latin is no more difficile
> Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle;"

who dreams in German and thinks in French, and when it comes to soul-saving is a saver of life unto life—who yet embroiders her own capes and gowns and those of her friends.

What we want is strong-minded and large-

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natured women who will not be the slave of dress, or of reform, or of any one idea; who will understand the philosophy and recognize the beauty and adopt the necessities of dress without straining its possibilities; who will neither dwarf nor magnify its importance, but will know how to follow fashion with moderation and discrimination, to lead it with beneficence, and make it in all things a minister of grace. If the woman is subordinate to the dress, it is not the fault of the dress but of the woman.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

ANTIQUE AND NEW STYLES.

THE modistes have returned from Paris with the announcement that Fashion has ventured still farther into the past, and, abandoning the styles of *le Grand Monarque*, has chosen as a foundation for new costumes the dress worn in the time of the foppish Henri Trois, his mother, Catherine de Medicis, and her contemporary, Queen Elizabeth. For instance, we observe the Henri Trois basque, smooth, shapely, and fitted like a corset; the Henri Trois toque, with erect pompon in front; Catherine de Medicis sleeves, that look like armor, close-fitted, with stiffly pleated puffs; the aumônière, or reticule, swung low from the belt, from which the châtelaine dispenses her alms; the Medicis fraise; and the Elizabethan ruff. When all these are well reproduced in combination with some of the Directoire styles of a later period, a most stately yet picturesque attire is obtained, far better suited to the gentlewomen of to-day than the girl-of-the-period costumes lately in vogue.

FRENCH DRESSES.

To particularize: the most elegant French dresses are those intended for carriage and visiting costumes, and also for dressy occasions in the house. These are partly velvet, partly silk; are either one of the dark stylish shades or else black, and consist of a basque with an elaborately trimmed demi-train, and perhaps some part of an over-skirt, such as an apron front, or else the pendent châtelaine breadths or sashes hanging at the back and sides.

The new basques are of velvet with silk sleeves, two silk cords in the edge, silk revers or silk ruff, or perhaps both. They are double-breasted, are much longer than formerly, extending eight or ten inches below the waist, have square tab fronts, or else are of the same length all around, instead of sloping upward on the hips, have two rows of small buttons down the front from the throat to the edge, and are flat behind whether with or without pleats. The Henri Trois basque is close and high in the throat, with a "shell ruff" of silk, double-breasted, fastened smoothly by a dozen small embroidered buttons, has tiny piped pockets on the sides, with merely corded edges without other ornament. The Catherine de Medicis basque of velvet is also double-breasted, with a standing collar of silk flaring outward, and an inner silk ruff; the armor-like silk sleeves have pleatings at the elbow joints and wrists. The Directoire basque has its silk revers like a gentleman's coat collar as now worn, with a box-pleated ruff across the back, above a square, sailor-like collar; coat sleeves with upturned stiff cuffs.

In the matter of over-skirts the caprice here is for long, smooth, clinging breadths with square corners, though the pretty wrinkled rounded apron is still seen in French dresses. The *Bazar* introduced these square over-skirts last March, as the reader will find by referring to figure No. 1 on the first page of *Bazar* No. 12, Vol. VI. Directions for this over-skirt given in the Supplement will now be found a stylish model, six months after its issue. On the same page is an example of the double-breasted basque with pockets and the single revers as now imported. The round apron over-skirts of imported dresses are very long, and are simply trimmed with a bias fold and piping; some are buttoned down the left side, and others are draped differently on each side. Some of the prettiest "square skirts" have two square breadths on each side, opening from the belt in front, trimmed on three sides by a velvet fold, while two long straight back breadths are formed in a panier puff.

Demi-trained skirts of silk are elaborately trimmed with different trimming in back and front. Crescent-shaped folds of velvet in groups of three, with a wide soft puff of silk between, cross the front breadths, while the back has flounces and puffs. Other skirts have the tablier formed of three wide curved folds edged with fringe, and again others have the lengthwise puffs, bands, and kilt pleats from belt to toe. Bias gathered flounces of silk are again bound with velvet rolled like a cord, and some Medicis dresses without a flounce at the foot are finished by a thick cord of velvet on the edge. Straight silk flounces, especially for the three front breadths, are laid in wide side pleats, bound with velvet, and have a bias band of velvet set on two or three inches above the binding.

A simple and stylish model for black silk dresses is a Directoire basque of velvet, with silk sleeves, revers, ruff, and double cord on the edge; a long apron over-skirt of five widths, edged with a velvet fold three inches wide, is drawn back closely, and fastened high behind under a straight sash of velvet lined with silk. The back of the skirt has five lapping gathered flounces, bound with velvet, while the front breadths have a deep side-pleated flounce, with a velvet band set on and a velvet binding; there is no ornamental heading to this flounce, as it begins under the long apron. Hanging low on the left side from two silk-covered cords is the velvet aumônière, a flat bag, hexagon shape, with a flap at the top and tassels on the corners. A brown silk Catherine de Medicis dress has the velvet basque with silk sleeves named after that queen, and a demi-trained skirt, with brown velvet cord around the bottom, while the tablier is of lengthwise velvet and silk pleats. An olive suit has a tablier of three clusters of velvet folds, with silk puffs between, cut steel buckles on the sides, and flounces headed by puffs behind. The double-breasted Henri Trois basque has two rows of steel buttons in front. Aumônière of silk and velvet.

Very elaborate dinner dresses of black silk have a long apron and square sleeveless basque of black Brussels net, figured, with tiny jet beads wrought in the figure. A side-pleated flounce is on the front of the skirt, while the back is covered to the waist with five clusters of three narrow flounces, each cluster headed by an insertion of beaded net. The plain silk basque has a ruff of black tulle headed on the edge with an inner pleating of white lisse. Embroidered black tulle of trimming width, with insertion to match, makes an elegant trimming, and is sold by the yard in the fancy stores. Very narrowly pleated ruffles are used as trimming on the black silk dresses, especially for finishing off the foot of puffed front breadths. Elaborate embroidery of colored floss is appliquéd to dark blue and plum-colored silk dresses. The fouragère cords are draped across some double-breasted basques, and make very pretty ornaments.

WOOLEN SUITS.

It is among the woolen suits preferred for the promenade that the long-promised simplicity is seen. They are made with short train skirts, on which are five or six bias bands of silk double-stitched by machine, a long over-skirt buttoned on one side diagonally, or else lapped in front, with cut steel buttons down each front breadth. The simple double-breasted basque has a standing Medicis collar and two rows of buttons. This style is excellent for inexpensive diagonals, serge, and de bège costumes of dark maroon, blue, and myrtle green, and also for black alpaca. Burnished blue steel buttons and new black wooden buttons are also used for such suits.

VELVET POLONAISES.

The velvet polonaises exhibited are parts of suits, and are exceedingly plain. They are half-fitted, to be worn with a belt, are very long, and double-breasted, having two rows of large jet buttons down the front. These buttons are formed of tiny cut beads. Other polonaises have a band of silver-fox fur extending down each front and a moiré bow at the end. The bottom of the garment is not trimmed. The skirt is of silk, with velvet flounces.

THE LADIES' OVERCOAT.

New long basquines of cloth fitting the figure behind, and with velvet rolled collar in front, are called ladies' overcoats. They are comfortable and graceful cloaks, though rather masculine-looking. Short English walking jackets are made with very long waists fitted by cross seams to lie smoothly on the tournure. When made of the new diagonal cloth, with repped silk revers, cuffs, and bands, they cost $28.

FRENCH WRAPS.

The stylish French wraps are long simply shaped sacques with the new religieuse sleeve, straight and long. These are shown in a figured fabric with raised diamonds, as if quilted, and the same woolen diamond stuffs are imported. Black lynx fur in wide bands is the trimming. Long ample cloaks of shaggy cloths, trimmed with yak braid and wooden buttons, are imported for old ladies. Worth's newest Dolmans are of soft fine cloth nearly covered with braiding. A band of ostrich feathers and fringe trim the edge, and the lining throughout is of fine silk plush.

EVENING DRESSES.

New evening dresses show a variety of materials—tulle, silk, and satin in one dress. For instance, one of Worth's dresses of white faille has tulle loosely puffed on the back breadths, with diagonal satin bands in front, and a tulle flounce with diagonal bands upon it. On the right is a garland of variegated roses, while the left is draped by a sash of brown velvet with blue silk lining. The low corsage has short sleeves with upturned trimmings that are as effective as regular ruffs. The various colors and materials in this dress are blended with skill, or it would have a most bizarre appearance.

NOVELTIES.

Among the novelties found at the fancy stores are sets of striped percale, collar and cuffs, with new flaring standing collar and very wide French cuffs. Fanciful linked balls of gilt, oxidized silver, and blue-gray metal fasten the collar and cuffs. The entire set costs from $4 50 to $6.

Handsome ornaments for the hair are bows of China crape of palest tints with Valenciennes lace medallions, leaves, or butterflies, mounted on wires: price $5.

The most stylish belts are of black velvet, with three oxidized buckles and châtelaine: price $15. Cut steel ornaments are also placed on the back of velvet belts.

Camel's-hair lace is the latest novelty for trimming camel's-hair. It is more light and wiry than yak, shows much of the white fleece, and is in black and natural gray shades. It costs $1 85 a yard for trimming widths.

Elegant French galloons, to be laid flatly on velvet or silk, have drooping tasseled ornaments: price $5 a yard. There is a special fancy for galloon of solid jet.

White mask veils with black chenille dots are becoming and stylish.

Breakfast caps have small crowns, instead of the high-pointed Normandy shape. Pink and blue repped silk are associated in one cap, while another is trimmed with black velvet ribbons and rose-buds.

Stylish French fraises to wear with black dresses are found ready-made of black silk, with white silk lining and crêpe lisse pleating: price $3 75. Black velvet standing collars with revers have also a quadruple box-pleating showing colored lining: price $5 50. Fine muslin pleated ruffs, edged with real Valenciennes, and shaped narrower in front, cost $9 and upward. Colored crape ruffs with white lisse ruffs inside are $1 75. Black tulle beaded ruffs are very stylish. White tulle ruffs with black chenille on the edge are $2 50.

A Spanish fancy is a high-necked small fichu of black beaded tulle fastened at the throat by a rose. The newest Valenciennes fichus are of large medallions wrought in shape to fit the shoulder, with a flower in the centre of each.

For information received thanks are due Madame BERNHEIM; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and MILLER & GRANT.

PERSONAL.

BISHOP RANDALL, Missionary Bishop of Colorado, New Mexico, and Wyoming, has lately been on a tour through that rough and dangerous region, where "hatred of missionaries and cold water" is a peculiarity of the people. Traveling and sleeping in ambulances, and frequently accompanied by an armed guard for the protection of his person and scalp, he preached at Indian agencies, forts, camps, etc. The Indians were often on his trail, with a view to his horse. It is a novel if not an edifying spectacle to witness a bishop traveling through his diocese armed with a Bible and a rifle, ready to preach to or bring down an Indian, as the case may be.

—Professor BAIRD, to whom the readers of the HARPER publications are indebted for much scientific information, has discovered that the pompano, or pompynose, the finest fish known at the South, is beginning to show himself in fair numbers on the Jersey coast, and during the last year has been taken in Buzzard's Bay and Vineyard Sound.

—Among the jewelers of New York a story is current not altogether creditable to some of the suite of the Shah. When that potentate was in London various of his suite, being connoisseurs in brilliants, visited certain establishments where diamonds were for sale, and in their eager admiration appropriated in an irregular way a few fine stones when the attention of the salesman was momentarily directed elsewhere. But other eyes were upon the royal satellites, and, the quantity and value ascertained, a little bill was presented to the British authorities, with the quiet remark that unless the grand cash was immediately paid they would arrest the Persian nobility for stealing. The little bill, being only about $10,000, was paid.

—Miss RYLAND has given to Birmingham, England, a sixty-acre park, to be known as Cannonhill Park. The cost, including boats, games, etc., all finished and in running order, was $150,000.

—TIFFANY & Co. have on exhibition a relic that will attract the attention of ladies and gentlemen who are curious about such things. It is the traveling watch of the Emperor NAPOLEON I., used during his campaign in Egypt in 1798. It was presented to the late King FREDERICK of Würtemberg by NAPOLEON I. In 1808 the king presented it to the sculptor VON SCHEFFAUER as a token of approbation, he having executed a bust of the king in marble. From VON SCHEFFAUER'S hands it came to the present owner by inheritance. It is regulated by the hands of the European dial (Paris), which regulates also the difference of time on the dials of the other three continents. It shows, moreover, the seconds and the day of the month, also the motion of the balance, through a small crystal in gold setting. On the back is a compass, surrounded by the names of forty-eight principal cities, written in gilt letters on blue enamel. The plan for this watch was indicated by the Emperor himself, and a London artist intrusted with the execution. It possesses, therefore, besides its beautiful workmanship, a certain historical value. It was sent to NAPOLEON III., at his request, and placed by him in the International Exposition of 1867. He afterward delivered it, at the owner's request, to TIFFANY, REED, & Co., Paris, who retained it during the war. It is now in possession of the New York house, who have it on exhibition, and will be sold to the highest bidder.

—Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN is a great mariner as well as a great magistrate. Every Friday he goes to Southampton, hoists sail on his yacht, undoes his legal papers, and crams for his charge to the jury in the TICHBORNE case. He is all at sea about it until Monday following.

—JULIA A. MILLER, a great-great-great-granddaughter of King PHILIP, died recently at Lancaster, New Hampshire. PHILIP was a first-tribe Indian, of good red stock, his father, MASSASOIT, having been a big sachem 200 years ago. But he kept getting into trouble with the pale-faces, who were always "treatying" him out of his land, and finally, to close up matters, killed the old fellow. He cost the colonists about $500,000, which was a powerful sight of money in those days.

—The Rev. Mr. SPURGEON recently attended a meeting at his orphanage at Stockwell, and in an address spoke incidentally of hoaxes. When the famous "female Plymouth brother" sent the great preacher word that she would give £20,000 toward founding the institution he could hardly believe her, so many attempts had been made to hoax him. Once, Mr. SPURGEON went on to say, he received an invitation to dine with the Bishop of London, while the bishop had an invitation to dine with him on the same day. This practical joke ought to become historic. At the meeting in question he said at least three good things, and one of them, about the love of Baptist children for the swimming-bath, might have exasperated the gravest hearer into a joke.

—Mr. GEORGE GRANT, who recently purchased in Kansas an immense tract of land for settlement by the better class of Scotch emigrants, and called it Victoria, has had the pleasure of seeing the first home increase of the settlers. The first birth on the grounds occurred a few weeks since, and was that of a female infant—Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE MACDONALD, natives of the Highlands of Scotland, parents. It is to be christened VICTORIA GRANT MACDONALD. Mr. GRANT has given it a cow and a calf, and the promise to sustain her increase until VICTORIA GRANT MACDONALD is of age, or twenty-one years old.

—Miss EMILY FAITHFULL is publishing in the *Victoria Magazine* her notions of American journalism, and is, on the whole, complimentary. She quotes, in mitigation of our newspaper peculiarities, the remonstrance of a shrewd deacon to his minister, who had laid down some strict rules of church discipline: "If the Lord is to have a church in this town, I guess He's got to make it out of the materials He finds here." Miss FAITHFULL is not chary of complimentary personalities, and gives many of the leading editors of the country a first-class notice. While speaking of the employment of women as journalists in this country, she mentions a curious fact not generally known. The first daily paper printed in the English language was published in London in 1702 by a woman—one ELIZABETH MALLET. It was called the *Daily Courant*, and was not issued as a woman's rights paper, but "to spare the public at least half the impertinences which the ordinary papers contain."

—The Rev. GEORGE GILFILAN, of Dundee, recently made a little anecdote in the pulpit, a place of all others in which he would not do a thing of that sort intentionally. On the Sunday before the election, by a strange coincidence, the chapter which fell to be read in his church was the sixth of the Acts of the Apostles. Mr. GILFILAN was an ardent supporter of Mr. FITZJAMES STEPHEN, and the gravity of the congregation was sorely taxed in the fifth verse, when the clergyman, in sonorous tones, read out, "And they chose STEPHEN."

—The Queen proposes to make her son-in-law LORNE a peer, that he may sit in the House of Lords. As a part of the royal family, it is not permissible for him to take part in the political debates of the House of Commons. Hence the elevation.

—Some idea of the wealth of the late Duke of Brunswick may be gained from the fact that the counting of the bonds, shares, etc., found in his house occupied a whole day. Their value was 16,000,000 francs. There was also 100,000 francs in specie.

—One JOHN ROSTRON, a railway refreshment man, is to make the bride-cake for the wedding breakfast of the Duke of Edinburgh. It will be seven feet six inches high, and weigh over two hundred and thirty pounds. It will be in six tiers, made to resemble the famous porcelain tower at Nankin, and will be surmounted with a profusion of orange blossoms.

—A very old man was Canon WILSON, senior canon of Winchester cathedral, who died a few days since at the great age of ninety-two. He was the author of several learned theological works, and was one of the oldest clergymen in England. He attended divine service the day previous to his death.

—Dr. WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, the correspondent of the London *Times*, and of the New York *Times* at the Vienna Exposition, takes it upon himself, when occasion requires, to play the part of a ruler, acting, indeed, with as much power as a Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. At the surrender of Paris it became necessary that the *Times* should have a special train to carry the news to London in time for the morning paper. After trying the usual sources without success, Dr. RUSSELL went to Baron ROTHSCHILD, who owns a large part of the stock of the Northern Railway, and demanded of him a train in the name of the London *Times*. He got it. Mr. SMALLEY, writing to the *Tribune*, says: "Its [the *Times*] correspondents hold a position apart. Doors fly open to them at which the representatives of other journals knock in vain. Dr. RUSSELL'S personal position is, from a variety of causes, such as no other correspondent is likely to attain, or to attain for a long time. He knows all the kings and princes and prime ministers in Europe who are worth knowing, and his acquaintance with them is old enough and familiar enough to give him a sure footing in the highest society. I need scarcely remind you that when the war of 1870 broke out, the privilege of accompanying the Prussian head-quarters was granted to Dr. RUSSELL, and refused to every other European correspondent. His acquaintance with the Crown Prince of Prussia and other magnates of that court may partly explain that signal favor, but there was something behind it." That something was the *Times*.

—In the way of journalism the most remarkable paper ever issued was *La Muse Historique*, or rhyming gazette, by JACQUES LORET, published weekly in Paris from 1650 to 1665. It consisted of 550 verses, summarizing the week's news in rhyme, and treated of every class of subject, grave and gay. LORET computed, in 1663, the thirteenth year of his enterprise, that he had written over 300,000 verses, and found more than 700 different exordiums, for he never twice began his gazette with the same *entrée* in *matière*. He ran about the city for his own news, never failed to write good verses upon it, and never had any body to help him, and his prolonged and always equal performance has been pronounced something unique in the history of journalism.

—Miss ROGERS, daughter of Mr. ROGERS TOOKE, Professor of Political Economy at King's College, London, is the first in order of merit in the Oxford local examinations this year. She surpassed 472 students who were examined with her. Hitherto exhibitions at certain Oxford colleges have been always offered to the students leading the list. Miss ROGERS'S position thus opens the question of the admission of women to university residence, examinations, and degrees.

—Mr. BRIGHT, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, will have certain religious duties to discharge that will be quite new to him. It will be his duty to appoint the Sunday preachers at the Chapel Royal Savoy, in the Strand, as well as to take an interest in its services, which at present are carried on by the Rev. HENRY WHITE, the chaplain to the House of Commons. Fancy Mr. BRIGHT, after the chaplain has said prayers at four o'clock, consulting the reverend gentleman as to what chants, anthems, etc., shall be used at the ensuing Sunday services, the list of which will have to be signed "JOHN BRIGHT, Chancellor." The Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster is also "an officer appointed chiefly to determine controversies between the Queen and her tenants of the Duchy of Lancaster."

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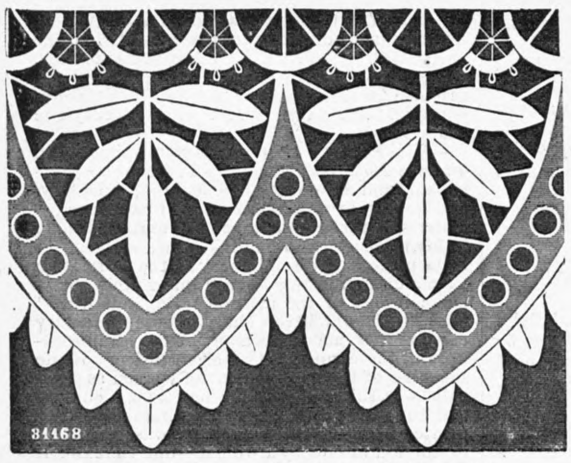

Fig. 1.—EDGING IN VENETIAN EMBROIDERY.

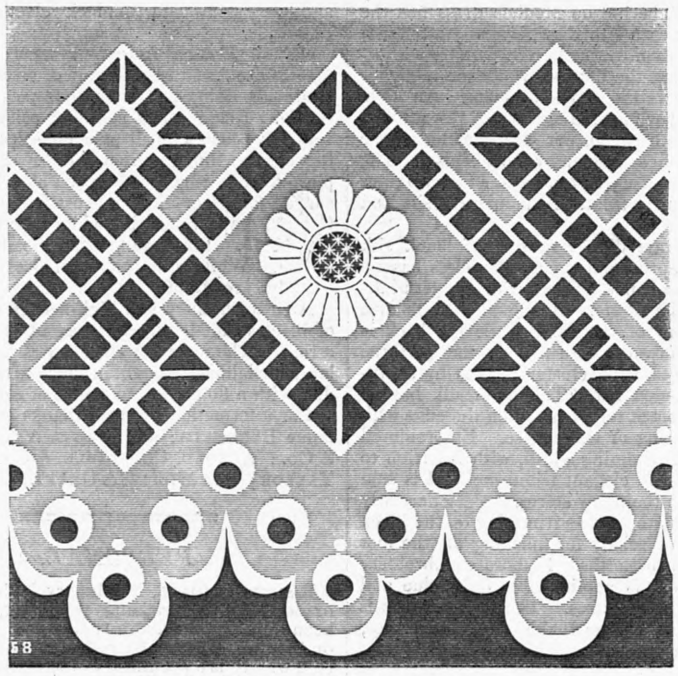

Fig. 3.—EDGING IN WHITE EMBROIDERY.

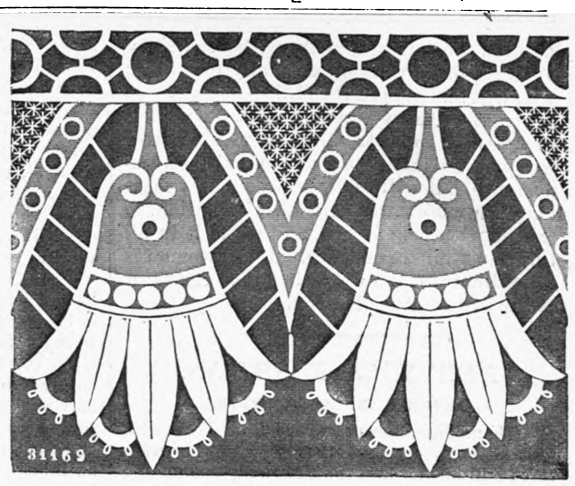

Fig. 2.—EDGING IN VENETIAN EMBROIDERY.

Fig. 4.—INSERTION IN WHITE EMBROIDERY.

Fig. 5.—INSERTION IN WHITE EMBROIDERY.

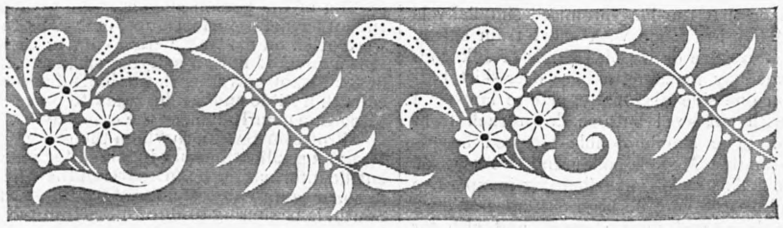

Fig. 8.—INSERTION IN WHITE EMBROIDERY.

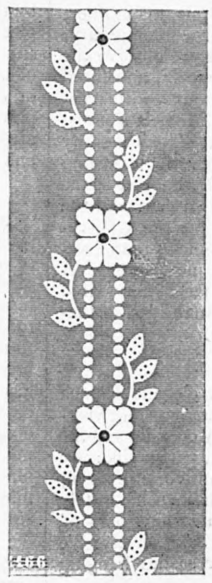

Fig. 6.—INSERTION IN WHITE EMBROIDERY.

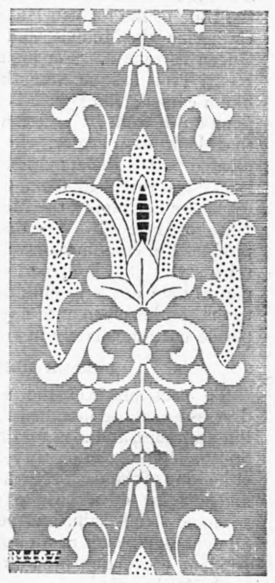

Fig. 7.—INSERTION IN WHITE EMBROIDERY.

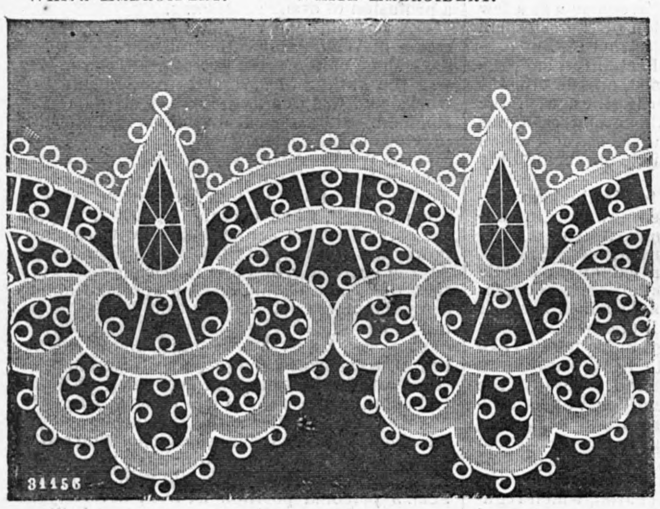

Fig. 9.—EDGING IN GENOESE EMBROIDERY.

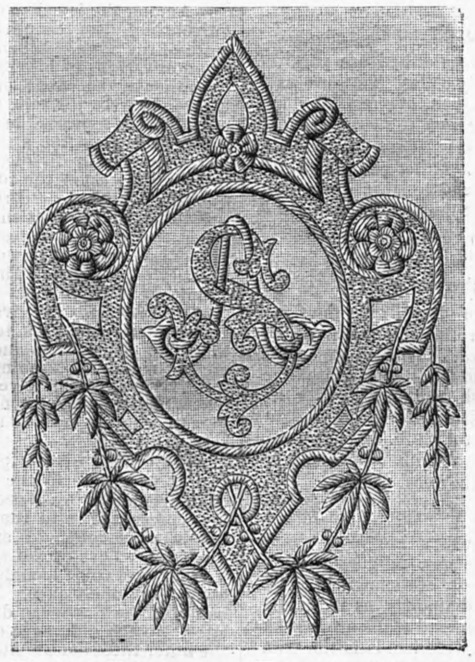

Fig. 11.—VIGNETTE FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC., IN WHITE EMBROIDERY.

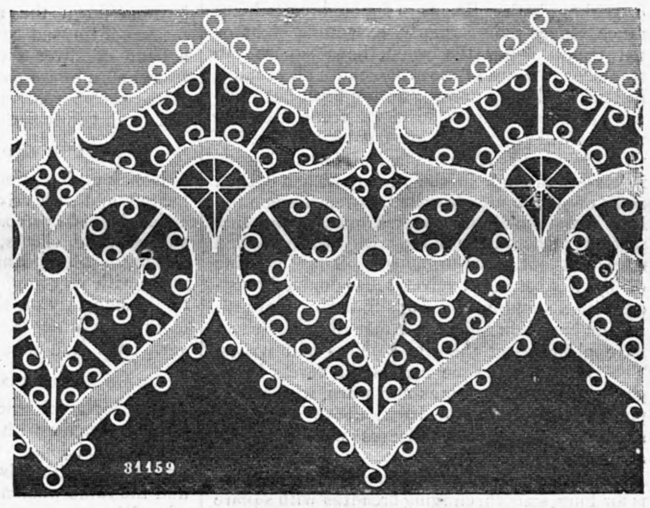

Fig. 10.—EDGING IN GENOESE EMBROIDERY.

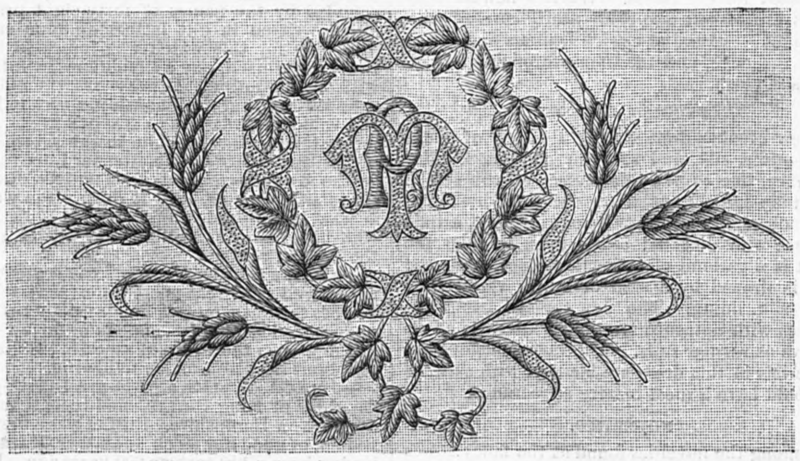

Fig. 12.—VIGNETTE FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC., IN WHITE EMBROIDERY.

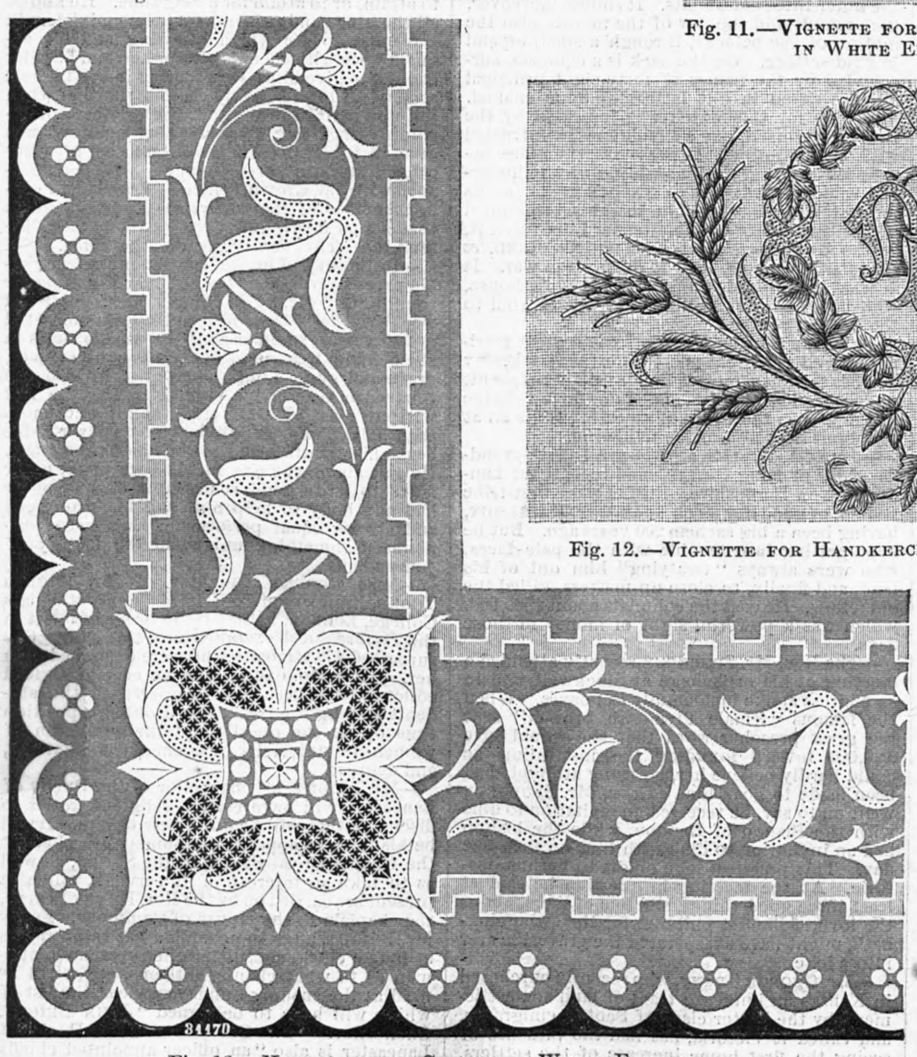

Fig. 13.—HANDKERCHIEF CORNER IN WHITE EMBROIDERY.

Fig. 14.—HANDKERCHIEF CORNER IN WHITE EMBROIDERY.

FIGS. 1–14.—EMBROIDERED EDGINGS, INSERTIONS, BORDERS, AND VIGNETTES FOR LINGERIE, ETC.—[SEE PAGE 661.]

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Embroidered Edgings, Insertions, Borders, and Vignettes for Lingerie, etc., Figs. 1–14.

See illustrations on page 660.

These edgings are suitable for trimming drawers, petticoats, night sacques, etc. When worked with fine materials they may also be used for trimming lingerie. The insertions are used for the same purposes as the edgings, and are suitable, besides, for gentlemen's shirt bosoms.

Figs. 1 and 2.—Edgings in Venetian Embroidery. Having transferred the design to the foundation material, run all the outlines of the design figures, and then work the cross-bars in the usual manner. Work the leaves in divided satin stitch, button-hole stitch the scallops on the upper edge of the edging Fig. 1, and work the dots on the under edge either as eyelet-holes or in satin stitch. Cut away the material underneath the bars.

Fig. 3.—Edging in White Embroidery. To make this edging first run the outlines, work the cross-bars inside of the Greek figures, and then button-hole stitch the outlines of the latter. Having finished the remainder of the embroidery, cut away the material underneath the bars.

Figs. 4–8.—Insertions in White Embroidery. These are worked entirely in white embroidery, in straight and divided satin stitch, and in half-polka stitch.

Figs. 9 and 10.—Edgings in Genoese Embroidery. To work these edgings work the outlines, and the bars and eyes in connection, with fine guipure cord. The bars and eyes should lie loose on the foundation, while the remainder of the cord is fastened on the material with slanting overhand stitches. For the edging shown by Fig. 9 point lace braid may also be used. After finishing the embroidery, cut away the material underneath the bars.

Figs. 11 and 12.—Vignettes for Handkerchiefs in White Embroidery. These vignettes are worked entirely in white embroidery. If the handkerchief is of very fine material the escutcheon in the design Fig. 4 may be underlaid with batiste.

Figs. 13 and 14.—Handkerchief Corners in White Embroidery. These borders may also be used for trimming pillow-cases.

Foulard and Silk Basque.

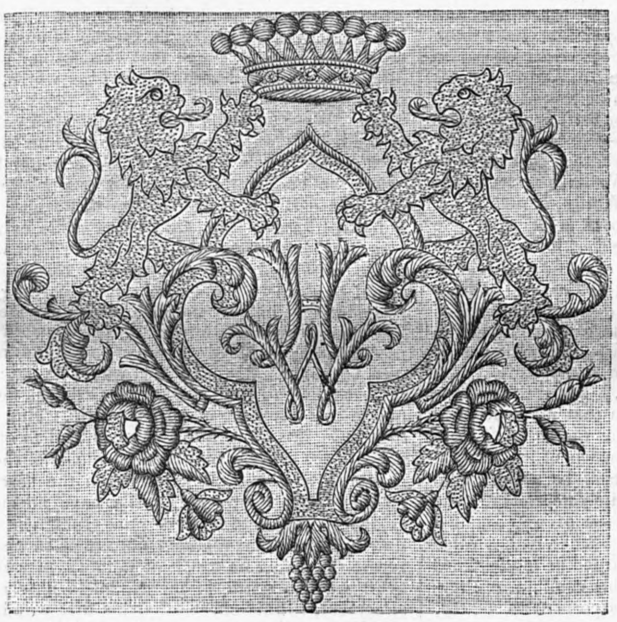

Fig. 2.—Vignette for Handkerchiefs, etc., in White Embroidery.

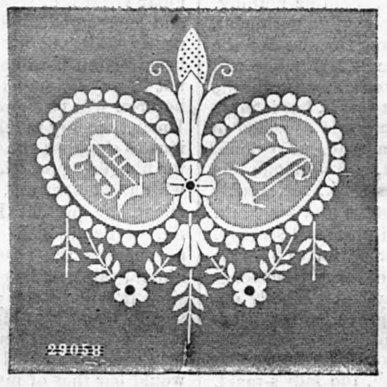

Fig. 1.—Vignette for Handkerchiefs, etc., in White Embroidery.

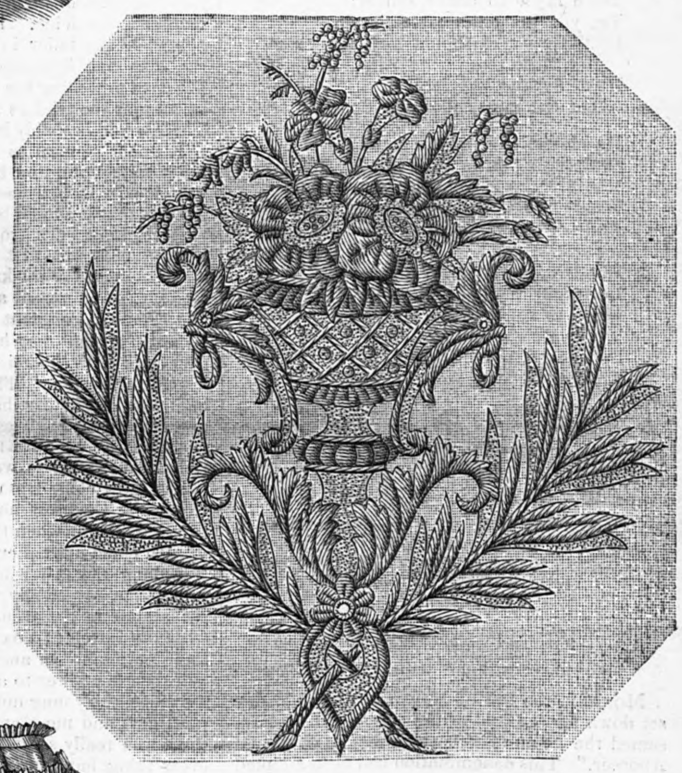

Fig. 3.—Vignette for Handkerchiefs, etc., in White Embroidery.

Foulard and Silk Basque.

This basque of black foulard with white dots is finished with a sailor collar and revers of black silk. The collar and revers are edged with a cording of white silk, and trimmed with steel buttons, as shown by the illustration.

Vignettes in White Embroidery for Handkerchiefs, etc., Figs. 1–3.

These vignettes are suitable for ornamenting handkerchiefs, toilette cushions, etc. They are worked in white embroidery on Swiss muslin, batiste, or linen. The illustrations plainly show the manner of executing the embroidery.

PARALLEL STORIES.

IN the year 1400 Ginevra d' Amiera, a Florentine beauty, married, under parental pressure, a man who had failed to win her heart—that she had given to Antonio Rondinelli. Soon afterward the plague broke out in Florence, Ginevra fell ill, apparently succumbed to the malady, and being pronounced dead, she was the same day consigned to the family tomb. Some one, however, had blundered in the matter, for in the middle of the night the entombed bride awoke out of her trance, and, badly as her living relatives had behaved, found her dead ones still less to her liking, and lost no time in quitting the silent company upon whose quietude she had unwittingly intruded. Speeding through the sleep-wrapped streets as swiftly as cerements allowed, Ginevra sought the home from which she had so lately been borne. Roused from his slumbers by a knocking at the door, the disconsolate widower of a day cautiously opened an upper window, and seeing a shrouded figure waiting below, in whose upturned face he recognized the lineaments of the dear departed, he cried, "Go in peace, blessed spirit!" and shut the window precipitately. With sinking heart and slackened step the repulsed wife made her way to her father's door, to receive the like benison from her dismayed parent. Then she crawled on to an uncle's, where the door was, indeed, opened, but only to be slammed in her face by the frightened man, who, in his hurry, forgot even to bless his ghostly caller. The cool night air penetrating the undress of the hapless wanderer made her tremble and shiver, as she thought she had waked to life only to die again in the cruel streets. "Ah!" she sighed, "Antonio would not have proved so unkind." This thought naturally suggested it was her duty to test his love and courage; it would be time enough to die if he proved like the rest. The way was long, but hope renerved her limbs, and soon Ginevra was knocking timidly at Rondinelli's door. He opened it himself, and although startled by the ghastly vision, calmly inquired what the spirit wanted with him. Throwing her shroud away from her face, Ginevra exclaimed, "I am no spirit, Antonio; I am that Ginevra you once loved, who was buried yesterday—buried alive!" and fell senseless into the welcoming arms of her astonished, delighted lover, whose cries for help soon brought down his sympathizing family to hear the wondrous story, and bear its heroine to bed, to be tenderly tended until she had recovered from the shock, and was as beautiful as ever again. Then came the difficulty. Was Ginevra to return to the man who had buried her and shut his doors against her, or give herself to the man who had saved her from a second death? With such powerful special pleaders as love and gratitude on his side, of course Rondinelli won the day, and a private marriage made the lovers amends for previous disappointment. They, however, had no intention of keeping in hiding, but the very first Sunday after they became man and wife appeared in public together at the cathedral, to the confusion and wonder of Ginevra's friends. An explanation ensued, which satisfied every body except the lady's first husband, who insisted that nothing but her dying in genuine earnest could dissolve the original matrimonial bond. The case was referred to the bishop, who, having no precedent to curb his decision, rose superior to technicalities, and declared that the first husband had forfeited all right to Ginevra, and must pay over to Rondinelli the dowry he had received with her—a decree at which we may be sure all true lovers in fair Florence heartily rejoiced.

This Italian romance of real life has its counterpart in a French *cause célèbre*, but the Gallic version unfortunately lacks names and dates; it differs, too, considerably in matters of detail. Instead of the lady being a supposed victim of the plague, which in the older story secured her hasty interment, she was supposed to have died of grief at being wedded against her inclination; instead of coming to life of her own accord, and seeking her lover as a last resort, the French heroine was taken out of her grave by her lover, who suspected she was not really dead, and resuscitated by his exertions, to flee with him to England. After living happily together there for ten years, the strangely united couple ventured to visit Paris, where the first husband accidentally meeting the lady, was struck by her resemblance to his dead wife, found out her abode, and finally claimed her for his own. When the case came for trial the second husband did not dispute the fact of identity, but pleaded that his rival had renounced all claim to the lady by ordering her to be buried without first making sure she was dead, and that she would have been dead and rotting in her grave if he had not rescued her. The court was saved the trouble of deciding the knotty point, for, seeing that it was likely to pronounce against them, the fond pair quietly slipped out of France, and found refuge in "a foreign clime.

Fig. 1.—Batiste Wrapper.—Front.—[See Fig. 2.]

Fig. 2.—Batiste Wrapper.—Back.—[See Fig. 1.]

continued sacred and entire till death conveyed them to those happy regions where love knows no end, and is confined within no limits." Of dead-alive ladies brought to consciousness by sacrilegious robbers, covetous of the rings upon their cold fingers, no less than seven stories, differing but slightly from each other, have been preserved; in one the scene is laid in Halifax, in another in Gloucestershire, in a third in Somersetshire, in the fourth in Drogheda, the remaining three being appropriated by as many towns in Germany.

THE BRIDEGROOM AND BRIDE.

By PAUL H. HAYNE.

[We translate this little *chanson* from Madame Michelet's exquisite work, *The Story of my Childhood.* The bridegroom and bride introduced are supposed to be peasants of the extreme south of France, and the spirit of the song, if not its precise language, is national and characteristic.]

He took her by the hand
(Dainty little hand!),
  Gently took and led her
Where the priest did stand
  Smilingly to wed her.
"Come, little bride,
Tripping by my side
  With little steps of little feet,
  Each a footfall soft and sweet,
Come, little bride!"

He takes her by the hand
(Fervid little hand!),
  Warmly takes and leads her
Where the dancers stand;
  And he whispers, "Sweet,
  Your fairy, twinkling feet
(The tiniest feet in France)
Were made to dance, dance;
Yet you must not glide too far,
Lest these eyes should miss their star.
  But, little one,
Hold Arnaud by the hand
  Till the merry dance is done!"

He clasped her by the hand
(Palpitating little hand!),
Warmly clasped and led
Where the wedding-feast was spread,
And—"Eat and drink," he said,
  "Little one!
But beware the spiky bone,
Lest your tender, pretty throat,
Made to set love sighs afloat
  (Love sighs alone)
Be choked, my little one,
Ere the wedding-feast is done."

LADY ANNA.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "The Warden," "The Small House at Allington," "Barchester Towers," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," "Orley Farm," "The Eustace Diamonds," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LOVEL *v.* MURRAY AND ANOTHER.

MONDAY, the 9th of November, was the day set down for the trial of the case which had assumed the name of "Lovel *versus* Murray and Another." This denomination had been adopted many months ago, when it had been held to be practicable by the Lovel party to prove that the lady who was now always called the Countess was not entitled to bear the name of Lovel, but was simply Josephine Murray, and her daughter simply Anna Murray. Had there been another wife alive when the mother was married, that name, and that name only, could have been hers, whether she had been the victim of the old Earl's fraud or had herself been a party to it. The reader will have understood that as the case went on the opinions of those who acted for the young Earl, and more especially the opinion of the young Earl himself, had been changed. Prompted to do so by various motives, they who had undertaken to prove that the Countess was no countess had freely accorded to her her title, and had themselves entertained her daughter with all due acknowledgment of rank and birth. Nevertheless the name of the case remained, and had become common in people's mouths. The very persons who would always speak of the Countess Lovel also spoke very familiarly of the coming trial "Lovel *v.* Murray." And now the 9th of November had come round, and the case of "Lovel *v.* Murray and Another" was to be tried. The nature of the case was this. The two ladies, mother and daughter, had claimed the personal property of the late lord as his widow and daughter. Against that claim Earl Lovel made his claim as heir at law, alleging that there was no widow and no legitimate child. The case had become infinitely complicated by the alleged existence of the first wife, in which case she, as widow, would have inherited. But still the case went on as Lovel *v.* Murray—the Lovel so named being the Earl, and not the alleged Italian widow.

Such being the question presumably at issue, it became the duty of the Solicitor-General to open the pleadings. In the ordinary course of proceeding it would have been his task to begin by explaining the state of the family, and by assuming that he could prove the former marriage and the existence of the former wife at the time of the latter marriage. His evidence would have been subject to cross-examination, and then another counter-statement would have been made on behalf of the Countess, and her witnesses would have been brought forward. When all this had been done, the judge would have charged the jury, and with the jury would have rested the decision. This would have taken many days, and all the joys and sorrows, all the mingled hopes and anxieties, of a long trial had been expected. Bets had been freely made, odds being given at first on behalf of Lord Lovel, and afterward odds on behalf of the Countess. Interest had been made to get places in the court, and the clubs had resounded now with this fact and now with that which had just been brought home from Sicily as certain. Then had come suddenly upon the world the tidings that there would absolutely be no trial, that the great case of "Lovel *v.* Murray and Another" was to be set at rest forever by the marriage of "Lovel" with "another," and by the acceptance by "Lovel" of "Murray" as his mother-in-law. But the quidnuncs would not accept this solution. No doubt Lord Lovel might marry the second party in the defense, and it was admitted on all hands that he probably would do so, but that would not stop the case. If there were an Italian widow living, that widow was the heir to the property. Another Lovel would take the place of Lord Lovel, and the cause of Lovel *v.* Murray must still be continued. The first marriage could not be annulled simply by the fact that it would suit the young Earl that it should be annulled. Then, while this dispute was in progress, it was told at all the clubs that there was to be no marriage, that the girl had got herself engaged to a tailor, and that the tailor's mastery over her was so strong that she did not dare to shake him off. Dreadful things were told about the tailor and poor Lady Anna. There had been a secret marriage, there was going to be a child—the latter fact was known as a certain fact to a great many men at the clubs—the tailor had made every thing safe in twenty different ways. He was powerful over the girl equally by love, by fear, and by written bond. The Countess had repelled her daughter from her house by turning her out into the street by night, and had threatened both murder and suicide. Half the fortune had been offered to the tailor in vain. The romance of the story had increased greatly during the last few days preceding the trial, but it was admitted by all that the trial as a trial would be nothing. There would probably be simply an adjournment.

It would be hard to say how the story of the tailor leaked out, and became at last public and notorious. It had been agreed among all the lawyers that it should be kept secret, but it may, perhaps, have been from some one attached to them that it was first told abroad. No doubt all Norton and Flick knew it, and all Goffe and Goffe. Mr. Mainsail and his clerk, Mr. Hardy and his clerk, Sergeant Bluestone and his clerk, all knew it; but they had all promised secrecy. The clerk of the Solicitor-General was of course beyond suspicion. The two Miss Bluestones had known the story, but they had solemnly undertaken to be silent as the grave. Mrs. Bluestone was a lady with most intimately confidential friends, but she was sworn to secrecy. It might have come from Sarah, the lady's-maid, whom the Countess had unfortunately attached to her daughter when the first gleam of prosperity had come upon them.

Among the last who heard the story of the tailor—the last of any who professed the slightest interest in the events of the Lovel family—were the Lovels of Yoxham. The Earl had told them nothing. In answer to his aunt's letters, and then in answer to a very urgent appeal from his uncle, the young nobleman had sent only the most curt and most ambiguous replies. When there was really something to tell he would tell every thing, but at present he could only say that he hoped that every thing would be well. That had been the extent of the information given by the Earl to his relations, and the rector had waxed wrathful. Nor was his wrath lessened, or the sorrow of the two aunts mitigated, when the truth reached them by the mouth of that very Lady Fitzwarren who had been made to walk out of the room after—Anna Murray, as Lady Fitzwarren persisted in calling the "young person" after she had heard the story of the tailor. She told the story at Yoxham parsonage to the two aunts, and brought with her a printed paragraph from a newspaper to prove the truth of it. As it is necessary that we should now hurry into the court to hear what the Solicitor-General had to say about the case, we can not stop to sympathize with the grief of the Lovels at Yoxham. We may, however, pause for a moment to tell the burden of the poor rector's song for that evening: "I knew how it would be from the beginning. I told you so. I was sure of it. But nobody would believe me."

The Court of Queen's Bench at Westminster was crowded on the 9th of November. The case was to be heard before the Lord Chief Justice, and it was known that at any rate Sir William Patterson would have something to tell. If nothing else came of it, the telling of that story would be worth the hearing. All the preliminaries of the trial went on, as though every one believed that it was to be carried through to the bitter end; as though evidence were to be adduced and rebutted, and further contradicted by other evidence, which would again be rebutted with that pleasing animosity between rival lawyers which is so gratifying to the outside world, and apparently to themselves also. The jurors were sworn in—a special jury—and long was the time taken, and many the threats made by the Chief Justice, before twelve gentlemen would consent to go into the box. Crowds were round the doors of the court, of which every individual man would have paid largely for standing-room to hear the trial; but when they were wanted for use, men would not come forward to accept a seat with all that honor which belongs to a special juryman. And yet it was supposed that at last there would be no question to submit to a jury.

About noon the Solicitor began his statement. He was full of smiles and nods and pleasant talk, gestures indicative of a man who had a piece of work before him in which he could take delight. It is always satisfactory to see the assurance of a cock crowing in his own farm-yard, and to admire his easy familiarity with things that are awful to a stranger bird. If you, O reader, or I were bound to stand up in that court, dressed in wig and gown, and to tell a story that would take six hours in the telling, the one or the other of us knowing it to be his special duty so to tell it that judge and counselors and jury should all catch clearly every point that was to be made, how ill would that story be told, how would those points escape the memory of the teller, and never come near the intellect of the hearers! And how would the knowledge that it would be so confuse your tongue or mine, and make exquisitely miserable that moment of rising before the audience! But our Solicitor-General rose to his legs a happy man, with all that grace of motion, that easy slowness, that unassumed confidence, which belongs to the ordinary doings of our familiar life. Surely he must have known that he looked well in his wig and gown, as with low voice and bent neck, with only half-suppressed laughter, he whispered into the ears of the gentleman who sat next to him some pleasant joke that had just occurred to him. He could do that, though the eyes of all the court were upon him—so great was the man! And then he began with a sweet low voice, almost modest in its tones. For a few moments it might have been thought that some young woman was addressing the court, so gentle, so dulcet were the tones.

"My lord, it is my intention on this occasion to do that which an advocate can seldom do—to make a clean breast of it, to tell the court and the jury all that I know of this case, all that I think of it, and all that I believe; and, in short, to state a case as much in the interest of my opponents as of my clients. The story with which I must occupy the time of the court, I fear, for the whole remainder of the day, with reference to the Lovel family, is replete with marvels and romance. I shall tell of great crimes and of singular virtues, of sorrows that have been endured and conquered, and of hopes that have been nearly realized; but the noble client on whose behalf I am here called upon to address you is not in any manner the hero of this story. His heroism will be shown to consist in this—unless I mar the story in telling it—that he is only anxious to establish the truth, whether that truth be for him or against him. We have now to deal with an ancient and noble family, of which my client, the present Earl Lovel, is at this time the head and chief. On the question now before us depends the possession of immense wealth. Should this trial be carried to its natural conclusion, it will be for you to decide whether this wealth belongs to him as the heir at law of the late Earl, or whether there was left some nearer heir when that Earl died, whose rightful claim would bar that of my client. But there is more to be tried than this, and on that more depends the right of two ladies to bear the name of Lovel. Such right, or the absence of such right, would in this country of itself be sufficient to justify, nay, to render absolutely necessary, some trial before a jury in any case of well-founded doubt. Our titles of honor bear so high a value among us, are so justly regarded as the outward emblem of splendor and noble conduct, are recognized so universally as passports to all society, that we are naturally prone to watch their assumption with a caution most exact and scrupulous. When the demand for such honor is made on behalf of a man, it generally includes the claim to some Parliamentary privilege, the right to which has to be decided not by a jury, but by the body to which that privilege belongs. The claim to a peerage must be tried before the House of Lords, if made by a woman as by a man, because the son of the heiress would be a peer of Parliament. In the case with which we are now concerned no such right is in question. The lady who claims to be the Countess Lovel, and her daughter, who claims to be Lady Anna Lovel, make no demand which renders necessary other decision than that of a jury. It is as though any female commoner in the land claimed to have been the wife of an alleged husband. But not the less is the claim made to a great and a noble name; and as a grave doubt has been thrown upon the justice of the demand made by these ladies, it has become the duty of my client, as the head of the Lovels, as being himself, without any doubt, the Earl Lovel of the day, to investigate the claim made, and to see that no false pretenders are allowed to wear the highly prized honors of his family. Independently of the great property which is at stake, the nature of which it will be my duty to explain to you, the question at issue, whether the elder lady be or be not Countess Lovel, and whether the younger lady be or be not Lady Anna Lovel, has demanded the investigation which could not adequately have been made without this judicial array. I will now state frankly to you our belief that these two ladies are fully entitled to the names which they claim to bear; and I will add to that statement a stronger assurance of my own personal conviction and that of my client that they themselves are fully assured of the truth and justice of their demand. I think it right also to let you know that since these inquiries were first commenced, since the day for this trial was fixed, the younger of these ladies has been residing with the uncle of my client, under the same roof with my client, as an honored and most welcome guest, and there, in the face of the whole country, has received that appellation of nobility from all the assembled members of my client's family, to dispute which I apparently now stand before you on that client's behalf." The rector of Yoxham, who was in court, shook his head vehemently when the statement was made that Lady Anna had been his welcome guest; but nobody was then regarding the rector of Yoxham, and he shook his head in vain.

"You will at once ask why, if this be so, should the trial be continued. 'As all is thus conceded,' you will say, 'that these two ladies claim, whom in your indictment you have misnamed Murray, why not, in God's name, give them their privileges, and the wealth which should appertain to them, and release them from the persecution of judicial proceedings?' In the first place, I must answer that neither my belief, nor that of my friends who are acting with me, nor even that of my noble client himself, is sufficient to justify us in abstaining from seeking a decision which shall be final as against further claimants. If the young Earl should die, then would there be another earl, and that other earl might also say, with grounds as just as those on which we have acted, that the lady, whom I shall henceforward call the Countess Lovel, is no countess. We think that she is; but it will be for you to decide whether she is or is not, after hearing the evidence which will, no doubt, be adduced of her marriage, and any evidence to the contrary which other parties may bring before you. We shall adduce no evidence to the contrary, nor do I think it probable that we shall ask a single question to shake that with which my learned friend opposite is no doubt prepared. In fact, there is no reason why my learned friend and I should not sit together, having our briefs and our evidence in common. And then, as the singular facts of this story become clear to you—as I trust that I may be able to make them clear—you will learn that there are other interests at stake beyond those of my client and of the two ladies who appear here as his opponents. Two statements have been made tending to invalidate the rights of Countess Lovel, both having originated with one who appears to have been the basest and blackest human being with whose iniquities my experience as a lawyer has made me conversant. I speak of the late Earl. It was asserted by him, almost from the date of his marriage with the lady who is now his widow—falsely stated, as I myself do not doubt—that when he married her he had a former wife living. But it is, I understand, capable of absolute proof that he also stated that this former wife died soon after that second marriage, which, in such event, would have been but a mock marriage. Were such the truth—should you come to the belief that the late Earl spoke truth in so saying—the whole property at issue would become the undisputed possession of my client. The late earl died intestate, the will which he did leave having been already set aside by my client as having been made when the Earl was mad. The real wife, according to this story, would be dead. The second wife, according to this story, would be no wife and no widow. The daughter, according to this story, would be no daughter in the eye of the law—would, at any rate, be no heiress. The Earl would be the undisputed heir to the personal property, as he is to the real property and to the title. But we disbelieve this story utterly: we intend to offer no evidence to show that the first wife—for there was such a wife—was living when the second marriage was contracted. We have no such evidence, and believe that none such can be found. Then that recreant nobleman, in whose breast there was no touch of nobility, in whose heart was no spark of mercy, made a second statement, to this effect—that his first wife had not died at all. His reason for this it is hardly for us to seek. He may have done so, as affording a reason why he should not go through a second marriage ceremony with the lady whom he had so ill used. But that he did make this statement is certain; and it is also certain that he allowed an income to a certain woman as though to a wife, that he allowed her to be called the countess, though he was then living with another Italian woman; and it is also certain that this woman is still living—or at least that she was living some week or two ago. We believe her to have been an elder sister of her who was the first wife, and whose death occurred before the second marriage. Should it be proved that this living woman was the legitimate wife of the late Earl, not only would the right be barred of those two English ladies to whom all our sympathies are now given, but no portion of the property in dispute would go either to them or to my client. I am told that before his lordship, the Chief Justice, shall have left the case in your hands, an application will be made to the court on behalf of that living lady. I do not know how that may be, but I am so informed. If such application be made—if there be any attempt to prove that she should inherit as widow—then will my client again contest the case. We believe that the Countess Lovel, the English Countess, is the widow, and that Lady Anna Lovel is Lady Anna Lovel, and is the heiress. Against them we will not struggle. As was our bounden duty, we have sent not once only, but twice and thrice, to Italy and to Sicily in search of evidence which, if true, would prove that the English Countess was no countess. We have failed, and have no evidence which we think it right to ask a jury to believe. We think that a mass of falsehood has been heaped together among various persons in a remote part of a foreign country with the view of obtaining money, all of which was grounded on the previous falsehoods of the late Earl. We will not use these falsehoods with the object of disputing a right in the justice of which we have ourselves the strongest confidence. We withdraw from any such attempt.

"But as yet I have only given you the preliminaries of my story." He had, in truth, told his story. He had, at least, told all of it that it will import that the reader should hear. He, indeed—unfortunate one!—will have heard the most of that story twice or thrice before. But the audience in the Court of Queen's Bench still

listened with breathless attention, while, under this new head of his story, he told every detail again with much greater length than he had done in the prelude which has been here given. He stated the facts of the Cumberland marriage, apologizing to his learned friend the Sergeant for taking, as he said, the very words out of his learned friend's mouth. He expatiated with an eloquence that was as vehement as it was touching on the demoniacal schemes of that wicked Earl, to whom, during the whole of his fiendish life, women had been a prey. He repudiated, with a scorn that was almost terrible in its wrath, the idea that Josephine Murray had gone to the Earl's house with the name of wife, knowing that she was, in fact, but a mistress. She herself was in court, thickly veiled, under the care of one of the Goffes, having been summoned there as a necessary witness, and could not control her emotion as she listened to the words of warm eulogy with which the adverse counsel told the history of her life. It seemed to her then that justice was at last being done to her. Then the Solicitor-General reverted again to the two Italian women—the Sicilian sisters, as he called them—and at much length gave his reasons for discrediting the evidence which he himself had sought, that he might use it with the object of establishing the claim of his client. And lastly, he described the nature of the possessions which had been amassed by the late Earl, who, black with covetousness as he was with every other sin, had so manipulated his property that almost the whole of it had become personal, and was thus inheritable by a female heiress. He knew, he said, that he was somewhat irregular in alluding to facts—or to fiction, if any one should call it fiction—which he did not intend to prove, or to attempt to prove; but there was something, he said, beyond the common in the aspect which this case had taken, something in itself so irregular, that he thought he might perhaps be held to be excused in what he had done. "For the sake of the whole Lovel family, for the sake of these two most interesting ladies, who have been subjected during a long period of years to most undeserved calamities, we are anxious to establish the truth. I have told you what we believe to be the truth, and as that in no single detail militates against the case as it will be put forward by my learned friends opposite, we have no evidence to offer. We are content to accept the marriage of the widowed Countess as a marriage in every respect legal and binding." So saying, the Solicitor-General sat down.

It was then past five o'clock, and the court, as a matter of course, was adjourned, but it was adjourned by consent to the Wednesday, instead of to the following day, in order that there might be due consideration given to the nature of the proceedings that must follow. As the thing stood at present, it seemed that there need be no further plea of "Lovel *v.* Murray and Another." It had been granted that Murray was not Murray, but Lovel, yet it was thought that something further would be done.

It had all been very pretty, but yet there had been a feeling of disappointment throughout the audience. Not a word had been said as to that part of the whole case which was supposed to be the most romantic. Not a word had been said about the tailor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Prie-dieu Fashions.—The Roc outdone.—Cockney Malapropisms.—"Asking for more" at Eton.

I TRUST I am not encroaching upon the manor of your Paris correspondent when I mention that French fashions have come over hither hand in hand with French piety, and that the pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial is putting money into our dress-makers' pockets. There are now robes *à la prie-dieu*, as well as *à la* every thing else, which Paterfamilias finds a very expensive addition to the "religious element" in his family. The skirt, I am assured by a young person who ought to know, is generally dove-color, the mantle is cut *à la Carmélite*, the bonnet shaped *à la Béguin*, and the whole attire is so arranged that the kneeling posture on the *prie-dieu* "gives a graceful prominence to the back breadths of the skirt." At the same time the—well, the *fiction*, is discarded, as it is apt "to exaggerate the outline." Perhaps you will be good enough to correct (if necessary) the French of this neat little description, and place it in some portion of your *Bazar* where it will be believed: a man that writes "gossip" is always subject to suspicion, and what I tell you is strictly true.

There was a time when the accounts of wonders brought from far were derided as "travelers' tales;" but nowadays, when a matter on the other side of the world can be verified by the flash of a wire, every thing receives acceptance. Thus you may take it for a fact, I believe, that there have been discovered in New Zealand the fossil bones of a bird so enormous that it is conjectured to have preyed upon the moa itself, and doubtless only perished when there was no more to eat. It had curved talons so very huge and sharp that it makes Sindbad's roc appear a mere Cochin China fowl. When I was at Eton there was an Eleventh Commandment—"Tell a lie, tell a good un, and stick to it," and at the first blush this scientific tale would seem to have some kindred with that apothegm; but I believe the news is trustworthy, and that you will not have to take the customary quarter of a mile off that fine bird's dimensions.

It is a mistake when people don't take off *enough* in such cases, and in others similar to them, as was exemplified the other day by one of our great London surgeons, Mr. C—— H——. This gentleman, unlike the majority of his profession, is said to keep a very sharp eye on that important artery called "the main chance," and not to need the dying exhortation of Marmion, which, if you remember, was to "charge." A clergyman in the Midlands chanced to break his leg, and his wife, alarmed for her good man's life, telegraphed for the great surgeon to come from town and set the limb. Any other doctor, even the most provincial, could have done it, and her husband's living was but £300 a year, so that you may well understand that she was as simple as the fracture itself; but she did not say *that* in the telegram, and down Mr. C—— H—— came. In five minutes he had done his job, and was turning to leave the house.

"How much we are indebted to you!" cried the grateful wife. "And, by-the-bye, how much *are* we?" "My fee, madam, is 250 guineas," was his quiet reply. She thought at first he must have meant "pennies," and was nearly offering him a guinea and twopence. Why, if it was guineas, it was a year's income! However, the doctor calmly assured her that it *was* guineas. She had a brother in a neighboring town who had some slight knowledge of the world, and she sent for him while Mr. C—— H—— waited for his check.

"My dear Sir," said the brother, in explanation, "all this is a sad mistake. I am very sorry you should have been sent for, but my sister was very nervous; knows nothing of the charges made by gentlemen in your eminent position, and is utterly overwhelmed by the extent of your demand. Pray reconsider the matter, and don't charge her 250 guineas."

"Very good. I have," said the surgeon. "I'll make them pounds."

At this season of the year the vulgar of London throng to Ramsgate and Margate, on the Kentish coast. You may be surprised, therefore, to learn that your correspondent has also visited those places. "*Nihil humanum a me alienum puto*" is, however, his motto; I don't care how vulgar my companion is, so long as he amuses me, and these good folks upon their holiday have certainly brightened mine. In the first place, their English is something delightful, and quite different from that language as understood by your humble servant; and as they all talk at the top of their voices, not a gem of it escapes the ear. I heard some gentlemen discoursing upon a literary subject on the sea-beach, as to how a certain blind author contrived to write his works. "Oh," said one, "he has an *amanuensis!*" "I see," assented another; "and then he *dedicates* his books to him!" This was a pretty good example of malapropism, but I was favored with better. Two elderly ladies sat down in my vicinity to what they termed "barst in the sun," and fell conversing on a number of entertaining subjects—among others, upon a most frightful murder that has just taken place in London. Nothing, indeed, has happened like it since Mr. Groenacre cut up his wife into little pieces because, as the wags said, "he didn't like her altogether." A body of a woman, in more than twenty different portions—one lung here and another there, and the head sailing about all by itself—has just been discovered in the Thames.

"Lor!" said one of my lady companions, "that is something like a murder, ain't it?"

"Oh, you may say that! I wonder who was the *proprietor* of it!"

In this dead season of the year murders are very welcome to our newspapers; and, indeed, without them there would be nothing to read about except the strike among the Eton masters for more money for the keep of their boys. Considering that the head-master of this aristocratic establishment gets £10,000 a year as a compensation for his *not* keeping boarders, and that each of the boys pays £150 a year (the year only lasting, on account of the length of the holidays, for thirty-nine weeks) for his board and keep—for his tuition is extra—you will be rather astonished at this strike. But the masters know with whom they are dealing—*i. e.*, the fathers of their boys. Money is "no object" to the majority of those who send their sons to Eton, and though one or two venture to remonstrate, others write to say "they, for their part, do not complain; they always knew Eton was expensive, and are quite satisfied with the new arrangement."

This is only another example of that "snobbism" which, as I have had occasion to tell you, is so rampant here that the very education of our children is sacrificed to it. Eton is the school to which, above all others, our young lordlings—such, at least, as have brains for any education at all—are sent; and the sons of our rich *parvenus* are sent thither also in order to make the acquaintance of these juvenile noblemen. As to learning any thing beyond "the tone"—which is, after all, between ourselves, not a very high one—that is not expected, or perhaps even desired. The reputation of the place in that way is based upon a remark made, or said to have been made, by the great Duke of Wellington, that he had learned "how to win at Waterloo in the playing-fields of Eton." But that was some years ago; and when one considers that the average number of boys there has been eight hundred for the last twenty years—there are now over a thousand—and that these have every advantage in after-life in the way of position and wealth, the very, very few great men in any line that it has turned out is quite remarkable.

This clamor of the masters for more money is every way discreditable, and will perhaps cause some fathers to ask themselves, What can "the tone" be for which we give so much if it is these greedy gentry who impart it to our boys? By-the-bye, it is rather interesting to observe the immense strides made by school-boys of late years with respect to their amusements. Eton boys, for example, who now always wear in public tall hats and white cravats, and come up to play cricket matches at "Lord's" in London before twenty thousand people, were, in Gray's time, it seems, quite a different class of creature:

"Say, Father Thames—for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace—
Who foremost now delights to cleave
With pliant arm the glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?"

To propose to a modern Eton boy to catch a linnet or roll a hoop would be an indignity indeed. And I hear that in America your lads are even more precocious than in England.

What has become of our *boys?*

R. KEMBLE, of London.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

"BULLS" and "bears," "puts" and "calls," "long" and "short," "cliques" and "pools," "corners," "margins," "scoop," "squeeze," "straddle," "twisting," "coppering," "watering," "washing"—these are some of the technical terms familiar enough in Wall Street, but quite unintelligible to those who have not been initiated into the mysteries of the Stock Exchange. Ladies may be thankful, to our thinking, that the time has not yet come (may it be far distant!) for Wall Street to be included in their "sphere." To say nothing of the irregular and dishonest dealings of "stock-gambling," the hourly anxieties, perplexities, and uncertainties attending a legitimate brokerage business are not to be envied. They fill the mind with constant restless solicitude, and make the man grow gray before his time. But since in the great financial centre of our country transactions are frequently occurring which affect the whole business community, it is well for every one to understand some of the more common idioms which our language has been forced to form in Wall Street. Regular operators in stocks are divided into two classes, "bulls" and "bears," the main object of the former being to advance prices, and that of the latter to depress them. But a speculator will be a "bull" at one time and a "bear" at another, according to the prospect of making money on one side or the other. Any occurrence which unsettles values is taken advantage of by the "bears." Not unfrequently an intentional panic is produced, that stocks may be bought at low prices. The business of a "bear" is to sell property that he does not possess—that is, in Wall Street parlance, to sell "short"—intending to purchase and deliver it when prices fall. If required to deliver it before prices are lower, he borrows, there being a regular system for borrowing stock. The "bull" is in possession of stocks—that is, he is "long"—bought with the expectation of selling at an advanced price. A "clique" or "pool" is composed of "bears" who strive to depress values in order that they may purchase at lower prices than they sold at; or of "bulls" who desire to advance prices. When any kind of stock is controlled by a "clique," it causes what is called a "corner." If, for example, a large quantity of it has been bought "short," an upward movement in prices is sometimes made by the "bulls," and the "bears" are compelled to buy for delivery at higher rates than they sold at, a process called "twisting" or "squeezing." A "put" is a contract by which the signer agrees to receive a certain amount of a specified stock, at a price agreed upon, any time within a certain number of days or months, a bonus being given by the holder of the contract. The holder receives any dividends declared during this time, and if the stock declines in value, so that he can purchase at a lower price than that mentioned in the contract, he will deliver, or "put," the stock to the person signing it; but if he can not make any thing by the transaction, he is not obliged to deliver. A "call" is a contract enabling the holder to demand of the signer a definite number of shares of some particular stock at a specified price, and within a certain time. If the stock advances the holder may "call" it, and make money; but if it declines, he is under no obligation to "call" it, though of course he pays the signer of the contract a bonus. A "straddle," or "double privilege," is a contract allowing the holder either to "put" or "call" stock. The money deposited with a broker through whom stocks are purchased, as security against sudden depreciation, is a "margin." When a "clique" instruct some of their brokers to offer a particular stock in the market at a low price, until other stockholders, becoming alarmed, sell their stock at the best price they can get, and the "clique" at the same time instruct other of their brokers to buy up all of this stock at the low price, the process is called a "scoop." The terms we have briefly explained by no means comprise all the nomenclature of Wall Street, but are merely some of the most familiar phrases of the Stock Exchange.

Shreveport, Louisiana, which has suffered so severely from a virulent form of yellow fever, is said to be a place where, from its location, all diseases are nourished by malarious influences. It has been for many years the head of navigation on the Red River; yet it is so surrounded by vast areas of low land, that with low water there is always an atmosphere charged with deadly malaria. Even in ordinary times the mortality is excessive.

In a recent work on *Epidemic or Malignant Cholera* it is stated that the poison which causes the disease consists of certain microscopic fungi which, being received into the system, propagate their kind. It is believed by some that this fungus takes its origin on the banks of the Ganges, and that it is produced upon the rice plant. There are many facts in favor of this supposition, although it has not gained universal acceptance with medical men. But it is certain that epidemic cholera never arose spontaneously in any country but Hindostan.

"Obesh" and "Dil" are the respective names of the male and female hippopotami in the Zoological Gardens at London. "Guy Fawkes" is the name of the baby, now eight months old, and until lately he has been kept in the den with his mother. The other day, however, he was introduced to his father, and began rubbing against him in a friendly manner, when suddenly his mother, Dil, rushed at Obesh, and the two gigantic beasts engaged for a few minutes in a savage fight, rearing upon their hind-legs, clashing their tusks together, opening their portentous jaws, and biting at each other maliciously. Obesh was finally worsted, and was ignominiously driven into his pond, while Dil, with Guy Fawkes on her back, stared at him, grunting, and apparently threatening him, for three-quarters of an hour. At the expiration of that time, however, peace was declared, and the most affectionate family endearments were exchanged between the reconciled and contented trio. Obesh has been in the gardens twenty-three years.

Friday will bear the reputation of being an unlucky day in Wall Street. The "Black Friday" of September, 1869, which brought ruin to so many, is well remembered; and it is a singular coincidence that the culmination of the recent panic, when the finances of the country were in a dangerous condition, happened upon the same day of the week, and in the same month.

The safe arrival at Dundee, Scotland, of the crew of the *Polaris* has relieved a very general suspense. It appears that after the *Polaris* was abandoned the party wintered in Life-boat Cove, where they built a timber house, which they covered with sails. Plentiful supplies of walrus liver were obtained from the Esquimaux, and in the spring two boats were built, in which they embarked and sailed southward. They were rescued by the *Ravenscraig*.

Henry Ward Beecher expresses the opinion that if a wife's health require that she go to the country, no husband not a curmudgeon will complain, but it is a most unwifely and demoralizing habit that fashionable women have of pleasure-seeking at watering-places while the husband wanders like a lost spirit through deserted rooms. No woman who values her domestic happiness as she should will leave her husband thus unprotected.

An English clergyman has been sentenced to pay fifty dollars damages for sending a libelous postal card to one of his parishioners, reproaching him for not paying "Easter dues." The accusation on the card commenced with these words:

"Your love of money is notorious. To acquire it has been the aim and object of your life, but at eighty-four you and it must soon part. Will it avail you where you are going? This propensity of yours, so lamentable in one so old, explains your unjustly withholding my Easter dues for the last two years. Well, instead of taking you into the County Court and enforcing them, as I could do, I make you a present of them."

Several other postal cards on the same subject had been sent, which were considered to show a malicious intention to injure the parishioner, though it was not denied that he had refused to pay dues. Thus far the postal card system does not appear to have been much used in this country for malicious purposes; but if it should be, the law will doubtless be appealed to, and proper punishment inflicted upon offenders.

"Honesty" is always reckoned "the best policy;" so also on many occasions is frankness. Many persons will keenly sympathize with a distinguished theological professor, whose memory once utterly failed him as he was waiting in a dépôt for a train. A gentleman stepped up, accosted him warmly, and began numerous inquiries for members of his family. The professor was puzzled; the face of his cordial friend was quite familiar, but to recall his name was beyond any effort of memory. Disliking to make the awkward inquiry, he joined in a lively conversation, hoping for some chance word to reveal the name of his friend. But the ignorance became more and more embarrassing. At last a happy thought came to the professor. So with an indifferent air he asked, "Let me see—I forget just how you spell your name!" But alas for the expedient! With a curious smile, his friend replied, "Well, usually I spell it J-o-n-e-s!"

Camphor is recommended as useful in expelling mosquitoes from a room. The spirts of camphor may be scattered about, or the gum be evaporated over a lamp. Spirits of camphor is also good to scatter inflammation if applied in season. Boils may be thus prevented if the remedy is used in good season.

Hay-fever sufferers will rejoice to know that there is some alleviation of suffering and discomfort possible to them. Mr. Beecher writes that at the Twin Mountain House there have been twenty or thirty refugees, each one of whom has aforetime been made desperate for six weeks of the summer, but this season has been untouched with the ailment. His opinion is that though no radical cure for hay asthma is known, the disease may be kept wholly in check from year to year by a suitable change of air. Either the sea air in full measure or the mountain air is necessary. Many persons are entirely relieved at the sea-side, and almost without exception every one is relieved by taking refuge in the mountains. It is needful that one who is subject to the disease should make the change of air before the coming of the usual attack, and remain away during the whole period which it usually continues.

Manhattan Square extends from Seventy-seventh Street to Eighty-first Street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues. This is the location selected for the new American Museum of Natural History, to which will be removed the collection now in the Arsenal in the Central Park. A State appropriation of $500,000 has been made for the building, the preparation of the foundation has been finished up to a certain point by the Department of Public Parks, and the contracts for the building given out, with the condition that the work shall be begun immediately. It is estimated that it will be completed in January, 1875. The Museum is to be made as nearly fire-proof as possible, and to be heated entirely by steam-coils. The floors are to be constructed with wrought iron girders and rolled iron beams, and iron columns and brick arches are to furnish the support. The roof will be constructed entirely of iron, and the partitions in the Mansard story will also be fire-proof.

HOLIDAY-TIME AFLOAT.—[See Page 666.]

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HOLIDAY-TIME AFLOAT.

See illustration on double-page.

THE scene represented in this pretty picture repeats itself again and again on our lakes and rivers in the holiday-time of summer, when merry excursionists crowd the decks of the steamboats on their way to some shady grove or favorite summer resort. Judging from their aspect, the good folks on board the vessel in our picture are on their way "to spend a happy day" among umbrageous bowers. The boat must be pretty steady, for one couple is essaying to dance to the music of the band, and yet the tremulous movement caused by the throbbing of the engines causes the hand of that little old-fashioned man to be so unsteady that he is emptying the bottled stout in his good lady's lap instead of into the tumbler. Further on we perceive a pair who have already attained to the degree of bliss promised to the frequenters of the grove in question; for is not his arm around her waist, his hand resting lovingly on her shoulder, and does not her placid face show that she is pleased to have it so? Next to the young man is a mother with a baby, oblivious as babies are wont to be to every thing except to the joys of suction and the pangs of incipient teeth, and opposite baby an elder daughter with an apple in her hand. In the right-hand corner we have a stately mamma and her comely daughter, a pair whom we fancy are holding themselves rather aloof, as beings of a superior world to the ordinary holiday folk. But perhaps we are wrong; perhaps the young man with the mustache and turned-down collar is the daughter's admitted sweetheart, and in that case they are probably only thinking about each other, and are quite independent of their fellow-passengers.

IN THE SUNSHINE.

THE peach hangs heavy on the garden wall—
See, love, see!
The peach hangs heavy on the garden wall;
'Tis ripe, rose-tinted, and ready to fall.
Fruit meet for thee and me,
'Tis ripe as ripe can be:
May we not pluck it from the garden wall?

The sweet birds warble near the garden wall—
Hush, love, hush!
The sweet birds warble near the garden wall;
With melody their mates they softly call.
Each wooes unto his nest
The one that each loves best,
Warbling so sweetly by the garden wall.

Warm lips are waiting by the garden wall—
Yes, love, yes!
Warm lips are waiting by the garden wall;
They wait love's kisses, and they claim love's all.
If thy heart's love be mine,
As my heart's love is thine,
May we not tell it by the garden wall?

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

THE public has been in error long enough on this subject, thanks to that ridiculous nursery jingle. As for me, I know better. I am myself the house that Jack built, and I should think I ought to know the circumstances under which I was put together. I do know them, the how and the why and all about it, and I am going to relate the whole here for the general benefit.

And to begin with, as people are so ready to be captious, I want to explain before I say another word that those portions of my story which could not have come within my personal knowledge, seeing they belong to a time before I was made, were communicated to me by the other house, which is a great deal older than I am, and so, naturally, has seen and heard more. And if you are ignorant enough not to know that houses, like every thing else, have their own way of talking together, why, I can only say that is your fault, not mine.

Jack Heaton—yes, I dare say it might sound more respectful to say Mr. John Heaton, but nobody else ever did so within my experience, and I don't know why I need—*Jack* Heaton, I repeat, was thirty-eight years old, well off, good-natured, good-looking, and unmarried. Why he was unmarried I really can't tell you; I never heard of his having had a disappointment, and I know his mother would have liked nothing better than to see him settled with a wife of the right sort. However, that has nothing to do with the present matter: my story is mainly Minnie's story, and Jack's only so far as he had to do with her.

Who was Minnie? What, you don't know *that!* Well, then, Minnie was the orphan child of one of Jack's college classmates, his best and oldest friend. Something like six years before the time I am going to describe, Jack came home to dinner one day in a brown-study, and when reminded by his mother that salt was nicer than sugar in soup, answered, abruptly,

"Mother, poor Walter Gorham's little girl, it seems, is left with no particular home or means."

"And my generous, extravagant boy has made up his mind to provide both, I can see," put in Mrs. Heaton, smiling at him. Jack was over thirty then, but, as I have often noticed, a man is always a boy to his mother, even if he were a very Methuselah in years.

"The generosity, if there is any, would be pretty much on your side, I am afraid, mother," rejoined Jack, "for the care would come on you; still, I can't bear to think of poor old Walter's child wanting any thing we could give her; so, if you weren't afraid of finding her too great a trouble—"

"Not a bit of trouble," said Mrs. Heaton, without a moment's pause for reflection. If Jack's generosity was extravagant, it was easy to see where he got it! "Haven't I wanted a girl of my own all my life?"

"Yes, I know I was a disappointment to you, mother," put in Jack, with whom this was an old joke.

"As if I would change my boy for all the girls in the world! Still I suppose that doesn't prevent my liking to try my hand on one."

So that is the way it was settled, and Minnie Gorham, a shy, pale little damsel of twelve, came to live in the Heatons' house—the old house, mind you, for that was before I was so much as thought of, hard as I find that to understand now. There she grew up to a girl of seventeen, neither shy nor pale then, but with about the brightest eyes and clearest laugh to be found in the whole neighborhood, as more than one individual had discovered already.

It was somewhere about this time that Jack Heaton, coming home one spring day, was impressed, as he closed the door behind him, by the unwonted quiet of the house. No head peeped into the hall to welcome him; there was nobody in the parlor, nobody in the sitting-room, nobody in the dining-room. Jack penetrated as far as the kitchen, and there finally he came upon Minnie, half extinguished in a blue cotton apron several sizes too large for her, with her sleeves tucked up from her round white arms, and her curly hair all thrust away at the back of her head in a great rough knot, from which stray tendrils crept out in a distracted and distracting manner. Jack's surprise found vent in a low whistle, at which Minnie turned round with a suddenness that sent a pile of egg-shells at her elbow flying from the table to the floor.

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed. "Really, 'gentlemen didn't ought to come into the kitchen,' as cook used to be so fond of remarking."

"Used to be?" repeated Jack, ruefully surveying his own mischief. "Cook hasn't departed this life, has she?"

"No, but she has departed this house, and under peculiar circumstances—for further particulars inquire within," added Minnie, mysteriously tapping a black bottle in the chimney-corner; "and as Bridget knows about as much of civilized cooking as a wild Pawnee, Aunt Fanny and I have sent her up stairs about her business; and if all that isn't explanation enough—"

"Add that Miss Minnie seizes the opportunity to practice on us for the benefit of Mr. Ned Wyndham's household," mischievously put in Mrs. Heaton, appearing from the next room with a handkerchief tied over her head.

"Is that so, Minnie?" asked Jack, after a pause, in which he had attentively considered Minnie, who had fallen to beating the eggs again with still greater energy, which was perhaps what made her cheeks so red.

"The idea!" answered Miss Minnie, with a toss of the head that sent half a score of little curls flying loose. "Before he can have a household he must have a house; and though I dare say the will's good enough, if I wait till he can take me home—" and Minnie completed her broken sentence with an expressive flourish of the egg-beater.

"Well, but you can take him home, then," said Mrs. Heaton. "It comes to the same thing."

"Same difficulty in the way," replied Minnie, "seeing I'm not an Aladdin to make a palace out of a toad-stool."

"And if you were, would you make young Wyndham King Toad?" asked Jack, laughingly, but watching her closely the while.

"Oh, you uncivilized John! did you never hear that direct questions were the bane of existence?" exclaimed Minnie, vanishing into the pantry in search of a nutmeg grater, as she *said*.

"Is it really true?" asked Jack of his mother, in a low voice.

"Why, where have your eyes been?" answered Mrs. Heaton, in the same tone.

It was scarcely a week later that Mrs. Heaton was thrown into a regular flurry by observing what looked suspiciously like building preparations in the vacant lot adjoining, an open green, forming a part of their grounds. Had Jack sold it to some building speculator? That was an important question under the circumstances, for, as there was only the garden fence between, a great deal would be depending on the sort of tenants the new house might have. Mrs. Heaton could hardly wait Jack's coming home to satisfy her impatience.

"Jack"—she began the attack directly—"there seems to have been some kind of building people in the vacant lot this morning."

"I know it," answered Jack; and after a little pause, "In fact, I sent them."

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed his mother, reproachfully, "I never thought you would have sold that ground."

"I haven't sold it," answered Jack; and added, "I think of building myself."

"You!" said Mrs. Heaton, in a tone of surprise—"you, of all people in the world, turning speculator! But now, my dear boy, have you considered the risk you run? It is so near; disagreeable people there could make themselves so *very* disagreeable to us."

"I'll promise to take nobody into the new house who can disturb the peace of the old one," replied Jack, with a smile. "Besides, mother, it isn't even begun yet; time enough to worry when you see the slates on the roof and the chimney smoking."

"Ah, that won't be long first, I'm afraid!" said Mrs. Heaton, ruefully.

"I hope not," rejoined her son. "I'm bound to get the thing through as soon as possible."

"But what for?" replied Mrs. Heaton; "what good is it all going to do?"

"Oh, building pays," answered Jack, vaguely, and changed the subject.

It looked as if Jack meant to lose no time from the way things went ahead. Minnie declared that he had made some unholy compact, and that invisible hands at night took up the work where his Irish hod-carriers had left it. And certainly the house—that is, myself, you understand—grew with a rapidity that gave some color to her accusation.

Finally the day came when I stood finished from head to foot, or, if you prefer it, from roof to basement. And though I say it, that perhaps should not say it, I was a handsome structure. I had a piazza, a balcony, a bay-window; no modern improvement or adornment had been spared on me. I was as yet empty, to be sure, but that was a lack easily supplied; all the more easily that Jack the very evening I was done brought over his womankind, with the addition of young Ned Wyndham, who *happened* to be making a call at the old house, to give their united voice about the furnishing.

I remember just how the party looked as they entered. Minnie came in first of all. She wore a thin white dress, covered with flounces and puffings, and the folds of which she had gathered up out of the dust, so that I had a peep at the rosettes on her little high-heeled slippers. Her black wavy hair had a red rose-bud on the left side, to balance the pink dimple in her right cheek, I suppose, and her black eyes were wide open and sparkling. Altogether I approved of her, and if I had not been afraid, being so new, of doing some harm to myself, I should have given some sign of satisfaction. Ned Wyndham followed her, quite an elegant-looking young fellow, with white hands and a tawny mustache, and who—*that* I saw at once—admired her quite as much as I did. Jack and his mother brought up the rear, Jack carrying a note-book and pencil, and Mrs. Heaton with a look of surprise and remonstrance on her face. She was speaking as she entered.

"But, my dear boy," she said, "I can not conceive why you should want to throw away your money on this house." Now this of course was not pleasant for me to listen to, but I resolved to hear further, and not take any hasty prejudices. "It isn't every body, you know," she continued, "who cares to take a furnished house."

"And it isn't every body I would let it to," answered Jack. "Have you forgotten our agreement, mother? I mean to have nice people in here, so I must bait my trap accordingly. That's why I have brought you all over this evening to give me the benefit of your taste. Come, won't somebody begin?"

"Oh, what a dear little bay-window room!" here cried Minnie, who had been flitting about without much attending to the others. "If it were my house I should make this my snuggery; I'd put my piano in that recess there, and a disgracefully easy chair here in the bay-window."

"And fill the balcony with roses and things," completed young Wyndham, whose mind was plainly distracted by that red rose-bud.

"Not bad suggestions either," said Jack, whose pencil was already jotting down pianos, easy-chairs, and plants. "Now what do you say, mother?"

"This room with the dark paneling I should furnish in deep crimson," said Mrs. Heaton, reflectively, from the threshold. "It is just my idea of a comfortable winter parlor; and with a handsome set of book-cases—that is, if it was my own house, I mean," she added, suddenly pulling herself up short in this field so delightful to a woman, and resuming the prudential tone with which she considered it necessary to hold Jack's lavishness in check—"but I can't see the good of getting together pretty things for strangers to spoil."

"Oh, I'll get the worth of my outlay, never fear," said Jack, laughing. "Deep crimson, you say—'m—book-cases—'m—'m."

And that is the way it was from garret to cellar. Not a word could any body drop but Jack's little stump of a pencil caught it up and pinned it fast in a twinkling. If these suggestions were carried out, there was every prospect of as elegant a little dwelling as any body need desire.

And it was so. Yes, I don't know why I should be shy of the truth, and I openly declare that I never wish to see a nicer-looking house than I was after the cabinet-maker and the upholsterer had finished with me, and I stood complete from top to toe in my new clothes. The work had been thoroughly well done. I had variety without gaudiness; bright clear tints, and dark rich shades, lit up with the gleam of mirrors and gilding, and softened with such a profusion of greenery wherever it could be placed, that I appeared to have grown rather than to have been made. Minnie, who approved of me thoroughly—and, indeed, I was mainly the result of her taste—had declared I should be named the Nest, for I was not like any other ordinary house.

It was an autumn day when I was finished—the evening, as I recollect, before Minnie's birthday. She stood in the garden of the old house with Jack, looking at me as my windows brightened in the setting sun, till I seemed all in a glow, inside and out.

"The last stick went in to-day," said Minnie. "The nest is all ready for the birds."

"Then suppose we go over and take a bird's-eye view," suggested Jack, with a laugh, taking his arms from the fence and throwing away the end of his cigar. He opened the gate, and they strolled over together.

Minnie was all in black that evening, with a black necklace round her throat, and her thick black hair waving all over her shoulders. She made me think of a little nun, only those long curls and the bright eyes didn't suit with my ideas of a nun exactly.

They came in and stopped in the little bay-window room, furnished just as she had suggested. She looked round her, then out at the flowers and green things in the balcony, and then all round her again.

"Oh," she said, "I hope whoever comes here will be somebody I can like, for I do love this house so, I can't give it up entirely."

Now I thought this a very pretty speech indeed, and I made the most of the last sun-rays in order to look as bright as I could, as a suitable acknowledgment.

Jack's face brightened too. "I am so glad you like it," he said, heartily, and taking both her hands in his. "My dear Minnie," he continued, "to-morrow, I know, is your birthday, but you won't mind my anticipating by a few hours, I suppose, on making my present something useful as well as ornamental. You are 'monarch of all you survey,'" he went on, jestingly—"of this house and all it contains; and, my dear little girl, I only hope you may be as happy in your nest as I have been in building it for you."

"You built it—for—me?" said Minnie, in so low a voice that I should hardly have thought Jack could have heard, and without once looking up at him, which did not seem to me pretty manners under the circumstances.

"For you and King Toad," answered Jack, laughing.

"King Toad?" repeated Minnie, looking up now with a puzzled face.

"I ought to beg Mr. Edward Wyndham's pardon for that, I suppose," said Jack; "but have you forgotten our conversation last spring, when you gave me to understand that you could not make that young gentleman your King Toad for want of a toad-stool to hold your court under? Now here is the toad-stool, and I hope—"

"I don't want it! I won't have it!" interrupted Minnie, pulling her hands away, and rushing to the window with cheeks as red as the scarlet geraniums there. "It's too, *too* bad! *Ned Wyndham*, indeed!"

"But, my dear child," remonstrated Jack, who stood like a statue of astonishment where she had left him, "we all fancied you liked him."

"I'm sure I don't know *why* you should fancy it," retorted Minnie, with an emphasis very much misplaced on so small a word. "I detest him, and—and every body!"

"Me too? Oh, Minnie, Minnie!" said Jack, walking toward her. "Why, what is the matter, Minnie?"

Jack Heaton built me, I know that; but still I must say I think there could hardly ever have been another man so stupid in such a case. I was new; I had had no experience in that kind of thing; but, for all that, *I* knew what was the matter with Minnie.

"Are you angry with me?" Jack blundered on. "What have I done? Won't you look at me, Minnie?" for she sat still where she had flung herself into the "disgracefully easy chair," and kept her face obstinately turned away from him. But when he said, "Won't you look at me, Minnie?" she raised her eyes to his very slowly, almost as if against her will. I don't know what he read in her eyes, for I was watching him, but I know I saw the oddest sort of change come over his face, and he put out his hand quickly in a blind sort of way, and struck it against the window-sill. There was a long pause.

"So you won't take my house?" he said, suddenly, in an indescribable tone.

"Never, on that condition," answered Minnie, emphatically.

"And—on what, then?" said he.

"None that would oblige me to—to leave you all," said Minnie. "How pretty those scarlet leaves look in the corner there!" she added, lightly, rising and taking a step forward.

"Stop a minute," said Jack. She stood still, without replying, just on the edge of the balcony, waiting for him to speak. I really thought he never was going to, but still she waited without a word. "Minnie," he said at last, "I am a great deal older than you."

"Après?" said she, saucily. I could have shaken the little witch for her pretenses; for, though Jack couldn't see her face, I could, and it was all in a quiver.

"And—but—I have cared more for you than any thing else ever since you came to us."

"And so have I, Jack," she said, all in a breath, but hanging down her head.

I was not altogether pleased with this answer, it was so very illogical; but it seemed to satisfy Jack, for he caught both her hands again and—but no, on second thoughts I won't tell you what he did, for I am eminently a proper house, and I should not like you to get a wrong idea of me from any foolish behavior of my owners. I'll tell you instead what *I* did; I gave a tremendous crack that startled them both. Minnie gave a little scream.

"It's nothing but the walls," said Jack, re-assuringly. "It's often so with new houses."

"Are you sure?" said Minnie, peering round through the twilight. "I thought perhaps somebody might have seen— Only think, Jack, if walls had eyes and well as ears!"

If!—I cracked again, louder than before, this time with amusement.

"Oh dear!" said Minnie, pretending fright in so pretty a way that I excused the temporary imbecility of Jack's face. "Do let us get away before the ceiling tumbles about our ears!"

It is some years since that evening. Jack has had a kind of covered piazza built between us two houses, the old and the new, and it would really be difficult to say which of us the family live in. All that can be said with any certainty is that, take us altogether, we are a very happy family indeed, and, spite of our semi-separation, an uncommonly united one.

This is the real, reliable history of the house that Jack built. I give you my word there is not a syllable of truth in that absurd old rigmarole about the cat and the rat and the malt, and all the rest of it; and if you continue to pin your faith to it in the teeth of my assurance, it will only be out of the obstinacy peculiar to the human race.

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"POLTERABEND" IN GERMANY.

THERE is perhaps no land where one has a better opportunity to observe old customs than in Germany. We wonder sometimes how she has contrived to whirl through the giddy mazes of time with her sister lands and yet get no more shaken up than she has. The old customs seem to have a peculiarly strong hold in the villages and small towns. To live in one of these places gives an American the feeling of being set back at least two centuries in the world's history. One of these old customs is the observance of the evening before a wedding. It is called "Polterabend." The verb "to polter" means to make a great noise, and the evening rightly takes its name from the word. It is a proverb here that "the more potsherds, the more luck;" therefore the friends of the bride collect all the old earthenware which is *hors de combat* for household warfare, and bring it and dash it against the house where the bride lives. Old cracked plates, saucers, earthen pots, handleless cups, and noseless pitchers close their crippled earthly career by this frantic plunge at the foot of the altar of Hymen. It takes but a short time for the news of the "Polterabend" to reach the ears of the street boys, and then the work goes on merrily; for when could boy nature ever resist so glorious an opportunity to smash something? One living in the house, or even in the vicinity, feels as if Joshua with his armed band were compassing the premises for the seventh time, and as if the walls might fall at any moment, or as if that mythical "bear" had at last really got into the "china shop," so continuous is the crash. The family are obliged to have these tokens of good luck removed as soon as it is light on the following morning, or be fined, as they obstruct the sidewalk. It often requires a horse and cart to do it. While this strange ceremony is taking place outside the house, the friends of the lady have gathered within. No invitations are given, but the house is thrown open, and all the acquaintances are expected to come. Each guest brings some gift, and the presents are placed on a table as they accumulate for the admiration of the assembled company. It is customary to have some short dramatic piece or pieces acted. These are usually prepared for the occasion, and weave in many a sly hit at the habits or tastes of the devoted pair, or hints at the peculiar incidents of the courtship.

We recently attended the "Polterabend" of an American lady who has turned traitor to her republican principles, and resolved to subject herself to Prussian government in house as well as in state. As the guests were socially chatting with each other, the doors were thrown open, and a very picturesque party of gayly dressed gypsies entered the room. In the centre of the group was a pretty little straw wagon, drawn by two of the younger gypsies. It was tastefully trimmed with flowers and evergreens, and in it sat a little child in brilliant gypsy costume, a wreath of flowers on her head, and her figure half concealed by the presents which filled her fantastic car. The company represented themselves as having wandered to this land from America, and as bringing gifts and messages from the dear ones beyond the sea. Each gift was presented by some appropriate words or verses from the gypsy who brought it, and we can only say that we have never seen gypsies who could give a more witty turn to a verse or make more touching allusions to absent ones than these could. One of these gifts was the key-basket to be used in the future housekeeping, for every thing in Germany must be locked up, and it is often as much of an undertaking for a guest to get a book from the library as for the servant to get a lump of sugar from the box. This evening the basket was filled with flowers, but when it is full of heavy keys it is no light matter to carry about. It must be the constant companion of the housekeeper. A lady who lives in one of these old castles, where the rooms are numberless and the keys old-fashioned and massive, says that her wrist often aches for half an hour after carrying her basket about on the regular morning inspection tour. Another gift was the myrtle wreath to be worn the next day at the wedding. Orange flowers are worn only by widows at their second marriage. The myrtle wreath is indispensable to the young bride, even if she have only a calico dress to be married in; consequently every other little dark window in dirty street or lane has its pot of myrtle, with its rich dark leaves, delicately suggestive of the maidenly expectations which are budding behind it. The marriage always takes place in church. After the usual Lutheran marriage ceremony the clergyman makes an address to the bride and groom of from five to ten minutes in length. The whole ceremony is sweet, simple, and impressive, and seems much more fitting for the occasion than the business-like way in which the matter is often dispatched with us.

On the evening after the wedding another gathering of friends takes place at the house of the bride. To this invitations are given, and only intimate friends are present. The dancing continues till late into the night, and at the close another old custom is observed. The bride and groom are blindfolded. The ladies gather in a circle around the groom, and the gentlemen in a similar circle around the bride. The gentleman makes a random selection from his surroundings, and the lady does the same from hers. These two chosen ones must dance the last dance together, and are supposed to be the next happy pair who will have a "Polterabend." If "blind chance" can make such wonderful selections as these blinded people do, it is not strange that she often makes happy hits. At the close of the festivities, in all of which eating and drinking form an important part, some married lady removes the wreath and veil from the head of the bride, and puts on instead the "Haube," or cap, worn by all married ladies in the morning. The bride has now left the ranks of her young friends, and has entered those of the matrons. Hence the German expression, "Sie ist unter die Haube gekommen," instead of "She is married." There is often a playful and prolonged struggle between the married and unmarried ladies before this symbolic ceremony is finally accomplished, each striving for the possession of the bride. In the case of the American lady of whom we have spoken the "Haube" was a pretty little blonde lace affair, with a fleet of pink bows anchored about among its foamy puffs. It was really more becoming than the bridal array which it displaced; and we will hope that the quiet home duties which it symbolizes will be more sweet and satisfactory to her than any girlish pleasures which she may have laid aside with the myrtle and the veil.

MUSIC WITHOUT TEARS.

TO teach children to acquire the rudiments of an ordinary education with as much ease and as little *ennui* as possible is a question that has absorbed much attention during the last ten or fifteen years. Little volumes called *Reading without Tears* are given to the world, and some of our best authors have not disdained to prepare elementary works upon history or science to guide their first steps in the pursuit of knowledge. With such attractive text-books as are provided for nursery and school-room, children must indeed be dull who do not enjoy their lessons.

But all these praiseworthy efforts are turned into one channel. When so many great minds have stooped to smooth away all difficulties, and create a royal road to learning—when "first steps" abound in every department of knowledge from reading to algebra and astronomy, not omitting French and Latin—why is it that so little attention is given to facilitating and awakening an interest in not only the rudiments but the entire course of a musical education? In our days some knowledge of the piano is considered almost as indispensable as arithmetic or history, and parents willingly pay exorbitant sums to have their children's fingers well trained; but the results are not always the happiest. One or two quarters at $60 or $80 pass over, the children endeavor—poor little victims!—to master the frightful intricacies that attend the acquirement of *technique;* but often high tragedy is enacted alike by pupil and teacher, and the professor despairingly announces to mamma that her daughter has no ear, and is hopelessly dull in music. Some young people struggle on, however, and after two or three years are able to play with metronome-like precision, but naught besides. The professor has trained the fingers indeed, but left the *mind* untouched.

I have gone through all the slavery to my piano that young aspirants to a fine musical education must endure. I have early twisted and tortured my poor little hands in the endeavor to strengthen the rebellious fourth and fifth fingers, and make them capable of executing the heart-breaking trill in Beethoven's A flat sonata, op. 26. I have sat for hours, rigid as a sphinx, practicing upon *one note*, till I thought my reason would desert me. I have studied five-finger exercises with heavy two-sous pieces upon my hands to keep them from any contortion (and terrible was the penalty if the money dropped off), and I have devoted eight hours daily to mastering the difficulties of the *Last Hope* under the guidance of its gifted author. Now that these years of drudgery are over, I commence to realize how many passionate tears and hours of despair and *ennui* might have been spared me had I then known a few simple facts that I have since learned.

In the first place, it is possible to interest children in even the dull rudiments of music, will the teacher but trouble himself to do so; but for one professor who really exerts himself to impart something to his pupils, there are hundreds who go through the hour merely as an irksome duty to be dispatched as easily to themselves as possible. I remember very well that one master of very high standing used to fall into deep fits of abstraction while teaching me. During his reveries he would trim his pencil over the carpet, not at all to mamma's satisfaction, and awakening, would stop me in the course of a scale to propound a conundrum.

The superficiality of professors is something to be deplored. I have suffered much from them. Having a very quick ear and great application, I was while a child much petted by my masters, who thought only of giving their little *Wunderkind* show pieces, and never troubled themselves to ascertain if I was well grounded in the fundamental principles of music. The result was that when I was sufficiently advanced to play the C sharp minor waltz of Chopin I did not know in what key it was written.

My sister had even a worse experience. Her introduction to the divine art was confided to a lady pianist, who made the lightest possible task of teaching. Marguerite's ear was so very quick that after hearing a simple exercise or air played once she could repeat it perfectly; but this fact the indolent teacher did not discover, and attributed Marguerite's wonderful progress in *reading* to her own superior teaching. Mamma, however, being somewhat skeptical of such *very* rapid improvement, put Marguerite one day through a slight examination as to lines, spaces, time, etc. Her astonishment may be imagined when Marguerite reflectively answered, "Fourth space? O, P, Q, I think."

Another point upon which professors are most apt to be negligent is in explaining the significance of a piece of music to a pupil. Indeed, they rarely intimate that it means any thing at all; but confine themselves to such dry hints as "faster, slower, louder," etc.; whereas they should, so to speak, *translate* the music into an intelligible story. I had studied seriously more than two years before the significance of music dawned upon me—that it was any thing beyond a succession of sounds more or less pleasing to the ear, but, on the contrary, could represent something definite, such as a passion, or a beautiful landscape—that it had, in fact, what our German friends call a *Meinung* ("meaning"). This new insight into music was revealed to me by a careless remark of a young lady upon the beauty of the storm in the overture of *William Tell*, which she had just been playing (that same storm which Mendelssohn pityingly stigmatizes in his *Letters* as "very bad indeed"). Hearing this remark, I asked the young lady quite eagerly for an explanation, and she repeated that portion of the overture, drawing my attention to the chromatic runs and scales in the bass, so like the roaring of a tempestuous wind, the *fff* chords, like crashes of thunder, and the high *piccolo* notes, like the peeping of the little birds thrown from their nests by the agitation of the branches. This was, as I say, a revelation to me, and from that time I made my masters' lives a burden to them by my questions concerning the *meaning* of every piece I learned.

Would not any one, and especially a young person, take a much deeper interest in a piece of music when thus explained to him? If he is learning an opera *fantaisie*, he should have the entire story of the opera related to him, and the meaning of the different airs explained, that he may not play a fervent duet in the style of dance music. (Do not laugh at me; I have heard one of the first pianists in Rome interpret my favorite *Last Hope* as a very brilliant *mazourka de concert*, evidently overlooking the words "Religious Meditation" upon the title-page.)

Apropos of this piece, I spoke of my daily eight hours of practice upon it as one of my unnecessary trials. I have no reproaches to make to my dear dead master in his method of teaching. Kind-hearted as he ever was, Mr. Gottschalk humored the caprice of a little child, and for a year gave me daily lessons while in the city. He had, however, little time during the half hour to attend to *technique*, and when I was promoted to the *Last Hope* I threw all of my soul and energy into learning the piece, totally ignoring all exercises, reading and the like. Consequently, after practicing eight hours per diem upon it, I became so fixed in my way of executing it that it was impossible for me to correct whatever faults I might have made in learning it.

Few things are, I think, more necessary, and at the same time entertaining, than an early initiation into reading. Any child, if ordinarily intelligent, wearies of studying, we will say a month, upon the same piece and page in Czerny or Cramer; to a stupid one it may make no difference. If the child should every day read a page or two of some new music, he will almost unconsciously master the difficult art of reading at sight; he will make acquaintance with whole volumes which he might never otherwise have had time to know, and his regular musical studies will be less distasteful to him, owing to this daily introduction of new thought. It will be, I hope, like a volume of fairy tales or a novel to a hard student of the ordinary branches. It is by no means necessary to give young people trash to read in music any more than in literature, though you may think nothing easy enough for a beginner can be found save the *Bobolink Polka*, the *Mocking-Bird*, or some such atrocity. I have now a little boy under my care whose present musical attainments are small indeed, being confined mainly to the major scales as far as B flat. Nevertheless I gave him at his last lesson a page of Wagner to read for me, the treble of the first page of the *Tannhäuser* overture. This grand melody (the *Pilgerchor*) was as easy to read as many a simple exercise, and I had at the same time the satisfaction of knowing that my little pupil's brain was being strengthened by an acquaintance with solid music.

Let me here mention that it is not necessary in order to be a fine musician that you should be totally ignorant in other respects. To be a true musician, one should have a broad education. De Lenz, an eminent pupil of Chopin, who has since written as few have upon music, records that C., his great master, concerned himself as much about the pursuits, occupations, and mental habits of his pupils as about their music. He would constantly inquire what books they were reading, and who were their favorite poets, and would often say, "It is useless to cultivate the fingers at the expense of the mind."

One last word to professors: Do try to control your temper. It is a manifestation, it is true, of a "sensitive ear" and an "artistic temperament" to leap from your chair and dash frantically about the room upon hearing an unlucky false note, or to give vent to a cat-like scream, and seize the offending fingers in such a manner as to inflict a very *feline* scratch. (Do not say this is an exaggeration: I am portraying literally one of my professors of former days.) All this conduct may be highly artistic; it is, however, decidedly *Bohemian*, if not ungentlemanly. There may be cases where the pupil is so hopelessly obtuse that the professor resorts to shouts and high tragedy in order to dispel her apathy, but nine times out of ten such conduct seriously impedes progress. The pupil whose nerves are trembling in anticipation of your outbursts loses all control over her fingers, the connection between them and her brain is severed, and, with the best intentions in the world, she lands upon a black note where a natural is indicated. I would a thousand times rather have a pupil of mine strike a good false note than disregard *time*, for the latter is a *moral* fault, showing a sad lack of rhythmical feeling; whereas the false note is only a slip of the finger, which may happen to any of us as well as to those immeasurably our superiors. Witness Rubinstein, who, king of pianists as he is, proverbially makes more false notes than any other pianist in Europe.

One word more: Do not be too quick in telling your pupil that she has made a false note, but first wait to see if her sense of melody does not lead her to correct herself.

USEFUL RECIPES.

TEA RELISH.—Select a piece of beef from the fore-quarter weighing about twenty pounds; place it in a stone pot, or a perfectly sweet and clean butter firkin; over three table-spoonfuls of saltpetre pour one gallon of hot water, and when cold pour over the beef. The weather should be cold, and in this mixture the meat should remain forty-eight hours. At the end of two days take out the meat, and into the pores and crevices rub well one pint of fine salt and one tea-cupful of molasses; next morning turn the meat over, and rub again, turning and rubbing in salt and molasses for six mornings. The next day place the meat in boiling water, and when it commences to boil, skim carefully, and put the vessel on the back part of the stove, where it will simmer, but not boil. Allow half an hour to each pound of meat in cooking it; when done, remove, and press with a heavy weight. Slice, when cold, in very thin slices. If the twenty pounds is too large, cut in two or three pieces, but have the proportion the same of saltpetre, etc.

CHICKEN PIE.—Select young tender chickens, joint them, and season with salt and pepper, sprinkling a small quantity over each piece, and arrange in a deep earthen pie-dish, leaving out the breast-bone, the back, and the neck. Cut fine a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and put over the pieces of chicken enough cold water to nearly cover the meat, and about a pint of oysters, without any of the liquor—allowing one pint of oysters to two medium-sized chickens. A little pounded mace is a great improvement. Make the crust not quite so rich as for ordinary pies, and when placing over the dish lay a fold in the middle, that there may be room for the meat and liquor in cooking. Bake in a moderate oven about two hours. Should the crust be too brown before the meat is done, leave the oven doors open.

RAISIN CAKE.—Wash well one pound of sweet butter, and cream with it one pound of white sugar. In winter, when the butter is very cold, it is better, before washing it, to set it near the stove, where it will soften but not melt, and use tepid water for washing it. When the sugar and butter are well creamed, add slowly one quart of tepid new milk and four pounds of sifted flour; mix well into it a tea-cupful of lively home-made yeast, and put in a warm place until light. This should be in four or five hours, when mix into this batter another pound each of butter and sugar, well creamed together, and, if needed, a little more flour. Have ready two pounds of raisins, seeded and cut fine, and half a pound of currants. Mix a small quantity of flour through the fruit, and stir into the batter with a very small portion of pulverized mace. Let the batter rise again, stir well with a spoon or the hands, and pour into thin well-buttered tins, putting them in a *warm* place until they *commence* to rise again; then set into a slack oven, increasing the heat gradually until hot enough, and bake about an hour and a quarter, trying them with a broom splinter before taking out.

PLUM PIE.—Either fresh fruit or the fruit that has been canned can be used. If the latter, the plums should not have been entirely ripe when bottled. In the centre of a deep earthen pie-dish insert a tea-cup, and fill the dish with the fruit—if fresh, adding about the quantity of sugar to make them sweet enough, and a very small quantity of molasses. Moisten the edge of the dish with cold water, and place around the edge a narrow strip of the pie-crust, which must not be too rich; this strip of crust must now be moistened with water or the white of egg to prevent the juice escaping. Place the upper crust on, folding it in the middle so as to allow it to rise when the fruit expands. Prick holes in it with a fork to let out the steam. Bake about half or three-quarters of an hour.

CRACKED WHEAT, which can be had at almost any grocery, boiled in a small quantity of water for five or six hours, and eaten cold with cream, makes a very healthful and palatable article for tea or breakfast. Nothing can be better for children; but it must be well cooked, adding water as it seems inclined to stick.

BRAN BREAD.—Boil one pint of milk, and thicken with Graham flour; add cold milk enough to make a thin batter, and when cool enough add half a tea-cupful of hop yeast, and a small quantity of sirup molasses. Stir in Graham flour to form a stiff batter—as stiff as can be stirred with a spoon. When light, sprinkle a small quantity of fine flour on a board, and work the bread until it ceases to be sticky, being careful not to put on too much flour, and get it too stiff and dry; put it into a round basin that will fit into the steamer, and when light work a very little; put it into the basin again and set into the steamer, having plenty of boiling water in the vessel beneath. A medium-sized loaf should cook one hour, and the lid of the steamer must not be removed or the water cease boiling, else the bread will be heavy. When done, remove from the steamer and put in the oven for about twenty minutes to give it a crust. The steaming gives lightness and moisture to the bread, and the finish in the oven dries the outside, and gives a crust to it.

HEAD-CHEESE.—Select a clean, fat, and perfect pig's head; have it cut through the centre of the forehead and snout, and again under the eyes, separating the snout from the forehead; also have the eyes, lids, and surrounding membranes, with the sac, removed, going close to the bone socket that the eye may not break. Then remove the ears, with the wrinkled skin surrounding them, taking out the canal of the ear, and the horny portion containing the drum, etc. After this is done the bones of the snout are easily taken out. Put the pieces to soak in plenty of lukewarm water, draining off and adding fresh until the blood is removed. Singe off the hairs, and examine the fleshy part of the snout and lower jaw, taking off the skin, which will now come away easily with the knife; wash again and salt. Mix thoroughly together one quart of salt and a table-spoonful of finely pulverized saltpetre, rubbing the pieces of meat well with it and, if wished, a little sugar or molasses. Pack the pieces closely in a crock; let them remain for two weeks, turning occasionally that the top pieces may go into the brine that has been formed at the bottom. Wash all the brine off at the end of that time, and boil gently until tender, and the meat strips off the bone without using a knife. After taking out all bones, cut fine with knife and fork, season with black pepper and a very small portion of mace (pulverized sage is an improvement, if used sparingly); put into a dish with straight sides, packing close, and pressing with a heavy weight. Cut in thin slices, and eat with mustard and vinegar.

Fig. 1.—LINEN CHEMISE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 22–24.

Fig. 3.—LADY'S NIGHT-DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 49–56.

Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED LINEN CHEMISE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 57–59.

Fig. 6.—LINEN NIGHT-CAP.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XIX., Figs. 63 and 64.

Fig. 4.—BATISTE, INSERTION, AND LACE NIGHT SACQUE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 13–16.

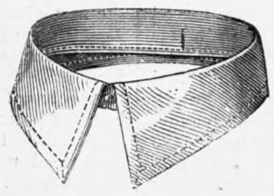

Fig. 11.—GENTLEMAN'S TURNED-DOWN COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 35 and 36.

Fig. 5.—MUSLIN NIGHT SACQUE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 17–21.

Fig. 7.—LADY'S KNITTED NIGHT NET.

Fig. 8.—MUSLIN DRAWERS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 6 and 7.

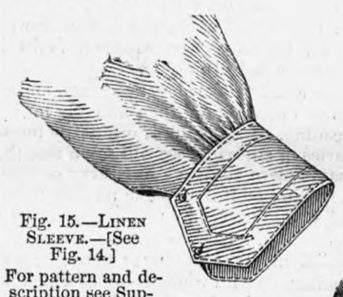

Fig. 15.—LINEN SLEEVE.—[See Fig. 14.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 33 and 34.

Fig. 12.—GENTLEMAN'S STANDING COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 39.

Fig. 10.—BUFF LINEN APRON.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 60–62.

Fig. 17.
GRAY AND WHITE LINEN SLEEVE.—[See Fig. 16.]
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VII., Figs. 28 and 29.

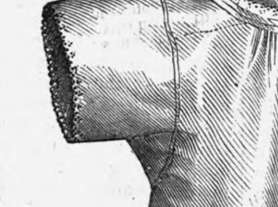

Fig. 13.—GENTLEMAN'S STANDING COLLAR WITH TURNED-DOWN CORNERS.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. X., Figs. 37 and 38.

Fig. 9.—EMBROIDERED DRAWERS.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

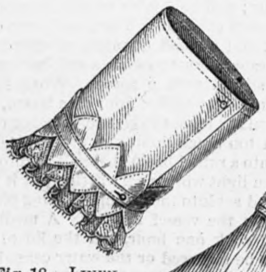

Fig. 18.—LINEN AND LACE CUFF.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 14.—LINEN COLLAR.
[See Fig. 15.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 30–32.

Fig. 16.—GRAY AND WHITE LINEN COLLAR.
[See Fig. 17.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 25–27.

Fig. 19.—LINEN CUFF WITH SIDE-PLEATED RUFFLE.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 20.—MUSLIN DRESSING SACQUE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–5.

Fig. 22.—GENTLEMAN'S FLANNEL UNDER-SHIRT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 44a, 44b, and 45.

Fig. 21.—MUSLIN DRESSING SACQUE WITH CAPE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 8–12.

FIGS. 1–22.—LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S LINGERIE.

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Fig. 1.—CASHMERE MANTELET.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 42 and 43.

Fig. 2.—CASHMERE MANTELET.—BACK.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 42 and 43.

Lady's Knitted Night Net.

THIS net, which is shown in the illustration, Fig. 7, page 668, is knitted with fine knitting cotton and steel needles. Begin from the middle with a foundation of 4 st. (stitch), close these in a ring, and knit the 1st round.—All knit plain. 2d round.—Alternately t. t. o. (thread thrown over), 1 k. (knit plain). 3d round.—All knit plain. On each t. t. o. work 1 st. All rounds denoted by odd numbers are knit plain, and will not be referred to further. 4th round.—Alternately t. t. o., 2 k. 6th round.—Alternately t. t. o., 3 k. 8th round.—∗ T. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 3 k.; repeat from ∗. This repetition takes place in each round beginning with ∗, and will, therefore, not be mentioned again. 10th round.—Always alternately t. t. o., 3 k. 12th round.—Always alternately t. t. o., 4 k. 14th round.—Always alternately t. t. o., 5 k. 16th round.—Always alternately t. t. o., 6 k. 18th round.—∗ T. t. o., 2 k., k. 2 together (knit 2 st. together), t. t. o., 3 k. 20th round.—Always alternately t. t. o., 8 k. The 24th, 28th, 32d, 36th, 40th, 44th, and 48th rounds like the 20th round, but increase the stitches knit plain always by 2 st. at each repetition from ∗ in each of the rounds named. 22d round.—∗ T. t. o., 2 k., twice alternately k. 2 together, t. t. o., then 3 k. The 26th, 30th, 34th, 38th, 42d, and 46th rounds like the 22d round, but increase the number of holes in each of the rounds named at each repetition from ∗ by 1 hole. 50th round.—∗ T. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 2 k., eight times alternately k. 2 together, t. t. o., then k. 2 together, 2 k. 52d round.—∗ T. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 21 k. The 56th, 60th, 64th, 68th, 72d, 76th, and 80th rounds like the 52d round, but in each of the rounds named increase the smaller number of st. knit plain in connection by 4 st. at each repetition from ∗, and diminish the larger number of st. knit plain in connection by 2 st. at each repetition from ∗. 54th round.—∗ T. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., 2 k., seven times alternately k. 2 together, t. t. o., then k. 2 together, 1 k., k. 2 together. The 58th, 62d, 66th, 70th, 74th, and 78th rounds like the 54th round, but in each of the rounds named diminish the number of holes at each repetition from ∗ by 1 hole, and increase the st. knit plain in connection by 4 st. at each repetition from ∗. 82d round.—∗ T. t. o., 33 k., t. t. o., 2 k., k. 2 together, 3 k. 84th round.—∗ T. t. o., 35 k., t. t. o., 2 k., k. 2 together, 2 k. 86th round.—∗ T. t. o., 37 k., t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, 2 k. 88th round.—∗ T. t. o., 39 k., t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together, 1 k. 90th round.—∗ T. t. o., 41 k., t. t. o., 1 k., k. 2 together. 92d round.—∗ 43 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together. 94th, 95th, and 96th rounds.—All purled. Now begins the foundation of the net, which is worked in connection with the finished star, and without changing the number of stitches, as follows: 1st round.—Always alternately t. t. o., 3 k., k. 2 together. 2d round.—All knit plain. Repeat these two rounds, always alternately, 21 times; then knit three rounds all purled and three rounds all plain. Then one round of holes as follows: Always alternately t. t. o., k. 2 together, 2 k. Three rounds all knit plain and 3 rounds all purled. Then cast off. Border the outer edge of the net with edging. To do this again take up the st. cast off on the needles, and in the 1st round work on these st. always alternately 1 k. each on the next 2 st., 1 p. (purled), 1 k. on the following st.; the number of st. should be divisible by 9. 2d round.—All knit plain. 3d round,—∗ 2 k., k. 2 together, k. 2 together, 2 k., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o.; repeat from ∗. 4th round.—All knit plain. Repeat these last 2 rounds four times, and then cast off the st. loosely. Run narrow ribbon through the row of holes.

ELECTRICITY FOR CURING TOOTHACHE.

DR. BOUCHAUD, of Paris, strongly recommends the use of electricity in cases of severe toothache, and maintains that not unfrequently a perfect cure will be effected, even where the teeth are greatly decayed. He has seldom failed to secure at least a temporary relief, this frequently lasting for days, and often continuing indefinitely. In numerous instances where alleviation after the first application was of brief duration, the effect became more and more marked, and lasted longer as the treatment was repeated. The method adopted for applying the electricity is to place the positive pole of the current on the cheek opposite the diseased tooth, and the negative upon the antero-lateral portion of the neck; and, to avoid ulcerations, he makes the electrodes very large, and changes their place frequently. He continues the application for about half an hour, although relief is frequently experienced sooner. He uses a battery of about ten elements.

Fig. 1.—CLOTH MANTELET.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]

Cloth Mantelet. Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS mantelet of gray cloth is lined with lustring. The trimming consists of revers of gros grain of the same color, silk fringe, buttons, and cord bands, and a passementerie agrafe, which is set on the triple Watteau fold on the back of the mantelet.

Fig. 2.—CLOTH MANTELET.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. J. G. S.—Make your drap d'été an English walking jacket by pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. VI. Trim with bias repped silk and braid. Use jet or else oxidized silver buttons.

MATTIE.—To have the address of your *Bazar* changed you should send us your present address, and give your new one to which it is to be sent in future.

MRS. E. A.—For variety's sake make your black alpaca with a double-breasted jockey basque like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. VI. Put oxidized silver buttons on it, pipe the edge of the basque, cover the revers with silk, and then pleat a silk ruff inside. Coat sleeves with silk cuff and silver buttons. Apron over-skirt edged with a piped bias band. Put six bias bands on the skirt, crossed by diagonal bands like description in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 40, Vol. VI.

CECIL H.—Why not make sleeveless jackets, or rather basques, of colored silk, and put black coat sleeves in them, to wear with your black skirts? If you prefer pleated blouse-waists, embroider them on each pleat and on the sailor collar, above which you should have a pleated ruff of the silk. Dark blue and plum-color will be more stylish than paler blue or pink.

JAMIE'S MAMMA.—"Three years old" is too young for trowsers. Use the Highland Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. V., with a warm kilt-pleated skirt and jacket. Use plaids, black velveteen, and navy blue flannel for his suits. The sailor blouse with kilt skirts would also be pretty for him.

ALICE.—Cloth like your sample is worn by both men and boys, but you do not say for whom it is intended.

PERSIMMONS.—Trim your skirt alike all around with the box-pleating and bias bands as you describe. Make your black silk by hints given in *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. VI. For a blue tarlatan dress put three puffs down the front breadths, one puff on each breadth, with a ruche between down the seams, and three or four box-pleated flounces behind. Then have an open-front over-skirt also with a ruche on the edge, and a basque covered with lengthwise puffs of tarlatan finished with a ruff at the neck.

DAISY.—Antimony, sometimes supposed to be a preparation of lead, is a distinct metal. That used for darkening the eyes is sold in small pencils at drug stores at from 75 cents to $3 apiece. India ink is better applied with a tiny hair pencil to the eyelashes. Bathe your head with cold tea, and brush your hair vigorously ten minutes every day to prevent it from falling out.

CLERK.—Try a quarter of an ounce of carbonate of ammonia in half a pint of sweet-oil to force the growth of mustache, rubbing the mixture on the skin every day.

A LADY.—It stimulates the growth of hair to clip the ends once a month, no matter whether it is new moon or not. Brushing daily strengthens hair. Your other question will be answered in "Ugly Girl" papers to come.

JENNIE.—No compound will cause hair to curl. It can only fix and stiffen it round the papillotes. Camphor dries the superfluous hair so that it breaks off. Wood ashes are good as a depilatory. Applications of any sort must be often repeated to destroy hair. If correspondents will use a little thought, they can save themselves and us many useless inquiries. All these answers have been given over and over in the "Ugly Girl" papers, and in this column.

E. L.—Bathe your neck in strong camphor every night for six weeks to kill the hair which grows too low.

BERTIE.—The author of "Ugly Girls" is experimenting with depilatories, and will have something to say on the subject again.

DESIRE.—See answer to "A Lady."—Lemon juice will clear the skin in most cases, and is perfectly harmless.

MOTHER.—Taraxacum is safe to take at any time. With the chlorate of potash and rose-water, it removes baby-moth.

MADGIE R.—Taraxacum is sold by all druggists, at 25 cents a box.

V. B.—Wash the egg paste off with warm water.—To prevent the skin from being oily use diluted spirits of ammonia; in such cases it will not render the face too harsh.—Wet the tip of the finger, dip it in powdered nitre, and rub on the freckles, or rub the face with slices of lemon, and let the juice dry in.—Bathe the face and hands with diluted ammonia just before going out, and wipe perfectly dry to prevent chapping.—Do not pull hair out with tweezers (it is apt to grow worse), but touch the roots with a hair pencil dipped in carbolic acid, mixed with thrice as much glycerine. When the skin looks whitish a moment after, wash off, and touch with sweet oil. This repeated will kill the hair.

MYRTILE G.—"Ugly Girl" papers have recipes for the complexion and hair.

NELLIE B.—See answer to "V. B."—Unbolted flour bread, and preparations of crushed wheat or oatmeal grits, are meant by coarse food.

ARDENT ADMIRER.—Bathe your head daily in cold water, to which a spoonful or two of ammonia is added. Brush it ten minutes when dry, and hold your head a few instants in a current of hot air from a register or a baking oven, brushing gently afterward. Dress it with glycerine, to which a little ammonia is added, perfuming with rose or violet extract.

F. O. SANDWICH.—Apply the catarrh lotion inside the nostrils, washing them out twice a day. Dilute a separate preparation of the liquid with hot water, cool, and use as a gargle for the throat.

MRS. BROWN.—A relaxed state of the system, dissipation, want of out-door air and exercise, will cause the flabby appearance you speak of. Bathe your cheeks with weak alum water or dilute ammonia, live out-of-doors, use no bread that is not made of coarse flour, and try a salt-water bath every day.

ELMWOOD.—Try lemon juice, or hot water and oxalic acid, equal parts, for ten days, applying as often as you like. If that does no good, mix one spoonful of chloride of lime in one pint of boiling water; when cool enough to be borne, touch the spot with a sponge dipped in the liquid. The next moment wash off with vinegar and water, and put on sweet-oil, with a few drops (not more than ten to the ounce) of carbolic acid to heal the smart. Try the lighter remedies first. You had better get a physician to apply the chloride.

M. J. M.—Bathing the hair daily with warm water, in which a spoonful of ammonia is put, will sometimes restore the color. Long and frequent brushing, with attention to general health, will revive it.

JULIET.—Wear thick cotton or wool stockings, with a sole of Manilla paper inside the shoe. Take hot foot baths, and dip the feet into cold water the last thing. Do you wear flannel or merino under-clothing next the skin, as you should?

THE FALLING LEAVES betoken approaching winter, when nothing makes a parlor so cheerful or a kitchen so neat as a well-polished stove, and DIXON'S STOVE POLISH will do it in five minutes, without dust or smell. Established Forty-Six Years. Try it. Made only by THE JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.—[*Com.*]

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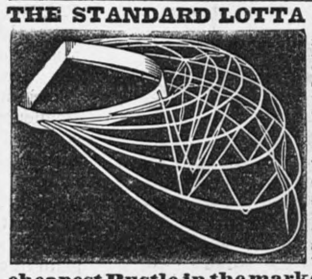
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50 CASH GIFTS	1,000 each	50,000
80 CASH GIFTS	500 each	40,000
100 CASH GIFTS	400 each	40,000
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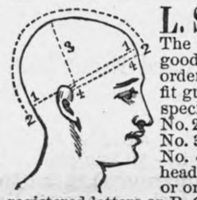
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We are very glad to make Mr. Prime's acquaintance. His book comes to us from across the Atlantic, and with it brings his pleasant talk about running brooks, shady forests, and deep, silent lakes of the Adirondacks, in which abound the "speckled beauties" for which he goes a-fishing. Quite apart from the very keen and sportsmanlike descriptions of sport, we have most thoughtful and picturesque writing, which proves to us that Mr. Prime is a true lover of nature as well as an ardent sportsman. He says, and very truly, that "the man who has lived much in the woods forms a stronger attachment for that life than a man ever forms for any other," and he goes *con amore* into the most vivid pictures of forest life, the writing of which is full of poetry, but which seems to have an underlying tone of sadness all through. "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought;" and so perhaps those chapters which strike some melancholy note in our minds are the most charming in this book, which contains so much that is not only agreeable but instructive, for in it the angler may find many useful hints.—*Vanity Fair*, London.

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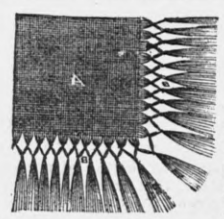

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FACETIÆ.

THE personal appearance of distinguished persons is the first thing the present-day correspondent makes a note of and speaks of in his report. So one of them, the other day, who saw Captain Jack after his capture, remarked that his appearance would have been improved if he had been washed before he had been ironed.

A bore has been neatly described as the man who persists in talking about himself when you wish to talk about yourself.

A woman who recently had her butter seized at the market for short weight gave as a reason that the cow from which the butter was made was subject to a cramp, and that caused the butter to shrink in weight.

A Kansas paper describes a man as being "as sociable as a batch of candidates two weeks before election."

An editor in Kentucky declares there is a boy in that State ten years old who weighs only eleven pounds. Either the statement or the boy is decidedly "too thin."

The concluding words of a Mormon obituary notice at Utah are very pathetic: "He leaves thirteen widows and fifty-four children to mourn his loss."

What Latin poet ought to be sold in a limp binding?—Horatius Flaccus.

A colony of wasps built their nest a few weeks ago in a church offensively near the choir. The sexton being appealed to, he said, "I'll fix the rascals," and proceeded to burn the wasps out. The next day, while gazing at the ruins of the church, the sexton was heard to remark, "I knew I could fix the rascals, but I'm sorry the church went along with 'em incidentally."

A doctor called for his little bill.
"Haven't got any money," replied the man.
"Then give me a chair, or a table, or something."
"Got none; I'm a regular bankrupt. You can put some leeches on me, anyhow, and take something out of me."

A school examiner lately gave a bright-looking boy this sentence to correct, "Between you and I this is good butter." The boy shortly returned the slip, thus marked, "Incorrect: the lamp-post is omitted."

"Among all my boys," said an old man, "I never had but one boy who took after me, and that was my son Aaron, who took after me with a club."

QUESTION OF CONSANGUINITY.—If a man marry a ballet-dancer, may it not be said that all the children she may present him will have a step-mother?

THE REV. C.C. WOULD HAVE HAD A DELIGHTFUL SUMMER, BUT NOTWITHSTANDING HIS PERFECT DISGUISE, THE YOUNGEST CHILDREN KNEW HIM FOR A DIVINE.

THEIR CONDUCT AT LAKE GEORGE WAS 'ORRIBLE MEM. THEY EXPECTED US GENTLEMEN TO GROOM OUR OWN 'ORSES MEM.

THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.—During the hearing of a case at a police court a woman stated that her husband had during their married life "given her one hundred and seven black eyes."

At the examination at a school not far from London, a young tyro in declamation, who had been told by the teacher that he must gesticulate according to the sense, in commencing a piece with "The comet lifts its fiery tail," lifted the tail of his coat to a horizontal position, causing roars of laughter.

"TYPES" OF CIVILIZATION—Printers.

In Connecticut a certain magistrate was called to jail to liberate a worthless debtor.
"Well, John," said the magistrate, on entering, "can you swear that you are not worth twenty dollars, and that you never will be?"
"Why," answered the other, rather chagrined at the question, "I can swear that I am not worth that amount at present."
"Well, well," returned the magistrate, "I can swear the rest, so go along, John."
And the man was sworn and discharged.

A STILL TONGUE SHOWS A WISE HEAD.—All lovers of tranquillity who visit Vienna will certainly shun the Prater.

A girl of the season comments thus on Mormonism: "How absurd! four or five wives to one man, when the fact is, each woman in these times ought to have four or five husbands. It would take about that number to support me decently."

An inscription on a mural tablet recently put up in a rural church is amusing. It ends:

"He was neglected by his doctor;
Treated cruel by his nurse.
His brother robbed his widow:
That makes the matter worse."

Must a doctor have a license to amputate a game leg?

"The time will come," says a veteran observer, "when a town will be of small account unless it can have an earthquake, a ghost, an old woman one hundred years of age, a terrific conflagration, and a railway accident of considerable magnitude."

GOOD FOR TRADE.—'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the like is true concerning hail, of which recent storms in some districts have much profited the glaziers. A certain gentleman in their line of business is an amateur of classical music. He never omits going, whenever he can, to hear Handel's oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*, because, in the performance of that sublime composition, he always feels so highly transported with the Hailstone Chorus.

A lunatic writes to ask whether, when a door is not a door, but a jar, the door jam is kept in the said jar.

A lad with a very good appetite swallowed a small leaden bullet. His friends were very much alarmed about it. The doctor was found, heard the dismal tale, and with as much unconcern as he would manifest in a case of common headache, wrote the following laconic note to the lad's father: "Don't alarm yourself. If, after three weeks, the bullet is not removed, give the boy a charge of powder. Yours, etc. P.S.—Don't shoot the boy at any body."

When is the wind barmy? Don't say when it is in the y-east.

It is customary in trade to abbreviate by initials, as "F.O.B.," which means goods will be shipped free on board. So "C.O.D." has been accepted for cash on delivery. A mercantile man sent an order to a tradesman for his wedding cards, putting the usual "C.O.D." in the corner. The initials were not understood. Fancy the feelings of himself and of her who was to be "his very own," on receiving the cards at the latest possible moment with the letters "C.O.D." in the corner of every one of them!

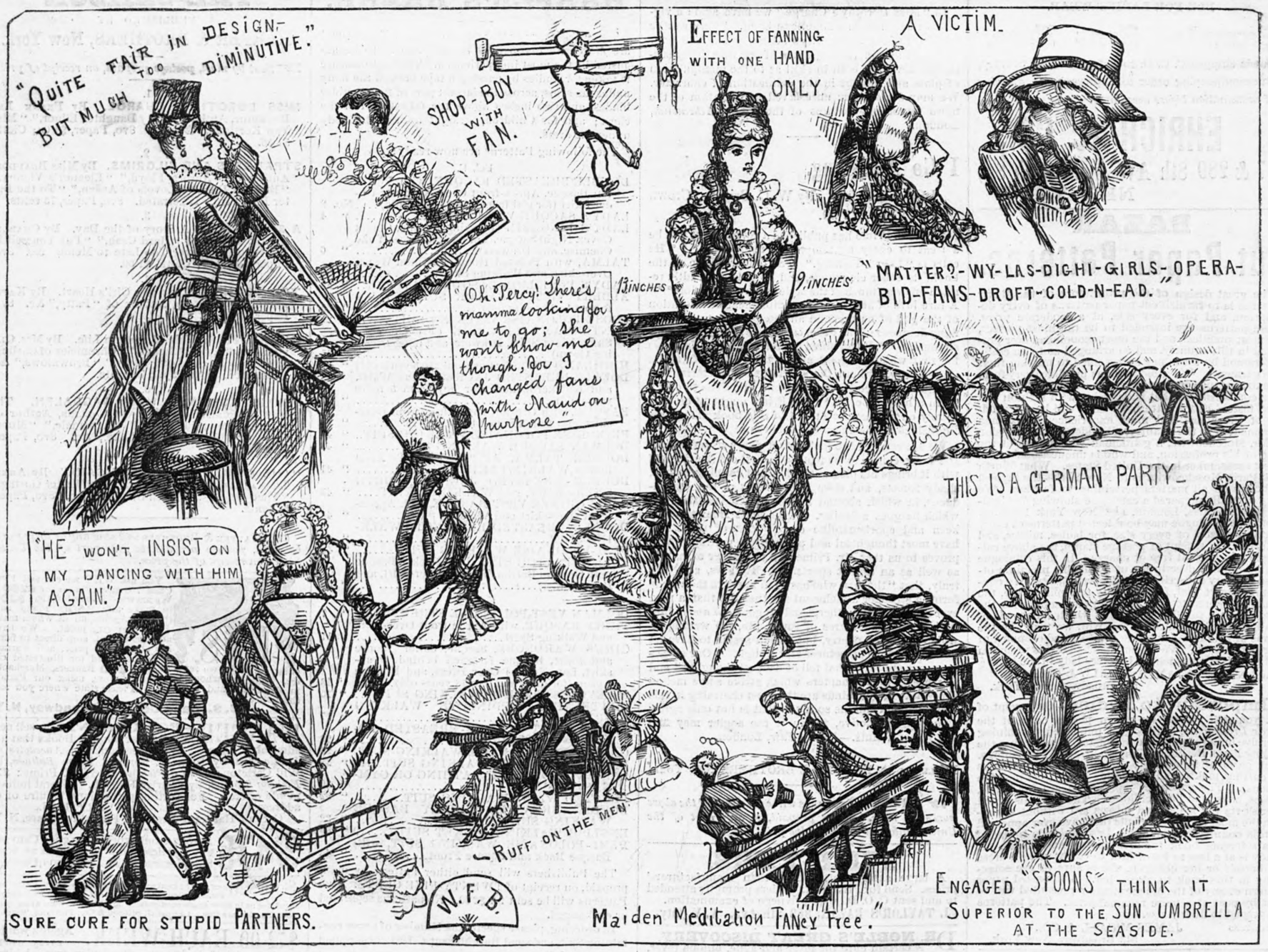
When is a man tied to time?—When he marries a second.

TO WHIST PLAYERS.—Should a chimney-sweep trump his partner's trick when he can not follow soot?

Some of the New Hampshire papers report that an unusual number of people climbed the White Mountains last summer to get a view of the cows pasturing in the meadows below.

The belle who originated the Grecian bend is stopping at Saratoga. Remorse is painted on her once cheerful countenance. She says, though she bent so much, she never arrived at a satisfactory beau.

It is said that a sure way to win success in society is to talk to the young ladies, and listen attentively when the old ones talk to you.



THE FAN OF THE PERIOD.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 43.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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DEMI-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT, WITH BASQUE BACK AND SQUARE FRONTS—BACK AND FRONT—WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

[Cut Paper Patterns of the Demi-Polonaise Walking Suit, with Basque Back and Square Fronts, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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TO MY WIFE.

AH! say'st thou, love, that I have changed,
And that my moods are sad or worse?
My darling thinks I am estranged,
And even calls my ways perverse.
Ah, no, thy fancy wild hath ranged,
And in its travel found a curse.

When first I loved thee, all absorbed,
I knew no life unfilled by thee;
In thee my being was full-orbed,
And bound, as strong shore binds the sea;
My thought, my feeling, all absorbed,
My heart, my soul, were only thee.

Dear love, we were sweet spendthrifts then
Of hours that ne'er will greet us more:
Oh, blame me not as cold, if when
In daily battle's deafening roar
With all my struggling fellow-men
I do not live them o'er and o'er.

I show my love now in my work,
Which, all for thee, is what you see
Lays on my brow its shadow murk,
And leaves me scarce a moment free;
Yet in each fibre strained will lurk
The pulses that still beat for thee.

So patient bear my absent look,
Nor quarrel with my silence deep,
Nor jealous fight my student book,
Nor blame me if I drop to sleep;
'Tis not neglect that thou must brook,
But that I now must harvest reap.

I thrust my sickle in the grain
Where years ago I sowed and plowed;
My granaries harvest shall contain,
And then I'll leave the rushing crowd
Before dull care or daily strain
Hath all my strength and courage cowed.

Bear with me, love, and meanwhile be
Content to lift thy woman's load;
The faces gathered at thy knee
Will cheer thee on thy lonely road,
And by-and-by we both shall see
That our two lives together flowed.

Demi-Polonaise Walking Suit, with Basque Back and Square Fronts, Figs. 1 and 2.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

See illustration on first page.

THIS stylish and popular suit, which is copied from one just imported from Paris by Messrs. Lord & Taylor, is well suited for either house or street dress, and may be made of any material —silk or woolen. The original is of black silk, in which material it is particularly handsome, and is trimmed with side pleatings of the material, arranged as shown by the illustration.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS suit comprises two articles—demi-polonaise with basque back and square fronts, and walking skirt.

DEMI-POLONAISE, WITH BASQUE BACK AND SQUARE FRONTS.—This pattern is in five pieces —front, side back, back, sleeve, and pocket. The front is high in the neck, and closes to the waist line with buttons and button-holes. It is fitted by a cross basque seam and two darts on each side. The skirt part is long and straight, and is held together in the back by a sash on each side twelve inches from the top. The sash is ten inches wide and a yard and a half long. One end is laid in three side pleats, and tacked on the under side of the side form at the waist line near the under arm seam. Three pleats are laid twelve inches from the top of the sash, and fastened at the single hole in the back edge of the skirt part; the sash is then tied in a knot or loose loops with long flowing ends. The back is in basque form, and is adjusted to the figure by side forms and a middle seam. An extra width is cut on each seam at the waist line, and laid in a deep box-pleat on the under side, which forms a full box-pleat on each side of the centre on the upper side. The seam is to be left open to the notch at the lower edge of the postilion, to meet the sash in the back. The coat sleeve is sewed plain in the armhole. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the back of the armhole, holding the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. The garment is trimmed across the bottom, up the front, and around the neck with a fine side pleating of the material three inches in width, headed by a shell trimming of the same. The shell is carried up the back edge of the front to the waist line, and also around the edge of the postilion and pockets. The perforations show where to baste the seams under the arms and on the shoulders, to take up the cross basque seam and darts, where to place the trimming on the waist, to place the pockets, to fasten the sash, and the size and form of the under part of the sleeve. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the shoulder and under arm seams, and a quarter of an inch for all others. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back the hem in front. Put the pattern together by the notches.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for a medium-sized person, 5½ yards.

Extra for trimming, 3 yards.

WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front gore, two side gores, and straight breadth for the back. Cut the front gore and back breadth with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Cut two pieces each of the patterns given for the side gores. Put the pattern together by the notches, paying no attention to the grain of the paper.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 7 yards.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

☞ A Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY contains more reading matter than an average octavo volume. The most popular authors of England and America write constantly for the WEEKLY; and as a journal of choice reading, combined with pictorial embellishments of the very highest order, it leaves every competitor in the distance.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1873.

☞ With the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for October 18 was sent out gratuitously an interesting

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing further installments of "PHINEAS REDUX" and the "PARISIANS;" an illustrated account of the recent explorations in the Land of Moab; and other attractive features.

Another EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT will be sent out gratuitously with the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for October 25.

☞ *We would call the particular attention of our readers to the two powerful Illustrated Serial Stories that are commenced in the present Number of the* BAZAR.

"SECOND-COUSIN SARAH,"

by F. W. ROBINSON, *the popular author of "Little Kate Kirby," "Christie's Faith," etc., is a novel of thrilling interest, which will be read with delight by all the friends of this fascinating novelist.*

"THROUGH FIRE AND WATER,"

by FREDERICK TALBOT, *is a unique and highly dramatic story, the continuation of which can not fail to be followed with eager curiosity.*

"LADY ANNA" *will be continued in the following Number.*

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the new and favorite Demi-Polonaise Walking Suit, with Basque Back and Square Fronts, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 687.

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' Silk, Cashmere, Serge, Alpaca, Vigogne, and Poplin Suits; several different styles of Mantelets, Basques, Jackets, Mantles, and other Fall and Winter Wrappings; Children's Dresses; Lingerie; Fancy-Work, etc., etc.; with choice literary and artistic attractions.*

IDLE WOMEN.

IN the busy world, and especially in this, which is supposed to be the busiest part of it, there is a large class of idlers. Of these the most consummate are women; not that they are naturally lazy, but are so made by the conventional forms and habits of society. Nature evidently designed woman for great activity. Her apprehension is quick, her emotions lively, and her body mobile. If she becomes the languid *odalisque* of the harem, whether of Turk or Christian, she suffers a change to which she is forced to yield by a violence that outrages her nature. She is turned into a morbid product not unlike the famous goose of Strasburg, which is made weak and tender by constraint, and fat by heat and overfeeding. Both, moreover, may be said to be perverted for the same purpose, the woman and goose being alike destined to tickle the palate of luxury.

The traveler who has watched the patient toilers of Europe in their ceaseless efforts to earn a scant subsistence can testify to woman's capacity for work. Of the full day's labor in the field her share is by no means the least. She turns the furrow, guides the ox, fells the tree, digs, roots, sows, and harvests with a vigor and constancy that shame the man's less persistent labor, often rendered intermittent and desultory by frequent intervals of pipe-smoking and beer-drinking. In many parts of Europe the woman not only does her own especial duty of the household, but bears a large share of the labor that is ordinarily regarded as man's particular vocation. Instead of being called his better half, she is fairly entitled to be set down as a good three-fourths of him.

We do not mean to say that it is necessary for an American to go to Europe to find industrious women, but they are certainly more abundant there than here. Necessity occasionally makes woman in our country as elsewhere a hard worker, and there are wives and daughters, especially in the newly settled districts of the United States, whose energies are forced to a higher strain of nerve and muscle than the most severely tasked drudge of Europe. The bias of woman, however, every where with us is toward indolence. She feels that she is not in the enjoyment of her full privileges as an *American lady* until she has securely established her right to do nothing. Her aspiration is not toward a wider and more elevated scope of labor, which would be desirable and praiseworthy, but the fancied gentility of a fashionable idler.

We are far from wishing to restrict the natural ambition of women with the means of rising, whether innate or accidental, to the narrow limits of the cow-yard or kitchen. We are far from preaching the anti-democratic doctrine of once a dairy-maid, always a dairy-maid—once a scullion, always a scullion; but we do insist, with republican consistency, upon the equal obligation of labor. The coarsening effect of the rude work of many European women, the knotty muscularity of the figure, the doltish visage, the hoarse voice, the horny hand, the masculine stride, and the flat, plumping foot may not be pleasant for the idealist of female grace to contemplate. With her health, rude though it may be, and contentment, stupid as some will regard it, the female drudge of Europe, however, might be envied by many a pampered creature of luxury. The pulpy form, the transparent complexion, the dwindled hands and tapering fingers, the pinched feet, the languid gait and simpering expression, may be elements of female grace according to the conventional conception of woman's beauty, but they are purchased at a fearful price. Inactivity of mind and body is an indispensable part of the cost, and we need only allude to the weakness, nervous irritability, and disease which necessarily follow, with a useless life as the inevitable consequence. Worse than this, in fact; for of such poor stuff mothers must be occasionally made, and their self-inflicted misery entailed upon the innocent generation after them.

Among the prosperous classes in our country, among all those, in fact, whose means will admit of it, the prevailing practice is to bring up the girls to no other vocation than that of husband-catching. Finished, as it is called, at school, they are baited with all the varieties of fashionable finery, and kept ready, tender and enticing, for the matrimonial palate by careful avoidance of work and all preoccupation. If they succeed in getting married, they find enough to do, but prove themselves incapable of doing it; if they fail, they pine away in sickly maidenhood, objectless and hopeless, for they have missed their only aim in life. Intense preoccupation with marriage, and the disappointment which so frequently ensues, are the most common causes, as every doctor will admit, of the numerous ailments of lovely, listless, idle women.

FOLLOWING THE FASHIONS.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

HAS any great philosopher, any original thinker, ever said that no man is so wise as all men? If not, I will say it myself rather than it should go unsaid. The fools may be, as LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE affirmed, three out of four in every person's acquaintance; the multitude seems sometimes to go blindly and persistently in the wrong track; nevertheless the average common-sense of the world is immense. The course of the people is wildly zigzag, yet a line following their general direction probably comes nearer the right line of advance than any line which the wisest philosopher could mark out.

Loud and deep are the maledictions uttered upon the fashions. Virtuous women denounce them by the fireside. Virtuous men rail at them from pulpit and printing-press. The extravagance, the bankruptcy, the domestic dissensions, a great part of the misery that mars the beauty and disturbs the peace of society, are laid at the door of fashion. But what is fashion? It is simply the common way of doing things. Things must be done. We all agree to that. The human animal was not sent furred or hairy into the world. It must dress itself. In this climate it must dress itself a good deal. The bear and the beaver have no opportunity of setting or following the fashions. They go in a fore-ordained groove. The duck's neck and the peacock's tail are wonderful specimens of splendor in attire, but neither duck nor peacock has any hand in the matter. To man alone is given the high art of using taste, judgment, genius, in his clothes. And high art it is, in spite of all our denunciations.

Man and his Maker are the formers of all the fashions of the world. Man devises his own dress. The Creator devises the dress of all the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, the fish of the sea. If we are to be taught by example, there need be inherently no limit to variety and splendor of costume. So far as usefulness is concerned, all the birds might just as well be gray. Does a fish taste any better because his scales shimmer like opal in the sunshine? Man may wreak himself on invention, but he can never hope to surpass the splendor of the beetle and the butterfly. Why is the cut of a coat, the tint of a gown, unworthy of the human mind, when the Creator has so clothed the grass of the field which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven? A woman trims her hat, but God made the feather. If the Almighty and All-knowing could find His good pleasure in spreading the blue of the heavens and the green of the meadows—if He enjoyed strewing the earth with blossoms, and filling these autumn woods with every fantasy of color and brilliance—shall we disdain to follow Him with unequal steps, and weave His textures and mingle His hues for the adornment of what He has chosen to be the perfect flower of His world, the crown of His creation, man, little lower than the angels?

Dressing is not a mere whim, arbitrary, superficial, frivolous. Frivolous men and women will develop and display their frivolity in dress as in all other matters; but the fashion of dress is founded on deep principles, shaded by delicate distinctions, fruitful of great results. It is not simply that the sorrow of France drapes all the world in dun; but climate, vigor, nationality, progress, droop the folds or tighten the wraps, blend or blazon the colors. Dress is, indeed, so important, so vital a matter, that it has been thought dangerous for one nationality, though never so superior, to tamper with the costume of another, however inferior. Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF, an outgrowth of the highest civilization of New York, thinks that "*the deleterious habit of wearing clothes* has done much to kill off the Hawaiian people." Our missionaries, good and great men as they were, had not sufficiently studied fashion. They probably thought, as most of us think, that "fashion" is the device of some "scarlet woman"—some emanation from the Evil One that lies in wait to devour—and never considered that in their own black coats and white chokers they were as rigidly following the fashions as the most gayly dressed lady at the midnight ball. They did not consider that "fashion," prescribing its scantiness and simplicity to the Hawaiian, had its foundation in the requirements of soil and climate, or was any thing but barbarian, and to be supplanted at the earliest possible moment by the hat and coat and trowsers, the shoes and bonnet and gown, of New England's rigorous skies.

It is not whether you shall or shall not follow the fashion; it is what fashion and whose fashion shall you follow. It is whether you shall follow unintelligently or intelligently, moderately or extravagantly. Mr. NORDHOFF'S party came across a man at work in very scanty attire. Out of respect to his visitors, the man, after receiving them, slipped into the bush, and re-appeared clad in hat and shirt, confidently believing, no doubt, that he had thus approved himself a cosmopolitan. But in rejecting Hawaiian attire he had not become wholly American, and while the first may have been somewhat startling, the second was ridiculous into the bargain. And when to this you add that the gentle and gracious Hawaiians are dying out at the rate of sixty per cent. in forty years, and partly, at least, under the weight of their clothing and in the heavy shade of their close houses, it is surely time to pause and consider whether fashion, in Hawaii and elsewhere, may not have its own sufficient reasons for being.

"If life and death are the same, why do you not kill yourself?" asked a rash man of a Stoic.

"Because they are the same," replied the Stoic.

Fashion is of no account; why should we follow it?

But if it is of no account we may just as well follow it as frown on it. A woman—and a man too—must be dressed. Why not, then, dress like other people? Why not dress like the people who are alive and will make remarks, rather than like the people who are dead and tell no tales? It is certainly pleasanter to be inconspicuous than conspicuous. We do not begrudge the toga to the Romans, but CICERO himself would not like to dine in it where every one else

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wore his dress-coat. Truth and loyalty are due to the absent; politeness should be paid to the present. A girl should stand up for her grandmother against all comers, but no interpretation of the fifth commandment makes it incumbent upon her to wear the "calash" which sheltered that good lady from the sun during her earthly pilgrimage.

There are follies and whimsies in fashion. There is opportunity for individual taste and choice. Nevertheless, the wisest thing for people in general to do is to follow the fashion that prevails. It is only in exceptional cases that they will obtain a larger result of satisfaction at a less outlay of trouble by setting up their own standard. Dress is too important to be denounced, too significant to be neglected, but too pliable to found a fight on!

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE DEMI-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.

THE demi-polonaise walking suit, illustrated on our first page (of which a cut paper pattern is published), is a fashionable model for black or other dark silk suits, or for those made of the new wool diagonals, cashmere, serge, vigogne, de bège, etc. We commend it to the reader for its stylish simplicity, and also because very little material is required for its construction. The demi-polonaise which forms the over dress has long, straight, square-cornered fronts, drawn toward the back by a sash, while the back has merely a basque, which accounts for its name of half-polonaise. The garment is tight-fitting, short on the shoulders, fits smoothly over the hips, and must hang down the sides without a wrinkle. A single breadth of silk is required for each front, to which a narrow sloping piece, like a gore, is added low down on the back. Of course this piece is cut on (without a seam) in wider goods. The model from which our sketch is taken is made of black silk, trimmed with very small side pleatings headed by shell trimming that shows an inner lining of black velvet. This surrounds the whole garment, extending up the back and also up each front, and around the neck, where it forms a ruff. The front, without a vest, buttons from the throat to the waist, whence it falls open, disclosing the skirt trimming, which consists of rows of pleating with shell heading. The basque back has two hollow box-pleats, and may be simply piped with velvet, or arranged to show a velvet facing inside the pleats. The sash of silk lined with velvet holds the two breadths closely together just below the basque, and is tied in a knot, or else hanging loops, instead of a regular bow. The sleeves are close coat-shape, opening up the outside seam in duchesse fashion. Many of these demi-polonaises have a panier puff of the material set in under the basque, or else taking the place of the basque, and producing a very stylish effect. Blue or rose-colored silk is sometimes used for lining the shell trimming of black silk dresses, while dark silk suits have linings of lighter shades of the same color. The richest trimming for black silk demi-polonaises is a band of solid jet galloon with fringe entirely of jet. Very plain black silk suits have merely a three-inch bias band of the silk or of velvet edging the demi-polonaise, with a double piping fold of silk on the upper edge of the band. A dark gray silk had pleatings of the same headed by a velvet band. A black cashmere demi-polonaise had narrow side pleatings and band of gros grain. The black silk skirt was trimmed with three groups of silk pleating, two rows four inches wide in each group, with a shell cashmere trimming above each cluster. A suit of navy blue serge made in the same way had serge pleatings and band, with a piping of black gros grain each side of the band.

"AT THE OPENINGS."

The large furnishing stores have just had their opening or reception days, where velvets, cashmeres, and thousand-dollar dresses were exhibited and sold as recklessly as though the financial crisis and its results were already forgotten. Many variations of the stately dresses described last week were shown, and the early suggestions of the season were confirmed. For instance, it is a fact that French costumes intended for the street are short enough to escape the ground, and these are already adopted here by promenaders on Fifth Avenue. To lift the skirt or half carry it on the arm is ungraceful and wearisome, and ladies are glad to wear the short, trim French skirt. These are also very narrow, and the gores are sewed into the belt in many cases without the slightest fullness. Another pleasant corroboration is that the garments of last year can easily be remodeled to suit the present fashion of scant polonaises, tight redingotes, and square over-skirts. Even the short basques of the past season may be lengthened into the new styles by joining a square basque at the waist, and concealing the seam beneath the universally worn belt. Coat sleeves can be cut closer-fitting, and modernized by having a pleated frill of silk falling over the hand to match the ruff, and a revers cuff, stiffly lined to keep it in shape, turned upward toward the elbow. Pockets behind on polonaises and redingotes, half hidden among the back drapery, are newer than the square side pockets now worn. The hanging aumônière is also seen in various materials. Those made of black lace and jet are worn with any dress. Tight-fitting double-breasted polonaises and basques are without revers, and are lapped either straight or diagonally, and buttoned from the throat to the edge, two rows of buttons quite close together ornamenting the front. A ruff or else a flaring standing collar of the material then trims the neck. There are very elegant dresses innocent of flounces, having simply folds of velvet around the skirt, yet the majority are still trimmed to excess. French dresses show a decided fancy for row upon row of narrow fine side pleating, cut straight, four inches wide, hemmed on each edge, sewed flatly on the upper side, and held by an under thread in the middle. This is not new, nor to be commended, as it is heavy, requires a great deal of material, and the pressed pleats soon cut and fray the threads, but it promises to be much used. Modistes say it is an easy matter to cut up twelve yards of silk for the pleatings of a single costume. Instead of simple side-pleated ruffs, there are many standing and flaring collars, held in position by a wire, with sometimes a bold triple box-pleat behind. The single revers in front is quite pretty, though it has a most one-sided appearance.

The fancy for jet trimming is revived, and promises to surpass the extravagant use made of it a few years ago. Whole polonaises are so nearly covered with jet that you can not rest a finger-tip on a spot where it is not. These are made of black Sicilienne or of cashmere, and are bought by stylish young women, who provide themselves with three or four skirts of black silk variously trimmed. As usual, black is more universally worn than any one of the dark colors, or than all put together. Three darts are found on many of the French basques. The caprice for smoked pearl buttons of a shade to match the costume, whether it be silk or fine wool, is fast putting oxidized silver buttons out of date; cut steel buttons are also preferred to silver ones. Long-looped bows with buckles are also favorite ornaments.

COSTUMES.

One of the most elegant costumes exhibited is of myrtle green silk and velvet. The silk skirt has no flounces, but merely two velvet folds three inches wide, with two silk cords at the head of each. The velvet over-skirt hangs long, smooth, and narrow in front, curves up high on the sides, is without drapery, hangs plainly behind in two long tabs buttoned together, and is edged with deep fringe. Medicis square basque of velvet with silk sleeves, velvet puff below the elbow, and a silk fraise around the neck. A black silk dress has five straight gathered flounces behind, with narrower ruffles on each flounce. Horizontal folds cover the front breadth. On each side is a square hanging over-skirt breadth edged with jet galloon and lace. The basque has three darts, is simply piped on the edge, and has square revers. To complete these silk costumes for the street are velvet, cashmere, and camel's-hair wraps, in Dolman fashion, with square mantilla fronts and sacque backs. These wraps are laden with jet, embroidery, soutache, and fringe, and cost from $150 to $275.

Costumes partly camel's-hair and partly silk are made up with stylish flat trimmings, and cost from $125 upward. The silk skirts are trimmed with two or three bias bands of camel's-hair piped with silk, and perhaps a single straight silk flounce around the edge. Above this is a round apron-front over-skirt of camel's-hair, trimmed with a three-inch silk band, and the suit is completed by a close-fitting English walking jacket of camel's-hair with silk revers. Vigogne and silk suits made in the same manner have also a tight basque of vigogne with silk sleeves. The smoked pearl buttons on such suits are colored to match admirably. Among less expensive goods are three pieces of the coarse but stylish diagonal wools—namely, over-skirt, English basque with four wide pieces in back, and a sleeveless jacket with stylish buttons, pockets, and standing collar—costing altogether from $35 to $40. When worn over a black silk skirt these make a pretty fall costume. Polonaises of the dark rough-surfaced wool fabrics now in vogue, plainly but stylishly made, cost $25 and upward.

DINNER DRESSES.

Open-worked English embroidery on black silk is the novelty for over dresses above the light silks worn at ceremonious dinners and receptions. For instance, a lavender silk dress has a sleeveless basque and square over-skirt, wrought all over in evelet, open wheel, and compass patterns; the needle-work is exquisite, the pale color shows through the open spaces, and the effect is very fine.

There are also black net polonaises, embroidered all over with jet, to wear with black or with colored silk dresses. One of these has a brocaded sash in rose pink and scarlet, draped low in front, as if outlining an apron; the neck has a standing collar of net, with pink lining. Another has blue gros grain ribbon bows and sash. A white polonaise is of perpendicular strips of gros grain, separated by white camel's-hair insertion, edged with lace to match.

The handsomest black velvet dress shown is a demi-train and basque, trimmed with five lengthwise rows of lace, with solid jet passementerie in the middle; a deep flounce crosses the front breadths, meeting the lengthwise tablier, but the train is not trimmed.

EVENING DRESSES.

Full dress toilettes are composed of very light silks, trimmed with velvet of the darkest shade of that color, with crêpe lisse pleatings, flounces of Valenciennes or of white camel's-hair lace, and garlands of flowers. The skirts are very moderate demi-trains. The over-skirts are of fanciful construction, consisting in greater part of velvet sashes, or else whole breadths of lace. Two basques, one high in the neck and the other low, are usually provided; they are made with merely one seam in the back, and have antique sleeves, plain to the elbow and ruffled below.

Blue or pink tulle embroidered is an elegant novelty for over-skirts of light silks. A lovely dress of palest sky blue silk has dark sapphire velvet accessories in the way of flounces, piping, bows, and ruff, while the long over-skirt and sash are of gossamer tulle, sky blue, wrought all over with shaded blue floss. A shell pink faille is trimmed with side pleatings of pink crêpe lisse. A wide pink faille sash, draped low in apron shape, has a garland of shaded leaves laid upon it, and carried up to the waist behind. An opal-tinted silk has deep side-pleated flounces and an apron edged with dark garnet velvet, on which is a wide Valenciennes flounce to soften the high color. The high basques are for dinner-parties and the opera, the low basques for balls. These low corsages are deeply pointed in the neck, back and front, or else all square and only three-quarters low; the shoulder points are curved in every instance, though the back and fronts are sometimes indelicately low. Pleatings standing like ruffs finish off many of these, and the short sleeves have upturned revers. One of the prettiest dresses is pale buff silk, with eight or nine silk pleated flounces covering the back breadths, while the front has a long square apron of buff crêpe lisse bordered with autumn leaves embroidered in chenille. On a blue silk there are smoked pearl buttons that look like opals, and are almost as expensive. The only over-skirt is a breadth of white camel's-hair lace hanging smoothly on each side. The flounces are caught at the top in small shirred puffs, a fashion much used at present.

EVENING WRAPS.

The wraps for evening parties and the opera are of pale-tinted Sicilienne and cashmere, instead of the white cloaks once so popular. They are in Dolman and sacque shapes, with hoods and standing flaring collar or ruff of silk. For ornament they are trimmed with embroidery, lace, fringe, and swan's-down. Pearl-color, Nile green, rose, and pale blue Sicilienne are trimmed with a border of white embroidery, or else are thickly wrought all over with shaded floss of the color of the material, making a beautiful monotone wrap.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

THE Shah, on returning to the capital of his dominions, was received with great enthusiasm, the whole population turning out to escort him to his palace. He made a little stump speech to them, saying that he had visited foreign countries for the sole purpose of examining what was new and good, and as far as possible introducing whatever he could that would benefit his government and people. He had a good time, and would now settle down to his work.

—Miss BUNKER, a deaf-mute, and daughter of ENG, one of the Siamese Twins, was recently married in North Carolina to Mr. HAYNES, also a mute. On their homeward journey from church the bridal party came very near being drowned while crossing a swollen stream. The bridegroom, who had never swam before, rescued his bride by swimming and carrying her in his arms a distance of several yards to shore.

—JEDEDIAH WEISS, the oldest native resident of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, has just died at the age of seventy-eight. For fifty years he was one of a quartette of trombonists, who, in accordance with Moravian usage, announce the death of members of their denomination by playing chorals from the steeple of the church by way of "passing bell."

—A. K. H. B., the author of that charming book, *The Recreations of a Country Parson*, will publish in a few weeks a new book, entitled *A Scotch Communion Sunday, to which are added certain Discourses from a University City.*

—The reception of Mr. WILKIE COLLINS by the Lotos Club on the evening of the 27th ult. was a very brilliant affair. His speech in answer to the welcome of Mr. President REID was exceedingly felicitous, as, indeed, were all the speeches made during the evening.

—The oldest instructor in young-idea firing in Rhode Island is Miss HANNAH INMAN, who taught school in Providence seventy-five years ago. She is nearly ninety-four, and has taught in many places in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. The salary varied with the schools. Rhode Island commenced by giving her twenty cents a week, but Massachusetts, clearly discerning her ability, advanced the figures to a quarter of a dollar, and so reaped the benefit of her maturer years.

—Miss ABBY WOODLEIGH, daughter of the Rev. T. A. WOODLEIGH, of East Bennington, has been elected to the professorship of chemistry in the Pennsylvania Female College, Pittsburg. Wages $1300.

—It is said of CALEB CUSHING that when he was appointed judge, many years ago, in Massachusetts, he read sixty volumes of Massachusetts Reports in nineteen days, and that his average study and labor for years have been seventeen hours a day. Why not take advantage of the Ten-hour law?

—The Rev. Dr. EDSON, of Lowell, Massachusetts, has just celebrated his eightieth birthday, and within a few months will, if spared, celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his ministry, the fiftieth of his marriage, and the fiftieth of the organization of his parish.

—A Boston man would fain have it believed that were Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON now alive, and in New England, he might say that epizootic spasmodic affections of the nasal organ are not eminently conducive to calligraphic legibility, the perspicuous sphericity of rhetorical sentences, or continuous colloquies uninterrupted by nose-quakes and explosive manifestations of the olfactory arrangements.

—Captain TALBOT, of Plainfield, Connecticut, who died a few days since at the age of one hundred, lacking a few days, was the witness in his day of many remarkable occurrences. He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, during the reign of GEORGE III. Providence was then a straggling sea-port town of four thousand inhabitants. The colony was agitated by the impositions of the mother country, and burning with the ideas of independence. JOSEPH WANTON, who was afterward deposed by the General Assembly for his adherence to the crown, was Governor of the colony. LOUIS XV. reigned in France, FREDERICK the Great in Prussia, and the able and infamous CATHERINE in Russia. The century covered by this life seems, so far as those who have lived the latter part of it can judge, the most important in the records of time. Nearly all the governments of the world have been overturned by revolution, by conquest, or by peaceful changes that have averted by anticipating violent ones. The whole face of civilization has been altered, and science, humanity, and freedom have made advances greater than marked the progress of a thousand years before.

—In Baron STOCKMAR'S memoirs, by his son, a description is given of the curious red-tapery of royal housekeeping by Queen VICTORIA. It is something wonderful. If a pane of glass or the door of a cupboard requires mending, it can not be done without the following process: A requisition is prepared and signed by the Chief Cook, it is then countersigned by the Clerk of the Kitchen, then it is taken to be signed by the Master of the Household, thence it is taken to the Lord Chamberlain's office, where it is authorized, and then laid before the Clerk of the Works under the Office of Woods and Forests, and consequently many a window and cupboard have remained broken for months.

—Mr. HENRI TAINE, so favorably known by his work on English literature, is writing an elaborate history of the French Revolution, which will be mainly founded on an examination of state papers and other contemporary documents which have not been published.

—The most "personal" inscription we have read of in tombstone literature is that on a slab in Pennsylvania, which reads, "In memory of TABITHA, beloved wife of JOSEPH WRIGHT, THOMAS ANDREWS, EBEN HALSTED, EDWARD MURRAY, and CHARLES DEAN, by her devoted husband, CYRUS MORGAN."

—Among the clever impromptu speeches made at the Lotos Club's reception of Mr. WILKIE COLLINS was one by Major-General M'DOWELL, in which he stated the interesting fact that the stories of that distinguished novelist were to be found in the library of every military post throughout the country.

—Miss MARY GRAY RATRAY, of London, recently deceased, left by her will the sum of $100,000, free of duty, to her executors, to be by them divided among such charitable institutions of that city as they may think best.

—"Ik Marvel" is now in his new house at Edgewood, a beautiful spot overlooking New Haven. It is built of stone gathered from the farm itself, which is said to have a gneiss effect.

—Mr. DAVID PRESTON, of Detroit, has seen the results that are sure to follow persistence in a good cause. He has succeeded in raising $60,000 for Albion College, to secure an additional gift, contingently promised, of $50,000. One of the Michigan papers says that he set the example by heading the list with a large donation, and then had all the members of his family give. He talked, gave, and prayed. Scarcely a family in the State but heard his appeal. He had till September 15 to raise the amount. September 9 there were still $6000 to be raised. He did not despair, but worked, and on the 14th he raised the last dollar.

—Ex-President JOHNSON is said to have had $60,000 to his credit, at six per cent. interest, in the First National Bank of Washington at the time of its failure. Should this prove a total failure, the old gentleman will, to use an expression quite common in his own Tennessee, be seriously "disgruntled."

—It is in the mind of Miss THACKERAY, if every thing goes smoothly meanwhile, to come a-visiting the United States next year.

—Dr. LINDEMAN, director of the United States Mint, is doubtless a good man and scientific; but when he expresses the opinion that silver coin may not unlikely be the ordinary circulating medium by the 1st of November next, we are dubious as to his finance. He is said to have issued orders that will insure a coinage of more bullion during the next three months than was ever coined during any similar period in the history of the government.

—We are permitted to mention the occurrence, though not to give the name of the gentleman who stopped in at a Broadway restaurant a few days since, and, asking for a plate of pork and beans, was constrained to open his eyes when he heard the waiter, in loud voice, order, "Brown-stone front for one!"

—Mr. GROTE, the historian, unlike most of the great philosophers and writers, was frank to admit the mistakes of his earlier years. "I have," said he, "outlived three great illusions. The first illusion has been—I always held that if supreme power were held by the people, it would be exercised more righteously than when intrusted to one person or a few. This I have found to be a mistake. 2. I always maintained that Ireland might be made contented and loyal by governing her in the same way as England; therefore I opposed coercion bills and all exceptional legislation in reference to the sister kingdom. But I grieve to say I have now come to a different conclusion. 3. I cherished the persuasion that as people advanced in intelligence and material prosperity they would esteem it a duty to educate their children without state aid. But this I find to be the greatest delusion of all. The rich have done their best to instill into the people the notion that the education of their children belongs to others." Well would it be, and have been, if Mr. MILL and other politicians and philosophers had gone on inquiring, and with so much candor and courage admitted the errors of their youth and immature judgment, after the example of GEORGE GROTE.

—Mr. J. BROWN, an Englishman, has "marched on" to New England with delightful success, having been so fortunate as to find the largest cake of pure gold yet discovered. It weighs 408 ounces, the product of 600 tons of quartz, and the result of six weeks' work. After paying all expenses it gives the possessor a clear profit of $5000.

—It comes from London that the splendid mansion which is now being built at Kensington, near Mr. THACKERAY'S old house, and facing Kensington Gardens, is to become the palace of the Duke of Edinburgh and his bride.

—At the recent Northwestern Indiana M. E. Conference, at South Bend, Bishop SIMPSON introduced to the Conference Mr. SCHUYLER COLFAX, who addressed that body in a very felicitous manner. At its conclusion Bishop SIMPSON remarked, "And we all hope that his future may be more brilliant than his past." "Amen," responded the brethren.

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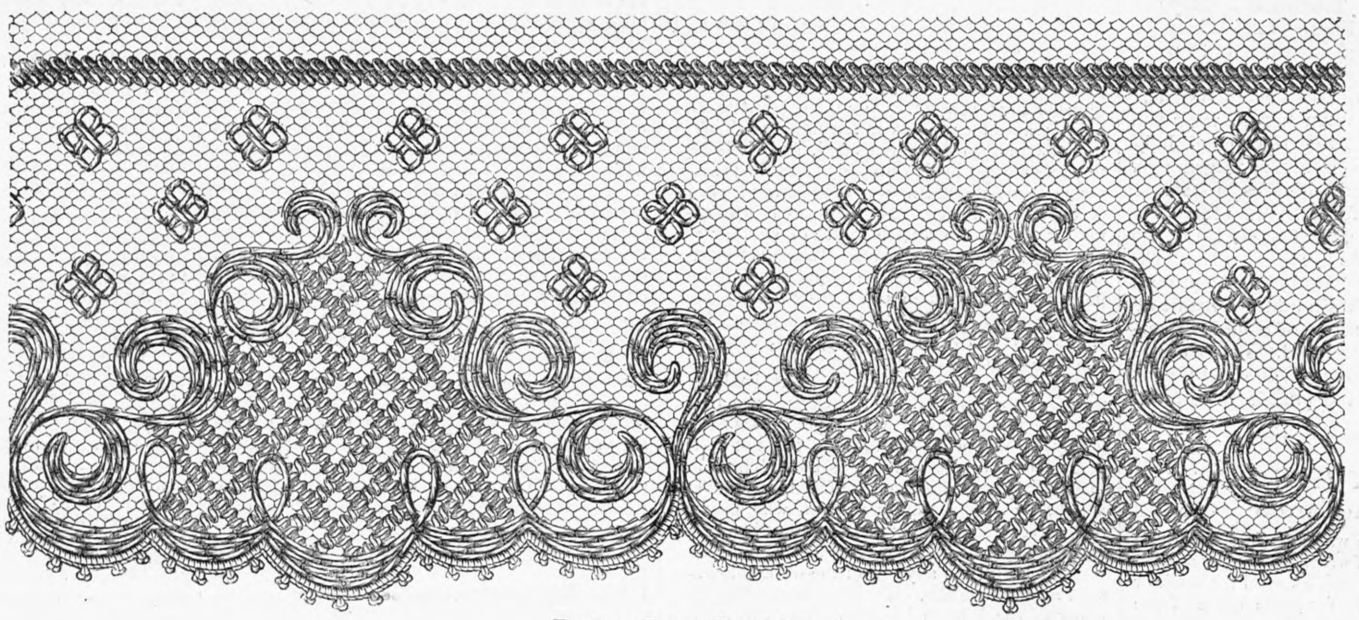
Darned Tulle Border.

THIS border may be worked on white tulle with glazed cotton, or else on black tulle with filling silk. It is suitable for the high fraises so fashionable at present, and for fichus and other lingerie. Having drawn the design on linen, baste on the tulle smoothly, and work the design with the material selected, observing the illustration. Edge the border with buttonhole stitch scallops on the outer edge.



DARNED TULLE BORDER.

Design for Sofa-Pillow.—Petit Point Embroidery on Cloth.

THIS design is worked on gray cloth with blue, red, and yellow zephyr worsted in petit point. Baste a piece of undivided canvas of the requisite size on the cloth, and work the embroidery, observing the illustration. After finishing the embroidery, draw out the threads of the canvas.

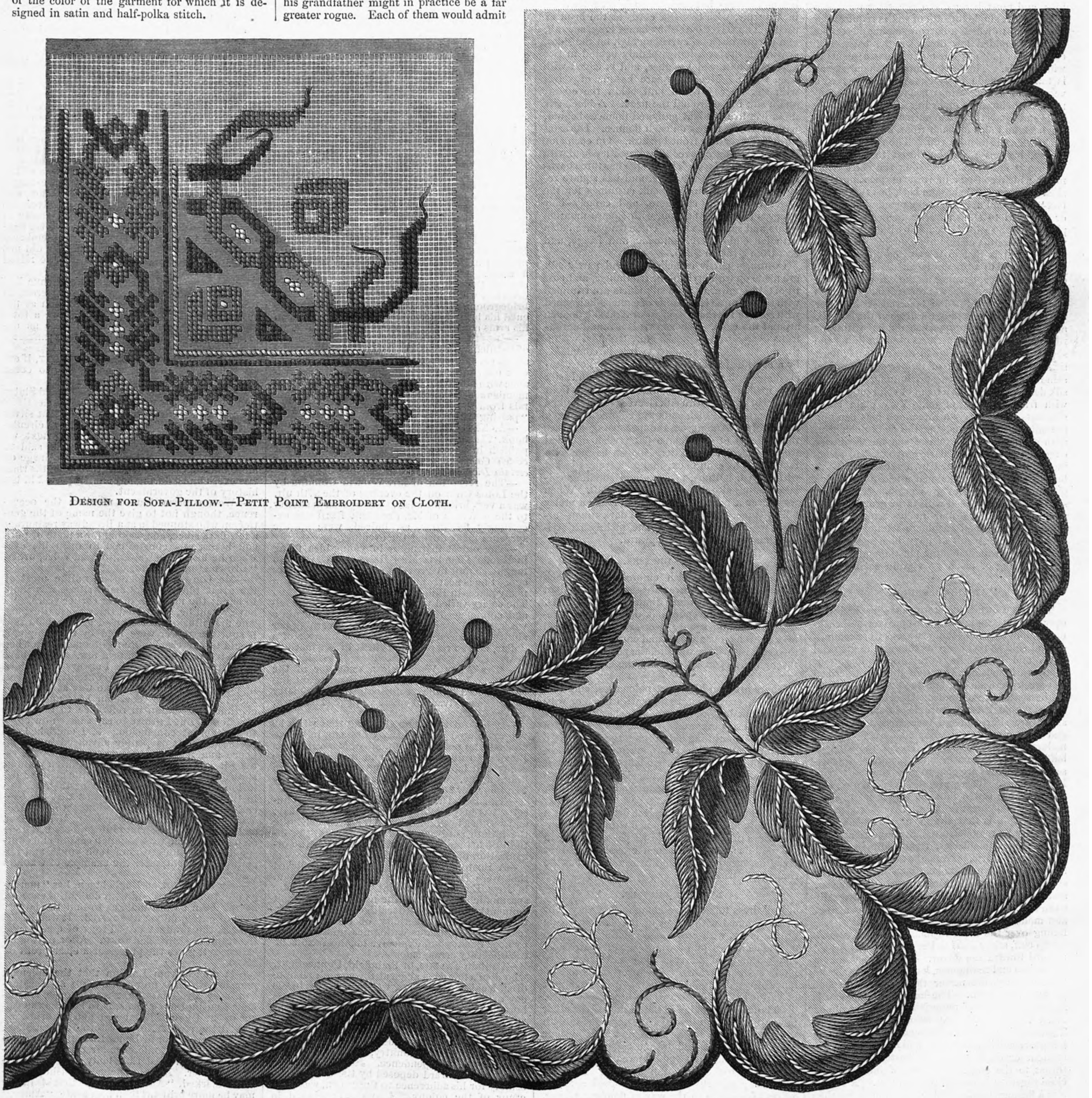
Border for Wrappings, Dresses, etc.

THIS border is designed for trimming dresses, wrappings, etc. It is worked with shaded silk of the color of the garment for which it is designed in satin and half-polka stitch.

COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

WHILE commerce has of late years extended with extraordinary rapidity, the development of a corresponding moral sense has by no means kept pace with it. A shop-keeper at the present day who should keep to the code of his grandfather might in practice be a far greater rogue. Each of them would admit in terms that cheating was wrong; and each of them would in secret put in a saving clause to the effect that to sin really consisted in cheating your next-door neighbor. But then the grandfather lived in a world of next-door neighbors. He was a member of a small society changing very slowly, each of whom had not only a lively interest in his neighbor's honesty, but had the power of constantly keeping an eye upon him. If a dairy-man adulterated his milk, he got a bad character within a little circle, beyond which he had no power of looking, and therefore he was pretty certain of suffering very rapidly for any offenses he might commit. If fate had put it in his power to cheat a man living at the antipodes, he would possibly have felt very little scruple about doing it; but then fate never did put it in his power. On the other hand, his grandson, inheriting the same moral views, has constant relations with the most distant parts of the world, and therefore constant opportunities of cheating people to whom he feels himself bound by no comprehensible tie. He speedily reconciles himself to conduct of which he would see the dishonesty and impolicy if its objects were brought nearer to him. Indeed, it may be said that in some sense the amount of commercial dishonesty is only a measure of the degree in which we can trust each other.

DESIGN FOR SOFA-PILLOW.—PETIT POINT EMBROIDERY ON CLOTH.



EMBROIDERED BORDER FOR WRAPPINGS, DRESSES, ETC.—SATIN AND HALF-POLKA STITCH.—FULL SIZE.

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"THERE IS A YOUTH IN BRINTON DELL,
AND CLARA WINWOOD LOVES HIM WELL."

MARRIAGE MORN.

I.

'Tis May-time, and the marriage morn
Of Clara Winwood, who was born
In yonder cot
That seems to float upon the corn—
Fair May-time and her marriage morn;
Would it were not!
The bridegroom walks with happy stride;
But he has only won her pride.

II.

She tames her love and gives her hand
Because he is a lord of land,
And he can ride
Ten miles and say, "All this is mine;
And what is mine, my love, is thine."
And she can hide
Her soul, and, though her heart be cold,
Put on a smile to get his gold.

III.

There is a youth in Brinton Dell,
And Clara Winwood loves him well;
And he loves her
Unto the very core of truth—
With all the passion of his youth;
And would it were
That he could prove true love and health
Are far beyond the price of wealth!

IV.

Old women tread the church-yard grass
To see the bride and bridegroom pass;
And children play
Round grave-stones where their sisters sleep;
And older children know and weep,
And turn away.
The gossips stand beneath the trees,
And watch and wait in twos and threes.

V.

The belfry shakes, the warm air swells
With merry peals of bridal bells.
Alas, alas!
For Time will teach the bride by stealth
That love is richer far than wealth.
Alas, alas!
The bridegroom who can buy and sell
Shall meet the youth of Brinton Dell!

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER.

A Tale of City Life.

By FREDERICK TALBOT,

Author of "The Winning Hazard," "Jack Pugh's Legacy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, do but think
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th' inconstant billows dancing."

ON the Temple Pier—high water or thereabouts—the tide still hurrying strongly upward in mid-stream, but hanging lazily about the twirls and eddies by the shore; on the Temple Pier—time, Saturday, one hour past noon, and short of the ebb—stands a group of two or three persons apart from the crowd of river-farers who throng the floating platform.

It is a fine breezy day, and there is a rare spring-tide flooding in. Great masses of muddy, effervescing waters twist and roll, seethe and boil, and flash the foaming crests of their brown wavelets under the eye of the yellow-visaged sun; and hurrying upward, too, upon the breast of this impetuous tide, all the fleet of Thamesis share its throb and pulse.

The swart and noisy tug drags a long train of swinging barges at its tail; the high-piled hay-boat from the Medway drives crabwise on its course, as fast as wind and sail and rushing tide and massive sweep can carry it. Hoys and billy-boys are speeding on; gigs and wherries spin like tops upon their upward way. Steamers, too, gay with pennons, crowded with holiday-makers, dash onward on the crest of the grand tidal wave; and the big Gravesend boat, with the black and white diamond funnel, quite a sea-going craft among this crowd of egg-shells, paddles majestically to her moorings. Giving voice, too, with lively brazen tongue, to all this stir and movement, the band of the Royal Middlesex Rifles peals forth a gallant march; and on the deck of the steamer *Citizen K*, now lying alongside the pier, are all the members and friends of the *Daily Mentor* Rowing Club; for this is the great fête-day of the club, and they are all for Putney bound, with favoring wind and tide; and there shall be many races rowed in skiff and gig, in tiny wager-boats and sharp, long-reaching "eight."

The group I mentioned just now consists of a man and woman, respectable people no doubt, but with nothing remarkable about them, and a girl, evidently their daughter. She is remarkable because she is beautiful. The pure and classical contour of her face, her wealth of golden hair, her eyes of steadfast cerulean blue, her firm but ripe and dewy lips, her clear-cut chin, her figure, rounded, shapely, noble, would mark her any where as beautiful.

"Come now, if you're going," cried one of the pier-men, preparing to cast off the gangway.

"Come along, Patty; we can't lose our trip along of your young man," cried the respectable-looking man.

"Oh, one half minute, father; one half minute!" There were distress, disappointment, disenchantment, in the girl's face as she turned away to the boat; and then, all of a sudden, it lightened up into a glow ineffable; her lips parted, her white teeth shone out, her eyes, strained and stretched with watching, rounded with full glowing orbs. This mood, however, lasted for a moment only; and in the next she was the shy, coy maiden, and followed her parents obediently across the narrow gangway into the boat. But it was evident that *he* had come.

This little scene was watched with much interest and some amusement by a middle-aged man, who wore a light alpaca overcoat and straw-colored gloves—a man with a face good-humored if somewhat coarse, keen and intelligent eyes, mouth mobile but sensual, and light flowing beard and mustache. He was evidently an important man with the *Daily Mentor's* boat. The master of the steamer touched his hat to him; the printer's devils—redeemed and cleansed—who formed a little knot by the prow of the boat, nudged each other and whispered, "That's Mr. Bilfil." For Mr. Bilfil was a part proprietor of the *Daily Mentor*, and a great man in many ways.

But Mr. Bilfil frowned a little when he saw a good-looking youth spring from the pier, and, lightly leaping over the side-rails, place himself beside beautiful Patty.

"Oh, we'd quite given you up, Mr. Hulse," said the young lady, in the most indifferent tone she could assume.

"I'm late, am I not? but I couldn't help it. The chief nailed me just as I was starting, and kept me jawing with him for ten minutes. I've had such a run. I'm afraid something will go crack, I'm palpitating so."

"You 'aven't got any thing the matter with your 'art, I hope, Mr. 'Ulse?" said Robinson—he was a compositor in the *Daily Mentor* office—looking round and winking.

Patty tossed her head. It was not in this way such subjects should be approached.

Edward Hulse was a young man of two or three and twenty years, who had served his articles with Messrs. Paston and Brett, solicitors, the former being his uncle, and was now employed by them at a salary as a clerk. His father was old Fleetwood Hulse, the agent of the South of England Drain-pipe and Tile Company, a man who had seen better—that is, more prosperous—days. Edward lived with his father and mother and his sister Lucy in a house by the river-side, belonging to the Drain-pipe Company, lying close to their wharf—the Ebbsfleet wharf and warehouse. He was decidedly superior in social status to the Robinsons. Both they and he felt it, and were uncomfortable in consequence. Patty, by herself, was glorious, delightful; but Patty, with papa and mamma in company, was still beautiful, still charming, but—well, a little flat.

Edward knew that he was doing a very foolish thing in the estimation of all his sensible friends. He had made Patty's acquaintance in an unorthodox way, helping her over a crossing one day in the City; and fascinated by her beauty, he had improved his opportunities, and there was no doubt—Patty had no doubt—that he was very much in love with her. But each had felt it to be a crucial test when she invited him to join them on this excursion up the river. To appear as Patty's lover before her father and mother was quite a different thing from those delightful surreptitious walks, when he would lie in wait for her as she returned to her home in Trinity Square, and would take one or two delightful turns with her round the Tower Gardens. There, was mystery, romance; here, plain prosaic matter of fact. It was a serious thing, this trip on the river, to Master Edward. It meant making up his mind; it meant being asked as to his "intentions;" it meant making a plunge downward in the social scale; it meant owning for *beaux-parents* a somewhat vulgar printer and his wife, who let lodgings in Trinity Square, Tower Hill. Now he was a prudent youth, and very much of a Philistine, and was in the habit of looking ahead; and he didn't like all this. But he was fascinated and inthralled by Patty, and he could do no less.

Nevertheless, when Robinson *père* asked him about his "'art," he shuddered.

But Patty was a girl of tact and nerve, and was quite alive to the difficulties of the position. She neatly brought her father into contact with Parkins, who always engaged him in a political discussion, and, after placing her mamma in a comfortable seat near the boiler, led her lover to the fore part of the boat.

"Let us go into the stern, Patty; there is no-

"OH, JOHN, HOW YOU FRIGHTENED ME!"

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body there, and we can have a capital talk there. I hate being in a crowd."

Now, although there was not any regulation on the subject, yet it was well understood that the after part of the boat was reserved for the proprietors of the *Daily Mentor*, their friends, and any of the superior staff who might care to join the party. Consequently Patty hesitated when Edward asked her to go aft with him.

"I don't think it would be liked," she said; "I don't think we have any business there."

A quick look of impatience crossed Edward's face. Again he knew himself in a false position, again felt the gall of social prejudice.

"You won't mind staying with me a little while," said Patty, looking at him meekly. "When we get to Putney you can go ashore and see your fine friends, and leave poor me to myself."

"I'll stay with you any where, always," whispered Edward, fervently, in her ear, ashamed of himself for his short fit of ill temper. But his equanimity was more sorely tried when, shortly afterward, the burly Mr. Bilfil pushed his way to where they were standing.

"Why, Patty," he said, "you're getting prettier and prettier every day."

Patty was pleased with the notice and flattery of Mr. Bilfil. He was to her a prince, the great man of her little world.

"And you've got your sweetheart too, I see. Silly girl, silly girl! if you only knew when you are well off!"

Edward grew hot and furious, and yet didn't know how to resent this tone of superiority. Heroics were out of place; still, to be sat upon by this fat, straw-colored man was unendurable. Just then they touched Waterloo Pier.

"Has the *George Peabody* gone up?" shouted a man who had just rushed on to the pier.

"Ain't seen 'im; I'd a 'ooked 'im if I 'ad," cried one of the pier-men, who was prodding with his boat-hook at a bundle of brown paper which was circling in an eddy at the pier-side.

"Yes, she's gone," shouted another.

"They shouldn't call boats by masculine names," remarked Mr. Bilfil; "one gets confused in one's genders. Hullo, Markwood, what brings you here?—you ain't a *Mentor* man?"

Markwood was the man who had been inquiring for the *George Peabody*, and who, finding he, or she, had passed, had leaped on board *Citizen K*, the *Mentor* boat.

"No, captain," cried Markwood, "I've got a little bit of respectability left about me, thank goodness; but I don't mind being seen in your company as far as Putney. I want to see a youngster of mine pull in the London eight.—Hullo, Ned," he said, "*you* here!"

Markwood was a man whom every body liked. He was a confidential clerk to Messrs. Paston and Brett, and knew as much of law as a Thames waterman, but he was up to every thing else. Did you want a bull-pup or a seat in Parliament, Markwood would introduce you to the man who would provide you with either. He knew all about the crews for the next boat-race, could tell you their weights to an ounce, their styles and capabilities. He would put you on to a good outsider for the Derby; he could tell you about the picture M. was painting, or the book that N. was writing. Always doing a good turn for somebody, he had always time to do another good turn for somebody else. A genial companion over pipes and grog, a tender, capable friend by a sick-bed, there was no one who had known John Markwood who hadn't felt the better for him, who didn't keep a kindly memory of him in his heart. Ned Hulse had been a great pet of his; and when he saw him philandering with a pretty girl, an honest girl too, though not of his own standing, he looked grave and pained. He called Edward to one side, and they thus left Patty under the care of Mr. Bilfil.

"Look here, Ned," he whispered; "is that a girl you could introduce to your sister Lucy—as your future wife? Tell me yes honestly, and I've not another word to say except wishing you well."

"But it isn't a question of future wife," said Ned, pettishly.

"Then it ought to be. You can't go about with a girl like that without compromising yourself and her. You ain't a swell, you know, Ned, who can flare away making fools of any body you please; and if you *were* such a d——d rogue," said Markwood, "by Jupiter, I'd disown you!"

"Do you think," muttered Edward, "that I'd do any wrong to the girl? There, look at her, Markwood; isn't she a dear creature?"

She had turned round to look after her truant lover; she had tired of Bilfil, his persiflage, his wit; she had cut short some of his innuendoes, but she couldn't quarrel with the man—he was her father's master. So she looked imploringly round to Edward, and he couldn't choose but answer the summons.

Markwood's face puckered up into wrinkles, and then he smiled through his eyes.

"The old story," he said to himself. "They *will* do it."

CHAPTER II.

"Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet."

THE late Gilbert Paston, of Brimover Gardens, Kensington, formerly of Ebbsfleet, City, and 675 Borough, merchant and general contractor, was the son of a Kentish grazier holding large tracts of land in Romney Marsh, who added to his profits by dealing in corn and hops. This grazier had three sons, of whom Gilbert was the second born. The eldest succeeded to the land; the youngest, Tom, was placed with a solicitor in Canterbury, whence in due time he migrated to London, and founded the respectable firm of Paston and Brett. Gilbert took to the corn-and-hop trade. An unacknowledged but lucrative branch of this business was smuggling. Nearly all the inhabitants of Romney Marsh were at that time more or less engaged in the contraband trade. Gilbert thus acquired early an initiation into all the secrets of that dangerous traffic; and when he afterward increased his ventures, and took a warehouse in the Borough and another in Lower Bridge Street, and became a prosperous London merchant, there were not wanting ill-natured people who said that Paston still retained a considerable interest in "free trade." Gilbert, however, knew well that in such matters boldness was the true prudence. A few years of successful ventures, carried on with all the resources of capital and intimate knowledge of the forces opposed to him, gave him a considerable fortune, with which he wisely retired, and devoted the rest of his life to securing and increasing his hoard by judicious investments. He was a penurious man, who lived, nevertheless, in a good house and kept good company. He was always ready with a liberal donation for a church or a school, and his name was on the committees of management of most of the hospitals and charities of London. On his relatives he never spent a copper. His eldest brother, who had lived a profuse life as a man enjoying a safe and sufficient income, had been ruined by free trade, or possibly free living, and a fall in prices. A small fund was raised to support him; Gilbert would not contribute a penny. Later on, however, when his brother died, and left a daughter, Margaret, completely unprovided for, Gilbert so far broke through his principles as to take her into his home as housekeeper. As she received no wages, however, and earned her clothes by giving morning lessons in music in the neighborhood, the arrangement was not an unprofitable one for Gilbert. Still he grudged her small expenses of living, and was terrified at the thought that he would have to provide for her at his death.

In Gilbert Paston that peculiar outcome of the love of life which urges men to perpetuate their names in the most lasting way their wits can devise, so that they may not altogether die out, but still leave their dead hands outstretched over the living world, had become paramount. This not unnatural desire had so strongly ingrained itself into his nature that he looked upon any expenditure which detracted from his darling schemes as so much waste. He was determined that he would live to future ages as Gilbert Paston the philanthropist. By a strange sarcasm of Fate he has alone been remembered as Paston the miser.

Gilbert Paston's house in Kensington was the not infrequent resort of literary men and artists. He had some capital specimens of the Dutch masters. He would buy a picture, too, of the modern school, if he saw good value for his money. He had acquired a sufficient technical knowledge of pictures. He was a shrewd, hard-headed thinker and good talker. To smoke for an hour with old Paston, who at any time after seven o'clock might be found in his library, sitting bolt-upright in a straight-backed chair, smoking a long clay, and sipping weak Schiedam-and-water, was a recognized custom with many littérateurs and artists. After Margaret came the practice increased. Margaret was undeniably good-looking, had an instinctive dramatic talent, while her early bringing up had imbued her with ideas refreshingly naïve and original.

There was a square leaden tank on a slab in one corner of the room which was always full of excellent Knaster tobacco; beside it was a square fat bottle of hollands; and Gilbert Paston still kept up sufficient communication with his old Dutch correspondents to insure the excellence of these two commodities. The tobacco and hollands were free to all comers, but no farther hospitality was ever known to be offered to the guest of Gilbert Paston.

Bilfil, a man well known both to city and newspaper people, was often a visitor at Paston's, and after a time declared himself as Margaret's suitor. He was the confidential adviser of the great discounting firm of Grindrod and Gordon. He was also connected with the *Daily Mentor*, started to represent the interests of commerce, which the great firm had supported by a considerable loan.

Margaret had already had love passages with her cousin, Edward Hulse. But she cast him off without remorse when a serious suitor presented himself.

To Margaret the position she held was so irksome that she was ready to turn a favorable ear to any proposals which would relieve her from it. She didn't stop to consider that in every depth there is still a lower one; that to a young and handsome woman there is a vast balance of hope under the most unfavorable circumstances. She snatched at the first opportunity of escape from her uncle's protection. A union contracted with little feeling on either side, and little knowledge of mutual character, could only accidentally be a happy one. The lucky accident did not occur. Margaret was forced to own that, of all bitter bread of dependence, that received from a husband who is indifferent and unkind is the sourest and bitterest crust of all.

Had things turned out as Bilfil intended they should, their married life would have been much more prosperous. He had not ventured on this step without endeavoring to ascertain Paston's views with regard to his niece. And here his own acuteness had deceived him.

"What I have, Mr. Bilfil," Gilbert told him, "I sha'n't part with till I die, but Margaret will have all the money I have to leave among my relations. But don't you build on that; don't sit waiting for my shoes. You and Margaret start in a quiet way; where there's room for one, there's room for two. I sha'n't forget you, depend on it."

But Bilfil had farther grounds for his assurance that Margaret would inherit a considerable portion of her uncle's property. He had called one day on Paston, and had found him closeted with his lawyer; and sitting down to wait till he was disengaged, he saw in Paston's bold characters, written on a scrap of paper:

MEMORANDA FOR THE DISPOSITION OF MY PERSONALTY.

Margaret to have £150,000,
Thomas " 20,000,
Guy " 5,000.

On that hint he spoke. He had been doubtful before; now his course was clear. Gilbert's health was failing; his life could not be a long one. How altered would be Margaret's position if Paston should chance to die before she were firmly bound to him, Bilfil.

They were married quietly, and Bilfil took lodgings for his bride in South Kensington, that she might be near her uncle. Gilbert did not long survive. One day, while he was at the Drain-pipe Company's office—he had a considerable interest in that concern, which had taken a lease of his old warehouse—while he was looking through the books of the company, he had a paralytic seizure, and was carried home insensible. From that time he never recovered the full use of his faculties. He tried hard to speak, but could only give forth strange, uncouth sounds. As life ebbed away he recovered for a while the partial use of one of his hands, and contrived to scrawl upon a slate—Ebbsfleet.

Nothing more. Nobody knew what he meant; and in trouble and anxiety, and unavailing efforts to make himself understood, the rich man passed away. When his will was read it was found that, with the exception of a legacy of five hundred pounds to his niece Margaret, and a hundred to his old servant Mary, all his property was bequeathed to charities, principal among which was St. Margaret's Home for Incurable Idiots, which received £150,000.

Among the disappointed expectants of the old man's bequests, few, after Bilfil, felt their loss more keenly than Fleetwood Hulse, the manager of the Drain-pipe Company. He had married Paston's half-sister; and although there was no friendship between the men, yet Gilbert had obtained for him the appointment he held, and he had always expected that at least the interest which Paston possessed in the company would be left to him. He had for years counted upon these shares as practically his own. His position in the company's service had been favorably affected by the probability that he would eventually become one of its chief proprietors. Bitter was his disappointment, sad the fruits of his unfounded expectations.

CHAPTER III.

"Come on; in this there can be no dismay—
My ships come home a month before the day."

THE old house by the river-side, which was the official residence of the manager of the South of England Drain-pipe and Tile Company—henceforth to be cited for all purposes, as the acts of Parliament say, as the Drain-pipe Company—although not adapted for fashionable entertainments, was still a snug and comfortable residence. The ground-floor was occupied by the offices of the company, and therefore the dining-room took the place of the old drawing-room; so that it was a custom when you dined with the Hulses for the male portion of the guests to retire instead of the ladies, and to betake themselves to a little room higher up, where tobacco was freely smoked. Or on fine summer evenings they would perhaps adjourn to the old warehouse, where a wooden balcony projected over the river some twenty feet above the water at high tide. The Hulses dined always at six, and in a very comfortable way. A bell would be rung half an hour before dinner—a bell which sounded in the yard of the warehouse, and was incidentally useful to the carters and wagoners as reminding them of the approach of the time for knocking off work. Mr. Hulse was somewhat of a tyrant in his own house. If by six o'clock prompt the whole of his guests had not assembled, there would be black looks on his part till the cloth was removed. When, therefore, as on the present occasion, Edward had not returned by the time the dressing-bell rung, his mother and sister were always nervously anxious lest he should be late for dinner. He had been late several times within the last few weeks without being able to give a satisfactory account of himself, and there had been hot words in consequence.

Lucy Hulse, a girl as fair and white as a snow-drop, whose clear marble shoulders shone all the clearer and whiter for the contrast of a low black silk dress trimmed with violet—Lucy was standing at the window which looked out into the quiet street. The street was wonderfully quiet, considering that it was in the very heart of the City, and that close by pulsated one of the great arteries of English life. A rumbling dray now and again woke the echoes. Sometimes a random cab bound for some sea-going steamer rattled by, but otherwise no sound broke the stillness.

Lucy Hulse had been reared up within hearing of Bow-bells, in as much quietude and seclusion as a maiden of the remotest country village. Once a year, indeed, she would go to see her aunt, a spinster who lived in lodgings in a little hamlet in Wiltshire, surrounded by great chalk deserts—deserts fruitful, indeed, of swedes and oats, but barren of mankind. Here, in a little thatched cottage covered with clematis and honeysuckle, would Lucy endure her annual penitential "change of air." Sometimes, but very rarely of late, her brother Edward would take her from the "Old Swan" Pier up or down the river, but for these excursions she didn't care much. She shrank from the loud noise of a crowd, and was always glad to return to the quiet shades of Lower Bridge Street. She had a wonderful garden there upon the leads looking over the yard, a dove-cote hard by, and chickens down in a little house penned off from the stable. These last were white Dorkings, and she was very proud of her massive-toed pets, who picked and pecked among the pipes and tiles, and came in for many a stray handful of oats from the carters. Up to the last year or two Edward had kept rabbits in the yard, but he had given that up since he had passed his examination and become a full-fledged solicitor, and the only survivor of the flock was a beautiful white doe, which ambled about the yard, and popped in and out of the drain-pipes as she willed.

Lucy Hulse was a regular and devout attendant at the quiet City church of St. Saveall's, where she had an aisle all to herself, and did most of the responses. Fleetwood Hulse rarely went out. Sometimes he would go and see his friend Simball, the clerk of the Fishmeters' Company; but for the most part, when not in his office, he would spend long hours reclining in his easy-chair, with his yellow bandanna over his face, possibly thinking of the better days, either past or to come. He was always kind to Lucy, who loved him very much; but he was a stern disciplinarian with his son, who, nevertheless, had a great respect and affection for the "governor."

Lucy Hulse, her head laid close against the window, was looking sideways up the street, hoping every moment to see her brother. Her father came in and cast a critical glance at the dinner-table, busying himself in decanting some wine.

"Has Edward come in?"

"No, papa; but he won't be long, I think."

"Long indeed! It was only yesterday I told him I would have him in the house before the bell rung. He shall have no dinner at my table."

"Papa, perhaps he's detained on business."

"Fiddle-sticks! With proper arrangement no man need be late for dinner, business or no business. Did you ever know *me* late for dinner?"

"But it's different with you, papa; and you know Edward is *very* good."

"Good! he's no more manners than a pig. I'm ashamed of him for a son of mine; yes, I am, Lucy, ashamed! He shall dine in the kitchen if he's not home before the clock strikes the quarter; yes, I say he shall!"

Hulse went off mumbling and grumbling. Lucy renewed her watch, pressing her head closer and closer against the pane the faster the moments flew. At last the big old clock in the yard gave a sort of premonitory choke, as a signal he meant striking.

"Oh!" said Lucy, with a cry of vexation.

"Boh!" said a voice behind, the owner of which caught her in his arms as she started back.

"Oh, John, how you frightened me!"

"Then I'll give you a kiss to re-assure you. By Jove, how nice you look! that dress suits you wonderfully, Lucy."

John was a dark thickset man, with a square good-humored face, bright eyes deeply set, black crisply curling hair. You would have known him as a clergyman by his garb, as a Welshman by his accent, and as Lucy's lover probably by his way of going on.

He was, indeed, the curate of St. Saveall's Church—the curate in charge. He was the son of Archdeacon Jones, of Pumptrisaint, of a younger branch of the Joneses of Tyglas, which branch is supposed to be of the very best and most *recherché* blood of all the Joneses.

Till nineteen Lucy Hulse had lived on her life without a lover, if you except the office-boy for the time, who was changed so often that he hadn't any time to make an impression upon her heart. She knew that men existed, for she saw them in the streets and on the tops of omnibuses. Otherwise she was as ignorant of the world of mankind as Miranda on her father's solitary and enchanted island.

Then in the most surprising manner this lover, this hero, this demi-god, appeared upon the scene. He had made a pastoral call, having found out from the verger the address of the fair young girl who attended so regularly on his ministrations. He had come again and again, and at last had proposed to marry Lucy, and she had with much trepidation consented, so that he was now on the familiar footing of a lover. And thus it was that, finding herself in his arms, Lucy did not scream or faint, but accepted his warm salute with as little demur as could be expected from so pure and sweet a maid.

Every body thought that Lucy was a very lucky girl to have secured such an eligible sweetheart, for the man was of good connections and prospects. The living of Pumptrisaint, worth a good five hundred a year, with only fifty parishioners, and one of the best trout streams in Wales in its bounds, was in his godfather's gift, and the present incumbent was eighty-five years old.

"Ned not home yet? Oh, what a shocking fellow! Who's coming to-night?"

"Only old Mr. Simball, and Mr. Evan Pugh, of the United Bank."

"What, is Evan coming? Dear, I'm glad of that."

"Yes, only, John—"

"Well?"

"You're not to talk Welsh. Poor Mr. Simball nearly had a fit that day you burst out with all that Welsh. 'Vocal fire-works,' he called it afterward."

"Fire-works, indeed!" said John. "He'd better not let Evan hear him."

"Is Evan so very formidable, then?"

"I should think so; he comes of a fighting family, does Evan. As a rule we are wonderfully peaceable folks, but here and there you meet with a fighting family, and the Pughs of Tredol were always famous for it."

"But he wouldn't hurt poor old Simball, that meek quiet old man?"

"No. Not him, but his son perhaps, or his

Hosted by Google

nephew, eh? Evan would never rest till he'd found out somebody belonging to him who could fight, and then he'd go into him. But he's one of the best-hearted fellows under the sun, is Evan Pugh; yes, indeed."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOST HOURS.

I WEEN the vigil that I keep
Is a sad and a solemn thing,
Where the chill October breezes sweep,
And the ferns lie withering.
For I pass the years in long review,
The years I have trifled past,
The years when life was bright and new:
Ah, what have they brought at last?
And I cry, as I look at my drooping flowers,
My baffled hopes, and my failing powers,
"Oh, my lost, lost hours!"

What a harvest might have been garnered in,
When the golden grain was wasted!
What a nectar of life it was mine to win,
When the draught was barely tasted!
What happy memories might have shone,
Had folly never stained them!
What noble heights to rest upon,
If a steadier foot had gained them!
And I cry, as I sit 'mid my faded flowers,
"Rashness and weakness have fatal dowers.
Oh, my lost, lost hours!"

Too late for battle, too late for fame,
Comes the vision of better life;
With eyes that are smarting with tears of shame
I gaze at the world's hot strife.
The patient love can not pardon now,
Or the proud believing cheer;
Where the white cross gleams and the violets grow
Lie the loved that made life so dear.
Kind Nature renews her perished flowers,
But Death knows nothing of sun or showers.
"Oh, my lost, lost hours!"

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Queen forgotten!—Identification extraordinary!—The Lion and the Sword.

ONE of the most amusing incidents that have ever gladdened "the best circles" has just occurred in the Highlands (where, as a general rule, funny things do not occur), and has been received in this almost depopulated metropolis with little short of rapture. Imagine a huge club-house, its furniture covered with brown holland, its walls draped with brown paper, the echoes of a few footsteps making its emptiness indescribably dreary; half a dozen men compelled to be in town on business (one poor devil collecting "gossip" for the United States). dining in the only chamber not filled by plasterers and decorators, and adjoining a smoking-room one-half of which is a lumber-room—imagine, I say, to men under such circumstances a really good story making its way. A party of shipwrecked starving mariners happening on a turtle is the only thing that can be likened to it. Well, into this smoking-room enters one newly arrived from the North, "in the garb of old Gaul," bonnet, fillibeg, and sporran complete. "So glad to see you, old fellow! you are the first swallow whose return proclaims the *winter*."

"Not a bit of it; I am going back to-morrow morning by the limited mail to the moors. Only I thought I'd just look in to see whether any of you were here, and because I've got something worth hearing to tell you!"

A few quavering cheers here attested our gratitude and small numbers.

"You all know Macpherson, by name at all events; once a page at court, and a great favorite with her Majesty; then in the Guards, where he didn't do quite so well; afterward of nowhere in particular. In point of fact, he has been obliged to *live* in Scotland for the last ten years; drinks whisky in the daytime, and lots of it. Well, Lord Dunronald asked him to his castle the other day, when the Queen came to see the falls, and lunch. In the afternoon she came out of the pavilion and walked about a bit among the company. Macpherson was standing alone, a little 'fou' with his mid-day dram, and up she came to him. 'It is many years since I saw you, Sir, but I never forget old friends. How are you, Mr. Macpherson?'

"'Madam,' said he, holding out his hand, which she took most graciously, 'you are very good. I remember your face quite well—but—I'm very sorry—but if you were to give me a thousand pounds *I can't recollect your name.*'"

Some people in this country flatter themselves that all the "horrors" come from your side of the Atlantic. All the horrid fights, and all the wicked murders, and all the railway smashes, and all the gigantic frauds. This is, however, a delusion. The great excitement in London at present is still the discovery of new fragments of that unhappy woman whom some wretch has murdered, cut up, and thrown into the Thames. Every species of suggestion has been exhausted—one Irish gentleman of our acquaintance thinks it may have been a case of very determined suicide—as to the crime and its perpetrator, and up to yesterday we had come no nearer to the truth than when that dreadful face was first found, *skinned*, so as to prevent recognition. To-day, however, a clew appears to be discovered: such of the limbs, etc., as have been picked up have been carefully sewed together, and from certain marks upon it the body is said to have been identified by three persons. If this be so, and the murderer should be tracked, it will be the most extraordinary exemplification of the proverb "Murder will out" that our criminal annals have as yet afforded. Because upward of thirty persons have applied to see the remains upon the ground that they have missing relatives answering to the published description, it is generally remarked that undiscovered murders must be much more common than is supposed. It must be remembered, however, that a morbid curiosity is always developed in such cases, and it is as likely as not that all these applications are mere false devices to gratify it. Nay, the very brutality of the mode of procedure in this murder evidences the immense difficulty of disposing of a human body in a town. As in the poem of *Eugene Aram*, neither earth nor water will keep the secret, and fire tells it at once, though not to the ear. A favorite cat once died in our house, and remained in it much longer than we wanted it to do through sheer impossibility of disposing of its remains. To throw it into the street was (very properly) to incur a heavy fine; the dust-cart man was forbidden to receive it; the police would not take charge of it; we had nowhere to bury it except by pulling up the kitchen floor; and to burn it was to create a public nuisance. In the end we put it into a sack, and gave a boy a dollar to throw it into the canal. He was seen to do it by a watchman and taken up as a murderer, and the canal was dragged for the corpse. Altogether, what with law expenses, drags, and the fines for spoiling the canal, the burial of that cat cost me a hundred dollars. How, then, can a person of limited means ever get rid of a human body? If the identifiers in the present case are found to be mistaken, the sewed-together fragments are to be *photographed* and published. You may depend on getting a photo.

There are other sensational excitements to be experienced even in these days, which, rather significantly, by-the-bye, are called "the dead season." A lady of my acquaintance, who lives opposite Mrs. Dickens (the novelist's widow), was busy among the plants in her balcony the other morning very early, when suddenly she heard a terrible explosion, and a sheet of flame, along with one of Mrs. Dickens's parlor-maids, burst out of the opposite window. The next moment the front-door blew out, and then the pyrotechnic display was over. The poor maid, who had just come (and very much) from the country, had, it appears, *blown out* the gas upon the previous evening, and in revenge, when she came to light the fire in the morning, the gas blew *her* out, as described above. She is, I am glad to say, likely to recover, in spite of very serious injuries. But imagine the alarm of Mrs. Dickens and the folks above stairs!

The Shah has gone back to his own place at last, where, it is to be hoped, he will remain; but his latest act before leaving Europe was very characteristic. He bestowed his famous order of the Lion and Sword, for which all the great politicians have been diplomatizing, and for the most part in vain—their shoulders being judged unequal for so tremendous an honor—upon a conjurer at Constantinople.

I told you from the first of what sort this little despot was—self-willed, childish, and utterly contemptible, save when cruelty made him loathsome; but the great world would have it that he had large ideas, and had come to Europe to improve his mind. His French jargon being almost unintelligible, and even he himself being aware of it, he was generally silent, and *that*, forsooth, was taken as proof of his sagacity: "he thought the more;" he was gauging the mental powers of all our politicians and philosophers while regarding them with those cold lack-lustre eyes of his. The great Coleridge, if you remember, had the same opinion of some bucolic personage at table, who listened to his eloquence with dumb appreciation until some apple-dumplings were placed before him, when he exclaimed, with rapture, "Ah, *them's* the jockeys for me!" Street conjurers are evidently the "jockeys" for his Majesty of Persia, and our European politicians have shown themselves "no conjurers" in not having discovered the fact.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

CURIOSITIES OF LUNACY.

THERE are cases where blows on the head have benefited the brain, and produced extraordinary changes for the better. Mabillon was almost an idiot till, at the age of twenty-six, he fell down a stone staircase, fractured his skull, and was trepanned. From that moment he became a genius. Doctor Prichard mentions a case of three brothers who were all nearly idiots. One of them was injured on the head, and from that time he brightened up, and is now a successful barrister. Wallenstein, too, they say, was a mere fool till he fell out of a window, and awoke with enlarged capabilities. A patient in an asylum was the victim of many delusions. He was paying off the national debt, going into partnership with Baron Rothschild, and forming a lodge of female Freemasons. One day an epileptic patient, irritated at being perpetually asked to buy imaginary shares, gave him a tremendous blow on the bridge of the nose. From that time he improved rapidly, and acknowledged that the blow had had a sobering effect, and had quite knocked the nonsense out of him.

There is no doubt that this was the secret of that cruel old remedy for madness, the circulating swing, mentioned favorably by physicians of the last century. This horrible swing was a small box fixed upon a pivot, and worked by a windlass. The "inflexible" maniac, or the maniac expecting a paroxysm, was firmly strapped in a sitting or recumbent posture. The box was then whirled round at the average velocity of a hundred revolutions a minute, and its beneficial effect was supposed to be heightened by reversing the motion every six or eight minutes, and by stopping it occasionally with a sudden jerk. The results of this swing (which occasionally brought on concussion of the brain) were profound and protracted sleep, intense perspiration, mental exhaustion, and a not unnatural horror of any recurrence to the same remedy, which left a moral impression that acted as a permanent restraint. That the results were often beneficial we have indisputable evidence.

The cases of suspended consciousness after brain injury are well worthy attention. A man who awakes out of sleep is conscious of a lapse of time, and can generally even guess its duration; but the man struck on the brain is often unconscious of any lapse. A man was struck in the street, and was afterward delirious. He was unconscious after the blow for fourteen days. He was then delirious and maniacal for ten weeks. When he became more tranquil they brought him to the asylum in a strait-waistcoat. He soon recovered, but when he became conscious he had clean forgotten the fourteen days' trance, and the ten weeks' delirium and mania. At the battle of the Nile an English captain was struck on the head by a shot, and became unconscious. He was taken home with the wounded, and remained in Greenwich Hospital fifteen months deprived of sense and speech. At the end of that period an operation was performed, and the brain relieved from the pressure. He instantly rose from his bed, and continued the orders to the sailors which had been so abruptly interrupted fifteen months before. Dr. Abercrombie gives an analogous case. A lady was struck with apoplexy while sitting at the whist-table. It was Thursday evening when she fell, and she lay in a stupor all Friday and Saturday. On Sunday she suddenly recovered her consciousness; and her first words were, "What are trumps?" The clock-work had stopped at that point, and now the pendulum again commenced to swing.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HAPPY they whose usual summer flitting from the city was postponed until "autumn's hues had tinged the golden grain!" It may be a blessing to escape midsummer heats intensified by brick walls and stone pavements, and lounge away the sultry days as best we may amidst rural surroundings. But the country in August does not compare in beauty and glory with the country in October. These are not "melancholy days," although the softened air and changing foliage tone down the feelings, and we watch the varying face of nature with subdued emotions and a strange tenderness gathering in our hearts. Do those gorgeous golden leaves foreshadow the dying year? Do those crimson hues gleaming in the sunlight speak of decay? True, a month hence they may be brown and sere, but now the surpassing magnificence of the forest trees glorifies the country landscape. On this bright October morning we are sitting by an open window, looking out upon a beautiful New England village. The soft air steals in gently, laden with autumnal fragrance. The trees which thickly border the streets and cluster around the houses present a picture not only charming to the artist's eye, but attractive even to the most unobservant. Some of the maples are still unchanged, but through their dark green foliage gleam the brilliant red and orange of other trees, which have not a single green leaf remaining. Here and there one single fiery bough peers proudly out amidst surrounding green, like a banner of victory, while crimson, yellow, and green, like mosaic-work thickly mottled, give some grand old trees a wondrous beauty. Every day some marked change is observed; in a few days more, as we have seen it in previous Octobers, the whole village will glitter with golden-leaved trees, the green having wholly disappeared—and the sight is a glorious one. This is the time to gather bright leaves and ferns to press for winter bouquets. Turn away from the village, and go into the wild forest not far off, where one may find a great variety in every gradation of change, and gather freely from the abundance. Autumnal leaves should be pressed quickly after gathering, as they will soon dry and curl; ferns must be pressed immediately, or they lose their delicate beauty. Leaves may be dried by smoothing them with a warm iron, when one has not time or conveniences for pressing in the ordinary way, but the brilliancy is often diminished by the process. Many persons varnish them, but, to our thinking, this gives an unnatural glitter to the surface, which is not pleasing to the eye. Bouquets tastefully arranged from pressed autumn leaves and ferns, with a judicious mingling of dried grasses and grains, are charming ornaments for the house during the winter season, when it is difficult, and often impossible, to procure fresh flowers. It is not enough to put them into the best parlor, which is reserved for company; let their bright presence cheer the common family rooms, where parents and children socially gather from day to day.

Is this true? A recent letter from London says:

"Last year and this several female artists, whose works had been previously rejected, sent their contributions under feigned masculine names, and, in nearly every case, the pictures so sent were accepted, applauded, and well hung for the admiration of the public! A lady of Richmond borrowed the name of a gentleman of her acquaintance, and the pictures supposed to be by him were sold at a very large price; and it was only because of a largely increased demand on the said gentleman for income tax that the ruse had to be confessed."

Do English picture-buyers make so slight inquiry concerning the genuineness of their purchases?

It is rumored that a posthumous work by De Foe, the renowned author of *Robinson Crusoe*, is about to be given to the public. The writer apparently was uncertain what to call his book, as it bears two titles—*Six Months in the Air*, and *Sixty Days out of the Body*.

The Avenue St. Nicholas, extending from One Hundred and Tenth Street at Sixth Avenue to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street near Tenth Avenue, is now completed and open to the public, with the exception of a small section, which will soon be finished. The whole extent of the avenue is about two and a half miles, and it is finished as a gravel road, especially designed for pleasure travel. This furnishes the residents of Carmansville and Washington Heights a direct roadway to the Central Park and the east side of the city.

It is related that a parrot, which could sing *Shoo-Fly* as well as any of the *gamins* of New York, was sold to a gentleman in Bridgeport a short time ago. Another was sold that sang *Up in a Balloon* so well that it attracted crowds of listeners. The manner in which this bird would commence its vocalism was somewhat amusing. It would say, "Mother, what do you want to-day?" An imaginary lady would reply, "*Up in a Balloon.*" The parrot would answer, "All right, come ahead," and commence singing.

The Inter-State Industrial Exposition, which was formally opened at Chicago on September 25, will doubtless prove a complete success during its session of six weeks. The immense building in which it is held is 800 feet long by 200 wide, with double galleries around its entire length; and on the opening occasion it was entirely filled with visitors, the estimated number being 20,000 persons. The main hall is given up almost entirely to exhibitors, the only exception being a magnificent fountain under the centre of the main dome, in the middle of a basin forty feet in diameter, which will be kept filled with water. The fountain is of bronze, and is enriched with life-size figures. The building will be brilliantly lighted with gas, and the music in the evening will be one of the attractive features. The art hall is divided into three rooms, one for sculpture and architectural drawings, one for paintings, and the third for photographs, drawings, etc. The most notable painting on exhibition is an allegorical picture of Chicago, presented to the city by an artist on the staff of the London *Graphic*.

Some years ago a singular phenomenon was noticed in connection with the new stone dam at Lewiston, Maine, which excited some fear among people who could not understand the cause; and now a similar phenomenon is in operation at Waterville, in the same State. At certain times the water falls over the dam in such a way as to rattle the windows and the dishes in china closets in houses quite a distance from the falls. The compression of air between the perpendicular face of the dam and the stream of water descending a little distance in front of it produces this curious and sometimes annoying phenomenon; but it was a long time before people were convinced that the mysterious shaking originated in this way.

A trade novelty is a price-list of books, issued by a leading house of Philadelphia, with telegraphic index. A word is printed opposite each title, by which that book may be ordered by telegraph at the expense of but two words. For instance, to order ten copies of the new 8vo edition of Loomis's *Treatise on Algebra*, twenty of the 12mo edition of same, and four of Flayfair's *Euclid*, the following would suffice: "Ten attain, twenty attach, four abet."

A correspondent of the *Belgravia* magazine informs its readers that his children have a trough full of tame toads, each of which answers to its own name by coming when called. The children are very fond of them, and pet them in a wonderful manner, carrying them about the garden, and holding them up to any insect they may chance to fancy, so that they may swallow it. Upon one occasion one of the children, who had received an orange, was seen with her own special toad seated on her hand, partaking with his mistress of the orange in alternate sucks and bites. The toad seems to be more easily and quickly tamed than most animals.

The disturbed condition of financial matters touches not alone the interests of brokers, bankers, and large dealers. It is felt by the working men and women throughout the community. Some large firms and manufacturing establishments have been obliged to discharge their employés; and although it is believed that the necessity for such measures will not long exist, the loss of a single day's wages is often the cause of suffering among those whose families are dependent upon their daily earnings. It is indeed wonderful how the interests of all classes in the community are linked together. No one stands alone in a nation. What is injurious to the rich man is harmful to the poor in financial affairs, and the misfortunes of the laboring classes react upon the wealthy. Prosperity in a country depends upon union of interests among the people.

It is a common saying that all enmities and resentments are buried in the grave. It is sad, indeed, that so many wait until death comes before they look with forgiving tenderness upon the failings, follies, and errors of others. There is solemn warning as well as touching pathos in a poem which recently appeared in the *Christian Union*. We quote one verse:

"Oh, friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow;
The way is lonely; let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn;
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead;
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night."

Alas, that there were no steam-tugs in the day, and at the port, when the noble Paul and the lovely Virginia perished in sight of land! A Paul who wooed a Philadelphia Virginia lately went to Chicago himself by rail, while Virginia traveled alone to Buffalo by cars, and thence to Chicago by the lakes. Paul waiting on the Chicago pier for the arrival of the steamer which bore the beloved one, saw tokens of an approaching storm—not of air and water, indeed, but of human elements composed; in other words, a gathering of fraternal relatives and police officers, waiting to burst upon the fated vessel, wreck all his dear hopes, and ingulf the fair one in hopeless waters. Should Paul permit his Virginia to be thus lost in sight of land? Never. Accordingly he quietly sought the captain of a convenient little tug-boat, which in a moment was on its way to Grasse Point, where it met the steamer, took on board the young lady, and reached the city an hour before the larger craft. And before the latter was made fast to the pier, Virginia was lost indeed: she was Mrs. Paul.

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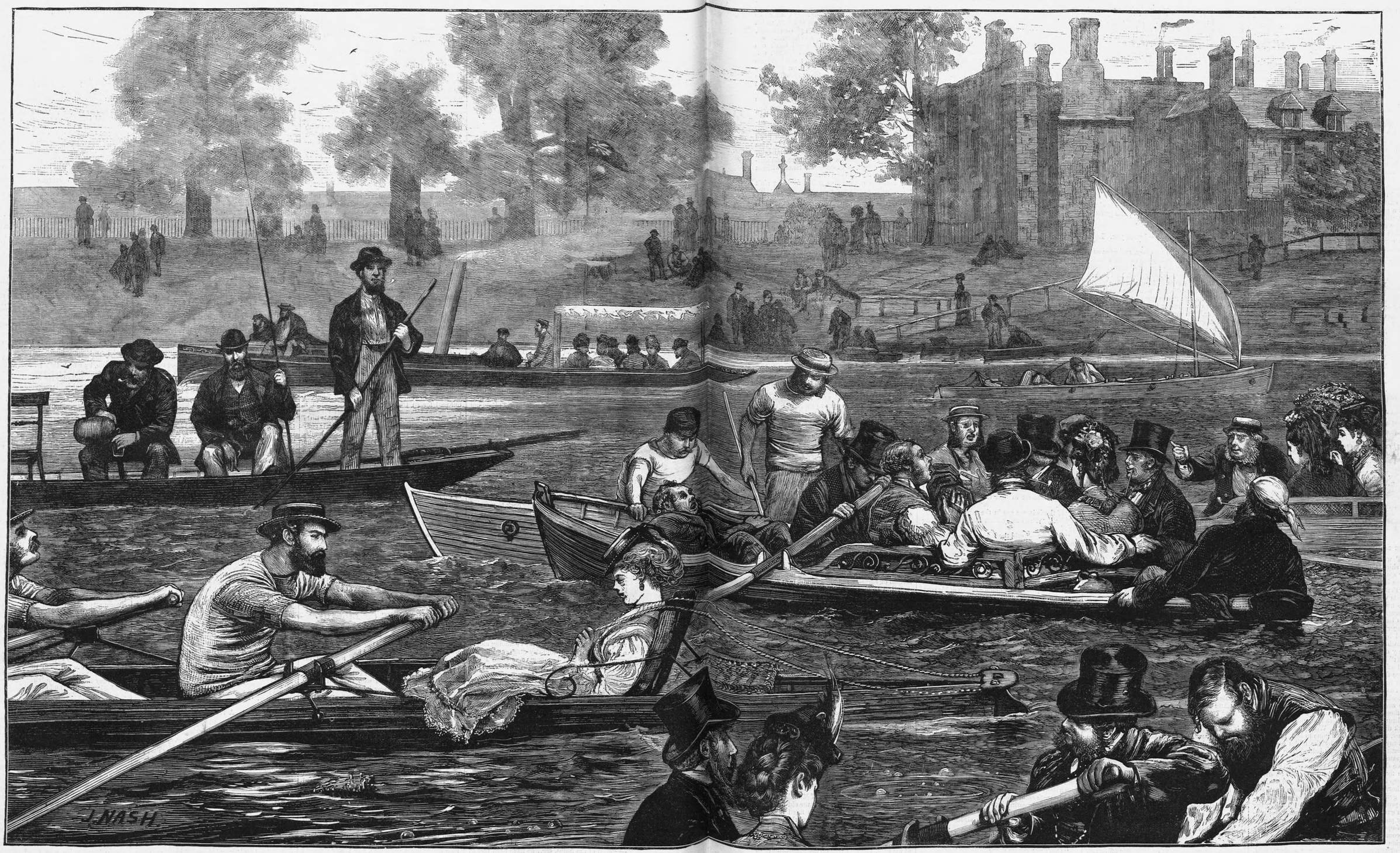

SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT HAMPTON COURT, ENGLAND.—[See Page 682.]

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SATURDAY AFTERNOON ON THE THAMES AT HAMPTON COURT.

See illustration on double page.

THE upper reaches of the Thames, especially between Putney and Staines, form such a delightful recreation ground for the pent-up Londoners during the summer months that we could wish the river were still more circuitous in its windings, and that the dear old stream—once styled silver-footed by Robert Herrick, and not altogether undeserving the epithet even now, when seen sparkling in the rays of a slanting sun—we could wish, we repeat, that Old Father Thames ran like a girdle of health round the whole of this vast city. The time to see the Upper Thames in its glory is on a balmy Saturday afternoon. A stranger might almost imagine that some famous regatta was in progress, the water is so dotted with pleasure-boats of all sorts and descriptions. Supposing the spectator takes his stand on Cholmondeley Walk, Richmond, or even further up, at Hampton Court, where our sketch was made, what a moving panorama is unfolded to his gaze! To say nothing of the racing boats, the fours and eights, which fly past with their rowers keeping admirable time and their energetic little cockswains bending to their work, we have other sights equally attractive. We have the pair-oar steered by a pretty girl, the sister, possibly, of one of the oarsmen, the *inamorata* of the other; the steam-launch, a delightful vessel to be on board of, inasmuch as you go darting about regardless of wind and tide, but a pestilent little monster to nervous aquarians, who never know which is their proper side of the river; we have the sailing boat, the best vehicle of all for the *dolce far niente;* we have the capacious wherry, and lastly we have the Thames anglers in their punt.

PENCILINGS.

How faint a pencil trace!
How easy to efface!
Nothing more
Than print where bird has hopped
Or rain has lightly dropped
On the shore.

The sand has turned to stone,
And there those prints are shown
Petrified:
Faint notes of by-gone years,
Though blistered o'er with tears,
Still abide.

I almost cast away
Two little lines one day
Scored in lead;
And never dreamed they were
Alone to speak of her
Who is dead?

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Little Kate Kirby," "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," etc., etc.

Book the First.

REUBEN CULWICK.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAD WHO HELPED WITH THE LUGGAGE.

IT was wintry weather down in Worcestershire, though the May of the year in which our story opens was already two weeks old. It was a late spring, the country people said, meaning that the hail and sleet and rain and bitter east winds were still in the ascendant, and that there was not a glimpse of sunshine from week's end to week's end. Times were hard and business was bad, and people already croaked about the danger to the harvest—it was a world that shivered by the fire still, and waited for a change. Weather-wise folk looked up at the leaden sky every day, shook their heads, and said, "More wet;" and the wet came down as though they had asked for it, and washed out the energy from three-fourths of humankind in Worcester.

It had been raining all day in the loyal city, just as it had rained the day before, and the day preceding that. It was raining at ten o'clock in the evening in as vigorous and lively a fashion as though it had just commenced, and the wind had turned out with extra strength to add to the dark night's discomfort. Worcester had lost her heart, and given up and gone to bed, and at the railway station, where by the tables one could ascertain that a train was behind time by three minutes, there was a faint semblance of life, more depressing than the elements. There was one fly, with its windows drawn up, its driver asleep in the interior of his vehicle, and its drab-by horse coughing like a man. There was a wet old gentleman, glittering like a beetle in his water-proof as he walked up and down under the dim gas lamps of the station. There was a railway porter's head peering occasionally from a half-open door, and declining to allow its body to come forward until the glaring eyes of the engine were seen advancing through the miseries of the night; and there was a short, thin, haggard scrap of a youth, in tattered corduroys and a red comforter, curled up on a porter's truck, and sleeping placidly in one of the thoroughest draughts of which that excessively breezy station can boast.

The train that was overdue was not calculated to rouse the officials into energy, or bring the hotel vehicles from the city for the passengers, or entice able-bodied men and boys, in the hope of perquisites, from their homes; it came from a dull dead branch line, and was going on to Gloucester; it was not likely to land many travelers en route or take up many at that hour of the night. When it arrived at last, it came into the station noiselessly and in a spiritless condition, as though the steam were low and the engine-driver had just buried his wife, and only one bespotted window was slowly lowered in a third-class carriage as the train glided to the platform. From this window an ungloved hand and arm protruded and unlatched the door, and then a stalwart man of four or five and twenty years of age, a bright-faced, brown-bearded man, stepped out, dragged forth a portmanteau and a hat-box, stood aside to allow of the brisk entrance of the man in the shiny water-proof, and looked around him in that half-sharp, half-vague manner common to individuals who land themselves in places that are new to them, or have changed much since their last farewell of them. The guard slammed the door, the engine gave a melancholy wail, and toiled on with its burden; the youth in corduroys sat up on the barrow and stared at the portmanteau and hat-box rather than at their owner; the fly-driver, who had roused himself, called out, "Carriage, Sir?" and not receiving a response with that promptitude which he considered due to his position, cut the coughing horse viciously under the chin with his whip, and drove off at full speed.

The traveler, after a hasty glance at the sky, called out in a sharp, clear voice to the porter, who was slouching toward his room again,

"Here—I want you a moment."

The porter, an uncivil specimen of his class, hesitated, looked over his shoulder, and grunted forth to the third-class passenger,

"There's no more trains."

"I don't want any trains—I want you. Look alive, young man, if you please."

The young man, who was fifty, and gray as a badger, seemed impressed by the traveler's briskness, and flattered by the compliment paid to his youth, for he slouched slowly back and looked into the traveler's face. It was a face worth looking at—at least some women would have thought so, though it was not so much a handsome face as what might be termed a speaking countenance. It was sharply defined, with a pair of full gray laughing eyes, at variance or in contrast to a mouth and chin that were significant of their owner having a will of his own; it was a face of more than ordinary keenness and intelligence, and an early outlook at the world had not scared or depressed it, unless appearances were against it and him.

"I expected a carriage for me to-night."

"What sort of carriage?"

"A private carriage from Mr. Culwick's, of Sedge Hill. Do you know Mr. Culwick by sight, or his coachman?"

"There has been nothing here but cabs all day—and there's nothing likely to come now, I reckon."

"No, I reckon not."

The traveler looked at his portmanteau and hat-box.

"Where's the parcel office?"

"That's shut."

"Can they be sent to the hotel?"

"Not to-night, I think."

"Do you want any body to carry your luggage, Sir?" asked a weak voice; and the lad who had been dozing away time on the barrow obtruded in an edgewise manner into the conversation. The traveler glanced at him, and said,

"It is too heavy for you, my man."

"No, it isn't," said the youth, with alacrity; "I'm very strong. I have been waiting for a job all night, Sir—if you don't mind, Sir—for I am very strong; I am, indeed!"

The eagerness of the request, the reiteration of his powers, the contrast which his words presented to his white cheeks and eager dark eyes, attracted anew the attention of the gentleman for whom no carriage had arrived, before the railway porter turned upon the applicant.

"You get out of this, young shaver. You've been here a sight too long already," cried the porter, "and I have had my hi on you these two hours. It's no use your hanging about as if—"

The boy cowered for an instant, and then turned quickly on the man.

"Don't lay a hand upon me—you had better not touch me," he cried, warmly. "I am talking to this gentleman, not to you. I am doing no one any harm—am I, Sir?"

"Not that I see," answered the traveler, thus appealed to.

"And I'm very strong, Sir," he urged again. "May I try. I'll carry it easily—see now!"

The portmanteau was raised and flung upon his shoulder, the other hand caught up the leather hat-box, and the white face looked round the burden inquiringly.

"Where to, Sir?"

"To Muddleton's Hotel—do you know Muddleton's?"

"All right, Sir."

The youth strode into the wind and rain, and the traveler, after giving a tug to his cap, put his hands in the pockets of his heavy coat, and followed his guide across and out of the station-yard.

Yes, it was raining hard in the good city of Worcester; the good city, in fact, seemed to have had more than a fair proportion of rain, judging by the choked-up gutters and the rivers of water in the roadway, that went swirling into off streets with hissing, gurgling noises.

The youth turned the corner with the luggage, and the proprietor found him leaning against the brick wall of a house when he had turned after him.

"Which way, Sir?" he inquired.

"Which way!" echoed the stranger; "why, straight along there. Don't you know your way?"

"Can't say that I know much about hotels: I haven't been at this kind of work a great while, Sir."

"How long?" inquired the traveler, somewhat curiously.

"Three hours and a half."

"Come, that's perseverance, if we take the weather into consideration. You are the lad to make your way in the world, in good time, though—"

"Though I haven't made much way yet," said the other, as he started off again with his burden, as if anxious to get beyond his companion's questioning. This was an impossible feat, however, handicapped as he was with a hat-box and a heavy portmanteau—such a heavy portmanteau that all the worldly goods of the owner must be stowed away inside, he thought, unless the gentleman was in the iron trade, and traveling with samples.

There was no intention in the stranger's mind of allowing his fragile-looking porter to get very far ahead of him; it was not politic, it was not safe, and—yes, he was a curious man in his way. One or two long strides took him to the youth's side again, and once more the sharp black eyes peered round the portmanteau in a half-nervous, half-observant way, as a dumb animal might have done at its master.

"I'm very strong, Sir—don't touch the portmanteau, please, and I shall get on all right. Muddleton's is not very far now, I suppose," said the volunteer, breathing more quickly as he toiled onward in the roadway, splashing through mire and puddle without regard to any selection of ground.

"Half a mile or so."

"Good gracious!" the lad ejaculated to himself. It was beyond his distance, and he should snap half-way on the journey, he was afraid, but he struggled on; and the traveler marching by his side, and with his head bent down to keep the rain from his face, did not perceive that his attendant reeled a little in his progress.

"Three hours and a half," said he at last. "What have you been doing before this?"

"Nothing particular."

"Living on your means?"

"No."

"On your wits?"

The lad trudged on and did not answer him. He wavered more in his gait, and splashed the legs of his companion with superfluous mud and water, and the man walked by his side, studying the roadway still, and unobservant of the failing efforts of the weak boy whom he had intrusted with a heavy task. He was more interested in the youth's past state than in his present condition, and regarded him in the abstract.

"Who are you, boy?" he said, without looking up, and in the tone of a man only half interested in his subject; "what have you come to this sleepy city for?"

"I—don't know," was the reply, and a more sullen reply it was than usual, despite its jerkiness.

"Not for a living?"

"No."

"To find a friend?"

"No."

"Have you run away from home? Is that it?"

The man looked at the lad at this query—looked with a grave earnestness that betokened a keener interest in him than he had hitherto shown.

"If that's it, we are in the same boat, boy," said he. "I ran away from home ever so long ago."

"Because—" said the lad, curious in his turn, and even stopping short for an instant for the answer.

"Because there was no place like home!—no place so confoundedly uncomfortable and unsympathetic and hard-cornered—and so I put on my hat and walked out. And yet, after all—" He paused and made a clutch at his portmanteau, that he suddenly thought was in peril of slipping from the lad's shoulders. "Here, hold hard, youngster. What's the matter?"

"It's all right; let me be. I can carry it; I said I could," cried the boy, with excitement, and marching himself and luggage away from the touch of the elder man. This sudden effort seemed too much for the overtaxed strength of the youth; he reeled away toward the foot-path, and went on with weak and tottering legs for a few more moments, when he suddenly collapsed. It was an utter break-down at the very instant that the traveler had become aware of the position, and was striding forward to render assistance, and the result was chaos—the youth all of a heap on the curb-stone, with the hat-box under him, and the portmanteau in the roadway like a big boulder in a mountain stream, with eddying currents surging round it and meeting on the other side.

It was a scene that surprised the traveler, and disturbed his equanimity; for something like bad language escaped him, as with the instinct of self-preservation—that glorious first law of nature—he lifted his portmanteau from the road into a deep doorway, and turned round to nspect his prostrate companion. When he was leaning over him, and peering into his face, the little anger that was in him hastily evaporated, and was replaced by a kindly sympathy more worthy of the man.

"You are ill—you are hurt," he said.

"No; let me be; I shall get up in a minute."

"Can't you get up now?"

"I'm a little bit giddy still—the street turned round all of a sudden—but I will go on with the luggage presently."

"Oh no, you won't," said the man, dryly; "you should have never attempted it. I was a brute not to see. By Jove, the kid's going to faint!"

He put his arms round him, and lifted him into the doorway, as he might have lifted an infant, and looked again at the white wan face under the old Scotch cap, which was pulled lightly over the forehead in a hang-dog fashion.

"Poor little beggar!" he muttered, "why did I load him like this, and loaf along by his side like a nigger-driver?—Here, what's your name! can't you open your eyes, just for a moment, till I—"

Here his anxiety took the form of action, for, still holding the boy's head on his shoulder, he kicked with energy at the door against which he was leaning, and awoke the whole house, which was supposed, at the first alarm of its inmates, to be a sheet of flame from top to bottom.

A snuffy old woman, in an old black cap weighed down by grimy artificial flowers, was the first to wrench open the door; she had been sleeping by the fire, sitting up for a late husband, and she appeared with a bound on the door-step, and nearly fell over the strange couple in her haste.

"Water—a glass of water, please," cried the traveler. "This child has fainted."

"What—who—water—whose child is it?" she called forth. Then she realized the urgency of the case, and ran back into the room, returning very quickly with a light in one hand and a glass of water in the other, at the same time as heads peered down the narrow staircase, and some one opened a window above, and asked twenty questions in stentorian tones, without getting an answer to one of them.

"You can come into the house—if he ain't going to die, mind you," said the woman. "Has he been run over?"

"No, crushed, that's all. Give me the water."

The water was passed to the stranger, who held it to the lips of the fainting lad.

"Take off his cap, please," he said, "and then let him be. He will get the air that way."

The Scotch cap was twitched off, and then the woman, and the man who was supporting the lad, leaned forward and stared with amazement at two small side-combs which were in the head, and which had been used for fixing and drawing up beneath the Scotch cap a profusion of raven hair.

"Mussy on us, it's a gal!" cried the old woman. "Why, what's her game?"

"Ay, what's her game?" said the man, very thoughtfully, as he echoed back the slangy question of his interlocutor.

The girl was still insensible, when some one in his shirt and trowsers came shuffling down stairs with a cup in his hand.

"If gin's any good, she can take a sip of this."

"Have you any brandy?" asked the traveler.

"Oh, you're a blessed sight too partikler, guv'ner. No, we ain't got no brandy, no shampain, nor any think."

"Sperits is sperits," said the old woman; "and if you're fool enough to waste it, Simkins, on a brazen chit like that, walking about in men's clothes in that undecent way, do so if you like."

"She don't look very brazen, does she, Sir?" said the man, with a hoarse laugh, as the gentleman took the cup from his hand.

"No," was the answer, as a few drops of the spirit were given to the girl, who heaved a deep sigh, and put her thin hands to her head, as if she missed her cap already.

"She's coming round," he said.

"She's been shamming," said the old woman, who had grown strangely uncharitable within the last few moments.

"She will do if we can get her home," said the traveler. "Are you better?—how do you feel now?" he asked, kindly.

"I'm all right," was the slow answer; "I—I think so. What has been—the—"

Then she stood up slowly, with her hands pressed to her temples, glared from the traveler to the woman with the light, gave a faint little scream of surprise, snatched suddenly at the cap dangling from the fingers of the woman, and with one wild spring forward passed from them into the rain and wind, and vanished away in the darkness.

The traveler made one or two strides after her, and then stopped.

"Why should I follow her, and annoy her farther?" he said, as he paused.

He remembered that he had given his strange porter no remuneration for services thus abruptly terminated, and started off again, but it was too late; and another memory coming to him that he was leaving his luggage in the street, he went back for it, and discovered that it was being taken into the house by the Samaritans with a certain amount of undue haste.

"Thank you," he said, politely. He shouldered his portmanteau, picked up his damaged hat-case, and marched off to Muddleton's Hotel, where the waiter received him urbanely, but was puzzled at the quantity of mud which he brought in along with his luggage.

CHAPTER II.

ORDERS FOR THE MORNING.

SITTING in the coffee-room of Muddleton's Hotel, his slippered feet planted on the old-fashioned brass fender, and his gray eyes fixed upon the dancing flames of the big coal fire, the man who had come to Worcester thought out the incidents of the day, and sketched forth a map of progress for the morrow. Warm and dry and at his ease, the wan face of the masquerader of an hour ago came before him more often than he had bargained for, the girl being apart from his life, and only a stray incident by the way-side of a career that had been eventful and varied. He was a man of the world, and had seen strange sights and met with strange chances and mischances, and yet he had not been at any time more perplexed than on this night of coming back to home. He was a man whom other folks' trouble disturbed, apparently—hence not a selfish

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man highly developed. There was a stern story, he was sure, of much privation marking the life of that weak woman who had struggled into a man's dress, and hung about Worcester railway station for man's work and man's wages; and he had experienced privation himself, and lived it down in some degree, not losing sympathy with it, or growing callous to it. He did not want the incident of that night to trouble him, but it would—why, he hardly knew, for poverty is common enough and eccentric enough. Perhaps it was on his conscience that the girl had toiled hard for a sixpence, and he had not rewarded her for her labor. Would she think that she was not to be paid on account of the non-fulfillment of the contract between them?—that the bargain had been struck, but not carried out?—that he was a man who expected every scrap of his money's worth for his money, like— Ah! well, *he* would not mention names; perhaps even he had altered for the better with advancing years.

He rang the bell, and the waiter entered.

"If any body should ask for me—"

"Yes, Sir. What name, Sir?"

"Reuben Culwick," he replied; "but he—she—will not know my name. The party who helped me with my portmanteau from the station, I mean, and who left me in a hurry. She—he—is aware that I am staying here for the night; therefore be good enough to ask him—her—the lad, I mean, or whoever comes," he added, with a dash, "into the room to-night or to-morrow morning. Do you understand?" he inquired, as the waiter listened open-mouthed to these rambling instructions.

"Yes, Sir—perfectly. Any body who comes; man or woman. Yes, Sir," he said, with great briskness.

"Stop one moment," said Mr. Culwick, as the man flitted toward the door. "I shall want a trap to Sedge Hill to-morrow."

"At what time, Sir?"

"Ten in the morning."

"To go and return?"

"And return?" he said, inquiringly to himself. "Yes, and return! That is certain."

"Beg pardon, Sir?" said the waiter, interrogatively.

"To take me to Sedge Hill, and bring me back to Worcester, at ten in the morning," he repeated, in a decisive tone; and the waiter having withdrawn, he lighted a cigar, and set himself to his coal-fire studies once more. The instructions which he had given had sufficed to turn the current of his ideas, and the adventure of the night passed away from his mind with the deeper thoughts that followed it.

"And return!" he said, and took his cigar from his mouth to laugh to himself more than once—and odd laughs they were, of various degrees of hilarity, from the hearty and unaffected to the laugh with the inner ring in it, the undercurrent, as it were, of something which was scarcely irony, and which might have been interpreted into a lurking sorrow or regret by any one who had known his history.

"Yes, Reuben," he said, when, at a later hour, he was going up stairs to his room, "to return! Positively the last appearance of Reuben Culwick at Sedge Hill. Will there be much of a crowd to see the gentleman under those interesting circumstances?"

He had made up his mind to solve the riddle quickly for himself, and at ten in the morning he was standing in front of Mr. Muddleton's Hotel, drawing on a pair of gloves, and critically inspecting the animal which the proprietor had harnessed to the dog-cart. There was a faint prospect of a dry day, if not a fine one; the clouds were not so low as usual, and the wind had changed during the night. Reuben Culwick looked up and down the street, and thought of his little adventure in Worcester last night. The waiter, not too busy, was standing at the door, interested in the temporary departure of the customer, and Reuben turned to him.

"Has any one called this morning for me?"

"No, Sir."

"If any one should call about helping me with the portmanteau last night, give—him—half a crown."

"Half a crown, Sir?" said the waiter. "Yes, Sir."

"And ask her to call again," added Reuben Culwick, as he sprang into the trap and drove off.

"Give *him* half a crown, and ask *her* to call again," said the waiter, looking after him. "He doesn't know what he's saying! The old man at Sedge Hill will never make him out. A regular Culwick he is, and no mistake about it."

And there was no mistake about it, that Reuben Culwick was still remembered at Muddleton's Hotel.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOME THAT THERE WAS NO PLACE LIKE.

Whether Sedge Hill should lie to the east or west, the north or south, of Worcester city matters not to the purport of our story; and it may not be politic to enter too minutely into the details of location. That it was a big stone house seven miles from Worcester is sufficient to relate. It was called Sedge Hill from the rising ground on which it had been built, and from the wooded acclivity beyond it, where from the summit was a glorious view of miles of English landscape, with the cathedral towering above the house roofs of the distant city, and the Severn winding like a band of silver through a fair green country, well loved by art and poetry. Sedge Hill—speaking solely of the mansion to which that title had been given—was a staring edifice of considerable proportions, with an aspect of newness about it that fourteen years had not done much to soften. It had been built to the order of the present proprietor, who had made much money by cotton stockings, and had risen from twenty shillings a week at the loom to the splendor of his present life. It was a new house to suit the new man who had been lucky enough to get rich. There were spacious grounds beyond—even the larches on the hill were part and parcel of the domain—and there was a big room at the side that was new to Reuben Culwick since he had last stood in his father's house, and it was this that he pulled up his horse to inspect before turning into the carriage-drive.

"Improvements," he said to himself. "Even the house has grown since I was here."

Then he went rapidly along the drive, drew up in front of the house, and stepped lightly and briskly from the trap, giving the reins to a rosy-faced young man in livery, who emerged from some stabling in the rear to be of service to the new-comer.

"Old Jones has gone, then?" he said to the servant.

"Yes, Sir."

"Dead?"

"Oh no, Sir. He's with Squire Black, of Holston."

"And you reign in his stead. Well, we can not all reign."

He knocked and rang, looking steadily through the glass doors the while. Another new face—a smart young house-maid, whom he had never seen before, to replace Mrs. Perkins, who was stout and sallow—came to the door and admitted him.

"Is Mr. Culwick in?"

"Yes, Sir; but he's engaged just now."

"Will you be kind enough to give him my card?"

The maid-servant took the card and departed, and Reuben Culwick, like the merest stranger, and feeling like a stranger, very doubtful of his reception, walked up and down the spacious hall with his hands behind him, and his hat in his hands.

Presently the servant re-appeared.

"Will you step this way, if you please, Sir?"

Reuben followed the servant along a corridor to a door at the extremity—the door of the new room, he was certain, from his old remembrance of the house. The door was opened, and his name announced, and he felt that he was passing into a spacious apartment, the walls of which were bright and rich with many pictures, and the ceiling paneled and massive, with ground glass in the panels, for the proper transfusion of light on Mr. Simon Culwick's "collection." When Simon Culwick had lost his son Reuben, he had taken to the "masters," ancient and modern, and given them all the love that was in his heart. It was not much, but they had had every scrap of it. In learning to love pictures he had forgotten how to love men.

But it was not at the paintings which enriched the walls that Reuben Culwick gazed with so much of curious earnestness, but at the big broad-faced man sitting before the fire in a capacious leathern chair, and who was looking curiously and steadily at him. There was a pretty fair-haired young woman, in gray silk, sitting at the table in the recess of a bay-window, reading, and Reuben was conscious of her presence, that was all. She rose not at his entrance, only looked toward him with a certain degree of curiosity as he advanced, and then turned to the pages of her book, or affected to do so, as he held his hand out to his father.

"So you have thought of me at last, have you?" was rolled out in a gruff bass, as a large, white, gouty-looking hand was placed in that of his son.

"So I have come back at last," answered Reuben Culwick.

"You can sit down," said the father.

"Thank you," said the son.

This was the meeting after five years' absence—the calm after the great storm which had happened in that house five years ago. This was the home that the son had never liked, that he felt he did not like now, although he had come to it of his own free-will. There was a pause, during which each man took stock of the other without any particular reserve. The father had not altered much—his whiskers were grayer, and the shadowing beneath the eyes was somewhat deeper, and that was all. There was the same sense of power, or obduracy, in the big broad chin and the thin closed indrawn lips, and it was easy to guess from whom Reuben Culwick had inherited his decisive-looking mouth.

In the son there was a vast change, and the father noted it at once, being an observant man in his way. This was not the stripling who had walked out of his house rather than obey his command; who had replied angrily to his own anger; who had been as disobedient as he had been dictatorial and unyielding. This was a man of the world, with his will hardened by contact with the rough surfaces of which the world was full, and probably more difficult to deal with than ever. Time had improved him, and made a man of him, and given him self-possession and courage and brains—and he had lacked all these when he had flown out of the house in his last passion. But he would be forever lacking in obedience—the father, Simon Culwick, was assured of that already.

"I got your letter," said the father, "and I

"THIS WAS THE MEETING AFTER FIVE YEARS' ABSENCE."

might have sent the carriage for you, had it not rained so much."

"The horses might have caught cold instead of me," said the son, dryly; "but I didn't want the carriage. I was glad that I had not further to go last night than Worcester."

He looked toward the lady in the bay-window at this juncture, and his father noticed the wandering gaze, and paid no attention to the hint which it conveyed.

"Well, what have you been doing? What" (after a pause, and with another steady and impassive stare at his son) "do you purpose doing now that you are here?"

"Is it worth while entering into that question at once?"

"Why not?" was the rejoinder.

"It may give rise to discussion, and you and I never agreed together in debate, Sir," said Reuben, half deferentially and yet half satirically.

He had come back—long ago he had owned himself in a great degree in the wrong—he had wished to see his father again, and the reception had already chilled him, though it was no more, no less, than he had expected from the first. He had not come for argument, to own more than his share of error—scarcely to own that a second time, having already explained in his letter almost as much as it was necessary to explain.

"I suppose, after all that has passed, you have no intention of sitting down in the house, and waiting complacently for my death and my money?" the father inquired.

"You told me that I should never have a penny of your money, if you remember, Sir," said the son, calmly.

"And you never will," was the blunt answer.

"I have never expected it after that day, or after that oath," said Reuben Culwick.

"Why should you?" said Mr. Culwick, in a loud tone of voice, and yet without betraying any passion. "Have I been known in all my life to break my word? Has not sticking to my word, through thick and thin, in evil report and good report, made me what I am?"

"Yes."

"I would rather break my own heart than break my word. You know it," said the father, boastfully.

"Fifty hearts as well as your own—yes, I know it," answered the other, with an unflinching gaze at his father, "and hence I come to you, not for assistance, I don't want it—not for affection, I don't expect it—but with the simple motive which I hope that my letter conveyed to you last week—to see you, to express sorrow for a long alienation, to feel glad that you are well, to tell you that I am not unhappy, and to go away again."

The son's tones seemed to impress the father, who subsided into his easy-chair, from which he had leaned forward, as if cowed by the cold, clear-ringing tones of the voice which fell upon his ears, a voice which subdued him, and an arrogance that had been always difficult to quell—which touched him, though he never owned that—which made him even prouder of his son, though the time never came for him to own that either.

The young woman in the background leaned forward with clasped hands, until he caught her glance again, when she once more turned her eyes upon her book.

"Have you made your fortune?" asked the father, in a different voice.

"On the contrary, I have been somewhat unsuccessful."

"How do you live?"

"I write—a little," he added, modestly.

"And earn a little. I can guess the drudgery—don't tell me any more about it."

"It is a long story that would scarcely interest you."

"It would not interest me in the least."

There was another long pause, during which the son, still at his ease, still singularly hard despite his respectful manner, glanced around at the pictures on the walls, admired them even secretly, but not enviously, wondered at their cost, and looked once more in the direction of the lady, whose pensive face and quiet grace he admired also, and at whose presence he wondered in a greater degree, though he repressed all exhibition of surprise.

Suddenly the father said, with that singular abruptness characteristic of the man,

"You can stay here if you like."

"For how long?" asked the son, surprised at last out of his assumption of stoical composure.

"Till we disagree again," said the father, with a short, forced laugh. "That will not be many days, I suppose?"

"One moment, Sir," said Reuben Culwick, with grave politeness, and still studying his father, and experimentalizing upon him with grave philosophy. "A mistake parted us, and we are laying the foundation of another already, unless I explain the first."

"Go on."

"I may speak before this lady?"

"Yes."

"I was hardly twenty-one—a rash and foolish young fellow—when you wanted me to marry your friend's daughter."

"You would have been rich—you would have been respected—it would have been for the best."

"No, I think not."

"I say, 'Yes.'"

"I refused to entertain the proposal, if you remember.

"Remember! remember it!" cried the father, turning pale with anger. "Do you rake this up again to insult me?"

"No, to enlighten you," said the other. "At that period, Mr. Culwick, I had promised my mother that I would not marry the lady."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

See illustration on page 684.

This elegant costume is of dark olive brown silk, with over-skirt, sash, bows, and ruff of pale blue China crape. The skirt has a tablier of small pleatings and puffs, while the back breadths are trimmed with lapped pleated flounces. The over-skirt is confined to the back, and consists of two blue puffs with a side sash and brown pearl buckles. The châtelaine waist, fitted like a corset, is edged with a blue puff and has blue loops behind. Blue revers and ruff. Puffed sleeves, with a blue bow below the elbow. Olive silk bonnet with blue loops, plumes, and tea-roses. Pale buff gloves.

VISITING TOILETTE.

See illustration on page 684.

This visiting toilette is of dark slate-colored velvet and lighter slate-colored silk. The plain skirt is of velvet. The apron-front and trained over-skirt is of silk, trimmed with pleatings of the same and a velvet band. The velvet sleeveless jacket has a silk ruff and square tabs behind trimmed with silk pleatings. Silk sleeves with velvet cuffs and similar trimmings. The flaring-brimmed bonnet of dark velvet has a bow under the right side and an indented point on the left. The trimmings are velvet loops, a wreath of velvet asters, and a high ostrich pompon of the light shade of the silk. A white lace ruff, with similar lace around the armholes. Pale buff gloves.

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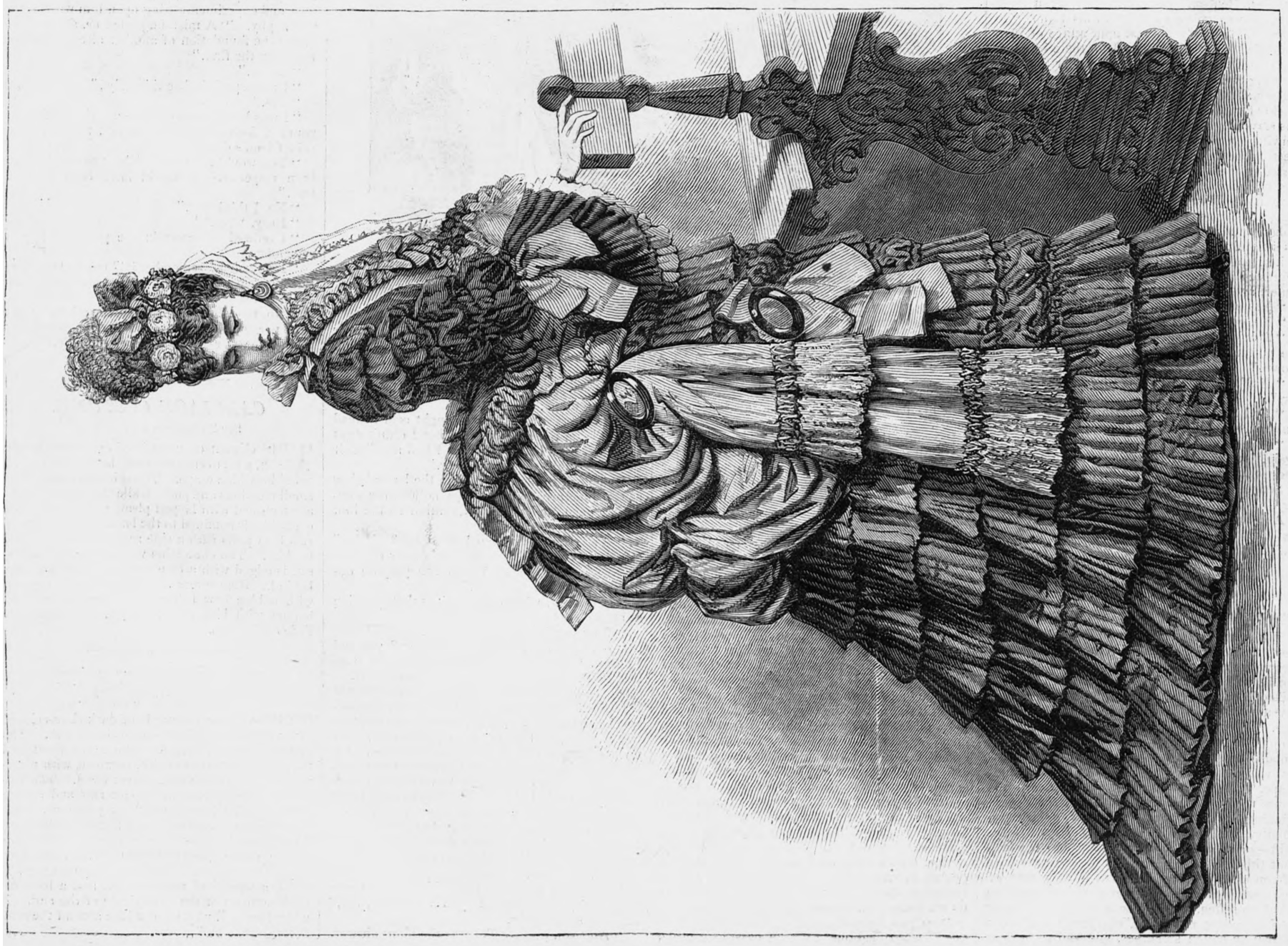
VISITING TOILETTE.—[SEE PAGE 683.]



CARRIAGE COSTUME.—[SEE PAGE 683.]

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Fig. 1.—Black Tulle Cap.
Fig. 4.—Swiss Muslin and Watered Ribbon Cap.
Fig. 7.—Black Figured Tulle and Lace Cap.

Fig. 3.—Figured Swiss Muslin Cap.
Fig. 6.—Crape and Blonde Cap with Spray of Flowers.

Figs. 1–8.—LADIES' BREAKFAST AND DRESS CAPS.

Fig. 2.—Swiss Muslin and Silk Ribbon Cap.
Fig. 5.—Tulle, Blonde, and Gros Grain Ribbon Cap.
Fig. 8.—Tulle Cap with Gros Grain and Velvet Ribbon.

Ladies' Breakfast and Dress Caps, Figs. 1–8.

Fig. 1.—Black Tulle Cap. This cap is made of figured tulle and black lace two inches and a half wide, arranged on a stiff lace foundation, and trimmed with black watered ribbon two inches and three-quarters wide, yellow flowers, a garland of russet leaves, and several black enameled leaves. In the back set a bow of watered ribbon and lace.

Fig. 2.—Swiss Muslin and Silk Ribbon Cap. This cap is made of plain white Swiss muslin, bordered with insertion half an inch wide and lace three-quarters of an inch wide, and trimmed with bows of brown and yellow silk ribbon. Set a bow of Swiss muslin and lace in the back.

Fig. 3.—Figured Swiss Muslin Cap. This cap is trimmed with a standing ruffle of plain Swiss muslin, which is edged on the top with lace insertion three-quarters of an inch wide and lace of the same width. The cap is bordered with a ruche of white tulle, and is trimmed, besides, with blue gros grain ribbon two inches and three-quarters wide.

Fig. 4.—Swiss Muslin and Watered Ribbon Cap. This cap of white Swiss muslin is bordered with lace an inch and a quarter wide. The seam of the lace is covered with a wound brown watered ribbon. The remainder of the trimming consists of loops and ends of light and dark brown watered ribbon and a red velvet bow.

Fig. 5.—Tulle, Blonde, and Gros Grain Ribbon Cap. This cap is made of black figured tulle, which is underlaid with white figured tulle, and of black and white blonde, and is trimmed with blue gros grain ribbon two inches and seven-eighths wide.

Fig. 6.—Crape and Blonde Cap with Spray of Flowers. This cap is made of pleated lilac crape and white blonde two inches and a half wide on a stiff lace foundation, and is trimmed with lilac gros grain ribbon and a

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spray of flowers. In the back is set a veil of white figured tulle and blonde.

Fig. 7.—BLACK FIGURED TULLE AND LACE CAP. This cap is trimmed with bows of black gros grain ribbon. In front is a band of jet, and on the right side a rose.

Fig. 8.—TULLE CAP WITH GROS GRAIN AND VELVET RIBBON. This cap is made of white figured silk tulle, white blonde an inch and three-quarters and two inches and seven-eighths wide, and black lace an inch and seven-eighths wide. The trimming consists of loops of violet gros grain ribbon two inches and seven-eighths wide, and velvet ribbon of the same color an inch and a quarter wide.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. B.—A quarter of an ounce of ammonia to half a pint of sweet-oil is the recipe you want.

M.—If you will send in your address we will endeavor to give you the information you desire.

DESPAIR.—You eat too much rich cake and confectionery, or bad food of some kind. Cosmetics will not do much till your digestion is right. Do you take a hot soap-and-water bath all over twice a week? Ask your mamma, who must be an indulgent one, to furnish you with Graham crackers instead of bread, and cracked wheat, with raisins and spice, instead of pastry. Live out-of-doors. Then try the carbolic remedy to be given in a new number of "Ugly Girl" papers. You will be in trim for it when it appears if you begin now.

N. B.—Pour half a tea-cupful of boiling water on a tea-spoonful of oxalic acid, and dip the spots in it while hot; lay them in the sun a few moments, and rinse in hot soda water. See that the acid is pure. Strong spirits of ammonia will discharge ink spots. Wash out as soon as they disappear, rubbing the spots with a paper-knife to get out the ink.

CORDELIA.—Banting's tract on obesity is out of print, but the substance of the whole essay was given in one of the "Ugly Girl" papers a short time ago.

L. J. H.—Wash your neck with hot water and soap every day, and once a week use hot chloride water, made by pouring a pint of boiling water on a tea-spoonful of chloride of lime. Let it cool a little, and wash your neck with a flannel dipped in it, washing off immediately with vinegar and water. The tar and olive-oil recipe was given in No. XI. of "Ugly Girl" papers, No. 44, Vol. V., of the *Bazar*. Bathe your head daily with hot water, in which a spoonful of ammonia is mixed, and brush ten minutes every night. Braid it, and clip the ends once a month.

MARY.—Dip your grasses and flowers in melted spermaceti to preserve them. Grasses may be dipped in thin varnish, and hung up to dry. Flowers are very difficult to preserve, and are not beautiful when kept. You will find it more satisfactory to turn your attention to raising fresh ones.

MINNEHAHA.—A braided letter-case, a book-rack in worsted and beads, the back of a Turkish chair in wool-work, a handsome linen dust-robe for driving, a pillow in appliqué cloth for an office lounge, a set of handkerchief, collar and cuff, comb and glove boxes in wool, silk, and beads are quite as useful to a gentleman as a lady. A small velvet bracket for his room, a set of book-markers, or an embroidered case for a choice book is a pretty gift.—Will find a recipe for you if there is one. A thorough course of purifying for the blood is to be recommended.

A LADY.—The recipe for pâté amérasive directs that bitter almonds shall be used—almonds *amères*.

MRS. H. H.—Lace is not appropriate with mourning when crape is worn.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Put gum-arabic in the starch used for linen, and you will get a good gloss.

SUSIE K.—For your début party get a white muslin or else pink tulle or tarlatan dress. Wear your hair with puffs and a braid on top, or else in ropes of hair around the head and down the back as a chatêlaine. Read the New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 41, Vol. VI.

MRS. V. A. M'C.—We do not make purchases, or sell dress goods.

YOUNG MOTHER.—The short clothes worn by year-old babies are all white, and are usually made of their long dresses shortened. The same high-neck, long-sleeve yoke dresses are used as are made for infants.

ELEANOR.—Tulle is preferable to tarlatan and more expensive, but either will do. Make with three puffs covering the three front breadths, and flounce it to the waist behind. Half-high basque corsage, with a lining of white glazed linen. Clusters and garlands of variegated roses. The skirt is a demi-train, dragging half a yard on the floor. Make a jocky basque for your alpaca, and trim by description given in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 40, Vol. VI. Get granite or slate (blue-gray) for your best suit. Have it a silk skirt, with cashmere or camel's-hair over dress, if you can afford it; if not, get de bège or else serge. Your Dolman is still stylish. Get a violet delaine wrapper, and for common wear get one of indigo blue calico with white irregular lines through it. Pompadour hair is passée.—Dispense with the ceremonious first visit, and go to see the lady, as she requests, in her year of mourning.

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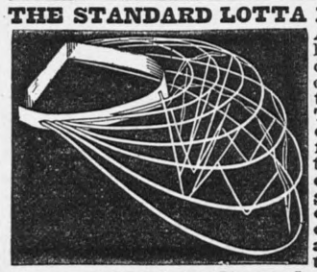

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DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT	" 43
LOUIS QUINZE VEST BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 46
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Vol. VI.

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FACETIÆ

AN unfortunate man in Indianapolis, who lost several toes by a car wheel, was consoled by an Irishman near by with, "Whisht, there! you're making more noise than many a man I've seen with his head off."

THE END OF A BOOKWORM.—To be buried in a book.

An auctioneering firm announce their intention to dispose of "a useful brown tradesman's horse." The advertisers must have been the clever individuals who offered a reward for the recovery of a blue lady's parasol and a drab gentleman's coat.

Why is an I O U like a confirmed toper?—Invariably found in liquor.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed a lady in a witness-box, "how should I know any thing about any thing I don't know any thing about?"

A pompous philosopher extracted the following reply from an advanced free-school lad to the query,

"How is the earth divided, my lad?"

"By earthquakes, Sir."

In the advertisement of a ladies' school in Washington references are given to several defunct gentlemen and ladies, but no information is given through what medium the references may be heard from.

They have a new drink in Philadelphia called the Quaker cocktail. It is served in a broad-brimmed glass.

While a compositor on the Montreal *Witness* was setting up an advertisement for a lost canary, a few days ago, the bird flew in at the office window. This shows the value of advertising.

INK.

I'm tender-hearted, truly:
  Destroy a worm? Not I!
I would not e'en unduly
  Compel a flea to fly.
And yet, without compunction,
  I could—I gravely think—
That man destroy, with unction,
  Who first invented ink!

It stains my weary fingers,
  It spoils my Sunday clo's,
And through my dreams it lingers
  To banish true repose.
Mandragora nor poppy
  Can win for me a wink—
That man invented "copy"
  Who first invented ink.

'Tis well for those at gray light
  Who douse the midnight ile;
But I from dusk till daylight
  Must shed ink's fluid vile.
I straight to bottom dive must;
  They never quit the brink—
Not much in Heav'n he thrive must
  Who first invented ink.

And just when toil is over,
  And on my sofa flat
I lie as if in clover,
  I hear the post's rat-tat.
And Jobkins sends me verses,
  And Bobkins writes for chink—
On him then fall my curses
  Who first invented ink.

The average inventor
  Is mostly known to fame,
But Maunder (who's my Mentor)
  Does not record *one* name—
And I'm, for one, contented
  To see in Lethe sink
His name who first invented
  That hateful fluid—ink!

NOT TO BE CAUGHT.

MRS. SPRATT (*hearing that Leviathan Brown, the millionaire, will marry only an economical girl, thoroughly posted in housekeeping affairs, arranges matters with her daughters*). "Come in, Mr. Brown, right into the Kitchen, and see my Darlings Mending and Dusting and Baking, just as they are. Ah! you won't find them Dressed, and Loitering about in the Drawing-Room! The Dear Girls find their Pleasure in the Kitchen."

THE LATEST KIND OF VERDICT.—"Decidedly guilty, though with some little doubt as to whether he is really the right man." They hanged him, anyhow.

A man referring to the sudden death of a relative, was asked if he lived high. "Well, I can't say he did," said Terence, "but he died high." Like the banks in these days, he was suspended.

A Scotchman thus recently addressed his daughter:

"Fat's this I hear ye're gaun to dee, Jeannie?"

"Weel, I'm just gaun to marry that farm ower by there, and live wi' the bit mannie on't."

Some Dutch officials have been assassinated at Benkoelen, near Lais. How they found the place on the map, and got there, does not appear.

In a certain greenroom a couple of actors the other day got warm in discussing the Reformation, and one of them wound up his argument with the words, "That's what Martin Luther does for you!" They were overheard, and the conversation was interrupted by an outsider, who wanted to know, "When's he coming down, and what line of business does he play?" He had mistaken the reformer for some new star.

The "cast of countenance" of an English tragedian at present in Paris is described by a French critic as that of "Don Quixote giving away tracts."

"What is love, Nanny?" asked a Scotch minister of one of his parishioners, alluding, of course, to the word in its Scriptural sense.

"Hoot, fye, Sir," answered the blate Nanny, blushing to the een-holes, "dinna ask me sic a daft-like question. I'm sure ye ken as weel as me that love's just next to cholera. Love is just the worst inside complaint for a lad or lassie to have."

EXPRESSION OF MR. BROWN'S FACE ON LEAVING THE HOUSE.

In connection with the meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science, at Lyons, the story is told of a well-known Geneva professor, that, on the occasion of one of the expeditions of the association into the country, they were thrown upon the resources of a second-rate *café* for refreshment. The professor demanded of the *garçon* if they had any chiccory.

"Yes;" and a supply was brought.

"Have you any more?"

"Certainly;" and some more made its appearance.

"Is this all?"

"Yes, monsieur, that is all our supply."

"Now, will you make us some coffee?"

EXTRACT OF MEAT—Bones, of course.

The other day, at a concert, a gentleman having put his hat upon a chair to keep a place, returned to claim it after a short absence. The hat he found sure enough where it had been left, only there was a stout lady sitting on it.

"Madam," said he, "you are sitting on my hat."

The lady blushed a little, turned round, and said, in the blandest manner, "Oh, I beg pardon! I'm sure I thought it was my husband's."

Smith has given out his latest bonbon poem. It is the following:

"Two places on the earth there be—
One where my girl is not, the other there is she."

The other day a Dublin tutor who had repeatedly to reprimand a youth for inability to find an article if it was the least out of its usual position, came out in a passion with the following: "I suppose if you found your head not on its usual place some day, you wouldn't know where to go and look for it."

MORE CURIOUS THAN A WOMAN.—Talk about the curiosity of women! We will back a fly against any woman. Just watch him as he traverses a bald man's cranium, halts on the eyelid, and, taking a cursory glance around him, waltzes over to the end of the nose, peeps up one nostril, and having satisfied his curiosity there, curvets over the upper lip and takes a glance up the other. With a satisfactory smile at having seen all there is to be seen there, he makes a bee-line for the chin, stopping a moment to explore the cavity formed by the closed lips. Arriving at the chin, he takes a notion to creep down under the shirt collar, but suddenly hesitating, he turns round as if he had forgotten something, and proceeds to an exploration of the ears. This concluded, he carries out his original intention, and disappears between the neck and shirt collar, emerging, after the lapse of some minutes, with an air seeming to say he had performed his duty. What matter the frantic attempts to catch him, the enraged gestures, and the profane language? They disturb his equanimity not a moment. Driven from one spot, he alights on another; he finds he has only got a duty to perform, and he does it.

A correspondent says that "kissing a lady with an Elizabethan ruff on is about as much fun as embracing a circular saw going at a weak pace."

Which is the vainest bird, the peacock or the weathercock?

SHE "DIDN'T FRIGHTEN."—A pious old lady at New Bedford boasted in prayer-meeting that she wasn't afraid of the devil. A young chap present, with a view to testing her faith and courage, followed her home, and in a lonely, secluded spot, crept up behind her and whispered, "I am the devil." But the good woman never heeded him, and again and again he introduced himself in the same style. Finally, finding the thing was getting monotonous, she turned to him with the ejaculation, "Well, nobody denies it." That young man don't follow the frightening business any more.

A RUMOR THAT QUICKLY SPREADS—A peacock's tail.

TEN GOLDEN RULES.

Never leave off wearing a coat unless you have another to take its place.

Never trouble another to eat a dinner you have ordered for yourself.

Never lend a quarter if you have only ten cents in your pocket.

Never buy a watch if you can get some one to give it to you.

Never ask your principal creditor the best way to go through the Bankruptcy Court.

Never attempt to eat soup with a tooth-pick when there is a spoon handy.

Never take your boots to be mended by a cobbler whom you have offended.

Never wear your old hat if you can borrow a new one.

Never order a steak at a place where your credit is bad, and the waiter wears strong boots.

Never pay a bill unless you have sufficient money to spare.

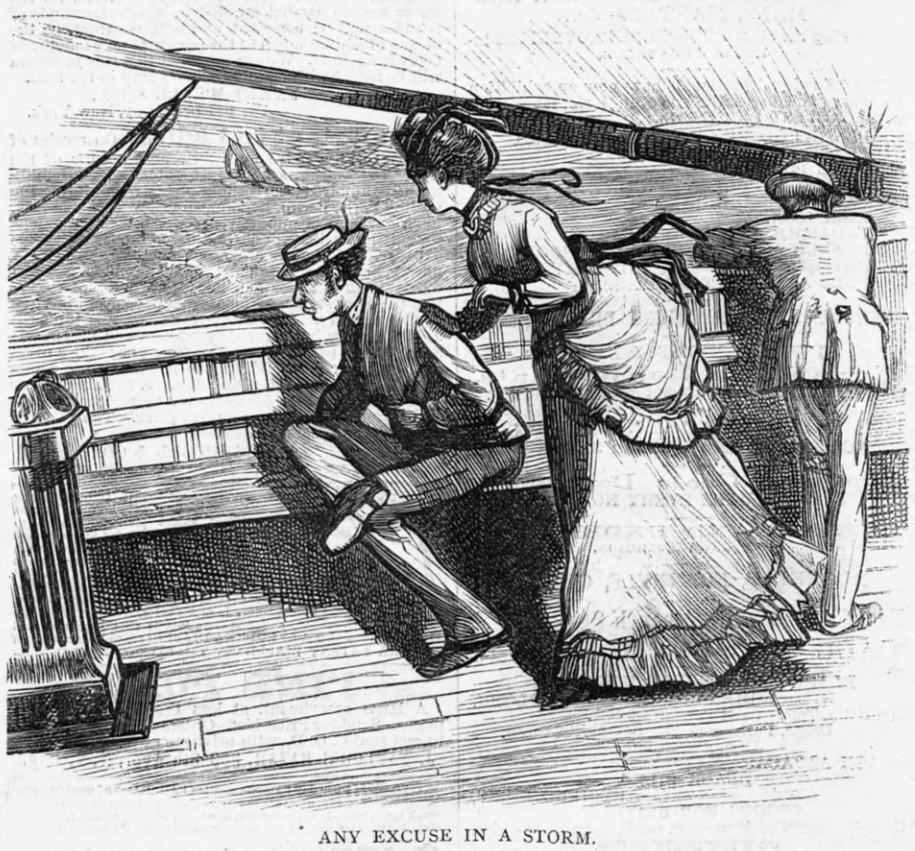
A boy of sixteen, employed the other day in manipulating some old government stores, thought, from the smell, that two small pills which he found must be gunpowder. He tried with a match, and found that he was correct in his surmises. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death. This precocious youth adds another to the long list of martyrs to science.

A certain army surgeon applied to the Sanitary Commission for "consecrated beef and desecrated vegetables."

Upon the marriage of Mrs. Wheat, of Virginia, the editor hopes that her path may be floury, and that she may never be thrashed by her husband.

AN INCOMPLETE EDUCATION.

"What! Shivering in the Middle of August! How's that?"
"Oh, Sir, please, Sir, we was only Taught 'ow to Beg in the *Winter*-Time, Sir!"



ANY EXCUSE IN A STORM.

SWEET EMMELINE (*to her love, who is enjoying a nice sail*). "Do you feel Seasick, Richard dear?"
RICHARD (*with wonderful bravery*). "No, no. Umph! I think the Shrimps I had for Breakfast this Morning must have been Alive!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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A PLEA FOR MY SHADY WINDOW.

IN the cultivation of window or greenhouse plants all true lovers of flowers have had some experience; for no one who enjoys the beauty of the summer garden, and plants and tends and gathers for months from that luxuriant store, can altogether forego the pleasure of having something green and growing to cheer and interest her during the long winter, while nature is asleep under the snow. So, while the days are still soft and balmy and the nights free from heavy frosts, the provident florist begins preparations for the winter garden that is to bloom in every window of her parlor, making there a continual greenness and fragrance until the spring-time shall come once more. It is only October, but none too soon to pot the geraniums, and take cuttings of the salvias, and cut back the fuchsias and all the tall plants that are to be housed for next season. One can not quite consent to abandon the overgrown favorites that have made the garden so gorgeous, so they are trimmed into convenient sizes, and brought in under shelter until the weather has really become cold. By thus beginning work in good time, they will recover themselves nicely before it is time to bring them in-doors, and need not be placed in a stove room until some weeks later. Then we separate the winter bloomers from those that are merely to be housed for next summer, putting them into less conspicuous places, but giving our choicest nooks and sunniest windows to the lovely sweet jasmines and Chinese primroses, oxalis, geraniums, and other companion favorites, which will soon be very gay with blossoms. Verbenas may

Fig. 1.—BLACK SILK HOUSE DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 4.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 36-45.

Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 13 TO 15 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—BLACK SILK HOUSE DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 36-45.

FIGS. 1-4.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S FALL AND WINTER SUITS.

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remain out until quite hard frosts have blackened the tops of many of the tenderer plants, and then, if you desire to preserve specimens of the different colors for next season's bedding, you have only to take up some of the little roots and crowd them together into a shallow box, and set them in a place where they will be safe from freezing. There they will quietly flourish until spring, when they can easily be separated for setting out.

But what shall we do if there be no sunny window for these blooming flowers—only north exposures, which no one need choose for a window-garden? Must we give up all prospects of a greenery merely because circumstances are thus unpropitious? Not willingly; so we turn to the lovely fern family, and there, among the wonderful tribe of cryptogams, depend upon it, we shall find all we ought to desire. Here are mosses and lycopodiums, and all the curious and beautiful ferns of this and other countries, hundreds of varieties, ready for you to choose from. Besides, you may plant a variegated begonia, or any other thing that loves the damp, in among them, and let them flourish together under your glass, for glass they must have, if you would see your fernery in perfection. A Wardian case is the best thing for this purpose. As to the cost, that will be no more than for an ordinary table, such as one would purchase for the parlor, but here, all in one, we have table and garden besides. The zinc-lined tray contains the earth, rich leaf mould from the woods, and, once planted, the glass cover will produce a damp atmosphere around the ferns that will keep them ever green. They will require little attention beyond an occasional watering with a fine rose, and will retain their beauty for years. My own window-garden has one of these in the centre, and side brackets support pots from which ivy is trained up on either side until it completely encircles the window, meeting overhead in the centre, where a hanging basket is suspended. From that droop graceful plants of tradescantia, saxifrage, and Kenilworth ivy, the whole forming a bower from which I can look out as from a green curtain, and it is an all-sufficient screen from outside observation.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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☞ A Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY contains more reading matter than an average octavo volume. The most popular authors of England and America write constantly for the WEEKLY; and as a journal of choice reading, combined with pictorial embellishments of the very highest order, it leaves every competitor in the distance.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1873.

☞ With the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for October 25 was sent out gratuitously a splendidly illustrated

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing a further installment of "PHINEAS REDUX," with an illustration, and other literary and pictorial attractions.

Another EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT will be sent out gratuitously with the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for November 1.

☞ *A Cut Paper Pattern of the new and popular Tight-fitting Double-breasted Redingote, with French Round Skirt, will be published with our next Number. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 703.

THE SINGLE WOMAN.

ONE of the most extreme forms of contempt with which a good wife is ever visited is that in which some one calls her a "married old maid." Under such reproach she is expected to abase herself, and incontinently mend her ways, as far as may be, by abandoning precision and regularity in favor of the disorderly and slatternly style preferred by her reprover. One would naturally suppose, from the form of the anathema, that to be an "old maid" at all was to be in that state of outer darkness where the unconverted gnash their teeth, but to be a "married old maid" was simply to cling to evil after conversion and the experience of grace!

Yet what is the really obnoxious point eliciting the reproach? It is simply a confession that the single woman has discovered an economy of time, of labor, and of temper by having a place for every thing, and every thing in its place; that she has learned that only positive genius can afford to disregard method and routine, not because the routine, if genius could adopt it, would not be more advantageous in the long-run, but because Pegasus can not work in harness, while there are too few of us having positive genius to make it worth considering; and that, conscious of every body's obligations to the world and the Maker of the world, she disposes of herself and her surroundings in such wise as to meet those obligations in the readiest way possible. And is it, after all, so depraved a habit to insist, for instance, upon keeping free of dust and dirt? Sooner or later we must return to our primal element, we know; but need we hasten the day? Is it so unwise a course, that of having one's belongings in such order that a hand can be laid on them in the dark? Is it really, in point either of health or of gratification, so flagitious to take an exquisite care of the person? And is it a positive weakness to let the heart melt over a tale of woe, however false, or to extend kindness to the otherwise unprotected animals who partially shield one from loneliness? Yet all this is the short-coming of the typical "old maid." Qualities producing such results are the ones most ridiculed in her; and we must confess that we believe the picture has always been drawn by her two practical enemies, the single man and the slovenly wife.

According to our belief, it is the duty of every wife, as well as of every maid, to do all these things, and not to leave the rest undone. It does not follow that because she is neat and methodical, she is to harass the life out of every one who is not; that in order to have her wise way, she is to keep herself in everlasting strife. The quiet word, the discreet manner, obviate all that, and there is peace in the house, and order too. But for our own part, we have never succeeded in meeting the typical person spoken of above. If she ever existed, she is, for all our research, as extinct as the dodo. The spinsters of our acquaintance are not gaunt and spiny furies; they are plump and debonair women—two or three of them usually living together in the best of spirits, with few cares or vexations or restraints from the outer world; and if they have not the great blessings that happy marriages confer, they have at least the satisfaction of feeling that they are not the victims of unhappy marriages, and that their lives and nerves are unconsumed in the vain endeavor to pamper and please somebody out of whom all loving effort could only succeed in manufacturing a tyrant. They have their long friendships that have lasted since their school-girl days, and that they have found the time to cultivate and to enjoy; their house is the charmed resort of the children of married friends, of nephews and nieces; if they earn money, they work as they please, without hampering, and spend without interference; if they have an income, there is no one to accuse them of wasting it in those charities that delight their souls; their church, their sewing societies, their book clubs, their gossips, are perpetual pleasures; they have the minister to worship, if still unsatisfied—always a good lay figure for the purpose; and the children whom sometimes, in that great longing of the mother-heart which is a part of every woman, they adopt turn out quite as well as their neighbors' children do, if not a little better.

Or, if they are not the fortunate controllers of a home of their own, these single women whom we have met are sojourners in the families of sisters and brothers, and are acting there as a constant breakwater to every wave of trouble. They rock the cradle in these families, and take the baby to wean, and look over the wash, and mend the clothes, and darn the stockings; they remember the recipes for the richest cake and the best preserves, make the cookies and the turn-overs, spread the bread with jam between meals for the hungry little mouths, make up the luncheon baskets, catch together the surreptitious rents, compose quarrels, get punishments condoned, and smuggle up the longed-for bit of gingerbread to the child sent supperless to bed. In sickness they do the nursing, they do the sitting-up at night, they make the messes, take the doctor's directions, dress the blisters, and are present at the surgical operations. When company comes, the queen is in the parlor eating bread and honey—that is, entertaining and being entertained, for dignity requires it as the head of the house; but the single woman, fortunately, has no dignity to maintain: she can run errands in her morning gown, and see the too early caller, and is now to be found superintending and overlooking, and often doing, till all is as it should be, in order to maintain her sister's or brother's reputation for elegant hospitality. She is expected to do for every body, but to have little done for her; to feel for every body, but to have no feelings of her own. In fact, she is performing the office of friend and lady, nurse, housekeeper, and servant; and usually with no other reward than the pittance of her clothes, which, by some unaccountable process of reasoning, are considered to be a gift. But what the house would be without this single woman in it—companion, reconciler, helper—one can hardly conjecture. Frequently she is well enough appreciated and known to be invaluable; but let the contrary be the case, and let sickness, or death, or even possibly a late marriage, take her away, and then only too soon it is realized that blessings brighten as they take their flight.

Even possibly marriage may take her away, we said just now; for it seems to be formally recognized, in total forgetfulness of the adage which says, "There never swam a goose so gray but what could find a mate," that the single woman never had the chance to "improve her condition." It never seems to be supposed for a moment that she is unmarried because she is faithful to an early attachment; because she will not debase herself by marriage without love; because she will not take a husband at a pinch; because, in short, she is too virtuous or too fastidious.

It is possible that there may come a time when people will learn to let alone that in the affairs of others which does not concern themselves, when the things belonging to an individual's private and inner life may remain unquestioned, and only conformity with the requirements of law and society be considered. In that time the "old maid" will receive an equal respect with the "old bachelor." Why this is not the case to-day is a riddle for the Sphinx. Certainly the one wrongs nobody by her celibacy, for it is not to be presumed but that, with her feminine need of leaning and loving, she would have married long ago if the right person had sought her; but the other, in the surplusage of women, has the world before him where to choose, and by his willfully single state he wrongs a good wife of a good husband, children of a protecting father, and the community of a member who has some better stake in society and the well-being of the race and the world than his poor stocks and bonds. Still the planet has moved, ever since the days of GALILEO, at any rate; and as the typical "old maid" slowly fades into a thing of the past, and remains typical of nothing but the envy and malice of her slanderers, her successor espouses a career, a trade, an occupation, and is beginning to meet with whatever portion of honor may be due her as a human being, and one performing her duty in her day and generation: so that, after all, the wife may thank her stars if she is never saluted with worse reproach than that of being a "married old maid."

VIVE LA FRANCE!

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

JUST as grace had been vouchsafed me to preach, through the *Bazar*, to a world lying in wickedness the gospel of every man's ownership in himself, whether he be artist, author, or hod-carrier, the following paragraph in the daily paper fell under my notice:

"A French provincial paper has been sentenced to pay fifty francs each to seventeen persons whose names are published on a list of pilgrims. The publication was true and harmless, but French law forbids journals to meddle with the private affairs of individuals."

It is no longer surprising that the French have paid their war tax to the Germans with unparalleled promptness. They lay the axe at the root of the tree. When, scarcely three years ago, France was crushed to the earth, bleeding, prostrate, beneath the unsparing heel of Prussia, who could have believed that she would so soon arise, alert, erect, elastic? In this short time she has paid her enormous impost, freed herself from the foot of the invader, and is ready to tread once more the old path to glory, if, indeed, this new path be not better—the path of industry, economy, thrift, and quiet; the path bordered with happy homes and trodden by happy feet.

Why did not France faint under her burden, and falter into a third, fourth, fifth rate nation, as was so often prophesied? The answer is easy. France cherishes the individual. National greatness depends upon individual character. A nation is patriotic, self-sacrificing, noble, according as the individuals which compose it are noble, self-sacrificing, patriotic. Individuals are great according as they are left to grow. Of two trees planted and cultivated alike, the one which is defended from harm thrives, and the one that is suffered to be a tying-post to every team that draws up before the grocery, to be gnawed by every hungry horse and whittled by every roving urchin, dwindles to a sickly, spindling dwarf. France, wise in her generation, recognizes this fact, and in the day of her sore need finds her account in it. She stands over her citizens with a drawn sword, and protects the right of private persons to their privacy. She will not have their names so much as mentioned. It is no matter that what you say of them is true. You shall not say it. It is no matter that what you say is harmless. You shall not say it. Honey and gall are alike illegal. French law forbids journals to meddle with the private affairs of individuals. Talk about personal liberty! One would barter a good deal of personal liberty for a little of this sweet tyranny. Talk of the freedom of the press! Oh for one hour of this beautiful, beneficent censorship of the press—this decent and decorous despotism!

We have our free schools and Sunday-schools, our trial by jury, our caucuses and town-meetings, and we debase ourselves before the Dagon of publicity, drag alike the trivialities and the sanctities of life into the open day; and so far from framing laws against it, we let men arise here and there and justify it. We not only do these things, but take pleasure in them that do them. The strong and active disapprobation that once greeted such profaneness is melting, or deadening into indifference, yielding before a prurient curiosity. We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

France has never boasted of her free schools, to my knowledge. DE TOCQUEVILLE complimented us by a closer study than many of our own statesmen give; LEFEBVRE is never weary of praising us; and the good DE GASPARIN stuck closer than a brother through all the ups and downs of our civil war. The gallant nation, as modest as brave! (Shall I take rank hereby as an original discoverer?) But this great country that would learn of us might first teach us a lesson it is richly worth while to know. Without free schools or town-meeting, priest-ridden it may be, and overburdened with her BOURBONS and BONAPARTES, she has contrived to distill the fine essence of learning and liberty and religion, the last result of chivalry and courtesy. Spite of all defects in her institutions, all inferiority in her methods, her delicacy and dignity and reverence for "the holy spirit of man" have crystallized into law, while we are still floundering about in gross and vapid personalities. What are the public consequences? When France is weighted, every man rounds his back to the burden. The private individual, whose privacy she has so jealously guarded, brings out of his private hoard wherewithal to compass her swift redemption. He rejoices to ransom the country that has protected his peace as well as his purse from the spoiler, and in protecting his peace has indirectly but effectually filled his purse.

We boast American energy, and when a gossip prints that A, the artist, has a pink sofa and a yellow carpet in his dining-room, the American critic yawns, and says that public curiosity respecting artists is a fixed fact, and we may as well give in to it. What does the effete monarchy of Europe do? Takes the gossip by the throat, and makes him pay ten dollars! How long would public curiosity be a fixed fact if the curiosity-monger had to pay ten dollars a word for every paragraph he wrote to gratify it? How strenuously would the newspapers permit B, the poet, to go to the Isles of Shoals in peace; how silently would they survey the feet of C, the preacher, beautiful upon the mountains; with what profound indifference would they suffer D, the statesman, to go back and forth between Saratoga and New York, if they were mulcted in a good golden eagle for every word they uttered concerning his movements? Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time, and bring the welcome day when our dear but derelict country shall not only have established freedom in the coarser concerns of life, but shall rival France in the strictness and imperiousness with which, either by velvet glove or iron hand, she defends the inalienable rights of privacy, and protects humble but innocent citizens against those roaring and reporting lions that walk up and down society, seeking whom they may devour!

And hasten, O *Bazar*, to print this paper, lest some pestilent fellow arise and quench the bright millennial spark by affirming that France has no such law, and that there, as here, every man does that which is right and lucrative, "spicy" and "racy," and "taking" in his own eyes; that there, as here, a person belongs not to himself, but to all who may, however wrongly, be supposed to take an interest in the details of his garb, history, or journeyings—

"For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise."

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FASHIONABLE dress-makers, who receive the choicest and therefore the latest importations from Paris, have just exhibited their selections, and a review of them will settle any indecision that may have been felt about the best styles for the winter. The new costumes combine simplicity with richness, by using plain styles and rich fabrics. Modistes say the change may not be marked at present, but will come gradually, and the height of the season will show far more simple dressing than is now seen. This

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will be specially true of street dresses, such as the short suits of woolen fabrics that are worn in the morning, afternoon, and indeed for general day wear, church, shopping, etc.

ROUND SKIRTS.

Round skirts are again the fashion. "No lady in Paris walks out in a dress that touches the ground," is the report of leading modistes just returned from abroad. The *Bazar* has said this repeatedly while deploring the draggled skirts of American women, and is glad to chronicle the fact that it has become the fashion here to walk in the trim French skirt, round, short, and narrow. The new skirts are "round," inasmuch as they appear to be of the same length all around, instead of training slightly behind; short, because they escape the ground; and narrow, because their greatest width is from three yards to three and a quarter. The usual number of narrow gores is used for these skirts, and they are made to cling flatly in front and on the sides by tapes attached to the second side seams, and tied behind the person, or else by wearing them over the new sloping bustles.

WORTH'S NOVELTY IN SKIRTS.

While speaking of skirts we must not omit to mention a new feature found in Worth's skirts, an innovation that produces a pretty effect, though somewhat opposed to the short skirts we have just described, and intended more particularly for carriage dresses made partly of silk and partly of velvet. This consists of a narrow skirt of five breadths, viz., a wide gored front breadth, one narrow gore on each side, and two full straight back breadths. This brings a seam down the back, and this seam is left open three-eighths of a yard from the bottom; the flounce which surrounds the skirt is taken in this seam, and held there in deep triple pleats, adding an extra breadth, and giving a graceful fan or pigeon tail slope to the slightly drooping skirt. The dresses in which this skirt is used are worthy of description, as they represent other stylish features, and because they have met with general approval. First is a carriage and reception costume of dark brown with pink hues, like old-fashioned ashes-of-roses, and is combined with pink silk. The skirt has the front breadth of pink silk, representing an under-petticoat, with a row of cut steel buttons down the front, and milliners' folds on each side of the buttons. A flounce of the brown silk surrounds the other widths, and is pleated in behind. The very long over-skirt of four straight breadths of brown silk springs open from the belt in front, disclosing the pink tablier, and is without any trimming, though faced under the edges with pink silk. The basque is square, opening over a pink vest, with revers and flaring collar, and also coat sleeves. The reader's attention is called to the plain long over-skirt with square corners, utterly without ornament, the single flounce on the lower skirt, the plain tablier with merely buttons and folds, and the simple untrimmed basque, for it is in these features that the stylish simplicity of new costumes consist. A second dress is of the conventional black silk and velvet, one of those handsome street costumes in which Worth excels. The silk skirt has two scant velvet flounces placed quite apart, and edged with the universally worn side pleating of silk an eighth of a yard deep. The lower flounce is pleated in the back seam at the bottom. The over-skirt, sloping backward from the front of the belt, and almost concealing the back of the lower skirt, consists of two straight breadths of silk each two yards long, edged with a bias velvet fold, left open up the back, draped in voluminous but soft flat pleats behind, and tacked to the second side seam of the skirt to keep it from being blown up by the wind or displaced when the wearer sits. The plain basque is of velvet with silk sleeves.

SATIN REDIVIVUS.

Another hint in the latest importations is that satin is about to be revived. On some new dresses it is seen as velvet is now used, in the way of pipings, facings, vests, sleeveless jackets, and also in the long square single breadth on each side, which now form the only over-skirts provided for many elaborately trimmed dinner dresses.

WOOL AND SILK.

New features are also seen in the wool and silk suits just imported. There is a caprice for trimming the silk skirts of such suits with silk flounces bound and headed by bands of the camel's-hair used for the over dress; on some silk skirts there are so many camel's-hair bands that it is difficult to tell which is the dress and which the trimming. Redingotes are as long and flat as possible in front, with basque backs, or else a shaped flat trimming that extends the whole length of the back. Many stylish polonaises have the back cut in Marguerite shape, with the side body seam beginning in the shoulder instead of in the armhole. Bands of the new silver-marten fur (which is said to be coon-skin) are used for trimming redingotes of diagonal cloths, and a gay fancy is an Indian border like that on India shawls for edging camel's-hair polonaises. The silk or velvet skirts worn with fine wool redingotes are simply trimmed alike all around, instead of having fanciful tabliers, and must escape the ground.

Notwithstanding the introduction of novelties for trimming, the prevailing taste is for long plain redingotes, without ornament other than necessary buttons, pockets, cuffs, and collar, and which depend for their beauty upon their perfection of fit, their adaptability, and good material. Some of these have the round revers collar of velvet or silk, while others are buttoned close to the throat, and finished with a standing silk collar, either made flaring or else in the English shape with turned-over points.

VELVET AND SILK.

Polka-dotted velvet in the stylish dark shades is a new fabric just received. Dark velvet polonaises with silk sleeves and silk skirts make elegant suits for winter; one much admired is of chestnut brown velvet, cut with short square basque front and Marguerite back without drapery, and square on the sides. Long looped bows of silk, with the ends caught in funnel-shaped passementerie ornaments, trim the sides, and smoked pearl buttons fasten the front. The sleeves are of lighter brown silk, and the silk skirt has a tablier of reversed pleating. Similar dresses in black velvet and silk will be very elegant.

EMBROIDERED DRESSES.

Rich dresses, that look as if copied from old portraits, have the sleeves and front breadth made entirely of open-worked embroidery on black silk placed over the colored silk of the dress, and producing a beautiful effect. For instance, a soft green silk made with plain bodice and train has a tablier of black English embroidery laid on the silk, and a single garland of roses embroidered diagonally on the front, as though it had fallen there. A sleeveless jacket, or else sleeves of the black open-work, is then added. The effect is far richer than if lace were used, and it is a matter of comment this winter that so little lace is seen. Perhaps these embroideries will supply the place of that favorite garniture. There are also embroideries of silk and jet on black tulle for black silk dresses, and colored embroidery on white tulle for light silks for evening.

VARIOUS HINTS ABOUT DRESSES.

A single row of trimming straight down the middle of the front breadth of the skirt is very stylish. For instance, a row of shell pleating, of cut steel buttons, or else three or four of the new bows made of long loops of doubled silk, with the ends finished with an ornament like the head of tassels, or the funnel-shaped affairs that suggest the upholsterer's ornaments on curtains.

Horizontal and diagonal tabliers are newer than those made of several perpendicular bands or puffs. The crosswise tabliers are reversed pleats, or else careless-looking folds, tacked on each width, or else groups of crescent-shaped folds with bands of jet trimming between each group. Diagonal tabliers are merely piped bands of the material of the trimming, or else shirred puffs.

Throat knots, side knots fastened on the left of the belt, or else a knot with long ends for the front of the waist, are ornaments found on French dresses. They are sometimes made of watered ribbon, especially on black dresses, but are most frequently of doubled silk, two or three inches wide when finished. As we have said before, the bow of the period is not regular and stiff, but is in two or three loose, long, irregular loops, united by a knotted strap; when worn on the belt, the ends hang almost to the bottom of the dress; when placed back of the side, this takes the place of the sash.

New sashes of black velvet are two long straight pendent streamers, trimmed with lace and jet, or else fringed, while half-way down them a pretty little pocket is simulated. Sashes of wide ribbon are now worn directly in the middle of the back, and consist of two long ends with the top laid over the flat loops, that avoid giving a bouffant appearance.

Tortoise-shell buttons, very large and exquisitely carved, are just introduced for trimming suits of camel's-hair, velvet polonaises, jackets, etc. They are very handsome, and also very expensive.

White silk tabliers, wrought all over with "white jet"—frosty-looking white beads—are to be used for ball dresses of white and pale-tinted silks.

Demi-trained skirts of dinner dresses are without over-skirts, but are trimmed with three kinds of trimming. The back breadths are flounced from the belt to the edge, the side breadths are covered by a long square-cornered width of satin or velvet tacked flatly to the skirt, and the front breadths have a tablier of reversed pleats or else of diagonal bands.

Sleeveless basques of light blue or pink silk, with insertions of Valenciennes lace let in the silk, are worn over dinner dresses of black silk.

The long heavy over-skirts now worn are sewed to the belts of the lower skirts, making only two pieces in the costume—that is, the basque and skirt. In such cases the over-skirt must open behind, just as the lower skirt does. Ladies will find it a good plan to tack the new over-skirts (in several places in the seams) to the lower skirt, since the simple straight breadths now used are easily blown out of place, and the beauty of the costume impaired thereby. In some plain but extravagant dresses the long straight breadths are made of doubled silk. This, however, seems useless expense, as a deep facing is quite sufficient.

FANCY JEWELRY.

The Oriental necklace of many rows of jet beads is again in fashion. The beads graduate smaller toward the back, and have but one row there, while from three to seven rows fall low on the bodice.

New French jewelry imported by the modistes is of mixed silver and gold. Ear-rings have large gold disks, with open filigree of silver above, showing the burnished gold beneath. There are coiled serpents and animals' heads of silver on buttons of French gilt and various devices. One pretty fashion for ear-rings is a gold arrow with turquoise barb, to be worn with the arrow thrust through the ear. Turquoises and pearls are the stones most seen in these fancy ornaments. Balls linked by chains are worn for fastening cuffs and collar.

For information received thanks are due Mrs. CONNELLY; Miss SWITZER; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, who died a few days since in England, was for forty-five years prominently before the art world as the first artist of his class. Many of his best sketches were gifts to the late Duchess of Bedford, at whose beautiful seat, The Doune, in Scotland, he was accustomed to spend a large part of each autumn. Indeed, it seemed to be understood that had he chosen to say the word, he might have become the husband of the duchess; but the marriage would have been unacceptable to her children, and he refrained. He never married. He was often accused, says a writer in the New York *Times*, of the English foible of a fondness for fine company. But in his case the excuse that CHARLES II. made for himself—viz., that the women all ran after him more than he after them—was true as regarded his fine friends; and when a man finds himself an honored and much-sought-for guest in the splendid homes of dukes and earls, where art, splendor, and intellect are to be found, it is pardonable if, especially when his natural bias particularly leads him to appreciate the beautiful in all its forms, he shows a tendency to frequent places where especially he finds it. In conversation he was very agreeable, and told a story particularly well.

—A few evenings since, at the opera, Madame NILSSON was unable to sing the part of Lucia, owing to illness. The part was undertaken at three hours' notice, and without rehearsal, by Mlle. TORRIANI, who achieved an unexpected and brilliant success. During the evening a becoming act of grateful recognition was made by NILSSON to her fair substitute by sending her a costly and beautiful bouquet, emblematic of love and peace, with a note expressing thanks for her considerate and timely assistance. Mlle. TORRIANI, who thus unselfishly consented to make her *début* in this country under peculiarly trying circumstances, is a young and handsome blonde, with a pure, high soprano voice and fine dramatic power, and is a valuable addition to Mr. STRAKOSCH'S popular company.

—Mr. PAUL DU CHAILLU has returned to the streets and avenues of his esteemed New York, after a scamper through the northern regions of Europe in quest of information and things with which to delight those who will flock to his lectures, and the thousands who in good time will read all about it in a volume to be issued by HARPER & BROTHERS.

—WILLIAM MINER sleeps with his fathers—cut off at one hundred and two. He was a Frenchman by birth, came to this city with LAFAYETTE, and with that eminent French gentleman assisted in the Revolutionary war. Latterly he lived at Northampton, Massachusetts, where he died.

—Miss EDMONIA LEWIS, the tinted sculptress, is in San Francisco, where she is to be honored by a public reception, designed as a mark of esteem. The papers urge the purchase of one of her works of art, but the colored brothers have their hearts set upon a banquet of the most gorge-ous description, and the colored expression of esteem will break out in that shape.

—WILLIAM EVERETT, son of the late EDWARD EVERETT, has abandoned law and authorship, and taken to the ministry. He possesses fervor and ability. His father is said to have frequently, in the latter years of his life, expressed regret at having left the pulpit for politics.

—Milan is said to be thronged with young foreigners learning vocal music, besides at least 3000 musical souls who are ready and eager for operatic or concert engagements. Boston and New England send many aspirants, among whom are Messrs. SPRAGUE and PACKARD, training for opera. Mr. JULIUS PERKINS, of Boston, a fine basso, has been engaged by MAPLESON, of London, to appear in *La Favorita*, *Faust*, and other operas. He is ranked among the very best of new bassos. Miss BARTON, of Salem, Massachusetts, has fine operatic prospects; ditto Miss ANTONIA BONNERY, of Boston; and Miss BLANCHE DAVENPORT, sister of FANNY DAVENPORT, the actress.

—Miss ANCELIA NINE, of North Adams, Massachusetts, has just entered the connubial state with one of the very many Messrs. BROWN. What a falling off! Nine to be blended, so to speak, with another, and the whole to count only as one.

—The Rev. Dr. LITTLEDALE, of England, estimates that out of the 20,000 clergy of the English Church, 10,000 are of the High-Church party, 5000 of the Low-Church, 3000 of the non-descript, and 2000 of the Broad-Church.

—The portrait of WASHINGTON, by STUART, which hangs in Faneuil Hall, Boston, was presented to the city by SAMUEL PARKMAN, the father of the physician murdered by Dr. WEBSTER.

—EDMOND ABOUT, while about in the wine-shops of Paris, discovered a waiter with a remarkable tenor voice. The Grand Opera people have undertaken his musical education. Name, CELLER; age, twenty-eight; manly form; good-looking.

—CUSTER and ROSSER, two notable men in their way, have been sketched by Professor PHELPS, who accompanied the Yellowstone expedition. "In the afternoon," he writes, "General CUSTER came over to our tent, and himself and ROSSER for an hour or more rehearsed the incidents of the war, in which they participated on opposite sides. They were fellow-cadets at West Point in 1861, ROSSER in the first and CUSTER in the second class; but owing to the necessities of the war both classes were graduated at the same time, ROSSER, however, having been ordered home two or three weeks before the close of the academic year, never received his diploma. Being a Virginian, he took service in the Confederate army, and before the close of the war he as well as CUSTER rose to the brevet rank of major-general. Both were cavalry officers, and they were pitted against each other on many a hard-fought field with varying fortunes. They were foemen at Five Forks, the Wilderness, Gettysburg, and nearly all the battle-fields of the Old Dominion. Until this occasion they had met but once since the close of the war. The interview was exceedingly pleasant and deeply interesting. Their mutual questions and explanations concerning the many combats to which they had been parties cleared up points which before were mysterious, and afforded an entertainment to their only auditor on this occasion that was well worth the trip to Dakota to enjoy. In physique as well as in the general type of their characters these two noted cavalry men are as different as could be conceived. General CUSTER is of medium stature, with body slightly inclined forward in walking, face spare, nose rather large and pointed, and hair hanging in slight curls to the shoulders. His manner is quick and nervous, and somewhat eccentric. As a soldier he is bold, dashing, and energetic. Were he a religionist, you would expect him to be a first-class fanatic, for it is impossible for such a man to do any thing by halves. ROSSER is a man about six feet two inches in height, broad and erect, with a well-knit frame, and weighing about 220 pounds. His face is round and full, his hair black, his complexion fair, and with a ruddy tinge. He impresses you in his physical presence as a man of great strength and endurance. In conversation his voice is never pitched on a high key, but is deliberate without being slow, and energetic without being demonstrative. He is one who is eminently fitted to exert great influence over men, and to retain a hold on their confidence. He is a growing man. At the close of the war he gracefully accepted the situation, came North, and entered upon the work of railway engineering. He is at present the engineer in charge of the Dakota division of the Northern Pacific Railway, and is personally superintending the operations of the extension of the line to the Yellowstone."

—Senator SUMNER has written a letter in favor of the annexation of Charlestown to Boston, and at the same time invented a new word. He says, "I doubt if the future Boston will be content until it holds and possesses all the territory which hugs the harbor bearing its name, so that in Boston Harbor nobody shall land except in Boston. Evidently Boston should contain all Bostonians, which it does not now. I know no better way of accomplishing this result than by widening the circle of its jurisdiction. But there is a stronger reason. Every capital is a natural focus of life, politically, socially, and commercially, and every person living in this natural focus properly belongs to the capital. So it is with London, Paris, and Vienna, each of which is composed of suburbs and faubourgs grouped about the original city; and so in reality it is with Boston, for the places about the city, though called by different names, are parts of the same unity, which needs nothing now but a common name." He concludes his letter by saying, "With these views, I find the various processes of *annexion* only a natural manifestation to be encouraged always, and to be welcomed under proper conditions of population and public opinion. I say '*annexion*' rather than 'annexation.' Where a word is so much used, better save a syllable, especially as the shorter is the better." So we may count upon having a new and more graceful word for a proceeding that is of frequent occurrence.

—ALPHONSE KARR, one of the most popular of the *littérateurs* of Paris, is queer in this regard: A long time ago he quarreled with M. BERTIN, of the *Journal des Débats*, which resulted in his swearing that he would not write a line for the press for twenty years. This odd vow he faithfully kept, notwithstanding the most tempting offers. He bought a beautiful villa and garden near Nice, and became a zealous horticulturist. He sent thousands of bouquets to the Paris market, but the venture was not profitable. When the twenty years had expired KARR returned to his newspaper work, and is to-day as brilliant as ever.

—The British Premier is a little better paid than the Federal, Mr. GLADSTONE receiving, as First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, $87,500 a year, while our cabinet ministers are shaved down to $10,000.

—PLUMONT, a celebrated Italian actress, and said to be the successor of RISTORI, will accompany SALVINI to this country. The portraits of SALVINI now ornament the more conspicuous cigar shops, barber shops, and bar-rooms of this metropolis.

—We must be on the watch for Mr. PROCTOR, the English astronomer, who is coming over to make us see stars. An English critic calls him "a perfect glutton for work, without an idle nerve in his whole body."

—Dr. BARTON is the name of the gentleman who, on being told that Mr. VOWEL was dead, quietly replied, "Let us be thankful it was neither U nor I."

—EDMUND YATES, who tells us so many things about that Shah, says that when the potentate went to Manchester and saw some six hundred buxom girls in full employment in the spinning-mills, he was so struck with the sight that he proposed to buy the whole establishment—looms, lassies, and all—especially the lassies, and transport them to Teheran; and he felt quite hurt when they told him the thing couldn't be done. E. Y. also says that Mr. Shah would get outside of his uniform and jewels during some portion of every evening, and, slipping on a plain frock-coat and plain cap, go off for a promenade, entering all sorts of shops, and generally buying a lot of toys and trinkets that our Yankee children would disdain to touch with a long stick.

—If ever there existed a body calculated to stir up another body, and set all one's nerves in a flutter, it is that young man SWINBURNE. OLIVE HARPER has met the party in London, and does not like the party. He is fearfully ugly, and so fidgety that you wish he would keep still for just one moment. He lives with his father a short distance from town, and every now and then he escapes, takes a run up to London, and has a "time." "But," says O. HARPER, "he seems to have the kindest feelings for his fellow-men. To see this famous poet (SWINBURNE) write is a terrible experience. He took a sudden inspiration in my room one day, and, without a word of explanation or apology, seated himself at my writing-table, displaced all my things, and commenced writing. His whole face worked vehemently; he pounded steadily with his left hand on the table, and his feet kept time in unison with his body to the monotonous thumping. As soon as he had finished he jumped up, seized his hat, and, with a hurried 'good-by,' rushed off to find his friend WATTS, to whom he always submits every line for criticism. His handwriting is as cranky and nervous as his manner."

—Prince ROLAND BONAPARTE, grand-nephew of NAPOLEON I., and second cousin of the late Emperor of the French, has been entered as a pupil at the British Naval Academy. He is the first BONAPARTE who has taken to the water.

—Madame CARVALHO, who was recently a guest at the château of Baroness de Rothschild, accompanied herself in airs from MOZART'S *Marriage of Figaro* on the *clavecin* which belonged to MARIE ANTOINETTE.

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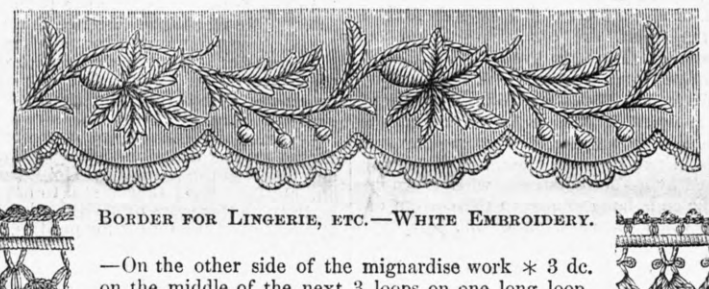
VELVET MANTELET.

Velvet Mantelet.

THIS mantelet is made of brown velvet, and is trimmed with passementerie borders and agrafes of light and dark brown silk, and with brown guipure lace. Cut the mantelet from Fig. 3, No. II., of the present Supplement, paying no attention, however, to the straight line given on the pattern.



BORDER FOR LINGERIE, ETC.—WHITE EMBROIDERY.

Border for Lingerie, etc. White Embroidery.

THIS border is worked on Swiss muslin or batiste with white cotton in half-polka and satin stitch, and is bordered along the scalloped outer edge with button-hole stitches.

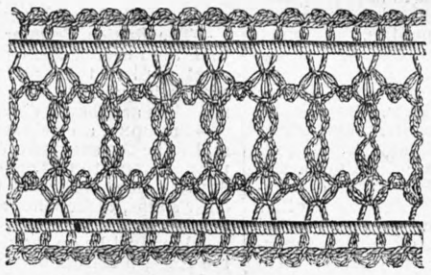


Fig. 1.—MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Mignardise and Crochet Insertion for Lingerie, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE insertions are worked with mignardise, woven, as seen in the illustration, with single standing loops on one side and treble loops fastened on one long loop on the other side, and with twisted crochet cotton, No. 80.

Fig. 1 is worked in two equal parts, counting two rounds each. First crochet on the side furnished with single loops the 1st round.—* 1 sc. (single crochet) on the next loop, 3 ch. (chain stitch), 1 sdc. (short double crochet) on the first of the 3 ch., 1 dc. (double crochet) on the sc. worked previously; repeat from *. 2d round.—On the other side of the mignardise work * 1 sc. on the first of the 3 loops on the next long loop, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the middle loop, 3 ch., 1 dc. on the last sc., 3 ch., 1 dc. on the same sc. on which the last dc. was worked, 3 ch., fasten to the same sc. on which 2 dc. have already been worked, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the third of the 3 loops on this loop, 1 p. (picot, consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these); repeat from *. This completes the first half of the insertion; work the second half in a similar manner, but in working the 2d round, fasten to the finished half as shown by the illustration.

The insertion shown by Fig. 2 is also worked in two equal parts, each of which counts 3 rounds: 1st round.—On the side of the mignardise furnished with single loops work always alternately 1 sc. on the next loop, 4 ch., 1 dc. on the sc. worked previously. 2d round.—On the other side of the mignardise work * 3 dc. on the middle of the next 3 loops on one long loop, 4 ch., 1 sc. on the third of the 4 ch., 1 sdc. on the second of the 4 ch., 1 dc. on the first of the 4 ch., 3 dc. on the same loop on which the first 3 dc. were worked; repeat from *. 3d round.—Always alternately 1 slip stitch on the next ch. in the preceding round which forms the extremity of the point, 6 ch. This completes one-half of the insertion. The second half is worked in a similar manner, but in working the 3d round, fasten to the finished half as shown by the illustration.

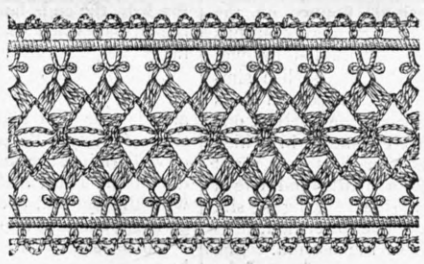
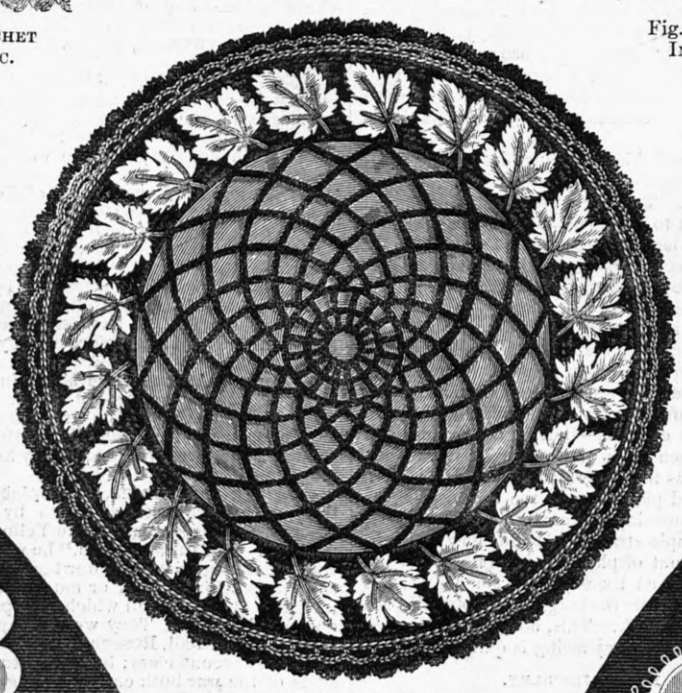


Fig. 2.—MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

EMBROIDERED MANTELET.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Fig. 3.



MAT FOR CANDLESTICKS, VASES, BOTTLES, ETC.—CROCHET-WORK AND APPLICATION EMBROIDERY.

Mat for Candlesticks, Vases, Bottles, etc.—Crochet-Work and Application Embroidery.

THIS mat may be worked in any size desired. The original is suitable for candlesticks, vases, etc., and is four inches and seven-eighths in diameter, not including the edge. When worked of greater size, the mat is suitable for lamps, etc. To make the mat work with black worsted a foundation of 12 st., close these in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and work 10 rounds as follows: 1st round.—4 ch. (chain stitch), the first 3 of which count as first dc. (double crochet); 15 times alternately 1 dc. on the foundation, 1 ch.; finally, 1 sl. on the third of the 3 ch. counting as first dc. in this round. 2d round.—5 ch., the first 3 of which count as first dc., 15 times alternately 2 ch., 1 dc. on the next dc. in the preceding round; finally, 1 sl. on the third of the 3 ch. counting as first dc. in this round. 3d round.—Always alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) on the next 2 ch. in the preceding round, 4 ch.; finally, 1 sl. on the first sc. of this round. 4th round.—2 sl. on the next 2 st. of the preceding round, 1 sc. on the following st. of the preceding round, always alternately 5 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop; finally, 5 ch., 1 sl. on the first sc. in this round. 5th round.—2 sl. on the next 2 st. in the preceding round, 1 sc. on the following st., always alternately 6 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop; finally, 6 ch., 1 sl. on the first sc. in this round. 6th–9th rounds.—Like the 5th round, but increase the number of ch. in every new round by 1 ch. each, and regulate the number of sl. also by this at the beginning of each round. 10th round.—4

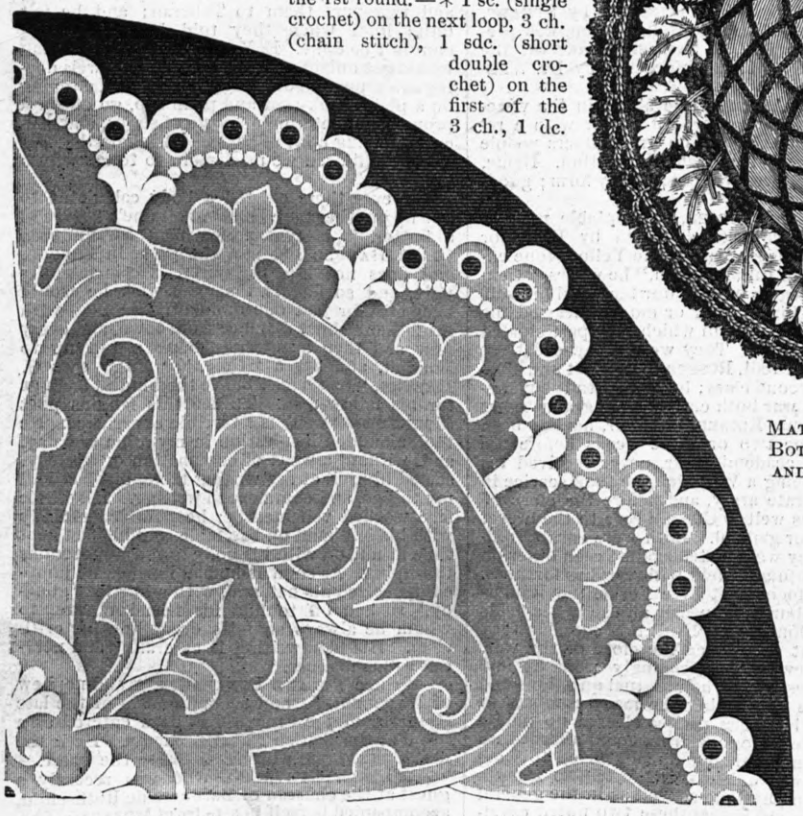


Fig. 1.—DESIGN OF COVER FOR TOILETTE CUSHIONS, ETC. APPLICATION AND WHITE EMBROIDERY.

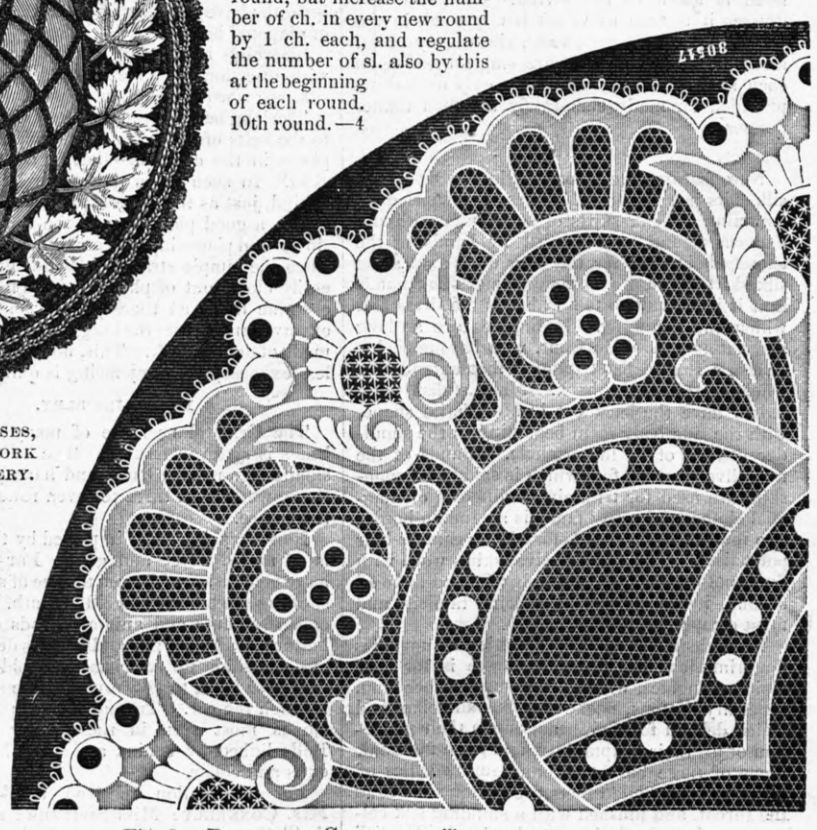


Fig. 2.—DESIGN OF COVER FOR TOILETTE CUSHIONS, ETC. APPLICATION AND WHITE EMBROIDERY.

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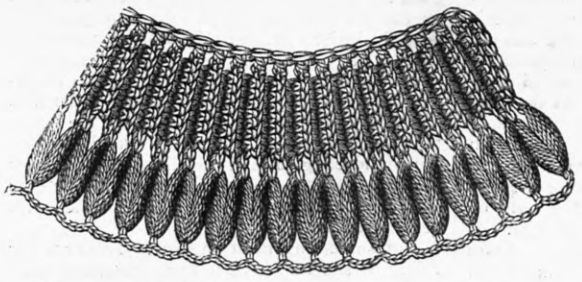


Fig. 1.—CHILD'S COLLAR.—SERPENTINE BRAID AND CROCHET-WORK.

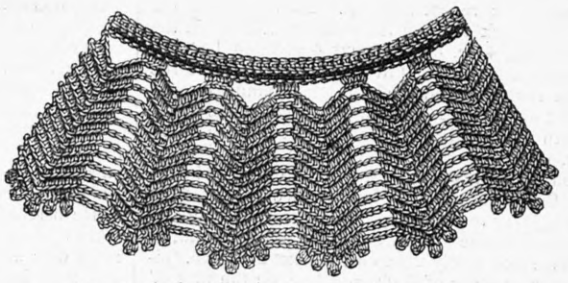


Fig. 2.—CHILD'S COLLAR.—CROCHET-WORK.

sl. on the next 4 st. of the preceding round, 1 sc. on the following st., always alternately 8 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop; finally, 8 ch., 1 sl. on the first sc. of this round. The next six rounds are worked in sc. on a cord foundation. In the first of these rounds surround the st. of the 10th round, and crochet on each ch. scallop always 10 sc., on the sc. always 1 sc. In the following rounds widen the requisite number of stitches in order to obtain the round shape.—In the last of these six rounds worked in sc. on a cord foundation always crochet the lower veins with black worsted, and the upper veins with red filling silk. Then work one more round with similar silk as follows: Always alternately 4 ch., 1 sc. on the third following st. of the preceding round. Ornament the close edge of the mat, as shown by the illustration, with leaves of white cloth, which are fastened on with red filling silk. The open-work part of the work is underlaid with red satin, and the mat is finally furnished with a lining of black cloth, which projects half an inch from the outer edge of the crochet-work, and is pinked in scallops. The colors can, of course, be varied to suit the taste, or to correspond with the furniture of the room.

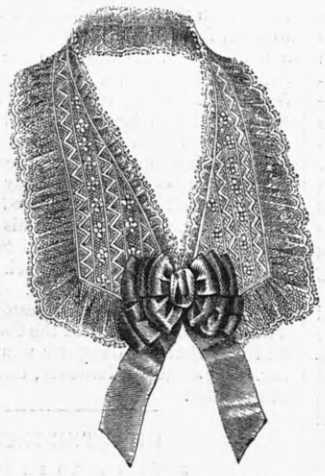


Fig. 1.—INSERTION AND LACE COLLAR.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 24.

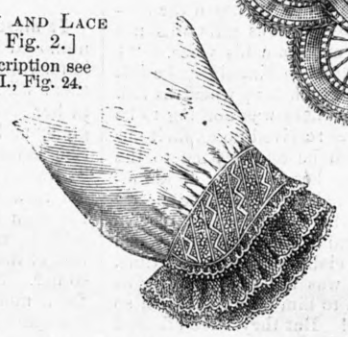
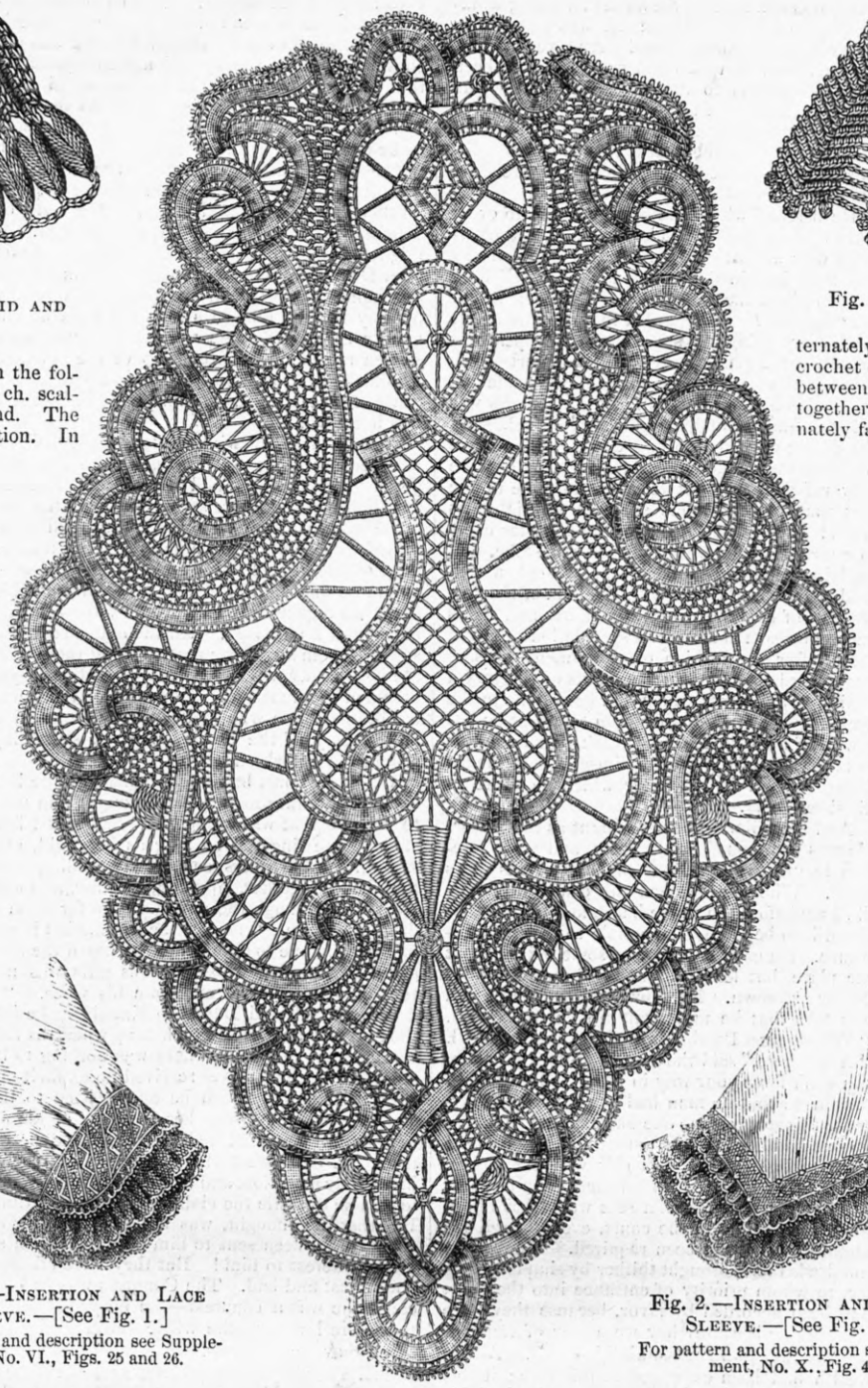


Fig. 2.—INSERTION AND LACE SLEEVE.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 25 and 26.



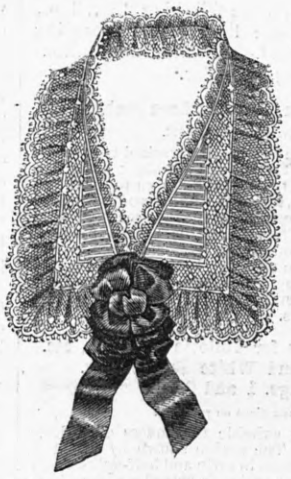


Fig. 1.—INSERTION AND LACE COLLAR.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 46.

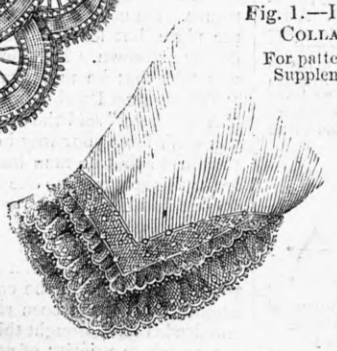


Fig. 2.—INSERTION AND LACE SLEEVE.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 47.

ternately 1 sc. on each point of the braid, 4 ch. Finally, crochet on the wrong side of the collar on the lower hollows between the points, in order to hold the latter more tightly together, one round in the following manner: Always alternately fasten together the side edges of the next two points with 1 sc., and then work 2 ch.

For the collar shown by Fig. 2 work with twisted crochet cotton, No. 50, a ch. foundation rather tight and very even, which should be long enough to suit the width of the neck; the number of st., however, should be divisible by seven. On this foundation crochet three rounds, going back and forth, as follows: 1st round.—1 sc. on each st. 2d and 3d rounds.—1 sc. on the back vein of each sc. in the preceding round. Crochet on the other side of the foundation st., on the free veins, the 4th round.—1 sc. on the second st., then always alternately 9 ch., pass over 3 st., 4 sc. on the next 4 st.; at the end of the round, instead of 4 sc., work only 1 sc. on the st. before the last in the preceding round. This and the following rounds are worked separately lengthwise. The thread ends at the beginning or end of the rounds are crocheted on. 5th round.—Pass over 1 st., * 4 sc. on the next 4 st. in the preceding round, 3 sc. on the next st., 4 sc. on the next 4 st., 2 ch., with these pass

CRAVAT OR BARBE END.
POINT LACE EMBROIDERY.

Children's Collars.—Serpentine Braid and Crochet-Work. Figs. 1 and 2.

THE collar shown by Fig. 1 is worked with serpentine braid and twisted crochet cotton, No. 30, partly crosswise and partly lengthwise, in the following manner: Make a foundation of 10 st. (stitch), fasten to the next point of the braid, and, going back on the foundation st., crochet the 1st round.—1 ch. (chain stitch), pass over 1 st., 1 sc. (single crochet) on each st. 2d round.—Turn the work, 1 ch., 7 sc. on the back veins of the next 7 st., 3 ch. 3d round.—Turn the work, fasten to the next point of the braid, pass over 1 st., 9 sc. on the back veins of the next 9 st. in the preceding round. Then always repeat the 2d and 3d rounds to the requisite length (100 times in the original). Border the collar on the neck with one round as follows: 1 dc. (double crochet) on each of the single ch. at the beginning of every second following round on the part worked crosswise, crocheting the upper veins of the dc. loosely, however. The outer edge of the collar is bordered also with one round as follows: Always al-

Fig. 1.—VIGOGNE MANTELET.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 27-29.

Fig. 2.—VIGOGNE MANTELET.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 27-29.

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over 4 st.; repeat from *. At the end of the round work 4 sc. on the next 4 st., 3 sc. on the next st., 4 sc. on the next 4 st., and 1 st. remains unnoticed. 6th–15th rounds.—Like the 5th round, but in the 9th–12th rounds, instead of 2 ch. crochet always 3 ch., and in the 10th–12th rounds always pass over 5 st. instead of 4 st. of the preceding round. In the 13th–15th rounds, instead of 2 ch. work 4 ch., and in the 14th and 15th rounds always pass over 6 st. of the preceding round instead of 4 st. 16th round.—Pass over the first st. in the preceding round, * twice alternately 2 sc. on the next 2 st., 1 p. (picot, consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these); then 2 sc. on the next st., 1 p., 2 sc. on the same st. on which the preceding 2 sc. were worked, twice alternately 1 p., 2 sc. on the next 2 st., 4 ch., with these pass over 6 st. of the preceding round; repeat from *. At the end of the round work twice alternately 2 sc. on the next 2 st., 1 p., then 2 sc. on the next st., 1 p., 2 sc. on the same st. on which the last 2 sc. were worked, 1 p., 2 sc. on the following 2 st., 1 p., 1 sc. on the next st.; 1 st. of the preceding round is left unnoticed. A button and button-hole serve for closing the collar.

Cravat or Barbe End.—Point Lace Embroidery.

See illustration on page 693.

THIS cravat or barbe end may be worked with white point lace braid and thread, or with black point lace braid and silk. First transfer the design to linen, run on the point lace braid, following the lines of the design, and fasten the braid together at the intersecting points with a few stitches. Then stretch the threads as shown by the illustration, and partly overcast them, partly darn them in point de reprise. Work the wheels and lace stitches, observing the illustration, separate the work from the linen, and surround the cravat or barbe end with woven picots.

Designs of Covers for Toilette Cushions, etc. Application and White Embroidery. Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 692.

THESE designs are suitable for covers of toilette cushions, mats, etc. The design shown by Fig. 1 is worked with white cotton in satin and half-polka stitch on Swiss muslin, under which is basted a piece of batiste. The outer edge is button-hole stitched. After finishing the embroidery cut away the batiste along the outlines of the design, observing the illustration. The design shown by Fig. 2 is worked on tulle in Swiss application. Having worked the embroidery in satin and half-polka stitch, button-hole stitch the scallops on the outer edge, in doing which form picots, as shown by the illustration. Then cut away the Swiss muslin, observing the illustration.

(Continued from No. 42, page 663.)

LADY ANNA.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "The Warden," "The Small House at Allington," "Barchester Towers," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," "Orley Farm," "The Eustace Diamonds," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DANIEL THWAITE ALONE.

THERE were two persons in the court who heard the statement of the Solicitor-General with equal interest—and perhaps with equal disapprobation—whose motives and ideas on the subject were exactly opposite. These two were the Rev. Mr. Lovel, the uncle of the plaintiff, and Daniel Thwaite, the tailor, whose whole life had been passed in furthering the cause of the defendants. The parson, from the moment in which he had heard that the young lady whom he had entertained in his house had engaged herself to marry the tailor, had reverted to his old suspicions—suspicions which, indeed, he had never altogether laid aside. It had been very grievous to him to prefer a doubtful Lady Anna to a most indubitable Lady Fitzwarren. He liked the old-established things—things which had always been unsuspected, which were not only respectable but firm-rooted. For twenty years he had been certain that the Countess was a false countess; and he, too, had lamented with deep inward lamentation over the loss of the wealth which ought to have gone to support the family earldom. It was monstrous to him that the property of one Earl Lovel should not appertain to the next Earl. He would on the moment have had the laws with reference to the succession of personal property altered, with retrospective action, so that so great an iniquity should be impossible. When the case against the so-called Countess was, as it were, abandoned by the Solicitor-General, and the great interests at stake thrown up, he would have put the conduct of the matter into other hands. Then had come upon him the bitterness of having to entertain in his own house the now almost undisputed—though by him still suspected—heiress, on behalf of his nephew, of a nephew who did not treat him well. And now the heiress had shown what she really was by declaring her intention of marrying a tailor! When that became known, he did hope that the Solicitor-General would change his purpose and fight the cause.

The ladies of the family, the two aunts, had affected to disbelieve the paragraph which Lady Fitzwarren had shown them with so much triumph. The rector had declared that it was just the kind of thing that he had expected. Aunt Julia, speaking freely, had said that it was just the kind of thing which she, knowing the girl, could not believe. Then the rector had come up to town to hear the trial, and on the day preceding it had asked his nephew as to the truth of the rumor which had reached him. "It is true," said the young lord, knitting his brow, "but it had better not be talked about."

"Why not talked about? All the world knows it. It has been in the newspapers."

"Any one wishing to oblige me will not mention it," said the Earl. This was too bad. It could not be possible—for the honor of all the Lovels it could not surely be possible—that Lord Lovel was still seeking the hand of a young woman who had confessed that she was engaged to marry a journeyman tailor! And yet to him, the uncle—to him who had not long since been in loco parentis to the lord—the lord would vouchsafe no further reply than that above given! The rector almost made himself believe that, great as might be the sorrow caused by such disruption, it would become his duty to quarrel with the head of his family!

He listened with most attentive ears to every word spoken by the Solicitor-General, and quarreled with almost every word. Would not any one have imagined that this advocate had been paid to plead the cause, not of the Earl, but of the Countess? As regarded the interests of the Earl, every thing was surrendered. Appeal was made for the sympathies of all the court—and, through the newspapers, for the sympathies of all England—not on behalf of the Earl who was being defrauded of his rights, but on behalf of the young woman who had disgraced the name which she pretended to call her own, and whose only refuge from that disgrace must be in the fact that to that name she had no righteous claim! Even when this apostate barrister came to a recapitulation of the property at stake, and explained the cause of its being vested, not in land, as is now the case with the bulk of the possessions of noble lords—but in shares and funds and ventures of commercial speculation here and there, after the fashion of tradesmen—he said not a word to stir up in the minds of the jury a feeling of the injury which had been done to the present Earl. "Only that I am told that he has a wife of his own I should think that he meant to marry one of the women himself," said the indignant rector in the letter which he wrote to his sister Julia.

And the tailor was as indignant as the rector. He was summoned as a witness, and was therefore bound to attend—at the loss of his day's work. When he reached the court, which he did long before the judge had taken his seat, he found it to be almost impossible to effect an entrance. He gave his name to some officer about the place, but learned that his name was altogether unknown. He showed his subpœna, and was told that he must wait till he was called. "Where must I wait?" asked the angry radical. "Any where," said the man in authority; "but you can't force your way in here." Then he remembered that no man had as yet paid so dearly for this struggle, no one had suffered so much, no one had been so instrumental in bringing the truth to light, as he, and this was the way in which he was treated! Had there been any justice in those concerned, a seat would have been provided for him in the court, even though his attendance had not been required. There were hundreds there, brought thither by simple curiosity, to whom priority of entrance into the court had been accorded by favor, because they were wealthy, or because they were men of rank, or because they had friends high in office. All his wealth had been expended in this case; it was he who had been the most constant friend of this Countess; but for him and his father there might probably have been no question of a trial at this day. And yet he was allowed to beg for admittance, and to be shoved out of court because he had no friends. "The court is a public court, and is open to the public," he said, as he thrust his shoulders forward with a resolution that he would effect an entrance. Then he was taken in hand by two constables and pushed back through the doorway—to the great detriment of the apple-woman who sat there in those days.

But by pluck and resolution he succeeded in making good some inch of standing-room within the court before the Solicitor-General began his statement, and he was able to hear every word that was said. That statement was not more pleasing to him than to the rector of Yoxham. His first quarrel was with the assertion that titles of nobility are in England the outward emblem of noble conduct. No words that might have been uttered could have been more directly antagonistic to his feelings and political creed. It had been the accident of his life that he should have been concerned with ladies who were noble by marriage and birth, and that it had become a duty to him to help to claim on their behalf empty names which were in themselves odious to him. It had been the woman's right to be acknowledged as the wife of the man who had disowned her, and the girl's right to be known as his legitimate daughter. Therefore had he been concerned. But he had declared to himself, from his first crude conception of an opinion on the subject, that it would be hard to touch pitch and not be defiled. The lords of whom he heard were, or were believed by him to be, bloated with luxury, were both rich and idle, were gamblers, debauchers of other men's wives, deniers of all rights of citizenship, drones who were positively authorized to eat the honey collected by the working bees. With his half-knowledge, his ill-gotten and ill-digested information, with his reading, which had all been on one side, he had been unable as yet to catch a glimpse of the fact that from the ranks of the nobility are taken the greater proportion of the hard-working servants of the state. His eyes saw merely the power, the privileges, the titles, the ribbons, and the money—and he hated a lord. When, therefore, the Solicitor-General spoke of the recognized virtue of titles in England, the tailor uttered words of scorn to his stranger neighbor. "And yet this man calls himself a Liberal, and voted for the Reform Bill," he said. "In course he did," replied the stranger; "that was the way of his party." "There isn't an honest man among them all," said the tailor to himself. This was at the beginning of the speech, and he listened on through five long hours, not losing a word of the argument, not missing a single point made in favor of the Countess and her daughter. It became clear to him at any rate that the daughter would inherit the money. When the Solicitor-General came to speak of the nature of the evidence collected in Italy, Daniel Thwaite was unconsciously carried away into a firm conviction that all those concerned in the matter in Italy were swindlers. The girl was no doubt the heiress. The feeling of all the court was with her—as he could well perceive. But in all that speech not one single word was said of the friend who had been true to the girl and to her mother through all their struggles and adversity. The name of Thomas Thwaite was not once mentioned. It might have been expedient for them to ignore him, Daniel, the son; but surely, had there been any honor among them, any feeling of common honesty toward folk so low in the scale of humanity as tailors, some word would have been spoken to tell of the friendship of the old man who had gone to his grave almost a pauper because of his truth and constancy. But no—there was not a word!

And he listened, with anxious ears, to learn whether any thing would be said as to that proposed "alliance"—he had always heard it called an alliance with a grim smile—between the two noble cousins. Heaven and earth had been moved to promote "the alliance." But the Solicitor-General said not a word on the subject—any more than he did of that other disreputable social arrangement, which would have been no more than a marriage. All the audience might suppose, from any thing that was said there, that the young lady was fancy-free and had never yet dreamed of a husband. Nevertheless there was hardly one there who had not heard something of the story of the Earl's suit—and something also of the tailor's success.

When the court broke up Daniel Thwaite had reached standing-room which brought him near to the seat that was occupied by Sergeant Bluestone. He lingered as long as he could, and saw all the barristers concerned standing with their heads together, laughing, chatting, and well pleased, as though the day had been for them a day of pleasure. "I fancy the speculation is too bad for any one to take it up," he heard the Sergeant say, among whose various gifts was not that of being able to moderate his voice. "I dare say not," said Daniel to himself, as he left the court; "and yet we took it up when the risk was greater, and when there was nothing to be gained." He had as yet received no explicit answer to the note which he had written to the Countess when he sent her the copy of his father's will. He had, indeed, received a notice from Mr. Goffe that the matter would receive immediate attention, and that the Countess hoped to be able to settle the claim in a very short time. But that, he thought, was not such a letter as should have been sent to him on an occasion so full of interest to him! But they were all hard and unjust and bad. The Countess was bad because she was a countess—the lawyers because they were lawyers—the whole Lovel family because they were Lovels. At this moment poor Daniel Thwaite was very bitter against all mankind. He would, he thought, go at once to the Western world of which he was always dreaming, if he could only get that sum of £500 which was manifestly due to him.

But as he wandered away after the court was up, getting some wretched solitary meal at a cheap eating-house on his road, he endeavored to fix his thoughts on the question of the girl's affection to himself. Taking all that had been said in that courtly lawyer's speech this morning as the ground-work of his present judgment, what should he judge to be her condition at the moment? He had heard on all sides that it was intended that she should marry the young Earl, and it had been said in his hearing that such would be declared before the judge. No such declaration had been made. Not a word had been uttered to signify that such an "alliance" was contemplated. Efforts had been made with him to induce him to withdraw his claim to the girl's hand. The Countess had urged him, and the lawyers had urged him. Most assuredly they would not have done so—would have in no wise troubled themselves with him at all—had they been able to prevail with Lady Anna. And why had they not so prevailed? The girl doubtless had been subjected to every temptation. She was kept secure from his interference. Hitherto he had not even made an effort to see her since she had left the house in which he himself lived. She had nothing to fear from him. She had been sojourning among those Lovels, who would doubtless have made the way to deceit and luxury easy for her. He could not doubt but that she had been solicited to enter into this alliance. Could he be justified in flattering himself that she had hitherto resisted temptation because in her heart of hearts she was true to her first love? He was true. He was conscious of his own constancy. He was sure of himself that he was bound to her by his love, and not by the hope of any worldly advantage. And why should he think that she was weaker, vainer, less noble than himself? Had he not evidence to show him that she was strong enough to resist a temptation to which he had never been subjected? He had read of women who were above the gilt and glitter of the world. When he was disposed to think that she could be false, no terms of reproach seemed to him too severe to heap upon her name; and yet, when he found that he had no ground on which to accuse her, even in his own thoughts, of treachery to himself, he could hardly bring himself to think it possible that she should not be treacherous. She had sworn to him, as he had sworn to her, and was he not bound to believe her oath?

Then he remembered what the poet had said to him. The poet had advised him to desist altogether, and had told him that it would certainly be best for the girl that he should do so. The poet had not based his advice on the ground that the girl would prove false, but that it would be good for the girl to be allowed to be false—good for the girl that she should be encouraged to be false, in order that she might become an earl's wife! But he thought that it would be bad for any woman to be an earl's wife; and so thinking, how could he abandon his love in order that he might hand her over to a fashion of life which he himself despised? The poet must be wrong. He would cling to his love till he should know that his love was false to him. Should he ever learn that, then his love should be troubled with him no further.

But something must be done. Even on her behalf, if she were true to him, something must be done. Was it not pusillanimous in him to make no attempt to see his love, and to tell her that he, at any rate, was true to her? These people, who were now his enemies, the lawyers and the Lovels, with the Countess at the head of them, had used him like a dog, had repudiated him without remorse, had not a word even to say of the services which his father had rendered. Was he bound by honor or duty to stand on any terms with them? Could there be any thing due to them from him? Did it not behoove him as a man to find his way into the girl's presence, and to assist her with his courage? He did not fear them. What cause had he to fear them? In all that had been between them his actions to them had been kind and good, whereas they were treating him with the basest ingratitude.

But how should he see Lady Anna? As he thought of all this he wandered up from Westminster, where he had eaten his dinner, to Russell Square and into Keppel Street, hesitating whether he would at once knock at the door and ask to see Lady Anna Lovel. Lady Anna was still staying with Mrs. Bluestone; but Daniel Thwaite had not believed the Countess when she told him that her daughter was not living with her. He doubted, however, and did not knock at the door.

CHAPTER XXX.

JUSTICE IS TO BE DONE.

IT must not be thought that the Countess was unmoved when she received Daniel Thwaite's letter from Keswick inclosing the copy of his father's will. She was all alone, and she sat long in her solitude, thinking of the friend who was gone, and who had been always true to her. She herself would have done for old Thomas Thwaite any service which a woman could render to a man, so strongly did she feel all that the man had done for her. As she had once said, no menial office performed by her on behalf of the old tailor would have been degrading to her. She had eaten his bread, and she never for a moment forgot the obligation. The slow tears stood in her eyes as she thought of the long, long hours which she had passed in his company, while, almost desponding herself, she had received courage from his persistency. And her feeling for the son would have been the same—had not the future position of her daughter and the standing of the house of Lovel been at stake. It was not in her nature to be ungrateful; but neither was it in her nature to postpone the whole object of her existence to her gratitude. Even though she should appear to the world as a monster of ingratitude, she must treat the surviving Thwaite as her bitterest enemy as long as he maintained his pretensions to her daughter's hand. She could have no friendly communication with him. She herself would hold no communication with him at all, if she might possibly avoid it, lest she should be drawn into some renewed relation of friendship with him. He was her enemy—her enemy in such fierce degree that she was always plotting the means of ridding herself altogether of his presence and influence. To her thinking the man had turned upon her most treacherously, and was using, for his own purposes and his own aggrandizement, that familiarity with her affairs which he had acquired by reason of his father's generosity. She believed but little in his love; but whether he loved the girl or merely sought her money was all one to her. Her whole life had been passed in an effort to prove her daughter to be a lady of rank, and she would rather sacrifice her life in the basest manner than live to see all her efforts annulled by a low marriage. Love, indeed, and romance! What was the love of one individual, what was the romance of a childish girl, to the honor and well-being of an ancient and noble family? It was her ambition to see her girl become the Countess Lovel, and no feeling of gratitude should stand in her way. She would rather slay that low-born artisan with her own hand than know that he had the right to claim her as his mother-in-law. Nevertheless, the slow tears crept down her cheeks as she thought of former days, and of the little parlor behind the tailor's shop at Keswick in which the two children had been wont to play.

But the money must be paid, or, at least, the debt must be acknowledged. As soon as she had somewhat recovered herself she opened the old desk which had for years been the receptacle of all her papers, and, taking out sundry scribbled documents, went to work at a sum in addition. It can not be said of her that she was a good accountant, but she had been so far careful as to have kept entries of all the moneys she had received from Thomas Thwaite. She had once carried in her head a correct idea of the entire sum she owed him; but now she set down the items with dates, and made the account fair on a sheet of note-paper. So much money she certainly did owe to Daniel Thwaite, and so much she would certainly pay if ever the means of paying it should be hers. Then she went off with her account to Mr. Goffe.

Mr. Goffe did not think that the matter pressed. The payment of large sums which have been long due never is pressing in the eyes of lawyers. Men are always supposed to have a hundred pounds in their waistcoat pockets, but arrange-

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ments have to be made for the settling of thousands. "You had better let me write him a line and tell him that it shall be looked to as soon as the question as to the property is decided," said Mr. Goffe. But this did not suit the views of the Countess. She spoke out very openly as to all that she owed to the father, and as to her eternal enmity to the son. It behooved her to pay the debt, if only that she might be able to treat the man altogether as an enemy. She had understood that, even pending the trial, a portion of the income would be allowed by the courts for her use and for the expenses of the trial. It was assented that this money should be paid. Could steps be taken by which it might be settled at once? Mr. Goffe, taking the memorandum, said that he would see what could be done, and then wrote his short note to Daniel Thwaite. When he had computed the interest which must undoubtedly be paid on the borrowed money, he found that a sum of about £9000 was due to the tailor. "Nine thousand pounds!" said one Mr. Goffe to another. "That will be better to him than marrying the daughter of an earl." Could Daniel have heard the words, he would have taken the lawyer by the throat and have endeavored to teach him what love is.

Then the trial came on. Before the day fixed had come round, but only just before it, Mr. Goffe showed the account to Sergeant Bluestone. "God bless my soul!" said the Sergeant. "There should be some vouchers for such an amount as that." Mr. Goffe declared that there were no vouchers, except for a very trifling part of it; but still thought that the amount should be allowed. The Countess was quite willing to make oath, if need be, that the money had been supplied to her. Then the further consideration of the question was for the moment postponed, and the trial came on.

On the Tuesday, which had been left a vacant day as regarded the trial, there was a meeting—like all other proceedings in this cause, very irregular in its nature—at the chambers of the Solicitor-General, at which Sergeant Bluestone attended with Messrs. Hardy, Mainsail, Flick, and Goffe; and at this meeting, among other matters of business, mention was made of the debt due by the Countess to Daniel Thwaite. Of this debt the Solicitor-General had not as yet heard, though he had heard of the devoted friendship of the old tailor. That support had been afforded to some extent, that for a period the shelter of old Thwaite's roof had been lent to the Countess, that the man had been generous and trusting, he did know. He had learned, of course, that thence had sprung that early familiarity which had enabled the younger Thwaite to make his engagement with Lady Anna. That something should be paid when the ladies came by their own he was aware. But the ladies were not his clients, and into the circumstances he had not inquired. Now he was astounded and almost scandalized by the amount of the debt.

"Do you mean to say that he advanced £9000 in hard cash?" said the Solicitor-General.

"That includes interest at five per cent., Sir William, and also a small sum for bills paid by Thomas Thwaite on her behalf. She has had in actual cash about £7000."

"And where has it gone?"

"A good deal of it through my hands," said Mr. Goffe, boldly. "During two or three years she had no income at all, and during the last twenty years she has been at law for her rights. He advanced all the money when that trial for bigamy took place."

"God bless my soul!" said Mr. Sergeant Bluestone.

"Did he leave a will?" asked the Solicitor-General.

"Oh yes; a will which has been proved, and of which I have a copy. There was nothing else to leave but this debt, and that is left to the son."

"It should certainly be paid without delay," said Mr. Hardy. Mr. Mainsail questioned whether they could get the money. Mr. Goffe doubted whether it could be had before the whole affair was settled. Mr. Flick was sure that on due representation the amount would be advanced at once. The income of the property was already accumulating in the hands of the court, and there was an anxiety that all just demands—demands which might be considered to be justly made on the family property—should be paid without delay. "I think there would hardly be a question," said Mr. Hardy.

"Seven thousand pounds advanced by these two small tradesmen to the Countess Lovel," said the Solicitor-General, "and that done at a time when no relation of her own or of her husband would lend her a penny! I wish I had known that when I went into court yesterday."

"It would hardly have done any good," said the Sergeant.

"It would have enabled one, at any rate, to give credit where credit is due. And this son is the man who claims to be affianced to the Lady Anna?"

"The same man, Sir William," said Mr. Goffe.

"One is almost inclined to think that he deserves her."

"I can't agree with you there at all," said the Sergeant, angrily.

"One, at any rate, is not astonished that the young lady should think so," continued the Solicitor-General. "Upon my word, I don't know how we are to expect that she should throw her early lover overboard after such evidence of devotion."

"The marriage would be too incongruous," said Mr. Hardy.

"Quite horrible," said the Sergeant.

"It distresses one to think of it," said Mr. Goffe.

"It would be much better that she should not be Lady Anna at all, if she is to do that," said Mr. Mainsail.

"Very much better," said Mr. Flick, shaking his head, and remembering that he was employed by Lord Lovel and not by the Countess—a fact of which it seemed to him that the Solicitor-General altogether forgot the importance.

"Gentlemen, you have no romance among you," said Sir William. "Have not generosity and valor always prevailed over wealth and rank with ladies in story?"

"I do not remember any valorous tailors who have succeeded with ladies of high degree," said Mr. Hardy.

"Did not the lady of the Strachy marry the yeoman of the wardrobe?" asked the Solicitor-General.

"I don't know that we care much about romance here," said the Sergeant. "The marriage would be so abominable that it is not to be thought of."

"The tailor should, at any rate, get his money," said the Solicitor-General; "and I will undertake to say that if the case be as represented by Mr. Goffe—"

"It certainly is," said the attorney.

"Then there will be no difficulty in raising the funds for paying it. If he is not to have his wife, at any rate let him have his money. I think, Mr. Flick, that intimation should be made to him that Earl Lovel will join the Countess in immediate application to the court for means to settle his claim. Circumstanced as we are at present, there can be no doubt that such application will have the desired result. It should, of course, be intimated that Sergeant Bluestone and myself are both of opinion that the money should be allowed for the purpose."

As the immediate result of this conversation, Daniel Thwaite received on the following morning letters both from Mr. Goffe and Mr. Flick. The former intimated to him that a sum of nine thousand odd pounds was held to be due to him by the Countess, and that immediate steps would be taken for its payment. That from Mr. Flick, which was much shorter than the letter from his brother attorney, merely stated that as a very large sum of money appeared to be due by the Countess Lovel to the estate of the late Thomas Thwaite, for sums advanced to the Countess during the last twenty years, the present Earl Lovel had been advised to join the Countess in application to the courts that the amount due might be paid out of the income of the property left by the late Earl; and that that application would be made "*immediately*." Mr. Goffe, in his letter, went on to make certain suggestions, and to give much advice. As this very large debt, of which no proof was extant, was freely admitted by the Countess, and as steps were being at once taken to insure payment of the whole sum named to Daniel Thwaite, as his father's heir, it was hoped that Daniel Thwaite would at once abandon his preposterous claim to the hand of Lady Anna Lovel. Then Mr. Goffe put forward in glowing colors the iniquity of which Daniel Thwaite would be guilty should he continue his fruitless endeavors to postpone the re-establishment of a noble family which was thus showing its united benevolence by paying to him the money which it owed him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR.

THE celebrated Adrienne Lecouvreur was a hat-maker's daughter, an amateur actress, then a strolling player. In 1717 she burst upon Paris, and in one month she enchanted the city by her acting in Monimia, Electra, and Bérénice, and had been named one of the king's company for the first parts in tragedy and comedy. Adrienne's magic lay in her natural simplicity. She spoke as the character she represented might be expected to speak. This natural style had been suggested by Molière, and had been attempted by Baron, but unsuccessfully. It was given to the silver-tongued Adrienne to subdue her audience by this exquisite simplicity of nature. The play-going world was enthusiastic. Whence did the new charmer come? She came from long training in the provinces, and was the glory of many a provincial city before, in 1717, she put her foot on the stage of the capital, and at the age of twenty-seven began her brilliant but brief artistic career of thirteen years. Tracing her early life back, people found her a baby, true child of Paris. In her little-girlhood she saw *Polyeucte* at the play-house close by her father's house. She immediately got up the tragedy, with other little actors and actresses. Madame la Présidente La Jay, hearing of the ability of the troupe, and of the excellence of Adrienne as Pauline at the rehearsals in a grocer's warehouse, lent the court-yard of her hôtel in the Rue Garancière, where a stage was erected, and the tragedy acted, in presence of an audience which included members of the noblest families in France. All Paris was talking of the marvelous skill of the young company, but especially of Adrienne, when the association called the "Comédie Française," which had the exclusive right of acting the legitimate drama, arose in its spite, screamed "Privilege!" and got the company suppressed.

The little Adrienne, however, devoted herself to the stage; and when she came to Paris, after long and earnest experience in the provinces, her new subjects hailed their new queen—queen of tragedy, that is to say; for when she took comedy by the hand the muse bore with, rather than smiled upon her; and, wanting sympathy, Adrienne felt none. Outside the stage her heart and soul were surrendered to the great soldier and utterly worthless fellow, Maurice de Saxe. He was the only man to whom she ever gave her heart, and he had given his to so many, there was little left for her worth the having. What little there was was coveted by the Princesse de Bouillon. Adrienne died while this aristocratic rival was flinging herself at the feet of the handsome maréchal, and the wrathful popular voice, lamenting the loss of the dramatic queen, accused the princess of having poisoned the actress.

Adrienne Lecouvreur (whose story has been twice told in French dramas, and once marvelously illustrated by the genius of Rachel), before she made her exit from the world thought of the poor of her district, and she left them several thousands of francs. The curé of St. Sulpice was told of the death and of the legacy. The good man took the money, and refused to allow the body to be buried in consecrated ground. Princes of the church went to her *petits soupers*, but they would neither say "rest her soul" nor sanction decent rest to her body; and yet charity had beautified the one, as talent and dignity had marked the other. The corpse of this exquisite actress (she was only forty when she died) was carried in a *fiacre*, accompanied by a faithful few, to a timber-yard in the Faubourg St. Germain; a hired porter dug the shallow grave of the tragedy queen, and I remember, in my youthful days, a stone post at the corner of the Rue de Bourgogne and the Rue de Grenelle which was said to stand over the spot where Monimia had been so ingloriously buried. It was then a solitary place, significantly named La Grenouillière.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE Evangelical Alliance, whose recent session in this city brought together a great number of distinguished men from all parts of the United States and Europe, is the most important religious council which has ever been convened on this continent. There is nothing sectarian about this great Protestant association. Its members work together in perfect freedom, yet harmoniously, notwithstanding the many creeds and nationalities of which it is composed. Its delegates are from all denominations, and came in the interests of a common religion from England, Ireland, Scotland, Canada, Germany, France, Spain, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Turkey, Greece, Italy, and India. The Evangelical Alliance was organized in London in 1846 by a convention consisting of eight hundred members, representing fifty evangelical sects from every Protestant country in Europe and America. Successive meetings have been held at Paris, in 1855; at Berlin, 1857; at Geneva, 1860; and at Amsterdam, 1867. The New York meeting ranks as the sixth General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance. At the session in Amsterdam an invitation was received from the American division of the Alliance requesting that the next Conference be held in the city of New York. It was accepted, and arrangements finally completed for the delegates to meet here in 1870. The Franco-German war caused its postponement until October 2, 1873. The chief object of this Alliance is to promote sympathy of feeling and union of action among Christians, and it is believed that its influence will do much toward healing any divisions which may have hitherto existed among different denominations. The meetings of the Conference in this city were thronged with interested visitors. The number of actual delegates was about 340, among whom were many eminent divines whose reputation for ecclesiastical learning is world-wide. The ten days' session was introduced by a social reunion at Association Hall, where many of the meetings were held, and the final service was conducted in the Academy of Music, on which occasion addresses were made in several different languages.

When the Stock Exchange was first opened, after having been closed seven days, a strange scene was witnessed. For an hour before the appointed time an unruly crowd had sought vainly to gain admittance at the doors. But a force of policemen guarded the building, and only members of the Stock Exchange were allowed to enter until ten o'clock. The instant the doors were opened there was a rush for the galleries, and every one stood on tiptoe to watch the brokers below, and catch the first figures of stock. The brokers came crowding into the room amidst the wildest confusion and noise. They seemed good-natured enough, but crazy with excitement. With difficulty quiet was obtained for the president to speak, and then every body hushed only in expectation of hearing startling news of business failures. They heard nothing of the kind, however; with a few brief remarks the president stated the rules which had been adopted by the Governing Committee, for the conducting of the business of the Exchange. Wild and long-continued applause followed the reading of these resolutions; and then the brokers remembered that there were stocks to be bought and sold. For a while the ordinary spectator could only fancy that a fearful riot was going on, such were the strange, confusing shouts; but gradually the excitement subsided, and business proceeded in the ordinary way.

Through the efforts of the Children's Aid Society, about one hundred children are sent to Western homes every week from this city. Thus thousands of poor little ones who would suffer from cold and hunger during the coming winter are provided with comfortable homes.

A new use is suggested for water-melons. Perhaps it may not be generally known that a fine white vinegar can be made from the juice. After the crimson part has been eaten, the remainder can be scraped to extract the juice, which is to be carefully strained and put into jugs, and these set in the sunshine. At a certain period the vinegar will be very bitter, but in time acquires a clear, fine, strong flavor.

Great preparations were recently made for the reception of Queen Victoria at Inverlochy Castle, but a terrible downfall of rain prevented any public demonstration. But her Majesty did not seem to be disturbed thereby; as soon as the severity of the storm had passed, she made a tour of the castle grounds, and walked along the public road, which was very muddy, being accompanied by the Princess Beatrice. It is further recorded of her in the *Queen*, that on arriving at the castle she passed through the kitchen on the way to her own apartments, and spoke in a pleasant manner to several of the domestic servants. There was a glimpse of sunshine in the afternoon, and the royal party drove toward Spean Bridge. Her Majesty appeared to be delighted with the prospect. The clouds then darkened the Ben Nevis range of mountains, and shortly afterward rain fell heavily. Still her Majesty kept her carriage open. When passing the right side of the river Spean the weather cleared up, and there was a beautiful view of Brocklitter and the falls of Mucomer. While at the top of Mucomer Brae the low-lying mist cleared off, and a splendid panorama burst upon the view. The drive then was through Colords, Errachad, Strone, Muirshearlich, Banavie, against a pelting rain-fall. Still no carriage hood was put up. At Banavie the canal was crossed. Lochy looked grand, tumbling down in full flood. Her Majesty, who appeared greatly interested in the general flood, arrived at Inverlochy Castle at half past six o'clock, drenched, but seemingly delighted with the journey. The length of the drive could not be much under twenty miles. Queen Victoria certainly is a good traveler, and not frightened by bad weather.

England alone, of all civilized countries, has sent no home-grown tobacco to the Vienna Exposition.

The new Masonic Temple in Philadelphia was five years in course of erection, and is considered the most magnificent structure devoted to Masonry in the world. The aggregate cost of it, including the sum paid for the ground, was $1,575,000. The furnishing is in magnificent style, and it is worthy of record that all the furniture was made in this country, and required the labor of 250 mechanics constantly for six months. The doors are marvels of strength, solidity, and beauty of finish. The windows are of stained glass, ornamented with many Masonic emblems. The carpets were manufactured in England from original designs furnished here. For safety in case of fire, four tanks are situated in the attic and in the grand tower, and hold 60,000 gallons of water.

The yellow fever at Shreveport is described as "the Mexican vomito," which was brought into the town by the Transatlantic Circus, a strolling company from Vera Cruz, which had traveled along the line of the Texas Pacific Railway, and had left the seeds of contagion along their route. Two other causes, in the opinion of the citizens, aided to intensify the malignant and fatal character of the pestilence, and these were the unhealthy condition of the town, arising from the removal of the Red River raft, and the infected atmosphere caused by dead cattle upon a sunken steamboat which lies in the river near the town. While the circus was in Shreveport several of the members died of the disease, and after it left others who remained also perished. So fatal is the fever that few who are attacked recover. Three days is generally the limit of the sickness, and many die in forty-eight hours' time.

A learned professor intimates that all who die under one hundred years of age are guilty of suicide! The process of reasoning by which he arrives at this conclusion is something as follows: Duration of life is measured by the time of growth; the camel is eight years in growing, and lives five times eight years; the horse is five years in growing, and lives twenty-five years; man, being twenty years in growing, should live five times twenty years. So Providence having intended man to live a century, he would arrive at that age if he did not kill himself by unwholesome modes of living, violent passions, and exposure to accidents. Surely, according to this theory, the human race might well adopt new and more healthful modes of eating, sleeping, working, and recreating, in the hope of becoming centenarians.

The too common practice of moaning over our mistakes, and bewailing them constantly, and referring to them all the evils that afflict us, is most injurious to our future, and a great hinderance to real improvement of character. One of the chief causes of mistakes in action is allowing impulse rather than reason to control. Consequently mistakes will be best avoided by carefully submitting sudden impulses to the searching ordeal of reason before acting upon them. Then if one is governed by principle, and steadfastly adheres to the right, he is in possession of the best safeguards against mistakes.

An effort is now being made to collect a library of interesting books for the use of the prisoners in Ludlow Street jail. Similar libraries have been established in connection with prisons in several Western cities, and with good result.

The Fan of the Marchioness is the name of a play said to have been written by King Louis II. of Bavaria in Alexandrine verse. The following curious story concerning it is recorded by the *Court Journal:*

"About four months ago the actors of the Royal Theatre received from the manager the cast of *The Fan of the Marchioness*, whose author, he said, wished to remain unknown, but which was to be rehearsed immediately. A week afterward the first rehearsal took place, and a few days later the actors and actresses who were to appear in it were startled by the notification that they were to play the piece after midnight. The most rigorous secrecy was enjoined upon them, and immediate dismissal was threatened to those who should talk about the affair. Who had ever heard of such a theatrical performance? The actors were all there, and when the curtain went up they vainly looked for an audience. No one was present but a young man, dressed in a loose suit of gray, his handsome face adorned with a small, well-trimmed mustache. The young man was seated in the left proscenium box, and seemed to follow the performance with rapt attention. The experienced actors did their best to play their parts well. None of them had ever performed under more singular, not to say discouraging, circumstances. Applause there was none. The curtain went down and it went up again before a dark and empty house. The only spectator was to all appearances highly interested, but not even once did he clap his hands. Finally, just as the neighboring clock of St. Catharine's Church struck four, the play was over, and the actors went home. This singular performance has been repeated since then a dozen times."

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PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE nearer we approach the winter season the more evident it is that there will be no radical change in the present style of dress. People would gladly abandon the pretty over-skirts and polonaises, whose only fault is that they have lasted too long, but they dare not do so, for they know not what to put in their place. For this reason even the most audacious, who insist on shaking off the polonaise, still preserve its semblance while abandoning the thing itself, and arrange their trimmings so as to simulate at least the outline of the polonaise, which they give up only because they are tired of it. I will give a type of one of these dresses, which, without a polonaise, has the appearance of a polonaise suit:

Skirt of *gros bleu* serge, bordered on the bottom with a deep flounce. The front is likewise trimmed to the waist with flounces, the first of which (that placed immediately above the wide flounce on the bottom) extends not only across the front breadth, but some distance each side of it; the upper flounces gradually diminish in length to the top. Each flounce is edged with a narrow triple bias fold of silk of the same color. The waist forms a jacket and vest in front; in the back it forms a pouf, and is prolonged in two rather long straight breadths. This waist, which is a sort of polonaise without the front breadths, is of the same material as the dress, and is likewise edged with a triple fold, and also with a fringe of black fur. This fringe, which is very expensive, is one of the most elegant trimmings of the season. The waist is trimmed besides with oxidized silver buttons, set on in pairs, which are connected by a chain of the same metal.

For a simple dress the following is, to my taste, the prettiest that I have seen: Plain black velvet skirt, with large high-necked vest of the same velvet. Over-skirt of rather light gray cloth, drawn tightly back, and looped quite high on the hips. Tight-fitting casaque of the same cloth, open all the way in front, so as to show the black velvet vest, and cut away at the sides to display the large flat basques of the vest. The only trimming on the casaque and the over-skirt is a bias fold of the same cloth, stitched on each side with black silk. The casaque is finished with steel buttons. I should say that black velvet skirts reign supreme, and are to be found in every wardrobe.

Woolen fabrics of all kinds, but especially the thickest and coarsest-looking, camel's-hair, among others, are adopted for morning costumes by the richest and most elegant women, who would think it in the worst possible taste to go out before four o'clock in a silk velvet dress. Up to this time nothing is permissible but woolen stuffs or velveteen. Woolen polonaises are worn indifferently over skirts of the same material or of velveteen, either black or of the color of the dress.

Bonnets continue their upward flight. The crowns are necessarily larger than ever, since they are destined to contain the masses of hair that are piled up on the top of the head, instead of resting on them as formerly, like a fish on its bed of parsley. As to the brims adapted to these crowns, they differ greatly in form. We have round brims, which are the most numerous, oval brims, brims turned up in a three-cornered cockade, brims rolled like a pipe, and many others besides. The most moderate among these bonnets are round, and are edged with a band of curled feathers, which is very becoming to the face. A large feather lies across the crown of the bonnet, with the end falling over the nape of the neck. The most undecided colors, and, moreover, the mixture of these colors, are still in vogue.

Not content with preparing dresses with two shades of the same color, or even with two different colors, our modistes are now taking three colors for a dress. The following is a costume just made for a young lady: Black faille skirt, with no other trimming than five double bias folds, composed each of one olive velvet and one pale blue faille fold. This skirt is demi-trained. Sleeveless waist of olive velvet, with long sleeves of pale blue faille, and pale blue buttons. The neck is finished with a Medicis frill of olive velvet lined with pale blue faille. On each side is a very large loop and two square ends of olive velvet, edged with a bias fold of pale blue faille; these two bows are connected by a broad band of olive velvet, which forms a sort of pouf. Pale blue faille bonnet, trimmed with olive velvet. This last color, moreover, will continue very fashionable during the coming winter, combined with pale blue ornaments and accessories. The revers, cuffs, lappets, etc., will be of satin, reps, or velvet on woolen or faille dresses of a different color. For instance, a dress of dark felt faille will have flounces of the material bound with pink and black. The revers, collar, and cuffs will be of pink faille, bound with felt and then black.

We also note among the trimmings used for dinner and evening dresses, écru thread guipure embroidered with black jet; this is employed not only for écru dresses, but for those of all colors, beginning with black. It is used for tabliers, which are set in the front of the dress, and are finished by a wide scarf of the same, forming a sort of pouf, and large loops with ends of uneven lengths.

There is little more change in wrappings than in dresses. We have still the small basque, adjusted to the waist, with revers, collar, and cuffs of faille or velvet; the talma, but with a double fold in the back, and fitted to the waist by a belt fastening in front under the garment; and the Dolman, which is more in favor than ever. There is little new, except the revival of the old-fashioned long cloak, with sleeves, and with or without a hood, lined with silk and wadded, or else lined throughout with fur. This kind of wrapping, which is essentially comfortable, is that preferred by the ladies of the old nobility of the Faubourg St. Germain, as we say in Paris—those who through taste and for decorum's sake reject eccentric garments. And not only these, but also those who like to be comfortable without pro-

Fig. 1.—TIGHT-FITTING TRICOT BEAVER CLOTH BASQUE.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 18–23.

Fig. 2.—TIGHT-FITTING TRICOT BEAVER CLOTH BASQUE.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 18–23.

Fig. 1.—STEEL BLUE SERGE BASQUE.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 11–17.

BROWN CLOTH MANTLE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 4–10.

Fig. 2.—STEEL BLUE SERGE BASQUE.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 11–17.

Fig. 1.—CLOTH BASQUE WITH FUR TRIMMING.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 30–35.

Fig. 2.—CLOTH BASQUE WITH FUR TRIMMING.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 30–35.

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Fig. 1.—CASHMERE MANTELET.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 2.—CASHMERE MANTELET.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1 and 2.

fessing as austere principles with respect to dress as the preceding dames, wear the long wadded or fur-lined cloaks, which have huge flowing sleeves, that are never put on. These cloaks are made of black cashmere, edged with fur fringes. They are too long to be worn any where but in a carriage, and for this reason will remain a very elegant wrapping designed to be thrown over costly dresses—in fact, to serve as the water-proof of those who are never exposed to the rain.

Among wrappings should also be classed the sleeveless spencer, which has come into very general use. This, made of black velvet, may be worn with almost any dress. When the dress is trimmed with a different color, the spencer may be of velvet or silk of the same color as the ribbons, belt, ruches, etc.

Short suits, which are universally worn for walking dresses and for morning calls, are not admissible for evening, dinner, or reception toilettes. For these occasions, trained or demi-trained dresses are indispensable; one is at liberty, however, either to wear the long skirt in all its austerity, without overskirt, polonaise, or drapery, or to accompany it with a polonaise, tunic, or over dress of black or white lace. The essential point is that the dress shall be long enough not to be mistaken for the short suit which is so convenient and decorous in the street, where it is both ungraceful and uncomfortable to walk holding up a train.

Although the ball season will not open in France until January, a few ball toilettes are already in preparation for the dancing parties which are given in the country-houses during November. These dresses are made with long or demi trains; almost all the low corsages have basques pleated behind. In the guise of a bertha there are Medici ruches and scalloped laces encircling the upper part of the waist, and held upright by slender metal wires, precisely as in the times of the Valois. Light-colored silk gauzes will be much worn for ball dresses; these gauzes will be embroidered with black or white jet, or else with floss silk, color on color. And with these dresses will always be worn over-skirts edged with feather or fur fringe, or with wide or narrow lace.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

ANGLO-SAXON FASHIONS.

THE garments worn by the Anglo-Saxon women were few and simple. An under-garment, sometimes of linen, sometimes of various colors, reached nearly to the ground, so as to cover the greater part of the feet; the sleeves, descending to the wrists, were arranged in small rolls or wrinkles as high as the elbows.

The exterior garment—gunna, or gown—was a long robe with loose sleeves, confined with a girdle adorned with embroidery, for which the Anglo-Saxon ladies were so famed.

The mantle, an essential part of the dress, hung down before and behind, except when looped up by the raised arms. No change for three centuries took place in its form or in the manner of wearing it.

But the most indispensable part of dress appropriated to the Anglo-Saxon women was the kerchief, by the Normans called couvrechef, or headdress, always worn out-of-doors. Its breadth was sufficient to reach from the top of the forehead to the shoulders, and covered the head completely, so that no part of the hair could be seen. It was usually wrapped round the neck so as entirely to cover the chest, one end of it being sometimes left loose, flowing on one side or the other of the shoulders, and must have been of great elegance. It was worn of various colors—green, blue, or red.

Although the kerchief completely concealed the hair, yet this was carefully cherished, and allowed to grow most luxuriantly, probably twisted and curled with irons, like that of the men, whose flowing golden hair often hung down on either side of the shoulders. The Anglo-Saxons were celebrated throughout Europe for

Fig. 1.—VIGOGNE MANTELET.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—VIGOGNE MANTELET.—FRONT.
For description see Supplement.

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their jewelry, their gold filigree ornaments. Rings and bracelets were not abundant, for they cared more for the decoration of their necks.

FOR THE UGLY GIRLS.

No. XX.

DID you ever go to see a lady, not of uneasy but of uncertain age, and find yourself unexpectedly ushered into the family sitting-room by a new servant, who did not know the ways of the house? Did you find her with the remarkable ornament of a court-plaster lozenge an inch wide between her eyes, and one at the outer ends of her eyebrows? Did concern express itself lest she had fallen down stairs, or had a difference with the cat? Were these insinuations parried with veteran resources, and were you dissuaded from farther inquiry by the delicate remark that it would interest her more than you to give the history of her scratches? Of course you felt there was a mystery about those bits of court-plaster, and perhaps feel so to this day, if nature has not given you the mind of a detective. If so, your patience is to be rewarded. The secret of those patches was not scratches, but wrinkles.

I trust due tribute will be paid to the ingenuity of failing age, which has perfected this device for warding off its unwelcome tokens. The rationale of the plan is very simple. The plaster contracts the skin, and prevents its sinking into creases and lines. It also protects and softens it. Within the week I have heard of one oldish lady who wears these ornamental appendages all the time in the house when not receiving company, and covers parts of her face with a dough made of well-mumbled bread to keep her skin fair. The heroism of the resistance to time must be applauded, but whether the play is worth the candle is an open question. The beauty of age lies not in flesh like that of sixteen, but in clear and lofty expression, in the look of experience and not unkindly shrewdness, in the finish of self-repression, of calmness and trust and sympathy. These things grow on a face as it loses freshness and roundness, just as the sky begins to show through thinning boughs.

It would be the greatest of blessings for some people to learn to accept themselves and their gifts. If they could stand apart from themselves a while to see their becoming styles and acceptable points, much of their repining would be dropped as superfluous. Every thing and every body is beautiful in its season. There is a wholesome plainness that accords with domestic life and natural surroundings, as the bark of trees relieves their green. The color that comes of health, the gentleness and sweetness that come of a conquered self, are elements of beauty that make any face tolerable. How dear the plain faces are that have watched our childhood, with whom we have grown so closely that feature and form have lost their significance, so that we really don't know whether they are homely or not, and see only the love or the humor that lives in their faces. Very ugly people are happily indifferent to their looks in general, and the degrees of imperfection may always be lessened by judicious use of the arts of dress.

A woman young and homely may make herself agreeable by the complete neatness of a comparatively simple toilette. Let her eschew dresses of two colors, or shades even, though the latter are allowable, if of nice material, and the shadings very soft. Where the complexion is dull, there must be some warm or lively tinges of color in the costume, and *vice versa*. But it is easier to dress real figures than to generalize, and suggestions are understood better.

Cornelia Jackson is the rector's daughter in Uppercut, and hasn't above $200 a year to spend on her clothes and to buy Christmas presents with. She is a little too plump, is brown, with some warm color in her cheeks in summer, and has dark hair. Her face never would be noticed except for the jollity lurking in it, which she takes from her father. In winter and fall, when she looks pale, she "tones up" with a morning dress of all-wool stuff, one of those brown grounds with small bunches of brilliant crimson or purple flowers—a cheery pattern that the rector likes to have meet him behind the coffee-urn of a cold morning, with crisp white ruffles, set off by the brown dress. Crimson or purple, soft brilliant shades, are her colors for neck-ties. Her street dress is a dark walnut brown cloth, trimmed with cross-cut velvet the same shade. The over-skirts of Cornelia's dresses are always long, so that she will not look like a fishing-bob or doll pincushion; and there is deep rose-color about her bonnet: not roses, by-the-way—she has an unspoken feeling that it is not for every body to wear roses—but velvety mallows and double stocks, imitations of fragrant pleasing garden flowers that are very like herself. The brown and crimson maiden of a winter's day is a pleasant sight, when the gray of the church and white of the snow need something warm and eye-filling to come between them. In summer she chooses, or her cousin in New York chooses for her, not the light percales that every one else is wearing, nor the grays and stone-colors that walk to church every Sunday, but écru linens, with relief of black or brown for morning, when she goes from pantry to garden, and from sewing-machine to nursery. Afternoons she doesn't divide herself by putting on a white blouse and colored skirt, or a buff redingote over a black train, but wears a dress of one color, that looks as if it meant to stay at home. White nansook is her delight, its semi-transparency wonderfully suiting her clear brownness, but solid white linen or cambric she eschews. Soft violet jaconet, and the whole family of lilacs, are made for her; and she is luxurious in ruffles and flounces on her demi-trained skirts, since she makes and irons them often herself. Black grenadine, of course, she wears, with high lining to give her waist its full length, every bit of which it needs; and she is not too utilitarian to neglect the aid which a modest demi-train on a house dress gives to her height. All the girls may wear puffed waists and pleated waists; she knows they are not for her plump shoulders, though the clusters of fine tucks on a blouse give length to her bust, and divide the width of the back. Shawls she never wears, nor short perky basques, that are considered—I don't know why—the proper thing for stout figures. The long polonaise, and the short English jacket, which by its high shoulders and simple lines conveys a decent comeliness of figure, whoever wears it, are her choice. If she had a party dress, it would be white French muslin, or light green silvery silk, trimmed with pleatings of tulle, and with either she would wear her mother's pearls, or her own fine carbuncles.

Mrs. Senator, with all her fortune and position, is doomed to hear people speak of her in under-tone, "She is rich, but very plain." Being a sage woman, she does not waste her efforts on trying to alter her thin features, nor does she make herself ridiculous by a false complexion of rouge and pearl-powder, though her face and her hair are about of a brownness. But on her entry into Washington society she defied criticism by appearing with that same brown hair frizzed to show its lights and shades, without a tinge of gold or auburn, and give the best outline to her head, her gypsy face opposed to a dead white silk, of Parisian origin, with flounce of pleated muslin, and corsage trimmings of rich lace. It is a real dress and a real woman that is described, and it is no fiction to say that she was the success of the evening. The colorless dress without *reflets*, and her ornaments of clustered pearls, were most artistic contrast with the nut brown hair and dusky face. A spot of color would have destroyed the charm. The dress stamped her, as she was, a woman of skill sufficient to draw from the most unlikely combination against her the elements of novel and complete success.

The girl who sits near me at the hotel table tries my eyes with her thin, curious features, her pale, frizzed hair, that makes her face more peaked, and her oversized skirts. She ought not to wear those light dresses, for she has no color, and her thin complexion is not even clear. She has that difficult figure to dispose of that is at once girlish and tall, without seeming so. A trained dress would make her look lean at once, so she should dispense with any tournure, and let her dresses brush the floor a few inches, wearing as many small flounces below the knee as fashion and sense allow. If her mother, who is rather a strict lady, would insist on having the girl's dresses made with puffed waists, or loose blouses of thick linen, instead of the Victoria lawns that iron so flat, and show the poor shoulder-blades so, the effect would be rather delightful. She ought to wear puffed grenadines, and lenos of maroon, rosy lilac, or deep green—the first lighted with pale rosy bows at the throat and in the hair, the latter with light green and white, the lilac with periwinkle knots. How one would like to dress her over again, and turn the poor thing out charming as she ought to be. Her hair-dressing would all have to be done over again. Sharp-featured people shouldn't wear curls, which make the peaked effect still more visible. Soft waves, drawn lightly away from the face and brushed up from the neck behind, would be better, and smooth braids best of all, with little waves peeping out under the braids. If the young woman could train herself not to be excitable, or to smile so overcomingly, and not be so eager to meet new acquaintances, she would make a pleasing impression, while now she gets snubbed in a tacit way, and those who take her up out of pity don't feel as if they got paid for it. But if women with hay-colored hair could be brought to believe that light leaf brown wasn't the color, of all others, for their style, one would overlook minor deficiencies.

One is tempted to think sometimes that the loss is great in not adopting the French plan of lining houses with mirrors. If people caught sight continually of themselves, they would hardly indulge in the grimaces and gaucheries which they now inflict on the world. It could hardly lead to vanity, unless manners were without a fault, and would settle a hundred vexing problems of dress and demeanor. One is not always to be censured for studying the glass. The orator must use it to learn how to deliver his sentences with proper facial play and easy gesture. The public singer studies with a mirror on the music-rack to get the right position of the mouth for issuing the voice without making a face. The want of such precaution mars the work of some great artists with blemishes which all but undo the effect of their talents. The injunction that all things should be done decently and in order means that they should be pleasing. The study of ourselves can hardly be complete without the aid of the mirror, which shows us the cold smile, the vacant gaze, or the bashful one we give our fellow-beings, instead of the decent attention, the kind, full glance it is meet they should have from us, and which we prefer to receive from them. It shows the frown, the sour melancholy, which creep over the face in reveries, and leads us to be pleasant that we may look so. How much confidence one glance at a mirror has given us in going to receive a visitor, and what kindly warning of what was amiss in expression or toilette before it was too late! Is our vanity so easily excited that we are ready to fall in love with ourselves at sight? Indeed, the intimate knowledge of our appearance which the glass can give is more likely to make one genuinely humble. In a world which has among its maxims the gay and wicked refrain of "manners for us, morals for those who like them," good people can hardly afford to neglect either their mirrors or their toilettes.

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Little Kate Kirby," "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," etc., etc.

Book the First.

REUBEN CULWICK.

CHAPTER IV.

UNSUCCESSFUL.

THE effect of Reuben Culwick's announcement upon his father was remarkable. The big man rose from his chair with his two large hands clinched, and his face of a deep purplish hue, and glared at his son in speechless wrath. For an instant it appeared as if he were contemplating a rush at this disobedient offspring, as in days past, being a man fierce and uncontrollable, he had done, to the boy's alarm, and the dismay of a poor fragile woman long set apart from him; but the son sat immovably in the chair, which had been placed a few paces from his irascible parent, and regarded him imperturbably.

Simon Culwick sank slowly and heavily into his seat again, and panted for a while. The dark coloring left the face, but the bushy black brows retained their lower curves over the eyes, and the mouth was hard and fixed, until the lips parted slightly to allow a few words to escape.

"And this is the first time you tell me that you were in league with your mother?"

"Yes," answered Reuben, politely. "I was a willful lad who had not been brought up well, or looked after carefully, and I had been only taught to fear you. My mother, who had been separated from you for some years, I was learning to respect then. When we quarreled, I went to take care of her as well as I could. I was with her when she died."

"You know how I hated your play-acting mother—how she hated me."

"Yes."

"Why do you tell me that you sided with her, when it would be so much the better policy to keep this to yourself?" said the father, bitterly.

"Because I am not afraid of you any longer—because I see now where you were wrong, and where she—"

"That 'll do," interrupted the father; "what was the objection to the lady?"

"She did not like her," said the son; "she distrusted her."

"Very likely," was the reply; "she distrusted every body. Perhaps it is well you didn't marry. You might have had a son to grow up and be a blight upon you," said Simon Culwick, bitterly.

"Heaven forbid that any blight should come from that direction!"

"And you expect me to forgive this deceit as old men do at the end of a play?"

"Or toward the end of their lives," added Reuben.

"Don't talk to me of the end of my life," he cried; "I dare say you have thought enough of it—have considered that it would be as well to sink your cursed pride and your curseder temper, and come here in prodigal-son fashion. But it won't do; I'm not a man to be hoodwinked in that way."

"Yes, I have thought of the end of your life," answered Reuben Culwick, moodily.

"It was an infernal liberty," said the father; "I shall live as long as you."

"And it seemed hard," the son continued, "to die in enmity with each other. We were both in the wrong—both obstinate men; and I should have been glad to make peace."

"And make money."

"That I can do for myself," was the reply.

"It's lucky you can, for I shall never make any for you," said Simon Culwick, shortly. "Had you come here penitent—had you not preferred your mother to me, and your mother's advice to mine, I might have given you another chance; but I have not made up my mind to do that, understand me, for I doubt you still."

"Nevertheless, I am not sorry to have seen you, father," said Reuben, rising; "I came out of my way—a long way out of it—to reach Worcester. I am glad to find you well. Good-day."

He extended his hand again, but this time his father refused to take it.

"You have come out of your way to give me a fresh wound—that's all," said the father, sullenly, "and you have done it effectually. I don't want you to trouble me again. Should I at any time want you, I'll send for you."

He had intended this for merciless irony; but Reuben Culwick took a card from his pocket and laid it on the mantel-piece.

"A line will always find me at this address," he said, "and I shall be always glad to hear from you."

"I dare say you will," muttered the father.

"Otherwise," he added, and his mouth assumed the firm expression of his father's, "we shall never meet. I shall come not here again in all my life."

"You will not come here again at my invitation," said the father, as decisively as the son. "I can't forgive you—why should I? I never forgave any body. I never forgave your mother. Your two aunts offended me years ago, you know. Have I ever forgiven them? One died last summer, and I wouldn't go to see her—wouldn't go near her—and the other one is in St. Oswald's Almshouses, blind as a bat, and living on eight shillings a week. Eight shillings a week, and those pictures there cost me eighty thousand pounds."

"A good investment," said Reuben Culwick, coolly, and critically looking round the walls; "they will increase in value year by year, Sir."

As he looked round, he became aware for the first time that the lady in the bay-window had disappeared. She had passed from the room silently, through a second door at the extremity of the picture-gallery.

"And I never gave her a penny in my life," added Mr. Culwick senior.

"Poor old Sarah—blind, is she? and in the almshouses too? I am sorry."

"What the devil have you to be sorry about?"

"I liked old Sarah," said Reuben; "she was one of the few friends I had when I was a boy, and when you were not rich."

"No," answered Simon Culwick, half to himself.

"But I am detaining you," said Reuben; "and I am pledged to reach London to-night. Good-by again."

He did not offer his hand to his father a second time, and the father only murmured a few indistinct words by way of farewell salutation.

When he had reached the door, Simon Culwick called out his name, and Reuben paused and turned.

"I am not deceitful," said the father, "and I may as well tell you that I have made my will, and that you will never be a penny the better for it. It is all left—all," he added, "away from an undutiful son."

"You threatened me with disinheritance years ago, and," said Reuben, perhaps a little acridly, "you are a man of your word."

"Else I should not be the man I am."

"Possibly not."

There was a moment's pause, and then Reuben Culwick quitted his father's presence, and closed the door after him. He went from the room into the corridor with so thoughtful a mien that he was not for the moment aware that the young lady in gray silk whom he had seen in the bay-window was stepping back from the big fleecy mat at the door, to allow of his egress. When he saw her she put her finger to her lips, and he repressed an exclamation of surprise.

"Go back," she said, with an excitement that astonished him; "don't give up—don't leave him like that—it's your last chance."

"You have been listening," said Reuben, coldly.

"To every word," was the honest confession; "and you have not said a word to please him, and much to offend. Why did you come, if in no better spirit than this?"

"I came to be friends with him."

"And you have failed."

"Hardly. He understands that I bear him no ill will—my own father, madam!—for years of much privation and neglect."

"Go back to him. Tell him how sorry you are for every thing—do something before you go that will leave behind a better impression," she urged again.

"No; I can't go back."

"You are as hard as he is," she cried; "as if it mattered what you said to him—as if it were not worth a struggle to regain your position here."

"I should struggle in vain; I—but may I ask why a young lady whom I see for the first time, and whose position in this happy house is a mystery to me, should take so great an interest in my welfare?"

"I don't take any interest in you," was the sharp reply; "but I know that you are poor and proud and foolish, and that your father is not as heartless as you fancy."

"And who are you?" said the wondering Reuben.

"Only the housekeeper, Sir," she said, quaintly; "keeping house for Simon Culwick—and in your place. You should hate me as a usurper already," she added, mockingly, "if you had any spirit in you."

"The housekeeper—yes—but," he said, wonderingly, and without regarding her strange taunts, "I was not aware—"

"Why should you be aware of any thing about me, you who are as quarrelsome and strange as your father, and have kept away so long? There, go home, and think of the best way to bring that old man to his senses."

"And interfere with your chance," said Reuben, lightly. He was in better spirits already, and the odd manner of this young lady interested him.

"I have no chance," she answered, "or I should not be very anxious for you to get back. I should be too selfish—I should try and keep you away, being as fond of money as your father is."

"I hardly believe this."

"Mr. Reuben Culwick can believe exactly what he pleases," said the young lady, spreading out her skirts and making him a very low obeisance, which he felt bound to return with almost the same degree of mock solemnity, after which he would have continued the conversation, had she not darted along the corridor and disappeared.

"A queer young woman," muttered Reuben, as he walked to the front-door and let himself out of the house. The horse and chaise that he had hired of Muddleton's were still in charge of the rosy-faced groom, whom he presented with a fee, and then drove away without looking once behind him. He had fulfilled his task; it had failed, as he had been sure all along that it would fail, knowing so much better than any one else what his father was like, and how unlike—Heaven forgive him!—to all other fathers of whom he had heard men speak, and whom, in his pilgrimage, he had encountered. Ah! it was lucky that he had not turned out a worse man, considering his early training and his early neglect, the want of sympathy with him and his boyish pursuits and aspirations, the total absence of all affection, his own utter loneliness of youth, and the world left to tempt him, rather than afford him grave experience. Why had he not grown up an arrant scamp, a thorough blackguard, as some will, left to the blight of such neglect as his, and then faced suddenly with

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bitter tyranny and exaction? What had saved him?—Heaven, his own strong will, or his play-acting mother whose life he had shared at the last?

He drove into the city of Worcester with his face graver and more thoughtful than he had driven away from it that morning, although he had foreseen much of the result of his journey, and had prepared for it. The position was a strange one, stranger than our readers are aware of at present; and that fair-faced, energetic young lady who had reproved him rendered the world before him a serious subject for contemplation. He should remember coming to Worcester again to the last day of his life. It was a new beginning; even in the rain last night he had stepped from the common-place to a something like romance, but he had forgotten the first incident of his arrival until he was in Muddleton's coffee-room, and the waiter, with his hands on the table, was leaning across the white cloth toward him.

"Beg pardon, Sir, but he's been."

"Who has been?" asked Reuben.

"The young man who helped to carry the luggage last night for you."

"Has she, by Jove?" said Reuben.

The waiter's eyes rounded and enlarged, but he had been bred in too polite a sphere to express any opinion, although that number forty-eight, which was the number of Reuben's room, should be so ignorant of the sex of the party who assisted him last night was extraordinarily bewildering, unless drink had done for forty-eight before his arrival.

"Yessir. And *he* said," he added, with the slightest emphasis on the pronoun, "that he thought half a crown a precious little, considering how he had spoiled his things with your box. 'The infernal box,' he called it, along with other names."

"She said that!"

"*He* tried it on very hard for another shilling, but I told him that I had my orders from you direct, and could not afford to advance, and that it was like his impudence to come at all. I said that, Sir," added the waiter, deferentially, "because he got awful saucy, and we had to put him out of the house. His langwidge, Sir, was bad."

"What kind of a man was he?" asked Reuben Culwick.

"A shortish young man, Sir."

"Yes; and thin?"

"Like a lath."

"And very pale?"

"Yessir, and dirty."

"A womanish kind of face, with big eyes—black eyes?"

"Oh no, Sir—not a bit womanish. He was as full of pock-marks as a cribbage-board, and his eyes were particularly small, Sir."

"Very good—or rather very bad," said Reuben Culwick; "half crown poorer, and the man has got the money instead of the woman."

"Indeed, Sir—yessir;" and the waiter departed. Outside the door he tapped his forehead significantly, and jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the room he had quitted; this was for the instruction or amusement of another waiter coming down stairs with an empty soda-water bottle and glass on a tray.

"Mad as a March hare, Bob," he said, sententiously.

"Who?" said Bob.

"Forty-eight."

"That's young Culwick, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Oh, he always was a rum un."

CHAPTER V.

ST. OSWALD'S.

REUBEN CULWICK had an early dinner at Muddleton's, thereby dispensing with the luxury of a lunch. After dinner he spent some time poring over a time-table, and finally rang the bell.

"I shall want my luggage taken to the station this afternoon," he said to the waiter who had doubted his sanity; "I wish to catch the 5.15 train for London."

"Yessir."

"And the bill, please, at once."

"Yessir."

After he had defrayed the expenses of his board and lodging at Muddleton's he sat with his hands in his pockets, considering many things of grave perplexity. The waiter left him; when business took him into the coffee-room again, number forty-eight was laughing to himself just as lunatics of a cheerful frame of mind, or of no mind at all, are in the habit of doing.

"Why shouldn't I?" Reuben Culwick said to himself; "I shall not have another chance—she's one of the family—I may never see Worcester again."

He beckoned the waiter to him.

"The St. Oswald Almshouses are at the top of Foregate Street, are they not?"

"Yessir—in the Tithing."

"Ah! the Tithing. I have been so long away that I forget names and places—every thing but injuries," he muttered; then he turned to the waiter, impressed once more upon him the necessity of his luggage being at the railway station by 5.15 P.M., and strolled leisurely out of the hotel, after a "good-day" to the man who had attended upon him. He did not go direct to the Tithing, but wandered round the cathedral, and strolled to the bridge, over which he looked at the Severn, and where he hesitated strangely.

"What is the use? I shall only hear the recital of her grievances, real and imaginary—disturb her and myself—feel myself in the way, and leave her none the happier. What's the use of my going, after all? I am as helpless, poor, and blind as she is!"

He did not see the use of it in the sluggish waters that flowed on beneath the arch of the bridge, and at which he gazed so steadfastly—he had even turned away as from an unthankful task of which the river warned him, when a second impulse set him with his face from the railway station, and took him with rapid strides in the direction upon which he had first resolved. The church clocks were striking three when he paused at the gateway which opened upon the inner quadrangle of houses dedicated to St. Oswald—one of the few kings of whom good-wearing saints have been made—and looked through at the court-yard and the pavement checkered with shadow, and thought what a silent and ghost-like place it was, lying apart from the turmoil of the town. The doors of some of the almshouses were open, and at one of them was a faint sign of life, in the form of a young woman, poorly but neatly clad in a black and white striped cotton dress, who was sitting with her elbows planted on her knees, her hands supporting her temples, and her face bent close over a book that lay upon her lap. As Reuben advanced he saw that the watcher on the threshold had tired of her volume, and closed her eyes in sleep.

It was a selfish necessity to arouse her, for there was no one about of whom to make inquiries, and time and train would not wait for Reuben Culwick. The young woman had plenty of opportunity for sleep, if she could begin at that early hour of the afternoon, thought Reuben, as he lightly touched her shoulder.

The sleeper moved uneasily, and then jerked her head back suddenly, and looked at this intruder upon the quiet sanctuary of St. Oswald's.

"Can you tell me where—"

Reuben Culwick paused in his inquiry, for the white pinched face and the big black eyes were the face and eyes of the strange girl who had volunteered to carry his luggage last night, and collapsed by the way. He could not be mistaken; he had looked too anxiously at her as she lay in her swoon to be deceived, despite her feminine guise at this crisis, and the taller woman that she looked in it. The big black eyes blinked like a cat's in the sun, and the lashes quivered in unison; but then he had awakened her from slumber, and there was no sign of recognition on her countenance. There was a certain amount of contraction of the eyebrows, that might have indicated a half scowl at the traveler for waking her thus unceremoniously.

"Do you know me?" Reuben said, changing his tone and question.

"No," was the slow reply; "I've never seen you before."

"Not at Worcester station, at ten o'clock last night, when you helped me with a heavy portmanteau that I was selfish enough to let you carry for me?" he continued.

"I helped you with a portmanteau!" said the girl, scoffingly, "at Worcester station! Yes, that's very likely!"

"It was you," said Reuben, sternly, as he continued to stare at her, and as the girl's cool denial of the fact began to aggravate him. "Why do you tell me that it was not?"

The young woman did not answer readily. She rose to her feet—a tall, angular girl, smitten sorely by poverty—and leaned against the door-post, peering at her questioner with her brow still contracted.

"Why should I help you?" she said at last. "Can't you help yourself?"

"You fainted away; you were weak, and gave up. Why deny this?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," was the sullen answer. "Who told you that you would find your friend in such a place as this, I should like to know?"

"Then you were not at Worcester station last night?" said Reuben, still persistently.

"No," was the response.

"This is a very nice young woman," muttered Reuben Culwick; "if I could have lied as complacently as that to my father, I might be now on a fair way to re-instatement."

The girl was turning away as if with the intention of passing into the house, when Reuben remembered the object of his quest.

"Will you tell me, please, in which of these small establishments resides Sarah Eastbell?" he asked.

The girl paused, and then swung herself rapidly round and faced him again.

"What next?" she cried, angrily, "and what's next after that?" she added. "I'm Sarah Eastbell, and if you have any thing to say against me, say it. I'm not ashamed of my name; I never was—I never did any thing wrong in my life. Now, then, what is it that you want?"

"You are Sarah Eastbell!" said Reuben, with a new interest asserting itself. "Then you are—no, you can't be," added our hero, exhibiting again that incoherence which had already bewildered the waiter at Muddleton's.

"Will you tell me what you want here?" asked Miss Eastbell, peremptorily.

"I want to see an older lady than yourself, of the same name, and residing, I believe, in one of these almshouses."

"Oh, indeed! What for?" was the cautious inquiry.

"Upon no particular business—a friendly call, that's all," said Reuben, lightly.

"My grandmother is not well enough to see company."

"She will see me," replied Reuben Culwick.

"She is not able to—"

The statement concerning Mrs. Eastbell's idiosyncrasies was destined never to be completed, for a short, sharp "Sarah!" in an excruciatingly high key, that was like the twang of a wire, and left a humming sound in Reuben's ears, came from an inner room on the left-hand side of the doorway.

"Coming!" said the tall girl; and she disappeared at once, and left Mr. Culwick on the threshold, half resolved to follow her. He did not do so, however; he lingered there politely, while some mutterings and murmurings went on in the inner room, and he felt that he was the subject of discourse, and that Miss Eastbell was giving a very bad account of him, and prejudicing her grandmother against him. This young woman was a being to be wary of.

"I don't care what he is, or what he wants," he heard the shrill voice say again, "and so let him come in, Sally."

"But—"

"Ah! it's no good your 'butting' me, Sally; I will hear what he has to say. Perhaps he's brought a fortune with him!"

"Very well," answered Sarah Eastbell the Younger; and before Reuben was prepared for her re-appearance she was standing in the doorway again.

"You can come in," said the girl, sullenly.

CHAPTER VI.

"SECOND-COUSIN SARAH."

SHE led the way to a small room, scrupulously clean, with a bed in the centre of the room, and an old woman in the centre of the bed. There was nothing to be seen of Mrs. Eastbell but her face, and a grim, yellow, parchment face it was, cut up by a hundred wrinkles, and brought strongly into relief by the white sheet drawn under her chin, and the voluminous frilled cap in which her head was framed. The eyes were closed, though the pupils were restlessly moving beneath the lids, which were to be lifted never again in St. Oswald's.

"Well, Sir," said the head above the sheet, "will you please to state what business you have with old Sarah Eastbell, who has been past business for the last ten years?"

It was a crisp and not wholly shrill voice, now that it had dropped an octave or two. The visitor walked to the bedside, sat down in a rush-bottomed chair that was there, and looked hard at her.

"When I saw you last you were a bustling little woman, carrying your years well," said Reuben Culwick, tenderly. "I am sorry to find an old friend brought down as low as this."

The pupils beneath the sealed lids were motionless for an instant, and seemed listening in themselves to the man's voice; then they began to move to and fro with great rapidity.

"I think that I should know the voice. But it can't be—"

"Can't be whose voice?" he asked, as she paused.

"It can't be Reuben's, can it?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, it can."

"Now to think of that, after these years, and here!" said Mrs. Eastbell. "That's kind of you, Reu; I'm very glad," and the old lady fought hard with the sheet, and got a thin yellow hand above the bedclothes, and extended it in the direction of her nephew, laughing in an odd chuckling way that portended future hysterics, if she were not careful. Reuben shook the hand in his, and the girl stood by the mantelpiece, watching the greeting furtively.

"What made you think of me?" said the old woman, after a moment's pause.

"I came to Worcester last night. I heard this morning for the first time that you were here."

"Who told you?"

"My father."

It was a face despite its sightlessness that expressed a great deal, Reuben Culwick thought, as the gray eyebrows arched themselves, and the mouth became rounded.

"You are friends, then? He has forgiven you?" she said.

"No."

"Ah! he will presently," said Mrs. Eastbell, with an easy confidence; "there are many good points about my brother Simon, and it is only a question of time. All things come round in time, Reu—even good luck. That's what I often tell our Sally."

Sally winced suddenly at this introduction of her name into the discourse, and Reuben looked across his prostrate relative toward the young attendant, who drew a pattern on the floor with the point of her boot, and did not return his glances.

"Some day Simon will walk in here just as you have done, and say how sorry he is for all the past," said the old woman. "Sometimes I lie awake fancying I can hear his footsteps coming across the paved yard toward me."

"You should not fancy that."

"Why not?" was the quick reply. "It does me good."

"I would not build upon his offering you any help," said Reuben Culwick.

"I don't want any help. Eight shillings a week keep more life in me than I know what to do with. I'm very happy, though it's an awful place for flies. Sally does a little work when she can get it, and is a dear, kind nurse, who never tires of me. She'll read the Bible half the day to me, when I'm too ill to run about much. A good girl, Sally!"

"I am very glad to hear it," answered Reuben.

He would not have dispelled the old woman's faith in her granddaughter by a word—by any question hinging on last night's mystery, or to-day's prevarication. This was a woman who had faith in every body, and extracted happiness even from an almshouse in a shady corner of Worcester city.

"When I am gone I should like somebody to get Sally a good place. Don't you know any one who wants an honest, hard-working, truthful girl?"

"Not at present," said Reuben, glancing across at Sarah Eastbell again, who was still tracing hieroglyphics on the floor. She looked up this time as he replied to her grandmother, and shrugged her shoulders either at the old woman's criticism or at the wild idea of her being indebted to him for her future position in life.

"Will she be wholly alone in the world some day?" asked Reuben Culwick, inquisitively.

"She has not a friend; she will make plenty, of course, but she has them to make."

"My cousin Mark was her father, then. Is he—"

"Yes, he's dead. So's his wife. They were a worthy couple, but they were very unlucky, and so better out of the world than in it," said the grandmother. "When they died last year I offered Sally part of my home, and my sister tried to do something for Tom, but he went to sea."

"Tom is Sarah's brother, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"And at sea now?"

"And at sea now, doing favorably, thank his stars!"

Reuben Culwick had his doubts of Thomas Eastbell. In his mind he had already associated him with an uncivil young vagabond who had called for money at Muddleton's Hotel, and considered himself but ill remunerated by half a crown for work at which he had never assisted.

"Oh, you hear from him occasionally?"

"Yes; and Sally reads me all his letters."

Reuben looked once more across at Sally Eastbell. She was staring at him eagerly until he met her gaze, when the dark eyes shifted to the floor again, and a deep red blush, a brick-dust kind of blush, burned itself slowly in her cheeks, and staid there as long as he looked in her direction. He was glad that she could blush; he was surprised at her; he was curious enough to wish that he could fathom the little mystery about her, and arrive at the secret of her motives and the history of her life. She was decidedly a strange girl, living a strange existence in the house of her grandmother, and playing, as it seemed to him, a double part. Unless he was really deceived—and this was not the girl who had met him in man's clothes last night, but some one strangely and wonderfully like her!

He could not resist a question which rose to his lips, and which brought to Sarah Eastbell's countenance the old sullen expression which had struck him first that day.

"Does Sarah sleep here—live with you altogether?"

"Yes," answered the old woman; "it's very selfish of me to keep her to myself, but, please the Lord, it will not last a great while longer. She's young—she's industrious, and will be always able to get her living—any where—and if you hear of any thing that will suit her, you will bear her in mind, Reuben?"

"I shall not forget her," said Reuben, dryly.

"She shall come and tell you when I'm gone, if you let me know where you live," added Mrs. Eastbell, in a brisk, business-like manner; "it is as well to arrange these little matters."

"I live at Hope Lodge, Hope Street, Camberwell."

"That's right, Reu—always live in Hope, my lad."

It was a feeble joke which nobody appreciated but this light-hearted old blind woman, and she appreciated it for the three of them, and lay chuckling over it until it nearly choked her.

"You haven't told me much about your life, and what you're doing, Reu. But you're not going away yet."

"I must leave in ten minutes," said Reuben, looking at his watch.

"What—not stop and take a cup of tea with your old aunt?" cried Mrs. Eastbell.

"I must be in town to-night."

"You find something to do in town, then?"

"Oh yes."

"And money for the doing of it?"

"Yes—heaps of money," he said, laughingly.

"If I ever get strong enough to come to London, Sally shall bring me to Hope Lodge."

This was another joke to which her two listeners did not take readily. They were blind witticisms to match her malady.

"I am going now," said Reuben Culwick, stooping over her. "Good-by, aunt."

"Good-by, lad. Thank you for a visit which will cheer me up for days; and think of something for my Sally, if you can."

How strongly impressed that sullen girl by the fire-place was on the old woman's mind he did not fully comprehend until this last moment of their meeting.

"Grandmother!" said Sarah the Younger, deprecatingly; but Mrs. Eastbell went on, the thin bony hand clinging to her nephew's tightly.

"She's every thing to me, but I wouldn't mind parting with her at once—to-morrow, if you should hear of a decent situation for her. Any body can mind me—and I don't want to stop the way to her advancement. She's clever at her needle—she reads well—she's quick at figures—in any tradesman's shop, now, she'd be very handy—and she's only seventeen; so young, Reu, to be alone in the world after I am gone!"

"Yes," said Reuben, "so young!"

"So young, and so willful and deceptive, he thought also—after he had parted with his aunt and said "Good-day" to Sally Eastbell, and walked into the little square court-yard, where the rain had begun to patter briskly again, as though there had been no wet weather for weeks, and it was coming down to make up for lost time.

He was looking at the leaden clouds which were deepening overhead, when Sarah Eastbell stole to his side and twitched his arm.

"You need not trouble yourself to think of any thing for me," she said, ungraciously; "you wouldn't have done so, I dare say—but it's as well to tell you I don't want any help from you; and as for leaving her before she dies—well, I'd

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rather die myself, much!" she added, with a sudden passion exhibiting itself.

"You are attached to her?" said Reuben Culwick, quickly.

"She's the only friend I ever had," was the girl's answer, as she relapsed into her old moodiness of manner.

"Your father and mother?"

"Don't speak of them," said the girl, shuddering, "oh, don't speak of them."

"Your brother Tom—who is getting on so famously?"

"Toward the gallows," cried the girl.

"What does it all mean? Why do you tell that poor old woman—"

"So many lies?—because the lies come handiest," she said, defiantly, "and I have been bred upon them, and they're natural to me. That's all."

"Will you tell me one truth before I go?" he said. "Come, now, Sarah Eastbell—Second-cousin Sarah—in whom I am interested." Reuben Culwick spoke with tenderness; he possessed a wondrous sympathetic voice, and the girl looked at him till the sullen expression of her face softened and then died away.

"'Second-cousin Sarah!'" she quoted; and a faint smile flickered round her mouth for an instant. "Well, go on."

"You will answer straightforwardly?"

"You will not go back and tell her, and make her miserable, then?" she said, as though by way of compromise.

"I will not."

"Go on, then, Second-cousin Reuben," she added, half scornfully, half lightly.

"You are the girl who helped me with my trunk last night?"

"Yes," was the quick response.

"And you thought that I had come to tell your grandmother about it?"

"Yes."

"Why were you so anxious to earn money, and in so strange a fashion?"

"Oh," said the girl, turning away, "you're too curious."

"Come," he said, snatching at her arm, "an honest confession, and then good-by, Sarah Eastbell."

"I sha'n't tell you," she answered, struggling to get her arm away.

"Was it for yourself?"

"No."

"For Tom?"

"No."

"To make good something that Tom had taken from his grandmother?" said Reuben.

"Ah! you know, then," cried Sarah Eastbell, wrenching herself from her second cousin's clutch, and running with great swiftness into the house, the door of which she closed with a noise that shook the place and startled Mrs. Eastbell from dream-land.

"What's that?" said the grandmother—"thunder?"

"Yes, it looks like a storm outside," answered the girl.

"I should think it did, when it has nearly shaken me out of bed," said Mrs. Eastbell; "but I dare say it will clear the air, and kill some of the flies. I hope poor Reu will not get wet going to the station."

"Can't he take a cab?"

"I don't believe he can afford it, Sally. He's like you and me, girl, very poor and beastly proud."

"Is he? I should have thought that he had been a gentleman."

"Gentlemen don't live in Hope Street, Camberwell, I know," said Mrs. Eastbell.

"But they can afford to leave money for their poor relations, poked under the pillow of the bed," cried the granddaughter, whose quick dark eyes had detected the corner of a bank-note peeping from the pillow on which Mrs. Eastbell's head was resting. "Why, this is the luck you and I have been talking about so long!"

"I didn't want his money," muttered the old woman; "I'm not so poor but what I pay my way. He's a very silly fellow—he always was."

"Indeed!"

"He never could keep money—he was always doing something or other that was foolish. How much is it, Sally?"

"It is a five-pound note."

"Put it in the tea-pot, girl," said the old woman; "it will come in handy presently. I can have a comfortable funeral now."

Sally Eastbell made a clattering noise with the lid of an old china tea-pot, which, with its spout off, formed the central ornament of a high mantel-piece, but she did not deposit the note therein. That was not a safe receptacle for money. Tom knew of that!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MADAME M'MAHON.

MADAME M'MAHON.

EVERY afternoon between two and three a portly-looking lady, with a kindly expression of countenance, with large blue eyes, and hair slightly tinged with gray, may be seen to leave the Executive Mansion at Versailles, leading a little girl by the hand, and devoting her attention immediately to a number of poor people who seem to have waited for her, and among whom she and her pretty little companion then distribute alms, addressing a few benevolent words to each of the recipients of their charities.

When the two, whom the most casual beholder will at once recognize to be mother and daughter, appear, the two sentinels respectfully present arms. They leisurely walk down the superb avenue, and move among the other promenaders in the most unostentatious manner, standing still every now and then, and exchanging a few pleasant words with acquaintances. But for the glances which most of the passers-by send after the lady, you would believe that she was the wife of some government employé—perhaps of a deputy in the National Assembly; for she wears a simple black dress, and her bonnet, although of faultless shape, can not have cost many dollars. And yet she is at the present time the foremost lady in France, the consort of Marshal M'Mahon, President of the French Republic.

The career of this eminent lady, although the papers have had very little to say about her, has nevertheless been an eventful one, and in her present exalted station, notwithstanding her quiet, unobtrusive demeanor, she is known to exert a momentous influence upon the decisions of her husband. The latter admires pluck, and it may be truly said that he has a most plucky wife. Indeed, it was an act of heroism on her part that first attracted his attention toward her.

It was on the 1st of December, 1838, at an advanced hour of the night, that a fire broke out in the female seminary of Limoges. The flames spread with such rapidity that the fair young inmates could be rescued only with the utmost difficulty. At last, when all of them were believed to be assembled, shivering in their thin night dresses, in front of the burning edifice, the cry resounded suddenly, "Louise de Bailly is still in the building!"

The lookers-on stood as if petrified, and the firemen did not venture to enter the house, which now looked like a fiery furnace. Poor Mademoiselle de Bailly was already given up as hopelessly lost, when all of a sudden a tall young girl, with her blonde hair hanging loose over her shoulders, and her deep blue eyes flashing out the heavenly fire of inspiration and indomitable courage, rushed from among her terrified young sisters, and exclaiming, "I will try to find her!" ran toward the burning building.

A thousand voices shouted, "Do not risk your life thus foolishly!"

Others prayed for "dear Héloïse," who thus recklessly risked her own life in order to save that of one of her young classmates. But none of the warning exclamations deterred the heroic girl from her purpose. In a few seconds she had entered the front-door, undaunted by the blinding smoke and the flames that were momentarily gaining ground.

For the spectators of this thrilling scene this was a moment of supreme suspense. The strongest hearts quailed when the heroic girl did not immediately return.....A minute, nay, two, elapsed, and minutes under such circumstances are eternities.....But all at once her white night-gown appeared in the door.....Yes, it was she; and by the hand she led the missing, terrified Louise de Bailly.....

Such a shout as went up from the hearts of the relieved crowd! Such praises as were showered upon the brave young girl!

But she herself was half ashamed of being thus *féted*. "*Mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed, "it was easy enough for me to ascend that stairway; it was not yet on fire. Only the smoke troubled me a little. Had I waited a minute longer, poor little Louise would have been lost."

At the reopening of the seminary, a few months later, M. Sarreguin asked Mademoiselle Héloïse to step forward, and presented her, in the name of King Louis Philippe, a handsome gold medal for saving a human life, and praised her courage and devotion in eloquent terms of enthusiasm.

The girl thus honored blushed deeply, and when the hall in which the opening ceremonies were held resounded with heart-felt applause, Mademoiselle Héloïse was more confused than at that memorable moment when she had rushed into the flames.

Among the spectators on this occasion was a young officer of the garrison of Limoges, who seemed to be deeply interested in the heroine of the day. He asked what her full name was, and was told that she was the daughter of M. Antoine Gilbert de Morin, Seigneur de Valleau.

This information made the inquirer somewhat thoughtful. Perhaps the fact that M. De Morin was one of the wealthiest and proudest noblemen of the surrounding country had something to do with this.

Captain M'Mahon (that was the name of the young officer), however, was not much disturbed by this information. True, he was then but a captain in the French army, and had nothing but his pay to depend on, but then he had excellent prospects of once becoming rich; his family was as old, if not older, than that of Héloïse's father, and a French soldier always has a marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack.

How he managed to get acquainted with Mademoiselle De Morin we can not tell, but certain it is, when the young lady, some time afterward, was told by her father that he had selected a husband for her, she startled him by the announcement that he might save himself that trouble, and that she had already made her own choice.

The old gentleman was at first astonished, and then became furious. But his daughter briefly told him that she wanted no one but Captain M'Mahon, of the Fourth Regiment of the Line.

And now began a curious struggle between the exasperated father and the determined daughter. Notwithstanding the efforts of M. De Morin to intercept Héloïse's correspondence with her lover, frequent letters were exchanged between the two; and when Captain M'Mahon was sent to Algeria, they pledged themselves to remain true to one another. This separation lasted three years, until 1842, when M'Mahon, who had greatly distinguished himself in Africa, suddenly fell heir to considerable property. This softened the obdurate heart of M. De Morin, and in 1844 Héloïse became the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel M'Mahon.

She accompanied him to Africa, and wrote from thence to the *Gazette de France* a series of anonymous sketches on Algerian life, which were favorably noticed by the critics, and which, oddly enough, were generally attributed to a distinguished officer of the French army.

In 1849 Madame M'Mahon returned to France, where the successive deaths of her three children almost broke her heart. She took up her abode at her husband's property, Sully, near Autun, and lived in the deepest retirement, from which she emerged only after the Crimean war, when her husband's gallantry had made him the most popular general in France.

She moved into a modest house with him in Paris, avoiding as much as possible to come in contact with the imperial court, for which she entertained an invincible repugnance, partly, probably, on account of the to her distasteful frivolities of the Empress and her surroundings, and partly too because, having been brought up amidst all the prejudices and *hauteur* of the old aristocracy, she could not bring herself to relish the *parvenus* that ruled supreme at the Tuileries.

On one occasion, shortly before New-Year's, *le jour d'étrennes*, she met the Emperor Napoleon the Third while walking with her two children through a large Parisian toy store. The Emperor was piqued by the coldness which the duchess had displayed toward his court, and he adroitly tried to conquer her aversion. Taking her children by the hand, the autocrat caused them to select the most superb toys, until she finally interfered, and said to the Emperor:

"Sire, your kindness is unfortunately useless. What will my little ones do with these beautiful things in Africa, whither I shall take them to-morrow, and rejoin my husband?"

The Emperor bit his lips. He had failed in his purpose to conciliate her.

It is needless to recapitulate here the events of the next few years. Like every true daughter of France, Madame M'Mahon suffered intensely. The news of her husband's defeat at Woerth prostrated her so that her life was despaired of; and when she returned to Versailles after the war she looked ten years older, and her hair had assumed a silvery tinge. Those who know her best say that she has an excellent heart, that she is nobly ambitious, a generous foe, endowed with considerable literary talents, keen-sighted in politics, and a fervent Christian.

"THERE WAS NOTHING TO BE SEEN OF MRS. EASTBELL BUT HER FACE."

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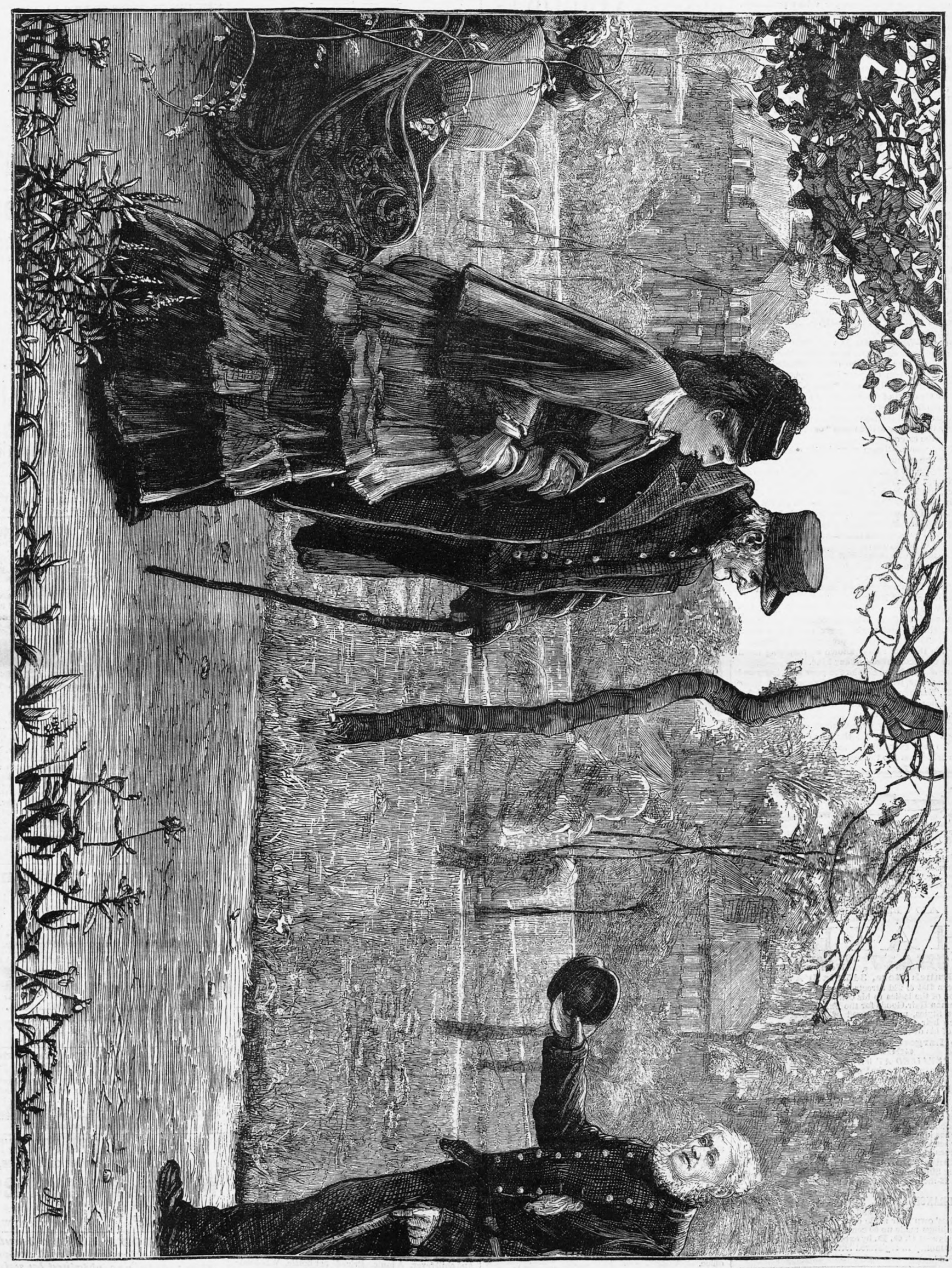
SUNDAY EVENING IN CHELSEA HOSPITAL GARDENS, LONDON.

THE time-honored method of exercising charity, by collecting together a number of superannuated persons, and compelling them to live under fixed rules and regulations in the same building or series of buildings, has of late fallen into considerable disfavor. In truth, there is not the same necessity for such arrangements as there was formerly. When steam locomotion was unknown, when roads were indifferent and highwaymen numerous, it would have been a matter of no small difficulty to pay pensions to a number of veteran soldiers or sailors scattered over the surface of a large country, nor would it have been easy to ascertain if the persons supposed to be in receipt of pensions were actually alive to enjoy them. Science has altered all this, and the modern doctrine of *laissez faire*, which proclaims that a man should be allowed to do just what he pleases so long as he does not annoy his neighbor, favors the system of out-pensions. And it possesses many substantial advantages. Soldiers and sailors who have passed the active part of their lives in crowded barracks, or between the decks of ships of war, are especially alive to the attractions of snugness and homeliness. They don't want to be summoned to their meals at a fixed hour by the clang of a bell; they prefer a bit of dinner cooked as they please and when they please; nor are they always so anxious to associate with comrades of their own cloth. To a certain extent all trades herd together, but, nevertheless, in their hours of relaxation, men like to mix with people of different pursuits to their own.

A few of the old institutions still remain, however, in England—among others, Chelsea Hospital, for superannuated soldiers, which was founded in the reign of CHARLES II., through the influence, it is said, of NELL GWYNNE, and completed by Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN in the time of WILLIAM III. It is a fine brick edifice, with stone porticoes, laid out in three quadrangles, surrounded by spacious grounds which extend to the river, and which comprise the once celebrated Ranelagh Gardens, the fashionable resort of the English nobility, and of royalty itself, during the days of the earlier GEORGES. The establishment supports over five hundred in-door pensioners, and from seventy to eighty thousand out-pensioners. The expenditure, which amounts to more than seven million dollars per annum, is defrayed by a Parliamentary grant. It is on the north bank of the Thames, southwest of London, and about four and a half miles from St. Paul's. The gardens are very beautiful, and form a picturesque feature in the river landscape. Here, in the picture before us, we see the old pensioner, in his scarlet uniform with blue facings, leaning on the arm of his granddaughter, perhaps, and replying to the salutation of a former brother-in-arms.



SUNDAY EVENING IN CHELSEA HOSPITAL GARDENS, LONDON.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAZEPPA.—A cashmere walking jacket will look well trimmed with a bias repped silk band, collar, cuffs, and lappets. Have a redingote with your brown dress, and trim with yak braid. Make your black silk with a demi-polonaise by hints given in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. VI.

OSWEGO.—Dress your hair with ropes and puffs, or else puffs and braids, in the way described in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 41, Vol. VI. It is too early to give the best styles for velvet polonaises. For black silks read *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. VI.

BETSY.—Thread lace is a suitable trimming for black silk.

RUBY.—Trim your cloth redingote with revers collar, pockets, cuff, belt, and inch-wide border all around of heavy repped silk. Fasten the belt behind with an oxidized silver clasp. Hoops are entirely out of fashion. Get a walking coat of warm merino or cashmere, lined and wadded, for your child just walking.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Your camel's-hair is a stylish shade, and will look well as you now have it. If you prefer a vest, you should have one of olive silk—not black. There is no charge for information given in this column.

ANXIOUS.—Get purple merino of a darker shade. For black alpaca read *Bazar* No. 40, Vol. VI.

E. S. G.—The sailor suits continue in fashion, and the *Bazar* pattern sent you for girl's dress is what you need. For girls use black and dark blue flannel (almost black), and brighten them by red merino collars, cuffs, pockets, sash, and bands on the skirt; also use lighter blue trimmings. Trim the boy's suit with darker blue or black braid, and let him wear bright scarlet, blue, or striped merino long hose. We will give an article on children's fashions at our earliest convenience.

FITZ AND OTHERS.—Have a regular wedding table for your breakfast at 10 A.M., with a variety of meats, salads, cake, fruits, and ices. Ornament the table with flowers, as if for an evening party.—Read about yak lace in *Bazar* No. 41, Vol. VI.

LOUIE R.—White alpaca is very little used now. Have a tight polonaise, and trim it with black velvet, or else dark blue. Use the double-breasted jockey basque suit pattern for your black alpaca, and trim with bias bands and blue steel buttons. A silk evening dress for a girl of fourteen is not as appropriate as thinner stuffs, such as Swiss muslin or tarlatan.

BLANCHE K.—It is customary at dancing parties here to cover the carpets with a white "dancing cloth," provided by the caterer.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Steam your black cashmere, and press on the wrong side. French scourers here have some mysterious way, called dry pressure, of renewing it perfectly. Trim the lower skirt with a box-pleated flounce, headed by a cluster of folds. Read about veils in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 41, Vol. VI.

B. S. L.—Try a weak solution of ammonia for premature gray hair. Papers containing the "Ugly Girl" articles will be sent from this office. They are not yet published in book form.

A DELIGHTED READER.—Hot baths and a lotion of one-fourth of an ounce carbolic acid and three-fourths of an ounce of glycerine to one ounce of bay rum or camphor will remove flesh-worms. Apply the wash twice a day and let it dry in.

MRS. W. AND AUBURN.—Mask or moth is caused by a derangement of the liver. Take a taraxacum pill three nights in each week for six weeks, and use a wash of chlorate of potash prepared by a druggist. These are the best means known of removing moth patches or discolorations of any kind.

JEANNIE M.—Many thanks for your kind letter and valuable recipe, which will be used at once.

X. Z., NELLIE, AND OTHERS.—Make a paste of fine wood ashes that collect at the back of stoves and water. Spread this over the place where superfluous hair grows, let it dry on, and wash off with diluted vinegar. Repeat daily till the hair dries and comes out. To take spots off the nails wet a bit of flannel, dip in ashes, and rub the nails.

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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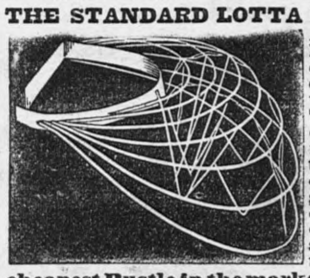

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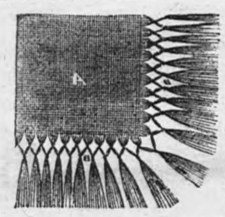

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FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt)..... " 50

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FACETIÆ.

THE Socialists in Spain are well named. They never murder less than four people at a time. This is sociality.

Why is a recruiting sergeant like the wind?—Because he blows where he 'listeth.

There is a time at which lamb becomes mutton; there is a time at which the mint-sauce of flirtation has to be discarded for the currant jelly of serious intentions.

Singers often complain they are not in voice. Now what is always in voice?—Why, invoice, to be sure.

A LEGAL ATTACHMENT—Matrimony.

A Scotch parson had a farming neighbor who was in the habit of shooting on Sundays, but after a while this Sabbath-breaker joined the church. One day the minister to whose church he belonged met a friend of the farmer, and said,

"Do you see any difference in Mr. P—— since he joined the church?"

"Oh yes," replied the friend, "a great difference. Before, when he went out to shoot on Sunday, he carried his gun over his shoulder, but now he carries it under his coat."

Why is a wafer like Cupid?—Because it is the go-between which forms mutual attachments.

When a man milks a cow he should not attempt to smoke a cigar at the same time. A young man out in the country tried it, and got along well enough until he lowered his head and touched the cow's flank with the lighted end of his weed. The next instant himself and cigar were dreadfully "put out." The cow introduced about two tons weight into one of her hind-legs, and then passed it under the milker's left jaw. When he ceased whirling around, and myriads of stars had disappeared, he said farming was the hardest work a man could put his hands to.

A PUBLIC NOTICE WHICH MUST BE A GREAT HARDSHIP TO THE BIRDS ABOUT TOWN—"No bills allowed."

GALLEY-SLAVES—Night compositors.

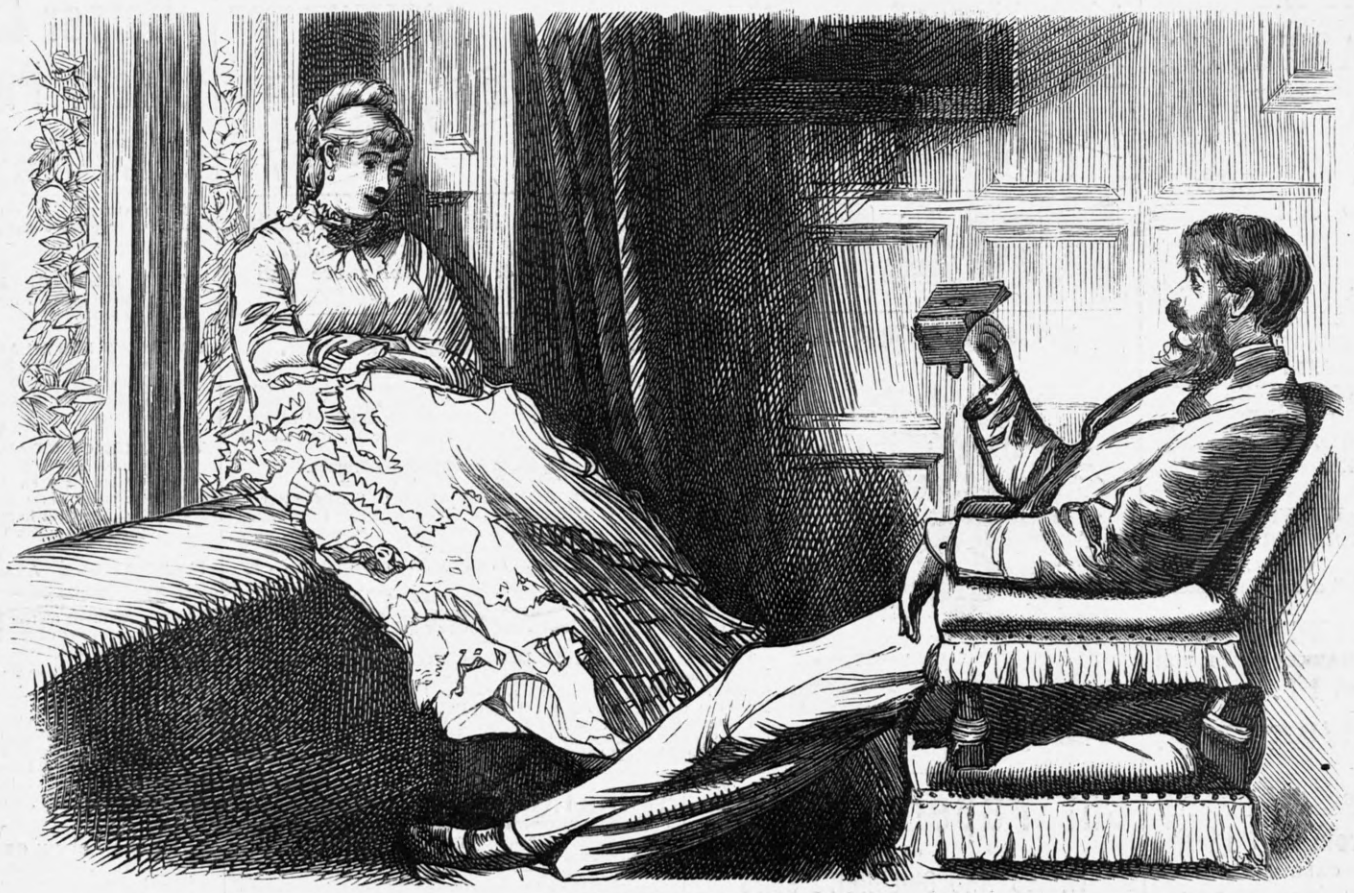
RABELAISIAN.—A correspondent writes to inquire the exact meaning of the expression "Pantagruelian Philosophy." The next time he has a very bad cold, and is put upon a diet consisting mainly of "a thin food, made by boiling groats or oatmeal in water," and bears his misfortune with patience and fortitude, he will understand the phrase in all its force, and be entitled to consider himself a "Pantagruelist."

There are so many thieves in New York that they propose to form a society to reform some of their number, and thus prevent their business from being ruined.

I clasped her tiny hand in mine; I vowed to shield her from the wind and from the world's cold storm. She set her beauteous eyes on me, and with her little lips she said, "An umbrella will do as well."

A PRICKLY PAIR—A couple who are always nagging.

"No man ever had a better wife than I had," said a returned Californian; "she was always kind to the poor, and to all her relations. She is now in the graveyard, and my judgment is, she is well prepared for the next world; and for the good feeling I had for her for over fifty-six years, I have erected a monument over her grave weighing seven tons, and twenty-one feet high. It is a splendid monument—cost me over six hundred dollars."



"A WOMAN O' BUSINESS."

HUSBAND (*who has been to Europe, and left his wife some blank checks*). "My dear Louisa, I find you have considerably Overdrawn at the Bank!"
WIFE. "Oh, Nonsense, Willy, how can that be? Why, I've two of those Blank Checks left yet!"

"REALLY MOST AWKWARD, YOU KNOW."

GOOD LITTLE GIRL (*to Good Mamma*). "Ma, dear, don't you hope it's a charity sermon again to-day?"

GOOD MAMMA. "Well—a—yes. Why?"

GOOD LITTLE GIRL. "Good people like to put money in the plate, don't they, ma?"

GOOD MAMMA. "I don't know—that is—yes, of course."

GOOD LITTLE GIRL. "Give me a dollar to put in, ma dear."

[*Et cætera, et cætera, till they reach the church door, when Ma says "Hush!" and stops it.*

What mental quality does a dress resemble?—Address.

The Legislature of a Western State, prior to final adjournment, recently passed a resolution thanking the chaplain for the brevity of his prayers.

The Tycoon of Japan knows how to start a newspaper. He does not offer premiums for subscribers, but having taken an interest in the publication of a newspaper at the Japanese capital, he has issued an order that all men of certain social and political standing shall take it or be beheaded.

"No Gunen Aloud Here," is a sign intended for the information of sportsmen down in Maine.

It is unkind to ridicule those items in the papers about centenarians. It is no easy thing to become a centenarian—several have failed.

How comfortable for a young wife to feel that her husband is a bountiful provider, and that she will never want for the necessaries of life. A newly married man was recently directed by his wife to order some yeast, and not having a very well defined idea of yeast himself, he told the baker to send up a couple of dollars' worth. At nine o'clock next morning three men might have been seen tugging and sweating up the front stairs of that man's house with a cask of yeast.

MOTTOES FOR THE MANY.

A LOVER—*Ad admissum*—About to be accepted.
A COBBLER—*Ad finem spero*—I hope to the last.
A DYER—*Absque dedecore*—Without stain.
A DRILL-SERGEANT—*Adest ad visum*—Present to the sight.
BROTHER JONATHAN—*Ab fœdero cresco*—I gain by treaty.
SEASICK CHILD—*Agitatione purgatur*—It is purified by motion.
THE CLAIMANT—*Agnoscor eventu*—I am known by the issue.
A PRIZE-FIGHTER—*Arma parato fero*—I carry arms in readiness.
A STOCK-BROKER—*Disce pati*—Learn to bear.
THE BABY—*Dum cresco spero*—While I grow I hope.
A POLICEMAN—*Dum vigilo tutus*—While I watch I'm safe.
COUNT CHAMBORD—*Fari fac*—Make him speak out.
THE WORKING-MAN—*Ferendo et feriendo*—By bearing and striking.

EPITAPH ON A LOCOMOTIVE.—Collisions four or five she bore; the signals were in vain; grown old and rusted, her boiler bu'sted, and smashed the excursion train.

A clergyman informed his people at the close of his sermon that he intended in a few days to go on a mission to the heathen. After the congregation was dismissed, a number of the members waited for their pastor, and, crowding around him, expressed their astonishment at the new turn in his affairs, asking him where he was going, and how long they would be deprived of his ministrations. He said to them, "My good friends, don't be alarmed—I'm not going out of town."

A while ago a farmer in the Highlands lost his wife, and out of love for her memory called his estate "Glenmary." A neighbor having met with the same affliction, and equally desirous of keeping before him the image of his dear departed, followed his example, and his farm is known by the name of "Glenbetsy."

The excuse of a young lady to her minister, who caught her napping, was, "Don't you think ladies had better be fast asleep than *fast* awake?"

What is invariably the beginning of love?—The letter "l."

An eccentric but popular preacher observed one Sunday in church a man sleeping whom he knew, and whose wife was sitting beside him. The doctor called out to the latter, "Go home, Betty, and bring John's night-cap."

The following strong figure of speech was used to illustrate the great size of America to a Pat who could not make up his mind about emigrating:

"Where did the baccy come from! why, from 'Meriky, where else? that sent us the finest petaty. Long life to it for both, says I!"

"What sort of a place is that, I wonder?"

"'Meriky! They tell me it's mighty sizable. I'm tould that you might roll England through it, an' it would hardly make a dint in the ground. There's a fresh-water ocean inside of it that you might dhrown Ireland in, and save Father Mathew a wonderful sight of throuble; an' as for Scotland, you might stick it in a corner of one of their forests, an' you'd never be able to find it, except it might be by the smell of the whisky!"

"You hev heern, gentlemen of the jury," said an eloquent advocate—"you hev heern the witness swar he saw the prisoner raise his gun; you hev heern him swar he saw the flash and heerd the report; you hev heern him swar he saw the dog fall dead; you hev heern him swar he dug the bullet out with his jackknife, and you hev seen the bullet produced in court: but whar, gentlemen, whar, I ask you, is the man who saw that bullet hit that dog?"

"Maria, have you given the gold-fish any fresh water?"

"No, Sir; what's the use? They haven't drunk up what's in there yet."

A young lady last week declined frosted cake, because she thought it might give her cold.

While witnessing a game of base-ball out West a boy was struck on the back of his head, the bawl coming out of his mouth.

What things increase the more they are contracted?—Debts.

SHAKSPEARE'S "SEVEN AGES OF MAN."—Mess-age, lugg-age, saus-age, ramp-age, marri-age, parent-age, and dot-age.

Never kick a man when he's down, unless you are sure he can't get up.

The young man who boasted that he could marry any girl he pleased, found that he couldn't please any.

A lot of minstrels went to a town not far away, and advertised to give a performance for "the benefit of the poor, tickets reduced to ten cents." The hall was crammed full. The next morning a committee for the poor called upon the treasurer of the concern for the amount said benefit had netted. The treasurer expressed astonishment at the demand.

"I thought," said the chairman of the committee, "you advertised this concert for the benefit of the poor!"

Replied the treasurer, "Didn't we put the tickets down to ten cents, so that the poor could all come?"

The committee vanished.

A PANACEA FOR A PANIC.

SEEDIE SKINNER (*to Mr. Bullion, the banker*). "System's all wrong, and *my* Remedy's a Law to make every body's Note *legal tender*."

THE REAL ESTATE OF WEDLOCK.

MISS SHODDY. "'Taint no use proposin' Marriage to me, Mr. Smithers. When a Gal's as rich 'n as pooty as I be, 'tain't likely she's going to take no Amerikin, when she kin go to Europe an' git a Principality, or at least a German Barony or a French County, for a Husband."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 45.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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TIGHT-FITTING DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE, WITH FRENCH ROUND SKIRT—FRONT AND BACK—WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

[Cut Paper Patterns of the Tight-fitting Double-breasted Redingote, with French Round Skirt, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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IN THE HAMMOCK.

A TAWNY net-work swinging
Strange bird of folded wing,
And happy robins singing
For one who will not sing.

A mist upon the mountain,
Which some sad naiad weaves,
And on the yellow fountain
A yellow rain of leaves.

And swallows, flying double,
Of softer lands in quest,
Float low in curious trouble
Above my tranquil nest.

Brown butterflies that hover
To sound of distant sea,
The breath of dying clover,
Are all for them—and me.

But these shall find the summer
Enough for life and love,
And leave for some glad comer
The nest they sing above.

While I—O bee and clover!
O bird of tireless wing!
Your mocking joys sweep over
Such birds as hammocks swing.

Tight-fitting Double-breasted Redingote, with French Round Skirt.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

See illustration on first page.

THIS comfortable and elegant dress is one of the most popular fall and winter suits in vogue. It may be made of any material, whether silk or woolen. The original is of very dark plum-colored diagonal cloth. The handsome double-breasted redingote is tight-fitting, and may be worn with or without a belt. The back is in the favorite Marguerite shape, which is much worn this season. The garment may be worn buttoned close to the throat, as seen in the illustration, or turned back to form revers. The redingote is edged with ball fringe. The French round skirt, cut after the new pattern described in the last number of the *Bazar*, clears the ground. It is trimmed with a wide flounce of the material headed with bias folds, with a tablier of lengthwise reversed pleats.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS suit comprises two articles—tight-fitting double-breasted redingote and French round skirt.

DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE.—This pattern is in seven pieces—front, side back, back, sleeve, cuff, pocket, and collar. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting together. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, to take up the darts and cross basque seams on each side of the front, to place the buttons and make the button-holes, to turn down the collar, to place the pockets, to sew the buttons on the cuffs, to lay the pleats in the skirt, to tack the tapes for draping the skirt in the back, and the size and form of the under part of the sleeve. This garment is tight-fitting and double-breasted. Both sides are to be cut exactly alike. The right side of the front overlaps the left, and fastens to the neck with buttons and button-holes, or can be turned back in revers if preferred. The Marguerite back is cut with a middle seam, with extra fullness about four inches below the waist line, and is laid in three side pleats on each side of the middle on the under side. Three tapes, six inches long, are tacked at the waist line and at the three single holes in the skirt part in the back, forming a double panier. One deep pleat is laid on each side form seam, turning upward, according to the two single holes, which are placed evenly together. Three side pleats are laid in the back edge of the front, turning upward, before joining the seams. The notches show where to lay the pleats. Sew one tape on each side of the under-arm seam about twelve inches below the waist, and tie in the back under the skirt. Sew on the collar, placing the notches together, and turn down by the line of perforations, holding the collar toward you when sewing it on. Place the pocket on the skirt, bringing the perforations evenly together. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the back part of the armhole, holding the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. The whole of the cuff is given; the front overlaps the back, and is held in place by three buttons. Place it on the sleeve as notched. Baste up the garment, and try on wrong side out; if alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all others. The notches at the top and bottom show the exact middle of the front. In cutting be very particular in placing the notches at the top and bottom lengthwise on the thread of the goods.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 7½ yards.

FRENCH ROUND SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces (only half of the pattern is given)—half of front gore, two side gores, and back breadth. The front and side gores are sewed plainly to the belt, the back breadth is laid in three deep side pleats each side of the middle, turning toward the middle of the breadth. Put the pattern together by the notches, and pay no attention to the grain of the paper. Cut the front and back with the longest straight edge on the fold of the goods to avoid seams.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1873.

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☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the elegant Tight-fitting Double-breasted Redingote, with French Round Skirt, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 719.

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number, which will be a particularly brilliant one, will contain choice patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' Winter Bonnets; Ladies' and Children's Winter Street and House Dresses; Boys' and Girls' Night-Dresses, Chemises, Drawers, Shirts, etc.; Knitted and Crochet Overshoes, etc., etc.; with interesting literary and pictorial attractions.*

NOVEMBER MARKETING.

BY PIERRE BLOT.

LIKE October, November is one of the most favored months of the year for a choice variety of food of every kind, as shown in the following list:

FISH.

Black and striped bass, black and blue fish, butter-fish, carp, cod, flounders, frost-fish, haddock, mullet, muskallonge, yellow and sea perch, pickerel, plaice, pollock, porgy, ray, scup, skate, smelt, sucker, sun-fish, lake trout, weak-fish.

SHELL-FISH.

Hard and soft shell clams, hard and soft shell crabs, lobster, mussels, oysters, periwinkles, scallops, terrapins.

MEAT.

Beef, mutton, lamb, pork, sucking pig, tame rabbits.

POULTRY.

Chickens, capons, Guinea-fowls, turkeys, ducks, ducklings, goslings, geese.

GAME.

Bobolink, blackbirds, yellow-legs, robins, high-holes, orioles, thrush, woodpecker, brand and wild goose, ducks (canvas-back, red-head, mallard, black, wood, widgeon, broad-bill, shell-drake, teal, pintail, and dipper), grouse, hare, meadow-lark, opossum, partridge, pheasant, prairie-chicken, pigeons and squabs, quails, rabbit, raccoon, snipe, squirrel, wild swan, wild turkey, buck and doe venison, woodchuck.

VEGETABLES.

Jerusalem artichokes, beets, Brussels sprouts, red and Savoy cabbages, cardoon, carrots, cauliflowers, table and turnip-rooted celery, chiccory, cucumbers, corn, endive, kohl-rabi, musk and water melons, okra, onions, potatoes, sweet-potatoes, pumpkins, squash, black radishes, sour-krout, turnips, parsnips, salsify, water-cress.

FOR PICKLING.

Cucumbers, small onions, mangoes, peppers, string-beans, tomatoes, tarragon.

FRUITS.

Apples, black-walnuts, cocoa-nuts, chestnuts, cranberries, new filberts, grapes, hickory-nuts, fresh peanuts, oranges, quinces, pears, bananas, peaches.

Epicures who are fond of small birds must not forget that the season for bobolinks, robins, and other birds of the kind ends with November.

Flounders and lobsters, although found in the markets at any time of the year, will be out of season after November; so will cucumbers, melons, and peaches.

Turkeys, wild as well as tame, are in their prime; we may say the same of almost all the feathered tribe, which have had the benefit of ripe grain and what harvesters leave while gathering the crops. Birds as well as quadrupeds are fatter from October till the hard frost or snow comes than at any other time of the year.

Boned Turkey.—All birds are boned in the same way, be it a turkey or a reed-bird; but the larger the bird the easier it is for persons having no experience in that line. We will therefore explain to our readers how to bone a turkey, assuring them that it is not so difficult as it may appear at first, and also that when they can bone a turkey easily they will be able to bone a quail or a smaller bird just as well, the anatomy of one being the same as that of the other. Birds to bone must be picked dry; the skin of scalded ones breaks too easily. Those sent to market for that purpose, be they turkeys or chickens, have been kept without food at least twenty-four hours before being killed, which is easily seen by their empty crop.

Proportions: A middling-sized turkey, two pounds of sausage-meat, two pounds of boiled ham, a smoked beef's tongue, or a fresh one boiled, or six fresh boiled sheep's tongues, one and a half pounds of fat salt pork, a quarter or half a pound of truffles, if handy, two pounds of shin of beef, a bay leaf, two cloves, a clove of garlic, four stalks of parsley, one of thyme, one carrot in slices, ten whole peppers, and salt.

Process: The bird is first thoroughly singed, but not drawn; then the neck is cut off about half-way between the body and the head; the legs are cut just above the joint nearest the feet; the wings are cut off above the second joint from the end. The skin is then split from the rump along the back up to the place where it is cut, or the middle of the neck. Then by means of a small but sharp-pointed knife the skin and flesh are detached from the carcass, by running the point of the knife between the bones and flesh, commencing on the back and going toward the breast-bone. You first come to the wing, which you detach from the carcass by running the knife through the joint, which is easily done; then you come to the leg, and after having run the knife around the joint, holding the bird fast on its side, twist the leg gently, so as to disjoint it; then run the knife through the joint, and continue until you reach the breast-bone. Turn the bird on the other side, and do the same thing with the other leg, wing, and flesh. Cut off the duct leading from the crop to the gizzard, also the gullet, both of which you remove together with the crop. You now hold the bird by the neck with one hand, using a towel to prevent it from sliding, and pull the meat off the breast-bone, being careful not to break the skin, and using the knife now and then to separate the flesh from the bone until the breast-bone is entirely uncovered. Then, to make the rest of the work more easy and sure, put the bird on its back on the table, the rump toward you; put a weight on the neck, or have it held fast; pull the skin and flesh toward you, using the point of the knife to make it come off more easily; run the knife between the end of the back-bone and the rump, so that the latter will come off with the skin; and when you come to the last—that is, when you have only the end of the guts to cut off—be careful, and instead of cutting off that gut, cut the skin around what is called the ring, which is immediately under the rump. By that process you have not touched any thing unclean, and you have the flesh and skin in one piece, and the carcass left whole in one piece too. Then spread the boned bird on the table, skin underneath, remove the bones of the legs and wings, taking hold of them by the broken joint, and scraping off the flesh all around. Take a coarse towel in your hand, and pull off the tendons at the lower end of the legs, after which you push legs and wings inside, so as not to leave any hole in the skin. Spread the bird again on the table as before, with the rump nearest to you; spread a layer of sausage-meat on it about a quarter of an inch thick; cut the fat salt pork, ham, and tongue in square strips about half an inch thick and three inches long; then cover the sausage-meat with a layer of those strips, alternating them; if truffles are used put a slice here and there, then cover the latter with another layer of sausage-meat, then another layer of strips, etc., until you have a bulk of them of the size of the carcass, so that when you bring the slit skin together it will fill it. Sew the slit with twine and a trussing needle, commencing near the rump, and turning the skin of the neck on the back, and sewing it under and with the sides, so that the end will be closed as well as the slit back. The opening under the rump is closed by placing on the inside of the bird a slice of salt pork a little larger than the opening itself. Place a strong towel before you across the table; put the bird on it so that the length of the bird will run on the width of the towel; have the end of the towel farthest from you fast to the table, or held by somebody; turn the end nearest to you over the bird, which you roll inside as tight as you can; then tie each end fast, in order to have the bird in as small a bulk as possible, though without spoiling or breaking the skin. Wind a strong string around the towel, to keep the bird in the shape of a big sausage; put it in an oblong kettle or pan with all the bones of the carcass, wings, and legs, all broken in pieces, together with two pounds of shin of beef. Season with the bay leaf, cloves, garlic, whole peppers, parsley, and thyme, tied in a linen rag; also the carrot in slices, and salt. Cover the bird with cold water, and take it out of the kettle, which you set on a good fire; as soon as it boils put the bird back in it, and boil it for three hours. When the bird is put in the kettle it sinks to the bottom, but when cooked it rises partly above the liquor.

The bird is then taken from the liquor, and the towel removed, after which it is enveloped as before in a towel, and placed on a dish while hot, the back or slit underneath; a piece of board, a bake-pan, or a dish is put over it, with a weight of some kind on, so as to flatten it on the dish, and it is left thus for eight or ten hours in a cool place. After that length of time the towel is taken off, the twine used to sew it is pulled off, a small slice is cut out of both ends, and the bird put back on the dish ready to serve. A boned bird is generally served with meat jelly, which is cut in pieces of different shapes, according to fancy, and placed on and around the bird. Place the piece of jelly on the table, slice it, and then cut the slices in pieces of a lozenge or three-cornered shape, which are arranged tastefully around the border of the dish; put the rest of the jelly on a coarse towel, chop it, and then place some of it all around the bird and on it also, to cover the bare places left between the cut pieces of jelly. You have then a fine, good, and most nutritious dish for either breakfast, lunch, or supper. It is sliced across, and a little jelly is served with every slice.

Any kind of bird is boned, cooked, and served in the same way.

To cook a middling-sized chicken takes about two hours; a quail takes a little over an hour. One pound of shin of beef is enough for a chicken, and fat salt pork, ham, tongue, and sausage-meat in proportion.

In warm weather the jelly melts; the bird is then served without jelly. To give the bird a brown appearance, rich gravy or essence of meat is spread all over with a little brush.

When the boned bird is decorated with jelly, as described above, it must be kept in a cold place until the time to sit at table has come, else the heat of the dining-room would cause the jelly to melt, and would spoil the looks of the dish, but not the quality.

Meat Jelly.—Proportions: Two quarts of beef broth, or the liquor in which the bird has been cooked, after being strained and the fat skimmed off, a quarter of a pound of gelatine, five eggs, the rind of a good-sized lemon, a tea-spoonful of whole peppers, a good table-spoonful of salt, half a gill of brandy, and a gill of sherry wine.

Process: After having mixed the whole well together by beating with two forks or an egg-beater, turn the mixture into a tin saucepan, put on the fire, and stir now and then until it boils. Keep it boiling rather slowly for about ten minutes, when, by taking a spoon to open a space on the top, the liquor will be found clear. Then turn the whole into a jelly-bag, suspended high enough to allow a mould or bowl to be put under it. When about one-third of the jelly has passed through, turn it back into the bag gently; repeat that process two or three times, or until the jelly comes out perfectly clear.

If desired of an amber color, some burned sugar is put in the jelly-bag. It is then allowed to cool, and when congealed is placed on ice to make it firmer. Jamaica rum may be used instead of brandy, and Madeira or port wine instead of sherry wine.

The process is the same for any boned bird decorated with jelly.

FALL FASHIONS.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

IT may not be generally known that the world was never so beautiful as it is this year. In a late number of the *Bazar* it was suggested that there are colors which the eye can not yet perceive, and which it never will perceive without more exquisite powers—the result of fine and elaborate training. I wish the writer would look down into my swamp, and see if we have not already as many colors as there is any call for! Nature is infinite, not simply in colors but in shades. We speak of "grass green," as if every blade of grass had been plunged into one dye-pot. But in a single pasture stretching before my eyes, close-cropped by browsing cows, the ground is mottled and many-hued as a Persian carpet, yet never other than green. There are little dimples

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of deep verdure, and one hollow, bent above by an old apple-tree nearly blown down, but recovering itself at the last moment, and transfixed at an acute angle. Into that hollow all the summer rains settle and all the spring snows drift. On it the ice sparkles and shelters, and now its soft slope is a velvet sward, thick and fine and vivid, and wholly unlike the yellow-green of the upland and the bare, bronzed, faded verdancy of the bumps that one can hardly call hillocks. Close by is a field of cabbages, or turnips, or some such homely esculent; but there is no homeliness in its level sweep of pallid green, which is far removed from the hues of my pasture land. Then the brown lines of the railroad dart across the landscape, adding force and law to beauty, their unerring precision a pleasant foil to nature's wildness. Beyond, the fields too are turning brown, and the river lounges lazily by, and the long low woods skirt its banks and my swamp. Ah, the splendor of those trees! Every clump is a bouquet, selected and arranged as if with the view of bringing out the strength and glow of each: bright flaming scarlet and cypress green, wine-hued and perfect amber, warm crimsons, and yellows of the brightest and the softest—gradations and blendings of a marvelous delicacy and an endless variety.

Yet sometimes, for all the gold and scarlet, I think nothing is quite so lovely as brown. The swamp is bordered with ferns. The old stone walls, rough and tumbling, that mark the road are overcrept and overswept with blackberry vines and tansy and golden-rod, with sunflower and the purple endive, wild brake, and gowan, the dandelion of the fall—a tawny tangle; but the rich ferns prevail, lending their deep, soft russet, all mellow, yellow tints, to the afternoon sun, to be shot through and through with his golden fire. Then does Nature's true worshiper long for a brown silk gown to wear in these autumn days, and be in harmony with the earth—a brown silk, russet and lustrous and shimmering, gold in the sun, grave in the shade, pliant to Nature's moods, like the fern and the blackberry vine, that scorn to glow and glitter when their lord, the sun, goes down.

I saw a bird yesterday in an elegant steel-colored polonaise of two shades, with black trimmings. It was perfect in cut and combination; and if he would but have staid twittering on my apple-tree long enough for an artist to catch his style, I would have sent to the *Bazar* a fall fashion which should have bewildered even the belles of Broadway. There is nothing to be compared to the quiet elegance of birds. The fields and the trees are inexhaustibly ingenious, but their taste is hardly chastened enough for minute and accurate imitation. A maple-tree walking down street would be in danger of being followed by *gamins;* and even the soberer elm and the presently-to-be-crimsoned oak would run the risk of being called garish and gay. But the little birds hop up, dainty and delicate. Is it mode color your suits shall be? No gray is so soft, no nap so smooth, as theirs, and the brightness comes in little dashes—dots and tips and fringes, in sheen and quiver and evanescence—an effect rather than a vision.

But when I saw near Calistoga the flower which the old Spaniards named *mariposa* —butterfly—with its broad, apricot-tinted, wing-like petals, dashed with a maroon velvet as soft in tissue as the purple of the heart's-ease, I saw at once where Monsieur WORTH found the great first cause of Madame Nightingale's gown. No wonder he has made his name illustrious, if he has gone to the birds and the butterflies and the blossoms for his patterns! Why not follow him, though with unequal steps? Why puzzle over color complications, when a pansy in your garden will tell you what goes with what? Why pay to a foreigner untold heaps of money for his dictum, when a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter? We cry out against the ugliness of the rough earthern jars in which our plants are potted. Rough and ugly they are, but have we mended the matter when we store our slips in glazed vases, painted a bright and shining green, which kills all the color out of the plants? Nature puts all her brightness into leaf and blossom, and makes the boles of her trees as rough and brown as possible, dowered only with their rugged strength, which bears all the beauty aloft. Let us also be rough and rugged as to the bases of our flower-pots, for 'tis our nature too.

I will go down into my swamp and study. It is raining delightful showers, but I love the drip of the leaves and the saucy slap of wet boughs, and the artists say that gray days are the days for color. We have had a surfeit of sunshine for three weeks of hazy delight. Let us go out to welcome this delicious rain, and come home laden with leaves more ruddy than the rose petals of our last lost June, with golden boughs more lovely than that whose variegated gleam shone through the Sibylline grove into the eyes of pius Æneas.

"Oh, you can't get leaves!" cries Faint-heart. "They are so high up. You must have a man and a ladder." A man and a ladder! Bring hither a water-proof and a pair of rubber boots, and leave your ladders and men to their own destruction. Is not my swamp amply supplied with hassocks on purpose to step on? Are there no branches to cling to, that one must bring men and ladders? Nay, has not Nature herself leveled a tree for our climbing? There lies he, a prostrate monarch, but so strong that from the uptorn earth still clinging to his roots he extracts the juices of life, and still nurtures all his tender leaves, and still drinks for his autumn glory the mystic blood-red wine. Safe seated on his fallen trunk, safe housed among his supporting branches, what need of men or ladders? Here is the musical tinkle of the rain on the leaves, the soft rustle of the leaves in the wind. Here is a carpet which the Shah might strangle his ministers for, and a canopy which might task the fairies' wand. Here life gathers its forces for a final stand against wintry death, and here shall victory prevail, for in these hidden nooks green grow the rushes O through all the furious winter's rages.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE REDINGOTE AND ROUND SKIRT.

THE simple and stylish suit illustrated on our first page (of which a cut paper pattern will be furnished) consists of a tight-fitting double-breasted redingote, and a narrow French round skirt short enough to escape the ground. This makes a trim and tasteful costume, and the pattern will be found an excellent model for suits of vigogne, serge, de bège, cashmere, English diagonals, and the various soft wool goods that are donned with the first cool days, and worn, with some additional wraps, throughout the winter.

The long simply shaped redingote has the favorite Marguerite back with the four broad forms of the wide English back. The drapery is brought in below the waist and in the middle seam; the result is the appearance of the now stylish long waist, with the drapery accumulated at the back, and plainer sides. A belt with buckles back and front is worn usually, but if the figure is fine, round, and slopes well into the hips, the belt is dispensed with. The front of the redingote is excellent for cold weather, as it is double-breasted, and folded over closely by lapping the revers to the left; the revers, however, may be faced with silk, turned over like a gentleman's coat collar, and worn open at the throat over a vest or waist of silk or the dress material, or else over a white habit-shirt. The reader is reminded that this redingote, though called "tight-fitting," must not be fitted as snugly as those basques and dress waists that are lined with drilling and furnished with whalebones. It must fit smoothly, falling closely to the figure without a wrinkle; but as the body is merely lined with thin silk, or farmer's satin, or thick cambric, it must not be tight enough to draw in the seams or to get the garment out of shape. Ladies who have slender figures, and those who suffer from cold, line the redingote waist with flannel; but this gives thick seams, destroys the shapely curves, and makes a clumsy garment. It is far better to use a thin lining, and wear over a sleeved waistcoat, or sort of basque of chamois-skin or of soft dark flannel, or else of black silk lightly wadded and quilted. It would not be necessary to add that the skirt of the garment must not be lined, did we not frequently see the graceful drapery of soft wool fabrics destroyed by linings of paper-muslin or stiffer crinoline. The narrow silk collar in the illustration is turned down, but on many stylish garments it is worn standing and flaring; a ruff of the silk is also used occasionally, but is scarcely in keeping with the plainness of this over dress. The coat sleeves are very close-fitting; the cuff may be of silk or the material piped with silk, and the same is true of the side pockets. The buttons are moulds covered with silk, or else any of the fashionable dark metals or smoked pearl. The usual trimming around the edge is a bias band of the material two or three inches wide, piped on the upper edges with silk. Ball fringe or netted fringes of wool are used if more ornamentation is desired. Very little colored lace is worn this winter. The French round skirt is described elsewhere. It is only a few inches narrower than the ordinary walking skirt, but is shorter, and the side and front breadths are sewed plainly to the waist, massing the entire fullness on the back breadth.

Many new woolen suits made by this design have been visible on the cool autumn days, and they are the perfection of neat, simple, and economical attire. The entire suits are made of the various goods of very fair quality that are sold at the popular price of $1 a yard, or even as low as 75 cents; lower-priced goods are apt to be inferior, and mixtures of cotton and wool. Very dark black-blues, maroon, leaf brown, and invisible green are the choice colors, and good black is also found in these materials. The prediction that blue would be the popular color of the season is more than verified, for already blue suits have become "common" on the streets. Ladies make a mistake in selecting blue shades that are too light and bright; unless the blue is as dark as indigo—indeed, scarcely more than blue-black —it makes a commonplace costume. The long dark blue polonaise, fastened by silver or steel buttons, and worn over a black silk skirt, is a favorite costume for morning and afternoon walks, traveling, etc. Camel's-hair, water-proof cloth, or cashmere is selected for the over dress.

PLEATINGS AND FOLDS ON SKIRTS.

The universally worn side pleatings and bias folds for trimming dress skirts are arranged in various pretty fashions. The simplest plan is to put straight around the skirt two rows of side pleating, each six inches deep, placed far enough apart to prevent lapping, and each headed by a bias band, or rather a fold, of the dress material, or else silk lined with foundation muslin, and simply stitched on the upper edge by the sewing-machine. The pleats are cut across the cloth, and hemmed on the lower edge by hand. This trimming is as popular as the two gathered ten-inch flounces were on summer dresses. Another arrangement has a pleating an eighth of a yard deep around the edge of the skirt, then a group of three lapping folds, a second pleating, and three more folds. The upper group of folds has no upright pleating to head it, as was lately the fashion, but is merely stitched on. One of the most elegant black silk costumes seen on Fifth Avenue has the demi polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 43, Vol. VI., with the round skirt trimmed with three rows of side pleating, each eight inches deep, placed separately without heading, and merely stitched on an inch from the top, and also caught lower down by a thread on the wrong side, leaving the edge of the pleating to hang loosely like a gathered flounce. Other black silk dresses have alternate velvet and silk folds in groups with silk pleatings between, or else scantily gathered velvet flounces with silk pleatings on the edge. With such black silk skirts jet galloon, jet fringe, and embroidery in which jet appears are used on the basque and over-skirt or redingote. The close coat sleeve has a narrow pleating of silk falling over the wrist, with cuff above, or else three folds laid over in loops on the side, and each held by a button.

UPPER SKIRTS AND NEW DRAPERY.

Notwithstanding the popularity of redingotes and of fully trimmed skirts with basques, upper skirts are by no means banished, but will hold their own for yet another season. These are invariably long, and two designs meet with most favor. The first is composed of from two to four square-cornered breadths, open in front to disclose a tablier, or else lapped near the belt. These are usually very little trimmed, and are draped to form a pouf behind, or else two wings. The other is a long apron, often finished by a flounce, and rounded up the sides to disclose the flounces on the back breadths. These two styles, it will be seen, are the reverse of each other. A third fancy has a single wide breadth of silk falling on each side, showing something of both front and back trimming; the last has the front sides cut off shorter and squarely, while the back is very long, and may be caught together behind by sashes. In all such over-skirts it is necessary that the upper skirt breadths should be sewed into the belt of the lower skirt, and also that they be tacked low down on the under-skirt. This also does away with the ungraceful habit many ladies have of lifting up the over-skirt when seating themselves.

The pretty effect of new drapery is given by strings attached to the side seams, and tied so closely behind the person that the side seams almost touch each other. Polonaises, redingotes, and even the open-front over-skirts are provided with these strings; other strings then falling from the belt and buttoned below form the soft, easy, careless-looking pouf.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

LEANDER K. LIPPINCOTT, Esq., of Philadelphia, who enjoys the double felicity of being a poet and the husband of "Grace Greenwood," has been appointed Recorder of the General Land-office at Washington.

—A statement comes to London by the way of India that Queen VICTORIA was requested to create the Duke of Edinburgh Prince of Hindostan, which would have gratified the St. Petersburg people. This was declined, and Russia must be content with the prospective succession of the Duke to the Grand Dukedom of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a petty sovereignty which will come to him on the demise of his uncle. The population of this vast empire is 170,000, about the same as Westchester County, New York. Its chief city, Gotha, has 19,000 inhabitants, about the same as Yonkers. Its other city, Coburg, 11,000, about the same as Morrisania, and a little more than Mount Vernon. We might call him Duke of Mount Vernon, if that would do.

—DE QUINCEY evolved from the depths of his inner consciousness an orthographic feat that should be gratefully received by Americans, viz., a firm and comprehensive explanation of the origin of the word "humbug." He said: "At one time there was war between Germany and Austria, and consequently the wildest and most incredible stories concerning the victory or defeat of the German arms would be spread, entirely without truth. They were all traced to Hamburg; so, when any thing marvelous was announced, men would say, "Oh! that is a Hamburg," and finally, a "humbug."

—The Rev. Dr. KENNEDY, of Dingwall, Scotland, a delegate to the Evangelical Alliance, preached on Sunday, the 12th Oct., in the Gaelic language in the Thirty-fourth Street Presbyterian Church—the first time in this city that the Gospel has ever been preached in that language.

—Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, chief of the British forces sent against the Ashantees, has not a bad thing of it—$20,000 a year, besides his pay and allowances as a major-general while in command of the West Coast of Africa.

—Mrs. SARAH J. HALE may be said to stand at the head of American magazinism, and editing *Godey's Lady's Book* must be deemed a means of longevity. Mrs. HALE is now eighty-five years of age, and has been connected with the publication for forty-five years—first when it was issued in Boston in 1828, under the title of the *Ladies' Magazine*, and three years later, when it was united with *Godey's Lady's Book*, in Philadelphia. Since then she has had editorial supervision of its pages.

—Mr. HOHNE, the colored Secretary of State of South Carolina, having been admitted as a student in the South Carolina University, three of the principal professors—Messrs. TALLERY, GIBBERS, and LABORDE—arrived at the conclusion that their feelings had been hurt, sent in their resignations, and gracefully receded from the institution.

—M. CAPOUL should join the "Athletics." A few evenings since, in the opera of *Faust*, a delighted party in one of the very upper boxes sent whirling to the stage a bouquet. CAPOUL caught the flowers with his left with a deftness that showed either familiarity with our national game, or an aptitude that would make him one of the great fielders of the Western Hemisphere.

—Madame DE VALMONT, mother of the wife of the late GEORGE WILKINS KENDALL, was drowned recently while crossing the Guadaloupe River, Texas. Madame DE VALMONT came to New Orleans from Paris twenty years ago with Mrs. KENDALL, and went to live on Mr. KENDALL'S celebrated plantation in Texas.

—The tragedian SALVINI, like the tenor CAMPANINI, made his début in the ranks of the Italian patriots. When Rome was invaded by NAPOLEON, in 1849, he shouldered a musket, and fought with such bravery in the defense of the city that he was decorated therefor with a medal of honor by General AVEZZANA. He was subsequently imprisoned both at Geneva and at Florence, and on his release was banished from his native city, Milan. It is no wonder that he declaims so feelingly against tyranny in the *Gladiator*, a part which he is fitted for by nature, for a more ideal gladiator was never seen. He is about forty, tall, well made, and muscular, with dark hair and mustache, and a grave and earnest face. He is a master of the robust school, like FORREST, whom he somewhat resembles, and is an admirable tragedian.

—Mr. EDWARD CARRINGTON MARSHALL, of Virginia, only surviving child of the late Chief Justice MARSHALL, has received a first-class appointment in the Pension Bureau at Washington.

—Chief Justice CHASE was very dainty in one respect—his caligraphy. He wrote a very small, compact hand, very neat and legible, and wrote with great rapidity. His private correspondence was large, and his style a model of clearness and vigor.

—Queen VICTORIA is a practical woman in the way of kine. Recently she held a sale of fat cattle at Claremont Park, and gave the customary free and desiderated lunch to purchasers. Result: $6000 sales.

—The following incident from the pen of the celebrated ecclesiastical historian, Abbé ROULBACHER, contradicts the irreligious stories that have been circulated in reference to the death of the great NAPOLEON: "When near his end, after having received the sacrament, he said to General MONTHOLON, 'General, I am happy; I have fulfilled all my religious duties. I wish you at your death the same happiness. I had need of it. I am an Italian—a child of the rank of Corsica. The sound of the bell affects me; the sight of the priest gives me pleasure. I wished to make a mystery of all this, but that would not be right. I ought to, I will, render glory to God. I think He will not be pleased to restore me to health....There is nothing terrible in death; it has been the companion of my pillow during the past three weeks, and now it is on the point of seizing me forever. I should have been glad to have seen my wife and son again, but the will of God be done.' On the 3d of May he received the second time the holy *viaticum*, and after having said adieu to his generals, he pronounced these words, 'I am at peace with all mankind.' He then joined hands, saying, 'My God!' and expired on the 5th of May at six at night."

—Mr. ABIHU HIGGINS, of Fulton, feeling aggrieved at the irregular action of certain kine which skipped into his domain without invitation, took it upon himself to post up in his field the following announcement: "If any man's or woman's cows or oxen gits in these air oats, his or her head will be cut off, as the case may be. A man eye um, and pay mi taxes, but confoozilation to a man who lets his critters run loose said eye."

—Washington society is to have a flutter of delight the coming winter by some notable weddings—among them Mr. HAMILTON FISH, Jun., to a daughter of Senator FRELINGHUYSEN; Mr. W. O. CHARLTON, of the British legation, to Miss CAMPBELL; and Señor FRANQUELLO, of the Spanish legation, to Miss LILLIE THOMAS.

—Colonel FORNEY, in the tenth number of his new series of "Anecdotes of Public Men," lets us into a little of his early personal history. He says: "I claim to know a little about newspapers, for I was fairly reared in a printing-office, having served as 'devil,' apprentice, and journeyman; as compositor, copy-holder, proof-reader, pressman, reporter, and finally editor. I have worked with the buckskin balls, and pulled the old wooden Ramage; have made and pushed the glue roller; have worked off large editions on the Washington iron press, and have finally owned an eight-cylinder lightning Hoe, which, with its modern rivals, more than realizes the fiction of the Arabian genii. Harnessed in steam, with lightning couriers, they 'strike the loud earth breathless' with their thunder, and fill the very heavens with their millions of messengers. I have seen many a small sheet expand into a great blanket, and fold itself, and die; and I have watched the few firstlings of a penny paper till they came to thousands of households, like so many morning intelligences. What a school is a printing-office! What a short space in history is a generation, and yet what revolutions are crowded into it! The hours I spent at the case and the press were made delightful by the reading of the times. We had comparatively few newspapers, and so we read them through and through. There was no Philadelphia *Ledger*, but we regaled ourselves with JOSEPH R. CHANDLER'S 'Letters from my Arm-Chair,' in the *United States Gazette;* there was no New York *Tribune*, but we drew inspiration from the splendid typography and nervous Saxon of HORACE GREELEY'S *Weekly New Yorker;* there were no *Atlantic* and *Harper*, but we reveled in the pages of *Waldie's Library*," etc., etc.

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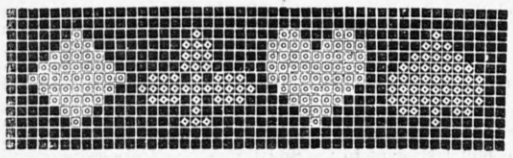

Fig. 2.—TAPESTRY DESIGN FOR PURSE, FIG. 1.
Description of Symbols: ◘ Black; ◙ Red Saddler's Silk.

Darned Tulle Tidy, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS tidy is very pretty and easily made. It is worked on white tulle with tatting cotton, No. 16. The tulle is first divided into six equal parts, which are marked with threads, and then darned, beginning from the middle, as shown by Fig. 2, and carrying the thread always through the corresponding row of holes back and forth. The ends of the thread are not fastened, but tied together. On the outer edge of the tidy fold the projecting material on the wrong side, knot in the fringe strands, and cut away the material close to the fringe strands.

Embroidered and Netted Purse, Figs. 1–5.

THE lower part (rim) of this purse is covered with an embroidery border, while the upper part is worked in netting. For the bottom cut a circular piece of thin pasteboard two inches in diameter, and cover it with red lustring on both sides. For the rim cut a straight strip of pasteboard seven inches and a quarter long and an inch wide, fasten the ends on each other half an inch wide, cover it with lustring also, and overseam it on the bottom. For the bag work with red saddler's silk on a netting mesh three-eighths of an inch in circumference a foundation of 44 st. (stitch), close these in a ring, and net 16 rounds with the same number of st., always going forward. Then divide the number of stitches into two equal parts, in order to form slits on both sides, and net first on one half and then on the other four rounds with white, four rounds with red, and three rounds with black silk, going back and forth, and then one round more with black silk on a steel mesh furnished with balls at the ends. Finish the sides of the slits with single crochet. Darn the netted foundation, as shown by Fig. 4, alternately with black and white silk in small round dots. In order that the dots shall be of equal size, always carry the working thread back to the point of the last dot from where it was commenced, and then to the middle of the new dot. Slip the ring on the bag, and fasten a crochet loop on the bag to prevent the ring from sliding down. Join the finished bag with the rim. For the cover of the rim work on a strip of perforated board of the requisite size the design figures of the border in cross stitch with red and black saddler's silk, as shown by Figs. 2 and 5; alternating with the same colors of silk work the edge of the border in cross stitch and button-hole stitch. Finally, work the filling as shown by Fig. 5 with white silk in diagonal Gobelin stitch, and fasten the border on the rim of the purse. Instead of the border Fig. 2, Fig. 3 may be used.

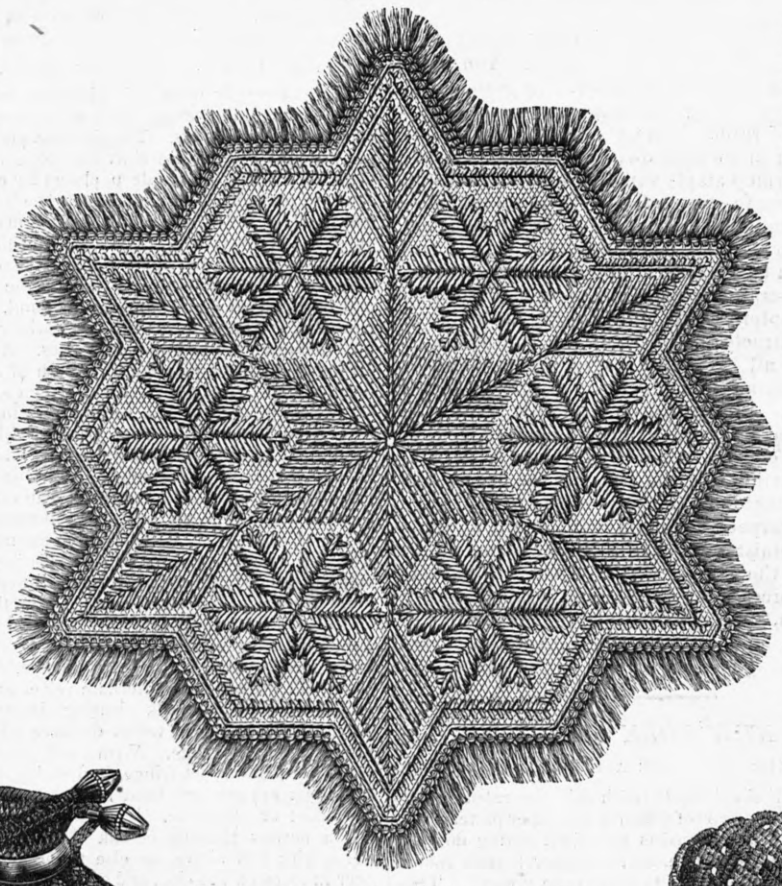

Fig. 1.—DARNED TULLE TIDY.—REDUCED SIZE.—[See Fig. 2.]

Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED AND NETTED PURSE.—[See Figs. 2–5.]

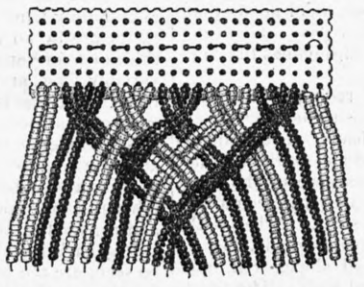

Fig. 2.—BRAID-WORK FOR NAPKIN-RING, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

Bead Napkin-Ring, Figs. 1–4.

THIS braid-work napkin-ring is made of gray steel beads and crystal beads plaited together. It is finished with a shield of perforated board, on which is worked a monogram with beads. To make the napkin-ring fasten on the shield of perforated board pieces of wire of the requisite length in the middle, so that both ends hang down even, as shown by Fig. 2. Then string on the beads, observing Fig. 2, and begin the braid-work; if in the course of the work one of the wires should become too short, fasten a new piece on the old piece, twisting the ends of both pieces together; finally, knot the end of each piece of wire on the last bead. After finishing the braid-work close it in a ring, fastening the ends of the beaded wires carefully on the other side of the perforated board. Work the embroidery on a separate piece of perforated board similar to the first. Now take another piece of perforated board of the same size, cover it with gray silk on both sides, and overseam it closely, with the embroidered piece, over the piece on which the wires are fastened. Edge the shield with large steel beads.

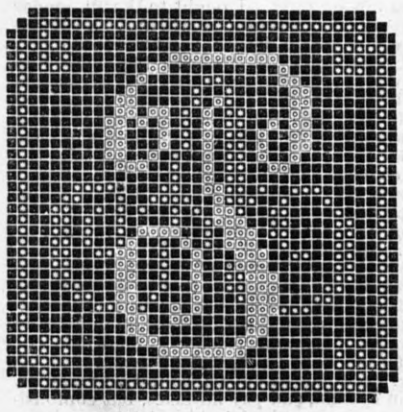

Fig. 3.—BEAD EMBROIDERY FOR NAPKIN-RING, FIG. 1.
Description of Symbols: ■ Blue Steel; ◘ White Steel; ◙ Crystal Beads.

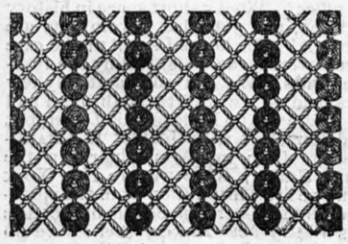

Fig. 4.—NETTING FOR PURSE, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

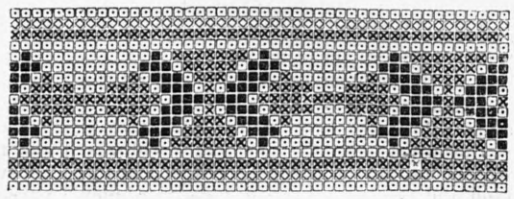

Fig. 3.—TAPESTRY PATTERN FOR PURSE, FIG. 1.
Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ◙ 1st (darkest), ◘ 2d, ◘ 3d (lightest), Fawn (the last silk).

Crochet Border for Curtains, Coverlets, Lambrequins, etc.

See illustration on page 709.

To work this border use fine or coarse crochet or knitting cotton, according to the purpose for which it is designed. It is worked crosswise, in rounds going back and forth, on a foundation of 45 st. (stitch) as follows: 1st round.—1 sc. (single crochet) on the next foundation st., 7 dc., (double crochet) on the third following st., 1 sc. on the third following st., 9 ch. (chain stitch), with these pass over 4 st., 1 sc. on the next st., 7 dc. on the third following st., 1 sc. on the third following st., 9 ch., with these pass over 4 st., 1 sc. on the next st., 7 dc. on the third following st., 1 sc. on the third following st., three times alternately 9 ch., with these pass over 4 st., 1 sc. on the next st. 2d round.—Turn the work; this is done at the beginning of each round. Always alternately 4 ch., 1 sc. on the middle st. of each open-work or close scallop in the preceding round, 4 ch., 1 sc. in the hollow of each scallop of the preceding round. All the rounds denoted by even numbers are worked in this manner, and are therefore not described further. 3d round.—11 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc. of the preceding round, 9 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., 7 dc. on the next sc., 1 sc. on the next sc., twice alternately 9 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., then three times alternately 7 dc. on the next sc., 1 sc. on the next sc., then 9 ch., 1 stc. (short treble crochet) on the first st. in the preceding round. 5th round.—7 dc. on the second following sc. of the preceding round, 1 sc. on the next sc., 9 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., 7 dc. on the next sc., 1 sc. on the next sc., three times alternately 9 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., then twice alternately 7 dc. on the next sc., 1 sc. on the next sc.; 9 ch., 1 stc. on the first st. in the preceding round. 7th round.—11 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc. of the preceding round, 9 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., 7 dc. on the next sc., 1 sc. on the next sc., three times alternately 9 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., then 7 dc. on the next sc., 1 sc. on the next sc., 9 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., 7 dc. on the next sc., 1 sc. on the next sc., 9 ch., 1 stc. on the first st. in the preceding round. 9th round.—7 dc. on the second following sc., 1 sc. on the next sc. in the preceding round, 9 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., 7 dc. on the next sc., 1 sc. on the next sc., twice alternately 9 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., then 7 dc. on the next sc., 1 sc. on the next sc., twice alternately 9 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., 7 dc. on the next sc., 1 sc. on the next sc., 9 ch., 1 stc. on the first st. of the preceding round. 11th round.—11 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc. of the preceding round, 9 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., 7 dc. on the next sc., 1 sc. on the next sc., twice alternately 9 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., then 7 dc. on the next sc., 1 sc. on the next sc., 9 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., 7 dc. on the next sc., 1 sc. on the next sc., 9 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., 7 dc. on the next sc., 1 sc. on the next sc., 9 ch., 1 stc. on the first st. in the preceding round. 13th round.—7 dc. on the second following sc. of the preceding round, 1 sc. on the next sc., 9 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., 7 dc. on the next sc., 1 sc. on the next sc., 9 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., 7 dc. on the next sc., 1 sc. on

Fig. 1.—BEAD NAPKIN-RING. [See Figs. 2–4.]

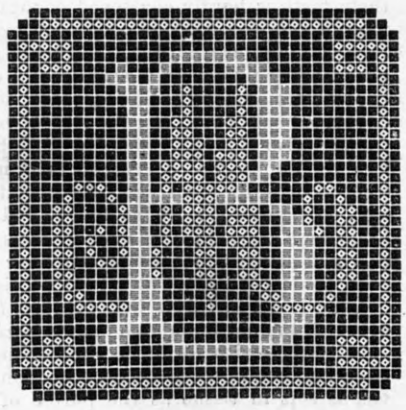

Fig. 4.—BEAD EMBROIDERY FOR NAPKIN-RING, FIG. 1.
Description of Symbols: ■ Blue Steel; ◘ White Steel; ◙ Crystal Beads.

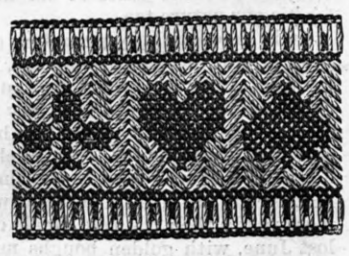

Fig. 5.—TAPESTRY BORDER FOR PURSE, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 2.—THIRD SECTION OF DARNED TULLE TIDY. HALF SIZE.—[See Fig. 1.]

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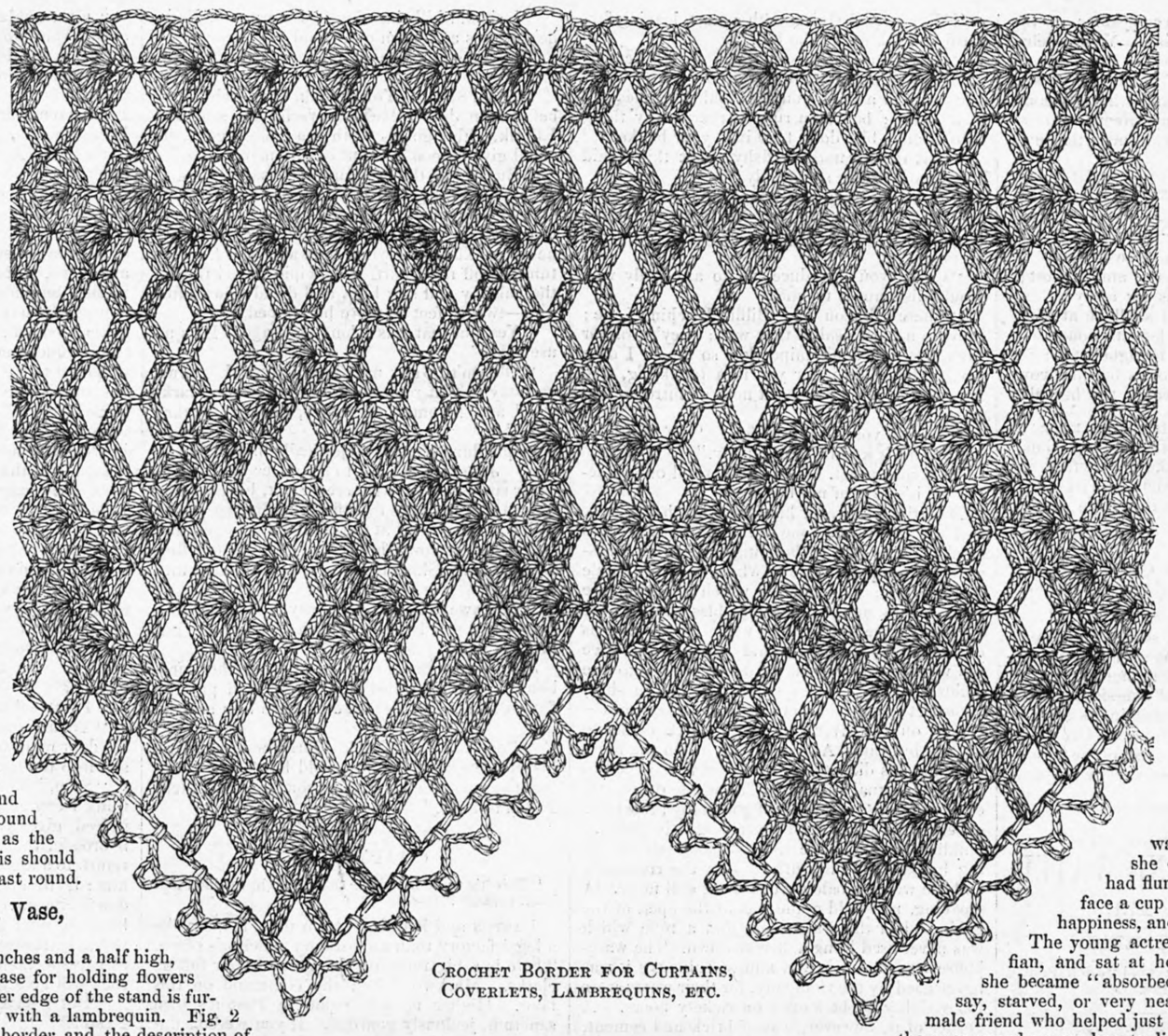
the next sc., 9 ch., 1 stc. on the first st. of the preceding round. 15th round.—11 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., 9 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., 7 dc. on the next sc., 1 sc. on the next sc., 9 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., 7 dc. on the next sc., 1 sc. on the next sc., 9 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., 7 dc. on the next sc., 1 sc. on the next sc., 9 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., 7 dc., 1 sc. on the next sc., 1 sc. on the next sc., 9 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc., 7 dc. on the next sc., 1 sc. on the next sc., 9 ch., 1 stc. on the first st. in the preceding round. 17th, 19th, 21st, 23d, 25th, and 27th rounds.—Like the 13th, 11th, 9th, 7th, 5th, and 3d rounds (going backward); but at the end of each round work, instead of the 9 ch., only 4 ch. After working the 28th round in the manner of all rounds denoted by even numbers, repeat always the 1st–28th rounds. Having worked a portion of the border in the requisite length, border it on the under edge with one round as follows: Always alternately 1 sc. on the next last stc. of a pattern round of the border, 2 ch., 1 p. (picot, consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these), 2 ch. In the 15th round the last 4 ch. and in the 16th round the first 4 ch. together count as the last bar of the 15th round; this should be considered in working the last round.



CROCHET BORDER FOR CURTAINS, COVERLETS, LAMBREQUINS, ETC.

Flower Stand with Vase, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS stand, which is eight inches and a half high, is of French gilt. A crystal vase for holding flowers is set in the middle. The under edge of the stand is furnished with a bead border and with a lambrequin. Fig. 2 gives the design for the bead border and the description of symbols. For the lambrequin first take up 24 large white glass beads on double flower wire, to these beads fasten the grelots in the following manner: * Take up 5 small glass beads (string beads), 1 large bead, 1 grelot, and 1 large bead, carry the thread back through the grelot and the first 6 beads, pass through the following 2 beads strung on wire, and repeat 11 times from *. Next fasten the lambrequin on the stand, and then work the bead scallops which lie above the grelots. Fasten the thread to the wire between two beads, * take up 30 s. b., pass over 4 l. b., carry the thread from right to left through the last two, and repeat from *.

FIG. 1.—FLOWER STAND WITH VASE.—[See Fig. 2.]

Jewel Stand with Scent Bottle, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS stand is of French gilt, and is eight inches and a half high. A painted china saucer, designed to hold jewelry, is set at the bottom, and the top holds a cut glass scent bottle. The under edge of the stand is ornamented with a bead border, which is worked in the design shown by Fig. 2 with the colors given in the description of symbols. A border in petit point may be used instead of the bead border.

FIG. 1.—JEWEL STAND WITH SCENT BOTTLE.—[See Fig. 2.]

Section of Tulle and Batiste Tidy.

FOR this tidy cut of white tulle the requisite number of pieces an inch and seven-eighths square. Darn each of these pieces with white cotton as shown by the illustration, bind the edge with gray braid half an inch wide, button-hole stitched on with gray cotton. Then cut for each close square a piece of gray batiste an inch and a half square, ornament it, as shown by the illustration, with embroidery, which is worked with white cotton in point Russe, knotted stitch, and point de reprise. Bind the squares on the edge with white braid button-hole stitched on with white cotton, and border the squares with twisted gray cotton, forming loops at regular intervals, as shown by the illustration. Always overseam together alternately one close and one open-work square, and knot fringe strands into the edge of the tidy, observing the illustration.

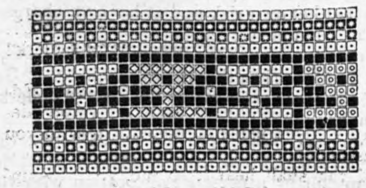


FIG. 2.—BEAD BORDER FOR FLOWER STAND, FIG. 1.

Description of Symbols: ▣ Chalk; ■ Black; ⊡ Crystal; ◫ Steel; □ Gold Beads.

SECTION OF TULLE AND BATISTE TIDY.

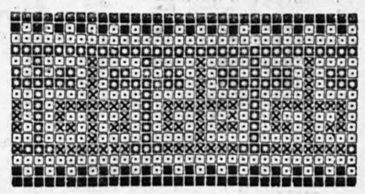


FIG. 2.—BEAD BORDER FOR JEWEL STAND, FIG. 1.

Description of Symbols: ⊠ Chalk; □ Steel; ■ Black; ⊡ Crystal Beads.

FRENCH DRAMATIC QUEENS.

THE line of dramatic queens in France had its Lady Jane Grey, its queen for an hour—one who was loved and admired during that time, and whose hard fate was deplored for full as long a period. About the year 1819–20 there appeared at the Odéon a Mlle. Charton. She made her début in a new piece, *Lancastre*, in which she acted Queen Elizabeth. Her youth and beauty, combined with extraordinary talent, took the public mind prisoner. Here was a young goddess who would shower delight when the maturer divinities had gone back to Olympus. The lithographed portrait of Mlle. Charton was in all the shops and was eagerly bought. Suddenly she ceased to act. A jealous lover had flung into that beautiful and happy face a cup of vitriol, and destroyed beauty, happiness, and partially the eyesight, forever. The young actress refused to prosecute the ruffian, and sat at home, suffering and helpless, till she became "absorbed in the population"—that is to say, starved, or very nearly so. She had one poor female friend who helped just to keep her alive. In this way the once proud young beauty literally went down life into old age and increase of anguish. She dragged through the horrible time of the horrible Commune, and then she died. Her body was carried to the common pauper grave at Montmartre, and one poor actor, who had occasionally given her what help he could, a M. Dupuis, followed her to that bourne.

Queens as they were, their advent to such royalty was impeded by every obstacle that could be thrown in their way. The "Society" of French actors has been long noted for its cruel illiberality and its mean jealousy, especially the "Society" that has been established since the Revolution—or, to speak correctly, during the revolution which began in 1789, and which is now in the eighty-fourth year of its progress. The poor and modest Duchesnois had immense difficulty in being allowed to appear at all. The other actors would not even speak to her. When she was "called" by an enthusiastic audience, no actor had the gallantry to offer a hand to lead her forward. A poor player named Florence at length did so, but on later occasions he was compelled to leave her to "go on" alone. When Mlle. Rachel, ill clad and haggard, besought a well-known *sociétaire* to aid her in obtaining permission to make her début on the stage of the Théâtre Français, he told her to get a basket and go and sell flowers. On the night of her triumph, when she *did* appear, and heaps of bouquets were flung at her feet, on her coming forward after the fall of the curtain, she flung them all into a basket, slung it from her shoulders, went to the actor who had advised her to go and vend flowers, and kneeling to him, asked him, half in smiles and half in tears, if he would not buy a nosegay!

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It is said that Mlle. Mars was jealous of the promise of her sister, Georgina. Young débutantes are apt to think that the aged queens should abandon the parts of young princesses, and when the young débutantes have become old, they are amazed at the impertinence of newcomers who expect them to surrender the juvenile characters.

TOKENS.

I HEARD a blackbird at the close of day
Trill out its song against the amber west;
I said, "Oh, bird, my love is far away!
Tell her my thought, and I shall be at rest."
The mellow-throated singer left its bough,
And flew away amid the twilight's fall;
And as I thought of young love's burning vow,
I wondered if that bird would tell her all.

I plucked a red rose from its parent tree;
I threw it in the stream that flowed along,
And said, "Sweet rose, oh, take a smile from me
To where the blackbird speedeth with its song!"
I watched it take its way far down the stream,
With perfumed thoughts to her so young and fair,
And wondered oft if e'er its crimson gleam
Would mingle with her locks of golden hair.

* * * * * *

I dreamed I heard her voice, so low and sweet,
Sing those grand songs that all the spirit fill.
I knelt and lowly worshiped at her feet:
I woke and found my loved one singing still.
And then I knew the blackbird in its song
Had told her all the love my soul had sent;
And that the red rose had been borne along,
And found her ere its fragrance yet was spent.

(Continued from No. 43, page 679.)

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER.

A Tale of City Life.

BY FREDERICK TALBOT,

AUTHOR OF "THE WINNING HAZARD," "JACK PUGH'S LEGACY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

THE dinner-bell rang, and Edward hadn't come. Just as the soup was being carried away he came in, hot and excited. Markwood was with him.

"Father, I've brought Mr. Markwood in to dinner. I knew you'd be glad to see him."

"Hum!" said the old man. "I suppose you were afraid to come in alone."

Markwood, however, soon made the old man's face relax, and the somewhat gloomy dinner-table grew cheerful with his stories. Every one but Pugh joined in the flood of talk; he sat severely and austerely by. Pugh was a great hand at stories himself, but as the point of them usually consisted in the diverse accentuation of a Welsh vowel, they were for the most part caviare to the multitude.

"Can your friend fight?" he whispered to Edward.

Edward nodded. "First-rate," he whispered, in reply.

"Confound it!" said Pugh, under his breath. "If he's good at that too, I don't know where I will have him."

"Pugh," said Fleetwood Hulse, as the men of the party proposed to adjourn for a smoke, "stay a few moments, will you, and help me to finish this bottle of port? I want your advice."

Pugh staid behind.

"Come, Pugh, fill your glass! Now, I want to talk to you about a little matter of business. You know my daughter's going to marry Jones—a very suitable match, we think it; good prospects, and all that."

"Yes, indeed, and a very good-hearted fellow he is, too; yes, by Jove!"

"No doubt, no doubt," said Fleetwood, waiving that aside as unimportant. "Well, in order to do honor to the occasion, and give my daughter a trousseau and all that befitting the position to which she was born—for I needn't tell you, Pugh, that the Fleetwood Hulses are a family with which it would be no degradation for princes to ally themselves; you understand me, Pugh; no brag, you know, but just a simple matter of fact."

"All right," said Pugh; "and a very good-hearted girl she is, too; yes, indeed."

"But, you see, my dear Pugh, all these things cost a lot of money—lot of money. Now, I have some money laid by with our Company, on call, as it were, on which they pay me interest, and I proposed to draw some of that out, three hundred pounds or so."

"Just so, quite right. I admire your prudence," said Pugh.

"But our managing director called me on one side, and said, 'Hulse, my boy,' said he—he's a Blackman of the Blackmans of Longshenstone, and knew me in better days, and so it's Jack and Harry with us still—'Fleetwood,' said he, 'our balances are devilish low just now'—these were his very words—'draw upon us at three months, and discount the bill in the City.' I couldn't do less than oblige them. Here's the bill."

Hulse drew a case from his pocket, and pulled out a small oblong piece of paper. Pugh examined it.

"Ah, I see, drawn by John Jones. That's our John." Hulse nodded without speaking. "Accepted by Edward Hulse, and indorsed by the Company. Well?"

"Well, I didn't send it up with the other bills to be discounted."

"Quite right too," said Pugh. "I should have looked curiously upon that bill."

"Why?" said Hulse, with a start, leaning forward and taking up the bill.

"Pig upon Bacon, don't you see? Accommodation bill. I should have thought the Company was in a hole, you see; quite erroneously in this case; but, as a rule, if there's any thing fishy about a bill, don't take it to your banker's."

"But there's nothing fishy about this," said Fleetwood Hulse, snappishly.

"Dear no, it's a very good bill—of the sort; only get it discounted outside if you want the money. You won't pay any more; perhaps not so much."

"Could you introduce me to any body who would discount it for me?"

"There's Bacon and Bilfil, Birchin Lane; they do a good deal in that way; they're rather high, but you don't mind that so much, I dare say. They'll do it for you in a twinkling, I've no doubt. I'll give you a note of introduction to them."

"Thank you," said Hulse. "Of course I don't want it known to any body."

"Of course not. You can depend on my secrecy; it's part of my business."

Meantime Edward, his future brother-in-law, and Markwood had gone to the old warehouse to smoke. The pile of buildings known as Ebbsfleet form a quadrangle of which the river is one of the sides; a warehouse which abuts on the river makes another side; stables and a wide entrance-gate the third; while the square is completed by the house and offices which face the warehouse, and whose doors open into the inclosed yard. When the big gates are shut, Ebbsfleet is cut off from the rest of the world—except on the river side, from which come no visitors but rats. And at nights, when the noise of traffic has died away, Ebbsfleet is wrapped in deep conventual stillness. The whole of the river frontage was occupied, of course, by the wharf, except where the warehouse abutted; for the building overhung the river, its foundations being based upon piles driven into the river-bed, and the wooden balcony overhung still more. A creaking, rusty old crane was in the apex of the gable end of the warehouse, and a rope which was never used hung half-way down. The warehouse was of wood, and almost ruinous; it was never used by the Company, for their wares were too weighty to be stored on rickety floors. A corner of it, however, was of brick and cement, very strongly built. And this one strong portion had given firmness and strength to the rest of the building, which leaned upon it for support. It was a darksome, drearisome place, that old warehouse, at night. When, knowing that no other living human soul was in the place, you heard a mad rush of hurrying feet on the floor over your head, though reason told you they were only the feet of rats, you still shivered and shuddered. When the creaking, rusty crane moaned dolefully in the passing wind—when you heard the plash, plash of the hurrying waters under your feet—when, in fact, all the noises of the night combined to make that dreary old warehouse alive with eerie sounds—it was a *very* darksome, drearisome place to be alone in.

"Ugh!" said John, who entered it for the first time; "what a vaulty kind of place, and what a vaulty kind of smell! It feels as though a murder had been done here."

"Nonsense," said Edward, who didn't like to hear his favorite bower run down. "Come out here into the balcony; you can see well enough, for the night is not dark, and the lamps of the steamers and the glow from the sky lighten it up."

But it was chilly on the balcony, and so Edward lit a stable lantern, and took them into a little room he had fitted up as a workshop, where the windows were not more than half broken, and where there was a bench he had made himself; which, but that it "carried" one of its legs, and would ruthlessly upset an incautious sitter the moment that he sat down, was a very favorable specimen of the carpenter's art. Of this bench Edward was justly proud.

"Come, Markwood, come, old fellow, we can be very jolly here. Light up! Sit down here; you'll find it very comfortable, only we must all sit down at once, or else it will tilt over. Now, all together!"

"Good heavens, Ned!" cried John Jones, springing forward and destroying the balance of the bench. "Listen! What's that?"

From the very top of the old warehouse there was a sound of a shuffling of feet and a clanking of chains; then, as they listened, the sound descended; stair by stair they heard the shuffling feet, the clanking chain; louder and louder grew the noise, nearer and nearer came the shuffling feet, till at last, as John, holding up the lantern, cowered into the farthest corner of the little room, he saw, far up in the black darkness of the long low room beyond, two shining flame balls.

"Ha, ha!" said Edward, laughing heartily. "It's old Scipio! My word, you were frightened, John. I forgot you hadn't been introduced to Scipio. Come here, old fellow!"

The two shining eyes approached, and presently, as he came within the scope of the rays of the lantern, a big rough-coated dog, whose muzzle and throat were white with age, whose massive jowl overhung his gaping jaws, who seemed as though he could scarcely drag one trembling limb after the other, shuffled slowly toward the light. A broken chain hung from his collar. He struck his head against the half-opened door and recoiled.

"Upon my word that's a very uncanny dog of yours, Ned!"

"He's blind, poor fellow. Here, come here Try again, Scipio!"

Scipio gave his great tail a sweep as he heard his master's voice; but when he entered the room he snuffled all about until he got scent of the strangers, when he put his mouth to the ground and growled ominously.

"I should kill that dog if I were you, Ned; he's useless and worn out," said the curate.

The dog seemed to understand what was said, and growled again.

"Quiet, Scipio! You shouldn't say such things before him, John. He's a powerful dog still, and I think, although his teeth are mostly gone, he could give a good account of any man living."

"But what's the *good* of him?" said Jones.

"What's the good of you, if it comes to that?" said Markwood. "As long as Ned has a roof to cover him, Scipio will be taken care of. Why, he saved Ned's life when he was a child. Ned tumbled off the wharf, and Scipio was sitting in the balcony and saw him, and dived down after him—twenty feet or more he jumped."

"Yes, but that was a long time ago. He's no use *now!*"

"Oh, isn't he any use?" said Edward. "Just you stay in that room for a minute, while Markwood and I come out. Now, Scipio! *Guard him!*"

Scipio flung himself majestically into the doorway. John Jones tried to step over him. Suddenly springing up, with crest erect, his jaws distended, his sightless eyes flashing fire, he roared rather than growled at the escaping prisoner, and would have thrown himself upon him, but that Edward seized him by the collar and held him down.

"Get away, John, get away. I never saw Scipio like this before. Down, Sir, down! Let him go, Scipio; let him go!"

John Jones fled precipitately from the warehouse, and didn't feel safe till he had put the front-door of Hulse's house between him and the dog.

"Poor old Scip!" said Markwood, caressing his massive head. "Poor old boy! you didn't like the parson, eh? Well, upon my word, Ned, I didn't either."

CHAPTER IV.

"This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets!"

PASTON and Brett's, in term time, is more like a legal factory than an ordinary solicitor's office. There is a big room on the ground-floor full of clerks. Markwood had the command on this floor. Higher up you came to Paston's own sanctum, jealously guarded. If you weren't uncommonly self-assertive, you would drift away here, if you came in search of Mr. Paston—that is, if you were not a swell at all, but only ordinary Brown or Jones. Mr. Paston had the theory that the most valuable thing in the world to him was his own time, and that any people worth seeing would find their way to him past any difficulties his men could throw in their way; so he rather encouraged his inaccessibility, and made dreadful war among his clerks if any worthless—in Mr. Paston's sense—client filtered through their sieve.

In vacation time, however, Paston and Brett's rests on its oars. Paston is probably at Rome or Florence. As for Brett, he is in Bedford Row still, no doubt, burrowing among the passages below the basement; but then nobody acknowledges Brett as any body. The managing clerk is putting his garden in order at Dalston. Markwood is paddling about at Kingston or Henley with his boys.

It is in the middle of the long vacation, about three months after Mr. Hulse's dinner-party, that a lady dressed in deep mourning and closely veiled drives up in a cab to Paston and Brett's. She dismisses the cabman, and timidly rings the bell at the outer door. Now, to ring the bell at No. 85 Bedford Row is somewhat equivalent to the pastime of the child—rendered memorable to us by the witticism of Sydney Smith—in stroking the shell of a tortoise. It doesn't produce the slightest effect in the internal economy of the office. The bell sounds lustily enough, but no one takes any notice of it. So this black figure stands forlornly conspicuous in the desert of Bedford Row, patiently awaiting the result of the summons; rings again more impetuously—still stands there waiting. This little obstacle worries and frets her; how is she to make the people hear in this dull old place? Just as she is putting her hand to the bell for the third time a young man pushes open the swing-door and issues forth. He sees a lady standing there; stops and recognizes her. Presently they are both swallowed up by the swing-doors. We will follow them into the house, up the stairs. They pass into Mr. Paston's comfortably furnished inner room, when the lady removes her veil, disclosing features regular and handsome, but colorless and cheerless, without the light of happy life upon them.

"My uncle is abroad, you tell me," she said, listlessly, leaning her head upon her hand, and mechanically smoothing the band of hair upon her forehead. "I am very sorry. I wanted his advice, and I know not where to go, to whom."

"Although," said the young man, whom we recognize as Edward Hulse, compressing his lips firmly, "it must be painful to both of us to renew an acquaintance broken off under such cruel circumstances, yet if I can help you in any way—"

"I know it," she said; "I know you will; but if our meeting be painful to you, how much the more must it be to me? *You*, at least, have nothing to reproach yourself with; you are contented, happy; but for me, miserable creature that I am! But after all, Edward," she went on, with more energy, "I have not injured you; you never really cared for me; you thought you did, but you were mistaken. I led you on to believe you were in love with me, but it was mere illusion. You have already consoled yourself, have you not? Confess."

Edward, somewhat embarrassed by the turn the conversation had taken, bit his lips and remained silent.

"And so," she went on, "as you have ceased to care for me, I can, without compunction, tell you my troubles and ask your advice, just as a client, you know, Edward. You don't know my husband, you don't know Bilfil, but you know that I married against the wishes of my uncle Tom—indeed of every body, except Uncle Gilbert. But I was young and foolish, and didn't know what I was about. A worse man in every sense does not exist. And yet he is flattered, courted by every body; while I— Hardly had we been married a month before he recommenced his old career. Haunter of all kinds of infamous places, he comes to his home reeking with the contagion of the coarse, evil natures with whom he associates. No, he is not personally unkind to me, he is only obnoxious. He is the guest at many good houses where the existence of his wife is not even acknowledged; he makes not the slightest effort to introduce me to the society of my equals. He proposed to me the other day to take me to some one of his vile haunts—some music-hall, I imagine. He tells me to my face that he made a mistake; that he thought I was the rich Miss Paston, the heiress to old Gilbert Paston, the miser; and that he regrets ever having met me. Now what can I do? where can I go? My whole nature, my very being, is sullied by contact with such a man. Where can I go? What can I do? Will the law protect me?"

"I'm afraid it won't," said Edward, gloomily.

"Can I make use of the little fortune that is mine to set myself up in some business where I can earn an honest living?"

Edward shook his head.

"If I leave him, can he compel me to return to him?"

"I fear—that is, I have no doubt—he can."

"Then," she said, rising and moving toward the door with tottering limbs, "I shall throw myself into the river."

"Stop," said Edward, interrupting her. "I think I can help you in another way. The law, indeed, gives you no help, but human sympathy is broader than law. I would not advise you to return to a man of the kind you describe. Leave him; let him remain ignorant of your fate. London is almost trackless; you are as safe from him here—except for the barest accident—as you would be thousands of miles away. I know some nice respectable people living near the Tower; they will give you shelter for a week or two."

"But I have no money, no clothes. Oh no, I can't."

"I will let you have some money, and as for clothes, well, you must go—home, and pack them up; enough for your present wants."

"But if *he* is there?"

"You must wait till he is gone."

"And perhaps he will stay—stay all night; he does sometimes; and if he did I should kill him. Edward, yes, I would kill him!"

"Hush, hush! We must manage it in this way: I will go with you in a cab, and will ask for your husband; if he is at home I will see him first, and try and arrange for terms of separation; you, meantime, remaining in the cab in an adjoining street. If he absolutely refuses any terms, and insists on your remaining with him, then, unless you are prepared to go back to him—"

"Oh no, no!" cried Margaret.

"Then you had better avail yourself of my plan; drive off without letting your husband see you, and take lodgings with the people I know, purchasing whatever you may immediately want. I will stand in the place of your uncle for the moment. No doubt he will repay me when he returns."

"I think that will be best," said Margaret.

They drove in a cab to the lodgings in Ebury Street which Mr. Bilfil had lately taken. Edward halted the cab in a street adjoining, and went by himself to the place. Mr. Bilfil was at home. Edward was shown into a shabbily furnished drawing-room, wherein sat Mr. Bilfil in a faded crimson easy-chair, smoking a very good cigar. Edward started, and turned first red and then pale. He was the fat straw-colored man he had seen on the boat with his Patty.

"Well," said Bilfil, surveying Edward critically, as he examined his card, held out at arms-length between his finger and thumb—"well, and pray what is your business?"

"I come from Paston and Brett's," said Edward; "and I have come, in fact, to speak—to mention, in fact—on behalf of your wife."

Bilfil blew a great cloud of smoke from his mouth and nostrils.

"Pray by whose authority?"

"By her authority."

"Mr. Hulse, by-the-way, are you related to the tile and chimney-pot man?"

"Mr. Fleetwood Hulse is my father."

"Ah, Mr. Edward Hulse, then allow me to remind you of the unfortunate fate that attends those who interfere in matrimonial squabbles. I shall receive no message of any kind from her, except a promise of unconditional submission. If she returns to me at once—now, this very evening—I will let by-gones be by-gones, and try to reconcile myself to my lot; otherwise my doors will be closed against her, and I shall put the matter in the hands of the detective police."

"Then you will come to no terms of separation?"

"Terms! Nonsense! Here is my home at her disposal; if she absents herself from it, let her do it at her own risk and at her own charges, as far as I am concerned."

"You are a brute, Mr. Bilfil!"

Mr. Bilfil rose in a threatening manner. "Get out of the room, you miserable lawyer's clerk! Do you hear?"

"You shall hear from me again," said Edward, retreating toward the door. "I won't demean myself by a personal altercation with you—at present."

"And you shall hear from me, young whipper-snapper?" cried Bilfil, as Edward went out.

"Hulse—Fleetwood Hulse—where have I

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seen his name lately? Ah, I remember; we did a bill for that gentleman. And that bill must be pretty nearly due. Ha! we must see to that. Really," said Bilfil to himself, "it will be a most fortunate occurrence if my Margaret does take herself off in this hasty way. It will save me no end of trouble and expense. The situation was becoming unendurable. To live with a wealthy prig, who will support you in becoming state and style, must be irksome enough; but a penniless prig—a prig whom you have to support and supply with all the appliances of feminine extravagance—oh, Bilfil, how could you have made such a stupid blunder! Thank your lucky stars, old fellow, if you get out of it so cheaply."

CHAPTER V.

A CITY SUNDAY.

"Fresshe is thy river, with his lusty strandis;
Blithe be thy chirches, well sownyng are thy belles."

IT is Sunday morning. The sun is really shining very brightly in Lower Bridge Street. Breakfast is laid, and Lucy has already finished hers, and is standing with her prayer-book in her hand, awaiting her mother, who is going to church with her, but who is not so impatient as her daughter, having lost her interest in young curates. The ting-tang of the bells calling the faithful to prayers sounds lazily through the windows, which are half opened, and which admit the fresh morning air; for even in Lower Bridge Street on a fine Sunday morning the air is fresh enough. The sparrows are twittering and hopping about in the yard outside, and picking up a grain here and there, to the indignation of the white Dorkings, who make sudden futile dashes at them when they come too near. Edward is late for breakfast this morning.

His couch has been haunted by regretful thoughts; he has misgivings that he has rather made a mess of it. With the best possible intentions, he has succeeded in making out a very suspicious case against himself. He—the former lover of Margaret Paston—had carried her off from her husband's home, had placed her in lodgings chosen by himself, had supplied her with money for her daily necessities. As a lawyer, he was bound to admit that there was a strong *prima facie* case against him. What would the governor say if he came to hear of it? what Patty? For Patty was away at Margate for a holiday; and although he had introduced Mrs. Bilfil to her father and mother as the niece of his employer—Paston—and a married lady, yet he could see that Robinson and his wife didn't like their lodger. When Patty came home there would be an explosion. The two young women would fight; there couldn't be a doubt about that. What a perplexed tangle of trouble he had got himself into, and all so innocently! He couldn't help falling in love with Patty; he couldn't help taking the part of his cousin and old flame, Margaret. He felt altogether unhinged and dispirited. He had made half a promise to go down and see Markwood at Henley, but he wouldn't do it; he hadn't the heart to go out. When his people had gone to church he would go down to breakfast, and have a long morning's sulk and smoke in the old warehouse.

When he came down, however, his father was still sitting brooding over the fire.

"You didn't go to church with them, then, governor?"

Fleetwood Hulse turned on his son a pair of blood-shot, haggard eyes.

"What should I go to church for?"

"Why, to get absolution for the week's misdoings—the week's! the quarter's rather: it's three months since you went to church, governor."

"And if it was three years, why should you make remarks about it?"

"Oh, if you take it in that way, governor, I assure you I didn't mean any thing. Rather crusty this morning," said Edward, *sotto voce*, helping himself to some dry toast. "Hollo! what's this?" he cried, seeing a letter addressed to him on the mantel-piece. "Letter from somebody—must have come by late delivery last night—wonder who it is?" He takes it up, turns it over and over, breaks the seal, and reads; his face expands. "Ha, ha! that's a good joke. Here's a letter, father—a letter from a fellow in Birchin Lane, reminding me that my acceptance—eh, see the joke—*my* acceptance for how much do you think, governor?—why, for three hundred pounds!—has been dishonored. I should think it had, eh? Ha, ha! Now I wonder who is the real Simon Pure, the real Ned Hulse, who ought to have this agreeable little reminder? Can't you imagine him, father, the real Edward Hulse, sitting at his breakfast, chipping his egg as I do, expecting such an agreeable little note as this? He's some scapegrace, depend upon it; some fellow who's been idle and dissolute, living upon money that didn't belong to him—eh, father, can't you fancy him? And perhaps he's been driven to this by having to make up some money for his employers he'd robbed them of, eh? And there he's wondering what will come next, shaking at every step that passes, quivering at every knock he hears upon the door. Oh, father, oughtn't we to be thankful that we haven't got that man's load upon our shoulders, that we can spend our time in rest and quietness, eh, father?"

Fleetwood turned round and glared at his son: there is no other word for it.

"What is it?" he said, sinking back into his old attitude. "I didn't hear what you were saying."

"I was talking about a fellow who's had a bill come back for three hundred pounds, and I was wondering what sort of a chap he was, and thinking what a funk he must be in, trembling at every step, at every knock—"

Rap-a-tap-a-tap-tap, bang, bang! went the knocker.

Old Hulse jumped to his feet as though he had been shot.

"Ned, don't let them come! Save me, Ned, save me!"

"What's the matter now? why, you're regularly upset, father!"

Here the curate entered, breathless.

"Where's Lucy?" he cried.

"Lucy's gone five minutes since, and the little bell is ringing as hard as it can. Look sharp, John. Don't you wish you could have a pipe, instead?"

Still Fleetwood Hulse cowered in his chair, furtively eying the two young men from under his shaggy white eyebrows.

"Just tell me what this means," cried John, throwing a letter on to the table. "It's some joke, I suppose; but I must say a very bad one. I'll bring Lucy home, and see you again about it. The fellow ought to be prosecuted. Shall I leave the letter with you? No, I'll put it in my pocket."

John ran out again, and Edward looked at his father with distended eyes.

"Why, that was the very ditto to the letter I've just had. Father, what can it mean?"

Old Hulse sat in his chair choking, vainly snatching at his neckcloth. Edward ran to him, tore away his collar and handkerchief, threw some cold water over his face. He revived.

"Ned, it's all true!" he gasped. "I did it!"

"Did what? what do you mean?"

"Put your name to it, and John's. Oh! oh!"

Edward struck his fists against his head, and rushed out into the yard. His poor old father had gone mad. He'd no other thought than that. His father was mad. He went out on the wharf by the river-side; the tide was running sullenly down, gradually unveiling the slimy mud flats. He couldn't get a breath of air there. Where should he go? Then he chanced to glance up at the windows of the house, and saw his father's white, haggard face looking out from his bedroom: he pulled the blind down with a bang. Edward rushed into the house, and up the stairs. "Father!" he shouted, "father!" He tried the door; it was locked. He flung himself against it heavily; the bolt gave way, and he found himself in his father's room. The old man stood by the window, holding his razor-case in his trembling hands.

"What's the meaning of this, Edward? Come, Sir, this is an outrage!"

"Come down, father; come down stairs. I want to talk to you. Here, you can't manage to strop those razors; give 'em to me; you know how nicely I can set them for you."

"So you can, Ned, so you can; you ought to have been a barber; you're thrown away in a gentlemanly profession. You never think what money you cost, Ned—money, ay, money, lots of money—to make you a gentleman; and you'd better have been a barber."

It was a very old grievance between Fleetwood and his son that the latter did not assume that bearing and attitude which was his ideal of the gentleman; that he was too humble-minded, too fond of mixing with humble people; that he forgot who the Hulses were, and brought about him a set of people whom it was degrading to associate with, begad. And now in his trouble the old man fell back on the familiar accusation.

All this while Edward's only trouble was about his father's state of mind; he thought that he was mad. He put the razors in his pocket, took the old man by the arm, and led him down to the sitting-room, all the time trying to soothe and humor him.

"And so you've been getting bills discounted, eh, father? and spent the money, eh? Ha, ha! that's good."

Fleetwood eyed his son sternly and savagely. "You fool," he said, "grinning there like a hyena: it's nothing to you, then, that your father is a disgraced and ruined man? And to think of the family, too! O Lord, it's too much!" He put his head upon his arms and groaned.

Then for the first time a knowledge of the truth flashed upon Edward. His father was not mad; he was only a criminal—only a forger. He got up and went toward the door. Then he caught the old man's eyes following him wistfully. He turned back and knelt down before him, and put his arms round his neck and kissed his grizzled face.

"Father, how could you do it? how could you?"

The old man's frame shook and quivered, and for a long time he tried in vain to speak.

"I was driven to it, Ned, driven to it. I owed them money—the Company. It would have been discovered. I should have lost my place. I should have taken it up on Monday. It was only due yesterday. I thought I should be in time."

"How would you have taken it up, father?"

If, indeed, the money were actually forth-coming, it might be possible the matter would go no farther.

"I should have borrowed it, Ned."

"From the Company?"

Fleetwood nodded.

"Have you taken—do you owe them any more?"

"A couple of hundred pounds, perhaps."

"And private debts?"

"No, not a penny. I never would run in debt, you know, Ned. I've always paid on the nail all my life. It was that ruined me, Ned; that principle I had. And I couldn't see your mother going without her little comforts, and you have cost me such a lot, Ned. I hoped to have made a gentleman of you, but I am lost altogether now. I shall end my days in a hulk. Well, it doesn't much matter."

Edward knelt by the table, his forehead pressed between his two hands, his reason quite overthrown.

"John will be coming in directly," he said at last. "What shall we say to him?"

"We will tell him it is a mistake; that this letter is intended for John Jones, a customer of the Company's."

Edward shook his head. "No use; it's sure to come out. Are there—are there any other names to this bill?"

"Only the Company's indorsement, and that I have a right to sign."

"Then you only wrote my name and John's?"

"Only those."

Come, after all, the matter was not hopeless. If only John could be induced to be silent as to the forgery, then he, Edward, might be able to raise the money in a few days. He would have to pay heavily for it, but that he couldn't help. He would insist on his father's retiring. The Company would give him a pension, and with the balance of his salary left after paying off the installments of the enormous incubus of debt his father's rescue would involve, they would be enabled to live together in some cheap house in some cheap neighborhood. There would be no marriage for him, no Patty—to that he must make up his mind at once; but absolute degradation and misery would be saved. If only John would consent!

But would John be thus tractable? and would he hold to his word with Lucy, or would he break that sweet sister's heart? They couldn't expect him to hold to his troth, but it would be very hard if he didn't. Then another thought flashed into his brain. There was Lucy's little portion—five hundred pounds—was that safe?

"Father, where's Lucy's money?"

Fleetwood shook his head, waved his hands, and groaned.

"What, is that gone too? Father, how could you?"

The thing seemed hopeless now; and yet, after all, he had only robbed his own children. Surely they could contrive that no punishment should fall upon him.

Edward thought for a few moments. "Is there any thing else, father," he said at last—"any thing else you have taken?"

"No, nothing."

"Then, after all, we may save you. If only John were tractable. Every thing depends upon him—every thing."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IT was a bright October afternoon when we entered the granite gateway of Mount Auburn Cemetery, which is situated, as is well known, on the Cambridge road, a few miles from Boston. We had more than once visited this consecrated ground when the spring flowers were just unfolding, and when summer foliage was green and fresh; but now it was clothed in autumn's richest hues. And as the soft sunshine fell upon myriads of leaves and blossoms—golden, scarlet, crimson, purple, and variegated in color—the scene was glorious. No sadness seemed to linger around a spot made so magnificently beautiful by nature and art. As we wandered about for a couple of hours we remembered that a month before we had strayed through the winding paths and avenues of Greenwood Cemetery with equal pleasure and interest. But in Mount Auburn, especially in the older portions, there seems to be a simplicity of style, and a variety in the laying out and ornamenting of lots, which are more especially noticeable than in Greenwood—features which are doubtless due, in part, to the natural conformation of the ground. "Consecration Dell" is a deep picturesque valley, while on one side rises an eminence one hundred and twenty-five feet above the level of the Charles River, and upon which a tower sixty feet high has been erected. From this tower can be obtained one of the finest prospects in the environs of Boston. In Mount Auburn Cemetery rest the remains of many distinguished persons. One of the earliest monuments was erected to the memory of Gaspar Spurzheim, the celebrated phrenologist; the bronze statue of Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch, a noted man of science, is conspicuous; and a tall marble column marks the inclosure where lie the remains of Abbott and Amos Lawrence. A beautiful granite obelisk is reared to the memory of Benjamin Franklin. The "Ossoli Memorial" bears a lengthy inscription, giving the strange history of "Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, May 23, 1810. By birth a child of New England—by adoption, a citizen of Rome—by genius, belonging to the world....And of her husband, Giovanni Angelo, Marquis Ossoli. He gave up rank, station, and home for the Roman Republic, and for his wife and child. And of the child, Angelo Eugene Philip Ossoli, born in Rieti, Italy, September 5, 1848....They passed from this life together by shipwreck, July 19, 1850."....A beautiful marble temple marks the resting-place of Hon. Samuel Appleton; a plain sarcophagus bears the name of "Rufus Choate;" and near the tower are deposited the remains of Edward Everett. The poet N. P. Willis is buried in Mount Auburn; so also Jonas Chickering, the celebrated pianoforte maker; Jared Sparks, of literary fame; Josiah Quincy; and the eminent jurist, Joseph Story. A fine granite monument is to the "memory of Dr. J. E. Worcester, the eminent lexicographer." But time and space would fail to mention other well-known names. Nor have we alluded to many monuments conspicuous for beauty or elaborate workmanship. We will only add that in the chapel of the cemetery are fine marble statues of Joseph Story, John Winthrop, John Adams, and James Otis.

The first frost of the season at Memphis, Tennessee, is said by a local paper to have been hailed by the fever-stricken inhabitants with enthusiastic joy. Before sunrise hastily dressed men, women, and children rushed out-of-doors to breathe the precious air of the purifying frost, and to touch, with thankful hands, the cold messenger of health. Every where in the city doors and windows were opened, and houses and garments exposed to the disinfecting agency of the cold, pure air.

The autumn equinox scarce returns with more unvarying regularity than does the fair of the American Institute, which is now in progress for the forty-second time. It is held this year at the former skating rink on Third Avenue, between Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets, which has been purchased for the purpose by the Institute, in order to secure a permanent place for its annual exhibitions, which, by their display of useful industrial inventions and improvements, are of public interest to the country at large. The present exhibition presents numerous interesting features; among others, mammoth automatic looms that weave and shape corsets and under-garments in a truly astonishing manner; sewing-machines that stitch every thing, from muslin ruffles to gloves and boots, with the same exquisite finish, varying the thread from number 300 cotton to a waxed-end; ice-crushing and stone-crushing machines, which grind the hardest substance to powder; improved printing-presses; labor-saving household devices; American silks, parasols and umbrellas; jewelry, silver-ware; mammoth fruit and vegetables—in a word, a bewildering confusion of the richest and rarest in a thousand different departments. Exhibitions of this kind serve admirably to stimulate industry, and to make the public acquainted with the progress of the arts. The American Institute is now in its forty-sixth year, having been founded in 1828 by a few wealthy gentlemen of culture for the purpose of promoting improvements in the mechanic arts, and encouraging American industry. The first fair was held the same year at Masonic Temple, Broadway. It lasted three days, and was very successful. For many years afterward the exhibitions were held in Castle Garden. The offices of the Institute are in Cooper Union. We learn that it is the intention, when a suitable site can be obtained, in the Central Park or elsewhere, to erect an Industrial Palace, at a cost of $2,000,000, for the use of the Institute, that shall surpass any similar edifice in existence.

Many persons are seriously poisoned at this season of the year while gathering autumn leaves. There are, however, only a few plants in our woods which are dangerous to handle, though it should be remembered that some few individuals are peculiarly susceptible to poisonous influences, and are injured by plants that are not generally harmful. What is sometimes known as the "American ivy" should be avoided. It has three leaflets to a stem, and is early tinted with the most brilliant hues. The poisonous dogwood also is dangerous to handle. Its pinnate foliage is somewhat like the sumacs, but more shining, and assumes an intense scarlet.

In England unfaithful cashiers receive punishment. An employé of the New British Iron Company who "misappropriated" $7500 has been sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

Patient labor accomplishes vastly more important results than genius.

"What is your secret?" asked a lady of Turner, the painter.

He answered, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work."

Says Dr. Arnold, "The difference between one man and another is not so much in talent as in energy."

"Nothing," says Reynolds, "is denied well-directed labor, and nothing is to be obtained without it."

"Excellence in any department," says Johnson, "can now be attained by the labor of a lifetime, but is not to be purchased at a lesser price."

"There is but one method," says Sydney Smith, "and that is, hard labor."

A young man in Texas recently bought a fine orchard of two hundred apple-trees, and tapped every one of them in order to secure a supply of cider!

Some years ago, just as the Cunard steamer *Scotia* was leaving Liverpool, a fussy little gentleman rushed up to Commodore Judkins, who was then in command of the vessel, and asked him if he thought the *Scotia* would arrive in New York upon a certain day in time for him to catch the noon train for Philadelphia. The captain looked at him a moment in silence, and then, taking out his watch, replied, "I fear, Sir, we will be five minutes too late!"

At a recent meeting of the school committee of Chelsea, Massachusetts, it was suggested that there be in schools a delay of twenty-four hours before a teacher inflicted punishment for any offense—until passion had cooled. After much debate, however, it was decided to pass and issue an order to the teachers not to inflict punishment upon their pupils till they shall have consulted with the sub-committee of their respective schools.

Chicago has set a good example in establishing at one of her railway stations a free reading-room. The room is large and pleasant, and ornamented with pictures and flowers. It contains plenty of magazines and newspapers, and is supported by voluntary contributions. In one month over seven hundred waiting travelers found rest and pleasant occupation in this reading-room.

Who shall have the gold? Near Bavais, France, workmen have dug up vases containing gold pieces of the times of the Roman emperors. It is reported that more than ten millions of coins are concealed in that vicinity, and nearly a million have already been brought to light. The proprietor of the land claims the treasure, so does the state, and so do the workmen.

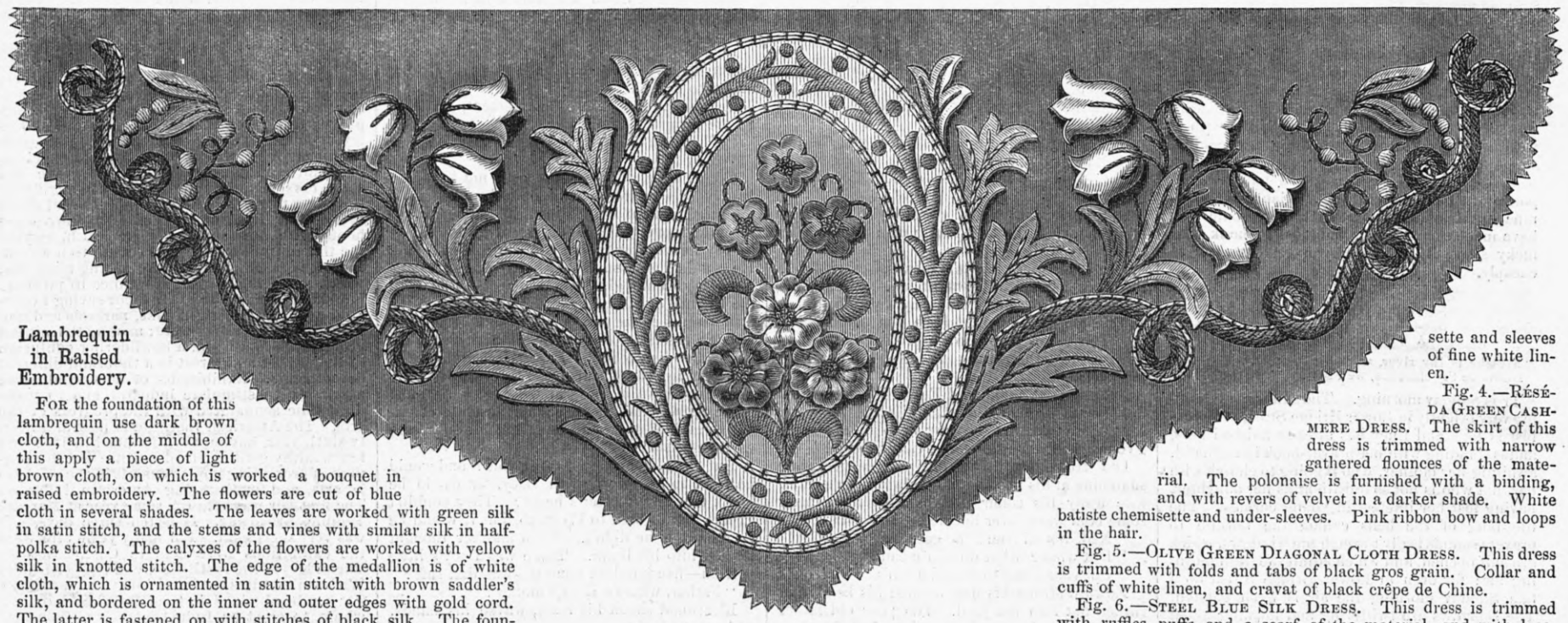
The old farmer who was dictating his will took an unusual view of things. He said, "I give and bequeath to my wife the sum of £100 a year. Is that writ down?"

"Yes," said the lawyer; "but she is not so old but that she may marry again. Won't you make any change in that case? Most people do."

"Ah! do they? Well, write again, and say if my wife marry again I give and bequeath to her the sum of £200 a year. That 'll do, won't it?"

"Why, that's just double the sum that she would have had if she had remained unmarried," said the lawyer: "it is generally the other way."

"Ay!" said the farmer, "but he that takes her will deserve it!"



LAMBREQUIN IN RAISED EMBROIDERY.

Lambrequin in Raised Embroidery.

FOR the foundation of this lambrequin use dark brown cloth, and on the middle of this apply a piece of light brown cloth, on which is worked a bouquet in raised embroidery. The flowers are cut of blue cloth in several shades. The leaves are worked with green silk in satin stitch, and the stems and vines with similar silk in half-polka stitch. The calyxes of the flowers are worked with yellow silk in knotted stitch. The edge of the medallion is of white cloth, which is ornamented in satin stitch with brown saddler's silk, and bordered on the inner and outer edges with gold cord. The latter is fastened on with stitches of black silk. The foundation of the lambrequin is ornamented, as shown by the illustration, with flowers of white cloth and with leaves of green cloth in several shades. The berries are worked in satin stitch with red silk, and the veins, stems, and vines are worked with green silk. Besides this stitch brown silk cord in two shades and gold cord on the lambrequin with black and brown silk as shown by the illustration. The colors can be varied of course to match the furniture of the room.

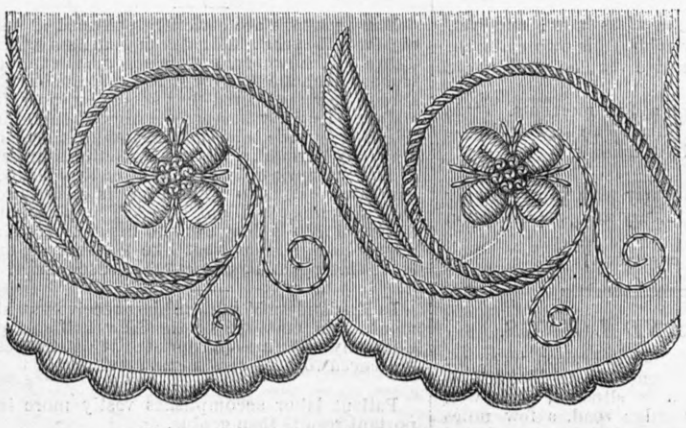


Fig. 1.—BORDER IN WHITE EMBROIDERY.

Borders in White Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE borders are suitable for trimming children's dresses, linen, lingerie, etc. They are worked, according to the purpose for which they are designed, on linen, batiste, nansook, or Swiss muslin, with white cotton in satin and half-polka stitch. In working the border shown by Fig. 1, fasten on a piece of guipure cord with long stitches. The scallops on the outer edge are button-hole stitched, as shown by the illustration.

Ladies' Fall and Winter Dresses, Figs. 1-6.

Fig. 1.—GRAY CAMEL'S-HAIR DRESS WITH BLACK GROS GRAIN BASQUE. The skirt of this dress of gray camel's-hair is arranged in kilt pleats in front, and trimmed in the back with gathered ruffles of the material. Basque with vests of black gros grain, trimmed with ruches of the same. White Swiss muslin fraise and under-sleeves.

Fig. 2.—LEAF BROWN POPLIN DRESS. This dress is trimmed with rolls of darker gros grain and with silk fringe. White lace fraise and cuffs of fine linen.

Fig. 3.—GRAY AND VIOLET STRIPED SERGE DRESS. This dress is trimmed with folds and bows of violet velvet. Chemisette and sleeves of fine white linen.

Fig. 4.—RÉSÉDA GREEN CASHMERE DRESS. The skirt of this dress is trimmed with narrow gathered flounces of the material. The polonaise is furnished with a binding, and with revers of velvet in a darker shade. White batiste chemisette and under-sleeves. Pink ribbon bow and loops in the hair.

Fig. 5.—OLIVE GREEN DIAGONAL CLOTH DRESS. This dress is trimmed with folds and tabs of black gros grain. Collar and cuffs of white linen, and cravat of black crêpe de Chine.

Fig. 6.—STEEL BLUE SILK DRESS. This dress is trimmed with ruffles, puffs, and a scarf of the material, and with lace. White lace fraise.

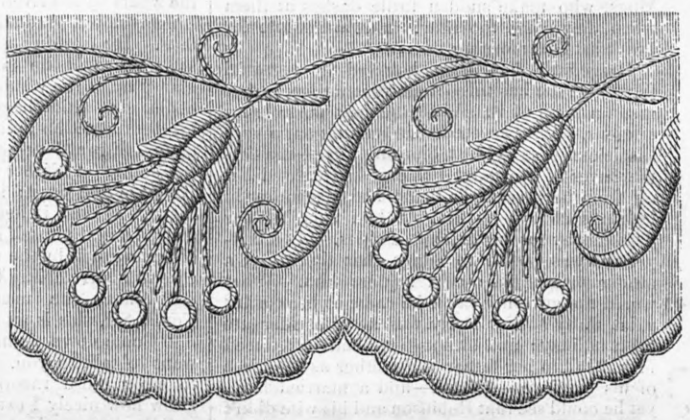


Fig. 2.—BORDER IN WHITE EMBROIDERY.

CHIROGNOMONY.

CHIROGNOMONY helps us to judge of character by the form of the hand and the shape of the fingers. A French professor of this science divides hands into three sorts: the first sort have fingers with pointed tops; the second, square tops; the third, spade-shaped tops. (By "spade-shaped" is meant fingers

Fig. 1.—GRAY CAMEL'S-HAIR DRESS WITH BLACK GROS GRAIN BASQUE.

Fig. 2.—LEAF BROWN POPLIN DRESS.

Fig. 3.—GRAY AND VIOLET STRIPED SERGE DRESS.

Fig. 4.—RÉSÉDA GREEN CASHMERE DRESS.

Fig. 5.—OLIVE GREEN DIAGONAL CLOTH DRESS.

Fig. 6.—STEEL BLUE SILK DRESS.

FIGS. 1-6.—LADIES' FALL AND WINTER DRESSES.

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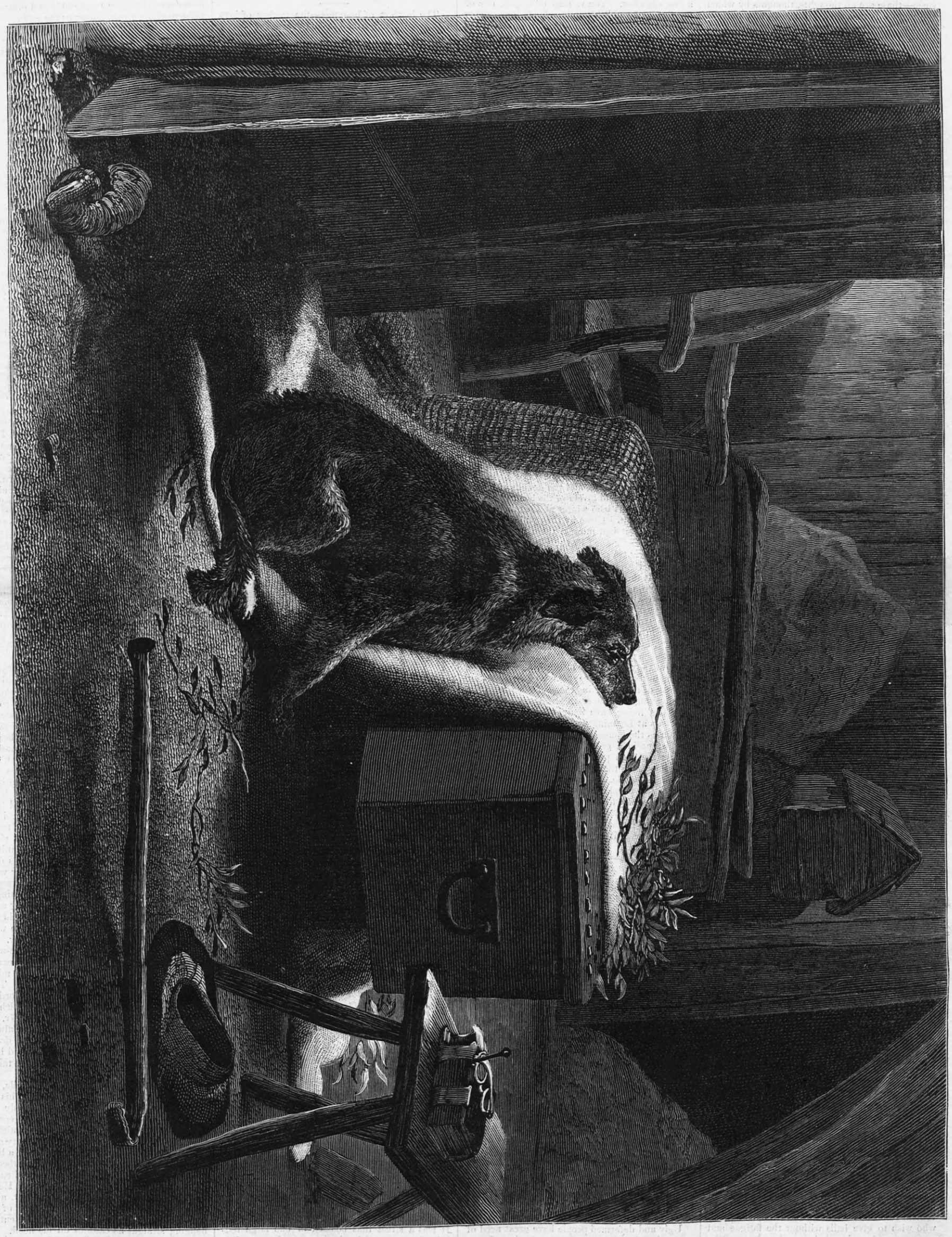
that are thick at the end, having a little pad of flesh at each side of the nail.) The first type of finger belongs to characters possessed of rapid insight into things; to extra-sensitive people; to pious people, whose piety is of the contemplative kind; to the impulsive; and to all poets and artists in whom ideality is a prominent trait. The second type belongs to scientific people; to sensible, self-contained characters; to most of our professional men, who steer between the wholly practical course that they of the spade-shaped fingers take, and the too-visionary bent of the people with pointed fingers. The third type pertains to those whose instincts are material; to people who have a genius for commerce, and a high appreciation of every thing that tends to bodily ease and comfort; also to people of great activity. Each finger, no matter what the kind of hand, has one joint representing each of these types. Thus, the division of the finger which is nearest the palm stands for the body (and corresponds with the spade-shaped type), the middle division represents mind (the square-topped), the top, soul (the pointed). If the top joint of the finger be long, it denotes a character with much imagination, or ideality, and a leaning toward the theoretical rather than the practical. The middle part of the finger being large promises a logical, calculating mind—a common-sensed person. The remaining joint long and thick denotes a nature that clings more to the luxuries than to the refinements of life. Things will present themselves to such a nature under a lower aspect, and utility will be accounted before beauty.

"THE OLD SHEPHERD'S CHIEF MOURNER."

WE give herewith an engraving of the masterpiece of the distinguished artist, Sir Edwin Landseer, who recently died in England at the age of seventy-one. And, in view of his death, the reproduction of this picture has a singular appropriateness. If animals could put on mourning, surely all the dogs and horses in the land would clothe themselves in sackcloth and ashes on the loss of the faithful limner who knew so well how to read their hearts, and to depict the subtle emotions that are hid from vulgar eyes. The original of the fine picture, "The old Shepherd's Chief Mourner," is in the Sheepshanks collection at South Kensington. The best description of it is to be found in the eloquent words of Ruskin, with whom it is a prime favorite, and who says of it:

"Take, for instance, one of the most perfect poems or pictures (I use the words as synonymous) which modern times have seen—'The old Shepherd's Chief Mourner.' Here the exquisite execution of the glossy and crisp hair of the dog, the bright sharp touching of the green bough beside it, the clear painting of the wood of the coffin and the folds of the blanket, are language—language clear and expressive in the highest degree. But the close pressure of the dog's breast against the wood; the convulsive clinging of the paws, which has dragged the blanket off the trestle; the total powerlessness of the head, laid close and motionless upon its



"THE OLD SHEPHERD'S CHIEF MOURNER."

folds; the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopelessness; the rigidity of repose, which marks that there has been no motion nor change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck on the coffin-lid; the quietness and gloom of the chamber; the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely has been the life, how unwatched the departure, of him who is now laid solitary in his sleep—these are all thoughts, thoughts by which the picture is separated at once from hundreds of equal merit as far as mere painting goes, by which it ranks as a work of high art, and stamps its author not as the neat imitator of the texture of a skin or the fold of a drapery, but as the man of mind."

"GOOD-MORNING."

See Illustration on page 717.

UNDER all circumstances pigeons are very pretty, attractive creatures. The species comprises a greater variety of form and plumage than that of any other domestic bird. When, for example, we see the Jacobin, with the vulture-like ruff of feathers round its neck; the Nun, with her black head and white body; the Owl, with its short beak and round head; the Trumpeter, with its feathery legs; the Fan-tail, with its spreading tail; or the Pouter, with its head almost hidden in its puffed-out crop, it is difficult to believe that all these birds belong to the pigeon tribe. Again, the pigeon, as far as we are aware, is the only domestic bird which willingly attaches itself to the haunts of man without losing the qualities natural to its wild state. Ages of civilization have rendered the common fowl such a weighty creature in proportion to its wing-power that it can hardly make shift to flutter over a low wall. Not so the pigeon. They fully retain that valuable gift which enables them to get nearer to heaven (the material heaven, at all events) than their featherless biped masters. Watch a party of Tumblers, and observe how, led by their captain, they soar to an immense height in closely serried flight. Yet, in spite of this power, they are the most home-loving of creatures, and after careering all day under the measureless blue vault of sky, they come home to a poky little chamber in the cote (which is perhaps constructed out of a dilapidated beer-barrel) as cheerfully and contentedly as if they were steady city clerks going home to tea. But never does the pigeon look prettier than when he perches familiarly on the shoulders of beauty, and condescends to place his little beak between her rosy lips. The lady, too, shows to great advantage when surrounded by these feathered pets. The glance of her eye is softer, her smile sweeter, her attitude more graceful. So perhaps thinks some human admirer who watches her unseen, and, half jealous of her pets, wishes that he were a Blue Rock, on the same principle that love-smitten Romeo wished himself a glove on Juliet's hand.

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LEAMINGTON, Warwickshire, is such a favorite resort of Americans in England that it will interest some who have heard of it from so many of their countrymen, and never seen it, to know a few particulars concerning the aspect of the town. It is an extremely pleasant spot to winter in, and from its beauty and convenience in every way fully justifies the preference you extend to it. The Americans have indeed had a great deal to do with the rapid growth of the town of late years, and its rising importance. Some forty years ago Leamington was merely a village; it is now a fashionable watering-place, and a large and wealthy market-town. Its position is extremely picturesque: it lies on both sides, but mainly on the north bank, of the Leam—whence its name—and occupies the bottom and slopes of a richly wooded valley. The mineral waters of Leamington first brought it into note, and for many years formed the only attraction of the place; they have, however, been long since completely superseded by more distant and inaccessible springs, and scarcely count for any thing in the present day with the numerous visitors who frequent the pretty town. Still it will be of interest perhaps to a few to learn that the springs are as abundant and as hygienic as when fickle Fashion smiled on them and sent her votaries to drink of their healing waters. The old well immortalized by Camden is still to be seen, with a neat pump over it, in perfect working order. New springs were discovered since this one first drew the grateful crowds around that historical pump in 1784. Various establishments were formed in the neighborhood of each as it sprang into notice and claimed the patronage of the medical magnates of its day. The Royal Spa is the principal of all the baths that at present exist in the town; it is admirably organized, with hot and cold, shower and vapor baths, and large pump-rooms. The town itself offers every accommodation in the way of fine dwelling-houses, handsome shops, hotels, and public buildings. It possesses a fine public library, with reading-rooms and an assembly-room overhead; a second assembly-room offers a convenient resource for those who love dancing, and who wish to give balls without the fatigue and annoyance of turning their own house out of the windows. There is a large and well-kept botanical garden, and a beautiful promenade called the Ranelagh Gardens; a museum, a picture-gallery, and a theatre; churches for every form of Christian worship, and a national school. Those who seek educational resources for their family will find them in abundance at Leamington, and at less expense than in London, whose proximity to the town is one of its many advantages. The distance is a good couple of hours by rail. Leamington used to be a favorite resort for persons who wanted to economize; but alas! thanks to you, this most desirable inducement can scarcely be said to exist there now. The Hotels are about as dear as any where else, and the houses very little less than Brighton or Torquay, from ten to sixteen guineas a week being now, on an average, the price of a good house in a fine situation. The vicinity of Rugby, one of the finest of English public schools, fixes many families at Leamington. Rugby was founded in 1567, and may be said to have created the town from which the school derives its name. It is situated at a distance of twelve or fourteen miles from Leamington, and is therefore very convenient for parents who wish to see their sons at school there. Within an easy distance from the town there are other places of note, and delightful spots for picnic excursions in the summer. Stratford-on-Avon, the birth-place of William Shakspeare, is not many miles from the town of Warwick, and the stream of pilgrims from all parts of England is incessantly ebbing to and fro along the banks of the sluggish little river above which rises the church where the great poet of mankind lies in his sequestered grave. The house in Henley Street where he was born has been purchased by national subscription, and is to be seen by visitors; the one where he spent his last years, and where he died, was pulled down by some improving Vandal of a landlord in 1759. Warwick Castle, which was one of the finest, if not, indeed, the very grandest specimen of the old feudal castles of England, was in a great portion destroyed by fire, you remember, about a year ago. The Earl of Warwick was so gracious in allowing strangers to visit his princely dwelling, and inspect its treasures of art, paintings, sculpture, armory—every thing that taste and wealth had accumulated within its walls for centuries—that the catastrophe was felt to be a public calamity by the townspeople, and indeed by the entire county, for the prospect of admission to see the marvels of Warwick Castle drew thousands of visitors yearly to all the surrounding districts; they determined, therefore, to rebuild it for its noble owner, whose fortune, large as it is, would have been unequal to so immense an undertaking. The work of restoration is rapidly progressing, and before long the majestic pile will be once more the glory of Warwickshire, and the delight of intelligent sight-seers and lovers of the beautiful. Let those Americans who winter at Leamington not neglect to see it. Close by they will find an old almshouse that will interest them in a different way. It was founded by the Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's favorite, and is called the Leicester Hospital. The endowment was so munificent that the master draws from it a salary of £400 a year, and the twenty "brethren," poor men who have known better days, receive £80 a year from the same fund. Leamington has the strong attraction for invalids of a mild climate in winter; it is sheltered, and, lying in a valley, escapes the biting winds of the higher towns, such as Nuneaton, which is nine miles north of the famous ribbon town, Coventry, and which, but for its cheapness as being out of the way of all nice things except ribbons, offers no advantage whatever to strangers. The expenses of living have increased within the last few years at Leamington in about the same proportion as the houses. Americans may yet stem the torrent in a great measure by holding out against the high prices they have inaugurated. Let them leave their extravagant habits behind them for a while, and adopt the more homely ones of the people around them. This advice applies specially to their dress, the magnificence of which very naturally persuades the English trades-people that they have money to throw away, and that it is only kind to help them to get rid of it.

COMET.

GEORGE ELIOT'S SAYINGS.

FROM THE "MILL ON THE FLOSS."

THE small old-fashioned book (*Thomas à Kempis*), for which you need only pay sixpence at a book-stall, works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness: while expensive sermons and treatises, newly issued, leave all things as they were before. It was written down by a hand that waited for the heart's prompting; it is the chronicle of a solitary, hidden anguish, struggle, trust, and triumph—not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and human consolations: the voice of a brother who, ages ago, felt and suffered and renounced—in the cloister, perhaps, with serge gown and tonsured head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours—but under the same silent far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness.

Until every good man is brave, we must expect to find many good women timid—too timid even to believe in the correctness of their own best promptings, when these would place them in a minority.

Ugly and deformed people have great need of unusual virtues, because they are likely to be extremely uncomfortable without them; but the theory that unusual virtues spring by a direct consequence out of personal disadvantages, as animals get thicker wool in severe climates, is perhaps a little overstrained. The temptations of beauty are much dwelt upon, but I fancy they only bear the same relation to those of ugliness as the temptation to excess at a feast where the delights are varied for eye and ear as well as palate bears to the temptations that assail the desperation of hunger. Does not the Hunger Tower stand as the type of the utmost trial to what is human in us?

Feeble limbs easily resign themselves to be tethered, and when we are subdued by sickness, it seems possible to us to fulfill pledges which the old vigor comes back and breaks.

The last act of baseness—the tasting of joys that were wrung from crushed hearts.

It is always chilling in friendly intercourse to say you have no opinion to give. And if you deliver an opinion at all, it is mere stupidity not to do it with an air of conviction and well-founded knowledge. You make it your own in uttering it, and naturally get fond of it.

I think I should have no other mortal wants if I could always have plenty of music. It seems to infuse strength into my limbs and ideas into my brain. Life seems to go on without effort when I am filled with music. At other times one is conscious of carrying a weight.

If we use common words on a great occasion, they are the more striking, because they are felt at once to have a particular meaning, like old banners or every-day clothes hung up in a sacred place.

I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them.

It always seemed to me a sort of clever stupidity only to have one sort of talent—almost like a carrier-pigeon.

Our life is determined for us; and it makes the mind very free when we give up wishing, and only think of bearing what is laid upon us, and doing what is given us to do.

The worst of all hobbies are those that people think they can get money at. They shoot their money down like corn out of a sack then.

The world isn't made of pen, ink, and paper; and if you're to get on in the world, young man, you must know what the world's made of.

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Little Kate Kirby," "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," etc., etc.

Book the First.

REUBEN CULWICK.

CHAPTER VII.

JOHN JENNINGS.

MRS. SARAH EASTBELL, of St. Oswald's, was correct in her judgment. Hope Street, Camberwell, was not a fashionable quarter of the great metropolis. It is sufficient to indicate that populous thoroughfare as one of the turnings debouching from the Camberwell New Road—a street without pretension, a cross between a London street and a thoroughfare a little way out of town, and familiar to clerks with no spare cash to expend on omnibus or train, as a short-cut, providing one did not lose his way, to Walworth Road.

Certainly not fashionable, although the inhabitants had music with their meals—it being a street much frequented by organ men, who ground out Verdi in long lengths all day, and were rewarded by small donations from patrons who never failed them when work was plentiful. It was a street, also, wherein there was much dancing to the organ music; and where so many limp and smeary children came from in the long summer evenings, which were made hideous by multifarious screechings, was matter for grave wonderment. It was a street of one-story private houses principally, which had broken out here and there into shops, that had been erected over front gardens by speculative landlords, and had not always been successful ventures, judging by the aspect of the tenants or the goods which were dealt in. It was a street that the tallyman and the broker's man, the civil young man behind the loan-office counter and the uncivil old man from the county court, knew better than any street in the parish, and where the rate-collectors had more trouble in getting in their accounts than in any part of their weary and pertinacious rounds. It was an unequal street, too, and full of class distinctions. There were three or four two-story houses, with wider front gardens and less rickety palings, toward Camberwell, just as there were some smaller and dirtier hovels as the street narrowed toward the busy thoroughfare of Walworth, where there were two courts sacred to hard-working but disputatious Irish families, who brought their fire-irons into the streets on holidays and Sundays, and rapped each other's heads with them when religious or political differences required force of argument. It was a street that boasted of one large red-brick house even, that in days gone by—possibly when there was only a bridle-path from Lambeth to the pleasant little hamlet of Walworth—might have stood alone there, looking over miles of fields and hedge-rows, ending with the Sydenham hills. Now it was dedicated to festivity and to Bankruptcy Court decrees at alternate periods of the year. It had a garden of an acre, which by-gone speculators had hemmed round with mouldy little arbors; it had also an orchestra, a dancing platform, and a grass-plot on which fire-works were let off on gala nights, when the admission was sixpence, half of which amount might be taken out in drink. It was a place which the magistrates had striven to keep shut, and which had an ugly habit of evading magistrates, and of opening suddenly under mysterious licenses, or without any particular license worth alluding to. It copied in a feeble and flabby way the more respectable and pretentious gardens of the Royal Surrey or the extinct Vauxhall; but it was a bad place at the core, known to characters of all degrees of badness and all degrees of foolishness, where silly servant-girls and vicious shop-men giggled and danced and promenaded, and were the most respectable of the community.

Three doors from this select place of entertainment was Hope Lodge, one of the two-storied houses already mentioned, and here at the time of our narrative resided Mr. Reuben Culwick, short-hand writer, occasional special reporter to the *Penny Trumpet*, and a gentleman with a small connection among a certain class of tradesmen whose books were too many for their calculating powers, and invariably became obscure in details toward Saturday.

Reuben Culwick occupied the first floor of Hope Lodge, and under the bell-handle in the right-hand door-post was a tiny brass plate with his name engraved thereon, and "First Floor" in small Roman capitals written underneath, otherwise it might have been impossible, without very ample instructions for the purposes of identification, to discover the residence of our hero: for the gentleman who rented Hope Lodge, and to whom Reuben paid the modest sum of three shillings and sixpence weekly for the hire of apartments which the lodger had furnished after his own taste, had not hidden his light under a bushel, and had extinguished Reuben's claim to locality by extensive advertising over his house front. The name of "Jennings," in large white capitals on a crimson ground, was the sky line of the edifice, and another board, with a "Jennings" of somewhat more moderate proportions, had been fastened between the windows of the first and second floors, while "Jennings, Pyrotechnic Artist," in blue and yellow, by way of variety of coloring, was inscribed over a dingy shop-front, behind which were various fire-work cases, soiled and fly-spotted and time-worn, and many of them hollow shams, despite the air of explosive business about their blue touch-paper caps. On the door also had been painted "Jennings, Fire-work-maker to the Court," and over the door was a plaster coat of arms, significant of the royal patronage which the family legend asserted had been once vouchsafed to an extinct Jennings, who had been blown to atoms one Guy Fawkes season.

The present proprietor, who jested at ill luck at times, when questioned concerning this announcement, intimated with a chuckle that the court alluded to was one of the narrow thoroughfares at the other end of the street, which was liberal with its patronage when November nights came round.

Mr. Jennings was always waiting for November, although he drove a little business in colored fires for minor theatres at all times of the year, and had twice been pyrotechnist to the "Royal Saxe-Gotha Gardens," next door but two, where he had twice been nearly ruined by the defalcations of impecunious lessees, whom he had trusted with all his heart and all his powder.

On that May night of Reuben Culwick's return to London he was standing at his door smoking a long clay pipe, and waiting patiently for November, after his general rule. Trade was slack, and he had finished work and taken to fresh air, which he preferred receiving in his shirt sleeves when the weather was not too inclement for its reception. It was past eleven o'clock, and a dark, dull night for Mr. Jennings's vigils; but he clung pertinaciously to his door-post, like a man who thought November would slip by him in the dark if he did not keep his eyes open. But on that particular evening he was not waiting for November so intently as for his lodger, Reuben Culwick, who had said that he should be back that evening, and who was a man on whose word every body might rely. Being a man to be trusted, Mr. Jennings, fire-work-maker, sat up for his lodger, for the earliest glimpse of the "first-floor," whom he had missed exceedingly during the last fortnight. There were some ties of sympathy between landlord and tenant which accounted for this, and which will be more apparent presently, and hence Mr. Jennings held in high esteem Mr. Reuben Culwick, and the good feeling was reciprocated, despite Mr. Jennings possessing many faults, and being to all outward seeming scarcely a man to take to readily.

Standing on the threshold of his domicile, with the flickering light of the street lamp on his face and figure, he seemed a lank and weedy man enough, a man whom much tobacco had enervated, perhaps, and kept from standing straight at that hour, for he leaned at an extraordinary angle against the door-post, as though he had a hinge in him, which had given way and disturbed his grace of outline. Still it was repose and ease to Mr. Jennings, and he smoked placidly. He was very pale, one could see by the gas-light, a thin and much-lined, odd-looking young man of thirty, with dusty flaxen hair that wanted cutting, hanging straight as candles on his head. The gentleman's name in full was John Jennings, but the sportive custom of Hope Street had bestowed upon him the title of "Three-fingered Jack," for the irrelevant reason that he had blown away a thumb from his left hand, after the family fate, which had never left a Jennings sound and whole who had once taken to the sale of fire-works in Hope Street. The Jenningses, from the time of the grandfather of royal patronage, had always striven to supply the general

public with a good article for its money, and sometimes they overdid it in strength and quality. Hope Lodge, in three generations, had been thrice blown up and twice burned down; hence Reuben Culwick got his apartments at a reasonable price, people of nervous temperaments objecting to lodge at Jennings's, over the surplus stock, after having once ascertained that bits of the family had been picked up as far as Camberwell Green and Walworth Gate occasionally.

Suddenly John Jennings, Fire-work-maker to the Court, was joined in his watch by a woman as thin as he was, and as pale, or else the gas opposite was bad for the complexion. She put her hands suddenly, and possibly heavily, on his shoulder, for Mr. Jennings winced and doubled up still more under the pressure.

"I wish you wouldn't, Lucy," Mr. Jennings said, remonstratively.

"Wish I would not what, John?" asked the new-comer on the scene.

"Take a person off his guard like that, and scare him."

"Have you grown a more nervous creature still, watching for what will never come again?" said the woman, with a strange asperity of tone.

"What will never come again?" repeated her brother, in dismay. "Do you mean that Mr. Culwick will not come back, then?"

"Yes."

"Bless my soul, how long have you been thinking of that?" said Mr. Jennings. "You didn't say so before—you hadn't such a thought an hour ago. What makes you get so foolish an idea into your head now?"

He laughed in an odd, hysterical fashion, like a woman, as his greater interest took him out of his languid position, and set him upright and staring at his sister.

"Well, I've been thinking it over—what he is, and what we are—and I'm sure that he will be glad to be rid of us altogether. He has only stopped here out of compliment all this while; but you can't see that so well as I can," she added, fretfully.

"I haven't tried to see it."

"You shut your eyes and trust to chance, John—you always did."

"I'll trust to Reuben Culwick," he said, leaning against the door-post again, and puffing slowly at his pipe. "He said that if he didn't write he would be back here on the second Tuesday in May, and back he'll come like clock-work, although, mind you—"

"Go on, John. What am I to mind?" asked his sister, gravely, as he paused.

"Although, mind you," he continued, "his coming back don't mean exactly that good luck to him which stopping away would, and I wish him good luck—always—anyhow. But then we should have heard from him. Isn't he as truthful as you are?"

"He may have missed a post," she answered, evasively—"have postponed telling us humble folk of the good fortune that has come to him. Good news will keep, you know."

"For a young woman who goes more regularly to chapel than any one of my acquaintances, you are uncommonly uncharitable, Lucy," said Mr. Jennings, meekly, and without any intention of satirizing the last speaker.

"It is not want of charity to speak the truth that is in one's mind," said his sister, in self-defense.

"I am not quite sure of that," replied John Jennings. "There are some truths that jar a little. When you told me yesterday that I was a poor muddler, it hurt my feelings, though I didn't show it."

"And though you will muddle on to the end of your life, poor John," she said, more kindly, even tenderly.

"Very likely. What am I to do?"

"Rouse yourself—read your Bible—pray," said the strange young woman, with an extraordinary energy asserting itself, which seemed to dismay her brother, who edged closer to the door-post, and looked away from her to another notice board erected in his front garden, where "Go to Jennings for your Fire-works" was legibly inscribed.

There was a long pause after this, broken at last by Mr. Jennings saying,

"You don't want him back, then, Lucy?"

"Not if he will be happier away."

"Prosperous, you mean?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"You would like him to forget us?"

"If it would do him any good, or if he wishes it."

"Ah, yes! Well, if he has gone, you've worried our best friend away, for you always would interfere and preach to him."

"He isn't our best friend."

"Yes, I know what you're going to say," said her brother, feebly, "of course; but I'm not speaking of that. And Reuben—by George, here he is! Hurrah!"

And Mr. Jennings, forgetting his apathy, ran down his front garden, and went, bare-headed and in his shirt sleeves, at full speed down Hope Street, leaving his sister in charge of the premises.

"That's like him," she said, in a pitying tone of voice. She took her place against the door-post, leaning there as wearily and listlessly as John Jennings had done, and looking in the direction in which he had vanished. She was short-sighted, and could not see the meeting between the two men; but when she was sure that they were coming on together—when a hearty laugh from Reuben Culwick, and a little spasmodic and thin echo of it from her narrow-chested brother, disturbed the stillness of the street—she quietly and undemonstratively backed from her post of observation into the dark passage behind her, and delayed her greeting with the man who she had prophesied would not return to Hope Lodge.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WELCOME BACK.

THE meeting between Reuben Culwick and John Jennings was indicative of a considerable amount of good feeling, even of friendship, between two men whose characters, habits, and pursuits were wholly dissimilar. They had been absent a fortnight from each other, but John Jennings seized both hands of our hero, and shook them very heartily.

"I thought you would come back, Mr. Reuben," he said, with a certain amount of deference in his address, despite his friendliness of greeting—"I really did."

"Did I not say that I should be here to-night unless I wrote to the contrary?" asked Reuben.

"Yes; but so many things happen, and—"

"And Lucy said that I should not come back," said Reuben, shrewdly.

"Yes," confessed John Jennings.

"Ah! she knew better in her heart," said our hero, "only she does not look at life so cheerfully as she might do; but then she's not strong."

"No, she is not strong," said John Jennings, accepting the excuse which his lodger had put forward to account for his sister's distrust.

"Has she been well since I have been away?"

"Pretty well," responded John—"for her."

"And Tots—how's Tots?"

"Oh, she has been fretting after you in fine style."

"I have brought her a doll as big as you are."

And then the two men laughed, and it was the echo of this laugh which had scared Lucy Jennings into the back parlor, a poorly furnished, neatly kept apartment, where she waited patiently for their arrival, with her thin hands crossed upon her lap.

By the light of the candle on the table it was not difficult to perceive that Lucy Jennings had been a pretty woman once, before pain and anxiety and time—what three destroyers they are!—had taken the prettiness of youth out of her. She was not as old as her brother by two years, but she looked nearer eight-and-forty than eight-and-twenty at first glance. Only a careful study of her suggested to an observer that she was younger than her looks by almost a score of years.

Reuben Culwick and John Jennings came into the parlor together, and the latter, with a croak of triumph, exclaimed, "There, Lucy, who is right now?" as the former advanced to shake hands with her.

Lucy looked up into the face of the big-chested, healthful man, and smiled faintly in response to the cheery expression which she saw there.

"You have kept your word, then, Mr. Reuben," she said, placing her hand in his; and a very cold hand, with not much life-blood in it, it was that lay in his brown palm.

"But you didn't think that I should," he cried.

"No," was the fearless reply, as the thin lips closed together.

"Now what does she deserve, to face a man and a brother, and a first-floor lodger of long and honorable standing, with this odious greeting?" he said, turning to John Jennings.

"A good scolding, certainly," answered John to this appeal.

He had set aside his pipe, and was fumbling at the lock of a small cupboard by the fire-place as he replied.

"I think so," answered Reuben; "I think it shows a want of human feeling, an absence of all Christian charity; and Lucy Jennings is found guilty—sentenced—executed."

Reuben Culwick was in boisterous spirits, or he would have never committed the indiscretion of suddenly lifting up the prim Miss Jennings in his arms and kissing her. In all his life he had never kissed her before—never dreamed of taking such a liberty with his landlord's sister; but his high spirits carried him away, and lifted Lucy Jennings as high as the ceiling before he kissed her lightly, and placed her, as he might have done a child, in her chair again, where she glared at him in amazement, with eyes distended and her face not destitute of color now.

"You—have been drinking," she gasped forth, indignantly, "or you would have never done that."

"She thinks every body drinks," said John Jennings, pathetically, as he produced from his cupboard a half-filled bottle of Irish whisky and two glasses, which he placed with due care in the centre of the table.

"No, I haven't been drinking, Lucy," said Reuben, quietly; "but this is home, and I am glad to get back to it."

"Ah! I dare say you are," she added, with irony.

Reuben Culwick was used to her moods, but it struck even him that she was different in her manner that night.

"Don't you believe me?" he asked, leaning forward and regarding her with greater intentness.

She looked down at the faded hearth-rug at this direct appeal, and evaded his steady gaze toward her. "If you say so again I will believe it," she answered, after a moment's silence.

"I say that I am glad to get home—that this is home," he said, very firmly.

"I believe you, then," she answered, in a different tone; "but why are you glad to get back to a wretched place like this?"

"My mother died here. You and your brother were kind to her and me when we could not help ourselves, when we were very poor, and had even got into your debt. You were our only friends then. My first start in life, such as it was, began here, Lucy."

"It is unsuited for you now, and we are unsuited for you too."

"How humble we are!" cried Reuben; "and I am as poor as a church mouse still."

"You pretend to be."

"Skeptical still!" he cried. "John, what shall I do now?"

"Kiss her again," said John, as he struggled with a refractory cork, and twisted himself into hideous contortions in his efforts to extract it.

"No, I will not have any more of that foolery," said Miss Jennings, with intense acerbity pervading her plain speaking.

"I wouldn't if she objects," said John—"if she doesn't see the joke of it. I don't think any body has ever kissed her except Tots. She's not used to that kind of thing—she really isn't."

John said all this in good faith, but his sister looked the sharpest of daggers at him, as well she might, perhaps. John Jennings was duller than his sister by several degrees. If she had not been brighter than he, they would have both been in Camberwell work-house long ago.

Nothing seemed to distress or disturb the equanimity of Reuben Culwick. He was glad to get back, or he was one of the artfulest hypocrites in the county of Surrey. He understood these two better than they understood themselves, having taken the trouble to study and be interested in their eccentricities long ago.

"Well, you have sat up and kept a fire burning for a man who was not expected, and John is coming out with his whisky like a prince," said Reuben; "but you don't ask me how I have fared in the country, what adventures I have had, what work I have done, what luck I have encountered—not a word, upon my soul!"

"Don't say that," said Lucy Jennings, with a frown.

"I beg pardon—I had forgotten," said Reuben, deferentially.

"When you are tired—and you must feel tired after your long journey—you will find the supper laid in your own room," said Lucy.

"Thank you; and till then?"

"Till then we shall be glad to hear how you have got on in Worcester," she said, a womanly curiosity exhibiting itself at last. "We do not attempt to deny that we are interested in you, always interested in you, poor as we are."

"Yes, but don't begin about your poverty again, please; poverty may be a blessing in disguise, for what you and I and John know to the contrary," said Reuben. "The poorest and most afflicted woman was the happiest mortal whom I met in Worcestershire, and the richest and most prosperous man I found as miserable and mean as ever."

"Are you speaking of your father now?" asked Miss Jennings, anxiously.

"Yes—the gentleman whom you talked me into visiting, prodigal son fashion, but who didn't take me to his breast and weep over me, and order his fattest calf to be killed in my honor," cried Reuben, a little bitterly. "I was humble and contrite, but he was as hard as nails; and the whole experiment was a tremendous failure. Did I not say before I started that this would be the result?"

"Yes," said John, "you certainly said that. I am very sorry—I am awfully sorry. What a funny man he must be!"

"Extremely funny," said Reuben Culwick, dryly: "you would die of laughing at his humor."

"Do you regret that you have offered to sink a bitter quarrel," inquired Lucy Jennings, "and to make peace?"

"No."

"You are glad that you have been to Worcester, are you not, despite this miserable result?"

"Yes."

"Then the fault lies with him, as it did, before you went, with you. And, Mr. Reuben," she added, very earnestly, "you have one sin the less, I think."

"Amen to that."

Lucy Jennings regarded him keenly, as if a suspicion that he was ridiculing her earnestness had suggested itself; but Reuben Culwick was grave enough. It was not always easy to guess when this strong, self-reliant man was in jest or earnest, but she gave him credit for being impressed by her demeanor.

"And this mortal, suffering much, and yet so happy—who was she?" inquired Lucy.

"Ah! there's a lesson for you, Lucy," said John Jennings, as he mixed the whisky.

"Have I ever complained?" was the quick rejoinder.

"No, no; I don't say that you have," answered her brother, who was sorry that he had spoken; "you're very patient, and nobody expects you to be jolly."

"What kind of woman was she?" asked the sister, turning to Reuben.

"Old and blind, and in an almshouse," said Reuben—"my father's eldest sister."

"She is provided for, then—her eyes are closed against the world's wickedness, and she is spared many trials," said Lucy, somewhat sullenly, as if jealous of one more afflicted than herself, as invalids are sometimes.

"I have done a deal of work in the last fortnight," said Reuben—"written my special articles on the Agricultural Exhibition for the *Trumpet*, earned an extra five pounds" (he did not add that he had tucked it under the pillow of Aunt Sarah's bed), "had my change of air and scene at somebody else's cost, hunted up no end of relations, of whom I'll tell you more presently, and am back again, all the better for my new experience."

"Take some whisky," said John Jennings, pushing the glass across to him.

"Thank you," said Reuben.

"And here's good luck to all of us before the year's over," added Jennings, as he raised his glass in the hand which wanted a thumb to it. "Your health, Mr. Reuben; Lucy, yours."

Reuben said, "Thank you." Lucy Jennings watched her brother tilt down his potent liquid, but did not respond to his kind wishes by so much as a nod of gratitude toward him. Her observation elicited a faint protest from her brother when he had set down his glass.

"I wish you wouldn't stare at me quite so much," he said, mildly; "you make me feel uncomfortable at times."

"You'll take to drinking some day, if you are not careful," said Lucy, in a tone of solemn warning.

"May I not drink a glass of grog when my friend comes home?" he inquired, reproachfully.

"A glass does you harm, and costs money—and you have no money to spare."

"I shall have presently," he said, nodding his head sagaciously.—"Mr. Reuben, I have been keeping some good news back till you came home—for good news doesn't freshen up Lucy as it ought, I'm sorry to say."

"I don't remember to have had any good news in my life, except what is to be found there, and which you know so little about." She jerked her hand in the direction of a large old-fashioned Bible on a side-table as she spoke.

"Ahem!—yes—no; but I wish you wouldn't, Lucy, come down upon me on week-nights like this with Sunday conversation—when Mr. Reuben's at home, too," said her brother.

"Well, the good news, John?—and then 'to bed, to bed,'" said Reuben, a little impatiently.

"The Royal Saxe-Gotha Gardens will open early next month, and I'm appointed pyrotechnist," John Jennings cried, exultantly. "Fire-works every Monday and Saturday. I shall make a clear hundred and fifty pounds, my boy, before the year's out."

"Oh, indeed!" said Reuben Culwick, somewhat listlessly; "but didn't the Saxe-Gotha let you in last time?"

"And the time before too," added Miss Jennings.

"These are responsible people—first-rate lot, I hear," said Mr. Jennings, confidently.

"I am glad to hear it," said Reuben; "but you must let me see to the business contract between you this time. I'll draw you up a safe one, and save a lawyer's fee, John."

"Certainly, Mr. Reuben, when it's ready," said John Jennings. "I shall be only too happy; for you're a business man, with a keen head for contracts, which were never quite in my line—were they, Lucy?"

"Never," said Lucy, agreeing with her brother for the first time that evening.

"Although I'm too old a bird to be taken in again, for all that," added John, as he reached his pipe from the mantel-piece and refilled it. "Why, if they were to play me any tricks, I'd open an opposition gardens round about here somewhere, and ruin the lot of them. Hanged if I wouldn't!"

Lucy Jennings shrugged her shoulders at this last suggestion, and Reuben's mouth twitched at the corners.

"I wouldn't be in a hurry to do that, even if there were any opposition gardens to be discovered, John," said Reuben, gravely; "it's a rash experiment, and wants energy and capital."

"He never had either," added Lucy; "and as for the Saxe-Gotha, I wish it was burned down to-morrow."

"God bless me!" ejaculated Mr. Jennings, "you don't call that a charitable and Christian wish, surely?"

"I wish it was burned down to-morrow!" she repeated, fiercely; "it's an evil place—it's a—oh, Elizabeth, you naughty girl!"

"What, Tots!" cried Reuben, holding out his arms, into which there ran, with pattering bare feet, a pretty flaxen-haired child of three years old, whose long night-gown did not hinder her rush toward him in any great degree.

"Oh, me so glad you have come back, Reuben!" said the child, half laughing to begin with, and then wholly crying as a wind-up.

"She'll catch her death of cold!" cried Mr. Jennings.—"Tots, how could you come down like this? Why ain't you asleep?"

"You said—you said," sobbed the child, "that he was coming home to-night."

"Well, here I am, young one; don't cry about it," murmured the big man, as his arms folded the child to his breast, and his handsome brown beard hid her face from view, and tickled her terribly, for she struggled into a sitting position away from it, and rubbed her face and eyes energetically.

"Elizabeth," said Lucy, severely, "this is very wrong. Didn't you promise to go to sleep?"

"I touldn't," answered Elizabeth.

"Come with me," began her aunt again, when Tots let forth so tremendous a yell of opposition that even Lucy, a woman not easily put down, succumbed at once.

"Let her be," said Reuben Culwick, gruffly. Then there was a second pause, after which he whispered in the child's ear a few words which arrested her attention, and Tots sat up again.

"Where is it?" asked Tots.

"In my portmanteau at the railway station—coming home to-morrow, if Tots will go to bed now," answered our hero.

"And as big as dat?" said Tots, opening her arms to their fullest extent.

"Bigger."

"Me go to bed," said Tots, with alacrity; "but," she added, "oo must carry me up tairs."

"Of course I will.—Good-night, Uncle Jennings; good-night, aunt; we're off, both of us," cried Reuben Culwick; and he was out of the room and striding up stairs with the child before there was time for Tots to change her mind in any way.

Brother and sister did not attempt to follow him. The brother sat and listened until the trampling feet in the room above announced that Reuben had deposited his charge in her crib, and retired to his own apartments. The thin woman with the worn face turned toward the fire, fast dying out, and passed a hand across her eyes as if by stealth.

"How fond he is of children!" said John

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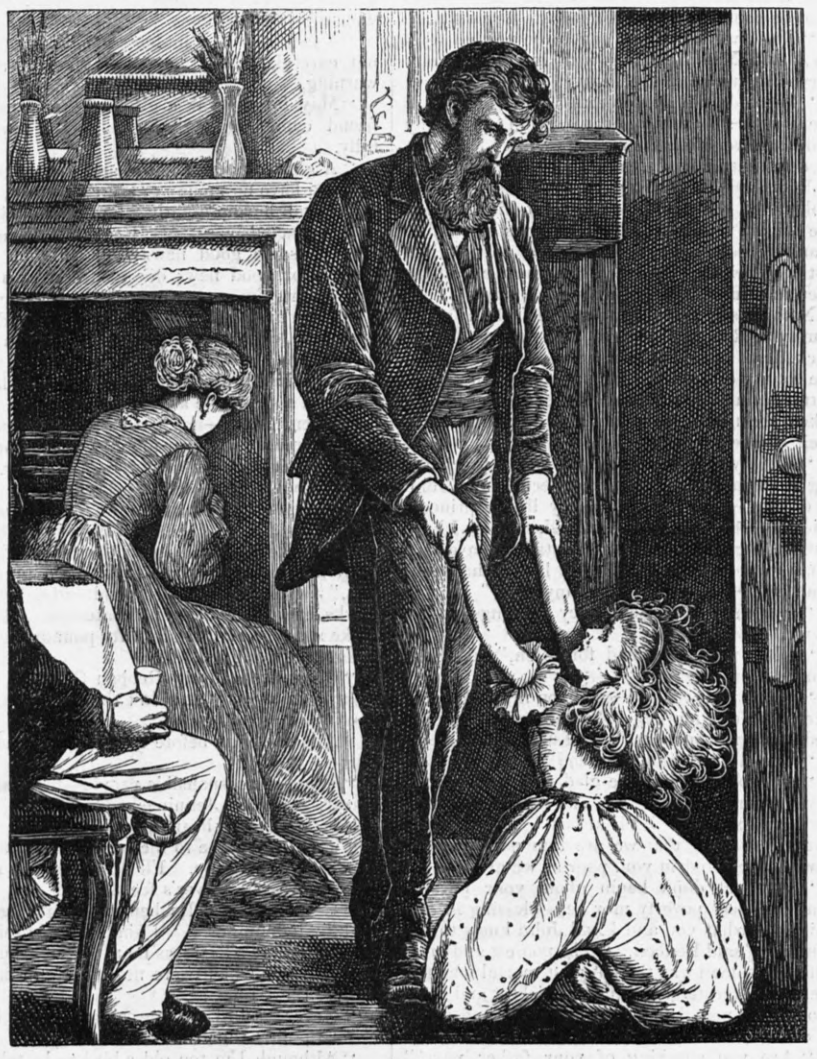

"'OH, ME SO GLAD YOU HAVE COME BACK, REUBEN!' SAID THE CHILD."

Jennings; "I think big men always are, Lucy. There was Topping—"

"Don't bother me about Topping," said Lucy, fretfully.

"Ahem!—no," he said, with his feeble little cough prefacing his remarks again; "not if you wish it, certainly. Still, it's odd."

"What's odd?"

"That Reuben's coming back should have put you out in this way."

"I prayed he might never come again."

"Why, we couldn't afford—"

"The man deserved better fortune than he can find here," she cried, "and so I didn't want him back. Besides, we don't agree."

"Well," said John, gravely, "you and I don't agree, for the matter of that, but still we're company for each other in our sulks."

"You never sulk as I do, when the evil in me gets the mastery," said his sister.

"Why, Lucy, though I say it, and though you're a bit hard at times, there isn't a better woman in Hope Street."

"I wonder if there's a worse," said the woman, very mournfully.

"You're not often like this—you're generally so patient and quiet."

"I try to be."

"Have you got any thing on your mind?"

"Nothing that I should tell you," was the uncivil reply.

"Will you have a drop of whisky now?"

"No, I won't."

John Jennings considered a moment, and then said, with an air of profound wisdom asserting itself, "I'm sorry Reuben has seen you in this tantrum, because I have often fancied that by-and-by you and he would get to like each other. He is a man who wants something to love—look at him and that child, for instance—and you're not a great deal too old, and he's not proud, and you're—"

He stopped as Lucy Jennings swung herself round, a perfect virago in her last and worst attack of passion. He had never seen Lucy show off in this way before. Had she been at the whisky on the sly?

"John, you're a fool!" she screamed; "you are the worst of fools to think like that, to talk like it. I marry him! He think of me! I tell you I hate you for saying this to-night!"

John Jennings gasped for his breath.

"My dear, I'm sorry if I have hurt your feelings. If you don't mind, I'll go to bed."

She did not answer, and John Jennings, after passing his malformed hand over his forehead in a bewildered manner, went to bed accordingly.

When she was sure that he was gone, the woman sank of a heap on the shabby hearth-rug, and buried her face in her arms, which she leaned upon the chair. It was a bitter grief, in which strange words escaped her.

"Why has he come back? Why couldn't he stop away for good?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EVENING TOILETTE.

THIS tasteful evening dress is of black Chambéry gauze with gold-colored stripes, made over black silk. The skirt has the new fan train (just introduced by Worth), with a triple pleat in the lower part of the back breadth. The stripes on the front breadths are arranged diagonally. The apron over-skirt is very long, and trimmed up the sides to the tournure. Round Josephine waist with square neck—a favorite style for new evening dresses. The trimming is the new appliqué embroidery of silk and chenille on tulle, and represents scarlet, yellow, and black roses. The flowers of the corsage and in the hair are artificial. Belt and long loops of scarlet ribbon. Heavy gold jewelry.

EVENING TOILETTE.

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"GOOD-MORNING."—[SEE PAGE 714.]

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMELIA AND OTHERS.—For the benefit of numerous inquirers we will repeat the description of the stitch known as "point Russe," which was given in No. 24, Vol. I. This stitch is the most quickly and easily worked of all embroidery stitches, being simply the back stitch used in plain sewing, care being taken to put the needle through so as to make the stitches follow in the same direction, by which means the work preserves a neat appearance on the under side. Having selected a pattern, draw it either on tissue-paper or on the material. This stitch is usually worked in black silk, though any other color may be used. It shows a single thread on the right side. Different colors may be used in the same design, or, in work that requires shading, different numbers of black silk. This stitch is especially designed for embroidering on thin muslin. It makes a very pretty cover for toilette cushions and the like. Take two thicknesses of fine muslin, and work through both. Then cut away the under piece of muslin, excepting in the centre of the flowers, leaves, etc. This, laid over the colored silk or velvet of the cushion, lends the work the appearance of raised white flowers bordered with the delicate black stitches. This stitch may also be used for embroidering children's dresses, blouse waists, etc. It is most effective on the double thin muslin, as it thus presents the appearance of being much more elaborate than it really is. In working heavier material it may sometimes be necessary to put the needle through backward and forward instead of forming the entire stitch at once. When the design requires that the stitches be very short, they may also be done in this manner in order to prevent drawing the work. For marking or embroidering pocket-handkerchiefs a stitch called point dame is used. This is the same stitch—the ordinary back stitch used in sewing—except that greater care must be taken with the under side. In working always put the needle so that for every stitch on the upper side there may be a corresponding one on the under side. In working this the thread must be carefully fastened after finishing each separate part of the design. The under side will be different, but equally as neat and conspicuous as the upper side.

PAUPER.—The tar and oil should stay on overnight, and if it is made thin enough, will surely wash off next morning. Can't say how many applications are necessary, as the number differs in different cases. A dozen times at least.

MATRON.—The weak solution of ammonia which alone is proper to use on the hair will not injure but rather improve it. We hope you have not been putting pure ammonia on your head, as that certainly will spoil it. Do not pinch out the "grubs," as you call them, without touching the spots with strong camphor, to which ten drops of carbolic acid is added in each ounce.

ALICE MATHER.—Introduce people in an easy but respectful manner, saying, "Miss Smith, let me introduce Mr. Jones;" "Miss Smith, this is Mr. Jones," or simply naming the persons to each other.—See No. 21 of "Ugly Girl" papers, to come, for directions to improve the skin.

ZOE.—The color of the hair you send is beautiful as it is. The only improvement you can give is to brush it ten minutes every night and morning, and wash the scalp once a week. Wear it in waves and curls.

MEDICUS.—Equal parts of myrrh and pitch melted together are said by old authorities to remove spots from the nails. Of course if the spots go through the nail, nothing but medication for the blood will remove them.

BESSIE L.—Try a dressing of one ounce of glycerine, two ounces of rose-water, and thirty drops of carbolic acid for the disease of your hair. Your blood needs purifying. Use hot baths and coarse food.

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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10 CASH GIFTS	$10,000 each	100,000
30 CASH GIFTS	5,000 each	150,000
50 CASH GIFTS	1,000 each	50,000
80 CASH GIFTS	500 each	40,000
100 CASH GIFTS	400 each	40,000
150 CASH GIFTS	300 each	45,000
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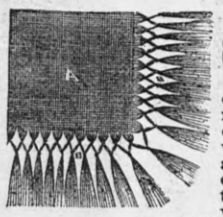

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ILLUSTRATIONS.—Roy's Family.—Domestic Life at Roy's.—The Mountaineer.—Ups and Downs.—The Tub Mill.—Fanceller's Youngest.—Roy and Johnson.—The Storm.—The Great Falls of the Blackwater.—The little Foot-Prints.—Ambition's Dreams.—Bill Grey.

HAUNTED. By ROSE TERRY.

A FEW FRENCH CELEBRITIES.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Victor Hugo.—Alexandre Dumas, Père.—Alexandre Dumas, Fils.—Jules Sandeau.—Paul de Kock.—Théophile Gautier.—Jules Janin.—Jules Michelet.—Octave Feuillet.—Arsène Houssaye.—Victorien Sardou.—Gustave Doré.—George Sand.

SONNET.

SOUTH-COAST SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND.—(*Saunter VIII.*)

ILLUSTRATION.—Corsecombe.—Thomas Hollis. Hollis's Owl.

TRANSITION.

A TALE OF TWO CITIZENS.

A LONE WOMAN IN IRELAND.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Doorway of the Joyce Mansion.—View on the Quay.—Convent Door on Lombard Street.—Flanigan.—The Piper.—The Geologists.—Interior of O'Flaherty's Castle.—The Historian of the Castle.—Mrs. Murphy.—Lake Glendalough and the Twelve Pins.—Departure for America.

THE LIVING LINK. By THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

CHAPTER I. A Terrible Secret.
CHAPTER II. The Contents of the Manuscript.
CHAPTER III. The momentous Resolve.
CHAPTER IV. The Welcome Home.
CHAPTER V. The Strange Inmates of Dalton Hall.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—"He drew from his Breast a large Clasp-Knife."—"And this was Wiggins."

THE LAST OF THE THREE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Sara Coleridge at the Age of twenty-seven.—Sara Coleridge, a later Portrait.

TWO PICNICS.

SONNET. By PAUL H. HAYNE.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.—I. THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY. By CHARLES NORDHOFF.

SONG.—THE QUESTION. By ALFRED H. LOUIS.

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE. By EMILIO CASTELAR.—(*Eleventh Paper.*)

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD.

EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC RECORD.

EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November concludes the Forty-seventh Semi-Annual Volume. This Volume has been unusually rich and various, containing Four Hundred Illustrations.

In the November Number there are Sixty-six finely-executed Engravings. The leading illustrated article treats of the Isthmus of Darien—its natural history and capacities for an inter-oceanic canal. There is a beautiful sketch of Sara Coleridge, illustrated with two Portraits; an Irish sketch, entitled "A Lone Woman in Ireland," characteristically illustrated; a baker's dozen of French Celebrities, with Portraits; the eighth part of PORTE CRAYON'S Mountains, illustrated from the author's own drawings; and another South-Coast Saunter from MONCURE D. CONWAY, treating of Dorsetshire.

A serial story of thrilling interest, entitled "The Living Link," by the Author of "The Dodge Club," "The American Baron," etc., is commenced in this Number, with effective illustrations by W. L. SHEPARD. In the January Number will be commenced a new serial, "My Mother and I," a Love Story for Girls (beautifully illustrated), by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

EMILIO CASTELAR, who for two years has been a regular contributor to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, continues his brilliant series of papers on "The Republican Movement in Europe;" and CHARLES NORDHOFF recounts the wonderful resources of the Sacramento Valley.

There are two excellent Short Stories in this Number, and Poems by JANUARY SEARLE, ROSE TERRY, PAUL H. HAYNE, and ALFRED H. LOUIS.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS resumes the "Easy Chair" in this Number; and the regular monthly summaries—Scientific, Literary, and Historical—are as comprehensive and interesting as usual.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

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The *Postage* on the Magazine, within the United States, is 24 cents a year; on the Weekly and Bazar, 20 cents a year, payable at the office where received. Subscribers in Canada must send 24 cents for the Magazine, or 20 cents for the Weekly or Bazar, to prepay the United States postage.

Subscriptions may commence at any time. When no date is specified, it is understood that the subscription for the Magazine begins with the current Volume; for the Weekly or Bazar, with the Number next after the date of the order.

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FACETIÆ.

STRANGE that game should be so dear when the efforts of every sportsman are directed to "bring it down!"

HINTS FOR SPORTSMEN.

Always lay in a good stock of ammunition, as some birds take a deal of killing.

When you discover your bird, approach him gently on tiptoe, looking as pleasant as possible, and you will find the bird become most friendly, for then the poor thing knows very well you wouldn't hit it.

If there are two or more, always all fire at once, as the bird may get confused, and you then stand a better chance. (N.B.—Mix a little salt with your powder if you aim at the tail of the bird.)

Should you both happen to hit a bird (of course you would not, because it's very cowardly to hit any thing that isn't your own size), and any dispute arises, always tear the bird in half, which is by far the fairest way.

You will find clay soil very invigorating. By-the-way, always get a good thick coating on your boots: it looks business-like.

Of course, being game, you will find them very plucky and playful. Always encourage them.

Above all, never return empty-handed.

A Western paper says that the first duty of the Grangers is to extinguish every orator who begins his speech with "I have not the good fortune to be a farmer, but I have always felt the most profound interest in the truly noble and predominant pursuit of agriculture, and never was that interest greater than now."

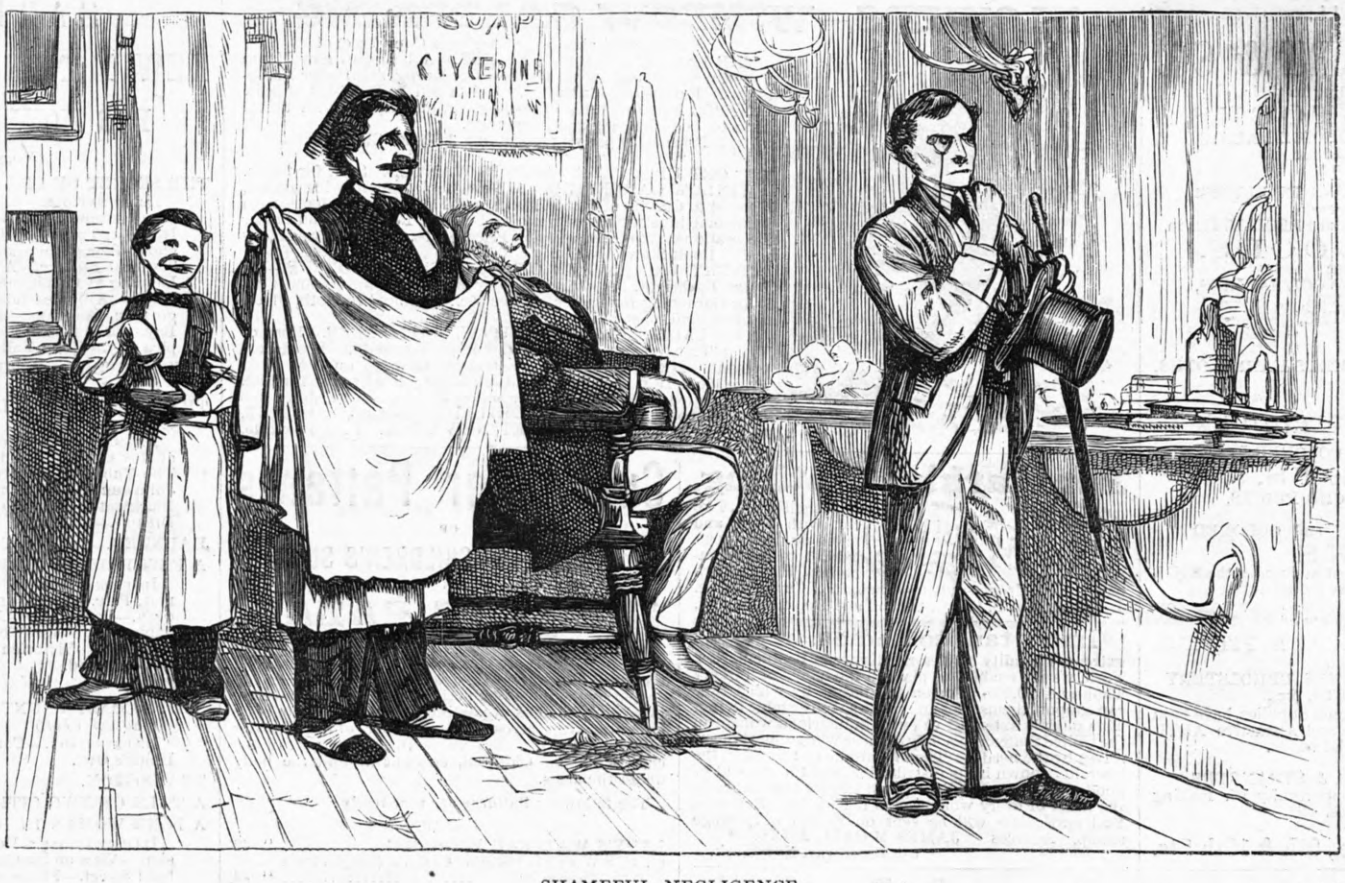
THE TEETOTALER'S GROG—Animal spirits and water.

An oyster leads a placid life until he gets into a stew.

NEW BOOKS.

How to Dress on a Hundred Dollars a Year as a Lady. By a Lady.

In press, shortly to be published, uniform with the above, *How to Dress on Nothing a Year as a Caffre.* By a Caffre.



SHAMEFUL NEGLIGENCE.

YOUNG SPROUTS (*in dismay*). "I say; look here. Hang me if you haven't Shaved One Side of my Mustache off!"
BARBER. "I beg your pardon, Sir; but when I was a-taking off your Whisker I must have done it without noticing."
[*Not that he could see, even now, that there was any mustache on the other side, but it wouldn't have done to say so, you know.*

A correspondent wants to know who wrote the poem commencing "Our country's lyres are mute." We do not know, but that line suggests the thought that if our country's liars were also mute, it would be a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

A LABORING BARK—An Esquiman dog (in a sledge).

Another paper has felt itself called upon to correct an error of the types. It says, "For one of the worst of men, read one of the wisest."

A man who rode in the same railway carriage with a bridal couple fifty miles heard her call him "dear Charles" just five hundred and eighteen times.

A bridal procession was four hours passing a given point. The point was a breakfast-table.

The first postal card received in Aberdeen was marked private.

MARINE UNDERTAKERS—Sharks.

At what season did Eve eat the apple?—Early in the fall.

Lightning recently struck a telegraph pole, and ran along the wire into the office at Coatsville, Indiana, when the operator, seated at the instrument, excitedly telegraphed back, "Don't send so fast!"

SOMETHING LIKE AN APOLOGY.

The editor of a Western paper once gave a notice of a ball, and happened incidentally to mention that the dancing of Major Heeler's better half was like "the cavorting of a fly-bitten cow in a field of cucumbers." The fact that the editor had not been invited to the ball may somewhat detract from the value of the simile, while at the same time it accounts for his establishing the figure. The major, accompanied by his better half and a six-shooter, called on the editor to complain of the poetical nature of the image. On learning that the lady was the one he had described, the editor besought her to raise her veil. She did so, saying,

"Now, Sir, I expect you to apologize."

"Apologize! I should rather think I would," was the answer, as he seized his hat and rapidly left the room.

The astounded major rushed to the window: "Stop, you Sir! you have not apologized!"

"All right; I'm going to do it in a minute!"

"What do you mean?" shouted the major, accentuating the note of interrogation with a pistol-bullet.

The answer was wafted back from round the next corner—

"Can't you see I'm looking for that cow?"

A REAL CENTENARIAN—The aloe.

"A coffin-maker in our vicinity," says the Lawrence (Massachusetts) *American*, "was always noted for having an eye to business, and a short time ago, upon the death of a citizen, a friend went to old Crossbones, and asked him to go to the house and take dimensions for a coffin.

"'No need of it, no need of it,' remarked the undertaker; 'I's down there t'other day, and kinder eyed him over.'

"The same man last winter had a large stock of coffins on hand, and on being asked if they would all be needed that winter, he replied, with glistening eye,

"'I hope so, I hope so.'"

When is a baby not a baby?—When it's a tea-thing.

A Waterbury man has christened his daughter Glycerine. He says it will be easy to prefix "Nitro," if her temper resembles her mother's.

TURNING WATER INTO MILK, ORANGE COUNTY FASHION.

TURNING A MAN INTO A STONE JUG, POLICE FASHION.

HOW TO TAKE STARCH OUT OF A BOY.

AND FINALLY, HOW TO TURN YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW INTO A LOT OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

STRINGENCY OF THE MONEY MARKET.

WAITER. "Stop a minute, Boss, you Forgot to Pay for your Dinner."
MR. PILGARLIC. "No, no, my Friend, I didn't Forget. Fact is, I've been from one end of Wall Street to the other, and can't raise a Cent."

BY THE SEA-SIDE.

By the sad sea-shore at eve I stand,
Holding on to my hat with one hand.

The sun has sunk 'neath the silvery sea;
The autumn breeze blows a cold to me.

Why do I linger so late alone?—
There's a charm for me in yon wave-washed stone.

Long years ago, when my life was young,
In the golden time that poets have sung,

Together *we* sat on that stone so wet—
How sharp it was I remember yet!

I asked her, "Lucy, you'll be my wife?
Darling, I love you far more than life."

And then she answered, "I am so vexed,
But I'm to be married, this month or next.

"I should have told you....Always a friend....
I'd no idea...." So on to the end.

Soon were you married, my love, my dear;
And soon your husband found out, I hear,

That you *had* a temper: and he—ah, well,
How much you try him no words can tell.

No wonder I love, by the sounding sea,
The place where Lucy said "No" to me.

TO HUNTING MEN.—Look well before you leap, and as well as you can after.

PUZZLE FOR FOREIGNERS STUDYING ENGLISH.—Ever take the orphans' part—never touch their portion.

"On one occasion," says a correspondent, "we were entering the tunnel of a railway. The lamps were not trimmed and burning, and when in the tunnel we were as much in the dark as an ignorant newsboy attempting to read a page of Sanscrit. In front of me was a young couple; and by their devoted attention to each other I concluded that they were not married, or if married, were wedded to somebody else than themselves. The gentleman was reading a newspaper; the lady was busy with a novel, and giving an occasional glance out of the window. As soon as the train entered the tunnel it was so dark that you could not see any thing. I heard a struggle. There seemed to be a dislocation of hair, accompanied by a shower of hair-pins. The gentleman's hat fell to the floor, and I heard his paper crush. You would have imagined that a whole flock of school-girls had met another flock of school-girls from whom they had been separated at least six months. By-and-by the train came out of the tunnel. The gentleman was reading his newspaper; the lady was reading her book; all was tranquillity. Will any body explain this extraordinary phenomenon? I am inclined to think it was connected with spiritualism and the dark *séance* business."

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN."

A HEAVY SEA—STUDY OF A FRENCHMAN AND A GERMAN.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 46.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

JAPANESE FANCY-WORK.

THE Japanese, although until latterly so little known and so inaccessible to civilized nations, have, notwithstanding, made great progress in some branches of art. Their manufactures are remarkable, their lacquer-ware unsurpassed for beauty and delicate finish; and although we may perhaps laugh at the grotesqueness of the decorations, the imperfect perspective, and general ugliness of design, yet the execution is worthy of any nation in the world. Others have endeavored to imitate the fine polish to be seen on these Japanese articles, but the best specimens fall short of theirs.

One peculiar feature of their manufactures is the use that is made of paper; for not only is it used for the ordinary purposes common to ourselves, but takes the place of textile fabrics, and is woven into cloth of various kinds, to be made into coats and dresses. It takes the place of leather, and by some unknown secret of their own they give it all the toughness and elasticity, as well as imperviousness to water, peculiar to the latter. All kinds of manufactured material is imitated in paper, from coarse cloth for men's clothing, hats, buttons, and shoes, down to Chinese crapes, with all the crimp and gloss of the original, and cambric pocket-handkerchiefs.

Japanese paper-work embraces also a kind of lace that is woven by hand into beautiful designs for screens, chair tidies, cushions, work-bags, mats, and a hundred other pretty things such as ladies like to make. We have seen one or two beautiful specimens of this work, which is as yet quite new in this country. The paper to be used for the purpose should be fine tissue-paper, cut into long strips a quarter of an inch wide, and may be either all white or of two colors. The next thing to be done is to twist each one of these slantwise, just as one would roll a lamp-lighter. When you have done a dozen or more, begin to twist two together the reverse way, forming a cable; but all the time you must keep the original twists well tightened, as they will have a constant tendency to untwist. They can be made of any required length by piecing on the twists as the work proceeds.

Having thus prepared the cable thread, it is to be formed or woven into a net-work by knots and double knots, very readily done by hand. Starting with any even number of these cables, you

Fig. 1.—BROWN CAMEL'S-HAIR DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 36-42.

Fig. 2.—BROWN CAMEL'S-HAIR DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 1.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 36-42.

Fig. 3.—GRAY VIGOGNE DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 6.] For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—OLIVE GREEN POPLIN DRESS.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 5.] For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—OLIVE GREEN POPLIN DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 4.] For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—GRAY VIGOGNE DRESS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 3.] For description see Supplement.

FIGS. 1–6.—LADIES' WINTER HOUSE DRESSES.

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weave your pattern, taking four to form the knot, but must first fasten the ends to a strip of muslin in an embroidery frame, so as to keep them firm and in place. Next row. Take two threads from one knot and two from another to form an alternation, thus leaving an open square between. Or the threads may be plaited evenly but loosely for the space of an inch; then, by taking two from each plait above to form the one below, the same alternation will be produced, only the spaces will be longer than wide. Either one of these patterns looks well when evenly woven, and if colored paper be introduced in stripes, the effect is pleasantly varied.

The cords, tassels, etc., needed for finishing the specimens may all be manufactured from the same kind of paper.

Another way would be to form a regular network with a netting needle, or crochet it with a loose stitch.

One would naturally expect these things to be very frail and easily broken, but there is a marvelous amount of strength in these twisted threads, and even when wet they do not break very readily. The work is worth trying for its very novelty.

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NEW CHRISTMAS STORY.

Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS *take pleasure in announcing that they will soon commence the publication of a new* CHRISTMAS STORY, *entitled*

"GOLDEN GRAIN,"

by B. L. FARJEON, *author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses," "Joshua Marvel," "Griff," and other popular tales.* "GOLDEN GRAIN" *will be profusely and beautifully illustrated.*

As a writer of short stories the author of "Blade-o'-Grass stands without a rival, and our readers have already begun to look for his Christmas Story as one of the most charming attractions of the Winter Holidays. We append the headings of the several chapters of "GOLDEN GRAIN," *as a foretaste of the rare treat in store for its readers.*

I.

THROUGH COUNTRY ROADS TO SOME GREEN, PLEASANT SPOT.

II.

THANK GOD FOR A GOOD BREAKFAST!

III.

THEY LISTENED WITH ALMOST BREATHLESS ATTENTION TO EVERY WORD THAT FELL FROM HER LIPS.

IV.

FOR MERCY'S SAKE, TELL ME! WHOSE VOICE WAS IT I HEARD JUST NOW?

V.

THEY WON'T WANT NO MORE MOTHERS BY-AND-BY, SIR.

VI.

FOR THESE, AND SUCH AS THESE.

VII.

THEY JUDGE THE LIFE OF AN INDIVIDUAL BY MEANS OF AN AGGREGATE.

VIII.

THIS 'ERE FREE AND 'LIGHTENED COUNTRY OF OURN'S CRAMMED FULL O' TEMPLES O' LIBERTY.

IX.

OPEN YOUR EYES, BABY! SPEAK TO ME! LOOK AT MOTHER, MY LIFE!

X.

NO, NO! BORN IN LOVE! IN LOVE!

XI.

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE LIVED ON AN ISLAND.

XII.

IN THE DIM TWILIGHT OF THAT HOLY DAY.

XIII.

HIS SOUL IS IN YOUR HANDS TO SAVE AND PURIFY.

XIV.

IT IS SUNRISE. A GOLDEN MIST IS RISING FROM THE WATERS.

XV.

FAIRHAVEN.

THE END.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1873.

☞ With the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for November 8 was sent out gratuitously a beautifully illustrated

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing a further installment of "PHINEAS REDUX," illustrated, and other literary and pictorial attractions.

Another illustrated EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing a large variety of interesting reading matter, will be sent out gratuitously with the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for November 15.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of a Single-breasted Basquine, with Short Pouf Walking Skirt; and a Double-breasted Plain Basque, with Apron-front and Square-back Over-Skirt and Long Walking Skirt, will be published with our next Number. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 735.

HUSBAND-SEEKING.

DURING a period, more or less long, of every woman's life the possession of a husband forms an essential element of her ideal bliss. Some become wives, and having full opportunity to make the comparison, can judge of the relative merits of the real and the fanciful. Though suspecting that the sober second thought of matrimony does not always reveal the blissful existence presumed by the fond anticipation of maiden hope, yet we are far from wishing to discourage those the fate of whom it may be to test the happiness of connubial life.

By every theoretical socialist, whether a reorganizer of society or constructor of a romance, marriage, or something like it, is deemed an essential element of the perfected plan or successful plot. In the reformed community the sexes are paired with the proverbial harmony of a couple of doves, and in the conventional novel Araminta is sure to find herself in the beloved arms of her proper Augustus at the end of the volume.

Real life, however, is a perpetual contradiction to the theories of the reformer and the fancies of the romancist. Matrimony is by no means the universal fate of woman. There are, and there always will be, as long as society is as now constituted, a great many left to "maiden meditation, fancy-free."

We must recognize the fact that there will remain, after all the giving in marriage, a large number of permanent spinsters—and may they live in perpetual juvenescence of health and feeling! The old maid, in the ordinary scornful sense of that term, is not a necessary product of civilization. The shrunk and angular form, the drawn, parchment-like face, the harsh and plaintive voice, the testy temper, the prudish disposition, the unsocial reserve, the feeble, hysterical condition of the nervous system, and useless life, are not necessary characteristics of the unmarried woman. There are enough examples of health, usefulness, amiability, and even of beauty among spinsters of an advanced age to prove that old maidishness is not an essential consequence of unmarried life. There are not only the many notable single women of the world—the Miss MARTINEAUS, the Lady BURDETT-COUTTSES, the FLORENCE NIGHTINGALES, and so many others—who have illustrated their unmarried lives by a constant activity of virtue and usefulness, but even the most limited private circle can supply its model of maiden excellence. Who does not know the good unmarried aunt, who, after soothing by her constancy of devotion and care the sufferings of the dying wife, and robbing even death of half its terrors by her assurance that the children shall have her protecting care, fulfills her promise so nobly that they feel the loss of a mother only in name? There are, we know, not a few women who may be truly said to be living in single blessedness, and this we mean to be taken in its widest and most earnest sense. There are, however, a great many, unfortunately, who, if they fail to obtain husbands, drag out their remnant of life a weariness to themselves and a scorn to others.

The prevailing practice of regarding matrimony as the chief aim of woman's life is the most common cause of the frequent perversion of the grace and other qualities which naturally belong to the feminine character.

The great defect of female education is the stress laid upon the showy, and the neglect of the useful. The apparent purpose is to render young women outwardly attractive, so that they may readily catch the eye of the prosperous men of our age, who are essentially governed in the choice of wives, as of their furniture and equipage, by their effectiveness for display. The demand is necessarily a limited one, and the supply disproportionately large. At the same time, every woman seems to think her chance of the rich and rare purchaser so sure that she only adapts her wares to his requirements. She thus foolishly narrows her market, and exposes herself to the imminent risk of being left with a stock of useless and fading charms. A more substantial education would not only fit women better for wives, but increase their chances of becoming such. A less wealthy but more numerous class of men, no longer as now startled and turned away by the useless and costly splendors of the belle, would, encouraged by the discreet reserve and prudent qualities of the solidly educated woman, approach boldly and offer themselves. Thus not only would disappointment be more rare, but its consequences less disastrous. The well-educated woman can always fall back upon the abundant resources her own cultivated mind naturally supplies. With her the comparative solitude of maiden life is but increased opportunity for culture, and lengthening years only enlarged experience of its pleasures and benefits. The superficially accomplished woman, on the other hand, who has been merely trained to the trickery of self-decoration, finds with the loss of her chance of catching a husband that her *gewgaw* adornments are useless, and with the sobriety of advanced age, ludicrous. Her life thus becomes objectless, and she a victim of *ennui* and morbid longings, which can neither be stifled nor gratified, and physicians know that these are among the most common causes of woman's mental misery and bodily suffering.

FALL VISITORS.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

THE world is full of wasps. There are four crawling over the window-shade, half a dozen more sunning themselves on the glass, two or three creeping out of the curtain folds. In fact, you can not stir any thing without disturbing a wasp. Out-doors their buzz is incessant. The sunny south angle is alive with their fussing and fuming. Where they lodge no one can find out. This morning, behind a closed south blind, a colony of them was found hanging to the window-sash outside. They were gathered in a close cluster, as if they had clubbed together to keep warm, and perhaps they had, for they seem to be a slow, cold-blooded race. A fly is swift, active, continually busy. He moves as if he had an object in life, as if he had taken out a contract, and were paid by the job; but a wasp crawls around sluggishly, as if he were not going any where in particular, and did not much care whether he got there or not. So he stops midway, and tries to start up his torpid liver by a sun-bath; but midway is far from being the safe way for him. It is just there, reflective and immovable, that the newspaper or the wet towel comes slap down on him like a thousand avalanches; and it is only when the newspaper and wet towel have missed fire, have startled without stunning him, that he shows any agility in walking. With such incentives to exertion, I have seen a wasp in a hurry, tiptoeing frantically along, with wings upstretched, like BLONDIN on his tight rope; but ordinarily he comes as Lady Geraldine went to Mr. Bertram after he had half recovered from his dead faint,

"Ever, ever more the while in a slow silence."

Wasps have the credit or discredit of being an irritable race, stinging on the slightest provocation. That may be, but our wasps are evidently a better-bred species, as they have stung no one yet, though they have had every excuse for doing so. Wet cloths have been slung at them, death has menaced them at the brush end of the broom, scalding water has been the slightest of their provocations, the duster has restricted them to the dust-pan till the burning fiery furnace ingulfed them to a swift and, we trust, an almost painless departure from a terrified world, yet through it all they have never pushed one sting. But as the poor invalid, who was wofully disturbed by the cock crowing, remarked to chanticleer's owner, who affirmed that he never crowed more than half a dozen times of a morning, "You think of what I suffer when he crows; you do not count what I suffer from the feeling that he is going to crow!" as PRESCOTT, the historian, says of the reign of terror in the Netherlands under the Inquisition and PHILIP II., "the amount of suffering from such a persecution is not to be estimated merely by the number of those who have actually suffered death, when the fear of death hung like a naked sword over every man's head;" so the reason why wasps are a nuisance is not the amount of physical pain but mental discomfort that they cause you. As in monetary circles, they create a panic by destroying confidence. So while the busy, friendly flies we poison with sugared water, tenderly, as if we loved them, at the wasps, equally harmless, but with harmful possibilities, we go out as against a foe, with deadly weapons and fierce, relentless hostility.

The gravel-walk before the front-door has been honey-combed with holes, some of which on investigation proved to be three or four inches deep—as deep as the point of your sun-umbrella. A little winged beast, black and vermilion, with two curved sickles on his head, made the holes by vigorous digging. What was the name of the little horned beast, or what he was up to, I do not know, not being sufficiently well-read in natural history; but he spent a good deal of time in the hole, and seemed to be very busy when he was out of it. I watched them several days. Had they been but a single pair, I should have perhaps eclipsed THOREAU for waiting, and PLINY for discovering, but they came in hordes; they seemed determined to monopolize the walk. Every time you stepped out-of-doors the air was alive and angry with a swarm of spiteful, vicious, vermilion little vixens buzzing about your ears. So one sunny morning I sat on the door-step, and as soon as a fiery imp went down into his gallery I poked the gravel on him with my parasol, till every house within reach had caved in. The others somehow got wind of it, and they all went away. If they are an absolutely harmless tribe, I am sorry I did it, but no doubt there are plenty more, and they must learn to colonize on land that has not already been pre-empted.

Resting on a rock by the road-side one afternoon, we noticed a little fellow something like a beetle, but apparently not a beetle, digging away for dear life. He was making a hole, and he worked at it with a very comical energy. His slender little claws—antennæ, or whatever you call them—made the dirt fly, and when the heap was so large as to obstruct the entrance to his gallery, he leveled it with admirable swiftness and skill. Sometimes he went in head first and pawed, and sometimes he went in tail first and shoved. The size of the pebbles which he lugged out was surprising—one you could not get into a number seven thimble—and the persistence with which he tugged and toiled over his load was amazing. When the gallery was apparently finished he flew away. Soon a wriggling was observed in the grass two or three yards off, and there appeared our bonnie bug riding a big brown locust three or four times as long as himself. This locust proved, however, to be dead or very much demoralized. The bug was striding his neck, and dragging him along by main force. When within a foot and a half of the cavern the bug left the locust, ran forward and examined the hole, trotted back and forth several times between the two, evidently taking measurements with his eye, made the excavation a little deeper, dragged up the locust to his grave, tilted him over the edge, and shot him in head-foremost! As he did not at once wholly disappear, the bug leaped in himself, dragged him down, then climbed out, shoveled in the dirt upon him, leaped in after it, and trod it all down snug and close around every part, till, by a laborious process, the hole was completely and compactly filled, the heap of gravel leveled, and no sign left of the burial but a patch of fresh earth. If I could have staid a little longer, I suppose I should have seen him put up a head-stone with an epitaph, but I was obliged to go. It was as interesting a display of skill, persistence, and activity as one often witnesses; and I should very much like to know whether it was a foe that he was burying, or food that he was salting down for winter.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FUR SETS.

THE appearance of lethargy that belongs half the year to furriers' establishments is abandoned with the first cool days, and their costly stock is displayed for inspection. The fashionable set of furs for the coming winter will consist of a boa and muff. The boa is from a yard and a half to two yards long; seal-skin boas are made flat, while those of longer furs, such as fox, marten, and lynx, are round. Fur collars are little worn except by old ladies, invalids, and those who are exposed to long cold drives in the country. Muffs are of medium size, just large enough to hold the hands, and too small to be burdensome or clumsy-looking. To this set those who can afford it add a fur wrap, usually of seal-skin, which is sacque-shaped, and from twenty-five to thirty inches long.

RUSSIAN SABLE.

The most costly and desirable fur is the fine dark brown Russian sable. The supply of these valuable skins is said to grow less yearly. A set, consisting of muff and boa, costs from $1000 to

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$1600; those at $1000 are very soft, dark, and fine. The boa is partly flattened, very lightly stuffed, and finished with two tips on each end. The muff may have tail tips also, or else bows of gros grain ribbon ornamented with soutache or passementerie and fringe. Lighter shades of Russian sable sold in sets cost from $200 to $750.

Desirable furs called sable-tail sets are very handsome in the dark shades, and far less expensive than those just mentioned, costing from $55 to $400. The lowest-priced sets resemble the better qualities of mink. Hudson Bay sable is made up in the way described for Russian sable; a set of this fur worth $350 is luxurious-looking, while those as low as $100 are very deep, rich, and warm. Old ladies are especially fond of this fur; hence it is shown made in collars as well as boas.

FISHER-TAIL SETS.

The fisher-tail sets introduced last season resemble dark sable in appearance, and are now ranked among choice furs. The back of this animal has brown shaded stripes, but the darker tips only are used to make the "tail" sets, which cost from $80 to $200. Such sets will probably be the favorite of the coming winter, as they are elegant, and considered stylish.

FOX FURS.

The fancy for dark long furs has brought fox furs into vogue, and these look especially handsome with the black and dark costumes now worn. Black fox, which is the first choice, is a soft dark fur, considered very dressy. A muff of darkest shades costs from $150 to $300; but boas worth the same amount are far lighter, as rolling the fur in a round boa discloses its light roots. The beautiful silver-fox fur is dark gray with the slightest tips of white. This is greatly in favor with young ladies, and is particularly appropriate for black velvet. The sets of muff and boa cost from $80 to $200. A slight band of this trimming is very stylish on velvet Dolmans or polonaises, and costs from $12 to $15 per yard. The Parisian fancy for arranging this trimming on long velvet polonaises is merely to put it around the neck and down each front, omitting a border around the lower edge of the polonaise. Sets of the less expensive blue fox are very pretty, and cost from $27 to $40. White fox sets, used for evening, cost $17.

SEAL-SKIN.

Seal-skin sacques will be the favorite wrap this winter, as they were last; they are liked because, though sufficiently dressy for most occasions, they are so plain and comfortable-looking that a lady is never overdressed in them. There is no economy in purchasing low-priced seal sacques, as all seal-skins are colored, and the cheaper grades are so badly dyed that the pelt becomes tender from acids used in the dye, and the garment will scarcely endure a season's wear. The new sacques are double-breasted, with a revers coat collar, are slightly shaped to the figure, and are longer than those of last year. They are considered especially elegant when bordered with unplucked otter, Russian sable, silver-fox, fisher-tail, and other rich furs; plucked otter, beaver, and black marten borders are also used. Bordered sacques, with muffs bordered to correspond, cost from $125 to $500. Plain sacques without trimming, but of shapely, stylish fit, and of the average length—from twenty-six to twenty-eight inches—cost from $90 upward. Seal sets of muff and boa are admired for plain dressing and also for ladies in mourning. The boa is long and flat, and costs from $8 to $20; and a muff to correspond is worth from $10 to $20.

BLACK MARTEN AND LYNX.

Among the dark furs that are now preferred black marten is most popularly used, and is most inexpensive, as sets cost from $15 to $24. This fur is also used for trimming plain velvet and cloth wraps, and costs from $2 to $4 a yard. Black lynx is a glossy soft black fur, very pretty to look at, and also very stylish, but is objectionable, as it cracks, and spoils the clothing with which it is worn. The finest colored lynx has brown ground; when entirely black it is almost sure to rub off. The sets of muff and boa are higher than last season, costing from $28 to $30. The black monkey furs, long and lustrous, are much used in England and by Canadians. Astrakhan and black Russian lamb furs are still worn by ladies in mourning, and by conservative women who think more of comfort than novelty. An Astrakhan sacque, muff, and boa can now be purchased for $60; a similar set of Russian lamb costs from $45 to $60. The first choice, however, in these Oriental furs is the smooth silken Persiani or baby-lamb. The three articles in this fur cost from $100 to $150.

MINK, ERMINE, ETC.

Mink has been crowded out of favor by the introduction of the various fancy furs, such as fox, seal, etc., but sets of it are prepared for the many who will still cling to it at various prices, ranging from $20 to $100. Ermine is no longer considered the most dressy fur, and is little used except in Dolmans, for evening cloaks, and in opera sacques. These wraps cost from $250 to $300. The sets once so stylish for visiting and theatre dress now cost only $30 for the best qualities. The pretty white grebe sets have also lost favor, and are reduced to $20 or $25 a set. Fine Arica chinchilla muffs and boas worn with velvet cloaks bordered with chinchilla are very rich and dressy, and will be more used than of late, as they closely resemble silver-fox furs; the boa and muff cost from $50 to $75; the trimmings from $7 to $15 a yard.

To sum up the matter of comfortable furs, setting sable aside as a luxury, the fisher-tail and black fox sets are generally preferred this season for stylish matrons, silver-fox for fashionable young ladies, while for ladies of moderate means, either young or old, the choice lies between seal and black marten.

CHILDREN'S FURS.

Seal furs will be preferred for children this winter. The set consists of a sacque, muff, and boa; the sacques cost from $50 to $75, muffs from $8 to $12, and boas are about the price of muffs. A turban to be worn with these sets costs from $7 to $10. There are also warm and durable sets of the curly gray krimmer and of gray Persiani at much lower prices. White cony sacques, muffs, and turbans are pretty for tiny little girls, and are very reasonable in price. The best and most durable cony fur sacques cost from $7 to $10, muffs are $1 50 only, and the turban is the same price.

SEAL-SKIN HATS.

Seal-skin hats are named in honor of the Marchioness of Lorne. The first called the Lorne is a regular Scotch cap without brim, the crown drooping behind, and finished by a gros grain bow; the tiny head of the seal ornaments the front. These are intended for young misses, school-girls, and children. They cost from $6 to $12. The Marchioness is the name given to a more English-looking hat, with Derby crown and rolled brim. A tuft of game feathers, dark green and scarlet, or else of golden pheasant feathers, ornaments the front. Price from $10 to $16. Instead of the Canadian hat, with wide, upturned band, worn by gentlemen last year, there is a new cap with a flaring brim that may be turned down in front as a visor, while the separate back brim will also afford protection from cold.

WINTER BONNETS.

As velvet bonnets appear on the street, it is evident that the Directoire shape is destined to favor. This is a broad, medium low crown, with upturned coronet, flaring more or less, as fancy dictates, and sloping downward behind. Illustrations of this bonnet are given in the present number. The black velvet Directoire bonnets are especially handsome. The crown and brim are smoothly covered, and a piping of soft silk edges the brim; a puff or twist, partly velvet, partly silk, is under the brim as face trimming; a ruche of ostrich feathers is placed on the coronet; three upright loops of velvet are on the left side of the brim, holding it close to the crown; two demi-plumes spring from the loop over the back, and an ornament of glittering cut steel is put in the loops. Black strings tie the bonnet under the chin, and, unless a single deep crimson rose is added behind, the bonnet is left entirely black. Ladies with blonde hair find these all-black bonnets especially becoming. Other bonnets with the Directoire coronet have soft cap crowns of silk, with the ornaments placed in front over the velvet coronet. This is prettily exemplified in a steel-colored bonnet to be worn with a suit of silk of the same color, trimmed with velvet. This bonnet has also a fluted velvet band turned up behind against the crown, and a single drooping rose. The feather ruches, or ostrich feather bands, as we have called them hitherto, are very stylish trimmings. Very little lace is used this season, and there is a fancy for using fine steel instead of jet on black bonnets. A single steel ornament is tasteful, but a profusion of small steel buckles and fringe in a bonnet is tawdry-looking. Some very elegant French bonnets copy the styles of the First Empire, and have a projecting scoop front, and a brim turned up on the left side. Flowers do not appear on all bonnets, but feathers seem to be considered essential. Felt round hats of fine quality are chosen in the dark shades of the suit with which they are worn, and trimmed with the silk or velvet of the dress garniture. For evening bonnets to wear at the opera or for afternoon receptions very light velvets are used, trimmed with feathers of the same shade and bright roses.

FANCY SILKS.

The handsomest fancy silks displayed this season have watered stripes three inches wide, and are used for trimmings as well as for entire dresses. They show two shades of a color, slate, myrtle, and other dark stylish colors. For evening dresses are alternate stripes of satin and moiré in pale rose, blue, and pearl. Prices range from $3 50 to $5 50 a yard.

For elegant polonaises to be worn over velvet skirts there are striped velvets, alternating inch-wide stripes of gros grain and velvet, or else satin and velvet. These are shown in black, brown, maroon, and other dark colors.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A novelty just introduced is English embroidered cashmere, all eyelet-holes and compasses, the open-work done with silk floss, and to be worn over black silk in tunics, sleeveless jackets, and, indeed, polonaises. It is shown in gray, brown, and black.

Sets of linked balls for collar and cuffs, in black, gray, blue, and red fancy compositions, and also in oxidized silver, cost $1 75.

The newest linen collars, high and flaring behind, with rounded fronts, are made with tiny chemisettes, and sold for 35 cents; fastened by balls and a chain, they cost $1. These are in the best style and well made. With embroidered edges, they cost from $1 25 to $2 50.

It is the fashion abroad for ladies when traveling to wear leather bags slung over the shoulders like a tourist's strap-sachel. Side pockets and pockets behind in redingotes are preferred here. Fanciful pockets made entirely of jet net-work and fringed are worn with black silk dresses.

Little girls wear Normandy caps of black velvet, trimmed with colored ribbons and Valenciennes lace. Later in the season Normandy caps of white cony-skin will be worn with the little fur sacque cloak to match. Larger girls wear felt hats with low crowns and turned-up brims, pointed and dented fancifully, bound with velvet, and ornamented with a wing or cock's plumes, and worn far back on the head above flowing wavy hair or else long braids.

For information received thanks are due, for furs, to C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS; for bonnets, to Madame FERRERO; and for dresses and dress materials, to Mrs. CONNELLY; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY writes to the Cincinnati *Commercial* that JOAQUIN MILLER has been invited by various members of the British aristocracy to visit them at their country mansions without success, and that he even declined to enter into a special arrangement planned by Mr. GLADSTONE to meet the Prince of Wales at dinner at his (the Prime Minister's) house. Mr. GLADSTONE has a great admiration for Mr. MILLER, and invited him to pass some weeks at Hawarden Castle, which was declined. The poet is quite intimate with Lord HOUGHTON, and goes often to Fryeton Hall. It is said there is not a country mansion or castle in England on whose table may not be found just now *Songs of the Sierras* and *Life among the Modocs*. Nothing suits the *blasé* English aristocracy better than dare-deviltry. The more plodding middle class people regard some of Mr. MILLER'S stories as mythical, and even "huge," but the aristocracy are not very critical, and rejoice in a man who has "seen life."

—Baron REUTER is reaping a golden harvest from our panic. Four or five times the usual number of messages have passed through his office, and a vast commercial correspondence has been carried on by wire. For ten days past the receipts of his office were from $15,000 to $25,000 per day.

—The title of the charming little volume of poems, *Sounds from Secret Chambers*, by Miss LAURA C. REDDEN, otherwise known as "Howard Glyndon," just published by J. R. OSGOOD & Co., has a pathetic meaning. Since her childhood Miss REDDEN has had the misfortune to be entirely deaf, and for a long time mute as well, though within the last few years she has learned to use her voice at the Clarke Institute, at Northampton, Massachusetts, and can now bear her share in a conversation with little difficulty, though, of course, her interlocutor must reduce his remarks to writing. It is hard to imagine how one whose ear perforce can not be attuned to music can produce such melodious verses as are found in this collection. Some of them first saw light, by-the-way, in the columns of the *Bazar*.

—When King VICTOR EMANUEL was at Berlin he excited some surprise by not touching a single dish at any of the royal banquets, nor even taking his napkin from his plate. The explanation has been given that the king is extremely frugal, takes but one meal a day, and that consisting of only three dishes, prepared by his own cook, just before his bed-time. Whenever his Majesty departs in the slightest from this extraordinary habit, he is completely overpowered by sleepiness, and is therefore obliged to be particularly careful at a foreign court or on any state occasion. He is also very moderate as regards wine.

—The Rev. Dr. JOSEPH PARKER, of London, one of the PAIXHAN guns at the Evangelical Alliance, sends to Dr. PRIME, of the *Observer*, a card of thanks for hospitalities received. He thinks, however, that our churches have "too much organ blowing and choir singing" to suit his taste.

—The Rev. Dr. JOSEPH T. DURYEA is making an authorized compilation of hymns to be used in the Presbyterian Church in the United States. It will contain one thousand hymns, and will be completed next year.

—Although LANDSEER was especially petted by the royal family of England, and by Prince ALBERT in particular, yet the latter is said to have been neither a genial companion nor generous patron, and with artists he was seen at his worst. In paying for works of art, he was not merely shabby, but penurious, and artists resented not so much the loss of the money which they would have obtained elsewhere as the insulting estimate of the value of their works. Several of the artists who painted pictures for the summer-house at Buckingham Palace returned the checks he sent to them. JOHN PHILIP, when at Osborne painting the "Marriage of the Princess Royal," found that he was expected to take his meals either in his painting-room or with the steward, and preferred to adjourn to a public-house near at hand, declaring that he would never accept another commission. Even if the Prince had been a more genial person, it was scarcely possible that LANDSEER and he should pull well together; and so it happened that after a time the painter's visits to court became less frequent, and then little more than formal. He felt the difference, and it wounded him terribly. There is a paragraph in the *Court Circular*, written by the Queen herself, in which she speaks of her high personal regard for LANDSEER, and her grief for his death.

—The Rev. Dr. IRENÆUS PRIME, who, as secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, did most of its detail work, says to those who have complained about its arrangements, that "if pained by any failure in the management to meet their wishes, they must forget their disappointment and vexation in the grandeur of the result."

—Mr. BRAND, Speaker of the House of Commons, is a relation of ours—that is to say, in a federal sort of way. Two years ago his nephew, Colonel LEOPOLD SEYMOUR, married Miss STURGIS, a daughter of Mr. RUSSELL STURGIS, the American partner of the BARINGS; and a son of Mr. STURGIS has more recently married a daughter of Mr. BRAND. The Speaker is heir-presumptive to his brother's barony of Dacre—one of those ancient titles which, devolving on female in default of male heirs, has passed, since its creation in the thirteenth century, through a number of families. The wife of Mr. Speaker is a lady of rare accomplishments and grace, and admirably fitted to be the helpmeet of a man in high position.

—Lord COWPER in a recent speech took occasion to observe of the members of the House of Lords, that "most of them are bores, and the remainder fools." CARLYLE once opened one of his lectures with a remark to the same effect: "Gentlemen and ladies, England is a country containing a population of twenty millions of people, mostly bores."

—Miss AGNES ETHEL was married a few days since to Mr. FRANCIS W. TRACY, of Buffalo. Mr. TRACY'S father, the late ALBERT H. TRACY, was one of the ablest men of his time. He was elected to Congress from the district comprising nearly all that portion of New York west of Geneva before he was of the requisite legal age, but attained that necessity before taking his seat in 1819. He was twice re-elected. Subsequently he served four years in the Senate of New York, and was one of the ablest men in that body, embracing at that time men of the highest eminence in the State. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS offered him a seat in the cabinet, which he declined. Mr. RALPH WALDO EMERSON regarded Mr. ALBERT H. TRACY as a man of the most remarkable conversational powers he had ever known.

—Mr. H. M. STANLEY, the gentleman who on behalf of the New York *Herald* did that enterprising journal the honor to discover Dr. LIVINGSTONE, has just sailed from Liverpool for the west coast of Africa as a correspondent for the London *Times*. He took with him a steam-launch.

—M. GOUNOD, whose *Faust* and other musications are the delight of modern times, is described as a not particularly intelligent, middle-aged man, with spectacles, blonde hair, and side whiskers.

—Miss CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, in reply to Colonel FORNEY'S remark—"You are now alone in your great art; your fame has no competitor; where shall we find an equal to succeed you?"—said, "No, my good friend, nobody is indispensable. Madame JANAUSCHEK is my equal, and besides, she is younger, and so handsome!" It may be added, that Madame JANAUSCHEK is one of the richest women in her profession, and very generous with her money.

—It is not often that husband and wife are poets. But the Bishop of Derry and Mrs. ALEXANDER are exceptions, and they have contributed some exquisite verses, on the late Bishop of Winchester's death, to a new book of religious poetry, edited by Canon BAYNES, soon to be published.

—Gentlemen visiting Galesburg, Illinois, who require the services of a barber, can readily find in his "parlor, in the Opera-house block, Mr. A. A. FOLLOCK, Professor of Crinicultural Abscission and Craniological Tripsis," as he simply and tersely states it.

—Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY expresses the opinion that Archbishop MANNING is at the present moment the most prominent figure in the Roman Catholic Church in Europe.

—The proprietors of the Metropolitan Hotel in this city, Messrs. BRESLIN, PURSELL, & Co., were very prompt in coming to the aid of the sufferers from yellow fever in Memphis, having telegraphed to the Mayor to draw on them for $500. There are many men of Memphis who have experienced, at the Metropolitan, the truth of SHENSTONE'S verse:

> "Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
> Where'er his footsteps may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> His warmest welcome at an inn."

—Some two years ago an English nobleman visited the Free Library in Boston, and fell in love with the young lady in charge of its business department. He showed her his letters of introduction, and "popped." Before she answered she insisted upon taking him to her parents, poor but intelligent people, living in the country. They and he were satisfied; but the young lady said he should return to England, and if his parents consented, she would be his wife. In a couple of months he returned, in company with his sister, and they were married. Colonel FORNEY vouches for this on the authority of a good Philadelphian, formerly from New England.

—Sir SAMUEL and Lady BAKER have arrived in London, after their long and perilous wanderings in Africa. Great commercial results are anticipated from the projected railway to Khartoom, said to be the finest coffee-growing district in the world. Sir SAMUEL and Lady BAKER are greatly amused at the reputation which the latter has obtained for Amazonian qualities. The simple fact is, she braved danger and difficulty, just as Lady HARRIET AUCKLAND did during our Revolutionary war, in order to be with her husband in moments of trial, and to attend to him should he be struck down with illness.

—Mr. C. J. CLINCH, United States Consul at Bordeaux, is about to resign his position, to take the place of the late Mr. WARDEN in the Paris house of A. T. STEWART & Co. Mr. CLINCH is a relative of Mr. STEWART.

—The Rev. Dr. THATCHER THAYER, of Newport, Rhode Island, has been made happy by his congregation, who in accepting his resignation presented him with $16,000, and granted him a pension of $1000 a year during his life.

—Dr. WALTER BRISCOE, an American, for many years a resident of Paris, died recently in that city at the age of eighty, leaving a fortune of half a million. He was a witty, jocular man, and any time these twenty years might be seen between two and six P.M. sipping his claret in front of the Café Riche. Of him it might be said, as the old ballad said of Sir John:

> "His 'and was free, his means was easy;
> A finer, nobler gent than he
> Ne'er drove about the Shons-Eleesy,
> Or paced the Roo de Rivolee."

—Incidents quite unprecedented in the ritual way occurred at the closing hours of the Evangelical Alliance. At Dr. JOHN HALL'S Scotch Presbyterian church the communion service was administered by Episcopal Bishop CUMMINS, of Kentucky, assisted by Dr. ARNOT, of Edinburgh, and Dr. DORNER, of Berlin. The bishop remarked that in all his ministry he had never before communed with his Presbyterian brethren, but that this should not be the last time. At Dr. BOOTH'S Presbyterian church Rev. Dr. FREEMANTLE, of the Church of England, assisted the pastor in the administration of the communion. Both churches were crowded. These circumstances, taken in connection with the letter of the late Missionary Bishop of Zanzibar to the "Lord Bishop" of New York, in which he takes the Dean of Canterbury to task for his participation in Presbyterian communion during the Conference, indicates that something is about to happen, and that there is to be no end of worriting among those who are opposed to E. A's.

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Crochet Night Net for Girl from 10 to 12 Years old.

THIS crochet net is closed by a ribbon run through the stitches of one of the outer rounds. Begin from the middle with twisted crochet cotton, No. 40, as follows: 1st round.—Seven times alternately 7 ch. (chain stitch), 1 sc. (single crochet) on the first of these; finally, 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the first ch. of this round. 2d round.—4 sl. on the next 4 st. (stitch) of the preceding round, * 7 ch., 4 dc. (double crochet) on the first 4 of these 7 ch., working off the upper veins, however, not separately but together, drawing the thread through once, 1 sc. on the middle of the next 7 ch.

NIGHT-SHIRT FOR BOY FROM 14 TO 16 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 57–63.

NIGHT-DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 14 TO 16 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 19ª, 19ᵇ–24.

the beginning of this round work 1 sl. more. 13th round.—Like the 7th round. 14th, 15th, and 16th rounds.—Like the 4th, 5th, and 6th rounds. 17th–23d rounds.—Like the 11th round. 24th round.—Like the 7th round. This completes the crown of the net. Border the net with a round of holes between two rounds of sc., and with an edging as follows: 1st round.—1 sc. on each st. of the preceding round. 2d round.—4 ch., which count as first stc. (short treble crochet), 2 stc. on the next 2 st., then always alternately 3 ch., pass over 3 st. of the preceding round, 3 stc. on the next 3 st.; finally, 3 ch., 1 sl. on the fourth of the 4 ch. counting as first stc. in this round. 3d round.—1 sc. on each st. in the preceding round. 4th round.—3 ch.,

DRAWERS FOR GIRL FROM 14 TO 16 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

DRAWERS FOR GIRL FROM 14 TO 16 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 17 and 18.

CROCHET NIGHT NET FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

NIGHT-CAP FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 68 and 69.

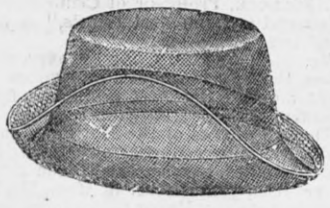


Fig. 1.—BONNET FRAME.

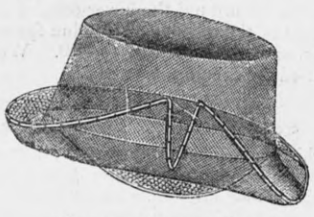


Fig. 2.—BONNET FRAME.

NIGHT SACQUE FOR GIRL FROM 14 TO 16 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 43–47.

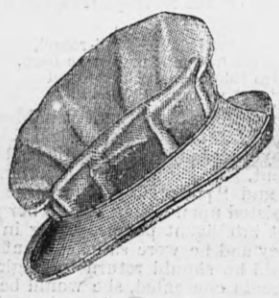


Fig. 5.—BONNET FRAME.

Fig. 3.—BONNET FRAME.

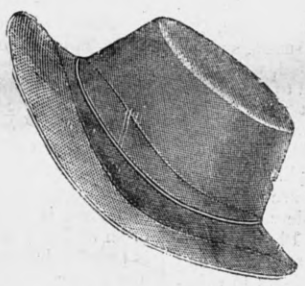


Fig. 4.—BONNET FRAME.

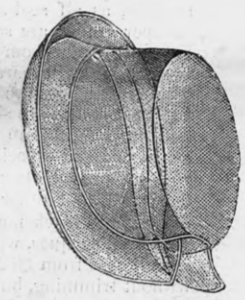


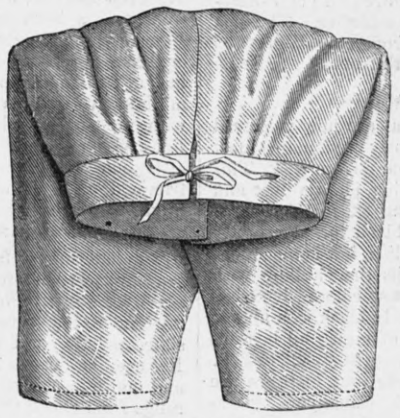
Fig. 6.—BONNET FRAME.

of the preceding round; repeat six times from *. 3d round.—3 sl. on the next 3 st. of the preceding round, then always alternately 1 sc. on the extremity of the next point, 9 ch.; finally, 1 sl. on the first sc. of this round. 4th round.—* 3 ch., which count as first dc., 1 dc. on the next sc. (here the first sc.) of the preceding round, 3 ch., 2 dc. on the same sc. on which already 1 dc. was worked, 9 ch.; repeat from *, but in the repetition, of course, 1 dc. is worked instead of the first 3 ch.; this will not be referred to again in the following rounds. Finally, work 1 sl. on the third of the 3 ch. counting as first dc. 5th round.—2 sl. on

DRAWERS FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 53 and 54.

the next 2 st. in the preceding round, * 3 ch., which count as first dc., 2 dc. on the next 3 ch. of the preceding round, 3 ch., 3 dc. on the same 3 ch. on which dc. have already been worked, 5 ch., 1 sc. on the next 2 ch. scallops of the 3d and 4th rounds above each other, 10 ch., 1 sc. on the same ch. scallops of the 3d and 4th rounds, so that the last 10 ch. form a loop, 5 ch.; repeat from *; finally, 1 sl. on the third of the 3 ch. counting as first dc. in this round. 6th round.—3 sl. on the next 3 st. of the preceding round, * 3 ch., which count as first dc., 3 dc on the next 3 ch. of the preceding round, 5 ch., 4 dc. on the same 3 ch. on which dc. have already been worked, 5 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch. loop, 10 ch., 1 sc. on the same ch. loop, 5 ch.; repeat from *; finally, 1 sl. on the third of the 3 ch. counting as first dc. in this round. 7th round.—5 sl. on the next 5

SHIRT FOR BOY FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 25–31.



UNDER-DRAWERS FOR BOY FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 55 and 56.

which count as first dc., then always alternately 1 ch., 1 dc. on the second following st. in the preceding round; finally, 1 ch., 1 sl. on the third of the 3 ch. counting as first dc. 5th round.—4 ch., the first 3 of which count as first dc., twice alternately 1 dc. on the second following st. of the preceding round, 1 ch., then 1 dc. on the second following st., * 10 ch., pass over 5 st. of the preceding round, 1 dc. on the following st., three times alternately 1 ch., 1 dc. on the second following st.; repeat from *; finally, 10 ch., 1 sl. on the third of the 3 ch. counting as first dc. in this round. 6th round.—2 sl. on the next 2 st. of the preceding round, 4 ch., the first 3 of which count as first dc., 1 dc. on

CHEMISE FOR GIRL FROM 13 TO 15 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 66 and 67.

st. in the preceding round, then always alternately 1 sc. on the middle of the next 5 ch. worked always between 4 dc. in the preceding round, 10 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch. loop, 10 ch.; finally, 1 sl. on the first sc. of this round. 8th, 9th, and 10th rounds.—Like the 4th, 5th, and 6th rounds. 11th round.—4 sl. on the next 4 st. of the preceding round, * 3 ch., which count as first dc., 4 dc. on the next 5 ch., 5 ch., 5 dc. on the same 5 ch. on which dc. have already been worked, 5 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch. loop, 10 ch., 1 sc. on the same ch. loop on which the last sc. was worked, 5 ch.; repeat from *; finally, 1 sl. on the third of the 3 ch. counting as first dc. in this round. 12th round.—Like the 11th round, but in

CHEMISE FOR GIRL FROM 14 TO 16 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 64 and 65.

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the second following st., * on the next ch. scallop work three times alternately 3 dc., 1 p. (picot, consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these), then 3 dc. on the same ch. scallop, 1 dc. on the second of the next 4 dc. separated always by 1 ch. in the preceding round, 1 ch., 1 dc. on the second following st.; repeat from *; finally, work three times alternately 3 dc. on the last ch. scallop, 1 p., then 3 dc. on the same ch. scallop, and 1 sl. on the third of the 3 ch. counting as first dc. in this round. Run linen tape through the round of holes.

Winter Hats and Bonnets, with Frames, Figs. 1-9; and Figs. 1-6, Page 724.

Figs. 1–6, page 724, show various fashionable frames for winter hats and bonnets.

Fig. 1.—BLACK VELVET RUBENS BONNET. The revers of this bonnet is trimmed with a binding and rolls of pink gros grain and with black lace. The bonnet is trimmed, besides, with loops and ends of black watered ribbon and pink gros grain ribbon, and with a spray of wild roses and blackberries. Strings of watered ribbon.

Fig. 1.—BLACK VELVET RUBENS BONNET.

Fig. 2.—DARK OLIVE GREEN FAILLE CHÂTELAINE BONNET. The revers of this bonnet is bound with light olive green faille. The trimming consists of loops and ends of light and dark material, black lace, and flowers. Tulle and lace strings.

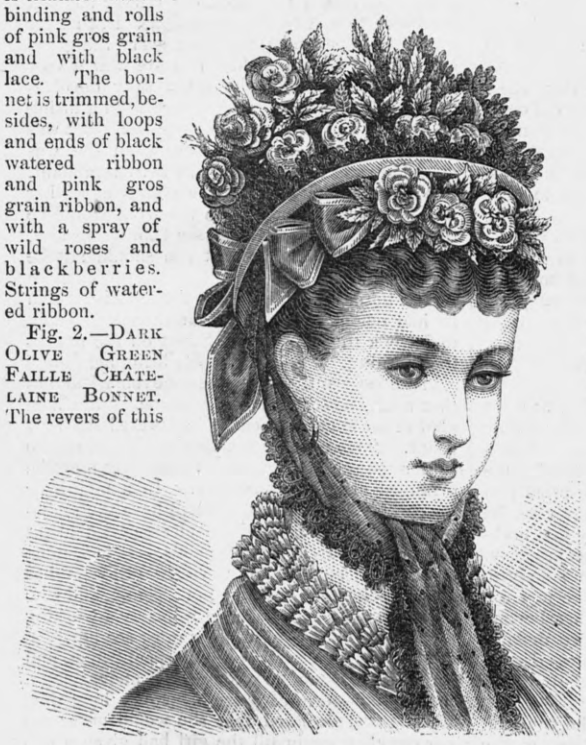

Fig. 2.—DARK OLIVE GREEN FAILLE CHÂTELAINE BONNET.

Fig. 3.—BLACK TULLE DIRECTOIRE BONNET. This bonnet is trimmed with pale blue gros grain, light and dark blue ostrich feathers, and sprays of roses. Black tulle and lace strings.

Fig. 4.—DARK BLUE VELVET MARIE ANTOINETTE HAT. The rim, which is turned up on the sides, is bound with light blue gros grain. The trimming consists of white lace, loops and ends of velvet bound with gros grain, a light blue ostrich feather, and a bead flower.

Fig. 5.—BROWN FAILLE RABAGAS BONNET. The rim is bound with velvet of the same color. The bonnet is trimmed, besides, with loops and ends of faille and velvet, with lace, a pale pink feather, and a spray of flowers. Tulle and lace strings.

Fig. 5.—BROWN FAILLE RABAGAS BONNET.

Fig. 6.—GRAY FAILLE SPANISH GYPSY BONNET. This bonnet is trimmed with ruches, loops and ends of gray faille, a heron feather, a black tulle scarf, and lace. Strings of gray gros grain ribbon.

Fig. 4.—DARK BLUE VELVET MARIE ANTOINETTE HAT.

Fig. 7.—OLIVE GREEN VELVET ROUND HAT.—The rim of this hat is turned up on one side, and trimmed with a binding and rolls of faille of the same color. The hat is trimmed, besides, with scarfs of tulle, with lace, and with loops and ends of gros grain ribbon. On the right side of the hat is a bunch of roses, ostrich feathers, and a bead aigrette.

Fig. 7.—OLIVE GREEN VELVET ROUND HAT.

Fig. 8.—VIOLET VELVET RABAGAS BONNET. The rim of this bonnet of violet velvet is bound with gros grain of the same color. The trimming consists of loops and ends of violet gros grain ribbon, an ostrich feather, and flowers. Strings of gros grain ribbon.

Fig. 8.—VIOLET VELVET RABAGAS BONNET.

Fig. 9.—BROWN VELVET DIRECTOIRE BONNET.—This bonnet is trimmed with loops and ends of the material, gros grain binding, ostrich feathers, and a spray of flowers.

Fig. 9.—BROWN VELVET DIRECTOIRE BONNET.

AN ANECDOTE OF RACHEL.

WHEN the brilliant dramatic talent that dazzled France during the first part of the nineteenth century began to be on the wane, and play-goers began to fear that all the thrones would be vacant, a curious scene used to occur nightly in summer-time in the Champs Élysées. Before the seated public, beneath the trees, an oldish woman used to appear, with a slip of carpet on her arm, a fiddle beneath it, and a tin cup hanging on her finger. She was closely followed by a slim, pale, dark, but fiery-eyed girl, whose thoughts seemed to be with some world far away. When the woman had spread the carpet, had placed the cup at one corner, and had scraped a few hideous notes on the fiddle, the pale dark-eyed girl advanced on the carpet and recited passages from Racine and Corneille. With her beautiful head raised, with slight, rare, but most graceful action, with voice and emphasis in exact accord with her words, that pale-faced, inspired girl enraptured her out-of-door audience. After a time she was seen no more, and it was concluded that her own inward fire had utterly consumed her, and she was forgotten. By-and-by there descended on the deserted temple of tragedy a new queen—

Fig. 3.—BLACK TULLE DIRECTOIRE BONNET.

nay, a goddess—bearing the name of Rachel. As the subdued and charmed public gazed and listened, and sent up their incense of praise and their shout of adulation, memories of the pale-faced girl who used to recite beneath the stars in the Champs Élysées came upon them. Some, however, could see no resemblance. Others denied the possibility of identity between the abject servant of the muse in the open air, and the glorious, though pale-faced, fiery-eyed queen of tragedy, occupying a throne which none could dispute with her. When half her brief, splendid, extravagant, and not blameless reign was over, Mlle. Rachel gave a "housewarming" on the occasion of opening her new and gorgeously furnished mansion in the Rue Troncin. During the evening the hostess disappeared, and the *maître d'hôtel* requested the crowded company in the great saloon so to arrange themselves as to leave space enough for Mlle. Rachel to appear at the upper end of the room, as she was about to favor the company with the recital of some passages from Racine and Corneille. Thereupon entered an old woman with strip of carpet, fiddle, and tin cup, followed by Mlle. Rachel in the shabbiest of frocks, pale, thoughtful, inspired, and with a sad smile that was not altogether out of tune with her pale meditations; and then, the carpet being spread, the fiddle scraped, and the cup deposited, Rachel trod the carpet as if it were the stage, and recited two or three passages from the masterpieces of the French masters in dramatic poetry, and moved her audience according to her will, in sympathy and delight. When the hurricane of applause had passed, and while a murmuring of enjoyment seemed as its softer echo, Rachel stooped, picked up the old tin cup, and going round with it to collect gratuities, said, "Anciennement, c'était pour maman; à présent, c'est pour les pauvres."

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THE OLD SORROW.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

THE old deep grief, forever new;
The old sad requiem, soft yet wild:
Heaven sheds her tenderest tears in dew
Above her fair but faded child.

Our child but yesterday: ah! now
The angels claim her chastened grace;
Their kiss of kinship on her brow,
Their solemn radiance on her face.

Who deems that such as she is lost?
Gone is she, but just gone before;
And o'er earth's foulness and its frost
She beckons to the sapphire door:

The door she softly holds ajar,
That we heaven's inmost heart may see,
And catch beyond the farthest star
Some gleam of immortality.

(Continued from No. 44, page 695.)

LADY ANNA.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "The Warden," "The Small House at Allington," "Barchester Towers," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," "Orley Farm," "The Eustace Diamonds," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE VERDICT.

ON the Wednesday the court reassembled in all its judicial glory. There was the same crowd, the same Lord Chief Justice, the same jury, and the same array of friendly lawyers. There had been a rumor that a third retinue of lawyers would appear on behalf of what was now generally called the Italian interest, and certain words which had fallen from the Solicitor-General on Monday had assured the world at large that the Italian interest would be represented. It was known that the Italian case had been confided to a firm of enterprising solicitors, named Mowbray and Mopus, perhaps more feared than respected, which was supposed to do a great amount of speculative business. But no one from the house of Messrs. Mowbray and Mopus was in court on the Wednesday morning; and no energetic barrister was ever enriched by a fee from them on behalf of the Italian widow. The speculation had been found to be too deep, the expenditure which would be required in advance too great, and the prospect of remuneration too remote even for Mowbray and Mopus. It appeared afterward that application had been made by those gentlemen for an assurance that expenses incurred on behalf of the Italian Countess should be paid out of the estate; but this had been refused. No guarantee to this effect could be given, at any rate till it should be seen whether the Italian lady had any show of justice on her side. It was now the general belief that if there was any truth at all in the Italian claim, it rested on the survivorship, at the time of the Cumberland marriage, of a wife who had long since died. As the proof of this would have given no penny to any one in Italy—would simply have shown that the Earl was the heir—Messrs. Mowbray and Mopus retired, and there was an end, forever and a day, of the Italian interest.

Though there was the same throng in the court as on the Monday, there did not seem to be the same hubbub on the opening of the day's proceedings. The barristers were less busy with their papers, the attorneys sat quite at their ease, and the Chief Justice, with an assistant judge, who was his bench-fellow, appeared for some minutes to be quite passive. Then the Solicitor-General arose and said that, with permission, he would occupy the court for only a few minutes. He had stated on Monday his belief that an application would be made to the court on behalf of other interests than those which had been represented when the court first met. It appeared that he had been wrong in that surmise. Of course he had no knowledge on the subject, but it did not appear that any learned gentleman was prepared to address the court for any third party. As he, on behalf of his client, had receded from the case, his lordship would probably say what, in his lordship's opinion, should now be the proceeding of the court. The Earl Lovel abandoned his plea, and perhaps the court would, in those circumstances, decide that its jurisdiction in the matter was over. Then the Lord Chief Justice, with his assistant judge, retired for a while, and all the assembled crowd appeared to be at liberty to discuss the matter just as every body pleased.

It was undoubtedly the opinion of the bar at large, and at that moment of the world in general, that the Solicitor-General had done badly for his client. The sum of money which was at stake was, they said, too large to be played with. As the advocate of the Earl, Sir William ought to have kept himself aloof from the Countess and her daughter. In lieu of regarding his client, he had taken upon himself to set things right in general, according to his idea of right. No doubt he was a clever man, and knew how to address a jury, but he was always thinking of himself, and bolstering up something of his own, instead of thinking of his case and bolstering up his client. And this conception of his character in general, and of his practice in this particular, became the stronger, as it was gradually believed that the living Italian Countess was certainly an impostor. There would have been little good in fighting against the English Countess on her behalf; but if they could only have proved that the other Italian woman, who was now dead, had been the real Countess when the Cumberland marriage was made, then what a grand thing it would have been for the Lovel family! Of those who held this opinion, the rector of Yoxham was the strongest, and the most envenomed against the Solicitor-General. During the whole of that Tuesday he went about declaring that the interests of the Lovel family had been sacrificed by their own counsel, and late in the afternoon he managed to get hold of Mr. Hardy. Could nothing be done? Mr. Hardy was of opinion that nothing could be done now; but in the course of the evening he did, at the rector's instance, manage to see Sir William, and to ask the question. "Could nothing be done?"

"Nothing more than we propose to do."

"Then the case is over," said Mr. Hardy. "I am assured that no one will stir on behalf of that Italian lady."

"If any one did stir, it would only be loss of time and money. My dear Hardy, I understand as well as any one what people are saying, and I know what must be the feeling of many of the Lovels. But I can only do my duty by my client to the best of my judgment. In the first place, you must remember that he has himself acknowledged the Countess."

"By our advice," said Mr. Hardy.

"You mean by mine. Exactly so—but with such conviction on his own part that he positively refuses to be a party to any suit which shall be based on the assumption that she is not Countess Lovel. Let an advocate be ever so obdurate, he can hardly carry on a case in opposition to his client's instructions. We are acting for Lord Lovel, and not for the Lovel family. And I feel assured of this, that were we to attempt to set up the plea that that other woman was alive when the marriage took place in Cumberland, you yourself would be ashamed of the evidence which it would become your duty to endeavor to foist upon the jury. We should certainly be beaten, and, in the ultimate settlement of the property, we should have to do with enemies instead of friends. The man was tried for bigamy and acquitted. Would any jury get over that, unless you had evidence to offer to them that was plain as a pikestaff, and absolutely incontrovertible?"

"Do you still think the girl will marry the Earl?"

"No; I do not. She seems to have a will of her own, and that will is bent the other way. But I do think that a settlement may be made of the property which shall be very much in the Earl's favor."

When on the following morning the Solicitor-General made his second speech, which did not occupy above a quarter of an hour, it became manifest that he did not intend to alter his course of proceedings, and while the judges were absent it was said by every body in the court that the Countess and Lady Anna had gained their suit.

"I consider it to be a most disgraceful course of proceeding on the part of Sir William Patterson," said the rector to a middle-aged legal functionary, who was managing clerk to Norton and Flick.

"We all think, Sir, that there was more fight in it," said the legal functionary.

"There was plenty of fight in it. I don't believe that any jury in England would willingly have taken such an amount of property from the head of the Lovel family. For the last twenty years—ever since I first heard of the pretended English marriage—every body has known that she was no more a countess than I am. I can't understand it; upon my word I can't. I have not had much to do with law, but I've always been brought up to think that an English barrister would be true to his client. I believe a case can be tried again if it can be shown that the lawyers have mismanaged it." The unfortunate rector, when he made this suggestion, no doubt forgot that the client in this case was in full agreement with the wicked advocate.

The judges were absent for about half an hour, and on their return the Chief Justice declared that his learned brother—the Sergeant, namely—had better proceed with the case on behalf of his clients. He went on to explain that as the right to the property in dispute, and indeed the immediate possession of that property, would be ruled by the decision of the jury, it was imperative that they should hear what the learned counsel for the so-called Countess and her daughter had to say, and what evidence they had to offer, as to the validity of her marriage. It was not to be supposed that he intended to throw any doubt on that marriage, but such would be the safer course. No doubt, in the ordinary course of succession, a widow and a daughter would inherit and divide among them in certain fixed proportions the personal property of a deceased but intestate husband and father, without the intervention of any jury to declare their rights. But in this case suspicion had been thrown and adverse statements had been made; and as his learned brother was, as a matter of course, provided with evidence to prove that which the plaintiff had come into the court with the professed intention of disproving, the case had better go on. Then he wrapped his robes around him and threw himself back in the attitude of a listener. Sergeant Bluestone, already on his legs, declared himself prepared and willing to proceed. No doubt the course as now directed was the proper course to be pursued. The Solicitor-General, rising gracefully and bowing to the court, gave his consent with complaisant patronage. "Your lordship, no doubt, is right." His words were whispered, and very probably not heard; but the smile, as coming from a Solicitor-General—from such a Solicitor-General as Sir William Patterson—was sufficient to put any judge at his ease.

Then Sergeant Bluestone made his statement, and the case was proceeded with after the fashion of such trials. It will not concern us to follow the further proceedings of the court with any close attention. The Solicitor-General went away, to some other business, and much of the interest seemed to drop. The marriage in Cumberland was proved; the trial for bigamy, with the acquittal of the Earl, was proved; the two opposed statements of the Earl, as to the death of his first wife, and afterward as to the fact that she was living, were proved. Sergeant Bluestone and Mr. Mainsail were very busy for two days, having every thing before them. Mr. Hardy, on behalf of the young lord, kept his seat, but he said not a word, not even asking a question of one of Sergeant Bluestone's witnesses. Twice the foreman of the jury interposed, expressing an opinion, on behalf of himself and his brethren, that the case need not be proceeded with further; but the judge ruled that it was for the interest of the Countess—he ceased to style her the so-called Countess—that her advocates should be allowed to complete their case. In the afternoon of the second day they did complete it, with great triumph and a fine flourish of forensic oratory as to the cruel persecution which their client had endured. The Solicitor-General came back into court in time to hear the judge's charge, which was very short. The jury were told that they had no alternative but to find a verdict for the defendants. It was explained to them that this was a plea to show that a certain marriage which had taken place in Cumberland in 181– was no real or valid marriage. Not only was that plea withdrawn, but evidence had been adduced proving that that marriage was valid. Such a marriage was, as a matter of course, *prima facie* valid, let what statements might be made to the contrary by those concerned or not concerned. In such case the burden of proof would rest entirely with the makers of such statement. No such proof had been here attempted, and the marriage must be declared a valid marriage. The jury had nothing to do with the disposition of the property, and it would be sufficient for them simply to find a verdict for the defendants. The jury did as they were bid, but, going somewhat beyond this, declared that they found the two defendants to be properly named the Countess Lovel, and Lady Anna Lovel. So ended the case of "Lovel *v.* Murray and Another."

The Countess, who had been in the court all day, was taken home to Keppel Street by the Sergeant in a glass-coach that had been hired to be in waiting for her. "And now, Lady Lovel," said Sergeant Bluestone, as he took his seat opposite to her, "I can congratulate your ladyship on the full restitution of your rights." She only shook her head. "The battle has been fought and won at last, and I will make free to say that I have never seen more admirable persistency than you have shown since first that bad man astounded your ears by his iniquity."

"It has been all to no purpose," she said.

"To no purpose, Lady Lovel! I may as well tell you now that it is expected that his Majesty will send to congratulate you on the restitution of your rights."

Again she shook her head. "Ah, Sergeant Bluestone; that will be but of little service."

"No further objection can now be made to the surrender of the whole property. There are some mining shares as to which there may be a question whether they are real or personal, but they amount to but little. A third of the remainder, which will, I imagine, exceed—"

"If it were ten times as much, Sergeant Bluestone, there would be no comfort in it. If it were ten times that, it would not at all help to heal my sorrow. I have sometimes thought that when one is marked for trouble, no ease can come."

"I don't think more of money than another man—" began the Sergeant.

"You do not understand."

"Nor yet of titles, though I feel for them, when they are worthily worn, the highest respect." As he so spoke the Sergeant lifted his hat from his brow. "But, upon my word, to have won such a case as this justifies triumph."

"I have won nothing—nothing—nothing!"

"You mean about Lady Anna?"

"Sergeant Bluestone, when first I was told that I was not that man's wife, I swore to myself that I would die sooner than accept any lower name; but when I found that I was a mother, then I swore that I would live till my child should bear the name that of right belonged to her."

"She does bear it now."

"What name does she propose to bear? I would sooner be poor, in beggary, still fighting, even without means to fight, for an empty title, still suffering, still conscious that all around me regarded me as an impostor, than conquer only to know that she, for whom all this has been done, has degraded her name and my own. If she does this thing, or if she has a mind so low, a spirit so mean, as to think of doing it, would it not be better for all the world that she should be the bastard child of a rich man's kept mistress than the acknowledged daughter of an earl, with a countess for her mother, and a princely fortune to support her rank? If she marries this man, I shall heartily wish that Lord Lovel had won the case. I care nothing for myself now. I have lost all that. The king's message will comfort me not at all. If she do this thing I shall only feel the evil we have done in taking the money from the Earl. I would sooner see her dead at my feet than know that she was that man's wife; ay, though I had stabbed her with my own hand!"

The Sergeant for the nonce could say nothing more to her. She had worked herself into such a passion that she would listen to no words but her own, and think of nothing but the wrong that was still being done to her. He put her down at the hall door in Keppel Street, saying, as he lifted his hat again, that Mrs. Bluestone should come and call upon her.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WILL YOU PROMISE?

THE news of the verdict was communicated the same evening to Lady Anna—as to whose name there could now no longer be any dispute. "I congratulate you, Lady Anna," said the Sergeant, holding her hand, "that every thing, as far as this trial is concerned, has gone just as we could wish."

"We owe it all to you," said the girl.

"Not at all. My work has been very easy. In fact, I have some feeling of regret that I have not been placed in a position that would enable me to earn my wages. The case was too good—so that a poor aspiring lawyer has not been able to add to his reputation. But as far as you are concerned, my dear, every thing has gone as you should wish. You are now a very wealthy heiress, and the great duty devolves upon you of disposing of your wealth in a fitting manner." Lady Anna understood well what was meant, and was silent. Even when she was alone, her success did not make her triumphant. She could anticipate that the efforts of all her friends to make her false to her word would be redoubled. Unless she could see Daniel Thwaite, it would be impossible that she should not be conquered.

The Sergeant told his wife the promise which he had made on her behalf, and she, of course, undertook to go to Keppel Street on the following morning. "You had better bring her here," said the Sergeant. Mrs. Bluestone remarked that that might be sooner said than done. "She'll be glad of an excuse to come," answered the Sergeant. "On such an occasion as this, of course they must see each other. Something must be arranged about the property. In a month or two, when she is of age, she will have the undisputed right to do what she pleases with about three hundred thousand pounds. It is a most remarkable position for a young girl who has never yet had the command of a penny, and who professes that she is engaged to marry a working tailor. Of course her mother must see her."

Mrs. Bluestone did call in Keppel Street, and sat with the Countess a long time, undergoing a perfect hail-storm of passion. For a long time Lady Lovel declared that she would never see her daughter again till the girl had given a solemn promise that she would not marry Daniel Thwaite. "Love her! Of course I love her. She is all that I have in the world. But of what good is my love to me, if she disgraces me? She has disgraced me already. When she could bring herself to tell her cousin that she was engaged to this man, we were already disgraced. When she once allowed the man to speak to her in that strain, without withering him with her scorn, she disgraced us both. For what have I done it all, if this is to be the end of it?" But at last she assented, and promised that she would come. No—it would not be necessary to send a carriage for her. The habits of her own life need not be at all altered because she was now a countess beyond dispute, and also wealthy. She would be content to live as she had ever lived. It had gone on too long for her to desire personal comfort—luxury for herself, or even social rank. The only pleasure that she had anticipated, the only triumph that she desired, was to be found in the splendor of her child. She would walk to Bedford Square, and then walk back to her lodgings in Keppel Street. She wanted no carriage.

Early on the following day there was heard the knock at the door which Lady Anna had been taught to expect. The coming visit had been discussed in all its bearings, and it had been settled that Mrs. Bluestone should be with the daughter when the mother arrived. It was thought that in this way the first severity of the Countess would be mitigated, and that the chance of some agreement between them might be increased. Both the Sergeant and Mrs. Bluestone now conceived that the young lady had a stronger will of her own than might have been expected from her looks, her language, and her manners. She had not as yet yielded an inch, though she would not argue the matter at all when she was told that it was her positive duty to abandon the tailor. She would sit quite silent; and if silence does give consent, she consented to this doctrine. Mrs. Bluestone, with a diligence which was equaled only by her good humor, insisted on the misery which must come upon her young friend should she quarrel with the Countess, and with all the Lovels—on the unfitness of the tailor, and the impossibility that such a marriage should make a lady happy—on the sacred duty which Lady Anna's rank imposed upon her to support her order, and on the general blessedness of a well-preserved and exclusive aristocracy. "I don't mean to say that nobly born people are a bit better than commoners," said Mrs. Bluestone. "Neither I nor my children have a drop of noble blood in our veins. It is not that. But God Almighty has chosen that there should be different ranks to carry out His purposes, and we have His word to tell us that we should all do our duties in that state of life to which it has pleased Him to call us." The excellent lady was somewhat among the clouds in her theology, and apt to mingle the different sources of religious instruction from which she was wont to draw lessons for her own and her children's guidance; but she meant to say that the proper state of life for an earl's daughter could not include an attachment to a tailor; and Lady Anna took it as it was meant. The nobly born young lady did not in heart deny the truth of the lesson—but she had learned another lesson, and she did not know how to make the two compatible. That other lesson taught her to believe that she ought to be true to her word—that she specially ought to be true to one who had ever been specially true to her. And latterly there had grown upon her a feeling less favorable to the Earl than that which he had inspired

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when she first saw him, and which he had increased when they were together at Yoxham. It is hard to say why the Earl had ceased to charm her, or by what acts or words he had lowered himself in her eyes. He was as handsome as ever, as much like a young Apollo, as gracious in his manner, and as gentle in his gait. And he had been constant to her. Perhaps it was that she had expected that one so godlike should have ceased to adore a woman who had degraded herself to the level of a tailor, and that, so conceiving, she had begun to think that his motives might be merely human, and perhaps sordid. He ought to have abstained and seen her no more after she had owned her own degradation. But she said nothing of all this to Mrs. Bluestone. She made no answer to the sermons preached to her. She certainly said no word tending to make that lady think that the sermons had been of any avail. "She looks as soft as butter," Mrs. Bluestone said that morning to her husband; "but she is obstinate as a pig all the time."

"I suppose her father was the same way before her," said the Sergeant, "and God knows her mother is obstinate enough."

When the Countess was shown into the room Lady Anna was trembling with fear and emotion. Lady Lovel, during the last few weeks, since her daughter had seen her, had changed the nature of her dress. Hitherto, for years past, she had worn a brown stuff gown, hardly ever varying even the shade of the sombre color, so that her daughter had perhaps never seen her otherwise clad. No woman that ever breathed was less subject to personal vanity than had been the so-called Countess who lived in the little cottage outside Keswick. Her own dress had been as nothing to her, and in the days of her close familiarity with old Thomas Thwaite she had rebuked her friend when he had besought her to attire herself in silk. "We'll go into Keswick and get Anna a new ribbon," she would say, "and that will be grandeur enough for her and me too." In this brown dress she had come up to London, and so she had been clothed when her daughter last saw her. But now she wore a new, full, black silk dress, which, plain as it was, befitted her rank and gave an increased authority to her commanding figure. Lady Anna trembled all the more, and her heart sank still lower within her, because her mother no longer wore the old brown gown. When the Countess entered the room she took no immediate notice of Mrs. Bluestone, but went up to her child and kissed her. "I am comforted, Anna, in seeing you once again," she said.

"Dear, dearest mamma!"

"You have heard, I suppose, that the trial has been decided in your favor?"

"In yours, mamma."

"We have explained it all to her, Lady Lovel, as well as we could. The Sergeant yesterday evening gave us a little history of what occurred. It seems to have been quite a triumph."

"It may become a triumph," said the Countess—"a triumph so complete and glorious that I shall desire nothing further in this world. It has been my work to win the prize; it is for her to wear it, if she will do so."

"I hope you will both live to enjoy it many years," said Mrs. Bluestone. "You will have much to say to each other, and I will leave you now. We shall have lunch, Lady Lovel, at half past one, and I hope that you will join us."

Then they were alone together. Lady Anna had not moved from her chair since she had embraced her mother, but the Countess had stood during the whole time that Mrs. Bluestone had been in the room. When the room door was closed they both remained silent for a few moments, and then the girl rushed across the room and threw herself on her knees at her mother's feet: "Oh, mamma, mamma, tell me that you love me. Oh, mamma, why have you not let me come to you? Oh, mamma, we never were parted before."

"My child never before was willfully disobedient to me."

"Oh, mamma—tell me that you love me."

"Love you! Yes, I love you. You do not doubt that, Anna. How could it be possible that you should doubt it after twenty years of a mother's care? You know I love you."

"I know that I love you, mamma, and that it kills me to be sent away from you. You will take me home with you now—will you not?"

"Home! You shall make your own home, and I will take you whither you will. I will be a servant to minister to every whim; all the world shall be a Paradise to you; you shall have every joy that wealth and love and sweet friends can procure for you, if you will obey me in one thing." Lady Anna, still crouching upon the ground, hid her face in her mother's dress, but she was silent. "It is not much that I ask after a life spent in winning for you all that has now been won. I only demand of you that you shall not disgrace yourself."

"Oh, mamma, I am not disgraced."

"Say that you will marry Lord Lovel, and all that shall be forgotten. It shall at any rate be forgiven, or remembered only as the folly of a child. Will you say that you will become Lord Lovel's wife?"

"Oh, mamma!"

"Answer me, Anna—will you say that you will receive Lord Lovel as your accepted lover? Get up, girl, and look me in the face. Of what use is it to grovel there, while your spirit is in rebellion? Will you do this? Will you save us all from destruction, misery, and disgrace? Will you remember who you are—what blood you have in your veins—what name it is that you bear? Stand up, and look me in the face, if you dare."

Lady Anna did stand up, and did look her mother in the face. "Mamma," she said, "we should understand each other better if we were living together as we ought to do."

"I will never live with you till you have promised obedience. Will you, at any rate, pledge to me your word that you will never become the wife of Daniel Thwaite?" Then she paused, and stood looking at the girl, perhaps for a minute. Lady Anna stood before her, with her eyes turned upon the ground. "Answer me the question that I have asked you. Will you promise me that you will never become the wife of Daniel Thwaite?"

"I have promised him that I would."

"What is that to me? Is your duty to him higher than your duty to me? Can you be bound by any promise to so great a crime as that would be? I will ask you the question once more, and I will be governed by your answer. If you will promise to discard this man, you shall return home with me, and shall then choose every thing for yourself. We will go abroad and travel if you wish it, and all things shall be prepared to give you pleasure. You shall have at once the full enjoyment of all that has been won for you; and as for your cousin, you shall not for a while be troubled even by his name. It is the dear wish of my heart that you should be the wife of Earl Lovel; but I have one wish dearer even than that—one to which that shall be altogether postponed. If you will save yourself, and me, and all your family from the terrible disgrace with which you have threatened us, I will not again mention your cousin's name to you till it shall please you to hear it. Anna, you knelt to me just now. Shall I kneel to you?"

"No, mamma, no—I should die."

"Then, my love, give me the promise that I have asked."

"Mamma, he has been so good to us."

"And we will be good to him—good to him in his degree. Of what avail to me will have been his goodness, if he is to rob me of the very treasure which his goodness helped to save? Is he to have all because he gave some aid? Is he to take from me my heart's blood because he bound up my arm when it was bruised? Because he helped me some steps on earth, is he to imprison me afterward in hell? Good! No, he is not good in wishing so to destroy us. He is bad, greedy, covetous, self-seeking, a very dog, and by the living God he shall die like a dog unless you will free me from his fangs. You have not answered me. Will you tell me that you will discard him as a suitor for your hand? If you will say so, he shall receive tenfold reward for his—goodness. Answer me, Anna—I claim an answer from you."

"Mamma!"

"Speak, if you have any thing to say. And remember the commandment, Honor thy—" But she broke down when she too remembered it, and bore in mind that the precept would have called upon her daughter to honor the memory of the deceased Earl. "But if you can not do it for love, you will never do it for duty."

"Mamma, I am sure of one thing."

"Of what are you sure?"

"That I ought to be allowed to see him before I give him up."

"You shall never be allowed to see him."

"Listen to me, mamma, for a moment. When he asked me to—love him we were equals."

"I deny it. You were never equals."

"We lived as such—except in this, that they had money for our wants, and we had none to repay them."

"Money can have nothing to do with it."

"Only that we took it. And then he was every thing to us. It seemed as though it would be impossible to refuse any thing that he asked. It was impossible to me. As to being noble, I am sure that he was noble. You always used to say that nobody else ever was so good as those two. Did you not say so, mamma?"

"If I praise my horse or my dog, do I say that they are of the same nature as myself?"

"But he is a man; quite as much a man as—as any man could be."

"You mean that you will not do as I bid you."

"Let me see him, mamma. Let me see him but once. If I might see him, perhaps I might do as you wish—about him. I can not say any thing more unless I may see him."

The Countess still stormed and still threatened, but she could not move her daughter. She also found that the child had inherited particles of the nature of her parents. But it was necessary that some arrangement should be made as to the future life both of Lady Anna and of herself. She might bury herself where she would, in the most desolate corner of the earth, but she could not leave Lady Anna in Bedford Square. In a few months Lady Anna might choose any residence she pleased for herself, and there could be no doubt whose house she would share, if she were not still kept in subjection. The two parted then in deep grief—the mother almost cursing her child in her anger, and Lady Anna overwhelmed with tears. "Will you not kiss me, mamma, before you go?"

"No, I will never kiss you again till you have shown me that you are my child."

But before she left the house the Countess was closeted for a while with Mrs. Bluestone, and, in spite of all that she had said, it was agreed between them that it would be better to permit an interview between the girl and Daniel Thwaite. "Let him say what he will," argued Mrs. Bluestone, "she will not be more headstrong than she is now. You will still be able to take her away with you to some foreign country."

"But he will treat her as though he were her lover," said the Countess, unable to conceal the infinite disgust with which the idea overwhelmed her.

"What does it matter, Lady Lovel? We have got to get a promise from her, somehow. Since she was much with him, she has seen people of another sort, and she will feel the difference. It may be that she wants to ask him to release her. At any rate she speaks as though she might be released by what he would say to her. Unless she thought it might be so herself, she would not make a conditional promise. I would let them meet."

"But where?"

"In Keppel Street."

"In my presence?"

"No, not that; but you will, of course, be in the house—so that she can not leave it with him. Let her come to you. It will be an excuse for her doing so, and then she can remain. If she does not give the promise, take her abroad, and teach her to forget it by degrees." So it was arranged, and on that evening Mrs. Bluestone told Lady Anna that she was to be allowed to meet Daniel Thwaite.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

KNEADING dough would scarcely seem to be a dignified employment for solid business men; but a peep into the Boston Commercial Exchange about the hour of noon reveals a goodly number of staid gentlemen manipulating little balls of flour and water with a zest that would put to shame many a kitchen Bridget. A similar sight may be witnessed, if one is fortunate enough to catch a glimpse at the proper time, in all large cities where the traffic in flour is extensive. Making "dough-balls" is not a curious pastime, though it would surely appear so were it not for the earnest look of business which rests upon the faces of the kneaders. This process is simply for the purpose of testing the quality of various kinds of flour, so that dealers who are purchasing may know for a certainty what quality they bring into the market. When dry the color and fineness of the particles may be tested; but any taint or unsoundness in the flour can be detected much more readily after it is mixed with water. If the grain has been damaged in any way before grinding, or has become damp afterward, the dough-making process reveals the imperfection. An expert, after considerable practice, is able to tell with great accuracy from what kind of wheat any flour is made. Every practical housekeeper knows that if flour works white and firm it is of excellent quality, and that much kneading makes it grow whiter, while no amount of working will bring the same result if the article is of poor quality. Large quantities of the best brands of flour are exported every year, yet the home consumption is enormous. Every grade finds its appropriate place, and very little that is absolutely bad finds its way into the market. Bakers use many grades, often mixing three or four different kinds in the same "batch" of dough. The superextra qualities meet a ready sale, while poor people can not afford to be particular about the color of their daily bread, but are content with whatever is wholesome. The business of testing flour is one of much importance to the merchant, and some practical understanding of it is of value to every one who ever has occasion to purchase a single barrel for household consumption.

About one hundred and sixty Modocs are now in charge of the United States authorities. There are five members of Captain Jack's family, three of Boston Charley's, eleven of Hooker Jim's, six of Curly-headed Doctor's, ten of Shacknasty Jim's, and so on through a long list of curious Indian names.

A young man and his wife, both neatly dressed and of refined appearance, recently applied for lodgings at a station-house in New Orleans. Their appearance led to inquiry, and it was ascertained that they had fled from the pestilence at Shreveport, where, before the fever appeared, they had earned a comfortable living, but had accumulated no money. On reaching New Orleans they could obtain no employment, and when they had disposed of a few little trinkets they were destitute and homeless. Some aid was given, and the young man obtained work soon after they had sought shelter in the station-house.

Correct spelling does not seem to be a prominent qualification in applicants for New Jersey primary schools. Recently a dozen or more of would-be teachers presented themselves for examination before the committee at Elizabeth. Twenty-five words in common use were given out to be spelled. No one spelled every word, two spelled nearly all, but the majority made a grand failure. "Mannagery," "numonia," "paralel," "nitch," "belleta," "crocha," "mischiefous," "croqua," are some of the specimen words as copied from the examination papers.

A remarkable violinist, upon whom nature never bestowed arms, recently arrived in this country from Europe. He was induced to visit this country by an enterprising manager, who disappeared as soon as the steamer arrived. The deluded musician has given a private performance. His playing is accomplished wholly with his feet and toes, by which he manipulates the bow and strings with wonderful delicacy.

The average number of railway tickets issued in Paris is about 30,000 daily, making an annual total of 10,950,000; and the number for the whole of France is estimated at 40,000,000. The companies sell the canceled tickets to the paper-makers, and realize a handsome sum from them.

The largest cat at the annual cat show, held at the Crystal Palace, London, weighed nineteen pounds. The felines were said to be "magnificent specimens."

How very cruel! The Boston and Albany Railroad recently retired six of its conductors, who were buying diamond pins and race-horses on a salary of $80 a month.

The famous old "haunted house" in Watertown, Massachusetts, is likely to lose its fame. It has been painted, papered, repaired, and generally renovated; so the ghosts can no longer find an abiding-place in it. No dreadful noises are heard there now; no strange creaking sounds; no mysterious footfalls; no wild shrieks. Paint and paper, hammer and nails, with perhaps a few boards to fill up cracks and crevices, have dispersed the unearthly visitors who were reported for a long time to infest the place. Human beings dwell now in the house without molestation.

"The Society for the Relief of the Sick and Destitute" in this city asks for assistance from the charitable. The statistics mentioned in connection with this request indicate sufficiently the necessity of relieving the wants of working people who are suddenly thrown out of employment, or who are prevented from working by sickness. There are in this city six hundred thousand persons living in tenement-houses, and an unprecedented percentage of these are now out of employment and utterly destitute. One hundred thousand of these persons are women who earn their living by the work of their hands, and of these sixty thousand are unmarried. Many thousands of these are shirt-makers, who, while they make a dozen shirts per day, on an average, receive but from fifty-five to eighty-five cents for their work. In "good times" this pittance enables them, by the strictest economy, to live. But when, by pressure of the times, work is withdrawn, or when sickness or unusually cold weather comes, they must inevitably suffer, or be driven to adopt unworthy ways of getting their daily bread, unless relief is given them.

One of the scamps who infest the parks and streets of New York, watching to cheat strangers, was detected lately by an ingenious device. A man accosted a stranger in the street, and calling him Mr. Benedict, of Rochester, claimed him as a customer. The gentleman replied, "You are mistaken; my name is Jackson," which was not his name at all. Later an accomplice addressed the same gentleman as "Jackson." This being proof of a conspiracy, the rascal was arrested. Similar impositions are often practiced on strangers.

In 1448 appeared *Mother Shipton's Prophecy*. Some things foretold in it have already come to pass, and the others may be fulfilled before 1881. The "poem" reads thus:

"Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkle of an eye.
Water shall yet more wonders do,
Now strange, but yet they shall be true.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at the foot of a tree.
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse or ass be at his side.
Under water man shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.
Iron on the water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found and shown
In worlds not now known.
England at last shall admit a Jew,
And fire and water shall wonders do.
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred eighty-one."

We do not believe there is much human affection wasted upon the spider; nevertheless it is a very useful creature, and should not be despised. Its specific office is to prevent the dangerous multiplication of winged insects. Entrapping flies is its forte; and it has been remarked that "if spiders should strike, and for a single month in summer refuse to set their traps, we could hardly defend ourselves against armies of noxious insects that would take possession of our dwellings." Nevertheless there may be such a thing as too many spiders in the world—a possibility against which nature has provided. When spiders are thickest and busiest catching flies, a large, peculiar-looking fly appears upon the stage of action, and adroitly seizes the spiders wherever they are found. These spiders are stowed away in secret cells to be food for young flies. Thus there is compensation all around.

It is related of Sir Edwin Landseer that when once visiting Scotland he stopped at a little village which was plentifully supplied with dogs. Landseer, as was his custom, amused himself by making rapid sketches of such as pleased his fancy. The next day, as he resumed his journey, he was distressed to see dogs suspended in all directions from the trees, or drowning in the rivers with stones round their necks. He stopped a weeping urchin who was hurrying off with a pet pup in his arms, and learned, to his dismay, that he was supposed to be an excise officer who was taking notes of all the dogs he saw in order to prosecute the owners for unpaid taxes, so the people had hastened to dispose of their pets to escape taxation.

The thorough revision of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is estimated to cost about £200,000.

We are just informed by a scientific genius that the planet Mars is not only inhabited and has plenty of water, but that the climate is fine, and that there is an abundance of coal and iron there. So if England will only have a little forethought, and build a railway thither before her own coal mines are exhausted, she can transport her supplies of coal from Mars.

The *Court Journal* states that Dr. Schumacher, from Valparaiso, a zealous naturalist and collector of objects of natural history, in his excursion through Peru was fortunate enough to obtain a very rare land shell of the snail kind, known by the name of the *Bulimus labiatus*. The only specimen previously known was stolen from the British Museum. He has ascertained where three specimens exist—one in possession of a Mr. Alleon, a second was found by Mr. Steere, who was making collections in Peru for a university in Michigan, and the third he has now with him, valuing it as high as £200. When in Lima he first recognized the shell in the collection of Mr. Alleon, and afterward saw the one in possession of Mr. Steere. He found out that both specimens came from Chachapoyas, in the Department of the Amazonas, in the valley between the Central and Western Cordilleras of Peru. Dr. Schumacher, while envying the possession of such a rare shell in the hands of the two gentlemen above named, had the good fortune to meet with a man who brings from Chachapoyas medicinal plants for sale, and who had also one of these bulimi with him. Dr. Schumacher secured it.

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Fig. 1.—Black Gros Grain Dress, with Black Velvet Jacket.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-4.

Fig. 2.—Gray Mohair Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—Olive Green Faille Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—Gray Taffeta Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—Brown Cashmere Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—Dress for Girl from 2 to 3 Years old.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5-11.

Fig. 7.—Violet Poplin Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 8.—Dress for Girl from 5 to 7 Years old.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 9.—Suit for Boy from 4 to 6 Years old.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 10.—Blue Camel's-hair Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 11.—Olive Green Faille Dress, with Cashmere Basque.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 12-16.

Fig. 12.—Brown Serge Dress, with Cashmere Mantelet.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 13.—Dotted Silk Dress, with Barathea Mantelet.
For description see Supplement.

Figs. 1–13.—Ladies' and Children's Winter Street and House Suits.

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AUTUMN LEAVES IN WAX.

WAX-FLOWERS can not be properly made without the personal instructions of one who understands the art; but the process of making autumn leaves in wax, together with the vines of English ivy and our American woodbine, can be so plainly described that a new beginner need not fear making such an effort. Moreover, the materials are inexpensive, and the work pleasing.

Wax in sheets can be purchased at most of our large fancy-work stores, and is much nicer both in color and pliability than a novice can make by melting white wax, coloring, and sheeting it. It is usually sold in packages, each containing a dozen sheets. Procure but a small quantity to begin with; then, as you advance in the art, if you are satisfied with your work, it will be easy to increase your supply of materials.

The principal colors of wax required for the making of autumn leaves are crimson, scarlet, yellow, and green. You may have, if you wish, more than one shade of each color. Procure also paints in powder—chrome-yellow, orange, dark and light greens, burnt umber, and carmine—a small portion of each. The carmine powder is expensive; however, a small quantity will color several leaves. The other paints are cheap.

When about to use these, rub down a little at a time, as you require it, getting it as fine as is possible. The carmine will not need this, and the umber also is well ground, but the chrome-yellow and some of the greens are apt to have lumps through the powder, and these scratch the surface of the wax. A plate and the flat blade of a knife will answer for the smoothing-down process.

The colors are rubbed on the wax with a stub brush. I prefer for this purpose the brushes I make by taking large-sized camel's-hair pencils and burning down the points over the flame of a candle till within a quarter or five-sixteenths of an inch from the quill. Scorch it so as to leave a nicely rounded end. This kind of brush will rub the powder evenly into the wax.

Now, having all the materials ready, proceed to work by laying on the table some firm white writing-paper; place your sheet of wax upon it, and press it smoothly down. Take for a pattern the leaf you desire to copy, lay it on the wax, and with a medium-sized needle, held in an upright position, cut the wax to the outline of the leaf that rests upon it, and if the edges are jagged, trim them neatly with a pair of scissors, first moistening the steel, or the wax will adhere to it. A little practice will show you how to cut the wax so smoothly with a needle that no after-trimming will be required. Now cut out a second leaf, having it exactly like the first, as two are needed, both being placed together, and the wire for a stem put between.

We will suppose you have taken as a copy a dark green maple leaf; part of one side is turned brown, while the other side has vivid crimson points. Of course, for such a one, you have used green wax. Lay on a small piece of paper one of the leaves you have cut out; dip a brush into some burnt umber, and rub it on where you want the brown color; then, with another brush, put on the carmine powder where a tint of crimson is required. The two colors can be blended into each other.

The next step is to give your leaf its veinings, which you will do by putting the under side of the natural leaf on the upper side of the wax one. Press it between your warm thumb and finger, and an imprint of the veins will be left on the soft surface of the wax.

Now, for a stem, put the wire along the centre of the leaf, up to its point; place the second leaf of wax against it, for a back, and press the two firmly together, the natural leaf being still held in place — the warmth of the fingers will cause them to join with readiness; mould between the fingers, to take off the flatness and give natural curves; remove the maple leaf, and, if you have been careful, the imitation will be satisfactory. A strip of wax must be put around the wire, and by twisting it firmly between the finger and thumb a round stem will be made.

Some leaves are a vivid scarlet; others, like many of the beech, are yellow. These only require to be cut out of wax of the necessary color, veined, put together, and moulded, without the addition of any paint. Then, again, some are yellow with a dash of green or brown, others with tints of brilliant orange, and all so diversified that they need to be examined in order to be properly imitated; but having made one, you will find it easy to copy others, and after a few such attempts will be ready to undertake something more difficult, as, for instance, this beautiful Virginia creeper—known also as American ivy and woodbine—over a yard in length, that lies before me, tinged with the frosts of autumnal nights, and of which a perfect copy, just completed, is fastened along the casing of a window in my parlor.

Select a branch of this plant and set it before you for a pattern. Take malleable wire only coarse enough to support the weight of the leaf, and prepare some stems by twisting wax around them. The scraps may be used for this purpose. It is well to have a pair of sharp-edged pinchers for cutting wire.

The leaves of the Virginia creeper are quinate, and each leaflet may have some different tint distinguishing it from others on the same leaf.

My vine has for its tip some tiny scarlet leaves; and having wax of the exact color, I cut them out of it, only one of the five leaflets requiring the addition of a little umber and the faintest tinge of yellow along the extreme edge; then I veined them, put them on very fine wire for stems, and, by twisting the wires together, made the leaflets into the proper shape for the leaf. This twisting must be done firmly and neatly, and then covered with wax; for if the leaf-stalk is made in a rough manner, it will detract from the appearance of the vine. A strong but malleable wire should be twisted in as a main stalk, around which each separate leaf should be twined, and this also must be neatly covered with wax.

Most of the upper leaves on my spray are scarlet, some having an occasional tinge of green, yellow, or brown. A few are crimson and yellow, with tints of brightest green along the edge. The lower and larger leaves on the branch are more subdued in color, many of them being of a dark, glossy green, with hints of crimson warming them up, and more than a hint of brown; indeed, one or two are entirely brown. The under part of some of these leaves requires to be mottled, using a powder made by mixing together a little carmine and umber.

Tendrils here and there along the entire length are made by covering fine wire with brown wax, and twining the wires around a coarse needle or a pencil, varying the sizes.

A branch of ivy can be copied even more readily than the woodbine I have described, as only the various shades of green wax are required, with a little umber for shading.

It is much easier for a person who understands such work to tell how it should be done than for a new beginner to follow out these instructions, but patience and perseverance in attending to the directions I have given can not but meet with a measure of success. Moreover, the work is so pretty: and as leaf after leaf is made a reward follows the effort, and encourages to new attempts; and practice in the art will bring proficiency.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Is it a Series?—Compliments in Court.—Landseer.—A desolated Frenchman.—Making Game of the Saxon.

FOUR weeks have now elapsed since the "great Thames murder," and the police are confessedly no nearer to the discovery of the perpetrator than they were at first; and in such cases "no nearer" means much farther. Dreadful as are the details of this crime, it has a very ridiculous side to it. A very dear friend—as she described herself—of the supposed victim (though she was not exactly a blood-relation, being only her landlady) identified the remains in a most gushing manner. "This is the hair I have so often parted, and this the bosom that I have seen agitated with so many woes!" But it was not either one or the other, for the supposed victim has turned up, well and hearty, and exceedingly indignant that she had not been allowed to leave home on her own private affairs without her name and address being put in all the newspapers, and the police calling at her lodgings three times a day. I have not been able to send you the interesting photo promised in my last, because the authorities will only show it to those who have, *bona fide*, lost a relative. It is, it seems, the usual custom to take photographs of all bodies found drowned, and in "the Thames division" of police alone there were last year no less than forty-three such which have not been identified by their friends. In those cases, however, there is no suspicion of foul play; it is the old, old story of those poor unfortunates,

> "Glad to death's mystery
> Swift to be hurled,
> Any where, any where,
> Out of the world."

But in the present case there can be no such solution. So inscrutable is the deed, and exhibiting so hideous a callousness in the doer, that it is gravely suggested as being the work of certain secret fugitives from Broadmoor—our government criminal lunatic asylum—who have been missing these three months; in which case we may look upon it as only being the first of a series. Would it be unmanly to express a hope that they will at least confine themselves to the female sex?

The Tichborne case was enlivened yesterday by a passage of arms between Dr. Kenealy and every body else. He first gave Mr. Hawkins the lie direct, whereupon Mr. Justice Mellor observed that though such language was intolerable, he was not surprised at it.

"Nor am I surprised at any thing you say of me, my lord," observed Kenealy.

"I am bound to say," said Mr. Justice Mellor, "that my feelings have been more severely tried in this case than they have ever been before during the whole of my experience."

"In that expression of feeling," added Mr. Justice Lush, "I entirely concur."

There was a murmur of assent from the jury-box; and presently one of the much-enduring twelve inquired whether more than half an hour spent over some question of an envelope (which had nothing in it) was not wasting time. Dr. Kenealy upon this protested vehemently that his client's interests were of infinitely more importance than the time of the jury.

No more compliments passed; but what every body was *thinking* in court was, What a pity it is no one can compound with Dr. Kenealy for those five pounds a day which it is said the Tichborne bond-holders pay him to prolong the case, and so conclude this monstrous farce!

So poor Sir Edwin Landseer is dead at last, and the dogs have lost their friend. It is impossible to overestimate the good-will toward the canine race which his pencil has engendered, and in some degree to his own cost; for the excellence of his genius in that line has undoubtedly caused his merits in other ways to be overlooked. Every one knows the story of his offering to paint a friend, who replied, "Is thy servant a dog, that this thing should be done unto him?" And it was typical of the general opinion; whereas in reality there are few painters that approach him as a general artist, quite independently of his dogs. His Highland landscapes were perfection, and if the lions in Trafalgar Square (his only efforts as a sculptor) are not like the lions of the desert, they are as like those of the Zoological Gardens (who sat for them) as four peas to four peas. Sir Edwin, like most great painters, exhibited his talent with the brush at a very early age. At thirteen he gained the silver medal from the Society of Arts, at sixteen he "exhibited" in the Royal Academy (the picture was called "The Dog Fight"), and at eighteen achieved a permanent popularity by his famous "Dogs of St. Bernard discovering a Traveler in the Snow." I believe that the fortune he has left behind him will be found to be larger than that accumulated by any painter except Turner.

Mrs. Arnold, of Fox Howe, Westmoreland, is also dead—the widow of him who, if to bring up youth in the paths of virtue is the most honorable of callings, was the noblest man of his time. He was, indeed, so far as the limits of his sphere permitted, both a great and a good man; nor were those limits small, since the boys whom he taught have (some of them) themselves become teachers of men, and done good work in the world, thanks to his early lessons. At the same time it must be confessed that the imitation of Arnold's system, without his genius to guide it, has produced in our public schools of late years a large crop of priggism and goody-goodyness. *My Time, and what I have done with it*, by Mr. Burnand, now appearing in *Macmillan*, and describing his own school-days, is quite refreshing, because it brings back the British school-boy as we old fogies remember him, not as a monitor dealing out moral reflections with every stroke of his cane, or as a small boy acknowledging the justice of his punishment with a philosophy beyond his years.

"Was he ten feet high?" asks one of Mr. Burnand's small boys of another.

"Yes," is the reply.

"Will you take your oath of it?"

"Yes."

"Will you take your dying oath?" (This used to be a very favorite form of interrogation.)

"Yes."

"Will you bet sixpence?"

"*No.*"

The British school-boy was a humorist, though without knowing it. Similarly Frenchmen, to whom (though they have so much wit) humor is absolutely wanting, sometimes unconsciously tickle our very heart-strings. A Parisian, whom we will call X——, was waiting the other day for his friend Y—— at a café. Y—— was late, and when he did come, showed signs of profound grief.

"Alas! my friend," inquired X——, "what is the matter?"

"My wife is dead!"

The situation was embarrassing for X——, who sat down again to his coffee with a face of great concern and many expressions of condolence. Y——, however, paced the room, running his hands through his air, and bewailing his hard fate. "*Désolé! désolé! désolé!*" groaned he, like minute-guns; then, after a little, "*Désolé! désolé! désolé!*" a little quicker; then he began to *hum* it; eventually he adapted his "*Désolé!*" to the latest Parisian air, as though he were in the best of spirits. A nation of such people has surely something about them to be envied!

I have also just heard a characteristic story of our Irish friends. An Englishman took a "shooting" this year in Tipperary, for which he paid a large sum upon the understanding that he should have the sole right of sporting over the land. Snipe were advertised as especially numerous, and though he knew that Englishmen were not popular in that part of the country, he would have risked much for snipe. On the first day he went out he came to a river, on the other side of which (though that also was included in the property) half a dozen men were firing guns.

"Why, you rogue!" cried he to the gamekeeper, "it was expressly stipulated that no one should shoot game over this land but myself."

"That's true, Sir; and we have not deceived you."

"But the scoundrels over the water yonder?"

"Oh, they're not shooting at game at all, at all. They're shooting at *you*, your honor."

And so they were.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

USEFUL RECIPES.

CANNED PLUMS.—Sort over the fruit, rejecting those that are imperfect; to every pound of plums allow half the quantity of sugar, if they are very ripe or light-colored; moisten the sugar with water, and place over the fire in a preserving kettle, removing the scum as it rises, and when boiling add the fruit, setting on the back of the stove, where the plums will get heated through and juice commence to run before boiling. As soon as they boil up once, take from the stove and bottle immediately, keeping as whole as possible.

CANNED PEARS.—To obtain the Bartletts in perfection they should be placed between flannel to ripen, and when not quite mellow enough for eating they are ready for canning. Do not attempt more than one jar at a time, for in cooking sufficient for two or three at once one is sure to break the fruit and spoil its appearance. To every quart jar allow seven medium-sized pears, a scant pint of water, and a quarter of a pound of fruit sugar. Cut the fruit in two, remove the core, pare, and throw them in cold water to prevent discoloration. Put the sugar and water in a porcelain kettle, and put over the fire; when scum arises remove it, and as soon as the sirup boils hard, add the fruit; boil all over three minutes. If the jars are of glass, wet a cloth in cold water, fold several times, and put under to prevent breakage. Lay in a few pieces of fruit, then some juice, until the jar is *full*; run a spoon-handle down the side to allow all the air bubbles to escape, and seal tightly while all is hot. Keep in a cool, dark place. Sickel pears are canned in the same way, only their flavor is best when picked fresh from the tree, and not ripened in the house. If the Bartletts are hard, and can not be ripened in flannel, boil them a few minutes, until a straw will run through easily.

FRIED CANNED TOMATOES.—Procure fine ripe smooth specimens; cut in two, as in frying for table; put a small quantity of fresh, sweet lard in the pan; when hot put in the tomatoes, skin side down. When nearly done pack in the can, add a little hot water to the juice in the pan, fill the can as full as possible with it, and seal *tight*. On this depends the keeping of the tomatoes, for if there is the least air-hole, nothing spoils more quickly. When wanted for use, pour off the water and grease, lay in a plate, season, and cook until brown in a small quantity of melted butter. Add cream for gravy. By this method they can be had all winter, and are just as good as when fresh in the middle of summer.

CATSUP.—One peck of ripe tomatoes. Cut a slit in each one to allow the juice to escape, and put in a porcelain kettle over a slow fire, letting them boil until the pulp is dissolved; when cool enough, press through a colander; then, if it is desired free of seeds and very smooth, through a hair sieve. Return to the fire, and add half an ounce of salt, one ounce of mace, two table-spoonfuls of celery seed (either put in a bag, to be taken out when done cooking, or thrown in to be left); mix smoothly with a scant cupful of vinegar, one table-spoonful of black pepper, the same of powdered cloves, and seven of ground mustard, allowing it to boil five or six hours, stirring well and often the last two; remove the mace, and pour into a stone jar. Let it stand on the cellar floor, closely covered, twenty-four hours. Add a pint of strong vinegar, bottle, cork, and seal. Keep in a cool, dry place.

GINGER CAKE, PLAIN AND GOOD.—Into two quarts of flour rub well a tea-spoonful of soda, and, when well mixed, two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar; then either powdered cloves or ginger to taste cut fine. To one tea-cupful of butter, or lard and butter mixed, add two tea-cupfuls of molasses. If too stiff, add a little more molasses; if too soft, add flour until of the proper consistency to roll out. Cut in round cakes, and bake in a quick oven. Cloves and no ginger make a delightful cake.

GRAPE JELLY.—Pick the berries off the stems, and subject to a gentle heat until when mashed the juice will easily run; strain through a colander, then through a flannel jelly-bag. To every pint of juice allow a pound of fruit sugar, and to every quart a scant quarter of one of Cox's boxes of gelatine. When the juice is put to boil, add the gelatine, and warm the sugar in a tin basin, taking care it does not stick and burn. When the juice has boiled twenty minutes, run through a hair sieve, put back to boil, and add the sugar. Let it bubble *once*, and remove from the fire. The gelatine makes it firm, which it is almost impossible to do unless that or isinglass is used. If both dark and light jelly are desired, keep the light and dark varieties separate, and cook at different times.

STRAWBERRY TAPIOCA.—This makes a most delightful dessert. Soak overnight a large tea-cupful of tapioca in cold water; in the morning put half of it in a yellow-ware baking dish, or in the porcelain one of a silver pudding dish. Sprinkle sugar over the tapioca; then on this put a quart of berries, sugar, and the rest of the tapioca. Fill the dish with water, which should cover the tapioca about a quarter of an inch. Bake in a moderately hot oven until it looks clear. Eat cold with cream or custard. If not sweet enough, add more sugar at table, and in baking, if it seems too dry, more water is needed.

PEACH TAPIOCA.—Prepare the same quantity of tapioca, and on the first layer sprinkle more sugar than for strawberries. The peaches should be pared and quartered. Make three layers of tapioca and two of the fruit; use less water than the foregoing recipe calls for, and cook a little longer.

PINE-APPLE TAPIOCA.—Allow to one large cup of tapioca half a large pine-apple, or the whole of a small one. Pare and grate the fruit. A small quantity of tapioca in the bottom of the dish, then some of the grated fruit and sugar, mixing it more through and through than for strawberries or peaches. Add water, and bake.

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Little Kate Kirby," "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," etc., etc.

Book the First.

REUBEN CULWICK.

CHAPTER IX.

"TOTS."

LONG before Reuben Culwick had made up his mind to rise the next morning tiny knuckles had rapped significantly and persistently at his bedroom door. Reuben did not answer, although he smiled in his half-sleep, and knew that Tots was astir, anxious to see him, to hear his voice, to know all about the big doll that he had told her last night was coming home with his luggage. At the fifth or sixth summons, and when a Dutch clock down stairs was striking eight, Reuben Culwick condescended to inform the young lady on the other side of the door that he should be in his room in ten minutes, and that he requested the favor of Tots's company to breakfast on that particular occasion, a piece of intelligence which took Tots with a tremendous plunge to the basement floor in search of Aunt Lucy, the only vestige of humankind to be discovered at that hour, John Jennings taking it easily till nine as a rule.

"Me to breffast with Uncle Roo," announced Tots, with as grave an air of importance as her excitement would allow.

"Who says so?" asked Lucy Jennings, suspicious of the truth of the statement.

"Uncle Roo says so."

"You've been bothering him—you've been knocking at his door, Elizabeth, after all that I told you," cried Lucy Jennings, sharply.

"On'y once or so," said the child, with a self-excusing tone; "he's ditting up fast, auntie."

Lucy Jennings indulged in a little lecture on

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the heinousness of the offense which Tots had committed, and then carried up stairs, and into the first-floor front, a high-backed infant's chair, into which Tots insisted upon being securely screwed immediately, and set close to the side of the chair which awaited the presence of its master. Lucy Jennings was still screwing when Reuben Culwick entered the room, and bade her good-morning.

"You're spoiling the child; you are letting her have her own way in every thing; you don't know how to manage children," remarked Miss Jennings.

"No, I suppose I don't," said Reuben; "but the child knows how to manage me, and that comes to the same thing."

"That's a poor answer," muttered Lucy.

"Befitting a poor sort of fellow. And this is a poor little waif to whom much happiness is never likely to come—eh, Lucy?"

"I don't know; I can't tell," answered Lucy.

"When she gets older and more curious, when the world's before her, and we can't help her in it much. Poor Tots!"

The big man sat down by the child's side, put his arm round her, and kissed her, and two little arms were flung impetuously round his neck, where they clung and clasped him.

"Oh, Tots is glad oo've come back, uncle!" she said, with a sigh of pleasure, as she released her hold at last.

"Really?"

"Really and tooney."

"And what would you have done if I hadn't come back, Tots?" he inquired; "if I had stopped at my dear papa's for ever and ever, as I warned you that I might?"

"I would have come after oo."

"No, you would have gone to school with lots of pretty little girls, and grown up good instead."

"I would have cried till oo come back to me."

"That wouldn't have been right, old lady," he said, patting the child's back.

Lucy Jennings regarded the pair critically, allowed her gaze to wander to the breakfast-table in order to see that all was as the lodger required, and then passed stiffly and angularly from the room — a woman who hardly understood the poetry of the situation upon which she closed the door.

And yet there was some poetry, possibly some sublimity, in the strong affection which bound man and child together. Ties of kindred there were none between them, any more than there were between Tots and the Jenningses down stairs. Tots was of the streets, and the warm heart of the stranger had plucked her from their desolateness some eighteen months since. He who could hardly afford to keep himself made a great struggle and a little sacrifice to keep her—to stand between her and the work-house, where the red hand of the policeman would have conducted her on the night Tots first appeared upon the stage of Reuben Culwick's life.

Tots, a ragged, unkempt, fair-haired, blue-eyed child, had been found on the steps of the Prince Regent public-house after twelve o'clock had struck, and the drinkers had been turned into the roadway. No one knew any thing about her, and she knew very little concerning herself. She said something about mother and father in an inarticulate fashion common to her eighteen months of existence, and she cried for mother for five minutes after the policeman had shaken her from sleep in the shadow of the public-house doorway, and a few loiterers had gathered round, and gazed vacantly at her, and failed to recognize her as any one's child with whom they were acquainted. It was a commonplace incident of poor neighborhoods, and such child life as this—there was nothing to marvel at; children were always being lost, and taken to the station-house to be claimed, and to the work-house when unclaimed. The only novelty about this affair was the interest of the man with the beard, the man who lodged at the fire-work shop, in the stray's forlorn condition. He had been striding to his home when the crowd arrested his attention, and when the child shrieked with fear at the policeman, as if her eighteen months had already taught her to dread the representative of law and order, he took her under his protection, and said that she should stay at the house in Hope Street, and be cared for till the morning. Tots clung to him as her friend already, and the policeman followed him to the next street, and booked the full particulars in his note-book, in case of inquiries at the station-house, where Reuben Culwick had an idea that he would take the child the next day.

But no inquiries were ever made concerning Tots, though Reuben advertised, and the police stations put up a bill on their blackboards along with their "Found Deads," "Burglaries," and "Murders," and Tots was never passed over to the parish. When Tots was scrubbed and combed by Lucy Jennings, she was a bright specimen of babyhood enough, and in twenty-four hours she had forgotten father and mother, and taken so desperately to Reuben Culwick that the strong man never found it in his heart to set her from his charity again. It was a wild idea, the Jenningses thought—a foolish undertaking, to say the best of it—but they came to terms with the lodger for the extra trouble involved by the care of the child while he thought what was best to be done, until thinking over it became less of a habit, and love became a stronger element in Tots's favor, and pleaded for her till the day of which we write.

For eighteen months had Reuben Culwick been the protector of Tots, and Tots had lived in a world of imaginary uncles and aunts, and there was never now a talk of her going away. Reuben had accepted an immense responsibility, and the weight of it had not oppressed him much. He had been a harder and sterner man before the child's affection for him had changed his character a little—hence Tots in her way had not been wholly an incumbrance to her preserver, but a blessing in disguise.

Sitting at the table watching her that day, with his life far clearer before him than it had been, he thought Tots would be like a daughter to him if he lived—and if she lived. She was not a strong child, but he hoped that she would live to grow up and call him "father"—for had she been his own daughter she could not have taken a greater hold on his heart. He should never marry—he should never be able to afford to marry any body—but he would be able to take care of Tots until some respectable young fellow gave her a home and a name, and he was left alone to fight out the rest of his battle.

What that battle was to be like, Reuben Culwick was hardly certain. He was sure of a few scars; he did not look forward to any great degree of glory. He was not a despondent man, our readers have already perceived for themselves, but he was scarcely sanguine as to his future for all that, and he had no ambitious dreams of becoming a rich man. Once he had thought that he was cut out for an author, that publishers would be running after him, and the critical press singing to his praise and glory; but he was almost certain, not quite, that he had found his level on the *Penny Trumpet*, and that a few pounds a week would be the maximum sum which his abilities, such as they were, might be able to procure him.

As for his prospects, for his chance of becoming his father's heir, they had faded completely away now. He was pretty certain that he had given up every hope of that, that he and his hard father could not possibly agree any more, even before he had made up his mind to sink his pride and independence, and seek Simon Culwick at Worcester.

After that meeting—which he had not conducted well, a strange young woman had taken the liberty of informing him—amen to all his day-dreams!

Tots and he were having breakfast together, and Tots was asking a hundred questions, after her usual habit, when the first post brought him in a bulky packet and two letters. Lucy Jennings brought them up stairs, and lingered in the room, glancing at the parcel and letters curiously.

Reuben had long ago discovered that his landlord's sister was an inquisitive woman—he was not quite certain that she was not a suspicious woman also, despite her chapel-going and district-visiting—and that spirit of contrariety which lurks in most manly bosoms induced him to say, "Thank you," and to place packet and letters unopened at his side.

Lucy made some little show of dusting the furniture with the corners of her apron, and then went reluctantly toward the door. Reuben had not made a dash at his letters after his usual fashion, and imparted the general nature of the contents to those who were handy to receive it; and the attendant, half servant, half friend, said at last,

"You are not curious about your correspondents to-day."

"I can guess all about them."

"I dare say you can," said Lucy, half disdainfully; "one's from a woman at Worcester."

"Ah—Worcester!" exclaimed Reuben, taken off his guard; "what's wrong now?"

"You did not expect a letter quite so soon, then?"

"Not I. Now, Lucy—if this should be a recall!"

"What a change to your life after this dreary street and us dreary people!"

Reuben looked at her intently as he broke the envelope of his letter. She was out of sorts still; he had not remarked it so much before, but she was certainly a disagreeable kind of old young woman, and particularly plain and thin. Hers was a hard life, keeping a house and a simple-minded brother in order, looking after a lodger and Tots, and not saving money after all her drudgery, but possibly getting into debt. A woman, too, to whom religion hardly brought the comfort or resignation that it should have done, and whom he would not attempt to tease, though he might object at times strongly to her manners. Poor old girl! what had she to make life bearable even? and why should he cross her tempers, and put her out for the day?

"She writes a good hand," said Reuben, regarding the envelope once more.

"Who?"

"The girl in gray silk."

"I don't know who the girl in gray silk is—I have never heard you speak of her before."

"No," said Reuben, "I suppose not. She was at my father's house yesterday morning, and I wondered who she was, and where the deuce she had dropped from. A pretty girl, too."

"Your father's second wife, perhaps."

"No—I don't think that. I'm sure not, for there was no wedding-ring, I recollect."

"You noticed her a great deal, it seems, Mr. Reuben."

"Yes, in my way. It's my habit to take stock of every thing—how could I be a reporter, special and otherwise, without? And she—Halloo!"

"You are asked to return," exclaimed Lucy; "your father's heart has softened toward you, and Heaven wills a happier time for you, as I said that it would."

"You are very kind—but this is from my second-cousin Sarah."

"Who's she?" exclaimed Lucy Jennings, sharply enough now.

"Ah! you don't know yet," remarked our hero. "Why, what a deal I have to tell you and John and Tots still!"

"So it seems," Lucy Jennings muttered to herself.

"You would like to know what this is about, perhaps, Lucy?" Reuben asked, somewhat dryly.

"Not I—if it's a secret."

"I never had a secret in my life."

"And it's no business of mine. What's the use of telling me or John any thing?" said Lucy, beginning to dust the books on a side-table near.

"Well, I'll tell Tots.—Tots," Reuben said, turning suddenly to the child, half buried in a large basin of sop, and hence very busy, very silent, and very much besmeared with bread-and-milk, "my second-cousin Sarah sends me her grandmother's love, and the old lady's thanks for a fourpenny-bit which I gave her, and the old lady's hope that she may live to spend it, and the old lady's wish that I may hear soon, very soon, of a nice situation for my second cousin, who adds, in pencil, 'Don't take any notice of this,' in an independent way that's peculiar to her habits. What an odd fish that girl is! She interests me."

"She is pretty too, I suppose?" said Lucy, with a twanging voice.

"Ahem!—I don't know—I dare say she might be, if highly got up for the occasion. By-the-way, you might, with your extensive chapel connection, hear of something for Sarah."

"I can't hear of any thing for myself," was the short answer.

"You!"

"I've tried more than once—when John has put me out with his absurdities—when I have despaired of him, or of ever doing him any good."

"But you hardly meant to leave him—that was a notion soon got over?"

"Well—yes—we'll say so, if you like."

"I should be glad to hear of something for this girl. She's a singular young woman, but one who might turn out well with a good soul to look after her. That poor old woman, Sarah the First," added Reuben, thoughtfully, "may pass away at any moment, and I should like to be handy with a home for her."

"Why?"

"Because without a home she'll drift, perhaps."

"From right, you mean?"

"Yes—it is possible."

"Is she so very weak, then?"

"Very weak. She can't carry a portmanteau properly."

Lucy Jennings regarded Reuben Culwick with amazement, but he had fallen into thought, or had grown tired of her want of sympathy, and passed into a jesting, aggravating vein, which she could brook least of all his moods. She went from the room, closed the door behind her, and then stood still. It was a habit of hers to pick up scraps of information thus—a bad habit, the result of insufficient training in her early youth, before her father blew himself to bits—and she knew that Reuben often talked strangely to Tots.

"There, she has not waited for the second letter—and that's very important to me, Tots."

Tots stared, and then dived into her sop again.

"This is a want-of-confidence letter, to balance the confidence expressed in Second-cousin Sarah's affectionate epistle, Tots. This tells me politely what a fool I am—what a vain and ambitious ass—what a driveling idiot—to expect sensible folk to waste money upon a fellow who writes for the *Penny Trumpet*."

Tots looked up at the word "trumpet;" it suggested another gift when the luggage came home. But Reuben was deep in his letter.

"Yes, Tots," he said, more in soliloquy than to his little golden-haired companion. "Messrs. Press and Co.'s compliments, and regret that the novel which Mr. C. did them the favor, etc., etc., etc., is not suitable, etc., etc., etc., to their particular style of publication, etc., etc., etc., and with thanks for the favor of a perusal, etc., etc., etc., beg to return the same, etc., etc., etc., and they are the ass's—the stupendous ass's!—most humble and obliged servants, Tots. That's the third time of asking and refusing, Reuben," he said, suddenly apostrophizing himself, "and you are uncommonly well used to this kind of thing, old boy; but still you bore the Worcester disappointment better than this one—eh? How's that—after all your experience—you duffer?"

There was a long silence, and when Lucy Jennings was tired of waiting outside the door she went down stairs and about her own business. Reuben Culwick, with the publisher's letter in his hands, sat and stared at the breakfast-cup, and was not aroused from his reverie to an active concern in minor matters until Tots, spoon and basin and chair, suddenly tilted over, and the prostrate young lady required much soothing after her calamity. He did all the consolation himself; he did not send for "Aunt Lucy."

CHAPTER X.

A PLACE FOR SARAH.

REUBEN CULWICK settled down in his old groove the following day; life went on with him steadily, and there was no shadow of discontent upon the path of his pursuing. His was an enviable nature that made the best of things, that quickly adapted itself to circumstances, or sank all personal grievances beyond the ken of the watchful eyes about him. He was a philosopher who submitted complacently to the unalterable, or he was a hypocrite who disguised his bitterness of feeling with consummate ability, Lucy Jennings considered. She could not believe in a man who should have been rich, whose father was one of the wealthiest men in the fat county of Worcestershire, settling down to a Camberwell back street, and professing to be satisfied with his position. She was a well-meaning, thoughtful young woman, but she did not give Reuben Culwick credit for so much self-abnegation as that. She liked the man, but she disbelieved in his philosophy, and had grave doubts of his virtues; she had many grave doubts on most matters, and was suspicious concerning every body's motives; and yet she was a religious woman in her way, and put herself out of that way to be of service at times. She was as hard to understand as most folk too, and she made no effort to place herself in a clearer light with those who set her down for an eminently disagreeable woman, which she was not exactly, though there were sour and sharp hours of which her brother and Tots were cognizant. Certainly she had not much faith in humanity, and Reuben's equable temperament aggravated her more than she could account for. What was it to her how Reuben Culwick took the ills of life, or why should it distract her to hear him laughing pleasantly, when he should have been crushed down by much mortification of spirit? He had nothing to be thankful for, she sometimes thought, but his health and strength, and yet he professed to be happy—he who did not go to chapel, and kept out of the way when the pastor came to tea at Hope Lodge.

He was of an easy disposition, apparently; his mother, who had died in that house, had said so constantly; and he had been constantly kind to his mother; but what a stubborn nature it must have been to hold aloof from the father so long, and what a proud man he must be, with all his forced humility! thought Lucy. No, she could not understand him—did not even give him credit for his unselfish devotion to Tots. He knew more about Tots, and where Tots came from, than most people, she fancied. She was not going to believe altogether in that story of Tots being found and adopted by him solely out of charity—she might as well believe every line of that rubbishing novel which he had written for gain and for fame, and which publishers were continually sending back with their respectful compliments, and they would much rather have nothing to do with it. He was a man with many good traits of character. She liked him, God knows, more than he would ever guess, more than she had ever liked a man, or should ever like one again—but she did not believe in him. Hers was a strangely dissatisfied and distrustful nature, and she could not set it aside for another. She did not even believe in herself, with or without good reason, as time may prove, perhaps; she was as suspicious of Lucy Jennings as of the community about her, which constituted Lucy Jennings's world; still, be it understood that she was a thoughtful, well-meaning, poverty-stricken mortal, who would turn up a trump card when every body playing the game of life with her thought that she was out of trumps—as happened, for instance, four weeks afterward. It was the middle of June then; Reuben walked in and out of Hope Lodge at uncertain hours, early and late, according to the *Trumpet's* claims upon his attention in town; the fire-work-maker was busy at last, and the Saxe-Gotha Gardens had opened for the season, and were doing tolerably badly.

Reuben one evening had come home early and taken Tots for a walk, Myatt's Fields way, where there were "British Queens" to be purchased for a reasonable price of the strawberry grower himself, in those days not very far removed from the present. Tots was fond of a walk with "Uncle Roo," and fond of strawberries during the progress of the journey, and this was one of the treats which the fine weather brought round, and to which Reuben was unselfish enough to devote his attention when his time would permit.

The big man with the beard, and the tiny child who clung to his hand and prattled all the way, were well-known figures over the open land that was still spared to suburban folk at Camberwell—father and daughter they were imagined to be by the strangers who met them by the way.

"As if any one would walk about as much with a strange child as Reuben does with her!" said Miss Jennings, almost disdainfully. A clever mind than her brother's was that of Lucy Jennings, and yet poor, dreamy, soft-headed John had gone at once at the truth to which the other had closed her eyes systematically. "He is a man who wants something to love," the fire-work-maker had said on the night of Reuben's return from Worcester; and Reuben Culwick loved little Tots, though he had never explained his feelings to any one, because she was as much alone in the world as himself, and wanted greater care.

Lucy Jennings met Reuben and Tots in Hope Street, returning from their walk.

"What a time you have been!" she said, peevishly. "Did you not say that you were coming home early this afternoon?"

"I don't remember."

"I wanted you to write a letter before the five-o'clock post went out—the country post."

"The country post? What for?" asked Reuben.

"I have found a situation for that girl."

"What girl? Sarah Eastbell?"

"Yes. Didn't you say, sneeringly and mockingly enough, certainly, that with my extensive chapel connection, I might hear of something for her?"

"I don't remember my sneering and mocking, Lucy."

"You said that it was likely she would drift away from right without a home, and thus it became my duty to try and do something—and I have been trying ever since."

"That's very kind of you."

"But my extensive chapel connection," she continued, with bitter emphasis, "is, after all, very poor, and fights hard for its bread—and dies fighting sometimes without it—and the chance to help any one does not come frequently."

"And it has come, then—at last?"

"For your second cousin—if she's not too proud."

"She is proud in her way, I fancy."

"You are all proud—horribly proud," said

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"TOTS CLUNG TO HIM AS HER FRIEND ALREADY."

Lucy. "Yours is the pride that apes humility, but it's none the less objectionable."

"I will not argue the point with you," said Reuben, easily. "Granted that I am as proud as Lucifer, what are you going to do for my second-cousin Sarah?"

"The girl at the baker's where we deal is silly enough to get married the week after next. There will be wanted some one to take her place, to weigh the bread, and put the right money for it into the till afterward. I have answered for the honesty of this second cousin of yours."

"Thank you," said Reuben, thoughtfully. "I wish there had been less publicity about the berth, and less of the till."

"You can't trust her!"

"Yes, I can trust her, though I know so little about her. She has a good reference from her grandmother—she's evidently warm-hearted, affectionate, and honest—any one can take care of that poor old blind woman now—and here's an opening in life for one of my relations. It's not a swell berth," he added, thoughtfully; "but the Culwicks and the Eastbells are down on their luck, and Sarah's plaguy poor."

"You see that poverty's a plague, with all your talk, then!" cried Lucy, quickly.

"It's a nuisance at times," he added, dryly, "and no one objects to getting away from it, though it isn't so hard to put up with as rich people fancy."

"Will you write to your cousin at once?"

"No; I will write to my aunt—and Sarah will read it aloud to her," he answered. "And now, Lucy Jennings, thank you for remembering the girl."

"I don't want any thanks."

"Who knows but that I may hear of a situation for you one of these days—eh?"

"I'll take it—I'm tired enough of Hope Lodge," she said, as she abruptly left him to proceed homeward alone, taking sudden charge of Tots too, who was disposed to resist, until Reuben said that he had work to do, and she must go with Aunt Lucy.

Reuben Culwick wrote to Mrs. Eastbell that night, offering the situation to Sarah of which mention has been made, speaking of its advantages as well as he could, of the opening to an honest life, if not a brilliant opening, and intimating his wish that his second cousin would consider the matter, and let him know in due course.

When he had finished the letter he sat with his hands in his pockets staring at it for a while, and with a slight contraction of his forehead as he gazed.

"What a poor lot we are!" he said; "what indigence it all is!"

Lucy Jennings was right. He was hardly what he seemed. He had his spasms of dissatisfaction, though his common-sense quickly got over them. He had chosen his own lot, and he would not mourn at the result.

He posted his letter, and waited patiently four days for the reply, which he considered was lacking at least in promptitude—Lucy Jennings said, ingratitude.

The answer came at length, in a thick, sprawling, downhill hand, which the blind woman might have written herself, and which was certainly not Sarah Eastbell's. It was an ill-spelled and rambling epistle that we need not give word for word. It came hoping that Reuben was well, as it left the writer and Cousin Sarah at present, and it thanked him for his thought of that cousin, who was a good girl, and would not leave her grandmother under any consideration now. Sarah was very happy and contented where she was; but it might be as well for Reuben not to trouble any more about what Mrs. Eastbell had said concerning a situation for her granddaughter.

This epistle put Reuben Culwick out a little. It annoyed him more than he cared to confess; it even puzzled him. At variance as it was with the past anxiety of the old blind woman, and with the last letter to him, which had reached London almost as soon as himself, it was hardly the inconsistency of the whole affair which irritated and bewildered him so much, as the mystery which seemed to hang about his second cousin's life. Why had she not written? Why was there no expression of thanks from Sarah Eastbell for his thought of her? Why had the grandmother altered her mind in so sudden and abrupt a fashion—she who was very anxious concerning her grandchild's future when he had called at the almshouses of St. Oswald's? He would go for a long walk, and consider the matter attentively. When he wanted a good idea he always went from the fire-work-maker's in search of it; it seldom came to him in that stuffy front-room, but walking fast in the shade of the streets, or under the stars in the lonely road where the market-gardens and Myatt's Fields were, he generally contrived to overtake it. After all, he was an excitable fellow—"a fly-away man," Miss Jennings said, when he seemed disposed to dash too rapidly at conclusions—a fault that was somewhat prominent, considering what a philosopher he would like people to think that he was.

He started suddenly for his long walk, with Second-cousin Sarah's want of gratitude upon his mind. It was a gala night at the Saxe-Gotha, next door but two, and there was a heap of dirty boys and girls hanging about the front-doors, where a row of colored lamps indicated the places to pay before admittance was gained to the splendors beyond. He had to battle his way through this little mob before he could put his long limbs into fair marching order, and then he was off at a swinging pace befitting his size and stature toward the Camberwell New Road, and the street on the other side of the way leading to the open ground and the railway arches that were cropping up over it.

He walked so rapidly that in crossing the road he ran against a young woman, to whom he made an apology for his clumsiness, and who muttered back something in return, and then made so quick and sidelong a movement from him that his attention was directed toward her again.

Second-cousin Sarah!

Was it, or was it not? Was he dreaming? Had he got the girl so deeply impressed upon his mind that his thoughts had conjured up her fetch? Was it a figure born of his own fancies, or the shadow of a truth flitting by him in the dark street? No, it could not be—it was not likely—it was impossible!

Still he stood there looking after her—watching her proceed down Hope Street as though she knew the place by heart; and as she passed under the gas-lamp with her head very much bent forward, and a thin rag of a shawl drawn tightly round her, the black and white dress seemed even to the observant man in the background a familiar pattern, the alternate stripes of which he had last seen from the gateway of the almshouses. A striped dress of black and white was no particular novelty, but he swung himself round on his heels, and marched slowly after the receding figure—a man indisposed to believe in the coincidence, but determined to make sure that his fancies were based upon nothing more than a faint resemblance to his eccentric relative.

"Why am I troubling myself about this girl at all?" he said. "What am I to her? What is she to me? Even if that were the girl suddenly turning up in my own neighborhood, at a time when her grandmother would have me believe that she was down in Worcester, what—By George!" he exclaimed aloud, "it is she!"

The female in advance had suddenly paused on the pavement of Hope Street, injudiciously stopping beneath a second gas-lamp, and looking carefully and eagerly in the direction whence she had come, and as if to re-assure herself that no one was following at her heels.

The expression on her countenance was the anxious and perplexed look which he had seen once before, as surely as he had seen that face in Worcester. There was no doubt of it; and he increased his pace at once. The young woman beneath the lamp-light wavered for an instant, and then ran for it; and Reuben, not to be outdone this time, began to run after her.

After a second hasty glance over her shoulder, and an unceremonious scattering of the boys and girls before the entrance to the Saxe-Gotha Gardens, the woman pursued darted into the establishment itself, as if the sixpence for admission might constitute an insurmountable barrier between herself and him who followed her, or as if he would not believe in any one with whom he was acquainted entering such a place as that; but Reuben Culwick was in hot haste still, and gained upon her rapidly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SILK PHOTOGRAPHS.

FROM the recent advances and discoveries in the photographic art, we may yet be able to do our decorating and ornamenting of silk by the use of sun-printing. If silk be thoroughly impregnated with the bichromate of potash, it will become extremely sensitive to the light. Then let any shapes or patterns cut out of tin be laid upon this, and the whole exposed to daylight, and the pattern will be at once transferred to it; and if the silk be white, or nearly so, the pattern will show distinctly a pale red, which is found to be quite permanent. If the silk itself be of a reddish tinge, then the pattern will be of a deeper and richer shade. In this way very handsome borders for curtains or designs for any silk articles might be printed. For instance, take fern leaves and arrange them to form wreaths or sprays upon the prepared silk; then lay panes of glass over them to keep them flat. Upon exposing them to the sun for a short time the shapes will become printed upon the groundwork of the original color, with varied shades of red or brownish-red. By this simple plan the richest original designs may be obtained.

THE ELIXIR OF DEATH.

Up in the turret chamber, whence a gleam
Shot through the lancet window on the night,
There was a sound of falling glass—a scream,
And silence, as when birds are heard in flight.

There, in the stony heights of Stolzenfels,
Its lord, a solitary student, dwelt,
And sought Hermetic lore, and chemic spells
Wrought from grim folios nightly overspelt.

From Geber and the greater Albert came
Visions of gold from baser metals won;
And Trismegistus fanned a steady flame
For quest of youth enduring with the sun.

And on this night—while from the lamp that swayed
By silver chains in flasks of many a hue
There gleamed a heart of light—my lord essayed
To test the great result of all he knew.

Alone—inspired by Paracelsus' page
With fatal hopes—he dared to breast the truth,
To raise the Elixir, and from lips of age
Quaff of the fountain of eternal youth.

The burning potion, coursing through each vein,
Begot an instant's bliss: a flood of light,
Music, and odors seethed within his brain;
Then utter darkness, as of sudden night.

"Life? Is it life," he cried, "in all its prime?
Youth? Is it youth renewed in mighty throes?
Ha, ha! have we defeated thee, Old Time?
Blunted thy scythe?—God, how the potion glows!

"So dark, too! And this numbness of the spine!
Can all be right? The adepts were at one,
And the old palimpsest in word and sign
Read clearly—what is this that I have done?

"It is not Life, but Death! What hands are these?
My Miramel's? my daughter's? Ah, too late!
I thought to dower thee beyond argosies
Of Ind, and see thee throned in regal state.

"The volume at my feet, couldst thou construe
The characters, would show thee all; but I—
My child, my fair one, all is lost, and you
Are beggared—yet one kiss before I die."

A weeping face, set in a cloud of light,
Bent over icy lips whence sound had fled;
A cry of anguish rose upon the night—
The wizard lord of Stolzenfels was dead.

THE ELIXIR OF DEATH.

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Knitted and Crochet Overshoe and Sandal, Figs. 1–3.

THESE overshoes are worn over thin shoes to protect the feet from the cold. They are worked with blue and white tapestry worsted and twelvefold white worsted and steel knitting-needles in loop stitch. The loops on the wrong side simulate a fur lining. To make the overshoe shown by Fig. 1, the pattern of which is given by Figs. 34 and 35, Supplement, begin on the front edge of the front with a foundation of 16 st. (stitch) with blue worsted. Then work, going back and forth, first with blue worsted two rounds all knit plain, in doing which always widen on the outer edge of the knitted part according to the pattern Fig. 35. 3d round.—With blue worsted 2 k. (knit plain); now lay on a twelvefold thread of white worsted, * wind this thread underneath, and on the needle of the right hand form a loop seven-eighths of an inch long, carry the thread back over the needle, winding it on the needle, and at the same time holding the loop with the thumb of the left hand, and draw the last st. worked off previously with blue worsted over the two threads on the needle; the arrow-head on Fig. 3, which shows a full-sized section of the knitting and the manner of execution, indicates how to insert the needle in the stitch. Then work with blue worsted 2 k., carry the white thread over these 2 st., and repeat from *. Cut off the white worsted strand at the end of the round. 4th round.—With blue worsted. All st. on the needle worked off with blue worsted in the preceding round are knit plain, and all the st. formed of double white worsted threads in the preceding round are slipped. 5th and 6th rounds.—With blue worsted. All knit plain, working off the double st. in the 5th round always as 1 st. Now repeat always the 3d–6th rounds. The heel is worked on both sides to the middle of the back in connection with the front, having first chained off the middle st. of the front. After finishing the heel, sew the edge stitches in the middle of the back together from the wrong side. The sole, of which Fig. 34, Supplement, gives the pattern, is worked in a similar manner. Begin also from the front edge with a foundation of 14 st., and narrow and widen on the outer edge in the requisite manner. Having bordered the front, the heel, and the sole each with a round of single crochet with blue worsted, sew the parts together from the wrong side according to the corresponding figures, gathering the front and heel slightly. Then take up the edge st. on the slope of the shoe on needles, and knit with white knitting wool ten rounds all plain, and then chain off the st. On the front of the shoe set a bow of blue satin ribbon, as shown by the illustration.

The sandal overshoe shown by Fig. 2 is worked from Figs. 32 and 33, Supplement, in the same design, and similar to the overshoe Fig. 1. The trimming consists of a binding worked in loop stitch with white worsted, simulating fur, and of a bow of blue satin ribbon set on the front of the sandal. The binding is worked in the following manner: On a foundation of the requisite length knit one round all plain. In the second round the loops are formed. To do this pass the needle of the right hand through the next st. as if going to knit off plain, then wind the working thread twice on the needle of the right hand as if going to work off the st., and at the same time on a mesh an inch and a quarter in circumference, which is laid on from the under side, again throw the thread over, and then work off the st. Like this st. are worked all the remaining st. 3d round.—All knit plain, in doing which always work off the treble st. as 1 st. Repeat the second and third rounds twice, cast off, and sew the binding on the slope of the front and on the free part of the sole. Set on the bow as shown by the illustration.

Edging for Dresses, Wrappings, etc.

FOR this edging first transfer the design to linen, and on this baste a piece of black silk gimp, following the lines of the design, and fasten the gimp with several stitches where the curves meet. Then stretch the threads with black silk as shown by the illustration, cover them with thread windings, and with similar silk work the wheels and star-shaped figures in point de reprise.

SUIT FOR BOY FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 48–52.

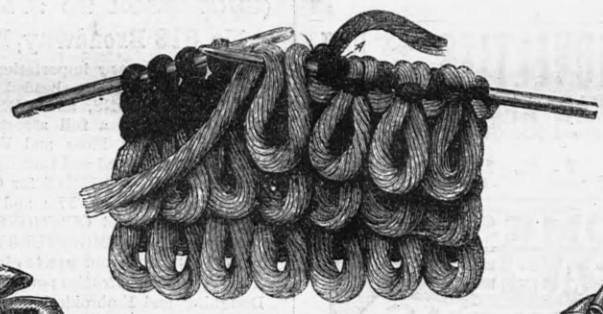


Fig. 3.—CROCHET STITCH FOR OVERSHOE AND SANDAL, FIGS. 1 AND 2.

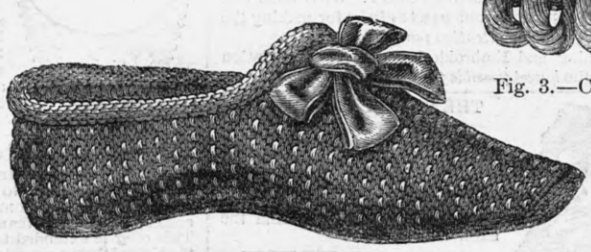


Fig. 1.—KNITTED AND CROCHET OVERSHOE.—[See Fig. 3.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 34 and 35.

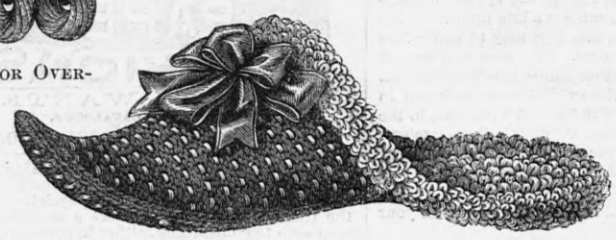


Fig. 2.—KNITTED AND CROCHET SANDAL.—[See Fig. 3.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 32 and 33.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

I PERSIST in repeating what I have said before—there is no decided change in fashions, nor will there be while our government remains in its present uncertain state. An incalculable quantity of beautiful fabrics of all kinds, both handsome and costly, and pretty and cheap, has been manufactured in all the great industrial towns of France; colors have been invented and combined by chemical art in a hitherto unheard-of fashion; fringes of fur, and of soft wool woven in trellis, and embroideries of every kind, have been prepared; but all these are used precisely as they were last winter, and, in fact, for several winters past.

For simple toilettes the model style is the double skirt, worn with a basque-waist, buttoned on the side, for slender figures, and trimmed with two rows of buttons; or else a hunting jacket, with vest, revers, and cuffs of velvet or some other fabric of a different color or shade. Metal buttons are most generally worn with these suits, either oxidized silver or gilt.

Dresses made of woolen fabrics will be usually trimmed with fur fringe. The skirt will be either of the material of the rest of the suit or of velveteen; in the latter case the skirt will be plain, and the woolen over-skirt will be edged with fur fringe; or else velvet will be used for trimming, either ribbon or cut in strips. A great impetus has been given of late to the manufacture of velvet in this country. Unwilling any longer to use the German cotton-back velvets, France has applied herself to their fabrication, and the Roubaix velvets are handsomer to-day and no more expensive than the velvets of Germany. They are cut in bands of different widths, and employed to trim the woolen suits just described. Fur fringes will be used most of all for trimming suits made entirely of velveteen; these are rather heavy, but nevertheless are in vogue.

As a model of a more dressy toilette, I will mention the demi-trained skirt without polonaise or pouf, entirely covered with trimming, that of the front breadth being different from that of the back, which is generally composed of flounces, while the front breadth, or tablier, is trimmed either horizontally or perpendicularly with puffs, ruches, and flat folds.

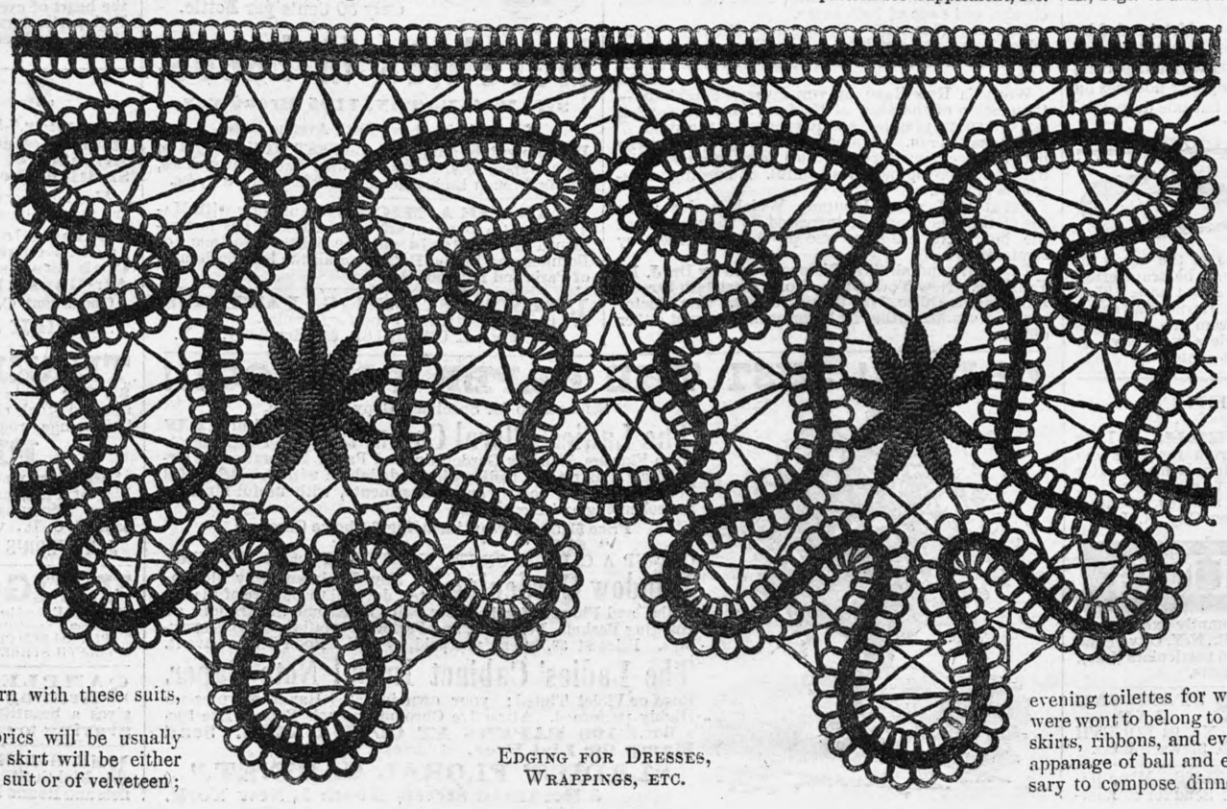
My readers may be interested in the description of a dress that is now being made by Worth for one of the leaders of fashion in Paris. The skirt is double the width of all other skirts, past, present, and future. It is arranged at regular intervals in large box-pleats, not merely in front, but all the way around. This skirt is made of white satin, and has no other trimming. With it will be worn an over dress of *café-au-lait* velvet almost as long as the skirt, open in front, in the princesse shape. The waist is open *en carré*, or square. The whole dress is trimmed with a band of black curled feathers. On each front of this over dress (opening over the white satin skirt) are set little tufts of black feathers, arranged so as to look like large buttons. For the hair is a little cap of black feathers, with a rose in the centre. This is a dinner toilette, designed for reunions at a château in the month of November.

Both for trimmings and dresses velvet in all its varieties will be much worn during the coming winter. We will enumerate the different kinds of this material, so beautiful that no other can be compared with it. First, velveteen, or English velvet, all cotton, both back and face; second, Roubaix velvet, with cotton back and silk face; third, Lyons cotton-back velvet, with less cotton and more silk than the Roubaix velvet; fourth, St. Étienne velvet, lighter with silk, but with cotton back; and fifth, Lyons silk velvet, of marvelous fineness, all of silk, and of the highest price that the fabric can attain. Besides plain velvets there are silk stuffs with velvet figures, which are used for polonaises or tunics, to be worn over the velvet skirts of the same or a darker shade; for, on two important points, the fashion of the winter will continue the same: when the over-skirt or polonaise is not precisely like the skirt, it must be of a lighter color—the reverse is not permissible; the skirt must always be plain; if any one wishes to wear a figured fabric, it must be as an over-skirt or polonaise. For this purpose there are manufactured woolen stuffs with brocaded stripes, the tints of which do honor to the French colorists, so marvelous is their blending of the different hues, from the darkest to the lightest. There is likewise manufactured in wool and silk a fabric attempted last summer in linen; this is the Djemilch, with broad stripes, entirely composed of small tufts which have been cut with the scissors during the fabrication of the material. Polonaises and over-skirts of this fabric are very effective.

Bonnets are higher than ever; the news is not pleasant, but it is impossible either to pass it over in silence or to extenuate it. Just now all the ladies look as though they were returning from the spring with a pitcher on their head. This fashion is unbecoming to almost every one; it neither protects the head nor forms a framework for the face; in fact, it is perfectly incomprehensible. Nevertheless it exists, and we must make the best of it. The hair is still worn very high, and in ample quantity; sometimes a huge pin with a ball at each end holds it in place on the crown of the head, while a few curly locks escape from it. We see again this autumn many very long scarfs of white or light gauze, which are twisted around the bonnet and the neck, then fall over the face in the guise of a veil, and hang very low in the back.

We must not forget to mention one of the principal characteristics of the fashion, which is too original not to be noticed—namely, the blending of different colors formerly reserved for dress occasions, but which are now worn in the street, even for walking attire. But for this one must be a good colorist, and possessed of correct taste, otherwise the result is shocking. I will cite a few models of this combination. Dress of pinkish-brown velveteen, not very dark, trimmed with a wide flounce, arranged in large pleats with spaces between; high waist and close sleeves; sleeveless polonaise of bluish-gray cloth, without trimming, buttoned all the way to the throat; belt of velveteen like the skirt, confined by an enormous steel buckle. From this belt fall two ribbons of the same material, one from the buckle in the middle of the front, and the other from the middle of the belt in the back, which is furnished with a large bow without ends; these two ribbons are passed through a second steel buckle, which is sewed on the left side of the polonaise. In like manner are combined dead leaf brown bound with pale green, *gris cendre* with *bleu moyen*, brown and écru, and gray and brown.

As we have borrowed from evening toilettes for walking attire all the details which were wont to belong to full dress, such as draperies, double skirts, ribbons, and even flowers, formerly the exclusive appanage of ball and evening dresses, it becomes necessary to compose dinner, tea, and even simple evening



EDGING FOR DRESSES, WRAPPINGS, ETC.

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costumes of transparent tissues, such as can not be worn in the street—for instance, silk gauze and even woolen grenadine! Stuffs of this kind are found, brocaded on transparent ground, of all colors and all prices, from the richest silk gauzes downward. Crêpe de Chine preserves all its popularity. Houses which have for their customers the richest and most elegant women of Paris, to keep this favorite material from being common have it covered with embroidery of beads or silk. I have seen some remarkable specimens of this kind of embroidery that were ordered by Worth, among others a large polonaise of white crêpe de Chine embroidered all over with brown beads, which assuredly will not become common. Another was embroidered with white beads, another with garnet beads, another with écru beads, and so on. An opera wrap of pink crêpe de Chine was embroidered with black beads. There is the same wealth of embroidery on sashes. Black silk gauze is embroidered with black or gold yellow beads, and white gauze with white beads for dinner and evening dresses.

Bonnets trimmed with fur are in preparation. Others are wholly of fur, resembling the Persian hats, and ornamented in front with an aigrette set on like that of the Shah of Persia.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CONSTANT READER.—Your letter betrays an equal lack of courtesy and observation. If you read the *Bazar* as constantly as you pretend to do, you would know that plait is synonymous with braid, and pleat with fold. *Au reste*, we commend to you a careful study of the art of polite letter-writing.

K. K.—Your inquiry came too late to be answered in time for Halloween.

INQUIRER.—We regret that we can give you no information beyond that contained in the article in question.

ANOTHER INQUIRER.—Defaced postage stamps are absolutely worthless. Some time since a stupid hoax set hundreds of good people to work at collecting them in the faith that they would receive an indefinite reward for a million.

MRS. L. H. B.—You can order the perfumes mentioned at any drug store.

MRS. G. W. L.—You failed to send your name, hence we can not send you the English walking jacket pattern. The pockets, collar, cuffs, etc., are made of velvet or repped silk, *not* of the material of the sacque.

CLARA E. S.—Trim the alpaca suit with bias piped bands of the same. We can not write about trimmings on the pattern.

SARAH E. H.—Make a double-breasted jockey basque to your alpaca; trim it simply with a piped band of the same, and use blue steel buttons to brighten it. Get myrtle green cloth, navy blue flannel, and small plaids for kilt suits for your boy of three. He does not need knickerbockers, but a warm flannel skirt and long crimson or blue woolen stockings.

NOVELTY.—A black cashmere sacque is suitable with *any* dress. See prices of yak braid and curled fringe in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 41, Vol. VI. Oxidized jewelry is fast losing favor, and we advise a cut steel buckle and arrow instead. However, you can get an oxidized buckle for $2 or $3, and an arrow for the same price. Hats are set quite back on the head. Read about low coiffures in the New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 41, Vol. VI. Buttons on redingotes are smaller than those worn last season.

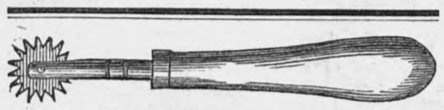
A. E.—The fouragère cords connecting ornaments on waists will be worn again. Why not use your lace curtains straight, like shades, as that is one of the favorite styles at present?

A. T.—The artist to whom reference was made was Mr. Church.—We learned the fact concerning which you inquire in conversation with East Indian merchants. We presume shades or tints are implied rather than whole colors, though the eye is so imperfect as an optical instrument (see a late number of the *Popular Science Monthly*) that it is easy to conjecture possibilities outside its range. The eyes that do not recognize the colors, however, could hardly miss them. Further illustration of the subject may be found in the works of Professors Tyndall and Youmans, in the opening portion and notes of Field's *Chromatology*, and in the first book of the Rev. H. R. Haweis's very charming treatise on *Music and Morals*, published by Harper & Brothers.

J. B. M.—Fringe would not be out of place on your over-skirt.

DESDEMONA.—If you don't know who Desdemona was, read Shakspeare until you find out.—Put jet galloon and fringe on your silk basque and over-skirt; put flounces on the lower skirt.

A. B. C.—Put bias flounces on your skirt, headed by a bias silk band. Trim the double-breasted basque and over-skirt like pattern sent you with a bias band of green silk. Have three or five lapping flounces on the back breadths, while the front has one deep kilt-pleated flounce.



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DEAFNESS AND CATARRH.—A Lady who had suffered for years from Deafness and Catarrh was cured by a simple Indian Remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompt her to send the recipe, free of charge, to any one similarly afflicted. Address MRS. M. CLARA LEGGETT, Jersey City, N. J.

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Long Single Curls, naturally Curly—
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Frisets, 25 cents per yard.
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Combings made up 50 cents per ounce.
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AGENTS WANTED.
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Skin Diseases and their Symptoms.
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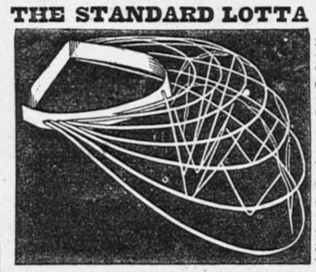
THE STANDARD LOTTA BUSTLE.

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325 CASH GIFTS	100 each	32,500
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The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. V.

TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt..... No. 20
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER.. " 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)..... " 25
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)..... " 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old) " 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, Shirt Waist, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 5 to 10 years old)..... " 39
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SINGLE-BREASTED BASQUINE, with Short Pouf Walking Skirt..... " 47
DOUBLE-BREASTED PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron Front and Square Back Over-skirt and Long Walking Skirt..... " 47

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FACETIÆ.

THERE can be no doubt that the moon is inhabited, and by a race of people who make calls and leave cards, and give dinner-parties, and go out to dances and evening receptions, just as we do in this gay planet. Shakspeare settled the question long ago, when (in *Antony and Cleopatra*) he referred to "the visiting moon."

What is the difference between an old hat on a stick and money with a spendthrift?—One scares crows, the other grows scarce.

ALL ROUND.

INTELLIGENT YOUTH TO ARTIST. "I should think it be 'ard, Sir, to do that 'ere."

ARTIST. "Yes."

I. Y. "Yer bean't got Willis's farm in the picter, though, Sir."

ARTIST. "Oh! where's that?"

I. Y. "There it be, Sir, just behind yer."

Those peoples of Europe who talk broken Latin go by the name of the Latin races. Would it not be more correct to call them the Dog-Latin races?

A FEW SIMPLE THOUGHTS AND EXPRESSIONS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—The Anathemas are there, and the miraculous Thing is there. Whence it cometh? Whither it goeth? These are questions. When the age of Miracles lay faded into the distance as an incredible tradition, and even the age of Conventionalities was now old; and Man's Existence had for long generations rested on mere formulas which were grown hollow by the course of time; and it seemed as if no Reality any longer existed, but only Phantasms of realities, and God's Universe were the work of the Tailor and Upholsterer mainly, and men wore buckram masks that went about becking and grimacing there—on a sudden the Earth yawns asunder, and amid Tartarean smoke, and glare of fierce brightness, uses Sansculottism, many-headed, fire-breathing, and asks, What think ye of me?—THOMAS CARLYLE.

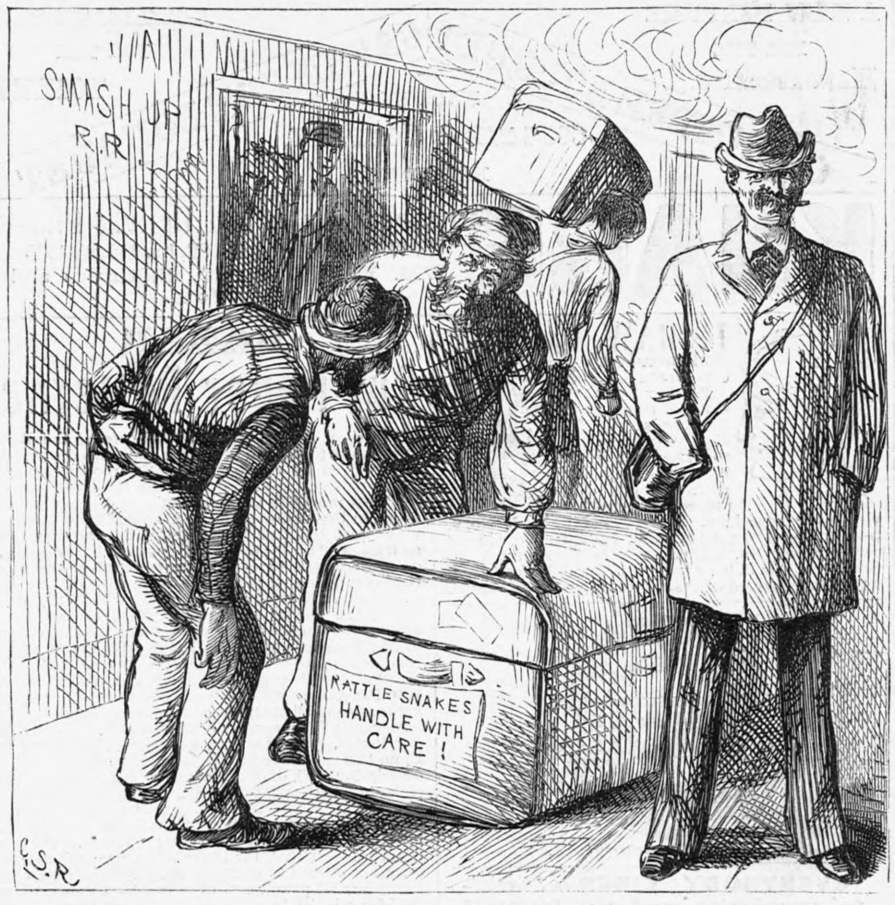
Nature abhors a vacuum. Is this the reason that with light-headed people all liquors go to the head?

A correspondent says: "Speaking about Bradlaugh, his name is giving us more uneasiness than Froude's did. Governed by the rules that settle English pronunciation, Bradlaugh, according to l-a-u-g-h, is Bradlaff; according to p-l-o-u-g-h, is Bradlow; according to e-n-o-u-g-h, is Bradluff; according to t-h-o-u-g-h, is Bradlo. I shouldn't know what to *call* him if I was playing poker with him, and held four aces and a king. But as the situation isn't likely to turn up this deal, I won't worry myself about it."

Professor Sedgwick was geologizing in a quarry near a high-road in England, dressed in a rough suit for the purpose, and striking vigorous blows with his hammer upon the rock, when a traveling carriage coming up stopped at the place, and a gentleman within beckoned to the professor to come up to the door, as he wanted to know the way to the residence of a nobleman in that locality. Professor Sedgwick having answered this and various other questions put to him very readily, the gentleman, pleased with what he deemed the intelligence and civility of the quarryman, offered him a shilling, which was received with thanks. The carriage drove on, taking its occupant to the nobleman's house, where he was an invited guest. Soon after Professor Sedgwick followed him, for he was staying there at that time himself. At dinner they happened to be seated near each other, and soon fell into conversation. After a while the gentleman, looking earnestly at Professor Sedgwick, observed,

"I think I must have had the pleasure of seeing you before, and that not very long ago?"

"Oh yes!" was the reply; "you saw me this morning, and gave me a shilling for answering a whole string of questions, and I was much obliged to you for it."



"DOING" THE BAGGAGE-SMASHERS.

TO OUR RAILWAY "MANAGERS."

Break, break, break
Your passengers' bones, for ye
Care not what 'plaints they utter:
Ye've got the monopoly!

'Tis bad for the driver and mate,
When the goods train gets in the way;
'Tis bad when the mail is late,
But no one is to blame, ye say!

So the doomed express goes on
To destruction under the hill;
For want of the touch of a points-man's hand,
Or the sound of a whistle that's still.

Breaks, breaks, breaks
Must be quickly improved, and ye
Will find that the trust ye've abused is dead,
And never revived 'twill be!

The dressing-gown is the most lasting of all garments—it is seldom worn out.

The advent of a wild-cat broke up a wedding in Missouri the other evening. The cat wanted to introduce a new claws in the marriage ceremony.

A HAPPY THOUGHT FOR TRAVELERS.—Railway officials, possibly, may not be strict grammarians, but there is little doubt that most of them are now well versed in Accidence.

Chemists say no matter is ever lost. Printers deny it.

We can not say that the following obituary notice appeared in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, but we have seen funeral tributes that were quite as touching in the columns of that paper:

"Died on the 17th, Henry Wilkins Glynn, aged three days and seven hours, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude. The funeral will take place at the residence of his afflicted parents, 320 Broad Street, this afternoon, at three o'clock.

"No more his pa will candy bring
Unto his darling boy.
He loud aloft will praises sing,
Expressive of his joy.

"With little angels he will stay,
His rattle spring with pride,
And bless the day, when far away,
He laid him down and died.

"Gone to meet his grandmother."

AN IRISH VOCALIST.

At St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, there was an old vicar choral who loved his dinner, "not wisely, but too well." He had bought a fine quarter of mutton, and intended to have it for his Sunday's repast, after the fatigue of chanting the morning service, but forgot to tell his wife in what manner he wished it to be cooked. The good lady, however, was equal to the emergency. In the middle of the *Te Deum* a small boy was observed to creep up the aisle till he came near the choir, where his father was singing, and in a piping treble mingled with the chorus thus:

"My mother's got a quarter of mutton, and she don't know what to do-o-oo wi' it."

The father responded:

"Let her boil the leg, and roast the loin, and make a dumpling of the su-u-u-et." *Omnes.* "Amen."

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

MADGE. "What are you looking so sorry about Arthur?"

ARTHUR. "Multiplication."

MADGE. "Oh, I know all about multiplication!"

ARTHUR. "Do you? What's twice ten, then?"

MADGE. "Oh, twenty-one, of course!"

ARTHUR. "No, it's not. It's only twenty."

MADGE. "Ah, but every thing's riz, you know!"

We have societies for the protection of every thing worth protecting, with the one important exception of human life. As a mere suggestion, we would ask whether some philanthropist might not institute a society to prevent—

1. Silly children playing in a public road thronged with vehicles.
2. Stupid donkeys looking with lighted candles for leakage in gas-pipes.
3. Foolish acrobats dancing on tight-ropes or swinging on trapezes at giddy heights.
4. Reckless men traveling by railway unaccompanied by one director or two bishops as guarantees against accident.
5. Hard-working ballet-girls pursuing their vocations in dresses which a single spark will wreathe in flames in a single moment.

We offer this suggestion without the faintest hope of its being carried into effect, yet legislation and philanthropy have been wasted on more insignificant matters.

A maniac writes to ask if a sailor is like sage and onions because he's often dressed in duck.

MICHAELMAS "GEESE."

Those who are taken in by puffing advertisements.

Those who demand *encores* at concerts and other musical entertainments.

Those who take a railway journey without insuring their lives.

Those who eat and drink what they know will disagree with them.

Those who wear a high black hat when they have the chance of being comfortable in a low white one.

Those who drink green teas.

Those who paint—themselves.

Those who persist in giving fees and gratuities at theatres where they are strictly forbidden.

Those who encourage street beggars, street minstrels, street mountebanks, and street organists.

Those who fancy that with a little care they can live as cheaply at the sea-side as at home.

Those who imagine that clothes, meat, and other luxuries will ever again be reasonable in price.

Those who wear thin boots in wet weather.

Those who enter into conversation with strangers in the streets of New York.

Those who lend umbrellas.

Those who look to see how a novel is going to end before they are half-way through the first volume.

Those who propose without feeling sure that they will be accepted.

Those who believe that they shall live to see New York properly governed, and the streets kept clean in winter.

A LETTER TO THE "OULD COUNTHRY"—FROM BRIDGET TO PAT.

"Micky M'Carty is Rising in the World, slowly, but surely—

Ould Mr. Fogarty has been called to the Bar—

As for us, we are living on Fifth Avenue, near the Cinthral Park—

And Dinny Mullins is admitted to some of the First Houses in the City.

Sister Norah is staying at one of the Big Hotels—

And little Tim Murphy is in a Broker's Office."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 47.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

LADIES' WINTER SUITS (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERNS).—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Fig. 1.—SINGLE-BREASTED BASQUINE, WITH SHORT POUF WALKING SKIRT.

Fig. 2.—DOUBLE-BREASTED PLAIN BASQUE, WITH APRON-FRONT AND SQUARE-BACK OVER-SKIRT AND LONG WALKING SKIRT.

[Cut Paper Patterns of the Single-breasted Basquine, with Short Pouf Walking Skirt; and the Double-breasted Plain Basque, with Apron-front and Square-back Over-Skirt and Long Walking Skirt, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents each.]

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Single and Double Breasted Plain Basque Suits, Figs. 1 and 2.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

See illustration on first page.

THE two cut paper patterns of single and double breasted plain basque suits which we publish this week will be found very useful for winter street and house dresses. The first illustration shows a long basque, or basquine, worn with a single skirt, which is draped in a pouf. An over-skirt may be added by those who are not yet ready to abandon this favorite garment. The original is of dark gray diagonal cloth. The skirt is trimmed with a side pleating and puffing, and the basquine with a fold of the material. The basquine is extremely graceful, and fits as smoothly as armor.

The second suit illustrated has a close-fitting double-breasted basque, trimmed with passementerie and folds. The over-skirt, which is remarkably graceful, and one of the most stylish that has appeared this season, is draped in a pouf, and trimmed likewise with folds and a passementerie ornament in the back. The long walking skirt is also trimmed with twelve flat folds of the material. The original is of black silk. The suit may be made equally well of any material, and is particularly adapted to serge, vigogne, or camel's-hair, with velvet, braid, or other flat trimmings.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN OF SINGLE-BREASTED BASQUINE, WITH SHORT POUF WALKING SKIRT.

THIS suit comprises two garments—single-breasted basquine and short pouf walking skirt.

SINGLE-BREASTED BASQUINE.—This pattern is in seven pieces—front, side back, back, collar, pocket, sleeve, and cuff. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting together. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, to take up the cross basque seams, the darts, the size and form of the under part of the sleeve, and where to place the pocket. The front is fitted on each side by two darts extending to the bottom of the garment, and a cross basque seam at the waist line. The back is adjusted by a middle seam, left open from the notch down, and side forms. The neck is heart-shaped, and is finished with a collar. The front closes to the waist with buttons and button-holes. The coat sleeve is sewed plain in the armhole, and has a deep cuff, with three buttons on the outer edge. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the back part of the armhole, and hold the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. Sew the cuff on the sleeve, and the collar on the neck, according to the notches, holding the collar toward you. The notches at the top and bottom of the front show where to turn back the hem. Baste all the seams, and try on wrong side out; if alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for a medium-sized lady, 3½ yards.

SHORT POUF WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, two side gores, and back breadth. Cut the front gore and back breadth with the longest straight edges laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Cut two pieces each of the pattern given for the side gores. Put the pattern together by the notches, and pay no attention to the grain of the paper. This skirt is puffed in the back by three tapes twelve inches long, which are sewed on the belt, then the end of each tape is tacked at the single holes in the skirt. Place one tape in the middle of the belt, and the other two about four inches each side of the middle one. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a side-pleated flounce twelve inches deep.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8½ yards. Extra for flounce, 5½ yards.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN OF DOUBLE-BREASTED PLAIN BASQUE, WITH APRON-FRONT AND SQUARE-BACK OVER-SKIRT AND LONG WALKING SKIRT.

THIS suit comprises three garments—double-breasted plain basque, apron-front and square-back puffed over-skirt, and long walking skirt.

BASQUE.—This pattern is in five pieces—front, side forms, back, sleeve, and cuff. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting together. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, the darts and the cross basque seams, and the size and form of the under part of the sleeve. The front is cut double-breasted, both sides being cut exactly alike. The right side overlaps the left, and is fastened with hooks and loops. The neck is cut heart-shaped, and is worn with a deep box-pleated ruff. The front has two darts on each side and a cross basque seam; the darts extend to the bottom of the garment. The back is adjusted to the figure by a centre back and side forms. Each seam is left open below the waist line, and trimmed around to correspond with the slashes on each side of the front. The sleeve is coat-shaped, and has a deep wide cuff at the wrist. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the back of the armhole, and hold the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the shoulder and under arm seams, and a quarter of an inch for all others. Baste up, and try on wrong side out; if alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 3 yards.

APRON-FRONT AND SQUARE-BACK OVER-SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front gore, side gore, side breadth, and back breadth. Only half the pattern is given. Cut the front gore and back breadth with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Cut two pieces each of the patterns given for the side gore and side breadth. The apron front has a gore at each side. The lower edge is rounded from the middle in front to the back edge of each side gore before it is sewed to the belt. The side gore is laid in a side pleat, turning toward the back. The back of the skirt is deeper than the front, and is square across the lower edge. A deep side pleat is laid on the front part of the side breadth at the top according to the notches, turned toward the back, placing the front notch on the second one. The back edge of the apron front overlaps the side breadth after the pleat is laid, placing the two single holes in the top of the side gore over the corresponding ones on each side of the pleat on the side breadth at the top. The rest of the back is laid in gathers. Cut a tape fourteen inches long, and sew to the middle of the belt in the back, and tack the hole nearest the top in the middle breadth on the tape about six inches from the lower end. Tack the end of the tape to the lower hole in the skirt to form the pouf. A quarter of an inch is allowed for all seams.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 4¾ yards.

LONG WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, two side gores, and straight breadth for the back. Cut the front and back with the longest straight edges laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Put the pattern together by the notches, paying no attention to the grain of the paper.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

NEW CHRISTMAS STORY.

Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS *take pleasure in announcing that they will soon commence the publication of a new* CHRISTMAS STORY, *entitled*

"GOLDEN GRAIN,"

by B. L. FARJEON, *author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses," "Joshua Marvel," "Griff," and other popular tales. "*GOLDEN GRAIN*" will be profusely and beautifully illustrated.*

*As a writer of short stories the author of "Blade-o'-Grass stands without a rival, and our readers have already begun to look for his Christmas Story as one of the most charming attractions of the Winter Holidays. We append the headings of the several chapters of "*GOLDEN GRAIN,*" as a foretaste of the rare treat in store for its readers.*

I.

THROUGH COUNTRY ROADS TO SOME GREEN, PLEASANT SPOT.

II.

THANK GOD FOR A GOOD BREAKFAST!

III.

THEY LISTENED WITH ALMOST BREATHLESS ATTENTION TO EVERY WORD THAT FELL FROM HER LIPS.

IV.

FOR MERCY'S SAKE, TELL ME! WHOSE VOICE WAS IT I HEARD JUST NOW?

V.

THEY WON'T WANT NO MORE MOTHERS BY-AND-BY, SIR.

VI.

FOR THESE AND SUCH AS THESE

VII.

THEY JUDGE THE LIFE OF AN INDIVIDUAL BY MEANS OF AN AGGREGATE.

VIII.

THIS 'ERE FREE AND 'LIGHTENED COUNTRY OF OURN'S CRAMMED FULL O' TEMPLES O' LIBERTY.

IX.

OPEN YOUR EYES, BABY! SPEAK TO ME! LOOK AT MOTHER, MY LIFE!

X.

NO, NO! BORN IN LOVE! IN LOVE!

XI.

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE LIVED ON AN ISLAND.

XII.

IN THE DIM TWILIGHT OF THAT HOLY DAY.

XIII.

HIS SOUL IS IN YOUR HANDS TO SAVE AND PURIFY.

XIV.

IT IS SUNRISE. A GOLDEN MIST IS RISING FROM THE WATERS.

XV.

FAIRHAVEN.

THE END.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1873.

☞ With the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for November 15 was sent out gratuitously a finely illustrated

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing further installments of "PHINEAS REDUX" and "THE PARISIANS," and two intensely interesting illustrated stories.

Another illustrated EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT will be sent out gratuitously with the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for November 22.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the Single-breasted Basquine, with Short Pouf Walking Skirt; and the Double-breasted Plain Basque, with Apron-front and Square-back Over-Skirt and Long Walking Skirt, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 751.

THE GENTLER SEX.

THE gentler sex, as the days of chivalry dubbed it, days which are notably no more—the gentler sex seems to be somewhat at a discount just at present, since so many people of more or less distinction are busy in the discovery and classification of its failings, writers on both sides of the water having lately taken occasion to draw the picture of all womankind not only without a flattering touch, nor even after CROMWELL'S fashion, but as one paints the picture of an inferior who aspires to be a rival. Mr. RUSKIN, following his line of leaders, lends lustre to the attack, and Mr. HAMERTON comes up with reinforcement, both of them being writers on art, and perhaps thinking that as the modern woman is nothing but a work of art, she comes plainly within their province.

But whatever the chief thinkers of the other sex have had to say about women in a derogatory way—and that has been so much and of such sort that one is led to wonder how such superior beings as the writers could possibly have been born of women—whatever they may have said, it has been reserved to Mr. HAMERTON to emphatically and distinctly categorize their short-comings, and declare that women do not of themselves undertake intellectual labor, nor persevere in it when undertaken, except—to put it in plain terms—for the sake of pleasing some man; that they are resigned to ignorance; that they have an absence of intellectual initiative and of scientific curiosity; that there are, in short, but "three or four women in England, and as many more on the Continent, who have lived intellectually in harness for many years, and who unaffectedly delight in strenuous intellectual labor," and that even such women have to be encouraged by masculine influence, and are exceptions to the prevalent rule of nature.

Now, in all humility, we submit that as men—not because they are men, but because they are human beings, descendants of barbarians, not yet clarified of all barbarism, and with the habit of keeping the weaker in subjection still clinging to them—we submit that as men have always been the masters of the situation, and have kept the opposite sex in a state of subordination, objects either of use or luxury, and always of possession, that the question of the intellectual power of women has had no such trial as to make it expedient, not to say decent, to pronounce such a judgment. It is a case of condemnation without jury or plea, and the law pretends to give even a woman a fair trial before sentence is pronounced.

From the beginning of the world man has needed no Divine fiat to declare that woman should be in subjection to himself. Being the stronger animal, he placed her in subjection, as he did the ox and the horse and his weaker or less wary neighbor. Made of clay, and with much of the imperfection of the original composition still remaining, it is not to be expected that he will be altogether purified of the mould for generations to come, and of course a transcendent magnanimity is something not to be attained by a bound, any more than other supernal virtues, but only by a gradual growth. We speak of civilized and semi-civilized races with a heedless self-complacency; but in fact the most advanced people on earth, with all the appliances of science and luxury, should not yet be termed wholly civilized. Man has already made a great advance in virtue—so great that we have a right confidently to look forward to larger achievements: he has abandoned the right to tie his enemy to the heels of four stallions and tread him to death in the market-place, as he used to do half a dozen centuries since; he no longer, under any pretense, roasts his enemy to death on a gridiron; he no longer claims the undoubted right, because he has the undoubted power, to enter an unprotected land and tear families apart in order to further his own interests, either in the sale of slaves thus made, or in the provision of service for his own household; he has surrendered also, with pretty general consent, the right to ravage the sea, as he has ravaged the land, and make every merchantman his prey; and he has grown to look with scorn and reprobation, and even wonder, upon the practice of household slavery. That he still maintains a feudal system which is the remnant of a larger sort of slavery under another name is a matter of government that time will probably make right, while the piratical deeds for which three hundred years ago such a man as Sir FRANCIS DRAKE was honored and rewarded, would to-day stretch a rope round his neck with a short shrift. Other rights there are still claimed for him, upon which it is not our purpose here to enter, but which doubtless he will some day see to be preposterous and monstrous as the rest.

And thus, if it has taken eighteen hundred years and more to bring about such results, and there are yet equally important, even if less conspicuous ones to attain, we must wait without impatience, welcome each step as it is made, and not expect too much at once. And thus by-and-by, with the rest, may come the fair trial of woman. When the time of that trial comes we shall not shrink from the test.

Since the first recorded time woman has been an underling. That she was the weaker being in the beginning did not give her the sentimental advantage which is sometimes claimed for her: for chivalry is not inherent in the other sex; it is an outgrowth of Christian principles, the apotheosis of unselfishness. The savage husband saw only the question of physical superiority and inferiority; that things should be equal and yet differ was an idea too subtile and refined for his appreciation. She could not perform his feats of strength, that was apparent: it did not enter his mind, if he had one, to ask if he could perform hers—if he could endure the throes and agonies set down for her portion, and rise elastic from them as well as before, or if her vast and wonderful nervous strength were not as valuable as his muscular strength. She was his thrall, not his equal. He made no demands upon her other than animal: she bore his young, she boiled his pot, when he had invented a pot—of course he invented it, for the animal that has no call made upon its intelligence will produce no fruits of intelligence except phenomenally. For his part, he secured her from the rapine of his foes—not for her sake, but for his own—and he kept her at home in seclusion and in service. And meanwhile, to every deep there being a deeper deep, the slave's wife was the slave of the slave!

And it is just here that we take issue with Mr. HAMERTON and the whole tribe of such critics upon the sex. We maintain that up to the present day, saving exceptional cases, woman is still held and regarded by man as in the beginning. It is not a hundred years since cooking and sewing were thought all that it was requisite for the average woman to know, the two things by which she could serve her master. It is not fifty years since the woman who knew any thing but a smattering of French and Italian, and the accompanying superficial accomplishments, by which her master's amusement was secured, was looked upon with suspicion. It is not thirty years since the day of emancipation came, and her first high school was opened. And she has had to fight every inch of the way since. Under such circumstances, it is the height of folly, and of a spirit both ignorant and base, to attempt to draw a comparison between women and those who have been free for centuries to cultivate intelligence and follow a bent. Womankind is a part of mankind, and though it is axiomatic that a part is not greater than the whole, yet it is equally so that the whole is not complete without all its parts. If you dwarf one member of your body, if you wither a finger or fail to develop an arm, you fall short of perfection. Mankind in the mass is not exempt from the conditions of mankind in the individual, and so long as woman is dwarfed or withered he falls below his proper standard. Greek civilization, with all its art and beauty, fell as much as any thing from its total oblivion of woman—total, save for the few phenomenal ASPASIAS who, nevertheless, had to win the senses before they could win any thing else. And since Gothic races, so to speak, obtained the precedence, it is not impossible to believe that the reverence given to women among the rude Northern

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tribes, though a mere superstitious reverence in itself, begot a noble race of women that bred noble sons. But Greek civilization, where a decent woman could not walk the streets unveiled for the indecent sights, did fail, and the Gothic still goes on from march to march. And so let our critics possess their souls in peace: the end is not yet. Woman has been partially freed, but her education is yet to come, the education that man has always had, before a proper comparison can be instituted between her and the one who has never been in subjection. Man has some progress yet to make in morals, in health, in physics; woman is proverbially swift. Once unfettered, she may overtake him as he goes, and we do not entertain a doubt that by the time he has attained the topmost height of science and art, by the time there is nothing more for him to achieve, here, at any rate, woman will be ready to accompany him, an equal, on his flight among the stars!

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

DOUBLE-BREASTED PLAIN BASQUE SUIT.

ONE of the illustrations on our first page, of which a cut paper pattern is published, is a very stylish costume, consisting of a double-breasted plain basque, an apron over-skirt, with square back breadths caught up in a puff, and a long walking skirt without flounces. Each part of this suit is noticeable for its stylish simplicity. The basque is of the plainest shape, without postilion pleats, revers, or ruffles, depending alone on its shapely fit for its beauty. For trimming, rows of camel's-hair braid are sewed around this basque, if made of woolen fabrics; bands of bias silk are stitched on silks or velvet. The apron of the over-skirt is rounded, and trimmed up to the belt on each side; the long square-cornered back widths are caught up in a stylish pouf, and may be worn independent of the apron—a style in favor with fleshy ladies. The lower skirt drags slightly for carriage use, but may be shortened to walking length by rings and a tape placed near the top.

SINGLE-BREASTED BASQUINE SUIT.

A cut paper pattern is also published of the single-breasted basquine suit illustrated on the first page of the present number. This is one of the most graceful models yet given of a costume without an over-skirt. The fashion of having the front and sides of the skirt perfectly plain is well presented here; the skirt breadths are shaped to produce this appearance, and the effect is completed by tying tapes behind the person to draw back the fullness and to shape the pouf. This skirt is often trimmed to the edge of the basquine with pleating and puffs, and in many cases the front breadths are trimmed differently from the back. The long round basquine displays a fine figure to advantage, and will serve as a corsage for short suits, and also for trained house dresses that dispense with over-skirts. It simply outlines the figure, without postilion pleats or other ornament than its stylish round revers collar. The sleeves are of excellent shape, being quite tight-fitting, with a deep mousquetaire cuff. Black silk dresses made in this way, with jet galloon and buttons on the basque, and various trimmings on the skirt, are very handsome, and are particularly becoming to stout ladies. The double-breasted basque is commended to slight figures, though both these models are used indiscriminately.

VELVET BONNETS.

At the latest winter opening of bonnets those of black velvet outnumber colored ones. The object of desire apparently is a simple compact bonnet, covering the top of the head, and displaying the back and front of the coiffure without cumbersome drapery of any kind, whether lace, feathers, or ribbon. The Directoire bonnet, with its flaring Rabagas brim, meets these requirements, and finds favor with ladies of taste and fashion. Those of black velvet are all black unless brightened by a smoked pearl slide or a diamond-steel ornament. Long ostrich plumes are difficult to dispose on these bonnets, spoil their compact look, and are far less effective than one of medium length, or else two closely curled demi-long plumes. The very dark velvet bonnets, such as navy blue, are trimmed with vines of jet that appear to be embroidery. A scarf of black dotted net with Chantilly ends is then passed around this blue velvet bonnet, and a jet dagger is stuck in the left side. Few black velvet bonnets have light silk linings, though occasionally facings of blue or rose-color brighten the black hats of very young ladies; these are always accompanied by light feathers. A double puff of soft light silk made very full is the favorite face trimming for Directoire bonnets. A reception bonnet of dark blue velvet has two pale blue puffs under the upturned brim, a dark blue silk scarf is wound around the crown and tied behind with one erect and one hanging loop, a tea-rose with brown leaves is on the left of the front, and from beneath this rose two demi-long plumes curl over the crown: price $50.

Round hats and bonnets are so much alike that one description answers for both; the only difference is that round hats have no face trimming. They have usually upturned brims, though not as wide and flaring as Directoire brims, and more capriciously shaped, being narrow on the right side and pointed higher on the left. There is also a fancy for drawing the scarf that surrounds the crown over the left side of the brim, and concealing it under the back of the hat; this has a pretty effect when surmounted by upright loops, two short plumes, or else long ones, and a drooping red rose. Young ladies have a fashion at present of wearing the short Josephine curls drooping from the top of the coiffure behind, hence there is no pendent drapery on the hat, or these would be hidden. These curls are light and scant, instead of the heavy Grecian curls once worn.

INDIA SHAWLS.

This is a good season to buy India shawls, as they are lower than at any time since the war. This is also an economical purchase in the long-run, as these are the only wraps that do not go out of fashion, and the lady who owns an India shawl need not buy another wrap during her lifetime, and will besides have a valuable heir-loom to leave behind her. We say these India Cashmeres do not change in fashion, yet something of the leading color is usually found in them; for instance, last year olive, sage, and the sombre greens were seen in the finest shawls, and now merchants say that ladies want the all-prevalent blue in new shawls, and are having it introduced into their old ones. Autumn leaf designs, showing both the shape and dark hues of the fading leaves, are sought after this season. Very little white is shown in new shawls, and this in curved leaves in corners rather than in the continuous rivers so conspicuous in shawls of inferior quality. The finest shawls are of the darkest Oriental hues, as softly tinted as if made of velvet. These begin at $600, and range upward to $3000. The reversible bordered shawls are also desirable. These have a black centre on one side and crimson on the other, with the border arranged in different designs at the corners; the red side is for spring, the black for winter, or they may be used to suit different dresses, or indeed different persons, the black side serving for mamma, and the red for her married daughter, making a family shawl. The choice specimens cost $300 or $350. The Decca shawls cost from $50 to $150. These are real Cashmere, and the embroidery is hand-made, but they are of one single piece, embroidered, instead of being wrought like lace with a bobbin, and of myriads of tiny bits artistically put together. The white-bordered antique India shawls are also much admired. Long double shawls are chosen to wear with trained carriage costumes, but the soft, pliable, clinging square shawl is far more graceful with short dresses, and quite heavy enough for comfort and warmth. Long striped India shawls, called here Boston shawls, because the hearts of Massachusetts women delight in them, are excellent for traveling and carriage shawls. They cost from $45 to $100.

Striped shawls in the bright Roman colors, softened by stripes of black, brown, or indigo blue, are still sold for general wear and traveling. The Anglo-Indian shawl, in thick soft diagonals of dark colors with white blocks, is very desirable, and costs $19. The scarf shape, folded in half—that is, in the middle, with the fringed ends turned over at the top—is the favorite mode of wearing striped shawls. The fancy for jet is reviving the beaded and embroidered Thibet shawls once in favor for matrons and old ladies. These are handsomely fringed, or else bordered with beaded yak lace or guipure. Gray long shawls are chosen for traveling wraps, and there is also a new shawl that claims to be waterproof. For the house are light zephyr wool shawls, machine-made, in pretty crimson and bright scarlet hues, sold for $1 each.

EVENING DRESS.

Some of the handsomest evening dresses exhibited during the past week have low round Josephine waists, with the neck cut high enough to cover the shoulder-tips, and worn with a wide belt and broad flat sash. One for a youthful blonde is of pink silk, with pipings and facings of pale Sèvres blue. The skirt is elaborately trimmed with a horizontal tablier and flounced back breadths; the over-skirt, simply piped with blue, is open in front, and draped in a pouf; the belt is a fold of blue silk with pink on each side, and the wide long sash, also blue down the middle, is without loops, but simply folded over at the belt to hang in two flat streamers. Wide lace is gathered around the neck, and a pleating of soft tulle falls from the short sleeves. A similar dress is of apricot-colored silk, with white satin facings and a sash of black velvet; the back breadth is made up of a succession of puffs.

NEW COLLARETTES, ETC.

A novelty just introduced is a Marie Antoinette collar of black velvet, on which a vine of some small flowers, such as white jasmine, is laid. A crêpe lisse pleating edges the collar and forms a ruff, while a colored bow fastens it. Price $7 50. Another ornamental collarette to wear with black dresses is vest shape, with revers, and is made of black silk, wrought with jet and edged with lace: price $30. The same design is also carried out in colored China crape; for instance, blue with white revers, or else black and white together: price $11. Others still more dressy have the upper part made of Valenciennes, while the lower only is of China crape.

White tulle ruffs with black chenille dots on the edge are very stylish, and cost $1 75 a yard. Colored chenille dots are also new in white tulle pleatings.

RUSSIA LEATHER.

The new color in Russia leather is navy blue. The useful belt and bag of darkest blue *lisse* leather, with pretty mounting of old silver, cost from $6 to $8. Smooth black and red Russia bags are also shown at similar prices; black bags with cut steel mountings are very stylish.

NECK-TIES.

New neck-ties of colored China crape have squares of antique lace set in the pointed ends. Another novelty is large scarfs of polka-dotted silk or Chinese crape with Valenciennes insertions let in, and lace on the edge. Exquisite Valenciennes bows of most fanciful and irregular designs—not set and stiff, but artistic and careless—are shown, to be worn at the throat: price $7 50. A brooch of coral or else the tiny button-hole bouquet or a single rose should be worn with these. Blue and pink crape bows with Valenciennes lace edges are $2 50. For morning wear there are white lawn neck-ties with colored crape facing or hems on the points to match handkerchiefs now used with colored hems: price 75 cents.

Hem-stitched handkerchiefs have double hems of the same or of different widths: price 85 cents. Very sheer linen lawn pocket-handkerchiefs have embroidered initials in a corner, and cost from $1 50 to $2 50.

For information received thanks are due Miss PAGE; Miss GEDNEY; and Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, and Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; MILLER & GRANT; and SHAW & EATON.

PERSONAL.

"GEORGE SAND" lives now almost exclusively at her small house in Tours, having sold her splendid country-seat at Berri to two wealthy Englishmen. She is the happy grandmother of an interesting family of thirteen. Her house is very plainly furnished, but it is every where full of books. As soon as lights are brought in in the evening she begins to write, and continues until eleven or twelve, performing an amazing amount of work. She has often been known to finish one of her twenty-page articles for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* at one sitting. For such an article she receives $600, and the publisher is glad to get them every fortnight at that. She also receives $8000 a year from her copyrights. Her son, "Maurice Sand," is one of the best *feuilletonistes* in Paris. He is married to an American lady from Boston, named GASTON, and speaks and writes English fluently.

—A French writer describes a young lady as a creature that ceases to kiss gentlemen at twelve and begins again at twenty.

—Professor MAX MÜLLER says that there exists a far more diffused culture and interest about science and literature in England, especially among women, than even in learned and scientific Germany, the reason being that the English enjoy a perennial supply of "science made easy" in popular lectures and readable periodicals.

—The DE BROGLIE family has always been a fortunate and famous one in the affairs of France, never incurring any of the penalties which have deprived other great families of wealth and place. The present duke is not yet an old man, but he has nevertheless sat in the French Academy with his own father, and has a son whose literary eminence at the age of twenty-four is a sure indication that he will also receive a *fauteuil* among the forty immortals at no distant day. The present duke has besides held all the great posts of diplomatic honor. When quite a young man he was LOUIS PHILIPPE'S Minister of the Interior; after his overthrow he became vice-president of the republican Assembly, escaped imprisonment during the *coup d'état*, and was even courted, but without success, by LOUIS NAPOLEON. During THIERS'S rule, after the war, he was embassador at the court of St. James, and in that capacity contributed powerfully toward the negotiation of the great national loan. Now he is Prime Minister of France. His present (second) wife is twenty years younger than he, and he married her because she saved his life in the waters of Trouville. Although of humble birth, she moves with charming ease in aristocratic circles. He has six children, the eldest of whom is literary critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

—If the truth could be ascertained, probably most of the dear old fellows who purport to have attained the age of one hundred years would be found to be from five to ten below par. On the 23d of October, however, there did die, in Le Roy, Jefferson County, a genuine centenarian, and more too. His name was ROBERT SIXBURY, and he had lived to be one hundred and ten years and seven months old. He was known in John Brown's Tract as a mighty hunter, having slain over 2200 deer. His funeral was attended by several of his children aged between eighty and ninety.

—Colonel R. B. RHETT, Jun., editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, who shot somebody—a judge, or some person of that sort—a few months ago, in what duelists call the perfectly regular way, has resigned his position. So has Captain DILL, his assistant. The Board of Managers adopted a resolution declaring that "the pressure of the times compels a more co-operative system;" so the colonel and the captain were disbanded.

—Mr. MAURICE STRAKOSCH has discovered another of those wonderful musical geniuses who somehow happen to be discovered at the moment when most needed. The new warbler is Mlle. BELOCCA, a Russian by birth, a small brunette, with wonderful eyes. In voice, dramatic force, fervor, and sympathy she is said to possess all the requirements for an artiste of the highest class.

—In Rhode Island, before the year 1800 came in, dresses were dresses, and a silk dress was something that agitated the feminine heart of the "Plantations." A lady of Providence, ninety years old, remembers that a short time before the year 1800 WALTER ALLEN, of Union Village, was married to LUCY BUFFUM. The bride wore a silk dress entirely of her own make. She tended the silk-worms, reeled the silk from the cocoons, spun it, dyed it, wove it, and made the dress. It was a heavy ribbed dark brown silk. Pieces of it are carefully treasured by members of the family, and it was said to have been the first silk manufactured in this country.

—Judge BOURNE, who died at Kennebunk, Maine, on the 24th of September, aged seventy-six, was the father of ELIZABETH BOURNE, who lost her life by exposure, while bewildered on Mount Washington, on the night of September 13, 1855.

—An English paper relates the following curious incident: "It is now eleven years since a live bee got into the ear of Mr. REED, the baker of the Woburn work-house. A few days since, when his ear was syringed, extraordinary to relate, forth came a bee in as perfect a state as when alive, even to the wings, the wax of the ear having preserved it from decay."

—VON BULOW, the eminentest of German pianists, will next spring show to the American people his manner of whacking that popular instrument.

—The Dean of Canterbury, who is said to be the best Syriac scholar in England, discovered a few days since in the college library at New Haven a Syriac manuscript of great value to him, which he had never seen before, and no copy of which exists in England.

—The Rev. Dr. ANROT, of Belgium, one of the most prominent speakers at the recent E. A. held in this city, said that it was a great mistake to call him a foreigner, as he was a half-way American, having visited New York twenty-nine years ago and three years ago [laughter], and the only thing he wanted was a good pavement for the streets, and they had it. [Laughter.] The result of the so-called substratum of character was that they were all very much alike. The American, however, was a little more like wine, sparkling and going off in the effervescence of good-fellowship. [Laughter.] He would draw no invidious comparison of countries, but would repeat what was said by the witty Scotchman who was sent by Queen MARY with a message to the Prime Minister of England: "Your mistress is the most beautiful woman in England, but mine is the most beautiful woman in Scotland." [Laughter and applause.]

—The Rev. JOHN FRANKLIN SPAULDING, recently elected Episcopal Missionary Bishop of Colorado, Wyoming, and New Mexico, is a native of Maine, and forty-two years of age. For ten years past he has been rector of St. Paul's Church, Erie, Pennsylvania. He has been a very successful pastor, having during that period organized four churches in the vicinity, besides engaging in all missionary enterprises within his reach. He is said to possess peculiar qualifications for his new position.

—Mr. DONN PIATT, of the Washington *Capital*, is now deliberately treading over Europe, taking stock of the monarchs and monarchies of that region, throwing in occasional observations on the manners and customs of distinguished people of this republic traveling abroad. He says that while one of our eminent public men, a Senator, was at Nuremberg, the conversation turned between him and the American consul on the bills of hotel-keepers, which were reasonable enough, compared with charges at Washington. "But there is one thing that puzzles me: wherever I go, if but for one night, I am charged with a buggy. Now the charge is low enough, if I ever had the buggy, but I haven't seen a buggy since I left the States." Our consul was bothered. He asked at last to look at the bill, and found the learned Senator had mistaken the French word "bougie" (a candle) for the honest American one, "buggy."

—In TYERMAN'S *Oxford Methodists* we find the following obituary notice of the last survivor of the WESLEY family. It is quoted from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1791:

"1791, July 12, in the City Road, in her eighty-fourth year, Mrs. MARTHA HALL, widow of the Rev. Mr. H., and last surviving sister of the Rev. JOHN and CHARLES WESLEY. She was equally distinguished by piety, understanding, and sweetness of temper. Her sympathy for the wretched, and her bounty, even to the worthless, will eternize her memory in better worlds than this."

Her remains are interred in the same vault as those of her brother JOHN, in the burial-ground of his chapel, City Road, London.

—The French papers have a most diverting account of the shopping experiences of a lady, lately deceased, named ANNA DESLIONS. One day at the Hôtel des Ventes she took a fancy to a landscape by CARAT, which, as she happened to be in funds, she bought for 22,000 francs. Her friends told her the picture was not worth the money, and though not exactly of that opinion herself, she was frightened into selling it for 16,000 francs, with which she bought a diamond bracelet. Thereupon her acquaintance said she had been robbed, and that many of the supposed gems were but paste. That evening the bracelet was exchanged for a pair of ear-rings, at a loss of 3000 francs. When returning from the jeweler's she saw a miniature *chalet* in the window of a toy-shop, and was forthwith overcome by a violent desire to take a trip to Switzerland. Eight days later the ear-rings followed the bracelet, and with the 11,500 francs resulting from their sale she purchased a *chalet* at Interlachen. A clock played the quadrille from *Orphée*. "Vive Paris!" the lady cried; "there is no place like Paris!" The *chalet* was sold for 5000 francs, with which she purchased some bronzes, supposed to be antique, but worth some 300 francs—a price they fetched when sold at the Hôtel des Ventes fifteen months after.

—SYDNEY SMITH'S love of London could not be overestimated. The old marquis, who never approached London without the ejaculation, "Those blessed lamps!" was far outstripped by his eloquent fancy. The parallelogram between Hyde Park and Regent Street, Oxford Street and Piccadilly, within which he dwelt, contained, in his belief, more wisdom, wit, and wealth than all the rest of the inhabited globe. It was to him a magazine and repository of what was deepest and most real in human life. "If a messenger from heaven," he used to say, "were on a sudden to annihilate the love of power, the love of wealth, the love of esteem, in the hearts of men, the streets of London would be as empty and silent at noon as they are now in the middle of the night." His nature demanded for its satisfaction the fresh interests of every hour; he defined the country "a place with only one post a day." The little expectations and trivial disappointments, the notes and the responses, the news and the contradictions, the gossip and the refutation, were to him sources of infinite amusement; and the immense social popularity which made his presence at a dinner-table a household event was satisfactory to his pleasure-loving and pleasure-giving temperament, even if it sometimes annoyed him in its indiscriminating exigency. The very diversity, and, it may be, the frequent inferiority, of the company in which he found himself were not distasteful to him; for while his cheerfulness made his own portion of the entertainment its own satisfaction, he had acquired the habit of direction and mastery in almost every society where he found himself. He would allow, what, indeed, he could not prevent, the brilliant monologue of Mr. MACAULAY, and was content to avenge himself with the pleasantry that "he not only overflowed with learning, but stood in the slop."

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Mignardise and Crochet Edging for Lingerie, etc.

THIS edging is worked with mignardise and twisted crochet cotton, No. 50, in the following manner: 1st round.—* 1 sc. (single crochet) on the next loop, 3 p. (picot, consisting of 5 chain stitches and 1 sc. on the first of these), 1 sc. on the same loop on which the first sc. was worked, twice alternately 2 ch. (chain stitch), 1 sc. on the next loop, then three times alternately 18 ch., 1 sc. on the same loop on which the last sc. was worked, then 2 ch., 1 sc. on the next loop, 2 ch.; repeat from *. 2d round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the next ch. loop in the preceding round, 1 ch., 1 p., 1 ch. 3d round.—On the other side of the mignardise always alternately 1 double crochet on the next loop, 1 ch.

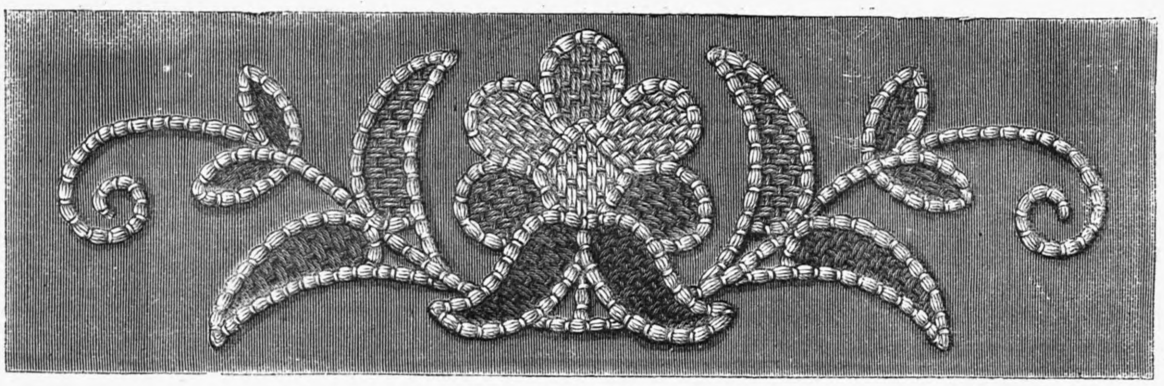
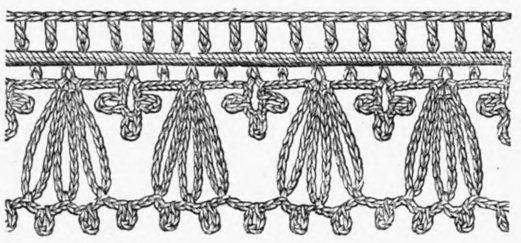


Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR SLIPPER.—HEEL.—RUSSIAN EMBROIDERY.—[See Fig. 1.]

Jewel Tray with Bead Embroidery, Figs. 1-3.

THIS pretty jewel tray is made of a bronze stand four inches high, on which is set a painted porcelain saucer, designed to hold jewelry. The stand is ornamented with a border worked on fine canvas with beads, as shown by the illustration. Fig. 2 gives the design for the border and the description of symbols. Instead of this border, the one shown by Fig. 3 may be used. For the latter paste a strip of brown cloth, pinked as shown by the illustration, on a strip of fawn-colored faille, and ornament the cloth strip with point Russe embroidery in saddler's silk of the same color. The border is also embroidered in knot stitch with the same silk.

Fig. 1.—JEWEL TRAY WITH BEAD EMBROIDERY.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]



MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

ASH-RECEIVER WITH CROCHET BORDER.

Ash-Receiver with Crochet Border.

THIS ash-receiver consists of a bronze stand, into which is set a saucer of cut crystal. The stand is four inches and a half high, and is ornamented on the under edge with a border, which is worked entirely in sc. (single crochet) with brown saddler's silk and gold thread. For this border make a foundation of 182 st. (stitch) with brown silk, close these in a ring, and work, always going forward, the 1st round.—1 sc. on each foundation st. 2d round.—1 sc. on each st. of the preceding round. 3d round.—Lay on a gold thread, * crochet with brown silk 9 sc. on the next 9 st. in the preceding round, and on the gold thread at the same time, and work off the last brown st. with the gold thread, then work with the gold thread 4 sc. on the following 4 st., at the same time surrounding the silk thread; work off the last gold st. with the silk, and work 1 brown st. on the next st.; repeat twelve times from *. This repetition from * takes place to the 11th round, and will not be referred to further. In the following rounds, before changing the silk and gold threads, always work off the last st. of the silk with the gold thread, and the last st. of the gold thread with the silk also, as in the third round; the thread which is not used is surrounded in working the next st. 4th round.—* 8 st. brown on the next 8 st., 6 st. gold on the following 6 st. 5th round.—* 8 st. brown on the next 8 st., 2 st. gold, 2 st. brown, 2 st. gold on the following 6 st. 6th round.—* 2 st. brown, 2 st. gold on the next 4 st., 4 st. brown on the following 4 st., 2 st. gold, 2 st. brown, 2 st. gold on the next 6 st. 7th round.—* 1 st. brown, 1 st. gold on the next 2 st., 2 st. brown on the following 2 st., 1 st. gold on the next st., 2 st. brown, 2 st. gold, 2 st. brown on the following 6 st., 3 st. gold on the next 3 st. 8th round.—* 1 st. brown, 1 st. gold, 1 st. brown on the next 3 st., 2 st. gold, 2 st. brown, 2 st. gold on the following 6 st., 1 st. brown on the next st., 3 st. gold on the following 3 st., 1 st. brown on the next st. 9th round.—* 1 st. brown on the next st., 2 st. gold on the following 2 st., 3 st. brown on the next 3 st., 2 st. gold on the following 2 st., 1 st. brown on the next st., 3 st. gold on the following 3 st., 2 st. brown on the next 2 st. 10th round.—* 2 st. brown on the next 2 st., 9 st. gold on the following 9 st., 3 st. brown on the next 3 st. 11th round.—* 3 st. brown on the next 3 st., 6 st. gold on the following 6 st., 5 st. brown on the next 5 st. 12th and 13th rounds.—With brown silk work 1 sc. on each st. of the preceding round. Fasten the border on the ash-receiver, and edge it with gold cord on both sides.

Tapestry Border for Chairs, Portières, etc.

THIS design is worked on medium-sized canvas with zephyr worsted and filling silk in cross stitch. It is suitable for ornamenting chairs, portières, etc. When set together with strips of velvet, this border may be used for covering sofa-pillows. The colors may be varied to match the furniture of the room.

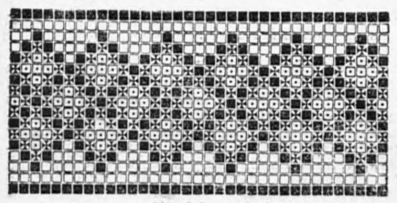


Fig. 2.—TAPESTRY BORDER FOR JEWEL TRAY, FIG. 1.

Description of Symbols: ■ Black; □ Crystal; ⊞ Gold; ⊡ Chalk Beads.

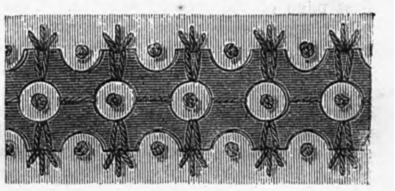


Fig. 3.—BORDER FOR JEWEL TRAY. POINT RUSSE AND APPLICATION EMBROIDERY.

Design for Slipper.—Russian Embroidery.—Figs. 1 and 2.

THE foundation of this slipper, which is designed for morning wear, is made of gray cloth, which is ornamented with Russian embroidery worked with silk of various colors. The flowers are worked with red and fawn-colored silk in several shades, and the leaves with green saddler's silk in two shades. The edges and veins are worked with yellow filling silk. First transfer the design to the foundation, and inside of the design figures, going back and forth in a horizontal direction, stretch threads, which are darned in a vertical direction with a double thread of saddler's silk. Edge the figures with a strand of maize filling silk six threads thick, as shown by the illustration.

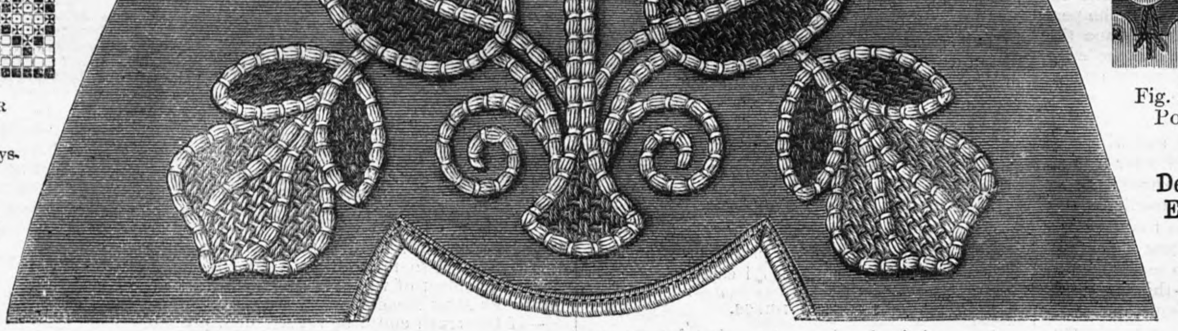
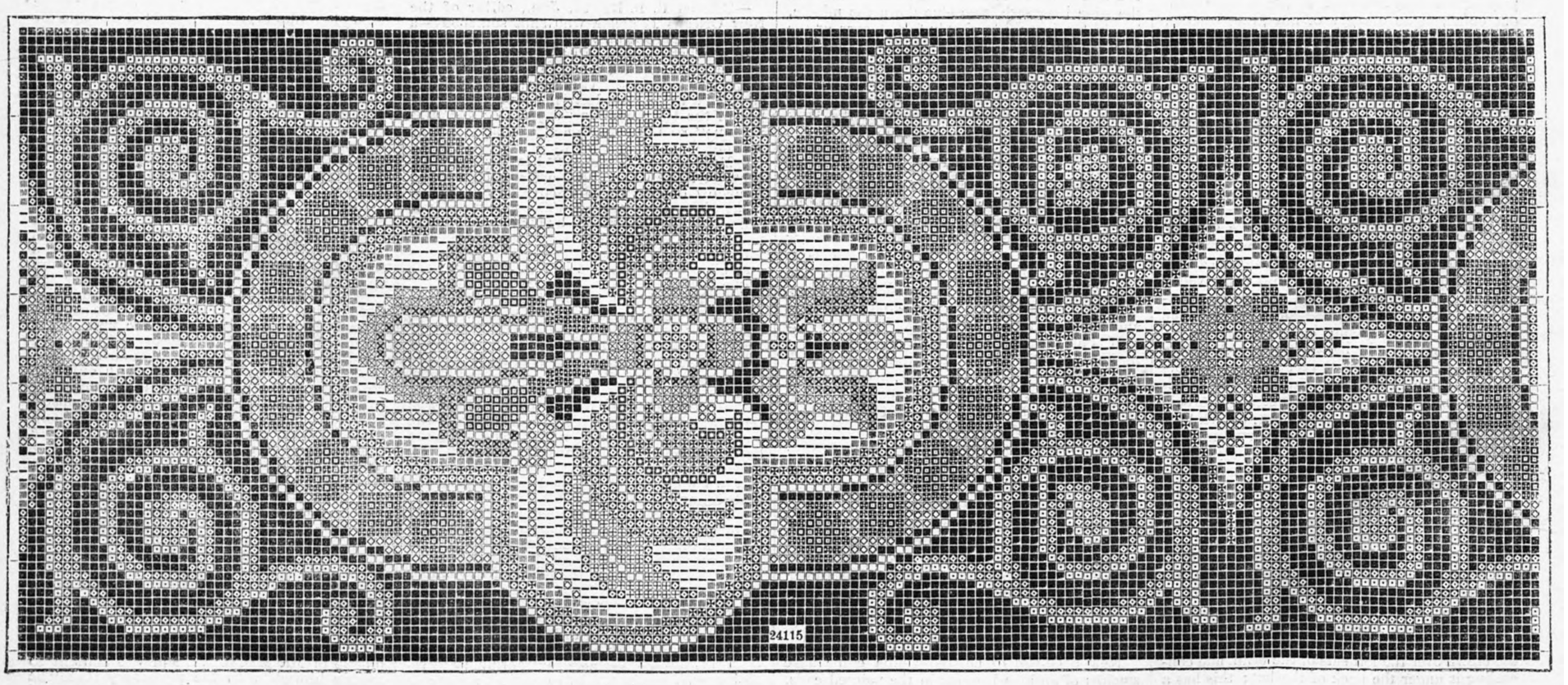


Fig. 1.—DESIGN FOR SLIPPER.—FRONT.—RUSSIAN EMBROIDERY.—[See Fig. 2.]



TAPESTRY BORDER FOR CHAIRS, PORTIÈRES, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ■ Maroon; ⊡ Red; ⊠ Black; ⊡ Blue; ⊠ 1st (darkest), ⊠ 2d, Blue-Green; ⊡ 1st (darkest), ⊠ 2d, ⊡ 3d, ⊞ 4th, ⊡ 5th (lightest), Fawn; □ Light Gray; ▬ White; □ Maize (the last silk).

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FAIR BUT FLEETING.

I saw a little bird that was singing on a tree,
And said, "You sing so sweetly, will you come and sing for me?"
But he spread his dusky plumage, and he sped across the sea,
For the ditty that he warbled was never sung for me.

I saw the dainty blossom of a white and fragile flower,
And I said, "Come bloom for me in the centre of my bower!"
But a white hand, bright as sunshine, came and plucked it from the stem;
And I trow that it was culled to grace a princely diadem.

I met a kindred heart, and that heart to me said "Come!"
And mine went out to meet it, but was lost in sudden gloom.
Whither wander all these fair things? To some land beyond Time's sea?
Is there nothing glad and lasting in this shadow-world for me?

THE LOVERS OF TANGLE ISLAND.

I CAN not say when I first began to feel the change that had come over me. I had liked my work; was earnest in my wish to improve; knew that I was improving. Gradually I became listless; could not fix my attention on any thing; found myself idling away my time, looking at nothing, thinking of nothing, with a dull heavy head, and body ill at ease. I had better state at once that I was not in love. The most trivial thing—a carriage passing in the street, a fly buzzing on the window-pane—was sufficient to distract my attention. I was specially attracted by other people's conversation, which was curious, because if there was one sort of sneak that I had despised more than another, it was an eavesdropper. One day I heard a firm voice say, in the inner office (I was an attorney's clerk), "It matters nothing, Sir. The place is *mine;* and if I choose to let it run wild, that is my business. If you will not prosecute these people, I must employ some one who will."

Simple words enough. "These people" had evidently been trespassing; and our senior partner (as kind-hearted a man as ever stepped) had suggested that, as "the place"—wherever it was—was uncultivated, they had done no positive harm. And yet all that night that firm voice rang in my ears; and the idea that *I* was to be prosecuted took possession of me. I was going to be hanged for trespass! I knew that this was an absurdity, but still I was going to be hanged. No; it was not a nightmare. I was wide awake. I could not sleep. My bed turned round with me, slowly at first, making a ring of phosphorescent matter in the air as it swung. My head ached frightfully. I burned all over. The walls of my room vanished, and I was whirling along in space—always on my road to be hanged for trespass. Then I sank—sank—sank slowly; and as I sank, the pain and the burning passed away. I was on an island shaded by great willows, whose silver bark shone in the sunshine, and whose quivering leaves made dreamy music overhead. Violets and primroses bloomed around on the grass, made more deliciously green and cool to my aching eyes by feathery ferns which nestled in every little hollow. But, oh, the wash of the water, as the river swept along beside me! The placid calm of the deep pool that curdled at my feet! The soft slow waving of the reeds! No words can paint the delight I felt. No pain, no horrid whirling, no fear. Nothing but rest: deep, cool, green rest, with the murmur of the leaves and the ripple of the stream for a lullaby.

I had brain-fever, from overwork, they said. It had been creeping over me for some time, and at last struck me down. For days I had raved about some crime I had committed. For weeks my life was in danger. Just before I sank, weak and tortured, on that blessed little isle, I fancied I heard some voice say, "Thank God!" I had awakened from a natural sleep, and it was my dear sister's voice.

When our poor mother died I was a strong boy of ten; and Mary was "the baby," often left in my charge while our father, a hard-working barrister, attended to his business. Before she was fourteen our position was reversed. I was a hopeless cripple, and she my nurse, my friend, my comforter, my second mother. I have heard that cripples are envious of health and beauty in others. For myself, I can only say that if I were to describe Mary, you would think that I was a lover painting my mistress. Well, she is my only love, my ideal, and concentration of all that is beautiful and winning in woman—my patient, tender sister. She floats, rather than walks, about the house, and the very air that surrounds her is charged with peace. There is music in her voice, hope in her soft brown eyes, and pain sinks deadened under the touch of her gentle hand.

My father was a learned and a laborious, but, in worldly matters, a careless man. Mary and I had little more to live on than we could earn. I got thirty shillings a week in the office of Messrs. Bradley and Tirr, and she gave lessons in drawing and music. Mr. Bradley was very kind. Though it was nearly three months before I could return to my duty, he never filled up my place; and the parents of Mary's pupils were just as considerate to her during the time when she could not leave my bedside. It was all done for her sake—every one loved her.

We often talked about my sensations during that frightful illness, especially about that imaginary isle on which my fever-tossed mind had been flung, and where I had found such exquisite peace and repose. We called it Tangle Island, and made quite a little romance out of it.

One Saturday afternoon, when I was nominally well, but wofully weak and spent, Sam Payne, one of my brother clerks, and a very good fellow in his way, came, and proposed to give us a row on the river. It would freshen me up a bit, he said. So off we set—Mary and I and Sam, he rowing, she steering, and I stowed away as comfortably as they could manage in the stern-sheets. It did freshen me up, and pleasant it was at first, but there was no support for my poor back, and I got tired. Mary, who reads me like a book, found this out, and proposed that Sam should land us where there were some willow-trees and a nice grassy bank, upon which I could rest, while Sam went on to a mill about a mile and a half lower down, where he had to transact some business for his father.

I was right glad to lie down, and Mary made me as snug as snug with the shawls and pillow she had brought.

"Oh, Charley," she cried, when she had done, "look about you! Would not this do for Tangle Island?"

I had been in pain in the boat; I was easy on the bank. I was steeped in pleasant green shade. There were violets and ferns and primroses around. There was a musical ripple of flowing water, a dreamy waving of reeds, a glint of sunshine upon a golden shallow, in which minnows flashed and darted—just as in my dream. I don't mean to say that the spots were identical. What I had seen in fancy was all much larger, and I felt that I myself had no size or weight, and floated rather than reposed. But the associations were the same—above all, that of relief from suffering; so that in a little time I blended the one into the other, and *made* them identical.

"It would indeed, dear," I replied, "if it were an island at all."

"I think it is," she said; "I think a branch of the river runs on the other side. Let me go and see; I will be back in a moment."

She went, and returned with a bunch of forget-me-nots in her hand.

"It is an island, Sir, and just as pretty and wild as the one you described," she said, as she resumed her seat by my side. "I must take a sketch of it, and when you are a little more rested, you shall go to the other side, and judge for yourself."

She took her sketch—she was so quick and happy with her pencil—and supported by her dear arm I crawled to the other bank, where we found as nice a nook as that we had left.

"Now is it your island?" asked Mary.

"Yes, dear," I said, "it is my island."

"The deuce it is!" growled a harsh voice behind us. "I thought it was mine."

We turned, and saw a man—a hard-featured man—of about thirty-five years of age, in a common brown shooting-dress, and a straw hat, standing on a hillock in our rear. We were both so innocent of doing any harm that after a momentary motion of surprise we took no notice of the interruption, and Mary went on putting some touches to her sketch.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the stranger, in a gruffer tone than before.

"My brother is an invalid, Sir," Mary replied, moving a little nearer to me. "A friend took us out for a row; but he could not endure the fatigue of sitting up in the boat, so we landed here."

"On my property."

"We did not think it was the property of any one in particular. It looks wild enough."

"The old idle excuse for trespass," he cried, passionately; *and then I knew him.* He was the man whose voice I had heard in Mr. Bradley's office—the man who had insisted upon trespassers being prosecuted. "What is it to you," he continued, "how I may please to keep my land?"

"We have been here but a short time, and we will go directly the boat comes back," said Mary.

I said something too at this point, and at others; but all that is worth repeating passed between him and Mary. So I will not tell you what I said.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked, after a pause.

I think he was rather taken aback at my sister's coolness. It takes a good deal to convince a woman she is in the wrong, especially when she is acting for one she loves.

"Indeed I do not," she replied; "and I—"

"Well, go on," he said.

"Excuse me. I was going to say something which I prefer to leave unsaid."

"Why?"

"In the first place because it would have been rude, and in the next because—"

"You are checking yourself again."

"Do you really want to know my second reason?"

"Out with it."

"Well, it is no use trying to punish a fish by throwing water on it."

"Meaning that I am so rude myself that I could not feel an insult?" he observed, with a grim smile.

"You can draw your own conclusions," she replied, carelessly; "but excuse my remarking that all this agitates my poor brother, who is only just out of his bed from brain-fever. We are sorry we came. We will go as soon as we can. Will not that satisfy you?"

"What is his brain-fever to me?"

"It might be something to you to know that this quiet place has brought a sufferer release from pain," she said, quite earnestly; but I saw her lip tremble.

"Vastly fine!" he sneered. "See to what such ideas lead. You march into my house, you eat my dinner, drink my wine, unasked, unwelcomed; and when I venture to expostulate, you say, 'Oh, we have conferred a favor upon *you.* We were tired, hungry, thirsty. We are better now. Won't you thank us for what we have done?'"

"There is no similarity in the cases," said Mary, flushing up. "We have consumed nothing that is yours. This land, these trees, this grass and its wild flowers, may be your property; but the charm they have, the feelings they invoke, belong only to the minds that appreciate them, to the hearts they touch. The charm is inexhaustible, the feelings ever new. They will be the same when we have gone. We have spoiled nothing, taken nothing, that is yours."

"You have," he answered; and as he spoke a strange change came over him. The hard lines of his face seemed to melt away, and his voice became almost gentle. "You have. You have robbed me of my solitude. Can you not imagine a fever here, and here"—he touched his forehead and his breast—"which what you have named can assuage, and which any presence that breaks the charm sets raging?"

For the first time during the discussion Mary looked frightened. She rose quickly, and asked, "May I take my brother to land in your boat?"

"And who is to bring it back again for me?"

"I will."

"Then how are *you* to join him?"

"It is not more than knee-deep at that point. I can wade across. It would be death to him to get wet, or we would both go that way. Let me have your boat."

"That channel is not so shallow as you think. There is a place in the middle where the water would be up to your waist."

"No matter."

"And the current is strong."

"No matter. I would do any thing to get away."

"From me?"

"From this place. Oh, Sir, let me have the boat! I can manage it, and will bring it back in ten minutes."

"No," he said, after looking straight into her eager face for a moment or two, "you shall not have the boat. What is that you've dropped?"

It was her sketching-block. He picked it up.

"Another robbery! You draw well, young lady."

"Well or ill, it is my business."

"Do you mean that you sell your sketches?"

"I sell the drawings I make from them."

"Good again! So my island, which I prize for its loneliness, is to be made public property? A picture of it hung up in a gaudy frame, in some cheese-monger's parlor, to suggest a good spot for picnics?"

"I can easily dispel *that* fear," said Mary, taking out her knife and proceeding to cut the sketch off the block.

"You are going to tear it up?"

"I am."

"Nothing of the sort; I claim it."

And before she had the least idea what he was about, he snatched the now separated paper from her hand. I was furious. Ah me, what it is to be a cripple! I said some angry words, backing up Mary's indignant demand for the restoration of the sketch, but he took no notice of me.

"Give me this," he said to her, "and we will cry quits about the trespassing."

"On that condition, and if you will let me have the boat."

"You shall not have the boat."

"Then you shall not have the sketch."

"You want two things for one. You are a sharp bargainer."

"One is asked in your own interest. Our presence here is offensive to you. I do but ask the means of relieving you of it."

"Suppose you were drowned wading across, what would people say of me?"

"I don't think you care much what people say of you."

"Isn't that rather rude?"

"Is it polite to snatch things out of a lady's hand?"

"What is this you have written under it?" he asked, examining the sketch, and taking no notice of her last retort. "Tangle Island! Why Tangle Island?"

"It would not interest you to know."

"Tell me why, and you shall have the boat."

There was something so droll in this bargaining that Mary could not help smiling. He smiled too. Then between us—for after a little time he condescended to listen to me—we told him about my illness, my dream, and its realization. We had got about half through, when he sat down on the grass beside us. And as I told him that I did not often, even when well, get a glimpse of green leaves, and what a feast of healing and peace I had enjoyed in that quiet spot, he took my hand and said, "Poor fellow!" quite kindly.

"Tangle Island!" he repeated, when all was told; "Tangle Island! A good name—a better one than you think. There are more things connected with it in a tangle than its creepers and shrubs; more things growing rank than its weeds. Tangle Island! Tell me, would *you* like to see it overrun by a herd of vulgar picnickers, scattering about greasy scraps of newspaper and empty bitter-beer bottles, and trampling down its flowers playing kiss-in-the-ring?"

Somehow we did not answer, and he went on: "If you were at war with yourself, and every

ON TANGLE ISLAND.

thing around you, soured, dispirited, unhinged, would you not like to have such a place, where you could come sometimes alone and *think*?—think perhaps of times when— Did I say you might have the boat?"

"Oh, Sir, do believe me when I say how sorry we are that we came!"

"Look here," he replied, "let us make another bargain. Finish that sketch for me in colors—I buying it of you, of course—and you shall come here whenever you like. I won't disturb you."

"You are very kind; but—"

"I'll have no buts," he interrupted. "I like you to come—there!"

"My good Sir," Mary replied, with one of her dear merry laughs, "one does not have all one likes."

"You're right," he said, with a little of his old grimness, "one does not."

"Besides," she went on, "remember your own words about asking two things for one. If I sell you the drawing, I have earned no right to come here."

"Give it me, then."

"It shall be yours. Call for it in a week at Mr. Brownlow's, the stationer's, at Hillford."

"You live at Hillford?"

"We do."

"Why mayn't I call for it at your house?"

"You can if you like. Ours is the last cottage on the London road, just before you come to the turnpike."

"You have not told me your name."

"Waterton."

"Your godfathers and godmothers gave you another?"

"For the use of my family and intimates only," said Mary, a little stiffly.

"Good. Now I must introduce myself. I am John Tilsley, of the Grange, Marden—the man who prosecutes trespassers, and gets bullied in the newspapers for wanting to enjoy his own."

"Now may we take your boat?" asked Mary.

"There is no necessity," he replied. "Do you think that I would have allowed you to carry out that mad idea? Your friend was in sight when I seemed to agree. You will find him now on the other side."

And sure enough at that moment we heard Sam shouting for us, and both started up to join him.

"Are you going without saying 'Good-by?'" asked the lord of Tangle Island.

"Good-by, Mr. Tilsley," said Mary.

"Good-by, Miss Waterton, until this day week."

And so we left him.

We found Sam looking very hot and tired.

"I've rowed like blazes," he said; "for they told me at the mill that this island belongs to old Tilsley, and he'd have prosecuted you like a shot if he'd caught you."

I don't know why we did not admit that he *had* caught us, but neither of us did.

Early in the next week—I think it was on Tuesday — Mrs. Brownlow (of the Library) dropped in to tea, as she often did, and brought us good news. All Mary's drawings deposited with her for sale had been disposed of. Hitherto we considered the sale of one in a fortnight as highly satisfactory, and here were five bought and paid for at one delightful swoop! The fortunate purchaser, as described by Mrs. Brownlow, was "a party in black, looked like a clergyman." Then we began to talk about things in general, and I asked her if she knew Mr. Tilsley of Marden.

"Know him!" she said. "Lord bless you, my dear, we've played together times and often as children. My mother was housekeeper at the Grange; and no one knows more about John Tilsley than I do. He was only a second son then, and grew up wild, they said. Leastwise there was trouble between him and the squire when he came back from Oxford, about money-matters and that. And he wouldn't go into the Church, as his father wanted him to; and he made bad worse by falling in love with Miss Allen, daughter of the vicar of King's Upton—him as was before Mr. Starcross. 'Are you not content with having beggared yourself, you fool!' the squire roared, when Mr. Allen came over and told him about it—'but you must try and drag this girl into the gutter with you?' My mother heard him say so; and she heard Master John's reply. 'You shall not speak to me in that way again, Sir,' he said. And he was right. The squire never spoke to him again any way; for the next morning Master John was gone. But before he went (as we found out afterward) he made his brother swear that he would help him with Fanny Allen—receive letters for her, keep up her heart about him, and all that. Master Will was very fond of his brother; stood up for him to their father many a time, and got him out of lots of scrapes. Will swore he would do all he asked, and off went John to Australia, trusting him. Well, if you'll believe me, that sneak of a Will went and made love to Fanny on his own account, and married her! And there was John working away, making a fortune, and writing her long letters every month (which were never delivered), telling her how he was getting on, and that he would soon be back to make her his wife.

"My dears, when those two brothers met again, it was awful—awful. They well-nigh killed each other. Indeed, people did say that Master Will—he was the squire then, for the old man died soon after John left—never did quite get over it. He died too within the year, and so John got the property. But, Lord! it's no use to him. He's regularly broken down and soured. There wasn't a merrier, more open-handed lad in the county than John Tilsley; and when I hear people talking about his stinginess, and his prosecutions for trespass, and that, I says, 'You go through what he has, and see if you like it.'"

"Badly as his brother behaved, it must be an awful reflection for him that he was the cause of his death," said Mary, with a shudder.

"He'd nothing to do with his death—that was all gossip. Will died of rheumatic fever. John has no call to reproach himself for any thing *he's* done."

"And what became of the widow?" asked Mary.

"The less we say about her, my dear, the better," Mrs. Brownlow replied. "Jilting one man and marrying another for his money was not the worst thing she did by a long way."

I asked her if Mr. Tilsley was married.

"Gracious, no!" she said. "Why, he hates the very sight of a woman, poor fellow!"

Mr. Tilsley came on Saturday for his picture of Tangle Island, and found fault with it.

"What do you mean," he growled, "by putting in that boat with a crimson cushion? It wasn't in the sketch."

Mary explained that amidst so much green she required a bit of contrasting color to lighten it up.

"I don't care," he persisted. "I won't have it. It is not *true*. I want the place as it was that day. This thing is not like my boat, or your boat, or any other boat that ever floated. Besides, it gives the idea that some one is there. I hate any one to be there. I want the place as I like it—desolate."

Mary agreed to paint out the offensive incident, and set about doing so, as he desired. I don't think she wanted him to come again. When it was done he gave another growl, and said,

"You're right. It does want color."

"You have had your own way, Sir," she replied. "I shall not alter it again."

"Will you do me another one of the other side?"

"I would rather not."

"Why?"

"I am not accustomed to be dictated to as to what I put in my drawings. I do my best. If that is not good enough, they can be left alone."

"I won't dictate. You shall anchor Noah's ark there if you like."

"With a portrait of the Bear enjoying the scene," she added, with a malicious smile.

For a moment he looked puzzled, and then catching her eyes, which were full of fun, burst out into a laugh.

"Thank you for that," he said. "It's the first laugh I have had for many a day. Yes, by all means put in the Bear. I suppose you will dress him in a brown shooting-jacket and a straw hat?"

Well, to make my story short, Mary agreed to paint him the companion picture, and he called so many times while it was in progress that good Mrs. Brownlow took me aside and warned me that people were talking about us. So when the picture was done I gave him a hint that he was not to call again. I appealed to him as a gentleman, so far removed from our humble sphere as to be inadmissible as an ordinary visitor, not to compromise my sister; and when he hesitated, I told him roundly that I would not let him do so. He made no reply. He only uttered a horrid curse, and strode away.

The next thing we heard of him was that he had shut up the Grange and gone abroad.

Two years passed. Mr. Bradley gave me my indentures, and dear Mary had made herself famous. Her pictures hung on the line at every water-color exhibition, generally with a ticket on them. We were prosperous and happy. We had a boat of our own now (with crimson cushions, if you please), and a man to row it, *vice* poor Sam Payne, to whom my sister had felt herself obliged to say "No." Mr. Tilsley had left word with his steward that we were to go to Tangle Island as much as we pleased. Often we went, and often talked of the "Bear;" but Mary would not make any more drawings of the place. Once, when I proposed we should take a cold dinner there and spend the day, she replied, quite sharply, that I ought to be ashamed of myself for not respecting his feelings—referring, of course, to Bruin's denunciation of picnickers. I could not quite understand this, as Mary was hard upon him in many respects, when we were speculating what had become of him and what he was doing. I suppose that some time in every boy's life he has considered persons of the Giaour, Werner, and "Stranger" stamp as heroes. Mary only thought them "great big sulkies," and had "no patience" with John Tilsley as a great big sulky too.

She would make no more sketches of Tangle Island; but drew from it an inexhaustible supply of studies—grasses, ferns, wild flowers, water-weeds, and what not—for her drawings. She dried and pressed these when they had served this purpose, and we had a fine collection of the flora of our favorite retreat.

We were sitting on that same bank where we were first caught trespassing, and again I began to wonder about Bruin.

"What can it possibly matter to us, dear," she said, "where he is sulking?"

"Don't call it sulking, Mary," I replied; "think of all he has been made to suffer."

"That's no reason why he should curse and swear at people, make himself disagreeable, and be ungentlemanly."

"Ungentlemanly?"

"Yes, ungentlemanly. How did he behave to you?"

I sat and considered a while, and then I said,

"Mary dear, I sometimes think that he was so savage that day, because he liked to come to our house."

"Much we had to attract Mr. Tilsley of the Grange!"

"I felt almost sure there *was* an attraction there for him," I persisted.

"Meaning me?—you dear old goose!" she answered, laughingly, but blushing crimson.

"Precisely," I replied.

She kissed me, and said I was a dreamer of dreams, and would never make a lawyer.

"Upon my word," I said, "I think it is a pity you were not the man of the family. You are so unromantic—out of your pictures."

"Don't be so sure of that," she answered: "I romance a good deal about poor Bruin. He *has* been badly treated, and there must be much that is good in him. He would not have given up the whole tenor of his life, gone out to Australia without a sixpence, and made a fortune for the girl he loved, if there were not. Do you remember what he said about his mind having run rank and tangled like this island? That idea, and his love for the solitude of the spot, show that his sorrows have not brutalized him, as some think, but have given his nature a twist which might yet be undone. I confess I should rather envy the woman who could untangle his thoughts, and let the sunshine in upon them—not for his sake, you know," she added, quickly; "don't fancy that for a moment. I should envy her for curing him of a mental disease, just as I should envy another who had nursed some poor child through a fever, that's all. And now, having relieved our minds on this subject, let us forget Bruin, as he has forgotten us."

"Agreed!" said a voice behind us.

We looked round, and there he stood—in his brown shooting-jacket and straw hat—just as we had first seen him, but with a very different expression on his face.

"Agreed!" he said; "you shall forget Bruin" (a shadow of his old grimness came over him as he spoke the word) "as he has forgotten you. Have the good folks of Hillford done talking yet?"

"They have had no cause lately," I answered.

"They shall have plenty soon. I am going to be married."

"Married!" we both exclaimed.

"Yes, married. Why not? There is a hand which, with a few magic touches, has taken all the tangle out of my mind. Do you" (this to Mary) "envy its owner?"

"You have been listening! Oh, how unfair!" Mary cried.

"Why not say 'ungentlemanly?'"

"It *was* ungentlemanly."

"Granted. But you have not answered my question."

"And I don't mean to answer it."

"I made a long struggle against those magic touches," he went on; "felt my powers of resistance growing weaker and weaker, and hated myself for it; but somehow, when I had quite given way, I was contented. Don't you think that the woman who has done this—for a woman it is—ought to be just a little proud of her work? Don't you think that she has incurred a little responsibility?"

"I don't see that," Mary said.

"No? What would you think of any one who picked a half-drowned cur out of a pond, restored it to life, and then flung it back to perish?"

"It is getting late, and we most go," Mary said, as she rose.

"If it were midnight, you should not go till you have answered all my questions."

"Mr. Tilsley, this is—this is—"

"Ungentlemanly? Perhaps it is; but when one is as much in earnest as I am, one can not stop to be polite. Do you envy the woman who has let sunshine into my mind?"

"You overheard me say so," she replied, half crying with vexation. "Why make me repeat a foolish thing?"

"Oh, it was foolish, eh?"

"Very foolish."

"It was not," he said, in a deep, low voice, which trembled with emotion. "This, and what else you said of me, prove that of all the men and women I have known since—since I was made into a wild beast, you alone understand me. Mary Waterton, yours is the touch which has untangled my mind; yours the hand which has let sunshine into my life. You have half saved me from the bitter, bitter waters in which all that was good in me was drowning. Have you the heart to throw me back, Mary? It is not what I heard to-day that makes me speak thus. I came back to do so. But what I have heard gives me more hope than I have dared to entertain for two long miserable years. Here, on Tangle Island—"

I don't know what more he said. I thought it high time for me to execute a strategic movement, which I did in good order. I don't think either of them missed me. I staid away for full half an hour (they said it was ten minutes). I was not even called back then, but really it was getting quite dark; so I rejoined them, and found—well, that my sister Mary was queen of Tangle Island.

In a few months she became mistress of the Grange, which soon won the reputation of being one of the pleasantest houses in England. Its master started a pack of fox-hounds, and was captain of the county eleven. There wasn't a more popular jolly fellow about than John Tilsley. There was no change in my Mary—there could not be—for the better. Poor or rich, she was the same unaffected, straight-minded, honest-hearted woman. When the children are very good they are taken to play on Tangle Island; about which I lately overheard the following conversation:

JOHN. "Pooh, pooh, my dear! Let them picnic there if they like. Why shouldn't the poor people enjoy themselves?"

MARY. "They may enjoy themselves wherever else they please, but they shall *not* scatter greasy paper and bitter-beer bottles on Tangle Island. Dear John, that little isle is holy ground to me. It brought me the great happiness of my life. It is but a wee, wee spot. Do let us keep it sacred for ourselves and our children."

And she had her way.

MY HEART'S A CARRIER-DOVE TO-NIGHT.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

(PERSIAN.)

My heart's a carrier-dove to-night;
From out my breast I set it free,
To wing a swift, unerring flight,
O Sweet, to thee!

Doth some rare prescience stir thy sleep,
Some mystic dream, begot of love?
Rise, tender Heart; nor waiting keep
My carrier-dove.

Lo! at thy window-sill his flight
Is stayed; he's weary, give him rest;
Thou know'st where lieth by day and night
His fragrant nest.

Ope the soul's casement, take him home
With fond caress and gracious word;
Joy, peace, serene content, will come
With that fair bird.

(Continued from No. 45, page 711.)

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER.

A Tale of City Life.

BY FREDERICK TALBOT,

AUTHOR OF "THE WINNING HAZARD," "JACK PUGH'S LEGACY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

"Thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according."

IT would not be fair to Bilfil to accept his wife's view of his character without making some allowance for her prejudices. He was a man to whom life appeared as a series of experiments. These it behooved him to make with care and skill, but he held it unwise to risk very much on the success of any one of them. He was profoundly penetrated by the conviction that if he did not himself turn to the best account the particular modicum of life that was his, no other force or power would interfere in his behalf, and he had thus set himself to realize the utmost amount of enjoyment he had capacity for. The passions and desires of life he regarded as a good huntsman might his hounds, to be restrained, indeed, and disciplined for the better fulfillment of their work, but as affording by their efficiency and success the chief reward of their master, the very reason of his existence.

His marriage he regarded as an experiment that had failed. He had intended that it should establish him more firmly in ease and prosperity. The event had tended entirely the other way. Had Margaret, indeed, been content to fall into the course of life that suited him, to have become an elastic and useful companion and assistant, he might have proved himself not wanting in the essentials of good comradeship. But he had no mind to abandon his whole course of life, to give up his companions and his pleasures. No; the life of a decorous Paterfamilias was unendurable to him. He hadn't sufficient patience either, or power of dissimulation, to conceal his feelings of disappointment and disgust at the result of his schemes; and Margaret, who would have done much from devotion, but was too impulsive to take a calm and prudent view of her position, had been driven to madness by the discovery of the real state of her husband's affections.

Bilfil's chief object now was to avoid scandal. He was quite content that his wife should leave him. Why continue an experiment which had shown itself to be fruitless? But he wished above all things to avoid public gossip. Had Margaret gone to her uncle Thomas's house in Russell Square, he would have been content that she should stay there, and he would have agreed to make some allowance for her support. But that she should try to live independently, perhaps dragging his own name into the scandal which would be pretty sure to follow her—and above all, that this young Hulse, this half-cousin and old admirer of Margaret's, should come between them—these things enraged him beyond measure.

Happily, by extraordinary accident, a weapon lay ready to his hand by whose means he could dispose effectually of this impertinent young fellow.

Bilfil had many resources and means of making money. Besides his share in the *Daily Mentor*, which, however, was not a lucrative investment, and in which he actually was merely the nominee of the great financial firm which had taken him up, he had a considerable interest in the discount establishment in Birchin Lane. The capital, however, of this establishment was not contributed by Bilfil. The great money firm of Grindrod and Gordon had set him up in this business also. If you were a City man, and the promoter of a great company which was to make the fortunes of its subscribers, and incidentally to set afloat your own, you would know that it was useless to attempt to get the great firm to finance your undertaking unless you first secured the assistance of Bilfil. Then your course was easy enough. With Bilfil's arm through yours, you would pass through the crowded counting-house, full of clerks and big books and nervous waiting clients, and into the inner sanctuary of the great firm, where, surrounded by ground-glass parti-

tions, seated at school-house-looking desks, the great chieftains of the monetary world were maturing their important transactions. Bilfil would whisper into Mr. Grindrod's ear: the great man would survey you critically with scrutinizing eyes. A memorandum would be hastily scrawled; Bilfil would lead you forth again a made man. The great New Nebraska Dock and Warehouse Company, Limited, was now a living force; its shares were at a premium; its promotion-money was safe. Above all, Bilfil was the richer by a tithe of the money the great firm had advanced—an advance which would gather bulk in discount, commission, and interest, till it assumed quite a portentous figure among the assets of Grindrod and Gordon. Such were, then, the golden rewards of the chase in the happy hunting-grounds of the great City.

But Bilfil knew very well that this could not last forever. He knew more of what was going on in the world of commerce than the men for whom he worked. For some time he had felt misgivings that the golden period, during which money had fallen into the very mouths of the bold and unscrupulous, was quietly coming to an end. He had therefore gladly accepted a commission from his great patrons to proceed to America to investigate the affairs of a railway company to which they had made large advances. He had also arranged with the proprietors and editor of the *Daily Mentor* to furnish them with a weekly letter on the social aspects and commercial prospects of the Western States. Now this employment suited him remarkably well. When the inevitable crash came on he would be away; he would be gathering together a connection which might enable him to build up an enduring edifice for himself out of the ruins of his friends' houses. It gave him an opportunity, too, to realize; to transfer his liabilities to the great firm; to pocket his share of the profits already made.

"Don't trouble yourself about your little discounting business," said Mr. Gordon to him; "hand that over to us; we will take all current bills at their market value, and give you a quittance. Our purposes have been answered; you have opened out to us opportunities we should have been unable to avail ourselves of but for you. As for the good-will of the business, leave that in our hands; you will have no reason to repent your confidence." And indeed, when Bilfil received a check for five thousand pounds from the magnificent firm, he felt that in trusting to their good intentions he had truly acted with wisdom. His trust, however, did not go so far as to permit him to leave the money in their hands. The check was duly cashed, and the proceeds were paid over into Bilfil's own banking account. Then he began to breathe freely, and to think more seriously of his voyage, and of winding up his affairs.

Of all the bills, good, bad, and indifferent, which had matured, ripened, or rotted in his office cases he retained only one; all the rest he had handed over to Grindrod and Gordon. This one bill was that accepted by John Jones and Edward Hulse, and indorsed by the Drain-pipe Company. He had long ago spotted that bill; suspected that there was something fishy about it; and yet he had come to look upon it with affection. For with that bill, if it were not duly met—and Bilfil suspected that it would not be met—he had a weapon in his hands available against the abettors of his wife, and against the only man whose influence with her he feared, her old boy-lover, Edward Hulse. Now the bill was due this very Saturday: had it been met? Bilfil took a cab and went down into the City to see.

The bill, of course, had been passed to his bankers, and they had presented it at the bank where it was payable. Banking hours were just over as Bilfil reached the door of the United Bank. He was sufficiently acquainted with the manager, however, to obtain admittance at the private door. The clerks were still at work under the green-shaded gas lamps making up their balances.

"That bill," said Pugh; "um—ah—yes; no, indeed, it hasn't been met; we had a slip from Prodgers's to say it was coming back. The notary will bring it up to-night, about eight o'clock, I dare say. You shall have it on Monday morning."

"I'd rather have it to-night," said Bilfil, "and I'll set my lawyer to work at it."

"Oh, if you like," said Pugh; "if you think it's worth while. It's sure to be taken up on Monday, too. It's a very good bill of the sort."

"I'll have it to-night," said Bilfil. "I'll give 'em notice of dishonor to-night."

When Bilfil had arranged with his lawyer to proceed upon the bill instanter, he went down to Margate to spend the ensuing day there. Patty was there, he knew, and he meant to employ his Sunday profitably. He was very much in love with Patty; and now that his wife was out of the way, arrangements might be practicable which before seemed difficult. Ah, if he could only secure Patty as a companion in his American trip, what a tolerable thing life would be!

CHAPTER VII.

"I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say."

UP to eight o'clock on Sunday evening nothing more was seen or heard of the Reverend John Jones. He hadn't been able to go home with Lucy, having been called away to see his father, who had come to town the night before. But he was coming in the evening, after church.

The day dragged on wearily enough. Old Hulse sat motionless by the fire, his handkerchief over his head; he would not stir either to eat or drink; he didn't want any thing; let them take their meals without him. Lucy and her mother, though distressed, were not surprised. He had such fits periodically, fits of sullenness and gloom. To his son, however, who knew the cause, his father's continuous depression was a melancholy sign. It involved keeping a constant watch upon him; for that his father was on the look-out for an opportunity to put an end to his existence, Edward didn't doubt. Here, however, he could call his mother and his sister to help him. He told them this much: that he believed his father's head had been turned by pecuniary embarrassments; that he might at any moment attempt something desperate. He entreated them to watch him narrowly, to follow all his movements, to take every thing out of his way. At the same time he made his mother pack a small portmanteau full of absolute necessaries. This he took himself by a cab, in the first instance, to Charing Cross, and after that he carried the portmanteau in his hand, watching carefully to see if he were followed, over Hungerford Bridge to the Southwestern Terminus, and left it in the cloak-room. If the worst came to the worst, and John refused to keep silence, he would take his father off to Southampton before a search could be made for him, and then he would go with him by the next steamer to America. There he could manage to support his father, no doubt. His mother and sister must follow. He had about ten pounds in his possession; that sum would suffice for the railway fare to Southampton and steerage passage to America: for provisions and comforts for the voyage they must trust to Providence. But, after all, there would, he trusted, be no need for such a step. John, if held harmless, would never needlessly bring disgrace upon the father of his sweetheart. And if John were stanch, who could hurt his father? The money he had appropriated belonging to the Company must be restored; but they could hardly prosecute the old man criminally for taking it. He was rather an agent than a servant of the Company; was paid by commission, and was authorized to sign on behalf of the Company. Edward didn't know much about criminal law, but he didn't think they could prosecute for embezzlement. At all events, the directors were kindly old-world people, who had known his father in his better days, and who would hardly deal harshly if the money were refunded. All depended upon John; and Edward nervously speculated and debated to and fro in various aspects, according to his various moods, as to what kind of action would be taken by John Jones.

Turning these things over in his mind as he walked homeward from his twilight expedition, the whole outside world seemed like a dream or vision to him. All his soul was inclosed within that narrow space bounded on one side by the river, on the other by the quiet street—that little oasis of life among all the Sabbath stillness of the City—that home which had been once to him such a haven of refuge, but which now seemed as a creek of sad desolation.

As he plunged into one of the narrow darksome lanes which led down to Lower Bridge Street, and caught the familiar whiff of river smells, his heart sank within him. He couldn't go through with this thing; he hadn't the nerve, the power. Surely it could be put off, delayed; he must have this night for thought, for the marshaling of facts, for the arrangement of his plans. Surely he must have thus much respite! Then, as he came into the quiet, deserted street, he saw before him, looming in the rising mists of the river, a stalwart broad-shouldered man. He swung along with easy gait, humming to himself snatches of melodies, which might be airs of psalms, perhaps, but which had a suspicious go and gayety about them nevertheless. There was not a soul in the street but he, and as he reached the door, the little postern let into the great gates of the wharf, he turned round on his heel and stopped short. He was John Jones, the lover of Lucy. He didn't see Edward, however; he was immersed in thought. Seemingly doubtful whether he would enter or not, he put his hand to the door and took it away again, half opened and then closed the door, but finally making up his mind, he passed through; then the door closed behind him. At this Edward took up his resolve all in a moment, by instinct as it were: he would terminate this killing suspense, he would know the best or the worst.

Perhaps it was the sight of Edward's face, which looked white and ghastly by the light of the one dim lamp which twinkled over the house door, perhaps it was some forecast of the future that moved him, but as Edward touched Jones on the arm—he stood waiting on the door-step, having just rung the bell—he started violently and shuddered.

"Hallo!" he said, turning round on Edward. "What's up?"

"Come with me into the warehouse for a minute, I've something important to tell you. Oh, don't be afraid of Scipio; he is shut up. Poor old dog, he gets so restless on Sundays when he hears the bells going. I used always to take him out—up the river—on Sundays, before he went blind, and now, poor dog, the same fit comes on him sometimes, and he'll stagger away to the Old Swan Pier when he hears the bells chiming over the river; and he barks and howls too, when he can't get out; so I shut him up in the up-stairs rooms."

Thus Edward ran on, nervously talking while he struck a light and lit a candle in his little workshop. At first the candle would only give out a small blue flame, the wick having been burned off close; by-and-by it flamed up. Each looked into the other's face, and read therein a purpose strange and sinister.

Lucy Hulse had heard the ring at the bell, had known by the pull of it that her lover was there. She would have run down stairs to let him in, but she was reading to her mother one of the psalms for the evening, and she only paused for a moment, and looked wistfully at her mother, who was absorbed in some kind of mental abstraction. She wondered how long that sluggish girl down stairs would be before she went to the door. Hours seemed to have passed between the sound of that quick, energetic ring and the slow tramp of the servant on the staircase. The door was opened, but was shut again at once. Lucy listened intently, repeating mechanically the concluding verses of the psalm. Then, as her mother reverently bowed her head at the conclusion, Lucy ran out of the room on to the landing, but no one was coming up the stairs—and yet she had a feeling as though her lover were close at hand.

"Jane!" she cried down the well of the stairs—"Jane, there was a ring."

"So I thought, miss, but there was nobody there."

Lucy returned into the room disappointed; yet surely he would be here presently. Then she went down stairs, opened the door, and looked out into the night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE present war between England and the most powerful tribe of the Gold Coast, in Western Africa, naturally excites new interest in a wild race described in our early school-books as warlike, ferocious, and possessing a love for shedding human blood. Ashantee is an extensive kingdom of Upper Guinea, comprising an area of 60,000 square miles, with a population of about 3,500,000. The kingdom is an inland one; for along the coast are several Dutch settlements, which have been recently transferred to the English government, consequently the Ashantees can carry on their commerce with the coast only by passing through these settlements, which at first gave rise to many sanguinary conflicts, and finally proved the immediate cause of the present war. There were also other secondary causes: the Ashantees invaded the English provinces with hostile designs; missionaries have been captured by them, and subjected to various hardships and indignities; and King Koffee Calcalli resented the transfer of certain Dutch settlements to England, believing that they belonged to him. Warlike and cruel as the Ashantees are, they exhibit much skill in various industrial arts. They excel in the manufacture of cotton cloth, and in the brilliancy of their dyes; some of their weapons show superior workmanship; and in the making of gold articles there is often exhibited a combination of skill, taste, and dextrous manipulation that is remarkable. Ashantee abounds in gold, which is distributed all over the soil, and is sometimes found in large pieces. The metal is used profusely for personal ornaments, but the natives resent all attempts of foreigners to work their mineral treasures. The capital of Ashantee is Coomassie, which is said to be really a fine city, containing many handsome buildings. The royal palace is a huge stone edifice, divided into spacious rooms. The king himself is comparatively a young man, being about thirty-six, and exhibits real executive ability. His army, by report, now numbers 90,000 men in the field, and the king appears in person with them. The English propose to construct a railway for convenience in carrying on the war in this country, where there is a lack of all means of transportation—men being the sole burden-bearers.

Improvements of various kinds have been made in the Executive Mansion at Washington, and the approaches thereto have been beautified by skillful hands. The park immediately in front has been laid out in walks and garden plots, and is to be planted with choice flowers. The interior of the building also will soon present a handsome appearance. The East Room has been greatly changed by the art of the fresco-painter and the upholsterer. The work is not yet entirely completed, but probably will be done before Congress meets.

Recently a physician of Dutchess County, New York, poisoned himself accidentally by taking a large dose of aconite from a bottle which stood on a table by his bedside. He took it during the night, supposing the bottle to contain other medicine. He soon discovered his mistake, and called his family, telling them he could not live. Remedies were administered, but in vain. He died. There is certainly great want of proper care in the putting up, keeping, and using of poisonous articles. Accidents are constantly occurring in households because dangerous substances are not properly labeled, or are left where children or thoughtless or ignorant adults can get them. The suggestion which has been made that bottles containing poisons should be made in some peculiar manner, so as to attract attention on being touched, would prevent many mistakes, and is worthy the consideration of druggists.

Winter in Minnesota may be very delightful; but doesn't it begin rather early? Snow fell there to the depth of five inches about the 24th of October.

The goose that laid golden eggs is an old story, but the following tale is new: A short time ago five geese owned by a man living at Mormon Island, California, died from an unknown disease, and on examining the gizzard of one, grain gold sufficient to make a five-dollar piece was found. The remaining four each contained almost the same amount of the precious stuff. The gold was probably picked up by the fowls near some claims where the miners had been sluicing, and it is presumed that the quicksilver attached to it caused their death.

Experiments of an important nature are being made in regard to the cure of leprosy, hitherto regarded as an incurable disease. The Madras surgeon in medical charge of the penal settlement at Port Blair believes that he has made a valuable discovery, namely, that leprosy can be cured by the oil of the gurjun-tree. It is reported that every leper in the settlement is fast being cured. The oil of the gurjun balsam, or wood-oil, has long been used all over India by the natives for skin diseases and sores. In the event of its turning out that leprosy is curable, the discovery will not only be valuable as regards those afflicted with that disease, but it will stimulate the medical profession to further exertions to discover the antidote to other diseases of a like nature hitherto considered incurable. This oil seems to be beneficial to all descriptions of sores and ulcers, and also has other valuable properties.

A proposition has been made to erect a huge hotel in Philadelphia for the accommodation of visitors during the season of the Centennial Exposition. The idea will doubtless assume a practical and extensive shape.

According to the *Gazzetta d' Italia*, the financial crisis in America caused great excitement at the Vatican. It is well known that not only private property of the prelates, but some public money, has been deposited in our banks by Cardinal Antonelli.

The Woolwich Arsenal is constantly receiving illuminating shells and smoke-balls, to be used in the Ashantee war. The smoke-balls are mere shells full of a composition the burning of which creates a thick smoke and powerful odor, and have proved powerful agencies when thrown into the midst of troops.

A great deal has been said and written, *pro* and *con*, concerning the healthfulness of keeping growing plants in sleeping apartments. The common idea is that the air is contaminated by the exhalation of carbonic acid during the night. President Kedzie, of the Michigan Agricultural College, has been experimenting with a view to ascertain the truth. In the college greenhouse more than six thousand plants are growing. After doors and windows had been closed for more than twelve hours the president analyzed air gathered in the morning, and afterward air taken in the afternoon. The night air contained more carbonic acid than the day air, to be sure; but of five specimens gathered in the morning the average amount of carbonic acid was 3.94 parts in 10,000 of air, while the out-door air contains four parts in 10,000. It will thus be seen that the air in the greenhouse was better than "pure country air."

"Do as much good as you can, but make little noise about it," was one of Dr. Nélaton's last injunctions to his son. And this principle he carried out in his own life. His son Charles, who is now about twenty-three years old, had not selected a profession when the war broke out in 1870. Dr. Nélaton, being at the head of the surgical service of the International Society for Succoring the Wounded, made him attend every day at the Palais de l'Industrie and at the Grand Hôtel, and taught him to dress wounds. The young man is now following the footsteps of his father in the medical profession. "Never allow yourself to be hurried," was what Dr. Nélaton repeatedly said to his pupils; "there is always time if you do not hurry." When he was at work nothing ever disturbed his equanimity. His *sang-froid* was wonderful; on this depended a great deal of his success as an operator.

Boston is really getting to be a big city. Its former area is nearly doubled by the recent annexations, and it may now claim to be territorially one of the largest cities in the country. The population now amounts to about 300,000. More additions are threatened.

A certain Swedish woman in Aroostook County, Maine, may be criticised as having stepped out of her "sphere." But in time of emergency she did the work that came to her hand to be done, and did it well, and we fancy a woman who does this is worthy of all commendation. Her husband was sick and unable to work, so with her own hands she manufactured a bunch of shingles weighing over sixty-three pounds. She did all the work alone—felled the tree, sawed, split, shaved, and bunched the shingles, and carried them on her back three and a half miles, and sold them at a country store for flour for the support of her family. Madame Ochestraue, the maker, lives in New Sweden.

A well-worn newspaper, bearing the date January 6, 1800, lies on our table. It bears the unpretending name of *J. Russell's Gazette*, and was printed in Quaker Lane, Boston. It is a curiosity in its way. The paper is heavily marked with black lines, and contains a detailed account of the funeral honors paid to George Washington in various cities. A proclamation from John Adams, dated Philadelphia, December 24, 1799, recommends that "the people of the United States wear crape on the left arm, as mourning, for thirty days." To the Carrier's New-Year's Address, which is printed in this *Gazette*, is appended a postscript, which closed with the following lines:

"O'er all Columbia's States, the tear-swoll'n eye,
The heart-felt anguish, and the bursting sigh
In sympathetic grief the tidings spread,
The first of men—Great Washington—is dead!
Much would the Muse of Elegy inspire,
But drowned with tears is all her sacred fire;
Yet Heaven is kind, and consolation gives—
Tho' Washington is dead, our Adams lives!"

The advertisements in this old newspaper give an idea of various matters in the year 1800. For example:

"FRESH POMATUM.—A few cases of fresh pomatum just arrived from Italy will be sold very low, wholesale or retail, at Fowl & Cushman's, No. 17 Newbury Street. Likewise a quantity of patent cotton night-caps, at a reduced price. Ladies' wigs and bands of long hair, of complections and prices as usual."

We notice also that the "price of stocks" is quoted in a prominent part of the sheet, and that the "Board of Health" announce the names of their "committee for the week."

A man, undoubtedly insane, recently entered a telegraph office in Detroit, and wrote the following message: "To the Lord in Heaven.—Where shall I go next? The world is growing worse every day. There is not an honest Christian in America." He was informed that the Western Union lines didn't connect with the other world, and he went to see about mailing a letter.

In France hop stalks have been successfully used for manufacturing paper. And in England newspapers have been printed on jute paper. Jute seems adapted for all but the finer kinds of paper.

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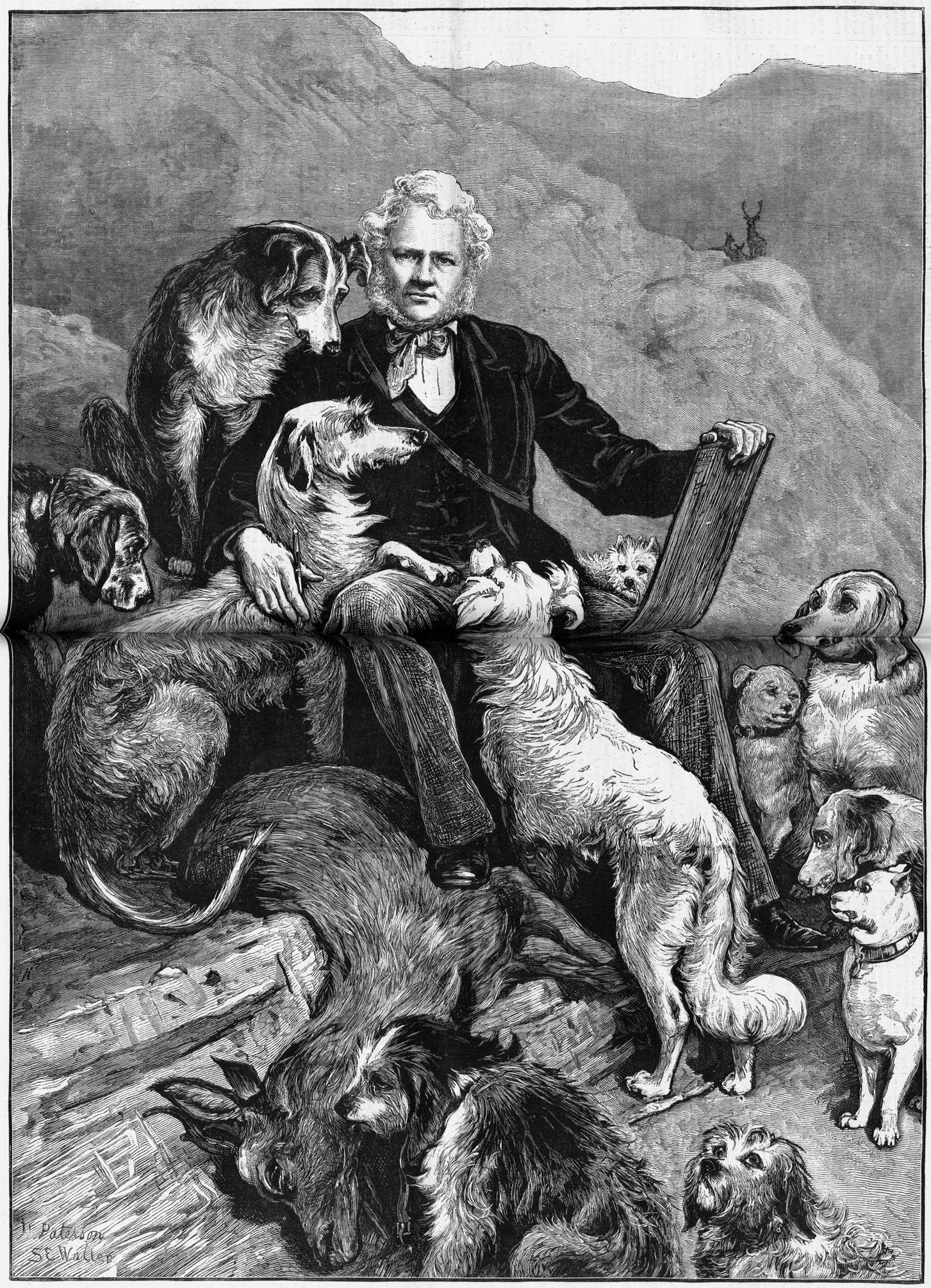

LANDSEER AND HIS FRIENDS.—[See Page 746.]

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LANDSEER AND HIS FRIENDS.

See illustration on double page.

THIS allegorical picture represents Sir Edwin Landseer surrounded by a number of his four-footed favorites, some of them representative dogs, others the most popular creations of his brush. For example, the dog with his head close to Sir Edwin's was his favorite colly, a deer-hound has his paw on the artist's knee, and a setter is looking up in his face. Behind the deer-hound is "Suspense," on the right hand is "Dignity," and peeping from the sketching-block is "Impudence." Below "Dignity" are two dogs from the picture of "Jack in Office." One of these, it will be remembered, is in charge of the barrow, while the other regards its savory contents with watery mouth. Beneath them again is "Alexander," from the picture of "Alexander and Diogenes." At the bottom is the belated dog, whose piteous face says as plainly as possible, "No place like home," and in the foreground is a dead roebuck and a rough hound. Landseer's own portrait, as seen in the picture, is reputed a good likeness.

Although Landseer was also an admirable landscape and portrait painter, it is from his pictures of animals that he has probably won the most enduring fame. It is a rather singular fact that the wealth which he accumulated during his lifetime was due rather to the engravings from his pictures than to the pictures themselves. His fashionable patrons, as a rule, were poor paymasters, beginning with Prince Albert, who was habitually so niggardly in his self-imposed prices for pictures that artists not unfrequently returned the checks he sent them. Sir Edwin was, however, always held in high esteem by the royal family. The Queen knighted him in 1850, and always continued his firm friend. During his illness she made constant inquiries after him, and her carriage headed the funeral procession which conveyed his remains to St. Paul's Cathedral, where they were laid to rest side by side with those of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, Lawrence, Turner, and the other artists to whom the venerable edifice serves as a mausoleum. Landseer was never married, but lived with his sisters nearly all his life at St. John's Wood, where his originally simple cottage grew with years to a luxurious mansion, as his wants and wealth increased. He was luxurious in his habits, and loved to lie in bed late, composing his pictures, as Scott did his novels, between sleeping and waking. When he once began, however, he painted rapidly and with great industry.

Many amusing anecdotes are current about the great animal painter. For instance, it is said that in one of his early visits to Scotland he stopped at a village, and took a great deal of notice of the dogs, jotting down rapid sketches of them on a bit of paper. Next day, resuming his journey, he was horrified to find dogs suspended in all directions from the trees, or drowning in the rivers with stones round their necks. He stopped a weeping urchin who was hurrying off with a pup in his arms, and learned, to his dismay, that he was supposed to be an excise officer, who was taking notes of all the dogs he saw in order to prosecute the owners for unpaid taxes; so the people were all anxious to get rid of their dogs. Another time he went to Portugal, and the King sent for him to express his admiration. "Ah, Sir Edwin," said the King, "I am so glad to see you! I'm so fond of beasts!"

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Little Kate Kirby," "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," etc., etc.

Book the First.

REUBEN CULWICK.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SAXE-GOTHA GARDENS.

REUBEN CULWICK lost time at the pay-office. He had no small change, and the sandy man in the cupboard on the right of the entrance took so extraordinarily long a time in finding two shillings in exchange for the half crown that he had tendered him, and in testing the quality of the coin before passing over the change, that Reuben almost imagined that he was in a plot to impede his progress. Reuben did not know that shillings were as scarce at the Saxe-Gotha as orders were plentiful, and that five per cent. of the half crowns offered the proprietor—who took his own money at the door, like a careful man as he was—were made from the pewter pots stolen at the "publics" in the Walworth Road.

He received his change at last, and passed along an avenue of stunted trees into the gardens, which he entered for the first time in his life, despite his proximity to the establishment, and the free admissions which were floating in the neighborhood.

He looked round very keenly, but there was no trace of Second-cousin Sarah, or of the woman whom he had taken for her, and who had run away from him. The black and white striped cotton dress had faded into thin air, or was merged in the miserable crowd that was taking its amusement moodily.

The Saxe-Gotha was not an extensive garden, but it was easy to lose sight of any one who had made up his or her mind to be concealed. The place was shady; there were dark and circuitous paths between thick lilac bushes, at the back of a mouldy quadrangle of arbors, and the oil lamps were burning dimly, and not too numerous. There was an effort to brighten up an orchestra, where four old fiddlers and one man with a flute were playing a waltz to funereal time, while a spangled mountebank was twirling on a slack rope for the edification of the public below him; but the place was full of shadow, befitting the strange folk who had congregated there.

Reuben was amazed at the poverty—at the squalid forms and stunted growth of the habitués—at the boys and girls with faces that belonged to people twice their age—at the obtrusive coarseness and ribaldry of their remarks—at the hoarse laugh of the men, the shrill falsetto of the women—at the unmistakable viciousness stamped upon three-fourths of the hideous crew about him. He had known something of poverty, and he had seen, amidst the poverty which had confronted him, temptation and crime following upon hunger and distress; he had written more than one leader for the *Trumpet* on the question, but he was taken off his guard by this assemblage of the vices in the dull and dirty gardens of the Saxe-Gotha. His own appearance was an attraction, respectability came so seldom, and a face with an honest outlook upon it was so great a curiosity. There were human lynxes prowling about who scented prey, and some who scented danger; and he had not stood there two minutes before as many eyes were fixed on him as on the acrobat, swinging round and round to the monotonous waltz music of the band.

The white faces and the glittering eyes seemed to close round him by slow but perceptible degrees; he was a thing of wonder worthy of grave contemplation. Reuben was not alarmed, though the public curiosity was objectionable. He looked at the orchestra; he glanced up at the acrobat, who glared down at him as at a new patron of the arts, lured to the gardens by the report of the performer's abilities, perhaps; he lighted a cigar coolly and complacently, an operation which appeared to satisfy the curiosity of a few, who moved away; he strolled from the crowd to a little grass-plot, where was a time-stained fountain—a stone boy with a broken nose squirting a jet of water from a shell, with a row of paper lanterns within the basin, where some dips were flaring; and he passed from the grass-plot to the extremity of the garden, where were John Jennings's fire-works, a scanty collection of malformed objects reared upon high poles to give an idea of importance and magnitude, and waiting John Jennings's pleasure to burst into smoke and flame. There was a figure crouching by the principal set piece, and Reuben went toward it, and discovered his landlord in lieu of his cousin. He would have backed away, but John had recognized him.

"Why, Mr. Reuben! what can you possibly want here?" he exclaimed, scrambling to his feet. "Is any thing wrong at home? Have you heard any thing about—about the Gotha—and come to tell me?"

"No; what should I hear?"

"I was afraid—he! he!—that you'd got the tip that they were going to shut up, or suspend payment," said John, with a weak little laugh: "you gentlemen of the press get news early sometimes."

"Have you heard any thing like that, then?" asked Reuben, anxious for John Jennings, notwithstanding that he was still looking right and left for Sarah Eastbell.

"N—no; not exactly, but—"

"John, they're letting you in again," cried Reuben, as he took him by the arm and walked him toward the light; "this comes of your never showing the blackguards that contract which I wrote out for you."

"I should have offended them—I should have lost the work," said John, feebly.

"All the better, I should say, for they owe you money."

It was a fact easily guessed; but John was taken aback, and gasped for breath.

"A little—a few pounds. For goodness' sake don't let Lucy know any thing about it—she goes on so!"

"Yes, and you go off so, without her advice, and trust even these people."

"What are you looking round for?" asked John Jennings.

"For a girl in a black shawl and a striped cotton dress."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed John.

"She came in here, and I followed her," continued Reuben—"a pale-faced girl, with big dark staring eyes. Have you seen a girl like that about?"

"Hundreds—poor wretches!"

"Not a girl with a white, sorrowful face such as she has. I am sure it was she."

"She—who?"

"Oh, never mind," said Reuben, put on his guard at last; "this is the business of your first floor, private and confidential, and momentous. Not a word of this to Lucy."

He had suddenly remembered that Lucy Jennings would be prejudiced still further against Sarah Eastbell, if she had an inkling of the doubts which had beset him, and it was as well that Lucy should not know at present.

"Yes, but—"

"If you say a word I'll tell Lucy how you're being done by the Saxe-Gotha."

"They'll not do me much longer, I can tell them," said John, excited by this warning. "I'm not the man to be imposed upon, or let my fireworks off much longer for nothing; that's not like me; that's not the style of— Hallo! look there! They're all going off without me. I thought they'd set 'em alight if I left them for a moment—they always do."

There was a fizzing and cracking and spluttering from the fire-work ground, and much noisy laughter from the audience. The fire-works had been discovered in an unguarded position, and sportive youths had lighted them with bowls of pipes and ends of penny pickwicks, and a spontaneous combustion was the result.

John Jennings darted away, and Reuben Culwick moved restlessly about the gardens, scanning the pleasure-seekers, glaring into the arbors, looking down the dark avenues, and into the refreshment saloon—a long wooden shed, where no spirits were for sale, but where bottled beer and cider, apples, nuts, whelks, hot potatoes, fried fish, and stewed eels constituted the principal stock in trade of the purveyors.

But there was no sign of Sarah Eastbell—no black and white striped dress even to identify its wearer by. He lingered till the last—till the crowd streamed out in hot haste, fearful of the public-houses shutting up, and the sandy-haired proprietor had left his box, and was helping to blow out the oil lamps in the flower beds and round the deserted orchestra.

He left John Jennings and the proprietor talking together of a speedy settlement of accounts; he even heard John Jennings say that he was in no particular hurry for a day or two, and that he was sorry to hear that the gardens were so bolstered up with orders that no one thought of paying at the doors; and then Reuben went moodily back to his lodgings, certain in his own mind that Sarah Eastbell had seen him and avoided him.

There was another Sarah Eastbell on his mind too—the old woman at St. Oswald's, down in Worcestershire. What was she doing, prostrate and blind, without her nurse and without a friend?—his father's sister, lying in the darkness of her malady, helpless and deserted—the old woman who had been kind to him when he was a boy, and when the Culwicks were all poor. What of her?—and why had the girl run away from her? Well, well!—he was poor himself; he could not allow these people to oppress him in this fashion. He must mind his own business, and let the mystery die out. It concerned him not—it lay apart from his pursuits and life.

He took up the current number of the *Penny Trumpet*, to refresh himself with an article of his own composition, and there an advertisement stared him in the face. "Cheap Excursion to Worcester, Malvern, and Gloucester." A club association to start one day, and return late the same evening or early the next, for eight shillings, and no luggage allowed. Reuben counted his shillings carefully, looked up at the ceiling, and went into an elaborate mental calculation on the spot. Yes, he would go away again.

The next day he was in Worcester, walking up the Tithing as if the place belonged to him.

CHAPTER XII.

AUNT EASTBELL IS STILL CONTENT.

THE ties of kindred were evidently strong with the man from whom all kindred held aloof, or Reuben Culwick would have never undertaken that journey to Worcester. He was a man perplexed by a mystery, and he hated a mystery which he had no power to solve. He was a charitable man, it may be added, and the forlorn condition of old Sarah Eastbell impressed his mind more than he could account for. Hence he had darted off at a tangent, without any great regard to his ease or his savings, in the direction of Worcester, just as he had put himself out to visit the city some weeks since, and lodged at a principal hotel for the credit of the family name. That he was a prudent man was a matter of doubt.

He passed through the gateway, and entered the square court-yard, where he stood looking round him as if for his second-cousin Sarah, whose appearance seemed wanting to complete the picture. He would have been scarcely surprised to see her emerge from the door of her aunt's room, and he would have been glad, despite the wild-goose expedition which he had undertaken. The sun was bright in Worcester at last, and the quadrangle was full of light. The morning was not quite gone, for the excursion train had started early from London, traveled rapidly, and, strange to record, had not run into any thing *en route*.

The door of his aunt's room was open, and he walked toward it, and entered the apartment, where all was as he had expected to find it. The old woman lay in her bed as he had seen her last, a quiet, patient, watchful woman, and there was no one with her. Surely it was only yesterday since he had called at St. Oswald's.

"Who's there?" said Sarah Eastbell, sharply, as he entered.

"Your nephew," he answered, walking to the bedside.

"From Hope Lodge, Hope Street, Camberwell?—Reuben Culwick?" she inquired, as the sealed-up eyes began to roll beneath the lids in their old fashion.

"Yes. What a memory you have!" he replied.

She stretched her hand from the bed in the direction of the voice, and Reuben took the old woman's thin hand in his.

"You bring me good news," she said, "and I have been waiting for it. I am glad that you have come!"

"I have brought no news, either good or bad, Aunt Eastbell," he hastened to assure her, as he sat down at her bedside.

"Oh! how's that?"

"What good news did you expect?" he asked, curiously; and the old woman was a long while in replying.

"I am always waiting for good news," she said at last; "didn't I tell you so when you were here in May? Good news of your father, for instance; of his becoming better friends with you; of his coming to this place to see the only sister he has left. Poor fellow, he must be dreadfully dull in that big house of his."

"You received my letter about Sarah?"

"Yes. It was kind of you to think of her."

"Where is she?" said Reuben Culwick, sharply.

Aunt Eastbell was endeavoring to deceive him, and he had not come more than a hundred and twenty miles to be hoodwinked by a blind woman.

"Well," replied Mrs. Eastbell, after another pause for consideration, "she has gone away for a little change. She will be back soon."

"Is she in London?"

"Yes."

"Then who wrote me that letter leading me to believe that she was with you still?"

"Why, Reuben boy, you are cross about it! How's this?" and the thin hand groped its way toward him again. He rested his own upon it, and said,

"There was an effort made to mislead me. Why?"

"Well, it saved a fuss," Mrs. Eastbell confessed at last, "and as Sarah did not come back to answer your letter for herself, I got Mrs. Muggeridge next door to write a line or two. But they were all our dear Sarah's sentiments—Sally said, after you had gone, that she should never think of leaving me or getting a place till after I was dead. And as I mayn't die for many years, what's the use of worriting?"

"Ay, what's the use?" said Reuben, dreamily.

"It's worrit that walks off with half of us. It's a great mercy that I have never had any thing to worrit me, but have been easy and comfortable all my precious life."

"What made Sarah leave you?"

"Why, Tom came back from sea."

"Her brother?"

"Yes, her brother—a fine, strapping young fellow, who has got on in the world—that's the first Eastbell who has done that, Reuben. He came here to see me at once, the Lord bless him!" the old lady continued, "and insisted upon giving Sally a bit of a change before he went away on board ship again; and the child wanted change, and they said looked ill, and so I persuaded her to go. I should have gone myself for a bit of a holiday with them, only I haven't been able lately to get about so briskly as I could wish. I'm not always flopping in bed like this, you know."

"Ah—and she went away with her dear brother Tom?" said Reuben.

"Yes."

"Has she written to you since?"

"To be sure. There's a letter of hers on the mantel-piece now."

Reuben Culwick walked across to the high mantel-piece, and took down a letter therefrom.

"May I read it?" he asked, when the letter was in his hand, and the instinct of a gentleman had asserted itself suddenly.

"To be sure," was the reply. "Read it out, Reuben. I love to hear my Sally's letters read over and over to me, till I get 'em by heart like. There's a great deal of sense in Sally's letters, and she's a very clever gal."

The old lady crossed her hands over her chest in a monumental-effigy style, and lay there almost as rigid and grim, until a fly settled on her face, when she made an impatient claw at it, before reassuming her position of attention.

Reuben Culwick was in no hurry to read the letter aloud. To his surprise it was a letter addressed to two persons, the second one being communicated with in lead-pencil at the top of the paper. Sarah Eastbell wrote a good hand; at one time or another there had been some education given and made use of; the old woman had seen after her grand-daughter when the father who had seen after nobody, not even himself, had been called to his account.

"*Don't read this to grandmother*," was written in lead-pencil, and in a fair flowing hand—quite a lady's hand. "Keep her as cheerful as you can without me. Let her think that I am coming back soon—that I am happy with Tom, and that he is very kind. I can't think of breaking the truth to her yet that I can never come back any more.—S. E."

"Who reads the letters to you, aunt?" he asked, curiously.

"Mrs. Muggeridge, or Mrs. Muggeridge's niece—the niece generally, because the old lady stammers dreadful, and puts me out in trying to listen to her. She's a great age, and can't help stammering, poor body!" she added, reflectively. "I ought not to be snappish with her. I shall be as old myself some day, and have a mouth as full of plums, perhaps."

"Now why are all these people humbugging this poor woman?" muttered Reuben, as he took a great handful of his beard into consideration with him.

He had spoken very low, but Mrs. Eastbell had quick ears, and had heard something.

"We haven't a bug in the place, Reuben; but oh, the flies—they're awful!"

Reuben read aloud Sarah's epistle to her grandmother. It was a long letter, and full of a fancy picture of how she was enjoying herself with Tom, what a holiday hers was, and how kind her brother was to her. She concluded with a promise of being back in Worcester shortly, and a hope that her grandmother was not dull without her, and she was always her affectionate and loving granddaughter, Sarah Eastbell.

"There, don't you call that a nice letter?" said the old lady, admiringly, when he had concluded.

"A very nice letter indeed."

"Ah! and she's a nice gal too. I try not to miss her, and not to feel lonely now she's gone, but it won't do quite. Will you just read that letter again, Reuben, if you don't mind? I can almost fancy that she is here, and that she speaks to me with the old gentleness I know so well, and—love so much! So soothing like."

Reuben Culwick read the letter again, and it was sufficiently soothing in this instance to send his aunt to sleep. He was sure that she was asleep by her regular breathing, and the silence which followed the conclusion of his reading.

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Reuben Culwick stood by the mantel-piece, letter in hand, endeavoring to read the story for himself, and to understand the character of his second cousin more clearly by its lines. Sarah was away with Tom Eastbell, her promising brother, who was getting on so well toward the gallows, she had said herself, bitterly and scornfully. She had deceived the grandmother all her life, for the sake of the old woman's peace of mind, and then she had deserted her. That last step was incomprehensible to him. Would old mother Muggeridge solve it, or old mother Muggeridge's niece?

While he meditated, a very sallow face, chiseled deeply with ridges, peered round the room door, and two greenish eyes blinked at him through spectacles with wide horn rims.

"Oh! I beg your pardon—are you the new doctor?" said the head.

The voice did not arouse Mrs. Eastbell, and Reuben crossed the room cautiously, and backed this new old lady into the quadrangle.

"How do you find yourself this morning, Mrs. Muggeridge?" he said.

"Terribly badly, thank you, Sir," said the lady—as thin and small a woman as could possibly live, but evidently as agile as a grasshopper—"and how's that poor old soul to-day?"

"Cheerful—hopeful."

"Ah! it's a wonder how she does it," said Mrs. Muggeridge, speaking so thickly that Reuben remembered all about the plums at once; "but then she hasn't got my spasms. Your worthy predecessor," she said, shaking her head so energetically that Reuben stood on guard, perfectly prepared to catch it, if she shook it off along with her spectacles, "said I must bear them as well as I could. That's very fine advice from a man who has never had spasms inside him—which I trust may not be your case either, Sir."

"Thank you."

"For these awful spasms of mine—"

"One moment, Mrs. Muggeridge," Reuben hastened to explain: "I am not the new doctor—but a friend of Mrs. Eastbell's."

"Oh! indeed."

"And I want you or your niece to tell me about Mrs. Eastbell's granddaughter—where she has gone, and why she has gone."

"My niece!" said Mrs. Muggeridge, shaking her head again, "ah! that's a little trick to keep that poor old soul going a bit till we take her off to the cemetery—which can't be very long now. The young lady thought it would be the better plan not to tell her any thing."

"What young lady?"

"She who comes once or twice a day now—just to see her. Why, here she is, to be sure!"

Reuben turned and looked toward the gateway, where from the shadows into the warm sunshine beyond stepped the young lady whom he had seen first in his father's house.

CHAPTER XIII.

SARAH'S ABSENCE IS EXPLAINED.

REUBEN CULWICK'S astonishment was great, but the young lady's surprise was still more strongly marked, upon perceiving who it was standing in the court-yard of St. Oswald's. She stopped, clasped her hands together, and then came on again, with two large clear eyes distended.

"Mr. Culwick!" she exclaimed; "you in Worcester!"

"Yes—it is remarkable."

"You have repented—you are going to your father?"

Reuben shook his head, and smiled a little.

"I told my father that I would not come again to Sedge Hill until he sent for me, and I shall never break my word."

"Yes, you are a foolish fellow," she said, looking at him, "and almost as strange a man as your father is. Are you still living down that wretched street in Camberwell?"

"I can only afford to live in wretched streets," was the reply.

"What has brought you to Worcester?"

"An excursion train."

"You know what I mean," she said, techily—"what errand?"

"To see Aunt Eastbell," he replied, "and to discover, if possible, the mystery of my second-cousin Sarah."

"What has Aunt Eastbell or your second cousin to do with you?" she asked.

"They are my relatives—I am more interested in them than I can explain. May I ask in return what Aunt Eastbell and my second cousin have to do with you?"

"I am interested in them more than I can explain," was the arch answer—"that's all."

"I wish to Heaven you would explain something. Who are you, to begin with?"

"Ah! that's not worth elucidation," she said, after a moment's silence. "If I tell you that my name is Holland, will that make the position any clearer?"

"It might," said Reuben, quickly. "My father wished me to marry a Miss Holland once, a young lady whom I had never seen, and whom I was to take upon trust. Are you the lady?"

"Yes, Sir."

She dropped one of those odd little ironical courtesies which had bewildered him before that day, and he regarded her with great attention. This was the lady, then, on whom he had turned his back, about whom he had quarreled with his father, and to avoid whom he had gone to his mother's home, and the poverty on which that mother had prided herself. Why had the mother forbidden the match in eager haste?

"And have you married my father instead of me?" he asked, satirically.

"I would not marry either of you for twice your father's money," she said, frankly, rather pertly, Reuben considered. "I am simply his housekeeper, at a housekeeper's wage. My father was his best friend, and your father has been kind to me, in his odd way, since my father's death."

She would come into all his father's money, he was sure. Well, it was probably in good hands, he thought; and the expression on his face must have been somewhat peculiar, for she read part of it at least.

"But he will not leave me any of his fortune. I am not to build upon that in any way."

"He has told you so?"

"Yes."

"You will be thrown on the world without any compunction, for Simon Culwick has a bad habit of keeping his word, Miss Holland."

"Yes, that's the worst of it."

He thought that she was returning sarcasm for sarcasm, but he was not quite certain, she kept so demure and grave a countenance.

It was a singular position—those two whom the father had wanted to bring together, and whom his own stubbornness had set asunder.

"And now," said Reuben, returning suddenly to the object which had brought him to Worcester thus early, "will you try and explain why you are interested in Aunt Eastbell, to begin with?—why the girl who has deserted her corresponds with you?—why you pass yourself off as the niece of that old woman who has left us?"

"I'll work backward, if you will allow me," she said. "I call myself Miss Muggeridge because the name of Holland is familiar to your aunt, and I don't want more explanations than I can help in this place; the girl corresponds with me because she knows that I read her letters to her grandmother, and that I am the grandmother's friend while she is away; I am interested in Mrs. Eastbell, and feel for the utter loneliness in which she is left by her friends. I have been interested in Mrs. Eastbell for some years now, for the matter of that."

"Indeed! and her granddaughter, Sarah Eastbell, also?"

"Of late days—a little. She was not very gracious to me—she never cared to see me here. When she got into trouble, she thought that she would make me her confidante, but it was too late."

"When she got into trouble!" echoed Reuben; "what trouble was that?"

"Come with me, and I'll show you."

She led the way out of St. Oswald's into the Tithing, crossed the road to the corner of the street leading to the prison, and pointed to the wall, on which several bills were posted. One was to the effect that a reward of five pounds was offered for the apprehension of Sarah Eastbell, late of Worcester, who had conspired with others for the unlawful issue of spurious coin, and who was last seen in the town at the end of May of that present year.

Reuben stared with amazement at the placard.

"It is well that the old woman is blind," he murmured. "I did not think it was so bad as this."

"Neither is it."

"You mean that—"

"That her brother is at the bottom of it. You don't know what a scamp he is, I suppose?"

"I have had my suspicions."

"This Tom Eastbell gave her the money, I believe. She offered a sovereign in all good faith; it was detected as false coin; she was asked where she lived, and how she became possessed of it; and she took fright and ran away. They found out presently her name and address, but she had left Worcester."

"Is she with her brother?"

"Yes."

"That's bad."

"She wrote to me, without giving her address, stating that she must remain with her brother Thomas for a while. He was in business, and was taking care of her. She left Grandmother Eastbell in my charge, she said. It's a responsibility," she added, "but I have accepted it."

"You are very kind."

They walked back together to the almshouses. When they were in the court-yard she said,

"Have you come all the way to Worcester to find out the truth of this?"

"Yes."

"Your second cousin must have interested you very strangely."

"Yes," he responded. "I saw, as I thought, a strong, self-reliant, earnest nature by the side of that old woman's. I saw much sacrifice of self in one who might have grown up very selfish, and it was a character that deeply interested me."

"There were good points in Sarah Eastbell—there are now, for that matter. But she is in bad hands."

"I fear so."

"If you could find out where she is, it might be possible to save her."

"I saw her last night."

"Where?"

Reuben related the story of his discovery of Sarah Eastbell, of her flight from him, and the way in which he had lost her in the gardens of Saxe-Gotha. Miss Holland reflected for a few moments; then she said,

"I wonder if her brother performs there?"

"Is he a performer, then?"

"An acrobat at times. When he was first in Worcester prison, he was arrested in his tumbler's dress."

"In prison—an acrobat!"

Reuben Culwick remembered at once the tumbler who had been spinning round on the slack rope at the Saxe-Gotha when he had first entered the gardens. Could that be Tom Eastbell, the scamp who had brought his sister into difficulties, who had caused her to fly from Worcester in order to escape the charge of uttering base coin—in all probability to escape the jail?

"If that's Thomas Eastbell, Sarah is easily found."

"But not easily rescued."

"I will make the attempt," said Reuben.

On the following evening Reuben Culwick was in the Saxe-Gotha Gardens again, waiting patiently for the appearance of Signor Vizzobini, who had postponed his departure for Turin for six nights, by special request of the nobility, gentry, and public in general, and who was announced to appear every evening at half past nine, in his highly graceful and artistic entertainment, as performed before all the crowned heads of Europe, to the immense delight and manifest satisfaction of every crowned head among them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

A good Child.—Two Pearls of the Antilles.—Nice Kings.—A Dilemma for a Witness.

WHAT the "intelligent foreigner" used to be in this country (the man, that is, who could appreciate us, and whom we therefore forgave for being an alien) the "cultivated American" is fast becoming among us. Even the more insular of our countrymen, who still hold out against "the Yankees," confess that when "an American *is* nice, he is very nice," which for them, let me tell you, is admitting a good deal. If Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, is not nice, as to which I know nothing, he is certainly generous, for he has requested Dean Stanley to let him bear the sole expense of putting up the memorial windows to George Herbert and William Cowper in Westminster Abbey, to defray the expenses of which the hat was about to be sent round among our patrons of literature. Mr. Childs doubtless calls to mind that Herbert and Cowper were both his fellow-countrymen, and has listened to the suggestion of a noble heart. But it is curious that a window should be put up to Cowper as a Westminster scholar, since he notoriously hated that respectable seminary, and, indeed, in his *Tirocinium* has dealt a very swashing blow both at it and all schools. The poem is less known even than the rest of Cowper's works, which are now but little read, but it has some fine lines in it and much good sense. There would be no fear, we suspect, of any other gentleman writing a poem called *Tirocinium*, but it has nowadays become a difficult matter to give a title to one's book which some scribbler or other may not have appropriated earlier. Some of our small but enterprising publishers, indeed, get quite a little income by coming down upon young authors with, "Sir, you have stolen the title of Mrs. Jones's novel, published by our house in the year one," and extracting black-mail from the innocent offender. As a matter of fact, where it is obvious no filching was intended, our law courts would never award a sixpence of damages for such an unfortunate coincidence; and, indeed, if the book is unknown whose title is taken, what advantage *can* be gained by taking it? There is a theory that all titles of books should be entered at Stationers' Hall, but as no alphabetical or other list of the entered works is kept there, it is impossible to discover whether one has been anticipated or not. I mention this curiosity of literary law because two books upon Cuba have been recently published here, each entitled *The Pearl of the Antilles*, and though one *was* entered at Stationers' Hall, it seems to be unable to snuff out the other. The first is written by a Mr. Goodman, an artist; the second by M. Gallenga (better known as Mariotti), once a member of the Piedmontese Parliament, and for many years principal leader writer upon Continental affairs in the *Times* newspaper. He is perhaps the best writer of English—for a foreigner—that ever wielded pen. In his youth he was a wild revolutionist, and had not so very long ago to give up his seat in the House of Deputies because of an accusation which laid to his charge that a quarter of a century ago he had dwelt for weeks in the old king's (Charles Albert's) palace with the intention of slaying him with a dagger given to him by Mazzini. It was a very sensational parliamentary incident, and one was astounded to find that the man who had given to us *Country Life in Piedmont*, and been so long a special correspondent in the leading journal, had been ever a fanatic. Perhaps a man is none the worse off for a little enthusiasm at one-and-twenty, and it might take a worse direction than that of intending to kill kings.

This last rather truculent sentiment perhaps suggests itself to me from hearing the latest news of Johanni II., Emperor of Abyssinia (thanks to the late interference of Great Britain with the affairs of that country), and a professingly Christian monarch. Having caught one Abba Kassai, a pretender to his throne, he put cotton into his ears, and then reprimanded him—that is, he put *gun*-cotton into them, and then *blew him up!* That was rather a strong measure, the report of which (very loud) would not have prejudiced us in favor of Johanni II. But what think you he did then? He caused the right hands and the left legs of no less than twenty-seven of the insurgents to be cut off in his imperial presence, and then abandoned his mutilated victims to be preyed upon by lions. This is a nice, quiet, gentlemanly person to have raised to the throne of Abyssinia, is it not? On the other hand, our late friend the Shah has thought better of commanding his late Vizier to be bled to death in a bath, and has restored him to power, and banished his enemies from court. There are still people among us, strange as it may seem to you, who admire these crowned monkeys simply because they *are* crowned.

A street crier goes howling by my windows to-night that Arthur Orton has turned up in the flesh, and been recognized at Wapping. If this be really so, I will eat my hat, although it is not a nice one, and has an ugly turn in the brim. Great things were last week expected by some people of the claimant's chief witness, one "Captain Brown;" and he certainly swore very hard. Among other things, he swore that he was in the service of one Mr. Hobb, at Rio, in 1853. But it afterward turned out that in his application for a master's certificate he had handed in testimonials stating he was on board ship throughout that year. Being in this dilemma, he elected to admit the older perjury instead of the later, and he did so. "I had to make up a certain amount of time to obtain my certificate," confessed he, coolly, "*and all the returns before* 1856 *are false.*"

There has been a great Church Congress at Bath, at which the agricultural strike movement was one of the leading topics. The bishop of the diocese and the clerical swells generally declared that it was not the business of the clergy to interfere with political or social matters, while Canon Girdlestone, Charles Kingsley (also now a canon by favor of the court), and Mr. Thomas Hughes ("Tom Brown") asserted that it *was* the business of the clergy, etc., etc. Both parties ignored the fact, which is really the point at issue, that the clergy *have* interfered, and almost without exception in favor of the stronger and richer side. But the humor of the affair culminated in the evening at the Congress dinner. The election for Bath had taken place that very day, and news was brought to the feast that the conservative candidate had been elected, whereupon the clergy, "who had no business to interfere in politics," led by their bishop, gave three hearty cheers. This is, of course, a considerable scandal, and all, as it turned out, incurred for nothing, since, as a matter of fact, the news of the conservative victory was false, the liberal candidate having been returned by a considerable majority. For all that, I believe a conservative government will come in for a few months. "Society" generally is furious against Mr. Gladstone, mainly because he has done away with purchase in the army, and rendered it no longer a three or four years' "lounge" for men of family and fortune.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

PERSIAN PUNISHMENTS.

THE old saw, "Unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians," would seem to have some foundation in fact, since we find a mode of capital punishment still in vogue in Persia that we read of as having been employed upon Bessus, the murderer of King Darius, though certainly many, if not most, of the laws of the present day are of considerably more recent origin.

It may be at once stated that bribery and corruption of the very worst description are of the most common occurrence, while the difficulty, on the other hand, would be to find an honest judge, or perhaps it would be more strictly true to say a man who had not got his price; for the higher judges are honest so long as the temptation is not too great. The king himself not unfrequently puts great nobles up for sale, who, if they succeed in buying themselves in, are restored to favor, but, if overbid, lose their commands and honors to the successful bidder. The following story, which we take from Fraser's *Persia*, gives a good idea of the oppressions which take place:

"An acquaintance of the writer of these pages, while he lodged in a certain town, was alarmed by hearing in a neighboring house a sort of periodical punishment going on daily. Heavy blows were given, and a person was continually crying out 'Amaun! amaun! [Mercy, mercy]—I have nothing! Heaven is my witness, I have nothing!' Upon inquiry, he learned that the sufferer was a merchant reputed to be very rich, who afterward confessed to him that having understood the governor of the place was determined to have a share in his wealth, and expecting to be put to the torture, he had resolved to habituate himself to the endurance of pain, in order to be able to resist the threatened demands. He had brought himself to bear one thousand strokes of the stick, and, as he was able to counterfeit exhaustion, he hoped to be able to bear as many blows as they would venture to inflict, short of death, without conceding any of his money."

The king usually does his share of duty as a judge in a business-like manner, holding two courts daily for the redress of grievances, when any one can have access to him, though, perhaps, the European listener would be somewhat surprised at hearing such summary judgments as "Off with his head," and "Cut out his tongue;" or, should one of the parties be considered too argumentative, at the order, "Give him the shoe," which means the instant application of a heavy blow on the mouth from an iron-heeled slipper, which, says Fowler, "is pretty effective, and frequently ends the assize; but 'Turn up his heels' is deemed a still sounder argument," as we need hardly doubt it would be.

As there is no system of convict labor, the government can not afford to keep men in confinement, and so capital and corporeal punishments, with fines, are all that offenders have to dread. Murder and high-handed robbery are generally punished by death; but, as the former is commutable to the heir of the deceased, who has the privilege of doing as he chooses with the murderer, a premium is offered on this species of crime, impatient heirs not unfrequently getting their relation put out of the way, and then, by this law, shielding their tool from any but nominal punishment. Either highway robbery or simple theft is to be compromised by a fine, though, by the law of the Koran, a thief is subjected to amputation of an arm, hand, ear, or nose; and as the trunk of a limb thus muti-

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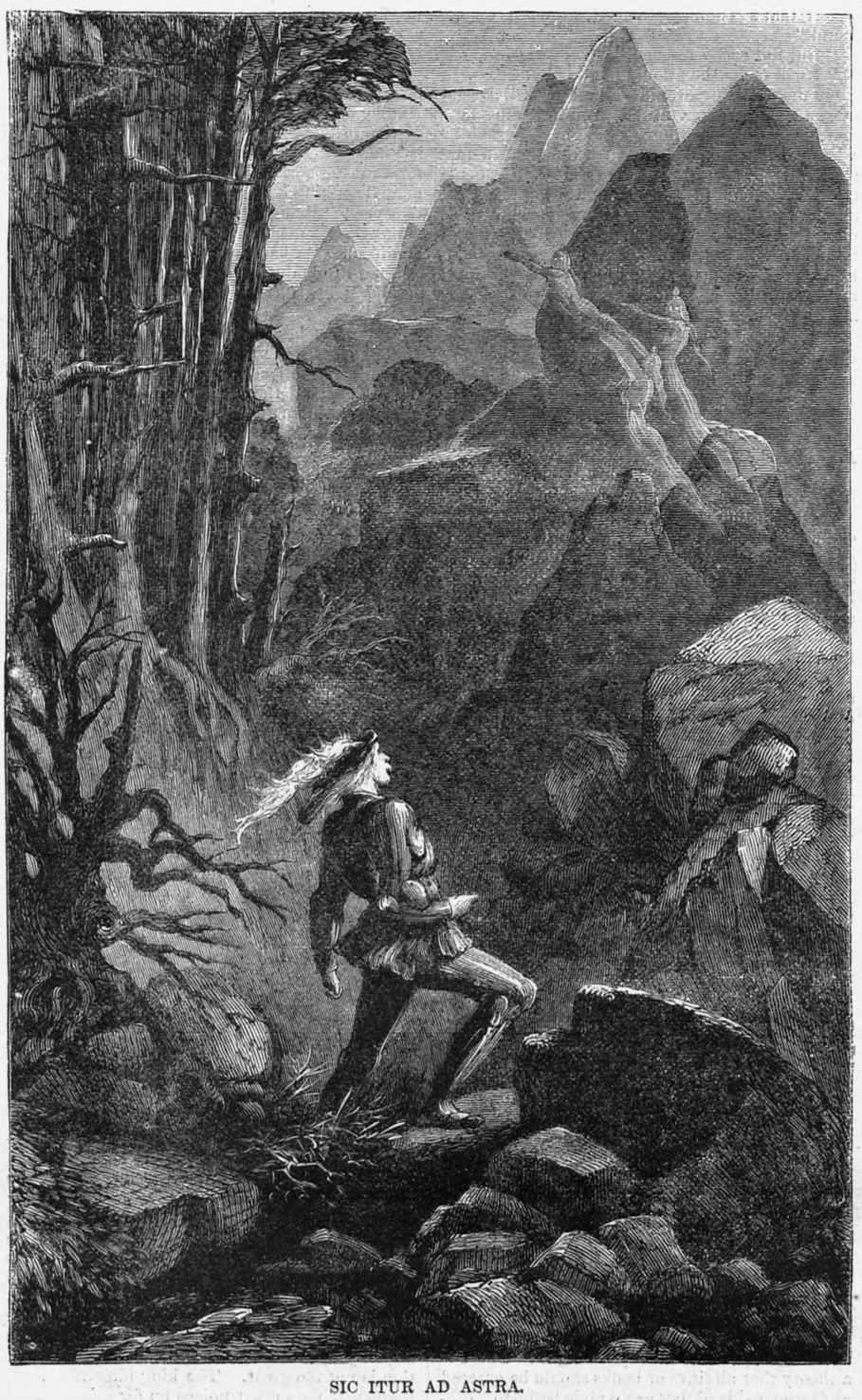

SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

(*Æneidos*, lib. ix. 641.)

Appetit aëriis contingere montibus astra.
P. Virgilii Maronis Culex, 137.

SIC itur ad astra! How glorious
To gaze on Earth's luminous dome,
And think that, o'er sorrow victorious,
We shall find 'mid the planets a home!
To wing through the blue empyrean
A radiant and rapturous flight,
Still discoursing in jubilant pæan
Of all that is joyous and bright;
High, high o'er this sphere of delusion,
Far, far from life's rancorous wars,
Where strife may not come nor confusion—
Oh! how shall we go to the stars?

Through gardens enameled with flowers,
Embosomed 'mid comeliest trees,
Where fragrance from asphodel bowers
Sheds perfume on every breeze?—
Through meads, amaranthine in gladness,
Where fadeless felicity blooms,
And no phantom of danger or sadness
In awful proximity looms;
Where care is unknown, and no cavil
The sense of serenity mars?—
Oh! think not 'tis thus that we travel—
Not thus do we go to the stars.

'Mid woods through whose mazy recesses
No joy-giving sunbeam may dart;
'Mid deserts whose solitude presses
With silent dismay on the heart;
Through valleys, bewild'ring and dreary;
O'er mountains bleak, barren, and steep,
Where travelers foot-sore and weary
A desolate pilgrimage keep;
Through scenes of terrific commotion,
Like mariners clinging to spars,
'Mid the wild disarray of the ocean—
THUS, THUS do we go to the stars!

"HERO HOLDING THE BEACON TO LEANDER."

See illustration on page 749.

THIS exquisite engraving from Armitage's beautiful picture illustrates the classic story of Hero and Leander—that favorite theme for both poet and painter. Both ancients and moderns, from Ovid to Leigh Hunt, have united in singing the loves of this hapless pair, until the tale has grown so familiar that it seems a work of supererogation to repeat even its barest outlines. All will remember how Leander, the adventurous youth of Abydos, used to swim nightly across the Hellespont to visit his beloved Hero, the beautiful priestess of Venus at Sestos, guided by a burning torch which she held from the top of a high tower. He was drowned on his return one stormy night. In the morning the waves washed his body to the feet of Hero, who in despair threw herself from the top of her tower into the sea, and perished with him. The straits of the Hellespont, known in modern times as the Dardanelles, separate Europe and Asia, and form the connecting link between the Archipelago and the Sea of Marmora. The ancient name was derived from Helle, the daughter of Athamas, King of Thebes, and the goddess Nephele, who fled from home with her brother Phryxus on the back of a golden-fleeced ram, which transported them through the air, to avoid the persecution of a cruel step-mother. In crossing the strait Helle fell into the water and was drowned, whence it was afterward called in her honor Hellespontus, or Hellespont, the sea of Helle. The name of Dardanelles is derived from the neighboring Dardania of the ancients. It was across this channel that Xerxes built his celebrated bridge of boats. The strait between Sestos and Abydos is about a mile and a half wide, but the strength of the current would oblige a swimmer to make a circuitous course of at least four miles.

lated is at once dipped into boiling oil, mortification rarely follows, and the wound soon heals. For other offenses, such as assault, or any injury to the person, etc., the old Jewish *lex talionis* is enforced, unless, indeed, a pecuniary equivalent is given to the prosecutor, or a sufficiently large bribe to the judge, either of which will always prevent any other punishment from being inflicted.

As for the forms of capital punishment in Persia, some of them are too horrible to mention—strangulation or suffocation being among the least offensive methods employed. Sometimes, though rarely, in the case of relations, one life, when offered, is accepted in lieu of the one forfeited. When the king decides on the death of any of the great nobles or rulers, a special messenger is at once started off with the warrant. He rides night and day until he reaches his destination, when he at once goes to the man, is admitted as coming from the king, and drawing the warrant with one hand, and his cimeter with the other, he then and there kills him.

In conclusion, we must mention the place of refuge or sanctuary, in which offenders of any dye, even the deepest, such as murderers, or those guilty of high treason, are perfectly secure, though the locality is a somewhat peculiar one, being no other than the royal stables. Here any criminal may remain indefinitely, being fed the while at the royal expense, until he either secures a pardon or is induced by some other means to desert his haven of refuge. It is not long ago since a Persian noble of the highest rank, who had himself aspired to the throne, escaped to this place, and staid there until pardoned for his offense. Some few of the mosques are endowed with the same privilege, though to a less degree.

DINNER DRESS.

THIS elegant toilette for dinners and receptions is of rosy gray silk, with an under-petticoat of pink silk. The pink front is of puffs and kilt pleats, with gray velvet bands and Valenciennes lace between. The gray skirt is trimmed with velvet, lace, and rosettes down each side, and has two wide, long, flat sashes, edged with velvet and lace. The basque is shorter behind, and finished by a short pink sash. The heart-shaped neck has a velvet revers and pleating lined with pink, and edged on either side with lace. Pink puff, rosette, and lace on the sleeves. Pink rosette and white daisy in the hair. Coral ball ear-rings, and coral balls on a velvet necklace. Feather fan and tinted gloves.

DINNER DRESS.

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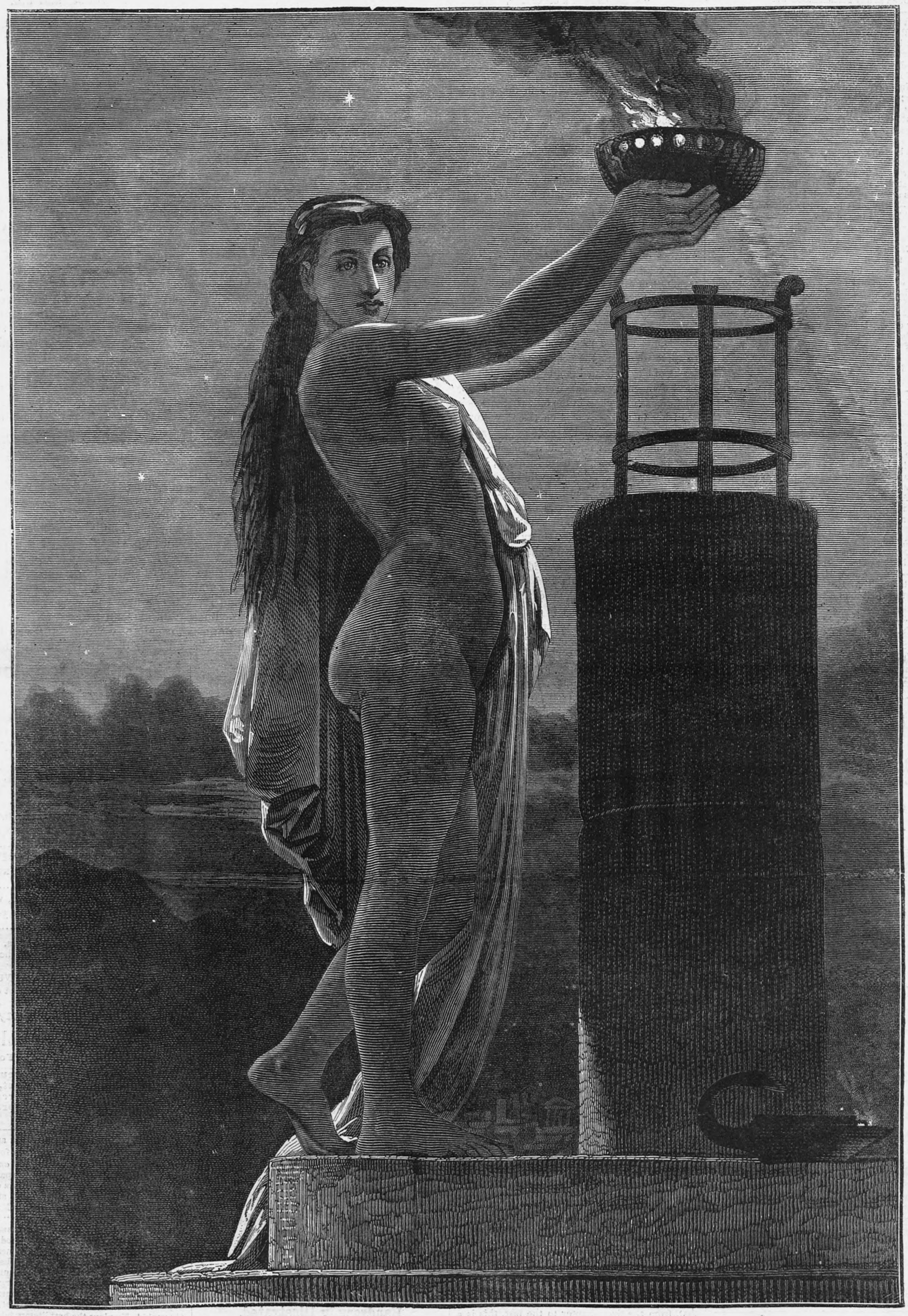

"HERO HOLDING THE BEACON TO LEANDER."—FROM A PAINTING BY EDWARD ARMITAGE, R.A.—[SEE PAGE 748.]

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. L. D.—Mohair is not heavy enough for a traveling dress in October. Trim your black silk with jet galloon and fringe. There is no choice between the two wraps—both are worn, but the Dolman is most dressy. The ends of a silk sash are straight. Watered ribbons are more dressy than gros grain.

WRITER.—The Pompadour bustle is the kind alluded to by Madame Raymond. It is very long, with flexible half-circular springs, and is arranged for the back only. It is now found at any French modiste's.

O. E. W.—Crape is never used on alpaca. It should be trimmed with folds of the alpaca.

ALICE.—Put small rings on the wrong side of your dress skirt half a yard below the waist, draw a tape through them, and tie it in front.

SALLIE.—Make your wedding-dress by an illustration in *Bazar* No. 36, Vol. VI. Consult New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 42, Vol. VI., for hints about the blue and black silks; the latter must be trimmed with jet on the basque and tablier, with flounces behind. Sage green is out of fashion. You should have slate-color or dark green for your traveling dress. Make with long square-cornered polonaise. The cashmere wrapper should be a simple Gabrielle belted. The hat for traveling must be of silk, and velvet and feathers to match your suit. The dress bonnet should be blue or black velvet that may be worn with your best suits. White hats are out of date for brides.

ELLA H.—Redingotes of camel's-hair or cashmere will be fashionable this winter.

SPARKLING RUBY.—The only jockey basque pattern we can furnish you is that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. VI. Make your dress with a basque and square over-skirt, trimmed with black piped silk or velvet bands. Then wear blue or pink pleated silk fraises inside one of the gray or else black silk, and have still a third fraise of white muslin with a lace edge inside the silk ruffs.

M. D. C.—Get silk of another brown shade to complete your dress. Have the basque and over-skirt a different shade from the sleeves and lower skirt.

J. M.—The pattern has been sent you. Pleated waists will be worn for morning and négligé dresses; but a handsome silk poplin should be made with a jockey basque.

HARRY.—Trim your dress with a darker shade of the same color—not with black. A close-fitting polonaise and skirt is the best plan for you, as the polonaise may be worn with other skirts, and give variety to your wardrobe. Put five bias bands of the material or else trimming silk around the skirt, and one on the polonaise. The Demi-Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 43, Vol. VI., requires less material than any other, and is also very stylish. It is especially suitable for entire suits of one color.

F. W.—A pretty half-low basque, an apron over-skirt, and many bias ruffles on the lower skirt is the design for a striped grenadine for a young girl's evening dress. Let her wear a belt of pink folded silk with her basque, and add a bow of gros grain ribbon and long flowing ends on the left side; the ribbon is two and a half inches wide.

S. L. G.—Moisten the wart, and touch very carefully with nitrate of silver. It will not injure the eye if it touches nothing but the wart.

TAKE your Dyeing and Cleaning to the New York Dyeing and Printing Establishment, Staten Island, 98 Duane Street, 752 Broadway, and 610 Sixth Avenue, New York, and 166 & 168 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn.—[*Com.*]

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THE CIRCUIT RIDER:

A TALE OF THE HEROIC AGE.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The End of the World," etc.

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness."
Isaiah.

"— Beginners of a better time,
And glorying in their vows."
Tennyson's "Idyls of the King."

"Nec propter vitam vivendi perdere causas."
Regimental motto: Cromwell's Army.

THE MAN ON HORSEBACK.

WHATEVER is incredible in this story is true.

A tale of the heroic age it is. For not among the Hebrew prophets, nor among "the Knights that sat at Arthur's Table Round," nor among the rugged ironsides who followed Cromwell, was there truer heroism than in the romantic life of the early Western adventurers; hunter, warrior, settler, and preacher.

The tale I have to tell will seem strange to those who know little of the social life of the West at the beginning of this century. These sharp contrasts of corn-shuckings and camp-meetings, of wild revels followed by wild revivals; these contacts of highwayman and preacher; this *mélange* of picturesque simplicity, grotesque humor, and savage ferocity, of abandoned wickedness and austere piety, can hardly seem real to those who know the country now. But the books of biography and reminiscence which preserve the memory of that time more than justify whatever is marvelous in the following tale.

Living in early boyhood on the very ground where my grandfather—brave old Indian fighter!—had defended his family in a "block-house" built in a wilderness, by his own hands, I grew up, familiar with this strange wild life. At the age when other children hear fables and fairy stories, my childish fancy was filled with traditions of conflicts with wild beasts, Indians, and highwaymen. Instead of imaginary giant-killers, children then heard of real Indian-slayers; instead of Blue-beards, we had Murrell and his robbers; instead of Little Red Riding Hood's wolf, we were regaled with the daring adventures of the generation before us, in conflict with wild beasts, on the very road we traveled to school. In many households the old customs still held sway; the wool was carded, spun, dyed, woven, cut, and made up in the house; the corn-shucking, wood-chopping, quilting, apple-peeling, and country "hoe-down" had not yet fallen into disuse.

In a true picture of this life, neither the Indian nor the hunter is the centre-piece, but the circuit-rider. More than any one else, the early circuit preachers brought order out of this chaos. In no other class was the real heroic element so finely displayed. How do I remember the forms and weather-beaten visages of the old preachers, whose constitutions had conquered starvation and exposure—who had survived swamps, alligators, Indians, highway robbers, and bilious fevers! How was my boyish soul tickled with their funny anecdotes of rude experience—how was my imagination wrought upon by the recital of their hair-breadth escapes! How was my heart set afire by their contagious religious enthusiasm, so that at eighteen years of age I bestrode the saddle-bags myself, and laid upon a feeble frame the heavy burden of emulating their toils! Surely I have a right to celebrate them, since they came so near being the death of me.

It is not possible to write of this heroic race of men without enthusiasm. But nothing has been further from my mind than the glorifying of a sect. If I were capable of sectarian pride, I should not come upon the platform of CHRISTIAN UNION to display it. Much as I have laughed at every sort of grotesquerie, I could not treat the early religious life of the West otherwise than with the most cordial sympathy and admiration. And yet this is not a "religious novel" in the ordinary sense—one in which all the bad people are as bad as they can be, and all the good people a little better than they can be. I have not even asked myself what may be the "moral." The story of any true life is healthful if only the writer will tell it simply, keeping impertinent preachment of his own out of the way.

Doubtless I shall hopelessly damage myself with some good people by confessing in the start that, from the first chapter to the last, this is a love-story. But it is not my fault. It was God who made love so universal that no picture of human life can be complete where love is left out.

The above is Dr. Eggleston's Introduction to his brilliant Serial Story, just commenced in Henry Ward Beecher's weekly family journal, the CHRISTIAN UNION, and will be continued only in that paper. Its opening chapters show the merry side of the period of which it treats, and the reader is soon drawn into deep sympathy with the characters. The scenes are drawn with graphic power and irresistible humor. Back chapters supplied to subscribers *up to January 1st.*

After this story follows Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's new tale, "WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS," the long-expected sequel to "*My Wife and I.*" It needs only this simple announcement to give assurance of a great attraction. Thus the CHRISTIAN UNION offers, this coming year, works from the *two foremost writers of wholesome fiction in America!* The CHRISTIAN UNION contains contributions from eminent writers of all denominations, and has matters of interest for every member of the household, *young and old.* The paper will be kept up to its high standard of general excellence. Having *the largest circulation in the world* of its class, it can afford to buy for its columns the very best talent. Moreover, there will be given to each subscriber for the ensuing year a PAIR of new French Oil Chromos, called "OUR BOYS; or, *The Dinner and the Nap,*" after paintings by Mrs. Anderson, artist of the famous pair, "OUR GIRLS; or, *Wide Awake and Fast Asleep.*" *Either pair* of these choice pictures will be presented to every annual subscriber. Price of subscription, $3 00. Subscriptions should be sent to J. B. Ford & Co., Publishers, 27 Park Place, New York. For particulars concerning the paper, pictures, prices, &c., see next column.

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FACETIÆ.

A LADY who, on the death of her first husband, married his brother, has a portrait of the former hanging in her dining-room. One day a visitor, remarking the painting, asked, "Is that a member of your family?" "Oh, that's my poor brother-in-law," was the ingenious reply.

"IN THE LONG-RUN."

TOWN GENT. "Now do you find keeping poultry answers?"

COUNTRY GENT (*lately retired*). "Oh yes, s'posed to answer. You see, there's the original cost of the fowls. Of course the food goes down to me, you know. Well, then I purchase the eggs from the children; and they eat them."

"POOTY MANNERS."

MOTHER. "General, let me introduce my little boy, who has often heard of you from my dear husband, and *longs* to know you."

SON. "My mother speaks no more than the truth, general! I can assure you it affords me the highest possible gratification to make the acquaintance of so esteemed a friend of my excellent father!"

"Nothing in the world beats a good wife," said Jones, the newly married. "Yes," answered Smith, the long married, "*a bad husband does.*"

"Professor, will you have a cigar?" said a man in the office of a Boston hotel; and nineteen men stood up and replied, "Thank ye—don't care if I do."

ALL ABROAD.

Mrs. Malaprop has a nephew who is a great traveler, and is now at Rome. His aunt informs us that when last she heard from him he was shooting in the Tontine Marshes.

BRIGHAM. "Next!"

AN "EXPERT" NURSE.

COACHMAN. "Get the Carriage ready for you! Did the Mistress say so?"

NURSE. "I want you to understand that when the Baby needs a ride in the Park, I am the responsible one! I'm not employed to take Advice from the Mistress."

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Is kissing a pretty girl a *capital* offense?

It is said that Barnum has several sick bears and toothless lions trained to escape from their keepers, and roam at large for advertising purposes. The wild beasts return to the menagerie fold in season for dinner daily.

A TABLE OF INTEREST—The dinner-table.

Once a careless man went to the cellar, and stuck the candle into what he thought was a keg of black sand. He sat near it drinking wine until the candle burned low. Nearer and nearer it got to the black sand, nearer and nearer, until the blaze reached the black sand, and as it was sand, nothing happened.

The witches of Macbeth could not have been experienced real-estate dealers, or they never would have acknowledged a deed without a name.

Darwin says that infants do not know how to weep until they are several days old. We do not know whether he can prove the statement or not; but there are a good many happy fathers who will give him all they possess in the world if he will prove that infants do not know how to howl.

THAT BONNET.

SUBMISSIVELY DEDICATED TO ITS WEARER'S MILLINER.

Going along the other day
I saw—how ever could she don it?—
A woman only five feet four,
And one foot six of that was—bonnet!

Her head had been a tidy head
But for the big chignon upon it;
Yet all was foiled, disfigured, spoiled,
And swamped by said chignon and—bonnet.

On Sunday last she went to church,
And took her book, as if to con it;
But all the time that she was there
She thought of little save her—bonnet.

The parson took a winning text,
And tried to fix attention on it;
But all in vain, for naught she cared,
Except "the end of all"—the bonnet!

Yet stay! there is just one thing more
I must include in this sad sonnet:
She sometimes thought of women there
Who envied her her mortal bonnet.

The luckless sermon, psalm, and prayer
All went for nothing—out upon it!—
For every other woman there
Was lost in hatred of—"*that* bonnet!"

That morn her husband was *non est*—
His shirt neck had no button on it;
For *him* she had no time to spare,
Intent alone upon her—*bonnet.*

Now mark me well, whom it concerns,
And think ye humanly upon it:
How *could* ye make her such a "guy,"
By *recommending* such a bonnet?

It is suggested that the immense door-plates worn by the ladies on their belts might be utilized by engraving thereon the wearer's name, age, residence, fortune or expectation, and stating whether heart is free or engaged.

THE LARGEST GROUND-RENT ON RECORD—The earthquake.

"Press on, young man, though you be poor." We knew a youth who with only his two hands and a crow-bar opened a jewelry store, and now he is living in a fine stone residence in Sing Sing.

The proprietor of a young ladies' academy in Illinois has utterly ruined his business by causing to be inserted in a large number of papers a picture of the building with two girls standing on the balcony with last year's hats on their heads.

A charitable Cincinnati man keeps a pair of dogs chained at his front-door, so that poor people who "stop to get a bite" can be accommodated without taking the trouble to go into the house.

PAT. "Arrah, luk in me Eyes, and behold the Gurrel I love."

FRANÇOIS. "If you r-r-refuse me, I shall blow out mine Feet out at your Brains, aha!"

HANS. "If you marry me, you can have dem Music oël de times."

JONATHAN. "Naow, look-a-here, Jerush, let's Speculate on this 'ere matter."

PROPOSALS FOR ALL NATIONS.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.—THE SERENADE.—MIDNIGHT.

SERVANT. "Mrs. De Mortimer says that that last Air was beautiful, only a little too fast, and wants to know if you will Tone down the Brass Horn a little, and let them play it again."

MANRICO. "Yes, certainly; but is *Miss—Miss* De Mortimer awake—the young lady, you know?"

SERVANT. "Oh, she is not at Home; been away more'n a week."

A PERPLEXING PREDICAMENT.

MINNIE. "I'm in such a Quandary, love. If I turn my Back on Charley, he becomes offended at once; and if I don't, he can't see my new Buckles. What *shall* I do?"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

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DOLMAN DEMI-TRAINED SUIT.—FRONT AND BACK.—WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY, N. Y.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

[Cut Paper Patterns of the Dolman Demi-trained Suit, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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QUEEN CATHERINE'S ROSE.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

IN a Russian meadow a wild rose fair
Bloomed sweet in the olden days,
And proud Queen Catherine, passing there,
Beheld, admiring its beauty rare,
And crowned it with royal praise.

"This rose is worthy," she, smiling, said,
"To bloom in our garden bowers;
And hence transferred to a nobler bed,
Its boughs shall flourish, its blossoms spread,
In the shade of our palace towers."

She posted a soldier to guard its bloom,
And shield it from chance of harm:
So, in its circle of sweet perfume,
The sentinel waited, in light and gloom,
With musket across his arm.

The brief bright summer went swiftly by,
And the autumn reached its close,
Then winter frowned from the sullen sky;
But the guard still tended patiently
The Queen's forgotten rose.

And when the sentinel's term was done,
Another assumed his place,
And up and down, like the former one,
He walked his beat, in the rain and sun,
With steady and measured pace.

And the shrub grew old as the swift years sped,
And flower and leaf were gone;
But though its beauty and life were fled,
No royal edict pronounced it dead,
And the sentinel still paced on.

The dry stalk, mouldering in its place,
Went back to its native mould,
And fed the grasses, and left no trace;
But still the sentry, with tireless pace,
Kept watch as in days of old.

Time passed, and the Queen's proud heart grew chill,
And she slept with her royal line;
But yet, obeying her regal will,
The silent sentinel guarded still
The long-dead rose's shrine.

And seasons vanished, and men forgot
The tale of the guarded rose,
Yet still did the soldier watch the spot—
Vain vigil!—though rose and Queen were not,
And none could the truth disclose.

A hundred summers, with breathings sweet,
And a hundred winters' snows
Have passed; yet, slowly along his beat
The sentry, pacing in sun or sleet,
Still guards the ghost of the rose.

Dolman Demi-trained Suit.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

See illustration on first page.

THIS handsome suit is copied from an elegant Paris model furnished us by the courtesy of Messrs. Arnold, Constable, & Co. The stylish Dolman, which this season shares the popular favor with the English walking jacket as an independent wrap, is of black diagonal cloth, edged with black marten fur. The dress is of maroon silk, trimmed with flounces of the material and wide strips of maroon cut velvet, on which are set black marten fur bands. The long over-skirt is trimmed with a flounce, velvet, and a band of fur, to match the skirt.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS suit comprises three articles—Dolman, over-skirt, and demi-trained skirt.

DOLMAN.—This pattern is in three pieces—front, back, and sleeve. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting together. A quarter of an inch seam is allowed on all the parts. This garment is fitted to the figure in the back by a seam in the middle, and on the shoulders by short seams. It is adjusted at the waist by an elastic about seven inches long, fastened at the single holes each side of the sleeve on the under side, and holding the sleeve in place. The front of the Dolman is rounded up to the point where the sleeve is sewed in to allow the free use of the arms. The sleeves are large, and square on the bottom. Close the seam on the shoulders, then place the notch on the top part of the sleeve to the shoulder seam, and hold the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. The elastic across the under part of the sleeve forms the large armhole. The middle seam in the back is left open to the notch below the waist. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back for the hem in front. Be very particular to put the pattern together by the notches.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 4 yards.
Fur for trimming, 7½ yards.

OVER-SKIRT.—This pattern is in one piece. Cut two pieces like the pattern given. Join the seam in the middle of the back down to the notch. Cut two tapes thirteen inches long, sew one end of each on the belt about three inches each side of the middle, and tack the lower end on the single hole nearest the bottom of the skirt. Place the hole nearest the top on the tape about four inches from the lower end of the tape, forming the double fold. Gather the top of the two breadths the width of your back from the under-arm seams, and sew to the belt. A band of velvet, about three inches wide, trims the front edge of the skirt; the lower edge is finished with a ruffle of the material headed with fur. A quarter of an inch seam is allowed in this pattern.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 3 yards.
Velvet for band, 2 yards.
Fur for trimming, 4 yards.

DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, two side gores, and back breadth. Cut the front and back with the longest straight edges laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Cut two pieces each of the patterns given for the side gores. The notches at the top of the two side gores show where to lay the side pleat, which turns toward the back. Gather the back breadth, and sew to the belt. A quarter of an inch is allowed for seams. Put the pattern together by the notches, and pay no attention to the grain of the paper.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 9 yards.
Fur for two rows of trimming, 7 yards.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1873.

"GOLDEN GRAIN."

In HARPER'S WEEKLY for November 29 will be commenced an intensely interesting CHRISTMAS STORY, under the above title, by B. L. FARJEON, author of "Blade-o'-Grass, "Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses," "Joshua Marvel," and other popular tales. Those whose sympathies were so warmly stirred by the sorrows and sufferings of that poor waif of society, Blade-o'-Grass, will be glad to learn that she bears a prominent part in the present story. "GOLDEN GRAIN" is profusely and beautifully illustrated, and will unquestionably prove one of the most acceptable contributions to the holiday literature of the year.

☞ With the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for November 22 was sent out gratuitously an illustrated

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing another installment of "PHINEAS REDUX," and a rich variety of other interesting reading.

Another illustrated EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT will be sent out gratuitously with the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for November 29.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the Dolman Demi-trained Suit, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 767.

☞ *Our next Number will contain an extra-sized Pattern Sheet, with numerous full-sized patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' House and Street Dresses; Children's Suits; Girls' Water-proof Cloaks; Ladies' and Children's Knitted and Crochet Hoods, Shawls, etc.; Ladies' Under-Vests; Rugs; Embroidery Patterns, etc., etc.; with choice literary and pictorial attractions.*

THE VARYING MODES.

THE word *fashionable* is one that has undergone a great change from its original meaning, and has come to signify almost entirely that to which its adapters have applied it. In its first form it intended by no means to express peculiar conformance with the varying modes of dress, nor had it any more to do with dress than with dwellings, or with manners and habits. It seems to have had reference in the beginning simply to the fit and becoming fashion in which superior people lived, and to be fashionable was to be merely all that one ought to be—well made, well behaved, well housed and clothed and fed and served. Later it was naturally applied to the excellences of the aristocracy, and presently it was borrowed by the French, who had no word exactly corresponding to it. From them we have received it again, and with so French a comprehension of its meaning that it has become to many well-intentioned people a windmill against which they are always running a tilt. But why such a contest as that against the windmill should be continually kept up is something not easy to understand. Surely there must have been fashions, as we now call them, as soon as the first wild beast skin wore out, for the natural and praiseworthy love of change inherent in the race would have formed the next one on a slightly different plan, if not with improvements, and it would seem to be useless to fight forever against a natural instinct.

We do not at all declare, of course, that in the perpetual round of the modes each new one is more desirable than the last, but we contend that the round is inevitable till some radical alteration of the human constitution takes place, that one change is frequently the consequence of the other, that a subtle philosophy runs through them all, and that in feeling our way among them we come upon those really fine and valuable features of dress which we have, and which, once obtained, are not to be relinquished.

One would suppose, to listen to these cavilers, that fineries and fripperies were a thing of to-day, and deserving of reprobation with most of the other things of to-day. We wonder that they never take to heart ISAIAH'S description of the decoration of the daughters of Zion—"their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the head-bands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings, the rings, and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping-pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils." How many centuries ago was that! And yet it reads much like the description some puritanical critic might give of the modern lady's paraphernalia, even to the crisping-pin. It has taken, we see, all these years to abolish the tinkling ornaments about their feet and the nose jewels alone; but they are abolished, and in all the rest that has been retained there is doubtless some show of reason, or it would have followed the fate of the nose jewels, or else it will follow them; for we have that optimist trust in the wise government of the world to believe that we shall certainly come out upon the right dress at last, and to believe, moreover, that as it is not likely to be miraculously revealed, we can come out upon it only through all these successive changes and choosings.

The modes, it is to be admitted, changed more slowly in the old days. Now we have hundreds of fabrics to one in the elder periods. The world ran in slow currents then; now its movement is as swift as electricity and steam and machinery can make it, and of course the modes of dress move with their opportunities. In those old days, with less chance for display, with simpler materials, with more unquiet times, there was little stimulus to change. Sometimes the conquest of a new people brought in new methods, sometimes the discovery of another fabric. The Coan gauzes must have caused a revolution in summer apparel, and the accessibility of silk suggested countless ideas impossible under the régime of the linen and woolen stuffs of previous wear. The Hebrew women, who went from the nomadic life of tents to the Egyptian cities, must have carried away with them many a custom of the people whom they left behind when they again took up their march; and the Greeks, we know, brought eagerly adopted novelties to Rome. Yet in choosing from the customs of others it seems to have been a rule, with but few exceptions, to choose only those which agree with the climate and are not hostile to the national temperament of those who are at liberty to make the choice. The English, for instance, would never adopt the East Indian head-gear, since their sun forbids it; and though they seize the Oriental shawl, they reject the Oriental trowser.

The modes, indeed, have changed slowly, but that they have changed, and that significantly, is to be seen in the fact that the ancient flowing robes, the dress of the harem, the dress of the life when barbaric rudeness without and barbaric restraint within made the wives of princes as much slaves as the women who carded their wool for them, has been abandoned for to-day's dress of comparative freedom. Gropings after this lighter and freer dress we see in the sleeve and corset, in the steel and buckram, of the mediæval costume. Use of the term freedom in connection with that fearful structure seems at first glance to be an impossible absurdity, but such was its ultimate purpose. It was an attempt to adapt the dress to the figure, and that it should have completely succeeded at first was not to be expected. Nobody knows what gibes the brutal barons threw at their dames on the first sight of these hideous styles, though doubtless their introduction was by gradual degrees; but we may be sure that if they thought their superiors wore them, they would not have suffered their wives to lag behind. Nor would the court of Britain be outdone by France; and France, we know, has always been the mother of ideas, at least in this direction. But out of this attempt has proceeded all that is of most importance in dress in our own day. Artistic sense has shaped it into beauty, and an increasing intelligence has modified it into practical use. Indeed, this very corset, which is so much an object of malediction, and abused, as it certainly has been, was one of our earliest benefactors in this line. Doubtless its first appropriators lay awake nights with the startling effect upon the nerves occasioned by the contemplation of such a daring innovation. They had seen the armor of the knights fitting closely to the contour of the form, the rings and plates falling into place till all the beauty and strength of the figure found full play, and it had occurred to them that the advantages in freedom and comeliness of such dress were worth having. Something of the sort there had previously been in a mild way. Under all their draperies the Roman women wore long, many-folded bandages, sustaining and compressing the figure, and probably the Grecian cestus was not always a mere narrow girdle. But the effect of this steel and buckram arrangement was in open sight, and must have aroused a whirlwind of contumely at first as a downright encroachment upon masculine array; and the wearing of it was probably considered as bold an immodesty as the wearing of "plain waists" was considered not thirty years ago, and as unblushing an effrontery as the appropriation of paletots and jackets and outside pockets and big buttons and jockey hats was pronounced to be but yesterday. It was, to be sure, an atrocious thing at first, little better than an iron cage, but it had a great endeavor in it, as its final success has proved; for, bad as it was, it was our emancipator, and unquestionably we owe to it to-day our release from the enslaving and weakening draperies of past eras, our health, our liberty to walk the streets alone, and some of our ability to defend ourselves. If this statement seems extravagant, we need but a moment's thought to convince us how much change has resulted from this single cause. Now when the day of tight-lacing is over, when sculptors and painters have succeeded in teaching us the absolute lines of unalterable beauty in the female form, forever forbidding the wasp-like waist, the corset has become a comfortable garment, allowing every muscle liberty, relieving the shoulders of the weight of flowing ells of cloth, displaying the figure in the proportions in which God made it, suffering abuse from none but fools; and if not perfection itself, it is probably paving the way for more thorough simplicity and freedom yet.

In fact, it is evident that the modes must change till out of all their multitude we attain at last the complete and suitable dress. And even when that is attained, it must be varied for the various seasons and weathers, while then the style of its ornamentation will have to be occasionally renewed to prevent mere weariness of the flesh; for the pride of the eyes—that is, the love of color, outline, beauty—is something that we can not imagine ourselves dispensing with, even in the beatific state of angelhood itself!

OUR FACES.

WE may pretend that it is otherwise, but we are all interested in our own faces; and yet we treat them as badly as we do many other things in which we are deeply but ignorantly interested. The countenances of a nation define the characteristics of its people. Every human face indicates the moral training as well as the temperament and the ruling traits of its owner, just as much as every human form indicates the quality and amount of its physical exercise. This is proved by the varieties of human faces every where visible. Those whose whole lives have been given to physical labor, unbrightened by an education of ideas, have always a stolid, stupid expression, even while their limbs and muscles are splendidly developed. The more savage a people, the uglier they are in facial development. The very features of their faces are disfigured by violent and ungoverned passions. People whose employments are intellectual invariably have a large, clear gaze, a bright, out-raying expression, as if from inward light shining through a vase. Where a fine organization and deep sensibility accompany the practice of intellectual pursuits, often the features take on a transparent, luminous look. Persons endowed with powerful sensibility, however plain their features, always have moments of absolute beauty. "My sister-in-law is plain," said one lady of another, who possessed such a countenance, "but I have seen her so absolutely beautiful at times that she drew every body in the room toward her. When she is very happy, her face kindles with an absolute radiance." The refining effects of high culture, added to deep relig-

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ious feelings, not only subdue evil passions, but beautify and elevate the entire expression and bearing of an individual. Thus it is a physical as well as moral fact that it is in the power of every person to improve his own beauty as well as bearing by a constant control of passion and temper, and a deep and constant cultivation of the intellectual faculties, pure affections, and the moral nature.

It is a physical as well as spiritual fact that the concentration of desire upon one object of thought, upon a single subject, shows itself in some feature of the face as distinctly as it stamps its effect upon the character. This is why we see so many distorted and almost deformed faces, so few symmetrical and spiritually beautiful ones. Comparatively few have the desire, and fewer still have the leisure, to cultivate that harmony of thought and temper which is sure to shine forth from within, and harmonize every feature. Work and struggle, care and fret, bustle, hurry, and wearing-out ambition, make the law of average American life. It all shows in our poor faces—in our sharp, eager, restless, weary, unhappy faces. Look about you on a ferry-boat crossing the river near the standard dinner hour. It is more than the want of dinner that gives that hungry look to eleven out of every twelve mortals that you see homeward-bound. It is the consuming care, the ever-repeated, never-ending daily care; it is the struggle to live, the curse of the want of money, and the curse of ever-craving, unsatisfied wants—physical, affectional, spiritual—which have seamed and scarred those faces, and made those sunken eye-sockets the craters of burned-out fires. Don't say, "Never mind about the face!" We all mind about our faces, and we mind very much about the faces that we see. It may be too late to make our own very beautiful, though never too late to beautify them; but it is not too late to serve the next generation through the souls and faces of our children.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

DOLMAN DEMI-TRAINED SUIT.

SINCE the introduction of fur sacques, cloaks of cloth and similar fabrics have been very little worn; besides, all large wraps have been considered incongruous with the short walking suits; hence there has been little novelty and variety in such garments. There is, however, always a desire for some dressy over-garment of velvet, cashmere, or cloth, to complete midwinter costumes, and at the present moment this want is met in the ample and simple-shaped Dolman, which is at once a comfortable and stylish cloak. An illustration on our first page represents a gracefully shaped Dolman, of which a cut paper pattern is published. This model has popularized the Dolman, as its simple shape obviates all the old objections to this wrap; it does not draw across the back, fits well on the tournure, and is easily put on, requiring as little adjustment as the plainest circular cloak. The back is a loose sacque shape, with a seam down the middle, left open below the waist, and without the troublesome postilion pleats formerly used. The ample side pieces are warm, and, to be stylish, must be very long, and square-cornered below, while their upper part is set in just above the point of the shoulder to give a short shoulder seam. The fronts fall well below the waist, like the round points of a mantilla, and may be fastened, at the throat only, by a silver clasp, as in the illustration, or, if preferred, can be buttoned their entire length. To hold the winged side pieces in proper shape, making them form the Dolman sleeve, an elastic band or tape is sewed to each front seam, passed under the arm, and tacked to the back seam of the wing; this adjusts the cloak properly, making the back hang loosely, and merely outlining the figure. This graceful effect would be spoiled by putting a belt underneath to confine the back to the waist, as was formerly done.

The Dolman from which our illustration is taken is of black diagonal cloth, with the twill conspicuously wide in the present fashion, and is bordered with black marten (Alaska sable) fur. A band of passementerie in which jet is introduced is sewed on each seam. The lining is of thin black silk slightly wadded. In selecting materials for this cloak avoid all stiff unyielding cloths, such as the beavers and tricots used for jackets, choosing instead soft pliable cloths in the new diagonal, armure, or basket-woven designs. Such cloths cost $6 50 or $7 a yard. The band of fur is the most appropriate trimming, but there are also less expensive garnitures of yak braid and heavy fringes. For velvet Dolmans choose Lyons velvet three-quarters of a yard wide, and trim with a band of silver-fox or else fisher-tail fur, or, for more dressy cloaks, use wide jet galloon and lace, with a fringe entirely of jet underneath the lace. Camel's-hair and cashmere Dolmans of black or of dark colors are especially useful, because, though exceedingly warm-looking for midwinter, their flannel linings may be removed, and they will serve for the demi-seasons also; for this reason they are not usually trimmed with fur, but are braided elaborately, sometimes all over the garment, and again merely in set figures or a border, and are edged with thick fringe of curled or crimped tape. The fashion of making the wrap of the suit material is now seldom followed, except for those wearing mourning. It is far better economy to have an independent wrap of the Dolman shape made of black or some dark neutral color that will serve with all dresses. Gray and brown cashmere Dolmans, braided all over with silk soutache, or else with rough woolen braid of the same shade, are worn with black dresses, and are especially popular with stylish young ladies. For opera wraps, and as *sorties du bal*, the Dolman is made of white cashmere, or else of some pale tint, such as pearl, sky blue, or pink, and is embroidered or braided with white, and also ornamented with "white jet" beads; a border of white-fox fur and fringe edges the garment.

Short suits and demi-train carriage costumes are both worn with Dolmans. That shown in the illustration is of maroon-colored silk, trimmed with velvet of the same shade, bands of fur, and pleated ruffles of silk. The three front breadths have a flat tablier, while the back has a long over-skirt, tastefully draped, and open below the drapery. This over-skirt is not made separate from the lower skirt, but is gathered to the same belt, and the lower parts are tacked to the demi-train to keep them in position. A basque of any simple stylish shape completes the dress.

FUR BORDERS.

Fur trimmings are exceedingly popular this winter, and, as they are very expensive, it is fortunate that a narrow border of two and a half or three inches is considered more stylish than wider ones. The fine dark fisher-tail borders that resemble Russian sable are especially elegant for trimming velvet Dolmans. A band of this fur an inch wide on the pelt spreads out its long fleece to two inches and a half on the right side, and costs $12 a yard. The beautiful silver-fox fur of silvery hue, with white tips, is another favorite trimming for velvet, and costs from $10 to $15 a yard. The pretty gray chinchilla borders are in greater favor this year than they have been of late, and cost from $6 to $8 a yard; fine Arica chinchilla is even more costly. The most popular dark fur for trimming cloth, cashmere, and, indeed, velvet cloaks, is the inexpensive black marten, which is sold in the stylish trimming width, in its various qualities, for from $2 to $4 a yard. The white-fox fur, used on evening Dolmans and for trimming children's cloaks, costs from $1 50 to $2 50. Otter, seal, and beaver borders are also worn. The pretty bands of grayish white grebe are $6 a yard.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

There is no change in the full-dress suits worn by gentlemen at evening receptions, dinners, and the opera. The swallow-tail coat, low vest, and pantaloons are made from the same piece of fine black cloth. The narrow folded neck-tie is of white muslin, or perhaps of silk, and the ample shirt front is of doubled linen very lightly embroidered, or else merely corded on the edges. Fanciful pleats, tucks, hem-stitching, and elaborate needle-worked bosoms are not worn. The standing English collar and the turned-over collar are both worn.

The suit for general use when making calls, at church, at home, the theatre, and for promenading, is a double-breasted Prince Albert frock-coat of fancy check and line goods, or else of plain blue or black cloths. The vest is of the same material. The pantaloons are light gray or lavender. Coat sleeves are cut very full. Pantaloons are worn larger in the limbs. White fustian double-breasted vests are also worn with walking suits.

For business and traveling suits the entire suit is made of English materials of plaid or checks of very dark colors. The coat is either a double-breasted reefing sack or else the Newmarket double-breasted coat, made with flaps at the waist and pockets. An extra pair of gray pantaloons makes variety with these suits.

Overcoats are in various shapes. The fine fur beavers and Elysians are used for overcoats to be worn on most occasions. These may be made up either in fitted surtouts or in looser sacks. The long Ulster overcoat for traveling is made of Irish frieze, or else of heavy Scotch goods, and costs from $35 to $60. Cape overcoats are also stylish, and are affected by slender young gentlemen. The King William overcoat of smooth or ribbed cloth is buttoned in front like a sack, and has a cape all around. The Glengarry has a cape in front only, and is made either with or without sleeves.

SHIRTS, COLLARS, ETC.

Shirt bosoms are of plain doubled linen, stitched or corded near the edge; pleated bosoms are seldom seen. The most stylish standing collar, called the Creedmoor, has the fronts carelessly broken over, and almost meeting. Turned-down collars are narrower than the Byron shape, and are pointed in front. Cuffs are wide and flaring.

Figured silk neck-ties rival those of plain colors. The ground is black, or else very dark, with a white ring, dot, or tiny Japanese figure. The bias Windsor scarf, to be tied in a bow, is the first choice. Made-up neck-ties are large and flat in the English style; they are folded so broadly that they almost conceal the shirt bosom. High vests are worn with such neck-ties, giving an appearance of warmth and comfort in cold weather. Fancy scarf rings and pins are of oxidized silver mixed with French gilt.

HATS.

The silk hat for dressy wear is of the glossiest black. It has a heavy yeoman bell crown, from six to eight inches deep, with a brim one and seven-eighths inches broad, made with a round open D'Orsay curve. The band is wide, and the price is $9. A new opera turban of felt has a round soft crown with wide flaring brim turned up all around. The crown may be indented in Alpine fashion. Price $5. Another pocket hat, suitable for the street, has an Alpine crown and flat brim, all of soft black felt. This is shapely and stylish when worn, but may be folded away in the pocket without injuring it. Price $5; the same style for boys costs $4. For business and general wear are felt hats with high square or round crowns and D'Orsay brims like those on silk hats: price $5. For midwinter are turbans of Shetland seal, made with double bands that are alike on both sides, and may be worn turned up or down as one fancies. They cost from $15 to $30.

SHOES.

Boots are very little worn. Gentlemen prefer the wide English shoe of calf-skin, made with the projecting soles called by dealers "broad welts," and with very low heels. These are comfortable to walk in, and make the foot look symmetrical though not small. The shoe is buttoned on the side for general wear, and costs $19. Fine kid boots with elastic sides are chosen for full-dress.

For information received thanks are due, for dress materials, to Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and A. T. STEWART & Co.; for furs, to C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS; and for gentlemen's clothing, to BROOKS BROTHERS; W. R. BOWNE; D. D. YOUMANS; UNION ADAMS; and GLAZE & SON.

PERSONAL.

RICHARD BAXTER is finally to have a statue to his memory by the inhabitants of Kidderminster, to cost $3500. He was born in 1618, and although laborious and very popular as a preacher, he held an uncertain and fluctuating position between the conflicting parties in the civil war. He was present at several sieges, and was several times the victim of the persecuting enactments of the time. The bad JEFFREYS once sent him to prison when he was seventy years old. He was a prolific writer, but his works being mostly polemical, are now little read. His most popular book is the *Saints' Everlasting Rest*.

—Dr. HAROLD BROWNE, Bishop of Winchester, remarked at a recent clerical Conference at Ely that he was afraid that in all Protestant countries not the Church only, but religion, was losing its hold upon the poor, and that of the two the Church of England "had far better lose the rich. The minister of God is the natural defender of the poor, and he had better err by defending him too much than by deserting him when he needs defense."

—Of MAZZINI a curious anecdote is related, as showing the tendency of great minds on solemn occasions. At the time of his death he reopened his will and wrote in it: "I open once more my will to order that when they burn me they keep my ashes at home. By all the supernal and infernal gods, my skin shall not serve the charlatan Moderates for a drum to beat at fair-time."

—TOURGUENEFF, the famous Russian novelist, is said to be quite broken down by recent misfortunes. Within a year his wife and only daughter have died; by the failure of his Parisian banker most of his earnings have been swept away; and a nephew to whom he was greatly attached has been sent to prison for outrageous felonies. The poor novelist writes very little now, as he says his stories, reflecting his own heart, are too sombre.

—To show, probably, that "the pen is mightier than the sword," Mr. W. D. WILSON, of Odell, Illinois, has written 1170 words—a large part of the Gospel of St. Matthew—on one side of a postal card. As a dissemination of that portion of St. Matthew, it will probably be regarded as a failure, the penmanship being too absurdly small for popular perusal.

—Miss EMMA ABBOTT, formerly the soprano of Rev. Dr. CHAPIN'S choir, is in Europe pursuing her musical studies, and has received an offer from PATTI to sing in Mr. MAPLESON'S London season. The success of Miss ABBOTT has been predicted by KELLOGG, NILSSON, PAREPA-ROSA, SANTLEY, and others.

—Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON has enrolled himself in the noble order of lecturers, and will embark for this republic in January to tell us from the platform what his notions are about "German Imperialism" and "Spanish Republicanism." Colonel JOHN HAY has a few short contracts out on the latter, which he is taking in as rapidly as the panic will permit.

—Prince METTERNICH has just sold the largest and finest cask of wine in his cellars at the Castle of Johannisberg at an enormous figure—the highest ever paid in the Rheingau. It is the only remaining cask of the famous vintage of 1861. The purchaser is Mr. Consul BAUER, at Moscow, and the price paid for the cask, containing 1400 bottles, was about $8 33 per bottle.

—Mr. FORSTER, a man of some eminence in the public affairs of England, remarked recently in reference to that country, that "it is not true that the poor are getting poorer, but it is true that all classes aspire to live on a higher scale of comfort than sufficed to content the last generation, and that inasmuch as there is far more of absolute enjoyment, the battle of life, the stretching of ways and means, continues to be as intense as heretofore."

—The late A. H. DAVENPORT, a member of the respectable family of HOYTS, of Connecticut, was not only an excellent actor and kind-hearted man, but had a keen sense of the ludicrous. During the prevalence of yellow fever in New Orleans, in 1867, he was manager of the Academy of Music in that city. Another actor of the same name, playing at the St. Charles, died, and the report went North that it was "Dolly." His mother sent a dispatch to the proprietor of the Academy of Music, saying, "Please send on my son's remains." The dispatch being turned over to him, he repaired to the telegraph office and penned the following reply: "Dear mother, I shall bring on my remains in about two weeks. 'DOLLY.'"

—"Mark Twain" has made a decided hit in London with his lecture on the Sandwich Islands. The *Examiner* says his "dry manner, his admirable self-possession, and perfectly grave countenance formed a background that made the humorous portion of the lecture irresistible." The *Spectator* remarks, "He began on one of the evenings with referring to the complaints that he had not been well heard throughout the hall, and threw a tone of high moral ardor and resolve into his promise to make himself adequately heard, which, delivered as it was, with the utmost immobility and gravity of demeanor, was irresistibly humorous. And then he glided off into a candid avowal of his wish to gratify the violent temporary and momentary hunger for information about the Sandwich Islands, with as serious an air as if the fame of the Sandwich Islands was really in every mouth, and anxiety about them the ruling passion of every heart. The humor in all this was the anxious travesty of the intellectual assumptions of the easy man of the world which it suggested. The ease and frankness of the speaker impressed you with his complete command of all the social currents of the day; and then the oddity of the false notes, touched so easily and in such apparent good faith—the virtuous ardor about making himself heard—the resolve either to appease or to stimulate to a still higher level of enthusiasm the assumed thirst for knowledge about the Sandwich Isles—became in the highest degree grotesque. It was the same when he confessed casually to the audience the kind of problem which had exercised his mind most in connection with this subject; and his belief that it belonged to that region of the unknown and unknowable which it is the mere knight-errantry of reason to attempt to explore. This problem was 'why the Sandwich Islands should have been put away out there in the middle of the Pacific Ocean'—a point which he declared to be not really 'open to criticism,' so that it would not be 'graceful to dwell upon it.'"

—President GRANT has indicated his acceptance of the invitation of the trustees of the American Museum of Natural History in Central Park to lay the corner-stone of the noble edifice now in process of erection by the Department of Parks for the permanent occupation of the museum. The ceremony will take place early in the coming spring.

—The Emperor WILLIAM having ascertained that a granddaughter of BEETHOVEN is at present living in Vienna in great destitution, generously ordered that during her lifetime five per cent. of the proceeds from the performance of BEETHOVEN'S opera of *Fidelio* at the Royal Opera at Berlin shall be regularly assigned to her.

—King WILLIAM LUNALILO of the Sandwich Islands has shown himself a great tactician. A mutiny having lately taken place in his household troops, he disbanded the entire corps of fifty-four rank and file. He maintains the position that the Sandwich Islands need no standing army, and the people are with him.

—A private letter recently received from London describes "George Eliot" as having an expression of countenance quite handsome when animated by conversation. "Her figure is good, her bearing graceful, and her manners elegant. Her friends, those on familiar terms with her, speak of her as charming. Some of her admirers think that her speech is even superior to her written thought. On her manuscript she toils tremendously, working on an average six hours a day, and rarely accomplishing in that time more than 300 or 400 words. Her labors are so exhaustive that she devotes all the remainder of the time to recreation and rest. She has been urged to abandon literary labors for the benefit of her health; but she is unwilling to do so, declaring she could not live without writing; that writing, more than aught else, constitutes her truest life. She is exceedingly ambitious; and, conscious that she has a vast reputation to sustain, she is constantly striving to surpass her previous efforts. Eminent as she is as a novelist, her dearest desire is to be a great poet, and she is said to regard the *Spanish Gypsy* as her best production. The great success of *Middlemarch* delights her, for she admits that it is her best prose work." That seems to be the general judgment in this country.

—The funeral of LOUISA MUHLBACH was attended by the most distinguished people in Berlin—a city rich in every sort of talent and culture. Near her are the graves of her husband, HEGEL, the philosopher, and IFFLAND, the actor. The Rev. Dr. SYDON delivered the funeral oration, and closed with this tribute: "It has been said that she whose death we mourn was a disbeliever in the immortality of the soul. I know it is a calumny, and I will repeat here what I heard her exclaim eleven years ago, at this very grave, at the moment when her husband's coffin was lowered into it, and she stood here, frantic with grief, with her two little daughters. 'No!' she cried, in a voice choked by tears—'no: a mind that has created so many original works, in which it will live here on earth, can not sink back into nothing.'" CARL GUTZKOW laid a laurel wreath on the coffin, saying only, "Adieu, dear, gifted, faithful friend." On the following day a slab was placed on the mound, bearing the inscription, "CLARA MUNDT, aged fifty-nine, the historical novelist of Germany."

—Dr. ADLER, the learned rabbi, has in press, in England, a *Commentary on the Targum Onkelos*," the celebrated verson of the Pentateuch.

—A Philadelphia writer communicates to the Franklin (Pennsylvania) *Repository* a pen sketch of Mr. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, the head of the eminent banking house bearing his name. He says: "I see very often passing my window in the early evenings of these pleasant autumn days, mounted on a handsome bay horse, a gentleman who at first sight would strike one as being a comfortable, intelligent country squire, coming into town to discuss markets, crops, or stocks. He is a man approaching middle life, of medium height, rather stout, with a finely developed head, quite bald on the top, ruddy complexion, keen, dark, expressive eyes, a very handsome nose, with delicately chiseled nostrils, a kindly but firm mouth shaded by a heavy brown mustache, and a chin decidedly double. His manner and expression (except the eyes, which might have belonged to the jolly friar in *Robin Hood*) are rather grave, the result probably of that severe discipline that belongs to those who successfully wrestle with the money-changers of the world. There is, however, a geniality that betrays itself in spite of the rigid lines about the mouth, and that shows noble impulses and good purposes behind the artificial fortifications which the ways of the world have made necessary. The ensemble indicates health, manliness, strong common-sense, with refinement and artistic tastes." The correspondent concludes his interesting sketch by stating, what every intelligent person in Philadelphia knows, that Mr. DREXEL is an earnest Christian gentleman, a man of large charities unostentatiously given, and one of the most modest and unassuming of men.

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Sofa-Pillow.—Raised and Application Embroidery.—Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS sofa-pillow is worked on cloth in raised and application embroidery, and is edged with twisted silk cord, and trimmed on the corners with loops of similar cord and tassels. For the cover of the sofa-pillow, of which Fig. 2 shows a full-sized section, use dark brown cloth, on which light brown and gray cloth is applied. On the gray cloth work a bouquet in raised embroidery. The flowers are cut of purple and the leaves of green cloth in several shades. The veins, stems, and vines are worked with green and brown saddler's silk in half-polka stitch, and the calyxes of the flowers are worked in knotted stitch with yellow silk. The seam made by setting on the light brown cloth is covered with silk cord in three shades of brown, which is stitched on with silk of the same color. On the dark cloth apply leaves of green cloth in several shades. The veins of these leaves and the stems and vines are worked in half-polka stitch with green and brown silk. The piece of light cloth is also embroidered in half-polka stitch, as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 1.—SOFA-PILLOW.—RAISED AND APPLICATION EMBROIDERY. [See Fig. 2.]

Châtelaine Spectacle Case, Figs. 1–3.

THIS spectacle case of card-board, which is designed to be suspended from the belt, is covered on the outside with maroon moiré, and on the inside with maroon velvet, and is bound on the edge with a strip of Russia leather, which is ornamented with an inlaid gold border. The case is six inches and a half long and an inch and seven-eighths wide. The upper half is embroidered. The embroidery is worked on maroon velvet with gold thread and maroon silk in point Russe and knotted stitch, and is button-hole stitched on with maroon silk. Fig. 2, page 757, shows the embroidery design in full size. At the top of the case are fastened two chains of gilt bronze, each five inches and three-quarters long, which are joined at the free ends with a shield. The latter is covered with maroon moiré, on which a monogram is worked with gold thread. On the under side of the shield set a bow of maroon moiré ribbon and a metal hook. Instead of the design shown by Fig. 2, that shown by Fig. 3, page 757, may be used for ornamenting the spectacle case. For this design take velvet or cloth, cut it out as shown by the illustration, and underlay it with satin. Then work the embroidery in point Russe with saddler's silk.

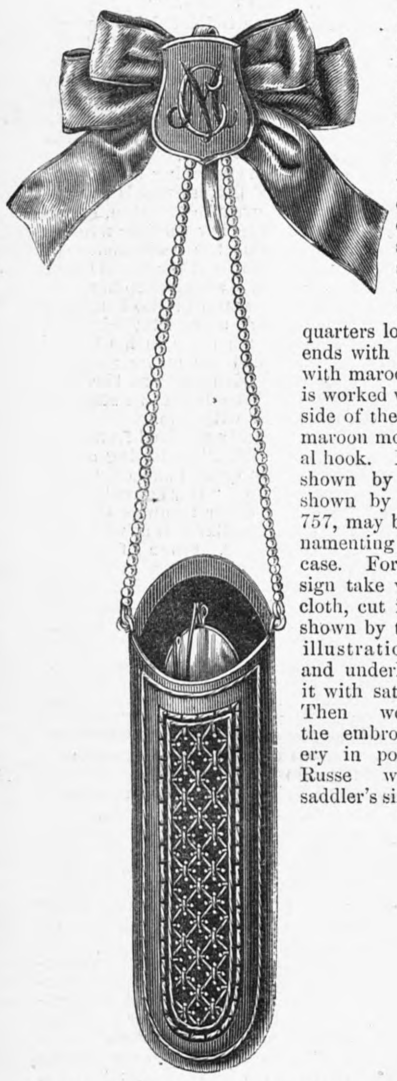


Fig. 1.—CHÂTELAINE SPECTACLE CASE.—[See Figs. 2 and 3, Page 757.]

Châtelaine Vinaigrette Case.

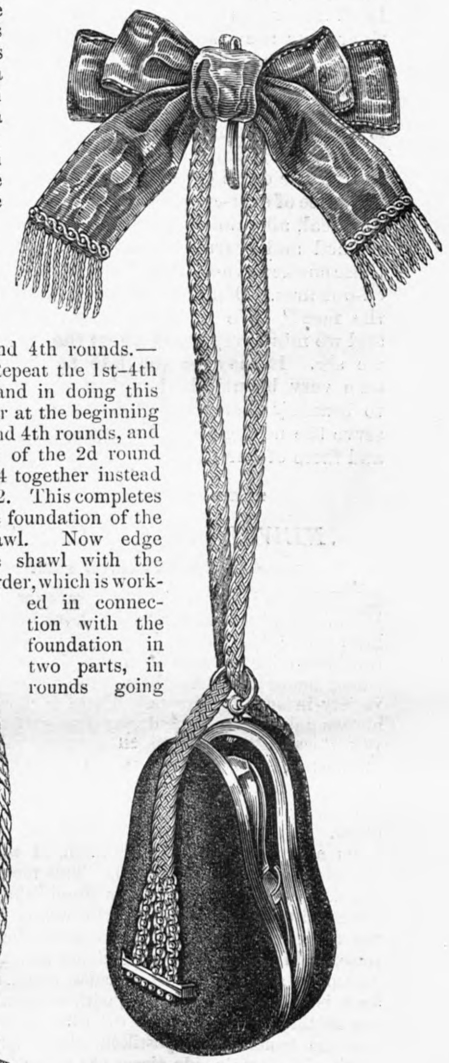
THIS case, which is designed to hold a cut crystal vinaigrette, consists of two parts of equal size, which are covered on the outside with violet velvet, and on the inside with faille of the same color, and are edged with a French gilt hoop. These hoops are joined with a hinge, and furnished with a French gilt lock. On the outside of the case are set French gilt bands, on which are fastened the strings, worked in knotting and braid-work. For each string take six pieces of gold cord of the requisite length, take up a gold bead on each piece, double it so that the bead comes in the middle, and then slip the ends through the band. Take always four ends together, take up seven gold beads on every two middle ends, and with the free ends work the braid-work (see Fig. 2, page 189, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 11, Vol. V., and the accompanying description). Care should be taken, however, that one bead always comes between two double knots. When the beads are used up, take always two gold threads together, and with these work a six-strand braid. Run the strings crosswise through the ring, fasten the ends together, and cover the seam with a violet moiré bow. The ends of the bow are trimmed with gold cord, gold beads, and fringe, as shown by the illustration. For each fringe strand run the gold thread through the ribbon from the back to the front, crochet six chain stitches, and fasten the thread. Finally, fasten a French gilt hook on the wrong side of the bow.

Fig. 2.—SECTION OF SOFA-PILLOW, FIG. 1.—RAISED AND APPLICATION EMBROIDERY.—FULL SIZE.

Knitted Three-cornered Shawl worn as a Hood.

See illustration on page 757.

THIS shawl is worn as a hood by arranging the middle corner on the head and tying the ends together in front. It is worked with black split zephyr worsted and coarse steel knitting-needles. The original consists of a foundation sixty-four inches long on the side, and twenty-five inches and a quarter wide from the middle of the side to the middle corner. This foundation is edged with a border seven inches and a quarter wide, and on both ends of the shawl are fastened tassels. To make the shawl (the border on the edge is worked after finishing the foundation) make a foundation of 296 st. (stitch), and going back and forth on this, work as follows: 1st round.—All purled. 2d round (right side of the work).—Always alternately t. t. o. (thread thrown over), k. (knit) 2 together. 3d and 4th rounds.—All knit plain. Repeat the 1st–4th rounds 74 times, and in doing this always k. 2 together at the beginning of the 2d and 4th rounds, and at the end of the 2d round always k. 4 together instead of the last 2. This completes the foundation of the shawl. Now edge the shawl with the border, which is worked in connection with the foundation in two parts, in rounds going back and forth, in an à jour design. To do this first make a foundation of 10 st., then knit off the edge st. of the long side of the foundation of the shawl, and finish the round with a foundation of 10 st. Going back on the foundation, knit the 1st round.—All knit plain. 2d round.—Always alternately t. t. o., k. 2 together; at the end of the round widen 2 st. To do this work on the last st. 1 k. (knit plain), 1 p. (purled), 1 k. 3d–20th rounds.—Like the 2d round; at the end of each of these rounds always widen 2 st. It is to be observed that the st. is always knit off together with the t. t. o. lying back of it. Knit four rounds more all plain, and then chain off the st. loose-



CHÂTELAINE VINAIGRETTE CASE.

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ly. The other part of the border is worked in a similar manner, with this difference only, that the edge st. of two sides are taken up together on needles. Having also finished the second part of the border, sew the edge st. of both parts together from the wrong side, and then finish the border on the outer edge with fringe, as shown by the illustration. For this fringe take a strand of black split zephyr worsted of the requisite length and fourteen threads thick, and tie it together with yellow filling silk at intervals of seven-eighths of an inch each. Cut the worsted strand through between every two knots, which forms the balls or tassels seen in the illustration. Embroider dots with yellow silk on the foundation, and on the ends of the shawl fasten black Angora tassels trimmed with yellow silk.

KNITTED THREE-CORNERED SHAWL, WORN AS A HOOD.

Black Gros Grain and Gray Poplin Dress.

THE skirt of black gros grain is trimmed with puffs and kilt-pleated ruffles of the material. The over-skirt and waist are of gray Irish poplin; the over-skirt is trimmed with a ruffle of the material. The waist is furnished with a binding, revers, and rolls of black gros grain. The vests are also of gros grain. Lace fraise and under-sleeves.

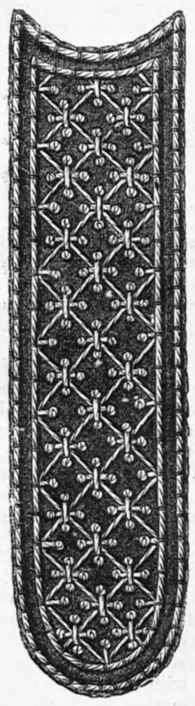

Fig. 2.—POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY FOR SPECTACLE CASE. [See Fig. 1, Page 756.]

Pearl Gray Poult de Soie Dress.

THIS dress is made of pearl gray poult de soie; the trimming consists of ruffles and folds of the material, white lace, and bows of pink gros grain ribbon. Fraise of pleated crêpe lisse, and lace under-sleeves.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Anecdotes of Landseer.—An unjust Steward.—Young Brown.

I TOLD you in my last letter that Sir Edwin Landseer would be found to have died richer than any of his brethren of the brush save Turner. He has left no less than a hundred and eighty thousand pounds. Curiously enough, though so rich, and very genial in disposition, he never entertained under his own roof. His dinner-parties were given at a friend's house—that of the well-known Jacob Bell, the chemist, and, after his death, at that of Mr. Hills, his successor. He was a master of that sort of conversation, if it can be called so, which consists in anecdotes, and if those generally concerned himself, they were not the less interesting on that account. Egotism is only repulsive when the Ego himself is not worth hearing about.

Enormous as were the sums given for Landseer's pictures in later years, they sold at first, even the best of them, for comparatively small sums. Brunel, the great engineer, when entertaining a party of artists (among whom was Landseer) in his new house, expressed a wish that each of his guests should paint for a particular room a picture on panel, the price to be £500 apiece. And hence came Sir Edwin's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Only a few years before his death, the great animal painter was taking some friends over the South Kensington gallery, and while explaining to them some peculiarity in his own "Jack in Office"—the dog, you know, in charge of the barrow, who looks down with such contempt upon the hungry curs—he happened to touch the picture. The policeman saw him, and hurried up.

"You must not touch the pictures, Sir. Don't you know that it is forbidden?" said he, severely.

"But, my good fellow, I have touched this picture a hundred times," said Sir Edwin.

"Then all I can say is, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, at your time of life, to say so."

The claimant and his friends have sprung a mine upon the prosecution. They have suddenly produced a very "straight" witness, who professes to be the steward of the *Osprey*, and to have picked up the defendant after the wreck of the *Bella*. There is no more doubt of his being perjured than of his friend "Sir Roger" being above the average weight of mankind, but he has been kept so "dark" that none of his antecedents can be got at, even by Mr. Hawkins. The prosecution have "wired" to New York, from which he hails, for personal particulars, and the Lord Chief Justice has forbidden Mr. Jean Luie, who had urgent private affairs in America, it seems, requiring his presence immediately after he had given his evidence, to leave the country in the mean time. No notice whatever was given to the prosecution that this man would be called, though it is proved Kenealy had got possession of him so early as July, and it is only natural that we should wish to have an "account of his stewardship" from other lips besides his own. To call such a witness as Mr. Jean Luie—so self-possessed, so well-informed, so perfectly unknown to every human being, and so very anxious to return to New York on Saturday — shows that the game of the defense has become desperate indeed. Of course Kenealy's object has been to rebut the tattooing evidence, and Mr. Jean Luie deposes to having *washed* Sir Roger very often, and found him without tattoo marks. This interesting young man, according to the steward's account, passed his days on board ship in being washed, in getting drunk, in picking oakum for amusement (*absit omen*, for oakum is what they pick in jails), and in reading *The Garden of the Soul*.

We have had your Mark Twain lecturing upon the Sandwich Islands in our Hanover Square Rooms to crowded audiences. Upon the whole, he has "taken," but he has yet not a little to learn. His dryness is so excessive that one feels inclined to resent it as too gross an affectation, and his "leading up" to his points is too obvious. Moreover, he has not taken to heart Lord Chesterfield's advice about leaving a room. Instead of ending his lecture with a pyrotechnic display, one doesn't know when he has got through it. I should not mention these blemishes but that he has good stuff in him, and is evidently capable of much better things. His extravagancies of humor are really excellent. One of them made me laugh "consumedly" last night. An amalgamated company of mean men had a servant in their employ whose duty was to manage certain blasting operations. In using the crow-bar too vigorously the powder exploded and blew him up in the air. You saw him first a man, then a dog, then a bird, then a bee, then nothing; then a bee again, then a bird, then a dog, then a man, and so he came down, *exactly* into the very hole he had been working at. He had been away (up in the air) only a quarter of an hour, and, as it were, upon his masters' business, yet that amalgamated company of mean men deducted those fifteen minutes when they paid him his wages.

Fig. 3.—POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY FOR SPECTACLE CASE. [See Fig. 1, Page 756.]

Have you read *Young Brown*, now coming out in the *Cornhill?* It is not a good novel, as such; but it has some very wonderful writing in it. It is as wise as Fielding (and almost as coarse), and it depicts the British aristocracy in a manner that shows the author knows them to the backbone. Every body is asking who is the writer. I only know one man in England—no, he is not in England; he is unhappily an outlaw, and obliged to live in France—I only know one Englishman, I say, capable of writing it, namely, Mr. Grenville Murray, a natural son of the late Duke of Buckingham, and whilom in the Foreign Office, the author of the *Roving Englishman*, and the late editor (which was his ruin) of the *Queen's Messenger*. Time will show. A greater contrast to *Old Kensington* than its successor, *Young Brown*, it is impossible to imagine.

The story I sent you some weeks ago about the wolf-boy of Oude appears to have received confirmation. This young Romulus has been "interviewed" by the Indian newspaper report-

BLACK GROS GRAIN AND GRAY POPLIN DRESS.

PEARL GRAY POULT DE SOIE DRESS.

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ers, and is described to be very wolf-like in his habits. He sleeps all day, but is awake at night, and answers the howl of the jackals with sympathetic vigor. His appetite is enormous, and he likes his food uncooked. His chief amusement is to "chop at flies," and swallow them.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

(Continued from No. 46, page 727.)

LADY ANNA.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "The Warden," "The Small House at Allington," "Barchester Towers," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," "Orley Farm," "The Eustace Diamonds," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DANIEL THWAITE RECEIVES HIS MONEY.

THERE was of course much commotion among all circles of society in London as soon as it was known to have been decided that the Countess Lovel was the Countess Lovel, and that Lady Anna was the heiress of the late Earl. Bets were paid—and bets, no doubt, were left unpaid—to a great amount. Men at the clubs talked more about the Lovels than they had done even during the month preceding the trial. The Countess became on a sudden very popular. Exaggerated stories were told of the romance of her past life—though it would have been well-nigh impossible to exaggerate her sufferings. Her patience, her long endurance and persistency, were extolled by all. The wealth that would accrue to her and to her daughter was of course doubled. Had any body seen her? Did any body know her? Even the Murrays began to be proud of her, and old Lady Jemima Magtaggart, who had been a Murray before she married General Mag, as he was called, went at once and called upon the Countess in Keppel Street. Being the first that did so, before the Countess had suspected any invasion, she was admitted—and came away declaring that sorrow must have driven the Countess mad. The Countess, no doubt, did not receive her distant relative with any gentle courtesy. She had sworn to herself often that, come what come might, she would never cross the threshold of a Murray. Old Lord Swanage, who had married some very distant Lovel, wrote to her a letter full of very proper feeling. It had been, he said, quite impossible for him to know the truth before the truth had come to light, and therefore he made no apology for not having before this made overtures of friendship to his connection. He now begged to express his great delight that she who had so well deserved success had been successful, and to offer her his hand in friendship, should she be inclined to accept it. The Countess answered him in a strain which certainly showed that she was not mad. It was not her policy to quarrel with any Lovel, and her letter was very courteous. She was greatly obliged to him for his kindness, and had felt as strongly as he could do that she could have no claim on her husband's relations till she should succeed in establishing her rights. She accepted his hand in the spirit in which it had been offered, and hoped that his lordship might yet become a friend of her daughter. For herself—she feared that all that she had suffered had made her unfit for much social intercourse. Her strength, she said, had been sufficient to carry her thus far, but was now failing her.

Then, too, there came to her that great glory of which the lawyer had given her a hint. She received a letter from the private secretary of his Majesty the King, telling her that his Majesty had heard her story with great interest, and now congratulated her heartily on the re-establishment of her rank and position. She wrote a very curt note, begging that her thanks might be given to his Majesty—and then she burned the private secretary's letter. No congratulations were any thing to her till she should see her daughter freed from the debasement of her engagement to the tailor.

Speculation was rife as to the kind of life which the Countess would lead. That she would have wealth sufficient to blaze forth in London with all the glories of countess-ship there was no doubt. Her own share of the estate was put down as worth at least ten thousand a year for her life, and this she would enjoy without deductions, and with no other expenditure than that needed for herself. Her age was ascertained to a day, and it was known that she was as yet only forty-five. Was it not probable that some happy man might share her wealth with her? What an excellent thing it would be for old Lundy—the Marquis of Lundy—who had run through every shilling of his own property! Before a week was over the suggestion had been made to old Lundy. "They say she is mad, but she can't be mad enough for that," said the Marquis.

The rector hurried home full of indignation, but he had a word or two with his nephew before he started. "What do you mean to do now, Frederic?" asked the rector, with a very grave demeanor.

"Do? I don't know that I shall do any thing."

"You give up the girl, then?"

"My dear uncle, that is a sort of question that I don't think a man ever likes to be asked."

"But I suppose I may ask how you intend to live?"

"I trust, Uncle Charles, that I shall not, at any rate, be a burden to my relatives."

"Oh, very well, very well. Of course I have nothing more to say. I think it right, all the same, to express my opinion that you have been grossly misused by Sir William Patterson. Of course what I say will have no weight with you; but that is my opinion."

"I do not agree with you, Uncle Charles."

"Very well; I have nothing more to say. It is right that I should let you know that I do not believe that this woman was ever Lord Lovel's wife. I never did believe it, and I never will believe it. All that about marrying the girl has been a take-in from beginning to end—all planned to induce you to do just what you have done. No word in courtesy should ever have been spoken to either of them."

"I am as sure that she is the Countess as I am that I am the Earl."

"Very well. It costs me nothing, but it costs you thirty thousand a year. Do you mean to come down to Yoxham this winter?"

"No."

"Are the horses to be kept there?" Now hitherto the rich rector had kept the poor lord's hunters without charging his nephew aught for their expense. He was a man so constituted that it would have been a misery to him that the head of his family should not have horses to ride. But now he could not but remember all that he had done, all that he was doing, and the return that was made to him. Nevertheless he could have bit the tongue out of his mouth for asking the question as soon as the words were spoken.

"I will have them sold immediately," said the Earl. "They shall come up to Tattersall's before the week is over."

"I didn't mean that."

"I am glad that you thought of it, Uncle Charles. They shall be taken away at once."

"They are quite welcome to remain at Yoxham."

"They shall be removed—and sold," said the Earl. "Remember me to my aunts. Good-by." Then the rector went down to Yoxham an angry and a miserable man.

There were very many who still agreed with the rector in thinking that the Earl's case had been mismanaged. There was surely enough of ground for a prolonged fight to have enabled the Lovel party to have driven their opponents to a compromise. There was a feeling that the Solicitor-General had been carried away by some romantic idea of abstract right, and had acted in direct opposition to all the usages of forensic advocacy as established in England. What was it to him whether the Countess were or were not a real Countess? It had been his duty to get what he could for the Earl, his client. There had been much to get, and, with patience, no doubt something might have been got. But he had gotten nothing. Many thought that he had altogether cut his own throat, and that he would have to take the first "puny" judgeship vacant. "He is a great man—a very great man indeed," said the Attorney-General, in answer to some one who was abusing Sir William. "There is not one of us can hold a candle to him. But then, as I have always said, he ought to have been a poet!"

In discussing the Solicitor-General's conduct men thought more of Lady Anna than her mother. The truth about Lady Anna and her engagement was generally known in a misty, hazy, half-truthful manner. That she was engaged to marry Daniel Thwaite, who was now becoming famous, and the cause of a greatly increased business in Wigmore Street, was certain. It was certain also that the Earl had desired to marry her. But as to the condition in which the matter stood at present there was a very divided opinion. Not a few were positive that a written engagement had been given to the Earl that he should have the heiress before the Solicitor-General had made his speech—but, according to these, the tailor's hold over the young lady was so strong that she now refused to abide by her own compact. She was in the tailor's hands, and the tailor could do what he liked with her. It was known that Lady Anna was in Bedford Square, and not a few walked before the Sergeant's house in the hopes of seeing her. The romance, at any rate, was not over, and possibly there might even yet be a compromise. If the Earl could get even five thousand a year out of the property, it was thought that the Solicitor-General might hold his own, and in due time become at any rate a Chief Baron.

In the mean time Daniel Thwaite remained in moody silence among the workmen in Wigmore Street, unseen of any of those who rushed there for new liveries in order that they might catch a glimpse of the successful hero—till one morning, about five days after the trial was over, when he received a letter from Messrs. Goffe and Goffe. Messrs. Goffe and Goffe had the pleasure of informing him that an accurate account of all money transactions between Countess Lovel and his father had been kept by the Countess; that the Countess on behalf of herself and Lady Anna Lovel acknowledged a debt due to the estate of the late Mr. Thomas Thwaite, amounting to £9109 3*s.* 4*d.*, and that a check to that amount should be at once handed to him—Daniel Thwaite the son—if he would call at the chambers of Messrs. Goffe and Goffe, with a certified copy of the probate of the will of Thomas Thwaite the father.

Nine thousand pounds—and that to be paid to him immediately—on that very day if he chose to call for it! The copy of the probate of the will he had in his pocket at that moment. But he worked out his day's work without going near Messrs. Goffe and Goffe. And yet he thought much of his money; and once, when one of his employers spoke to him somewhat roughly, he remembered that he was probably a better man than his master. What should he now do with himself and his money—how bestow himself—how use it so that he might be of service to the world? He would go, no doubt, to some country in which there were no earls and no countesses; but he could go nowhere till he should know what might be his fate with the Earl's daughter, who at present was his destiny. His mind was absolutely divided. In one hour he would say to himself that the poet was certainly right, and in the next he was sure that the poet must have been wrong. As regarded money, nine thousand pounds was as good to him as any sum that could be named. He could do with that all that he required that money should do for him. Could he at this time have had his own way absolutely, he would have left all the remainder of the wealth behind him, to be shared as they pleased to share it between the Earl and the Countess, and he would have gone at once, taking with him the girl whom he loved. He would have reveled in the pride of thinking that all of them should say that he had wanted and had won the girl only—and not the wealth of the Lovels; that he had taken only what was his own, and that his wife would be dependent on him, not he on her. But this was not possible. It was now months since he had heard the girl's voice, or had received any assurance from her that she was still true to him. But, in lieu of this, he had the assurance that she was in possession of enormous wealth, and that she was the recognized cousin of lords and ladies by the dozen.

When the evening came he saw one of his employers, and told the man that he wished that his place might be filled. Why was he going? Did he expect to better himself? When was he going? Was he in earnest? Daniel told the truth at once as far as the payment of the money was concerned. He was to receive on the following day a sum of money which had been due to his father, and, when that should have been paid him, it would not suit him to work longer for weekly wages. The tailor grumbled, but there was nothing else to be said. Thwaite might leave them to-morrow if he wished. Thwaite took him at his word, and never returned to the shop in Wigmore Street after that night.

On reaching his lodgings he found another letter—from Sergeant Bluestone. The Countess had so far given way as to accede to the proposition that there should be a meeting between her daughter and the tailor, and then there had arisen the question as to the manner in which this meeting should be arranged. The Countess would not write herself, nor would she allow her daughter to do so. It was desirable, she thought, that as few people should know of the meeting as possible, and at last, most unwillingly, the Sergeant undertook the task of arranging it. He wrote, therefore, as follows:

"Mr. Sergeant Bluestone presents his compliments to Mr. Daniel Thwaite. Mr. Thwaite has no doubt heard of the result of the trial by which the Countess Lovel and her daughter have succeeded in obtaining the recognition of their rank. It is in contemplation with the Countess and Lady Anna Lovel to go abroad, but Lady Anna is desirous before she goes of seeing the son of the man who was her mother's stanch friend during many years of suffering. Lady Anna will be at home, at No. —— Keppel Street, at eleven o'clock on Monday, 23d instant, if Mr. Thwaite can make it convenient to call then and there.

"BEDFORD SQUARE, *November* 17, 18—.

"If Mr. Thwaite could call on the Sergeant before that date, either early in the morning at his house, or on Saturday at his chambers, —— ——, Inner Temple, it might perhaps be serviceable."

The postscript had not been added without much consideration. What would the tailor think of this invitation? Would he not be disposed to take it as encouragement in his pernicious suit? Would he not go to Keppel Street with a determination to insist upon the girl's promise? The Sergeant had thought that it would be best to let the thing take its chance. But the Sergeant's wife and the Sergeant's daughters, and the Countess too, had all agreed that something if possible should be said to him to disabuse him of this idea. He was to have nine thousand pounds paid to him. Surely that might be sufficient. But, if he was greedy and wanted more money, more money should be given to him. Only he must be made to understand that the marriage was out of the question. So the Sergeant again gave way, and proposed the interview. Daniel sent back his compliments to the Sergeant, and begged to say he would do as he was bid. He would call at the Sergeant's chambers on the Saturday, and in Keppel Street on the following Monday, at the hours named.

On the next morning—the first morning of his freedom from the servitude of Wigmore Street—he went to Messrs. Goffe and Goffe. He got up late, and breakfasted late, in order that he might feel what it was to be an idle man. "I might now be as idle as the young Earl," he said to himself; "but were I to attempt it, what should I do with myself? How should I make the hours pass by?" He felt that he was lauding himself as the idea passed through his mind, and he struggled to quench his own pride. "And yet," said he in his thoughts, "is it not fit that I should know myself to be better than he is? If I have no self-confidence, how can I be bold to persevere? The man that works is to him that is idle as light is to darkness."

He was admitted at once to Mr. Goffe's private room, and was received with a smiling welcome and an outstretched hand. "I am delighted, Mr. Thwaite, to be able to settle your claim on Lady Lovel with so little delay. I hope you were satisfied with her ladyship's statement of the account."

"Much more than satisfied with the amount. It appeared to me that I had no legal claim for more than a few hundred pounds."

"We knew better than that, Mr. Thwaite. We should have seen that no great injury was done. But luckily the Countess has been careful, and has put down each sum advanced, item by item. Full interest has been allowed at five per cent.—as is quite proper. The Countess is an excellent woman of business."

"No doubt, Mr. Goffe. I could have wished that she would have condescended to honor me with a line—but that is a matter of feeling."

"Oh, Mr. Thwaite, there are reasons—you must know that there are reasons."

"There may be good reasons or bad reasons."

"And there may be good judgment in such matters and bad judgment. But, however—You will like to have this money by a check, no doubt. There it is, £9109 3*s.* 4*d.* It is not often that we write one check for a bigger sum than that, Mr. Thwaite. Shall I cross it on your bankers? No bankers! With such a sum as that, let me recommend you to open an account at once." And Mr. Goffe absolutely walked down to Fleet Street with Daniel Thwaite the tailor, and introduced him at his own bank. The business was soon transacted, and Daniel Thwaite went away westward, a capitalist, with a check-book in his pocket. What was he to do with himself? He walked east again before the day was over, and made inquiries at various offices as to vessels sailing for Boston, New York, Baltimore, and Quebec. Or how would it be with him if he should be minded to go East instead of West? So he supplied himself also with information as to vessels for Sydney. And what should he do when he got to the new country? He did not mean to be a tailor. He was astonished to find how little he had as yet realized in his mind the details of the exodus which he had proposed to himself.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

I WILL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR NOTHING.

ON the Saturday Daniel was at the Sergeant's chambers early in the morning—long before the hour at which the Sergeant himself was wont to attend. No time had, in fact, been named, and the tailor had chosen to suppose that as he had been desired to be early in Bedford Square, so had it also been intended that he should be early in the Temple. For two hours he walked about the passages and the courts, thinking ill of the lawyer for being so late at his business, and endeavoring to determine what he would do with himself. He had not a friend in the world, unless Lady Anna were a friend—hardly an acquaintance. And yet, remembering what his father had done, what he himself had helped to do, he thought that he ought to have had many friends. Those very persons who were now his bitterest enemies, the Countess and all they who had supported her, should have been bound to him by close ties. Yet he knew that it was impossible that they should not hate him. He could understand their feeling with reference to their own rank, though to him that rank was contemptible. Of course he was alone. Of course he would fail. He was almost prepared to acknowledge as much to the Sergeant. He had heard of a certain vessel that would start in three days for the rising colony called New South Wales, and he almost wished that he had taken his passage in her.

At ten o'clock he had been desired to call at eleven, and as the clock struck eleven he knocked at the Sergeant's door. "Sergeant Bluestone is not here yet," said the clerk, who was disposed to be annoyed by the man's pertinacity.

"He told me to come early in the morning, and this is not early."

"He is not here yet, Sir."

"You told me to come at eleven, and it is past eleven."

"It is one minute past, and you can sit down and wait for him if you please." Daniel refused to wait, and was again about to depart in his wrath, when the Sergeant appeared upon the stairs. He introduced himself, and expressed regret that he should have found his visitor there before him. Daniel, muttering something, followed the lawyer into his room, and then the door was closed. He stood till he was invited to sit, and was determined to make himself disagreeable. This man was one of his enemies—was one who, no doubt, thought little of him because he was a tailor, who suspected his motives, and was anxious to rob him of his bride. The Sergeant retired for a moment to an inner room, while the tailor girded up his loins and prepared himself for battle.

"Mr. Thwaite," said the Sergeant, as he re-entered the room, "you probably know that I have been counsel for Lady Lovel and her daughter in the late trial." Daniel assented by a nod of his head. "My connection with the Countess would naturally have been then closed. We have gained our cause, and there would be an end of it. But, as things have turned out, it has been otherwise. Lady Anna Lovel has been staying with Mrs. Bluestone."

"In Bedford Square?"

"Yes, at my house."

"I did not know. The Countess told me she was not in Keppel Street, but refused to inform me where she was staying. I should not have interfered with her ladyship's plans had she been less secret with me."

"Surely it was unnecessary that she should tell you."

"Quite unnecessary—but hardly natural, after all that has occurred. As the Countess is with you only a friend of late date, you are probably unaware of the former friendship which existed between us. There was a time in which I certainly did not think that Lady Lovel would ever decline to speak to me about her daughter. But all this is nothing to you, Sergeant Bluestone."

"It is something to me, Mr. Thwaite, as her friend. Is there no reason why she should have treated you thus? Ask your own conscience."

"My conscience is clear in the matter."

"I have sent for you here, Mr. Thwaite, to ask you whether you can not yourself understand that this which you have proposed to do must make you an enemy, and annul and set aside all that kindness which you have shown her? I put it to your own reason. Do you think it possible that the Countess should be otherwise

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than outraged at the proposition you have made to her?"

"I have made no proposition to her ladyship."

"Have you made none to her daughter?"

"Certainly I have. I have asked her to be my wife."

"Come, Mr. Thwaite, do not palter with me."

"Palter with you! Who dares to say that I palter? I have never paltered. Paltering is—lying, as I take it. Let the Countess be my enemy. I have not said that she should not be so. She might have answered my letter, I think, when the old man died. In our rank of life we should have done so. It may be different with lords and titled ladies. Let it pass, however. I did not mean to make any complaint. I came here because you sent for me."

"Yes, I did send for you," said the Sergeant, wishing with all his heart that he had never been persuaded to take a step which imposed upon him so great a difficulty. "I did send for you. Lady Anna Lovel has expressed a wish to see you before she leaves London."

"I will wait upon Lady Anna Lovel."

"I need hardly tell you that her wish has been opposed by her friends."

"No doubt it was."

"But she has said with so much earnestness that she can not consider herself to be absolved from the promise which she made to you when she was a child—"

"She was no child when she made it."

"It does not signify. She can not be absolved from the promise which I suppose she did make—"

"She certainly made it, Sergeant Bluestone."

"Will you allow me to continue my statement? It will not occupy you long. She assures her mother that she can not consider herself to be absolved from that promise without your sanction. She has been living in my house for some weeks, and I do not myself doubt in the least that were she thus freed, an alliance would soon be arranged between her and her cousin."

"I have heard of that—alliance."

"It would be in every respect a most satisfactory and happy marriage. The young Earl has behaved with great consideration and forbearance in abstaining from pushing his claims."

"In abstaining from asking for that which he did not believe to be his own."

"You had better hear me to the end, Mr. Thwaite. All the friends of the two young people desire it. The Earl himself is warmly attached to his cousin."

"So am I—and have been for many years."

"We all believe that she loves him."

"Let her say so to me, Sergeant Bluestone, and there shall be an end of it all. It seems to me that Lord Lovel and I have different ideas about a woman. I would not take the hand of a girl who told me that she loved another man, even though she was as dear to me as—as Lady Anna is dear to me now. And as for what she might have in her hand, it would go for naught with me, though I might have to face beggary without her. It seems to me that Lord Lovel is less particular in this matter."

"I do not see that you and I have any thing to do with that," replied the Sergeant, hardly knowing what to say.

"I have nothing to do with Lord Lovel, certainly—nor has he with me. As to his cousin—it is for her to choose."

"We think—I am only telling you what we think—but we think, Mr. Thwaite, that the young lady's affections are fixed on her cousin. It is natural that they should be so; and watching her as closely as we can, we believe such to be the case. I will be quite on the square with you, Mr. Thwaite."

"With me and with every body else, I hope, Sergeant Bluestone."

"I hope so," said the Sergeant, laughing; "but at any rate I will be so with you now. We have been unable to get from Lady Anna any certain reply—any assurance of her own wishes. She has told her mother that she can not accept Lord Lovel's addresses till she has seen you." The Sergeant in this was not quite on the square, as Lady Anna had never said so. "We believe that she considers it necessary to her conscience to be made free by your permission before she can follow her own inclinations and accede to those of all her friends."

"She shall have my permission in a moment—if she will ask for it."

"Could you not be more generous even than that?"

"How more generous, Sergeant Bluestone?"

"Offer it to her unasked. You have already said that you would not accept her hand if you did not believe that you had her heart also, and the sentiment did you honor. Think of her condition, and be generous to her."

"Generous to her! You mean generous to Lady Lovel, generous to Lord Lovel, generous to all the Lovels except her. It seems to me that all the generosity is to be on one side."

"By no means. We can be generous too."

"If that be generosity, I will be generous. I will offer her that permission. I will not wait till she asks for it. I will beg her to tell me if it be true that she loves this cousin, and if she can say that it is true, she shall want no permission from me to be free. She shall be free."

"It is not a question, you see, between yourself and Lord Lovel. It is quite out of the question that she should in any event become your wife. Even had she power to do it—"

"She has the power."

"Practically she has no such power, Mr. Thwaite. A young person such as Lady Anna Lovel is and must be under the control of her natural guardian. She is so altogether. Her mother could not, and would not, constrain her to any marriage; but has quite sufficient power over her to prevent any marriage. Lady Anna has never for a moment supposed that she could become your wife since she learned what were the feelings of her mother and her family." The Sergeant certainly did not keep his promise of being on the square. "But your generosity is necessary to enable Lady Lovel to bring to a happy termination all those sufferings with which her life has been afflicted."

"I do not owe much to the Countess; but if it be generous to do as I have said I would do, I will be generous. I will tell her daughter, without any question asked from her, that she is free to marry her cousin if she wishes."

So far the Sergeant, though he had not been altogether as truthful as he had promised, had been discreet. He had said nothing to set the tailor vehemently against the Lovel interest, and had succeeded in obtaining a useful pledge. But, in his next attempt, he was less wise. "I think, you know, Mr. Thwaite, that the Countess also has been generous."

"As how?"

"You have received £9000 already, I believe."

"I have received what I presume to be my own. If I have had more, it shall be refunded."

"No, no; by no means. Taking a liberal view of the matter, as the Countess was bound to do in honor, she was, I think, right in paying you what she has paid."

"I want nothing from her in what you call honor. I want nothing liberal. If the money be not mine in common honesty, she shall have it back again. I want nothing but my own."

"I think you are a little high flown, Mr. Thwaite."

"I dare say I may be—to the thinking of a lawyer."

"The Countess, who is in truth your friend, and will always be your friend if you will only be amenable to reason, has been delighted to think that you are now in possession of a sum of money which will place you above want."

"The Countess is very kind."

"And I can say more than that. She and all her friends are aware how much is due to your father's son. If you will only aid us in our present project, if you will enable Lady Anna to become the wife of her cousin the Earl, much more shall be done than the mere payment of the debt which was due to you. It has been proposed to settle on you for life an annuity of four hundred pounds a year. To this the Countess, Earl Lovel, and Lady Anna will all agree."

"Has the consent of Lady Anna been asked?" demanded the tailor, in a voice which was low, but which the Sergeant felt at the moment to be dangerous.

"You may take my word that it shall be forth-coming," said the Sergeant.

"I will take your word for nothing, Sergeant Bluestone. I do not think that among you all you would dare to make such a proposition to Lady Anna Lovel, and I wonder that you should dare to make it to me. What have you seen in me to lead you to suppose that I would sell myself for a bribe? And how can you have been so unwise as to offer it after I have told you that she shall be free—if she chooses to be free? But it is all one. You deal in subterfuges, till you think it impossible that a man should be honest. You mine under-ground, till your eyes see nothing in the open daylight. You walk crookedly, till a straight path is an abomination to you. Four hundred a year is nothing to me for such a purpose as this—would have been nothing to me even though no penny had been paid to me of the money which is my own. I can easily understand what it is that makes the Earl so devoted a lover. His devotion began when he had been told that the money was hers and not his, and that in no other way could he get it. Mine began when no one believed that she would ever have a shilling for her fortune, when all who bore her name and her mother's ridiculed their claim. Mine was growing when my father first asked me whether I grudged that he should spend all that he had in their behalf. Mine came from giving. His springs from the desire to get. Make the four hundred four thousand, make it eight thousand, Sergeant Bluestone, and offer it to him. I also will agree. With him you may succeed. Good-morning, Sergeant Bluestone. On Monday next I will not be worse than my word, even though you have offered me a bribe."

The Sergeant let the tailor go without a word further—not, indeed, having a word to say. He had been insulted in his own chambers—told that his word was worthless, and his honesty questionable. But he had been so told that at the moment he had been unable to stop the speaker. He had sat and smiled and stroked his chin and looked at the tailor as though he had been endeavoring to comfort himself with the idea that the man addressing him was merely an ignorant, half-mad, enthusiastic tailor, from whom decent conduct could not be expected. He was still smiling when Daniel Thwaite closed the door, and he almost laughed as he asked his clerk whether that energetic gentleman had taken himself down stairs. "Oh yes, Sir; he glared at me when I opened the door, and rushed down four steps at a time." But, on the whole, the Sergeant was contented with the interview. It would, no doubt, have been better had he said nothing of the four hundred a year. But in the offering of bribes there is always that danger. One can never be sure who will swallow his douceur at an easy gulp, so as hardly to betray an effort, and who will refuse even to open his lips. And then the latter man has the briber so much at advantage. When the luscious morsel has been refused, it is so easy to be indignant, so pleasant to be enthusiastically virtuous! The bribe had been refused, and so far the Sergeant had failed—but the desired promise had been made, and the Sergeant felt certain that it would be kept. He did not doubt but that Daniel Thwaite would himself offer the girl her freedom. But there was something in the man, though he was a tailor. He had an eye and a voice, and it might be that freedom offered, as he could offer it, would not be accepted.

Daniel, as he went out into the court from the lawyer's presence, was less satisfied than the lawyer. He had told the lawyer that his word was worth nothing, and yet he had believed much that the lawyer had said to him. The lawyer had told him that the girl loved her cousin, and only wanted his permission to be free that she might give her hand and her heart together to the young lord. Was it not natural that she should wish to do so? Within each hour, almost within each minute, he regarded the matter in lights that were perfectly antagonistic to each other. It was natural that she should wish to be a countess, and that she should love a young lord who was gentle and beautiful—and she should have his permission accorded freely. But then, again, it was most unnatural, bestial, and almost monstrous, that a girl should change her love for a man, going from one man to another, simply because the latter man was gilt with gold and decked with jewels and sweet with perfume from a hair-dresser's. The poet must have been wrong there. If love be any thing but a dream, surely it must adhere to the person, and not be liable to change at every offered vantage of name or birth, of rank or wealth.

But she should have the offer. She should certainly have the offer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

NEVER were the cold, frosty days of late autumn more gladly welcomed than when, after being long desired, they recently came to the plague-stricken cities of the South. The ravages of the yellow fever, particularly in Shreveport and Memphis, have been fearful, and the suffering resulting from the scourge can scarcely be conceived by those who have not been eye-witnesses of it. The light frosts which came early in the season, and from which so much was hoped, failed to check the disease in any marked degree, and the warm damp days that followed added new victims to the appalling list of the dead. From various parts of the country warm expressions of sympathy and substantial aid have been sent to the sick, the suffering, and the orphaned in these cities. Men and women have left their comfortable homes, and boldly gone to the most infectious sections of Memphis and Shreveport to nurse the sick. Many instances of faithful devotion are mentioned, where those who were ministering to the wants of the suffering and dying remained at their posts until they themselves were stricken down by the terrible plague. The Howard Association of New Orleans, with an earnestness and patience worthy of all praise, has labored from the commencement of the epidemic. Clergymen united in giving consolation and sympathy until they were prostrated in the midst of their labors. Physicians worked ceaselessly, and died in the harness. Telegraph operators remained at their posts, sending to the outside world dispatches concerning the sufferers, and dropped, as it were, with the instrument in their hands. Sisters of Charity, with their usual unselfishness, watched beside the sick and ministered to the dying, fearless of death, though death spared them not. There are many who have little faith in the unselfish goodness of men and women, who are skeptical concerning benevolence which hopes for no pecuniary reward: and it is a pity that so many dark phases of human life and so many deeds of selfishness give some warrant to such opinions. But there is another and a brighter side to human nature; and the benevolence, untiring devotion, and heroism of those who have voluntarily exposed themselves to a terrible disease that they might give needful ministrations to the sick and dying will ever be remembered as a testimony to the unselfishness and sincerity of true Christian charity.

A new coining press, made in Philadelphia for the especial purpose of coining the new silver trade dollar, is to be put in operation at San Francisco. The trade dollar is heavier than the ordinary silver dollar, and is intended for use in our foreign commerce with countries which make the silver dollar the standard of commercial value. China, Japan, and the East Indies, for example, make this coin the standard in their commerce. The United States, by coining a silver trade dollar of a weight and fineness which will be recognized by commercial nations as a standard of value, will assume a leading place in commerce.

We might have had a portrait of Turner by Landseer had it not been for a luckless accident. One day, so it is related, Landseer caught sight of Turner in the exhibition-room of the Academy, and made a sketch of him, which he took to a dinner-party of artists that evening. The likeness was pronounced excellent, and one of Landseer's particular friends insisted on taking it home with him. Strange to say, he put it into his hat—a singular receptacle for a freshly painted picture. When he reached home it was adhering to his hair, and the portrait was utterly ruined.

In 1702 the *Daily Courant* was published in London by one Elizabeth Mallet. It was not designed as a "woman's rights" paper, but professed to be conducted on principles that would "spare the public at least half the impertinences which the ordinary papers contain."

Poongavana Ummall, the daughter of C. Angoo Moodeliar, of Chintaudrepettah, was recently married at Madras to Viohoor Soobramania Moodeliar. The bride was a gay widow of thirteen years old, and is said to be the first Hindoo widow who has been married in Madras.

A touching incident is related in the Memphis *Ledger:* A little package was sent to the Mayor's office one morning by a merchant who had been active in obtaining contributions for those who had been stricken with fever. It was tightly rolled up in not very white letter-paper, and contained five dollars and five cents, nearly all in one, two, and three cent pieces and nickels; also two faded pieces of paper currency of the old five and ten cents issue. Evidently this was some child's treasure, the accumulation of months or years. On the inner wrapping was written, "Little Lilly's money, to go to a poor child." On the outer paper, written in a different hand, "From little Lilly, for the Memphis sufferers—*a dying bequest.*" No other explanation was given.

The Boston Flower Mission has just closed its fifth season. During the summer months, when demands for food and shelter are comparatively few, timely gifts of fruit and flowers are particularly cheering to the poor and sick, who, confined in crowded tenements, seldom or never see the pleasant country. This mission is in charge of benevolent and refined ladies, who distribute the fruit and flowers contributed from various places around Boston during five months of the year, beginning with May. During the past season there have been over thirteen thousand distributions of flowers, and fifteen hundred of fruit. One contributor from the suburbs has brought in more than six thousand pansies to gladden tired eyes. Expressmen and railroad officials have given gratuitous services, and many others have willingly given aid in this good and pleasant charity.

Howard Glyndon thus expresses her views upon a subject of present interest in the *Evening Mail:*

"There is no purpose in the world for which a material should be more carefully chosen than that out of which is to be manufactured a legal tender for gold and silver; and never, I think, was any material for an important purpose worse chosen. It should be indestructible, as nearly as possible, and about the most destructible thing is used, the frailest, the least able to bear the constant wear and tear of passing from hand to hand and pocket to pocket. How long can we expect even the strongest paper to last which is being constantly handled and creased? How long does it take a new greenback to become a pulpy rag of the most disgusting description? The material which represents specie should be as non-absorbent as possible; but these bits of paper absorb every odor and every species of filth with which they come in contact. I regard them as excellent conductors of contagious diseases, especially small-pox, and to be preferred to any other for that purpose in point of convenience."

Louisville came nobly to the help of the sufferers in Memphis and Shreveport, having contributed nearly twenty thousand dollars, exclusive of many thousands forwarded by private individuals.

Sewing-machines have been sold in Vienna, it is said, as American which were never made in this country. This indicates, at least, that American machines bear a good reputation abroad, or the name would not be stolen for purposes of sale.

Victory is not always to the strong in the battle of life. The gift from Nature of great strength and endurance is of little value if abused, while a moderate amount, if carefully and rightly expended, will serve well through a long life. At the age of forty the noted pugilist, John C. Heenan, died of consumption. Yet originally he possessed a powerful frame, and his constitution might have lasted a century. But the Creator never adapted the human body for prize-fighting; and the injuries received by Heenan in various conflicts, and his irregular habits in various respects, utterly destroyed a constitution of extraordinary strength and vigor. Nature will not be defied with impunity. Those who persistently violate her well-known rules must suffer the penalty, which comes sometimes in speedy death, but often in wretchedness which is worse than death.

Kensington Palace has been recently set apart as the abode of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. South of the palace is the mansion designed for the Duke of Edinburgh and his bride, but it will not be ready for occupation for two or three years. Meanwhile Clarence House, formerly the residence of the Duchess of Kent, is being enlarged and adapted to the more immediate wants of the illustrious pair, whose marriage will probably soon be celebrated.

Among the most efficient workers during the yellow fever in Memphis was one old man of seventy-six years, familiarly known as "Square Richards." He was so crippled as to be compelled to use crutches, yet he would not leave his neighbors in the dire extremity of a terrible epidemic. From the very first breaking out of the pestilence he daily visited the infected districts, carrying to one and another of the sick help and comfort. In his good work he never faltered, until, at length, the pitiless disease struck the brave hero down in the very midst of his labors.

We quote the following bit of good advice from one of our exchanges:

"In view of the existing monetary stringency, every true woman should endeavor this fall, by the grace and simplicity of her attire, to show that her husband has neither robbed a bank nor been the leader of a thieving ring."

An elegant and tasteful villa in Newport is the summer home of Miss Charlotte Cushman, who, with a well-won fortune, has now almost wholly withdrawn from her professional labors. Her hair is white, but her heart is young, her mind bright, and her hospitable courtesy seldom equaled. In the home circle she is said to be even more charming than on the stage, ever winning affectionate admiration from those who share her friendship.

Some of the ancient laws of Massachusetts are worthy of consideration at the present day. In 1642 there was a law providing that "those who do not teach, by themselves or others, their children or apprentices, so much learning as may enable them perfectly to read the English tongue, and knowledge of the capital laws, shall be fined twenty shillings for each neglect therein." In those days it was also thought proper that no interference should prevent suitable marriages. A law of 1641 reads that "if any person shall willfully and unreasonably deny any child timely or convenient marriage, or shall exercise any unnatural severity toward them, such children shall have liberty to complain to authority for redress in such cases."

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"JACK IN OFFICE."—From the Painting by the late Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.—[See Page 762.]

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"JACK IN OFFICE."

See illustration on double page.

THIS, which is one of the most popular of the late Sir Edwin Landseer's many popular pictures, was painted by him in 1833, and is now included in the Sheepshanks and Vernon collections at South Kensington. As in many of the dog pictures of this great animal master, an almost human expression is imparted to the faces of the four-footed *dramatis personæ*. Observe the poor hungry creature in the foreground, with her cowering haunches and staring ribs. Her aspect recalls that of some shabby starveling woman, who may be seen hungrily inhaling the savory odors of a cook-shop. As for Jack himself, who presides over the dainty contents of the barrow, is he not the very impersonation of a self-sufficient, low-bred, insolent subordinate? It is this parable-like character which adds so much to the charm of many of Landseer's pictures. We gaze at exquisitely painted portraits of the brute creation, but behind the dogs and horses and monkeys we seem to see ourselves, and each picture appears to say to the spectator, "*De te fabula narratur.*"

SOME NEW BOOKS.

IN compliance with numerous requests from distant readers, who are at a loss to know what books they may safely choose for family reading, we propose to make occasional mention of new publications that may be commended for the home circle. Books of pernicious tendency will be passed by in silence, as we do not care to further their notoriety even by censure, or to pander to that morbid curiosity which is always ready to seek what is deemed objectionable by others under the pretext of judging for itself. The usefulness of discriminating criticism to persons in the country, who are unable to examine the contents of bookstores, and who see few papers, is illustrated by an anecdote told by a publisher of judgment and taste, who received an order by mail for a hundred dollars' worth of books for a village library, among which were specified the works of a fourth-rate sensational novelist. As these numbered over forty volumes, and would consume half the money sent, he wrote suggesting the substitution for this trash of the writings of George Eliot, Dickens, Thackeray, Hawthorne, or some other standard novelist. The trustee who had ordered the books returned a grateful reply, accepting his amendment, and saying that he had never read a novel in his life, but finding that some light reading was required, he had mentioned the only writer of fiction whose name he chanced to remember.

One of the most fascinating wonder-books since the famous *Swiss Family Robinson* is *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea*, by JULES VERNE (Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.). The reader is transported by a sort of marine Monte Cristo through a thousand breathless adventures, and meanwhile gains a good deal of useful information about the wonders of the deep. The story is so plausible, even in its wildest details, that one hardly realizes where fact begins and fancy ends—a fault that is common to this kind of literature, which is apt to confuse truth with error. To be safe, it should be followed by ELISÉE RÉCLUS's great work on *The Ocean* (Harper & Brothers), which is both readable and true, and which is well calculated to satisfy the curiosity aroused by Verne's extravaganza. This book is one of the most valuable contributions to popular science that we have seen, and is an exhaustive history of the sea in all its phases, its currents, tides, storms, winds, climates, and inhabitants, from the huge sea-monsters to the industrious zoophytes that spend millions of years in the building up of continents, and that are continually changing the face of the globe by their persevering labor. RÉCLUS's *Earth*, and FLAMMARION'S *Atmosphere*, both published by Harper & Brothers, and all sumptuously illustrated, complete the story of the entire globe. The latter, which has been much improved by the careful editing of the distinguished meteorologist, Mr. Glaisher, and which is enriched with a number of fine chromo-lithographs, is full of curious details concerning the air we breathe, but of which beyond this we know comparatively little. It is an interesting fact that the highest altitude yet reached by man—in Thibet, by the brothers Schlagintweit—is 24,339 feet. The highest inhabited spot in the world is the Buddhist cloister of Hanle, in Thibet, where a score of priests live at the great height of 16,500 feet; while the monastery of St. Bernard, at the height of 8117 feet, is the loftiest dwelling-place in Europe. The subject is treated in a popular and singularly comprehensive manner, embracing the most recent discoveries and theories respecting the atmosphere and its phenomena—mirages, borealises, meteors, and those marvelous showers of blood, earth, plants, frogs, fish, and animals, which were wont of old to fill populations with dismay, but which science has resolved into purely natural occurrences.

The Story of the Earth and Man, by J. W. DAWSON (Harper & Brothers), is a simple and lucid treatise on the geologic history of the earth, and the changes which its structure has undergone, from the time that it emerged from chaos until it became a fit habitation for man. The author is a resident of Canada, and has given special attention to the geology of North America. He is conservative in his tendencies, opposes Darwinism, and makes it his aim to let science go hand in hand with revelation.

We are glad to see a new edition of *The Girlhood of Shakspeare's Heroines*, by MARY COWDEN CLARKE (G. P. Putnam's Sons), which was published a score of years ago, but which has long been out of print. This reconstruction of the girl from the pen portrait of the woman is a curious process of the imagination, which reminds us of the complete fossils that naturalists build up from a few bones of extinct animals. But Mrs. Clarke is a specialist in the Shakspearean domain, and her youthful Isabella, Katherine and Bianca, Ophelia, Rosalind and Celia, and Juliet, are certainly very plausible psychological creations.

Outlines of Men, Women, and Things, by MARY CLEMMER AMES (Hurd & Houghton), is a collection of breezy articles which have appeared in the *Independent*, and are now published in book form. Mrs. Ames is a fresh, graphic writer, whose pen is generally just, and always pure. Her "Memorial" and "Last Poems" of Alice and Phœbe Cary are sure to keep green the memory of these poet sisters and friends, who loved in their lives, and in their deaths were not divided, and whose story is a parallel to the ladies of Llangollen. Several of the poems thus collected were first printed in the *Bazar*.

Health and its Conditions, by JAMES HINTON (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a rather didactic treatise on physiological laws. A more readable book on the subject is the *Bazar Book of Health* (Harper & Brothers), which is a collection of papers, by an able physician, that have appeared from time to time in the *Bazar*.

The Best Reading (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is an admirable analytical catalogue of standard works, with the size and price appended, which will be of real service to book-buyers. We note some trifling errors, but not of importance enough to impair its utility.

Sub-Tropical Rambles in the Land of the Aphanapteryx, by NICHOLAS PIKE (Harper & Brothers), seems like a conundrum at first sight to the unscientific reader, who may not chance to remember that this gigantic but now extinct bird, coeval with the more famed but not less remarkable dodo, roamed the island of Mauritius in the prehistoric ages. He would sooner recognize it as the land of Paul and Virginia, for it is through the idyl of Bernardin St. Pierre that the picturesque African island is best known to the public at large. It is true that the bird had a veritable existence, while the story of the lovers is based on the slender foundation of the betrothed pair who were washed ashore in each other's arms from the wreck of the *St. Geran*, in 1744. Few lands have remained more entirely unwritten than the Mauritius, rich as it is in every thing that could interest the geologist and naturalist. Though it is but a speck on the chart, its surface is diversified with high mountains and deep valleys, cataracts, extinct volcanoes, rock spouts, and natural bridges; its coasts swarm with curious fish and corals, and its soil teems with rare tropical flowers and plants. It has, however, been little visited, and, strange to say, during the last century not a book has appeared concerning it until the present volume. It is therefore a matter of congratulation that Mr. Pike should have employed his leisure while consul there in making extensive explorations, and giving the result to the public. It is true that he does not tell us much about the aphanapteryx after the title-page, reserving the description of the bird for a future volume; but by way of compensation he furnishes interesting details concerning the existing fauna and flora, and the history of the island. The book is written in an unpretending, colloquial style, and is full of really interesting information concerning a country which piques our curiosity.

The Land of Moab, by H. B. TRISTRAM (Harper & Brothers), is a graphic narrative of an expedition undertaken last year, under the auspices of the British Association, for the purpose of exploring a comparatively unknown region, concerning which curiosity had been aroused by the discovery of the Moabitish Stone. This country of the Gentiles, of which mention is so often made in Scripture history, is inhabited only by a few wandering and hostile tribes of Arabs, who prey on travelers, and oppose their progress in every way. The expedition accomplished its object successfully, through many obstacles, and not only made a topographical survey of the country, but also discovered many curious sites, among others the scene of John the Baptist's imprisonment and martyrdom, the city of Zoar, a palace of Chosroes, and many other antiquities calculated to cast light on Scriptural narrative. The book is handsomely illustrated, and its descriptions of Eastern manners and customs are particularly interesting.

The new novels are numerous and interesting. *Quixstar* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) will disappoint those who remember *Blindpits* by the same author. It has some well-drawn characters, however, though the plot is deficient in interest.—*The Cross of Berny* (Porter & Coates), a composite novel by Madame DE GIRARDIN, THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, JULES SANDEAU, and MÉRY, is one of those psychological studies in which the French delight, though the plot resembles *Ernani* too much to be original, the main difference being that while in the latter the hero is slain on his wedding-day by his rival, in the former he is allowed a week of felicity before falling a prey to revenge.—*Miss Dorothy's Charge*, by FRANK LEE BENEDICT (Harper & Brothers), is a capital novel by a favorite writer. The plot is highly dramatic, and the Yankee maid-of-all-work, Hetty, who dreams over her dish-washing of being a duchess, and succeeds in her aim, is a truly original character.—*Strangers and Pilgrims* (Harper & Brothers) is one of Miss BRADDON's highest-toned works. This favorite novelist has of late abandoned the melodrama which characterized her earlier writings, without losing the dramatic power to which she owes her popularity.—*Innocent*, by Mrs. OLIPHANT (Harper & Brothers), is a singular story of one of those dwellers in the border land between wisdom and folly whom savages reverence and civilized men scorn. Without being one of the author's best works, it is decidedly above the average novel, and possesses a quiet interest that keeps the reader's attention keenly alive to the last page.—*Little Dorrit*, the ninth volume of the cheap illustrated edition of DICKENS's works, in course of publication by Harper & Brothers, has just appeared. All enterprises should be commended that tend to place the best literature within reach of every purse; and this is one of them. Harper & Brothers are also issuing a library edition of WILKIE COLLINS's novels, in eleven volumes, with a dedication by the author to the American people in memory of his visit to this country.

Matt's Follies (J. R. Osgood & Co.) is an amusing record of the adventures of a "glorious human boy," which will be relished by those who have any knowledge of the genus. The book is completed by several sprightly short stories, one of the best of which, "Tad's Mince-Pie," originally appeared in the *Bazar*.—*The Boy with an Idea*, by Mrs. EILOART (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is another entertaining book of the same class, and serves to show what wholly disguised blessings inventors must be to the companions of their youth. We have always thought that the young Watts and Arkwrights must have been torments to their friends and neighbors.

FOR THE UGLY GIRLS.

No. XXI.

THE Lady's-maid, for thirty years employed in the highest circles of nobility in England and on the Continent, advises the world that she is prepared to give directions for getting up the face in unrivaled fashion. Of course conditions referring to "stamps" are intimated; but I fancy no amount of "stamps" would be considered by the eager inquirer, dissatisfied with her own face, and bent on seeing it at least in a different mask. No woman can be repulsive who has a good complexion, and it is to acquiring this chief quality of beauty that most anxious efforts and inquiries are bent. If she could once secure that creamy face, that skin of imperceptible grain with tint of lilies and roses, or of lily without the rose, as many ardent admirers of pale faces prefer, young Fausta thinks that the glances of gallants might linger not ill pleased upon her, and that they might stay near her long enough to know the charms of her good temper and abundant hair, which, as it is, are quite negatived by rough cheeks and a nose with holes all over its skin. I would not take the wager against the chance of there being women ready to flay themselves, provided they could come to life with a matchless complexion thereby. I am quite certain there are some who would flay other women to gain themselves smooth, snowy flesh. Remember the cruel Queen of Hungary—was it not?—by whose order maidens were enticed to her castle and slain, that she might bathe in their blood, which was said to be a specific for renewing one's youth and fairness. She gained the sobriquet of the White Queen by those terrible baths, till a lover, turning horror-stricken from her deadly beauty, gave her a harsher and a truer name, so that she went down with Victoria Colonna to history—white devils both, whose names and whose fames men spat out of their mouths. As cruel work is done to-day by the white hands of beauty, insolent in its strength. When a successful woman wins the lover from another for the moment's triumph, not because she cares for him, and inflicts perhaps a life-long wound on both—certainly on her rival—the cruelty is the same in kind, and less excusable in its degree than the crime of the mad queen.

I thought Emilia one of the most high-minded, as she was the most fascinating, of her sex, till I heard that she had been guilty of the meanness of winning another woman's lover by deliberately setting herself to captivate him. He would have made the happiness of a tender-natured, solitary girl, and have found the peace of his life in her absorbing devotion, if that fatal wily face had not too persistently wiled him to itself. When the yellow leaves fell, and there was a woman weeping hot tears of desertion in her solitary chamber, and a man balancing his world against one smile of the brown-eyed enchantress, and finding it lost without gaining the smile, Emilia counted her work well done. Too well; for before the next autumn Nemesis was upon her. The cheated lover was a friend of the man to win whom Emilia would have sacrificed every other admiration. In the single confidence he allowed himself this man took part, and the heartlessness revealed lost her a prize she had well-nigh won with her sweetest flatteries. There is, or should be, conscience even in the coquetries of women, and there is no gainsaying the retribution that follows them. And if this page helps any Emilia to another charm, I write it willingly, knowing she will forge of it only a weapon for her own wounding at last. Was there ever a coquette who was a happy woman?

But the Lady's-maid, priestess of the rites before conquest, sends a harmless, closely written missive on primrose-tinted paper, written in a hand that is no bad specimen of the fashionable angular writing supposed to belong to the Cholmondelys and Villarses of those highest circles round which is drawn the cordon of the *Morning Post*. Composition and spelling are correct, and it was doubtful if the letter was the genuine production of the Lady's-maid till it developed a powerful odor of musk, which astonished the owner on opening the drawer where it was kept. Nevertheless, she gives very good advice for making the skin smooth, soft, and white. Attention, ladies:

Take two table-spoonfuls of fine oatmeal, boil it in sufficient soft water to make a thin gruel, and strain. When cold, add the juice of a lemon, with a dessert-spoonful of wine. Keep this for use, making it fresh once in about ten days. Wash the face with it every night on going to bed. Do not wipe the lotion entirely off, but leave the face quite damp. In the morning wash it in tepid water, with a little oatmeal stirred in, about a table-spoonful to the quart. When dry, put thinly on a little glycerine cold-cream; let it remain on a few minutes, then wash off in the oatmeal and water, well dry the face, and rub on the Lady's-maid's incomparable white tablet, prepared from a prescription procured in Paris, perfectly pleasant, harmless, and beautiful, which, as it is inexpensive, will be sent in quantity for a twelvemonth's use for something like four dollars.

This is the way such mysterious directions for getting up the face invariably end. But premising that the incomparable tablets can be nothing but very fine prepared chalk, which can be had at lower rates than those mentioned, we will read farther, and lending ourselves to the delusion for once, learn the skillful way of applying powder:

Rub the white tablet on the face, says this authority, as much as you please with a piece of short swan's-down, which is better to keep for the purpose; nicely rub it in, which will be done in a minute or two. The face will then look lovely white, and the neck and hands may be made white in exactly the same way. To tint the cheek, use the pure extract of China rose leaf, in powder. This will produce a pretty pink and natural bloom which nothing else will equal. In making it up, with the finger put a very little on the cheek; then, with a small camel's-hair brush cut short and stumpy, brush gently over the cheek to blend the color and set it fast. When nicely done, it will surpass any thing of the kind ever used; the shade is not deep, but is natural and beautiful. It will be as fresh and nice at the end of twenty-four hours as when first done. A warm or crowded assembly will have no effect upon the face. Nothing but soap and water will remove it. She strongly advises palm soap for washing, there being no other kind to equal it. The powder should be washed off every night, and the oatmeal used. By the regular application of this wash for a little while, say from two to six weeks, the face will become soft and smooth, and keep free from peeling, or any unpleasant roughness caused by sun and wind. Washing the hands at night in the oatmeal lotion, and sleeping in dog-skin gloves, is a very good thing for making them elastic, soft, and white. If the hands are inclined to redness, this will wonderfully improve them.

Now for the farther mysteries of the toilette which this Lady's-maid has to communicate: For the eyes, take a very fine hair-pencil, and apply to the upper and under eyelash a little belladonna. This, in the course of an hour, will cause the pupil of the eye to look large and very brilliant. It is the only thing that will really embellish the eye, and the smallest drop will give the most clear and sparkling brightness. And, it may be added, an overdose or too large a drop of belladonna will not only cause the pupil of the eye to look large and brilliant, but will leave it so—with the sight gone forever. But let us listen to the particularly considerate peroration of the Lady's-maid's letter:

"I can with all confidence say, when the face is got up with these things, it will have a beautiful and natural appearance, not to be detected by the closest observer. Neither will any of these things have the slightest injurious effect in any way (?). Knowing these are delicate matters to ask for, particularly belladonna, I shall be most happy to oblige you with them, which, if they are not decidedly refused, are often supplied so poor that they do not produce the desired effect. Gentlemen sometimes have a fancy for darkening the eyebrows and eyelashes, which on almost every face has a very pretty effect, being the means of setting off the complexion to great advantage. For these purposes I have nice preparations, very easy to use, which will not stain the skin."

Excellent woman! Not content with improving the complexion of her own sex, she is also willing to aid in making the other still more irresistible. To this end she will furnish all manner of dyes, hair-restorers, corn-plasters, swan's-down, and China rose-leaf powder, with particular attention paid to the packing, "so as to be safe and free from observation." If any thing could take away the vulgarity of paint and powder, it would be a free and unembarrassed use of them, even to the frankness with which Spanish girls display their cascarilla and carmine. It is with slightly contemptuous glance we ladies see a flushed belle enter the dressing-room after a dance at a public ball, and seizing an instant when she fancies every body is looking the other way, snatch the swan's-down puff from the bosom of her bodice where she carries it, and give furtive passes over her cheeks, turning away with a vain effort for unconsciousness that makes the flush warmer than it ought to be. Better that a lady should walk calmly up to the great glass and renew her complexion with cool care, secure in her right to be so foolish if she pleases, and the knowledge that every body else about her does the same. It is better not to powder and paint, but if these things are used, let them be artistically applied, and their presence neither obtruded nor denied.

The oatmeal wash for softening the face, the cold bath and open-air walk to brighten the eye, with coarse food and fruits to refine the complexion, are the best cosmetics in the world. By their means a face is made up to be as lovely at eight in the morning as at eleven at night, and as bewitching at fourscore as at nineteen. They were the secrets of the oldest beauties, whose exploits were famous when they were old enough to be grandmothers and great-grandmothers. If a lady has lost color and sparkle through fatigue

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or ill health, there are ways of simulating charms without recourse to poisons. But these ways and means will form the burden of another chapter.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THERE is still no change of importance in the fashions, though every style is worn according to taste—polonaises, double skirts, short dresses, demi-trains, full trains, vests, basque-waists (single and double breasted), pointed waists for evening, and round waists with buckled belts; paletots, vest-polonaises, long casaques, talmas, and mantelets; in short, there is but one thing that is not seen, namely, shawls, and consequently it may be safely predicted that at the first radical change that takes place in the fashions, shawls will be resumed with eagerness. At present they are tolerated rather than adopted; they are thrown on as a protection against the changes of atmosphere, which the wearer apologizes for, and is anxious to abandon at the first opportunity. Young girls and youthful married ladies will wear plaid shawls this winter for négligé toilettes, folded through the middle, and passed scarf-wise across the shoulders, the ends being crossed in front, or carried again to the back, and fastened with a shawl-pin. This arrangement will be convenient in some cases, especially when there is no wrapping like the polonaise or over-skirt that is worn over a velveteen skirt.

Velvet will be pre-eminently the fashionable material of the winter. It is manufactured in an inconceivable variety of styles. I have recently seen samples of pieces selected by Worth for winter toilettes. Besides silk velvets and velveteens, plain, but of the most singular shades, there were figured, printed, and stamped velvets, and still other kinds. Some of these samples had a ground of black faille with damask designs (large running figures) of black raised velvet. Others were of olive bronze velvet, with very fine, close stripes, alternately velvet and lustreless silk. Still others were of stamped velvet, with a dark blue mottled ground, covered with a damask pattern formed of pale pink flowers and olive green foliage.

Embroidery on wool and silk continues to be much worn; in the first case (on wool) the embroidery is always of silk; in the second (on silk), it is often of wool. This combination is very effective. I should add, however, that this kind of embroidery is always ephemeral, and for this reason, as well as on account of their high price, embroidered costumes remain somewhat exclusive, and are only adopted by those who are very rich, or who do not care to wear the same dresses long. The embroidery most in vogue at this moment is wreaths of flowers embroidered in their natural colors—roses, daisies, or fuchsias. It is very expensive, and, to my taste, very ugly. A prettier and more stylish kind is embroidery of the same or a lighter shade than the dress.

Elegant toilettes are composed of silk and cashmere, the former being used for the skirt, and the latter for the over-skirt or polonaise. For still more costly dresses silk and poplin are used, the latter taking the place of the cashmere.

I saw a charming costume lately made of two old dresses, one of black alpaca, and the other of black faille, with a little light blue cashmere. The alpaca dress was converted into a skirt, and entirely hidden by alternate bias folds of black faille and blue cashmere. Basque-waist of black faille, simply trimmed with a blue cashmere fold. A blue cashmere scarf encircled the waist, and was tied first under the right arm and then a little lower down in simple knots without loops or ends. This combination can be varied infinitely by substituting muslin de laine for the cashmere, which is somewhat heavy. Violet is chosen for half mourning or for elderly persons, and pink for evening dresses, and for young girls or children; or two shades may be used. I have mentioned this dress because it is one of the few that ally real elegance to economy.

Small fichus of light-colored crêpe de Chine, trimmed with crimped fringe, are much worn with square-necked or heart-shaped dresses. Lamballe scarfs are also made of the same crêpe de Chine, likewise trimmed with crimped fringe, to be worn over high dresses. The favorite trimming for the necks of dresses is a ruche of white silk tulle, laid in narrow pleats, and set on narrow open-work insertion, set inside the dress. A narrow black ribbon run through the ruche serves to tighten or loosen it at pleasure. On the dress itself is sewed a ruche of silk or crêpe de Chine of the same color as the material, or else a contrasting shade, and edged with white lace. The ends of the trimming are concealed under a bow of white lace and colored ribbon or crêpe de Chine. The under-sleeves are composed of a very deep box-pleated flounce of white silk tulle, edged with insertion and lace.

I can not yet speak at length of ball dresses; nevertheless I have just had the good fortune to see a trousseau prepared for a château where a wedding is to be celebrated next month. On this occasion a compromise will be made between ancient and modern usages, and a large ball will be given on the night before the marriage. The bride's last toilette as a young girl, which is singularly handsome, consists of a very long skirt of pale pink silk, trimmed with a deep flounce on the edge of the tablier, and three flounces on the other breadths. All the flounces are of white silk gauzy grenadine, surmounted with a roll of velvet of a deeper shade of pink than the skirt. Over-skirt of the same white silk grenadine, formed entirely of lengthwise puffs, with rolls of pink velvet between the puffs, on which are set small bows of the same velvet, without ends, at intervals. The three back breadths are terminated by several long loops and ends of pink velvet. Low-necked waist, edged with a Medicis collarette of white tulle; these collarettes are composed of large pleats, which are held upright by means of fine iron wires. Very short puffed sleeves, with long over-sleeves, known as wings, set on the waist just behind the arms, toward the back. Wreath of white clematis in the hair. The waist is pointed sharp in front, and somewhat rounded behind.

The bridal dress is of regal simplicity. I use the word advisedly, for at present simplicity is found only among the highest ranks. The Faubourg St. Germain, the aristocratic quarter of Paris, dresses infinitely more simply than the Faubourg St. Honoré, the quarter of the newly enriched. The dress in question is of white faille, with very wide stripes of épinglé velvet, and without trimming of any kind. The skirt is extremely long. The *moyen-âge* corsage is high and plain, and extends over the hips. Under the waist is fastened an aumônière of white velvet with a gilt clasp.

For coiffures and trimmings of dresses and bonnets new effects are still procured by the combination of different colors and shades. A multitude of reversible ribbons are manufactured for the coming winter, with one side black, and the other blue, pink, or violet; or else of velvet on one side and satin on the other; or of pale olive or any other color on one side, and the other of a darker shade. These ribbons are worn sometimes with one surface outside and sometimes the other, at pleasure. Bonnets, which unhappily are still very high, will be almost always lined with a different color from the outside, and will be trimmed almost exclusively with feathers or ribbon, and not with winter flowers. Some of these long curled feathers fall backward like the horse's tail on a French cuirassier's helmet.

Numerous felt bonnets are in preparation which are designed for demi-négligé toilettes. Velvet or felt will be the alternative for the winter bonnets; no others are made, and it will be necessary to choose one or the other, unless one takes both.

As regards woolen fabrics, what will be worn most this winter is diagonal vigogne—that is, with a fine and almost invisible bias thread.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Little Kate Kirby," "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," etc., etc.

Book the First.

REUBEN CULWICK.

CHAPTER XIV.

SIGNOR VIZZOBINI.

THE Saxe-Gotha Gardens were not doing well. Even the re-engagement of Signor Vizzobini had not aroused the locality to enthusiasm. The people had grown tired of the Saxe-Gotha, and even the orders were slow in coming in; the dancing license had been suspended that season also, and the patrons and patronesses of the gardens found it dreary work promenading round the refreshment shed, and the stone boy with the everlasting squirt.

It was a terribly dull evening, even for the Saxe-Gotha, Reuben Culwick discovered, when he had entered for the second time on what the programme informed him was a fairy tableau of surpassing brilliancy and splendor; seen under the aspect of a damp and drizzling night, the brilliancy was impaired and the splendor was nowhere. The orders, that had been most freely circulated in the neighborhood, in the hope that free admissions would drink a little when they did come, had not responded gratefully to the invitation; and there was but a sparse representation of humanity, which huddled itself under the broad eaves of the shed, and stared dismally at the wet trees opposite. The lamps had not been all lighted, after the proprietor had discovered that the receipts at the doors would not cover the consumption of oil and candles; but the band, that was paid by the week, was permitted to play on along with the fountain, which, as the collector of water-rates had threatened to cut off the supply in a day or two, was going it most vigorously.

It was a more respectable evening than ordinary, owing to the scanty attendance. The immense army of the disreputables haunting the shady corners of South London was shy of the open air when rain was falling—uncleanness and squalor hated getting wet, and found a difficulty in getting dry again, with no change of clothes to speak of; hence a few specimens of honest indigence, yearning for any contrast to close alleys and fetid rooms, had found their way to Hope Street. It had been announced as a juvenile night also, with the fire-works at an early hour; and a few intrepid mothers had brought babies in arms and young children to the spectacle, and were indignant at the announcement, written in text-hand, and affixed with red wafers to the trunk of a tree, that "in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, the pyrotechnic display by Mr. Jennings is postponed till the next gala night." Still there was music in the orchestra, and Signor Vizzobini would appear in due course; and what there was of audience—Mr. Splud, lessee, counted fifty-two with the babies in arms—kept to the shelter of the lilac bushes or the refreshment shed, or dragged their adventurous way through the puddles lying in the paths.

Reuben Culwick stood under a shady tree, smoking. With a pipe in his mouth, an old blue Scotch cap drawn down to his eyebrows, and a water-proof coat, with its shiny collar turned up to his ears, he looked more in tone with the assemblage than he had done on the occasion of his extempore visit two nights since. He had a hope that in this guise he should not attract any notice; but although he evaded a portion of it, there were curious eyes fixed on him now and then, and one mind perplexed by his appearance.

That one mind, represented by no less a personage than the lessee himself, directed its particular attention to him about a quarter to nine o'clock. Mr. Splud had given up expecting a further influx of company by that time, and had put his head gardener—he had one gardener and a little boy to attend to the grounds during the season—at the pay-office, while he mixed in a friendly way with the company. He was a tall, lank man, with sandy hair, and a melancholy aspect: keeping gardens open under difficulties had quenched every atom of cheerfulness in him. He had two bead-like eyes, which he had a habit of rolling into their corners and looking out of them sidewise at the object which he desired to inspect, that gave him a somewhat sly appearance also; and this was remarkable as he took his stand under the tree where Reuben was, and smoked and expectorated as vehemently as if he had a match against time on.

"This is a bad night for our business, Sir," he said at last.

Reuben had anticipated that the proprietor would burst into conversation, and was disposed to encourage it.

"So I should think," answered Reuben.

"Rain always keeps the people away: no matter what you offer them in the way of attraction, they won't come, Sir."

"No—they evidently won't come," echoed Reuben.

"You must not take this evening, or the last evening on which you favored us," said the proprietor, startling Reuben a little by the remark, "as a sample of the general style of patronage we get."

"No?" said Reuben, interrogatively.

"I have known fifty thousand people here."

"That's a very fair number, I should say," Reuben remarked, dryly.

"Yes, pretty fair; but we ought to have them. It's a nice, cool place."

Reuben was shivering to the marrow, and instantly agreed with him.

"And where are the people to go, if they don't come here?" asked Mr. Splud.

Reuben could not imagine. He had never thought of that.

"People in this part of London, I mean," he added, more modestly, "although we have hundreds of West End swells, who come to look about them, like yourself, Sir."

Here the eyes remained so long in the corners nearest to Reuben that Reuben was afraid that Mr. Splud's vision had become permanently fixed.

"Unless you are looking for any body in particular—as may be the case, you know—and perhaps I can help you," suggested Mr. Splud.

"Thank you," said Reuben.

There was a long pause, and then the proprietor said, slowly,

"In the police, I think?"

"No—not in the police."

"You haven't come from Blater's, I suppose?"

No—Reuben had not come from Blater's, though who Blater was he was never curious enough to inquire. Probably some one who had lent Mr. Splud money or goods, for a sigh of relief struggled from the lessee's narrow chest.

"Because I have seen you somewhere, and that is what bothers me a bit," said Mr. Splud, by way of explanation and apology for his numerous questions.

Reuben did not tell him that he was lodging next door but one, and that they had passed each other in the street with tolerable frequency; but the idea had suggested itself to put a few questions on his own account, and even to throw an air of mystery, even a detective policeman's air of mystery, over his inquiries, when a third person, smoking a short pipe, joined them. The new-comer was a small spare man, in a long seedy great-coat, with big horn buttons, extending from his chin to his heels, and who wore a dirty yellow handkerchief tied loosely round his throat. He was a man of an unearthly pallor, and pitted so deeply with small-pox that one wondered how he had ever struggled out of the disease alive. It was an unpleasant face to regard closely, and the red ferrety eyelids, and the small sunken black eyes, did not redeem in any way the general ugliness of the new-comer. He came up with his hands and half his arms thrust in the side pockets of his coat, and talked to Mr. Splud, with his little eyes regarding Reuben Culwick from their corners in the lessee's own peculiar way.

"You don't want me to-night, I suppose?" he said to the proprietor.

"Yes, I do want you."

"What for?"

"Because I pay you," said Mr. Splud, sharply. "You don't want your money next Saturday, I suppose?" he asked, with so much biting sarcasm in the question that he showed every yellow tooth in his head—and uncommonly yellow they all were—at the gentleman whom he addressed.

"Yes, I do—and I'll take care I get it," said the other, far from civilly, "along with last week's."

"Well, I wish you *may* get it—but you'll have to do your work for it."

"What's the use of dressing up, and a-performing in the blessed rain"—he did not call it blessed rain, however—"before nobody. There's nobody here, there's nobody coming—and it's a beastly shame on me."

"The gardens are open—the public expects to be amused," said the lessee, grandiloquently, "and it is not the mission of Samuel Splud to break faith with the public. If there were only one child in the gardens on this unfortunate juvenile evening, and that child were fast asleep and clasped to the fond bosom of its mother, I would carry out the programme in its entirety, or perish in the attempt to do my duty to my patrons. It is the knowledge that I keep faith with the public that renders the Saxe-Gotha the most popular place of recreation on this side of the Thames."

The man marked with the small-pox opened his mouth in amazement at this long address, and turned suddenly to Reuben at its conclusion.

"You're going to take the crib off of his hands, I see—buy him out, and his good-will and fixtures and all?"

Mr. Splud appeared to be annoyed at this, and said,

"If the gentleman has any idea of that kind, he will talk to me, not you."

"I have no idea of purchase," said Reuben; "and if I have the honor of addressing Signor Vizzobini, I may add that I have come here this evening expressly to witness his performance."

"Have you, though?" said the acrobat, once more surprised, and in an extraordinary degree, by this explanation. "Good Lord!"

"You may well be astonished. I am," said Mr. Splud, solemnly again.

"Well, if you can't let a fellow off, I'll go and dress," said Vizzobini; and after another sharp glance at our hero, he walked away in deep thought.

"I think you said that you were *not* in the police, Sir?" said Mr. Splud, with great urbanity.

"Certainly not."

"The same idea has suggested itself to my employé, at all events, and you have rendered him extremely uncomfortable, but it serves him right. He's an ill-tempered, hateful, insolent cur, and, Heaven be praised, next Saturday sees the last of him."

"He will leave the gardens, perhaps?"

"I wish he would. It would be breach of contract, and I should not pay him a farthing."

Reuben moved toward the entrance gates, and Mr. Splud laughed for the first time—laughed so heartily that it was evident that it was only bad luck that kept his spirits at zero.

"Oh, not in the police at all—certainly not," he said, knowingly; "but you need not be afraid of losing your man. He has gone into the room under the orchestra to dress."

Reuben returned to his place beneath the tree, and Mr. Splud once more joined him.

"What's the case—murder or burglary or petty theft? They are all three in his line, I fancy."

"Do you know any thing of him?"

"Only that he is a vagabond not up to his work," said Mr. Splud. "I took him by advertisement, on the faith of his recommendations, which I firmly believe now are forgeries. He has fallen off three times this week, and if he breaks his neck one of these fine days, it will be a happy release to the profession. I sha'n't go into superfine black for him myself," he added, vindictively.

"Why did you re-engage him?"

"I didn't, Sir. It was all in the first contract—only it became necessary to puff him. Fancy a man of my attainments reduced to puffing that brute!" and here a real tear made its appearance at one of the favorite corners of his eyes, and trickled forlornly down his cheek.

"I haven't been used to this kind of thing," said Mr. Splud, by way of apology for his weakness; "I have been in a large way of theatrical business—real horses—legitimate drama—over the water, Sir."

"What is that man's real name?" asked Reuben.

"I haven't the slightest idea; Jack Sheppard, perhaps."

"You know his address, surely?"

"Oh yes. No. 2 Potter's Court, Walworth Road."

"Thank you. Good-night."

Reuben Culwick was gone. Even Signor Vizzobini observed it when he was sitting astride an uncomfortably wet rope, with the rain pouring on his fleshings and spangles, and the band wheezing out its melancholy old waltz. Signor Vizzobini looked down at the lamps and scanty audience, and at the lessee standing opposite sneering at him; but of the stranger, lured to the Saxe-Gotha by the report of his abilities, there was not a sign. Vizzobini's feelings were hurt, for he muttered, "What a liar!" before commencing his performance, which he hurried through in such indecent haste that Mr. Splud was more than ever disgusted with his contract with him.

CHAPTER XV.

FOUND.

No. 2 Potter's Court, Walworth Road, was somewhat difficult to find; but, by aid of a few inquiries from the police, Reuben Culwick discovered it among a nest of little streets half-way toward the Elephant and Castle.

Potter's Court was not a cheerful thoroughfare at that time of night, and it required a fair amount of nerve—which our hero did not lack, however—to descend three or four broken steps at the entrance, and dive into the darkness that stretched beyond them.

The gas-light at the top of the steps, down which the indiscreet traveler and the tipsy tenant of Potter's Court were continually floundering, shed but little light upon the first few yards of the way, and was of no service at the extremity of the passage, where, it was rumored, murder had been done once, with no one the wiser till the morning.

Potter's Court, Walworth Road, bore an ugly name, and its lank, dingy tenements were full of "ugly customers." There were all degrees of ugliness—the hideous and variable ugliness of

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crime—in Potter's Court, and but a few specimens of honest industry, or of poverty rendered respectable or heroic by its struggle to keep out of the work-house. The "dangerous classes" had the place pretty well to themselves, and were called for frequently by enterprising gentlemen with numbers on their collars; it was a thoroughfare with a brand upon it—a jungle where the wild beasts of the streets herded together, and shunned the light after the habits of their kind.

Reuben Culwick knew nothing of Potter's Court; but he muttered, "Poor Sarah!" as he went down the cavernous entry in search of No. 2.

There were several lodging-houses in the court, with "Beds, Threepence per Night," written over the front-door, although the hour was too late to read the inscriptions; but No. 2 was a private house in its way, with a family on each floor, and the door left open for the convenience of the tenants' ingress and egress, like a house in a Glasgow close.

Reuben knocked at the parlor door with the handle of his stick, and a grim-looking individual in his shirt sleeves answered the appeal, and stood with a light in his hand glaring at the intruder.

"What's up?" he said, in not too civil a style of address.

"Does a Mr. Eastbell live here?"

"Don't think he does."

"Do you know a Mr. Vizzobini?" said Reuben, suddenly recollecting himself, and thinking also that, for reasons too numerous to mention, Thomas Eastbell, late of Worcester, might have arrived in London incognito.

"Fitser—who?"

"He performs at the Saxe-Gotha Gardens on the slack rope," Reuben explained still further.

"Oh! that bloke," said the parlor floor, disparagingly; "top of the 'ouse—front-room."

"Thank you."

The man slammed the door upon our hero, and did not wait for his thanks; but as Reuben went up the dark stairs, it is worthy of remark that he came softly into the passage again, and stood there listening to the firm, regular tread of him who ascended thus fearlessly. When the footsteps were echoing up the second flight, the man put his head into the court, looked steadily along its whole length to the dingy lamp at the top of the distant steps, and then drew back into the shadow again.

"Cheek!" he muttered; "a friend, or information received?—Here, Pincher."

Pincher, a wiry little terrier that in the darkness might have passed for a rat, dashed from the room at his master's call, and, as if trained to the business—and it was highly probable that he was—darted up stairs with a rattling, scuffling noise, passed Reuben, and commenced barking vociferously when it had reached the top landing, where Reuben presently followed, with his hand clutching carefully at his stick, prepared to brain Pincher on the spot should it make a sally at his lower extremities. But the animal was content to sit on its hind-legs, and bark and howl and shriek, like a dog in a rat-trap, or under the wheel of a wagon.

Reuben reached the front-room door with his stick, and rapped gently but emphatically against the panel. The dog ceased barking when he had knocked, and went scuffling to the bottom of the stairs again, where his master picked him up by the nape of the neck, and carried him indoors.

Meanwhile Reuben, after waiting patiently for a reply to his summons, knocked again.

"Who's there?" said a faint, weak voice, which Reuben did not recognize.

"A friend."

"We've no friends here."

"I come from the Saxe-Gotha."

"From Tom?"

"Yes."

"Oh!"

The door was cautiously opened, and there streamed through the aperture, through which a woman's face was peering—white and wan and pinched—a rush of hot air as from a furnace mouth.

"Is he locked up?" said the woman, somewhat apathetically.

"No. He will be back presently, I think."

"I thought he was locked up. Do you want to come in?"

"Yes."

"Come in if you like, then—we don't charge any more," said the woman, with a sombre flippancy that sat particularly ill upon her, and which was followed by a fit of coughing that seemed more natural to the miserable appearance she presented.

The woman, who wore no boots, glided back noiselessly to the side of a big fire that was blazing inappropriately in the grate that summer night, sat down in the chair she had quitted, and leaned her head against the wall like a woman tired out.

But it was not her at which he gazed so intently as at the figure of a girl in a striped cotton dress who lay face-foremost on the patchwork counterpane of the bed, and whose face was hidden by her hands. It was a figure of despair that thrilled him; it was surely Second-cousin Sarah cowering from him in that hour of her discovery.

The woman, with her head against the wall, observed the intent gaze of Reuben in the direction of the prostrate girl.

"She's asleep; you need not mind her."

"Are you sure?"

"As sure as I'm a living woman, or a living skeleton. She's been like that for hours, the silly."

"Why silly?"

"Because she— Here, I say, what's your message?" asked the woman, putting a sudden check upon her volubility; "what have you got to say about Tom, and what has Tom to say?"

"Are you Tom's wife?"

"Yes, I am."

"And that's Tom's sister?"

"What of it?" was the rejoinder.

"From St. Oswald's Almshouses, Worcester?"

"Eh?—yes. You're pat enough with your facts. How did you get them? If you've come for her, I—I—"

Here the woman burst into a second paroxysm of coughing, for the cessation of which Reuben waited patiently, keeping his eyes upon the figure on the bed, and doubtful still if it were sleep that kept Sarah so dumb and passive. It was a violent cough, that of Mrs. Eastbell's, which was rending away all the life that was left in the sufferer, who carried consumption in her every look and fitful breath. The woman struggled and choked for a while, with her thin hands pressed to her side.

"Yours is a bad cough," Reuben said at last.

"There's not much more left of it or me," was the callous answer, "and thank God for it."

"Is not the room too hot for you?"

The woman shook her head.

It was an unhealthy air that the huge fire had burned up, and there was a strange smell of hot metal, for which Reuben could not account, and which the flat-iron on the hob, had it been in the most active service of ironing, could scarcely stand as an excuse for. An extensive plumbing job would have left traces in the atmosphere like unto it, possibly.

"You have come for her," said Mrs. Eastbell, in a husky voice, returning once more to the subject which had brought on her paroxysm of coughing; "but you can't prove nothing."

bed now, with her big dark eyes regarding the speaker, and her hands clasped together tightly.

"It is too late," she muttered.

"I hope not."

"Oh yes," she replied, with grim confidence in her assertion, "by a long sight. Ah! when I saw you last, I did not think that it would come to this, Sir—that I should have to run away from grandmother. I felt so strong. I was sure that I should grow stronger as I got to be more of a woman; and see now where I am. O my God, see now!" cried Sarah Eastbell, with a sudden passion, as she raised her hands above her head, in angry protest against her own ill fate.

"I don't see what's the use of shrieking out like that," said Mrs. Eastbell, reprovingly; "they'll think down stairs we're a-murdering of you. You came away with Tom of your own accord—didn't you? and Tom and I has taken care of you since, and kept you out of the way of the perlice—hasn't us? This isn't such a sight of complaint to bring against a hard-working couple, is it, Mr. Cutstick?"

"You came to London with your brother?" said Reuben to his cousin.

"What was I to do?" replied the girl; "it was that or the prison, though I wouldn't have cared for the prison so very much, only they would have called at the almshouses and taken me away from that poor old woman, who would have thought the worst of me forever afterward."

"I don't think that she would."

"I have told her so many lies," said Sarah, moodily, "and they would have all come out, and set her against me."

"They were white lies, to keep her mind at rest."

"THE DOOR WAS CAUTIOUSLY OPENED."

Once more had his manner and appearance suggested a detective officer—it was only the policeman who haunted such places as he had seen to-night, and who made himself obtrusive and objectionable.

"Yes, I have come for her, if she'll trust me."

"You're just the chap for the likes of us to trust," said Mrs. Eastbell, ironically, "and poor Sally is sure to be uncommon glad to see you. Not that she'll mind much which way it is, for she's been awful down."

"Indeed! Has she?"

"If it ain't Worcester Prison, it 'll be the Surrey Canal.—Here! hi! Sally!" screamed the woman. "You're fetched, my gal. Here's a cove from Worcester says he wants you partikler."

The girl lying upon the bed sprang up on her hands at once, and glared toward them both, shaking her long black hair from her head as she did so. Her face was flushed with sleep, but the pallor rapidly stole over it as she recognized Reuben Culwick standing by the fire-place observing her.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE APPEAL.

"MR. CULWICK!" Sarah Eastbell whispered to herself.

"Yes, it is I," said Reuben.

"What can you want?" she murmured. "What has made *you* come in search of me?"

"To help you," was the answer; "for I am afraid that you are in bad hands, and I wish to take you from them."

Sarah Eastbell was sitting on the side of the

"Ah! but what a lot of them there were!" said Sarah. "Why, I began to lie for the sake of lying at last, for the sake of brightening her up when she was dull and thoughtful, just as I do now by letter. I used to invent all kinds of— Oh! I can't think of it any more; I can't —I daren't. If I could only die now!"

"Sarah Eastbell, you must come away with me," said Reuben, firmly.

"No," was the reply; "it's only by hiding here that I'm safe. They're after me still—every where," she added, with a shudder.

"Your brother tells you that?"

"I know it for myself too well."

"Did you attempt to pass bad money in Worcester, then?"

"Yes."

"Knowing it to be bad?"

"No, no; I did not know that. Somebody gave it me—I won't say who it was—to get change, and then pay myself what was owing, and—"

"Sarah!" cried Mrs. Eastbell, "the least said about that to this gent the better."

"Come with me to Worcester, and tell the story for yourself," said Reuben. "I will stand by you."

"And see you carried off to jail," said Mrs. Eastbell. "Well, that's pretty nice advice for a man to give a weak young thing like you."

"No, no; let me be, please; what's the use?" muttered Sarah Eastbell. "I must go on as I am—there's no help for me; I'm past your help, Mr. Culwick—though I didn't think you were so good a man as this," she added, with a strange, yearning look toward him, "or that you would take all this trouble, and I'm thankful—very; but to get away from here is to kill the only friend I ever had."

"Your grandmother?"

"Yes."

"She may hear of this at any moment."

"Ay—she may," said Sarah Eastbell, sadly, "and then she will die."

"Have you any idea of what your future life is to be in this place?" asked Reuben.

"I haven't thought much. I can't think," replied his cousin, with a strange helplessness. "I mayn't come to much harm—I don't know."

"Would not any thing be better than remaining?"

"There's no getting away," answered Sarah. "Ask her."

"Tom wouldn't like it," said Mrs. Eastbell, thus appealed to. "Sally's handy."

"And Sally knows too much," added the girl, scornfully; "and if she moved one step away from home—see, this is my home!" she cried, with another exhibition of passion, as she looked round the four walls of the squalid room —"they would tell the police where to find me."

"I wouldn't, Sally," said the woman, raising her head from the wall, and inclining it forward in her self-defense.

"You know who would."

"Ah! I can't answer for him," replied Mrs. Eastbell, leaning her head back again; "when his back's up he don't much mind what he does, certainly, and misfortun' has soured him awful."

"Your husband?" inquired Reuben.

"I don't mention no names," said the woman, with low cunning.

Sarah left the side of the bed and walked to the door, which she opened and listened at.

"I'd go now," she said, anxiously, to Reuben; "it's no use stopping longer—it isn't safe."

Reuben was puzzled at her manner, and perplexed by her stubbornness. Here was a girl in the toils, a woman hemmed in, and who, without money and friends, without hope even, must infallibly give up. She must drift, as he had told Lucy that she would. He felt almost powerless in the matter; and yet she had been an unselfish and honest girl, and might under other circumstances have been so easily saved. There was one more train of reasoning to urge—he could not leave her to her fate without a struggle.

"I saw your grandmother yesterday."

"You did?" exclaimed she—"at Worcester?"

"Yes."

"I hope she was well—that she didn't know any thing?" was her eager questioning.

"No—she lay there just as I saw her weeks ago—very patient, very gentle, and very full of love for you. She was waiting for her granddaughter to come back."

"Ah! if I could!"

"Couldn't she come to you? I don't mean at once," he added, as Sarah recoiled at the suggestion, "but after you had left here and got some situation which might enable you to hire a room for her. A friend of mine has found a situation for you already, and I will be security for your faithful service until they learn to trust you for yourself."

Sarah broke down at last. The thin little hands went up quickly to the face, as he had seen Tots's at home in times of childish tribulation, and she sobbed forth,

"God bless you, Sir; but don't—oh, don't say another word!"

But Reuben Culwick, carried away by his theme, seized his advantage and went on. He had one object in life now—to get Sarah Eastbell from that house.

"Why, you are my cousin," he said, earnestly, "and why shouldn't I help you for your own sake, as well as for the sake of that old woman grieving for you down in Worcester? You can't be worse off in Worcester Prison—say that that's the worst—than in this den."

"No, no—but she would hear of it. I have told you so," she added, peevishly, "or you don't know—you don't see—"

"Sally," said her sister-in-law, slowly and emphatically, "I've been a-thinking it all over."

"Well?" said Sarah Eastbell.

"And if you'd like to go, I'll not blab a single word against you, even if he kills me, and he's often said he would. He mayn't find you out, and if he does he'll think twice about doing you an ill turn. He's not so bad, you know, take him altogether. Go—run away—hook it," exclaimed Mrs. Eastbell, with increasing excitement evidencing itself along with her slangy phraseology, "while there's time!"

Sarah wavered, for she turned quickly to her sister-in-law.

"You—you mean this?"

"Yes."

"You will not tell Tom, or Tom's friends—you will let me pass from this place unwatched—you will give me time to get away?"

"Of course I will."

"I came here of my own free-will, Sir, not knowing where to go in my despair and fright," she said, turning to Reuben; "but, oh! if I could get away again. If you only knew that—"

Her hands fell helplessly to her side, and she went backward step by step to the bedside again, where she sat down with a new horror on her countenance.

The door had opened, and Tom Eastbell, with his long great-coat buttoned round him, was standing in the doorway regarding them. Over his shoulder loomed the forbidding countenance of the man who had met Reuben at the entrance, which, by the jarring and clanging that echoed through the house, was evidently being bolted and barred and locked with a mysterious and suspicious precipitancy.

Reuben Culwick was not greatly dismayed, but there came a strong suspicion to his mind that he was in danger.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JANE H.—The demi-polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 43, Vol. VI., is an excellent model for your black silk suit. Read description of it and suggestions about trimming in New York Fashions of that number.

PLAIN WOMAN.—See "Ugly Girl" papers for directions about the complexion. Glycerine prevents tan when used before going out, and in time its constant use removes it.

OLYMPE.—Add one drop of attar of roses and two of oil of jasmine to each ounce of oil. Glycerine softens and protects the skin.

MINNEHAHA.—Consult a physician for the cure you wish.—Collar and cuff boxes of large size, worked on silver paper with chenille, or on canvas with worsted and beads, are convenient presents to gentlemen.

AUTUMN.—Any thin white varnish will preserve leaves. Apply to the druggist or paint dealer. Press the leaves with a warm iron between sheets of paper, and varnish on both sides.

UGLY DAISY.—Eat much farinaceous food, sugar, and milk, with fat meat and vegetables, and live in the sun. Half a pint of beet juice with one scale of gum-tragacanth boiled in it makes a more lasting color than rouge, but cold water and friction are better still.

BETTY WHITE.—See No. XXV. of "Ugly Girl" papers, to be published.

SUBSCRIBER.—Sponge the nose and gargle the throat before going to bed with a lotion of equal parts of glycerine and rose-water, with ten drops of carbolic acid to the ounce; see that the digestion is good, and keep the head bent forward in sleep as much as possible, to prevent snoring.

BLONDE.—Brushing the hair a great deal will keep it light. The hair is steeped in Champagne to which a little turmeric is added, and suffered to dry in the sun.

LEONIE.—We have not space for a list of the works on skin diseases; but your physician will name them, and will doubtless procure one for you. Carbolic acid in the proportion of twenty drops to the ounce of glycerine will not injure the skin, and is of service in many diseases. Carbolic soap is excellent. Glycerine merely protects the skin; it has no medicinal qualities. We do not purchase and send books.

A READER OF THE BAZAR.—Burke's or Debrett's *Peerage*, which may be found at most of the public libraries, will give you information concerning the coats of arms of noble English families. There is a Heralds' College, we believe, in London, which you might also address on the subject.

L. M.—There are several institutions in New York, we believe, such as the Children's Aid Society, Home for the Friendless, etc., that are glad to place friendless children in good homes in the West. A letter addressed to the secretary of one of these societies, specifying your wishes, and giving references as to your responsibility, will probably receive attention.

L. S. N.—Make your white tarlatan with puffs down the front breadths, separated by pinked ruches of green tarlatan, and flounce the back. Make a puffed basque over a tight lining, and puff the sleeves to the elbow, with ruffles below.

MISS C. S.—The Pompadour bustles are imported by few French modistes, are difficult to get, and cost rom $8 to $12. They are worn with ordinary dress kirts.

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Telegrams to the New York Herald.

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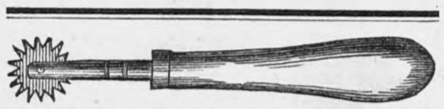
A YOUTH'S PUBLICATION.—For nearly half a century the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, has been published. It was started in 1827, and is to-day one of the brightest and most vigorous papers with which we are acquainted.—[*Com.*]



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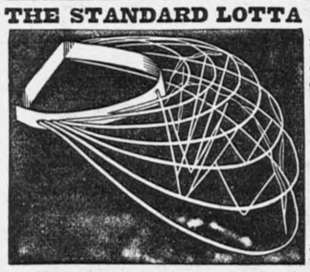

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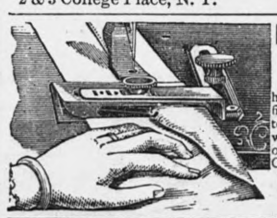

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Vol. VI.

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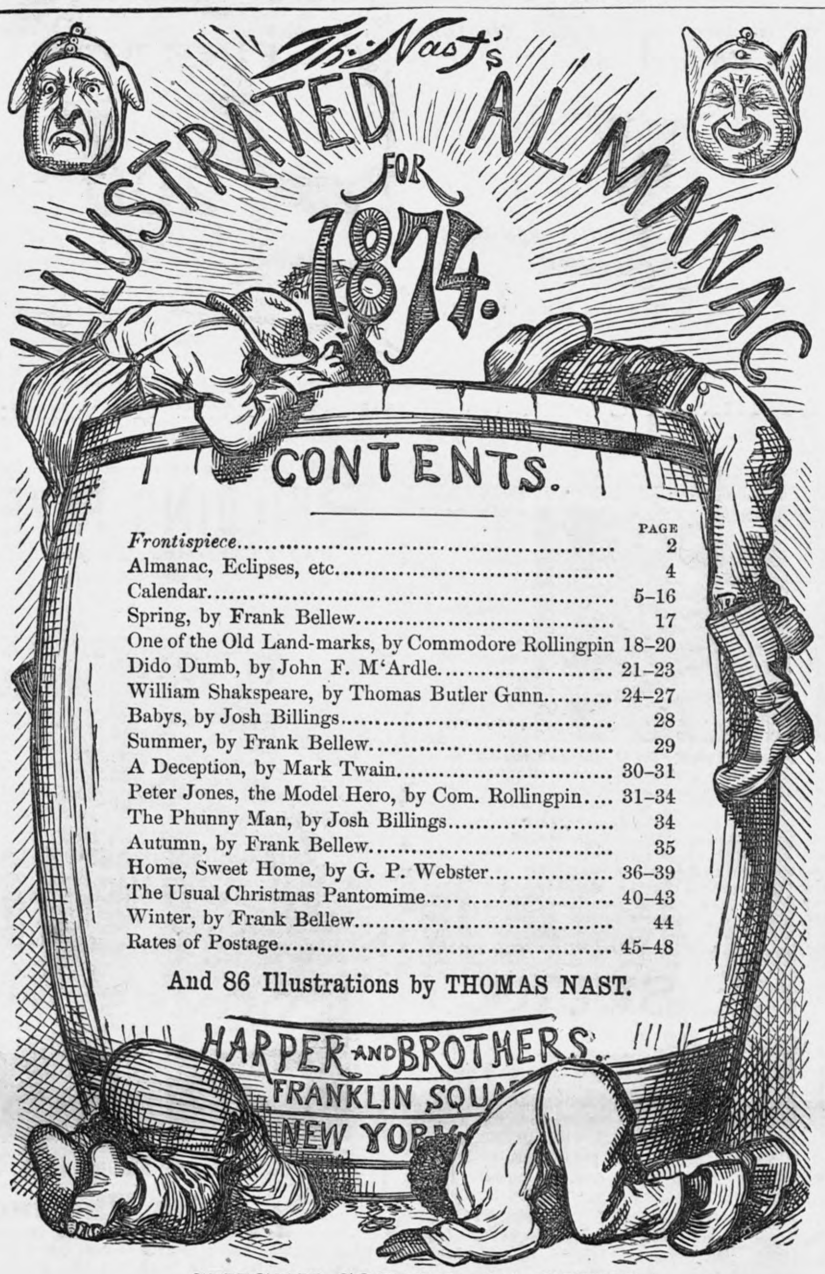

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FACETIÆ.

A TELEGRAPH operator last month summoned a doctor thus: "Come at once to see procession of Carlo Spencer's menagerie." The message, when "repeated," read: "Come at once with prescription—case of cerebro-spinal meningitis."

RULES FOR RAILWAY TRAVELING.—First make your will. Order your coffin to be sent home on the following day, and issue invitations to your funeral. Insure your life in as many different companies, and to as large an amount, as possible. Take no luggage; you will not require any in the place to which you are going. Bid farewell to your family, say your prayers, and meet your fate like a true American.

A prudent clergyman, unwilling to accuse a citizen of lying, said he used the truth with penurious frugality.

DOUBTFUL LUXURY.

ETHEL. "Were you not pleased to have such a pretty partner as Miss Myrtle at croquet yesterday, Charlie?"

CHARLIE. "Well—er—personally, I dislike beauty. Acknowledged belles have a way of making a fellow feel himself of secondary consideration sometimes, don't you know?"

CRIMINAL ASSOCIATIONS—Handcuffs.

HENRI CINQ.

Halfred and 'Arry meeting, and discussing French Politics.

HALFRED. "I say, 'Arry, what 'll this 'ere County Shambor call 'imself if he comes to the throne?"

'ARRY. "Well, you see, considerin' if he comes up to the surface, they oughtn't to call him 'Enry Sank, but 'Enry Rose."

ALTERATION IN THE CUT.—Modern mechanical inventions are so rapidly superseding the old-fashioned implement, the scythe, that Time ought in future to be represented with a mowing-machine.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

MITHER. "Now, Jean, when the folks come to tea, mind ye divert them as muckle as ye can. And, Jean, when the cakes and sic-like things are han'ed round, be mannerly, and set the example by just sayin', 'No, thankye,' to it all."

REMEDY FOR THE NAILERS' STRIKE—Knock it on the head.

The proverb, "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," is beautifully and tastily exemplified by the school-boy who polishes off his birthday cake on the day of receipt.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT—LIVING NEXT DOOR TO A DOCTOR.

SMALL BOY. "Oh, Sir, Mrs. Grum's got awful Pains in her Back, and wants you to come up there right away!"

[*This is the fifth time to-night that Mr. Simkins has been roused from his bed to say that he is not Dr. Galen.*

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

To restore Faded Flowers.—Obtain a small deal box; carefully place the flowers therein, fill with cotton wadding, fasten down the lid, and address the box to the person who presented the flowers. Take it to the express office, and in a few days they will be restored.

To obtain Chiccory.—Go to a cheap grocer's and purchase a pound of the best Java coffee. Chiccory is in such demand that it can be obtained in no other way by retail.

To make Soda-Water.—Dissolve a quarter of a pound of common soda in a gallon of water; afterward bottle for use. This is cheaper than that sold at the shops, and different in flavor.

To thicken the Hair.—Take two ounces of molasses, two ounces of glue, and one ounce of Roman cement. Mix, and apply before going to bed. It will make the hair very thick. Perfume to taste.

To avoid the Smell of Onions.—Carefully sprinkle the room with disinfecting fluid or chloride of lime mixed with water. Another plan is to leave the house at once.

A simple Electrical Apparatus.—Obtain a little gun-cotton. Place in a box, and present to your wife. Tell her it won't burn. If she disputes the accuracy of your assertion, let her try the experiment. The effect will be electrical.

Impressions from Coins.—Carefully heat the coin. When red-hot place it on your bare arm, when a good impression will be obtained. This is a very interesting experiment. The coin may then be carefully cooled and expended for ointment.

A CRIMINAL'S WORSHIP—The magistrate.

When is the fall of night like a boy being whipped?—Why, when it raises little howls.

A BAD HABIT TO GET INTO—A coat that's not paid for.

MORE PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—"Who goes a-borrowin' goes a-sorrowin'." More often it is "the other way up." Who goes a-lending too often goes a-sorrowin', while who goes a-borrowin' not unfrequently goes on his way rejoicing at his dexterity.

Postal cards are shortly to be issued in the Dutch Indies on rather curious conditions. If the contents appear to the post-office official to be of an insulting nature, the card will be sent under cover to its address.

A good old elder of a church who was given to extravagant exaggeration, was at last called to account for his offenses in that respect, and admonished not to give way to the besetting sin in future. The good old man received the admonition meekly, and earnestly said: "I know how prone I am to this fault, my brethren, and it has given me tortures of pain; and night after night I have shed *barrels of tears* over it." The meeting adjourned in silence.

THE LADIES' CABIN.

SCENE ON BOARD OUR FERRY-BOATS.

A HUMANE REQUEST.

FOND MOTHER. "Please administer the Gas to my little Boy. I am obliged to Whip him, and I wish him to Suffer as little as is consistent with my Notions of Dooty."

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Fig. 1.—VIOLET POPLIN DRESS. FRONT.—[See Fig. 5.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-8.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—BLUE VIGOGNE DRESS. BACK.—[See Fig. 6.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 9-14.

Fig. 5.—VIOLET POPLIN DRESS. BACK.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-8.

Fig. 6.—BLUE VIGOGNE DRESS. FRONT.—[See Fig. 4.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 9-14.

FIGS. 1-6.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WINTER HOUSE DRESSES.

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THE PATIENT WAITER.

ONCE on a time a pitcher-plant
Made the brook-side its summer haunt,
Waiting, perhaps, till the stream should swell
And fill its pitcher—who can tell?

Close beside it the flag-flower grew,
A knot of purple, fringed with dew,
Which tossed in the wind, and laughed in the brook,
That gladly answered it, look for look.

Nodding unto its neighbor, it said,
"Dip in your pitcher; don't be afraid;
Unless you think that the brook will run
To you, ere the summer holiday's done.

"Where's the advantage of sitting still,
When you've an empty pitcher to fill?
Up, then, laggard, and go to the rill—
If you don't fill it, prithee who will?"

But the flag-flower's taunt changed to a sigh,
When it felt the shower hastening by,
Which tore its petals proud and prim,
But filled the pitcher-plant to the brim.

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☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of a Lady's Waterproof Cloak, with Cape and Sleeves; and a Tight-fitting Single-breasted Redingote House Dress, will be published with our next Number. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 783.

THOUGHTS ON FASHION.

IT is a habit with many people who accustom themselves to emphatic enunciations of presumed truths to speak, among other things, of fashion (so called) in the most ignoble terms; to ridicule it while they condemn it, calling it now an arbitrary mistress with its rod, and now a fantastic fool with its follies; moralizing upon it always as a wicked waster of substance, a robber of the poor, an altogether debasing element of modern existence. There are good people in the world who think that to be in the fashion is to be in the broad way leading to destruction; and there is many a remote village where the stranger, whose attire of a Sunday wears the air Parisienne, must expect to be made the subject of scandalous remark, as being open to suspicion, and more or less a person in complicity with the Scarlet Woman. It was in such places nearly twenty years ago that the introduction of the hoop was struggled against as being an attempt to return to the evil days and evil ways of the elder reign of hoops, and it is in such places at the present moment that the abolition of hoops is just as eagerly struggled against as being a concession to immodesty.

But there are yet other people who would laugh at the narrowness of the good villagers, but who yet esteem it a virtue in themselves that they do not follow the fashions closely. It may not be a crime in their eyes to do so, but it is a weakness; and they are constantly offering silent and Pharisaic thanks that they are not like those publicans and sinners who are guilty of the weakness.

Yet these very innocents are complacently smoothing the wrinkles out of last year's fashion while they villify the fashions of this year; and for what reason they consider the said last year's fashion to be any thing more righteous than this year's, or why, since they yield to fashion at all in condescending to wear any thing but the original skin of wild beasts, they feel it necessary to pause halfway in the condescension, is among the unraveled mysteries.

Yet there must be something very singular in the state of mind of such people, not only in the taste which fails to perceive that a person is far more offensively conspicuous when out of the fashion than when in it, not only in that or in the insular conceit which dares to set up a single opinion against the combined and generally accepted opinions of the day, but in the vulgar ignorance as well of the whole scope and science of fashion.

For fashion is indeed but the science of dress—an empiric science, as medicine and some other sciences are. It gropes its way along, sometimes right and sometimes wrong, but always moving, and always actuated by the wish to remember that beauty and grace are as important as bare utility. Each change that it ordains, when a change of any material weight, fulfills a double purpose: the one experimental in the effort to find something nearer the ideal standard than has yet been gained, the other æsthetic in the effort to refresh the eye, already weary with the thousand and one adaptations of the mode that are met at every turn. And though the result of this latter effort may not be one of the physical necessities of life, it is at any rate an intellectual luxury, and it endeavors to satisfy the love of elegance and the desire for change, while at the same time it once in a while attains to the dignity of expressing the normal instinct of a race in relation to its clothing.

It is, moreover, no court favorite or man-milliner that sits and evolves from the depths of any inner consciousness the variations of the prevailing style. Once in a while some accidental thing of the kind may occur, but it would be a very shallow and silly view of so universal an interest that would support such an idea. The fashion is in the main dictated, and almost always modified, by climate and by ruling events of the day. We have seen in times of great wars and wide public calamity black and white become the standard colors of dress; and certain laces and silks and other fabrics have become favorites when it has been found desirable to revive a prostrate industry; heavy gold ornaments came in with the discovery of the Californian and Australian gold; peculiar jewels have received pre-eminence when found to abound in a conquered province, as frequently some marked feature of the dress of the conquered people has been adopted by the conquerors through motives of policy; and we read that to-day, out of compliment to the Shah, a guest at the European courts, Persian stuffs and designs are in request. In all such instances no one person has ever set the fashion, but it has been adopted by a spontaneous and general instinct in accordance with some great event or line of events.

We see, too, the effects of climate at the merest glance. The Oriental's flowing draperies of white, that shed the sunlight, and sweep either the polished floors of the harem or the level sands of the desert, are of necessity a different thing from the attire of the kilted and bare-legged mountaineer, who leaps from rock to rock as unencumbered as he may. Here and there, certainly, we find some striking exception that proves the rule; as when the Brazilian ladies are found wearing furs with the thermometer at 100°, because at that time the Parisian ladies are doing so; or when the English ladies carry the old antipathy of the island to France so far as to refuse to accept the new issues of the mode at Paris till they are a year old, so that you will meet them in any theatre to-day with, for instance, big chignons and mighty châtelaine braids.

We hear a great deal said about the excellences of a national costume; but what an absurdity would not a national costume be for a country—let us say this country—which comprises every variety of temperature, from the swampy heats of Florida to the icy chill of Alaska! Far better, it seems to us, is the central standard which shall adapt itself, with such modifications as may be necessary, to the exigencies of place and weather. With but a few partial instances to the contrary, the civilized races of the day are all to be found within the limits of the temperate zones, and there is no reason why nearly the same modes should not answer for them all—modes changing so gradually that while new material shall be cut to their requirements, the garment already in use shall not seem unpleasantly out of style or be incapable of alteration; and meantime the kindred dress is one of those things that help to make the whole world kin, and save the stranger in a strange land a great deal of discomfort and uneasiness.

To the thinker fashion and its changes are far from being an arbitrary folly. Fashion itself is something that is found to be full of a subtle wisdom. Take, for instance, the fact that with rotten Napoleonism and OFFENBACH music, with an era of tyranny wrapped up in sensual luxury, there returned upon us the dress of a corresponding previous era known as the Pompadour, though so purified and qualified that one could learn, even in the matter of a lady's toilette, that if history repeats itself, it repeats itself in that spiral of growth each return of which is one round higher than the last one, and we will quickly comprehend that fashion also has a philosophy of its own as interesting, if not as profound, as any.

Nor are all the changes of fashion mere whims and notions. They are, on the contrary, evolutions from each other, sequences often as simple and necessary as the conditions of bud and flower and fruit. When short skirts came into use, high heels followed as an accompanying requisite, in order that the foot which the dress displayed might be lifted tidily out of the mud. The circumstance that high heels were again a part of the Pompadour dress was only one of the coincidences in the eternal order of things—that great order which can no more overlook the style of our garments than the bent of our dispositions. The universal adoption of any change may be a thoughtless matter, it is true; but the change itself, you may be sure, had a reason for its being. When expansive crinoline disappeared, the skirts, heavy with flounces, flapped awkwardly about the feet, and hindered all free motion; the panier or bustle came to lift the weight out of the way, and to carry it where it would least encumber the gait—came not as an absurd caprice, but as the answer to a requisition; that it should be adorned with puffs and ruffles was an inevitable feminine consequence. The hat, too, it will be seen, conforms to the situation of the hair, whether that be worn high or low, at the front or the back of the head. And in the wearing of the hair itself lies an example of the whole theory of the minor fashion.

A year or two ago the hair had gone one degree beyond another till, with the tortures of pins and combs and frizzes, and superincumbent loads of braids and curls, the long-suffering chevelure found its strength exhausted, and began to give way, leaving a little bald place at the crown of the head, or, if not already bald yet, one where the growth had become so thin that it had its fate before it; yet, as soon as the fact was discovered, fashion came to the rescue in one of her necessary sequences: the hair was lifted to the top of the head, the incipient baldness was covered and concealed thereby, and the weakened hair, no longer required to support the destructive weight of the past, has time to recover itself; and when the Spanish comb and the high hat followed, they came, the one as an adornment, like that of the rose one twists into a curl, the other as a matter of course. In short, though we might follow out the subject with unlimited illustration, we have said enough to indicate that any careful observer can not fail to see that fashion, so far from being the result of a parcel of idle caprices, as it is too frequently and flippantly denominated, is a series of natural concurrences and progresses, in which there is almost always to be found an upward intention.

THE EXASPERATING WAYS OF WELL AND WORTHILY BELOVED MEN.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

IF a title should be descriptive of a theme, the title of this paper can not properly be curtailed, for the parable is of those honorable and amiable men who are dear to the female heart, yet who will upon occasion unintentionally and, you may say, innocently put the female patience to a strain which would break a ten-inch iron bar.

Will my readers condescend and descend to a cellar—not one of those foul, noisome, and slimy city haunts where decay riots and humanity decays the worst, but a clean, dry, sweet cellar on the hill-side, whereinto the winds may sweep and the bright sun shine—a cellar where people might live and thrive, but into which they penetrate only at rare intervals?

One of these rare intervals has just happened. Your shelves have been duly ordered, your cemented floor swept clean, your boards well scrubbed, cobwebs swept away from windows, and furnaces made ready for winter. Nay, more: to facilitate domestic labors you have yourself built a new bin for the kitchen coal close by the kitchen stairs. You go away light-hearted, as beseems one whose duty is done. You return to find that a tornado of coal has swept over the cellar, and left the black dust an inch deep every where; for those obliging and friendly men who brought your coal and dumped it into the cellar, dumped it without thought or without remorse through the window instead of through the cellar doors. But you told them to take it through the window. Certainly, because you supposed they had a sluice-way down which it would glide, as usual, without ado. But they had no sluice-way, and they dropped their loads plump on the cellar floor. Now, if they had been women, would they not have seen that the coal was rebounding over the floor in all directions, and that the bin was bursting on all sides, and that pulverized carbon was coating all things with its pure defilement, and would they not have stopped and lifted the house off its foundations, or tunneled a channel underneath, or sunk a shaft in China, or have managed in some way to project the coal into the bin without re-introducing chaos and old night?

When the Botanical Club, with the distinguished foreign professor at their head, was botanizing in Swansey-Leigh, Fred was very desirous to entertain them at his house. Loline, who indulges Fred within an inch of his life, said, of course, "Amen—how many?" And Fred answered, indifferently, "Oh, well, twenty or so." Whereupon Loline prepared a banquet for forty, wherewithal she fed fifty. Fred, sauntering man-fashion through the streets, saluted every man he met with the careless invitation, man-fashion, "Come up and see Herr Von Arnim to-morrow." And as the men he met were the ministers, lawyers, and farmers, who, having nothing to do, were sunning themselves on the door-steps, and as the botanists were busy in the fields, and were therefore not met at all, it turned out that a crowd of people saw the great man who could never tell a pistil from a stamen, and only knew that he was great, while the men who had followed him through life, and would have given their rarest specimens to ask him a question or pay him an admiring tribute, staid at home and gnashed their teeth with anger. But the fifty did all eat and were filled, and they took up of the fragments that remained several platterfuls; and by her winning ways and her genuine smiles and her frank truth-telling, Loline has nearly mollified the ninety-and-nine just persons who were not bidden, and by the time the last one has renewed his allegiance, Fred, the generous, the hospitable, the all-benevolent, and wholly incorrigible, will be quite ready to upset his dish again.

"Now," says Sam, big and burly, to his morning visitor, "I must go; I belong to the laboring classes; but you stay here and chat with Susy and make yourself comfortable;" and Sam rubs his hands briskly and departs cheerfully, knowing nothing of Susy's heart-sinking. But are not the precious moments of baby's nap passing swiftly away, and dinner to be seen to, and the children soon to be rushing in from school? and what does Susy care for the Right of Bolting, or the Depreciation of the Currency, or Literature and Dogma, or the Comte de Chambord's Conservatism, compared with getting her work ready for the dress-maker who is coming to-morrow, and conferring with cook about the dinner that awaits a mistress's directions, and arranging the thousand nothings that are never noticed when they are done, but constitute a breakwater that sends the angry spray tossing to the angry skies if they are not done? Oh, Sam, Sam! when you stood before the altar and promised to love and cherish Susy, did you make a mental reservation that you would go off down town when it suited your convenience, and leave her to be bothered with your guest, to her heart-rending inconvenience?

And oh, Sam, why will you track the gravel over Susy's parlor carpet? And oh, Fred, why will you drip the gravy over Loline's fresh table-cloth? And oh, Sam, why will you sop it up with a clean napkin, and think you have done God service? And oh, Fred, why will you never dress for a dinner-party till Loline is drawing on her gloves, and then discover that your sleeve-studs are missing? And oh, Sam, why do you not sit straight and square and compact in the crowded horse-car, and not angle out into twice as much room as you really need?

Simply, I suppose, O Loline and Susy, because they are not you. And perhaps, after all, they might be worse. Perhaps if they were mindful of these little things, they might be fine and finical, though I know a man who is mindful and not finical. It is better to be great-hearted than always to rub your shoes on the door-mat, though happy is that woman whose Sam is the one and does the other. An extra table-cloth now and then does not becloud the sunny sky; but how sad it would be to be married to somebody else who was bent on keeping the cover spotless, and not to Fred, who is so full of healthy activity and mental energy and good cheer that he gesticulates with a ladleful of gravy! I suppose the fact is that all masculine stock is subject to shrinkage; and if that shrinkage is only in little, unimportant matters that do not lay hold of character, or largely affect happiness, or bring a deep and bitter and unutterable dis-

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appointment, one would better class them with diversions than try to make capital out of them as trials. If you can not slowly and sweetly change the Ethiopian's skin and the leopard's spots—and the probability is that you can not—the next best thing is to rejoice that your Ethiop, though black, is comely, and that even his spots make the leopard a splendid beast!

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MATERIALS FOR CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

RETRENCHMENT is the order of the day, and reduction of prices is announced at the large dry-goods stores. This reduction is most important and most evident in the warm woolen goods purchased for the winter use of families. For the first time since the war 50 cents a yard is the popular price for the substantial wool fabrics selected for girls' dresses. For instance, among the standard materials French merinoes of pure quality, though not of the finest, may be had as low as 55 or 65 cents a yard, and these are not merely in the tawdry unsalable colors—bright blue, red, and green—but in the dark stylish brown, indigo, blue-gray, myrtle, and chestnut. There are also English serges, with characteristic diagonal lines in the present fashion, sold for 50 cents a yard. These goods are three-fourths of a yard wide, too closely woven to fray in the seams, and though rather harsh to the touch, are not mixed with cotton. Navy blue is the favorite color for serge. Satines of the best quality imported are also reduced to half a dollar a yard. These are in choice dark shades, with the fine soft finish of French goods, and make pretty dressy suits for girls, though they lose their lustre if subjected to hard usage. Reversed-striped serges of fine flexible texture, formerly sold for 90 cents or $1 a yard, are now shown at 65 cents in rich camel's-hair shades. These are single width, measuring nearly seven-eighths of a yard. An excellent imitation of vigogne, with its heavy twill, rough surface, and natural gray and brown shades, is sold in single width for 50 cents a yard. This material has a slight mixture of cotton, but it drapes softly, and will make very warm and stylish-looking polonaises to be worn over black or brown skirts. For those who prefer lustrous stuffs there are richly repped épingelines, wool ground with silk face, reduced to 75 cents a yard, which is but half their former price. Poplins and all heavily ribbed goods are exceedingly low, partly because they are not as stylish as twilled materials.

GIRLS' DRESSES.

The designs used for making ladies' dresses are simplified and repeated for misses and children. The long polonaise of simple shape, with one dart and a belt, is the accepted over dress for girls over ten years; jockey basques, double or single breasted, and apron over-skirts jauntily draped are also seen, especially on slender, tall, overgrown girls. There is a fancy for dispensing with over-skirts for chubby little girls under ten years, making merely a sailor blouse, or else a basque, and trimmed skirt. Dress skirts for winter are comfortably long, and show only an inch or two of stocking above the high boot. White is still fashionable winter wear for small girls, but it is not as rigorously adhered to since the introduction of the sailor suits two years ago. The latter are still stylishly worn, are made in dark blue, black, gray, and in polka-dotted stuffs, and have an air of warmth and comfort that is never seen in white suits, no matter how heavy the wraps and under-clothing are. Black merino sailor suits have scarlet merino square collars, cuffs, pockets, sash, and bias bands on the skirt, piped with white braid. Indigo blue flannel suits have black yak braid trimmings, or else pale blue cashmere, or perhaps white woolen braid is used, and sometimes scarlet accessories brighten up these dark black-blue dresses. For tiny little girls red or blue cashmeres with white polka dots are used, and bordered with white bands, making a simple and pretty dress so gay and bright that it pleases the eye, although the caprice just now is to dress children in the sombre shades in vogue for ladies. Some new sailor suits prepared for girls from ten to fourteen years old have over-skirts added to the sailor blouses. The loose blouses are especially suitable to slight, undeveloped figures of growing girls, and the broad sailor collar is also appropriate. These suits are made of dark blue Middlesex sacking, such as is sold for $2 a yard, are trimmed with black braid, and cost from $16 to $18.

ENGLISH WALKING SUITS, ETC.

The new English walking suits already rival sailor suits for girls from eight to fourteen years old. They are made of gray or dark blue ladies' cloth; those of gray are trimmed with blue, and *vice versa*. For instance, the gray skirt has two light blue bias bands around it, the short round over-skirt is edged with a blue fold, and the pretty little English basque, with double postilion pleating behind has blue revers in front, is fastened by but one button, and slopes away to show a blue vest underneath, that is put on separately, and buttoned up warm and close to the throat. The suit, ready-made at the furnishing houses, costs from $11 to $20 for its various sizes.

For girls from three to eight years are simpler dresses, with full pleated waist fastened behind, a gored skirt, and a round over-skirt opening in front. With this dress a round cape is added for street wear, and the effect is of a warm walking coat. A pretty model in gray French merino, trimmed with a puff piped with silk and fringe, costs $18. For every-day dresses, light qualities of Melton and water-proof are used. The Gabrielle front is retained for these, while the sides and back extend over the hips, forming a jaunty little basque. These are in dark gray and brown shades, brightened by colored braids put on in leaf designs, scallops, and flounces. The dresses cost from $4 50 to $7 50, according to size.

Suits of satine, of dark stylish colors, are made for girls in their teens, and sold for $18. The graceful redingote is edged with a bias fold, and the skirt has kilt pleatings headed by folds. More expensive and showy dresses are made of the colored American silks, and sold for $30 or $40. Blacks suits are also greatly in favor with these young girls, but are no longer worn from motives of economy, as black goods show far less reduction in price than colored ones.

WRAPS.

English walking jackets of diagonal cloth, with silk or velvet facings, are the wraps most worn by girls from three years old up to young ladies. Those of dark blue cloth with silver or gilt buttons cost $9 50 for the smallest sizes. For warm bright days long sacques of white cloth with a colored stripe are used; the edges are scalloped and bound with silk like the stripe. Cashmere walking coats with ample capes are trimmed with milliners' folds and fringe, and cost from $10 upward, in gray, brown, or white. For cold wintry days black, brown, or dark blue velvet sacques are worn almost as long as the white dress beneath; scarlet or blue merino stockings, or else velvet leggings, give the limbs sufficient warmth, and brighten the costume. Seal-skin jackets are ordered for the larger girls of wealthy families. Gray cony is the fancy for fur sacques for little girls: $14 is the price. White cony sacques are $8, and the Normandy turban to match is $2. Felt hats of fine quality are the fashion of the winter for young girls. They have half-high crowns, with brims bent in capricious shape to suit the face of the wearer. They are placed quite back on the head, the hair is waved loosely in front, and worn in long hanging loops instead of one long Marguerite braid.

INFANTS' CLOTHING.

Infants' dresses are still made with high yokes and long sleeves. Their skirts are very long, sometimes measuring a yard and three-eighths from the neck down; this seems extravagant, but is done with economical intentions, as the skirt is then long enough to make two short skirts for the child when it is put into short clothes. Soft nansook is the material used. The pointed yokes are made up of lengthwise tucks, insertion, and puffs, while the skirts have horizontal trimmings. Pretty little day slips, with tucked yoke and a sash of the muslin, are sold for $4 50. Night slips of Jones's cambric are sacque-shaped, with a hemmed sash, and are trimmed with Coventry ruffles around the neck and wrists: price $2 25. Cloaks are long double capes of cashmere embroidered. White and pearl gray are the favorites. Close caps of lace with silk lining are worn on the head. Infants' outfits at the furnishing houses are shown at a larger range of prices than formerly. Those at $65 or $70 contain a variety of well-made garments, though not very liberal in numbers. They have also a basket, cap, and rubber articles. Hanging baskets are new for infants' toilettes, and are shown at extravagant prices. Pretty oval baskets, with dainty covers, are $5 50, while those with silk linings, covered with Swiss muslin and lace, are from $11 to $18. Half-long clothes for infants when first put into short clothes are merely their yoke slips shortened, and are made still shorter by tucking when the child is learning to walk.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

English styles are affected for boys' clothing. Entire suits for boys from ten to fifteen years old are made of small checked cloths and almost invisible plaids. The Derby single-breasted or else double-breasted sacks are used with wide English backs and demi-long tails. Boys from seven to ten years old wear dark blue suits, with perfectly plain English sack, vest, and pantaloons. These cost ready-made from $22 to $24 a suit. Smaller boys wear sacks more fancifully slashed, or else cut out in squares, and ornamented with some simple but effective braiding; their little vests have collars, and their knee-pantaloons are buttoned around the limb. Very plain cassimere suits for every-day wear cost from $10 to $12. Chinchilla and fur beavers are chosen for overcoats. Their rough surfaces are considered stylish, and make warmer-looking coats than smooth cloths. They are long single-breasted sacks, with fly fronts, and shaped to the figure. Colored stockings, gartered above the knee, are worn by little fellows with knee-trowsers. Felt hats in Alpine shape, with upturned brim, are shown in finest quality for boys: price $3.

ITEMS FOR LADIES.

Châtelaines of finely cut steel in artistic Renaissance designs are worn pendent from the side. They cost from $3 to $6 each. Short arrows of jet, mounted with cut steel that glitters like diamonds, are very much admired on bonnets, hats, in the coiffure, and for fastening veils or shawls: price from $1 25 to $2. Among other stylish ornaments are the expensive smoked pearl slides, large, oval or square, and made of solid pearl instead of having merely a veneering of it: they cost from $3 75 to $5 each. Large smoked pearl buttons for redingotes and jackets cost $4 a dozen.

FLAT SASHES.

Sashes of plain gros grain, watered, and velvet ribbon are worn very long and flat, without bouffant loops. The sash ribbon, two yards and a half long, is doubled in the middle and strung over the belt, leaving one long flat loop and two streamers; it is placed immediately in the middle of the back, or else slightly on the left. Sashes of the dress material have square ends, and sometimes pocket flaps are placed upon them. Black velvet sashes have pockets of lace or of jet beads in net-work of trellis pattern.

BEADED NET.

Among the elegant novelties of the winter are sleeveless jackets and over-skirts made of black figured net glistening with jet beads. Sometimes Spanish net with its large leaves is used, and sometimes Brussels net. The garment is edged with beaded lace. These together make a beautiful over dress for simple black dinner dresses, and are also worn with rich colored brocades, such as pale blue, rose, and lavender. A jacket and long apron cost $100.

For information received thanks are due to Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; BROOKS BROTHERS; and MILLER & GRANT.

PERSONAL.

MISS CAROLINE TALMAN, of this city, has erected, as a memorial of her parents, a beautiful church at Madison Avenue and Eighty-ninth Street, which was consecrated a few days since by Bishop POTTER as the Church of the Beloved Disciple. The cost of the edifice was $100,000. A statue of St. JOHN occupies a niche over the entrance door. The windows, of beautifully stained glass, are dedicated to the memory of the relatives of the donor. The chancel window is a particularly beautiful work of art, having on either side highly finished fresco paintings representing scenes in the life of our Saviour. Two marble tablets bear the name of the parents of Miss TALMAN. The organ, font, and the entire finishing of the church are of the finest material and in perfect taste.

—The LINDSEYS, the WILLETS, and the HAVENSES had a memorable meeting the other day in Mansfield, Ohio. It was the occasion of their silver wedding, the three couples having been married on the same day, and taken their bridal tour together. It was then understood that if living at the expiration of twenty-five years they would meet and celebrate their silver nuptials. Each couple has the same number of children, and there is but one ge-irl in the whole number.

—In a late Number of the *Bazar* allusion was made to the new *prima donna* discovered by and brought out in Paris under the direction of MAURICE STRAKOSCH. It now transpires that the young *artiste*, Mlle. BELOCCA, belongs to one of the best families in Russia, that her father is one of the most distinguished *savants* in the empire, and enjoys an income of over 100,000 francs a year.

—In history we find hundreds of men celebrated for their victories—among them ALEXANDER, PHILIP, CÆSAR, HANNIBAL, POMPEY, ANTHONY, PYRRHUS, SYLLA, SELEUCUS, NAPOLEON. But it should be remembered that each of these was governed by ambition, not patriotism—personal aggrandizement, not the good of the people. What were their rewards? ALEXANDER and HANNIBAL, a cup of poison; ANTHONY, suicide; PYRRHUS, killed by a brick thrown by a Spartan woman; SYLLA, killed by vermin; PHILIP, CÆSAR, POMPEY, and SELEUCUS were assassinated; NAPOLEON, exiled and died at St. Helena; NAPOLEON III., exiled and died at Chiselhurst.

—The following kings and queens have been corporally chastised while reigning sovereigns: HENRY VI., by the Earl of Warwick and by ALICE BOTELER; JAMES I., by BUCHANAN; LOUIS XIII., by his tutor by order of his mother, MARIE DE MEDICI; CHRISTINA of Sweden, by her mother, for stealing rose-water; ATHALARIC, King of the Ostrogoths, and CONSTANTINE, by their mothers; JOSEPH I., when King of the Romans; and the King of Rome, by Madame MONTESQUIEU.

—Concerning memory: it is doubtful if there ever lived a man who possessed that quality in so remarkable a degree as the historian NIEBUHR. When only twelve years of age he astonished all by his knowledge of history, statistics, and geography. He acquired twenty languages. His memory never gave up what he had once made his own. His wife and sister tried him in GIBBON, and questioned him, according to the index, on the most trivial points; but they soon gave up the hope of finding him ignorant of any point of history, however unimportant. Yet, with all his learning, he delighted in lively and witty conversation, and in the joyous games of children.

—THOMAS MILLER, the self-educated author, once famed as "The Basket-weaving Poet," after forty years of hard labor, is said to have been brought to extreme want. A long illness has deprived him of pecuniary support, and he is therefore very badly off indeed. The London papers are taking up the matter with great spirit, and will doubtless succeed in placing the good old gentleman in circumstances of comparative comfort.

—In the "Prudential" insurance office, London, the experiment of employing female clerks has been tried with complete success. Beginning with ten, the number has increased to thirty-six, and more are to be added. The apartments in which they are occupied are apart from those of the male clerks. They are ladies of education and good families, being exclusively the daughters of professional men, and their ages vary from eighteen to thirty-five. They reach the office at 10 A.M., stop work for an hour at 1 P.M., and leave at 5 P.M. Several holidays in the year are allowed. The work is chiefly a simple kind of copying, requiring attention, good handwriting, and intelligence. The salaries are not very large, beginning at $150 per annum, and raised $50 each year up to $300. A lady superintendent has exclusive supervision of the department, and their work is as well done as that of the male clerks.

—The briefest and probably best description of the personal appearance of Queen ELIZABETH ever printed was written by a German traveler, HENTZNER, who saw her at Greenwich on a Sunday as she was entering church: "She was said (*rumor erat*) to be fifty-five years old. Her face was rather long, white, and somewhat wrinkled; her eyes small, black, and gracious; her nose somewhat bent; her lips compressed; her teeth black (from eating too much sugar). She had ear-rings of pearl, red hair, but artificial, and wore a small crown. Her breast was uncovered (as is the case with all unmarried ladies in England), and round her neck was a chain with precious gems. Her hands were graceful, her fingers long. She was of middle size, but stepped on majestically. She was gracious and kind in her address. The dress she wore was of white silk, with pearls as large as beans. Her cloak was of black silk, with silver lace, and a long train was carried by a marchioness. As she walked along she spoke most kindly with many people, some of them embassadors. She spoke English, French, and Italian; but she knows also Greek and Latin, and understands Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch. When she came to the door of the chapel, books were handed to her, and the people called out, 'God save the Queen ELIZABETH!' whereupon the queen answered, 'I thanke you, myn good peupel.' Prayers did not last more than half an hour, and the music was excellent."

—Prince HASSAN, third son of the Khedive of Egypt, educated at Oxford, where he graduated recently, receiving the honorary degree of D.C.L., is at Berlin, pursuing his military studies. He has received a lieutenant's commission in the Prussian artillery.

—Since King VICTOR EMANUEL left Berlin all sorts of stories are current at the court and the embassies about his sayings and doings while in the German capital. He took every opportunity of expressing his admiration for the German nation and its military triumphs, but manifested great coldness toward France. "I come here," he said to a Prussian statesman, "to greet my ally, who has always been faithful to me, and to see an enlightened country which has done such great things;" and then turning to Prince de Polignac, the French military attaché, he added, "Je suis venu parce que la France m'y a forcé." Every one was struck by his chilly demeanor toward the French representatives, especially as it was in such remarkable contrast to the conduct of Prince HUMBERT last year, who assured a French officer that Italy continues to entertain toward France "les sympathies les plus vives." It was also much remarked that during the king's stay the French embassador, M. CONTAUT-BIRON, was not at Berlin, although he was expected some weeks back. The second secretary of the embassy, M. DEMAINS, having remarked to the king that the embassador was ill, VICTOR EMANUEL asked in an incredulous tone if he was very ill, as he (the king) would have been glad to see him, and, speaking of the present position of France, he said: "Vous n'avez point d'ennemis. Consentez seulement à rester tranquilles chez vous, et renoncez à vous mêler aux affaires des autres." As to the diplomatic *pourparlers* between Austria and Italy, Signor VISCONTI-VENOSTA is said to have remarked, "Nous n'avons rien fait avec les Autrichiens, il n'y a rien à faire avec ces gens-là." At Berlin, too, Signor MINGHETTI endeavored to obtain something more tangible than mere assurances of friendship, but Prince BISMARCK curtly replied, "Il ne s'agit nullement d'une convention écrite, et il ne faut pas y songer."

—Mr. DION BOUCICAULT appears in the *Tribune* as a critic of the correspondent of that journal's criticism on HENRY WATTERSON'S racy letter on the London *Times*. Mr. BOUCICAULT says that "the stateliness of the *Times* is mistaken for respectability, its selfishness for self-esteem, and it maintains an unstained reputation on demeanor alone," and much more of the same racy sort. Coming to himself, Mr. BOUCICAULT says: "When I entered the world of letters as a dramatist thirty-two years ago, I found my fellow-authors in the condition described in *Gil Blas*, living on the pittance doled out to them by the managers of theatres, who drank their wine, like the warriors of Odin, out of the skulls of their victims—the dramatic authors. I received just £300 sterling for my comedy, *London Assurance*—Mr. FARRAN, an actor, received £3000 a year for playing in it. DOUGLAS JERROLD received £100 for *Black-Eyed Susan*—Mr. J. P. COOKE, who played in it, made £60,000 out of his performances. SHERIDAN KNOWLES received, I believe, £400 for *William Tell*, and BULWER received £500 for his comedy, *Money*—Mr. MACREADY was paid £120 a week for playing in these plays. It appeared to me that the literary element ought to be placed on an equal footing with the artistic, and I set myself the task of raising my profession to the only standard which the English mind applies to every thing—the standard of money. My plan was this: I waited and watched the London managers until one of them found himself on the verge of ruin (I did not wait long); then I offered him a play on condition of receiving one-half the profits. His poverty, not his will, consented to these terms, and I realized £8000 for my share. This innovation aroused at once the concerted opposition of the managers and the press: a literary man had burst his bonds as a slave of the pen; he had become his own publisher; he was no longer a beast of burden; he had eaten of the tree of knowledge. I engaged a company of comedians, and sent my drama into the provincial towns, placing the name of the drama in big letters at the head of the bill, precisely as the name of a great star actor is generally announced. I made £10,000 by that operation, and broke down the so-called 'star' system."

—When Dr. NÉLATON began his studies he worked with such ardor that he often refused himself the time necessary for sleep. He procured a plank some five to six feet long and forty centimeters broad, the extremities of which he placed on two chairs. He lay upon it, holding his book open above him. It is said that in this position the want of sleep is less readily felt. When, in spite of him, his eyes closed and the book fell, the shock disturbed his balance, and he followed the book. The shock aroused him, and he got up and began his work again. NÉLATON'S son, CHARLES, now twenty-three years old, had not selected any career when the war broke out in 1870; but after the siege of Paris the vocation of the young man for the medical profession was irrevocably fixed, and he began the regular career of the young sawbones.

—EUGÈNE SCRIBE'S widow still lives, at the age of seventy. Her husband left her a large fortune, the result of his funny brain, worked off in farces and such for the amusement of Paris.

—Concerning the health of Professor AGASSIZ, he recently stated to a friend, "I am weak and unable to accomplish the amount of work which demands my attention. My powers often fail me when I have most need of them."

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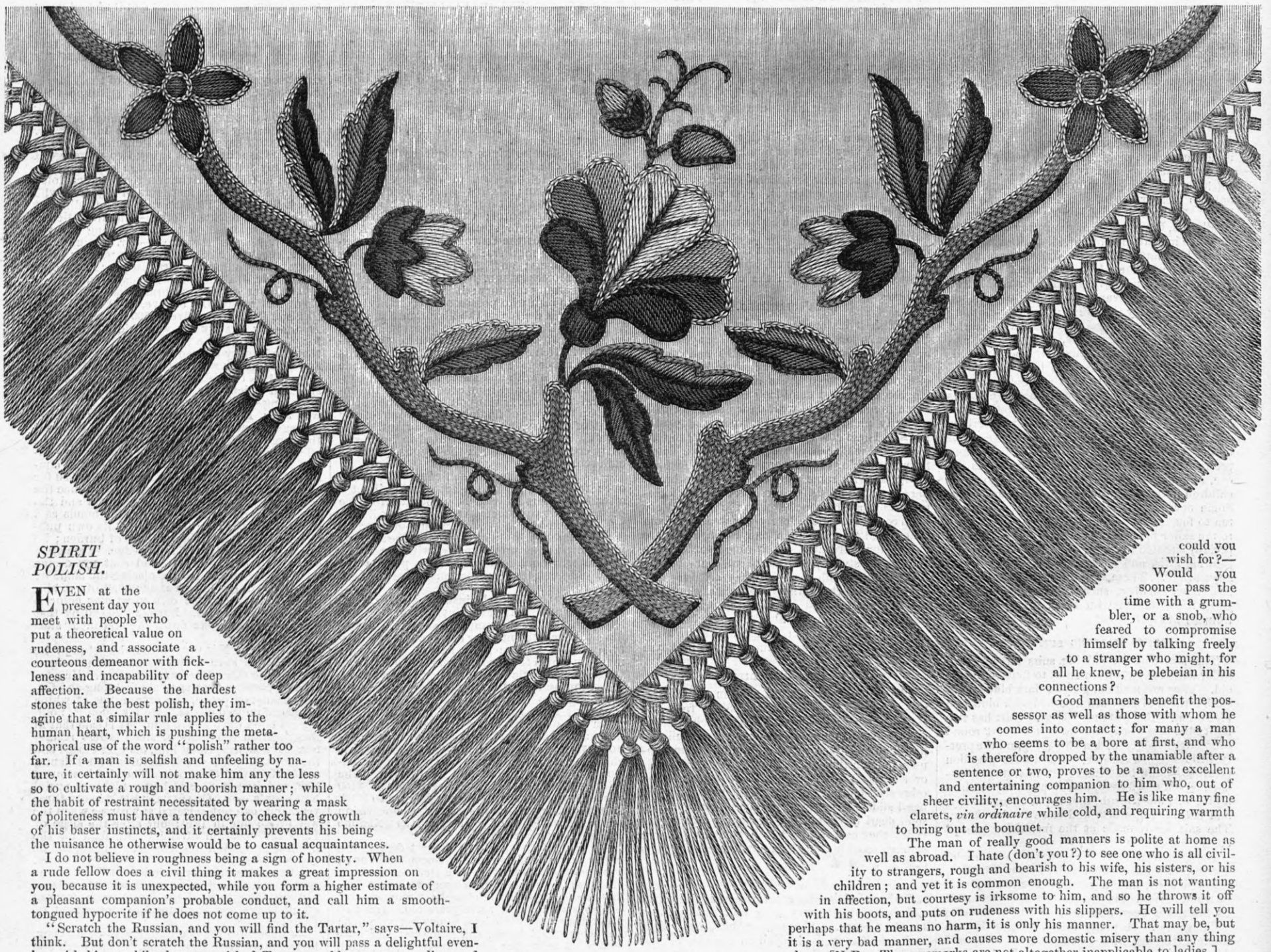
Quarter Section of Tidy.—Chain and Satin Stitch Embroidery.

THE illustration shows a quarter section of a tidy, which is worked on gray drilling in chain and satin stitch embroidery with split zephyr worsted in the natural colors of the flowers and leaves. The outer edge of the tidy is bordered with knotted fringe. This may also be used for a stand cover, and may be of any size desired. It is very easily made, and is pretty and effective. Cloth or reps may be used for the foundation instead of drilling, if preferred.

THREE-CORNERED KNITTED SHAWL, WORN AS A FICHU.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 33.

BLACK VELVET ROUND HAT.
For description see Supplement.

THREE-CORNERED KNITTED SHAWL, WORN AS A HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 33.



QUARTER SECTION OF TIDY.—CHAIN AND SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

SPIRIT POLISH.

EVEN at the present day you meet with people who put a theoretical value on rudeness, and associate a courteous demeanor with fickleness and incapability of deep affection. Because the hardest stones take the best polish, they imagine that a similar rule applies to the human heart, which is pushing the metaphorical use of the word "polish" rather too far. If a man is selfish and unfeeling by nature, it certainly will not make him any the less so to cultivate a rough and boorish manner; while the habit of restraint necessitated by wearing a mask of politeness must have a tendency to check the growth of his baser instincts, and it certainly prevents his being the nuisance he otherwise would be to casual acquaintances.

I do not believe in roughness being a sign of honesty. When a rude fellow does a civil thing it makes a great impression on you, because it is unexpected, while you form a higher estimate of a pleasant companion's probable conduct, and call him a smooth-tongued hypocrite if he does not come up to it.

"Scratch the Russian, and you will find the Tartar," says—Voltaire, I think. But don't scratch the Russian, and you will pass a delightful evening with him; while the unvarnished Tartar would eat your candles, and pistol you if you objected. Give me the Russian.

I own that I esteem the growth of politeness between man and man to be the greatest advantage of the age we live in. I could do very well without railways, steamboats, or electric telegraphs, but to have people always treading on my moral corns would make life odious. I do not believe in bluntness; the proper thing to be done with a rough diamond, in my estimation, is to cut it.

I grant that the desire to make himself agreeable will occasionally betray a man into rash offers of service, which he afterward finds it inconvenient or impossible to fulfill. Irishmen, in particular, are subject to this generous impetuosity, which sometimes leads the cooler Englishman or Scotchman to tax them with insincerity. But this is a harsh and unjust judgment. When the Hibernian gentleman with whom you fraternize in a railway carriage, or on a Swiss mountain, offers to board, lodge, and mount you during the next hunting season, if you will look him up at his little place in Galway, he is not humbugging you; he is speaking recklessly, perhaps, but the impulse which causes him to do so is generous. If you accepted his invitation, indeed, he would probably recollect neither it nor you; and as for doing all he promised, the chances are that it would not be in his power, though he would certainly try his best. But who in his senses ever accepts general invitations? You have spent a happy day with a pleasant companion, who has set you at ease with yourself by appreciating your society, and whose polite regret to part from you has been expressed in the form of an invitation to renew the acquaintanceship. What more could you wish for?—Would you sooner pass the time with a grumbler, or a snob, who feared to compromise himself by talking freely to a stranger who might, for all he knew, be plebeian in his connections?

Good manners benefit the possessor as well as those with whom he comes into contact; for many a man who seems to be a bore at first, and who is therefore dropped by the unamiable after a sentence or two, proves to be a most excellent and entertaining companion to him who, out of sheer civility, encourages him. He is like many fine clarets, *vin ordinaire* while cold, and requiring warmth to bring out the bouquet.

The man of really good manners is polite at home as well as abroad. I hate (don't you?) to see one who is all civility to strangers, rough and bearish to his wife, his sisters, or his children; and yet it is common enough. The man is not wanting in affection, but courtesy is irksome to him, and so he throws it off with his boots, and puts on rudeness with his slippers. He will tell you perhaps that he means no harm, it is only his manner. That may be, but it is a very bad manner, and causes more domestic misery than any thing else. [N.B.—These remarks are not altogether inapplicable to ladies.]

Another real test of good manners is the ability to retain the polish at times of peril, anger, or excitement. There is a story told of Spanish po-

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Fig. 1.—TAPESTRY RUG.—ONE-EIGHTH OF FULL SIZE.—[See Fig. 2, Page 777.]—For design and description see Supplement (Embroidery Page), Nos. 1-4.

liteness which may probably not be familiar. When the ruins of Lisbon were cleared after the famous earthquake, the skeletons of two dons were discovered in a doorway, hat in hand, and bowing to one another. They had evidently meditated escape from the house on the first shock, had met in the passage, and each being too polite to pass out before the other, they had perished together.

But of all the anecdotes in illustration of my subject which I could produce, were readers more patient, that which charms me most is a French one. A citizen of that polished country had unfortunately done something which necessitated his being hanged, and as there was no professional executioner available for the occasion, the painful duty of carrying out the sentence devolved upon an amateur, who apologized for any possible short-comings to the person principally concerned.

"I hope you will pardon me," said he, "if I put you to any unnecessary inconvenience, but the fact is I have never hanged any one before."

"Pray do not mention it," replied the other; "for that matter, I have never been hanged before. We must each do our best."

LUNCHEON.

IT does not do to go without lunch altogether, and it is equally deleterious to the system to make a large meal in the middle of the day. The ordinary and healthy lunch should be light, nutritious, and, if possible, should be taken in a perpendicular position. It is difficult to suggest any accurate regulations as to substance, for variety is undoubtedly of great importance, and the human stomach is an intensely delicate and sensitive organ. I can confidently recommend a plate of strong, clear soup. A dozen and a half of oysters, when in season, form perhaps the best luncheon that can be suggested. Bread, cheese, and butter, so long as they are very moderately indulged in, I have no objection to whatever. Any thing in the nature of a sandwich should be sedulously avoided. Scotch oatcake can be made of eminent service at one o'clock, but I am disposed to think that biscuits are a mistake. A broiled sole with clarified butter, or the deviled leg of a chicken, are not, on the whole, of too substantial an order. Light articles of this description readily suggest themselves, but never, *never*, NEVER eat a beefsteak for lunch!

(Continued from No. 47, page 743.)

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER.

A Tale of City Life.

BY FREDERICK TALBOT,

AUTHOR OF "THE WINNING HAZARD," "JACK PUGH'S LEGACY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

"For look you, Sir, you know not which way you shall go."

"I'M glad I've seen you before I went in," said John, beginning hurriedly to speak before Edward could arrange his ideas, and while he was yet hesitating to encounter the cruel task before him. "I'm glad I've seen you; because it's probable I may save a very painful scene—a scene that would be very painful to me, I assure you; yes, indeed, very painful. I assure you I will feel it very much." Here John's face assumed an expression of extreme sensibility and self-compassion.

"What do you mean?" cried Edward, hoarsely.

"Well, my dear Sir, I've been thinking very painfully over the matter—prayerfully too, I might say," said John, throwing a rapid glance at Edward to see how he took it; "and I have, very reluctantly indeed—in fact, with great violence to my own feelings (being, as you know, a man of very tender feelings)—but I have come to the conclusion, reluctantly, as you may know—"

"Well," said Edward, looking in a dazed way at his face. "Well?"

"That it won't do. My engagement with your sister must be broken off. I don't know how I shall bear it, indeed, for I was very deeply attached to her—very. A most excellent young woman, and calculated to make any one happy and comfortable in the highest degree. I can't tell you how I feel the disappointment; but there are considerations higher than those of mere earthly affection: there's the duty I owe my parents and—and my godfather. All my prospects in life depend upon them, all my chance of the living of Pumptrisaint, besides the legacy I'm sure to have. Now, Edward, as a dutiful son, I ask you, how can I go against that?"

"You told us your father approved," said Edward, in a faint voice. He realized the situation now. Heavens! was this the man at whose feet they must crawl, whose mercy and forbearance they were bound to implore?

"So he had, in a way. I hadn't given him all the particulars, and perhaps I wasn't explicit enough as to your position, and so on. But when my father and my godfather—Sir Pantlin Jones, you know, baronet and member of Parliament—when they came to see the house you lived in, and all that; and really it hadn't struck me, but when I come to look at it I see that it would be a descent now, wouldn't it, from Sir Pantlin Jones of Pumptrisaint to Hulse of Ebbsfleet Wharf? Well, I told them your father was a wharfinger, but it seems that the drain-pipes upset my godfather. I begged of them to see Lucy, who is such a sweet girl that they couldn't help being pleased with her. But it was no use. He's so impatient, is Sir Pantlin. 'John,' he said to me, 'by ——, if you marry a bricklayer's daughter, I'll disown you forever.'"

"Oh, he said that, did he?" cried Edward, white with suppressed passion, his sense of helplessness and powerlessness making his rage glow all the more fiercely. "And what did you say?"

"What could I say, my dear fellow? I did try to explain that they were pipes and tiles, and not bricks, that your father dealt in, and that very respectable people sold such things in London; but it was not a morsel of good."

"Then you mean to say—"

"I want you to take this letter to your sister. Break it to her as gently as you can, my dear fellow, for I dare say she'll feel it as much as I do. Only give her to understand that this is final, and ask her to pity me."

"Pity you, you infernal scoundrel!"

"What!" shouted John.

"You lying, cozening *scoundrel!*"

The word roused all the fiery blood of the Welshman. With the back of his hand he smote Edward in the mouth, and in a moment his lips were streaked with blood. With the rapidity of lightning Edward returned the buffet with a left-handed blow, delivered so straight and true that, as Jones threw back his head to avoid it, it fell upon him just under the right ear, so that he dropped heavily to the ground.

The candle had fallen over in the scuffle; all was silent after the first crash of the fall of the man, and all was dark.

"John!" cried Edward, in alarm. "John, have I hurt you? where are you? what are you doing? Speak to me; for Heaven's sake, speak!"

There wasn't a word in reply. Not a sound to be heard, except the howling and scratching of the big dog up stairs.

"John! John!" said Edward, stooping over him, and taking hold of his arm, "what have I done to you?"

The arm dropped down limp and flaccid. There was no flutter of breath or whisper of life in the body lying there. With trembling haste Edward felt for the match-box, and tried to strike a light. The match flared, sputtered, went out. His hands were wet with some viscid fluid; he couldn't wipe it off. He got a light at last. The feeble flame of the candle disclosed the body of Jones lying prone and lifeless; its head rested in a small pool of blood. The head had struck against the triangular edge of the iron vise. It was impossible that the life should have gone out of a strong man's body on such small provocation. It was a swoon he was in; he would recover presently. But it was awful, too, to see the stillness of the body. There was a tremulous flutter of the nether lip for a moment—was it the sign of returning life? No; rather the last struggle of expiring nature. For after that the features took a terribly set and rigid look, the expression that only the master Death can limn.

Edward held his face between his hands. What was this gulf that had opened beneath his feet, that had cut him off in a moment from all the hopes and desires of life? Had this curse, then, indeed descended upon him, this fatal, irrevocable curse? No, it was an evil dream, a vision. But there was blood upon his hands—blood!

"Edward," cried a sweet, soft voice, the voice of his sister calling to him from afar, "are you there? Where is John?"

"I don't know."

Between all his past life, bright and honorable, and the dark, dismal future awaiting him, there was now this invisible barrier, these words, the words of the unhappy prototype of all blood-stained men—"I know not."

CHAPTER IX.

"Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!"

THE Reverend John Jones had occupied lodgings, during the time he had been in charge of the parish of St. Saveall's, in Finsbury Circus, a locality, be it said, much more airy and cheerful than Pimlico. It need hardly be remarked that the mistress of the house was a Welshwoman. Her husband was a little atomy of a man, who was agent to some slate company in North Wales. She herself was a buxom woman, clever, tidy, and very clean. She was really glad to have as a lodger the son of the archdeacon. She was not a churchwoman herself; she attended a Welsh chapel, whence was served a distillation of all the strong faiths in which her countrymen delight; nevertheless she respected much the dignitaries of the Establishment. Little Evan Morris, her husband, was a shocking radical—would have people vote against their landlords, and generally fly in the face of their bread-and-butter; but Gwen was a careful, prudent woman, who looked forward to returning to Pumptrisaint some day, and despised such vagaries.

The archdeacon was a tall, bony man, who always wore an ample black frock, which seemed glossy enough in Wales, but, somehow or other, looked rather dusty in London—a broad-brimmed hat, about which was a perpetual black band, also harboring the dust. He had a brown weather-beaten face, dark vague eyes; a pleasant smile was generally hovering about his mouth. Sir Pantlin Jones showed a seamed but fresh-looking apple face, wore always a gray suit and a blue bird's-eye neck-tie, limped a little in his gait, and swore sonorously.

"De-ear, it's the archdeacon and Sir Pantlin!" cried Mrs. Morris, as she opened the door. "Well, indeed, and who would have thought of seeing you? Come in, do!"

"We've come to breakfast with my son," cried the archdeacon, after he had shaken hands with Mrs. Morris. "We're not putting you out in any way, I hope?"

"Name o' goodness, no; but—" Here Mrs. Morris's face clouded over, and she fell into a state of great perplexity. "Come in, do, and sit down!" she cried at last, her face clearing for a moment as she led the way into the sitting-room. She carefully dusted the seats of two chairs with her apron, and left her guests to their own devices, while she proceeded to take counsel of her thoughts.

John Jones, her lodger, had not come home the night before. She didn't think much of that; he might have stopped out with some friends. Mrs. Morris knew the ways of young men too well to feel decided alarm. But his father—would he not be angry? And Mrs. Morris's first impulses, despite her careful ways, were always on the side opposed to law and authority. No, she thought, she had better send a note by special messenger to Ebbsfleet Wharf, saying that the Reverend John Jones's father had come to breakfast, and asking if he had been staying there for the night, or if Mr. Hulse knew where he was. It would not take ten minutes to run to Lower Bridge Street and back. In the mean time her lodger's friends must wait patiently.

This they did at first, looking at the engravings on the wall: a lithograph of Aberdovey Pier; a distempered view of the Bay of Naples, with the schooner *Mary Ann*, port of Aberystwith, Thomas Jones, master, 110 tons register, floating thereon in great pride; a small portrait of Parch. Evan Evans, a shining light of the Calvinist faith; and a large one of Sir Watkyns, his lady, his horse, and a few favorite hounds, which occupied a conspicuous post of honor over the fire-place. Sir Pantlin soon became impatient and rang the bell. Nobody answered it, and then he began to swear. The archdeacon pulled him up sharp.

"Do you remember in whose presence you are? Come, come, Sir Pantlin," he cried, "it may be all very well at Pumptrisaint, but it won't do in London."

"That reminds me," said Sir Pantlin, "of a story my grandfather used to tell.—God bless me, what's the matter?"

For here the door opened, and a young girl ran in, fair to see, but very white and eager-looking. She came up to his father (to John's father), and took him by the hand.

"You are John's father, I know. Oh, tell me where he is! Where did you leave him?"

"Why, he's here, of course; these are his rooms. Bless me, what—"

"Indeed he's not here, archdeacon; he didn't come home last night, and I sent to Mr. Hulse's to see if they knew where he was. This is Miss Hulse, cariad anwyl!" cried Mrs. Morris, appearing hot and flustered, her bonnet stuck upright on her head.

"How very unaccountable!" cried the archdeacon. "He left us in Piccadilly at eight o'clock last night, saying that he was going home, and asked us to breakfast with him at nine. What can be the matter? You say, young lady, that you have seen or heard nothing of him?"

"Only the bell!" cried Lucy; "only the bell! I heard his ring at the door, but there was nobody there, and from that moment I feared that something had happened." Lucy began to sob.

"I can't understand it," said the archdeacon, turning quite pale and flaccid. "What shall we do?"

"Stay, here is an open letter," cried Sir Pantlin, "lying on the table. Read it, Jones; it may throw light upon the affair."

The archdeacon took it up and read it. It was the letter advising Jones of the dishonor of the bill to which his name had been forged.

The father groaned heavily; for the moment he thought that all was explained—that his son, overwhelmed with embarrassments of which his father was ignorant, had either absconded or committed suicide; but, looking again at the letter, he saw that there was written across it in his son's untidy scrawl, "This is either a stupid hoax or a base forgery."

"I think," said the archdeacon, looking round wildly—"I think we'd better send for the police. Don't go, young lady; we shall require your assistance."

"Yes," cried Sir Pantlin. "Run, Mrs. Morris, give my compliments—Sir Pantlin's compliments—Sir Pantlin of Pumptrisaint, his compliments—to the nearest magistrate, and request that he will do me the favor to place the services of his most experienced detectives and active officers at my—at Sir Pantlin's—disposal. Do you hear, Mrs. Morris?"

"Oh yes!" cried Lucy; "he has come to some harm. Oh, do run for the police! I will go too; I will go and look for him."

They couldn't stop her. She ran out quickly.

CHAPTER X.

"Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes."

AT nine o'clock on Monday morning, Edward Hulse issued from the postern-gate of Ebbsfleet Wharf. He looked pale and haggard, and cast an uneasy glance up and down the street as he went out. He turned eastward, and passed up a succession of narrow streets, in which the combined flavor of oranges, red-herrings, fresh and kippered fish, mingled with tarry ropy odors from the river hard by, and pushed his way through swarms of coster-mongers, crowds of porters and loafers, threading in and out among drays and lorries, whose heavy horses made the pavements ring with the resonance of their iron hoofs. Passing through all this noise and confusion, he came to a quiet triangular space, round which were ranged, in a hollow crescent, numberless carts and vans, waiting for their morning loads.

Before him crouched the grim gray walls of the Tower, about whose battlements and bastions the light gray mists of the morning still lingered. The flag of England drooped half-way down on the staff, betokening the death of one of her most veteran and gallant soldiers, while visible here and there, between the crenelations of the walls, the scarlet-glowing coat, the black bear-skin, the glinting bayonet of the sentry, caught the cheery morning beams of the sun, as he struggled forth from his encompassing vapors.

Around the dry and arid fosse of the Tower is a little belt of shrubbery and grass. To this the entrance is by a wooden wicket, which the inhabitants of the neighboring square are allowed to use. Edward passed unchallenged into this inclosure. The meagre shrubs, whose leaves, even now, were dropping rattling to the ground at each breath of wind, afforded only a scanty screen. Nevertheless, this had been before now the trysting-place of Edward and Patty, and here he had been summoned to meet her at nine o'clock this Monday morning.

"I thought you were in Margate, Patty, till I got your note just now."

Edward spoke in dreary, mechanical tones: his soul was away. He might move hither and thither, his mind rested always in the narrow inclosure of Ebbsfleet Wharf. Patty, in a moment, noticed his gloom.

"You are not well, Edward?" she said. "What is the matter?"

"Oh, I'm pretty well," he replied, with a forced laugh—"that is, I'm a little seedy, that's all."

"The reason I asked you to meet me," said Patty, with dignity—her pride had taken alarm at Edward's coldness—"the reason I asked you to meet me here was to put you on your guard."

"Against what?" said Edward, with a start.

"Against Bilfil. He is your enemy, and I am afraid he has some hold over you."

Edward ground his teeth.

"And pray how do you know any thing about Bilfil?" he cried, angrily.

Patty smiled; she didn't mind his anger.

"I met him at Margate, and I had a long walk with him yesterday morning. Indeed, he made me an offer, Ned, and I refused it."

"He, Bilfil, offered you marriage!" cried Edward.

Patty nodded, and went on:

"I refused him, and then he asked about you; and then, of course, I told him all about it, and he said that you were a fool, and couldn't take care of yourself, much less of any body else—those were his very words, Ned; and—you mustn't be angry—that you would be in prison before long. And then I got warm, and called him a liar; and he laughed, and took out his pocket-book, and showed me a paper, a bill, with your name to it; and I couldn't believe my eyes, and then he shut up his book with a snap. 'Like that,' he cried, 'I will shut up your Master Edward!' Oh, Edward, the very click of that lock made me shudder. And I didn't lose a moment, but came back to London by the next train, and I went almost to your house, and I was going to knock at the door, and ask for you—I didn't like to, Ned; oh, I felt so wretched, Ned!—but at that moment I heard somebody coming along. It was quite dusk, so I stepped into the next lane, thinking, if it was you, I could see you without any fuss; and it wasn't you after all, but the curate of St. Saveall's; and then I waited, and saw him go in, and you come after him quickly, running, trying to overtake him, and I hadn't time to stop you."

Edward gave a groan. Oh, if she had only stopped him!

"I hadn't time to stop you, and finding you had a visitor, a friend, I didn't like to ask for you, Ned, and I waited some little time hoping he or you might come out; but he never came out, Ned."

Edward gave another involuntary groan.

"And then somebody spoke to me, some tipsy man, and I ran home as fast as I could, and sent you a note instead this morning. And now you really must be careful, Ned, and keep out of the way, for I think it would break my heart to see you in prison."

"Patty," said Ned, a sudden thought striking him, "are you as true as steel, as brave as a lion? Are you to be trusted with a *life?*"

"Try me!" cried Patty, with a curl of the lip and a flash of the eye.

They whispered together long; and when they had finished, Patty's face was as pale as Edward's. Then they clasped hands for a moment, and went their ways.

Edward sent a note to Paston and Brett that morning, saying that he wasn't well, and would take his holiday a week sooner than he had intended; and having dispatched that by the office-boy, he went into the yard, lit a pipe, and awaited events. His sister was out; had gone out without leaving any message. This disquieted him. Where could she be? A man had called and inquired for him. Who could he be? A detective, perhaps—hardly. Swift as retribution might be, there would surely be a little respite, an hour or two of liberty, a little gleam of this bright autumn sunshine, ere the chillness and blackness of night succeeds.

There was a ring at the bell—a short, quick ring. Edward went to the gate. A respectable-looking man stood there.

"Mr. Edward Hulse in?" he said.

"I am Edward Hulse."

"Oh, then can I have a word with you?"

"Certainly. Come in."

He ushered the man into the yard.

"I have a paper here for you," the man whispered—"a writ. Suit of Bilfil. You know, I dare say."

"Yes, it's all right," said Edward; "there's nothing more to say, is there?"

"Oh no; all right. Good-day."

"Good-day."

"Victoria, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, to Edward Hulse of Ebbsfleet Wharf, in the County of the City of London, We warn you that, unless within twelve days after the service of this writ on you (inclusive of the day of such service), you obtain leave from one of the Judges of the Courts at Westminster to appear, and do within that time appear in our Court of Common Pleas, in an action at the suit of William Bilfil, the said William Bilfil may proceed therein to judgment and execution. Witness, Sir William Bellows, Knight, at Westminster, the sixth day of October, in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-four."

He was sharp upon him, then, this Bilfil. No respite here. Ned had been a careful, prudent youth, nervously anxious for respectability and good opinion. At any other time this writ upon him would have caused him the keenest suffering; now he scarcely felt the slightest concern. Twelve days! twelve days! What will be the end of it? Where would they all be at the end of twelve days?

CHAPTER XI.

"Is there no pity sitting in the clouds
That sees into the bottom of my grief?"

IT was not long before the services of an experienced City detective were secured by the archdeacon. The name of Sir Pantlin Jones, Bart., M.P., did, it appeared, carry some little weight with it. The detective, a stout, heavy-looking man, of an unmistakably policeman's eye and jowl, who was known to his friends as Mr. Brass, asked a good many questions concerning the circumstances of John Jones's disappearance. But he didn't seem at all excited about the matter.

"Depend upon it, gents," he said, "he'll come back. As for the young lady being in it, bless her 'art, sweethearts are none so plenty that gals should go and knock 'em on the head."

"But you don't know—you haven't explained to the officer," said Sir Pantlin to the archdeacon, "what he had gone there to do."

"No," said the archdeacon, reluctantly; "I didn't want to say any thing about it. But the fact was, John, my son, was going to the house to break off the match at my command."

"And do you think," said Mr. Brass, reflectively, "that the young woman 'd 'a said any thing about the ring at the bell if she'd known where he'd been put to? Wasn't that nat'ral now? Fancying every ring at the bell was his—waiting to hear his footstep, bless her 'art, and he never come. No, depend upon it, gents, he's all right. His heart failed him jest at the last; he know'd he was going to break her 'art, poor dear, and he hadn't res'lootion to do it. He'll come back in a day or two; still, we'll keep

our eyes open—yes, we'll keep our eyes open, gents."

"But you must do more than that, officer; remember he's my godson—Sir Pantlin Jones of Pumptrisaint; you seem to forget that—my godson, do you hear?"

"Then you ought to have kep him more up in his chatecum, Sir Pantlin, than what he were by all accounts. Now, the fac' is, gents, I know a leetle more about this bisness than you thinks, for I met a young party jest now whose face I recelected, and I found he'd jest come away from this here door, and by means of a little cross-questioning I finds out that this chap has a writ to serve on our young master. Well, I puts this and that together, and I comes to the conclusion that he's laid up somewhere: not very far, p'r'aps, if we only knew."

"Eh? Begad, archdeacon, I didn't think that of our boy; don't seem like him, eh? It must be a mistake. Like this, eh?" said Sir Pantlin, picking up the open lawyer's letter. "I'd better show the officer this letter, eh?"

The detective read the letter.

"It makes the thing only the stronger, gents. A writ to be served—a bill dishonored—that's a bit of flash in the pan about the forgery, depend upon it; his sweetheart too, p'r'aps, poor lass, who knows?—and he 'ooks it. Yes, gents, he's stepped it—depend upon it, he has."

Then all of a sudden Lucy's voice was heard in the hall below.

"Are they up stairs? Let me go to them at once!" she cried, bursting into the room. "I have news of him. He *did* come to the house; it *was* his hand I heard on the bell; his last visit was to me; he must have had foul play. Oh, dear Sirs, perhaps it isn't yet too late!"

"But, young lady," said Mr. Brass, "where did you get this bit of evidence?"

"From Mrs. Robinson, of Trinity Square. I knew John called there sometimes. He had a friend there, formerly a curate, who lodged there, and I went there to ask for him; and she saw him—at least, not she but her daughter—saw him go into our door, the yard door, you know, last night at nine, or soon after."

"And what is the daughter's name?"

"Patty, Patty Robinson."

Mr. Brass noted down the name and address, and then took his departure. If, indeed, John Jones had entered the yard of the Ebbsfleet Wharf soon after nine on the Sunday night, and had not been seen to come out, while the inmates of the house denied all knowledge of him, it looked queer. But even yet Mr. Brass didn't look kindly upon the case. The young man had absconded, and would turn up again shortly in the most prosaic way, robbing every body of their respective shares in his bounty money. Still it was a matter on which to keep an eye.

Lucy, meantime, had looked often and wistfully at the archdeacon. John had talked to her so much about his father and his godfather—she recognized them both by his description of them—and she had looked forward to their coming half in delight and half in trepidation. On the one hand, she had felt that to be received by John's father as his daughter would be one of the most delightful of experiences; on the other, she had shrunk shyly from the strangeness and stiffness of such a meeting. But that in John's father she would find a man who would not acknowledge her as a daughter had never occurred to her; and even in her grief and trouble at John's disappearance she felt an additional heart-ache at the coldness and formality with which she had been treated. Perhaps she had not sufficiently explained herself. It might have been an unmaidenly thing to come unaccompanied to her lover's rooms, to introduce herself unasked to his relatives. In her anxiety and trouble such things had been forgotten: she would explain to these two gentlemen, who looked so embarrassed by her presence, why and how she had forgotten them.

"Sir," she said, addressing the archdeacon, "perhaps I ought not to have come to you here; but when I found that John had disappeared—"

"Disappeared!" cried Sir Pantlin, testily; "the boy hasn't disappeared."

"That John had not come home last night, for I felt very uneasy ever since I heard his ring last night, and he not there—oh, I felt such a chill and shock! and when—you know how one can't shake off these forebodings—I found he really had not been heard of since then—oh, I felt sure something had happened, and I came here to find you and tell you what I know; for you know," said Lucy, blushing and looking down, "that I am to be his wife."

"Ahem, yes," said the archdeacon, coughing and choking. He had felt very guilty and troubled ever since he had heard about the ring at the bell, knowing how surely the errand on which he had sent his son had turned him away from that doorway, within which would have been safety for him that night. He had thought meanly, even suspiciously, of these Hulses, as people who had entrapped and deceived his boy. But he couldn't think meanly of Lucy as she stood before him in her purity and grace and helplessness. With the same trouble they were both pale and wan. For the same grief were their eyes suffused with tears.

The archdeacon looked at Sir Pantlin; Sir Pantlin looked at the archdeacon.

"Bless you, my dear," said Sir Pantlin at last, blowing his nose and coughing and spluttering. "Bless you, we've heard all about you, my dear. Only find the boy—only find him, my darling—and he shall marry you to-morrow—yes, by jingo! Eh, archdeacon?" he cried, turning fiercely upon his friend.

"Oh dear, oh dear, we shall never, never look upon his face again!" cried the archdeacon, shaking all over with excitement.

"Nonsense!" whispered Sir Pantlin. "Nonsense, Jack! you frightened the boy away by your harshness. Why the deuce couldn't you let the lad have his own way—a sweet girl like that, too? Begad, Jack, I'm ashamed of you!"

"Anwyl dad!" cried the archdeacon; "and you were worse against it than any body. But, oh, my dear, help us—help us two poor old men, who are half distracted—help us to find our boy!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Dial Broughams.—A dead-and-gone Scandal.

THE two great sensations of this week have been the reappearance in public life of Mr. Bright and the publication of the autobiography of Mr. Mill.

The former on his re-election for Birmingham had an audience of 17,000 persons, and spoke for an hour and ten minutes with all his ancient eloquence and good sense, though the old fire was somewhat lacking. He told his fellow-countrymen, in his own vigorous language, exactly what the liberals have done for them, and what the Tories have not done. I am proud to think that with respect to the former I placed the case before you two months ago (under the head of "What Mr. Gladstone has done for us"), point by point, exactly as he describes it, so that there is no need for recapitulation. All England has now learned how the case stands between those two parties, stripped of all falsehood and "Buncombe." Where and where alone Mr. Bright is at odds with his own followers is in his curious views with respect to the adulteration of food—a matter which, in his admiration for free trade, he seems to imagine ought to be left to right itself. The executive, however, has, I am glad to say, decided otherwise; and should my milkman empty his can at my door, with any admixture of water in it, it costs me, it is true, 5*d.* a quart instead of 4*d.* (for the milkmen have naïvely admitted that if they are compelled to sell pure milk, they must charge twenty-five per cent. more for it); but it costs *him* £10 under the new act. I believe the good people in New York have protected themselves long ago from such practices.

But have you got dial carriages? These sound very much like an American invention, so ingenious are they and yet so simple! but they purport to be originated by a London jeweler. There is a dial on the splash-board under the eyes of the driver, and a duplicate dial within the carriage, and these are connected with one another by a tight chain. They are designed to supersede the check-string, but may even in many cases render the services of a footman unnecessary. On their faces are engraved every direction that is likely to be given by the inside passenger—"Fast," "Slow," "Go on," "Stop," "Stop right," "Stop left," "Club," "Home," "Wall Street"—and the handle strikes a bell that calls the attention of the coachman to these orders.

For my own part, I have not a dial brougham yet, and though of course "all my carriages" (as Mr. Whalley says) can be fitted with this new invention, what would form a very pretty present at Christmas-time (which is now approaching) from an editor to his contributor, or from a body of readers to their favorite writer in their favorite periodical, would be a dial brougham.

"General society, as now carried on in England, is so insipid an affair, even to the persons who make it what it is, that it is kept up for any other reason rather than the pleasure it affords. All serious discussion on matters on which opinions differ being considered ill-bred, and the national deficiency in liveliness and sociability having prevented the cultivation of the art of talking agreeably on trifles, in which the French of the last century so much excelled, the sole attraction of what is called society to those who are not at the top of the tree is the hope of being able to climb a little higher in it.....To persons of any but a very common order in thought or feeling such society, unless he has personal objects to serve by it, must be supremely unattractive; and most people, in the present day, of any really high class of intellect, make their contact with it so slight, and at such long intervals, as to be almost considered as retiring from it altogether."

The above is the verdict passed upon general society by Mr. John Stuart Mill in his recent autobiography, and it being in the main true enough, general society doesn't like it. They can not ignore Mr. Mill's opinions, but they revenge themselves by abusing his book. It is open, indeed, to objections upon all points, except its style, which is absolutely faultless. The curiosity of it lies in two things: first, in the fact that the author should have thought it worth while to defend himself from the charge of being a prig (which in youth he most unquestionably was); and secondly, that he seems quite unaware of the total revolution in his own character that took place after his emancipation from his father (a perfect nigger-driver in his high-pressure education of his son), and upon his acquaintance with the lady (Mrs. Taylor) who eventually became his wife. He protests that to her—not to her encouragement and sympathy merely, but to herself, her intelligence, learning, and aspirations—is owing at least one-half of all that he has written and accomplished; that what was wanting in his mind she supplied, being, among other things, "a greater poet than Carlyle." "Come, come!" says society; "this will *not* do. We knew Mrs. Mill, some of us, tolerably well, and all this is hyperbole. She was a clever woman, with a very retentive memory; and since she remembered and repeated her husband's views, it is only reasonable that he should have set her down as the wisest and most admirable of womankind."

A curious disinterment of an old scandal has just come to light at Brighton. A Civil and United Service Club has been just established in what was once the marine residence of the famous Mrs. Fitzherbert, the twice-married beauty whose charms conquered the susceptible Prince Regent, afterward George IV., though she was seven years his senior, and caused him to contract with her what was almost a morganatic marriage; and the alterations made in the house have revealed a fact which scandal always whispered—that a subterranean passage existed between the fair lady's residence and the Pavilion, that of his royal highness. The incident has stirred up the dust of that dead-and-gone intrigue in a very ghastly manner.

There is doubtless many a good whist-player in New York who has dropped a tear—or its equivalent, for I suppose few whist-players do drop tears—over poor James Clay, the best partner and most formidable opponent who ever sat down to whist, and the writer of the text-book of that noble game. He sat in Parliament many years for Hull, and was the proposer of the once famous educational franchise, to which it was humorously objected that "it would exclude the aristocracy." If not witty himself, he was the cause of wit in others, and the last thing that has been put into his "poor dumb mouth" is as follows: Once upon a time—*but* once—he lost a game by trumping a thirteenth card. This weighed upon his mind as a murder would have done upon the conscience of any other man, and gave him nightmare for weeks. "I dream," said he, "of meeting that thirteenth spade in a very narrow lane, where there is no room to *pass* it, and therefore *I am obliged to trump him.*" If this is not worthy of Charles Lamb, my name is not R. KEMBLE, of London.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE public mind is specially interested just at present in regard to gold and silver coin, and the possible resumption of "specie payment." Many of us have almost forgotten the times when dollars, half and quarter dollars, with smaller silver coin, and possibly a sprinkling of gold pieces, jingled in our purses—those old-fashioned purses, which, being no fit receptacle for greenbacks and paper currency, are, perchance, laid away in some unfrequented drawer, and may yet prove useful. "In view of this subject"—as lecturers and clergymen are accustomed to say—a few items, taken in substance from the annual report of the Director of the Mint for the fiscal year ending with June last, may not be uninteresting to our readers. The amount of gold and silver deposits and purchases, coins struck and stamped, and bars manufactured during the year was as follows: gold deposited, $59,937,429 45; silver deposited, $12,307,389 43; total amount received and acted on, $72,244,818 88. Deducting deposits made and issued by one institution and deposited with another, the deposits were, gold, $57,704,385 88; silver, $9,145,328 43; total, $66,849,714 31. The total number of gold and silver pieces coined was 32,523,670, having a total value of $38,639,183. The value of bars of fine gold and silver manufactured, and of imported gold and silver, amounted to $27,517,530 61. Some idea of the increase of operations may be obtained by the statement that the coinage of gold during the month of October approximated in value $14,000,000, the coin, except as to the Pacific coast States and Territories, being, as a general thing, in the Treasury and banks. From the most reliable data obtainable at the present time, the gold coin now in the country is estimated at $135,000,000, and subsidiary silver, $5,000,000; total, $140,000,000. The silver coin is principally in circulation in California, Oregon, Nevada, Idaho, Arizona, and Texas. Of the coin now in the Treasury, about $5,000,000 will need to be renovated. A much greater loss results, in process of time, from natural abrasion than would be generally supposed; and when a large number of pieces are so worn as to be below the prescribed standard, it is necessary that there should be a recoinage. It is stated that there has not been a recoinage of gold in this country since that which followed the change of standard in 1834, and that in the very large exports of coin since the suspension of specie payments in 1861, the unworn coin were selected for that purpose, and the light or worn pieces excluded. In the course of a few months it is probable that the New Orleans Mint will be in a condition for coinage operations; and the new mint edifice which has been for some time past in the course of construction at San Francisco is nearly completed. It is now being fitted up with the necessary machinery and apparatus, and, it is expected, will be finished by July, 1874. It is a large building—though none too large for its purpose—and will doubtless be one of the best appointed mints in the world.

At Clapham, one of the most agreeable suburbs of London, a model village is in course of completion for clerks, artisans, and laborers of limited means. There have been two hundred applications for the first seventy houses. These houses are commodious, and each has a garden. The rent of one having nine or ten rooms is from $90 to $100. All are built on the most approved sanitary and architectural principles. Provision is made for schools, lecture-room, bath and wash houses, play-grounds, and churches.

The term "blue," which is sometimes applied to Presbyterians, originated from the peculiar dress of the Scotch Presbyterian clergy, which was a blue gown and a broad blue bonnet.

As Boston now wants a park, and does not know where to locate it, an exchange sagaciously suggests the Berkshire Hills, which a little more "annexion" would bring in.

A Connecticut manufacturer, instead of running his mills at Yantic on half time, has adopted a system of giving his operatives three days vacation in each week, one-half alternating with the other, the mill running full time, and for their advantage has established in an engine-house of the corporation a free school, employing a spinner fully competent to take charge of it. Not only the children, but adults, are improving the opportunities thus afforded. The example of this manufacturer is worthy of imitation.

Agricultural statistics from Ireland report the obnoxious growth of weeds all over the country, and the inefficacy of all efforts yet made to keep them down. These efforts, however, are of a curious kind—a prominent one being instruction by the inspector to school-children "to give their best attention to uprooting weeds by the road-sides and in the fields!"

For two or three years past drawing has been one of the regular studies in the Massachusetts public schools. This branch is likely to prove very serviceable to the scholars in after-life; but it has been found difficult to obtain competent teachers. The Legislature has now provided for the establishment of a State Normal Art School, which has been opened this month with a limited number of pupils. Instrumental drawing will be taught by lectures, and free-hand drawing by individual instruction, as also painting and designing. Lectures will also be given on architecture and building construction, machine drawing, orthographic projection, isometric projection, projection of shades and shadows, geometric drawing, and perspective.

A communication from Fordyce Barker, M.D., of this city, which recently appeared in the New York *Times*, contains some statements of general interest in regard to the evils resulting from the condition of our pavements. He says:

"The imperfect surface drainage, the want of cleanliness, and the distracting noise of our streets, are shortening the lives of our citizens, and are not only maintaining, if not increasing, the death rate, but surely inviting pestilence to the city. The energies of the Board of Health have no doubt been severely taxed by the enormous amount of work it has performed, but were its powers ten times greater than at present, they would not be adequate to the task of cleaning 300 miles of streets paved as ours are. In fact, it is next to impossible to thoroughly clean a stone pavement. Its crevices will always afford lodgments for comminuted decaying organic matter, furnishing a fertile soil for fungoid development. Especially is this the case where the pavements have become broken or sunken, forming receptacles which collect and conserve those rejected elements of life, which at the same time express and invoke death."

Dr. Barker also forcibly comments upon one constant annoyance of city life, from which many persons experience acute suffering, but of which few realize the actual danger. He remarks:

"Very few appreciate the effect of persistent noise on the nervous system. We now see very little of the gentle decline of old age in this city. When our busy men die they fall with little or no premonition, like soldiers in the crash of battle. The toughest railway iron is shattered by a sufficient number of comparative slight blows. It resists without external change, but interiorly its filiform structure gradually becomes granular, and the end of the transition is marked by the blow which fractures the rail. So the strong business man, accustomed to the din of travel and traffic, endures it for a period without evidence of injury, until one day comes when the nervous system, suddenly shattered, announces the close of his business career and the imminence of dissolution."

The opinion is expressed by Dr. Barker that the asphalt concretes which have been used extensively in London during the last five years have almost completely overcome the objectionable features of stone pavement as to drainage, cleanliness, and noise.

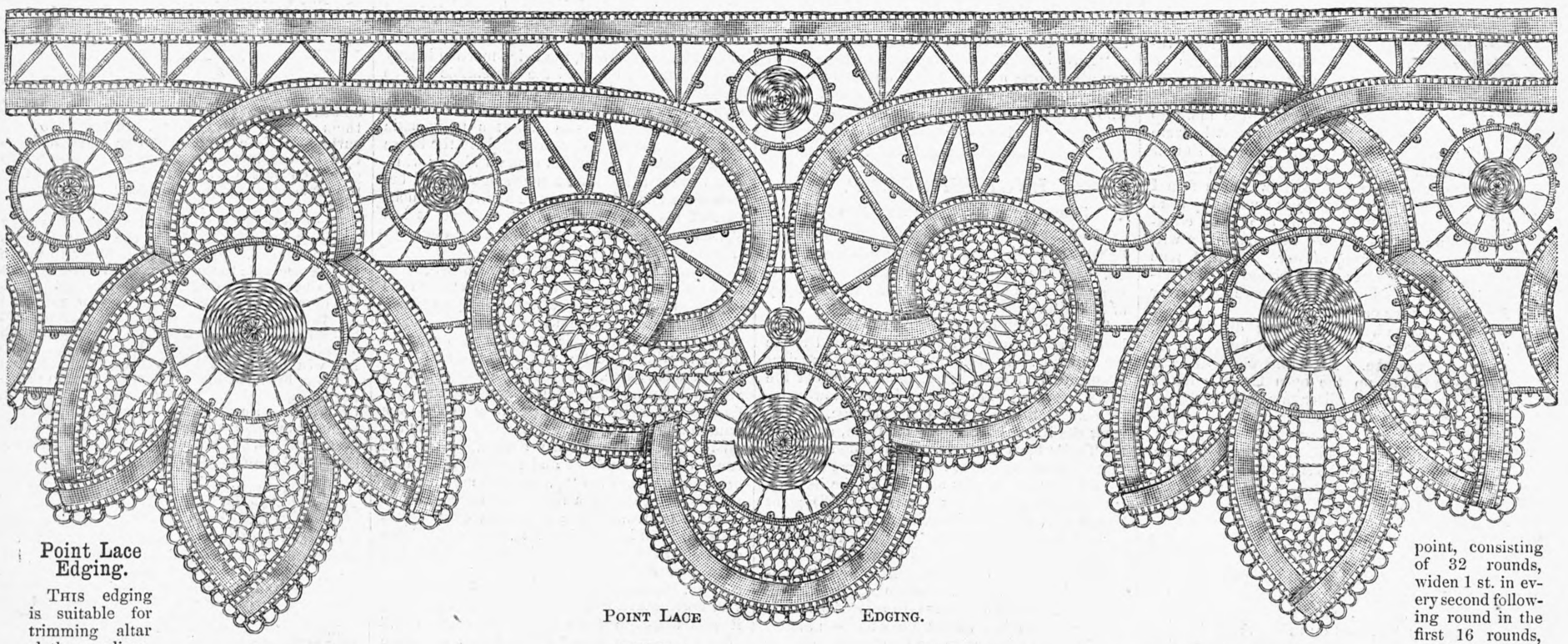
The castle of Ardverikie has been almost totally destroyed by fire. One feature within the castle was a number of wall-etchings, life size, by the late Sir Edwin Landseer. When a guest at the castle the great painter thus decorated three sides of the walls of the drawing-room, all the subjects being connected with the chase. These relics of Landseer, which were regarded as of inestimable value, have been totally destroyed. For three years past extensive additions have been made to the building, and these were but recently finished.

St. Petersburg is built upon low land, and is always in some danger of inundation from the Neva. In 1824 the waters of the Neva rose eighteen feet above their usual level, and there was a frightful flood. Since that time there has been no inundation so serious as that which occurred about the middle of October. A violent storm of wind and rain commenced about sunset, the water rose rapidly, and the lower part of the town was completely flooded. Many of the streets were literally rivers. Trees in the public gardens were uprooted, telegraph wires torn down, several coasting ships actually floated into the streets, and poor people, panic-stricken, abandoned their little property, glad to escape with their lives. The Zoological Gardens were completely under water, and the proprietors had the greatest difficulty in saving the animals. The elephant in particular gave a great deal of trouble, but he was at last led in safety to the nearest police station, where he remained for the night. To add to the horrors of the night, no less than four fires occurred. Soon after two o'clock in the morning the wind changed, and the water fell as rapidly as it had risen. The loss of property in St. Petersburg was very great, but it is believed no lives were lost.

A New Hampshire paper publishes the following as a fact: "In Dover, on Thursday, a $100 bill actually paid debts amounting to $1000, and within eight hours returned to the man who first paid it out in the morning. It happened that A owed B $100; he paid it. B owed C $100, so he paid the bill over to him. Thus it went, and the ninth gentleman to whom it was paid, happening to owe A $100, paid it over to him, so that it paid all these debts and came back to the original owner."

Unfortunately for the Adventists of Terry Island, in the Connecticut River, the end of the world failed to come off, as advertised, on the 5th of November. They are doubtless greatly disappointed at the non-fulfillment of their prophecies.

Powder will explode. This fact was recently discovered by a Detroit boy, who, with several members of the family, was watching the process of drying half a pound of damp powder in an oyster can. They were scattered in various directions.



POINT LACE EDGING.

Point Lace Edging.

THIS edging is suitable for trimming altar cloths, surplices, dresses, etc., and is worked in point lace embroidery with point lace braid and thread as shown by the illustration.

Knitted and Crochet Hood for Girl from 1 to 2 Years old.

See illustration on page 777.

THIS hood is worked with white zephyr worsted and coarse steel knitting-needles in rounds going back and forth, all knit plain, and ornamented with single long stitches of pink worsted. The pointed outer edge of the cape is bordered with one round of sc. (single crochet) with pink worsted. Bows and ends of pink satin ribbon form the trimming. The crown of the hood consists of a round piece twelve inches in diameter. Begin the crown from the under edge with a foundation of 20 st. (stitch), and going back and forth on these knit 126 rounds all plain, but to the 30th round widen at the beginning and end of each round always 1 st. Then knit 66 rounds without widening, and 30 rounds more in which always narrow 1 st. at the beginning and end of each round. Chain off the remaining st. on the needle. The cape and front with pointed outer edge are worked crosswise in rounds going back and forth. For the cape make a foundation of 12 st., and on these knit, forming points on one side, 212 rounds all plain; in the first 16 rounds, at the end of every second following round, widen 1 st.; and in the following 14 rounds narrow 1 st. in every second following round. The next two points are worked in a similar manner, but in the hollow of each point the number of stitches is increased by 1 st. each. In the fourth point, consisting of 32 rounds, widen 1 st. in every second following round in the first 16 rounds, and in the following 16 rounds narrow 1 st. each. The last 3 points are worked to correspond with the first 3 points, but in reversed order. For the front, which is worked in a similar manner, make a foundation of 7 st., and on one side form 5 points like these previously described. Border the cape and front on the pointed edges with one round of sc. with pink worsted, and ornament each part with long stitches of pink worsted as shown by the illustration. Work for a binding eighteen inches and seven-eighths long a chain stitch foundation of the requisite length with white worsted, close it in a ring with one slip stitch, and on this crochet 3 rounds of double crochets, working one on each st. Join the crown of the hood from the wrong side with the edge st. of the last round of this binding by means of overhand stitches, in doing which the crown is slightly gathered; then sew the cape and front together with the foundation st. of the binding, gathering the cape at the same time; the front, however, is set on entirely smooth, and is bordered on the front edge with one round of sc. with pink worsted. Finally, set on pink satin ribbon between the crown and cape as shown by the illustration, and furnish the hood with bows and strings.

Fig. 1.—WATER-PROOF CLOAK FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 24–29.

Fig. 2.—WATER-PROOF CLOAK FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 24–29.

Crochet and Knitted Cap for Boy from 1 to 2 Years old.

See illustration on page 777.

THIS cap is worked with white zephyr worsted in Afghan stitch (like that of the girl's crochet, netted, and knitted hood, No. VI., Figs. 30–32, Supplement),

Fig. 1.—GRAY CASHMERE DRESS.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 15–20.

Fig. 2.—GRAY CASHMERE DRESS.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 15–20.

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and ornamented with crochet cord of blue worsted. The pointed rim which lies on the cap is bordered with one round of sc. (single crochet) of blue worsted. The trimming consists of a feather knitted in loop stitch with white worsted and blue satin bows. For the crown of the cap cut of net or paper a round piece twelve inches in diameter. Begin the crown on the under edge with a foundation of 60 st. (stitch); 40 of these are designed for the widening at the left side, and 20 st. for the first pr. (pattern row) of the crown. The widening and narrowing are done on the outer edge to suit the shape of the round part. For the pointed strip twenty inches long make a foundation of 90 st., crochet on these 5 pr. in Afghan stitch, then 6 sc. on the last round of the sixth pr., 6 sc. on the edge st. at the left side of these 6 pr., 4 sc. on the next 4 st. of the strip, and then repeat eight times from ∗. The ends of this pointed strip are sewed up from the wrong side, and the outer edge of the strip is bordered with a round of sc. of blue worsted. Crochet for a binding 20 inches wide a foundation of the requisite length, close it in a ring with one slip stitch, and work 5 rounds of double crochet—one

KNITTED AND CROCHET HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD.

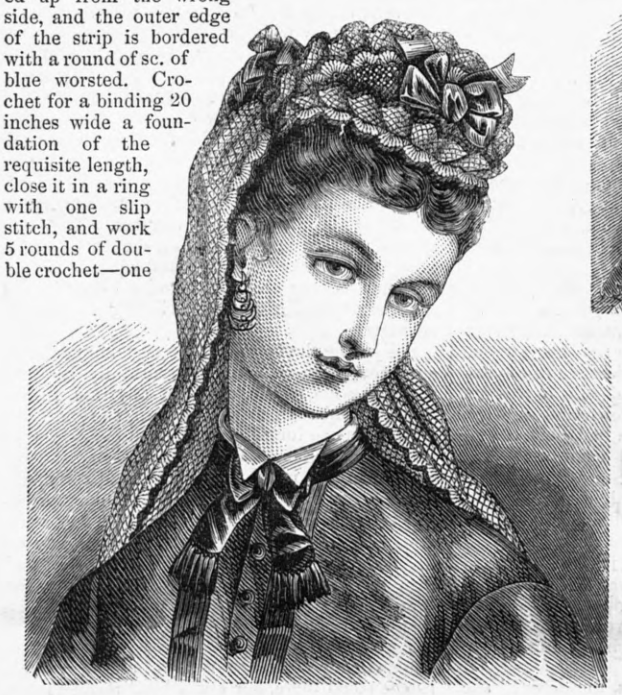

Fig. 1.—KNITTED AND CROCHET FANCHON HOOD.

unnoticed knit one round all plain. Turn the work, draw the mesh out of the loops, lay on the mesh behind the needles, and with the treble thread strand knit one loop round all plain. Again push the st. to the opposite end of the needle, knit with the single thread one round purled, and repeat the last four rounds seven times more, in doing which always widen 1 st. at the beginning and end of the first round in the first, second, third, and fourth repetitions, and in the sixth and seventh repetitions always narrow 1 st. Fasten the finished feather on the cap as shown by the illustration, and cover the seam with a bow of blue satin ribbon; a similar bow is set on in the middle of the back of the cap. Finish with strings of similar ribbon.

KNITTED, NETTED, AND CROCHET HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 30-32.

Knitted and Crochet Fanchon Hoods, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE fanchon hoods are knitted with white zephyr worsted and steel needles in an open-work design, and are trimmed with colored ribbon.

Fig. 1.—For the crown work in an open-work design a

LADY'S FLANNEL UNDER-VEST.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. IV., Figs. 21-23.

KNITTED AND CROCHET CAP FOR BOY FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD.

round part nine inches and three-quarters in diameter, which is folded in a revers in front. Begin this part from the under edge with a foundation of 10 st. (stitch), and going back and forth on this knit 22 rounds of always alternately t. t. o. (thread thrown over), k. (knit) 2 together; at the beginning and end of every second following round, however, always widen 1 st. Knit 10 rounds without changing the number of st., then 22 rounds more in which always narrow 1 st. at the beginning and end of every second following round. The last 10 st. are then chained off. Begin the strings from the under edge with a foundation of 8 st., and on these knit in the same design 16 rounds, in doing which always widen 1 st. at the beginning and end of each round. Now follow 20 rounds without widening, then 2 rounds, in which always narrow 1 st. at the beginning and end, and 92 rounds without changing the number of st.; then cast off. Edge the strings with three rounds in crochet-work: the first two of these rounds are worked with white worsted, and the third round with light purple floss silk, as follows: 1st round.—Always 1 sc. (single crochet) on each edge st. on the sides and on the under edge of the

Fig. 2.—KNITTED AND CROCHET FANCHON HOOD.

on each st. On the edge st. of the last round sew, first, the crown of the cap, which is at the same time laid in pleats at regular intervals, and then join the pointed strip on the straight outer edge with the under edge of the binding by means of one round of sc. of blue worsted. Ornament the crown with the cord as shown by the illustration, and the points of the rim with long stitches, which at the same time fasten the rim on the crown. The feather on the cap is worked crosswise in loop stitch with white zephyr worsted, alternately with a single and a treble thread of the same worsted, and with very coarse steel needles, as follows: Make a foundation of 4 st. with the single thread, and knit one round all purled. Pay no attention to the single thread, lay on the treble thread strand, and with the latter knit one loop round as follows: 1 p. (purled), insert the needle in the following st. as if going to p. the st., lay on a mesh an inch and a quarter in circumference before the needle, form a loop, winding the thread strand from the under toward the upper side once on the mesh and at the same time on the needle, purl the st., and repeat this twice, so that three loops are formed. Push the st. on the needle to the opposite end, and with the single thread previously left

finished knitted parts. 2d round.—∗ 1 sc. on the next st. of the preceding round, 1 ch. (chain stitch), 5 dc. (double crochet) on the second following st., 1 ch., with this pass over 1 st., and repeat from ∗. 3d round.—∗ 1 sc. on the next sc. of the preceding round, 4 ch., 1 sc. on the middle of the next 5 dc., 4 ch., with these pass over 3 st., and repeat from ∗. For the ruffles knit on a foundation of the requisite length 7 rounds in the same design, and border this strip with a crochet round of purple floss silk as follows: Always alternately work off the next st. on the needle together with the t. t. o. with 1 sc., 5 ch. Fold the crown in a revers on the front edge, so that the revers is two inches and seven-eighths wide in the middle of the front, and in order to make it stand up stiff furnish it with a lining of white stiff lace. Gather the ruffles, and sew them on the hood as shown by the illustration. The seam made by doing this is covered with crochet points like those on the outer edge of the strings. Gather the latter on the upper edge, and

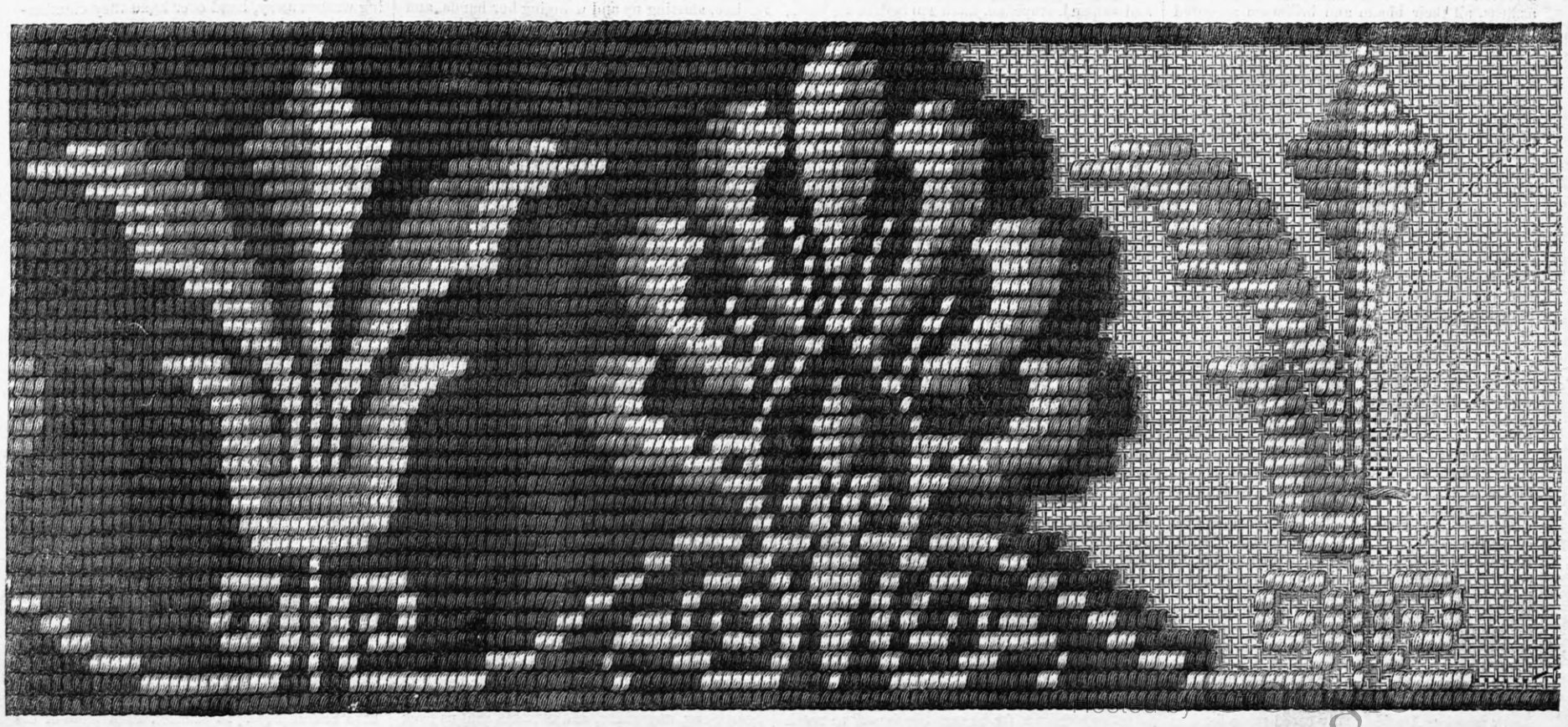

Fig. 2.—MANNER OF MAKING GOBELIN EMBROIDERY FOR RUG.—[See Fig. 1, Page 773.]

join them with the crown. Finally, set on bows of purple silk ribbon.

Fig. 2 consists of a three-cornered crown, fourteen inches and a half long and six inches wide through the middle, of strips arranged in ruffles, and besides this, of a strip forty-four inches long on the outer edge, which begins at two corners of the crown and is continued in the back as a streamer. For the crown make a foundation of 165 st. (stitch), beginning from the back edge, and on this foundation knit in rounds going back and forth, as follows: 1st round.—All purled. 2d round.—Always alternately k. (knit) 3 together, on the next st. 1 k. (knit plain), 1 p. (purled), 1 k. Repeat these two rounds 20 times, and in doing this narrow always 2 st. at the beginning and end of every round. This part is bordered on the outer edge, first with one round of sc. (single crochet), and then with two crochet rounds, as follows: 1st round.—Always alternately 1 dc. (double crochet) on the next st. of the outer edge, 1 ch. (chain stitch), with this pass over 1 st. 2d round.—∗ 1 sc. on the next dc. of the preceding round, 1 ch., 5 dc. on the following dc., 1 ch., 1 sc. on the next dc.; repeat from ∗. In connection with this work for the streamer on a ch. foundation thirty-six inches long two rounds like those before described. For the ruffle on the front of the fanchon work a knitted strip; to do this make a foundation of 154 st., and on these knit 14 rounds, going back and forth, as follows: 1st round.—Alternately t. t. o. (thread thrown over), k. 2 together. 2d round (right side of the work).—All knit plain. 3d round.—∗ Twice alternately t. t. o., 1 k., then four times alternately t. t. o., k. 2 together, then t. t. o., 1 k.; repeat from ∗. Repeat the 2d and 3d rounds five times, knit one round more all plain, and then cast off. The foundation st. form the under edge of the strip. In a similar manner work for the second ruffle a strip of 16 rounds on a foundation of 132 st. Gather the finished strips, and sew them on the front edge of the crown, so that they stand upright, as shown by the illustration, and the front strip covers the seam of the back strip. On a foundation of 242 st. work 16 rounds like those before described, and join this strip from the wrong side with the streamer worked previously in crochet-work. Finally, run narrow pink satin ribbon through the first of the two rounds bordering the crown and the strip. Set on the bows as shown by the illustration.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

ONCE on a time, while jewels flashed
And rose-hid fountains softly splashed,
And all the air was sweet and bright
With music, mirth, and deft delight,
A courtly dame drew, laughing, near
A poet, greatest of his time,
And chirped a question in his ear
With voice like silver bells in chime:
"Good Mr. Shakspeare! I would know
The name thy lady bore, in sooth,
Ere thine? Nay, little while ago
It was—for still we mark her youth—
Some high-born name, I trow, and yet,
Though I have heard it, I forget."
Then answered he,
With dignity,
Yet blithely—as the hour was gay—
"Ann Hathaway."

"And good, sweet Sir," the dame pursued,
Too fair and winsome to be rude,
"'Tis whispered here, and whispered there,
By doughty knights and ladies fair,
That—that—well, that her loyal lord
Doth e'en obey her slightest will.
Now, *my* good spouse, I pledge my word,
Though loving well, doth heed me ill.
How art thou conquered? prithee tell,"
She pleaded with her pretty frown;
"I fain would know what mighty spell
Can bring a haughty husband down."
She ceased, and raised her eager face
To his with laughing, plaintive grace.
Then answered he,
With dignity,
Yet blithely—as the hour was gay—
"Ah, lady, I can only say,
Ann hath a way."

ANSTICE'S THANKSGIVING.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

I THINK the loveliest sight I ever saw, save one—and that I will tell you about presently—was our garden party.

Though we lived on the sea-shore, our grounds had a southerly exposure, and in June they were a region of roses—roses and honeysuckles and azaleas, all their bloom and brilliance accented by the dark background of hemlocks; and here, on Anstice's eighteenth birthday, we had our garden party.

Anstice was so pretty herself—with her long hair, that was not quite yellow enough for gold, nor quite dark enough for chestnut, and was full of short glistening ripples, and her soft brown eyes, and her color like that of the roses themselves—I was looking at her from my place; for I had been so ill that I was not one of the party, and they had only drawn my chair to the window above; and I remember thinking that Anstice was so pretty herself that, as Ralph said, she could make a sunshine in a shady place. When he said it, Stuart Maynardier turned with a quick look that said he resented the liberty Ralph took in making the quotation at all; for ever since Ralph had come into the neighborhood Stuart had assumed a certain proprietary right in Anstice that was amusing to us who knew how she detested him, and had observed how eagerly she listened whenever Ralph was speaking, and how she had pressed and kept the flower he chanced to give her.

Ralph was quite alone in the world, though he came of good stock, as Dr. Sterling used to say; and he was in our part of the country with an invention of his own—a marine torpedo, I believe, which was to be tested by the gun-boats anchored off the cape; and, if the government accepted it, it would make him such rapid wealth that he could afford thenceforth to do nothing—nothing but pursue his studies in science. So far from Ralph's doing nothing, he was the soul of industry, and of that inexhaustible and almost holy curiosity in the matters of the universe that belongs to the true sons of science. Dr. Sterling had introduced him at our house, and he had proved an invaluable companion; and I don't know whether Anstice really cared more for him than mamma or I or any of the rest of us did, though I suppose hers was a different sort of caring; for one spring twilight I saw them in the garden, slowly sauntering down a walk to the terraces of the violet beds, and his arm was about her then, and they stopped to put their faces into a pink almond bough, and the faces were so close together they kissed each other, and I had no doubt that they had done it before, and I had no doubt, either, that Stuart Maynardier had seen the same, for he was coming in under the grape arbor at that moment, and he suddenly turned on his heel and went softly out. So it was to all intents and purposes an engagement between Ralph and Anstice; but, as they told mamma, they had a sentimental feeling about his work, and didn't want the engagement announced till the day his torpedo was tested and named a success.

Well, that was to be, as it happened, on the morning of Anstice's birthday, and so it had been decided that our garden party should take place in the afternoon. But when the day before arrived, owing to some illness of the commander of the chosen gun-boat, the test was postponed a day. However, it was too late to put off the garden party, and the guests began to come as early as noon—gentlemen and ladies, and lovely girls in all manner of bright dresses, like animated flowers themselves, as they floated about under the blue sky among the opening flowers in the sunshine. The strawberries and cream were set out under the marquee, and the target was up on the lawn for the archery; for one of Anstice's delights was in the archery just then beginning to be popular, and she had coaxed mamma over to what mamma at first thought very unladylike, and she had imported a bow a little taller than herself, a magnificent thing made of some polished and half-transparent material, and boxes of bowstrings from India in rolls and coils, and arrows of all devices known; and she had become a fine markswoman, and her example had been followed till archery parties were all the fashion about us.

Ralph had been detained, and had not arrived when it was time for the archery that afternoon, and Stuart had been busying himself with the bows for one and another; and having given Anstice hers, he ran down to make sure that the target on the fence that bounded the grounds there on the edge of the hill was all right. In that moment he must have seen who was coming; for, as he ran back, he cried out, "Quick, Miss Anstice! They wait for you to lead off! Quick!" And Anstice, standing in position, drew her bowstring, and just as I was feebly crying out from my window, where I could see it all, the arrow was flying, and Ralph's head was appearing above the fence at the target—Ralph, unaware that the archery had begun, and saving time, as usual, by bounding over a hedge in his agile way. That instant she saw what she was doing, too late to help it. The arrow had left the string. But probably that desperation in which she unconsciously tossed her bow upward deflected it from its course, for though it flew, it flew far on one side, and struck Stuart, and he fell at the same moment that Anstice threw herself on the ground, hiding her face. Half of the throng in the garden, in less time than you could tell it, were clustering round Anstice, and half of them round Stuart, and Ralph had dropped instantaneously from his dangerous perch, and was dashing round the long way to the gate. But in a breath Anstice was on her feet again, and running toward the other group. She never thought of Stuart Maynardier: her mind was full of the horrid thought that she had killed Ralph, and she burst through the people, seeing only a form, face down, upon the ground; for Dr. Sterling and another person were bending in such a manner that they rather hid the head, and she had flung herself beside it, calling out, "Oh! my darling, my darling! Have I killed you? Oh, speak to me! speak to your own Anstice!" And as she spoke, Ralph was hurrying down the path, and saw and heard it all, and stopped, stupefied, unable to believe his ears, and yet hearing her address these words to Stuart Maynardier, seeing her bend above him, and fall senseless in a long, still swoon—a swoon that rapt her in the great revulsion she experienced when she saw that it was Stuart whom she had thus adjured before the multitude.

Stuart had only been partially stunned by the stroke of the arrow, not seriously, and was already regaining his senses as they lifted Anstice. He had heard her; and I suppose the possibilities in the case flashed upon him before he fairly opened his eyes, for he sat up at once, rubbing his head and smiling languidly, and then drinking both of the water and the wine that were brought him; and almost directly he was on his feet again, staggering a little, but hastening to Anstice, whom they were trying to recover without waiting to take her into the house. And of course they made way for him after what they had heard, and he was kneeling beside her with her hand in his—for mamma was in the marquee, and the two girls and Aunt Maria were thunderstruck and bewildered—bending over her as he had never dared to bend, as he had never had the chance to approach her before, and gently drawing off unseen the ring she always wore—a curious ring of three diamonds set so as to be strung like beads on their three wires, and make any design into which she chose to move them—a ring concerning which Anstice had once said to Ralph, as she afterward told me, "It was worn by my grandmother for a wedding-ring, and I shall give it to my lover on the day he acknowledges me before the world."

It was all in less than five minutes; and Ralph would have been a person of superhuman self-control and discrimination if, at all he saw and heard, he had not been in a transport of anger. He had stood still in his amazement, in spite of Anstice's falling, for he was too far off to reach her; and now at the sight of Stuart bending beside her he strode toward mamma, coming from the marquee.

"Will you tell me what this means?" he cried, hoarsely.

But mamma pushed past him without hearing, and Anstice was carried into the house, and the pretty garden party broke up in confusion.

And it was just under my window that Ralph met Stuart, and repeated his demand, this time with an uplifted hand.

"Will you tell me what this means?"

"I should think it is very evident what it means," said Stuart, with a cool sneer.

"Do you intend to say, Mr. Maynardier—"

"I intend to say nothing. You heard Anstice say enough," said Stuart, regardless of the suspended thunder on Ralph's brow. "She is a little coquette, and I dare say has smiled on more lovers than one. But this afternoon has put an end to all that. Now she is mine by open proclamation, and I warn all others out of the way."

"It is a lie!" shouted Ralph. And in another moment his falling hand would have felled Stuart in the path. But Stuart slipped aside, and Ralph's hand fell, in shame, perhaps, that he would have struck a man just recovering from a blow.

"I won't dispute you," said Stuart, again, with his calm sneer, "because I know your disappointment. But if you doubt such evidences as your senses have just given you, what do you say to this?" And he extended his hand, on whose fourth finger the ring with its three diamonds was glittering. Ralph tossed up the hand extended before him, and turned and plunged out of the garden, though I called after him as loudly as I could; but my sick and trembling voice hardly left my lips; and I was taken back to bed, and to a new access of fever, in which I lived among shadows for a week.

When I gathered strength enough to remember that afternoon I noticed that Anstice sat in the window, clothed in deep black, and looking out to sea, and by-and-by they told me what had followed.

Ralph had the next morning been called to test his torpedo; and he had gone to do it, strangely, Anstice thought, without coming to see her, or inquiring for her after her swoon. And when there was some hinderance to the explosion down below, Ralph had said it was his invention, and his place to go down and see what the matter might be. And he had gone down, and on the instant there had come a muffled shock, and the sea was tossing in a huge fountain, white with the foam of mighty waves, and the distant gun-boats rocked with the swell, and Ralph never came up again that they saw.

I waited a little while; but it seemed best to do, and so I told Anstice of what I had seen and heard. And Anstice swept down the stairs, in her black dress, and met Stuart coming in; for he had been obsequiously kind in coming to help and sympathize.

"You are a murderer!—a murderer!" she cried. "Give me back the ring you stole! You meant to make me kill him myself when you called to me to shoot, and then you drove him to his death! Give me back my ring, you murderer!" And white as ashes, and trembling before her angry majesty and fire, he gave her back the ring he kept concealed, and went away. He was very ill after that, and then the doctor had sent him to the West Indies, and we heard no more of him.

And so our gay home became a dark and sad one. Once in a while we had a dreary hope that Ralph had been picked up by an outward-bound craft, and would be back, and persuaded by reflection that Anstice was incapable of loving any but himself; but as time passed the hope died, and we did the best we could. And part of the time Anstice locked herself in her room, and part of the time she roamed off into the woods, or sat on the bluff gazing across the sea; and then, as if the sight of its splendor, as all its shining scales sparkled and crept shoreward, grew too terrible, starting up and wringing her hands, and coming home and lying on the sofa with her face hidden. And she grew like the spirit of herself—so thin, so fair, so shining-haired, dark-eyed, and beautiful! we began to fear that Anstice was going too. And so the summer passed, and it was near the winter weather, with snow and sleet and storms.

It was the 24th of November, and it had been a steady storm all day, rising at dark into a terrific gale, and we awoke at midnight with such a tempest beating about us as we had never felt. The wind came in billows, you might say, rolling against the side of the house, and the snow and the hail swept in furious eddies, while the sea rose upon the rocks, and flooded the garden, and roared with an awful and unceasing thunder. We were quaking in the unnamed fear that a night storm brings, with all the horrors from the unknown elements of darkness and preternatural force, and when we heard the first minute-gun, and did not believe we heard it, we sprang out of bed and ran to look for the light of the light-house; but the light was out, and we found by-and-by that its iron pillars had been snapped off like flower-stems. We dressed, and summoned the servants, and those that could keep their breath labored out with lanterns to the bluff, now and then throwing themselves down in order not to be blown with the drifting snow Heaven knew where; and they tried to kindle a bonfire, but it was useless—the storm extinguished faster than they could rebuild it. So they came back, and we lighted up all the sea-side windows of the house, and we waited together, the minute-gun still booming, till at last we thought we heard it long after there was no sound but the terrible sounds of the storm. But after a while the gale began to abate, and we dropped asleep, on the sofa, on the hearth-rug, any where, and mamma sent us back to bed; and when we woke there was a gray sky, and the wind had gone down, though the sea was still swelling and roaring and running white. But presently the sun rose in a golden glow upon an icy world, glittering back in splendor, and there was a blue sky and the perfect glory of a clear autumnal day; and the girls came running into our rooms to tell us there was a vessel ashore on the reef below the bluff, an awful sight—broken, half dismasted, the sea running over her bows, her cordage pendent with huge icicles, and men, like icicles themselves, clinging in the rigging.

Before we could reach the bluff the fishermen from the village were up there with ropes and cables and boat-hooks, taking measures that resulted in nothing, for there was nothing they could do. It was impossible to launch a boat. In such a sea no one could swim a stroke; and though the little broken brig was almost within hailing distance, nobody could have heard a word in all that crying of the sea; and before rockets could be brought from the town, on which to send a line flying over the deck, the brig would go to pieces. One by one the poor wretches in the rigging were dropping off, and a battered body was washed up, and was caught with a boat-hook by old Ben Morse—a warning to any who would have ventured out.

One of the fishermen had his spy-glass with him. "Don't we know one of them chaps?" said he; and he gave the glass to us, and we saw, or thought we saw, the plaid Scotch cap that we had seen before, the fair hair, the insolent, handsome face, now white and awful in the supreme hour that confronted it. "By King!" said old Ben, "it's young Maynardier! And this is the brig *Frolic*, from Antigua. And unless we can get a rope to them they're all gone together, for the wreck will break up with the flood-tide. I'd give a year of my life for a rocket!"

Anstice stood still a moment; and as I glanced at her, she looked like one of the frozen corpses tossing in the angry water at our feet. Then she turned and ran to the house, as if she feared something would make her halt; and when she came out she had her great bow and a bunch of arrows, and Aunt Maria was bringing the box of bowstrings.

She strung the bow as she came running along, and though old Ben laughed scornfully, she told him imperiously she could, at any rate, do no harm. And taking a coil of cord, she stationed all of us in one long line, with open hands, across which she stretched the slender cord that she unwound, so that it lay unhindered, and could slip through our hands untangled; and old Ben began to see some wisdom, and to give her some directions. Then Anstice fastened one end of the little light cord to her arrow, her best and firmest arrow, and she threw off her hood and shawl, and stood bending her bow a moment, and then she lifted it and pulled the string.

I never can recall that sight without a shiver and a shudder, it was so beautiful and so sublime, as she stood there, her lovely head thrown back, and all her bright hair streaming, and sent off that arrow to save the life of the man who had destroyed her lover and all her peace. She looked like a great avenging angel, and the twanging of that bowstring rung in my ears above the sound of the surf, even while that cord was slipping across my hands, as across all the others, so fast it scorched the skin. And the arrow flew up into the blue sky—far, far up, and over, and turned and fell and plunged into the sea beyond the brig; and they had caught the little cord there, and held it fast, and drew on board with it presently the somewhat stouter cord that old Ben had lashed to its other end. And when that stouter cord was in their hands, they drew in by that a hempen rope the size of your finger, and that was spliced at the other end to a great cable. And as swiftly as they could, with their frost-bitten fingers, and in the sea that broke over them still in such shooting splendor, they made the cable fast; and with loops about their waist slipped over the cable to prevent their being washed away, hand over hand they clambered to the land.

Two had already passed along before it was the turn of him who wore the Scotch cap; and watching him, we saw him suddenly push before him another, whose muffled face we had not seen, and himself help to lash round the cable the rope that held him. And when old Ben and his fellows caught this last-comer, and passed him up the bluff, to be sent along with the other rescued ones to our house, almost dead, but, thank God, not quite—Anstice, stooping over, and crying out with a great voice of love, had her arms about Ralph again! And as for all the rest of us, and of that crew, what a Thanksgiving we had!

USEFUL RECIPES.

GRIDDLE CAKES.—Melt in three pints of new milk one table-spoonful of lard. When cool, stir in flour to the consistency of ordinary griddle cakes, and beat hard five or ten minutes. Add salt, and break in the yolk and white of one egg not previously beaten; beat lightly, and stir in one tea-cupful of good home-made yeast. This quantity is sufficient for eight persons. In winter, put to rise just after breakfast for tea, and keep moderately warm. In summer, commence about ten o'clock, and keep rather cool.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.—Boil one pint of milk, and allow it to become milk-warm. Cut finely into two quarts of sifted flour two scant table-spoonfuls of lard, and stir in half a table-spoonful of salt. Line the sides and bottom of a crock with the flour, making a deep cavity in the centre. Stir into the milk a quarter of a tea-cupful of white sugar, and a scant tea-cupful of good home-made yeast. Pour into the crock, cover with flour, and let it rise. Work when light, and allow it to rise again; then mould, and, after standing about two hours, bake. At first let the oven be rather slack, and increase the heat gradually; it should bake half an hour. In summer, when some of the

dough is placed in the refrigerator or on ice, it will keep a day or two. The sheet-iron tins for baking cakes are admirable for these rolls. Cut them in squares the size of the length of the divisions, spread a very little melted butter over the surface, fold over, and lay in the compartments. In baking in an ordinary pan cut them round, about half an inch thick, put on a very little butter, fold over, and put to rise.

CHOCOLATE KISSES.—Beat until light the whites of two eggs. Add slowly twenty-four tea-spoonfuls of flour sugar, and when smooth and stiff enough to take shape, four table-spoonfuls of grated chocolate (Baker's) and half a tea-spoonful of extract of vanilla. Bake as ordinary kisses, on a board.

COCOA-NUT KISSES.—Remove the rind from one small cocoa-nut, or half of a large one, grate it, and put over a range or stove until perfectly dry, which will be in about twelve hours. Beat until perfectly light the whites of four eggs, and add slowly, beating all the time, half a pound of flour sugar. Beat this mixture for an hour, or until light and smooth as plain kisses, and add a table-spoonful of lemon juice. Then stir in the cocoa-nut very lightly, bake on a board for kisses (described in a previous number of the *Bazar*), and remove from the oven when slightly browned and firm, which will be in about fifteen minutes. Slip off the paper, put two together, and place on a plate to cool; they will crisp in cooling. The great secret is to have the cocoa-nut *perfectly dry*; it should be like a chip, and seem to be entirely dried up; if the least damp, the kisses will be oily, flat, and tough.

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Little Kate Kirby," "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," etc., etc.

Book the First.

REUBEN CULWICK.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN DANGER.

THE man who in his zeal had adventured into Potter's Court did not betray, by any change of feature, his sense of the danger which was hanging over him. It was not an enviable position, but his coolness did not desert him. He looked steadily toward the two men in the doorway, and calculated their strength and weight against his own, and the extra odds that might be lurking on the dark landing-place and staircase.

Had it not been for the clanging of the bolts below, and for the careful locking up of the house, he would have been disposed to regard the arrival of Thomas Eastbell and his companion in a friendly spirit, despite the scowls with which they favored him, and the anxious faces of the women. He was standing by the fire-place, and he glanced down for any weapon of defense that might come in handy if the gentlemen in the house grew disputatious; but the fire-irons were missing, and there was only his own natural strength to rely upon, if necessary.

"Hanged if I didn't think so!" exclaimed Thomas Eastbell, *alias* Vizzobini, of the crowned-head patronage department. "So this is why you have been creeping about the Saxe-Gotha, is it? Well, what have I done, that you come into my crib in this way? Now you've found me out, what have you got to say? What the blazes have you got to say?" he roared forth in a louder key.

"That you keep too big a fire for the time of year, and that it isn't good for your healths," said Reuben, in a quiet tone of voice. "I have been telling Miss Eastbell so."

"What's the fire to do with you? You don't send in the coals and coke to make it up, do you? There ain't a law against a man having as much fire as he chooses, if he can pay for it. You ain't put yourself out of the way to come to Potter's Court to tell us that?"

"I have come to Potter's Court to see your sister."

"Well, that's uncommon kind of you!" he answered, ironically.

"Tom," said Sarah, at this juncture, "this is Mr. Culwick—young Mr. Culwick—our second cousin. You have heard me speak of him. You must not attempt in any way to interfere with him."

"You shut up! Hasn't he interfered with me?" snarled forth her brother; "hasn't he been dodging after me for the last three days?"

"He has been trying to find me."

"What business has he with you? Why can't he mind his own business, and let you alone?" cried Tom. "What's this second-cousin cove to us? What good is he? What notice has he ever taken of us till now? Damme! I don't believe he's a cousin at all, but an infernal policeman trying to work up a case against people more honest than hisself."

"I don't ask you to believe any thing," said Reuben.

"After telling me to-night that you'd come to see me perform, I shouldn't think you would! No, the cousin dodge won't do for me," he added; "I'm not likely to swallow that yarn. What's your little game?"

"I came to help your sister."

"Oh! that's it.—Eh?"

The interrogative was addressed to the man looking over his shoulder, who had touched his arm and whispered in his ear, keeping his eyes fixed upon Reuben meanwhile.

"My friend remarks," said Mr. Eastbell, with a grim smile upon his countenance as he addressed Reuben once more, "that if you have come to help the family, perhaps you will be kind enough to prove your words by doing the handsome to us poor people."

"You mean give you money?"

"We are thundering poor," said Tom.

"So am I."

"We are out of luck, and you are here to help us."

"To help Sarah Eastbell, if she will."

"To help all of us or none—we share and share alike in Potter's Court."

"Then, gentlemen, I am sorry that I can not help you."

"But you must," growled forth the man in the background who had recently whispered to Tom Eastbell; "you've walked in without leave after the gal, and you'll pay your footing before you go away."

An awful blood-curdling oath closed this assertion.

"I think not," said Reuben Culwick.

"Then you'll have to stop," cried the man. "The house is locked up for the night, and we can't afford to part with you—can we, mate?"

"No, we can't," answered Thomas Eastbell.

"Am I to understand that I'm a prisoner?" inquired Reuben, sternly.

"You're to understand nothing but that you've come here of your own free-will, and that it ain't convenient to unlock the house again to-night," said Tom. "We don't know what you've come for, what you've seen to make a case of, or what story you may trump up to-morrow to lug some innersent people off to prison."

"You've taken up your lodging, and you can't go without paying for it," said the other man; "that's the law, fair and straight, you know, in any court. So pay up, if you mean well."

"Ingenious," said Reuben, shrugging his broad shoulders; "but I have nothing to give away."

"There's men down stairs who say you're a spy on them," said Tom, in further explanation, "and they're Irish, and soon riled. So help me," he added, in a confidential tone, "if I would answer for your life if you stop here much longer. They're awful chaps, I swear!"

Reuben smiled incredulously.

"I am not afraid of them."

"Ask my sister. As you're dead nuts on her, p'r'aps you'll take her word.—Sally," he said, "will the Petersons stand as much of this man's cheek as I have?"

"They will not come up here!" cried Sarah, in alarm.

"They're sitting on the stairs waiting," said Tom, "and they *will* know all about this fellow. They are as sure as I am that he's a detective!"

"You have told them so!" said Sarah, indignantly.

"P'r'aps I have, and p'r'aps I haven't," answered her brother. "And now you and Soph just move out of here—we can't come to terms with women in the room. The gentleman will be much more reasonable when we are all men of business together. Do you hear?" he yelled, as a want of alacrity in responding to his summons disturbed the last fragment of self-possession that was left him.

Mrs. Eastbell rose to comply with her husband's request, but Sarah darted to the window of the room, and threw it open.

"What the devil now?" exclaimed her brother, as the cold air rushed in, and Mrs. Eastbell, taken aback by it, began to cough herself to pieces.

"There's mischief meant," cried Sarah. "I sha'n't leave this window while Mr. Culwick remains, and I will scream my heart out if you touch him!—This is a dreadful house, Sir," she said to Reuben, "with dreadful men in it. Be on your guard."

"Come back from that window!" roared her brother.

"I will do nothing of the kind," cried Sarah, standing there erect and defiant; "till Mr. Culwick is allowed to quit this place I'll not move away."

"Don't you see how you're making your sister-in-law cough, you brute?" said Thomas Eastbell. "If we were the Forty Thieves, you couldn't make more fuss. Why—"

He was sidling, step by step, toward his sister as he spoke, when Reuben Culwick crossed the room in one stride, and thrust him forcibly away, before his panther-like spring could fasten on her. It was a bold move, assuming the offensive in this fashion, but Reuben had grown angry at restraint, and it was the time to act, or never. Thomas Eastbell, despite his athletic profession, was a slight man, with an undeveloped physique, and no match for the strength of the honest young fellow who had confronted him thus unceremoniously. Reuben's thrust sent him staggering with violence against his friend, who, taken off his guard, received Tom's bullet head between his eyes, and fell backward into the passage with Tom on the top of him.

The sudden change in the condition of affairs approximated so closely to burlesque that a short sharp laugh escaped our hero as the men tumbled over each other. Still, it was a crisis; he had thrown down the gauntlet, and must face the result. The clear doorway suggested a temporary expedient, and he closed the door quickly, locked it with the key which he knew was on the inner side, and set his foot against the lower portion of the wood-work.

"There'll be murder done now," said Mrs. Eastbell, wringing her hands. "Oh, you fool, to come to this place! Call out you'll give 'em money, or they can have your watch—say something! They're coming up the stairs!"

"Who are they?" asked Reuben, sternly now.

Mrs. Eastbell did not answer, but Sarah whispered,

"Coiners!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON DEFENSE.

REUBEN began to consider his position with a greater degree of seriousness, although his courage did not in any way desert him. That it would be a fight for life now he did not doubt, for the house was full from roof to basement of desperate men, with whom life might be of little value in comparison with the secret of their nefarious trade. If he could disappear without any fuss, it would be better for the welfare of the community at Potter's Court; and he had set them all at defiance, and would betray them if allowed to leave the premises.

He could hear the trampling rush of heavy feet up the stairs, and the low oaths and curses of the men whom he had left on their backs on the landing-place, and then the door creaked and shook with the heavy pressure of shoulders from without.

Sarah Eastbell was as good as her word. Her watchful dark eyes had observed the door vibrating, and a scream of extraordinary shrillness and volume startled the echoes of Potter's Court, and welled forth into the narrow street beyond.

"Oh! don't, Sally—it's only their fun, perhaps," cried Mrs. Eastbell; but Sally, excited by the proximity of danger, screamed again with fifty horse-power, and then swept from the window-sill a whole collection of flower-pots that had held the geraniums and fuchsias of the last tenant, and which descended with a tremendous crash on to the paved footway below. The pressure against the door ceased, as though the people in the house had stopped to listen; the windows of other houses in Potter's Court began opening rapidly; there were voices shouting out innumerable questions; there were three or four shrill whistles, and then the ominous crack of a rattle, followed by another in response, and at a little distance.

"You are safe," said Sarah; "the police are coming."

"You have brought it all upon us, Sally!" cried Mrs. Eastbell, bursting into tears; "it's all your wicked temper and willfulness. We shall go to prison—every one of us."

"Mr. Culwick will not say a word to add to any misery here, I'm sure," said Sarah, meaningly.

The court was full of noise now, amidst which were heard rough peremptory voices asking questions, and receiving a grand chorus of explanation; but in the house, and beyond the door which Reuben had locked, was the stillness of the dead. Presently the street door below was unfastened in response to solemn knocks without, and then the ponderous unmistakable boots of the metropolitan force were heard clamping up the stairs. Reuben unlocked the room door, and Thomas Eastbell, white as a ghost, crawled in on his hands and knees, took a harlequin's dive into bed, and drew the tattered coverlet to his chin. The burly figures of three policemen were in the room an instant or two afterward: the representatives of the force never went singly to Potter's Court when a dispute was raging among its inhabitants.

"Now, then, what's the row?" said the principal spokesman. "Who's been trying to throw the other out of window?"

"Who's been melting lead?" inquired another, whom the peculiar nature of the atmosphere had impressed as it had done Reuben at an earlier hour.

No one had been throwing another out of window, whined forth Mrs. Eastbell; no one had been melting lead or any thing. They had had a little wrangle as it got late, and just as their cousin was a-going home, the flower-pots somehow gave way and fell into the court, which frightened the gal at the window, who began to scream. The policeman who had first spoken listened to this explanation with a stolid stare upon his countenance; the second official, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, opened all the drawers and cupboards, and examined their contents; the third man inspected Mr. Thomas Eastbell, as he lay recumbent, and inconvenienced him by giving him the full benefit of the glare from a bull's-eye lantern on his face.

"Come, that sham won't do, young feller," said he. "Is there any complaint to make?"

No one had any complaint to make.

"Has any one been robbed, or threatened, or maltreated?" asked the first policeman, looking hard at Reuben.

No one answered.

"Who are you?" asked the policeman, abruptly, of our hero.

"Oh! I'm the cousin," answered Reuben.

"You've nothing to say?"

"Nothing."

"Are you going to stop here?"

"Thank you, no," said Reuben; "I was just thinking of getting home. We have had a little dispute, certainly, and Tom and I—this is my cousin Tom, who performs at the Saxe-Gotha—got to high words and a playful scramble—and that's all."

"Yes—that's all," asserted Tom, with alacrity, "and it's a precious little to come into a man's house for—three of you, too—and rummage over his things."

"What's your name?"

"Vizzobini."

"From the country?"

"From Rome."

"I should like to know where this smell of lead comes from," said the inquisitive policeman again.

Reuben had crossed to Sarah.

"Here is your chance still. Will you leave this place?"

"Not yet," she answered; "not till Tom's safe."

"Tom's a scoundrel."

"He is my brother."

"But when I am gone, they—"

"They will not hurt me," she said, with a forced smile. "I shall not come to any harm. Go now, please."

"Shall I ever see you again?—or do you pass away from me, as from the poor old woman you have left alone in St. Oswald's?"

It was a reproof, but he intended it.

"You will see me again soon," she answered, with a strange look toward him.

"Good-by, then."

"Good-by."

Reuben went out of the room, and the policemen followed him down stairs, and into the court, strewn with innumerable fragments of flower-pots, which were crunched beneath their heavy heels.

"Blessed if you mightn't have smashed somebody with your larks," said the observant policeman, looking up at the window from which the avalanche had descended.

"It was rather rough play," answered Reuben.

"Have you been there before?" asked the first policeman.

"No."

"You'll not go there again, cousin or no cousin, if you have any thing to lose."

"Which I have not."

"I don't think you're one of the lot," said the policeman, eying him closely, when they were up the steps and under the gas lamp, "but I shall remember you, my man."

"Thank you."

And then Reuben Culwick, somewhat ungrateful, left the triumvirate who had arrived in good time to his rescue. But he could not explain, and it seemed the better policy to be silent for Second-cousin Sarah's sake. She had wished it—and it was she who had saved him from danger. He had to think again of the way to save her, now that he had become more than ever resolved to get her away from Potter's Court.

CHAPTER XIX.

ATONEMENT.

REUBEN CULWICK did not attempt in any way to account for his late hours to the inmates of Hope Lodge. He was the master of his own actions, which no one, he felt, had any right to criticise. Hence, with this impression on his mind, the deep reveries of Lucy Jennings, and the studious stares of her brother, who, when not busy with his fire-works, appeared to be taking him in far too intently, became a source of irritation to him.

It had impressed itself upon the Jenningses' mind, brother and sister's, that he, Reuben Culwick, was not so steady as he used to be—that he had come back from Worcester a changed man. He had been at the Saxe-Gotha Gardens more than once, and John Jennings knew that he was interested in a girl in a black and white cotton dress, for he had not only made inquiries concerning her, but had warned him not to tell Lucy. Then he was eccentric, and kept late hours; he had become reticent when people wanted him talkative; a portion of his bright cheery nature had suddenly vanished, and he had grown wondrously thoughtful, as men will do when their consciences are ill at ease.

Neither John nor Lucy Jennings thought that Reuben Culwick had his second cousin on his mind, and that it was his own generous concern for her that had turned him grave of late days. And why Second-cousin Sarah should oppress his mind in this way he could hardly account for himself, for she seemed scarcely grateful for his interest, and in some respects to be opposed to it. He exercised no influence over her; she was on the wrong road, and no persuasions of his had power to turn her back. She was a relation certainly, but then so was Tom Eastbell, and the old woman in the almshouse of St. Oswald's. Was it her helplessness, hemmed round by the adverse circumstances of life, and through which it seemed impossible to break? Was it the forlornness of her youth, and the good traits of character that seemed to fight hard in her for fair play? It was not a romantic interest, although there had been a certain amount of romance in the meetings and partings between them. She was only a "bit of a girl," and there was not the ghost of a tender sentiment inspiring him, he was certain. She had been so obstinate and self-willed at times, too, that he had felt disposed to shake her, but still there was an intense longing to save her, and a sad feeling, almost of despair, at his own inability to accomplish it.

He took no one into his counsel; if he had small faith in himself, he had less in any body else, and, for reasons which he will explain presently, he kept the story of his discovery of his cousin, and of the adventure which had followed it, a secret. He went his own course, and he waited and watched for Sarah Eastbell still; and even Tots knew that there was something different in the little world they shared together, by his more constant absence from home, and by his leaving her to Aunt Lucy's care and guidance, which, however well carried out, was accompanied by more scoldings and lectures than even Tots remembered suffering from at any period anterior to this.

John Jennings was suffering also from the same cause. His sister Lucy's temper was certainly not improving; every day she was becoming harder and grimmer, more uncharitable and more suspicious; and thus the change in Reuben Culwick seemed to work its change on the household in its turn. John set down his sister's acerbity, and her bad habit of slamming the doors behind her, to her consciousness that all was not well with his Saxe-Gotha Gardens account, and he essayed to render matters more cheerful by giving highly colored versions of the position of affairs, which Lucy did not respond to, and probably did not believe in, judging by the stony apathy with which she listened to his statements. Reuben was the first to comment upon the change in Lucy Jennings. He was quick enough to note her taciturnity and stolidity, although unaware that he had been extra grave and a trifle mysterious himself; and when it came to bringing in the breakfast tray without a word, setting it down with a bang that jarred on his nerves, and leaving the room without so much

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"LUCY JENNINGS BURST FORTH WITH HER CATALOGUE OF WRONGS."

as a "good-morning," he thought it was quite time to make a few inquiries on his own account.

"Is any thing the matter, Lucy?" he asked at last one morning.

"Any thing the matter!" answered Lucy, at once; "with you, do you mean?"

"No, with you."

"I'm not very well, but I don't know that I am worse than usual. Why?"

"You don't seem quite so lively, that's all," said Reuben. "I was afraid that you and John had had a little difference, and I was going to volunteer to act as mediator."

"Thank you," was the answer, "John and I understand each other very well without any mediation. We have not quarreled—we never do quarrel."

"You haven't heard any bad news?"

"Not at present. We're waiting."

"Waiting for bad news! Well, Lucy," he added, with one of his old laughs, "I would wait till it came before giving way."

Lucy saw her opportunity, and being a woman, dashed at it.

"It has come, though we don't know what it means."

"Eh—how's that?"

Lucy Jennings sat down in the chair nearest to her lodger, and burst forth with her catalogue of wrongs, making amends for all past reserve in one breath.

"It has come to you. You're not the man you have been. You keep away from home too much—you have been seen at low places of amusement—you're going wrong—you—you—you never tell us any thing," cried Lucy, passionately.

"Yes, I have been seen at low places of amusement," said Reuben, quietly; "and my hours of return to Hope Lodge are somewhat irregular at present. And so I am going wrong, Lucy?"

"You are not doing what is right."

"That's frank," said Reuben, dryly.

"You must be ashamed of something, or you would tell us," said this plain-speaking young woman. "There's always a bad reason for hustling the truth into a corner, and hiding your life away from those who are anxious about it."

"You are very kind to be anxious; but—"

"I never said that I was anxious," cried Lucy, "only that there were those whom you were disturbing by your change of life—by your strange ways. You are neglecting your work—there's that paper been lying on your desk untouched for the last three days—you don't go to the office, because letters from the *Trumpet* come to you. I know the seal. John says you're often at the Saxe-Gotha—that last night you were asking the waiter why Vizzobini had given up performing—and altogether you're restless, ill at ease, unhappy."

"You will excuse me, Lucy," he said, more gravely and coldly than he was in the habit of addressing her, "but is it your place to tell me of it, even in this irrelevant and insane fashion?"

"If no one else will—yes," cried Lucy, stoutly. "I never saw any one going wrong—by ever so little—but what I felt it my place, my duty, to try and set the sinner right again."

"Yes, but you jump too rapidly at conclusions, after the habit of enthusiasts. I'm not a sinner—that is, no more of a miserable specimen than I was three weeks ago."

"Why did you ask John about the girl in the striped dress at the Saxe-Gotha—"

"Ah, the rascal has turned king's evidence, then!" cried our hero.

"Why did you ask him not to tell me?—why are you always at the gardens?—why had you the effrontery," she cried, with eyes ablaze now, "to ask that wretched, miserable girl to call here for you?"

"WHAT!" shouted Reuben, so forcibly that even Lucy was unprepared for his excitement, and jumped back in her chair some distance from him.

"What do you mean?" he continued; "who has been here? Speak out—don't glare at me, you suspicious, heartless, disagreeable woman! What girl called here for me?"

Lucy was very pale, but she held her ground against his rage, though she had never been a witness to it before. He had been always a pleasant man till this day, but now he was full of passion and, perhaps, hate of her. She could understand more clearly now why his quarrel with his father had been a bitter one.

"It was a girl in a *striped cotton dress*," said Lucy, with emphasis.

"Somewhat tall and thin, with great black eyes?"

"I didn't notice her eyes," said Lucy, aggravatingly; "she was a pert, insolent, miserably clad woman. She would not answer any of my questions, save that you had told her to call, and she grew impertinent at last."

"You sent her away?"

"Yes."

"You did not tell her that I should be home soon—ask her to call again—any thing?"

"She said that she would never come again."

"Because of your hardness and harshness?"

"Did you expect me to be civil to her?"

"Why not?"

"She carried effrontery and desperation in her face."

"It's a lie!" shouted Reuben Culwick. "You don't know what you are doing, what you have done, in your heartlessness."

"If I have stopped her coming, if I—"

"Don't say any more," cried Reuben, "for I can't listen to you. There was a soul to be saved, and you have wrecked it."

"No," said Lucy, growing paler still, "you don't mean—"

"I mean that that girl is my cousin, for whom you tried to obtain an honest place in life," he replied; "for whose salvation I have been struggling after my useless fashion."

"She is at Worcester."

"She left Worcester. There was a false charge against her; she could not meet it or account for it, and she ran away from home," said Reuben. "It was a false step, for she trusted a vagabond brother, and lost faith in herself; but she lived on in hope, for all that, and she kept strong amidst it all."

"And then?"

"And then I found her in London, and tried to save her from the evil that was surrounding her. She saved my life, perhaps, then, and rendered me forever her debtor. When there was a chance for her she was to come here. She came," he said, fiercely, "and you sent her away. How will you, with all your narrow views of charity, and God's mercy, and God's vengeance, answer for it, if you have cut from her the last thread which led her to a better life?"

Lucy Jennings was cowed by his reproaches, by his vehemence. Suspicious, awfully suspicious, as she was, she was still a religious woman, and the horror of having cast back a stubborn, willful nature on itself rose before her even in more terrible colors than he had painted it.

"Why—why didn't you tell me?" she gasped forth—"why didn't you trust me?"

"You are not to be trusted," said Reuben, remorselessly; "you would have believed the worst of her, until I could have proved how merciless you were. You are a woman, and you judge your sex as women will!"

"I will find her," said Lucy, very meekly now. "I will bring her back."

"It is impossible."

"I will tell her that I was wrong in my judgment. I will ask her pardon. You must not charge the loss of this girl to me."

"She will never return."

"Where did you see her last?"

"In Potter's Court."

"I know it—in the Walworth Road," said Lucy. "It is part of my mission to go among the people there. What is the number of the house?"

"Two."

"Where the Petersons live—the Irish people. I will go at once. Don't judge me too harshly, till I have made amends for my mistake," she pleaded.

"It is too late," said Reuben, gloomily; "the house was empty two days since. There were coiners in it, and the suspicion that I might betray them, or that the police were on the scent, led them to leave the premises."

"I will find them," said Lucy; "I am known. People trust me there, who know me better than you do," she added, almost disdainfully again.

"Why should they trust you?" asked Reuben, wonderingly.

"Because they understand me, because in the midst of crime and suffering I have been often at my best, and tried to do my best. Because I have been less suspicious and more in earnest there. I am not a good woman," she said, with a sudden abjectness once more predominant, "but God knows that I have tried hard to be good, and to forget self at times, amidst the misery I have moved in. I will find her, or" (with a hard expression on her countenance) "I will never come back again."

"That is an unwise threat, scarcely consistent with your duty to your brother."

"I have said it," answered Lucy; "I never break my word."

Lucy Jennings walked out of the room with her hands rigidly clasped together; in a few minutes afterward she had passed out of the house.

"Have I been too hard with her?" thought Reuben, looking after her. "Have I driven her from home? Is she quite right in her head, I wonder?"

Lucy Jennings was not quite right in that department, possibly, but she knew what she was about, and she was a woman of a strong determination. She had made a mistake, and her pride was abased. There was an atonement to make, and a woman to save, and in the midst of all the contrarieties of her singular character, a heart somewhat stony had been set in the right place. Lucy Jennings was not far wrong in her self-estimate—it was only amidst much privation, crime, and misery that she was at her best.

It was late, and when John Jennings and Reuben Culwick had taken counsel together, and had arrived at the conclusion that she would not return that night—when Tots, with the inconsistency of childhood, had begun to fret after her hard custodian—Lucy, stiff-backed and grim, came up the front garden, with a tall girl, who walked with difficulty, resting on her arm.

"Here's your second-cousin Sarah," she said to Reuben, in her old jerky manner, as the two women came into the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHALKED.

How I won my darling?
This is all the tale:
On the broad Atlantic
We were under sail.

Wide outspread, the water
Rippled in the light;
Swiftly on the quarter
Hove a sail in sight.

In its onward speeding
We, with eyes intent,
Every movement heeding,
Watched it as it went.

Soon it passed, and fleetly
Rosa darling flew;
"To the bow!" cried sweetly;
"There the better view."

Luckless victim! Smartly
Jack was to the fore,
Quick for fun, though partly
Bent on grog galore.

All absorbed he found her,
Lost to fee or fine;
Knelt, and deftly round her
Chalked a magic line.

By the circle bounded,
What might set her free?
Coin or kiss? Surrounded,
Smiled she then on me.

Like the prisoned starling,
Caught and ill at ease,
"*Do*," she cried—the darling!—
"*Do* unchalk me, please!"

I obeyed, and won her—
Mine to have and hold
In a defter circle,
In a ring of gold.

"CHALKED."

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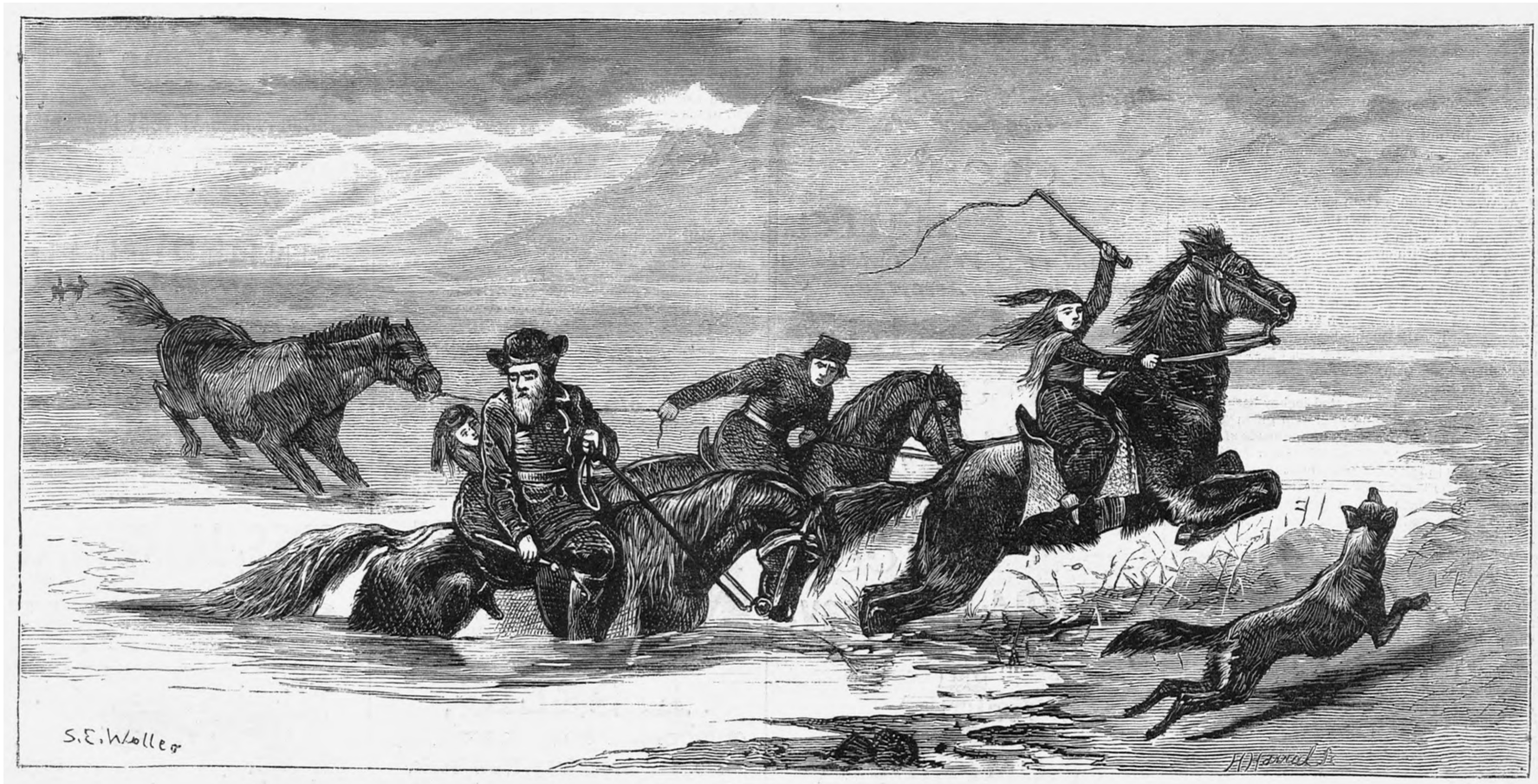
AN ICELANDIC WEDDING.

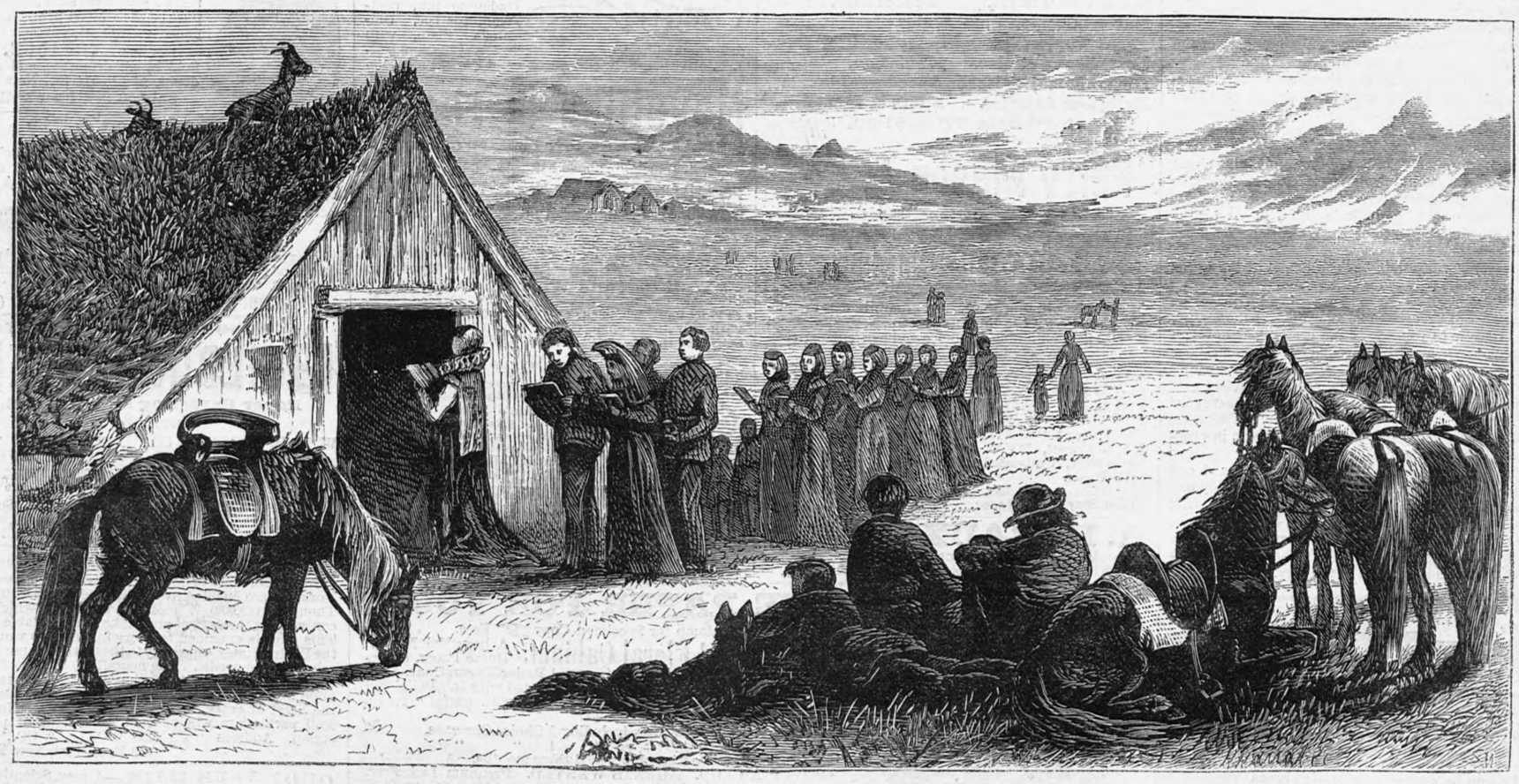


GOING TO MEET THE BRIDE.

THE BRIDE.

A BRIDE-MAID.

PRIEST.



THE WEDDING PROCESSION.

OUR sketches depict a wedding which recently took place in the little church of Kross, Iceland. These ceremonies are naturally rare in such a thinly peopled country, and the guests come from long distances (as much as sixty miles), and all on horseback. A horse often carries the father, his wife (astride), with a baby on her back, and a couple more youngsters. Some 200 horses were hobbled or turned loose round the church. The visitors, after sitting down on the grass to change their wet stockings, entered the house, whence, after imbibing sundry refreshments, they presently emerged, headed by the bride and bridegroom, and marched to the church, singing a dismal ditty. The company were dressed, as usual, in a kind of coarse black woolen cloth, the girls' dresses were very gay, having the skirts embroidered with ornamental foliage in blue and green, and the bodies worked with silver round the neck, wrists, and back. The bride wore a large white head-dress and long veil, studded with silver stars, and the priest was gorgeous in a crimson velvet robe and Elizabethan ruff. The ceremony was very long, but the congregation did not find it tedious, as they went out at intervals to take drinks and chat, besides which they took an enormous quantity of snuff. This did not enhance the solemnity of the scene, and the artist's gravity was completely upset when the clergyman stopped in the middle of his blessing to spit thrice with great velocity and accuracy into the middle of the nave.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENT.—The double-breasted redingote pattern is suitable for your water-proof cloth.

URENA.—We do not execute such commissions.

CORDUROY.—The hair is again worn low in a single châtelaine braid behind, with a crown braid on top. The front is parted in the middle, not frizzed, but in broad waves, and put smoothly back under the braids.

M. S. B.—Cut your green poplin short, and wear it under a dark green or black redingote.

J. D. S.—Do not alter your black cashmere Marguerite polonaise, but merely change the draping, leaving the front and sides plain and smooth, and tying the back very full.

F. A. W.—Get tamise cloth and make with a loose double-breasted polonaise like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 23, Vol. VI. Trim with folds of the same. Have a black straw hat with crape trimmings.

CLARA L.—A Dolman or else an English walking jacket is the best design for your velvet wrap. Trim with jet galloon and black repped silk.

F. Y.—Read answer just given "Clara L."

MOURNING.—Use the Double-breasted Jockey Basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. VI., for your cashmere, and trim with alternate folds of repped silk and cashmere.

NELL.—Use the double-breasted jockey basque pattern sent you for combining your two green dresses. Make the basque and over-skirt of one shade of green, the sleeves and lower skirt of the other. Alternate the two shades in folds for trimmings.

M. A. H.—The black brilliantine for a girl of fourteen should be made with a jockey basque, round apron over-skirt, and kilt-pleated lower skirt.

N. C. A.—Jet buttons are suitable for your basque. Covered buttons are still used, but are more moderate in size than those of last summer.

MARGARET.—Wear white, light blue, or black ties with your navy blue dress. If your blue is nearly black, you can also wear pale pink or buff.

OMAHA.—Have a thick silk cord around the skirt of your white poplin, and put lengthwise ruches down the front breadths. The basque must be long behind and the back of the skirt untrimmed.

J. W. H.—The bridegroom furnishes gloves for his groomsmen. In many cases he also orders the wedding-cards.

J. A. R.—Redingotes were originally intended for the street, but are so convenient that they are also worn in the house.

MRS. J. M.—Use black silk or else silk of the same red plum-color for trimming.

IDA M.—Put up the back hair in one thick châtelaine braid. Wave the front, and wear a ribbon fillet knotted on the left side.

A SUBSCRIBER.—For a model for a navy blue serge suit consult illustration on the first page of *Bazar* No. 45, Vol. VI., and read the New York Fashions of same paper.

KITTIE KROOK.—The plural of tableau is tableaux, pronounced as if spelled tab-lose.

SUBSCRIBER.—We have not yet published the pattern you wish, but may do so by-and-by.—Consult a pronouncing dictionary for the names about which you are in doubt.

IGNORAMUS.—Of course you should call on a bride to whose wedding you have been invited.

INQUIRER.—To abstain from taking the last piece on the dish when invited to do so is very ill-bred, as it implies that the vacancy can not be supplied.

CHEERIES.—In eating stone fruit a great diversity of fashion prevails. Some put the stones out of the mouth into the spoon, others cover the lips with the hand and drop the stones unseen into the palm, and others press out the stone with the fork or spoon without taking it into the mouth. The latter is certainly the daintiest method.

A. V. P.—Of course you can copy the patterns from the magazines. Stamping patterns and utensils are sold by numerous persons, as advertised in the *Bazar* and other journals. The prices vary according to circumstances.

M. N. B.—The gentleman should take the initiative in opening a correspondence and in exchanging photographs.

TUMA.—Address your letter to the secretary of the Cooper Union, Cooper Institute, New York.

MEDIA.—It is absolutely dishonest to offer an article which has already been published to an editor without stating the fact.—Velvet is best restored by steaming the back.—You will be likely to obtain the reeds at a basket store.

AN OLD ADMIRER.—We do not know any thing about the person you mention, who is certainly an unimportant personage in literature.

KATYDID.—Several periodicals club with us; for the details see their prospectuses. We furnish no other periodicals than our own.

ADA.—You can obtain back numbers of the *Bazar* from the publication office at ten cents per copy.

L. R.—Give your card to the person who opens the door, and who chances to be a member of the family, but a stranger to you. It is the easiest way of introducing yourself, and will prevent a mistake about your name.

A CORRESPONDENT.—*Vim* is a provincialism not found in the dictionaries, and signifying energy or force.

EDITH.—You had better address the bureau in question for a copy of its rules and regulations.

S. S. L.—We are unfamiliar with the poem, and can not tell you where you can find it. It is probably one of the many pretty ephemeral productions that drift out of sight, and are lost in the ocean of journalism.

ESCORT.—In walking with a lady always give her the wall, so as to shield her from the passers. The privilege of recognition belongs to the lady.

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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Vol. IV.

LADY'S GORED WRAPPER..... No. 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK..... " 11
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old)..... " 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old)..... " 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)..... " 29
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PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt..... " 48

Vol. V.

DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).... " 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER..... " 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers)..... " 6
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt..... " 20
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER.. " 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)..... " 25
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)..... " 37
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GIRL'S WARDROBE, Sacque, Sailor Blouse and Skirt, Basque fastened behind, Over-skirt, Low-Necked Over Dress, and Bretelle Apron (for girl from 2 to 13 years old)..... " 13
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CHATELAINE REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT..... " 17
LOOSE FRONT DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..... " 23
GABRIELLE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT. " 24
BLOUSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..... " 28
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DOLMAN DEMI-TRAINED SUIT..... " 48
WATER-PROOF CLOAK, with Cape and Sleeves..... " 50
TIGHT-FITTING SINGLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE HOUSE DRESS..... " 50

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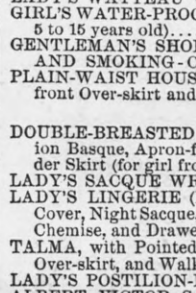

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FACETIÆ.

A MATTER-OF-FACT blacksmith, disputing the other day with a friend respecting some point of orthography, was referred by him to Webster's Dictionary.

"Webster!" exclaimed he. "Webster must have been a great fool! Why, he actually spells 'Filip' with Ph, and for 'ruf' he says r-o-u-g-h!"

A little baby is an easy thing to love; but a big baby is a hard thing to love, says a veteran observer—especially if you have married her.

Advertising for a wife is just as absurd as it would be to get measured for an umbrella.

IN PRESS.—*On the Cure of Sore Throats.* An Essay hitherto omitted from the works of the late Thomas de Quinsey.

What wine does Jack love best?—Why, port, of course.

A BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT—A carpenter's shop.

HOW TO RAISE BEETS.—Take hold of the tops, and pull.

When the spider left the ark, did he walk or take a fly?

Some of the railways lately have signally distinguished themselves.

TOO TRUE.—The man who is awfully *urbane* to his wife before strangers is generally also "*her bane*" behind their backs!

SUNDAY STORIES.

AUNT ETHEL. "But when his Brethren next saw Joseph they found him in a Position of great Authority and Power."
ALICE. "Was he a *King*, Aunt Ethel?" AUNT ETHEL. "No. But he was very high—nearly next to the King."
ALICE (*who is fond of cards*). "Was he a *Knave*, then?"

Those who go round with the contribution-box in California churches plead and argue the case as they go along. One of these gentlemen recently extended the box to a rough-looking miner, who slowly shook his head.

"Come, William, give something," said the deacon.

"Can't do it, deak," said Bill.

"Why not? Isn't the cause a good one?"

"Yes, good nuff; but I ain't able to give nothin'."

"Pooh! pooh! I know better. You must give me a better reason than that."

"Well, I owe too much money."

"Well, but, William, you owe God a much larger debt than any one else."

"That's true, but He ain't a-pushin' me like the rest of my creditors."

A WORD TO PROSY LOVERS.—It is not only those women who wear ear-rings whose ears are bored.

A geologist says that he never heard of secondary formations without pleasure—the ladies being the secondary formations, for they were formed after the men.

An Indiana farmer don't pay any tolls. He shoots the gate-keeper, and jogs right along. They have tried him twice, but he gets clear, since one of his aunt's cousins used to act "flighty like."

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P?—Because, though he is the first in pity, he is the last in help.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER SPOILED.

OLD PARTY (*waiting for the cars*). "There, now, Johnny, I'm afraid I ain't going to enjoy this Thanksgiving much. I declare I've come away and forgot my Teeth!"

ECONOMY IS THE SACRED DUTY OF THE HOUR.

THE WAY MEN CUT DOWN HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES.

A Frenchman professes to have discovered, by experiment upon himself, that coffee taken upon an empty stomach renders the mind abnormally clear and the temper unnaturally bad.

"Wanted, a good general servant, who can neither read nor write, nor be able to do tatting, crochet, or embroidery," is a form of advertisement which appeared the other day in a contemporary.

A hot-tempered citizen of Arkansas, fancying that a revival preacher "meant him" in one of his pointed sermons, sent him a challenge. The minister accepted it, stating that the weapons would be "Bibles and prayer." This nonplused the challenger, and he procured a "court of honor" to "sit" on the matter. The "court," which consisted of six experienced duelists, decided that the clergyman was at fault, "as no gentleman, when challenged, has a right to select weapons to which the challenger is totally unaccustomed!"

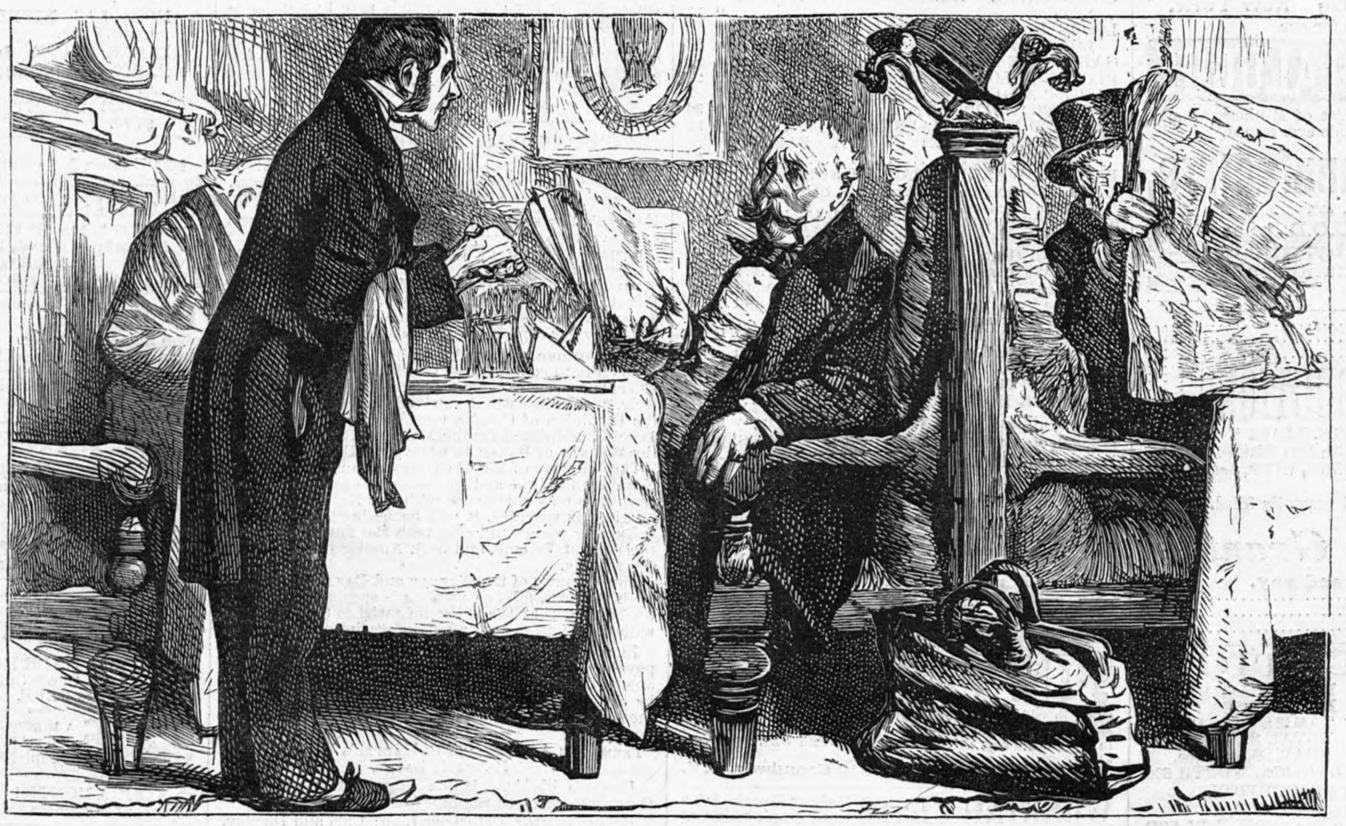
PROFESSOR. "Mr. Hazy, what is light?"

MR. HAZY. "Light, Sir? Light? Did you ask me what light is?"

PROFESSOR. "Yes, Sir."

MR. HAZY. "Light—light—let me see. I declare, Sir, I have forgotten."

PROFESSOR. "Well, what a pity! You are the only man in the world that ever knew."



OLD GENT. "You don't mean to tell me, Waiter, that you can't give me a Toothpick?"
WAITER. "Well, Sir, we used to keep 'em, but the Gents almost invariably took 'em away when they'd done with 'em."

An old farmer said to his sons, "Boys, don't you ever spekerlate, or wait for somethin' to turn up. You might jest as well go and sit down on a stone in the middle of a medder with a pail 'twixt your legs, and wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

A writer in the *Californian* delivers a Sunday-school address, from which the following is an extract: "You boys ought to be kind to your little sisters. I once knew a bad boy who struck his little sister a blow over the eye. Although she didn't fade and die in the early summer-time, when the June roses were blowing, with the sweet words of forgiveness on her pallid lips, she rose up and hit him over the head with a rolling-pin, so that he couldn't go to Sunday-school for more than a month, on account of not being able to put his best hat on."

Chicago wants to have the next world's fair held there. "In the first place," says the Boston *Post*, "it isn't certain that the next world will have a fair; and in the second place, those who'd be likely to attend it will prefer a more pious town in which to celebrate."

The styles in ladies' dresses have now got back as far as the days of Catherine de Medicis. At this rate we shall soon have reached the styles prevalent in the Garden of Eden.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 50.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

LADIES' WINTER TOILETTES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY, N. Y.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Fig. 1.—WATER-PROOF CLOAK, WITH CAPE AND SLEEVES (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). Fig. 2.—TIGHT-FITTING SINGLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE HOUSE DRESS (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).

[Cut Paper Patterns of the Water-proof Cloak, with Cape and Sleeves; and the Tight-fitting Single-breasted Redingote House Dress, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents each.]

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Ladies' Winter Toilettes.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

See illustration on first page.

THE two cut paper patterns which we publish this week will be very desirable at the present season. The water-proof cloak, with cape and sleeves, is the most popular style of this useful garment, being a loose sacque, with full sleeves and a separate cape. The tight-fitting single-breasted redingote house dress, which is copied from a Paris model kindly furnished us by Madame Bernheim, will be found very becoming to ladies with figures too full for double-breasted garments. Both suits are clearly explained in the following description and in the New York Fashions article.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN OF WATER-PROOF CLOAK, WITH CAPE AND SLEEVES, AND FRENCH ROUND SKIRT.

THIS suit comprises two articles—water-proof cloak, with cape and sleeves, and French round skirt.

WATER-PROOF CLOAK, WITH CAPE AND SLEEVES.—This pattern is in six pieces—front, back, cape, sleeve, scallop, and pocket. The perforations show where to baste the shoulder and under-arm seams, to take up the darts in the cape, to fit the shoulders, to sew on the pocket, and the size and form of the under part of the sleeve. Cut the back of the body, sleeves, and cape with the longest straight edges laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Cut the front of the body with the pattern laid lengthwise on the goods. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back for the hem in front. Baste the garment, and try it on wrong side out; if alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams. Baste the cape, and try it on over the cloak; if it does not fit well, take up more or less in the shoulder darts. Finish the neck of the cape with a box-pleating of the material cut one inch wide, and bound on both edges with narrow silk braid. The cape can be joined to the sacque by a hook and loop in the middle of the back at the neck, or, if preferred, can be sewed together, and bound with braid. Face the sleeve at the hand, and make a shirr one inch from the edge for an elastic cord to draw the sleeve up to fit the wrist. Face the pocket at the top, and make a shirr one inch from the edge for an elastic, and sew it on the outside of the garment even with the perforations. Close the front all the way down with buttons and button-holes. Rubber buttons are the most serviceable for this purpose. Bind the edge of the scallops with silk or alpaca braid, and turn up for a hem around the bottom of the sacque. A pattern of the scallop is given. If this garment is too long or too short, add to or take from the bottom the amount required, always keeping the same shape. If the sleeve is too long or too short, lengthen or shorten as needed, taking from or adding to the top and bottom an equal amount, so as not to alter the shape. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the shoulder and under-arm seams, and a quarter of an inch for all others.

Quantity of material, 54 inches wide, for medium-sized lady, 5½ yards.

Braid, 8 yards.

Number of buttons, 10.

FRENCH ROUND SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces (only half the pattern is given)—half of front gore, two side gores, and back breadth. The front and side gores are sewed plainly to the belt; the back breadth is laid in three deep side pleats each side of the middle, turning toward the middle of the breadth. Put the pattern together by the notches, and pay no attention to the grain of the paper. Cut the front and back with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN OF TIGHT-FITTING SINGLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE HOUSE DRESS.

THIS suit comprises two articles—tight-fitting single-breasted redingote and long walking skirt.

REDINGOTE.—This pattern is in seven pieces—front, side back, back, sleeve, two cuffs, and collar. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting together. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, to take up the darts and cross basque seams, to lay the pleats on the front part of the side form, to place the buttons on the cuff, to loop the skirt in the back, the size and form of the under part of the sleeve, and where to turn down the collar. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all others. The front of the garment is fitted with two darts and a cross basque seam on each side, and is closed the entire length from the neck down with buttons and button-holes. The back is adjusted by a centre seam to the waist line and side backs. An extra width is cut on the centre seam at the waist, and laid in five small pleats on the under side. The straight edge of the skirt part of the back is laid on the fold of the goods to avoid a seam, and draped by a tape, cut ten inches long, tacked at the single holes in the middle of the back breadth—one on the end, and the other about five inches above, and at the waist line on the pleats. The skirt is draped high on each side by five side pleats turning downward, according to the ten holes. Begin at the top to lay the pleats, placing the two holes evenly together for every pleat. The sleeves are coat-shaped, and finished at the wrist with a double cuff. The outside edge of the large cuff and the inside edge of the small one are laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Place the cuffs on the sleeve according to the notches. The three buttons set on the small cuff over the single holes hold them in place. Baste up, and try on wrong side out: if alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams. The notches at the top and bottom on the front show where to turn back for the hem. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the back part of the armhole, holding the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. The neck is finished with a small collar, which is sewed on and turned over in the line of perforations. Sew a tape on the under-arm seam on each side, about ten inches below the waist line, and tie in the back underneath the garment. The shoulders are short and coat-shaped. The sleeve is held slightly full over the rounding part when sewing it in. The bottom of the garment is edged by a deep side-pleated ruffle of the material cut four inches wide.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 7 yards.

Extra for ruffle, 2½ yards.

LONG WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—half of front gore, two side gores, and straight breadth for the back. Cut the front and back with the longest straight edges laid on the fold of the goods to avoid seams. Cut two pieces each of the patterns given for the side gores. Put the pattern together by the notches, and pay no attention to the grain of the paper.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 7 yards.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1873.

☞ With the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for December 6 was sent out gratuitously an illustrated EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing further installments of FARJEON'S new CHRISTMAS STORY,

"*GOLDEN GRAIN*,"

and of "THE PARISIANS" and "PHINEAS REDUX."

Another illustrated EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT will be sent out gratuitously with the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for December 13.

☞ HARPER'S BAZAR for December 27 will contain the opening chapters of a

NEW CHRISTMAS STORY

by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, with magnificent page illustrations. Like every thing that comes from MR. TROLLOPE'S pen, this story will be found brilliant and interesting.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the Water-proof Cloak, with Cape and Sleeves; and the Tight-fitting Single-breasted Redingote House Dress, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents each. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 799.

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' Vigogne, Diagonal Cloth, and other Winter Suits; Cashmere, Barathea, Silk, and Tulle Hoods; Dress Caps; Gentlemen's Shooting Suits; Game-Bags; Shot-Pouches; Cartridge-Pouches; Powder-Flasks; Dogs' Leashes, etc.; Needle-Cases and Tidies; and an unusually choice collection of Embroidery Patterns in the Louis XIII. style; together with brilliant literary and artistic attractions.*

FAMILY QUARRELS.

IT is among some of the contradictions of the human heart that family quarrels are the most bitter of all the quarrels flesh is heir to, as well as the longest-lived. The gulf that has once been made never seems to do more than skim over, and that never sufficiently to bear the weight of an argument. It is true, there are great facilities afforded for family quarrels in the nature of things: one can not hide her weaknesses, her defects, from the scrutiny of the members of her family; they leak out through the tones of the voice, the flash of an eye, through a thousand unsuspected channels. Each becomes so intimate with the other's little tricks of vanity and ostentation, with the other's aspirations and failures, that it amounts to nearly the same thing as a mental and moral photograph, and supplies material from which to draw the provoking retort or the more ungenerous twit. This acquaintance with the traits and temperaments of those composing one's immediate circle is a lesson that is presented to us every day, till we have learned it with as little effort as we learn the shapes and scents of the flowers, but it is a knowledge that we are apt to use in the day of wrath with no fragrant purpose: perhaps it is one of the cases, too, in which a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, since there are fountains of reserve in every nature which no eye but God's is kind enough to fathom.

It may be that one cause of family difficulties lies in the fact that one has no redress from one's own. We may be unjustly dealt with, misunderstood, and "put upon" among our friends, but since it will only aggravate matters to proclaim the truth from the house-tops, there is no alternative but to bear, or to effervesce in a good quarrel, which some people fancy has the virtue of clearing the atmosphere, like a thunder-storm, but which we fear has rather the effect of generating fresh trouble, for the same reason that lightning is apt to strike a second time where it has struck once. And perhaps that which serves to render a family quarrel most bitter and difficult of adjustment is the reflection that it is one's own familiar friend who has taken this advantage, has rewarded devotion with treachery, has searched out one's hidden sin, and dealt scornfully with it: the blow would fail to cut to the quick, to arouse such indignation, if we loved the hand that dealt it less. Perhaps this is the reason of so many conjugal infelicities. Amaryllis can not endure the least shadow of misconception from her Collin; when he hints that her flocks are jumping the fences and trespassing on her neighbors while she looks at her reflection in the brooks, she retorts that the flocks are as much his business as hers; he dodges the conclusion by remarking upon the warmth of her temper, and by this time the ground is well broken for a fair fight and no favor; and when a quarrel is once begun, who can predict where it will end? It begins with such a trifle—a sharp reply, an angry suggestion; it ends oftentimes in separation worse than death.

One of the most embarrassing positions is that of the person who stands in the gap, neutral between the two branches of the family quarrel, and is obliged to listen to both sides in turn, and to furnish apologies for the opposing parties, as a thorough-going peace-maker should. It may be said that only a hypocrite could fill this position; but as a quarrel, like every thing else, has two sides, the person who stands in the gap with single-minded intent might do much to disarm the opponents, since he perceives the amount of wrong in both cases, and is enabled to strike a balance and clear away misconceptions; but it must needs be a brave soul who shall undertake to adjust these family differences. It sometimes strikes the critical listener a little oddly to hear those who are breast-deep in family disagreements of their own gravely remark on the wickedness of those in which their neighbors are involved, and wonder how Mrs. Sharp can browbeat her mother-in-law, or how Miss Muffet can reconcile the contemptuous treatment of her sister with her professions of religion, when it might be supposed that they were the very persons best qualified to understand such methods: the Pharisee's sins seem so insignificant in his eyes compared with the sins of another. Perhaps one of the most fruitful sources of family jars is to be found in money; and yet it seems strange enough that affection, which is a natural attribute of the soul, should yield to the outward accident of filthy lucre; but financial dealings among relatives so often result in alienation and distrust that it has almost grown into a proverb. One would naturally suppose that among those possessed by the true family feeling of unity the interests would be so nearly identical that nothing of a material nature could effect a separation; but when we see people at loggerheads with their own flesh and blood, because that flesh and blood makes claims which it is not compatible with selfish ease to fulfill—when we see brothers and sisters at sword's point, figuratively speaking, bandying taunts, treading on each other's toes, and keeping a sort of preserve at hand of all the subjects upon which they disagree most violently, and among which they are constantly coming to grief, like flies in a drop of molasses—does it appear as though they were gratefully regarding the blessings of One who setteth the solitary in families?

WEATHER PROBABILITIES.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

WHOEVER looked at the New England daily newspaper for November 17, 1873, could have seen in its quiet little corner the quiet little announcement that New England and the Middle States might expect "high northeasterly winds, threatening weather, rain, and snow." General MYER, sitting in your snug retreat at Washington, and weaving a web of storm for this great country, when you penned that simple phrase did you know what you were saying?

First a tempestuous Sunday, but that we can put up with. It is so restful, so Sabbath-like to have a long, luxurious day before you, with no work to do, with no care to occupy your mind, only pleasant books to read and pleasant thoughts to think, sitting by the open wood fire, and watching the flames curl up the gnarled forks of the old apple branches. I believe apple-tree wood is the best wood, after all. It smells of pond-lilies, and brings the fragrance of blossoming orchards into that worst of midwinter, the late fall. Then it has a rare ruddy look, and you fancy yourself sitting by an odorous holocaust of precious wood—sandal-wood, the red cedar-tree by which TENNYSON'S red Indian danced. And withal it makes a hot fire; and if you do not have it properly cut, but left crooked and long and ramifying as it grew, it is a pretty piece of architecture as it lies, a solid frame-work overswept by lithe yellow flames. And the lovely day lapses into night-fall, and you bethink yourself of the chicken, and resolve to fry him. You are well rested for the experiment, and nobody will be in to share, or create chagrin if the experiment fails. But it does not fail, only turns out somehow to be a fricassee rather than a fry, but toothsome to the last degree. And then shuts down night and storm and darkness wondrous strong. But the next morning all the world is white. We have to be shoveled out. Winter has come in good earnest, and overtaken us belated farmers. We behold our delayed wood-piles with dismay. No, Winter has changed his mind. Snow gives way to sleet, and sleet changes to rain, and then come up "high northeasterly winds and threatening weather" in good earnest. Threatening, indeed! It threatens, and it makes good its threat. First the wind snaps up so suddenly that it steals a march on us, and the big furnace fire goes out—just puffs to death in a half hour—and the first we know a cold draught is whistling up the register. But the little furnace is left, and we snuggle in the dining-room till bed-time.

"Ah," says Malone, "the attic window is up for me clo'es!" Then, with lamp in hand, we mount to the ghostly garret, more ghostly for the lines of ghostly garments that hang criss-crossing it from Monday's wash, to dry at their leisure, and the east blind is slamming furiously, and shadows lurk under the eaves, and Malone fastens the blind with various strings, and is thoroughly drenched as to her buxom arms and sturdy chest, and we grope around the sombre chimneys and glide solemnly down stairs, and seek sweet sleep.

Sleep, is it? The rain thunders down on the tin roof of the piazza like the tramp of the Grand Army. The wind shrieks down the water-spouts like an angry fiend—the wraith of wrath and despair. The soot rattles down the chimney in a determined, industrious way, as if it meant to be of as much account as the rest of the uproar. But then it is certainly soot rattling down on the paper ready for kindling, and not mice; and despite of spout and wraith and rain and rattle, sleep steals over the tired eyes, till a big gust gives a big shake, and you know the cleat has come out of the dressing-room window, and, as the Shaker song says, it will

> "Shake, shake out of you
> All that is car-nal!"

And all that is spiritual too; so you rise and fumble, and find the cleat, and jam it in, and lie down again.

And the anger of the wind rises, and it whacks against the house with a violence that makes every beam tremble and the beds rock; and bang goes a blind, and bang goes another, and bang go the whole lot. I am sure there were thirty blinds cavorting over this house on the night of the 17th November, and each envious to surpass all the others in the force with which it whacked against the house. If there were only one, it might be worth while to hunt it up, but who can fasten a myriad at midnight? Besides, they are probably the double-window blinds, and inaccessible from within. Let them whack. But it is intolerable. There is no sleep and no peace. Let us fasten the nearest ones. Not a match will light. Match-box, table, carpet, are phosphorescent with glowing lines, but not a match will light. I wish the man who sold them to me had to eat them in his soup. But success at length crowns persistency, and the cheerful candle shows a floor strewn with matches not made in heaven, evidently; but the blinds have stopped their cannonade. Every window seems to be thoroughly secured—perhaps the wind itself has fastened them: such things are not unknown—and you blow out your candle, and lie down with gladness and singleness of heart; and no sooner has your head touched the pillow than those imps return to the charge with new vigor—thump! thump! thump! You attack the matches with an energy that breaks half of them at the first touch, and find and fasten one belligerent blind at the cost of a great wetting; but another is on a double window, and can not be touched, and of another the window is swollen and can not be opened; and so they wreak their passion through the night. Sometimes the storm sobs into

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a lull, and you drop quickly into unconsciousness, and then it starts up with sudden fury, and every blind and beam and water-spout rages in sympathy, and you are broad awake again: and oh! that a carpenter were lashed to every blind!

And in the morning the fences are down, and the paper around the east windows is a pulp, and the deluge has dripped on the window-seats and spattered up the window-shades, and the down-stairs bedroom is all afloat; and as you go in to look at it, in response to Malone's horrified cries—splash! you step into a mill-pond in the closet entry—and all General MYER has to say about it is:

"*Probabilities.*—For the Middle and Eastern States high northeasterly winds and threatening weather!"

Ah, General MYER, General MYER, bold soldier-boy, if *this* was what you meant, why did you not say so?

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE SINGLE-BREASTED TIGHT-FITTING REDINGOTE SUIT.

ONE of the most useful and fashionable costumes of the winter is the long tight-fitting single-breasted redingote suit, illustrated on our first page, and of which a cut paper pattern is published. This redingote commends itself by its simple shape and graceful style, and is now the popular over dress for woolen suits of cloth, cashmere, vigogne, serge, and de bège, and is also used for expensive camel's-hair redingotes that are worn over velvet or silk skirts. Costumes made by this model are considered appropriate both for house and street. The model from which our illustration is taken is of ladies' cloth of the deepest indigo blue, trimmed with dark silver buttons. To be stylish, the front of the redingote must fit without a wrinkle, and must be long enough to come within three or four inches of the foot of the dress; these fronts are also made very broad, in order to drape very high and far back on the sides. The back of the waist is cut in English fashion, in four pieces, that are all of similar breadth at the waist, and the two buttons used to define the waist are placed on the side forms as far apart as on gentlemen's coats. The fullness added in the skirt is held in pleats laid under the middle seam, and in double-width goods the back is cut in a way that prevents a seam coming in the middle of the skirt, showing only the pressed lines of the fold. The drapery is done by tapes and buttons, and it is very necessary that the skirt be tied back over the tournure; indeed, in many instances there are two sets of tapes for holding back the redingote skirt. The short shoulders now in vogue are seen to perfection in this garment. For ladies of medium size the shoulder just in front of the arm is little more than an eighth of a yard deep; this shortness, however, must be where the armhole is hollowed out, and not directly in the shoulder seam, which now extends further back than it has done of late. The top of the close coat sleeve is then deeply rounded, projecting above the point of the shoulder, and in some French garments it is made to stand erect, precisely as is seen in gentlemen's clothing. The neck may be finished by a bias band, or an English collar—straight behind, with points turned over in front—or else the more flaring Medicis collar of the cloth with silk lining.

The trimming on the redingote illustrated is a narrow side pleating of the cloth, with saw-teeth notches on each edge. This is stylish, but so heavy that many ladies prefer a bias facing of velvet or silk two inches wide on the wrong side, showing merely a piping fold on the right. Those who are tired of these plain-edged garments put woolen ball fringe on wool redingotes: yak lace is not so popular as formerly. For black cashmere redingotes the favorite trimming is a band of jet galloon, with silk fringe in which jet is intermingled; but if this is too expensive, use a bias band of cashmere two and a half inches wide, with a silk piping on the upper edge. For camel's-hair and velvet redingotes a fur band, either of fox, fisher, chinchilla, or black marten, is considered most elegant, and there are various styles of India embroidery for this purpose, either of wool or silk, monotone and shaded, or else in various colors, like the borders of India shawls. There are no pockets in our model, and there begins to be a protest against large pockets, large buttons, and large ruffs; but those who choose add large square pockets with deep flaps, set very far back on the sides or else on the back of the redingote. The sleeve has a double cuff, stiffly lined, piped on the edges, and ornamented with three buttons and mock button-holes of silk cord or piping. The belt may be worn or omitted at pleasure. The skirt may be a demi-train for the house, shortened by rings and tapes for the street, and should be tied behind the person by tapes attached to the second side seams; it may be entirely without trimming, or have two bias folds piped on each edge, or else one or two narrow rows of side pleating like that on the redingote.

THE WATER-PROOF SACQUE CLOAK.

There are two items of dress for which ladies of experience prefer to send to London rather than Paris, viz., deep mourning dresses and water-proof cloaks. English water-proof cloth is certainly far better than any made in this country, although the fabric is of American origin, and the superiority of the London cloak is due to the fact that it is a necessity in that land of fog and rain; and it has been experimented upon until perfection of shape has been obtained. We gave in a former volume a pattern of a Raglan water-proof sacque, with a half cape forming the sleeves, and now add a cut paper pattern of the sacque water-proof with sleeves, cape, and pockets, from an English model. The long ample sacque with merely two seams, one under each arm, should reach nearly to the edge of the dress skirt, which is necessarily short for walking in wet weather. This lower edge is usually hemmed and plain, but the edge of the talma cape is prettiest when scalloped and neatly bound with braid. It is bad taste to wear a belt with this cloak. The easy-fitting sleeves have an elastic band above the edge, loose enough for the hand to pass through, yet tight enough to gather the sleeve into a ruffle on the wrist. The pockets are described elsewhere. Hoods are so little used with the large bonnets and hats now worn that they are omitted from most cloaks, as they give a full round-shouldered appearance when hanging down the back. An English collar of the water-proof, or else a pleated ruche like that described elsewhere, is placed around the neck. Sometimes rows of yak braid trim the capes of these cloaks, but this adds nothing to their beauty, and makes the garment heavier. Gutta-percha or else polished black wood buttons fasten the entire front. Navy blue with purple tinges is the favorite color for water-proof cloaks. Blue English water-proof cloth costs from $3 25 to $5 a yard in cloth width; black English water-proof is from $2 25 to $3; American water-proof cloth in blue and purple shades is worth from $1 25 to $2 50 a yard; black water-proof of domestic manufacture costs from $1 to $2. Colored American water-proof is apt to rub off and soil the clothing worn with it; this is seldom true of the English fabric, and the latter is also to be commended as much lighter and better wearing.

ECONOMIC FASHIONS.

How to make "auld claes look amaist as weel's the new" was never so desirable as in this season of panic, nor happily was it ever so easy. Simple styles, as we constantly reiterate, are the highest fashion, and most of the elaborate costumes of the past few years can be modernized by merely taking off parts of their garniture, while those that are worn or soiled can be cleaned and used for the foundation of another suit—with a new polonaise, and perhaps a border on the skirt. The black silks of last year can be cleansed, and their lustre and dressing renewed, by sponging them on the wrong side with ale greatly diluted with water; no given rule will answer with various qualities of silk, but it is well to mix equal quantities of each, and experiment on a sample of the silk, adding more water if the silk is too stiff when dry. Black alpacas may also be restored almost to their first beauty by using a thimbleful of borax dissolved in a pint of warm water, and put on with a nail-brush. If the dress skirt is much worn and soiled around the bottom, add a fresh facing, cut off the soiled parts of the dress material, and piece it out to the edge of the facing with one of the now superfluous flounces—perhaps the upper part of the lower flounce, which is also worn on the edge—and cover the joining with a newer and simpler trimming made of the upper flounces. The reaction in favor of plainly trimmed skirts is making itself evident daily. We do not mean that dress skirts are most usually made entirely plain, but, as an excellent French authority says, bordered skirts, not flounced ones, are the fashion. Instead of being covered with trimmings of one kind in front, another sort on the sides, and a third behind, there is now straight around the skirt a border, perhaps of flounces, or it may be of folds, but quite narrow, and giving a most artistic finish to the costume. For this border on silk dresses use a single flounce fully gathered and edged with a narrow pleated ruffle, and a similar pleating for heading, or else have two pleatings four or five inches wide, overlapping, and headed by a cluster of very small folds. A single pleating is also considered sufficient border for cloth and heavy wool dresses. All this conduces greatly to economy, as three or four yards of silk now serve for trimming, instead of the ten or twelve formerly required.

To remodel last year's polonaises, make them tight-fitting in the body, and draw their skirt drapery further backward, taking the pleats back of the side seam instead of on it; make the sleeves close, with a revers cuff and a silk pleating falling over the hand; put the pockets further back or else omit them, and add a standing flaring collar instead of a ruff; this collar, cuffs, and pockets can be made of new silk darker than the polonaise, and will give it an air of freshness. A belt may be added, fastened behind by a silver buckle, or else a ribbon sash, doubled, with one flat loop hanging over the belt, and two long ends.

The loose velvet sacques of past winters are being cut down to make shapely English walking jackets. If the pattern is short, it may be made almost tight-fitting, and its style enhanced thereby. The trimming should be a silk facing and silk-covered buttons, or else jet galloon (not passementerie), with buttons made of tiny jet beads instead of the large ones cut in facets; or, better still, a narrow band of long dark fur should border the jacket. Cloth sacques are altered in the same way, and trimmed with bias silk or velvet, showing below the edge like a mere cord. Sleeveless velvet jackets are in greater favor than at any time since their introduction. They require very little material, and when made of black velvet may be worn with various dresses, and, with silk sleeves, will serve as a new waist for black silk dresses of a former season. A silk cord on the edge is the only necessary trimming.

Last winter's bonnets are also easily remodeled, because, though new frames are slightly larger, the material is put so plainly on the frame that very little is required, three-fourths of a yard of narrow bonnet velvet being all milliners require. If the pile of the velvet has been flattened in the folds, it can be raised by steaming over a hot iron, on which a moist cloth is laid; if this will not restore it, the creases must be concealed by bands, loops, and twists of turquoise or twilled silk. A soft puff of silk under the brim, some erect loops on one side, a steel dagger on the other, and two short curled plumes will give style to last year's Rabagas hats. To add a suggestion of the new Directoire bonnets, a branch of roses or half a wreath is placed on the left side of the brim and extended to the front; this is newer than the low-drooping rose behind.

CHEAP GOODS.

The large reduction of prices advertised by merchants has been met with doubt by many, but it is bona fide, and is compelled by the scarcity of money. Experienced shoppers and lovers of bargains are soon convinced of this when shown excellent calicoes for nine or ten cents a yard, and Wamsutta muslin at fifteen cents, while other standard brands are at similar low prices. A list of the reductions in woolen goods was given last week, and might be extended now with a greater variety of fabrics at the popular price of 50 cents a yard. The good result of simple styles is also now evident, when twelve or fourteen yards of double-width woolen goods will make a polonaise and skirt instead of the eighteen or twenty yards formerly used. Among other seasonable bargains are felt Balmoral skirts, beginning as low as $1 50 for plain gray untrimmed skirts. The prettiest Balmorals of the season are of deep blue or else crimson serge, cut very narrow, and trimmed with three or four narrow box-pleated ruffles, scarcely more than ruches, bound each side with braid, and set on quite far apart. Woven merino petticoats, heavy and warm, though not very fine, are sold for $1 75 or $2.

For information received thanks are due Madame BERNHEIM; and Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and A. T. STEWART & Co.

PERSONAL.

THE Rev. Dr. PARKER appears to be in a state of gush when speaking in public in London of his experiences in the United States. He thinks the Americans the most tremendous people on the planet, with a tremendous future before them. Nothing struck that doctor more than the unbounded and "inexpressible" hospitality and generosity of the American people. "We careful English people," said he, "ask the price of things, talk about making both ends meet, and cut our coat according to our cloth," which he thinks we "do not do," wherein he makes much mistake. He is more accurate when he says that "Christian ministers of good ability are in not a few cases paid as handsomely as great officers of state are paid in England." Finally, we appreciate the doctor's sunny and hopeful temper when he says, "I can not but hope and believe that in less than seven years I shall preach in Westminster Abbey or in St. Paul's Cathedral."

—Men who have charge of roads must be careful to fill up holes. Mrs. SALLY GILSON, of Stoneham, who fell into one of those objectionable places and hurt herself grievously, sued the town for damages, and a few days ago beat that town of Stoneham, and won a verdict of $4500, which amount she has received in grand cash.

—COLERIDGE, when a lecturer, in his younger days, was once violently hissed by some excited individual who did not love what COLERIDGE was saying, whereupon the poet delivered the following smart retort: "When a cold stream of truth is poured on red-hot prejudices, no wonder that they hiss."

—Within the last thirty months there have died in Blackstone, Massachusetts, six persons whose united ages amount to 524 years, viz.: ANNIE TOURTELLOTTE, 93; EMOR TOURTELLOTTE, 93; ZEBEDEE YOUNG, 93; THURBOR WARFIELD, 90½; LAWTON WALDEN, 78 years, 2 months, 3 days; and STEPHEN TUCKER, 76 years, 2 months, 3 days. People go to Blackstone with a view to longevity.

—A remarkable Scotchwoman, Mrs. JANET HAMILTON, known as the Coatbridge poetess, has recently died. She was the daughter of a shoe-maker, and although without education, the mother of a large family—she married at thirteen—and for many years toward the close of her life totally blind, yet contrived, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, amidst circumstances seemingly so adverse from first to last, not only to store her mind by self-culture, but to produce poems and various other writings of no ordinary merit. She was in her seventy-eighth year.

—Mr. BERESFORD HOPE, supposed to be the wealthiest commoner of England, has presented 26,000 entomological specimens to the Oxford Museum.

—BURNS is to be honored by a colossal statue in Glasgow. G. W. EWING, a British sculptor, is to do the stone-cutting.

—Two Jewish ladies recently passed a government examination in Rome, which enabled them to become teachers in a communal school. The fact is noteworthy in so far that this instance is the first of that kind that has ever occurred in Rome.

—Professor BROWN, of Baltimore, in explaining to a class of young ladies the theory according to which the body is entirely renewed every seven years, said, "Thus, Miss B——, in seven years you will in reality be no longer Miss B——." The young lady modestly dropped her eyes, and with tone demure responded, "I really hope I sha'n't."

—Immediately after the declaration of war in 1870 the King of Prussia ordered Councilor SCHNEIDER to superintend the making of a collection of publications of all sorts and all countries relating to the war. The collection is now exhibited to the public in the central hall of the Royal Library at Berlin, and excites great interest.

—The Rev. Dr. OSGOOD, who has recently been revisiting some of our New England colleges, doubtless had a pleasant time at New Haven, where it was, he says, "pleasant to meet names and persons of historical interest, such as the HILLHOUSES, INGERSOLLS, GERRYS, EDWARDSES, and many others. In ELBRIDGE GERRY'S venerable daughters, who came with their mother from Boston to live in New Haven in 1833, I felt that the spirit of the old historical age stood before me, and their house is full of suggestive memorials. The new age has its conspicuous representatives, not only in the scholars and sages of the university, but in the stirring spirits of business, art, and letters. I met again with pleasure Mr. DONALD G. MITCHELL, in his charming villa near the city, and found him far in advance of the *Reveries of a Bachelor* amidst the delights of his blooming family and patriarchal acres. In rural taste and enterprise, as in literature, he continues his good work, and New Haven owes him more than most of her people are aware."

—Let not the American lady, reduced in circumstances, who follows the not positively popular, but useful and sometimes remunerative, avocation of boarding-house keeper, think she is at a discount in the social scale, for in the very last number of the London *Court Journal* we find an advertisement which may be suggestive to her head, and impart courage to her heart:

"TO AMERICANS AND OTHERS.—A nobleman and his wife, keeping a most comfortable establishment near town, would receive two American or English ladies or gentlemen to introduce into the best society. High references asked. Terms according to requirements. Private sitting-room, carriages, etc. Address Lady ——."

—The British government has appointed Miss POGSON, the eldest daughter of the government astronomer of Madras, to be assistant astronomer at the government observatory. The young lady will very shortly arrive at Madras to enter upon her duties.

—The Vienna *Presse* states that the Exhibition was visited by two emperors, one empress, three kings, five queens, five reigning grand dukes, three grand duchesses, thirteen heirs to a throne, five crown princesses, twenty princes and dukes, and fourteen princesses. The potentates who did not go to Vienna were the Queen of England, the Sultan, the Kings of Greece, Portugal, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Bavaria, and Saxony, and the Grand Duke of Hesse. Only three European courts were altogether unrepresented at Vienna, namely, the Turkish, the Portuguese, and the Hessian. The Shah of Persia is not included in the above list of visitors.

—Concerning birthdays there is an old prophetic rhyme, which exists in as many languages as versions, as to the results of being born on a certain day in the week. One runs as follows:

"Monday's child is fair of face;
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child has toil and woe;
Thursday's child has far to go;
Friday's child is loving and giving;
Saturday's child works hard for his living;
And the child that is born on the Sabbath-day
Is happy and lucky and wise and gay."

Here are a few tests. BYRON was born on a Tuesday; so was NAPOLEON I.; NAPOLEON II. (M. ROCHEFORT'S ideal emperor) on a Wednesday; NAPOLEON III. also on a Wednesday; Pope PIUS IX. on a Sunday; GARIBALDI on a Wednesday; BISMARCK on a Friday (the 1st of April!); the unhappy Emperor MAXIMILIAN also on a Friday, his empress on a Sunday; Mr. GLADSTONE on a Friday, and Mr. DISRAELI on a Saturday.

—The Rev. NEWMAN HALL seems to have made himself quite acceptable to the Chicago people, who flocked to hear him. He told them that his church in London was Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Quaker, Episcopalian, etc., for it used in some form many of the forms and ceremonies of all these churches—which makes it a little difficult to say where the Rev. N. H. stands himself. He has under his charge seventeen Sunday-schools and 450 teachers, and keeps up the work with great vigor. Saw him in Broadway a few days ago. Pepper-and-salt dress.

—A gentleman recently in Paris, who had the pleasure of assisting at a *levée* of Madame THIERS, says that with the ex-President it is a matter of health to have an audience. "He must talk; must use his organs; must sharpen his wits by contact with the world; but he will no longer have the noble audience he had in the Place St. George, where he was petted by the old nobility because he made opposition to the empire, and by literary men because he wrote the *Consulate and Empire*. The salon of Madame THIERS has become the caucus of the Left, and their political meetings are held there every evening. Lord HOWDEN must rest uneasy in his grave if conscious of the crowd which now swells the salons of the Hôtel Bagration. And for the visitors he has there is one great inconvenience—M. THIERS sleeps every day from five to seven o'clock, rarely dines before eight, and hence tea is only served about ten. Between eleven and twelve the little man is in his glory, standing before his chimney, with both hands under his coat tails, and laying down the law upon every conceivable subject in a way which would have been very creditable to MOSES. In point of fact, MOSES was an ignoramus compared with M. THIERS, and the only wonder is, as GOLDSMITH expressed it, 'how one small head could carry all he knew.' I give the idea here, and leave the reader to put the tenses in accord. But there are some interesting persons who frequent Madame THIERS'S salon. There is the Princess TROUBETSKOI, the Comtesse APPIONY, Madame ROGER DU NORD, Mesdames SIMON, ADAM, ROTHUAN, and others who formed the republican court during the THIERS régime."

—Dean HOWSON, in a recent English publication, tells how the missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," came to be written: "When Bishop HEBER was a young man missionary sermons were not so frequent as they are now, and on one occasion, when he was staying with Dean SHIRLEY, vicar of Wrexham, his father-in-law, such a sermon was to be preached, and the want of a suitable hymn was felt. He was asked on the Saturday to write one; and seated at the window of the old vicarage house, he produced, after a short interval, in his clear handwriting, with one single word corrected, that hymn beginning, 'From Greenland's icy mountains,' with which we are all familiar. It was printed that evening, and sung the following day in Wrexham church." The original manuscript of the hymn is now in the possession of Mr. EDWARD RAFFLES, the magistrate, of Liverpool.

—Bridgeport, Connecticut, witnessed a few days since a pleasant and quite unusual incident—the celebration of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. HENRY CURTIS, on which occasion all their children and grandchildren were present. No death had occurred in the family in half a century.

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PREPARING FOR WINTER.

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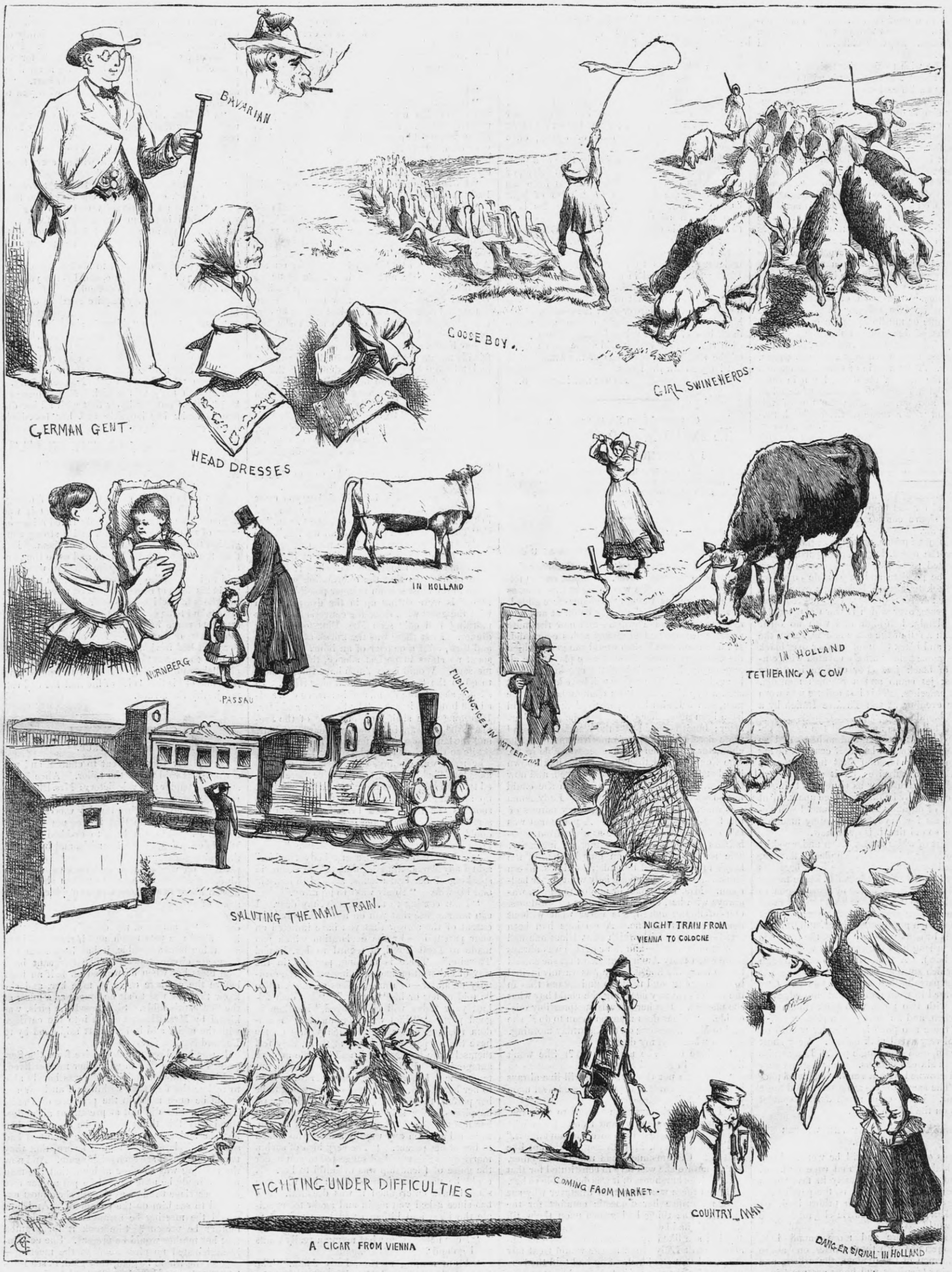

AN ARTIST'S NOTES ON THE CONTINENT—JOTTINGS IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE FROM VIENNA TO ROTTERDAM.

AN ARTIST'S NOTES ON THE CONTINENT.

ON his return to England from Vienna *via* Rotterdam the artist has jotted down a few reminiscences of the features of the country on the route as seen from the window of a railway carriage. The titles of many of the subjects afford an explanation in themselves. "Thus a 'Swineherdess' needs little comment," he writes, "save that it is rather foreign to our ideas that girls should be so employed. These girls are hardly cleaner than the pigs. The 'Goose Boy' is a sketch near Würzburg. His whip is a switch with string lash, and at the end of the string a bit of red rag, with which he keeps his flock in order. The 'Bavarian of the Hawker Tribe' is a man who tramps the country with a large box filled with gloves, etc., which he sells to hotel servant-maids, etc. 'The German Gent' is simply a sketch of a fellow-passenger at Passau station. 'Kissing the Priest's Hand.' It is a noteworthy sight to see the children come up, and, with a courtesy, kiss the priest's hands. I never knew it before, but it is the custom for every good Catholic to take off his hat at the strike of twelve mid-day, the time for prayer. The 'Public Notice Board' is carried about Rotterdam by a youth. 'Saluting the Mail in Holland.' Directly the engine comes up to the man, standing attention, he salutes and remains in that position until the last carriage has passed him. 'Danger signal' in point of color made a very pretty sketch. 'Coming from Market' would not fail to attract the attention of any one who is not stone-deaf, as the cries of the two sucking pigs can be heard all over the place. 'Fighting under Difficulties' was also a 'sketch under difficulties,' as the swinging motion of the express train quite prevented me from taking a more decided sketch, I being totally unable to make a straight line. One animal is fastened by a pole fixed by a rope round its horns, and secured at the other end to a strong stake planted in the ground, the other ditto, only that the pole is fixed to its pastern. The 'Cigar from Vienna,' like a preceding sketch, the 'Head-dresses,' is characteristic of that town; it is about double the length and size of the one shown in the sketch, with a straw nearly an inch long forming the mouth-piece."

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THERE being no important change in the fashion of garments, the lovers of novelty indemnify themselves by the diversity of fabrics that are found in the markets. Velvet is the favorite material of the season, hence it is manufactured in a thousand different styles. There is pékin velvet, with alternate satin or silk and velvet stripes; brocaded velvet, with bright-colored velvet raised flowers on a silk ground; stamped velvet, with a ground of faille spread with large damask velvet figures; and velveteens, in which innumerable streaks of lightning seem to traverse the velvet ground of a darker shade. All these are made into suits, with polo-

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naises worn over a skirt of the same material, but plain; or else into plain dresses, very long and looped in a pouf behind. Long black velvet dresses are almost always trimmed with a tablier of black lace, embroidered with jet, and tied behind.

Those who wish to free themselves from the polonaise without breaking openly with the present fashions devise various combinations, one of which I will describe as a type. Suppose a comparatively simple dress of very dark écru Sicilienne—an extremely silky poplin. The skirt is very long behind, so as to be draped in a pouf, while the front clears the ground. The tablier of the skirt is trimmed with lengthwise rows of black velvet ribbon, separated by a space equal to their width. The skirt is trimmed all around the bottom with a bias fold of Sicilienne, six inches wide, on which velvet ribbon is set diagonally; above this is a similar fold, likewise trimmed with velvet ribbon, but only four inches wide, which edges the tablier, and extends to the waist, perfectly simulating a polonaise. The basque-waist is trimmed with a still narrower fold of the same kind, only two inches wide.

Sleeves are all very large, so as to give room for under-sleeves composed of several pleated ruffles of white lace, tulle, or muslin. Large ruches of tulle or muslin are worn on the neck. Small fichus, of light-colored faille or crêpe de Chine, which are easily made, and very becoming, are also much used, worn over half-open waists, for evening. Take a strip of faille long enough to border the neck of the dress, lay it in three lengthwise pleats so as to simulate three folds, one above another, and edge the top of this pleated band with a ruche of the material, raveled out on the top so as to form a light, vaporous fringe; then under this ruche set a thick ruche of white illusion, which comes above it, and takes the place of lingerie.

Close sleeves are modernized by opening them to the elbow, and edging them with a deep pleated ruffle, either of the material of the dress or of that used for the trimmings; this ruffle enlarges the sleeve considerably, and gives it a fashionable air.

The present réunions, evenings at the Theâtre Italien or the opera, large dinner-parties, etc., seem devoted to black. One passes in review there all the possible and impossible combinations of black toilettes—black crape over black satin; black velvet dresses, low-necked, and *without sleeves*, over which is worn a polonaise of black blonde, half-high, and with no other sleeves than a fall of the same blonde, set on the shoulder; and black Chambéry gauze over black faille, the gauze being entirely covered with embroidery of black jet. For coiffure is a very high black jet comb and a Spanish mantilla. Black jet bracelets. This last toilette was worn the other evening at the Theâtre Italien by a very light blonde beauty.

For ball toilettes is announced the use of organdy, so dear to our grandmothers, and so much neglected for the last half century, owing to the intriguing tarlatan that has taken its place. Between ourselves be it said, the two stuffs resemble each other as closely as twin sisters that can hardly be distinguished apart. But the revival of organdy is certain, and I will describe a dress for a young girl, lately made of this fabric, so old that it is quite new.

Plain skirt of white taffeta, worn under a skirt of white organdy, trimmed with a pleated flounce, surmounted by a puff. All of the back breadths are covered with puffs to the waist. The tablier is covered with puffs, separated by a space equal to their width, while those of the back are seperated only by a slender pink roll. A pink ribbon is run through each puff of the tablier, and finished at the ends by square bows (that is, the two ends are equal in length to the two loops which compose the bow). A pink ribbon is run through the puff which surmounts the lower flounce, but only on the part that belongs to the tablier. Low waist, pointed in front and behind, and edged in the neck with two puffs, with pink ribbon run through each, and finished with a pleated ruffle. Between these two puffs is a slender wreath of leaves and very small pink daisies. Very short sleeves, composed of a single puff. Long white gloves, with sixteen buttons. Hair dressed very high, and crowned with a small chaplet of pink daisies. The same flowers are set here and there in the hair. Necklace of small daisies, epaulet of daisies on the left shoulder.

GENERAL FEATURES OF THE WINTER FASHIONS.

All kinds of wrappings will be worn. Long narrow cloaks, with sleeves and cape or hood, or without either, are extremely in favor with the plutocracy of Paris—that is, the part of the Faubourg St. Germain which prides itself on keeping aloof from the eccentric elegance of the financial world.

Bonnets are more and more round high toques, sometimes with three stories, one above another, formed of the diadem, the crown, and the trimming (feathers and bows arranged in a tuft), which surmounts the whole, and looks precisely like the bouquet which the Paris masons are accustomed to set on the top of the edifice they have just completed. The hair is still combed very high, and must all be contained in the crown of the bonnet.

Belts (which, to speak accurately, are nothing but sashes, since they are no longer used merely to gird the waist) are fourteen, sixteen, and even twenty inches wide, and are made of double-faced ribbon, satin on one side and velvet on the other, or else of two colors, pink or blue on one side and black on the other.

Petticoats for walking costumes are of black woolen moiré; the more elegant ones are trimmed with a flounce of black velveteen cut on the bias, slightly gathered, and set on with a heading. They are worn with suits, or with a black velveteen skirt and a polonaise of any kind of material.

The most fashionable trimming is narrow fur fringe, gray, brown, or black. This trimming is seen on polonaises of every kind, wool, velvet, and silk. It is generally set under a scalloped edge; or, if the garment is of cloth, the edge is cut in points. When the polonaise is trimmed in this manner, the skirt that accompanies it is bordered on the bottom with three flat bias folds, the lower edge of which is cut in scallops, under which is set fur fringe, gray or brown for black fabrics, black for dark blue or brown, olive green, etc.

The following will serve for the type of a pretty toilette: Long skirt of striped pékin velvet, of two shades of bronze. Eight inches from the lower edge are set large semicircles of light bronze ribbon. Above these semicircles is a bias flounce of the material, surmounted by three bias folds of the same fabric. Over-skirt, short in front and drawn backward, of plain dark bronze velvet; this over-skirt is draped underneath so as to form a very large pouf. Plain waist, pointed in front and behind, of the same velvet as the over-skirt, with sleeves of striped velvet, like that of the long skirt. Under the pouf of the over-skirt the flounce of the long skirt is slightly caught up under a mammoth bow of striped velvet formed of two loops, each twenty-four inches wide (the whole width of the stuff), and two ends of the same width, but longer than the loops.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

(Continued from No. 48, page 759.)

LADY ANNA.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "The Warden," "The Small House at Allington," "Barchester Towers," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," "Orley Farm," "The Eustace Diamonds," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE SERGEANT AND MRS. BLUESTONE AT HOME.

LADY ANNA was not told till the Saturday that she was to meet her lover, the tailor, on the following Monday. She was living at this time, as it were, in chains, though the chains were gilded. It was possible that she might be off at any moment with Daniel Thwaite—and now the more possible because he had money at his command. If this should occur, then would the game which the Countess and her friends were playing be altogether lost. Then would the checkmate have been absolute. The reader will have known that such a step had never been contemplated by the man, and will also have perceived that it would have been altogether opposed to the girl's character; but it is hoped that the reader has looked more closely into the man's motives and the girl's character than even her mother was able to do. The Countess had thought that she had known her daughter. She had been mistaken, and now there was hardly any thing of which she could not suspect her girl to be capable. Lady Anna was watched, therefore, during every minute of the four-and-twenty hours. A policeman was told off to protect the house at night from rope-ladders or any other less cumbrous ingenuity. The servants were set on guard. Sarah, the lady's-maid, followed her mistress almost like a ghost when the poor young lady went to her bedroom. Mrs. Bluestone, or one of the girls, was always with her, either in-doors or out-of-doors. Out-of-doors, indeed, she never went without more guards than one. A carriage had been hired—a luxury with which Mrs. Bluestone had hitherto dispensed—and the carriage was always there when Lady Anna suggested that she should like to leave the house. She was warmly invited to go shopping, and made to understand that in the way of ordinary shopping she could buy what she pleased. But her life was inexpressibly miserable. "What does mamma mean to do?" she said to Mrs. Bluestone on the Saturday morning.

"In what way, my dear?"

"Where does she mean to go? She won't live always in Keppel Street?"

"No, I do not think that she will live always in Keppel Street. It depends a good deal upon you, I think."

"I will go wherever she pleases to take me. The lawsuit is over now, and I don't know why we should stay here. I am sure you can't like it."

To tell the truth, Mrs. Bluestone did not like it at all. Circumstances had made her a jailer, but by nature she was very ill constituted for that office. The harshness of it was detestable to her, and then there was no reason whatever why she should sacrifice her domestic comfort for the Lovels. The thing had grown upon them, till the Lovels had become an incubus to her. Personally, she liked Lady Anna, but she was unable to treat Lady Anna as she would treat any other girl that she liked. She had told the Sergeant more than once that she could not endure it much longer. And the Sergeant did not like it better than did his wife. It was all a labor of love, and a most unpleasant labor. "The Countess must take her away," the Sergeant had said. And now the Sergeant had been told by the tailor, in his own chambers, that his word was worth nothing!

"To tell you the truth, Lady Anna, we none of us like it—not because we do not like you, but because the whole thing is disagreeable. You are creating very great misery, my dear, because you are obstinate."

"Because I won't marry my cousin?"

"No, my dear, not because you won't marry your cousin. I have never advised you to marry your cousin, unless you could love him. I don't think girls should ever be told to marry this man or that. But it is very proper that they should be told not to marry this man or that. You are making every body about you miserable, because you will not give up a most improper engagement, made with a man who is in every respect beneath you."

"I wish I were dead," said Lady Anna.

"It is very easy to say that, my dear; but what you ought to wish is to do your duty."

"I do wish to do my duty, Mrs. Bluestone."

"It can't be dutiful to stand out against your mother in this way. You are breaking your mother's heart. And if you were to do this thing, you would soon find that you had broken your own. It is downright obstinacy. I don't like to be harsh, but as you are here, in my charge, I am bound to tell you the truth."

"I wish mamma would let me go away," said Lady Anna, bursting into tears.

"She will let you go at once, if you will only make the promise that she asks of you." In saying this Mrs. Bluestone was hardly more upon the square than her husband had been, for she knew very well, at that moment, that Lady Anna was to go to Keppel Street early on the Monday morning, and she had quite made up her mind that her guest should not come back to Bedford Square. She had now been moved to the special severity which she had shown by certain annoyances of her own to which she had been subjected by the presence of Lady Anna in her house. She could neither entertain her friends nor go out to be entertained by them, and had told the Sergeant more than once that a great mistake had been made in having the girl there at all. But judgment had operated with her as well as feeling. It was necessary that Lady Anna should be made to understand before she saw the tailor that she could not be happy, could not be comfortable, could not be other than very wretched, till she had altogether dismissed her low-born lover.

"I did not think you would be so unkind to me," sobbed Lady Anna through her tears.

"I do not mean to be unkind, but you must be told the truth. Every minute that you spend in thinking of that man is a disgrace to you."

"Then I shall be disgraced all my life," said Lady Anna, bursting out of the room.

On that day the Sergeant dined at his club, but came home about nine o'clock. It had all been planned so that the information might be given in the most solemn manner possible. The two girls were sitting up in the drawing-room with the guest who, since the conversation in the morning, had only seen Mrs. Bluestone during dinner. First there was the knock at the door, and then, after a quarter of an hour, which was spent up stairs in perfect silence, there came a message. Would Lady Anna have the kindness to go to the Sergeant in the dining-room. In silence she left the room, and in silence descended the broad staircase. The Sergeant and Mrs. Bluestone were sitting on one side of the fireplace, the Sergeant in his own peculiar arm-chair, and the lady close to the fender, while a seat opposite to them had been placed for Lady Anna. The room was gloomy, with dark red curtains and dark flock paper. On the table there burned two candles, and no more. The Sergeant got up and motioned Lady Anna to a chair. As soon as she had seated herself he began his speech. "My dear young lady, you must be no doubt aware that you are at present causing a great deal of trouble to your best friends."

"I don't want to cause any body trouble," said Lady Anna, thinking that the Sergeant, in speaking of her best friends, alluded to himself and his wife. "I only want to go away."

"I am coming to that directly, my dear. I can not suppose that you do not understand the extent of the sorrow that you have inflicted on your parent by—by the declaration which you made to Lord Lovel in regard to Mr. Daniel Thwaite." There is nothing, perhaps, in the way of exhortation and scolding which the ordinary daughter—or son—dislikes so much as to be told of her or his "parent." "My dear fellow, your father will be annoyed," is taken in good part. "What will mamma say?" is seldom received amiss. But when young people have their "parents" thrown at them, they feel themselves to be aggrieved, and become at once antagonistic. Lady Anna became strongly antagonistic. If her mother, who had always been to her her "own, own mamma," was going to be her parent, there must be an end of all hope of happiness. She said nothing, but compressed her lips together. She would not allow herself to be led an inch any way by a man who talked to her of her parent. "The very idea of such a marriage as this man had suggested to you under the guise of friendship was dreadful to her. It could be no more than an idea; but that you should have entertained it was dreadful. She has since asked you again and again to repudiate the idea, and hitherto you have refused to obey."

"I can never know what mamma really wants till I go and live with her again."

"I am coming to that, Lady Anna. The Countess has informed Mrs. Bluestone that you had refused to give the desired promise unless you should be allowed to see Mr. Daniel Thwaite, intimating, I presume, that his permission would be necessary to free you from your imaginary bond to him."

"It would be necessary."

"Very well. The Countess naturally felt an abhorrence at allowing you again to be in the presence of one so much beneath you—who had ventured to address you as he has done. It was a most natural feeling. But it has occurred to Mrs. Bluestone and myself that, as you entertain this idea of an obligation, you should be allowed to extricate yourself from it after your own fashion. You are to meet Mr. Thwaite—on Monday—at eleven o'clock—in Keppel Street."

"And I am not to come back again?"

When one executes the office of jailer without fee or reward, giving up to one's prisoner one's best bedroom, and having a company dinner, more or less, cooked for one's prisoner every day, one does not like to be told too plainly of the anticipated joys of enfranchisement. Mrs. Bluestone, who had done her best both for the mother and the girl, and had done it all from pure motherly sympathy, was a little hurt. "I am sure, Lady Anna, we shall not wish you to return," she said.

"Oh, Mrs. Bluestone, you don't understand me. I don't think you know how unhappy I am because of mamma."

Mrs. Bluestone relented at once. "If you will only do as your mamma wishes, every thing will be made happy for you."

"Mr. Thwaite will be in Keppel Street at eleven o'clock on Monday," continued the Sergeant, "and an opportunity will then be given you of obtaining from him a release from that unfortunate promise which I believe you once made him. I may tell you that he has expressed himself willing to give you that release. The debt due to him, or rather to his late father, has now been paid by the estate, and I think you will find that he will make no difficulty. After that, any thing that he may require shall be done to forward his views."

"Am I to take my things?" she asked.

"Sarah shall pack them up, and they shall be sent after you if it be decided that you are to stay with Lady Lovel." They then went to bed.

In all this neither the Sergeant nor his wife had been "on the square." Neither of them had spoken truly to the girl. Mrs. Bluestone had let the Countess know that with all her desire to assist her ladyship and her ladyship's daughter, she could not receive Lady Anna back in Bedford Square. As for that sending of her things upon certain conditions, it was a simple falsehood. The things would certainly be sent. And the Sergeant, without uttering an actual lie, had endeavored to make the girl think that the tailor was in pursuit of money—and of money only, though he must have known that it was not so. The Sergeant no doubt hated a lie—as most of us do hate lies; and had a strong conviction that the devil is the father of them. But then the lies which he hated, and as to the parentage of which he was quite certain, were lies told to him. Who yet ever met a man who did not in his heart of hearts despise an attempt made by others to deceive—himself? They whom we have found to be gentler in their judgment toward attempts made in another direction have been more than one or two. The object which the Sergeant had in view was so good that it seemed to him to warrant some slight deviation from parallelogrammatic squareness—though he held it as one of his first rules of life that the end can not justify the means.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IT IS STILL TRUE.

ON Sunday they all went to church, and not a word was said about the tailor. Alice Bluestone was tender and valedictory; Mrs. Bluestone was courteous and careful; the Sergeant was solemn and civil. Before the day was over Lady Anna was quite sure that it was not intended that she should come back to Bedford Square. Words were said by the two girls, and by Sarah, the waiting-maid, which made it certain that the packing up was to be a real packing up. No hinderance was offered to her when she busied herself about her own dresses, and folded up her stock of gloves and ribbons. On Monday morning after breakfast Mrs. Bluestone nearly broke down. "I am sure, my dear," she said, "we have liked you very much, and if there has been any thing uncomfortable, it has been from unfortunate circumstances." The Sergeant bade God bless her when he walked off half an hour before the carriage came to take her, and she knew that she was to sit no longer as a guest at the Sergeant's table. She kissed the girls, was kissed by Mrs. Bluestone, got into the carriage with the maid, and in her heart said good-by to Bedford Square forever.

It was but three minutes' drive from the Sergeant's house to that in which her mother lived, and in that moment of time she was hardly able to realize the fact that within half an hour she would be once more in the presence of Daniel Thwaite. She did not at present at all understand why this thing was to be done. When last she had seen her mother the Countess had solemnly declared, had almost sworn, that they two should never see each other again. And now the meeting was so close at hand that the man must already be near her. She put up her face to the carriage window as though she almost expected to see him on the pavement. And how would the meeting be arranged? Would her mother be present? She took it for granted that her mother would be present. She certainly anticipated no pleasure from the meeting—though she would be glad, very glad, to see Daniel Thwaite once again. Before she had time to answer herself a question the carriage had stopped, and she could see her mother at the drawing-room window. She trembled as she went up stairs, and hardly could speak when she found herself in her mother's presence. If her mother had worn the old brown gown it would have been better; but there she was, arrayed in black silk—in silk that was new and stiff and broad and solemn—a parent rather than a mother, and every inch a countess. "I am so glad to be with you again, mamma."

"I shall not be less glad to have you with me, Anna—if you will behave yourself with propriety."

"Give me a kiss, mamma." Then the Countess bent her head and allowed her daughter's lips to touch her cheeks. In old days—days that were not so very old—she would kiss her

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child as though such embraces were the only food that nourished her.

"Come up stairs and I will show you your room." Then the daughter followed the mother in solemn silence. "You have heard that Mr. Daniel Thwaite is coming here to see you at your own request. It will not be many minutes before he is here. Take off your bonnet." Again Lady Anna silently did as she was bid. "It would have been better—very much better—that you should have done as you were desired without subjecting me to this indignity. But as you have taken into your head an idea that you can not be absolved from an impossible engagement without his permission, I have submitted. Do not let it be long, and let me hear then that all this nonsense is over. He has got what he desires, as a very large sum of money has been paid to him." Then there came a knock at the door from Sarah, who just showed her face to say that Mr. Thwaite was in the room below. "Now go down. In ten minutes I shall expect to see you here again—or, after that, I shall come down to you." Lady Anna took her mother by the hand, looking up with beseeching eyes into her mother's face. "Go, my dear, and let this be done as quickly as possible. I believe that you have too great a sense of propriety to let him do more than speak to you. Remember—you are the daughter of an earl; and remember also all that I have done to establish your right for you."

"Mamma, I do not know what to do. I am afraid."

"Shall I go with you, Anna?"

"No, mamma; it will be better without you. You do not know how good he is."

"If he will abandon this madness, he shall be my friend of friends."

"Oh, mamma, I am afraid. But I had better go." Then, trembling, she left the room and slowly descended the stairs. She had certainly spoken the truth in saying that she was afraid. Up to this moment she had not positively made up her mind whether she would or would not yield to the entreaties of her friends. She had decided upon nothing—leaving, in fact, the arbitrament of her fate in the hands of the man who had now come to see her. Throughout all that had been said and done her sympathies had been with him, and had become the stronger the more her friends had reviled him. She knew that they had spoken evil of him, not because he was evil, but with the unholy view of making her believe what was false. She had seen through all this, and had been aroused by it to a degree of firmness of which her mother had not imagined her to be capable. Had they confined themselves to the argument of present fitness, admitting the truth and honesty of the man—and admitting also that his love for her and hers for him had been the natural growth of the familiar friendship of their childhood and youth—their chance of moulding her to their purposes would have been better. As it was, they had never argued with her on the subject without putting forward some statement which she found herself bound to combat. She was told continually that she had degraded herself; and she could understand that another Lady Anna might degrade herself most thoroughly by listening to the suit of a tailor. But she had not disgraced herself. Of that she was sure, though she could not well explain to them her reasons when they accused her. Circumstances, and her mother's mode of living, had thrown her into intimacy with this man. For all practical purposes of life he had been her equal—and, being so, had become her dearest friend. To take his hand, to lean on his arm, to ask his assistance, to go to him in her troubles, to listen to his words and to believe them, to think of him as one who might always be trusted, had become a second nature to her. Of course she loved him. And now the martyrdom through which she had passed in Bedford Square had changed—unconsciously as regarded her own thoughts—but still had changed her feelings in regard to her cousin. He was not to her now the bright and shining thing, the godlike Phœbus, which he had been in Wyndham Street and at Yoxham. In all their lectures to her about her title and grandeur they had succeeded in inculcating an idea of the solemnity of rank, but had robbed it in her eyes of all its grace. She had only been the more tormented because the fact of her being Lady Anna Lovel had been fully established. The feeling in her bosom which was most hostile to the tailor's claim upon her was her pity for her mother.

She entered the room very gently, and found him standing by the table, with his hands clasped together. "Sweetheart!" he said, as soon as he saw her, calling her by a name which he used to use when they were out in the fields together in Cumberland.

"Daniel!" Then he came to her and took her hand. "If you have any thing to say, Daniel, you must be very quick, because mamma will come in ten minutes."

"Have you any thing to say, sweetheart?" She had much to say, if she only knew how to say it; but she was silent. "Do you love me, Anna?" Still she was silent. "If you have ceased to love me, pray tell me so, in all honesty." But yet she was silent. "If you are true to me, as I am to you, with all my heart, will you not tell me so?"

"Yes," she murmured.

He heard her, though no other could have done so.

"A lover's ears will hear the lowest sound
When the suspicious head of theft is stopped."

"If so," said he, again taking her hand, "this story they have told me is untrue."

"What story, Daniel?" But she withdrew her hand quickly as she asked him.

"Nay, it is mine; it shall be mine if you love me, dear. I will tell you what story. They have said that you love your cousin, Earl Lovel."

"No," said she, scornfully, "I have never said so. It is not true."

"You can not love us both." His eye was fixed upon hers, that eye to which in past years she had been accustomed to look for guidance, sometimes in joy and sometimes in fear, and which she had always obeyed. "Is not that true?"

"Oh yes, that is true, of course."

"You have never told him that you loved him."

"Oh, never."

"But you have told me so—more than once; eh, sweetheart?"

"Yes."

"And it was true?"

She paused a moment, and then gave him the same answer, "Yes."

"And it is still true?"

She repeated the word a third time. "Yes." But she again so spoke that none but a lover's ear could have heard it.

"If it be so, nothing but the hand of God shall separate us. You know that they sent for me to come here." She nodded her head. "Do you know why? In order that I might abandon my claim to your hand. I will never give it up. But I made them a promise, and I will keep it. I told them that if you preferred Lord Lovel to me, I would at once make you free of your promise—that I would offer to you such freedom, if it would be freedom. I do offer it to you—or rather, Anna, I would have offered it, had you not already answered the question. How can I offer it now?" Then he paused, and stood regarding her with fixed eyes. "But there—there; take back your word if you will. If you think that it is better to be the wife of a lord, because he is a lord, though you do not love him, than to lie upon the breast of the man you do love, you are free from me." Now was the moment in which she must obey her mother, and satisfy her friends, and support her rank, and decide that she would be one of the noble ladies of England, if such decision were to be made at all. She looked up into his face, and thought that after all it was handsomer than that of the young Earl. He stood thus with dilated nostrils, and fire in his eyes, and his lips just parted, and his head erect—a very man. Had she been so minded, she would not have dared to take his offer. They surely had not known the man when they allowed him to have this interview. He repeated his words. "You are free if you will say so—but you must answer me."

"I did answer you, Daniel."

"My noble girl! And now, my heart's only treasure, I may speak out and tell you what I think. It can not be good that a woman should purchase rank and wealth by giving herself to a man she does not love. It must be bad—monstrously bad. I never believed it when they told it me of you. And yet when I did not hear of you or see you for months—"

"It was not my fault."

"No, sweetheart—and I tried to find comfort by so saying to myself. 'If she really loves me, she will be true,' I said. And yet who was I that I should think that you would suffer so much for me? But I will repay you—if the truth and service of a life may repay such a debt as that. At any rate, hear this from me—I will never doubt again." As he spoke he was moving toward her, thinking to take her in his arms, when the door was opened and Countess Lovel was within the room. The tailor was the first to speak. "Lady Lovel, I have asked your daughter, and I find that it is her wish to adhere to the engagement which she made with me in Cumberland. I need hardly say that it is my wish also."

"Anna! Is this true?"

"Mamma, mamma! Oh, mamma!"

"If it be so, I will never speak word to you more."

"You will; you will! Do not look at me like that. You will speak to me!"

"You shall never again be child of mine." But in saying this she had forgotten herself, and now she remembered her proper cue. "I do not believe a word of it. The man has come here and has insulted and frightened you. He knows—he must know—that such a marriage is impossible. It can never take place. It shall never take place. Mr. Thwaite, as you are a living man, you shall never live to marry my daughter."

"My lady, in this matter of marriage your daughter must no doubt decide for herself. Even now, by all the laws of God—and I believe of man too—she is beyond your control either to give her in marriage or to withhold her. In a few months she will be as much her own mistress as you now are yours."

"Sir, I am not asking you about my child. You are insolent."

"I came here, Lady Lovel, because I was sent for."

"And now you had better leave us. You made a promise which you have broken."

"By heavens, no. I made a promise, and I have kept it. I said that I would offer her freedom, and I have done so. I told her, and I tell her again now, that if she will say that she prefers her cousin to me, I will retire." The Countess looked at him and also recognized the strength of his face, almost feeling that the man had grown in personal dignity since he had received the money that was due to him. "She does not prefer the Earl. She has given her heart to me; and I hold it—and will hold it. Look up, dear, and tell your mother whether what I say be true."

"It is true," said Lady Anna.

"Then may the blight of hell rest upon you both!" said the Countess, rushing to the door. But she returned. "Mr. Thwaite," she said, "I will trouble you at once to leave the house, and never more to return to it."

"I will leave it, certainly. Good-by, my own love." He attempted again to take the girl by the hand, but the Countess, with violence, rushed at them and separated them.

"If you but touch him, I will strike you," she said to her daughter. "As for you, it is her money that you want. If it be necessary, you shall have, not hers, but mine. Now go."

"That is a slander, Lady Lovel. I want no one's money. I want the girl I love—whose heart I have won; and I will have her. Good-morning, Lady Lovel. Dear, dear Anna, for this time good-by. Do not let any one make you think that I can ever be untrue to you." The girl only looked at him. Then he left the room, and the mother and the daughter were alone together. The Countess stood erect, looking at her child, while Lady Anna, standing also, kept her eyes fixed upon the ground. "Am I to believe it all—all that man says?" asked the Countess.

"Yes, mamma."

"Do you mean to say that you have renewed your engagement with that low-born wretch?"

"Mamma—he is not a wretch."

"Do you contradict me? After all, is it come to this?"

"Mamma—you, you—cursed me."

"And you will be cursed. Do you think that you can do such wickedness as this, that you can destroy all that I have done for you, that you make yourself the cause of ruin to a whole family, and that you will not be punished for it? You say that you love me."

"You know that I love you, mamma."

"And yet you do not scruple to drive me mad."

"Mamma, it was you who brought us together."

"Ungrateful child! Where else could I take you then?"

"But I was there—and of course I loved him. I could not cease to love him because—because they say that I am a grand lady."

"Listen to me, Anna. You shall never marry him; never. With my own hands I will kill him first—or you." The girl stood looking into her mother's face, and trembling. "Do you understand that?"

"You do not mean it, mamma."

"By the God above me, I do! Do you think that I will stop at any thing now—after having done so much? Do you think that I will live to see my daughter the wife of a foul, sweltering tailor? No, by heavens! He tells you that when you are twenty-one you will not be subject to my control. I warn you to look to it. I will not lose my control, unless when I see you married to some husband fitting your condition in life. For the present you will live in your own room, as I will live in mine. I will hold no intercourse whatever with you, till I have constrained you to obey me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

ICELAND has altogether the start of America. We propose to celebrate our nation's centennial in 1876; but meanwhile, from the land of snow and ice, volcanoes and geysers, comes the intelligence that the Icelanders propose to celebrate their millennial in 1874. In 874 Ingolf, a Norwegian chief, planted a small colony on that island, which had been discovered a few years before. In about half a century many thousands of hardy settlers had established themselves on this cold and barren isle. At one time the population numbered no less than 100,000; but the inhabitants have suffered greatly from famines, epidemics, and volcanic casualties, and the number is now reduced to about 60,000. Iceland contains an area of 40,000 square miles, of which the glaciers cover a surface of upward of 4000 square miles; and there are thirty known volcanoes, of which eight have been active within a century. There are also numerous thermal springs, the principal of which is the Great Geyser, in which the water, at a depth of seventy-two feet, is thirty degrees above the boiling-point. Water and stones are thrown at intervals from this geyser to a height of 100 feet. No grain of any kind can be raised in Iceland, but vegetables can be cultivated, and fish and birds are abundant. Forests formerly abounded, but now the island is almost destitute of trees, and the want of fuel is severely felt. The islanders are of the Scandinavian race, and are by no means lacking in intellectual capacity. Although there are but few educational institutions, domestic education is universal, and the people are intelligent. Many of the most valuable works of English literature have been translated into the native tongue, and are read and appreciated by the common people. All the inhabitants believe the doctrines of the Reformation in their primitive simplicity, and the majority of them are Lutherans in profession. In short, the Icelanders are as prosperous as could be expected of any people living in such a barren country, and deserve a national festival.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1873, there were 264,936 packages of stamps, stamped envelopes, postal cards, and post-office envelopes sent through the post-office from the agencies in New York and Springfield, of which immense amount only four packages were lost, the value of which was only $67 45. This statement certainly reflects great credit upon the officials of the department.

Experiments have now been carried so far that it is manifest all the raisins needed for consumption in the United States can be made in California. Although grapes can be converted into raisins more rapidly by artificial means, that is not necessary; the process may be very simple, though there are many small details to be attended to carefully. It is believed that grape-growers will realize more profit from their vineyards in California by giving their attention to the production of raisins than of wine, since only experts can make wine profitably.

It is not often that an Anglo-Indian station is the scene of so brilliant a wedding as recently took place at Bangalore, Colonel Prettejohn, commanding a regiment of hussars, being the bridegroom, and the bride the daughter of an officer of the Madras infantry. The church in which the ceremony was performed was crammed with spectators, the soldiers of the regiment, in full dress, being present, in addition to a wedding party of goodly size. Conspicuous on the wedding breakfast-table towered a magnificent cake, supplied by an English confectioner, and which reached its destination in India in perfect condition, sugar and all, though it traveled through the Red Sea during the hottest season.

A rumor comes from Indiana that 3000 volumes have been stolen from the State Library. Nobody missed them until the last ones were gone.

A curious case of feigning sickness recently occurred in Liverpool, England. Application was made at the work-house for the admission of a seaman suffering from cholera. He was removed from the ship where he was, and taken to the hospital, where great preparations were made for his safe reception, and the disinfection of his clothing. He appeared in a collapsed state, but the next morning had quite recovered. The suspicions of the physicians were aroused, and it was discovered that he did not wish to sail in the ship, and had therefore taken an enormous dose of salts, which produced the symptoms mentioned.

The new water-works were lately opened in Vienna, in the presence of the Emperor and many high officials. The water comes from the Alps, a distance of fifty-four English miles. Three and a half years have been spent upon these works, which have cost twenty million florins.

The Library of the British Museum contains over 1,000,000 volumes, and an equal number of pamphlets and manuscripts. In the main reading-room there are about 100,000 of the most desirable books for common use, but none of the rare and curious ones. This reading-room is an immense dome 140 feet in diameter, containing seats and desks for about five hundred readers. No books are allowed to be taken out of the building.

Since the yellow fever began its death-work in Memphis last September nearly two thousand citizens of that place have died. What an army of dependent widows and children have thus been thrown upon the charity of strangers!

The facility with which Sir Edwin Landseer produced his pictures was remarkable. Many instances are known of his extreme rapidity of execution. In an English gallery which contains many works by this artist are two which are peculiarly illustrative of this quality: one is a spaniel rushing out of a thicket with a wounded rabbit. The rabbit and dog are of the size of life. They have the fullest appearance of completeness, yet the picture was painted in two hours and a half. The other picture is of a fallow deer, and of the size of life, painted down to the knees. Mr. Wells, to whom these pictures belonged, used to relate that on leaving the house to go to Penshurst Church, the panel for this picture was being placed on the easel by his butler, and on his return, in about three hours, the painting was complete—so complete, indeed, that it is more than doubtful if equal truth of imitation could have resulted from a more labored execution. Another instance of rapidity of execution is a portrait of the second Lord Ashburton. It is a three-quarter view, painted on canvas thirty-six inches high by twenty-eight inches wide, and it is stated to have been executed in a single sitting.

We have read and heard many poetical and beautiful descriptions of the Indian summer days, but the following, which comes all the way from Kansas, is new and unique: "The happy, quiet, sleepy, yellow, spider-webby days known as 'Indian summer' are here in the perfection of laziness."

During the prevalence of the yellow fever in Memphis a Nashville man had occasion to go to that city over the Northwestern Railroad. There were but few passengers, and after nightfall the conductor went and sat down by him in a friendly way.

"Goin' to Memphis, are you, stranger?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir," said the Nashville man.

"Mighty rough road, ain't it?" queried the conductor, with a yawn.

"Very," was the reply.

"Last time I went over the road this car we're in was upset, and a man was killed all to smash," said the communicative ticket-puncher, with another yawn. Then he added, as if it were a bit of comfort, "I've got the most reckless engineer on the road with me to-night, too; but I hope we won't have any accidents."

"I certainly hope we will not," responded the passenger, with a slight feeling of uneasiness.

"Well, I don't know as it would make much difference to you," said the conductor, cheerfully: "you'll die any way, if you're goin' to Memphis."

Naples will be a popular resort during the winter season. Many families have gone there, not merely as casual visitors, but for a long sojourn. It is also stated that both the Empress of Russia and the German Empress will spend the greater part of next winter in the neighborhood of Naples.

Forests continue to disappear in various parts of the civilized world. Extensive fires are reported as spreading in the forests of Asia Minor. It is a custom of the peasantry to burn down the woods for the purpose of turning the land into pasturage. A large forest of pines on the mountain Nymph-Dagh was recently consumed, and in the vicinity of Smyrna a plantation of 3000 olive-trees has been destroyed through the carelessness of the people. One of the most magnificent forests in the island of Candia has also been lately utterly consumed.

The *Congregationalist*, which tells of a minister who prayed forty minutes at a funeral, gives this valuable advice to all clergymen, "*Be brief.*"

A university, modeled after those of Oxford and Cambridge, is about being established at Calcutta by the Mohammedans of India.

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Ladies' Winter Bonnets, Figs. 1–6.

See Figs. 4, 5, and 6 on page 793.

Figs. 1 and 4.—BLACK VELVET BONNET. This bonnet is made of black velvet and pearl gray faille, and is furnished with a revers, which forms a deep point in front, and which is covered with gathered velvet. Underneath the revers is set a bow of faille lined with velvet, and on the right side of the bonnet a small spray of tea-roses. Above the revers is a large bow of faille and velvet. The remainder of the trimming consists of wound strips of velvet and faille, a long black feather, and strings of black gros grain ribbon. Black marceline lining.

Figs. 2 and 3.—BROWN VELVET BONNET. On this brown velvet bonnet is set a revers of the same material, which is bent down in a point in front, and bound on the outer edge with brown faille half an inch wide; on the front edge of the revers, on the outside, this binding is trimmed with two folds each half an inch wide, which overlap each other to one-half their width. The seam made by setting on the revers is covered with a wound strip of brown faille; the high standing loops on the right side of the bonnet and the hanging loops in the back are also of brown faille. Besides this the bonnet is trimmed, as shown by the illustration, with wreaths of roses of different colors and grape leaves, an aigrette of pink heron and ostrich feathers, and on the right side, underneath the revers, with bows of pink faille. Strings of brown gros grain ribbon, and black lustring lining.

Fig. 2.—BROWN VELVET BONNET.—BACK. [See Fig. 3.]

Fig. 1.—BLACK VELVET BONNET. BACK.—[See Fig. 4, Page 793.]

Figs. 5 and 6.—GREEN FAILLE BONNET. This bonnet of dark green faille is trimmed with loops and bows of the material and of faille in a lighter shade. The outer edge of the bonnet is covered on the outside and inside with a bias strip of light green faille an inch and a quarter wide; the strip on the inside is pleated in front in the form of a ruche. The bonnet is also edged with a beaded border and grelots. The back of the bonnet is turned up in a revers. The remainder of the trimming consists of a green shaded ostrich feather and sprays of pale pink roses. Strings of dark green faille. Black marceline lining.

Fig. 3.—BROWN VELVET BONNET.—FRONT. [See Fig. 2.]

Ladies' Winter Dresses, Figs. 1–4.

Fig. 1.—BLACK VELVET JACKET, trimmed with gros grain folds and buttons, black guipure lace, and passementerie agrafes. White Swiss muslin and lace undersleeves.

Fig. 2.—STEEL BLUE CLOTH DOUBLE-BREASTED BASQUE, furnished with a revers collar of gros grain

Fig. 1.—BLACK VELVET JACKET. Fig. 2.—STEEL BLUE CLOTH DOUBLE-BREASTED BASQUE. Fig. 3.—SILK AND CASHMERE HOUSE DRESS. Fig. 4.—BLACK FAILLE HOUSE DRESS.

FIGS. 1–4.—LADIES' WINTER DRESSES.

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of the same color and steel buttons. White linen fraise and under-sleeves.

Fig. 3.—SILK AND CASHMERE HOUSE DRESS. The skirt of this dress is of brown silk, and is trimmed with kilt-pleated ruffles of the material. The over-skirt and waist are made of cashmere of a lighter shade, cut in scallops and bound with brown silk, and trimmed, besides, with rolls of the latter. Brown silk buttons serve for closing. White crêpe lisse fraise.

Fig. 4.—BLACK FAILLE HOUSE DRESS, trimmed with folds and bows of the material, black guipure lace, and passementerie buttons. White tulle fraise and red gros grain cravat bow.

Evening Coiffures, Figs. 1–5.

Fig. 1. — COIFFURE OF BLUE RIBBON AND TEA-ROSES. This coiffure consists of a band of stiff lace two inches and a half wide, sloped off toward the ends to a width of an inch and three-quarters, wired on both sides, and covered with pleated pale blue faille. On the front of the band are set several loops and standing ends of blue faille ribbon two inches and seven-eighths wide, and in the back is a bow of similar ribbon. The right side is finished with a spray of tea-roses.

Fig. 5.—GREEN FAILLE BONNET.—BACK.—[See Fig. 6.]

Fig. 4.—BLACK VELVET BONNET. FRONT.—[See Fig. 1, Page 792.]

Fig. 2.—COIFFURE OF GREEN VELVET RIBBON, FEATHERS, AND FLOWERS. This coiffure is arranged on a foundation of stiff lace. It consists of a large bow, with hanging loops and ends of ribbon, two inches wide, which is of dark green velvet on the outside, and light green satin on the wrong side, a white ostrich feather, and a spray of moss-roses.

Fig. 6.—GREEN FAILLE BONNET.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 5.]

Fig. 3. — COIFFURE OF TULLE, LACE, AND CRIMSON RIBBON. This coiffure is arranged on a stiff lace foundation, and consists of gathered black lace two inches and a half wide and bows of crimson gros grain ribbon. In the back is fastened a veil of figured black tulle edged with lace an inch and a quarter wide. Sprays of blackberries finish the coiffure.

Fig. 4. — COIFFURE OF LACE AND PURPLE VELVET RIBBON. This coiffure consists of a

Fig. 1.—COIFFURE OF BLUE RIBBON AND TEA-ROSES. Fig. 3.—COIFFURE OF TULLE, LACE, AND CRIMSON RIBBON. Fig. 2.—COIFFURE OF GREEN VELVET RIBBON, FEATHERS, AND FLOWERS.
Fig. 4.—COIFFURE OF LACE AND PURPLE VELVET RIBBON. Fig. 5.—COIFFURE OF PINK RIBBON, FEATHERS, AND ROSES.

FIGS. 1–5.—EVENING COIFFURES.

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rosette of black lace three inches and a quarter wide and white lace two inches and a half wide, on the middle of which is set an aigrette of black ostrich and purple heron feathers. On both sides of this rosette are purple velvet ribbons two inches and seven-eighths wide, on which are sewed bows of similar ribbon and white lace, as shown by the illustration. The ends of these ribbons are tied together in the back.

Fig. 5.—COIFFURE OF PINK RIBBON, FEATHERS, AND ROSES. The wreath-shaped foundation of this coiffure is covered partly with box-pleated pink silk ribbon and partly with bows of similar ribbon. The coiffure is trimmed, besides, with a spray of white roses and with pink ostrich feathers. On the back are set loops and ends of pink silk ribbon.

TILL DEATH.

We met amid the yellow sheaves,
When both were young and both were fair;
We plucked the scarlet poppy leaves,
And cast their petals to the air.

We had no thought of all the woes
The morrow's sun might haply bring;
The perfume of youth's heyday rose
Was to our senses ravishing.

The glamour of life's early love
Was on our souls and in our eyes;
We turned no passing glance above
To look for storms or darkened skies.

Ah me! long garnered are the sheaves,
The poppy flowers are sere and dead
And withered have the summer leaves,
And clouds are gathering overhead.

Yet still our trust is firm and true,
Still each leans on the other's arm;
The sky is black that once was blue,
But we have still love's golden charm.

What be life's ills if they be shared
By one true heart we *know* our own?
If true Love ne'er the rough ways dared,
He never would ascend a throne.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Fitzball.—Sir Henry Holland.—The School-Master abroad.

MR. FITZBALL is dead. If you are not acquainted with that gentleman and his pretensions, you can not have read the *Ballads of Bon Gaultier*. The question of the laureateship, it is therein agreed, is to be decided by single combat between two champions drawn by lot from all the candidates:

"Eight hundred minstrels slunk away; two hundred staid to draw:
Now Heaven protect the daring knight that pulls the longest straw!
'Tis done! 'tis done! And who hath won? Keep silence, one and all:
The first is William Wordsworth hight, the second Ned Fitzball.
Oft in the melodrama line his prowess hath been shown,
And well throughout the Surrey side his thirst for blood is known.
* * * * * * *
A braver knight, or more renowned in tourney and in hall,
Ne'er brought the upper gallery down than terrible Fitzball."

For all the early operas of Balfe Mr. Edward Fitzball furnished the librettos, and his popularity as a song writer began as early as 1828, when his *My Pretty Jane*, wedded to Sir Henry Bishop's music, was first sung at Vauxhall Gardens.

Sir Henry Holland is dead: a physician whose extraordinary length of years and continued well-being were a perfect advertisement of the virtues of his own profession. Every year of his life (a habit he persevered in even when long past eighty) he sought some far-distant land, and yet never thereby lost a patient. "I have often found," said he, "on returning from India or Japan, my carriage waiting at the railway station to convey me to some patient even before it took me home." A month before his death he was in St. Petersburg, and on the previous Friday "interviewed" Marshal M'Mahon in Paris, whence he arrived in London with all the latest news about the fusion—to die.

Lord Justice Bovill is also dead. His demise, it is whispered, was hastened by what has retarded every thing else, the Tichborne trial (over the first part of which—the civil case—he presided). At Christmas we are promised that that business will at last be brought to a termination, and people be permitted to speak their minds about it in England, as I have long done to you. I can tell you a little story about this matter that is only at present *whispered*, and will not be "gossip" here for a week or two. Among the family documents has been discovered a bill sent in to old Sir James Tichborne by his wine-merchant for wine supplied, at the baronet's expense, to one Mrs. Orton, of Wapping. This may point to a connection which explains very much in this curious case both with respect to the defendant's knowledge of the family and that personal likeness to it which some folks have sworn to exist in him.

Education may be a little behindhand in this country, but our boys are ingenious. In an examination in the west last week, a class of forty lads having been set to write out the second commandment, contrived to spell the word "jealous" in *twenty-eight* different ways—twenty-seven of which (I need not tell you) were unconventional. The same bright youths metamorphosed Pontius Pilate into a "punchit spilit," "bunch of spled" (this was really magnificent), and "punches pilot," while a more advanced pupil described the Estates of the Realm, as those which pertained to the crown. These young gentlemen, it must be owned, did not belong to what we delight to call "the educated classes;" but the following was lately elicited from an under-graduate at one of our universities, who had been required to give his views upon the career of Oliver Cromwell. "He was a bold, bad man, but repented on his death-bed, when he exclaimed, 'If I had served my God as I have served my king, He would not have deserted me in my old age.'" I am inclined to think that this is the happiest confusion of ideas that education has yet effected. R. KEMBLE, of London.

"CAPILLARY" INSANITIES.

THOSE of us who have reached middle age must often have been struck by the odd determination with which conventionalism (especially in dress) sets at defiance all the laws of taste. The genius of the toilette ought to be represented as a perverse imp, with a face of puzzling capriciousness and the nimblest of weather-cocks for a head. The history of capillary extravagances alone might fill half a dozen bulky folio volumes. In the British Museum there is a work, illustrated by magnificent plates, which details the innumerable modes of dressing the hair during the reign of Elizabeth alone; and although the author is not especially garrulous, his production rivals the first editions of Froissart in length, breadth, and thickness. Now let us imagine some enterprising and "learned Theban" who should undertake to write the *History of Human Hair*, as Austin Caxton undertook to write *The History of Human Error*, and whither do you think so stupendous a subject would lead him? If, taking his course backward, he deftly disposed of the huge "water-falls" of recent days, escaped strangulation from the enormous periwigs of the Georges, burst through the yard-long "love-locks" of the Merry Monarch (who came at best "from over the water"), was not crushed under the tower-high "plaits" of Louis le Grand, and could see his way beyond the midnight darkness of Italian tresses—suffered in the thirteenth century to sweep the very pavements sometimes, as the fair devotees attended mass—assuredly he would find himself wandering, distracted, lost, among the complex coiffures of the latter-day Roman beauties, and be fitted only for an asylum of imbeciles when finally he stumbled among the bewitching favorites or gay "Heteraï" of the age of Pericles!

Let us particularize a little. At one period in Rome both wives and virgins displayed what we may well term a *morbid* passion for cultivating (or trying to cultivate) beards. They shaved their faces, and applied to them every species of irritating unguent then known, in order to propagate these unnatural and revolting appendages. Quacks and charm vendors made it their special business to supply the unguents needed, and there is a story in Juvenal of a haughty, rich, and handsome lady of the court whose fair complexion was spotted and disfigured for life by her employment of one of these rascals and his atrocious oils. Now and then some Greek community (affecting eccentricity, perhaps) would sacrilegiously represent Venus herself as bearded, a really extraordinary fact of a *bizarre*, contradictory aspect, when we reflect upon the proverbial good taste of the Hellenic genius. On the other hand, who can wonder that the warrior Amazons of Lombardy should have delighted in "getting up" tremendous beards, *partly* artificial, of course, as bugbears to frighten their enemies in battle?

Vanuzzi, in his *Italian Records*, affirms that during the epoch of highest art in Italy, the lifetime, for example, of such demi-gods as Titian and Paul Veronese, a species of madness prevailed in favor of hair, *not* auburn, or yellow, or golden, but absolutely and *hideously red!*

Ah, sweet ladies! matured madame and delicate maiden of this our nineteenth century, whose fashions were never known to violate the laws of taste, or to court attention by the facile devices of extravagance, only figure to yourselves those *débonnaire* belles of Venice four hundred years ago, laboriously wending their way up the long, narrow, complicated stairs of their palaces, until, having reached the roof, they sink exhausted on the couches expressly placed outside for their convenience, first throwing the masses of their luxuriant hair, well steeped in perfumed oils, over a frame-work of straw, so that the alchemy of sunshine might change the dark locks or the light into the dazzling color esteemed *à la mode!*

There would these beautiful fanatics—martyrs to the sacred fiat of society—recline, hour after hour, with a sublime patience, worthy, one may venture to hint, of a better cause.

Apropos of this infatuation, we learn, upon the testimony of a writer in one of the back numbers of *Putnam* or the *Atlantic*, that the peasants of Ireland have always regarded fiery-hued locks as the *ne plus ultra* of loveliness.

"An illigant cratur she is," you will hear them remark, "but, by the rock of Cashel, it's a thousand pities she hasn't *rid hair!*"

"Can any serious or philosophic thinker doubt for a moment," asks one among the shrewdest of our scholars, "that the modern 'water-fall' was foreshadowed by the Roman 'rats?'" And he adds that two thousand years since "Grecian curls" were sported in "Athens not only by women, but by *men*. Theodoric the younger, King of the Goths, wore his hair in '*toupets à la Grecque*,' crimped in front, and combed back."

The Lombard people were noted for their exorbitantly long tresses, falling over their ears, a fashion which brings to mind a very curious German legend related by Sir Walter Scott in the notes, if we err not, to *Count Robert of Paris*.

Thus runs the legend:

"There was once a king of the Lombards who was particularly proud of his luxuriant side locks. He owned a body-guard o fifty noblemen, each chosen for his singular resemblance to his master. *They* likewise wore their hair in long flowing tresses.

"Now the queen's apartments, a little distance from the palace, were visited by his royal highness every evening at night-fall. He wore on these occasions a white mantle, so as to hide his features, and gave a special countersign to the sentry at the queen's gates. A certain young gillie of his guard, bold, enterprising, and much interested in the beauty of the queen, concocted a stratagem by which he might obtain, undiscovered, an interview with her.

"Ascertaining that on a particular day the king would return later than usual from the chase, this guardsman (his majesty's 'double' in form and face) wrapped himself at twilight in a white mantle, obtained somehow the countersign, passed the sentry, and coolly entered her majesty's rooms.

"A convenient golden gloom pervaded the place. The air was heavy with perfumes; and there, at a marble table, on which a feast was spread that would have entranced Lucullus and made Apicius almost faint with anticipated delight, sat the ravishingly beautiful queen. She sipped an exquisite wine of Cyprus, and her lord, as she supposed him, was warmly welcomed.

"Our audacious youth made himself perfectly at home, partook of every delicacy, pledged his companion more than once, and, to cap the climax of impudence, actually kissed her at parting.

"He had not been gone five minutes before the king strode past the amazed sentinel, and in *his* turn entered the queen's apartments.

"'Ah, your majesty,' she murmured—'your majesty does me honor, returning so soon after your kiss of good-night!'

"'Ho! ho!' exclaimed the king; 'there's a *rat* about, is there? By all that's sacred, we must ferret him out!' Whereupon he hastened to the dormitory in which his fifty guardsmen slept, armed with a dagger and a lantern of complicated slides. Here, in a long row, lay his fifty 'doubles.' The king very cautiously cast his light upon the first bed. He felt the sleeper's heart. 'That's not the villain,' he muttered; 'his sleep is too tranquil.' And so on from bed to bed he crept, feeling each guardsman's heart, with the same result, until he reached the very *last* couch. '*This* is my man,' thought the king, as he felt the guardsman's pulse throbbing tumultuously under his pressure. Up flashed his dagger; but a sudden idea arrested him. 'The impudent, sacrilegious varlet! he *ought* to die the death unshriven; but—but I'll not kill him *now*. He shall be fairly tried to-morrow. Meanwhile, my young cockerel, I mark you—thus!' And at the word the flowing locks on the right temple of the youth were severed by one stroke of the king's sharp blade.

"Just as the sun had risen on the following morning the king summoned his fifty guardsmen to parade before him. His majesty was in rather a self-complacent mood. He couldn't help admiring his own great sagacity. But, ye gods of perverseness and imps of discord! what does his majesty behold? Why, as the parade was formed, and the guardsmen passed in single file before him, he could hardly credit his eyes when it became apparent that not *one* man of all the fifty had any hair on the right side of his head!

"The special guardsman he had detected in the dormitory had been quite conscious of his master's visit, and instinctively appreciated his motive in depriving him of his right side locks. So, as the only means of saving his life, he had risen after the monarch's departure, and, with admirable *sang-froid*, docked his comrades of their tresses all round.

"Thus it happened that our Lombard king, who in the main was a good fellow, and therefore could not find it in his soul—being open to sweet touches of pity—to execute his *entire* guard for the fault of *one*, was cleverly balked of his vengeance, and that audacious young scamp got a queen's kisses, not to speak of the delectable wine of Cyprus, with

'rich salvers full of nectarines,
Dead-ripe pomegranates and Arabian dates,
Peaches and plums, and clusters fresh from vines,
And all imaginable sweets and cates,'

with no other punishment than the night's fright, and some trifling uncertainty as to the result of his experiment in the morning."

USEFUL RECIPES.

MINCE-PIES.—Take one pound of the lean of nice tender beef; boil it until thoroughly done. When cold—and there is no objection to letting it stand over a few days—grate it up, when it should furnish about one pint of mince. Add one pint of raisins seeded and chopped, one pint of sugar, brown or white, one pint of imported dried currants washed clean, one pint of finely chopped pippin apples, and the same quantity of fresh beef suet; half a pint of preserved citron cut up very small, a tea-spoonful of salt, a salt-spoonful of black pepper, a dessert-spoonful of mixed cinnamon, mace, cloves, and nutmeg, measured after they have been beaten up together in a mortar; a pint of wine, a pint of sweet cider, and a gill of brandy. Stir the ingredients together until well combined, and use immediately if you choose. If kept in a clean stone jar with a closely fitting cover, good mince-meat will keep until spring, only taking care, if it becomes too dry by the evaporation of the liquors, to add more wine or brandy until it is sufficiently moist. Mince-pies should always be brought to table piping hot, and, of course, depend greatly for their excellence upon the pastry in which they are served. Use deep plates for baking, and allow a pint of the mince-meat to each pie.

DELICIOUS CITRON PUDDING.—Beat until very thick and light the yolks of sixteen fresh eggs. Stir in gradually, beating all the time, three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Then mix in three-quarters of a pound of melted butter, from which all the salt has been previously washed. Now line two deep pie-plates with puff paste. Cut into thin slices some preserved citron, and lay closely over the pastry, leaving a margin, of course, around the edges. Fill with the batter, and bake in an oven whose heat is regular, but not too great. When drawn from the oven, sift over them finely pulverized white sugar. They are good whether eaten hot or cold, and are considered the most dainty and delicate of all puddings.

LADY CAKE.—The whites of sixteen eggs, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, one pound of flour, one tea-spoonful of extract of bitter almonds or vanilla. To supplement the above recipe, it is well to have some good way in which to use the sixteen whites of eggs there left undisposed of. We find this cake good, and economical when made at the same time with citron puddings. Whisk until they stand alone the sixteen whites of eggs. Cream three-quarters of a pound of butter, into which cream flour until too stiff to stir. Then add alternately egg, flour, and sugar, until all are well combined. Flavor with any seasoning that will not affect the purity of color. Vanilla or extract of bitter almonds is generally chosen. Bake in a one-pound mould. Icing is a great addition to this, as to every cake, and should be applied while the cake is warm.

GRAHAM BISCUIT.—Into three cups of Graham flour and one of white rub well two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of soda; when thoroughly mixed, add a tea-spoonful of salt, and one table-spoonful of white sugar. Stir in two cupfuls of new milk, working all with a knife, and using the hands as little as possible. Roll out about half an inch in thickness, cut into cakes, and bake in a quick oven. Equally good cold as hot.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE.—The same proportions of flour, white of egg, and butter as in the preceding recipe. Add one pound of blanched sweet and two ounces of bitter almonds, one pound of citron cut up fine, and one grated cocoa-nut. Beat almonds in a mortar, with a little rose-water to prevent oiling whenever you use them, and flour all fruits in a small portion of that allotted by weight to the recipe you have in hand. Bake this fruit cake with slow heat, using caution not to allow it to burn.

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Little Kate Kirby," "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," etc., etc.

Book the First.

REUBEN CULWICK.

CHAPTER XX.

THE RETURN.

REUBEN CULWICK rose to greet his second cousin, and to introduce her to John Jennings, who was filling in some Roman candle cases for Mr. Splud's benefit, which was to take place in a fortnight's time at the Saxe-Gotha, after which a faithful settlement of accounts was solemnly promised to all those whom it might concern, and it concerned Mr. Jennings very much indeed.

"I am glad that you have come," said Reuben, heartily.—"John" (to the fire-work-maker), "this is my second-cousin Sarah."

"How d'ye do, marm?" said Mr. Jennings, with a solemn bow.

Sarah Eastbell was very like Sarah Eastbell's ghost as she looked from one to another, and tried hard to raise a smile, without success.

"Can't you find the girl a seat instead of staring at her?" said Lucy, sharply, to her brother, who immediately tendered her his own chair, and began to put away his fire-works.

"You have been ill," said Reuben to his cousin, as she sat down wearily. "How's that?"

"Not ill exactly. A little weak, perhaps," answered Sarah. "I shall be better in a minute."

"I am very glad that you have found her, Lucy," said Reuben to Miss Jennings, who was untying her bonnet strings in rather a violent manner; "you will let me thank you for all the trouble that you have taken?"

Lucy shook her head emphatically.

"I never cared for people's thanks," she answered.

"She has been very good to me," Sarah Eastbell murmured. "I made a mistake when I thought her very hard; but my life's been pretty well all mistakes, I think."

"There's plenty of time before you," said Reuben; "why, life is only just commencing: you're not an old fellow like me, who has worn out life and all his hopes in it."

"Don't mind him," said Lucy Jennings, as the great dark eyes were upturned to Reuben with much wonder in them. "He talks like that at times, and for no reason."

"Perhaps it's a way that I have," said Reuben. "And now, how did Miss Jennings find you?"

"You are not going to worry her into a long statement to-night," said Lucy, interfering. "Can't you see that she is ill?"

"The young woman would like a drop of whisky, perhaps," said John, suddenly producing the bottle from the cupboard in which he had put away his Roman candles.

"You can't think of any thing but whisky," cried his sister, acrimoniously. "Lock your poison up, and be quiet."

"Mr. Reuben, perhaps you—"

"No, thank you, John."

"Well, as it *is* out, perhaps a thimbleful will not do me any harm," he said, as though some invisible being had pressed him very earnestly not to put it away without tasting it. He filled a small glass, and drank off its contents, and Sarah Eastbell turned to Reuben.

"I don't want any money," she said, with sudden alacrity.

"Well, I haven't asked you to take any," he answered, laughingly.

"She wants rest," muttered Lucy Jennings.

"I don't want rest—only a few hours, that is,"

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said Sarah, correcting herself; "and then I hope to set off."

"Set off!" repeated Reuben; "where?"

"To Worcester," answered Sarah. "I have been thinking of what you said to me at Potter's Court, and when Tom and his wife left me in the lurch—they went away in the night while I was asleep, as if they had grown suddenly afraid of me—I came to this place, and—"

"And I sent you away," added Lucy, as Sarah Eastbell paused. "That was one of my mistakes. We all make them. Go on."

"I wanted you to take me down to Worcester, then," she said to Reuben, "to stand by me, as you promised that you would, being a good man."

"My dear girl, I am a very bad man. Ask Lucy."

Miss Jennings frowned, and would not see the joke.

"And if you will take me to-morrow—early—I should like it," she continued, speaking with some amount of difficulty. "I can't do very well without you, Sir, or else I would. Besides—"

"Go on."

"Besides, I want you to have the five pounds."

"What five pounds?" asked Reuben; "that I gave your grandmother when—"

"Oh no—not that," said Sarah, "but to pay that one back, and part of which we were obliged to spend. There's five pounds reward offered for me, you know, and you must claim that, for it's through you I'm giving myself up. I shall say you have caught me, and—"

"Here! hold hard—that will do; no more of your highly colored fictions, Cousin Sarah; it's time you gave *them* up, at any rate," he cried. "And as for the blood-money, upon my honor, you turn me to goose-flesh at the thought of it."

"Why shouldn't you have the money as well as any body else?" said Sarah, reflectively.

"Suppose we argue the case in the morning?"

"As we go to Worcester?" said Sarah; "very well. This good woman who traced me to-day thinks it would be right to tell the truth, but, oh! I can't tell grandmother. You will break it to her, in your best way, won't you?"

"Well, yes."

"And I may rest here to-night?"—turning to Lucy Jennings again.

"You will share my bed," said Lucy.

"And in the morning—"

"'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,'" quoted Lucy, solemnly, "and the evil thoughts, the evil judgment, born of this day we will keep from the better days to come, with God to help us in the effort."

She looked at Reuben, as if he had had a share in the evil thoughts and judgment of that day, and was not wholly blameless, and then passed from the room to a little kitchen beyond, where she was heard striking matches so energetically that her brother stood upon tiptoe, and peered through the glass door which divided them.

"Be careful, Lucy," he called out; "there's a tub of preparation under the dresser, and you might blow us all up in a minute."

"Didn't I say the next time you put your rubbish here, instead of in the powder-shed, I'd throw it into the garden?" cried Lucy.

"You certainly mentioned something of the kind; but as it was late, I thought— By George, she's done it!"

The opening of an outer door, and the clattering of something heavy along the gravel-path beyond, was significant of Lucy's being as good as her word; and John Jennings, with his mouth half-way open, listened for a while, and then moved toward the kitchen.

"As it may rain in the night, I think I'll put it under shelter, if you'll excuse me for a moment," he said, with great politeness, as he withdrew.

Reuben turned to his second cousin.

"You are not well, Sarah. How have you been living since we met last?"

"I have been starving almost," said Sarah. "Tom deserted me. He was afraid of me, and ran away, after that night."

"When you saved my life, perhaps."

"Oh, not so bad as that," said Sarah; "Tom would not have hurt you: he's only talk! But that coining gang down stairs—I was afraid of them."

She shivered at what might have happened, Reuben thought, until she kept on shivering, and put one thin hand suddenly to her chin, to stop her teeth from chattering.

"You are cold."

"A little cold—it's the damp cellar, where a poor old woman let me rest last night, that's done it. I shall be better to-morrow."

"You must have food."

Sarah Eastbell turned pale at the suggestion.

"Don't talk of food, please. That good friend of yours made me have something to eat and drink a little while ago, and it has nearly killed me. How good she is, Sir!"

"Yes, I begin to think so," muttered Reuben.

"If you knew how they love her down the dark streets where such as I live!"

"Used to live," said Reuben, correcting her; "that's all gone by now."

"This is beginning again—isn't it?"

"Yes—a new beginning!"

"Opening with a prison, that's the worst of it," said Sarah; "for they won't believe me, it isn't likely. And then afterward—and it's not long for the first offense, I have heard Tom say—there's life again at St. Oswald's, if the committee will let me go to grandmother."

"And then Tom again—sneaking round for money, when he thinks that you have any."

"Poor Tom!" said Sarah, to our hero's surprise, "he only came when he was hard up. For he has a high spirit, Mr. Reuben."

"Very. I am afraid that it is high enough to hang him presently. There, don't look angry; it's only my private opinion, and he's not worth defending. Hasn't he run away from you?—thank Heaven."

"He couldn't trust me," she said, despondently—"not even Tom!" she cried.

"Haven't I trusted you—always?"

The girl looked at him strangely.

"Ah! I shall be never able to understand you, Sir. And yet I have tried hard too."

"Well—do you trust me?"

"God bless you—yes!"

She would have seized his hands and raised them to her lips in a spasmodic burst of gratitude, but he evaded the compliment, and began walking up and down the little room.

"You must remember that we are relations, Sarah—that you have a claim upon me," he said, lightly; "it's no use looking at this seriously. I'm a comic sort of man—fond of my joke, and with an objection to sentiment."

"You tell a great many stories, like me," said his cousin, sadly; "I suppose that it is in the family, and we can't help it."

"If you were not looking so woe-begone, I should set that down for 'chaff,'" said Reuben, pausing.

"Just now you said you were a bad man. As if I didn't know better than that!"

"Ah! you are a knowing young woman."

"Grandmother told me all about you—and your father."

"What do you know about my father?"

"That you and he didn't agree very well, though you were both excellent men."

"It's an excellent world when you thoroughly know it," said Reuben; "but then we never thoroughly know it, I am afraid."

Lucy entered at this juncture with a basin of gruel in her hand.

"How you two have been talking! Didn't the doctor tell you to keep yourself quiet?" said she to Sarah.

"I have so much to say now," she replied.

"What do you mean by the doctor?" asked Reuben.

"She fainted away in the street, and I took her to the nearest doctor's," Lucy explained.

"I am used to fainting—it's weakness caused by growing too fast, they say," said Sarah.

"Yes, I remember: you do faint," said Reuben, with a laugh; but the big dark eyes only regarded him gravely. That was the second joke of his which had fallen flatly that evening.

"Bid your cousin good-night," said Lucy, "and we'll go up stairs."

"And in the morning we must leave early, please," said Sarah.

"In the morning we will arrange that," Reuben replied.

"Thank you. Good-night, Sir."

"You need not 'Sir' me quite so much, cousin," said Reuben; "it's a deferential method of address that makes me blush, and blushing is not good for me. Good-night, Sarah. Good-night, Lucy."

"I shall be down again presently," said Lucy, meaningly.

CHAPTER XXI.

WARNINGS.

REUBEN took this last remark of Lucy's as a hint to remain, and went into the garden to see what had become of John Jennings. He found that gentleman reclining in an angle of one of the most tumble-down summer-houses that had been ever constructed, placidly smoking his long pipe, apart from the turmoil of Hope Lodge.

"I have been looking for you, John," Reuben said, as he took a seat near him.

"How is she now?" asked John.

"She is very weak and low, but a night's rest will do her good."

"I have known twenty nights' rests only make her worse."

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Lucy."

"Oh!—Lucy."

"If she was only a little bit more patient—if she took things easily and smoothly—what a difference it would make! She has upset half that preparation, Mr. Reuben."

"You should not have kept it in the kitchen," said Reuben, siding with Lucy for once.

"Who would have thought of her lighting a fire at this time of night?—but then that poor girl was ordered gruel, certainly. Will you have some whisky?"

"What! have you brought the bottle out here?"

"No, but I can soon fetch it. So far as I am concerned, I limit myself strictly to one glass after supper—unless I have a friend with me—and yet Lucy says I'm a fuddler."

"Lucy is a trifle hasty, that's all," said Reuben; "but I'll never say a word against that brave woman again—never in all my life, John, if I can help it. She's a sister to be proud of."

"Ah! and she'd make a good wife too," said John, mildly and suggestively.

"That she would."

"A very good wife. I should be glad to see her married to a respectable young man."

"Yes—or an elder of her chapel, or the minister, or somebody that's very good to match. So should I."

"Ahem!—would you indeed?"

John Jennings was quietly surprised. It was one of his idiosyncrasies to consider that Reuben was secretly fond of his sister. This idea was constantly receiving a severe shock, which, however, he recovered from speedily.

"And now, John, to business."

"Business—what business?" asked John.

"How much ready money can you lend me till next Saturday, when the 'screw' from the *Trumpet* turns up?"

"Ready money, did you say? Bless my heart!" exclaimed John, "I haven't seen any for weeks."

"That's awkward. I'm going to Worcester to-morrow with my cousin."

"There's a great-coat of mine I sha'n't want till the winter, Mr. Reuben—and there's six silver tea-spoons up stairs," he added—"and you are very welcome to the eight-day clock, which they'll always lend five shillings on—and there's—"

Reuben Culwick's hand fell like a thunder-clap on John Jennings's shoulder, and startled the pipe from his mouth to the ground, where it shivered into fifty pieces.

"I thought as much, you secretive old tortoise," cried Reuben: "you're hard up, and keeping it to yourself, and I can only get at the truth in this way. Now how much can I lend you?—for it's no use going on like this any longer."

"Then you're not hard up?"

"I'm as rich as a Jew. I have got an account at the Lambeth Savings-Bank—I am positively rolling in wealth. What shall it be? A hundred thousand pounds till I see you again, or three or four sovereigns till the Saxe-Gotha stumps up?"

John Jennings was silent for a while, although he sat and sniffed at the night air in a curious and excitable way. Presently he put his arm before his eyes with a faint, "Excuse me," and finally said, in a low, nervous treble,

"It's like you, Mr. Reuben. You are always thoughtful of us, when I try hard not to think. Times *are* slackish, and I'm a baby in them. I know I am, but I can't very well help it. If three pounds will not inconvenience you just now, it will be something like a godsend."

"Here they are."

"I get plenty of credit in my own particular business, of course, for I am a well-known man," said John, after thanking his lodger heartily, and stowing the sovereigns away in his pocket; "but Lucy *will* pay for every thing for the house. It's a good habit too—I don't blame her in the least."

"No—I wouldn't."

"Mr. Splud's benefit will fetch me straight again; I am the first man he will pay, he says."

"That's kind of him, if he means it."

"Splud's a very well-meaning man," asserted Mr. Jennings.

"And keeps on ordering fire-works—eh, John?"

"He has given me an excellent order for his benefit," said John, cheerfully, "and he tells me that he has sold a heap of tickets."

"Then I would ask for my money before the fire-works are let off."

"Oh! I couldn't do that," said John, "that—that would only lead to words, and hurt the man's feelings. He will pay—depend upon it, Mr. Reuben, that he will pay me every farthing."

The figure of Lucy Jennings emerged from the shadows, and came toward them.

"What have you two men to arrange so confidentially between you, that you get away from the house?" said Lucy, querulously, as she advanced.

"I came here for coolness," said John in reply, and Reuben Culwick did not offer any reason for his change of locality.

"I suppose you had something to say that you did not wish me to hear," said Lucy. "You need not trouble me with excuses, John—I know what they are worth."

"How is Sarah Eastbell now?" asked Reuben, by way of diversion.

"I have left her trying to sleep, but she will fail."

"A good night's rest is necessary before her journey."

"To Worcester, you mean?" said Lucy.

"Yes; I shall take her down to Worcester to-morrow. I think that it is the best and wisest step, and that it will be easy to get her off when the facts are clearly stated."

"You don't see that she is going to be ill?"

"Ill!—did the doctor say so?"

"He said that she was very weak, and that I must be careful of her."

"What is the matter with her?"

"She has undergone great mental excitement, and endured much privation," said Lucy, "and it is an utter break-down."

"I don't see it," cried Reuben.

"We will wait till to-morrow. I thought that I would warn you to-night—as you are so very fond of this cousin—that you can not go to Worcester yet a while," said Lucy.

"'As I am so very fond of this cousin,'" quoted Reuben—"poor second cousin, with only my immense affection to rely upon at the turning-point of her miserable existence."

"She can rely on her God," said Lucy.

"I wouldn't, Lucy—I really wouldn't to-night go on in that kind of way," pleaded her feeble brother.

"She can rely on you too, Lucy, unless your interest in her has died out with your rescue," said Reuben.

"We shall see," said Lucy, evasively.

CHAPTER XXII.

ALL THE NEWS.

MISS JENNINGS was right in her judgment. Sarah Eastbell did not go to Worcester the next day—did not remember her promise to accompany her cousin Reuben—did not know even the man with the big beard who leaned over the bedside and called her by her name.

The crisis had come, and Sarah Eastbell had a battle to fight with brain-fever, or with a strange delirium which was akin to it. When she came back to herself, she lay as powerless as Grandmother Eastbell at St. Oswald's, of whom she first thought, along with the fleeting fancy that she was in one of the wings of the almshouses, and that the old woman was not far away. A fortnight had passed then, and the face of the nurse had almost died out of her memory.

"How—is—grandmother?" she asked, with difficulty, and pausing at each word.

"She is well."

"Will—you—tell—her—that—I'm—better, please?"

"Yes."

Sarah Eastbell remained satisfied with the promise, and was silent for a while. She slept a great deal that day and the next, and ate but little, and it was doubtful whether the complete prostration which followed would not terminate the odd life of Second-cousin Sarah.

The woman who attended upon her, and who she began to recollect was the fire-work-maker's sister, was kinder than she had ever been, and watched her with great gravity of interest as she hovered on the border land of life and death.

Lucy talked to her also with a strange earnestness of those divine truths which are not to be dwelt upon in the pages of a story-book, and Sarah Eastbell listened with reverence.

"You think that I am going to die?" she said once.

Miss Jennings never evaded a fact, but she was more considerate than it was her habit to be, when she replied,

"I would be prepared, at all events."

"I'm not afraid," said Sarah Eastbell. "I have not done any one harm, and this life is not worth stopping in—is it?"

"I don't know," answered Lucy: "life's a mystery, Sarah."

"You don't value it, I think."

"If I could change places with you, I would."

"And yet you have a brother to look after, just as I have my grandmother," said Sarah. "Oh, poor grandmamma! I wonder how you are, and if you think of me at times!"

"You will know all about her soon. Your cousin Reuben returns to-morrow."

"Has he been there?"

"Yes."

"What a good man he is!" exclaimed Sarah. "It isn't like men, I fancy, to think of other people so much as he does."

"He *is* strange."

"I said that he was good," said Sarah, persistently.

"I hope he is," answered Lucy Jennings.

"Oh, I am sure he is!" cried the invalid, with enthusiasm. "I wish that I could be suddenly very beautiful and very rich."

"It is not a good wish," said Lucy; "but why?"

"I would marry Cousin Reuben."

"You lying there, and talking of marriage!"

"If I died, he would have my money; if I lived, I would try—oh, so hard!—to make him happy."

"You're not fit for him, and never will be," said Lucy, more snappish than she had been hitherto; "and this is very foolish talk."

"What is very foolish talk?" said a deep voice without the door; and both women colored, and the elder one rose from her chair in her surprise. "May I come in and see the invalid?"

"He is back a day before his time," said Lucy. "May he come in?" she said to Sarah.

"Yes, to be sure," answered the sick girl.

Reuben Culwick advanced on tiptoe into the room, and walked to the bedside of his cousin, whose face brightened at the sight of him.

She was very weak, and could not reach her hand toward him, but there was a faint smile of welcome on her wan face. There was a great contrast between the vigorous ruddy health of the man fresh from the country, and this fading, fluttering life before him.

Reuben Culwick regarded the invalid intently behind the smile with which he masked the shock that her weakness gave him. He had been compelled to leave London to report on a stormy election in the country, and he had hardly expected to find her strong and well, though he had been more sanguine of ultimate results than he was at that moment of his return.

"Well, Sarah—better, I hope?" he said, in the cheeriest voice he could assume.

Sarah smiled faintly, and shook her head.

"Oh yes, you are," said Reuben, confidently: "you have got your wits back, although you have been talking foolishly to Lucy. May I inquire the subject of conversation?"

"No, you mayn't," answered Lucy.

"I will tell you to-morrow, if I am worse," said Sarah; "to-day you have news for me."

"To be sure I have. What a blockhead I am!"

"Is it good news?"

"Do you think that I would bring bad news all the way from Worcester?" he said, laughing—"that I wouldn't have left it behind me, or dropped it out of window before reaching Hope Lodge?"

"Go on, please," said Sarah, anxiously.

"I went across country after writing my article for the *Trumpet*—by-the-way, the *Trumpet* is getting on in the world, Lucy, and there are signs in the air of an increase of wage for R. C.—and reached Worcester yesterday afternoon."

"And saw grandmother?"

"Who was as lively as a cricket. By George, if she wasn't toddling about the court-yard, and bullying Mother Muggeridge for not putting her kettle on to boil!"

"Who had dressed her, then?"

"Miss Holland, I hear."

"That is another friend I had almost forgotten," said Sarah. "Well?"

"Well—I told her that you were staying at Hope Lodge with me and the Jenningses, for change of air—that you had not been very well, but that I should bring you down to Worcester shortly."

"You should not have said that," said Sarah—"and yet I should like to be taken to Worcester if I die," she added, thoughtfully.

"But you are not going to die," said Reuben,

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"LUCY WATCHED HER AS SHE HOVERED ON THE BORDER LAND OF LIFE AND DEATH."

quickly; "don't get that into your head, for Heaven's sake!"

"For Heaven's sake it may be as well to think of it a little," said Lucy Jennings, gravely.

Reuben Culwick did not dispute the assertion, but he moved about the room uneasily, as if disposed to do so. Suddenly he stopped.

"Yes, you are right, Lucy," he said. "Sarah is a brave little woman who will not fret herself to death over the worst, and who will get strong if she can."

"What do you call the worst?" asked Lucy.

"I'll tell you some other time—this is not a place for argument," answered Reuben, evasively; "besides, I haven't quite done with my news yet.—Sarah, do you remember that bad sovereign Tom asked you to change at the grocer's for him?"

"Ah, yes!"

"Well, I have been to the grocer's—I have stated the matter with lucidity and eloquence—I have appealed to the grocer's feelings—I have made him shed tears over his own sugar—and he says that rather than prosecute, after my gentlemanly explanation, he'll see the authorities at the— Ahem! how warm it is to-day, Lucy!"

"Mr. Giles does not think that I tried to pass bad money now?" cried Sarah.

"Not a bit of it. And after my statement, Sarah, I went round to the police station, and threatened every body, from the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the inspector on duty, with libel, if they did not take down their absurd bills about you. I told them that the grocer had discovered his mistake in making the charge—that he withdrew it—that it was even a splendid sovereign, considering of what stuff it was composed—and the inspector made a handsome apology, and asked to shake hands with me."

"I don't see the necessity for this gross exaggeration," said Lucy, severely.

"But I do. Why, Second-cousin Sarah's laughing—almost.—Aren't you?"

"I am very grateful for the trouble that you have taken," said Sarah, "and I feel very happy now."

"Then I'll leave you with those sensations to get strong upon."

Lucy followed him from the room.

"You are in high spirits to-day, Mr. Reuben," she said; "is there any reason for it?"

"Only that I am at home again—that the *Penny Trumpet* is blowing itself into public favor, and knowing people say that it's my doing—that all's well every where."

"Even there?" asked Lucy, indicating by a gesture the room which she had quitted.

"Yes, I hope so."

"I think that she will die."

"I'll not believe it."

"It is best for her that she should, rather than face the cruel world again."

"The world may change for her—we have helped to change it in our little way already," said Reuben.

"You have gone a strange way to work, at any rate."

"Ah! you don't admire my style, that is all."

"You should keep your flippant style of narrative for the novel that you can't sell."

"Now, confound it, Lucy—"

But Lucy had gone back into the room after that extremely ill-natured remark, without waiting for Reuben Culwick's protest.

Reuben went into his own apartment, and walked up and down with his hands in his pockets, and his hat on the back of his head.

"What an ill-tempered, aggravating, sharp-tongued, good-hearted Christian porcupine that woman is!" he muttered. "For the novel that I can't sell, indeed!—that is the unkindest cut of all. Something must be wrong down stairs, or Sarah has tired her too much, or Tots has been up to her larks while I have been away. Now where's my little fairy who brightens up this fire-work establishment, and never gives a disappointed man a hard word? What have they done with Tots to-day, I wonder?"

He went down stairs, where was John Jennings up to his eyes in powder, and colored fire, and "lengths," the picture of a busy man.

"Well, weren't they glad to see you?" exclaimed John, without leaving off his work.

"Glad to see me—they have been laughing their heads off, especially Lucy. What is all this work?—for Splud?"

"Yes."

"Hasn't his benefit come off, then?"

"Oh yes, with immense success. This is for a repetition fête. The big devices and the fiery pigeon business were very much admired."

"And you got your money?"

"What a man you are, Mr. Reuben, to think about money!" said John, with a cracked little laugh. "I have some of it."

"How much?"

"He paid me seven pounds off the account, and he will settle for the lot presently. And that reminds me that I owe you—"

"We'll talk of that in a day or two," said Reuben, impatiently. "Where's Tots?"

"Tots—why, up stairs."

"I haven't seen her."

"She doesn't go into the back-room, for fear of disturbing your cousin. But she plays in your apartments, and Lucy looks in, and makes sure that she is not up to mischief."

"She is not in my room," said Reuben, turning somewhat pale at the mere possibility of a new trouble approaching him.

"Perhaps she is in mine."

"Go and see," said Reuben, peremptorily.

"Certainly," said John Jennings, "and I'll bring her down with me. Keep an eye on the shop, please; and you'll find some whisky in the cupboard, if you would like a little refreshment after your long journey."

Reuben did not answer. When John Jennings had gone, he, without any regard to the business interests, took a turn round the back garden, and then walked to the front of the house, and stood looking up and down the street with grave intentness. Presently John and his sister came out together, white and scared, and joined him on the pavement.

"She's gone! By Heaven, you have lost her!" he exclaimed.

"It's—it's very strange," said John, "but we can't find her any where."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EVENING TOILETTE.

THIS stylish evening toilette, combining pink, white, and yellow, is of pink silk trimmed with bands of white faille embroidered with garlands of tea-roses in the new tufted work. The demi-trained skirt has side pleating in front, with a box-pleated flounce on the back and sides. The pouf over-skirt is shorter behind, and trimmed with an embroidered band. A garland of artificial tea-roses hangs like a sash behind, and a similar one heads the flounce. Low round waist with white silk bretelles and loops. Necklace and bracelets of amber beads. Pink and rose ostrich tips in the hair, and a tea-rose cluster. White kid gloves.

EVENING TOILETTE.

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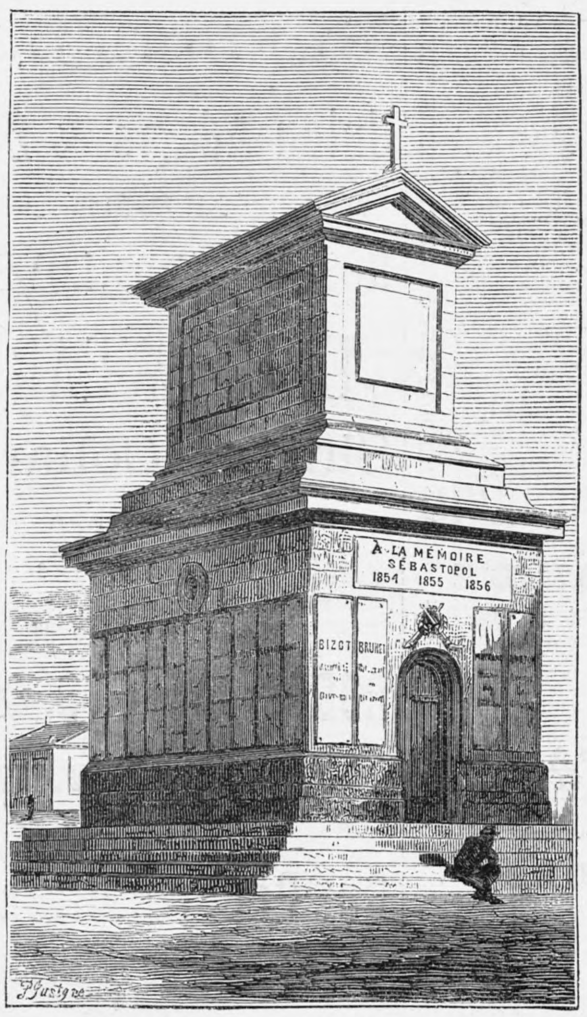
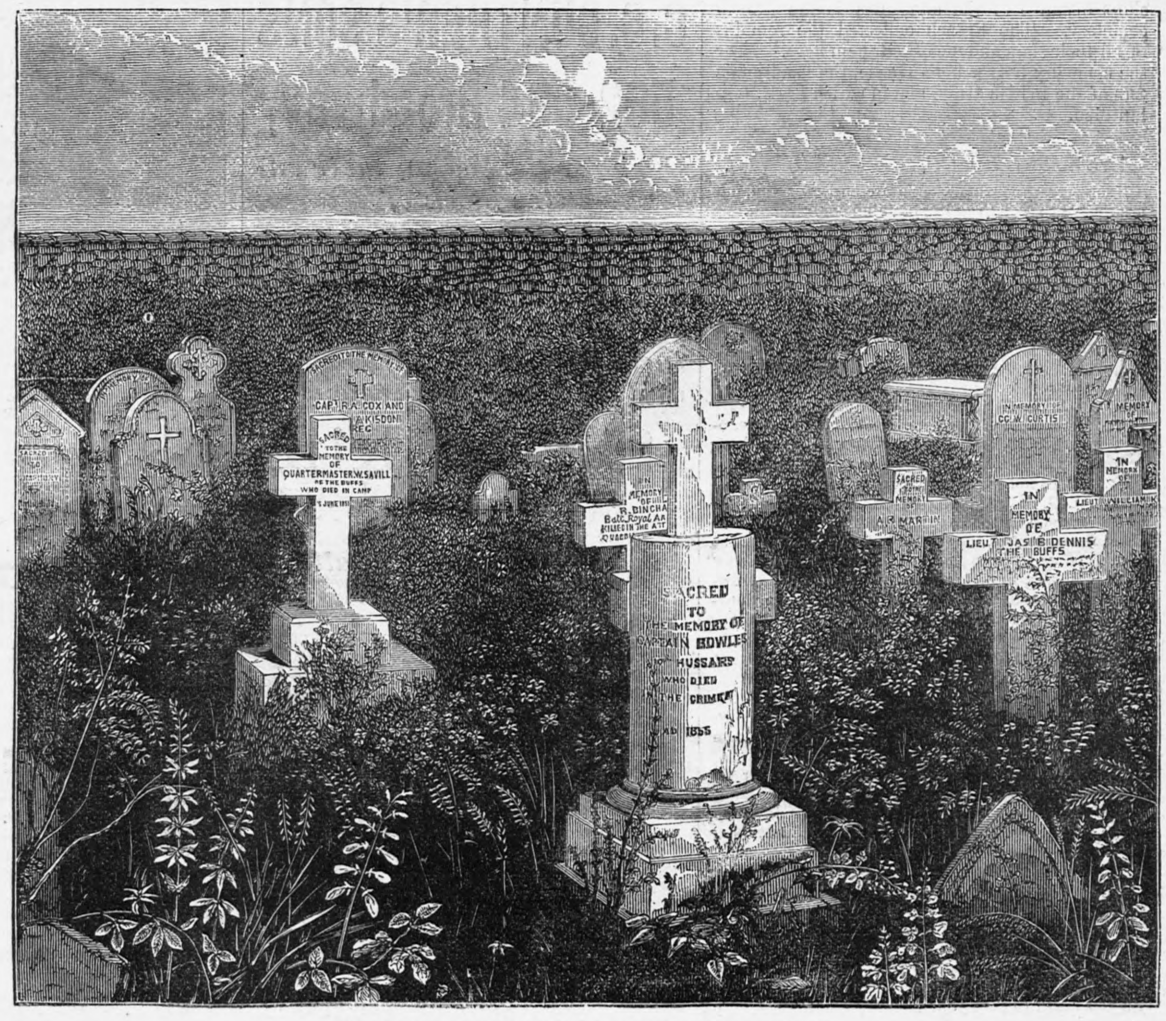


THE FRENCH MAUSOLEUM—SEBASTOPOL.



THE ENGLISH BURIAL-GROUND, CATHCART'S HILL.

CRIMEAN SKETCHES.

WHEN the Crimea was annexed to Russia, the Empress Catherine ordered an expedition to survey the Bay of Akhtiar on the southwest coast, where there was a small Tartar village. The expedition having reported favorably of its capabilities, the construction of a military harbor was resolved upon, and barracks, storehouses, a hospital, and a navy-yard were built, the materials used in their construction being the historical stones of the ancient city Khersonesus. In 1784 the Empress ordered the port to be named Sebastopol, or the Sacred City. Under the fostering care of successive emperors, Sebastopol became one of the finest military harbors in Europe, and hence became the chief arena of the gigantic struggle between Russia and the allied powers in 1854–55. At the present time the town contains about eight thousand inhabitants, and beyond its houses begin the ruins of its fortifications and batteries, the trenches of its besiegers, and their exploded mines. The Malakoff Tower, the Great Redan, and Little Redan, were once "familiar as household words" in our mouths, but for the present we will pass them without notice, and cross in a ferry-boat to the north side of the town, where stands the Russian cemetery, the most prominent object in which is a huge gray pyramid (one hundred and five feet high), surmounted by a cross raised to the memory of the troops who fell in defense of the city. The interior of the pyramid is converted into a chapel, where prayers are offered up for the repose of the souls. Our illustration represents a painting of "The Last Judgment" over the entrance. On the terrace in front are some large guns taken from the Turks at Balaklava. The cemeteries and memorials of the allies number about one hundred and thirty in all, and are on the ground which extends from Sebastopol to Balaklava, and from Kamiesch to the Tchernaya. One of the most important of these cemeteries is that at Cathcart's Hill (represented in our sketch). This, from its commanding position, is distinguishable for many miles both by sea and land.

The ancient city of Khersonesus, which was built 700 years before the Christian era, lies about three miles from Sebastopol. Near the modern church of Khersonesus is a small monastery dedicated to St. Vladimir, and within a

PAINTING OVER THE ENTRANCE TO THE RUSSIAN MONUMENT—SEBASTOPOL.

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short distance of the monastery is the French cemetery. The French collected the remains of all their slain and deposited them here. Near the cemetery is Bracker's House, the head-quarters of the British army, and in which Lord Raglan died.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NECESSITY AND OTHERS.—We are sorry for you, but are unable to assist you in obtaining employment.

S. E. T.—Kid false necks are a wretched mockery, only fit for wax dolls, and we advise you to banish all thoughts of them, and to eschew low-necked dresses if you are not content with the charms bestowed on you by nature. We certainly don't know where you can buy one, and should have conscientious scruples about telling you if we did.

AMELIA WILSON.—You can order the book from any retail bookseller.

KATIE C. V.—The registration of one's wife as lady is in most exceptionable taste. Not so with an invitation to a hop addressed to Mr. —— and lady, which leaves him at liberty to invite some other lady in case his wife does not wish to accompany him.

MRS. A. G. S.—If you have informed your acquaintances that you have a friend visiting you, and invited them to call on her, they ought either to ask for her as well as yourself, or to refrain from calling while she is at your house, as their neglect to do so implies a disinclination to make her acquaintance. When, however, they have not been explicitly notified of her presence, you should introduce her to your callers, taking it for granted that they will like to know your guests.

R. D. P.—A man's house is his castle, and if he insists on spending the evenings in the parlor in his dressing-gown and slippers, there is no law to prevent him but the law of good taste. But, to be logical, he should stand by his principles, and neither apologize for his dress nor retire to put on his coat should visitors come in. Except in case of sickness, we think a dressing-gown as much out of place in a parlor of an evening as a wash-stand would be.

MARIE.—Your fifty-cent stamp is counterfeit.—Use candle-wick for piping cord, and soft foundation muslin for lining bias bands.

ACONITE.—Instead of navy blue alpaca at $1 25 a yard, get navy blue cashmere at the same price, for your winter dress. Sixteen yards will be an abundance. Make with double-breasted tight redingote. As you failed to give your name and address, we can not send your pattern. Do not use very large buttons, as they have already lost favor. Let your skirt just touch the ground, and provide rings and tape for shortening it when in the street. French dresses are not lined, but a cambric lining makes the skirt warmer and more durable.

MRS. LEWIS.—Get white cony fur sacques and turbans for your little girls. White and colored merino stockings, crimson and blue, will be worn by little girls. Use seal or else plucked otter fur to trim a boy's cloak. Make the blue cashmere with a little polonaise. Wave the child's short hair, comb it back from the face, and tie with a ribbon fillet.

GRISWOLD.—A fine black alpaca would look well made by demi-polonaise suit pattern. Put only two or three rows of side pleating upon it, as it is in bad taste to load alpaca with trimming.

MRS. C. R. G.—Any of the dark fur trimmings described in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. VI., will be suitable to trim your jacket in mourning—either black marten, fox, seal, or Astrakhan.

PERPLEXITY.—The bottoms of skirts are bound with braid. Use the Demi-polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 43, Vol. VI., for your best black silk.

CARRIE.—Make your black silk with a demi-polonaise. Put side pleatings on the skirt and jet galloon with fringe on the demi-polonaise.

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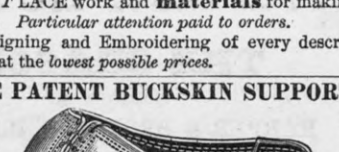

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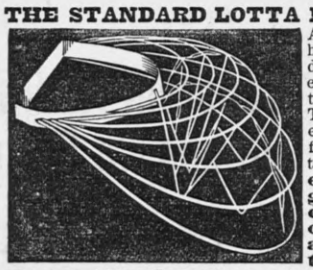

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With the present Number is commenced the Forty-Eighth Volume, which in interest and attractiveness will surpass its predecessors. Beyond this the publishers make no promises. In the future, as in the past, the success of the Magazine will be achieved, not through any short-lived sensation, literary, political, or theological, but through constant efforts to meet the wants and taste of the reading public.

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FACETIÆ.

THE Professor of Natural Philosophy in a certain college recently gave the class a problem to think of during the night, and answer the next day. The question was this: "If a hole were bored through the centre of the earth, from side to side, and a ball dropped into it, what motions would the ball pass through, and where would it come to a state of rest?" The next morning a student was called up to solve the problem. "What answer have you to give to the question?" asked the professor. "Well, really," replied the student, "I have not thought of the main question, but of a preliminary one. How are you going to get that hole bored through?"

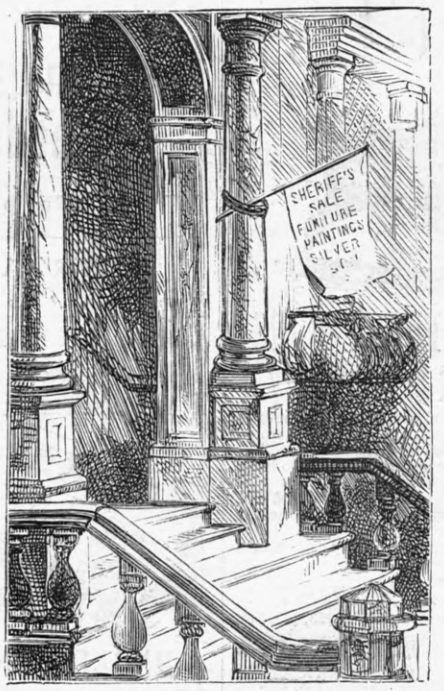
THE END OF THE WORLD.—To make money.

A reverend gentleman, during a sojourn among the hills of New Hampshire, stopping at the door of a cottage, inquired of the occupant if there were any Episcopalians in the neighborhood. "I don't exactly know," replied the dame, rubbing her head with a knitting-needle, "but I believe John shot one in the garden last week, but he thought it was a chipmunk."

GOSSIP!

YOUNG DE BOOTS CELEBRATED HIS GOLDEN WEDDING RECENTLY.

AT MISS BELLA BRIGGS'S BAWL EVERY BODY ATTENDED.



BULLION THREW OPEN HIS MAGNIFICENT HOUSE TO THE PUBLIC LAST WEEK. CROWDS WERE PRESENT.

A little girl who was visiting the family of a neighbor heard them speak of her father as a widower, and on her return home, said, "Pa, are you a widower?" "Yes, my child. Don't you know that your mother is dead?" "Why, yes, I know that mother is dead; but then you always told me you were a New Yorker."

ORGAN GRINDERS.—Says a nervous man: "Who ever heard of one of them dying in a small-pox hospital, or of meningitis, or catching typhoid fever, or poll-evil, or king's-evil, or any other evil that attacks decent folks? Who ever heard of one of them being lost at sea, or smashed up by a railway collision, or falling from a scaffold, or getting drowned while on a fishing excursion, or being killed by an explosion of kerosene or glycerine, or shooting three fingers off with a rifle, or being kicked to death by a musket? All these accidents are constantly occurring, and killing somebody, but no organ grinder is of the number. At least I am sorry to say I never heard of any."

COMPARATIVELY WELL OFF.—You hear people saying, "I've half a mind." Lucky folks to possess even so much as this! Many of us seem to have none at all.

THE BACHELOR'S QUESTION.

"Shall I marry No. 1 and hire No. 2 to take care of her, or shall I marry No. 2 and have her take care of me?"

SOME OF THE THINGS WHICH WILL HAVE TO COME DOWN.

The man whose hair turned white in a single night is surpassed by the Boston girl who lost hers completely in one dance.

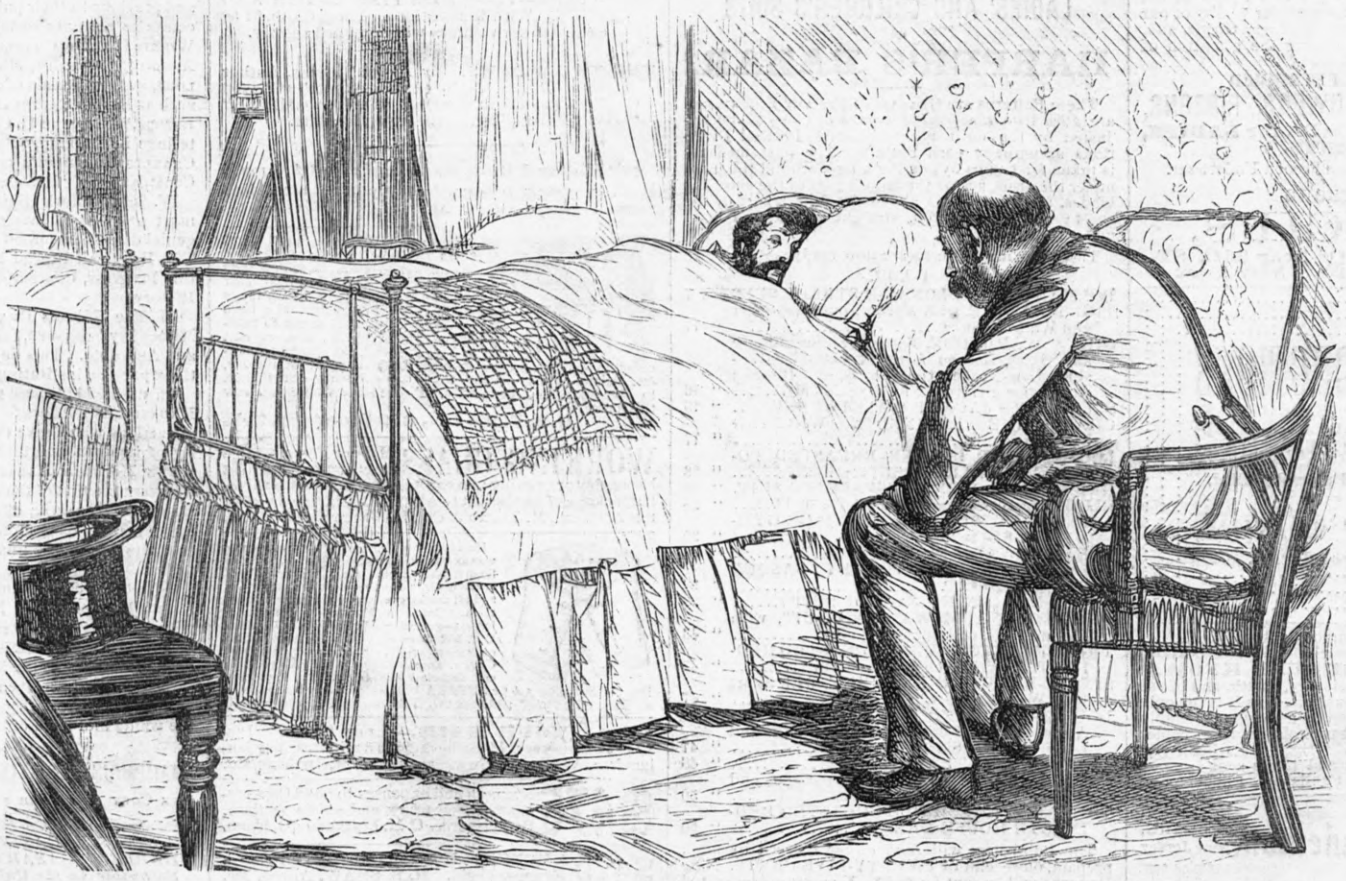
A tailor, while at Long Branch for his holiday, one morning, on emerging from the water, into which he had taken a "header," found himself close to a customer who had long been in his debt. Seizing the opportunity, "I say, Sir," he cried, "when are you going to settle my little account?" "Oh, you shall have it at once," was the ready reply, "if you have got my bill with you."

TRUE ENJOYMENT.

WISE BOY. "Oh, you're a girl, you are, and only like going to a party just to dance. I don't care about that a bit; and I shouldn't go at all if I wasn't sure to get a lot of things to eat that 'll make me ill, and then the doctor will come, and I'll have another holiday."

We have many beautiful meteors these autumn nights. One evening a tender swain said to his "sweetness," "Some of these falling stars seem to leave behind them a bright path, as if they were celestial messengers flying earthward, the dust of heaven falling from their feet, and making a track of light behind." To which the maid replied, "They allers makes me think about the circus man that swallowed fire."

A friend of humanity, in view of the rage for political speech-making, we are informed by a medical authority, wishes to ascertain a secret and expeditious method of communicating lock-jaw.



DESPERATE!

MEDICAL MAN (*gingerly*). "I think—perhaps—you might—drop a Line, and have your Wife come down."
PATIENT. "Oh, Doctor, you're always for such Extreme Measures!"

A young woman of a very prudish turn was hurt in a railway accident and taken to the hospital, when the doctor asked her what was the matter with her. One of her limbs, she said, was injured. "Well," he returned, "but which limb?" "Oh, I can't tell you, doctor, but it's one of my limbs." "Oh, nonsense!" cried the doctor, out of all patience; "which is it—the limb you thread a needle with?" "No, Sir," she answered, with a blush; "the limb I wear a garter on."

A missionary among the freedmen in Tennessee, after relating to some little colored children the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them why God does not strike every body dead that tells a lie, when one of the least in the room quickly answered, "Because there wouldn't be any body left."

"Weight for the wagon," sang the fat lady.

"A strong prejudice," writes a lady, "exists on the part of the natives of India against European education and Christianity. A few instances occur of conversion in the true sense of the term; but I am sorry to say too many leave their own castes for what they can get by the change. I was once hiring a servant, and asked him, 'What caste are you?' 'Oh,' said he, with a broad grin, 'I am mistress's caste; I can eat and drink any thing.'"

CERTAIN CURE FOR CORPULENCE.—Eat and drink as much as ever you possibly can of all sorts of things without any restriction whatsoever, except only that they are perfectly insipid, or else unsavory.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. VI.—No. 51.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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"BY THE ADOPTION OF GOD."

SCROGGS and Moggs got this day jointly a great surprise.

Scroggs and Moggs were neighbors—as the kennel neighbors the grand house. Scroggs's life was transacted in four stories of stone; Moggs's in two of wood. Scroggs's safe was built into a wall of his dining-room, and people whispered about its contents under their breath. Moggs, wife, and child lived on a salary of forty dollars a month, and in holiday times were actually all astir with excitement, secrets, and surprises, and intentions about gifts. (The miserable creatures, whose whole year's income could not have purchased Scroggs's watch, we will say!)

Scroggs was in no excitement as he came down the street, except that he had just "given a piece of his mind" to a neighbor whom he met loaded with holiday bundles, and found it satisfactory.

"No, Sir," he said. "I do not believe in holidays. I found myself on Scrooge. I consider that when Dickens drew that man, he had stumbled on a truly strong and sensible character, and, like many another man, did not understand his own creation. All the talk and sentiment about charity and the season is wash; and the experience of these latter days is proving it such. The bread that you put into one set of mouths you take out of another. The true way is to let things alone. Then those who are fit to live will live, and those who are not will do the best possible thing for them, and die."

"But, Mr. Scroggs"—neighbor much shocked—"don't you believe that holidays mean any thing?"

"Mean any thing!" with a sardonic grin. "Certainly: they mean presents to my wife, children, and servants, that I must give to keep the peace. That is what they mean for every body. If there was any one whose position entitled me to demand it, I would remind him of the existence of the holidays, and he would understand me at once, as another case of what you can get. My dear Sir, what is the use of mincing matters? What you can get rules the world. In one shape or another, what you can get rules the world."

"Oh!" said the man of bundles; and then, after an uncomfortable pause, "Good-morning." He had spied a turning, and it would take him half a mile out of his way; but he made for it with an evident air of relief.

Scroggs looked after him and chuckled. "I gave him a dose," he remarked, approvingly, to himself; and then the chuckle ceased rather suddenly. He was conscious of such an odd sensation all over him—a giving out—a faintness. He clutched at a post—missed it; his knees bent; he fell in a heap just by Moggs's door.

His next consciousness was of a bed on which he was lying, in a room, rag-carpeted, and warmed by a cooking-stove—Moggs's room. But such a jolly fire! And a neat woman was laying slices of ham in a long-handled frying-pan. Some women have an air of home in their very collars and the set of their skirts. This was one of them, and Moggs's wife. A man was nailing some green boughs over a door: that was Moggs. A boy held the nails and watched proceedings, head on one side, and mightily interested: that was their child. Mrs. Moggs was interested also, from her post by the stove.

"It is like the woods," she said, "and seems to make out that every thing is not all bought and sold at the corner shop. I like it."

Moggs put in another nail with the air of a man far away in thought, and said, almost as if to himself,

"Maggie, have you spent that five dollars yet?"

His wife laughed.

"I waited for you, Richard. There is the dinner to be decided about. Turkey sounds like holidays, but beef—tastes—and then—"

"Well—then?" repeated Moggs. The look on his face was very grave, quite different from the smile that his wife turned toward him.

"Well, I think," pursued Mrs. Moggs, intent on the ham, and unobservant of her husband, "there is nothing quite so aggravating as a five-dollar note—sometimes. We are tight-shoe people, and I suppose we are always to hobble through life pinched and smiling; and I am willing, when we have so much happiness thrown in besides. Only, once in a while, as now, we all want thick shoes and warm under-clothing. And there is old Miss Felton—think of her sitting all alone, without chick or child, over bread and tea at this season. I do so want to ask her to dinner. I suppose it is natural, too, to want to make Harry a present—what child goes without? Now how is one to do all that on a five-dollar note? I feel sometimes as if I could tear or pull the miserable bill, and make it ten times five at the least."

"Maggie, have you thought—" Moggs jerked his thumb here toward the bed.

"Thought—about that man?"

Mrs. Moggs was smiling no longer.

"You heard the doctor. The man has paralysis. He is incapable even of a gesture. No one knows him. He has no pocket-book and no cards. The doctor has promised to ascertain something if possible; but meanwhile we—"

"Well?" and there was a look far from pleasant in Mrs. Moggs's eyes as she looked up inquiringly.

"He has fallen at our door," pursued Moggs. "We are his brother and sister now by the adoption of God. And the medicines and beef tea and wine that the doctor orders—"

"We are to buy them? I say, No!" interrupted Mrs. Moggs, angrily. "If no one knows him, send him to the poor-house till he is claimed."

"The doctor said that removal would be death; you heard him."

"Well, he has lived his life. He will only be useless and helpless now: a burden on others. Maybe the best thing he can do *is* to die."

"Do unto others as ye would—"

"That means," she cried, passionately, "give up our dinner on which we have counted for months. Disappoint Harry, who has talked of his Christmas for months. Make our holidays pinched and bleak and bare, like the rest of our lives, when every one else is rejoicing. And what would Christmas be like then?"

"Ay! what would it be? A Christmas without a Christ. The day kept, and its Lord despised in the person of this stranger," returned Moggs, gently.

There was a little silence.—Then Mrs. Moggs got up and kissed her husband. "Richard, you are an angel in a shabby coat. But why should he have fallen at our door? The Lubbecks at the corner there are rich. Now we have pinched ourselves for weeks, and— Do as you like, but it is so."

A sob stopped her.

Then the man lying dumb on the bed agonized to shout his name, and the whereabouts of his purse, but in vain.

Moggs took her face between his two hands, and looked down at her tenderly.

"It is hard," he said.—"There are crosses that a man can't explain, unless—I have come to believe there are two sides to them—we look at them in too selfish a way. We are not suffering only to learn something ourselves, but to help others. I don't see how, but I believe it is so now."

"I believe it too; and I believe in something besides 'what you can get.' You have saved a soul."

Scroggs thought he said that—aloud, and by a mighty final effort; and there he was—awake, and at home. It was a dream.

But a dream that left an impression. That day arrived at Moggs's door such a dinner, in two hampers; a huge box of toys, a barrel of apples, a load of coal, a well-stuffed pocket-book done up in a square parcel, a suit for Moggs. It seemed to storm parcels on the little door. The neighborhood was aroused. The Moggs family were wild with excitement.—There was no clew to the sender. One inscription on all the parcels alike—"From a brother by the adoption of God." All quite mysterious and in the most delightful fairy-land fashion.

Fig. 1.—VIGOGNE DRESS.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-10.

Fig. 2.—VIGOGNE DRESS.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-10.

IMPROVED FLOUR PASTE.

PASTE which will keep unchanged in warm or damp weather may be made in the following manner: Put a tea-spoonful of powdered alum in two quarts of water, and let it boil. Mix a pint of flour smoothly into a pint of cold water, and stir it into the boiling alum water, continuing the boiling and stirring until the flour is cooked and the whole is clear, like starch. Add to this

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about half a tea-spoonful of essential oil of cloves or cinnamon, strain through a wire gauze or perforated tin strainer, and bottle in wide-mouthed jars, which should be corked to keep out dust.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1873.

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containing further installments of FARJEON'S new Christmas Story, "GOLDEN GRAIN;" "THE PARISIANS," by LORD LYTTON; and "PHINEAS REDUX," by ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

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SPARING THE ROD.

EVERY body has a theory about the management of children, and, considering that in every household, as a rule, there are two theories at least, if no more, it is wonderful that so few children fall to the ground, so to speak. Between both the small folks must have a hard time of it; and what must be the confusion in the immature brains when grandparents and aunts to the third and fourth generation infringe on the patent of authority with their own pet hobbies! Some one says that we should bear a steady hand, with a rod in it. Granted the steady hand; but we give in our verdict against the rod, which works no miracles, and is powerless to divine the hidden treasures of character.

Perhaps this may seem like impugning the wisdom of an authority so ancient as SOLOMON'S; but the old dispensation was utterly against sparing the rod in any thing; it was an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, till Christianity worked out the problem of man's deserts and necessities by another proportion, and gave us the solution in a new commandment. In all the world there is no such responsibility as the bringing up of a child in the way he should go; but the way he should go is not always that which is contrary to his nature and inclinations. Many seem to act upon the principle that if the child has no relish for any particular thing that appears good to the adult judgment, he must be disciplined into it. In this way church-going has been rendered distasteful to numbers, simply because the guardians of youth have not hesitated to inflict it upon them without alleviations before their unformed minds could grasp the shadow of an interest in service or sermon. It is to be feared that there are more rods than those of birch to be spared. The dark closet is worse than the Russian knout; public reproof hardens the sensitive mind; the deprivation of a meal has the effect of visiting the offenses of the will upon the body. But in the matter of absolute blows, it has been asserted that no one whips a child except in a passion, though we know that many a conscientious disciple of SOLOMON has administered this corrective more in sorrow than in anger, with a shrinking recognition of original sin, and a belief that the sooner the devil was whipped out of a subject the better. "I shall whip you for this when you go to bed at night," one of this school used to say, delaying the matter in hand, lest her wrath should lend impetus to the blow; and the wretched little culprit would wince every time she recalled it, and suddenly think of it in the midst of her games, till it blotted the sunshine, and spoiled the flavor of her food, and stole the sweetness out of the hours. But as surely as bed-time came, though she had suffered in anticipation all day, though she fondly hoped the promise had been forgotten, yet just so surely came its fulfillment from this mistaken mother, who loved her child beyond a doubt. Now if we consider the loss of nervous force that one such experience is capable of causing, the wear and tear that the mental pain brings about, and if we multiply it by the numerous occasions for correction that occur in a child's life, we shall reach some estimate of the probable loss of vitality to the system, which can never be repaired. And furthermore, each time that the rod is administered it leaves the victim in a condition less calculated to resist any wayward impulse. There are others, we are aware, who punish in hot blood, and think they are doing God's service, when a blow has been known to maim a child for life. A box with five nails in it is one of the favorite modes of torture, more dangerous in its effects than the thumb-screw of the Inquisition. It is such a *handy* method of giving discipline that it is almost irresistible to the provoked guardian of helplessness; it requires no preparation, and, besides taking the miscreant by surprise, offers him the advantages of astronomical observations. But, in truth, it is no joking matter, as many physicians can testify who have had the increasing brain diseases of children to contend with. The fact is, the frame of the most robust child is of such delicate structure, its muscles and fibres are in such a plastic, formative state, that the utmost tenderness is requisite to insure the complete mental and physical health.

Children are whipped for disobedience when they have totally forgotten the command, and their minds are not sufficiently matured to maintain it; they are often whipped when they are merely fretting an elder by their importunities; they are whipped for spoiling their clothes, accidents which are as grievous to the poor little souls as to their parents; they are whipped for ill tempers engendered by late hours, unwholesome food, and exposure at children's parties; for awkwardnesses at table, which bring their own sufficient punishment; for failures in lessons too hard for them, and for giving blow for blow. There is the mother who slaps back when her child offers her a blow in one of his tempers; but if she had never given him the first lesson in the use of the rod, do you think he would have evolved it from his inner consciousness, from the love of original sin? There are other women who spare the rod where their own children are concerned, but are not frugal of it to others that chance brings under their authority. A child coming in with its bruises to its mother, who was amused with company, impatient of interruption and deaf to its complaints, received a smart blow when it needed sympathy and comfort; and though another mother replies, "Oh, I never whip my children unless they need it richly," yet if the habit of whipping is once formed, the blows are sometimes in danger of falling, through heedlessness, upon unoffending heads. And here, perhaps, our opponents might cry, "How are we to punish children without the rod? Are we to allow them to run wild, unreproved? Shall we ignore their faults, and wink at their disobediences? We ourselves were brought up by the rod, and we flattered ourselves that we had not disgraced the method. Before a child can understand reason he can appreciate correction." But *how* can he appreciate correction before understanding reason? Doubtless he can appreciate pain; but it carries no lesson unless accompanied by reason, and when that is present, why not persuade it rather than resort to the scourge? The difficulty lies in the fact that it is vastly more troublesome to spare the rod than to use it; any body—who has the heart—can whip a child; it does not demand any strength of character, nor any patience, nor any invention, nor the least exercise of intellect, and only a small fraction of time, as every body knows. On the other hand, in sparing the rod we must not grudge the hours used in contending mentally with the faults of childhood, nor the cultivation of patience required; it may, it will, abridge our time for reading, interrupt our leisure, distract attention from the fashions, deprive us of some social intercouse, but the reward will far outweigh the effort. There are those who appear to regard children as so many hinderances to ease and comfort and order, and do not seem to remember that the fate of nations lies in the hands of a little child, and that in the same measure as his body is healthily fitted for its part here, and his soul for the inevitable Hereafter, in the same proportion will the heirs of the future refrain from following after strange gods. There is enough of pain and unhappiness in the nature of things certain to fall to the share of each human being, the knowledge of which should make us hesitate to add to it by so much as a finger's weight; and though it may be urged that the child is medicined in its youth to save it from greater miseries, yet have not other methods of regeneration proved as efficacious? Christianity has no weapons but charity and patience, and yet it works miracles.

ENGAGEMENTS.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

IF we were writing a school composition on the subject of engagements, we should say there are many different kinds of engagements. There is the engagement between two hostile armies, the engagement between master and apprentice, and the engagement to marry between man and woman, which perhaps partakes somewhat of the nature of both the preceding forms of engagement. This latter, however, so lords it over all others as to be *the* engagement of the world—the one always meant unless some other be specified. If a man or a woman is reported "engaged," it would be considered a mere jest or witticism if any thing else than a marriage engagement were meant. So much for our title.

There is an almost universal disapprobation of long engagements, but there seems to be no prejudice whatever against engagements. In many communities an engagement seems to have as much moral force, as much binding power, as marriage. This is surely wrong. There ought to be no real marriage engagement except the marriage vow. Often the time between engagement and marriage is the only time which the high contracting powers have to form any real acquaintance with each other. That is little enough; but why should that little be deprived of its value by making the engagement a contract which it is as shameful to break, and from which it is as humiliating to retreat, as marriage itself? The young man and the young woman are mutually attracted, temporarily fascinated, superficially engaged. Under the glamour of love the chances are very much against their finding each other out before it is too late. But why make the engagement so iron-clad that even if they do find each other out, they can not act on their knowledge without incurring the disgrace and dishonor that wait on the broken word? If they are really adapted to each other, they need no outward bond to bind them together. Inward attraction is stronger than any, than all, outward force. If they are not adapted to each other, it is cruel to bring all the stress and strain of custom and character to keep them together when they have once begun, never so slightly, to draw apart.

This is a matter which belongs to parents rather than to children, to adult rather than to adolescent society. Nothing can exceed the reprobation with which we Americans behold the heartless Continental parent selecting the most eligible available match for his daughter, without regard to her preferences, precisely as he would buy her a house or a horse. Almost equally reprehensible, I sometimes think, is the *laissez-faire* manner in which the American father permits his inexperienced young daughter to drift, to drop, to rush into the arms of the man who happens to be around at the time.

"Never!" said an energetic mother, who had been discussing the *mésalliance* of a neighbor's child—"never!" and she set her teeth and puckered her brow into an expression that would have sent dismay to the breast of an ineligible young man—"never shall a young man come into my house that I would not be willing my daughter should marry!"

It may not be possible, it may not be necessary, it may not be effective, to carry matters with quite so high a hand. It may be that if every undesirable young man is unceremoniously brow-beaten off the front-door step, your daughter will meet him in the drawing-room next door, and fall ravenously in love with him. It may be, too, that you have unskillfully taken his measure, and that the match will be immediately and pre-eminently happy, and presently brilliant; that the objectionable young man will be the staff of your old age, and that you will tell a thousand times over to his merry children the tale of your aversion and his repulsion. So the late Lord Timothy Dexter sent out a cargo of warming-pans to the West Indies, which warming-pans, being used by the natives to boil molasses, came to be in great demand, and made Lord Timothy's fortune. All the same it remains that he was a silly lord, and that successful business is not ordinarily conducted by carrying coals to Newcastle. In love and in traffic, in spite of a few occasional exceptions, effects may be approximately calculated from causes. A girl, never so well trained and guided, may fortuitously and fatuously make a bad match, and a girl left to herself and the mere chances of life may stumble into a good match.

Yet, take society through, the girl is most likely to marry suitably whose parents are the head of the family; who command their society, and do not simply and indiscriminately accept what comes; who know the history, surroundings, and character of the young men who frequent their house; who cause themselves to be consulted and deferred to, and do not consider it the whole duty of the affectionate Christian parent to withdraw into the background and let the young men and maidens work out their own salvation and destruction. It is very much to the credit of Young America that it bears this test so well, but it would be very much to its benefit if it were not put to so severe a test. But fathers and mothers seem sometimes to proceed on the assumption that because they do not, and are not in the slightest degree moved to, fall in love with a young man or a young woman, therefore their sons and daughters will not. So they suffer the approach, they even themselves invite the presence, of young people out of kindness, or indifference, or indolent complacence, or for their own convenience—young people whose careless occasional company is not disagreeable to them, is perhaps rather agreeable than otherwise, but a close alliance with whom they would not for an instant contemplate; and some fine morning they awaken and find to their dismay that John and Jennie, that Sophie and Sam, have contracted an irresistible affection for each other, and are resolutely determined to be married or buried forthwith. Why should they not, indeed? Why should the father rage, and the mother imagine vain things? It is quite in the natural course of events, and the parents set the ball in motion. I should be very far from saying that a man or maiden takes whoever comes to hand, but every one knows that contiguity is an immense force in that process which is called "falling in love." If the parents furnished the contiguity, why should they complain of the consequences? It would be too bald and otherwise inadequate to say that if parents will not exert themselves to make good matches for their children, they need not be chagrined if the children make bad matches. In a country where marriage is assumed to be founded on love, and permits no outward resources, a too active intervention in procuring it might be dangerous; but there is neither danger nor unwisdom in every parent's doing every thing in his power to secure the opportunity and the probability of his child's marrying well if he marries at all. It is not dangerous for the father to supplement the daughter's inexperience, for the mother her son's, with their own experience. They may not be continually appearing on the stage as the *Deus ex machina*, but it is in their power to do behind the curtain a great deal of skillful, prudent, and perfectly honorable work to make this drama of the new lives run smoothly to the end.

One thing at least they can insist on, that an engagement shall be no engagement, but only an arrangement, and that marriage alone shall be irrevocable. As I have said, this must be done by the elders. The youngsters in their ecstasy will vow right and left, and I suppose we may as well say with Mrs. BROWNING, "Oh, lovely lady, let them vow!" but let the parents maintain, rising up early and maintaining it, that these vows have no force and no power beyond the moment that they are issued. Say to the young man, "I am quite willing you should marry my daughter if you both continue in the same mind. But if at any moment between this and the hour of your marriage her feelings change, I shall justify her in withdrawing from the marriage, and I shall hold you in like manner equally free. I hold you both free to fall in love with other persons, or to relinquish the society of each other without giving any reason and without incurring any reproach."

Does this seem to give up the trusting girl to the wiles of the gay deceiver, make her the prey of the fickle and the false? I think that trusting girl has rather had her day, and her ghost may as well be dismissed. But even the trusting girl is not half so much the prey of the flirt who trifles with and deserts her, as of the flirt who marries her because he lacks the courage not to. If

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affection and attraction can not stand the strain of association before marriage without a bond, it is not likely to stand it after marriage with a bond. However much of vigor and rigor it may be needful to infuse into marriage vows, I see no evil, and only good, in demanding that whatever vitality and whatever imperiousness is in the attachment that precedes marriage shall be the spontaneous outgrowth of each day and hour and moment; shall borrow no outward force from any past fervor, but shall be as strong or as weak as each instant finds or fashions it.

A relation which ought to hold will not be marred or affected by such an understanding, but it would provide a way of escape for some conscientious and beleaguered souls.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

WOOLENS AND SILKS.

BLACK woolen stuffs are excepted from the general reduction of prices, as they are staple goods, do not go out of fashion, are universally worn, and consequently may be kept until another season without much loss. This is not true, however, of black silks. Some establishments announce a reduction of 75 cents a yard on silks worth over $2 a yard, and, indeed, all silk goods are lower-priced than at any time since the war. Black silks with the large Ottoman reps once thought so desirable show great reduction, costing only $3 50 or $4 a yard, instead of $5 or $7, as they formerly did. The medium grain, which is now more fashionable, is sold in excellent qualities for costumes at $2 50 or $3. This has fine lustre, and the faintest tinge of blue is over the black, which makes it especially handsome for associating with blue-black Lyons velvet. Colored silks in the dark shades used for skirts and trimmings of camel's-hair and cashmere costumes are sold for $2 a yard; these are not the heavily repped silks once chosen for suits, but are of the light quality and fine lustre now thought good enough, and, indeed, preferred, for this purpose. A smaller quantity is also bought of these, as two narrow side-pleatings around the skirt has become the most acceptable trimming. Striped silks cost from 75 cents upward.

The opportunity to get bargains is not confined to the necessary materials of ordinary dress, but extends to the region of velvets and garniture. Velvets with deep thick pile and of good blue-black color are sold for $9 or $10 a yard in the convenient three-quarter width preferred for cutting Dolmans, English jackets, and polonaises; lighter qualities, for basques, sleeveless jackets, flounces, and for skirts of suits, cost from $6 to $8. The narrow velvets for bonnets cost $3 50 or $4 a yard; these are also used for bias bands, piping, revers, and other dress trimmings. The garniture for velvet cloaks is also cheaper than formerly, as very handsome passementerie ornaments, consisting of jet sprinkled stars with pendent tassels, may be bought for $1 each, while those with very little jet are 50 cents. Simple open-worked galloons are sold for 50 or 75 cents a yard, but those so covered with jet beads as to appear to be solid jet are far more expensive. There is an attempt to introduce larger jet beads, but these are coarse-looking, and so heavy that they tear or cut the material with which they are worn. Thick silk fringe, with strands of jet beads twisted and pendent at intervals among the silk threads, is considered very stylish, and is much used for trimming the long over-skirts of black silk dresses.

WRAPPERS AND HOUSE DRESSES.

Ladies on economical thoughts intent make wrappers and house dresses of the repped materials which are now out of style for street suits. For instance, there are French and Irish poplins of good quality, though not Pim's best, for $1 a yard, in very good dark shades and in all warm bright hues. When trimmed with bias velvet bands or cords, these make elegant Watteau wrappers or simple house dresses, with basque and square over-skirts. Epingeline worth $1 25 a yard is now sold for 75 cents, and is very suitable for afternoon dresses that are not subjected to hard usage. For useful morning wrappers for home breakfast-tables and for service while performing household duties there are empress cloths in admirable cloth colors as low as 37½ cents a yard. The pressed opera flannels so excellent for dressing-gowns and invalids' robes cost now from 50 to 65 cents. There is a sudden caprice among stylish young misses for wearing costumes of gay Scotch plaids. Several of these have lately been imported for the school-girls of wealthy families, who are seen on the promenade arrayed in the bright Stuart or Victoria plaid made up of every color of the rainbow, or else the dark blue and green plaid so popular three years since. The costume is a short skirt, with two narrow kilt pleatings, and a tight long single-breasted redingote, trimmed with woolen ball fringe in which all the colors of the plaid enter. A blue and black plaid redingote with silver buttons and clasps is worn stylishly over a black silk skirt.

STEEL BEADS.

The latest Parisian fancy is to trim black cashmere wraps with gray crocheted passementerie in which glistening cut steel beads are introduced. A Dolman of black cashmere has a border of this kind with gray and black tassel fringe, and a black cashmere polonaise has the large side-pockets covered with this passementerie, while there are horizontal rows *à la militaire* across the fronts. The mixture of black and gray is also seen on sacques of cashmere braided all over with black soutache, sprinkled with steel beads, and edged with a band of the gray fur of the silver-fox, or else of chinchilla.

CONFIRMED FASHIONS.

The simple styles described early in the season have met with general approval, and new costumes are distinguished from those of last year by their absence of elaborate ornament. Over-skirts of costumes are longer and more simply shaped than ever. Some stylish over-skirts have the three front breadths fitted as plainly as the skirt beneath them, and reach within a fourth of a yard of the foot; the back breadths are then tied backward, draped in a pouf near the top, and hang almost to the edge of the demi-train; the fullness behind is sewed to the belt in two large double box-pleats that hang flatly instead of making a bouffant tournure. Fringe of silk and jet for silk dresses, and of woolen balls for camel's-hair and cashmere over-skirts, is more stylish than ruffles. A piped bias band, or else a narrow side pleating, is much used. Young ladies who have enough redingotes in their wardrobes have new woolen over dresses made with tight basques and the long over-skirts just described; these are so simply shaped, cling so closely, and are so devoid of trimming that they are called "habits," and do resemble riding-habits in appearance. An imported suit of this kind is in two colors of camel's-hair—dark gray and indigo blue. The gray skirt is bordered with two rows of narrow pleating, each four inches deep; these are pressed flatly half their depth, while the full lower edge is as loose as a ruffle. The long plain blue over-skirt simply hemmed has three smooth clinging front breadths, while the full back breadths are draped yet flat. The basque is without postilion pleats, and hangs in two square tabs behind. A standing English collar is around the neck, while folds and pleating edge the wrists of the tight sleeves. The hat worn with this costume is of indigo blue felt, turned down close to the ear on the left side, and turned up high on the right, trimmed with blue silk folds, and a curling ostrich plume in its natural gray shade.

NEW-YEAR'S, EVENING, AND RECEPTION DRESSES.

Dresses for the opera, evening parties, and the approaching New-Year's receptions do not partake of the simplicity advocated for street costumes. White Chambéry gauze and grenadine over dresses are the favorites of the winter, instead of the muslin ones so long worn. These gauzes have satin stripes over an inch wide, either white or in delicate blue or rose, and the silk skirt beneath them must match this stripe in color, and is trimmed with pleated flounces of the gauze arranged so that a stripe comes in each pleat. Pretty dresses for bride-maids are of white silk, with white stripes in the gauze basque, over-skirt, and pleatings, with wide flat sashes and garlands of crimson roses. Blue is the most prevalent color for evening dresses, and is especially pretty under a blue and white striped gauze over dress, with the pleatings on the skirt showing the blue stripes. With such a dress garlands of roses of various shades, from palest pink to deep crimson, are very effective. Stripes are also seen in other materials, such as silk and velvet. A French costume worn at an afternoon wedding has a polonaise of alternate stripes of white silk and black velvet, with a white silk skirt and striped pleatings; the bonnet for this dress is a fanciful Normandy crown of black velvet, with white and black plume and feather ruches. The princesse dresses described a year ago, when Worth revived them, are worn by matrons and elderly ladies for full-dress occasions. A dress prepared for receiving New-Year's calls is of plum blue silk, made with waist and skirt in one, in the princesse style, simply flounced around the demi-train and up the sides to the belt, while the plain front is merely ornamented with a row of steel buttons cut like diamonds, and very expensive. The back of the skirt has a puff at the top and a flat sash. Satin is being used again in Paris for trimming evening dresses, and is especially pretty when used with tulle or tarlatan. Young ladies wear tulle skirts covered to the belt with puffs and pleatings. The over-skirt is then made of two long square breadths of satin open in front, hanging smoothly on the sides, and drawn backward, in the fashion of the demi-polonaise. The waist is a basque of satin with tulle sleeves made of puffs around the arm. French dresses of latest importation have the basque and over-skirt trimmed with rows of hanging loops, like those on the beautiful bridal dress worn by Nilsson as Valentina in the opera of *The Huguenots*. The rolled cap above the sleeves and the double pointed ruff of the Cavalier costume are also worn. Rose-bud garlands are the fashionable garniture for young ladies' evening dresses, and the bouquet of natural flowers carried in the hand must correspond. These bouquets are large and round, and are made up of long-stemmed buds loosely put together in "Boston" fashion. Some are entirely of pink buds of various shades, others are of pale tea-rose with pink buds, or else lightest yellow buds and dark velvety crimson ones; violets are pretty with pink buds or with the pale tea-roses; heliotrope and pink buds, with merely the rose foliage, are seen together, and the odors blend deliciously. Thus there are fashions in bouquets as in other things, and the florist of to-day must be an artist in his way, providing not only perfect flowers and arranging them in unique combinations of color, but associating those whose perfumes enhance each other, instead of providing mixed bouquets with a dozen conflicting odors.

VARIETIES.

The prettiest warm bonnets for little girls are close cottage bonnets of white cony fur, trimmed with pink or blue ribbon, and sold for $4 or $4 50. They cover the ears and the back of the head, and are far more comfortable-looking than Normandy caps. Gray cony bonnets are also shown, but are not so child-like as those of pure white. Elaborate bonnets of black velvet are also made in the cottage shape for these "little women," and are trimmed with Valenciennes lace, ribbon, rose-buds, and ostrich tips. They cost from $9 to $12.

Ribbons are exceedingly cheap this season. Fancy stores fill their windows attractively with boxes of gros grain ribbon of every color and shade, two or three inches wide, at 25 cents a yard.

Ladies' walking shoes are made with thick projecting soles like those described for gentlemen, and with low broad heels. The high French heel is entirely out of fashion. Dull unpolished kid is chosen for street shoes, and the favorite shape remains the buttoned boot. Low slippers of black or of white satin are worn on full-dress occasions by young ladies instead of the buttoned gaiters formerly worn. The slipper is simply shaped, not covering the instep in the Marie Antoinette fashion, and displaying to advantage the elaborately embroidered and open-worked clocked stockings that are again in vogue.

For information received thanks are due Mrs. CONNELLY; and Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and A. T. STEWART & Co.

PERSONAL.

PROFESSOR HENRY, of the Smithsonian Institution, has received from the French government a superb porcelain vase, as a testimonial of his services as the United States representative of the commission on the international standard meter.

—Mr. NATHANIEL RIDLOW, of Saco, Maine, was such an eccentric old gentleman! Before dying, a few days ago, he requested that he should be buried in his wedding-clothes. It was done. The suit was of navy blue, and was first worn by Mr. RIDLOW fifty-one years ago. He was twice married, and wore the same suit on both occasions. The destructive moth had not fed upon its delicate warp and woof.

—M. ALPHONSE DE CANDOLLE has prophesied, in his recent *Histoire des Sciences*, the gradual decline and extinction of his native language, the Swiss. He calculates that at the end of another hundred years the English-speaking races in Great Britain, the Australian colonies, and the United States will number 860,000,000, while the German-speaking people will be only 124,000,000, and those who speak French not more than 69,000,000.

—The Count de Strzelecki, who died recently in London, was noted for careful explorations of Australia, and was the discoverer of gold in that colony.

—A good man, who refuses to disclose his name, has placed in the hands of the committee of the Birmingham and Midland Institute a large sum for the foundation of a lectureship on the laws of health, and also for a prize fund in connection with the class.

—Lady CAROLINE GUEST, of England, has an annual income of $1,500,000 from coal mines in Wales, and it is said that there are many bachelor homes where she would be a welcome guest. The difficulty is that, with an income sufficient to protect her from the pangs of hunger, and having comfortable lodgment, she is disinclined to "change her local habitation and her name."

—The old proverb that "corporations have no souls" has been proved inaccurate by an incident in London. Under the provisions of its ancient charter the governor and the corporation of the Bank of England are obliged not only to purchase at their fair value any precious metals tendered to them, but also to take charge of any gold or silver, in ingots or plate, that may be brought to them for safe-keeping. From time to time plate chests have been deposited with this view in the vaults of the bank, and many of them have been there so long that they are actually rotting away. On a recent occasion the servants of the bank discovered a chest which, on being removed, literally fell to pieces. On examining the contents a quantity of massive plate was discovered of the period of CHARLES II. This circumstance might not in itself be very interesting, but that there was found with the plate a parcel, which proved to be a bundle of old love-letters, carefully arranged according to their dates. An inspection of them revealed a correspondence of a tender and romantic description, carried on during the period of the Restoration. The name of the writer was found to be BERNERS, and, after considerable search among the archives of the institution, it was found that a family of that name had been connected with the bank about the time in question. Acting upon this clew, the directors prosecuted their inquiry, and being satisfied that a gentleman of the same name, now living, is a lineal representative of the owner of the plate and the love-letters, both have been handed to him. The newly discovered owner has permitted it to be shown to any one interested in the plate of the period. The love-letters are not, however, on view.

—When JOHN BRIGHT was announced to attend a public meeting in Alnwick in 1843, the editor of the Newcastle *Journal* (Tory) thus alluded to it: "It is stated that BRIGHT, the anti-Corn-law agitator, is expected to visit the wool fair which will be held at Alnwick shortly, in order to scatter the seeds of disaffection in that quarter. Should he make his appearance, which is not improbable (for the fellow has impudence for any thing of this sort), it is to be hoped there may be found some stalwart yeoman ready to treat the disaffected vagabond as he deserves." This "disaffected vagabond" is now a cabinet minister, and the principles he advocated at the Alnwick wool fair in 1843 have long since become a law.

—We have some sizable farms in the West, though few that will compare with the one in Australia recently sold by Messrs. T. & S. LEARMOUTH. The estate comprises about 26,695 acres, with dwelling-house and improvements, and carries 32,528 sheep and lambs, 966 head of cattle, and 29 horses. The improvements and stock were valued at $200,000. The purchaser of the whole property was Mr. SAMUEL WOOD, who gave for it $1,250,000.

—Sir ALBERT DAVID SASSON, having done very much in the cause of charity and in the promotion of education in India, has been presented with the freedom of London in a gold box of the value of one hundred guineas, that being the traditional figure in which London freedom is conferred upon unusually good men.

—Ex-Queen ISABELLA of Spain, having been secured an income sufficient to maintain her rank, partly through the aid of the ROTHSCHILDS, all litigation about her property will be abandoned.

—Colonel PHINEAS ADAMS, of Manchester, New Hampshire, has a collection of coins valued at ten thousand dollars. It is the result of thirty-one years of labor, and is nearly complete. One coin alone, a silver dollar of 1804, would probably bring eight hundred dollars in the market.

—Certain English people, admirers of Mr. CHARLES READE as an author, are about to present to him a testimonial portrait.

—Mr. DENT, the venerable father of the President's wife, is a native of Maryland. His father once owned all the land from Port Tobacco to the Eastern Branch of the Potomac, upon which a portion of the city of Washington is built. These lands were crown grants, for which patents were issued long prior to the Revolution. Evidently the DENT family was a distinguished one, for a letter recently received from a Miss MARGRET DENT, of England, contains the family tree and many pieces of information which are remembered as traditions in the American branch. This English lady resides on her estate, which is named Giesborough. This also is the name of the small town at the mouth of the Eastern Branch, and which is associated in the minds of Washingtonians as the place from whence emanated at the close of the war the foul odor of deceased army horses being converted into soap-grease. Mr. DENT's father lost much of his valuable lands about the time his family were growing up, through indorsement for a friend. Mr. DENT, then a young man, emigrated to Pittsburg, where he had a wealthy uncle, Mr. THOMAS CRUMMEL. However, he did not tarry with rich relations long, but pushed on to Louisville, where he commenced a successful commission business. He married the beautiful and gifted Miss RENSHALL, of Pittsburg, and after that settled in St. Louis. In that city he rapidly acquired wealth. His home was synonymous with elegance and hospitality. Mrs. DENT was a woman of fine qualities, and could render herself so agreeable that even before her daughters were grown, or had entered society, her parties and entertainments were considered the most elegant and charming in the city. The farm near St. Louis, which still belongs to the family, was purchased by Mr. DENT first as a country-seat for the summer only, but gradually he yielded to the temptation of the ease and luxury of a country home, and resigned both business and residence in the city.

—Many aristocratic gentlemen from England have found in Wet Mountain Valley, about twenty miles from Cañon City, Colorado, a place that to them is Elysium. HENRY TAYLOR has a nephew there, and the Duke of Somerset a son. A son of CHARLES KINGSLEY lives at Colorado Springs. Almost any day during the sporting season you may encounter a lord, in the roughest kind of a rig, out with a "scatter-gun" and a brace of "small dogs." They are so common, these lords and baronets, that our democratic bosoms scarcely thrill at the sight of one any more. About Cañon City there are great hunting grounds. At the hotel at this season you can be served with antelope, deer, elk, mountain-sheep, buffalo, bear, or prairie-dog.

—GEORGE F. ROBINSON has received the medal awarded to him by Congress in 1871 for saving the life of Secretary SEWARD when attacked by the assassin PAYNE on the night of the 14th of April, 1865. The medal was made at the United States Mint in Philadelphia at a cost of fourteen hundred dollars. On the obverse side of the medal Mr. SEWARD is represented lying in his bed, with the curtains drawn. Standing at the side of the bed is PAYNE, with an uplifted dagger in one hand, and with the other clutching the throat of ROBINSON. On the reverse side of the medal is a bust of ROBINSON, above his head a wreath of flowers, and on each side the following inscription: "For his heroic conduct on the 14th day of April, 1865, in saving the life of the Hon. W. H. SEWARD, then Secretary of State of the United States."

—The following is pronounced to be an authentic account of the origin of the friendly relations that so long subsisted between the late Sir EDWIN LANDSEER and the Duchess of Bedford. While the duchess was on a visit to the late Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, Derbyshire, she went, as was her custom, for a drive before breakfast. She drove, quite unattended, in the direction of Haddon Hall, near where it appears Sir EDWIN (then Mr.) LANDSEER was staying on a sketching tour. When near Rosely Bridge the horse took fright at something in the road, and dashed along at a furious pace. The artist, who was in the field hard by, seeing the extreme danger to which her grace was exposed, dropped book and pencil, sprang over the hedge, and at great risk succeeded in grasping the reins and stopping the terrified animal. Sir EDWIN conveyed her grace, who was very much frightened, to a house near at hand, and procured a carriage, in which she was taken back to Chatsworth, he following with the horse. Arriving at the house some little time after her grace, who had already informed the Dukes of Devonshire and Gordon, with the other guests, of the affair, Sir EDWIN was received with open arms and every expression of gratitude. Of course inquiries were made of Sir EDWIN as to his pursuits. He was promised the support of the whole party, as her grace was a great favorite. The Dukes of Devonshire and Gordon, together with the Duchess of Bedford, became enrolled among his warmest patrons. The first picture of any note painted by Sir EDWIN was for the late Duke of Gordon, the celebrated "Return of the Hunting Party," in which the figures of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford are conspicuous. This picture, so much and so justly admired, became his stepping-stone to success, and brought him a great number of commissions. Ever after the accident Sir EDWIN was the trusted friend and confidant of the duchess, as to his bravery she considered she owed her life. She loved him as a friend and brother, as did also her children and the principal members of her family. They were all, in spite of scandal, on intimate terms with him to his death, knowing full well the abominable rumors to be false.

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Embroidered Cartridge-Pouch for Needle-Gun.

THE flap of this leather cartridge-pouch is covered with gray linen, which is embroidered with green and brown silk in button-hole, half-polka, and satin stitch, as seen in the description of the game-bag. The design will be given in the next Pattern-sheet number.

Embroidered Cartridge-Pouch for Breech-loading Rifle.

THIS leather cartridge-pouch is covered with gray linen, bound with leather, and furnished with metal clasps for closing. The linen is embroidered in button-hole, satin, and half-polka stitch. The design will be given in the next Pattern-sheet number.

EMBROIDERED CARTRIDGE-POUCH FOR NEEDLE-GUN.

Dog's Embroidered Collar and Leash.

THIS collar is made of leather, and is covered on the outside with embroidered gray linen. The edge of the collar is bound with leather. A steel buckle serves for closing. A ring is fastened on the collar, through which the leash is passed. For design see Fig. 53, No. XII., in the next Pattern-sheet number.

DOG'S EMBROIDERED COLLAR AND LEASH.

For design see next Pattern-sheet number, No. XII., Fig. 53.

Game-Bag, Figs. 1–3.

THIS game-bag is made of leather. The flap and strap are covered with embroidered gray linen. The sack, which is fastened in the bag underneath the flap, is knitted of gray twisted cotton and edged with fringe. To make the bag cut of leather two whole pieces from Fig. 21, Supplement, the front, however, only from the under edge to the next outline; then cut of leather one piece from Fig. 23, and two pieces from Fig. 24. Join the back and front of the bag with a soufflet, which consists of a straight strip of leather thirty-two inches long, an inch and three-quarters wide in the middle, and only seven-eighths of an inch wide toward the ends. Cover the flap with gray linen, which has first been embroidered. Fig. 23, Supplement, gives one-half of the design; the deer are worked with brown silk in button-hole stitch, and the leaves, flowers, and vines with green and brown silk in several shades in satin and half-polka stitch. Bind the flap on the edge, excepting the top, with a strip of leather, and sew it on the back of the bag according to the corresponding figures. Bind the edge of the parts, Fig. 24, also, and sew them on the bag according to the corresponding figures (leave the upper corners of Fig. 24, from the dotted line on, free for the present). On the upper corners of the bag set two heavy metal rings, each an inch and three-quarters in diameter; to do this draw the projecting corners of Fig. 24 through the ring to the dotted line, and sew them down on the wrong side of the bag. Fasten the strap on the rings in a similar manner; the strap is also made of leather covered with linen, and bound with a narrow strip of leather on the edge. The linen is ornamented in embroidery. The illustration Fig. 3 gives a full-sized section of the embroidery; the animals are worked with brown silk in button-hole stitch, and the leaves, vines, and acorns with brown and green silk in satin and half-polka stitch. On the corners of the bag set brass rings as shown by the illustration, which are designed for tying on the birds which are shot. For the sack inside the bag knit with gray cotton in the design shown by the illustration Fig. 2 (see the accompanying description) two equal parts from Fig. 22, Supplement. Crochet a foundation corresponding to the outer edge of Fig. 22, excepting the top, then take up the middle stitches of the foundation, and on these knit the foundation referred to. In order to obtain the shape of the pattern take up the requisite number of stitches from the foundation stitches at the end of each round. Sew up both halves of the sack on the outer edge excepting the top, knot in the fringe as shown by the illustration, and sew the back part of the sack on the front of the game-bag along the straight line. The foundation of the sack is knit with coarse unbleached cotton and steel needles. Work in rounds, going back and forth, on a foundation, the number of stitches of which should be divisible by 5, as follows: 1st round.—All knit plain. 2d round.—∗ Chain off 4 st. (stitch); to do this slip 1 st., knit off the next 4 st. each separately, and always draw the last st. over the st. knit off; then take up the last st. on the needle in the right hand on the needle of the left hand, and on this st. work 5 st., 1 k. (knit plain), 1 p. (purled), 1 k., 1 p., 1 k.; repeat from ∗. Knit these two rounds always alternately until the work is of the length required.

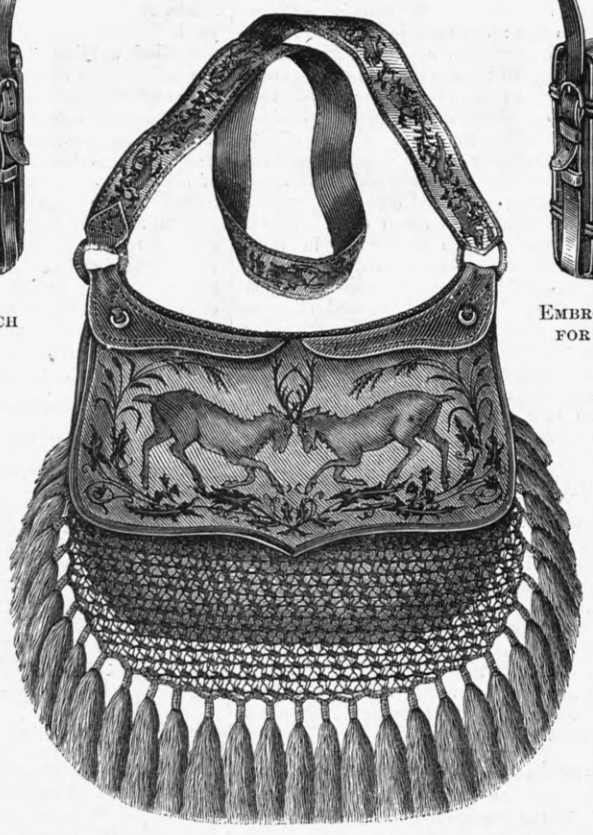

Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED GAME-BAG.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]

For pattern and design see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 21–24.

Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED SHOT-POUCH.

For design see next Pattern-sheet number, No. XI., Fig. 52.

Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED DRINKING FLASK.

EMBROIDERED SHOOTING MUFF.

For design see next Pattern-sheet number, No. X., Fig. 51.

Fig. 3.—EMBROIDERED POWDER-FLASK.

Embroidered Shot-Pouch, Drinking Flask, and Powder-Flask, Figs. 1–3.

THE covering of these articles consists of gray linen, which is ornamented with brown and green silk in button-hole, satin, and half-polka stitch. The design for the shot-pouch, Fig. 1, will be given in the next Pattern-sheet number, Fig. 52, No. XI. The designs of the drinking flask, Fig. 2, and the powder-flask, Fig. 3, will be published in the next Pattern-sheet but one.

EMBROIDERED CARTRIDGE-POUCH FOR BREECH-LOADING RIFLE.

Embroidered Shooting Muff.

THIS muff is designed to be slung around the neck when shooting, in order to enable the sportsman to warm his chilled hands, which often cause him to miss his aim. It is made of gray cloth, lined with fur, and interlined with wadding, and is embroidered on the upper part. The embroidery is worked with brown and green silk. The sides are bound with strips of fur. The design will be published in the next Pattern-sheet number, Fig. 51, No. X.

Crochet Insertion for Lingerie, etc.

See illustration on page 805.

THIS insertion is worked crosswise, in rounds going back and forth, with twisted crochet cotton, No. 60. Make a foundation of 43 st. (stitch), and in connection with this crochet as follows: 1st round.—Pass over 9 foundation st., ∗ 3 dc. (double crochet) on the next st., 2 ch. (chain stitch), 3 dc. on the next st., pass over 6 st., 2 dc. on the next st.; the upper veins of these dc., however, are not worked off each separately, but together, drawing the thread through once; 10 ch., 2 dc. like the last 2 on the next st., pass over 6 st., and repeat once from ∗, then 3 dc. on the following st., 2 ch., 3 dc. on the next st. 2d round.—6 ch., ∗ 3 dc. on the next 2 ch. between 3 dc. in the preceding round, 2 ch., 3 dc. on the same ch. on which 3 dc. have already been crocheted, 9 ch.; repeat once from ∗; then 3 dc. on the next 2 ch. between 3 dc., 2 ch., 3 dc. on the same ch. on which the last dc. were worked. 3d round.—Like the second round. 4th round.—6 ch., ∗ 3 dc. on the next 2 ch. in the preceding round, 2 ch., 3 dc. on the same ch. on which the last dc. were worked, 5 ch., 1 sc. (single crochet) on the middle st. of the next 3 ch. scallops above each other in the first, second, and third rounds, 5 ch.; repeat once from ∗; then 3 dc. on the next 2 ch. between 3 dc., 2 ch., 3 dc. on the same ch. on which the last dc. were worked. 5th round.—6 ch., ∗ 3 dc. on the next 2 ch. in the preceding round, 2 ch., 3 dc. on the same ch. on which 3 dc. were already crocheted, 3 ch., 1 dc. on the first of these 3 ch., 2 dc. on the next ch. after 3 dc. in the preceding round, working off the upper veins of these 2 dc. not each separately, but together, pass over 9 st., 2 dc. like the last 2 on the next st., 3 ch., 1 dc. on the first of these 3 ch.; repeat once from ∗; then work 3 dc. on the next 2 ch. between 3 dc. in the preceding round, 2 ch., 3 dc. on the same ch. on which the last dc. were worked. 6th round.—6 ch., ∗ 3 dc. on the next 2 ch. in the preceding round, 2 ch., 3 dc. on the same ch. on which dc. were already worked, pass over 7 st. of the preceding round, 2 dc. on the next st., working off the separate veins of these 2 dc. not each separately, but together, 10 ch., 2 dc. like the last 2 on the same st., pass over 7 st. of the preceding round; repeat once from ∗; then 3 dc. on the next 2 ch. between 3 dc., 2 ch., 3 dc. on the same ch. on which the last dc. were worked. Now repeat always the 2d–6th rounds until the insertion is of the requisite length.

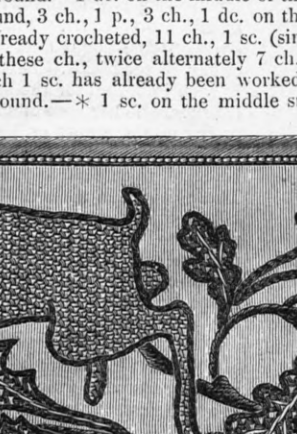

Fig. 2.—KNITTED FOUNDATION FOR GAME-BAG. FULL SIZE.

Crochet Edging for Lingerie, etc.

See illustration on page 805.

THIS edging is worked with twisted crochet cotton, No. 60, lengthwise, on a foundation of the requisite length, in the following manner: 1st round.—Always alternately 1 dc. (double crochet) on the next st. (stitch), 1 ch. (chain stitch), with this pass over 1 st. 2d round.—∗ 1 dc. on the next st., 3 ch., 1 p. (picot, consisting of 5 ch. and 1 single crochet on the first of these), 3 ch., 1 dc. on the same st. on which 1 dc. was already crocheted, 7 ch., with these pass over 9 st. of the preceding round; repeat from ∗. 3d round.—1 dc. on the middle of the next 7 ch. in the preceding round, 3 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 dc. on the same st. on which 1 dc. was already worked, 7 ch.; repeat from ∗. 4th and 5th rounds.—Like the third round. 6th round.—1 dc. on the middle of the next 7 ch. in the preceding round, 3 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 dc. on the same st. on which 1 dc. was already crocheted, 11 ch., 1 sc. (single crochet) on the fourth of these ch., twice alternately 7 ch., 1 sc. on the same st. on which 1 sc. has already been worked, 3 ch.; repeat from ∗. 7th round.—∗ 1 sc. on the middle st.

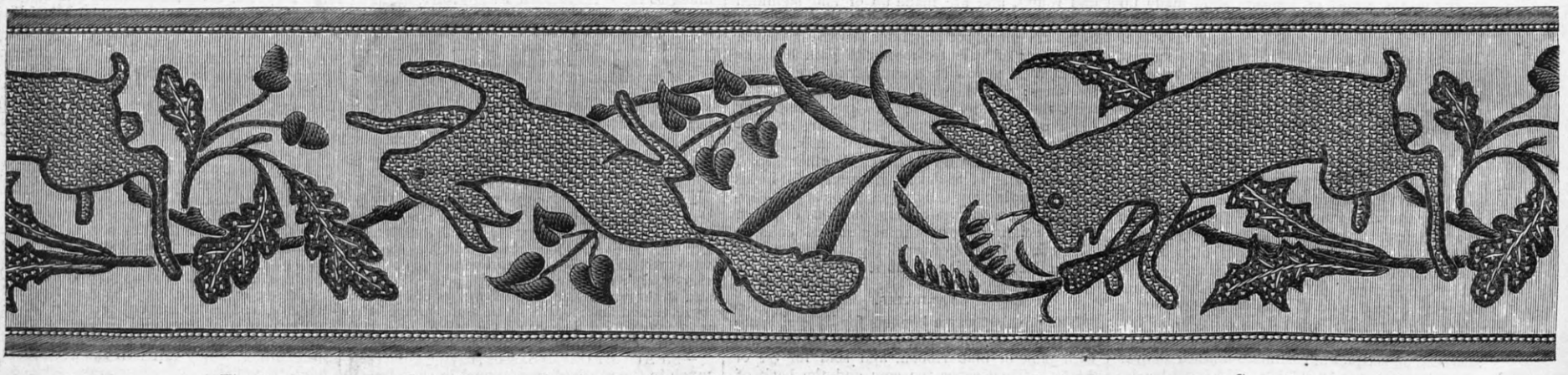

Fig. 3.—BORDER FOR GAME-BAG AND GUN-STRAP.—SATIN, BUTTON-HOLE, HALF-POLKA, AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY ON GRAY LINEN.

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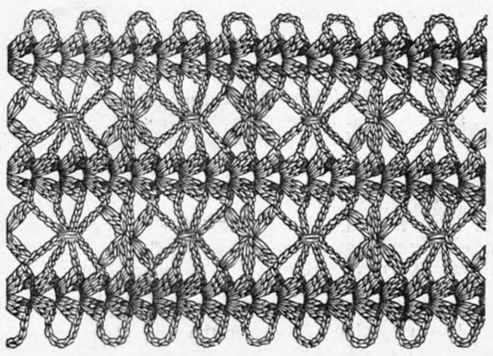
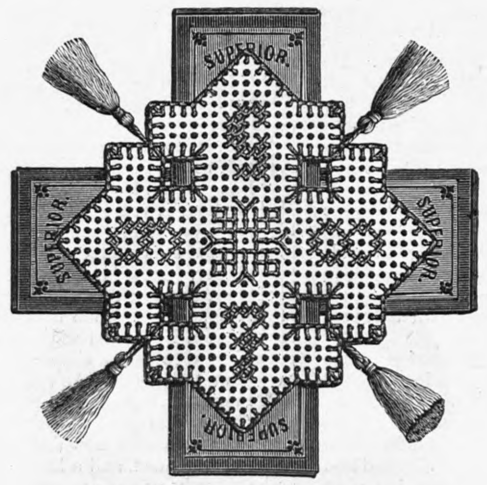


CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

of the next p. in the preceding round, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the first of the next 3 ch. loops, twice alternately 5 ch., 1 sc. on the following ch. loop, then 3 ch.; repeat from ∗. 8th round.—1 sc. on the next sc. in the preceding round, ∗ twice alternately 5 ch., 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop, 5 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc.; repeat from ∗. 9th round.—∗ 1 sc. on the ch. beside the next sc. in the preceding round, 4 ch., 1 sc. on the ch. scallop after the next sc., three times alternately 4 ch., 3 dc., 4 ch., 1 sc. on the same ch. scallop on which the last sc. was worked, then 4 ch., 1 sc. on the ch. before the second following sc., 1 sc. on the ch. after the next sc., 4 ch., 1 sc. on the ch. scallop after the next sc., three times alternately 7 ch., 1 sc. on the same ch. scallop on which 1 sc. was already crocheted, 4 ch., 1 sc. on the ch. before the second following sc.; repeat from ∗. 10th round.—∗ Three times alternately 1 sc. on the ch. before the next 3 dc. in the preceding round, 5 ch., 1 sc. on the ch. after the next 3 dc., 5 ch., but in the third repetition always crochet, instead of the last 5 ch., only 3 ch., then 1 sc. on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop consisting of 7 ch. in the preceding round, twice alternately 4 ch., 1 sc. on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop consisting of 7 ch., then 3 ch.; repeat from ∗.

BARATHEA HOOD.



NEEDLE-CASE.—FULL SIZE.

Needle-Case.

THIS case is designed for holding papers of needles. It is made of white perforated board, lined with lustring, ornamented in cross stitch embroidery with colored silk, and is finished with tassels.

Barathea Hood.

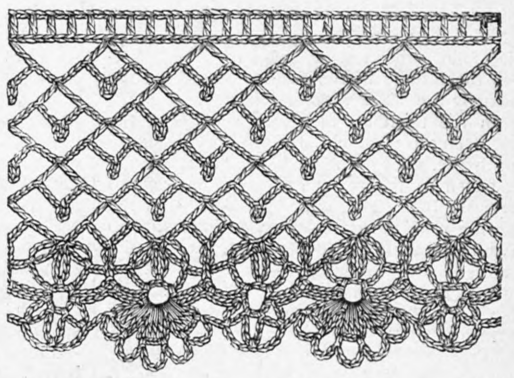
THIS hood of blue barathea is thinly wadded and lined with lustring. The trimming consists of ruches, rolls, and bows of gros grain of the same color.

Crochet Tidy.

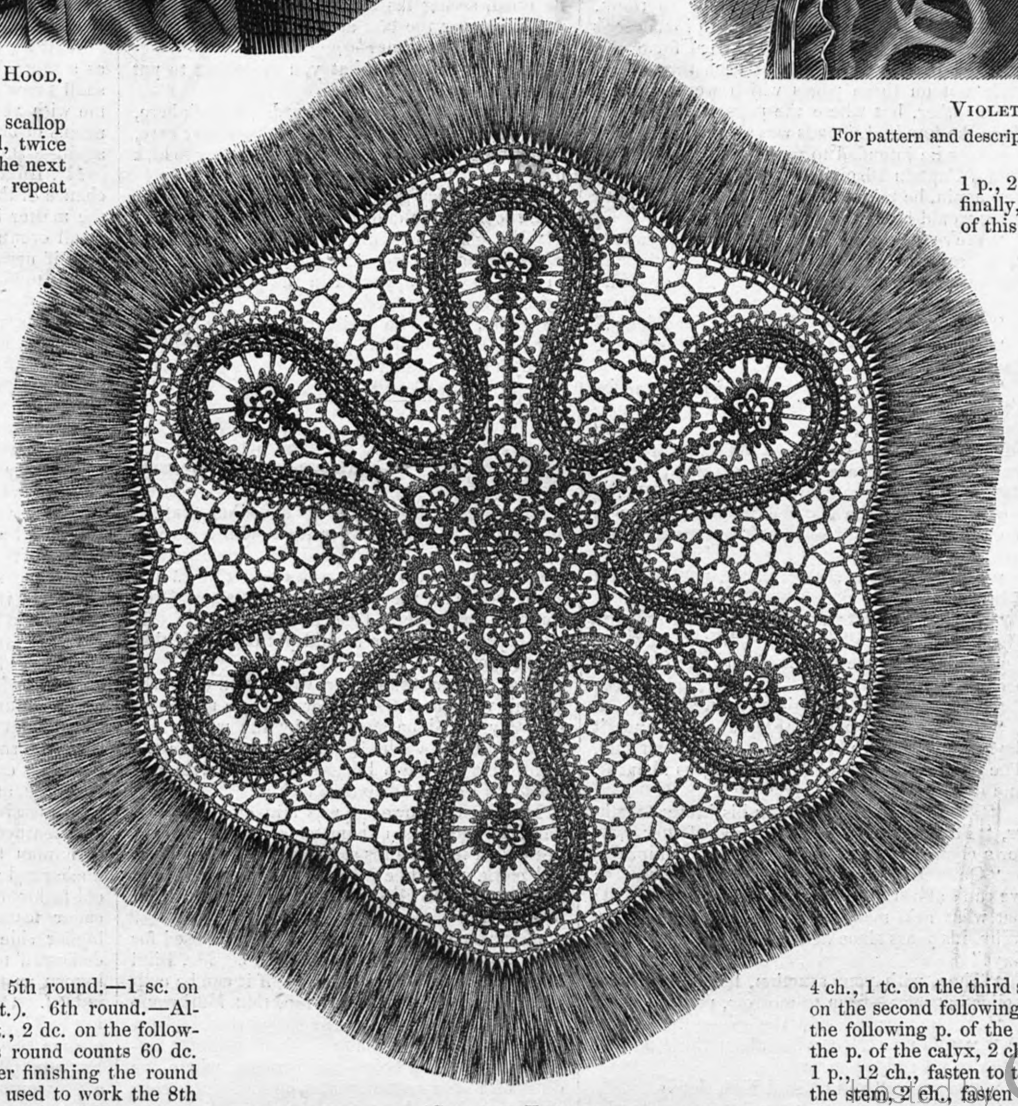
THE original is worked with twisted crochet cotton, No. 40, all in connection, and trimmed on the outer edge with knotted fringe three inches and a quarter deep. Begin the tidy from the middle with a foundation of 4 st. (stitch), which are closed in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch). Then work the 1st round.—6 sc. (single crochet) on the ring. 2d round.—On each st. of the preceding round work 2 sc. (thus 12 st.). In this round, as well as in the 3d and 4th rounds, always insert the needle in both upper veins of the st. 3d round.—On each st. of the preceding round work 2 sc. (thus 24 st.). 4th round.—6 ch. (chain stitch), the first 3 of which count as first dc. (double crochet), then always alternately 1 dc., 3 ch.; with the latter pass over 1 st. each of the preceding round. At the end of the round work 1 sl. on the last of the 3 ch. which count as first dc. 5th round.—1 sc. on each st. of the preceding round (thus 48 st.). 6th round.—Always alternately 3 dc. on the following 3 st., 2 dc. on the following st. in the preceding round, so that this round counts 60 dc. Instead of the first dc., crochet 3 ch. After finishing the round the thread is left hanging, and is afterward used to work the 8th round. Crochet the 7th round with a new thread as follows: 1 sc. on the free upper vein of a sc. in the 5th round, ∗ 7 ch., 1 sc. on the free upper vein of the fourth following sc. in the 5th round, and repeat ten times from ∗; then 7 ch., fasten to the first sc. of this round with 1 sl., fasten the thread and cut it off. The ch. scallops thus formed rest on the dc. round. 8th round.—In this round are worked all the flowers of the tidy in connection. ∗ On the middle st. of the next ch. scallop, and at the same time on the corresponding dc. below in the 6th round, work 1 sc. If the thread left hanging in the 7th round is not at this point, work sl. to the corresponding st. Then crochet + 17 ch., the first 3 of which form the stem of one of the lower flowers nearest the middle rosette. The last 5 of these ch. are closed in a ring with 1 sl., then work 2 ch., with these pass over the next 2 ch., and on the 7 ch. following these work 5 dc., 1 sdc. (short double crochet), 1 sc. This forms the centre of the calyx. Turn the work, and on the other side of these 7 ch. work 4 sc., 1 p. (picot, consisting of 5 ch, and 1 sl. on the first of these), 3 sc., then 1 dc. on the ring, and five times alternately 1 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 dc. on the ring, fasten to the next dc. of the calyx, 4 ch., fasten to the opposite dc. before the first of the 5 p. on the wrong side of the work with 1 sl., so that the 4 ch. lie underneath the partly finished calyx of the flower. Then again crochet on the upper side of the work 10 ch., 1 dc. on the following dc. of the preceding row, then 3 times alternately 8 ch., 1 dc. (the dc. always on the following dc. of the preceding row); finally, 10 ch. and 1 sl. on the next dc.; then turn the work, on the first and last ch. scallop work 13 sc. each, on the middle 3 ch. scallops work 11 sc. each, and, finally, 1 sl. on the last dc. Again turn the work, always insert the needle in the back vein of the upper two veins of a st. in the preceding round (similar to the ribbed crochet st.), and on the first scallop work 6 sc. on the next 6 st., 1 p., 3 sc. on the next 2 st., 1 p., 3 sc. on the next 2 st., 1 p., 3 sc. on the next 3 st., pass over 1 st.; on the second scallop work 3 sc. on the next 3 st., 1 p., 3 sc. on the next 2 st., 1 p., 3 sc. on the next 2 st., 1 p., 3 sc. on the next 3 st., pass over 1 st.; on the third (middle) scallop work 3 sc. on the next 3 st., 1 p., 3 sc. on the next 2 st. The upper middle of the flower thus far finished is now reached. For the stem work in a hollow of a scallop of the tidy (see illustration) a foundation of four times alternately 5 ch., 1 p., then 2 ch., 1 p.; repeat from + in this round until the upper middle of the middle scallop of the second flower is reached. On the second half of this flower crochet, corresponding to the first half, sc. and p., then 1 sl. on the second following ch. of the flower, and on the following st. of the calyx 1 sc. each, in doing which always insert the needle in both upper veins of the stitches; after the first 3 sc. work 1 p. On the under end of the calyx work 1 sl. on the lower sc. there, and on the stem work 2 sc., 1 p., 2 sc., then three times alternately 1 p., 5 sc., finally, 1 p., 3 sc., 2 ch. These and the first 2 ch. of this stem form the middle p. in the middle scallop of the first flower. Complete this flower like the one worked last, work 3 sc. on the stem consisting of 3 ch., then work 4 sc. on the following 4 dc. of the 6th round; 1 sc. on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop, and at the same time on the dc. behind it, 2 sc. on the following 2 dc., 8 ch., 1 sl. on the preceding third sc. of this round (thus passing over the sc. crocheted last); to do this draw the needle out of the st., insert it in the corresponding st., and draw through the loop, which was dropped. On this scallop crochet 3 sc., 1 p., 3 sc., 6 ch., fasten to the last p. of the fifth scallop of the next flower, 6 ch., fasten to the third of the 6 ch. worked first, 3 ch., 1 sl. on the sc. worked last, then 3 sc., 1 p., 3 sc. on the ch. scallop, 2 sc. on the following 2 dc. of the 6th round; repeat five times from ∗, but in working the following flowers nearest the inner rosette, instead of working the third ch. of the first p. on the first scallop, fasten to the fourth ch. of the ch. scallop to the right, and in the second p. fasten to the opposite p. of the flower worked previously (this is the p. before the last on the fifth scallop of the flower already finished). 9th round.—Lay on the thread anew. All picots in this round should be turned downward. ∗ 1 stc. (short treble crochet) on the upper middle p. of one of the flowers in the hollow of the scallops, 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 tc. (treble crochet) on the third sc. after the following p., 3 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 stc. on the second following p., 4 ch., 1 p., 4 ch., 1 tc. on the third sc. after the next p., 4 ch., 1 p., 4 ch., 1 stc. on the second following p., 3 ch., 1 p., 6 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., fasten to the following p. of the flower, 8 ch., fasten to the second sc. after the p. of the calyx, 2 ch., fasten to the third last of the 8 ch., 2 ch., 1 p., 12 ch., fasten to the third sc. after the second following p. of the stem, 2 ch., fasten to the third last of the 12 ch., 2 ch., 1 p., 5 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., fasten to the seventh of the 12 ch. worked previously,

VIOLET CASHMERE HOOD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Fig. 18.



CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.



CROCHET TIDY.

3 ch., fasten to the third of the 12 ch., 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., fasten to the fourth ch. after the p. which follows the last stc., 4 ch., 1 p., 4 ch., fasten to the middle of the 5 ch. between 2 p., as shown by the illustration, 4 ch., 1 p., 4 ch., 1 dc. on the third sc. after the next p. of the stem, 3 ch., 1 p., 5 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., fasten to the third sc. after the following p. of the stem, 2 ch., fasten to the second of the 3 ch. worked previously, 3 ch., 1 tc. on the third sc. after the following p. of the next flower, 4 ch., fasten to the third of the 5 ch., 4 ch., 1 p., 4 ch., 1 dc. on the second sc. after the following p., 3 ch., 1 p., 6 ch., 1 stc. on the third sc. after the second following p., 3 ch., 1 stc. on the third sc. after the third p. of the following flower (the two picots already fastened are passed over), 4 ch., fasten to the third of the 6 ch., 3 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 dc. on the second sc. after the second following p., 4 ch., 1 p., 7 ch., 1 tc. on the third sc. after the next p., 4 ch., fasten to the third sc. after the next p. of the stem, 2 ch., fasten to the second of the 4 ch. worked previously, 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., fasten to the third of the 7 ch. worked before the tc., 2 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 dc. on the third sc. after the next p. of the stem, 4 ch., 1 p., 7 ch., 1 p., 8 ch., 1 p., 10 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., fasten to the middle of the 7 ch. between the 2 p. worked after the dc., 2 ch., 1 p., 4 ch., fasten to the third sc. after the next p. of the stem, 2 ch., fasten to the second of the last 4 ch., 2 ch., fasten to the eighth of the 10 ch., 3 ch., fasten to the fourth of the 10 ch., 2 ch., 1 p., 5 ch., fasten to the second sc. before the p. of the calyx, 2 ch., fasten to the third of the 5 ch., 5 ch., fasten to the first p. of the flower, 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., fasten to the fifth of the 8 ch. worked last, 3 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 stc. on the following p., 3 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 tc. on the third sc. after the following p., 4 ch., 1 p., 4 ch., 1 stc. on the second following p., 3 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 tc. on the third sc. after the following p., 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch.; repeat five times from *. Finally, 1 sl. on the first stc. in this round. 10th round.—Always alternately 1 dc., 1 ch.; with the latter either pass over 1 st. or no st., as may be required. Instead of the first dc., crochet 3 ch. At the end of the round fasten to the third of these ch. with 1 sl., turn the work, and on the wrong side crochet the 11th round.—On each st. work 1 sc. Then turn the work again, and crochet the 12th round. On each st. work 1 dc., always inserting the needle in the back vein of a st. Care should be taken that the work does not draw, and therefore 2 dc. should occasionally be worked on 1 st. 13th round.—Like the 6th round. 14th round.—On each st. of the 12th round work 1 sc.; after every 4 sc. work 1 sc., inserting the needle in the middle st. of the following ch. scallop in the 12th round, and at the same time in the st. behind this st. 15th round.—Always alternately 1 dc., 1 ch. In the upper middle of each scallop pass over with the ch. alternately three times 1 st. each, then once no st., on the sides of the scallop with each ch. pass over 1 st., and in the lower middle of the scallop pass over 2 st. now and then with 1 ch. 16th round.—* 2 dc. separated by 2 ch., 1 p. and 2 ch. on the next ch.; 1 ch., pass over 4 st., and repeat from *. Between every two scallops work, as shown by the illustration, a guipure-like foundation of ch. scallops and p., going back and forth, and fastening either to the edge st. of the scallops, or to one of the guipure-like scallops, as may be required. On the outer edge this guipure foundation should end in a straight line with the scallops of the tidy. Finally, crochet on the outer edge of the tidy always alternately 1 dc., 5 ch.; with the latter pass over 4 st. Into each of these ch. scallops set two fringe strands.

(Continued from No. 49, page 775.)

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER.

A Tale of City Life.

By FREDERICK TALBOT,

Author of "The Winning Hazard," "Jack Pugh's Legacy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

"Here's a knocking, indeed!"

Not a trace could they find of the Reverend Mr. Jones. He had vanished, gone out of existence apparently, utterly and completely lost.

Lucy Hulse was in a state of restless miserable agitation; at one moment conjuring up all kinds of dreadful events that might have happened; at another persuading herself that all her misery was uncalled for. He was coming, was here this moment! That footstep which echoed along the street, was it his?

It was trouble heaped upon trouble, too, to find that she was utterly cut off from the sympathy of her friends. What could it be that had raised up between them and her this cold wall of stupor or indifference? Her mother thought of nothing but of her father; he, sullen and morose, seemed utterly lost to all outward impressions. But her brother's attitude to her troubled her most. Instead of active, hopeful help, he gave her nothing but discouragement. He even ventured to cast aspersions on John. Perhaps he had repented him, he suggested, and gone off, like a coward, to avoid carrying out his promise—her John, who was half saint and half hero. No, not from her brother, not from any one, would she hear any slur cast upon her lover!

Thus she flitted about, restless and uneasy, like a bird deprived of her young, questioning all she met, reproaching every one with indifference. Her brother she continually followed and watched. There was a reserve in his manner that made her think he knew something, and concealed it from her.

Edward didn't leave the premises the second day after the fatal Sunday. He spent the whole time in the old warehouse in his workshop. He went out to a timber-yard and selected some oak planks, and then on to a packer's, a friend of his, from whom he begged a few strips of iron banding and a roll of water-proof cloth. As he entered the postern with his load under his arm, he met his sister.

"What have you got there, Edward?" she cried, sharply.

"Going to make a box for my tools," he said.

"And that water-proof?"

"To keep the damp from them."

"Oh!" she said, but watched him narrowly still.

Edward himself took some precautions. He barred the outer door securely with its rusty old bars, examined the fastenings of the rotten shutters, and then set to his work energetically. He came in at meal-times. His appetite didn't seem to fail him. But he was altogether changed and altered. He never whistled or sang, but went about in a dull melancholy way that was wretched to witness. But he still stuck to his carpenter's work.

Tap, tap, tap, Ned's hammer had gone all the morning, till at last Captain Blackman, the director, whose turn it was to attend at the offices of the Company, to look over the books and sign the necessary checks, threw open the window of the counting-house, and shouted:

"Warehouse ahoy! You in the carpenter's shop!"

The warehouse door was presently held ajar, and Edward's white face appeared.

"Ho! it's you, Master Ned, is it, kicking up that confounded din! Are you making a coffin?"

Edward came forward, locking the door carefully behind him.

"I'm making a tool-box, that's all, Captain Blackman," said Ned; "but if my noise disturbs you, I'll leave off."

"Well, you see, mate," said the captain, jumping off his office chair, and beginning to stamp on the floor to restore the circulation of his limbs, "I'm adding up these blessed books; and when I get to the bottom of the ladder and say carry one, that confounded hammer of yours comes in tap-a-tap-tap, and I carry two instead—ay, perhaps three—and then it's all wrong. There, take the confounded books," cried the captain, pushing them away from him; "humbugging purser's work; tot 'em up for me, there's a good chap. I never made a long row of figures come to the same thing twice in all my life."

Edward took his seat at the desk, and began to add up the figures for the captain. They were all right—each column added up to the right amount—and yet the figures seemed to gather bulk with unnatural rapidity. They were his father's figures, neat and plain. Fleetwood took great pains with his figures, and prided himself upon their legibility. At last, in turning over a leaf, Edward suddenly came to a knowledge of what these figures meant.

Did he start? Did he turn pale? Were the eyes of Captain Blackman fixed upon his face? Had he in any way betrayed what he had seen?

The captain laid his hand upon Edward's arm, who started guiltily.

"I've been wondering how you run up those figures as you do. Don't it make your head ache? Lay by, my lad, a bit, and spin a yarn with me."

Edward put away the book with a sigh of relief. He had a few moments now to think. What was this he had discovered in his father's books? Simply that he had carried forward a hundred pounds too much at each turn of the leaf; not on those pages which were opposite one another, but where the pages turned over; there the hundred pounds was slipped on. That was how he intended to make up his deficiency. And if Captain Blackman took to add up the figures again, he might discover it; and then every thing would be lost.

"We're going to have great improvements here," said the captain; "we shall be turning you out of your workshop directly, Master Ned."

"How's that?" cried Edward.

"Oh, we're going to pull the old place down."

"Pull it down—why? Don't pull it down, Captain Blackman."

"Ha! and pay a couple of hundred a year for a tool-house for you—tool-house and dog-kennel, eh? How's the old dog now—Scipio? Quite blind, is he? Ah, we all get old and worn out. Your father and I are wearing out like the rest. But he don't look so hearty as me, Ned. Quite peaky he's been the last few weeks. And you too, my lad, you don't seem half as hearty as you should."

"Father wants a change of air, I think," said Edward.

"Well, why don't you take him off somewhere? The yard will be all in a mess for the next few days, what with the workmen and the old lumber."

"So soon—do they begin so soon?"

"Why not, why not? What should they wait for? Rickety old place; it positively isn't safe. The city surveyor has been warning us about it, and down it comes."

"Then," said Ned, knitting his brows together, "I'll take the opportunity to get father away for a change. To the Isle of Wight, I think."

"Quite right, my lad; good men are scarce; we can't afford to lose our old friend Fleetwood; but what he'll make of a holiday I can't think. Why, it's years since he left his desk for a single day!"

"Then, with your sanction, he shall take his holiday at once—from to-morrow, perhaps?"

"By all means," said the captain, cheerfully. "And now, Ned, what about these books? They're all right, you say?"

"They are all right," said Ned, slowly.

"Couldn't be wrong; your father is so particular. Why, I remember once, Ned, he sat up half the night about a farthing! Oh, he's a valuable man, your father! Wonderful how he took to business, after his bringing up. Ah, what a pity old Paston didn't leave him something handsome in his will, instead of endowing those blessed idiots!"

"Yes, it was a disappointment to father," said Edward, with a sigh.

"I should think it was. Why, do you know, Ned, I thought you'd have been remembered in his will pretty handsomely. The very day he died he had a long talk with me about you and your father. He didn't like Fleetwood much; couldn't appreciate him. Fleetwood was a man of much higher position than Paston. But he took to you, Ned; and when I told him what a capital hard-working chap you were, and how saving and contriving, he seemed quite pleased and interested. And said I to myself, 'Ned's in for twenty thousand.' But he died that very day; you remember how suddenly."

Edward nodded, and a lump rose in his throat as he thought of the dreams and aspirations of those days, and compared the wretched, miserable present.

"Well, I'll leave these books now. I think I've done a pretty good morning's work, and I'll go and have a crack with your father, and you go back to your coffin-making."

"It's a tool-box, a box for my things; nothing else," cried Edward.

"Of course that was only my fun," cried the captain. "Good-day to you, Edward."

Ned's hammer went faster and faster till about five o'clock, when it was getting dusk; and then he went out to his friend's the packer's, and gave him some dimensions.

After dinner, when the Hulses were sitting silently round the fire, they heard the postern open, and a rumbling, roaring sound, like distant or stage thunder.

"What's that?" said Lucy, starting up, running down to the door—she was now sensitive to every sound. Edward followed her.

"It's only a tin box I've had made," he said, as he saw a man advancing up the yard with a square tin case on his head, the loose and waving sides of which gave rise to thunderous vibrations. "Come this way," cried Edward, snatching up a lamp.

He led the man into the workshop in the old warehouse. The rumbling tin case fitted neatly into the wooden box that Edward had now finished. The sides of the tin case were higher than the sides of the box, so that they could be folded over the square tin cover; the whole well soldered down would form an air-tight, water-tight envelope.

"Shall I stop and help you to pack it?" said the man.

"No, thank you," said Edward.

"Then I'll come and sodder it up for you in the morning, shall I?"

"Can't you leave your iron here, and your soldering pot? I should like to know how to do it myself."

"There ain't no secret in it: you puts a few bits of charcoal under her, and you melts the sodder, and then you folds over the tin nice and even, and then you runs the iron over all the crevices. Mind the corners specially; 'tis there it will leak if it leaks at all; and then the job's done."

"Thank you, my friend," said Edward, giving him a liberal gratuity.—"Good Heavens, Lucy!" he cried, seeing his sister looking like a ghost standing over the box at the farther end of it. "What do you want?"

"I want to know what you are going to put into that box?"

"Only my tools," said Edward. "Look here, Lucy; I can't have you rummaging about here, upsetting things. Come along; I'm going to lock up."

He took Lucy gently by the arm, and led her forth, locking the door behind him.

"I'm going out now," he told his sister, and made for the postern. At the moment he opened it Markwood appeared in the portal, his face agitated and distressed.

"Why, Ned," he whispered, coming in and shutting the door behind him, "what's this that has come out about you?"

CHAPTER XIII.

"Howsomever their hearts are severed, their heads are both one."

Mr. Bilfil had made up his mind that he ought to take some farther steps with regard to his wife before he left England. It was absolutely necessary for his future welfare that he should stand well with the world on this matter. His conduct had hitherto been unexceptionable. It was necessary that he should put on record that it had been so.

Now, Paston, the lawyer, was a man of mark, and his version of the matter was one that most probably would be accepted by the world. If Bilfil could persuade Paston that he was in the right, and his niece hopelessly in the wrong, it would be a great advantage to him.

Mr. Paston, however, was still on the Continent. Under these circumstances, Mr. Bilfil condescended to make his statement to his confidential clerk. He knew Markwood very well, and he knew that in all such matters he had the ear of his chief.

Markwood was a man not at all indisposed for snug little dinners in vacation-time. Mr. Bilfil knew of this amiable weakness—if it can be called a weakness. He knew, too, that Markwood didn't care for plate-glass and crystal and silver, but rather preferred some old-fashioned city tavern, with wooden boxes and benches, where one dined off willow-pattern plates, on succulent steaks and juicy chops, but where the ale is bright, and the stout creamy, and the whisky mellow, and where there is still to be had a bottle of good old port.

Such a banquet did Bilfil prepare for Markwood; and when it was finished, and Markwood's face was glowing with satisfaction at the fare, and his mind full of all sorts of social impulses, he proposed that Markwood should finish off with a pipe and a "go of cork" in the little smoke-room up stairs. There was no one else in the room when they entered.

It was a little dull room, containing three or four oblong mahogany tables, fixed to the floor, on each of which were placed a tin match-box in the centre and a surrounding quadrangle of long clay pipes. Half a dozen Windsor-chairs, a fly-blown looking-glass over the fire-place, flanked by a couple of polished horns containing spills, and on the floor an indefinite number of spittoons, formed the furniture of the room. Its windows looked out upon a roof of ridged tiles, over which peered sundry upper-story windows and a few chimney-stacks of besooted bricks.

Mr. Bilfil seated himself with his back to the window, while Markwood took his place at the opposite end of the table.

"Now, Markwood," said the financier, "I want to consult you about a private affair of my own. You know all about the circumstances of my marriage?"

Markwood said that in a general way he knew that Mr. Bilfil had married the niece of Gilbert Paston.

Then Bilfil gave him an account of the circumstances attending his separation from his wife, admitting that he might have committed some faults in judgment in dealing with Mrs. Bilfil, but stating with perfect truth that she had left him without any adequate provocation, and had, in a very uncalled-for way, employed as her negotiator young Hulse, her cousin and former lover.

"As for that," said Markwood, "I know that to be all right. There isn't a more honorable, straightforward fellow in the world than Ned Hulse. I don't see how he could help taking her part, being her cousin, and all that; but you may depend upon it he acted in perfect good faith. Why, he's engaged to be married himself—and to a very charming young girl."

"You mean to Patty Robinson, I suppose," said Mr. Bilfil, smiling sardonically.

"You seem to know all about it," said Markwood.

"Oh, I saw them together on the boat, if you remember, on the day of our regatta."

"To be sure," said Markwood; "I remember now."

"Well, you know, that's all very well," said Mr. Bilfil. "I'm not going to cast stones against my wife; but a man can not lose the tide of his success in life on account of an undutiful wife. My affairs compel me to start for America within a few days. Mrs. Bilfil chooses to keep herself concealed from me. I offered her the shelter of my home; even now I am prepared to come to terms as to her maintenance, if I am convinced that she is living in a regular and proper way. But I can't wait; before I leave this country I must place the matter in the hands of my lawyer to arrange for a legal separation, unless I receive from her a full submission and explanation. Now I want to stand well with you and Mr. Paston. Tell me if I can do otherwise, with justice to myself."

Markwood wrinkled up his face into all kinds of queer puckered lines.

"Tell you what, Bilfil," he cried at length. "Wait for a day or two. Leave it in my hands, as a mutual friend: by to-morrow evening you shall know all about it. You may safely trust me with your interests; and if I should be the means of bringing two estimable people together again—"

Mr. Bilfil shook his head. "I don't see much chance of that," he said. "However, I'll leave the matter in your hands. You will ascertain, at all events, the basis on which we can treat; and, if negotiations fail, you can testify which side is to blame."

Markwood, who delighted in the skillful conduct of a negotiation, shook Bilfil warmly by the hand, and presently they separated—Markwood making his way into the City to take initiatory steps in the matter.

In the first place, he had to find out Mrs. Bilfil. The most direct way would have been to go to Edward Hulse, and ask him; but this was hardly diplomatic enough for Markwood. Edward would probably feel himself bound in honor to refuse to disclose the lady's retreat. But in all probability he had confided the matter to Patty Robinson. To the Robinsons' house he would go; and if he failed to extract the secret from the women-folk there—why, then his tongue had lost its cunning.

Under favorable aspects Trinity Square is not an uncheerful neighborhood. In the centre is a green inclosure, with trees and shrubs, among which children disport themselves, and the houses roundabout are of comfortable build and proportions. True, indeed, that the advancing tide of trade has encroached upon the living interest of the place, and that tall desks, and heavy ledgers with massive bindings, and smart young clerks and bearded merchants, have usurped the place of human families. But the general aspect is unchanged; it is in appearance a comfortable, old-fashioned residential square, with certain peculiar features of interest about it. On the higher side of the square is a classic temple dedicated to Neptune, served by certain priests known as Elder Brethren—the Trinity House, indeed. Over the way is a square official-looking building, severe in its simplicity—known, by a huge brass plate on its portals, as the Inland Revenue Office; and beyond that, embayed by a promontory of public-houses, is Tower Dock—a dry dock now, indeed; a paved square space where fisher carts and vans await the flood of

Billingsgate. Then there is the Tower, the white fort on London Pool; hoary with memories, but, sooth to say, less venerable in aspect than many a younger fortress.

Markwood cast a recognizing glance around, for he was not unacquainted with these latitudes. He knew a salesman or two in Billingsgate, and often, in the fine summer mornings, had made purveying forages among the rude denizens of the market, carrying off surprising bargains in huge cod, lordly salmon, and aldermanic turbot. Then he was hand-and-glove with two or three Beef-eaters at the Tower, was on speaking terms with a venerable Elder Brother, and on nodding terms with all his pretty Semitic younger sisters in Houndsditch. Altogether, Markwood could have lounged away an hour or two very pleasantly in the neighborhood; but he was now intent on business, and made his way to a corner house of red brick, in whose windows was a notification, "Apartments to let," while a plate on the door bore the name of Robinson.

"How do you do, ma'am?" he said, politely, as a thin, elderly female opened the door to his ring and knock. "How do you do, ma'am?—and how's Miss Patty? And Robinson—is he pretty well?"

Mrs. Robinson acknowledged that there was no serious illness in the house; but she looked doubtfully on Mr. Markwood, and didn't ask him to enter.

"I should like a few words with you, ma'am. Our mutual friend, Mr. Edward Hulse—capital fellow, Ned; I know all about it, you see!"

"Oh, if you come from him, step in."

"I can hardly say I come from him," said Markwood, establishing himself in the hall, taking off his gloves, putting them inside his hat, and hanging that up in a peculiar confident way. "If he'd known I was coming, he'd have sent all kinds of messages, I've no doubt. But he didn't; for, to tell you the truth, I wouldn't let him know—for in matters of this kind things are often better done by third parties—friends of every body concerned, aren't they, Mrs. Robinson?"

Markwood, it is needless to say, was sparring for wind—trying to keep Mrs. Robinson's mind engaged while he established a footing in her good opinion. The lady of the house coughed doubtfully, and said that she thought there were a good many things wanted explaining and putting to rights.

"So there are," said Markwood; "and first and foremost about Mrs.—eh? You understand."

"Come into my parlor, Sir," said Mrs. Robinson, "which is disengaged at this present moment." She led the way into a room on the ground-floor, with faded carpet and hangings, and old-fashioned mahogany furniture. "You mean about Mrs. Balfour, I suppose?"

"Balfour—yes, of course," said Markwood, eagerly. "I know it's a matter that may seem strange to you, and I want to put it right."

"Well, Sir, I won't say but what it's an object with me to let my first floor, as has been empty a good while; and, what with rents and rates and taxes, there's little profit, I assure you, Mr. Markwood, in lodgers. But it's worse when you haven't got 'em. Still I wasn't best pleased when Ed'ard brought her here; no more Patty wasn't neither, when she came to hear of it, as was at Margate when the lady came."

"I assure you, madam, there isn't the slightest cause for any uneasiness. Ned Hulse is a lad who is as true as steel; the lady's a near relation, and in peculiar circumstances; therefore Ned has taken her part. Now here I am representing every body—uncles and husbands, and Ned Hulse, and you too, ma'am, and Miss Patty. I'm here to make arrangements that will prove satisfactory to every body. But I must see Mrs.—you know, eh? Is she at home?"

Mrs. Balfour was at home, and there would be no difficulty in Mr. Markwood's seeing her. Mrs. Robinson would take her his card.

Markwood rubbed his hands with delight at the prospect of accomplishing his mission so speedily and well. He felicitated himself, too, on his skillful diplomatic manœuvres; although, in truth, fortune had aided him very much in the matter.

Margaret Bilfil sat at her second-floor window listlessly watching the coming on of night, the gradual shrouding and wrapping up of the living world about her, the wilderness of houses fading away into a lurid haze, a white mist from the Surrey marshes blotting out the tracery of spars and rigging and masts, the white turrets of the keep of the gloomy stronghold alone rising into distinctness. She watched the gradual approach of the all-encompassing gloom in a nervous agitation that was almost terror. She felt so lost and lonely in the centre of this huge city. How narrow was the interval between her and a state of absolute want, destitution, and starvation! For the moment she had a roof to shelter her, but how insecure her tenure even of this! She saw from the way in which she was treated by Mrs. Robinson how insecure her position, in what way people would regard her, what sneers she would encounter, what innuendoes, what polite or impolite cold-shouldering. If those who submitted themselves in all things to the dictates of society, and studied only to accommodate themselves to its humors, could barely assert for themselves the right to live, what chance was there for her, who had set at naught one of its most fundamental canons? Edward, too, seemed to be deserting her. She had received a hurried note from him that night. He was going out of town, he said, and unfortunately could not advance her any money on her uncle's account, as he had a sudden call upon all his available means; but he recommended her to apply to Mr. Markwood, her uncle's confidential clerk and agent, who would no doubt supply her wants.

But how could she go to her uncle's clerk and enter into these humiliating details! And even if she could convince him she was not a swindler, how could she ask him to advance moneys that might never be repaid! For her uncle Tom was as hard as adamant on some points. If he thought her to blame in leaving her husband—as she was pretty sure that he would—he would inexorably close his heart and his purse-strings against her. Altogether her prospects seemed so dark and hopeless that she abandoned herself to despair; and turning away from the window, into which the lamps of the street were beginning faintly to shine, she threw herself upon a squat and slippery horse-hair couch, and embracing a cold, hard cylinder, that was by courtesy a cushion, she sobbed aloud in the bitterness of her spirit.

At this moment Mrs. Robinson knocked at the door, and opening it immediately afterward, announced a visitor for Mrs. Balfour, a Mr. Markwood.

Margaret eagerly rose. She was thankful for the darkness that concealed the traces of her tears. At a bound she passed from despair to hope; she was not entirely forsaken and abandoned—he must be a good angel, this Mr. Markwood.

"Show him up, please, Mrs. Robinson," she said; "and bring me candles also."

Markwood, who had a good deal of chivalry in his nature, was touched at the sight of Margaret's beauty and evident distress. His heart warmed to her, and he forgot all about his diplomacy, his position as mutual friend and adviser. From that moment he became an unscrupulous partisan.

"I have heard of you, Mr. Markwood," said Margaret, giving him a comely white hand; "you seem to be a friend, although I don't know that I have ever seen you before."

"Bless you, my dear," said Markwood, his eyes quite moist with emotion, "if there's any thing a devoted friend can do for you, you may count upon me as the man."

The contagion of sympathy overpowered Margaret also.

"I know you are good, Mr. Markwood," she cried; "I can see it in your face; and indeed I stand in need of a friend, for I have none, and I don't know what to do."

Then she told him all her story, and asked him for his advice.

"Well, madam," he said, "I came here to offer you certain terms on Mr. Bilfil's behalf, but I won't even tell you what they are. I can't advise you to return to him. Wait, I advise you, till your uncle comes back. I'll take care that he shall know the real state of the case; and in the mean time, ma'am, you will confer a personal obligation on me if you will honor me by accepting a loan sufficient to carry you on with comfort."

"You are very kind," cried Margaret. "Why should you take all this care for me?"

"Because, ma'am, it's my duty. Don't talk of obligation, ma'am; I'm only too proud to have the chance of serving Mr. Paston's niece."

"But, after all, if he doesn't approve of what you've done—if he casts me off, and he may do—"

"I'll cast him off if he does, ma'am," said Markwood, indignantly. "No, no, ma'am; don't make yourself uneasy."

"But I am uneasy; and at the best it galls me to think of being dependent upon his breath for my living. Now can't you, Mr. Markwood, suggest to me some way in which I can make a living for myself?"

Mr. Markwood puckered up his face and thought for a while. "Well, ma'am," he said at last, "I should be deceiving you if I told you there wasn't a difficulty. You see, the first thing that's asked when you want a situation is—what are your references, what similar places have you had, and so on."

"Well," said Margaret, "I used to teach before I married. I could refer to those people who employed me before."

"They knew about your marriage, I suppose, ma'am?"

"Yes; I think they all did."

"Then don't you think they'll be sure to mention it? And then you'd be asked if you were a widow, and so on. And, excuse me, madam, but when it was found you were separated from your husband, you'd find a difficulty."

"But there must be a way out of it."

"One way has occurred to me, ma'am," said Markwood. "And although it isn't what you might look for fairly, yet, perhaps, it's better than nothing. I'm a widower, ma'am, with a family of young children; I do the best I can with them, but they're almost too much for me—the girls especially. Now I am not in very ample means, ma'am, but still I have a comfortable house, and enough to keep the pot boiling. I have been thinking for some time that I really must have an experienced governess to keep the lasses in order, and to give 'em lady-like manners, and so on."

"And you were thinking of me? Indeed you are too good. If I am only fitted for it, I shall be so happy. I sha'n't want much salary, Mr. Markwood—enough to buy clothes and gloves and pay my laundress. Oh, do you really think I shall do?"

Mr. Markwood enthusiastically declared that he was sure of it. Thus, as both parties were mutually inclined to the arrangement, there was little difficulty in settling the preliminaries; only, as Markwood was now in lodgings at Henley, and had let his house furnished to the end of the month, the assumption by Mrs. Bilfil of her duties must be put off for a few weeks.

Then Margaret mentioned to Markwood the five hundred pounds which her uncle had left her, the interest of which would form such a comfortable addition to her income. There was no settlement made at her marriage, and Markwood feared that this sum was at her husband's disposal, and that he might do what he liked with it. "But perhaps," suggested Markwood, "I may shame him into giving it up. I'll go on to his office from here, and speak to him at once about it."

When Markwook reached Mr. Bilfil's office he found it closed for the night. He made friends, however, with the housekeeper, and persuaded her to let him write a note in Mr. Bilfil's private room, which he still continued to occupy, although he had ceased to have an interest in the business. When he had finished his note, he happened to see a slip of paper lying open on the desk above him. The name of Hulse caught his eye, and he read it almost involuntarily.

"Mem.—We've got a warrant *ne exeat* against Edward Hulse, and propose to make our capture to-night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

ALL eyes have been turned toward Cuba—a sunny isle, the largest of the West India group, some 650 miles long, and its greatest width 107 miles. Lying just within the tropics, its climate is perpetual summer, tempered by cooling sea-breezes. There is one record of snow having fallen in a central town of Cuba in 1856, and hail is not unfrequent; but while the heat is rarely oppressive, the thermometer seldom falls below 60°, except occasionally in the interior. Havana is a special resort for invalids. This important commercial city has outgrown its original walls; but for its defense, and that of its harbor, there are half a dozen forts and a citadel. The long and narrow channel which leads to the city is defended on the east side by the great castle El Morro, and on the west by the powerful fortress La Punta. La Cabaña is said to be the largest and strongest of all the defensive works of Havana, requiring in time of war a garrison of 2000 men. In 1762 Havana, after a siege of forty-four days, fell into the hands of the English; but the next year it was restored to Spain in accordance with certain arrangements made by treaty. Havana is regularly laid out, and though its streets are narrow, many of them are well paved with granite. It is well lighted with gas, and supplied with water by an aqueduct. The city also has its public promenades, its fountains, its universities, libraries, and museums, and there are numerous daily, weekly, and monthly publications. Havana, to a greater degree than any other Spanish city, has adopted the mechanical appliances of industry and the various improvements which have been brought to it through its commercial relations with other nations.

There has been much discussion concerning the previous history of the *Virginius*, which was recently captured by the Spanish gun-boat *Tornado*. So far as can be gathered from statements made, it appears that she was an English-built vessel, but was captured by our government in 1865 while lying in the harbor at Mobile. After being tried and condemned by existing law, she was used by the government about a year, when she was sold to private parties, being known both at the time of capture and sale as the *Virgin*. In 1867 she was again taken by the government as the property of a defaulting Treasury officer. Being found unsuitable for the revenue marine service, she was offered for sale, and was finally sold in 1870 from the Navy-yard in Washington. She was then taken to New York, and a register as the *Virginius* was granted. The *Virginius* sailed from Kingston, Jamaica, on the 23d of last October, and a few days later attempted to land at Cuba, but was driven away by Spanish vessels. On October 31 she was pursued by the *Tornado*, and finally captured in what is averred to be neutral waters. She was taken to Santiago de Cuba; the captives, after a hasty trial, were condemned as pirates; many of them were summarily executed, and others consigned to ignominious punishment.

The earliest skating day at the Central Park since it was opened was December 11, 1863. It is now the expectation that the large building which is being erected on the margin of the lower lake, near the Terrace, will be ready for use by the 10th of December. It has been in position several winters, but is so constructed that it can be taken apart and stored during the summer. This building contains a restaurant, several rooms, and a large hall for the use of skaters, all being well warmed. The upper story is designed especially for the accommodation of ladies who frequent the ice. It costs about five thousand dollars every year to erect this building and remove it, as repairs are always needed.

Salmon lovers will be interested in the following communication:

"UNITED STATES COMMISSION FISH AND FISHERIES,
WASHINGTON, *November* 11, 1873.

"*Editor 'Forest and Stream':*

"I am perfectly willing to place a good lot of Sacramento salmon in the Hudson River. Seth Green has 250,000, and I will tell him to so dispose of a portion.

"Very truly yours,
"SPENCER W. BAIRD, Commissioner."

Several of the best Spanish iron-clads are now in the hands of the Intransigentes at Cartagena. Before these could be used against any foreign power Spain must necessarily so reconcile this disorderly home element as to gain possession of the vessels.

Terrible suffering is reported from Iowa from lack of food and clothing among the settlers in the northwestern sections. The harvest was a failure this year, chiefly in consequence of a plague of grasshoppers. An earnest appeal for relief is made.

The unfortunate Cardiff Giant was lately sold at New Orleans. The auctioneer intimated that $10,000 would be the correct figure for this relic, but was finally forced to let it go for eight dollars. The poor fellow who bought it spent eighteen dollars in trying to move it, and then gave up in disgust, and surrendered his right and title to a Jewish junk dealer.

The prison where the *Virginius* captives were confined is described as a low gloomy building, two stories in height; and the place of their execution was distant from it about three-quarters of a mile. It is a structure of forbidding aspect, standing on an eminence which may be seen from every part of the city. The building is scarred and battered with bullets on its northern side. Around it runs a trench about two feet deep, into which the water from the roof falls. When prisoners are to be executed they are led to the edge of the trench, bound hand and foot, and required to kneel with faces toward the wall. When, at a given signal, the soldiers fire upon them, the unfortunate victims fall forward into the trench, and then, not unfrequently, the heavy artillery carriages are driven over the bodies.

During the civil war 7000 men were employed in the Brooklyn Navy-yard; about 3500 have been recently engaged with special vigor in repairing and fitting up our vessels of war. Our government has no intention of being unprepared for any emergency. Business is going on in every navy-yard.

Santiago de Cuba was formerly the capital of Cuba, and is now perhaps the second city in commercial importance. It is a well-built city, but in consequence of its peculiar location is not regarded as healthy.

At Ahmedabad, India, there is a "Society for the Prevention of Infant Marriages." A recent number of the *Sumsher Bahadoor* publishes some by-laws for the regulation of business. One meeting will be held every month for discussion. Members are not required to pay any fixed installments, but donations voluntarily given will be thankfully accepted. Members will be required to observe the following rules: "The bridegroom should be at least sixteen years old, and the bride at least five years younger. Members will have to register at the office at what age of the bride and bridegroom the marriage took place." Other branch societies are to be started in other places.

Kentucky is a remarkable State, and the dwellers therein possess wonderful vitality. A "credible witness" relates that not long ago an old woman died in the vicinity of Ramsey. She was in life eccentric, and, among other peculiarities, disliked flowers, and had forbidden that any be used at her funeral. Unfortunately a young lady who was present at the funeral was ignorant of this prohibition, and placed a wreath on her coffin, when the dead suddenly arose, seized the chaplet, and threw it at the offender! She then lay down in the coffin again. Such is the tale, illustrating the "ruling passion strong in death."

It is related of Alexandre Dumas, that when at the San Carlo Theatre, in Naples, one evening, he entered into conversation with a stranger seated near him. At the close of the performance the stranger said, "I hope that we may have the pleasure of meeting again. I am Alexandre Dumas."

"Oh, indeed!" replied the celebrated novelist, with his gay laugh; "so am I."

The stranger collapsed.

During the trial of Marshal Bazaine, his wife, though deeply affected by the dreadful suspense, did not lose courage. She considered her husband entirely innocent, and kept up his spirits by hopes of an honorable acquittal. Her faith in his innocence, and her cheerful demeanor when in his company, greatly encouraged the marshal. Madame Bazaine is about twenty-five years of age, and a Mexican by birth. She has been residing in a very retired way at Versailles with her two children.

Constancy is a virtue belonging more often to woman than to man. A young woman of Cornwall, England, traveled all the way to California to marry the lover she had not seen for eight years. But she found him not only married, but the father of five children.

Lewiston, thirty miles from Portland, is the largest cotton-manufacturing town in Maine, and the water-power there is the finest in the State. The city contains about 20,000 inhabitants, and the working force in the factories is not far from 7500. A large amount of capital is invested in the Lewiston mills, and they are chiefly owned by wealthy Boston men. The staple domestic fabrics are mostly manufactured there, the demand for which is more constant than for fancy fabrics and dress goods. There are in Lewiston eighteen manufacturing corporations, ten cotton mills, running 250,000 spindles, and five woolen mills, with twenty sets of woolen machinery. Thirty-five thousand bales of cotton are annually consumed. There are annually produced thirty-five millions of yards of cotton and woolen goods, and three millions of grain bags. The annual value of the manufactured product of the city is $11,000,000.

The trial of Marshal Bazaine was held in the Grand Trianon at Versailles, a mansion connected memorably with the vicissitudes of many French sovereigns. The gallery in which the trial was held forms the entrance hall to the Grand Trianon. It is a long hall, about two hundred feet in length and fifty feet wide, lighted by windows opening on the court-yard to the east and on to the garden to the west. It is entered by folding-doors at the southern side. All along each side of the hall there is a double row of columns of colored marble. This colonnade makes the width of the hall appear less than it really is. Marshal Bazaine has been the recipient of numerous honors. He entered the army as a private soldier in 1831, and received many promotions, until he was made Marshal of France, in Mexico, in 1864. He has been fourteen times mentioned in General Orders with praise. In addition to the Grand Order of the Legion of Honor, to which he rose by regular degrees, he has at various times received the Grand Military Lion of Savoy, the Grand Cross of the Order of Leopold of Belgium, the Grand Cross of the Sun of Persia, the Grand Cross of the Order of the Eagle of Mexico, the Grand Cross of the Order of Notre Dame de Guadeloupe. He is a Knight Commander ot the Bath, a Knight of the Order of Charles III., a Knight of St. Ferdinand of Spain, a Knight of the Order of Isabella the Catholic of Spain, and has also the military medal in France. As colonel, general of brigade, general of division, and marshal, he has held eighteen independent commands, and has

CASHMERE HOOD.

Cashmere Hood.

THIS hood is made of white cashmere, and is lined with blue silk. The trimming consists of puffs and ruches of the material, and bows of blue gros grain ribbon. Strings of similar ribbon.

Silk and Tulle Hood.

THIS hood of red silk is thinly wadded, and lined with lustring, and is covered on the outside with black dotted tulle. The trimming consists of a puff of silk and tulle, ruches and bows of red silk ribbon, and black lace. On the left side is a flower.

Gentleman's Shooting Suit, Figs. 1 and 2.

THE trowsers, leggings, and coat are of gray corduroy. The leggings are closed with buttons and button-holes. Black leather belt. Game-bag and gun-sling of leather covered with gray linen; the latter is embroidered. The illustrations, Figs. 1–3, page 804, show the game-bag and the design for the gun-sling (see the accompanying descriptions).

IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

IVAN VASSEILOVITCH, or John the son of Basil, known, perhaps, more familiarly to us as Ivan the Terrible, was a man of noble person and presence, with a sharp, shrill voice, high forehead, piercing eye, restless, inquisitive manner. He was shrewd and acute in intellect, and not without generous, noble impulses, but of wild, untamed passions, and brutalized by the manners of his court and time. The court of Moscow was little more civilized and refined than the tents of a Tartar horde. Deep drinking was the great pastime and only relaxation of the Czar and his nobles. Ivan himself after his mid-day meal would drink himself into a stupor, fall asleep with his head upon the table, his courtiers watching him with nervous apprehension. Presently he awakes; perhaps he is in a good humor, and laughs and jokes with his complaisant companions; perhaps he turns his blood-shot eyes upon some suspected favorite, and orders him out for examination and question: impalement to follow, possibly, or horrid torture of some sort.

And yet in his youth this Ivan had been a prince of most fair promise, and had indeed accomplished great things. He had been married at an early age to a most exemplary wife, Anastatia, a daughter of the great house of Romanoff. This most excellent princess, while encouraging the development of his nobler nature, restrained by her influence the promptings of his lower inclinations—a most noble example to princesses of all sorts; but unhappily she died in 1560. Her husband was yet young, but he had cast off the yoke of the Tartars, conquered their cities of Kasan and Astrakhan, and made the Volga from source to mouth a Russian stream—truly an excellent beginning.

Bad times follow for the Muscovites: losses and defeats, great massacres by their mad, furious monarch; great slaughter, too, at the hands of their enemies the Tartars. Yearly, and sometimes twice a year, they are overrun by fierce Tartar hordes. In 1571 the Khan of the Crimea sweeps the country with an army of two hundred thousand horsemen. Ivan essays to meet him, but his army is mutinous, and refuses to fight. The Russ emperor abandons his capital to its fate, and flies with his treasures and body-guard to a fortified monastery sixty miles away. The enemy encamp around Moscow, powerless for a regular siege, but saying sundry Scythian devices in the incendiary way. These succeed at last. The enemy fires the high steeple of St. John's Church, and, a wonderful stormy wind then blowing, the whole city is soon wrapped in flames. This city of Moscow was then a huge cluster of wooden booths; the streets were paved with wooden planks, all pine wood, full of turpentine, and ready for a blaze; the roofs were mostly of bark. The whole city quickly becomes one glowing incandescent mass. The people fly from the cruel flames to the crueler Tartars outside; the gates are choked with the fugitives; the moats, the water-courses, stopped and filled up with bodies. Countless thousands perish by fire, by suffocation, by drowning, by the swords of the Tartars. These plunder the fugitives, make slaves of the choicest of them, and ride away rejoicing to their own country, laden with booty.

After this the Khan sends an embassade to his enemy Ivan, "a most ugly creature without reverence," to taunt and flout him, and offer him a rusty knife to cut his throat withal. Ivan rages, tears his hair and beard from madness; has almost a mind to follow his enemy's counsel. But presently recovering, he sets to work, dissolves his army, that fought not a stroke for him, questions his chief men and captains how such a disgrace came to pass, puts some to the torture, some to death. Then he makes haste to replenish, cleanse, and repair his burned capital; drives into it merchants and craftsmen from other cities and towns, gives them free markets, and relieves them from all taxes. Seven thousand masons and workmen are building up a fine strong wall round about the city. But Ivan himself trusts not his person there. He dreads his own subjects and every one about him, and he draws off to Vologda on the Dwina, for he has a purpose in his head that, if all else fail him, he will take refuge in England with his treasures. So he collects a flotilla there, and stores all his best things in the island of Solovetzkoï, in the White Sea, ready to sail away.

About this time he consorted much with one Dr. Eliseus Bomel, a Westphalian, but educated in England, at Cambridge. He became a physician in England, and also an astrologer. For suspicion of some unholy practices he was put in prison by Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, but was liberated on his promise to take himself away to the Czar of Muscovy. Ivan loved necromancy, and made much of the doctor, who rose highly in his favor. Bomel suggests to Ivan that he should become a suitor to Elizabeth, the great Queen of England. Ivan sees difficulties at first: he has two wives living, and many kings and great princes have been suitors to her, and could not prevail. But he calls to mind his own prowess with the fair sex, plumes himself upon his wisdom, greatness, and riches, and is so far embarked upon the business that he puts the empress, his latest consort, into a nunnery. Still the design does not develop itself. Ivan now has a wonderful device in his head, by which he hopes to restore his popularity and replenish his treasury. He formally resigns his crown to a Tartar khan, who has been baptized under the name of Simeon. He sets on the new king to cancel all letters patent, privileges, franchises, to resume all the charters of towns and monasteries. At this there is much terror and confusion every where. "The old Czar was not so bad, after all," is the universal cry. "Let him come back to us." The cunning Ivan graciously complies; the puppet king fades into oblivion. There are great gifts to be furnished by every body on the Czar's gracious re-accession. He renews and confirms all charters and privileges—for a consideration.

SILK AND TULLE HOOD.

FIG. 2.—GENTLEMAN'S SHOOTING SUIT.—BACK.

Unfortunate Bomel now fell under the tyrant's suspicion. He had been corresponding with the kings of Poland and Sweden. It seems, too, that he had deceived the emperor about the age of Elizabeth, having represented her as a young woman, whereas she was already over forty—there being then no *Almanach de Gotha* for authoritative reference. Anyhow, Bomel was doomed. He was tortured—roasted alive, with inconceivable horrors. Horsey, an Englishman, who relates the story, was an eye-witness. "I preste among many others," he says, "to see him: caste up his eyes naminge Christe, cast into a dungion and died there."

Ivan, however, long hungered after an English wife. He learned from an English physician, one Dr. Jacobs, that a kinswoman of the queen, Lady Mary Hastings, was of marriageable age and fair presence. Then, in 1582, he dispatches an envoy to England to open to Elizabeth his project of an alliance, and to demand an interview with the lady, and obtain her portrait. He was, moreover, to inquire as to her age, her degree of relationship to the queen, her father's rank, and other matters.

In case the queen objected that the Czar was already married, he might own the fact, but allege that the empress was no king's daughter or princess, that he did not like her, and meant to put her away. That he had already had six wives could hardly have been thrown in his teeth with any propriety by the daughter of the eighth Harry.

On the other hand, his bride would be required to embrace the Greek faith; the Czarowitz would not be deprived of his rights to the succession, but her possible male issue would be suitably provided for.

The Muscovite embassador was received with much distinction; but Elizabeth was not favorably affected to marriages in general, and threw cold water on the project. She depreciated the proposed bride as ill-favored: she had only lately recovered from small-pox, she was no subject for the limner's art. The envoy, however, persevered, although some discredit was cast upon his suit by the news that came from Russia, that the reigning empress had just been confined of a son—the unfortunate Demetrius, who was assassinated in the following reign. The embassador refused to credit the news, and persisted in demanding an interview with Lady Mary, which was at last granted.

The meeting was arranged to take place in a wide tent in the garden of York House, in the daytime, in order that the envoy might judge of her complexion in the full glare of daylight.

The interview is thus described by Horsey: "Her Majesty caused that lady (Mary Hastings) to be atended one, with divers great ladies and maieds of honnor and yonge noblemen, the nomber of each apointed, to be seen by the said ambassodor in Yorcke House garden. She put one a staetly countenance accordinglie. The ambassodor, at-

tended with divers other noblemen and others, was brought before her Ladyship; cast down his countenance, fell prostrate to her feet, rise, runne backe from her, his face still towards her, she and the rest admiringe at his manner, said by an interpritor, yt did suffice him to behold the angell he hoped should be his master's espouse; commended her angellicall countenance, state, and admirable beauty. She after was called by her familliar frends in court the Emporis of Muscovia."

Lady Mary Hastings, however, appears to have been frightened at the character of her proposed husband, and she finally declined the alliance.

Ivan, however, is soon called to the embrace of another and less attractive bride. He falls sick, not without suspicion of poison. He sends for witches from the north: sixty of them come, but their divinations afford him no solace. A great blazing star is seen every night over the city of Moscow; every thing betokens the death of the great Czar. Every day he is carried into his treasury to gloat over the riches he has accumulated, perhaps in hope to win some strength from his jewels. He covers his arm and hand with corals and turquoises; they show their virtue by paling upon his poisoned veins. His staff royal is brought out—the horn of a rhinoceros loaded with gems, of great virtue against poisons. It is of no avail to him. The ruby, most comfortable to the heart, brain, and vigor of man, has no restorative power for the Czar. His beloved sapphires, preserving and increasing courage, and full of sovereign virtues, can do him no good. He faints among his treasures, and is carried away. But he revives again, lives on to the day fixed by the witches and warlocks for his last. He is yet heart-whole; Ivan is himself again. He threatens to burn his soothsayers or bury them alive. "The day has come, indeed, but it is not passed," he is reminded, like that greater Cæsar. Well, let them burn after sundown. He goes to his bath, and stays there three or four hours. He comes out refreshed, and challenges one of his gentlemen to chess. With his own hands he sets out the board—all but the king, whom he can not make stand in his place. Then he faints and falls backward. A great outcry and stir; and while the palace resounds with the tramp of hurrying feet, Ivan lies choked and dead upon the floor.

BARATHEA HOOD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 19 and 20.

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

BRIGHTON.

AS we have got on the subject of wintering-places in England, I must not omit to say a few words about Brighton, that most fashionable of all English sea-places—most fashionable and most expensive when you go there with the crowd who rush down from London to inhale warm sea-breezes toward November, but at other seasons of the year a very commodious and delightful place of residence. Our American friends are of an inquisitive turn of mind, it is said, and like to know the beginning and the end of things. I wish I could tell you something certain about the origin of Brighton, but I believe nobody can. It is generally supposed to descend from a Saxon bishop named Brighthelm, who dwelt there in remote ages, and who eventually gave it his name; but this is one of those legends that you may believe or disbelieve as the fancy suits you. Then there is a story of a colony of Normans having alighted here soon after the Conqueror's arrival in England, and of their being routed away by a colony of Flemings just as they had settled down comfortably in their new quarters. But I don't vouch for this any more than for the Saxon bishop. One thing is certain, that Brighton had not lifted its head out of the wave into public notice at all until the middle of the eighteenth century, and that ever since that time it has gone on growing and flourishing in public favor until, like the beanstalk in the story, "it couldn't grow no higher."—George IV. made it his chief summer residence, and later on the Pavilion arose, and established it, as it was supposed, forevermore as a royal abode. But this was a vain hope. The once royal palace, with its fantastic gathering of domes and minarets and pinnacles, has descended from its former sublime pedestal to the level of an assembly-room, a curiosity, a convenience for givers of balls. As a resource for the latter it stands unrivaled, and perhaps it accounts, in some measure, for the unflagging round of such entertainments that are kept up almost at every season of the year in the town and neighborhood.

Brighton is about fifty miles south of London, and is reached by the express in an hour and some few minutes. This accounts for its being so universal a favorite with men of business, official men, etc., who swarm to its mild shelter in the dreary winter season, running up and down to their work with facility, and snatching between times the refreshing ozone breezes of the "sea without ships." The town stands near the centre of the curved line of coast of which the east and west points are respectively Beachy Head and Selsea Bill. It is built upon a slope, and is sheltered from the ruffian blast of the North by the high land of the South Downs, which, from the east to the central part of Brighton, press close upon the sea and form high chalk cliffs. The sea-frontage occupies a space of about three miles, so there is no lack of sea-views from the houses, the finest of which are situated on the Marine Parade—at least those that are available for visitors. The inner part of the town, which is composed of handsome squares and streets, with fine, sometimes splendid houses, is inhabited by the permanent residents, who do not care to have the great expanse of glistening sea under their windows all the year round, and who seldom let their houses. It may be well to mention, for the benefit of those who suffer from any weakness of the eyes, that Brighton is by no means a suitable place for them. The glare of the sea affects them painfully, and sometimes to such a degree that they are compelled, even at a great sacrifice, to give up their lodgings and leave the town. There are excellent hotels at Brighton, and a large number of them, capital shops of every description, and, as regards education, its resources are only second to the metropolis. In fact, they need not be called second, for the best masters migrate to the Marine Parade during the season there, and there is an abundant supply of good resident ones. Schools, both for boys and girls, are to be had of the best; some of the finest finishing schools, as they are termed, are at Brighton.

The society is as good as is to be had anywhere, not merely as regards the floating waves of London life borne down by the wind of fashion during winter, but among that large class of refined and exclusive families who have made it their home. There is a saying in England

Fig. 1.—DIAGONAL CLOTH DRESS IN TWO SHADES OF GRAY.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 11-17.

Fig. 2.—DIAGONAL CLOTH DRESS IN TWO SHADES OF GRAY.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 11-17.

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that when you live at Brighton you are certain to see every body you know once in three years, and it has perhaps more truth in it than the average number of popular sayings. The London doctors believe in Brighton to an extraordinary degree, and send their patients down for a change and a breath of fresh air almost as easily as they order them out for a drive. Yet, with all due respect to the learning of the faculty, the writer makes bold to challenge the universal wisdom of this. I have known more than one instance where the climate acted most disastrously on delicate subjects, or persons with a germ of consumption, for instance. I don't pretend to explain the cause, but I can assure you it is a fact that the soft, south-fanned air of the place does not suit indiscriminately persons with delicate chests. Torquay is the place for them; but I will say a few words on this latter by-and-by.

Epicures will rejoice in the unrivaled South Down mutton, which is to be had nowhere under the sun, so they declare, as good as at Brighton. "It's worth the journey to eat a leg of South Down at Brighton," I remember hearing one of these of the earth earthy mortals exclaim, with indescribable gusto. Let lovers of mutton bear this in mind.

There are churches, of course, in abundance in so fashionable a resort of cultivated Christianity, and baths, and a theatre, where the stars come down at proper seasons and shine in the Brighton firmament; and, for those benevolently inclined, there are ample opportunities in the form of charity-schools, Sunday and common schools; and last, though to many not least, there exists the magnetic attraction of a fine race-course about a mile east of the town, on the summit of the most beautiful part of the Downs.

The town is well fortified, a circumstance worth mentioning for the satisfaction of those nervous persons who, on this side of the Atlantic, live in perpetual terror of an invasion by some foreign foe. There is no vestige of the old fortifications raised by Henry VIII. and Queen Bess, but there is a formidable battery, first erected in 1793, when the roar of the Revolution was sending its echoes across the sea, and rebuilt in 1830.

Brighton possesses one more claim to the preference of American visitors whose steps are bent toward the Continent after a sojourn in the mother country: it is a most convenient starting-point for France. Since the establishment of steamboats and the erection of the chain pier it has become a packet station, and you can go from here to Paris *via* Dieppe and Rouen, in preference to the more expensive route of Dover and Calais. COMET.

LITTLE ANNETTE.

LITTLE Annette! little Annette!
With your rosy cheeks and tresses of jet;

With the lashes concealing your gypsy eyes,
Meet for a king's or an emperor's prize!

Your white teeth gleaming like drifted snow,
Or shining like pearls in a well-laid row;

Little Annette! little Annette!
I hear the ring of your laughter yet.

Little Annette! darling Annette!
Only a year has flown, and yet,

Ere you could melt the snow with your breath,
A messenger came, and his name was Death!

Little Annette! darling Annette!
Never your face can I forget.

Listen! The angels are calling yet
Over the pine-trees, "Little Annette!"

BABY AND BABY'S NURSE.

HOW closely soever woman may find shut against her certain avenues of human endeavor, she has been left in undisputed possession of one field for the display of her energies. In one department of skill it hath not pleased the lords of creation to compete with the weaker sex. As a nurse, and more particularly the nurse of young infants, woman may act without let or hinderance. Compassion or necessity may, indeed, tempt some tender-hearted man to assume temporarily the functions of nurse, but let a woman approach, and how cheerfully, how gracefully, will the post of duty be resigned to her as hers of right, and as a matter of course!

It is questionable whether any avocation so speedily becomes its own reward as that of nursing a young infant. That nurse must be indeed bereft of every feeling of sentiment who does not feel a little nearer heaven while contemplating the innocence of her young charge, whose very helplessness makes so strong an appeal to the tenderness of her nature. Love seems spontaneously to spring up in the heart of a nurse toward her nursling, and I have heard a humble old negro woman declare that she could never again undertake the office, because it was too painful to her to give up her babies, as she was compelled to do in changing her employers. How instinctive is the prompting to cherish whatever is younger and weaker than ourselves is strikingly demonstrated in the case of children themselves. In a large family with slender means it is beautiful to see with what open-hearted rejoicing a new baby is welcomed. How protectingly and admiringly do the little band hover around the youngest and tenderest of them all! By-the-way, such tender mercies may be cruel, as was witnessed the other day in my friend's family, when, upon occasion of nurse having unwarily turned her back, little Sadie, three years old, was found stuffing her baby sister's mouth with her own dinner, consisting of chicken and rice, wedging it in with a large silver fork. *Il n'importe.* The prompting love was all the same. With what an air of conscious superiority and benignity Jemmie, who can just totter alone, looks down upon "'ittle sissie" in arms!

And who shall say how mighty are the deeds to spring from these budding germs of benevolence? Let them swell those buds of brotherly kindness, shielded by the fostering care of parental watchfulness! In the after-struggle to come with the selfishness of the world memories of the disinterested affection poured forth to bless our childhood will invest us with a panoply of faith in the charities of our race strong enough to withstand many an onset of temptation urging us not to believe in any good.

The attractiveness of the theme has beguiled us into generalities, when we meant to confine ourselves to a few specific directions for the treatment of new-born babies.

The very first charge to give a nurse is to remember that, small though the little creatures are, they still must breathe. Do not cover the baby's face, as is yet the manner of some nurses. Accustom a child from the first to inhale fresh air, taking the precaution to protect the top and back of the head, so as to be shielded from exposure to draughts of air. So simple a direction may seem trivial, but the following occurrence, happening under the writer's own observation, proves that it may not be wholly superfluous. Two uncommonly intelligent ladies, calling upon the mother of an infant two weeks old, expressed a wish to see the child. The mother, being called away, left them, and when she returned to the bedside found that the ladies had drawn the blankets so closely that in a few more minutes there would have been no further need for care: the little creature was well-nigh smothered.

Careful tenderness is the next requisite for a nurse to possess. Gentleness may be cultivated. The mere rough handling of a baby's feeble frame may cause discomfort amounting to pain. Be gentle in touch, if you would nurse successfully. Have you never seen a crying child soothed and hushed by a mere transfer from the arms of one person to those of another more gentle and motherly?

Remember to keep the baby warm. Colic, that scourge of the first month of babyhood, may be in great measure warded off by simply observing to maintain the baby's body at proper temperature. Especially guard the feet from cold. A baby kept always dry and warm will seldom be troubled with colic.

Washing and dressing baby is *the* important event of the day to a young mother, and no trifling duty is it to perform. Let the nurse choose an hour when she may uninterruptedly go through her task, a place where her charge shall not be exposed to cold. Use tepid water, so as to occasion no shock to the child, and submerge the whole body as soon as the navel is perfectly healed. Let the process be as rapid as is consistent with thoroughness, and rub well with a soft towel until reaction is produced. Every piece of clothing, after being well aired and warmed, should be arranged in its proper order and hung near by, so as to be put on without delay or running about from place to place with the naked child in one's arms (as is often done) to procure essentials that should all have been provided beforehand. Dip a clean linen rag in water before proceeding to do the rest of the washing, and wipe off thoroughly the coating of curdled milk adhering to the tongue, gums, and roof of the mouth. By a daily attention to this direction all danger of thrush is removed.

Secure the clothes firmly, but by inserting two fingers between the flannel band and child's body, as you are pinning it on, make sure of not fastening it too tightly. Use as few pins as possible, but let the few that are indispensable be large: they are less apt to slip and stick in the child.

Do not feed a baby every time it cries, but aim to have regular hours for giving it nourishment. Three hours is a good interval to allow between the meals, but be certain that the supply is adequate to the infant's wants at those times. Underfed children will be fretful; overfed children will be sickly. No directions, however explicit, can supply the lack of constant, unremitting watchfulness on the part of a nurse. Mother-love fortunately does not often need a reminder, yet even such love can not always take the place of experience. She, then, is not a wise mother who does not gladly avail herself of hints meant to aid her in the discharge of her important if lowly task of striving in the first days of infancy to lay those foundations of vigorous, robust health that are the best mere earthly blessing that can be bequeathed to man.

USEFUL RECIPES.

RICH WEDDING FRUIT CAKE.—To one pound of flour, put ten eggs, a pound of sugar, a pound of butter, two pounds of raisins, one pound of currants, three-quarters of a pound of citron, three-quarters of a pound of blanched almonds cut up, a large nutmeg, a dessert-spoonful of pounded mace, and a gill of French brandy or wine. To produce the rich dark color so much admired in this kind of cake use brown sugar, but especially brown the flour. Attend to preparing with nicety each fruit separately. Beat whites and yolks of eggs very light, and separately. Flour the fruits, and lastly, bake in a *steady* slow oven, and the recipe can not fail.

ITALIAN CAKE.—Into two tea-cupfuls of sifted flour stir in well one tea-spoonful of cream of tartar; beat with the yolks of five eggs until perfectly light two tea-cupfuls of sand sugar; then add slowly the grated rind and juice of one large lemon, and lightly beat in the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs. In five table-spoonfuls of cold water mix well half a tea-spoonful of soda, and add just as the cake goes into the oven. Bake in two tins exactly of a size, with upright sides, "brick shape." Beat as ordinary icing (allowing ten tea-spoonfuls of flour sugar to the white of one egg) the whites of two eggs; when stiff enough, stir in the rind of one and juice of two oranges, and spread between the cakes.

Stiff brown paper should always be kept around cake to exclude the air. The same piece of paper can be used a long time, and it is better than each time procuring a fresh piece, as a piece used once or twice becomes greasy, and does not absorb any more from the cake. Wrap the cake well in the paper before putting it in the cake-box.

In using porcelain kettles, when fruit, etc., sticks to the bottom, put in warm ashes, and cover with cold water; let it remain a few minutes, pour off, and wash; if not clean the first time, soak again, and longer.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Pay of Lawyers and Painters.—Making Eyes.—After the Ball.—A dismal Dinner-Party.

THE luck of the Whigs in the distribution of patronage is proverbial, but so many bishoprics and high legal offices it has probably never been any minister's lot to give away as have chanced to Mr. Gladstone. The Lord Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas and a Vice-Chancellorship—the pay of the one being seven thousand pounds a year, and that of the other five thousand—have "fallen in" this week. The Attorney-General, "silver-tongued" Coleridge, has decided to accept the former post, but not without considerable hesitation, which suggests what sums per annum lawyers must needs make in this happy land! The Attorney-Generalship (which is not, however, a permanency, its possessor going out with the ministry) was computed lately at £8000,* and yet that officer is allowed to practice on his private account; unless that latter point was conceded, it was urged that no barrister with a good business would be induced to take the £8000! And yet if a good author, such as Dickens, makes *his* £8000 a year, the hands of even his admirers are held up at so magnificent a success—an astonishment which, since there are not two Dickenses, seems rather anomalous.

Painters are better paid than authors, the reason of this being that the wealth of England, though very great, is in few hands, and there are no means by which a rich man can exhibit his riches so obviously as by buying pictures; moreover, since this personal wealth is ever increasing, the buying of pictures, no matter at how extravagant a price, is in the end a good investment. For instance, the purchaser of Millais's "Chill October," the late Mr. Benyon, who gave, I believe, £3000 for it, may be said to have lost £150 a year by its possession; but it might be sold to-morrow for £5000. For the unsold pictures of Sir Edwin Landseer—or, in other words, for the sweepings of his studio—an eminent picture dealer has just offered £50,000.

At the rear of the late Duke of Bedford's house, in Kensington, built for a "beloved object," whose untimely death, it is said, hastened that of his grace, Mr. Millais is now building a mansion for himself, for the mere ground of which that fortunate artist has given seven thousand pounds. Compared with such rewards as these, how scanty are the gains of the poor authors! How moderate—I will not say inadequate—are the few thousand pounds a year that even the *best* of writers receives for his *gossip!*

There are, however, even worse trades than literature—at all events, in Paris. At the famous artificial eye manufactory in that city—where four hundred eyes are made per week, besides the enormous quantity of eyes that the fair Parisians make at their victims—there is a gentleman kept in the show-room for this queer purpose: he has but one eye himself, and in the socket of the other it is his mission to place eyes—brown, blue, and black—in order that intending purchasers may judge of the general effect! I would just as soon be an author (if not sooner), and have my book criticised by the *Saturday Review*, as undertake such employment. I am told that even "wicked eyes" are sold that wink at the approach of beauty, but this may be an exaggeration; the artificiality, however, of none of these eyes can be detected, unless a fly happens to settle upon it, and a certain insect-deterrent polish is employed to avert this catastrophe.

Ever since the publication of those dreadful articles on the "girl of the period" a stream of scandal has set in against the husband-hunters. This is the latest and worst: A young lady who had set her heart upon, or, let us say, who had resolved to marry at all hazards, a young gentleman of fortune much given to horseflesh, was staying under the same roof with him in a great country-house. She left nothing undone to conciliate his affections, and is even said to have taken beer at breakfast, instead of coffee, because of his very pronounced attachment to malt liquors. She went to a hunt ball, and having danced him down there, was not a little exhausted herself in consequence. The next morning, feeling rather unwell, and having lit on a MS. work of his, corresponding to what would have been an album in a youth of a literary turn, she came upon this useful recipe: "*A Diet Drink after the Ball.*—Take of rue two handfuls; roots of madder and sharp-pointed dock, each four ounces; guiacum wood and sassafras wood, of each two ounces. Boil them in four pints of stale beer; then strain off, and give it lukewarm." She concocted this, and had even begun to sip it, when a dear young friend, who fortunately did not happen to be her rival, expressed a doubt whether this "diet after the ball" might not refer to some equine patient—a horse, instead of a human being—as, in point of fact, it did. It had its effect, however, for her cavalier was so touched by this proof of her devoted trustfulness that he consented to be put in double harness.

A dreary dinner-party is not unusual even "in the best circles," but surely none ever came up for dismalness to that which M. Rabelles, the French artist, is said to have given the other day in Paris. Twenty years ago, it seems, he was a member of a delightful coterie of thirteen—itself an unlucky number—which included Alfred de Musset, Théophile Gautier, and other celebrities in literature or art. Year by year these friends always dined together on a certain day, and as they died off, the chairs for the whole number were still set as usual, as though in despite of death. But this year all had left the sunshine for "the sunless land" except the old artist, who, at eighty-four, dined with the twelve empty chairs around him, and nothing but the memories of the dead, the sorrowful echoes of the jests that had once set the table in a roar, for his companions! If his appetite did not fail him, I envy M. Rabelles his constitution, both of mind and body. R. KEMBLE, of London.

* This £8000 a year is paid for what is called "non-contentious" business, *i. e.*, for merely giving advice to the Crown; if the case has to be contended, the Attorney-General is paid extra.

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Little Kate Kirby," "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," etc., etc.

Book the First.

REUBEN CULWICK.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

REUBEN CULWICK did not wait to hear any more, but ran at his utmost speed to the end of the street in the hope of overtaking the little feet that he thought might have strayed in the direction of the market-gardens where he had been accustomed to take her. But there was no sign of his adopted girl, and we may say at once that Reuben never saw her in Hope Street again. As suddenly as she had crossed his life, bettering and brightening it as by a strange influence for good, so suddenly did she pass away, leaving not a trace behind by which to follow her.

When he came back to Hope Lodge, baffled and heart-sick, when to all the inquiries which he made there was only one answer returned, that no one had seen poor Tots, the stern consciousness came to him that he had lost her—that the little daughter, friend, companion, would never again be as sunshine to his home. He did not betray his thoughts; he went on with his search; he expressed a confidence in her discovery that he did not realize. He "billed" every dead-wall in Camberwell with his "Rewards;" he gave all the information that he had to impart to the police; he attended at the police court to state her case before a magistrate, and to get the facts into the newspapers; but Tots returned not, and every effort was in vain. One or two scraps of information, real or false, came to the front to bewilder him, but there was no real clew obtained. A woman in the street had seen a well-dressed gentleman stooping and talking to a little golden-haired child in the Camberwell Road, and upon her asking what was the matter, she remembered the gentleman saying that the little girl had strayed from home, but that he was going to take her back again, as the child had told him where she lived; but whether this was Tots or not it was impossible to prove, and the woman begged so hard for remuneration for coming to Hope Lodge that Reuben believed she had invented the story.

In three weeks' time Reuben Culwick had learned to despair. He did not know how much he had loved the child till the house was destitute of her presence, and the little chair stood empty in the corner, and he could only look at it through his tears. Sometimes he wished that she had died, and that he had seen her buried, rather than have lost her thus, and be left to wonder where she was, and in whose hands. He became a grave man, who did not care for intrusion on his thoughts, and who resented it with bitterness. He sat in his room and brooded on the mystery; he left his desk unopened for days together; he tried to read, and failed; and when a strange stroke of good luck—in its little way—came to him, he took it grimly as a man whose spirits misfortune had crushed out. The novel which had drifted into many hands had found a patron at last, and the sum of twenty-five pounds was offered for it, the publisher taking on himself all risk. It was not a large sum, but it was more than Reuben had calculated upon, possibly more than he had been in possession of since his quarrel with his father, more than of late days he had thought the book worth. He accepted the terms, and pocketed his money, which did not make his heart lighter; he had rather have seen Tots back than his first novel in all the glory of paper and print, and that is saying an immense deal for this young man's love for the child.

Three weeks had passed, we repeat, and they were like three years to Reuben Culwick. His second cousin was getting well then, although coming back to strength with slow degrees; and he was glad of that, if he showed but little sign of rejoicing in those dull days. The loss of one *protégée* appeared to have weakened his interest in another, although he was always kind to Sarah Eastbell. John Jennings and his sister he had not forgiven in his heart; he attributed the loss of Tots to their want of ordinary care, and when, on one occasion, Lucy would have sermonized upon his trouble, he turned upon her with words of acrimony which she never afterward

forgot. In her own way she was sorry for the child's loss too; but he did not believe it, and he told her that she had never liked her, and was glad that she was gone, and that at all events he would not have any homily or sympathy from her.

The three weeks had turned, and the fourth week had commenced with work on the *Trumpet* that there was no setting aside—which was all the better for Reuben at that time, and took him out of himself—when Sarah Eastbell found strength to walk down stairs, supported by Miss Jennings on one side and by Reuben on the other. The two who had rescued Sarah from danger had each a share in her first great step toward convalescence. Reuben had been anxious to place his own room at her disposal, but Lucy Jennings had interfered at once.

"No, that won't do," she had said; "she must keep with me and John until she returns to Worcester."

"I am not going to be in it."

"How's that?" asked Lucy.

He had always objected to be questioned, and he was disposed to be harsh and irritable at times now.

"Because I shall be a hundred miles away," he added, sharply.

"On business?"

"Yes."

"I am glad that you are beginning to work again," she said, very meekly.

"Why?"

"You are always at your best when you are most busy."

He did not reply, though her soft answers surprised him not a little. It was only when he was in high spirits that she was full of acerbity; in his trouble she was a gentle woman enough. They were like the two figures in the child's weather-house, and only one could come into the light at a time.

They took Sarah Eastbell down stairs, and there she said to Reuben,

"This is one step closer to Worcester, cousin."

"Yes," answered Reuben; "you and I will be marching side by side into St. Oswald's presently."

Which they never did.

When he had left for town, and for his instructions from the *Trumpet*, Sarah turned quickly to Lucy—

"He is better to-day. The old self is coming back that made him so dear a man."

"Don't say that," cried Lucy; "don't let a man know at any time that any one thinks he's dear to any body."

Sarah laughed at this inelegant summing up, and Lucy added, sententiously, "It would spoil the best of men."

The next day Sarah was well enough to be of use a little, and she volunteered her services to John Jennings, who was still at work for the Saxe-Gotha. He had not done well with Mr. Splud, in whom he still had a certain amount of faith, despite the fallacy of many promises; but the public came on fine nights to see the fireworks, and Mr. Splud doled out a sovereign now and then, and kept the pyrotechnist going—that is, going a little further down the hill each week.

Sarah found that she could manage "the lengths" better than John Jennings, and the long pipe-like strips, which were filled with a thin vein of gunpowder, and were afterward twisted into a variety of shapes, grew under her hands more rapidly than under Three-fingered Jack's. John Jennings was struck with this rapidity, and pondered over it. An odd idea that had been in his head some days took action upon it also. He was an amazingly slow man as a rule, but he went off like one of his own rockets after Sarah had been assisting him for a week, and Reuben was back again and oscillating in the old fashion between Camberwell and town. Sarah was stronger then; she had walked round the garden once that day before beginning work.

"You are very handy, Sarah," John said, dreamily regarding her, and leaving off his work to observe her more attentively. "It is astonishing how quickly you have taken to the business."

"If I am of assistance, I am glad."

"What a comfort you would be to a man a week or two before November, when he doesn't know which way to turn!"

"Why November?"

"Guy Fawkes season."

"Oh!" said Sarah; "I shall be a long way from here before November."

John Jennings was about to say something very quickly in reply, but he paused and stared at her instead. Suddenly he got up, unlocked his cupboard, and refreshed himself with a small glass of whisky behind the cupboard door, which he kept well between Sarah and the bottle. Lucy was up stairs setting Reuben's room to rights, and there was a fair field before him.

"You are not obliged to go away without you like," he said, as he came back and sat down.

"Oh yes, I am."

"You are very handy," he said again, "and I'm not so old as you fancy by a good many years, and you are quite a young woman. When you are well and strong, we might make a match of it, Sarah. Why not?"

"Good gracious!" said Sarah Eastbell.

It was her first offer, and she took it with a fair amount of philosophy, despite her weakness. She was more astonished than confused, although there was a flickering of color for an instant on her cheeks.

"I don't want you to hurry over it," he continued, confidentially, "or to tell Lucy any thing about it yet, or even to drop a hint to your cousin Reuben."

"They are my two best friends."

"Yes, exactly; but till you have made up your mind, I wouldn't. It will save a deal of bother."

"But I have quite made up my mind never to marry, thank you, Mr. Fireworks."

"Mr. Jennings," he said, correcting her; "artist in fire-works, which are very profitable things."

"I hope they are, for your sake," said Sarah, anxious to soften her refusal as much as possible, "and that you will make your fortune by them presently. And if you will never talk like this again—for it is great nonsense, isn't it?—I will not speak of it to any one."

"Thank you, it might be as well," said John, beginning his work again; "but it was on my mind, and I thought that I would mention it."

"It was not worth mentioning to a poor bit of a thing like me, who has hardly got back to life."

"Wasn't it, though?" said Mr. Jennings. "I think it was. And you are not a poor bit of a thing, but growing a very fine young woman, by degrees."

"Oh, Sir, please don't."

"And you are very handy at the lengths, and so pleasant and good-tempered over them, and Lucy seems to like you so much, and to be less disagree—to be so much happier, I mean," he added, quickly, "with you in the house."

"What a good woman she is!" added Sarah, striving hard for a divergence, feeling half disposed to laugh, and then to cry.

"Yes, awfully good, isn't she? She's hardly my style," he added, in his confidential tone again, "but some people would be very fond of her. She's brisk, you see."

"Yes," said Sarah, "and thoughtful, and industrious, and good."

"You said good before," replied John; "but she is not lively—she does not brighten up a place as you do."

"If you are going to say any thing more about me, Mr. Jennings, I must find my way up stairs. I'm very weak," she pleaded; "I can't bear to hear you talk in this way."

"I have done talking," said Jennings; "don't go. Lucy will be sure to ask what you have come up stairs for, and worm all the truth out of you. I haven't offended you?"

"No, I am not offended."

"I haven't jumped at this in a hurry. Ever since you have been here I have been thinking how forlorn you'll be when the old lady dies at Worcester—how lonely I shall be when Lucy marries and goes away."

"Is she likely to marry soon?"

"I sometimes fancy that your cousin Reuben and she understand each other."

"That must be wrong," replied Sarah, decisively. "I don't think she likes Reuben much."

"You are a bad judge, Sarah. You didn't think I liked *you* much."

"Oh, you are not coming round again to that foolish subject!" cried Sarah.

"No—only to say that I do like you, and that weeks ago I sent up my shells and maroons from the Saxe-Gotha with only half the quantity of bang in them, lest they should be too noisy for you when you were lying ill here. Wasn't that love?"

"That was considerate; but—"

"Shop!"

"A customer!" cried John Jennings, very much astonished. "Bless my soul, so there is!"

John Jennings peered over the little wire blind that screened the back parlor from vulgar gaze, and when he had regarded the customer sufficiently he went into the shop, and faced him behind the grimy counter.

"What can I have the pleasure of showing you, Sir?" he said, politely.

"Is this Hope Lodge?" was the query in reply.

"This is Hope Lodge, Sir. Jennings's."

"Ah, I'm wrong;" and the big man walked slowly and ponderously toward the door again.

"There is only one Hope Lodge in the street," John called after him. The broad pair of shoulders of the new-comer had blocked up the doorway in the act of exit, but there was a pause, and then the heavy face revolved once more in the direction of the pyrotechnist.

"Do you know any one in the street of the name of Culwick?" he asked, gruffly.

"Reuben Culwick?" inquired John.

"Yes, that is the name."

"He lives here, Sir."

"Then why the devil didn't you tell me so, instead of blinking your eyelids at me?" shouted the man, so fiercely that John Jennings backed against a gross of rocket sticks, and brought them rattling to the floor.

"This is the first time you have mentioned the name. Is it any thing from the *Trumpet?*"

"Trumpet—whose trumpet?"

"Ah, I see you don't know," said John, laughing a little. "It doesn't matter. Mr. Culwick is not at home."

"When will he be home?"

"I can't say, Sir, really."

"You don't seem able to say any thing sensibly," said the impolite stranger; "but I may take it that Reuben Culwick lives in this den."

"You may take it or leave it, for the matter of that, Sir," said John, put out by the man's observations. "Den, indeed!" he muttered.

"Can't you keep a civil tongue in your head?" was the next question.

"Can't you?" was the rejoinder.

The white face took purplish hues of indignation, and a thick yellow stick, with a big gold knob at the top, like a door-handle, vibrated ominously in the hand of its owner. John Jennings stood a little farther back from his side of the counter, and kept an eye on the irritable stranger.

"Do you know who I am?" the new-comer said, pompously. "Have you any idea whom you are addressing?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"I am Reuben Culwick's father."

"The deuce you are!" ejaculated John Jennings. "Oh, good gracious! Lord help us! What a wonderful thing that you should come here! What will he say?—what will Lucy say?—what will he do?—what shall we all do? Will you call again, Sir?—will you walk in?—will you have a drop of *Trumpet?* and shall I send to the whisky office for him, and tell him that you are waiting? Excuse me, Mr. Culwick, but I feel a little faint." And the pyrotechnist leaned against his back shelves, and clutched his forehead.

"You are not quite right in your head, young man," said Mr. Culwick senior, stolidly regarding him. "Isn't there any one more sensible on the premises, to whom I can intrust a message?"

"Oh yes, Sir, one or two," said John, modestly. "Will you please to do us the honor of stepping inside?"

He opened the parlor door, and Simon Culwick, of Sedge Hill, reflected for a moment, with his bushy eyebrows closing over his eyes. Then he followed Mr. Jennings into the parlor, where his grandniece, whom he had never seen, was still working busily at the "lengths."

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. CULWICK SHOWS HIS WEAKNESS.

SIMON CULWICK walked into the parlor and sat down, crossing two big hands (on which glittered half a dozen diamond rings) upon his stick. John Jennings closed the door, and while standing with his back toward it contrived to lock it and slip the key into his coat tails. Reuben's father was captured; he must not leave till Lucy had seen him or Reuben had come back, and he would make sure of him, at least, till he had stepped up stairs and told Lucy what a distinguished guest was waiting in the parlor.

"I'll send my sister down to you, Sir, at once. You'll find that she can talk to you better than I can," he said, before disappearing up the staircase, which came into the room inelegantly.

Simon Culwick muttered something that might have passed for assent by any one of an imaginative turn of mind, and then moved his head to and fro, as a mechanical figure might have done, and took stock of the home upon which he had intruded. The broad face retained its expression or stolidity, although there were little quiverings of the eyelids that seemed to suggest some faint interest, or some passing surprise, in things which came beneath his notice; the poverty, for instance, that was apparent in the worn furniture and the old floor-cloth, from which the pattern had been scuffled years ago; the pale-faced lanky girl working at something which reminded him of macaroni unduly developed; the intensely black hue of the ceiling, the cracked condition of the looking-glass upon the mantel-piece, and the murkiness and obscurity of a dull old picture hanging by a half-frayed blind-cord above it. He was a man of observation, though he took in every thing with extraordinary slowness and gravity, as though he preferred his ideas to filter through his brain. He did nothing in a hurry; he had done nothing in a hurry for years, with the exception of flying into a passion at the opposition that encountered him at times, despite the respect and reverence to which his wealth should have entitled him.

Sarah Eastbell, ignorant of the visitor's name and position, glanced furtively at her great-uncle when she was sure that he was not looking at her, and thought what an overgrown and ugly man he was, and wondered why he was so pale, and whether even in his own heart he could imagine that those big slabs of iron-gray whiskers—pork-chop whiskers—were any ornaments to his exterior man. There had been high words in the shop between the visitor and Mr. Jennings; there was money to pay away, and Mr. Jennings had gone up stairs to find it, or, failing in his search, to send down his sister to explain the necessity of calling again. In her father's time she remembered very vividly rencontres of this character. This heavy gentleman with the broad face was the poor-rate, or the water-rate, or the man who meant to cut the gas off, and he was not going to stand any more of Mr. Jennings's nonsense. Then the glitter of the jewelry upon the fat fingers attracted her, and she thought he could hardly be the "rates;" he must be a Jew broker come to bid for the furniture, or to cart it away on account of the payments not having been punctually kept up.

Suddenly his deep voice bayed forth at her and startled her.

"What do you want for it?" he said; and she looked at him now, and discovered that he was staring at the picture above the looking-glass.

"For that, Sir?" she answered. "I don't think that it's for sale."

"What's the good of it up there?"

"I don't know, Sir."

"Nor any one else," he said, scornfully. "The gas and smoke and flies have made a mass of dirt of it."

"It's not dirt—Miss Jennings scrubbed it last Saturday," replied Sarah, in defense of the family cleanliness.

"Scrubbed it!" cried Mr. Simon Culwick, betraying extraordinary animation now.

"Yes—with soap and water."

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated Mr. Culwick.

He was utterly amazed and thrown off his guard. The sudden announcement of the death of his son would not have prostrated him half as much; he breathed with difficulty, and the eyes in his head seemed more than ever disposed to come out of it. "This was an exceedingly funny old gentleman," thought Sarah Eastbell.

Suddenly he composed himself, and all his excitement sank a long way within him, and left him as heavy as before, even a trifle sleepy, if Sarah might judge by the drooping character of the thick eyebrows.

"Soap and water are not the best things for pictures," he said, in a low growl, "although it smartens them up a little. But that's a poor daub, which nothing would hurt a great deal."

Sarah thought so too, but did not answer. Mr. Culwick looked round the room again, and gazed thoughtfully out of window at the distant summer-house, its acute angle toward total ruin interesting him a little. Suddenly the white face was upturned toward the painting again.

"If it were ever so good, it would spoil up there," he said.

"Indeed, Sir?"

"I might make a bid for it before I went away, bad as it is, if your brother would not mind taking it down presently," he continued. "It's impossible to make out what it is like up there."

"It's a girl's head, I think."

"It might as well be a sheep's," growled Mr. Culwick. "Can't you get it down now before your brother comes?"

"He is not my brother—only one of those who have been kind to me in this house."

"Oh! they are kind people here, then?" he inquired, still looking at the picture.

"Very good, and very kind."

"And very rich," he added, scornfully, and with not too much good taste.

"No, Sir; very poor. That makes their kindness and their goodness all the more grateful to me," she said, thoughtfully, "and all the more precious to God."

"Eh—what?" said the big man, taken aback by the sudden earnestness with which his companion spoke.

"And if you have come to do them a bad turn, I—I—hope you'll think about it twice, Sir," cried Sarah, leaning forward, with the tears swimming in her eyes, "for they are honest, hard-working people, and deserving of your charity."

"I have nothing to give them," he said, very firmly, in reply.

"If you have nothing to take away from them, that will do. They only wish to be left alone, to have time given them to turn round."

"Oh, do they?" and once more the eyes glanced up at the picture which had attracted so much of his attention, and even weakened the motive force that had moved this huge mass of man's flesh to Hope Street, Camberwell. "Does Mr. Reuben Culwick want time to turn round too?"

"He, Sir!" exclaimed Sarah, with a musical little laugh. "Why, no."

"I wish he did; he would be more tractable and respectful," muttered the father to himself.

"Mr. Reuben Culwick is a gentleman," cried Sarah, full of eloquence now—"a real born gentleman, the son of the richest man in Worcester."

"Has he told you that?" said Simon Culwick, with more eagerness.

"No; but I know it for myself. I have lived for some time in Worcester, where Reuben's father is well known."

"I should think he was!" said the other, conceitedly.

"He is not a gentleman like the son is—not a bit of a gentleman—but a proud, hard man, without a morsel of love for his own boy."

"You must have had all this stuff from Reuben. He talks against his father all day here, I see."

"He never mentions his name. Once, when I spoke of his father, he was very angry with me."

"And who are you?" he rejoined.

"A poor girl whom he tried to rescue from the streets—his second cousin—very much below him in the world, who was first afraid of him and doubtful of him, but who has learned to love him very much for all his kindness. If I am ever saved," she cried, enthusiastically—"and Lucy thinks I shall be—it will be Cousin Reuben who led me to the light, when there was nothing but darkness about my awful life. He want time to turn round!" she cried, scornfully. "Why, he's above all help from mortal man, Sir!"

"He saved you, and you are his second cousin. What's your name?" he said, sharply.

"Sarah Eastbell."

"The girl who tried to pass bad money down in Worcester?"

"Ah!—yes! That's true, Sir, most of it."

"But not all of it," said the thin, hard voice of Lucy Jennings, who had come down stairs noiselessly; "there was no guilty knowledge. The money was given her to pass by a scoundrel."

"It is the usual story; every one trumps up that excuse."

"Her story will be believed; it has been already believed," said Lucy.

"I don't care whether it is or not. It is no business of mine," replied Simon Culwick.

"Yes, it is," said Miss Jennings, flatly contradicting him, to his indignation and surprise; "for that child is your sister's granddaughter, and you have the honor of your family to consider."

"Confusion!" exclaimed Mr. Culwick, his face darkening as he spoke. "What's the honor of my family to me? I can't look after it; I don't know any thing of my sister's relations; to my own sister I haven't spoken for years. Hasn't my son Reuben told you that? He seems to have kept you well posted up in my affairs."

"Your son has not told us much; his mother, who died in this house, was more communicative."

He started at the mention of his wife's name.

"Ay; I don't doubt it."

The bushy brows were knitted again ominously, and there was a suppressed emotion in his voice which he found it difficult to disguise, and which Lucy Jennings was quick enough to detect. She did not address him again, but took a seat near Sarah Eastbell, and left him to himself. He was a sufficient study for her, without

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breaking in upon his reverie. He was worth watching, and thinking about. A word from this man could change the whole future of another man's life—lift Reuben Culwick from respectable indigence to riches—set him apart from this narrow sphere forever. What had he come for but to clasp his son to that broad chest, and offer his forgiveness and forgetfulness for all the past wherein they had not agreed? This was the return visit to Reuben's at Sedge Hill some weeks ago; the old man was lonely, and remembered at last that his own flesh and blood had stronger claims upon him than the rest of the world. And yet she did not like his face; the more she looked at it the less she liked it, and him to whom it belonged. It was an apathetic and yet miserable face, into which no one would look for charity or brotherly love; there was a poverty of expression in it that said very little; and there was an arrogance, or self-conceit, or something akin to it, that said too much.

His head began to move again amidst the creases of his thick black stock in his old mechanical fashion, and the eyes were upturned to the picture once more.

"Do you want to sell that thing?" he said to Lucy.

"What thing?"

"That old painting over the looking-glass."

"Is it worth any thing?" asked Lucy, curiously.

"A couple of pounds, perhaps, if it were touched up. I would not mind giving a couple of pounds for it, as a speculation."

"It's worth considering," said Lucy.

Mr. Culwick regarded Miss Jennings with more interest.

"I'll take it away with me, if you like," he said; and Lucy Jennings looked hard at him.

"My father used to talk of that picture," said Lucy; "but when I tried to sell it, there was only five shillings offered at Jones's."

"About its value; but still I don't mind a couple of sovereigns."

"It isn't mine to sell."

"What—whose picture is it, then?"

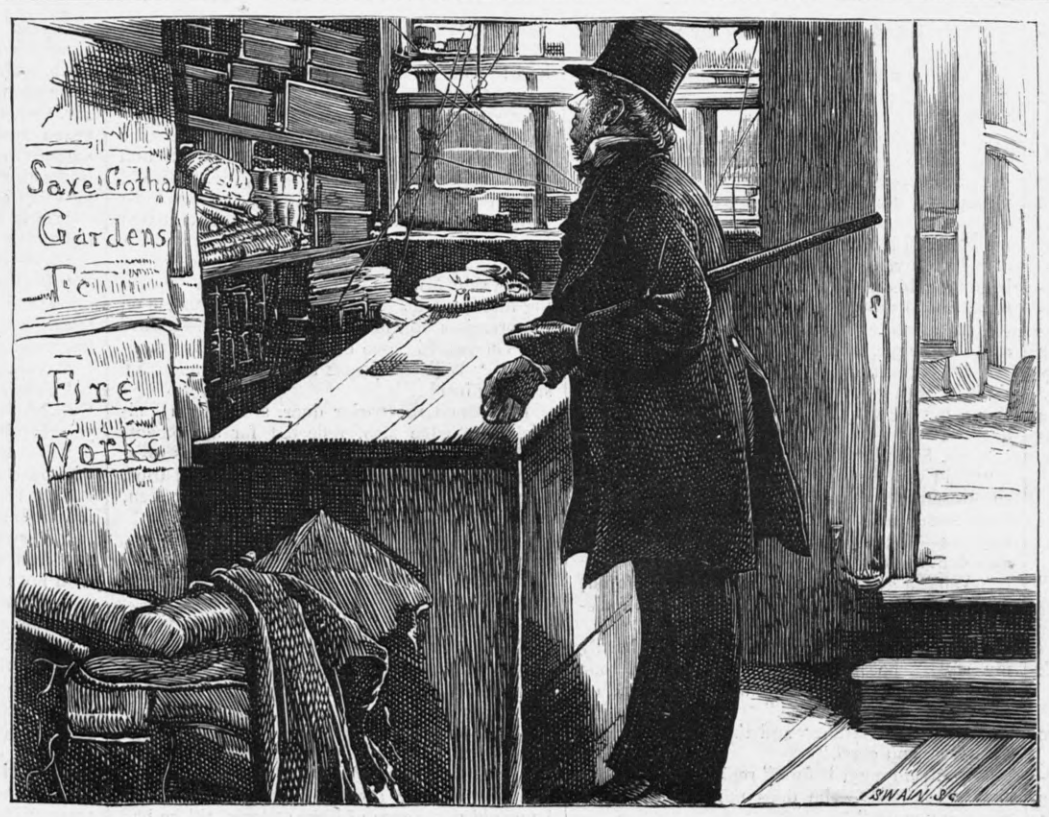
"My brother John's."

"Will he part with it for two pounds?"

"He would part with his soul for two pounds, almost," said Lucy, acrimoniously.

Mr. Culwick relapsed into silence, and Lucy looked at the picture instead of at him, as if curious to see where the gentleman had discovered two pounds' worth of value in the article. Presently he said,

"Where is your brother?"



"SHOP!"

"Busy," said Lucy.

"Can't he take it down—can't you get it?" he went on, with anxiety. "I'm too heavy to stand on these shaky chairs, or I would reach it down myself."

The love of the man for pictures seemed affecting his mind, he woke up to so much interest and anxiety concerning John Jennings's one specimen. He had met with a surprise here, and it had taken the thoughts of his son out of his head, till Lucy recalled him to himself.

"If you will go up stairs to your son's room, and wait for him, I will bring the picture to you," said Lucy.

"Doesn't he live with you? Has he apartments here?"

"To be sure. You did not think that he shared our troubles as well as his own, and made our home and our lives part of his?"

"I have never thought about it," was the short answer.

He thought of little save himself, Lucy Jennings fancied, and she was about to tell him so, with that charming outspokenness which was one of her most forcible traits of character, when she restrained her tongue.

"Where's his room?" asked Mr. Culwick, after this.

"The first-floor front; up those stairs," Lucy answered.

Mr. Culwick rose at once, and toiled with difficulty up the stairs like a man anxious to be rid of objectionable company. He went into his son's room, where the appointments surprised him by contrast with the room which he had quitted; where there was evidence of comfort, if not of luxury, and where there were many shelves of books. He walked to the table, and looked down at the letters and papers; he walked to the window, and looked out into Hope Street; he walked to the mantel-piece, and peered, in a short-sighted way, at a photograph, from which he suddenly bobbed his head back as though he had been stung. It was the portrait of his wife, reverently enshrined in a gold frame. There was a huge arm-chair in the room, into which he cautiously lowered himself, and set his hat by his side; but he rose with the alacrity of youth again as Lucy came in with the picture in her hand.

"I am glad you have got it down. Great Heaven, what a state it is in!" he said, taking it from her hands. "You have rubbed it most infernally."

"I hope it will amuse you till your son returns," said Lucy, "and I give him the good news that you are waiting for him."

"Good news!" said the other, in an ironical tone, as he stooped over the picture still.

"It will be good news, surely," said Lucy; "for you have come to this house in a contrite spirit."

"In a what?"

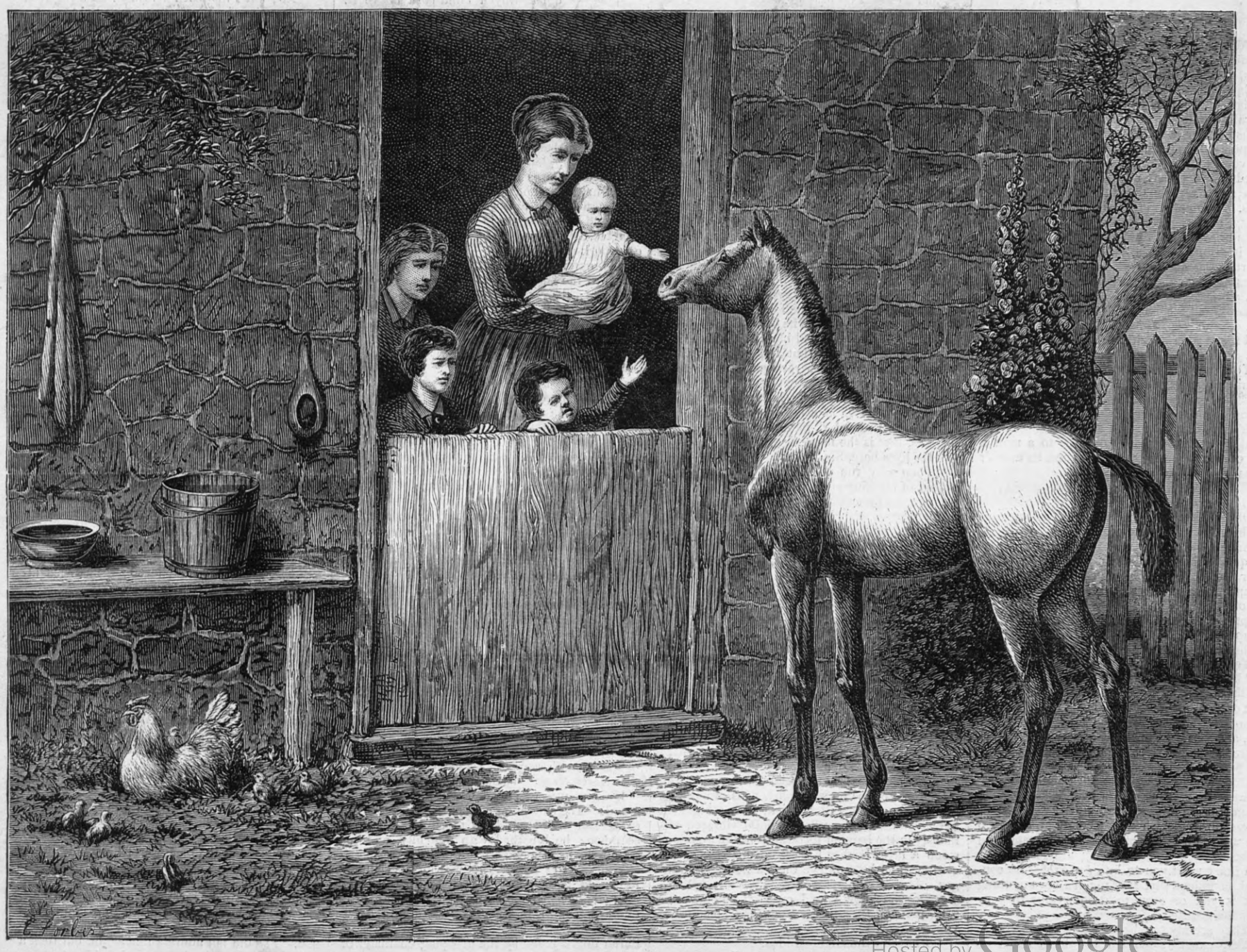
"In a spirit of peace and good-will—to forgive him, and to ask forgiveness in return for your own hardness of heart—to forget the past, and be friends."

"Pooh! Nothing of the sort," said Simon Culwick.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HOUSEHOLD PETS.

THEY are all here—the children, the chickens, and the pony; but just now the pony appears as the pet of the pets, which even the baby strokes fearlessly as he puts his soft nose inside the door in search of his accustomed lunch of sugar from familiar hands. Parents do well to encourage their children in that love of pets which is natural to them, and which develops gentleness and kindliness. There is no more deplorable disposition in a child than that of cruelty to animals. The boy who treats his kittens and puppies tenderly, and who always has a kind word for each bird and animal about him, is almost sure to grow up with a loving nature, which makes him beloved in turn. That Louis XV. wept when a child at the death of his pet fawn, and, as a man, looked with stolid eyes on the misery of a kingdom, only shows that exceptions prove the rule. And in like manner the household which cherishes its numerous pets is far more likely to clothe the naked and feed the hungry than that which grudges a bone for a dog or a kind word to a horse, and which regards the keeping of pets as a wasteful extravagance.



THE HOUSEHOLD PETS.

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A NUBIAN GIRL.—[FROM THE PICTURE BY EGRON LUNDGREN.]

A NUBIAN GIRL.

THIS beautiful engraving is from a picture painted in Cairo by a Swedish artist, Mr. Egron Lundgren. Cairo is much frequented by Nubians, who go thither in search of employment. The Nubians and Abyssinians are the handsomest of the African races—straight, tall, well-made, and with well-cut features. They are a mixture of Arabians and Ethiopians, and are honest, brave, and independent in nature. The women have pleasing faces and agreeable manners, without being remarkable for beauty. Nubia is a country full of interest, whose antiquities and monumental remains equal in many respects those of Egypt, with rock temples and colossal figures which fill the spectator with wonder after a lapse of three thousand years, and make him almost doubt the progress of our boasted nineteenth century.

CATARACT SCREENS.

A VERY pretty and graceful screen for the front of a grate in summer-time may be made in the following manner: Take a yard and a quarter of white tarlatan of quite coarse quality, and sew one end of it along a strip of muslin; then begin at the opposite end, and cut the whole piece into lengthwise strips three inches wide, up to the end where the muslin strip is, which thus answers the purpose of holding them all together. Next ravel out one inch on either side of these strips, leaving an inch in the centre. Let the muslin end be pressed into the flue or top of the grate, and arrange the strips so as to fall gracefully over the bars, to look as much as possible like a cataract, and the ravelings must be thrown in around the base to represent foam. If properly done, the effect is very pleasing, and will be generally admired.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. R. K.—Satin is coming into vogue again, though velvet and gros grain pipings are still preferred. Lace is very little used, though it is never out of style altogether.

T. W. D.—The black marten and lynx fur trimmings described in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 46, Vol. VI., are what you want for your cloth cloak.

IGNORAMUS.—Of course you should call on a bride after receiving an invitation to the wedding reception. That you were not invited to witness the ceremony is accounted for by the fact that this privilege is often reserved for intimate friends alone. You can afterward do as you choose about continuing the acquaintance.

J. A. P. H.—The "Ugly Girl" articles will shortly be published in book form. You can order the papers containing them from this office at ten cents each.

PARKER.—Arm-seye is the technical phraseology for armhole. We dare say that you will find many words in the vocabulary of dress-makers that are not found in Webster or Worcester, who wrote in a less advanced age than the present, and who would have to enlarge their works greatly to satisfy all the exigencies of the language of fashion.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Get light-tinted or else white gloves for the ceremony, as you are to be married without your bonnet, and let the groom get the same shade. If you wear your bonnet, thus completing your traveling suit, you should also wear dark gloves to correspond.

MINNIE.—Put rows of black Hercules braid on children's water-proofs, or else scallop the edges, and bind with braid.

MRS. M. A. W.—We have not the pattern you want.

FASHION.—The ample Dolman cloak, or else a polonaise, is the choice for winter wraps. There is such a preference for fur cloaks now that little variety or novelty is found in cloaks of other materials.

SARAH Q.—Navy blue diagonal or old-fashioned serge is the best material for an inexpensive suit this winter. You can get it for 75 cents, and it will also answer for the bride's traveling dress. Indigo blue for you and darkest myrtle green for her will be the best choice. Make a belted polonaise and English walking jacket for yourself. Your fringe is too deep. Folds, bias bands, and velveteen collars and cuffs will be enough without it.

A. D. F.—Comb your curly hair for several minutes each night, holding your head over a heated stove or register till the locks feel soft and moist. Keep the head thoroughly clean.

DORA DILL.—Little English walking jackets of diagonal cloth, made double-breasted, and edged with fur, are worn by girls of ten years.

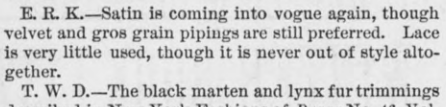
MRS. M. B. H.—We commend the demi-polonaise walking suit pattern for black silk dresses.

ANXIOUS MAMMA.—Double capes of merino, to be shortened afterward to a walking coat, is the best model for your infant's cloak. Use the demi-polonaise pattern for your plum-colored cashmere. It is a matter of taste about using black or self-colored pockets, revers, etc., on polonaises, but enormous buttons are already out of favor.

E. V. K.—Bathe the moist hands with camphor, and dust when dry with Lubin's powder or corn starch.

FLORID.—See future number of "Ugly Girl" papers.

GRACE.—Tar and olive-oil are *not* recommended as blood purifiers. They are used as an ointment for the face, melting a very small quantity of the tar in heated oil, and applying when thoroughly mixed. The proportions may be found by experiment, the mixture being like sirup when made.



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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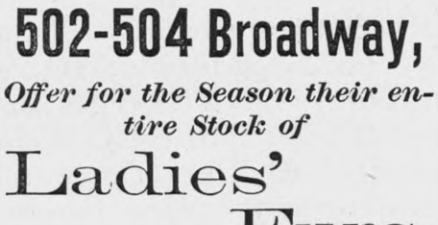

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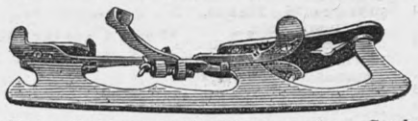

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Vol. V.

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LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER.....	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers).....	" 6
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 20
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER..	" 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old).....	" 25
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown).....	" 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old)	" 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt.....	" 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT....	" 43
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DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT.....	" 46
FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt).....	" 50

Vol. VI.

DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT	" 7
TIGHT BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.....	" 11
GIRL'S WARDROBE, Sacque, Sailor Blouse and Skirt, Basque fastened behind, Over-skirt, Low-Necked Over Dress, and Bretelle Apron (for girl from 2 to 13 years old).....	" 13
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CHATELAINE REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT.....	" 17
LOOSE FRONT DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 23
GABRIELLE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.	" 24
BLOUSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 28
LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING OR GYMNASTIC SUIT.....	" 30
PLEATED WAIST WALKING SUIT.....	" 32
DOUBLE-BREASTED JOCKEY BASQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 32
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DOUBLE-BREASTED PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron Front and Square Back Over-skirt and Long Walking Skirt.....	" 47
DOLMAN DEMI-TRAINED SUIT.....	" 48
WATER-PROOF CLOAK, with Cape and Sleeves.....	" 50
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A JOTTING FROM THE RACES.

THE FAVORITE. WINNING BY A NECK.

FACETIÆ.

POLITICAL orators in the West indulge in some high-flown asseverations in regard to their firmness of principle. The following is a moderate specimen: "Build a worm-fence around the winter's supply of summer weather, skim the clouds from the sky with a teaspoon, catch a thunder-cloud in a bladder, break a hurricane to harness, ground-sluice an earthquake, lasso an avalanche, pin a napkin on the crater of an active volcano—but never expect to see me false to my principles."

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—Ladies, this winter, will wear the same things they wore last year—if they can't buy others.

NEW PROVERB.—Train up an engine in the way it should go, and when the proper time comes it will run into another.

A man wrote to the editor of a horticultural paper, asking,

"What are the most advantageous additions to dried grasses for winter ornament?"

The editor replied, briefly:

"SIR,—*Aeroclinium roseum*, *A. alba*, *Gomphrena globosa*, and *G. globosa carnea*.

"Yours truly, THE EDITOR."

The querist answered, in a passion, that he had never been so much insulted in his life by the use of bad language.

A CONGENIAL TASTE.—It is a remarkable fact, which has hitherto escaped notice, but which will now meet with universal recognition, that dairy-men, when they take to reading, are generally found to prefer rather a milk-and-water sort of book.

A judge at Montgomery, Alabama, recently interrupted a very flowery young orator with, "Hold on! hold on, my dear Sir! Don't go any higher! You are already out of the jurisdiction of this court."

The *ultima thule* of surgery has been reached in New Haven, if we may credit a local chronicle, which tells us of a patient there who recently "had a cancer removed from her heart."

"The arrangements of Nature are admirable," exclaimed a young lady, during the late high winds. "The same wind which disarranges our dress blows dust into the eyes of the would-be observers."

An Indiana paper thus politely expresses an opinion of a judge: "He knows just about as much of law as a mule does of mineralogy—the chances being in favor of the mule."

An Ohio clergyman makes the following report of the marriage of a couple:

"The man said, 'Be short! be short!'

"I said, 'Yes, I can do it in three minutes.'

"'That's right,' he said.

"I saw that there was some little dissatisfaction on the part of the other half. I said to her, 'You don't want to have it too short?'

"'No,' she said: 'a body don't want to get herself up so for nothing.'"

A small merchant, who was not of a speculative turn, expressed his objection to marrying a bouncing widow who was of a speculative turn as regards new husbands, and himself in particular. He said if he married her his friends would always call him henceforth "the widow's mite."

Said a young man of medium size
(Quite in proportion was his brain)
To one he wished should think him wise,
And hoped her favor thus to gain:
"Were John the Baptist here below,
What gifts would you have him bestow?"

Upon her lovely speaking face
Disdain and scorn together played.
She answered him with laughing grace—
Nor did she seem at all dismayed:
"His raiment, Sir, of *camel's-hair*,
And *leathern belt* with it to wear."

RAMSBOTHAMIANA.—The Dowager Ramsbotham says her grandson is now at the university studying medicine. His course is to draw draughts, and read Cicero's Epidemics in three volumes.

MAN'S LIFE.—Some modern philosopher has given in these eleven lines the summary of life:

7 years in childhood's sport and play	7
7 years in school from day to day	14
7 years at trade or college life	21
7 years to find a place and wife	28
7 years to pleasure's follies given	35
7 years to business hardly driven	42
7 years for some wild-goose chase	49
7 years for wealth and bootless race	56
7 years for hoarding for your heir	63
7 years in weakness spent and care	70

Then die, and go you should know where.

A pleasant bit of arithmetic. The learned author says nothing about seven years' transportation, an idea that ought to have struck him in connection with seven.

A German paper contains a reply from a clergyman who was traveling, and who stopped at a hotel much frequented by wags and jokers. The host, not being used to have a clergyman at his table, looked at him with surprise; the guests used all their artillery of wit upon him without eliciting a remark in self-defense. The worthy clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the gibes and sneers of his neighbors. One of them at last, in despair at his forbearance, said to him:

"Well, I wonder at your patience! Have you not heard all that has been said against you?"

"Oh yes; but I am used to it. Do you know who I am?"

"No, Sir."

"Well, I will inform you—I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum: such remarks have no effect upon me."

MINISTERS OF THE INTERIOR—The cook and the doctor.

An old, rough clergyman once took for his text that passage of the Psalms, "I said in my haste, All men are liars." Looking up apparently as if he saw the Psalmist standing before him, he said: "You said it in your haste, David, did you? Well, if you had been here, you might have said it after mature deliberation."

A LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.—In press, *Yesterday's Table-Cloth.*

An editor, who has been keeping a record of big beets, announces at last that "the beet that beat the beet that beat the other beet is now beaten by a beet that beats all the beets, whether the original beet, the beet that beat the beet, or the beet that beat the beet that beat the beet."

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER. "Jessie Brown, how often have I told you not to be Late?"

JESSIE. "Which you have, Miss. But, oh dear! I've had *such* a Job with my 'Air!"

FOLK-LORE AND FASHION.

A sleeping Beauty in the wood,
Now slumbering on her mossy bed,
Would half a yard of chignon good
Have piled aloft upon her head.

On Beauty's crown a hair-rick towers—
A thing of grace, O Christian friends!
Adorned with artificial flowers
And sprigs and shreds and ribbons' ends.

Forms of the smaller *fauna*, some,
Would in her top-knot find a lair;
The little birds and dormice come
And build and nestle in her hair.

MEDICAL QUERY.—Would inoculation with scarlet fever be a preservative against yellow?

A gentleman passing a country church while under repair, observed to one of the workmen that he thought it would be an expensive job.

"Why, yes," replied the man; "but, in my opinion, we shall accomplish what our minister has endeavored to do for the last thirty years in vain."

"What is that?" said the gentleman.

"Why, bring all the parish to repentance."

A writer in *Notes and Queries* says: "A bad omen seems to be drawn from an ox or cow breaking into a garden. Though I laugh at the superstition, the omen was painfully fulfilled in my case." Most horticulturists would think it a bad omen—say, to see a cow among some choice tulips.

A gentleman once owned a monkey and a parrot. The distinguishing trait of the former was mischief, of the latter, profanity. Both occupied the same apartment, but, in the interest of peace, the monkey was usually tied up. One night, however, he obtained his freedom, and on the following morning when the master entered the room to look after his pets the scene which met his eye reminded him of a small battle-field. Things were broken, scattered, and generally demoralized. The bird-cage was overturned and empty, and crockery and feathers were strewed on the floor. The monkey was sitting on the top of the wardrobe, with one eye dilapidated, and his generally disconsolate appearance indicating that he might have gone through a first-class pugilistic encounter. The parrot was not to be seen, but his feathers were every where. The owner took in the state of the case at a glance, and calling for "Poll," was astonished to see a denuded bird, naked as the day when he emerged from his shell—not even a pin-feather in place—stalk out from a dark corner, and exclaim, in a woe-begone manner, "Oh! oh! we've had a h— of a time!"

A FAST FRIEND—The telegraph.

An attorney was making a high-flown speech the other day, telling about angels' tears, weeping-willows, and silent tombstones, when his honor said, "Confine your remarks to the dog-fight."

A young lady lately went to a photographic artist, and wished him to take her picture with an expression as if composing a poem.

"One thing," said an old toper, "was never seen coming through the rye, and that's the kind of whisky one gets nowadays."

A MAN IN CHARGE OF A BABY.

"I am going out for a few minutes. If Baby wakes, Amuse him."

Of course Baby wakes up cross.

Dances the Highland Fling with success.

Lets Baby play in the Coal-Scuttle while he cools off.

Thinks Mamma's Portrait may interest him. Baby touches it up a little.

Tries to Wash him.

Rushes out on front stoop to see if Mamma is coming.

Mamma arrives. Papa collapses.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. VI.—No. 52.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1873. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Ladies' and Children's Winter Dresses, Figs. 1-5.

Figs. 1 and 3.—GRAY POPLIN DRESS. This dress of gray poplin consists of a skirt and basque-waist, trimmed with puffs and ruffles of the material, and rolls and folds of gros grain of the same color. The folds are embroidered with white silk.

Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. This blue cashmere dress is trimmed on the bottom with a kilt-pleated ruffle of the material. Batiste blouse with long sleeves. Blue gros grain sash.

Figs. 4 and 5.—BROWN CASHMERE DRESS. The skirt of this dress is trimmed in front with a kilt-pleated flounce and folds of the material, and with folds of velvet of the same color. The back is trimmed with a gathered cashmere flounce. The trimming for the basque-waist consists of cashmere ruffles and velvet folds. Bows of velvet trim the sides of the skirt and front of the waist. Pleated Swiss muslin fraise and under-sleeves.

Fig. 1.—GRAY POPLIN DRESS. BACK.—[See Fig. 3.]

Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 3.—GRAY POPLIN DRESS. FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]

Fig. 4.—BROWN CASHMERE DRESS. FRONT.—[See Fig. 5.]

Fig. 5.—BROWN CASHMERE DRESS. BACK.—[See Fig. 4.]

FIGS. 1-5.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WINTER DRESSES.

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☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of a Youth's Wardrobe, consisting of Sack Overcoat, English Sack Coat, Double-breasted Vest, and Pantaloons, will be published with our next Number.*

HOUSEHOLD PETS.

IT is a doubtful matter whether the possession of household pets is an advantage or not, and yet it is a possession that has been cherished from time immemorial; and the fine lady who values her poodle, and the spinster with her cat and her parrot, are counterbalanced by the savage who has caught and kept his little fox, and by the Oriental monarch whose tame tigers tumble at the foot of his throne. Nor has the taste varied much in generations. The Venetian girl's rose-billed lory was as charming a pet as the shrill-voiced canary that clatters cheerfully in all our halls to-day; and it is only since the beginning of the present century that the dwarf and the negro, without whom no mediæval house of distinction was complete, have lost their ascendency, the one because civilization has outstripped the point of cultivating deformity, and the other because the negro has ceased to be uncommon, although but a few years since, as we lately heard, a colored person of one of our Northern cities, chancing to make a Russian voyage, was so fortunate as to attract the covetousness of the imperial family, and came back to Portsmouth for his wife, decked out in gold-lace and feathers, and returned to pass the rest of his days behind the emperor's chair.

Yet grotesque and almost vulgar as such a taste in pets would seem to be, we can quite match it out of some of the pleasantest life of to-day. We shudder at the

> "gorgeous snake
> The Roman girls were wont of old,
> When Rome there was, for coolness' sake,
> To let lie curling o'er their bosoms,"

but forget that the pine-snake, whose white body with its black stains grows to the length of eight feet, is a not infrequent and authorized inmate of the houses of the region where it is found; and there are more than a few young ladies in our proudest cities whose fashionable favorite is a baby alligator—a pretty piece of animated bronze when in its infantile state, and a curiously inexpensive favorite, since it is said to live contentedly on no other food than pine knots. There are, however, exceptional and individual pets, such as the spider to which the captive played his flute, and the weed that beguiled another captive's confinement, which have acquired, as one might say, a historical character; and in all ages there have been those on which the owners have displayed their idiosyncrasies—here a monkey, and there a mouse, a pig, a flea, a cockerel, a quail; and to-day we read of an old lady who leaves a legacy to the numberless cats about her hearth; and yesterday the entomological books dealt with the gentleman who on no account would suffer his servants to destroy that disgusting vermin from which most of us recoil as from a creature of night and filth, and one specimen of which a distinguished preacher, staying overnight at an unclean inn, is said to have transfixed with a pin on the open hotel Bible at the verse, "And every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth shall be an abomination." But all these incidents are only abnormal freaks of a natural tendency—a desire in these to lavish love, an impossibility not to lavish it; an overflowing pity in those and warmth of heart; a necessity in others of being loved by some one thing.

And certainly there are few people of lively feelings to whom the devotion of a household pet is not a temptation; for the human affections are like those playthings of moistened leather called suckers, which, once applied, cling inseparably, and with which we see the boys lift even stones from the ground. Seldom can any unfortunate or desolate little creature come within their sphere but they cling to it presently almost as if it were a part of themselves. We frequently see the poorest people, who, thin and pinched as they are, have yet a bone to spare for their thin and pinched dog; and be they murderers or be they thieves, there is one creature in the world that turns to them, and whose heart they can make glad.

The more love expends itself the more it grows. The person who has a child gives it a dumb pet, and the person who has one pet usually adds another, and love leavens the whole. The animals themselves recognize that they are members of one family, and live sometimes on better terms with each other than the human members do. It was Dr. GOOD, we think, who told of the cat that seized the escaped bird, unhurt, in its mouth, and leaped out of reach with it when a strange cat entered the room; and we ourselves have often seen in a private house, where no instruction of the sort had been given, the cat, the dog, and the parrot eating contentedly out of the same dish.

There are few things so pathetic as the love of these creatures for their protectors. It is the devotion of a faithful nature, shut up in darkness, toward a superior being. The dog's master stands to him for a god, and he himself is at once slave, friend, and worshiper. Nobody can read the account of DICKENS'S dogs welcoming him back to Gadshill from America—the great St. Bernard fondling his feet and weeping over them—without wishing for dogs of his own to welcome him as eagerly.

The house where pets are made much of is usually a cheerful house—not only because they help to make it so, but because, as their presence indicates, kindness and gentleness and all the elements of a happy home are to be met there. The great silken-eared setters greet you hospitably at the gate; far is suspicion from their noble nature; they accompany you to the door; and as it opens, the trill of bird-song gives suggestion of summer and flowers and sunshine, though it be the dreariest day of November; the cat, asleep on her cushion, does not open an eye at you; but the little Spitz in the window bristles up inquiringly to know if it be a trustworthy friend of the house, like the faultless watch-dog that he is; and far away in the region of the kitchen poor Poll's infectious laugh is heard: and you can not help feeling that here is a place where warm hearts and genuine natures keep a little corner of the world fresh and sweet.

There are some famous people of whom we can not think without seeing their favorites beside them: EMILY BRONTÈ and her huge dog, Sir WALTER SCOTT and his Maida, SCARLATTI and his cat, King CHARLES and his spaniel; and we have sometimes felt it to be an extenuating circumstance in that royal scamp's account that he knew the spaniel's beauty when he saw it, and had the grace to love it.

We think there is nothing more senseless than the objection so often urged against household pets that they are things to be pampered while there are children starving in highways and by-ways. Certainly one must prevent all the children from starving that may be in one's power, and by no means give their bread to dogs; but how far will the pet's small bite and sup go toward keeping a single child from starving? One's time, too, may be so occupied that the adoption or the caring for a child, however desirable, is out of the question. It would be impossible, perhaps, to give it a part of the attention that either its body or its soul requires, while the Blenheim or the Angora require no time whatever, and are always there to be caressed in the spare instant. A dog, says some one, is like a perpetual baby in the house; he never grows up, and he never tells tales. But in all reasonable likelihood, the starving child, when it comes along, will receive the best treatment in a house where pets are the order of the day; for it has been our experience to observe that it is only the narrow and selfish hearts that have no room for pets, and that about the fireside there is always something desirable to be found in the character of that one whom the dog and the cat have chosen for their friend.

But, as we said in the beginning, it is doubtful if the possession of these pets is an advantage, despite the pleasure they give. For presently they grow old, and presently they suffer; and there are few people who acknowledge the righteousness of your affection for them, or spare your feelings. When the little creatures in some cruel extremity look up to you for help, it does not add to your happiness to think you can not give it. When your little Gyp, who seems to you almost like a human being, with his bright and frolicking intelligence, becomes the prey of the policeman, you forget TENNYSON'S "Better to have loved and lost," and wish you had never had Gyp at all, and find it no consolation to declare that in this age of chloroform the man who drops poisoned meat about for dogs is by far the greater brute of the two. The pain, of course, in such instances is neither vital nor severe, but you would have avoided it altogether by not having possessed its first cause, and there is enough inevitable pain in the world, it would seem, without going about to gather it in. "If I have no children to make me laugh, I've none to make me cry," said a good old doctor whom we knew; and correspondingly if you have no pets to help make your house gay, you have none whose maiming, abstraction, and death can help to make it gloomy. For let there be any misfortune hovering over a house, and let so trifling a thing happen as the finding of a canary with his feet upturned, and his song frozen in his throat, and that trifle brings "death into the world and all our woe," accents the previous trouble, gives a deeper shadow to the day, and for a brief while makes the earth seem a place of little but death and destruction.

WHO IS WHO?

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

A BRAVE and knightly gentleman of fourscore and fourteen years held in his arms a tiny maiden of not one-twentieth so many months. He gazed into her blue steadfast eyes, caressed the silky brown shadow that was fondly called her hair, patted the soft curvature of her cheeks and the dimpled shining shoulders, and said, half musingly and mournfully, looking backward, half tenderly and lovingly, looking forward, "It is Katy; surely it is Katy, plain to see."

Now Katy has been in her grave these eighty years.

Eighty years ago Katy, beloved daughter and sister, in the fresh full bloom of happy girlhood, paled and faded before the eyes that wept to see, sank away from the hands that could not hold her, disappeared from a world that did not miss her, to live only and for evermore in hearts whose world was desolated by her going.

Over that forgotten and unforgotten grave eighty rolling years have fled. Nearly every form that trod the earth that day sleeps this day beneath it. That generation has lapsed into a silence never to be broken. What they thought and hoped, and planned and loved, all that they longed for and worked for and dreaded, to all they are alike indifferent. Beaming eye and listening ear and throbbing heart, sturdy strength of sinew, tint of lip and cheek—the earth has ingulfed them all. They exist no more but in the sleeping daisy and the lightly falling snow. But out of the snows of eighty winters and the daisies of eighty summers, by what magic art I know not, little maid Margaret has gathered the eye's light and the lip's curve, and the chin's dimple and the cheek's contour of little Great-great-aunt Katy, who gave them into earth's keeping now these fourscore years ago.

Behold, I show you a mystery! But I only show it. I can not explain it. Who can? None, surely, but He who instituted it. What is that wonderful, that incomprehensible law of succession, of inheritance, of transmission, by which qualities, traits, features, go down from father to son, from great-uncle to grand-nephew, from remote ancestor to unseen offspring? We are so used to it that we are not surprised; but it is, nevertheless, one of the most hidden of secrets. There is some law, but we have not begun to grasp it. That a child should resemble its parents we can almost persuade ourselves that we understand. Love, we know, nay, even association, but love, surely and strongly, moulds even maturity into harmony and even into resemblance. The husband and wife, born and reared far from each other under circumstances and in a society totally diverse, do sometimes, it is said, come to resemble each other. That abounding mutual attraction which drew them together makes them one in hope and love and purpose and sympathy and heart's desire, and brings presently oneness of expression and feature. This we may fancy that we understand. The children are stamped with the image that each cherishes most fondly. This, too, is not wholly incomprehensible. But, even here, why does one child resemble the father and one the mother, and why is a third totally unlike both? We only pluck at the skirts of a mystery, and it evades us. And why should this boy have the petulance and passion, the temperament and even the manners, of a great-uncle whom neither his father nor his mother ever saw, who died in early manhood, and of all the living is remembered now and recalled only by his sister, who sees him reproduced in this little grandson after sixty years of silence and seclusion? Obedient to what mandate did maid Margaret look through Katy's eyes and smile with Katy's lips so loyally that Floyd went back through all his bitter, busy years, back through his soft Indian summer and his rich harvest-time and the sweet spring sunlight, to his bright boyhood and his young sister's promise? Why do children and children's children go their separate ways to the ends of the earth, marry out and out, grow bronzed by foreign suns and foreign blood, to be in some remote spot recognized as kindred by an alien and a stranger through some peculiar quivering of the eyelid or some singular remembered cadence of the voice? By what law came that eyelid to quiver, that voice to resound through the intermingling and fusion, not to say confusion, of years and zones and families? Why does that one resemblance strain through a thousand differences, and why does it alight only on three or four, and shun the three or four score who have equal claim to its favor?

Are the few resemblances we recognize not to be compared to the many which we inherit from forgotten forefathers? Is it that every trick of feature and trait of character belonged first to some ancestor, only there is no one to tell us who he was? Are we but eclecticism and conglomeration, a mere second and third hand article—the *disjecta membra* of past generations? Does nature mock us? With all our pain and toil and eager endeavor, with all our anguish and anger, ambition and hatred, and hope and love, are we but treading, after all, the old dull round of things? Has all this mortal agony and unutterable bliss of birth and love and life and death resulted only in this, that what was Katy once is Margaret now—that a man is simply his grandfather? Then why not let Katy keep on living? Why not let the grandfather stay grandfather? Why should nature be at the pains of so many processes to make three generations, when it would seem that one generation would answer the same purpose with a great deal less trouble? Why did not nature hold out as she began,

> "When ADAM lived nine hundred years,
> METHUSELAH still more;
> When ENOCH very old appears—
> SETH, ABRAHAM, and NOAH?"

And yet these cases may not be at all to the point. I do not know that the children of these old patriarchs and their grandchildren and their great-grandchildren were any more original than the offspring of their short-lived descendants. Doubtless as EVE dandled little LAMECH upon her knees she delighted to see and to point out that in his forehead he favored METHUSAEL, and that he had MEHUJAEL'S nose, and IRAD'S eyes, and the bonnie brown hair of ENOCH, and then, with a deep sigh, she would skip a generation, and declare that by his sturdy tread and erect little figure you might know him the wide world through for ADAM'S own grandson! We do not, then, strictly speaking, inherit traits. We are simply made with like tendencies. Margaret has nothing that Katy ever held, but through some remote, deep-buried law of likeness, out of the dew and blossom of the earth she gathers such a loveliness of outline and color as Katy drew from the young world of hers. Though Katy had lived on till now, Marga-

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ret would have had her eyes and hair all the same.

At any rate, I am glad that no new order of things was established before my day. I humbly admit that I may have given the world much trouble; still I would a great deal rather be alive myself than to have some great-great-grandfather still walking around, and me only a buttercup or a snow-bank!

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

THE suit of boys' clothing illustrated this week, and of which cut paper patterns are published, is intended for the first trowsers suit, which is put on at the age of four or five years, and is appropriate in style as long as knee pantaloons are worn. This suit is one of the most popular of the English designs now in vogue, and consists of an easy-fitting English jacket, with the "real" vest so coveted by little boys, and close, snugly fitting knee pantaloons, that display well-rounded limbs to advantage, and are not clumsy, as were the full pleated garments formerly worn. The jacket extends well over the hips, and fits there smoothly; its back seams are wide apart at the waist in true English fashion; the shoulders are short and jaunty, with sleeves projecting slightly above the armhole, while the front has a pretty revers collar turned back to disclose the high vest underneath. The vest is buttoned up closely, and merely bound all around. For very short, chubby little fellows a sham vest is sometimes preferred; it is sewed to the jacket, and the fronts of the jacket are very much sloped toward the buttons to display the vest, which is there cut in two sharp points. The knee pantaloons follow the outlines of the limbs perfectly, being just loose enough for ease, and fitting too closely to wrinkle or look clumsy. From three to six buttons are set on the outside seam above the knee. These suits are made of dark blue, brown, or green cloth, either with plain surface or else with almost invisible diagonal or straight lines. Brown suits are considered especially stylish, but dark blue, which is really dark enough to be called blue-black, is the popular color. The most stylish suits are made very plainly, a wide binding with one row of Prussian braid being all that is necessary in the way of ornament; other suits have a row of wide braid with one of narrow soutache above it—the latter either straight or curled—put on around the garment plainly, with little fanciful designs at the corners, on the sleeves, and in front. Blue steel, silver, and gilt buttons are all used, but a repped or twill button of silk and worsted of the color of the cloth is in better taste. Every-day suits are made in the same fashion of various gray cloths, and of checked, striped, and invisible plaids of white and black combined. Tailors charge from $10 to $24 for English suits. The shirt waists worn with these suits, and to which the pantaloons are buttoned, is an ordinary pleated blouse-waist with turned-over collar, shirt sleeves, and a belt. Bright scarlet or blue worsted long stockings, gartered above the knee, or held up by an elastic band hanging from the belt, complete the suit; the balmoral stockings, with colored stripes around the leg, are also worn. The shoes are half-high Polish buttoned boots, with thick projecting soles and low broad heels. The hat is an Alpine felt with indented crown, or else a fanciful seal-skin turban. An extra pattern of full knickerbocker trowsers gathered around the leg is furnished with this suit, as many mothers prefer them for slender boys, and to give variety to their clothing.

The overcoat is of simple shape, with an air of style and comfort about it. It is a long, single-breasted sack, made with a fly front, pockets in abundance, and a small turned-over collar, which may be of velvet or of the cloth. The round cape is very deep, and should not be permanently fastened to the coat, as it is only worn in midwinter. A row of silk braid or binding is the best finish for its edge. Blue-black cloth of plain surface is the material most used, though occasionally the rough chinchilla cloths and fur beavers are chosen. These overcoats at the furnishing houses cost from $10 to $27, according to size and quality.

PARISIAN BLACK COSTUMES FOR LADIES.

French correspondents write that the fancy for the universally becoming black toilettes increases in Paris, instead of being on the wane, and that Worth and Pingat rival each other in the extravagance and elegance of their black dresses and mantles. For the street they prepare black silk and velvet suits with skirts that are plain and flat in front, while the back is trimmed with flounces alternately of velvet and silk. Above this is worn a velvet casaque with a short basque behind, and deeply pointed front, or else with long square basques in front. This casaque is edged with jet fringe; the revers and cuffs appear to be of solid jet, and there are strips of jet galloon the entire length of the sleeves. Other velvet casaques are without jet, but are bordered with silver-fox fur. For the house, on dressy occasions, there are also elegant black silk dresses made in the Medicis style, and glittering with fine jet beads cut in many small facets. For full-dress dinners there are black tulle dresses made over silk, and trimmed with the new embroidered laces. These dresses are usually all black, but young ladies prefer for trimming the gay embroideries of scarlet poppies or moss-rose wreaths wrought in net and applied to the dress. Steel beads mixed with black embroidery are very effective in the evening, and there is also an effort to introduce gilt passementerie on black ball dresses. Needle-work in the brilliant India colors is done on black Sicilienne cloth over dresses, and on velvet wraps for the opera. Other black wraps of cashmere or Sicilienne are nearly covered with soutache in which steel or jet beads are introduced, and the garment is edged with heavy fringe and a ruche of curled ostrich feathers. Casaques, mantillas, sacques, and Dolmans of this kind are all imported, costing from $150 to $300.

TOYS FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

The shops are gay with Christmas toys notwithstanding the panic, but in consequence of hard times there is a great reduction in the prices of toys and all fancy goods this season. For the little girls there are wax dolls of endless variety, far prettier than the old-fashioned china dolls, and at all prices, beginning as low as 25 cents, and ending with the life-size doll brought from the Vienna Exposition, and valued at $150. Wax dolls at 25 cents represent bald-headed infants in cap and night slip, while those with real hair, or something that closely imitates it, are sold as low as 45 cents, and others, that open and shut their eyes, may be bought for 60 cents. French bisque dolls, with moving heads, cost all the way from 75 cents to $5. The more expensive dolls have real eyebrows and lashes, and hair that may be combed and braided, and tiny hair-pins are shown for fastening it up. The handsomest Roman wax dolls are jointed in every limb, even the wrists and ankles moving freely. Blonde beauties with violet eyes are still the favorite dolls, but they are rivaled this winter by Roman faces with Titian red hair, and Spanish maidens, whose raven tresses are braided in coronets, and ornamented with drooping crimson roses. A bisque doll in bridal array of white satin, lace veil, and pearls is marked $25; other dolls, dressed as characters in well-known operas, are miniature effigies of Patti, Lucca, and Nilsson. Boy dolls are largely imported, with short hair parted on one side, and pretty little sailor or English suits of clothes. It is amusing to look over the furnishing department for dolls, where every thing in the way of an outfit is prepared, from a tooth-brush to a set of jewelry! Patterns for doll clothes similar to those furnished in the *Bazar* Supplements are arranged in boxes, marked "Dollie's Trousseau," and are varied in size to suit dolls of all lengths.

The mechanical toys are very handsome this winter. One marked $50 is a comical monkey arrayed in Louis XIV. costume, with powdered wig and laces, seated at a harp, upon which he seems to play; while he nods his head wisely and opens his huge mouth, the music-box below plays lively French airs. Another novelty is a peacock with gorgeous plumage of real feathers, that upon being wound up, struts up and down the room, raising and lowering his tail, and moving his head from side to side. Another is a gayly dressed troubadour, who bows politely, and strokes with his fingers the strings of a guitar for which the box beneath supplies the music. An elegantly dressed ballet-dancer pirouettes on one toe around a toy parlor to the sound of similar music. Still another musical toy represents a lady seated at a piano moving her fingers over the keys, while a foreign-looking professor stands beside her and beats time as she plays. Among inexpensive mechanical toys is a doll's sewing-machine that is regularly threaded, and will sew after a fashion: price $2. At the same price is a gayly dressed Scotchman, who dances the Highland fling, and provides the music also, after being wound up. There are, besides, many other dancers dressed as sailors, negroes, and tight-rope performers.

A curious toy is a skinny-looking rooster made of some thin membrane gayly painted, which, on being inflated, swells to an enormous size, then crows very naturally as the wind escapes, and he sinks back to his original proportions. A doll made of the same material, and looking like the merest rag, is inflated to the size of a giantess, and utters lamentable cries as she collapses. Among instructive toys boys with mechanical genius will be delighted with the new improved locomotives with tenders, valves, whistle, and every thing perfect. These cost from $12 to $40. There are also steam fire-engines with hose that throw a stream four feet high: the prices range from $4 25 to $4 80. For both boys and girls there are German boxes of wooden butterflies, of twenty or thirty varieties, painted, and labeled with their specific names; unpainted butterflies and paints are then furnished for the child to make copies. A box of comic paper figures representing the cries of Paris, has the faces cut out of the heads, and the child must learn to place them properly. The "Little Flower-maker" is a box of materials for artificial flowers, with models and instructions for making them. For the boys are little chests marked the "Clever Carpenter," the "Ship-builder," etc., containing tools, designs, and instructions. The German architectural boxes, with colored woods for building, are far more tasteful and intricate than when first introduced.

Menageries are displayed with performing animals that come out of their cages and dance under direction of a showman: price $19. Smaller menageries and Noah's Arks have jointed wooden animals not easily broken, and may be bought separately. More expensive animals, sold singly, have natural skins, and are perfectly shaped. There are spotted horses, Shetland ponies, and shaggy lions, each for $6. A lamb as large as life, with snowy fleece, a blue ribbon and bell around its neck, turns its head and bleats most piteously: all for $8. Shaggy poodles, marked $4 25, open their mouths, but happily do not snarl or bark. For $6 is a meek-looking cow that turns its head and lows, and may also be milked, provided some milk is poured down its back.

Among the new games is dice croquet for the parlor, interesting to grown-up children as well as to the little folks. The jugglers' tricks once so costly are now made at less expense. A box furnished with every thing necessary for the several games of chess, backgammon, draughts, dominoes, cribbage, whist, and bézique is sold for $36.

VARIETIES.

For the boys are guns of every description—popguns, shot-guns, needle-guns, Chassepots, and mitrailleuses—costing from 38 cents to $3 75 each. Drums of tiniest size are 20 cents, and these range up to $5 for bass drums. Hobby-horses begin with small painted wooden ones on rockers at $5, and increase to the large springing ponies covered with natural skins, worth from $18 to $25. Rocking-horses with chairs for girls cost from $1 50 to $3.

The Christmas-tree ornaments are prettier than ever. For the foot of the tree is a new Santa Claus, with longer, whiter beard than the old fellow generally wears, and also female figures distributing gifts; for the top are flying angels—cheap little angels for 25 cents, and gay, gorgeous seraphim for $2 50 each. The fruits are transparent and natural-looking—great clusters of grapes, white, red, and purple, bunches of cherries, and currants. Chinese lanterns of brightest-colored papers cost from 12 cents to $1 45 each; and there are bright tin reflectors of every possible shape, crystal and glass tubes of every color, with jumping-jacks and pendent figures bounding up and down from rubber strings.

For information received thanks are due, for boys' clothing and ladies' dresses, to Messrs. BROOKS BROTHERS; and A. T. STEWART & Co.; and for toys, to EHRICH'S Temple of Fashion; LORD & TAYLOR; and STRASBURGER & PFEIFFER.

PERSONAL.

THE friends of the eminent author Monsieur C. HIPPEAU, of Paris, who visited this country in 1869, under the auspices of the French Ministry of Public Instruction, to report on the condition of American schools, and who afterward published an exhaustive work on the subject, will be grieved to hear that his daughter, Mrs. THOMAS HAMMOND, of Crown Point, New York, with her husband and three children, all went down in the ill-fated *Ville du Havre*. Mrs. HAMMOND was a lady of lovely character and rare accomplishments, and her loss, with that of her husband, will be widely felt in the community where they belonged. Mr. HAMMOND was a wealthy and influential resident of Crown Point, and, with his brother JOHN, owned extensive iron works and mines in the northern part of this State. Mrs. HAMMOND had not revisited her native land since her marriage. She was on the way to spend the winter with her father in Paris, and to meet her only sister, Mrs. JAMES S. MERRIAM, of New York, who has been in Europe several months for the improvement of her health. Mr. MERRIAM had intended to accompany the party, but becoming impatient to rejoin his family, sailed a few weeks ago, and thus escaped being involved in their destruction. The state-room of the HAMMOND family was on the port side of the vessel, which was struck by the *Loch Earn*, and probably they met with a mercifully swift death. It is a question if they were not happier in thus sharing a common fate than if one had been left to suffer the tortures of memory during the rest of a broken life.

—DANIEL BOONE, though not "a man of the prima facie class," in a literary point of view, was nevertheless a zealous man and a good man and an accurate surveyor, as may be inferred from the following verbatim statement made by himself:

"*June* 14, 1791. Laide for WILLIAM ALLEN ten acres of Land Situate on the South Este Side of Cruked Crik in the county of Konhawwba and bounded as follows viz Beginning at a red oke and Hickury thence North 56 West 23 poles to a stake thence South 34 West 58 poles to the beginning. DANIEL BOONE."

—What are we to say about Mrs. LUCY CARNEY, a colored woman of Battle Creek, Michigan, who is one hundred and twelve years old, and recollects the battle of Monmouth, in which she saw a party of British dragoons chasing a squad of Continentals? Late in life she was taken to Ohio and given her liberty. But the particular point about the old party is that she drinks unlimited tea, and has always used tobacco.

—Another Swedish nightingale has been discovered—MARTHA ERICSSON, a servant-girl of Stockholm. Her voice is said to be so marvelous as to point her out as a future rival to NILSSON, PATTI, and the rest of them.

—There is a laudable desire to know who is the lady of this city mentioned by the New York correspondent of the Troy *Press* as being "author, doctor, artist, and actress, and who has won success in each of the four professions. After breakfast in the morning she will write for a couple hours on her story or essay for the periodical that employs her. From ten to two she practices medicine, and receives patients in her office. She then works at her easel as a painter till six, and makes pretty pictures, which always find ready sale. After dinner and an hour's rest she will go to the theatre at which she is engaged, and play the part for which she may be set down in the cast. Did any body ever know a man who could do any thing like this? Besides all, she is accomplished in the pretty feminine arts, knows how to make her own clothes, and is the mother of robust boys." Who is this versatile genius and very practical woman?

—A gentleman who recently attended divine service at the little parish church of Crathie on a communion Sunday relates how the Queen of England joined in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in that Scotch Presbyterian church. "At the commencement of the communion service her Majesty and ladies left the royal pew, walked down stairs, and entered Dr. TAYLOR'S seat, which was covered as a communion-table, and partook of the elements of the Lord's Supper. Dr. ROBERTSON, being ruling elder of the church, attended on her Majesty and party, the Queen handing him her token along with the other ladies. Dr. TAYLOR, the minister of Crathie, took a piece of the bread, broke it, handed a piece first to the Rev. Mr. COWAN, his assistant for the day, and then to the Queen, out of his hand, and then handed her the cup. Her Majesty kept her seat until the two verses of the 103d Psalm were sung, after Dr. TAYLOR had addressed the communicants, when her Majesty left for the palace."

—Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING, one of the finest contraltos this country has produced, is singing with great success at the London Covent Garden concerts.

—JOHN T. FORD last week conveyed to the United States, for $100,000, the old theatre building in which President LINCOLN was assassinated.

—Certain historical associations were revived at Alexandria, Virginia, on the 20th of November, at the celebration of Christ Church centennial. General WASHINGTON was a member of the first vestry of the parish, and for a long while one of its leading members. In this church also General ROBERT E. LEE was confirmed and served as a vestryman. One relic has been carefully preserved, namely, the Bible which was once the property of General WASHINGTON, and was presented to the church by GEORGE WASHINGTON PARKE CUSTIS. The pew which was once owned by the Father of his Country has not been entirely shorn of its original greatness, for it is still one of those old-fashioned large square boxes so rarely seen nowadays. The old parish register is a curiosity. It contains some of the quaintest expressions, and has numerous allusions to the customs of pre-revolutionary times; in fact, until 1789, many civil affairs seem to have come under the jurisdiction of the vestry, such as imposing fines for killing deer out of season, apprenticing children, punishing Sabbath-breakers, etc. The seats in the church were allotted to the parishioners according to their dignity, until the disestablishment, after which the church was supported by voluntary contributions. General WASHINGTON was one of the foremost to set a good example in this respect. He was already a pew-owner, having paid £36 10*s.* for his pew soon after the church was erected.

—There are two elderly ladies living near Newport, Kentucky, named TRUESDELL, and aged respectively eighty-eight and seventy years, who own 600 acres of land, and cultivate a large portion, doing nearly all the work themselves. They say if they were not poor they would move to the city and live at their ease. Their land is all very fine, and worth at least $50 an acre, consequently their poverty consists in being worth $30,000.

—A private letter from Rome, dated November 2, published in the *Evening Post*, gives the following account of a curious interview between two noted personages:

"JOAQUIN MILLER, the Oregon poet, was here yesterday, and I requested a friend to present him to Miss HOSMER, the sculptor. The interview was thus described to me: When the studio was reached Miss HOSMER appeared on the threshold to receive her guests. After the presentation, without making the usual salutations, MILLER stopped short, and in his peculiar manner examined curiously his hostess, and then blurted, 'HOSMER, I like your eye.' The circuit of the studio was then begun. MILLER had but little to say until the party approached a fine statue, around the base of which were two serpents, twined around one another. These he regarded intently, exclaiming, 'HOSMER, I'm a savage. I don't know much about your beautiful forms and figures, but I do know what a serpent is like; and dern me if they ain't the best I ever saw.' The last statue was some beautiful ideal affair of Miss HOSMER'S. This seemed to attract the poet immensely, for after a long stare he ejaculated, gazing upon the marble, 'HOSMER, you're a great man!' It is needless to say that our gifted countrywoman prizes highly the rough but sincere and complimentary criticism."

—The Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, in one of his late lecture-room talks, illustrated the impossibility of interpreting Divine Providence by comparing himself with his brother CHARLES, who, he said, was his twin in every thing but birth. CHARLES had a better head than his brother, and promised to make a shrewder man. But somehow if an accident happened to any body, it was sure to be to CHARLES. It was CHARLES that broke his leg, that had a white swelling on his knee, that was blown up with gunpowder, that fell down stairs and cut a gash in his cheek, and then, as if symmetry was needed, fell down and cut the other one. He grew up, and had a lovely family. His oldest son was shot in the rebellion, hobbled back, and was shot again, and then went into the regular army. On the border he was surrounded by Indians and killed, and the Judgment-day will have to search all over the plains for his bones. His own boy, on the contrary, went through the war, and came out with only a bruise. His brother CHARLES had two daughters. They went sailing on a lake in the very sight of his house, and were drowned. All this was a mystery to Mr. BEECHER, but it was only left for him to believe blindly, implicitly, in the overruling wisdom and justice of Divine Providence.

—It is reported that the post of French minister at Washington has been tendered to M. FOURNIER, and that the Marquis de Noailles will be transferred to Rome.

—Speaking of "blue Presbyterians," the New York *Evangelist* thus speaks of the origin of the application of that term in a denominational way: "Some contend that it originated from the blue flag carried by the Presbyterian forces, or the blue watch-fires of the Covenanters. But Dean STANLEY, in his lectures on the history of the Church of Scotland, says: 'The distinct dress of the Scotch Presbyterian clergy was a blue gown and a broad blue bonnet. The Episcopalian clergy, on the other hand, either wore no distinctive dress in public services, or else wore a black gown. From this arose the contrasting epithets of "Black Prelacy" and "True Blue Presbyterianism." Several of our ministers in this city wear very *dark* blue gowns.' Query: Could the Dean of Canterbury, after his irregular fraternizing with our Presbyterian brethren, be fairly described as 'black and blue?'"

—The Emperor WILLIAM holds rigidly to the sentiment expressed two years ago at Constance, Switzerland, and reiterated in his late reply to the Pope's letter. Two years ago he said, "I have entered on the inheritance of the old emperors, but I will never lead a pope's horse by the bridle." While the Emperor spoke he was in the council-hall and looking at a fresco painting of a triumphal procession, in which the Emperor SIGISMUND is represented as leading Pope MARTIN'S horse.

—The late Sir HENRY HOLLAND, who died recently at eighty-five, was one of the very few men living who had dined with SHERIDAN and been intimate with BYRON. At a party once given by DICKENS he said that he had played whist with TALLEYRAND, and, when quite a child, had seen General WASHINGTON.

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Ladies' Caps, Figs. 1–3.

Fig. 1.—TULLE CAP WITH PINK VELVET RIBBON. This cap of figured black tulle is trimmed with black lace two inches wide and white blonde an inch and three-quarters wide, and with loops and ends of pink velvet ribbon an inch and seven-eighths wide.

Fig. 2.—TULLE AND LACE CAP WITH GREEN GROS GRAIN RIBBON. This cap is arranged on a foundation of stiff lace, of figured black tulle, white blonde an inch and three-quarters and two inches wide, and loops and ends of green gros grain ribbon three inches wide.

Fig. 3.—SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE CAP WITH BLUE RIBBON. The trimming for this cap of plain white Swiss muslin consists of box-pleated ruffles of the material, lace insertion an inch wide, lace of the same width, and bows of blue velvet ribbon and gros grain ribbon of the same color.

Fig. 1.—TULLE CAP WITH PINK VELVET RIBBON.

Fig. 2.—TULLE AND LACE CAP WITH GREEN GROS GRAIN RIBBON.

Ladies' Winter Cloaks, Figs. 1–4.

Figs. 1 and 4.—STEEL BLUE BEAVER CLOTH CLOAK. The trimming for this cloak of steel blue beaver cloth consists of a binding and folds of black gros grain, braiding of black silk cord, twisted silk fringe, passementerie buttons, and cord bands.

Figs. 2 and 3.—OLIVE GREEN DIAGONAL CLOTH CLOAK. This cloak of olive green diagonal cloth is trimmed with ruches of black gros grain and with strips of black marten.

Ladies' Collarettes and Sleeves, Figs. 1–6.

See illustrations on page 821.

Figs. 1–3.—CRÊPE LISSE AND LACE COLLARETTE AND SLEEVES. The foundation of this collarette consists of two bias strips of double crêpe lisse, each nineteen inches and a quarter long and an inch and a half wide, which are sloped off on one end from the bottom toward the top to a length of eighteen inches and three-quarters. On the under edge they are rounded off from the back (sloped) edge toward the front edge. Edge each of these parts on the top with a side-pleated crêpe lisse ruffle an inch and a quarter wide. The remaining part of the pieces is covered with pleated crêpe lisse. The parts of the collarette after being covered in this manner are sewed up in the middle of the back, and trimmed with gathered Bruges lace two inches and three-quarters wide. Fig. 3 shows a full-sized section of the lace. Fig. 2 shows the sleeve to match the collarette. For this sleeve cut of Swiss muslin a straight piece ten inches long and fifteen inches and a quarter wide, sew up the sides, and hem the upper edge narrow. Gather the under edge of the sleeve to a width of nine inches and three-quarters, and join it with a crêpe lisse ruffle. This ruffle consists of a strip nineteen inches and a quarter long, three inches and a half wide in the middle, and two inches and a quarter wide on the sides, which is run in narrow tucks on the under edge, and bordered with lace. The ends of the strip are sewed together, and the upper edge is gathered to suit the width of the sleeves.

Figs. 4–6.—TULLE COLLARETTE AND SLEEVES, WITH CROCHET GIMP EDGING. The collarette and sleeves are made of plain tulle. The trimming consists of an edging in crochet gimp. Arrange the foundation of the collar and sleeves by the description of the crêpe lisse collar and sleeves, Figs. 1 and 3. The crochet gimp edging, which borders the under edge of the collar and sleeves, is worked with fine white thread in two parts in the following manner: First work on a metal needle, or coarse hair-pin, three pieces of gimp by the description given of Fig. 4, page 293, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 19, Vol. VI. This gimp has long loops on one side and short loops on the other side. Join two of the finished pieces of gimp on the sides furnished with short loops with one round, * fastening together the next two loops on the first piece of gimp with 1 sc. (single crochet), then work 3 ch. (chain stitch), fasten together the next two loops of the second piece of gimp with 1 sc. and 3 ch.; repeat from *. On the sides furnished with long loops of these two pieces of gimp crochet one round each as follows: Always alternately twist the next loop twice with the cro-

Fig. 3.—SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE CAP WITH BLUE RIBBON.

Fig. 1.—STEEL BLUE BEAVER CLOTH CLOAK.—BACK.—[See Fig. 4.]

Fig. 2.—OLIVE GREEN DIAGONAL CLOTH CLOAK.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 3.]

Fig. 3.—OLIVE GREEN DIAGONAL CLOTH CLOAK.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]

Fig. 4.—STEEL BLUE BEAVER CLOTH CLOAK.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]

FIGS. 1–4.—LADIES' WINTER CLOAKS.

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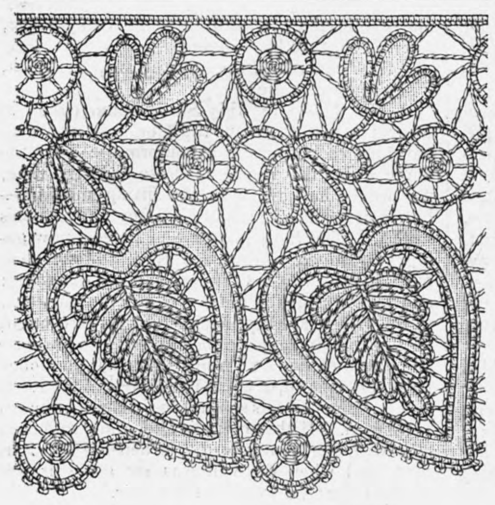

Fig. 3.—BRUGES LACE EDGING.—[See Figs. 1 and 2.]

Fig. 1.—CRÊPE LISSE AND LACE COLLARETTE. [See Figs. 2 and 3.]

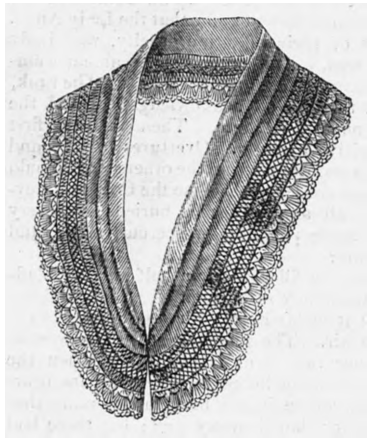

Fig. 4.—TULLE COLLARETTE WITH CROCHET GIMP EDGING. [See Figs. 5 and 6.]

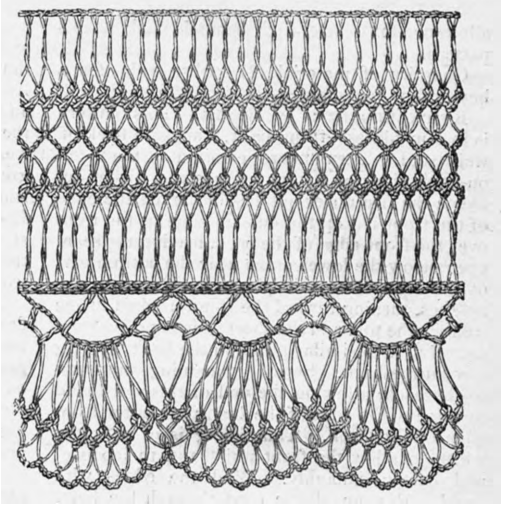

Fig. 6.—CROCHET GIMP EDGING.—[See Figs. 4 and 5.]

chet needle, work 1 sc. on this loop, then 1 ch. This completes one part of the edging. Now take the third piece of gimp, and for the under edge of the edging work, first, on the side furnished with the long loops, two rounds as follows: 1st round.—* Of the next two loops side by side lay the first loop over the second, and on both loops crochet 4 dc. (double crochet) separated each by 4 ch., 1 ch., 7 sc. on the next 7 loops twisted once with the crochet needle, then 1 ch.; repeat from *. 2d round.—* 1 sc. on the next middle 4 ch. worked always between 2 dc. in the preceding round, 7 ch., 1 stc. (short treble crochet) on the next single ch. before the following 7 sc. in the preceding round, 1 stc. on the following single ch. after the next 7 sc., 7 ch., and repeat from *. Crochet one round more on the side furnished with short loops as follows: Of the three loops above the next hollow of a scallop lay the first and second loop over the third loop, and on these three loops crochet 1 sc., six times alternately 4 ch., 1 sc. on the next loop, then 4 ch.; repeat from *. Join both parts of the edging as shown by the illustration, sewing the corresponding stitches together from the wrong side with overhand stitches. Finally, sew the finished edging on the outer edge of the collarette and sleeves.

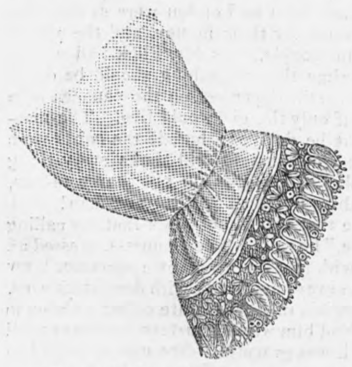

Fig. 2.—CRÊPE LISSE AND LACE SLEEVE.—[See Fig. 1.]

BOY'S WARDROBE.

FOR BOYS FROM 4 TO 9 YEARS OLD (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERNS).

WE have been repeatedly urged to publish cut paper patterns of a boy's wardrobe, corresponding to the girl's wardrobe which was so popular last summer, and which should comprise a complete set of boys' outer garments. The present patterns are in the latest and most approved fashion, and include the sack overcoat with deep cape, which is so generally worn by little boys, an English cutaway jacket, high vest, knee pantaloons, and knickerbocker trowsers. Six sizes are given, from 21 to 26 inches bust measure, for boys from 4 to 9 years old. To take the size pass a tape measure straight around the body, under the jacket, drawing it rather tight. The quantity of cloth estimated in the description is for the smallest size, or for a boy 4 years old. One-third of a yard is added for every year of age. In cutting cloth with a nap be particular to have it run toward the bottom of the garment.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

THIS wardrobe comprises five articles—fly-front sack overcoat with cape, jacket, vest, knee pantaloons, and knickerbockers.

SACK OVERCOAT WITH CAPE.—This pattern is in seven pieces—front, back, cape, sleeve, collar, and two pocket flaps. It is single-breasted, and closes with a fly front. Each front is faced. The left front is stitched two inches below the lower button-hole and two inches back up to the neck, and is tacked across between each button-hole. Lap the extra width at the left side of the back over the right, and tack the parts. There is a pocket in the left breast, and one in each front skirt. All are finished with flaps—the small one is for the breast pocket. Cut an opening between the perforations for the pockets. The cape is quite deep, and buttons on the coat under the collar. The perforations show where to cut the button-holes on the cape. The neck is finished with a collar, and turned down in the line of perforations. The coat sleeve is sewed plain in the armhole. The perforations show the size and form of the under part. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the back part of the armhole, and hold the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. Make a small seam on the front at the neck where the ∨ is taken out. The edges of the garment are finished with braid. Be particular, in cutting the button-holes, not to cut through the outside cloth, but only the fly underneath. Cut the cape with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid a seam.

Quantity of material, 54 inches wide, for a boy of four years, 1⅓ yards. Braid, 6 yards.

JACKET.—This pattern is in five pieces—front, back, sleeve, collar, and pocket flap. The perforations in the front show where to place the buttons and button-holes, to turn back the revers, to make a small seam, and to put in the pocket and sew on the pocket flap. Those in the sleeve show the size and form of the under part, and where to sew on the braid to form a cuff. Those in the collar show where it should be creased, and well shrunken in with the iron, so as to fit the neck. Close the seams; lap the extra width of the front over the back, and tack it firmly; lap the extra width at the left side of the back over the right, and tack the parts. Cut an opening on each side of the front between the perforations for the pocket, and sew on the pocket flap. Sew the hollowing edge of the collar to the neck, placing the seams in the back evenly together, and with the narrow end of the collar to the front. Place the outside seam of the sleeve at the notch in the back of the armhole, holding the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. Bind the edges of the garment with braid. If the sleeve is too long or too short, add to or take off from the top as much as may be needed. An allowance for quarter-inch seams is made in the pattern.

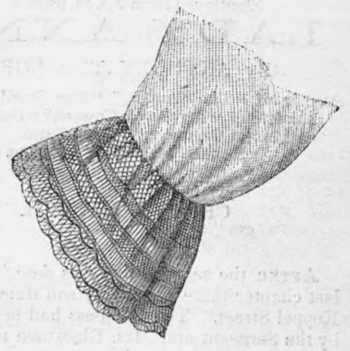

Fig. 5.—TULLE SLEEVE WITH CROCHET GIMP EDGING. [See Fig. 4.]

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for a boy of four years, 1½ yards. Braid, 2 yards.

VEST.—This pattern is in two pieces—front and back. The collar is cut on the front, and sewed on the back. The perforations show where to place the buttons and to cut for the pocket. The back is closed down to the notch. Bind the edges with braid. Close the front from the neck with buttons and button-holes. An allowance for quarter-inch seams is made in this pattern.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for a boy of four years, half a yard. Braid, 1½ yards.

KNEE PANTALOONS.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, back, front and back waistband. The perforations in the front show where to place the buttons. Place the pocket between the notches in the outside edge of the front. Sew the short waistband plain to the top of the front. Sew the remaining waistband to the back in the same manner, allowing the end of this band to come to the edge of the facing cut on the front edge of the back. This facing is of sufficient width to allow the front waistband to lap over and button smoothly. Turn under the bottom at the notch on each side for a hem. Bind the edges with braid. Place three buttons near the bottom of the front at the outside seam according to the perforations, and as clearly shown by the illustration. The pantaloons can be buttoned to a shirt-waist. An

BOY'S WARDROBE—SACK OVERCOAT WITH CAPE.

[*Cut Paper Patterns of Boy's Wardrobe, consisting of Sack Overcoat with Cape, Jacket, Vest, Knee Pantaloons, and Knickerbockers, for Boys from 4 to 9 Years old, in six Sizes, from 21 to 26 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.*]

BOY'S WARDROBE—KNICKERBOCKERS.

[*Cut Paper Patterns of Boy's Wardrobe, consisting of Sack Overcoat with Cape, Jacket, Vest, Knee Pantaloons, and Knickerbockers, for Boys from 4 to 9 Years old, in six Sizes, from 21 to 26 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.*]

BOY'S WARDROBE—JACKET, VEST, AND KNEE PANTALOONS.—[PHOT. BY ROCKWOOD.]

[*Cut Paper Patterns of Boy's Wardrobe, consisting of Sack Overcoat with Cape, Jacket, Vest, Knee Pantaloons, and Knickerbockers, for Boys from 4 to 9 Years old, in six Sizes, from 21 to 26 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.*]

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allowance for quarter-inch seams is made in this pattern.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for a boy of four years, three-quarters of a yard.

KNICKERBOCKER TROWSERS.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, back, front and back of waistband. Turn under the bottom at the notch on each side for a hem. Place the pocket between the two upper notches in the outside edge of the front. Lap the outside edge of the front over the front edge of the back, leaving the seam open below the lower notch near the bottom part of the leg. Two side pleats, according to the notches, turning toward the front, are laid in the front at the top, and the short waistband is sewed on. Lay two similar pleats in the back, turning toward the back. Sew the remaining waistband to the back, allowing the end of this waistband to come to the edge of the facing cut on the front edge of the back. This facing is of sufficient width to allow the front waistband to lap over and button smoothly. Bind the edges with braid. Run an elastic cord through the hem, and fasten the trowsers below the knee with ribbons on the outside seam. These trowsers can be worn with jacket and vest, or shirt-waist. An allowance for quarter-inch seams is made in this pattern.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for a boy of four years, 1 yard.

(Continued from No. 50, page 791.)

LADY ANNA.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "The Warden," "The Small House at Allington," "Barchester Towers," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," "Orley Farm," "The Eustace Diamonds," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LET HER DIE.

AFTER the scene which was described in the last chapter there was a very sad time indeed in Keppel Street. The Countess had been advised by the Sergeant and Mrs. Bluestone to take her daughter immediately abroad, in the event of the interview with Daniel Thwaite being unsatisfactory. It was believed by all concerned, by the Bluestones and the Goffes, by Sir William Patterson, who had been told of the coming interview, and by the Countess herself, that this would not be the case. They had all thought that Lady Anna would come out from that meeting disengaged and free to marry whom she would—and they thought also that within a very few weeks of her emancipation she would accept her cousin's hand. The Solicitor-General had communicated with the Earl, who was still in town, and the Earl again believed that he might win the heiress. But should the girl prove obstinate, "take her away at once—very far away—to Rome, or some such place as that." Such had been Mrs. Bluestone's advice, and in those days Rome was much more distant than it is now. "And don't let any body know where you are going," added the Sergeant—"except Mr. Goffe." The Countess had assented; but when the moment came there were reasons against her sudden departure. Mr. Goffe told her that she must wait at any rate for another fortnight. The presence of herself and her daughter was necessary in London for the signing of deeds and completion of the now merely formal proofs of identity. And money was again scarce. A great deal of money had been spent lately, and unless money was borrowed without security, and at a great cost—to which Mr. Goffe was averse—the sum needed could hardly be provided at once. Mr. Goffe recommended that no day earlier than the 20th December should be fixed for their departure.

It was now the end of November, and it became a question how the intermediate time should be passed. The Countess was resolved that she would hold no pleasant intercourse at all with her daughter. She would not even tell the girl of her purpose of going abroad. From hour to hour she assured herself with still-increasing obduracy that nothing but severity could avail any thing. The girl must be cowed and frightened into absolute submission—even though at the expense of her health. Even though it was to be effected by the absolute crushing of her spirits, this must be done; though at the cost of her life, it must be done. This woman had lived for the last twenty years with but one object before her eyes—an object sometimes seeming to be near, more often distant, and not unfrequently altogether beyond her reach, but which had so grown upon her imagination as to become the heaven to which her very soul aspired. To be and to be known to be among the highly born, the so-called noble, the titled from old dates—to be of those who were purely aristocratic—had been all the world to her. As a child, the child of well-born but poor parents, she had received the idea. In following it out she had thrown all thoughts of love to the wind, and had married a reprobate earl. Then had come her punishment—or, as she had conceived it, her most unmerited misfortunes. For many years of her life her high courage and persistent demeanor had almost atoned for the vice of her youth. The love of rank was strong in her bosom as ever, but it was fostered for her child rather than for herself. Through long, tedious, friendless, poverty-stricken years she had endured all, still assuring herself that the day would come when the world should call the sweet plant that grew by her side by its proper name. The little children hooted after her daughter, calling her girl in derision The Lady Anna, when Lady Anna was more poorly clad and was blessed with less of the comforts of home than any of them. Years would roll by, and they should live to know that the Lady Anna, the sport of their infantine cruelty, was Lady Anna indeed. And as the girl became a woman the dream was becoming a reality. The rank, the title, the general acknowledgment, and the wealth would all be there. Then came the first great decisive triumph. Overtures of love and friendship were made from the other side. Would Lady Anna consent to become the Countess Lovel, might all animosities be buried, and every thing be made pleasant, prosperous, noble, and triumphant?

It is easy to fill with air a half-inflated bladder; it is already so buoyant with its own lightness that it yields itself with ease to receive the generous air. The imagination of the woman flew higher than ever it had flown when the proposition came home to her in all its bearings. Of course it had been in her mind that her daughter should marry well; but there had been natural fears. Her child had not been educated, had not lived, had not been surrounded in her young days, as are those girls from whom the curled darlings are wont to choose their wives. She would too probably be rough in manner, ungentle in speech, ungifted in accomplishments, as compared with those who from their very cradles are encompassed by the blessings of wealth and high social standing. But when she looked at her child's beauty she would hope. And then her child was soft, sweet-humored, winning in all her little ways, pretty even in the poor duds which were supplied to her mainly by the generosity of the tailor. And so she would hope, and sometimes despair, and then hope again. But she had never hoped for any thing so good as this. Such a marriage would not only put her daughter as high as a Lovel ought to be, but would make it known in a remarkable manner to all coming ages that she—she herself, she the despised and slandered one, who had been treated almost as woman had never been treated before—was in very truth the Countess Lovel by whose income the family had been restored to its old splendor.

And so the longing grew upon her. Then, almost for the first time, did she begin to feel that it was necessary for the purposes of her life that the girl whom she loved so thoroughly should be a creature in her hands, to be dealt with as she pleased. She would have had her daughter accede to the proposed marriage even before she had seen Lord Lovel, and was petulant when her daughter would not be as clay in the sculptor's hand. But still the girl's refusal had been but as the refusal of a girl. She should not have been as are other girls; she should have known better; she should have understood what the peculiarity of her position demanded. But it had not been so with her. She had not soared as she should have done above the love-laden dreams of common maidens. And so the visit to Yoxham was permitted. Then came the great blow—struck, as it were, by a third hand, and that the hand of an attorney. The Countess Lovel learned through Mr. Goffe—who had heard the tale from other lawyers—that her daughter, Lady Anna Lovel, had, with her own mouth, told her noble lover that she was betrothed to a tailor! She felt at the moment that she could have died—cursing the child for this black ingratitude.

But there might still be hope. The trial was going on, or the work which was progressing toward the trial, and she was surrounded by those who could advise her. Doubtless what had happened was a great misfortune. But there was room for hope—room for most assured hope. The Earl was not disposed to abandon the match, though he had, of course, been greatly annoyed—nay, disgusted and degraded—by the girl's communication. But he had consented to see the matter in the proper light. The young tailor had got an influence over the girl when she was a child, was doubtless in pursuit of money, and must be paid. The folly of a child might be forgiven, and the Earl would persevere. No one would know what had occurred, and the thing would be forgotten as a freak of childhood. The Countess had succumbed to the policy of all this, but she was not deceived by the benevolent falsehood. Lady Anna had been over twenty when she had been receiving lover's vows from this man, reeking from his tailor's board. And her girl, her daughter, had deceived her. That the girl had deceived her, saying there was no other lover, was much; but it was much more and worse and more damnable that there had been thorough deception as to the girl's own appreciation of her rank. The sympathy tendered through so many years must have been always pretended sympathy. With these feelings hot within her bosom, she could not bring herself to speak one kindly word to Lady Anna after the return from Yoxham. The girl was asked to abandon her odious lover with stern severity. It was demanded of her that she should do so with cruel threats. She would never quite yield, though she had then no strength of purpose sufficient to enable her to declare that she would not yield. We know how she was banished to Bedford Square, and transferred from the ruthless persistency of her mother to the less stern but not less fixed manœuvres of Mrs. Bluestone. At that moment of her existence she was herself in doubt. In Wyndham Street and at Yoxham she had almost more than doubted. The softness of the new Elysium had well-nigh unnerved her. When that young man had caught her from stone to stone as she passed over the ford at Bolton she was almost ready to give herself to him. But then had come upon her the sense of sickness, that fade, overdone flavor of sugared sweetness, which arises when sweet things become too luscious to the eater. She had struggled to be honest and strong, and had just not fallen into the pot of treacle.

But, notwithstanding all this, they who saw her and knew the story were still sure that the lord must at last win the day. There was not one who believed that such a girl could be true to such a troth as she had made. Even the Solicitor-General when he told the tale which the amorous steward had remembered to his own encouragement did not think but what the girl and the girl's fortune would fall into the hands of his client. Human nature demanded that it should be so. That it should be as he wished it was so absolutely consonant with all nature, as he had known it, that he had preferred trusting to this result, in his client's behalf, to leaving the case in a jury's hands. At this moment he was sure he was right in his judgment—and indeed he was right—for no jury could have done any thing for his client.

It went on till at last the wise men decided that the girl only wanted to be relieved by her old lover that she might take a new lover with his permission. The girl was, no doubt, peculiar; but as far as the wise ones could learn from her manner—for with words she would say nothing—that was her state of mind. So the interview was planned, to the infinite disgust of the Countess, who, however, believed that it might avail; and we know what was the result. Lady Anna, who long had doubted—who had at last almost begun to doubt whether Daniel Thwaite was true to her—had renewed her pledges, strengthened her former promises, and was now more firmly betrothed than ever to him whom the Countess hated as a very fiend upon earth. But there certainly should be no marriage! though she pistoled the man at the altar, there should be no marriage.

And then there came upon her the infinite disgust arising from the necessity of having to tell her sorrows to others, who could not sympathize with her, though their wishes were as hers. It was hard upon her that no step could be taken by her in reference to her daughter without the knowledge of Mr. Goffe and Sergeant Bluestone, and the consequent knowledge of Mr. Flick and the Solicitor-General. It was necessary, too, that Lord Lovel should know all. His conduct in many things must depend on the reception which might probably be accorded to a renewal of his suit. Of course he must be told. He had already been told that the tailor was to be admitted to his love, in order that she might be absolved by the tailor from her first vow. It had not been pleasant—but he had acceded. Mr. Flick had taken upon himself to say that he was sure that every thing would be made pleasant. The Earl had frowned, and had been very short with Mr. Flick. These confidences with lawyers about his love-suit, and his love's tone with her low-born lover, had not been pleasant to Lord Lovel. But he had endured it, and now he must be told of the result. Oh heavens! what a hell of misery was this girl making for her high-born relatives! But the story of the tailor's visit to Keppel Street did not reach the unhappy ones at Yoxham till months had passed away.

Mr. Goffe was very injudicious in postponing the departure of the two ladies, as the Solicitor-General told Mr. Flick afterward very plainly, when he heard of what had been done. "Money! she might have had any money. I would have advanced it." "You would have advanced it!" "Oh, certainly," said Mr. Flick, not, however, at all relishing the idea of advancing money to his client's adversary. "I never heard of such folly," continued Sir William. "That comes of trusting people who should not be trusted." But it was too late then. Lady Anna was lying ill in bed, in fever, and three doctors doubted whether she would ever get up again. "Would it not be better that she should die?" said her mother to herself, standing over her and looking at her. It would—so thought the mother then—be better that she should die than get up to become the wife of Daniel Thwaite. But how much better that she should live and become the Countess Lovel! She still loved her child as only a mother can love her only child—as only a mother can love who has no hope of joy in the world but what is founded on her child. But the other passion had become so strong in her bosom that it almost conquered her mother's yearnings. Was she to fight for long years that she might be beaten at last when the prize was so near her—when the cup was almost at her lips? Were the girl now to be taken to her grave, there would be an end at any rate of the fear which now most heavily oppressed her. But the three doctors were called in, one after another; and Lady Anna was tended as though her life was as precious as that of any other daughter.

These new tidings caused new perturbation among the lawyers. "They say that Clarke and Holland have given her over," said Mr. Flick to Sir William.

"I am sorry to hear it," said Mr. Solicitor; "but girls do live sometimes in spite of the doctors."

"Yes, very true, Sir William; very true. But if it should go in that way, it might not perhaps be amiss for our client."

"God forbid that he should prosper by his cousin's death, Mr. Flick. But the Countess would be the heir."

"The Countess is devoted to the Earl. We ought to do something, Sir William. I don't think that we could claim above eight or ten thousand pounds at most as real property. He put his money every where, did that old man. There are shares in iron mines in the Alleghanies worth ever so much."

"They are no good to us," said the Solicitor-General, alluding to his client's interests.

"Not worth a half-penny to us, though they are paying twenty per cent. on the paid-up capital. He seems to have determined that the real heir should get nothing, even if there were no will. A wicked old man!"

"Very wicked, Mr. Flick."

"A horrible old man! But we really ought to do something, Mr. Solicitor. If the girl won't marry him there should be some compromise, after all that we have done."

"How can the girl marry any one, Mr. Flick, if she's going to die?"

A few days after this Sir William called in Keppel Street and saw the Countess, not with any idea of promoting a compromise—for the doing which this would not have been the time, nor would he have been the fitting medium—but in order that he might ask after Lady Anna's health. The whole matter was, indeed, now going very much against the Earl. Money had been allowed to the Countess and her daughter; and in truth all the money was now their own, to do with it as they listed, though there might be some delay before each was put into absolute possession of her own proportion; but no money had been allowed, or could be allowed, to the Earl; and that the fact was so was now becoming known to all men. Hitherto credit had at any rate been easy with the young lord. When the old Earl died, and when the will was set aside, it was thought that he would be the heir. When the lawsuit first came up it was believed every where that some generous compromise would be the worst that could befall him. After that the marriage had been almost a certainty, and then it was known that he had something of his own, so that tradesmen need not fear that their bills would not be paid. It can hardly be said that he had been extravagant; but a lord must live, and an earl can hardly live and maintain a house in the country on a thousand a year, even though he has an uncle to keep his hunters for him. Some prudent men in London were already beginning to ask for their money, and the young Earl was in trouble. As Mr. Flick had said, it was quite time that something should be done. Sir William still depended on the panacea of a marriage, if only the girl would live. The marriage might be delayed; but, if the cards were played prudently, might still make every thing comfortable. Such girls do not marry tailors, and will always prefer lords to tradesmen!

"I hope that you do not think that my calling is intrusive," he said. The Countess, dressed all in black, with that funereal frown upon her brow which she always now wore, with deep-sunk eyes, and care legible in every feature of her handsome face, received him with a courtesy that was as full of woe as it was graceful. She was very glad to make his acquaintance. There was no intrusion. He would forgive her, she thought, if he perceived that circumstances had almost overwhelmed her with sorrow. "I have come to ask after your daughter," said he.

"She has been very ill, Sir William."

"Is she better now?"

"I hardly know; I can not say. They seemed to think this morning that the fever was less violent."

"Then she will recover, Lady Lovel."

"They do not say so. But indeed I did not ask them. It is all in God's hands. I sometimes think that it would be better that she should die, and there be an end of it."

This was the first time that these two had been in each other's company, and the lawyer could not altogether repress the feeling of horror with which he heard the mother speak in such a way of her only child. "Oh, Lady Lovel, do not say that!"

"But I do say it. Why should I not say it to you, who know all? Of what good will her life be to herself, or to any one else, if she pollute herself and her family by this marriage? It would be better that she should be dead—much better that she should be dead. She is all that I have, Sir William. It is for her sake that I have been struggling from the first moment in which I knew that I was to be a mother. The whole care of my life has been to prove her to be her father's daughter in the eyes of the law. I doubt whether you can know what it is to pursue one object, and only one, through your whole life, with never-ending solicitude, and to do it all on behalf of another. If you did, you would understand my feelings now. It would be better for her that she should die than become the wife of such a one as Daniel Thwaite."

"Lady Lovel, not only as a mother, but as a Christian, you should get the better of that feeling."

"Of course I should. No doubt every clergyman in England would tell me the same thing. It is easy to say all that, Sir. Wait till you are tried. Wait till all your ambition is to be betrayed, every hope rolled in the dust, till all the honors you have won are to be soiled and degraded, and made a mark for general scorn and public pity, and then tell me how you love the child by whom such evils are brought upon you."

"I trust that I may never be so tried, Lady Lovel."

"I hope not; but think of all that before you preach to me. But I do love her; and it is because I love her that I would fain see her removed from the reproaches which her own madness will bring upon her. Let her die—if it be God's will. I can follow her without one wish for a prolonged life. Then will a noble family be again established, and her sorrowful tale will be told among the Lovels with a tear and without a curse."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LADY ANNA'S BEDSIDE.

ALL December went by, and the neighbors in the houses round spent each his merry Christmas; and the snow and frost of January passed over them, and February had come and nearly gone, before the doctors dared to say that Lady Anna Lovel's life was not still in danger. During this long period the world had known all about her illness, as it did know, or pretend to know, the whole history of her life. The world had been informed that she was dying, and had, upon the whole, been really very sorry for her.

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She had interested the world, and the world had heard much of her youth and beauty—of the romance, too, of her story, of her fidelity to the tailor, and of her persecutions. During these months of her illness the world was disposed to think that the tailor was a fine fellow, and that he ought to be taken by the hand. He had money now, and it was thought that it would be a good thing to bring him into some club. There was a very strong feeling at the Beaufort that if he were properly proposed and seconded he would be elected—not because he was going to marry an heiress, but because he was losing the heiress whom he was to have married. If the girl died, then Lord Lovel himself might bring him forward at the Beaufort. Of all this, Daniel himself knew nothing; but he heard, as all the world heard, that Lady Anna was on her death-bed.

When the news first reached him—after a fashion that seemed to him to be hardly worthy of credit—he called at the house in Keppel Street and asked the question. Yes, Lady Anna was very ill. But, as it happened, Sarah, the lady's-maid, opened the door, and Sarah remembered the tailor. She had seen him when he was admitted to her young mistress, and knew enough of the story to be aware that he should be snubbed. Her first answer was given before she had bethought herself; then she snubbed him, and told no one but the Countess of his visit. After that Daniel went to one of the doctors, and waited at his door with patience till he could be seen. The unhappy man told his story plainly. He was Daniel Thwaite, late a tailor, the man from Keswick, to whom Lady Anna Lovel was engaged. In charity and loving-kindness, would the doctor tell him of the state of his beloved one? The doctor took him by the hand and asked him in, and did tell him. His beloved one was then on the very point of death. Whereupon Daniel wrote to the Countess in humble strains, himself taking the letter, and waiting without in the street for any answer that might be vouchsafed. If it was, as he was told, that his beloved was dying, might he be allowed to stand once at her bedside and kiss her hand? In about an hour an answer was brought to him at the area gate. It consisted of his own letter, opened, and returned to him without a word. He went away, too sad to curse, but he declared to himself that such cruelty in a woman's bosom could exist only in the bosom of a countess.

But as others heard early in February that Lady Anna was likely to recover, so did Daniel Thwaite. Indeed, his authority was better than that which reached the clubs, for the doctor still stood his friend. Could the doctor take a message from him to Lady Anna—but one word? No, the doctor could take no message. That he would not do. But he did not object to give to the lover a bulletin of the health of his sweetheart. In this way Daniel knew sooner than most others when the change took place in the condition of his beloved one.

Lady Anna would be of age in May, and the plan of her betrothed was as follows: He would do nothing till that time, and then he would call upon her to allow their banns to be published in Bloomsbury Church after the manner of the Church of England. He himself had taken lodgings in Great Russell Street, thinking that his object might be aided by living in the same parish. If, as was probable, he would not be allowed to approach Lady Anna either in person or by letter, then he would have recourse to the law, and would allege that the young lady was unduly kept a prisoner in custody. He was told that such complaint would be as idle wind coming from him—that no allegation of that kind could obtain any redress unless it came from the young lady herself; but he flattered himself that he could so make it that the young lady would at any rate obtain thereby the privilege of speaking for herself. Let some one ask her what were her wishes, and he would be prepared to abide by her expression of them.

In the mean time Lord Lovel also had been anxious; but his anxiety had been met in a very different fashion. For many days the Countess saw him daily, so that there grew up between them a close intimacy. When it was believed that the girl would die—believed with that sad assurance which made those who were concerned speak of her death almost as a certainty—the Countess, sitting alone with the young Earl, had told him that all would be his if the girl left them. He had muttered something as to there being no reason for that. "Who else should have it?" said the Countess. "Where should it go? Your people, Lovel, have not understood me. It is for the family that I have been fighting, fighting, fighting, and never ceasing. Though you have been my adversary, it has been all for the Lovels. If she goes, it shall be yours at once. There is no one knows how little I care for wealth myself." Then the girl had become better, and the Countess again began her plots, and her plans, and her strategy. She would take the girl abroad in May—in April if it might be possible. They would go, not to Rome then, but to the south of France, and, as the weather became too warm for them, on to Switzerland and the Tyrol. Would he, Lord Lovel, follow them? Would he follow them and be constant in his suit, even though the frantic girl should still talk of her tailor lover? If he would do so, as far as money was concerned, all should be in common with them. For what was the money wanted but that the Lovels might be great and noble and splendid? He said that he would do so. He also loved the girl—thought, at least during the tenderness created by her illness, that he loved her with all his heart. He sat hour after hour with the Countess in Keppel Street—sometimes seeing the girl as she lay unconscious, or feigning that she was so, till at last he was daily at her bedside. "You had better not talk to him, Anna," her mother would say, "but of course he is anxious to see you." Then the Earl would kiss her hand, and in her mother's presence she had not the courage—perhaps she had not the strength—to withdraw it. In these days the Countess was not cruelly stern, as she had been. Besides, nursing hardly admits of such cruelty of manner. But she never spoke to her child with little tender endearing words, never embraced her, but was to her a careful nurse rather than a loving mother.

Then by degrees the girl got better, and was able to talk. "Mamma," she said one day, "won't you sit by me?"

"No, my dear; you should not be encouraged to talk."

"Sit by me, and let me hold your hand." For a moment the Countess gave way, and sat by her daughter, allowing her hand to remain pressed beneath the bedclothes; but she rose abruptly, remembering her grievance—remembering that it would be better that her child should die, should die broken-hearted by unrelenting cruelty, than be encouraged to think it possible that she should do as she desired. So she rose abruptly and left the bedside without a word.

"Mamma," said Lady Anna, "will Lovel be here to-day?"

"I suppose he will be here."

"Will you let me speak to him for a minute?"

"Surely you may speak to him."

"I am strong now, mamma, and I think that I shall be well again some day. I have so often wished that I might die!"

"You had better not talk about it, my dear."

"But I should like to speak to him, mamma, without you."

"What to say, Anna?"

"I hardly know; but I should like to speak to him. I have something to say about money."

"Can not I say it?"

"No, mamma. I must say it myself—if you will let me." The Countess looked at her girl with suspicion, but she gave the permission demanded. Of course it would be right that this lover should see his lover. The Countess was almost minded to require from Lady Anna an assurance that no allusion should be made to Daniel Thwaite; but the man's name had not been mentioned between them since the beginning of the illness, and she was loath to mention it now. Nor would it have been possible to prevent for long such an interview as that now proposed.

"He shall come in if he pleases," said the Countess; "but I hope you will remember who you are and to whom you are speaking."

"I will remember both, mamma," said Lady Anna. The Countess looked down on her daughter's face, and could not help thinking that her child was different from what she had been. There had been almost defiance in the words spoken, though they had been spoken with the voice of an invalid.

At three o'clock that afternoon, according to his custom, Lord Lovel came, and was at once told that he was to be spoken to by his cousin. "She says it is about money," said the Countess.

"About money?"

"Yes—and if she confines herself to that, do as she bids you. If she is ever to be your wife it will be all right; and if not, then it will be better in your hands than in hers. In three months' time she can do as she pleases with it all." He was then taken into Lady Anna's room. "Here is your cousin," said the Countess. "You must not talk long, or I shall interrupt you. If you wish to speak to him about the property—as the head of your family—that will be very right; but confine yourself to that for the present." Then the Countess left them, and closed the door.

"It is not only about money, Lord Lovel."

"You might call me Frederic now," said he, tenderly.

"No, not now. If I am ever well again, and we are then friends, I will do so. They tell me that there is ever so much money—hundreds of thousands of pounds. I forget how much."

"Do not trouble yourself about that."

"But I do trouble myself very much about it, and I know that it ought to be yours. There is one thing I want to tell you, which you must believe. If I am ever any man's wife, I shall be the wife of Daniel Thwaite." That dark frown came upon his face which she had seen once before. "Pray believe that it is so," she continued. "Mamma does not believe it—will not believe it; but it is so. I love him with all my heart. I think of him every minute. It is very, very cruel that I may not hear from him or send one word to tell him how I am. There! My hand is on the Bible, and I swear to you that if I am ever the wife of any man, I will be his wife."

He looked down at her and saw that she was wan and thin and weak, and he did not dare to preach to her the old family sermon as to his rank and station. "But, Anna, why do you tell me this now?" he said.

"That you may believe it, and not trouble yourself with me any more. You must believe it when I tell you so in this manner. I may perhaps never live to rise from my bed. If I get well, I shall send to him, or go. I will not be hindered. He is true to me, and I will be true to him. You may tell mamma if you think proper. She would not believe me, but perhaps she may believe you. But, Lord Lovel, it is not fit that he should have all this money. He does not want it, and he would not take it. Till I am married I may do what I please with it—and it shall be yours."

"That can not be."

"Yes, it can. I know that I can make it yours if I please. They tell me that—that you are not rich, as Lord Lovel should be, because all this has been taken from you. That was the reason why you came to me."

"By Heaven, Anna, I love you most truly."

"It could not have been so when you had not seen me. Will you take a message from me to Daniel Thwaite?"

He thought a while before he answered it. "No, I can not do that."

"Then I must find another messenger. Mr. Goffe will do it, perhaps. He shall tell me how much he wants to keep, and the rest shall be yours. That is all. If you tell mamma, ask her not to be hard to me." He stood over her and took her hand, but knew not how to speak a word to her. He attempted to kiss her hand; but she raised herself on her elbow, and shook her head and drew it from him. "It belongs to Daniel Thwaite," she said. Then he left her and did not speak another word.

"What has she said?" asked the Countess, with an attempt at smiling.

"I do not know that I should tell you."

"Surely, Lovel, you are bound to tell me."

"She has offered me all her property—or most of it."

"She is right," said the Countess.

"But she has sworn to me, on the Bible, that she will never be my wife."

"Tush!—it means nothing."

"Ah, yes, it means much; it means all. She never loved me—not for an instant. That other man has been before me, and she is too firm to be moved."

"Did she say so?"

He was silent for a moment, and then replied, "Yes, she did say so."

"Then let her die!" said the Countess.

"Lady Lovel!"

"Let her die. It will be better. O God! that I should be brought to this! And what will you do, my lord? Do you mean to say that you will abandon her?"

"I can not ask her to be my wife again."

"What! because she has said this in her sickness—when she is half delirious—while she is dreaming of the words that man spoke to her? Have you no more strength than that? Are you so poor a creature?"

"I think I have been a poor creature to ask her a second time at all."

"No, not so. Your duty and mine are the same—as should be hers. We must forget ourselves while we save the family. Do not I bear all? Have not I borne every thing—contumely, solitude, ill words, poverty, and now this girl's unkindness? But even yet I will not give it up. Take the property, as it is offered."

"I could not touch it."

"If not for you, then for your children. Take it all, so that we may be the stronger. But do not abandon us now, if you are a man."

He would not stay to hear her further exhortations, but hurried away from the house, full of doubt and unhappiness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

WHILE yet fresh in the public mind are the harrowing details of the wreck of the *Atlantic* on the rock-bound coast of Nova Scotia, from mid-ocean there comes a fearful tale. In the dead of night two vessels, rushing on their swift course in fancied safety, suddenly crash against each other. A great flood of water pours through the broken side of the unfortunate *Ville du Havre*. She is freighted with three hundred and thirteen precious souls, and the majority of them are sleeping. How fearful the sudden waking to strange danger and death! How appalling the confusion, the wild shrieks of terror, and the fierce, instinctive struggles for life! Who can imagine the horrors of the scene? But the time is short. In twelve minutes from the time of collision the noble steamer sinks, carrying down with her—as it is now believed—two hundred and twenty-six persons. Eighty-seven are reported saved.

This sad disaster occurred about two o'clock in the morning of November 23. The *Ville du Havre* was built a few years ago, and known as the *Napoleon III.* Last winter she was reconstructed, and came to this port in April as the *Ville du Havre*. She was one of the largest steamers afloat, magnificently fitted up, and all her interior arrangements were of the most approved kind. The captain, who was saved from the wreck, and the officers of the vessel are believed to have been efficient and faithful. The *Loch Earn*, which unknowingly dealt the fatal blow, is a powerful ship, built at Glasgow, and belonging to the Glasgow Ship Company. She was employed in carrying cargoes between New York and London. Apparently her officers and crew did all in their power to aid the unfortunates who were wrecked, rescuing many in boats, and searching for survivors until further efforts seemed hopeless. It soon became evident that the *Loch Earn* was seriously damaged by the collision, and she hoisted signals of distress, to which the American ship *Trimountain* responded several hours after the disaster. It was thought prudent to transfer the survivors to the *Trimountain*, which carried them to Cardiff, Wales, where they were landed and most kindly cared for by the citizens. Although it scarcely appears possible that such an appalling calamity could occur unless there was lack of vigilance somewhere, yet, while all facts are so imperfectly known, blame is justly withheld. Seldom has any catastrophe stricken with sudden death so many who have been widely known beyond the immediate circle of their own families. The passengers were from the cultivated and wealthy classes, and in some cases whole families, or all excepting one or two, were swept away. Mourning is carried into many desolate mansions, and the great public sympathizes in the loss of those who have filled conspicuous places in society. On both sides of the Atlantic the news of this great disaster has caused the deepest sorrow—not only in the hearts of those who have been personally bereaved, but among the thousands who keenly sympathize with them.

Among the passengers of the *Ville du Havre* was Mrs. H. G. Spafford, wife of a prominent lawyer of Chicago, with her four children and adopted son. On the night of the great Chicago fire Mrs. Spafford rescued the lives of her children with difficulty, and they spent the bleak night in the open air. They never recovered from the effects of the exposure; and hoping to restore the health of her family, Mrs. Spafford sought change and recreation by traveling in Europe. The following cable dispatch came to Mr. Spafford:

"HÔTEL DE VILLE, HAVRE, *December* 1, 1873.—Saved alone. Mrs. Goodwin and her children and Willie Culver lost. What shall I do?"

Mrs. Goodwin was also from Chicago, and her two children were nine and eleven years of age. It is a singular circumstance that Mrs. Goodwin first engaged passage in the *Abyssinia*, of the Cunard line, but was induced to change her route. Young Culver was thirteen years old, and on his way to attend school in Germany. All these were traveling in one party, and their loss has cast a gloom over Chicago. Mr. Henry Sigourney, of Boston, his wife and three children, with the nurse, all perished. One son is left, a member of the Freshman class of Harvard. Miss Madeline Mixter, a young lady of seventeen, and her young sister Helen, were saved, while their parents and grandfather, Mr. Nathaniel Curtis, went down with the ship. They were also from Boston, although recently Mr. Mixter and family had resided abroad, and they were returning to their foreign home.

Captain Charles Hunter, of Newport, Rhode Island, his wife, three daughters, and maid-servant, were on the *Ville du Havre*. Two daughters were rescued from the waves, the others all perished. It is said that Mr. Hunter undertook the voyage with many misgivings, being impressed with the feeling that some misfortune was impending.

"CARDIFF, *December* 1, 1873.—Julia went down with the steamer. My health unimpaired. Sufficient funds to go to Paris. CHARLEY."

Such was the telegram received from an invalid son by Mr. Waite, proprietor of the Brevoort House, in this city. The sister, who had gone with her brother, intending to spend the winter in the south of France, was buried in mid-ocean. Two young lady artists, Miss Lizzie W. Putnam and Miss Mary H. Church, of Boston, occupied the same state-room, and perished together. They had studied art together at the Cooper Institute, and their object in crossing the Atlantic was to visit the art galleries of Europe. Miss Caroline Turcas was a beautiful young lady of seventeen. She was on her way to Paris to be married. Her brief history is as follows: Her parents were of French descent, and resided, before the present difficulties, in the island of Cuba, in the city of Santiago de Cuba, where they owned large coffee plantations. At the breaking out of the revolution in Cuba they came to this city. Within the last two years they both died, and about a year ago a brother of the young lady in question died at Santiago de Cuba, shortly after his arrival at that port, where he went to settle up some family affairs. Mr. and Mrs. William Ross Swift, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, were *en route* for Germany, where Mrs. Swift was intending to complete her musical education. They were both saved, although Mr. Swift's rescue was remarkable, as he is crippled by lameness. But their little daughter Mary sank to the bottom of the ocean. Mrs. A. G. Kennett, of Buffalo, with two children and servant, was among the lost. She was on her way to Marseilles to join her husband, the lieutenant-commander and navigating officer of the sloop of war *Alaska*, attached to the Mediterranean squadron off Cartagena.

Such are some of the incidents—and there are many of similar interest—connected with the lost passengers of the *Ville du Havre*.

The total number of visitors to the Central Park during 1872 was nearly 10,900,000, and the number this year has already exceeded those figures. One day last January there were 75,000 visitors, of whom at least 40,000 resorted to the lakes and ponds. The lakes and ponds of the Park include many acres, from which the snow is carefully cleared after each snow-storm, so that the ice may be in good condition for skating. The expense of this work last year was no less than $22,000.

The Mont Cenis Tunnel is about seven miles in length; the Hoosac will be about four and three-quarters. In exact figures it is 25,031 feet long, with a roadway twenty-four feet wide, and corresponding height. The Hoosac Mountains, which, running through the western part of Massachusetts, have formed such a troublesome barrier to direct and easy communication between the Western States and the metropolis of New England, were penetrated on the afternoon of Thanksgiving-day, after long years of persevering labor. Nearly half a century ago the Hoosac Tunnel was proposed; and after numerous difficulties the railroad, of which this tunnel forms a part, was chartered in 1848, and in 1852 work was commenced on the tunnel itself. It was under various and skillful supervision until 1868. A contract for the completion of the work was given in 1869 to the Messrs. Shanley, of Canada, the understanding being that the tunnel should be opened by March 1, 1874, a margin of six months being given in case of special difficulties in mining. The work has been pushed forward with great vigor, and can not but be regarded as a great triumph of engineering skill.

Terrible evils are impending over large portions of Northern India. Bengal is threatened with absolute want of food. Rice crops have failed, there are no stores of grain, and ten millions of people are almost helpless. Fortunately the crops have been good in some sections of India, and the English government of Bengal is taking measures to supply food to the famine-stricken regions. Rice is all the daily food that a Hindoo absolutely requires, and this is what should be furnished.

The managers of the Boston Public Library have done a wise thing in making special arrangements to secure the building as far as possible against fire.

Several well-known gentlemen, representing the various public and private charitable societies of this city, recently met at Cooper Institute to devise co-operative measures by which the worthy poor might be relieved. A committee was appointed to ascertain the present amount of actual want, and to devise and present to a subsequent meeting a well devised and carefully digested plan, which, while preventing fraud upon public benevolence, and avoiding invitation to become paupers, will insure a wise and adequate protection for the suffering poor.

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"AFTER MEETING."—DRAWN BY E. A. ABBEY.—[SEE PAGE 825.]

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VIEWS IN NEW YORK CITY.

THE accompanying graphic illustrations give good representative views of two of the four longitudinal avenues which form the favorite residence part of New York city. These are Fifth, Madison, Park or Fourth, and Lexington avenues, which run parallel to each other in the order named, and vary in width from seventy-five to one hundred and forty feet. From Lexington Avenue on the east to Sixth Avenue on the west is at present the fashionable quarter of New York. But the bounds of this quarter are as shifting as quicksands, and the rapidly advancing business will probably drive it back ere long to the region about the Central Park, where it will establish itself permanently as around Hyde Park in London.

Our first illustration shows in the foreground the beautiful Jewish synagogue, the Temple Emanuel, on the east side of Fifth Avenue, on the corner of Forty-third Street. This Oriental structure relieves the eye from the monotony of the brown-stone buildings about it, and is in itself a suggestion of the land of Judæa. Looking southward, we see on the right, at Forty-second Street, the lower Croton Reservoir, and beyond it the Brick Church, familiarly known as Dr. Spring's, on the corner of Thirty-seventh Street, and the Collegiate Reformed Church, on the corner of Twenty-ninth Street, in the distance.

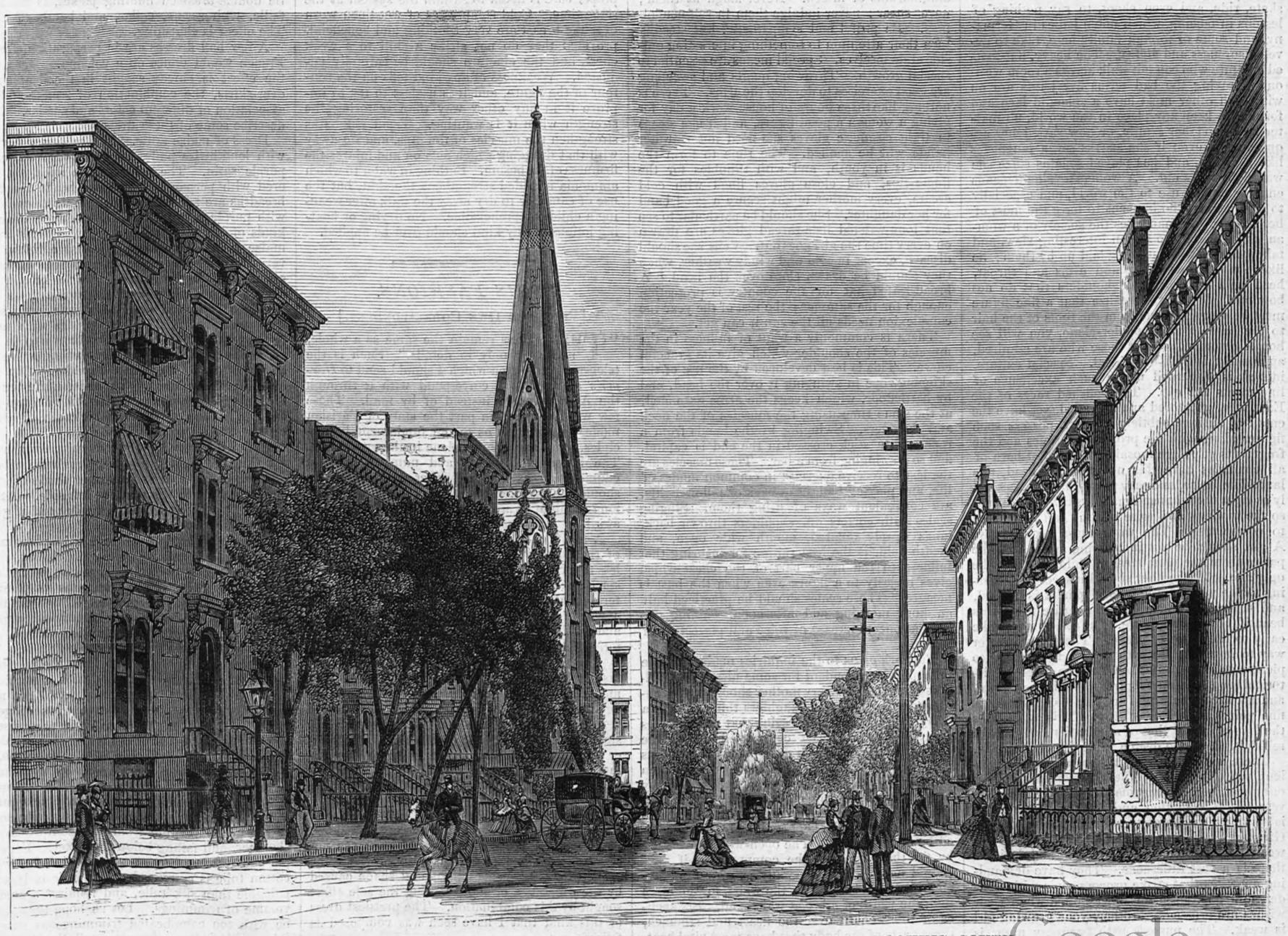
In the second illustration we see in the foreground the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. John the Baptist, on the east side of Lexington Avenue, at the intersection of Thirty-sixth Street, on the summit of Murray Hill. Beyond is the vista of the pleasant and well-shaded avenue, with its blocks of brown-stone houses, with picturesque bay-windows projecting here and there into the street.

FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK CITY, LOOKING SOUTH.

"AFTER MEETING."

See illustration on p. 824.

THIS picture tells its own story to all who have ever witnessed the sociable quarter of an hour that follows the dismissal of a village congregation. It is the festivity of the week to many of the church-goers, their single opportunity to come in contact with the world about them and to meet their neighbors. Lovers exchange furtive greetings, gossips discuss the village news, farmers talk over the crops and shrewdly hint at possible bargains, and children gaze in wonder at their elders in their Sunday clothes, while the horses wait under the trees until the crowd is ready to disperse. This social gathering would be sorely missed in the country. It is the one occasion when the villagers are almost sure to meet *en masse*, for every body goes to church in the country, and to be absent from one's pew without cause is to incur ostracism as a pagan. Moreover, they usually know each other's affairs well enough to see through any flimsy excuses.



LEXINGTON AVENUE AND THIRTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, LOOKING SOUTH.

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ALL-SAINTS' DAY,

AT NEW COLLEGE CHAPEL, OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

I SHALL find them again, I shall find them again,
Though I can not tell when or where;
My earthly own gone to worlds unknown,
But never beyond Thy care.

I shall find them again, I shall find them again,
By the soul that within me dwells,
And leaps unto Thee with rapture free,
As the jubilant autumn swells:

"*I heard a voice saying*—" What it says
I hear. So perchance do they,
As I stand between my living, I ween,
And my dead, upon All-Saints' Day.

And I see all clear: new heavens, new earth,
New bodies redeemed from pain;
New souls—ah! not so: with the soul that I know
Let me find, let me find them again!

Let me walk with them under any sky,
Beside any land or sea,
In what shape or make Thou will'st us to take,
If like unto, near to, Thee.

Let me wander wherever Thou bid'st me go,
Rest, labor, or even remain
Lulled in long still sleep in the earth or the deep,
If I wake to find them again.

Only at times does the awful mist
Lift off, and we seem to see
For a moment's space the far dwelling-place
Of these our beloved, and Thee.

Only at times through our souls' shut doors
Come visits divine as brief,
And we cease to grieve, crying, "Lord, I believe:
Help Thou mine unbelief!"

Linger a little, invisible host
Of the unknown saints who stand
Perhaps not far off, though men may scoff;
Touch me with unfelt hand.

But my own, my own, ye are holding me fast
With the human clasp that I knew;
Through the chorus clear your voices I hear,
And I am singing with you.

Ah, they melt away as the music dies;
Back comes the world's work, hard, plain;
But God lifted in grace the veil from His face,
And it smiled, "Thou shalt find them again."

FOR THE UGLY GIRLS.

No. XXII.

AMERICAN girls begin to make much of physical culture. As their refinement advances they see how much of their value in society depends on the nerve and spirits which accompany thorough development. It is not enough that they know how to dance languidly, and carry themselves in company. To distinguish herself, a young belle must know how to row, swim, skate, ride, and even shoot, to say nothing of lessons in fencing, which noble ladies in Germany, and some of foreign family here, take to develop sureness and agility. The heavy, flat-footed creature who can not walk across a room without betraying the bad terms her joints are on with each other must have a splendid face and fortune to keep any place in the world, no matter how good her family, or how varied her acquirements, even if she speaks seven languages like a native, and has played sonatas since she was eight years old. A woman's value depends entirely on her use to the world, and especially to that person who happens to have the most of her society. A man likes the society of a woman who can walk to see an interesting view, and take journeys without being laid up by them; he likes smooth motions, round arms and throat, head held straight, and shoulders that do not bow out. When you realize that a fine figure must be a straight line from the roots of the hair to the base of the shoulder-blade, you will see how few women, even of those who are admired, approach this high-bred ideal. Special culture, indeed, is discerned where such excellence of line meets the eye. The polished races of the East, who, untutored and degraded, yet have the entail of antique subtlety and art, possess such figures along with the proverbs of sages and the fragments of palace mosaics. The best-born of all countries have this noble set of head, this lance-like figure, and easy play of limb. As surely as right thoughts and manners can be induced, so the motions and poise of limb can be trained to correctness. The work must begin early. A girl should be put in training as soon as she passes from the plumpness of childhood into the ugly age. The mother should inspect her dressing to see what physical development is needed, and stimulate the child by the desire to possess beautiful limbs and figure. The senses are awake early to the sense of grace. There is no better way to inspire a girl with it than to take her to picture-galleries, and show her the faces of historical beauties, or the figures of Italian sculpture, and ask her if she would not like to own the same fine points in her own body. This substitutes the love of art for that of admiration, and makes self-cultivation too deep a thing for mere vanity.

There is a time when girls are awkward, indolent, and capricious. Their boisterous spirits at one time, their sickly minauderies at another, are very trying to mother and teacher. The cause is set down as depravity, when it is only nature. Girls are lapsided and indolent because they are weak or languid, between which and laziness there is a vast difference. They have demanding appetites that strike grown people with wonder, and go frantic on short notice when their wishes are crossed. Mother, your growing girl is weak. The nursery bath Saturday night is not enough. Encourage her to take a sponge-bath every day. When she comes in heated from a long walk or play, see that she bathes her knees and elbows and feet in cold water, to prevent her growing nervous with fatigue when the excitement is over. See to it that she is not too warmly dressed, and that she does not suffer from cold, remembering a plump, active child will suffer with heat under the clothes it takes to keep you comfortable; and if she is thin and sensitive, care must be taken against sudden chills. Keep her on very simple but well-flavored diet, with plenty of sour fruit, if she craves it, for the young have a facility for growing bilious, which acids correct. Sweet pickles not too highly spiced are favorites with children, and are better than sweetmeats. Nuts and raisins are more wholesome than candies. New cheese and cream are to be preferred to butter with bread and vegetables. Soup and a little of the best and juiciest meat should be given at dinner. But this miscellaneous stuffing that half-grown girls are allowed to indulge in ruins their complexion, temper, and digestion. No coffee or tea should be taken by any human being till it is full-grown. The excitement of young nerves by these drinks is more than the benefit derived from them. Besides, the luxury and the stimulus are greater to the adult when debarred from these things through childhood. Neither mind nor body should be worked till maturity. Children will do all they ought in study and work without much urging; and they will learn and keep more in two hours of study to five of play than if the order is inverted. Say to a child, Get this lesson and you may go to play, and you will be astonished to see how rapidly it learns; but if one lesson is to succeed another till six dreary hours have dragged away, it loses heart, and learns merely what can not well be helped. A girl under eighteen ought not to practice at the piano or sit at a desk more than three-quarters of an hour at a time. Then she should run out-of-doors ten minutes, or exercise, to relieve the nerves. An adult never ought to study or sit more than an hour without brief change before passing to the next. This keeps the head clearer, the limbs fresher, and carries one through a day with less fatigue than if one worked eight hours and then rested four.

I do not share the prejudice against braces and backboards for keeping the figure straight, especially when young. It is instinctive with barbarous nations to use such aids in compelling erectness in their children. These appliances need not be painful in the least, but rather give tender muscles and bones welcome relief. Languid girls should take cool sitz-baths to strengthen the muscles of the back and hips, more than ordinarily susceptible of fatigue when childhood is left. But *never* talk of a girl's feelings in mind or body before her, or suffer her to dwell on them. The effect is bad physically and mentally. See that these injunctions are obeyed implicitly; spare her the whys and wherefores. It is enough for her to know that she will feel better for them. Of all things, deliver us from valetudinarians of fifteen. Never laugh at them; never sneer; never indulge them in self-condolings. Be pitiful and sympathetic, but steadily turn their attention to something interesting outside of themselves. Special means are essential to special growth. Throwing quoits and sweeping are good exercises to develop the arms. There is nothing like three hours of house-work a day for giving a woman a good figure, and if she sleeps in tight cosmetic gloves she need not fear her hands will be spoiled. The time to form the hands is in youth, and with thimbles for the finger-tips, and close gloves lined with cold cream, every mother might secure a good hand for her daughter. She should be particular to see that long-wristed lisle-thread gloves are drawn on every time the girl goes out. Veils she should discard, except in cold and windy weather, when they should be drawn close over the head. A broad-leafed hat for the country is protection enough for the summer; the rest of the year the complexion needs all the sun it can get.

There is commonly a want of fullness in the muscles of the shoulder which give its graceful curve. This is best developed by the use of the skipping-rope in swinging it over the head, and by battledoor, which keeps the arms extended, at the same time using the muscles of the neck and shoulders. Swinging by the hands from a rope with a stick crossed in the end is capital, and so is swinging from a bar. These muscles are the last to receive exercise in common modes of life, and playing ball, bean-bags or pillow fights, are convenient ways of using them. Singing scales with corsets off, shoulders thrown back, lungs deeply inflated, mouth wide open, and breath held, is the best tuition for insuring that fullness to the upper part of the chest which gives majesty to a figure even when the bust is meagre. These scales should be practiced half an hour morning and afternoon, gaining two ends at once, increase of voice and perfection of figure.

This brings us to the inquiries made by more than one correspondent for some means of developing the bust. Every mother should pay attention to this before her daughters think of such a thing for themselves, by seeing that their dresses are never in the least constricted across the chest, and that a foolish dress-maker never puts padding into their waists. This horrible custom of wearing pads is the ruin of natural figures, by heating and pressing down the bosom. This most delicate and sensitive part of a woman's form must always be kept cool, and well supported by a linen corset. The open-worked ones are by far the best, and the compression, if any, should not be, as it generally is, over the heart and fixed ribs, but just at the waist, for not more than the width of a broad waistband. Six inches of thick coutil over the heart and stomach, those parts of the body that have most vital heat, must surely disorder them and affect the bust as well. It would be better if the coutil were over the shoulders or the abdomen, and the whalebones of the corset held together by broad tapes, so that there would be less dressing over the heart, instead of more. A low, deep bosom is a sign of grace in a full-grown woman, and a full bust is hardly admirable in an unmarried girl, whose figure should be full of curves, but slender, promising a fuller beauty when maturity is reached. One is not fond of overripe pears.

Flat figures are best dissembled by puffed and shirred blouse-waists, or by corsets with a fine rattan run in the top of the bosom gore, which throws out the fullness sufficiently to look well in a plain corsage. Of all things India rubber pads are most injurious, by sweating the skin constantly, and ruining the bust beyond hope of restoration. To improve its outlines, wear a linen corset fitting so close at the end of the top gores as to support the bosom well; and for this the corset must be fitted to the skin, and worn next the under-flannel. Night and morning sponge the bust in the coldest water—sponging it upward, but never down. Madame Celnart relates that the bayaderes of India cultivate their forms by wearing a cincture of linen under the breasts, and at night chafing them lightly with a piece of linen. The breasts should never be touched but with the utmost delicacy, as other treatment renders them weak and flaccid, and not unfrequently results in cancer. A baby's bite has more than once inflicted this horror upon its mother. But one thing is to be solemnly cautioned—that no human being, doctor, nurse, nor even the mother herself, on any pretense, save in case of accident, be allowed to touch a girl's figure. It would be unnecessary to say this were not French nurses, especially old and experienced ones, sometimes in the habit of stroking the figures of young girls committed to their charge, with the idea of thus developing them. This is not a thing mentioned from hearsay. Mothers can not be too careful how they leave their children with even well-meaning servants. A young girl's body is more sensitive than any harp is to the air that plays upon it. Nature, free, uneducated, and direct, responds to every touch on that seat of the nerves, the bosom, by a normal excitement that is simply ruinous to a child's nervous system, and should be guarded against by all means. Girls are very different about their feelings, and some affectionate, innocent, hearty natures remain through their lives as simple as when they were babes taking their bath under their mother's hands, while others, equally innocent but more susceptible, require to be guarded and sheltered even from the violence of a caress as from contagion and pain.

Due attention to the general health always has its effect in restoring the bust to its roundness. It is a mistake that it is irremediably injured by nursing children. A babe may be taught not to pinch and bite its mother, and the exercise of a natural function can injure her in no way, if proper care is taken to sustain the system at the same time. Cold compresses of wet linen worn over the breast are very soothing and beneficial, provided they do not strike a chill to a weak chest, and the cincture should be carefully adjusted. Weakness of any kind tells on the contour of the figure, and it is useless to try to improve it in any other way than restoring the strength when it is wanting. Tepid sitz-baths strengthen the muscles of the hips, and do away with that dragging which acts on and injures the firmness of the bosom. Bathing in water to which ammonia is added strengthens the skin, but the use of camphor to dry away the milk after weaning a child is reprehensible. No drying or heating lotions of any kind should ever be applied.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

"THE fashions remain the same as a whole, and vary only in details." Such is the telegraphic dispatch which I should send to *Harper's Bazar* did I correspond with it through the Atlantic cable instead of by mail. These few words sum up in part the state of Parisian modes: stagnation as to the fundamental principles, fancy and change alone in the ornaments. The latter in diversity and numbers surpass enumeration as well as exact analysis. But should the question be asked, What is the fashion? it might be answered, indifferently, Nothing at all.

A too faithful image of the political divisions of the country, fashion, like France, is powerless to escape from the domain of the provisional, since any thing definite, no matter what, encounters equal opposition from all sides. It is like a wagon with horses harnessed at both ends, and condemned to remain stationary through the forces that draw it in contrary directions. This is why there is no important change either in fashion or in politics, and why the same garments are worn year after year, varying only in details.

Perhaps there is also another reason for this stagnation, namely, that the fashions were never so pretty, more picturesque, and more becoming than since the day of the adoption of costumes; that is, of draped garments differing in fabric and even in color from the skirts.

Velvet and satin, but, above all, velvet and cloth, are the favorite combinations this winter. As a matter of course the two fabrics are not only of the same color, but also of the same shade, the difference of light and shade caused by the difference of fabrics being the sole effect sought by this combination. The prettiest dress of this kind that I have seen was composed as follows:

Skirt of plum-colored cloth, trimmed on the bottom with a very deep flounce composed of alternate clusters of four pleats of silk and four pleats of velvet. This trimming was interrupted on each side of the tablier by a *quille* of puffed velvet. A quille, we should say, is a trimming which extends the whole length of the skirt, and which is wider at the bottom than at the top, forming a sort of triangle, blunt at the upper part. Over-skirt of plum-colored velvet, trimmed with fringe. Spencer with flat basques, of plum-colored cloth, with velvet sleeves. The neck of the spencer was trimmed with a wide ruche of velvet, lined with cloth.

This costume is made in all shades of the two fabrics. For the street a Dolman of black velvet, or, which is more elegant, of velvet of the same color as the dress, is added. The Dolman is made with large, square, slashed sleeves, and is trimmed with a band of silver-fox.

The fancy gives itself full play with respect to trimmings. For instance, elegant wrappings, especially Dolmans, are covered with embroidery of black or white silk, which perfectly simulates rich black or white lace applied on the Dolman. The black embroidery is wrought on Dolmans of some dark color, *gros bleu*, Russian green, or bronze. The white embroidery is on pink, blue, or lilac Dolmans, destined for evening wear, especially for concerts, or theatres, or operas. The same kind of embroidery in écru silk is wrought on violet or blue Dolmans of a medium shade for carriage toilettes. Black embroidery alone is used for walking dresses.

People are emancipating themselves both in the direction of economy and wealth. Dresses that formerly would never have been seen in the daytime are worn now without scruple by the most fastidious. And a combination very favorable to economy, but of late despised and condemned as opposed to good taste—that is, a black velvet wrapping worn over a colored dress—is adopted now by the most elegant women. As to the dresses that were formerly thought too conspicuous for day wear, the following is an example. I will add that it was made for a lady who is by no means eccentric in her tastes.

Dress of black velvet, trimmed with a flounce lined with pink satin, set on with a very wide heading, turned down so as to show the pink lining. Polonaise of black velvet, trimmed with white blonde, which was covered with black lace of the same width. This polonaise, which opened over a high vest of pink satin, was furnished with pleated basques, with pink satin lining. Broad sash of double-faced satin ribbon, black on one side and pink on the other. This was a visiting dress. It is quite certain that no one would have ventured to wear it in the daytime a few years ago.

Among quieter costumes, but still very elegant, must be cited those made of faille and cloth. The faille skirt has its trimmings, whatever they may be, flounces or folds, bound with cloth of a darker shade of the same color. The cloth over-skirt is trimmed with bands of faille, like the skirt. The waist, which is a sort of little double-breasted hunting jacket, is made of faille, with revers, collar, and bands of cloth. The effect is charming.

A few ball dresses are in preparation, for the French would dance on a volcano. Here, too, the effect is chiefly sought in the draping of over-skirts, the combination of stuffs, and the association of different colors and shades. I will describe some of these dresses.

Dress of maize faille. The tablier is covered with lengthwise puffs, separated by pipings of purple satin. The sides of the skirt are covered with perpendicular pleats, while the back breadths are trimmed with three flounces bound with purple satin. This makes three different kinds of trimming on one skirt. Over-skirt of maize tulle, entirely covered with a trellis with very large meshes made of small rolls of purple satin. This over-skirt is drawn backward, and draped with a triple pouf, across the three tiers of which is wound a broad purple satin sash. The over-skirt is trimmed besides with maize feather fringe. Low waist, with a double row of maize feather fringe simulating a bertha, and a purple bow on each shoulder. The bow on the left shoulder has no ends, while that on the right is double, and is finished with two long ends of ribbon. Diadem and comb of purple coral. Purple coral necklace.

Under dress of light green satin, worn under six skirts of light green tulle, each skirt being double. A large bow of a darker shade of green velvet loops each skirt on the left side. At the bottom of the low waist is a triple pouf of green tulle.

Numerous simple toilettes are in preparation for young girls and young married ladies. The first are made of white organdy, worn over dresses of white silk, as lustrous as possible. They are generally composed of two or three white organdy skirts, each trimmed with a pleated flounce. When this flounce is gathered, it is edged with green, pink, or blue faille. The third skirt is turned back to form the inevitable pouf. If the dress is trimmed with green faille, or if the flounces, being pleated, do not need colored trimming, one or two rows of green grass fringe are set on the waist in the guise of a bertha, and a bunch of flowers on the shoulders. The coiffure is of grass and flowers to match.

For ball coiffures there are many wreaths of flowers, to which belong a shoulder bouquet, which is set on the left shoulder, and terminates in a trailing spray, thus forming a sort of cascade of flowers, extending from the coiffure to the shoulder, and falling below the latter. For simple ball dresses for young married ladies white cotton tulle is employed; this fabric is less impalpable than silk tulle, and requires a smaller volume of trimmings. Let us hope that it will be with too complicated trimmings as with all things here below—that they will die of excess.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

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SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Little Kate Kirby," "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," etc., etc.

Book the First.

REUBEN CULWICK.

CHAPTER XXV.

A SERMON.

THE reputed wealth of Simon Culwick, of Sedge Hill, Worcester, his position in the county, or his opinion of himself, did not exercise any restraint upon the peculiarities of the young woman who confronted him, who leaned across the table, and unceremoniously snatched from his hands the painting that she had placed between them. There was no respect for persons in the mind of Lucy Jennings, especially when her blood was up.

"What do you mean by nothing of the sort?" she exclaimed; and at the ominous flashing of her eyes Simon Culwick's lower jaw dropped. "Haven't you come in all humility and kindness and Christian charity to this house?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Culwick, making a stand for it.

"Not to take Reuben back to your home?"

"No."

"Not to reinstate him?"

"No."

"To wound him and his pride afresh, perhaps?"

"That's very likely."

"Sit down, please, while I talk to you," said Lucy, very feverishly; and at the young woman's excitement Mr. Culwick glared in mute amazement. He subsided into the easy-chair at her suggestion, however, and Lucy Jennings laid the picture on the table, took a chair facing him, and planted her thin hands on her knees.

"Have you ever thought what is to become of you, old man, when you are closer to the grave than you are now?"

"Eh?" said Simon Culwick.

"When you are dying, and all your pride and wealth are not worth that," she continued, with a quick snap of her fingers, so close to his face that he winced and drew back his head with alacrity.

"When all the money which you have made will not afford you one moment's comfort," she went on, "and all the dark deeds of your life will rise up to appall you."

Mr. Culwick turned pale, and breathed hard. He was not prepared for this onslaught; he was wholly dumfounded.

"When you will be alone, awfully alone, without one good thought of your life for a sinking soul like yours to rest a hope upon. Mercy of Heaven, man, have you not given one thought to all this?"

"You—you wretched woman!" cried Mr. Culwick, finding breath to reply, and clutching the arms of the chair with both hands and shaking them in his rage, "how dare you speak to me! Do you know that—that I have never been talked to in this way in my life—that this is an unwarrantable liberty from one in your position to one in mine?"

"I don't care for your position," cried Lucy Jennings; "I wouldn't change my position for yours for twice your money—for fifty times all that you have hoarded together, and hardened your soul with. What are you but a selfish old sinner, who broke his wife's heart, and turned an only son out-of-doors, and who must stand before his God—ay, sooner than he thinks, perhaps"—she added, with an angry bang upon the table that shook the whole house, and took Mr. Jennings down stairs with a headlong plunge, under the impression that his stock had exploded—"to answer for both crimes?"

"Look here," shouted Simon Culwick, "I have had enough of this."

"You will hear me out," said Lucy, backing against the door with her chair, as he rose from his seat. "You have come of your own free-will to this house, where no one is likely to be afraid of you. You are here boasting of your want of sympathy and affection, bragging of the possibility of wounding one afresh whose life you have already darkened, and I will tell you what is to become of you hereafter."

"You are a fanatic. You're raving mad," said Simon Culwick, dropping into his seat again.

"My mission has been among much poverty and crime, and I have grown old and irritable in my efforts to preach and pray to those who hate to listen."

"I should think they did."

"But in all my life's experience," she continued, without heeding him, "I have not met a man so full of uncharitableness as you."

"You know nothing about me—you—"

"Don't interrupt me. Listen for a few minutes, and then say what you will."

Simon Culwick ground his teeth; but he did not interfere again. She was certainly mad; and it was wise policy, he had heard, to allow mad people to have their own way, so far as it was consistent with personal safety. He had chanced upon a spitfire—a terrible woman who shrieked at him terrible things. It was his own fault for coming into low neighborhoods, and he must bear with it as best he might. He was not a religious man; he had not been inside a church since his marriage; he had not a Bible that he was aware of in his grand house at Sedge Hill; and this down-pour of religion, this facing him with hard truths and awful texts and horrid pictures of his future state, curdled his blood. The woman was a nightmare which he could not shake away; there was a terrible eloquence of description in her too, that commanded attention, cut down his pride, and shook his own confidence in his great grand self. All this might cling to his memory—though he would never own it, for her impudence—throughout all his after-years, till he came to his grave, concerning which the woman raved so freely. It was a bitter sermon, with no quarter in it, and he shut his eyes, and feigned to be asleep—a weak attempt at imposition, for he shuddered visibly after every sentence.

"There, I have no more to say," she exclaimed at last. "Now think of it, and do your duty, as I have done mine, before it is too late."

There was a slamming of the door, and he opened his eyes to find that his tormentor had gone. He rose at once, and took his hat.

"What a horrible creature!" he muttered. "I will not stop another moment."

He was half-way toward the door, when the picture attracted his attention again, and he stopped. It was his ruling passion now; success in business, present power, future happiness, were not upon his mind now in any great degree.

He went back to the picture, and knitted his brows at it, as a man might do intensely puzzled with a problem of more than ordinary difficulty; he took it to the window; he placed it on the table, and hid himself in the curtain folds, behind the light, to gaze at it; he put his hat on the floor, and sat down with the picture in front of him, and began rubbing it carefully with the palm of his hand; finally he thrust his hands into his pockets, and stared at it, forgetful of time and place, of his recent sermon, and of the main object of his visit. He was a man possessed by one idea.

There were feet ascending the stairs now, lightly and springily, and he might have remembered their echo if he had listened, but he was past listening. There was a voice he should have recollected as belonging to old days when he had been proud of his son and almost loved him, but he did not hear it. It was far beyond his dream world, upon which another "original" had dawned. It was only when the handle turned sharply and the door opened that he awoke to the consciousness of where he was, and what stalwart figure had come into the room from the world so different to his own.

"Father," said Reuben Culwick, as he advanced toward him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE OLD IDEA.

THE son went toward his father in the same cordial manner which he had adopted in his memorable Worcester visit, and offered his hand to him. The father half hesitated, as in the old fashion, and then shook hands with Reuben coldly and limply. It was evident that warmth of heart had not brought him to Hope Street; there was no regret for past mistakes—for long years of disunion—to be detected in the greeting.

"You have come to see me, then," said Reuben, "and I am glad."

"You haven't much to be glad about at present," replied the father; "I was in the neighborhood, and I thought that I would call and see where you were lodging, and what you were doing. I haven't come from Worcester expressly to see you."

"It does not matter; pray don't apologize," said Reuben, lightly, as he took his seat at the desk, opened it, and glanced carelessly at the letters and papers which had arrived during his absence.

"I'm not apologizing. I never apologized to any one in my life. Why should I?"

"Why should you not, if you have done any one an injury?" was the calm rejoinder.

Reuben placed his papers aside, clasped his hands upon his desk, and regarded his father steadily. These two men never agreed; they seemed to have met even then especially to aggravate one another, thought Lucy, who had not been able to resist the temptation of taking her place on the mat outside the door. She was interested in the result of the interview. It was doubtful if Reuben would ever relate the particulars. It was not idle curiosity, but a deep concern for the welfare of her lodger, that placed her there as listener. Good might follow her full acquaintance with all the details, certainly no harm.

"I never did you an injury; you did all that you could to humiliate and defy me," said the father, quickly.

"It is hardly a clear statement of affairs, father, but I will not contest the argument. I called and apologized last May, if you remember."

"Humph, it *was* an apology," said the father, ironically.

Reuben did not reply. There was a quick answer on his tongue, but he repressed it. He had no more to say until his father had explained the object of his unlooked-for visit. He had no wish to irritate him; on the contrary, he would be glad to make peace, and end the unnatural difference between them, at any sacrifice except that of self-respect. If Simon Culwick had come of his own free-will, and in the fullness of his heart, he would be happy presently; but the nature of his greeting, the method of his address, warned him that it was not the father's love for a son that had brought them face to face. He had never been loved. The father had seen long ago his preference for the mother, and hated him for it; he was almost certain that Simon Culwick was without the power of loving any being upon earth, Simon Culwick, perhaps, excepted.

The father was not apparently in a hurry to state his business. Idle curiosity might have led him to the fire-work-maker's, for he said, after a long pause,

"This is a very wretched hovel for a man like you to exist in."

And his mother to die in, sternly and persistently refusing to the last to make any claim for assistance to her husband, Reuben could have added; but he kept back the retort which came uppermost in his mind.

"I have grown used to it," was the reply.

"You were brought up like a gentleman—you might have been a gentleman now—and yet you are in this hole."

"And still a gentleman, if you will allow me to say as much as that," added Reuben Culwick, significantly.

"You may call yourself what you like, but no gentleman would dream of living here."

"Some people have odd dreams."

"And as for that beast of a woman down stairs—the preaching, canting fury with the hatchet face—I'd hang myself sooner than live within twenty miles of her!" cried Simon Culwick. "If I had been a heathen, she could not have raved at me more."

The hatchet face against the outer panel of the door burned a little, but did not wince.

"Miss Jennings is a well-meaning but highly inconsiderate woman. What has she been saying to you?"

"What hasn't she been saying?" exclaimed his father. "I have been insulted—I have been treated with the grossest disrespect."

"Has she been pleading in my interest?"

"She has been making a fool of herself altogether."

"Has she been pleading in my interest?" he asked again.

"Yes—in her way."

"That was a grave mistake. It was officious and unwise, and I apologize for her intermeddling," said Reuben; "she is a poor woman who knows no better, I assure you."

Lucy Jennings clasped her hands together, and sank her head upon her breast. He had not a good word for her even then!

"She is not the only champion you have in this house; there's that girl Eastbell, too. Who on earth would have thought of her being here?"

"She's one of my clients. But she hasn't said any thing to you?"

"She has said a great deal too much."

"Now, bravo, Second-cousin Sarah! What did she say, father; what was her style of treating the question?"

"Ask her; you don't think I have recollected all the cursed nonsense that I have heard in this place."

"You can not have forgotten it; yours is an excellent memory," said Reuben, dryly.

"Ay, for many things—for hard words spoken against me—for injuries committed, and for favors despised, especially."

"You never forgive them."

"Why should I?"

"There is something about forgiving that kind of thing in a prayer my mother taught me," said Reuben, very bitterly now.

The bitterness of his father's words had brought about his own, and he was a man of no degree of caution. He knew that the mention of his mother's name would anger the sullen being from whom the mother had separated, but he spoke out defiantly.

"I don't care about your mother's prayers," Simon Culwick cried, furiously; "the result of what she taught you has been proved by your vile disobedience to me."

"What she taught me we need not discuss at this late hour," was the son's reply. "Tell me what has brought you here, Mr. Culwick."

Simon Culwick hesitated still. It was no easy matter to explain the motive which had set him down in Hope Street, and the big eyebrows lowered again over the eyes.

"I have been thinking a great deal about you lately," he said at last. "You have bothered me."

"Indeed!"

"You came to Sedge Hill—you were the first to write to me—the first to make advances."

"Yes."

"And although calling on me only proved that you were as obstinate as ever—that we should never get on," he continued—"still I accepted it as an apology."

"Or in the spirit in which it was meant," said Reuben; "say that."

"And it struck me," he added, without saying it, "that there was some amount of respect for me in your heart, possibly some regret for all that has parted us."

"Well?"

"Well," echoed back the father, "if so, we might get on after all. Who knows? I don't say that I can ever forgive you—that I am ever likely to forget—that I have even an idea of altering my will; all that depends upon yourself."

"Well?" said Reuben, deeply interested.

"You remember what we quarreled about?"

"Perfectly."

"I wanted you to marry Miss Holland."

"Yes."

"That is the girl whom you saw at my house last May."

"Yes."

"Then," he said, after a strange fighting with his breath, "marry her now, and I'll forget every thing!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

VERY SUDDEN.

REUBEN was prepared for many strange reasons for his father's presence in Hope Street, but this one took him completely off his guard. He sat back and glared at his father.

"You don't answer me," said Simon Culwick, in his old sullen and aggrieved tone of voice.

"Not at a moment's notice," was the answer. "It is hardly my way. But—"

"Go on," said the father, impatiently, as Reuben paused.

"Why do you wish me to marry this lady?"

"Because I made up my mind that she should be your wife five years ago. Didn't I say so then? Haven't I said to myself a hundred times," he added, between his closed teeth, "that you should do as I wished, or starve?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Culwick, but I am not obliged to starve because your wishes and mine do not assimilate," Reuben replied, with grave politeness.

"Your mother set you against her, out of aggravation because she discovered that I wished the match—for no other reason, I swear," said the father. "Now consider this and let me know. Take five minutes, while I look at this picture again."

"Thank you, Sir," said Reuben, very calmly; "I will take five minutes, as you suggest. It's a short grace, but I shall have made up my mind by that time."

The father did not, or would not, perceive the irony of the reply, and he bent his face over the picture while Reuben sat and regarded him. There was no doubt or anxiety on Reuben Culwick's countenance as he gazed at his father; he only seemed to have made a study of the big man before him, and to be interested in him rather than in his own chance of aggrandizement. He looked at his watch, in a business sort of way, and when the five minutes had expired he said,

"You have no further reason to urge why I should marry Miss Holland?"

"It was my wish years ago," the father said, imperiously.

"Very well," answered Reuben, "then I must decline to marry the lady."

"You—you fool!" blurted forth the father.

"There are many who would be of your opinion," said Reuben, coolly; "for you are a rich man whose crotchets are worth studying, and Miss Holland is a pretty young woman, and appears to be amiable. Still, Sir," leaning across the desk again as in the early period of their interview, "I will not marry her."

"So much the worse for you," said the father.

"So much the worse for my worldly advantages, for my chance of your money," said Reuben, shrugging his shoulders; "yes, I see that, and the prospect does not dismay me. I have been flung too long upon my own resources to be alarmed at it, and it was you, my own father, who cast me on the world."

"For rank disobedience—remember that."

"For believing in my mother, who was a woman grievously wronged. Will you remember that too?" he said.

"I will not hear a word about your mother. She was—"

"And I will not hear a word against her in the house where she died," cried Reuben, so sternly now that the father held his peace, cowed, perhaps for the first time in his life, by the son's severity of manner.

"I don't want your money," Reuben continued. "I should have been glad once of your affection, but I don't see my way to that any more clearly than I have done. And as for my future, I will make it for myself. I have done without your help all my life, and, please God, I will go on without it to the end."

"Go," said the father.

"It is the road of my own choosing, and I have friends to wish me godspeed," Reuben continued; "I shall be happier following my own pursuits than truckling to you for your money's sake. I never cared for your money, by Heaven! I despised it."

"You have said that before."

"I can earn my own living."

"So can a carpenter," said the old man.

"I have no ties; I have lost one little girl who was very dear to me, and whom I found more desolate than I was; and my ambitions lie so far away from yours that they can never possibly cross."

"I am not paying any attention," Mr. Culwick senior remarked. "Will you marry Miss Holland or not?"

"I have already respectfully declined the offer of the lady's hand."

Simon Culwick rose, buttoned up his coat, and set his hat firmly on his head.

"Good-morning to you."

"One moment. Is Miss Holland aware of your proposition?"

"Certainly not."

"I am very glad of it."

"I don't see any thing to be glad of," said Mr. Culwick, as he walked toward the door, where he paused, and looked at the picture. "I had forgotten that," he muttered, as he returned to the table, and where Reuben was standing the instant afterward with the picture in his hand.

"You will pardon me, but Mr. Jennings will not sell this portrait."

"He has already—"

"Mr. Jennings will not sell it, I assure you," said Reuben, with great urbanity of manner, as he bowed once more to his father with the picture pressed to his breast.

The father's face grew very dark again.

"It is because you think that the picture pleases me that you try to thwart me in a petty affair of this kind, even," said Simon Culwick; "you would oppose me at every turn if you could; you would kill me if you dared."

"Mr. Jennings will not sell the picture until he has taken advice upon it," said Reuben, without offering any defense to his father's reproach.

"Advice!"

"It appears to me a murky daub enough, but then daubs sell if they're old," said Reuben; "and the desire of an eminent picture collector to add it to his gallery engenders a certain amount of curiosity respecting it."

"It would cost twenty pounds to restore. Where are these fire-work-makers to get twenty pounds?"

"I will lend them the sum if it's necessary."

"You?"

"To be sure. I am of a saving turn, and by next post I expect twenty-five pounds that I shall not know what to do with."

"And you will not let me take that picture

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"HE PUT HIS HAT ON THE FLOOR AND SAT DOWN, WITH THE PICTURE IN FRONT OF HIM."

away; you oppose me in this too?" he said, between his set teeth.

"It seems to be my mission in life to oppose you in every thing," said Reuben, satirically, "and I have been particularly unfortunate this morning. I can not take a wife of your selection at a moment's notice, and I can not allow you to make a good bargain at the expense of my own friends."

"I don't believe you have a friend in the world: your miserable temper wouldn't let you have any."

"Ah! I have been of that opinion myself, more than once in my life."

"It's my belief that I hate you worse than ever I did," said the father, as he walked down stairs, followed by his son with the picture under his arm.

"I am sorry to hear it," answered Reuben.

Mr. Culwick senior descended the stairs with extreme care, and passed through the parlor and shop without bestowing any further attention upon Mr. Jennings or Sarah Eastbell. Standing at the shop door was Lucy Jennings, who was studying the houses on the opposite side of the way with great intentness.

"Will you allow me to pass, madam?" he said, gruffly, to her.

Miss Jennings stood aside as requested, and as he passed her, she said, in a low tone,

"Try to remember how close you may be to your grave before you leave this house as wicked a man as you entered it."

He glared at her defiantly; his fingers even closed upon the stick, as if the idea of striking her with it had suggested itself; then he stopped and put his face close to hers, eagerly and confidentially.

"A ten-pound note for that picture, and I'll take it away with me."

"You will take nothing away with you but our contempt," said Lucy, banging the door behind him, and shutting him out in the front garden, down which he proceeded slowly.

He turned in the direction of the Camberwell New Road, but altered his mind, and passed the house again, looking up at the window of the first floor, and even hesitating, as if the idea of re-entering had struck him; then he went on to Walworth Road, where he lost himself, and where his irritation broke forth into sundry awful oaths when every fresh direction he received only bewildered him, and led him into a deeper maze of streets. It was very strange, but presently he could not attend to the directions which were given him; they made his head ache, and rendered him so giddy that once or twice he stopped to recover himself before he had the strength to proceed. He gave up asking the way to London Bridge after a while, and looked on in a purposeless fashion that was new to him, until he found himself standing by a lamp-post in a crowded thoroughfare, thinking of his son and then of his dead wife—which was very strange indeed—and then of Mary Holland, down in Worcestershire.

A Hansom-cab drew up in front of him, and the driver bent himself from his seat in his direction.

"Cab, sir?" inquired the man.

"Yes," said Simon Culwick.

He did not marvel at his own folly in not calling a cab before; he stepped into it with difficulty, and would have dropped off to sleep at once, had not the driver asked through the trap in what direction he should drive.

"I don't know," said Simon Culwick, taking off his hat, and putting one big hand to his forehead.

"Aren't you well, Sir?" asked the cabman.

"I'm very well, thank you; how are you?" said Mr. Culwick, absently.

"Oh, I'm all right. Where to, Sir?" asked the cabman.

"To my boy's."

"Where does he live?"

"I can't remember. Oh, don't ask me to think!" said Mr. Culwick, piteously, and with his thick lower lip quivering.

"This is a blessed rum start," muttered the cabman. "Can't you recollect any place where I can take you?"

"No."

"Ain't you got no friends?"

"No."

"Then hook it out of my cab, old man, and ask a perliceman to take care of you."

Mr. Simon Culwick did not move, and the cabman was about to expostulate more forcibly with him, when he said,

"Sedge Hill."

"Sedge 'Ill! Where's that?"

"Straight on."

"Oh, you mean Ludgate 'Ill."

"As fast as you can go."

"All right."

The cabman whipped his horse, and drove off.

"How drunk he is!" said the cabman.

Mr. Simon Culwick had not touched wine or spirits that day. It was not he who had given way, but something at the brain of the man who had been so strong and hard only that morning, and whose strength and obduracy might have been but the slow oncoming of his malady.

Still he was only a trifle giddy, he thought, as he dismissed the cab at the corner of Fleet Street, after paying his fare in a rational manner. His memory was bad, too, and he stood for a while against the obelisk in the middle of the road, trying to recollect why he had come to Ludgate Hill—why he had quarreled again with his son Reuben—why he was so long a distance from him when he seemed to need suddenly and strangely his protection and affection.

"Hope Lodge, Camberwell!"

Yes, he was better. That was the place where Reuben lived, and that awful woman-preacher—where the picture was—a real Opie, as he was a living man! He would go back to Reuben and to the picture at once, while his memory was fresh. He was an old man, and terribly alone in the world, and the picture was worth two or three hundred pounds, and Reuben had not promised to marry Mary Holland yet. He stepped into the road, and made for the opposite side of the way. There were wagons and omnibuses and carts coming in all directions, and their drivers shouted at him, and foot-passengers screamed wildly at the danger which he had not seen for himself. His giddiness had overmastered him again, and he fell amidst clattering, stumbling iron hoofs, and whirling, grinding wheels, and it was beyond man's help to save him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VISITING TOILETTE.

THIS elegant toilette for visiting is composed of plum-colored velvet and silk, with a border of otter fur. The short silk skirt has a deep box-pleated velvet flounce, showing a facing of silk at the top. The over-skirt of silk has a short wrinkled apron front and ample train with otter border. The long basquine has a pleated back, Dolman sleeves, and fur trimming. Plum velvet Normandy bonnet, with an ostrich ruche inside, and small yellow lilies. Buff kid gloves.

VISITING TOILETTE.

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THE LAST OF ENGLAND.

THE saddest moment in an emigrant's career is that when, the bustle of preparation over, and the embarkation once made, he watches the shores of his country as they recede from his gaze, and realizes that he has crossed the Rubicon, from which there is no return. For the nonce the bright hopes of a prosperous life in a new world are forgotten, and his only emotion is a yearning for the home which he has abandoned for evermore, but to which his heart clings in proportion as he retreats from it. It is fortunate in some measure that he usually has little time to brood over his grief, but is forced to forget his homesickness in the more prosaic *mal de mer*, which leaves little thought for sentimental woes, and which makes him the first day afraid that he shall die, and the next afraid that he shall not, so undesirable will life by that time have grown to him. In the accompanying beautiful engraving we see a group of emigrants huddled on deck, and with eager gaze seeing the last of Old England. The two figures in the foreground are particularly worthy of note. The sad-faced woman clasps her hands and fixes her mournful eyes wistfully on the beloved shore which she never more expects to see, while her husband pulls his hat over his brows and lets his head fall upon his breast in an agony of mute despair. Behind them a young girl peers over their shoulders to catch a last glimpse of England. A woman turns away and buries her face in her hands, and a child munches an apple as she gazes at the coast with a vague feeling of sadness. Let us hope that in their Western home they may find cause to rejoice that they had the courage to sunder old ties, and take passage in the *Eldorado*.

CURIOSITIES OF SUPERSTITION.

LOUIS NAPOLEON in his will emphasizes the solemn declaration: "With regard to my son, let him keep as a talisman the seal I used to wear attached to my watch." This piece of fetichism would appear to have formed another link between the late emperor and the Latin races, whose cause he affected to represent, whose superstition he certainly shared. Indeed, the old Romans degraded a priest because his mitre fell, and unmade a dictator because a rat squeaked. Cæsar crossed the Rubicon because, on the opposite bank, he saw a man with a fine figure. His nephew felt confident of winning the battle of Actium because he met a peasant of the name of Nicolaus mounted on an ass. Wolsey was warned of his doom by a crosier-head; Sejanus, by a flight of crows. Dr. Johnson objected to going under a ladder. Montaigne avoided giving his left foot priority in putting on his stockings. Alexander was believed to have untied the Gordian knot with a slice of his sword. For good luck's sake Augustus wore some portion of a sea-calf; Charlemagne, some trinket of unknown value. Mohammed was all Fate; Bonaparte all Star and Destiny. Cromwell believed in September 3, and Louis Napoleon in December 2. Sulla called himself Felix, the favored Child of Fortune, and Timoleon turned his house into a Temple of Chance. Alexander was terrified by blood flowing from inside his soldiers' bread during the siege of Tyre in 332 B.C. His seer, Aristander, foresaw in this crimson efflux of the vital stream out of the commissariat a happy issue for the Macedonians; and the warriors, thus nerved, took Tyre.

From the year 1004 the alarming spectacle of the bleeding Host, and bread, as well as the bewitched bloody milk, several times in each century gave simple folk a scare; thus it was noticed in 1264, under Urban IV., at Bolsena, not far from Civita Vecchia; and Raphael has taken this for the subject of his picture called the "Miraculo de Bolsena," which is, at all events, a miracle of the pencil. In 1383, when Heinrich von Bulow destroyed the village and church at Wilsnack, drops of blood were found eight days afterward on the Host placed on the altar. But the victims of superstition have the bump of causality remarkably developed; and in 1510, thirty-eight Jews were burned to ashes because they had tortured the consecrated Host until it bled. Again the sight was seen on the Moselle in 1824; and in 1848 the famous Ehrenberg analyzed the terrible portent. After stooping with his microscope over the red stains on bread, cheese, and potatoes, this savant declared that they are caused by small monads or vibrios, which have a red color, and are so minute that from 46,656,000,000 to 884,736,000,000,000 distinct beings adorn the space of one square inch.

No doubt there was a deal of imposture in alchemy; no doubt, too, the wish for gold was father to the thought of alchemy; but this in itself will not account for Henry IV. prohibiting alchemy; for God-fearing Henry VI. eagerly encouraging it; for Pope John XXII. being an alchemist; for Louis XIII. of France making a Franciscan monk his grand almoner as the reward of a hundred years' reign promised to his credulity by that pretender to the discovery of the grand elixir; or for Jean de Lisle expiating by an early death in the Bastile his bold attempts to persuade Louis XIV. and his ministers that he possessed the gold-making stone. Among the wide circle of influential believers that alchemy thus entranced were Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus, and St. Thomas Aquinas, and even the transcendent intellects of Leibnitz, Spinoza, and Verulam. However, in the pursuit of this phantom, Roger Bacon casually stumbled on the composition of gunpowder; Geber, on the properties of acids; Van Helmont, on the nature of gas—geist or spirit; and Dr. Glauber, of Amsterdam, on the uses of the salt which bears his name. Thus was the alchemist the victim of fetichism, the slave of superstition, the worshiper of science, the conqueror of power.

How much of alchemy was an imposture, how much of it was an enthusiasm, it is impossible to say. The secular practice of the science may be gleaned from M. Geoffrey's demonstration before the Royal Academy of Sciences in 1722, that alchemy was a matter of false-bottomed crucibles, hollow wands filled with gold, perforated lead, and soldered nails. The religious theory of the science may be gathered from Faber's *Propugnaculum Alchymiæ*, published in 1644, wherein occurs the statement: "The stone of the philosophers is, by all the authors who have treated of it, esteemed to be the greatest gift of God on earth. As, therefore, it is so mighty a gift of God, the most necessary thing, in order that man should attain to a knowledge of its excellence and worth, is wisdom, which is bestowed by God on very few." Macaulay praises Verulam for his "fruit," his aim at substantial results. The meteoric iron which fell at Agram, in Croatia, was capable of being forged into nails—a meteor which ought to be known as Bentham's meteor. Judged, however, by results, as Lowe would say, Roger Bacon's gunpowder-producing alchemy has not been an unalloyed blessing to mankind.

THE LAST OF ENGLAND.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GOLF.—White tarlatan, with gathered flounces edged with black doubled tarlatan side pleatings, would be pretty for you. White or black crêpe lisse pleatings are also used for light mournings. Black silk trimmed with white organdy side pleatings and bias folds is another pretty dress.

LOVER OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—The burdock-root tea must be rubbed into the *roots* only of the hair, which is to be well brushed afterward, and the application ought to be used daily. Three weeks' trial should have the effect to arrest the falling of the hair, but the time differs with cases. If you read carefully what is said about hot baths, you will find that a sponging off with cool water, or a cold plunge, will avert all debility or danger of taking cold afterward. Coarse food is understood to relate to grains and bread, not to beefsteak, though broiled steak is safely included in strict diet. Can not say what will remove the brown spots till you mention whether they are moles, tan, or moth patches. "Black worms" indicate a bad state of the bowels, leading not infrequently to typhoid fever. Strict diet and daily bathing are the only means that will permanently remove them. Large pores are caused by wrong habits of living.

A TROUBLED READER.—Can not recommend the use of hair dyes, as they are unsatisfactory and troublesome to use. Dissolve one tea-spoonful of liquid ammonia in three pints of hot water, and bathe the head three times a day with it, making a fresh wash each time. See "Ugly Girl" papers for advice about the hair.

MARTHA.—Brush your hair back, and keep it in place with cosmetique, procured from any druggist. To acquire flesh, eat plenty of good meat and vegetables, with sugar, chocolate, brown-bread, and milk, exercising daily in the open air.

VERY UGLY GIRL.—Beefsteak, juicy roast meats, grapes, and eggs are useful to strengthen the blood. Druggists in New York do not refuse to sell carbolic acid, though it usually comes dissolved in glycerine, which is readily soluble in other liquids. For your scaly face apply the compound—twenty drops of carbolic acid to a quarter of an ounce of glycerine and three-quarters of an ounce of rose-water. Bathe the face with it three times a day, taking care it does not get in the eyes, and let it dry on. Apply the burdock wash with a bit of flannel, rubbing it into the roots of the hair.

M. C. G.—Make a paste of fine wood ashes and water, letting it dry on the hair you wish to remove, and washing off with weak vinegar.

READERS.—We believe all rules are strictly adhered to at the institution mentioned, but it would certainly be less expense for any one wishing to learn telegraphy to take lessons nearer home. Apply for a position as assistant in some small office, giving services for teaching. It would be cheaper to go to a business college near home than to pay fare to New York and board while there for the sake of free tuition. The expense of a telegraph scholarship in Chicago is about $40. There must be chances to learn telegraphy nearer to you still. Operators prefer assistants that have been trained in an office, and not in a college. There seems to be no reason for the limitation named, but there is probably some good cause for it.

INQUIRER.—From three pints to two quarts is as much water as you need. Would your unassisted reason lead you to call a dry rub with a crash mitten "washing?" The term implies the use of water or some other liquid.

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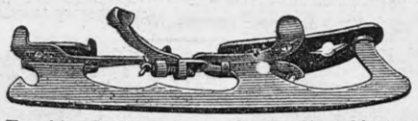

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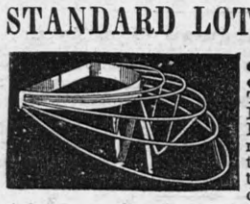

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GRAND EXPOSITION AND OPENING OF
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All forming a grand assortment so extensive and complete, having made all our purchases with a view to supplying the wants of parties purchasing for the Holidays, that strangers visiting the city, families, &c., can find every article both useful and ornamental in this establishment, obviating the necessity of shopping in different stores.

☞ **Store open Evenings to 9½ o'clock till after the Holidays.**

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Miller & Grant,
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In addition to reductions already made, will offer their entire Stock of LACES, EMBROIDERIES, &c., during the Holiday Season, at an additional discount of
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FACETIÆ.

A DEVOUT clergyman sought every opportunity to impress upon the mind of his son the fact that God takes care of all His creatures; that the falling sparrow attracts His attention, and that His loving-kindness is over all his works. Happening one day to see a crane wading in quest of food, the good man pointed out to his son the perfect adaptation of the crane to get his living in that manner. "See," said he, "how his legs are formed for wading! What a long slender bill he has! Observe how nicely he folds his feet when putting them in or drawing them out of the water! He does not cause the slightest ripple! He is thus enabled to approach the fish without giving them any notice of his arrival. My son," said he, "it is impossible to look at that bird without recognizing the goodness of God in thus providing the means of subsistence."

"Yes," replied the boy, "I think I see the goodness of God, at least so far as the crane is concerned; but, after all, father, don't you think the arrangement a little rough on the fish?"

A man got up before dawn Sunday morning to see the sun rise, and was shot by the exasperated owner of a melon patch next door. In May last he made a similar effort, and was bitten on the heel by a strange dog. He thinks of hiring a boy to do the early rising for his family.

A California man of letters has taken to farming, and posted the following notice in his field: "Confoozilation to any man or woman's cows or oxen if they gits in these air oats, sai eye; his or her tail will be cut off, as the case may be. A man eye um, and pay mi taxes, but confoozilation to a man who lets his critters run loose, sai eye."

In the earliest days of the human race, when population was more sparse than it has ever been since, and introductions were also scarce, with little or none of form or ceremony attending them—"no cards"—our first parents, after their first surprise, had to introduce themselves to one another, though the following dialogue is not found on record:

ADAM. "Madam, I'm Adam."
EVE. "Adam, I'm madam." [*They embrace.*

A veteran officer observes, "I never place reliance on a man who is telling what he would have done had he been there. I have noticed that somehow this kind of people never do get there."

Sentimental young men insist that it is impossible to talk love to the suburban belle beneath the trees and in the moonlight, owing to the interposition of the caterpillars, that even crawl between clasped hands and beating hearts.

"There are people," said a gentleman to a friend, "who never see an afflicted person but they pray to Heaven to be delivered from a similar infirmity. Now I never see a blind man without praying to be deaf."

"Why?"

"Because I am conscious that he is going to play a clarionet or a hand-organ to me."

"John," said a gentleman to the beadle of a country parish, "ye hae been sae long about the minister's hand that I dare say ye could preach a sermon yoursel' now."

"Ah, no, Sir," replied John; "I couldna preach a sermon, but maybe I could draw an inference."

"Weel, John," said the querist, humoring the quiet vanity of the beadle, "what inference could ye draw frae this text, 'A wild ass snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure?'"

"Weel, Sir, I wad draw this inference—he wad snuff a lang time before he wad fatten upon't."

WHAT A DREADFUL STORY—AND DIDN'T HE CATCH IT NEXT MORNING!

WIFE OF HIS BOSOM. "Why, Charles, aren't you ashamed to come Home in such a disgraceful State? Where on Earth have you been?"
LORD OF CREATION. "Been, m'Dear—hic—been hear Lecshur Young Men's Christian Shoshiashun."

The omission of a comma has frequently given a very awkward turn to a sentence. We remember an epitaph which suffered severely from such an oversight. It ran pretty much as follows:

"Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

A young gentleman at Kansas City sent seventy-five cents to New York recently for a method of writing without pen or ink. He received the following inscription, in large type, on a card—"Write with a pencil."

It was a very ungrateful person who sent, by carrier-pigeon, the following message to his place in the country: "Send basket of early green pease by express train; pack the bearer of this in with them, as he is a plump bird, and I intend to eat him with them."

Some melancholy-minded burglars recently entered an undertaker's shop and stole a coffin. The proprietor announces that if any of them will come again he will furnish them with a corpse to put in it.

An enthusiastic African, who had "spent de winter in Jamaky," found it an earthly Paradise. He said he could "lie abed, and, putting his arms out de windy, pick oranges, pine-apples, and Jamaky rum right off de trees."

In Nevada a contemplative Digger Indian sat watching a party of base-ball players, who seemed to him to be working very hard. Turning to one of them, he asked, "How much you get one day?"

"How old is your mamma?" asked a love-smitten old bachelor of the daughter of the widow who had enchanted him.

"I don't know, Sir; ma's age varies from forty-three to twenty-five," was the artless reply, and the bachelor was disenchanted.

A doctor out West wants the custom of tolling bells for funerals discontinued. It has a depressing effect upon the sick, and can not prove a source of much enjoyment to the departed.

"Well, neighbor, what is the most Christian news this morning?" said a gentleman to a friend.

"I have just bought a barrel of flour for a poor woman."

"Just like you! Who is it you have made happy by your charity this time?"

"My wife!"

An exhorter recommended the Christian religion to the ungodly, because he had "been a church-member fifteen years, and it hadn't cost him but 18¾ cents."

Why is a beefsteak like a locomotive?—It's not of much account without it's tender.

An Irishman has defined nothing to be a footless stocking without legs. A description by another Emeraldier is better. "What is nothing?" he was asked. "Shut your eyes and you will see it," said Pat.

The custodian of what had been Garibaldi's straw-stuffed bed in Ischia was heard to mutter, on seeing a lady carrying away a few straws as a relic, "They will do it! I've stuffed it six times already since the general left."

A bachelor friend compares a shirt button to life, because it so often hangs by a thread.

In a late severe gale a lady asked a neighbor if he was not afraid his house would blow away. "Oh no," was the answer, "the mortgage on it is so heavy as to make that impossible."

An iron will, a silvery voice, plenty of brass, and a modicum of tin win golden opinions.

A Boston dry-goods dealer advertises "financial crash towels."

It is on record that Adam, the first man to receive a land grant, died poor and miserable.

How did Robinson Crusoe know that he was on an inhabited island?—Because he saw a great swell pitching into a little cove.

A young man who belongs to a club where euchre is the principal intellectual study took a young lady to church the other Sunday evening, and fell into a gentle doze before the minister had reached his "thirdly." He can not explain exactly how it happened, but just as the reverend gentleman said something about the "last trump," the young man earnestly ejaculated, "I'll go alone!" The young lady says the next time he can "go alone," for she won't go with him. And she let him go home alone, too!

Dr. ——, entering the hospital surgery, met Paddy Boyle, the orderly, and asked him which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in hospital. "That, Sir," said Paddy, as with an indicative jerk of the thumb he pointed to where on the table lay a case of surgical instruments.

An Irish juror having applied to the judge to be excused from serving on account of deafness, the judge said, "Could you hear my charge to the jury, Sir?"

"Yes, I heard your honor's charge," said Paddy, "but I couldn't make sense out of it."

Pat was let off.

Brigham Young preached a sermon lately, in which he said that the sisters thought they had a good deal to bear, but if they could stand in the shoes of their husbands they would know what trials and perplexities are. "Just fancy a man," said the prophet, "with two, or three, or half a dozen beloved wives catching him on one side, and, before he can take half a dozen steps, more wives catching him on the other, and 'I want this,' 'I want that,' 'This is not right,' and so on; their mind just pulled to pieces."

A successful joke was the other day played upon an enthusiastic band of archæologists who explored the quaint old town of Banbury in search of antique lore. The following was sent to the secretary as an inscription copied from the corner-stone of an old fabric that had been recently pulled down:

"SEOGEH SREVE EREH WOISUME VAHL
LAH SEHS SE OTREH NOS LLEBDNAS
REGNI FREH NOS GNIRES ROHYAR
GANOED IRYD ALE NIFAE ESOTS SORCY
RUB NABOT ES ROHK CO CAED IR."

After the learned heads of the *savants* had been puzzled for a while, one of their number hit upon the expedient of reading the learned inscription backward, when it was found to be an ingenious transposition of a well-known nursery rhyme, "Ride a cock-horse," etc.

Boys who disturb camp-meeting by crying "Amen" in the wrong place, and remarking "Glory" with more zeal than judgment, should read and ponder the fate of thirteen small boys in Kansas. These thirteen ill-advised boys were guilty, so the story goes, of disturbing a Kansas camp-meeting by insisting upon shouting "Amen" when a very muscular preacher, who prided himself on his voice, was singing a hymn. The preacher bore it for some time, but finally becoming filled with righteous wrath, he descended from the pulpit, and, never once interrupting his hymn, successively reversed and spanked the thirteen small boys. As his avenging hand descended, and the dust of the small boys filled the air, the rest of the congregation shouted in rapture, and encouraged him with loud cries of "Go on, brother, go on!" Then he returned to the pulpit, still singing, and those boys went half a mile away behind a hay-stack, and lay down with their faces to the ground and wept bitterly.

When you see a little girl with odd gaiters on her feet, a crownless jockey on her head, three brown paper packages in her arms, and a mouthful of candy, you may know her mother is washing.

STREET NUISANCES. No. 1.

DEDICATED TO LAZY STORE-KEEPERS WHO SWEEP OUT CLOUDS OF DUST AND DIRT IN THE MORNING UPON THE PEOPLE PASSING.

STREET NUISANCES. No. 2.—IN A CITY RAILROAD CAR.

ONE OF THOSE CELTIC LADIES LOADED WITH PROVISIONS, HAMS, ETC., TRYING TO HOLD ON WITHOUT DISTURBING THE PASSENGERS IN THE CAR—WITH ABOUT THE USUAL SUCCESS.

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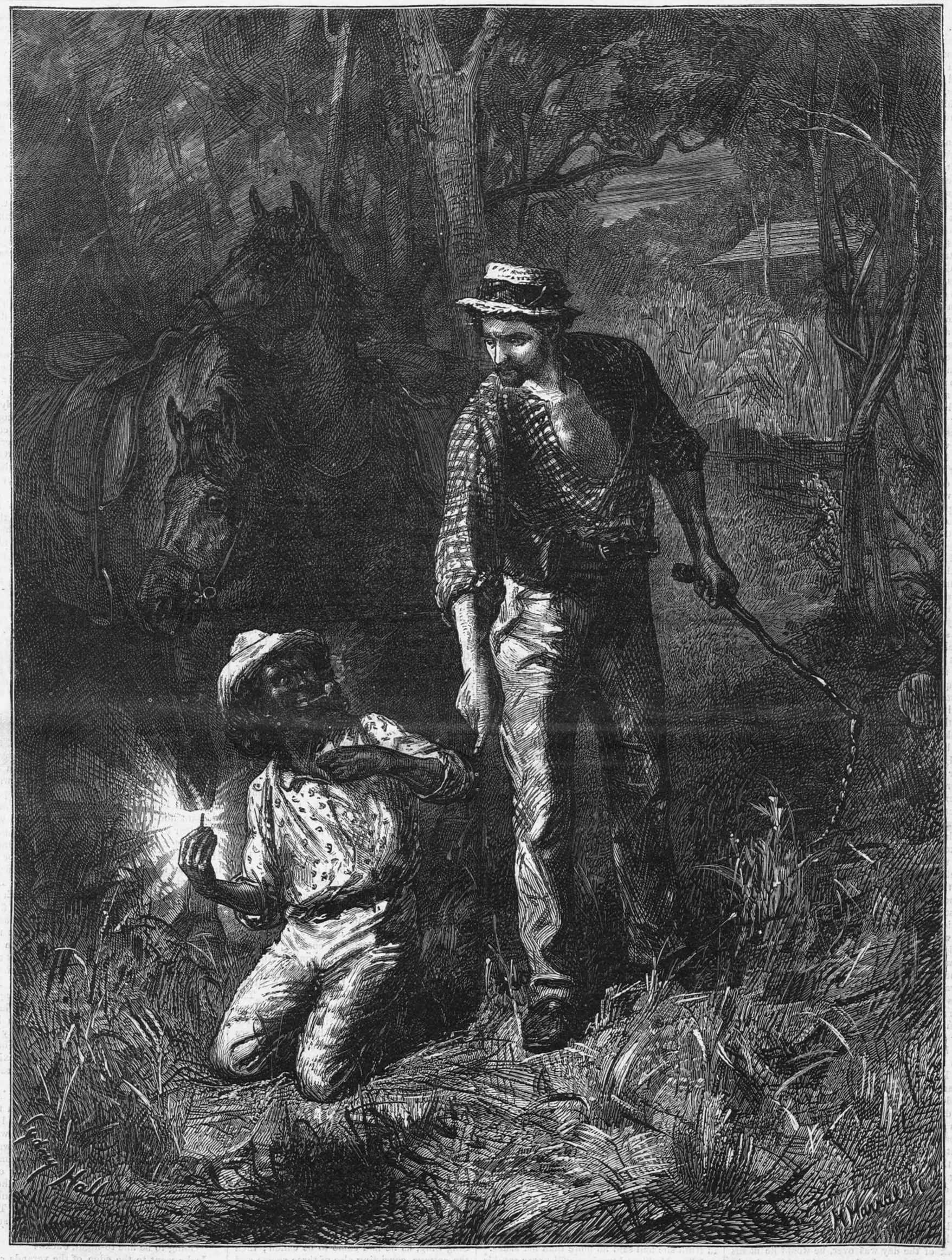

HARRY HEATHCOTE OF GANGOIL.

"Jacko had his pipe still alight when Heathcote returned. 'You young monkey,' said he, 'have you been using matches?' 'Why not, Mr. Harry? Don't the grass burn ready, Mr. Harry? My word!' Then Jacko stooped down, lit another match, and showed Heathcote the burned patch."—CHAPTER II.

HARRY HEATHCOTE OF GANGOIL.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER I.

GANGOIL.

JUST a fortnight before Christmas, 1871, a young man, twenty-four years of age, returned home to his dinner about eight o'clock in the evening. He was married, and with him and his wife lived his wife's sister. At that somewhat late hour he walked in among the two young women, and another much older woman who was preparing the table for dinner. The wife and the wife's sister each had a child in her lap, the elder having seen some fifteen months of its existence, and the younger three months. "He has been out since seven, and I don't think he's had a mouthful," the wife had just said. "Oh, Harry, you must be half starved," she exclaimed, jumping up to greet him, and throwing her arm round his bare neck.

"I'm about whole melted," he said, as he kissed her. "In the name of charity give me a nobbler. I did get a bit of damper and a pannikin of tea up at the German's hut; but I never was so hot or so thirsty in my life. We're going to have it in earnest this time. Old Bates says that when the gum leaves crackle, as they do now, before Christmas, there won't be a blade of grass by the end of February."

"I hate Old Bates," said the wife. "He always prophesies evil, and complains about his rations."

"He knows more about sheep than any man this side of the Mary," said her husband. From all this I trust the reader will understand that the Christmas to which he is introduced is not the Christmas with which he is intimate on this side of the equator—a Christmas of blazing fires in-doors, and of sleet and snow and frost out-

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side—but the Christmas of Australia, in which happy land the Christmas fires are apt to be lighted—or to light themselves—when they are by no means needed.

The young man who had just returned home had on a flannel shirt, a pair of mole-skin trowsers, and an old straw hat, battered nearly out of all shape. He had no coat, no waistcoat, no braces, and nothing round his neck. Round his waist there was a strap or belt, from the front of which hung a small pouch, and, behind, a knife in a case. And stuck into a loop in the belt, made for the purpose, there was a small brier-wood pipe. As he dashed his hat off, wiped his brow, and threw himself into a rocking-chair, he certainly was rough to look at, but by all who understood Australian life he would have been taken to be a gentleman. He was a young squatter, well known west of the Mary River, in Queensland. Harry Heathcote of Gangoil, who owned 30,000 sheep of his own, was a magistrate in those parts, and able to hold his own among his neighbors, whether rough or gentle; and some neighbors he had, very rough, who made it almost necessary that a man should be able to be rough also, on occasions, if he desired to live among them without injury. Heathcote of Gangoil could do all that. Men said of him that he was too imperious, too masterful, too much inclined to think that all things should be made to go as he would have them. Young as he was, he had been altogether his own master since he was of age—and not only his own master, but the master also of all with whom he was brought into contact from day to day. In his life he conversed but seldom with any but those who were dependent on him, nor had he done so for the last three years. At an age at which young men at home are still subject to pastors and masters, he had sprung at once into patriarchal power, and, being a man determined to thrive, had become laborious and thoughtful beyond his years.

Harry Heathcote had been left an orphan, with a small fortune in money, when he was fourteen. For two years after that he had consented to remain quietly at school, but at sixteen he declared his purpose of emigrating. Boys less than himself in stature got above him at school, and he had not liked it. For a twelvemonth he was opposed by his guardian; but at the end of the year he was fitted forth for the colony. The guardian was not sorry to be quit of him, but prophesied that he would be home again before a year was over. The lad had not returned, and it was now a settled conviction among all who knew him that he would make or mar his fortune in the new land that he had chosen.

He was a tall, well-made young fellow, with fair hair and a good-humored smile, but ever carrying in his countenance marks of what his enemies called pig-headedness, his acquaintances obstinacy, and those who loved him firmness. His acquaintances were, perhaps, right, for he certainly was obstinate. He would take no man's advice, he would submit himself to no man, and in the conduct of his own business preferred to trust to his own insight rather than to the experience of others. It would sometimes occur that he had to pay heavily for his obstinacy. But, on the other hand, the lessons which he learned he learned thoroughly. And he was kept right in his trade by his own indefatigable industry. That trade was the growth of wool. He was a breeder of sheep on a Queensland sheep-run, and his flocks ran far afield over a vast territory of which he was the only lord. His house was near the river Mary, and beyond the river his domain did not extend; but around him on his own side of the river he could ride for ten miles in each direction without getting off his own pastures. He was master, as far as his mastership went, of 120,000 acres—almost an English county—and it was the pride of his heart to put his foot off his own territory as seldom as possible. He sent his wool annually down to Brisbane, and received his stores, tea and sugar, flour and brandy, boots, clothes, tobacco, etc., once or twice a year from thence. But the traffic did not require his own presence at the city. So self-contained was the working of the establishment that he was never called away by his business, unless he went to see some lot of highly bred sheep which he might feel disposed to buy; and as for pleasure, it had come to be altogether beyond the purpose of his life to go in quest of that. When the work of the day was over, he would lie at his length upon rugs in the veranda, with a pipe in his mouth, while his wife sat over him reading a play of Shakspeare or the last novel that had come to them from England.

He had married a fair girl, the orphan daughter of a bankrupt squatter whom he had met in Sydney, and had brought her and her sister into the Queensland bush with him. His wife idolized him. His sister-in-law, Kate Daly, loved him dearly—as she had cause to do, for he had proved himself to be a very brother to her; but she feared him also somewhat. The people about the Mary said that she was fairer and sweeter to look at even than the elder sister. Mrs. Heathcote was the taller of the two, and the larger-featured. She certainly was the higher in intellect, and the fittest to be the mistress of such an establishment as that at Gangoil.

When he had washed his hands and face, and had swallowed the very copious but weak allowance of brandy-and-water which his wife mixed for him, he took the eldest boy on his lap and fondled him. "By George!" he said, "old fellow, you sha'n't be a squatter."

"Why not, Harry?" asked his wife.

"Because I don't want him to break his heart every day of his life."

"Are you always breaking yours? I thought your heart was pretty well hardened now."

"When a man talks of his heart, you and Kate are thinking of loves and doves, of course."

"I wasn't thinking of loves and doves, Harry," said Kate. "I was thinking how very hot it must have been to-day. We could only bear it in the veranda by keeping the floor always wet. I don't wonder that you were troubled."

"That comes from heaven or Providence, or from something that one knows to be unassailable, and therefore one can put up with it. Even if one gets a sun-stroke one does not complain. The sun has a right to be there, and is no interloper, like a free-selector. I can't understand why free-selectors and mosquitoes should have been introduced into the arrangements of the world."

"I s'pose the poor must live somewheres, and 'squiters too," said Mrs. Growler, the old maid-servant, as she put a boiled leg of mutton on the table. "Now, Mr. Harry, if you're hungered, there's something for you to eat in spite of the free-selectors."

"Mrs. Growler," said the master, "excuse me for saying that you jump to conclusions."

"My jumping is pretty well-nigh done," said the old woman.

"By no means. I find that old people can jump quite as briskly as young. You have rebuked me under the impression that I was grudging something to the poor. Let me explain to you that a free-selector may be, and very often is, a rich man. He whom I had in my mind is not a poor man, though I won't swear but what he will be before a year is over."

"I know who you mean, Mr. Harry; you mean the Medlicots. A very nice gentleman is Mr. Medlicot, and a very nice old lady is Mrs. Medlicot. And a deal of good they're going to do, by all accounts."

"Now, Mrs. Growler, that will do," said the wife.

The dinner consisted of a boiled leg of mutton, a large piece of roast beef, potatoes, onions, and an immense pot of tea. No glasses were even put upon the table. The two ladies had dressed for dinner, and were bright and pretty as they would have been in a country house at home; but Harry Heathcote had sat down just as he had entered the room.

"I know you are tired to death," said his wife, "when I see you eat your dinner like that."

"It isn't being tired, Mary; I'm not particularly tired. But I must be off again in about an hour."

"Out again to-night?"

"Yes, indeed."

"On horseback?"

"How else? Old Bates and Mickey are in their saddles still. I don't want to have my fences burned as soon as they're put up. It's a ticklish thing to think that a spark of fire any where about the place might ruin me, and to know at the same time that every man about the run and every swagsman that passes along have matches in their pockets. There isn't a pipe lighted on Gangoil this time of the year that mightn't make a beggar of you and me. That's another reason why I wouldn't have the young un a squatter."

"I declare I think that squatters have more trouble than any people in the world," said Kate Daly.

"Free-selectors have their own troubles too, Kate," said he.

It must be explained as we go on that Heathcote felt that he had received a great and peculiar grievance from the hands of one Medlicot, a stranger who had lately settled near him, and that this last remark referred to a somewhat favorable opinion which had been expressed about this stranger by the two ladies. It was a little unfair, as having been addressed specially to Kate, intending as it did to imply that Kate had better consider the matter well before she allowed her opinion of the stranger to become dangerously favorable; for in truth she had said no more than her sister.

"The Medlicots' troubles will never trouble me, Harry," she said.

"I hope not, Kate; nor mine either more than we can help."

"But they do," said Mary. "They trouble me, and her too, very much."

"A man's back should be broad enough to bear all that for himself," said Harry. "I get ashamed of myself when I grumble, and yet one seems to be surly if one doesn't say what one's thinking."

"I hope you'll always tell me what you're thinking, dear."

"Well, I suppose I shall—till this fellow is old enough to be talked to, and to be made to bear the burden of his father's care."

"By that time, Harry, you will have got rich, and we shall all be in England, sha'n't we?"

"I don't know about being rich, but we shall have been free-selected off Gangoil.—Now, Mrs. Growler, we've done dinner, and I'll have a pipe before I make another start. Is Jacko in the kitchen? Send him through to me on to the veranda."

Gangoil was decidedly in the bush—according to common Australian parlance, all sheep stations are in the bush, even though there should not be a tree or shrub within sight. They who live away from the towns live a "bush life." Small towns, as they grow up, are called bush towns, as we talk of country towns. The "bush," indeed, is the country generally. But the Heathcotes lived absolutely and actually in the bush. There are Australian pastures which consist of plains on which not a tree is to be seen for miles; but others are forests, so far extending that their limits are almost unknown. Gangoil was surrounded by forest, in some places so close as to be impervious to men and almost to animals, in which the undergrowth was thick and tortuous and almost platted, through which no path could be made without an axe, but of which the greater portions were open, without any under-wood, between which the sheep could wander at their will, and men could ride, with a sparse surface of coarse grass, which after rain would be luxuriant, but in hot weather would be scorched down to the ground. At such times—and those times were by far the more common—a stranger would wonder where the sheep would find their feed. Immediately round the house, or station, as it was called, about one hundred acres had been cleared, or nearly cleared, with a few trees left here and there for ornament or shade. Further afield, but still round the home quarters, the trees had been destroyed, the run of the sap having been stopped by "ringing" the bark; but they still stood like troops of skeletons, and would stand, very ugly to look at, till they fell, in the course of nature, by reason of their own rottenness. There was a man always at work about the place—Boscobel he was called—whose sole business was to destroy the timber after this fashion, so that the air might get through to the grasses, and that the soil might be relieved from the burden of nurturing the forest trees.

For miles around the domain was divided into paddocks, as they were there called; but these were so large that a stranger might wander in one of them for a day and never discover that he was inclosed. There were five or six paddocks on the Gangoil run, each of which comprised over ten thousand acres, and as all the land was undulating, and as the timber was around you every where, one paddock was exactly like another. The scenery in itself was fine, for the trees were often large, and here and there rocky knolls would crop up, and there were broken crevices in the ground; but it was all alike. A stranger would wonder that any one straying from the house should find his way back to it. There were sundry bush houses here and there, and the so-called road to the coast from the wide pastoral districts further west passed across the run; but these roads and tracks would travel hither and thither, new tracks being opened from time to time by the heavy wool drays and store wagons, as in wet weather the ruts on the old tracks would become insurmountable.

The station itself was certainly very pretty. It consisted of a cluster of cottages, each of which possessed a ground-floor only. No such luxury as stairs was known at Gangoil. It stood about half a mile from the Mary River, on the edge of a creek which ran into it. The principal edifice, that in which the Heathcotes lived, contained only one sitting-room, and a bedroom on each side of it; but in truth there was another room, very spacious, in which the family really passed their time; and this was the veranda which ran along the front and two ends of the house. It was twelve feet broad, and, of course, of great length. Here was clustered the rocking-chairs, and sofas, and work-tables, and very often the cradle of the family. Here stood Mrs. Heathcote's sewing-machine, and here the master would sprawl at his length, while his wife, or his wife's sister, read to him. It was here, in fact, that they lived, having a parlor simply for their meals. Behind the main edifice there stood, each apart, various buildings, forming an irregular quadrangle. The kitchen came first, with a small adjacent chamber in which slept the Chinese man-cook, Sing Sing, as he had come to be called; then the cottage, consisting also of three rooms and a small veranda, in which lived Harry's superintendent, commonly known as Old Bates, a man who had been a squatter once himself, and having lost his all in bad times, now worked for a small salary. In the cottage two of the rooms were devoted to hospitality when, as was not unusual, guests, known or unknown, came that way; and here Harry himself would sleep, if the entertainment of other ladies crowded the best apartments. Then at the back of the quadrangle was the store, perhaps of all the buildings the most important. In here was kept a kind of shop, which was supposed, according to an obsolete rule, to be open for custom for half a day twice a week. The exigencies of the station did not allow of this regularity; but after some fashion the shop was maintained. Tea was to be bought there, and sugar, tobacco, and pickles, jam, nails, boots, hats, flannel shirts, and mole-skin trowsers. Any body who came might buy, but the intention was to provide the station hands, who would otherwise have had to go or send thirty miles for the supply of their wants. Very little money was taken here, generally none. But the quantity of pickles, jam, and tobacco sold was great. The men would consume large quantities of these bush delicacies, and the cost would be deducted from their wages. The tea and sugar, and flour also, were given out weekly, as rations—so much a week—and meat was supplied to them after the same fashion. For it was the duty of this young autocratic patriarch to find provisions for all who were employed around him. For such luxuries as jam and tobacco the men paid themselves.

On the fourth side of the quadrangle was a rough coach-house, and rougher stables. The carriage part of the establishment consisted of two "buggies"—so called always in the bush—open carriages on four wheels, one of which was intended to hold two and the other four sitters. A Londoner looking at them would have declared them to be hopeless ruins; but Harry Heathcote still made wonderful journeys in them, taking care generally that the wheels were sound, and using ropes for the repair of dilapidations. The stables were almost unnecessary, as the horses, of which the supply at Gangoil was very large, roamed in the horse paddock, a comparatively small inclosure containing not above three or four hundred acres, and were driven up as they were wanted. One horse was always kept close at home with which to catch the others; but this horse, for handiness, was generally hitched to a post outside the kitchen door. Harry was proud of his horses, and was sometimes heard to say that few men in England had a lot of thirty at hand as he had, out of which so many would be able to carry a man eighty miles in eight hours at a moment's notice. But his stable arrangements would not have commanded respect in the "Shires." The animals were never groomed, never fed, and most of them never shod. They lived upon grass, and, as he always said, "cut their own bread-and-butter" for themselves.

Gangoil was certainly very pretty. The veranda was covered in with striped blinds, so that when the sun shone hot, or when the rains fell heavily, or when the mosquitoes were more than usually troublesome, there might be something of the protection of an inclosed room. Up all the posts there were flowering creepers, which covered the front with greenery even when the flowers were wanting. From the front of the house down to the creek there was a pleasant falling garden—heart-breaking, indeed, in regard to vegetables, for the opossums always came first, and they who followed the opossums got but little. But the garden gave a pleasant home-like look to the place, and was very dear to Harry, who was, perhaps, indifferent in regard to pease and tomatoes. Harry Heathcote was very proud of the place, for he had made it all himself, having pulled down a wretched barrack that he had found there. But he was far prouder of his wool-shed, which he had also built, and which he regarded as first and foremost among wool-sheds in those parts. By-and-by we shall be called on to visit the wool-shed. Though Heathcote had done all this for Gangoil, it must be understood that the vast extent of territory over which his sheep ran was by no means his own property. He was simply the tenant of the Crown, paying a rent computed at so much a sheep. He had, indeed, purchased the ground on which his house stood, but this he had done simply to guard himself against other purchasers. These other purchasers were the bane of his existence, the one great sorrow which, as he said, broke his heart.

While he was speaking, a rough-looking lad, about sixteen years of age, came through the parlor to the veranda, dressed very much like his master, but unwashed, uncombed, and with that wild look which falls upon those who wander about the Australian plains, living a nomad life. This was Jacko—so called, and no one knew him by any other name—a lad whom Heathcote had picked up about six months since, and who had become a favorite. "The old woman says as you was wanting me?" suggested Jacko.

"Going to be fine to-night, Jacko?"

Jacko went to the edge of the veranda and looked up to the sky. "My word! little squall a-coming," he said.

"I wish it would come from ten thousand buckets," said the master.

"No buckets at all," said Jacko. "Want the horses, master?"

"Of course I want the horses, and I want you to come with me. There are two horses saddled there; I'll ride Hamlet."

CHAPTER II.

A NIGHT'S RIDE.

HARRY jumped from the ground, kissed his wife, called her "old girl," and told her to be happy, and got on his horse at the garden gate. Both the ladies came off the veranda to

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see him start. "It's as dark as pitch," said Kate Daly.

"That's because you have just come out of the light."

"But it is dark—quite dark. You won't be late, will you?" said the wife.

"I can't be very early, as it's near ten now. I shall be back about twelve." So saying, he broke at once into a gallop, and vanished into the night, his young groom scampering after him.

"Why should he go out now?" Kate said to her sister.

"He is afraid of fire."

"But he can't prevent the fires by riding about in the dark. I suppose the fires come from the heat."

"He thinks they come from enemies, and he has heard something. One wretched man may do so much when every thing is dried to tinder. I do so wish it would rain."

The night, in truth, was very dark. It was now midsummer, at which time with us the days are so long that the coming of the one almost catches the departure of its predecessor. But Gangoil was not far outside the tropics, and there were no long summer nights. The heat was intense; but there was a low soughing wind which seemed to moan among the trees without moving them. As they crossed the little home inclosure and the horse paddock, the track was just visible, the trees being dead and the spaces open. About half a mile from the house, while they were still in the horse paddock, Harry turned from the track, and Jacko, of course, turned with him. "You can sit your horse jumping, Jacko?" he asked.

"My word! jump like glory," answered Jacko. He was soon tried. Harry rode at the bush fence—which was not, indeed, much of a fence, made of logs lengthways and crossways, about three feet and a half high—and went over it. Jacko followed him, rushing his horse at the leap, losing his seat and almost falling over the animal's shoulders as he came to the ground. "My word!" said Jacko, just saving himself by a scramble; "who ever saw the like of that?"

"Why don't you sit in your saddle, you stupid young duffer?"

"Sit in my saddle! Why don't he jump proper? Well, you go on. I don't know that I'm a duffer. Duffer, indeed! My word!" Heathcote had turned to the left, leaving the track, which was, indeed, the main road toward the nearest town and the coast, and was now pushing on through the forest with no pathway at all to guide him. To ordinary eyes the attempt to steer any course would have been hopeless. But an Australian squatter, if he have any well-grounded claim to the character of a bushman, has eyes which are not ordinary, and he has, probably, nurtured within himself, unconsciously, topographical instincts which are unintelligible to the inhabitants of cities. Harry, too, was near his own home, and went forward through the thick gloom without a doubt, Jacko following him faithfully. In about half an hour they came to another fence, but now it was too absolutely dark for jumping. Harry had not seen it till he was close to it, and then he pulled up his horse. "My word! why don't you jump away, Mr. Harry? Who's a duffer now?"

"Hold your tongue, or I'll put my whip across your back. Get down and help me pull a log away. The horses couldn't see where to put their feet." Jacko did as he was bid, and worked hard, but still grumbled at having been called a duffer. The animals were quickly led over, the logs were replaced, and the two were again galloping through the forest.

"I thought you were making for the wool-shed," said Jacko.

"We're eight miles beyond the wool-shed," said Harry. They had now crossed another paddock, and had come to the extreme fence on the run. The Gangoil pastures extended much further, but in that direction had not as yet been inclosed. Here they both got off their horses and walked along the fence till they came to an opening, with a slip panel, or movable bars, which had been Heathcote's intended destination. "Hold the horses, Jacko, till I come back," he said.

Jacko, when alone, nothing daunted by the darkness or solitude, seated himself on the top rail, took out a pipe, and struck a match. When the tobacco was ignited he dropped the match on the dry grass at his feet, and a little flame instantly sprung up. The boy waited a few seconds till the flames began to run, and then putting his feet together on the ground stamped out the incipient fire. "My word!" said Jacko to himself, "it's easy done, anyway."

Harry went on to the left for about half a mile, and then stood leaning against the fence. It was very dark, but he was now looking over into an inclosure which had been altogether cleared of trees, and which, as he knew well, had been cultivated and was covered with sugar-canes. Where he stood he was not distant above a quarter of a mile from the river, and the field before him ran down to the banks. This was the selected land of Giles Medlicot—two years since a portion of his own run, which had now been purchased from the government—for the loss of which he had received and was entitled to receive no compensation. And the matter was made worse for him by the fact that the interloper had come between him and the river. But he was not standing here near midnight merely to exercise his wrath by straining his eyes through the darkness at his neighbor's crops. He put his finger into his mouth to wet it, and then held it up that he might discover which way the light breath of wind was coming. There was still the low moan to be heard continually through the forest, and yet not a leaf seemed to be moved. After a while he thought he caught a sound, and put his ear down to the ground. He distinctly heard a footstep, and rising up, walked quickly toward the spot whence the noise came.

"Who's that?" he said, as he saw the figure of a man standing on his side of the fence, and leaning against it, with a pipe in his mouth.

"Who are you?" replied the man on the fence. "My name is Medlicot."

"Oh, Mr. Medlicot, is it?"

"Is that Mr. Heathcote? Good-night, Mr. Heathcote. You are going about at a late hour of the night."

"I have to go about early and late; but I ain't later than you."

"I'm close at home," said Medlicot.

"I am, at any rate, on my own run," said Harry.

"You mean to say that I am trespassing?" said the other; "because I can very soon jump back over the fence."

"I didn't mean that at all, Mr. Medlicot; any body is welcome on my run, night or day, who knows how to behave himself."

"I hope I'm included in that list."

"Just so; of course. Considering the state that every thing is in, and all the damage that a fire would do, I rather wish that people would be a little more careful about smoking."

"My canes, Mr. Heathcote, would burn quite as quickly as your grass."

"It is not only the grass. I've a hundred miles of fencing on the run which is as dry as tinder, not to talk of the station and the wool-shed."

"They sha'n't suffer from my neglect, Mr. Heathcote."

"You have men about who mayn't be so careful. The wind, such as it is, is coming right across from your place. If there were light enough, I could show you three or four patches where there has been fire within half a mile of this spot. There was a log burning there for two or three days, not long ago, which was lighted by one of your men."

"That was a fortnight since. There was no heat then, and the men were boiling their kettle. I spoke about it."

"A log like that, Mr. Medlicot, will burn for weeks sometimes. I'll tell you fairly what I'm afraid of. There's a man with you whom I turned out of the shed last shearing, and I think he might put a match down—not by accident."

"You mean Nokes. As far as I know, he's a decent man. You wouldn't have me not employ a man just because you had dismissed him?"

"Certainly not; that is, I shouldn't think of dictating to you about such a thing."

"Well, no, Mr. Heathcote, I suppose not. Nokes has got to earn his bread, though you did dismiss him. I don't know that he's not as honest a man as you or I."

"If so, there's three of us very bad; that's all, Mr. Medlicot. Good-night; and if you'll trouble yourself to look after the ash of your tobacco it might be the saving of me and all I have." So saying, he turned round, and made his way back to the horses.

Medlicot had placed himself on the fence during the interview, and he still kept his seat. Of course he was now thinking of the man who had just left him, whom he declared to himself to be an ignorant, prejudiced, ill-constituted cur. "I believe in his heart he thinks that I'm going to set fire to his run," he said, almost aloud. "And because he grows wool he thinks himself above every body in the colony. He occupies thousands of acres, and employs three or four men. I till about two hundred, and maintain thirty families. But he is such a pig that he can't understand all that; and he thinks that I must be something low because I've bought with my own money a bit of land which never belonged to him, and which he couldn't use." Such was the nature of Giles Medlicot's soliloquy as he sat swinging his legs, and still smoking his pipe, on the fence which divided his sugar-cane from the other young man's run.

And Harry Heathcote uttered his soliloquy also. "I wouldn't swear that he wouldn't do it himself, after all;" meaning that he almost suspected that Medlicot himself would be an incendiary. To him, in his way of thinking, a man who would take advantage of the law to buy a bit of another man's land—or become a free-selector, as the term goes—was a public enemy, and might be presumed capable of any iniquity. It was all very well for the girls—meaning his wife and sister-in-law—to tell him that Medlicot had the manners of a gentleman and had come of decent people. Women were always soft enough to be taken by soft hands, a good-looking face, and a decent coat. This Medlicot went about dressed like a man in the towns, exhibiting, as Harry thought, a contemptible, unmanly finery. Of what use was it to tell him that Medlicot was a gentleman? What Harry knew was that since Medlicot had come he had lost his sheep, that the heads of three or four had been found buried on Medlicot's side of his run, and that if he dismissed "a hand," Medlicot employed him—a proceeding which, in Harry Heathcote's aristocratic and patriarchal views of life, was altogether ungentlemanlike. How were the "hands" to be kept in their place if one employer of labor did not back up another?

He had been warned to be on his guard against fire. The warnings had hardly been implicit, but yet had come in a shape which made him unable to ignore them. Old Bates, whom he trusted implicitly, and who was a man of very few words, had told him to be on his guard. The German, at whose hut he had been in the morning, Karl Bender by name, and a servant of his own, had told him that there would be fire about before long.

"Why should any one want to ruin me?" Harry had asked. "Did I ever wrong a man of a shilling?"

The German had learned to know his young master, had made his way through the crust of his master's character, and was prepared to be faithful at all points—though he too could have quarreled and have avenged himself had it not chanced that he had come to the point of loving instead of hating his employer.

"You like too much to be governor over all," said the German, as he stooped over the fire in his own hut in his anxiety to boil the water for Heathcote's tea.

"Somebody must be governor, or every thing would go to the devil," said Harry.

"Dat's true—only fellows don't like be made feel it," said the German. "Nokes, he was made feel it when you put him over de gate."

But neither would Bates nor the German express absolute suspicion of any man. That Medlicot's "hands" at the sugar-mill were stealing his sheep Harry thought that he knew; but that was comparatively a small affair, and he would not have pressed it, as he was without absolute evidence. And even he had a feeling that it would be unwise to increase the anger felt against himself—at any rate, during the present heats.

Jacko had his pipe still alight when Heathcote returned. "You young monkey," said he, "have you been using matches?"

"Why not, Mr. Harry? Don't the grass burn ready, Mr. Harry? My word!" Then Jacko stooped down, lit another match, and showed Heathcote the burned patch.

"Was it so when we came?" Harry asked, with emotion. Jacko, still kneeling on the ground, and holding the lighted match in his hand, shook his head and tapped his breast, indicating that he had burned the grass. "You dropped the match by accident?"

"My word! no. Did it o' purpose to see. It's all just one as gunpowder, Mr. Harry."

Harry got on his horse without a word, and rode away through the forest, taking a direction different from that by which he had come, and the boy followed him. He was by no means certain that this young fellow might not turn against him; but it had been a part of his theory to make no difference to any man because of such fears. If he could make the men around him respect him, then they would treat him well; but they could never be brought to respect him by flattery. He was very nearly right in his views of men, and would have been right altogether could he have seen accurately what justice demanded for others as well as for himself. As far as the intention went, he was minded to be just to every man.

It seemed, as they were riding, that the heat grew fiercer and fiercer. Though there was still the same moaning sound, there was not a breath of air. They had now got upon a track very well known to Heathcote, which led up from the river to the wool-shed, and so on to the station, and they had turned homeward. When they were near the wool-shed, suddenly there fell a heavy drop or two of rain. Harry stopped and turned his face upward, when, in a moment, the whole heavens above them and the forest around were illumined by a flash of lightning so near them that it made each of them start in his saddle, and made the horses shudder in every limb. Then came the roll of thunder immediately over their heads, and with the thunder rain so thick and fast that Harry's "ten thousand buckets" seemed to be emptied directly over their heads.

"God A'mighty has put out the fires now," said Jacko.

Harry paused for a moment, feeling the rain through to his bones—for he had nothing on over his shirt—and rejoicing in it. "Yes," he said; "we may go to bed for a week, and let the grass grow, and the creeks fill, and the earth cool. Half an hour like this over the whole run, and there won't be a dry stick on it."

As they went on, the horses splashed through the water. It seemed as though a deluge were falling, and that already the ground beneath their feet were becoming a lake.

"We might have too much of this, Jacko."

"My word! yes."

"I don't want to have the Mary flooded again."

"My word! no."

But by the time they reached the wool-shed it was over. From the first drop to the last, there had hardly been a space of twenty minutes. But still there was a noise of waters as the little streams washed hither and thither to their destined courses, and still the horses splashed, and still there was the feeling of an incipient deluge. When they reached the wool-shed, Harry again got off his horse, and Jacko, dismounting also, hitched the two animals to the post and followed his master into the building. Harry struck a wax match, and holding it up, strove to look round the building by the feeble light which it shed. It was a remarkable edifice, built in the shape of a great T, open at the sides, with a sharp-pitched timber roof covered with felt, which came down within four feet of the ground. It was calculated to hold about four hundred sheep at a time, and was divided into pens of various sizes, partitioned off for various purposes. If Harry Heathcote was sure of any thing, he was sure that his wool-shed was the best that had ever been built in this district.

"By Jimini! what's that?" said Jacko.

"Did you hear any thing?"

Jacko pointed with his finger down the centre walk of the shed, and Harry, striking another match as he went, rushed forward. But the match was out as soon as ignited, and gave no glimmer of light. Nevertheless he saw, or thought that he saw, the figure of a man escaping out of the open end of the shed. The place itself was black as midnight, but the space beyond was clear of trees, and the darkness outside being a few shades lighter than within the building, allowed something of the outline of a figure to be visible. And as the man escaped, the sounds of his footsteps were audible enough. Harry called to him, but of course received no answer. Had he pursued him, he would have been obliged to cross sundry rails, which would have so delayed him as to give him no chance of success.

"I knew there was a fellow about," he said; "one of our own men would not have run like that."

Jacko shook his head, but did not speak.

"He has got in here for shelter out of the rain, but he was doing no good about the place."

Jacko again shook his head.

"I wonder who he was?"

Jacko came up and whispered in his ear, "Bill Nokes."

"You couldn't see him."

"Seed the drag of his leg." Now it was well known that the man Nokes had injured some of his muscles, and habitually dragged one foot after another.

"I don't think you could have been sure of him by such a glimpse as that."

"Maybe not," said the boy, "only I'm sure as sure."

Harry Heathcote said not another word, but getting again upon his horse, galloped home. It was past one when he reached the station, but the two girls were waiting up for him, and at once began to condole with him because he was wet. "Wet!" said Harry; "if you could only know how much I prefer things being wet to dry just at present! But give Jacko some supper. I must keep that young fellow in good humor if I can."

So Jacko had half a loaf of bread, and a small pot of jam, and a large jug of cold tea provided for him, in the enjoyment of which luxuries he did not seem to be in the least impeded by the fact that he was wet through to the skin. Harry Heathcote had another nobbler—being only the second in the day—and then went to bed.

CHAPTER III.

MEDLICOT'S MILL.

As Harry said, they might all now lie in bed for a day or two. The rain had set aside for the time the necessity for that urgent watchfulness which kept all hands on the station hard at work during the great heat. There was not, generally, much rest during the year at Gangoil. Lambing in April and May, washing and shearing in September, October, and November, with the fear of fires and the necessary precautions in December and January, did not leave more than sufficient intervals for looking after the water-dams, making and mending fences, procuring stores, and attending to the ailments of the flocks. No man worked harder than the young squatter. But now there had suddenly come a day or two of rest—rest from work which was not of itself productive, but only remedial, and which, therefore, was not begrudged.

But it soon was apparent that the rest could be only for a day or two. The rain had fallen as from ten thousand buckets, but it had fallen only for a space of minutes. On the following morning the thirsty earth had apparently swallowed all the flood. The water in the creek beneath the house stood two feet higher than it had done, and Harry, when he visited the dams round the run, found that they were full to overflowing, and the grasses were already springing, so quick is the all but tropical growth of the

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country. They might be safe, perhaps, for eight-and-forty hours. Fire would run only when the ground was absolutely dry, and when every twig or leaf was a combustible. But during those eight-and-forty hours there might be comparative ease at Gangoil.

On the day following the night of the ride Mrs. Heathcote suggested to her husband that she and Kate should ride over to Medlicot's Mill, as the place was already named, and call on Mrs. Medlicot. "It isn't Christian," she said, "for people living out in the bush as we are to quarrel with their neighbors just because they are neighbors."

"Neighbors!" said Harry; "I don't know any word that there's so much humbug about. The Samaritan was the best neighbor I ever heard of, and he lived a long way off, I take it. Anyway, he wasn't a free-selector."

"Harry, that's profane."

"Every thing I say is wicked. You can go, of course, if you like it. I don't want to quarrel with any body."

"Quarreling is so uncomfortable," said his wife.

"That's a matter of taste. There are people whom I find it very comfortable to quarrel with. I shouldn't at all like not to quarrel with the Brownbies, and I'm not at all sure it mayn't come to be the same with Mr. Giles Medlicot."

"The Brownbies live by sheep-stealing and horse-stealing."

"And Medlicot means to live by employing sheep-stealers and horse-stealers. You can go if you like it. You won't want me to go with you. Will you have the buggy?"

But the ladies said that they would ride. The air was cooler now than it had been, and they would like the exercise. They would take Jacko with them to open the slip-rails, and they would be back by seven for dinner. So they started, taking the track by the wool-shed. The wool-shed was about two miles from the station, and Medlicot's Mill was seven miles farther, on the bank of the river.

Mr. Giles Medlicot, though at Gangoil he was still spoken of as a new-comer, had already been located for nearly two years on the land which he had purchased immediately on his coming to the colony. He had come out direct from England with the intention of growing sugar, and, whether successful or not in making money, had certainly succeeded in growing crops of sugar-canes and in erecting a mill for crushing them. It probably takes more than two years for a man himself to discover whether he can achieve ultimate success in such an enterprise; and Medlicot was certainly not a man likely to talk much to others of his private concerns. The mill had just been built, and he had lived there himself as soon as a water-tight room had been constructed. It was only within the last three months that he had completed a small cottage residence, and had brought his mother to live with him. Hitherto he had hardly made himself popular. He was not either fish or fowl. The squatters regarded him as an interloper, and as a man holding opinions directly averse to their own interests—in which they were right. And the small free-selectors, who lived on the labor of their own hands—or, as was said of many of them, by stealing sheep and cattle—knew well that he was not of their class. But Medlicot had gone his way steadfastly, if not happily, and complained aloud to no one in the midst of his difficulties. He had not, perhaps, found the Paradise which he had expected in Queensland, but he had found that he could grow sugar; and having begun the work, he was determined to go on with it.

Heathcote was his nearest neighbor, and the only man in his own rank of life who lived within twenty miles of him. When he had started his enterprise he had hoped to make this man his friend, not comprehending at first how great a cause for hostility was created by the very purchase of the land. He had been a new-comer from the old country, and, being alone, had desired friendship. He was Harry Heathcote's equal in education, intelligence, and fortune, if not in birth—which surely, in the Australian bush, need not count for much. He had assumed, when first meeting the squatter, that good-fellowship between them, on equal terms, would be acceptable to both; but his overtures had been coldly received. Then he, too, had drawn himself up, had declared that Heathcote was an ignorant ass, and had unconsciously made up his mind to commence hostilities. It was in this spirit that he had taken Nokes into his mill, of whose character, had he inquired about it, he would certainly have heard no good. He had now brought his mother to Medlicot's Mill. She and the Gangoil ladies had met each other on neutral ground, and it was almost necessary that they should either be friends or absolute enemies. Mrs. Heathcote had been aware of this, and had declared that enmity was horrible.

"Upon my word," said Harry, "I sometimes think that friendship is more so. I suppose I'm fitted for bush life, for I want to see no one from year's end to year's end but my own family and my own people." And yet this young patriarch in the wilderness was only twenty-four years old, and had been educated at an English school!

Medlicot's cottage was about a hundred and fifty yards from the mill, looking down upon the Mary, the banks of which at this spot were almost precipitous. The site for the plantation had been chosen because the river afforded the means of carriage down to the sea, and the mill had been so constructed that the sugar hogsheads could be lowered from the buildings into the river boats. Here Mrs. Heathcote and Kate Daly found the old lady sitting at work, all alone, in the veranda. She was a handsome old woman, with gray hair, seventy years of age, with wrinkled face, and a toothless mouth, but with bright eyes, and with no signs of the infirmity of age.

"This is gey kind of you to run so far to see an auld woman," she said.

Mrs. Heathcote declared that they were used to the heat, and that after the rain the air was pleasant.

"You're two bright lassies, and you're hearty," she said. "I'm auld, and just out of Cumberland, and I find it's hot enough—and I'm no guid at horseback at all. I dinna know how I'm to get aboot."

Then Mrs. Heathcote explained that there was an excellent track for a buggy all the way to Gangoil.

"Giles is aye telling me that I'm to gang aboot in a bouggey, but I dinna feel sure of thae bouggeys."

Mrs. Heathcote, of course, praised the country carriages, and the country roads, and the country generally. Tea was brought in, and the old lady was delighted with her guests. Since she had been at the mill, week had followed week, and she had seen no woman's face but that of the uncouth girl who waited upon her. "Did ye ever see rain like that!" she said, putting up her hands. "I thought the Lord was sending his clouds down upon us in a lump like." Then she told them that some of the men had declared that if it went on like that for two hours the Mary would rise and take the cottage away. Giles, however, had declared that to be trash, as the cottage was twenty feet above the ordinary course of the river.

They were just rising to take their leave, when Giles Medlicot himself came in out of the mill. He was a man of good presence, dark, and tall like Heathcote, but stoutly made, with a strongly marked face, given to frowning much when he was eager; bright-eyed, with a broad forehead—certainly a man to be observed as far as his appearance was concerned. He was dressed much as a gentleman dresses in the country at home, and was therefore accounted to be a fop by Harry Heathcote, who was rarely seen abroad in other garb than that which has been described. Harry was an aristocrat, and hated such innovations in the bush as cloth coats and tweed trowsers and neck-handkerchiefs.

Medlicot had been full of wrath against his neighbor all the morning. There had been a tone in Heathcote's voice when he gave his parting warning as to the fire in Medlicot's pipe which the sugar grower had felt to be intentionally insolent. Nothing had been said which could be openly resented, but offense had surely been intended; and then he had remembered that his mother had been already some months at the mill, and that no mark of neighborly courtesy had been shown to her. The Heathcotes had, he thought, chosen to assume themselves to be superior to him and his, and to treat him as though he had been some laboring man who had saved money enough to purchase a bit of land for himself. He was, therefore, astonished to find the two young ladies sitting with his mother on the very day after such an interview as that of the preceding night.

"The leddies from Gangoil, Giles, have been guid enough to ride over and see me," said his mother.

Medlicot, of course, shook hands with them, and expressed his sense of their kindness, but he did it awkwardly. He soon, however, declared his purpose of riding part of the way back with them.

"Mr. Heathcote must have been very wet last night," he said, when they were on horseback, addressing himself to Kate Daly rather than to her sister.

"Indeed he was—wet to the skin. Were you not?"

"I saw him at about eleven, before the rain began. I was close home, and just escaped. He must have been under it all. Does he often go about the run in that way at night?"

"Only when he's afraid of fires," said Kate.

"Is there much to be afraid of? I don't suppose that any body can be so wicked as to wish to burn the grass." Then the ladies took upon themselves to explain. "The fires might be caused from negligence or trifling accidents, or might possibly come from the unaided heat of the sun; or there might be enemies."

"My word! yes; enemies, rather!" said Jacko, who was riding close behind, and who had no idea of being kept out of the conversation merely because he was a sĕrvant. Medlicot, turning round, looked at the lad, and asked who were the enemies.

"Free-selectors," said Jacko.

"I'm a free-selector," said Medlicot.

"Did not jist mean you," said Jacko.

"Jacko, you'd better hold your tongue," said Mrs. Heathcote.

"Hold my tongue! My word! Well, you go on."

Medlicot came as far as the wool-shed, and then said that he would return. He had thoroughly enjoyed his ride. Kate Daly was bright and pretty and winning; and in the bush, when a man has not seen a lady perhaps for months, brightness and prettiness and winning ways have a double charm. To ride with fair women over turf, through a forest, with a woman who may perhaps some day be wooed, can be a matter of indifference only to a very lethargic man. Giles Medlicot was by no means lethargic. He owned to himself that though Heathcote was a pig-headed ass, the ladies were very nice, and he thought that the pig-headed ass in choosing one of them for himself had by no means taken the nicest.

"You'll never find your way back," said Kate, "if you've not been here before."

"I never was here before, and I suppose I must find my way back." Then he was urged to come on and dine at Gangoil, with a promise that Jacko should return with him in the evening. But this he would not do. Heathcote was a pig-headed ass, who possibly regarded him as an incendiary simply because he had bought some land. This boy of Heathcote's, whose services had been offered to him, had not scrupled to tell him to his face that he was to be regarded as an enemy. Much as he liked the company of Kate Daly, he could not go to the house of that stupid, arrogant, pig-headed young squatter. "I'm not such a bad bushman but what I can find my way to the river," he said.

"Find it blindful," said Jacko, who did not relish the idea of going back to Medlicot's Mill as guide to another man. There was a weakness in the idea that such aid could be necessary, which was revolting to Jacko's sense of bush independence.

They were halting on their horses at the entrance to the wool-shed as they discussed the point, when suddenly Harry himself appeared out of the building. He came up and shook hands with Medlicot, with sufficient courtesy, but hardly with cordiality, and then asked his wife as to her ride. "We have been very jolly, haven't we, Kate? Of course it has been hot, but every thing is not so frightfully parched as it was before the rain. As Mr. Medlicot has come back so far with us, we want him to come on and dine."

"Pray do, Mr. Medlicot," said Harry. But again the tone of his voice was not sufficiently hearty to satisfy the man who was invited.

"Thanks, no; I think I'll hardly do that.—Good-night, Mrs. Heathcote; good-night, Miss Daly;" and the two ladies immediately perceived that his voice, which had hitherto been pleasant in their ears, had ceased to be cordial.

"I am very glad he has gone back," said Heathcote.

"Why do you say so, Harry? You are not given to be inhospitable, and why should you grudge me and Kate the rare pleasure of seeing a strange face?"

"I'll tell you why. It's not about him at this moment; but I've been disturbed.—Jacko, go on to the station, and say we're coming. Do you hear me? Go on at once." Then Jacko, somewhat unwillingly, galloped off toward the house. "Get off your horses, and come in here."

He helped the two ladies from their saddles, and they all went into the wool-shed, Harry leading the way. In one of the side pens, immediately under the roof, there was a large heap of leaves, the outside portion of which was at present damp, for the rain had beaten in upon it, but which had been as dry as tinder when collected; and there was a row or ridge of mixed brush-wood and leaves so constructed as to form a line from the grass outside on to the heap. "The fellow who did that was an ass," said Harry; "a greater ass than I should have taken him to be, not to have known that if he could have gotten the grass to burn outside, the wool-shed must have gone without all that preparation. But there isn't much difficulty now in seeing what the fellow has intended."

"Was it for a fire?" asked Kate.

"Of course it was. He wouldn't have been contented with the grass and fences, but wanted to make sure of the shed also. He'd have come to the house and burned us in our beds, only a fellow like that is too much of a coward to run the risk of being seen."

"But, Harry, why didn't he light it when he'd done it?" said Mrs. Heathcote.

"Because the Almighty sent the rain at the very moment," said Harry, striking the top rail of one of the pens with his fist. "I'm not much given to talk about Providence, but this looks like it, does it not?"

"He might have put a match in at the moment?"

"Rain or no rain? Yes, he might. But he was interrupted by more than the rain. I got into the shed myself just at the moment—I and Jacko. It was last night, when the rain was pouring. I heard the man, and dark as was the night, I saw his figure as he fled away."

"You didn't know him?" said Miss Daly.

"But that boy, who has the eyes of a cat, he knew him."

"Jacko?"

"Jacko knew him by his gait. I should have hardly wanted any one to tell me who it was. I could have named the man at once, but for the fear of doing an injustice."

"And who was it?"

"Our friend Medlicot's prime favorite and new factotum, Mr. William Nokes. Mr. William Nokes is the gentleman who intends to burn us all out of house and home, and Mr. Medlicot is the gentleman whose pleasure it is to keep Mr. Nokes in the neighborhood."

The two women stood awe-struck for a moment, but a sense of justice prevailed upon the wife to speak. "That may be all true," she said. "Perhaps it is as you say about that man. But you would not therefore think that Mr. Medlicot knows any thing about it?"

"It would be impossible," said Kate.

"I have not accused him," said Harry; "but he knows that the man was dismissed, and yet keeps him about the place. Of course he is responsible."

CHAPTER IV.

HARRY HEATHCOTE'S APPEAL.

FOR the first mile between the wool-shed and the house Heathcote and the two ladies rode without saying a word. There was something so terrible in the reality of the danger which encompassed them that they hardly felt inclined to discuss it. Harry's dislike to Medlicot was quite a thing apart. That some one had intended to burn down the wool-shed, and had made preparation for doing so, was as apparent to the women as to him. And the man who had been balked by a shower of rain in his first attempt might soon find an opportunity for a second. Harry was well aware that even Jacko's assertion could not be taken as evidence against the man whom he suspected. In all probability no further attempt would be made upon the wool-shed; but a fire on some distant part of the run would be much more injurious to him than the mere burning of a building. The fire that might ruin him would be one which should get ahead before it was seen, and scour across the ground, consuming the grass down to the very roots over thousands of acres, and destroying fencing over many miles. Such fires pass on, leaving the standing trees unscathed, avoiding even the scrub, which is too moist with the sap of life for consumption, but licking up with fearful rapidity every thing that the sun has dried. He could watch the wool-shed and house, but with no possible care could he so watch the whole run as to justify him in feeling security. There need be no preparation of leaves. A match thrown loosely on the ground would do it. And in regard to a match so thrown, it would be impossible to prove a guilty intention.

"Ought we not to have dispersed the heap?" said Mrs. Heathcote at last. The minds of all of them were full of the matter, but these were the first words spoken.

"I'll leave it as it is," said Harry, giving no reason for his decision. He was too full of thought, too heavily laden with anxiety, to speak much. "Come, let's get on; you'll want your dinner, and it's getting dark." So they cantered on, and got off their horses at the gate, without another word. And not another word was spoken on the subject that night. Harry was very silent, walking up and down the veranda with his pipe in his mouth—not lying on the ground in idle enjoyment—and there was no reading. The two sisters looked at him from time to time with wistful, anxious eyes, half afraid to disturb him by speech.

As for him, he felt that the weight was all on his own shoulders. He had worked hard, and was on the way to be rich. I do not know that he thought much about money, but he thought very much of success. And he was by nature anxious, sanguine, and impulsive. There might be before him, within the next week, such desolation as would break his heart. He knew men who had been ruined, and had borne their ruin almost without a wail—who had seemed contented to descend to security and mere absence from want. There was his own superintendent, Old Bates, who, though he grumbled at every thing else, never bewailed his own fate. But he knew of himself that any such blow would nearly kill him—such a blow, that is, as might drive him from Gangoil, and force him to be the servant instead of the master of men. Not to be master of all around him seemed to him to be misery. The merchants at Brisbane who took his wool and supplied him with stores had advanced money when he first bought his run, and he still owed them some thousands of pounds. The injury which a great fire would do him would bring him to such a condition that the merchants would demand to have their money repaid. He understood it all, and knew well that it was after this fashion that many a squatter before him had been ruined.

"Speak a word to me about it," his wife said to him, imploringly, when they were alone together that night.

"My darling, if there were a word to say, I

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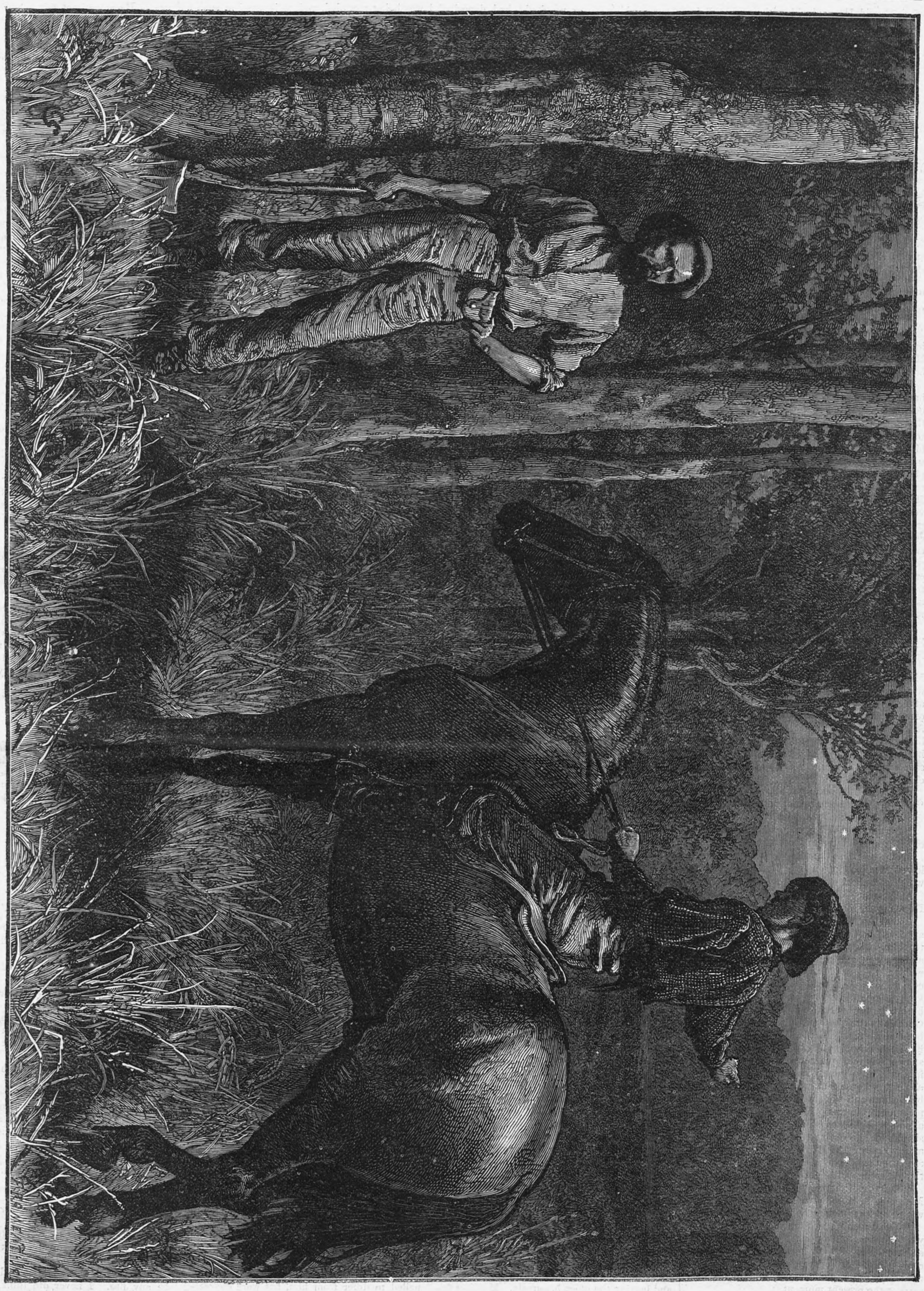

HARRY HEATHCOTE OF GANGOIL.

"Boscobel lowered his axe, and stood for a while contemplating the proposition made to him. 'You are drawing three shillings a night for watching; isn't that so?' 'Yes, that's so. Anyways, I shall draw it.' 'Then why ain't you watching?' 'There's nothing to watch that I knows on—not just now.' 'Then why should I pay you for it? I'm to pay you for ringing these trees, ain't I?' 'Certainly, Mr. Heathcote.' 'Then you're to make double use of your time, and sell it twice over, are you? Don't try to look like a fool, as though you didn't understand. You know that what you're doing isn't honest.'"—CHAPTER V.

would say it. I must be on the watch, and do the best I can. At present the earth is too damp for mischief."

"Oh that it would rain again!"

"There will be heat enough before the summer is over; we need not doubt that. But I will tell you of every thing as we go on. I will endeavor to have the man watched. God bless you! Go to sleep, and try to get it out of your thoughts."

On the following morning he breakfasted early, and mounted his horse without saying a word as to the purport of his journey. This was in accordance with the habit of his life, and would not excite observation; but there was something in his manner which made both the ladies feel that he was intent on some special object. When he intended simply to ride round his fences or to visit the hut of some distant servant, a few minutes signified nothing. He would stand under the veranda and talk, and the women would endeavor to keep him from the saddle. But now there was no loitering, and but little talking. He said a word to Jacko, who brought the horse for him, and then started at a gallop toward the wool-shed.

He did not stop a moment at the shed, not even entering it to see whether the heap of leaves had been displaced during the night, but went on straight to Medlicot's Mill. He rode the nine miles in an hour, and at once entered the building in which the canes were crushed. The first man he met was Nokes, who acted as overseer, having a gang of Polynesian laborers under him—sleek, swarthy fellows from the South Sea Islands, with linen trowsers on and nothing else—who crept silently among the vats and machinery, shifting the sugar as it was made.

"Well, Nokes," said Harry, "how are you getting on? Is Mr. Medlicot here?"

Nokes was a big fellow, with a broad, solid face, which would not have condemned him among physiognomists but for a bad eye, which could not look you in the face. He had been a boundary rider for Heathcote, and on an occasion had been impertinent, refusing to leave the yard behind the house unless something was done which those about the place refused to do for him. During the discussion Harry had come in. The man had been drinking, and was still insolent, and Harry had ejected him violently, thrusting him over a gate. The man had returned the next morning, and had then been sent about his business. He had been employed at Medlicot's Mill, but from the day of his dismissal to this he and Harry had never met each other face to face.

"I'm pretty well, thank ye, Mr. Heathcote. I hope you're the same, and the ladies. The master's about somewhere, I take it.—Picky, go and find the master." Picky was one of the Polynesians, who at once started on his errand.

"Have you been over to Gangoil since you

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left it?" said Harry, looking the man full in the face.

"Not I, Mr. Heathcote. I never go where I've had words. And, to tell you the truth, sugar is better than sheep. I'm very comfortable here, and I never liked your work."

"You haven't been at the wool-shed?"

"What, the Gangoil shed! What the blazes 'd I go there for? It's a matter of ten miles from here."

"Seven, Nokes."

"Seven, is it? It is a longish seven miles, Mr. Heathcote. How could I get that distance? I ain't so good at walking as I was before I was hurt. You should have remembered that, Mr. Heathcote, when you laid hands on me the other day."

"You're not much the worse for what I did; nor yet for the accident, I take it. At any rate, you've not been at Gangoil woolshed?"

"No, I've not," said the man, roughly. "What the mischief should I be doing at your shed at night-time?"

"I said nothing about night-time."

"I'm here all day, ain't I? If you're going to palm off any story against me, Mr. Heathcote, you'll find yourself in the wrong box. What I does I does on the square."

Heathcote was now quite sure that Jacko had been right. He had not doubted much before, but now he did not doubt at all but that the man with whom he was speaking was the wretch who was endeavoring to ruin him. And he felt certain, also, that Jacko was true to him. He knew, too, that he had plainly declared his suspicion to the man himself. But he had resolved upon doing this. He could in no way assist himself in circumventing the man's villainy by keeping his distrust to himself. The man might be frightened, and in spite of all that had passed between him and Medlicot, he still thought it possible that he might induce the sugar grower to co-operate with him in driving Nokes from the neighborhood. He had spent the night in thinking over it all, and this was the resolution to which he had come.

"There's the master," said Nokes. "If you've got any thing to say about any thing, you'd better say it to him."

Harry had never before set his foot upon Medlicot's land since it had been bought away from his own run, and had felt that he would almost demean himself by doing so. He had often looked at the canes from over his own fence, as he had done on the night of the rain; but he had stood always on his own land. Now he was in the sugar-mill, never before having seen such a building. "You've a deal of machinery here, Mr. Medlicot," he said.

"It's a small affair, after all," said the other. "I hope to get a good plant before I've done."

"Can I speak a word with you?"

"Certainly. Will you come into the office, or will you go across to the house?"

Harry said that the office would do, and followed Medlicot into a little box-like inclosure which contained a desk and two stools.

"Not much of an office, is it? What can I do for you, Mr. Heathcote?"

Then Harry began his story, which he told at considerable length. He apologized for troubling his neighbor at all on the subject, and endeavored to explain, somewhat awkwardly, that as Mr. Medlicot was a newcomer, he probably might not understand the kind of treatment to which employers in the bush were occasionally subject from their men. On this matter he said much, which, had he been a better tactician, he might probably have left unspoken. He then went on to the story of his own quarrel with Nokes, who had, in truth, been grossly impudent to the women about the house, but who had been punished by instant and violent dismissal from his employment. It was evidently Harry's idea that a man who had so sinned against his master should be allowed to find no other master—at any rate in that district; an idea with which the other man, who had lately come out from the old country, did not at all sympathize.

"Do you want me to dismiss him?" said Medlicot, in a tone which implied that that would be the last thing he would think of doing.

"You haven't heard me yet." Then Harry went on and told of the fires in the heat of summer, and of their terrible effects—of the easy manner of revenge which they supplied to angry, unscrupulous men, and of his own fears at the present moment.

"I can believe it all," said Medlicot, "and am very sorry that it should be so. But I can not see the justice of punishing a man on the merest, vaguest suspicion. Your only ground for imputing this crime to him is that your own conduct to him may have given him a motive."

Harry had schooled himself vigorously during the ride as to his own demeanor, and had resolved that he would be cool. "I was going on to tell you," he said, "what occurred that night after I saw you up by the fence." Then he described how he and his boy had entered the shed, and had both seen and heard a man as he escaped from it; how the boy had at once declared that the man was Nokes; how the following day he had discovered the leaves, which Nokes no doubt had deposited there just before the rain, intending to burn the place at once; and how Nokes's manner to him within the last half hour had corroborated his suspicions.

"Is he the boy you call Jacko?"

"That's the name he goes by."

"You don't know his real name?"

"I have never heard any other name."

"Nor any thing about him?" Harry owned, in answer to half a dozen such questions, that Jacko had come to Gangoil about six months ago—he did not know whence—had been kept for a week's job, and had then been allowed to remain about the place without any regular wages. "You admit it was quite dark," continued Medlicot.

Harry did not at all like the cross-examination, and his resolution to be cool was quickly fading. "I told you that I saw myself the figure of a man."

"But that you barely saw a figure. You did not form any opinion of your own as to the man's identity."

Harry Heathcote was as honest as the sun. Much as he disliked being cross-examined, he found himself compelled not only to say the exact truth, but the whole truth. "Certainly not. I barely saw a glimpse of a figure, and, till I spoke to Nokes just now, I almost doubted whether the lad could have distinguished him. I am sure he was right now."

"Really, Mr. Heathcote, I can't go along with you. You are accusing a man of committing an offense, which I believe is capital, on the evidence of a boy of whom you know nothing, who may have his own reasons for spiting the man, and whom you yourself did not believe till you had looked this man in the face. I think you allow yourself to be guided too much by your own power of intuition."

"No, I don't," said Harry, who hated his neighbor's methodical argument.

"At any rate, I can't consent to take a man's bread out of his mouth, and to send him away tainted as he would be with this suspicion, either because Jacko thought that he saw him in the dark, or because—"

"I have never asked you to send him away."

"What is it you want, then?"

"I want to have him watched, so that he may feel that if he attempts to destroy my property his guilt will be detected."

"Who is to watch him?"

"He is in your employment."

"He lives in the hut down beyond the gate. Am I to keep a sentry there all night, and every night?"

"I will pay for it."

"No, Mr. Heathcote. I don't pretend to know this country yet, but I'll encourage no such espionage as that. At any rate, it is not English. I dare say the man misbehaved himself in your employment. You say he was drunk. I do not doubt it. But he is not a drunkard, for he never drinks here. A man is not to starve forever because he once got drunk and was impertinent. Nor is he to have a spy at his heels because a boy whom nobody knows chooses to denounce him. I am sorry that you should be in trouble, but I do not know that I can help you."

Harry's passion was now very high, and his resolution to be cool was almost thrown to the winds. Medlicot had said many things which were odious to him. In the first place, there had been a tone of insufferable superiority, so Harry thought, and that, too, when he himself had divested himself of all the superiority which naturally attached to his position, and had frankly appealed to Medlicot as a neighbor. And then this new-fangled sugar grower had told him that he was not English, and had said grand words, and had altogether made himself objectionable. What did this man know of the Australian bush, that he should dare to talk of this or that as being wrong because it was un-English! In England there were police to guard men's property. Here, out in the Australian forests, a man must guard his own, or lose it. But perhaps it was the indifference to the ruin of the women belonging to him that Harry Heathcote felt the strongest. The stranger cared nothing for the utter desolation which one unscrupulous ruffian might produce, felt no horror at the idea of a vast devastating fire, but could be indignant in his mock philanthropy because it was proposed to watch the doings of a scoundrel!

"Good-morning," said Harry, turning round and leaving the office brusquely. Medlicot followed him, but Harry went so quickly that not another word was spoken. To him the idea of a neighbor in the bush refusing such assistance as he had asked was as terrible as to us is the thought of a ship at sea leaving another ship in distress. He unhitched his horse from the fence, and galloped home as fast as the animal would carry him.

Medlicot, when he was left alone, took two or three turns about the mill, as though inspecting the work, but at every turn fixed his eyes for a few moments on Nokes's face. The man was standing under a huge caldron regulating the escape of the boiling juice into the different vats by raising and lowering a trap, and giving directions to the Polynesians as he did so. He was evidently conscious that he was being regarded, and, as is usual in such a condition, manifestly failed in his struggle to appear unconscious. Medlicot acknowledged to himself that the man could not look even him in the face. Was it possible that he had been wrong, and that Heathcote, though he had expressed himself badly, was entitled to some sympathy in his fear of what might be done to him by an enemy? Medlicot also desired to be just, being more rational, more logical, and less impulsive than the other, being also somewhat too conscious of his own superior intelligence. He knew that Heathcote had gone away in great dudgeon, and he almost feared that he had been harsh and unneighborly. After a while he stood opposite Nokes and addressed him.

"Do the squatters suffer much from fires?" he said.

"Heathcote has been talking to you about that," said the man.

"Can't you say Mr. Heathcote when you speak of a gentleman whose bread you have eaten?"

"Mr. Heathcote, if you like it. We ain't particular to a shade out here as you are at home. He has been telling you about fires, has he?"

"Well, he has."

"And talking of me, I suppose?"

"You were talking of having a turn at mining some day. How would it be with you if you were to be off to Gympie?"

"You mean to say I'm to go, Mr. Medlicot?"

"I don't say that at all."

"Look here, Mr. Medlicot. My going or staying won't make any difference to Heathcote. There's a lot of 'em about here hates him that much that he is never to be allowed to rest in peace. I tell you that fairly. It ain't any thing as I shall do. Them's not my ways, Mr. Medlicot. But he has enemies here as 'll never let him rest."

"Who are they?"

"Pretty nigh every body round. He has carried himself that high they won't stand him. Who's Heathcote?"

"Name some who are his enemies."

"There's the Brownbies."

"Oh, the Brownbies. Well, it's a bad thing to have enemies." After that he left the sugar-house and went across to the cottage.

CHAPTER V.

BOSCOBEL.

Two days and two nights passed without fear of fire, and then Harry Heathcote was again on the alert. The earth was parched as though no drop of rain had fallen. The fences were dry as tinder, and the ground was strewed with broken atoms of timber from the trees, each of which a spark would ignite. Two nights Harry slept in his bed, but on the third he was on horseback about the run, watching, thinking, endeavoring to make provision, directing others, and hoping to make it believed that his eyes were every where. In this way an entire week was passed, and now it wanted but four days to Christmas. He would come home to breakfast about seven in the morning, very tired, but never owning that he was tired, and then sleep heavily for an hour or two in a chair. After that he would go out again on the run, would sleep perhaps for another hour after dinner, and then would start for his night's patrol. During this week he saw nothing of Medlicot, and never mentioned his name but once. On that occasion his wife told him that during his absence Medlicot had been at the station.

"What brought him here?" Harry asked, fiercely.

Mrs. Heathcote explained that he had called in a friendly way, and had said that if there were any fear of fire he would be happy himself to lend assistance.

Then the young squatter forgot himself in his wrath. "Confound his hypocrisy!" said Harry, aloud.

"I don't think he's a hypocrite," said the wife.

"I'm sure he's not," said Kate Daly.

Not a word more was spoken, and Harry immediately left the house. The two women did not as usual go to the gate to see him mount his horse, not refraining from doing so in any anger, or as wishing to exhibit displeasure at Harry's violence, but because they were afraid of him. They had found themselves compelled to differ from him, but were oppressed at finding themselves in opposition to him.

The feeling that his wife should in any way take part against him added greatly to Heathcote's trouble. It produced in his mind a terrible feeling of loneliness in his sorrow. He bore a brave outside to all his men, and to any stranger whom in these days he met about the run—to his wife and sister also, and to the old woman at home. He forced upon them all an idea that he was not only autocratic, but self-sufficient also—that he wanted neither help nor sympathy. He never cried out in his pain, being heartily ashamed even of the appeal which he had made to Medlicot. He spoke aloud and laughed with the men, and never acknowledged that his trials were almost too much for him. But he was painfully conscious of his own weakness. He sometimes felt, when alone in the bush, that he would fain get off his horse, and lie upon the ground and weep till he slept. It was not that he trusted no one. He suspected no one with a positive suspicion, except Nokes, and Medlicot as the supporter of Nokes. But he had no one with whom he could converse freely—none whom he had not been accustomed to treat as the mere ministers of his will—except his wife and his wife's sister; and now he was disjoined from them by their sympathy with Medlicot! He had chosen to manage every thing himself without contradiction and almost without counsel; but, like other such imperious masters, he now found that when trouble came the privilege of dictatorship brought with it an almost unsupportable burden.

Old Bates was an excellent man, of whose fidelity the young squatter was quite assured. No one understood foot-rot better than Old Bates, or was less sparing of himself in curing it. He was a second mother to all the lambs, and when shearing came watched with the eyes of Argus to see that the sheep were not wounded by the shearers, or the wool left on their backs. But he had no conversation, none of that imagination which in such a time as this might have assisted in devising safeguards, and but little enthusiasm. Shepherds, so called, Harry kept none upon the run; and would have felt himself insulted had any one suggested that he was so backward in his ways as to employ men of that denomination. He had fenced his run, and dispensed with shepherds and shepherding as old-fashioned and unprofitable. He had two mounted men, whom he called boundary riders, one an Irishman and the other a German—and them he trusted fully, the German altogether, and the Irishman equally as regarded his honesty. But he could not explain to them the thoughts that loaded his brain. He could instigate them to eagerness; but he could not condescend to tell Karl Bender, the German, that if his fences were destroyed, neither his means nor his credit would be sufficient to put them up again, and that if the scanty herbage were burned off any large proportion of his run, he must sell his flocks at a great sacrifice. Nor could he explain to Mickey O'Dowd, the Irishman, that his peace of mind was destroyed by his fear of one man. He had to bear it all alone. And there was heavy on him also the great misery of feeling that every thing might depend on his own exertions, and that yet he did not know how or where to exert himself. When he had ridden about all night and discovered nothing, he might just as well have been in bed. And he was continually riding about all night and discovering nothing.

After leaving the station on the evening of the day on which he had expressed himself to the women so vehemently respecting Medlicot, he met Bates coming home from his day's work. It was then past eight o'clock, and the old man was sitting wearily on his horse, with his head low down between his shoulders, and the reins hardly held within his grasp.

"You're late, Mr. Bates," said Harry; "you take too much out of yourself this hot weather."

"I've got to move slower, Mr. Heathcote, as I grow older. That's about it. And the beast I'm on is not much good." Now Mr. Bates was always complaining of his horse, and yet was allowed to choose any on the run for his own use.

"If you don't like him, why don't you take another?"

"There ain't much difference in 'em, Mr. Heathcote. Better the devil you know than the devil you don't. It's getting uncommon close shaving for them wethers in the new paddock. They're down upon the roots pretty well already."

"There's grass along the bush on the north side."

"They won't go there; it's rank and sour. They won't feed up there as long as they can live lower down and nearer the water. Weather like this, they'd sooner die near the water than travel to fill their bellies. It's about the hottest day we've had, and the nights a'most hotter. Are you going to be out, Mr. Heathcote?"

"I think so."

"What's the good of it, Mr. Heathcote? There is no use in it. Lord love you, what can you do? You can't be every side at once."

"Fire can only travel with the wind, Mr. Bates."

"And there isn't any wind, and so there can't be any fire. I never did think, and I don't think now, there ever was any use in a man fashing himself as you fash yourself. You can't alter things, Mr. Heathcote."

"But that's just what I can do—what a man has to do. If a match were thrown there at your feet, and the grass was aflame, couldn't you alter that by putting your foot on it? If you find a ewe on her back, can't you alter that by putting her on her legs?"

"Yes, I can do that, I suppose."

"What does a man live for except to alter things? When a man clears the forest and sows corn, does he not alter things?"

"That's not your line, Mr. Heathcote," said the cunning old man.

"If I send wool to market, I alter things."

"You'll excuse me, Mr. Heathcote. Of

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course I'm old, but I just give you my experience."

"I'm much obliged to you; though we can't always agree, you know. Good-night. Go in and say a word to my wife, and tell them you saw me all right."

"I'll have a crack with 'em, Mr. Heathcote, before I turn in."

"And tell Mary I sent my love."

"I will, Mr. Heathcote; I will."

He was thinking always of his wife during his solitary rides, and of her fear and deep anxiety. It was for her sake and for the children that he was so care-worn, not for his own. Had he been alone in the world he would not have fretted himself in this fashion because of the malice of any man. But how would it be with her should he be forced to move her from Gangoil? And yet, with all his love, they had parted almost in anger. Surely she would understand the tenderness of the message he had just sent her.

Of a sudden, as he was riding, he stopped his horse and listened attentively. From a great distance there fell upon his accustomed ear a sound which he recognized, though he was aware that the place from whence it came was at least two miles distant. It was the thud of an axe against a tree. He listened still, and was sure that it was so, and turned at once toward the sound, though in doing so he left his course at a right angle. He had been going directly away from the river, with his back to the wool-shed; but now he changed his course, riding in the direction of the spot at which Jacko had nearly fallen in jumping over the fence. As he continued on, the sounds became plainer, till at last, reining in his horse, he could see the form of the woodman, who was still at work ringing the trees. This was a job which the man did by contract, receiving so much an acre for the depopulation of the timber. It was now bright moonlight, almost as clear as day—a very different night, indeed, from that on which the rain had come—and Harry could see at a glance that it was the man called Boscobel still at work. Now there were, as he thought, very good reasons why Boscobel at the present moment should not be so employed. Boscobel was receiving wages for work of another kind.

"Bos," said the squatter, riding up, and addressing the man by the customary abbreviation of his nickname, "I thought you were watching at Brownbie's boundary?" Boscobel lowered his axe, and stood for a while contemplating the proposition made to him. "You are drawing three shillings a night for watching; isn't that so?"

"Yes, that's so. Anyways, I shall draw it."

"Then why ain't you watching?"

"There's nothing to watch that I knows on—not just now."

"Then why should I pay you for it? I'm to pay you for ringing these trees, ain't I?"

"Certainly, Mr. Heathcote."

"Then you're to make double use of your time, and sell it twice over, are you? Don't try to look like a fool, as though you didn't understand. You know that what you're doing isn't honest."

"Nobody ever said as I wasn't honest before."

"I tell you so now. You're robbing me of the time you've sold to me, and for which I'm to pay you."

"There ain't nothing to watch while the wind's as it is now, and that chap ain't any where about to-night."

"What chap?"

"Oh, I know. I'm all right. What's the use of dawdling about up there in the broad moonlight, and the wind like this?"

"That's for me to judge. If you engage to do my work and take my money, you're swindling me when you go about another job as you are now. You needn't scratch your head. You understand it all as well as I do."

"I never was told I swindled before, and I ain't a-going to put up with it. You may ring your own trees, and watch your own fences, and the whole place may be burned for me. I ain't a-going to do another turn in Gangoil. Swindle, indeed!" So Boscobel shouldered his axe, and marched off through the forest, visible in the moonlight till the trees hid him.

There was another enemy made! He had never felt quite sure of this man, but had been glad to have him about the place as being thoroughly efficient in his own business. It was only during the last ten days that he had agreed to pay him for night-watching, leaving the man to do as much additional day-work as he pleased—for which, of course, he would be paid at the regular contract price. There was a double purpose intended in this watching—as was well understood by all the hands employed: first, that of preventing incendiary fire by the mere presence of the watchers; and secondly, that of being at hand to extinguish fire in case of need. Now a man ringing trees five or six miles away from the beat on which he was stationed could not serve either of these purposes. Boscobel therefore had been fraudulently at work for his own dishonest purposes, and knew well that his employment was of that nature. All this was quite clear to Heathcote; and it was clear to him, also, that when he detected fraud he was bound to expose it. Had the man acknowledged his fault and been submissive, there would have been an end of the matter. Heathcote would have said no word about it to any one, and would not have stopped a farthing from the week's unearned wages. That he had to encounter a certain amount of ill usage from the rough men about him, and to forgive it, he could understand; but it could not be his duty, either as a man or a master, to pass over dishonesty without noticing it. No; that he would not do, though Gangoil should burn from end to end. He did not much mind being robbed. He knew that to a certain extent he must endure to be cheated. He would endure it. But he would never teach his men to think that he passed over such matters because he was afraid of them, or that dishonesty on their part was indifferent to him.

But now he had made another enemy—an enemy of a man who had declared to him that he knew the movements of "that chap," meaning Nokes! How hard the world was! It seemed that all around were trouble to him. He turned his horse back, and made again for the spot which was his original destination. As he cantered on among the trees, twisting here and there, and regulating his way by the stars, he asked himself whether it would not be better for him to go home and lay himself down by his wife and sleep, and await the worst that these men could do to him. This idea was so strong upon him that at one spot he made his horse stop till he had thought it all out. No one encouraged him in his work. Every one about the place, friend or foe, Bates, his wife, Medlicot, and this Boscobel, spoke to him as though he were fussy and fidgety in his anxiety. "If fires must come, they will come; and if they are not to come, you are simply losing your labor." This was the upshot of all they said to him. Why should he be wiser than they? If the ruin came, let it come. Old Bates had been ruined, but still had enough to eat and drink, and clothes to wear, and did not work half as hard as his employer. He thought that if he could only find some one person who would sympathize with him and support him, he would not mind. But the mental loneliness of his position almost broke his heart.

Then there came across his mind the dim remembrance of certain old school words, and he touched his horse with his spur and hurried onward: "Let there be no steps backward." A thought as to the manliness of persevering, of the want of manliness in yielding to depression, came to his rescue. Let him, at any rate, have the comfort of thinking that he had done his best according to his lights. After some dim fashion, he did come to recognize it as a fact that nothing could really support him but self-approbation. Though he fell from his horse in utter weariness, he would persevere.

As the night wore on he came to the German's hut, and finding it empty, as he expected, rode on to the outside fence of his run. When he reached this he got off his horse, and taking a key out of his pocket, whistled upon it loudly. A few minutes afterward the German came up to him.

"There's been no one about, I suppose?" he asked.

"Not a one," said the man.

"You've been across on Brownbie's run?"

"Ve're on it now, Mr. 'Eathcote." They were both on the side of the fence away from Gangoil station.

"I don't know how that is, Karl. I think Gangoil goes a quarter of a mile beyond this. But we did not quite strike the boundary when we put up the fence."

"Brownbie's cattle is allays here, Mr. 'Eathcote, and is knocking down the fence every day. Brownbie is a rascal, and 'is cattle as bad as 'isself."

"Never mind that, Karl, now. When we've got through the heats, we'll put a mile or two of better fencing along here. You know Boscobel?"

"In course I know Bos."

"What sort of a fellow is he?" Then Harry told his German dependent exactly what had taken place between him and the other man.

"He's in and in wid all them young Brownbies," said Karl.

"The Brownbies are a bad lot, but I don't think they'd do any thing of this kind," said Harry, whose mind was still dwelling on the dangers of fire.

"They likes muttons, Mr. 'Eathcote."

"I suppose they do take a sheep or two now and then. They wouldn't do worse than that, would they?"

"Not'ing too 'ot for 'em; not'ing too 'eavy," said Karl, smoking his pipe. "The vind, vat there is, comes just here, Mr. 'Eathcote." And the man lifted up his arm, and pointed across in the direction of Brownbie's run.

"And you don't think much of Boscobel?"

Karl Bender shook his head.

"He was always well treated here," said Harry, "and has had plenty of work, and earned large wages. The man will be a fool to quarrel with me."

Karl again shook his head. With Karl Bender, Harry was quite sure of his man, but not on that account need he be quite sure of the correctness of the man's opinion.

Thence he went on till he met his other lieutenant, O'Dowd, and so, having completed his work, he made his way home, reaching the station at sunrise.

"Did Bates tell you he'd met me?" he asked his wife.

"Yes, Harry; kiss me, Harry. I was so glad you sent a word. Promise me, Harry, not to think that I don't agree with you in every thing."

CHAPTER VI.

THE BROWNBIES OF BOOLABONG.

OLD BROWNBIE, as he was usually called, was a squatter also, but a squatter of a class very different from that to which Heathcote belonged. He had begun his life in the colonies a little under a cloud, having been sent out from home after the perpetration of some peccadillo of which the law had disapproved. In colonial phrase, he was a "lag"—having been transported; but this was many years ago, when he was quite young; and he had now been a free man for more than thirty years. It must be owned on his behalf that he had worked hard, had endeavored to rise, and had risen. But there still stuck to him the savor of his old life. Every one knew that he had been a convict; and even had he become a man of high principle—a condition which he certainly never achieved—he could hardly have escaped altogether from the thralldom of his degradation. He had been a butcher, a drover, part owner of stock, and had at last become possessed of a share of a cattle-run, and then of the entire property, such as it was. He had four or five sons, uneducated, ill-conditioned, drunken fellows, who had all their father's faults without his energy, some of whom had been in prison, and all of whom were known as pests to the colony. Their place was called Boolabong, and was a cattle-run, as distinguished from a sheep-run; but it was a poor place, was sometimes altogether unstocked, and was supposed to be not unfrequently used as a receptable for stolen cattle.

The tricks which the Brownbies played with cattle were notorious throughout Queensland and New South Wales, and by a certain class of men were much admired. They would drive a few head of cattle, perhaps forty or fifty, for miles around the country, across one station and another, traveling many hundreds of miles, and here and there, as they passed along, they would sweep into their own herd the bullocks of the victims whose lands they passed. If detected on the spot, they gave up their prey. They were in the right in moving their own cattle, and were not responsible for the erratic tendencies of other animals. If successful, they either sold their stolen beasts to butchers on the road, or got them home to Boolabong. There were dangers, of course, and occasional penalties. But there was much success. It was supposed, also, that though they did not own sheep, they preferred mutton for their daily uses, and that they supplied themselves at a very cheap rate.

It may be imagined how such a family would be hated by the respectable squatters on whom they preyed. Still there were men, old stagers, who had known Moreton Bay before it was a colony—in the old days when convicts were common—who almost regarded the Brownbies as a part of the common order of things, and who were indisposed to persecute them. Men must live; and what were a few sheep? Of some such it might be said, that though they were above the arts by which the Brownbies lived, they were not very scrupulous themselves; and it perhaps served them to have within their ken neighbors whose morality was lower even than their own. But to such a one as Harry Heathcote the Brownbies were utterly abominable. He was for law and justice at any cost. To his thinking, the Colonial Government was grossly at fault, because it did not weed out and extirpate not only the identical Brownbies, but all Brownbieism wherever it might be found. A dishonest workman was a great evil, but, to his thinking, a dishonest man in the position of master was the incarnation of evil. As to difficulties of evidence, and obstacles of that nature, Harry Heathcote knew nothing. The Brownbies were rascals, and should therefore be exterminated.

And the Brownbies knew well the estimation in which their neighbor held them. Harry had made himself altogether disagreeable to them. They were squatters as well as he—or at least so they termed themselves; and though they would not have expected to be admitted to home intimacies, they thought that when they were met out-of-doors or in public places, they should be treated with some respect. On such occasions Harry treated them as though they were dirt beneath his feet. The Brownbies would be found, whenever a little money came among them, at the public billiard-rooms and race-courses within one hundred and fifty miles of Boolabong. At such places Harry Heathcote was never seen. It would have been as easy to seduce the Bishop of Brisbane into a bet as Harry Heathcote. He had never even drank a nobbler with one of the Brownbies. To their thinking, he was a proud, stuck-up, unsocial young cub, whom to rob was a pleasure, and to ruin would be a delight.

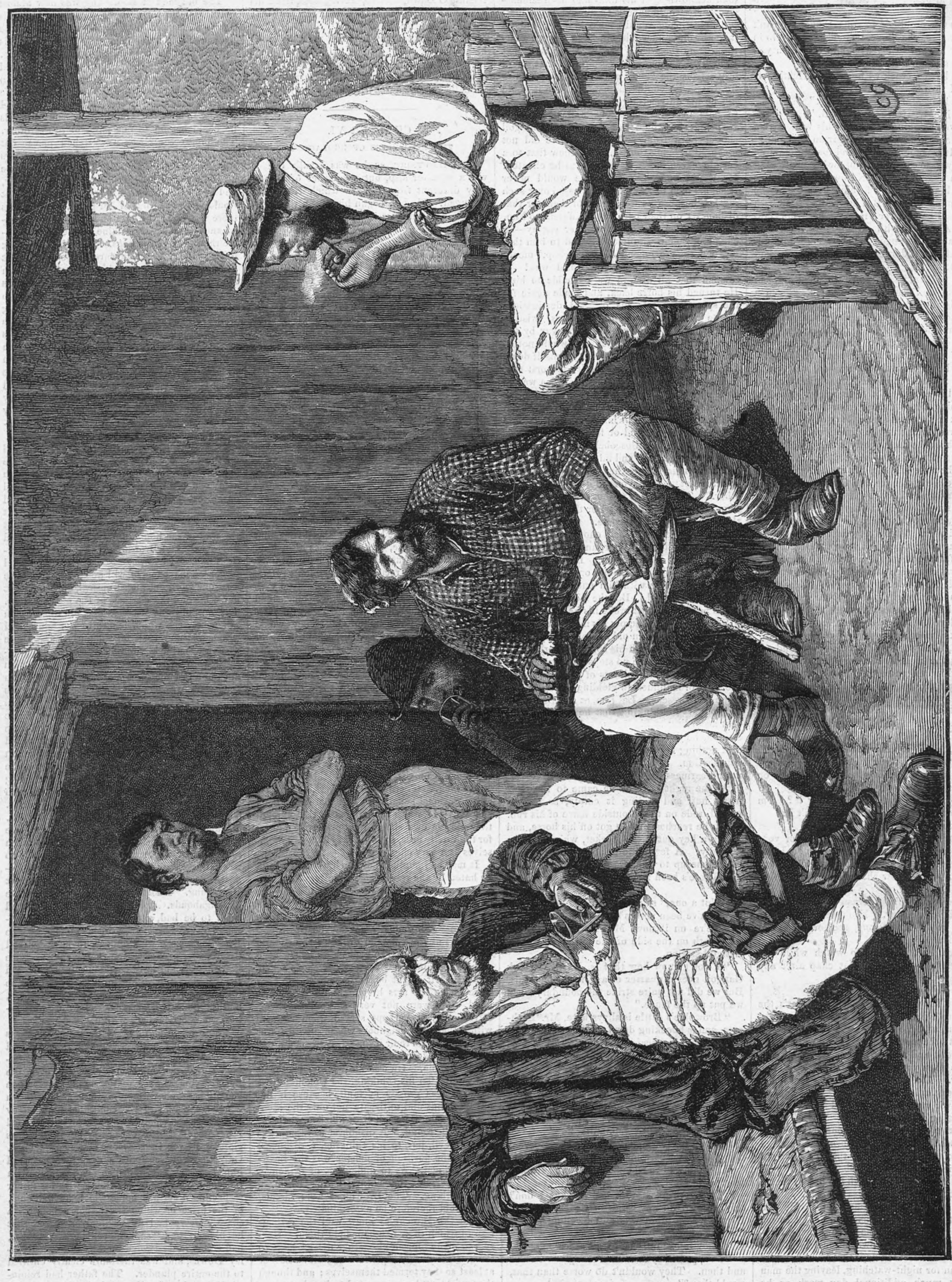
The old man at Boolabong was now almost obsolete. Property, that he could keep in his grasp, there was in truth none. He was the tenant of the run under the Crown, and his sons could not turn him out of the house. The cattle, when there were cattle, belonged to them. They were in no respect subject to his orders, and he would have had a bad life among them were it not that they quarreled among themselves, and that in such quarrels he could belong to one party or to the other. The house itself was a wretched place—out of order, with doors and windows and floors shattered, broken, and decayed. There were none of womankind belonging to the family, and in such a house a decent woman-servant would have been out of her place. Sometimes there was one hag there and sometimes another, and sometimes feminine aid less respectable than that of the hags. There had been six sons. One had disappeared utterly, so that nothing was known of him. One had been absolutely expelled by the brethren, and was now a vagabond in the country, turning up now and then at Boolabong and demanding food. Of the whole lot Georgie Brownbie, the vagabond, was the worst. The eldest son was at this time in prison at Brisbane, having on some late occasion been less successful than usual in regard to some acquired bullocks. The three youngest were at home—Jerry, Jack, and Joe. Tom, who was in prison, was the only stanch friend to the father, who consequently at this time was in a more than usually depressed condition.

Christmas-day would fall on a Tuesday, and on the Monday before it Jerry Brownbie, the eldest of those now at home, was sitting, with a pipe in his mouth, on a broken-down stool on the broken-down veranda of the house, and the old man was seated on a stuffy, worn-out sofa with three legs, which was propped against the wall of the house, and had not been moved for years. Old Brownbie was a man of gigantic frame, and had possessed immense personal power—a man, too, of will and energy; but he was now worn out and dropsical, and could not move beyond the confines of the home station. The veranda was attached to a big room which ran nearly the whole length of the house, and which was now used for all purposes. There was an exterior kitchen, in which certain processes were carried on—such as salting stolen mutton and boiling huge masses of meat, when such work was needed. But the cookery was generally done in the big room. And here also two or three of the sons slept on beds made upon stretchers along the wall. They were not probably very particular as to which owned each bed, enjoying a fraternal communism in that respect. At the end of this chamber the old man had a room of his own. Boolabong was certainly a miserable place; and yet, such as it was, it was frequented by many guests. The vagabondism of the colonies is proverbial. Vagabonds are taken in almost every where throughout the bush. But the welcome given to them varies. Sometimes they are made to work before they are fed—to their infinite disgust. But no such cruelty was exercised at Boolabong. Boolabong was a very Paradise for vagabonds. There was always flour and meat to be had, generally tobacco, and sometimes even the luxury of a nobbler. The Brownbies were wise enough to have learned that it was necessary for their very existence that they should have friends in the land. On the Sunday the father and Jerry Brownbie were sitting out in the veranda at about noon, and the other two sons, Jack and Joe, were lying asleep on the beds within.

The heat of the day was intense. There was a wind blowing, but it was that which is called there the hot wind, which comes dry, scorching, sometimes almost intolerable, over the burning central plain of the country. No one can understand without feeling it how much a wind can add to the sufferings inflicted by heat. The old man had on a dirty, wretched remnant of a dressing-gown, but Jerry was clothed simply in trowsers and an old shirt. Only that the mosquitoes would have flayed him, he would have dispensed probably with these. He had been quarreling with his father respecting a certain horse which he had sold, of the price of which the father demanded a share. Jerry had unblushingly declared that he himself had "shaken" the horse—*Anglicé*, had stolen him—twelve months since on Darnley Downs, and was therefore clearly entitled to the entire plunder. The father had rejoined with animation that unless "half a quid"—or ten shillings—were given him as his contribution to the keep of the animal, he would inform against his son to the squatter on the Darnley Downs, and had shown him that he knew the very run from which the horse had been taken. Then the sons within had interfered from their beds, swearing that their father was the noisiest old "cuss" unhung, they having had their necessary slumbers disturbed.

At this moment the debate was interrupted by the appearance of a man outside the veranda. "Well, Mr. Jerry, how goes it?" asked the stranger.

"What, Bos, is that you? What brings you up to Boolabong? I thought you was ringing trees for that young scut at Gangoil? I'll



"Heathcote's in an awful state about them fires, ain't he?" asked Jerry. Boscobel, who had squatted down on the veranda, and was now lighting his pipe, bobbed his head. 'I wish he was clean burned out—over head and ears,' said Jerry. Boscobel bobbed his head again, sucking with great energy at the closely stuffed pipe."—CHAPTER VI.

HARRY HEATHCOTE OF GANGOIL.

be even with him some of these days! He had the impudence to send a man of his up here last week looking for sheep-skins."

"He wasn't that soft, Mr. Jerry, was he? Well, I've dropped working for him.—How are you, Mr. Brownbie? I hope I see you finely, Sir. It's stiffish sort of weather, Mr. Brownbie, ain't it, Sir?"

The old man grunted out some reply, and then asked Boscobel what he wanted.

"I'll just hang about for the day, Mr. Brownbie, and get a little grub. You never begrudged a working-man that yet."

Old Brownbie again grunted, but said no word of welcome. That, however, was to be taken for granted, without much expression of opinion.

"No, Mr. Jerry," continued Boscobel, "I've done with that fellow."

"And so has Nokes done with him."

"Nokes is at work on Medlicot's Mill. That sugar business wouldn't suit me."

"An axe in your hand is what you're fit for, Bos."

"There's a many things I can turn my hand to, Mr. Jerry. You couldn't give a fellow such a thing as a nobbler, Mr. Jerry, could you? I'd offer money for it, only I know it would be taken amiss. It's that hot that a fellow's very in'ards get parched up."

Upon this Jerry slowly rose, and going to a cupboard, brought forth a modicum of spirits, which he called Battle-Axe, but which was supposed to be brandy. This Boscobel swallowed at a gulp, and then washed it down with a little water.

"Come, Jerry," said the old man, somewhat relenting in his wrath, "you might as well give us a drop, as it's going about."

The two brothers, who had now been thoroughly aroused from their sleep, and who had heard the enticing sound of the spirit bottle, joined the party, and so they drank all round.

"Heathcote's in an awful state about them fires, ain't he?" asked Jerry.

Boscobel, who had squatted down on the veranda, and was now lighting his pipe, bobbed his head.

"I wish he was clean burned out—over head and ears," said Jerry.

Boscobel bobbed his head again, sucking with great energy at the closely stuffed pipe.

"If he treated me like he does you fellows," continued Jerry, "he shouldn't have a yard of fencing or a blade of grass left—nor a ewe, nor a lamb, nor a hogget. I do hate fellows who come here and want to be better than any one about 'em—young chaps especially. Sending up here to look for sheep-skins, cuss his impudence! I sent that German fellow of his away with a flea in his ear."

"Karl Bender?"

"It's some such name as that."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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